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FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

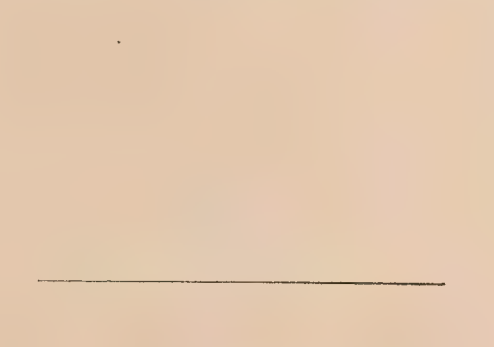
ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING.

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

The peasants living in the mountains of North Wales believe that whoever sleeps on Craig Eryri will wake inspired; may we not bring this bit of superstitious reverence to New Hampshire, and say, that to him who sleeps within the "charmed circle" of the lake country, the sun will rise as it never rose before, even though he may have taken a nap on the hill of Apollo! J. Warren Thyng.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

IN our next issue will be given the sixth of the series of half-tone reproductions of Audubon's famous bird portraits, from the rare first edition. It will be of the redhead duck. The list of plates already printed and to come includes:

THE BLACK DUCK, Sept. 26, 1896.
THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN, Oct. 24.
THE CANVASBACK DUCK, Nov. 21.
THE WILLOW PTARMIGAN, Dec. 19.
THE AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER, Feb. 27, 1897.
THE REDHEAD DUCK, July 10.
THE SHOVELLER DUCK.
THE PURPLE SANDPIPER.

CAMP FIRES AND FOREST FIRES.

IN the second annual report of Chief Fire Warden C. C. Andrews, of Minnesota, which has just been issued, responses are given from the several counties of the State to the question, "What are the principal dangers or causes of forest fires, and how how can they be lessened?" Out of sixty replies twenty-five ascribe the chief danger to hunters and campers. Outside hunters, run the answers, fishing parties, shotguns, non-resident hunters; by the time the hills are on fire the hunters are gone—hunters leaving camp fires; the best thing is to make an example of some of them—non-resident hunters and fishers—carelessness of duck and chicken hunters—hunters coming up from the cities in the fall—unextinguished camp fires of indifferent and lawless men passing through the woods. Nevertheless, in a total of eighty-seven fires the report records for the year 1896, only eleven are ascribed to hunters and fishermen, while land clearing is responsible for twelve, locomotives for nine, and other causes twenty-two, leaving thirty-three unaccounted for. Thus the comparative degree of danger imputed to hunters by the responses is not substantiated by the actual record, neither as to number nor as to extent of territory burned and damage done.

On the other hand, eleven forest fires caused by hunters and fishermen are just eleven more than there is any excuse for. No sportsman should leave behind him a fire-devastated country as the cursed fruit of his carelessness, thoughtless stupidity or criminal indifference. He should not permit his pleasure-seeking to result in ruin of prairie or woodland.

The average conflagration caused by campers is due to thoughtlessness or ignorance. The camp-fire is kindled in a spot where it is certain to spread to inflammable material in contact, and where, when once started, there can be no possible mastery of it. Or camp is abandoned and the fire is left burning, subsequently to communicate and spread. The tyro is apt to be blissfully ignorant of the dire result which may attend his striking a match in the woods. The man from the East cannot begin to realize until he witnesses it what a terrible phenomenon is a Western forest fire, how quick it is to start, how fierce to burn, how impossible to subdue. Only when one has had the teaching of actual observation can it be understood that an abandoned camp-fire may smoulder for days and days, making its way below the surface, until at last, coming to the top, it is fanned into flame. Of a hunting party in the Rockies, the members most in dread of setting the woods on fire are the old guides who have had the longest experience.

There are a few rules, the careful observance of which will prevent disaster from camp-fires, and which, though they are extremely simple and easy of observance, are often disregarded.

Never build a fire where its flame can communicate to grass or brush or branches of trees.

Never build a fire where the sparks can be carried to brush or trees, or leaves or grass.

Never build a fire without first noting the lay of the land with respect to controlling it after it is kindled.

Never leave camp for the day with the fire to burn unattended. Extinguish it thoroughly.

Under no circumstances, when moving camp, leave the fire to burn or smoulder. Put it out.

To extinguish a fire built upon the ground where there is turf, the roots of trees or other vegetable matter in the soil, pour water upon it until the ground is thoroughly soaked; then dig around about and well outside the circumference, throwing the earth in toward the center, and then wet it down again. It is cheaper to tote water even up hill for this purpose, than to bear the after burden of responsibility on one's conscience for a conflagration due to laziness or shiftlessness.

There is no fire more grateful than that which boils your coffee at the end of a long day's ride or tramp or paddle; no other one in all the world with the magic of that glow whose flame illumines the whispering pines and, sends its ephemeral sparks shooting and dancing and darting and dying, up into the upper mystery of night, with the stars beyond shining ineffably serene and clear. A sportsman's every camp-fire, whether it be of humble stomach-satisfying utility or spirit-uplifting sentiment, should be a blaze of blessed memory, unmarred by conscience pangs of disaster consequent upon its neglect.

Put out the fire.

A MONTANA ELK SCANDAL.

OUR Chicago correspondence this week reports the anticipated arrival in that city of a consignment of live game on its way to preserves further East. Among the game are buffalo from the Allard herd in Montana, and elk from Jackson's Hole, Wyo. The elk, we take it, are from the Moose Head ranch lot, illegally captured in the snow last winter. The case has attracted some attention in Wyoming, but by no means all the prompt official attention that should have been given to it.

The facts, as related by Attorney-General Benjamin Fowler in an official opinion submitted to Governor Richards in May, are briefly these: Some time during the winter, in a season of deep snows, seventy-seven wild elk entered through an open gate the fenced premises of J. A. Adams, of Jackson, Wyo. The gate was closed behind them and the elk were thereupon impounded in the corral, where they were held in possession by Adams and fed upon the hay ricks.

Section 14 of the Wyoming game law provides that it shall be unlawful at any time whatever to capture elk by means of any trap. Under this law, the game clearly having been trapped, the Deputy Game Warden of the county made a demand in April for the instant release of the seventy-seven elk. Mr. Adams refused to comply with the order, on the ground that, as he put it, "the elk were simply corralled without any effort at hunting or pursuing, on my own premises, while they were in the act of depredating upon my pasture land and hay ricks, inside my inclosure." But for his taking them into his possession, he added, they probably would have perished of starvation; and he insisted that he was holding the elk for domestication and not for unlawful export from the State.

The legal aspect of the case is summed up by the Attorney-General in these words:

> There is no doubt but that the ownership of the elk in question is in the State of Wyoming, and that the action of Mr. Adams in continuing to hold them contrary to the demand of the State game warden is in absolute violation, not only of the statutory laws of this commonwealth, but also of the well-settled principle that the ownership of such game is in the State. There is no way in which a private individual can acquire any ownership to game and fish except by proceeding in such manner as the statutes of the State may direct. Various methods are provided under the act of Feb. 20, 1895, by which game can be hunted and killed for food, and also by which game can be captured for the purpose of shipping to supply public parks, zoölogical gardens and places of public amusement. There has been no expressed intention on the part of the State, through its law-making power, to provide for individuals capturing game for the purpose of domesticating them, and thereby securing a property contrary to the ownership of the State, and until the Legislature makes such a provision, the authority of the State game warden to order the release and to insist that the game so held shall be given their freedom cannot be disputed. If a party can hold seventy-seven elk for the purpose of domesticating them, it would not be long before all the wild game in this State would become the property of private owners, and the State would have no ownership or control over it.
>
> In the letter which you have submitted on the part of Mr. Adams, he calls special attention to the fact that he has been a public benefactor to the extent of allowing wild game to come within his inclosure, to feed from his hay-stacks, and that he has thereby saved them from starvation. This action on the part of Mr. Adams was certainly commendable. He has fed the property of the State with his own hay, and thereby prevented it from destruction. There was no law, however, which compelled him to do this, and there is no way in which he can secure any compensation for caring for the property of the State except by action of the State Legislature. He certainly cannot appropriate the property of the State to his own use because he has been a philanthropist to the extent of feeding these animals in the manner which he has suggested.
>
> I am clearly of the opinion that the action of the State game warden and of his deputy, in demanding the immediate release of the elk held within Mr. Adams's inclosure, was not only justified under the statute, but was clearly in the line of their manifest duty as the guardians of the game and fish within the borders of the State.
>
> I would suggest that a formal demand be made at once for the immediate release of the seventy seven head of elk held by Mr. Adams by the State game warden, personally or through his deputy, and that, on account of a misunderstanding on Mr. Adams's part, no criminal proceedings be instituted in the event that the request be complied with. However, if there should be a renewed failure, the matter should be referred to the prosecuting attorney of Uinta county, and, if necessary, a civil action also be at once commenced for the purpose of maintaining the rights of the State as the proper and legal owner of the animals so held.

This very clear and entirely sound exposition of the law governing the case, and of the duty of the game warden was sent to the Governor on May 14, but up to the present time no further steps are known to have been taken by State or local authorities to vindicate the law and to restore to the State its own property. Either from lethargy or because the officials of Uinta county "stand in with" the Moose Head ranch proprietors, the game has been retained in gross violation and contempt of the law. The most scandalous feature of the case is the apparent connivance of the county officers, who, by their refusal to act in the matter, are violating their oaths of office.

The holders have even set up the claim that because they have fed the elk, and by so doing have saved public property from destruction, the State is indebted to them for the service, and that in lieu of other remuneration they have a right to hold the elk as compensation. This is of course a bald subterfuge, by which it is sought to cover up the unlawfulness of the original taking into possession; and even if it were a well founded claim, the value of the hay eaten would not be reckoned as equivalent to that of the elk by any other tribunal than one composed of the ranchers sitting as court, judge and jury on their own case. The form of procedure would not hold between private individuals. If the Moose Head ranchmen had unlawfully corralled a bunch of seventy-seven horses they would have had a lovely time in making their hay rick bluff. An affair of this nature between private citizens would be settled very expeditiously, and the owner of the horses would go home with his property. When the question involved is of private greed and public property, the State is shown to be less powerful than an individual to maintain its rights.

If our surmise is correct, that the elk now on the way East from Jackson are a part of the lot of seventy-seven unlawfully trapped elk of Moose Head ranch, the inference is that the Wyoming authorities have been scandalously derelict in their duty, for they have practically if not intentionally abetted and connived at the robbery of public possessions. Inasmuch as the statute expressly forbids the capture of elk for export from the State, the shipment of these animals presents a new phase of the case, based upon which the claim of the State is changed from a demanded release of the game, to a collection of the penalties for its unlawful capture and export. If, on the other hand, the original stock of seventy-seven contraband elk is still intact in the Moose Head corrals, State Game Warden Gustave Schnitger should, by prompt action to compel their release, give the public a welcome assurance that the Wyoming game laws mean something for the actual protection of Wyoming game. As the matter now stands, it appears that if a raid on the Wyoming elk be committed on a big scale and in broad daylight the authorities will wink at it.

The stocking of Eastern game preserves with elk and other desirable species is a most worthy and highly commendable enterprise, and the available sources of game supply are such that robbery of public resources need not be resorted to. No owner of a preserve would wish to have any taint of questionable capture attached to his game

The Sportsman Tourist.

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—III.

A Winter Hunt on the Summit of the Rockies.

The Start for the Mountains.

THE morning after our arrival at the agency dawned fair, brilliantly fair as morning can be nowhere else in all the world. The air was keen and stimulating as some strange elixir, nor could it be believed that this was the same medium breathed in the stupefying cities. A strange exhilaration filled the heart, the feet hardly felt the snow carpet which they trod. Distance was no more. The storm was gone, and the sky was imposingly bright and luminous. Beyond us, seemingly but a very little way, lay the mountains which we had come so far to see, and which now we for the first time beheld in the four days of our stay in the country. There they lay, these mountains, serried range and peak reaching back and always upward, mass and mass of them, like the low and crowded mountains of the southern Rockies, but with a fabric now and then shot full of great towering peaks that sprung boldly above the maze of lower summits, in a way not seen in the lower portions of the Rocky range. Between us and the mountains lay no long swelling series of foothills, but the plain ran clean to the edge of the peaks, which swept upright above them imperially bold. A great garment of white lay over all the prospect, and against this high light we could see the deep shadows of the sides opposite the blinding sun. A faint pink still lurked on the higher peaks as we looked, but for a wonder—and indeed for almost the only time on our trip—there was not a single storm cloud playing on the summit of any of the dozen high peaks. The wonderful and stirring panorama for the time lay before us as though to tempt and fascinate us into pursuit of its meaning. We uplifted our eyes.

It being now obvious that we were to have at least a brief stretch of passable weather, we hurried on our last preparations for our start. Our sled came up to the door of Maj. Steell's residence, and there we packed and unpacked and arranged our load. Near the door of the house was the protected box in which Maj. Steell keeps his thermometer—for in this part of Montana even a thermometer needs protection. As we passed by we took a casual look into the box, and were startled to see that the self-registering thermometer had reached the point of 15° below zero, and was even then but a degree or so above that mark. The air was so bright and still that it seemed absolutely impossible it should be so cold.

Schultz warned me that if I intended to make any photographs at the agency, it would be wise to do so at once, while the sun was shining, so I set about getting a few portraits of the party and outfit, with very pleasing success, as it proved when we reached the development of the pictures. In this connection, so long as I have been so particular already in describing our outfit, I should say that I got a new camera purposely for this trip, choosing that recommended by the best amateur photographer I know, Dr. Fuller, of Chicago; a 5×7 long-focus Premo, which I got of the Photo Stock Co., of Chicago. With this machine I could take pictures at long range or short range, on glass or film. By unscrewing the front half of the lens, and pulling out the back bellows of the box, I had an instrument not to be surpassed for long-range mountain views, and with the short box and ordinary lens I could make as good portraits and camp scenes as one could ask. It is a comfort to have a good tool, for it gives good results, and I did not regret the labor of taking the camera in with me. McChesney had a smaller camera, a little Bullseye Eastman machine, using films, with which he was singularly fortunate also, getting some of the best of our views. He made all his exposures as snap-shots, his machine not having a time device in the shutter. My own elaborate instrument had a time shutter with pneumatic release, so that I could make an exposure of any length I liked. I think I would have had still better results if the time shutter had been off my camera; and in this connection I want to say a word which I believe will be of great service to anyone contemplating photography in the mountains during winter: Time the exposure as short as you dare to make it, and then give it half that time; you will still be slow enough. Nearly all the best plates and the best film (Eastman) are made so fast that they need little time even in the latitude, say, of Chicago. In preliminary practice at Chicago with my camera we found the twenty-fifth of a second long enough for the middle of the day on open subjects (this with the Eastman film). I got a little book showing a table of exposures marked for all sorts of seasons, subjects and hours of the day, and to this book I gave serious study, for I wanted to make no errors. I think the tables therein given are very useful and accurate for ordinary regions, but it is without doubt true that the light in the Rockies during winter is actinically about 20 per cent. faster than the light at even the same season in the eastern part of the United States. I studied my tables the best I could, and knowing from earlier experience in the winter mountains that the pictures should be made fast, I allowed yet a little for the rapidity of the light beyond what the tables told me. Even then I dared not make my pictures fast enough, and though I got beautiful pictures, in very many cases we had to restrain the negatives in developing, and in other cases I killed good views by giving too much time. This, in spite of the fact that I never went over a quarter of a second even in badly lighted scenes. If I had set my shutter right up to the one hundredth of a second I would have had a better lot of pictures. You can't make an exposure too fast for the winter light in the middle of the day in the Rocky Mountains. I had only a few glass plates along, on which I wished to make some good portraits, and this work I entrusted to a professional photographer who happened to be at the reservation at the time we did this work. He set the shutter at one second, the day being very dull and overcast, and the hour so late as 3:30 P. M. The pictures were made out of doors, but there was no glare nor any visible shadow on the snow. Result: a set of portraits overtimed at least four times too much! While I have no reason to complain of the pictures I got on this trip, I think if I were going to make such pictures again in that country, I would make everything straight instantaneous, bright day or dull. The snow adds very much to the intensity of the light, and the whole atmosphere is unspeakably luminous and clear. It is certainly a lovely country for photographing purposes.

At last our pictures were all made, the last of these being a shot or two at Maj. Steell himself, and his hospitable home; then we piled on top our loaded sled and pulled out on the serious beginning of our journey. Hardly had we gotten under way before the storm shut down again, the mountains disappeared instantly, and the whole face of the plains became a moving mass of grayish white. We were on the plains in winter.

Boak, our teamster, proved himself a good man with a horse outfit, and he clung to the winding trail which was to take us into the valley of the Two Medicine. The going was slow and bad, the snow, of course, getting deeper and deeper as we approached the edge of the high country.

It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, perhaps, when we got so far along as the ranch of old John Monroe, whom we found to be somewhat of a character. He is a half-breed, of a Blackfoot mother, his father being old Hugh Monroe, one of the old-time characters of the West, who died not many years ago at a very advanced age. John Monroe himself is some sixty years old, as near as he can figure it, and is living on the Blackfoot reservation with his third wife, a Cree woman. John is a tall, straight, white-haired man, knotted and gnarled, but on foot or on snowshoes he is a fast one, and hard to follow, even for a young and active man. We found it a trifle difficult to talk with him, for his language is a good deal of a mixture. With his wife he speaks Cree, of course, and at the agency he speaks the best Piegan he can muster, which, they say, isn't very good. He makes a sort of bluff at a little English, but pieces this out with about equal portions of very bad French. When he wants to say something very impressive and very important to you, he uses all four or five of his languages at once or in alternation, and the result is a little bit confusing.

Some time within the next two hours we arrived at Hunter Powell's ranch, and stopped for a time to give the team a rest. Here we met Powell, and also Campbell Monroe, John's son, who speaks very much better English than his father, and who is also married to a Cree woman.

A Possible Bear Den.

Both Campbell Monroe and Hunter Powell confirmed the stories we had heard of the presence of sheep in the Two Medicine country, and Campbell Monroe set at least one member of the party clear on edge by saying that he had that week seen what he took to be the den of a bear on the mountain side just above the lake where we would be encamped. He said that he had found a little round hole in the show, with some brush sticking out about it in a spot or two, and that a faint steam was coming up from the hole. Old John and everybody else said that this was very likely the den of a bear. Campbell had not molested the spot, as he said he did not care to do this alone; and everybody there said it was a most unwise thing to stir up a bear in his den, as he was sure to fight then, and was far more dangerous than under any other circumstances. I offered Campbell Monroe $10 if he would come up and show us the hole, and he said he would come early the next week (which he never did). Powell thought he could come pretty near to finding the place, as from the description he believed it to be near a den he had once found in the rocks during the fall, a place which he thought was regularly used by bears for denning up, and to which he thought he could get without much trouble.

I thought I was going to get my grizzly then sure, and when I said so old Boak began a most dreadful string of prophecies about the folly of tackling a bear in his hole. But Billy Jackson said it would be the simplest thing in the world to get the bear out of that, if we really got his den and found him home. "If he's in there we'll get him out all right," said Billy. "Yes," said Boak, "ef he's in there he'll come out by hisself without no urgin', an' he'll make the snow fly where he lands, too, you kin gamble on that. About then you fellers 'll wish't you was up a tree, an' you can't git to no tree, neither. You just try a bear fight on snowshoes onct an' you'll git enough mighty quick, I tell ye. Woof! Won't he come a-boilin' up through the roof o' his snow house when you fellers stir him up! But I don't think ary one of you is a-goin' to tackle it, so I guess they ain't no danger. If any of you do, why I'll be back here with the team in about two weeks an' I'll take the remains out to the railroad then."

There was one more ranch between Powell's place and the lower Two Medicine Lake, and as this was only about four or five miles above Powell's, we made it in about an hour. We stopped then at the last habitation on the reservation on that side, the ranch of a man by the name of Cook, who lives there with his Indian family. We were still some eight or ten miles from our intended camping place, but the way was doubtful and the weather was very threatening, the cold growing intense as night approached; so Schultz thought it would be best to stop at Cook's for the night, in spite of our anxiety to finally get under the lodge roof.

Morning dawned fair and clear and very cold, so that we could get a good notion of the icy realm that lay ahead of us. Schultz took the field glasses, and went out for a look at the mountains. He pointed out to us a distinct trail made by sheep far up on a distant mountain side, probably six or eight miles away. When the snow is heavy on the mountains it is possible to see the game trails at very great distances, and this in a way makes the hunting very much easier than when there is no snow, and the game itself must be sighted before the hunter has much notion of where it is.

Cook's ranch lies right at the foot of a sharp ridge which runs up some hundreds of feet above his little valley. Once on top of this ridge, as we learned, the snow would be either so thin or so hard packed that the team could get along all right, and we could travel rapidly almost to the Two Medicine Lake. This we were glad to hear, for we had now been five days in getting this far, not more than twenty-five or thirty miles from our start at the railroad, and time was short for the two city men. But to get to the top of the ridge was not so simple as it seemed. It was easy for us men, who put on our snowshoes and went up with no trouble but a general shortness of breath; but the poor horses had a more serious time of it. The extent of the rise was evident when we got to the top, for below us Cook's ranch house seemed like a little toy affair. Yet above us there was still another ridge, and beyond us, over where we intended to camp, rose the white mountains, their feet now seen to be wrapped in black and dense pine timber, while above the timber line the peaks rose bare and glittering.

As we struck the top of our ridge and found a bit of easy sledding for the team we made good time, and soon we got to a place where we seemed to look right off over the edge of the world, a sharp valley intervening between us and the mountain range across the lake.

We were now all feeling in great spirits and perfect health, and were overjoyed to think ourselves so nearly and so easily within reach of our hunting grounds. I fancy there are very few big game regions in America where one can get sheep and goats within so short a march from the railroad. Yet the Great Northern railroad runs directly over the range of mountains that now lay before us, and the road was less than six miles from where we then stood. Our friends said that the railroad did not seem to disturb the game a great deal, and it is a fact that some of the best sheep and goat country is within five miles of the tracks, though not within five miles of a station or an available trail. This, it should be remembered, was on one of Uncle Sam's game preserves. We were advised that not half a dozen Indians of the Blackfeet ever did much hunting in these mountains. O-to-kò-mi was about the best and most eager hunter of them all, his personal preference being for sheep, of which he killed a great many at times. O-to-kò-mi had a way of plowing through the snow somehow until he got up to the tops of the mountains, where the snow and ice were hard enough to render snowshoes unnecessary. He did well enough on the shoes, however, though not of very great experience at shoeing, and soon proved himself a man of great endurance and power. Though not a tall man, he was well developed and muscular, and a harder man to follow all day on the hunt one does not often meet. McChesney was on the shoes for the first time in his life that morning, and was of course meeting the awkward experiences which are part of learning the trade, but he took to it kindly enough to assure his success in the work ahead. Of course a man who first puts on the webs feels as a cat does with walnut shells on its feet. He steps very far and hard, and puts his feet down hard, flapping them down rather than letting them slide forward and drop of themselves; but it takes some pluck to face the Rockies as a novice on the webs, and McChesney was as good a beginner on the shoes as one would be apt to meet. He came out at the end of the trip, of course, entitled to tell his friends in the East a few things about the business of actual snowshoeing under conditions perhaps as severe as obtain in any country.

The Descent to the Lake.

At noon we paused on top of the high ridge, where I made my pictures. Our leaders sent couriers ahead to spy out the descent into the valley of the Two Medicine. It was all right on top of the high ridge, but we had to get down again now, and between us and the lake lay a strip of timber where the snow was soft and probably 5 or 6ft. deep, so that it was obvious that if we got through at all it was going to be a bit of a task. "Oh," said Boak, "all you need is plenty of faith. A man can drive a team o' horses anywheres on earth if he only has faith," a statement which seemed to me to offer a key to some sorts of Western driving of a somewhat pyrotechnic sort which it has been my fortune to witness at odd times in the past.

When we stopped at the end of sled navigation, Hunter Powell rode on ahead and soon was out of sight far below us in the heavy timber. It was chilly work waiting around in the cold, so I left the others of the party and started on down across country to the lake alone, it being but a few miles further to the place which was pointed out as our probable camping spot.

In the Hunting Country.

From the edge of the lake I had a view of the circle of great mountains, which came down close on every hand. The lake I saw to be about three-quarters of a mile wide and a couple of miles or more in length, the upper end of it seeming to run directly up against a wall of abrupt mountains. The big mountain at the head of the view across the lake we had been watching for a long time, and I knew it to be called Rising Wolf Mountain, after John Monroe's father, Hugh Monroe, whose Indian name was the equivalent for "Wolf-getting-up." Bold and wild enough this magnificent peak seemed as I looked at it, and wild enough the wilderness about, with its terrible silence and its impassive and uninviting front. Yet all around were other peaks, and it is proof enough of the character of the country to say that only one mountain of all these about the lake had ever been given a name.

It was growing dusky when at last Boak appeared on the white surface of the frozen lake, and we knew that we were at last safe, with our camp supplies, within reach of our main camp and on the edge of our hunting grounds. We got as far toward the head of the lake as we could, and set about finding a place to put up our lodge. As though to drive us away, the weather now grew colder, and a storm of wind and snow set in.

The Building of the Winter Camp.

The task of making camp was by no means as simple as might be thought. In the first place, we had to get fifteen poles, each about 15 to 20ft. long, and such poles do not grow all in a bunch in any forest. We needed to be near the lake for water, and we needed to have something of the forest for a shelter. It was evident we would have a hard run for it if we got into camp that night.

Billy and Schultz at length decided upon the spot for our lodge, and we all fell to work with our snowshoes to clean off the snow from the ground. This again sounds easy, but is not easy by any means. The snow was 3 or 4ft. deep at that point, and matted in with frozen boughs and roots, and we needed to dig a hole rather more than 15ft. across and clear down to bed-rock. We dug and dug and chopped and chopped, and threw out blocks and chunks of snow and ice, and at last developed the interesting fact that we were on top of a sheet of ice, this being in a part of the overflow of a little creek that came down to the lake near by, but which was entirely concealed under the snow. As there was no water, and as the ice was but about a foot thick, we concluded not to surrender our claim, but went on digging. Billy thought we would not have time to put up the lodge that night, but would have to make a shelter by throwing the lodge cover over a pole, sleeping under it the best we could. It was not a very cheerful prospect. The night was coming on very cold, and the snow began

to fall steadily, in a cold, determined sort of way, which made one's spirits drop only to contemplate. We could not get the horses through the snow away from the ice, but left them standing with drooping heads, covered up in a blanket of snow, and shivering in the keen wind that swept down the lake. After the sled got up to the edge of the lake and we finally got our luggage all over to the site of the lodge, it was nearly dark, and we did not have half a dozen lodge poles to our name. The bundles and boxes and cases about us were rapidly disappearing under a sheet of snow, and the air was growing colder very fast, so that we felt chilly as soon as we stopped shoveling snow. We had had nothing to eat since morning, and nobody was saying anything worth listening to, though under the skilled direction of Schultz and Jackson the work of making the camp was going on after a fashion.

A Stroke of Genius.

Billy Jackson is a mighty good man to have along, because he is always cheerful, no matter what the circumstances may be. Billy joked and laughed as we dug away at the ice at the bottom of our lodge hole, and finally announced his design of getting something to eat before we went any further. We had already built a big log fire in the middle of the hole in the snow, and this was melting snow about as fast as we could chop it. Billy took possession of a corner of this fire, and soon had a big kettle full of grub simmering away. He broke open a box or two that he found near at hand, and threw into the big kettle everything he could find—beans, tomatoes, pork, and I know not what else, breaking in also some pilot biscuits and odds and ends of material such as came to view in the hurried hunt in the snow. He also got on a pot of coffee, and in a short time the supper was ready. We all sat around on the edge of the snow pit, each man with a tin plate and a cup of coffee, the snow meantime falling thick and fast, and the temperature dropping every moment as night came on. Before our open-air supper was over we resembled a series of white-muffled mummies, and the thick snowflakes filled the plates nearly as fast as even our rude appetites emptied them. In a few moments, however, the shrewdness of Billy's plan was evident. The supper was a stroke of genius. We were no longer silent and dispirited, but became light-hearted and hopeful as our hunger vanished. We went with redoubled energy at the long task of shoveling out the ice and snow, and soon had a wide space clean d clean down to the ground. Schultz and O-to-kò-mi went out into the woods round about, and one by one brought in some lodge poles, which, while not the straightest in the world, were yet fit for service. Boak resurrected a shovel from somewhere in the cargo, and kept pecking away at the ice, until at last we relinquished our first design of making our beds on top of the lower sheet of ice, and determined to go clear to the ground before we quit digging. Hunter Powell found some firewood, and the rest of us hustled great piles of boughs from nearby balsams; so that by a couple of hours after dark our camp was gradually beginning to look at least like a possibility. All our work was then, of course, going on by the light of the fire, which cast odd shadows in the snowy air and upon the thick clumps of pine trees about us. The scene was so unusual and so unreal, that more than once I paused to ask myself if it were actual.

At length O-to-kò-mi fastened the ends of three of the lodge poles together, as they lay across the top of our pit in the snow. The top of the lodge was attached to the hoisting pole, and the three poles were spread out tripod fashion. Then we laid up the other poles against the top of the tripod, making a circle with their feet just inside the edge of the pit in the snow. Then the skin of the lodge was stretched around the lodge poles, and tightened by shoving the bottoms of the poles outward from the center. At last we were under cover! Then we hurried all the bags and bundles in out of the snow, piled up the bough beds, and made a rough arrangement of the interior of the lodge for the first night. The fire soon began to dry off the icy ground over which we had pitched our house, and gradually we began to dry out ourselves and to become more comfortable. It was nearly midnight before we had things in shape to stop work for the day, and we were all tired enough to rest. But we were very glad that we had pitched the lodge, and not gone into camp under a mere shelter, for the wind was coming up stronger and it was a very cold night. Billy's device of eating first and working afterward was all that saved us from an uncomfortable night of it. As it was, we slept fairly well, barring a few roots and knots which we found in our beds, and in the morning we all awoke hungry and hilarious.

The Lodge as a Winter House.

Since our return from this trip we have often been asked how we stood the intense cold of such a climate, with no better house than a canvas lodge, with no stove and no special features for retaining the heat. Some of our friends supposed that we kept fire in the lodge all night. This was not the case. While we were sitting in the lodge we kept up fire, not a very big fire either, and so long as this little blaze was going the lodge was warm. When we went to bed the fire went out, and we relied solely on our blankets to keep us warm, the thin walls of the lodge of course losing all the warmth very quickly after the fire went out. It was practically as cold in the lodge as it was out of doors then, but the snow and the wind were kept off by the canvas. It was necessary for one to get deep down into his blankets, and to cover up his head, leaving only the most diminutive hole open for his nose to stick out. If in the night one felt a cold streak creeping down his back, the remedy was to turn over, get his blankets closer up to his body, and to pull the flap of the blankets tightly over his head until the warmth of his breath had warmed up the interior of his bed. We crawled into bed for the first few nights with most of our clothing on, but gradually came to undress partially, as we found we slept better and were better rested in this way. Our wet stockings and other articles of wearing apparel we stuck up above our heads along the lodge poles and over ropes which we tied across from pole to pole. Here everything dried out very quickly, so that we always had dry clothing to put on in the morning. The more we studied the lodge as a camp house the more we liked it, and it is indeed the only really good tent for camping purposes, summer or winter.

One thing about the use of the lodge a novice learns very quickly, and that is to keep low down on the bottom of the concern, and not to stand upright. Ned Buntline, in one of his border books, makes mention of the fact that the "Indian chieftain was taking his comfort in his lodge, standing with his back to the fire, while Dove-eye, the lodge queen, was cooking supper as she sat crouched on the floor." Now it is entirely unlikely that any Indian chieftain ever did anything of the kind. He knew better than to stand up in the smoke and punish himself, and in all probability he kept as close to the floor as he could. We soon learned to do that at any rate.

A Squaw Architect.

The smoke was at times pretty bad in our lodge, especially before Madame Monroe, the Cree woman, came up one day, and took pity on us to the extent of setting up our lodge as it should be. Madame said that the trouble was that there was a bank of snow all about us, whereas a lodge should always be on a flat surface when possible, so the air can get under the edge of the lodge skin. Madame stretched the edge of our lodge tightly for us, holding it back with logs and pegs stuck down in the snow. Inside she constructed a lodge lining out of a piece of drilling which was intended for that purpose, but which had not been properly cut. This lining was fastened inside the lodge at the bottom, tight to the ground all around, by means of the loose bags and bundles which were thrown back of the beds. The top of the lining came just above our heads as we sat down, and the top did not fit to the lodge skin tightly, but was attached to the poles loosely, so that there was a spacious air chamber between the outer skin and the lining. Thus the air came under the edge of the lodge, passed up over the top of the lining, and so went on up through the hole in the top of the lodge, taking along with it all the smoke from the level of the lining top, though above that level it hung deep and dense. The Madame also advised us that our opening was left too large at the top of the lodge, and our door was too big and too loosely covered. She improved the door by stretching a piece of pole across its bottom, so that when anyone went in or out the flap always fell down straight behind him and shut up the hole of the door. We learned then what Schultz and Bily openly admitted, that no man can fix up a lodge as well as an Indian woman can. Madame Monroe had had long experience living in just this sort of house, and she savvied it a plenty.

How to Make a Lodge Fire.

A lodge can be rendered untenantable by the use of poor firewood, or by the injudicious use of good firewood. Schultz was particular to get the best and driest quaking asp he could find, this wood being split up into sections about 2 or 3ft. long, and not much thicker than one's arm. The fire was always made in the form of a pyramid, the sticks being crossed rail-fence fashion in the middle, their bottom ends spreading around fan shape. The top of the pyramid was always kept directly under the center of the lodge, and by no means was anyone allowed to build a hit-or-miss, scrambly fire with the sticks thrown on after any sort of fashion; nor was he permitted to put on a rotten or wet stick which would make smoke. After a time we all came to understand the etiquette of the lodge in these and other particulars, and to have a firmer admiration for this admirable dwelling devised by the native peoples of the plains.

O-to-ko-mi's Medicine Bird.

O-to-kò-mi, our Indian hunter, was wedded to many of the ways of the past, as we learned from Schultz and Billy Jackson. Superstitious to a degree, he has been known to leave a party in the mountains and go on back home alone, because some sign or other did not please him. Of course, O-to-kò-mi did not speak any English, and either Schultz or Billy interpreted for him. In the lodge, after we had our work pretty well finished, on the night of our arrival, O-to-kò-mi announced gravely that he was pretty sure he would see sheep to-morrow, as he had that afternoon seen his medicine bird (the raven). This bird, he said, had told him that there were sheep not very far away.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

ON THE EDGE OF THE GRAN CHACO.

TOLD BY WILLIAM KINGSBURY TO WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Chapter VI.

AFTER a breakfast of venison, dried ostrich, biscuit and mate, we struck out through the monte, which we found to be unusually thick and wild.

While we were crossing the next stretch of prairie, Tigre brought to us a muleta, which he had found in the grass. The muleta is a small species of armadillo, and is considered a great delicacy in the Argentine Republic. Its back and sides are covered with a bone-like shell, which is hinged here and there, thus allowing the animal to roll itself into a shell-protected ball. They weigh in the neighborhood of 5lbs. We had gone but a short way further when Chena, not to be outdone by Tigre, trotted to the side of my horse carrying a muleta in her mouth. As she depended on her nose rather than her eyes, it wasn't long before she had another one. We put them in a bag carried for that very purpose, and congratulated one another on the prospects of a feast at supper time. After working our way through another monte we came to a cañada four or five miles in width. It was covered with cattle and horses, and on its edge we could see the buildings of an estancia. The owner invited us to stop and have dinner with him. He said that we would find no more wire fences beyond his place and few estancias. He advised us to keep a sharp lookout, for we would soon be in a country considered unsafe, and where might was the only law observed by roving Indians and half-breed outlaws. He said that these delightful neighbors would enjoy nothing better than to cut our throats to gain possession of our outfit, should they meet us in force strong enough. We thanked him for his information, but told him that we considered we were perfectly able to give a good account of ourselves in case of attack. Had we been strangers in the Republic, we might have given greater heed to our well-intentioned host. We had not traveled the pampas, however, eleven years for nothing. We were well aware of the coyote caliber of the people he warned us against, and of their favorite pastime of slinking down upon some estancia in the middle of the night, and driving off large numbers of cattle and horses while the unsuspecting ranchmen slept. As these thieves are invariably armed with weapons of extremely ancient date, we also knew their deep respect for modern repeaters in the hands of resolute Americans and Englishmen. After a three hours' siesta in the shade of the buildings we started on. It took us fully two hours to cross the cañada. As we were in no hurry, we allowed the horses to walk the whole distance; in fact, unless we were hunting, we seldom sent the horses into a gallop. On the further side of the cañada, we entered one of the thickest and wildest montes we had ever seen. It seemed that all the varieties of trees of the Republic were growing here. So thick and rank grew the trees and the other vegetation, that we had great difficulty in forcing a passage through them. Gaudily-colored parrots and paroquets flashed from limb to limb, while signs of large game abounded on every hand. We went into camp on the further side of the monte; and for supper roasted the muletas in the shell. They were a treat, being in flavor similar to a young roasted pig.

While we were enjoying a siesta in the shade of a clump of algarroba trees the next day, we made out a great moving mass in the distance. Gradually it approached, and we saw that it was a tremendous herd of cattle. When the herd reached us we found it to be guarded by many mounted, well-armed men. An Englishman named Derwent, an old friend of mine, was in charge. Derwent and I had hunted a great deal together in times gone by, and as we had not seen one another for a long time, it was agreed that we would return with them to the edge of the last monte through which we had passed, and go into camp together. This took us three miles on the back track, and as Derwent and I went ahead, we shot three gamas and an ostrich before the rest reached the spot selected for the camp.

The herd numbered 7,000, and was for the estancia Rincon de San Antonio. Fifteen minutes after going into camp the herders had lassoed, downed and killed a young steer, and large pieces of beef were roasting in the flame of a large fire.

In my life of wandering I have looked upon many wild, strange sights, but as long as I live I will always remember the scene around the fire that night. There was no moon, but the stars shone brilliantly. When supper had been eaten vast quantities of wood were gathered from the monte and heaped on the fire. As the flames soared heavenward, carrying a rain of sparks with them, they cast about a circle of fluctuating light which caused the outside darkness to appear even darker than it really was. Gathered in this circle of light, some lying at full length upon the ground, some sitting and still others standing, but all unconsciously displaying poses of wild, untaught, natural grace, were the wildest, most reckless appearing lot of men I had ever looked upon. Wide open collars displaying brawny, sun-browned breasts; wide-brimmed hats set jauntily on the head and belts filled with weapons and ammunition, were features which caused the scene to stand out vivid in its reckless aspect. To heighten the strange wildness of the scene guitars tinkled on every hand, and to their soft accompaniment low, droning songs, not unpleasant to the ear, but, it seemed to me, mysteriously mournful as the æolian's wild, weird wail, moaned out on the soft night air. Despite their fierce appearance, however, these men made the truest of friends, and would risk life and limb to aid a friend in trouble. The Europeans and I smoked our pipes while the faces of the Gouchos and Indians were wreathed in rings of smoke from their glowing cigarillas.

Midnight had departed and the fire had burned to a huge bed of glowing coals before we betook ourselves to our blankets. Overhead, the stars twinkled brilliantly, while a faint breeze from the north played through the branches of the trees of the monte and seemed to murmur some of the strange songs we had listened to, while now and then the restless cry of some large animal sobbed out on the night from a distance. From about us on every hand came the steady maunch—maunch—maunch of thousands of feeding cattle, and mingled with the monotony of this sound could be heard the regular breathing of sleeping men. Suddenly, from out the bed of glowing coals, came human forms and I was surrounded by familiar faces, faces I had not looked upon for many years, for they were the faces of father, mother, sister and brothers; they smiled and gently spoke to me—I was in the land of dreams.

After an early breakfast with Derwent, we made ready for our departure. Just as the sun rose the herders started the immense body of cattle moving, and our small cavalcade set off in the opposite direction. In half an hour's time the herd had disappeared from view.

About the middle of the morning we made inquiry at an estancia and learned that the distance to the river was about twelve miles, and that we would strike a ranch owned by Juan Companion. This was good news indeed, for Juan Companion, who was a Frenchman, and I had camped and hunted together on many trips. I knew that if he had a ranch nearby it must be because there was a greater quantity of game in that neighborhood than elsewhere. Juan was a great hunter and would never be content to live in a poor game country. We made about eight miles in the direction of his place that afternoon, and camped by the side of a pool of brackish, though drinkable water, near the edge of a monte.

We had retired so late the night before, and had made such an early start in the morning, that we were completely tired out, and counted on a good night's rest. This, however, was not to be, for, hardly asleep, we were awakened by a racket among the horses. Chena and Tigre dashed out of camp in excitement, and we grasped our rifles and followed. The horses acted rather uneasy. They would paw the ground, snort, and walk back and forth until they reached the ends of their tethers. The dogs sniffed around for awhile, then Chena, followed by Tigre, broke away for the monte. Soon we heard them barking excitedly.

After scrambling among the trees in the dark for awhile, and getting torn and scratched by cactus thorns, we finally reached the dogs and found them jumping around the foot of a large tree in great excitement. After considerable trouble, we managed to gather some wood for a blaze, which revealed a large puma clinging closely to a branch directly over our heads and about 30ft. from the ground. "Now H.," said I, "here's your chance. You take the first shot, and remember the buck. Redeem yourself if you can." This sally caused H.'s eyes to shine, and his features became fixed with determination. Aiming carefully, he planted a bullet directly between the brute's gleaming

eyes. A tremor ran through the puma's body, it clung spasmodically to the limb for a second, then fell with a crash almost into the fire. The dogs sprang upon it instantly, but it was dead. H. had redeemed himself with interest; I had never seen any animal killed more suddenly. We skinned the puma and returned to camp.

Next morning my horse, Spotted Dick, was missing. Instead of tethering him with the manilla rope, as the others had done theirs, I had used my lasso. We found that some animal, possibly the puma, but more probably a fox, had chewed the lasso in two. After hunting for nearly three hours we found him on the further side of the monte. It was so late in the day by this time that we decided to stay where we were until the morrow.

Jim said that he could easily make my lariat as good as new, and stayed in camp. H. and I went to explore the monte. We hadn't gone far before the dogs struck a trail, and we soon heard them barking furiously off in the center of the monte. Hurrying forward we found that they had two wild pigs at bay; or, the pigs had them at bay; it was a hard matter to decide the point. The pigs snapped their tusks in a terrific manner, and the dogs showed their respect by keeping at a safe distance. We shot the pigs, and, as we were afraid that there might be a drove, did not stop to take any of the meat. Soon after this the dogs treed a monte cat, which I shot and skinned, as their hide is very beautiful.

In a swampy piece of prairie we came across a lagoon filled with ducks and geese, and were successful in getting some.

The next morning we reached the house of my friend, Juan Companion, who declared that we would have to spend at least a month with him. He introduced us to his wife, a full-blooded Indian. Juan was very enthusiastic in his descriptions of the hunting and fishing to be had in his vicinity, and said that there was a greater variety of game to be found in that neighborbood than anywhere else in the Republic. He had six dogs: five greyhounds mixed with other breeds, the sixth an otter hound. As Juan continued to give descriptions of the excellent hunting, and pressed us so strongly, we agreed to stay for a week. He proposed an ostrich hunt next morning.

The eastern sky gave golden promise of a beautiful day as we drove away from the house. In twenty minutes we reached a narrow stretch of cañada. On the northern edge of the cañada flowed the river, while its southern edge was skirted by a dense monte. To the west lay a large lagoon or lake, which was connected with the river by a narrow outlet. Juan explained that the best way would be to hunt from east to west toward the lagoon. After placing Jim and H. near the center of the cañada and telling me to take my position near the river, Juan rode over near the monte's edge. When all was ready we started on an easy gallop in the direction of the lagoon. While the grass grew very rank and thick, still, it was not so high as to hide us from one another.

Juan was first to reach the lagoon, and he signaled for us close up, quick. We put spurs to our horses and were pressing forward at a sharp gallop when a troop containing fully fifty ostriches started pell-mell through the grass ahead of us. Soon all was hustle and excitement, for the ostriches, finding themselves hopelessly penned in in the rear by dogs and mounted men, rushed, first in the direction of the southwestern end of the lagoon, hoping to escape into the monte by that way. Here, however, they found their way barred by Juan, with his old-style Winchester. Swinging to the north, the troop dashed wildly along the edge of the lagoon in the direction of the river. Here was our chance, and we took it. Now, the band are near the river's edge, and as a few more shots ring out, into the water dash the whole troop, and soon are flopping, scrambling and swimming for the other shore. Now, those birds may not have been swimming; they were getting there, though, just the same. There is one thing certain: they were not walking on the bottom, for the river is over 20ft. deep and 100yds. wide at that place. When we had collected the spoils we found we had fourteen birds. After skinning them and taking the best parts of the meat we returned to the house, arriving there about noon.

After supper we were lounging, smoking, and talking over our hunt, outside the house, when suddenly a tall figure, followed by an immense dog, strode silently among us from out the darkness. So quiet had been the approach, that they were in our circle before we knew it. Juan introduced the man to us as Rubio Antonio. In many respects Rubio was a remarkable man. He was a half-breed, and the only one of that class of people whom I ever recollect seeing with red hair and whiskers. He was nearly 6ft. in height, and very strong and wiry. His dog, Coffee, was a famous hunter, part bulldog and part mastiff. Coffee had wild, bloodshot eyes, and certainly was the fiercest looking canine I had ever laid eyes upon. He was covered with scars from head to tail, and Rubio told me one day that some of them had been received in an encounter with a puma. He said that the dog killed the puma, but nearly at the expense of his own life, as it took many weeks for him to recover from the wounds.

So fierce was the appearance of Coffee, and so little desire did he show to make friends with strangers, that it was some time before I overcame a habit of slipping my hand to the butt of my six-shooter whenever he would come near me. No man, woman or child loves a dog better than I do, but I confess that Coffee was a little too much for me. I gradually came to understand that his mind was centered entirely on the chase, and any little affection he might have to show was reserved for Rubio's little girl and wife. While we never knew him to attack a human being, still, he had a look which made me feel uncomfortable; after we got a little used to him, however, we didn't mind him so much as at first. While I never loved him to any extent, I must give him the credit of being the most fearless creature I ever knew. No matter what the animal, Coffee never hesitated an instant about attacking it.



Natural History.

SOME OF NATURE'S WAYS.

Two barn swallows made a nest under the balcony roof of our house. The little old man with his buff vest and swallow-tail coat used to sit by the old lady when she was on the nest and twitter to her by the hour. Perhaps he was congratulating her on her nice home or perhaps he would twit her of a fondness for another buff vest, or perhaps wondering if their young ones would be worn on the fall hats. Both of them would fly in and out while we were quite near. Soon the babies came and then the trouble began. Either because of the work of catching insects on the wing or because the nest only contained two young ones, the old birds became cross and would dart at any one who went to that side of the house. Every time one of the old birds came near the nest two big mouths were wide open for the small amount of food brought. On watching the nest closely we found that one old bird fed the young one at the right of the nest and the other one that at the left of the nest.

For several years we have had about the house a number of gray squirrels. They became quite tame, and one of them—we called him Bobby, because he had lost a part of his tail—would sit on a person's lap and eat or take nuts from the hand. Last seasor the nuts left over from previous year we thought were too dry for this pet, who had now been coming every spring for four or five years; so we cracked some of them to feed it. The other squirrels came around just then, and Bobby deliberately drew the cracked nuts into a heap and spread himself so as to cover the lot. He was willing that the others should eat uncracked nuts, but the easy ones were for him alone.

During the wet, cold weather of early June, we noticed a single song sparrow come under the balcony one evening just at dusk, and nestle in the vines, away from the wet and cold. After this she came every night about the same time until the fall. She never attempted to make a nest, although others did about her, but just came in for a night's lodging. At first we thought she might be a widow whose home and family had been destroyed, but later on we judged from her precise habits that she must have been an old maid. She never stayed out nights, but attended all the morning concerts.

One day I heard the distress cry of several birds from the lawn. As I approached an evergreen tree a robin flew toward me and back again to the tree. I soon located a blacksnake near the bird's nest and shot it, with a young robin in its mouth. The old bird did not fly away from fright, but as soon as the snake dropped to the ground she flew to the nest to look after her young. If ever a bird could talk this one told me of her troubles and thanked me for ending them. SAYVILLE.

LONG ISLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see that my "Cat Story" has drawn out more evidence in favor of the positive possession of reasoning powers in animals, as contrasted with the purely instinctive faculties, which they also share in common with the human race. I have seen two illustrations of the latter within a week, which will illustrate the difference. Sitting on the doorstep after tea, smoking, one evening last week, I was startled by a sudden rush of the house cat, who came through the fence like a rocket, followed in hot chase by a robin, and both disappeared around the corner of the house in an instant. On investigation it was found that the cat had picked up a young bird, which had evidently fallen from the nest, and the mother bird was trying to rescue it.

It was too late when help arrived, however, for the tragedy was over. The next evening my daughter mentioned the incident to a friend at the other end of the village, who in return showed her a young fledgling in a cage on the piazza, which she had picked up on the ground (the bird, not the cage), and hung up on the piazza, where the mother came and fed it regularly, and which was thriving very well apparently,

Now, I call these cases pure instinct; they do not involve cause and effect, like ringing a bell or lifting a door latch.

I am glad to see that Awahsoose hears more birds in his region than last year; I have seen more here, and, although I did not see any bluebirds, there are plenty of robins, sparrows and fly catchers, and the same pair of orioles seem to be nesting in the big elm in front of my window, for, though I cannot see the nest, I see them shoot up and down every day and occasionally hear them, but there is my weak spot, and if Awahsoose and I could combine his ears with my eyes, we might note the birds pretty well. VON W.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., June 22.

Hawk and Martins.

A GALLANTLY-CONTESTED battle between a small sparrow-hawk and a flock of black martins was seen the other day among the hills near Duarte. The hawk had captured a half-grown dove and was flying low and heavily when he was viciously attacked by a flock of black martins.

He dropped his prey and dashed upward, then swooped down upon one of the martins With the little bird in his claws the hawk dropped toward the earth, tearing at his unfortunate little antagonist as he came. A trail of black feathers followed the pair until they were about 50ft. from the ground, when the martin fell like a stone, and the hawk shot upward again. The flock of martins instantly closed around him, and within another moment or two a second bird was torn to pieces and dropped. This maneuver was repeated three or four times, ending each time in the death of a bird, before the flock of martins gave up the pursuit and allowed the hawk to escape. Upon examination each one of the dead birds was found disemboweled and terribly mutilated.—*Tucson (Ariz.) Citizen.*

Faith and Works.

A PRETTY anecdote is related of a child who was greatly perturbed by the discovery that her brothers had set traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter, she replied: "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said, "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps, and," as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, "I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."—*Household Words.*

Game Bag and Gun.

A KENTUCKY RABBIT HUNT.

THE Kingfishers, sun-browned and tanned by the winds of the lakes, were returning from one of their annual trips to the North Woods. Seated in one of the easy coaches of the Grand Rapids line and chatting, as they sped southward, of the humors and adventures of the trip, the talk gradually drifted from fishing to hunting.

Culbertson, whose more extended experience gave him first seat in the circle as the big hunter of the gang, recalled in thrilling description deer hunts and bear hunts in canebrake and tangled wood; closing with pathetic recital of the death of a companion whose finger was punctured by the fangs of a dead rattlesnake.

Morris told of outings with Kentucky quail, and Furr gave vivid pictures of possum and coon hunts, noisy with their retinue of darkies and dogs. When "Kingfisher's" turn came, he professed a profound ignorance of the mysteries of the chase, "Though, said he, "when I was a boy, long about the 20s, I did shed the blood of some birds and animals, whose presence I could not endure, with weapons adapted to my youthful arms." This hint, in default of specific facts, was presumed to refer to his forays with bow and arrow upon the tribes of woodpeckers and jaybirds, and to shots from the window with the family musket, in the dead hour of night, when all was still—except the cats—that immediately became stiller.

Harry Foulds closed the round of story-telling by stating that in the vicinity of Cincinnati, where he earned his bread, or, rather, made his flour (and good flour at that), "by the sweat of his brow," game was an article so scarce that a day's raking with a fine tooth comb would scarcely scratch a rabbit from the weeds. And that the rabbit, when found, would be lank and lean, with variegated scars adorning his body, as proof of daily battles with the small boy and his dog, and "Chawles" and his "purp," in the desperate effort to prolong a miserable life.

Having a rabbit or two left in Kentucky, we forthwith invited the Cincinnatians to come over to Frankfort in the fall and take a hunt.

Late in November following Harry Foulds and Ack Hall, responding to the invitation, stepped from the cars at the Midland Depot and were shortly banging at my door, chipper as larks, and loudly vociferating, "Show us them rabbits!"

A hearty handshake, and they unloaded an inundation of apologies from the balance of the gang as to why they couldn't come. Hickman had just gotten in forty bags of mail matter from Goshen, Ind., 200 from Alaska, and 700 from Japan—all to be distributed at once as extra. Culbertson was preparing his kit for a Florida trip, and Murray was "lost," as usual. A message from Capt. Tinker advised the use of frequent "durkees" if the weather became warm—a decoction that is said to be mixed in a big tumbler, with ice, and a little sugar, and a little water, and some lemon peel, and a bit of gin, and some other harmonizers. Uncle Jerry Kiersted sent his blessings, and hopes that "the boys would live long and prosper."

The greeting over, I casually glanced at the outfit of my two friends. Each had a 12-gauge Parker and lugged a grip whose bulging sides denoted hunting clothes. Just then the baggage man drove up with a dray on which was a big box about the size that incloses parlor organs for packing. It was strongly nailed and securely bound at the corners with hoop iron.

"What's in the box, Harry?" I inquired.

"Ammunition," he responded, indifferently.

Taking a good square look at the box, and making a fair estimate of its capacity, I judged it would hold somewhere between 5,000 and 10,000 shells, with plenty of spare room for loading tools, gun cleaners, corn oil flasks, bootjacks, etc.

As my friends had written me they could only spare time for a two days' hunt, and measuring the amount of death in the box, I began to feel sorry for the rabbits. Then I pondered whether they had not misunderstood me when I said in the cars "there were a few rabbits left in Kentucky," and were expecting a sort of round-up of a million or so jack rabbits or "other rabbits," when they were to take stands and shoot into the thick of them as they went by, sixty shots a minute.

I thought best not to disturb the enchantment of view embraced in spending so much ammunition so quickly, but to let events work their own revelation. However, Dick Morris and Charley Furr came over that night, and after an evening spent in reminiscences of hunting trips, fishing adventures and "reminders of old times," I managed to get a private conference with them, and whispered my suspicions as to the meaning of the big box. "Oh, well!" said Dick, "perhaps it isn't all ammunition; they may have a lot of fossils—you know you dote on fossils—and perhaps Old Hickory, Culbertson and the balance have sent you a contribution of rocks for your cabinet from some of those big piles we saw along the road near Big Rapids and Cadillac; and then maybe Kelpie has added a boulder from Central Lake." His eyes twinkled and his broad shoulders shook at the demoniac suggestion, while Charley amiably chuckled, for it is the impression of the gang that I am weak in the upper story when fossils are mentioned.

Charley, however, was inclined to take a more serious view of the situation, and to lament any disappointment our visiting friends might suffer.

"Can't we shorten their misery," said he, "if they don't find rabbits as abundant as they expect, by giving them some diversion? Let's show 'em the country—take 'em out to Elkhorn, up Devil's Hollow, out to Old Crow distillery, and then to the cemetery."

The idea seemed good, and before parting for the night it was agreed to have a double team at the door in the morning, with seats for six, and spend the day till noon in sightseeing, and after a hasty lunch devote the afternoon to the rabbit hunt. I was deputed to impart the programme to Harry and Ack ere they retired for the night, and be prepared to dilate extensively on the beauties of Frankfort scenery if they manifested any impatience at not being sooner permitted to "get at them rabbits."

Luckily, they seemed content to have us map out the programme, and I merely concluded the announcement with the precautionary inquiry, "Do you think you have shells enough to last you for the hunt? If not, I will load a few more."

"Oh, yes," replied Ack, "I guess we have plenty, though Frank (Harry's big brother) said when we were packing the box he thought we ought to put in a few hundred more."

The team was at the door at 8 o'clock sharp next morning. Dick Morris was unable to join us for the day, and in fact, for the hunt, through illness of a near relative. We missed him greatly.

With a skilled driver at the reins we left the city rapidly, taking the road by the State Penitentiary and climbing the long ascent near the Cove Spring. Beyond the ridge we descended to the edge of a broad valley where, in the olden time, was a race-track on which the horse Gray Eagle won a famous race, to the delight of Henry Clay and the hundreds of onlookers in attendance. The plain was now seamed with ditches for drainage, and dotted with shocks of gathered corn.

Beyond this we passed the Todd farm with its fourteen miles of stone fencing, and noted as the site of a block house, built in Indian days, still standing with its wedge-shaped port-holes in the second story, concealed from outer observation by a more modern lining of boards. Half a mile further, the pike ran beside Elkhorn Creek, famous for its gamy black bass. Following the rocky stream a short distance we halted opposite the Lover's Leap, a bold bare headland that projected from a turn in the cliff, 100ft. above the water. Surmounting its pinnacle was a solitary dead cedar. The foxes were wont to come to this point, after night, and bark in hearing of the dogs in the farm-yard opposite—a challenge that seldom passed unheeded, for their music was speedily ringing along the steep hillside in hot chase.

Below, a few hundred yards, at a turn in the road, was the mouth of the Pond Branch, the outlet of a small swamp where, thirty years ago, wild geese were wont to stop over night, and some of them make a fatal stop in their flight across the country. Close by was the site of the cabin where several women in frontier days successfully defended themselves from an attack of savages, enforced with rifle and blazing arrows. One of the women, biting a bullet in two, loaded a rifle with the piece and shot an Indian through a crack in the door. His dead body was afterward found lodged in the creek below, against a big rock, that to day goes by the name of Indian Rock.

Retracing our course up the creek, we turned off by a country road and followed the Elkhorn banks on higher ground. The dam at Steadmantown, since washed out, was soon in sight with a vista of Elkhorn at one of its loveliest bends. Halting only long enough for a brief glance at the winding creek with its rocks and rapids, pools and shallows, we drove rapidly to the Forks, the junction of the North and and South branches. The little village, nestled by the united waters, encloses an unpretending frame structure on whose front is painted: "Buck Run Baptist Church—Organized 1818."

Turning the horses' heads toward the city we soon reached Black's Pond, a noted local fishing resort, three miles from Frankfort. This pond of fresh water, fed by springs, was first sought for its supply of bream or "mongrels"—next, for bream and silver perch—and now, the black bass are disputing supremacy with the silver perch, the bream scarcely appearing. Last season one fisherman took sixty-three bass from its waters as the result of a single day's catch.

Skirting the city, a quick drive of four miles was made along the banks of the Kentucky River to the "Old Crow" distillery, where the fire water of that famous brand is produced. With much persuasion some of the party were induced, under the seductive wiles of Tom Shy, the genial superintendent, to touch an atom of ten-year old, oily and fruity, washed down by a glass of cold sulphur water flowing from an artesian well on the premises.

Harry objected strongly to surrendering his prohibition scruples, but when told he could not get the sulphur water without the "medicine," he reluctantly yielded, with the avowal that he was ever ready to make sacrifice "on the altar of his country."

Returning to the city, a short whisk was made up the defiles of Devil's Hollow Pike, where one can readily imagine, from the wild scenery, that he is miles from civilization. Returning, the team was again at the door, at sharp noon, each passenger fully cognizant of an appetite.

While lunch was being disposed of, and while the party were getting into their hunting togs, a change of horses was made.

Some uneasiness was felt as to whether Harry and Ack would insist on carrying their "ammunition box" along in the wagon—room being at a premium. This fear was speedily dissipated when both appeared with belts bristling with cartridges and the pockets of their hunting coats apparently burdened with half the contents of the big box. Each was evidently loaded for war—"world without end."

On the front seat sat Claude, a skilled colored driver; and beside him, in high feather, was Will, another colored "gemman" of darker hue, who was going along to assist in packing game. The fresh team sped rapidly along the Cedar Run pike, leading southward, and within the hour drew up at the gate of Marvin Averill, a hospitable farmer, near whose house the rabbits were expected to leave their beds for the last time. Stabling the horses, guns were put together, overcoats discarded, and under the guidance of Bob Averill, a son of the farmer, the party started for the fields.

It was noticed that both Harry and Ack were solicitous as to how the hunt was to be made, who were to go together, etc. Evidently each had great respect for the shooting qualities of the other. A mile or so between seemed desirable. All tremors of this sort soon vanished in the excitement of the hunt.

Crossing a deep gully severing the sparsely wooded hill slope, the party in irregular line were advancing up the opposite side when a cottontail sprang out from a small brush heap in front of Foulds and started for the hilltop. His gait was sixty miles an hour, but at the crack of the gun he turned several summersaults and lay still, a dead rabbit.

"Good boy!" shouted Charley Furr.

It was evident that Foulds could shoot. He said "Fetch!" to the colored aid-de-camp with a nonchalance equaling Brewer when he makes a difficult double of wild drivers.

Before the worm fence at the top of the hill was reached, a second rabbit was frightened from a bunch of wire grass in front of the writer. As he scudded away with all canvas spread, I gave him the right barrel, cylinder, and then the left barrel, choke. The dirt flew along the path he was traveling, and yet, singularly enough, he never stopped. The boys laughed.

How strange they never understood that my object was to badly frighten the rabbit and cause him to come round again so our visiting friends could kill him. Rabbits always come back near the place they start from when eluding pursuit, a trait I have long known. One must utilize his knowledge.

Beyond the rail fence was a long, double hillside, separated by a ridge, and grown up in orchard grass, with bunches of yellow sage, low bushes, clumps of briars and brush heaps—a typical place for mollies. Everywhere in the heavy grass were seen their runways and crossings, along which at night they sported and courted.

Furr and Foulds, with Will as beater, followed the slope to the right along the line of fence; young Averill took the center, while Hall and the writer, with Claude to carry game, bore up the ridge on the left. But a few a steps were taken before the game was afoot. As the line progressed and the covers were invaded, the popping of guns was frequent and exciting.

Encountering a brush pile I gave it a kick and a rabbit resulted. This time, feeling that the boys did not properly understand the higher motives and promptings that should actuate one hospitably inclined, I shot to kill. At the instant the rabbit executed a right angle, and the corner being abrupt my shot followed the straight line—on harmless mission bent. A snicker from Claude in the rear emphasized the miss. I glanced at Hall to see if he noticed the discrepancy between shot and rabbit. The sly rascal was looking straight ahead with a forced smile of commiseration on his face that seemed to say—plainer than words—"I thought somebody said these Frankfort boys could shoot—oh my!" Worse still, just then two rabbits bounced out in the path ahead of him, and with a neat double he bagged them both.

In my direction matters were getting serious. Unless I settled down to business, ceased philosophizing, and went to killing rabbits instead of scaring them over to the next farm, it wasn't likely that any casual hints I might drop about that "ammunition box" would have much weight. Practice is better than theory, as was evidenced in such bracing up as enabled me to drop the next three rabbits in three shots, wiping Ack's eye with the last. He was doing good work, too, gathering meat.

For the next hour, as we beat the bushes and kicked the brush heaps, there was fun galore. Rabbits were pattering in every direction to escape the pursuer, stirred by gun shots and shouts "There he goes!"—"Look out!"—"bang!" "bang!" Here and there one was toppled over, others left scraps of white wool on the bushes, some crept off before the hunters were in sight, and others still broke covert so close at hand that to shoot was cruelty and destruction. When the fence was finally reached at the far end, and the game was inspected, it was found we had bagged thirteen rabbits.

After a brief rest the party crossed the fence into a thin woodland where heavier patches of briars were encountered, rendering it more difficult to route the mollies and still harder to make successful shots. Stones were thrown where neither hunter nor darkie could penetrate, and as the fleeing mollies zigzagged along the tortuous path the shots often went wild. Then the scattered trees had something to do in defense of rabbit bacon, as the scarred bark testified.

In the midst of the briars we met another party of hunters with a big bunch of rabbits, and deeming it useless to trace their tracks we turned to the left. The woods became open, almost bare, and the ground covered with dead leaves. As we were descending the slope to reach some thickets, visible in the bottom, Charley Furr, on the extreme right of the line, started a big brown woods rabbit from the shelter of a rock. The agile animal scudded diagonally down the slope with that ejaculatory motion of the hinder parts that suggested intermittent springs along the backbone.

"Kill him! kill him!" cried Furr, whilst his own gun reposed peacefully on his left arm, wholly forgotten.

The rabbit meanwhile was getting a little more electricity in his legs, and the pattering of his feet on the dead leaves was incessant as April raindrops. Harry, who was next, let go a bang harmless as air, and that cotton-tail seemed to feel there was "a tide in the affairs of" rabbits as well as men that required all the "git up and git" that existed in his anatomy. He flattened his ears on his back, gave an extra hitch to his white blossom of tail, elongated his body, and skimmed the surface in marvelous jumps that surpassed any previous record. Just as he seemed to feel a gloating satisfaction in his gait Averill threw a load of shot into the ground ahead of his nose, when, with reckless audacity or aimless fright, he abruptly turned and started up the hill in a bee line for Ack Hall. To blunder, head on, into the very jaws of death seemed the height of madness.

Perhaps we ill-judged that rabbit's measure of cunning. As Ack saw him coming flippity-flip, he braced his legs, cocked both barrels, and prepared to send the poor hare headlong to the other world. I could already imagine the grass-nibbler turning flip-flaps under the shock of lead in body and brain.

In a few seconds he was in short range. Ack threw up his gun, pressed the trigger without sighting—and overshot. The leaves flew awful. So upset was he by the miss and the evident determination of the rabbit to run him down that the other barrel went off of itself, sending the load to cut the twigs in the tree-tops.

The gang were by this time wild with delight, which a moment later verged on hysterics as I added two more shots in harmless combustion to facilitate that charmed rabbit's exit from the field of bloodless battle. Avoiding Ack's clubbed gun, he darted safely by and went galloping over the ridge toward Cincinnati—not a hair on his body touched nor an eyebrow left behind.

Leaving the scene of our discomfiture, we hunted the thickets in the bottom, adding two more to our stock of rabbits. Furr bagged one and Averill the other. Crossing next a cornfield with little cover, we entered a field grown up in ragweeds - thin in places—with briars and green creepers along the drains. Several mollies were killed in the open spots as they ran the paths or crossed from one cover to another, but the weeds were generally too thick for accurate shooting.

As the sun was now getting low in the west, we circled toward the house, making the last hunt on a hill slope dotted with brush heaps, bunches of brown sage, and well set with clumps of long bluegrass. Harry was first over the fence, and first to make a kill, starting a rabbit from the fence corner as he leaped to the ground. Ack was next fortunate in starting one from a brush pile, but his recent narrow escape from being run over by the woods rabbit had evidently upset his nerves, for he scored a clean miss.

"Hold on, dar! Hold on, dar!" ejaculated Will, the colored attendant, who was a little in advance on the right, as he raised one hand warningly toward us, retreating slowly, with eyes bulging, and excitement in his every movement. "I done cotch dat rabbit, shore!" said he, as he backed slowly away from a little tuft of long grass, under which he had discovered a mollie snugly sitting.

"Dat rabbit sleep," said he; and as Claude came up he angrily added, "Here, you nigger, keep back! You gwine spile everything."

Making a short circuit to get the tuft of grass between himself and the rabbit, he laid aside his bunch of game, dropped on his hands and knees, and began a stealthy crawl toward his victim. The rabbit, if asleep, was no doubt dreaming of courtship or cabbage leaves, and unconscious of the dark destiny creeping toward him.

"Dat fool nigger ain't gwine to cotch dat rabbit," said Claude, with evident disgust and distrust; "he's too slow, and rabbit ain't sleep nuther. Never saw rabbit sleep 'cept wid both eyes open."

Will, meanwhile, was getting closer to the unsuspecting rabbit, stopping occasionally to look around and see if the party was keeping back. Scarcely 3ft. separated him from the grass tuft, when he slightly raised his body, shoved his knees well forward under him, and with a sudden spring launched himself forward, while both hands came greedily down on the empty bed, as the rabbit, with elusive feet, was going down the hillside at ninety miles an hour.

The crestfallen darkey turned a face toward us so full of pitiable misery that the whole party burst out with laughter, while Claude rolled on the grass in an ecstasy of delight.

"I know'd it," said he, as soon as he could get his breath; "dat nigger better go and ketch a cow. He ain't fit to 'rastle wid wild animals."

"Fore de Lawd," dejectedly added Will, who had now got on his feet and gathered his bunch of rabbits, "dat ha-are jes' too slick—he warn't 'sleep—he des possumin'."

This incident, with the bagging of one more rabbit on the hill slope, closed the day's sport, as the treetops in the West were already drawing frescoes on the sun's face. Crossing the pasture to the house, we stopped at the gate, and, counting game, found we had twenty-five plump rabbits as the result of the afternoon sport.

And Henry and Ack had a few shells left. OLD SAM.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June, 1897.

GOVERNMENT GAME RESERVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read the comments upon my article advocating game preserves under the control of the United States Government, I would like to add that although I confined myself in that article to discussing means for the protection of the birds while on their migrations, I entirely agree with Mr. S. F. Fullerton in regard to the importance of protecting them when on their breeding grounds. Whether this could best be attained by a system of reservations would depend on the extent to which large numbers of birds are accustomed to congregate to nest in or about the same place. I have heard such places described, and they must be above all others the places to be protected. But where the nests are scattered over a wide extent of territory protection by such means would not be possible. More information about the breeding localities of our game birds, and in regard to the numbers of birds and eggs which are annually destroyed during the breeding season is very much to be desired, and it is to be hoped that the efforts of FOREST AND STREAM to discover the truth about the albumen industry will result in a great deal of light being thrown upon these matters.

There can be no doubt, however, that the incessant shooting the birds are subjected to during their migrations has something to do with the scarcity of game of this kind. The extraordinary exertions which the birds are obliged to make to accomplish their journeys make rest and an abundant supply of food particularly necessary. They are very often too much fatigued to seek food except in such places as will furnish it in plenty and in a form easy for them to obtain, and to these places they must return again and again in spite of the losses caused by the gunners. It is no doubt true that under the most favorable conditions the migrations cost the lives of great numbers of birds. In the case of the small birds, I have noticed how often one comes across dead birds, which have apparently died from natural causes during these seasons.

I may perhaps be pardoned for repeating once more that I would not propose the establishment of large reservations, but of small ones, perhaps one or two square miles in extent, or sometimes less, in the places where the most destructive shooting is done; one man, backed up by proper authority, could look after such a preserve and generally have time to do something else besides. And, far from thinking that the whole country would have to be covered with such preserves, I believe that each and every one, rightly located and taken care of, would have its effect, though of course the more of them the better.

The best indication of what the State laws can be expected to do for the preservation of the migratory birds is what they have done in the past and are doing at present. No doubt, if the State laws of the present time had existed and been enforced for a century past there would now be plenty of game, but nothing can be more evident than that they are not accomplishing their purpose. They have always been behind in the race with the increasing destruction of game; they are getting more and more hopelessly behind. Can any one believe that public opinion would sanction the passage or co-operate in enforcing laws sufficiently stringent to even preserve the amount of game of this kind that still exists? Certainly not until it is too late.

I think, however, that game laws alone will never suffice to preserve the birds. The number of places suitable for them is rapidly diminishing, and it is only by means of reservations, public or private, that this can be provided against.

From private preserves I think little protection for the migratory birds can be expected. Their partridges or pheasants will be carefully looked after and the shooting limited to what they can stand, but if a duck, snipe or plover once gets away he will probably not return, and it is only natural that every effort should be made to bag him.

The great amount of change, making the ponds, streams and woodlands less available as game localities, which is going on, especially in the thickly inhabited States, but also all over the country, is hard to realize, as it is a gradual process.

Thousands of marshes have been more or less completely drained, and ponds formerly frequented by ducks and other water birds are now unsuitable because of the banks being cleared and buildings erected on them, the increase in the number of boats on the ponds, and the growth of reeds and water plants which formerly afforded food and concealment for the birds being destroyed by raising the level of the water or otherwise. Of course, a great deal of this is the inevitable result of the progress of civilization, but as Mr. C. A. Shriner has pointed out, there has been a great deal of useless destruction of the natural features of the country. The owners of the lands have derived little or no benefit from it, and the

country as a whole has suffered greatly. Possibly, if some of these places were allowed to regain, as far as possible, their natural condition, and were carefully protected, they might, especially in the West, become again available as breeding places for the water birds which formerly bred throughout most of their range; though, now, a pair of ducks which undertake to breed in any of the thickly settled States do well if they live through the summer, not to mention raising any young. This contraction of the breeding range which is constantly going on, is doubtless in a considerable degree responsible for the present scarcity of birds, and will, without the least doubt, result in the extinction at no distant date of many species that do not extend their migrations far northward.

Admitting the necessity of game reservations, there can be no doubt that they would be more judiciously chosen and managed by the United States Government, whose undertakings are generally well carried out and its laws well enforced. Would the difficulties of such a plan be greater than to secure concerted and judicious action from all of the States concerned? It seems as if nothing could be more difficult than the latter alternative. For the reasons I have already stated, I do not think private reservations are likely to afford much protection to migratory birds. If the matter is to be left entirely to the States, those States where the most destructive hunting is going on would probably be the last to take any action, and results of importance to the whole country would be subordinated to private interests.

That a system of Government reservations would take anything away from State rights I cannot see. Where the interests not of one State but of many are involved, it becomes a proper subject for the attention of the United States Government. I think the sportsmen in those States which now have stringent and well-enforced game laws will some time get tired of seeing the game, which should belong to them as much as to any one else, destroyed by unsportsmanlike methods and at unreasonable times and seasons in other States. But the plan under consideration would not interfere with or supersede the State laws, but yet could do something to make up for their deficiencies.

W. G. VAN NAME.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

OFFICE OF STATE GAME AND FISH WARDEN OF MICHIGAN.—Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with interest and approval the article by Mr. W. G. Van Name contained in your letter of June 5, which, on account of illness, I have seen to-day for the first time.

The scheme involved is not altogether a new one to me and certainly possesses great merit. Natural game preserves have been set aside in several States. There is a marsh in Michigan devoted to this purpose, and in the Oneida county section of northern Wisconsin quite an area of wooded country, diversified by lake and stream, has been set aside as a State reserve. The arguments for government reserves as set forth by Mr. Van Name seem to be practical and reasonable, and only need the active interest and united influence of the sportsmen of the country and such journals as FOREST AND STREAM to have them materialize into meaningful form.

CHASE S. OSBORN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Rumbles of the Tolleston Case.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 26.—A few remaining and distant rumbles still arise from the Tolleston game warden cases, of which mention has been made from time to time. In the main event the club has been far more successful than it expected to be and has won a practical victory. Theodore Prott and others have this week brought damage cases against the club amounting to over $100,000, and these cases have just been taken from Crown Point to Porter county on change of venue. The venue is something all-important to the Tolleston trespasser. If he can get his case into a local court he thinks he has a chance with the jury, but if he gets into a clearer atmosphere he is gone so far as his legal chances are concerned. These cases will come up in the circuit court at Valparaiso. The club will win.

The Mongolian Pheasant.

It was fifteen years ago that Judge Denny introduced the Mongolian pheasant in Oregon, putting down twenty-eight birds. This week, reports from Linn county, Oregon, state that over 13,000 of these birds were killed in that one county this year during the open season. The birds are reported to be swarming, it being estimated that they run into the hundreds of thousands. How about these birds for the middle West? Why do we hear no more of their introduction than we do? There is room for a healthy, iron-clad bird of some sort in this part of the world.

Large Shipment of Wild Game.

Mr. H. K. Glidden, of New York city, manager of the Moosehead ranch of Jackson's Hole, Wyo., writes me that there will appear some time next week in Chicago, en route from Wyoming, what he thinks is the largest shipment of wild game on the hoof every made in this country. The animals are coming on in charge of Mr. H. B. Adams, who leaves Wyoming about June 26, and the cars will be for a time at the Union Stock Yards here Among the animals in the shipment the following are mentioned: Thirteen head of buffalo, one "cattleo" cow, twenty head of blacktail deer, and a lot of antelope, these to go to the estate of Hon. Wm. C. Whitney, ex-Secretary of the Navy. There will be also thirty-six head of elk for Hon. Edward H. Litchfield, of Litchfield Park, Tupper Lake Junction (Adirondack Mountains), N. Y. All this stock is coming through in palace stock cars. I do not learn where the buffalo are coming from, or who is the breeder of the cattleo cow, which is reported to be a beauty; but I suppose the buffalo are from the Allard herd of the Flathead Reservation. Charlie Allard lately died, and I have heard that the herd was to be broken up. Moosehead ranch is in the Jackson's Hole country of Wyoming, one of the famous game grounds of America.

Indians Exempt.

Executive Agent James F. Fullerton, of Minnesota, has lost a case against the notorious game dealer Davis, who was arrested for shipping birds out of the State contrary to the law. Judge Baxter, of Moorhead, decided that as the birds were sold to Davis by Indians, and as Indians were not subject to the action of the State game law, no cause would lie in this instance. Agent Fullerton, somewhat surprised at this latest instance of what law can be in the hands of an able-bodied and husky jurist, throws up his hands, and says that he can see no reason why the Indians should not depopulate the streams and covers of the State with impunity or any other thing.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

GAME IN IOWA.

NEVADA, Ia. June 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM your Western representative, Mr. E. Hough, expresses surprise at the fact that there yet remains in central Iowa a goodly number of that royal game bird, the pinnated grouse, or, as it is commonly known, the prairie chicken.

If Mr. Hough will make me a visit about the first of next September, I will guarantee him a fair day's sport at chicken shooting. If our game laws were only half enforced, we would have chickens a plenty, but, as it is, with shooting commencing in July, it is something to be wondered at, that the pinnated grouse have not disappeared long ago. Since the last of March I have been able any clear still morning, to hear the boom-oom, boom-oom, of numbers of the male pinnated grouse, and this while standing in my own door yard in the midst of our little city, with none of the grouse nearer than one mile. I love to listen to this royal suitor, as he wooes, with all his energy, his modest lady love. This has been a cold damp spring in central Iowa, not the most favorable weather for the young grouse, many of which are already hatched.

John Corbin living several miles northeast of town, last week informed me that he had just purchased a new .32 cal. Winchester, to be used in keeping the gray wolves from totally annihilating his poultry. So you see, we still have something left besides the prairie chickens to remind us of the pioneer days in Iowa. Yes! and that reminds me. Arvil Batman was telling me an experience which he had about two weeks ago. Arvil was walking along the edge of the timber which borders a small stream just south of town and was accompanied by his pointer dog. Noticing some bushy tailed animal come out of the brush and start across the open ground, Arvil on the moment's impulse, set the dog after the "critter," expecting, of course, that the dog would kill it in very short order. But the "critter" in the "fracas" that followed, whipped the dog badly and in a very short time. Arvil concluded that his dog was not much of a fighter anyhow, though he had always taken care of himself pretty well in his "scraps" with other dogs. Picking up a club Arvil started to meet the "critter," which was chasing the dog. As the animal noticed its new enemy advancing, it turned from the dog and met the man half way. This was more than Arvil had expected, and raising his club he struck at the snapping snarling brute, the club proved to be rotten and broke, then Arvil concluded he did not want the "critter" anyway, so he turned and ran. Across the pasture they went, both doing their best, and Arvil now badly scared as the sound of snapping teeth drew nearer, showing that the "critter" was gaining on him. After running about 150yds. Arvil noticed another club and stooping he grabbed it, whirled and struck with all his might, and was lucky enough to knock his pursuer down; it was then but a short task to beat his enemy to death. The "critter" proved to be a good sized badger, and the only one seen in this vicinity for a good many years. Arvil says he has not lost any more badgers.

JOHN C. BRIGGS

SOME NEW HAMPSHIRE NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The trout-fishing in this vicinity has been rather better this season than for some years, that is, more trout have been caught. The brooks, however, are fished to death and it seems as though there would hardly be a trout left. The law imposes a fine of $200 on anyone fishing with the intent of selling or trading the trout caught, but the fishing goes on all the same. A certain individual who lives alone in a shanty in a back pasture a few miles from here, spends about all his time on the trout streams and catches twenty times as many trout as any other fisherman in this section. It is a mystery what he does with them, as it is claimed he never sells any.

I own an old-fashioned black, white and tan foxhound, he is rather a small dog, standing about 18in. high, but compactly built. I consider him a first rate dog for our style of hunting. During part of last season I killed thirteen foxes with him. This dog is peculiar. Since the snow went off he shows no inclination to chase foxes on his own account. He is never tied up and could easily find a fresh track in a few minutes any morning. He would be glad to go if I went with him, but will not go alone. He has taken to looking up woodchucks, seldom going over a quarter of a mile from my house. He has killed thirteen so far besides several skunks, and a short time ago treed four coons within 300yds. of the house.

A day or two since, while going to help him get a woodchuck out of a stone wall I started a woodcock, and saw it was carrying one of its young. The woodcock jumped up within a few feet of me and flew straight away on open ground, and I could plainly see the young bird it carried between its legs. I have heard of woodcock doing this, but never saw it before.

The Platform Plank of FOREST AND STREAM seems to be growing in favor. The true sportsmen of the country realize that it is needed. At the meeting of the Hillsboro Game and Protective Association, Mayor Clarke, of Manchester, said: A number of years ago, had anyone urged the necessity of better protection of fish and game, he would have been looked upon as a sort of shiftless cuss. To-day the feeling is changed, and the more intelligent class of people realize the necessity of protecting our fish and game.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., June 22.

The Chukor Partridge.

GILGIT, Kashmir, May 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see from a remark in your "Snap Shots" of the 3d ult. that Dr. Blaisdell is importing Indian chukor in order to stock Illinois with this bird among others. It is mentioned as a matter for regret that the plague in India has put a stop to the proposed importation. So far from its being a matter for regret that this bird has not been introduced into Illinois, it would appear in the opinion of those who have more than a passing acquaintance with *Caccabis chukor* to be a matter for sincere congratulation that the Doctor's efforts have been frustrated.

The chukor, as your readers are probably aware, is a near relation of the French partridge, and he possesses all the faults, from a sportsman's point of view, of that aggravating bird. He can run pretty near as fast as he can fly, and infinitely prefers this mode of progression. He spoils your dogs for standing to any honorable bird that is not afraid to rise, he spoils your temper, and last, but not least, he teaches his evil tricks to any other species of partridge that may inhabit the same district.

The only indigenous Indian partridges which would repay the cost and trouble of introducing into Illinois or elsewhere are the common gray partridge (*Ortygornis ponticeriana*), the black partridge (*Francolinus vulgaris*), and the painted partridge (*Francolinus pictus*). The last two named are the finest birds, but the first is stronger on the wing and perhaps affords better sport.

R. L. KENNION.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsmen for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

TWELVE YEARS EXPERIENCE WITH RAINBOW TROUT.

HIGHLANDS, North Carolina.—I am glad to give Mr. Cheney some facts in regard to the rainbow trout, gathered from twelve years experience here in the North Carolina mountains. This locality is the highest land east of the Rocky Mountains, that is, inhabited land, for we have here a very pleasant and popular health and pleasure resort much patronized by the Southern people from Atlanta, New Orleans, and the Atlantic coast cities, something over 4,000ft. above sea level. It is a dense forest region, and besides the fishing we have a perfect garden of flowering plants and shrubs that delight the eye, and as well the olfactory nerves of all. Just now the woods are radiant with the kalmia, and azaleas of various shades of color, not forgetting that odoriferous variety known as the clammy azalea, on account of the sticky character of the tubes of the pure white flowers. By and by we shall have the rhododendrons, which here grow 20 or 30ft. tall, and I have counted 2,000 blooms on one bush, without getting all of them in. Of course these dense woods are filled with game quail in the open spaces and the fields, even in the gardens; pheasants and turkeys; occasionally we have ducks on the ponds; deer are quite plenty, and in the season may be got with little trouble.

It is a land of cold ever-flowing springs, swift brooks, and larger streams which form the heads of the great Tennessee, and the rivers which flow east and south to the Atlantic. I have a considerable tract of some 4,000 acres, which has seven miles of a river and two large ponds, which I have been stocking with fish for the time mentioned. These waters were stocked originally (it is said) with the common trout by General Wade Hampton, who has (his brother as well) a summer place in the neighborhood. There were plenty of brook trout (*Fontinalis*) when I came here, and by preserving the fish, the stock has been largely increased. My belief, however, is that trout were always here—*ab origine.*

Twelve years ago my friend, the late United States Fish Commissioner, sent me on my request some rainbow trout, of which 300 come to hand safely out of 1,000 sent. The rest I have good reason to think were sold by my messenger to parties on the route, and thus helped to stock other waters. Two thousand of these fish were sent at my request to another locality on a large affluent of the Tennessee and the French Broad rivers, by Commissioner McDonald.

The second year after the 300 fish were planted in my waters, one of 22in. in length and 2½lbs. weight was caught, as told by your correspondent Kelpie, recently, by a young lady, and since that time fish of 7lbs. have been taken. This fish is naturally a straggler, as suggested by Mr. Cheney, but nevertheless they come back again, or at least some stay where they are put. Most of the fish, however, in my water have left my upper pond and have gone down-stream, but plenty still remain in my lower pond, which is now swarming with them, ranging from ¼lb., and quite young fish, up to three or more pounds. My son took four fish in five minutes with the May fly the other day, averaging between 1½ and 2lbs. The waters below have become well stocked, and one of 7lbs was taken below my dam last summer. These fish are now in the French Broad and the Tennessee rivers, and are taken plentifully, and sold in the markets of Asheville as salmon.

As a measure of precaution I made an opening in the bottom of my lower dam so that these fish might come up to spawn in the river at the head of the pond, where there is a long succession of rapids with pools between, and a precipitous cascade of 90ft., above which of course they cannot go, and on this account it is that the upper pond is not so well stocked as the lower one. But there are some big ones yet in this pond, for one of my men fishing for his supper recently from a bridge which crosses the upper part of the pond, hooked a big one which snapped his cane pole and got away with the bigger half of it. This part of the pole, with the line and hook, were found the next day floating in the pond, which shows that a fish has some way of getting rid of hooks which he happens to carry off, and does not suffer from them as might be thought, and this may relieve the minds of some tender-hearted fishermen.

This is a late season here for the fish, or the fish have been too well supplied with food by the unusually copious rains. They are now biting freely, and are excessively fat, being literally lined with it as a pig is with lard. I never during forty years of trout fishing saw fish in such fine condition.

By sending a man down the stream late in the season to take small fish and plant them in my upper pond I find I can keep up a good supply of the rainbows with ease. The river is well stocked with this fish, which shows that the two kinds live in entire harmony. Indeed, I never found in any single Iridea any trace of a *fontinalis*, which I should

certainly have done, as I carefully examine the stomachs of all the fish I take, to study their feeding habits, had the former practiced cannibalistic propensities. The food of both kinds of trout I find consists of newts, crawfish, tadpoles, mature frogs, and a great quantity of minute microscopic organisms, as diatoms chiefly, which exist in vast quantities on the submerged timber and the roots of water plants, as arrowheads, pond lilies and pussey willows. I have not yet found the trace of any fish in the stomachs. Of course a large quantity of flies, beetles and other insect food is gathered by the fish, the May fly (Ephemerid) is taken in large numbers during the very short season of their ovipositing in the late spring.

There is no other kind of trout which resists capture more gamely than the rainbow. I have spent half an hour in bringing to the net a fish of 1lb., for as soon as the net is presented the fish darts off like a flash for another fight, and does not give up until it is utterly exhausted. There have been several broken rods, and involuntary baths in the cold water from a slippery rock, by fights with the larger rainbows in my stream of visitors. Only one thing detracts from its fine qualities, which is that its flesh is not equal in flavor and dryness to a *fontinalis*, but it is good enough when the appetite is whetted by a few miles walk home after a day's fishing. H. STEWART.

P. S.—Our genial friend Kelpie, I regret to say, had very poor luck when here a few weeks ago. But he will do better next time he comes; the weather was too wet and cold for the fish.

A DAY'S FISHING AT COOEY COFFRE.

THE driver left us at a point on the road about fifteen miles from the village of Canso, in Nova Scotia. We had been tramping through the woods, following our French Canadian guide, Louis, for probably half an hour, when, through the trees, a sheet of water was seen ahead of us. A few minutes later we found ourselves on the banks of a large lake. Louis conducted us to a rustic low tent covered with spruce. Here we found the boats. As there had been a freshet, it was decided to take the flat-bottomed boat called a dory, which we carried to the edge of the stream running from the lake.

Having shipped our fishing gear and provision hampers, we launched the dory with Louis in it, and jumped in as expeditiously as possible, for the stream was running swiftly after the rain. This stream, which is the connecting link between two lakes, is but a series of rapids, so down we shot. Louis, in the stern of the boat, directed our craft with his steering oar, but notwithstanding his vigilance, it would be carried against the side of a rock with such force that we narrowly escaped being dumped on several occasions. This shooting the rapids was very exciting, and in our mirth we made enough noise to frighten all the fish in the neighborhood. The stream ran through a wild woodland section of Guysboro county. After considerable dodging of branches and trunks of trees stretched half way across the stream, we slid out into the lake. On the island in the center of this lake was built the lodge of the fishing club, of which two of our party were members.

We intended to start our fishing from the point formed by the lake and the stream, so we landed, leaving Louis to row to the lodge and prepare dinner, etc. Our rods were put together with alacrity, while our tackle, gut casts and flies were allowed to soak in water as a precautionary measure. The sea trout, as we hoped, were going up the stream. Duncan, who was an expert angler and up to every time-saving device, had been soaking his lines in the bottom of the boat, which, it is needless to say, leaked somewhat, and thus was able to begin fishing as soon as his rod was pieced. A sudden splash and a swi h attracted our attention, and by



ON THE COOEY COFFRE.

the commotion in the water we knew he had hooked the fish. A little maneuvering and with the aid of Samuel, our amateur photographer, who took charge of the landing-net, the trout was bagged. This put us in excellent spirits.

We were all soon fishing, and in about two hours we had landed forty-nine speckled beauties, none of which weighed less than ¾lb., while the largest tipped the scales at 3lbs. Our catch of large fish was mainly attributable to our using a large brown hackle fly with red tail. I have ascertained from sportsmen, both in Newfoundland and Cape Breton, that the brown hackle is generally effective, and is used more than any other fly.

There is a smaller stream about three hundred yards to the south, which was known to abound in trout. As we were getting comparatively few rises after two hours' fishing, to that stream we decided to repair.

We found the fish voracious. Considerable merriment was occasioned by James, who struck a sea trout so heavily that his rod snapped at the second joint. The fish being securely hooked, rushed off at a frantic rate, carrying the line with it, into a shoal portion of the stream. James' first and only thought was to jump in after it, and to our surprise, after some skirmishing, he threw himself bodily on the fish, and by clasping it to his body, inside of his coat, he succeeded in capturing it. He was justly proud of his achievement by such a novel method, for his fish turned out to be the largest one caught. It weighed over 4lbs.

The trout in this stream were generally small, but so gamy that our arms after awhile became positively tired from casting and playing. The little black flies, which had become numerous around the pools, made our stay very uncomfortable. They viciously attacked the exposed parts of our anatomy, leaving our faces, in particular, in a swollen and bloody condition. These flies soon monopolized our attention, and being unable to longer withstand their assaults we decided to embark for the lodge.

On the island we found Louis at work, in the capacity of chef, over a wood fire. The pure atmosphere and healthy recreation more than sufficed to prepare us for a hearty meal.

While we fishermen lay off digesting our dinner and recounting fish stories, Louis cleaned the trout so that they would keep better, and incidentally be lighter to carry. In accordance with our desire he left the six larger ones intact; their average weight being 3lbs. they were well worth photographing.

We were quite satisfied with our luck, for when we embarked for home Louis informed us that he had counted ninety-two fish.

Leaving the island, we rowed toward the stream we had descended so rapidly. Our return had to be effected by the same route. The gear, etc., being made secure in the stern of the dory, we proceeded to haul ourselves up the stream by means of a small anchor, which we would throw ahead on to the most convenient projection. The process was slow, but we managed, after innumerable difficulties, to reach the place from which we had started. FISHER.

A SULLIVAN COUNTY FISHING TRIP.

WALTON, N. Y., June 18.—A fishing trip is one of the pleasantest experiences that a person can have, if the conditions are all favorable; and the conditions are not favorable unless the companionship is congenial.

I was met one morning last May by the Doctor with: "Say, you don't dare go down fishing next week?" After some conversation it developed that the Doctor; his brother (insurance agent), the Superintendent and myself, were to go to Stevensville Lake, which is in the heart of the summer boarding portion of Sullivan county, for a day's fishing for pickerel. I had never been fishing with any of the parties, therefore did not know exactly the kind of fellows I was to be out with. As a friend says, "If you want to find out just what kind of a man he is, you want to go fishing with him." But I was not long to remain in ignorance.

The day before the starting the Doctor came around, and said he and the Superintendent had been out and caught a lot of bait, and that the Superintendent was keeping them at the house, but was fearful some would die, and the Doctor thought he and I had better go out and get a fresh lot in the morning. I was awakened at about daybreak the next morning by a heavy thump on the door, and there was the Doctor, with his horse, at the door, and I hastily donned my old clothes with my old shoes, expecting to wade for the bait. We drove to a place that the Doctor had been to before, and had dug a ditch to let the water down a little, and then we were ready for business, as I supposed, but could not go on until the Doctor had given me his high-topped boots to wade in; and I thought this a very peculiar transaction, as he had just gotten off the bed having been confined with rheumatism. But I supposed he knew what he was about. It developed later that he was that kind of a man. We went down to the binnacle and made two hauls with the minnow net, and secured about eighty as fine bait fish as ever were seen, as well as sundry tadpoles and lizards.

We made our start on the noon train with a magnificent day. The bait cans were lashed fast to the car platform, and the motion of the cars sufficiently areated the water to keep the fish in nice condition. We arrived at Liberty, where we were met by Mr. Goff, to whom the Superintendent had written to meet us. We found him a character very pleasant to meet. At his place the Superintendent had stopped for many years of fishing. He drove us over to the lake, which is about five miles from the station. At the lower end we secured boats, and started up the lake for our fishing grounds, and for Mr. Goff's home.

Of course we could not row up the lake without throwing out the spoon hooks, and we had but nicely gotten under way, the Superintendent and the insurance agent in one boat, and the Doctor and myself in the other, when the Superintendent began to pull in his hook and to act very funny; the Doctor says, "He has one; let's watch him." He landed his fish, and the Doctor shouts, "Ha! ha! that is a counter;" and to me says, "That will make about three baits." And so we row along up the lake, and soon are fast to one, and then they are fast to another, and we find upon counting up our fish when arriving at the landing of Mr. Goff, that the other boat has caught seven pickerel, and that we have but five.

We then get the rods and live bait, and have a very busy time with them, occasionally catching a large bullhead on a bait, which struck our party as a little unusual. After a short time the Superintendent and the agent tire of fishing with the bait, and start off up the lake to skitter, and so we work until nearly dark when we go in for supper, and then we of course count up and compare. The Doctor and I find that we are somewhat behind, as the other boat have thirty-six pickerel to our nineteen pickerel and seven or eight bullheads, and the other boat has one pickerel that considerably overtops anything that we have. The Doctor raises the fish up and says, "How much will it weigh?" The Superintendent says, "It will weigh about 3lbs, a little more, if anything." We weighed the fish, and found it to weigh 3lbs. 2oz. We tried the Superintendent several times after that and found him about as accurate as the average scales, in fact he did not miss the weight more than 2oz. on a single fish weighed during the trip.

After supper three of us decide to go out in the boat to try the bullheads, and leave the Superintendent on shore, who said he did not care much to fish for bullheads. After three hours of industrious fishing we row back to shore, and there find the Superintendent sitting in the back end of a boat with his line in the water, industriously depositing the bullheads in the bottom of the boat, although I suppose he was not fishing for bullheads to any great degree. We, however, found upon counting up, that he had twenty-six bullheads, and that our whole party had only taken nine. We thought that very good for a party who did not care to fish for bullheads.

The next morning we were out at the first peep of day and found that we had had a heavy rain during the night, and the remnants were with us upon our rising. We, however, make for the lake, and without stopping to consider the weather start out for fishing. The shower is soon over, and we are at them, only reversing the order of the night before, the Doctor and I skittering and the insurance man and Superintendent tending the live bait. The Doctor and I work along the far shore, and take one out of almost every likely place, it seeming as though there never was such pickerel fishing. We keep at it until the breakfast hour when we go ashore, and don't stop to count up but make a rush for breakfast and Kate's coffee, which we can appreciate to the highest degree.

After breakfast we resume fishing, the Doctor and I going still further up the lake, and the whole time are kept about as busy as we care to be, taking off fish and cutting bait, although the wind is blowing quite hard. We fish until the dinner hour, and then repair to the landing to count up our fish, feeling that we have done fairly well, and if the other boat has caught as many as we there will be a fine showing of fish. We have fifty-six pickerel in our boat and the others have forty-three; but they again can show some larger ones than we have, although we have some very nice ones. Here again comes the Superintendent's chance to tell us how much the largest fish will weigh; he carefully lifts him up, and says he will weigh about 3¾lbs., but we had better get the steelyards. We do this, and find the fish weighs 3lbs. 11oz.; and to this day the Superintendent says that the largest fish weighed 3lbs. 11oz, while some of the others of us say that it weighed 3¾lbs.

After dinner we dress our fish, and then start out to catch enough to make our total catch 175 pickerel, which is easily done as we are rowing the boats to the boathouse. There we are met by Mr. Goff with his team.

We arrive home in the best of spirits, with a magnificent catch of pickerel, and with the knowledge that this fishing in no way diminishes the supply, as we are informed that the fishing at this lake is better each succeeding year, owing to the magnificent opportunities that the fish have to propagate themselves, and the determined stand that is made against fishing through the ice. The fishing, the fellowship, and the knowledge that the supply is not materially diminished by our enjoyment, lends the best of feeling to such an outing.

Stevensville Lake, as I understand, is mostly artificial, a New York individual having rebuilt the dam at quite a heavy expense, and having bought as much of the land that surrounds the lake as possible. I understand, also, that there have been several suits brought by him to prevent the promiscuous fishing of the pond; but that there is no trouble in getting on to the lake if a person goes like a gentleman to his boathouse and engages one of his boats, of which he has a number, and which he lets at a reasonable price. The lake is about five miles from Liberty station, and it is a very delightful ride. M. J. STANTON.

Is the White Perch Musical?

NEWTON, Ill., June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few days ago while down the Ambraw River on a fishing trip, I got into an old fisherman's boat, and as we oared over a deep hole at a bend in the river a grating noise came from the water near the boat, and seemed to follow the boat in any direction as long as we stayed in deep water. The man I was with said the noise was made by a white perch fish, and that he had heard of his neighbors running them into nets, and even catching them on hook and line by tolling them with a boat, which always attracts them this time of year, from 4 P. M. until after dark. I have made some search since returning home for some information on the subject, but fail to find anything.

The noise is something like a mixture of bullfrog and turkey gobbler, and seems to come from under the boat mostly, getting stronger and weaker alternately as the fish seems to raise or lower himself in the water. Racket made in oaring or talking does not interfere with the growling, snoring, or whatever it is.

Can you or any of your readers explain what this is?

CHAS. M. HONEY.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

With the Saginaw Crowd after Trout.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 19.—All readers of FOREST AND STREAM know about the Saginaw crowd and its doings in different parts of the country. This unique body of sportsmen is organized under the name of the "Forest and Stream Co., Ltd." Ten members own the special car Wm. B. Mershon, without doubt the best appointed hunting car in the country, and when they feel like going on a trip they load into this wonderful vehicle all their plunder and start whither their fancy listeth. The car accommodates ten men with perfect comfort, and has lounging room, dining room, bath room, sleeping room, kitchen, closets, and a whole system of shelves and lockers, by which all confusion of goods and chattels is avoided. It has ice boxes and storage rooms for boats underneath the body of the car, and inside the car are gun closets and racks, and hooks and nails, and all sorts of things which make convenience and comfort. The car is something over 60ft. in length without the platforms, and is so admirably built that it runs like a bicycle for smoothness. It is a wonderful vehicle, and it has seen sport in many portions of the country. It has been to the Cascapedia, it has been to California two or three times, has seen Texas and Dakota, and many other famous shooting and fishing regions. It always carries a goodly company of jovial souls, and when the Wm. B. Mershon goes into commission there is going to be a grand good time. Nothing is overlooked by this peculiar body of sportsmen, whose like in purpose and equipment perhaps does not exist in all the land.

FOREST AND STREAM has told of some of the doings of this company in the field, but I think has not made mention of their accomplishments upon the stream. Be it known that they are each as fond of fishing as of shooting, and as expert and diligent in the one pursuit as the other. Deer shooting, duck shooting, goose shooting, salmon fishing or trout fishing, it all comes handy to the Saginaw crowd.

The Pere Marquette Club.

Some of the members of the Saginaw crowd and owners of the palace on wheels above briefly noted, belong also to a club of anglers known as the Pere Marquette Club, another select and favored organization. While most of the members live at Saginaw, upon the east side of the Michigan South Peninsula, the club stream, known as Kinne Creek, is something like half a day's run to the west, upon the opposite side of the peninsula. Here there is a little forlorn, deserted village of the pine woods saw-mill sort, whose empty houses tell the story of the exhausted forests. This is Wingleton, on the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad. Within a few minutes' walk of the club house there is a beautiful lake, deep, clear, blue and cold, well filled with trout and bass. Out of this little lake springs the bright and rapid creek, augmented each few hundred yards for several miles by icy springs which trickle out from under the sandy, pine-clad hills. The club owns this stream throughout its length of about four miles to its mouth in the Pere Marquette River. This is one of the most remarkable trout preserves in the West, one of the best of the trout fishing clubs, and one of the most admirably planned and arranged. There are but seventeen memberships in the club, and only a few more will be sold. I do not know of any club in any part of the country where so much is owned by way of actual sport at trout and comfort in the pursuit of them. The stream is a wonder. It abounds in natural food, and it swarms with natural trout. There probably does not run out of doors in Michigan or Wisconsin any stream the superior of this as a trouting water or one showing a greater number of trout.

From Experience.

I speak thus knowingly of the Saginaw crowd, of the special car, and of the Père Marquette Club from the best grounds in the world, those of actual experience. Last week my friend Dick Merrill and myself accepted the invitation of Mr. W. B. Mershon to meet him and some of his friends at the station of Wingleton, to have a look at the fishing resources of that portion of the country. I left Chicago at 3 P. M., reached Milwaukee two hours later over the C., M. & St.-P., and Dick and I took the 8:45 evening boat of the Flint & Père Marquette line to Ludington, reaching the latter town at about 6 the next morning, after a most comfortable voyage. We then took rail to Wingleton, and by 7:40 were in the hands of our friends, Mr. Mershon welcoming us to the car and introducing us to the other gentlemen, Messrs. Watts S. Humphrey and Geo. B. Morley, of Saginaw, and W. A. Avery and J. B. Keena, of Detroit. We all took breakfast together on the car, and soon were flying up the railroad a dozen miles or so, it being the plan to fish the Little Manistee River first for a day, and then to come back to the club waters at Kinne Creek.

All arrangements had been made with perfection of detail, and I soon saw the reason of Mr. Mershon's wide reputation as a successful business man. He is one of the naturally executive sort, a man who is always doing something or getting something done, not wondering how it is going to be done. You will sometimes see such a man. He is always busy, and always looked up to as the one of whom things are expected. It seemed perfectly easy for the car to get up into the wilderness there somehow, and it seemed very natural that a couple of teams and wagons should be there waiting for us to get out of the car. It seemed a matter of course that there should be a couple of Bond sectional boats waiting to be put together, to add to the pleasure of the trip on the river. Everything was done magically smooth. Perhaps there may be those who have learned of the difficulty of attaining such ideal smoothness on a trouting trip into the pine country.

The Little Manistee.

Before noon we were in the river, the Little Manistee, and a more ideal trout stream never ran out of doors. It would be a pleasure to fish that river even if there was not a trout in it. Indeed, it required something of persuasion at the time to induce the belief that there was a trout in it. We met nearly a dozen "bait plunkers," all diligently at work fishing with all kinds of bait, but each and all of these reported very bad luck. Our own party only averaged about a half dozen trout apiece, of course, fishing with the fly, no very large fish being taken by anyone. Our friends thought that the stream had been fished to death. We made a very delightful afternoon of it, none the less. Mr. Mershon, Mr. Humphrey and myself fished together, taking one of the boats with us. Into the boat we put our coats, rod cases and other stuff we did not wish to carry, and we found this transportation very welcome. Mr. Humphrey waded on down the river ahead of us, and after a time Mr. Mershon and I overtook and passed him. Then we left the boat pulled up on the bank, and waded down ahead for some distance. After a time Mr. Humphrey overtook us in the boat, and passed down to again disembark. In this way, by using the boat in turns as a means of locomotion, we made the stream easily, rapidly and with fairness to each other's sport. This is the nicest way I ever saw of fishing a trout stream, and it is, I believe, the invention in those parts of Mr. Mershon himself. We enjoyed this very much, and found that there was no weariness attached to covering five or six miles of water in this way.

During the afternoon, while we were not meeting very much success with the trout, a little incident occurred to break the monotony. Mr. Humphrey had just passed Mr. Mershon and myself with the boat, and just as he swept around the bend beyond us we heard him call out to attract our attention to an animal he saw on the bank. At first he thought it was a woodchuck, but then he concluded it was too big for that, and as it straightened up he saw it was a cub bear, a yearling that had come down to drink. At the first jump it disappeared in the cover, and he saw it no more.

At the end of our water journey, by some magic, our team was waiting for us, to take us home in the dusk. And at the end of this ride through the forest there greeted us the light of the special car of the Saginaw crowd As we pulled off our waders and hung them out to dry, stowed away our loose clothing in the lockers, dressed for dinner, and sat down to the hot and well cooked meal, it surely seemed that this was the only way on earth to go trout fishing, and that it was not of the least consequence whether the trout rose or not.

But to the gentlemen who were in charge of affairs it appeared that the fishing offered by the Little Manistee at that point was not up to the proper point. It was decided to run back to the club at Kinne Creek. But how to get there was the question The Wm. B. Mershon was a bit too bulky to push by hand, and unfortunately there was no train due to which we could hitch our wagon. We were anchored here in the woods for a time against our will.

The Sable.

At this juncture came Bonne, the guide, one of the best and most practical men that ever went with a party into the woods, and he told us that on the day previous a man had told him of taking fifty-seven trout in the Sable River, five miles away. (This is not the Au Sable of fame, but a humbler stream upon the opposite side of the State. It runs into Lake Michigan) Fault of better, it was made up that we should try this Sable and see what was in it.

We did try it, and we found it just as satisfactory as the Little Manistee had been unsatisfactory. Not one of the party had less than thirty trout that day, and of these one or more ran up toward the 1lb notch. Mr. Mershon had forty-two, and said that he threw back twice as many of illegal length. Dick Merrill had thirty-seven. Mr. Keena had his basket nearly full, and Messrs. Morley and Humphrey, who fished side by side all day, took each a goodly portion It was left for Mr. Avery, however, to put all the rest of us to blush, for he made a grand catch of sixty-five fine trout. Of these he had one over 1lb., and many over ½lb., his fish being much larger in average than those taken by any of us. Mr. Avery said that he had not fished over 50 rods of the stream all day. The stream was literally alive with trout. In the evening when we left, they were rising like mad all over the stream in every reach and bend. Mr. Mershon and I had taken all we wanted before this time, but while we were waiting for the others to come we amused ourselves casting for a few minutes among the trout which were breaking in the bend below where our horses were put up. We took several more trout here, but put them back in the water again. We all agreed that this stream was one of the best wild streams we had ever seen. It appears that it has not been fished very much since it was last stocked. The Little Manistee is a handsomer and easier stream than the Sable, but is more fished. The Sable is the opposite of the Little Manistee, being a broad, shallow stream, full of logs and trees, which make it very hard to fish. A boat could not be used on the Sable by any means. The trout were abundant under the fallen tree tops and logs, and Mr. Avery proved himself a past master when he learned that the best way to take them was not to hurry, but to fish up stream, going very slowly, and not trying to cover much of the water. The bottom in this stream was soft and sandy, with a few reaches of hard gravel. We found the best fly was the Montreal, that used by Mr. Avery. John, one of the teamsters, took a rod, and before lunch caught fifteen trout near the luncheon camp, using the Montreal fly. We saw four or five other men on the stream during the day, and nearly all of these reported good luck. Our own party took out about 250 trout that day, and probably 500 were taken on that part of the river in all. The other fishermen came from the town of Freesoil, some five miles away It is very likely that the news of this stream was not yet fully spread. The market fishers had been operating steadily on the Little Manistee, but had not yet gone into the Sable. During my day on the stream I fell in with a boy with a long cane pole, about 15ft. long. He was using worms, and by means of his pole could fish a good way ahead of himself, so that he took quite a number of trout. His companion, an older man, was also successful, and he gave me the good advice not to get in a hurry, but to take the stream very slowly. Any trout fisher knows how sterling this advice is. If one hurries over a trout stream he gets no idea of its resources, for trout have a great way of being absent from sight when they like. The loiterer who waits till all has quieted down may peer over a log and see a score of trout where he would have suspected none had he rushed on down the stream in haste to find a better place a little further on. Happiness is nearly always at our own door if we only look for it there.

Kinne Creek.

We had now had two pleasant days on the streams of this locality and had a nice lot of fish, but Mr. Mershon was bound to show us the club stream at Wingleton. By some mysterious agency a switch engine happened along our way, and by the time dinner was begun we were on the siding opposite the club house. Here we were met by Mr. Geo. M. Brown, of Saginaw, the Nestor and general grandpapa of the Pere Marquette Club. We had, upon the morning of our arrival, met for a moment at our car Mr. B. B. Mitchell, general freight agent of the Michigan Central Railroad, a very ardent angler, with others of his friends who had put in a couple of successful days on the creek, but these had now all gone, so that Mr. Brown was alone at the club, except for his young son. Mr. Brown showed us eight or ten handsome trout, each some 10in. long, which he had taken for amusement that evening. It seems that he rarely ever catches a very big lot of fish, because he never wants to, but he can always, on any day, go out and catch all the trout he cares for. The trout seem to take a liking to him. There is always such a man as Mr. Brown about a club, who is there to take care of the general welfare of the fish, but who has a fatal gift of the fly when he wants a mess of fish. We learned that much of the perfection of the club hatchery arrangements, the screens, breeding pens, etc., were built upon Mr. Brown's plans. He is the roadmaster of the F. & P. M. road, and all mechanical improvements come to him naturally. In the five years of this club's life, 1892 to 1897, there has been perfected one of the most admirable trout preserves of the country, and the members vie with each other in giving all kinds of credit for this to the grandparent of the club.

During the evening we temporarily abandoned the car and rounded up in front of the big fire-place in the club reception room. Here the surroundings were of high piscatorial suggestion. On the wall were outlines of big fish, taken at Kinne Creek or streams adjacent thereto. There was one tracing in blue print of a rainbow trout weighing 8¼lbs., which was taken in Baldwin Creek. This was a most symmetrical fish, and is the record trout for that country, so far as is known to-day. It was taken by Van Valkenberg, a keeper and local fisherman. Another tracing showed a trout taken by Mr. Mershon in the Cascapedia, weighing 4½lbs. This fish, however, though a pure brook trout, was not so shapely and handsome a fish as the rainbow above noted. As to the fishing of Kinne Creek itself, the stream contains a large number of fish running to 2 and 3lbs. On one evening Mr Mershon took seventeen trout, weighing 13½lbs. Mr. Brown once took seven trout, which weighed 7¼lbs. Mr. Morly, in one day's fishing, took eighty-six trout, all over 7in. in length. It is a rule of the club that all fishing must be done with the fly, and any trout less than 7in. in length must be returned. For a time the club placed an 8in. limit on the fish, and that limit could even now be well maintained. The club members take each season about 3,500 trout, and they annually stock the stream with much more than that number, including some 200 or 300 large trout from the breeding pens. This supply, with the natural increase in the stream, keeps Kinne Creek fairly alive with trout. There is no stream in that part of the State which compares with it. Of course, there was at first much local enmity to the club, and on one occasion over 800lbs. of breeding trout were stolen from the pens; but the policy of the club has been so broad that to-day there is little or no trouble with poachers; but, on the contrary, a very friendly feeling is entertained for the club by the residents and visitors of the neighborhood. The club annually distributes from its own hatchery, among the adjacent streams, two or three times the amount of young trout which it places in its own stream, thus doing much to keep up the fishing in the country round-about.

A Great Trout Country.

We were now in the center of one of the best trouting regions of the South Peninsula, and one hardly to be surpassed in the middle West for the extent and variety of its fishing resources. For the benefit of anglers of this portion of the country I may state that from the town of Baldwin alone there are accessible, at distances of two to six miles, no less than seven fine trout streams, in any one of which good fishing can be had even to day, subject to the varying conditions which govern this changeable sport. Baldwin Creek has been a famous stream. Dannahar Creek is another, less known, but good. Then there are the south and middle forks of the Père Marquette River, offering many miles of good fishing. Sanborn Creek is also accessible from Baldwin, and so are the Little Manistee and its branches, usually affording excellent fishing. The Pine River is not far away, and it is thought that there may even yet be a grayling or two in the Pine. The Sable River I have already mentioned as being full of trout.

The Disappearance of the Grayling.

It was interesting, but in a way sad, to hear our friends speak of the disappearance of the grayling from all the above streams, in which it once swarmed. Mr. Mershon, who knew every pool in the Little Manistee, told me time and again of the wonderful catches of grayling he had made on that river. Mr. Brown spoke of the time when he and a friend took 163 grayling in one day's fishing. In the old days the catches of grayling were measured by the basket, the bag or the bucketful. Yet it seems not to have been altogether the fishing which destroyed the grayling. It is commonly supposed that the trout drove the grayling out of the streams to which they were formerly native. I expressed the wish that I might have seen this country fifty years ago, at the time that it was a virgin wilderness; but Mr. Mershon told me that had I been there at that time I would have found no trout at all in the streams, which were then inhabited only by the grayling. The trout is purely an artificial product in all these south peninsula streams, and many is the regret at the exchange which gave it in place of the grayling. Yet Mr. Brown and other old-time fishermen think that the grayling would have been destroyed even had the trout never come into the streams. Every considerable stream in that country is used for logging purposes, and during the drive the bottom of the stream is continually torn and stirred up. The brook trout is a fall spawner, and it deposits its eggs chiefly upon rocky bottom, where they are less apt to be disturbed by the shifting of the natural bottom Upon the contrary, the grayling is a spring spawner and leaves its eggs upon sandy bottom. When the spring drive of logs comes down a sandy-bottomed stream, such as the grayling most loves to frequent, the whole bottom of the stream is stirred up and shifted so that the eggs are covered and destroyed.

For a considerable time after the introduction of the trout the fishing in these streams was of a varied and interesting nature. The rainbow trout has been introduced and has in many instances attained great size. It was no unusual thing to catch brook and rainbow trout and grayling in one day's fishing. The keeper of the Père Marquette Club, C. H. Bates, at one time caught at one cast of three flies in the Père Marquette River, near the mouth of Kinne Creek, three fish, one trout, one grayling, one rainbow trout, weighing in all 3½lbs. It has been some time now since any grayling have been heard of in the streams of this region. The gentlemen whom we were with are well acquainted with all the main streams of the South Peninsula. They told me that the Au Sable River of the east side, that once famous stream for grayling, now has but few grayling left but is this sea

son a magnificent stream for trout. I asked Mr. Mershon if this was a good place to go for the grayling, and he said no, but that he knew a much better place when I got ready to make the trip. When I inquired where his grayling stream was he replied with a smile that it was "Up north," for which vagueness I do not in the least blame him. There seems to be a general regret among Michigan anglers at the extinction of the grayling, nor is there any hope entertained that it can be restored to these streams.

Sport on Kinne Creek.

The morning of our day on Kinne Creek came off very clear and hot, so that before breakfast was over we were convinced that we should have poor fishing. Mr. Mershon, Mr. Brown, Mr. Merrill and myself made a brief trip to the headwaters of the stream, the beautiful little lake which I have earlier mentioned. This lake is the special fishing ground of Mr. Brown, who goes there once in a while with minnows and wages war on the bass, which abound in that water. It is the wish of the club to exterminate the bass, but this is now conceded to be almost an impossibility, since the big fellows hold their own with dogged tenacity. Mr. Brown often has good sport taking bass on the fly in the lake, and often gets them up to 3½lbs. There are both large and small-mouthed bass and large brook trout in this lake, and while we were opposite the clear and shallow water of the outlet, we saw great droves of big bass, some of them, I should think, weighing over 4lbs., sculling along in the transparent medium, almost as swift and fully as wary as the trout. They could see us perfectly, and at the least motion would dart away like lightning, the surface of the water being quite glassy and unbroken in the calm, hot morning.

Mr. Brown took me in the boat out over the lake, and instructed me to cast my fly over the black spots, which indicated the deep spring holes in the lake, where he often took some very heavy trout. This I did, though not expecting a strike when the water was so smooth, but suddenly and much to my surprise there was a swirl and boil, and though I struck very tardily, I found myself fast to a nice trout, which had swallowed the fly and started down with it. There was a yell from Mr. Mershon, who was standing on a float inshore some hundred yards away, and who saw the bending of the rod. We had a lovely fight of it, and I could see every motion of the trout deep down below us in the water absolutely clear. The fish showed all the tactics of its kind, but could do nothing against the supple rod. We could see all the gold and crimson of his rounded sides as he came in close by the boat, the screw of his tail working vigorously, his head drawn a little to one side by the pressure of the rod. It was the prettiest trout picture I ever saw in all my life, and one with ideal surroundings. Our trout was what we call a large one in this country, weighing a little less than a pound. It was a beautiful specimen in every way. Meantime Mr. Mershon had taken a fine trout from the shore, whence both he and Mr. Merrill could see numbers of trout and bass swimming not far away in the bright water.

It was about 10 o'clock and very bright and sultry when we four left the lake and started to try some of the stream fishing below. Then ensued an ideal day of pleasure, though not one ideally perfect for trout fishing. The full fascination of this seductive form of sport was present. A lovelier stream never ran out of doors than this one. Icy cold and fed by innumerable springs, it broke and ran and rippled, eddied and swirled, lay placid or reached invitingly in all those fashions known on no stream save that beloved of trout. I found that the creek had been brushed out in a few places a little to make fly-casting more practicable, though all the wild cover remained untouched along the margins. Here and there a board was laid over a boggy spring run so that the path along the bank was easy and accessible. Mr. Mershon and I thus lapped over each other in our fishing once in a while, going out and passing below the man then lowest on the stream, leaving him a strip of territory for himself. I confess I did very poorly on that morning's fishing, and Mr. Mershon seemed to have almost equally poor luck. Yet when we got down to where we met Mr. Brown on the stream, we found that veteran of the charmed fly with half a dozen fine trout in his basket. I discovered the trout in this stream to be educated in a high sense, and that the man who makes a good basket there must be a trout fisherman in every sense of the word.

How the Trout are Raised.

There are two dams and a number of vast pools on the upper part of this stream where numbers of large trout are taken, usually late in the evening. We stopped for a time at some of these pools and paid an extended visit to the club hatchery, which is a most interesting spot. Here we saw in one pen something like 200 or 300 big trout, each of which would weigh from 2 to 3lbs. In another pen were some hundreds of trout a little bit smaller, and so on down to a pen full of yearlings. When we threw in bits of food the trout would fairly pile over each other in the rush to get to them, and this flashing and brilliant spectacle was curious and interesting enough to hold us for some time. Then Mr. Brown took a big dip-net and scooped out a dozen or so big trout for us to look at. I can think of nothing handsomer, unless it were a bunch of jacqueminot roses.

This fortunate club has a little stream which it calls its "nursery," a cold creek something over a half mile long, which rises in the sand and again disappears in the sand. Here there are no enemies to the trout, and here there are annually planted some 25,000 to 50,000 trout fry from the hatchery. At the end of the season there will be about 3,000 trout left to every 25,000 of the fry placed in the stream. These 3,000 yearlings are then placed in the stream, and there are also turned loose, at the close of each season, the big breeding trout of the upper pen, some 200 or 300 in number, the trout in the next lower pen being advanced to take their place. There are about 1,500 trout in the breeding pens all the time. This admirable system results in a perfect supply for the stream, which has more trout in it than any water I have ever seen. There is abundance of food in this stream, and of course no attempt is made to feed the fish artificially, except in the breeding pens, where the large trout are fed on liver. As the large trout are turned loose at the end of each season, and are not caught until the following year, their flavor is exactly that of the wild brook trout, and better fish than those of the Kinne Creek do not swim.

About half-way down the four miles or so of fishing water there is a screen placed across the creek, so that the fish cannot escape down stream. This leaves considerable fishing water between the screen and the mouth of the creek in the Père Marquette River. The latter is a good trout stream, and contributes its share of trout to the club preserves. Gentlemen who have seen the Castalia and Caledonia streams say that they are naturally not so good as Kinne Creek, which certainly is in a wilder country, and has a less artificial aspect. Indeed, Kinne Creek is simply a wild brawling stream, the cast of a fly in width at places, and offering body of water and abundant food to give fishing to twice the men who now make up the club, and under conditions twice as destructive Clearly enough was in evidence here the difference between open fishing and preserved fishing. If unprotected, Kinne Creek, lying close to the railroad as it does, would be cleaned out within a year. As it is, it will always have trout, though trout educated and wary enough to make their capture extremely difficult.

Along the bank at intervals I noticed little wooden signs giving the names of localities for the sake of identification for the purposes of lucid fish narrative around the club fire of an evening. Thus I remember that at the point called the Five Pines I saw a fine trout feeding and tried to catch him, but couldn't. At noon we all rounded up at the big pool happily named the "Glory Hole," one of the most noted waters on the stream, where a cold run empties into the creek from under an awning which has been put up for the shelter of warm and thirsty anglers. Near by here also is a little shed, put up as a road house for the hungry. Here, in some mysterious way, we were joined again by Bonney and the club team and the lunch baskets, and had a merry meal, with plenty of the best ice water on earth to drink, and the free spectacle of leaping trout. In the city it was hot, but here on the trout stream all was fresh and full of pleasure.

Expert Anglers.

As I had taken no trout of any consequence myself, I supposed that no one else had done so, but in this I found that I was reckoning without any just premises. Dick Merrill and I had fallen into a red-hot nest of trout fishers, and for my part I lost any little conceit which I may have had lingering about me since my day on the Sable. Mr. Keena came in with a guileless look and a basket swinging down with thirty odd trout. Mr. Avery had good account to make, though he was not high man this time. Mr. Brown had fooled along and taken quite a smattering of fine fish. But Mr. Morley, one of the most skillful trout fishers of the club, was the lucky member. He modestly said that he had only taken thirty-seven, and so showed his basket nearly full of glorious fellows. Mr. Humphreys had, I was happy to see, somewhat the same luck as Mr. Mershon and myself. We learned that the Montreal fly was the one the trout were coveting most that day, and Mr. Morley said that he had left the stream with the trout rising very well. He advised us to fish up stream, as the trout were very wild, and to use only the finest of gossamer leaders.

After luncheon we separated and scattered along the stream, Mr. Morley and Mr. Avery going to the lower part of the creek, and the rest of us clinging more nearly to the middle reaches not far from the Glory Hole. Toward evening the trout began to rise very nicely, and I found that it was as Mr. Morley had said, much easier to take them by fishing up stream than by fishing down. I got but a few fish over the size limit, however, nor did Mr. Mershon nor Mr. Merrill, as we three were obliged to leave the stream just about the time the fish were rising best, since Dick and I were obliged to take our train at 9 o'clock, and had to get to the car in time to change into traveling dress.

As we rode along the top of the bluff toward home we saw Mr. Keena fishing in the stream below us, between the Glory Hole and the Five Pines. He called out good-bye to us, but shouted to us asking us to wait until he showed us the big trout he had just taken. As he held it up he seemed nearly half as long as his arm, though he said he thought it weighed only about 1½lbs. He said that he had taken this fish on the coachman fly, just above the Glory Hole. A little further we saw the burly form of Mr. Humphrey mid deep in the stream and patiently whipping away. He called out a hearty good-bye to us. And so we turned away reluctantly from this pleasant stream and its pleasant inhabitants, whether of finny or of human sort.

Since our return home Mr. Mershon has written me, telling how the others came out on the evening's fishing after we left them. He says that Mr. Avery got a fairly good catch, two of them large. He had about thirty-five in all. Mr. Keena got yet another large one, nearly as large as the one he showed us. He took this in the swift water just above the hatchery, a spot which I know very well, as I had a vicious strike there in the morning which took away my entire cast, breaking the leader close to the line. Mr. Mershon says that Mr. Morley still had his luck with him, and took in all sixty-eight trout. He is a very skillful fisherman Mr. Avery was taken sick on the stream and did not fish very late, though the trout were rising well in the best water by the hatchery, near the pond.

This is the last word we have had from this fortunate country, though one may be sure it is far from the last thought one will have of it. And now comes Mr. Mershon, not content with giving us this treat on the trout stream, and says that Merrill and myself must come over and shoot grouse with him next fall, for that he knows a place where they are as thick as trout in Kinne Creek. Verily there is somewhat in this Michigan country. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Chicago Fly-casting Tournament.

CHICAGO, June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Chicago Fly-casting Club will give an open-to the-world tournament to be held in this city Aug. 13 and 14, of this year. There will be six events, as follows: 1. Long-distance fly-casting. 2. Distance and accuracy, with rod not to exceed 8½oz., at buoys 50, 55 and 60ft. 3. Accuracy and delicacy, with rod not to exceed 5¾oz , at buoys 35, 40 and 45ft. 4. Bait, with ½oz. solid rubber frog, on the lawn in 30ft. court. 5. Roll casting for accuracy, with rod not to exceed 8½oz , at buoys 40, 45 and 50ft

A championship diamond medal will be given the contestant who has the highest average score of the six events. The club will offer as first prizes seven diamond medals. For the other prizes we will offer merchandise prizes of various values. Fishermen from New York to San Francisco have promised to be here and take part in the contests, and we feel certain that a large gathering of the most prominent ones in the United States will be the result.

GEO. A. MURRELL, Sec'y-Treas.

Bluefish Running.

GOOD SIZED bluefish are now running in considerable numbers in Great South Bay. Catches of from 60 to 100 per boat are reported. Boats can be procured at Sayville, Islip and Bayshore.

NEW ENGLAND FISHING.

BOSTON, June 26.—Fishing is good at Sebec Lake, in Maine, if reports are to be believed. The lake was formerly stocked with landlocked salmon by the Commissioners, and now they are captured there in considerable abundance, weighing from 1lb. to 6lbs. Recently Capt. McPherson, of a local steamer, caught thirteen salmon, trolling, while making his regular trips.

Sportsmen who frequent Third Buttermilk Pond, in Piscataquis county, Me., are reported to be indignant at the order of the State Fish and Game Commissioners to destroy the colony of great blue herons there. The objectors say the Commissioners are wrong in supposing that the herons kill trout; that their natural food is frogs, snakes and lizards. They seldom kill trout; for they are in too deep water, and far too wary and swift for the heron to catch. The colony of herons at Third Buttermilk is one of the last colonies left in the State, a great attraction to the neighborhood, and well worth a journey to see. About sixty nests have been counted there of a season. The Commissioners are reported to have given the objectors a hearing, and to have taken the matter of destruction in consideration.

Trout fishing at Lake Cobbosseecontee, Me., is better than my first report indicated. A good many brook trout are being taken there this year. Mr. Albert Fowler is reported to have taken one a week ago of 6½lbs., and Mr. Frank Bartlett one of 5½lbs. Mr. Atherton, of Lewiston, took five handsome trout in one day. The trout taken are identical with those found in the Rangeley waters. As already noted, Cobbosseecontee waters have for some time been given up entirely to black bass fishing, following the pickerel of years ago. But this year it is turning out that there are really fine trout there.

Now it is reported that a good many salmon have been taken in the weirs in the lower Kennebec, below Augusta. It is certain that one fisherman has taken a good many in his weir, though he is particularly anxious that no noise be made about it, for fear that some restriction will be put on his fishing by the Commissioners, or that other people down river will be setting nets. It is known to a few that the Commissioners have put a great many young salmon into the Kennebec, each year for several years, and the wonder has been that they have not been taken before. It is well known that the Kennebec was once one of the best salmon rivers in Maine. I am acquainted with a lady whose great-grandfather was drowned while trying to land a big salmon at the Ticonic Falls at Waterville. It is possible that salmon fishing is to be restored, in part, to the waters of the Kennebec. A sportsman, living at Augusta, believes that salmon can be taken below the dam at his town, and he will try them as often as the opportunity offers.

Mr. William J. Leckie is just back from a successful trouting trip with three or four friends. They went to the West Branch of the Penobscot, and thence to the lakes and ponds above. On several of these ponds, with exceedingly hard names, they found excellent trout fishing, the fish coming to the fly handsomely. But alas for the Maine woods in June! The black flies and the "no-see'ms" were simply horrible, the gentlemen coming home blotched and bitten sufficiently to last them a lifetime. On most of the black fly preventives they had with them the pests would actually feed. The minges they could keep away with a smoke, standing in it all the time.

The water is reported to be falling since the fair and warmer weather, and better catches of trout are the result in many waters. At Middle Dam, Richardson Lake, Mr. Jones, who has been there on quite an extended trip, says that the flow of water below the dam is much lessened from what it was all the last of May and early June, and that the fishing has greatly improved. A trout of 10½lbs. is reported to have been taken there, with another of 8½lbs. At Moosehead the fishing is better since the rain ceased, especially fly fishing.

Good fishing is reported at Four Ponds, off from Houghton Station, on the Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes Railway. A Rumford Falls merchant, in Boston the other day, says that the sportsmen of his town are having great sport up there, but hardly want outsiders to know it. SPECIAL.

MAINE WATERS.

KINEO, Me. June 22.—Your Boston correspondent, in an interesting review of the spring fishing in Maine waters, credited the Maine press with doing "some tall lying" regarding successes met with by parties, and characterizes the fishing as anything but good. In his rather sweeping assertion, however, are embodied several paragraphs that show the sport at old Moosehead very keen, and indeed such it has been and is even to-day. Old timers who have wet their lines in these waters every June, since the lake was reached from Bangor only by stage, say that they never have seen trout take hold so well, and as a result many have been here and many handsome catches have been recorded. The heaviest fish was a togue weighing 22lbs. and one of the best individual strings twenty-two square tails tipping the scales at 34lbs. Unvarying success has been with the numerous large parties that have visited the lake and their day's catches have run from 50 to 150 square tails and togues, aggregating as high as 350lbs. Live bait has been and is now the favorite, although there are those who have taken out good strings with the fly The water is yet quite high and is going down slowly. The West Branch is now open, and several parties have run down to Chesuncook Lake.

There is, of course, lots of dissatisfaction expressed over the shortening of the season on moose and caribou, especially the former, and the Moosehead Guides Association has sent in a petition to the commissioners praying for an interpretation of the law that may permit killing as heretofore. It has been said that one result of the change will be to drive sportsmen into the provinces, but the inferior sport there will probably prevent any considerable bolt. There has also been a deal of kicking relative to the law compelling guides to register, but that has had its run and now nearly every guide has sent in his name.

Much interest is being manifested in the scheme to open up the region north of the West Branch by an electric line to Eagle Lake, and Manager Dennen is in receipt of many inquiries from prominent engineers and land owners relative to the same. Although no definite steps have been taken as yet this spring, it is expected that the matter will assume tangible form before early fall. QUINSIGAMOND.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the test by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

SUCKERS IN MISSOURI STREAMS.

ABOUT the first week in May the suckers move out of the deep waters of the White River, and begin to ascend the smaller creeks and tributary streams, taking advantage of the April rains, which have by this time raised all the streams considerably. All the streams in this section are fed by springs, and after the spring rises, instead of the river immediately falling or running dry, it is thereby kept full, and soon assumes a bluish tinge calculated in a measure to hide the movements of the fish.

As the suckers come out of White River in great quantities, hundreds of thousands of them in a school, and ascend the smaller streams, it is a signal for a general fish-fry the entire stream's length. So regular do the suckers move that not a day's difference intervenes in their movements from one year to another. On May 13 without fail the suckers begin to shoal, and they occupy the shoals about three days before they leave to descend the streams. For a week or more previously, however, they may be found playing on the shallows or shoals, as the long, shallow stretches between deep holes are called.

At this season of the year there is a lull in farm work; corn has been planted and pretty well plowed, and wheat is not yet ready for harvesting. The farmers, therefore—who do not indulge much in fishing, for the gamy bass and trout of these streams are beyond their patience and skill to angle



WORKING THE DIP-NET.

for, and indeed, they have no taste for hook and line, anyway—now lie off for a big fish-fry. They flock to the streams in great numbers and bring with them all sorts of contrivances for capturing the sucker Large parties come many miles and camp for days at a time on the river banks. Scarcely a shoal for the entire length of each stream but has one or more camps. All day and all night they drag the shallows, dip with the nets, seine, gig and shoot suckers. Thousands upon thousands of fish are killed annually in this way. Not until the wagon beds are full of fish do the fishermen break camp, and, returning home, divide the catch among the neighbors. For the next few days or until the supply is quite exhausted, no other meat is eaten but fish, and the way these bony suckers are dispatched is a wonder to behold.

Last May my wife and I spent a week, during the shoaling or spawning season, at Nelson's Mill, on the James fork of White River, and were considerably amused with what we saw. The season had been extremely wet and farming was greatly behind. We had taken advantage of a spell of dry weather to spend our usual week of vacation at our old friend, John Nelson's mill, hoping that the good weather, the first in a long while, would set the farmers busy at their crops and leave the river free from the usual crowds that in-



HOOKING A BIG REDHORSE WITH GRAB-HOOK ON THE SHOALS.

fest it during bad weather; for farmers in this region only indulge in fishing, if at all, during the planting season, when it is too wet for farm work.

We arrived on Saturday afternoon, and with us came an old-fashioned April downfall, putting plowing for the farmer and bass fishing for myself quite out of the question. The miller told me that the next day would bring crowds of natives to the mill, and I might witness a big fish for suckers and join in it if I would. Now, sucker fishing had always been beneath my notice, but as everything else was out of question and I had to wait until the river cleared up before there was hope for bass, I did the best thing under the circumstances, and fell into the sport gracefully.

With the morning, and, indeed, that very evening, wagon-loads of noisy countrymen began to assemble, fixed their camps and secured places for their dip nets. These nets are constructed as follows: A square net, about 5ft. each way and very baggy in the center, is suspended to four prongs of hickory wood fastened into a block, which works in a slot at the end of a long pole. The one managing the dip net lowers it to the bottom of the stream in some eddy near the bank; after few moments it is quickly raised, and often has a number of fish struggling within. I have known as high as nine suckers, averaging 2lbs. each to be caught at one dip. It is quite a load and about all one man can lift out, especially when the entire weight comes at the further end of a long pole.

We had a specially reserved place directly underneath the mill, where the water eddied around, and beyond which the ascending fish could go no further. By daylight the river bank on either side was lined with dip-nets. The river banks for some distance below the mill were walled up with rock, and formed an excellent place for dipping. Then, it so happened that, this spring, the apron of the dam had been washed away, and it was quite impossible for fish to go higher. So here they congregated in great numbers, and fell easy prey to their destroyers. Thousands of fish crowded themselves below the dam, and all day long the busy dip-nets were raised and lowered, casting the struggling suckers on the rocks above.

For some hours I became quite interested in catching, after this fashion, the abundant fish. Now and then the dip-net would bring out a great, flopping redhorse that would tip the scales at 6 or 7lbs. Then a school of sunfish, or perch, would become entangled in its meshes. We even caught crappies and catfish, and a few—though a very few—bass were brought out. The hogsuckers that chanced to come up were thrown away; so were the hickory shad, a pretty but worthless fish. On one occasion I got a gar clear of the water, but it was only momentary, for he shot his slim length through the meshes in a jiffy.

Before very many hours I had more fish than the miller's family and his neighbors knew what to do with, and surrendered the net to one of the many spectators so he might catch himself a "mess."

Wandering along past the row of dip-nets down to the ford, I came upon a crowd of men seining Provided with a 60ft. seine, and wading up to their waists, they dragged out quantities of fish upon the shore. Further down, there were scores of men and boys on the high banks overhanging the shoals, dragging for redhorse. They had long cane poles, with about 2ft. of line at the end, attached to which was a grab hook, made by tying three ordinary hooks together at angles from each other and welding them by means of melted lead, thus forming a sinker and grab hook at the same time. This they would drag over the bottom of the stream; and so plentiful were the fish that every few drags would hook one. This was quite exciting, and differed largely from the wholesale slaughter going on around. For though the suckers are not a game fish by any means, yet when a grab-hook fastens into an 8lb. redhorse, he makes it pretty lively for the man at the other end of the pole. Along with the grab-hook men were others wading out in the stream, armed with gigs—long poles provided with a three-pronged spear at their ends. These men, though not able to see in the muddy water, were nevertheless reaping a harvest by merely plunging their weapon on this side and that side, often missing, but now and then securing a prize.

There was one party with trammel nets, though they had to keep it pretty quiet, and another with old-fashioned hoop nets. They say, but I never come in contact with such proceedings, that very often those who have no nets or traps and lack skill or patience for the grab-hook or gig, use giant powder or dynamite to get a mess of suckers, as well as other fish.

Each man and party were using that mode which they happened to possess or found best to their taste, but all bent on the same purpose. Outside of these were another set of loungers, who, either caring nothing for the sport or not being provided, stood ready to beg or buy, and sometimes to steal, the coveted mess.

Toward night the white corn juice whisky, which is distilled in this section, began to get in its work; and as night drew on and the many camp fires lit up the river, the air resounded with drunken yells and shouts, while boozy country Jakes reeled around, threatening every moment to tumble into the river or the camp-fires. When one set of men grew tired working a net or seine, another crowd took their place, and the fun went merrily on all night long. Even the grab-hooks, gigs, trammel nets and traps worked as well in the dark as in the day.

You see, shoals are not very plentiful, often many miles intervenes between them; and as the fish will not stay long, no time is lost catching them.

As fast as one party secured a load they departed; and the next day found many new faces, but all at the same work. For two or three days the fun was fast and furious. How many fish met their fate I have no means of estimating, but certainly thousands. As this scene was repeated at nearly every shoal on the river, as well as on every other stream in this part of the State, hundreds of thousands of fish certainly perished in a few days.

As the river ran down and cleared up we knew the fish would soon take their departure, and since the sport was short-lived to us, and having assumed more the aspect of a wholesale slaughter than anything else, we looked forward to their going, since with them would depart the rough, noisy and too often drunken crowd. The day before, which I think was Wednesday, following our arrival on Saturday, had been the best day of any for dipping. Our live-boxes were overflowing with white and yellow suckers and redhorse. Next morning, however, John Sanders, who had been running a hoop net along the Sanders shoals a mile below, came up to the mill and reported the suckers gone. Which, indeed, they were. He had caught but three that night, against 140 the preceding night. His traps were all set mouths down stream to capture the fish as they ascended, but they were no longer coming up. A day more and not a sucker would be caught on the shoals, only a few lingered now. Only six or eight fish were dipped up at the mill, where many hundred had been caught the day before.

By noon not a countryman was to be seen anywhere save in the fields. Yet the sucker fishing was not entirely over. There were a certain few proud possessors of fish traps, who had been biding their time until now. These fish traps, which now come in for their share of the plunder, are constructed about as follows: A low dam is built in the shape of a V, the apex pointing down stream. At this angle of the dam the water escapes over a slightly inclined upward shoot constructed of long boards closely laid at the base, but gradually widening at the tip, so that some of the water escaping through the cracks will reduce the weight on the shoot's extremity. At the end of this shoot, and underneath it, standing with its sides well above water, is a wooden framework made of slats, fitted together close enough to prevent the escape of fish on either side, but open at the top, and permitting the easy outflow of the water as it tumbles in from above. As the suckers descend the stream the low dam obstructs their passage, they are carried by the current to the apex of the angle and thus over the shoot into the cage below, from which there is no escape. Fish travel at night, and often of a morning these traps are found to contain many hundred pounds of fish of all kinds, but at this season largely suckers.

Following in the wake of the suckers and feeding upon their spawn or roe, come the game fish. An unusually large migration of the suckers always guarantees an ample supply of the others. Game fish in our rivers are endeavored to be protected by law, yet I know, to my positive knowledge, that no heed whatever is paid to the law. Fish of all kinds are ruthlessly destroyed in their spawning season, just when they should be most jealously protected. They are netted, shot and blown up by giant powder and dynamite. And while the suckers are looked upon in disdain by sportsmen



GIGGING SUCKERS.

and lovers of bass and trout fishing, and therefore permitted to be destroyed by hundreds of thousands, they are slowly thereby exterminating the game fish. Nature has made a wise provision; the despised sucker, feeding upon the vegetation and refuse in the muddy river bottom, provides, in the shape of its roe and young, food for the game fish. These two widely different families must dwell or die together. A full-grown sucker will deposit over 300,000 eggs. You can soon see what an immense amount of eggs and young must be eaten by other fish, when you stop to consider that a



A NATIVE WATCHING THE SEINERS SEINING BELOW THE DAM.

million or more suckers ascended the James this spring, at a very low estimate. But each year sees the crop of suckers, as well as all other fish in our streams, grow less and less, and if our Legislature and courts are not awakened to some cold, hard facts very soon, these streams will be depleted.

WILLIAM H. JOHNSON.

Gone Fishing.

MR. W. A. HOISINGTON, of the Page Fence Company, left New York June 26 for a six week's absence, to be devoted to rest and recreation. Mr. Hoisington's headquarters will be at his home in Adrian, Mich., where, parenthetically, it may be stated the bass fishing is excellent; but several weeks of the time will be spent in camp in company with Mr. W. N. Swift, also of the Page Company, at Gull Lake, Kalamazoo county, Mich., where both gentlemen have purchased cottage sites.

Fishing near New York.

A CORRESPONDENT in Forked River, N. J., writes that the blue fishing at that point at present is excellent, and that some weakfish and striped bass are also being taken.

A gentleman who spent two days at Greenwood Lake this week caught an Oswego bass weighing 5lbs. and a smallmouth of 4¼lbs. weight. B.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XLIV.—Franklin Satterthwaite.

FRANK was the kennel editor of FOREST AND STREAM when I first met him, some seventeen years ago, as an enthusiastic sportsman who favored the gun more than the rod. He was tall, broad-shouldered and strong, with a pleasant face, on which he wore a full, but not long beard. We became well acquainted, and one day he said: "A friend of mine keeps a hotel on Greenwood Lake, and wants me to come up and have a few days' black bass fishing. He says they are biting good, now. Will you go up there for a few days?"

Beyond a knowledge that the lake had a reputation for black bass, was only a short distance from New York city, and lay partly in New Jersey and partly in New York, I knew nothing of it; but we went. The "hotel" was one of several similar houses built of light boards and standing on piles—evidently made for summer use only—and could probably accommodate a dozen people, if they were not too particular. Frank introduced me to the landlord, whom I will call Bill—not that that was his name, but merely to be able to refer to him. Bill would not impress one as a model landlord—he was too familiar and aggressive. He wore great cowhide boots, which echoed on the thin board floor of the "office," which was destitute of all covering except dirt.

It was evening, and June was young. Supper over, Bill and his family soon retired, but Frank and I were not used to such early hours, and we we sat and admired the night in ignorance of the fact that these people who went to bed with the fowls got up with them, and made no attempt to stifle their noises after it was "time to get up." We were at the northern end of the lake, and a light, southern breeze kept the mosquitoes off the piazza, if any were about. Frogs piped, croaked and gurgled in a marsh, a whippoorwill reiterated its complaint on the hill, and an occasional owl challenged some other owl, and we were enjoying life with feet on the railing of the porch and chairs tilted back when a single stroke of the clock warned us that it was technically morning, and time for bed.

It seemed but a few minutes when we were aroused by a series of bumps and a clatter that would have awakened all of the famous seven sleepers, and I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes. It was daylight, and a glance at Frank's bed showed him to be aroused. "What is it?" I asked. "What has happened?"

"It's Bill going downstairs in his boots, that's all; at first I thought it was an earthquake."

We heard him go out of the back door and down two or three steps; the clock struck 4, and then all was quiet and peaceful again and we slept. How long one sleeps he can never tell, but it seemed to be about five minutes when Bill hailed from the back yard: "John, get up and milk the cows, it's most 5 o'clock, an' you've got a lot of things to do before you go out on the lake." We dozed again, and then John's boots were so much in evidence on the resounding stair that I missed something Frank said. He may have been saying his prayers; I only caught a word or two. Again silence reigned and eyelids closed in that blessed peacefulness which comes just before consciousness is lost, and then the dreadful voice of Bill again broke in on us from below. This time he bellowed: "Mayre-e-e! Come down and get breakfast, it's about 6 o'clock." Mary went down; we heard her, although apparently she did not wear cowhide boots. Frank merely grunted, and I was too sleepy to care to express any views on what we afterward concluded was an outrage on men who were paying for sleep but not getting it, so off I dozed again, and the next thing we heard was a clumping of boots coming up the stair and then a pounding on our door. Bill called: "Hey! You fellers, ain't you goin' to get up today? Breakfast's ready."

We were both on the floor at the first alarm, and as Bill opened the door a trifle my shoe struck across the crack, which was not wide enough to let it through to its destination. A small pitcher from Frank crashed on a panel, and Bill closed the door and clumped down, step by step, to the main floor. "Sorry I didn't have a pistol," said Frank; "but the little pitcher was the only thing at hand and I gave him the best I had. There's no use in trying to get any more sleep this morning, so we might as well dress and go down."

"Frank," said I, "let us go to some other hotel, where our chances of sleep will be better and the landlord will not dictate to us the proper hour for rising, and where he does not wear 6lb. cowhide boots, nor play checkers with them on bare floors over our heads. Then, if he has a way of calling his help at daylight without our knowledge, we may be happy during our stay."

"There's no such place on the lake," said Frank, "except at the club, and we have no invitations to go there. Let's go down to breakfast and say nothing, go out on the lake and fish, lay off in the middle of the day, fish in the evening, and then, when we are not angry, we will talk to Bill like a Dutch uncle. We will not feel so much like killing him then, and I think I see murder in your eye. What d'ye say to that?"

"You are a philosopher, Frank; nothing we can do will restore our lost sleep; but if we can partially civilize Bill so that he will either not wear boots or will leave them on the back porch, and get him to use other means than bawling to arouse his household at unseemly hours, it will be a good deed. Better than killing him, but I have doubts of success in these experiments. We will try, but must not let him bully us a little bit."

The ham and eggs, potatoes, bread and coffee were disposed of without any reference to the annoyances, and John appeared. He was to row the boat. By some distortion of language the men who do this on Greenwood Lake are called "guides"; we have no word equivalent to the English "gillie," but we need it. Bill came to the landing, and learning that we wanted some baits to use if the bass wouldn't rise to the fly, he put in the boat a box of live frogs, a can of live minnows and a box of helgramite larvæ, Dobson's, in moss, and away we went. Frank had fished the lake before, and told the boatman where to go, and as we cast we took two good bass with a green and gold fly, and three with a frog. These fish we unhooked and let go, and John was displeased, and said that if we didn't want the fish we might give them to him. He did not understand the thing at all, and after we had pulled up ashore for a lunch and a midday siesta, he said to me in an injured tone: "When gentlemen catch fish they don't want they give 'em to me an' I sell 'em, but you let 'em go, an' they don't do nobody no good."

"John," said I, picking his meaning from the wreck of grammar, "when I catch a fish it is mine, to do with as I please. When I hire you to row this boat for the day, and choose to lay off from noon until two hours before sundown you have no cause of complaint. The fish are mine, your time is mine, and if I want to let you off for a few hours I do so, and if we wish to let a bass off until we come again, it is the same thing."

After lunch Frank and I went up on a hill where there was a chance for air and shade, to smoke, chat and possibly regain a small portion of the sleep which had been robbed from us, and after getting settled under a broad tree, close to the eastern edge of its shade where we might stay for some hours, Frank said: "These yokels exasperate me as much as they do you, but I think they afford me more amusement than you get out of them. You've been angry all day because you didn't get enough sleep, and in this spirit you let all the bass go when you knew that John wanted them. It would be a safe wager that you don't always refuse to give a portion of your catch to your guide or your boatman, in addition to his pay, come now! I challenge you to deny it."

"It's a safe challenge. Ordinarily I give the boatman all the fish I don't want to keep, but there is no reason why he should demand them. I pay for his services, and that ends the business transaction. I paid for a whole mess of sleep last night, which I didn't get and I don't like it, and when we get quieted down after dinner to-night Bill will learn that I didn't like it. I did not come here to be told when I should sleep nor when I should rise, nor did you, and I will have no more of it if I have to buy a tent and camp out. In that case there will be no thin-carpeted stairs for men with cowhide boots to tramp up and down on in the obnoxious hours of the morning."

Frank raised himself on his elbow, and refilling his pipe naively asked: "What are the obnoxious hours of the morning?"

The question brought up a family reminiscence and I replied: "You only ask this question in order to draw me out on the question of early rising, and I will tell you frankly that I usually avoid the unnecessarily early-rising crank and, from what I know of your habits, you do the same. The early-rising man thinks that he is a model for all mankind, and that's the aggravating part of him. He misses the most glorious part of the day, that from sundown to midnight, and to that no man could object if he didn't brag of it. Like the man who is never sea-sick, or who lies about it, his brag that he is a superior man is annoying. The early riser goes to bed with the chickens, and that would be all right if he did not boast about the hour that he got up in the morning. I'll tell you, Frank, a personal yarn about early rising: my father always went to bed with the crows and got up with them. When I was a school-boy he would pull the clothes from my bed at 8 A. M., spank me and say: 'What! not up yet! Why, I've been up four hours.' And so it went, but he took an afternoon nap and kept on bragging about his early rising."

Frank listened to this and said: "I could never see why rising early should make a man 'healthy, wealthy and wise.' My work has kept me at it night and day, but the beauties of the night cannot be ignored; what did your father do when he became older?"

"Kept the same thing going, and the same brag about it. I fail to see why a man should boast about meeting the day at an early hour, as long as he gets a certain amount of sleep, but, after many years absence from home, father found me in bed about 8 in the morning, and with a tone of regret said: 'I don't see that you've improved any in the matter of getting up, now that you are a man.' 'No, father,' said I, 'during six years in the West and three in the army I mastered most of the vices of civilization except early rising, but I never could catch on to that.' He gave up hope of reforming me then and there."

We rested and slept until the afternoon was well gone, when we went to the boat and called John. Frank tried a Dobson and took one small fish, while I changed flies for an hour and gave it up. Then we tried the live minnows and took eleven fair fish, and it was dark. We gave the fish to Bill and I told him that we wanted them for breakfast, or a part of them, and also that we wanted them skinned.

"Why do you want them skinned?" Frank asked.

"To get rid of the muddy, weedy flavor which fresh-water fish that live in weedy lakes always have in the summer. I don't regard the black bass as a good table fish at any time of year, but it is sure to be flavored with weeds now, just as the water is. Even the yellow perch, a much better table fish at all times, is better for being skinned in summer."

Our dinner was the same as the breakfast, except tea was served instead of coffee. Frank protested in this wise: "When I was up here last fall, woodcock shooting, Bill, you fed me on ham and eggs until I was ashamed to look a hog or a hen in the face, and to-morrow night I want a steak, chops, or a roast of beef or lamb, for I'm not going to live on ham and eggs, nor fish, either."

Bill looked at me and asked: "Don't you like ham and eggs?"

"Yes, I like ham and eggs, but I think as Frank does, there is a limit to the liking. I don't want them for dinner at any time, but can use them for breakfast about twice a week, if the ham is not too hard and salt, and the eggs are fresh. Your eggs are very good." This last as a smoother.

"Well, I declare," said Bill, "some of you city fellers is queer. Now, give me plenty of ham and eggs and I don't want no meat." This was a phase of vegetarianism new to us, and one that we often referred to in after years.

As we smoked on the piazza Frank remarked: "This landlord is a skin. He'll charge us $2 50 per day for board, $2 for the boatman, who gets a little more than half of that, and 50 cents per day for the boat, making $7.50 per day for both, and he will feed us on ham and eggs all the time, if we will stand it. I know him, and I propose to make him feed us decently or we will go somewhere else, although I don't know that there is anything better here."

"I think you have his exact measure," I replied, "and as I followed your advice this morning and said nothing to him while I was angry, I propose to talk to him now, on the subject of unnecessary noises in the morning. Call him out here and I'll lay the law down to him."

Bill came out and sat down. I began my discourse with: "Bill, I am very sorry that my shoe didn't kill you this morning, as I intended it should, but we will be prepared for you to-morrow morning, and if we miss killing you again we will patronize some other hotel. I probably got three hours' good sleep before you came thundering down the stairs with your big boots about 4 o'clock."

"Well," he replied, "what be I a-goin' to dew? I've got to get up an' feed the stock an' get ready for the day's work. I should think you'd want to get up, anyway, an' enjoy the mornin' fishin'—many of 'em do—an' get out on the lake as soon as they can see; that's the time to catch the most fish."

"That, Bill," I replied, "is a matter of individual taste, but we don't want to catch the most fish. We want to enjoy life after our own fashion, and that is to fish four or five hours a day and sit half the night out of doors, and get up when it suits us. If you consult the comfort of your guests you will leave those boots in the cow-shed and wear slippers in the house, and devise some means to get your servants up, and down, without bawling under our windows. You should know this without having a guest explain it. We will fish at such times as we choose, or not at all; but we will not submit to be awakened at daylight by your boots, or any other noises."

Bill made no reply; he was evidently shrinking all his thought on the rights of guests and landlords, and after a pause, Frank asked him to the rear to look after the cleaning of the fish, and I sat alone as the echoes of his boots had died away. Minutes passed; a flying squirrel ran across the balcony rail, and over my shoes before it scurried away in alarm. The moon burst from behind a cloud, and the frogs became silent for a moment until they found there was no cause for alarm, and I had forgotten Frank, Bill, and all other human beings, when suddenly Frank returned.

"Well?"

"It's all right. As I told you, he is a skin; but, like all of his class, he only wants to know how far he can flay a man. At present we are his only guests, and he will play us to the limit if he can; but you put it to him squarely, and while we stop here we will be allowed to remain undisturbed till 8, unless we order breakfast before; and we will not have ham and eggs more than twice a week for breakfast, and fish not more than three times with dinner, as I told Bill before. I told him that we would stay about a week, and that we were both journalists who might write up his hotel unfavorably. He took off his boots in the kitchen, and said that there was no good reason for wearing them up and down stairs, and so you got in your work to good advantage."

A faint creak on the stair told that Bill had left his boots below. I was not flushed with victory, but just felt that calm self-appreciation which one feels when others acknowledge that his point has been carried. We sat, talked, smoked and kept silent as our humors prompted. After an unusually long fit of contemplation of the moonlight on the water, Frank asked: "How do you like this place? Not for the fishing, the cuisine, nor the dormitory which we have, but the lake and its surroundings I mean; and as a place to enjoy life in the open, fishing, shooting, or simply sitting on a piazza and looking at the lake?"

"It is grand," I replied; "and if our landlord reforms most of his bad habits, I will enjoy another outing here, mainly during the hours from sundown to midnight, on this piazza, watching the moon on the water and listening to the voices of the night. I love to fish and sometimes to shoot; but to me the grandest enjoyment is an inland lake on a moonlight night, when the air is vocal with voices that are never heard at any other time."

After a few whiffs at his pipe in a contemplative sort of way, Frank said: "You seem to be extra poetical to-night; suppose we get off some verses that will amuse us by recording our thoughts on this night, writing the lines alternately. How does it strike you?"

"You mean for one of us to write a line and the other to follow; is that it?"

"Yes; like a composite poem. You write a line and then I'll follow. Do you catch on?"

"Yes, I have the idea and think there is some humor in it; but as this is your own suggestion it seems to me that you should write the first line."

We squabbled over this question of precedence for a while, and then one of us, which one fame will never know, wrote a line and passed it to his friend. In its complete form the "poem," written on the shore of Greenwood Lake that June evening, was as follows:

'Tis cool on Bill's piazza, where the voices of the night
Are mingled with the whispers of the bass;
The snoring of the hired man fills the rabbits with affright,
And the owls sing, "Don't blow out the gas."

The moonbeams kiss the bullfrogs, who lament unto the moon,
That Bill's boots resound upon the stair;
The kitchen-maid rejoices that morning comes too soon,
And the skeeters cause the pollywogs to swear.

Right here on Bill's piazza it is pleasant now to sit,
And listen to the singing of the rats;
While we gaze out on the lake, where the festive mermaids flit,
As they chase the tuneful, iridescent bats.

In autumn it is pleasant to hear the chestnut burr,
And in spring to hear the young trees as they shoot;
The maiden clubs the milch cows when they toss a horn at her,
As we wake in morn at sound of Bill's big boot.

The first line was all right, but the man who wrote the second one started in the direction of levity, and there was no hope of holding the verses up to the standard; but it served to pass half an hour pleasantly, and that is what we were out for.

One day as we were on our way to the place of our afternoon siesta we saw a man lying in the sun by the roadside. "Some old tramp," said Frank; but the man began to toss and roll over, as in agony, and we ran to him. It was Charles F. Murphy, of Newark, N. J., the man who made the first complete split-bamboo rod, and he was merely able to say "buttermilk," and I diagnosed his case at once, and from my creel drew a vial of Jamaica ginger, or similar remedy, and gave him a generous dose. He lived, and said that some miles back he had stopped at a farmhouse and had absorbed a quart of buttermilk, but would hereafter abstain from its use. Said he: "Boys, you have saved my life, sure, I couldn't have lived another hour in such pain; I couldn't walk, and I dropped my rods somewhere, in my agony, but I can't tell where."

We found the package of rods, and took him to our resting place, where, with frequent interruptions from Frank, who was disposed to jolly his old friend on his buttermilk spree, I heard the story of the evolution of the split-bamboo rod from the man who first made it. Some other time I may tell it. Frank's suggestions were like this:

"Murph, never mind about rod-making; we all know about that; tell Fred about the time you whipped Awful Gardiner when you didn't know that he was a heavy-weight prize-fighter; that'll be more exciting."

"Never mind that," Murphy said, "Orville Gardiner is all right, he's reformed now and is a decent man; let me tell how the first rod of this kind was made; you see Sam Phillipps, out at Easton, Pa, began to use a natural Calcutta bamboo cane for a fishing rod, as far back as 1848, but—"

"Tell us about the fight, Murph., Fred wants to hear how

you, a little, slim, skinny duffer who weighed about 125lbs. cleaned up 'Awful' Gardiner.' That is a story that is of historical and ethnological interest, and —"

"Frank, will you please keep still?" I asked. "You are wrong in saying that I would prefer to hear about the fight. Let Murphy go on about the building of the rod and I will assume that the big prize-fighter was drunk and assaulted the little man, and came to grief; not an unusual case, but the first split-bamboo rod is a thing that is made but once." And so I heard the story.

When the heat and glare of the June day had passed we invited Murphy to fish with us. We found the boat all right, and John dead drunk in it. We pulled the boat ashore, broad side, dumped John out, and proceeded to fish As we fished I told the story of how Frank Endicott's boatman, on Greenwood Lake, got drunk and tried to bail out the perforated bait can which hung outside the boat so that he could find a minnow; and Murphy declared that John was the man, for he was there with Endicott and Harry Pritchard at the time.

We took turns rowing that afternoon, and had fair fishing, but we all rebelled in unison against having John as a boatman any longer. Then it turned out that John was a relative of Bill's, or he owned the boat, and we must employ him or nobody. No outsider could be hired to row the boats at this hotel. Here was a labor trust which confronted the capitalists. We held a council of war and decided to row our own boat—we were paying for the boat, and would not have John as a gift. The fact was that the boatman had little to do; we drifted and cast, or anchored and cast, and when we had to row, the distance was short. This stroke made us independent, and we had beaten Bill at every extortionate point, so far, and we rejoiced thereat. That night, on the piazza, we three cussed and discussed Bill and his wife's brother John, the cook, chambermaid, and all the appurtenances of the "hotel" to our complete satisfaction. Bill was simply a brute who looked upon a guest as a hyena looks upon a bone; we all agreed to that, and more, we felt relief in having a common opinion.

So far it was well, but it has been said that he who laughs last laughs best, and it was at our final settlement where Bill's laugh came in. His bill was:

5 days' board for two @ $2.50 each	$25.00
5 days' services of boatman	10.00
5 days' use of boat	2.50
200 helgramites @ 2 cents	4.00
50 minnows @ 3 cents	1.50
40 frogs @ 5 cents	2.00
Total	$45.00

Frank read the items and then said: "How about all this bait? We couldn't have used that amount, not by a long shot. That's out of the question."

"But you took them," said Bill; "John counted 'em all in before you started, didn't you, John?"

John nodded assent and Frank asked what I thought of the matter. My idea was to pay for the amount of bait that we had used, as we had not ordered the extravagant amount put up. We then had John count out what was left and found that we had used fifteen helgramites, ten minnows and four frogs. These we paid for, and Frank said:

"It is lucky that Bill did not see the contents of your fly-book or he would have charged us for them; let us laugh now."

Franklin Satterthwaite was a genial sportsman, well posted on matters relating to the gun and the kennel. He died at his home in Newark, in 1888, at the age of forty-six.

FRED MATHER.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

NEW YORK June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A party consisting of Messrs. Yale, Nelson, Brooks and Redner went fishing to the Adirondacks last week. We took the train at the Grand Central Depot, and went to Port Henry on Lake Champlain via the D & H. R. R. A drive of thirty five miles over a fairly good road brought us to the Boreas River, where we put up at the Sand Pond Hotel, which is run by one of the oldest pioneer loggers in the mountains—a man who remembers when the woods were filled with wolves and "painters."

Arriving at the hotel, Mr. Nelson made a bee-line for the kitchen to try and hurry the dinner, as he was near starved, while Yale got out his fine trout tackle and began arranging his Stony Point flies, which he swears by, while I dug worms for the crowd.

Finishing a dinner which we all relished after a six-hour drive through the invigorating mountain air, we went down to Sand Pond and fished with varied success until evening. Just as the shade of night had drawn her sable mantle lightly over the mountain tops and kissed her finger-tips to the fast-fading sun, Yale, who was in the boat with me, suggested to try trolling. It was the work of a moment to change his fly leader for a small troll, and the trolling began. We rowed about half way around the pond, when Yale suddenly exclaimed: "Hold on, John! I'm foul of a stump!" I brought the boat, which was scarcely moving, to a sudden stop. But Yale's reel still hummed like a buzz saw. "Stop her, John!" he shouted, "my line is near run out and will soon part!" Just then the line slackened a little, and when Yale, who handled the reel equal to Ike Walton, tightened up the line; there was a ripple on the surface of the water for an instant, and then, great guns! the biggest trout I ever saw broke water, and rising about 2ft., fell back with a splash equal to a porpoise.

There was great excitement in our boat the next few minutes. The fish sounded, and came to the surface like a black bass, trying to dislodge the hook; again he sounded and again he ran, and Yale was with him all the time.

I told Yale that I would like to see him get the fish up near the boat, and then lose it. "That would be too bad," said he, "I would not lose it for anything; why, he weighs 6 or 7lbs." He worked adroitly with the fish for about forty minutes, and finally reeled it up close to the boat. I reached with the landing-net to take in the prize, but somehow the net struck against the hook, the leader parted, and away went our trout Yale looked at me in a I'll-throw-you overboard manner, and I feared for an instant that he would carry the looks into execution. But he broke into a hearty laugh, and simply said it was too bad. We rowed around the pond six times afterward, and did not get a single strike.

Next morning Brooks and Nelson went to Wolf Pond, a small feeder about a mile from the hotel. They fished there a couple of hours, and caught forty trout; they then started for the house. When they came near the clearing, Nelson says that Brooks, who was walking ahead and humming his favorite song, suddenly exclaimed "I see my finish!" and dropping his rod and fish, started on a 2:40 gait toward a house at the other edge of the clearing, shedding his coat and hat as he ran.

A few minutes after Brooks reached the house, Nelson saw him, accompanied by the occupant of the house and a Winchester, hurrying towards him. "What's the matter, Brooks?" asked Nelson when they came up to him, "Are you crazy?" "I'm all right," said Brooks, "there's motive in my madness. I saw a bear, and want this man to shoot him."

Nelson turned, and the trio started to bang the bear. When they had gone about 100yds. in the forest, Brooks pointed out the bear. The trained eyes of the man of the woods saw at a glance that Brooks' bear was nothing but a big black stump partly covered by a cedar bough.

Yale and myself fished down Clear Pond and caught fifty nice trout. In all we caught 163 trout; aggregate weight 57½lbs.

Next day we went to Mim Ville, where there is pretty good fishing. Nelson and I went down to Bartlett Pond Stream to try our luck. We had fished down stream probably a quarter-mile, when Nelson, who was some distance below me, commenced to yell like an Indian on the war-path. I hurried down to him, thinking he was cornered by one of Brooks's bears. But it was no bear; it was a trout, and a beauty that tipped the scales at 2½lbs, the biggest fish caught. The rain came down so heavily then that we were obliged to give up the sport.

We then went back to look for Brooks and Yale, who we found in the Hotel de Hayes with a dozen natives. Each one told the best place to catch trout, and one wanted to sell some to Brooks, who indignantly refused to buy, saying that he always caught his fish Of course we all have our private opinion about what Brooks would do if he chanced to meet a lone fisherman with a nice string of fish. NOVICE.

Smelt and Trout.

CHICAGO, June 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much pleasure an article in the June 5 number of the FOREST AND STREAM, entitled, "Are Smelt a menace?" by Bainbridge Bishop, and I think that the sooner these ideas are carried out the trout and landlocked salmon fishing will be much better. I agree with Mr. Bishop, that the large smelt are scavengers, and that they are a menace to small trout.

I have just returned from a trip to Swan Lake, near Belfast, Me., which is a natural trout pond, and which has been stocked with landlocked salmon. This lake is only seven miles from the sea coast, and smelts have run up the river and become landlocked. The smelts grow to a very large size, some even weighing a pound or more. I have fished in this lake every year (with one exception) for the past seven years, and the fishing seems to get poorer every year. There have been large quantities of young trout and quite a lot of landlocked salmon put in during the past five or six years, and the fishing ought certainly to grow better. I can't account for it in any other way except that the smelt eat up the young trout.

Mr. Fred H. Francis, of Belfast, Me., who is a close observer, and one of the best known fishermen in that part of the State, fully believes in this theory. He is a firm believer in the pond, and thinks that it would make one of the best trout ponds in the State if all the large smelt were taken out every season when they run up the brooks to spawn.

I think that the State Fish Commission are not alive to this fact, and that the sooner they realize and remedy it the sooner their expectations of good fishing will be a fact.

J. A. GAMMANS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was on the point of writing you to defend the fresh-water smelt against the imaginary fears of Mr. Bainbridge Bishop, when I read Commissioner Stanley's letter, and it only needs to be said that I fully indorse it. The only objection to the smelt is, that they furnish so much food for the trout and salmon that the angler does not find it so easy to lure them with live bait, but when the trout are in search of flies, I do not think the smelt are any obstacle.

The heavy rains and long continued cold weather made early fishing in most of the New England waters poor, but I hear it is picking up very well lately, though June has been very cool so far. The weather records in Boston yesterday showed the thermomoter 20° lower for the day than it was on June 21 last year. The result of so much rain is that all our brooks are much fuller than they have been for years, and the prospect is encouraging for a good supply of trout next year.

One word more about the smelt. Besides the Maine waters mentioned by Mr. Stanley, they are also indigenous in Lake Winnepesauke, and from them they were obtained to stock our other New Hampshire lakes, and it is a noted fact that the winninish, fed on them, grow much larger than they do in Grand Lake stream, where smelt did not exist, and from which we got our parent stock. The same difference is also noticeable in Sebago Lake, where the smelt were aboriginal.

I was very glad to see Mr. Cheney's illustrations of the difference between pike, pickerel and muscalonge, and hope to see them called by the right name some day, as well as the pike perch, who now figures as a wall-eyed pike and a jack salmon. Why not take the French name, and call him a Sandre. VON W.

CHARLESTON, N. H.

American Fisheries Society.

AT the Detroit meeting of the American Fisheries Society a resolution was adopted authorizing the chairman to appoint one representative member of the Society in each State bordering on the Great Lakes, to form a commission to bring about, if possible, the enactment of uniform fishing laws in all the lake States.

Omaha was selected for the next meeting, which will be held in July, 1898. The following officers were elected: President, W. L. May, Nebraska; Vice-President, George F. Peabody, Wisconsin; Recording Secretary, Herschel Whittaker, Michigan; Corresponding Secretary, J. E. Gunckel, Ohio; Treasurer, L D Huntingdon, New York. Executive Committee: James A. Dale, Pennsylvania; E. E. Bryant, Wisconsin; A. N Cheney, New York; J. W. Titcomb, Vermont; J. L. Penton, Michigan; F. N. Clark, Michigan; Professor S. A Forbes, Illinois.

A Fishcultural Opportunity.

WE invite notice to the card signed "Fishculturist" in our advertising columns. The advertiser is known to us to be a fishculturist of rare accomplishments, thoroughly competent to fill any position in connection with the work.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Asbury Park's Champion.

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—Perhaps there are no more cosmopolitan people on earth than the angling fraternity. Occasionally a boor is found among them, but it is a most rare occurrence; and then it is not the real Simon Pure angler such as work hard at desk or profession all day, and haunt the rivers and bays at night, giving up their needed rest for the sport they love so well; but rather the man who has an abundance of leisure, and who uses fishing as a time killer. A visit to our piers at evening or early morning now is full of interest. The regulars are nearly all here, and making good use of their time. The relaxation from business cares puts all hands in great good humor, and woe betide the angler who catches a worthless specimen, misses a strike, or fouls his cast; he at once becomes the butt of an endless run of good-natured badinage until he redeems himself by some exploit, or passes the cigars. One evening recently an individual, lanky in form and laconic in speech, a stranger to all of us, was lounging lazily upon one of the benches, spinning yarns of wondrous catches in Southern waters, when some one ventured the remark that they must have been "whales." Quick came the rejoinder in most contemptuous tones, "Humph! we were baitin' with whales." In recognition of his talents the boys have posted the following placard on the pier: "Ananias Jonah, champion fish liar of the world, is now with us, and the old gang is not in it."

LEONARD HULIT.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man.
Sept. 6. Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Sept. —.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's Champion Stake, Morris, Man.
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet. Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county. Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 15.—E F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

AS TO THE JUDGES.

ON the part of a few pointer men there seems to be an undercurrent of dissatisfaction with most of the judges who have been engaged to officiate at the trials of this year, added to which is a feeling of resentment as expressed by unfriendly words and the withholding available support which would otherwise be given. The ground of complaint of the men aforesaid is that the judges are all pronounced setter men, and that they therefore are prejudiced, unconsciously prejudiced, against the pointers, and that they have prejudgments in favor of the setter. More specifically, last year some of the competing pointers suffered injustice, unintentional injustice, at the hands of the judges, as shown by the fact that some of the owners of some of the defeated pointers disapproved of the judges' decisions, and were sustained in their opinions thereon by the opinions of a handler or some handlers. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that there is no grievance relative to any competition in which the pointers were winners though the judges were the same so-called setter men. A win under those judges was valued and made much of, notwithstanding their unfortunate failing of having opinions of their own. The pointers made an excellent showing in the competition and records of the past year, and it is safe to presume that the judges in that relation were wise, impartial, accomplished, learned and fit for the high trust reposed in them; their unfitness begins with good dogs, beloved of their owners and nevertheless losers. Still the defect of a dog and a grieved human heart are often coincident, for which the judge is often considered responsible. The inefficiency of the dog and the prejudice of the owner are rarely considered. Where there are winners there must be losers, and there are good and bad of both. The worst bad loser is he whose grievance is founded on hearsay, the sympathy of of a friend or two, disappointed hopes and unalterable predisposition in favor of his own wares, whether the same be valuable or worthless. The hopelessly wrong kicker is bad enough at best, but it is deplorable when he gives expression to his disapproval by malicious words and acts

Let us consider the absurdity of the position of the few pointer men who disapprove of the setter men, so called, and the setter judges, so called. They refuse to participate in the trials because they do not like the judges, alleging that they favor the setters. Furthermore, for the same reason, they will exert themselves to keep others from entering. At the outset, it may safely be laid down as a fact that such men are much more valuable when absent in every way from the trials than when present. Their few dollars of entry fees are trifling in the way of good when compared with their surly nature and malicious acts when they do not receive what they consider adequate return for the money invested

But returning to setter men and setter judges, so-called. The records show that the pointers were not discriminated against All the best judges consider the work, not the dog. To the judge it is immaterial what the breed of the dog is, whether he be pointer or setter. The pointer gets his deserts, not because he is a pointer, but because he is a competitor; the same with setters. It is absurd to allege that men of the experience, broadness of view and scrupulous honesty of the best judges should be swayed by the relatively puerile issue as to whether a pointer did the best work because he was a pointer, or a setter did the best work because he was a setter. There is a juvenility about the grievance in question which makes it unworthy to be cherished by grown men.

And yet it is an old, old story, this stealthy, insidious enmity of the setter man to the pointer's interests. Under the circumstances, it would seem to be fitting that the pointer men would do something specially for themselves. The

dreadful setter men so far have done most of the work, assumed most of the responsibility, and sustained most of the odium which came from the disgruntled few. It is an easy matter to let others do the work, and then find fault with results. The work and responsibility are free to all alike. If the so-called setter men do not do the work to suit, it would seem a wise and beneficient course for the disgruntled to shake up and do something for themselves.

As to the pointer judges who should have been engaged during the coming season, it may be asked, who are they? Who are the pointer judges, anyway? Any man who would declare himself a pointer judge would be unfit to act. A true judge is he who judges the competitors on the work done. He is not a pointer or setter judge; he is impartial and alike to both. The judges engaged this year are not setter men in the sense of being officially prejudiced in favor of setters. The only reason for the assertion on the part of the few disgruntled pointer men is the grasping after a colorable pretext to justify a bad position.

The fame and value of their dogs are from the benefits of field trials. To withhold their support does not harm the clubs. If the clubs were destroyed it would not harm the members, for they are merely an incident to them, a means of pleasant diversion during a few days of each year. Most of the judges accept under pressure the arduous position of judge, and they do not care a hang which dog wins, whether the same be setter or pointer. Often they serve without compensation, and in return for several days of the closest and most fatiguing labor, their sole remuneration is the hostility of some gentlemen whose sportsmanship and love of the dog consist of a *tout ensemble* of stud fees, puppy sales and revenue in general.

Pitti Sing.

WINNIPEG, Man.—I noticed in the English *Field* a short time ago, an article alluding to the celebrated dogs of England. Tutsham Tip, Woodhill Beta and Woodhill Bruce were particularly mentioned, and the fact was commented upon that a sister of the above celebrated dogs had gone to America and had made a splendid record, but unfortunately the strain (on this continent) had not been perpetuated. The allusion was to Pitti Sing who, ten years ago, won her first aged stake, and a puppy of hers winning first in the Derby of the Irish setter field trials the same year, and second in an English Derby stake.

Seven years ago this remarkable bitch ran in the four-hour heat race at Lexington, N. C. Mr. W. W. Titus wrote me at the time that at the conclusion of the week's running, and at the end of the final heat of four hours, she was just as game as when she started. Years ago I put her away to end her days in the kennel, but as she seemed with increasing years and no work to be getting skittish, I bred her this spring, and yesterday she had a litter of healthy puppies. There may be instances of a similar nature; but I have bred hundreds of dogs, yet this is the most remarkable case that has come under my notice personally, or that I have heard of.

THOS. JOHNSON.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Under date of June 24, Mr G. B. Borradaile, honorary secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, writes us as follows: "To permit dogs being brought into Manitoba to compete in the M. F. T. Club's 'Derby' and 'All-Age' stakes, free of duty, they must be first entered in either of the above stakes before they will be allowed to pass the Customs Port of Entry without paying duty. Our weather seems to be from reports received from the country, just the kind required for raising large broods of prairie chickens. From nearly every part of Manitoba and the territories most favorable reports are reaching me of their numbers, etc. Present indications point to our club's trials being a success."

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

WHEELING NOTES.

It was only nineteen years ago last March that the first bicycle of domestic manufacture was sold in this country.

The winner of the recent Chicago road race was a man fifty-one years of age. He covered mile after mile at a 2:40 gait, and effectually demonstrated that the younger generation was not in it with "Papa" Smedley.

Mr. David King, Jr., of New York, has found a very practical use for the tricycle in shore bird shooting. He covers the frame of his machine with a grass screen and wheels slowly along in his perambulating blind to various feeding grounds of the birds, thus securing more shots, and at closer range, than those who rely upon stationary blinds or other means of approach.

During the late Greco-Turkish war a number of the newspaper correspondents used bicycles on the scene of the hostilities. In an interview given an English paper, Wilfred Pollock, who claims the honor of being the first war correspondent who has been through a campaign mounted on a wheel instead of a horse, gives some interesting facts. He says that the Greek roads are my no means impassable for bicycles. To quote from the interview:

"Sometimes I had to get off and walk a mile or two; sometimes it was I that did the carrying and not the machine, but this was seldom and never for any great distance. On the other hand the zigzag cuttings up the many mountain passes are so well graded that it is quite possible to ride up them if the surface be good and the wind friendly.

"Riding down—and my machine had no brake—one had to remember that the corners of these twists are not banked, and the Knud, as they call it in India, often offers many hundred feet of sheer drop."

Further on Mr. Pollock says: "By this time my success in outstripping other correspondents in the several races to telegraph offices was becoming notorious, and bicycles became quite common adornments of the carriages in which my colleagues chiefly traveled. * * * Not only did the bicycle prove much faster, even on the Greek roads, than even the Greek horse or carriage, but to sling it on to a train or steamer was the work of a moment, and a horse is by no means so easily manipulated. On three most important occasions my material reached England at least a whole day in front of that sent by any other English correspondent, thanks to the bicycle every time."

On general principles it would seem that oil would prove a good surface lubricant to reduce the friction of the chain over the sprockets. There is a serious objection to its use for this purpose, however, in the fact that with the ordinary adjustment it makes the chain slip on the teeth and clang in a way that effectually destroys the peace of mind of the rider

Wheelmen who have failed to wipe the oil from their chains after lubricating the joints frequently imagine that something serious is the matter with the bicycle from the noise that it makes, and sometimes they send it to the repair shop, when, as a matter of fact, all that it needs is rubbing with a cloth to dry the chain, and then a little graphite or other prepared surface lubricant on the inner side.

The excessive use of oil is never to be advised. A few drops over each bearing is sufficient at any one time for all practical purposes, and any oil which escapes should be carefully wiped off.

An overflow of oil collects dust and spoils the appearance of the wheel, and is also open to a yet more serious objection in that it is a great cause of loosened nuts and the resultant accidents.

In the case of screwed on sprockets, oil has been known to loosen the check nut, which has a left-hand screw, and then the simple act of back-pedaling unscrews the sprocket itself. The loosened chain jumps the sprockets, and a general smashup may result.

There has been a great demand this year for the so-called anatomical saddles, and the old front-and-back-supported soft saddle has fallen off in popularity correspondingly.

The old saddles were comfortable when the rider was well broken in to their use, and they insured a firmer seat than many of the more recent contrivances, but they were wrong physiologically, and had to go.

Saddles on similar model are made over wooden or metal frames so as not to sag at the sides, while saddles with double points of support, provided with pads for the pelvic bones, represent the most advanced type.

It is worth noting that the initiative for this movement came almost exclusively from the riders themselves, and that the manufacturers of bicycles and saddles were slow to take it up. Three years ago it was not uncommon to see wheelmen riding saddles embodying the features so generally recommended at present, that had been constructed or adapted by altering the old-style saddles to meet their views.

The demand for such saddles was very marked before a single prominent manufacturer took up their construction.

Connecticut Legislation.

THE Connecticut General Assembly has adjourned, after a notable session from the cyclist's standpoint. Although at one time the indications pointed to action inimical to the wheelmen, in the end things were cleared up satisfactorily and both the measure imposing a tax upon bicycles and that requiring a lighted lamp to be affixed to wheels after nightfall, regardless of roads or conditions, were defeated.

Instead, several wise measures have been passed, notably the general bicycle law which goes into effect July 15 and supersedes the numerous and conflicting local ordinances and by-laws of towns, cities and boroughs. This general law limits the speed of bicycles in thickly settled sections to ten miles an hour. Bells are required, and must be sounded on approaching within a reasonable distance of any person. Riding on the sidewalks is prohibited and liable to punishment by a fine not exceeding $20, but the word "sidewalk" does not apply to cross walks nor unimproved foot-paths.

Among other measures passed by the Legislature affecting bicyclists are laws imposing penalties for the theft of wheels, for throwing into the highway tacks, glass, crockery, scrap iron or wire, and for willfully or maliciously injuring bicycle paths.

A new section deals with the amount of road to be given wheelmen by drivers of vehicles, which provides for "a fair opportunity to pass," though not necessarily one-half the traveled path.

Another section, which is aimed at that class of riders who put wheeling into disrepute and are at the same time a menace to the pleasure and safety of other cyclists, provides a fine not exceeding $500 or imprisonment up to six months for any bicycle rider, who having run against and injured any person on the highway does not stop, render aid, and give his name and address.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

Copies of the FOREST AND STREAM *race report blanks, for recording and reporting races, will be sent to all clubs requesting them.*

The racing and measurement rules of the Yach Racing Union of Long Island Sound (the Seawanhaka rule, with allowance tables) can be had of Thompson & Co, 55 Dey street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

The handbook of "Yacht Flag Etiquette" can be had of Rehm & Co., 157 Fulton street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

YACHT RACING FIXTURES 1897.

THE following list of fixtures has been compiled from many different sources, some of them not official, and it may contain some errors. We shall be glad to have notice of corrections and additions.

Races of the Sound Y. R. U. are marked with the letter S; those of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. with the letter M:

JULY.

1. Miramichi club cruise, Newcastle, N. B,
1. Royal St. Lawrence club, all classes, Dorval Lake, St. Louis.
1. Royal Canadian Queen's cup, Toronto Lake, Ontario.
M 3. Jeffries, off Jeffries Point, East Boston.
3. Cohasset, club, 15-footer, 4th cham, Cohasset.
3-4-5. Cor. San Francisco, cruise Martinez, Vallejo San Francisco.
3. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20ft. class, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
6. American, 1st club, Newburyport.
3. Fox Lake, club, Mineola Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
3. Royal Nova Scotia, handicap; 3-rating class, Halifax.
3. Beverly, 2d open sweeps, Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay
3-4-5. American, cruise to Boston, Newburyport.
3-10. Brooklyn, annual cruise, L. I. Sound.
3-4-5. Buffalo, Lake Erie:
5. Larchmont, annual, L I. Sound.
5. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 5th cham., Cohasset.
5. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Mass, Bay.
5. Fox Lake, club, Dr. Brophy's Cottage, Fox Lake, Ill
5. Lake Michigan, Y. R. A. annual, Racine, Lake Michigan:
5. Beverly, 2d cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay:
5. Wollaston, cup and club cruise, Boston Harbor.
5. Cor. Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
M 5. City of Boston, regatta, off Marine Park.
7. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20ft. class, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
8. Absequan, open, Cricket Bay, Atlantic City:
S 10. Riverside, annual race for 25, 20 and 15ft. classes of sloops and all classes of catboats.
10. Roy. Canadian; 1st and 37ft. classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
10; Queen City, 27ft class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
10. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 6th cham., Cohasset.
10. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20 and 15ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis:
10. Royal Nova Scotia, open, all classes, Halifax:
10. Burgess, 2d cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
10-11. Cor., San Francisco, cruise, San Mateo, San Francisco:
12. Miramichi, Adams cup, Chatham, N. B.
S 12-16. Seawanhaka Cor., trial races for 20ft. class of sloops.
13 Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
13-18. Rhode Island, annual cruise, Narragansett Bay.
13. Fall River, ladies' day, Mount Hope Bay.
M 17. Winthrop, off Winthrop.
17. Cor. Marblehead, 1st cham., Mass. Bay.
17. Queen City, 20ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
17. Winthrop, open, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
17. Columbia, annual club, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
17. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 7th cham., Cohasset.
17. Rhode Island, annual club, Potter's Cove, Narragansett Bay.
17. Fox Lake, club, East Side, Fox Lake, Ill.
17. American, 2d club, Newburyport.
17. Wollaston, club, Boston Harbor.
17. Pewaukee, interlake, Pewaukee Lake, Wis.
17. Royal Nova Scotia, knockabout class, Halifax.
17. Roy. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25 and 20ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
M 19-20-21-22-23. Manchester series, off Manchester.
24. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
24. American, cruise to Annisquam, Newburyport.
24. Winthrop, evening race, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
24. Absequan, Cricket and 15ft. classes, Atlantic City, Absecon Bay.
24. Queen City, 16ft. class. Toronto, Lake Ontario.
24. Burgess, ladies' race, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
24. Roy. Canadian, 27ft., 22ft. and skiff classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
24. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 8th cham, Cohasset.
24. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20ft. class, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
24. Royal Nova Scotia, Wenonah cup, open, Halifax
24. Beverly, 3d open sweeps, Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
25. Winthrop, cruise, to Nahant, Winthrop Boston Harbor.
S 28. Stamford, special race for 51, 30 and 20ft. classes of cutters and sloops.
M 31. Revere, Lynn Bay.
31. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
31. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 9th cham., Cohasset.
31. Royal Nova Scotia, squadron cruise, Halifax.
31. Fox Lake, club, Dr. Tooker's Cottage, Fox Lake, Ill.
S 31. Indian Harbor, annual, all classes except cabin catboats.
S 31. Sea Cliff, special, 30 and 25ft. classes, cabin catboats
July 31-Aug. 1. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Vallejo, San Francisco.

JULY.

Y. R. U. of Long Island Sound Racing Circuit:
3. Saturday. New Rochelle, annual regatta, for all classes
6. Tuesday, American, annual regatta, for all classes.
7. Wednesday. Riverside, annual race for schooners and all classes of sloops 30ft. and over.
Atlantic Y. C., cruise, Long Island Sound:
5. Rendezvous, Larchmont.
6. American, regatta, Milton Point.
7. Riverside, regatta, Riverside.
8 1st squadron run, Riverside to Black Rock.
9. 2d squadron run, Black Rock to Morris Cove
10. 3d squadron run, Morris Cove to New London.
11. Informal run, New London to Shelter Island.
12. Race off Shelter Island.
Inter-Lake Y. R. A. Meet, Put-In Bay, Lake Erie:
5. Rendezvous, Put In Bay.
6. 52ft., 42ft. and 37ft. classes.
7. 32ft. and 27ft. classes, catboats and launches.
8. Open, cup held by Zelma.
Lake Y. R. A. Circuit, Lake Ontario:
15. Cobourg.
19. Kingston.
23. Charlotte.
27. Hamilton.
29. Toronto.
31. Niagara.
Larchmont Race Week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound:
17. Open, all classes.
19. Special classes.
20. Rowing and launch races, water sports.
21. Open, all classes.
22. Smaller classes.
23. Schooners and smaller classes.
24. Open all classes.

AUGUST.

2. New York, cruise, rendezvous Glen Cove.
M 2 Burgess, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
2-3-4. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20ft class, trial races, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
M 3. Beverly, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
S 4. New Rochelle, special classes, 43ft. and under.
4-5-6 Cor. Marblehead, midsummer series, Massachusetts Bay.
5-6-7. Taunton, cruise to Newport, Taunton, Mass.
6. Absequan, invitation race, Atlantic City
7. Cor. Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Buffalo, club, Lake Erie.
S 7. Hempstead Harbor Club, annual, classes 43ft. and under.
M 7. Corinthian, off Marblehead.
7. Queen City, 22ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
7. Beverly, 3d cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
7. Wollaston, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
7. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 10th cham., Cohasset.
7. Roy. Canadian, 1st and 37ft. classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
7. Fox Lake, club, Island Fox Lake, Ill
7-8. Winthrop, cruise to Marblehead, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
7-14 Cor. San Francisco, summer cruise, San Francisco.
7. Royal Nova Scotia, knockabout class, Halifax.
10. Winthrop, evening race, Boston Harbor.
11. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
12. Miramich, Stewart pennant, Oak Point race.
M 13. East Gloucester, Gloucester Harbor.
M 14. Squam, Annisquam.
S 14 Horseshoe Harbor, club, annual, classes 26ft. and under.
14. Cor. Marblehead, 2d cham., Massachusetts Bay.
14. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
14. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
14. Winthrop, 2d cham., Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
14. Beverly, 4th cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
14. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 11th cham, Cohassett.
14. Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor.
14. Fox Lake, club, East side, Fox Lake, Ill.
14 Royal Nova Scotia, open, handicap, Halifax.
14-21. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20ft. class, Seawanhaka cup races, Dorval, Lake St Louis.
M 17. American, Newburyport
S 18. American, special, classes 43ft. and under
19. Winthrop, cruise to Weymouth, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
M 19-20-21 Quincy, series, Hull Bay, Boston Harbor.
S 21. Huguenot, annual, classes 43ft. and under.
21 Roy. Canadian, 27ft, 22ft. and skiff classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21. Roy. St. Lawrence, club, all classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
21. Beverly, A. M., Van Rensselaer cup, Marion, Buzzard's Bay.
P. M., 2d open.
21. Taunton, 1st cham., Taunton, Mass.
21. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 12th cham., Cohasset.
21. Queen City, 20ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21. Royal Nova Scotia, knockabout class, Halifax.
21. Burgess, 3d cham., Marblehead, Mass Bay.
23. Absequan, open, Atlantic City, Thoroughfare.
23. Rhode Island, annual open, Pawtuxet, Narragansett Bay.
24. Minnetonka, Interlake races, Lake Minnetonka.
25 Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.
S 25. Corinthian Fleet, special, 51, 30 and 20ft. classes.
M 26. Duxbury, Plymouth Bay.
26. Taunton, open, Taunton, Mass.

M 27. Kingston, Plymouth Bay.
28. Cor. Marblehead, 3d cham., Massachusetts Bay.
28. Buffalo, 27ft. and smaller classes, Lake Erie.
28. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
28. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
M 28. Plymouth, Plymouth Bay.
28. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
28. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 13th cham., Cohasset.
28. Royal Nova Scotia, open, handicap, Halifax.
28. 3d cham., Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
S 28. Huntington, annual, classes 51ft and under.
28-29. Cor., San Francisco, cruise, McNear's, San Francisco.
M 30. Cape Cod, Provincetown Harbor.
M 31. Wellfleet, Wellfleet Harbor.

THE completion of the first steam pilot boat in the present year of grace, 1897, marks another epoch in the history of naval design. The history of the American, and especially the New York, pilot boat is very similar to that of the American yacht. At one time, nearly half a century ago, both were renowned for their speed and other good qualities, which placed them far ahead of the vessels of all other nations. The fame of the schooner yacht America, practically a modified pilot boat, was almost equaled by that of Mary Taylor and the other famous pilot boats designed by George Steers. The models of these vessels, yacht and pilot boat alike, were copied by foreign builders in both new and old vessels. The reputation so well earned by George Steers and his contemporaries was by no means upheld by their immediate successors, and for many years the American pilot boat shared with the American shoal sloop and schooner the hearty condemnation of impartial experts. There was in the later boats no trace whatever of the ability, ingenuity and individuality that characterized the America and other craft of her day, but on the other hand, builders were content with a blind copying of stereotyped features, with no better guide than prejudice and tradition. The same methods which produced the old centerboard sloop or schooner, shoal, wide, badly ballasted and wretchedly rigged, produced the regular New York pilot boat. Both were lamentably deficient in the essentials of a good ship, and yet both were considered by their builders and owners as the most perfect craft of their kind ever floated. Boston gave way in course of time to the advance of improvement, and her pilot fleet was greatly improved through the efforts of the late D. J. Lawlor, who has left a fitting monument in the pilot boat Hesper No. 5; but New York clung to the last to the old models of both yacht and pilot boat.

It is now twelve years since the change came in yachting and the designer was finally recognized in his true place, so long accorded to the builder. For fourteen years before, from 1871 to 1885, the first American designer, Mr. A. Cary Smith, had been turning out vessels far superior to those of the rule-o'-thumb builders; Vindex, White Cap, Madcap, Intrepid, Norna, Fortuna, and the most famous of all, the sloop Mischief, all from his board, had borne testimony to the value of technical training and systematic work in designing; but it was not until the great success of Puritan, the work of another designer, that American yachtsmen as a class recognized the two distinct functions of designing and building, and did due honor to an American designer. The innumerable successes of American designers in the field of sailing yachts from that day to this has settled the matter forever, and to the advantage of both parties; a new profession, of yacht designing, has sprung up, and at the same time the builders have prospered far more than under the old system.

It is not a little surprising that the success of the different big schooner yachts should never have induced the pilots to go to the same source for a design; but such is the case. As long as wooden pilot schooners were in vogue about New York no attempt whatever was made to improve the very defective models, or to bring them back to the high standard established by George Steers. Vessel after vessel was built of the same ancient model, and with the same stereotyped faults.

The day of the sailing pilot schooner passed in due time, the old fleet giving way to steel and steam, as was inevitable, and with it came a change of policy on the part of the owners, the New York and New Jersey pilots. In the natural order of things it would have been a matter of course for them to intrust the production of the new craft to some firm renowned for the construction of tugboats, car-floats or steam canal barges, leaving the design to take care of itself. Far from this being the case, however, the pilots have shown themselves fully up to the times, in that from the inception of the first definite idea of a new vessel they have placed the matter entirely in the hands of a competent naval architect. Long before it was known who was to build the vessel, all details of the design were decided upon in conferences with Mr. A. Cary Smith, the exact conditions of the proposed work, about New York Harbor and outside Sandy Hook, being laid before him. The complete plans and specifications were prepared by Mr. Smith before bids were asked from the different builders.

While only practical work at sea can test the exact merits of the new craft, she has thus far in her trial trips more than met the expectations of her designer and owners, and there is every reason to anticipate that she will prove a complete success.

The fight for the recognition of the designer as not only equal to but preceding the builder, was first begun in the FOREST AND STREAM nearly twenty years ago. Slow and discouraging as the progress was for many years, we have at last had the satisfaction of seeing full honor accorded to the designer of sailing vessels, while one of the leading yacht designers has won, in his first attempts, a wonderful triumph over the rule-o'-thumb builders in the production of the great Sound steamers Peck and Lowell. Now the pilots have fallen in line on the side of the designer. It is not too much to hope that before many years the yacht designer will be as fully recognized in the field of steam as of sail in this country, as he has long been in Europe; and that the process of producing a steam yacht by altering and patching up old blueprints, and of building the engines from the old junk of the pattern loft, will give place to such exact and systematic methods as are recognized as essential in the case of sailing yachts.

THE racing of the past week has added little to the numbers or reputation of the new 20ft. class. The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. race on June 26 found but five boats at the line—Shark, Skate, Arauca, Keneu and Asthore. The Crane boats, Pioneer, Momo and Al-Anka, had not arrived, in fact, the former had not been shipped, and it is reported that she will not come to New York. Arauca, William Williard Howard's new boat, arrived at Oyster Bay on Friday night by rail from Clayton, on the St. Lawrence. She was hastily launched and rigged, starting in the race at noon next day. A few minutes of pounding in the moderate sea smashed and wrung her hull so badly that it is very doubtful whether she can be made serviceable for smooth-water sailing, and she can never be made safe in a little sea. Her beam of 10ft., with canoe planking and a heavy steel board, account for her speedy dissolution.

The honors on Saturday went to the new Huntington boat Skate, another freak of most extreme type, in a breeze and sea she repeated the performances under similar conditions of the old Question, beating the fin-keel Shark very badly. At the same time it is doubtful whether she will be an even all-round boat, fast in light weather, such as usually prevails in the Sound races. The other Huntington boat, Keneu, gave up, as did Asthore.

In Monday's race only Shark and Asthore started. The former sailed very fast, judged by larger boats sailing the same course, while Asthore was beaten 7 minutes. The coming week will see several additions to the fleet, and presumably more regular racing as a class.

IT is reported that a movement is now under way among the numerous small yacht clubs of Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois for the formation of an association on the lines of those existing in other parts of the country.

THE winner of the Emperor's cup in the race from Dover to Heligoland was the yawl Freda, formerly Constance, designed by Dixon Kemp and built by A. E. Payne in 1885 for C. W. Prescott-Westcar.

The Swedish Jubilee Regatta.

ROYAL SWEDISH Y. C.

Stockholm, July 7–14.

THE programme for the regatta of the Royal Swedish Y. C. is as follows:

July 7.—Meeting of yachts at Stockholm; at 8 o'clock P. M. supper at Hasselbacken, price 5 kr. a head.

July 8.—Sailing of the yachts for Sandhamn; in the evening reception in the new club house at Sandhamn; to this reception will be invited members of the Royal Swedish Y. C., residing outside of Stockholm, as well as all on board of the racing yachts present members of recognized foreign yacht clubs and of Swedish yacht clubs stationed outside Stockholm.

July 9.—Race on the Kauholm fiord, about 4 miles from Sandhamn, for classes 2–6; the racing course about 10 miles, will be sailed twice round by classes 2–4, and once by classes 5–6; after the race a trip to Saltsjabaden will eventually be arranged.

July 10.—Race for the Jubilee cup of His Majesty, King Oscar II., open to yachts not exceeding 2.5 rating with a waterline length not exceeding 7.20 meters; the racing course is 10 miles, and will be sailed once round.

July 11.—(*a*) Race at sea outside of Sandhamn, open to yachts belonging to classes 1–2; special races for yachts built prior to 1890; the racing course 20 miles, will be sailed once.

(*b*) Race on the Kauholm fiord for classes 3–6; special race for yachts built prior to 1890 and belonging to class 3; the racing course will be sailed twice round by classes 3–4, and once by classes 5–6.

July 12.—Race at sea outside of Sandhamn for all classes.

(*a*) Classes 1-3 will race on an outer course of 20 miles, which will be sailed twice round by Class 1 and once by classes 2-3.

(*b*) Classes 4-6 will race over an inner course of 5 miles, which will be sailed twice round.

July 13.—Mainly the same sort of races as on July 11, but no special races for "senior yachts," towing of the yachts up to Stockholm in the evening.

July 14.—At 11 o'clock in the forenoon race for small coast traders. Raslagsskutor outside of Saltsjabaden. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon banquet, with distribution of prizes at Hasselbacken under the presidence of His Majesty King Oscar II.; to this banquet will be invited, besides other guests of honor, owners of all Norwegian and foreign yachts having partaken in the races. Other members of recognized yacht clubs and naval officers are entitled to partake in the banquet for a price of 30kr. each person.

GENERAL RULES.

The races are to be arranged, sailed and decided in accordance with the sailing rules, rating rules and time allowance tables of the Royal Swedish Y. C., whose rating rule reads as follows:

$$\frac{L. \times S.A.}{131} = \text{Rating length in meters.}$$

and sail area in square meters. Yachts are measured with no crew on board.

CLASSES.

The prizes will consist of particularly precious pieces of silver, several of them valued above 1,000kr. One prize will be given for every three yachts racing.

Communication by steamer.—A large steamer, Bare, is chartered by the Royal Swedish Y. C., and will on racing days, in the morning, sail from Stockholm for Sandhamn in order to afford opportunities to see the races for members of the R. S. Y. C. and of other yacht clubs partaking in the races. Ticket for the day 3kr. excl. of meals, etc.

The Atlantic Y. C. Improvement.

THE work of removing and re-establishing the Atlantic Y. C. in its new station at Sea Gate, Norton's Point, is now well under way, and under active and efficient management; by the beginning of next season the club will be in possession of such a station as has long been needed at the port of New York. It has long been evident that there was no place on the Upper Bay suitable for a yacht station and anchorage. The New York Y. C. many years ago gave up the last of several costly and unsuccessful attempts to establish a suitable station on the Staten Island shore just inside the Narrows; the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was compelled reluctantly to abandon the Bay for Long Island Sound, and the Atlantic Y. C. has had good reason to be dissatisfied with its present Bay Ridge station, the best on the Bay, but very bad at that.

Outside the Narrows there is nothing to the westward; inside the West Bank are miles of sandy shoals extending the entire length of the Staten Island shore. To the eastward there is deeper water, but the shore is even more exposed, being, with the exception of Gravesend Bay, directly open to the sea. The one practicable location for a yacht station is at Norton's Point, the westerly end of Coney Island, where deep water may be had, and the construction of basins and breakwaters is possible.

This spot has long been considered by yachtsmen; the question of a station there has been discussed more than once by the New York Y. C., and the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. examined the location very carefully in 1887, just prior to the move to Oyster Bay. The one serious objection was the lack of transportation facilities, making it necessary that a club located there should run its own steamer between New York and the Point. Most fortunately for the Atlantic Y. C., the march of improvement has settled this question satisfactorily; the Point has recently been taken up by an improvement company, which will establish regular communication with the city and build up a villa colony on the sea front. Satisfactory arrangements have been made between the club and the company for the leasing of land, with privilege of ultimate purchase, and the plans have been prepared for an extensive system of improvements which will give the club one of the finest and most eligible yachting stations in the country. The following circular has been sent out by the committee:

Acting under the authority given by you at the annual meeting, the Board of Trustees appointed a committee to secure the plot of land at Norton's Point and to make all necessary arrangements looking toward the removal of the club station by the opening of the season of 1898.

After several interviews with the officers of the Norton Point Land Company, who met the committee in the most liberal spirit, the westerly point of land, 350×250ft., was secured, and the option for three years from May 1, 1897, obtained of the easterly plot of land of about the same size, making the entire plot 650×250ft., together with all their riparian rights.

This action was ratified by the Board of Trustees, and the contract signed by the chairman, J. Rogers Maxwell, and the secretary of the club, thereby securing the land.

The company has given out the contract for the necessary bulkheading and filling, which is to be completed by November; but the erection of the club house, basins, piers, etc., can be commenced at any earlier date.

The committee are of the opinion, and this opinion is shared by the flag officers and trustees, that it may be desirable that the old club house should be sold or removed to the new site, and a new house erected suitable for the future needs of the club, and conforming to the advantages of the site. The determination of this question is left to the action of this committee. They have carefully estimated the expense, and present to you the financial plan of same. It remains for the members to say whether we shall have the new house and improvements, or be compelled to move the old house to the new site and therewith be content.

It may be desirable to secure the easterly plot of land, and to build on the westerly plot, in order that the basin may be erected in front of the easterly plot, thereby giving an unobstructed view from the club house on the westerly site.

To accomplish all we desire will necessitate an outlay of about $65,000.

It is proposed to raise this amount partly by loan on bond and mortgage on the property, and partly by bonds to be secured by second mortgage; the latter to be subscribed for by the members. These bonds will be protected by lands, buildings, basin, etc., valued at $75,000, and which in a few years will be of still greater value.

Before closing any contract it is necessary for the committee to know that the amount required will be promptly subscribed for, and your generous response to the enclosed application is confidently expected.

This is issued by authority of the flag officers and board of trustees, and upon the general and liberal character of the responses will be determined the nature of the improvements.

It is expected that every member will be sufficiently interested to subscribe for at least one of the bonds, and as many more as he feels able to do. In case the issue is over-subscribed for, the allotment will be with the view expressed, viz., to have every member a bondholder.

The bonds will be in denominations of $500 and $100 each, principal payable in five years; interest at 5 per cent., payable semi annually; principal and interest secured by mortgage as stated.

The time is limited. The committee have given much thought and labor to the work, and much remains to be done. They are willing to do their part toward creating the finest located and most comfortable yachting station in the world.

It now remains for you to do your part.

Please respond promptly, in order that the necessary plans can be prepared at once and the work pushed vigorously to completion.

The committee will most cheerfully give any further information desired upon application.

N. D. LAWTON, Chairman, 40 Wall street,
J. FRED ACKERMAN, 66-68 Duane street,
THOMAS L. WATSON, 55 Broadway,
Committee.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. Ross Cup.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS

Saturday, June 19.

THE fourth Ross series race was sailed on June 19. There was a very light air from south to eastward, and the start was postponed for half an hour in the hope that it would increase sufficiently to enable the boats to stem the current. The boats got away in a bunch after the gun was fired, in the following order: Glenowen, Shirley Davidson; Millie, Rev. Hy. Kittson; Avoca, G. H. Duggan; Islander, Arthur Hamilton; Rogue, J. C. C. Almon; Maida, H. B. Young.

Avoca, with a spinaker spilling into her reaching jib, drew out of the bunch in the first quarter of a mile, passed the fleet and began to work up a lead which kept on increasing throughout the race. Rogue and Millie came into contact on the first leg, aud double protests were the result.

The first round was completed as follows:

Avoca	4 47 00	Millie	4 54 32
Glenowen	4 50 20	Maida	4 52 20
Rogue	4 53 05	Islander	4 52 00

The second round was uneventful, except the time between the different boats was pulled out a little, and the race was completed as follows:

Avoca	5 42 13	Millie	5 52 05
Glenowen	5 53 05	Maida	5 60 35
Rogue	5 55 20	Islander	6 12 00

The standing of the boats in the series by points is now as follows:

	Points.		Points.
Avoca	77	Islander	50
Rogue	62	Maida	43
Glenowen	56	Millie	33

Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia—Baine Cup.

ESSINGTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, June 19.

THE Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia sailed a race on June 19 for yachts of the 30ft. class, for a silver cup offered by Alexander Baine. The course was from the club pier to Red Spar Buoy No. 38, thence to the Spar Buoy southeast of Chester Island, thence to Black and Red Buoy west of Little Tinicum Island and return to starting line.

The wind was S.S.W., fresh, and the times were:

Start 3:07.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lenni Lenape	4 57 30	1 50 30	1 50 16
Flirt	5 01 20	1 54 20	1 52 43
Dawn	5 00 34	1 53 24	1 53 43

Philadelphia Y. C.

TINICUM—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, June 19.

THE Philadelphia Y. C. sailed a race on June 19 in a strong S.S.W. wind, the times being:

Start 3:00.	1st round.	2d round.	Finish.
Vagabond	4 01 34	4 46 11	5 28 36
Daw	4 07 21	4 56 01	5 50 50
Coryphee	4 06 33	Disabled.	
Vinn	4 09 18	Disabled.	
Claribel	4 12 22	Disabled.	
Iona	4 20 00	Disabled.	

Daw and Coryphee were in collision, the latter having her side stove in.

Larchmont Y. C. Spring Regatta.

THE winner in the 25ft. sloop class of the Larchmont Y. C. spring regatta, on June 19, was Quantuck, and not Vaquero I., as first announced. The official times are:

Quantuck, 24.63ft. racing length; Vaquero, 22.96ft. racing length; Quantuck allows Vaquero 5m. 20s. The starting hour was 1h. 15m. Homeward, first round, Quantuck, 2h. 17m. 58s.; Vaquero, 2h. 28m. 7s.; finish, Quantuck, 3h. 21m. 5s.; Vaquero, 3h. 36m. 54s.; elapsed time, Quantuck, 2h. 6m. 5s.; Vaquero, 2h. 21m. 54s.; corrected time, Quantuck, 2h. 6m. 5s.; Vaquero, 2h. 17m. 34s.. The Quantuck wins by 11m. 29s. on corrected time.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. Annual Regatta.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 26.

Y. R. U. RULES.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. sailed its twenty-seventh annual regatta on June 26 in exceptionally fine weather, a clear, bright day, with a lively breeze from N.W. by W., making a quick and exciting race. There were no thunder squalls, calms, fogs or other drawbacks of yacht racing, but fast and even sailing in a good working breeze. There was a good list of starters, thirty-five in all; but, as usual, they were of many classes, with few boats in each. The race was sailed under the Sound Y. R. U. rules, with the regular Seawanhaka prizes in all classes of schooners, cutters, sloops and cats, to which were added the following special prizes:

The Leland Corinthian challenge cup, open for competition to members of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. only, for this season offered in the 20ft. class of sloops. The winner of this cup in the annual corinthian race and in each subsequent contest will receive a prize recording the names of the competitors.

Center Memorial Prize.—A permanent fund has been established in memory of the late Com. Robert Center, a portion of the annual income from which, amounting to $50, is to be invested in a prize to be competed for annually in corinthian races between yachts not over 30ft. load waterline length. It is offered this year in this race in the 20ft. class of sloops.

COMMODORE'S PRIZES.

(*d*) Com. Rouse offered the following special prizes: First, a prize open to all schooners; second, a prize open to sloops of the first class; third, a prize open to sloops from the 70ft, class to the 43ft. class (inclusive).

The following special conditions will govern the award of these prizes:

1. The measurement for time allowance will be computed according to the following formula:

$$\frac{3A+B+C+L.W.L.+\sqrt{S.A.}}{2}=R.L.$$

A=Excess of draft over $1.4\sqrt{L.W.L.}$

B=Excess of over all length above 1.33 (L.W.L.).

C=Excess of $\sqrt{\text{sail}}$ area above 1.05 (L.W.L.).

2. Yachts must sail in cruising trim, defined as follows:

Cabin, galley and deck furniture and fittings and equipment to be in place, two anchors and full lengths of chain on board, at least one anchor on the bow with cable bent; full complement of cruising boats on deck, but not including naphtha launches; lug foresails barred on schooners and club-topsails barred on schooners, cutters, sloops and yawls.

Conformity with these requirements to be subject to the inspection and determination of the race committee.

The right is reserved to withdraw any one of these prizes for which there are less than three entries.

(*e*) Individual prizes will be given to the Corinthian members of crews on winning yachts, whenever all or all except one of the crew are amateurs.

COURSES.

1. For schooners and the first, 70, 60, 51 and 43ft. classes of cutters the Sound triangular course—from the starting line N.W. by N. 5 miles, around a mark about one mile S.b.W. from Greenwich Point, keeping it on the starboard hand; thence E ½N. 5 miles around a mark about 1¾ miles off Long Neck Point, keeping it on the starboard hand; thence S.S.W. 5 miles around the stakeboat, keeping it on the starboard hand: course to be sailed over twice, 30 nautical miles.

2. For 36 and 30ft. classes of sloops, cutters, yawls and catboats, the Shippan triangular course—from the starting line due north 5 miles around Cow's Buoy, keeping it on the starboard hand; thence E ½S. 2 miles around a mark about 1¾ miles off Long Neck Point, keeping it on the starboard hand; thence S. S. W. 5 miles around the stakeboat, keeping it on the starboard hand; course to be sailed over twice, 24 nautical miles.

3. For 25ft. class, once over Sound triangular course, 15 miles.

4. For 20 and 15ft. classes, once over Shippan triangular course, 12 miles.

The rowing races at Poughkeepsie had attracted many of the yachts and the big race finished only on the preceding evening, Colonia took a tug at once, Com. Postley and family being on board, and towed all night in order to reach Oyster Bay for the start. She arrived in time, but found only Amorita and Iroquois; Emerald was under way through the day sailing with the fleet, but she did not start. Vigilant was in harbor, but went out only to follow the race, having no competitor. Bedouin also was alone in her class, but sailed the race. Queen Mab likewise sailed alone in her class. Wasp had a new competitor, the 46ft. fin-keel Carmita, designed by Waterhouse and built by Lawley & Son in 1893; and thus far anything but a success as far as speed is concerned. She has recently been purchased by W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who brought her on from New London solely to enter this race. Mr. J. F. Tams sailed her, with a Corinthian crew picked up on the day of the race, he having never sailed on her before, and, strange to say, in his long yachting experience, never having steered anything but a small boat with a tiller. In order to make a race between her and Wasp, Mr. Lippitt agreed to give a handicap of 7m. for the 30 miles, a very fair allowance under the conditions. The result was a complete surprise, Carmita sailing a good race and almost beating Wasp on even time. She was handicapped by an unusual accident at the start. In some unexplained way a copy of the instructions for 1896 was given out to her at the club house and she made a very good start according to the directions there given, but ahead of her proper gun, being recalled. There was then an uncertainty as to what to do, the result being that she was late for her proper gun.

The 20ft. class had four starters, this being the first race of the Howard boat Arauca. The two Crane boots, Al-Anka and Momo, had been shipped from Boston the day before, of course not arriving in time. The Crane fin-keel, Pioneer, will probably not come to New York at all, having proved less speedy than the other two.

The club steamer, the unreliable and irresponsible Dunderberg, chose this particular occasion, as she has done before, for one of her periodic sprees, and on being tested by the Government inspectors a day or two before disclosed a number of badly leaking tubes, so that she was temporarily disabled. It was necessary to press a couple of launches into service between the railway station and the club house, and the committee sent word to Rear-Com. Van Liew that his steam yacht Aquilo was needed as a committee boat. She was at Poughkeepsie for the races, and was only able to reach Oyster Bay at 12:30, or half an hour after the advertised time of the start.

The morning brought a fine N.W. by W. breeze, and by good luck it held until nightfall, so that the delay in the start was of no consequence. The preparatory was fired at 12:55, and the start for the schooners at 1. Colonia, Iroquois and Amorita, each alone in her class, were placed in one class for the Rouse prize under Mr. Cox's formula. Iroquois was first over the line, on port tack, standing out to the middle of the Sound, Colonia and Amorita crossing on starboard tack and standing along the Center Island shore. There was a lively little lop and plenty of wind, though all carried jib headers only. The rest of the fleet were sent off in divisions, by the Y. R. U. signals. Before Amorita had gone far on her way her dolphin-striker doubled up and she was compelled to light up her headsails and abandon the race. When about a mile from the first mark, Iroquois took a puff and rolled down until her light sails, on deck amidship, slid to leeward and washed out of the scuppers into the drink. She did not stop to pick them, though in the heap were her balloon maintopmast staysail, working maintopmast staysail and large jibtopsail, but hailed with the megaphone the steam yacht Orienta, E. H. Ladew, the only yacht near by. Some time was lost, in the strong wind, in attracting the attention of those on the Orienta, but when they understood the trouble they promptly headed for the sails, visible on the water. Before they reached them the ballooner had sunk, but the other two were recovered. Without these sails on the reach, Iroquois had no chance against Colonia, even with some 13 minutes of allowance.

The 20-footer Arauca soon came to grief in the sea, though it was nothing more than any good canoe should stand. She is 10ft. wide and very shoal; her bottom, in spite of a slight S section, being to all intents flat; in construction she is little better than a canoe, the planking being about 3-16in. thick, with very light frames. She pounded until her garboards were smashed in on each side just forward of the mast; while the topsides wrung until the planking was split and the fastenings started. She of course filled and was compelled to withdraw. The Huntington boat Kenue also gave up. The other Huntington boat, Skate, an extreme of flatness and ugliness, simply stood on one edge and slid along at a great pace, with her crew of three big men stretched along the weather plankshear; she sailed a fast race and easily beat Shark. Asthore started but withdrew.

Gossoon dropped a man overboard, but picked him up safely, however she withdrew.

The larger yachts had the first leg dead to windward, with reaching over the other legs; the smaller also beat across to the first mark of their course, reaching on the other two legs, no spinakers being set during the day. The first round was timed:

Colonia	2 37 07	Veda	2 52 28
Iroquois	2 46 44	Queen Mab	2 54 49
Vaquero III	2 49 52	Wasp	3 00 45
Surprise	2 51 00	Carmita	3 09 15
Wa Wa	2 51 48	Bedouin	3 02 02
Musme	2 51 53	Syce	3 04 23
Hera	2 52 28	Paprika	3 39 45
Skate	3 07 43	Houri	3 52 08
Shark	3 14 51	Vaquero I.	3 54 52
Jester	3 38 15		

The final times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—95FT. CLASS.			
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	3 00 23	3 00 23
SCHOONERS—85FT CLASS.			
Iroquois, H. C Rouse	82.28	3 25 38	3 25 38
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	Disabled.		
CUTTERS—FIRST CLASS.			
Bedouin, J. M. Mitchell	73.11	3 51 10	3 51 10
70FT. CLASS.			
Queen Mab, N. L. Francis	63.28	3 34 30	3 34 30
60FT. CLASS.			
Wasp, H. F. Lippett	54.97	3 50 45	3 50 45
Carmita, W. K Vanderbilt, Jr	54.36	3 51 14	3 44 14
51FT. CLASS.			
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	3 58 36	3 58 36
Uvira, Clifford Brokaw	47.60	4 16 41	4 11 32
Gossoon, P. T. Dodge	47.83	Did xot finish.	
43FT. CLASS.			
Narota, D B. Burnham	41.89	4 18 00	4 18 00
Indolent, S. V. R. Cruger	37.02	Withdrew.	
36FT. CLASS.			
Surprise, H. D. Baird	34.68	3 27 04	3 27 04
Acushla, H. W. Hanan	....	Withdrew.	
30FT. CLASS.			
Hera, R. N Ellis	30.00	3 31 40	3 31 40
Wa Wa, James Stillman	30.00	3 30 17	3 30 17
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	30.00	Withdrew.	
Vaquero III, H. Duryea	30.00	3 28 18	3 28 18
Musme, J. B MacDonough	30.00	Withdrew.	
25FT. CLASS.			
Vaquero I, W. G. Brokaw	22.96	2 39 52	2 35 59
Nameless, R. C. Wetmore	24.92	2 52 33	2 52 33
Celia, C. A. Gould	22.92	Withdrew.	
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr	22.92	2 37 08	2 32 30
20FT. CLASS.			
Arauca, W W. Howard	19.50	Withdrew.	
Keneu, M. Clark	19.43	Withdrew.	
Skate, Irving Cox	19.72	1 52 43	1 52 43
Shark, Colgate Hoyt	19.96	1 59 51	1 59 51
Asthore, P. T. Dodge	....	Withdrew.	
15FT. CLASS.			
Paprika, Stevens Bros	15.00	2 24 45	2 24 45
ROUSE CUP FOR SCHOONERS.			
Colonia, C A Postley	16.07	3 00 23	3 00 23
Amorita, W. G Brokaw	83.09	Broke down.	
Iroquois, H. C. Rouse	80.23	3 25 38	3 11 08
ROUSE CUP FOR CUTTERS.			
Wasp, H. F. Lippitt	73.15	3 50 45	3 50 45
Queen Mab, N. L Francis	65 49	3 34 30	3 27 22
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	63.77	3 58 36	3 49 42
Carmita, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.	72.13	3 51 14	3 50 24
Uvira, Clifford Brokaw	54.80	4 16 41	3 57 06
Norota, D. B. Burnham	52.05	4 18 00	3 54 32
Indolent, S. V. R. Cruger	....	Withdrew.	
Gossoon, P. T. Dodge	....	Withdrew.	
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.			
Volsung, De Forrest Bros	28.70	3 57 20	3 55 08
Dosoris II, G P. Vail	29.55	4 02 40	4 02 40
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Win or Lose, J S. Appleby	23.75	3 02 18	3 02 18
Ada, Franklin M. Warner	21.67	Withdrew.	
MIXED YAWL CLASS.			
Jester Eugene N. Robinson	26.67	3 38 15	3 38 15
Zahra, William H. Browning	....	4 16 51	.. .. ..

Under the Cox formula the allowances were as follows: In the schooner class Colonia allowed Amorita 13m. 21s., and Iroquois 14m. 30s. over a 30-mile course; while Wasp allowed Carmita 52s., Queen Mab 7m. 8s., Syce 8m. 54s., Uvira 19m. 35s., and Norota 23m. 28s. over the same course.

The obj ct of the formula was to offer opportunities for racing to yachts of the old type, in which draft, overhang and sail area are not carried to the extreme. The owners of these yachts, however, did not avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered them, in spite of the exceptionally handsome prizes presented by Com. Rouse to induce a practical test. Iroquois was the only vessel of the old type to start in the schooner division, and with her smaller measurement, even a quarter of an hour is too little to enable her to beat Colonia. In the larger class of cutters only Bedouin started, so the Rouse prize was not awarded; in the smaller class Queen Mab, a modern boat, but of very moderate proportions in overheng, draft and sail area, won from Wasp and Carmita.

The three prizes were: for the schooners an elaborate after-dinner coffee service in silver and fine china; for the larger cutters a "Raines Law cabinet," so called, a large case of polished oak, with an outfit of bottles, glasses, corkscrew, etc., a drawer for cards and poker chips and another drawer for cigars. The prizes for the smaller cutters was an imitation marine glass, in silver, each side being a flask, with silver cup as a cap, the whole being carried in the usual leather case.

The race was managed by Messrs. Wetmore, Sherman and Kerr, of the committee.

Columbia Y. C., Michigan City Race.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, June 19.

THE annual Michigan City race of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, from that port to the former, was sailed on June 19 in very bad weather, the race being practically a drift over the thirty-three miles, the yachts arriving all through the night. The race was started in a calm at 1 P. M., some of the yachts towing out to the line and only going over by dint of their headway. The fin-keel Vanenna, sailed by Capt. Barbour, who was a quartermaster on Defender, won easily in her class, but finished by running into a dock at Michigan City. The schooner Mistral came for the line in the lead of her opponent, but took the ground and had to be hauled off. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allowance.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—STEFFENS CUP.					
Mistral	1 10 00	Disqual'd.	.. .. ..	Scr	.. .. ..
Toxteth	1 10 00	11 20 40	10 10 40	4 20	10 06 20
SLOOPS—PECK CUP—FIRST, SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH CLASSES.					
Vanenna	1 04 20	9 15 10	8 10 50	Scr.	8 10 50
Charlotte R.	1 10 00	9 43 45	8 33 45	9 44	8 24 01
Peri	1 10 00	11 20 20	10 10 20	35 48	9 34 32
Genevieve	1 10 00	11 40 50	10 30 50	28 13	9 52 37
Blade	1 10 00	12 01 40	10 51 40	37 21	10 14 19
Wizard	1 10 00	Not taken.	.. .. ..	49 25	.. .. ..
Arline	1 10 00	Not taken.	.. .. ..	Not computed.	
MICHIGAN CITY CUP—TIME PRIZE.					
Vanenna	1 04 20	9 15 10	8 10 50	Sc.	8 10 50
Mistral	1 10 00	Disqualified.		7 25	
Toxteth	1 10 00	11 20 40	10 10 40	12 15	9 58 25
Charlotte R.	1 10 00	9 43 45	8 43 45	9 44	8 24 01
Peri	1 10 00	11 20 20	10 10 20	35 48	9 34 32
Blade	1 10 00	12 01 40	10 51 40	37 21	10 14 19
Genevieve	1 10 00	11 40 50	10 30 50	38 13	9 52 37
Wizard	1 10 00	Not taken.		49 25	
Vixen	1 10 01	12 09 20	10 59 20	53 03	10 06 17
Arline	1 10 01	Not taken.		Not computed.	

Toxteth wins the Steffen's cup for schooners, Peri wins a handsome shield, the first prize in class 2; the second prize, marine glasses, going to Genevieve. Vixen wins in fourth class, with Arline or Wizard second, the times being in dispute, as both yachts finished very late at night.

Unless disqualified on protest for measurement, Vanenna wins the Peck cup, for which she already holds a leg, giving her permanent ownership; the Michigan City cup, for best elapsed time, and the Berriman cup, for her own class.

The late arrival of the fleet disarranged the plans of the Michigan City yachtsmen for a hospitable reception. Next day the fleet started home in a strong north wind which dismasted the new fin-keel Blade and also Arline. The latter was towed back to Michigan City and remained there for repairs, but Blade was taken in tow of the club steam and towed the remaining 30 miles with her crew still on board, in a breeze and sea.

Several steam yachts and steamers followed the yachts both ways.

Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

The new club book of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron shows a membership of 285 and a fleet of 37 yachts. The club has arranged a very full programme of races for the season, as follows:

June 5—Open to all yachts of the squadron, Col. Isaacson's R. A. cup and squadron prizes. Start, 2:30; course, 4 miles; time limit, 4 hours; officers of the day, Com. and Lieut.-Col. Collings.

June 12—Open to yachts of one-design knockabout class, squadron prizes. Start, 2:30; course, 7 miles; time limit, 4½ hours; officers of the day, Vice-Com. and W. H. Troop.

June 19—Open to all yachts of the squadron, Russell cup and squadron prizes. Start, 1:30; course, 2 miles; time limit, 5½ hours; officers of the day, Rear-Com. and C. E. Willis.

June 26—Open to yachts of one-design, knockabout class, squadron prizes. Start, 2:30; course, 7 miles; time limit, 4½ hours; officers of the day, G. C. Hart and Lieut.-Col. Anstruther, R. A.

July 3, Handicap—Open to yachts of the squadron of special 3-rating class, Edward's cup and squadron prizes. Start, 2:30; course, 4 miles; time limit, 4 hours; officers of the day, J. W. Stairs and W. B. Slayter, M. D.

July 10—Open to all yachts of the squadron, squadron prizes. Start, 1:30; course, 2 miles; time limit, 5½ hours; officers of the day, C. J. Wylde and Col. Isaacson, R. A.

July 17—Open to yachts of one-design knockabout class, squadron prizes. Start, 2:30; course, 7 miles; time limit, 4 hours; officers of the day, F. S. West and F. K. Warren.

July 24—Open to all yachts of recognized yacht clubs, Wenonah cup and squadron prizes. Start, 11 A. M.; course, 6 miles; time limit, 9 hours; officers of the day, J. F. Stairs and Wm. Black.

July 31—Squadron cruise.

Aug. 7—Open to yachts of one design, knockabout class, squadron prizes. Start, 2:30; course, 7 miles; time limit, 4 hours; officers of the day, W. G. Jones and J. P. Knight.

Aug. 14—Handicap, open to all yachts of the squadron, Hesslein cup and squadron prizes. Start, 1:30; course, 2 miles; time limit, 5½ hours; officers of the day, L. J. Hesslein and F. C. Stimpson.

Aug. 21—Open to yachts of one design, knockabout class, squadron prizes. Start, 2:30; course, 7 miles; time limit, 4 hours; officers of the day, Lieut. Crichton, R.A., and Thos. Forhan.

Aug. 28—Handicap, open to all yachts of the squadron, ladies' cup and squadron prizes. Start, 2:30; course, 4 miles; time limit, 4 hours; officers of the day, J. N. Duffus and Lieut.-Col. Anstruther, R.A.

Sept. 4—Open to yachts of one design, knockabout class, squadron prizes. Start, 2:30; course, 7 miles; time limit, 4 hours; officers of the day, A. W. Cogswell and Capt. Fitz-Herbert.

Sept. 11—Handicap, open to all yachts of the squadron, Surgeon-Major G. E. Weston's cups and squadron prizes. Start, 2:30; course, 3 miles; time limit, 4 hours; officers of the day, Commodore and Capt. Chase.

No second prize will be awarded unless at least three yachts start. No third prize will be awarded unless at least four yachts start.

During the season prizes will be offered by the Squadron for a race between the boats of H. M. ships in port.

A prize will be presented by Rear-Com. J. E. Butler to the knockabout winning the greatest number of first places in the knockabout class races.

A pewter will be presented by the secretary to the helmsman scoring the greatest number of points in the knockabout class races during the season. In each race each helmsman shall score one point in excess of the number of boats he has beaten.

Royal Canadian Y. C.—Queen's Cup Race.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

Monday, June 21.

LAKE Y. R. A. RULES.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. sailed its annual race for the Queen's cup on June 21 in a fresh southwest wind, the course being on Lake Ontario. The times were:

Start 10:02	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Aggie	12 36 04	2 34 04	2 16 36
Zelma	12 41 22	2 39 22	2 21 32
Frou Frou	1 30 15	3 28 15	2 23 13
Vivia	12 49 10	2 47 10	2 23 33
Oriole	12 28 55	2 26 55	2 26 55
Vedette	12 59 02	2 57 02	2 27 22
Lady Adeline	1 35 58	3 33 58	2 27 34
Kittie Lou	1 35 31	3 36 31	2 28 22
Bat	1 50 51	3 48 51	2 42 28
Mirage	1 25 42	3 23 42	2 43 11
Wona	1 41 07	3 42 07	3 01 39
Euroclydon	2 03 30	4 01 30	3 08 04

Oriole grounded her board at the east buoy and entered a protest on the ground that the mark was improperly placed, in too shoal water. The race committee upheld the protest and ordered the race resailed.

Atlantic Y. C. Adams Cups.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK BAY.

Wednesday, June 23.

THE race for the Adams cups, postponed from June 5, was sailed on June 23 over courses in the Upper Bay, the starters being: Eidolon, James Weir, Jr.; Penguin, George E. Brightson; Akista, George Hill; Dorothy, George Hill; Qui Vive, George A. Freeth, and Uncas, J. S. Negus.

The race was sailed in a moderate southerly wind, the times being:

SLOOPS—13½ MILES.

Start, 3:15:	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor'cted.
Penguin	0 54 05	0 47 29	0 46 41	5 43 15	2 28 15	2 28 15
Eidolon	0 52 50	0 46 55	0 45 46	5 40 31	2 25 31	2 20 32
Akista	0 55 45	0 48 48	0 49 22	5 48 55	2 33 55	2 20 57

CATBOATS—10½ MILES.

Start, 3:20:						
Dorothy	0 56 30	0 46 50	0 45 48	5 44 08	2 24 08	2 24 08
Qui Vive	1 03 15	0 50 30	0 52 17	6 01 42	2 41 42	2 36 47
Uncas	1 09 05	0 53 53	0 58 04	6 15 02	2 55 02	0 49 11

Another race was sailed on June 26 in a fresh N.W. wind, the times being:

SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eidolon, J. Weir, Jr.	42.61	2 16 48	2 16 48
Akista, Geo. Hill	54.75	2 16 18	2 08 19
CATBOATS.			
Dorothy, Geo. Hill	28.61	2 05 10	2 05 10
Qui Vive, G. A. Freeth	25.00	2 16 52	2 11 57
Uncas, J. S. Negus	24.41	Did not finish.	

Akista thus wins a leg for the cup, so that another race between her and Eidolon is necessary. Dorothy wins the cup permanently.

The Thirty-foot Class.

THE first sweepstakes of the 30ft. special class was sailed on June 22, in a moderate, southerly wind, the course being from off Larchmont around the Captain's Island Buoy, Red Springs Buoy and home, 16 miles. The starters were Hera, Musme, Wa Wa, Vaquero III. and the new Veda, this being her first race; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., sailed on the yacht. They ran to the first mark with spinakers to port, beat up to the Red Springs mark and reached across the Sound to the finish. Wa Wa led at Captain's Island, with Veda second; on the wind Hera took the lead and held it. The times were:

Start, 2:25:	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis	6 00 00	3 35 00
Musme, J. B. Macdonough	6 01 09	3 36 09
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	6 01 30	3 36 30
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	6 01 40	3 36 40
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	6 02 44	3 37 44

Stamford Y. C. Regatta.

THE Stamford Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on June 28 in a moderate and steady S.W. wind, the course being a 10 mile triangle on the Sound, sailed twice by the 60ft. 36 and 30ft. classes.

Wasp beat Syce 9m. 5s.; Surprise walked over; Vaquero III. beat Heralm. 58s.; Wa Wa 8m. 59s.; Carolina 10m. 44s.; Madrine beat Pyxie 2m. 2s.; Penelope 3m 53s., and Ninita 4m. 14s.; Quantuck beat Vaquero I. 17m. 58s.; Shark beat Asthore 8m. 29s.; Volsung beat Dosoris II. 3m. 25s.; Ethel beat Win or Lose 16m. 52s.; P. K. Pigeon beat Jib 13m. 38s.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The numerous American subscribers to Lloyd's *Yacht Register* have lately received the book for the current year, the usual large and handsomely made volume. The new book contains no material changes from that of last year, but the numerous lists of yachts, owners, racing flags, builders, etc., are fully extended and corrected up to date, making an invaluable volume for reference. The total number of yachts listed this year is 7,848, in which number are included 1,429 American yachts not measured by Lloyd's rule. This leaves 6,419 yachts, with a tonnage of 249,787 in the Lloyd's list proper; these including 5,050 sailing yachts with a tonnage of 89,866, and 1,369 steam yachts with a tonnage of 159,921. Of this total 4,448 are British yachts. The Society is represented in New York by Mr. Thomas Congdon, its principal surveyor for the United States and surveyor for the port and district of New York.

The year book of the New York Y. C. is rapidly growing to a thickness disproportionate to its other dimensions, as its list of members and yachts increases. The book for 1897 lists a fleet of 352 yachts, of which 75 are schooners, 91 cutters, sloops or yawls, 168 steamers, with 10 steam launches and 8 naphtha launches of such size as to be enrolled. The total membership is 1,425, of which 54 are life members, 124 navy members, 5 flag members (ladies) and 1,242 active members. The club has been for some years past most fortunate in the possession of an energetic secretary, the result of whose labors is seen in the complete and handsome book.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, founded in 1885, has been remarkably successful in all ways, and at the present time has a membership, as shown by its new book, of 444, and a fleet of 157 yachts. It has taken a very prominent place in the racing about Massachusetts Bay, and has long been established in a large and comfortable club house, which it now proposes to replace by something much better adapted to its growing needs.

The combined firms of the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co. still take the lead in the matter of elegant and artistic yacht catalogues, their new book being the finest yet produced by yacht builders. It is of large size, printed on fine paper, with an artistic cover in green and gold on white paper. Handsome half-tone portraits are given of different yachts built by the firm, the steam yachts Embla, 163ft.; Hiawatha I., 135ft.; Hiawatha II., 170ft.; Kanawha, 140ft.; Huntress, 120ft.; Washita, 100ft.; Silva, 80ft.; Mayita, twin screw, 85ft.; Hirondelle, twin screw, 86ft.; Linta, 85ft.; Aztec, 77ft.; Marjencha, 65ft.; Margaret, twin screw, 75ft.; Charlietta, 65ft.; Alma, twin screw, 56ft.; Outoga, 60ft.; Strae, 55ft.; Beatrice, 56ft.; Anemone, twin screw, 48ft.; Claymore, 80ft.; Allegra, 76ft.; Levanter, 48ft.; Coot, 42ft.; Seawanhaka, 44ft.; Alva, 30ft. Full descriptions of these different yachts are given, and also of the Seabury patent water tube boiler, as well as illustrations of the engines, large and small, designed and built by the firm. Sailing yachts and naphtha craft also come in for full descriptions and illustrations. The book is a complete guide for those in want of fine yachts of any kind.

The New Rochelle Y. C. will sail its twelfth annual regatta on Saturday, July 3 over the regular club courses, starting off the station, Echo Bay, New Rochelle. The regatta will be sailed under Y. R. U. rules, and will be open to yachts of all regularly organized clubs. Entries should be made to the regatta committee, box 735, New Rochelle, N.Y., not later than the morning of July 1. Paticulars of the race may be obtained of the regatta committee, Chas. P. Tower, chairmrn; Paul A. Meyrowitz, S. R. Thomas, J. C. Lippincott and A. P. Weston.

Since the discontinuance of that interesting little paper *The Model Yachtsman and Canoeist* the sport of model yachting has had no journal in England. We have just received the first number of a new monthly, the *Model Yachtsman*, published at 337 Strand, London, England, at 4 shillings per year. It is similar in size to the *Yachtsman*, with a cover of the same light green, but has no connection with the older paper. It contains news of model yacht racing, building, etc., and is well worthy of the support and assistance of all interested in the sport.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

New York C. C.

THE New York C. C. has announced the following programme for the season:

NEW YORK C. C. RACING PROGRAMME.

Gravesend Beach, Bensonhurst, Brooklyn.

Saturdays at 3:30 P. M. June 12 and 26, July 17 and 31, sailing canoe races, two classes, junior and senior, 6 miles triangular course; prize to the winner in each class in each race, and prizes for the canoe making the best records in all four races in each class. A junior is one who has never won an open race. American Canoe Association rules to govern.

Saturday, Sept. 11, 2 P. M. General open regatta, all kinds of canoeing contests except sailing. Sept. 18, annual sailing canoe regatta, 2 P. M. Special programmes for these two events will be published later. All races open to members of the A. C. A. and Brooklyn, Yonkers, Knickerbocker and Passaic River canoe clubs.

Saturdays at 3:30 P. M. June 19, July 10 and 24, and Aug. 7. Fifteen-foot class (half-raters) six mile sailing races. Prize for winner in each race, and for the yacht making the best record in the four races. Races open to members of New York, Atlantic, Seawanhaka, Larchmont, Knickerbocker, New Rochelle, Marine and Field, Riverside and American Yacht Clubs, Staten Island Cricket Club and the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Union.

C. BOWYER VAUX, Capt.
Nineteenth street and Fourth avenue, N. Y.,
R. DEF. BAYLEY, Mate,
46 Gold street, N. Y.,
FRED A. MILLER,
111 Mercer street, N. Y.
} Regatta Committee.

Canoe race, June 12, seniors: F. E. Moore, Pioneer, winner, 10 points; J. C. Mowbray, Tornado, second, 5½ points; Wm. Whitlock, Guenn, third, 1 point.

Four juniors entered; one withdrew and three capsized; no one finished, therefore no prize awarded; first and second prizes given to seniors; heavy wind and sea.

Fifteen-footers, June 19: Tornado and Rosette broke down before start and retired; Cyclone got over the line at gun fire and secured a good lead; Julia and Æolus were badly handicapped; Julia got lead on wind and finished first round well in lead, and maintained it to finish; Cyclone second, Æolus third. Cyclone sailed with reefed mainsail, heavy wind and sea. Julia and Æolus carried full sail, Æolus lugging it all the way. Julia, Brown Brothers, built by Clapham, 6 miles in 1h. 5m. 43s.; Cyclone, E. S. Ives, Rigby model, 1h. 8m. 52s.; Æolus, George E. Ashley, Rigby model, prize marine glasses presented by Rigby, the builder.

The big Peterborough war canoe, owned by members of the Crescent Club, of Brooklyn, was presented to the N. Y. C. C. last week. It is now housed in the shore boat house, and the club have set apart Thursday nights each week for war canoe trips.

Second canoe race of series, June 26: One mile to windward and return; strong and puffy N.W. wind:

Senior: First, F. C. Moore, Pioneer, 10 points; series, 20 points. Second, J. C. Mowbray, Torment, 1 point; series, 6½ points. Moore covered the course, which was over a mile each way, in the remarkable time of 19m. 42s.

Junior: First, F. G. Palmer, Scrap, 10 points, first race; W. H Fales, Kit, did not finish. Prize winners, F. C. Moore and F. G. Palmer. No races will be sailed July 3d or 5th. Half-raters, second race of series, July 10.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

We have received from D. H. Heckman, Kennebunkport, Me., a catalogue of the canoes and boats built by him. While building all classes of boats and canoes, Mr. Heckman makes a specialty of the light cedar canoe with an outer skin of canvas, a special preparation of his own being employed to give a very hard and glossy surface to the canvas. These canoes and boats are of moderate cost, and very light, convenient and durable, standing rough usage.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 1.—SHERBROOKE, Quebec.—Sherbrooke's grand annual. Inanimates. Open to all amateurs. C. H. Foss, Sec'y, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

July 5.—OTTUMWA, Ia.—All-day shoot of the Ottumwa Gun Club. Open to all.

July 5.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—All-day invitation target shoot of the Bison Gun Club. C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo.

July 5.—LINCOLN, Neb.—All day shoot of the Capital City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. R. M. Welch, Sec'y.

July 5.—HOBE SOUND, Fla.—Tournament of the Gilbert's Bar Gun Club.

July 5.—HAVERHILL, Mass.—Tournament of the Haverhill Gun Club.

July 7-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

July 8.—ORANGE, Mass.—Tournament of the Orange Gun Club. W. L. Mann, Sec'y.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 20-21.—PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 20-23.—CLEAR LAKE, Ia.—First annual Indian Wolf shoot. Three days targets; one day live birds. $500 added. For programmes and particulars write to C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.

July 21-22.—CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. Chas. E Lacey, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

July (last week).—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Company.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 4-5.—INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, Ind.—Indiana Mineral Springs tournament. Ben O. Bush, Manager.

Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 18-19.—WARSAW, Ind.—Tournament of the Lake City Gun Club. W. A. Wineberer, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept 14-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. Merchandise and amateurs

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Emerald Gun Club, of New York, has appointed the following committee to carry out the programme given below: Dr. G V. Hudson, chairman; H. P. Fessenden, P Woelfel, G. Banzer and L H. Shortemeier. The programme will be on the lines set forth in this letter: "On Thursday, July 29, the Emerald Gun Club will hold a live-bird contest for merchandise prizes, open to all members of Long Island clubs, and also of other local clubs, including the Jeannette, of New York, and probably others, which will be announced later, when the committee has decided on conditions, etc. Among the prizes will be many useful sportsmen's sundries, gun cases, cartridge cases, cleaning rods and quantities of smokeless powders. As at present decided, each entry will shoot at 7 live birds, 28yds. rise for 12-gauge guns, and 30yds. rise for 10-gauges; 50yds. (approximate) boundary of an 18in. wire fence. Gun in any position and no other handicap. Those who kill straight to divide the prizes in that class; those who kill 6 the several prizes for that class; and those who tally 5 the prizes in their class. This is simply an outline of the tournament; other conditions, such as the probability of shooting-off prizes, re-entries, etc., will be decided by the committee at its meeting on Monday, June 20. You will be notified so that you can publish a full report of conditions in time to allow those interested to decide on attending this tournament, which, as the conditions show, is of a novel kind. The entrance fee will be the price of birds and probably $2. If the number of prizes exceed the number of contestants killing straight, the prizes of that class shall be added to the 6 class; and if any shall be in excess in the 6 class, the balance will go to those who kill 5."

In a letter which we hope to find room for in this issue, Mr. W. E. Post sends some suggestions regarding changes in the ratio points of the Rose system. The changes noted are worth considering, and have much to recommend them. The chief drawback to the popularity of the Rose system has been in many cases the radical changing of the ratio points by clubs and their managers. For small local shoots we believe in some such changes as suggested by Mr. Post, but for large tournaments, with added money, we still hold to Mr Rose's figures. Another drawback to its popularity has been the number of moneys set for some events, such as five moneys in 15-target events; six, seven or eight in 20-target and 25-target events. Four moneys should be sufficient in 15 target events, and five moneys in 20 and 25-target events. We are speaking now solely in reference to large tournaments; in small club tournaments and club shoots we believe in reducing as far as possible both winnings and losings, being of the opinion that by so doing more shooters will be induced to step up and try conclusions with one another. A man will shoot better and more carefully, and will learn more quickly, if he has an additional incentive to keep him up to the mark. The "honor and glory" features of practice work at the traps do not tend to improve a man's shooting as quickly as when he has a small something at stake. Too often a man gets careless when he is shooting "for targets only."

It may seem rather out of place to tell a poker story in Drivers and Twisters, but the following is too good to keep: The Indian squad often relaxes a little in the evenings and indulges in a small 10-cent limit game, or more often a pigmy freeze out. At Oil City last week Charlie Budd and Harvey McMurchy occupied adjoining rooms with a connecting door. On Wednesday morning, just when it was time for breakfast, Charlie was awakened by a sound that was rather familiar to him—the rattle of chips. Opening his eyes he saw Harvey at the table in the middle of the room, attired in his usual bed costume. Harvey had a deck of cards and two piles of chips in front of him, and was dealing most industriously and betting in moderate quantities. Charlie lay still and watched him, but what he thought he'll never tell now; for presently Harvey picked up the hand right in front of him and opened the pot. He then looked at the other hand, and came back with a raise out of the other pile. He saw the raise from his own pile, and then drew cards for both hands. After the draw he bet both hands freely, finally shoving in all the chips of both piles. Then he showed down, and his hand apparently won, for he drew the chips toward him. Without saying a word he arose and went to Charlie's pocketbook, took a dollar out of it, and started to leave the room. "Where are you going with that dollar?" said Charlie. "To my room," said Mac. "You lost all right. I froze you out."

A reference to our advertising columns will show that the King Powder Company, of Cincinnati, O., is putting a new powder on the market. This powder is to be known as King's Semi-Smokeless, and is "an entirely new compound, and is neither black nor nitro powder, and will certainly prove most popular with the millions of amateurs who do not wish to shoot black powder, and who feel that they cannot afford to shoot high-priced smokeless." The above is the company's own definition of its new product. The company has also this to say about it: "King's Semi-Smokeless was practically perfected one year ago, but we were not willing to give it to the public until it had had satisfactory tests of all seasons, both as to its shooting and its qualities for storage. This first run of powder was stored in our black powder magazine, and taken out from time to time under all conditions of weather and temperature, and tested on chronograph, pressure gauges, etc. The results show marvelous uniformity, and the velocity is almost as high as King's Smokeless. Breech pressure is very low, the smoke thin and quickly dissipated. In rifles the trajectory is exceedingly flat, and notwithstanding the tremendous velocity, it does not cause stripping of ordinary lead bullets."

The Schmelzer Arms Company, of Kansas City, Mo., announces that it will hold its tournament Sept. 14-16. Below is an extract from a letter which we have received from that firm: "We are at work on the programme for our fourth annual shooting tournament complimentary to the amateurs of the Western States, to take place here on Sept. 14, 15 and 16. After carefully studying the target situation, we have concluded to give a strictly amateur merchandise shoot. We find that within a radius of 100 miles of Kansas City we have over 1,000 target shooters. All of the smaller towns having their target clubs; still at our State tournaments or large shoots, not one of these shooters put in an appearance, and it will be our main object to interest this class of target shooters. We shall bar the manufacturer's agents and professionals, and classify the amateur shooters as class A and class B. Class A men, all who have a record of 85 per cent or greater, to shoot at 18yds. rise and at reversed angles; while the class B men will shoot at 14yds rise, known traps and known angles. The entrance fee in all purses to be participated in, to be only the price of the targets, at 3 cents each. As there will be no races to exceed 25 targets, the highest entry fee in any of them will be 75 cents."

The choice of Springfield for next year's shoot of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League shows that the Springfield Gun Club managed things to the satisfaction of its guests The following extract from a Cincinnati daily paper tells what was done at the annual meeting, held on the evening of June 3: "The Ohio Trap-Shooters' League has elected officers as follows: President, C. A. Young, Springfield, O.; Vice-President, J. A. Flick, Ravenna; Secretary and Treasurer, J. A. Reid, Springfield; Executive Committee—Rolla Heikes, Dayton; J. P. Easton, Monroeville; G. R. Haswell, Circleville; H. E Norton, Ironton; R. S. Waddell, Cincinnati. It was decided to hold the tournament in Springfield next year on the first Tuesday in June. Fifty dollars will be used for ten $5 low average prizes. It was decided to offer merchandise prizes next year. A committee to secure the same was appointed, being John A. Flick, Ravenna; R O. Heikes, Dayton; Paul North, Cleveland; Milt Lindsley, Cincinnati; George Haswell, Circleville."

The Oil City shoot was a dandy. The weather was glorious and the accommodation all that could be asked. Western Pennsylvania outdid herself; it's Reading's turn next.

From New Haven, Conn.; from Montpelier, Vt., and from Lewiston, Me., come reports that the local clubs in those cities are all working hard to make the Interstate Association's tournaments, respectively to be given under the auspices of the local gun clubs, decided successes Trap-shooting has taken on a new lease of life in Connecticut, and despite the melancholly condition of affairs said to exist in that State (according to our friend Paradise Lost) the New Haven Interstate tournament, July 14-15, will have a large attendance to reward the efforts of the home club. In Vermont and in Maine the tournaments held by the Association in 1896 in those States did so much good in the line of booming trap-shooting that the Lewiston and the Montpelier shoots, held respectively on Aug. 4-5 and Aug. 25-26, are sure to be successful, provided the weather is fine.

The Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., elected the following officers at its annual meeting, June 10: President, George P. Griffiths; First Vice-President, Capt. A. W. Money; Second Vice-President, Marshall Herrington; Secretary, E. A Jackson; Treasurer, H D Warner. Trustees: Graham Van Keuren, H N. Hall and H J. Blauvelt. In sending us the above notice, the secretary, Mr. E A. Jackson, writes as follows: "The annual report for the year just closed shows that the number of targets trapped during the past year was 100,000, and that the number of loaded shells sold by the club amounted to 17,000." For the first year of a club in the vicinity of New York, where gun clubs are so numerous, the above is a remarkable showing.

The summer meeting of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind , takes place July 7-8. The programme on each day will consist of alternate events of 15 targets, $2, and 20-target events, $2.50. Ten per cent. of each purse will be deducted before division is made, and will be paid each day to the five high guns shooting in the first ten events. The balance of the purse will be divided thus: In 15-target events, four equal moneys; 20-target events, five equal moneys. Targets 2 cents each; 10 gauge guns, black powder, and "paid shooters" are barred. (Paid shooters, according to the programme, are those who receive compensation in any form from a maker of or dealer in trap-shooting supplies.)

"The Art of Pigeon-Shooting," by Blue Rock, published by Forest and Stream Publishing Co., is a book that has stood the test of criticism most satisfactorily. As its title implies, it is a work that treats of the shooting of pigeons from the trap—a sport that is yearly becoming apparently more and more popular. The author—none other than the well-known shot Capt. A. W. Money—has given in the pages of this book the result of his years of experience in front of the traps. The expert, as well as the novice, will find in "The Art of Pigeon-Shooting" many valuable hints that will stand him in good stead when it comes to his turn to call, "Pull!"

On our return from the New York State shoot at Auburn on Saturday, June 12, we found on our desk the following letter, dated June 10, and signed Peter Gibson: "I am on my way to Europe (Russia and Norway), and called in to say, 'How are you?' Now, my friend, you should, as soon as possible, publish in FOREST AND STREAM a map entitled, 'How to Find Friend Banks.' You have a fine set of offices, but it's the devil's own time finding you—however, you are worth it. I will take a beer to your good health on Nord Cap, Norway, July 5. Farewell." So Lieut Gibson has left us, and his match with Ed Taylor has not been settled yet!

There is every probability that Fred. Gilbert will meet Rolla Heikes in a contest for the E. C. championship cup some time prior to the fall of the leaf. Fred is shooting so well that he is fully justified in taking steps to recover the cup he won at Guttenburg, but lost at Chicago. We don't know any match that we'd rather watch than this one, the conditions of which are: 50 singles, unknown angles; 50 singles, expert rules, and 25 pairs. The race will unquestionably be shot at Dayton, as Rolla has the right to name the grounds, and that's where he says the challenger will have to come for it.

The Orange, Mass., Gun Club will hold a tournament on July 8, to which shoot everyone is cordially invited. The prices for entrance fees are what are commonly known as 'popular prices," with three moneys in 10-target events, four in all events over that number of targets. In sending us a copy of the programme for this shoot, Mr. W. L. Mann, the club's secretary, writes: "It isn't far from New York to this place. All the same I would like to see some of those shooters, with whom I am so well acquainted through the columns of our beloved paper, FOREST AND STREAM."

Can any one suggest a system of dividing purses at tournaments that would give satisfaction to everybody, crackerjacks and duffers alike? In working out the problem, remember that everybody must win; and remember, also, that the duffer will kick if he doesn't get just as much as the expert does. To our mind, the only really plausible scheme for pleasing everybody, evolved to date, was that which came to Rolla Heikes in the nature of a dream last September at the State shoot in Harrisburg, Pa. We published the text of that dream in our first issue of 1897.

The Indian Wolf shoot at Clear Lake, Ia., July 20-23, $500 added money, will be a shoot well worth going to. The "Indians" promise everybody a good time, and we can safely guarantee that what these Indians promise, they'll carry out to the letter. There are to be three days at targets and one at live birds. If Clear Lake were not so far from New York we might go to scalp or get scalped, with probabilities strongly in favor of the latter. It would be a pleasant operation anyway when performed by Indians such as those we speak of.

Last week's "Drivers and Twisters," the whole bunch of them, got lost in the shuffle, something having to give way to the weight of matter that poured into this office from Cleveland on Monday morning, June 21. As we were then about 500 miles away from our desk, the Drivers got twisted and never reached the hands of the printer's devil.

July 14-15 are the dates for the New Haven Interstate shoot; time has flown so rapidly that the shoot is upon us almost before we knew it. But the New Haven Gun Club has not been taken unawares; everything will be in readiness on the afternoon of July 13 for the visitors to have a little preliminary practice and get acquainted with the background.

Uncle Ben, president of the Catchpole Gun Club, of Wolcott, N. Y., and E. A. Wadsworth, secretary of the club, have issued an invitation on behalf of the club to everybody interested to attend a bluerock shoot at Bonnicastle (Sodus Bay) on Monday, July 5. The shoot will be under the auspices of the Catchpole Gun Club.

Ralph Trimble, who represents the Du Pont Powder Company, won fresh honors at the annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League, held at Springfield, O., June 2-4 In the programme of open events for the three days Ralph won first average, with Rolla Heikes and Frank Parmelee close behind him.

A gun club has been recently organized at Westfield, Mass., under the title of the Woronoco Gun Club, W. N. Clifford, president. The club has a field on the line of the Woronoco electric cars, and will hold practice shoots every Wednesday. Westfield can boast of some very fine shots, and much interest is being taken in the new club.

Owing to the pressure on our trap columns during the past three or four weeks, we have been unable to keep up with our correspondence, several interesting scores and items having had to be withheld from week to week. Club secretaries and others will accept this as an explanation of apparent neglect.

Neaf Apgar, late of Plainfield, N. J., but now proprietor of the Pine Point Club Hotel, Orange Lake, near Newburgh, N. Y., finds time to take a rest from his labors as "mine host" to do a little trap-shooting and some fishing now and then. The shooting grounds and the lake are both handy to the hotel.

JUNE 29. EDWARD BANKS.

Soo Gun Club's Third Annual Amateur Tournament.

THE third annual tournament of the Soo Gun Club, of Sioux City, Ia., on June 8, 9 and 10, was a complete success in every particular; and the Soo Gun Club has established a reputation for giving the most successful amateur tournaments held in the country.

On Monday, before the tournament commenced, shooters from all over Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota and Dakota commenced to arrive, and when the first event of the tournament was called there was the greatest aggregation of crack amateur shooters that has ever been called together in the Northwest. The weather was all that could be desired, viewed from every standpoint. The set of five expert traps and the magautrap worked smoothly, and during the tournament there was no delay in the delivery of birds. The scores on the set of five traps were very good, but the magautrap seemed a mystery which but few could solve.

Dr. Day and Mrs. Day, of Duluth, were present during the entire tournament, and it is needless to say that Mrs. Day was the center of attraction. Her shooting was not as good as she has done at other places, on account of her extended trip through the country, being very tired when she was here. On the third day the Soo Gun Club presented her with a handsome medal in appreciation of her presence at the tournament.

Mr. T. H. Keller, of the King's Smokeless Powder Co., was the only representative of the manufacturers attending the tournament, and in very short order he was acquainted with every shooter on the ground, and rendered the club a great deal of assistance in handling the large crowd. He organized a King's Smokeless squad from Nebraska, and their work speaks well for his powder. Tee Kay shot all the way through for the price of the birds, and his scores show that the Soo Club acted wisely in barring experts. Mr. Keller, while not ranking with Grimm, Budd, Gilbert, and a number of other shooters, showed himself to be too speedy for a large majority of the shooters, and if he had been in on the money would have carried away a number of first moneys alone, and been in on first average money. The Soo Gun Club has demonstrated that a strictly amateur tournament can be given with the best results attending it. At no purely target meeting in the United States this year has there been such a number of shooters, and every one went away absolutely pleased with the tournament and with the treatment they had received. So far as this section of the country is concerned it is demonstrated beyond a doubt that the most successful tournaments are those in which the professionals are barred. An amateur cannot compete with a professional, and the only way to give an amateur a chance is to classify the shooters. The Soo Gun Club has a reputation of giving every one an even break, and all the shooters say they will be on hand at the fourth annual tournament of the Soo Gun Club. While the club is grateful to the manufacturers for the assistance received from them, it is assured that they could have done themselves a great deal of good by having representatives at this tournament, as a large majority of the shooters were representative business men and men who shoot for pleasure, and take an interest in all kinds of guns and ammunition, and are looking for information and instructions in this line.

Promptly at 9 o'clock on the morning of June 8, Mayor Jonas M. Cleland pressed the electric button at the Soo Gun Club's grounds and sent a bluerock spinning in the air, which Mrs. Day quickly powdered, and the best amateur tournament held in the United States so far this spring was on.

The programme for each day consisted of only 120 bluerocks, all odd events being on a set of five traps and all even events on the magautrap. The events on the magautrap were 15-bird events, and on the five traps 10 and 20-bird races. Event No. 1 of the first day was at 10 bluerocks, and in this race there were 102 entries. While the programme for the day called for only 120 bluerocks for each gun, there was a total of 31,710 bluerocks thrown in the three days. John Otten and J. W. Gray are a pair of squad hustlers hard to beat, and kept the boys lined up to the traps all the time.

Scores of the First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Baldwin	8	8	15	7	9	11	16	11	120	85
Bartosh	9	13	18	8	10	11	15	13	120	97
Hibbard	9	10	18	11	6	13	18	12	120	98
Muir	7	7	20	9	8	8	14	8	120	81
Bird	9	13	17	12	10	12	18	11	120	102
Teeter	7	6	16	11	8	13	14	10	120	85
Boyd	8	11	17	12	9	12	14	14	120	97
Trotter	8	13	17	13	10	13	16	14	120	104
C Hamilton	10	11	18	8	8	10	18	8	120	93
Brott	9	13	19	7	9	11	15	13	120	96
Harris	9	11	17	11	9	10	17	13	120	97
Ellis	8	7	17	7	6	13	14	10	120	82
Howard	10	12	18	13	10	14	18	12	120	107
Palmer	10	10	20	14	10	12	18	9	120	103
Clark	10	7	12	8	7	8	17	8	120	77
Robin Hood	7	10	17	11	8	13	18	11	120	95
White	9	12	19	11	6	13	18	12	120	100
G H Craig	5	8	15	10	5	8	15	13	120	79
Jewell	9	9	14	6	7	3	17	8	120	73
Jinks	10	12	16	10	6	8	18	6	120	86
Butts	6	9	15	9	9	8	14	6	120	76
Mortenson	8	8	13	8	7	10	13	11	120	77
Power	6	10	16	7	9	9	18	13	120	88
Vallie	7	8	16	0	8	2	18	0	120	59
Collison	8	9	19	6	9	10	16	10	120	87
E K Smith	9	10	15	11	8	11	12	8	120	84
Peck	9	13	19	11	10	12	17	12	120	103
S A Smith	6	13	17	11	7	10	18	9	120	91
E J Chingren	7	10	17	10	10	9	17	13	120	93
Patch	5	6	11	12	8	11	16	11	120	80
Hutchinson	6	11	16	10	9	8	13	12	120	85
Corey	7	9	13	7	8	9	10	5	120	68
Place	10	9	16	11	8	12	12	7	120	85
Reimers	6	8	13	8	8	8	16	7	120	74
Campbell	8	10	16	11	..	..	..	..	60	45
Chas Kreig	7	13	16	10	8	10	16	10	120	90
L G Walker	8	11	14	10	9	14	..	..	80	64
F O Walker	8	14	14	12	10	17	10	..	105	85
Rust	6	11	11	w	12	..	..	..	55	40
Moss	7	10	15	8	w	..	..	..	55	40
Bowman	9	11	15	6	w	12	..	..	65	53
Haselman	6	10	12	8	..	..	..	..	50	36
Ackerman	8	10	18	13	8	7	14	13	120	91
Hagerman	9	11	17	12	10	12	16	14	120	101
Lindy	7	11	18	10	8	10	19	13	120	96
Miller	9	15	17	10	6	11	17	11	120	96
Jenkins	6	11	18	12	10	9	16	13	120	95
Keller	8	13	18	11	8	11	20	10	120	99
Danielson	7	9	12	9	8	..	..	..	75	45
Gummow	6	8	11	8	8	10	16	12	120	79
Densil	6	10	15	7	5	9	15	9	120	76
Williams	4	11	20	12	10	12	17	15	120	101
Slocum	6	7	14	9	5	7	13	10	120	71
Westfield	9	11	13	8	9	13	18	9	120	90
Hoffman	7	8	18	12	5	11	17	7	120	85
Wilshire	8	8	11	11	6	6	14	5	120	69
Crabill	6	8	19	12	9	11	18	7	120	90
Bender	8	13	18	10	7	13	17	10	120	98
Hardin	8	11	15	10	6	11	16	11	120	88
Abbott	8	11	16	10	7	12	17	11	120	92
Hinrichs	9	10	17	9	8	10	17	8	120	88
Mrs Day	7	11	19	11	10	13	13	9	120	93
Gubbin	8	15	16	12	9	13	20	11	120	104
Patterson	8	14	14	7	6	10	17	8	120	84
Johnson	7	12	10	7	..	..	..	..	50	36
Higgins	5	8	15	10	6	8	13	13	120	78
Dr Day	9	8	17	10	7	10	17	7	120	85
Brown	7	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	45	34
Weston	5	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	40	28
Hulett	8	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	40	33
Snook	3	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	40	24
J H Spotz	10	9	15	9	..	..	..	..	55	43
J F Spotz	10	10	18	12	8	12	20	12	120	102
Leach	10	12	19	11	9	14	19	12	120	106
Gage	9	13	16	13	8	12	19	10	120	100
Halla	8	10	16	7	7	10	15	9	120	82
Taylor	10	13	20	8	9	10	18	10	120	98
Anderson	10	10	18	13	10	12	18	13	120	104
Ed Spots	9	12	17	11	9	10	18	13	120	99
L A Cobb	6	6	15	12	..	..	..	..	55	39
Wells	5	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	45	32
De Walt	7	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	45	31
Meyer	7	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	45	35
Richards	6	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	45	27
Redfern	7	w	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brandon	10	11	17	13	8	9	13	8	120	89
Ben	7	10	19	11	10	8	17	8	120	87
Schroeder	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	16
Randlett	9	8	7	11	10	11	16	9	120	91
Haymaker	10	13	18	11	6	7	11	8	120	90
Stewart	5	5	9	7	4	3	13	5	120	51
Keefe	9	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	45	34
C Hoffman	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	16
F Selzer	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	13
Thurston	6	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	45	31
Belden	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	15
Duncan	8	11	15	11	..	..	..	..	60	45
Munchrath	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	14
Gambs	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	16
Cleland	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	4
Hemmerson	9	12	11	13	9	13	16	14	120	97
McMaster	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	16

The attendance on the second day was equally as good, if not better than on the first day of the shoot, and in event No 5, for the interstate championship, there were 110 entries. The interest of the day centered on this event, being a race of 10 birds, ties on 10 to be shot miss and-out. In this event there were thirteen who broke 10 straight and lined up to settle the championship.

All except S. A. Smith, of Hartley, Ia., and Charlie Hamilton, of the Soo Gun Club, were out on the first 6 birds From then on Smith and Hamilton both shot brilliantly, but on the 15th bird Hamilton missed; Smith powdered his and won the medal on a score of 25 straight.

On this day Mrs. Geo. R. Slocum, of Springhar, Ia., attended the tournament and showed herself to be an expert with the shotgun. The gun club, in appreciation of Mrs. Slocum's presence and the good work done at the traps, presented her with a beautiful bouquet

Scores of Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Baldwin	9	13	15	9	10	14	15	11	120	96
Bortosch	10	9	16	12	9	12	14	10	120	92
Stevens	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5
Muir	6	5	16	12	9	9	14	8	120	79
Bird	10	14	20	9	7	16	15	14	120	104
Teeter	8	10	14	12	9	18	14	10	120	95
Boyd	7	7	16	13	10	13	15	11	120	92
Trotter	9	11	19	9	9	17	11	12	120	101
Hamilton	10	9	16	9	10	13	15	10	120	92
Brott	7	8	16	11	9	15	11	14	120	91
Harris	8	11	17	10	7	16	11	10	120	90
Ellis	8	8	13	9	9	13	9	4	120	73
Howard	9	13	17	9	8	16	11	14	120	99
Palmer	9	12	18	14	9	15	11	12	120	100
Clark	7	9	16	11	7	10	12	7	120	79
Hood	9	9	17	10	10	15	9	12	120	91
Hamaker	8	8	17	..	6	13	14	..	85	66
Jenks	6	12	19	7	6	16	14	11	120	91
B Miller	8	11	16	10	8	..	..	..	70	53
Reimey	5	9	13	7	4	..	..	..	70	38
Densel	7	10	16	10	7	15	..	4	105	69
Mortensen	7	10	15	11	9	12	11	6	120	81
Power	7	8	19	12	8	14	..	..	85	68
Hawman	..	..	..	8	10	..	..	..	25	18
Callison	7	8	20	9	9	12	10	9	120	84
Patch	9	12	17	12	7	14	10	10	120	91
Peck	7	14	19	9	9	16	12	11	120	97
S A Smith	8	12	20	10	10	13	13	14	120	100
Hibbard	10	9	18	10	9	..	..	..	65	56
Abbott	8	9	17	10	8	8	14	10	120	84
Hutchinson	8	6	14	8	7	12	9	..	100	64
Corey	7	10	15	9	8	10	11	..	100	70
Hemerson	9	12	15	12	8	16	11	11	120	94
Place	.	9	15	17	8	12	12	13	100	86
Higgins	8	16	14	11	7	12	10	7	120	75
C Craig	9	8	16	11	9	7	..	..	90	60
Ackerman	7	9	16	12	10	11	12	10	120	87
Hagerman	7	13	19	9	8	17	12	12	120	97
Lindy	7	6	17	14	9	17	8	12	120	90
F Miller	8	10	18	8	10	16	13	11	120	94
Jenkins	6	10	16	10	7	20	13	14	120	96
Keller	8	11	17	11	7	19	13	12	120	98
West	8	9	16	12	8	14	13	11	120	91
Binder	7	8	15	9	5	12	7	9	120	73
Crabill	7	9	15	12	6	12	12	10	120	83
Henrich	6	7	13	11	5	14	8	6	120	70
Hardin	7	6	17	9	7	8	6	4	120	64
Randlett	6	14	15	12	6	15	5	11	120	84
Hoffman	7	7	16	11	10	11	13	11	120	86
Wilshire	8	7	16	13	9	13	11	10	120	87
Butts	..	5	..	6	10	15	12	8	85	56
Williams	9	6	16	12	9	20	11	12	120	95
White	6	11	17	11	7	..	..	..	70	52
Squirrel	6	12	16	10	9	12	10	10	120	85
Mrs Day	8	8	16	6	9	14	12	12	120	85
Gubben	9	15	13	13	9	18	11	15	120	103
Peterson	7	12	16	8	5	9	11	10	120	78
Gummow	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6
Bloomstrand	9	10	13	11	10	11	11	8	120	83
Ritter	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	10	5
J F Spatts	8	14	18	12	10	15	15	12	120	104
Leach	10	11	18	12	7	16	14	12	120	100
Gage	8	11	18	10	6	13	12	10	120	88
Jones	9	13	19	14	7	16	13	11	120	102
Taylor	8	12	18	11	7	17	15	8	120	96
Anderson	10	12	18	12	7	16	13	10	120	98
Rounds	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	10	4
Rust	9	14	..	13	5	..	..	7	70	48
Green	..	..	..	..	5	8	12	..	45	25
Mrs Slocum	..	..	..	..	7	15	11	..	45	33
Ben	..	..	18	..	9	..	11	10	60	48
Meyer	9	10	16	11	9	11	..	..	85	66
Dick	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	10	3
Warner	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	10	9
Martin	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	10	3
Sanborn	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	10	7
Mayher	8	6	12	..	6	..	..	..	55	32
Boghne	6	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	20	12
Keefe	..	..	..	..	8	..	11	..	25	19
Hogan	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	10	6
Duncan	7	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	20	13
Chingren	8	13	15	11	7	16	11	12	120	93
Grandy	..	..	..	..	5	..	11	..	25	16
Todd	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	10	1
Whitney	..	..	..	..	8	..	13	..	25	21
Boyer	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	10	4
Barnard	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	10	5
Parley	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	10	4
Redfern	7	..	10	10	12	..	..	..	50	39
Kruger	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	10	7
Dr Day	10	13	18	12	7	17	14	12	120	103
Gray	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	10	6
Wells	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	10	7
F O Walker	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	10	9
Knapp	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	10	3
Wilson	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	10	4
Robinson	7	9	16	9	8	12	..	..	85	61
Coons	..	..	..	9	6	9	..	..	40	24
L G Walker	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	10	6
Ed Spats	8	6	15	11	..	..	..	..	60	40
Vallie	8	7	10	7	..	..	..	..	60	32
Butts	8	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	30	24
Cobb	10	11	17	10	..	..	..	..	60	48
Stewart	3	5	8	7	..	..	..	..	60	23
Weston	5	6	..	13	..	..	..	..	45	24
Campbell	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8
Bowman	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	18
Moss	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5
Hulet	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6
Snook	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	4

On the third day a number of the shooters had gone home, so that the number of entries were somewhat decreased, but a great number of the shooters stayed all the way through, and when the last gun was fired there was nothing but praise for the tournament and the Soo Gun Club.

The Scores for the Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Bladwin	10	12	16	11	7	8	20	9	120	93
Muir	8	12	18	13	9	9	17	7	120	93
Hood	7	8	18	12	10	11	17	12	120	95
Squirrel	8	13	18	12	9	8	17	7	120	92
Bird	9	13	19	12	10	8	14	4	120	89
Hamaker	9	11	18	..	..	..	..	..	45	38
J F Spotz	9	11	19	11	8	5	16	12	120	91
Leach	8	13	20	13	8	11	19	12	120	104
Gage	9	12	19	11	8	11	14	10	120	94
Taylor	9	11	17	13	6	11	..	10	100	77
Anderson	10	10	17	9	9	..	17	..	90	72
Jones	8	12	16	10	9	9	16	9	120	89
Lindy	7	14	20	13	9	11	19	7	120	100
F Miller	10	12	18	11	10	8	17	5	120	91
Hagerman	9	11	19	10	9	12	17	12	120	99
Dr Day	7	12	19	11	10	11	16	8	120	94
Jenkins	9	11	19	12	8	12	18	10	120	99
Keller	10	12	19	13	8	13	19	14	120	108
Howard	9	14	19	14	9	13	19	11	120	108
Densil	7	11	14	10	7	7	18	7	120	80
Place	10	13	19	14	8	9	17	13	120	103
Palmer	9	12	19	13	4	11	16	11	120	95
Clark	7	9	13	8	5	11	16	5	120	70
Mortensen	8	7	17	12	9	13	12	12	120	90
Williams	9	13	19	12	9	10	19	13	120	104
Mrs Day	6	8	15	10	8	8	14	9	120	78
Peterson	6	12	17	14	8	9	17	8	120	91
Peck	10	11	20	14	10	7	17	10	120	99
Chingren	7	15	18	8	9	10	20	8	150	95
Denn	8	12	16	11	..	..	..	..	60	47
DeGood	4	..	14	4	6	..	..	..	55	28
Bloomstrand	8	8	11	6	4	11	16	10	120	74
Ellis	6	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	20	13
Gubben	8	12	14	12	7	12	17	10	120	92
Higgins	5	10	14	9	..	..	..	..

Pennsylvania's State Shoot.

NEVER to our knowledge has the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association held a shoot the equal of that which closed last week at Oil City. June 22-25 set a pace for future tournaments of the Association that most gun clubs will find it hard to compete with. Having been personally connected with the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association for a matter of five or six years, we can well recall the efforts made from year to year by John A. Wilson, of Franklin, Pa., to induce the delegates at each successive annual meeting of the Association to give the shoot to his portion of the country across the Alleghenies. His efforts were finally crowned with success at Harrisburg last year, the shoot going to the Oil City Gun Club. The success of that shoot has been the most thorough vindication Mr. Wilson could desire in behalf of western Pennsylvania. The choice of Oil City for 1897 was no error on the part of the delegates at the meeting of 1896.

A PICTURESQUE LOCATION.

A picturesque location had been chosen for the scene of the State shoot. We had been prepared during our 130 miles' run up the Allegheny River from Pittsburg, in the cars of the Allegheny River Railway, for something choice in the way of scenery around Oil City. The Allegheny River, whose course the railway follows from point to point, flows through some of the most beautiful mountain scenery it has ever been our lot to see in this or any other country. We had also been told by Mr. H. C. Reeser, Secretary of the Oil City Gun Club, in letters written prior to the State shoot, something about the character of the country in which his club was going to hold the shoot. But even with the above warnings we were scarcely prepared for the reality

Electric street cars which bore the sign of "Hill and Park," carried us about two miles southwest of the city, following the course of the river. The line then left the river and turned more to the south, following a valley that marks a sharp turn in the river. After covering another mile and a half the track crosses a road that runs at right-angles to another road which has left the main road down by the river and followed the course of the valley. The signpost at this cross-roads reads: "3½ Miles to Oil City," pointing down the valley the way we have come. The other hands point about east and west. The one pointing east, across the car track, reads: "Salem, 2 Miles;" the other, pointing west, says: "Franklin, 5 Miles." But the shooting grounds are not here. We have to go about another mile and a half, still right in the heart of the woods, and with an arch of trees meeting over the car track, before we leave the cars and dive down into the valley, which forks at this point Here, right in the fork, with mountains and woods on all sides, and with the strongest suggestions of ruffed grouse and woodcock on every hand, were located the shooting grounds. "Deep Hollow" is, we believe, the name given to the spot.

A VERY HARD BACKGROUND.

Under such conditions as regards location, the extremely hard nature of the background can well be imagined. A few weeks ago there was only a small open space in the woods at this point. The club went to work and cleared additional space sufficient to run two sets of live bird traps, the 50yds. boundary line on each set of traps being right at the edge of the woods. These woods are not very dense, although there is plenty of undergrowth, and at first sight, before a target was thrown, one could scarcely realize how extremely hard it was going to be to locate accurately the whirling bluerocks. The trouble chiefly lay in the brilliant sun that shone all the time through the leaves of the trees which clothed the slopes of the mountains in front of the traps, causing the green of the leaves to assume a yellowish tint that matched very well with the yellow circles on the bluerocks. Against such a background it was next to impossible to see the sight on one's gun and find out where one was holding when the referee decided "lost"—as he very often did.

Fred Gilbert gave us a good, but brief, description of the background. We arrived in Oil City, accompanied by Capt. Money, Billy Wolstencroft, James Schmeck and Whiting, in time for dinner on Monday, June 21. Going up to the dining room of the Arlington Hotel, headquarters for shooters, we found several shooters at work with the knife and fork, among them the members of the Indian squad. In the course of conversation we asked Gilbert what the background was like. His reply was as follows: "It's all right; there's none of that nasty blue sky to bother a person." And there wasn't.

CAPITAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR SHOOTERS.

The arrangements at the ground for the accommodation of the shooters were capital. A club house, with an ample cashier's office, held guns, shells, coats, etc. Gunracks at the scores of the two magautraps were also well tenanted. Benches and chairs were everywhere in profusion, and the trees of the woods at the back of the scores gave much desired shelter from the burning rays of the fierce June sun that were only slightly tempered by a gentle breeze that swept up the valley on the left of the opening, crossing the traps from left to right. There were tents, too, in sufficient numbers to give one the idea of a camp meeting. Milt and Wanda had their tepee; J. M Carson, the local gundealer, had a large tent in which he kept shells for sale; and, be it noted, he did a good business in that line. There were other tents, too, but we cannot recall any other special ones, except the dining tent, in which Mr. W H. Loots, assisted by a most courteous and willing brigade of helpers, dispensed one of the very best meals we have sat down to, served in a similar *al fresco* style. Mr. Loots, his assistants, his gallons of ice cream, quarts of strawberries, cases of well iced "soft stuff" (for "hard stuff" was very fitly barred), and his 50-cent dinners, must be numbered among the list of attractions at the State shoot of 1897.

Under the management and direction of Elmer Shaner the club was scarcely likely to be lacking in the matter of help; nor was it. The following list of the help employed on the target days will show that the club did not allow the expenditure of a few dollars to stand in its way when the success of the shoot might depend on the extra outlay for additional help. In the cashier's office were W. H. Magee, cashier; assistant cashier, Philip Engelsgerger; compiler of scores, Alf. P. Pope; assistant compiler of scores, Chas. Moyer; squad hustler. J. B. Deegan. For the State events on magautrap No. 1 there were two or three referees: the puller was Wm Watterson; trappers, Chas. Huff and Tom Lynch; scorers: blackboard, Pope, Jr.; manifold, Sherrick; messenger, Cook. On the No. 2 magautrap for the open events the officials were: Referee, W. J. McCrickart; puller, Jos. Huff; trappers, Fred Lynch and John Frye; blackboard, Walter Wolf; manifold, Russel Lay. The trio of water boys, who were kept very busy filling up the buckets with fresh, cold, spring water, were Bernard Elert, Joseph Lynch and Ellis Soles. The above makes a big list of help, but all were needed, and all helped to smooth out any kinks that might temporarily arise.

THE CLUB INCURRED GREAT EXPENSE.

In making arrangements for this shoot the club incurred great expense. Its own grounds, nearer the city, were felt to be totally unfitted for so big a shoot as this one promised to be. It therefore looked around and chose the site mentioned, putting up the club house specially for this occasion. It also went to the expense of putting up a pigeon-coop capable of holding some 3,000 birds, close to the grounds. This coop alone cost the club $200 in cold, hard dollars. The club house, too, although we did not learn what its cost was, could not be far behind the above figures.

And all this expense was incurred in all probability for just this one shoot. Mr. J. B. Smithman, the gentleman who owns the street car system, all the ground surrounding the place where the shoot was held, and also Smithman's Park, a new pleasure resort about half a mile from the shooting grounds, intends to add to the attractions at this end of his car line by turning the valley where the shoot was held into a lake about a mile in length, by building a dam at the western outlet. From this it will be gathered that, should the Oil City Gun Club at some future date give another shoot (and it is to be hoped that it will do so), it is scarcely likely that such shoot would be held where so many bluerocks were smashed last week.

Taking into consideration also the $200 added money, added by the Oil City Gun Club, and also taking into account the outlay for buildings and the help to run the shoot, it is hard to see how the club could hope to come out even. We could not figure it out at all, and were, therefore, glad to learn from Mr. Reeser on Friday, June 25, that two residents of Oil City had approached him and had asked to be permitted to aid by means of checks if the club ran behind the game; and these two gentlemen were not members of the club, so far as we could learn.

AN UNUSUAL NUMBER OF SPECTATORS ON HAND.

A special feature of this shoot was the large attendance of spectators present at the grounds every day of the tournament. They came early and they stayed late, watching even the target shooting with a degree of interest we have never seen equaled anywhere before. Ordinarily a corporal's guard is about what turns out to look at the boys break targets, the bulk of the crowd showing up when live birds were to be trapped and shot at But at Oil City it was different from anything we have noted before. Ladies and gentlemen, the former gracing the tournament with their presence in large numbers, came out all days alike and took a most active interest in all that was going on, watching the bluerocks being smashed and scanning the score board with an interest that was evidenced by the closeness with which they followed the proceedings.

It is not too much to say that every member of the home club did his best to make the shoot run smoothly. The officers of the club are: President, L. L. Graham; Vice-President, A. Smedley; Secretary, H. C. Reeser; Treasurer, H. C. Dorworth. Directors: F. S. Bates, C. H. Lay, Jr., and C. T. McClintock. All the above, together with many of the rank and file, were always on hand to look after the comfort of their guests At the Arlington and the other hotels of the city, everything was done to make the visitors feel at home.

In short, the shoot was a great social success; and the social features of such gatherings mean far more than most people and most clubs properly appreciate.

TWO MAGAUTRAPS WERE USED.

Paul North being unable to attend the shoot through sickness at home, Charlie North, his brother, was on hand to look after the magautraps if they got balky, something that only happened rarely. When such a thing did occur, the cry went up: "North, North," and a figure was seen trotting off to the refractory machine with a movement of the pedal extremities that made Charlie North a dead ringer for the better known Paul of that ilk; knickerbockers, bicycle stockings, pneumatic calves and all.

So much has been said about the background that the scores will scarcely excite any comment; but it must also be borne in mind that the magautraps were throwing the targets far and fast all the time. On the preparatory afternoon the targets flew as we have never seen them fly from any trap more than once or twice previously. And during the entire shoot there would be occasions when the targets got to going as far as was consistent with our notions of what constitutes the limit. But it was interesting shooting, and nobody was safe until the last target of his string had been broken. One was never out until the bell on the blackboard had rung. Nos. 1 and 5 were hard positions to get through safely. From No. 1 there would sometimes come a succession of stinging left-quarterers, that would tax the best skill of either Rolla or Fred Gilbert. At No. 5 there would be some right-quarterers that beat the best of them; while as for straightaways—they were overshot time and time again It was corking hard shooting, but it was decidedly interesting. And it was the same for all. No excuses.

STATE REPRESENTATION.

The long list of shooters in the State events will best tell who was on hand. Philadelphia, Reading, Harrisburg and Pittsburg were all well represented, the Philadelphia contingent making a clean sweep of all the trophies in the target events. Harrisburg took the individual championship at live birds, Brewster winning it after a shoot-off with holder, Jos. Thurman, Jr. Pittsburg took the team championship trophy at live birds, the Herron Hill Gun Club's trio, A. H. King, W. S. King and J. G. Messner, each making a clean score of 15 birds.

Meadville, Newcastle, Franklin, Oil City, and several other cities were also well represented in the State events, but the bulk of the contestants in these events came from the four large cities above mentioned.

FROM OUTSIDE THE STATE.

From outside the State came several of the most noted crackerjacks in the country: McMurchy, Heikes, Budd, Grimm, Powers, Gilbert, Brewer, Van Dyke, Glover, Fulford, Dickey, Crosby, Fanning, Winston, Trimble, H. G Wheeler, Hood, etc.; if that contingent isn't warm company, what is?

Gilbert, although our list of general averages shows him tied with Heikes for first average, really carried off the honors by four targets, as he broke 49 out of 50 in the E. C handicap against 45 broken by Heikes. As, however, we have never taken handicaps into account in figuring averages, the results should stand as shown in the table of general averages given elsewhere. Like all the rest, Gilbert would fall off temporarily in his work, and then again he made some brilliant runs, showing that, as the boys put it, he is "pointing the best of any of them."

The trade representatives, many of whom are included in the above list of crackerjacks, also included Capt. A. W. Money and Gus E. Greiff, both representing the American E. C. and Schultze Powder Company, Limited; Milt Lindsley and Mrs. Lindsley, King's Smokeless and Peters' Cartridge Company; L D. Thomas, of the Laflin & Rand W A Powder Company; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U M. C. Company, who only showed up for the live bird events; A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Company; Dan Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Company; E. H. Knickern, representing the firm of Schoverling, Daly & Gales; A. W. Du Bray, of the Parker Gun Company; George A. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Company, who was unfortunately called home by a wire on June 24, announcing the death of a near relative.

Among the crackerjacks were the representatives of the following firms: W R. A. Co., Rolla Heikes and Ferd. Van Dyke; Harvey McMurchy, L. C. Smith (Hunter Arms Co.), Syracuse, N Y.; Budd, Grimm and Gilbert, a strong Du Pont-Hazard trio; Ralph Trimble, Du Pont Smokeless; Sim Glover, Parker gun and Schultze powder; Fulford, Remington gun and Schultze powder; O. R. Dickey, Parker gun and E. C. powder; Winston, Austin's 147 load; Jack Fanning and Gold Dust; H G Wheeler, King's Smokeless; Billy Crosby, of the Baker Gun Co., Batavia, N. Y.; Jack Brewer, Francotte gun and Schultze.

As we shall have to review the shoot in comparative detail, it will be better, perhaps, to proceed with that portion of the report without further prelude.

STATE EVENTS.

The target programme of State events was as follows. First day: Three 15-target events; the Wolstencroft trophy contest for the individual championship of the State, 50 targets per man; the American Wood Powder trophy for 3 men teams; and a 50-target event, handicap allowance, for a Parker gun. Second day: Three 15-target events; a 50-target event, handicap allowance, for a Remington gun; and the contests for the Reading and the Harrisburg trophies for 5-men and 6-men teams, respectively.

THE 15-TARGET EVENTS.

Below will be found a table giving the averages made by those who shot in the 15-target events, sixty-one shooters in all taking part in these events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6			
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
W H Wolstencroft	13	15	11	13	12	14	90	78	86.6
C H Lay	11	12	15	13	12	11	90	74	82.2
A Smedley	13	11	12	13	10	15	90	74	82.2
A P Pope	12	13	12	11	13	12	90	73	81.1
H Landis	10	11	13	11	14	13	90	72	80
J Schmeck	13	12	13	12	12	9	90	71	78.8
S P Life	11	13	10	15	11	11	90	71	78.8
H Brewster	10	12	13	12	11	12	90	70	77.7
Guess	11	10	13	12	9	14	90	69	76.6
J Whiting	11	10	14	12	12	9	90	68	75.5
B Harrison	10	12	12	9	13	12	90	68	75.5
H F Born	12	10	12	14	8	11	90	67	74.4
J Motz	12	10	10	13	10	11	90	66	73.3
F S Bates	10	11	12	10	14	9	90	66	73.3
Oliver	12	11	13	8	10	11	90	65	72.2
J Shaaber	10	11	9	10	12	13	90	65	72.2
L D Thomas	15	7	8	9	11	14	90	64	71.1
Dr Alexander	13	8	10	12	9	12	90	64	71.1
W H Burnham	13	8	8	13	9	11	90	62	68 8
W Thurman	8	9	11	13	11	10	90	62	68.8
Carn	13	10	10	9	10	10	90	62	68.8
Nye	10	8	10	10	11	12	90	61	67.7
J A Wilson	8	10	10	13	10	6	90	57	63.3
H M Fuller	11	9	10	11	9	5	90	55	61.1
Marlowe	13	7	7	7	9	11	90	54	60
W R Ritter	13	10	9	6	9	6	90	53	58.8
J O'H Denny	9	8	12	9	6	8	90	52	57.7
Cokey	11	10	13	11	7	..	75	52	69.3
B G Ross	9	9	12	11	10	..	75	51	68
G Kuntz	10	5	8	9	9	..	75	41	54.6
T M Cundall	..	..	9	12	15	9	60	45	75
J D Dinsmore	..	10	12	10	7	..	60	39	65
J P Frazer	..	7	9	11	6	..	60	33	55
W S King	..	..	..	11	14	15	45	40	88.8
A C Stevenson	..	..	..	13	13	13	45	39	86.6
Prenatt	..	..	..	12	12	11	45	35	77.7
L L Graham	12	9	13	..	..	..	45	34	75.5
W N Stevenson	..	..	..	14	9	11	45	34	75.5
J C Dinsmore	..	..	..	11	12	10	45	33	73.3
Allen	..	..	..	10	11	12	45	33	73.3
H F Bowen	13	12	7	..	..	..	45	32	71.1
Husselton	..	..	..	12	10	10	45	32	71.1
Starr	..	..	..	11	12	9	45	32	71.1
H C Reeser	12	9	10	..	..	..	45	31	68.8
H C Dorworth	..	..	..	8	12	11	45	31	68.8
A H King	..	..	..	12	7	12	45	31	68.8
Duncan	10	12	8	..	..	..	45	30	66.6
H A Johnson	..	..	..	8	10	10	45	28	62.2
H T Brown	..	..	..	8	9	11	45	28	62.2
Esby	..	..	..	5	12	10	45	27	60
C H Miller	..	..	..	8	10	8	45	26	57.7
Cartwright	8	8	5	..	..	..	45	21	46.6
Boardman	..	..	..	5	9	6	45	20	44.4
Jessup	..	..	..	7	8	2	45	17	37.7
C T McClintock	6	5	5	..	..	..	45	16	35.5
Butter	..	..	..	8	10	..	30	18	60
Newton	..	9	8	..	..	..	30	17	56.6
Fleming	..	..	..	8	9	..	30	17	56.6
G E M	..	..	..	11	6	..	30	17	56.6
McPherson	..	..	..	8	8	..	30	16	53.3
Kennedy	..	..	..	2	12	..	30	14	46.6

THE WOLSTENCROFT TROPHY.

Harry Thurman, of the Keystone Shooting League, the Independent Gun Club of Philadelphia, the Wingohocking Gun Club, the Germantown Gun Club, and goodness knows how many other clubs, is now the champion of Pennsylvania at targets. He won the William Wolstencroft & Sons' trophy on June 22 by breaking 45 out of 50, a score that is far better than it looks on paper. Whiting, of Pittsburg, and Brewster, of Harrisburg, were second and third with 43 and 41 respectively. This event was, of course, a scratch event. The scores made in the race will be found under the head of No. 1 in the table that follows. Nos. 2 and 3 were the Parker and the Remington handicaps, respectively:

Events:	1	2*	3†
Denny (10)	38	37—6—43	33—2—35
Fuller (10)	29	32—4—36	40—6—46
Brewster (5)	41	40—4—44	38—2—40
Whiting (10)	43	36—6—42	39—10—49
Burnham (8)	39	36—3—39	41—7—48
H Thurman (2)	45	36 36	43—1—44
Landis (4)	37	38 38	41—4—45
W H Wolstencroft (2)	37	45 45	43—2—45
Pope (5)	39	41—2—43	39—3—42
Graham	36	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Schmeck	31	35—3—38	.. .. ..
Shaaber (6)	39	37—4—41	31 w
Ritter	35	37—2—39	.. .. ..
Harrison (6)	36	32—4—36	39—4—43
L D Thomas (5)	37	31—1 32	35—4—39
Alexander	33	36—3—39	.. .. ..
Cam (10)	33	37—6—43	42—9—51
Guess (0)	38	41—4—45	44 44
C H Lay (7)	35	29—4—33	41—4—45
Nye (8)	35	31—2—33	37—6—43
Duncan (10)	27	19—4—23	30—6—36
S P Life (7)	39	29—4—43	39—3—42
McClintock	33	25—8—33	.. .. ..
Wilson (10)	33	35—5—40	35—7—42
Smedley (7)	33	31—3—34	42—5—47
Reeser	30	27—6—33	.. .. ..
Newton	..	31—3—34	.. .. ..
J P F	..	25—4—29	.. .. ..
Born	..	37—4—41	.. .. ..
Motz (6)	..	39—2—35	33—6—39
Bowen	..	33—3—36	.. .. ..
Oliver (4)	..	43—2—45	39—2—41
Bates	..	37—4—41	.. .. ..
Cokey	..	40—5—45	.. .. ..
Cartright	..	25—4—29	.. .. ..
Kuntz	..	18—4—22	.. .. ..
Marlow (8)	..	33—5—38	38—7—45
Ross	..	29—3—32	.. .. ..
Fleming (10)	..	31 w	29 w
W N Stevenson (6)	..	36—3—39	40—5—45
A C Stevenson (0)	..	43—2—45	46 46
Colbert	..	27—5—32	.. .. ..
C H Miller (10)	..	31—3—37	40—8—48
Husselton (4)	..	40—5—45	38—3—41
Starr	..	33—6—39	.. .. ..
Dorworth	..	42—1—43	.. .. ..
Ehrgott (5)	..	.. .. ..	34—5—39
Jessop (7)	..	.. .. ..	34—5—39
Allen (7)	..	.. .. ..	38—6—44
Murphy (8)	..	.. .. ..	40—5—45
Johnson (0)	..	.. .. ..	46 46
O'Brien (9)	..	.. .. ..	36—4—40
Lashells (7)	..	.. .. ..	26 w
Gem (10)	..	.. .. ..	34—4—38
A H King (4)	..	.. .. ..	42—2—44
W S King (4)	..	.. .. ..	42—3—45

* No. 2 was the Parker Gun Handicap. In this event 45 was the 'highest possible," and, as will be seen from the scores, there were six ties on that number, among them being W. H. Wolstencroft, one of the scratch men. On the shoot-off Guess won the gun. The handicaps were as below: Wolstencroft, Thurman and Landis scratch, Denny 7, Fuller 7, Brewster 4, Wilson 8, Burnham 5, Pope 5, L. D. Thomas 2, Shaaber 4, Ritter 2, Harrison 4, Whiting 6, Schmeck 4, Alexander 4, Cam 6, Reeser 10, Lay 5, Nye 5, Duncan 7, Guess 1, Marlowe 8, Bates 6, S. P. Life 4, Smedley 5, Born 4, Cokey 5, Ross 7, Cartright 7, Kuntz 10, Oliver 5, W. N. Stevenson 6, A. C. Stevenson 4, Colbert 7, Miller 7, J. P. F. 7, H. F. Brown 5, McClintock 10, Newton 7, Starr 7, Husselton 7, Dorworth 4, Motz 4.

† No. 3 was the Remington Gun Handicap. In this event 45 was again the highest possible, unless more than that number was broken by some shooter out of his first 50 targets. A C. Stevenson and H. A. Johnson both broke 46 out of their 50, and thus raised the highest possible one point. There were seven ties for the gun: Johnson, Stevenson, Fuller, Burnham, C. H. Miller, Cam and Whiting. On the shoot-off at 25 targets, with proportionate reductions in their handicaps, Fuller and Cam both made highest possibles again. On the second shoot-off Fuller won with a highest possible to Cam's 23. The figures in brackets after each man's name shows his handicap in this event.

AMERICAN WOOD POWDER CO.'S TROPHY.

Milt Lindsley and Wanda were forcibly reminded of old times on June 22, the date set for the 3-men team race for the American Wood Powder Co.'s trophy. The conditions of the race are 26 singles and 5 pairs. The Keystone Shooting League's team won the race with a score of 82, the Independents, of Reading, being second. Below are the details of this race:

Keystone Shooting League.

W H Wolstencroft	01111111111111111111111110	11 11 00 10 11—30
H Thurman	11111111101011101111111100	01 11 10 11 01—27
H Landis	01111111111101011010100	11 00 11 10 10—25—82

Independent, of Reading.

J Shaaber	11101111101011111111111011	11 10 10 10 10—27
W H Ritter	10111011110111111100110111	00 11 10 10 10—23
B Harrison	11101101101101111111111001	11 10 11 11 11—28—78

Herron Hill.

J Whiting	01111110110100000110011111	10 10 10 00 10—20
Born	00111010101110110111111111	10 00 11 10 10—23
J O'H Denny	11111111111011111111100111	10 10 10 00 11—27—70

Independent, of Philadelphia.

W N Stevenson	10101110011011111011110111	11 00 10 10 11—24
A C Stevenson	10111110110011111111111110	10 10 00 00 10—23
S P Life	11001100101111111011011100	10 10 10 10 11—22—69

Franklin Gun Club.

J P Frazier	01000010103100100101000100	00 00 11 10 10—11
Newton	00000000010110001001000000	00 10 00 10 00— 7
J A Wilson	11101010111110001111110010	00 11 10 00 10—20—38

THE READING TROPHY FOR 5-MEN TEAMS.

The Reading trophy for 5-men teams was another trophy that went back to Philadelphia to grace the sideboard of the Keystone Shooting League. The conditions were 25 targets, unknown angles; below are the details:

Keystone Shooting League.

W H Wolstencroft	1111111111011111111111110—23
A C Stevenson	1111111101111101111111110—22
H Landis	0111101111111110111111111—22
W N Stevenson	1010010001111111111111110—18
Hy Thurman	1111011111110111010111011—20—105

Independent Gun Club, of Reading.

W H Ritter	1010111101111111110011111—20
B Harrison	1111111101111111101001111—21
J Shaaber	0011111101010111011010011—16
J Schneck	0101001011111100101100111—15
S P Life	1011101111111111111101111—22— 94

Herron Hill Gun Club.

W S King	0101101111101101111101111—19
A H King	0111111111111111001111—22
J Whiting	1010111110011000101111011—16
Born	1101001010011011010000110—13
S McPherson	0010111111111101110001110—17— 87

Meadville Gun Club.

Krider	1001111111011011001110111—18
Ergott	0110101110111110010011100—15
Prenatt	1111011111111110120111111—23
Lashells	1111111111010111000000110—16
Leverman	0001100111100010101011101—13— 84

THE HARRISBURG TROPHY FOR 6-MEN TEAMS.

Only two teams entered for this contest—the Independent Gun Club, of Reading, and the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg. The former team won, Philadelphia thus making a clean sweep of all the trophies offered for annual competition at targets:

Independent Gun Club, of Philadelphia.

W H Wolstencroft	1111011111110111110111111—22
H Landis	0111111101111101110111111—21
A C Stevenson	1111111101111101111111110—22
J Shaaber	1110111111111100111111111—22
W N Stevenson	1111111111111111111111011—24
H Thurman	1010110110011110111111111—19—130

Herron Hill Gun Club.

W S King.....1110101111111111010111111111—22
A H King.....1011111111111111111111111110—23
J O'H Denny.....1011011110110011100000000—13
Born.....1111111010100101010010001—15
J Whitin.....1101110100111011111011110—18
Fleming.....1101110100111011111011110—15—106

OPEN EVENTS.

A good idea of the difficulty experienced by the shooters in locating the bluerocks may be gathered from a glance at the following table of scores. Gilbert was high with 91.5, Glover following him closely with 89.6; Heikes and Fulford were tied for third place with 89 per cent. exactly. Now look at the names of the shooters that follow the four above-named in order of merit and then judge whether the game was an easy one or not!

OPEN EVENTS, JUNE 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	19	15	16	19	24	20	18	20	165	151	91.5
Glover	17	20	17	18	23	18	19	16	165	148	89.6
Heikes	19	18	17	14	22	18	19	20	165	147	89
Fulford	17	18	18	18	20	18	19	19	165	147	89
Crosby	17	19	14	20	21	17	19	18	165	145	87.8
Brewer	15	19	19	16	24	17	16	18	165	144	87.2
Van Dyke	19	18	18	16	18	19	15	19	165	142	86
Trimble	18	17	19	19	21	17	15	16	165	142	86
Budd	16	18	18	17	22	16	19	15	165	141	85.4
Edwards	14	17	17	17	23	18	18	17	165	141	85.4
Redwing	18	18	18	17	19	15	17	19	165	141	85.4
Powers	19	17	15	17	19	18	17	17	165	139	84.2
Dickey	16	20	15	19	19	16	16	17	165	138	83.6
Grimm	14	18	16	17	19	19	16	18	165	137	83
McMurchy	16	17	18	15	18	16	19	17	165	136	82.4
Fanning	16	17	16	17	19	18	16	17	165	136	82.4
Winston	15	18	14	17	23	19	15	15	165	136	82.4
Hood	14	12	16	16	18	15	17	16	165	124	75.1
Money	13	14	12	17	15	15	18	17	165	121	73.3
Wilson	14	16	6	16	18	10	12	14	165	106	64.2
Burkhardt	16	11	8	8	18	10	14	13	145	98	59.3
Wheeler	..	19	13	17	20	18	17	15	145	119	83
Leroy	..	19	16	17	20	16	15	16	145	118	81.3
Lefever	..	16	10	15	22	14	14	19	145	107	73.7
Denny	17	12	12	12	13	13	14	..	145	93	64.1
Burnham	..	12	17	..	20	14	16	..	105	79	75.2
E H K	12	11	..	..	..	13	15	10	100	61	61
Wanda	..	8	..	8	..	11	10	6	100	43	43
Lindsley	..	16	16	..	17	..	..	17	85	66	77.6
Dorsworth	5	16	16	..	18	..	..	..	85	65	76.4
Shaaber	15	15	16	14	..	..	..	..	80	61	63.7
Landis	17	14	..	..	22	..	..	..	65	53	81.5
Harrison	..	..	16	..	..	18	16	..	60	50	83.3
A C Stevenson	..	..	..	..	..	11	18	15	60	44	73.3
Miller	..	14	10	..	..	..	..	12	60	36	60
Cook	..	11	12	8	..	..	..	..	60	31	51.6
Fuller	..	16	13	..	..	..	..	..	40	29	72.5
Wolstencroft	..	8	..	..	18	..	..	..	40	26	65

The following also shot in one event only, with the following result:
No. 1: Thurman 14.
No. 2: Brewster 13, Hoy 8.
No. 4: Cokey 14, Born 17, Oliver 14, Brown 13, Motz 13.
No. 5: Bort 17, W. M. Stevenson 14, L. D. Thomas 11.
No. 6: Smedley 18.

Fifty shooters took part in to-day's events.

On the second day forty-nine shooters took part in the open events, the scores of which are given in the table below. In addition to the five races given, there was also a 50-target handicap race for a cup presented by the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., Ltd.; as the race did not figure in the general averages, it is kept separate and follows the table.

It will be noticed that the boys were rapidly getting on to the background, seven men having averages of 90 per cent. or better. Heikes led to-day with 93 per cent., Budd and Brewer tying for second and third places on a 92.3 per cent. each. Trimble was fourth with 91.5; Gilbert, Van Dyke and Landis tying for the next three places with just 90 per cent. each.

OPEN EVENTS, JUNE 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	50	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	19	19	20	18	45	130	121	93
Budd	19	19	18	20	44	130	120	92.3
Brewer	19	18	20	18	45	130	120	92.3
Trimble	19	20	17	18	45	130	119	91.5
Gilbert	18	18	17	20	44	130	117	90
Van Dyke	18	16	19	19	45	130	117	90
Landis	19	18	19	15	46	130	117	90
McMurchy	20	18	18	17	43	130	116	89.1
Hood	19	19	18	17	43	130	116	89.1
Winston	20	19	17	19	41	130	116	89.1
Grimm	17	19	15	19	45	130	115	88.4
Fulford	18	16	16	16	49	130	115	88.4
Crosby	17	15	19	19	44	130	114	87.6
Fanning	16	18	19	16	45	130	114	87.6
Wheeler	18	18	19	15	44	130	114	87.6
Glover	20	18	16	17	42	130	113	86.9
Powers	18	16	18	17	42	130	111	85.3
Dickey	15	14	19	19	44	130	111	85.3
W S King	18	17	15	18	41	130	109	83.8
Edwards	18	14	16	18	40	130	106	81.5
Money	15	17	15	17	38	130	102	78.4
Leroy	15	15	17	16	38	130	101	77.6
Chick	..	15	17	19	40	110	91	82.7
Redwing	18	18	19	15	..	80	70	87.5
McPherson	17	16	13	12	..	80	58	72.5
Burkhardt	17	15	14	12	..	80	58	72.5
G H J	..	15	18	17	..	60	50	83.3
R W E	..	18	16	15	..	60	49	81.6
Shaaber	16	17	13	..	..	60	46	76.6
A H King	17	14	..	15	..	60	46	76.6
Lindsley	..	..	15	17	..	40	32	80
Thurman	..	18	16	..	..	40	29	72.5
Du Bray	14	13	..	..	..	40	27	67.5
Harrison	15	..	12	..	..	40	27	67.5
Motz	10	15	..	..	..	40	25	61.5
Born	14	11	..	..	..	40	25	61.5
B R P	..	8	14	..	..	40	22	55

The following also shot in one event, making the scores given below:
In No. 1: Cam 16, Brewster 13, Denny 7, Burnham 14, Fuller 10 E H. K. 11, P. L. Murphy 16, A. H. King 17.
In No. 4: L. D. Thomas 16, Ergott 14, A. H. Donley 12, Bates 9.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The table of general averages shows better than anything else just how hard the game was. When only two men out of the eighteen who shot through the programme events can make an average of 90 or better, shooters will know, when they scan the names of those eighteen, that there was something difficult in the shooting. As stated above, Gilbert really beat Heikes out by 4 targets, making 49 out of 50 in the E C. Handicap to Heikes's 45. This event, however, following the usual practice of not counting handicaps in the general averages, is kept separate. Brewer's position as third on the list was won by steady and meritorious work on both days. The figures below speak for themselves:

	June 22		June 23			
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Total.	Av.
Fred Gilbert	165	151	130	117	268	90.8
R O Heikes	165	147	130	121	268	90.8
J L Brewer	165	144	130	120	264	89.4
E D Fulford	165	147	130	115	262	88.8
C W Budd	165	141	130	120	261	88.4
R Trimble	165	142	130	119	261	88.4
S Glover	165	148	130	113	261	88.4
F Van Dyke	165	142	130	117	259	87.7
W Crosby	165	145	130	114	259	87.7
H McMurchy	165	136	130	116	252	85.4
C M Grimm	165	137	130	115	252	85.4
J L Winston	165	136	130	116	252	85.4
C M Powers	165	139	130	111	250	84.7
J S Fanning	165	136	130	114	250	84.7
O R Dickey	165	138	130	111	249	84.4
F S Edwards	165	141	130	106	247	83.7
W Hood	165	124	130	116	240	81.3
A W Money	165	121	130	102	223	75.5

In addition to the above, H. G. Wheeler and B Leroy shot in every programme event except No. 1 on June 22. Their averages for the 275 targets shot at were 84.7 and 79.6, respectively. Redwing also shot in all the programme events, except the 50 target event (the last event) on June 23. His average for the 245 shot at was 86.1.

THE E. C. CUP CONTEST.

The conditions of the E. C. cup contest were as follows: 50 targets per man, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at; the highest possible was set at 45 unless some shooter should break more than that number out of his first 50 targets. Gilbert, who ran 24 out of his first 25, losing his 4th target, followed this up with 25 straight on his second string, thus raising the highest possible to 49. Hood ran 24 each 25 and had no difficulty in breaking his first target on the allowance, thus joining Gilbert in the tie. G. H. J. (G. H. Jones, of Warren, O.,) scored 41 out of his 50, and then broke 8 straight on his allowance of 10, making three ties for first place and the cup. Glover with 47 out of 50, and an allowance of 1 target, had no difficulty in collaring second money on 48. Three tied for third money on 47, five men getting into fourth money on 46, and three men splitting up fifth money on 45. The scores were as below, the figures in brackets after each man's name showing his handicap allowance:

Gilbert (0) 49, Hood (4) 49, G. H. J. (10) 49, Glover (1) 48, Grimm (1) 47, Powers (1) 47, Fanning (3) 47, Crosby (1) 46, Fulford (1) 46, Heikes (1) 46, Wheeler (2) 46, Leroy (7) 46, Dickey (1) 45, McMurchy (2) 45, Brewer (1) 45, Trimble (1) 44, Edwards (1) 44, W. S King (5) 44, Fuller (10) 44, Winston (4) 43, Murphy (6) 42, Burkhardt (10) 42, Budd (1) 40, E. W. E. (4) 40, Brewster (4) 40, Chick (5) 39, Arno (5) 39, Guess (2) 33, Burnham (7) 37, Money (7) 36, Donley (6) 35, J. R. Miller (6) 34, Hoye (10) 26, Pope (4) 24, Denney (8) 20, Wilson (10) 20, Wanda (19) 19.

Pope, Denny, Wilson and Wanda did not shoot out their allowances.

The shoot-off was at 25 targets, Hood receiving an allowance of 2 targets, and G. H. J 5 extras. So well was G. H. J. shooting, that it was odds on his making 25 straight with his allowance; while it was felt that Hood, who had regained his true form, had no small chance of running him close. It was recognized by all that Gilbert had a hard contract on hand, but he pluckily went to the score to show that he was willing to take his medicine.

When G. H. J. dropped his 1st and 4th targets, things did not look so bright for him; he then steadied down and broke out straights, ending with 23 Gilbert's chances went glimmering when he dropped his 6th and 11th targets; he finished with only 20, his 18th and 20th targets both being lost. Hood ran 14 out of his first 15, and seemed likely to make a highest possible, but losses of his 16th, 17th, 19th and 23d targets effectually disposed of his chances. The scores stood: G. H. J. 23, Gilbert 21 and Hood 20. Thus G. H. J. won the cup on the shoot-off without having to take advantage of his allowance. The detailed scores of the shoot-off are:

Gilbert.....11111011110111111010111111—21
Hood.....11111111101111111001011011—20
G H J.....01101111111111111111111111—23

The conditions under which the purse in this event was to be divided had been overlooked when it was decided to make a highest possible. The conditions were as follows: "Trophy and 20 per cent. of the purse to the winner, 35 per cent. to the second, 20 per cent. to the third, 15 per cent. to fourth, and 10 per cent. to fifth." As all other purses had been divided under the Rose system, it was supposed that this purse would be divided in a similar manner; hence the highest possible was fixed. The result was most eminently unsatisfactory to the high men, as they only received $6.60 each, whereas Glover, with 48 breaks to his credit, scooped in $35 alone! Highest possibles in handicaps will only work right when it is "high guns" or the Rose system.

THE LIVE-BIRD EVENTS.

The extremely warm weather which had prevailed on the first two days of the shoot, kept up for the first day of the live-bird programme, and had its effect on the birds. On this day there was no wind at all until late in the afternoon, and the consequence was the birds were sluggish to start, there being no buildings to draw them out, and no scare-ropes to start them with until after dinner had been disposed of. Once the scare-ropes were put in position the birds started much better.

With slow birds good scores were only to be expected, and several were made. The King brothers from Pittsburgh easily carried off the honors with 46 each out of 47 shot at, W. S. King losing the first bird he shot at, and then running 46 straight. There was a good deal of luck in the draw on this day, a man who got a screamer (and there were a few on tap) was generally a victim, as he was often totally unprepared for anything of the kind.

ON THE STATE TRAPS.

In the State events, the Williamsport trophy for the individual championship of the State at live birds was the first thing to be decided. In this event Joseph Thurman, Jr., Harry Thurman's father, the holder of the badge, which he won at Harrisburg last year, scored his 15 and tied with F. W. Bacon and H. Brewster, the latter being the winner ultimately. During the shoot-off, it is only fair to Mr. Thurman to state that the squall of wind and rain which struck the grounds when the tie was being shot off had much to do with his two ciphers, the rain beating on his spectacles and causing him much inconvenience. Brewster, however, well deserved his victory, as he gave Mr. Thurman a long race last year at Harrisburg in the shoot-off, and was also in the shoot-off at Altoona in 1894. Mr. Bacon is a new shooter in State circles, and made a good impression as a result of his day's work.

The detailed score in this event is as follows; also the details of the L. C. Smith trophy.

	Williamsport Trophy.	Ties.	L. C. Smith Trophy.
H Brewster	122222222222222—15	22220	.....
Jos Thurman, Jr.	111111121122222—15	11002	.....
F W Bacon	121211112221222—15	20201	2212122212120220—13
J Purdey	2222222022222222—14		.....
W S King	0212221112222212—14		2121122122121211—15
A H King	2221122220222222—14		1111112112112112—15
C A M	2221212121020221—13		.....
J G Messner	2222230220222222—13		2222222222222222—15
J A Wilson	2222022201112211—13		0112101221202011—11
H Thurman	2222222230202222—13		.....
W H Burnham	2222222020221222—13		.....
S McPherson	2220222222220222—13		1212222222220022—13
C J Jessup	1211221012202122—13		.....
Fleming	1111022221012222—13		.....
H T Brown	2220221212022222—13		.....
C H Lay	0111201211222222—13		.....
Fuller	1222122100011122—13		.....
Born	2002222222220222—12		.....
G T Berry	1121221122000020—11		.....
A P Pope	1222111022010210—11		1122112111100221—13
A Smedley	1012011021110222—11		.....
J O'H Denny	2220002121020		2112222212211111—15
M M Meredith	0222012200		.....
Reitzel	1000221202		.....
B Harrison	10022200		.....
Wetmore	.....		0212222122002022—11

For the L. C Smith trophy for 3-men teams, only three teams entered: Herron Hill Gun Club, Pittsburg Gun Club and Corry Gun Club. The detailed scores are given above, the result of the race being as below:

Herron Hill: W. S. King 15, A. H King 15, Messner 15—45.
Pittsburg Gun Club: J. O'H. Denny 15, McPherson 13, Wilson 11—39.
Corry Gun Club: Bacon 13, Pope 13, Wetmore 11—37.

ON THE OPEN SET OF TRAPS.

The programme for the open set of traps contained a 7-bird race and three 10-bird events. Owing to the number of entries and the delays inevitable to slow birds, great heat, etc., only the 7-bird event and one 10-bird event were decided. The 7-bird event resulted in a division between fifteen men, while the 10-bird event was divided up among sixteen shooters. From the above it will be seen that no one carried off any large amount of money after birds and other expenses were paid for. All events were high guns. The detailed scores follow:

	No. 1.	Tie.	No. 2.
B R Park	2220002		22102
Brewer	2212022		2122102111
C A M	0221102		.....
Bacon	0120		.....
T J Eley	2222121—7	1	11020
J Purdey	2222222—7	0	20
Chick	1212011		.....
G H J	2202022		.....
Fulford	1222120		2122122122—10
Burkhardt	120		2220221012
Du Bray	2222122—7	2	1211212222—10
Arno	2211222—7	2	2222212122—10
Denny	10		21212120
Money	2121112—7	2	1122221222—10
Mosher	2222222—7	2	.....
Crosby	2212222—7	1	2122212222—10
Fanning	1122122—7	2	2222222222—10
Van Dyke	2220		2122210
Winston	2222222—7	2	2222222222—10
Messner	2222222—7	0	.....
Dickey	2222212—7	2	1222222222—10
Thurman	2222111—7	2	.....
Wilson	2222022		21210
A H King	1111211—7	2	1121211222—10
Gilbert	0211221		2102121112
Budd	1222202		2222222220
McMurchy	1101122		1212112221—10
G D Berry	0101121		.....
McPherson	2222222—7	2	220
W S King	1212122—7	2	2222222222—10
Hood	2222222—7	1	12112220
McShane	2122222—7	2	.....
Powers	2221221211—10		
Roberts	0210211211		
Heikes	2222222122—10		
Lindsley	2202202222		
Hoye	000020		
Redwing	1111111211—10		
Wheeler	2111111011		
J R Miller	0022212210		
Pope	1122221121—10		
Teal	2202001220		
Grimm	2222212222—10		
Corry	2121110202		
Murphy	1122200222		
Donnelly	2001222222		
O'Brien	022112221		

No. 1 was the Smithman Introductory, 7 birds, $5, birds extra, high guns. No. 2 was the Deep Hollow Handicap, 10 birds, $7, birds extra. No. 1 had thirty-two entries; No. 2, thirty-eight entries. A total of 547 were shot at in these two events. No. 1 paid $10.65 for $7.10; No. 2 paid $16.60 for $10.

THE OIL CITY SPECIAL.

The Oil City Special was the chief attraction on the live-bird programme. The conditions were 25 birds, $25, birds extra, $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns, all surplus added. The division of the surplus was patterned after that system which has been adopted with such success by the Interstate Association at its Grand American Handicap. The event was set for Friday, June 25.

Contrary to our expectations, the number of regular entries only reached forty-four; P. L. Murphy was a post-entry, bringing the total up to forty-five. Of this number four forfeited, thus bringing the number of actual contestants down to forty-one. Geo. Mosher was among those who forfeited, but his absence from the score was for the reason given above, the sudden death of a near relative.

Of the forty-one shooters four ran straight: Glover, Grimm and McMurchy, all 31yds. men, and Fanning, who was placed at 30yds. These four divided $1,032.50, or about $258 apiece. There were five 24s and all they had to divide was $32.50, not quite enough to pay for their birds. Wheeler, one of the 24s, was unfortunate enough to lose his 25th bird, while Pete Murphy lost his 23d.

Taken as a whole the pigeons were an excellent lot of summer birds, and those who ran straight fully earned their positions. W. J. McCrickart and L D. Thomas acted as referees at the two sets of traps. The weather was bright and warm, but a brisk breeze blowing from left to right across the traps made things pleasant for everybody who could sit still in the shade. The detailed scores of the Oil City Special and of an extra 10-bird event, $7, birds extra, four high guns, are given below:

Oil City Special.		Extra 10 birds.
S Glover (31)	2122222222222222222222223—25	.....
H McMurchy (31)	2111111221122212221122221—25	1111212122—10
C M Grimm (31)	1222222222222222222222222—25	2222222222—10
J S Fanning (30)	2222222122222212222222222—25	1112201202
Fred Gilbert (31)	2102221222121222212212223—24	1111111111—10
Capt Money (29)	2222121212021222222221222—24	2111111212—10
A W Du Bray (29)	2222202122222222222222222—24	2222222222—10
H G Wheeler (29)	2221112121222211212212110 -24	.....
P L Murphy (29)	1122222222222221121122202—24	.....
C M Powers (31)	0221122112211212222101221—23	1212011121
C W Budd (31)	1102122212122222121222022—23	1222222112—10
R O Heikes (31)	2222222222220222220222222—23	.....
W S King (30)	2221111222210222122120222—23	2120212222
Redwing (28½)	1122222210111221012211111—23	.....
H Brewster (28)	2222222121211110222222120—23	.....
F W Bacon (27)	2212102212112222222201211—23	.....
O R Dickey (30)	2222222222022222221222002—22	2211221212—10
T J Eley (29)	2122222022122210112112220l—22	.....
E C Burkhardt (28)	2222222222222222220020122—22	.....
A P Pope (28)	2222002221111110212121101—21	.....
J A Wilson (27)	0221011221212222201112022—21	1222102201
Jos Thurman, Jr (28)	2120110111112011101111221—20	.....
J O'H Denny (27)	1212220221221022202210201—20	0022220202
C H Lay (27)	2102222222220211202120201—20	.....
Mingo (28)	1112212121101021100011012—19	.....
Foutts (28)	2220110222002210121022110—18	.....
R L Edmonston (28)	0110200031102121101202220—16	.....
C A M (27½)	1102120112200202000211102—16	.....
A H King (29)	1112221222002211222220	.....
Arno (28½)	2211222102222212022202	02
L G Brown (27)	0212110011021002120	.....
J L Brewer (32)	0122222122122221201	.....
W Crosby (31)	0222222222222220	.....
S McPherson (27½)	222222122002210	2222220002
Chick (27½)	112122200222210	.....
J R Miller (27)	2002122100200	.....
J Purdy (30½)	0222220102	2202222202
E D Fulford (31)	0220021110	.....
W H Burnham (27)	2200220220	.....
J G Messner (29)	2000	.....
M F Lindsley (28)	0200	.....

C. A. May (29½), G. A. Mosher (28½), J. S. Crossland (28), and A. Smedley (27) forfeited. P. L. Murphy was a post-entry.

U M C.....2121202200

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting was held in the parlor of the Arlington Hotel, at 9 P. M., June 22. President J. O'H. Denny and Recording Secretary Wilson were on hand. Mr. H. C. Reeser, Corresponding Secretary, was also present The treasurer, Jas. Wolstencroft, was unable to be present, on account of business.

The roll-call showed the following seventeen clubs represented by delegates or by proxy: Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, A. H. King, Harry Vandergrift and Louis Lautenslager; Iroquois Rifle and Gun Club, of Pittsburg, J. Motz and H. L. Born; Independent Gun Club, of Reading, John Shaaber and Brooke Harrison; Franklin Gun Club, John A. Wilson; Wingohocking Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Harry Thurman (proxy); Independent Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Harry Thurman; Altoona Rod and Gun Club, H. M. F. Worden (proxy); Luzerne County Sportsmen's Association, H M. F. Worden (proxy); Harrisburg Shooting Association, H Brewster Shoop; Reading Shooting Association, James Schmeck and W. H. Ritter; Pittsburg Gun Club, Elmer E. Shaner; Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, W. H. Wolstencroft and H. L. David; York Gun Club, W. H. Burnham; Philadelphia Shooting Association, H. L. David; Germantown Gun Club, Harry Thurman; Oil City Gun Club, A Smedley, C. H. Lay and H. C. Dorworth; Florist Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Will K. Park.

The following six clubs were duly elected as members of the Association: Meadville Gun Club, Butler Gun Club, Franklin Sportsmen's Association and Game and Fish Protective Society, Bradford Gun Club, Greenville Gun Club, and the Shamokin Gun Club.

The Franklin S. A. and G. and F. P. S. (too long a name to write out in full again) was represehted by Jesse Sinclair and John F. Leasgang. The Butler Gun Club by H. B. Colbert, J. E. Starr and C. H. Miller. Messrs. M. Henlon, C. A. Miller, Dr. Alexander and McNeary represented the Greenville Gun Club.

The contest for the next meeting of the Association was a sharp one Three clubs were placed in nomination for the honor of giving the tournament. These were, the Independent Gun Club, of Reading; the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, and the Iroquois Rifle and Gun Club, of Pittsburg. Mr. Motz, of the latter club, withdrew his club's name from the list, being unwilling to handicap the chances of Pittsburg for the shoot. The ballot showed 33 to 30 in favor of Reading, so the State shoot in 1898 will be held under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club of that city.

A vote of thanks was tendered the Governor of the State and the members of the Legislature (and in particular those members to whom the State is chiefly indebted for the new game laws just passed) for the work done at the present session of the Legislature. The committee on revision of trap-shooting rules, appointed at the annual meeting in 1896, made its report, presented a copy of the revised rules, and was discharged with a vote of thanks for its services.

After the transaction of routine business, the following officers were elected: J. O'H. Denny, President; Harry Thurman, Vice-President; James Wolstencroft, Treasurer; John A. Wilson, Secretary; Edward Yeager, Corresponding Secretary. Directors: George F. Nesbitt, H. M. F. Worden, J. A. Shaaber, W. H. Wolstencroft, E. E. Shaner, and W. H. Burnham.

All of these officers have filled the positions during the past twelve months, and were reelected, with the exception of Corresponding Secretary. This office perforce falls to the secretary of the local club in which the tournament is to be held.

LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

The following is a copy of the report presented by Mr. H. M. F. Worden, chairman of the Legislative Committee, upon the work done by that committe since last September:

OIL CITY, June 23 —*To the Officers and Members of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association*—GENTLEMEN: In submitting to you the third annual report of the work which this committee was instructed at your last meeting to urge as of most importance, I am pleased to make this report:

Your chairman appointed committees to frame and present the following bills: An act to provide for the appointment of a game and fish warden, and prescribe his powers and duties; an act or acts to make more uniform the game season; an act to regulate the possession, use, transportation and sale of fish and game.

At the time these committees were ready to report the State Game Commissioners had been named by the Governor, and it was decided that they should present these bills instead of the Association. The general codified game bill is the result of the final action of both the Game Commissioners and these various committees, and the bill which was finally passed and signed by our Governor on June 4, is one which should meet with the approval of every citizen of this State who is interested in preserving the game of our commonwealth. I do not think it necessary to enter into any argument to defend the act Public sentiment demanded its passage, and it is one of the best in the United States to preserve, as well as to increase our game It was not framed with a view of enabling large bags of game to be made, and this is the only objection apparently urged against it.

We should not forget to give due credit to our Game Commissioners for the active part they have taken since their appointment in the matter of this legislation, or the aid which was given by those outside this Association. We would be most ungrateful to forget the services of the member introducing this act in the House, and defending it against the attacks of those opposed to any law which might deprive them of the privilege of destroying game life at any season of the year. Neither should we forget to give due credit to the Senator who acted in the same capacity in the Senate The fact is, our thanks are due these two gentlemen, the Hon. Frank G. Harris and Senator C. C. Kaufman, the members of the House and Senate, and also to the Governor of this Commonwealth for his final approval of the bill.

The game and fish warden bill, now known as the Baldwin bill, or House bill No. 342, has given your chairman more work than all other measures introduced. The cause of this has been the administrative opposition to this measure, so far as the fish, and a majority of the Game Commissions were concerned. It was then, and is now, the opinion of this committee, and of the State Association, that it should have been immediately indorsed by them. The object of the bill was to create a system of protection which would harmonize the interests of both fish and game preservation, and to unite every individual's, club's and association's influence to further such enforcement of our game and fish laws as to make them in every sense of the term operative. Argument true and convincing has been made on the act, and it would not be of interest for me to continue it, from the fact that it has not been answered by those who have opposed it.

The only argument of the opposition to this bill has been by misrepresentation. Your chairman and J. H. Worden have been represented as working for the bill for personal gain; the president of your Association as aiding the bill that there might be a place created for a brother in law (who so far is an unknown quantity to our president). These are a few of the able arguments which have been urged against the bill that have thus far come to light

The importance of the measure as a protective feature, was appreciated at the start by the State Association and by this legislative committee; and it has received the strongest individual endorsement of any act which has ever been introduced by all classes of our State's citizens. Its constitutional construction has been passed upon by one of the ablest jurists in the State, and after having given his opinion that it was such, added that he hoped it would be speedily enacted into law. The weekly journals and daily press have also aided in placing the bill in the shape it is in at this writing, final passage in the House and on third reading in the Senate.

If this bill fails of passage there can be no protection to game, other than that which may be accorded it by individuals and clubs at their own expense, for at least the next two years. Do not forget that your Game Commissioners' hands at this time are tied by the proviso, in the act which creates them, from spending any money for this purpose. That this bill, if put into operation, will revolutionize the enforcement of our laws there is no question. Its provisions are just in the powers conferred, and in the amount to be expended annually.

Our thanks are specially due the member of this committee from Delaware county, the Hon. R. J. Baldwin, and Senator C. C. Kaufman for their aid in their respective branches, and also to all those who have not failed to find merit in the act, and who have given it their endorsement by their vote and voice.

The work on this bill has necessitated the writing of many letters, and while I could give the number I refrain from doing so. The fact that nearly every one had to be in a different form did not permit the use of circular letters. Owing to the time, aside from business duties being given to this act, I am unable to make such report on the game statistics (which were, through your aid, reported to me) that I desire to compile I therefore ask your indulgence for a few weeks longer, and will report to you through the weekly journals and daily press.

In summing up the reports of the sixty-seven counties, and examining the totals of these reports, I feel safe in asserting that the value of the game taken in the State annually will exceed $1,000,000.

I desire to thank the members of this committee for the very able support which they have given me, and without which, you are well aware, nothing could be accomplished; for the wise suggestions of many of you regarding the various subjects of this committee's work. I also appreciate the honor which you have conferred on me by electing me as chairman for the past three years of this committee's life. It has been a pleasure for me to have served in this capacity. If I have commanded your confidence in the work, this will be a source of gratification to me, and I shall always remember with pleasure the period in which our friendship commenced.

H. M F. WORDEN,
Chairman Legislative Committee P. S. S. A

POSTSCRIPT.

So much has been written on the State shoot of Pennsylvania for 1897, and so much more could be written on that subject, that we will have to ask permission to hold some of the matter over until our next issue.

Au revoir. EDWARD BANKS.

Springfield Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 23.—The Springfield Shooting Club held a shoot to day, the affair being well attended, twenty five shooters taking part in the sport. Events Nos. 1, 3, 6, 10 and 12 were at known traps and angles; No. 8 at reversed order and No 14 at expert rules; all the rest were at unknown angles. Scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	15	15	25	15	15	10	15	10	10	15	15	10	10
Tucker	10	10	12	13	22	14	15	10	13	10	9	15	15	10	..
Mills	10	8	13	13	24	14	14	5	12	8	8	15	11	..	..
Gaines	8	7	12	11	19	10	9	4	14	8	3	11	10	4	..
Hull	6	8	11	11	21	12	13	7	12	9	8	11	11	8	..
W F Parker	8	9	13	13	22	14	10	9	14	7	8	13	15	9	..
Bristol	4	8	14	10	17	11	12	10	12	6	7	10	..	..	..
Merritt	7	10	14	15	22	13	11	7	15	10	8	15	10	9	10
Herrick	10	8	11	7	14	10	10	5	11	3	4	13	9	6	6
Cutler	5	7	12	12	22	13	15	4	12	6	6	10	..	..	..
Holcomb	9	8	10	12	..	10	14	..	14	9	5	..	..	8	..
Lathrop	6	7	..	10	14	10	8	7	..	6	4	..	..	..	..
Brass	2	5	..	7	..	7	7	.	7	5	3	..	6	..	..
Jordan	9	6	11	12	22	13	12	7	5	5	7	12	11	..	9
L C Parker	6	7	8	7	12	10	..	..	13	5	..	..	..	..	..
Crocker	..	6	..	9	..	12	..	4	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Hatch	..	..	10	9	16	11	12	6	12	7	5	..	..	7	..
Cleveland	..	..	7	4	..	..	4	..	..	5	..	6	..	..	..
Stacy	..	..	..	..	12	..	10	2	9	3	..	..	7	..	..
Scott	..	..	..	..	9	.	6	3	7	3	..	..	7	..	..
Nelson	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	6	5	9	3	7	7	7	8
Coogan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	8	4	6	9	..	..	..
Blaney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	11	9	7	8
Bolt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	10	10	..	6
Downing	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	9	15	..	5
Grundler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	4	5	6

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., June 27.—At the regular weekly practice shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, June 26, the following scores were made: Events 1, 2 and 3 were at regular angles, all of the remainder at unknown angles.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10
George	7	8	9	7	6	9	7	9	8	8	7	9	8	13	8
Leighton	7	..	..	9	7	..	6	6	9	5	..	..	..	12	6
Stevens	9	..	..	7	9	..	.	..	..	..	..	8	8	9	7
Orne	5	6	6	2	4	..	4	4	..	7	5	..	..	..	..
Brooks	..	6	6	4	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Merritt	..	6	..	..	5	7	..	..	6	3	7	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	3	5	4	6	3	5	7	8	8	7	7	14	6
McKinnow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	..	..	..	..
Sprague	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	4	5	..	..

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

There was so much championship talk last week at the Oil City shoot that the inexperienced thought that a match would actually be made. The pow-wow was finally broken up when Will Park and Edwards came up with a barrow to carry off any one who had been talked to death. There were so many applicants for assistance that more ambulances were pressed into service.

Western Traps.

WEST RN ILLINOIS TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 19.—The Western Illinois Trap-Shooters' League was organized at Galesburg, Ill., Saturday June 12, after a convention of delegates from the gun clubs at Galesburg, Kewanee, Neponset, Rock Island, Canton, Pekin and Peoria. E. E. Baker, of Kewanee, was elected President; R. H. Lamb, of Kewanee, Secretary and Treasurer; H. R. Harries, of Galesburg, Captain. Monthly meets will be held in the towns above mentioned, in alternation, the first tournament going to Monmouth, June 24, at which time and place the organization of the League will be completed. This movement is of importance enough to merit attention. The avowed purpose of the organization is to protect amateur shooters who feel that they have no chance in open tournaments where they are asked to compete upon even footing with professionals. If professionals are allowed to enter the League shoots they are to be subject to handicap, same to be determined by a committee to be chosen later.

GARDEN CITY, OF CHICAGO.

The following scores have thus far been made in the season competition of Garden City Gun Club for the season prize, the Donnelly gold watch. The conditions are at 25 targets, under handicap.

	April 24	May 1	May 8	May 22	May 29	June 5	June 12
Lear (14)	9	..	12	17	11	17	..
Ludlow (15)	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fehrman (16)	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Smith (16)	13	..	..	..	13	..	16
Richards (16)	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ruble (18)	25	22	22	..	..	19	19
Hellman (13)	18	16	..	..	..	..	..
F E Adams (18)	18	16	..	..	..	..	..
Neal (18)	..	..	22	..	..	..	..
Goldsmith (14)	..	..	19	..	19	..	..
Amberg (15)	..	..	..	..	13	..	21
Ford (13)	..	..	..	..	12	..	15
Smead (13)	..	..	..	6	.	..	..
Murphy (15)	..	..	..	..	17	16	..
Antoine (17)	..	..	..	..	20	..	..
S McHil (14)	..	..	..	..	..	20	15
W McHil (15)	..	..	..	..	..	21	15
Halligan (15)	..	..	..	..	..	22	22
Dr Parkhurst (16)	..	..	..	..	..	20	..
Kleinman (18)	..	..	..	..	..	..	20
Gillespie (16)	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Kimball (15)	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Flannigan (14)	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Beidenway (14)	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

In the club merchandise events at 20 targets, the following scores have been made in the respective classes, A, B, C and D, on the dates respectively shown:

	April 24.	May 1.	May 8.	May 22.	May 29.	June 5.	June 12.
Levi (D)	8	..	11	7	7	17	13
A S Smith	17	..	..	..	12	..	10
Ludlaw (C)	13	..	13	12	13	..	14
Ruble (A)	18	18	18	..	..	18	18
Adams (A)	..	10	16	..	..	..	..
Smead (D)	..	..	8	11	..	..	..
Goldsmith (C)	..	..	12	..	9	..	..
Amberg (C)	..	..	..	..	16	13	15
Murphy (C)	..	..	..	..	9	14	..
Ford (D)	..	..	..	..	9	..	10
Hellman (D)	..	..	..	..	5	13	14
Antoine (A)	..	..	..	..	16	..	..
Baker (C)	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
S McHil (D)	..	..	..	..	..	13	9
W McHil (B)	..	..	..	..	..	9	17
Halligan (B)	..	..	..	..	..	18	17
Kimball (C)	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
A Kleinman (A)	..	..	..	..	..	..	16
Bunyan (D)	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Gillespie (D)	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Tarry	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Beidenwey	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

In the 15 birds club merchandise events, gun below elbow until bird is clearly in the air, the following scores have been made on the dates above given.

	April 24	May 1.	May 8.	May 22	May 29.	June 5.	June 12.
Levi (D)	6	..	7	2	9	7	4
A L Smith	9	..	..	..	8	..	13
Ludlow (C)	12	..	9	6	11	..	11
Ruble (A)	13	13	10	..	..	11	14
Hellman (D)	4	6	7	..	3	..	5
Adams (A)	11	11	10	..	..	..	..
Smead (D)	..	..	8	7	..	..	..
Murphey (C)	..	..	..	..	7	12	..
Amberg (C)	..	..	..	..	10	9	9
Goldsmith (C)	..	..	..	..	10	5	..
Parker (C)	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Jefferson (B)	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
S McHil (D)	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
W McHil (B)	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Halligan (B)	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Bunyon (D)	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Kimball (C)	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Ford (D)	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
A Kleinman (A)	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Gillespie (D)	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

AT KANKAKEE.

On the second day of the tournament of the Kankakee Gun Club the following scores were made, Ruble, of Chicago (Garden City Club), being high average man with 164 out of 170 targets shot at. His nearest competitor was T. I Magruder, of Kankakee, who shot a gait of 90.17 per cent. Abe Kleinman, of Chicago, and J. H. Mackie, of Cincinnati, were tied on third, 90 11 per cent. Scores:

Twenty targets: Mackie, 20; Magruder and Antoine, 19 each; Giles, Patterson and Ruble, 18 each.

Twenty targets: Thompson, Ruble and Fortier, 20 each; Antoine and Magruder, 19 each; Kleinman, Mackie, Giles and Slow, 18 each.

Ten targets: Magruder, Ruble, Antoine, Thompson, Mackie and Slow, 10 each; Willey, Wells and Patterson, 9 each; Fortier, Giles and Kleinman, 8 each.

Twenty target: Magruder, Kleinman and Thompson, 20 each; Ruble, Antoine and Willey, 19 each; Mackie and Giles, 18 each.

Twenty targets: Ruble and Wells, 20 each; Thompson, Antoine and Willey, 19 each; Magruder, Kleinman and Mackie, 18 each.

Twenty targets: Kleinman and Ruble, 20 each; Willey, 19; Slow and Park, 18 each.

Twenty targets: Patterson and Ruble, 19 each; Antoine, Willey, Park and Kleinman, 18 each; Magruder, Thompson and Slow, 17 each

Twenty targets: Ruble and Mackie, 20 each; Magruder, 19; Kleinman, Thompson, Giles and Slow, 18 each.

Twenty targets: Magruder, Park and Kleinman, 19 each; Thompson, Ruble and Mackie, 18 each; Fortier, 16.

CLARION SHOOT.

The gun club of Clarion, Ia., held a pleasant amateur shoot last week—two days—with an attendance of about twenty-five. The affair was voted successful, and a second shoot will be held next September. Several shooters were present from Iowa Falls, and there were visitors also from Ackley, Dayton and La Verne. The tournament was considered to be one of the best amateur affairs ever held in upper Iowa

CHIPPEWA FALLS SHOOT.

Chippewa Falls Gun Club, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., held a little practice June 12, with following scores: W E. Dorland 11, S. L Riddell 8, M. A. Poznanski 6, H W. Martin 8, R. E. Chinn 15, F. G Martin 11, F. Hanzlik 7, E. B. Chinn 19, P. T Favell 7, J. H. Stanley 6.

FOX RIVER THIRD ANNUAL.

The third annual tournament of the Fox River Hunting and Fishing club will be held at Oshkosh, July 14 and 15. Previously these shoots have been open to all, but this year the bars are up, and the clubs desired will be invited as follows: Waupaca, Weyauwega, Neenah, Menasha, Appleton, Kaukauna, Fond du Lac, Rosendale, Eldorado, Omro and Winneconne.

LINCOLN, OF NEBRASKA.

Lincoln Gun Club, of Lincoln, Neb., has secured desirable club grounds on O street, near the city, and will fit up the place with modern improvements.

LEWISTON, OF MONTANA.

Lewiston Gun Club, of Lewiston, Mont., has gone into trap with vigor this month. At the club shoot last held the following were among the scores: Kane 16, Weaver 16, Wright 14, Lehman 20, Hooper 7, Kearney 19, Croft 8, Hobensack 15.

JAMESTOWN, OF DAKOTA.

The Jamestown Gun Club, of Jamestown, N D., held its weekly shoot June 12, with the following results, at 25 targets: John Clark 21, Perry Carnegan 20, Martin and Haas 19, Con Donnelly 18, Marion Nashold and Sheriff Severn 16, Dr. Rankin and Pierce Blewett 15, Will Miller 12, Geo. Game 9, L B. Niemeyer 8, W. H. Coggeshall 3.

TO REVIVE

Efforts are being made to revive the gun club of Watertown, N Y. It is proposed to set the membership fee at $5, with no annual dues. Targets will be shot at 1 cent.

MINERAL SPRINGS SHOOT.

A tournament will be held at Indiana Mineral Springs, Warren county, Ind., Aug. 4-5, it is hoped, with more than local attendance. Address H. L. Kramer, manager.

NEPONSET SHOOT.

Zimmerman, of Monmouth, won first average in Neponset, Ill., tournament last week; A. T. Kellogg, of Kewanee, second average, only 2 birds behind.

LAUDERDALE SHOOT.

Green Lake and Hilburn gun clubs held a friendly shoot at the grounds of the Sterlingworth Hotel, near Lauderdale Lakes, Wis., last week, a lively time and good sport being enjoyed.

CLUB ORGANIZATIONS AND ELECTIONS.

Kewanee Gun Club, of Illinois, last week elected as officers Dr. S. J. Sharp, President; A. T. Kellogg, Secretary and Treasurer; E E. Baker, Captain. The club was shown to be in flourishing condition.

The Belvidere Gun Club, of Belvidere, Ill., was organized June 14, with a large membership. It will hold a series of eight shoots this season for a gold medal indicative of the club championship.

The Salina Gun Club, of Salina, Kan., has been organized by a number of amateurs who do not wish to shoot in the professional class. The club has seventeen members enrolled, and has elected the following officers: President, J. F. Olling; Secretary, Ray Harvey; Treasurer, M. B. Stevenson One club shoot has been held.

The Ideal Gun Club, of St. Paul, Minn., elected this year's officers as follows: President, C. N. Turner; Secretary, Charles Young; Treasurer Frank Novotny. All members of gun clubs of either St. Paul or Minneapolis will be free to shoot in the Ideal club shoots.

The Jubilee Gun Club, of Salt Lake, Utah, was recently organized with the following officers: President C. E McCormick; Vice President, Harry Edwards; Secretary, D. E. Brockbank; Treasurer, J. Wash. Young. The Board of Directors are Messrs. D. H. Parry, Jr., Dr. George E. Ellerbeck, M. B. Bradley, John L. Maw, W. M. Brown, E. E Crooks and J N. Sharp

The Mason City Gun Club, of Mason City, Ia., has been newly organized, Judge J. C. Sherwin being chosen president.

The Grinnell, Ia., Gun Club has been organized with the following officers: President, George Houghton; Vice-President, W. L. Howland; Secretary and Treasurer, Fred Card Directors are Messrs. M. C. Timmerman, G. F. Thayer and W. W. Berry.

The Stanley Gun Club, of Stanley, Wis., has been organized with the following membership: Messrs. D. J. Kean, E. Graham, James Wocelka, T. Eagan, B E Shilts, A. T Birdsall, L G. Chapman, L G. Moon, R. G. Palmer and W. H. Bridgman. E. HOUGH

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Do Not Wish to Compete.

DULUTH, Minn., June 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An article which recently appeared in the *Sportsman's Review* states that Mrs. D. H Day recently refused to shoot a match with Mrs. W. P Shattuck, of Minneapolis, although Mrs. Shattuck had made a trip to Duluth to attend a tournament with the object of shooting a match with Mrs. Day. This article does Mrs. Day a great injustice. She never refused to shoot a match with Mrs. Shattuck. Mrs. Shattuck has not been in Duluth for three years, and there has not been a tournament given in Duluth this year. Mrs. Shattuck is a very warm friend of Mrs. Day's, and we doubt very much if anything could induce them to shoot an individual match. They are both excellent shots, and each is as much interested in the other's success at the traps as in her own. They both shoot L C Smith ejector guns, Hazzard's Blue Ribbon powder in Winchester shells, and two more enthusiastic woman shots it would be hard to find. But they are both amateurs in the strict sense of the word, and neither one will ever shoot an individual match with any one under any consideration whatever. D. H. D.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

E. K., Davenport, Ia.—The Nessmuk hatchet is made by Colclessor Bros., El Dorado, Pa.

J. D P., New Orleans, La., desires the address of some one from whom he can secure the spawn or stock of perch for Southern waters.

S. W. P., New York.—I see on the bill of fare in restaurants, "doe birds." Will you kindly inform me what a doe bird is? Ans.—The doe bird is the Eskimo curlew (*Numenius borealis*), also called the jack curlew, and short-billed curlew. It is one of the smaller curlews, and is found all along the eastern part of North America, breeding in the Arctic regions and migrating south to the southern extremity of South America.

A. E. S., Littleton, N. H.—I have a part beagle and part foxhound dog, five years old, that was taken sick Sunday last. He has difficulty in using his hind parts. When going up or down stairs he will whine and cry out with pain His kidneys and bowels seem all right; eyes clear; appetite good; is in most pain when walking; does not flinch from pressure along the spine. He is a valuable dog and has always run excessively. Please prescribe. Answer. Give the following mixture:

℞ Sodii salicyl..... 3 iss
Syr. simple..... ʒ ss
Aq ad..... ʒ vi
Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Fishing Tackle at the Brussels Exhibition.

THE *Belgian Times and News*, in commenting upon the exhibit of Messrs. Allcock & Co., Redditch, Eng., at the Brussels Exhibition, says: "Among the many novelties in this stand may be mentioned their luminous float, composed of sulphate of calcium, admirable for night fishing; Coxon's Simplex wheel, which is run on such fine bearings that one small shot will take out 30yds. of line if necessary; Green's Spiral bait; their duplex salmon reel, the advantage of which is that the reel will revolve when the salmon is running without the handle-plate moving, and by a slight turn of the collar round the handle any amount of break power can be applied; their patent twisted wire gimp for salmon and sea fishing, which is rust-proof, and will bear a dead weight of 60lbs. The firm has also the patent for the famous Finland tackle, and the Celluloid bait invented by Baron Paul Tcherkasoff, head of the Russian Fisheries. At his last visit to the British section, King Leopold spent a considerable time at Mr Allcock's stand, and took great interest in their various exhibits.—*Adv.*

A New Repeating Shotgun.

A NEW Winchester repeating shotgun, to be known as the Model of 1897, is ready for the market. This gun is built upon lines similar to the popular and efficient model of 1893, having the old form of sliding fore-end, breech block, carrier block, etc.; but in other respects important modifications have been made, in both action and the length and drop of the stock. The frame is closed at the top and provision made for the side ejection of shells, a feature which adds greatly to the strength of the frame and also permits, without danger of jamming, the use of either 2⅝ or 2¾in. shells New cartridge guides, double extractors, firing pin lock and action slide lock release are features of the new gun. The latter permits opening the gun with the hammer at full cock and using as single loader if desired. The stock of this gun is ¾in. longer than the model of 1893, and has ¼in. less drop at the heel.—*Adv.*

Ball Bearing Rowlocks.

FOR smoothness and ease of working, no pivot is to be compared to that provided with ball bearings. Friction is reduced to a minimum and noise is obviated. The ball bearing principle has recently been successfully applied to rowlocks by J. R. Edwards, P. O. Box 308, Buffalo, N. Y., who is now prepared to supply owners of the better grade of pleasure boats.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Sir Henry Wotton—a man with whom I have often fished and conversed, a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind: this man, whose very approbation of angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover and a frequent practiser of the art of angling; of which he would say: "'Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent; for angling was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness"; and "that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it." Indeed, my friend, you will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it. Sir, this was the saying of that learned man.

Walton.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

IN our present issue is given the sixth of the series of half-tone reproductions of Audubon's famous bird portraits, from the rare first edition. It is of the Redhead Duck. The list of plates already printed and to come includes:

THE BLACK DUCK, Sept. 25, 1896.
THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN, Oct. 24.
THE CANVASBACK DUCK, Nov. 21.
THE WILLOW PTARMIGAN, Dec. 19.
THE AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER, Feb. 27, 1897.
THE REDHEAD DUCK, July 10.
THE SHOVELLER DUCK.
THE PURPLE SANDPIPER.

GOVERNMENT GAME RESTORATION.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN F. LACEY, of Iowa, has introduced in the House of Representatives a bill, H. R. 3589, to extend the powers and duties of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries to include game birds and other wild birds useful to man. The text of the measure is as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries shall hereafter be known and designated as the United States Commission of Fish, Fisheries and Birds. The duties and powers of said Commission are hereby enlarged so as to include the propagation, distribution, transportation, introduction and restoration of game birds and other wild birds useful to man. For such purposes they may purchase, or cause to be captured, such game birds and other wild birds as they may require therefor, subject, however, to the laws of the various States and Territories in which they may conduct such operations.

The object and purpose of this act is to aid in the restoration of such birds in those parts of the United States adapted thereto, where the same have become scarce or extinct, and also to aid in the introduction of new and valuable varieties or species of American or foreign birds in localities where they have not heretofore existed.

Said Commission shall from time to time collect and publish useful information as to the propagation, uses and preservation of such birds.

And the said Commission shall make and publish all needful rules and regulations for carrying out the purposes of this act, and shall expend for said purposes such sums as Congress may appropriate therefor.

This proposition submitted to the National Government is in line with the development of game protection and game restoration in this country as conducted by the several States, and it is only one more step in advance. A long time was required for the individual States, one after another, to learn that game protection was one of the public interests with which the official machinery of administration might concern itself. First came the enactment of laws for the protection of game, but when these had been given a place on the statute books, the State folded its arms in complacent consciousness of having done its whole duty. Then followed an awakening to the realization of the hard facts of the matter, that there is nothing automatic in the nature of working of a game law, that it will not enforce itself, but to be of any account must be enforced by those whose business it is to put it into action; and that there must be wardens. The second step was the provision of a State game protective force. This system, which is now so common, was an altogether novel idea within the last quarter of a century. With its adoption came the enlargement of the scope of responsibility of State fish commissioners. They were now entrusted with the duty of protecting game, as well as of breeding fish; and finally in some States appropriations have been made to supply the fish and game commissions with means to import and propagate game birds, just as they have introduced and bred fish. Thus in Ohio, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire and elsewhere, the commissions have imported Mongolian pheasants, capercalzie and other species. As to the State commissions, it may now be said that the propriety and public advantage of their activity in the field of game replenishment has fixed recognition.

The individual States having thus come to devoting their funds to the propagation of game, it was to be expected that the National Government should be called upon for a like enlargement of the duties of the National Fish Commission. If it is expedient for that Commission to concern itself with the distribution of trout and black bass and other fish to the public waters of the several States, logic would seem to show that no less is it expedient for the Government to distribute to the depleted game covers of the country the new or old species of game with which these may restocked. If it is desirable to introduce into this country foreign game birds, experiments in this direction would be more likely to succeed, if undertaken on a scale within the means of the Government than if they were left to the puny efforts of individuals or associations.

Those who have followed the very interesting plan developed by Mr. W. G. Van Name for the establishment of Government game preserves in the several States, will recognize that the measure of Mr. Lacey is directly in keeping with the proposed reserve system; for if the Government is to propagate game and restock game covers, it will be necessary for it to establish game breeding stations similar to the fish breeding stations which it has acquired in various localities. To secure possession of desirable tracts of territory, and to preserve them rigorously as breeding grounds, would be carrying out in effect the provisions of this measure; and if the work of the Commission should go no further than this, even then, for the considerations which have been so well pointed out by Mr. Van Name, its game breeding work would be of untold value and profit to the country at large.

SNAP SHOTS.

IN many of the States of the South there is a well-defined prejudice against camping parties of hunters from abroad. In numerous sections where no other general restrictions are enforced relative to the taking of game, stringent laws forbid camp-hunting by non-residents. These regulations have an extremely ungracious air, and appear sadly to belie that all pervading Southern hospitality so characteristic of this country. They are abundantly justified, however, by the circumstances which have driven the residents to such recourse. The discrimination is not aimed against sportsmen, but against the market-hunters, who have so generally and so disastrously invaded the game districts of the South and the Southwest. They camp in a favorable locality, hunt assiduously, shipping their game to St. Louis and other great markets, and remain on the land so long as sufficient game is left to make their stay worth while. The county non-resident laws have been adopted as supplying the only system of relief for sections so imposed upon. In Arkansas a law was enacted at the last session, relative to Lafayette, Miller and Desha counties, which forbids camp hunting under heavy penalties, and makes the mere art of camping in the woods with dogs and guns sufficient evidence to convict.

In spirit and intent such regulations are designed only to prevent market hunting; they have their origin in no antipathy to outsiders. The non-resident sportsman, going individually or in a party, will find perfect freedom to camp as long as he pleases and to hunt to his heart's content, provided only that he will take the precaution to introduce himself to some responsible citizen of the country and assure him of his purpose of hunting for sport only. Under these circumstances he will be looked upon as that citizen's guest, and so the guest of the country so far as hunting privileges are concerned; and thus he will make renewed proof of Arkansas hospitality, where hospitality is deserved and not abused.

Our reference last week to the farmers of Long Island and Vermont, who complain of the depredations of deer upon their crops, may be supplemented with wails of like tenor from West Virginia. John Crook, of Middle Bridge, has made complaint to the authorities of that county about the deer and wild turkeys destroying his crops. He says that if the authorities will not take steps to prevent them from trespassing on his property he will have to kill them in self-defense, in spite of the law to the contrary. Other farmers have declared their intention to make similar complaints. They say the ravages of the deer and turkeys are as bad as the army worm. The correspondent who sends us this note says that he has known Mr. Crook from boyhood, and he can vouch for his truthfulness and trustworthiness. The good things of life are unequally distributed when amid all the cries of game scarcity are voiced the woes of those who are thus over. supplied. Deer hunters who would like to combine philanthropy and fun should make a note of Mr Crook's plight, and go to the succor when the open season races around.

ON BOSTON STREETS.

A LARGE opportunity presents itself to the patriot of Boston who has the pluck and spunk so improve it; and there is a monument in store for him on the Common along with those of other public benefactors, if only he shall perform the service of the hour. The Great and General Court of the Commonwealth has decreed that whoever has in his possession the body or feathers of any protected bird, or wears such feathers for the purpose of dress or ornament, shall be punished by a fine of $10. That means that woman must stop wearing birds' feathers on her hat; and the public-spirited ornithologist who shall take up his station on Washington street of an afternoon to note the bird-bedecked headgear as it passes in review, and to halt, detain, arrest and mulct the bearers of tabooed bedizenment is the citizen for whom his fellows are to erect the monument.

That the harvest is ripe for the sickle, or that the game supply is abundant, may be deduced from the list of native birds observed in a similar situation by a New York ornithologist. Some time ago Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History, sent to the FOREST AND STREAM a list of native birds which he had seen on the heads of ladies in New York streets during two late afternoon walks:

Robins, 4.
Brown thrush, 1.
Bluebirds, 3.
Blackburnian warbler, 1.
Blackpoll warblers, 3.
Wilson's black-capped flycatchers, 3.
Scarlet tanagers, 3.
White-bellied swallow, 1.
Bohemian waxwing, 1.
Waxwings, 23.
Great northern shrike, 1.
Pine grosbeak, 1.
Snow buntings, 15.
Tree sparrows, 2.
White-throated sparrow, 1.
Bobolink, 1.
Meadow-larks, 2.
Baltimore orioles, 9.
Purple grackles, 5.
Bluejays, 5.
Swallow-tailed flycatcher, 1.
Kingbird, 1.
Kingfisher, 1.
Pileated woodpecker, 1.
Red-headed woodpeckers, 2.
Golden-winged woodpeckers, 21.
Acadian owl, 1.
Carolina dove, 1.
Ruffed grouse, 2.
Pinnated grouse, 1.
Quail, 16.
Helmet quail, 2.
Sanderlings, 5.
Big yellowlegs, 1.
Green heron, 1.
Virginia rail, 1.
Laughing gull, 1.
Common terns, 21.
Black tern, 1.
Grebes, 7.

Not all of these come under the Massachusetts law, but most of them are included. We shall watch with much genuine interest to note the actual working of the new statute; and to determine whether this placing of songbird-feather hat adornments under the ban of the law will effect what appeals to sentiment and sense have failed to accomplish.

A bill similar in provision was passed by the late session of the New York Legislature, but failed of the Governor's signature, for the reason, as given out by his private secretary, that the measure was not approved by the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forest.



The Sportsman Tourist.

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—III.

A Winter Hunt on the Summit of the Rockies.

Al-so-pom-stan.

ON the morning of our first day in camp, while the others of us were still curled up in their frost-rimmed blankets, O-to-kò-mi crawled out of his bed and poked his head out of the door. O-to-kò-mi had promised Joe Kipp that he would do his best on this hunt. He would go through snow "up to here," signifying up to his waist. He was, as he publicly declared, very "skoòn-a-taps" (strong), and he was going to get sheep or get reasons, or words to that effect. It is very likely that he was as anxious for good hunting as any of the rest of us, as this early prospecting on his part would seem to betoken. But when O-to-kò-mi poked his head out through the lodge flap he withdrew it again with a single exclamation which covered the case very fully. "Ai-so-pom-stan!" said O-to-kò-mi. By which he signified that, to his disgust, the big cow moose was again at her regular task of waving her ears and making the wind blow.

When we turned out of the lodge that morning the prospect was alike a brilliant and a gloomy one. Back of us the sharp sun was shining and all was a blinding sea of white. Ahead of us, up in the mountains where we wanted to hunt, there were black masses of storm clouds running, alternated with great flying wreaths of driven white mist. From Rising Wolf Mountain to his mate across the valley there reached, in the glinting, glittering, unspeakably brilliant snow mist, a vast, magnificent bow of all the colors, as rare and strangely beautiful sight as may come into many lives. Through the sheets of blinding light upon the one hand, and through the mist and clouds and flying scud of the storm upon the other hand, there appeared, standing or looming or peering out here and there, peaks and pinnacles and cut-faced cliffs, all capped with bare rocks, with ice or with glittering snow. We were in a very trap of the mountains. Our road had led us into the lower end of this vast basin, out of which the Two Medicine Creek flows; and now, having come down off the high bare ridge which had made it possible for us to get so far with our team, we were at the head of navigation, on foot in the Rockies. And the Rockies were here, playing a wild game of their own, as they have a way of doing in the winter, and caring no whit for us or our intentions. Ah! what a spectacle it was—how grand the spectacle, how very small the ones who witnessed it! Never was amphitheater more imposing than this curved-in valley, with its walls of black-covered and ice-capped mountains.

The prospect for a hunt did not seem very favorable, for it must be remembered that on days when the wind blows thus the wise hunter does not care to go into the mountains. The cold is very intense, and moreover the blinding snow prevents him from seeing his game, though it may not prevent it from scenting him if by chance he comes ignorantly too close upon it in the storm. Knowing that he is apt to scare more game than he sees, the hunter who sees Ai-so-pom-stan wagging her ears will hide in camp. He knows that the mountain ram, even though not approached very closely, may take fright and start to traveling clear out of the country, perhaps managing to get ten or fifteen miles away, even over the deep snow of winter; a distance which would mean entire loss to the hunter, who cannot hunt so far as that from camp on snowshoes in the mountains.

We were all tired from the long day's work of yesterday, and there was something of a disposition to rest in camp. Boak was obliged to start out for home with the team, to return later for us, as he had not feed enough to last very long, and as there was no shelter for the horses nor chance for them to range. The snow was belly-deep to them in the valley where we were camped. Our lodge, when we got down to bed rock, was buried so far in the snow that a man standing at the door would show only about half the length of his body above the snow to one looking on from a little distance. The horses had been brought around to a place of partial shelter the night before, wallowing through the snow as best they could to a point a few yards away from the lake shore and out of the cutting wind. They were tired almost to death by the wearying pull of the preceding day, but Boak thought that as the load would now be light, he could manage to get back to the settlement without trouble. Hunter Powell, O-to-kò-mi and myself concluded to go with Boak a part of the way, leaving him at the crown of the bare ridge and swinging back in a search for our supposititous bear den, in which I had a lively interest, as I thought maybe my long-lost grizzly was in there. McChesney also concluded to get out and stretch his legs; so we all four went down with Boak as far as John Monroe's camp at the lower end of the lake. Here we put on our snowshoes for the long, steep climb up to the top of the ridge, which we found to be very much worse than it had appeared in coming down. We learned also what had been the cause of Boak's delay the evening previous, when we had lost him for a couple of hours. Half way up the hill was a soft snowdrift about 10ft. deep, and in this the team promptly got stalled again going up with the empty sled. They fell down in the snow, after plunging till they were exhausted, and so they lay, with only a part of their backs visible, and their legs doubled under them in we knew not what sort of shape. They threw their heads out on the snow to rest as best they could, as they lay wearily moaning as though they were heartily sick of the whole business, and considered it all come to a final end so far as they themselves were concerned.

Not so Boak. Here rose to the occasion all the resources, all the skill, all the genius of the real Western teamster. Not for a minute did he worry about the result, though a tenderfoot might have been disposed to think the team lost and only to be abandoned. Boak ordered us to hold the sled from running back down hill. He cut down a few projecting little trees that bothered him. He fished out a long log chain, and going on up the hill many yards, over the steep pitch at which the team was stalled, he trailed this out in the snow. Then he had us ease back the sled a bit, and unhooking the horses after long effort, he appealed to their sense of Western honor in terms of such force and effectiveness that, miracle to say, they scrambled and plunged and climbed indomitably forward until they topped the rise, and so at length lay panting again in the snow, but beyond the worst of it. Then Boak patiently hitched them to the end of his long chain, and swearing very impartially alike at us and the horses, he heaved the whole outfit over the drift and on to the rise, where all was safe—as safety might so be charitably expressed; though still a pretty coil lay ahead for any teamster.

"Oh, I told you, all you want is plenty of faith," said Boak, as he gathered his reins after this little episode. So saying, he began to converse again in competent profanity. I think I never knew a man to swear so constantly, so unconsciously, and yet with such uniform accuracy as Boak did. No matter what the surroundings, Boak swore just the same; and he must have been a very finical sort of person who could have taken the least offense at it. For my part, I liked it; it sounded so cheerful and so like the old times. The East is a most doleful place to live in.

After we had reached the top of the bare ridge, over which we had come into our valley, we found above us still another higher ridge, which made off up to a sort of junction with a high bare mountain. Hunter Powell, who was with us, said that our bear den was somewhere just near the timber line, along this upper ridge some two miles toward the mountain. We therefore began the long and difficult climb up to the top of this second ridge. McChesney was now getting his first hard experience with the shoes, and, like all beginners, was "fighting his shoes," as the saying goes, and stopping often to arrange his straps. We were all of us yet a little soft and untrained, so the work seemed hard. Two weeks later we would have taken the same work without a thought of it. We were well tired when we got up to the spot where Hunter Powell began to look out for his bear den. We were then almost directly above our camp on Two Medicine Lake, and looked down on the lake, on whose surface the figures of our friends below seemed very small.

We had a sample of mountain snowshoeing that morning. The snow was deep and very soft, and the country over which Powell took us was chopped across by dozens of sharp coulees, each 100ft. or more in depth, with sides so sharp that the snow would barely hang on the banks. Once we cut a trail along such a bank for 50yds., the shoes sinking in so that we were waist deep in the snow, only to find ourselves at the foot of a second rise, with a pitch as steep as a house roof. It took us nearly an hour of hard work to get up out of that hole and on top of the hill above it, and when we had done so we were all about exhausted with the scrambling climb up the sides. In this work it was not snowshoeing so much as wallowing and crawling through the snow. The ascent was too steep to walk up, the shoes slipping back when the angle got beyond a certain point, and of course the snow was far too deep and soft to hold one up without the shoes. We pulled ourselves along as best we could by means of boughs and tree trunks, this being in the heavy forest. In this work I was surprised to see how well the old, worthless-looking, fall-down pair of snowshoes worn by Powell did their work. These shoes he had picked up at old John Monroe's camp as we passed. They were a Cree-model shoe, made with a spliced bow of willow (since a decent piece of hardwood for bows was not to be obtained) and the webbing was of the most spasmodic and unpremeditated pattern ever was. These shoes were longish and narrow, with a sharp, upturned toe, and the webbing spaces were of an average over an inch across. Yet they seemed to hold up a man well enough for the purposes of travel, not sinking down so very far, and when it came to the recover, the pulling of the foot out of the snow for the forward step, the chief virtue of their make was apparent. The wide meshes let the snow slip readily through, and the foot raised no weight with it, the shoe coming free and riding easily over the snow at the forward step. These shoes were made, of course, by Mme. Monroe, and the conclusion was forced on one that the lady knew her business. These snowshoes I coveted for my private collection of such gear, and old John Monroe promised to send me on that pair and also a pair of "squaw shoes" made by the same hand, as soon as his season's trapping was over, though as yet they have not arrived. Mme. Monroe complained that she could get no wood for making snowshoe bows. In making these shoes she worked with no tool but a big knife, and the cross-pieces were lashed on with rawhide, each cross-piece being split and turned back at the end, so that a piece was offered as a sort of leg for the lashings to bind against the side of the bow, no mortise being possible with such tools as were at hand. This readiness to meet the difficulties of the case gave these shoes their chief value in my eyes, showing as it did the manner in which the native peoples overcame the environment that beset them, using only such means as lay immediately about them.

We plunged and wallowed about on top of the ends of the many coulees that ran back into the mountains from the lake, growing pretty tired from our struggles with the snow, which was of course far worse in the sheltered forest grounds than upon the high and open ridges, and finally Powell concluded that he could not find the place where he expected to discover his bear den. He said he had never come upon that bit of country from that direction, and moreover, had not been there in the winter time, the snow making an entire change in the appearance of the country. While Powell, McChesney and myself were plunging about in the deep coulees, O-to-kò-mi was shrewdly faring ahead somewhat above us, on the high ground and hard snow. He said he was following a track, but I have a notion that he was sharp enough not to want to get down into those gullies. At any rate, he overtook us after a while, and told Powell he didn't think there was any game up in that country, and thought we might as well go home. He pointed to the high, bare mountain which seemed to arise at the further end of our bare ridge, above the edge of the timber line, and intimated that the sheep were over on that mountain, and that he had found them there in earlier hunts.

When O-to-kò-mi pointed down the hill to the camp and started across lots in that direction, McChesney and I concluded to follow him in, as it was now well on in the afternoon, and we did not think Powell was going to find his bear den. Powell, however, remained behind, and prosecuted further his search for the locality in question.

It was an awful country, that over which O-to-kò-mi laid out his air line to camp, and the Indian hit the trail with a speed and determination which made McChesney and me sweat copiously, though it was nearly all down-hill going. It had looked only a mile at the outside to camp from the top of the ridge at timber line, but when we had gone a mile and a half or two miles, and asked O to-kò-mi if it was still a mile to camp, he answered indifferently, "Don' know, mebbe so." His English was not very extensive, and his countenance was no index whatever to his thoughts. As a pace-maker he had qualities to recommend him to athletic managers, one of which was his mercilessness on those who followed. He carried us into camp fairly on a gallop. I made signs to ask him if he was tired, but he shook his head vigorously and grinned pleasantly. I figured that if I did that sort of mountain work every day for a couple of weeks, I would either be dead or in mighty fine condition. Yet Schultz was so discouraging as to say to us that in our day's work, covering perhaps eight miles in all, we had done no sort of climbing at all compared to what we would have to do if we got any sheep. This was true, too, as we learned later; but at the time it sounded very heartless.

We saw no game sign that day, except one deer track and the old trail of a lynx. Powell came down the hill to camp about an hour after we did, and said he had not found the exact place he was looking for, but had found a place something like it. This was a round hole in the snow, with frost spears around the edge, as though the breath of some animal had congealed there. There was apparently a brush heap or tree top covered up by the snow at that point, and it had all the ear marks of a bear den. At least so said Billy and Schultz, and all those who should have known. I did not yet relinquish hope that we had found my grizzly, and we made plans how we should get him out of there without any unnecessary sacrifice of valuable human life. Schultz thought we could build a fire and drag it with a rope over the opening of the hole, thus being far enough away to get a chance at the bear before it got a chance at us. Billy said it would be a good plan to take a pole and stir up the bear, but it was not decided who was going to be the pole-bearer in such a case. It was commonly agreed that at this time of year the bear would be pretty lively, and wouldn't need much coaxing to come out and show himself. Powell agreed to go up the hill next day and show us the place, if any of us wanted to try for the bear.

This day closed windy and stormy, and as the air was very keen and we were all pretty tired, at least those who had been traveling, we were not sorry to gather around the lodge fire that night and rest and talk. This to me was one of the pleasantest and most unique features of the trip, the nightly symposium about the lodge fire. Always the tales turned to the old West, the old times on the front, the days and ways that are now gone. And we had talent of unusual excellence in this matter, too. There is no better posted man on Indian lore and Indian ways than Schultz, who has lived among the tribes on the wildest frontier for some twenty years, while as for Billy Jackson, he could make a hit in many an audience at story-telling, if he should preserve his style of the lodge fire talks. Billy has been an army scout ever since he was sixteen years of age, and has served under the best and the most of the leading generals who have done the Indian fighting in the West. He has been in the Northwest mounted police, in all branches of the scouting work in the U. S. army, and has besides traded and hunted and projected around on his own hook all over the border when not engaged in regular warfare. Billy has retained all through his checkered life a good apprehension of the salient points of things, and is moreover blessed with a strong sense of humor, and a remarkable faculty of imitation, so that he makes a story-teller of more than ordinary interest for an evening about the fire, when the snow is whistling over the lodge top and the coyotes are singing on the hill sides near by. It was worth a farm to hear Billy tell of the bloody British officer of commissary who audited the mess accounts of the Northwest police up in Alberta, or some other country of her Majesty the Queen. Billy, it seems, was mess steward, and he had a notion that nothing was too good for his outfit, in which he differed from the officer in charge. "Oh, I s'y," the latter said one day (according to Billy), "I s'y, ye know, w'at in the bloody blazes do ye mean by hordering twenty pounds of buns? Buns! buns fer the men, w'y, ye know, w'at hall this means, Hi really cawn't comprehend, I cawn't really, ye know, now." Billy explained to him after a time that the 20lbs. of "buns" was intended to be 20lbs. of beans, which latter have always been held legitimate food for mounted scouts in Indian service. This left the commissary man somewhat mollified, and no longer anxious lest the squad was living on food a touch too high for it.

We asked O-to-kò-mi to tell us a story in his fashion, one of the stories of his people, and this he did at some length, Schultz interpreting while he washed the dishes. O-to-kò-mi told a strange and fabulous tale of a poor old man and poor old woman who were oppressed by their son-in-law, but who one day were saved in a singular way. The old man hid in a quiver a clot of blood from a buffalo the son-in-law had killed, and this clot of blood grew into a child, when it was boiled in the kettle. The child told the old man to tie him in turn to each lodge pole, all the way around the lodge, and by the time this was done the child had grown to be a full-sized man. This man turned out to be a hero, who righted the wrongs of the old people, and killed off oppressors of all sorts, and behaved himself very admirably indeed all around. He killed all the bad bears, but left a few bears for the future ("So you men can dig them out of the holes," interpolated O-to-kò-mi, with a touch of native humor), and he killed all the big, bad snakes, but left a few good little snakes so there should not be an entire dearth of snakes on the earth. Moreover, he killed the spirit of a big, wicked hill, "that was a sort of person," and which poisoned the air with its breath, and which swallowed up the people in great numbers. This hero was named Clot-of-Blood, from his origin, and after this evil spirit had swallowed him, he cut out the heart of the wicked being and so destroyed it. It took O-to-kò-mi three-quarters of an hour to tell this story, which reached us through the interpreter, and he related it with a great deal of gravity and a good many flourishes. Schultz told us that this was one of the oldest of the folk stories of the Blackfeet. It is told at length in the "Blackfoot Lodge Tales" by Mr. Grinnell, more graphically than one would be apt to tell it from remembrance, but it was a pleasure to hear it again, actually told in the smoke of a Blackfoot lodge and by one of the people who have devised it and handed it down. This story of O-to-kò-mi's began entertainingly. "Once, in the Sweet Grass Hills," said he, when he began the story. And lo! the Sweet Grass Hills, full of all their hero stories, all their mysticism, all their

records of the days gone by, lay within a few days' journey from where we then encamped, and fully visible from our prairies, lying high and bold upon the further boundary of that high cup of the mountains which is now the home of the Blackfeet people.

O-to-kò-mi, as I have said, told his story in Piegan, and held his usual discourse in that tongue; but he had a sort of understanding of English as well as Blackfoot, which was perhaps as well, considering the polyglot medium of communication in vogue in the camp. Schultz would be talking Blackfoot to O-to-kò-mi with one hand and English to Billy with the other. Billy speaks English, French, Piegan, Cree, Sioux and, I think he said, also the Crow language. At times, when busy talking with O-to-kò-mi and myself at the same time, he would get his linguistic wires crossed, somewhat after the fashion of old John Monroe, though more intelligibly. Once, I remember, he said something to O-to-kò-mi which sounded like "*Ex-sin-u-sak, na cook it*—to grease the pan with." In response to this, O-to-kò-mi handed him a bit of bacon rind which was lying near by on his side of the fire. By this I inferred that Billy had asked for this piece of bacon rind, though I do not know how near I have come to the Blackfoot phonetics of it.

Another story, I remember, Billy told us that first night around the lodge fire, a story of war and heroism whose scene was laid not far away, and whose time was within the memory of the narrator.

"There is a high rocky hill," said Billy, "a sort of fortress, on the top of a big rise of land some sixty miles northwest of Fort Keogh, and this place is called to-day the Crow Rock. One time I was riding by this place with two Sioux Indians [I think he said their names were Round Wooden Shield and Lone Standing Bull], and these Indians told me the story of the Crow Rock.

"They said that some years ago there were some Crows camped not far from the place where a good big body of Sioux were hunting, and some of the Crows lay in wait and shot two Sioux boys who came by them in the grass. Others of the Sioux gave the alarm, and it was easy to see that there would be a movement for revenge at once. As the old men of the Crows knew they were very much outnumbered, and as there was no place on that flat prairie country where a fight could be made with any chance of success, the chiefs of the Crow party hurriedly called their people together and ordered a swift retreat. There was only one place, as they said, where there was any hope that they would be able to make a fight, and that was many miles away, at this natural fort which now is called the Crow Rock. The chiefs ordered every member to mount at once and make for that rock as fast as they could ride, not stopping on the way, but using every effort to reach the place before the Sioux, who were sure to follow in full force as soon as their men could be notified. I think one or two persons of the party did not obey orders, but rode on across the country and so escaped, but the bulk of the party kept together, and by riding late into the night made the cover of this stronghold. Here they felt tolerably safe for the time.

"The next day the Sioux, who had followed hot on the trail, came into sight of their enemy, rounded up in this stone fort. The Sioux made efforts to drive the Crows out but failed. The Crows only laughed at them and taunted them, telling them to come on up and try to take them out. They also fired down at the Sioux and shot a few of their warriors. Yet the Sioux could inflict no loss on the Crows, for they could not see a face at the cracks in the rocks, while the Crows could peer out in safety and shoot at them.

"There was with that party of Sioux a young warrior by the name of The Little Assinaboine, a good fighter, and a man who was not afraid. This man said: 'It is all useless for us to stand down here around the foot of this rock, for we will never drive the Crows out in that way. The way to do is to charge up the hill and get right in under the walls, then we will be close to the Crows, and we can get over the walls and kill them in a hurry.'"

"This sounded all very well, but there were few of the Sioux who cared to risk a run up the long face of the hill, exposed to the rifles of the Crows. The Little Assinaboine, however, started up the hill on ahead, crawling from one rock to another, keeping under cover the best he could, and soon he was followed in this way by other young men, who crawled with him as high up the hill as they could go under cover. Then The Little Assinaboine ran out from cover and started for the next rock which would shield him, this being still a little higher up the hill; and the others did this also. At last there was no more possibility of cover from where they lay, clear up to the edge of the rock walls behind which the Crows were lying. Then The Little Assinaboine called out to the men to follow him, and he started out in the open and ran as hard as he could up the long, bare front of the hill, till at length he was directly under the shelter of the walls, and, luckily, unhit by any of the shots fired at him. Others of the party seeing that he was not killed, after awhile began to run up to him also. Meantime he was calling to the Crows inside and putting his rifle up to the cracks in the rocks and firing through at the Crows. When a number of the Sioux had joined him at last, he said: 'Now let us go over the wall, and when we are inside we can kill them all the more easily.' So they scaled the walls and jumped down in among the Crows and began to shoot and fight with clubs and knives. It was not long until every one of the Crows was killed—thirty-one in all. Thus the place got its name of the Crow Rock.

"The Sioux always remembered the bravery of this young man, The Little Assinaboine, and in order to show their appreciation of his courage, and to point out plainly what a feat he had done in leading the party that stormed the hill, they got long, flat stones—white stones—and they laid them up the hill, in the footprints of The Little Assinaboine, where he ran up the hill. I have seen these stones, and it may be that they are there even yet."

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

North Carolina Long Close Term.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Law of North Carolina for Macon and Clay counties prohibits hunting with a dog or gun, or killing deer for five years from March, 1897, when law was enacted. H. STEWART.

Natural History.

NOTES ON THE COTTON-TEAL OF INDIA.

MR. F. FINN, B. A., F. Z. S. of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, India, has very recently sent me a copy of his paper, published in the proceedings of that Society, on the gait of the cotton-teal duck of that country, and its subject matter is so interesting that I felt a few comments upon it would not altogether be out of place in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

Naturalists for a long time past have regarded the cotton-teal or goose-teal (*Nettopus coromandelianus*) as a very remarkable bird, as it was generally believed upon the very best of authority that it could not stand or walk like other wild ducks. Now a wild duck that could neither stand nor walk was certainly a novelty among wildfowl in any avifauna It seems that as early as 1844 the eminent naturalist G. R. Gray, said in his "Genera of Birds," that this species was "totally incapable of standing or walking upon the ground, but invariably flutters along it in a strange scuffling manner, like a wounded bird."

Mr. Gould, however, in his famous "Birds of Australia," figured this fowl as standing up, and for this he was criticised by Blyth, in his catalogue of the birds in the Museum of the Asiatic Society (1849). Dr. Jerdon followed suit with a contrary opinion, and stated in his "Birds of India" that the cotton teal always squat after walking a short distance. Blyth also attacked Jerdon, saying he was in error, and that the teals in question could only squat, creep and shuffle when on the ground. Even as late as 1881 the distinguished Mr. Hume, in his "Game Birds and Wildfowl of India," said the birds could not walk at all, and when they scrambled about on land their legs were never visible below their bodies.

In other words, it has long been believed among naturalists that they had a teal duck in India possessing little or no powers of terrestrial locomotion, and in this important feature differed from all other known ducks in the world. Now, Mr. Finn in his observations has completely upset this theory for us, and that in the most conclusive manner possible. He has kept many cotton-teal ducks in confinement for the very purpose of studying their gait, and has, moreover, exhibited before the Asiatic Society living specimens of this bird taken in the wild state. A fine male bird walked for several yards as soon as it was let out of its cage. Mr. Finn attributes the error of Blyth and others to the fact that their observations were made upon market-purchased specimens, and these from cruel treatment were so frightened and crippled that they could not walk. They have never been noticed by any naturalist to stand upon one leg as other teals do; but they are fine swimmers and divers, and moreover, have a remarkable power of climbing up wire netting. When they normally leave the water in nature they often perch upon trees and buildings.

It may be said in conclusion, however, that nevertheless, this teal does exhibit a certain weakness in its legs when on land, and this limitation of power is due to inheritance, as doubtless for a long time the circumstances of its life have been of such a nature as not to demand any exercise of it.

DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1.

THE RED-HEADED DUCK.*

(*Fuligula ferina*, STEPHENS.)

AT New Orleans, this bird is commonly known by the name of "Dos Gris." It arrives there in great flocks, about November 1, and departs late in April, or in the beginning of May. On the lakes Borgne, St. John, and Ponchartrain, it is very abundant, keeping in large flocks, separate from the other species. In that part of the country its food consists of small fishes, in pursuit of which it is seen constantly diving. It is caught in different sorts of nets, and easily kept in confinement, feeding greedily on Indian corn, whether entire or crushed by the millstone. In 1816, many thousands of these ducks, as well as others of different species, were caught in nets by a Frenchman, who usually sent them alive to market in cages from the narrows of the Lakes, especially from those called "La pointe aux herbes," and the "Isle aux pins." So many of them, however, were procured by this man, that he after a while gave up sending them alive, on account of the great difficulty he encountered in procuring a sufficient number of cages for their accommodation.

Although Dr. Richardson informs us that this species breeds "in all parts of the fur-countries, from the fiftieth parallel to their most northern limits," I saw none of these birds during the spring and summer months which I spent on the coast of Labrador. I was equally unsuccessful in my search for it in Newfoundland. Indeed, I have never observed it eastward of the State of Massachusetts, although from thence it is more and more abundant the farther south you proceed, until you reach the tributaries of the Mississippi. Beyond the mouths of that river these birds are rarely seen; and when I was there in April, 1837, none were observed by my party or myself after we had left the southwest Pass on our way westward. In the Texas none were even heard of. From these circumstances I have inferred that, along with several other species, the red-headed duck reaches the Middle and Southern States by passing overland or following our great streams, such as the Ohio, Missouri, and Mississippi, westward, and the North River and others, eastward, both in its vernal and autumnal migrations. This I am the more inclined to believe, on account of the great numbers which on such occasions I have seen in ponds in the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky.

I found it abundant in the marshes near St. Augustine, in East Florida, on November 8, 1831, when the young males of that year had the breast and lower neck mottled with brown and blackish feathers; and yet whilst at General Hernandez's in that district, on December 20, they were in almost perfect plumage. At this latter period they were shy, and kept in company with mallards, American widgeons, scaup ducks, and spoonbills, generally in shallow freshwater ponds, at some distance from the seashore. In South Carolina these ducks are now much more abundant than they were twenty years ago, especially on the Santee River, where my friend Dr. Samuel Wilson has shot many of them, as well as of the canvas-back species.

The red-headed duck may be said to be equally fond of salt and fresh water, and is found in abundance, during its stay with us, on the Chesapeake Bay, especially in the month of March, when it associates with the canvas-back and other ducks, and is offered for sale in the Baltimore markets in great numbers. There I have seen them sold at 75 cents the pair, which was lower by 25 cents than their price at New Orleans in April, 1837.

Although they dive much and to a great depth, while in our bays and estuaries, yet when in the shallow ponds of the interior, they are seen dabbling in the mud along the shores, much in the manner of the mallard; and on occasionally shooting them there, I have found their stomachs crammed with young tadpoles and small water-lizards, as well as blades of the grasses growing around the banks. Nay, on several occasions I have found pretty large acorns and beech-nuts in their throats, as well as snails, entire or broken, and fragments of the shells of various small unios, together with much gravel.

In confinement they do not exhibit that degree of awkwardness attributed to them when on land. It is true that the habitual shortening of the neck detracts from their beauty, so that in this state they cannot be said to present a graceful appearance; yet their aspect has always been pleasing to my sight. Their notes are rough and coarse, and bear less resemblance to the cries of those species which are peculiar to fresh water than those of any other of their tribe. Their flight is performed in a hurried manner, and they start from the water pell-mell; yet they can continue very long on wing, and the motion of their pinions, especially at night, produces a clear whistling sound.

The fine pair from which I made the two figures in the plate were given me by my friend Daniel Webster, Esq., of Boston, Mass., whose talents and accomplishments are too well known to require any eulogium from me.

The flesh of this bird is generally esteemed, insomuch that many persons know no difference between it and that of the canvas-back duck, for which it is not unfrequently sold; but I look upon it as far inferior to that of many other ducks. Individuals of both sexes vary much in size. On comparing American with European skins, I am unable to perceive any difference of color or proportions indicative of specific distinction.

* From Audubon's "Ornithological Biography," being the text to accompany the plates.

Ravages by Collectors.

THE immense destruction of birds for millinery purposes, if continued, will have the effect of depleting the North American continent of insectivorous birds in a few years, and the consequent increase of noxious insects detrimental to fruit growing and agriculture. The question is, what is the remedy, and how to apply it? What, with lazy, loafing bird-catchers, the schoolboys and their toy guns, and many of the so-called scientific collectors, the constantly decreasing numbers of our beautiful feathered songsters is a matter of public importance. Copies of the insectivorous bird act should be displayed in every class and schoolroom, and teachers instructed to impress upon their pupils the reasons why bird nests should not be robbed or molested. The destruction caused by collectors can be illustrated by the conduct of a well-known newspaper man of Buffalo, who, with his friends on a Sunday recently, while on an egg-collecting tour, was arrested by the Ontario game warden and his collection of eggs confiscated. In the collection there were fifty-four eggs of one species. Many of these eggs were in a state of incubation, and worthless for scientific purposes. Ladies have it in their power to a great extent to make the traffic in bird skins unprofitable, by refusing to wear or purchase millinery having birds or feathers for trimming.

RANGER.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

HOW I KILLED MY FIRST BUFFALO.

AWAY back in the year 1872, when I was a sixteen-year-old boy living in northeastern Kansas, and at a time when there were thousands of buffalo roaming over the plains of the western part of the State, two bachelor, homesteader friends invited me to accompany them buffalo hunting. The invitation was gladly accepted, and we started in mid-September. We had a good strong wagon, well provisioned, also all the necessaries of a complete camping outfit. Our team, however, was sure but very slow, for our wagon was drawn by a large yoke of oxen, the property of one of the settlers with us. We led two small horses, to be used in the chase, under the saddle, when we should come to the buffalo.

How well I remember the days we jogged slowly along over the undulating Kansas prairies. After we had traveled 150 miles we came to the short, curly buffalo grass, which barely covered the ground. This grass was burned to a reddish-brown by the sun shining from a sky with never a cloud. And that sky, which seemed of hammered brass, produced a sun which would melt the heart of any but enthusiastic hunters. And so we journeyed on, making from eighteen to twenty-five miles a day, camping at night beside one of the numerous timberless creeks that flow into the Republican River.

We met several hunters coming back, all loaded with buffalo meat and hides. This kept our courage up, and increased our anxiety to reach the range among the buffalo. We saw plenty of small game; also numerous bands of antelope, to which we paid little attention. We were after the great American bison, and bison we would have.

How slow Pete and Jerry—our oxen—wagged along, I need hardly tell you. It seemed as though the nearer we got to the buffalo the slower they became. Every known means of increasing their speed was tried, without avail.

We had traveled two days without road or trail, and thought it about time to see something of the game we were after. We were approaching the headwaters of the Sappa Creek. For nearly a half a day we had seen hoof prints and the fresh droppings of buffalo. After making a three-mile turn and getting back to the creek we met a hunter who told us that the buffalo were all around us, and that it was very strange we had seen none in the last ten miles we had traveled. We pitched our camp at dark in a sheltered bend of the creek, turned our oxen loose to graze, picketed the horses near, and, tired hunters that we were, cooked and ate our supper and lay down to dream of the next day's hunt, which should result in tons of meat and piles of hides. Before we slept it was decided that each one should strike out with his rifle as early as he pleased, to try to get some of the strays from the main herd, now only a few miles away.

During the night we were awakened by the thunder of thousands of hoofs upon the hard ground, as the buffalo were startled by wolves or hunters. With anxiety we waited for the first gray streak of coming dawn; and at last as I saw the darkness begin to roll back, I arose, took my rifle and loaded with enough cartridges to ammunition a Spanish regiment, started due south from camp, following up the bed of a wide ravine, in which the blue stem grass was thick and high. I argued that the buffalo were looking for good feed, and there I should find them. After advancing slowly up the ravine 300 or 400yds., I saw not over 75yds. away, in the uncertain light before day, the dusky forms of two of the giant game I was after. I crouched down, advanced a few feet to a slight hummock, across which I rested my rifle, waited until the nearest buffalo turned his broadside to me, then took deliberate aim behind the foreshoulder and fired. He fell to his knees, his nose struck the ground, then he rolled on his side. His mate ran away, snorting and blowing.

I had frequently been cautioned by old hunters never to approach a wounded buffalo, so while I waited what a crowd of thoughts came to me; the joy and pride with which I would return to camp and report to my comrades the killing of this big fellow; this I thought of in less time than it takes to tell it.

And so I advanced toward my prize, now quite still in death. As I came near I observed a white spot on the upper side. As I walked around to the head I saw a white stripe in the face, and there was a recognition. It came to me as a bolt from a clear sky—I saw and felt it all—I had shot and killed Jerry, our nigh ox.

This was my first buffalo but not the last.

W. J. RAYNOR.

COLORADO.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE CRUISE OF THE SINDA.

LAST year the writer told a brief tale, under the caption of "Ducks on the Gulf Coast," of his little adventures on a winter hunt in the South, and intimated that he would like a companion for a similar trip, to be made the winter of 96-97. The result was indeed gratifying, for replies came addressed in care of FOREST AND STREAM from nearly every State and the maritime provinces. Evidently all were from practical gunners, but some had queer notions. One New Brunswick man—no doubt a good hunter in his own country—wanted to bring his birch, "the finest hunting craft in the world." I think I see a birch in a norther! One man wanted me to pay his expenses as well as my own, and some considered it as a mercantile venture only. One man possessed a great number of the best hollow decoys, and disdained all other; him I imagined a Crœsus. Some were blessed with wives, and wives must be reckoned with when one proposes to make a cruise, with the probability of being out of reach of post-office for weeks at a time. We poor bachelors have one privilege—there is less on our conscience if we see fit to go off and drown ourselves. I answered most of the letters (no small task), and many of these replies called forth a second series of letters, and finally I had the list sifted down to three that seemed most eligible. This choosing a chum for a voyage "sightless and unseen," as the boys say when they swap jack-knives, is about as risky a thing as, say marriage, for instance. However, I had great confidence in my ability to judge character by a letter, and to make a long story short, I finally arranged with a gentleman in Hastings, Neb., to meet me in the South after I had prospected around a little and seen how the ground lay.

Accordingly, about Thanksgiving time I collected all my old clothes, my blankets and my two guns, a Fox and a Winchester, slide action, and took ship for the Gulf port where I had had such an enjoyable winter before. Almost the first sight that met my eyes upon landing was my former chum, the market-hunter, riding through town perched on one of the two-wheeled carts of the country, the box of which was literally heaping full of fat sprigs, 100 pairs of them nearly, that he and his brother had killed in about a day at a water hole. This looked as though there was still game on the old stamping grounds, and I decided to fit out a boat, and at any rate get a lunch while the others were having a meal. The first thing was a boat to live in. There were very few boats idle just then, as the oystering and hunting season was at its height; either the owners of the few boats to be had doubted my seamanship and the safety of their crafts, or they imagined I was fitting out a filibustering expedition to Cuba. Any way, not a boat could I hire, until finally I met a native whom I knew slightly, who said his old uncle had a boat that could be had if the old man were properly approached. He said that negotiations should properly be opened by means of a bottle, and that his uncle lived across the bay, a good day's sail from the city. We found a market boat going that way, and took passage, as this seemed the only chance to get hold of a boat.

The first sight of the sloop Sinda was not encouraging, as she was a flat-bottomed boat, with a square "knuckle;" her sails were old, rigging poor, and anchor chain nearly rusted in two. Also, having a worm eaten plank or two in her bottom, she leaked like a sieve—a pleasant prospect, truly! I foresaw lots of work, but didn't see my way clear to do better just then; so decided to take the old craft, rerig her, and put her into seaworthy condition, charging my expenditure against her rental. A good skiff we got with her, after some persuasion, and back we started with a fair wind, hoisting the skiff on deck. Our wind lasted about half way across the bay and then died out, and it was evident that we were in for a night of it out there in a boat absolutely bare of bedding, food or fuel. I had a light overcoat and slept half the night under that, when I was awakened by the poor native, who said he was freezing, and proposed tearing up the boat's ceiling to make a fire. I gave him the coat, and for the balance of the night I played freeze-out, catching a wretched cold. At daylight we had wind again and went on to town.

This native was not a model companion, but he could sail a boat and be of some use, so I kept him around me quite a while and endured his shortcomings, giving him a gun, ammunition and grub for what I could get out of him. He would sit and steer all day, constantly smoking cigarettes, and never get tired of it, but other work he would not do if he could help it; he was over-fond of whisky, and the truth was not in him. We lay several days at the dock, where, with the assistance of an old deep-water sailor, we renewed and set up our rigging, patched the sails, and made all as snug as we could. I got a spare anchor and a new cable and moved the bulkhead between the cabin and hold some 2ft. forward, as the cabin was so short a tall man couldn't straighten out in the bunks. We set up a little stove and wired it in place, and had a bonnet made for the funnel, so that we could cook while under way or when the wind was strong.

Before I left Boston I had ordered some six dozen decoys, a tent, grass suit some provisions and other things, and they now made their appearance, and I got to work nailing lead strips on the decoys for ballast and fitting them out with anchors and strings. I wished to make one hunt and get everything running smoothly before I wrote my correspondent to join me.

The other hunters eyed my brand new outfit with envy—all but the boat, her they called a "box"—and were not at all pleased to see a Yankee getting ready to share their hunting grounds, but that cut no ice.

My cough, the result of my night's exposure, still hung on to me and was very annoying, but I had faith in my ability to shake it off, once I got to burning powder, so when all things seemed ready we cast off our lines and bore away up the bay. Seven miles from town four long bridges stretch across an arm of the bay, and the four draws are swung open for every craft, large or small, that wishes to pass. We felt quite grand as we swept through and answered the draw-tender's hail. My companion had never been in this portion of the bay, but I could recollect the channel well enough from my visits of two years before to navigate it fairly well, and as we sailed along we began to see numerous bunches of sprigs and bald-pates (widgeon) in the air, but no great "body of game," as the hunters say. I was pretty sick, but still, the sight of the game did me good, and I went aloft on the mast-hoops to find some lakes that lay near the bay shore, where I expected to find the game resorting. Just after nightfall we came abreast of the lakes and anchored. In the morning we went ashore with half a dozen canvas decoys apiece, and as it was too warm for high rubber boots, I just tied my trousers at the bottom and wallowed through mud and water, in spite of my cough, as I knew the salt water wouldn't hurt me, and so it proved, for a few days of this cured the cough entirely.

We put out our decoys at the mouth of a little bayou and squatted in the rushes, putting other tufts of rushes around to form a blind. The ducks were there all right, but were evidently educated, for they didn't decoy well; the wind was right, but not heavy enough, and we only got about a dozen birds apiece, green-winged teal and sprigs. Then the wind died out altogether and nothing would decoy. Still, I was happy. It was enough to have left the frozen North and to bask in this sunny land, my own boss, with nothing more urgent to do than to keep enough stuff cooked up to eat and to see that we lay in safe anchoring ground for the night. I only wished that others whom I had left toiling away at home might join me and help me loaf.

It wasn't all beer and skittles, though, for we found our boat leaked so fast that we had to pump pretty often to keep afloat, and it was evident that we had got to pull her out and repair her bottom. So we cut short our hunt and returned to town. Here I found the man from Nebraska in the hotel rotunda looking as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox. He probably thought I was a tramp when I spoke to him. However, I soon had him looking nearly as disreputable as myself, and with a beautiful coat of tan on.

As there were only two bunks in the cabin, the newcomer, whom I dubbed Bert, set to work building one in the hold, a place where there wasn't much headroom, and which must have been chilly certain nights I can remember, but Bert always insisted that it was the finest place aboard to sleep. We got his things aboard, including a lot more decoys, and set sail once more. It was evident that our first duty was to pull out the boat and repair her bottom. This we did on some ship ways across the bay, and we found the removal of the worm-eaten planks anything but easy or agreeable. These ship worms (*Teredo navalis*) are most vile-smelling things, and to chop into their dwellings was a nasty job. We found holes, hundreds of them, some ¼in. in diameter, perfectly round, and entirely honey-combing the affected planks. With the help of a shipwright, we replaced these with two 1¼in.×12 yellow pine planks, and caulked all the seams carefully. When we slid her off the ways we were delighted to find that she was tight at last.

This time we had a fine, strong N.E. breeze, a fair wind for certain islands where I used to hunt, and thither we turned the Sinda's bowsprit and let her plow with a reef in. On the way we knocked down a few bluebills which rose before us; but it was such a job to pick them up after we killed them that we always said we would shoot no more—until the next flock appeared. A long-handled dip-net is the only way to do this right, if a man wanted bluebills. They are not highly prized in those waters, but are apt to be extremely poor.

It was thirty miles, nearly, to the islands, but with that wind we made it in a short half day, and as we drew near I commenced getting dinner. Just as we anchored I had the meal ready, but we had such a sight before us we could hardly eat. Thousands of ducks and hundreds of geese were in sight, resting on the water when we approached; but as we drew near the ducks moved further off and settled again, while the knowing old Canadas simply stretched up their necks a little, and sat there eyeing us some 250yds. away. It did look encouraging, and we were soon passing decoys up from the hold and into the skiff. We still had but one skiff, and all three managed to go ashore in it and rig out. Bert and the native rigged out together, I by myself. The wind still kept up, and we had fair shooting, but all of us burned a good many shells needlessly. For my part, I seemed to have lost the knack of killing ducks. I had made a record of fifty birds with sixty-eight shells on these islands two winters before, but now I managed to use three and four shells to the bird, and never better than two, probably from shooting at birds too far off. One day, marveling much at the amount of powder I was wasting, I stepped off the distance at which a bird fell, and found I was shooting at 70 and 75yds. right along, as that was the nearest the wary old sprigs would come. We didn't decrease the visible supply much that afternoon, but as the wind shifted to the south we knew a big tide would come in, and conditions would be all the better on the morrow. A high tide drives the birds off their feeding grounds elsewhere, and they seek these islands. These were all "paddle ducks" which do not dive, but must seek their food from the surface. In the night we had a sharp squall, but swung to our anchors safely. We found the cabin roof leaked in a few places, which was not pleasant, but we put cups under the leaks. We had congratulated ourselves that we had this place all to ourselves, but in the morning another hunting sloop lay near us with her headgear missing, having carried it away in the blow. The newcomers waited until we got rigged out in the morning, and then chose position intended to spoil our shooting. Two of them did spoil mine, for they built a blind about 150yds. from mine on a point that nearly all the ducks were passing, but I had gathered in twenty-eight birds before they disturbed me. It turned out that they had been hunting there all winter, and naturally regarded us as intruders.

We got sixty pairs of fine, heavy ducks here in about a day and a half, and then the weather got too calm for good shooting and we returned to town with the ducks in our ice box. The next day being New Year's Day, and ours being the only hunting boat in town, our game went like hot cakes.

This proved to be the best hunt we made, though nothing very big, for, though we had lots of fun sailing, and made many fair little hunts during the succeeding two months, we never struck the weather conditions so favorable again. The next trip we took along some lumber and built another skiff on a still day after we reached the hunting grounds. The other boys built her while I was ashore, and they got her somewhat lop-sided, still you might call it a skiff, and you could take decoys ashore in it, but a man had to have his hair parted in the middle not to capsize her if there was any sea on.

One of the great attractions of a sojourn in these waters is the abundance of excellent oysters. We always took along plenty of lemons; and those oysters, right out of their native mud, eaten with a squeeze of lemon juice, were certainly great. We could buy them at $1 per barrel from the oystermen, but the ones we picked up ourselves were far better. My friend from Nebraska took kindly to the shell fish. Oysters grow in tin cans up there, I understand, and are not so good as these. I found I had sized Bert up all right by his letters, for he was a model chum, and no matter how rocky things looked, there was never a kick from him. One day when a gale was blowing and the rain coming in level sheets and we had just escaped dragging ashore by the merest chance, and everything looked dismal, I tried to make him say he was sorry he had come, but he said no, he liked it!

We finally got very tired of our native and were not sorry to part company with him, and got in his place a vastly superior man, thoroughly trustworthy and an excellent guide to the best ducking grounds Him we paid wages, and it was a good investment, for he was well worth them. If we ever repeat the trip another winter, as we hope to, we shall certainly endeavor to get hold of Will again.

Now I must tell how I was punished for theft. One hunter told me he used a piece of railroad iron for a skiff anchor, and that it worked first rate, so I must needs try it, and accordingly "swiped" a nice heavy coupling link off a car near the dock, and bent it on to my boat painter It worked so well that I came to put great confidence in it, and so came to grief at last. It happened the coldest day we had during the winter. A northeast gale was blowing with rain which froze as it fell, and since we lay under the land and the wind was off shore, it was useless to put out our block decoys to leeward of the land, and so we went ashore and left the decoys in the skiff, anchoring her and starting for the marshes with a few canvas decoys. I rigged out in a little pool where the ducks seemed to come for the shelter of the weeds, and Bert said he would tramp around and jump them up, as his boots leaked, and sitting still in freezing weather was uncomfortable Only six birds came to me, while Bert wandered far and wide in pursuit of jacksnipe, whereof he captured five or six. The game seemed not worth the light, and we thought of our warm cabin and grub supply and started for it. The boat lay far out in the channel where she belonged, but the skiff was gone. We could hardly believe our eyes but she was certainly missing and somebody was in for a job of wading. I started for the boat, hoping that I could make it without getting over my boots, but soon found that I hadn't figured on the tide, which had risen several feet, and presently I felt a chill stream enter my boots, and knew I was in for it. Bert started to wade out with me, but I told him there was no need of more than one getting wet, and that I would get the other boat, which was on deck, and come after him. As I proceeded the water got deeper, until I was wading up to my armpits, and when I reached the boat, with my bunch of ice-coated ducks over one shoulder and my gun over the other, and overcoat saturated with water, it was no easy job to climb aboard. However, I threw my burden on deck and managed to climb up the fore chain and launch the other skiff and fetch my chum aboard, although a slender pole was my only means of navigating.

The oars and thirty-two decoys had floated off in the skiff, and we never saw them again. The high wind and tide had enabled her to gradually work out into deep water, and finally float off. It was a chilly bath, but after putting on dry clothes I felt none the worse for it. Next morning we had a glass ship, apparently, for there was 2in. of ice on everything, and we had to break the running rigging and sails loose with clubs before we could make sail. Our birds, which hung from the boom, were also thickly encased, and we hoped to be able to send them North in that shape, but the ice fell away from them after they had been in the ice-box a while.

If I go South again I shall try to strike it about the first week of November, as then the shooting is said to be much better. Although birds were not so plenty this time as they were two years before, I had lots more fun. There is a great difference between having some of your own kind of people to share your fortunes—good or ill—and chumming with a lot of sordid natives, as I did the first time.

We found some nice quail shooting on shore sometimes, but, having no dog, made but sorry work of it generally. Yellowlegs, willets, beetleheads and curlews winter there, but few people shoot them.

IPSARRAKA.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.



ADIRONDACK JUNE DEER SLAUGHTER.

NEW YORK, June 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a letter just received by me from the president of a Western railroad—an excellent sportsman—occur the two following paragraphs, which will, I think, interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

"I spent three weeks on Saranac Lake, St. Regis (Paul Smiths), Big and Little Tupper Lake, etc., and caught less fish all told than I can catch in Michigan in a day. One and one-fourth pounds was the largest trout, and that on a trolling line with a gob of worms."

"I was surprised at the little attention paid the game law. Deer were being killed right and left and no signs of any game warden. People were surprised that I did not have a gun and wondered I took no interest in shooting deer in June. It is a shame! Guides and hotel men are all at it, night and day. How any one can kill does in June is a mystery to me."

It is tolerably well known that the administration of the law in Franklin and Hamilton counties is weak and uncertain. On two different trips in July through Hamilton county, I have had ocular evidence of deer killing. It is stated to be a fact that there is not a single lawyer in Hamilton county. It is an illustrative fact that within a few years a school district in this county issued bonds for building a new schoolhouse and sold them in New York. The interest was not paid, and it was discovered that no school-house was ever built but that the money was used for building a summer hotel. Nevertheless, although it is plain that civilization is backward in Franklin and Hamilton counties, it would not seem to an ordinary sportsman any excuse whatever for a failure by the game protectors appointed and paid by the Fish, Game and Forestry Commission, to enforce the game code, even in such a community. It is well known that Justices of the Peace will not, in those counties, ordinarily convict, and that a jury cannot be found to convict. Nevertheless, the code provides for a Supreme Court trial of these violations of the game laws, and these violations are and long have been notorious.

My object in writing this note to you is to say that it seems to me to be the duty of every good sportsman who visits that or similar regions, to report directly to the Fish and Game Commission such violations as he knows of, or such information as might lead to a conviction, and to follow up his report by letters of inquiry. The game protectors can be forced to do their duity if just complaints are made frequently and repeatedly. W. H. B.

DETROIT, Mich., June 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a three weeks' fishing trip in the Adirondacks. I did not ge much fishing, and black flies were very plentiful. I did not expect a great deal in the way of fly-fishing, and so was not disappointed.

I dld expect, however, to see some attention paid to the game law, but so far as I could judge by results, you have no close season for deer. I heard of assistant game wardens, but saw none. I was told there were ten of these gentlemen in Saranac Lake village, but not one of them seemed to take interest enough in saving deer to get out of the village. I presume there were more deer killed in the dark of the moon in June by jacking than will be killed in an equal number of days in the open season. FONTINALIS.

AN ARKANSAS GAME COUNTRY.

FIVE miles south of Mena, Polk county, Ark., the midway division town of the K. C. P. & G. R. R., and sixty miles south of Fort Smith, bounding the Dallas basin, on the south, rise the Potter Mountains, 800ft. above the level of the basin, thence, to the south, rise in succession mountains by the name of Blowed Out, Church, Mill Creek, Bee, Dalton and Boar's Tusk, which are not located on any of the maps of the State, except that of the Government Survey, where they are all included under the general term of the Ouachita Mountains.

Except for a few homesteaders' openings along the valley of the Two-Mile Creek, one mile south of the Potter Mountains, there is an unbroken wilderness of virgin forest, covering a tract thirty-five miles in length south of Potter Mountains, by eight miles in width. The surface of this is broken by mountain, ridge and valleys, and it is all a home for bear, deer, wolves, quail, bob-cats, wild turkeys and such small deer as cotton-tail rabbits, gray and fox squirrels. Owing to a drouth, from May to November of 1896, there was no mast in the forest, and reports were given out that the game had all left that region, hence all the hunting parties were directed to the lands of the Choctaw Nation, fifteen miles west of Mena, and the native hunters alone hunted over this territory. During the open season game was so abundant in the Mena market that the choice venison cuts were retailed from butcher shops at 3lbs. for a quarter, quail at 75 cents per dozen and large wild turkeys at 50 cents each.

Our mining camp was located early in January, and thence for two weeks our party was busy locating and surveying mining claims, and not a day passed but we would meet one or more deer and one or two flocks of wild turkeys, and several times on our way to work we met deer on the trail, one day three, and on three other days four, and seven ne day.

Having plenty of rainfall this year, there has been an enormous crop of blackberries and blue or whortleberries, and from some place deer, bear and wild turkeys have come to this region, until it is now fairly alive with them, and as the trees are loaded with mast, the coming winter promises to be one of the best for game that Polk county has ever known.

I inclose you the beard of a wild, bronze gobbler, the largest turkey I ever saw, which was estimated (having no scales) to weigh from 35 to 40lbs., and we saw several close mates for him, what are still gobbling on the mountains in the region above described. WINCHESTER.

The Ohio Pheasantry.

A STATE hatchery for Mongolian pheasants has been established at Van Wert, under the charge of E. H. Shorb, one of the State Fish and Game Commissioners. This farm consists of seventeen acres and has been very carefully managed by Mr. Shorb. About 3,000 young chicks have been hatched there this year, and there are also about 600 old birds on hand at the present time. A number were sent to different parts of the State last year, and all reports indicate that they are doing well. Some were liberated in the vicinity of Van Wert, and there are now a number of coveys there, numbering from twelve to fourteen each. The law protects these birds till November, 1900, and it is hoped that by that time they will become well established.

J. H. Sturgeon was at Van Wert this week, and brought home to Bucyrus some of the eggs, which were given to some of our bird fanciers, who will endeavor to hatch them and raise the young birds. In the event of making a success of this, the birds will be liberated at some favorable localities in the fall, and given a chance for themselves. An earnest effort will also be made to secure for them the protection which the law affords, and anyone found molesting them will be severely dealt with.—*Crawford County News.*

Henry Braithwaite.

I HAD the pleasure, the other day, of meeting at Stanley, the famous guide and trapper, Henry Braithwaite, who had just emerged from his trapping grounds after an absence of five months from civilization. He had about $500 worth of furs, including seven bearskins. He built a bark canoe in order to bring out his fur, and had a thrilling experience coming down the north branch of the Clearwater. As there was not sufficient water to float the canoe in the rapids, he closed the dam for a day and a half and then pulled out all the stops and "let her go" full diapason, with the result that the canoe was whirled along with lightning speed for several miles, and he came within an ace of being carried over a roller dam 12ft. in height. Henry was in the best of health and spirits, and exhibited over seventy-five applications which he had received to go moose-hunting next fall. Of course only a few of the many could be accommodated.

Henry stated that he had discovered a fact which he had never heard of before, namely, that some moose will respond to the "call" at any season of the year. We had a good many things to talk about, and I forgot to ask him for particulars, but will take an early opportunity of submitting the evidence to FOREST AND STREAM.

On July 7, Henry is to take charge of a fishing expedition down the sou'west Miramichi, the party consisting of Dr. Heber Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Wiggen and Charles Williams, of Boston, together with the undersigned and his much better-half. FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, June 28, 1897.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsmen for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XLVIII.—Charles F. Murphy.

MR. MURPHY was slightly referred to in the last article as the maker of the first split-bamboo rod. Like the late William Mitchell he was one of the old-time rod makers who did all the work by hand. They sawed the ash, hickory or lancewood into strips, hung it by one end to prevent warping while seasoning, and then with plane, rasp and sandpaper would turn out the best rods that could be had in those years, which lie almost half a century behind us. These men had great reputations for excellent rods and their customers extolled them as masters of cunning work. These were the days when a split-bamboo rod could not be bought for a dollar and then prove to be far inferior to an alder pole cut on the bank.

I remember first meeting Murphy in 1865, in Conroy's on Fulton street, then a place where anglers most did congregate, and then for the first time hearing that there was a better material for rods than ash and lancewood. I listened with wonder to the talk of angles, tapers, glueing and other details, until I thought that the building up of a split-bamboo rod required more careful attention than the grinding of a lens for a great telescope, and I looked with admiration on a man who could make one with a good, even action. A wooden rod is worked down from the outside, tested, sandpapered here and there to get the proper curve under a strain, and that ends it. But the split-bamboo, which our trans-Atlantic friends call a "built cane rod," must be so worked from the inside of each of its strips that it will be perfect after they are joined, for there can be no taking down of the outside enamel, where the strength and resiliency lie. In factories the tips and second joints can be culled over until a perfect rod is found, but as to a single hand-made rod I can't understand how one can be made perfect unless with elaborate tests of each strip in each joint, which seems nearly impossible.

One September day, while I was snipe-shooting on the Hackensack meadows with George Gelson, who was an old man then, we came across Murphy with a good bag, for birds were plenty in those days, but he was in distress, having stepped into a hole, and in falling he caught the spring of his shot pouch and lost all his shot. From my knowledge of him afterward he seemed to be unfortunate in usually meeting with an accident of some kind, but we helped him a little from our pouches and he turned toward home, getting an occasional shot as long as we could see him. Before he left us he asked me to fish for striped bass with him next day at Bergen Point, above Staten Island—a thing I had long wanted to do. "Never mind bringing bait or tackle, I'll have plenty."

"You'll have a good time with Murphy," said Gelson, "he is one of the few men that I would divide shot with when out for a day, but Murphy would do the same for a friend. You'll find him good company and well informed not only about field sports, but other sports. He knows all the prominent volunteer firemen in New York, and used to run with the machine himself until the new system came in. He's a good fisherman and a fair shot, a little given to brag of his exploits and to think that no man can equal them. If this kind of talk does not weary you, a day with him will be well spent."

This was a fair sketch of Murphy, as I afterward learned, and one always likes to know something of the man who is going to be his companion for a day or more. This talk was held at our nooning, which was a long one, for our dogs were very tired from working in the long, coarse grass, and we were in the same condition; but shooting later in the day was not as good as in the morning, and we had a little shot left when we reached the ferry, so that our playing the Good Samaritan had not put us to any inconvenience.

In the morning we met to fish the mouth of Newark Bay and the Kills, where they enter New York Bay. It was a new kind of fishing to me, and I looked over the baits and tackle with much interest. He had the salt-water sand worms and white worms, clams and shedder crab, short rods, reels, and sinkers to suit the strength of the tide at different times. The tide was right, he had looked out for that, and was at half ebb. We anchored the boat at both ends across the channel, and fished. The tide was strong, and we used sinkers of 3oz at first, with about 2ft. of line and a 2-0 sprout hook below it. We started in with white worms, and I took a sea bass of about a pound weight, but as I was unaccustomed to reeling up a heavy sinker the fish seemed to be a monster until brought to boat. Murphy took several white perch, and some came to my hook, and so we fished for over an hour, when he said: "The striped bass don't seem to be running on this tide, let's try shedders and see if weakfish will take hold." And we did, with great success.

Within a month an angler living in Wisconsin wrote me, asking where he could get shedder crab, as he had heard they were a good bait, and I will leave Murphy in the boat for a while to say: The crab of salt water is very unlike the crawfish of fresh water, although where Germans have settled the latter are called "crabs," German krebs. Both are edible, and, like all crustaceans, must shed their shells in order to grow. Then they are soft, but harden in a few days, and in this state the salt-water crabs bring a high price as a table delicacy, being fried and eaten paper shell and all except the "sand bag," or stomach, and the gills. But a few days before the shell is cast the animal shrinks, and there is a space between it and the shell which can be detected by tapping it; this is a "shedder," and the outer shell can be peeled off, leaving a very tempting bait for most fishes. No doubt the crawfish would be as tempting to fresh-water fishes if it could be found in that state. After this bit of crabology we will rejoin Murphy in the boat off Bergen Point.

Said he: "We usually get striped bass here on the last of the ebb tide, but they don't seem to come our way this morning. The weakfish are biting well, but I don't care for them."

"They're gamy fighters," I remarked, as I boated a yellow fin of about 6lbs. "I don't know anything about big striped bass, although in boyhood fishing we used to get them about Albany up to 1lb; but this weakfish fights well and I'm enjoying taking them."

"Yes," said he, "that is their redeeming quality. They are a fair fish for the table when just out of the water, but after being caught six hours are only fit to feed to the hogs. Tons of them are sold in the markets to people who don't know one fish from another, and they are good enough for them. The tide is slackening and we will change to lighter sinkers, sand worms and clams, and take what comes until after low-water slack and the tide sets up the Bay, when we may strike better luck." As I was only a student, I accepted the suggestion of my teacher without question, and for an hour we took perch, porgies and flounders as fast as we could attend to their surgical needs in the way of extracting hooks from lips, cheeks, jawbones and stomachs. Then came the time when the fishermen felt the need of the bait that Murphy had in the basket, and it was both good and generous. "While we eat," said my companion, "let's take in our lines and not leave them out for any fool fish to hook himself while we're not fishing."

That remark has been embalmed in my memory like a fly in amber. It comes up whenever I read of "fish hogs" and of those who would not like to be placed in that class, but who never cease killing as long as there is anything to kill. Please remember that this was thirty years ago, or more, and there was little or no sentiment toward the preservation of game or the restriction of the number of fish a man might kill, especially in salt water, where the supply was supposed to be inexhaustible. Yet, Charley Murphy was one of that class which composed the old Volunteer Fire Department that in those days "would rather fight than eat." He was a small, wiry man, and I have already related his pugilistic exploit in "cleaning up" a fistic terror.

As low-water slack passed and the faint flood appeared we changed our positions to the upper side, and before the half-flood had passed we had six striped bass which aggregated 35lbs., the largest weighing 9lbs., besides all the other fish, which Murphy took along to give away, and I voted the striped bass to be the gamiest salt water fish which had ever tackled my tackle. Murphy wanted to divide the fish, and I had hard work to make him understand that I could not use them in New York city.

At this time I think Murphy must have been about forty-five years old, while I was about a dozen years younger. He was small and thin, one of those tough, wiry men who can often stand more physical strain than a muscular one, and that day as we sat in the boat he chatted in a reminiscent way about old times in New York and the old fire laddies.

"Ever hear of Bill Poole?" he asked.

"Yes, Lew Baker killed him ten years ago on Broadway, corner of Prince street. I was in the West then, but I read all about the affair, and how George Law loaned his clipper Grapeshot and captured Baker off the coast of Africa."

"You're right," said he, "it was in 1855, and few things have ever stirred the city like that. It was in the good old 'Native American' days, and Poole was killed because he belonged to that party and John Morrisey couldn't whip him. I was in the room when he was shot in the Stanwix Hall, opposite Niblo's Garden, and when I saw Morrisey, Jim Turner, McLaughlin and Baker come in and find Poole alone I knew there would be trouble, but I didn't get out quick enough. I escaped being called at the trial, but it made no difference, for Baker was acquitted and appointed to a good office in the Street Department, while Morrisey went to Congress. But it would have done any American good to see the funeral that Bill Poole had. The City Hall flag was half-masted, and 10,000 men marched to his funeral. That was the last of the Order of United Americans; the foreign element became too strong and has been so ever since. The new paid Fire Department may turn out all right, but they will never have the pride and spirit in their work that the volunteers did."

There was much more of this, but the above will serve to

show Murphy's trend of thought and give a mental as well as a physical picture of the man. I met him in New York about as often as I visited the city, but fished no more with him until the day when Frank Satterthwaite and I found him at Greenwood Lake, curled up in agony in the road from an over-indulgence in buttermilk, as has been related. Notwithstanding all Frank's attempts to switch off Murph, as he called him, I got the story of the building of the first complete split-bamboo rod and took notes of it. The man who made the first one should be credited with it, especially as he did not patent this great improvement. Young anglers of to-day may never have thought how recent this invention is, nor what an improvement on rod making Dame Juliana Berners would have thought it; but let Murphy tell the story.

"Ever since I can remember, the Southern cane poles have been shipped up here for fishing purposes, and they are light, cheap and far ahead of anything that can be cut in Northern woods when a man starts without a rod. They seldom exceed a foot between the leaf joints and are of no use to a rod maker, but often one can get quite a good one with an even curve and fair action, but unless kept in a cellar, or other damp place, it is no good the next season, becoming brittle and losing its elasticity.

"In 1848 Sam Phillippi, a gunsmith at Easton, Pa., got hold of some Calcutta bamboo, used and sold some for fishing rods in the natural state. This cane was long, slim and tapered, with greater distance between the leaf joints, which, you know, show elevated rings on the outside and have a diaphragm across the hollow. Haven't you cut into them and seen this?"

"Yes, and made fifes from the joints in boyhood days, leaving one end with its natural stop."

"Well, Sam Phillippi wanted a jointed rod, so he fitted ferrules and made his tip and second joint of the Calcutta bamboo and the butt of some other wood, but he never split the cane as we do now. I saw one of his rods which had an ash butt, and I tested the spring of the rod and liked it. I showed the rod to Mr. E. A. Green, of Newark, and he got some Calcutta bamboo and made a rod of three pieces for his own use, of carefully selected material, and it was an extra good rod for its day. Then we talked the matter over. Says I, 'There is a lot of waste material in that rod, and the joints in the cane are no good,' and so it came about that I split the cane, only into four parts at first, shaved down the pulpy inside and glued the pieces together, and had a rod that was springy enough to cast a fly and had the backbone to fight a salmon."

"When was this?"

"It was in 1863. I soon found that four strips left too much pulp on the inside, for the strength is all in the enamel, and I made rods of six and eight strips. The latter are too small to work accurately, but the six-strip was received with favor by such anglers as Frank Endicott, Genio C. Scott, Robert B. Roosevelt, and others. Two years later I made a salmon rod and Mr. Andrew Clerk took it to Scotland, where it attracted much attention. Mr. Clerk gave this rod to Genio C. Scott, who took it up to the St. Lawrence River and killed some big pike and mascalonge with it, and wrote it up in the sportsmen's papers of the day, which gave the new make of rod great popularity. Then, in 1866, I made a split-bamboo bait-rod for black bass and arranged with the firm of Andrew Clerk & Co. to sell my rods, which they did for some years, and then they began to make them on a larger scale."

That is the history of this now famous rod as I heard it from the man who first devised it. I am not aware that it has ever been published before, although I have seen references to the work of Messrs. Green and Murphy. In the early days the rods were known as "rent and glued bamboo."

"Murphy," said I, "what price did these rods bring in that early day?"

"Well, the trout rods sold for $40, and for an 18ft. salmon rod I got as high as $125, but it was all hand work, careful measurements and tests from start to finish, with much labor and material that was rejected. And please remember that every rod was made to order. There was no making up a lot, and fitting tips to second joints. If there was a fault in a joint a new one had to be made. Though prices were high, we earned every dollar we got; but there were a few men in those days who wanted the best that could be had, and would pay for it; if that had not been the case, the split-bamboo rod would never have been invented."

Greenwood Lake contains both species of black bass, and at the time we were there, some sixteen or more years ago, and perhaps now, the big-mouth was known by the absurd name of "Oswego" bass, and only the small-mouth was called black bass; and it seems to me that the time has come to take the obnoxious name of Oswego bass from the statute books of the State of New York. If any other State uses this name in its laws, I am not aware of it. For years I have contended against the fashion of deprecating the game qualities of the big-mouth, and as Murphy and Satterthwaite sat fishing with me the question came up concerning the respective fighting qualities of the two black basses.

Satterthwaite said: "Bill, our landlord, and the boatmen on this lake say that the small-mouth is the gamest of the two, and, by the way, you must have noticed how they have corrupted Oswego into 'swago,' and talk about 'black bass and swagos,' and they say that the 'swagos' don't fight like the black bass. I don't fish a great deal, and have taken their words for it, and you are the first man that I have heard deny that the big-mouth was an inferior fish."

"Frank," said I, "years ago when American anglers began to think for themselves, and to study their own fishes and break away from English angling books, which treated only of English fishes, they found they had some fighting fish which were unknown across the water, but were plagued with a confusion of names. De Kay, in 1842, made many species and several genera of the black basses, but later Gill reduced them all to two, and then came some anglers' distinctions. Seth Green, then a newspaper authority on fishes, gave to our laws such names as Oswego bass, California trout, mountain trout and German trout, according to the locality in which he caught the fish or from which it happened to come, and it has taken years to undo this work. My old friend, Alexander Mosely, editor of the Richmond *Whig*, gave to the big-mouth the epithet of 'vulgarian,' and it was thought necessary to denounce one good game fish in order to boost another into place."

"Well, now," said Murphy, "I never gave this matter much thought, but I've had good sport with the big-mouth bass, and I'll tell you one thing: if they are not quite as full of fight—mind me, I don't say they ain't—I've found them more reliable as risers to the fly. The big-mouth will usually take a fly of some kind if presented properly, and if the wind, sun and water are not in conspiracy against the fisherman, but the small-mouth will often refuse the fly when his brother will rise to it."

This talk was at about 4 P. M., and we were casting with different flies in order to see what the bass might prefer in the way of tinsel, wool, fur, chenille and feather, when Murphy got a rise, and as he struck there was a lively fight on. Satterthwaite got excited, and not being an expert angler gave Murphy a running lot of advice, to which no attention was paid by the man who was fighting the fish. Murphy kept the bass out of some weeds, but could not prevent its rush under the boat. Fortunately, there was no anchor line to foul, and he shifted his rod to the other side, reeled in and gave line as he thought best, without regard to Frank's suggestions, and finally reeled the fish up to the side of the boat, which was well down, because three men were on one side of the keelson; and just as I put the landing-net into the water to lift the game it gave a final leap and landed itself in the boat. It was a big-mouth black bass of less than 3lbs.

"I thought it was a 10-pounder," said Murphy. "I took a 7lb. bass in this lake once that did not put up half the fight that this one did."

"That carries out my theory," said I, "that the fighting weight of a black bass, no matter what the size of its mouth may be, is about 2lbs. Murphy, you know, as an all-round 'sport,' that no human pugilist would think of entering the ring if he weighed over 190lbs., and, therefore, dead weight is not an indication of staying power. It's only an indication of good living and an accumulation of fat."

"There seems to be some sense in that, Frank," said Murphy, "but I never thought of comparing the physical condition of men with that of fish, as Fred has done, but the point is a good one. Yankee Sullivan said thirty years ago that a man of 160lbs. was fit to fight anything on two legs, and perhaps a black bass of 2lbs. is in his best fighting condition; that's a new proposition; what do you think Frank?"

"I think that you have got it about right. Sometimes a small bass will make you think he's a big one before he comes to the boat, and that 5-pounder of mine didn't fight very hard; in fact, I didn't think it was a big one until I saw it."

And so we passed the time in pleasant discourse on the merits of the basses until time to reel up and row to Bill's hotel. When we parted with Bill we did not weep, but Murphy said on the train: "Every time I stop with Bill I declare that it will never occur again, but somehow I forget his meanness or I forgive it, I don't know which."

Charles F. Murphy was one of a class of the old-time all-round sportsmen, interested in almost everything that is included in that comprehensive and elastic term sport. With no outward polish, brought up among the old fire laddies, where the only qualities recognized in a man were honesty, pluck and muscle, he was an entertaining companion. He died at his home in Newark, N. J., in 1883, at the age of sixty-five.

FRED MATHER.

NEW MUSCALLONGE WATERS.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is to narrate the experiences and detail the fortunes of a fishing party in search of new waters, hitherto unshadowed by the rod of an angler. Jason's quest of the Golden Fleece would seem a bagatelle compared to the task of finding waters which the great world of American fishermen are unfamiliar with, yet our little party was successful in that particular. At least, we got into a country where the famous muscallonge is plentiful, and yet none had ever been taken with rod and reel. In fact, the name of the fish was unfamiliar and its habits and appearance unknown to all the natives with whom we talked prior to our first catch. And yet we found superb muscallonge water, and, with suitable weather, would doubtless have enjoyed sport grand enough to sate the most greedy hunter of the voracious 'lunge.

This land of delight is located in northern Minnesota and not far from the head waters of the Mississippi River. It lies just south of the Leech Lake Indian reservation, and its lakes, of which there is an incredible number, empty northward into the Father of Waters. Until this year the region was practically inaccessible in the summer, and, as no one dreamed that muscallonge were to be found, no one attempted to surmount the difficulties of reaching these lakes, when other waters, in easy distance, contained such myriads of pike, bass and pickerel. Therefore, the lakes contiguous to Woman Lake were neglected, and our party was the first to prove the existence of the muscallonge in that section.

In answer to Grumbler, from whom a communication appeared in your columns some weeks ago, I may say that in the Woman Lake country, about fifty miles north of Brainerd, there is plenty of water unsurpassed in Wisconsin or Minnesota for muscallonge, bass, pike, pickerel and other game fish; and that there are large numbers of deer, partridges (ruffed grouse) and ducks to be had for the hunting, and that moose are reported fairly numerous. It must be a sportsman's paradise in the fall months when all sport is at its best, and surely neither rod nor gun need get rusty for lack of use.

But to our experiences. Originally our entire party had intended leaving Chicago June 3, but matters intervened that caused six of us to postpone departure until the 6th. Messrs. Joseph Downey and L. L. Leach, however, would not be restrained, and went up on the original date. They are both enthusiastic anglers, and would not balk at trifles, but as it turned out, they would have done better to wait. The remainder, consisting of Messrs. J. W. C. Haskill, C. B. Dick, S. M. Sutherland, C. S. Wilcox, J. F. Sanders and the writer left on Sunday night, June 6. At St. Paul, next morning, we had breakfast and changed cars for the Northern Pacific R. R. to Brainerd. Arriving there at 1:20 o'clock that afternoon, we had dinner, and at 3:30 started on the Brainerd & Northern Minnesota R. R. for Pine River Station. A logging train off the track ahead of us delayed us somewhat, and we did not reach Pine River until about 7 o'clock, too late to depart for Kabekona Camp that night. We found Pine River a typical backwoods railroad station. There are two houses in the town: one a log cabin, the other a hotel, saloon and general store combined. Barclay, the owner of the hotel, does quite an extensive teaming business for the logging camps in the surrounding country, and, being a down East Yankee, seems quite prosperous. Around the saloon door was gathered a miscellaneous crowd of about a dozen lumber cruisers, loggers, Indians and teamsters, nearly all drunk or willing to become so. After attending to our luggage, and making arrangements for an early morning start for Kabekona, we retired to our beds, which we found clean and comfortable enough.

Tuesday morning dawned cloudy, wet and cold, but we determined to start anyway, as we had little affection for the crowd around Pine River. Six of us got into the spring wagon, and, with Mr. Sanders as driver, followed the baggage wagon. We found the road for about eighteen miles an excellent one, having been an old "tote road" for the lumber camps, and had it not been for the cold rain would have enjoyed the ride. We passed Lake Ponto, a superb bass water of considerable size, about 10 o'clock, and then began to get the bad road. We were constantly in sight of new lakes, and our fingers itched to grasp a rod. Just after reaching Black Water, a large and "muskie-looking" lake, we met our first misfortune. The rear spring of our wagon broke, and from then on most of us perambulated. By dint of tinkering with a piece of wire, the wagon was finally mended well enough to get it into camp. A little later, however, in crossing a marshy bit of ground, the baggage wagon got mired, and that cost more delay. We tramped on philosophically, however, and, there being no mosquitoes, were comparatively happy. We had to make nearly a complete circuit of Black Water, and got no glimpse of Woman Lake until we came upon Kabekona Camp, at about 1 o'clock.

We found the makings of an ideal camp, but necessarily somewhat in embryo yet. The camp is to consist of a main building with office, dining-room and kitchen, and ten cottages, each 12×14, for sleeping purposes. The main building and three cottages were completed and the other cottages were in process of erection. There were five completed before our departure, and the entire camp is doubtless now in first-class condition to receive guests. The main building is excellently adapted for its purpose, the office or lounging room being large, light, well ventilated and having a great stone fireplace for cold weather. The dining-room is large and light, and the kitchen well equipped. The cottages are alike, and each contains two double iron beds with good mattresses and plenty of clean, warm clothing. Washstands, mirrors and plenty of drawer room are also conveniences not often found at fishing camps. The buildings face due east and command an excellent view of Woman Lake, which is quite a large body of water, with fifty miles of shore line. The shore at this point is about 15ft. above the lake, and therefore dry and cool.

As soon as possible after our arrival dinner was prepared, and we all were a bit hungry. We found that Messrs. Downey and Leach, in spite of their early arrival, had only been able to go fishing that day, as the boats had only arrived the day previous, owing to delays in transportation, so we could find nothing definite about muscallonge, and no one who absolutely knew of their existence in those waters. We all were somewhat blue at this lack of definite information regarding the game we were after, but hastened to get out on the water and give it a trial. Charley Wilcox and I secured a boat and a venerable-looking boatman, who cherished a belief that muscallonge were just overgrown pickerel. That belief by no means tended to allay our suspicions that our long journey had been for naught. We put in no time on Woman Lake that afternoon, as Stone, our oarsman, wanted us to try a couple of smaller lakes in easy rowing distance. This we did, and our success in catching pickerel and pike was great enough to suit any one who was not longing for the savage "muskie." I was kept as busy shucking pickerel from my spoon as a man husking corn; and Charley was the recipient of like attentions from numerous misguided pike—but no 'lunge rewarded our efforts, and as night drew on we made our way back to Woman Lake through the thoroughfare that connects the chain of lakes, much disheartened. At the end of the thoroughfare and near the shore of Woman Lake we found an Indian camp, and as we stopped for a few moments, a chorus of howls from a lot of wolfish-looking curs heralded the approach of a son of the forest. He peered out of the bushes at us and made a queer figure, clad in an elaborate head-dress and a blanket. By this time the boat containing Haskell and Dicks had joined us, and as Haskell is conversant with the Chippewa tongue, he addressed the Indian in a flirtatious tone, under the impression that it was a squaw. Stone informed us, however, that it was a man, old Smiley, and that he was about seventy years old. At that Haskell's cordial expression changed to disgust.

At this juncture a boat appeared coming down the thoroughfare, and we soon found it contained Messrs. Downey and Leach. They informed us that they had three muscallonge, one weighing 23lbs., and nothing could have been more welcome news, as we had at last made certain that the "lunge" was an inhabitant of those waters. We went back to camp with them and inspected their catch. They had three muscallonge, one of 23, one 18 and one 14-pounder, besides some fine pike and numberless pickerel. They told us they had released a number of smaller muscallonge.

At this we were eager for the start next day, and put in but little time sleeping. Wednesday dawned in discouraging fashion, very cloudy and cold, and directly after breakfast rain began to fall. Charlie Wilcox and I were eager, however, and started to cross Woman Lake to reach Little Girl. The rain, however, came down so heavily and there was such a sea on the lake that we put back to camp, after going about three miles. The rain did not let up all morning, so we put in the time writing and smoking. After dinner the rain stopped briefly, and I determined to give a trial to Baby Lake, where Downey and Leach had captured their fish the day previous. Charley would not brave the weather, so I went alone with Stone, the oarsman. We ran through the thoroughfare into Heron, and thence to Child Lake, then by a rapid and crooked creek into McCune Lake, a portage of a few yards being necessary on account of rapids. From McCune we got into Man Lake, and thence into Baby. These lakes are all large and beautiful and, excepting McCune, are ideal places for muscallonge.

On Baby Lake I came across Downey and Leach, who had been there all day. They reported three more 'lunge, and told me they had taken them in the south end of the lake. A little island, covered with tamarack and surrounded by rush-covered bars running out into the lake, looked inviting, and I barely began to skirt it when I felt that vicious but welcome rush of a muscallonge on the spoon, and as I tautened up on the line I saw him leap wildly from the water 60ft. away, a vision of silver and green that made my heart bound. A quick command to "Get into deep water, quick!" was obeyed, and then began a pretty little fight, which ended in about half an hour in the capture of a handsome 17-pounder.

We trolled the rest of the island without strikes except from the ever annoying pickerel, and as it was growing late we left Baby Lake and crossed Man Lake on our way home. As a mere matter of form I let out my spoon on Man Lake, though with no hopes of fish, as we were crossing the middle of the lake and going fast. But we crossed a hitherto unsuspected bar, and once more I felt that savage rush and

knew I was fastened to a big one now. Stone would not believe I had a fish until it broke water with a tremendous splash, and then we knew that it was a sure enough "muskie." I hurried the fish as much as possible, but for a long time he would not again show himself. Finally, though, he came slowly and sulkily to the surface, and I gave Stone the Winchester .22 with instruction to hit him between the eyes. He shot him about an inch forward, and did no especial damage except to make that fish wild. He was off like a flash and put in another quarter hour in mad rushes that made my wrist ache in keeping control. Once more he came to the top, and this time Stone's aim was better and we secured the prize. He was a fine fish, weighing 27lbs. and measuring 47½in. Time taken to land him about forty-five minutes. He turned out the heaviest fish captured on the trip.

On getting to camp I found that Haskell and Dick had gone to Little Girl Lake and Dick had taken a fine 20-pounder. Sanders had captured a 14 pounder on Baby Lake.

On Thursday, in spite of threatening weather, all four boats went to Man and Baby lakes. I bent on a No. 9 spoon and hooked on it a particularly lively and willing frog. But a few moments elapsed until over the same bar where I had taken the big one the night previous, I fastened to a beauty that gave me a hard fight for three-quarters of an hour. He weighed 23lbs., and was my second largest fish.

About noon, a very heavy rain came on, with plenty of thunder and lightning, and our entire party in the four boats gathered at the dam between Baby and Man lakes for shelter and subsequently dinner. We made a wet and dismal looking crowd, but every boat had 'lunge, so we were not ill natured. After the rain let up a trifle, we managed to cook dinner, and then took to the boats again. I caught no more 'lunge that day, but my boat companion, Charley Wilcox, succeeded in landing two, one 10 and one 12-pounder, and took both of them while the rain was falling in torrents, and the thunder and lightning were terrific. We remained on the lake during all the storm, as we were as wet as we could get anyhow, and we did not care to risk the trees, as several were struck by lightning in our vicinity. John Haskell took his first 'lunge that day, a small one of not quite 10lbs., and he didn't take another for nearly five days. But he became so eminently successful in snaking out pickerel that we dubbed him Pickerel John, and he did not lose the title until nearly the end of our stay.

Friday, Messrs. Downey and Leach returned to Chicago, but the loss was more than made good that night by the arrival of Maj. J. B. Sanborn, and M. Starr, and on Saturday morning Robert R. Street, of Chicago, and Messrs. Flack and Lewis, of Sioux City, Ia. Sanborn and Starr came in at dead of night with a wild chorus of yells that awakened me from peaceful slumber with dire thoughts of Indian massacres. The other three would not brave a night ride to Kabekona in spite of a lovely moon, but chose to remain at Pine River overnight.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday were three days of oppressive heat, and flies, bugs, beetles, mosquitoes and "sich like varmint" began to appear in great numbers. With the heat the "bloom" appeared in the waters of all the lakes, and the fish stopped biting. We took but few 'lunge meantime.

Tuesday we went to Little Girl Lake, and while camped for dinner John Haskell, smarting under the charge of being only a pickerel killer, skirmished around and found the left hindfoot of a rabbit, partly eaten and somewhat odorous, but still retaining the marvelous virtues ascribed to it by the Southern negroes. John performed some mysterious rites with that foot and cheerfully announced that the hoodoo was busted. Busted it was, for in the next three hours he landed three heavy muscallonge, while his boat companion, Ben Dicks, assumed the rôle of pickerel catcher.

John and Ben had been betting on their fish and had a scale of values. Pike were good for a quarter, bass a half, and muscallonge a dollar each. Pickerel had no value, though John had vainly begged Ben to let three pickerel count for one pike. Ben declared John would "eat him up" if they let pickerel in at any price. Up to the finding of the rabbit foot Ben had taken five 'lunge and John only one measly little one; but the foot did wonders.

Next day four boats of us went to Little Girl, and I promptly secured the rabbit foot, which John had left. I had not taken a 'lunge since Saturday; but, as if to prove the virtues of the foot, I had not left the landing ten minutes when I fastened to a small one, and an hour later killed a fine 18 pounder after a pretty fight. That was a pretty good foot, for the next day, on Man Lake, Haskell landed two and Dicks one, all heavy fish, in little over two hours.

A rather unusual occurrence was noted with Dick's 'lunge. Haskell had just landed a 20-pounder, and the boat was barely under way again when Dick saw a big 'lunge swimming leisurely alongside the boat. He had but a few feet of line out when the fish struck, and had a fine fight, ending with the capture of a 23 pounder.

That afternoon, on Baby Lake, Prof. A. Bournique, of Chicago, who had arrived the day previous with Messrs. L. W. Pitcher and Henry S. Fitch, took a 'lunge that measured 51½in., although, being a female that had just spawned, she weighed but 25lbs. In good condition, she would probably have gone nearly 35lbs He was much delighted and is to have the fish mounted and preserved.

It had been our original intention to make a trip to Wabedo and Little Boy lakes, which are drained by the Little Boy River, a direct tributary of the Mississippi, and are not affected by any dams. We had heard from the Indians of extremely large fish in those lakes, and have every reason to believe them unsurpassed muscallonge water. We were, however, obliged to abandon the trip, much to our regret, on account of the uncertain weather and the fact that we should have to camp out two nights. The latter would not have deterred us had we any facilities for keeping fish caught and getting them back to camp It is a trip I shall certainly make next time.

I should mention that the outlet to Little Girl Lake is at present obstructed by a dam that maintains the water in Little Girl and Woman lakes about 6ft. above normal. As it is well known that fish go up with rising and down with failing water, we had good reason to think that Wabedo and Little Boy lakes, below this dam, would contain many fish that had been unable to get over the dam.

On Monday, the 14th, Dicks, Haskell and I, in row-boats, accompanied by Wilcox in a birch bark, portaged from Woman Lake to Black Water, about a half-mile carry, and fished that lake. We struck no 'lunge, but ascribe that to the presence of the "bloom," as it was certainly an ideal lake for the big fellows. We caught a myriad pickerel and pike of good size.

We saw many bald eagles during our trip. One pair had a nest with a couple of eaglets not far from camp, and I had a great desire to secure the family for taxidermal purposes, but refrained, not knowing if a penalty were attached to the killing of eagles.

We came across many ducks, evidently nesting, and giving promise of good fall sport. There were mallards, teal, wood-duck, blue-bill and widgeon principally. Many of the lakes contain wild rice, and we were assured that duck shooting in the fall is excellent. Ruffed grouse were very plentiful and the fall sport is pronounced fine by the guides.

We put in one day on Kid and Lost lakes, which last is the head of the Woman Lake chain. We found them literally full of pike and bass, but struck no 'lunge in them. However, our experiences was hardly a fair test of any of the lakes, as during our entire stay we were most seriously handicapped by the weather. Rain eight days, and intense heat three days, was enough to ruin any fishing. We were all, however, satisfied that these lakes contain large numbers of big muscallonge, and hope to give them a trial under better conditions this fall. Our party captured about sixty muscallonge, averaging in weight 16lbs. Not bad sport under the circumstances.

We cut our trip a little short on account of the villainous weather. Messrs. Sutherland, Street, Sanborn and Starr left for Chicago on Thursday, and the next day, Dicks, Haskell, Wilcox and I started for home. With the exception of a little excitement at Pine River, caused by a couple of drunken Indians and a party of ditto "lumber jacks," our return was pleasant and uneventful, reaching Chicago Sunday morning.

To sum up briefly, and to paraphrase one of *Puck's* recent jokes, we didn't catch as many fish as we expected, but then we never thought we would. It is sufficient to say that we found new muscallonge waters and that there are plenty of the big beauties there. I have never visited a fishing resort that impressed me so favorably with its possibilities for fine sport as Kabekona Camp, and I think Grumbler will become a convert if he will only go there this fall. Maybe I will meet him there, as we are already organizing a party for an October trip.

W. P. MUSSEY

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the test by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*



NOONING AT WOMAN LAKE

The muscallonge weighed 16lbs. Its position in the foreground makes it loom up like a 65-pounder.

ANGLING NOTES.

Canadian Duties on Sporting Gear.

EVERY one who has visited Canada for fishing or shooting is aware that there is a duty on fishing tackle and guns of 30 per cent. of the appraised value, and that the duty is supposed to be collected as the sportsman enters the Dominion, and returned to him when he leaves. See *Game Laws in Brief*, p. 55, for memorandum of instructions to customs collectors on this subject

I say supposed to be collected, for my personal experience shows that the law has not been enforced as to fishing tackle for at least a number of years; but it is now, and the refunding clause has a tail to it. Here is an extract from the memorandum which I obtained in Canada, when I found what the new regulations were: "The following regulation is substituted for Memorandum No. 881 B, dated March 12, 1897.—Memorandum No. 492 B, of July 14, 1891, is amended so that the duty on guns, fishing rods and other equipments of parties visiting Canada for sporting purposes will be subject to a refund of 90 per cent. only of the amount paid, provided the articles are exported within three months from the time of entry."

The duty of 30 per cent. is collected, and it is collected instead of being a dead-letter, and 90 per cent. of the duty is returned to the sportsman when he leaves the Dominion. I asked the Customs officer in Canada why the new rule was in force, and he said it was because, he believed, of the bicycle rule being violated. Bicycles were permitted free entry by leaving a ticket of memorandum upon entering, to be taken up when the bicycle owner returned with his bicycle. After a while the Customs authorities found they had on hand a lot of tickets, with no bicycles to show for them, the inference being that the bicycles had been sold in Canada. The Customs officer told me that he never knew of a case of this sort among anglers, who were most desirable visitors; and even with the new instructions, sportsmen should have every consideration possible shown to them to prevent delay and annoyance. One instance was reported to me of an angler failing to get his refund upon his return, but the customs officers told me there was no trouble whatever about this.

Restigouche Salmon.

In June I was fishing the Restigouche River in Canada, the guest of Mr. Archibald Mitchell, on his water, about six miles above the Restigouche Salmon Club. Bright fish were slow to come into the river, but the mended kelts were in evidence, and being well mended they gave some excellent sport, while waiting for fresh-run fish. One day I was fishing the Mucklar Island water above Deeside, and rose a big fish just above the rapids, down which he went as soon as he felt the hook. The man in the stern pronounced it a bright fish, and when twice he fought up against the strong current at the foot of the rapids, I thought so too, but he did not jump to show what he was. The fish I had killed before him was a bright fish of 28lbs., and he did not once jump, and I had hopes that this might be a bright anti-jumping fish also. Mr. Alexander Mowat was in the canoe with me, and he thought first it was bright and then it was black. Anyway, I fought the fish for forty-five minutes with all the power of a 15ft. rod, and then beached a big black salmon, foul-hooked, with the Jock Scott under his jaw instead of in his mouth. It gave as good sport as any man could ask for, and no one could tell whether it was bright or black until the fish was beached. In fact, one fish I hooked was so well mended that one of the men gaffed it, believing it was a bright fish.

Mr. Mitchell had brought with him a trout rod of 4⅛oz in weight, on which he said he would kill a bright fish, at least he was very confident that he could, and was ready to make the trial when the time came. One afternoon he mounted the little rod, as there seemed to be no bright fish in the river, to try it first on a kelt. I timed him after he hooked his fish, and he beached the first, an 8lbs. fish, in two and a half minutes, and the second, a 15lbs. fish, in nine and a half minutes. It is a rod of wonderful power, and the feat shows what a finished angler can do with so light a tool.

The next day Mr. J. W. Burdick, who also was a guest of Mr. Mitchell's, disabled his rod when we were three miles from the house, and Mr. Mitchell insisted upon it that the time had come to kill his bright salmon on the small rod, and forced Mr. Burdick to take the salmon rod while he mounted the little rod and dropped his canoe down below where I was fishing. It was the lower end of the water leased by Mr. Mitchell and Mr. F. W. Ayer, of Bangor, Me. The current was very strong, and from where I was casting it looked as though the surface had an incline down hill.

Twenty-three-and-one-half-pound Salmon on Four-and-one-eighth-ounce Rod.

It seemed as though Mr. Mitchell had selected the most difficult part of the river to try his rod, but I got a fish of my own to attend to and I gave him no further attention, until I heard him yell and saw him swing his hat and I knew the battle was on. As his canoe disappeared down the river I remarked that he would arrive at the Restigouche Salmon Club house in good time for supper, for both of his men were paddling for a record. His canoe went around a bend in the river without his once making an effort to land and make the fight from the shore; and when I had disposed of my fish I lighted a pipe and seated myself on a log on the bank to await results. It was nearly dark, too dark to fish more, and there was nothing to do but wait patiently for Mr. Mitchell's return, with or without his fish. I had a bright fish, as I thought, without weighing, of 30lbs., and I concluded if his fish was the same size we might be late for supper, three miles up stream, but we would be in good time for breakfast.

Before I had finished my pipe, and while Mr. Burdick was still casting on the river in the gloom above me like a spectre, I heard the iron-shod setling poles of a canoe coming below the bend, and when it proved to be Mr. Mitchell, and he swung his hat as he came in sight, I knew that he and his little rod had won. That night at the house his salmon weighed 23½lbs., over ninety times as much as the rod on which it was killed. The rod was as straight as a die after the fight. The fly was a Mitchell, and the reel an ordinary multiplier, such as is commonly used for black bass.

Salmon Rising like Black Bass.

While casting at the head of the Grog Island water a salmon rose short as I was lifting my fly from the water. The line was but little longer than my rod the first cast after a new drop. I saw the head and shoulders of the fish come out of the water fully a foot behind the fly after the fly had left the surface of the water. I rested the fish and again cast over him, but he did not come, and I fished out the drop,

took off the click from the reel, so that the men would not move the canoe, and reeled in the line, and began again to cast over the drop. At the first cast the fish came, but short as before, both times coming from the cast to the right of the canoe, but nearly astern. I again rested the fish and considered the advisability of changing the fly, but the head and shoulders I had twice seen above the water made me suspect it was a mended kelt, and I cast the same fly over him without raising him. Then I allowed the fly to float down with the current and sink well below the surface of the water, where I judged the fish to be, and pulled it toward me as rapidly as possible with one quick, upward motion, as I have sometimes tempted a less lordly fish than the salmon.

The shoulder of the man in the stern of the canoe, whose back was toward me, had a motion as if he were laughing. Perhaps he was, but about the third time that I made that fly slide up stream as if it were greased, the salmon took it for good and all. I saw the boil in time, so that I did not pull the fly from his mouth, as I feared I would do if he rose to the lightning express. It was a kelt, and he had the hook in his tongue and was duly beached.

Changing Salmon Flies.

A Jock-Scott I was using had become well worn. The yellow part of the body was chewed to apparent pulp, toppings were missing,, and about an inch of silver tinsel was hanging from where the tag had been. About the third or fourth lengthening of my cast a fish rose viciously with a boil and splash, seeming to turn almost in a circle at the surface of the water, but below the fly. He came so savagely that I felt sure of the fish after resting him, particularly as he came to the surface while I was resting him with a lunge that caused one of the men to say, "He's mad." I rested that fish again and again. Changed to a smaller Jock-Scott, to a silver-doctor, to a Mitchell, to a dusty-miller, and finally went back to the worn Jock-Scott and got the fish, or another from the same place, on the first cast. It proved to be a big mended kelt, and at the fourth clean jump he made another fish of equal size jumped with him. This fish was so well mended that, though he jumped clear of the water five times, he was thought to be a bright fish until he was gaffed; for the men decided he was bright after I had brought him to the shore, and it was only when he was lifted from the water that the cold truth was revealed

There is an unanswered letter now on my desk from Mr. George M. Kelsoe, who is perhaps the greatest expert in Great Britain upon the niceties of colors and shades of color in a salmon fly, and where each particular fibre of feather should be placed to make it deadly in all sorts of water, under all kinds of sky, and until that letter is answered, perhaps it would be as well for me not to air my views on the subject of changing flies to induce a rising salmon to take a fly and keep it. Particularly, as his letter is written from a salmon river in Scotland where his score at time of writing was forty-one fish to twelve for five other men. But I will say that up to date *Land and Water* has produced in colors twenty-eight salmon flies, with descriptions by Mr. Kelsoe (and the list is not nearly completed), and if I had the chance to go salmon fishing to-morrow I would not whimper if I could have not to exceed six patterns of salmon flies with which to do my fishing, and if I did not get fish with one or another of the six patterns I would firmly believe it was because there were no fish in the river that I fished. Rather than not go fishing, I would cut the number of patterns in two, and go with Jock-Scott, silver-doctor and dusty-miller, and be perfectly content.

A Veteran Fly-Dresser.

Mr. J. W. Burdick, Dr. Wm. H. Drummond, Mr. J. Stevenson Brown and the writer were together in Montreal, and the subject of our conversation was fish and fishing and fishing tackle. Mr. Brown spoke of some flies with which he had success on a trip from which he had just returned, and incidentally mentioned that for years he had had his flies dressed by one man, and never had a fly failed him through any fault of the maker, who was S. Maltby. The name reminded me that somewhere I had heard of the man, and from what Mr. Brown said I concluded that I wished to see him. We all got into a carriage and were driven to the lair of the old fly-dresser, a man eighty-one years old. When we entered the shop it was like stepping back travel 100 years, and the proprietor seemed to have escaped from one of Dickens's novels and taken root in a side street in Montreal, and while the rest of the world rolled on he and his shop stood still. He is a Yorkshireman, and once he spoke of Englishmen, Yorkshiremen, Americans and Canadians as though Yorkshire was a nation by itself. With his gray side whiskers, silk hat of the vintage of fifty years ago, big-bowed spectacles, kindly wrinkled face and laughing eyes, he talked in broad Yorkshire until it seemed as though we were transported to a country far from Canada in the Jubilee year. The old man's enthusiasm was most interesting as he showed his work—good, honest work, and good, honest materials, but many an angler would pass it by even if he found the little shop, because it lacked finish. Perhaps years and years ago the old man did more finished work, but it was good work yet, and the price of a few dozens of flies is cheap for the pleasure of talking with him for an hour.

Before our visit, Mr. Brown told of an angler who thought the body of a certain fly was properly made only when wound with a hair from a Scotchman's beard, and he was always on the lookout for a Scotchman with a long beard. Mr. Maltby had a few hair and silk lines, in his opinion the only line to fish with, and he said it was wrong to think the best silk and hair lines were made from horse-hair, for women's hair made the best lines, as it made the best dressing for some flies; and he told how as a young man in the business he obtained women's hair from medical students. This was but one of his quaint conceits. He is a loyal old soul, for his cards read "God Bless the Queen and all Jolly Anglers." May he live to the century mark, and his hands not lose their cunning to dress flies for Yorkshiremen, Englishmen, Americans and Canadians.

Mascalonge, Pike and Pickerel.

The *Fishing Gazette*, London, reviewed the Report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, of New York, under the headline, "A Grand American Work on Fish and Game," and mentioned various parts of the report in detail. "The third special article, 'Mascalonge, Pike, Pickerel and Pike-perch.' This most interesting and admirably illustrated article is by Mr. Cheney. Without, I confess, absolute grounds for it, I have always had an idea that the fish called pickerel, pike and mascalonge in America were simply small, large and larger specimens of one and the same fish, but Mr. Cheney gives a colored plate of each, showing different markings and coloring, though he admits that coloring and marking are no sure guide to identification. But he gives three illustrations, by means of which each of the fishes named may be identified from the peculiarity of scale formation shown. * * * Since writing these lines I have examined the heads of a very fine 37lbs. Irish pike, a female, with a remarkably small head, and an English pike of over 26lbs, a male fish, with a larger head than that of the 37lbs. fish. There are strongly marked rows of scales behind the eye and down to a level with its lower edge on the cheeks of both fish; below that you have to look closely to discover them, and at a little distance the cheeks appear to be as smooth and scaleless as the gill covers are. If Mr. Cheney will some day send me a preserved head and shoulders of the largest mascalonge he can get, I will do the same for him with the largest pike I can get. I have seen so many variations in coloring and marking and in general shape of pike I have caught in this country, that I am not inclined to attach too much importance to the presence or absence of scabs on the cheek and gill covers, except, perhaps, as an evidence of age. Mr. Alfred Jardine will be interested in this question, and having the finest collection of large pike in the world, I shall be glad to hear from him whether the older the pike the balder he gets from scabs on his cheek or not."

Mr. Jardine, who is, perhaps, the great pike authority and pike fisherman of England, responds in a subsequent issue of the *Gazette*, and I quote him only in part:

"I quite agree with you that the different appellations Mr. Cheney gives to *Esox lucius* relate only to the same fish from infancy upwards, according to their size and growth, whether 2 to 5 pounders, *i. e.*, pickerel; 7 to 12 pounders, pike, or the heavier mascalonge, maybe giants of 30lbs. * * *. I have to-day examined my old, *i. e.* large pike of 37, 36 and 31lbs, and also some of my smaller fish, 25 and 20lbs., and others in our anglers' club room of 10lbs. As to scales, they are well developed on their cheeks and gill covers. The younger and smaller pike were cheeky enough to have them as pronounced as their older and much larger relatives." That was the very point I wished to make in the illustrations referred to in the State report; the scales on cheek, etc., would identify the several fishes whether they were 4in. long or 4ft., as they are characteristics which are constant.

In England there is one species of pike (*Esox lucius*), the same as our pike, formerly *Esox lucius*, but now classified as *Lucius lucius;* but we have five species, and Mr. Jardine is in error if he thinks I applied different names to the same fish at different periods of growth. I described three distinct species: the mascalonge, which grows to 100lbs.; pike, which grows to 50lbs., and pickerel, which grows to 5lbs I used the check and gill cover scales as an illustration, as it is something any one can understand, to separate the three species; but the scales on median line are not the same, fin ray formula is different, and branchiostegals also. In fact, all characteristics which determine species go to separate the three fish. For instance, the mascalonge has branchiostegals, 17 to 19; dorsal fin rays, 17; anal, 15; scales on median line, 150. The pike, *Esox lucius* in England, *Lucius lucius* in America, has B., 14 to 16; D., 16 or 17; A., 13 or 14; scales, 123. There are other differences not necessary to mention here.

I have arranged to send Mr. Marston the mounted head of a mascalonge from the St. Lawrence, and one from Chautauqua Lake also, if necessary, and when he has the head before him he will be quick to see that the fish does not exist on the other side, and that it is not the *Esox lucius*. The St. Lawrence River mascalonge are spotted with brown on a light ground, and in this they differ from the Chautauqua Lake fish; but they are structurally the same.

Last week I was in Ogdensburgh, and Senator Malby told me there were five mascalonge in the market, but when he drove me there to see them but one was left, a fish of 20lbs.; but I will send Mr. Marston a larger one. One of 60lbs. was taken in Chautauqua Lake last spring, when the State was taking spawn for artificial propagation of the young. The pike is not propagated artificially in this country, nor is the pickerel.

A. N. CHENEY.

PUBLIC FISH IN PRIVATE WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your editorial in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of June 19, you refer to the act of the Legislature of the State of Connecticut, forbidding the stocking of private waters with fish provided out of the public funds, and making public any waters supplied with fish by the commission, as the first successful expedient to get the better of those individuals who procure fish under the pretense that they are to be used in stocking public waters, and then place them in private waters.

The claim in your article that persons who pursue this course are guilty of dishonesty, has the right ring, and so far as these persons are concerned, their dishonesty in many cases is not confined to false representations made to the Fish Commissioners, but also in placing the fish obtained by them in waters which are essentially private, in which they have no interest and over which they have no control, and then claiming that these waters thereby became public waters in which all persons have the right to fish. Such conduct is nothing less than a deliberate trespass upon private rights and should be made a misdemeanor, and the guilty persons could probably be held personally liable for all damages which might result from the introduction of fish in waters where they did not already abound.

It is not necessary to discuss what powers the Legislature of the State of Connecticut may have to pass or enforce the law in question, but so far as the State of New York is concerned, such an act if passed by our Legislature would be nugatory on the ground that it would interfere with vested rights.

Our present very efficient Board of Commissioners of Fisheries has continued the rule adopted by its predecessors in office, to the effect that fish will be furnished by the State for public waters only; but it has not stated what is meant by public waters, and herein lies a difficulty.

The damage resulting from stocking our waters generally with fish not indigenous to them was practically, if not entirely, done before our present Commissioners came into office, and we all recognize their earnest efforts to confine themselves to restocking our present waters with the kind of fish which now abound in them, and at the same time prevent the introduction of foreign fish, and if the same course had been pursued by their predecessors the waters of this State would not have been so generally injured or destroyed as to their value in furnishing fish for restocking generally, without proper restrictions as to the waters in which they were to be placed.

There are three kinds of waters in this State.

First—Waters which are absolutely public, as, for instance, the Hudson River and the Great Lakes, the title to which has never passed from the State to its citizens, and in which everybody has the right to fish subject only to the general laws of the State for the protection of fish.

Second—Private waters, which, strictly speaking, are waters lying wholly upon the property of an individual or club, surrounded by their own property, and without inlet or outlet.

The fish in such waters are the private property of the owners, for the reason that they are kept in a state of captivity, and the taking of them is subject only to the general fish and game laws of the State. Whoever comes upon the premises of the owners of such waters is guilty of trespass, and if he takes any fish from these waters he is liable to the owners for the actual value of the fish taken by him.

If the owner of such waters should apply for and receive fish from the State for the purpose of stocking them under an application to the effect that he desired fish for the purpose of stocking public waters, while it would be a fraud upon the State, it is very doubtful whether the courts would ever decide that by reason of such fraud such waters would become absolutely public, so that every citizen of the State would have a right to fish in them; and even if the court should so decide, no persons could approach such waters for the purpose of fishing without being guilty of trespass by reason of their approach over the adjacent lands, which would be a full protection to the owner.

Assuming that a number of individuals whose lands join a lake or pond, without either inlet or outlet, should agree to hold such pond as private waters belonging to them as tenants in common, the same rule would apply; and it is absurd to suppose that one of such tenants in common could, without the knowledge or consent of the others, obtain fish from the State for the purpose of stocking such waters on the statement that such waters were public, and so open such lake or pond for the purpose of fishing to the public at large.

Third—The remaining waters of this State are not in any sense public nor are they strictly private waters.

They consist of ponds, small lakes and streams, which either by grant or by implication of law are owned to the center by the riparian owners, and all such persons possess certain rights or interests which pass as incidents to the land.

It is one of the vested rights of every such owner that the water which lies upon or flows over his land shall always be and remain in its state of original purity, and no one has the right to use or taint these common waters in such manner as to interfere with the natural rights of the other riparian owners.

It is within the province of the Legislature to pass such general laws in regard to such waters as may be necessary to regulate and specify the manner in which the persons who have equal and vested rights and interests in these common waters shall enjoy them, and it will be conceded that such laws must be uniform in their character and affect equally all those who have a common interest in such waters, whether lake, pond or stream, as otherwise the privileges of some of the riparian owners would be enlarged by diminishing or interfering with the vested rights of the remaining owners. It will hardly be contended that the Legislature would have the right to grant to some company which might be located on the banks of the upper part of a stream the right to discharge refuse containing acids into the stream when such discharge would destroy all the fish in it for many miles below, and it is equally difficult to see how the Legislature would have the right to permit one or more riparian owners to place in the waters opposite their lands fish foreign to the stream, when stocking with such fish would result in a prompt destruction of those natural to these waters.

A case somewhat in point occurred in this county many years ago. A paper mill was located on the shore of a stream filled with natural fish, including a large number of trout, and the refuse, consisting largely of acids, was thrown into the stream and destroyed or drove out the fish for several miles below. This mill was burned down many years ago, and the waters again became pure; but about the same time a person living near the mouth of the stream procured from the State some twenty-four black bass, on the ground that the waters of this stream were public, with the result that in four or five years almost all the fish natural to the stream had been absolutely destroyed by the bass for a distance of about fifteen miles, and the farm of every riparian owner on that stream is, on account of the introduction of the bass, less valuable to-day than it would be if the bass had never been introduced into the stream, and the claim is now frequently made that the introduction of these bass on the terms imposed by the State, has made the waters of this stream public, in which every one has the right to fish.

I do not propose in this article to discuss the question as to how far the stocking of the waters of this State with fishes not natural to them has been beneficial or otherwise, but may have something to say on this point in a future article.

If I am correct in the above views, then it follows that those who have been guilty of placing foreign fish in the waters of this State which are not absolutely public, under the claim that they are public, have been guilty of trespass upon the rights of the riparian owners, which in many cases has resulted in great injury, and the claim in their application to the Fish Commissioners for fish to the effect that they were to be used for the purpose of stocking public waters has been nothing less than a fraud upon the State.

How the evil, for it is an evil, is to be remedied is a very grave question.

Our present Fish Commissioners are well aware of it, and have been and are doing all that lies in their power to prevent further injury to waters in which the riparian owners have a common and vested interest.

They have no power, nor have they claimed to have the power, to declare that the entire waters of a stream or lake or pond become public by the act of one or more individuals who have procured fish to stock the waters on the ground that they were public, but the evil might be checked somewhat if the commissioners would define what they mean by public waters.

It is doubtful whether an act of the Legislature providing that, where persons owning waters strictly private obtain fish from the State upon the claim that they are to be used for the purpose of stocking public waters, the placing of them in such private waters would result in making such waters public, in which every person would have the right to fish, would be upheld by the courts. To make such waters public would in many cases result in the practical confiscation of property, and the punishment or penalty would be entirely out of proportion to the offense.

It is very certain, however, that the Legislature has no power to declare that a riparian owner has lost or forfeited any of his vested rights in the lands owned by him and the waters lying upon or flowing over them, because some one riparian owner whose lands happen to join the same waters has been guilty of trespass upon his neighbors, and has committed a fraud upon the State by getting fish for the purpose of stocking waters under false pretenses.

Such an act would result in a confiscation or condemnation of private property or vested interests therein for the use of the public without compensation to the owner, which is a power that the Legislature does not possess.

How to deal with this question is a serious problem. It is one thing to suggest a wrong, but quite another to suggest a remedy. The Legislature of this State has no power to enact what are public and what are private waters. That is a matter entirely for the courts, based upon the vested rights of the owners of real estate. The Legislature has the power, however, to define what it means by public and private waters under the provisions for stocking or restocking them under the fish and game law.

The frauds which are now constantly practiced upon the State and the damage done to waters in which a limited number of persons have a common interest, could very easily be stopped in the future by the enactment of a law which would make an application for fish for the purpose of stocking waters, containing a false statement as to the waters to be stocked, and the placing of such fish in waters which are not public and in which others than the applicant have a common or vested interest a misdemeanor, punishable by a severe fine or imprisonment, or both, and also making such person liable in damages for the injury done to waters which are not wholly under his control. J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 23.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Game and Fish Law Matters in Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 26.—Our new State game warden, Harry W. Loveday, has thus far been busily engaged in the work of appointing deputies all over the State to aid him in his campaign. In the end he expects to have a good deputy for each county, in some cases two for each county, there being 101 counties in the State. In this work of choosing deputies he has been guided largely by the local recommendations of the candidates, relying especially upon the statements of gun and fishing clubs He wishes it to be understood among the sportsmen of the State that the matter of securing good deputies rests very largely with themselves, as he asks the aid and counsel of the sportsmen's clubs in the duty of choosing his assistants. He thinks the sportsmen should take interest in this matter, and send in their recommendations for their men, all of which will be received thankfully and which will have immediate investigation. Mr. Loveday states that he wishes to make a thorough effort, in his official capacity, to stop the law-breaking in each and every part of the State to as great an extent as possible. He has thus far appointed the following deputy wardens: For depot work among the express companies in Chicago, F. J. Beecher; for Blue Island, A. Link; for Antioch, Wm. Burke; for Calumet Lake region, George Kleinman; for upper end of Cook county, Matthew Harms; for Dixon, Jas. Stultz; for Grundy county, Jos. Babcock; for Batavia, Harry A. Tuttle; for McHenry, Clement Lentz; for Vermilion county, J. D. Miller and W. H. Moon; for Urbana, J. P. Hall; for Bureau county, E. W. Smith; for Alvan, John Kelly; for Homer, A. Silas; for Waukegan, J. F. Powell; for Streator, Edward St. Clair; for Freeport, W. Bott; for Alton, Eugene Levinne; for Arcola, W. P. Dawson; for Springfield, John R. Page; for Ripley, Harry Hardy; for Noble, W. L. Taylor; for Paris, Dow B. O'Hara; for Newton, John Gill; for Clay City, J. Henry Waesp. The work of further appointments proceeds daily. Mr. Loveday reports South Water street as shut up tight, and not moving any game. Deputy Beecher says he gets no traces of any illegal shipments coming in at the depots at present. The express companies have treated Mr. Loveday very openly and fairly so far, and have told him to freely search any suspected packages. It lies within the power of the new warden to do a lot of good to the game interests of the West, and in this work he should be joined by all the sportsmen of the State, by none more readily and unanimously than those of the city of Chicago. The office of warden is no sinecure, and it is easier to criticise a warden for what he does not do, than it is to help him do what we all think he ought to do. Let us see what can actually be accomplished under the new regime, and to that end all help as we can.

Mr. Loveday said on Tuesday that he expected to hear of arrests by Deputy Kleinman in the Calumet region before the close of the week. A considerable industry in illegal fishing has for some time been going on in the Calumet River, many tons of fish being netted there and brought by wagons to the city markets. George Kleinman will find a little to do there for a time, and it is hoped that he will break up this flourishing market arrangement.

The New Illinois Fish Law.

As stated earlier, there were no changes made in the Illinois game law at the last session of the Legislature, but it now appears that at 3 o'clock in the morning of the last night of the Legislature, a new fish law was rushed through. The new law is a good one, and should be productive of results. It forbids netting except in navigable streams, forbids fishing on private lands without consent of owner, forbids fishing through the ice, requires fish ladders in dams, and sets a legal limit for marketable fish, said limit being as follows: black bass 11in., white or striped bass 8in., rock bass 8in., black or river croppie 8in., white croppie 9in., yellow or ring perch 8in., wall-eyed pike or pike-perch 15in., pike-pickerel 18in., buffalo 15in., German carp 13in., native carp 12in., sunfish 6in., red-eyed perch 6in., catfish 13in., white perch 10in.

The possession of fish of less length than above indicated shall be *prima facie* evidence of violation and subject the person having them in possession to a fine.

Illinois has always been luckier in her fish laws than in her game laws, and the new law at first glance appears to be in line with the record of the past. Under it the new and efficient Fish Commission can do yeoman service to the people. By provision of the new statute the Governor shall appoint wardens on request of the Fish Commission. Sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables, fish commissioners and fish wardens may make arrests.

Planting Trout in Wisconsin.

The State fish car Badger, of Wisconsin, made a trip to Crivitz (Ellis Junction) this week, and planted 225,000 rainbow trout in different streams of that vicinity. There have been 1,000,000 trout fry planted in Marinette county, Wis., thus far this spring. Among the streams near Ellis Junction are the Middle Inlet to Lake Noquebay, the Thunder River and branches, the Peshtigo, the Pembina, etc.

Violated the Law.

At Sapinero, Gunnison county, Colo., H. M. McVean was arrested June 18 and fined $50 and costs for having in possession illegal trout and deer. He has been in the habit of serving both these items on his hotel table regularly. Gunnison county is becoming irritated at the illegal destruction of her fish and game, and further arrests are expected.

A Tip to Agent Fullerton.

If Executive Agent J. F. Fullerton, of St. Paul, will go to Magee's restaurant, on Roberts street (it is said), he may find something to his interest. A few Chicago men were returning from a fishing trip in Minnesota last week, and when in St. Paul they stopped at the above restaurant. They found prairie chicken on the bill of fare, and Mr. Haskell asked for one. He was told that they had none but old birds at the time, which were not choice, but was offered quail or plover or snipe.

Plenty of Muscallonge.

Mr. W. P. Mussey has told in another article what good success the Chicago men had in their fishing at Woman Lake, Minn., where they were at Habbekona Camp, and reports received this week from other localities lead one to believe that the season is good for muscallonge at many places. Mr. Ben Bingham and wife were up at State Line, Wis., for ten days, and have just returned. They had fine sport, taking six 'lunge in one day and twenty-one 'lunge in ten days. Mrs. Bingham caught one fish 54½in. long, weighing 35lbs., and also had another weighing 33lbs. This is certainly good enough.

Messrs. H. L. Stanton and Frank Willard were also among the favored ones. In their ten days' stay at Squirrel Lake, near Minocqua, they took over fifty muscallonge, returning the small ones to the water and only keeping those weighing over 6 or 8lbs. They sent or brought to Chicago twenty fish, the largest of which ran up to 21¼lbs. when weighed in Chicago three days after being caught. They report the best sort of a time, though they did not enjoy the cold weather. The ice froze in their boat at night, and during the day they were obliged to dress heavily and at times to go ashore to build a fire and get warm.

Taking Fish out of Minnesota.

Having heard that some of the Chicago men had trouble in getting their fish out of Minnesota, I looked up the matter. The State law permits the taking along a number of fish not to exceed fifty. The local agent at Brainerd is the only source of difficulty for the Leech Lake country, and some anglers report that they had to fee him to get their fish set right on the train. This is not necessary, as the law does not forbid sportsmen from taking a reasonable amount of fish out of the State. It was said that others of the Habbekona Camp party had trouble with their fish at Milwaukee, their boxes being detained there by the authorities, but I can find no foundation for this except that the boxes were for the time lost through not being tagged or addressed properly. C. B. Dicks and John Haskell were the only ones coming home via Milwaukee. I do not know whether or not they had over the 20lbs. allowed to be taken out of Wisconsin, but I learn that their fish were delayed in transit for the cause above assigned. A mistake is easily made nowadays in the matter of taking and carrying fish or game, and I find about the only safe way to do is to carry a copy of the *Game Laws in Brief* when one goes away from his own dooryard.

Good Catches in Divers Places.

Mr. E. V. Church is back from a trip to the Manitowish waters of Wisconsin, and reports good luck. In Spider Lake he killed a 'lunge that weighed 33lbs. He says the 'lunge fishing is better in the Manitowish chain than it has been for years.

Mr. John Church was also at the Manitowish range and had good luck enough, taking four fish which scaled 16lbs. each, besides others not so large.

All the lakes of the Manitowish waters, Rest Lake, Rice Lake, etc., beside Big Lake, Presque Isle Lake and many others of the upper Wisconsin country, are alive with bass and wall-eyes this season, and it would be burdensome to report the big catches of bass and pike which have seemed desirable to many anglers who go into that region. Thus I learn of one catch, by Mr. A. S. Laflin, of Chicago, who took, or is reported to have taken, 104 bass in four hours' fishing in Bass Lake and Big Lake. There is, of course, no sport in such fishing.

In Lake Sylvia, near Annandale, Minn., in two days last week, Drs. Beecher and Swartz and Mr. Chas. Robinson took 137 bass, 27 cropies and 13 pickerel.

An item from an Escanaba, Mich., paper states that three men of the town, Peter Duranceau, Joseph Delorier and Joseph Barron, last week fished the Escanaba some fifty-five miles above the town of that name, and had the good luck of taking in all 243 good trout.

On the Cloquet River, not far from Duluth, Minn., in two days' fishing this week, Messrs. George Lucore, A. E. Chantler and Wm. Carlson, with Sheriff John Meining, took 210lbs. of bass, pike and pickerel.

In Spring Lake, Ill., last week a party of Bloomington, Ill., men, consisting of Messrs. J. Funk, Chas. Burke and Howard Humphreys, had good success, taking 170 fish, bass and other varieties, weighing in all 150lbs.

Gov. Tanner Gone Fishing.

Gov. John R. Tanner, of Illinois, is an angler of diligence and determination upon occasion. He has this week gone to the famous waters of the Miltona Angling Club, of Minnesota, where he is expected to give account of himself in due gubernatorial style. Governors, presidents and others high in authority have much asked of them when they go sporting, but by the kind assistance of the daily press reporter they usually get through all right.

Carp and Fishways.

There is still no report of a proper fishway at the Kankakee dam this summer, though there was at one time a good fishway there, as I personally know. At the dam at Waldron, above Kankakee, the German carp are reported to be on hand in great numbers.

Rainbow Trout in Chicago Stock Yards.

Out at the Chicago Stock Yards there is a large pond formed by the overflow of an artesian well. The water is cold and pure, and the bottom of the pond is of hard clay. In the fall of 1893, at the close of the World's Fair, Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, secured a number of the fish which had been shown at the fair. Of these, he planted about 1,000 yearling rainbow trout in the stock yards pond, where he has had them carefully guarded ever since. Yesterday, four years after the fish were put in the pond, two of the rainbows were taken and one was preserved, so that I saw it today. It was 13½in. in length and weighed 15oz. In color it was good and bright, and it seemed as fine a specimen as a wild fish, though as yet one cannot say how good it would be on the table. The fish in this pond are fed at times with liver and refuse. The water is fairly alive with large goldfish, and there are a number of large bass also in the pond, one having been taken weighing nearly 4lbs. Mr. Organ thinks the rainbows have done well, and have more than taken care of themselves in their unique surroundings. The pond is in the center of the dirty and busy stock yards, renowned over the world as a peculiar Chicago institution. I wonder if many people know that there are rainbow trout to be had (by a few favored ones) in the Chicago Stock Yards?

Painting the Ink.

The packing companies at Hammond, Indiana, have for some time been in the habit of allowing the refuse from their establishments to flow into the Calumet River. Now comes the United States Fish Commission and declares that it will estop such defilement of the limpid Calumet, for that such defilement is injurious to the fish of said Calumet and against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth.

The Carp Nuisance in Arizona.

In the Casa Grande Valley of Arizona, near Florence, the German carp was introduced into the best of the local society some years ago, and forthwith proceeded to make itself at home. To-day the ranchmen are praying for relief. The carp run out into the irrigating *acequias*, and thus become stranded and defunct on the fields watered by the ditches. The crows eat a few and the coyotes eat a few, but no one else in that country cares for carp. It is the consensus of opinion in dry Arizona—as it is in Illinois and about everywhere else—that the carp is an A1 nuisance and ought to be abolished without recourse.

A Railroad Plants Trout.

Not long ago I had occasion to remark that it has been but rarely that a railroad has ever concerned itself with the renewal of the fish supply which it does so much to diminish by its advertising methods as connected with good fishing localities. This remark now appears to need some qualification. The San Francisco & North Pacific R. R., of California, has this year established a hatchery in the Gibson Cañon, near Ukiah. For four years this road has been stocking the 300 streams, or some of them, which are to be found in Mendocino, Lake and Sonoma counties. It has now resolved to see that the trout supply is kept up along its road, as it realizes the important part that the trout plays with its passenger traffic. This is commendable, but after all it is only pure business common sense, in which railroads all over the country ought to join. A general passenger agent of a railroad can afford no sentiment. He must show results in tickets sold. But why should he look forward to holding his job only for a few years, or until he can no longer show results on fishing or hunting country which has been exhausted? Why not look ahead to holding this job, and to showing results, for a long time to come? So shall general passenger agents build brown-stone fronts with marble halls for their children.

An Invasion of Minnesota.

A dispatch from Bemidji, Minn., says that that locality has been invaded by large numbers of "fishers, choppers and plowmen, from all over Minnesota and the Dakotas, and, unless the State Fish Commission gets a move on itself, the lakes will suffer almost a depopulation within the next two or three years. The fishermen bring in wagon boxes full of barrels and boxes, and go out loaded with all they can haul."

Fishing on the Illinois.

Fishing on the Illinois River at the Copperas Creek lock is better just now than it has been for years, and almost every party that has gone there recently has had large takes of black and white bass and other varieties. Last week over 400 persons were fishing at the lock on one day, and all had good luck.

Minnesota Muscallonge.

Reports received this week from the party of Chicago gentlemen who went to Habbekona Camp, Minn., are of a most flattering character. So nearly as can be learned, there had been but two or three days fishing done by the party when the report was sent to Chicago. At that time they had taken seventeen muscallonge, whose weights were as follows in pounds: 23, 13, 11, 12, 12, 25, 14, 19, 22, 13, 8½, 20, 9½, 16¼, 16½, 17, 13. The two largest fish, 25 and 23lbs., were taken by Billy Mussey, who writes most enthusiastically that he has found the place he has been looking for. I do not know what the total catch at Habbekona Camp will be for June, but the above brief record is better than any I have known in Wisconsin in the past four years. Mr. S. M. Sutherland, of the Chicago party, has wired to Chicago for several of his friends to come on at once. I have sent one party from Chicago, one from Kansas City and one from Milwaukee to this same place. I am told that there are a great many lakes in the neighborhood of Woman Lake, which are very little known and very little fished, no trail being cut to them at all. This is in the great Leech Lake country, which promises to offer for some time good muscallonge fishing to the lovers of trolling. There are many lakes in that neighborhood which fairly swarm with bass. I am promised a complete story of the country by a member of the party, as soon as they return to Chicago. Just at present I do not know of any fishing country which promises so well, at least for muscallonge.

Heavy Fishing at Oshkosh.

It is estimated that over 5,000lbs. of fish have been caught in the Fox River near Winnebago Lake in three days of the past week. Some 4,500lbs. were sold at the fish houses in a day and a half. No such catch has been known at any time, and sportsmen on the river and on Lake Winnebago have met with unprecedented success. It would appear that protection protects at Oshkosh.

Heavy Fishing at Biloxi.

Dr. Robert Mitchell, of Memphis, Tenn., has just returned

from a trip at Biloxi, Miss. In two days' fishing he is reported to have made the following score: Mackerel 33, trout 120, hogfish 60, bluefish 14, sheephead 19, pompano 6, jackfish 10, grouper 35, spadefish 373.

A Woman Warden.

Mrs. Warren Neal, of Neal, Mich., has just been appointed deputy game warden for Grand Traverse county by State Warden Osborne. Mrs. Neal is forty-two years of age and of medium stature. She says she took her office because she wanted to see the fish and game in Grand Traverse county protected, and that the men do not seem to be able to enforce the laws. These are stirring times.

The Invasion of Minnesota.

June 19.—I read with much interest the comment of Grumbler in last week's FOREST AND STREAM upon the invasion of Minnesota by non-resident sportsmen. Of course, there is entire justice, from one standpoint, in the assertion that there can be no invasion of Minnesota as a new sporting country, since it has already been invaded and overrun with shooters and anglers from other regions. The remark should be understood, naturally, as one made only in a relative sense. Relatively speaking, Minnesota, depleted as she is in many respects, has more fish and game than those parts of Wisconsin and the upper peninsula of Michigan which have been the chief resorting grounds of a large sporting contingent from this city and this portion of the West. Into this once magnificent shooting and fishing country there run three great and more than one small railroad, and each of these has done its best to encourage sportsmen's travel into that region. It is impossible to say how many thousand anglers for muscallonge, how many thousands of deer hunters have at one time or another been taken into the upper pine woods country by the advertisements and the solicitations of these railroads. The result has been that the resources of the region have been much curtailed. It is no longer so easy to get a good specimen of the muscallonge, nor quite so safe and easy to kill a deer as it once was, though abundance still remains for those disposed to be satisfied with the half loaf. The railroads have had to do only with the destruction of the fish and game, it not being their concern to replace it, though in some instances railroads have aided in the planting of game fish. It is the business of the railroad always to discover new country a little further on into which to carry the sportsman tourist. Thus far, the wonderful domain of the great West has always offered this new country or this country relatively new, a little further on. The railroads which took the sportsmen into Wisconsin will just as gladly carry them on into Minnesota. I should call it easier now to get a good muscallonge in Minnesota than in Wisconsin, and I should rather go into Minnesota for a deer than to chance it in Wisconsin, though one could be had in the latter State with absolute certainty. For a moose I should have to go into Minnesota, not into Wisconsin, and for trout fishing I am disposed to think that there are streams in upper Minnesota of which we shall in time come to hear as intimately as we now do of those in Wisconsin and Michigan.

Disgruntled Rocky Mountain Guides.

There are guides and guides, and there is competition in guiding, too, even away out in the Rocky Mountains. The guide's season is short, and there seems a general impression among the craft of good guides that a man needs good pay for his short season. I have in the course of trade this week come in possession of letters from two different guides out in Montana. J. W. Schultz, of Kipp, Blackfoot reservation, says that Wabash, who wrote lately in FOREST AND STREAM, is making the regular guides out in his country feel rather sore at the sort of lay-out he offers, and they do not like the idea of an Eastern man coming out into their country and "trying to knock them out of their living." He allows as how Wabash is a pilgrim and plenty recent in the mountains. A second Rocky Mountain man, G. H. Haywood, of Red Lodge, writes still more explicitly concerning Wabash. He allows that Wabash is new in the hills, and does not love his methods of trade in the guiding business. Mr. Haywood says he can't compete when it comes to working for nothing, and he goes on to add that he has a good deal of correspondence from parties wanting to go into the mountains, but they all want to know about the price the first thing. He does not think the outlook very good, and remarks with comfort that he is glad he has other ways of making a living, though he has a fine outfit and knows the country. He says, "I won't bother much with this sort of thing, and the folks can take it or leave it, as they like." Both the above guides inveigh against pilgrimism in general, but more especially and particularly against pilgrimism in guides. And thus endeth the first chapter. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Ontario Fish and Game Notes.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., June 28.—Recently a doe gave birth to a fawn in a barnyard in the township of Cashel, one of the northern townships of this county. The mother stayed each night with her offspring, which could not get out of the fenced enclosure, and the farmer kept the fawn, which is now thriving. A very large bear, which had been helping himself to live pork in the same locality, was trapped and killed a short time ago.

Bass fishing has been but poor in the Bay of Quinte up to date, owing to the immense number of shad in the bay.

Thomas McDonald, a fisherman who lives a few miles east of this city, has made a bass pond out of a disused stone quarry in which is a never-failing spring. The pond is about 100ft. by 75ft., and its depth is from 8ft. to 11ft. Last spring Mr. McDonald put fourteen bass from the bay into this pond and now there are hundreds of thousands of fry in the pond. R. S. B.

The Nepigon.

PORT ARTHUR, Can., June 26.—Mr. S. H. Kerfoot, of Chicago, and Mr. J. B. Kerfoot, of New York, have returned from a two weeks' trip up the Nepigon. They report very good fishing, even better than they expected for the early season, as they were the first tourists to go up the Nepigon. They got several large fish, the largest 5¼lbs. and 5½lbs. each. They were delighted with their catch of Nepigon trout, and intend to come again next season.

Caribou are getting quite plentiful (since the closed season) on the North Shore of Lake Superior. The east bound Canadian Pacific Railway express killed a large buck, which ran on the track ahead of the engine, on Monday last near Nepigon station. Caribou are often seen by the engineers along the railroad. JOHN E. NEWSOME.

Where New Brunswick Trout Abound.

EDMUNDSTON, New Brunswick.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing your request to persons knowing of good hunting and fishing localities, I will say a few words relative to the merits of this way down east section of the country in regard to the chances here for these two sports. We have many lakes, rivers, streams and brooks near by, all well filled with brook trout, and the large waters have large fish. Our woods contain moose, caribou, deer and bear, which any one can secure some of in the proper season if they are good on the hunt. As for trout fishing, a gentleman with me last year took thirty-two fish (all above 2lbs., the biggest 6lbs.) in an evening and morning, about seven hours fishing.

We have had a few of your people here who stumbled on us by chance, and those have come back again like the birds year after year. They tell no tales out of school. Years ago—it must be eighteen—one of the celebrated lawyers of Philadelphia got me to pilot him, his wife and son for thirty days. The old man—he must have been sixty then—told me that that was his thirty-eighth annual fishing trip, and that he had fished in nearly all the available waters of the Northern States; but that even in their young and best days, the Rangeleys and Adirondacks could not begin to yield trout like the Temiscouata and its branches. I saw him take three trout at one cast, the whole weighing 10½lbs. They remained the thirty days; their boy gained 1lb. in weight for each day's stay. Seven years this man came, until old age stopped him. I once said to him: "You will likely tell some of your friends about your fine sport, when you get back?" With a smile on his grand old face, he answered: "Oh, no; let them find out for themselves."

I have been guide here for twenty years, and am getting too old to follow the business any longer; and, as I have dearly loved the sport, and do yet, it also pleases me to point out to others where and how such sport may be attained. This is no railroad, steamboat, hotel or any other kind of an advertisement, but is just for those who desire and mean to go to the place where fish and game are plenty.

S. J. RAYMOND.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 2.—I have just returned from a trip to Barnegat Bay and find the conditions there most promising. Weakfish are abundant and are taking the hook freely. Night fishing gives the best results, as then the waters are not disturbed by the passing of boats, and general quiet is the order of affairs.

Bluefish are in the bay in prodigious numbers; perhaps never before has the condition of things been more favorable to the angler. Although they are not taking the squid as freely as may be desired, still chumming for them with menhaden is productive of the best results. I saw one party who returned yesterday with a catch of sixty-one fine fish, weights 3½ to 6lbs. each. The bluefishing has inspired netting for menhaden, which is unlawful at this season of the year, and complaint was made to me yesterday that great quantities of weakfish were taken in the drift-nets used for menhaden. If this is a truth, the matter should be at once inquired into, as the angling interests of Barnegat Bay are of too pronounced a type to tolerate any netting interference. I have arranged for a trip during the ensuing week, taking in Tom's River, Cedar Creak, Forked River and Sedge Island, and will report my luck to FOREST AND STREAM. LEONARD HULIT.

The Rangeleys.

ANGLERS' RETREAT, Middle Dam, Me., Juno 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am once again with "mine host" Coburn of this famous resort, and though the weather conditions have been most decidedly against fly-fishing we have had good sport, and obtained all the trout we wished to eat, and our ambition ceases when we reach that point in angling. My only companion on this trip is Dr. L. T. Foss, of Boston, and it is our purpose now to camp from B Pond through the most interesting parts of this beautiful country. Our trip will extend through nearly six weeks, and I shall have a fairly good chance to study recent guide legislation and its workings, so far as we see it. Thursday last, with Steve Morse for guide, we dropped down to head of pond in the river, where I succeeded in placing a 4 and a 2½-pounder to my credit. I believe that when we have some warm weather we shall have some fine fly-fishing here at the dam and at pond in the river. Shall be pleased to send you all interesting facts. J. W. B.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man.
Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Sept. —.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's Champion Stake, Morris, Man.
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—VI.

As the puppy's mind is immature and undisciplined, it is better to begin with the simplest parts of his education, both for the purpose of developing his mind and the establishing of mental discipline. It is extremely difficult at first for the puppy to understand the simplest teachings, and also it is impossible at first for him to concentrate his mind intently on any one subject, therefore the trainer, when he commences the training, will find great difficulty in holding the puppy's attention, and in particular if he makes the lesson at all uninteresting. He may not note this fact, and therefore may make the mistake of condemning the puppy as being stupid under such circumstances.

From play, wherein the puppy joins and romps as he pleases, hardly any fatigue follows; but when he is held down closely to the study of one idea for a continued length of time, he suffers a great deal of nervous loss, becomes more or less overheated, confused, and painfully wearied. Being so extremely fatiguing, the first lessons should be short and simple. After a time the mental training will produce mental strength and stamina, and long lessons can then be given without distress to the pupil. The powers of the mind are then so well in play that the most difficult parts of the training are learned with greater ease than were the simple beginnings. In these traits of the puppy, as they relate to the matter of learning, they are not unlike those displayed by the child in its first similar attempts. Study is foreign to every instinct of the young, child or puppy, and, if study it must, the result is weariness, confusion of ideas to a greater or less degree and a pronounced dislike to studying at all. And yet, the studies of the child are for his own personal gain and advantage in life, while the puppy is required to learn things which will be applied solely to the advantage of his master

When a lesson of any difficulty is ended, all further attempts at it should also be ended till such a time as the next lesson begins. If the trainer commands the dog to do something under circumstances wherein he cannot enforce obedience, and the dog then escapes or succeeds in disobeying, a troublesome factor is thereby introduced; for it being to his own profit he learns the advantange of disobedience to himself and generally refuses afterward whenever he can do so, sometimes permanently, but at least until such time as discipline has become habitual. Some of the lessons, therefore, need to be given in a room or other inclosure from which the dog cannot escape, as will be fully described in proper place.

During the months of the pupil's puppyhood, before formal training begins, a few of the more simple orders may be taught, such as "Come in" and "Go on." The latter is taught easily by associating it with the act of freeing the puppy from his kennel, or by taking him on a chain into the fields, then unchaining him and at the same time giving him the order, "Go on." He would "go on" then whether the order was given or not, and this is the reason why the order is so easy to teach and why it may be taught when the pupil is still a tender puppy. By associating it with the act of going on, the puppy soon learns its meaning, and if he is good for anything he takes unbounded pleasure in a command which denotes that he is at liberty to romp at his own free will.

"Come in" is not so easy to teach as is "Go on." The will of the teacher as made known by this order comes in conflict with the will of the dog. The latter is rarely inclined to give up the pleasure of free romping or taking his pleasure in his own way, so concerning the command "Come in!" force is sometimes necessary to secure the required obedience. Still, force should not be applied till the formal training begins. It doesn't matter whether the puppy obeys perfectly or not before that time. However, it is necessary to teach thorough obedience to the order when the proper time has come for it. No slovenly or reluctant response to the command should be tolerated. The dog should be required to come in promptly and directly, and a pat on the head and a kind word when he does so will result in his coming in cheerfully if he has any amiability in his nature. And yet, easy as it is to teach a dog to come in promptly to command by voice or whistle, there are few orders so commonly disobeyed. At field trials where one would expect to see the greatest perfection in the matter of obedience, but where one doesn't see anything of the kind, it often is a most laborious task for a handler to get control of his dog in a heat or at the end of it, and many find it necessary to keep their dogs on chain constantly to prevent them from breaking away at such times as they desire them to cease work. All this shows rank neglect of the necessary discipline. The handlers of such dogs have been satisfied to get them to come in after such fashion as it could be done each time in any sort of slip-shod way, and neglected the more troublesome but efficient method of teaching the command specially till it was thoroughly established.

If the dog is self-willed or sulky or over-eager in his enthusiasm, he may require some punishment to make him come in promptly. Most trainers punish the dog in the field with the whip for disobeying this order, and thereby increase instead of lessen the trouble; for, if, when the dog comes in to order he receives a whipping, he will come in still more reluctantly the next time, when he fancies that to obey is an act which ends in pain. It is quite a stupid expectation on the part of a trainer that, after whipping a dog for not coming in with the desired degree of obedience, he will come in with greater promptness the next time, with a possible whipping in store as a reward for coming in at all. With some amateurs the whip is the first and last appeal. How dogs perform even so well as they do under such stupid treatment is a source of wonder, yet they, in time, seem to learn what is desired and what is the proper act to adopt to avoid punishment, if the trainer is not too severe or too muddled or too inconsistent to permit of any fixed method.

If force is necessary, nothing is better for the purpose than a spike-collar. The punishment, when the collar is used, is applied to the dog when he is in the act of disobedience and away from his handler. He associates it then with the act of disobedience. When he comes in and is whipped, he associates such punishment with the act of obedience. When he comes in from the punishment of the collar the trainer can pet and praise him, and thus distinctly indicate that he has done right. With the whip, this is impossible. The collar, thus, is distinctly associated with the act of disobedience; the whip, with the act of obedience. As may be readily anticipated, the one is promptly effective, establishes intelligent obedience, and is lasting in its effects; the other is confusing, inflicts pain with no intelligent cause for it, and never accomplishes what is desired in the finished manner necessary for good performance.

If the dog will not come in with the promptness necessary, put the collar on his neck. Tie 20 or 30yds. of rope to it. The dog may attempt to run away. Let him have his flurry at the end of the rope till he becomes convinced that he cannot escape. Make no attempt to teach anything till he has become quite reconciled to the collar being on his neck and till he has given up struggling. This may require two or three different lessons more or less in itself. At length when the collar has ceased to alarm him, give the order, "Come in," and pull him in with the rope at the same time. Bring him quite up to within reach of the hand and pat and praise him as if he had done a fine thing of his own motion, and wait till he has recovered his composure. A proper calmness and deliberation adds much to the efficacy of the lesson. Hurry and unnecessary violence do much to retard the purpose of the trainer in this and all other branches; the trainer then should walk away to the length of the rope and repeat the order, and the act of pulling the dog in. In a short time the latter will observe that he is punished when away from his trainer and he will follow him closely so that he cannot walk away from him. This should not be permitted. The

trainer can correct it by driving a short peg in the ground and tying the dog to it, 2 or 3ft. of the rope nearest the collar being used for the purpose. When the trainer orders the dog to come in, he pulls on the rope thereby pulling the pin from the ground, and if the dog obeys he thus is not punished; for the pin being pulled out he cannot be punished by pulling on a taut rope, and if he disobeys the trainer pulls him in as before. This is continued till the dog will obey promptly and till obedience has become habitual.

When the collar is taken off, a number of lessons should be given in a room or inclosure where the dog cannot escape. So long as he shows the slightest hesitation to obey or inclination to escape, so long should the lessons be persisted in.

At length obedience will become a habit, and the dog will not have the slightest inclination to disobey. Next, the lessons should be given in the open field. If there should be any disinclination at first to obey promptly in the field, the collar should be applied in the same manner. Once this training is thoroughly done, it is permanent, and amply compensates for the little extra trouble required to do it right.

The reluctant and imperfect obedience given to noisy orders to come in are in painful contrast to the prompt, quiet obedience given to the lightest notes of the whistle or lowest tones of the voice which the dog can hear, when he is thoroughly trained to come in with the aid of the collar.

Modern Dogs.

A NEW edition of "Modern Dogs of Great Britain and Ireland," by Mr. Rawdon B. Lee, is recently from the press. Sporting dogs have two volumes devoted to them, a total of 751 pages. The different breeds are illustrated by the masterly art of Mr. Arthur Wardle. The work contains a vast fund of valuable information concerning the past and present of each breed. There is not a line which is not either interesting or instructive, and oftenest it is both. The author's aim is to tell about dogs, and not to fill a certain space. Besides the description of the physical characteristics of each breed, and the scale of points so formidable in appearance and yet so little in worth, much interesting historical information is given concerning each breed, and the doings of the most distinguished performers in the competitions of bench and field.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The date of closing the Derby entries of the Manitoba Field Trials Club has been extended to July 12.

Joseph D. Shotwell, paying teller of the Bowery Savings Bank, New York, died on Sunday last at Orange, N J. The immediate cause of death was apoplexy, though he had been ill a long while. He was an officer of the Collie Club many years. George Laick died recently at Tarrytown, N. Y. He was famous as a beagle man, and he did much to advance the general recognition of the beagle as a sterling and pleasing worker afield.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

WHEELING NOTES.

IN New England and the older parts of the country abandoned railroads are sometimes found. The road-beds of these railroads are constructed with gradients that would furnish luxuriant riding for cyclists used to the ordinary carriage road, and, in many cases, a good surface can be applied at a very slight expense, thus making model cycle paths. The abandoned railroad of the Reading Iron Company, leading from Danville, Pa., to Cherry Valley, will be so utilized, and when finished will prove a model path in every respect.

In Paterson, N. J., the street sprinklers are notified that they will lose their jobs if they do not leave well enough alone and go on sprinkling and re-sprinkling till the streets are muddy. Street sprinklers have long been in the habit of sprinkling not wisely but too well, but it has remained for the present cycling era to put a stop to the waste of city water and a condition of the streets which is only in degree less undesirable than dust. The Paterson authorities also show their level heads by ruling that streets must not be sprinkled on damp days or other days when there is no wind and dust, and by making provision for unsprinkled strips at the sides for the use of wheelmen and wheelwomen.

The cycle path between Port Jefferson and Patchogue, Long Island, has been completed. The path is fifteen miles in length, and crosses the island at about the center from the Sound to the sea. Port Jefferson is opposite Bridgeport, Conn., and the path will be the means of introducing Connecticut riders to the good roads and other attractions of the south side of Long Island.

Cold baths are good in moderation, but they should never be taken immediately after a fatiguing ride. The greater the exertion the greater the waste of tissue which must be gotten rid of by the pores of the skin. A cold bath closes the pores and puts a check upon this relief, whereas a warm bath would have had a beneficial effect in freeing the system of the collected impurities. After a cold bath the heart is depended upon to bring about a reaction. When the heart is tired by the effects of a long ride it may not be strong enough to bring about this reaction, and the blood and waste material may not be brought to the surface. Internal congestion follows, with various unpleasant complications which in some cases have been known to culminate fatally.

If the wheelman has any doubts as to the propriety of taking a cold bath after exhausting exercise he may decide by testing the rate of his pulse. If this is normal cold water may be used, but otherwise it would be very injudicious to risk the shock. As a rule, cold baths are advisable only when the cyclist's vitality is at the maximum, while at other times tepid or warm baths are to be advised, with perhaps a cold sponge or shower bath at the end as a stimulant and preventive of cold.

The League of American Wheelmen was organized at Newport, R. I, Memorial Day, 1880, and is therefore something over seventeen years old. It has now more than 80,000 members, well organized and capably officered, and is a power in the land for the good of the sport which it represents. Wheelmen in general owe much to the L. A. W., and they can most fittingly acknowledge the obligation by sending in their applications for membership and subscribing to its principles.

To meet the demand of angling wheelmen, Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie, New York, have put upon the market a special bicycle fishing rod. The rod is made to fit within the diamond of the bicycle, and is provided with an extremely neat and well adapted carrying case, which is strapped to the frame at three points. The case contains a roomy pocket, which will hold a 100yd. multiplying reel or bait box or any small articles an angler may wish to carry. Bait and fly-rods are made in five pieces, of lancewood or split-bamboo.

Many bicycle riders with Spartan-like fortitude deny themselves a drink when parched with thirst. They argue that when one once begins to drink on a hot day he must keep it up, for the more he drinks, the thirstier he becomes, his last state is worse than his first. But it is possible to have too much of a good thing even in abstinence. Thirst, when the wheelman rides with his mouth closed, is an indication of a demand on the part of nature to replenish an exhausted supply, and when the demand is sufficiently pressing, headaches and other indications of impaired vitality are likely to follow the refusal to heed it.

Dr. Lucas Championière, of Paris, an eminent authority, recommends, during exercise, as much drink as the cyclist can comfortably swallow, but no solid food. During violent exercise the stomach is generally not in fit condition to receive food, and the rider should always rest before eating. But with drinking it is different. Here the waste in hot weather is enormous, and it is very essential that the supply be frequently replenished Of course, sweet drinks and stimulants are not recommended, and it is advisable to sip rather than hastily swallow the liquid.

A good many years ago some popular proverb compiler devised the couplet beginning, "If wishes were horses beggars would ride." It was very well known that wishes were not horses and that beggars did not ride, and the truth of the couplet being so apparent, it had a remarkable run.

All this was before the days of selling bicycles on the installment plan. Nowadays if wishes are not horses, they may be bicyles, and the beggars ride as well as the best of us. Cases where people are too poor to pay rent and put their landlord off because "Pa has to pay for his new bicycle," are common enough, and it is well known that such people will submit to being evicted rather than give up their highly-prized wheels.

The ease with which a bicycle may be secured is illustrated by the story of a Hartford man who hadn't even enough ready money to pay the first instalment. He had, however, credit at his grocer's; so he went there and bought a barrel of flour, some sugar and other standard articles "on tick," sold them for spot cash to the first purchaser, and thus raised money for the initial payment on his wheel.

The poor man rides while his creditor walks.

Reverse the wisdom of one age and you have made a prophecy that will see its fulfillment in the next.

Users of a certain style of spring seat-post complain that the nut which holds the spring in position has a tendency to work down and fall into the tubing of the bicycle. This can be remedied by fitting a hollowed cork tightly into the post below the nut.

A fortune of comfortable proportions awaits the man who invents a practical and economical nut lock. There is a vast field for such an invention among the railroads, bicycle builders and manufacturers of all kinds of vehicles and rolling stock. Although numerous patents have been taken out for self-locking nuts, nothing practical seems to have been perfected that will stand the vibration and jarring incident to travel

To be successful the mechanism must be simplicity itself, and at the same time compact and neat.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

THE YACHT RACING UNION OF LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Racing Circuit.

June 26 to July 7.

Stamford Y. C. Annual Regatta.

STAMFORD, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, June 28.

The second race of the circuit was that of the Stamford Y. C., its annual regatta, on Monday. The course was a 10-mile triangle on the Sound, starting off Stamford Harbor, the flagship Halcyon, steam yacht, Com. Howard C. Smith, carrying the regatta committee and marking the weather end of the line. There was plenty of wind, a good thimble-header breeze from S.W., making a beat over the first leg, with a reach over each of the other two, with sheets slackened and balloon jibtopsails set on the second leg, and sheets in on the third. None of the schooners were present, the largest yachts being Wasp and Syce, in the same class, Wasp allowing 3m. 50s. over the 20 miles, two rounds of the triangle. Surprise sailed alone, there being little life in the 36ft. class this year, though it is one in which the older boats have not yet been outbuilt. Surprise is only a good deep centerboard boat, with large cabin house and comparatively heavy construction; nothing of the freak or machine order to scare off the ordinary good all-round boat; but thus far she has found no one to meet her.

The thirties mustered a new recruit, Carolina, this being her first race this season; but Musme and Veda were absent, the former having sprung her mast on Saturday. Only two twenties were present, Shark and Asthore, Mr. Howard, owner of Arauca, sailing as crew of the former.

The smallest starter in the race was a decided novelty, even in this era of freaks. She was apparently an ordinary lap-strake rowboat, quite open, but rigged with one sail, a big jib, after which she was christened—Jib. Her mast was quite long and stepped against the transom, stayed to a bumpkin over the stern and a couple of outriggers on each quarter. She carried a bowsprit about 3ft. outboard, from the end of which to the masthead was a wire stay. On this stay a single triangular sail was set, with a boom on its foot. The rig was in form a lateen, but of course set in a very different manner. If it has any merit at all, this race failed to disclose it, but then the boat was so small and so much outclassed by a 20ft. cat, the winner, that no comparison was possible

As in Saturday's race, three of the thirties each carried a lady, Mrs. Duryea sailing on Vaquero III. and Miss Helen Benedict on Hera.

The start was made at noon, with the Y. R. U. intervals, so that the larger yachts started on the third gun, there being no schooners, at 12:10. Wasp cut the line first, after some preliminary dodging, but Syce had her weather, however, the smaller boat soon dropped astern and then went on starboard tack, out into the Sound, Wasp tacking to windward of her. The thirties made a good start at 12:15, Hera getting to windward of Vaquero as they both luffed sharp around the flagship. Quantuck started alone in her class, but after she had been gone some time the launch Levanter steamed up and stopped on the line with Vaquero I. in tow. They ran on out of the way of the smaller boats, just crossing, and finally sail was made on Vaquero and she started in chase of Quantuck.

All started on port tack, and, the tide being half ebb, worked the Connecticut shore. Wasp gained on Syce from the start. After rounding the first mark sheets were eased to port and balloon jibtopsails set for the run to the second mark, off Lloyd's Neck, where they jibed and stood in on port tack to the line. The larger boats, sailing twenty miles, were timed on the first round:

Wasp	1 30 55	Wa Wa	1 54 26
Syce	1 37 29	Carolina	1 57 11
Vaquero III	1 52 34	Surprise	1 58 34
Hera	1 53 59		

Wasp sailed the same course as on the first round, up shore, but Syce tried a cast for luck, standing across the Sound until off Center Island, and then tacking for the mark. She gained or lost little, being beaten about 6m. on each round. The finish of the fleet was timed:

Volsung	2 09 59	Win or Lose	2 43 40
Dosoris II	2 12 21	P K Pigeon	2 52 13
Madrine	2 15 35	Wasp	2 53 41
Shark	2 18 15	Syce	3 06 46
Pyxie	2 18 33	Jib	3 16 49
Ninita	2 18 52	Vaquero III	3 24 46
Quantuck	2 19 40	Hera	3 26 44
Penelope	2 21 05	Wa Wa	3 32 45
Asthore	2 26 44	Carolina	3 35 20
Ethel	2 35 08	Surprise	3 39 21
Vaquero I	2 40 07		

The instructions were not entirely clear as to the direction of crossing the finish line, and quite a number of the yachts crossed it wrongly, but the results were not affected. The official times were:

CUTTERS—60FT. CLASS.

Start, 12:10:	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wasp, H. F. Lippitt	54.97	2 43 51	2 43 51
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	2 56 46	2 53 56
CUTTERS—36FT. CLASS.			
Surprise, H. D. Baird	34.00	3 24 21	3 24 21
SPECIAL—30FT. CLASS.			
Start, 12:15:			
Hera, R N Ellis	30.00	3 11 44	. .. ..
Vaquero II, H. B. Duryea	30.00	3 09 46	. .. ..
Wa Wa, James Stillman	30.00	3 17 45	. .. ..
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	30.00	3 20 20	. .. ..
SLOOPS—30FT CLASS.			
Start, 12:15:			
Ninita, F. A. Dingee	28.00	2 03 52	2 03 52
Madrine, Walter Ferguson	26.97	2 00 35	1 59 38
Pyxie, W. E. Eldridge	26.53	2 03 33	2 01 40
Penelope, T. V. Ketchum	26.00	2 06 05	2 03 31
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.			
Start, 2:20:			
Quantuck, H. L. Delafield	24.63	1 59 40	1 59 40
Vaquero I., W. G. Brokaw	22.96	2 20 07	2 17 38
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
Start, 12:25:			
Asthore, P. T. Dodge	20.00	2 01 44	. .. ..
Shark, Hoyt & Rouse	20.00	1 53 15	. .. ..
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS			
Start, 12:20:			
Dosoris II., G. P. Vail	29.55	1 52 21	1 52 21
Volsung, J & H. L. De Forest	28.50	1 49 59	1 48 56
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Start, 12:20:			
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.75	2 23 40	2 22 09
Ethel, F. J. Bergen	21.68	2 10 08	2 05 17
OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Start, 12:30:			
Nutmeg	20.00	Withdrew.	
Jib, W. I. Bradley	15.94	2 46 49	2 35 51
Gosbird, R. N. Nevins	17.85	Withdrew.	
P. K. Pigeon, T. J. Pritchard	20.00	2 22 13	2 22 13

The regatta committee included Messrs. E. Bruggerhoff, S. W. Smith and A. H. Scofield.

Indian Harbor Y. C.—Special Race.

GREENWICH CONN.—INDIAN HARBOR.

Tuesday, June 29.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C., which on Saturday opened its new club house, at Greenwich, sailed a special race on June 29 for the 30ft. special class, the 25 and 20ft. open sloop classes, the 51ft. yawl class and the 30ft. and 25ft. cabin cat classes. The courses were:

For Special 30ft. L.W.L. Class, Cabin Sloops and Yawl Class.—A. Across the starting line indicated by the committee boat and a stake boat anchored in the harbor off the club house, to the red spar buoy on Carmel Reef, S.W. ¼ W. 1 mile; to the red spar buoy off the western end of Great Captain's Island, S. by W. ¾ of a mile; to a white spar buoy with the letter L painted thereon, S.S.E. ¼ E. 2½ miles; to the gas buoy off the eastern end of Little Captain's Island, N ¾ E. 2¾ miles; to and around the stake boat at the starting line, N.W. ¼ N. 1 mile. Course to be sailed over twice. Distance, 16 nautical miles.

For 30ft. Class of Cabin Catboats and 25ft. Class of Open Sloops.—B. Across the same starting line, to the red spar buoy on Carmel Reef, S.W. ¼ W. 1 mile; to the red spar buoy off the western end of Great Captain's Island, S. by W. ¾ of a mile; to the gas buoy off the eastern end of Little Captain's Island, E.N.E. 1¾ miles; to and around the stake-boat at the starting line, N.W. ¼ N. 1 mile. Course to be sailed over three times. Distance, 13½ nautical miles.

For 25ft. Class of Cabin Catboats and 20ft. Class of Open Sloops.—B. Course to be sailed over twice. Distance, 9 nautical miles. All buoys and marks are to be left to port, except the gas can buoy on Jones's Rocks, which is to be left to starboard. The line is to be crossed from east to west, both at the start and at the finish.

The start was made at 1 o'clock, in a moderate E.S.E. wind. The only new yacht entered was Kit, a Hanley catboat of extreme type, this being her first race; she sprung her mast but finished. The cabin cat Lizzie V., of New York Bay, also started. The fleet reached broad off to the first mark, beat across to the second, and reached home. The times were:

SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS, SPECIAL.

Start, 1:05:	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	2 27 58	. .. ..
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	30.00	2 27 12	. .. ..
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	30.00	2 28 48	. .. ..
Wa Wa, J. Stillman	30.00	2 27 30	. .. ..
YAWL CLASS			
Start, 1:05:			
Fidelio, J. Kennedy Tod	33.46	2 36 50	2 56 50

CABIN CATS - 30FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:10:			
Lizzie V., W. P. Vreeland	29.96	Disabled.	
Dosoris II., G. P. Vail	29.55	2 56 40	2 56 00
Kit, T. J. Dunne	30.00	2 49 59	2 49 59
Volsung, De Forrest Bros.	28.70	2 46 52	2 44 53

SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:10:			
Vaquero I, W. G. Brokaw	....	3 01 02	3 01 02
Quantuck, J. F. Delafield	....	3 26 00	3 26 00

CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:15:			
Presto, H. R. Hatfield	....	2 08 31	2 06 12
Ethel, F. J. Bergen	....	2 08 29	2 03 44
Drift, J. Bernard	....	2 22 30	2 20 28
Mary S., E. B. Hall	....	2 20 58	2 20 38

SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:15:			
Asthore, P. T. Dodge	20.00	1 54 55	. .. ..
Shard, Hoyt & Rouse	20.00	1 50 17	. .. ..

The race was managed by Messrs. F. S. Doremus, Richard Outwater and C. E. McManus.

Corinthian Fleet—Annual Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—HARRISON'S ISLAND

Wednesday, June 30.

THE annual regatta of the Corinthian Fleet of New Rochelle was sailed on June 30 in a reefing breeze from N.W., the yachts carrying from one to three reefs. As on the preceding days of the circuit, the weather was all that could be asked—clear and bright, with a warm summer sun and enough wind to temper the atmosphere. The course was a triangle of 14 miles, for all classes, from off Echo Bay around the West Buoy on Execution Reef and then around Matinnicock and home. The start was made at 2:07, the capsize of the lee markboat on the line causing delay after the committee launch was all ready. Some of the yachts were reefing at the time, and the start was slow and the yachts well strung out. At the same time it was a most picturesque sight, every boat crossing under full headway with sheets well off to port. There was wind and to spare, and spinakers were set with Irish reefs in.

The new 20ft. class showed four starters; the two Huntington boats Skate and Kenue, Shark, and the Crane boat Al Anka. The latter sailed over in the morning from Oyster Bay with a crew of three Boston yachtsmen aboard. She left behind her younger sister Momo, with Mr. Crane himself, the bowsprit of Momo having been broken in shipping her. Al Anka is about as ugly as anything in the class, her bow being a semicircle on deck, and the upper strake being vertical and about 6in. deep, like the end of a ferryboat or the stern of an ordinary steam launch or tug. She is something like El Heirie, but by no means so good-looking. Her stern is cut off square, as in El Heirie. The workmanship is very good, and she shows handsome mahogany sides and bright pine decks. Her mainsail is cross-cut. She steers with a double-ended tiller like a letter Y. She was badly handicapped at the start, but won very easily.

The fleet ran across the three-mile leg to Execution Buoy with spinakers to starboard, then jibed and ran for the Matinnicock mark. At the jibe Norota struck the little Keneu squarely amidships on the port side, cutting her down to the waterline and dismasting her, so that she was towed in a wreck by the steam yacht Emmeline, Norota also giving up.

After rounding Matinnicock the 30-footers laid a straight course for the finish, but the twenties fetched to leeward and were obliged to tack. Al Anka was in the lead, with Shark second, Skate had more wind than she wanted and stopped under the end of Huckleberry Island to tie in a third reef, finally beating home without a jib. The official times were:

SCHOONERS.

Start 2:12:	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vif	Sailed over.		

CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.

Start 2:12:			
Nirvana	4 10 19	1 58 19	1 58 19
Norota	Did not finish.	Disabled.	

CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.

Start 2:12:			
Eurybia	4 26 50	2 14 50	2 14 50

SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.

Start 2:12:			
Twilight	4 43 11	2 31 11	2 24 33
Surprise	3 56 56	1 46 56	1 46 56

SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS.

Start 2:12:			
Musme		4 05 59	. .. ..
Hera		3 59 53	. .. ..
Veda		4 02 55	. .. ..
Vaquero III.		3 56 19	. .. ..

SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.

Start 2:17:			
Quantuck	4 42 10	2 25 10	2 25 10
Sparrow	Not timed.		

OPEN SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.

Start 2:17:			
Houri	4 21 48	2 04 48	2 04 48
Vaquero I.	4 32 52	2 15 53	2 15 53

OPEN SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.

Start 2:17:			
Alanka	4 29 14	2 12 14	. .. ..
Skate	4 48 42	2 31 42	. .. ..
Shark	4 31 00	2 17 00	. .. ..
Keneu	Disabled.		

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

Start 2:17:			
Volsung	4 33 33	2 16 43	2 14 17
Dosoris	4 38 17	2 21 17	2 21 17

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Start 2:17:			
Ethel	5 01 22	2 44 22	2 39 42
Win or Lose	4 41 16	2 27 16	2 27 16
Grace	Did not finish.		

OPEN CATBOATS—20FT. CLASS.

Start 2:17:			
Minnetonka	4 50 22	2 42 22	2 42 22

Horseshoe Harbor Club.—Annual Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, July 1.

THE Horseshoe Harbor Club, located in the snug little bight to the westward of Pagoda Point, Larchmont, held its annual sailing regatta on July 1. The course was a 5-mile triangle from off Horseshoe Harbor to the striped buoy off Whortleberry Island, then to the striped buoy on the east end of Execution Reef and home, sailed three times by the larger and twice by the smaller yachts. The wind was S.S.W., a moderate breeze over most of the course, but falling light at the finish. The official times were:

SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	2 30 40	. .. ..
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	2 41 12	. .. ..
Hera, R. N. Ellis	2 40 55	. .. ..
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	2 48 10	. .. ..
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	2 41 35	. .. ..

SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.

Quantuck, J. L. Delafield	2 56 20	. .. ..
Vaquero I, W. G. Brokaw	Did not finish.	

SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.

Shark, H. C. Rouse	1 55 00	. .. ..

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

Lizzie V., W. P. Vreeland	3 57 50	. .. ..
Dosoris II., G. P. Vail	3 58 54	3 58 48
Volsung, De Forrest Bros.	3 57 47	3 55 35

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS

Ethel, F. J. Berger	3 05 00	. .. ..
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	Did not finish.	

OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Punch, N. H. Clark	2 19 30	2 18 56
Ondawa, Howard Lambden	2 19 10	. .. ..

OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.

Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	2 24 20	. .. ..	
Sora, W. Holly, Jr.	2 20 20	2 20 17	
Spindrift, B. C. Lockitt	2 36 45	2 35 00	
Caprice, F. F. Proctor, Jr.	Did not finish.		
Don't Think, H. C. Pryor	Did not finish.		

The winners were Vaquero III., Quantuck, Shark, Volsung, Ethel, Punch and Sora.

The regatta committee included Messrs. L. S. Knevals; F. S. Towell and W. Haight.

New Rochelle Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 3.

THE New Rochelle Y. C. finished up the racing week with its annual regatta, turning out a fleet of fifty yachts, from 51ft. down to 15ft. racing length. Out of the fifteen classes represented, six had five or more starters, a very good showing; in the special 30ft. class and the open and cabin cat classes there were some very interesting contests. The 20ft. class had but three starters, Shark and the two Crane boats, Al Anka and Momo, the latter sailing her first race. Neither Skate, Keneu, Asthore, Montauk, Arauca were present. Volsung had a new rival in the Hanley catboat Kit, a craft of more extreme type, with fuller body and higher freeboard. Minnetonka, the Dyer 21-footer of 1895, sailed as a cat, as she has done in previous races this year.

The courses were two triangles, the longer from off the mouth of Echo Bay to the Gangway Buoy, thence to the Old Hen Buoy and home, 7⅛ miles; the shorter from the same line to the red buoy off Hen and Chickens, thence to the striped buoy off Execution Reef and home, 4¼ miles. The wind was light from the East, giving a beat on the first leg to the little fellows, while the larger ones had a long and short tack on the second leg of their course, along the shore by Sands Point. The start was made at 12:32, but as there were no schooners the second division crossed at 12:42, Syce and Banshee, the others following.

Third Division, 12:47—Hera, Surprise, Wa Wa, Acushla Musme, Pontiac, Carolina, Wahneta, Twilight and Veda,

Fourth Division, 12:52—Houri, Vaquero, Volsung, Kit. Quantuck, Agawam, Onaway, Dorothy, Dosoris II., Jester (yawl), Ola, Celia, Sparrow.

Fifth Division, 12:57—Ethel, Presto, Momo, Shark, Ida K., Al Anka, Melita, Emma S., Ondawa, Grace, Uno, Punch, Edwina, Sequel, Colleen, Stranger.

Sixth Division, 1:02—Sora, Starling, Minnetonka, Addie, Dorothy, Laura Lee.

The yachts of the fifth division, Ethel, Presto, Momo, Shark and Al Anka, were tangled up on the line, the wind being very light at the moment. There was enough breeze outside the harbor to move the yachts at a fair speed and to make a picturesque, if only mildly exciting race. The day was as clear and bright as one could wish, with perfectly smooth water over the Sound. The first round was timed:

Kit	2 09 00	Ethel	2 29 42
Volsung	2 09 20	Sequel	2 30 00
Dosoris II.	2 10 05	Musme	2 30 45
Dorothy	2 10 30	Shark	2 31 15
Al Anka	2 15 30	Caprice	2 32 58
Jester	2 16 50	Surprise	2 33 00
Onaway	2 17 20	Acushla	2 34 25
Momo	2 17 45	Emma S.	2 37 54
Houri	2 19 50	Punch	2 38 15
Vaquero	2 20 40	Ondawa	2 38 28
Syce	2 21 35	Starling	2 39 30
Hera	2 22 30	Sparrow	2 39 30
Wa Wa	2 25 15	Dorothy	2 40 05
Pontiac	2 27 20	Banshee	2 41 00
Quantuck	2 27 35	Dora	2 41 34
Presto	2 27 45	Melita	2 42 25
Colleen	2 27 50	Agawam	2 44 10
Celia	2 29 40	Grace	2 44 45

On the first leg of the second round Kit, after turning almost even with Volsung, stood off shore, while Volsung, Dorothy and Dosoris II. held the other tack close in by Premium Point. These three lost the wind while Kit caught a light breeze and made a lead of some seven minutes on Volsung; the latter, however, finally caught and passed her. Al Anka had led her class from the start, finishing the round with a good lead on Momo, Shark being hopelessly astern. On the windward leg Momo crept up and passed Al Anka, finally beating her. The second round was timed:

Syce	3 46 29	Houri	4 18 10
Pontiac	3 58 17	Shark	4 19 29
Hera	3 52 48	Addie	4 23 50
Minnetonka	4 01 45	Colleen	4 25 35
Wa Wa	4 04 30	Banshee	4 26 18
Musme	4 05 03	Waneta	4 27 51
Momo	4 07 54	Presto	4 28 03
Surprise	4 03 26	Jester	4 37 03
Carolina	4 08 40	Sequel	4 39 06
Alanka	4 09 15	Quantuck	4 43 52
Ida K.	4 11 58	Edwina	4 51 53
Acushla	4 12 15	Sparrow	4 52 55
Volsung	4 12 20	Punch	4 53 14
Ethel	4 12 40	Grace	4 53 29
Kit	4 12 50	Agawam	4 53 38
Onawa	4 15 01	Ondawa	4 55 24
Dorothy	4 15 16	Melita	4 55 56
Vaquero I.	4 15 32	Twilight	4 58 38
Dosoris II.	4 16 41		

The wind being light, the third round, provided for in the 51ft., 25ft. and 20ft. cutter and sloop classes, and the 30ft. and 25ft. cat classes, was omitted. The official times were:

CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Banshee, Henry Doscher	43.50	3 44 18	3 20 21
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	3 04 29	3 04 29

CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.

Pontiac, H. Hamlin, Jr.	40.70	3 11 17	3 11 17
Waneta, J. Fallert	40.38	3 40 51	3 40 34

SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.

Surprise, James Baird	34.68	3 21 36	3 21 36
Acushla, H. W. Hanan	34.00	3 25 15	. .. ..

SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.

Twilight, E. Lambden	30.00	4 11 38	4 11 38

SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS.

Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	3 05 48	. .. ..
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	30.00	3 17 30	. .. ..
Musme, J. B. MacDonough	30.00	3 18 03	. .. ..
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	30.00	3 21 40	. .. ..
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	30.00	Did not finish.	

CABIN SLOOPS AND YAWLS—25FT. CLASS.

Jester, E. H. Robinson	24.80	3 45 03	3 45 03
Ola, F. W. Smedly	23.00	Not timed.	
Sparrow, R. W. Jackson	23.35	4 00 55	3 68 03
Quantuck, J. L. Delafield	24.63	3 51 52	3 51 31

SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.

Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr.	22.99	3 26 10	3 26 10
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	22.99	3 23 32	3 23 32
Celia, W. S. Gould	22.99	Did not finish.	

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

Volsung, De Forest Bros.	28.70	3 20 20	3 16 28
Kit, T. J. Dunne	30.00	3 20 50	3 20 50
Onaway, S. T. Pirie	26.48	3 23 01	3 17 40
Dorothy, C. F. Larzelere	28.61	3 23 16	3 21 15
Dosoris II., G. P. Vail	29.55	3 24 41	3 24 07

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Ethel, F. J. Bergen	21.68	3 43 59	3 40 33
Grace, J. F. Lambden		3 56 29	. .. ..
Melita, O. H. Chellborg	22.46	3 58 56	3 57 16
Presto, H. R. Hatfield	23.30	3 31 03	3 31 03

OPEN SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.

Shark, Rouse & Hoyt	20.00	3 22 29	. .. ..
Al Anka, C. H. Crane	20.00	3 12 15	. .. ..
Momo, H. M. Crane	20.00	3 10 54	. .. ..

OPEN SLOOPS—15FT. CLASS.

Laura Lee, F. S. Ray	15.00	Did not finish.

OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Emma S., B. F. Saxton	23.00	Did not finish.	
Ondawa, H. Lambden	20.91	3 58 24	3 55 53
Colleen, J. H. Jackson	22.00	3 28 35	3 28 35
Punch, M. H. Clark	20.50	3 56 14	3 52 43
Edwina, J. N. Gould	21.44	3 54 58	3 53 32
Sequel, C. A. Meyer		3 42 06	. .. ..
Uno, R. Bavier		Not timed.	

OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS

Starling, E. F. De Levante	19.60	2 50 55	2 50 34
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr.	19.65	2 53 15	2 52 44
Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	19.83	2 59 45	2 59 35
Ida K., C. W. Voltz	19.92	3 09 58	3 09 58
Dorothy, J. E. Sanborn	19.57	2 52 13	2 51 42

SPECIAL CLASS CATS.

Addie, W. L. Diaz	20.00	3 26 50	3 26 50
Dorothy, W. R. Berth	19.00	Did not finish.	

SPECIAL KNOCKABOUT CLASS.

Agawam, Dunbar Wright	22.74	3 56 38	3 56 38

The winners were: 51ft. class, Syce; 43ft. class, Pontiac; 36ft. class, Surprise; special 30-footers, Hera first, Wa Wa second; 30ft. class, Twilight; 25ft. class, Jester; 25ft. class, Vaquero I.; cabin cats, 30ft. class, Onaway first, Volsung second; 20ft. class, Momo; cabin cats, 25ft. class, Ethel; cabin cats, 20ft. class, Addie; open cats, 25ft. class, Colleen first, Punch second; open cats, 20ft. class, Starling first, Dorothy second.

The race was managed by the regatta committee, Messrs. Chas. P. Tower, P. A. Meyrowitz, J. R. Thomas, J. C. Lippencott and A. P. Weston. The steamer Isabel starting from New York carried a number of club members and guests over the course.

Hobe Sound Y. C.

HOBE SOUND, Fla., June 28.—The Queen had a jubilee last week, so we took advantage of the excuse for a holiday and had a yacht race. The start was made in a gale from N.E., which lulled soon after the first buoy was rounded, and, shifting to the east, made it a free reach to the second buoy and a luff back to the line. It was anybody's race among the four that lived through the gale, there being only 5ft. between the first two to cross the line, and less than two minutes between the first and last in the five miles. The times were as follows:

Start, 3:30	1st buoy.	2d buoy.	Finish.	Corrected.
Gull	3 50 40	4 10 45	4 23 26	0 43 05
Sorogie	3 52 40	4 10 55	4 23 26½	0 43 05½
Wanda	3 51 20	4 11 05	4 24 47	0 46 28
Wenonah	3 48 30	4 10 40	4 25 15	0 47 07
Francis	Ran aground.			
Lorraine	Disabled.			
Mary B.	Capsized.			
Fairweather	Disabled.			
Juanita	Withdrawn.			

The Hobe Sound Y. C. is a new organization, and is officered as follows: Com., R. E. Sergeantson; Vice-Com., C. R. Sergeantson; Purser, H. D. McVean; Meas., C. S. Smith.

We sailed our second race yesterday in a fair sailing breeze and managed to get all the boats around the course without an accident and in pretty fair time. The course is straight away and return, as the Indian River, at Hobe Sound, is only three-fourths of a mile wide. We have the southeast trade wind at this season and our course is laid so we get a beat for one and one-half miles, a run for two and one-half miles and a beat back to the line, one mile. In all five miles. The result of yesterday's race is as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

Start 2:35 P. M.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wanda	0 53 20	0 51 08
Gull	0 54 37	0 53 44
Sprogie	0 53 58	0 53 58
Francis	0 56 02	0 54 25
Wenonah	1 02 05	0 59 42

SECOND CLASS.

Start 2:33 P. M.		
Lorraine	0 59 25	0 59 25
Juanita	1 13 40	1 13 01

The next race will be sailed on July 10.

H. D. MCVEAN, Purser.

Winthrop Y. C.—First Sweepstakes.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 26.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed two races on June 26, one in the afternoon, the first club sweepstakes, and one in the evening for the 15-footers. The afternoon race was sailed in a fresh N.W. breeze, the yachts being reefed. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Whisper, W. H. Stimpson	20.02	1 04 39	0 37 56
Alma, C. A. Henry	23.08	1 07 13	0 43 34
Erycina, E. A. Cook	23.06	1 09 45	0 46 66
Alert, J. R. Hodder	23.06	Disabled.	

The 15-footers also had to reef to the same breeze, their times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.
Floyd, Mr. Gardner	15.00	0 31 58
Black Cat, L. P. Harrington	15.00	0 35 05
Della, Jr., Mr. Kelley		0 41 01

The judges were: Samuel McConnell, Harry Dangel, John McConnell, Jr., Edward S. Sears.

The club has arranged a series of sweepstakes races in the second class, as follows: To be sailed according to the regulations of the club, over the regular courses. Nos. 1 and 2: Saturday, July 3, 3 P. M.; Saturday, July 10, 3 P. M.; Saturday, July 24, 3 P. M.; Saturday, July 31, 3 P. M. Additional dates may be announced later.

An entry fee of $1 will be charged, to be paid to the chairman of the regatta committee on Friday preceding each race. The winner is to have one-half of the total money, second and third prizes in proportion of three-fifths and two-fifths of the remainder. The regatta committee will add a sufficient sum to the entry fees to guarantee the cash prizes to be at least $5 for first, $3 for second and $2 for third.

Vice-Com. A. W. Chesterton has offered a prize cup for the winner of the highest percentage in these races.

Gravesend Bay Y. C. Handicap Race.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

Sunday, June 27.

THE Gravesend Bay Y. C. sailed a handicap race as a part of its cruise to Atlantic Highlands. The handicaps were made up on the basis of the known performances of the yachts, by the regatta committee. The race was sailed from Ulmer Park to Atlantic Highlands in a strong N.W. wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Halcyon	12 23 00	12 23 00
Kelpie	12 44 00	12 28 00
Gael	12 59 30	12 36 00
Sea Gull	1 03 00	12 34 30
Leila	Disqualified.	
Louise	12 57 30	12 27 30
Acorn	12 59 00	12 21 00
Hector	Did not finish.	
Rosalie	1 10 00	12 30 00
Martha M.	12 59 20	12 14 20
Priscilla	1 02 40	12 17 40
Isabel	Did not finish.	
Ariel	1 02 10	12 17 10

Hamilton Yachting.

THE Royal Hamilton Y. C. sailed a race on June 26 for the 27ft. class, Kestrel defeating Hiawatha, and winning the Marguerite cup. In the race for the Greening cup, Koko won from Rosemary and Scallawag.

The Bridgeport Y. C., a new organization, opened its club house on June 19. The club's station is on Black Rock Harbor.

Akista.

FIN-KEEL 36-FOOTER.

WE are indebted to the designer and owner, Mr. George Hill, measurer of the Atlantic Y. C., for the accompanying plans of the new sloop Akista, built during the past winter by the Crosby Catboat & Yacht Building Co., of South Brooklyn. Though now sailing in all of the races of her class about New York, the yacht was designed primarily for cruising, and is the result of an attempt to obtain large accommodation in a yacht of moderate waterline, small and easily handled rig, reasonable speed and moderate cost. The first thing determined upon was the main cabin, around which the hull was designed according to the following principles: Minimum wetted surface in proportion to displacement; absolutely no angles in any of the lines along which water passes; improved form in the way of increased length and fineness and decreased beam with the increase of heel; practical symmetry of entrance and run, both carried out so as to preserve the form under all conditions. The original idea of such a yacht may be said to have come from an appreciation of what the fin-keel 30-footers have missed being. The form resulting from these principles gives a hull of strong and simple construction, great internal capacity, and with a material increase of useful length when heeled to her ordinary sailing angle. The floor is perfectly flat, making the level lines square across the keel at both ends, the topsides are straight and vertical, the two flat surfaces, topsides and floor, being joined by a curve of circular sweep. The resulting form is easily and strongly built. The lines of the yacht, when heeled to a moderate angle, are very long, fair and easy, and it is expected that she will do her best work when thus heeled. The dimensions are:

Length over all	50ft.	
L.W.L.	30ft.	
Overhang, bow	10ft.	
stern	10ft.	
Beam, extreme	10ft.	3in.
L.W.L.	9ft.	10in.
Draft, hull only	2ft.	
with fin	6ft.	6in.
Least freeboard	2ft.	9in.
Sheer, bow	1ft.	
stern		4in.
Displacement	17,000lbs.	
Ballast, all in fin and bulb	6,300	
Ratio, ballast to displacement	37 per cent.	
Area, midship section	16.25sq.	ft.
lateral plane, hull	35.52sq.	ft.
fin	56.32sq.	ft.
rudder	8.16sq.	ft.
Total	100.00sq.	ft.
Fore side of stem at L.W.L. to		
C.L.R.	150.00ft.	
C.E.	150.00ft.	
Mainsail, area	1,000.00sq.	ft.
jib	250.00sq.	ft.
Total	1,250.00sq.	ft.
Sail area as measured	1,560.00sq.	ft.
Racing length	34.75ft.	
Mast, from stem at L.W.L.	5ft.	
deck to truck	53ft.	7in.
Bowsprit, beyond stem at L.W.L.	15ft.	
Boom	40ft.	6in.

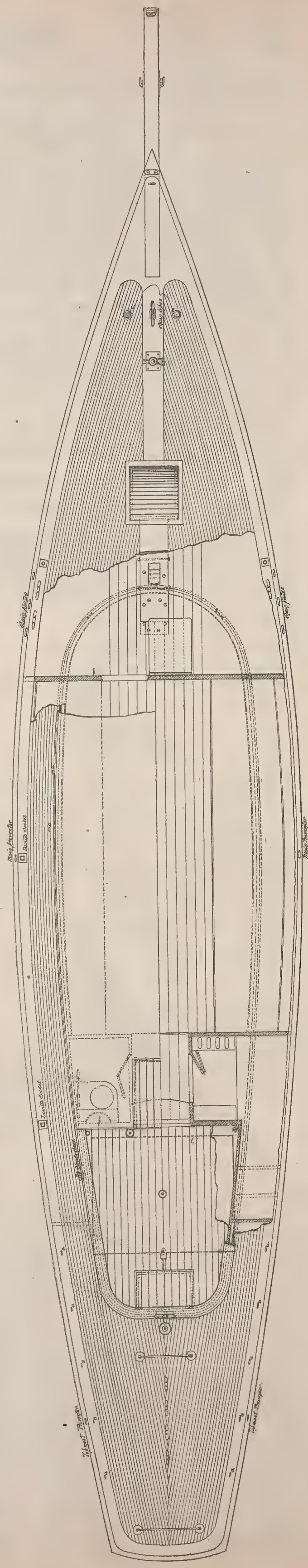
The fin, flanges and bulb are of iron, in one casting, the details being very fully shown in the drawings. The bulb weighs 2,250lbs., the fin 2,900lbs., the flanges 950lbs., and the fillets 200lbs. The keel is of yellow pine, 3×12in. amidships, in one length from scarf of stem to transom, with oak stem sided 5in. The transom, of yellow pine, is 1 3-14in. thick, secured to the keel by two 2in. knees. The frames are of oak, steamed and bent, sided 2in. and moulded 1½in., spaced 12in. and dove-tailed into the keel. At the partners are three frames sided 4in.

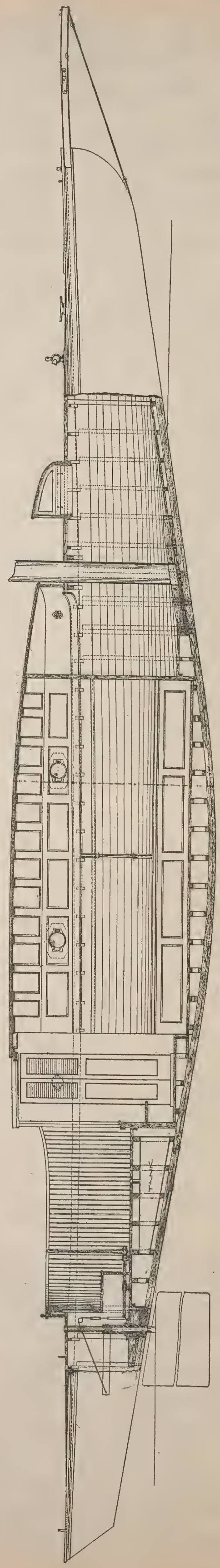
The garboards are of yellow pine, in single lengths, 1⅛in. thick, and the planking is of 1⅛in. cedar, with oak sheerstrake and plank sheer. A deep floor timber is carried on every frame in the middle of the vessel. The clamps are 1¼in. × 6in. yellow pine, in single lengths.

The flat floor and straight sides of the design give a large amount of internal space, and practically all of it in a useful form, the floor of the cabin is of course worked as close as possible to the keel and bottom, leaving no stowage space below, but this floor is very wide and the cabin has 6ft. 3in. headroom. The forecastle has plenty of space, and though this is due to length rather than height, there is headroom under the fore end of the trunk, which extends over the forecastle. The main cabin is 12ft. 6in. long, divisible by portieres into four rooms. Abaft it is a toilet room and W. C. to port, and a small room to starboard, each having a berth partly extending aft alongside the cockpit. The cockpit is very deep, although the floor is well above the waterline. Under the floor is a copper tank of 125 gallons capacity.

The steering gear is peculiar for a sailing yacht; a vertical thwartship tiller, keyed to a horizontal shaft, with an arm on the after end of the shaft. This arm operates the tiller lines, led over sheaves to the tiller arm on the rudder.

The rig is peculiar both in form and detail, with a leg-o'-mutton mainsail and single jib, supplemented with a reaching jib-topsail. The mast is of rectangular section, 5×9in. in the partners, and tapering to the head. The cap is a bronze casting carrying four sheaves, for main halyard, two spinaker halyards and topsail halyard. These are all of flexible wire rope. The other details of the metalwork are plainly shown in the drawings. The boom is rectangular, 3in. × 6in. at the largest part. The rail plan and details of ironwork will follow next week.





AKISTA—CABIN PLANS.

Minnetonka Y. C.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

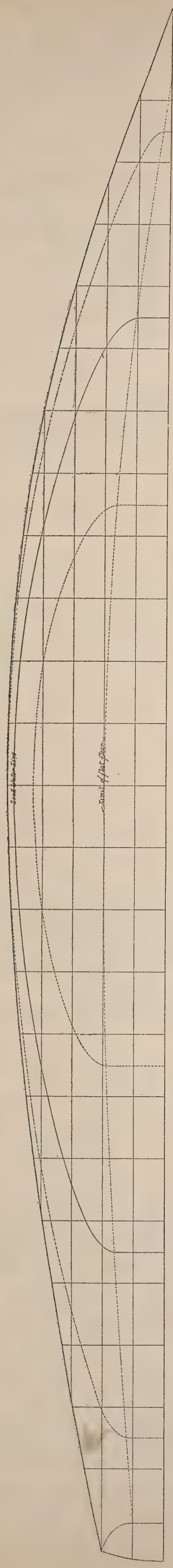
Saturday, June 19.

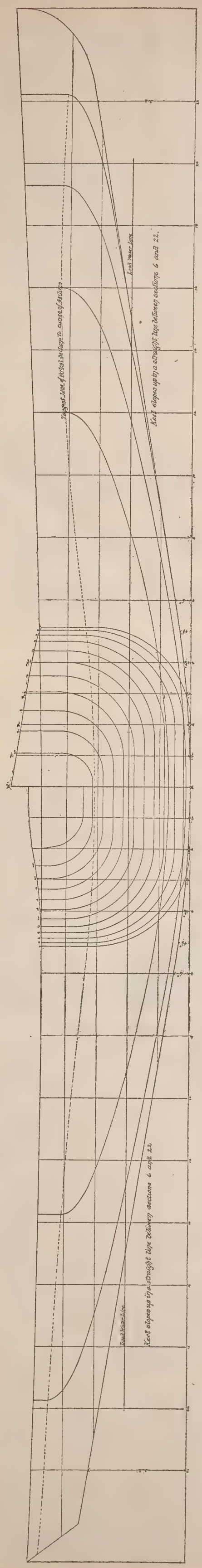
THE race of the Minnetonka Y. C. on June 19 was sailed in a very light breeze from the West, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.				
Wizard	3 10 36	5 43 38	2 33 02	2 32 00
Breeze	3 11 05	5 46 02	2 34 57	2 33 11
Cossack	3 15 00	5 50 11	2 35 11	2 35 11
Tartar	3 14 21	5 51 03	2 36 42	2 34 26
Marie II	3 14 38	5 53 34	2 38 56	2 37 25
Charlotte	3 15 00	5 53 41	2 38 41	2 37 02
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.				
Tomahawk	3 00 26	6 23 43	3 23 07	3 21 21
Beatrice	3 00 35	6 20 18	3 19 42	3 19 42
Sallie	3 05 00	6 20 32	3 15 32	3 11 39
SMALL SLOOPS—ONE-RATERS.				
Gladrene	2 55 00	5 49 05	2 54 05	2 54 05
Pyxie	2 55 00	5 52 35	2 57 35	2 57 35
Answer	2 55 00	6 03 46	3 08 46	3 08 46
Doris	2 55 00	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .
FIRST CLASS CATBOATS.				
Varuna	3 00 04	5 55 36	2 55 22	2 55 22
Pinafore	3 01 39	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .
Katrina	3 05 00	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .

Answer failed to cross the line at the finish, having been struck by a squall near the line and narrowly missing a capsize.

Varuna, the winner in the cat class, is ten years old, while Katrina is a new Petersen boat and Pinafore is also a new craft.





Cruising Fin-Keel designed by George Hill, Esq., and built by the Crosby Catboat and Yacht Building Co., 1897.

AKISTA.

Larchmont Y. C. Annual Regatta.

[LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, July 5.

THE Larchmont Y. C. was this year successful in every detail of its annual regatta, which proved to be the most interesting event of the season. The club succeeded in securing as a special attraction both Vigilant and Navahoe, while the owner of Emerald again started her against Colonia. Nearly all of the many smaller classes were well filled. The day was perfect for such a function as a big annual regatta, there was wind enough to make a lively race, and the beat ashore made the club steamer a pleasant refuge for the ladies. Many steam and sailing yachts were under way to add to the spectacle.

The race was started at 11:30, the divisions being timed:

Cutters, Class G., 11:30—Vigilant, 11:30:35; Navahoe, 11:31:44.

Schooners, 11:35—Amorita, 11:35:20; Colonia, 11:35:27; Emerald, 11:36:04.

Schooners, Special Class in Cruising Trim, 11:40—Sachem.

Cutters, 60ft. Class, 11:45—Eclipse, Sayonara.

Cutters, 51ft. Class, 11:50—Syce, Awa and Sistae.

Cutters, 43ft. Class, 11:55—Norota.

Cutters, Sloops and Yawls, 36ft. Class, 12:00—Surprise, Acushla, Sakana, Fidelio, Jester, Pawnee.

Special 30-Footers and 30ft. Sloops, 12:05—Hera, Musme, Wa Wa, Vaquero III., Carolina, Veda, Skimmaug.

Sloops, 25ft. Class, 12:10—Quantuck, Houri, Vaquero I., Celia, Agawam.

Sloops, 20ft. Class, 12:15—Skate, Shark, Al Anka, Momo and Montauk.

Cabin Cats, 30ft. Class, 12:20—Volsung, Dorothy, Kit, Onaway, Dosoris II.

Cabin Cats, 25ft. Class, 12:25—Willada, Punch, Colleen, Harrietta III., Edwina, Ethel, Presto, Grace, Ada, Yankee Girl.

Cabin Cats, 20ft. Class, 12:30—Ione, Sterling, Dorothy and Minnetonka.

The wind was S.W., moderate, with smooth water. The usual club triangles were sailed, to the eastward marks first, a reach on starboard tack. The first round was timed:

Vaquero I.	1 18 27	Sistae	1 44 46
Houri	1 19 05	Edwina	1 46 32
Quantuck	1 19 11	Punch	1 46 30
Skate	1 21 53	Willada	1 47 36
Momo	1 22 14	Surprise	1 48 18
Shark	1 22 20	Frace	1 49 17
Kit	1 22 43	Yankee Girl	1 49 44
Dorothy	1 23 09	Acushla	1 50 44
Al Anka	1 23 10	Vaquero III.	1 50 44
Syce	1 24 08	Hera	1 51 04
Celia	1 24 27	Minnetonka	1 51 23
Volsung	1 25 22	Veda	1 52 03
Dosoris	1 25 55	Starling	1 52 19
Montauk	1 27 35	Musme	1 54 08
Onaway	1 28 02	Pawnee	1 54 25
Agawam	1 31 13	Ione	1 55 41
Colonia	1 34 11	Carolina	1 56 48
Vigilant	1 34 44	Wa Wa	1 57 01
Navahoe	1 36 58	Sakana	1 58 06
Emerald	1 37 33	Dorothy	1 59 17
Norota	1 37 45	Fidelio	2 01 38
Adrienne	1 39 05	Ada	2 10 01
Awa	1 42 02	Skimmang	2 13 31
Ethel	1 42 23	Caprice	2 14 42
Amorita	1 43 05	Jester	2 19 47
Colleen	1 43 16	Sayonora.	2 21 08
Presto	1 44 11	Eclipse	2 32 13
Harrietta III.	1 44 46		

The second round and finish was timed:

Skate	2 20 56	Yankee Girl	3 08 16
Houri	2 22 18	Starling	3 12 23
Quantuck	2 22 29	Ione	3 20 15
Kit	2 23 36	Norota	3 20 45
Dorothy	2 23 44	Dorothy	3 23 49
Vaquero I.	2 40 06	Colonia	3 26 35
Momo	2 24 37	Vigilant	3 28 40
Volsung	2 25 26	Awa	3 30 09
Al Anka	3 26 06	Emerald	3 30 21
Shark	2 37 16	Sistae	3 32 02
Dosoris II.	2 28 39	Navahoe	3 32 42
Montauk	2 31 55	Vaquero III.	3 34 58
Celia	2 39 33	Surprise	3 37 50
Onaway	2 39 37	Hera	3 38 00
Ethel	2 54 34	Veda	3 39 25
Colleen	2 55 21	Acushla	3 40 27
Presto	2 56 43	Musme	3 41 44
Syce	2 57 17	Wa Wa	3 42 39
Harrietta III.	2 58 13	Amorita	3 43 53
Agawam	2 58 45	Carolina	3 43 48
Willada	3 00 55	Pawnee	3 45 00
Punch	3 01 50	Ada	3 47 54
Edwina	3 03 13	Sakana	3 57 07
Caprice	3 06 48	Fidelio	4 01 47
Grace	3 07 59	Skimmang	4 20 11

The final times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS CUTTERS.			
Vigilant, Percy Chubb		3 58 40	3 58 40
Navahoe, R. P. Carroll		4 02 42	4 02 42
SCHOONERS - SPECIAL			
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	3 51 35	3 51 35
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	91.07	3 55 21	3 54 07
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	90.00	4 08 33	4 06 38
SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.			
Sachem, F. T. Adams	90.61	Not timed.	
CUTTERS—60FT. CLASS.			
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	55.15	Not timed.	
Sayonara, John Hall	54.06	Not timed.	
CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.			
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	3 07 17	3 07 17
Awa, A. De W. Cochran	46.78	3 40 09	3 55 24
Sistae, John Rhodes	45.29	3 42 02	3 35 22
CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.			
Norota, D. B Burnham	41.64	3 25 45	3 25 45
SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.			
Surprise, James Baird	34.68	3 37 50	3 37 50
Acushla, H. W. Hanan	32.94	3 40 27	3 36 49
YAWLS.			
Pawnee, F. Alexander	42.52	3 45 00	3 45 00
Sakana, Oliver Adams	32.15	3 57 07	3 38 49
Fidelio, Robert E. Tod	33.46	4 07 47	3 46 26
Jester, E. H. Robinson	26.67	Not timed.	
SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS.			
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.00	3 36 44	3 36 44
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	30.00	3 29 58	3 29 58
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	3 33 08	3 33 08
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	30.00	3 37 39	3 37 39
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	30.00	3 38 48	3 38 48
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	30.00	3 34 25	3 34 25
SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.			
Skimmang		4 15 11	4 15 11
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.			
Agawam, Dunbar Wright	22.76	2 48 45	2 45 38
Vaquero I., W. G. Brokaw	22.96	2 14 06	2 11 21
Quantuck, J. L. Delafield	24.63	2 12 29	2 12 29
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr.	22.99	2 12 18	2 09 39
Celia, W. S. Gould	22.92	2 29 33	.. .. ..
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
Al Anka, C. H. Crane	20.00	2 11 06	2 11 06
Momo, H. M. Crane	20.00	2 09 37	2 09 37
Shark, Hoyt & Rouse	20.00	2 12 16	2 12 16
Montauk, Chas. Olmsted	20.00	2 16 55	2 16 55
Skate, Irving Cox	20.00	2 05 56	2 05 56
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS			
Kit, T. J. Dunne	30.00	2 03 36	.. .. ..
Volsung, De Forest Bros.	28.50	2 05 26	2 04 06
Dorothy, C. F. Larzelere	28.61	2 03 44	2 02 32
Dosoris II., G. P. Vail	29.24	2 08 39	2 08 39
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	25.88	2 19 37	2 15 33
Stranger, F. H. Waldorf		Not timed.	
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Edwina, J. N. Gould	21.44	2 38 13	2 34 44
Ethel, F. I. Bergen	21.40	2 29 34	2 26 00
Grace, J. F. Lambden	22.55	2 42 59	2 41 38
Wellada, W. G. Newman		2 35 55	.. .. ..

Punch, M. H. Clark	20.50	2 36 53	2 31 28
Colleen, J H. Jackson	22.18	2 30 21	2 28 18
Presto, H. R. Hatfield	23.30	2 35 43	2 35 43
Yankee Girl, D. F. Buggie	.....	2 43 16	. .. ..
Harrietta III., R. Jacobs	21.90	2 33 13	2 30 48
Ada, F. M. Warner	21.67	3 22 54	3 19 53
OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.			
Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	19.75	2 36 48	2 36 48
Dorothy, J. E. Sanborn	19.57	. .. ..	. .. ..
Ione, C. Bird	19.68	2 50 15	2 50 05
Starling, F. F. Delevante	19.60	2 42 23	2 42 03

The winners are Vigilant, Colonia, Sachem, Sayonara, Syce, Norota, Acushla, Sakana, Vaquero III., Skimmang, Houri, Skate, Kit or Dorothy, Ethel and Minnetonka.

The racing of Vigilant and Navahoe under reduced rigs and without clubtopsails, was not wildly exciting to those who have seen the big yachts in the Cup and trial races, nor was it in any way conclusive. At the same time they added much to the race as a whole. Colonia defeated Emerald very fairly. Acushla sailed a good race with Surprise, winning by 1m. Vaquero III. again took first place, with Hera second. Houri paid off Vaquero I. for Saturday's race by a win of nearly 2m. Skate won easily in the 20ft. class, but both Momo and Montauk were badly handicapped at the start. The other Crane boat, Al Anka, was third.

There was a hot fight in Volsung's class, Dorothy winning, but subject to a protest from Kit for fouling her at a mark. The race was handled by Messrs. Lovejoy, Wintringham and Coates. The usual festivities, ashore and afloat, attracted a very large number of the club.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.—Ross Cup.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Saturday, June 26.

THE fifth race for the Ross series for 20-footers was sailed on June 26 over the usual course.

There was a hard, squally N.W. wind and all the boats carried from two to three reefs. The sea was particularly heavy and the fleet got a blowing such as it had not had this season.

Millie got away with a lead, followed by Islander, Maida, Avoca, Glenowen and Rogue, in the order named. Avoca began to go to the front from the start, and was clear of the fleet on the second tack. Millie broke her steering gear, ran back to the club pier and repaired the damages and then went on. Glenowen went up into second place, Islander took third, with Rogue fifth on the windward work. After passing the first buoy of the first triangle no one set light canvas, as the boats had all they wanted under one or two reefs. Maida broke her boom and withdrew before the completion of the first round. The first buoy was rounded as follows:

	Place.	Time.
Avoca	1	4 19 45
Glenowen	2	4 21 15
Islander	3	4 24 25
Rogue	4	4 28 50
Millie	5	4 35 40

On the second round Rogue passed Islander, and this was about the only change in the position of the fleet. Millie was standing up somewhat better than the last time she was tried in a good blow, but was not footing it with the others; in fact, she was not holding her own with the 15-footers of last year, which started five minutes afterward. She withdrew after the second round. The second round was completed as follows:

	Place.	Time
Avoca	1	5 00 25
Glenowen	2	5 01 15
Rogue	3	5 08 20
Islander	4	5 10 35
Millie	5	5 30 40

On the third round it blew even harder than it had before, and there were some particularly heavy puffs, in one of which Rogue lost her spar and her place. Counting by points the result was as follows:

	Place.	Time.	Points.	Total Points.
Avoca	1	5 38 05	24	101
Glenowen	2	5 41 50	21	77
Islander	3	5 55 20	17	68
Rogue	..	. .. ..	11	73
Millie	..	. .. ..	8	36
Maida	..	. .. ..	..	44
Viola	..	. .. ..	..	9

SIR DONALD SMITH'S CHALLENGE CUP.

Thursday, July 1.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. celebrated Dominion Day by annual races for the magnificent cup presented to the club some years ago by Sir Donald A. Smith, and although Sir Donald is now Lord Glencoe, it is still, and probably always will be, the "Sir Donald Smith Challenge Cup." The cup can be sailed for by boats of the A 35ft. and 25ft. classes, and some of the most exciting and interesting races in the history of the club have been those for it. The cup, by the way, is now a part of the Canadian exhibition of the exhibition of naval architecture, etc., now going on in London.

When the boats were started at 10:57 there was a light but fairly steady breeze from the westward. The lake was smooth, the sky cloudless and it was an ideal day. Unfortunately the 20-footers have monopolized the interests of the racing men of the club to such an extent that some of the best of the larger boats were not entered. Zania, the holder of the cup for two years in succession, was not in the race, and Chaperone, last year's winner, was not started, as a crew could not be obtained for her, the sailing men preferring to reserve their energies for the 20ft. and 15ft. race in the afternoon. The starting boats were;

	Racing length.
Rita, C. O. Clark	28.75
Valda, Robert Lindsay	24.10
Goodluck, —, Hersey	29.40
Waterwitch, J. Paton	....
Butternut, W. D. M. Marler	22.00

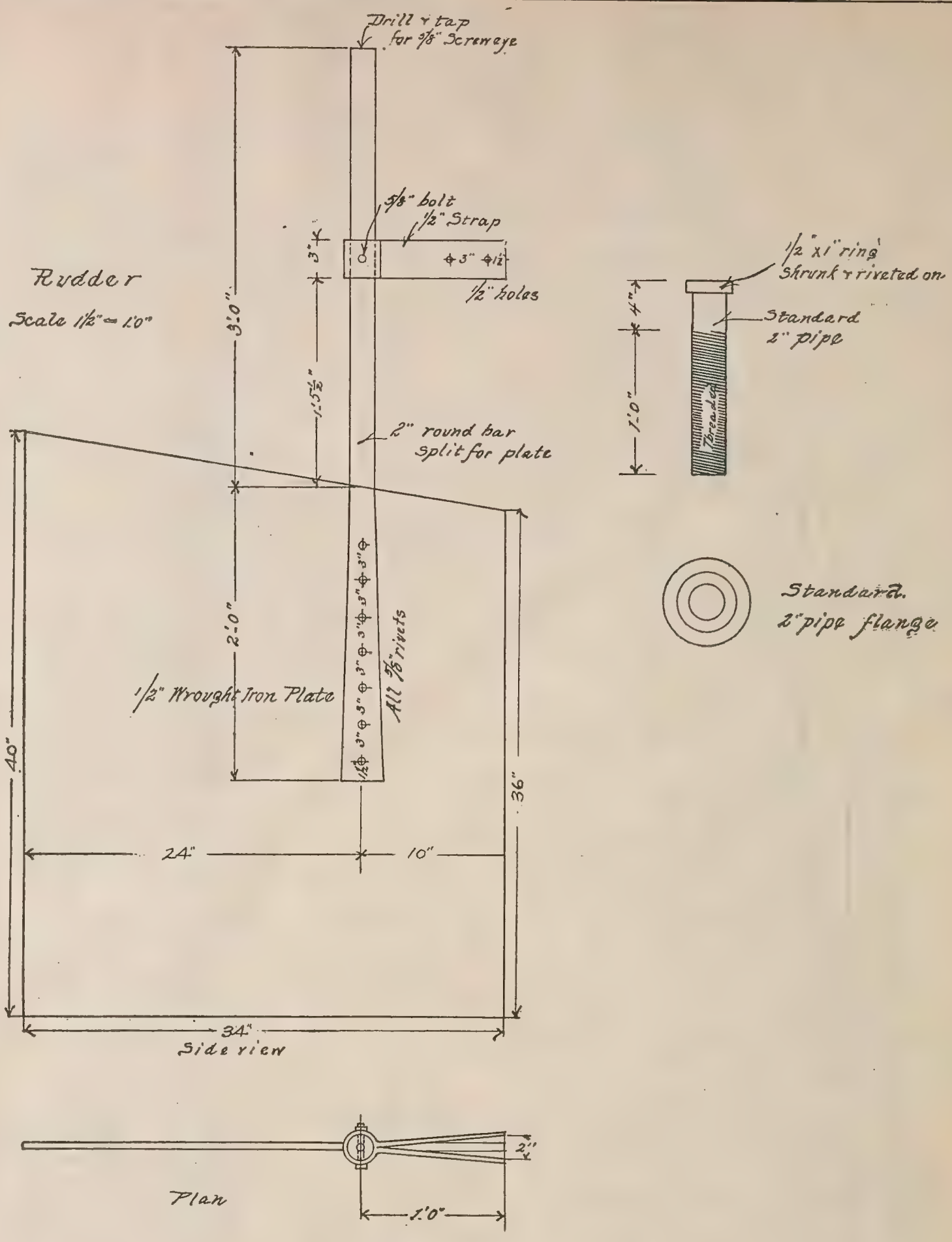
All the boats carried all the sail they could get on them. Rita and Goodluck drew away together, Rita in advance, and Valda and Waterwitch fought it out with each other all around the course. The finish was as follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rita	1 06 35	2 24 35
Goodluck	1 10 11	2 28 11
Valda	1 24 33	2 44 33
Waterwitch	1 25 28	1 25 28

There has been no corrected time declared for the race, the first and second boats not having been measured this year, but the cup has been undoubtedly won by Rita.

The 20ft. and 15ft. class races were started at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The breeze was still light and true, but it was falling. The first round was a most capital race. Glenowen went away with a lead over Avoca, and they sailed a neck to neck race around the course. Avoca got to windward just before the finish buoy was reached, blanketed Glenowen and took the buoy from her, thus finishing the first round in the lead.

On the second round the wind began to fall steadily and Avoca gradually began to open out a big lead on Glenowen and the fleet. On the reach from the Valois buoy to the outer buoy the wind fell so light that first Avoca and then Glenowen and then the rest of the boats in turn had to go about and stem the current to avoid being carried far below the buoy. The race was stopped after the completion of the second round, there being practically no wind for the latter part of the course.



AKISTA– DETAILS OF RUDDER.

The boats finished in the following order:

	Place.	Points.
Avoca	1	15
Glenowen	2	14
Millie	3	12
Rogue	4	10
Islander	5	8

Three of the 15-footers were started ten minutes after the others. The three boats were Anita, Titania and Viva, and a good race was won by Viva, with a 4m. lead on Anita.

Royal Canadian Y. C.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

Saturday, June 26.

LAKE Y. R A RULES

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. sailed a race on June 26 for the 27ft., 22ft. and skiff classes in a strong N.W. wind. The times were:

SKIFF CLASS.

Start 2:50:	Elapsed.	Corrected.
C Archbald	. .. ..	1 11 45
Hayter & Co	. .. ..	1 44 25
E. Wedd	. .. ..	1 20 00
Francis & Co	. .. ..	1 22 45
Morse & Co	. .. ..	1 26 35
E. Apted	. .. ..	1 30 00

W. H Parson's boat capsized.

27-FOOTERS.

Start, 3:00:		
Mirage	1 32 10	1 32 08
Silvie	1 37 05	1 36 44
Wona	1 39 10	1 39 10
Wa Wa	1 42 25	1 40 38

22-FOOTERS.

Start, 3:10:		
Frou-Frou	1 35 39	1 35 39
Kittilou	1 37 38	1 36 37

Lady Adeline carried away mast at start. Waif capsized.

Cohassett Y. C. Third Championship Race.

COHASSETT, MASS., COHASSETT HARBOR.

Saturday, June 26.

THE Cohassett 15ft. class sailed a good race on June 26, the wind being fresh N.W. The times were:

Start 3:20:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Delta, R. B. Williams	5 02 31	1 42 31
Mungo, L. D. Willcut	5 03 44	1 43 44
Jap, Bouve & Pegram	5 04 24	1 44 34
Swallow, J. Richardson	5 05 54	1 45 54
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	5 05 56	1 45 56
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	5 12 02	1 52 02
Sea Gull, F. Higginson	5 13 42	1 53 42

The Seawanhaka Trial Races.

THE trial races of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for the selection of a yacht to represent the club in the races for the possession of its international cup, now held by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, will be held next week, beginning on July 12 and continuing on succeeding days until such a test has been made as will enable the race committee to select the best boat. Among the competitors will be a 20-footer from Lake Wawasee, designed by her owner, Dr. H. S. Hicks, of the Indiana Yachting and Boating Club. Mary, as she is named, arrived this week at the Gas Engine and Power Co.'s works, by rail, her owner and one of his crew, Dr. G. E. Hunt, preceding her. She is a centerboard boat, about 29ft. over all and 8ft. beam, with gaff mainsail.

Burgess Y. C. First Championship Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 26

THE first championship regatta of the Burgess Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on June 26 in a fresh N.W. wind, the times being:

CLASS A	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sassacus	3 50 00	0 51 02	0 51 02
Bubble	3 50 00	0 55 42	0 54 40
Pointer	3 50 00	0 56 47	. .. ..
KNOCKABOUTS			
Sally III	3 55 00	0 42 21	0 42 21
HANDICAP CLASS			
Swordfish	4 00 00	0 53 30	0 45 36
Ben-My-Chree	4 00 00	0 50 19	0 50 19
Lucile	4 00 00	0 53 56	0 53 56
CLASS C.			
Dove	4 05 00	0 34 43	. .. ..
Canary	4 05 00	0 34 48	. .. ..
Oriole	4 05 00	0 38 40	. .. ..

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

HELVETIA, steam yacht, C. O'D. Iselin, was struck by the tug Theresa Verdon in the East River on the afternoon of July 3. The yacht was bound up the East River, carrying her owner and some friends from business to his home at New Rochelle. The tug was bound down, the two being in close neighborhood to two carfloats and other passing craft. It is claimed that the tug left her course and sheered across the yacht's bows, the latter striking her head-on. The tug was uninjured, but the entire bow of Helvetia was stove in. Her collision bulkhead was uninjured and she was able to run to Bay Ridge. The responsibility for the disaster will be determined by the official inquiry.

Vergana, steam yacht, F. H. Benedict, designed by Gardner & Cox, was launched at Marvel's yard, Newburgh, on July 3. Her owner was present, on his old yacht Vision, and his father, E. C. Benedict, also came up on the Oneida with a party. The yacht was christened by Mrs. Benedict.

A protest has been made against the winner in the Michigan City race of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, by Vice-Com. Ramsdell, sloop Blade. While Blade was under sail prior to the preparatory gun, Vananna and other yachts towed to the line and cast off just before the start, as it is claimed, going over with the headway derived from the tow. The protest is made for the sake of enforcing the universal rule on this point.

Llewellyn, steam yacht, Alfred Carr, ran aground off Davenport's Neck, New Rochelle, on the evening of July 1, and was badly damaged. She was bound from New York to Oyster Bay, with Mr. Carr and friends onboard, and ran too close inshore. Mr. Adrian Iselin's launch was near by and took off the owner and guests. The yacht was lifted by a wrecking derrick and taken to the Seabury Works at Morris Dock. She was running near her top speed at the time.

On June 29 Miss Helen Woodruff Smith, daughter of James D. Smith, New York Y. C., was married on board of the schooner yacht Viking, the groom being Homer S. Cummings. The yacht left Stamford, the home of Mr. Smith, early in the morning, convoyed by the steam yacht Halcyon, Com. Howard C. Smith, Stamford Y. C. both anchoring off Larchmont, where the groom and his party came aboard. The ceremony, performed by the Rev. Dr. R. H. P. Vail, of Stamford, took place on the quarterdeck of the Viking, under a bower of roses. The Halcyon then took the schooner in tow, and they returned to Stamford. where a reception was held at Mr. Smith's country place, Linden Lodge. Mr. and Mrs. Cummings sailed on the Normannia for Europe on July 1.

Theresa, steam yacht, G. Sidenberg, has been chartered to R. A. C. Smith, of New York, through the Gas Engine & Power Co.'s agency.

Franklin Bassford, the marine artist of New York, committed suicide on June 28 by shooting himself on board of Lariva, an experimental launch on which he had been working for some time. Mr. Bassford was best known as a painter of yachts and vessels, but he was also deeply interested in designing, having many theories of his own. He gave much attention to model yachts, and for some time contributed articles on this subject to *Outing*. The launch on which he met his death was designed by him, being 45ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., and 11ft. 9in. beam, with an Alco-Vapor motor. Through some ideas of his own, Mr. Bassford expected to realize a high speed, and to demonstrate some important discoveries applicable to larger vessels. He had met with those disappointments incident to experimental work of this kind, and was unable to raise the money necessary to the carrying out of his plans.

Mr. R. B. Burchard, yachting editor of *Outing*, was married on June 26 to Miss Edith Russell Church.

Yampa, schr., R. S. Palmer, was at Kiel, Prussia, on July 2, from Southampton. Mr. Palmer and his guests witnessed the naval pageant on the Solent from the yacht.

The fin-keel Vencedor was under way at Larchmont on Monday, but did not start in the race. It is proposed to give her a new rig before trying her speed on salt water.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

San Francisco Riflemen.

COLUMBIA PISTOL AND RIFLE CLUB

SAN FRANCISCO, June 14.—Shell Mound range was crowded with marksmen yesterday. Notwithstanding a strong, gusty wind across the range, some good scoring was done, notably C. M. Daiss' score of 32 in ten shots with pistol at 50yds. on Columbia target; and E. Jacobsen's score of 49, Creedmoor, with military rifle:

Rifle, class medals, for members only, 10-shot scores, champion class: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 60, F. O. Young 69, F. E. Mason 78.

First class: A. B. Dorrell 65, E. Jacobsen 71, C. M. Daiss 80, O. A. Bremer 105, H. Hellberg 106, A. Gebret 131.

Second class; J. E. Gorman 93, M. J. White 121.

Third class: C. F. Waltham 110, A. Hinterman 117, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 140, Mrs. M. J. White 145, G. Manuel 143, W. J. Shreve 160

Rifle, re-entry matches, open to all comers, 200yds., F. H. Bushnell rifle medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: F. O. Young 12, 12; Dr L. O. Rodgers 12, 13; A. H. Pape 13.

Wm. Glindemann military medal and cash prizes, 10 shoots (Creedmoor count): E. Jacobsen 49, 44, E. Hovey 47, 48, F. O. Young 46, 45, C. F. Waltham 45, J. E. Gorman 45.

F. O. Young rifle record medal and cash prizes, 10-shot scores: A. H. Pape 49, E. Jacobsen 58, F. E. Mason 66

Pistol, 50yds., class medals, for members only, 10 shot score:

Champion class: J. E. Gorman 48, C. M. Daiss 52, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 56, A. B. Dorrell 57, Ed. Hovey 60, F. O. Young 69.

First class: M. J. White 43, F. E. Mason 50, E. Jacobsen 75.

Second class: Mrs. M. J. White 67, G. M. Barley 96

Third class: Mrs. C. F. Waltham 101, A. Hintermann 109, R. W. Forrest 124, W. J. Shreve 195.

Pistol, re-entry matches, open to all-comers, 50yds., Gordon Blanding pistol medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: F. O. Young, 11, 12, 12.

Diamond pistol record medal and cash prizes, 10-shot scores: C. M. Dais, 32, 39; F. O. Young, 54, 58; J. E. Gorman, 44.

Howard Carr any revolver medal and cash prizes, 6 shot scores: J. E. Gorman, 25, 26, 29; F. O. Young, 29, 34, 35, 35.

Achille Roos .22 rifle medal, ladies' trophies and cash prizes, 5 shot scores: Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 11, 16, 17; Mrs. O. M. Peck, 15, 15; A. B. Dorrell, 13, 15.

GERMANIA SCHUETZ N CLUB

The members of the Germania Schue zen Club were out in full force, for, in addition to their regular contests for class medals, they held their 3 shot re-entry matches, open to all comers. The scores (German ring target) were as follows:

Class medals, for members only:

Champion class: First, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 4-5 rings; second, D. B. Faktor, 417.

First class: First, H. Hellberg 401; second, J. Peters 374.

No second class

Third class: H. J. Wicker 428.

Fourth class: W. Morken 359.

Best first shot, H. Hellberg 23.

Best last shot, W. Morken 23

Re-entry matches, 3-shot scores: D. B. Faktor 72, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 69, Burfeind 69, N. Ahrens 69, Schuster 68, H. Huber 67, Alpers 67, J. Young 67.

SAN FRANCISCO SCHUETZEN CLUB.

In the regular monthly medal shoot of the San Francisco Schue'zen Club, J. D. Heise won the fourth class medal "for keeps." The scores—20 shots (German ring target) were as follows:

Champion Class: A. H. Pape, 432 rings.
First Class: H. J. Wicker 424.
Second Class: C. F. Rust, 380.
Third Class: O. Lemcke, 395
Fourth Class: J. D. Heise, 369 (for good).
Best First Shot: C. Thierbach, 23.
Best Last Shot: A. H. Pape, 23.

ROEEL.

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

CHICAGO, June 27.—The Class A and Class B rifle contests at the Calumet Heights Gun Club's ranges to day we e shot in clear atmosphere with a light wind across the range. The following scores were made:

Class A, 200yds., any caliber rifle, standard target, off hand:

	No. 1.											No 2.									
						Harlan.															
10	6	8	6	6	5	5	4	5	3	58		4	4	5	7	7	5	8	3	10	4	57
						Booth.															
3	3	2	9	3	5	2	3	6	9	—47		.....									
						Paterson.															
0	3	3	5	8	2	8	4	5	1	—39		3	0	5	2	3	2	4	10	7	1—37
						Norcom.															
5	0	1	4	1	4	10	3	1	5	—34		2	6	4	2	2	8	2	5	1	10—42
						Metcalfe.															
4	0	3	7	4	4	3	0	3	1	—29		1	0	0	1	4	3	3	5	6	6—29

Class B, 100yds., 22-caliber rifle, off hand, Creedmoor target:

Mrs Schmidt.....4442344334 35 Mrs Marshall.....3220043432—23
Mrs Chamberlain...2533344332—33

PATTY.

Scheutzen Bund of North America.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 25.—At Joliet, Ill., on June 24, began the four days' tournament of the Central Scheutzen Bund of North America, the following cities represented: Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit Cincinnati, Cleveland, Peru, Peoria, St. Louis, Davenport, Dubuque, Winona, Lyons, La Crosse and Washington, Minn.

The shooting on the first day was for the Kehr prize, a souvenir badge to all scoring 200 points, distance 200yds. J. E. Schmidt, of Milwaukee, captured the first prize; Alderman Joseph Braun, Jr., of Joliet, second, and Fritz Roth, of Chicago, third.

Among those present are: A. J. Vandusen, of Winona; Val Sank, of Peru; William Ott, of La Crosse; M. Gindele, of Cincinnati; George Zugenfuss, of Winona; M. Gray, of Chicago; E. Berg, of Davenport; Dave Hertein, of Worthington, Minn.; Ed Burger, of Davenport; George Schmeidt, of Chicago; L. Schweighofer, of St. Louis; Ed Richter and John and Stephen Meunier, of Milwaukee.

E. H.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 20-22.—PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 20-23.—CLEAR LAKE, Ia.—First annual Indian Wolf shoot. Three days targets; one day live birds. $500 added. For programmes and particulars write to C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.

July 21-22.—CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. Chas. E. Lacey, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

July (last week).—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Company.

July 27-28.—BAY CITY, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. W. H. Brady, Sec'y, Detroit, Mich.

July 28-29.—DULUTH, Minn.—Annual tournament of the Central Gun Club. G. C. Maxfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 4-5.—INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, Ind.—Indiana Mineral Springs tournament. Ben O. Bush, Manager.

Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 18-19.—WARSAW, Ind.—Tournament of the Lake City Gun Club. W. A. Wineberer, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 14-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. Merchandise and amateurs.

Sept. 14-16.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Capital Gun Club. S. C. Quimby, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, or more correctly speaking, The New Jersey State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, will hold its annual meeting at Taylor's hotel, Jersey City, 2 P. M., July 13. The committee appointed to disentangle the muddle of reorganizing this old New Jersey body of trap shooters has done a lot of work, and will report at the meeting of July 13 with a brand-new constitution and by-laws, and a brand new set of up-to-date trap-shooting rules. It is also practically certain that a State shoot will be held the latter part of September of this year, and that the same shoot will be held not many miles from Elizabeth. The choice of Elizabeth for such a rendezvous would be a capital move on the part of the association, as the railroad and trolley car facilities of that city can scarcely be beaten. Clubs desirous of joining the association should lose no time in sending in their names to the secretary of the association, Mr. Colin R. Wise, of Passaic, N. J. The annual dues will be merely a nominal sum, and the benefits to the trap-shooters of the State to be derived from a real live organization are very large in comparison to the fees for either clubs or individual members. And the association will not, we learn, start absolutely penniless, as old outstanding accounts to the credit of the association are, we understand, to be paid in full.

Mr. E. C. Maxfield, secretary of the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., writes us under date of June 29, as follows: "The Central Gun Club, of Duluth, will hold its fifth annual tournament on July 28 and 29, 1897, at Duluth, Minn. This will be a strictly amateur tournament and professionals and manufacturers' agents will be barred from shooting for any of the money or prizes, though if they wish to show off their guns and ammunition they will be allowed to do so by simply paying for their birds. The Rose system, four moneys will be used, and there will be a large and valuable list of average prizes given. Programmes will be ready about July 12 and will be mailed upon application. This shoot will be one of the largest ever given in the Northwest and will be well worth attending."

The secretary of the Stevens House Gun Club, of Lake Placid, N.Y., Mr. A. H. Kallies, writes us that "the Stevens House Gun Club opened its season of 1897 on Tuesday last, June 29. Ten members of the club gathered on the grounds to inaugurate the season, which lasts until Oct. 15. Some fine scores were made, C. A. Stevens and A. H. Kallies running straight in a 25 target event. The club, which was organized expressly for the benefit of the sportsmen visiting the Adirondacks, will be pleased to entertain all shooters on its grounds. The grounds are located on beautiful Lake Placid, only three minutes' walk from the 'Big' Stevens House. The club would be pleased to arrange a few team matches with other hotel clubs or nearby gun clubs."

Louis Schortemeier has been striking his gait of late on live birds. In four contests recently at the club shoots of the Jeannette Gun Club, of New York, a club that holds its shoots at Guttenburg race track, he scored three wins for the Class A badge, winning it outright. His distance was 28yds., and in his three wins he scored, including shoot-offs, 31 out of 32 shot at. Schorty shoots a 12-gauge Smith, with Whitworth steel barrels. His load is 50grs. of American E. C. No 1 in a 3in. U. M. C. Trap shell, wadded as follows: one V. L. & D. Field wad, one ⅜ V. L. & D. 11¾ felt wad, ¼in. U. M. C. felt wad, ¼in. pink edge, and one thin black edge; he uses 1¼oz. of Tatham's No. 7½ chilled shot in the right barrel, the same amount of Tatham's No. 7 chilled in the left barrel.

Tom Keller is home again after a successful trip in the West. Tom has disguised himself by removing the hairs from his upper lip, and gives as his reason for doing so, the fact that Bourke Cockrane having attained a certain amount of notoriety by shaving off his mustache, and that he and Bourke, etc., etc. But Tee Kay had much of other matters to talk about; chiefly, and perhaps naturally, the success that has attended the efforts of those who are using his firm's powder—King's Smokeless—in so many of the big shoots of recent date. "And look what I did at Sioux City!" says Tom; and thereat his bosom swelled until he measured full 58in.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Gun Club will hold another handicap shoot for a gold watch, 50 targets, handicap allowance of extra targets, $1.50 entrance (including targets). The date chosen for the shoot is July 21, a Wednesday, one of the best days of the week to get a good crowd together. The Brooklyn club's grounds are conveniently located at the terminus of the King's County Elevated R. R., in Brooklyn, access to the grounds being thus very easy indeed.

L. C. Parker, "the brother of W. F. Parker," and W. F. Parker, "the brother of L. C. Parker," both members of the firm of Parker Bros., were present at the third tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League, held at Bridgeport, June 30. Like all the others who were present at that shoot, they did not find the targets easy, although Will Parker ran straight in the 15 target extra shot after the programme had been completed. And his was the only straight, too.

We learn from Mr. Geo. F. Day, secretary of the Uxbridge, Mass., Gun Club, that: "The Uxbridge Gun Club's challenge to the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, the Rhode Island Trap Shooting Association, and the Woonsocket Gun Club for a team race of eight men each has been accepted. The shoot will be held at Uxbridge on July 17. We propose to hold quite a tournament on that date, one of the principal features being a merchandise event."

Trap-shooters are accustomed to hear much about the skill of Mrs. Frank Butler (Annie Oakley), Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda), Mrs. Day and Mrs. Shattuck, in the use of the shotgun at the traps; and without question all these ladies are capable of doing some excellent work in this line, putting to shame the efforts of many a great, big, strong man. But very few ever hear anything about one of the best lady shooters in the country—Misskay—that is, Miss Kirkwood, of Boston, one of the members of the Boston Gun Club. Any one who has kept an eye on the scores made by this club will have noticed that the scores of Misskay are away up all the time.

Jim Elliott's wide-open challenge has caused a lot of talk among trap-shooters in general, particularly among the rank and file, and our Cincinnati correspondent, Both Eyes, voices what seems to us the popular sentiment in regard to Elliott's letter. While we don't believe in using strong language to belittle one trophy or another, we feel like patting Jim on the back for his challenge to any shooter who has championship aspirations, or who thinks himself a champion. Money talks, and Jim's $100 is up. Who is going to be the first to cover it? Don't all speak at once, but—we know you won't do that.

The fourth contest of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun Club League will be held at Meadville, Pa., July 22-23. The Meadville Gun Club has arranged a two days' programme for the occasion, all events being at targets. These gatherings of the P. & O. B. G. C. League are always well attended, and with two sets of traps in position, there should be plenty of shooting for all. The purses will be divided under the old system, 40, 30, 20 and 10. Shells should be sent in care of F. G. Prenatt, secretary of the club.

All arrangements for the Interstate Association's tournament at Lewiston, Me., Aug. 4-5, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club, will be completed in a few days, and the programme will shortly be in the hands of the printer. The Interstate shoot at Portland last August was one of the best on the circuit, and the one at Lewiston this year promises to be its equal in every respect.

S. A. Tucker's new corduroy shooting coat is causing him some anxiety. It is beginning to show some signs of having been worn, and has forced a sigh from Tucker as he said: "I'm afraid it won't last as long as my other coat." When asked how long the "other coat" had lasted, he said, "Twenty-seven years!" Then we agreed that Tucker was probably correct in his surmise.

The Pekin, Ill., Gun Club will hold its sixth annual tournament, July 13-14. The annual tournaments of this club, which is one of the best equipped clubs in the State of Illinois outside of Chicago, have always been popular gatherings, and this year, with an increased amount of added money and prizes on the list, the Pekin tournament promises to be a rattling good shoot.

Hollywood and Elkwood Park, both prominent shooting grounds in the immediate vicinity of Long Branch, N. J., have issued programmes for the summer season. The Hollywood Futurity, on July 10, is about the most important sweepstake event of the summer season, and will surely attract a large number of entries.

The team race between the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, shot on Saturday, June 26, on the grounds of the Hackensack Club, was won by the Endeavors with a score of 192 to 186.

The list of tournaments for Eastern shooters is fast dwindling down to the elimination points, but July 14-15, at New Haven, Conn.; Aug. 4-5, at Lewiston, Me., and Aug. 26-27 at Montpelier, Vt., still remain to make the trap-shooters' hearts glad.

Owing to Monday of this week being a national holiday, FOREST AND STREAM's trap columns are rather handicapped, as no work will be done on that day, and the paper will go to press on Tuesday afternoon the same as usual

The next shoot of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League will be held at Bay City, July 27-28. The August tournament will be held under the auspices of the Kalamazoo Trap-Shooting Club

JULY 6. EDWARD BANKS.

Mountain State Gun Club.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., June 26.—I beg to herewith hand you scores made to-day at Parkersburg, W. Va., at bluerocks and live birds. The Mountain State Gun Club, of the above place, gave an all-day shoot which was a success from start to finish. Among those who participated from out of town were: E. O. Bower, L. M. Gorham and Curt I. Hall, Sistersville, W. Va.; C. E. Verges, Lowell, O., and George Alford, Marietta, O. Everything passed off nicely, and all expressed themselves as having a grand good time. As will be seen from scores inclosed, E. O. Bower captured high average at targets, breaking 48 out of his last 50, while C. E. Verges carried off the honors at live birds by killing the 25 straight.

There is a movement on foot to organize a State sportsmen's association at an early date and hold a State shoot early in September. Ed. O. Bower, secretary Sistersville Rod and Gun Club, of Sistersville, is in correspondence with the several clubs throughout the State, and something definite may be looked for in the near future. "The West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association" will sound "kinder" good, thank you.

TARGET SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
L. M. Gorham	10	12	12	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	75	55	73
E. O. Bower	11	14	13	10	11	14	10	13	24	24	170	144	84.7
G. Alford	12	12	11	14	13	10	12	13	18	22	170	137	80
F. J. Mallory	13	11	10	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	75	53	71
R. Clark	12	12	12	12	10	12	11	..	..	..	105	81	77
F. E. Mallory	11	12	13	13	11	10	12	13	24	23	170	142	83.5
C. E. Verges	11	12	11	13	12	9	11	11	18	..	145	108	75
C. J. Hall	10	10	13	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	75	51	68
J. Hogan	6	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	22	49
F. M. Keiser	9	12	6	12	13	13	14	15	21		95	76	80

Twenty-five live birds, $10 entrance:

J. F. Mallory.....0212221012121112111211111•—22
E. O. Bower.....2220102?•222?0211122•2?12—20
G. Alford.....2021021101112122111•112122—21
R. Clark, Jr.....11222•21222012•1112111212—22
F. E. Mallory.....0121202122022111123112222—22
C. E. Verges.....2111111221211222221222112—25
C. J. Hall.....11120•1012211•01020220112—17
L. M. Gorham.....0000221120•12211102201122l—19

SECRETARY.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 26. The regular weekly contest of the Calumet Heights Gun Club was held to-day. The weather, though warm, was most perfect, and while some sought pleasure in gathering bouquets of wild flowers in the woods, there being a great variety of the same in bloom, others enjoyed themselves by bathing in the lake. The scores made at the traps were as below:

Paterson (A).....11101111101111111111111—23
Booth (A).....11111111101110111111111—23
Turtle (A).....10101011111011101111110101—18
Metcalfe (A).....11111010010110101011110110—16
Norcom (B).....11111010010110010011010101—14
Gruby (B).....11101010110111111111111101—20
Harlan (C).....11101111001011111110110l—19
Chamberlain (C).....10100110111110110011010l—15
Morgan (C).....1101(1111(001111110000011—15
Wilde (C).....01011110110101000)1001011—13

Paterson won in class A, Gruby in class B, and Harlan in class C. Sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	10	100	25	Targets:	15	15	10	100	25
Paterson	12	8	4	73	..	Chamberlin	9	8	6	..	13
Booth	11	11	6	..	..	Wilde	7	..	..	..	..
Harlan	9	1	3	73	..	Turtle	..	12	3	..	..
Metcalfe	10	13	4	55	..	Gruby	..	7	4	..	..
Morgan	6	..	..	..	..	Guy Chamberlin	..	..	..	..	3
Norcom	9	12	6	72	..	Jake	..	..	..	..	15

No. 1 was at 15 targets, unknown angles for practice; No. 2 was 15 targets, snipe shooting; No. 3, 5 pairs, unknown traps and angles; No. 4, 100 targets, unknown angles, Harlan, of class C, shooting at 120 targets; No. 5 was 25 targets, unknown angles.

PATTI.

Iroquois Rifle and Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 1. The fourth monthly shoot of the Iroquois Rifle and Gun Club, of this city, was not very largely attended, only eight shooters taking part in the nine events on the programme. The scores made were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	20	15	15
Born	10	4	9	9	12	12	15	12	12
McKinley	8	7	11	10	13	13	11	..	..
Budd	8	10	14	11	11	13	16	..	..
Peters	7	7	12	14	10	8	18	..	..
Motz	8	8	13	14	9	14	16	13	12
Fleming	..	9	12	14	13	13	10	12	15
Pills	..	..	10	13	11	11	19	13	15
Whiting	..	..	..	14	11	11	16	12	14

J. MOTZ.

Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League.

THE BRIDGEPORT SHOOT.

IF fine weather, good fellowship, plenty of shooting, and plenty of free lunch and free liquidating materials go to make a shoot a success, then the Bridgeport shoot of the Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League, on June 30 was a dandy. For the weather was fine after a wet night, and the shade of the large tent, loaned by the U. M. C. Co. for the occasion, was most uncommonly grateful and comforting; so also were the ice-cold bottles of ginger ale, "sass," lemon soda, etc., not to mention the comestibles. In short the club left nothing to be desired in that direction, and if fewer straights were broken than usual, nobody seemed to mind much; the shoot was really one of those old-time, good-natured shoots when a man wasn't all the time hunting up the cashier to see how much he had coming to him.

Straights were scarce, that's a fact; but then the targets were thrown far and fast, all five traps being screwed up to throw the targets a full 55yds., and low at that. Sometimes the targets looked to be going a mile in ten seconds, and maybe some did, for ciphers were no strangers to even the best of them there. Bluerock traps and empire targets were used, and the combination seemed to agree well. The pull was the only weak point in the whole thing, and that was something that could be forgotten and forgiven in the general excellence of everything else.

A THREATENING MORNING KEPT AWAY SHOOTERS.

The heavy rain on the previous night, and the threatening condition of the weather in the early hours of June 30, kept away many who would otherwise have been on the grounds. Friend Bristol and his New Haven brigade, minus their president, M. H. Clark, were all on hand at the opening of the shoot. The same can be said of the Meriden division, which included Messrs. W. F. and L. C. Parker, S. A. Tucker, L. J. Gaines, J. R. Hull and Holcomb. O. R. Dickey was also on hand from Boston to assist the Meriden Club to whip the crack team from New Haven. Bridgeport turned out well, too, and supported the home club in great shape. There was V. A. Blakeslee, the secretary, and U. M. C. Thomas, both of them with their hands full of work, and their heads full of schemes to make their guests feel at home. J. D. Kingsbury as cashier, and George Thorpe as assistant cashier, were both eminently the right men in the right place. Whit Rennison and I. J. Tuck, as pullers, did their duty, but found the pulling apparatus all they could attend to. (The puller, too, was located in one end of the club house, and was considerably at a disadvantage owing to the amount of talking that took place in his vicinity.)

WHERE WERE WINDSOR LOCKS AND HARTFORD?

A very frequent query was: "Where are Windsor Locks and Hartford?" It was quite a disappointment to the home club that these two clubs did not show up at all. Not a member of either club, so far as we are aware, was on the grounds during the day. We had thought that you couldn't keep Messrs. Videon and Cutler, both of Windsor Locks, away from a shoot with an Avenue A police officer's night stick, but we found out our error on June 30. They were missed sorely; and they, likewise, missed a most pleasant day's sport.

Still there were plenty of shooters, as the scores given below will tell. New Haven put in two teams and Bridgeport entered two teams, while Meriden had a crackerjack sort of a squad to put up against the others. This squad lost the teamrace on the first 20 targets shot at, by losing 31 out of 120 shot at; on the unknown angles they lost only 17; but then the wind was not blowing so strongly as when they shot at the known angles. And the wind did make some difference, it came down across the traps from right to left, and took rightquarterers under its wing, carrying them over the slight rise to the left of the traps at a pace that almost baffled the best of them to get the "proper lead" on such swift targets. Goose eggs were "a plenty," as some people we wot of can testify to.

NEW YORK WAS REPRESENTED.

Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand W-A Powder Company; Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. and Schultze Powder Company, Limited; Ferd Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, and the representative of the best department in this paper (?) were all on hand from New York city to take in and to be taken in. J. A. H. Dressel, Esq., of the U. M. C. Company, took time enough to steal away from business and come down to watch the work done by No 3 primers in the Smokeless shell.

Of course there was lots of fun outside that of making goose eggs; and really the last item got beyond a joke, that of making ciphers; it became painful; and when Will Parker made a straight 15 in an extra shot after the programme had been finished, there was quite a sigh of relief. And talking about fun at a shooting match: How much better it is to have a few well matured trap-shooters acting like a parcel of schoolboys just out of school, than to have them sitting around, silent as mutes, "chewing the championship rag over again," or cussing the Rose system.

THE SCORES TELL THE TALE.

How everybody shot must be left for the scores to tell, but in looking over these same scores be merciful, and remember that it was awfully hot, that the targets were thrown far, fast and low, and that there was quite a wind blowing during a part of the day at least. The individual totals made in the team race will be found in the table of scores given below, the team race being event No. 5 on the programme 20 known angles and 20 unknown angles). The team totals were:

New Haven No. 1, 197; Parker Gun Club, of Meriden, 192; Bridgeport No. 1, 174; Bridgeport No. 2 and New Haven No. 2, 145 each.

The table of scores referred to above runs as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	15	40	15	15	10	15	10
S A Tucker	10	8	13	12	33	11	14	9	15	9
Mills	9	10	15	13	33	12	12	7	10	10
L C Parker	6	..	7	8	24	11	9	..	..	..
O B Dickey	9	8	13	13	36	11	12	8	13	8
W F Parker	9	7	14	12	32	14	12	4	14	9
J R Hull	8	9	13	10	32	14	10	6	10	9
M Beers	7	9	14	14	35	10	12	9	13	8
N Money	8	8	14	11	36	8	14	9	13	10
B W Claridge	8	10	15	12	33	11	13	10	12	10
C B Bristol	7	6	13	10	23	11	11	7	11	8
F Potter	10	9	14	14	35	14	13	7	13	10
E Banks	8	8	13	13	32	14	14	7	13	7
F Cowee	9	7	11	14	27	12	..	..	..	..
H O Whitney	9	9	10	14	38	11	13	7	13	7
L J Gaines	6	8	13	7	26	11	11	8	14	7
Savage	9	9	8	13	30	14	14	5	11	..
Stevens	5	8	9	13	33	10	12	4	12	10
M Downs	8	7	10	8	..	8	..	..	..	..
C Longdon	10	8	12	..	26	..	..	..	..	..
Fruit	6	10	12	11	30	10	11	4	8	5
U M C	5	9	9	10	28	8	8	4	10	7
Ed Taylor	8	9	13	9	31	11	10	4	12	9
Holcomb	..	7	9	10	26	..	11	5	..	..
C S Davis	..	6	..	8	..	..	..	6	9	..
Van Dyke	..	7	14	14	33	13	12	9	14	8
V A Blakeslee	..	..	..	14	27	..	10	..	8	..
I J Tuck	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	10	6
Wm Colbree	..	..	..	8	20	..	..	..	..	..
G King	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..
Robertson	..	..	..	..	26	..	..	..	..	..
F Burgoyne	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	4	..	..
W H Longdon	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	5	5	3
W H Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	4	4	8

EDWARD BANKS.

Trap at Chicago.

GARDEN CITY GUN CLUB.

June 26.—There was a fair attendance to-day at the grounds of the Garden City Gun Club, West Forty-eighth street and Harrison. The scores in the main events were:

Merchandise prize shoot, 20 targets: Hellman 17, Burgess 16, Ludlow 15, A. Kleinman 15, Adams 15, Ruble 15, Halligan 13, McHie 12, Goldsmith 12, Parker 10, Southard 8, Levi 6, Murphy 3, Finsted 2.

Donnelly prize shoot, 25 targets per man, handicap rise:

A Kleinman (18)	1111011001110101111101111—19
J Ruble (18)	1011101111111111111110111—22
Adams (18)	0111111101001111001101011—17
Parker (14)	1110110110001111111011010—17
Halligan (15)	1110101110110111111111111—21
W McHie (15)	1101010000100100001101000— 9
Goldsmith (14)	1010111100111110111111101—19
Southard (13)	1111001100011110110011101—16
Adams (16)	1001000001011101011111111—15
Hellman (14)	1110111111111011101111111—21
Levi (14)	1101010010110110101001101—14
Finsted (13)	0000000001010111001101001— 9

SEC'Y.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

June 26.—The Eureka Gun Club's weekly shoot was well attended to-day. The scores in the medal race (25 targets per man) were as follows:

Class A: Ed Steck 23, Glover 23, Stannard 22, Lord 22, Miller 22, Goodrich 20, H. F. Carson 19, Dr. Carver 18, J. Rehm 16.

Class B: Houston 23, Cornwell 21, Lewis 21, Keller 21, J. L. Jones 19, Spreyne 17, G. Murrow 15, Dr. Liddy 12.

Class C: Robbins 23, A. G. Walters 21, Bisbee 19, Meart 16, Morgan 15, R. B. Carson 15, Neta 12.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

June 26.—The Garfield Gun Club's weekly shoot was held this afternoon. There was a good attendance of members, and some capital scores were made. Comley, comparatively a new man at the traps, won the trophy shoot with 24 out of 25, as below:

Stickle	1110111101101011111001110—18
Slocum	1000011010100010010101111—12
Richards	1001111111110111101111101—20
Fehrman	1111111101111111111111011—23
Kuss	1111111101110101110w —16
Shaw	1111111010111111111101111—22
De Maris	0000011001111111110100111—15
Fish	1111111111111011111110101—22
Workman	0110111101111110011111111—20
Bowers	0111111111011111010010111—19
E Graham	1111111110001111111111111—22
Neal	1111101110111101111111011—21
Comley	1111111111111111111111101—24
Baird	0100100111100110110010011—13
E Graham	1111111101100111111000111—19
Eaton	0111101010001100010001110—12
Young	0101111111010111111111110—20
Steiger	0101111111101011011001111—18
Hicks	1111111011111111111101101—22
Meek	0101110111101001101111010—16
Russell	0100110110110000010011010—11

Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

DETROIT, Mich., June 30.—The two days' tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, which was held at the Rusch House grounds, Jefferson avenue, yesterday and to-day, was very well attended, and some good scores were made, despite the stiff wind that blew on the first day.

First Day, June 29.

Among those who took part in the shoot were: J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.; C. W. Walton, Grand Rapids; A. G. North, W. H. Osmun, A. Webb, H. Matthews, W. Gould, Pontiac; R. Merrill, C. W. Boursfield, Bay City; B. O. Bush, H. Waruf, Kalamazoo; George Scheiffler, J. W. Cowell, F. Pixley, G. Scott, W. M. Thompson, Jackson; Geo. Spross, Toledo; F. A. Snow, Cleveland; Thos. H. Graham, Sault Ste. Marie; Frank Stotts, Windsor.

F. A. Snow, of Cleveland, with a total of 112 out of 120 birds, led the day's shooting with an average of .993 per cent. Thos. H. Graham, of Sault Ste. Marie, was second with 179 out of 195 targets, an average of .917 per cent.

The team race, open to Michigan teams of three men, each man shooting at 50 birds, was won by the River Rouge Gun Club. This is the second time the River Rouge men have won the team race, and one more winning will entitle each man of the team to a diamond button.

In the E. C. Handicap, for a silver trophy, W. M. Thompson, of Jackson, with an allowance of 3 birds, made a score of 48, and won the event. It must be won twice, however, to entitle the winner to ownership of the trophy. Thomas H. Graham, of Sault Ste. Marie, and Wood, of Detroit, both scratch men, scored 47 each, and Parker, also scratch man, killed 45 birds.

SCORES OF JUNE 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	50	15	15	Shot at.	Av.
Parker	14	12	10	14	22	14	12	45	13	15	195	.861
Ross	11	13	12	10	..	12	12	..	12	12	145	.648
Waruf	14	15	15	14	20	11	12	38	15	14	195	.861
Boursfield	8	8	9	11	13	7	8	30	11	14	195	.610
Graham	15	12	13	13	24	14	12	47	15	14	195	.917
Bush	12	12	14	11	24	9	11	44	14	12	195	.835
Thompson	13	14	14	13	9	12	8	48	12	15	195	.801
Widdicomb	10	11	10	12	20	14	11	38	14	13	195	.789
Walton	13	14	9	12	19	9	10	42	..	..	165	.775
Davis	9	9	13	10	..	10	11	..	12	15	145	.606
Mercier	10	11	12	9	..	10	7	45	13	12	175	.737
Webb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	31	..	..	50	.620
Wood	11	12	11	9	23	14	11	47	14	14	195	.850
Renick	11	11	11	12	18	15	15	37	12	11	195	.789
Spross	12	13	11	14	..	13	13	..	14	13	120	.850
Snow	13	15	13	14	..	15	14	..	14	14	120	.933
Osmun	13	12	10	10	19	11	8	42	12	..	180	.761
Klein	12	12	9	11	..	12	..	..	11	..	90	.744
Gould	9	7	6	8	..	..	..	37	..	..	110	.609
Matthews	8	9	8	10	18	10	..	42	..	..	150	.700
Brady	10	10	14	11	19	11	..	42	13	..	165	.787
Scheiffler	10	13	11	14	17	6	11	..	10	..	130	.700
Pixley	9	7	10	0	17	9	9	..	8	..	130	.600
J C	..	8	9	13	..	..	8	39	11	..	125	.703
North	..	..	13	..	22	..	..	37	12	..	105	.800
Scott	..	9	12	7	16	11	9	..	13	..	115	.669
Marks	..	..	..	9	21	11	8	39	14	..	135	.755
Merrill	..	..	..	..	15	15	11	42	12	13	135	.700
Daniels	..	..	..	..	19	9	9	47	11	..	120	.791
Cowell	..	..	..	..	10	7	..	..	..	..	40	.650
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	30	..	..	80	.575
Corbett	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..	10	..	45	.711
H Cabanaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	9	..	30	.433
Stotts	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	5	..	30	.333
Pierce	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	33	..	..	50	.660

Second Day, June 30.

The weather to-day was much more favorable, and as a consequence scores ruled higher. It was very hot indeed, and although rain threatened once or twice, the threats amounted to nothing. The main events to-day were the championship medal contest and the shoot for the King's Smokeless trophy.

Thomas H. Graham, of Sault Ste. Marie, captured the championship medal for experts, the highest average for the two days' shooting, his average being .913, and narrowly escaped winning the King trophy. In the latter event he was beaten out by an amateur, Klein, of Detroit, whose previous record for the day did not indicate championship form. However, he killed 25 birds straight and won the shoot-off for the tie, Mr. Graham also having killed 25. It will be necessary for Mr. Klein to win the trophy again before he can own it. In the shoot-off Mr. Klein had a handicap of 5 points, while Mr. Graham shot from scratch.

Parker, of Detroit, won the second prize for average shooting with a percentage of .875, and Waruf, of Kalamazoo, third, with a percentage of .853. The winners of the other medals in the championship contest were as follows: Marks, Detroit, semi-expert; Brady, Detroit, amateur.

SCORES OF JUNE 30.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	25	15	15	Ave.
Graham	14	14	15	15	15	24	15	14	15	25	13	14	.965
Merrill	14	10	11	8	10	21	13	12	11	21	..	..	.707
Snow	14	14	15	15	14	..	14	15	13	..	13	13	.933
Parker	14	15	15	14	14	22	12	15	13	18	14	12	.890
Spross	14	14	14	14	12	..	13	14	13	..	15	..	.911
Widdicomb	14	14	13	8	12	22	9	11	12	23	12	14	.820
Bousfield	13	14	9	13	12	17	8	11	8	11	7	11	.720
Wood	13	14	10	11	13	21	12	12	13	21	16	13	.840
Thompson	13	15	11	14	13	22	8	9	..	23	..	..	.803
Brady	13	14	13	11	12	22	20	..	12	19	..	..	.801
Waruf	12	13	13	13	14	23	12	14	14	18	13	9	.845
Bush	12	14	14	14	14	20	13	13	15	18	8	13	.840
Renick	10	13	14	12	12	21	..	11	14	..	..	..	.802
Davidson	..	12	10	11	12	..	10	..	..	21	..	..	.760
Klein	..	11	..	8	..	17	..	7	..	25	..	..	.716
Marks	..	..	..	..	..	23	13	14	14	21	13	13	.883
Corbett	..	..	..	..	..	19	10	13	12	24	..	..	.918
Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	..	..	.808
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	.800
Turnbull	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	.720
Boyd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	.720
Cabanaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	.640
Wagner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	.600

W. H. BRADY, Sec'y.

Monday of this week, July 5, was a day on which nearly every club in the vicinity of this city held a shoot. This plan of holding shoots on every holiday prevents large attendances at any one grounds, and it would seem better if three or more gun clubs got together and drew lots for the different holidays at the beginning of each season. The club that drew Washington's Birthday would entertain the members of the other clubs on that date, and the club that drew Decoration Day would take its turn at entertaining visitors on that date, and so on. This would insure each club having at least one good re-union on its grounds during the season.

Echoes from Deep Hollow.

Sim Glover is now satisfied that he can kill live birds, and states openly that he will win the *Star* cup at the Missouri State shoot in 1898 without the slightest shadow of a doubt. As Sim puts it: "There isn't anybody down there can beat my combination: Parker gun, Schultze powder *and* myself." And Deep Hollow sends back an echo that sounds like "Quite right, quite right!"

The list of champions at the Oil City shoot was quite imposing: John L. Brewer, champion of the world, etc., etc.; Simon Glover, Kansas City *Star* champion; Charlie Grimm, cast iron champion; Charlie Budd, Du Pont champion; Rolla O. Heikes, champion of the world at targets; Fred Gilbert, ex-champion at targets and ex-Du Pont champion; E. D. Fulford, whose work in the past has made him worthy of championship honors, and who can still make them all hustle to beat him; O. R. Dickey, Grand American Handicap champion of 1896; John L. 147 Winston, the expert rules champion; Ferd Van Dyke, ⅛ reversed order champion (he, Heikes and Charlie Young tied for the Schmelzer trophy at San Antonio in January last); Harvey McMurchy, who *is* a champion although he doesn't claim to be one; Elmer Shaner, champion tournament manager; Brother Bill McCrickart, champion squad hustler, referee, etc.; Gold Dust Fanning, champion seal shot of the Pacific Slope; Col. A. G. Courtney, champion *raconteur* of the circuit, and hosts of other.

Of the four 25s in the Oil City Special, one shot a Parker and the other three L. C. Smith guns. The fortunate quartette were: Sim Glover, Parker, 3¼drs. Schultze and 1¼oz. 7 in a Trap shell; Harvey McMurchey, L. C. Smith and ——— powder (Harvey won't tell his powder); Charlie Grimm, L. C. Smith, 3¼drs. Du Pont and 1¼oz. 7 in a Smokeless shell; Jack Fanning, L. C. Smith gun, 50grs. Gold Dust, 1⅛oz. 7 in Acme and Leader shells. There were five 24s, and two of these shot Parker guns, the other three shooting L. C. Smiths. Two of the five used Du Pont, two Schultze, and one (Wheeler) King's Smokeless.

John A. Wilson, of Franklin, Pa., was very proud of his new Cashmore. Mr. Wilson has certainly gotten a very fine gun; it looks well, is superbly finished, and when held right does the business. Wilson says his main trouble is the "holding right."

President Graham and Secretary Harry Reeser very wisely gave up trying to do two things at the same time—entertain the visitors and shoot. There was a certain amount of self-denial in their putting away their guns, for both of them love to shoot, and can do good work when attending to that business alone.

Harry Thurman, better known as "Father Time" or "Shooting-Blouse Thurman," won the individual championship of the State at targets with King's Smokeless. Harry Shoop (Brewster) won the live-bird championship of the State with 2¼drs. of Du Pont in a Trap shell.

Minge is the name under which J. A. Flick, of Ravenna, O., now comes to the score. We don't know a keener shot than Mr. Flick, and the way he plumps his second barrel into a fast bird is almost more than we can understand, seeing that he has but one arm. Business interests kept him at Ravenna until too late for the targets, but he turned up in time to try his luck in the Oil City Special.

The strain of shooting every week and shooting hard all the time showed itself very plainly in some of the crackerjacks. Gilbert and Heikes in particular looked very weary, and many a round 0 may be traced to "that tired feeling." Everybody who has shot all day and tried hard all the time (and you must try hard all the time if you want to make good scores) knows just how tired they felt when the day is over; multiply that one day by four, and add in two days for traveling, and imagine how you'd feel after a week of it; then proceed and figure out how you'd feel after about ten such weeks. Chief Moon-in-the-face and Dago Chief don't seem to feel it much, but then they're just bundles of knots, at least Moon-in-the-face is. If you don't believe this, utter an Indian war cry in his hearing and then say "good-bye" to your scalp, for he'll have it sure.

Captain Money shot very well indeed at live birds, and we doubt whether he ever shot any better in his life than he did at Oil City. He shot at 53 birds during the two days, and scored 52 of them. He used a Smith gun and 49grs. of Schultze in a Trap shell. The tough part of the whole thing was that his single lost bird was dropped in the Oil City Special when straights were what counted.

One of the most pleasing features of the whole shoot was the way in which the residents of Oil City rose to the occasion and graced the shoot with their presence. And we understand that these same residents were also well pleased on their part with the shoot and the quality of the men who came to the tournament. It seems to have been a popular idea in that section of the country that gentlemen were scarce at tournaments. When they came to Deep Hollow they found that the reverse was the order, and that a nicer lot of men couldn't be gotten together anywhere in this or any other country. They also found that it was not all business by any means. In fact, the State shoot at Oil City has done a great deal to boom trap shooting in that section of the country.

Judging from the setters and pointers we saw in Oil City there must be some good ruffed grouse shooting in the mountains near the city. Deep Hollow and the woods that lined the street car tracks to Smithman's Park looked very "birdy," and it is a fact that some young grouse had a narrow escape of being run over by one of the cars on its trip to the grounds early on the second day of the shoot.

Talking of dogs, Elmer Shaner was presented at this shoot with a handsome Gordon setter dog by the president of the State Association, J. O'H. Denny. The dog was a beauty, and Elmer was tickled mightily with the present, but was much worried at having forgotten the dog's name. One evening, after falling asleep while copying scores, he blurted out: "It's Rupert!" "What's Rupert?" said we innocently. "Why, my dog's name, of course." And he actually looked hurt to think that we'd forgotten he owned a dog.

EDWARD BANKS.

Lake City Gun Club.

MADISON, Wis., June 23.—The two days' tournament of the Lake City Gun Club closed to-day. A total of 24 shooters took part in the programme events on the first day, but only 15 were present on the second day. Below will be found tables giving the records made on both of the days mentioned above:

First Day, June 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	11	10	15	10	20	12	10	15	10
E Bingham	8	9	7	9	5	14	8	19	10	8	10	9
M Johnson	5	10	5	8	9	12	8	..	7	..	..	..
J O'Brien	5	14	6	7	9	11	7	12	9	8	9	..
O Sutherland	6	11	4	7	7	11	10	17	..	8	12	6
J Wheeler	8	13	7	8	6	12	8	14	9	9	11	10
P H Bump	5	11	6	5	4	12	7	..	8	7	9	3
W Waddington	7	12	5	7	3	9	5	14	7	6	9	6
E B Hill	7	5	5	2	3	8	7	12	..	6	8	5
H Levi	6	9	6	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Carter	6	12	8	7	4	9	8	13	..	7	11	8
Estberg	7	14	8	10	10	13	10	16	9	8	12	7
J W Foster	6	10	5	..	..	..	..	15	..	6	9	6
C A Mayer	6	9	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	7	10	..
W Hobbins	3	9	6	5	8	11	5	14	..	7	13	7
C F Ford	7	8	7	..	..	..	..	12	..	7	8	..
R Lang	3	..	2	..	5	..	6	..	..	6	..	..
F Hurd	6	11	2	..	4	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Shuman	..	..	5	8	5	..	..	..	8	..	..	8
F Stoltze	..	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Fauerbach	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
F Curtis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	6	5
J Mallory	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	6	6
F Wootton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	7
C Sloan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..

No. 4 was at 5 singles and 3 pairs; No. 9 at 6 pairs.

Second Day, June 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	20	12	10	15	10
Bingham	8	11	10	9	7	12	7	14	11	7	15	7
Hobbins	7	14	6	9	7	13	6	13	9	5	10	0
Farber	9	12	9	9	8	14	6	13	7	10	10	..
R W Hurd	5	5	..	5	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Himmelstein	9	9	5	3	3	..	7	17	2	7	..	..
Ford	6	..	5	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	..	..
Mayer	8	11	5	7	10	12	..	..	..	9	..	..
Morris	7	13	8	8	9	14	8	15	8	7	..	..
Ertberg	10	13	9	7	10	14	7	..	9	8	..	..
Foster	7	10	9	10	9	11	8	11	8	6	8	4
Mixner	9	14	9	10	9	13	9	16	8	10	10	..
Fauerbach	3	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lang	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kerns	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sanderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..

No. 4 was at 5 pairs; No. 9 at 6 pairs.

C. A. MAYER.

Mr. S. C. Quimby, secretary of the Capital Gun Club, of Des Moines, Ia., writes us that his club will hold a tournament Sept. 14-16, the week of the Iowa State fair, the shoot taking place on the fair grounds. Mr. Quimby adds: "The club will add large moneys and merchandise prizes. Programmes will be sent out about Sept. 1."

South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association.

FARGO, S. D., June 20.—The third annual tournament of the South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association, held here June 16-17, was fully as successful as that of 1896, which was a record breaker among the Northwestern shoots last season. Quite a number of familiar faces were missed this year, but many new ones took their places and were stayers until the last gun was fired. There were forty-five entries the first day and forty-two the second day in the regular events.

Among those in attendance were T. H. Keller, representing King's Smokeless and the Peters cartridges; Dr. D. H. Day, of the *Western Field and Stream*. Both these gentlemen assisted the management in various ways, and made many friends among the shooters. The only shooter from the Twin Cities was Hirschy (Robin Hood), who never fails to attend a Fargo tournament. There were Boenig, McKay, McQuat and Strutton from Minto; Irysh; Mares, Harrold Sturgeon from Wheatland; Dr. Spratley, Flynn, Hill and the Thielmans—father and son—from St. Cloud; Corry and Grassick, from Buxton; Shaffer and Kirlin, from Montevideo; McAndrews, Ellsworth, Wis.; Jones, Atwater, Nelson, and Warren, Duluth—the Minnesota State champions for '95 and '96; Trent, of Wadena, and Taber, of Pork Rapids; Main, of Canada; the Dowey Bros. and Agern, from Fergus Falls; Gakey and Coulter, Dawson, N. D.; Ducke, Larrabee, N. D.; O'Shaughnessey and Baldwin, Bismarck; Blewett and Dr. Rankin, Jamestown, N. D.; Wells, Grand Forks.

The high wind that the shooters faced the first day kept the scores down. The Fargo team were handicapped by having hard work previous to and during the tournament, and their shooting was more uneven than usual. Much interest was manifested in the State event, and the contest was close and exciting. The winner was congratulated by the shooters, and T. K. was especially pleased that the event was won with King's Smokeless.

At the annual meeting of the Association for the election of officers the following gentlemen were chosen: President, J. W. Boenig, Minto; First Vice-President, J. J. Gokey, Dawson; Second Vice-President, S. N. Corry, Buxton; Secretary, W. W. Smith, Fargo; Treasurer, H. E. Magill, Fargo. The retiring president, C. E. Robbins, the founder of the Association, during the meeting urged the members to select officers from new localities, and by so doing arouse interest to adopt new methods and secure an increased membership. The officers elected are well and favorably known to the sportsmen of the entire State, and the Association's interests will be well cared for during their term of office.

SCORES OF JUNE 16.

Below will be found a table of the open events shot to-day, the programme calling for just 100 targets. The totals of those who shot in all events are carried out, thus giving their average per cent.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7		Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	Av.	Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	Av.
Shaffer	8	9	5	13	8	9	52	Hunter	13	9	12	15	9	12	70
L Wilson	9	14	8	11	6	11	59	Phillips	11	15	12	17	13	10	78
Ransier	13	12	14	16	13	10	78	Trent	14	18	12	18	13	9	84
Thielman	13	17	11	14	13	14	82	Taber	9	14	10	19	13	12	77
Mares	4	7	6	11	7	..	..	Shell	11	18	12	16	19	13	88
Boenig	10	13	12	14	11	11	71	Warren	10	15	7	15	10	12	69
Reutschler	11	12	9	10	..	..	..	Jones	10	13	8	15	9	9	64
Stratton	10	9	9	15	5	11	59	Ducke	11	13	11	13	9	11	68
Irysh	7	12	11	16	..	10	..	Kirlin	13	14	9	15	11	9	71
J W D	6	17	10	16	12	10	71	O'Shaughnessy	13	16	10	13	9	8	69
McQuat	10	15	11	14	12	12	74	Baldwin	11	15	8	11	5	9	59
McKay	8	18	13	15	8	10	72	Harrold	10	9	9	12	5	..	..
McAndrew	4	11	8	11	11	8	..	Rankin	8	14	11	13	..	..	..
Cory	6	12	10	12	5	8	53	Bleuett	9	10	11	12	..	..	..
Grassick	9	12	6	7	6	3	43	Sturgeon	11	13	10	17	10	10	71
Robbins	11	19	11	17	13	13	84	Main	9	14	11	16	8	9	67
Smith	8	9	9	14	12	13	65	Wells	12	12	11	14	11	..	..
Carpenter	10	15	13	17	9	10	74	Keller	12	15	9	11	14	13	74
Guptill	11	19	9	17	13	15	84	Robin Hood	12	16	14	18	13	15	88
Hill	13	18	11	17	12	14	85	Roberts	10	12	..	..	8	7	..
Morrissey	10	12	7	13	..	..	..	Coulter	7	16	11	10	12	6	62
Agern	9	12	10	14	12	13	70	Gokey	12	14	8	18	8	9	69
Osgood	8	17	12	16	13	15	81								

The $40 given to all guns making the eight highest averages was divided by Robin Hood 88, Hill 85, Robbins, Guptill and Trent 84 each, Shell 83, Theilman 82, Osgood 81, Rainser and Phillips 78 each, Taber 77. Shaffer and Grassick each received $5 for the two lowest averages.

No. 5 on the programme was a team race—four-men teams, 25 targets per man, $6 per team, $100 guaranteed. The conditions specified "four men from any regularly organized gun club to constitute a team." The St. Cloud team won with Fargo close up.

St. Cloud: W. Thielman 20, Hill 23, Osgood 18, Spratley 18—79.
Wheatland: Irysh 16, Sturgeon 15, Harrold 15, Mares 10—56.
Fargo: Robbins 22, Smith 19, Carpenter 18, Guptill 19—78.
Minto: Boeing 16, McQuat 18, McKay 21, Stratton 21—76.

The Fargo Gun Club won the team shoot in 1895 and won again in 1896, when eleven teams contested. This year some of the team did not shoot up to their usual average.

SCORES OF JUNE 17.

The programme for the second day contained five events, the four given below and the State championship. The totals of those who shot at the 75 targets in events 8, 9, 10 and 12 are given below:

Events:	8	9	10	12		Events.	8	9	10	12	
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*25*	T'l	Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*25*	T'l
Main	9	10	14	..	..	Gossey	14	15	16	17	62
Wilson	13	11	13	17	54	O'Shaughnessy	13	14	17	19	63
Rainser	7	14	13	15	49	Robin Hood	9	13	18	23	63
Stratton	9	12	13	19	53	Trent	14	14	18	22	68
McAndrew	11	3	12	15	41	Taber	9	12	17	22	60
Corey	9	6	7	10	32	Shell	11	11	17	19	58
Grassick	9	4	9	7	26	Warren	11	7	15	22	..
Boeing	12	11	14	21	58	Day	14	11	15	18	58
McQuat	10	11	13	19	53	Hill	12	12	19	20	63
McKay	12	9	16	19	56	Duck	13	13	13	17	56
Phillipps	13	11	18	21	63	Kirlin	11	9	13	18	51
Hunter	9	12	12	18	51	Coulter	12	7	12	20	51
Agern	11	6	15	19	51	Clark	9	10	9	..	..
Rentschler	6	8	9	9	32	Osgood	13	11	18	19	61
Wells	9	7	10	19	45	Carruga	8	10	14	..	..
Robbins	11	9	10	17	47	Thielman	14	13	16	19	62
Smith	11	12	16	17	56	Morton	7	6	..	..	..
Carpenter	11	12	17	16	56	Rusk	10	9	..	..	..
Guptill	11	12	20	21	64	Thorne	14	13	17	16	60
Roberts	11	10	12	..	..	Keller	14	12	19	22	67
J W D	10	10	17	19	56	Baldwin	..	..	17	..	..

The $40 given to all guns making the eight highest averages was divided by Trent 68, Guptill 64, Phillips, O'Shaughnessy, Robin Hood and Hill 63, Thielman and Gokey 62, Osgood 61, Thorne, Taber and Robbins 60, Day, Shell and Boeing 58, Duck, J. W. D., Carpenter, Smith and McKay 56. Grassick with 26 and Cory with 22 were each paid $5 for two low averages.

THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Event No. 11, the State championship event, was open only to members of the Association. The member winning first place receives the State gold badge, to hold until the next annual tournament, when he shall receive 50 per cent. of the entrance money in the championship event; 50 bluerocks per man, no handicap:

Roberts 34, Carpenter 37, Smith 38, Robbins 42, Guptill 41, Main 30, McKay 42, O'Shaughnessy 40, Gokey 41, McQuat 28, Corey 27, Grassie 21. Wells 34, Boeing 35, Duck 31.

Robbins and McKay were high men with 42 each, and shot off the tie at 50 targets, with the following result: Robbins 44, McKay 42. Robbins won by two birds, and is the State champion for 1897.

FARGO.

Pine Bluff Gun Club.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., June 17.—Below you will find score made by our local shooters this afternoon. The grounds and traps have been undergoing repairs, and the targets (for the first time) were thrown from traps arranged on the Sergeant system. This was something new to most of our shooters and accounts for the scores being below the average:

W B Sorrells	1110011011111111011101111111111—25
J T Lloyd	1101111111111111101000100111101—22
Geo Clements	1101010010101111111011110111111—22
W F West	1111100101000111110111010111111—21
J A Coles	1101111101111100001101111111—21
John Speers	1110001100010011111111111010111—20
E A Howell	1111001011001100111110111101001—19
D B Byrd	1111101010101010011010001011110—18
W M Baylt	0000100011110100111000101111101—14
Dr H E Williams	0011111110000101110000000011110—14
H E Marlin	1111110011000100010010100100l0—14
J H Mann	0011011100000111100100010000011—13
W S Harris	0100001011100100000000000000011— 8
M C Cleveland	0010010010000010100000011000001— 8
Edgar Brewster	0100000000001000000010000000— 8

E. A. HOWELL, Sec'y.

Ogden Gun Club.

OGDEN, Ill., June 22.—The shoot given to-day by the Ogden Gun Club was a decided success, there being present about forty shooters. Some exceedingly fine scores were made, as the wind, especially in the morning, made the targets jump around at a lively rate. There were shooters present from the following Illinois towns: Leverett, Thomasboro, Mayview, Sidney, Urbana, Champaign, Savoy, Tolono, Danville, Soloman, DeWitt, St. Joe, Mansfield and Penfield; also J. H. Mackie, representing the Peters' Cartridge Co. and the King Powder Co., of Cincinnati, O.; he shot in fine form, losing only 10 birds out of 165; and there was not a question of doubt as to the ones he hit being broken.

A feature which added to the enjoyment of the shoot was the dinner given by the ladies of the Christian church, of Ogden. J. R. Watkins, the genial editor of the Ogden *Courier*, was squad hustler, and seemed to be able to take care of that part, although he did not get a chance to show his shooting ability. Tyson and Miller, visiting shooters, both shot in good form after the first two rounds. Mr. Gere, of Urbana, was the lucky man to draw the bicycle in that event. The King Powder Co. and the Peters' Cartridge Co.'s event had the most entries, there being thirty-one entries. The success of the shoot was due to the efforts of Mr. McKinley, as he worked hard all day during the shoot. I am sure the club will have a much larger crowd next year, owing to the royal manner in which the shooters were treated by all the members of the Ogden club. Below find the scores of the shoot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*
Mackie	9	9	13	10	10	9	10	10	10	15	17	9	14
Robertson	3	9	10	3	5	9	8	5	7	11	16	8	12
C Irle	7	9	14	9	10	8	10	9	9	12	16	7	13
Cad	10	9	14	6	8	6	9	10	9	15	16	9	12
Emery	10	8	14	9	7	9	9	..	9	..	16	..	..
Redmon	7	9	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
McKinley	7	9	13	..	8	..	..	8	7	10	16	8	11
Flynn	6	9	13	9	8	6	7	8	8	11	..	7	10
Jas Fisher	9	..	7	..	8	..	..	..	..	12	..	7	..
Tyson	9	10	13	9	9	7	10	8	9	15	17	8	14
L Irle	9	6	11	7	..	..	..	9	7	14	13	9	13
Helton	7	..	9	..	..	..	..	6	10	13	17	..	..
Doyle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	10	..	..	..
Walton	10	7	13	8	7	9	8	7	8	11	17	7	12
Tom Taylor	10	..	..	..	6	..	9	..	..	8	10	..	9
J H Percival	7	9	11	8	6	..	..	..	8	10	14	9	13
O Percival	9	10	11	7	9	9	..	..	9	9	15	..	12
Fenters	6	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	6	..
Daniels	8	4	..	..	5	5	6	..	..	14	..	5	..
Watkins	9	..	..	7	..	..	5	7	..	9	..	8	11
Waterson	5	6	..	..	5	4	..	..	..	12	..	9	12
Jess Waterson	7	6	11	..	9	..	..	..	..	15	15	8	..
C A Percival	8	9	10	8	8	7	..	..	6	11	16	..	12
C O Long	7	..	..	..	4	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
M Lennington	9	7	..	6	8	8	7	..	..	12	..	6	..
Wisthull	9	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Stewart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	8	13
Kirby	9	..	11	4	..	5	9	..	8	11	17	8	..
Nonemacher	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Spilver	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	6	..	8	..	3	..
Miller	..	..	14	7	8	8	10	10	9	14	17	10	12
Gere	..	..	10	8	8	6	8	8	5	11	17	8	12
Spradling	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Benjamin	..	..	..	7	8	..	..	9	9	12	..	..	..
Wills	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McPherren	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	8	..	..	..
Brennan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	18	..	..
Goodell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Centers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Leach	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	4	..	..	..

HENRY.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 23.—The Boston Gun Club's day arrived, as usual, and the customary complement of shooters were at Wellington this afternoon, together with a very impressive wind. The latter had considerable effect on the scores, the best in the match being 18, while not a solitary straight put in its appearance during the afternoon. Otherwise the breeze was a most welcome visitor, for the general temperature was of a heated character; so much so that the different events were partaken of in a leisurely fashion quite in keeping with the rapidly rising thermometer.

Summary as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*6*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*		*10*	*10*
Brown	7	7	4	8	7	7	..	..	..	..	..
Woodruff	7	7	2	5	10	7	5	5	1	9	8
Chadwick	7	6	4	9	4	4	5	6	..	6	5
Miskay	8	6	3	6	11	7	8	..	..	6	9
Benton	5	5	3	9	6	4	..	..	..	..	..
Nickols	6	6	..	2	6	4	..	..	..	..	..
Wild	..	3	1	8	8	4	2	6	..	5	..
Spencer	..	7	4	9	11	7	9	9	2	9	9
Horace	..	..	..	6	9	8	8	6	1	8	..
Measure	..	..	..	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sturgis	..	..	..	2	4	2	2	4	..	2	..
Whittle	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	4	..

Events 1, 4, 5, 7 and 11, known angles; 2, 6 and 8, unknown; 3, pairs; 9, miss-and-out; 10, reverse pull.

Merchandise match, 25 targets, 15 known, 10 unknown, distance handicap:

Spencer (18)	1011101111110011—11	0011111110—7—18
Miskay (17)	1101001101111111—11	0011101111—7—18
Horace (16)	0110111101010l— 9	1111001111—8—17
Woodruff (17)	1011111101101001—10	0111111100—7—17
Brown (15)	0010101111100100— 7	2101011011—7—14
Wild (14)	0111100001111100— 8	1001000101—4—12
Benton (14)	0010001110001011— 6	0100100110—4—10
Nickols (15)	0110001101001000— 6	11101 —4—10
Chadwick (16)	0001000011000011— 4	1001100010—4— 8
Sturgis (14)	0001000100010l0— 4	0000100001—2— 6
Whittle (15)	0010100010001111— 6	.... — 6
Measure (15)	0000011000100l001— 4	0000000000—0— 4

BOSTON.

Pawtuxet Gun Club

PAWTUXET, R. I., June 26.—As a contrast to last Saturday, to-day was decidedly windy and not at all favorable for high scores, but still three men beat their records all the same. W. H. Sheldon, in addition to breaking 25 straight in the club shoot, also ran 25 straight in practice. Messrs. Armstrong and Bain were the others who broke their previous bests on record. In shooting at and breaking his 50 straight, Sheldon used a Smith gun and Walsrode powder. Scores were:

W H Sheldon (0)	1111111111111111111111111 —25
R C Root (3)	1100110010111011100111101111 —19
W Mooney (3)	0001100111110001101101011111 —17
F Arnold (3)	1110100010110110011101101011 —17
S D Greene, Jr., (0)	1101011101110101111111111 —20
H W Bain (5)	1101111111111101101011011111l0 —24
Repeater (7)	1000011011110001111000a0011l0011—16
J. Armstrong (7)	1011101110111111000101111111111l—25
Kenyon (7)	1010000100110000000001010111001—11
A Hawkins (4)	1101010010001110110011011010l —16
Mathewson (7)	0100100000111000011O
Blackmer*	110010001100100
F Cary (0)	1110001111001101111011011 —17
W Thorne (7)	1001100101011011100100100001111l—17

* Guest.

PAWTUXET.

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. J., June 23. The following scores were made to day by members of the Catchpole Gun Club, all events being at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	*20*	*10*	*20*	Targets:	*20*	*10*	*20*
Foster	16	6	12	Egnor	16	8	13
Wadsworth	13	7	15	Olmstead	..	7	11
De Witt	18	10	16	Cosard	..	6	13
Seaman	20	8	16				

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

Marlin Gun Club.

MARLIN, Tex., June 25.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Marlin Gun Club: 20 targets, known traps and angles:

Turner	11111111111111111111—20	Emery	0111111010110110100—13
Keesee	1110111011111101l010—15	Sheep	0111100000010110011O— 9
Oltorf	1111110110101101010l—14	Fountain	111101001011000 — 8
C W Rush	1011111101l110010110—14	Spencer	1100010111010000000— 7
Ross	1110100111101110l010—13		

E. R. EMERY.

Bison Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 24.—Several members of the Bison Gun Club, of this city, were present this afternoon at the grounds of the club, Walden avenue and City Line. In the badge shoot Brandy won the Class A badge; 3:3 and Mack tied in Class B, and Appel won in Class C. Scores in all the events shot were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*20*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*10*	Targets:	*20*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*10*
Mack	12	9	19	24	8	15	..	..	Bauman	..	..	..	17	..	12	19	..
Foxie	18	..	17	18	11	23	13	8	3:3	..	..	..	11	14	..	10	19
Wilson	17	..	..	16	..	18	..	..	Estes	..	..	11	14	..	..	17	..
Ditton	..	10	12	..	8	12	10	..	Brandy	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..
Danser	..	10	15	..	4	15	8	4	Vine	..	..	..	..	9	15	..	6
Zoeller	..	..	12	..	12	15	..	..	O'Leary	..	..	8	..	..	4	11	..
Appel	9	..	13	16	9	18	..	..	Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Lentner	..	..	..	..	4	10	..	7	Kauffman	..	..	..	..	5	..	11	..
Francis	18	16	14	20	8	22	..	..									

June 26.—Two live-bird events were shot to-day on the grounds of the Bison Gun Club. The scores in these events were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Bauman	111212112101212—14	21101—4
Mignerey	2121221111110222—14	.....
Foxie	1211111222•2121—14	.....
Ditton	1221222001222222—13	21121—5
Francis	1222122212221100—13	.....
Kinner	2110112212•1110—12	.....
Mack	112101•11222012—12	.....
Appel	01221•11•102122—11	.....
Danser	1212122001212200—11	11202—4
Kauffman	1100101111100011— 9	21121—5
Estes	.....	22201—4
Beebe	.....	01221—4

C. H. WERLIN, Sec'y.

Team Race at Newburgh, N. Y.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., June 26.—Five-men teams, representing the Glenwood, the Marlboro, the West Newburgh and the Peekskill Gun clubs, took part to day in a race, 25 targets per man, on the grounds of the Glenwood Gun Club, of this place. All targets were thrown from a magautrap, and a high wind that blew all the time made good scores hard to make. The result of the race was: Glenwood 96, West Newburgh 93, Marlboro 90, and Peekskill 87. Detailed scores follow:

Glenwood Gun Club.

Dickson	0111111111111111111111110—23
Stanbrough	1011011110111111111111111—22
Henderson	1111111010111110011111001—19
Hoff	1101101100111101101111110—18
Morrell	0001011010001110101101111—14—96

West Newburgh Gun Club.

Apgar	1111111111111101011111110—22
Wood	1111111111011111011111010—21
Hill	1110101111010011011111111—19
Likely	1100111111100101111110011—17
Higgonson	1000001111101101000111101—14—93

Marlboro Gun Club.

Covert	1011111011111111110110110—20
T Rhodes	1101101110011011111111101—19
F Covert	1111101011101010110111101—18
J Rhodes	1111111111110010001111100—18
Wyatt	1001010111101110100011100—15—90

Peekskill Gun Club.

Halsted	1100101111110111111111111—21
Mason	1100011111101111011101011—18
Dain	0000111011100111111101111—17
Horton	0111001111101010110011—16
Everinghim	1001000011110111110110101—15—87

W. M. STANBROUGH.

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 19.—The second monthly shoot of the Cook County Trap Shooters' League was held Saturday, June 19, on the grounds of the Calumet Heights Club, at Calumet Heights, Ind.

Only two clubs had enough members out to enter teams for the trophies. These two were the Garfields and the home team, each having fourteen men present. Of the remaining six competitors, four were from the Eureka, one from Garden City and one from Cicero. The threatening weather during the forenoon no doubt kept a larger number away, who otherwise would have been present.

SCORE OF LEAGUE SHOOT.

Garfield, Class A: Shaw 23, Kuss 24, Richards 21, Paterson 22, Graham 21, Neal 23; 134.

Calumet Heights, Class B: Booth 21, Young 21, Houston 22, Lamphere 24, Turtle 16, Marshall 16; 120.

Calumet Heights, Class C: Norcom 22, Harlan 15, Chamberlain 13, Bordker 14, Greely 20, Schmidt 18; 102.

The others who shot were as follows:

Garden City: Ruble (A) 25.

Eureka: Steck (A) 23, Glover (A) 23, Ferguson (B) 21, Morgan (C) 18.

Garfield: Edgar (A) 21, Von Lengerke (A) 16, Fehrman (A) 18, Hicks (A) 17, Bowers (B) 24, Palmer (B) 14, Russell (C) 9, Eaton (C) 9.

Cicero: Barnard (C) 12.

Calumet Heights: Metcalfe (B) 13, Whitman (B) 11.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 24.—A number of Milwaukee shooters had a shoot at live birds this afternoon at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing. O. von Lengerke, L. Goodrich and A. C. Paterson, three Chicago shooters, took part in the shoot also. Scores were:

*Von Lengerke	2222222222•222202222211•2 —22
Thos Shea	202111012•01020111120102—17
Theo Thomas	1112202020122211112121211—24
J E Bush	1022102120 — 7
J B Doe	1122•0021200•02111•001221—15
W G King	001121•2222220202120 —14
H Vose	2121101012111011100•22•100—16
E Silverman	2201222221102•21•21021020—18
*L Goodrich	1211112220 — 8
*A C Patterson	21121212•20 — 9
H Vose	21221 — 5
E Silverman	220122110222 —10
J B Doe	1022 — 3

* Chicago men.

RAVELRIGG.

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., June 19.—The first of a series of medal shoots was held on the Portsmouth Gun Club's ground this afternoon. The series will be continued weekly until Sept. 25. The shooters are divided into three classes, each man shooting at 15 targets in his respective class. Three medals, one for each class, will be awarded to the shooter making the largest number of wins in the series. Below are the scores of to-day's contest, Noone winning in class A, H. Philbrick in class B, and Menim in class C.

Class A: Noone 13, Frizzell 11, Nenick 11, J. Weston 10.

Class B: H. Philbrick 12, W. Philbrick 11, Brown 9, Lewis 8, Weston 7.

Class C: Menim 8, Dow 7, Charlsen 6, Roper 5, Dennett 1, Hussey 1.

W. J. PHILBRICK, Sec'y.

Cameron Gun Club.

CAMERON, Texas, June 26.—The Cameron Gun Club was organized on June 23 with the following list of charter members: G. C. Averitt, F. A. Black, John Cammer, E. Palm, C. F. Baker, S. G. Boyles, F. L. Evans and M. L. Worcester. The club held its first target shoot on Friday afternoon, June 25, the club event being at 16 targets per man. Below are the scores:

Cammer 14, Boyles 12, Black 11, Averitt 11, Worcester 11, Baker 8, Palm 7, Evans 4. Three visitors were present and shot along: McCord 10, Gillespie 9, Johnson 3.

After the shoot the following officers were elected for the ensuing twelve months: President, G. C. Averitt; Vice-President, C. F. Baker; Secretary-Treasurer, S. G. Boyles.

S. G. BOYLES, Sec'y.

Worcester vs. Uxbridge.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 26.—The second team race between the Worcester Sportsmen's Club and the Uxbridge Gun Club was decided to day on the grounds at North Worcester. The home team won easily with a score of 275 to 246. A strong wind interfered materially with the making of good scores. The scores in the team race were:

Worcester Sportsmen's Club: Snell 38, Forehand 37, Kenerson 37, Link 36, Smith 33, Walls 32, Rugg 31, Roach 31—275.

Uxbridge Gun Club: Day 35, Noyes 34, Forde 32, Johnson 32, Burbank 31, Whiting 29, Rawson 29, Mansfield 24—246.

Several other events were shot during the afternoon, the attendance of shooters being very good. In the L. C. Smith trophy event Forehand was the winner.

V. D. KENERSON, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

THE ENDEAVORS WIN AT HACKENSACK.

June 26.—The second team race of a series of three arranged between the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, and the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, was decided this afternoon on the grounds of the latter club near the depot of the N. Y., Sus. & Western R. R. at Hackensack Both teams were fairly representative of the club, but each was minus one or two men who would have made a good showing. As it was, the race was a very close one, and when Carl von Lengerke the captain of the Endeavors, went to the score with Hildreth as his opponent, both being the last men on the respective teams, the Bergen County men were 4 in the lead, Carl, however, was in form and broke 24 out of his 25, while Hildreth fell off his shooting and dropped 11 out of his 25. The Endeavors thus won by 6 breaks. The detailed scores of the race were as below:

Endeavor Gun Club.

C von Lengerke	1111111111011111111111111—24
E Collins	1111111110111111111111111—24
E Banks	1111111111011111111111011—23
J S Dustin	1101011101111111110111111—21
G H Piercy	0101101111111101111111100—19
Dr De Wolfe	1111111000111011011111110—19
Ed Taylor	0101110011010110101111111—17
C W McPeek	1101000111110110010111111—17
L Piercy	1011102110100100101110101—15
A R Strader	0010010111111001100101001—13—192

Bergen County Gun Club.

F Sinnock	1011111111111111111011110—22
M Herrington	1111111111111001111001111—21
Conklin	0111101111011110111011111—20
Griffiths	1110011111011110111101111 - 20
R Snyder	1011011011111111100111111—20
J Raymond	1001111111111011101110101—19
H P Fessenden	1100011111110111101011111—19
G Ricardo	0101111111011010110100101—16
T W Thomas	1111011000110100110001111—15
J Hildreth	0110101011101011000011011—14—186

THE E. C. CUP.

This same afternoon the E. C. cup monthly contest was shot off, Dr. De Wolfe scoring his second for the cup, Herrington chasing him to the finish. This race is a handicap affair, an allowance of extra targets to shoot at being awarded by a handicapping committee of the club. The allowances were shot off in the team race to save time, both Herrington and De Wolfe making highest possibles of 50 each. Wood, who was not on a team, had to break 9 out of his allowance of 10 to give him a highest possible. As he dropped his 1st and 3d targets of his allowance, he withdrew, having no chance to tie for the cup, On the shoot-off at 25 targets each, De Wolfe won with 24 out of 25, losing his 2d target; while Herrington lost his 2d, 11th and 19th targets, going out with 22 out of 25. The full scores in the cup race were:

De Wolfe (5) 51, Herrington (5) 52, Raymond (12) 49, C. von Lengerke (4) 48, H. P. Fessenden (9) 48, Banks (0) 43, Collins (4) 43, McPeek (8) 43, Snyder (11) 42, Taylor (5) 41, Wood (10) 41, Sinnock (0) 40, Dustin (3) 40, Thomas (3) 40, L. Piercy (5) 40, Coles (8) 39, Warner (14) 39, G. H. Piercy (4) 38, Hildreth (8) 38, H. Blauvelt (12) 36, Stern (15) 36, Strader (8) 34, Everett (14) 26, Crawford (14) 26.

Coles, Warner, H. Blauvelt, Stern, Everett and Crawford did not shoot out their allowances.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

June 26.—There was plenty of shooting to-day at Elkwood Park, but the attendance was only light. The main event, No. 5, the Jubilee Handicap, 20 birds, $20, had only five entries. Of this number Phil Daly, Jr., was high with 19. The list of events shot were as below: Nos. 1 and 2, $5 miss-and-outs; Nos. 3, 4, 6, 8 and 9 were 10 birds, $10 The detailed scores, together with each man's handicap in yards, follow:

	No 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No 6.
Dolan (29)	2	0	02001221	212022221202	(29) 02220
Ballard (29)	0	2222	112 22112	0010	(30) 221211222
Toland (28)	0	210	00220212	0212211100	(27) 2000
Daly (29)	0	1211	22001111	222200222110	(29) 2022202
Clancy					(26) 2011110

	No. 5: Jubilee Handicap.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Ballard (29)	0122222101112102122	(31) 222200	00022212220
Toland (28)	2211122220222102222	(27) 222212210	0220210120
Daly (29)	1112221122201121122	(29) 1121211212	2102212210
Clancy (27)	0002020100102001 00	(26) 1120000	
Dolan (29)	2101202101120	(30) 2122211120	00112100
Marryatt		(26) 1120011110	1111121212

No. 9 was another 10-bird race. It resulted thus: Ballard (31) 10, Daly (31) 9, Dolan (29) 3 out of 5, Toland (26½) 2 out of 4.

CLIMAX GUN CLUB.

June 13.—The Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, held its monthly shoot this afternoon. The attendance was quite small, only four members taking part in the club event. Scores in this event were:

Manning (1)	1111101111101110111111111011 —22
Brantingham (1)	1011110101111101111111111 —21
Lister (10)	0100111100011111110100110001001l011—20
Darby (5)	1011111100101110001110011111001 —19

D. DARBY, Sec'y.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. Y., June 19.—The prize this week was won by J. W. Fulford, who scored 24 out of 25 in the club shoot at 15 singles, expert rules, and 5 pairs. The prize was a silver cup, donated by C. R. Mizner. The detailed scores of to-day's events were as below:

J W Pulford (0)	111111111111111	11 11 11 10 11 —24
J Pfeiffer (3)	101101111111111	10 10 11 11 11—20+3—23
Brunner (4)	101111111110111	10 10 11 11 00—19+4—23
J G Kilbourne (1)	111101110111111	10 10 11 11 11—21+1—22
Marks (3)	111000111111101	10 11 11 11 10—19+3—22
C R Mizner (4)	111101111111111	10 10 00 10 10—18+4—22
E Fairchilds (3)	111011011111101	11 10 01 10 01—18+3—21
Wheeler (3)	011110001111101	11 00 11 11 11—18+3—21
Bennett (4)	101100111111111	10 10 10 10 10—17+4—21
J G Deck (1)	101111111110110	10 10 10 11 11—19+1—20
Davidson (2)	011110001111101	11 10 01 11 11—18+2—20
H L Gates (0)	110011111111110	10 00 01 11 11 —18

June 26.—The scores made to day by members of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association in the club shoot were as below, there being four ties for first place:

Pfeiffer (4)	111111111110111	10 10 10 10 10—23
Brunner (5)	111100111110011	10 10 01 01 11—21
Wheeler (3)	111111110111111	10 10 11 11 00—23
Mayhew (0)	101011110111110	—11
Dr Judson (1)	011111111111001	11 01 10 11 10—20
Dick (1)	011111001000111	11 11 11 10 10—18
Scott (2)	111111110111110	00 10 11 00 11—20
Fairchild (2)	111010111111111	10 11 11 10 11—23
Davidson (2)	101001111111111	11 10 11 00 01—19
Haight (5)	011011100101101	10 01 10 00 01—17
Gates (0)	011111111111111	11 10 01 11 11—22
E D Fulford (0)	111111111111101	10 11 00 11 01—20
Cummings (5)	011101111111001	10 11 01 10 10—22
Mizner (4)	101101011111011	11 11 10 11 10—23
Bennett (5)	101110001111111	01 11 11 00 00—21

C. R. MIZNER, Sec'y.

Lockport Gun Club.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 18.—At the last regular meeting of the Lockport Gun Club, it was decided to purchase a Winchester repeating shotgun and offer it as a prize to the shooters of our club, same to be a handicap event of 25 targets, each man except Ward and Covert, the scratch men, to shoot at the number of birds that they may miss in the 25, and the man who wins it five times to become the owner. This event to-day was won by Mr, Moody with a score of 25 and no ties. Event No. 4 was for the badge representing the championship of the club. Ward has now won it three times, Covert twice, and Forest once; this badge is to be the property of the shooter who wins it five times. Below find scores of the whole shoot. Most of the members of the club expect to attend the Dusky Park shoot at Olcott, July 3, and the Audubon shoot July 5:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	25	25	10	10	10	10
Moody	5	8	11	22	20+5	7	9	7	7
Covert	10	10	13	21	23+0	8	10	8	9
Angevine	3	5	11	15	20+3	6	7	..	..
Benedict	7	..	14	21	23+1	9	..	6	5
Mann	7	4	11	21	21+3	8	..	..	..
Atwater	5	6	11	16	21+3	9	6	..	..
Ward	..	9	14	23	22+0	8	9	8	9
Forest	..	7	12	22	23+1	8	9	10	7
Burt	..	..	12	..	.....	5	..	..	..
Wilson	..	..	13	20	20+3	5	..	..	..
Bauker	..	..	4	..	.....	..	..	..	..
Hall	..	..	..	11	18+9	8	..	7	..
Faust	..	..	..	..	19+4	..	..	..	..

No. 9 was at 5 pairs. GOLD DUST.

ON LONG ISLAND.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

June 22.—There was an excellent turnout of the members of the Hell Gate Gun Club this afternoon at Dexter Park. The occasion was the regular monthly shoot of the club at 10 live birds per man. Four straight scores were made: Eugene Doeinck, John H. Voss, Fred Frostel and Henry Forster The club handicaps its members in these shoots for yearly prizes under a double system of yards and points. Below are the scores made:

Thirty yards rise, 7 points:

Eugene Doeinck	2212221221—10

Twenty-eight yards, 7 points:

John H Voss	2211122111—10	Wm Sands	2222022222— 9
Fred Frostel	1111111221—10	E Payntar	2221022121— 9
Peter Garms	1101221122— 9	Phil Woelfel	0221100021— 6

Twenty-eight yards, 6½ points:

Emil Steffens	1122111101— 9	L T Muench	1112002222— 8

Twenty-eight, 6 points:

Henry Forster	2112122121—10	Ernest Metz	1121102•20— 7
John Schlicht	2212111102— 9	J P Dannefelser	0002122102— 6
L H Smith	01211211•1— 8	John Kreeb	0002100122— 5
Conrad Weber	0211•20212— 7	Jac Himmelsbach	0202101010— 5

Twenty-eight yards, 5½ points:

C Schaefer	1221012?•1—8	R Regan	0110112200—6
E Peterson	•112222012—8		

Twenty-eight yards, 5 points:

C Lang	1002111210—7	C Rabenstein	210•100001—4
A Knodel	220201220•—6		

Twenty-six yards, 4½ points:

J Newman	1220201221—8	J Link	12000021•0—4
L Stelzel	1010010292—6	E Marquardt	2000120002—4

Twenty-six yards, 4 points:

J Kessler	2021012210—7	F Guy	0010000101—3
F W Richter	1•20021222—7	G K Breit	0102000000—2
M Stern	0200120010—4		

FALCON GUN CLUB.

June 24.—Five members of the Falcon Gun Club took part this afternoon in the club's monthly live-bird shoot at Dexter Park. C. M. Meyer scored all his birds, but, the shoot being under "Falcon Gun Club Rules," which provide that a second-barrel kill only scores half a point, his total of points was only 8. Moller made 6 points, Bohling 5½, and J. N. Meyer and Von Staden 5 points each. Scores were:

C M Meyer	2111111112—10	J N Meyer	111020•210— 6
J Moller	0011001111— 6	H Von Staden	1101000221— 6
J Bohling	1210010110— 6		

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB

June 26.—The semi-monthly target shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held this afternoon at the Dyker Meadow grounds. W. H. Thompson won the club shoot in Class A, C. C. Fleet winning in Class B. Scores:

Class A: W. H. Thompson 23, J. Gaughen 22, D. Deacon 20, F. A. Thompson 19, D. C. Bennett 16.

Class B: C. C. Fleet (shot at 27) 18, D O'Brien (shot at 25) 15

In the Bennett cup shoot Gaughen won with 22 out of 25. Scores in this event were: Gaughen (A) 22, W. H Thompson (A) 21, F. A. Thompson (A) 20, D. Deacon (A) 18, Dr. O'Brien (B, 27 targets) 18, C. C. Fleet (B, 27 targets) 14, G. Osterhout (guest) 18.

Four sweeps were shot, all at 10 targets, and all at unknown angles, with the results given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
W H Thompson	8	7	4	6	D C Bennett	8	6	8	..
F A Thompson	6	7	7	8	Dr O'Brien	..	6	9	4
C C Fleet	5	2	5	5	Deacon	8	8	9	..
J Gaughen	7	5	6	..	Osterhout	..	..	..	8

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

Mr. Gates and the Rose System.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with interest in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM the letter of Mr. Gates, of Utica, on the Rose system, and I venture to say that if all those who, like Mr. Gates, feeling that they can "shoot some," should get into a class tournament where there were no *contributing members*, that shoot would be short-lived. Witness the late State shoot. The "Wolves" were not satisfied with devouring each other, but must also feast upon the "Lambs." Why? Because "there was more money in it," as quoted in your report last week. That is, notwithstanding the entry fee for events was one-half of the former, the list was larger and the number of 75 per cent. men who were willing to be shorn was greater. Hence the descent of the "Wolves."

The change in the manner of dividing the purses in favor of these same "Wolves," and no doubt, at their request, was not right to say the least. The Rose system, as published in the programme, should have been adhered to; or if entries were fewer than expected, the moneys could have been made five and four.

The argument of Mr. Gates appears to be based entirely upon a plan for the element of luck to drop into a convenient place "all alone" and thereby "make expenses." It is true that we are a gambling nation. We gamble whether we shall draw the next breath; gamble on the prospects of another meal; we take chances of life, prosperity in business, health and many other things necessarily. The Rose system does away, to a certain extent, with this eternal gamble, and to my mind, therefore, is one of its best features.

There are many professional men who, like myself, shoot at the trap for the relaxation from business, and the recreation the diversion brings.

In no sense of the word do we go into it for profit financially. Naturally, therefore, we cannot and do not ever expect to classify ourselves as experts. We should like to attend a few tournaments a day at a time. It brings us into many new and pleasing acquaintances and makes sometimes strong friendships. Incidentally we shoot a little, never getting our money back and satisfied if we draw down even a little. Under the Rose plan we can occasionally help to pay expenses and are content financially and feel that the outlay has not been too great to prohibit a repetition and a subsequent meeting of old faces in new places.

If the Rose system handicaps the expert and favors the weaker shot it is no more than all handicaps do in all other sports. Bicycling, billiards, yachting, etc., all have their handicap races, why not trapshooting.

In event No. 6 of the "Lambs" on the third day, in which I had the pleasure to participate, there were twelve entries at $1 each. Purse of $12, divided 40, 30, 20, 10, resulted as follows: One man broke straight and received $4 80, six broke 14 and divided $3.60, 60 cents each; two scored 13 and divided $2.40, each getting twice as much as the 14s; two with 12 each received same as those who scored 14.

There is certainly no one who will be frank enough to claim that this was a fair division of the purse.

In the absence of anything better than the Rose system, and until some wise man can invent an improvement in the matter, we are certainly bound to accept it as the best we have to date.

P. H. MASON.

Androscoggin Gun Club.

LEWISTON, Me., June 24.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Androscoggin Gun Club:

Merchandise shoot, 25 targets per man, handicap allowance: Joslyn, 20+5—25; Strickland, 15+10—25; Haskell, 14+10—24; Eastman, 13+10—23; O. P. Keyes, 12+10—22; Cain, Doten, Murrow and Bean, 21; L. Keyes, 15+5—20; Godfrey 19, Taylor 14.

The scores for the Doten challenge cup were as below:

Doten	0111101110011111111011111—20
Merrow	0111000011101111111111101—18
Cain	1111111011010001011111011—18
Nason	0111101110101110101001011—16
L Keyes	0000011110111011111111100—16
O P Keyes	1010110110010100101110101—14
Godfrey	1100101111111010111100011—17
Haskell	0110101100011100110001011—13
Taylor	0000011011101111101011111—17
Eastman	1010111101101100110001101—15
Alley	0100010000111000111111101—13
Joslyn	1111101110011100010110011O—15

Sandwich Gun Club.

SANDWICH, Mass., June 26.—The Sandwich, Mass., Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot this afternoon. As only four members put in an appearance, by dividing shells we had thirty-eight apiece, so we shot at 38 bluerocks per man, unknown angles:

G Haines	1001111111111101111111111101111111111111—34
E Haines	0011110110111001111111110011110111111110—28
S Jones	1000111110110110011110011111111111010—27
W Procter	0100111100101110010901001001010110101001—18

G. H HAINES, Sec'y.

Bland Ballard, of Louisville, Ky., has returned to the Jersey coast for the summer months, and is just as busily engaged as ever bowling over live birds from the Elkwood Park traps. Ballard is shooting very well (as he always does), and will render a good account of himself at both Hollywood and Elkwood Park before he goes into winter quarters at Louisville

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., June 24.—The following scores were made by the Fort Smith Gun Club at a practice shoot to-day. The targets were thrown from three bluerock traps arranged on the "Sergeant system." Some of the targets were crackajacks, sailing gaily along for 75 or 80yds. They were a little too swift for some of the boys, but they will get on to them after awhile. Scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
W R Duley	75	61	81	F Baptiste	75	45	60
W A Leach	100	79	79	J S Miller	50	25	50
W J Echols	75	59	78	E E Payne	50	24	48
J Matthews	100	76	76	W A Martin	50	17	34
J Edlin	75	51	68	C Boyd	50	16	32

NOTES.

Duley was suffering from a sick headache, but managed to lead the gang. The boys suggested that he had better stay sick all the time.

Will Echols said, "Oo-e, see 'em go," when the first bird left th trap and darted over into a cornfield.

"Ain't she a daisy? Best system I ever shot under," said little Joe.

Leach missed his first bird and then ran 16 straight—the largest run of the day.

Messrs. Martin and Boyd shot on a wager of something less than a hundred. They both expressed themselves as determined to break 'em all next time.

Baptist says he is going to get him a new $500 gun and then, oh then! look out for buck rabbits.

Eldin says something way down under his breath when he misses a target. The boys have been wondering what it is. Perhaps he is calling on his mascot. Then again perhaps he isn't.

The club shoots every Thursday evening. SECRETARY.

Soo Gun Club.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., June 17.—Below are the scores made by the members of the Soo Gun Club this afternoon, the occasion being t fourth of the series of handicap medal shoots. The event was shot over the magautrap, and some of the boys showed a marked improvement since the hard practice during the Soo Gun Club's bi tournament last week. With the assistance of a handicap, Otte made a possible 100 per cent, and will wear the medal until the next shoot, July 8:

		Broke.	Handicap.	Tota
Brott	1110111110111110110111010	19	0	1
Meyer	1011011011011100011111101	17	3	
Geiser	0000010001110000100010101	8	12	2
Hamilton	1111011010010001000100110	12	0	12
Boyd	1011101111011011001011110	17	5	22
Campbell	1000011111111110011101111	18	3	21
Harris	0001001110010111001100101	12	1	1
Duncan	1011011010000101110111110	15	7	2
Otten	1111111011111111110110011	21	7	2
Hawman	0100111001001010101111100	13	7	2
Hunter	0111001111011001100000101	13	7	20
Keefe	1100011011100001011101101	15	4	19
Powell	0011001100001110011110110	13	0	13
McNamara	1101011000011001011100101	13	0	13
Boyer	1110001010010001010000010	9	9	18
Grandy	0010110010110101111011010	14	8	22

BLUE BIRD.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., June 20.—Below are the scores of members of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club, made at their regular shoot to-day. The attendance was smaller than usual, owing to the fact that a few of our members were in attendance at the tournament of the Northwest Sportsman's Association:

H W Thompson	1011111010000000110000110—
R E Rodgers	1101110111111100111000011—
J Forbes	1101111001001010010101111—1
M R Rutherford	0111100110111101110000010—1

R. E Rodgers wins gold medal, and J. Forbes wins silver medal.

June 27.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of th Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Eddy won the gold medal, and Menard the silver medal:

R A Eddy	1111111111111011101111110—22
C E Flowers	1011111111110001100101111—17
J A Forbes	1010100110101111000101110—14
W E Graham	1101000001010110000010011—10
J P Menard	1110110011101110101111010—1
M R Rutherford	1110111000001111011101100—
T T McLeod	1000110101010000001101000— 9

W. E. GRAHAM, Sec'y.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., June 19.—The following scores were made to-day at the regular weekly shoot of the Omaha Gun Club:

Loomis 19, Whitener 19, Hughes 19, Townsend 19, Dickey 19, Johannis 19, Kenyon 18, Randlette 18, Parmelee 18, Eklab 17, Bates 17, Brucker 16, Squirrel 16, Carmichael 16, Searle 15, Kyote 14.

June 26.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of th Omaha Gun Club:

Squirrel	1110111111111111011—18	Parmelee	1111101011111110111—17
Krug	1111111111010111111—18	Townsend	1011100011101111111—1
Latshaw	0111110111111111111—18	Ca'micha'l	0111101011101111010—14
Loomis	1111101111111011111—18	Whitner	1111111110101011001—15
Brucker	0111111110111111111—18	Elroes	1111101000101110110—13
Kenyon	0111111111111111101—18	Johannis	1100001101100111011—12
Bates	1111111110011111111—18	Kyote	1111010101010111110—14
Ekalb	1111101111111111110—18		

W. D KENYON, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

G. R. V., Indianapolis, Ind.—Please give me the record weight of small-mouth black bass caught in river or brook. Ans. We have no record relative to river fish. The largest small mouth bass taken from a lake of which we have record weighed 10lbs.

C. M. P., Kittery, Me.—1. Can you tell me whether it injures a full-choked gun to use cut shells in it? 2. Also the correct method of cutting the shells. Ans. 1. We think there is risk of injuring the choke and would not advise the practice. 2. Cut the shell between wads so that it just holds together.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

In Southern Mountains.

SPECIAL RATES FROM ALL POINTS ON SOUTHERN RAILWAYS TO CONVENTION OF INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN WORKERS BLACK MOUNTAIN, N. C., JULY 18 TO AUG. 5.

FOR the Christian Work and Bible Study Assembly of the International Christian Workers' Association, held on the grounds of the Mountain Retreat, at Black Mountain, N. C., the Southern Railway has granted one fare. These rates are good for all those who desire to attend this assembly, which will be held for ten days, July 20–29, inclusive. Going tickets may be purchased July 18, 19 and 20, with final time limit Aug. 5 This assembly is intended for all who are interested in Bible study and special phases of Christian work, and is under the direction of the International Christian Workers' Association, Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, Jr., rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Providence, R. I., president, and Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, Conn, secretary The altitude of the assembly grounds at Black Mountain varies from 2,700ft. to 5,700ft. The Association offers the use of its grounds for a nominal sum to any who desire to pitch their tents and make a camp during the time of the assembly. It is only eight miles from Mount Mitchell, the highest mountain this side of the Rockies. Full particulars concerning rates and otherwise can be obtained from any ticket agent on the Southern Railway, or General Eastern office, 271 Broadway, New York city.—*Adv.*

E. C, and Schultze Agencies.

THE American E. C. and Schultze Powder Co. L'd., announces the names of twenty-six agencies they have appointed for the sale of E C. and Schultze.

The list includes representative names among the leading sporting goods jobbers and dealers all over the United States.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1897.

VOL. XLVIX.—No. 3. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

There is not a fluttering leaf, a rippling rapid, a silver cascade, a momentary sun-glint, a passing shadow, a bird note, a tiny flower, a feathery fern, or any one of a thousand other things of beauty we see and hear where our pastime draws us, which is not remembered by the appreciative angler equally with the rise and strike and swirl of trout or salmon. George Dawson.

CONCERNING A SUMMER DELUSION.

RABIES and hydrophobia, the former denoting the madness attributed to the dog, the latter a form of the disease conveyed to man by inoculation from a rabid dog's bite, and both diseases of such frightful virulence that their very names inspire mankind with a feeling of horror, hold an exceedingly peculiar position in the realm of medical science, inasmuch as many physicians maintain that both diseases are so rare that they practically have no existence, while others strenuously maintain that they do not exist at all. And yet, institutions devoted specially to the treatment of these diseases have a constantly increasing patronage, and seem to flourish financially. The daily press has its annual run of mad-dog stories. Indeed, the summer season would be shorn of some of its most dreadfully delightful news features, so far as the daily press is concerned, if rabies and hydrophobia were myths. The policeman in search of heroism, the reporter in search of a story, the crowd in search of excitement, and the vulgar craving so common to humanity to see something killed, would lose much in the way of opportunity if mad dogs could be discovered no longer. The common ignorance which prevails in respect to all that pertains to diseases of the dog, and to rabies in particular, added to which is the fear of it which dominates all other emotions, is a condition favorable for the ready acceptance of any story whose subject is a mad dog.

Nearly all physicians hold that most of the cases attributed to the inoculation from the bite of a rabid dog are mimetic or the result of suggestion. The fact of the existence of simulated diseases, caused by dread, imaginary symptoms and expectant attack, is well established.

All authorities on the subject agree that this disease is no more prevalent in summer than in winter. It is strictly infectious, and can be transmitted only by inoculation. The common belief that it develops spontaneously is an error. However, the summer heat does harmfully affect the dog betimes, producing attacks of vertigo, apoplexy, epilepsy and forms of craziness, as it does man under similar circumstances; yet whatever may be the real disease with which a dog is affected, it is almost to a certainty diagnosed as rabies by the first observer, who without fail raises the cry of "Mad dog!" and begins the sensation. Men suffer more from nervous attacks in summer than in winter, yet the dog is subject to greater hardships consequent to the heat than is man; for his body is closer to the earth, and, therefore, is exposed to the full intensity of the reflected heat; and let him need water ever so badly, there is little and often no provision for him to satisfy his thirst in the streets of a great city. Lolling, panting, suffering and faint, he must toil along till he finds water by accident. If he should show any frenzy, his death is certain in the instant.

There is a vulgar belief that the dogdays are so-called with special reference to the predisposition of the dogs to go mad within that period. The name has no reference to the dogs directly or indirectly. It simply denotes the sultry part of the summer, from a part of July to a part of September, and originated in a belief of the ancients that the conjunction of the rising of the dog star with the rising of the sun caused the oppressive heat of summer, and the consequent maladies. Losing its original significance with the lapse of ages, it was an easy matter to transfer as pertaining to the dog the name and all the ill it boded.

It is undoubtedly true that rabies and hydrophobia exist, but so rare is either disease that few physicians have seen a case. The cases of the newspaper sensations are not rabies. Most of the so-called hydrophobia cases in man are simulated—the result of nervous dread. The newspaper mad dog is always highly excited and frothing at the mouth. The really mad dog trots along slowly, oblivious to external objects unless they obstruct his movement, when he snaps at the animal or object and resumes his way. The mad dog does not froth at the mouth; the discharge is thick, ropy, tough, and harassing to the dog, for he endeavors to remove it with his paws or to relieve it by plunging his head in water. The common belief is that the mad dog is afraid of water. On the contrary, he is not afraid. He seeks it and drinks a great deal, unless, as in some cases, the muscles of the throat become paralyzed. He rarely barks, or whines, or yelps. His voice has changed to a tone peculiar to rabies, and he uses it in a hoarse, croupy howl which is easily recognized by anyone who has once heard it. The disease may be weeks in developing, and when it reaches a certain stage the dog seeks relief in wandering far from home. He does not attack maliciously. In a frenzy at being annoyed or interrupted, he snaps and goes on.

President John Haines, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has performed a public service by opportunely stating the truth in this matter, through the medium of the public press and through the Society's excellent publication *Our Animal Friends*.

As a result of the recent hydrophobic scare in England, some stringent regulations have been imposed on the importation of dogs from the United States, though such act would seem to be deficient in common sense, as the disease exists and has existed in England from time immemorial. There is no record of any rabid animal ever having been exported from Ameirca to England, hence the precaution is groundless.

Much valuable information will be gathered relative to this subject between this time and the next quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club, by a committee composed of eminent specialists, and the public may then learn definitely whether the disease is rare or mythical.

THE RETURN TO SAVAGERY.

THIS is a phrase frequently employed about those persons who enjoy going into camp, lounging about in their most ragged clothes, and rejoicing in the independence of entire freedom from the conventions by which most of us are bound amid home surroundings. The form of words is expressive and true. Nothing is more attractive than to throw off for a little while the trammels of our daily life to get rid of the tight clothing that we commonly wear, and to substitute for a white shirt, with its stiff collar, one of flannel that is soft and loose. At such times we like to work hard with our bodies, and to let our heads rest; to make the skin of our knees and hands hard and callous by long contact with saddle or paddle or rope or axe; to do in a month of summer or autumn more hard physical labor than we perform in the remaining eleven months of the year. We enjoy this because in doing these things we measurably return to natural conditions, and because the contrast between these occupations and those of our usual life is sharp. A woods vacation is a true and genuine vacation from conventionalities.

We are likely to imagine that it is only the civilized man who has this feeling, but this is scarcely true. There are in this country a quarter of a million people, many of whom have just emerged from a condition of savagery, and who are making their way with slow and painful steps toward civilization and self-support. Under these changed conditions they live like the white man—wear "store clothes," dwell in frame houses, sit in chairs, sleep in beds and eat at the table with knives and forks. But many of the older Indians recall a time in their lives, when in warm weather clothing was a superfluity seldom thought of, when the small boys in summer were clad in a string about the waist, and a belt with a breechclout constituted the wearing apparel of the men. The people remember those bygone days with pleasure, and even Indians who are well advanced toward civilization, who have comfortable houses, and farm and raise stock, and have begun to accumulate property, sometimes long for a return to the old-time life. So every summer, about the Fourth of July—the white man's great medicine day—they are likely to move away from their houses and to go into camp, just as they used to do.

The horses are turned out to feed on the hills, and the lodges are pitched in a circle, with the larger home of the head chief in the center. As of old, the women go to the creek for water; or, outside the lodge, they ply the axe on some tough log. The children play about the lodges or splash in the stream, and at night the dogs howl at the moon from the hilltops. Again, as of old, one hears the feast shout; the droning voice of the old crier, as he proclaims the order of the camp or exhorts the young men to do what they ought to do; or the tapping of drum by a doctor or a party of dancers.

If the crier is seen in his march about the camp, it will be found that he has cast aside for the time his hat, coat, shoes and trousers, and luxuriates in garments which consist of little besides the human skin. If one goes into a lodge where some old men are gathered, they will be seen to have discarded all modern clothing, and to be sitting cross-legged about the fire, either entirely naked, or wearing the old-time leggings or moccasins, but at all events, stripped of the garb which they always assume when they visit the agency, and which has, in fact, become the dress of ceremony. Even during this luxurious period of camp life the white man's clothing is donned again if a feast or a council is called.

Oddly enough the younger generation—those young men and boys who have been born since the new order of things came about, and since the white man's dress became the usual one—do not revert to the primitive customs of their ancestors in respect to clothing. They still wear, even during this season of relaxation, boots and spurs and trousers and coats, so that in the same home where the father sits naked by the lodge fire, the grown-up son near him is completely clad, and by his side lies his wide-brimmed cowboy hat.

Human nature is everywhere the same, and though the long civilized man is, in time, a little further distant from things purely primitive than is his changing red brother, he still enjoys the return to such conditions, though not with the pure delight felt by the old Indian, who once a year, for a short time, lives again as he really used to live when he was a boy.

SNAP SHOTS.

WAS it Andrew Lang who wrote of a wary old trout, fished for by all the experts for years with every device and lure and stratagem known to the honest angler, and circumventing all their wiles, only to fall victim at last to a tickler or guddler, or some other inhuman fisher dolt? Something like it has just happened in Columbia county, New York, where some years ago a planting of brown trout was made in the Harlemville stream, a brook tributary to the Philmont reservoir. For a long time one of the fish, a monster of such prodigious size as to turn fishermen as green with envy as the banks from which they beheld him, had been known to haunt a certain pool, to which ambitious anglers of two States had resorted, time and again, to drag him forth. For all of them the old fellow proved too wary; or, if it came to a test of strength, too strong for their fancy tackle. He had made a record of many seasons of broken tips and parted leaders; but his time came. A few days ago Benjamin Snyder with stout pole and cable yanked him out. The hero who had so often come out ahead in a fair-play contest with foes worthy of his best dodges, yielded at the end to the unequal odds of catch as catch can with a bean-pole. He measured seventeen inches around, and twenty inches in length, and weighed ten and a-half pounds.

Persons interested in stocking preserves with foreign game birds have encountered an obstacle existing in the present tariff law which forbids the importation of such eggs. This clause was put in the Act of 1894 at the suggestion of Senator Lodge, who represented that the eggs of canvas back ducks were being largely imported into this country. The Senator was led to this view doubtless by the fanciful story then current that millions of duck eggs were being imported from the northern regions of this continent for use in the manufacture of albumen. The purpose of the Act was esteemed a most commendable one and the prohibition eminently wise, until the FOREST AND STREAM demonstrated that no such duck egg industry existed. In the tariff bill now under consideration the clause with respect to the importation of birds' eggs has been changed, so that the eggs of birds which are not edible are put on the free list. This has been done at the suggestion of Senators Hoar and Lodge, who declare it to be their desire to protect the eggs of the singing birds. The provision should be modified further to admit of the free importation of eggs of game birds.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—IV.

A Winter Hunt on the Summit of the Rockies.

Investigating the Bear Den.

OUR second day in camp proved, for a wonder, to be fair and warm, differing in this respect from almost every other day on the whole trip. Had we known then what we found out later, we would all have gone sheep hunting that day; but we felt that as we were now well into our hunting country, and were practically sure of getting game, we could afford to take our time to it. It was decided to let O-to-kò-mi go out on the mountain where we expected to find our sheep and make a little prospecting trip, Schultz telling him to kill a sheep for meat if he was able to do so. Schultz and McChesney concluded to stay in camp that day, the latter being somewhat tired from his hard work of the day before, they announcing their intention of trying to catch a mess of fish through the ice. That bear den up in the mountains was still troubling me a great deal, so Hunter Powell, Billy Jackson and myself concluded to go up and exterminate the grizzly.

When we three started up the mountain side through the timber we had the benefit of the trail broken by our party the day before, but found it a steep and wearying climb none the less. Along toward noon we came to the country where Powell had located the suspicious-looking hole in the snow, and finally he stopped and pointed out the spot to us. We then stopped talking, and were as quiet as we could be while making our investigations. Billy looked curiously at the hole and announced that, so far as he could see, it was a mighty good prospect for a bear den. The snow all around was 5 to 8ft. deep; yet here was this round hole, some 6in. across, leading down into a black and cavernous interior, from which came a faint mist of steam as of some warm body down below.

Billy told us to loosen the straps of our snowshoes and get ready to shin up a tree if anything sudden happened before we were ready. Then, arrogating to himself the post of danger, he cut a long pole and prepared to poke out his majesty, if he happened to be at home. There was a sharp little depression in the snow which fell off into the head of a deep coulee, and the whole of the supposed den was about half-way up the bank of snow which lined this depression. Across the hollow, a distance of some 6 or 8yds., there rose a high drift of snow. Powell and I stood on this drift, with our rifles ready for action, and Billy stuck his rifle in the snow, where he could grasp it at once, in case there should be need. Our plan of campaign was that as soon as anything was heard from inside the den, Billy was to grab his rifle and throw himself down the snow-bank into the hollow, rolling clear of the bear if it came out. Hunter and I were to open fire on sight, and it certainly seemed as though with two .45-70s we could blow the head off of any bear before it could much more than get out of the snow. If we did not succeed in doing this, and if the bear charged us, Billy was to open on the flank of the bear as soon as he could get up out of the snow far enough to shoot. I don't think there was a great deal of danger in this plan, unless it might have been for Billy, who might have been caught before he could get away from in front of the hole, in case the bear had charged very rapidly out of the den.

What actually happened, however, was that the bear did not charge rapidly, and, in fact, did not charge at all. And indeed I shall have to admit that there was no bear at all. Billy prodded in the snow for a time with his long pole, and finally stuck his face down to the hole in the snow and called, "Come out of here, you hibernating son-of-a-gun!" There was no response. Then he proceeded to dig down the sides of the big cave which we found existed under the whole of the snowdrift at that point. We found that the snow was melted clear to the ground over a space some feet in extent, and when we cut down the front of this cavern we could see a black hole running in under a fallen treetop. It was a most likely looking place for a bear, but we were finally forced to conclude that the snow must have been melted by warm steam or gases coming up from a piece of hot ground on the mountain side. No one has ever heard of any geysers or hot ground formation in this part of the mountains so far as I know, but we certainly discovered some such thing in our hunt for our grizzly. I was keenly disappointed at this, for we had all felt pretty certain that a genuine bear den had been discovered. Had there been a grizzly actually sleeping there in the snow, there might have been a good story for some one or other to tell.

When we started down from the mountain side we could see Schultz and McChesney far out on the lake, looking like little dots. By the time we got down to the camp they also had come in, and we got a bite to eat. The fishermen had succeeded in taking eighteen trout, some of them regular beauties, so we were promised an addition to our bill of fare for the evening. The Two Medicine Lake is simply alive with trout in the summer time, and prettier trout water one never saw than this lake and the stream that runs into it.

Along late in the afternoon Schultz and McChesney concluded to take a walk through the woods beyond the head of the lake, in the direction taken by O-to-kò-mi that morning. Schultz told me that he had seen a marten trail a few hundred yards above the camp, so I decided to put out a deadfall and see what I could do about getting a little fur. I built my trap by cutting a hole in the side of a big pine tree, thus making a little house for the bait, so that the snow would not drift and cover up the bait. Below the bait house I cut a notch in the tree trunk on which I rested my bed log, and adjusted the fall log so that it covered up all the bait house, excepting a hole big enough for a marten to go in. I spent a great deal of time on the architecture of this trap, and was very proud of it, but I may say that nothing ever came near it excepting some big-footed rabbits, who seemed to have looked at it with considerable curiosity.

Prospect for Meat.

While I was working at my marten trap I heard three shots fired over in the direction which had been taken by Schultz and McChesney. I supposed that they were firing at grouse, as the shots did not seem to be more than a mile away. After awhile they came back down the trail and I asked if they had been shooting. "No, sir," said Schultz, "that was Charlie Rose, hammering sheep!" At this we all felt very exultant, for we knew that O-to-kò-mi would not shoot at anything but big game, and we felt morally sure that we would have meat in camp that night. We waited with impatience for his return, meantime all repairing to the lodge and getting ready for a big supper, for which we had acquired very competent appetites.

When O-to-kò-mi came into camp no one said anything to him nor expressed any interest in his success. He came in and sat down by the fire, and after a wait of some minutes, in which due gravity had been shown by all, he at length told in fragments the story of his day.

"*Oo-o-mah*," said he, "there," pointing to the mountains from which he had just descended, "plenty sh'ip."

"How many?" asked Schultz. And Charlie replied that he had seen several bands of sheep, and had counted seventy-three sheep in all! This, provided that he really understood English numerals, was certainly a most extraordinary showing. Such a quantity of mountain sheep as that is rarely seen by all the hunters on the longest hunt in any part of the country. At that moment each of us in his heart felt that he would certainly kill a sheep, and that without any difficulty. It being contrary to etiquette to manifest any curiosity as to the number of sheep O-to-kò-mi himself had killed, it was some time before the fact transpired that he had not killed any at all! This he admitted with a very crestfallen air, and Schultz told us not to guy him about it, as he was feeling very badly over his poor marksmanship. In the morning Billy Jackson had counted him out thirteen cartridges. "Here, Charlie," he said, "I'll give you a lucky number, and I want you to kill thirteen sheep, at least." O-to-kò-mi had to admit that he had fired away all his cartridges, and had only come home because he had nothing more to shoot with.

"*Mat aksi nama!*" said O-to-kò-mi with emphasis, meaning thereby that his gun was no good. Now, it happened that on this hunt I had given O-to-kò-mi my .30-30 Winchester, reserving for myself the .45-70, which I thought would be better for affairs at the bear den in case we found a bear. This .30-30, as I have earlier stated, had a Lyman rear sight on the tang, and this sight was perhaps elevated when the gun was given to Charlie, or else he thought that he would be obliged to use it. At any rate, he seems not to have known how to turn it back so that he could use the open sights which would then be left on the rifle. O-to-kò-mi had never before used a Lyman sight, and from what he said, it is likely that he had got the aperture of the sight full of snow, or else was trying to sight over the top of it. He said that he could not see through that kind of a sight, and expressed his contempt in general for that sort of an outfit. He expressed by signs his convictions that if he had had along "*O muk-sim-nama*" (the big gun), meaning my .45-70, he would have killed "plenty sh'ip." As we all knew him to be a good shot and a good hunter, we understood that the fault had been simply his lack of familiarity with the little rifle, and we did not poke any fun at him, since he felt so sore over the matter. He told us that on the next day he would take us to the sheep, and that we could probably get all we wanted without any trouble. When we asked him how far he had gone, he replied vaguely that he had "been far," and rubbed his legs significantly. We learned afterward that he had traveled clear across the top of the mountain and down on the Cut Bank side. By this he must have gone a distance of fifteen miles or more across country.

Lodge-fire Cookery.

We had no sheep meat for supper that night, but really, we did not need it. Billy Jackson took hold of the position of *chef* for that evening and proceeded to cook a meal big enough for about twice our number, had that number not included trencher talent of so pronounced a type. Billy Jackson would be lost in camp without a Dutch oven, but once provided with one of those comfortable utensils he can do all sorts of wonderful things around a lodge-fire. Billy's theory seems to be that it makes no difference what you put into one of these cast-iron pots, it is bound to be good when it comes out. In the bottom of the pot he laid, this time, a structure of crackers, over which he put two or three layers of fresh trout. Then he built on top of this a superstructure of beans, pork, tomatoes, beef, macaroni, and everything else he could get his hands on, throwing in a little salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, etc., for luck, as he went along. Billy was busy talking all the time he was constructing this imposing dish, and he never seemed to give any thought about the amount of salt, pepper or anything else he was throwing into the pot, but there must have been method in his madness, for out of the charmed Dutch oven arose nothing but the most savory odors and proceeded nothing but the most toothsome morsels. While the big stew was simmering the coffee-pot was likewise at work upon another corner of the fire. Presently they both were taken off the fire, and with some curiosity I interviewed Billy's *pot pourri*, more especially as to the trout, which I was confident most be ruined by the summary process which had been served upon them. Yet, to my surprise, the trout were not spoiled at all, but, on the contrary, were excellent. They were not baked, nor boiled, nor fried trout, but steamed trout, and anyone who thinks they were not good must be one who was not there to help dispose of them. They came out of the pot very little disfigured, but cooked thoroughly and ready to fall apart at the touch. We ate them all up, and ate up everything there was in the pot, and drank an unconscionable lot of coffee, as hunters in camp will do, and then lay back happy around the lodge-fire, nearly all the party hunting for pipe and tobacco.

O-to-kò-mi became more communicative after a time and told us of his hunt. Then we began to tell each other about others of our hunts, and so the evening sped away. Billy Jackson was, as usual, called upon to tell a story of his early days, and described to us how he was once entertained at an Arickaree village when he was returning to Lincoln after the disastrous defeat of Custer at the field which bears his name. Schultz gave us still further descriptions of Indian life and Indian lore, and we were well on toward midnight before we realized how late it was. Then there was a hurried scramble into the bags, for we had concluded that we must make an early start on the morrow, which was to be the first day of our general sheep hunt. There was a very comfortable feeling in camp that we were over the worst of our experiences and now upon the point of success in the quest upon which we had come so far.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

A TRIP TO EASTPORT AND THE MAINE WOODS.

WE had talked about it, read about it, and dreamed about it, but where to spend our summer vacation we did not know. Maps too numerous to mention were carefully studied and laid aside. Of summer resorts we found many, and the picturesque mountain regions were not overlooked by any means.

Ned ———, who was to be my companion, was an enthusiastic sportsman. He had made many trips to the Maine woods, where so many stories about marvelous catches of fish and prodigious bags of game have originated. It was through his influence that I consented to go East. We had another week before vacation, and during that time we were kept busy getting things in readiness for the trip. Our fishing rods were once more taken from the attic and freed from their dusty coats. The guns, which had been laid away for many months, were disturbed from their quiet resting-place and given a general cleaning up. Two cameras, with several dozen plates, completed our outfit.

On the morning of Aug. 4, two sleepy fellows could have been seen at the railroad station anxiously waiting for the incoming train. We lost no time here, as the train arrived on scheduled time, and less than two hours after leaving Newburyport we arrived in Boston. We made quick time across the city to Commercial wharf, where we boarded the commodious steamer Cumberland.

After waiting patiently for nearly two hours we felt relieved when the captain came to the forward deck and cried out: "All ashore that's going ashore!" Five minutes later the ponderous engines began their fifty-two hours of continuous labor, and the boat moved slowly out of the dock.

The wharves then appeared to twist and turn and move rapidly away. The people who but a moment ago were closely gathered around their friends, appeared now like mere dots as they wended their way homeward. As we moved out to sea, the high buildings of the big city disappeared from view one by one, until nothing could be seen save the gilded dome of the State House as it flashed back the rays of the morning sun.

We were due at Eastport at 12:30 next day, and promptly at that time the lines from our boat were cast ashore at this famous seaport.

As the steamer moves slowly along coming up the bay it gives one an excellent opportunity to view the water front, lined with its fleet of vessels. The first thing that impresses a stranger, via nostrils, is the herring and sardine industries, whose packing houses line the river front for nearly a mile. As we neared the wharf many types of humanity could be seen, which were interesting to look upon, to say the least; and as the gangplank was lowered into position they formed a line on either side and watched the crowd with keen interest as they moved slowly ashore.

Wandering up from the wharf through the main street the evidence of the great fire of 1887 is omnipresent in the new structures bearing that date, the last one erected being the handsome new Government building, built entirely of granite at a cost of $125,000.

Throughout the town many quaint old homesteads remain to keep alive the memory of the past. Brick sidewalks and edgestones are something unknown to the people of Eastport. Go where you wish, you will find nothing but plank-walks, which in many places are elevated high above the street. The street life here resembles that of any other sea port, where the old fishermen, with rounded backs, gather on the street corners and discuss the catches of the past and present.

As one walks around admiring the fine buildings they hardly realize that they are on an island; but if they take the pains to climb to the top of the hill back of the town, they will soon discover that they are surrounded by water, and from this place all the matchless beauties of the quaddy region unfold themselves as at no other point. Looking northward, the St. Croix River and Chamcock Mountains are seen far below. Eastward, the fair bosom of Quoddy Bay set with its hundred isles. Southward across to Campobello and old ocean, and still further to Grand Manan, that lifts its purple walls along the horizon until blended out of view.

Boarding the stanch little steamer that plies between Eastport and Lubec, we were soon on our way across to North Lubec, which lies but three miles away. This quaint and picturesque village is also given up to fish and fishing, and here is situated the summer camp grounds of the New England Y. M. C. A.

After climbing a long flight of slippery stairs, which had been left uncovered by the receding tide, we found ourselves on a high wharf overlooking Chamcock Bay. A few minutes' walk brought us to the top of the hill, and from there all the beauties of the surrounding country could be seen to advantage. In every direction hills and wooded knolls rear their heads above the forest. Miniature lakes and rivers flash back the light of the sun, and stone walls appear like strings of beads in their winding course over the hill tops. If there ever was a place especially designed to enrapture the artist and lovers of nature, it surely must be North Lubec. It is possible that nature, when laying out her domains here below, may have made a more beautiful spot, but it is doubtful. The air, far sweeter than any we had ever breathed before, filled the lungs with a morning brace that makes one wish it could be bottled for future use. Nearly every morning a dense fog bank hangs over the bay which lasts nearly all the forenoon; the air being damp and heavy, it, of course, makes the surroundings look anything but cheerful, but when it clears away the view is very striking. As the sun creeps up, the heavy mist, which hangs like a bridal veil, moves, ghost-like, among the thickly covered banks and islands, rising higher and higher, in obedience to the warm rays, till lost to view in the upper ether.

Time passed very rapidly here in gunning, fishing and boating. Plenty of game birds could be seen at any time in their flight to the numerous islands in the lower bay. Trout were found quite plentiful, but a trifle small. The brooks were very low, and the muddy shores made it almost impossible to get near the edges. For miles around the shores were cut up with deer tracks, and in many places it was evident that they had no little difficulty in freeing themselves from the treacherous mud while trying to quench their thirst. Four days had now passed since our arrival at Lubec, and for a change we decided to go further down stream and visit the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians and learn something about the larger game. Next morning we were up bright and early and on our way down stream before sunrise.

The tide was flowing at a rapid rate, and it required but little labor at the oars to carry us along by the thickly wooded shores with startling rapidity. We arrived at the

little village before the sun had fairly cleared the distant hilltops. Here we found everything in its quietude. Two or three of the Indians, with guns, were seen hurrying toward the dense forest, but they paid no attention to us. We said nothing, but watched them as they passed over the distant hilltop and wondered what specimen of the fur or feathered tribe would accompany them on their return home. A few minutes later a score or more made their appearance, which made the village present quite an animated scene. They were large muscular fellows, with high cheekbones and distorted faces.

Their costumes differed but very little in ornamentation. A dirty flannel shirt, dilapidated trousers and seal-skin moccasins form the daily apparel of a large proportion of



CAMP ON THE BANKS OF COBSCOOK BAY.

them. While strolling around the village we came across a group of wickerware makers sitting upon the ground busily engaged at their work. This was a subject that I had been wanting for a long time, and not many minutes passed before our cameras were in position and ready for a picture, but they were an inquisitive set, and of course dropped their work quickly and gathered around us. Being unable to speak their language we could not explain what we were about to do. The more that was said to them the more stupid they seemed to grow.

Getting impatient we began packing up our cameras, and this seemed to have the desired effect, as they returned to their places at once. We placed our cameras in position again only to find them crowding around us once more.

After a long time the older ones seemed to understand what we wanted them to do, and after consulting with the others they walked lazily away. But then it was with no little difficulty that they were induced to return to their places again. For the first time we realized that it was no easy task to obtain pictures of picturesque people in the backwoods; they are most apt of all to regard any attempt to photograph them as an attempt on their lives; this is especially so with the younger class who, when a camera is pointed at them, run about with the agility of a squirrel seeking a place of safety.

The few who did consent to have their pictures taken proved so wooden-headed that it was difficult to get them to pose properly. A snap-shot was taken, however, and then the trouble began. Evidently they had never before been visited by the camera fiend, as they are entirely ignorant of the camera and of course knew nothing about the time required to produce a finished picture. Gathering around us they began to clamor in an excited manner and wanted to see the picture which they had now found out something about. They insisted on having a copy at once. Explanations were out of the question, of course, and the predicament became anything but humorous. Promising them a copy at some future day we departed in time to look up some more scenes of Indian life.

The fact that more than three-fourths of the population are full-blooded Indians is enough of itself to account for much of the picturesqueness of customs and costumes. They are expert basket makers, and all sorts of things are skillfully made from the hammered ash, and so gayly colored that it would drive a peacock to suicide to look at them. Canoe building is another occupation which many of them engage in before the hunting season commences. We saw a dozen fine canoes at different places which were receiving the finishing touches. These Indians are fine workmen, and with a few strips of birch bark and a little pitch, both of which are gathered in the forest, they will mold out a canoe of which any one would feel proud to be the owner. An Indian would not be a true red man if he did not care for hunting, while they depend largely on canoe and basket making for a living. Yet they do not by any means let it interfere with their hunting. A close watch is kept on the shores of the river and the borders of the woods around them, where deer, moose and bear make frequent calls. During the hunting season it is seldom that their tables are found without fresh venison. If the number of hides which are seen stretched on the doors of their shanties drying in the sun is anything to go by, then they must have been well rewarded for their long tramps in the forest. The farmers in that vicinity seldom have any trouble from these Indians, in fact they owe a great deal to them for thinning out the skunks and foxes, who have no regard for the prize fowls that wear blue ribbons at the fairs.

Among the treasures of the Passamaquoddy Indians, it is said, is a letter from George Washington, written from his army on the banks of the Delaware, Dec. 24, 1776, in which he expresses his pleasure that the Passamaquoddies had accepted the chain of friendship he sent them the preceding February.

Early in the afternoon the wind suddenly changed to the eastward and blew with great force, the cold, damp wind penetrating our thin clothing until we became almost chilled through. Had it not been for the green branches swaying and twisting above our heads and the fresh meadows below us, we could have almost realized that we were in the Icelandic region.

We tried to gain admittance to several of the shanties, but found out that it was no easy matter to do so. Following the narrow path which led down through the valley to our boat, we came to another path which crossed in an opposite direction. We followed this path, and it brought us to the top of a rocky knoll, and from here we saw away out at the foot of a great hill, where the crows and chickadees call all the year round, a dilapidated shanty, which looked as if it had passed its usefulness many years ago. On going nearer we saw smoke rising from the canted chimney on the opposite side. "Surely, it must be serving as a shelter for some one," said Ned, as he glanced at the coils of black smoke rising high in the air. Whether enemies or friends we were going to find out, and in another minute we were wending our way quietly along the narrow path that led through a little patch of vegetables which seemed to be struggling hard for existence.

"Who is going to rap at the door?" Ned asked, in a whisper, as if all the wildcats and bears around had taken possession of this old house and were lying in wait for their victims. These foolish thoughts soon came to an end, and we had now arrived at the door. In response to a vigorous rap an old Indian half-opened the door and peered out; then the door was opened wide, and we received an invitation to enter. Although the room was filled with musty air, we were glad to gain admittance to this strange dwelling, where kitchen, dining-room and parlor were all one. After finding each of us a comfortable seat, which was nicely covered with deerskins, he introduced himself as Sopahel Selmo, chief of the Passamaquoddy tribe, he having held that position for several years. On looking around, the first sight to meet our eyes was the huge black fireplace on the opposite side of the room, built entirely of turf and clay, forming a very rude affair. From a large birch log coils of bluish-black smoke were constantly rising. Embers were smoldering on the large, flat stone in front, while the old black kettle was steaming away its cheerful notes from the crane above.



SOPAHEL SELMO, CHIEF OF PASSAMAQUODDY TRIBE.

Upon a threadworn mat, which was his household luxury, lay a large black dog, which for days and weeks at a time is his only companion. In the corners and on the shelves many quaint and curious articles were to be seen. Weapons of fearful and wonderful pattern filled the room. A gun of ancient model stood against the wall, and this weapon he values highly for its shooting qualities. Dried apple of a coppery hue hung in graceful festoons from the smoke-colored beams above. A stock of sea-bird wings were drying on pegs over the fire-place, showing that many members of the feathered tribe had fallen a prey to the skill of this lone hunter.

Probably there are cobwebs there to-day which were mansions of cheerful spiders when he took possession a half century ago. From an opening at the back of the fire-place, which Selmo called his oven, a pan of steaming hot biscuits were taken; these, with a dish of black molasses, were placed on a table, and an invitation given us to sit down and enjoy the meal with him. Although extremely hungry, we did not have the courage to accept the invitation to dine in that style. The biscuits had a knotty appearance, and looked as though they might make one feel a trifle heavy-laden if they ate one; and as we were taking no chances in this lonely region, we thought best to hold out till we arrived at Lubec.

In a little room adjacent was his cot, a rude affair which hardly cleared the floor. At the head of his bed stood a roughly made table, covered with cups and dippers, from which came a strong odor of pennyroyal and other herbs. These herbs, with tobacco, he uses freely, and to which he attributes his long life and continued good health.

Time had passed rapidly in this interesting little room, and as we arose to go he grasped our hands and bid us farewell. He stood in his doorway and watched us until we disappeared from view behind the hills, perhaps never to meet again.

The return trip was by no means an easy one, as it required two hours of constant labor at the oars before we saw even the faint glimmer of Lubec light, which was situated at the narrows nearly three miles away.

We reached Lubec, however, at a late hour, but knowing more about Indian life than we ever knew before.

OTIS P. GOULD.

ON THE EDGE OF THE GRAN CHACO.

TOLD BY WILLIAM KINGSBURY TO WILLIAM H. AVIS.

(*Concluded from page 4.*)

WE had been at Juan's for nearly a month, when, one day, Juan, Rubio and I decided to pay a visit to a large tacamar, or artificial lake, a few miles away. The tacamar had been formed by building a rude dam of logs and earth across an arm of the river, to provide drinking water for the cattle when the river was low. It was nearly a mile in length, and half a mile wide. A succulent growth of grass surrounded it. On account of its extreme richness, this grass attracted thousands of head of cattle, whose continuous feeding kept it cropped short, thus making easy traveling through it on horseback.

Upon reaching the edge of the tacamar, we stopped to gaze upon a scene which I can never forget. Directly in front of us, and for about half a mile on either hand, was gathered more game of all varieties than I had ever looked upon before. Hundreds, yes thousands, of geese, ducks and swans literally hid the surface of the lake a short distance from shore, while scurrying here and there near the shore could be seen countless hordes of nutrias (similar to our muskrats, but larger). There were also multitudes of jacares (alligators) which, in all directions, lay on the water and on the shore, basking in the sun. Cranes and storks of all varieties, some of them as tall as men and of all conceivable colors, strutted solemnly about; while huge turtles poked their heads out of the water here and there, or took their lumbering way along the shore near the water's edge. We watched this scene of animation for some little while before we went down to the shore of the tacamar. On our way, we found there was almost as much animal life in the grass as there was on the water.

I shot several nutrias from horseback and Juan killed a couple of jacares; he also caught and turned two large turtles on their backs on the shore. I thought I would get a few geese. Selecting a large bunch that was feeding near the shore some distance from me, I worked my way through the grass in their direction. Although I was not cautious in my approach, the geese appeared not to notice me. Singling out a large, fine bird, not over 30yds. away, I fired and he rolled over. The flock did not rise as I had expected, but simply stopped feeding and began to swim leisurely away. I killed eight, still they did not offer to rise. I now stopped, as it would have been wasteful slaughter to continue shooting them. The water was not over 2 or 3ft. deep; so I waded my horse in and picked up my birds.

While I was shooting geese, Juan and Rubio were not idle. They took the dogs with them, and, setting out through the grass, soon started a gama fawn. After considerable of a chase, the dogs ran the fawn down, but before they could injure it Juan and Rubio dashed among them and captured the animal alive. Rubio decided to take it home for a pet for his little girl.

The afternoon was gloriously beautiful and there was good promise of a fine evening. We decided to camp on the outskirts of a heavy monte. About sundown Rubio introduced us to a bountiful hunter's repast. He proved his ability to roast a goose to perfection.

The evening around the fire was one long to be remembered. A thin, crescent moon, so faint as to cast no light,

floated ghostily in the deep, dark heavens. The nearby monte seemed a shadowy cloud resting on the earth's surface, out of which came mysterious voices, ghoulish croaks and gruntings, or chirps and mirthless whistlings. Insects, dazzled by the blaze, buzzed continuously about our ears and fell spluttering into the flames. Now and then nocturnal, batlike birds flitted with noiseless wing in and out the circle of light. So we lay and spun yarns until late into the night; then each rolled himself in his blanket, determined to get as much sleep as possible, with myriads of mosquitoes singing about us.

How long I had slept I cannot say, but suddenly my eyes opened with a snap, my heart seemed in my throat, and before I was thoroughly awake I realized that I was standing erect, with rifle in hand. A deep roar, so wildly savage as to congeal one's veins and cause a gasping for breath, was filling my ears, and it came from a point out of the darkness not more than 20ft. away. Instinctively I raised my rifle and was pressing the trigger, when a stream of fire flashed almost in my face, and a crashing report, alongside my head it seemed, almost deafened me. Juan's old Winchester had spoken, and its report had hardly done echoing among the stygian arches of the monte, when we heard the rapid thumpity-thumpity thumpity of a retreating animal galloping away in the darkness. It was a close call, for the fire having gone completely out, we had been visited by an immense jaguar, the fiercest and most dreaded of South America's wild beasts. It is needless to say that there was no more sleep in camp that night. The horses were so frightened that we were compelled to build another large fire and tie them near us. With the exception of Coffee, the dogs, too, were scared half out of their wits. Had not Coffee been securely tied, however, he undoubtedly would have been away on the trail of our visitor. He showed not the least sign of fear, but walked back and forth at the end of his chain, uttering the deepest, fiercest growls I had ever heard issue from the throat of a canine.

Morning finally came, and after partaking of a hasty breakfast we mounted and started for the rancho. Rubio carried the little fawn across his horse in front of the saddle. He had bound it securely, and it must have suffered considerably before we reached the end of our journey. Rubio was as careful with it, however, as he possibly could be under the circumstances.

When we reached the rancho we found that H. and Jim hadn't been idle during our absence, for almost the first thing that met our sight was a nice fat doe, and a huge string of fish hanging side by its side near the door of the house. Once more were we so completely stocked with meat that we were compelled to desist from hunting game for awhile.

While we stopped hunting for food, we didn't let up on the monte cats. They were not only a nuisance and afforded us considerable sport, but were a source of profit, as the hides would readily sell in the nearest settlement for a fair price. We were after these animals one day when we heard the dogs kicking up a great fuss off in the heart of the monte. We hurried forward, and were just in time to witness the hottest kind of a fight between all the dogs and a large puma. Over and over they rolled, a living mass of animals, and the monte resounded with barks, growls, howls and snarls. We tried our best to get a shot, but it was some time before we were able to do so. Even then I was compelled to shoot while Coffee was clinging tenaciously to the back of the animal's neck. My shot didn't kill; but the brute was so badly wounded, however, that Coffee soon finished him.

One night, soon after the puma incident, we were visited by a jaguar and a couple of sheep were killed. Juan didn't seem to enjoy such visits, so Rubio voluntecred to build a trap for the jaguar. He and I followed the animal's trail to the edge of the monte where we had had the ostrich hunt, and proceeded to build our traps. A lot of heavy stakes were cut for a circular, roofless pen about 6ft. in height. An opening about large enough to admit the jaguar was made in one side of the pen. Rubio manufactured a complicated trigger, and when everything was arranged to Rubio's satisfaction we tied our lariats to the top of a young tree, which grew alongside the pen; the horses were then started ahead and the tree was bent down until its top hung directly over the enclosure. Rubio then told me to see that the line was kept taut while he entered the enclosure with the axe and lopped off the branches of the tree, leaving only the bare trunk. When he finished his work I allowed the horses to back and the tree assumed an upright position. Then we returned home.

It was within half an hour of sunset when all hands set out on a brisk gallop for the trap. Rubio had a bag slung across his horse, in which there was a young pig. He also had two heavy pieces of rawhide, which were as tough and hard as iron. We reached the trap just as the sun was setting. Rubio first fastened his pig to the trigger of the trap in such a manner that it was impossible for it to do a great deal of struggling. It could squeal, however, and squeal it did with a vengeance. Under Rubio's instructions, I climbed the tree and fastened a couple of lassos to its top; two horses then bent it down, and Rubio fastened one of the heavy pieces of rawhide to the treetop, the other end he made fast to the trigger. He ordered us to slack up carefully on the lassos, and the powerful spring-pole stayed bent, and the trap was nearly ready. Taking the remaining piece of rawhide, Rubio formed it into a slip-noose and fastened it to the top of the spring-pole, allowing it to hang in such a manner that the body of any animal entering the pen would be surrounded by the noose, while its feet would be on the treddle that would spring the trap. Woe to any animal entering here; it would be sure to find itself swaying between the earth and sky, and gradually its breath would be squeezed out of its body by an ever-tightening band as hard as iron. A couple of stakes were now pulled up, and Rubio came out of the pen; the stakes were then replaced, and we returned to the ranch filled with expectations of the morrow.

Daylight was fully an hour away when we were astir and saddling for our visit to the trap. While some of the dogs were yet stiff and sore from their fight with the puma, still, with the exception of the otter hound, we took them all. We set out on a brisk gallop to reach the trap about daylight. The east was beginning to show gray, and we were within half a mile of the trap when we halted and listened intently, but heard no sound. We called in the dogs, and Rubio made Coffee fast to the end of his lasso. We then silently resumed the advance.

We were probably within a quarter of a mile of the spot and were moving along very cautiously, when we were brought to an abrupt standstill by hearing a hoarse, furious yell break out on the morning air; it filled the depths of the monte with a hundred echoes. "We have him, sure enough," said Rubio. "Now we must be very careful and shoot sure. If we don't kill him he'll get away and kill some of us, so take sure aim when we see him and let the guns do good work. Shoot for the head."

The horses had no sooner heard the yell than they commenced to tremble violently. They were so frightened that it was with the greatest difficulty we managed to urge them forward. With the single exception of Coffee, all the dogs were as much frightened as the horses were. Pretty soon we could hear sounds of a terrific struggling and scrambling, and deep growling and fierce snarling. Emerging from a thick copse of underbrush, we came within sight of him. There, fast in the raw-hide noose and suspended in the air by the spring-pole, was a magnificent spotted jaguar. The noose had him fast around the loins and was so tightly drawn that it seemed he must surely be cut in two if he kept up his fierce struggles much longer. When he saw us he made tremendous efforts to get loose. His wild strugglings made the pole spring up and down, so that he could touch the ground with his forepaws. As he clawed wildly at the ground he scattered a shower of dirt in all directions, and the monte echoed and re-echoed with his frightful roars. Before our arrival he had demolished the pen and scattered the stakes in all directions. Whatever became of the little pig we never knew.

The horses were now nearly unmanageable with fright, so we decided to ride a short distance back, tie the horses securely, then to walk back to Mr. Jaguar and give him his quietus. After riding a quarter of a mile we found a good spot, and leaving them, returned to the jaguar and found him as ugly as ever. We approached to within 15yds. of him and the look he bestowed upon us from out his flashing, greenish eyes, as he roared in our faces, was enough to make the blood run cold.

The dogs had now gained a little courage and were jumping around and barking, but they took good care to keep out of reach of the powerful claws. Coffee, however, was kept tied to a tree, or he would have sailed into the jaguar and been killed.

The jaguar was bouncing about at such a lively rate that it was extremely difficult to get a good aim at his head. We watched our chance, however, and when the opportunity offered blazed away at him with three rifles. After a few swings with his paws he hung limp and motionless. Our three bullets had gone clean through his head. We cut him down and measured him, and found him just 8ft. 3in. from the end of nose to the tip of tail. He was a magnificent specimen and his hide was beautifully marked. We skinned him and returned to the ranch.

As H.'s vacation was now drawing to an end, we decided to continue on up the Salado a short distance, then to return to Juan Companion's and spend another week, and, as Juan and Rubio Antonio were anxious to buy, to sell our outfit to them and end the trip for that year.

We went only thirty miles beyond Juan's place, and spent two weeks in a perfect paradise for all sorts of game, and managed to kill six cervo while we were there. Then we packed our belongings on the spare horses and returned to Juan's. Juan and Rubio bought from us everything that we didn't give them. One day Juan drove us to the Santa Fé and Recon Questa Railway, and from here we went to Rosario.

There we separated. H. returned to his business in Los Cardos. Jim accepted a good position on the ranch of an old friend. I was filled with such a strong desire to look upon the faces of relatives and friends once more, that I drifted down to Buenos Ayres, where I accepted a position as second in charge of a load of cattle for Liverpool. From Liverpool I returned to my native land, on whose soil I had not set foot for more than eleven years. Here I found many friends who had looked upon "Bill" Kingsbury as being dead years ago.

BUCK RANCH.

ALL through the bleak winter we "dreamed of an April sunrise, of gentle calls and gallant gobblers," looking forward to the turkey hunt which the captain had promised us, longing for Buck Ranch, with its great silent forests and its holly groves.

The April sunrise came, but on what other scenes fell the lurid light than on the peaceful solitudes of Buck Ranch.

Long days and nights—long, anxious weeks, we had guarded our ramparts against the foe, and now, when we have all but won, he presses to a weak point in our lines—rushes through, sweeping resistance before him!

Is it the resigning of arms and humiliation of defeat that bear us down with heaviness? Look at our sunny land, where the note of the mockingbird rings and the breeze was but now laden with the fragrance of the magnolia and the heliotrope; our homes are a sea of troubled waters. Can you then ask? We had worked tirelessly, but to bridle the waters was more than men could do with the means at hand, and we were overpowered.

Captain Bradford went to the ranch alone, for when the appointed time came I, like Friend Bartlett, had "a weighty matter" that would not be put aside. A week after the crevasse occurred he passed, bound homeward.

"I had poor luck, Tripod. They seemed completely demoralized by the water and to have changed their habits entirely. Oh! there are a world of them, and there will be fine shooting next fall. But they stay in the tall trees and are hard to find. They won't gobble or come to a call. I had very poor luck, Tripod."

* * * * * * *

There were two kinds of "flood-sufferers":

A community of plantation negroes were camped on the levee after their cabins had been flooded. Their camp was passed daily by high water forces, with whom they had a standing offer of remunerative work. But what did they care for work, when the planter was feeding them and the "Gov'ment boat" was expected? And they didn't work until the boat had passed by another way and their landlord forced them to the issue.

Contrasting scenes are these: A covey of quail scattered among the trees and coming to the levee (the only land for several miles) to seek the scant pickings upon which they must now rely. Coahoma picked one up during a hard rain, its feet and wings so clogged with mud that it lay helpless, weary—bewildered—starving.

An inhuman hunter approached a covey of feathered refugees. He was warned of the law and the birds put to wing.

A rabbit floated on a chunk in the river, and a poor, starved turkey, seeking food, would not fly until I had ridden very near.

Reader of FOREST AND STREAM, to which class of sufferers do your sympathies go out?

Man, the refined brute—God's masterpiece—finds a deer on a small mound surrounded by water. With an oar he murders it for its skin. He paddles homeward, gloating of his prowess, and is hailed by a relief boat, "Come, poor flood sufferer! Here is food and raiment sent you by a sympathizing sister State. Eat, and welcome!" And he does, and is prouder that he has prowess to merit for him the compassion of a sister State, while Higgins over yonder has done nothing noble and ought not to have any.

* * * * * * * *

The April morning: You have toiled in combat with the water all night in a pouring rain. All of yesterday you worked under a gloomy sky. The day before, night before, and day before that you worked. The sky was dark and lowering, and occasionally rain came in deluges; but now has come the hour when rain means disaster, for if it rains men will not work, and those that will can accomplish little.

Dawn is coming out of the eastern sky, and with it is a faint, clear streak across the horizon which grows—widens—changes from an uncertain gray to pale blue, and then, as the clouds continue to part and raindrops cease to fall, darts o'er the eastern treetops a bright beam of morning sunlight that brings warmth and hope into the hearts of weary men, who turn their faces heavenward and thank God for that He hath, in the long ago, said: "Let there be light."

TRIPOD.

MISSISSIPPI.

Natural History.

A NEW FUR SEAL.

IN the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington, Vol. XI., Dr. C. Hart Merriam describes a new fur seal, or seal bear (*Arctocephalus townsendi*), from Guadalupe Island, off Lower California.

It has long been known that colonies of fur seals inhabited parts of Guadalupe and the San Benito Islands, off the coast of Lower California, and these have usually been thought to be of the same species that breed in such numbers on the seal islands of the Behring Sea. Dr. Merriam, however, did not believe this to be the case, thinking it very unlikely that a species adapted to the Arctic climate and cold waters of Behring Sea—and even there requiring constant fogs to protect them from the rays of the sun—should be able to breed under the clear skies of the sub-tropical islands, Guadalupe and San Benito. He therefore concluded, and in 1892 expressed the belief, that the fur seals which bred on those islands would prove to be not the Northern species belonging to the genus *Callorhinus*, but a Southern species belonging to the genus *Arctocephalus*.

Specimens were not then accessible, but through the coöperation of the State Department and Fish Commission, it became possible for Dr. Merriam to send a small boat in charge of Mr. C. H. Townsend to Guadalupe Island, in the hope of procuring specimens. The trip was made in May, too early to find seals on shore. Seven were seen in the water and one shot, which sank before it could be recovered. However, four skulls killed a few years previously were obtained and proved to belong to the genus *Arctocephalus*.

In his report on the Guadalupe trip, Mr. Townsend says:

"Guadalupe Island is thoroughly volcanic and there are caves by the dozen along every mile of the shoreline, which were once the retreats of thousands of fur seals. On the afternoon of May 19 we saw four seals swimming some distance off shore. Two of these we believed to be fur seals, but could not get within shooting distance, although we tried for an hour. The other two, seen later, were undoubtedly *Zalophus* (sea lions). No seals whatever were found on the rocks. * * * On May 22 we examined S. W. Point and the three islands or rocks south of it. On the most southerly rock we found a band of *Zalophus*, about thirty in number, hauled out. There were no fur seals among them. Passing the point, we continued, pulling in the dory, the schooner lying-to off shore, up the west side of the island about eight miles, where we anchored. In the evening we visited the spot where Borges and Sisson had killed 200 or 300 fur seals about ten years before. Only a few weather-worn skulls were found, which we gathered for shipment to Washington. The next day, May 23, we hunted along shore, in the boat as usual, as far as the next point south of N. W. Point, about six miles, the schooner keeping well off shore. At 10 A. M., near the outlying rocks off this point, we found what seemed to be a male fur seal, perhaps about four years old, asleep on the water, with his fins held aloft in the manner so characteristic of these animals. I got a pretty fair shot with the rifle, but missed. Half an hour later I shot a female fur seal, killing it instantly. Before we could get the hook on it, it sank below our reach, although only three boat lengths away when shot. The water was perfectly clear, and we could see the animal sinking when we reached the bloody spot on the water. It began to sink immediately when shot. With an extra long hook we might have reached it. We remained in the neighborhood for an hour, but no more seals were seen. While lying-to, with the vessel about two miles off this point, the captain saw two fur seals from the vessel, but was powerless to try getting them. It was on the rocks at this point that Capt. Hunt had killed a pup fur seal the year before (1891)."

The facts given below show how rapidly this species is being exterminated. There are probably but few individuals of it now living, and so far as known no museum in the world has a single specimen. This is the story of the destruction since 1880.

"In 1880 Capt. Geo. W. Chase, of San Diego, made several trips to Guadalupe for fur seals, which he found 'tightly packed in the caves and holes (in the rocks).' He generally fired at their eyes in the darkness of these places, but sometimes used candles. His skins sold for $15 each, from which he made $2,200 in 1880. The same man (Capt. Chase) stated that about a year earlier a Mr. Borges sold his catch of Guadalupe sealskins at San Francisco for over $20,000 (the rate being $10 to $15 per skin).

"In 1883 Capt. Geo. E. Wentworth killed about 2,000 fur seals on Guadalupe. Capt Wentworth states that several other vessels were there at the same time, and that the Guadalupe fur seal was practically (commercially) exterminated that year—1883.

"In 1890 Capt. Nelson told Mr. Townsend that he had killed fur seals with more or less regularity every year on the exposed shingle beach at the northwest end of Guadalupe Island, where he pursued them into the caves and killed them with clubs.

"In 1890 George M Hunt, of San Diego, visited Guadalupe in December for the purpose of sealing, and killed five fur seals—four adults on the east side and one pup on the northwest side. A few others were seen off shore."

Dr. Merriam has compared skulls collected by Mr. Townsend at Guadalupe with a series of skulls of *Arctocephalus, australis* or *phillipi* from the Galapagos Islands, and finds that the two species are very distinct. He has named this new species in honor of Mr. C. H. Townsend, who collected all the known material.

The Mocking Bird in Massachusetts.

SPRINGFIELD Mass., July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The reports of Von W. and of Awahsoose that birds were plentiful in their respective regions, were read with pleasure by all who are interested in the protection of our song birds.

My observations in this vicinity lead me to the conclusion that some of our birds have increased in numbers within the last few years Bluebirds have gained in numbers since 1895, the year of their greatest scarcity. Bobolinks, orioles, grosbeaks, vireos, song sparrows, indigo buntings and goldfinches are here in full chorus. During the spring migration, juncos, whitethroated sparrows, and the various warblers, were plentiful.

The ornithological event of the season, however, was the appearance of a mocking bird, a genuine *Mimus polyglottus*, within the boundaries of our city.

This species is a rare visitant to Massachusetts. A pair of these birds visited West Springfield three consecutive seasons; 1888, 1889 and 1890, and bred there.

Dr. J. A Allen recorded the breeding of this bird in this vicinity some years since.

The one now visiting us is a fine singer but does not imitate so many different birds as did the one observed in West Springfield. His *repertoire*, however, includes the songs and calls of the bluebird, bluejay, upland plover, whippoorwill, robin, wood pewee, Carolina wren, canary, bob white and the flicker, all of which he imitates perfectly, but appears to take the most pleasure in taking off the bluebird, bluejay and flicker. W. W. COLBURN.

A July Seal in Jamaica Bay.

NEW YORK, July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While sailing on Jamaica Bay on July 4, I was quite surprised to see a seal, which showed itself close to the boat. It was not 30ft. distant, and its round bullet head was unmistakable. Needless to say it dove immediately, but to see a seal in Jamaica Bay at this time of the year struck me as so unusual I thought I would drop you a line on the subject.

ROBT. B. LAWRENCE.

[To see a seal in Jamaica Bay at this season of the year certainly seems remarkable, yet we believe a few seals commonly or often spend the summer in the waters of Long Island Sound. A few years ago it was not unusual to see one occasionally between Norwalk, Conn , and the Thimble Islands during the summer months. Of course they were very shy, and usually were seen only at a distance, just as they were scrambling from the rocks into the water, and at such a distance that only one who was more or less familiar with the species would recognize it.]

Game Bag and Gun.

A COMMISSION OF FISH AND BIRDS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES U. S., Washington, D. C., July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased to observe your interest in my bill, H. R. 3589, to enlarge the Fish Commission's duties and powers so as to include birds. The evolution is so natural and proper, that it is surprising that it should not have been thought of before. There is no bureau of our Government that is more generally popular with the people than the Fish Commission. The Fish and Bird Commission would meet even with more favor.

The bill does not merely apply to game birds, but includes all other useful wild birds The able Fish Commissioner has examined the bill, and informs me that "It is believed that this Commission, from the character of its operations, is the proper office to have control of such matters, and with its facilities, the work—with a comparatively small appropriation—can be begun at once"

There are some parts of this country where certain kinds of birds are numerous, in excess of the wants of that locality. The California quail, of the large and small varieties, are both very numerous in certain of the valleys of that State. A large number of them could be captured and turned loose in other parts of the country where they do not now exist, or where they are very scarce. The Oregon grouse and Chinese pheasant would thrive in many localities where they are unknown. Many of the Scotch, English and German birds would live in some parts of the United States.

Like all other schemes, experience would suggest plans now untried, and the scope and purpose of the Bird Commission would be enlarged if successful, just as the duties of the Commission with regard to fish have been increased.

Of course, the Fish and Bird Commission might turn birds loose in the fields and woods, and fish fry into the streams in vain, if every man and boy should diligently ply his vocation as an exterminator; but the various States would at once extend their game and fish laws so far as might be necessary to promote the efficiency of the Commission. Besides this, a healthy public sentiment upon the subject would be created. The man or boy who sees birds introduced at the Government expense in his neighborhood, would feel a partial proprietary interest in them, instead of that hostile feeling which arises under the game laws of countries where birds are protected for the exclusive sport of classes only of the people.

I have no doubt the prairie chicken, now so scarce in Iowa, would thrive and receive protection in the valleys of Shenandoah and Cumberland.

The State laws to protect existing birds from extermination would receive new life in their enforcement if the people could see new varieties appearing. The natural disposition to spare the new varieties would lead to a like feeling in regard to the old ones.

If the experiment should prove successful it could be steadily followed up and great benefits would ensue to the whole country, in my opinion. But should the results fail to meet our expectations, Congress would reduce, or withhold, appropriations for the purpose.

The catching of fish for fertilizers is a crime against nature. The extermination of the buffalo and wild pigeons will stand in history as a blotch upon the glories of the nineteenth century. Many of the highest prized birds will disappear as completely as the great auk and the dodo, unless active interest is awakened in their behalf.

The restoration of fishes, owing to their great fecundity, is a much easier task than the renewal of bird life; but I feel confident that by the enactment of the proposed law the Fish and Bird Commission will enter upon their good work with renewed vigor, and they will receive more general aid and coöperation than ever before among the people.

JOHN F. LACEY.

SNOWSHOE FORMS.

BOSTON, June 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in Mr. Hough's recent remarks regarding snowshoes for different localities. In the main, I agree with the conclusions to which he seems to have arrived, but one phrase he uses leads me to rise and object, where he says, "the shoe is so long that it covers all sorts of holes."

Now, the man that tries to cover all sorts of holes with a long snowshoe will often be tempted to bridge holes he should not, and his bridge will break beneath him. To be caught with a broken snowshoe, with miles of deep and unwadeable snow between you and the longed-for camp, is no joke, as many a woodsman knows to his cost. And I think that most shoes are broken by attempting to bridge such holes, or using the shoe for a similar purpose, by the side of logs, fallen limbs, etc If the snow is fairly heavy or well settled a bunch of spruce or fir boughs may be made to serve as a rough substitute for the snowshoe in getting to camp; but it is better to be rather chary of attempting to use the shoe for a purpose it was not intended to meet.

As to the size of mesh for a snowshoe, I agree with Mr. Hough perfectly. I think the snowshoe of most localities is made with entirely too small a mesh. The reason for it may be its supposed better appearance, or because the higher-priced and therefore presumably better shoe—the racing one—is so filled. But races are not generally run on such snows as the woodsman so often has to contend with in his work, and I have not found that the practical and unimaginative trapper cared to spend the time and labor in filling—for his own use—his shoes with such fine meshes, although willing to do it for the city sportsman, who likes and is willing to pay for it.

For general use in such a locality as the State of Maine, for example, I think that a mesh as large as 1in., or even 1¼in., is preferable to the ½in. or smaller mesh so commonly employed. There is no doubt it is far better when the snow is damp and heavy, or partially settled, and even on a light and newly-fallen snow it sinks but little deeper than the smaller mesh.

But it is in the late winter or a January thaw that its greatest advantages are experienced. Then, when every string is covered with its accumulated load of damp and sticky snow, and large quantities of it rest on the upper surface of the shoe, the lessened amount of string in the large mesh means a lessened weight of snow to be lifted and dragged along, and the larger openings in the filling means that more of the leaden deck load is going to drop through and be left behind. No one who has not dragged his weary limbs for many miles through such stuff, at the close of a hard day's tramp, knows what a relief it is to keep the shoes clear of it.

As to its appearance, we can become used to it. Many of us remember how large and clumsy the first pneumatic tires looked, after having been accustomed to the smaller—and apparently neater—solid rubber ones. Even now we are seeing the small but thick tubing of the earlier bicycles giving way to the larger but thinner ones of to day, are becoming accustomed to its increased size, and gradually altering our ideas of beauty in a bicycle to correspond with scientific or mechanical necessity.

As to the best shape for the shoe, theoretically a circular form will give the largest bearing surface with the least circumscribing dimensions, with its lessened length and weight of bow, and with the least amount, and, therefore, weight, of interior mesh. This being so, the more nearly the snowshoe can be brought to this form, the smaller and lighter will be the load to be lifted and pushed along in order to keep one on the surface of the snow.

But perhaps it is the horse alone that could use such a snowshoe, having the necessary space between his feet, that permits the use of a circular shoe without interference, and I believe that in Scandinavia, small, circular snowshoes are so used on mountain ponies.

In the obstructed woods of northern New England and Canada, the Alaska pattern of snowshoe—which Hough proved so desirable for use in the Rocky Mountains—would be a cause for continual exasperation, vituperation and condemnation in a heap. A man using them would be progressing on his ears oftener than on his feet. It would be impossible with them to twist about in the thick woods or obstructed places, as one continually has to do, and in stepping, or attempting to step, over logs, fallen limbs, stumps and other obstructions perhaps concealed beneath a light snow, they would be continually broken.

The New Brunswick trapper's form, illustrated in the article, and which is, I think, the typical Canadian model as well, pretty nearly approaches what I think is the better form for such work. Slight variations might be made in it to suit particular localities. Where there was little or no undergrowth, its somewhat angular and pointed form of toe could be advantageously rounded, approaching more nearly the theoretically perfect circular form, lessening the length of toe and therefore its liability to catch in the snow and throw the user, and reducing the leverage of the front by which in such a case the after part of the shoe is raised and the toe pushed still deeper into the obstructing snow. But in undergrowth or thickets the rounded form would be more likely to strike and catch on the stems of bushes and saplings, and throw one down, instead of being pushed to one side as the more pointed toe would do.

The same thing could be said of the rear part It could be swelled out at the sides and thereby shortened to advantage, increasing the strength of the shoe and decreasing the risk of breaking it in stepping on or over obstructions. In the case of the trapper, obliged by his calling to operate near streams and ponds, where the thickets of alder, willow and young saplings are most commonly met with, and also obliged to walk the ridges for fur found mainly on them, the compromise between the pointed and the round toe meets fairly well the varying requirements of these two kinds of locality.

It has always seemed to me that for the projecting rear end of the snowshoe there was no necessity. It has no bearing surface worth mentioning, and serves mainly by its weight to keep down that end of the shoe, thereby counterbalancing and lifting the toe, and allowing it the more easily to be pushed forward over the snow. I think this additional length is a great inconvenience, and the weight can be more advantageously supplied in the form of a little triangular piece of lead. It is the weakest part of the shoe at present and the oftenest broken.

The shorter and more compact the shoe can be made the more handily it can be used, and with the least risk of breakage. The racing snowshoe is, of course, made of excessive length; but races are not, as a rule, run in thick woods. As they are run with the object of getting over the greatest distance in the least time, the time wasted in the slightly lateral swing of the body necessitated by the width of the ordinary shoe is removed by decreasing that width, making up for the lessened bearing surface by adding to the length.

But one could run on almost indefinitely on this subject, for there is much that might be said and that I hope will be said. I will only express my own gratification in reading for a long time Mr. Hough's practical articles, in which he has so well described the tents, packs, snowshoes, moccasins, rifles, and the many other articles necessary to the outer in his life in the woods or on the plains. Long may he live and write. And I hope that others of experience will break through their disinclination and tell us what they know—or don't know—about similar things.

CHAS. DYER CHASE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Double on Snipe.

Friend Tom Johnson, of Winnipeg, thus happily describes a certain delectable little experience which came to him last fall. It is not every man who has ever done his right and left on snipe:

"Mr. Rider Haggard, in one of his novels," says Mr. Johnson, "caricatures one of those lazy, happy-go-lucky sort of Englishmen, who think it a crime to be in a hurry and uncharacteristic of a gentleman, but whose quaint drollness and laconic adjectives amuse one. He asks his sportsman-hero if he failed to attain his heart's desire, how it would affect him. He said: 'like a double on snipe, and, missing both of 'em.' And if he attained his object, what then? 'Like killing both of 'em.'

"This preamble means that I have shot Wilson snipe for twenty-five years and never, until last fall, had an opportunity to accomplish the ambition of all sportsmen, a double on an extreme right and left. Mr. Thos. Kelly and Mr. Wm. Georgeson, of this city, were with me on a shooting trip. Mr. Georgeson had a new 12-bore gun that did not fit him, and, in consequence, missed a number of birds in succession, the gun getting the blame for the bad fit or marksmanship. The two friends were my shooting guests and I did not carry a gun. Mr. Georgeson got me to try his to find if it was the shooter's fault. We had only proceeded a few yards when 'scape!' 'scape!' I heard, and to the extreme right and left, at about 40yds., were the causes of the sounds. As quick as thought I let go, bang—bang! And at the first opportunity I had ever had in my life 'I killed both of 'em.' I have many times killed a 'straightaway' and quarterer, but I never experienced before how truly and faithfully had the popular novelist depicted the feelings of a sportsman on getting a 'double on snipe.'"

Mongolian Pheasants for Michigan.

The Grand Rapids, Mich., *Herald*, has the following singular information:

"STANTON, Mich., July 1.—E. M. Shelley & Son, of the Emore House, have received a consignment of fifteen Mongolian pheasants direct from central China, 500 miles north of Shanghai. The birds were ninety days en route. They hope to interest the people of Michigan in the propagation of these birds." E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

High Compliments to Good Men.

HERE is a story for FOREST AND STREAM, well authenticated, which will go to the heart of every lover of the Yellowstone National Park and its future.

SCENE: The railroad station at Cinnabar, on arrival of train from Livingston.

TIME: 10:30 A M., Sunday, June 20.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: Col. S. B. M Young sitting in buggy. Two natives on platform; the auditor close by.

FIRST NATIVE *loq.:* "There is that Col. Young. He has come to take charge of the Park."

SECOND NATIVE *loq.:* "Yes! and Anderson has been takin' him round and he'll be just as dog-goned mean as Anderson was." A. E. B.

Deer in New Hampshire.

THE BALSAMS, DIXVILLE NOTCH, COLEBROOK, N H., July 7.—I will aim at the way game protection is working up this way. I saw one deer this morning in the road *en route* to this place, five miles from Colebrook, and another on the tennis court in front of the hotel at 11 A. M., not over 40yds. from some of the guests in under the shade trees. The deer of various sizes visit there every night to get salt that was used to destroy the grass, and their work is annoying when their digging cannot be witnessed. Some miscreant has destroyed an old doe, two miles from the village, leaving the body unused in a pasture where it was shot.

NED NORTON.

From Generation to Generation.

A SAN FRANCISCO subscriber, renewing his subscription, writes of the FOREST AND STREAM:

"My father, who had been a reader of your paper from its initial number, is no more. I was brought up on the paper, and am bringing up my boy on the same healthful pabulum."

Its Hold Grows With the Years.

I INCLOSE check for my subscription for FOREST AND STREAM. The longer I remain a subscriber the more I realize that I cannot get along without it.

I don't remember the date when I first began, but I should think my name would appear on your books from fifteen to twenty years back. C. A. TAFT.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsmen for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XLIX.—Rev. Henry L. Ziegenfuss.

THE rector of Christ Church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was a jolly companion on a trout stream when I first knew him, and in his later days, when he was the Archdeacon of Dutchess, he retained the same good qualities which have rightfully been attributed to the gentle angler since the days when Izaak Walton wrote that angling classic which will retain a place in English literature as long as that literature shall last.

One May day a score of years ago I was lazily fishing down a stream in Sullivan county, N. Y., tributary to the Neversink River, which empties into the Delaware, when I stopped to repair the damage that an unruly trout had made in my landing net, which had now shown that it was too tender to retain so strong a fish; and as I was engaged in cutting out the bottom of the net preparatory to knitting in a new one with some old fish line, a dark-haired stranger, with a pleasant face and equally pleasant voice, asked: "What has torn your net in that manner; did it catch upon a tree?"

I explained that a trout had broken two or three meshes and escaped, but in order to knit in the bottom of the net in proper shape it required much cutting. He sat down and watched the knitting in of a new bottom with much interest, and admired the completed job so much that, when he found that I was making headquarters at Woodburn, he went there for the night, and cut and tore all sorts of holes in an old seine in order to learn how to cut them out so that they could be knit in without losing or gaining a mesh. This work delighted him, and in after years I saw him show some herring fishermen how to knit up a hole in a net instead of gathering it in a bunch and tying it. This he regarded as a great accomplishment, and in later years often said to me: "We can cast a fly and take a trout with the rest of them, but when it comes to mending a landing net we can beat them."

I have said that on a day in May I was lazily fishing down a stream. Most anglers get into a lazy, discouraged way about noon, when the trout don't want to bite and they do, but I was keeping up the pretense of fishing until a certain cool spring was reached, where there was promised rest and refreshment. The angler who joined me was a stranger on that stream and accompanied me a half-mile further to the spring, where we sat in the shade and ate our luncheon. Afterward we compared the contents of our creels and the pages of our fly-books, rods, lines and reels. One of the pleasures of fly fishing is to meet a brother of the angle, and after a mutual inspection of flies and tackle, to sit down in the shade and discuss the merits of several flies for that particular day and water. We had exchanged cards and found that we had many friends and acquaintances in common.

Mr. Ziegenfuss had eight handsome brook trout to show and I had nine, but as we matched them we decided that our catches would not vary an ounce and that the fish in my creel would run about three to the pound and his a trifle more. The fish were in good flesh but slender, as those in rapid brooks usually are, bright in color, and formed a pretty picture upon the grass where they lay.

"I see that you are fishing with only one fly, and that it is an oak fly; did you take all your fish with that?" asked Mr. Ziegenfuss.

"Yes, the morning opened bright and I chose a dull fly; the brown wings are only lightly relieved by a dull, yellow body, and happening to hit it right, I stuck to it. One fly is plenty, if it is the right one. Sometimes, after changing flies several times, I have put on three flies, when lake fishing, but in fishing a stream, with its eddies taking one fly over a sunken log and another under it, one fly is easier to handle, and, to tell you the truth, I never did care as much for stream fishing as for casting from a boat upon a lake."

My companion looked up and said: "With me it is the reverse; I love the babbling of the brook, which seems to sing the song to which Tennyson has given words, and then the ever changing lights and shadows, the big trout which your fancy installs under the roots of the great tree upon whose domain the brook has encroached, and the keen expectancy with which you present a most killing fly, only to lose it in a mass of roots, and so get a lesson in perseverance as you try it again. Have you anything in lake fishing to compare with this for the poetry of angling?"

Surely my new friend had a keen appreciation of all the finer enjoyments of angling, and to him the capture of a fish was only an incident in a day's sport and not the main object of it. He had challenged me to a comparison of the style of fishing which I preferred, to stream fishing, which he took the most delight in. I began by saying: "Questions of taste are not debatable; *de gustibus*, etc. The two modes of fly-fishing are so different that it is difficult to compare them. If I did not enjoy brook fishing you would not have found me here on this pleasant May morning; that is a self-evident fact. I am somewhere from fifteen to twenty years your senior, and am not only not as ambitious for the athletic exercise of wading a stream or tramping its banks as I once was, and a seat in a boat on a mountain lake, where the scenery is all of nature's handiwork, unmarred by the axe of man, is as pleasing to me as the brook. I see that you have waded the brook in low shoes, woolen stockings and trousers tied down."

"Yes," said he. "Do you prefer rubber wading boots? I notice that your shoes are wet, but that you are not shod for wading. Is that your usual rig for a brook?"

"It is my only rig," I answered, "for I seldom fish brooks now. The fact is that I abominate all kinds of wading boots and trousers, or rubber clothing in any form. If I should require a Turkish bath that would be a thing to go for; but I had a pair of wading trousers with boots attached, which came up under my armpits, and I wore them one day and stewed in them while wading the West Canada Creek in the Adirondacks. I was steamed and almost parboiled, until fortunately I slipped upon a mossy stone, landed on my back in the water, which filled the waders and had a soothing, cooling effect on my exhausted system. I went ashore and emptied the water out of the things, and sat enjoying the air as it blew on my superheated legs and body. Then I tore a leaf out of my note-book and wrote: 'These things cost me $18, lawful currency of the United States. They are yours if you want them. If I have an enemy, I only hope that he may find them and wear them for half a day, and suffer as I have done.' Then I hung them by the roadside and left them."

"That was your experience with waders," said Mr. Ziegenfuss, "but how about getting into the stream in a rig like mine, with low shoes, either with or without hob-nails? I agree that all rubber clothing produces too much perspiration to be comfortable; but what about wading in low shoes when stream fishing?"

"It is the ideal rig for wading," I replied; "especially if you cut slits in the shoes near the soles to let the water out. But then, my dear young man, pardon the reference to your youth, to a man of my years and life of exposure, a day with his feet and legs in water that will sustain trout, while the sun is broiling his brain, is a source of present discomfort and future rheumatism, or sciatica, that takes the edge off fishing. I hope that I have stated my case so that my personal preference for boat fishing on lakes will not appear to detract from your favorite methods, for these questions of sport are not to be answered by hard-and-fast rules; each individual must decide for himself the form which suits his taste, age and other physical peculiarities. In my stream fishing now I do not wade much, but fish from the banks when it is possible. Of course I get my feet and legs wet, but they are not chilled for hours, that's what I don't fancy."

"What are your plans for the day?" Mr. Ziegenfuss asked.

"It was my intention to fish down to this spring, something like three miles from the village, as the crow flies, but about twice that distance by meandering the stream, rest here as we have done until the sun gets half way between meridian and the hilltops and then work back, fishing as long as it is light enough, and then take a straight cut for the hotel. What are your intentions?"

"I have none," he said. "I stopped at a farmhouse last night and thought that I would fish down to the Neversink to-day and then fish that stream to-morrow and get home Friday night, but if you have no objection I will go back with you and we will talk things over at the hotel. I came alone because I had a chance to get off, but none of my fishing companions could leave; I had heard much of this stream, and here I am."

"My case, exactly, and if you will go back with me to-night I will be delighted, for you know how lonesome it is at a country hotel where an angler is entirely out of sympathy with his fellow-man, as he finds him in the hotel barroom. I'm a gregarious fellow in a general way, but I particularly enjoy company in whose talk I can find some interest, and can assure you that your company to-night will be a pleasure the more valued because unexpected."

We rested awhile longer before starting, and we cast our flies over likely water for a mile without a rise, Mr. Ziegenfuss in the stream and I alternately on its banks or in it. "It's no use," said he, "the trout refuse our flies; we must change. What do you propose?"

"Lighter colored flies—coachman, professor, Reuben-Wood, or queen-of-the-water. You have two flies on and I only one; they were good in the morning, and in the noon glare, but the sun is somewhat overcast, and our dark flies do not attract. I think any of the flies named will be good, saving the Reuben-Wood for nearer sundown, when its white chenille body will show up to advantage."

"All right," said my friend, "you take your choice, but I have a royal coachman and a red ibis which I will try first, and a white miller when the sun gets below the hills."

He soon got a strike and I stopped to see the fight. It was impossible to tell whether the fish was on the royal coachman, which was the tail fly, or on the hand fly, but soon he had a trout on each, and the conflict deepened. The fish had already passed below him, and he was putting on all the strain he dared, in order to keep them from reaching the roots of a tree which had been washed out and lay across the stream. Ten feet more and they would reach it. I offered no advice, for a master-hand held the rod; but my heart beat hard when the tip of his rod touched the water and his click reel told that he was yielding line. Then he checked the rush and one fish broke loose. As he reeled the other trout in we saw that the hand fly was gone, and that the tail fly had held a tired-out trout that would weigh nearly 1lb., the largest fish we had taken that day. As we went on I took two trout on the professor, and a good one on the Reuben Wood just at sundown, and my partner took two more.

After supper we found a piazza, and taking our chairs on it felt a grateful relief from a country bar-room, which is usually the only sitting-place for a male guest. Few anglers have escaped an evening of horror in such a place, listening to the village sport who knew how "That ar bay mare o' Jenkins's would win the race 'cause I see her trot in private when Doc Miller held the watch on her, an' she done her mild 'n less 'n 3:30; but look out for that roan colt o' Si Harkins's nex' week; I tell you he's a wonder," etc.; or the rural tough who exultingly relates his exploits in helping to "clean up" a circus.

When I spoke to my friend of these objectionable features of many country inns, he related the following incident:

"Some years ago, while fishing a stream in New York near the Pennsylvania line, I put up at the only hotel in a village of about 1,000 inhabitants which lay some three miles from a larger one, where there had been a circus and a fight the night before. The evening was too cool to sit out, and there was a warm fire in the bar-room. I couldn't go to bed before 10, and had to listen to a gang of village ruffians tell of their exploits, as they started in perfectly sober and became hilariously drunk before I retired. By the way, do you happen to know the significance of the call 'Hey, Rube'?"

"Yes; it is like the white plume of Henry of Navarre—a rallying point for the canvasmen of a circus, to denote either an incipient fight or the thick of it. The bucholic ruffians band together to attack these canvasmen without any other reason than the love of fighting, which is inherent in the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races. The men who put up and guard the canvas of a traveling circus know all about the rural toughs, and when they hear the slogan 'Hey, Rube!' they rally on the cry."

"That explains what the leading ruffian said. In his tale of the battle he laid out the plan of assault something like this: 'Before we made the attack on the main entrance and the ticket wagons, we had men with clubs posted so that when they called "Hey, Rube!" our men would be between them and the front entrance; but they had men in the rear, and Jo Beal got shot in the leg and a fellow from Lima got a bullet in his arm, and they got the best of us for a while, but lots o' people seen me clean up a circus man when he come up into town.' That," said Mr. Ziegenfuss, "was the sort of talk that I was compelled to listen to, because there was no escape. After that evening I never wondered at Barnum's reply when he was asked why his boss canvasman selected a tough lot to assist him. You remember what he said?"

"No; but I can guess."

"Barnum, who by the way was not only a good citizen but also a Christian gentleman, listened and answered: 'If my canvasmen were all good Christians and turned the other cheek to the smiter, I would never use the same canvas twice. In the large cities my men have little trouble, the gangs of ruffians do not concentrate their efforts on a circus, as those of country towns do, and we get along well.' From what I heard that night I think rowdyism in the cities is under vastly better control than in country places."

"Your position on this point," I answered, "is correct, and when we fish a stream in company and I hear you call 'Hey, Rube,' it will be a sign that you need assistance. But what will we do to-morrow?"

It was decided that we would fish down over the same course in the morning, take our nooning at the same spring, and then fish down the Neversink to the railroad and take cars for our homes. We agreed to make an early start, breakfast at 5:30 and leave at 6, an hour that some people would not call early, but was early enough for us. Ten o'clock struck, and I suggested that if we were to be called at 5 we should retire, but the rector asked me a question which required at least an hour to discuss in a rudimentary way, without attempting to exhaust it. I was always willing to sit up in good company, and without quoting to my companion my favorite statement that "there are two things I hate to do; one is to go to bed and the other to get up," I made him answer in this fashion:

"Angling is a science, at least anglers admit that, because it is 'knowledge set in order,' but it is not an exact science, like mathematics and hair-cutting, because its professors differ, as doctors do, and on no question do fly-fishers differ more than the one on which you ask me to give judgment. If you will make the question a personal one and ask if I prefer to fish up-stream or down, there would be no hesitation about the answer nor the reasons for this individual preference, but this is a moot question, both in England and America, and pages have been written on each side of it. I am somewhat familiar with the literature of the subject, and am sure that trout can be taken by both methods in streams swift or slow; otherwise there would have been no argument."

"That's all very true, and I will amend the question by asking: Do you prefer to fish a stream up or down? A lawyer would demand a categorical answer to this, but I merely ask for your individual preference. That, I think, places the question just as you want it; isn't that right?"

"Yes, that's the only way any angler could answer it," I replied, "and speaking only for myself I will say that I love to fish down stream, and if that is not possible, I like to fish up stream, with strong emphasis on 'love' and 'like'; in fact the strongest kind of emphasis, and all the shades of meaning that can be placed between them."

"Then you do not dislike fishing up stream?" asked the rector—he was not an archdeacon then.

"Oh, no; I don't dislike any form of fishing that is done for sport, and can enjoy bobbing for eels, if that is the best kind of fishing to be had, but the evening is too old to go into such questions. They are like questions of politics and religion, men may argue them for years without profit. You know the opinion of the man who is 'convinced against his will,' and in this case it is largely a question of preference and not of belief."

In the morning we fished down the stream. The day was neither dull nor bright and the wind was south. My friend was to take the lead and I to keep half a mile behind, in order that the pools might recover from the disturbance and the trout regain their confidence in drifting insects. When I reached the pool where the rector lost a fly the day before I took a trout, and yelled "Hey Rube." There was a long bend in the brook here and my partner came across it in a few minutes.

"I presume you are in trouble," he said, "although I see no evidence of it."

"The trouble is that you put your mark on a trout and then leave it for me to catch," and I opened my creel and showed him a beauty with the red ibis which he lost the day before firmly fastened in the lower jaw of the fish. "I would not have called you off the stream if you had not been within a few yards of the spring where we rest and refresh, but allow me to restore your lost fly and present the fish which purloined it. The loss of this fly is one reason why I prefer to fish with only one. I dislike doubles."

After our nooning my companion said: "During our talk last night you did not give a reason for your preference for down stream fishing, I think I prefer it myself because it is easier, but I can't say that it is more successful."

"Easier it is, for certain, and that's reason enough for me; but going down stream one has perfect control of his line, and as the current takes his flies where his rod guides them there is no casting to be done, with its exasperating hanging up of flies on the bushes behind. To me the coming back of flies whose movements the current controls in up stream fishing overbalances the effect of disturbing the water above the trout. It is only slow streams that can be fished up, it is impossible to fish up our swift brooks."

"And then," said my friend, "one is more apt to slip on a mossy stone and feel the water pour down his coat collar when he is wading down stream, and this keeps him much cooler than when wading up the brook. That's my main objection to wading down stream."

When we parted at the railway station, it was with a promise to fish one of his favorite streams, a tributary of the Walkill, a month later; and we had excellent sport for three days, fishing it from New Paltz down to Gardiner and back. The Walkill rises in Ulster county, N. Y., and flows off N.E. to join the Hudson at Rondout. I had agreed to meet him at Zach. Du Bois', where all anglers who fished the Walkill in those days found a welcome; and after depositing my luggage and engaging a room I strolled out to look at the stream, and was startled with the cry of "Hey, Rube!" and there was my friend. He never forgot the rallying cry of the cir-

cus men; on his mind it was not only indelibly fixed, but was associated with me, while I, as a man of the world, had forgotten that I had told him of it. There are men whom I knew as boys half a century ago that memory only retains their names and some idle remark or story, such as Mr. Ziegenfuss retained in this instance. It was a word outside his vocabulary and used entirely outside his life circle, and he never forgot it.

When we organized the National Rod and Reel Association, which held the famous fly-casting tournaments on Harlem Mere, in Central Park, New York city, as secretary of the Association I sent a circular to Mr. Ziegenfuss and he promptly joined, as did Mr. John A. Roosevelt and Judge J. S. Van Cleef, of Poughkeepsie, and others of neigboring towns. Mr. Ziegenfuss never took part in the contests of the Association, but was always ready to act as judge or referee if asked, as he was sure to be. He struck up a great liking for Reuben Wood and his brother Ira at these tournaments, and went fishing on Oneida Lake with one or both of them.

Mr. Ziegenfuss died some five or six years ago. His last letter to me, dated Thursday, May 22, 1890, said, after the formal address: "Hey, Rube! Let me know if you can meet at Zach Du Bois's next Tuesday night. The dam there, which was always low, is now broken. Below the dam, and north of it, is a good quarter of a mile of pools where we can cast the fly. The trout are small and rock bass are abundant, but if you will meet me there we will fight out our differences about fishing up stream or down, and will discuss the colors of flies to be used on dark or light days, and a whole lot of other things which I have in my note-book to fire at you."

Something interfered with this meeting and I never saw him again. FRED MATHER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Heated Term.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 3.—One of the singular things about human nature is that mingled joy and misery which the average citizen evinces during a spell of hot weather in his locality. Especially marked is this frame of mind in Chicago, the city of superlatives. This week it is hot, extremely hot, awfully hot in Chicago. Prostrations occur in the streets very frequently, and last night five men shot themselves—driven to insanity by the heat. Yet the average Chicago citizen mops his brow with a smile, pointing out with pride the fact that it is hotter in his town than it is anywhere else on earth. This same feeling of delight in a high thermometer exists all along the track of a hot wave.

One of the immediate results of the heated term here has been a great exodus from the city to the country. All the summer resorts are crowded, and there has been more fishing tackle sold in Chicago this week than in the month or more immediately preceding.

At this time I recall a description given by my friend Mr. Divine of the manner in which they shoot doves in Tennessee, with the assistance of a fan and a bucket of sangaree. With the thermometer high up in the 90s, one may be pardoned for having visions of green fields. Just now it occurs to me that the most delightful situation of life would be to sit on the bank of some icy stream, with one's feet in the water, with a long glass of lemony liquid in one's hand, watching the trout jump under the edge of the alders, and listening betimes to the strains of the "Cavalleria Rusticana." The Chicago River is a fine stream, but it does not purl, and it has no trout. As the hot day comes on, threatening another season of suffering and suicide, I cannot help comparing the sad ending of these city slaves with that noble euthanasia of that Kentucky gentleman whom I mentioned some years ago in these columns. This gentleman, a certain colonel, whose latter name makes no difference, was found dead in one of the ice-cold caverns of his estate. Through this cavern there trickled a little crystal stream, lined with fragrant beds of mint. Hither the Colonel had repaired when he saw that his hour was near, taking with him a jug of Bourbon whisky, some glasses, and some other things needful in the preparation of that delicacy known as a mint julep. Indications pointed out that he had probably constructed several juleps from the material thus comfortably at hand. He had taken off his shoes and allowed his bare feet to dabble in the cooling stream, and when found he was quite dead, with a peaceful smile upon his face, his very toes full of mint, and the remains of a julep in the glass still clasped fondly in his hand. How noble, how inspiring a death like that, compared with the tawdry horror of an end inflicted by a pistol shot in a wretched city garret! And yet there are green fields in Wisconsin, and in Michigan many beds of mint, and if one find the Colonel's jug not convenient or desirable, at least he may the mint and the water. And he may whistle the "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Good Fishing.

For some mysterious reason this seems to be an exceptionally good season for the angler in many parts of the West. Bass fishing has rarely been better in Wisconsin, even in the lower and much fished lakes. Billy Tuohy writes from Eagle Lake, in Waukesha county, that he has not for ten years seen so many or so large bass taken at Eagle Lake. From the lakes of upper Wisconsin, in the pine woods country, continuous reports of large catches of bass and wall-eyed pike come in, as well as reports of an unusual number of mascallonge. In Wisconsin, Mr. G. W. Gillette took eighty-four bass in a day and a half last week. The bass season is now at its height also in the streams south and east of Chicago, such as the Kankakee, the Kalamazoo, the Grand, etc. In every way the anglers are now radiating from Chicago and this vicinity, and there is every reason to believe that they will have a very fortunate season.

Good Work of the Wisconsin Fish Commission.

Superintendent James C. Nevins finished on June 30 his report for the Fish Commission of the State of Wisconsin. It appears that the waters of the State have been well taken care of, and that 62,409,075 young fish have been distributed. Of these 2,225,000 were brook trout. Over 1,000,000 rainbow trout were planted in different streams. A Chicago paper in commenting on this fact, states gravely that rainbow trout were "not indigenous to Wisconsin waters until planted by the Commission." The rainbow trout has done very well in Wisconsin and is now generally distributed in that State. In the past most of the trout hatching has been done at the Madison hatchery, but there is a new hatchery at Bayfield, where there is a wild stream owned by the State, offering some nine miles of trout waters for the hatching operations. This hatchery has as yet not been used to any great extent, although it has hatched some 10,000,000 lake trout fry. It is thought that Bayfield hatchery will be a great success, and that the trout raised in the State stream will be more normal and more vigorous than any raised in the warmer streams thus far available. The Bayfield hatchery received its appropriation four years ago, and the work there is regarded with much interest by the Commission. The superintendent says that when this hatchery is completed it will be the largest and best one in the world.

It is curious to note that in the utilization of this natural wild stream at the Bayfield hatchery the same method is used which I mentioned last week at the Kinne Creek Trout Club, at Wingleton, Mich. In each case the young fry are placed in a nursery stream before distribution. Here, in perfectly natural surroundings, the young trout grow up strong and vigorous, and in far better condition than they would be if confined in artificial pens. There is no doubt that this method is successful, both in the private enterprise and in the public one. So far as is known the idea was arrived at independently in each case.

The Wisconsin Commission reports fish distributed in the following numbers: Wall-eyed pike, 30,250,000; whitefish, 18,500,000; lake trout, 10,275,000; brook trout, 2,225,000; rainbow trout (approximated), 1,050,000.

Mascallonge Hatching.

It is popularly supposed that the mascallonge is not a possible subject for fishculture, and that when the natural supply is exhausted it can never be restored by artificial means. No attempt has been made at hatching mascallonge until very recently, but there appears reason to believe that the problem can be and has been solved. The Wisconsin Commission employed Frank W. Cheeney, of Jamestown, N. Y., a mascallonge expert, who was stationed at Lost Lake, twenty-five miles from Hayward. Here there were obtained 2,200,000 mascallonge eggs, of which from 65 to 95 per cent. were hatched in the lake water, which produced the parent fish.

Over 1,000,000 mascallonge fry have been distributed in Fond du Lac, Green Lake and Sawyer counties. It is yet too early to know what will be the success of this attempt to raise mascallonge.

The work of the Wisconsin Commission is not solely one of fish-hatching. The white bass distributed are usually adult specimens taken in nets just before their spawning season. It is interesting to note, also, the practical method of distributing black bass—the same which has long been in practice in the State of Illinois. The Mississippi River in Wisconsin—as in Illinois—is lined with shallow bayous, into which black bass and other game fish run in the spring, and where they deposit their spawn. The receding waters leave millions of young fish landlocked, and these the workmen of the Fish Commission seine out in great quantities and transport to other and more fortunate waters.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Messrs. Murrell, Peet, Babcock, Johnson and others of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, are deep in preparation for the tournament of that organization, which, as earlier stated in FOREST AND STREAM, will occur Aug. 13 and 14. The meet will be at Garfield Park, one of the pleasantest places of the city, and quite suitable for the holding of the tournament. The casting will be done on the north lagoon of the park. There will be six events, each provided with proper prizes, as earlier stated, and in the total covering nearly all the features of desirable fly-casting. The roll-casting will be something to be witnessed with interest by Chicagoans and others. It is expected that Mr. Mansfield, of San Francisco, who recently broke the long standing record for distance in fly-casting, will be present, as well as many others from different parts of the country. We look for a pleasaat and successful event.

Fishing in the National Park.

Lieut. Elmer Lindsley, Sixth Cavalry, Ft. Yellowstone, sends the following timely communication on the fishing resources of the National Park, for which I wish to thank him. He seems to show foundation for the mooted title of "angler's paradise," and all who know the Park can appreciate his enthusiasm. He says:

"The Yellowstone National Park furnishes more miles of fresh water fishing to the acre, with better fishing as to quality, quantity and variety, than any other spot on earth.

"Nature seems to have designed it for a 'real angler's paradise,' and her generous gifts have been ably and intelligently supplemented by the U. S. Fish Commission in 'planting,' and the Superintendent in 'watering,' if I may use that expression, and God has given a bountiful increase.

"The Park is the source of three great rivers, the Missouri, the Yellowstone and the Snake; and its numberless cold, clear mountain streams and glacial lakes are admirably adapted to trout of all species. Many of the streams in their lower courses are the natural home of *Salmo mykiss*, the native trout of that region; but where the waters leave the great volcanic plateau the cataracts form an impassable barrier to the ascent of fish, so the upper courses of all the streams were originally devoid of fish life. A notable exception to this is the Yellowstone Lake, and that part of the river above the falls, these waters being abundantly stocked with the *mykiss*. As the falls (365ft. in height) form an absolutely impassable barrier, the explanation is sought and found in the fact that at a comparatively recent date (from a geological standpoint) the waters of Yellowstone Lake drained through Snake River to the Pacific. It was then abundantly stocked with the *mykiss* of the Pacific slope, and when the outlet became dammed up by ice or other natural agency the lake found a new outlet in the opposite direction, and so the *mykiss* crossed the continental divide by natural means. My authority for the above statement is Professor Arnold Hague, of the U. S. Geological Survey, who has probably studied the natural features of the Park more thoroughly, and knows them more accurately, than any man alive. But to return to our fishes. Since 1889 the U. S. Fish Commission has planted about 100,000 yearling trout in the barren streams and lakes of the Park, and these have, with scarce an exception, grown and multiplied almost beyond belief; so the angler can now take his choice of pursuing the native *mykiss*, the whitefish, or the rare and gamy grayling; or he may take the European brown trout (Von Behr), the Eastern brook trout (*fontinalis*), the rainbow (*irideus*) of California, or the ouananiche of Canada.

"The summer climate is delightful, the scenery superb, and, as though the shade of good old Izaak Walton exercised a special guardianship over this region, there is such a combination of cold, snow-fed streams, with others fed by geysers and boiling springs, that the angler cannot only take a fine trout on his fly at any season of the year, but he can, in hundreds of places, drop him into a convenient hot spring and cook him without moving from his stand.

"I have just consulted my map with a view to tabulating, for the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, the streams, with the mileage of each, which furnish good sport with each particular variety; but had to give it up. It would take half a page of FOREST AND STREAM. It will suffice to say, that from any hotel in the Park one can go out and have an excellent day's sport, returning to his hotel for dinner at night. To get real first-class sport with the grayling, however, one should take a wagon and drive about thirty miles from the Fountain Hotel to Dwelle's ranch, on the South Fork of Madison River. This is probably the best grayling stream in the United States now, and Mr. Dwelle will furnish good accommodations to sportsmen at reasonable prices. To catch the ouananiche one has to take a wagon or pack train and camp outfit, and go one day's drive from the hotel and camp on the shore of Shoshone Lake; and this, by the way, is the only fishing proposition in the whole Park that is the least doubtful. This heretofore barren lake was stocked in 1889 with the *naymacush*, and up to last season had never been fished

"Last July I cut a trail to the lake and took a boat there in a wagon. We camped on the lake shore, near the outlet, and saw the fish breaking about 50yds. off shore. The next day we fished for them with a fly and trolled with a spoon, but could not get a strike, though they are surely there. Since then I have studied the ouananiche some, and hope to get after them again with live bait.

"As to the accommodations for anglers in this region. The Park is reached from the East via the N. P. R. R. or the Burlington, and from the West via the N. P. or the U. P., which runs a stage line into the Park from Beaver Cañon, Idaho. Once within the borders of the Park, and the rest is easy and only moderately expensive. The Park Association maintains four first-class hotels, one day's drive apart, and they make reduced rates to anglers, who wish to stay in the Park longer than the necessary time for making the regular trip. The transportation company runs elegant 4-horse covered coaches between the hotels, and at each hotel they keep buckboards and saddle horses for the use of tourists who wish to go fishing, while about the Park are several individuals who will furnish to a party of sportsmen, transportation and camp equipage, and guide them to the best fishing resorts.

"All of these people do business in the Park under the supervision of the Government, enforced by the local superintendent, which guarantees the sportsman or tourist against fraud or exorbitant charges.

"I have been on duty here for more than five years, and I advise every angler to come here for his outing if he can, and every angler who has arranged for the regular sight-seeing tour of the Park, taking five days, should not fail to plan for ten days more, to enjoy the unparalleled sport with rod and reel."

A Good Season.

July 8.—For some unknown reason the present year is proving an exceptionally good one for the anglers in nearly all of this part of the West. Not for a long time have the catch of muscallunge been so numerous or so large as they are this summer, and this seems to apply to all the waters of the upper West to which this fish is native. In Minnesota, as we have been, the 'lunge crop is extraordinarily abundant, and up in Wisconsin, on waters which have for some time appeared to be fished out, the sport has been good for an unusually long time. It is likely that the good fishing is to be explained by the long period of high water over much of the West early last spring. High water means good fishing, generally speaking. The excellence of sport with the rod extends not only to the muscallunge, but also to the bass and pike. Not at any time for a dozen years has bass fishing been so good as it is this summer over the greater part of the entire State of Wisconsin.

At Kabekona camp in Minnesota we continue to hear of good takes of 'lunge, and of course in a 'lunge country nothing else counts, and the hundreds of wall-eyes and pickerel and bass are looked upon only as a tribulation.

At Pelican Lake, Wisconsin, a number of 'lunge have been taken by different anglers the past month. Mr. J. H. Frem, of Antigo, Wis., during the past two weeks caught seventeen 'lunge running from 8 up to 27lbs. Mr. Evans, a guest at one of the hotels, had one 'lunge of 26lbs. Mr. D. Williams, of Club House Point, has during the season had seventeen 'lunge, the heaviest being a grand specimen of 37lbs. weight. Mrs. A. McKenzie, of Eagle River, Wis., took a fine fish weighing 26lbs. at Catfish Lake, near Pelican, and in the same lake Mr. Jos. Flannigan got a still bigger one, a beauty scaling 34lbs. A. Lafave got one at Catfish Lake that weighed 28lbs. Mr. Chas. Whitcomb, of Chicago, took on Pelican Lake a number of small 'lunge running in weights such as 5, 8, 9 or 10lbs. One of these small 'lunge had its lip nearly torn off from an earlier encounter with the spoon. Mr. Chas. Dorman, of Kaukauna, Wis., had two fish, one weighing 12 and the other 15lbs. Mr. Clifford, freight auditor of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, with Dr. Moore, of Wheaton, Ill., in one day got seven 'lunge of various weights and seventy-five wall eyde pike. Mr. John Branch, auditor of agents and conductors accounts, the same railway, with Mr. Chas. Jenks, both of Evanston, Ill., caught in one day 150lbs. of pike and pickerel, and bass, having bass up to 4lbs. and pike as heavy as 4½lbs. Messrs. A. C. Paterson and Geo. Sears, of Chicago, in one day, or rather one morning, caught thirty-five wall-eyes and quit because it was too easy. On Twin Lake, above Pelican Lake, Mr. Fred Wood, a guest of Mr. R. D. Peacock, in one day took twenty-eight fine bass and a number of pickerel up to 5lbs. weight. It is rarely that one hears reported the bass and pike catches from this upper country, because there are so many fish of this sort taken, and so easily, that it is not thought worth reporting.

I learn that the catch of bass taken by Mr. C. R. Gillette, mentioned in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, was made at Brown's Lake, just over the line in Wisconsin. Of these fish over seventy out of the eighty-three were small mouths, and the majority of the fish are reported as taken on the fly. Mr. Gillette says he never had such fishing. In short, high water, fish propagation, or something, has given us the finest sort of angling this summer. Almost any way one wants to go, south to Indiana, north to Wisconsin, or east to Michigan, one may expect just now fine sport at bass and other fish. Thus I hear that Black Lake, in Michigan south peninsula, is a splendid water for the bait-caster, though the bigmouth bass are not very good to eat there at this season of the year.

The Leavenworth Fishing Club.

The Leavenworth Fishing Club, of Leavenworth, Kan.

made its annual June fishing trip into Wisconsin, and on the Fourth of July held its sixth annual banquet at its headquarters in the pleasant city by the Missouri, a large number of members and guests being present.

This club was organized by Leavenworth anglers in the wilds of northern Wisconsin in 1892, and one of its principal features is to have a big fishing trip every year and a dinner on the return, that is always attended by over a hundred of the leading business and professional men of the city.

Four kinds of fish were served last night—muscallunge, pickerel, pike and bass.

After dining for an hour and a half, W. C. Hook, the president of the club, introduced O. B. Taylor as toastmaster. Speeches followed by J. R. Garrett, J. W. Hirst, E. W. Snyder and others.

W. C. Hook, who just returned from Wisconsin and brought in the fish for the banquet, made the principal speech. He started out by reading the constitution of the club, which states that its objects are to procure fish by other means than purchase, and to encourage and promote veracity among its members. The constitution makes it a capital offense for a member so impugn the veracity or credibility of another member before a stranger.

Western Trout.

The Denver *Republican* has the following despatch from Laramie, Wyo., date of July 3, from which it would appear that we in this part of the world are not really in a position to say very much about trout fishing:

"A party of Union Pacific officials, guests of Assistant Superintendent Culross of the Union Pacific, mountain division, returned from the headwaters of the Big Laramie yesterday with one of the finest catches of trout ever made in this vicinity. The total catch was 440 trout, the largest being a 7-pounder. Among the party were Superintendent of Motive Power J. H. McConnell, Private Secretary C. A. Coons, Superintendent of the Cheyenne Shops J. E. O. Hearne, Judge C. N. Potter of the Supreme Court, United States Marshall McDermott, R.S. Oberfelder, Nebraska State Fish Commissioner, and R. H. Repath, of Cheyenne."

Minnesota Fish Work.

Superintendent W. H. Morgan, of the Minnesota Fish Commission, reports that some 20,000 fry of the steelhead salmon from California have been planted this season in Lake Superior. No bass fry have been put out, but 725,000 wall-eyed pike have been planted, and 546,000 trout fry. The largest quantity was placed in Winona county. This county is the paradise of the Minnesota trout angler. Fillmore and Olmstead counties rank next to Winona, and in consequence received the next largest amount of young trout. Of the 300,000 that Supt. Morgan still intends to put out, these three counties will receive a large share.

Divers Dynamiters.

Along the lower part of the Kankakee River dynamite has this summer been used to considerable extent, as well as nets and spears. Many game fish have been killed, to say nothing of hundreds of carp.

The *Topeka Journal*, of Kansas, has this despatch from Augusta, Kas., about the way certain persons destroy fish:

"Wichita parties come over to the Walnut to fish. There could be no objection to this if they would obey the law, but they dynamite the streams, and fully 1,000lbs. of fish are shipped by rail or wagon every week from this city. The new Fish Commissioner lives in Wichita, and is said to have been a successful fisher in the Walnut before his appointment."

The *Logan Journal*, of Utah, advises the public that the dynamiter is not a product exclusively of the older parts of the United States. It has this to say about the ravages of the giant powder fiend:

"It is claimed that giant powder is being used by certain fishermen in sequestered places along Paradise Creek. People from Brigham City, who have been up there on a day's outing, have found trout floating down the stream stunned and motionless, exactly as they would have done had they been blown out of their shady watery nooks by some reckless fisherman. All such law-breaking trout annihilators should be tenderly felt after by the loving arm of the law, or in a very few years these streams will be entirely stripped of the delicious trout. Some of the Cache county officers should be inspired to occasionally try their luck at fishing in those infested quarters."

Anderson, Ind., has a young fish and game protective club, and it needs one. Dynamiters have been steadily at work for weeks above the Broadbent dam, and many fish have been destroyed. Amos Coburn has been appointed deputy warden, and will have abundance to occupy his mind for a time.

Some Seiners.

At Kokomo, Ind., this week, G. W. Murray, of Elwood, was fined $35 for seining in the Wild Cat Creek. Deputy Weltner made the arrest, and it is said he will now get after a lot of dynamiters who have been at work on the same stream for some time.

Among the men who have this season been arrested for seining in the Calumet River are F. Lallae, H. Posselt, J. G. Garrett and Wm. Cadman. Each of these got off easy with $10 and costs.

The Crawfordsville, Ind., *Journal* has the following commendable talk to make to a few of its worthless citizens about unlawful fishing:

"The attention of State Fish Commissioner Sweeney is respectfully called to the fact that a 40ft. seine, 12ft. deep, is owned and operated by Crawfordsville parties. The gang owning this illegal instrument went out the other night and by dragging the waters af the creek caught a tubful of fine bass. It was dead easy and great sport, but if punishment is not meted out to them it will not be the fault of the legitimate fishermen, who are now on their trail with a hot stick. Some of the fellows owning an interest in this seine are hardly in a position to monkey with the law, and if they escape with a fine they may consider themselves lucky."

Roar.

The bold and honest utterance of the Crawfordsville *Journal* is not imitated, as it might well be, in a recent roar by the Jerseyville *Democrat* of this State. The latter paper thinks that the recent Illinois fish law, establishing a size-limit for all fish to be marketed, is very wrong, and remarks: "This section alone almost destroys an industry, which furnishes employment to hundreds of men within the State." It would seem that these hundreds of men might be better employed than in destroying baby fish. But this is a fair sample of the sort of sentiment which comes up from lower Illinois against any intelligent movement for the protection of either fish or game. There is where we get our spring shooting laws killed.

Fined.

At Manistee, Mich., Ed. Norman, Paul Bloch and Anton Fountain were fined each $5 and costs for unlawful trout fishing this week.

Stole a Reservoir.

Above we see a few instances of the daring of the morally destitute men who use dynamite and seines and all sorts of things to capture fish illegally. But there are other heights to which the unlawful fisherman may climb. For the benefit of the two-penny fish thieves of Utah, of Indiana, of Illinois, let me recommend the ingenuity of some enterprising thieves in Ohio, who were not content with such slow work as killing a few hundred fish, but stole a whole reservoir full at one fell swoop. The names of the men alleged to be concerned in this bit of work are Willis Nethers, Fred. Marshall, Fet. Coulter, Benson Nethers, Ed. and Charles Mortimore, all living near Dresden and Frazeysburg, and they were arrested by Warden L. H. Reutinger. It seems that these men knew of a certain reservoir tributary to the Ohio Canal, known as Mortimore's Basin, in which numbers of fish abounded, and they conceived the notion that by cutting the canal bank they could drain the basin and thus get all the fish in it. They did so cut the channel through the bank, and placing a wire netting across it, they caught a vast quantity of fish as they were drawn out by the current of water. What they did not take away went on out into a field nearby, over which the water spread, and the next day a wagon load or so of fish were picked up in the field. The fish thus destroyed were peddled out in the neighborhood of the crime. All these men are now out on bail, and one of them thinks he can prove an alibi. It will be very desirable for all of them to prove alibis or jump their bailbonds and leave, for it happens that they can, and very likely will, be prosecuted for an offense worse than the illegal taking of fish. To cut the bank of any canal is in Ohio a felony. The men will very likely take a trip to the Penitentiary. It is not always that genius brings happiness.

Weights of Columbia River Salmon.

In the month of June there were received at Vancouver from the upper Columbia River five salmon which weighed 225lbs. The largest of these weighed 53lbs. There were other specimens, all of the Chinook salmon, weighing 57, 56, 49lbs. No wonder they don't take a fly. If they did the fishing would be too good to be true.

Fishing Clubs.

The Paul Jones Fishing Club has been organized this week at New Orleans, with the following officers: Col. J. H. Hoffstadt, president; Edmond Noris, first vice-president; Dan Young, second vice-president; Vic Vindon, secretary; Louis Hackemiller, treasurer, and Wm. Evans, sergeant-at-arms, and Wm. Petefield, commissary.

The Schoor Lake Fishing Club, of Waterloo, Ill., elected the former year's officers at their annual meeting last week, as follows: J. J. Koenigsmark, president; Dr. Fike, vice-president; F. Durfee, secretary; F. Jobusch, treasurer; John Lutz, R. Wolf, P. Bremser, H. Wallhaus and H. Murphy, trustees; M. C. Rodenberger, custodian.

Bass.

At Pearl Lake, Wis., in Waushara county, bass fishing is very good now. Wm. Brill, of Berlin, last week caught a 5lb. bass, and nearly everybody has had luck.

At Lake Winnebago, Wis., the sport at black bass and also at white bass continues very fine. One party caught eighty-five bass near Fond du Lac last week.

John Parmelee, of Chicago, went fishing up at Manitowish, Wis., last week. His friend Mr Upman, of Chicago, guyed him about his skill, and offered him 40 cents a pound for all the fish he caught. Mr. Parmelee sent him down 100lbs. by express as a starter, and Mr. Upman drew his cheque for $40. He doesn't want any more now.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

ANGLING IN CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Lake Edward has yielded, this spring, and continues to yield many of the large size brook trout for which it is famous. Among those who have lately had splendid sport are Mr. Harry Brown of Albany and his wife. They are stopping at the Laurentides House, and besides trying the deep water of the lake itself very successfully for some of its monster fish, have enjoyed good fly-fishing upon newly opened-up chains of lakes and their connecting streams, a short distance to the west of the big lake. Other American anglers who have done well here this season are, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Brown, Scranton, Pa.; John L. Borston, Burlington, Vt.; and W. E. Hervey and J. C. French, M. D., of Burlington, Vt. Messrs. Clement H. Cox, of London, England; H. C. Foy, C. H. B. Caldwell and Major C. P. Waldron, of the same place, have also made good catches during the last few days at Lake Edward.

Messrs. J. D. Frink and C. L. Aiken, of Springfield, have had good sport at the lakes of the Amabalish Club.

The Triton Club is making large strides in membership and promises to be completely filled up at a very early date. Some more large fish have been taken on the tract since the date of my last letter, but the record fish therein reported, of a 9lb. trout taken with the fly, by the Hon. W. B. Kirk, of Syracuse, has not yet been broken there.

Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, has acquired fresh territory, adjoining that of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club, near Lake St. John, and is establishing a new club.

Upon both the Tourilli Club's limits and the Jacques Cartier River, trout fishing has proved very good this spring, but not above the average.

Fishing for ouananiche is about at its best just now in the Grande Décharge. It opened late, like most of the other angling this year in Canada, and may therefore be expected to last longer than usual. No exceptionally heavy fish are yet reported, but the rising fish are plentiful. This fishing will doubtless be better in July than it has been in June. The fish are also running into the great northern feeders of Lake St. John, and from this date on to the end of the ouananiche season upon Sept. 15, the sport of fishing for them ought to be good in Lac Tschotagama up the Peribonca, at the fifth falls of the Mistassini, and in the other northern resorts of the ouananiche described, with the method of reaching them, in "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment." An unusully brisk ouananiche season is expected this summer and fall in the Lake St. John country, for with scarcely an exception the salmon fishing in Canada this year has been quite a failure. The Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of New York, is here on his way home from the Restigouche and reports the fishing very poor. Another member of the Restigouche Salmon Club, who spent three weeks on the river, only killed three fish, and Mr. A. N. Cheney, who recently visited the river for purposes of investigation, together with Mr. Burdick, of Albany, was fortunate enough to have some very fair sport there. He returned home last week. Dr. F. W. Campbell and Mr. I. H. Stearns, of Montreal, have fished Chamberlain Shoals on this river as usual, but report poor luck. Much the same kind of a story comes from all the south shore streams. The fishing on the north shore has been rather better, but nothing like what it usually is. This is principally accounted for by the prevalence of strong east winds at the time the fish generally enter the rivers, which has kept them away from the coast. In all the streams, the run of salmon is much later than usual this year. Mr. Pike, of New York, is at the Romaine, and so is Mr. Hodges, of Boston. Messrs. Jas. Law, of Montreal, and John Manuel, are fishing the Godbout with Thos. Peek and Robert Patterson, and Mr. A. C. Henry, has also fished with them. They had taken over a hundred salmon up to the end of last week, with an average weight of between 15 and 16lbs. Messrs Veasey Boswell, of Quebec, and Chas. Hope and Andrew A. Allan, of Montreal, and E. D. Foland, of Philadelphia, are on the Moisie, the newly acquired river of Messrs. Boswell and Hope. Mr. Edson Fitch, of this city, instead of fishing his own river this year, has been the guest of the two latter gentlemen for the last three weeks and reports a heavy catch, the bulk of the fish taken exceeding 23lbs. in weight. Up to the end of last week the total catch on the river was 122 fish. Mr. John D. Gilmour and his son, Master Dudley Gilmour, are having great sport with both salmon and sea-trout on their river, the Trinity. While their guest last week I was lucky enough to kill some twenty salmon, which is much below the average taken on the river at this time of the year. The largest fish was only 21lbs. Captain Wilberforce, A. D. C. to the Governor-General, is now fishing the Trinity with Mr. Gilmour, and Dr. Johnson and wife, of New York, and E. C. Fitch, Esq., President of the Waltham Watch Company, are fishing the Romaine, Mr. John Brown and Master Ritchie, the Becsic, and Major Collingwood and wife, of England, the Mingan. The Mistassini is being fished by a party of Americans, who up to date have only killed nine fish.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, July 2.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, July 10.—Black bass fishing is very much in order at this time, and those who can visit the best bass waters are usually successful. The Belgrade lakes and ponds in Maine are very popular with bass fishermen, and never more so than this year. Mr. H. C. Sanderson and Mr. William M Farrington are just back from a fishing trip to Great Pond, at Belgrade Mills, Me. Both are much pleased with their success. Mr. Sanderson, at least, was not much accustomed to fishing for bass with a fly, but they struck the pond just right. In one day they caught nearly 200 bass, the most of which they returned to the water. They landed some of over 2lbs. They were told at the pond that theirs had been about the first success of the season, the weather having been backward, and the season cold. White perch fishing was also fairly good on several of the ponds in that section. There are also good reports from Maranocook and Annabessecook lakes in Winthrop, with the bass fishermen having good sport.

The trout fishing season in Maine is by no means over, though the movement of sportsmen in that direction is not quite as marked as early in the season. At Mooselucmaguntic Lake the trolling for trout has been unusually good of late, though that part of the sport is usually over before July 1. But this year the cold weather and high water has kept up the trolling, and good catches are still being reported. Mr. Greenleaf, of Lewiston, Me., and his uncle, from Albuquerque, New Mexico, were at that lake over the 4th, and caught a good many trout. Mr. A. R. Beadle, of Springfield, Mass., and R. F. Whiting, of Lewiston, Me., went in to Bemis, and then up the lake July 3, and came out the 5th. They had remarkably good luck, taking nearly 30lbs. of trout. Both were greatly pleased.

A week or two ago a fox chased a little fawn down to the lake, near Capt. Fred C. Barker's camps at Bemis. The little fellow took to the water, but was soon rescued by the men at the camps. It had been wounded by the fox, and was nearly exhausted. It was cared for that night, and immediately took to drinking milk, which was offered it. It has become very tame, is growing rapidly, and has become a great pet. Of buttercups it is especially fond, and it is a pretty sight to see Capt. Fred's little daughter of four years feeding it with flowers. The number of cameras that have been aimed at the little animal is great, and some good pictures should result. Indeed, the camera is getting to be the favorite weapon of lady sportsmen, and they are enjoying it, with the promise of something better hereafter. Mrs. Edward B. Hill and her daughter, of New York, were to try snap shots at live deer at some of the ponds in the Rangely region last week. Their guide, Lyman E. Moor, has several mapped out.

Mr. Galen C. Moses, of Bath, and president of the R F. and R. L. R. R., fished from the Birches July 5 with good success. Mr. George S. Wright, of Boston, with Mrs. Wright, son and daughter, are at the Birches, and having good success in fishing. Good reports of trout come from the vicinity of the Katahdin Iron Works, in Maine. Mr. G. W. Kimball, clerk of the late House of Representatives, on Beacon Hill, and Isaac H. Edgett, Assistant Secretary of State, with a friend, returned last week from a successful fishing trip to Chairback Pond, under Chairback Mountain, near Mount Katahdin. One day they caught 152 trout, returning all of the smaller ones to the water. Other days they had good success. Their fishing was all with flies. Mosquitoes and black flies were their chief sources of regret, with minges at night; but the fishing more than made up for the discomfort.

Trout fishing on the Cape is not very satisfactory of late, though Boston merchants and business men go down there as often as they can get away, and always take their rods along. They try the fishing faithfully, but success is the exception since the warm weather begun.

Mr. Henry C. Litchfield, with Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, was the recipient of a beautiful specimen of brook trout the other day, and showed it in the firm's window on Washington street. It weighed 5¼lbs. and was 19in. long; one of the finest specimens of plump, female *Salmo fontinalis* one will see in a series of many fishing trips. It came from Maine,

from Onawa Lake, and was taken by L. W. Lawton. Onawa Lake is above Moosehead, on the Canadian Pacific, and with Buxton's camps there, makes a fly-fishing resort where excellent sport is being had this year. The resort is reported to be comparatively new.

The salmon fishing season is on in full blast, and it would seem that the interest is unusually great. Boston and New England salmon fishermen are on their rivers or about starting. Mr. George von Meyer, of the Restigouche Club, is at the preserve. Mr Louis Curtis has returned from the same waters. Mr. L. R. Howe, of Boston, goes to his salmon waters on the Restigouche River to morrow. Mr. Herbert Dumaresq and Mr. T. R. Hoyet will accompany him. Mr. W. A. Ross goes to Miramichi early this month for salmon fishing. Mr. E. R. Horton, of Boston and Newport, R. I., is at his salmon waters on the Northeast Branch of the St. Marguerite. Mr. Francis Dumaresq, of Boston, will be his guest. Mr. E. A. Hitchcock, of St. Louis, starts about the fifth of this month for the Nipisquit.

The Rangeley and Moosehead sportsmen are not yet all done. M. C. W. Varney, of Lynn, left Saturday for the Rangeleys. Mr. Sumner Wright, with Mrs. Wright, started for the Birches, Lake Mooselucmaguntic, yesterday. They will be absent two or three weeks. Good reports of the fly-fishing there are current. Mr. H. W. Clark, of Watertown, Mass., is credited with a trout of 6½lbs. and three salmon at Rangeley last week. J. T. Louter, of Boston, is reported to have taken a salmon of 7½lbs. at the same waters the other day. Fish and Game Commissioner C. E. Oak is credited with taking a 5lb. salmon on the fly there. His wife took a 4lb. trout. Commissioner Stanley took a 4½lb. trout at the same place. Mrs D. E. Parlin, of Lewiston, is mentioned as taking a 7½lb salmon at Pleasant Hours camps last week. Last of all, there is a report at the tackle stores here of a salmon of 11lbs. taken at Rangeley Lake. If true, this beats the record there. SPECIAL.

EATING HABITS OF SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is difficult to eradicate erroneous impressions which purely speculative writers have stamped upon the popular mind, and which even the best informed ichthyologists have inadvertently implanted. Habits of fish can only be learned by direct and continuous observations covering every period of their life history; and where their range of habitat is as great as that of the sea salmon, involving such extraordinary vicissitudes and requisite adaptions thereto, the study involves not only great practice, but the faculty of discernment and the logical adjustment of phenomena to actual biological conditions.

Close observers like John Mowatt, of the Restigouche, who was born beside a salmon pool and lived the full allotted period of human life in constant contact and association with the fish he marketed, may well be pardoned for his obstinate belief in the widespread notion that sea salmon do not feed when running up fresh-water streams to their spawning beds; but the astute fishculturist who watches their development from the egg to maturity knows differently, and when we have the testimony of experts like Mr. G. G. Armistead, in an official bulletin, to the effect that "everyone who is acquainted with the life history of *Salmo salar* is well aware that they not only feed, but feed voraciously, in our rivers at times," we must believe. (See bulletin U. S. Fish Commission for 1893, pp. 93 and 95.) "But sometimes they take but little food, as, for instance, when spawning, when the temperature is very low, and when on migration. It is quite possible, for these reasons, to get plenty of salmon with nothing in their stomachs; and, as their digestion is very rapid even after a good meal, little trace of it might be found in a few hours." And he adds, Hudibrastically: "The idea seems to exist in many minds that the huge bodies of the salmon (weighing in some instances 70lbs. and upward) are developed by a very indefinite something which the fish manage somehow or other to obtain by a process which they call suction; and this, as a recent writer very aptly remarked, points to something rather like microscopic supplies."

In further confirmation of his position, he says in another place: "Salmon have been kept in fresh water from the time of their birth to maturity, and after the absorption of the umbilical sac have fed and continued to feed very much in the same way that other members of the family are known to do."

This is now demonstrated every year at Brussels, France, where Dr Jourret de Bellesme is cultivating the *Salmo quinnat* artificially in ponds, and the same facts were learned at Stormont field ponds in Scotland, thirty years ago, and were reiterated by myself in my earlier publications on the habits of *Salmonidæ*, especially in the *Fishing Tourist*, published by Harper & Brothers in 1873, where I likened the feeding of spawning salmon to the practice of setting hens, which come off their nests at intervals for the provender necessary to sustain life. For a quarter of a century my published writings will show that I have held my position almost single-handed against the scientific field, obtaining concessions from time to time from accepted authorities like Profs. Goode, Gill and Gordon, and I think from Beau as well, and I am seeking a further endorsement from FOREST AND STREAM, whose dictum is always accepted as oracular. Neither fowls nor fish can live on air, and when I see great bodies, of whatever genus or kind, gravid with young, I know that nature must provide them with that means of procreation which is best afforded by a generous diet and ample food.

In my latest work, the "Salmon Fisher" (Forest and Stream Publishing Co.), the life history of the salmon of both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts is delineated with painstaking care to the fullest endorsements of the best authorities in England and America, and I think those of your readers, who have not met with it, may be pleased to examine its pages now. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Salmon in the Penobscot.

MR. GEORGE A. BOARDMAN sends us this note from a Calais paper relative to fishing in the St. Croix River:

"This has been an off week at the Union Mills pools. Although there appear to be plenty of salmon in the river they have been slow to rise to the flies cast by a few rodsmen, and only eight fish can be added to the record. This brings the total score from 97, reported last week, to 105. Interest in the sport has so far abated, and the season is so far advanced, that this record will not probably be much increased."

The pool is in the center of the town and the fish are all large sea salmon.

Some Minnesota Fishing.

GENEVA BEACH, Alexandria P O, Douglas County, Minn., June 29.—Four 5lb. small-mouthed black bass is the score to G. D. Antis, of St. Louis, and T. L. Blood, of St. Paul, for a quiet turn up the beach yesterday afternoon, casting with minnows from a boat within view of the hotel piazza. These are all they turned in as their catch. There is no available record of what else they caught or returned to the water. While large fish are not, to my taste, as sweetly edible as 2-pounders, or even smaller, these serve very well as a sample of what can be done in Geneva, as well as illustrating the honors which pertain to the saints. There is no difficulty in catching all the fish one wants right here, either croppies, pike, perch or bass, and later on some heavy muscalonge are sure to come in. One old gentleman, seventy-four years old, devotes his exclusive attention to croppies at this season, and from one bed he has taken out some 250 fish in the aggregate. He never misses a two hours' sit if the weather be favorable. St. Paul and St. Louis furnish a heavy contingent of guests, and the Hotel Alexandria has been even full ever since June 1. I have never struck a place where fish are better or more abundant, and whenever I stand on the wagon bridge which spans the creek connecting Geneva and Victoria lakes, I am certain to see heavy bass sculling leisurely about over the tops of the weeds. I like to stand and watch them play and feed. Of food there is variety and abundance, not counting frogs and minnows.

No less than five varieties of flies have swarmed since June 1, fairly covering the lake margin and the foliage. The most killing of these are the shad flies, or June flies, so-called. Besides these the maple caterpillar has swarmed all over the country in localities, denuding the forests until the limbs were as bare as in winter. Their period was something over three weeks in duration, and the trees are now putting out a second growth of leaves, having the appearance of early May foliage.

There is no end of fishing water in this part of Minnesota, Douglas county alone having 200 lakes. The hotel is comfortable and the table excellent. Your correspondent, Col. Jas. A. B. Van Cleave, of Chicago, has a cottage on Lake Miltona, quite near, and there are club houses in all directions. Many of the lakes connect, and one can make a sixty-mile trip without covering the same water and be within reach of supplies and railroad transportation all the time. It is one of those rare locations which a few are enjoying all the more because the crowd has not yet found its way here. Our house closes Sept. 1, when those who elect to remain for the chicken and duck shooting will adjourn to the Letson House, in Alexandria, two miles away, which is kept by the proprietor of the Hotel Alexandria. The duck shooting here in the fall is hard to beat.

C. HALLOCK.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, July 10.—I have visited some of the most noted fishing grounds of Barnegat during the present week and found the existing conditions very much as reported in my last letter to FOREST AND STREAM. The bluefish are very abundant, and while they are not taking the squid as fully as the angler might wish for, still, chumming with menhaden gives good results. The bay is literally alive with the menhaden; this, of course, accounts for the presence of the bluefish. Unmitigated butcher that he is, no mercy is shown the menhaden; he rushes through schools, snapping right and left, and rarely failing to take in half the object of his pursuit. None who have not witnessed the scene can form any conception of the awful slaughter. I have frequently been where acres of bluefish had the defenseless menhaden surrounded, and I have witnessed the mad frenzy with which the bluefish strikes his quarry, and his apparently earnest endeavor to allow none to escape. A chapter of deepest interest could well be written on the subject, covering the habits of the bluefish and his destruction of the bait fishes of the coast.

Weakfishing we found good, although none of the small-school fish were in evidence. Nothing but large fish, what are known as tide runners, were taken, and all fine, well-conditioned fish.

The surf, too, has given some very good results the present week in the way of kingfish and striped bass. A most peculiar condition of affairs exists in relation to the latter variety. Only a single specimen has been taken from either of our piers here, although the water and other conditions appear to be all right; all have been taken to the northward, at or in the vicinity of Deal Beach. The largest for the week was to the credit of the following: W. H. Moynan 18-24½lbs., L. P. Streeter 18½lbs., Chas. Hurley 19lbs., N. M. Nichols 21½lbs., Chas. A. Poland 8-21½lbs., Mr. Comegys 19lbs. Two black drum have been hooked, but owing to the peculiar formation of the beach the landing of this most stubborn of fighters is a most difficult feat, in consequence of which both were lost. The very cold weather has held the fishing back, so that now we are having about what June 20 usually produces.

The experience of the pound fishermen has induced them to set but few nets in this vicinity, and in consequence the future looks bright for the angling fraternity.

LEONARD HULIT.

Lake Champlain Fishing.

ESSEX, N. Y., July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fishing in Lake Champlain just now is extremely good. Perch are large and unusually plentiful. Many of them run over ½lb. in weight.

To day I caught seventeen perch and two black bass in about two hours' fishing, and with the water perfectly still. The perch may be seen lying in schools, with their backs in some cases out of the water. Many of these fish will not bite, but there are enough that will to give fair sport. The bass were caught off Split Rock Point, and two more were hooked but lost. This is an ideal place for casting, but for some reason the bass do not seem to be very plentiful.

I also caught several fish, locally called "chub," which are very likely what are known further south as "fall fish." These fish are fast swimmers, and dart at the bait like a true game fish. They also readily take the fly. If I am not mistaken they are the same fish that I caught two years ago in the upper Delaware River while trolling for bass. On that occasion we used large phantom minnows, and at times fish would strike that were not more than twice the size of the bait, showing them to be thoroughly fearless. In Lake Champlain, the largest of these "chub" that I heard of weighed 2lbs. J.

The Maine Guide License System.

GREENVILLE, Moosehead Lake, July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first arrest under the new guides' law occurred at Kineo the 2d inst. Joe La Crosse was taken in charge by Game Warden C. C. Nichols, of Foxcroft, for guiding without a license. He was arraigned before a justice at Dora, and settled by paying a fine of $50. He then took out a license, and claimed that his violation of the law arose from ignorance of its requirements rather than a disposition to resist it.

There is much dissatisfaction in this locality regarding the issuing of licenses by the State Game Commissioners, notably so in the case of an Adirondack guide named Darrow, who is a stranger here, and totally unacquainted with this region. Yet he was granted a license, in the face of the assertion from the Commissioners that one of the prime objects of the guides' law was to keep out unqualified men. In another instance a French-Canadian was licensed, despite the earnest protest of the guides' representative, on the ground that he had been discourteous to a lady member of a party he had guided, and was addicted to the use of liquor to excess. With such an application of the law our good men are asking where the benefit is to be derived from its operation. Moose and deer are more plentiful here than for years past. Four moose were seen at the lake shore last week, and a big bull came out in a field in this village last Tuesday.

ECHO.

Sacramento Salmon Increase.

UNITED STATES RESERVATION, Baird, Shasta County, Cal., July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The profitable results of fishculture have again been strikingly shown in the great increase of salmon in the Sacramento River this year.

Active operations in hatching salmon eggs at Baird Station, of the United States Fish Commission, on the McCloud River, a tributary of the Sacramento, were resumed by Commissioner McDonald in 1888. After a reasonable time subsequent to that date, the salmon in the Sacramento began to increase, and this year there are more salmon in the Sacramento than ever before since 1878, when 14,000,000 eggs were taken at Baird Station. The McCloud River also seems to be full of salmon this year, and the harvest of eggs at Baird Station will this year probably exceed that of any previous year, unless it be that of the year just mentioned, viz., 1878. LIVINGSTON STONE.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man.
Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Sept. —.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's Champion Stake, Morris, Man.
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

AS TO THE JUDGES.

MR. T. T. ASHFORD, of Birmingham, Ala., having patronized field trials with intermittent enthusiasm and discriminating thriftiness in the past, has announced that he will abandon them "until the judging conditions change," and that he will use his influence with his friends who are pointer men to withhold their support also. To the end that the world may know the causes which have impelled him thus to inflict such punishment, he has published that, as the pointers are judged by setter men, they are unjustly discriminated against and deprived of their just deserts, presumably much against the peace, dignity, increment and good repute of their dogs; for there are few things which detract so much from a judge's good fame as his inability to give every dog a prize.

Mr. Ashford's assertion that the pointers are discriminated against by setter judges contains nothing in the way of specification other than the vaguest generalization, and nothing but assertion is advanced as proof. On these flimsy grounds the public is asked to believe that the judges are prejudiced against the pointers. Moreover, Mr. Ashford has a personal grievance in reference to the judging of Von Gull last winter, which, of itself, may be sufficient authority, from his point of view, to attack the integrity of the judges whose prejudice is proven by the fact that Von Gull failed to win. There are some aggrieved setter men who prove their cases on precisely the same grounds. Mr. Ashford has had similar grievances before, with similar action by way of showing resentment and withholding support, yet field trials flourished in spite of the shock.

There are pointer men who are sterling sportsmen, who take victory or defeat with equal and true graciousness, and for such he cannot possibly assume to speak. One can suspect a spasm of public reform which has its origin in a personal grievance, and this in particular when the method of reform finds expression in a boycott. And this, alas! is to be the case "until the judging conditions change." Isn't this rather an ambiguous condition? Change to what? If no pointers were to run there would be no pointer interests to consider, so that from his point of view there would, therefore, be no incentive to change, granting for the sake of argument that any is needed or desired. As a matter of fact, there is no need whatever of any change which has reference to the length of a dog's coat.

Let us now consider a few facts to be found in the records of many past years, and therefore free from the vagaries of imaginations whose sense of equity is measured by personal interests, and whose feeling of grievance must have a cause in the corruptness of others. In past years a number of the field trial clubs of this country ran separate pointer stakes, both All-Age and Derby, to afford them protection from setter competition, and thus to enable pointer owners and breeders to fully and freely develop their favorites to the utmost degree possible. Then pointer men frankly admitted

that as a class the pointers were inferior to the setters. If they were not, why were the separate pointer stakes? And if they were not, why were such stakes accepted? They are not entirely abandoned yet. Strange as it may seem, the support accorded the separate pointer stakes was in most instances insufficient to pay the prizes and incidental expenses, although the clubs always made them of equal value with corresponding setter stakes. There was nearly always a deficit resulting from them, which had to be made good from the surplus of the setter stakes or from the clubs' revenues. However, there was no cause of grievance to pointer men in all this. But the pointer, after many years of protection, so increased in merit, numbers and popularity that their competition was as good relatively as their long-haired rivals. So-called setter men and setter judges were active thus in affording means of competition for the pointers' advancement. But times became hard, and as the pointers needed no further protection in the way of separate stakes, and there was need of greater economy by the clubs, the separate stakes were abandoned by nearly all the clubs.

In a mixed stake, good work is such, whether done by a pointer or setter; so with bad or indifferent work. The theory of competition does not recognize the breed of a dog nor his owner's affections for him, nor contingent stud fees in case of success, or their loss in case of failure. Nor is it a sound argument to maintain that the true judges are those who will favor pointers because the allegation is made that some other judges favor setters. Rather advocate what is right and honest—advocate judges who will judge the competitors on their merits as shown in competition. The plea for the reign of the special pointer judge savors of things not governed by principles of strict equity. Granting merely for the sake of argument that there is a lapse from strict integrity on the part of the setter men, it is hardly good form for the discoverers of it to denounce it and then demand that they have an equal share in it. And yet the lack of integrity has no existence in fact; its abode is only in pinched, blunted minds.

When separate stakes were abandoned, setters and pointers were forced to compete together. Some pointer owners did not fear the competition against setters; other pointer owners did fear it. To divert attention from any defeat, a few have used the plea of prejudice on the part of the judges instead of seeking for the true cause of it. The plea of prejudice has been a standard plea for many years, and has done loyal service in kickers' interests.

Let us examine the records of last season's trials and note the names of the judges, concerning whom no defense is offered since none is necessary, even if the charge were less puerile than it is and had stronger support.

Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Derby, 9 starters, one of which was a pointer which won third. All-Age Stake, 15 starters, 5 pointers, one won second, one divided third. The judges were Messrs. Bradley and Bell.

Eastern Field Trials Club: Judges, Messrs. Merriman, Bradley and Sturgis. Subscription Stake, 8 starters—4 pointers, of which one won second. Derby, 16 starters, 6 pointers, none of which won. All-Age Stake, 16 starters, 4 pointers, of which one won first prize.

U. S F. T. C. trials: Judges, Messrs. W. S. Bell, S. C. Bradley and Capt. Joseph H. Dew. Separate stakes, absolute competition won by setters.

Continental Field Trial Club: Judges, Messrs. Bell, Osthaus and Waters. Derby, 13 setters, 4 pointers; none won. All-Age Stake, 9 setters, 3 pointers, of which one won fourth prize.

U. S. F. T. C. trials, separate stakes; Judges, Dr. Geo. Eubank and Mr. J. D. King. A setter won the Derby absolute.

Chicken trials, Continental F. T. C.: Judge, Mr. W. S. Bell Derby, 5 starters, 2 pointers; one won fourth. All-Age Stake, 7 starters, 2 pointers; one won first.

Manitoba Field Trials Club's trials: Judge, Mr. P. H. Bryson. Derby, 8 starters, 2 pointers; one divided third. All Age Stake, 12 starters, 2 pointers; one won first.

Northwestern Stake, 9 starters, 2 pointers; one won first.

Considering the numerical odds against which the pointers competed, they made quite an admirable showing in the winnings. It would be absurd to assume that the winnings should be in like ratio with the numbers of setters and pointers; but the winnings do denote that the pointer was placed first or last impartially as he merited, and also it disproves the stock plea of discrimination. The reports of the trials contained generous praise alike of setters and pointers, so that we may safely infer that the discrimination exists nowhere else than in the imagination of the few, or in that of but one.

U. S. F. T. C. Derby Entries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The entries to the United States Field Trials Club's Derby Stake, to be run at Newton, N. C., Nov. 22, number thirty-seven, twenty-seven English setters and ten pointers, all whelped in 1897:

SETTERS.

TOBASCO BUTTERFLY—Tobasco Kennels' l. and w. bitch (Antonio—Minnie T.).

HURSTBOURNE JOEL—Tobasco Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch (Tony Boy—Bonny Belle II.).

SPORT'S BELLE—W. G. Moore's b., w. and t. bitch (Marie's Sport—West End).

KING VICTOR—W. T. Hunter's b., w. and t. dog (Victor—Petrel).

SPOT'S GIRL—J. A. Leod's l. and w. bitch (Spot Cash—Nannie B.).

WINNIE GLADSTONE—R. C. Cornell's b., w. and t. bitch (Tory Sandstone—Mollie).

TORY SILAS—F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Luna).

TORY NOVEL—F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. bitch (Topsy's Rod—Novelist).

DICK BLAND—W. G. Graham's b. and w. dog (Sam Gross—Maida R.).

MISS MISCHIEF—R. Bangham's b., w. and t. bitch (Dash Antonio—Patty).

WHY NOT—P. Lorillard's b., w. and t. dog (Eugene T.—Miss Ruby).

MAIDEN MODESTY—P. Lorillard's b., w. and t. bitch (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

LORETTE—P. Lorillard's b. and w. bitch (Loris—Rosalie).

LENA BELLE—P. Lorillard's b., w. and t. bitch (Sam—Mamie B.).

WISE CHILD—P. Lorillard's b., w. and t. dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

FAIRVIEW BELLE—W. G. Brokaw's l. and w. bitch (Edgemark— ———).

FAIRVIEW VIC—W. G. Brokaw's b. and w. bitch (Dick Noble—Jennie).

ROMANCE—Avent, Thayer & Duryea's b., w. and t. dog (Topsy's Rod—Novelist).

ORLANDO GIRL—Avent, Thayer & Duryea's b., w. and t. bitch (Orlando—Dollie Wilson).

SAM T. II.—Avent, Thayer & Duryea's b., w. and t. dog (Sam T.—Belle Gladstone).

SPORT MCA.—J. J. Odom's b., w. and t. dog (Tony Boy—Blue).

PEARL R.—J. R. Horten's b., w. and t. bitch (Sam Gross—Donna Inez).

JESSIE C.—G. Chisholm's b., w. and t. bitch (——— ———).

MINNIE'S GIRL—Del Monte Kennels' o. and r. bitch (Antonio—Minnie T.).

LIBERTY—Del Monte Kennels' w. and b. bitch (Sam T.—Gath's Dora).

LIGHTFOOT—Del Monte Kennels' w. and b. bitch (Sam T.—Gath's Dora).

PIN FEATHER—Charlottesville Kennels' b. and w. bitch (Harold Skimpole—Daisy Croft).

POINTERS.

SEPOY—Charlottesville Kennels' l. and w. dog (Rip-Rap—Queen III.).

BEGUM—Charlottesville Kennels' b. and w. bitch (Rip-Rap—Queen III.).

GHOORKA—Charlottesville Kennels' l. and w. dog (Delhi—Selah).

MARK TAPLEY—J. W. Scudder's b. and w. dog (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossia).

LADY OF HESSEN—Tobasco Kennels' l. and w. bitch (Hessen Boy—Lady of Rush).

SAM'S BOW—J. R. Daniel's l. and w. dog (Plain Sam—Dolly D.

DOCTOR TASSIE—W. Elliott's l. and w. dog (Hal Pointer—Kent's Star).

FURY—Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. bitch (Tick Boy—Topsy Kent).

ST. CLAIR—Tyro Kennels' l. and w. dog (Rod—Ripsey).

TRACKTIR—Tyro Kennels' l. and w. bitch (Rob—Ripsey).

W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y-Treas.

Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entries for the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's Derby will close Sept. 1. The All Age closes Oct. 1. The entry blanks and running rules will be ready for distribution Aug. 1. The entry fee will be as usual, $5 to accompany nominations and $5 to start. After deducting 20 per cent. from the entries to cover expenses, the remainder will be divided into purses of 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the winners.

New grounds have been leased for the trials, level, and covered with much stubble, giving plenty of cover for the birds, and being an ideal piece of country for running trials. Inquiries concerning the trials are being made nearly every day, and a large entry list is assured.

Messrs. Bell and Bradly have been asked to judge, and their acceptance will insure a satisfactory running.

Birds are very plentiful this season on the preserves, and in fact the whole country seems to be stocked with the little Bob White, something that has not been for several years. We hope all who can will join us at the trials, and we will endeavor to make their stay pleasant, whether they have made entries or not. I will be glad to furnish any information possible upon application. S. B. CUMMINGS, Sec'y.

Irish Setter Club.

PHILADELPHIA, July 8.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Irish Setter Club of America, held the 7th inst., it was decided that it would be impracticable to hold independent trials this fall owing to the lack of interest shown by Irish setter men in trials for the last few years, and the following resolution was adopted: The Irish Setter Club of America offers a cash prize of $25 to the Irish setter first winning an undivided first, second or third prize in the Derby or All-Age stakes of any of the following trials: The Western Canada Kennel Club, Continental Field Trial Club, Manitoba Field Trial Club, Northwestern Field Trial Club, Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Union Field Trial Club, Peninsula Field Trial Club, Eastern Field Trial Club, International Field Trial Club, United States Field Trial Club, Pacific Coast Field Trial Club.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

MR. B. GORDON received, July 8, from Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons, Limited, a very handsome solid silver cup of beautiful design, which they have presented to the Northwestern Field Trials Club to be competed for at Morris, Manitoba, on Sept. 7, next. The cup is for the champion stake open to the world for dogs that have won a first or second prize in a field trial. There are no entry or starters' fees, everything being free. The cup becomes the property of the winner, besides the club's engrossed diploma, which accredits the winner with the title of field trial champion.

From Mr. W. S. Bell, secretary of the Continental Field Trials Club, we have received the following pleasing information in respect to the prospects of the chicken trials. He writes us that "the Minnesota Derby and the Northwestern Cup Stake of the Continental Field Trials Clubs will be held at Brown's Valley, Traverse county, Minnesota, on the line of the Great Northern Railroad. In a recent letter from Brown's Valley, we learn it is an ideal place for the trials. A splendid range with an abundance of chicken. These are the amateur events introduced by the Continental Club for the sportsmen of the Northwest included in North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa. The citizens of Brown's Valley have assured the Continental Club the most courteous treatment. Hotel and livery accommodations are good. A large and successful meeting, no doubt, will be held, as a great deal of enthusiasm has been excited by these trials. They will begin Aug. 25. The entries for the Northwestern cup close July 15. We hope the sportsmen of these States have not overlooked the date, and will be present and participate in an outing yielding so much pleasure."

Wheeling.

EXPERIENCE WITH PUNCTURES.

NEW YORK, June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I should like very much to know if there is any place in New York city where I can get practical instruction in the fine art of repairing punctures in tires. Such knowledge would tend very much to my peace of mind when on long rides into the country, and out of touch with repair shops.

Though I have been wheeling more than a year, and have ridden over 2,000 miles of all kinds of roads, I never had experience with a puncture of any kind till last week. Then, as I was riding, in company with a friend, over a hilly road, about twelve miles from the Hudson River, I chanced to pass over a small tack, business end up.

I did not immediately know what had happened, but after a time the air began to ooze out of my tire, and when I stopped to investigate, I found the tack still fast in the wound.

Acting upon the impulse of the moment, I pulled the tack out, without stopping to think that it made a very good plug as it was, and that all would be well as long as the tire was kept pumped tight. Immediately there was a hiss of escaping air, and in about four seconds the tire was down on its uppers, flabby and useless. I tried to put the tack back again, but the hole had closed, and for fear of making a new one, I soon gave up the attempt.

B. joined me presently. He had gotten on a quarter of a mile or so ahead before noticing that I had stopped, and at once assured me by saying: "Pooh! that's nothing. A little chewing gum and tire tape will fix it in no time." We had just passed through a village, and B. rode back to the nearest store and purchased a package of chewing gum. The lady in charge was a very particular person, and had to know the desired flavor before producing the "gum." But B. finally got it, and put in his time riding back to good advantage, manipulating it with his jaws. He applied a liberal piece to the neighborhood of the leak, which I had located by pumping a little air into the tire and listening to the escape, and smoothed it with the moistened blade of his penknife, and then bound some tire tape tightly around the tire. After which we pumped it up.

We had lost twenty minutes making the repair, and begrudged the time, as we were on our way to catch a night boat for New York. Fortunately, we were still nearly an hour ahead of the time which we calculated would be required to reach the river. We had scarcely started, however, when there was a loud explosion from the direction of B 's wheel, resembling the report produced by a genuine, old-fashioned fire-cracker.

B. tumbled off in a hurry, and began apostrophizing things in general and broken bottles in particular, from which I gathered that he, too, had had a puncture. They say that lightning never strikes twice in the same spot; but proverbs always go in pairs, one saying one thing and the other the exact opposite, so as to be suitable for all occasions. The complementary proverb, and the one suitable for this occasion, was that it never rains but it pours. Here were two punctures almost at the same spot, and twelve miles from the boat whose sailing time, at least during the busy season, is inexorable. This was ominous, and we began to have forebodings that our engagements in the city the following day would not be kept.

B. meanwhile had turned his wheel over on its handlebars and saddle and was examining the puncture. This time it was a jagged cut, half an-inch long, that exposed the virgin inner surface of the tube to the light of day. As it happened, this was only the second puncture that B. had ever had, and he was for the moment nonplussed by its extent. "You have a repair kit, old man?" he said to me. "Let me have some cement and a piece of rubber patching. I lost my kit last week." To tell the truth I didn't know what was in my kit aside from the tire tape; but I took it from the tool bag and brought it to B., who turned it inside out in his search for the desired articles. "That looks bad," he said, as he held up the cement tube, which was very flat. "Have you used it all up?"

I replied in the negative, but examination proved that there was nothing there. Some time during the last twelve months it had either leaked out or evaporated, and not a drop remained aside from a dry, gummy paste, that was useless.

"Well," said B., "seeing there is no cement, I must try what can be done with the gum"—he was still chewing mechanically. "If it was a question of doing without one or the other, I think I would give up the rubber cement. Gum will repair a tire and isn't bad to chew, while——"

"Are you aware," said I, interrupting, "that it only lacks an hour and three-quarters before the boat leaves? Chew on that if you want something to masticate, but for goodness sake hurry up with that repair."

Two or three men and half a dozen small boys had gathered as interested spectators of our undertaking, and a man driving by on the road shouted, banteringly: "Don't you want to trade horses?" "Wouldn't have your old plug if you'd give it to me," B. grumbled. But I was not so sure that we were not making a mistake in not engaging him to take our wheels on and drive us to the boat.

B. tried several expedients before he hit upon one that served at all. First he smoothed the gum over the cut, as he had done with the puncture to my wheel; but that was unavailing. Next, on the suggestion of one of the bystanders, he pushed a little of the chewing gum into the opening; but this seemed only to enable the air to escape with greater facility than before, and he could not pump up the tire as fast as the air leaked out. After a third attempt, which met with no better success, he gave it up, and announced that it was only a waste of time to try to repair the tire, and that he would walk to the nearest repair shop on our route, a matter of six miles.

On my solicitation, he consented to allow me to try my hand, with a total lack of enthusiasm in the project, however, that was by no means encouraging. Watching him had given me some ideas on the subject. First, with a penknife, I scraped the tire perfectly clean; next, I cut a patch of tire tape somewhat larger than the puncture, and applied it smoothly to the surface; then I took a small quantity of the chewing gum and plastered it smoothly about the edges of the patch, and finally bound tightly with the tire tape, and announced that all was ready for the pump.

B. fell to in a somewhat perfunctory way, but he was encouraged by finding that the air was not escaping in any perceptible quantity. Presently the tire was fairly hard, as hard as the small pump could be expected to make it, and B declared that it was ridable.

He mounted his wheel and I prepared to follow, when, to my dismay, I found that in the interval of waiting all the air had escaped from my punctured tire, and that the rim rested on the ground. I notified B. of this fact, but advised him to push on at once without waiting, as the chances were that he would soon be in a similar predicament himself. He took my advice, and disappeared in a cloud of dust scorching down the road.

As soon as possible I finished my monotonous task, and followed. I covered fully a mile before I caught up with B., who seemed to have recovered his good spirits, now that there was a possibility of getting through on time. A little further down the road I sighted the man who had offered to trade horses, and passing, had the satisfaction of giving him some of my dust. But my victory was short-lived, for I had to stop soon after to pump up, and before I was through with the operation, he had caught up.

"At it again, sonny?" he asked. "You fellers seem to spend most of your time getting up steam."

Meanwhile B. came along and passed. One good bicycle, used on the "ride and tie" principle, would have done us almost as well as our machines in their present disabled condition.

When we reached the town, where the repair shop was located, B. happened to be ahead. I had become thoroughly disgusted with my job of pumping. If I had been on a sinking vessel, pumping to keep from drowning, it might have been different. But here I was, with plenty of good solid earth under my feet, a blue sky above, and a pleasing landscape on either hand, toiling as if it were a life and death affair. I had pumped eleven times in the last fifty minutes. It was wrong, I argued, and illogical. Wrong, because there was no sufficient reason for such excessive work, and illogical, now that I had reached the neighborhood of a repair shop. I would have hailed B. and imparted my conviction to him if he had been within earshot, but just then he happened to have a long start, as a boy informed me who had seen him racing through the town, with his pump in his hand ready for immediate use. However B.'s puncture was of the kind that could not be quickly mended.

I found the repair shop with ease, but had more difficulty in locating the proprietor, who was enjoying life in the barroom of a neighboring hotel. Having explained my disaster, he consented to take a look at the wheel, and, with his companions, adjourned to his shop. Here, by doing a large part of the work myself and prodding him on at other times, I finally succeeded in plugging up the gaping void, as the tack-hole had become to my fevered imagination.

It was with emotions of profound satisfaction that I remounted, and pursued my journey, thinking that I might be of assistance to B. I hurried on to catch him, and finally came up with him as he was pumping for the twenty-second time. There was an expression of sardonic bitterness on his face that indicated the humor of the thing had long since lost its point. The finger-piece on the end of his pump was broken, which rendered his task still harder.

Now that my mind was relieved of my own trouble, I had no compunctions pumping up for a friend, so, taking out my own pump, I fell to, and soon had given B.'s tire all the ozonic pabulum it would hold. As a result of riding it too soft, the tire had become uncemented, and this aggravated the leak, and made it necessary to pump up much more frequently.

And so we made our way laboriously toward our goal. Quarter of a mile from the landing we had only one minute to spare. We filled B.'s tire for the last time and scorched down the hill. Near the bottom the dirt gave place to cobblestones, and here the rim began pounding. B. sprang off and ran beside his wheel, and in this way we reached the boat, just as the gangplank was being drawn in.

B. didn't ejaculate "Saved!" and drop in a faint, and if he felt hysterical he didn't show it, but we were both conscious of being mightily relieved.

B. walked from the boat the next morning, and left his tire at the manufacturer's agency. When he got it again, it had had a piece several inches long cut out and a new piece inserted in its place.

DAN DALY.

Yachting.

THE past week brought to an end the spring racing about New York, and for the next six weeks, at least, there will be a lull in the racing. The contest of the present week, the Seawanhaka trial races, though confined to the smallest but one of the yacht classes, will be watched with considerable interest by those who are able to be present in person at Oyster Bay and also by yachtsmen at a distance, both here and abroad, who have followed closely the international series inaugurated in 1895 by the Spruce-Ethelwynn matches. The following week will be a lively one at Larchmont, the club's annual "race week." A few races of the Sound club are scheduled for the end of July and to continue regularly through August; but one of the leading classes of the season, the special 30ft., will be missing. The class sailed its last race in the annual regatta of the Riverside Y. C., by which time it had grown to a fleet of six. Nearly all the rest of the class has been laid up at Newport through the spring, and after the Riverside race the New York division cleared for the eastward, where the racing will continue through the next two months. The first week of August brings the annual cruise of the New York Y. C.; but, save for the rendezvous and one race at Glen Cove, this is not a local function, and the bulk of the cruise racing is done at a distance from New York. With Labor Day comes a renewal of the racing in the smaller classes, then follows the fall regattas for the larger yachts, if any are left to race.

In spite of the liberal promises made by some of the nautical advance agents of prosperity last fall, when the draft limit and similar changes of rule were under consideration, it has been evident all through the late winter and spring that very little of even ordinary interest was to be expected this season. Leaving aside the wild roorbacks of Defender's sale abroad, of her racing, either at New York, Nice or Cowes, and of wonderful new Cup challengers, the certainties of the season were but few. Of these the first and most prominent was the meeting of Colonia, presumably better in her second than in her first season as a two-sticker, with the improved Emerald, the latter having a new bottom, increasing her draft from 10 to 14ft., and a new and larger sail plan. Next in interest to this came the new 51ft. class, with the new Gardner & Cox cutter Syce and the new Fife cutter. The new 20ft. class promised some excitement in the double form of the home trial races at Oyster Bay in July and the cup races in Canadian waters in August. Apart from this, there was good evidence of continued interest in the special 30ft. class, and also of a considerable amount of racing among existing boats in the classes below 51ft. At the present time the season is sufficiently far advanced to show just how these expectations have been realized.

The racing in the larger classes, it must be admitted, has been most unsatisfactory, there have been very few boats and no really conclusive racing. The schooner division has been limited to Emerald, Colonia and Amorita, and the latter has played a very small part. In the first place, she is obviously out-classed in size by the two 95-footers, and in the second, she has twice met with bad luck, once taking the ground and once doubling up her dolphin striker, the mishap in each case taking place early in the race and causing her to withdraw. Under the most favorable circumstances the difference of 20 odd feet in measurement between her and Colonia and Emerald is too great to make an interesting or decisive race, as the result must depend on an allowance of a quarter of an hour.

As between Emerald and Colonia, the case is very different, the rebuilding of the former, for the second time, has at last brought her well up in her class, and so near to Colonia that the larger boat allows her only about one minute, so that the two must start and finish very nearly together in order to make a good race.

While these two fine yachts, both in perfect racing form and ably handled, are capable of affording unlimited sport to both owners and spectators, their meetings thus far have been far from conclusive, and it is yet a question just how much Emerald has been improved. She has, it is true, won three out of the five races sailed, but in this there is no proof that she is faster than Colonia. Three of these races have been sailed on New York Bay and the waters immediately outside the Hook, where the long experience of Emerald's owner stands in good stead. The races have been very fluky and inconclusive, and what luck there has been has in each case favored Emerald rather than Colonia. The two races sailed on the Sound have been far fairer as tests, and though Emerald won the first one, it was only by 10s., and Colonia really did the better work all day. In spite of the general interest on the part of yachtsmen in this, the only large class of the year, Emerald's owner withdrew from the racing after the fourth meeting, it being generally understood that she would not meet Colonia again until the August cruise. Colonia started practically alone in the Seawanhaka Corinthian regatta, though Emerald was out with the fleet; in the annual regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. on July 5 Mr. Maxwell was persuaded to start in order to add to the interest of this special occasion, but at the Riverside Y. C. regatta a couple of days later, though both were present, Colonia was unable to start through the lack of a competitor. The Seawanhaka regatta, that of the Stamford Y. C. and several others, offered exceptional opportunities for the thorough trial of these two yachts, the wind having been strong and true, and very different from the baffling breezes of the early season. The owner of Colonia has been ready to start in every race open to the class, apparently only too anxious to settle the question of supremacy; and it is a matter of general comment and regret among yachtsmen, that the one other large racing yacht now in commission has not been at the line to meet her as often as the opportunity presented. Of course, an owner is not supposed to run his yacht and pay the bills solely for the benefit of the clubs or the yachting public; but at the present time, when clubs are giving money liberally, and committee men are giving their time and labor to instil a little life into the sport, it does seem as though they might by right count upon the entry of every racing yacht in commission.

In the larger single-stick classes there has been even less of interest than in the schooner division. While Vigilant has started twice and Navahoe once, the racing of this pair under cruising canvas fails naturally to awaken much excitement in the minds of those who have seen the big 90-footers under full racing kites. Their performance under reduced rigs and in cruising trim proves nothing as to the real speed of the pair, and such a meeting as that at Larchmont is interesting only as a part of the general patriotic pageant. While both will be with the New York Y. C. fleet on the cruise, and may start for the Goelet cup, it is doubtful whether either will be in such rig and trim as to make a decisive race with the other.

Going downward in the classes, there are Queen Mab, Wasp and the new Syce, all of very different measurements and too far apart in size to be fairly matched together. Wasp has started in a number of races, in some cases alone and in others against Syce, invariably beating the latter. Queen Mab has raced but once, then beating Wasp in a strong breeze. The only hope of racing in either of these classes rests in the completion of the new Fife 51-footer and her meetings with Syce; but she will not be under way before the August cruise, and even then it must be another month before the putty is out of her seams, her bottom fairly smooth, and her gear stretched. With her fresh from the ways and Syce in good form after three months of sailing, the races of the cruise are likely to be one-sided at best.

THE owners of yachts of the smaller classes, from the 43ft. downward, have no reason to complain this year either of the programme offered by the clubs, the general management of the races at the hands of the various committees, or the weather. There have been plenty of races scheduled for all of the regular classes, 43ft., 36ft., 30ft. and so down, including the special 30ft. class. Good prizes are offered in most cases, the schedule of dates has been well arranged in advance, and the details of courses, signals, etc., were never before so perfect. Especially is this true of the Sound Y. R. U., under whose rules most of the races of these classes have been sailed.

We confess that the result has been something of a disappointment to us in that some of the classes were not better filled, showing more than one or two boats.

In most of these classes the latest extremes of freak form and up-to-date construction have by no means been reached, and there is still more than a fighting chance for the average boat of the fast-cruiser or all-round type in both model and construction. In the larger cat classes, for instance, the racing boats have not yet got beyond the point where a man can live aboard while racing. In all of these classes there is still good sport for the average yachtsman of moderate means, who owns but one boat and must use her for much of the time for cruising and general sailing. If she be originally a good boat, not too old and of fairly light construction, with rig kept up to date and everything as it should be, he can get plenty of racing with others of the type. In our opinion there are many more of these boats about New York and the Sound than have started in the recent races. Of course business is not particularly good, and bicycling has claimed many a man who could formerly be relied on for mainsheet or topmast hand; but the racing of such boats does not involve a heavy expense; they are—or should be—handled by Corinthians, who live aboard with one or two paid hands; and if the owner is the right sort of a fellow his list of acquaintances will include some one who can take the tiller in his absence, or some reliable substitutes when his regular men cannot get away, as on a Wednesday. From what we know of the yachts about New York this year, we should say that there are enough in commission to make up at least five or six starters in each class, from 15ft. up to 43ft. in every race. That the average in most classes has been but two to three is either because yachtsmen do not realize the opportunities now offered to them, or else they do not care to avail themselves of the chance to race. This condition of affairs is not likely to last many years, each season sees the introduction of the racing machine into some new class, to the complete exclusion of such yachts as we speak of.

THE circuit, which began at Oyster Bay on June 26 and ended at Riverside on July 10, marks the third season of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound. Year by year the details of race management have been improved through the efforts of this organization; with results that are plainly visible even outside of its nominal jurisdiction. The changes made this year, during the non-racing season, have involved nothing radical outside of the acceptance of the draft limits adopted by some of the larger clubs, but they have resulted in a general improvement of racing routine. The rules of the Union, derived by careful compilation from the rules of the leading clubs, are now superior to those of any one club, and they are more generally lived up to than has ever before been the case. The circuit included nine races, or ten, including the division of the Riverside programme into two days. One of the scheduled races, that of July 2, was omitted, but even without it there was enough to keep the racing men busy. While, as already noted, some of the classes failed to fill as they should, there was on the whole some very good racing, and nearly every race was well worth watching.

THE 30-footers have done good work this year about New York, the fleet being well represented in every race open to the class, while the work of the boats has attracted general attention. The class has been criticised at times as not coming up to the idea of its promoters, in producing a generally useful and useable all-around boat, for other purposes as well as racing. Just how true this is in the abstract, we cannot say; the boats are not ideal cruisers, but we do not know that they were intended to be. From their racing this season as well as last, it would seem that they have exactly filled the end in view. The owners of the class are all wealthy men, with ample leisure for yachting, and able, as some of them do, to gratify their taste for other branches of the sport in larger craft when not racing. In their hands, the 30-footers are purely racing boats, sailed regularly and persistently through the season, and whether they are good, bad or indifferent for other uses has nothing to do with the case.

It is certain that this class, in the hands of such men as Mr. Duryea, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Stillman and Mr. Vanderbilt, is doing more than any other, small or large, to keep alive the racing spirit. If it has done nothing else, it has brought into active racing the two last-named young men, who possess not only ample means but a strong taste for yachting.

There is no lack of money in this country for the support of yacht racing even in the present depressed times; there are plenty of men who could build Valkyries or Defenders if they were inclined to do so, and plenty more with ample means to race in any of the regular classes, to outbuild Colonia, Quissetta, Queen Mab or Wasp. There is also no lack of the true yachting spirit; it abounds throughout the country, being by no means confined to the salt-water or the Eastern coast. The great trouble is that those who have unlimited means do not care for yachting, unless in the form of the ownership of a costly steam yacht; while those who are the keenest lovers of the sport are often unable to enjoy it through lack of money and time. The special 30-footer is essentially a rich man's yacht, in spite of her small size and comparatively moderate cost; to race such a yacht properly requires unlimited time and a residence at Newport for a good part of the season. Compared with the 30ft. cabin cat, the 30-footer is a bloated aristocrat, etc. At the same time the class has done a good deal for yacht racing at a time when some sort of a stimulus was needed.

Both Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Stillman are recruits of the right sort, at the stick all day in every race. Though tyros in match sailing, they have gone in boldly against two old hands—Mr. Duryea, of Vaquero III., and Mr. Ellis, of Hera; the former taking most of the first prizes this season and the latter some of the firsts and most of the seconds. Against these old Corinthians and some expert professionals, the two new men have held their own well, and have fought their way close up to the top in many of the races. The absence of Asahi and her skipper, Capt. Nat. Watson, from the class this year leaves Mr. Duryea at the head, but it is quite evident that some of the other Corinthians will push him hard through the balance of the season.

THERE are two details of race management which are still capable of improvement, and they are important in that they concern not the racing men, but the spectators. These latter are no unimportant part of the great body of yachtsmen; there is, fortunately, a widespread interest in the sport among many who are not in a position to enjoy the personal racing, and this class is well represented wherever the opportunity is afforded to witness a race. Especially is this the case since the racing has taken the form of a continuous series of events rather than a few isolated spectacles, such as the old-time regattas of the few large clubs. Such continuous racing as that of the 30-footers and 20-footers is followed attentively by many yachtsmen, through personal attendance at the races, when such is possible, and at other times through the published reports.

In order that the spectators on the club steamers may understand and enjoy the race, it is necessary that the yachts should be numbered, and complete lists of the numbers provided; and also that the steamer should be so handled as to be within reasonable distance of the yachts, at least close enough to read the numbers with a good glass. During the recent Sound races the popular interest centered largely on the new Vanderbilt 30-footer and the different 20-footers, but in most cases only an expert could place the boats. The system of class letters and numbers inaugurated by the Union and now generally adopted is an excellent one; the only fault is that it is not enforced as it should be and as the understanding was that it would be. The rules provide for a double system of letters and numbers, the former designating the class, the latter being the individual number of the yacht. Of course both letter and number are necessary in order to identify any unknown yacht. Many yachts comply with the rule, and carry the official number and letter, which may readily be obtained, but quite a number dispense with the letter, and some carry a wrong number. With numbers on the programmes which are not on the yachts, and with numbers on the yachts which are not on the programme, it is even more difficult to identify a yacht than when numbers were unknown. As a number is a permanent fixture through the season, possibly through several seasons, and not, as of old, changed in each club, there is no good reason why a yacht should not show her correct letter and number every time she starts.

THE club steamer is provided nominally to afford a view of the race to the non-owning contingent of the club and their families and friends. In every club there are many members who take no active part in yachting, but pay the same dues as the yacht owners, with, of course, much less in return. The club steamer is nominally provided for this class, and they board her with a hope—more or less faint, it is true, according to experience—of seeing something of the race. The steamer is invariably in charge of an old and experienced yachtsman, his uniform, his cap and his various insignia of rank all prove that; but in spite of this there is not one steamer in ten that is handled with reasonable care or judgment. It makes very little difference to the victims whether the committeeman in charge is posing in nautically correct attitudes beside the steamboat captain at the wheel, or whether he is totally invisible, entertaining his own friends below; the result is usually the same.

In one recent race, of which the chief feature, was the 20-footers, sailing with other yachts a small triangle, the club steamer was carefully and thoughtfully taken well out of the harbor before the start and placed exactly at right angles to the middle of the line and about half a mile away. All that was visible of the start was the crossing of the yachts head-on to the steamer, there being no possibility of identifying them or ascertaining their relative positions in working

for the gun. After this, while the yachts went one way the steamer went another. She might readily have laid to leeward of any of the marks, affording a fine view of the race; but her regular captain, who appeared to be in sole command, apparently knew little and cared less about yacht racing. He did, it is true, avoid all interference with the yachts; but, for all that his passengers saw of the race, he might as well have been on the other side of the Sound.

In another of the recent Sound races the club steamer began by getting on the course just as the gun fired for the first class, directly in the way of the first yacht to cross; at the same time, as she was at right angles to the line, the yachts were only seen head-on, which gives no idea whatever of the work at the line. After this she ran beside the fleet and threw a liberal wash against the boats; then she repented and kept off so far that the numbers of the 30-footers, just then in a hot fight for the first mark, were indistinguishable. There was a nice berth to leeward of the line where she might have laid during the start, showing every maneuver, and again, she might have taken the same berth at the finish of the first round; however, she again kept far away at the turn, so that the yachts could not be picked up and timed even with a glass. To make up for this she ran close to the tail of the fleet, giving a fine view of the rearmost yachts, and washing them until hailed and asked to keep away. At the finish she was again at a safe distance, head-on to the middle of the line, so that the yachts were seen stern-on, making it impossible to time them.

There was no necessity whatever for such maneuvering, with a little care she might have been in a position to see every yacht at the start, then she might have run out on the lee of the fleet nearly to the first mark, crossed half way over to the second and run in to the line.

There is always plenty to do on a race day, especially if it be a special occasion with a club steamer and entertainment ashore, and the race committee is usually more than busy with the actual details of the course, buoys, committee boat, instructions, etc. It should, however, be possible to find some member of the club, a practical yachtsman himself, who could take entire command of the pilotage of the club steamer. There may be others more competent to run the lunch and ice cream, the music, or different important details, but the actual maneuvering of the steamer should be left to such a man, he remaining beside the helmsman from the preparatory gun until the steamer starts for home, and indicating where the steamer should be placed from time to time. If this were done, the club steamer would be a far more enjoyable place from which to witness a race than it now is.

The promoters of steam yacht racing in this country have long since made a world's record for the number and variety of their excuses for not displaying the speed of their boats. Even the annals of professional rowing, with its sawed boats, cold poisons, hidden wires, etc., is surpassed by the steam yacht record of too rough water, too smooth water, too hot bearings, too cold bearings, too much sand or too little sand, boy pilots and hidden reefs, movable rocks, canal shipwrecks, absence of reporters, too many reporters, and similar fatal drawbacks to high speed. It has remained for the new steam yacht Ellide, however, to break the world's record with an excuse which is novel, if not plausible. The official trial trip of this yacht on the Hudson River, set for last week, was postponed for the extraordinary reason that the Coast Survey officers had not yet completed a reliable and unimpeachable survey and marking of the course.

We had come to the belief that those interested in the Ellide had a really fast boat and were ready to prove it; but such an excuse as this is a disappointment to us. What on earth, or rather on the water, does a racing steam yachtsman want with reliable marks? It is this foolish trifling with cold facts that takes all the romance out of the sport of steam yacht racing.

The American Yacht Club proved this thirteen years ago, when it held two races on the Sound over accurately marked courses and with reliable timing, and proved that most of the 19-knot steam yachts of its fleet (nineteen knots was the fashionable speed at that remote day) could not go at a 12-mile gait when carefully refitted, coaled and fired for a real race. This ended steam yacht racing in the club; no attempt has ever been made to revive such a foolish and mortifying sport.

Since that day greatly improved methods have been introduced, both in the running, timing and reporting of high-speed boats. The cheapest and most popular method has been to to use the thirty-year-old reputation of the once famous Hudson River steamer Mary Powell, picking her up unawares and running by her, the tip having been given in advance to representatives of the daily papers. Another equally inexpensive method of making a world's record has been to run down the Bay for some unknown distance, which is accurately timed, in company with the Sandy Hook steamers Monmouth or Sandy Hook. From the data thus obtained, the time of the steam yacht can be computed to a small fraction of a knot, irrespective of the fact that the big steamboat may be running over the shoals instead of in the 30ft. channel. Still another plan is for two high-speed boats to go out with the fleet on an international cup race and to race to the horizon and back, each one on her return flying a "championship pennant" and claiming to have turned the other.

Of course there are no Cup races on this year, so this test is not possible, but there are commercial craft of all kinds about New York Harbor, from the Monmouth and Powell down to the big fleet of car floats, against which speed records can be easily made. To go to work deliberately to measure off an accurate distance is merely a waste of time and money, and may even be said to be unsportsmanlike in that it reduces to a matter of cold facts and figures a sport that has heretofore been surrounded with the most delightful glamour of romance and fiction.

MR. DUGGAN'S new 20-footer was launched at Dorval on July 11.

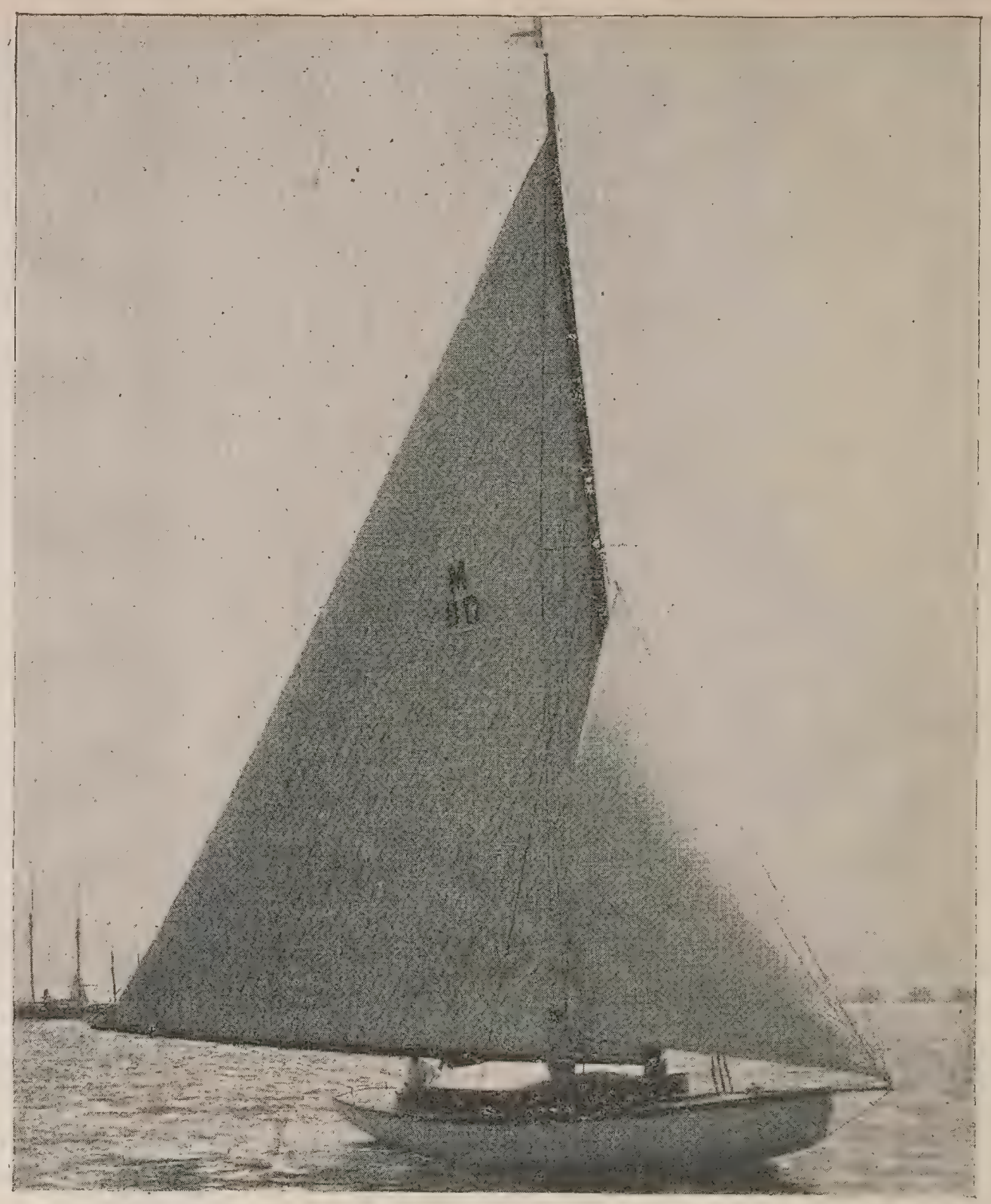
Akista.

THE accompanying drawings show the sail plan and further details of the fin, iron work, etc., of the fin-keel Akista, described last week. The details of the fittings have been worked out very carefully to give a rig that is light, effective and very easily handled. The mainsail runs in a track on the after side of the mast, the toggles on the luff of the sail being simple castings, somewhat similar in shape to a collar button. The centers have been worked out so as to secure a good balance under all conditions; *a* is the C. E. with lower sails, *b* with jibtopsail, *c* with whole mainsail and reefed jib, *d* with one reef and whole jib, *e* with one reef in both mainsail and jib, and *f* with two reefs in the mainsail and one in the jib.

The displacement is made up very nearly as follows:

Hull	6,000lbs.
Fin castings	6,250lbs.
Sails and spars	750lbs.
Furnishings	1,000lbs.
Soakage of hull	750lbs.
Water in tank	1,000lbs.
Crew	500lbs.
Boats	250lbs.
	16,500lbs.

The yacht has sailed thus far under the usual drawbacks of a new boat against older ones, bottom rough, seams swelled, etc., etc.; but has made a very good showing in the different races.



AKISTA.

From photo by J. S. Johnson, New York.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. International Cup.

TRIAL RACES FOR CHALLENGER.

Oyster Bay—Long Island Sound.

FOR the third season the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. holds its trial races at Oyster Bay, but while in both of the previous years the object of the racing was to select a suitable defender for its international cup, this year the representatives of the new 20ft. class are called together for a very different end, the selection of a yacht worthy to represent the club creditably in its attempt to recapture the cup, won last year by Messrs. Duggan and Shearwood, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., in their 15-footer, Glencairn. While the general conditions of the races are the same as in the previous years, there is one important change, in the size of the yachts, which are now of 20ft. racing length, instead of 15, and manned by three instead of two men.

Thus far the yachts of the class have not been raced steadily enough to give any reliable idea of their positions, at least as to the upper places; several of them are apparently very fast, but which is the fastest must be determined by the trial races. The fleet, which includes none of last year's yachts, is made up as follows:

	Owner.	*Designer.*	*Builder.*	*Club.*
Momo, c.b.	J. N. Crane, A. W. Durkee	C. H. Crane	Spalding St. L. Co.	Seawanhaka
Al Anka, c.b.	C. H Crane	C. H. Crane	Lawley & Son	Seawanhaka.
Skate, c.b.	Irving Cox	Builder	L D Huntington	Seawanhaka.
Keneu, c.b.	M. H Clark	Builder	L D Huntington	New Rochelle.
Shark, fin	H. C Rouse, C. Hoyt	Gardner & Cox	Spalding St. L Co.	Seawanhaka.
Mary, c b.	H. S. Hicks	H. S. Hicks	Racine Boat Mfg Co	Wawasee.
Asthore, fin.	P. T Dodge.	C. Olmstead	Montauk Con. Co.	Larchmont.
Montauk, fin.	P. T Dodge	C. Olmstead	Montauk Con. Co.	Larchmont.
Arauca, c b.	W. W. Howard, Builder		L. E. Fry	
Vagary	Barclay Ward.	Barclay Ward	Spalding St. L. Co.	
Pioneer, fin.	H. M. Crane.	H. M. Crane.	Lawley & Son	Seawanhaka.
Idea	W. H. Jennings			Indian Harbor.

FIRST TRIAL RACE.

Monday, July 12.

The conditions for the trial races were the same as in previous years, at least three races over the courses off Oyster Bay, triangular and windward-leeward in alternation, each a six-mile course, sailed twice. The fleet in Seawanhaka Harbor on Monday morning included but nine of the twelve boats. Asthore was not present, as she had not proved satisfactory in the earlier races, and her newer sister Montauk was evidently the better of the two. Pioneer had been left in Boston, as she had proved inferior, as was expected, to the other Crane boats, Momo and Al Anka. Vagary, a new boat of the freak order, broke her rudder on Saturday and could not start, being at Cold Spring Harbor for repairs.

Mr. Howard has worked diligently on Arauka since her breakdown in the race of June 26, her builder, Mr. Fray, coming from Clayton to repair and strengthen her. Others lent a hand, and the mast was stepped on Monday morning, the yacht being launched just prior to the start.

The race committee had chartered the steam yacht Chère Amie, neé Puzzle, as a committee boat, and she was at the line off Center Island Buoy before noon, the tide running ebb and a fresh wind kicking up a sea, about south by west in direction. Of the nine boats at the line all but Skate carried one or even two reefs. The Huntington boat carries a crew of three Corinthians, Irving Cox at the tiller, George Bullock on the main sheet, and D. Le Roy Dresser forward. The lightest man of the three weighs over 220lbs., and touches 6ft. 2in. in his bare feet; the other two are considerably heavier and 1in. or so taller. The boat is wide, and is sailed on edge, with 19 lineal feet of live ballast, some 750lbs., laid along the plankshear to windward, on the deck or the side, as the case demands.

The preparatory was given at 12:15, with the start at 12:20. Skate was first over, but only running across the line without much headway; Keneu made the best start, crossing a few seconds after Skate, but going like a steam launch. Al Anka, Shark, Idea and Montauk went over quickly, Mary was about a minute after the gun and Momo a minute and a half. Arauca was tardy and lost just five minutes.

The first of the numerous incidents of the day was a double foul, as Al Anka rushed on with boom well off to port she set a balloon jib, the sheet getting adrift. Before it was secured she luffed into Shark, and the latter, in also luffing, struck a dinghy in tow of a small yacht which was in the way on the course. All went clear at once, but Shark had sprung a leak forward and begun at once to fill.

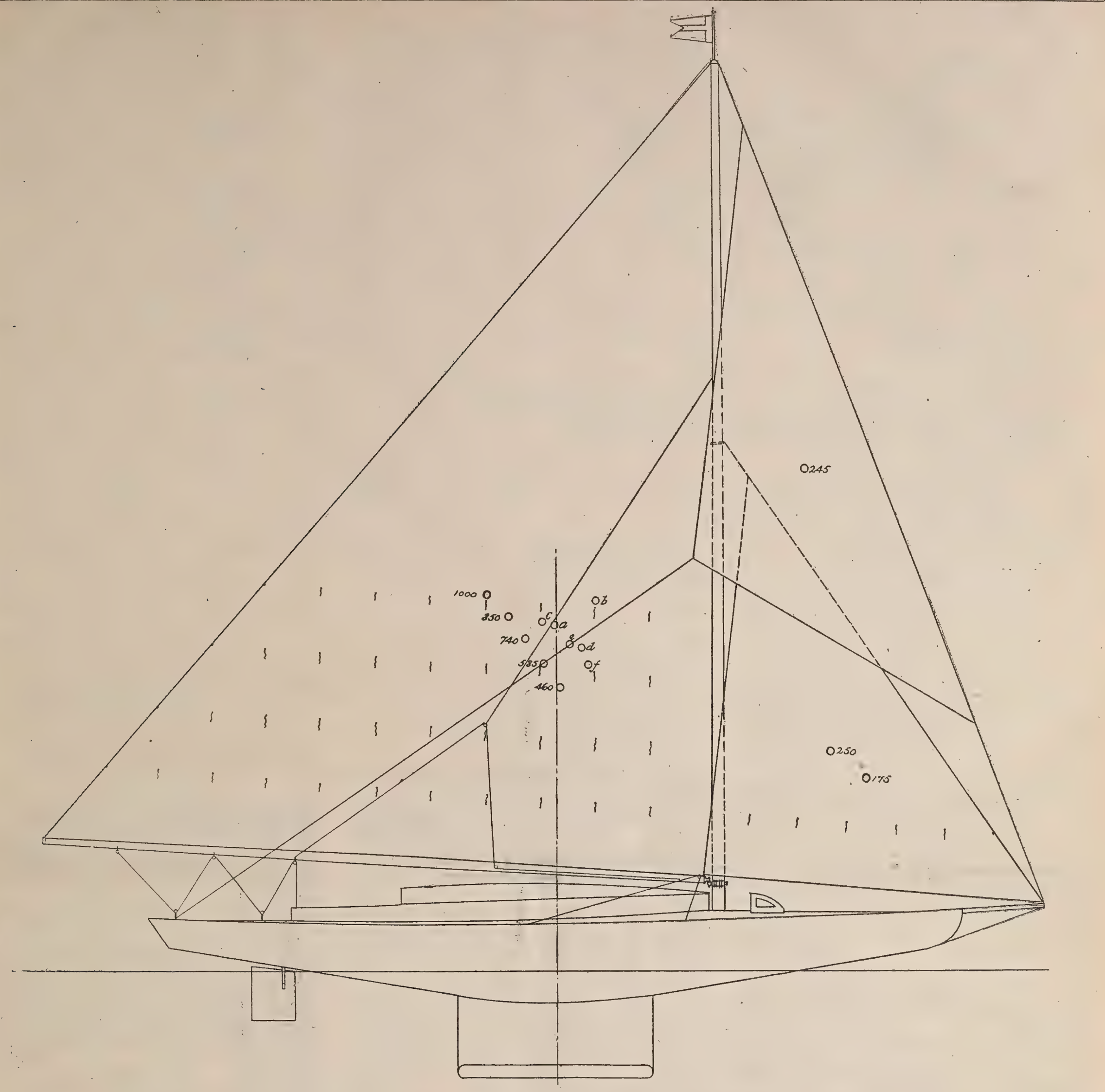
With a strong, quartering wind and moderate sea, the boats flew along at a speed that almost justified some of the extravagant statements made this spring. The first leg was covered in 13 minutes, and the second in the same time—a speed of 9 knots. Skate and Keneu made a very close race to first mark, but the former was quicker at the turn and came out on Keneu's weather after the jibe. After them came Al Anka, Shark, Momo, Montauk, Mary, Idea, Arauca. Perched high on the weather edge of a float slab, the crews of the leading boats had no opportunity to pick up the next mark; they all overstood and the others followed, Shark being the only one to steer a straight course from mark to mark. The second leg was a reach with wind more nearly abeam, and Skate, though lugging her whole mainsail, ran away from Keneu. The times were:

Skate	12 46 16	Montauk	12 53 08
Keneu	12 47 19	Mary	12 53 22
Al Anka	12 50 12	Idea	12 57 10
Shark	12 50 35	Arauca	12 57 20
Momo	12 51 10		

Now came a long and trying beat to windward in a bad sea and rising wind, but Skate still lugged her whole mainsail. The mainsheet was never belayed during the race, but Mr. Bullock had it in hand, hauling in a few feet or slacking out with every puff. While Skate and Al Anka stood well to the westward, Momo, Keneu and Shark went off on starboard tack toward Lloyd's Neck. Skate held her lead on Al Anka, but when the others came up Shark was third and Momo fourth. As Shark came for the mark her bow was under water, though she was sailing very fast, she hailed for aid and was taken in tow; her fore compartment full of water. The times of the first round were:

Skate	1 37 15	Keneu	1 45 21
Al Anka	1 41 47	Montauk	1 54 00
Shark	1 42 20	Idea	1 54 45
Momo	1 42 32	Arauca	1 55 08
Mary	1 41 40		

The leaders hurried off with lifted sheets, Skate still dropping the others over the first two legs. When they came on the wind there was a nasty sea and a strong breeze; the others had all come down to three reefs and anything that could be made to stand forward, but Skate held her whole mainsail for fifteen minutes, when she stopped and tied in three reefs. Momo overhauled her rapidly, and even after she was under way again, Skate being very badly balanced under her three-reefed mainsail and no jib. Mr. Dresser worked forward for some time and finally set the working jib with an Irish reef, making a bag of the sail, but keeping her head off so that she could be steered. While she and Momo were fighting in the lead, Al Anka capsized, but was righted by her crew, who



FIN KEEL SLOOP "AKISTA"
OWNED AND DESIGNED BY GEORGE HILL, ESQ.

AKISTA—SAIL PLAN.

stood on the centerboard. She was under way again in less than two minutes, but once more capsized. This time she not only took more water below, but filled her hollow mast, and could not be righted. Com. Benedict went to her rescue in the Oneida.

Not one boat of the fleet, Shark, Arauca and Idea now having withdrawn, had the proper head canvas for a three-reefed mainsail; and all were steering badly, while their crews, drenched from the start, were almost exhausted. Skate had left her storm jib ashore that morning, and none of the others had or could set theirs. Momo was jilled along with boom topped up, and peak lowered.

Skate was very near to the finish, and just ahead of Momo at 3 o'clock, when she capsized. Her crew climbed on to the centerboard and soon righted her, but Mr. Cox went overboard as she started off. With sheets in a tangle she attempted to round to for him, but Momo came up and the two touched lightly. Skate went over again, and this time turned her mast to the bottom, so that her 280lb. sliding fin dropped out and, of course, was lost. Mr. Cox was picked up by Thos. Webber in his launch, and soon ran over to Skate. She was taken in tow by a friendly launch, but the attempt to tow her at full speed while her crew were righting her, drew her under water with the three men fouled in the lines, and nearly drowned them. The steam yacht Girolda finally took her into the harbor, the hull entirely submerged. She had no ballast whatever, but was open below from end to end.

Momo finished at 3:11:06, her time for the 12 miles being :51:06. Montauk came next, then Keneu. Mary had done very well in the windward work and was in a good place, probably third boat, when she parted a shroud and laid to for repairs. She lost a good deal of time, but finally came to the line in fourth place, but did not cross, though her time was taken.

When in the harbor her rudder broke in the stock. The official times were:

Start 12:?0.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Momo	3 11 06	2 51 06
Montauk	3 22 00	3 02 00
Keneu	3 25 46	3 05 46
Mary	3 29 00	. . . .
Skate	Capsized.	
Al Anki	Capsized.	
Shark	Bow stove.	
Idea	Withdrew.	
Arauca	Withdrew.	

Mary did not cross finish line.

The day was marked by innumerable minor incidents of fire and shipwreck of the "To be Continued" order. After reaching the club house the committee decided to postpone the second race to Wednesday.

Boston City Regatta.

BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

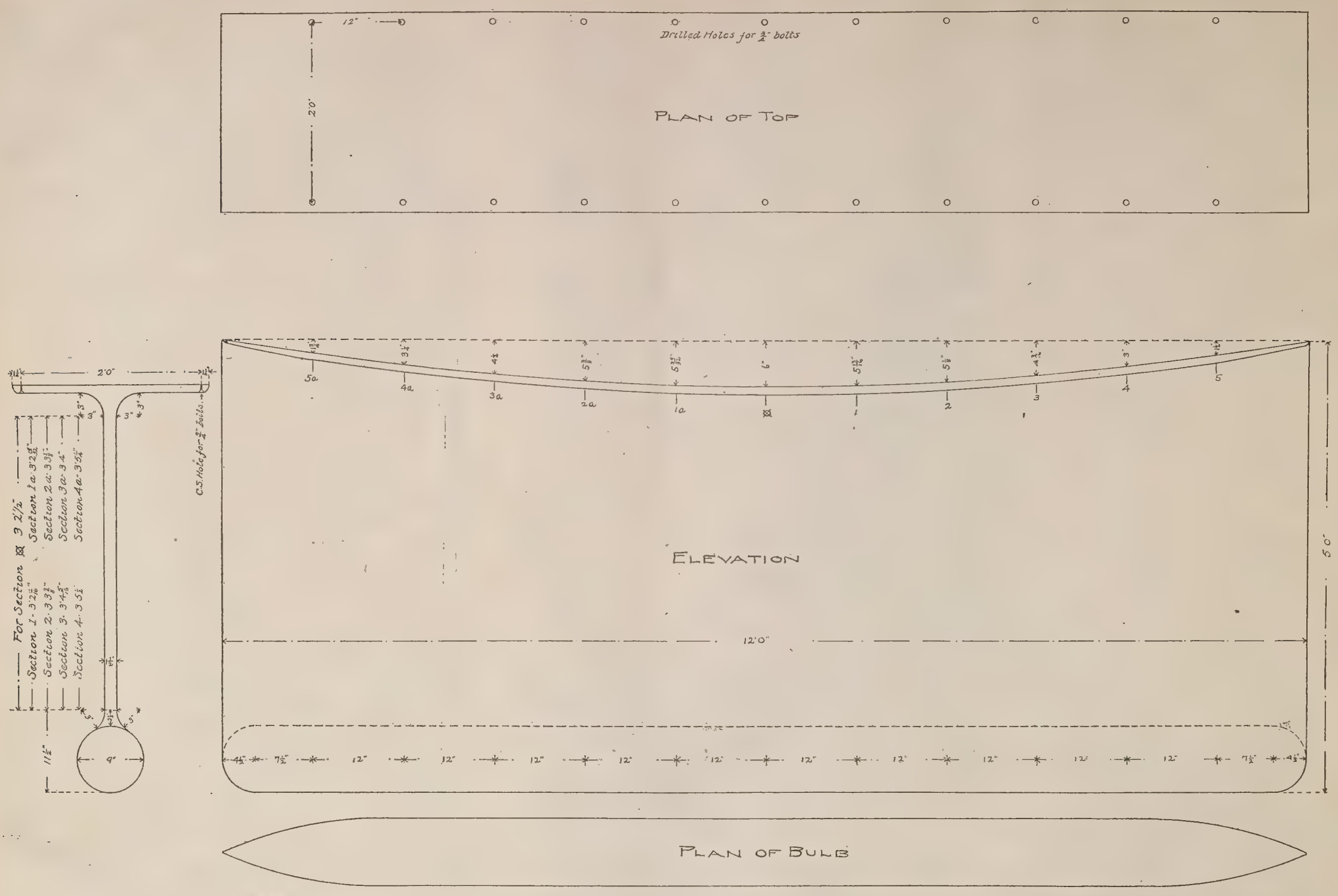
Monday, July 5.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES.

THE Boston City regatta of 1897 was sailed under the rules of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. and under the immediate management of Sec'y A. T. Bliss. The day was fair, with a very light wind. The old Shadow, so long victorious in her class, was beaten, though handled by Capt. Crocker. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A			
Chieftain, M. R. Peterson	30.00	3 14 28	2 30 37
Shadow, A. M. Amazeen	33.06	3 17 00	2 37 48
FIRST CLASS.			
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	24.00	2 17 55	1 39 13
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	27.06	2 14 47	1 39 18
Ida J., F. E. Beeman	28.04	2 14 18	1 39 50
Harbinger, C. F. Bactie	28.01	2 20 13	1 45 29
Hervine, C. A. J. Smith	27.06	2 23 21	1 48 57
Little Peter, A. H. Moebs	24.05	2 33 38	1 53 22
Elfrida, B. T. Hall	28.11	2 29 01	1 55 13
Lillian, Kears & Young	27.00	3 41 07	2 05 07
SECOND OPEN CLASS.			
Hoodlum, Higginson & Boardman	23.11	2 25 49	1 52 33
Romance, Loring Sears	22.00	2 30 15	1 54 56
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	21.04	2 46 45	2 10 13
SECOND CABIN CLASS.			
Rex, J. B. Farrell	23.05	2 29 43	1 55 50
Muriel, H. U. Nute	23.11	2 29 22	1 56 05
Privateer, A. E Shaaf	21.09	2 32 12	1 56 13
Nettie, W. Burgess	23.11	2 33 25	2 00 08
Whisper, W. F. Stimpson	20.02	2 46 23	2 08 13
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	23.10	3 42 43	2 09 20
Yankee, C. E. Main	21.06	2 45 55	2 09 36
Mist, A. H. Merrill	20.06	2 49 07	2 11 29
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	23.09	2 42 06	18 37
Judith, W. B. Pigeon	23.06	Withdrew.	
Vexer, W. H. Shaw	21.00	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS			
Rooster, Adams Bros	19.03	2 11 20	1 35 45
Cleopatra, H. M Faxon	19.06	2 14 51	1 39 36
Arab, W. F. Scott	19.09	2 20 06	1 45 12
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	19.11	2 22 22	1 47 41
Tacoma, M. McDowall	19.06	2 28 03	1 52 48
Omene, W. P. Barker	19.11	2 28 38	1 53 07
Zoe, J. McCarthy	17.09	2 32 34	1 54 46
Vamoose, Benner & Patten	19.11	2 29 32	1 54 51
Hector, F. M. Crosby	18.03	2 38 29	2 01 34
Pioneer, H. M. Crane	19.11	Withdrew.	
Topsy	18.04	Withdrew.	
May R., N. C. Robinson	17.07	Withdrew.	
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	18.03	Withdrew.	
Emerell, W. H. Low	27.11	Withdrew.	
Wrinkle, S. N. Small	19.11	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Hobo, T. W. King	21.00	2 59 45	. . . .
FOURTH CLASS.			
Fantasy, W. Allerton	16.08	2 22 06	1 42 37
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.08	2 28 54	1 49 21
Gnome, H. B. Faxon	15.09	2 31 59	1 50 38
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.06	2 36 36	1 56 46
Vitesse, C. D. Mower	15.06	2 38 25	1 53 47
Glide, W. D. Silsbee	15.06	Withdrew.	
Sphinx, A. Keith	16.11	Withdrew.	
Flash, H. H. Linnell	16.11	Withdrew.	
Ripple, C. B. Pear	16.00	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Atilla, A. O. Higgins	14.06	1 56 05	1 22 12
Era, S. A. Freeman	13.01	2 03 16	1 25 59
Cutty Sark, M. M. Torrence	14.11	2 01 49	1 28 24
Icurez, J. Perry	14.00	2 07 47	1 33.05
Veima, T. Hallett	14.08	2 09 00	1 35 22
Dorothy Q., Q. Tucker	12.06	Withdrew.	

The judges were: Com. Franklin L. Codman, D. Y. C., chairman; Coms. E. P. Boggs, M. Y. C.; John A. Stetson, B. Y. C.; Wm. H. Crane, W. Y. C.; W. B. Foster, S. H. Y. C.; John W. Sanborn, Q. Y. C.; Chas. F. Morrill, S. B. Y. C.; E. E. Gray, J. Y. C.; Wm. Fessenden, O. C. Y. C.; E. J. Powers C. Y. C.; E. W. Dixon, A. Y. C.; Chas. H. Chapman, V. Y. C.; Chas. P. Mooney, M. F. Y. C.; Wm. N. Russell, L. Y. C.; T. G. Hughen, C. Y. C.; W. F. Kerns, R. Y. C.; ex-Com. A. W. Torrey, W. Y. C.; Herbert S. Goodwin, B. Y. C.; Louis M. Clark, president Y. R. A. M.; John F. Small; A. T. Bliss.



AKISTA—DETAILS OF FIN AND BULB CASTING.

Beverly Y. C.

247th Regatta.

WENAUMET—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, June 26.

THE 247th regatta of the Beverly Y. C., first Corinthian race, was sailed off the club house at Wenaumet on June 26. Mr. C. E. Hodges, of the regatta committee, being the judge.

At the start the wind was fresh S.W. Many of the boats being reefed, then it petered out and became variable and was N.E. at the finish.

While it blew Anonyma took the lead, but as it got lighter Thordis passed her.

In third class Melro and Nobska had a close race, as they usually do, but Melro led by five seconds actual time, and is the smaller boat.

Opossum led again in the fourth class sloops, beating Heiress, her competitor, over six minutes. Imp beat Vif in fifth class cats and Royal Blue scored another win in the cruising class.

This race was open only to boats sailed and owned by members of the B. Y. C.

Courses—11¼ miles for cruising and second classes; 8½ miles for third class; 8 miles for fourth class; 5½ miles for fifth class.

CRUISING CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Royal Blue, C. S. Dennison	....	3 58 56	. .. ..
Robin Hood, C. H. Jones	....	4 02 20	. .. ..
Micaboo, C. L. & J. R. Harding	....	4 03 02	. .. ..
SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
Thordis, T. B. Wales	26.00	2 39 32	2 27 21
Anonyma, Vice-Com. Dabney	24.09	2 42 00	2 28 18
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr.	25.08	2 48 50	2 36 15
Kalama, David Rice	26.00	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Melro, D. L. Whittemore	20.03	1 57 35	1 55 33
Nobska, W. H. Winship	22.00	1 57 40	1 57 40
Molly, Sidney W. Burgess	22.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Opossum, R. W. Emmons	19.00	1 50 45	1 34 56
Heiress, Geo. G. Amory	19.00	1 57 10	1 41 21
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
*Howard, Howard Miller	18.00	. .. ..	. .. ..
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Imp, Geo. B. Dabney	14.05	1 24 10	1 08 26
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr	14.04	1 28 00	1 12 09

* Sailed the third class; had no competitor.

First prizes won by Thordis, Melro, Opossum, Imp and Royal Blue, who also each scored one point for the championship.

Anonyma won second prize and scored one-half point for championship.

248th Regatta.

WENAUMET—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, July 3.

The 248th race was sailed off the club house on July 3, being the second open sweepstake. With the exception of the Coquette and Lara, all starters belonged to the club. These two hail from Monument Beach. Lara was only launched July 2, and her sail was hardly knocked into shape.

The race in the cruising class was good, the Edith, just built by Herreshoff, and the Mariposa, a new Lawley boat making their first appearance. This is the new restricted class—21ft. waterline, 3,000lbs. outside lead, 600ft. of working sail, and with limits on beam and depth. They are very handsome boats, each of a different color, all with good accommodations, watertight cockpits, etc. The class is a great success.

The race in the second class was also good, but Thordis again showed herself the best boat in moderate air.

In third class Molly, with her present sail, could not point with the others, and her owner drew her out at the end of first round. Nobska and Melro sailed a hot race, Nobska counting one, as she made the best actual time by eight seconds, but Melro getting prize on allowance.

In fourth class sloops, everyone who had sailed on Mr. Eustis's new Copelin expected her to win; she is the new boat with a centerboard, and a rudder on each side. For a short time at the start she had it her own way, when the jaws of her gaff broke, and after that she could not point with the other boats, though she ran very fast.

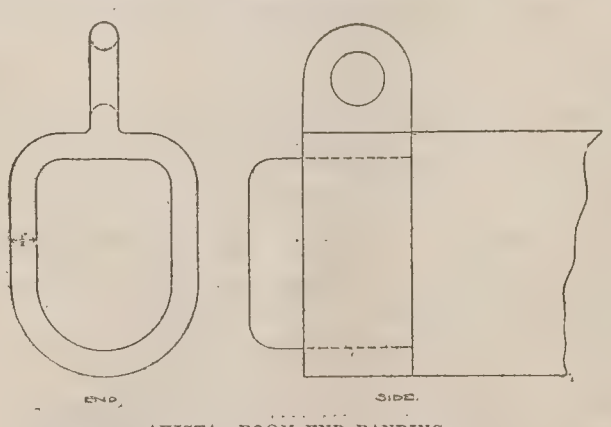
In the fourth class cats, Mr. Stockton's Daisy, looking like a new boat, though she is nearly ten years old, beat Howard and Coquette; and in the fifth class Imp won on both actual and corrected time.

Wind was south and moderate. Judges: George P. Gardner and Walter Lloyd Jeffries.

First prizes won by Thordis, Micaboo, Melro, Opossum, Daisy and Imp, all of these, except Melro, scoring 1 for championship, which Nobska got in this class.

Second prizes were won by Kalama, Royal Blue, Heiress and Lara.

Third prizes were won by Mist, Edith, Blue Fish; and the



AKISTA—BOOM END BANDING.

following boats scored ½ for championship—Kalama and Lara and Mist not being sailed by a member—Bernice, Royal Blue, Melro, Heiress and Hebe.

There is no allowance in the cruising class, Grilse took it easy, did not set her light sails, and her usual crew were on Capelin.

CRUISING CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Micaboo, C. L & J. R. Harding	....	2 07 01	. .. ..
Royal Blue, C. S Dennison	....	2 07 14	. .. ..
Edith, C. M. Baker	....	2 09 52	. .. ..
Robin Hood, C. H Jones	....	2 10 08	. .. ..
Mariposa, F. W. Douner	....	2 11 55	. .. ..
SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
Thordis, T. W. Wales	26.00	2 02 34	1 50 23
Kalama, D. Rice	26.00	2 05 15	1 53 01
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr.	25.08	2 10 48	1 58 13
Mist, G. H. Lyman	25.01	2 11 14	1 57 58
Little Linotte, W. P. Wilson	25.10	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Nobska, W. H Winship	22.03	1 43 52	1 30 42
Melro, D. L. Whittemore	20.03	1 44 00	1 28 48
Molly, S. W. Burgess	22.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Opossum, R. W. Emmons	19.00	1 47 06	1 30 18
Heiress, Geo C. Amory	19.00	1 48 07	1 31 19
Blue Fish, J. Crane & A S. Hardy	19.00	1 48 45	1 31 57
Capelin, W E. C. Eustis	19.00	1 50 55	1 34 07
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	1 57 31	1 40 43
FOURTH CLASS—CATS			
Daisy, L. M. S ockton	18.03	1 52 06	1 24 21
Howard, Howard Miller	18.00	1 52 56	1 34 41
Coquette, W W. Phinney	18.00	1 54 05	1 36 53
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Imp, Geo. B. Dabney	14.05	1 25 23	1 09 55
Lava, A. C. Howland	15.00	1 25 53	1 10 57
Hebe, John Parkinson, Jr.	14 09	1 32 38	1 17 34
Vif, Alfred Winson, Jr.	14.04	1 32 55	1 17 11

249th Regatta.

WENAUMET—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Monday, July 5.

The 249th regatta, the second Corinthian, was sailed on July 6 off the club house.

Courses same as race No. 247. Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries A two-reef southwester was blowing, and for the first time this year the club had Buzzard's Bay weather.

In second class Anonyma beat everyone to windward, but Thordis ran her and got in first, but her length was protested as being out of the class, when first measured just launched she measured a ¼in. into the class, but she has soaked some water and now measures 1in. out of the class, so Anonyma takes the mug.

It was nip and tuck with Nobska and Melro up to a point half a mile from the finish, Nobska leading, but Melro, inside her time allowance, at this time Nobska's boom broke and put her out of it.

In cruising class the strong wind was expected to make Robin Hood win, and she did handsomely.

Howard won in fourth cats with a long lead. Opossum won again in fourth sloop class; she is a beauty, and has yet to be beaten. Imp won again, though Hebe led at end of first round.

Heiress led Opossum at end of first round, and set her spinaker very quickly, while Opossum was very slow in setting balloon jib, still on this last short leg Opossum took the lead and won by over 2m.:

CRUISING CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Robin Hood, C. H. Jones	....	2 05 05	. .. ..
Micaboo, C. L. & J. R. Harding	....	2 11 02	. .. ..
Edith, C. M. Baker	....	2 11 15	. .. ..
Mariposa, R. W. Downer	....	Broke down.	
Kantaka, A. Winsor	....	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
Thordis, T. B. Fales	26.00	2 07 53	1 54 56
Anonyma, Vice-Com. Dabney	24.09	2 11 44	1 58 02
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr	25.08	2 22 45	1 59 10
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	25.07	2 17 06	2 04 15
Kalama, David Rice	26.00	2 21 10	2 09 19
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Melro, D. L. Whittemore	20.03	1 45 10	1 30 08
Nobska, W. H. Winship	22.03	Broke boom.	
Doris, John Parkinson	21.01	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Howard, H. O. Miller	18.01	1 51 35	1 33 13
Elsa, C. S. Sargent	19.00	2 02 04	1 45 16
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy	17.06	2 02 55	1 46 00
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Opossum, R. W. Emmons	19.00	1 48 09	1 31 21
Heiress, Geo. G. Amory	19.00	1 50 15	1 33 27
Fin, Howard Stockton	17.06	1 55 02	1 37 28
Blue Fish, A.S. Hardy and J Crane, Jr.	19.00	Lost rudder.	
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Imp, Geo B. Dabney	14.05	1 18 07	1 02 30
Hebe, John Parkinson, Jr	14.09	1 20 16	1 05 02

First prize won by Robin Hood. Anonyma, Melro, Howard, Opossum and Imp, who also score 1 each for pennant.

Second prizes and a score of ½ for pennant won by Micaboo, Bernice and Heiress.

White Bear Y. C.

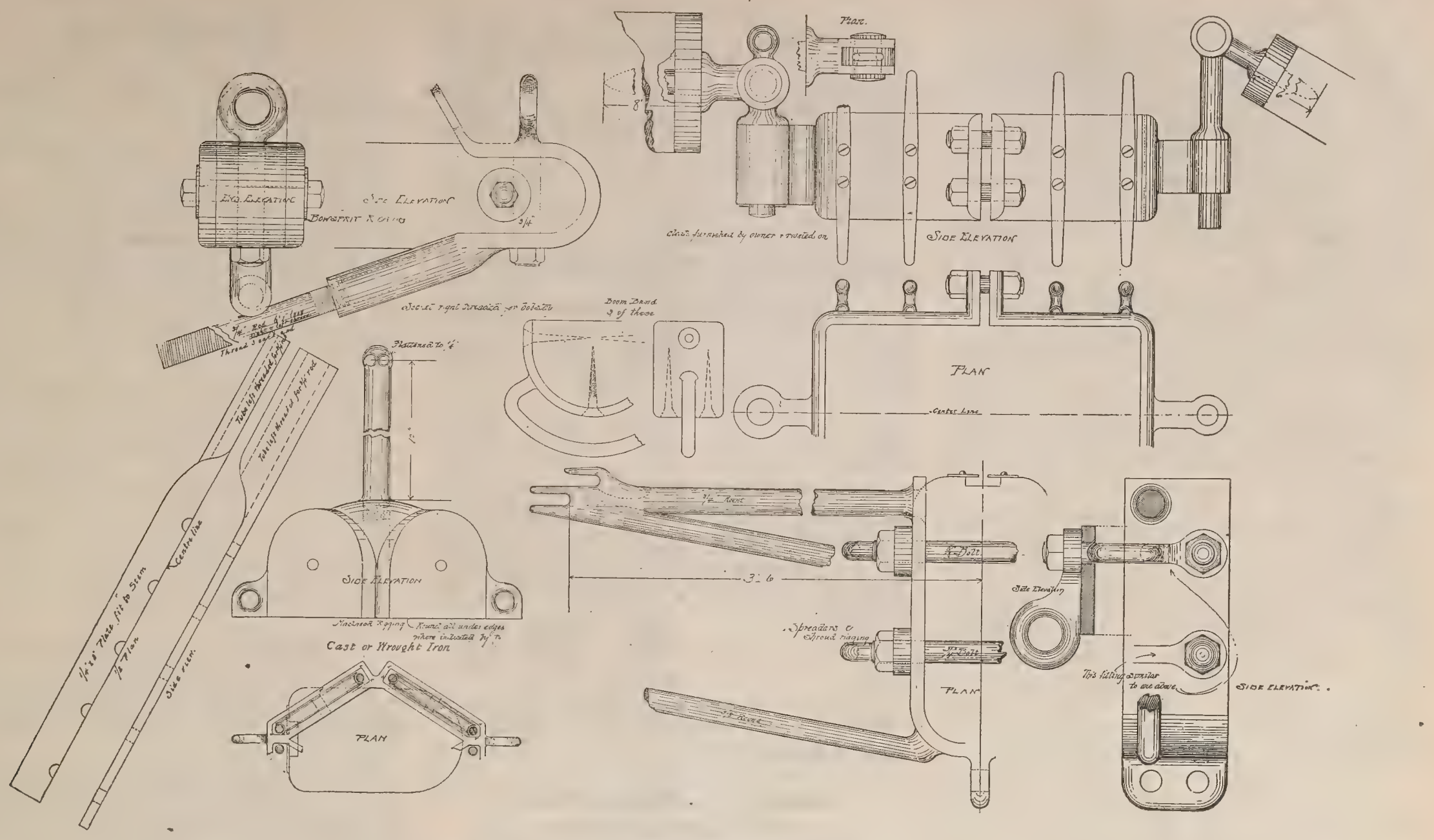
WHITE BEAR LAKE.

Saturday, June 26

THE White Bear Y. C. sailed a race on June 26, the times being:

23FT. SLOOPS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tarpon, S. C. Stickney	2 04 54	1 55 51
Akila, Dr. A. McLaren	2 08 13	1 59 29
Corona II., J. M. Welch	2 08 00	2 00 06
Alfrida, L. P. Ordway	2 21 41	2 13 28
21FT. SLOOPS.		
Falcon, H. Van Vleck	2 40 06	2 26 45
Siren, E. P. Smith	2 42 07	2 27 29
Minnehaha, C. A. Stickney	2 43 06	2 29 28
Hornet, H. T. Drake	2 44 48	2 31 02
Advertiser, Phillips	2 47 28	2 35 50
SPECIAL CLASS SLOOPS—NO TIME ALLOWANCE.		
Nelka, F. N. Douglass	2 37 10	. .. ..
Croppie, Tracy Lyon	2 40 33	. .. ..
Mojave, H. P. Saunders	2 42 51	. .. ..
CATBOATS.		
Nushka III., J P Elmer	2 23 42	2 23 24
Pastime, C. H Taylor	2 37 58	2 26 20
Esmeralda, Fred Mahler	2 42 22	2 31 57
Bonita, Col. Appleton	2 52 08	2 39 44



AKISTA—DETAILS OF IRONWORK.

THE YACHT RACING UNION OF LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Racing Circuit.

June 26 to July 7.

American Y. C. Annual Regatta.

MILTON POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Tuesday, July 6.

THE annual regatta of the American Y. C. was sailed on July 6, starting off Milton Point, the club station. The course was a triangle, the marks being Parsonage Point, Red Springs and Larchmont Harbor; the starting line was in the middle of one side, the yachts going first to Parsonage Point. As it happened, the wind was so light that but one round, 10¾ miles, was sailed. The start was postponed until 1 P. M., the classes being timed:

1:10, 51ft. class—Syce.

1:15, 36 and 30ft. classes—Hera, Musme, Vaquero, Veda, Wa Wa, Surprise and Acushla.

1:20, 30ft. catboats and 25ft. sloops—Volsung, Dorothy, Vaquero, Houri and Skimmaug.

1:20, 25ft. catboats and 20ft, sloops—Momo, Shark, Colleen, Brant, Punch, Ethel, Sequel and Zelica.

1:30, 20ft. catboats and 15ft. sloops—Laura Lee, Dorothy and Caprice.

With the wind S.W. by W., sheets were eased to port and some of the yachts set spinakers for the short half-leg to Parsonage Point; then the fleet beat across to the Red Springs mark, the wind still very light, reached back across the Sound to Larchmont and after a jibe ran to the line, where they were timed:

Syce	3 26 20	Houri	3 48 54
Acushla	3 26 25	Vaquero I.	3 50 48
Hera	3 28 32	Shark	3 51 15
Vaquero III.	3 29 01	Skimmaug	3 57 12
Veda	3 29 13	Colleen	3 58 49
Musme	3 31 41	Ethel	4 05 40
Wa Wa	3 33 37	Sequel	4 06 29
Momo	3 45 31	Punch	4 07 41
Dorothy	3 46 09	Zelica	4 10 02
Volsung	3 46 18	Brant	4 15 52

The final times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.			
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	1 56 20	1 56 20
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.			
Acushla H. W. Hanan	32.94	2 11 37	2 11 37
Surprise, James Baird	34.68	Did not finish.	
SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS.			
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	2 13 32	2 13 32
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	30.00	2 14 01	2 14 01
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	30.00	2 18 37	2 18 37
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.00	2 16 41	2 16 41
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	30.00	2 14 13	2 14 13
SLOOPS—SPECIAL—25FT. CLASS.			
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr.	22.99	2 28 54	2 28 54
Vaquero I., W. G. Brokaw	22.99	2 30 43	2 30 48
SLOOPS—25FT CLASS.			
Skimmaug, T. Clapham	25.00	2 37 12	2 37 12
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
Momo, C. H. Crane	20.00	2 25 31	2 25 31
Shark, Rouse & Hoyt	20.00	2 31 15	2 31 15
SLOOPS—15FT. CLASS.			
Laura Lee, F. S Ray	15.00	Not timed.	
CABIN CATS—30FT CLASS.			
Volsung, De Forest Bros.	28.70	2 26 18	2 26 18
Dorothy, C. F. Larzelere	28.57	2 26 09	2 26 01
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Ethel, F. J. Bergen	21.68	2 40 40	2 40 40
OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Punch, M. H. Clark	20.50	2 42 41	2 39 21
Zelica, H. A. Sherman	20.49	2 45 02	3 41 17
Sequel, C. A. Muier		2 41 29	. ..
Brant, C. Varian	21.20	2 50 52	2 48 57
Colleen, J. H. Jackson	22.18	2 33 49	2 33 49
OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.			
Dorothy, J. E Sanborn	19.57	2 54 00	2 54 00
Caprice, F. F. Proctor, Jr.	15.54	. .. ..	. .. ..

The winners were:

Syce, Hera, Vaquero III., 2d prize; Acushla, Houri, Momo, Dorothy, Ethel, Skimmaug, Colleen, Punch, 2d prize; Dorothy of the 20-foot class.

The fleet of the Atlantic Y. C. was at anchor off Milton Point or under-way about the courre all day, and in the evening a reception was held in honor of the visitors. The officers of the Atlantic Y. C. were entertained at dinner by the officers of the American Y. C., and afterward there was dancing and a supper for the guests. The grounds and club house were very handsomely illuminated. The race was managed by the regatta committee, Messrs. Stuyvesant Wainright, H. de B. Parsons, Mulford Martin, M. C. Parsons and Thomas Dimond.

Riverside Y. C. Annual Regatta.

RIVERSIDE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Wednesday, July 7.

THE Riverside Y. C. this year divided its regatta into two parts, the larger yachts sailing on Wednesday, on the occasion of the visit of the Atlantic Y. C. fleet, while the smaller ones waited until Saturday. Wednesday was clear and hot, but pleasant enough on the Sound, where a light easterly wind was blowing. The courses were triangles, the larger of 15 miles, from off the Gas Buoy at the mouth of the harbor, to Matinnicock Buoy, Center Island Buoy and home. The smaller from the same point to the Spar Buoy in the middle of the Sound, thence eastward to a markboat and home, 9 miles. The start was timed:

Schooners, 1:05—Adrienne.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls over 43ft., 1:10—Syce, Volante, Nirvana, Eidolon, Eclipse, Sistae.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls under 43ft., 1:15—Veda, Wa Wa, Vaquero III., Hera, Musme, Acushla, Ninita, Vorant II., Penelope, Akista and Consuelo.

Both Colonia and Emerald were present, the former entered, but as she had no competitor she remained at anchor. The larger yachts, headed by Syce, stood off for Matinnicock, while the smaller reached for the first mark and then trimmed flat for a beat to second. The wind fell very light and then came in from the south'ard, the third leg being covered very slowly under spinakers, the 30-footer and 36-footers in a bunch. Vaquero had a small lead at the end of the first round, where they were timed:

Vaquero III.	2 52 57	Penelope	2 59 25
Acushla	2 53 07	Ninita	3 05 00
Wa Wa	2 54 03	Syce	3 15 12
Veda	2 54 45	Consuelo	3 18 44
Akista	2 54 53	Sistae	3 28 44
Hera	2 54 55	Eclipse	3 29 42
Musme	2 55 02	Eidolon	3 30 16
Vorant	2 58 30		

At the mark with very little wind the fleet was tangled up, Wa Wa picking up the mooring line of the stakeboat with her fin. Vaquero succeeded in getting around first and clear of the others, constantly improving her advantage to windward, the first leg now being a beat. The others were some time in getting clear of each other. The beat out was a very pretty sight, the boats crossing and changing positions. Vaquero had a good lead at this mark, and held it all the way in. The finish was timed:

Vaquero III.	4 29 01	Ninia	5 05 58
Wa Wa	4 34 31	Syce	5 41 23
Acushla	4 34 50	Consuelo	5 54 39
Veda	4 34 54	Sistae	6 31 09
Hera	4 35 24	Eclipse	6 34 29
Musme	4 37 53	Eidolon	6 37 12
Vorant II.	4 38 05	Volante	6 57 56
Akista	4 50 41	Nirvana	6 58 59
Penelope	5 00 02		

The final times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONER CLASS.			
Adrienne, Graham & Kelsey	48.30	Not timed.	
SLOOPS—60FT. CLASS.			
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	55.15	5 24 29	5 18 30
Nirvana, Guy Standing	52.51	5 48 59	5 39 22
SLOOPS—51FT. CLASS.			
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	4 31 23	4 3 23
SLOOPS—HANDICAP CLASS.			
Volante, S. L Swett		5 47 56	5 28 42
Sistae, John Rhodes	45.29	5 21 09	5 11 55
Eidolon, J. Weir, Jr.	41.70	5 27 12	5 20 53
SLOOPS—36FT CLASS.			
Acushla, H. W. Hanan	32.94	3 39 50	2 14 52
Vorant II., George G. Tyson	34.00	3 34 05	3 29 55
Akista, George Hill	34.75	3 35 41	3 33 50
SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.			
Ninita, F. A. Dingee	28.00	3 50 58	3 46 49
Penelope, Dr. T. V. Ketchim	26.00	3 49 22	3 40 35
YAWL CLASS			
Consuelo, A. V. Cabot	28.59	4 39 59	4 39 39
SLOOPS—SPECIAL—30FT. CLASS.			
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.00	3 22 53	3 22 53
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	30.00	3 14 01	3 14 01
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	3 20 24	3 20 24
*Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	30.00	3 19 31	3 19 31
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	30.00	3 19 54	3 19 54

* Disqualified.

The winners were: Adrienne, sail over; Syce, sail over; Eclipse, Sistae, Acushla, Penelope, Consuelo, sail over; Vaquero, with Veda second. The race was managed by Messrs. F. B. Jones, George B. Clark and H. W. Tyler. The steamer Bay Queen carried a large number of members and guests over the course. In the evening the club house was gaily decorated and illuminated in honor of the Atlantic Y. C. fleet, and a reception was held.

Saturday, July 10.

THE races for the smaller classes were sailed on July 10, one of the very hot days of the season, with very little wind and that variable, from E. to S.E. The start was postponed to 1 P. M., there being no wind at all at noon. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
OPEN SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.			
Hazel, Dr. C. R. Hexamer	Not timed.		
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr.	3 50 38	2 45 32	. .. ..
CABIN BOATS—30FT. CLASS.			
Kit, R J. Dunn	3 38 53	2 33 53	. .. ..
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	3 50 32	2 45 32	2 40 29
Varda, H. H. Gordon	3 51 10	2 46 15	2 39 04
Dorothy, George Hill	3 48 30	2 43 30	2 41 36
CABIN BOATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Presto, H. R. Hatfield	3 57 58	2 47 58	2 44 52
Ethel, F. I Bergen	4 05 07	2 55 37	2 49 42
Gracie, John Lambden	4 21 26	3 11 26	3 06 58
OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Elsie, R. H. Gillespie	4 06 55	2 56 55	2 54 12
Osprey, C. H. Holmes	4 06 59	2 56 59	2 53 53
Colleen, J H. Jackson	3 59 33	2 49 33	2 44 16
Annie, A. V. Seymour	4 19 39	3 09 39	3 04 10
E Z. Sloat, Hoyt & Parks	4 00 05	2 50 05	2 42 53
Brandt, J. C. Varian	4 16 11	3 06 11	2 58 46
OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS			
Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	3 26 13	2 11 13	2 11 03
Dorothy, J E. Sanborne	2 23 34	2 08 34	2 07 54
Byna Jane, F. S Ray	3 53 35	2 38 35	2 36 33

Minnetonka sprung the jaws of her gaff, and was delayed for some minutes. The regatta committee included Messrs. C. P. Tower, H. W. Tyler and Walter Buxton. The winners were: Houri, Kit, Presto, E. Z. Sloat, Dorothy. Osprey protested on Sloat's measurement.

Corinthian Y. C. Annual Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, July 5.

THE Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead sailed its annual regatta on July 5, the times being:

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
FIRST CLASS.			
Satanic, D. H Follett, Jr.	33.21	12 38 20	2 08 20
Mildred, Warden Dexter		12 24 52	1 59 52
Asahi, F. D. R. Thayer	28.05	12 35 17	2 00 17
FOURTH CLASS.			
Egeria, R. F. Tucker	23.15	12 08 40	1 18 40
Koraali, R. C. Robbins	23.10	12 11 20	1 21 20
KNOCKABOUTS			
Mongoose, B. B. Crowingshield	21.00	12 46 42	2 01 42
Gosling, F. O. North	21.00	12 47 55	2 02 55
Sally III, D. C. Percival, Jr.	21.00	12 53 05	2 08 05
Hazard, H. M. Sears	21.00	12 53 48	2 08 48
Fly, E. O. Gay	21.00	12 54 55	2 09 55
Cockatoo, C. F. Eaton	21.00	1 00 27	2 15 27
Cock Robin, C H Foster	21.00	1 01 27	2 16 27
Jenny Wren, F. Peabody	21.00	1 04 04	2 19 04

	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected.
CLASS A			
Irolita, A. C. Lombard	12 12 24	1 12 24	1 07 10
Susie, J. F. Cole	12 11 35	1 11 35	1 10 35
Lilian, H. E. Whitney	12 10 15	1 20 15	1 14 15
Eugenia, J. F. Palmer	12 07 17	1 17 17	1 14 17
Rowena, M. H Rockwell	12 08 10	1 18 10	1 15 10
Mistreal, Currier Bros.	12 10 22	1 10 22	1 15 52
Anagua, A. B. Long	12 09 40	1 19 40	1 19 40
Geisha	12 14 15	1 24 15	1 21 15
CLASS B			
Delphin, E. M. Parker	12 26 35	1 26 35	1 25 05
Feconfort, B. W. Dennison	12 42 35	1 42 35	1 42 35
CLASS C.			
Verona, C. B. Tucker	12 18 14	1 23 14	1 21 44
Waterlily, C. F. Lyman	12 18 45	1 23 45	1 23 45
Maia, Everett Paine	12 22 25	1 27 25	1 26 35
Dorothy, F. Brewster	12 28 02	1 28 02	1 27 02
Afpenet, H A. Ward	12 24 50	1 29 50	1 28 20
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	12 18 22	1 33 22	1 30 22
Comet, A. A. Barnes	Did not finish.		

The judges were: G. W. Mansfield, Herman Parker, G. B. Percival, Jr., W. B. Stearns, George Smith.

Cock Robin was beaten for the first time. Verona, the new Stearns knockabout, won in her class.

Atlantic Y. C.—Annual Cruise.

THE annual cruise of the Atlantic Y. C. began with the rendezvous at Larchmont on July 3-5, a number of yachts being present over Sunday and during the race of Monday. The programme of the cruise included a number of races for prizes offered by the club. In the absence of Com. Gould, Vice-Com. Adams was in command. On Tuesday morning the fleet sailed the few miles from Larchmont to Milton Point and anchored to watch the American Y. C. regatta. In the evening a reception was tendered to the visitors by the American Y. C. Next day the fleet sailed to Greenwich and anchored over night, the members witnessing the Riverside Y. C. regatta and spending the evening ashore at the house of the Riverside Y. C., where they were most hospitably entertained. The fleet, by Thursday morning, included the following yachts:

STEAM YACHTS—Clermont, A. Van Santvoord; Wabeno, Fred. Gerken; Hildegarde, Rear-Com. B. M. Whitlock; Scionda, Alfred W. Booth; Sultana, W. H. Langley; Marietta, Harrison B. Moore; Alcedo, W. H. Hamilton; Now Then, Edgar F. Luckenback; Victory, Frank L. Camp.

SCHOONERS—Sachem, Vice-Com. F. T. Adams; Colonia, C. A. Postley; Emerald, J. Rogers Maxwell; Priscilla, W. J. Goulding; Nirvana, G. G. Tyson.

YAWLS—Huron, E. S. Hatch; Sultan, John H. Cromwell.

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—Awa, A. De Witt Cochrane; Syce, F. M. Hoyt; Eurybia, Charles Pryer; Eidolon, James Wier, Jr.; Sistae, John Rhodes; Eclipse, L. J. Callanan; Gaviota, Col. David E. Austen; Akista, George Hill; Penelope, I. V. Ketchum; Vorant II., G. G. Tyson; Volante, S. L. Sweet; Tique, H. A. Harrison; Laurel, Richard Pease; Volusia, J. J. Allen.

The first squadron run was set for Thursday, from Greenwhich to Black Rock, by way of Eaton's Neck Buoy, and a start was made at 11:30, though there was little or no wind. In addition to the regular prizes, Com. Postley, of the Larchmont Y. C., offered a special cup for schooners and one for single-stickers, each with double time allowance, for the two runs to New London. The race proved a long and tedious drift, Syce being over six hours in covering the twenty miles, while others arrived so late that the entertainments of the evening were sadly marred. The official times were:

CLASS 1—SCHOONERS IN RACING TRIM.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	6 05 45	6 55 45

CLASS 2—SCHOONERS IN CRUISING TRIM.

Sachem, F. T Adams	90.61	Withdrew.	
Nirvana, G G Tyson	76.50	7 30 50	.. .. ..
Priscilla, W. J. Goulding	69.00	7 30 55	.. .. ..

SLOOPS IN RACING TRIM.

Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	5 58 45	5 58 45

CLASS 5—SLOOPS IN CRUISING TRIM.

Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	55.00	7 26 02	.. .. ..
Gaviota, D. E. Austen	55.00	7 21 40	.. .. ..

CLASS 6—SLOOPS IN CRUISING TRIM

Sistae, John Rhodes	45.29	7 19 49	.. .. ..
Volante, S M. Swett	Not Meas.	Withdrew.	
Eidolon, J. Weir, Jr	42.61	7 26 25	.. .. ..
Awa, A. D. Cochrane	46.78	7 02 33	.. .. ..
Eurybia, C. Pryor	39.50	Withdrew.	
Volusia, J. J. Allen	33.50	Withdrew.	

CLASS 7—SLOOPS IN CRUISING TRIM.

Akista, G. Hill	34.75	7 06 05	.. .. ..
Vorant II., G G. Tyson	24.00	7 06 50	.. .. ..
Tiger, A. J. Harrison	35.50	7 59 10	.. .. ..

The winners were Colonia, Syce, Gaviota, Sistae and Vorant II. Colonia and Syce each won a leg for the Postley cups.

The Bridgeport Y. C. gave a reception in the evening, and Fleet Captain Watson, of the Atlantic Y. C., held open house for his fellow-members.

The second day's run, from Black Rock to New London, was made with a good southerly breeze, and proved exciting and interesting. The times were:

CLASS 1—SCHOONERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	9 18 00	7 18 00

CLASS 2—SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.

Sachem, F. T. Adams	90.61	7 45 30	7 45 30
Nirvana, G. G. Tyson	76.50	8 36 25	8 07 13

CLASS 3—SLOOPS—RACING TRIM.

Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	8 05 05	8 05 05

CLASS 4—SLOOPS—CRUISING TRIM

Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	55.34	8 17 25	8 17 25
Gaviota, D. E. Austen	55.00	7 58 25	7 57 31

CLASS V.—SLOOPS, CRUISING TRIM.

Liris, C. B. Henriques	...	8 44 10	8 44 10
Awa, A. D. Cochrane	46.78	Did not finish.	
Sistae, John Rhodes	45.29	8 27 15	8 17 38
Volante, S. M. Swett	...	Not timed.	
Eidolon, Jas. Weir, Jr	42.61	8 32 05	8 13 33
Volusia, J. J. Allen	33.50	9 21 20	.. .. ..

CLASS VI—SLOOPS RACING TRIM.

Akista, George Hill	34.75	9 35 10	9 35 10
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	34.00	10 02 05	9 58 00
Rover, James Manning	....	Did not finish.	

The regular prizes went to Colonia, Sachem, Syce, Gaviota, Eidolon and Akista. Colonia and Akista each won a leg for the Postley cups. At a meeting in the evening it was decided to change the programme, remaining another day at New London and sailing a special race, the run to Shelter Island being made informally on Sunday.

The race of Saturday, counting as a squadron run, was over a 28-mile course, to Cornfield Light and return. The race was sailed in a light to moderate wind, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Syce, F. Hopt	50.86	7 28 18	7 29 18
Awa, A D Cochrane	46.78—602	8 36 19	9 30 17
Akista, Geo. Hill	34.75—2938	.....	.....
POSTLEY PRIZE.			
Syce	50.86	7 29 18	7 29 18
Awa	46.78—1204	8 36 19	8 24 15
Eidolon	42.61—2610	.....	.....
Akista	34.75—5916	.....	.....

The schooner prizes, for the squadron runs and the Postley prize, were already won by Colonia; this race gave the single-stick prizes to Syce.

Minnetonka Y. C.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

Saturday, June 26.

THE race of the Minnetonka Y. C. on June 26 was sailed in a moderate breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Breeze	3 03 05	5 05 51	2 02 46	2 02 17
Wizard	3 03 26	5 08 41	2 05 15	2 05 15
Tartar	3 02 06	5 11 22	2 09 16	2 05 15
Marie II	3 01 28	5 12 38	2 11 10	2 10 41
Charlotte	3 02 02	5 13 38	2 11 36	2 10 59
Cossack	3 00 25	5 21 51	2 21 16	2 20 39
SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Beatrice	2 50 17	5 18 42	2 28 25	2 28 25
Sallie	2 54 00	5 33 51	2 39 51	2 35 58
Tomahawk	2 50 57	5 42 56	.. .. ..	Disqualified.
FIRST CLASS—CATBOATS.				
Varuna	2 51 11	5 27 28	2 36 17	2 36 17
Pinafore	2 51 48	5 33 09	2 41 21	2 37 38
Katrina	2 51 39	5 36 23	2 44 44	2 42 36
ONE-RATERS.				
Gladrene	2 45 00	5 11 35	2 26 35	2 26 35
Pyxie	2 45 00	5 17 10	2 32 10	2 32 10
Answer	2 45 00	5 25 48	2 40 48	2 40 48
Doris	2 45 00	5 29 06	2 44 06	2 44 06

Western Yachts.

On July 5 Pewaukee Y. C. held its fourth regatta on Lake Pewaukee, Wis., with the following results:

	Time.
Sirocco, Wallber Bros., A	1 21 39
Idle Hour, R. Giljohan, A	1 22 29
Mistral, A. S. Hathaway, A	1 22 31
Lorraine, Schiller & Bauch, A	1 23 05
Christine, Louis Auer, A	1 42 00
* Lottie, L. D. Markwell, A	.. .. ..
*Gretchen, William Gerlach, A	.. .. ..
Martha, A. H. Steinman, B	1 58 20
Sophia, Meyers, B	2 01 40
*Aida, Zinn, B	.. .. ..

* Did not finish.

FAILURE.

The Racine regatta this week was a failure, little interest being shown, and severe press criticism has followed.

INTER-LAKE REGATTA.

On the first day at Put-in-Bay, the 52-footer Vanenna, of Chicago, had things all her own way. The time:

Start, 8:40:	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vanenna	11 48 15	3 08 15	3 08 15
Surprise	12 02 35	3 22 35	3 14 15
Minx	Did not finish.		

In the 42-footers, Sultana won. Time:

Start, 8:50:	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sultana	12 11 50	2 21 50	3 21 20
Czarina	12 15 50	3 25 50	3 25 50
Alice Enright	12 56 45	4 06 45	4 06 45

In the 37-footers the best sport of the day was brought off. In this event were entered Shamrock, of Cleveland; Puritana, of Toledo; Miriam, of Erie; and Meteor, of Cleveland. Miriam crossed the line first, Puritana was a minute behind, and Shamrock was directly behind her. Meteor got a poor start. Puritana had no more than crossed the line when her topmast went by the board. She gave Shamrock a hard race, however. Miriam was overhauled by both boats. The summary follows:

Start, 9:00:	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Shamrock	12 53 75	3 53 25	3 49 20
Puritana	12 55 15	3 55 15	3 55 15
Miriam	1 01 40	4 01 40	3 58 36
Meteor	Did not finish.		

On the third day the wind was light and unsatisfactory. Shamrock and Sultana won again in their respective classes.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Eastern Y. C. Handicap Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Friday, July 2.

THE Eastern Y. C. will sail a series of handicap races this season, the first having taken place on July 2, the times being:

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.

	Handicap.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Puritan, H. B Dennison	8 00	3 47 24	3 39 24
Marguerite, H. W. Lamb	....	3 39 36	3 39 36
Fortuna, H. S Hovey	....	3 40 25	3 0 25
SECOND CLASS—SCHOONERS.			
Adrienne, H. P Smith	....	3 51 08	3 51 08
Virgilda, N. S. Myrick	7 00	4 14 13	4 07 13
Frolic, H. H. White	19 00	4 27 31	4 18 31
Hope Leslie, L Minot	2 00	4 27 21	4 25 21
Kathleen, E. A. Bangs	22 00	4 38 22	4 16 22
SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Gloriana, J. M. Lasell	....	3 51 05	3 51 05
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Crystal, E T. Bigelow	13 00	3 21 05	3 08 05
Saladin, J. P. & C. E Loud	3 00	3 14 31	3 11 31
Tomboy, W. S. H. Lothrop	6 00	3 17 46	3 11 46
Mildred, Gordon Dexter	....	3 18 07	3 18 07

Puritan wins $100; Adrienne $75; and Crystal $50. No second prizes were awarded.

The America's Cup.

THERE has been no foundation whatever for the rumors afloat this spring of a new challenge from Mr. Rose for the America's Cup; the following dispatch, from London, is quite superfluous, as the time for a challenge has long since passed, for this year, and it is entirely too soon for a challenge for 1898. Mr. Rose's new yacht is much too small to race against Defender, and was not designed for international racing.

Mr. Rose is reported as saying:

"There is nothing I would like better than to challenge for the America's Cup. When I contemplated so doing before it would have been misconstrued, and as one must stand by one's friends, I was obliged to withdraw, which was unfortunate.

"In regard to Aurora, which first appears during Cowes' week, challenging for the America's Cup, I have not given it a thought and it would be altogether premature to say anything on the subject. There is plenty of time. But, up to the present, the idea of challenging has not crossed my mind."

The Lake Y. R. A. Circuit.

A CHANGE has been made in the programme for the Lake Y. R. A. circuit, as Charlotte (Rochester Y. C.) has been omitted. The first race will be at Kingston on July 19; second Cobourg, July 23; third Toronto, July 27; fourth Hamilton, July 29, and fifth Niagara, July 31. Mr. W. Q. Phillips, who has before served to the satisfaction of all in the same capacity, will be in charge of all details of the racing.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

VALHALLA, auxiliary steam yacht, seen here at the Valkyrie-Defender races, has been chartered by J. F. Laycock to Count Castellane, husband of Miss Anna Gould.

Hildegarde, steam yacht, designed by A. S. Chesebrough for G. W. Weld, was launched on July 8 at the Harlan & Hollingsworth yards, Wilmington. Work on the yacht has been pushed very rapidly since she was first begun, and she will be ready for the New York Y. C. cruise.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Arthur A. Lewis	Claremont, N. H	———

NORTHERN DIVISION.

H. Cotton	Kingston, Can	Kingston Y. C.
Fred. D. Baylay	Kingston, Can	Kingston Y. C.
J. E. Martin	Kingston, Can	Kingston Y. C.
Angus J. Macdonell	Kingston, Can	Kingston Y. C.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 20-22.—PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 20-23.—CLEAR LAKE, Ia.—First annual Indian Wolf shoot. Three days targets; one day live birds. $500 added. For programmes and particulars write to C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.

July 21-22.—CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. Chas. E Lacey, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

July (last week).—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Company.

July 27-28.—BAY CITY, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. W. H Brady, Sec'y, Detroit, Mich.

July 28-29.—DULUTH, Minn.—Annual tournament of the Central Gun Club G C Maxfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 4-5.—INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, Ind.—Indiana Mineral Springs tournament. Ben O Bush, Manager.

Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 18-19.—WARSAW, Ind.—Tournament of the Lake City Gun Club. W. A. Wineberer, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Carl von Lengerke, captain of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N J., writes us as follows: "On Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 6, there will be an all-day shoot at Marion, N. J. Two sets of expert traps with bluerock targets will be kept busy from 10 A. M until dark. Sweepstake events will be shot on one set of traps, while the other set will be occupied with the following special event, open to the world: '147 Handicap'; 100 bluerocks per man, one man up, expert rules; entrance fee, the price of the targets, with optional sweeps to suit the shooters The prize will be the 'Austin 147 Cup' of sterling silver. This cup will be given to the winner of the race, subject to challenge every thirty (30) days at 100 targets, expert rules, *no handicap*, $25 a side. The cup to become the property of the man who holds it for one year against all competitors A S. A rules to govern, one man up, unknown traps, known angles." For several years past it has been the custom of the Endeavor Gun Club to hold an open to all shoot on Labor Day, and these gatherings have come to be very popular, each annual shoot being well attended by members of neighboring clubs. The Endeavor Gun Club merits all the support that may be given it by outside clubs, for its members always attend the shoots of other clubs in goodly numbers. If any further information regarding this shoot is desired, the same can be obtained by writing to Carl von Lengerke, 8 Murray street, New York city.

A meeting of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association was held in Jersey City, July 13, at 2 o'clock. Capt. A W Money presided, Colin S Wise, secretary. There were present: South Side Gun Club (Isaac H. Terrill), Bergen County (Capt. Money), Freehold (J. W. Danser, James Laird) Climax (T. Keller and W. F. Quimby), Newark (W. H. Green and J. Pentz), Maplewood (W. N. Drake), Passaic (M J. Coman and C S. Wise), Jersey City Heights (J. von Lengerke), Essex (A. Whitehead, Carrington and Thomas). The constitution, by-laws and rules were adopted as reported by the committee. Mr. Pentz, committee to investigate finances, reported a balance of $40.45 in hands of Mr. Conover, ex-treasurer. The Association decided to incorporate. Officers were elected as follows: President, Captain A. W. Money; First, Second and Third Vice-Presidents, W. S Gummere, Colonel A. R. Kuser, E. Bird Grubb; Secretary, W. H. Huck; Treasurer, Isaac H. Terrill. Directors: Messrs. Keller, Greene, Terrill, Jeanneret, Pentz. Executive Committee: Messrs. Greene, Huck, Terrill, E. Banks, J. von Lengerke. Legislative Committee: Messrs Wise, Pentz, E Jeanneret, Herrington and Ricardo. The Association will hold a tournament Sept. 28 to Oct. 1, two days for targets, two for pigeons.

We have previously made a note regarding the merchandise live-bird shoot to be held at Dexter Park, L. I., on July 29, under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club. Additional information on this point is contained in the following letter from Dr. G. V. Hudson: "In regard to the merchandise prize shoot of the Emerald Gun Club, July 29, will you be kind enough to place same in your list of fixtures. We have at the present time thirty-eight prizes, which will be divided into three classes. The shoot will commence at 10 A. M., but will be kept open until 1 P. M. The conditions are 7 live birds per man, $4 entrance, birds included, 28yds. rise for 12-gauge guns, and 30yds. rise for 10-gauge guns, open to all Our expectations are that this will be the largest live-bird shoot for merchandise prizes that ever took place around New York. I have had quite a number of letters from different parties, making inquiries in regard to this shoot, and you might add that any one addressing me at 9 Madison street, New York city, can obtain any information that may be desired. In all points, outside of rise and boundary (about 50yds), Emerald Gun Club rules will govern."

The programme for the Interstate tournament at Lewiston, Me., Aug. 4-5, is now ready for distribution, and advance copies of the same have been received at this office. This tournament will be held under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club, of Lewiston. The schedule of events for each day is a simple one to remember; ten events of 15 targets each, entrance $1.50 in each event, making a total entrance for the day of $15 All events will be at known traps and angles, something rather unusual at this date. The purses will be divided into four moneys under the Rose system, with ratio points of 4, 3, 2 to 1. Guns and ammunition sent in care of H. E. Doten, 85 Lisbon street, will be delivered at the grounds free of charge. The Elm House, Auburn, "being pleasantly situated near the Lewiston Falls, and supplied with all modern conveniences," will be the headquarters for shooters during the tournament. Electric cars to the shooting grounds leave every half-hour. Shooting commences at 9 A. M. each day.

Circular letters, full of challenges, are floating around just now quite promiscuously. These challenges happily differ from the majority of such articles received at this office, in that there is money up in each case. Still there is one feature that is almost tiresome from the frequency with which it recurs: One person makes one challenge, names his conditions and puts up a forfeit. Another apparently takes up the challenge, but names different conditions, and also puts up money. When both parties who are talking shoot really want a match, it doesn't take long to arrange the preliminaries. Witness that match between Frank Parmelee and Jim Elliott a few months ago; also the match between Elliott and Fulford last winter, and the Elliott-Gay match that followed close on the heels of the last-named match.

The regular monthly handicap shoot for the Bergen County E C. cup will be held at Hackensack, N. J., Saturday, July 24 on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club. The contest for the cup will commence at 2 P M. Traps will be ready for practice at 1 P M. Mr. E A. Jackson secretary of the club, writes regarding this handicap: "This shoot, as is generally known, is open to all amateur shots who are 'members or friends of the Bergen County Gun Club' The conditions are 50 targets per man, 25 known angles and 25 unknown angles. Entrance, price of the targets at 2 cents each. Sweepstakes and practice shooting both before and after the main event."

Edgar Murphy has been doing some good work at the Elkwood Park and Hollywood traps lately. On July 3, at Elkwood, he killed 58 pigeons straight. At Hollywood, on July 5, he won the Ouverture prize with 15 straight, and then tied on 13 out of 15 for the Independence handicap. On the shoot-off of the tie in this handicap, Phil Daly, Jr., won by killing three straight. From what we can learn, the birds at Hollywood, which were helped by quite a strong wind, were an excellent lot of summer birds.

Jack Parker, who represents the King Powder Co. and the Peters Cartridge Co., writes us as follows regarding the records made by the goods of the above firms at the recent tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League: "At the shoot of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, held here (Detroit) June 29-30, Graham and Parker won first and second average for the two days. Graham, Marks and Brady won the 3 men team race, and the same three won the expert, semi-expert and amateur State medals. J Klein won the King's Smokeless Powder Co.'s trophy. All the above used King's Smokeless and Peters's cartridges."

At the Arkansas State shoot, to be held at Pine Bluff, Ark., July 20-22, the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association will add $500 to the purses. Programmes of this tournament are ready for distribution, and parties desiring copies of the same should write at once to Paul R. Litzke, Secretary of the Association, Little Rock, Ark., or to Ed. Howell, secretary gun club, Pine Bluff, Ark.

Mr. J. L. Head, president of the Indiana Trap Shooters' League, writes us that Mr. L. H. Cumberland, of the Kokomo Gun Club, has been appointed secretary-treasurer of the League. All communications relating to League matters claiming dates for tournaments, etc., should be addressed to Mr. Cumberland at Kokomo, Ind.

The third team race of the series between the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, and the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., will take place on Saturday next, July 17, on the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club. The team race will be started as soon after 2 P. M. as practicable.

There will be great times at Clear Lake, Ia., July 20-23, the dates for the Indian Wolf shoot. All particulars are arranged, and we can safely say that anyone who goes to Clear Lake for a shooting match, will find that he has gone to the right place for such an article. Given fine weather, the shoot will be a success.

Ferd Van Dyke has recovered his form at the traps and is now pounding out straights and 24s out of 25s with monotonous regularity. At the Boiling Springs Gun Club's shoot on Wednesday, July 7, he scored 101 out of 105 at unknown angles, and got more than "his bait" back in the events shot under expert rules.

On July 24 the Uxbridge (Mass.) Gun Club will hold an all-day tournament at targets on its grounds. For further information regarding the shoot write to G. F. Day, Secretary.

JULY 13. EDWARD BANKS.

The Trade in Champions.

VIEWS OF AN OUTSIDER.

CINCINNATI, O., June 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A champion, in most sports, is one man who has shown decided superiority over his class; that is, one who has defeated the best men in his profession. He is the best of the experts, by practical demonstration. The *best* is superlative. There can be but one true best; therefore, there can be but one true champion.

But, in trap shooting now, the test of superiority no more rests on a foundation of manly contest—man against man, or against all other men—with the manly issue alone as to which is the best.

The ambition to excel, the glory of victory, the just pride in personal excellence, have been seized upon by commercial interests as a medium of advertising—a bill-board, as it were, on which to paste a notice of their merchandise.

The seizure of trap-shooting contests by different commercial interests, for the purpose of gaining good advertising, has increased from year to year, and most so within the past few years. Various small attempts—years ago—had been made to associate contests with commercial interests, but the true commercial wave was not inaugurated till about ten years ago, when a Western sporting journal gave a cup for trap-shooting competition, and this cup bore the journal's name. That constituted the advertisement. This was the real purpose of the cup, as likewise advertising is the purpose of all other trophies given by commercial houses for advertising purposes. These trophies are invariably dressed with earnest conditions purporting to determine a true championship contest, and yet each is so cunningly devised as to these conditions that it serves as a constant advertisement of the business of the donors. At the bottom, there is no intention whatever to determine a champion. The deed of gift governing the trophies always fits the business interests of the donors, however badly it may fit with the purposes of a championship. The trade cup is so blended then with tournament money, and therefore with the business interests of shooters, that to oppose or expose the fictions of the champion cups would involve contingent business interests which have been cunningly attached to the cups, so that immediately one who opposed would be confronted with powerful business interests in opposition, and also confronted with the disapproval of those who are satisfied to have two championships, or two thousand, when they are associated with a means of revenue.

There is presented only a gauzy pretense of concealing the purpose of the trade cups. The donors know it is all a sham, and there is not a man who shoots for the sham but appreciates it for what it is; yet if the sham be properly sugar-coated, there are but few who will not swallow it.

TO DRIVE THE ADVERTISING WEDGE.

All the trade cups are for the single purpose of driving the advertising wedge, and drive it again and again. A trade cup gives an advantage over some competitors. While seeming to do but one thing, a big hearted thing in the way of promoting sport, the real purpose is to promote trade.

The venture of the Western journal seemed to be a good thing as an advertising dodge, and would have done no particular harm had it had no imitators. But other trophies, each with its own peculiar advertising tail tacked to it, and each given under the same hypocritical plea of a desire to find out who was the champion, sprung up, till at the present time, by the multiplicity of these trophies, the trap shooting world has degenerated from a contest among men to a squabble about trophies. Each donor wrangles about his own particular trophy, as if the championship was inseparably wrapped in it, gabbling about championships while each one's heart is set on making the world dance to his business interests. Trade methods have greatly aided in furthering the interest of trade championships. Let me say that trade enterprise is all right when it is honest, but it is not all right when it deceives.

If there is anything which militates against a trade trophy, it is to have some manly shooter come forth and denounce all conditions except those which apply fairly to man and man in a manly contest. Instead of being a contest then to advertise someone's merchandise, it is a *bona fide* contest, and as such, it being free from trade control, it has no special interest to manufacturers or merchants. If it is not a contest for the championship of which the Hungry Arms Co. or the Everything In-Sight Powder Co. is the only true, good and pure emblem, it is tame sport. In fact, it is irregular, if we are to believe some of the trade interpretations.

A MANLY CHALLENGE FROM ELLIOTT.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott has recently come forth with a manly challenge to shoot matches with the whole aggregation of motley, much-branded commercial trophy holders, to determine which is the real champion. He puts up a forfeit as material evidence of his sincerity. Few of them do that. He proposes five matches. He proposes a change of ground at each match. He gives his opponent an equal chance with himself in selecting the ground, as he does in all matters. He clearly desires to shoot. That is unprofessional from a trade standpoint, since if there is anything the average trade champion detests, that thing is a contest. Do the trade champions approve of a contest to determine a real champion, one not a champion with a firm's name painted on his back? Not a bit of it. They have no sympathy whatever with the twaddle of self-styled champions." No, they haven't. There is no advertising in it for the firms which back the trade trophies. Why should they support such a manly challenge? Why shouldn't they attempt to discredit it and make it objectionable? Yes; why not? It interferes with their trade property trophies.

The trade trophies are held up with the trade jargon of "good faith," "honesty of purpose," and "to bring together the gentlemanly wing shots of the world in an honorable contest, the result of which must necessarily be creditable to the winner," and also—what is studiously concealed—a profitable advertisement to the manufacturers.

All honor to Mr. Elliott for the manliness displayed in cutting away from the debased championships, the spurious trophies of trade, the fictions which have been forced into a noble sport. All honor to him for a challenge which brings contestants together man to man, and which will determine the best man apart from trade interests.

It is natural that a part of the trade should rally to preserve their advertising cups, for if there should at last be a true champion, some dozen or so of cups and badges would have no significance. It is, therefore, natural that there should be an effort to preserve the fiction of champion as long as it will serve a dozen dealers and manufacturers to bear their advertisements.

In conclusion, I will be much pleased to discuss this matter further with any trade champion or his backers, if he or they desire to do so, if you, Mr. Editor, will give us the space. BOTH EYES.

TWO CIRCULAR LETTERS.

In addition to the above communication we have also received two circular letters, both of which are more or less connected with the championship question. One letter is from J. A. R. Elliott, and is dated Kansas City, Mo., July 2; the other is from E. S. Rice, and is dated from Chicago, July 3.

Mr. Elliott's letter is a poor sequel to the one we published in our issue of June 19, in which he issues a broadcast challenge to anybody and everybody. There is nothing definite in the letter, save that he does not agree with Mr Rice as to the status of the Kansas City *Star* cup and of the Du Pont trophy. In regard to the latter trophy Mr. Elliott says:

"Let Mr. Rice give the holder of his trophy $100, the price of the side stake, which should go with it, and have the trophy represent championship honors only, and I may conclude to give it prestige by a challenge in the near future."

A CHALLENGE TO ELLIOTT.

The pith of Mr. Rice's letter is contained in the following paragraph:

"I offer, authorized by Mr. Charles M. Grimm, to Mr. Elliott, three matches, all to be shot during the month of October; one in Chicago, one in St Louis, and one at Omaha; 100 birds to the man, $100 per side, with $200 as a side bet, to go to the man who scores the greatest number of birds in the three races; American Shooting Association rules to govern, and $100 now deposited by me in the hands of the *American Field*, of Chicago, to be covered; party failing to shoot forfeiting the deposit. In this connection I would state that Mr. Charles M. Grimm is not an employe of my office, or an employe of my company."

ELLIOTT'S ORIGINAL CHALLENGE

The challenge issued by Elliott, which was published in our number of June 19, was couched in the following terms:

"LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 10.—I have to-day posted a forfeit with the First National Bank of Kansas City, Mo., of $100, and herewith annex certificate of Mr. E F Swinney, cashier, showing receipt of the same. I challenge any shooter in the world for a series of three or five matches for the Championship of all Champions, $500 a side, to be decided or divided in three or five matches, as follows: If three matches, 100 pigeons each match, 100 birds to each man, $100 a side on each individual race, with $100 side bet on the highest aggregate number killed in the three races. If five races, each race to be for $100 a side, under either of the above conditions, the winner to take the entire gate receipts, if any are collected, and the loser to pay for the pigeons shot at by both men and all necessary ground expenses which may be incurred. In no instance are there to be two matches shot on the same ground or in the same city; Hurlingham and American Association rules, 30yds. rise, to govern the contest.

"I will toss up for the first choice of shooting grounds, which are to be chosen by each man alternately. The first series of matches to commence Sept. 1 to 10, with the man who first accepts this challenge by posting a forfeit, and following in rapid succession with the next in turn, who likewise complies with the conditions.

"I will accept and put up an additional forfeit of $100 with as many men as desire to compete with me.

"My forfeit will remain deposited for your consideration thirty days from the date hereof."

HOW MATTERS STAND.

From a perusal of the above letter, and of the extract from Mr. Rice's letter of July 3, it will be seen that matters stand thus:

Mr. Elliott makes one proposal and posts $100 forfeit on June 10, the challenge remaining open for thirty days from that date, that is, until July 10. Mr. Rice makes an entirely different proposition as regards dates and places for holding the series of three matches, and also deposits $100 forfeit to make good his proposition.

Heikes Accepts Gilbert's Challenge.

DAYTON O., July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please give notice through your valuable paper of my acceptance to Mr. Gilbert's challenge for American E. C championship cup. The contest will take place at Fairview Park, Dayton, O., July 31, 3 P. M.

ROLLA O. HEIKES.

P. S.—Rike and I will give an all-day shoot commencing at 8:30 A. M same day. Eight 20-bird races, $2.50 entrance, five moneys. All invited.

Elliott Challenges Them All.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The forfeit limit of thirty days' time given the aspirants for championship honors has about expired, and I have concluded to extend the time of my deposit and challenge to the world for the championship of all champions another thirty days, as there may be a few eligible aspirants which the thirty days' notice has not reached, owing to their being out of town, perhaps spending their summer vacation, or possibly in Europe practicing on A No. 1 first class pigeons, etc. I am growing quite weary waiting for the world-beaters to put up their cash, and it seems all the old fossils who were anxious to have a chance at me because some one told them a man was handicapped using a repeating shotgun, have disappeared. Gone off to the hard-times meeting to grasp a few consoling thoughts from the representatives of double-barreled gun builders, who have come to the conclusion that the expert professionals are killing the shooting business. I don't wonder they complain, as the wideawake expert or professional of the present date shows new and advanced art in gunmaking to which they must finally succumb.

I started out with the intention of paying my personal attention to a few of the numerous American champions, but was surprised by my son Fred, who just called my attention to an ar icle in a sporting journal, in which Mr Willard, of Colt's Fire Arms Company, and Mr. McMurchy of Hunter's Arms Company, have asserted that professional shooters are killing the business. I can scarcely credit this statement. And before embracing it as the unvarnished truth, I should like to have these gentlemen, and kickers in general answer through the columns of the various papers, a few plain questions bordering on the professional. Commencing with my earliest recollections, when Capt. A. H. Bogardus, Gwynne Price and many other experts were in their prime, Capt. Bogardus stood the recognized champion of the world. He was shooting and advancing the interests of W. C. Scott & Son's guns, the importation of which, at that date, amounted to an enormous number. Then come a period of our own American inventors, Messrs. Parker Brothers, Lefever Arms Company and others; and well do I remember the advancement into popularity of Parker Brothers' breech-loader, represented and shot by that well-known old expert, S. A. Tucker, and I have noted personally the sale of hundreds and hundreds of guns, disposed of through the skillful shooting which they witnessed Mr. Tucker do with that particular make of guns. Following the above manufacturers came the L. C. Smith gun, with new and improved ideas in gun making, etc. Who is there to day to dispute the fact that the early efforts of Mr. C. W. Budd and the same Harvey McMurchy, who are well-known experts and professionals, did in a great measure advance and develop the popularity of that gun, which, like the popularity of Mr. S. A. Tucker, greatly assisted in making their employers independently rich in a few years. Remember, gentlemen, there are other new inventions now on the market, in the form of a repeating shotgun, which have equal claims to merit, and the popular favor with which it is now being greeted bids fair to excel all other prehistoric inventions. I have the honor of being one of the professionals employed in the interests of this gun, to demonstrate the superior and skillful shooting which it is possible to do with it, and as a professional, I do not propose to remain quiet while being publicly misrepresented in conjunction with the various manufacturers who employ skill to advance their business interests.

The first question I desire answered is: do not a few gun, ammunition and other interested manufacturers in the United States donate and give to gun clubs, associations and members of such other organizations, directly and indirectly, one hundred times the amount won by the entire corps of professional shooters which they employ? Second, with this statement of facts before you, for pity's sake, who has the professional robbed? Third, did not the professional manufacturer, as Mr. Willard suggests, subscribe liberally to the erection of a handsome gun club house and ground in California? And has not dissatisfaction arose in the general management, by different clubs, which has caused club after club to vacate and build independent ones within gunshot? Does it not stand to day a silent witness of the manufacturers experiment, to Mr Willard's certain knowledge? Fourth, Mr. Harvey McMurchy at the present time is about the only expert professional representative who visits the Pacific slope and attends their convention. Is he, then, alone responsible for the depressed condition of shooting events in that section? Fifth, there is in the world to day a large number of private clubs (of which I could name a number that your readers are familiar with) which are composed of Simon-pure amateurs, where a professional cannot even gain admission except as a special invited guest (a privilege seldom accorded them). These clubs to-day, although having a large membership, can scarcely raise a quorum, while a few months since they were well attended and in prosperous condition. The professional has had no opportunity to destroy their interests by winning their purses, neither have they been a source of expense to the manufacturer, as they are usually composed of gentlemen who are amply able to provide their own comforts. Sixth and last—Is shooting dead? when the annual business of the target, powder and shell manufacturers shows an immense increase from year to year, to 1897.

While the calamity howlers, for the general public's instruction, are propounding answers to the above few matter-of-fact questions, I will pay my respects to a number of the shooting princes of America, by first sending a forfeit of $25 to the Sporting Review Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill., and I challenge Mr. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., for the Du Pont trophy, under the rules governing the same.

Secondly, I inclose to Mr. E. Hough, of Chicago, Ill., Western representative of FOREST AND STREAM, a forfeit of $50, and challenge Mr. C. M. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., to a match for $100 a side including the cast iron medal, according to the rules governing that. Having noted in a recent issue of the journals that Mr. Peter Murphy, of Philadelphia, Pa., was anxious to meet any man west of Germantown in a one-barrel gun below the elbow, for a hundred or two, I have to-day forwarded a deposit of $25 to *Sporting Life*, of Philadelphia, Pa., and challenge Mr. Murphy to a series of three matches, for $50 a match, 50 birds each man, with $50 a side on the highest aggregate killed in the three matches; under the following conditions: 26yds. rise, five ground traps, 50yds. boundary, gun to be held clear below the elbow until the bird is on the wing; otherwise American Association rules to govern. The three matches to take place the first week of September, 1897. Last, but not least, I have to day deposited with the Kansas City *Star* $50, and challenge Mr Sim Glover, of Rochester, N. Y., for the Kansas City *Star* cup, emblematic of the champion live-bird wing shot of America according to the rules governing that trophy. Provided the payments of these forfeits are not admissible unless dates are so named that it is possible for me to appear against the various parties in support of my challenge. J. A. R. ELLIOTT.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., July 3.—The past week has been a busy one for a few members of the Haverhill Gun Club, for we have been obliged to change our grounds all over, owing to the locating of a new bicycle track near us, and in such a position as to make shooting at right-quarterers a dangerous amusement. The invitation had been sent out for our shoot on July 5, and some one had to hustle to get things in readiness for that date. Everything is now completed, and we find the change to be quite a decided improvement over the old grounds, and, barring bad weather, we should have quite a lively shoot on Monday.

Below are some scores made by half a dozen or more of our club members at the regular weekly practice shoot held this afternoon: Nos. 1, 2 and 6 were at known traps and angles; Nos. 3 and 4 at unknown angles; No. 5 at reversed order, and No. 7 at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	10
Webster	7	3	6	7	4	..	7	Miller	8	8	..	..	3	9	..
Leighton	7	10	6	9	8	..	..	Stevens	8	9	8	9	2	14	..
Blake	2	6	5	4	..	..	7	Short	..	..	7	4	6	10	..
George	7	9	7	8	9	..	..	Ingham	..	..	..	..	..	10	..

July 5.—The Haverhill Gun Club held its first annual tournament on the club grounds at Hoy's Grove, in this city. The day was one of the hottest known for years, but the shooters turned out in full force. A large delegation from the Portsmouth Gun Club, accompanied by several ladies, were present, together with representatives from the Exeter Sportsmen's Club, the Boston Gun Club, and the Hingham Club.

One lady shooter took part in several of the events, and the workmanlike manner in which she smashed up the targets excited universal admiration from the numerous spectators. Only a little more than one-half the programme was shot, for owing to the almost unbearable heat it was impossible to hurry the events along.

Below are the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Horace	8	6	8	8	6	10	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miskay	7	9	8	5	7	8	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Short	7	9	7	6	6	..	..	5	5	7	5	8	6	..	6
Henderson	10	9	8	8	8	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hilliard	3	4	6	6	4	5	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	6	9	4	9	6	9	11	4	..	6	..	6	10	7	6
George	..	8	10	4	9	11	11	7	7	7	6	5	..	..	.
Sprague	..	1	3	2	5	7	8	5	5	6	2	4	4	..	3
Orne	..	9	9	4	4	5	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tenney	..	5	6	5	5	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Crepeau	..	6	5	6	3	4	9	1	4	4	..	..	..	..	..
Wright	..	8	6	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Noone	..	..	7	5	4	13	14	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Manson	..	..	4	4	8	9	10	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lewis	..	..	3	6	7	6	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H E Philbrick	..	..	7	7	6	10	..	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eaton	..	..	1	4	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carlisle	..	..	4	5	5	8	4	8	8	6	5	..	..	..	..
Ingham	..	..	4	3	5	5	8	5	5	6	6	6	..	..	..
Leighton	..	..	8	10	6	8	9	5	7	3	6	6	..	..	..
Blake	..	..	3	4	4	5	5	..	..	5	5	5	..	..	..
Cooper	..	..	7	10	9	11	12	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Frizzell	..	..	7	6	7	7	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Merwin	..	..	5	4	2	2	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tilton	..	..	6	3	4	4	..	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bickford	..	..	5	3	7	8	12	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
W J Philbrick	..	..	3	3	4	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holden	..	..	..	4	4	5	8	2	5	6	3	5	4	3	..
Langley	..	..	..	8	8	8	10	9	5	7	9	..	..	..	..
Dr Sherman	..	..	..	1	3	6	6	8	2	4	7	2	..	..	4
Webster	..	..	..	7	5	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griggs	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tozier	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	5	5	4	5	5	8	8	..
Osborne	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	7	7	9	8	7	5	7	..
Shute	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	1	7	3	..	..	..	..	..
Merritt	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	5	5	5	4	..	..	..	..
Brooks	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	3	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Fernald	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	2	3	5	3	5	6	7	7
Gardella	..	..	..	..	..	2	8	3	6	4	7	5	6	7	6
Hoyt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tuck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	3	6	3	..	..	..

Events 1, 2, 6, 10, 11 and 13 were at known traps and angles; Nos 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 12 and 14 were at known traps, unknown angles, and No. 5 was at regular angles, with traps pulled in reversed order.

Between events 7 and 8 a two men team race was shot between teams from the Portsmouth Gun Club, the Exeter Sportsman's Club, the Boston Gun Club and the Haverhill Gun Club. The race was at 15 targets per man, unknown angles, and resulted in a victory for the Portsmouth Gun Club. Below are the scores:

Portsmouth Gun Club		Boston Gun Club.	
Noone	011111111111101—13	Miskay	101111110011011—11
Frizzell	111011110111101—12—25	Horace	001111010111111—11—22
Haverhill Gun Club.		Exeter Sportsman's Club.	
George	111111111011011—13	Cooper	010111111111111—12
Leighton	000111111111101—11—24	Langley	001121110111111—10—22

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

Capital City Gun Club.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 5.—The holiday tournament of the Capital City Gun Club, advertised for to-day, was a success in every respect. Among the out-of-town boys present were Dewer and White, both well-known shots from Hastings; E. E. Hairgrove, of Sutton; F. Miller, of Berwyn; M. Cable, of Murray; McGill, Hungate and Adams, from Weeping Water; C. C. Holzworth, of Juniata; Alexander Johnson and Lamson, from Milford.

Ray Welch, of this city, with a handicap of 6, succeeded in carrying off the championship cup which was put up. In this event he was obliged to shoot off four times in order to win; there being six tied for the cup, all but Mr. Welch gradually dropping out in the three succeeding shoot offs.

The scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	25	10	15	25	15	10
Duer	4	13	16	9	14	18	8	12	23	12	9
Hairgrove	7	10	13	4	8	14	..	..	..	..	..
White	8	11	15	10	13	23	9	10	..	..	.
Miller	6	11	13	7	12	24	9	14	24	14	8
Adams	9	11	15	5	12	19	8	11	20	13	9
Clyde	8	13	13	7	9	17	6	..	..	14	10
Hungate	6	10	16	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
McGill	7	8	20	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cable	10	10	16	7	11	20	6	12	..	15	10
Harley	4	9	17	7	10	20	..	..	..	8	..
Troyer	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rogers	9	12	18	10	11	21	9	13	23	14	..
Welch	..	..	10	6	9	16	7	8	20	..	9
Randall	..	..	10	8	9	15	5	8	16	8	..
Moore	..	..	..	5	7	19	8	9	..	..	..
Ray	..	..	..	..	10	11	24	9	12	19	13	9
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	9	14	19	12	7
Alexander	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	7	12	23	12	7
Hallett	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
Holzworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	8	..	20	13	7

A sweep at 7 live birds was decided as follows: Rogers and Duer 7, Ray 6, Holzworth 5, Clyde 4, Moore and Miller 3.

Another event on the programme was a 25 target race, handicap allowances. The results were: Rogers (0) 24, Duer (0) 23, Miller (0) 23, Ray (3) 22, Cable (4) 22, Holzworth (4) 22, Johnson (5) 22, Moore (6) 20, Adams (5) 19, Welch (6) 19, Harley (4) 18, Clyde (6) 18, Randall (6) 12.

The shoot-off of the tie was taken part in by all those who, with their handicaps, made 25 or better. SECRETARY.

Western Traps.

IN ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 3.—Peoria Gun Club shot for the new club medal for the first time last week, and J. M. Brown won the medal. Under the conditions the holder is subject to challenge, and when challenged must shoot within fifteen days. The scores of the first contest were as follows:

Class A, at 30 unknown angles at 20 expert rule from three traps: George W. Pool 37, C J. Fannius 41, W. Bordeau 40, E. Giles 45, J. M. Brown 46, G. F. Simmons 43, F. K. Whiting 42, A. E. Leisy 30, C. G. Pfeiffer 40, G. N. Portman 41, F. D. Waugh 35, D. F. Thorne 40.

Class C, at 30 unknown angles and 20 straightaway: A. E. Giles 31, W. E. Weber 39, W. F. Meidroth 28. M. E. Wilson 34.

At J. J. Smith's shooting park, West Emerson street, Evanston, to-day, live-bird and target sweeps are in progress. At Eureka grounds, Vincennes avenue, to-day, the new magautrap is in process of trying out, and the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy will be shot for. On July 5 several clubs will open their grounds for sweeps.

IN WISCONSIN.

At Oconomowoc Lake, June 26, Dr. Carver and Dr. Williamson shot a race at 25 live birds, each killing 25 straight. At Eau Claire there will this week be a team race between Eau Claire and Neillsville at 12 live birds and 50 bluerocks. The teams will be: Eau Claire: Cousins, Churchill, James Smith, John S. Owen, R. R. Chase, James Joyce; Neillsville: Graves, Huntzicker, Enkhauser, Eilert, Pratt and one other.

A 2-men team race was shot June 26 at Eau Claire, between Messrs. Fish and Winslow on one team and Messrs. James Smith and C. W. Churchill on the other, at 20 birds. The score was: Fish 14, Winslow 15; Smith 16, Churchill 19.

IN MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis has five lady shots who are perhaps the best five to be boasted by any one city of the West. These are Mrs. Shattuck, Mrs. S S. Johnson, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. Tarbell and Miss Bader. At the last club shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club Mrs. Shattuck scored 92½ per cent. of her targets and won the Schlitz badge with ease from twenty-five members. Mrs. Chamberlain broke over 60 per cent. of her birds. Miss Bader broke 8 out of her first 12 birds at the practice traps. Minneapolis Gun Club holds two shoots each week, on Thursday and Saturday, just one more weekly than most clubs can keep up.

Aitkin Gun Club, of Minnesota, is in good condition, and sent a large contingent to Brainerd tournament last week. The officers of Aitkin Club for the ensuing year are: Bresident, J. L. Spalding; Treasurer, H Haugen; Secretary, J. A. Danewick. Following are the scores of the last club shoot for the Gwathmey medal:

Frank Ebner	01110111111011111111111101—21
J F Knowles	11011111111101001111011—20
John L Spalding	10011011111101111111101111—20
E P Wakefield	01011101100101111111101100—16
Hans Haugen	11011001111101000110101110—15
Jas N Marr	00101101100101111100111110—15
Albert Zeese	10001011011101011101111100—15
George A Rice	00100000001011010111111111—13
Max Steinhauer	00001101100010100000000111—10

IN MICHIGAN.

The Celery City Gun Club, of Kalamazoo, met Thursday evening this week at H. Waruf's store to take up plans for promoting interest in the regular club shoots. The club is in good condition, but wants a larger membership.

Coldwater Gun Club has moved its shooting traps to the fair grounds. About a dozen members were at the last club shoot, June 29. In the handicap at 25 singles and 5 pairs Wilcox and Larrabee tied and shot off at 10 singles, Larrabee winning.

At the last club shoot of Grand Rapids Club at Grand Rapids, Mich., June 24 the following scores were made at 25 targets, unknown angles:

W. G. Scott 17, J. R. Chapman 16, W. D. Harvie 12, A. J. Hasbrouck 11, I. E. Philleo 10, D B. Philleo 10, S. F. Durga 9, A. Crawford 9, Glenn Williams 8, C Scott 7, C. Olson 4, John Arpin 2, C. G. Morrison 2.

Centralia Club made the following scores:

Gus Yonki 20, W. H. Carey 18, W. W. Meade 17, Will Nash 16, Theron Lyons 14, Hugh Boles 14, L. M. Nash 12, Clark Lyons 12, Ernest Oberbeck 7, G. W. Mason 6, L. Oberbeck 5, Albert Ray 5, C. F. Kellogg 4, Arthur Love 4.

IN MISSOURI.

The Du Pont live bird medal of St. Louis was won at the latter city June 28, by Edward W. Prendergast. Following is part of the record of Mr. Prendergast in earlier years: He won the championship shoot of Missouri in 1893, in a field of fifty seven of the best shots. He also defeated Jim Hagerty in a 100-bird match for $500, killing 88 against Hagerty's 81. After that he defeated John Cabanne in a 100-bird race for $200, with a score of 93. Last October he was third with a score of 83 out of 100, in a match of 100 birds, $50 entrance, with Conrades, Griesedieck, Kling, Starkloff and John Cabanne In the shoot for the Du Pont medal, June 26, the scores were as follows: Ed. Prendergast 24 J. Selzer 24, Peter Kling 23, Dr. Cummings 23, John Cabanne 22, Dr. J. W. Smith 22, Blakely Collins 22, J. H. Conrades 21, Dr. Brown 21, C F. Kroel 21, A. E Stoll 21, C. F. Clark 18, W. B. Noid 18, H. C. Lingenbrink 17, and E. A. Mallinckrodt 17.

Prendergast and Selzer shot five tie birds Selzer lost his fifth.

Prendergast was challenged by Dr. J. W. Smith, J. H. Conrades and Dr. Brown He accepted the challenge of Dr. Smith and named Du Pont Park as the place of holding the shoot and 100 birds as the number to be shot.

IN OHIO.

Members of Findlay Gun Club held a club shoot Thursday of last week, H. N. Askam winning in Class A, John Ritter in Class B.

IN IOWA.

Marshalltown Gun Club met last Thursday, June 25, in its first bimonthly club contest, Geo. L. Marsh winning first prize and J. C Dunn second. The season will close Dec. 1, shoots to be held meantime each two weeks. Valuable merchandise prizes will be given for high averages at the close of the season. Following were the scores at the initial shoot: Densel 39, Dunn 42, Wasson 40, Rogers 34, Abbott 42, Swift 27, Devine 31, Marsh 43, Seely 34, Nason 39, Little 40.

IN DAKOTA.

On June 28 the Sioux Falls (S. D.) Gun Club met in weekly contest, shooting till 4 P. M., when the shooting was stopped by rain. Following were among the scores, at 20 targets: Burgess 12, Sidwell 11, Rounds 14, Hills 4, De Good 13, Dr. Brown 15, Miles 14, Howell 12, Hackman 4, F. Hyde 21, Hutchinson 18, De Good 13.

IN NEBRASKA.

In Fremont Gun Club, at the last club shoot, June 29, Richards and Lucraft tied on 22, Nicodemus, Stoner and Hinman on 21. The club is prosperous.

At Hastings, on July 5, the Hastings Gun Club will give a good tournament, eight events being scheduled, four moneys each sweep, rapid fire, known traps and unknown angles. W. S. McKinney is president of Hastings Gun Club, and Jay Lawson secretary.

IN INDIANA.

Harry Norton, traveling agent of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., was at Greensburg, Ind., June 29, and the Greensburg Gun Club gave a little special shoot in his honor. Following were scores made, 50 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Harry Norton 28, A. M. Willoughby 23, C. D. Tillson 40, D. A. Myers 36, Will Winchester 33, J. H. Parker 38, Ralph Buckley 35, J. T. Alexander 24, S. P. Minear 31, Web Woodfill 32, Chas. Zoller, Jr., 28, Thos. E. Davidson 19.

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In the tournament at Victoria, last week, E. A. Kimball, R. L. Pierce and Mr. White, representing Tacoma in the team shoot, took first prize, with a score of 47; Vancouver second, with 46; Victoria third, 45. Kimball, White and Pierce are members of the Tacoma Rod and Gun Club; Kimball and Pierce being in the team which carried off nearly every prize at Anaconda, Mont.

THE FOURTH AT THE TRAPS

CHICAGO, Ill , July 8.—The glorious Fourth was celebrated with fire and smoke by others than the small boy. Many clubs had special events, these falling on the 3d, 4th or 5th, according to the taste or fancy of the different clubs. Cicero Club, of Chicago, had a big shoot, with five different live-bird events and a good crowd. The Douglas Gun Club took away from the Eureka Club the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy it has held since 1891, the scores being 170 to 165. Garfield Club challenges for the trophy; and, moreover, will challenge any ten men in the State to a team race. Calumet Heights Club, of course, held high revelry. Garden City Club tested its appointments for the next Cook County League shoot, July 17 Out at Ottumwa, Ia , a 1-day shoot was held, which Eddie Steck, of Eureka Club, who attended, says was a warm one in more ways than one. He shot into third average. At Louisville, Ky., Ralph Trimble took away from Mr. Gay, the former holder, the State championship trophy. The San Antonio Gun Club, of Texas, had a big shoot. At Lincoln, Neb., C. E. Latshaw won everything in sight at the well-attended tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. The Omaha Gun Club, of Nebraska, had a big shoot and a big crowd to see Frank Parmelee win the setter pup which was offered as first prize in the live-bird handicap. The East Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, Mich., had a big shoot at Stolz Grove, where everything went merrier than four assorted marriage bells. At Superior, Wis., there was a rally of the gun club which must have terrified any foreign foe who might have contemplated invading American independence at that part of the border. Besides these events, there were dozens and dozens of club shoots all over the West. The weather was hot—not warm, but hot—yet the lovers of the traps do not report any inconvenience. It is all in the enthusiasm. Thus one young man of this city, who runs to bicycycling rather than to trap-shooting, undertook to ride a century last Sunday when the thermometer here was about 100°. He said he had to stop at eighty-seven miles because he got kind of warm. There is no record of any trap-shooter having stopped at all. Following are some of the scores in events shot at the different points above mentioned:

AT LOUISVILLE.—Among the cities which had representatives present were Cincinnati, Lexington, Indianapolis, Frankfort, Aurora, Ind., Henderson, Owensboro, Bowling Green, Hardinsburg, Russellville and a number of other cities.

AT OMAHA.—The chief event of the day was the live-bird handicap, 15 birds, entrance, price of the birds. The handicap committee made the following allotments: Brucker 30, Kyote 31, Smead 31, Fogg 29, Dennis 29, Tremens 29, Parmelee 33, Squirrel 30, Searles 27, Dickey 29, Johannes 29. The prize was a Llewellin setter offered by W. D. Harding, of Council Bluffs, and was won by Frank Parmelee, who killed 14 birds out of a possible 15.

AT SAGINAW —The following is the score of the medal shoot: W. M. Nouggle 17, E. E. Bliss 19, Joseph Wolf 8, Frank Jones 19, Kirt Mathewson 10, A. Henry 16, John M, Messner 10, John F. Miller 3, F. A. Bastain 17, J. B. Baum 15, Charles Scudder 14, John Popp 14, L. R. Cooper 14, Joseph Smith 10, William Browne 11, John Lafayette 15, H. G. Krogman 18, J. Wilhite 15, F. Hunt 13, J. Brechtelsbauer 15, Ed Skolil 13, Charles Schmidt 15, J. H. Loundra 10, Fred Baumgartner 11.

E. E. Bliss and F. C. Jones chose sides for a 10-bird shoot, Jones's side winning. The shoot was exciting, being a tie after the first 10 birds had been shot, the score then standing 63 and 63.

SCATTERED CLUB MATTERS.

The annual meeting of the St. Paul Gun Club was held July 2 at the Commercial Club The following officers were elected: M. F. Kennedy, President; Dr. L. W Lyon, Vice-President; H. C. Lawrence, Secretary; W. L. Perkins, Jr., Treasurer; P. H. Gotzian, T. L. Wann and B. F. Schurmeier, directors. It was decided to hold the annual tournament this fall at the State fair grounds, and to have the regular weekly shoots Thursdays at 4 P. M., beginning July 15. P. H. Gotzian entertained the members at luncheon.

The Oakfield Gun Club met the East Side Club, of Fond du Lac, Wis., in a friendly shoot July 5.

A gun club has been organized at Montezuma, Ia., long without such a body.

At Sioux Falls, S. D., the following were the last week's scores of the gun club: First shoot: DeGood 12, Marson 12, Burgess 14. Hutchinson 12, Sidwell 12. Second shoot: DeGood 11, Marson 11, Burgess 11, Hutchinson 10, Sidwell 4. Hutchinson, DeGood and Burgess shot off a tie, walking match of 10 birds: Hutchinson 10, Burgess 5.

At Lawrence, Kans., July 2, the gun club had a pleasant shoot, George Leonard carrying off high score, 22 out of 25, Walter Headen a good second with 21.

In upper Minnesota, the Kennedy, Stephen and Hallock gun clubs held a shooting match at Kennedy, Wednesday. Stephen won with a score of 54, Kennedy 52 and Hallock 51.

The City Park Gun Club, of New Orleans, has been organized with a membership of twenty-two. Mr. L. A. Richards was elected President; Gus R. Nelso, Vice-President; Louis Gerteis, Captain; Percy Benedict, Secretary-Treasurer, and Messrs. L. C. Thornhill, Albert Schwartz and H. W. Benedict, Trustees. The grounds are situated at the upper end of the city park, within a stone's throw of the terminus of the Esplanade and Bayou Bridge.

The Watertown, S. D., Gun Club shot July 1, Ed Jones proving the best on hand with 16 out of 25. Mr. Cory ran 13 to his string, and Mr. Ransom 9. Practice will make the scores higher.

The Rod and Gun Club, of New Ulm, Minn., made the following scores at the club shoot last week: Theo. Mueller 8, J. Buschers 10, J. Toberer 6, Herman Amme 10, Wm. Cordes 7, Norman Lind 9, W. E. Koch 9, Wm. Meyer 0, Albert F. Koch 7, Robert Fritsche 7, H. Manderfield 10

The Pinconning Gun Club, of Bay City, Mich., shot for valuable prizes July 5, and will keep up club shoots.

At Peoria, Ill., July 5, the Lower Free Bridge Shooting Club held a little meet. E. G. Kempf and T. J. Walters shot a match at 15 birds, scoring respectively 17 and 12.

At Pontiac, Ill., the Pontiac Gun Club made the following scores at the last club shoot: C. Lommatsch 23, M. Lommatsch 22, Blue Rock 21, H Lommatsch 19, Dr. Daly 18, Knight 18, Brinkman 17, Talbott 17, Holmes 17, Morris 16, Opperman 16, Richardson 10.

At Alameda, Cal., the Empire Gun Club held its medal shoot recently with the following results: King first, Daniels second, Kerrison third, Huie fourth. There are four medals in competition. The club grounds are at Alameda Point.

TWO GOOD ONES.

The dates of the big Indian shoot and the Arkansas State shoot conflict, falling on July 20-24, the Indian shoot claiming the 24th for the close of its four days' programme. The programmes for both these stiff events are at hand, and promise all sorts of good things—if you can get them. There will be hot company on foot at both events. Much interest centers on the first annual of the Indians, as this tournament is expected to become a fixture in the Western circuit. Manager Charlie Grimm has arranged an attractive list of trophies for the belts of the visitors who can get there, and the man who goes there and does not enjoy himself will be a strange one.

Down in Arkansaw, Mr. J. T. Lloyd, president, and Mr. Paul R. Litzke, secretary, have fixed up a scorching hot layout for their visitors to tackle, and all who know the Arkansas standard know the entertainment at Pine Bluff will be all that could be asked by the most captious. The added money is $500 in the Arkansas State shoot, and, as it also happens, is also $500 in the Indian Wolf shoot at Clear Lake, Ia.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Danville Gun and Rifle Club.

SOUTH DANVILLE, Me., July 7.—At our second annual tournament, held at Danville Junction, Me., by the Danville Gun and Rifle Club on June 29, will say we had one of the most successful shoots ever held in this State. There were sixty-two shooters here who came from all over the State, and about forty of them Maine's best. The forenoon was fine and many high scores were made, but at noon a strong southerly wind set in and caused the birds to go along some, and made high scores hard to get in the merchandise match, which opened at 1 P. M.; there were forty-two entries in this event.

Portland sent a delegation of sixteen shooters, all of whom can shoot from the word go; next came Lewiston and Auburn with fifteen men, mostly of the Androscoggin Gun Club. Waterville also sent her crack shots, who now hold the State championship for both 5-man teams and individuals, men who know how to handle a gun. There were also delegates from Oakland, Wilton, Georgetown, Bath, Richmond, Brunswick, Welchville, Norway, Paris, New Gloucester, and other places.

The club threw 8,746 targets during the day from two sets of expert traps, and was highly complimented by the shooters from all over Maine for the promptness and ease with which the events were pulled off. In the $40 guaranteed purse there were forty-eight entries, and it was a good race. Mr. Prebble, of Waterville, one of Maine's cracks, broke a clean score of 25, and took first money: next was Wheeler, of Portland, with 23; then comes Jones, of Georgetown, and Wyman, of Waterville, with 22 each; Arthur and Harry, of Portland; Honesty, of Waterville; Dr. Bates, of Bath, and Dolin, of Lewiston, winning fourth money with a score of 21 each.

The merchandise match opened with forty-two entries. Arthur, of Portland, was successful in winning first prize, also the beautiful challenge cup donated by the E. C. and Schultze Powder Co., with a score of 46 out of 50, in a high wind. Next comes Hunnewell, of Danville, with 45, and Wilton, of Wilton, with 44 for third prize; Doten, of Lewiston; Tom Jones, of Georgetown; Preble, of Waterville; Foss, of Danville, with 43; Dr. Bates, of Bath; Joslyn, of Lewiston, 42; Henry, of Portland, 41; Randall and Wilkes, of Portland; Bean, of Danville, 40; Herbert and Fisher, of Portland; Ray, of Sabattis; Godfrey, of Lewiston; Berry and Bobb, of Danville, 39; Edwards, of Portland; Honesty and Wyman, of Waterville; Capt. Trundy, of Portland; Collins and H. Williams, of Lewiston, 38; Lord, of Portland: Miles, of Winthrop, 36; Maybery, of Westbrook; W. Cobb, of Boston, 35; Thompson, of Bath: Blake, of Oakland; Wheeler and Hayden, of Portland. 34; Tookey, of Danville, 33; Williams, of Portland, 31; L. Keys, of Lewiston, 30; Dr. Strickland and L. Brown, of Danville; Eastman and O. P. Kews, of Lewiston, 28; Lawrence, of Danville; Hurst, of North Gloucester, 27.

The Maine shooters are all much interested in the Interstate shoot to be held in Lewiston, Me , Aug. 4-5, and with good weather there is sure to be a large gathering at that event. I inclose you the percentage made at this shoot:

Preble 90, Waymouth 90, Rounds 90, Arthur 89½, Hunnewell 88⅝, Wilton 87⅓, Dolen 87, Wilkes 85⅝, Randal 84⅘, Dr. Bates 83⅞, Honesty 82⅜, Wheeler 82½, Herbert 81⅘, Harry 81½, Berry 81⅜, Capt. Trundy 80⅝, Fisher 79⅔, G. Cobb 79⅕, Tom Jones 79, Foss 79, Godfrey 79, Edwards 78⅜, Lord 77⅕, Thompson 76⅜, W. Jones 75⅚, Bean 74⅕, Blake 74, Tictomb 73⅜, W. Cobb 72⅘, Ray 71¹³⁄₁₇, Joselyn 70⅛, Mayberry 69¼, Taylor 68½, Williams 67²⁵, Tookey 66¹⁷⁄₂₁, Collins 66, H. Williams 66, Miles 65³⁵, Sanborn 65, Gording 64⅞, Johnson 64, Andrews 64, Gilmore 63³⁵, Sawyer 63, Fickett 63, Rowe 62⅞, Hatch 62, L. Keys 61¼, Record 58, Strickland 57⅒, L. Brown 54⅔, A. A. Mown 54, F. C. Mown 52⅕ Brett 51, Earlman 49⁵⁄₁₁, Lawrence 49, O. P. Keys 48⅓, Stanley 44, Hariman 42, Gile 41⅓.

A SHOOTER.

Ratio Points in the Rose System.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For some time past the question of how to encourage the average shooter to go into the regular sweepstake events has been agitating the minds of trap-shooters here, as elsewhere, and with a view to placing the poorer shots on a better footing the secretary of the Palmetto Gun Club presented a proposed change of ratio in the Rose system for the consideration of the members of this club and those of the Forest City Gun Club, with the result that it was adopted by both clubs and will be used during their series of shoots this summer. It was tried in the first shoot with satisfactory results. As it may prove of interest to other clubs the scheme is given in full, and is respectfully submitted to the consideration of the Interstate Association.

Take the example that appears in every programme issued by the Interstate Association, which runs as follows:

Handicap, 25 to 33 targets, $2.50 entrance, four moneys, twenty entries, $25 added to the purse, targets 3 cents each.

NAMES.	Score.	Points.	Value of each Point.	Amount due.
Edwards	20			
Money	20			
Von L	21			
Dickey	21			
Fanning	23	2	$2 14	$4 28
Tucker	24	3	2 14	6 42
Barrett	25	5	2 14	10 70
Town	19			
U. M. C	21			
Standish	21			
Colvin	25	5	2 14	10 70
Morris	25	5	2 14	10 70
Morgan	20			
Barrows	23	2	2 14	4 28
Phelps	20			
French	25	5	2 14	10 70
Blue Ribbon	19			
Liddiard	20			
Worthen	22	1	2 14	2 14
Ward	18			
		28		
Add amount over				08
				60 00

20 entries at $2.50 ..... $50 00
Added money 25 00
$75 00
Deduct for targets at 3 cents each 15 00
Net purse $60 00

28) 60.00 (2.14 value of each point.
56
40
28
120
112
8 cents over

In the above example the ratio points are 5, 2 and 2 to 1.

Now take the same event under the same system of division, but change the ratio points to 5, 4, and 3 to 2:

WINNERS.	Score.	Points.	Value of each point.	Amount due.
Barrett	25	5	$1 87	$9 35
Colvin	25	5	1 87	9 35
Morris	25	5	1 87	9 35
French	25	5	1 87	9 35
Tucker	24	4	1 87	7 48
Fanning	23	3	1 87	5 61
Barrows	23	3	1 87	5 61
Worthen	22	2	1 87	3 74
		32		16
				$60 00

32) 60.00 (1.87
32
280
256
240
224
16 cents over.

Notice the equable graduation of moneys to targets broken.

Under the Rose system (four moneys, ratio 5, 3, 2 and 1) we get the following proportions:

22 targets broken pays ⅛ as much as 23.
23 targets broken pays ⅔ as much as 24.
24 targets broken pays ³⁄₅ as much as 25.

Under the change of ratio to 5, 4, 3 and 2, note the difference:

22 targets broken pays ⅔ as much as 23.
23 targets broken pays ¾ as much as 24.
24 targets broken pays ⁴⁄₅ as much as 25.

The proportion of money is manifestly more in keeping with the comparative merits of the scores under a system which pays two-fifths as much for 22 as for 25, than it is when five times as much is paid for a straight as for 22.

Would respectfully suggest the following changes to the Interstate Association:

2 moneys—ratio 3 to 2.
3 moneys—ratio 4, 3 to 2.
4 moneys—ratio 5, 4, 3 to 2.
5 moneys—ratio 6, 5, 4, 3 to 2.
6 moneys—ratio 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 to 2.

Take the same sample event used above, and make a comparison between the scheduled ratio of 8, 5, 3, 2 to 1 (five moneys, Rose system) and the suggested change Then I think no further argument will be necessary to convince the average shooter that the Rose system can be improved upon:

Winners.	Score.	Points, Rose System.	Points, Proposed Change.	Rose System.	Proposed Changes.
Barrett, Colorin, Morris, French	25	8	6	$9.76 each.	$7.50 each.
Tucker	24	5	5	6.10	6.25
Fanning, Barrows	23	3	4	3.66 each.	5.00 each.
Worthen	22	2	3	2.44	3.75
Von L., Dickey, U M C, Standish	21	1	2	1.22 each.	2.50 each.
		49	48		

W. E. P.

A New Kind of a Handicap.

THE general purpose of a handicap is to equalize as far as possible the chances of both novices and experts. The idea is to give the novice a chance to beat the expert once in a while. But a new system of handicapping has been brought out that casts all others into the shade. This system enables the novice occasionally to *tie* the expert, but never allows him a chance to beat out his superior, save under the most exceptional circumstances, which might occur once in a decade.

The system is this (it was used at the Boiling Springs shoot on July 7): The highest possible in any match is the greatest number of targets broken by any contestant in that match; in other words, "the high man sets the pace." All who break less than the "high man" are allowed as many extra targets to shoot at as constitute the difference between their scores and that of the high man. For instance: The "high man" breaks 48 out of 50, then 48 is the highest possible. Those who broke 47, 46, 44, 42 and 39, would shoot at 1, 2, 4, 6 and 9 extra targets, respectively.

Now figure how it works. The 48 man is, according to the above figures, a 96 per cent. shot; the 39 man is only a 78 per cent. man. The latter is allowed 9 extra targets to shoot at, out of which his average score would be about 7; but he has to break them *all* to even *tie* the high man—the crackerjack. Suppose he does tie him, and the tie is shot off at 25 targets each, same system of handicapping. What then? The 96 per cent. man will break 24 or 23, while the poor novice breaks in the neighborhood of 20, and has to break his 3 or 4 extra targets to *tie* the expert. Multiply the above examples as often as you will; it all comes down to one thing: The winner will be found in the ranks of the expert, while the novice simply walks up and pays for his targets, but has absolutely only one chance in a million of winning; the expert must either drop dead, burst his gun, or be otherwise incapaciated from proceeding with the game, if the novice is to have a show under this system.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

July 3.—The regular weekly shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, held this afternoon, was poorly attended, chiefly owing to the very hot weather and the general exodus from the city for the 4th of July. Only six members of the club were present; these, together with two guests, Donley Deacon of the New Utrecht Gun Club, and Marshall Herrington, of the W-A Powder Co., and F. Sinnock, of the Forester Gun Club of Newark, made up the total of nine shooters who took part in the events shot this afternoon. The weather was decidedly warm, and a slackness was consequently apparent in the way in which the events were shot off. It was too hot to move rapidly. With scarcely a breath of wind stirring, good scores were only to be expected. In the club race Paul, with a handicap allowance of 4 extra targets to shoot at, scored 49, and was tied by Platt Adams with a handicap allowance of 8. On the shoot off at 10 targets, each missed 3 and tied again; they shot off at 5 more, Paul scoring 5 straight, while Adams dropped 1. Paul thus won the cup. Dr. De Wolfe again shot well up, scoring 46 out of his first 59 targets. Detailed scores in this race were:

Club handicap:

Paul (4).....1111111111101110111111101011100111111111111111111—45
1111 — 4—49
P Adams (8)..1110111111111111111101011111111111001110111111101— 43
10011111 — 6—49
W H Huck (0) 1011111111111111111111111111011111111111111111111111 —47
E Banks .....1111111111011111111111111111111011111111111110111111 —47
De Wolfe (2)..1111111111111111101111111111111111011111111111101—46
10 — 1—47
*M Herrington0111011111111111111111111101001111011111101110111111 —42
*F Sinnock....1111011101111000111101111111111011101110111111111111 —41
*D Deacon....0111011111101111111110111111100101101111111110111111 —40
Lewis (15)....0111011111001001001001011110110010111010111011011—32
01C011010110101 — 8—40

*Guests.

Several small sweeps were also shot, all at unknown angles, with the exception of No. 5, which was at 5 pairs. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*25*	*25*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*25*	*25*
Banks.....	10	15	10	13	6	11	21	23	De Wolfe..	8	14	..	13	7	14	21	18
Huck.....	9	14	9	15	..	..	..	..	Deacon....	9	11	6	13	..	..	..	..
Herrington	9	11	6	13	5	10	..	20	Huber.....	6	..	..	6	2	6	14	10
Sinnock....	8	15	..	12	9	11	25	..	Lewis.....	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Adams....	10	13	8	11	7	13	..	..									

July 7.—The first shoot for the silver tea service, donated by the Boiling Springs Gun Club, was decided this afternoon on the club's grounds at Rutherford. The shoot had not been well advertised, so the attendance was not up to what might have been expected. The conditions of the contest are as follows: 50 targets, handicap allowance, entrance price of the targets; shoots held on the first and third Wednesdays of every month until the end of the year, the tea service becoming the property of the shooter who has most wins to his credit; open to all.

The system of handicapping adopted at to-day's shoot was one suggested by J. 147 L. Winston. It ran thus: The high score on the first 50 targets constituted the highest possible, all who broke less than that highest possible out of their first 50 targets receiving an allowance of extra targets to shoot at equal in number to the difference between their scores and that highest possible. For instance, Van Dyke broke 48 out of his 50, and 48 was thus the highest possible; Winston, with 47 out of 50, and Banks, with 46 out of the same number, shot at 1 and 2 extra targets, respectively; breaking their allowances, they were credited with highest possibles. Huck only broke 42 out of his 50, so had to break 6 straight to get into the first tie. Chris Wright, with a score of 44, broke 4 straight and was in the tie. Collins, B. James and Greiff, who had 5, 10 and 14 extra targets to shoot at, being the difference, respectively, between their respective scores of 43, 38 and 34 out of 50 and the highest possible, dropped out early in shooting off their allowances.

This left five still in the tie. It was shot off under similar conditions as to handicap, but at 25 targets. Van Dyke and Banks broke 24 each and thus set the highest possible; 147 broke 23 and his allowance of 1 extra; Huck broke 20 out of 25 and completed his highest possible by breaking his allowance of 4 extras. Wright only broke 19 and lost the first target in his allowance of 5.

With four still in the tie it was agreed to shoot off at 15 targets, with similar conditions as to handicap. Van Dyke and Winston broke 14 and were high; Banks broke 13 and his allowance of 1; Huck fell down to 11 and lost his first allowance target. This left three tied for the service, and it was agreed to shoot off the tie on 15 targets, no allowance, high gun to count the win for to-day's shoot. Van Dyke won by breaking 15 straight, with 147 1 behind, and Banks bringing up the rear with 13.

There can be no question but that Van Dyke fully deserved his win; his record for the 105 shot at in this race was 101 breaks. In addi ion to this great average he shot at 35 targets, one man up, expert rules, breaking 33; his percentage for the 140 targets shot at during the afternoon was 95.7.

The detailed scores in the tea service contest were as follows:

F Van Dyke..1111111111111111111111111111101111101111111111111 —48
147.....1111111111111111101111111111111111111111110111110—47
1 — 1—43
E Banks.....1111011101111111111111101111111111111101111111111—46
11 — 2—48
W H Huck....1111111101111111111111011011111111101110101111110101—42
111111 — 6—48
C Wright.....1111011111111111111111011111111111100110111111111110—44
1111 — 4—48
E Collins.....1001111110110110011011111111111111111111111111111111—43
10 — 1—41
B James.....1100001010101111111111111101111111100111101011111—38
10 — 1—39
G E Greiff.....1111111111110010110011000101110101111111110111000—34
0 — 0—34

Practice sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Greiff.....	7	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Huck.....	6	10	..	10	13	21	5	7	5	7	8
Collins.....	8	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Dyke.....	9	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
147.....	10	9	10	9	14	24	..	..	..	..	..
Wright.....	9	9	10	9	14	22	..	..	..	..	..
James.....	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Banks.....	..	8	13	10	13	23	10	9	7	9	8
Paul.....	..	..	..	10	13	..	9	7	7	9	..
Money.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	6	5	5	9

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 10 and 11 were at expert rules; Nos 4, 5 and 6 at unknown angles; No. 7, 5 pairs; Nos. 8 and 9, reversed order.

Two miss and outs were also shot during the afternoon. The first was shot in this manner: All stood at No. 1 score and shot at a target thrown from No. 5 trap, regular angles, use of both barrels. Chris. Wright was the winner in the 4th round. Scores were: Wright 4, Winston 3, Collins, Van Dyke and Banks 1 each. No. 2 was shot with all standing at No. 5 score, the targets being thrown from No. 1 trap, regular angles. Banks was the winner in the 6th round. Scores: Banks 6, Winston 5, Wright 3, Collins (re-entry) 2, Van Dyke 1, Collins (first chance) 0.

WALSRODE GUN CLUB

July 5.—Ten members of the Walsrode Gun Club gathered at the club's grounds, at Varnum street, to day and shot a number of 10-target sweeps. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at known angles; Nos. 4 and 9 at unknown angles, and Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 were English snipe events. A friendly match at 10 pairs and 10 singles was also shot between J. Schilling and H. Reinhardt. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Reinhardt.....	7	7	8	6	8	..	..	..	..
Schilling.....	6	8	7	6	8	7	8	7	6
Coerper.....	7	6	8	6	7	7	8	7	6
Fahrer.....	5	6	6	6	4	5	6	5	4
Farrelly.....	6	6	7	7	6	5	7	9	7
Frank.....	5	4	5	3	4	6	6	..	..
August.....	4	5	3	2	6	3	4	..	..
Schleicher.....	3	4	2	2	5	4	3	..	..
Young.....	7	7	8	7	6	8	7	..	..
Van Buskirk.....	6	6	5	4	5	6	5	..	..

Schilling.....10 00 11 10 00 11 11 10 00 10 1111111110—19
Seinhardt.....01 01 01 01 01 10 00 10 10 11 1111111111—20

H. REINHARDT, Sec'y.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

July 7.—The gold medal shoot of the Central Gun Club was held here to-day, four shooters participating. Two miss and-out events, $5 entry, were also shot. The scores:

P Daly, Jr. (29).....2222122211—10	21—2	122—3
E K Price (29).....2002202122— 7	12—2	0 —0
Arthur (27).....0002011101— 5	0 —0	110—2
H Price (25).....0010110l0— 4	10—1	0 —0
Marks (27).....	0 —0	121—3

July 9.—The futurity preliminary, at 15 birds, $10 entry, was shot to-day. Kling won first money alone, while four men tied for second place. In the shoot-off for second money Bradley won with 6 straight kills. Event No. 2 was at 15 birds, $15 entry, Murphy winning with a clean score. Bradley beat out Dolan and Winston for second place. No. 3, 4 and 5 were miss-and-outs, $5 entry. Scores:

No. 1, Preliminary Futurity.	Ties.	No. 2.	Ties.
Kling (27)...211221122121122—15		21•12012120w — 8	
Bradley (27).20212112221221—14	112112—6	112211011112121—14	1211—4
Daly (29)....20222221212212 —14	2110 —3	1101012112w — 8	
Murphy (30).2201222222221121—14	121210—5	2122112221112112—15	
Winston(30).2212222222222120 —14	222220—5	2022221222222222—14	2220—3
Harrison(28)0121121101111112—13		2011021100w — 6	
Dolan (29)..1111011120w — 8		1111122221220112—14	0 —0
Hoey (29)...020 2212)w — 5		2222201222222 0w —12	

	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Murphy (30).....	110 —2	2112120 —6	0 —0
Daly (29).....	10 —1	22122210—7	212222—6
Hoey (29).....	22222—5	220 —2	20 —1
Bradley (27).....	0 —0	0 —0	11110 —4
Dolan (29).....	2210 —3	21222211—8	20 —1
Winston (30).....	22222—5	22222222—8	222220—5
Kling (23).....	10 —1	0 —0	221120—5
Harrison (29).....	11210—4	2110 —3	220 —2

July 5.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the North Hudson Rod and Gun Club on the Secaucus Polo Grounds, the occasion being the monthly shoot of the club. Event No. 1 was at 12 live birds; No. 2 at 10 targets. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
H Thourot.....	0010120121111— 8	1001001000— 3
H Heflich.....	0112021221112—10	1111000101— 6
H Harms.....	1111100011001— 7	1111000011— 6
R Asehbach.....	1011211111220—10	0001010000— 2
L Diefenbach.....	0001121110l0— 7	0001100001— 3
J Little.....	1000210201001— 5	0000001000— 1
E Grasdorf.....	1101221210l1— 9	0111010111— 7
J Schmitt.....	1000120300100— 4	0010100001— 3

LOUIS F. SCHILLINGER, Sec'y.

CLIMAX GUN CLUB.

July 7.—The Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon at its new grounds on the Crescent Oval. Only four members were present, the scores made being as below:

Lister (10).....1000010110011111111111101110110111111—25
Keller (0).....1111111111111101111111111011 —23
Williams (2).....1100111111110100111111011111 —21
Smith (0).....0111111010111100101111101l —18

CHATHAM GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASTOCIATION

July 5.—The special "Fourth of July" shoot held on the grounds of the Chatham Fish and Game Protective Association, Chatham, N. J., to-day, was thoroughly enjoyed by quite a large contingent of the club members and their friends. The shoot lasted from about 10:30 in the morning until late in the afternoon. All of the participants, while oppressed by the terribly hot weather, passed a most enjoyable day at the traps. Scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10
A Page.....	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Elder.....	3	3	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	4
Jowitt.....	3	5	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Minton.....	3	2	3	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L Page.....	7	8	7	7	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Phillips.....	9	5	7	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ogden.....	7	6	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	6
Crolius.....	3	1	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R B Budd.....	6	7	7	9	5	4	6	6	10	..	7	7
H Page.....	4	7	3	4	..	..	4	6	8	5	9	7
Garrison.....	..	2	..	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomason.....	..	2	3	1	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Geoffra.....	..	..	9	7	9	9	9	8	15	9	9	..
Von Lengerke.....	..	..	7	..	9	6	9	6	11	..	..	..
Miller.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	15	10	9	..
Jackson.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	11	5	7	..
Small.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at known traps and angles, all the others at unknown angles.

R BUDD, Sec'y.

FORESTER GUN CLUB.

July 5.—The following scores were made to-day on the grounds of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*25*	Targets:	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*25*
Byrd.....	15	19	20	..	..	..	..	..	W Smith	..	..	..	..	15	16	19	13	20
D Fleming.	10	10	14	12	9	9	7	14	Tarlton....	..	..	..	..	8	..	12	8	19
J Jones....	15	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	Jewell	..	..	..	..	14	12	..	..	..
Cummins..	..	..	..	..	16	16	14	11	12	Backus ...	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	14	21

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

AT ELKWOOD PARK

July 3.—The special event at 50 birds, scheduled for to-day, failed to fill, but there was some excellent shooting witnessed by quite a numerous crowd of spectators. The feature of the day was Edgar Murphy's run of 58 straight, a run that is remarkable under any conditions, but is the more astonishing in this case as it is about five months since Murphy did any shooting at the trap. Event No. 5 was also a feature, the five contestants scoring all their birds. Below are the detailed scores of the events decided to-day:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
J L Winston (30).....	122.0	2222121 2212	.....
B Ballard (30).....	0	22221222120	20
P Daly (30).....	1221120	2220	2222221212222
E G Murphy (30).....	1111222	22111222221	112211111222
P Murphy (30).....	2212110	20	2122221222210

	No. 4.	No. 5.	Tie.	No. 6.
P Murphy....	2221212222	(29)..2112212122	(31)..11222•	(29)..02•22222•
Daly.....	2111222122	(29)..1222122211	(31)..2•	(29)..21222222222
E G Murphy..	12120	(29)..1112121222	(31)..212211	(.9½)211•21222
Ballard.....	2221222210	(29)..1222222222	(31)..2122•	(29)..212•222121
Winston.....		(29)..2212221211	(31)..111212	.....

The seventh event was at 15 birds, $15, and resulted thus: Daly (30) and Ballard (29) 14, Edgar Murphy (29½) 13, Doctor (29) 8.

THE OPENING DAY AT HOLLYWOOD.

July 5.—The opening day of the season of 1897 at the Hollywood traps was marked by a good attendance and warm, bright weather, with breeze enough to make the birds good. Edgar Murphy, who is shooting in excellent form just now, won the Overture prize with 15 straight, and took first money, which amounted to $72. Winston, who had his 14th bird drop dead out of bounds; and Bland Ballard, who lost his 5th bird, divided second and third money—$35—with 14 each. In the Independence handicap, another 15-bird event, Daly, Patten and Murphy tied on 13 each. The tie was shot off at 3 birds, Daly winning, as shown in the scores below:

	Overture Prize.	Independence Handicap.	Tie.
P Daly, Jr (29).....	2220202222222222—13	(29)..22•222222•21122—13	222
W R Patten (27).....	222.02•2022222—12	(26)..202222122222.2 2—13	202
F Hoey (28).....	2022222222020	(29)..•22 2222 2200	
J 147 Winston (29)....2222222222222•2—14		(30)..•2022222221222•—12	
E G Murphy (30).....	222212.2122222—15	(30)..022211•2112222—13	
Capt Money (30).....	221112.•1211021—13	(28)..2•102122 2210	
A L Ivins (29).....	2012•22 10	.....	
B Ballard (28).....	2222021212222222—14	.....	
A Loening.....	.....	(26)..2.00120100	

In addition to the above two big races, there were three miss-and-outs, $5 entrance, which resulted as follows:

No. 1: Winston 3, Capt. Money, Patten, Daly and A. Loenig 2, Hoey 1, Murphy 0.

No. 2: Winston, Daly and Patten 3, Murphy, Money and Loening 2, Hoey 1.

No. 3: Winston and Hoey 13, Capt. Money 11, Dr Knowlton 9, Daly and Murphy 4, Ballard 3, Gaynor 3, N. E. Money 1.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., July 11.—Below I hand you scores made at the regular Saturday afternoon practice shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club, Saturday, July 10.

Only a few of the members were present, although the day was undeniable, from a trap-shooting point of view, quite in contrast with last Monday, the day we held our tournament.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10
Leighton.....	8	6	5	9	3	11	5	6	..	..
Dr Sherman.....	4	6	2	7	4	6	5	4	4	6
Stevens.....	7	8	7	10	7	11	9	9	..	..
Short.....	7	9	6	7	..	..	7	6	8	6
Miller.....	4	6	7	7	8	..	7	7	6	8
Hamlin.....	6	5	2	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wright.....	..	..	..	..	6	11	8	..	..	..
Dodge.....	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..

Events 3, 4 and 7 were at unknown angles; event 5 was at regular angles, reverse pull; event 10 was at all straightaways, and the remainder at regular angles.

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

Trap Around Buffalo.

BISON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 1.—In the club shoot of the Bison Gun Club, of this city, at Walden avenue and City line, fifteen members were present. In the badge contest, Cooper won in Class A, Mack in Class B, and Salesman in Class C. All events were at unknown angles, No. 6 being at 5 pairs. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*10*	Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*10*
Mignerey.....	13	12	..	21	12	6	Wilson	..	..	..	18	..	..
Roxie.....	12	18	11	20	12	9	Vine.....	..	..	..	9	..	..
Mack.....	11	11	12	24	..	..	313	15	15	14	16	13	..
Salesman.....	..	..	8	18	..	..	Makey.....	11	14	11	21	7	..
Danser	11	17	..	19	10	9	Kauffman.....	..	10	6	14	..	..
Wrench	7	..	11	16	10	6	Zoeller	11	17	13	..	..	..
Cooper.....	11	15	14	23	14	9	Bauman.....	10	19	13	..	14	9

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

July 3.—The winners in the badge event, No. 3 on the programme, at the Audubon Gun Club's weekly shoot, held this afternoon, were: Class A, E. C. Burkhardt; Class B, P. G. Meyers; Class C, F. Sauer. No. 5 was at 7 pairs, L. W. Bennett winning first money on 10. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*14*	*15*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*14*	*15*	*15*
C S Burkhardt	7	10	20	7	9	10	13	U E Story....	..	..	11	7	7	6	..
A Forrester..	7	13	20	5	4	..	12	J E Lodge	..	..	15	6	7	..	..
E C Burkhardt	7	14	24	9	4	8	..	E P Reynolds.	..	..	11	..	7	7	..
L W Bennett.	7	10	21	11	10	..	..	O'Brian.....	..	..	18	14	6	12	..
Jacobs.....	5	10	15	11	6	6	..	J A Kennedy.	..	..	12	..	6	5	..
B Tolsma	..	12	19	..	..	..	..	F Sauer	..	..	15	..	5	7	..
W H W.....	..	11	17	..	..	..	..	Peasland.....	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
G McArthur..	..	10	23	11	9	13	..	W E Garbe ..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
P G Myers....	..	11	21	13	..	..	..	Ellis.....	..	..	..	..	9	6	
G Floss.....	..	..	16	11	7	..	..	McCarney....	6	11	14	10	8	12	10
A Coombs....	..	..	12	6	..	..	..	G O Miller....	7	10	14	11	8	12	..

July 5.—At to-day's "Fourth of July" shoot, F. D. Kelsey won first average with 135 out of 150; Hammond was second with 126; G. S. Lewis third with 124, and Dick Swiveller fourth with 122. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*
C S Burkhardt.....	7	14	9	12	13	12	8	14	15	10
Kelsey.....	14	13	8	14	16	14	9	15	19	13
Hammond.....	10	13	10	12	15	14	7	14	18	13
E C Burkhardt.....	11	10	10	13	16	11	7	9	15	10
Swiveller.....	8	13	9	13	16	15	5	15	15	13
E N McCarney	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lodge.....	5	11	6	14	13	14	..	..	..	..
Reinecke.....	11	14	8	13	..	13	..	..	..	..
Woodbury.....	10	9	7	11	16	13	6	8	14	9
Zoeller.....	12	12	7	14	13	12	9	12	17	10
G Lewis.....	11	14	8	13	17	14	7	15	14	11
H M Johnson.....	11	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Talsma.....	10	..	10	..	16	..	9	..	17	15
Shelley.....	11	..	5	..	..	11	7	..	..	..
Wallm.....	10	10	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Bennet.....	12	15	6	13	17	10	8	11	17	11
McArthur.....	9	11	7	..	16	15	8	14	..	12
Williams.....	..	12	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gardner.....	..	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
P G Myers.....	12	..	..	16	13	8	..	..	..	..
Phillips.....	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	10	9	..
Combs	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	..	..
Forrester.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	12
J J Reid.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	8
Jacobs.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	11
G O Miller.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

GRAND CALUMET HEIGHTS, Ind., July 4.—The Calumet Heights Gun Club's medal shoot was held here to-day. Lamphere won in Class A, Marshall in Class B, and Harlan in Class C, in the first medal shoot. In the second shoot Ferguson won in Class A, Norcam in Class B, and Chamberlain in Class C. No. 13 was a 100-target handicap event, Class A men shooting scratch, Class B at 108 targets, and Class C at 120 targets. The score:

Lamphere (32).....1212122212—10
Knowles (32).....1211212112—10
Ferguson (32) .....2210121•12— 8
Young (32).....2201212211— 9
Houston (32).....211122112•— 9
Vorcom (32) .....2•12011•12— 7
Marshall (30).....1112111212—10
Metcalfe (30).....1110112212— 9
Morgan (30).....2212000021— 6
Breaker (27).....22•1110•12— 7
Harlan (27).....101111212•— 8
Dougherty (27).....011110•210— 6
Marks (27).....111022(022— 7

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	25	25	15	10	15	25	10	15	10	10	10	15	100
Lamphere.....	25	20	..	7	11	23	6	15	4	3	9	14	...
Houston.....	19	18	14	8	10	21	6	13	6	4	6	13	90
Patti	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	5	9	82
Turtle.....	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	5	9	...
Young.....	22	20	9	8	8	18	6	10	5	..	..	..	86
Metcalfe.....	15	15	12	6	12	18	7	13	7	5	8	10	73
Norcam.....	12	23	1	3	10	22	7	5	5	..	..	..	61
Marshall.....	21	10	6	..	..	17	7	10	9	4	7	10	...
Whitman.....	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	...
A Black.....	15	14	..	3	10	22	8	..	6	..	..	..	...
Greeley.....	17	19	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Chamberlain.....	19	17	13	4	..	..	8	..	8	5	3	4	73
R B Carson.....	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Schmidt.....	19	13	4	3	7	12	..	9	6	..	..	..	76
Harlan.....	20	17	3	10	6	19	..	6	6	5	9	9	93
Morgan.....	11	10	..	7	..	..	..	8	6	..	..	..	...
Ferguson.....	..	21	11	..	12	21	6	..	..	..	..	..	...
Beaker.....	..	13	7	7	8	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

PATTI.

Orange Gun Club.

ORANGE, Mass., July 8.—The tournament of the Orange Gun Club was successfully brought off to-day. The shooters came from Boston, Worcester, Leominster, Beechertown and Athol. Some 2,500 targets were thrown, and everything ran smoothly. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	*11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Leroy.....	..	..	8	9	8	9	14	8	10	15	8	10	9	10	7	7	7	10
Ide.....	8	8	7	9	5	8	11	8	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Burbank.....	6	4	8	3	..	7	12	10	..	11	..	6	7	7	5	..	..	8
Rice.....	6	6	8	4	..	6	12	7	..	..	..	8	..	7	6	..	..	6
Powers.....	5	7	4	6	4	6	12	8	6	..	6	7	9	7	7	..	..	..
Thompson.....	8	9	7	8	6	10	11	9	7	10	..	8	..	..	7	..	..	8
Albee.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
French.....	7	6	7	..	..	7	..	8	..	..	4	7	6	7	9	7	..	4
Parkman.....	7	6	6	6	6	..	11	6	..	..	3	6	..	..	7	9	6	..
Howard.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	8	5	5	..	4
Shaw.....	9	8	6	7	..	15	..	..	..	14	..	8	8	9	10	8	..	..
Flagg.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	6	6	9	8	4	..
Messenger.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	7	6	6	..	7	6	8
Mann.....	..	4	5	..	..	7	10	7	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	.

Hot Weather and a Hot Shoot at Little Rock.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 6.—The attendance at the shoot here yesterday reminded one very forcibly of the good old days of '92, when the sport of trap shooting was booming and all the shoots were well attended. The shoot of to-day brought together one of the old-time crowds. Forty-eight shooters participated, which exceeded anything in the way of attendance since the State shoot here in '95.

This is a great showing, when you take into consideration the fact that none but residents of the State were present. Only one short year ago it would have been a difficult matter to have gotten two squads to a shoot here, no matter what the inducements might have been But things have changed now, and the revival of this great sport of ours is very gratifying, and also seems to be of the stalible kind.

The programme that had been arranged for the day was certainly a very liberal one. The feature of the day was the four-men team race, for the purse of $100. with an entrance fee of only price of the birds. Then there were also five 15 target events, with $10 added to each. As stated above, the interest centered in the team race, and ten teams were entered; no less than six of these belonging to Little Rock. two represented Pine Bluff, and one each from Hot Springs and Fort Smith. The purse of $100 was cut into three moneys $50, $30 and $20. This was a hot contest, and it was nip-and tuck between Little Rock, Fort Smith and Hot Springs, and finally resulted in Little Rock team No 1 winning first and Fort Smith second, while Hot Springs took third

The scores were very poor, and some of those teams who promised to attend, but stayed away, will now realize what a good thing they overlooked by staying away. Memphis was to have been represented, but failed to materialize. They could very readily muster several teams that could beat 78, but if they would have been equal to the emergency on this occasion is another thing Conner led the Little Rock team with 21, Matthews was high for Ft. Smith with 22, Dobbins and Hughes led the Hot Springs team with a like score. The high score on the Pine Bluff team was made by Clements, 21. The remaining teams were never factors in the race. It is more than likely that Hot Springs would have walked off with first money, only for Rix's gun going wrong, which began snapping, and he was compelled to shoot the other barrel, which changed the trigger pull, and it was then that he lost 5 of his last 8 birds. The scores of the first four teams are given in detail, while the others have been condensed. The scores made in the sweeps are given in tabulated form. Nos. 1 and 2 are extras, while the remaining five are the programme events, to each of which $10 was added. Clements was high man for the day with 84.6 per cent., Dickinson 82.6, Matthews and Hughes 80.7, Forster, Woodson and Connor 80. The purses to the sweeps were divided, Rose system, four moneys, and the following points were paid for the respective positions: 7, 5, 4, 3.

There were only two straight scores made during the day, one of these by young Matthews, of Fort Smith, and the other by Conner, a local shooter. The following also participated in the sweeps, but as they shot in but one event their name does not appear in the table: Rose, Kerr, Nichols, Irwin, Overstreet, Schare, Beaver, Hickman and Lenow. Of all of these Lenow was the only one to get in for money; he scored 12 in the fifth event. Two cents were charged for targets, and a lunch was served gratis to the shooters. The weather was clear and red-hot:

Little Rock No. 1.

Conner	01111101111011111111011111—21
Dickinson	10001111111111111111011101—20
Alexander	01111001011111111111110111—19
Woodson	01110111111001011111111100—18—78

Fort Smith.

Matthews	10111111111111001111111111—22
Echols	11111111100111110011011110—19
Leach	10111111000110011111111011—18
Duley	10101001111111110011011011—17—76

Hot Springs.

Dobbins	11111111111101111011111110—22
Hughes	11101111111111101101111111—22
Ritt	11111011100111111101011000—17
Collings	01101011110010100111011010—14—75

Hine Bluff No. 1.

Clements	01101111101111111110111111—21
Coles	11111110001011101011111—18
Lloyd	01101001110110110111110111—17
Sorrells	11010101010001001111111111—16—72

The scores of the other teams were as follows: Little Rock No. 2—Thibault 20, Pemberton 18, Phillips 16, Schaer 16—70. Little Rock No. 5—Irwin 21, Reaves 18, Overstreet 16. Rose 14—69; West End—Sisco 19, Wade 16, McCulloch 15, Kirk 14—64; Little Rock No 3—Nichols 21, Forster 19, Miles 18, Charles Alexander 6—64; Pine Bluff No. 2—Boyett 18, Williams 16, Howell 12, Fergus 9—55; Little Rock No. 4—De Guire 16, Boyd 13, Lenow 13, Hickman 11—52.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Oneida County vs. Richfield Springs.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second of a series of three matches between the Oneida County Sportsman's Asssociation and the Richfield Springs Gun Club was shot here the 7th. The conditions were nine men to a team, 25 birds per man. The O. C. S. A. won by the narrow margin of three targets. This makes the series stand one each, as Richfield won the first one at Utica. Four sweeps of 15 targets each, and two at 5 pairs were shot during the afternoon. The scores were good considering the conditions, which were quite hard, the targets being thrown about 60yds. against a very trying background. Mr. M. E Barker, with a Lefever gun and E C. powder, was high average, .923.

The scores in the team shoot were as follows:

Utica.		Richfield Springs.	
Gates	19	Yeoman	23
Scott	19	Barland	19
Pfiffer	16	Caney	18
Brunner	15	Weatherbee	19
Judson	16	Tunnicliffe	16
Mahew	21	Barker	24
J W Fulford	24	Nuhf	10
E D Fulford	22	Cole	19
Dexter	19—171	Mungar	20—168

The sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7			
Targets:	15	15	25	15	15	10	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Per ct
M E Barker	14	15	24	13	14	8	9	105	97	.923
E D Fulford	13	14	22	15	14	7	5	105	90	.857
M Mahew	13	14	21	14	12	7	7	105	88	.838
J W Fulford	12	13	24	12	13	..	..	85	74	.870
H L Gates	10	8	19	7	13	9	6	105	71	.676
Judson	11	13	16	11	12	8	8	105	79	.752
Scott	13	9	19	5	11	..	..	85	57	.670
Yeomans	8	9	23	8	12	8	8	105	76	.723
Dexter	11	14	19	..	..	..	..	54	44	.800
Caney	10	11	18	9	..	..	..	70	48	.685
Borland	..	10	19	..	..	..	..	40	29	.725
Mungar	11	11	20	..	..	..	..	55	42	.763
Pfeffer	11	..	16	..	11	..	..	55	38	.690
Weatherbee	..	..	19	13	11	..	..	55	43	.781
Tunnicliff	9	..	16	..	..	..	..	40	25	.625
Cole	10	..	19	..	..	..	..	40	29	.725
Neely	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	25	10	.400
Brunner	6	..	15	..	..	..	..	40	21	.525

Recreation Gun Club.

BARRE, Vt., July 3.—I herewith inclose you the scores made at the shoot of the Recreation Gun Club to-day. The shooting was done on the grounds of the Fairview Trotting Association. The traps were set at a distance from the race track, so that the shooting would not interfere with the horse trotting and other sports. The Association kindly gave the club $25 to use as added money. The Sergeant system of trapping was used, and many of the low scores were due to the shooters' unacquaintance with that method of trapping. The club was pleased to welcome C. O. Barrett, F. A. Standish and Mr Stoddard, from Montpelier. Most of the shooters found the sun and extremely hot air a little enervating:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	5	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	5	10
Morgan	4	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	2	..	7	..	1	..	..
Standish	9	4	8	11	8	13	9	11	8	9	10	7	10	2	9
Reynolds	8	3	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Faylor	5	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	6	3	..
B Eastman	7	3	9	12	9	15	6	10	8	7	12	4	7	4	10
Houghton	5	..	8	9	..	17	..	11	9	..	11	..	8	1	..
Barrett	8	5	7	14	9	17	10	14	6	9	13	7	10	3	7
W Eastman	8	4	9	13	9	17	9	12	5	7	14	6	8	5	..
Brown	3	..	..	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Diack	6	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griffin	8	..	8	10	7	13	4	11	7	8	10	4	8	4	6
Stoddard	6	..	..	..	9	12	..	..	..	..	12	..	8	3	7
Hoisington	8	4	9	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bennett	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Abbott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	7	2	..

J. F. PERRY,

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 30.—The last half of the Boston Gun Club summer prize series was successfully initiated at Wellington to-day by thirteen trap-shooting enthusiasts, who took full advantage of a clearing afternoon to follow their favorite line of sport The high wind which had succeeded the deluge of the morning was a little troublesome to some of those who desired straights, but very little complaint was heard.

Among the visitors to-day was one who called forth many encomiums of praise by reason of his excellent shooting, notwithstanding a physical drawback of no mean proportion—a lameness which necessitated the use of a crutch; yet with no apparent effort he followed the squad evolutions with considerable success. To the ordinary shooter in possession of every physical advantage, the ease with which he handled the gun was wonderful to note, and proved a lesson in many ways.

Summary as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	6	10	10	15	10	10	10	6	10	10	10
Brown	8	9	2	8	7	11	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Banks	5	6	3	4	0	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nickols	8	7	..	8	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sheffield	8	8	5	10	9	12	6	9	7	3	9	7	7
Woodruff	9	9	2	7	6	9	10	5	8	4	6	..	..
Winters	7	5	3	9	6	10	9	9	8	4	7	6	..
Chadwick	8	6	4	6	9	10	10	8	6	3	8	7	5
Paine	8	10	3	8	7	12	8	9	10	4	10	6	8
Williams	8	8	3	8	..	9	8	7	3	4	8	..	..
Spencer	..	..	..	..	9	5	10	6	4	8	3	8	7	9
Miskay	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	8	8	9	5	9	5	9
Milner	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	5	..	4	..	..	..	..
Bannon	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	3	..	..	..	..	..	..

Events 1, 4, 6, 8, 12 and 13, known angles; 2, 5 and 7, unknown; 11 same, use of both barrels; 3 and 10, pairs; 9, reverse pull.

Fifth contest in prize series, 25 targets, 15 known, 10 unknown; distance handicap:

Chadwick (16yds.)	0111100111001111—10	1111111111—10—20
Miskay (17)	1101111011101111—12	1111101011— 8—20
Paine (16)	1101111110101111—12	0101111111— 8—20
Woodruff (17)	1010111011100001— 9	1111111111—10—19
Winters (18)	0110111110100110—10	1111011111— 9—19
Sheffield (15)	0111101111101111—12	0011001111— 6—18
Brown (15)	0110101101111111—11	1110110001— 6—17
Williams (15)	1101110101010001— 9	1110101111— 8—17
Wulner (16)	1011110010111111—11	1101001100— 5—16
Spencer (18)	1111010011011101—10	1110011010— 6—16
Bannon (15)	1011100001110001— 8	0110100000— 3—11
Banks (19)	1100101000100000— 5	1001001110— 5—10
Nickols (16)	0100111010111110— 9	.....

July 7.—Though Monday was quite generally devoted to trap-shooting in this vicinity, eleven found sufficient interest to draw them to the Boston Gun Club grounds at Wellington, but two days later, when the sixth serial prize shoot took place. On a warm day such as this proved to be, Wellington is considered an ideal place, being fairly cool and comfortable when Boston is sweltering, so it is not strange that those who are well aware of this fact should flee the city on Wednesday afternoon, but it is strange that all should go equipped with a heat generating instrument; in other words, a double-barreled shotgun. This is where the fun comes in, however, and very shortly after train arrival each and all are eager for the fray. To day the participants seemed to possess a mania for shooting pairs, and no less than three events were of this description. On other days, when the gun keeps cool of itself, three pairs make a score, but to day nothing less than five satisfied a shooter, and those who had left their Heikes at home did not need to be reminded of the fact. Complete scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10
Brown	7	7	8	5	7	11	7	7	9	8	8	6
Sheffield	6	5	7	..	10	13	7	3	5	5	7	4
Miskay	9	6	6	7	10	13	4	7	9	7	7	6
Pickles	7	8	9	8	8	14	5	7	7	4	5	5
Chadwick	7	7	5	5	8	11	9	2	5	5	7	3
Osgood	4	..	..	..	3	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Benton	6	5	5	3	0	11	6	..	..	..	..	..
Paine	8	8	8	9	7	13	9	5	9	6	9	3
Horace	7	8	8	..	10	11	8	7	7	6	..	..
Nickols	4	7	6	..	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer	..	..	..	..	4	9	13	8	6	6	7	7

Events 1, 5 and 6, known angles; 2, 7 and 11, unknown; 3 and 10, reverse pull; 4, 8 and 12, pairs; 9, expert rules, unknown traps and angles.

Merchandise match, 25 targets, 15 known, 10 unknown; distance handicap:

Paine (16)	1111111110101111—13	1101111111— 9—22
Spencer (18)	1011111111111101—13	1111110110— 8—21
Sheffield (15)	1101111101111111—13	1110110101— 7—20
Chadwick (16)	1001011111111011—11	1111111011— 9—20
Pickles (17)	1111111101111111—14	1101001001— 5—19
Horace (16)	1010111100111111—11	0111101111— 8—19
Brown (15)	1011111101101101—11	0111001111— 7—18
Benton (14)	0111110111011110—11	1101101010— 6—17
Miskay (17)	1111101011111111—13	0111000100— 4—17
Nickols (15)	1111111101111110—13	Withdrew.
Osgood (14)	0010010101110111— 8	Withdrew.

BOSTON.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., July 6.—Enclosed please find scores of two shoots held on July 4 and 5.

We had a fair attendance considering the holiday and some good shooting was done, especially that of R E. Rodgers, who occasionally gets his shooting jacket on, and shows the boys what he can do when he tries.

We also had a beginner in R. Hammond, who is only about fifteen years old, and had never shot at a bluerock before. We think he did very well in getting 13 out of 25, and he promises to make a good shot. Scores of July 4:

	No. 1, Club Shoot.	No. 2, Practice.
R E Rodgers	1111111111111101100111111—22	1101111111—9
H H Hurlbut	1011010100011111011101010—14	.....
H W Thompson	0010100110111110110001110—14	.....
R A Eddy	1110101110111010111110111—19	1011111111—9
W E Graham	0101111001110111011111111—18	1111110010—8
C E Flowers	0011010000101011100010110—11	0001001100 3
T T McLeod	1010011011110111010001000—12	0001000111—4
J A Forbes	1101011101111111011010010—17	1111001010—6
Dr Mills	0000000010100000000000000— 2	0000001101—2
M R Rutherford	1000101110100000101100— 9	.....

Scores of July 5, No. 1:

H W Thompson	1011101111101111011111101—20
Dr Mills	0101100100100011011100000—10
W E Graham	0101010111000111011111010—16
T T McLeod	0000110001100100001301100— 8
R A Eddy	1111011011110111111111100—19
M R Rutherford	0100000011001011001000001— 8

No 2:

R A Eddy	1101111111101110110111111—21
M R Rutherford	0001000011000110011000000— 8
T T McLeod	0101000000110101011110000—10
H W Thompson	1010110001111000111101101—15
R Hammond	0000111111010011100011100—13
W E Graham	1100110001011011011011111—16

W. E GRAHAM, Sec'y.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. Y., July 3.—The regular weekly shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association was held this afternoon, eleven members taking part in the club event. This event resulted in a tie between Marks (3) and Chas. Brunner (4) with 24 each. E D. Fulford from scratch ran 15 straight in the expert rules, and then lost the last target in each of his last two pairs, finishing with 23 out of 25. Scores were:

Club shoot, 15 singles, expert rules, and 5 pairs:

Marks (3)	110111101111111	10 11 11 11 10—21	+3—24
Chas Brunner (4)	001111111111111	11 11 10 11 00—20	+4—24
E D Fulford (0)	111111111111111	11 11 11 10 10	—23
C R Mizner (4)	111111101110010	11 10 11 11 10—19	+4—23
J Pfeiffer (5)	111010011101101	11 11 10 11 10—18	+5—23
J G Kilbourn (1)	111100101011111	11 11 11 11 11—20	+1—21
J Deck (1)	111111111100111	11 01 01 10 11—20	+1—21
Scott (3)	001101101101111	10 01 11 11 10—18	+3—21
H L Gates (0)	101101101100111	11 11 11 11 01	—19
O A Wheeler (3)	100101111001111	01 01 01 11 00—15	+3—18
J W Fulford (0)	111111100111011	11 00 10 10 10	—17

C. R. MIZNER, Sec'y.

Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 1.—The attendance at the weekly shoot of the Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association. held this afternoon, was very light, owing probably to the desire of many shooters to save their powder until the shoot on July 5. The following scores were made by those present:

Twenty-five targets, known angles: H. Swindell 20, H. W. Bain 18, J. Lamb, 18, C. H. Staniels 12, G. Jenore 11, Rossie 9.

Twenty-five targets, unknown angles: H. Swindell 17, H. W. Bain 17, J. Lamb 17, C. H. Staniels 15, Morton 9.

July 5.—The Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association carried out a programme of events suitable to the occasion at its shoot held to-day. A large number of members from the Pawtuxet Gun Club were on hand and did some creditable shooting, in addition to carrying off the chief honors in the prize shoots. Scores were as below, Nos. 1, 2 and 4 being at known angles, and No 3 at unknown angles:

In the first event, F. L. Corey won first by breaking 24 out of 25, Stephen Green won second with a score of 22. In the second prize event, F. I. Greener and F. L. Corey were tied for first, and in the shoot off at 10 targets F. L. Corey broke 10 and F. I. Greener 9. The second prize was won by Mr. S. Green with 21 breaks. Wm. Sheldon and Frank Arnold did not arrive in time to enter the prize events. E. C. Whitaker did some good shooting and tied the best score of the day by breaking 24. F. I. Greener did fairly well, but was out of form by the excessive heat. Taking it as a whole, very good scores were made, as will be seen by the following events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
Henry Moore	15	17	..	..	P H Handell	20	..	15	..
F I Greener	18	22	15	20	Stephen Green	22	21	13	..
F L Corey	24	22	17	..	John Paye	9	11	12	..
H W Bain	15	16	18	..	J F Rossie	12	8	..	10
A M Hunt	13	14	..	11	Charles Adams	..	18	15	13
E C Whitaker	20	17	18	24	A Mowry	..	10	..	8
Amos Arnold	18	17	12	..	Wm Sheldon	..	..	21	22
C H Mathewson	14	16	..	..	F Arnold	..	..	6	19
C H Staniels	16	16	..	..	J Armstrong, Jr	..	..	..	15

In the third event S. Green and F. Arnold did not finish. They shot at 15 targets. Only the first and second were prize events.

J. F. RUSSELL, Sec'y.

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., July 5.—The Catchpole Gun Club, of Wolcott, held a very successful shoot to-day at Bonnicastle, Sodus Bay, the fine summer resort and home of our president, Uncle Ben Catchpole. A very nice attendance of shooters was the result, the following cities being represented: Rochester, Oswego, Clyde, Sterling and Savannah. A series of nine events was decided, the results being given below in tabulated form:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	20	10
Uncle Ben	7	12	4	9	9	8	10	..	8
A C Burnett	9	..	8	7	4	6	5	..	6
Tassel	10	12	9	..	7	7	8	..	10
Wayte	6	12	7	8	5	9	6	16	..
Hunter	9	4	..	9	9	..	4	..	..
Reed	8	13	7	8	8	9	8	15	..
Cosard	7	15	..	7	7	5	8	..	..
Wright	6	9	8	..	5	5	6	15	..
Cumpson	8	11	10	10	5	8	10	..	7
Olmsted	7	..	..	..	..	9	3	..	..
Gillette	9	12	7	..	..	7	6	..	..
Foster	8	11	9	..	..	10	8	..	8
Turner	9	8	8	..	..	5	7	..	..
Wadworth	7	10	8	7	3	7	8	15	..
Hopkins	..	4	..	..	7	8	1	..	5
De Witt	..	10	..	..	..	4	7	..	..
Ingersoll	..	8	..	5	3	..	5	14	..
Fowler	..	..	8	..	..	10	6	..	8
Dr Weller	..	..	..	8	8	9	9	..	..
Wride	..	..	..	7	9	6	8	..	..
Seaman	..	..	..	8	8	9	5	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	6	8	9	9	..	..
G Burnett	..	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	9
Surgent	..	..	..	..	..	3	6	..	..

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

Near the Smoky City.

HAZELWOOD GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 2.—The members of the Hazelwood Gun Club had a little practice shoot at sparrows to-day, and when the sparrows gave out they took revenge on targets. Below are the scores in tabulated form:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Sparrows:	25	25	7	10	15	Sparrows:	25	25	7	10	15
Crossland	23	24	6	7	13	W-A	..	..	7	..	10
Lovatt	19	..	5	..	..	Parley	..	..	..	..	8
Munson	18	19	5	..	..	Smith	..	..	..	..	8
Stilley	..	21	7	8	10						

All the above events were at sparrows, except No. 5, which was at 15 targets. No. 4 was at 5 pairs of sparrows.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

S. J. D., Richfield Springs, N. Y.—1. What is the best treatment to rid a dog of pinworms? 2 At what time or age are a dog's olfactories first fully developed. 3. Is a spayed bitch taxed at the same rate as one that is not? Ans (1) Give areca nut. Reduce to a powder by grating, using the darker colored nut. Give one drachm, in the form of a large pill incorporated with lard. (2) It would be quite as difficult to determine just when a dog's eyesight or hearing is fully developed, all being of the senses. The dog uses his nose constantly, so it presumably is developed fully as soon as the puppy has senses enough to use it. (3) We think she is.

W. I. P., Portsmouth, N. H.—My Irish setter dog, aged two years, last winter had an attack of distemper. He apparently recovered from it, but since that time has been afflicted with what seems like a bad head cold or sniffles. His nose runs and scabs over, and he breathes as if the nostrils were partially closed. He is otherwise well, eyes bright, appetite good, is lively and playful. But the noise he makes when breathing, especially when asleep, and his bad looking nose, make it unpleasant to have him in the house. What would you suggest doing for him? Can he be cured? Ans. If possible syringe the nostrils twice a day with Seiler's solution. (to make this solution tablets can be obtained at any drug store), also spray nostrils with the following:

Menthol	gr. x
Aldene	3i

Sol. Use as directed. For sponging use an oil atomizer.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Absence of Plague Due to the Advancement of Science.

IN 1490 B. C. a plague destroyed 624,000 Israelites in the Wilderness. A plague in London in 1625 destroyed 35,000 people. In the years 1635–36 there was a plague mortality of 14,000, and from 1663 to 1665 it is stated that there were in the same town 70,000 to 80,000 deaths.

In civilized countries at present those outbreaks of disease are practically unknown on account of the advancement of medical and chemical knowledge, but there is no doubt that the present death rates could be largely diminished, and the general health of the community greatly improved by further sanitary precautions, especially in the homes, and the judicious use of some approved non-poisonous disinfectant, such as the "Sanitas" preparations, to which we take pleasure in calling attention, and would suggest writing to the "Sanitas" Co., 636 West 55th street, New York city, for a copy of their useful work, "How to Disinfect."—*Adv.*

THE J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., have recently issued several very attractive circulars bearing on rifle and pistol shooting. The latest is a four page folder intended to convey to yachtsmen the suggestion that Stevens rifles may be very desirable adjuncts to yachting cruises. This is illustrated by two very suggestive marine photographs, in both of which the cloud effects are remarkably fine.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

An impulse, often irresistible it seems, leads man away from civilization, from its artificial pleasures and its mechanical life, to the forests, the fields, and the waters, where he may have that freedom and peace which civilization denies him. He will undergo all sorts of bodily discomforts—coarse food and rough bed, the wet and the cold—and yet be happy, because for a little spell he is free; in other words, he has, for the time, become a civilized savage. He will learn how few are the real wants of a happy life in the midst of an uncivilized nature. His troubles, if he carried any with him, will vanish; time will seem of as little value to him as to the savage, and like all true sportsmen and 'honest anglers,' he will return to his home with a calm spirit and a contented mind.

Alfred M. Mayer.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE death of N. C. Creede, from whom the town in the Cripple Creek mining district in Colorado took its name, recalls the fact that in the late 60's he served as an officer in the Pawnee scouts, under the command of Major Frank North. This force consisted of several companies, enlisted by Major North from the Pawnee tribe, officered by white men, and rendered admirable service against the hostile Sioux and Cheyennes, at a time when those tribes were giving much trouble to the Government. No detailed history of this force has ever been written, yet it performed a great work for the settling up of the Western country by guarding the frontier, and guiding the regular troops prior to and during the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. Many of the old-time army officers who were stationed on the plains just after the war are familiar with the achievements of Major North's battalion between the years 1865 and 1877, but the number of those who have personal knowledge of the Pawnee scouts is rapidly growing smaller. Although no detailed history of this organization has been written, Mr. Grinnell, in his book on the Pawnees, has given much information about it and its heroic commander, and a Nebraska newspaper has recently printed a series of articles giving some account of Major North's adventures. Such material, which is real history—a part of the winning of the West—ought to be preserved before it is too late.

Professor Alfred M. Mayer, of Stevens Institute, whose death occurred at Maplewood, N. J., on Tuesday of last week, was an enthusiastic sportsman, and belonged to that type of men who find their best recreations in the field. He was particularly fond of quail shooting, and in the magnificent volume of "Sport with Gun and Rod," which he edited for the Century Company, he chose for his own pen the chapter devoted to "Bob White, the Game Bird of America," the bird, in his estimation, which is destined to remain the most popular feathered game in American covers. In adopting the name "Bob White," we recall, Professor Mayer quite won the heart of our contributor "Wells," of North Carolina, who was impatient of the designations quail and partridge alike. The pleasure of quail shooting depends much upon the amiability and congenial make-up of one's shooting comrades; of Professor Mayer it is to be said that he was a delightful field companion. Professor Mayer was a physicist whose high attainments were recognized throughout the scientific circles of all countries. He gave special study to the problems of acoustics, and one of the recorded results of his researches was the discovery of the auditory apparatus of the mosquito. It was natural that his devotion to the gun should have prompted Professor Mayer to a study of ballistics; and he once conducted a long series of exhaustive experiments with the chronograph, to determine the velocities of shot; the results were published in FOREST AND STREAM, to which he was a frequent contributor.

That is an extraordinary showing which is made in the first chapter, printed to-day, of our annual report on the game in American game preserves. It gives a census of six hundred buffalo in parks and gardens, which are probably six times as many as are roaming wild within the bounds of the Republic. This is the rescued remnant. The figures are full of promise for the perpetuation of the species by breeding in captivity, if only this shall be pursued with the intelligence which governs the raising of domestic stock. By judicious infusion of new blood, now quite practicable with such a large stock to draw upon, the native stamina may be preserved, and we may expect to maintain indefinitely in our game parks and zöological gardens representatives of this unique American game. The breeding of buffalo in captivity is an enterprise so admirable that we hope to see it taken up by an increasing number of those who have the means and the opportunity to prosecute it.

It is given out that Chief Wade, of the Massachusetts State Police, will undertake to enforce the new statute, which forbids having in possession the body or feathers of song and insectivorous birds; and the lawyers have passed on the law's application to women as well as to men. A curious notion appears to hold in Massachusetts that just because the statute does apply to woman, fair woman, bird's body bedecked woman, it was not meant in earnest by the Legislature, and is now to be regarded as a bit of pleasantry. As a cold matter of fact, the law was designed for just what appears on the face of it, as a means to reach people who could not be reached in any other way. Appeals to woman's humanity, and arguments based upon economic considerations have been ineffectual. The only recourse, in Massachusetts as elsewhere, is to sterner measures and methods. The law is a good law; it should be enforced.

The answer to Mount Tom's propounded question, "Who is Responsible?" appears to be that we are all in it together, townspeople and farmers; and one class may not point finger at the other. But the old way of blaming one another for the sins of both will continue. That is human nature. The sportsman from the town is intensely human, and the countryman is his brother. If there is not game enough for both, or for either, the sensible way of going about a remedy is to sit down together and talk it over. We do not share in Mount Tom's implication that the sportsman lays all the blame upon the farmer. We have been preaching for many years that the interests of the two classes are mutual, and we are convinced that the recognition of this truth is more general and more sincerely accepted to-day than it has ever been in the past. There is on the part of both town dweller and country dweller less tendency to berate one another, and more inclination to stand together for the advantage of both.

An Indiana genius has devised an electric fishing rod with which he expects to revolutionize the world. The apparatus consists of an ordinary, every-day "bamboo pole," with the ordinary, every-day bob, hook and sinker. Then there is a brass tip, with an arrangement for connecting live wires, and another arrangement near the hook, making a complete circuit for the electricity, which may be opened or closed at the will of the fisherman. When the gentle angler experiences the electric thrill of the nibbling fish, he presses the switch button and the current does the rest. It is claimed by the inventor that "with the pole and the battery no fish can nibble the hook without being instantly killed or shocked, so he can be captured with an ordinary landing net. The fish is never on the hook, but after being shocked immediately arises to the top of the water and floats." Some of the fishermen of Columbus, Ind., who have tested the new device, and have taken with it 6 and 7-pounders, never failing to capture any fish, big or little, that bit, are loud in praise of the dead-sure certainty with which the electric fishing pole does its work. The inventor is convinced that he has a good thing, and we understand that he is ready to part with his patent rights if some enterprising anglers' supply firm will take hold of the device.

If the electric rod will do all that is claimed for it, we fancy that the Indiana member will look long and far before he finds any fishing tackle dealer to take stock in it. The tool is not only opposed in toto to the prevailing and growing sentiment which governs angling, but it is equally foreign to the mechanical development of rod-making, which is the triumph and glory of the makers of our time. A fishing rod is an implement for anglers. It has those qualities of delicacy, resiliency and strength which make its use a pleasure in the practice of the art of angling. The primary purpose of a rod is not to catch fish, but rather to make of that catching an exciting sport. No real angler would give a rap for an electric shock arrangement which, on simple contact, causes the fish to turn their bellies up. It is not the fish on the sudden he is after, but the fun of taking in the fish at last after an output of skill and craft in its capture; and the greater the degree of skill called for, so much the more decided gratification at the end. In a word, then, the electric rod is not an angler's device; anglers do not want it, and no fishing tackle maker who has real rods to sell to real anglers will care to have anything to do with the shocker.

Moreover, with the increased stringency of the statutes limiting the lawful modes of fishing, there is question whether such an electric device would not be barred by law, along with the spear, net and dynamite cartridge. Such restrictions are being drawn more and more rigidly every year. This is a poor time for the inventors of deadly devices, ambitious to make fishing or shooting more certain.

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission finds itself in a serious dilemma. By gross negligence, or by intent almost criminal, the last Legislature failed to make any appropriation whatever for carrying on the fishcultural work. This means that unless some way shall be found to devote the State funds to the purpose, the Commission's work must stop. What such an issue would mean to Pennsylvania is shown in the summary of the Commission's work by the Philadelphia *Ledger:*

"By close attention to duty, by intelligent direction, the Commission has brought the work of fishculture in this State to such a condition of excellence that, notwithstanding the obstructionists, it was unsurpassed by any other Commonwealth, with the single exception possibly of Michigan, and the annual output of fish reached to within one-fifth of the number hatched and distributed by the United States Government. This work has been accomplished with a much smaller sum of money than is allowed by any other large State, and little more than New Jersey appropriates for its wardens or fish and game police alone.

"The greater portion of the labor of the Commission has been directed to the increase of the commercial food fishes in the State. Of the 164,000,000 fish hatched and distributed, about 160,000,000 were white fish and pike-perch for Lake Erie, and shad for the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, and only about 4,000,000 so-called game fish were distributed for the pleasure or use of the angler. By the efforts of the Commission, seconded by those of similar bodies in Ohio, and, to some extent, Michigan and the United States, the annual value of the commercial fisheries of Lake Erie was raised from $400,000 to more than $1,000,000, and with the assistance of the United States Commission, the shad industry of the Delaware River was brought up from $80,000 to $500,000 a year. Yet, with full knowledge of these facts, the Legislature this year adjourned without making a dollar of appropriation with with which to continue this great work, and by this neglect risks the loss to the State of over $100,000 worth of breeding fish."

We are advised that the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association is endeavoring to devise a plan by which, at least, the stock of breeding fish may be maintained for the two years which will elapse before, in regular session, the Legislature can repair its oversight. The subject was the occasion of a special meeting of the Association at its rooms in Philadelphia, on Tuesday night of this week, too late for a report to reach us. In view of the gravity of the injury to the fishery interests of the State, the situation would appear to call for a special session of the Legislature to appropriate the necessary funds.

Another oversight by the Legislature was the appropriation of $15,000 for the fish warden and deputies, officers created by the Baldwin fish bill, passed at this session. In view of this lack of funds to carry out the provisions of the measure, Governor Hastings has decided to veto it.

AMERICAN GAME PARKS.

The "Forest and Stream's" Fourth Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

Part One.—Fenced Parks.

IN presenting FOREST AND STREAM'S fourth annual report on American game parks, it has been considered abundantly worth while to devote a part of the space to matters of interest relative to buffalo in captivity.

The total extinction of wild buffalo on the North American continent is at the present time an assured fact; for even if the few scattered animals still at large could be guaranteed protection, the stock is so pitiably reduced that perpetuation of the race by breeding is out of the question.

A few years at best will see the disappearance of the last of the buffalo at liberty, and it is therefore to the semi-domesticated buffalo under man's control that we must look for the future of the race.

According to the best information obtainable, there are at present upward of 600 buffalo in captivity. Allard has about 250; the Corbin herd (including the buffalo at Van Cortlandt) numbers 82; Goodnight has about 50; J. J. Hill 30; D. F. Carlin 25, Buffalo Bill 24, Sir Donald A. Smith (Winnipeg) 15, Hon. Wm. C. Whitney 13, J. G. McNair 10, Page Fence Co. 9, John H. Starin 7, J. H. Bass 5, etc. Including those in other small herds and in zoölogical gardens, such as at Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cincinnati, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and the various European gardens, the total will probably not be far from the above figures.

It is encouraging to note that the numbers of these semi-domesticated buffalo are increasing, and that a more general interest in the subject of scientific breeding has been awakened.

Under these circumstances, and also in view of the fact that the stock at present in existence has been secured from both the northern and southern herds of the wild buffalo, as widely separated strains as existed, it seems not unreasonable to hope that the total extinction of the race may be long averted.

Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, of the Philadelphia Zoölogical Gardens, whose notes appear elsewhere, is perhaps the authority best qualified to give an opinion on the subject.

His note of warning directed against the evil of inbreeding is timely and should receive the attention it deserves. Aside from a few notable instances, there seems to have been little or no exchange of bulls among owners of buffalo, and though care has been taken to prevent intercourse between animals closely related, the blood of the herds now in existence is becoming more closely commingled each year.

Long ago FOREST AND STREAM suggested the plan of a buffalo herd book. It would not be such a difficult undertaking to record the pedigree and history of every known animal, and such information would be of incalculable value in governing future breeding.

Buffalo may be classed among the most valuable stock in the world. From a mercenary point of view, and aside from any sentiment in favor of this noble animal, it would seem good business to take this simple precaution against mistakes of inbreeding, which are likely to become more common as time goes by.

An interesting fact is that noted at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens relative to the preponderance of males. Here the ratio was 19 to 9. On the other hand, we are informed that, taking the births for a period of seven years in the Corbin herd the sexes have exactly balanced. A possible explanation of this contradictory state of affairs may be found in the conditions under which the buffalo existed. At Philadelphia their quarters were limited, while at the Corbin park they had a wide range, and the conditions more closely resembled those to which they had been accustomed in a wild state.

The Allard Buffalo Herd.

The largest single herd of buffalo in existence is the Allard head in Missoula county, Mont. Although we have no very recent figures on which to base an estimate of their numbers, it is probable that the herd comprises at the present time 250 full-blooded animals, besides crosses with domestic cattle. Their home is in one of the fertile valleys of western Montana, where they are not restrained by fences, and wander around in much the same manner as range cattle. The animals forming the nucleus of the herd were captured when calves, and domesticated by the late Charles Allard in 1879. Allard was quarter Indian, and to this fact is probably due his attachment for the animal which for generations had furnished food and clothing to the red plainsman, and so won his gratitude and reverence. He realized that the race would soon become extinct, and determined to save some from the general fate. One of the cows captured at this time is still living, and is supposed to be over twenty years old. In a letter written to Mr. William T. Hornaday, April 20, Charles Allard, a son of the elder Allard, writes:

"I have seen a great deal of the buffalo in their wild as well as domesticated state, and believe they will live to be at least thirty years old. No snow storm or blizzard has any effect on them. They are very hardy, and live very fat through the hard winters."

In speaking of the crosses, he writes:

"We have about twenty cateloes, a cross between a common cow and buffalo bull. They make a very fine animal if crossed with Polled Angus cows. We have been trying very hard to cross more, but owing to some reason unknown to us, a cow with calf from buffalo bull will, in nine cases out of ten, die before she is eight months gone; and I know of a case where we took a calf out of its mother two weeks before time. I only hope we can make some discovery that will make us more successful.

"Mr. Allard bought the Jones herd then in Nebraska, in'93, consisting of thirty-one full-bloods and three cross. They were in very poor condition when taken to Montana, from lack of care, but are looking very well now.

"I and my brother Joseph have come into possession of the herd since our father's death last July."

The Buffalo at Van Cortlandt Park.

A practical buffalo breeder, and a man than whom no one has been more successful in the care of the noble animal so near extinction, is Wm. Morisson. William, or Billy, as he is familiarly called, has charge of the herd which the Corbins loaned the city of New York, and which is now quartered on a breezy hillside in Van Cortlandt Park, kept from straying beyond the limits of their seventy-six-acre inclosure by an unobtrusive, but tremendously powerful fence of Page woven wire.

Morisson is a Scotchman, from Murrayshire, where for eight years he was in the employment of Wm. Robertson an agent and breeder of black cattle—Aberdeen and Polled Angus. His brother was, and is, with the Dukes of Gordon and Richmond, and Billy learned from him of the breeding of deer and pheasants. Six years ago last April the late Austin Corbin bought some stock from Robertson, and wanted some one who understood the breeding and care of black cattle to come over with them. The inducement which he offered was considered liberal, and, as a result, there were twenty-one applicants for the place, including men of ten and twelve years' experience in the business. Morisson, however, though he had only had eight years' experience with black cattle, got the appointment, and, well satisfied with his good luck—which was probably owing to his steadiness and reliability as much as experience—started for America forthwith.

When he arrived at the Blue Mountain Forest Park, Corbin's great game preserve was still in its infancy. There were but thirteen buffalo, and hardly a tenth of the game that is to be found there at the present time.

Morisson's position was that of gamekeeper, and though at first his duties were confined to the care of the black cattle and buffalo, they were soon extended to include the breeding and oversight of all the other game.

Shortly after his arrival the buffalo herd was increased by the purchase of ten more animals from Buffalo Jones, including two fine bulls named in honor of the President and Vice-President of the United States, Cleveland and Stevenson.

Cleveland was president of the herd and Stevenson second in command. They were insanely jealous of each other, and one day, in a lonely part of the park, they met in mortal combat. The tragedy that resulted is well known. Cleveland killed Stevenson, and while the latter was "new dead" Morisson happened along too late to avert the evil. On one side of the dead buffalo were fourteen holes, in evidence of the vicious goring he had received from his antagonist. Cleveland still holds the leadership of the herd, but Mountain Chief or McKinley will eventually relegate him to a place in the ranks.



M'KINLEY AND A THREE YEAR-OLD.

Buffalo Breeding.

Under Morisson's care the buffalo bred successfully, till from twenty-three purchased animals they number now eighty-two, a net increase of fifty-nine for seven seasons. He never lost a cow, but on one occasion several calves were born prematurely from driving cows across the mountain at too rapid a gait. When with calf the buffalo must be handled "very easy," he says. "Just let them take their own swing and all will go well." Aside from this incident he never had any trouble at Blue Mountain Park at calving time. Calving time runs from the middle of April to the first week in June, though calves have been born as late as August and September. The cows are nine months with calf and breed their second or third season. As a rule Billy prefers the cow to be three years old before getting with young. The progeny of the herd of which he has had charge have been evenly divided between the sexes—half bulls and half heifers.

Billy says there is no trouble at all about breeding buffalo successfully. His one pre-requisite is that there must be plenty of good grass land for pasture. Hay cannot be depended on to keep the breeding stock in proper condition at the time when they should have grass.

Great care has been taken with the Corbin herd to avert as far as possible the evils of inbreeding. Before the rutting time all but the service bulls are separated from the cows, and these bulls are selected from as distant a strain as possible. Cleveland, Mountain Chief and a four-year-old were used one year. The next year McKinley and two three-year-olds, etc. Billy is anxious now to trade off a bull or two, so as to get an influx of entirely new blood in the herd, though as a matter of fact no signs of inbreeding have manifested themselves in his charges, and a more thrifty, healthy lot of animals would be hard to find.

In November last the twenty-five buffalo at Van Cortlandt were brought on from New Hampshire. They were selected, as far as possible, to include no cows with calf; but, as it happened, four cows were at the time in this condition. The shipment included fourteen bulls of various ages, from McKinley (who, though only five years old, is a magnificent specimen) down, and eleven heifers and cows. Among the latter were three old cows. All the rest were young stock, and the entire herd, with the exception of one cow ten years old, was bred by Morisson, and included no alien stock.

As will be recollected, the shipment had been delayed owing to Mr. Corbin's sudden death, and this also caused a considerable change in the original plan, which had in view the sending of thirty-five buffalo, including eighteen cows. Morisson says that the best time to ship buffalo is about the first of April. Five years ago on the 22d of June he took five bulls from New Hampshire to Manhattan Beach, L. I., and only got them through alive with the greatest difficulty. Most of the time during the journey was spent sousing them with buckets of water.

"It's a wonder we didn't make some of those cows slip their calves last November bringing them down to Van Cortlandt," he remarked. "But we handled them very easy and got them through all right."

As it happened, one calf was born two weeks too early in the spring and died. Three others survived and are doing well. The mother of the calf that died was the old cow mentioned above, and Billy thinks she hurt herself "hopping down off the mountain" just before the calf was born, "div ye see?" Billy is pretty thoroughly Americanized, but the "div ye's" and "dinnas" still cling to his vocabulary. He said he could tell that the calf came from ten to fifteen days too soon from the fact that the teeth had just cut through the skin of the gums and were not yet clean, as is the case with those that go the full time.

When the FOREST AND STREAM representative visited the buffalo paddock recently he found all the animals in fine condition, and reflecting credit upon their keeper. They were sleek and fat, and most of them had shed their old coats and displayed fine, glossy coats. Morisson attributed their good condition to the abundant rain of the early summer. "That did all the good to me," he said in explanation "If it had been a dry spring my buffalo wouldn't have been looking half so well. We got rain every week twice There wouldn't have been pasture for six if we hadn't."

Morisson calls the buffalo inclosure "A mountain of rocks and sand," which, to any one who knows the locality, exactly describes it. The soil is scanty and poor and there is very little pasturage there. What grass there is the buffalo have long since cropped close to the ground. Now that the buffalo have become a fixture at Van Cortlandt, the city should carry out the plan that was originally proposed and fence in the 140-acre tract lying just north of the present inclosure, connecting the two by a pass way. This would insure enough grass to carry the buffalo through the summer, and would be of inestimable benefit in a dry season.

For the last three weeks Morisson has been getting a load of grass every two days from the park authorities for the buffalo, and previous to that, since the 1st of April, he fed them a bale of hay per day. During the winter their allowance was two small bales of hay per day, weighing from 300 to 400lbs.

Newspaper Natural History.

Billy wanted to deny a story which was published in two New York daily newspapers, saying that the buffalo were destroying the beauty of the park, rooting up the ground and stripping the trees of their foliage and breaking down the shrubbery. If the reporters had taken the trouble to visit the park, they could have seen for themselves that there was no foundation for the story in fact; and if they had known anything of natural history they would have been aware that buffalo are grazers, and not browsers or rooters. As a matter of fact, the buffalo spend their time on the open hillside at the east side of the inclosure, and rarely, if ever, enter the woods. They do not care for leaves as food, and never touch the few scrubby trees growing in the open, except possibly occasionally to horn them.

What newspaper reporters don't know about natural history is surprising. Mr. Wm. T. Hornaday has a clipping taken from the Chicago *Chronicle* which is worth quoting in this connection. It tells about a beaver farm on Muscatatuck Creek, a few miles south of Greensburg, Ind., owned by Mr. Lafayette Bowman. When questioned as to the food supply of his beaver, Mr. Bowman is made to reply;

"They are omnivorous. The timber is full of wild animals, such as coons, ground hogs, rabbits and squirrels, and they are anxious to catch them. We do not kill these animals off, but leave them for the beavers."

Picture, if you can, this innocent rodent, a full-fledged flesh eater, chasing squirrels through the trees, and pouncing on ground hogs, rabbits, etc.

Photographing in the Paddock.

Mr. John M. Corbett looks after a herd of thirteen fallow deer, which also occupy the buffalo inclosure. Two of these deer at present have fawns, and are hiding in the woods near the summit of the hill in the middle of the inclosure. The others were resting in plain sight under some apple trees in



THE HERD.

one corner of the paddock at the time of my visit. Mr. Corbett thought it would be a good plan to try a photograph of the deer, so in company we walked over toward them. On the way we passed the buffalo, who eyed us unconcernedly. The deer, however, were built on a different plan, and though they allowed Corbett to go up to them, and took corn from his hand, they would not permit me to get within 100ft. of them. For half an hour we tried unsuccessfully to outwit them, but they were always on the lookout, and just as we thought our ruse on the point of succeeding, off they would scamper out of range.

Corbett had pet names for the various deer, and addressed them in the most endearing terms when he was trying to edge them over to toward the spot where the camera was located. The next moment, however, he would be "damming" the "little divils" for their contrariness.

Buffalo Characteristics.

When photographing the buffalo, Morisson took a position on the opposite side of the herd to keep them from moving away in that direction too fast, and between us we could manage them very well. Morisson separated McKinley from the others so that I could photograph him independently, and presently the big animal, who was feeling very lazy and sleepy, laid down. Watching my chance, I walked up to within 15ft. of him, directly in front, before he opened his eyes and saw me. He blinked once or twice, as if he could not understand exactly what had happened, and then lowered one horn and shook his ponderous head at me. Finding that I stood my ground, he presently rolled on his side three successive times as a preliminary to getting up, and having finally gained his feet, turned in the other direction and walked away.

The photograph taken at this time, unfortunately, did not materialize.

We wanted to get a better background for the herd, and so began driving them slowly over toward the spot that had been determined on. As they walked, some of the animals hooked at and drove others out of their way. Occasionally they grunted, making a sound very much more like the grunt of a pig than the tone of domestic cattle.

On coming to a fringe of small trees that grew along what had formerly been the line of an old stone wall, all the buffalo suddenly, and with the same impulse, broke into a gallop and dashed through this slight obstruction.

Reaching the other side they resumed the slow walk at which they had previously been proceeding. This seemed an indication of the old wild nature, and later, when a deer or some other animal dislodged a small stone on the hillside above them, they exhibited the same alarm, and for a moment dashed off in a momentary panic.

When we first found the buffalo they were lying down, chewing the cud.

They got on their feet when we approached too close, and the exercise seemed to stimulate the appetite of the calves, for forthwith they began rooting around for dinner, butting their mothers underneath with a vigor that would have driven the old beasts crazy if they had been at all ticklish. I got a picture of one of these suckling calves, and noted that when the old cow turned my way her look was rather ominous. Later this cow got tired of our fooling, and lowering her head ran full tilt at Billy as if she intended, by the combined butt and boost, to send him into the next county. Billy, however, had not reared her for nothing, and he knew just how to handle her. At the moment when I was looking to see him shoot over the trees, he stooped, and then raising suddenly, waved his arms about his head, with the result of turning the cow. A little later she charged him again, but he was used to this, and no fatality resulted.

As a whole, the buffalo were very tame, and personally I had less compunction in going close to them than I should have felt with a like number of domestic cattle—bulls and cows—in a barnyard.

J. B. BURNHAM.

The Goodnight Buffalo Herd.

The third largest herd of buffalo in captivity is that belonging to Charles Goodnight in the Texas "Pan Handle." Mr. Goodnight, who is one of the largest cattle owners in the State, has a game preserve on his ranch surrounded by an 8ft. fence, in which are confined a number of elk, antelope and deer of different species, besides the buffalo.

Under date of Aug. 23 last, our Petty, Tex., correspondent wrote:

"Mr. Goodnight started the buffalo herd in June, 1878, by roping young calves from among the few wild ones that were left at that time near his ranch. This was done at the suggestion of Mrs. Goodnight.

"There are now forty full-blood buffalo in this herd, with a number of half and three-quarter bloods. Four have been lost by various accidents, and twelve head have been sold at an average of a little over $300 each. Those sold were the oldest cows and oldest bulls. Mr. Goodnight still has for sale four very large bulls, which will weigh about 2,000lbs. each."

In addition to the full-blood buffalo, Mr. Goodnight has a herd of Hereford crosses.

J. G. McNair.

Mr. J. G. McNair, president of the McNair Fruit and Land Company, of St. Louis, has ten full-blood buffalo, four bulls and six cows, aged from one to twelve years, on his ranch at St. Elmo, Oregon county, Mo.

John H. Starin.

Mr. John H. Starin has thirteen buffalo at Glen Island, N. Y., including four calves. Of these, seven are said to be full blood, and six the result of crosses with domestic cattle. Recently Mr. Starin exchanged bulls with the Philadelphia Zoölogical Gardens.



DOMESTIC FELICITY.

D. F. Carlin.

LESLIE, S. D., July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our herd of buffalo consists of about thirty head of yearlings and upward. At present I am unable to say what the increase has been this spring. Besides these thirty head of full-blood buffalo, we have about fifty head of mixed bloods. We get these mixed bloods through a cross with the buffalo bull and the domestic cow. We have never had cross with the domestic male and the female bison.

It is the opinion of some that a half-breed will not breed; but this is a mistake, as most of our half-breed cows are the most regular breeders we have on the ranch.

Our buffalo run at large on the range with our other cattle, and show no inclination to leave the range. They are easily handled; that is to say, they can be driven any place by horsemen.

We secured the nucleus of this herd in 1882 by catching calves in the northwestern part of this State.

D. F. CARLIN.

Natural History.

NOTES ON BUFFALO BREEDING.

ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS, Philadelphia, June 13.—It is a fact of much interest, with a direct bearing on the principle of inheritance, that of the herbivorous mammals native to the plains and mountains west of the Missouri River, the only ones which appear to thrive in captivity in the East are the elk and the buffalo—both of which, but a few generations back, included the Atlantic slope in their range.

Few wild species adapt themselves as well to domestication as does the buffalo; none require less care. Even shelters do not seem requisite to their comfort, as, with free access to dry sheds, the whole herd, bulls, cows and calves, usually lie out in the open through the worst of winter storms. They are coarse and hearty feeders, and common hay, with a free allowance of fresh grass during the season, will suffice to keep them in good condition. They take readily to corn-stalk fodder also, but this is not always easily obtained, nor cheap; and the quantity of litter made by it is objectionable when cleanliness of inclosures is important.

The limited area of the pens which can be afforded by the zoölogical garden of ordinary extent does not offer the same favorable conditions to these large animals as may be had in larger preserves, but in our gardens they have done well for many years; have bred freely, and the young have in no case required care other than that of the mother; nor has there yet been an instance where aid was needed by the mother in parturition.

Probably the best results may be reached in breeding, by keeping but one bull at a time in the inclosure with the cows; the keeping of a straight pedigree is simplified, and the combats are avoided which are sure to take place if more than one bull is present. Any number of bulls, unaccompanied by cows, may usually be kept together with little breach of the peace. The species is not naturally vicious, and the bulls are, in fact, much less so than those of many domestic breeds; a cow with a young calf is, however, to be avoided, except by those with whom she is upon terms of acquaintance.

I am disposed to believe that in the end the best results will be obtained by not allowing the cow to meet the male until she is three years old. The tendency of domestication with all wild animals is toward defective nutrition, and consequently to lessened vitality, and the economy in metabolism resulting from sparing the young female, while still engaged in building up her own tissues, from the further drain of gestation, is probably more than repaid in later life. The profound influence which domestication exerts upon the generative functions of wild animals is so well known that it is not surprising that the period of the year during which births occur is much enlarged. In our gardens calves have been dropped as early as April 10, and as late as Oct. 24, though the greatest number of births take place in July and August. As appears to be the case with most species which breed in zoölogical collections, the male births much outnumber the female; in our gardens nineteen males having been bred to nine of the other sex; an apparent result of domestication which may be explained by those who believe themselves to possess the secret of sex causation, but concerning which the wise biologist will at present content himself with merely stating the facts.

In these brief notes, put together in unavoidable haste, I feel disposed to sound two notes of warning to those interested in the future of the buffalo. In the first place, inbreed-

ing is a danger real and impending. There is reason to believe that the buffalo is peculiarly subject to its evils, and these evils are probably present within a much wider range—always, be it understood, under the artificial conditions of captivity—than is commonly believed. The statistics published within a year past in FOREST AND STREAM, regarding the herd of aurochs in the Grodno forest, gave rise to no pleasant reflections in one who realizes the small numerical circle which will inclose the survivors of our American species, and seriously raises the question whether, all told, there are enough left to recruit and perpetuate the race, even with the best of protection from incidental dangers and with the exchanges of blood which should be made at least every two years, between herds as distinct in strain as may be had.

In the second place, there should be an end of crossing the buffalo with domestic races; curiosity in this direction has had its fullest claim gratified. It has been pretty well shown that no commercial gain has followed upon the many experiments which have been made—a certain and lamentable result of which, however, has been the placing of a more or less concealed hybrid strain in very many of the buffalo now scattered through the country.

ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

Another Singing Mouse.

MR. HOUGH wrote a short time ago about the singing mouse, and I see that another contributor acknowledges having heard the mysterious little songster. I also am led to confess to a similar experience, though I have hestitated about mentioning the fact. I remember it very distinctly, when I was quite a small boy at home, how night after night we heard the strange sound, and finally we caught the little fellow in a live trap and kept him for several weeks. He seemed, as I now recollect, to have had a little scale of four or five notes that he ran up and down for a couple of minutes at a time, and his captivity apparently had no bad effect on his musical ability; but we boys fed him injudiciously and he died.

W. R. HALL.

Porcupine in New York.

NEW YORK STATE MUSEUM, Albany, N. Y., July 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Saturday last a full-grown porcupine was killed at McKownville, just outside the city limits. As it is the first specimen from New York State which has been brought to my attention during the past seven years, I have thought it might be of interest to your readers to note the fact.

F. J. H. MERRIL, Director.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE CHESTNUT RIDGE AND ALONG ITS FOOT.—III.

IN earlier times, before the encroachments of civilization had destroyed or driven away the fish, the Conemaugh teemed with such species as seem to be native to the streams of western Pennsylvania. Angling was then always in season, and there was no week day, when the river was not frozen over, that men were not to be seen at favorite spots trolling the waters in search of their scaly inhabitants. In front of my native village was a broad slackwater, which extended a mile in length, being a part of the navigation system which had been constructed by the State; and just below the town was a dam. A deep pool which lay immediately below this dam was a famous fishing ground, and particularly in time of a moderate freshet every accessible inch around the edge of this pool was occupied with fishing poles and dip-nets as thick as the "quills upon the fretful porcupine." There were weeks when, I think, tons of fish must have been carried away from the "breast of the dam."

Another favorite and famous pool was about a quarter of a mile below, and this was called Jack Reed's Hole. Scores of boys who would have been at a loss to give the geographical position of Hudson's Bay or Long Island Sound could locate Jack Reed's Hole to a nicety. It was a calm, deep eddy with a riffle of stones at the lower side, and seemed to be full of fish. I well remember the first fish ever I caught was at Jack Reed's Hole. I went down there one summer afternoon, just after a warm shower, in company with my father. When we get there we found other people there as usual. On the way down I picked up a discarded hoop pole in the street. To this I tied a piece of string which I happened to have in my pocket—what boy ever happened to be without a piece of string in his pocket? and to this I tied a bent pin for a hook. This was my fishing outfit. Upon this hook I impaled an unhappy worm, and, more playing than fishing, I was whipping the hook into the water, when all at once, to my amazement and almost consternation, I drew out a fine large fish, a sucker (*Catostomus communis*), a fish the eating of which is, as Dr. Jackson remarks, "not much unlike the mastication of a pincushion." Anyhow, that was for me the greatest fish in the world, and I doubt if the surprise of the creature when it discovered itself suddenly leveled on the dry sand was any greater than mine to see it there. I presume the fish weighed a couple of pounds; to my excited imagination it was a 15 pounder at least. What added to the great triumph of the occasion was that my father, with his elegant bamboo rod, his sea-grass line, his fine barbed hook, and his shining brass reel, did not so much as get "a bite." Great was my glory as I entered the town with my wonderful fish. Good reason have I to remember Jack Reed's Hole.

Some men, says Shakespeare, are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Jack Reed figures among the latter. While millions of other men, his cotemporaries, have passed away and their names are forgotten, he, perhaps these fifty years in his grave, seems destined to enjoy at least a local immortality. Who Jack Reed was I have never been able to find out. I believe he was a fisherman who frequented the shores of the Conemaugh, and to whom this pool, that has for threescore years borne his name, was a favorite spot. Fifty years ago there were to be seen the ruins of a cabin in a small field on the plateau above the river bank at this point. I imagine this to have been the home of this man. It must have been a residence in the first quarter of the present century; I know, as a matter of fact, that fifty years ago Jack Reed was as much of a myth as he is to-day; as early as the year 1840 the pool in question was called by the name it has ever since borne, but Jack Reed himself had already vanished from the scene and left no other memorial of himself behind. I wonder if in that land of shadows into which he has long since fled, he knows, and if it is any gratification to him to know, that his name is still uttered in the old familiar places, and in connection with the quiet river eddy into which he had so often cast the alluring bait.

An animal formerly found in great abundance in the larger streams of western Pennsylvania, though very rarely on the eastern side of the Alleghenies, is the large aquatic salamander, or water newt, generally called the alligator. It was very abundant in the Conemaugh, and was the special pest of the angler. Its scientific name is the *Protonopsis gigantea*. Dr. Jackson, whose valuable work "The Mountain," I mentioned in a former paper, and who is to be regarded as our Pennsylvanian Thoreau, thus describes the creature in his unique way: "This enormous newt, which sometimes attains to 30in. or nearly 3ft., lives entirely in the water, eating fish, worms, shell-fish, etc. It is one of the most revolting creatures in existence, resembling Milton's sin; its sprawling, flabby, slimy, and almost amorphic outlines suggesting some 'fortuitous concourse of atoms' presided over by the genius of deformity and disgust, rather than the clearly demarked structure of a regularly-organized animal. The euphonious name of hellbender, which is commonly applied to this newt, seems exceedingly appropriate. It is constantly seizing the boy-angler's hook, and when landed with gaping mouth and wicked gestures, is generally left in the quiet possession of rod, line, hook and all, the terror-stricken lad retreating with precipitation and fear from what he calls the 'poison alligator.' The *Protonopsis* follows the streams of the western side of the mountain as high up as there are any considerable volumes of water. It is almost confined to Western waters; abounding in streams which contain the soft-shelled turtles, and seeming, like that animal, to have an original natural affinity for that region." Of this ugly customer, I helped to slay thirty individuals one morning, that were found on a night line in the Allegheny. I would say that not a fish was on the line. The Doctor adds, that the Allegheny mountain range "being the eastern line of the great central North American zoölogical region, would seem to exhibit some actual limits to the general diffusion of some of the reptiles and fishes at least."

"Oh, the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any!
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many."

Thus sings Piscator in "Walton," whereupon good Venator speaks up: "Well sung, master; this day's fortune and pleasure, and this night's company and song, do all make me more and more in love with angling." Innocent recreation, healthy thoughts, the sound mind in the sound body so desirable, constitute in part the reward of the angler. The man who lived longest of all moderns—Henry Jenkins, who died at 169—was a fisherman to the last, and when above 100 years old he was "able to swim across rapid rivers." He was a Yorkshireman, and, possibly, of kin to that other old Yorkshire sportsman who, when he was about to die, on being asked by the clergyman if he had any confession to make, or if there was anything he wished to say that would give his mind relief, after some little deliberation, feebly replied that "he believed, if he had his life to live over again, he would fish less with flies and more with bait."

Our game laws have been enacted none too soon. In earlier times, as I well recollect, an unceasing war of extermination was carried on against the finny tribe; and hook, gun, sledgehammer, gigging-fork, seine, dip-net, set-net, sweep-net, night-line, and every other possible engine of destruction was employed against the poor victim whose only fault was that he was a fish. The modern pot-hunter and bird-butcher had his rival and counterpart in the fish fiend of earlier years. Of all these methods of piscatory warfare, the most picturesque was gigging fish by the light of a torch. On a different scale, it was the same thing in principle as the salmon spearing described in "Redgauntlet." The giggers, threading their way through the shallow stream, each holding a blazing torch above his head and poising in his right hand the long-shafted fish spear, called a gig, explored the waters carefully as they proceeded, and ever and anon the swiftly descending trident dispatched another unsuspecting victim. This species of sport was carried on only after nightfall. A more cruel and destructive method was that of "sledging," which consisted in thumping the large stones that lay along in the water with a heavy hammer, thus stunning and killing whatever creatures might be secreted below. So far as I know, these methods of fish killing, which are to be classed in point of sportmanship with the hounding and clubbing to death of deer in the water, are no longer practiced in civilized communities.

To the practical man the question may occur, What is the use of these old-world stories and discussions? Why not let the dead bury the dead? There is no great use in it at all This, I think, must be admitted; and yet there is a class of persons, especially as they decline toward the sere and yellow leaf, to whom memory is everything, and the reminiscences of earlier years are more precious than the stock quotations and political diatribes of the present hour.

"Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er;
Yet age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more."

T. J. CHAPMAN.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

Advertisement, July 5, 1660.

☞ A Smooth Black Dog, less than a Greyhound, with white under his breast, Belonging to the King's Majesty, was taken from Whitehall, the eighteenth day of this instant, June, or thereabouts. If any one can give notice to John Ellis, one of his Majesties servants, or to His Majesties Back Stairs, shall be well rewarded for their labor.

A Few Days Later.

☞ We must call upon you again for a Black Dog, between a Greyhound and a Spaniel, no white about him—onely a streak on his Breast, and Tayl a little bobbed. It is His Majesties own Dog, and doubtless was stolen, for the Dog was not born or bred in England, and would never forsake his master. Whosoever findes him, may acquaint any at Whitehall, for the Dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing his Majesty? Must he not keep a Dog? This Dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg.

PACIFIC ISLANDS.

IV.—Juan Fernandez.

WHO has not read, or at least heard of, Robinson Crusoe? Among my childhood memories none are more distinct than the pleasant hours I spent with Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday. And so, when in 1860 we neared the island of Juan Fernandez, I seemed to feel that I was now on the borders of Wonderland.

I formed one of the crew of a small bark which, several months before, had left the States, drifted down across the line, floundered around Cape Horn, and was now headed north with the whole Pacific before her.

We were a motley crew: Yankee, English, Irish, Scotch, etc., with Portuguese and Kanaka thrown in to make weight. Among us were some who were simply sailors, who were sailing for their bread and butter, and were no better nor worse than the majority of their class. One or two there were who had left their country for their country's good. Some who had adopted the life for a life's work, and some who were there because they had to go somewhere and had little or no choice. But we were a fair crew, as they go, with a fair share of sentiment, some education and plenty of common sense.

Among us were two Dutchmen. Dutchy was short, slight and quarrelsome. Big John was broad of face and immense of body and limbs, with an ever-happy smile on his broad face. Neither were of much account as sailors, but as sources of amusement they were invaluable. Big John would sometimes get melancholy and mope for an hour or two by himself; at such times it was always best to leave him alone. As we neared Juan his "thinking spells" as he called them, were more frequent, and before we left the island we knew the reason.

But while I am telling of the crew, we have lifted the island above the horizon and are making preparations to come to anchor. The island shows a bold front of rock generally bare and ragged, but with here and there little patches of green. We sweep along close to some high and almost perpendicular bluffs, and see, looking like flies upon a wall, several goats scrambling along the face of the rock, where it appears impossible for anything to get a foothold. Soon we open out the harbor, and some houses are seen near the water, where there is a small space of open land, with narrow ravines running back into the hills.

One after another the sails are clewed up, and as we scramble aloft and out on the yards, all eyes are turned languidly to the patches of bright green turf which look so inviting after our long and tedious tumble on blue water.

It was Saturday when we dropped our anchor. Our purpose was wood and water; but nothing was done except to snug the ship that day. On the morrow all hands were to go ashore. Do you happen to know what that means to men who have been months off soundings?

We were full of anticipations for to-morrow; how we eyed that rocky shore; how we ransacked our memories to recall the story of Robinson Crusoe (we all believed it) and believed we were looking at the lonely island where he spent so many years.

Would that we could carry the faith of childhood through life. We were all children, to be sure. Many of us were well along toward the meridian, but sailors are all children.

To-morrow came at last, and, like a crowd of school-boys, we manned the boat and pulled ashore. We found a rocky beach; above and nearby was a small plateau of a few acres, occupied by the houses of the people. Leading back from the houses was a rude path, which, following a ravine, ran on and out of sight up the mountain.

On the left of the village lay the ruins of an old fort. Beyond, still to the left, were a number of oven-like caves, cut out of the rock, and said to have been prisons for the convicts when Juan was a penal colony.

Several rusty cannon were lying half buried in the ground. Some round shot and other relics were speculated over, and we had exhausted the resources of that place. What next? for we must have some fun. Some of the natives mentioned horses; that was enough, for, though a sailor is the poorest horseman in the world, he is always ready to ride.

Then began a hullabaloo. The horses were half wild ponies, and it took an immense amount of yelling, running and shouting before enough animals were collected for our party. And then the real fun began. The ponies were wild, and determined not to be mounted. Four or five natives would gather around a pony, while one man held him with a lasso; after several rushes they would manage to get hold, some around the neck, some of the mane, while one would twist the rope, trying to choke the poor brute into submission. All this time Jack would be dancing about trying to take command of his new craft. Many got on, but few stayed there; for, while a man may be able to jockey a yardarm in a gale of wind, it's another thing to ride a wild horse.

After mounting, the real trouble began; every one of those disreputable horses seemed bound to go every way but the right one. We wanted to go up the mountain; they wanted to go for the beach, into the bushes and up the sides of perpendicular rocks; but by perseverance and the liberal use of the whip some few of us managed to get a mile or so up the mountain. Our ride down was easy enough. All one had to do was to hold on; the horses seemed to be crazy to get back to the beach.

It was fun alive to see a sailor hanging on by tooth and nail, while the half wild pony came tearing down the steep mountain path. Through bushes, over rocks and gulfs, hatless, with hair streaming in the wind, Jack came down in two or three minutes, where it had taken an hour to climb.

When it came time to go on board the ship we mustered at the landing—all but Big John. No one could remember where they had seen him last. One thing only was certain; he was not there. We called, we waited, but he never came, and when we left the island we left without Big John.

For a week or more we were busy getting wood and water. The wood we cut and backed to the boats. The water was an easier job. We towed the casks ashore, rolled them one by one under a wooden spout leading from the spring, and when all were full towed them back and hoisted in and stowed down.

Every day our boat's crew would go fishing. Fish were plentiful, and no time did we come home empty-handed.

One day we went for crawfish. We made some nets. The base of the net was a large hoop some 4ft. in diameter; over this we worked rope yarn in meshes of 2in. or so. Then slinging the net over the side, we ballasted it with rock, baited it with fish, and slacked away till the net was resting on the bottom. Then when the crawfish were gathered for the bait, it was proposed to pull up the net very gently until it was at the top of the water and flop the crawfish into the

boat. The theory was all right, but in practice it didn't work worth a cent.

For every crawfish that climbed on to our net there would be three or four conger eels from 3 to 6ft. long. We got one big eel into the boat. He was about 5ft. long and as big as a man's leg, and when he decided to take charge of the boat, every man promptly got overboard and his majesty had possession. Finally, one man reached over the gunwale with a hatchet and chopped the monster into two pieces, and we took possession of the boat once more. But we didn't fish for crawfish with a net any more.

We had a Kanaka in the boat who said he could catch crawfish. Off went his clothes, and balancing himself on the gunwale he watched for a fish. The water was about 12ft. deep and very clear. Soon he made a plunge, and in a few seconds came to the surface with a large crawfish. The crawfish here is about the size of a lobster and shaped like one, but without the large claws. Upon seeing the Kanaka come up with his prize, Dick, a Massachusetts Yankee, said he could do as well; so over he went, and between the two we had crawfish enough for all hands.

One day the mate went goat hunting; he brought home two, they looked very good, but when cooked were too strong to be eaten. We afterward captured one alive which we made a pet of for a year, and finally left at Chatham Island (one of the Galipagos) with a copper collar on his neck, containing the ship's name.

Altogether we passed the time very pleasantly, fishing along the shore, hunting goats in the hills, or tramping for sandal wood on the mountains. Peaches and a small wild tomato were the only fruit we were able to get, but of fresh eggs, chickens and beef we had our fill. And when we filled our topsail and turned from the land, we all said "Good-bye, Big John," for he had not come back.

TARPON.

ALONG THE POTOMAC.—V.

IN one of my communications I promised to give a detailed description in vindication of our action in disposing of certain corn thieves. The source of the trouble was as follows: Dr. Smith, the proprietor of the plantation, embracing the pocoson within its bounds, had a field of about 200 acres planted in corn, in fine condition, promising an abundant yield, as it was perfectly developed in growth and undergoing the process of maturing under the rays of the autumn sun, when the marauders entered it night after night, destroying great quantities, thereby blasting the expectations of the proprietor. Several attempts had been made to capture, or prevent the nocturnal visitors from committing further depredations; but all efforts had been ineffectual. The destruction was so great it had become a serious matter with the proprietor in reference to the food supply. For corn was the staple crop and was indispensable for the horses, cattle and hogs. Then there were the slaves, fifty to seventy-five, on this plantation, for whom the proprietor had to provide food and clothing. This was a great responsibility resting upon the slaveholders, consequently they were vitally interested in the protection of their crops. Consequently we had *carte blanche* to hunt, gun and fish, when and where one wished.

We frequently availed of the privilege to indulge in night hunting, as well as other field sports, and had made two or three of such hunts, in that identical field, which were complete failures, although we found ample evidence of the recent presence of the marauders on each occasion of our visits. Such a repetition of failures we had never before experienced, and concluded to visit the locality in daylight and discover, if possible, the cause of our failure, and to adopt a plan of campaign with the view of retrieving our reputation as huntsmen. Therefore, my two usual companions, Nathan Kell and Joseph Elliott and myself, proceeded to investigate. We crossed the creek at our usual place and followed its banks about one mile, which brought us to the cornfield. It extended from the banks of the river running parallel with the creek on one side, and the pocoson on the other, to a wooded ridge about a half mile distant. On the side of the field next to the pocoson there was a vacant strip of land about 100yds. in width, too wet for cultivation, across which the marauders crossed to gain access to the object of their plundering operations. Therefore, we found that by approaching from the direction we invariably used, we must necessarily enter the field from the side which placed the objects of the hunt between us and their place of concealment with an open line of retreat. Therefore, the cause of our previous failures were obvious, and we determined to avoid in future failure from similar causes.

Before leaving the plantation we saw Lewis, one of the colored plantation hands, who was considered an authority in woodcraft by all young aspirants for the honors of the chase. Lewis had often accompanied us on nocturnal hunts, and after telling him of our previous experience, we wished to get his opinion on the case, which we considered of the greatest importance. He said: "I heerd dem dogs ebery time you was in dat cornfele, but neber heerd 'em tree. I knowed dem dogs was fooled. You kan't ketch dem varmints widout you git 'twe'n dem and dere hollers were da sleep all day wid one eye open. Dat's my 'pinion." We then suggested to cross the creek on the following night in a boat with our dogs, and enter the field from the strip of wet ground separating the cornfield from the swamp containing the hollow trees. "Dat 'il do," said Lewis, "and ile be dare wid you."

According to agreement we embarked with our three dogs, and in due time the bow of our boat touched the sandy beach at the desired point; the river end of the open strip alluded to, where we found Lewis with his dog quietly awaiting us. His dog was secured with a stout cord tied around the neck, then brought forward and a half-hitch taken around the jaws; and Lewis peremptorily insisted that ours must be secured in the same manner, to prevent premature tongueing before we reached the point he considered absolutely essential, to frustrate the exceedingly vigilant and crafty objects of our quest. After securing our dogs satisfactory to Lewis, who assumed the position of leader (to which we willingly assented), and after receiving a peremptory order to keep quiet, we set out on the war path in Indian file, Lewis leading. After proceeding a considerable distance he directed us to halt and keep quiet until we heard his dog tongueing, then to let ours loose. He then vanished through the silent gloom as stealthily as an Indian. We remained as quiet as possible under the circumstances, as the dogs were tugging and straining to relieve themselves from restraint, as they evidently scented the game, which, doubtless, had passed over the ground where we stood within a few hours. While exerting ourselves to the utmost to restrain their frantic efforts, we heard the welcome signal notes from Dandy, the dog of Lewis. It required but a few seconds to release ours, whose music joined the chorus.

Above the din and turmoil of the unrelenting notes of the dogs in full cry, the stentorian voice of Lewis could be heard encouraging the pursuit:

"W'ere is you, Dandy? Let me hyar fum you. Dat's right, speak to um."

In addition to the clamor and turmoil inseparable from the chase, all those gloomy, inharmonious birds of night aroused from their lethargy and joined the chorus with their blood-curdling, discordant notes. Notwithstanding the weird and hideous sounds which filled the surrounding gloom, we pursued the chase oblivious to all other objects. The game made desperate efforts to escape, but they were cut off from their usual route to their hollow trees; and, as if knowing that it was inevitable death to take refuge in a tree without a cavity, they attempted stratagem, by running in small streams to break the trail. But their pursuers were too close, and so their last and desperate resort was to take refuge in a tree, with the dogs dangerously close to their hindquarters as they ascended. This was the tree spoken of in my article, and the ring-tailed marauders were the ones that were lynched. They made a judicious selection, for it was a difficult tree to climb. I was generally the climber on these nocturnal hunts, but on this occasion I was disabled during the chase; in running, a large thorn pierced the side of my foot through a thin part of my shoe, therefore I was the last one to arrive. As I limped up to the tree, around which the dogs were frantic, Lewis remarked, "Dere's more dan one coon up dat tree; dere's more den two; my dog had one a-gwyin', and w'en your dogs cum up dere, every one had one wid him. Sum of their obercotes will be hanging on the end of my cabin 'fore to-morro', mine I tell y'u."

In the meantime Nathan Kell was climbing the tree, while I was performing the duties of astronomer, or astrologer of the hunt. No doubt the idea of astronomer to a coon hunt will be read with a smile of derision. Nevertheless, it's a position which frequently prevents the escape of the game. A raccoon seldom hides in a crotch, but goes to the extreme end of a branch, and manages, with the assistance of the leaves, to make it difficult to spot him. Then the above functionary walks around outside the spreading limbs of the tree intently observing its upper branches. If he discovers a suspicious clump of leaves or a dark spot, he obtains a position which places the object of his suspicion in the line of his vision and a star in the firmament, thereby he can nearly always ascertain if his suspicions are correct.

After the climber had reached near the top of the tree, he announced the discovery of one. Lewis immediately took hold of his dog, and after ascertaining upon which side to expect him, said, "Shake him down." In a few moments the vibration of the branch sent him plunging through the outer branches. Dandy was there to receive him when he touched terra firma. They all joined in the fray, and as they were specially trained coon dogs, he was disposed of in short order. The climber shouted, "Look out for another," "Let her come." It came, crushing down very close to the site of its comrade's disaster. This fellow was an immense animal for that species, and held the dogs at bay a considerable time; and when they did attack he made a terrible fight, and the contest would have been doubtful if the dogs had not been so thoroughly trained; but they forced him to succumb. In a short time the climber announced that he was ready to present another gladiator to contest for the honors of the arena. In due time he came, saw, was vanquished. The climber, after a careful search without discovering any more, started down; upon reaching one of the lower limbs he noticed a protuberance, which he thought was a slight deformity on one of the large limbs, but upon close examination it proved to be another member (perhaps a director) of the ring-tail coon league. He also descended, and after the usual preliminaries on such occasions, was placed by the side of his comrades at the foot of the tree.

We considered it a successful hunt, though it was not a propitious night for coons—not for those four at least. As the gray streaks of early morn appeared on the eastern horizon we set out on our return, bearing our trophies, like old Atlas, on our backs.

There is a strange fascination attached to night hunting, and yet if its features are analyzed, we fail to see its attractions. The huntsman cannot see the beauties around his gloomy pathway; the notes of the screeching owl are not harmonious to his ear; yet the mind will become intensely eager when one hears the peculiar notes from his dog, plainly indicating that the game is treed. Therefore, the only solution is that inherent principle in man to overcome the cunning of all other animals.

Before transferring my thoughts to other localities I propose to impart my recollection of the status occupied by our companion, Lewis, in this hunt, and his comrades in bondage on this plantation. There were fifty or sixty. The field hands occupied cabins at what was called the quarters, which consisted of twelve or fifteen log cabins, located near the center of the plantation. Each cabin was inclosed with a paling fence split from the woods, within which there was ample ground to cultivate such vegetables as they wished. The head of each family was also permitted to raise two hogs, and fatten them with corn from the general crop, and dispose of them as they pleased; as their master furnished their rations, they frequently sold the hogs to get surplus articles of dress. Don't smile. Every one knows they were fond of gewgaws, particularly bandannas. I suppose if I should say they lived in epicurean style, I would be ridiculed out of court, yet such was the case on this plantation. There was nothing to prevent it—with an abundance of water-fowl of all kinds, from the canvasback down, myriads of fish of the finest quality—shad, rock, perch and others. But the toothsome catfish was their delight. The marsh furnished them an occasional change to gratify their palate; the snapper was a favorite dish, while rail could be taken with so little trouble (by knocking them down with a paddle at night(that their taste would become monotonous. When their taste became palled they could readily change for the productions of the field and forest, and as they were skillful in trapping, they could easily supply their larder with partridges, pheasants and an occasional wild turkey, as they were in this vicinity also.

JAMES NORRIS.

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—V.

A Winter Hunt on the Summit of the Rockies.

Rifle and Snowshoes.

IT snowed at or near our camp every day during our stay in the mountains, and nearly always more snow fell at night than during the daytime. It was no surprise, therefore, on the morning of our first hunt for sheep to find that the woods were full of a deep, soft snow, which made shoeing a most laborious affair. The morning broke bright and dazzling, so that we were forced to wear the smoked glasses for the protection of our eyes most of the time, even while we were in the shadow of the forest, the reflection from the snow being intensely trying to the eyes.

We had about three or four miles to go through the woods skirting the foot of the high ridges before we got up to the foot of the big mountain where O-to-kò-mi had seen his sheep. Part of this was over a trail broken by Schultz the day before over in that direction, but this only ran a little over a mile, and then we were adrift in the big snow. At each step one would sink down to the knees in spite of the shoes. The snow would pile in on the shoe, so that after a while the muscles of even the hardiest would begin to weary. Schultz and Jackson started on ahead, then O-to-kò-mi took a turn at it for a time, McChesney and I being spared as long as possible. It is not such very hard work to snowshoe, even in the worst of snow, when one is fourth or even third on the trail, the trail-breakers having the real work to do. Alternating as best we could, we were all tired when we got to the foot of our mountain, along about 9 o'clock or so in the morning. The weather was still bright, for a wonder, and our heavy clothing, which had seemed too light when we left the lodge, now was oppressively warm. It is a continual error on the part of most winter hunters to put on too much clothing. As we became more and more used to our work we dressed more and more lightly, of course depending upon being constantly in motion until we got back to the camp. One chills out very quickly as soon as he stops the violent exercise of climbing; and on top of the mountain, where the wind gets a fair sweep over the rocks and icy slopes, the temperature is much lower than it is down in the forest.

When we got to the edge of our mountain, O-to-kò-mi called a halt, and there was a long consultation among our leaders in the Piegan tongue. The use of the field glasses showed no sheep trails on the ground where they had been seen the day previous, and O-to-kò-mi said the sheep had gone further back into the mountains, so that it would take a long climb to get to them. He also said that our party was too large for a successful hunt, and that we would have to divide. There were six of us in all, and we finally concluded that O-to-kò-mi, McChesney and hunter Powell should go together, taking the route pointed out by O-to-kò-mi. We considered that this was the surest chance to get a sheep, and, indeed, considered it perfectly certain that McChesney would kill a sheep that day. The latter had along his small camera, in order to take a picture of any game he might get; and the other party had my large camera, which we had also brought, Billy Jackson having this slung over his back as well as his rifle. The other party had three rifles.

After we left the others, Billy, Schultz and I made off to the left from them, upon the other side of the mountain from them, or rather upon the further side of a second mountain, which would take us far from their hunting ground. We knew that we were making our first exploration, and did not expect to find anything on that part of the country, though we were continually listening for the sounds of shots behind us. We crossed some choppy little hills and *coulees* at the foot of the big mountain we intended to climb, working all the time as high up as we could. We noted a number of trails on the mountain-side above us, which we took to be made by a mountain lion. The animal had been traveling all over the country up there, and we concluded it must have driven the sheep away from that country.

I must say, in order to describe the nature of the place we were hunting over, that at the foot of the mountains the ravines ran up sharp and steep, covered with heavy pine timber. Still further below, this timber became very dense and swampy. A little above us, the timber thinned out, and there was a great bare strip of wind-swept snow, with no cover of any kind showing upon its expanse. Yet a little higher above this, there was a rim of bare rock, too smooth for the snow to take hold upon. This wall rock was kept bare by the wind. From the wall rock the mountain ran on up and back boldly, with no more snow upon its summit except where it caught in eddies and hollows and depressions in the summit. Once in a while a gnarled cedar showed above us on the rocks, but no other growth broke the expanse of windy and icy waste that lay above us, and beyond the band of snow which ran up the edge of the naked wall rock. When we started we were low down in the timber. Then after a hard climb in the shifting, yielding, soft snow, we began to get into thinner timber, and finally came out to the edge of the naked strip of snow. Here the snow was hard under foot, and we began to climb up more rapidly. Always the bighorn of the Rockies must be hunted upon the tops of the mountains, even in the winter time, as it seemed, for though at that season they feed low down toward the timber, the least alarm sends them as high up as they can get. We figured that thirteen rifle shots and a mountain lion had not tended to soothe the nature of any sheep near us on the day before, so we kept on climbing as high as we could, all the time circling around the mountain as we went on.

The Bighorn in the Snow.

We were just at the edge of a last little strip of timber, around the shoulder of the mountain where we had left our friends, perhaps two miles from where we left them and about six miles from camp, when all at once I saw Schultz, who was ahead, suddenly squat down and come rapidly back on the trail.

"Shoot! shoot!" he whispered hoarsely and with excitement. "Hurry up!"

At that instant I saw the reason for his excitement. There, on the mountain side above us and before us, on this same strip of naked snow which I have mentioned, was a big, grayish white object, with an exaggerated head whose horns seemed to have been done up in curl papers. It was the first mountain sheep I had ever seen, but it needed no second look. It was a ram, a good head; I felt that at the first look. Also it was an able-bodied ram; for

it was slipping and gliding swiftly forward and upward over the open space of snow, and evidently making for the bare rocks above. Its speed was wonderful in view of the difficulties it was meeting; for the snow was 2ft. deep at the least where it was traveling, and underlaid with a glare of solid ice.

I often hear persons describe a battle or a dog fight or something else of interest, and wonder at the inaccuracy which is apparent in such conflicting reports. Yet it is not real y wonderful at all, for in point of fact no man can describe a battle or even a dog fight, since he cannot see it all. I am not sure that I saw all that happened in the moments immediately following our sight of the sheep, but I will try to tell how it seemed exactly as it appeared to me, so that it may be known how it feels to be in a sheep fight.

In the first place, I was not excited, strange as that may seem. I don't believe one is so apt to be excited in shooting at big game as he is in shooting small game. A measly little quail or prairie chicken, of which I suppose I have shot perhaps thousands, can scare all my senses out of me when it flies up out of the grass near my feet, but big game doesn't rattle a fellow so much until the affair is all over. Perhaps this sheep was so far away it could not rattle anyone to look at it. I don't know. All I know is that it all seemed to me precisely like a dream, in which I could see myself acting as a third person. I can see it all now, and it appears like a vitascope picture, the incidents of it flying by upon a continuous ribbon.

Altogether in a dream, I saw Schultz throw himself down in the snow and heard his hurried call, "250yds.!" I knew he was a good judge of distance and was glad to hear his dictum on this. What became of Billy Jackson I never knew at the time. It seems he had fallen over his shoe and was floundering in the snow in a little hole he had stepped into. Schultz was groaning all the time, "Shoot! shoot! Why don't you shoot?"

The why on my part was because I had to get my rifle out of the case. In this sort of hunting one is under the snow as much as he is above it, and a rifle must be carefully covered, or it will be rendered worthless at the time it is needed. My little rifle—for I had taken the .30-30 for a trial this morning—was in a cloth case, which had the bottom tied with a string. This I jerked off. Then there was a cleaning string, with the wiper pulled fast into the muzzle of the rifle in order to keep out the snow—a most wise precaution, but one taking time to undo. This string I also jerked out. Then I pulled off my smoked glasses and put them in my pocket. All this time I was acting in a dream, but as swiftly as I could, all the time, too, having my eye fixed on that strange, gray, flitting creature far away up on the mountain. In the dream I stepped forward beyond Schultz, and, throwing the cartridge into the chamber, raised the rifle to fire. The sheep was now nearing the rocks and Schultz was groaning behind me in great anguish. No Billy Jackson anywhere. I raised the rifle, but could not see through the sights! The Lyman rear sight was full of snow!

I made a quick grab at the smaller aperture, stop trying to free the sight with a wipe, for I knew it was no time to be picking out the snow from the sight with any pointed substance. I still could not see through it, but—in the dream—I raised the rifle to the best line I could guess at and fired, never seeing through the rear sight at all. It is unknown to mortal man where that bullet went. I watched anxiously for the sign where it hit—as that is the only way I can shoot long distance shots, it making no difference what the distance is in yards if one can only see where his shots are going in fact Again—in the dream—I fired, this time carefully and deliberately, but again I failed to see where the bullet struck. Schultz was groaning very badly now. Then there was a ringing shot at my right ear, and I knew Billy had got into action. I don't know whether I told him to shoot or not, but maybe I did, as I was having trouble with the sights. A third shot I fired with the Lyman in that condition, and then Billy must have fired again. Then I turned down the Lyman on the tang, and was back to the open sights of my youth. I don't know who fired next, but some time along in there, it seemed now half an hour since the action began, I heard Schultz exclaim, "That shot went low!" I thought the sheep must now be at least 300yds. away, but I had no time to turn up the second leaf of my open sights. I simply drew full and tried to find where the balls were falling. The others of our party, upon the other side of the mountain, said they heard nine shots, but I don't know whether I fired five or six shots, or whether Billy fired three or four. My impression is that I fired five shots, three with the Lyman and two with the open sights, all in the dream, hurriedly, nervously, but apparently with coolness and without excitement, because it was not myself, but some one else who was doing it. I was conscious at one time that Billy was near me, for I saw his rifle barrel sticking up at an angle, and I saw, too, that he was holding his fire, as if anxious not to shoot if he thought there was to be any show of my killing the sheep. Yet three times, as the keen cracks of the small-bores rang on the air, and as the sheep stumbled and seemed near to falling, Billy called out, "That knocked him!" and apparently expected to see him drop at any moment. I thought we were hitting the sheep, but hitting it too low and too far back to stop it. In the dream I felt that I must get up a little higher.

The sheep, drawn on and up upon that invisible ribbon, flitted along until it was just at the edge of the wall rock, and near, as it must have seemed to it, to that safety it had sought when it first winded us as we approached along the edge of the timber in which it was feeding. For an instant, a glorious picture, it stood, apparently weak from its wounds and almost ready to drop, directly upon the top of a huge boulder, at the foot of a scraggy cedar tree which grew at the base of the wall rock. The nitro rifles left no smoke, and I doubt if it had seen us at all, hid as we were at the edge of the piece of woods. It was a good mark, and barely moving. I steadied down the rifle carefully, got the line perfectly, drew fine on the distant gray object, and then raised the sight until I could see the whole of the fore sight and part of the muzzle of the gun. At the crack of rifle that time, which sounded far away and not pertinent, there happened a very strange thing. That great gray creature up on the rock, so far away, so strong, so full of life and skill and cunning, and so seeming entirely outside of any connection whatever with us—at the insignificant sound of the little load, this wild thing dropped flat, fell at once, prone, as though struck from above with some mighty hammer unseen in the dream! How did that happen? I heard myself ask, in the dream. But a whoop sounded in my ear. Schultz was shaking my hand. Billy was grinning happily. What was it about? In this dream, then, I, had this man whom I had been watching, had I really killed a sheep? Had I come out here into these Rocky Mountains, in the middle of winter, and on my first day out after sheep, within a few miles of the camp and in a few hours' journeying, killed the first bighorn I had ever seen, moreover a good one? No, no. Impossible. These men were crazy. It was still in a dream!

The Tragedy.

But far up on the rocks a little tragedy was going on. With a slow, heavy movement, as with its last strength, the great animal heaved itself up for an instant. It turned over upon its side. Then, slipping from the face of the rock which had supported it, it began to slide, to slip, and then to roll down the face of the mountain. Slowly, over and over, with the hindlegs sticking stiffly straight out behind and the forelegs equally straight out in front, it rolled down and down, until it began to look very much larger than it had. Saving us a half hour's climb over the icy snow, it rolled down, more than 200yds., to a place where the snow was deep and soft, and where we soon met it, as we panted upward eagerly on our snowshoes. We reached the noble creature, which, a game animal to the last, uttered no sound as it moved its head feebly. We raised up the great curving, crescent horns, and saw the coveted trophy of the mountains actually in possession. Then, I think, I got somewhat excited, and babbled many things of which I have no recollection. The dream then was past.

"You've got him, old man," said Schultz, and Billy still grinned amiably. All at once I recalled that maybe it wasn't my sheep after all, or at least that there might be a cloud on my title to him. "I guess we'd better say *we* got him, Billy," said I; but Billy stoutly protested he had never touched it. We turned the sheep over and looked for the first bullet holes, expecting to see the sheep cut to pieces about the legs. But never a bullet hole did we find but the one. My last shot had struck the ram in the point of the shoulder as he stood quartering and facing us, and the soft-nosed bullet smashed the shoulder to pieces, then ranging back, and finally stopping in the middle of the backbone. This at once paralyzed the hindlegs, and of course dropped the animal where it stood. The stumbling which we had noticed in its gait as we were firing at it had been simply the slipping of the animal on the ice underneath the snow—although we have been taught to believe that the mountain sheep never slips, no matter what its footing.

When we got to our sheep as it lay in the deep snow near to the timber line, we were in a position to better see the distance at which it had been shot. The side view made this distance seem much longer, and indeed it seemed incredible that a tame man should have been able to stop this great, wild, powerful creature by an agency no more formidable than this little fine-talking rifle with the soprano voice. As nearly as we could tell, the distance at which the sheep was actually killed was somewhat above 300yds, probably 325 or over. At so great a distance more game is missed than is killed, and I hardly think I should have hit the sheep with my old rifle. To be sure, only one hit out of five shots for one man and four for another is not a very great record; but two of my shots were useless from the condition of the sights, and Billy said he shot when he was half up to his neck and struggling in the snow. Actual shooting on a winter mountain side at big game is different from shooting on a target range, or perhaps somewhat different sometimes from shooting by a fireside or in print. Well, anyhow, we got him.

A Good Head.

One of the swift changes of the mountains came on just as we were toiling up to the spot where our game lay. The sun disappeared in a gray blanket of cloud, and the wind swept pitilessly sharp and cold over the exposed mountain side. We regretted this, as we wanted to make some pictures of our sheep, which we feared would not be so good in the fainter light. We made a number of views of the old ram, however, which to our pleasure turned out very well. The old fellow was something of a veteran, with horns much worn and splintered at the tips. Schultz and Billy said it was a head above the average in size. In actual measurement it proved to be 15½in. This is what is usually called a 16½ or 17, or 18in. horn, according to the fancy of the owner of it. Of course, such a head appears small compared to the old giant which was given to me last year by Billy Jackson, the like of which has not been seen in sportingdom since the days of recorded measurements; but none the less I have reason to be very well contented with the specimen, and so I told the boys as we were hauling our victim down into the shelter of the woods to skin and dismember him. I did not feel then as though I wanted anything else in the world. Schultz pointed out that this old ram had been feeding low down in the timber, and had been frightened by getting our wind as we came up the slope at the edge of the wood. The rest of the band had run straight on over a little ridge, instead of starting up the rock face as this one had tried to do. He said that if I wanted to kill another head we could easily do it by going on perhaps half a mile further, as the sheep had not seen us. But this I did not wish to do, having had sport enough for at least one day. At that time it seemed the easiest thing in the world to go out and kill a good ram any time I wanted to, and I was really indifferent whether I got another head on the trip, as this one was so good a specimen.

In the Winter Mountains.

It grew very cold before we got through our work of skinning out, and meantime a perfect kaleidoscope of light and shadow was playing on the face of the country about and above us. On up through the narrow little valley into which we were heading, the clouds broke away and showed a series of knife-blade peaks standing sharply up across the head of the valley, a very rough and impossible country, and now apparently entirely prohibitory to us, as it was too far from our camp to reach in one day. Schultz said there would very likely be goats up on on those bare peaks, but we thought we could not get to them. To our left, across a deep cañon, which made down into Two Medicine basin behind us, rose the imposing and formidable front of the great Rising Wolf, covered with snow up to the cap rock, where rested a glittering hood of icy, naked rock. From where we were we could see the fork in the top of Rising Wolf, and knew there was a little depression or "pot" in the extreme summit, where the upper peak split and dipped down. Here Schultz thought there would surely be goats, but as we glanced over that sheer, glaring face of white, we knew that no mortal being could climb that mountain on the side we faced. A noble but a fearsome front it offered us, as we gazed at it from our vantage ground high up on the opposing peak. Any way we looked, the spectacle was magnificent. We were folded into the hills. We had come around a shoulder of the mountain which cut off the view of our lake from us, so that we had no suggestion of anything but rugged mountains all around. The mountains in summer are grand enough. What they are in winter I shall not try to tell.

When we made up our packs for our trip down the mountain to camp, Schultz assumed the greatest burden, that of the head of the ram. I took the skin and a little meat, and Billy carried his rifle and the camera. We had brought along with us plenty of the thongs and ropes which come so handy at times in such work as this, and so our packs were fairly practicable. We expected to come up again for more meat. My friends said it was a pity we did not have a steel trap or some poison to put out at the carcass, as we would then be sure to get that big cat, whatever it was, not later than that night.

We plunged down hill very much faster than we came up, cutting across country which had been much too steep for us coming up. Soon we reached the point where we had separated from the others in the morning, but we got no token of their whereabouts. As Schultz was now very weary with carrying the big head, and Billy was complaining of his old enemy, the mountain rheumatism, I went on ahead from this point, expecting that the others would soon overtake me on the trail. It was three or four miles to camp, but when I got there my companions were still back somewhere on the trail, so I put off my pack, and taking the toboggan went back to meet them. I found them coming on in very bad order, Billy suffering with his back, and Schultz about played out with the big head, which he said he was sure weighed over a ton. We lightened up by putting the stuff on the toboggan, and so were soon all in camp around a hot fire, cooking fresh sheep liver and telling all about it to each other. We agreed that it had been a very lucky day. It was only 12:30 at the time we were skinning out the sheep, and we got into camp before it was beginning to grow dusky.

"The FOREST AND STREAM luck is sure with us," said Schultz. We all hoped McChesney had done as well, though there were those who remembered with a shudder the umbrella which he had brought out so far as the reservation. If McChesney should prove able to overcome the evil agency of the umbrella, then surely his medicine must be strong.

At the Lodge-Fire.

We three—Schultz, Jackson and myself—held camp alone for some time that evening. At first we thought we would go out on the ice and take a few trout before it got too dark, as we had a couple of lines set through the ice—saving the principles of all decent trout fishing outside of reservations—and Billy thought the trout, which had no doubt taken these baits, would "get tired, staked out there in one position all the time;" but we concluded we were too tired to go even half a mile still further so long as the fire and the grub held out. It was 8:15 in the evening and quite dark, before we had any sign of our comrades of the other party, and Schultz was very uneasy lest McChesney had given out under the exhausting work of climbing, so that he would not be able to get into camp at all. To stay out over night in the summer or fall is one thing, but to lie out in the winter time with no blankets, and perhaps no grub, with the thermometer maybe 10 to 20° below zero, is another and far more dangerous experience. We were, therefore, very glad when we heard the shuffle of snowshoes coming up back of the lodge, and saw O-to-kò-mi's dark face, framed with a rim of white, protrude through the opening of the door-flap.

One by one the tardy ones came into the lodge and dropped upon the sitting places on the beds about the fire. No one said anything to them, and they did not speak to anyone. McChesney's hair and moustache were full of snow. Powell and the Indian hunter were equally frozen-looking, and none of them seemed any too brisk or brilliant at the time. At length McChesney said: "Well, you got him;" then presently: "I didn't."

It all came out as we sat about the fire, at which Schultz was now busy getting a meal for the newcomers. They had found that the sheep seen by O-to-kò-mi the previous day had all taken fright and gone far back and high up in the hills. They had climbed and climbed in the pursuit until they had topped the great mountain above the point where we had parted, and then gone even down on the other side, on which the Cut Bank Creek runs clear out into the prairies. Sheep they had seen, and O-to-kò-mi had killed a little ram, and they had chances to kill several ewes, had they cared to do that; but, though he hunted faithfully all day, following the tireless Indian, for whose quality as a mountain man he could not say enough, McChesney had had no opportunity to get a head. They had been within 60yds. of ewes more than once. It seemed that nearly all the sheep wintering on that side of the mountains were ewes, the big rams having gone away by themselves and worked off in the direction which the others of us had taken in the morning. O-to-kò-mi and McChesney figured out that, in the two days just past, there had been seen not less than ninety-five sheep in all on the country over which they had been hunting.

Good Sheep Country.

I doubt if anywhere in the country there could be so great a number of mountain sheep seen in the space of two days, at any season of the year. Of course, in the winter the sheep find their feeding grounds very much restricted, and so are apt to be found more or less banded up; but even so, to see nearly 100 in two days is something which few hunters of late days can tell about. Our friends who live in that country, and who were good enough to ask us out to see it, say that the sheep are not now so abundant as they once were, as the hunting seems to keep them from breeding as they formerly did when undisturbed. Schultz mentioned one band of nine ewes seen the previous summer, in which only two lambs could

be seen, instead of nearly a dozen, as might have been the case at one time.

We all felt very badly that McChesney had not killed his ram that day, but figured that it must have been most unusual good fortune had he done so, and remarked that the hunt was just beginning and that we were sure to get all the game we wanted without any trouble. At this McChesney was visibly consoled. He resented vigorously any intimation that his umbrella had anything to do with his killing a sheep, though O-to-kò-mi seemed sensible of some evil influence which had worked against them.

I asked O-to-kò-mi if he liked the big rifle (the .45-70) which I had given him instead of the .30-30, and he replied with a smile and a movement of his right hand, palm down, straight out in front of him, which in sign language is to say, "It is good, it is all right." But he shrugged his shoulder and looked unresponsive when I told him that I had found the little rifle all right, too. He never would carry that gun again, though he seemed pleased when I told him that I, too, had had trouble with the sight, and had so missed some shots with it.

Meat in Camp.

O-to-kò-mi had brought down some ribs from his sheep and we made a fine roast of a side of ribs, spreading the side apart with a pointed stick, which was hung by the middle to a rope, suspended from a cross-pole above the fire. Here the rib roast sputtered and crackled and grew brown and aggravatingly good to look upon, slowly getting itself cooked as it spun around on the twisting rope, while we were getting the coffee and tea ready, and while Billy was engineering his inevitable pot of ten thousand joys. Thus we soon forgot our aches and pains and sore spots and grew very cheerful and communicative. McChesney was highly pleased with his ability to keep up on this hunt. "If any one back home had told me I could do a day of such work as I have done to-day, I should have thought him joking," said he. "We must have gone fifteen or twenty miles, I should think, over country I did not know human beings could cross. After we left you we did not need to use the snowshoes much longer, for we got to bare ground. Then we climbed up to hard snow, some of the time having to dig footholds with the heels of our snowshoes. When we got up on the top of the mountain the wind had the snow packed into ice, and it was cold, awfully, bitterly cold. That Indian, there, is made of iron, and he can't get tired. He'll go anywhere, and he has fairly walked the legs off of us to-day. He's a corker to climb, I want to tell you."

Asked if he was tired, O-to-kò-mi thoughtfully rubbed his legs a little but shook his head. He is indeed a man of iron, and I imagine few men are his betters in the mountains. If he wanted to get out and extend himself he could have gone clean away from any of our party.

Hunter Powell had had a shot at a sheep that day, but failed to score. He too was like O-to-kò-mi about the fire, silent, but with eyes fixed firmly on the rib-roast which was swinging above the blaze of the lodge fire. "I have eaten skunk," said he at one time, "an' I'm hungry enough to eat it now. I want to say that skunk is all right if you can't get anything better, though I don't believe but what this here roast is a little better."

How the Bannocks Get Bighorns.

Powell told us that he at one time lived over in the country of the Bannock Indians, and said that those Indians were very fond of sheep hunting and very successful at it. They use dogs in their hunting, taking advantage of the fact that the sheep, when pursued by dogs, make a stand and turn heads out to fight the dogs, so giving the hunters a chance to slip up on them. It was said even to-day the Bannocks sometimes use their old weapons, the bow and arrow, in killing sheep thus with dogs, preferring the bow and arrow to the rifle, as making no noise. Sometimes they have killed nearly all of a bunch of sheep thus bayed up by dogs, shooting them down with arrows from a point not far away. The bighorn, usually an animal of great speed and resource, seems to lose its head entirely when pursued by a dog. This fact is well known by local hunters. Schultz said that the dog Patti, owned by Scott, the trapper, would stop any sheep which it once sighted, and that Scott could take this one dog and kill a sheep without much trouble any time he wanted meat. I fancy this would be a very practical method for getting meat, but not one to be used by a sportsman after a trophy, whose greatest value would lie in the fact that it had been gained by hard work and honest stalking.

Bad for Rheumatism.

That night Billy Jackson began to complain of his rheumatism. It was a poor place for one troubled with such a complaint. I speak of the lodge as warm, and so it is by comparison; but no one should take this to mean an absolute and comfortable or even warmth, and one is more or less underdone all the time, though his system in time comes to adjust itself to that fact if the man be in good health. For a rheumatic complaint the constant cold drafts cannot be the best thing in the world. We rubbed Billy with some liniment, and he arranged his sleeping bag the best he could to cut off the cutting wind, which was coming in under the lodge at his back. The night was coming on bitterly cold, so cold that we thought the thermometer would go to 20° below before morning. We went to bed with all our clothing on, piling on top of us all the extra coats, bags, and odds and ends on which we could lay our hands. The lodge was shaking and groaning in a bitter wind, which came howling down out of the cañons above us. The last word heard from O-to-kò-mi as he went into seclusion under his blankets was something like a wail of prophecy.

"Ai-so-poin-stan," muttered O-to-kò-mi. "Ai-so-pom-stan!" And when laughingly questioned about it he expressed his firm belief that the old cow moose was plenty angry at us.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

AN old-time Lord Mayor of London, whose sporting experience was limited, rode forth one day to join the city hunt in the fields about Marylebone. Placed by his escort under a tree, his Lordship heard the hounds give tongue in the distance, and the sounds grew louder and louder, till one of the city scouts shouted out: "The hare comes this way, my Lord." The Lord Mayor rose to the occasion, and drawing his sword he exclaimed heroically: "Let him come! I thank my God I fear him not!"—*Household Words.*

Game Bag and Gun.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

VINTON, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is it possible that the time has come when our songbirds, such as the meadowlark, robin, blackbird and bobolink, are being looked upon as game? Fashion has caused several kinds of our birds of plumage to become scarce. Sportsmanship is fast driving the remnant of the grouse family into the last corner. Specimens of the big game are being placed in private reserves to prevent their total extinction, and our lakes and rivers within the easy reach of civilization are kept stocked with fish only by artificial means, and the strong arm of the law backed up with close watchfulness and vigilance. Who is responsible?

We read the report of a sporting club on the Pacific Coast in which is stated the number of robins killed. A man in New England—a resident of a city—places the responsiblity for the scarcity of some of our birds of plumage on the country girls, and does it in a slurring way. And again, we learn that at one place, in one day, nearly 2,000 bobolinks were shot—and not by country boys to decorate their sisters' hats, but by city gunners, for sport. Mr. Hough says it is reported that single sportsmen have shot as high as 500 mourning doves in one day, and a party of sportsmen shot 12,000 in a few days. These birds are not killed for decorative purposes, for the pot or the market, for when the sportsmen have left the field where they have been shooting, the negroes pick up hundreds of wounded and dead birds.

The reason why hunters are shooting songbirds for game, is the scarcity of larger game, But again, who is responsible?

A gentleman in Charlestown, N. H., says in FOREST AND STREAM that "it is the cursed country boys." I believe the gentleman had been trout fishing, and had had poor success. After this I read in the same paper that a Jersey City man caught between 300 and 400 trout in one day. And a man in Pennsylvania said that there had been fine trout fishing around the city he lived in, and the fishermen had great sport; but to get any more trout fishing they had to go fifteen miles into the country, as they had been all caught out nearer by. Then among other pleasant things that I read was how a merchant's boy had shot 2,700 grouse in northwestern Nebraska last fall, and that he had not shot near as many as he usually shot, because his father could not spare him from the store. Yet no eruption of indignation arose from the New Hampshire hills.

A writer says (if I remember correctly) that railroad officials say that their roads carried 2,000 deer hunters into Wisconsin last fall from Indiana and Ohio. I do not think that the railroad officials knew of all the deer hunters that went over their lines. Add to this army of well-equipped men all those that no doubt went into the same State from other directions, and all shooting at every deer that came within range, and how long could one expect the supply to hold out, even though the resident countrymen killed none at all?

If one of these many sportsmen was a countryman, and he will be kind enough to write me how he happened to be able to take a trip of that kind last fall, he will oblige me greatly.

Three or four years ago deer were as scarce in Maine as they are now in Wisconsin or Michigan, but after the amount of game that non-residents could take out of the State was limited, and officers were appointed to see that the laws were enforced, deer have become more plenty than they have been known to be before. Does anyone suppose that the backwoodsmen of Maine do not use as much venison, either legally or otherwise, as they ever did? if so why should there be such an increase of game, unless it is that the visiting sportsmen are held in check, and we do not have to be told what class of people they belong to? If one can see the name of one countryman among the many sportsmen that have been mentioned by Special as having gone into the Maine woods in a season, he can see what I have been unable to discover.

Yet there are those who would have us believe that it is the country boys, with their horse pistols and flint-lock guns, who are swiping the game from off the face of the earth. It is not a countryman, but a resident of Boston that we heard of last winter as hiding from the Maine authorities for having killed a moose last summer. What class of people are paying $500 apiece for buffalo heads, thereby tempting the poachers that live around the Yellowstone Park to exterminate the few that remain. Are those people countrymen?

I saw in FOREST AND STREAM that a party of Chicago sportsmen who had been hunting in Colorado last season, had brought home with them about thirty deer and elk heads. I have a good many times wondered how large the party of sportsmen was, and whether they left a trail of stench through those mountains. Did they use the carcases for bear bait? Did they pack out a carload of meat and take it to Chicago and pass it around among their friends? How much game did they kill besides what they took heads from?

From the shores of the Pacific to the marshes of the Atlantic we continually read of hunters shooting from fifty to 150 ducks or geese or other game in one day, and sometimes the names of our best-known sportsmen are connected with the shooting. To do this it seems to me one would have to begin early, take advantage of every chance to shoot, and stick to it as long as there was a streak of daylight. What more could a countryman do?

After the meadow lark, robin, blackbird and bobolink are gone, then sportsmen will turn to the oriole, yellowbird and song sparrow for amusement, and soon the days of the chickadee, the hummingbird and the butterfly will be numbered. At this stage of the game it is supposed that sportsmen will pause and take breath before reaching out for the horsefly and beetle. When this period of sport is well advanced we will still have left the pismire and gnat, and so the boom of the gun will go merrily on. I regret to see the tendency growing to shoot song and dooryard birds for sport. When I shoot a song bird it will be when I am both hungry and penniless, for I swear to high heaven I shall never shoot one for sport.

We have seen the game birds of our prairies become scarce and almost extinct in places. What is the trouble? Not the laws, but sportsmanship. It is the bad, deplorable and criminal condition of sportsmanship that is to blame, and nothing else. Game laws are made to protect and perpetuate the game; good sportsmanship would accomplish this without the enactment of statutes. It cannot be laid to the market shooter, because there are 1,000 sportsmen to one market hunter, and, with a few exceptions, both will shoot as long as they can see. The market shooter is a sportsman who hunts for pleasure and disposes of his game for profit. The day has come when this is bad sportsmanship, because the traffic in game is one cause that is threatening the annihilation of the game that is left. But the market hunter is just as good, as manly and honorable as a sportsman who will kill game illegally or dispose of his game to the market hunter. Both are better than the sportsman who will kill game when he knows that it cannot be used.

I believe in game protection, and that there should be more stringent laws, until sportsmanship shall have reached a higher level. I believe that there should be no traffic in game. Not that I would deprive any one of the right to use it, but because this would close one channel through which game interests are passing to their destruction. I believe in private reserves. Not that I would place privileges in the hands of a few, but because it gives more protection to game during the breeding season. And I believe that the farmer, who sees game grow on his land, and feed more or less on the fruits of his labor, should be given the same privileges, decent usage and respect that are accorded to the club man. I believe it is as "mean," "narrow-minded," "penurious," and as "churlish" for one as for the other to refuse sporting privileges to others. I believe it shows one to be ill-bred, uncivil and as being low down in the heel as to common decency and the higher traits of manhood to ridicule and apply slanderous epithets to a class of people that one has been asking favors and privileges of.

A New York *Sun* correspondent, writing from Jacksonville, Fla., says: "Twenty years ago the beautiful trees of Jacksonville were alive with mockingbirds, whose incomparable songs made the mornings and afternoons vocal with music. Every tree seemed to hold one or more songsters. But now no note of a mockingbird is ever heard, and no mockingbird is ever seen."

As to the snowy heron, a Chicago paper says: "Twenty years ago these birds were abundant in the South. Now they are the rarest of their family. Professional plume hunters, who formerly had plenty to do at home, now go to every part of the world in search of herons. They get up expeditions to go up the Orinoco and Amazon, and the birds have been exterminated on the coast of Yucatan."

No one section or class of people is responsible for the condition that the wild animal and bird life is in to-day. Do you not think, my brother sportsmen, that it is quite necessary to give our guns more rest, and give more attention to the preservation and welfare of the wild life around us, and to spend less time in trying to destroy the life of something and more time in trying to raise the standard of sportsmanship, for this is where the trouble is?

I can look back to my early childhood days and see myself wading in the little brook with others, and either catching fishes with our straw hats or picking the sweet flag buds, and I well remember the interest we took in the blackbirds that were frightened from their nests, and sat close by swinging on the flag or cat-tail leaves, and how cautiously we would peek into the nests, but never disturb them. We would watch the bobolinks as they soared upward, fluttering and singing as only a bobolink can.

I have just received a letter from a brother living in Massachusetts on the old homestead, at the foot of the hills that overlook the Connecticut River to the east, and almost in the southern shadow of Mt. Tom. Not far from the homestead is a cemetery; my father and his ancestors are sleeping there, and my mother and her ancestors are sleeping there. The family has scattered from the homestead, one brother living alone with his St. Bernard dog, his cats and cattle is left. It is from him that the letter came, and this is what touched me: "I read your piece in the paper about saving the birds. That's right. If the landowners do not protect the birds they will be destroyed. The farms would be very desolate without their songs and winsome ways. Some kinds are most gone from here. No yellowbirds; very few bluebirds. We used to watch longingly for the bluebirds in spring; when we saw and heard them on the old cow and the old elm it seemed like the dawning of hope." And so it did, after a cheerless winter of cold weather and snowdrifts. The old elm was set out in the spring of 1751 by a member of the fourth generation back, and it is one of the largest trees in the State. The old cow was a weathervane on the big red barn.

How about the birds at my present home? No robin made its nest in my dooryard during the past summer. No plover alighting with shrill notes and uplifted wings were seen in my meadows. The meadowlarks that used to be here in flocks were scarce, and when the frosts of fall covered the ground, and but few summer birds remained, if the clear notes of the lark were heard it was a treat indeed. Two or three bobolinks were seen while taking their musical flight, and the sweet song of the brown thrush was heard less common than before.

It looks as though the pismire age is approaching—almost in sight; but if it must come, I hope we will not see sportsmen blowing whole nests of them out of the ground, and at the same time abusing the farmers because there are not more pismires for them to shoot.

MOUNT TOM.

A MISSISSIPPI TURKEY HUNT.

ON Nov. 4, 1896, I met, by arrangement, some former companions in our annual hunts, at our camp in Greene county, Miss., for an eight days' hunt for deer and turkeys. The party was made up of Sage, Dr. Inge and Ervin, of Mobile, Ala.; Pickett, Howze, Denny, Brown and the writer, from Scranton and Moss Point, Miss. Our wagon, with the provisions for the hunt, had preceded us, with our colored cook, Haywood. We were joined by our driver, Henry Bush and Pomp Denham, our handy man, both colored. The location of our hunting grounds was about forty-five miles from the seacoast, on the headwaters of the Pascagoula River. We were all in camp by 1 o'clock, and a good dinner was spread before us, and soon made us happy in our reunion.

A silver-mounted hickory walking cane was to be given to the one scoring the first kill on turkeys. The time for the hunt to commence was 3 o'clock. Each man took his route for the hunting ground.

As the sun sank to rest beneath the bank of dark-green pines, shedding its bright rays upon the many-colored autumn leaves, enlivened by the voices of hundreds of the forest creatures, the scene made a picture beautiful to behold.

I heard the call of a turkey, but he passed and went to where Ervin was located, who bagged the bird and won the cane.

By nightfall all were in camp except Ervin; he got lost, and we had to hunt him up. The result of the evening's

hunt was one turkey each for Ervin, Pickett and Denny, with three misses against Brown and one against Ervin.

The next morning (Thursday) I had all up by 4 o'clock to go after turkeys. As daylight made its appearance, guns were heard in every direction, and our gathering in camp resulted in seven turkeys. The remainder of the morning was spent in a fruitless chase after deer. The evening we hunted for turkeys, resulting in five more being added to our string.

Friday morning we sent twelve turkeys home to our families. That day Ervin killed a three-point buck, and Sage a spike buck, Dr. Inge one turkey (his first), Pickett two turkeys, and Cochran, a visitor, two turkeys.

Saturday's hunt resulted in four turkeys, with a score of squirrels. Sunday morning Howze left for home, and we sent the horns of our deer and all the turkeys we did not need for camp use to our families We spent the day in resting, with several of the neighbors to take dinner with us. Monday's hunt resulted in adding four turkeys to our list.

Tuesday we were out early after deer. Ervin killed a young doe and a nice spike buck, and Ervin and I together killed a very large old buck with a magnificent set of horns. Wednesday, Brown killed two turkeys and Ervin one. This ended the fourteenth annual hunt of our club, the score being as follows: Ervin, three deer, seven turkeys. Brown, seven turkeys. Sage, one deer, five turkeys. Denny, four turkeys. Pickett, four turkeys. Wood, four turkeys. Howze, two turkeys Cochran, two turkeys. Inge, one turkey, and one deer between Wood and Ervin. Total score: five deer, thirty-three turkeys, two ducks, and squirrels too numerous too count.

C. H. WOOD.

ONE DAY AFTER ELK.

"COME, Capt., let's go down the valley and kill an elk. I'm so all-fired hungry for an elk steak, and so blamed tired of bacon, that I must either pull my freight out of here or free Ireland." Freeing Ireland was easily indulged in after a visit to town, and as I preferred elk, I readily accepted the invitation.

It is always pleasant to be out with Dad any way. He is an "old timer," a diamond in the rough, with a heart as big as the mountains; honest, truthful; always ready to do you a service, and if he likes you—well, if he likes you, you may take possession of anything belonging to him, even Dad himself. On the hunt he is keen, alert, untiring; an excellent shot, cool and deliberate, never knows defeat, open-handed and generous to a fault. Such is the man I spent nearly five months with last summer and fall. Every day with him was a revelation. What a treat to live in the woods and hunt and fish with such a man after having spent time with some arrogant, boastful, lying guide, such as many of us have met; men who wouldn't tell an Eastern man the truth, if a lie would suffice, and it generally did.

Dad knew he had but to say "hunt" and I would acquiesce instanter. Hastily packing small camp outfit and provisions, while he rounded up the horses, we were soon off for the elk country. It was a beautiful ride down the creek, and what though the trail was a little rough in places, we didn't mind it in the least, because we were pretty sure of elk at the end of it. Half a day in the saddle brought us into a beautiful basin and camping ground. Elk sign was everywhere. One could almost smell the liver frying for supper.

Horses picketed or hobbled and turned loose, and rifles in hand, we are off, silently following fresh sign. A mile up the basin and 300yds. ahead, we hear a bull whistle. Separating, Dad goes to the right while I bear slightly to the left, with nerves strung to the highest pitch, watching, listening, hoping (selfishly) that the "dude" might be the first to catch a glimpse of his Royal Highness. Hark! Again that unearthly sound some one has labeled "Whistle," once heard never forgotten, this time, quite within 100yds. and apparently right ahead, but, through timber one can scarcely see 100ft.

Stealthily stealing through I emerge into a small park, and, much to my chagrin, I find that the bull has crossed and entered the timber beyond.

Here I find more fresh sign—he evidently has comrades. While contemplating which to follow, I hear Dad's rifle speak—once, twice, thrice—then all is still.

All right, Dad; we'll have that liver anyway, and I'll go up and help you take care of him. One elk is all the meat we can use. So, shouldering my .45-90 Marlin, my companion in many a chase, I trudged on.

The day so far had been perfect. Half a mile and I strike Dad's trail—one empty shell—then another, but no Dad. Following on and up I soon see patches of snow, covered with blood. Wounded, eh? Well, from the color, I guess he is ours. Further climbing, however, didn't reveal either man or elk. Crossing a tableland, at whose edge I find that both had descended almost a perpendicular wall, and here the elk bled profusely. Again I follow, and get into one of the roughest places I have ever seen—stretching for several miles was one mass of broken rock and boulders. Taking my glasses I scan the country, but not a sign of life is visible. Clouds have gathered and flakes of snow began to fall, and, not being familiar ground, I beat a retreat, trying to console myself with the thought that liver wasn't wholesome diet for supper anyway; but somehow my stomach kept saying: "It is excellent."

As I descended the hill I had but a half hour before gone up, I heard a bull whistle, apparently beside me. I looked up. There stood a beauty, about 85yds. away, in front of me. Quickly raising my rifle, I fired. He jumped, and with a mighty bound was in the timber. So surprised was I that I couldn't give him a parting salute, and he was evidently not hit. Could it be possible! On examining the ground where it stood, I found not a drop of blood, and none on the trail. I certainly deserve to eat bacon; but I'll follow him and get him, too, even though I am compelled to camp on his trail.

Following him into the timber a short distance, I come almost upon him, standing and swaying like a drunken man. Moving quickly to one side, I give him another shot, and he went down like a log. Not a single drop of blood had come from him. It took but a few moments to get to work. Dad came back empty-handed, the first and last time I knew him to lose a wounded animal. We soon had the hide off the one one I had down and the meat hung up. His head now adorns my hall. We proceeded to camp, and ate? Oh, yes; and slept, too, I assure you. Next morning we breakfasted early, and broke camp, packed on our meat and hit the trail for home.

This country has an abundance of game, and will afford the sportsman shooting for years to come, provided it is properly protected and not killed for market.

I have heard the Eastern man abused because he killed several head of elk That was just. He should be blamed and punished as well. But I also know it to be a fact that the same guide who condemned the dude after having helped him do the killing, shot down elk for bear bait and market—killed them in Wyoming, packed the hindquarters into Montana and sold them, thus violating the law of both States. Give both guide and dude the same medicine.

WABASH.

RED LODGE, Mont.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Buffalo Jones in the Far Northwest.

It is hard to suppress a good man, and it is difficult for that good man to suppress the stronger impulses of his own nature. We have all heard of Buffalo Jones, who got together the largest herd of buffalo ever held in captivity in this country. These buffalo are now scattered. Most of them are in the Allard herd of the Flathead Reservation, some are in England, and some are in Russia. The great herd proved something of a white elephant for Mr. Jones to handle. But it was the instinct of Buffalo Jones to go out into wild places and catch wild animals, and, although we have not heard of him for some time, it was natural that he would turn up again sooner or later. This time he appears in the far Northwest, and of his mission in that country, the *Winnipeg Free Press* has the following to say:

"He is going into the far Northwest for the purpose of capturing valuable fur-bearing animals, and wild animals whose meat is used for food, which he will place on islands in the Pacific, off the Alaskan Coast, in order to propagate them for mercantile purposes. The undertaking is backed by a strong company of United States capitalists. He intends to secure, if possible, a herd of musk oxen; he will also endeavor to procure silver, gray, black foxes, sable, fisher, reindeer, moose, caribou, etc. He will establish collecting depots in the North and make shipments periodically to the island on which the ranch will be located. Mr. Jones intends to explore for a wagon road to the Yukon from the east side of the mountains while in the North. He leaves to-day for Edmonton, where he will complete his outfit and start thence for the barren lands. He does not expect to return until next year. He has had much experience in hunting and capturing wild animals, and has every hope that his expedition will be attended with success."

We have a right to expect something interesting from this silent and determined man. I have been out with Buffalo Jones, and he is nearer like a taciturn steam engine on legs than anything I ever saw.

Still Another Singing Mouse.

I was interested to note the statement by Awahsoose that he had at one time heard a singing mouse. I am able this week to add still another instance of the identification of this singular little animal. This time the report comes from no less a person than Mr. Charles Hallock, first in art, first in sport and first in the hearts of his countrymen. Mr. Hallock will permit me to make use of his letter *verbatim* in order that the record may be more complete. He says: "At No. 22 Princess Terrace, in Kingston, Canada, in the summer of 1888, at the house of George Smith, M. P., in the dining room, behind a buffet, we had a fine singing mouse. We heard the chirrups and trills and A minors for many days before we were able to locate the sounds. I guessed what the source was, and finally caught the little animal in a bag, baited with cracker crumbs and cheese. We squeezed the top of a 10in. bag together and placed it behind the buffet, with the open end inward, and when the bag began to rustle one evening, we knew that the mouse had pressed his way in, so we simply took up the bag by the top and had him a prisoner. We kept him in a bird cage for ten days, and he sang very sweetly to us and numerous visitors, but one day he escaped and we never saw him more, though one of the ladies thought she heard him once. I reckon the tom cat could tell what became of him. He looked like an ordinary little mouse."

Animal Statues for the National Zoo.

Mr. Edward Kemeys, of Chicago, known on more than one continent as the greatest living sculptor of wild animals, has recently returned from a trip to the East At Washington he paid a visit to the National Zoölogical Gardens, and one of the results of that trip will be an enthusiastic attempt by the managers of the National Zoo to secure an appropriation from Congress for the purpose of erecting, at different places in the gardens, bronze statues of the leading American wild animals, and also certain statues typifying the American Indian at the time when he also was really wild. Mr. Kemeys is no kid glove sculptor. He was a hunter in the old days of the real West, and he has killed and studied every one of the animals he wishes to embody in enduring bronze. He has seen the glories of the old West, and knows that they are passing away forever. It is his ambition and his dream in life to be able to leave behind him a permanent record of the wild men and wild things of that glorious West which has now gone by. It has been hoped that his masterpiece, the expression of the sum of his studies and his hope, would be placed in Chicago, the gateway of the West, and perhaps this may at some time yet be done; but, after Chicago, there is no more appropriate place for extended representation of his work than those gardens of wild animals which are destined to be perhaps the most important in the world. Mr. Kemeys has expressed himself as delighted with the surroundings at the National Zoölogical Gardens and eager to place among the perishing wild animals some that will not perish with the years.

Minnesota.

A great many sportsmen are just as hoggish as market shooters, and the only difference between them and the latter is that they do not stay at the business so steadily and so long. Yet I believe that it was not merely the non-resident sportsman, hoggish or not hoggish, who destroyed much of Minnesota's heritage of game. Her prairie chickens went chiefly into the ice barrels of early market shooters. Tamarack Lake was ruined as a mallard ground not by amateur shooters but by market shooters, who burned it to death by relentless and murderous shooting for the shambles of the cities. It would be unfair and unkind to criticise the game wardens of Minnesota for not having stopped all the shipments of game since her non-export laws were passed, for such a thing is an impossibility to be measured best by a familiarity with the extent of the region to be patrolled. But while all things are relative, and while it is sad to see the fish and game disappear from spots where we once found them, it is perhaps just to say to Grumbler that if he had the power to choose between two evils, that of market shooting or of non-resident sportsman shooting, he would probably save more game by taking the latter horn of the dilemma. It still lies within the power of the State of Minnesota to save much of her remaining game by stopping the sale of her native game. This cannot be done all at once, and it can never be done more than approximately, but it can be done to so great an extent that Minnesota can afford to be glad to have non-resident sportsmen of the better class come and visit her, and not grudge them what they take in reason. The mere passing of a law determines nothing. Should Grumbler see a sweeping non-resident license law go on the Minnesota statutes, it would not signify that non-residents would not shoot just the same and not in all cases pay any license. That would be something for the executive to look into. So is the present good law something for the executive to enforce. Gradually the time is coming, though perhaps it will arrive too late, when the game laws are to be enforced more and more strictly. But as to this invasion of Minnesota, I am afraid there is no dodging that. Sportsmen will continue to press further and further on beyond their latest lines of venturing from home, until finally the American sportsman has learned unmistakably what has been predicted for him so long, that there are no longer any new or relatively new places for him to go to. Then come the day of preserves, perhaps also the days of tags, tickets, checks and licenses now in vogue in Maine. Grumbler and I have no differences of opinion, and I only wish that he could devise some system by which he could avert the day when we will all have to have a million dollars and a duenna when we go out shooting or try to catch a trout. As to the really wild country I don't know where it is to-day. I never saw a trout stream in Wisconsin or Michigan in all my life which did not have a path along it, and I doubt if there are many in Minnesota not so decorated. Even from the Rocky Mountains comes much the same cry. There is no country really wild, but only some that is relatively wild. Those who have a heritage in a little of that sort of country will do well to do a lot of thinking about it. One of the first questions for decision is that implying a choice between the hunter who is always hoggish, and the non-resident sportsmen who sometimes are not.

Wisconsin.

In Oneida county, Wis., John W. Schafer, of Rhinelander, and W. H. Chapman, of Tomahawk Lake, have been appointed deputy wardens with a salary, respectively, of $75 and $50 per year, this being determined by action of the county board. There are a great many counties in Wisconsin which would make money for themselves by appointing good wardens, who would actually protect the woods and streams from the continuous depredations of the market shooters and fishers. If there were any decent scheme of such protection in many parts of the State, the wilder parts most frequented by sportsmen tourists from other States, who bring in considerable amounts of money, there is no doubt that a still larger number of anglers would visit the State, and still larger sums of money would be spent there. Life in a pine woods town is one of such limited opportunity for money making that the local men can well afford to invite and encourage the outside traffic of this sort. It may do to get a sportsman once to a shot-out cover or a fished-out water, but he won't come again.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

New Brunswick and Quebec Game Notes.

EDMUNDSTON, N. B., July 13.—As many letters of inquiry are daily reaching me relating to the hunting and fishing in this part of the two Provinces, which here join, as the line is but twelve miles away which divides New Brunswick from Quebec, I will give your readers a few items.

There are nine good places to my own personal knowledge, and many more by report (but these I have not looked over), where moose abound. Some of these places are of quite easy access, while others require walking, and the outfit must be carried by men; in most places one or two miles would be the longest carry. As all these will be taken up this fall, I mean to keep the easy trips for the old, and those who do not feel like roughing it. When I get notice from a party who mean to come, I take the guide intended, inspect the places, so that there may be no mistake of the game being there, also that the guide may learn all about the best way of getting there, and many other points of great value, unless he is perfectly familiar with it before.

These places are widely apart; no one party will be near another, as many miles intervene. Just as many parties will be located as there are places, and no more. As for caribou and deer hunting, with very often a moose, I can furnish good places for hundreds of parties; in fact, caribou especially are very plentiful, while the black bear is also numerous; on a twelve days' trip we saw five of these animals.

By leaving Boston one night you reach here the next. A license to hunt is required, which, in Quebec, costs $25, in New Brunswick, $20. Season opens in New Brunswick Sept. 1, in Quebec, for caribou Sept. 1, for moose and deer Oct. 1.

S. J. RAYMOND,
Overseer of Game and Fish, Province of Quebec.

Idaho Bears.

KNOX TAYLOR, the former Princeton football player, who was in New York at the time of the Sportsman's Exposition, is a mining engineer at Ketchum, Idaho. The other day, while off on a hunt, he had the luck to encounter four bears at close quarters. He fired at and wounded the first one he saw, which happened to be a large she bear. The next moment a male bear charged him, but was stopped by a bullet from Taylor's .50-110 Winchester, which struck him fairly between the eyes. Thinking he had settled the male, Taylor turned his attention again to the she bear; but, as it happened, the bullet had glanced from the bear's skull without inflicting much damage, and a second later the wounded bear, No. 2, was on his feet and charging the hunter for the second time. Fortunately Taylor caught sight of the bear, and by a well-directed bullet in the chest forever settled his ugly customer. For a few brief moments things had been pretty lively in that neck of the woods, and when he turned to look for the female bear, he found she had taken advantage of the excitement and escaped. Taylor, however, was well satisfied to have secured his first bear, and alone.

The substance of these facts is contained in a private letter to his cousin, Mr. Percival Chrystie, of High Bridge, N. J., to whom I am indebted for the information.

J. B. BURNHAM

The Unlucky Umbrella.

PAWNEE, Neb.—It is always with a great deal of pleasure that I read Bro. Hough's articles—they always contain a fund of useful information aside from the mere pleasure they give, and occasionally, as in the article of June 19, "Sheep and Snowshoes," they solve problems that vex one.

The "Kickers," in their annual camp trip, have at times met with trials and tribulations unnumbered. Particularly in the year 1894 was the hoodoo that haunted the camp most persistent, as I wrote about that time. The cause of our continued ill luck we never were able to determine, though George and I have been gunning for it ever since. Now comes Bro. Hough with the explanation. It was an umbrella. How well do I recall the dismay of George and myself when Phil arrived at the camp, for under his arm was stuck a genuine Sary Gamp. Phil was not much of a sportsman, we all knew, and his umbrella caused many a laugh at his expense; but had we suspected its power for evil, I fancy it would have helped to make our camp-fire, and saved us much trouble. Well, it is better late than never. We now know where our hams and fishing tackle went, and I will not do a thing to that umbrella when I next see it.

W. R. HALL.

An Ancient Arm.

MR. CLINTON STEWART, of Roscoe, N Y., writes us of a highly-prized arm in his possession: The gun you refer to is in my possession and has never been out of the Stewart family. I prize it very highly, owing to its age and its having been made for my grandfather, who carried it all through the Revolutionary War. My grandfather was only eighteen years of age when the gun was made, but I cannot state positively how old he was at the time of the war. I believe, however, that the gun is 135 years old, if not more. The gun was originally a flint-lock, but has been changed to a cap-lock and restocked. It is said that my grandfather shot and killed a Tory, who was leading a band of Indians against the settlers, at a distance of half a mile. The gun shoots well yet, and I have killed many deer and other game with it.

CLINTON STEWART.

The Arkansas Outlook.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 14.—There are good quail prospects this year, and also a good crop of acorns for the deer.

EXMORE.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co on receipt of price, 25 cents.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsmen for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

I.—Edward Zane Carroll Judson (Ned Buntline).

HALF a century ago few names were more familiar in New York and neighboring States than that of Ned Buntline. Erratic to such a degree that no man could tell what Ned would do next; fierce as a tiger; gentle as a woman; filled to the brim with poetry and romance, his life was one of adventure until mature age toned him down, as it tones down all men. After a study of him from personal knowledge and a mass of correspondence gathered during the past six months, his many sided character and strong personality makes him appear a man without a counterpart.

As a boy I read the weekly journal called *Ned Buntline's Own*, which was filled with tales of heroism and adventure, and when the Astor Place Opera House riot occurred in New York city on May 10, 1849, my fifteen-year-old mind applauded the men who gathered to avenge the insult to the world's greatest tragedian, Edwin Forrest. Looking at that event now with a mind somewhat more mature, my sympathies have gone to the other side. How much difference it makes which end of life's telescope we look through! How our youthful idols shrink, and how they change in appearance! Some men do not seem to have had any idols, but I had, for I was always a hero worshiper, even after reading Carlisle's essay on that subject, and coming to the conclusion that the egotistical old writer worshiped only one hero and that was himself, and that the chronic grumbler believed that the world would have been much better made if he had been consulted in the beginning.

Early in May, 1865, while strolling about the steamboat landing at Albany, N. Y., looking for some fisherman who had a sturgeon and would sell me the eggs to use as bait for striped bass the next day, I saw a man slip on what afterward proved to be an orange-peel, and drop into the river. He was a good swimmer and got hold of the rudder of a steamer and hung there until a boatman brought him where we could help him up the dock. He was a short, powerfully built man of perhaps forty-five, and wore the undress uniform of a Union officer, with no indication of rank, the blue cord in the trousers merely indicating that he belonged to the infantry arm. I was then home awaiting a discharge order, and my uniform differed from his only that a red cord signified that the wearer was an artilleryman.

"Comrade," said I, "if you will come with me I can furnish you with dry clothing and a place to dry your own."

"Thanks," he replied, "I will step on board of this barge, hang up my outer garments in the sun and wind and dry my underclothing by bodily heat. I'm an old campaigner, my boy, and have learned never to change wet clothing unless I take a bath and rub off dry; that's the only way to avoid taking cold."

I agreed with him in this and continued my search for sturgeon eggs up the basin to State street, where I secured what I wanted for $2. As a historian of more or less truthfulness, I wish to say that in boyhood days I could have bought a boat load of sturgeon eggs for 10 cents. Unless some angler wanted them for bait they were thrown over with the offal, but the European taste for caviare had begun to invade the Eastern States, and at that time the eggs of a sturgeon brought more money than the fish did. Caviare is a luxury; sturgeon meat merely food. After writing about individual tastes last week and quoting *de gustibus non est disputandem*, nothing is left for me to say but that my only use for sturgeon eggs is as a bait for striped bass

I had lost recollection of the wet soldier until I returned and found him, an hour later, smoking and drying his clothing on the barge. "How are you getting on?" I hailed.

"First rate, come aboard—do you know this town well?"

"Certainly, know it from Alpha to Omaha, from Dan to the beer sheebeens; was born and reared about yer, and know Albany from the goose pasture to the Patroon's bridge. Why?"

"Because I am a stranger here and expect to stay a few days, and want to know somebody who knows the town. Your uniform is sufficient introduction and I hope mine is. I will put on my clothes and ask you to go with me to the Delevan House, where I have a suite of rooms."

We walked up Broadway to the Delevan—you can't walk far in Albany, although you may climb nearly a quarter as high as in Lynchburgh, Va., but at State street he turned in to the newsroom of Tom Hastings, and, picking up a copy of



NED BUNTLINE.
From a photograph by Sarony.

Ned Buntline's Own, said, "Let me present you with a copy of my paper."

I took the paper, looked at the heading, and asked: "Are you Ned Buntline?"

"Tom," said my new friend, "introduce me to this gentleman." And so I made the acquaintance of the redoubtable Ned. I dined with him at the Delevan that night, enjoyed the dinner, and remembered it because Ned enlivened it with tales of adventure which he probably evolved as he told them, and as probably forgot next day.

I had asked him to fish next day with George Tweddle and myself, without consulting George, and at 8 A. M. we met at State street bridge, where our boat and bait was ready. Tweddle and I had fished for striped bass with sturgeon spawn often in the ante bellum days, but the mode was new to Ned. We anchored near the eastern edge of the channel, in order to be out of the way of vessels, and Ned watched the baiting of the hooks with interest. We used hand lines with ½oz. sinkers; the hook was on a gut snell about a foot long, and placed so as to hang 2ft. above the sinker and float away from it down stream. A foot of linen thread was tied just above the hook, a mass of spawn wrapped around it and then enveloped in a square of mosquito netting, which was wound with the thread to keep it in place.

"Now, Ned," said I, "this river is infested with a minnow which is locally called 'spawn-eater,' and it well deserves the name. When you throw out your bait a few eggs will escape through the netting and these pests will follow it to the bottom. When you feel the slightest touch, strike. Strike with right and left hand alternately as the spawn-eaters follow you up, and after half a dozen strikes and no more follow, you may conclude that a new bait is needed."

"Yes," said George, "with a gang of spawn-eaters about your hook, a bass or an eel will make a rush for them, but on smelling the bait will snatch it bald-headed; there will be no nibbling."

"All right," said Ned, "I'll try to ——" and three or four jerks came on his line and he struck. George and I were getting touches and were striking right and left. Ned resumed: "I had a bite, but the fish has gone away."

"You didn't strike soon enough, and the spawn-eaters have cleaned up your bait," said George. "This way of fishing requires as quick a strike as fly-fishing, if not quicker, for the bait is so lightly held. If a bass rushes for it, as it will if one gets a sniff of the spawn, you can't snatch the hook from it, but will at once feel the fight of the fish, which cannot be mistaken for the picking of the spawn-eaters."

George and I took several half-pound striped bass, and finally Ned took a large eel. About noon Ned took his first bass, and remarked that he believed he had "found out how to take these fellows in the striped suits." He took several after that, among them one which weighed over a pound, and was the largest taken by us that day. As we returned and gave the man who kept boats for hire several eels and a dozen bass, Ned said: "Gentlemen, it is now 4 P. M., and as you don't care for the rest of these fish, I will propose to send them to John McArdle's, where I will ask you to dine with me at 8. The party will be rather small with only us three, so please invite two of your friends, who will enliven the party, and with McArdle it will make half a dozen. I'll tell John to make a spread for six." And he bribed a boy to accompany him to Albany's swell café and carry the fish.

After he had departed, George said: "There's a personal magnetism about that man which explains all that I have read of him. When you told me that you had asked Ned Buntline to fish with us I imagined him as a Bowery tough; but I'll make a mental apology to him, for I owe him no other. Will meet you in the evening."

Col. John McArdle was a veteran of the Mexican war, and so was Ned, and they were very chummy, having served in the same regiment, or brigade; but McArdle had lost an arm while in command of a regiment under William Walker in 1856, when he invaded Nicaragua, and McArdle's flag was at half-mast when the news came to Albany that Walker had been publicly shot at Trujillo in September, 1869.

Just what part Ned Buntline took in the Mexican war I don't know, but that he was in it, and in the Seminole war in Florida, I know from both Col. John McArdle and from his brother-in-law, Col. Michael K. Bryan, who commanded the Twenty-fifth N. Y. Militia, and was killed at Port Hudson, La., that he served in both wars. There are men who know that Ned was a romancer, and having no sympathy with his mode of thought, are disposed to look upon all his published life as a romance. That is not a fair way to view a man. His ambitions may differ from yours You may care to accumulate money, or to be recognized in a swell set. All ambition is egotism, and Ned Buntline's egotism took the direction of the heroic. He desired to be a hero, such as he had read of, and the ways of commerce had no attractions for him. This was also my own ambition in early life, the great obstacle seeming to be opportunity. I have spent much time and postage in getting at facts in the life of this man, and overlaid with fable, as many of the stories of him are, his life was truly a romantic one.

Going up State street I met Shirley Campbell, once of Campbell's Minstrels, and later the basso of the Caroline Riching's Opera Troupe. "Shirley," said I, "my friend Tweddle and I are going to dine with Ned Buntline and John McArdle to-night, and we lack two of half a dozen; you never was known to go back on a good dinner. Will you join us? No use to regret a lack of evening dress, there will be none there. Have you a friend in town who likes a social dinner?" He accepted and hunted up Tom Pendergast, at that time the best tenor on the minstrel stage, and we had only to mention it and Tom was there. Ned had no idea that our friends were professionals, and was surprised at Campbell's rendering of several songs.

Then Ned spoke: "To-day we caught several fishes which habitually wear a striped suit. I wore one for a year and didn't like it. You know why I wore it, and under the same circumstances I would risk wearing it again. I am proud of the fact that I stood up for American manhood at that time, for there was need of men to stand for it." He talked long and eloquently of the riot in 1849, for which he was fined $250 and suffered a year's imprisonment, and he was a most eloquent speaker. I will not attempt to repeat his words, for if I could remember them, I could never reproduce his grand effects of elocution.

After Ned had ceased, I said: "Our friend Pendergast knows a song or two, and I think we can get them out of him without resorting to violence," when a clapping of hands brought the tenor on his feet. What he sang was new then, and had not been sung on the stage. It was that pathetic ballad, "Father, dear father, come home with me now," sung with such an emphasis and pathos that when he finished there were tears in many eyes. McArdle's only hand hid his face, Campbell's head was bowed in deep thought, Ned jumped up and kissed Pendergast on both cheeks while tears streamed down his own, and he afterward declared that it was the best temperance song ever written or sung, and then he ordered another quart of Heidsieck.

The riot which has been referred to, and which Ned was punished for, was a great event, occurring only forty-eight years ago, but is almost forgotten. It was a quarrel between the foremost American tragedian, Edwin Forrest, and the English actor, Macready. Forrest had been hissed in England, and the "Native American" party declared that Macready's friends did the hissing, and that the English actor must not be allowed to play in New York. In looking up this subject I have accumulated enough material for a magazine article on the riot, but here can only say that at the Astor Place Opera House the play was "Macbeth," on Thursday, May 10, 1849, and Macready had been driven from the stage on the Monday night previous. Tickets were bought and distributed. *Ned Buntline's Own* had called on Americans to resist the possession of the opera house by crews of British steamships, and so the storm gathered. The Seventh Regiment, Col. Abram Duryea, after being stoned and firing blank cartridges, finally fired with ball. The result was that thirty-four of the mob were killed and 141 members of the Seventh were wounded, including Col. Duryea. One man got ten years in prison for this riot; therefore, Ned Buntline could not have been the head and front of it.

Col. James E. Kerrigan, now living in New York city, a veteran of the Mexican War and colonel of the Twenty-fifth New York Volunteers in our late war, was there when the riot began. Of course, he "took no part in it," but he says that Ned was arrested while haranguing a crowd in Lafayette place, and "now," said the veteran, "when you write up Ned Buntline I want you to say that he was a man who believed in having America governed by Americans, and at the head of his paper he placed George Washington's famous saying: 'Put none but Americans on guard.' We needed a man like Buntline then, and we need a thousand of them in this city to day to teach patriotism and Americanism to our youth. I tell you, New York city is in America, but not of it. Look at the draft riots of July, 1863, when a foreign mob terrorized the city, hung men to the lamp posts and burned a colored orphan asylum; we needed Ned Buntline then to arouse the people while the Governor of the State addressed the mob as 'my friends.'" And the old warrior paced the floor with excitement.

From the office of the Adjutant-General of the State I get this record: "Judson, Edward Z. C., age thirty-seven years, enlisted Sept. 25, 1862, at Mt. Pleasant, as a private in Co. K, 1st N. Y. Mounted Rifles, to serve three years. Promoted

sergeant Oct. 24, 1862. Transferred to Co. A, 22d Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 29, 1863." He served his term in the latter regiment and was honorably discharged as first lieutenant. Ned had five wounds, one of which made him somewhat lame. At Suffolk, Va., Col. Dodge put Ned in charge of a squad of scouts, and when the regiment went into winter quarters Ned was allowed a cabin where he wrote stories. He was the most prolific writer that I ever knew of. For over two years he ran six stories each week, under different nom de plumes, beginning and ending one in each issue. They were stories of impossible as well as improbable adventure, in which the hero arrived at the proper time and the villains were foiled. This sort of thing must have paid well, for I am told that Ned's estate footed up near $200,000. Not so bad for writing trashy tales.

In his earlier days he wrote "The Mysteries and Miseries of New York," which sketched the Bowery in its palmy days. This was dramatised under the title "New York as It Is," and F. S. Chanfrau made a great hit in his character of Mose, a soap-locked, red-shirted volunteer fireman, who always wore a plug hat on one side of his head and held a cigar tilted up at an acute angle. The play furnished popular quotations of firemen's talk, and we schoolboys would quote: "Sykesy take der butt," and "Get off dem hose or I'll hit yer wid a spanner," etc. Mose was our hero about 1850, and now as I go through Centre street on my way to the FOREST AND STREAM office, I stop each week and look in the window of No. 20 at a picture of Chanfrau as Mose, disgustedly saying: "I'm bound not to run wid der machine any more." Five old-timers were in the City Hall by invitation of Martin J. Keese, an old fire laddy, to meet me and talk of Ned Buntline, and when I mentioned this picture they went to see it. "It's like a glimpse of the old days," said Keese, "to see that picture, but it's sad to think of the descent from Mose to Chimmie Fadden. Ned Buntline took the character of Mose from Mose Humphrey, you remember him, Jake? He run with old 40 engine and got licked in every fight he went into. Chanfrau spent weeks studying Mose and made up just like him." And then these old "boys" became reminiscent of fires, fights, Harry Howard and other chiefs, and I enjoyed their enthusiasm as they lived their lives over again.

There are so many men who never saw any good in Ned Buntline because they did not know him, that I have tried to portray him as I knew him. If he were pleading his own case, he might say, with Othello:

> "I have done the State some service, and they know it;
> No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
> When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
> Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice."

If I wanted a quotation to fit Ned I might find it in John Hay's "Jim Bludsoe" in just four words: "He weren't no saint," and let it go at that. What in the world could be expected of a boy whose parents had handicapped with such a name as Edward Zane Carroll Judson? Yet this boy, by virtue carried, and sometimes staggered, under that load for over three-score years.

Ned was born in Philadelphia in 1822. His father was a lawyer and intended the boy for the clergy, but, luckily for the cloth, he had no inclination that way. Then the elder Judson decided that his son should be educated for the bar, and at times Ned got there, but he wasted no time in study for this purpose. He ran away and went to sea as a cabin boy when eleven years old, and the next year shipped on a war vessel. Appleton's "Cyclopedia of Biography" says that when thirteen years old he rescued the crew of a boat that had been run down by a Fulton Ferry boat, and received from President Van Buren a commission as midshipman in the U. S. Navy. After reading this, I consulted Hamersley's "Register of the U. S. Navy for 100 Years." There only the frigid facts are given, and under the misprinted name of E. J. C. Judson, he appears as "Midshipman, Feb. 10, 1838; resigned June 8, 1842." That shows that he was four years in the navy while he was between the ages of sixteen and twenty, and during this time he acquired enough of sea lingo to write his first sea tales under his nautical pen name. Because he had come on the quarter-deck through the hawsehole instead of over the rail, he was unpopular with the other middies, but, according to Appleton's book: "On being assigned to the Levant, he fought seven duels with midshipmen, who refused to associate with him because he had been a common sailor, and escaped from each without a wound. * * * He died in Stamford, Delaware county, N. Y., July 16, 1886." Surely, the boy who escaped from home at the early age of eleven was a boy full of vim and one that would make a mark of some kind.

Ned went into the Adirondacks in 1859 and built him a cabin on the shores of Eagle Lake, one of the Eckford chain, and christened it "Eagles's Nest." He there wrote the following verses which have been reproduced in almost every article on the Adirondacks:

> "Where the silvery gleam of the rushing stream
> Is so brightly seen on the rock's dark green,
> Where the white pink grows by the wild red rose
> And the bluebird sings till the welkin rings.
>
> Where the red deer leaps and the panther creeps,
> And the eagles scream over cliff and stream,
> Where the lilies bow their heads of snow,
> And the hemlocks tall throw a shade o'er all.
>
> Where the rolling surf laves the emerald turf,
> Where the trout leaps high at the hovering fly,
> Where the sportive fawn crops the soft green lawn,
> And the crow's shrill cry bodes a tempest nigh.
> There is my home—my wildwood home."

I alluded to his quarrel with Alvah Dunning in my sketch of the latter, and will not go into it now further than to say: Ned held ideas regarding the protection of game which Alvah did not share. One was independent of game as a food supply in close seasons and the other was not, and they had other causes of difference, and they threatened to shoot each other on sight. Ned died at his home and Alvah is living yet. Ned abandoned Eagle Lake in 1861 and went into the Catskills and built an elegant residence at Stamford, Delaware county, N. Y., which he named after the original Eagle's Nest, and there I wet a line with him in 1881 on a swift mountain stream.

That Ned did at times indulge in prolonged sprees is a well known fact, but I never saw him when he was under the rye. Once he said to me: "I had been writing for weeks and had become tired. There was no company there in the woods in the winter except Alvah Dunning and other amaroogians, and I got a horse at North Creek and lit out for Glens Falls and was gone a month."

That meant more than the words implied, unless we except "Amaroogians." The word is not in the Standard dictionary, nor in any other which I have access to; yet somehow I seem to know that it signifies a kind of unsophisticated woodsman, who cannot fraternize with a man of the world like Ned Buntline.

It has been said that Ned was an orator of much strength. From 1880 to 1885 he lectured on temperance for the Order of Good Templars, and was the founder of the Order of the Sons of Temperance. The picture of him which is here presented, was taken by Sarony, of New York, when Ned brought Buffalo Bill (William C. Cody) and Texas Jack (John Omohondro) from the West, and introduced them to the people of the East. Omohondro died too soon to reap a harvest from Ned's advertising; but Cody, who was a regimental butcher when Ned discovered him, and surrounded him with a romance which has made his fortune, is living, and no doubt will see that Ned's grave is kept green.

The great defect in the character of Ned Buntline up to his reaching middle age was unselfishness, and by this I mean a Quixotic disposition to espouse the quarrels of others, or, as in the Adirondack instance, to try to enforce an unpopular game law among a people who were averse to game laws of any kind. Ned had a high standard of morals, but could not always climb their heights. He was very deficient in humor; that point is well illustrated by the rig in which he permitted himself to be photographed, and his professional writing of romance had probably the effect of making him consider himself seriously.

When I fished with Ned in the Catskills, the drift of his talk would give an uninformed person the impression that his services to the country were equal to those of Grant, Sherman or Sheridan. His vanity was not balanced by modesty or humor, yet he was always clean in speech, as I knew him.

Only last week Col. Kerrigan wrote me: "When you write up Ned Buntline don't put wings on him. He was a grand, good man all the same, and there is no use in trying to hide his faults, for he had plenty of them; other people have worked up Ned's faults, and you know that he was a man in whom the good predominated."

Accepting Col. Kerrigan's estimate of Ned Buntline as my own, I leave Ned's character as a whole to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. FRED MATHER.

CHICAGO FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Chicago Fly-Casting Club's second scientific angling tournament for the world's championship, open to all, will be held at Garfield Park, Chicago, Aug. 13 and 14.

Six championship diamond medals, valued at $50 each, will be awarded as first prizes in each event. Additional merchandise prizes, valued at several hundred dollars, will be awarded as second, third, fourth and fifth prizes in each event. In addition to these prizes, President B W. Goodsell has donated an oil painting (trout) for the contestant making the highest general average in all events.

First Day, Aug. 13.

First Event.—Fixed distance and accuracy fly-casting, at buoys 50, 55 and 60ft. Rod not to exceed 8½oz. Five casts at each buoy; for each foot or fraction of a foot from buoy a demerit of one shall be scored. One minute allowed to extend line.

Second Event.—Accuracy bait-casting, at buoys 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100ft. One cast at each buoy with ½oz. rubber frog; for each foot or fraction of a foot frog drops from buoy a demerit of one shall be scored. Free running reel required.

Third Event.—Dry fly-casting for accuracy and delicacy combined, at buoys 35, 40 and 45ft. Rod not to exceed 5¾oz. Five casts at each buoy; thirty seconds allowed to extend line, thereafter each time fly strikes it will be scored. Delicacy of cast will also be scored.

Second Day, Aug. 14.

Fourth Event.—Roll fly-casting for accuracy, at buoys 50, 45 and 40ft. Rod not to exceed 8½oz. Five casts at each buoy; for each foot or fraction of a foot from the buoy cast at a demerit of one shall be scored.

Fifth Event.—Bait casting for distance and accuracy combined. Casting on the lawn in court 30ft. wide. Tape line running down the center. Five casts with ½oz rubber frog; for every foot or fraction of a foot from tape line a demerit of one shall be scored from the distance cast. Free running reel required.

Sixth Event.—Long distance fly-casting. No limit to rod or line. Ten minutes allowed to extend line to greatest possible distance.

Rules Governing the Contest.

Rule 1.—All persons competing for prizes shall pay an entrance fee as follows: One event, $3. Two events, $5. Three events, $7. All events, $10. Entries to each event close thirty minutes before contest commences.

Rule 2. The captain shall be the executive officer of the day, and the secretary-treasurer shall receive all entry fees, and issue cards to contestants designating their number in the order of competition. The time-keeper shall start and close all events. He shall signal the judges with a flag, and call time to the contestants.

Rule 3. The contests shall be governed by two judges and a referee. In case of disagreement the referee shall decide.

Rule 4. All casting shall be done single-handed only.

Rule 5. Competitors may consult their own wishes in choice of reel and line, but lines must not be knotted or weighted, and bait casting reels must be free running.

Rule 6. The leader shall be of single gut, and shall not be less than 6 nor more than 9ft. in length. One fly only shall be used, of a size not smaller than No. 12 or larger than No. 6. Hooks shall be broken off at the head.

Complete official programme, giving detailed information and entry blanks, mailed on application to me.

GEO. A. MURRELL, Sec'y-Treas.

617, No. 36 LASALLE STREET, Chicago, Ill.

Vermont League's Midsummer Meet.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., July 17.—The midsummer meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League, called for July 22, will be postponed until Aug. 6, word having been received from Senator Proctor that President McKinley will attend, together with several cabinet officers.

J. W. TITCOMB, President.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 17.—Last week I wrote that no bass had been taken from our piers here; as if to more particularly emphasize the never ending vagaries of fish life, the past week has been one of glory as regards pier fishing. Never has there been more bass taken in a single week than in the one last past. To give names of the successful, and weights, would be impossible. To say that the fishing is superb is sufficient. The score has run as high as twenty in a single day, and range of weights 4 to 22lbs. The prevailing easterly winds has produced a high and choppy sea, which is always productive of best results. Kingfish are abundant and being taken on every tide. There are a number of New York anglers here who pride themselves on their success with rod and reel. I counted at one time eighty-four rods being busily plied on Thursday morning, and while all did not get prizes, still all met with some success, and the consequence is that tackle stores are doing a rushing business, and Seger, the local rod maker, has his hands full to supply new goods and keep up with repairs. I made mention recently that but few ground nets were in use in this immediate vicinity, owing to financial stress of the parties who formerly operated them. As a consequence Shark River is alive with weakfish, a circumstance which has not occurred before in years, as the mouth of the river has been so hemmed in by the nets as to make their entrance impossible. No better evidence is needed by the advocates of fish protection than these mute but unimpeachable witnesses. Parties intending fishing should take C. R. R. N. J. to Belmar. At Buhler's boats and bait can be procured, which is only two minutes' walk from station. LEONARD HULIT.

WATERTOWN, N. J., July 19.—Weakfishing and bluefishing good. Nine parties out over Saturday and Sunday. All got nice catches. Mr. T. M. Hageton and son Leon caught sixty striped bass on Friday last; weight 150lbs. Mr. Leon Hageton caught one weighing 6½lbs., and Mr. T. M. Hageton caught one 5¼lbs. These gentlemen are from Westfield, Mass. J. H. BIRDSALL

NEW YORK, July 13.—Last Saturday four of us at Forked River, Barnegat Bay, caught in three hours nearly 200 weakfish, of which we put back in the bay, unharmed, over 100. The fish were tide runners, weighing from 2 to 3½lbs., not one schoolfish among them. For bait we used shedder crab. E. S.

FORKED RIVER, N. J., July 8.—Both weak and bluefish are biting here, large numbers being caught daily. To-day 200 weakfish were caught in one boat. J. B TILTON.

A Bargain in Trout Fry.

THE North Branch Fishing Club received a large addition to the stock of trout in the brook yesterday, the addition coming in rather an unexpected way. A stranger named Follett came to the city Thursday with 4,000 trout fry from the hatchery in Meriden. He was on his way to the Adirondack Mountains, where he was to stock a body of water there near Mt. Marcy. He came up on the noon train on the Consolidated road and was planning to take the 1:14 train for Albany. But on his arrival here, he was told that there was no room on the baggage car of that train for his fish. Four thousand trout, even though they are little fellows, take up considerable room, and in this case were being carried in four or five large cans.

This announcement from the baggage men upset Mr. Follett's plans completely.

The 1:14 train was the only one that gave him his connections except another late at night. He would, therefore, have to wait over in this city some twelve or thirteen hours and be obliged to stay with his fish almost constantly, for young trout have to be tenderly cared for; the water must be iced constantly and changed every hour or two. Even with these precautions he was not sure of arriving in the Adirondacks with many live fish after so long a time on the road. He therefore hunted up J. A. Murphy, president of the North Branch Club, and a bargain was soon struck. He then went back to Meriden and secured another cargo and took it out to the Empire State, taking care this time to arrange his trains so that he could make better connections. —*Springfield Republican.*

Fishing into the Circus.

DOWN in Edmundston, Washburn's circus was being billed to show on the 7th. As they were only going to advertise a few miles above here, I thought it would be a good scheme to charter the train on the Temiscousta Railroad from Connor's Station, the up-river terminus of the road. This I did. Then taking a lot of circus bills I went through the country distributing them. After I got away up country, where houses and people were scarce, I fell in with some who would like to come, but said money was scarce. I told them to go catch a lot of trout the day before and bring them, nice and cool, to Connor's, and that this would give them money all right. The morning we left the station nine of these men brought 500lbs. of fine trout, for which I paid them $50. You may believe that they were surprised, as they had no idea that the fish were of any value, being so plenty with them. I got some ice, packed them nicely, and landed them in Edmundston all right, where they were instantly turned over to the circus people and hotels. There were very nearly 3,000 people at the circus; but I don't believe that any thought they saw the show as cheaply as these men who fished for the means to get in. I cleared $100 with the train, and felt pleased with my day's fishing. S. J. R.

Rapid River Closed.

MIDDLE DAM, Me., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to a petition signed by twenty-six names of residents of this vicinity, the Fish and Game Commissioners of the State met here yesterday, and, as no remonstrants appeared, they decided to close Rapid River, from the swing bridge to Umbagog Lake, to all kinds of fishing for four years. The close season to date from the 20th of current month. To show what this means to the young salmon and trout, I will say that during an afternoon's casting there this week I hooked and returned to the water no less than eleven young salmon, not one of which reached the legal limit in length. It is the grandest piece of water in Maine for the young "landlocked," and the wisdom of the Commissioners must be apparent to everyone. Hot weather and high water has been the rule for the past week. J. W. B.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Carp in the Park Ponds.

In common with a great many other people, the Park Commissioners of Chicago at one time thought the German carp a highly beautiful and desirable fish, and an ornament calculated to shine in the best society. Such is not now the belief. The carp which have been planted in the park lakes have increased and multiplied, and they manage to keep the waters stirred up until it is of the general consistency and color of restaurant coffee. During the past month it was decided to have the park improved by the removal of all the carp from the lagoons, the experiment being made first in Garfield Park. A professional net-fisherman from the lake was engaged, who agreed to take the carp for his pay. He worked for two days with a good force, but only succeeded in taking a very few carp. He declared that the weeds at the bottom of the water offered a refuge for the carp, out of which they could not be driven. Burrowing in the mud, the carp allowed the lead lines of the net to drag harmlessly above them. In consequence of this the professional fisherman has thrown up his hands in horror, and we still have carp in our park lakes. Acclimatization is a good thing sometimes, but in the case of carp, Chinese and other foreign substances, its results are not always to be hailed with acclamation.

Cisco Season at Lake Geneva.

One of the curious features of Western angling is the cisco season at Lake Geneva. These little fish appear at a certain time of the year, usually in June, at this favorite water of Lake Geneva. They run near the surface in schools of thousands, and are taken in great numbers by the long lines of boats which go out for the fast and curious fun of this brief and curious form of angling. The fish bite for perhaps a week or ten days, then they drop down to the deep water of the lake and give absolutely no sign of their presence until the following year. This year the cisco run lasted for over four weeks, an unprecedentedly long time. One day in the last week of June six rods took over 1,000 cisco at Lake Geneva.

I do not know of the presence of the cisco in any other Wisconsin lake excepting Big Sand Lake, more than 150 miles north of Lake Geneva. In Big Sand Lake ciscos are often taken by means of sunken gill nets, but I have never heard of their taking bait at that lake.

New Warden for Missouri.

Mr. A. J. D. Burford, of Burfordville, Cape Girardeau county, was, on June 28, appointed by Governor Stevens as State Game and Fish Warden, vice Jesse W. Henry, of Jefferson City. Mr Burford will find abundance of work to do along the naturally prolific waters of his State.

In Montana.

The Boulder River, near Big Timber, has offered fine trout fishing the past week. Messrs. C. N. Skillman, Ed Hall, Bert Snook and E B. Clark had exceptional luck on that stream, taking one 8lb. trout, one of 6lbs., three of 5lbs. and two over 5lbs. They had twenty other fish running between 2 and 4lbs., the total making certainly a very fine catch.

In Wyoming.

Trout fishing near Sheridan, Wyo., is now extraordinarily good. There are a number of streams in the county which are well spoken of, but luck has been especially good in Big Goose Creek, from Beckton up to the cañon.

Trout on the Gunnison, Colorado.

Mr. Milward Hewitt reports to the Denver press the following results of fishing along the Gunnison River, Col.:

"On Saturday last three trout were shown in Gunnison city aggregating 24½lbs., the largest being 10½lbs., and from Iola, the headquarters of the Denver Fishing Club, I hear of one 7lbs., one 4½lbs. Last Sunday Charles Shaw caught one of 6lbs. at the Stevens bridge, and the agent one of 4½lbs. Louis Pomel had sixteen one day last week in three hours, and thirteen another day in a few hours. A party of Gunnison Fishermen at Iola had a fine string one day last week from 1 to 7lbs., and so on.

Michigan Commission Cut Down.

There was a strong lobby of the market fishermen on hand at the last session of the Michigan Legislature, this lobby fighting the sportsmen element, who have sought to regulate the size of mesh to be used and the manner of fishing in the open waters. The result of this fight was that instead of the Fish Commission getting its usual appropriation of $55,000, it was cut to $15,000, this to last for the term of two years. If this result be the work of the market fishermen, it is difficult to see the wisdom of their course. Mr. A. Booth, the most prominent market-fisherman on the Great Lakes, once told me that if it had not been for the efforts of the State Hatcheries of Ohio and Michigan there would not be a whitefish to-day south of Lake Superior. The Michigan Commission, under its curtailed appropriation, will throw nearly all of its force out of employment. It will make a specialty for the next two years of brook trout and other game fish, and the market fish will be allowed to take care of themselves. The Detroit hatchery for whitefish, the carp hatchery at Glenwood, the lake trout and commercial hatcheries at the Soo, and the wall-eyed pike and bass hatcheries will be put out of commission, and the only hatcheries that will be maintained will be those for brook trout at Paris, Mecosta county, and at the Soo.

Camping.

Mr. Harry Lawrence Wilbur, of this city, asks me where he can go trout fishing, taking along his wife, for a camping trip. I recommended the Prairie River of Wisconsin, or the Au Sable River of Michigan. These streams are good for trout. As to camping out for a lady, the trout country, with its mosquitoes and flies, is about the hardest and most uncomfortable that can be found. The Au Sable trip must be made by boat, with a new camp each day. It could be made by a lady, but few would think it enjoyable. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

A Large Bass From a Small Lake.

NEW YORK, July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. H. A. Mandeville, of Orange, N. J., a member of the Bellport Gun Club, has recently had mounted a large-mouth black bass weighing 7lbs., which he caught in Artist Lake, near Bellport, L. I. This fish very closely resembled a small-mouth, but after careful examination Dr. Tarleton H. Bean pronounced it a large-mouth.

NEW ENGLAND FISHING.

BOSTON, July 17.—Again the Maine trout and salmon lakes, ponds and rivers have been swollen to entraordinary proportions. The rain of early this week brought a July freshet unheard of; and the waters of northern and eastern New England are up to full banks. What this unseasonable rise will do for the fishing is a question. These is no doubt but what the unusually high position of the Rangeley, the Moosehead and other waters has prolonged trolling for salmon and trout till well into July, when it is generally about all done by the middle of June. What this additional freshet and high water will do remains to be seen.

S. R. Morse, of Atlantic City, N. J., a camp owner on the shores of Rangeley Lake, is reported to have broken the record of those waters for landlocked salmon last week, landing a big one that weighed 13½lbs. The fish was 30in. long and very, very deep, the largest salmon by 2½lbs. that has ever been taken from the Rangeleys. The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners are very busy with what may be termed a week of hearings. These hearings are mostly in regard to closing tributary streams to all fishing. They have invariably refused to close waters that are not being stocked by the State. A few rather bitter hearings are set down in regard to the question of fishways at certain dams.

Black Bass fishing continues to be very much in order. D. W. Linnehan, of Boston, with a friend, spent a day at one of the ponds in Winchester this week with a catch of forty nice bass. The lucky sportsmen are rather proud, and mention that the curious part of the trip was that they met an old farmer near the pond. He saw their string of bass with considerable surprise, and remarked that he had lived on the shores of the pond for many years, and was never before aware that such a string of fish could be taken from it.

Mr. E. C. Stevens, of Boston, is back from a nice fishing trip to Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt. This time he was alone, except for a guide, but had excellent fishing. He took all the bass he wanted, catching thirty-eight on Monday, of good size. Pickerel fishing was also good. A 6lb. pickerel was Mr. Stevens's largest this year, though he has taken larger ones there on former seasons. The lake seems to be particularly noted for the size of its pickerel.

Mr. Frank F. Dodge is back from his first fishing trip this season to the camp owned by himself and Mr. Fadin, at Lake Barrio, Nova Scotia. This lake is but little known to sportsmen, being in the woods a long distance from settlement, approached by carriage road and on foot six or eight miles to Silver River, and thence to the lake by canoes. The fishing is all that the sportsman could wish of small trout. Mr. Dodge will start his boys for a summer outing at his camp in a few days. He has a man there that can be trusted. Mr. Dodge and Mr. Fadin are fortunate in being able to purchase their camp lot outright, not being obliged to lease, as is almost universally the case in Maine. They are obliged to pay annually "one peppercorn" to the Crown for the use of their land.

Black bass fishing is reported good in Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire. Mr. L. O. Crane is at home from a short stay at that lake. He found all the bass fishing he desired. He landed a bass weighing 3½lbs. there Monday. Almost every time he went out he took about all the bass he desired. He fished with the fly altogether, using in his cast the parmacheene-belle, coachman and brown-hackle. This may be a new cast to some bass fishermen, but it did well with Mr. Crane.

SPECIAL.

But Some are Fishing Still.

A MAN I HAVE FISHED WITH, and who is so fortunate as to have survived it, is now successfully persuading the salmon of New Brunswick that a diet of feathers, tinsel, pig's wool and feathers is more palatable and wholesome than the small fish and crustaceans that have comprised their ocean *menu*. When I dropped into Conroy's last week to look over some tackle, he said to me; "Major Fred, there was a party of anglers in here last week discussing your articles in FOREST AND STREAM, and one man remarked: 'In reading those articles I've noticed that nearly every man who ever fished with Mather is dead, and I think that I wouldn't care to fish with him.' How is this? Is he right?"

"Surely he is right, Thomas," I replied. "A generation of man is thirty years and few reach the limit of three score and ten. You must not forget that my first sketch was of Reuben Wood, whom I fished with just fifty-seven years ago, when he was a boy of a dozen or more years and I a child of seven; Reuben lived to be sixty-two years old, even if he did fish with me. Port Tyler lived to be nearly eighty; Geo. Dawson died at seventy; Ira Wood at fifty-three; Bill Patterson, Guyon, Fish and "Jack" Sheppard are living, while Alvah Dunning is still an Adirondack guide nearly ninety years old, not to mention Charles Hallock, who is just five months and eleven days younger than I. Put these facts before your friends, Tom, for I don't care to pose as a hoodoo."

"That's a new way to look at it," said Tom, "we somehow forget that you were born so long before us; but tell me about your friend on the Restigouche who has been taking all these big salmon."

"My friend who is now there fishing is one whom I have written up in FOREST AND STREAM, and he and I fished together more than fifty years ago. He sent me a 25lb. salmon this week, and it came through from Matapedia in good shape. Oh, no, Thomas, the old boys are not all dead; there's good leather in some of them and they wear well. Tell that to your friends next time." FRED MATHER.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The score of our club contest to-day was as follows:

	Long Distance Fly, feet.	Distance and Acc'y, per cent.	Accuracy and Del'cy, per cent.	Bait Casting per cent
W. H. Babcock..	75	69⅔	83⅓	....
I. H. Bellows....	80	76	86⅔	94
L. F. Crosby.....	...	....	....	101⅝
J. M Clark.....	...	87⅓	....	84⅝
B. W. Goodsell..	100	86⅔	91	83
C. G. Ludlow....	77	80⅔	80⅓	73
G. A. Murrell....	77	86⅓	74	96⅘
F. N. Peet.....	88	89⅓	85	91
G. W. Strell.....	...	....	....	72⅘
H. G. Hoscall....	...	....	....	79
H. W. Perce.....	...	....	....	72⅙
E. C Smith.....	...	....	....	....
M. D. Smith.....	...	....	....	92
L. G. Stiles.....	...	....	....	....
T. D. Whitney...	...	....	....	....

Holders of medals: Long distance fly, B. W. Goodsell; distance and accuracy, F. N. Peet; accuracy and delicacy, B. W. Goodsell; bait casting, G. A. Murrell.

G. A. MURRELL, Sec'y.

Green Mountain Notes.

MILTON, Vt., July 12.—Bass fishing in this section of the State is uncommonly good this year. A party came in last week from the mouth of the Lamoille with heavy strings, averaging 3 and 4lbs. The baits used were minnows, frogs, and helgamites. Pike are being brought in in large numbers, a party of three gentlemen taking over seventy in less than four hours; the bait used was small frogs. Trout are fairly numerous, but the excellent fishing in Lake Champlain has drawn most of the fishing population there, so the trout streams have received scanty attention in this part of the State at least.

The Lamoille River bids fair to become a good fighting ground for those who love the wily salmon trout. The stream was stacked with fry of that variety a few years ago, and several good strings of medium-sized fish have been taken. In some parts of the river, in shallow water, small trout, 3 or 4in. long, fairly swarm, promising good sport at some future time.

From present indications, it looks as though shooting would be unusually good in Vermont this fall. Duck are nesting in large numbers in the marshes, or, as they are locally called, "slango" along the lake. Plover and snipe are also plenty, but woodcock are not numerous. Partridges, too, are plenty, and nearly every patch of woodland contains at least one brood of these shyest of nature's children. It is gratifying to note that the English ringneck pheasant is doing well in this State. They appear to be a very hardy bird, enduring our severe winters well, and bid fair to become as numerous as the grouse.

Vermont hunters are eagerly awaiting the open season for deer that begins Oct. 1, and continues one month. From reports from various sections of the State, deer seem to be quite abundant, particularly in the central and southern portion. It is rather a pity that the old law could not have remained in force a few years longer, so that the deer might have multiplied unmolested. As it is now, the deer are so tame that it will be no hard task for a good shot to bag them, and I fear the first season will see them wellnigh exterminated. Happily, however, the law is as nearly right as it is possible to make a game law, and hunting with dog, jack, salt-lick or trap, are prohibited, as well as the killing of deer without horns. Possibly the deer will survive this autumn's host of hunters and become a permanent fixture of the State, but that remains to be seen. KENEWAH.

Bass Fishing in Bay of Quinte.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., July 16.—The following will give your readers an idea of what bass fishing is like in the Bay of Quinte at present. On Wednesday afternoon last the Forest and Stream Club held their first bass fishing competition of the season, for prizes given by the club for largest and second largest catches of bass, and by Mr. C. N. Sulman, a member of the club, for three largest bass caught during the season. The conditions prescribe not more than two men in a boat; to leave the harbor not earlier than 1 P. M., returning not later than 10 P. M.; fish to be counted and weighed at a certain boat house; anglers to troll, still-fish, or with the fly or bait casting at will, but not to use more than one line at a time. Twelve boats took part, and, although several boats failed to secure any bass, the fishing was good, thirty-three fish being caught. The fish, however, were small, and the veterans were once more easy winners. The results were:

Largest catch—W. Ormond and Major Casswell, thirteen fish.

Next largest catch—W. P. Clarke and John Haslett, five fish.

Largest bass—R. Burke and H. P. Day, 2lbs. 7oz.

For the Sulman prize, for the three heaviest bass, Messrs. Burke and Day weighed in three which weighed 5lbs. 7oz.

At Trent Bridge, a few evenings ago, Mr. John Garneau went out on the River Trent, and in less than an hour he was fortunate in catching twelve maskinonge. A boy, the evening previous, captured in twenty minutes two 'lunge, one weighing 12lbs. R. L. B.

Rangely Fishing.

RANGELY, Me., July 12.—I have noticed a number of articles in your paper in reference to the fishing this year at the Rangeleys. I have been coming here for five or six weeks vacation for the past five years, and have never found fishing so good as last year and this.

We have caught two 8lb. salmon, and about twenty that weighed from 3 to 7lbs. We have also caught a number of trout running in weight from 2 to 4½lbs. On Saturday, 10th inst., while fishing with me, with Ernest Ross, guide, Prof. S. R. Morse, of Atlantic City, N. J., took a 13½lb. salmon. This is the largest landlocked salmon ever taken by hook and line from the Rangeley waters. The large salmon was 31in. long, 20in. in circumference, and 9in. spread of tail. A Mr. Winship, about the same time, caught a salmon that weighed 12lbs. There were a number of salmon taken on the 10th that ran from 4 to 6lbs. This is the fishing on the Oquossoc or Rangely Lake. I have been here since June 17th, and have had fine sport.

We never get five or six large fish any one day, but, with one or two exceptions, we have had sport enough each time we have been fishing. This may be of some interest to your readers who are visitors to this section. W. A. FAUNCE.

Maine Guides in New Brunswick.

MR. R. S. BARKER, Chief Game Constable, Fredericton, N B., writes: "I cannot see any reason why you should not bring State of Maine guides with you. It would not be necessary for them to have a license provided they did not carry guns. I presume you would have local guides as well."



The Kennel.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—VII.

HAVING taught the puppy the meaning of the orders, "Come in" and "Go on," his further special training may rest till he is naturally developed to a reasonable degree, mentally and physically, say at the age of about ten months. In the intervening time, if the trainer in his walks makes a companion of him and give him freedom under proper conditions at other times, he will become way-wise, and from his own powers of perception will learn to adjust his actions to the governing circumstances of his life.

A puppy kept on chain or in confinement can learn nothing, for the reason that under such conditions no opportunity to learn is afforded. The aged city dog which for the first time is given a run in the country, is filled with amazement at the sight of a cow, and often is divided in his mind as to whether it is better to flee and escape or stand and fight, though his bristling hair and saucy barkings at a safe distance, with waverings to and fro, in alert retreats and reluctant advances, indicate that his heart is filled with many alarms and misgivings at the sight of the strange monster. And so it is with him in a thousand other circumstances equally trifling. They either fill him with wonderment, or he is forever at cross purposes with them.

A dog which has his liberty learns the meaning of all the things about him, and adjusts his deportment accordingly. If confined constantly, he grows up in ignorance, mentally dwarfed and physically inferior and misshapen, with a soured temper and a general depreciation which is lifelong. The education which the dog gains from his own personal experience is the real education. The education given by the trainer is but a tiny fraction when compared with it. Without this self education, so necessary in life, and which can be acquired only from experience, the relatively trifling special education which the trainer gives to subserve his own purposes is worthless. In long confinement, the dog being ignorant, his understanding dormant, and his bodily powers injured, the mere training of him to obey a few commands does nothing toward fitting him for active practical service.

The serious part of the yard training may be begun by teaching the dog to "drop" or "charge," which is simply to teach him to lie down to order and so remain till he is ordered to rise or to go on. It is much more difficult to teach than either "Go on" or "Come in," inasmuch as the dog is required to cease all effort and to lie still, which nearly always run counter to his inclination. Furthermore, he is required to drop promptly to the command whether he be nearby or not. If at a distance, he feels that his nimble heels are sufficient warrant for disobedience. After he has been taught the meaning of the order, and will drop promptly to it, it requires a long schooling to establish discipline. He may drop to it, then become impatient and rise up the next moment. He must be schooled to lie reliably as long as the trainer desires him to do so. In the yard, where there is nothing to excite his interest, he may remain down steadily till ordered up; while in the fields, where he wishes to be at large, or where there is fur or feather to distract him, he may utterly disregard all orders.

His discipline is not properly established till he drops promptly to the order, wherever he can hear it, far or near, and remain till the trainer orders him to rise or go on.

Schooling the dog to lie down to order should be persisted in till obedience is prompt and reliable So long as the dog obeys reluctantly or imperfectly, his schooling should be continued. If imperfect obedience is accepted, obedience will be less and less till at last there will be no obedience at all.

It is desirable many times that the dog should lie down at the will of his master, either about the house or in the field, to prevent prowling and annoyance, or to make him cease hunting. So long as he is on his feet he will be moving about, when lying down action ceases.

Some sportsmen desire that their dogs be taught to drop to shot and wing, they contending that it puts a more artistic finish to the dogs' performance and prevents them from breaking shot or chasing. So far as any finish to the performance is concerned, it is one of fancy, not of utility. It is in the class of tricks, and if a dog were to turn a summersault when the bird rose or the gun was fired, it would be quite as pertinent to the occasion. There is nothing whatever in the rise of a bird or the report of the gun which can be usefully supplemented by the drop of the dog. It is of no importance as a preventive of chasing or shot-breaking, for there is nothing easier to teach than steadiness to shot and wing. A dog can be broken to steadiness much easier than he can be taught to drop. The mistaken claim of greater finish in work to the gun and on birds, and of greater steadiness, is all that can be advanced for it On the other hand, there are a number of important considerations to be urged against it. First, on wet or sloppy ground, or in mud or swamps, particularly in cold weather, there is a certain inhumanity in requiring a dog to drop on his stomach and there remain until ordered up. In briers and thorns it is often painful for the dog to drop. Sometimes, if he flushes in cover or at a distance from the shooter, where the latter cannot see him, he will remain a long time dropped to wing waiting for the order to get up and go on. After dropping to wing for a time, the dog anticipates the rise as the shooter walks up to flush, and therefore drops before the birds take wing. When fatigued, he finds that lying down on point is restful and agreeable. He therefore anticipates the rise more and more, till at length he may drop on his points wholly. Many a dog drops to his points from a beginning which referred only to dropping to wing. A dog which drops to his points adds greatly to the difficulties of the shooter, since the latter must watch him unceasingly; for if he drops when the shooter does not see him, it may require a long search to find him, as little cover will conceal him when lying down. Under such circumstances, it not infrequently happens that the dog cannot be found at all, and it is necessary to whistle or call him from his point So much for the advantages and disadvantages of dropping to shot.

The manner of teaching a dog to drop is very simple. Tie a short cord to the dog's collar. Hold it in one hand; give the order "Drop," and push the dog down with the other hand. Give him a tap or two with the whip if he attempts to rise, at the same time uttering the command "Drop." After a time permit him to rise, and after a few minutes repeat the act. After five or six lessons in as many days, he should understand its meaning, but may not obey. Then with the cord held in one hand he is given the order, and at the same time hit sharply on the shoulders with the whip. He will soon drop. If he rolls over on his back, a few light whip taps on his paws will cause him to turn into the right position.

This schooling should be persisted in till he will obey the order instantly. When the order is given, no nosing about seeking for a good place, or seeking to evade obedience, should be tolerated. He should be made to drop in the place where he stood when the order was given. The hand may be raised as a signal to drop, and he will learn to associate it with the act. If he is slow to recognize the signal, obedience can be enforced in the same manner as when the order is given orally. All this is done with the dog close by. Next he should be schooled at a distance. An open field is a good school room. A strong wooden pin may be driven firmly in the ground. Tie the dog to it with 20 or 30yds. of light cord. Make him drop close by the pin. Walk away 20 or 30yds. If he moves, take him back to his place and make him lie down. If he attempts to bolt the cord will snub him, and he can be brought back and forced to resume his place. If he bolts resolutely, a spike collar may be used. After he runs against the collar once or twice, he will give up all attempts to bolt.

The lessons should be continued till the dog will obey instantly, and till the discipline is so firmly established that he will have no thought of disobedience.

He is taught to drop to shot by making him drop to the report of a pistol as if it were a command. To teach the dog to drop to wing, he is dropped every time a bird rises near him, and the previous discipline being so firmly established, he in time learns to drop to wing from repetitions of the act. If he is slow to drop, punishment may be used, and it already being associated with disobedience, he will soon learn to obey.

The order used when the dog is required to rise to his feet is "Hold up," or a beckon of the hand or snap of the finger. He soon learns its meaning, as it is in accord with his inclinations. If he should be sulky and willful, a spike collar may be put on him, and when the order is given a slight pull on the collar will bring him to his feet.

BERNARD WATERS.

Sheep Dog Trials.

THE so called sheep dog trials which are sometimes held in showyards and small enclosures are of very little practical use as real test of working capacity. The dog has to "bring" the sheep a certain distance, then "drive" them between flags, round certain poles, and through one or two gates. Now, if the programme can be known in a general way beforehand, a dog can be taught to be fairly efficient in this ornamental work, for his master can take him to a field at an odd time and train him so far for a show performance. No practical man with a good working young dog would think of putting the animal through the capers needed for a show trial such as those referred to. He would take a three or four-year old dog that would not be easily spoiled by being set to do a lot of meaningless odds and ends. An ideal trial should as much as possible resemble the tests of real life, and this means that it cannot very well be held in a show yard or in an enclosure of moderate dimensions. Then there ought to be tests in parks as well as on hill-sides. An old dog may work admirably in a park, and so may a young one that has never done anything else except confined turns within sight; but the chances are the young dog will prove half a failure when he is set right off to gather a scattered flock on a rough hill side.

"Fanking work," as it is termed is Scotland, or driving sheep into an enclosure, is, to all intents, the most frequent close quarter exercise needed in regular practice. Keeping the sheep in a corner to give the shepherd a chance of catching or narrowly inspecting one or more specimens is also, of course, frequently needed, only in such a case the dog keeps at a moderate distance to prevent a stampede. A dog sees the use of such work, but he has to be directly taught the trick of putting the sheep between flags and round poles. A beautiful exercise, needing two dogs, is the one now and then practiced in the Scottish Highlands when the sheep are counted. The shepherd and one dog stand facing each other some 8 or 10yds. apart, while the other dog is set to drive the flock very gradually in between the two. There is no difficulty once the stream of animals is set steadily flowing. At the outset the dog at hand has to excercise considerable diplomacy in order to get the leading members of the flock to pass between himself and his master, and the gathering dog has to be on the outlook against bursts and hurry. An exercise of this sort is of real practical value, and the like cannot be said of half the tests to which handsome prizes are added.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

A. K. C. Executive Board.

A MEETING of the Executive Board was held in the A. K. C. rooms at 10:30, July 17. Present: Messrs. Belmont, Brooks, Hunnewell, Wilmerding, Schellhass and Watson. The agreement with the Canadian Kennel Club was ratified. In the matter of charges made by Mr. H. T. Payne against Mr. Mortimer for misconduct as judge at the Oakland show, and the charges made by the St. Bernard Club, of California, against Mr. Payne for his action in making the charges against Mr. Mortimer, it was "Resolved that the Pacific Advisory Board call upon Mr. H. T. Payne to supply the evidence to substantiate the public statements made by him regarding Mr. James Mortimer, investigate the same, and report thereon to the A. K. C."

The secretary was authorized to go to the Pacific coast and investigate such matters as he deemed necessary.

In the matter of Washington vs. Cotzhausen, which concerned the matter of a stud fee, the board resolved "That no fraud has been shown by the evidence, and in the opinion of this board it resulted in simply a misunderstanding of letters exchanged between the parties hereto. The case is dismissed."

The French Bull Dog Club was admitted to membership.

The following kennel names were allowed: Bon Accord, to Wm. Strachan; Jubilee, to G. B. Borradaile; Missouri, to Sterling P. Marlin; Shawmut, to Richard H. Hunt.

The suspension of F. G. Bixby was removed.

The report of the Pacific advisory board, concerning charges against A. R. Crowell was read. It was resolved that, Whereas, as the A. K. C. has no agents, the action of A. R Crowell is reprimanded for receiving money for the club, and all persons are warned not to accept any on this account. Also that the action of the secretary for forwarding the matter for investigation is approved.

Pen and-ink sketches were ordered scheduled and sold.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. W. S. Bell, secretary of the Continental Field Trials Club, writes us as follows: "Permit me to call attention to Aug. 1, 1897, as the date for closing the entries of the Excelsior Stake (all-age) of the Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials, to be held at Morris, Manitobo, Sept. 1. Also the same date, Aug. 1, closes the entries for the Blue Ribbon Stake of the third annual field trials of the Continental Club, to be run on quail at New Albany, Miss., Jan. 17, 1898. Advices from both locations insure plenty of birds. I hope owners and handlers will not overlook these two events. Entry blanks and the clubs itinerary have been mailed to all those known to me and will be cheerfully mailed to anyone on application."

Under date of July 15, Mr. C. E. Buckle writes us that the pointers of the Charlottesville Kennels are all in great shape, and that they have a grand lot of youngsters for 1898. In Virginia the summer has been good and pleasant. A very good way to breed good pointers and setters is to devote one's self diligently to it, instead of wasting time writing long letters about bugaboos and bugaboo judges.

In our advertising columns this week Edson W. Safford, Montrose, Pa., offers English pointer. G. G Williamson, Muncie, Ind., offers English setters. J. M. Kelly, Montrose, Pa., offers English setters. Conrad Klein, Coryville, Cincinnati, O., offers a pointer and a setter, both broken. A. Bigelow, Jr., of Boston, offers cocker.

Wheeling.

WHEELING NOTES.

THOUGH steel will continue to be the standard material for the construction of bicycle frames, various alloys of aluminum have been successfully used, and hickory, bamboo and other woods also do service for the same purpose. A novelty in the line of bicycle tubing is made from paper. A fibre similar to that used in the manufacture of railway car wheels is employed, and is said to make a very satisfactory substitute for steel, possessing considerable strength in proportion to weight. Paper bicycles are now to be seen in London, and there is talk of starting a factory for their production, though aside from the novelty of the idea, there seems little to recommend such bicycles.

Bicycle baggage laws are most common in the tier of States north of Mason and Dixon's Line, and lying between New England on the east, and Illinois and Wisconsin on the west. In fact, in the section named they are all but universal. New England, with the exception of Rhode Island, still hangs out for the old order of things, and makes the wheelman pay; but, as a rule, the charges are not excessive. From New York city, a man may check his bicycle as far south as New Orleans, or north to the Canada line, or west to Chicago, without charge, provided he travels by certain routes; but in each case these routes are the best and most available.

Aside from South Carolina, the extreme southern States have not as yet waked up to a proper understanding of the case; and though California and Arizona, and Colorado and North Dakota, are all on the right side of the column, other progressive and enlightened States west of the Mississippi still sit in the shadow of darkness as regards the bicycle baggage question.

New York deserves credit as the pioneer State in this respect, and from her, as a center, the leaven is gradually working outward to the rest of the world. Pretty soon, let us hope, the wheelman will be able to ship his bicycle as baggage almost anywhere short of Mars.

During the annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen, which takes place at Philadelphia August 4 to 7, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special tickets from all points on its system to Philadelphia and return at the rate of a single fare for the round trip.

Bicycle Prices.

THE recent announcement by a great bicycle manufacturing concern of a reduction in price from $100 to $75 for its standard wheel, and a general scaling down in prices of its cheaper grades, came as a genuine surprise to the trade and public alike.

The company in question has spent thousands of dollars advertising its product, and, as a general thing, stress was laid upon the inflexibility of the price for the standard wheel.

Persons who wanted this wheel cheerfully paid the $100 asked, because they were convinced that there was no way of getting it for less money. Their assurance of this fact also gave them confidence in the bicycle and its manufacturers, and perhaps a sense of superiority over other riders who might possibly have gotten their wheels a little cheaper and with less *éclat*.

Unprejudiced observers are debating as to the wisdom of this reduction in price at the present time.

Apparently, it had to come; but would it not have been better policy, in view of the widely advertised standard price, to put it off till the beginning of the next season?

It is commonly reported that the company will have as a leader next year a chainless bicycle, which will probably be listed at the old figures, and had it waited till then to make the reduction in its standard wheel, the change would have been accepted without comment.

The reaction comes, however, at a time when there is no especial excuse for it available, and when, moreover, the selling season is practically past From this latter fact it is argued that no large number of bicycles will be marketed, and that the money return will be no greater than if the price had remained unchanged.

The reduction probably has its justification from a business standpoint. The men who control the destinies of this great enterprise are noted for their shrewdness and far-sighted business acumen. It may be assumed that the move was intended to carry activity through the dull season. It was made at a time which will assure a certain freedom from competition by their chief rivals in trade. Other makers of high grade wheels may be contemplating a similar reduction in price, but they will wait till next year to make it. The fact that they have been forestalled by their greatest opponent, prevents their adopting a similar policy at present, for the effect would be to make them appear imitators instead of leaders, and would in any case be of doubt-

ful benefit. Thus the company which has chosen this unexpected time for announcing a drop in the standard price of bicycles has for the moment a leading hand, though only experience can prove how the game will result.

In an interview printed in a Hartford paper, the head of this great concern is quoted as saying that the reduction was made: "Because, with our present facilities we can make more bicycles than we can sell at $100 each, and I feel a personal responsibility in seeing that our large force of workmen is kept constantly employed."

The reporter asked him: "Do I understand from that that your output has not been selling?" To which the manufacturer replied: "Oh, no, our business is larger than ever before, but our facilities have been steadily increasing We want to keep our men at work the year round. It has never been our policy to weaken our organization when trade falls off, and later bring in a set of new men who must be trained to our standard. If we can bring our production up to the limit we can sell the bicycles at the new prices and make a fair profit."

This reply naturally suggested a question as to the profits of bicycle manufacturing. The reporter stating that he had seen tabulations which professed to give the cost of making a high grade bicycle as $30. The manufacturer answered:

"If this is correct, why should so many bicycle manufacturers fail when the prices were very much higher than they are now, and when they netted a great deal more than $30 for wheels not of the highest grade? There are many things to consider besides the actual first cost of materials. No manufacturer knows what the goods cost him until he figures up at the end of the year and puts in all his expenses, and many of them have then found that their bicycles have cost them more than twice their estimate."

The matter of making a cut in price in the middle of the season has aroused a great deal of unfavorable comment. Riders who bought before the reduction, could, in many cases, have waited just as well as not before purchasing and taken advantage of the lower price, if they had known it was to be made.

It was taken for granted that the price announced at the beginning of the season was fixed for the entire year, and the reduction came accordingly very much like a 25 per cent. drop in the price of a stock that had been purchased at what was regarded to be its true value. Many riders sell their wheels after a season's use, and the unexpected reduction had the effect at once of scaling down the money value of these second-hand bicycles.

One prominent manufacturer announced that if he had so reduced the price in his wheels, he would consider it obligatory upon himself to send a check for the difference in value to each rider who had purchased a bicycle from him during the season, and the opinion among others was general that they considered themselves in honor bound to maintain the same price throughout the season.

Yachting.

ONE result of the trial races has been to explode the stories current in the spring of the tremendous speed of some of the new boats. One that was credited with some miles in a preposterously short time failed to make anything like the same record over the carefully-legged courses when timed by the race committee and independently by the newspaper men. Another that poses as the winner of a quasi-international contest was beaten by the whole fleet.

THE increase of cost has apparently acted to reduce the number of boats, as was to be expected. With a 15-footer costing from $300 to $650, there were twenty-eight at the line in the trial races of 1896. Now that the larger racing machine costs from $1,000 to $1,500, the number was reduced to ten.

SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.

Third Contest, 1897.

Trial Races for Challenger.

OYSTER BAY.

THE third annual series of trial races has filled up the past week at Oyster Bay, and, though the weather has been unfavorable and no decision has been announced by the committee, the standing of the competing yachts has been pretty definitely determined. The races have been unsatisfactory, in a measure; though one was sailed through with no flukes, another was started in a light air and spoiled by a calm in the middle, while the third failed of a finish after much idle drifting and some light-weather sailing. At the same time, it is doubtful whether further trials and in better weather would change the places of the first four boats.

Up to Saturday it looked very much as though there was but one boat—Momo—and no good second to her; but in the two extra races on that day, her sister boat, Al Anka, made an excellent showing. Momo has done uniformly good work throughout the week; on Monday she had a poor start and was in the middle of the fleet for a time, but came to the front on the windward work of the first round; she sailed very fast on the reaches and did excellent work to windward in a reefing breeze and sea. While her victory was due to Skate's capsize, this is nothing to her discredit, as all of these boats—Momo included—are liable to the same mishap. On Wednesday she had fairly beaten the fleet to windward in light weather, when she was hung up on the second round and overtaken by the others; but from that point on she started in to beat the fleet a second time, and did it. On Thursday she was the leading boat all day in light weather. She has shown herself very fast under all conditions: in the drifts and light winds she runs and reaches fast, and is excellent to windward; in a strong breeze she still maintains her superiority. What is most important is that she seems to be a good, consistent and reliable all-round boat—one that can be depended on in any weather.

It has been quite evident during the races that Al Anka was not shown to the best possible advantage; had Momo never been built the latter would have been pushed much harder by her owner. She was well sailed by a good crew, but her first mast was poor and her sails rather heavy, while her second mast, that now in her, was none of the best. She is by no means as handsome and probably not as fast as Momo, but still she is a fast boat, as her work on Saturday showed. With a capsize and a breakdown marked against her, the score in the first two races placed her far below Momo, but on Thursday and Saturday she did very much better, so far as light weather work is concerned. The two are by all means the best of the fleet, probably the only ones that are good enough to represent the club in Canada.

Accepting as correct the position which we as well as many others have always taken, that the fin-keel was not a possibility in either the 15ft. or the 20ft. class, Shark has done remarkably well in the trial and other preceding races. She has shown herself a good all-around performer, fairly fast in light, moderate, or even heavy weather, and sailing very evenly. At the same time, it is evident that her place is from third to fourth in the fleet, and that she is not fast enough to make a good fight for the cup.

The two Huntington boats, Skate and Keneu, have been looked upon by some as certain winners in the trial races, but they have by no means come up to these expectations. While strong on some points, they are weak in others, and neither has shown herself a consistent and reliable performer in average racing weather. Skate gave a wonderful display of sail carrying on the first day, and her speed in reaching was something never before attained, so far as we know, by the same length and sail. Her work to windward in a strong wind and sea was admirable, and she should have won this race on her merits had she shortened sail in time and had she been properly balanced under storm canvas. Under the conditions of Monday she would probably beat Momo over a triangle or even to windward and leeward, and she is far faster than the other when she strikes her best speed, on a reach in a fresh breeze. At the same time such conditions are exceptional, and her speed under them is no guarantee that she will win a fair number of races in ordinary racing weather on the Sound. In light weather she is slow, especially down wind; the conditions of Saturday's races were as near the average as can well be found, smooth water and a light but steady breeze, and at this work the other boats simply lost her.

Keneu is much the same as Skate, very fast under certain conditions but slow under others, the loss, from a racing standpoint, more than offsetting the gain. From their performances through the season it is doubtful whether either boat would be good enough to make a creditable fight on Lake St. Louis in a prolonged series of races in August with a time limit.

The two Olmstead boats, Asthore and Montauk, the latter only sailing in the trial races, are not up to date in model; like all of Mr. Olmstead's boats in the 15 and 20ft. classes, they are fin-keels, of the normal form and staunch and comparatively durable construction and strongly and heavily rigged. As boats, they are entirely too good for the class, being deep and able little ships, handsome to look at and easily altered into useable craft for afternoon sailing. Under suitable storm canvas Montauk should have done very well on Monday, she was third boat as it was, but she has never been near the front in any of the trial races.

The Western boat Mary is even yet an unknown quantity, not only had her crew done little practice work in her at home, but she arrived too late at Oyster Bay for any trials of herself or for any practice sails over the course. Her owners were utterly unfamiliar with the surroundings, they had never sailed in tidal waters, and they did not fully know their boat. In the hard windward work of Monday she did very well until disabled, but she has not been raced in a way to show her true position in the fleet.

All things considered, we have very little hope of the Seawanhaka international cup coming back to Oyster Bay next month, but in Momo the club has a fitting representative to back its challenge; one that may be depended upon to put up a good fight. Just how near to Momo Al Anka is, we cannot pretend to say on the showing of their races about the Sound, but it is certain that if the sole attention of her owner were concentrated upon her, in the absence of the other boat, she would do better than she thus far has; probably well enough to make an interesting fight for the cup. As a fin-keel, and on her showing in the races, Shark is not good enough for international honors. When Mr. Braud came over for the first cup races in 1895 he was very anxious indeed to have reaching races instead of windward-leeward ones—a desire which was not gratified. If the challenger this year could pick reaching courses and secure a short time limit, either Skate or Keneu would probably bring back the cup; but as yacht racing is at present conducted it is the good light-weather performer and the all-around good sailor, especially to windward, which wins.

Momo is the second boat designed for the class by Clinton H. Crane, who designed and sailed El Heirie in the unsuccessful defense of the cup last year. After Mr. Crane had his first boat—Al Anka—well under way, his father, J. H. Crane, and his uncle, A. W. Durkee, neither of them yachtsmen, but deeply interested in this racing, offered to build another boat if Mr. Crane was desirous of trying anything different from his first design. This offer was accepted, and the boat was built, sparred and rigged by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co., at Ogdensburgh. Momo, the Japanese word for "peach," is 29ft. 6in. over all, with a beam of 8ft. and a draft of 5in., with moderate freeboard and sheer, quite different from the straight sheer line and turtleback deck of El Heirie. She has a boldly curved side line, not parallel, as in several of the class; a flat floor, and a good flare to the side. With the marked characteristics of the new type of small racer, she has still the appearance of a boat, and is by no means of the slab or barndoor type in appearance. Her fore end for about 2ft. is blunted in after a very ugly fashion; but apart from this, which is not apparent when under way, and a general fullness of the lines, she is a very good-looking craft, the handsomest of the new fleet except Mary. She carries a short bowsprit and is rigged with a gaff mainsail. She has no transverse bulkheads, but a shoal watertight cockpit about 6ft. long and 3ft. wide, with deck hatches fore and aft. The hull is of Spanish cedar, shiplap, as is the deck; the frames are very light, but the construction is substantial, and by no means exceptionally light. The workmanship is good throughout.

The tiller is a novelty, the shape of a wishbone, or rather a large Y, a double tiller of bent elm braced strongly but lightly. When the helm is amidships, one arm of the tiller is near the gunwale to windward, and the other to leeward. The centerboard is a large plate of Tobin bronze, weighing about 230lbs., and fitted on the fore side with a roller, on which it may be raised, lowered, or run fore and aft. It is handled by a powerful tackle. The Young spring gooseneck is used on the boom, and a special pattern of brass blocks. The deck fittings are strong and convenient. Abreast of the cockpit on each side of the deck, about 1ft. in from the plank-sheer, is a teak handrail. The sails were made by Wilson & Silsby, of Boston.

Al Anka (the name being the Arabic for bird), the first boat designed by Mr. Crane, is 31ft. over all and 8ft. beam, with about 6in. draft. The hull and spars were built by Lawley & Son, who also built El Heirie, the construction being the same, double-skin with mahogany outside. She is a fine piece of work, the bow being especially difficult to build. On deck it is a semicircle, and the fore end of the bottom is abruptly rounded in to meet the deck. The tiller, centerboard and rig are similar to those of Momo, but she has no bowsprit. Both boats have bronze rudders of a peculiar pattern, not unlike a wide curved dagger or creese. Al Anka's deck is of white pine, with caulked seams.

Shark was designed by Gardner & Cox, and built by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. after an old system of construction that, however, has not before been tried in that class of boat. The planking is of Spanish cedar, in strips ⅝in. thick and about 1in. wide, worked with one convex and one concave edge, so that no beveling is required. These strips are edge-nailed with brass wire nails at frequent intervals, each nail going through nearly three strips. In addition the hull is lightly timbered and very strongly and elaborately strapped and braced. The deck is also of ⅝in. Spanish cedar. The hull is a remarkably handsome piece of work. The boat is 30ft. over all, 6ft. beam, and about 5in. draft without fin. She has no sheer and the sides are nearly parallel; the bottom is flat, with a round bilge. The transom is cut off square, and though she comes to a point forward a short bowsprit is carried. The model is too nearly of the slab order to be handsome, as compared with the 15-footers or small raters of several years ago, but at the same time the boat presents a very satisfactory appearance on the water. The fin, of the full draft of 5ft., is only 2ft. wide; the rudder is of mahogany, triangular in shape, and about 3ft. deep and 10in. wide. The spars and rigging, made by the builders, are very fine in workmanship. The sails were made by Wilson & Griffin, of New York.

The other fin-keel, Montauk, was designed by Chas. Olmstead, who designed and sailed Riverside, the fin-keel that was second in the trial races of last year. Montauk is 29ft. over all, 6ft. 11in. beam and 8in. draft of hull. The hull is strongly built, with a good keel and plenty of oak floors, the planking being white cedar, carvel-built. The deck is of cedar and canvased. The boat has an open cockpit and no bulkheads. Her fin and rudder are of Tobin bronze, of the usual shapes. The spars and rigging are strong, but heavy, Mr. Olmstead has not gone in to cut weight, as some of the other designers in the class have. Her sails were made by Sawyer & Son. The boat is quite shapely in appearance and will make a very nice little craft for ordinary sailing.

The two Huntington boats are more or less similar to Paprika, the 15-footer of last year. Keneu was the first built, early in the spring; she is 30ft. 6in. over all and 8ft. beam. With a straight sheer, she shows a comparatively high freeboard for the type, her transom is wide and deep, just clear of the water. Her sides are nearly parallel and her bow is rounded in sharply. Skate is by no means so deep in hull, though of the same length and beam, her draft is about 4in. Her sides are parallel and her bow is very full, nearly a semicircle on deck. Both boats have flush decks with only small, oval cockpits, in which to stow light sails. They are fitted with big, sliding plates of steel, that of Skate weighing 280lbs. These plates are simply dropped through the trunk, and there is no provision for handily raising or manipulating them.

Some comment has been made over the fact that Mr. Cox, after designing a boat himself for the class, has ordered one from another designer. In contracting to design and build Shark, Mr. Cox took the 15-footer Paprika in part payment and sailed her early this season, afterward taking her to Bermuda, where he and Mr. Dresser raced her with surprising success against the Bermuda boats. Being impressed with her peculiar qualities, on his return Mr. Cox ordered a 20-footer from Mr. Huntington, intending to race her himself in order to study the type. The design was made and the boat built by Mr. Huntington, who is entitled to all credit for her. She has been sailed in the races this spring, partly by the Huntingtons and partly by Mr. Cox, with Messrs. Dresser and Bullock as crew, showing a very high speed at times, her most successful performance being in the strong N.W. wind of the Seawanhaka regatta on June 26. The two boats were sparred by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. The hulls are carvel built, of white cedar, with canvased decks.

Mary is the best looking of the class, more after the model of a year or two back; she has shapely ends, a good sheer and side line, and with an outer skin of mahogany, oak plank-sheer and sprung deck of narrow pine caulked, is very shipshape and handsome. She has a shallow water-tight cockpit with deck hatches. Her centerboard is of steel plate, quite large and handled by a tackle, being pivoted in the usual way. She was built by the Racine Yacht and Boat Manufacturing Co.

Arauca is the largest and most extreme of the class; she was designed by her owner, Mr. Howard, in connection with the builder, L. E Fry, and built at Clayton, N. Y. She is 30ft. 8in. over all, 10ft. 1½in. beam, with a very wide transom. The after overhang is very long, wide and flat, just clearing the water. On deck she is very large, with a full bow; the whole boat looks like the deck of an oyster sloop cut off and set afloat. She has a very long and shoal self-draining cockpit and a large centerboard of steel plate, with a long but very shoal rudder. The rig is peculiar, after Mr. Howard's own ideas; the hoist is low, the gaff long, and set at a very low angle. In spite of the great size of the hull, the construction is light in the extreme, the frames and planking being about heavy enough for a 30in. canoe. She was badly balanced, and at times would not mind her helm.

Vagary and Idea were never in at the club station, the former lying up at Cold Spring Harbor, and the latter off the town of Oyster Bay. Vagary was designed by her owner, Mr. Barclay Ward, an amateur, as an experiment in the scow type, and was built and rigged by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. Her deck plan is a rectangle, with flush deck. She had no opportunity during the races to show whether the experiment was successful or the reverse, being ordered late in the season, and only completed in time for the races. A defect in her rudder disabled her just prior to the first race, and she started but once.

Idea was, so far as could be seen, much after the ordinary type of small yacht; she showed a high freeboard and a good deal of sheer forward, a long fore overhang and rather hollow bow.

Compared with the 15-footers of 1895–6, it is not eviden that any material good has resulted from the change o class. The boats are decidedly faster in absolute speed, but the actual interest in the races, either to participants or spectators, is not increased by this; the fighting was quite as keen and interesting last year as this. The first cost has increased from about $650 for the most expensive of the 15-footers to $1,500 for a similar 20 footer, ranging down to $1,000 for the Huntington boats, of plainer construction. Similarly, the cost of transporting, altering, etc., has increased. The 20-footers carry a crew of three as compared with two in a 15-footer, but there is no special advantage in this. They are larger, but very much more unwieldy to handle in beaching or beside a dock. While abler in proportion to the increased size, they are little better as racing machines than the smaller boats. They are even less useful than the great majority of the 15-footers for conversion to other purposes after their racing days are over. As far as the advancement of naval architecture as a science, or even the improvement of yachts in the larger classes, are concerned, the less said the better.

The results of the races thus far sailed may be considered as final; it was evident to all that Momo was the one boat to send to Lake St. Louis, but the race committee made no decision after Saturday's race, and it is even possible that further races may be sailed. The very favorable showing of Al Anka on Saturday has changed the first opinion regarding her, but still there are no grounds for considering her equal to Momo. It has been suggested that in the probable event of an official selection of Momo in a few days, in which case Mr. Crane will at once take her to Dorval—Al Anka be also taken, for use in working up the other boat on the course over which the races will be sailed. If selected, Momo will be sailed by Messrs. Clinton H. Crane, Stackpole and Pierce, her crew in the trial races; Mr. Stackpole frequently relieved Mr. Crane at the tiller, thus giving him a needed rest.

The courses and conditions for the trial races were practically the same as in the two preceding years, the only material change was that the windward-leeward course was but two miles instead of three; but sailed three times instead of two, to make the twelve miles. This change was made at the suggestion of the racing men, who found that a three-mile beat to windward in one position on the edge of a slab was more than they cared for. The course, as shown on the accompanying chart, was thus limited to something less than a semicircle, of which the center was the black buoy off Center Island, the start and finish of all previous races of the

International cup series. Beginning with the triangular course, the windward-leeward to be sailed in alternation, the races coming on successive days from July 12, and continuing until a choice had been made, at least three races to be sailed. Under the general conditions the yachts were limited to 20ft. racing length, 500sq. ft. of sail, a crew of three men, one professional allowed, no shifting ballast, 5ft. draft for fixed keel boats, and 6ft. for centerboard boats. The races were to be sailed within six hours. The arrangements were in the same hands as in 1895-6, Mr. Oliver E. Cromwell being chairman of the race committee, Mr. Chas. A. Sherman secretary, with Messrs. C. W. Wetmore and Walter C. Kerr. The fifth member of the committee, Mr. D. LeRoy Dresser, as one of the crew of a competing yacht, of course ceased for the time being to serve on it. The steamer Dunderberg being still disabled, the committee chartered the steam yacht Chère Ami, better known as the Puzzle, for a committee boat; and she answered very well, carrying a number of guests, including ladies, and quite a party of reporters, artists and photographers.

First Day—First Race.

Monday, July 12.

TRIANGULAR COURSE.

Monday morning promised a continuance of the prevailing hot weather and at best a moderate breeze, but never were indications more completely at fault. Some of the racing yachts sailed out of Seawanhaka Harbor to the start with a fresh southerly breeze that induced them to turn in a reef or two, while others went out in tow of launches, the distance being some two miles. Arauca was not launched until just before the committee started from the club house. Idea laid up at Oyster Bay, but all the rest had moorings in Seawanhaka Harbor. With her 660lbs. of live ballast up to windward, Skate made no show of reefing, but went out under whole mainsail and working jib, lugging her sail ably enough.

The wind was south and quite fresh when the steamer anchored S.E. of the Center Island Buoy, and after waiting a little time for the laggards, blew the preparatory signal at 12:15. The boats, with the exception of Arauca, busy tying in a reef, gathered about the line, most of them being close to it when the start was given at 12:20. Though first over, Skate made a slow start, swinging about on the line; Keneu was better timed, coming with a swift rush from a distance and cutting the line just after Skate. Close at hand were Al Anka, Shark, Idea and Montauk, all making very good starts. Mary and Momo were slower, the later losing about one and one-half minutes. Arauca was just a second short of five minutes late.

Keneu and Skate set the pace, traveling very evenly, with balloon jibs to port and sheets lifted. Al Anka and Shark were side by side when the former luffed unintentionally. Shark also luffed to clear her and struck a dinghy in tow of a small yacht just on the course. As it proved, she stove a hole forward and began to make water, but so slowly that it was not noticed for a time. The first mark was timed:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Keneu	12 33 40	0 13 40
Skate	12 33 45	0 13 45
Shark	12 35 08	0 15 08
Al Anka	12 35 50	0 15 50
Momo	12 36 30	0 16 30
Montauk	12 36 50	0 16 50
Mary	12 37 15	0 17 15
Idea	12 38 05	0 18 05
Arauca	Not timed.	

Though timed after Keneu, Skate made the better turn and came on the other's weather after the jibe. With sheets flattened they all hurried across to the second mark, most of them luffing well up and Shark alone steering a straight course. Skate, under her whole sail, traveled even faster than before, though the tide was helping her less. She made a good lead on Keneu before they were timed at the second mark.

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Skate	12 46 16	0 12 31
Keneu	12 47 19	0 13 39
Al Anka	12 50 12	0 14 22
Shark	12 50 35	0 14 27
Momo	12 51 10	0 14 40
Montauk	12 53 08	0 16 18
Mary	12 53 22	0 16 07
Idea	12 57 10	0 19 05
Arauca	12 57 20	.. .. ..

Arauca caught Idea at the mark, but would not mind her helm and lay in irons for some time.

With a little westing, the wind was now nearly on end from the Center Island mark, while the tide, a swift ebb, was cutting across the course. Skate held to the port tack, past the mark and to the westward, but Keneu, Shark and Al Anka stood over for the Lloyd's Neck shore. There was more than enough wind for some of the boats with two reefs in, and a bad sea that was rapidly getting worse. The beat across was stirring work, but the little ships were mostly well handled under exceptionally trying conditions. When Skate worked up to the turn from out in the Sound, Shark, Al Anka and Keneu were all well astern of her as they came across the mouth of the harbor on port tack. Montauk stopped for an extra reef, as did others of the following boats, but Skate drove along under whole mainsail. The end of the round was timed:

	Mark.	Elapsed. Leg.	Elapsed. Round.
Skate	1 37 15	0 50 59	1 17 15
Al Anka	1 41 47	0 51 35	1 21 47
Shark	1 42 20	0 51 45	1 22 20
Momo	1 42 32	0 51 22	1 22 32
Mary	1 44 40	0 51 18	1 24 40
Keneu	1 45 21	0 58 02	1 25 21
Montauk	1 54 00	1 01 08	1 34 00
Idea	1 54 25	1 02 45	1 34 25
Arauca	1 55 08	0 57 48	1 35 48

Shark, the leader of the Eastern division, had done very good work on the wind, carrying her reefed sail well; pointing and footing fast, she had beaten both Al Anka and Keneu. She neared the mark, however, with her bow flush with the water, and skipper Hoyt hailed the steamer for a line, which was quickly passed aboard. She had been leaking ever since the collision, and was now waterlogged and in a dangerous condition. A launch soon took her in tow, and the steamer hurried on in the wake of the flying Skate. Idea and Arauca finished the round close together, and the latter, after steering very badly all day, ran away and slid her huge deck up over Idea, the two then giving up. The first mark was timed after another free reach:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Skate	1 50 30	0 13 15
Al Anka	1 57 10	0 15 23
Momo	1 58 00	0 15 28
Mary	1 59 00	0 14 20
Keneu	2 01 30	0 16 09
Montauk	Not timed.	

The second leg was sailed under the same conditions as on the first round, but with even more wind and sea, the times at the lee mark being:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Skate	2 03 20	0 12 50
Momo	2 10 35	0 13 35
Al-Anka	2 10 45	0 12 35
Mary	2 15 53	0 16 53
Keneu	2 15 50	0 14 20
Montauk	Not timed.	

After a poor start, Momo had worked along, until now she was second boat, and the most dangerous rival of the apparently invincible Skate. The latter, however, had lugged sail entirely too long, and the time had come when she was compelled to reef. She hammered along over the seas for some fifteen minutes and then had to luff up and tie in. Her sister boat, Keneu, had long since come down to three reefs, and even then had all the wind she wanted. Skate took in a couple of tucks, losing so much time that Momo, pegging along steadily to windward, was nearly up with her. She had on board only her working jib, a large sail, with no means of reefing it. No great time was required to show that the boat would not work to windward under a double-reefed mainsail and no headsail, and Mr. Dresser was sent forward and spent a bad quarter of an hour on the extreme bow in the effort to set the jib with an Irish reef in, just enough to pay her head off and make it possible to steer her. The result was a bag that enabled her to lay a course, but at the same time held her back. Meanwhile, at 2:30, Al Anka caused some excitement among the spectators by capsizing, her crew sliding out to windward and standing on the centerboard until they pried her up and got her on her course. She sailed on for about twelve minutes, when over she went again, and to stay. A little water that had got below in the first capsize made her tender, and her mast had filled with water, while her crew was nearly exhausted. Com. Benedict, who of course was on hand with Oneida, at once went to her aid, righted her and towed her in.

The race between Skate and Momo was now close and exciting; clipped of her big wings, Skate's wonderful speed was now a thing of the past, and though Momo was also poorly canvased, she was evidently doing the better work. The distance to the finish was short, and when she crossed Momo's bows at about 2:37 Skate seemed safe to win. They worked along slowly, tack by tack, until Skate made her last tack for the mark, at 3:02, when over she went. The crew of this ideal craft had been for over three hours astride of her deck edge or hanging out on her side, the flush deck offering no foothold, even if the wind had not made it necessary to hang out as far as possible to windward. Mr. Cox had, of course, never relinquished the tiller for a moment, and Mr. Bullock had handled the main sheet, without once belaying it, from the start. During the first round Mr. Cox parted with his eyeglasses and was not able to see beyond the end of the boat. Mr. Dresser had done the deck work, including the reefing of the jib out on the front piazza. The strain and hard work of lugging whole sail so long had told even on the magnificent physique of this exceptionally heavy and sturdy crew. When the boat came about the main sheet jammed for a moment and she was over like a flash. Dresser and Bullock climbed out to windward, but Cox went down to leeward and came up in the water to windward, climbing up on the centerboard and aiding the others to right her. Up she came, with sheets in a tangle and some water below, the oval hatch, though small and only intended for stowing light sails, etc., being open, and the hull open from end to end. The others took the sheets, but in reaching for the tiller Mr. Cox went once more into the drink, the boat running away and leaving him to swim. As she started off on her own hook, Momo came up on port tack and the two struck, though very lightly. Again Skate went over, her crew having no command of her, and this time it was to stay. Filled with water, all attempts to right her were in vain; she lay with her mast afloat, and beyond the power of any two men to lift her. Mr. Cox swam about for a time, unable to see the boat, but was picked up by Mr. Thomas Webber out in a power launch. When near to Skate he jumped over and swam to her, but by this time she had turned completely bottom up, so that the 280lb. steel plate slid quietly out of her to the bottom of the Sound. With the best intentions in the world, a naphtha launch came up and passed a line to the sunken hull, and the Skate crew righted her and started to stow sail and clear away. While they were at this work, and entangled in sheets and halyards, the launch started ahead at full speed, and towed the yacht and her crew completely under water. Fortunately she stopped in time and all got clear, the steam yacht Giralda coming up to help. Left alone, Momo soon crossed the line; but it was a long time before the second boat, Montauk, finished and after her came Keneu, the only ones to cover the course.

On the first round Mary did some very good work to windward, and even with more wind and sea on the second she seemed to like it, making very good weather, and rapidly coming up with the leaders. She followed Skate to the westward, but knowing nothing of the waters, overstood the mark; then when she might have lifted sheet and come for the line in second place, the turnbuckle of her starboard shroud parted, so that she was compelled to lie to with jib down for repairs. Knowing nothing of the capsize of Skate and the withdrawal of others, when she finally came to the finish in fourth place, she failed to cross the line. The final times were:

	Finish.	3d Leg.	2d Round.	Whole Course.
Momo	3 11 06	1 00 31	1 28 34	2 51 06
Montauk	3 22 00	.. .. ..	1 28 00	3 02 06
Keneu	3 25 46	1 09 56	1 40 25	3 05 46
Mary	Disabled.			
Skate	Capsized.			
Al Anka	Capsized.			
Shark	Disabled.			
Arauca	Withdrew.			
Idea	Disabled.			

It was just 3 o'clock when Skate capsized, and it was 7 o'clock before her tired crew had her safely moored alongside the gangway in front of the club house, with Mr. Burnham, of Norota, hard at work pumping her out while the tide rose through a couple of holes in her bottom. In the meantime she had been made fast astern by Mr. Renwick's steam yacht Giralda and towed in as carefully as possible, as the least lurch sent her over again. Even after Giralda was anchored off Mr. Bullock's home in the harbor, Skate performed fresh antics, cutting across the tide and capsizing, then jamming herself under the yacht's counter in close proximity to her wheel. In the course of these various antics during the afternoon she received a couple of taps from the wheel which stove in her bottom; her light sails were washed out, but were picked up by a rowboat, and her rigging was cut and strained. Mary also met with a second mishap when sailing up to her moorings in the harbor; her rudder stock broke, being of the almost invariable faulty construction. The blade being of mahogany, floated to the surface, and was picked up and taken to Oyster Bay, where a local smith fitted it with a new steel stock.

The race was in one sense unfortunate and disastrous as interfering with the proposed series of races and preventing a thorough light-weather test of the boats, but on the whole the fleet came out very well indeed from a most exceptional and very severe trial. Had the wind blown at the start as it did after the first round, and with the same sea, the race might not have been started; and the conditions were quite as trying as any that the boats are likely to reach in several seasons of hard racing. In spite of the fact that only three finished, the fleet came through most successfully, and the damage was by no means what might have been expected. The yachts are light in hull and most of them still lighter in rig, and yet there were no serious failures. The one great trouble was that not one of the nine could be properly balanced under storm canvas; not one had the right headsail to balance a three-reefed mainsail, nor had the crews any experience in handling them under the conditions of a half gale and bad sea.

The capsize of Skate was due immediately to her poor canvasing, had she been able to set a storm jib when she reefed her mainsail, she would have finished easily and quickly, beating Momo. It is plain that all of the centerboard boats are easily capsizable, and Skate might have capsized just as Al Anka did, for no special cause; but the same is true of all types of small centerboard racing craft and is no serious defect from a racing standpoint.

The winner, Momo, went through the hard pounding without harm to hull or rigging, though the latter is very light. Montauk is strongly and heavily rigged, and with the proper reduced canvas she would probably have come well to the front on the last leg. Keneu came through without injury. Shark's mishap was a pure accident; she sailed one round without anything giving way, and sailed remarkably fast in the windward work. Al Anka came to grief in that her light hollow mast, already sprung in a capsize in Boston and served at the deck, was filled with water in the capsize, and after being drenched all day Tuesday went all to pieces early in Wednesday's race, the glue dissolving and the two parts separating. Apart from this no harm was done to her.

Mary broke down through a faulty turnbuckle, and her rudder broke, as it well might, but otherwise she was all right. Arauca, with her big shoal hull and very shallow rudder, was unmanageable; she went up to Oyster Bay after withdrawing for a new rudder, and it was not known whether her hull stood the strain or not. Idea sailed through the race all right until disabled by Arauca.

After such a race it would have been in no way surprising to find every hull leaking, fittings broken, rigging strained and stretched and spars carried away or at least badly sprung, and it is greatly to the credit of the new fleet as a whole that the boats came through with only the few minor casualties reported above.

The day was a remarkable one for the numerous and totally disconnected mishaps outside of those in the race; when the committee boat came into the harbor she ran close inshore and just to windward of Montauk and Momo, at their moorings. While a naphtha launch was at the gangway to take off the passengers, the steamer blew down on Montauk and threatened to go on the beach, a strong wind still blowing. One of her hands cast off Montauk's mooring line and jumped on to the little boat, which at once drove ashore and began to pound her fin in the hard sand. The steamer started ahead to get way on and run offshore, and in doing so carried away the stack and boiler casing of the naphtha launch, which burst into a great column of flame alongside. The launch was anchored and the steamer ran clear, the fire, fortunately, burning itself out without serious damage. Meanwhile Messrs. Sherman, Hoyt and Chas. Davis put off in a dinghy with a sailor and towed Montauk to her moorings, but, in coming in, with a fourth man aboard and all of Montauk's light sails, the entire outfit capsized and all went into the drink. About the same time the steam launch Seawanhaka managed to blow the packing out of her cylinder head, the steam flying in the face of the engineer, who jumped and thrust his foot under the crank, where it was quite badly, but not dangerously, crushed. While he was under repairs on the piazza of the club house, the chandelier in the billiard room fell, for no assignable reason, filling the room with gas.

After comparative quiet was restored, the race committee talked with the racing men and decided to postpone the second race until Wednesday. The men were completely tired out, sails were soaked and the hulls more or less wet, while Skate had no centerboard and Mary no rudder, so all hands welcomed the change of plans.

It was well that the race of Tuesday was abandoned, as the day was a miserable one, with a heavy rain and very strong winds, much damage being done at different points on the Atlantic coast. While Mr. Cox went to the city for a new board, the Huntingtons beached Skate by the boathouse and rigged a tent over her, under which they worked hard to repair the holes in the hull and to smooth down the entire bottom. To save time, the hull was finised with shellac, which dried of different colors and gave the boat a most patchy and unpleasant appearance. In spite of the specially disagreeable weather, the day gave a good rest to most of the racing men, and such work as was necessary was done on the boats.

Second Day—Second Race.

Wednesday, July 14.

WINDWARD AND LEEWARD COURSE.

By Wednesday morning the fleet was once more in shape for racing, though not off the beach until the committee boat was ready to start; Skate had a fairly smooth bottom, the leaks had been stopped, a new centerboard shipped, and she was in reasonably good shape. Mary had a new rudder in and the shroud had been secured anew. Vagary, the newest one of the class, had her new rudder shipped. Only Arauca was missing when the whistle blew at 12:50 off Center Island Buoy. The day was of the best, save in the one important detail of wind; a clear sky and bright sun to warm and dry the sailormen after any chance ducking, smooth water and a light wind W.byN. It was now the turn of the windward-leeward course, which, as already stated, had been changed to three rounds of a four-mile course. In order to get the windward leg first, the yachts were sent off to the westward, something never before done in these races. From the very start there was a fear that the wind, already too light and fickle, would shift to the south and make a reaching race, but there was no other alternative but to start, in one direction or the other. When the start was given at 12:40, Keneu was again the first over, followed by Skate, Idea, Momo, Al Anka, Shark, Mary, Montauk and Vagary. The latter was about three minutes late, but all the others started well together, going over on starboard tack, heading in for Pine Island. Momo made a short hitch on port tack to get a clear wind, and then came out once more; Shark following with the same maneuver. Slowly as they moved, the fleet soon divided, Momo heading the leaders, with Al Anka, Shark and Kenue astern of her. While the four were in close company, the fifth boat, Montauk, was a good distance astern, and beyond her were Mary, Idea, Skate and Vagary. Al Anka was doing pretty well for the first twenty minutes, but her hollow mast, soaked on Monday, sprung apart in the glued joint and left her only able to run in for the harbor under her jib. The leg was sailed slowly, the first mark being timed:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Momo	1 15 25	0 35 25
Shark	1 17 25	0 37 25
Keneu	1 17 55	0 37 55
Montauk	1 20 28	0 40 28
Skate	1 21 11	0 41 11
Mary	1 21 20	0 41 20
Idea	1 24 00	0 44 00
Vagary	1 27 00	0 47 00
Al Anka	Withdrew.	

When Momo came by the mark on port tack her spinaker boom was down and the sail mastheaded, breaking out as she turned. Shark, however, with better judgment, jibed at the mark and then set her spinaker, the others following her lead. After running for about three minutes Momo had to jibe and shift her spinaker, losing some little time in the maneuver before it was drawing on the starboard side. Balloon jibs were soon set and the fleet ran down slowly with the tide, being timed at the line:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Momo	1 54 30	0 39 05
Shark	1 59 45	0 42 20
Keneu	2 01 40	0 43 45
Montauk	2 04 45	0 44 17
Skate	2 05 17	0 44 06
Mary	2 06 20	0 45 00
Idea	2 07 30	0 43 30
Vagary	2 13 00	0 46 00

With a very light breeze, Momo stood across on starboard tack once more and Shark followed her. A ripple on the water close inshore attracted Momo, and she held over for



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it. When Mary came for the mark her crew, out for the second time on salt water, were in blissful ignorance of the tide, and before they knew what was happening they had been swept well to leeward of the buoy. By this time even the light wind had failed, and they tried in vain to beat up against the ebb tide in a calm. In close companionship of misfortune was Vagary, also beating to windward and sailing to leeward.

Momo caught her inshore breeze and started ahead, but she was soon on the southern edge of the wind, while Shark, further offshore, was right in it, moving along slowly but steadily. When Skate rounded the buoy 9m. astern of the leader in a calm, her case seemed hopeless, but Mr. Cox kept way on her and let her reach across the tide and in under the point of Center Island, on the chance of catching the light southerly breeze that was playing inside the mouth of the harbor. Though making nothing at all in the direction of the course, she thus managed to skin inshore and to avoid being carried to leeward with Mary and Vagary, and when about 2:20 the looked-for wind came in from S.E., she not only had the first of it, but was in a fairly good position. Meanwhile Momo had been becalmed, Shark carrying a little breeze and going by her, and then losing it, the pair merely drifting. By the time that they caught the wind, Skate had caught them, even the rear boats brought up a breeze, and in spite of the long drifting the eight boats rounded the weather mark within four minutes. The times were:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Momo	2 44 45	0 50 15
Shark	2 45 05	0 46 20
Skate	2 45 10	0 39 53
Idea	2 45 15	0 37 45
Keneu	2 45 20	0 43 40
Montauk	2 46 00	0 41 15
Mary	2 48 16	0 41 56
Vagary	2 48 50	0 35 50

Now began an entirely new race, the leaders starting off as close to each other as though from the gun. Skate, with canvas trimmed for a close reach, soon passed Momo, and the pack rushed away with the tide at a hot pace. The sight was most exciting as the little fellows tugged at their sheets, with hulls heeled to a rank angle and crews hung out, as on Keneu, along the weather bilge. The first three turned the mark together, the times being:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Skate	3 01 32	0 16 22
Momo	3 02 00	0 17 15
Shark	3 02 23	0 17 18
Keneu	3 03 15	0 17 55
Montauk	3 04 30	0 18 30
Idea	3 04 41	0 19 26
Mary	3 07 40	0 19 24
Vagary	3 08 36	0 19 46

On the last leg out Momo struck a speed that hurried even Skate, and after a short but exciting run, the mark was timed:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Momo	3 17 21	0 15 21
Skate	3 18 08	0 16 36
Shark	3 18 40	0 16 17
Keneu	3 19 00	0 15 45
Montauk	3 22 13	0 17 43
Idea	3 23 21	0 18 59
Mary	3 25 03	0 17 23
Vagary	3 27 45	0 19 09

There was now strength enough in the good south wind to keep all hands on the edges of their boats, and with sheets in for a close reach they came for the finish in fine style. Momo still led Skate, but only by a few feet, while about 100yds. astern were Shark and Keneu in the same relative positions. Again and again Skate luffed to get Momo's weather, but her halyards had stretched and her throat was down, and she could not make it. She hung in Momo's wake, unable to get by, but unwilling to give up, until they sprung across the line just 6s. apart. The finish of the second pair a couple of minutes later was almost the same, Shark leading Keneu by 8s. The final times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Elapsed Whole Course.
Momo	3 33 17	0 15 56	2 53 17
Skate	3 33 23	0 15 15	2 53 23
Shark	3 35 15	0 16 35	2 55 15
Keneu	3 35 24	0 16 24	2 55 24
Montauk	3 38 49	0 16 36	2 58 49
Idea	3 41 17	0 17 46	3 01 17
Mary	3 41 30	0 16 27	3 01 30
Vagary	3 43 46	0 16 01	3 03 46

As a matter of fact, Momo won the race twice; she showed plainly her superiority in the windward work of the first leg, in a steady but very light air, and she certainly held her own, all things considered, in the reaching in a fresh breeze, which is considered Skate's strong point. Though unsatisfactory in many respects as a race, or even a thorough and and consistent test, the day's sailing was by no means wasted.

Shortly after the finish a heavy squall came up from the westward. Most of the yachts were snug at their moorings before it struck, but Vagary had to go up Cold Spring Harbor. In the first puffs of the squall she capsized and a catboat went to her aid. In the effort to right her the catboat punched a couple of holes in Vagary's bottom, and she filled, but was finally towed in to her moorings in Cold Spring Harbor. The squall just touched Oyster Bay, but proved very violent in other localities about New York. Rain fell during the evening, but all was clear again before morning. During the evening a dance took place at the club house.

Third Day—Third Trial.

Thursday, July 15.

TRIANGULAR COURSE.

Al Anka's crew, Messrs. H. M. Crane and H. G. Barbey, with "Andrew," the professional, who has charge of both boats and sails in Al Anka, lost no time on their return on Wednesday in beaching her and lifting out the mast, which was sprung beyond all repair, the two halves having separated and slid by each other, in spite of the dowels, until it had taken permanently an S curve. Fortunately a spare mast had been brought, a poor-looking stick of Oregon pine, also hollow, and this was fitted and stepped, and the rigging shifted and set up early on Thursday morning. The day was clear and hot, with but a light westerly breeze in the morning, and no haste was made in getting out to the line. When the start was given at 12:55, there was a very light wind, S.W. by W., and a strong ebb tide down the first leg of the regular triangle. The fleet had come down to six boats—Momo, Al Anka, Shark, Montauk, Skate and Keneu. Vagary was hauled out with a hole in her bottom, Arauca was up for repairs, including a new rudder, Idea had disappeared, and Mary lay neglected at her moorings off the club house. Her crew, who claimed for themselves all the blame for the poor performance of the boat, had gone to New York for the day.

With the preparatory at 12:50, and the start at 12:55, the boats went away at a fair pace, thanks to the tide, the order at the line being Al Anka, Skate, Momo, Shark, Keneu, Montauk. The Corinthian crew of Skate had deserted their ship in order to give her designer and builder, Larry Huntington, an opportunity to try his skill with her. At the tiller was Leff Huntington, who won the Zerega helmsman's prize for his handling of Question in the trial races of 1895, and who sailed Olita and Paprika last season; Larry was in charge of the sails, and a friend made up the crew. This crew was a light one, probably 150lbs. less than the Corinthian crew, but as the weather was very light, the disadvantage in this respect was at a minimum.

All but Al Anka set spinakers to port, and she jibed soon after the start. The two Crane boats took the lead of the procession, and were soon clear ahead of the others, Shark being in third place. The run was made slowly, spinakers and balloon jibs being shifted several times. Al Anka ran ahead of Momo, Shark kept a middle place, Skate went to the rear, and Keneu just managed to keep ahead of her.

The times at the first mark were:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Al Anka	1 40 37	0 45 37
Momo	1 41 10	0 46 10
Shark	1 44 11	0 49 11
Montauk	1 44 50	0 49 50
Keneu	1 46 47	0 51 47
Skate	1 48 00	0 53 00

With a light breeze forward of the beam, the boats stood across for the second mark, where they were timed:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Al Anka	2 03 35	0 22 58
Momo	2 04 30	0 23 20
Shark	2 08 38	0 24 27
Montauk	2 13 47	0 28 57
Keneu	2 14 35	0 27 48
Skate	2 19 17	0 31 17

The beat across the tide with next to no wind was very dull and uninteresting. The end of the round was timed:

	Mark.	Elapsed.	1st Round.
Momo	3 51 10	1 46 40	2 56 10
Shark	3 57 45	1 49 07	3 02 45
Al Anka	3 59 12	1 55 37	3 04 12
Skate	4 10 00	1 50 43	2 15 00
Montauk	4 17 25	2 03 58	2 22 25
Keneu	Not timed.		

They drifted down the first leg again and were timed:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Momo	4 29 52	0 38 42
Shark	4 41 40	0 48 55
Al Anka	4 49 00	0 49 48

When trimmed for the reach across the tide Momo failed to make headway, and drifted very slowly. At 4:52 the committee hailed her and declared the race off. Montauk and Skate were still near the beginning of the first leg, and Keneu had given up.

It was announced by the committee that no race would be sailed on Friday, but that in addition to the scheduled race for the Roosevelt cup, on Saturday afternoon, for which most of the 20-footers were entered, a special race would be sailed early on Saturday morning.

Fourth Day—Special Races.

Saturday, July 17.

INSIDE COURSE.

Saturday was another clear and sunny day, with a light S.W. wind in the early morning. The first race was started with the preparatory at 10:40, the starters being Momo, Al Anka, Shark, Skate, Keneu and Arauca. Mary still lay alone at her moorings, Vagary was not repaired, and Montauk had started early in the morning for Riverside. Arauca was ready with a larger and deeper rudder. Skate had for crew Messrs. Dresser, Bullock and Leff Huntington, Mr. Dresser being at the tiller during the first part of the race, but giving it up later to Mr. Huntington. Al Anka had bent a new silk sail made by Wilson & Silsby, in place of her cotton mainsail.

The course was from off the club house float out by Plum Point to the red buoy in Cold Spring Harbor, thence in and up Oyster Bay Harbor to a float off Moses Point Buoy and back to the line, this triangle being sailed twice; then the yachts sailed out to a mark directly in front of the club house, up to the Moses Point mark, and home to the finish. This made 11 miles in all, and, as the wind was all day, it was a run or a free reach over the short leg to Plum Point, a run to the outer red buoy, a beat in and up the harbor to the Moses Point mark, and a run to the line.

After an even start, the boats ran for Plum Point, all setting spinakers to starboard and moving very slowly in a bunch. Once outside the point, a fresher puff started all at a good pace for the buoy. Whey they luffed around the first mark the order was: Momo, Al Anka, Shark, Keneu, Arauca, Skate.

Now came a beat of about two miles into Oyster Bay, the tide running ebb on the south shore and flood along the Center Island shore. The wind was light but steady, and a fair sailing breeze, the crews were to leeward part of the time to heel the boats; but they managed to keep moving all the time and there was no fluking or drifting. Momo parted the lashing of her jib tack early in the windward work, and, though it was soon replaced, the delay threw her into second place. The fight between her and Al Anka was a very close and pretty one and continued until they were well up the bay, Al Anka slowly but steadily gaining. Before the weather mark was reached she had a decided lead, and from the way in which she made it there was little chance of Momo regaining the first place. Shark held third place until very near the turn, when Keneu was able to put her about, thus leading her. Skate was doing poorly, and Arauca was far astern. The times at the Moses Point mark were:

Al Anka	12 06 55	Shark	12 10 01
Momo	12 07 55	Skate	12 11 42
Keneu	12 10 01	Arauca	12 15 30

Momo was handled poorly at the mark, jibing three times after rounding. Keneu came for the mark and passed astern of Al Anka and ahead of Momo after they had rounded; Shark had to give way to Keneu a moment later, being on port tack, and the two were timed together. All set spinakers to starboard for the run to the line, where they were timed:

Al Anka	12 21 00	Keneu	12 23 50
Momo	12 21 09	Skate	12 24 32
Shark	12 23 00	Arauca	12 28 38

Arauca had already fouled one mark, and this time she turned on the wrong side of the buoy.

With the wind a little more to the south'ard than on the first round, spinakers would not draw on the short leg to Plum Point; once outside, they squared away for the red buoy, where they were timed:

Al Anka	12 39 40	Keneu	12 34 15
Momo	12 31 15	Skate	12 36 05
Shark	12 33 20	Arauca	12 41 00

On the beat in to the Moses Point mark Al Anka steadily left Momo, the times being:

Al Anka	12 59 00	Keneu	1 06 30
Momo	1 00 50	Skate	1 11 30
Shark	1 04 40	Arauca	1 21 30

With spinakers to starboard and the ebb tide under them, they ran to the line and were timed:

Al Anka	1 11 51	Keneu	1 20 42
Momo	1 14 06	Skate	2 13 00
Shark	1 17 55	Arauca	Not timed.

Now they made a short reach across to a special mark in midchannel and afterward beat up to Moses Point mark, where the leaders turned:

Al Anka	1 28 50	Momo	1 33 25

After the run to the line the finish was timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Al Anka	1 41 13	2 56 13
Momo	1 48 29	3 03 29
Shark	1 55 30	3 10 53
Keneu	2 00 06	3 15 06
Skate	2 13 07	3 28 07
Arauca	2 24 06	3 39 06

The result of this race was a surprise to all parties, as there was no disputing the clean and steady work of Al Anka in beating Momo from the early part of the race on every point of sailing. It was, however, evident that Momo, though in the hands of the same crew that had done so well for her through the previous races, was very poorly handled, some bad blunders were made and the light sails were handled slowly. Shark made her usual moderate showing, in third place, but Skate did very poorly, and, for no special reason,

she was apparently unable to sail fast in the moderate weather. Arauca pluckily finished the course, but at a hopeless distance astern.

After a rest and luncheon ashore, the crews of Al Anka, Shark and Momo got their boats under way for the Roosevelt memorial cup. Skate was this time steered throughout by "Leff" Huntington, with "Larry" Huntington in charge of the sails and a friend to make up the crew.

The Alfred Roosevelt memorial cup is a trophy of the value of $75, given each year from a fund established by the widow of the late Alfred Roosevelt, one of the old members of the club. It was offered this year in the classes from 43ft. racing length downward, and it was proposed to apply the Cox formula for allowances. Besides the four 20-footers were entered Secret, Dodo, Nameless and Trinket. Dodo is a once-famous sandbag jib and mainsail boat; Secret is a centerboard sloop of modern type, built last year from the design of her owners, E. M. and the late R. C. Townsend; Nameless is the Gardner 25-footer, and Trinket is a small cruising cutter.

The start was made at 3:35, over the same course and with a rather stronger breeze than in the morning, but from the same direction. In place of sitting to leeward to heel the boats, the crews of the twenties were on the weather decks. The order over the line was Momo, Al Anka, Skate, Shark, Nameless, Secret, Dodo and Trinket. The little racers soon left the larger and older boats, the latter only being timed at the finish. No times were taken at the outer buoy, but after the beat up to the Moses Point mark the times were:

Momo	4 16 53	Shark	4 19 35
Al Anka	4 18 10	Skate	4 21 15

Al Anka had been in hard luck, parting her jib halyards outside the point, a mishap which occurred again later in the race. She was slow on the jibe. They ran down with spinakers to starboard, and were timed at the line:

Momo	4 27 20	Shark	4 30 00
Al Anka	4 28 05	Skate	4 33 00

On the next leg, spinakers continued to draw inside the point as well as to the outer mark, where the times were:

Momo	4 35 45	Shark	4 39 05
Al Anka	4 36 25	Skate	4 25 05

The larger boats were so far astern that no times were taken.

The fleet beat in to the Moses Point mark, Al Anka nearly catching Momo when under Moses Point. Both worked the shore as closely as possible out of the tide, Momo keeping Al Anka just under her lee. The mark was timed:

Momo	5 10 06	Shark	5 15 03
Al Anka	5 10 50	Skate	5 18 20

They ran down to the line and were timed:

Momo	5 20 35	Shark	5 25 35
Al Anka	5 20 57	Skate	5 29 07

They now started over the shorter triangle, no times being taken at the channel mark, but they turned the Moses Point mark:

Momo	5 38 27	Shark	5 45 17
Al Anka	5 40 40	Skate	Not timed

The last leg down wind was quickly run, the times at the finish being:

	Finish	Elapsed.
Momo	5 48 58	2 13 58
Al Anka	5 51 59	2 16 59
Shark	5 56 54	2 21 54
Skate	6 02 12	2 27 12
Secret	6 24 12	2 49 12
Namelss	Not timed.	
Dodo	Withdrew.	
Trinket	Withdrew.	

Momo wins the Roosevelt memorial cup for 1897, the cup for 1896 having been won by Mr. Crane in the 15-footer El Heirie. No allowances were computed.

A race for the club cats was also sailed, Mr. Dresser sailing the winner.

Though no official announcement has been made, it is practically settled that Momo is the choice of the committee, and that she and Al Anka will be sent to Dorval as soon as possible.

Larchmont Race Week.

July 17 to 24.

FOR the present week the yachting interest centers at Larchmont, where the following extensive programme has been arranged for the annual race week:

Saturday, July 17.—Open regatta for all classes. Special race for schooners in cruising trim in one class. First race of series for 30ft. class. First race of series for 20ft class. Evening, musical frolic.

Sunday, July 18.—Evening, sacred concert.

Monday, July 19.—Special race for schooners in racing trim in one class. Special race for schooners in cruising trim in one class. Second race of series for 30ft. class. Second race of series for 20ft. class. Evening, local talent.

Tuesday, July 20.—Four-oared gig race for Hen and Chicken colors, presented by ex-Com. Gillig. Two-oared gig race for Dauntless colors, presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley. Dingy race for Execution colors, presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley. Race for naphtha launches exceeding 21ft. l.w.l. Race for naphtha launches 21ft. l.w.l. and under. Tub races and water sports. Afternoon, ladies' reception and band concert. Evening, ball and illumination of club house and grounds.

Wednesday, July 21.—Open regatta for all classes. Special race for yawls over 51ft. racing length (in cruising trim, all in one class). Third race of series for 30ft. class. Special race for yawls 51ft. and under racing length, all in one class. Third race for 20ft. class. Evening, amateur minstrels.

Thursday, July 22.—Race for 51ft. class with cabin trunks. Fourth race of series for 30ft. class. Fourth race of series for 20ft. class. Race for cabin cats, all in one class. Evening, local talent.

Friday, July 23.—Schooner race, all in one class. Race for 51ft. class with flush decks. Race for 43ft. class. Fifth race of series for 30ft. class. Fifth race of series for 20ft. class. Evening, legerdemain, magic and other tricks.

Saturday, July 24.—Open regatta for all classes. Sixth race of series for 30ft. class. Sixth race of series for 20ft. class. Evening, music and a pyrotechnic display.

The races are likely to bring out most of the yachts that are racing this season about the west end of the Sound. No new boats are promised, but the Chicago boat, Vencedor, will make her bebut on salt water. She has recently been rerigged, under the direction of Mr. Wintringham, with a pole mast and larger sails, by Sawyer & Son. She will measure into the 51ft. class with Syce.

First Day.

OPEN REGATTA, ALL CLASSES.

Saturday, July 17.

The race week opened with a regatta for all classes, under the Larchmont Y. C. rules. Saturday was clear and hot, with very little wind, a light S.W. breeze coming in about noon, and the start being given as follows:

Schooners, 1:05—Emerald, Colonia.

Schooners, Class C, 1:10—Amorita.

Cutters, 51ft. class. 1:20—Vencedor, Syce.

Cutters, 36ft. class, 1:30—Acushla, Surprise, Pawnee.

Sloops, 30ft. class, 1:35—Musme, Raccoon, Carolina, Penelope, Goblin, Kite.

Sloops, 25ft. class, 1:40—Vaquero, Houri, Quantuck, Skimmang.

Sloops, 20ft. class, 1:45—Asthore.

Cats, 30ft. class, 1-50—Volsung, Onaway, Kit, Uarda.

Cats, 25ft. class, 1:55—Presto, Grace, Rob Roy.

Cats, 20ft. class, 2:00—Minnetonka, Doroth, Byna, Jane.

The club triangles were sailed, a reach to the eastward marks first, a beat across the Sound and a reach to the line. The first round was timed.

Volsung	3 01 09	Grace	3 24 33
Houri	3 03 40	Dorothy	3 27 38
Kit	3 04 10	Acushla	3 28 03
Quantuck	3 04 44	Rob Roy	3 30 58
Syce	3 05 16	Amorita	3 31 31
Vaquero	3 05 22	Minnetonka	3 31 38
Asthore	3 06 43	Carolina	3 34 32
Skimmang	3 06 52	Raccoon	3 35 06
Vencedor	3 11 28	Surprise	3 35 30
Uarda	3 12 44	Musme	3 35 39
Onaway	3 14 37	Pawnee	3 37 19
Colonia	3 16 22	Byna Jane	3 43 32
Presto	3 19 43	Kite	3 56 08
Emerald	3 22 48	Goblin	4 01 35

The second and final round was timed:

Volsung	4 08 34	Dorothy	4 59 14
Kit	4 08 54	Minnetonka	4 59 44
Houri	4 15 11	Rob Roy	5 07 59
Quantuck	4 16 51	Colonia	5 18 47
Skimmang	4 19 33	Acushla	5 24 06
Vaquero	4 23 32	Raccoon	5 26 22
Asthore	4 26 08	Carolina	5 27 19
Uarda	4 29 01	Emerald	5 27 54
Onaway	4 31 44	Musme	5 31 19
Presto	4 40 49	Surprise	5 37 50
Syce	4 43 06	Pawnee	5 44 06
Grace	4 51 32	Amorita	5 48 07
Vencedor	4 53 44	Byna Jane	5 53 08

The official times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS - CLASS B.			
Colonia, C. A Postley	93.13	4 13 47	4 13 47
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	91.07	4 22 54	4 21 58
SCHOONERS—CLASS C			
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	75.48	4 33 07	4 33 07
CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.			
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	3 23 06	3 23 06
Vencedor, H. M. Gillig	48 38	3 33 44	3 32 20
CUTTERS—36FT. CLASS.			
Acushla H. W. Hanan	34.04	3 54 06	3 52 50
Surprise, James Baird	34.68	4 07 50	4 07 50
YAWLS CLASS M			
Pawnee, F. Alexandre	42.50	4 14 06	4 14 06
SLOOPS—30FT. SPECIAL CLASS.			
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	31.00	3 56 19	3 56 19
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	30 00	3 52 19	3 52 19
Raccoon, N D Lawton	30.00	3 51 22	3 51 22
SLOOPS—30FT CLASS.			
Goblin, C Whitman	28.11	4 55 40	4 54 47
Kite, P. H & F. W. Adee	28 45	4 40 27	4 40 27
Penelope, T. V. Ketchum	26.90	Did not finish.	
SLOOPS—27FT CLASS			
Vaquero, W G. Brokaw	22.96	2 43 32	2 40 33
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr	22 90	2 35 11	2 32 08
Quantuck, J C. Delafield	24.68	2 36 51	2 36 51
Skimmang, T Clapham	23 85	2 39 33	2 36 11
SLOOPS—20FT CLASS.			
Asthore, P. T. Dodge	20.00	2 41 08	2 41 08
CATBOATS—30FT CLASS.			
Volsung, De Forrest Bros	28.50	2 18 34	2 18 07
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	25 87	2 41 44	2 37 36
Kit, T. J. Dunne	28.85	2 18 54	2 18 54
Uarda, H. H. Gordon	25.22	2 39 01	2 33 53
CATBOATS—25FT CLASS.			
Presto, H. R. Hatfield	23.30	2 45 49	2 45 49
Grace, J. F. Lambden	22.55	2 56 32	2 55 11
Rob Roy, Charles Whann	21.43	3 12 59	3 09 28
CATBOATS—20FT. CLASS			
Minnetonka, Q. B. Alley	19.75	2 59 44	2 59 44
Dorothy, J. E. Sanborn	19.57	2 59 14	2 58 49
Byna Jane, F. S. Ray	18.84	3 53 03	3 51 00

On Sunday evening a sacred concert was given at the club house, with a very large attendance of members and guests.

Second Day.

Monday, July 19.

SCHOONERS—30FT. AND 20FT. CLASSES.

The race of Monday had but six starters, but the two big schooners made an interesting race. The wind was from the east, moderate, and the sky was dull and cloudy, with showers and sunshine in alternation.

As on Saturday, Capt. Hank Haff was at the wheel on Emerald, and when the gun fired at 11:35 he put her on Colonia's weather, and the latter was compelled to give room at the markboat, losing nearly a minute.

At 11:40 the three 30-footers were sent away, Raccoon first, then Musme and Carolina. The only 20-footer to start was Shark. Emerald led in the beat to the easterly mark for about half an hour, when Colonia passed her. They were timed:

Colonia	1 11 30	Emerald	1 12 50

The run under spinakers to the Hempstead mark showed a gain for Emerald, the times being:

Colonia	1 52 11	Emerald	1 53 00

After a jibe they reached for the line with the wind on the starboard quarter, the first round being timed:

		1st Round.
Colonia	2 08 59	2 33 59
Emerald	2 09 57	2 34 57

The windward leg, sailed in a rather stronger breeze, was timed:

Colonia	3 40 06	Emerald	3 26 04

After a slow run in a lighter wind, the jibe at the Hempstead mark was timed:

Colonia	4 50 20	Emerald	4 25 39

The finish was timed:

Colonia	4 38 08	Emerald	4 43 05

The 30-footers sailed a smaller triangle, and were timed as follows; first round:

	1st Mark	2d Mark.	3d Mark.	Elapsed.
Raccooon	12 57 01	1 29 08	1 52 11	2 12 11
Musme	12 59 12	1 30 58	1 53 50	2 13 50
Carolina	12 59 04	1 31 29	1 54 40	2 14 40

On the second round they were timed:

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	3d Mark.	Elapsed.
Raccoon	2 59 55	. .. ..	4 09 33	2 17 27
Musme	3 04 47	. .. ..	4 14 42	2 20 52
Carolina	3 02 31	. .. ..	4 13 24	2 18 44

The official summary was:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS, IN RACING TRIM.			
Colonia, C A Postley	93.13	5 03 08	5 03 03
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	91.07	5 08 05	5 06 49
SLOOPS - 30FT. CLASS.			
Raccoon, N. D. Lawton	30.00	4 29 38	4 29 38
Musme, J. M Macdonough	30.00	4 34 42	4 34 42
Carolina, P. Jones	20.00	4 33 24	4 33 24
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
Shark, Sherman Hoyt	20.00	2 36 31	2 36 31

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.—20ft. Class.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Saturday, July 10.

THE eighth race of the Ross series for the 20ft. class was sailed on Saturday, July 10.

There was a fine, whole-sail breeze from the east with a little northing in it, and the water was almost perfectly smooth, so that the race was an extremely fast one.

Five boats started: Avoca, G. H. Duggan, going across with the gun at 3:30; Rogue, J. C. C. Almon; Millie, Rev. H. Kittson; Glenowen, Shirley Davidson; and Islander, G. A. S. Hamilton, in the order named; and the boats were sent around the starboard course, making it a spinaker run to the channel buoy.

Avoca at once began to draw out, and at the first mark had a clear lead on the fleet; Rogue came second, and Millie third. On the reach across to the Valois Buoy, Millie came up on Rogue, and after a luffing match got past her and took second place, the rest of the boats keeping well together, making it anybody's for the third place until they completed the first round.

The times were as follows:

Avoca	4 08 17	Glenowen	4 12 20
Maida	4 11 40	Rogue	4 12 53
Islander	4 12 20		

Glenowen came up on Millie on the run and almost passed her, but Millie succeeded in getting the buoy, and held her under the reach to the beat, and the second round was finished as follows:

Avoca	4 44 32	Islander	4 53 26
Millie	4 52 12	Rogue	4 53 47
Glenowen	4 52 10		

During the third round the wind breezed up and drew more off the land in fairly strong puffs. Both Avoca and Glenowen got into trouble, their jib halyards jamming in a block aloft. Glenowen sent a man to the masthead, and in a puff was practically capsized, but, although two of her crew had to swim for it, they got on board again, righted her and brought her in within a few seconds of second place. Avoca tied her working jib in stops and set No. 3 to the windward mark and finished with a clear lead on the fleet by 10m., Millie second, Glenowen third, and Rogue and Islander in the order named.

The finish was as follows:

	Finish.	Points for Race.
Avoca	5 50 57	24
Millie	5 20 23	21
Glenowen	5 31 09	17
Rogue	5 33 07	9
Islander	5 36 20	15

Rogue reported fouling the channel buoy on the last round and lost her points for this round.

The standing of the boats in points in the series is now as follows:

Avoca	153	Islander	99
Glenowen	123	Millie	84
Rogue	102	Maida	44

The new flagship of the club, Glencairn II., as Com. Ross has decided to call her, was launched on July 11 by her builders, the Yacht Company of Canada. She was completed within twenty-seven days from the time the contract was signed, complete with all fittings, mast and gaff, and as during this time a good deal of work was done on the racing fleet this is fairly good work. Glencairn II. looks a deal like her immediate predecessors, but her deck is flatter aft, and she is the first of Mr. Duggan's boats with a perfectly flat stern, which does not improve her looks. Her fittings and rig are exactly those of Avoca.

The last race for the 15-footer series was also sailed and was won by Titania. The times were as follows:

Titania	5 01 27	Viva	5 04 53
Anita	5 04 40		

The Sinking of Tomahawk.

THE steel 40-footer Tomahawk, designed by Burgess in 1889 for E. D. Morgan and built by Piepgrass, foundered on July 17. The details are given as follows in a despatch to the *Boston Globe:*

HIGHLAND LIGHT, July 17.—Early this morning, in a strong southwester, the cutter yacht Tomahawk went down off Highland Light. She was formerly owned by B. W. Crowninshield, of Marblehead.

Captain and owner, Albert P. Newell, with a crew composed of George N. Saunders and Lyle Goodwin, transferred their personal effects to the yawl and pulled away from the sinking craft, just in time to avoid being swamped in the suction as the yacht lurched and went down.

When their vessel so suddenly dropped out of sight they were five miles from shore and Highland Light bore west. A nasty and choppy sea tossed their frail boat about, and it required constant watchfulness and skill to prevent capsizing.

Something of the task of gaining the shore may be judged from the fact that they were from 3 A. M. to 3:30 P. M. in covering a distance of five miles, pulling steadily at the oars.

Capt. Newell says: "We had been on a cruise to the eastward, and left Yarmouth, N. S., a week ago, jogging up the north shore without mishap of any kind. Yesterday we worked across the bay and pulled up for Provincetown, leaving there at midnight.

"After rounding Race Point, and when off Highland light, we found the yacht settling rapidly in the water. We lost no time in getting the yawl over, and after putting in our effects we jumped in ourselves, and none too soon, for the craft fetched a lurch and went down head foremost.

"That pull of five miles to shore was the worst experience I ever had in all my seafaring life. We expected every minute the frail shell would throw us out, in her mad tossing. We were assisted in landing through the surf by surfman Dyer and Capt. J. H. Rich, of the Pamet River lifesaving station, who treated us very kindly."

New Orleans Yachting.

THE racing season of the Southern Y. C., of New Orleans, is in active progress, and on June 19 the Walker cup and Sully cup events will be sailed. In 1889 Mr. J. M. Bourg won a handsome piece of plate with his sloop Stella, and he has now just offered this plate to the club again to be put in competition. The directory, in examining this plate, discovered that it had a singular historical value, having been offered by the club so early as 1854. It was therefore thought to be too valuable to go on further as a prize, and it was decided to frame and keep it permanently in the club house of the Southern Y. C. The following letter was therefore sent to Mr. Bourg, which serves well to show the traditions to which this old cup is entitled.

"NEW ORLEANS, La., June 12, 1897.—*J. M. Bourg, Esq., City:* DEAR SIR—In accord with the regulations of the Southern Y. C. the salver which you have presented for competition in a class to be selected by the organization has been laid before the governing committee. I am instructed to say that they have taken the liberty of refusing to offer it as a prize, for the reason that it is of too much historic value to be put to such a purpose. They propose, with your sanction, to accord it a prominent place in the club house.

"The Southern Y.C. has been in existence for nearly half a century. In America it is second in age to the New York Y. C. The date on your trophy, together with the club's inscription, shows that it was won over our course in 1854, when the organization was but a few years old. A valuable relic already, it will not be many years before it will become an heirloom which will serve to perpetuate traditions which would otherwise be forgotten.

"We expect it to be the home stake, around which will be resailed many of the old-time craft which it will recall to the memory of the survivors of their crews.

"Presenting the thanks of the Southern Y. C., I am yours very truly L. D. SAMPSELL, Secretary.

"By order of Com. J. W. Glenny."

E. HOUGH.

New York Y. C. Annual Cruise.

A REGULAR meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on July 15 at the downtown Delmonico's, Com. Morgan presiding. The following members were elected: John W. Cox, John G. Elliott, Richard A. Johnson, E. Burgess Warren, Darwin Almy, Rev. F. Langdon Humphreys, Philip T. Dodge, Colgate Hoyt, Charles Smithers, Effingham Townsend Irvin, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., H. H. Rogers, John W. Masury, Stephen C. Hunter, Harrison B. Moore, Jr, Commander James M. Forsyth, U. S. N.; Stephen S. Palmer, Charles Sooysmith, Henry C. Eno, Goold H. Redmond, Ernest Iselin, Commander Charles H. Davis, U. S N.; Alexander Van Rensselaer, John E. Cowden, J. De Courcy Ireland, Julian Stevens Ulman.

The regatta committee presented a report on the programme for the coming annual cruise, for which the following general order has been issued:

FLAGSHIP CORSAIR.
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 2

Monday, Aug. 2, 1897.—The squadron will rendezvous at Glen Cove, L. I., in the morning, leaving that day for Huntington Harbor. At 11 A. M. there will be a meeting of captains on board the flagship.

On the same day a race will be sailed, finishing off Huntington Bay.

The programme for the cruise, weather permitting, will be as follows:

Tuesday, Aug. 3, Huntington Bay to New London.
Wednesday, Aug. 4, New London to Newport.
Thursday, Aug. 5, race off Newport for Goelet cups.
Saturday, Aug. 7, race for Commodore's cups to Owl's Head or vicinity.

After the race for the Commodore's cups, the fleet will proceed to Bar Harbor, where a meeting of the captains will be held on board the flagship to decide upon further action.

During the cruise there will be the usual races for the Owl and Gamecock colors, and a race for naphtha launches.

The regatta committee will furnish details for the runs from port to port, and for all other racing events.

Captains are requested to provide their vessels with the N. Y. Y. C. night signal, also to send to the Commodore a list of the names of their guests.

During the cruise the Commodore will be pleased to receive informally the captains and their guests on board the flagship any evening while in the harbor, from 8:30 to 11 P. M.

As it is very important that the regatta committee should know to what extent they can depend on yachts accompanying the squadron to Owl's Head, captains are urged to send notice of their intentions to the regatta committee with as little delay as possible.

By order of the Commodore.

J. BEAVOR WEBB, Fleet Captain.

JULY 13.

The following letter was read:

J. C. Barron, W. Barton Hopkins and J. Frederic Tams, Regatta Committee New York Y. C.:

GENTLEMEN—It gives me great pleasure to offer the following cups, to be raced for during the coming cruise by the sailing vessels of the squadron that have not hauled out to clean since the beginning of the cruise:

1. A cup of the value of $2,000 for the winning schooner in Classes A, B and C.
2. A cup valued at $1,000 for the winning schooner in Classes D and F.
3. A cup of the value of $1,000 for the winning sloop in Class G.
4. A cup of the value of $1,000 for the winning sloop in Classes H, J, K, L and M.

The course to be from Vineyard Haven to the vicinity of Owl's Head, to be sailed in cruising trim, with the regular time allowance of the New York Y. C., in accordance with its rules, and under such conditions as may be formulated by the regatta committee. J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

The following additional prizes have been offered:

By Vice-Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard—A cup for schooners and a cup for single-masters and yawls, to be raced for at Glen Cove, Aug. 2, open to yachts in cruising trim.

By Rear-Com. August Belmont—A cup for the single-masted vessel or yawl winning the greatest number of runs, all sailing as one class, during the cruise; also a cup for a special class of 30-footers, owned by members, two or more to start; also a cup for second boat if four or more start.

By ex-Com. E. M. Brown—A cup for the schooner winning the greatest number of runs, all schooners sailing in one class.

The regatta committee offers cups for schooners and single-masted vessels respectively in a race from Saddle Back Ledge Light to Bar Harbor, with special handicap time allowance.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. Ross Cup.

DORVAL—LAKE ST LOUIS.

Saturday, July 3.

THE seventh race of the Ross series for the 20-footers came off on the afternoon of Saturday July 3. There was a very light air from the eastward, and the boats were sent off from the port course, which involved a spinaker run to the Valois buoy against the current. What wind there was seemed to die out entirely in the bay, and it made the race a very slow one indeed, the boats taking about one hour for each round

The start was made at 3:45, and Glenowen got away with a lead, with Millie second and Avoca third. Millie and Glenowen hung close to each other all the way up, and Millie got the buoy and took the lead. On the reach she widened out the distance between her and Glenowen a little, and on the windward work there was a little more air stirring and Glenowen gained on her. At the finish of the first round there was only ten seconds between them. Avoca crept up and passed Rogue on the windward work, and took third place. The finish of the first round was as follows:

Millie	4 55 11	Rogue	4 58 02
Glenowen	4 55 21	Islander	5 01 27
Avoca	4 57 31		

On the second round Millie set her spinaker to port and Glenowen set hers to starboard, Millie handling her sails a little more smartly of the two, and the two boats went up the course almost together. Millie again got the buoy, and on the reach across to the outer buoy Millie drew away a little. After rounding the buoy the two leaders tacked close in shore, and at the end of the first leg Glenowen was able to cross Millie's bow, and she held this lead to the finish line. The result of the second round was as follows:

Glenowen	5 53 52	Rogue	6 01 17
Millie	5 54 06	Islander	6 03 37
Avoca	5 57 02		

The result of the race and of the series to date in points is as follows:

		Total points in Series.
Glenowen	15	92
Millie	15	51
Avoca	12	113
Rogue	10	83
Islander	8	76

Northwestern International Yachting Association.

NEW WHATCOM, WASH.—PUGET'S SOUND.

Saturday, July 3.

THE sixth annual regatta of the Northwestern International Yachting Association was sailed on July 3 off New Whatcom in a reefing breeze. The small number of starters is due to the fact that many yachts from a distance were stormbound by a heavy gale that prevailed for several days preceding the race. The times were:

A CLASS—36 TO 50FT.

Course, 18 nautical miles, one-third windward

	Rating.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Myth	36 00	3 04 00	6 16 44	3 12 41	3 13 03
Jubilee	36.01	3 04 00	6 39 45	3 35 48	3 35 59
Ariadne	41.02	3 04 00	6 40 57	3 36 57	3 44 12
Thomas	36.00	3 04 00	6 49 23	3 45 23	3 45 23

B CLASS—25 TO 36FT.

Course, 12 nautical miles, one-third windward.

Hornet	26.05	3 14 30	5 46 54	2 32 24	2 32 24
Progress	....	3 14 30	6 16 36	3 02 06	.. .. ..
Rambler	25.01	3 14 30	Did not finish.		

C CLASS—20 TO 25FT.

Course, 12 nautical miles, one third windward.

Ariadne	24.03	3 24 30	5 55 32	2 31 02	.. .. ..
Garland	....	3 24 30	6 13 35	2 49 05	.. .. ..
Rambler	....	3 24 30	6 35 10	3 10 40	.. .. ..

D CLASS—15 TO 20FT.

Course, 6 nautical miles, one third windward.

Nellie T	17.07	3 34 30	5 06 32	1 38 13	.. .. ..
Dolphin	15.09	3 34 30	5 20 01	1 45 31	.. .. ..

Hobe Sound Y. C.

HOBE SOUND, FLA.

Sunday, July 11.

THE Hobe Sound Y. C. sailed the first of its series for the prize pennants on July 11. The start was in a very light wind, and the yachts got away well together at 3:30 P. M. for second class and 3:33 P. M. for first class yachts. Shortly after the start a heavy rain and wind squall struck, which forced all the second class and some of the first class to quit. The five miles were sailed as follows, and the points on the series follow:

FIRST CLASS

	Elapsed.	Corrected.	Points.
Gull	1 16 22	1 15 05	5
Francis	1 22 42	1 20 00	4
Wenona	1 29 30	1 20 35	3
Sprogie	Withdrew.		0
Wanda	Withdrew.		0

SECOND CLASS

Lorraine	Withdrew.	0
Juanita	Disabled.	0
Guenn	Disabled.	0
Mary B	Did not start.	0

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Margarita II., steam yacht, A. J. Drexel, arrived at New York on July 14 from Queenstown, with her owner on board. During the spring she has cruised in the Mediterranean and European waters.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R Blake. Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Wawbewawa Canoe Association.

THE Wawbewawa Canoe Association is rapidly gaining the distinction of being the most active canoeing organization in the Eastern Division of the A. C. A. The members celebrated Independence Day by adding two more splendid victories to their already long list. They not only won the war canoe championship of the New England Amateur Rowing Association for 1897 in the Boston regatta, but also sent a crew to Springfield, where they took first honors in the war canoe event of the Connecticut Valley Amateur Rowing Association regatta. At the Eastern Division meets of the A. C. A, during the past few years the Wawbewawas have carried their colors well to the front. The Association was organized in 1874, and has already won the war canoe championship three times in the A. C. A. and twice in the N E. A. R. A., as well as the Connecticut Valley championship

At the canoe meets held in Lowell, Worcester and Lawrence during the last three years, the Wawbes have each time won the single-blade and tandem single-blade events. The club four race also went to the Wawbewawas in 1895 and 1896, and in the former year Messrs. Burrage, Hall, Forsaith and Ashenden won the club four championship of the A. C. A. at Bluff Point.

The club has recently been incorporated under Massachusetts laws, and the members are now enjoying the privileges of a handsome club house erected last spring on the banks of the picturesque Charles in Auburndale. The limit of membership is fifty, and already there is a long waiting list.

The officers of the club are as follows: Capt., Louis S. Drake; Purser, Francis J. Burrage; Sec'y, Wm. V. Forsaith.

Des Moines C. C.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 26.—At Des Moines, Ia., there is a deep dam across the Des Moines River, and above the dam extends a pond of still water some miles in extent, not unsuitable for the purposes of fishing or canoeing. For years this backwater has been utilized by the water-lovers of the city, though nothing has been done toward the organization of a canoeing body. Yet for many years Des Moines has boasted an enthusiast in canoe matters, a gentleman by the name of Tacitus Hussey, commonly known as Tac Hussey. Mr. Hussey has been a regular and devoted disciple of the tiny craft, and his penchant for the sport has made him in the past an object of interest and curiosity in the staid Western city. Mr. Hussey has paddled away faithfully and industriously, talking canoeing, acting canoeing, and upon occasion even writing poetry about canoeing. Finally his enthusiasm has become contagious, and has spread to others of the community. This week a canoe club was organized at Des Moines, with a membership of about forty. Most of these are beginners, but their intentions appear to be of the right sort, and there is all the hope in the world that a good body of canoeists will be the outcome of the movement. following are the names of some of the new members: Com., Tacitus Hussey; Vice-Com., Hal Stapp; Purser, Will Heywood; Sec'y, Edgar Pritchard; J. E Locke, John Mott, Guy Talbott, Harry Posner, J. Younker, A. W. Liddell, Levi Guss, E. L. Chandler, C. M. Stewart, Fred Stapp, J. Crawford, Frank Clarkson, John Clarkson, Mark Teetor, W. Stutz, L E. Stutz, George Warfield, C. H. Kahler, Harry Keyser, C. A. Rawson, Will Jackson, H. Ullrich, Raymond Windsor. E. HOUGH.

Canoe Cruising and Camping.

THE new book just issued by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. under the above title comes most opportunely at the season, when canoe cruises are in order. The author, Perry D. Frazer, is a cruising canoeist of long experience and thoroughly familiar with the canoe and all its accessories, the gun, the fishing outfit, the camera and the tent. How to use all of these in the enjoyment of a cheap, wholesome and healthful outing is told in a plain and practical manner, the book being intended for the novice and young canoeist. The canoe, camping outfit, clothing, etc., are described in detail, and the author's advice in their selection and use is full and reliable. The book will be found well worth the attention of even experienced canoeists.

The W. C. A. Meet.

AT Delavan Lake, Wis., preparations for the August meet of the W. C. A. are going on. Secretary Huntington has arranged with the Highland Hotel for board for the tars who will be in attendance, and space has been secured for the tents of those who will camp out. The triangular course has been staked out—a half mile to the leg—opposite Highland. The sailing will be in view of the hotel guests at different parts of the lake. E. HOUGH.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
J. Fred Hammond	Canton, N. Y.	——
C. Hurd Gaines	Canton, N. Y.	——

NORTHERN DIVISION.

E. C. Gildersleeve	Kingston, Ont.	Kingston Y C.
R S. Kinghorn	Montreal	Pointe Claire B C.
W. H. Montgomery	Peterboro	Peterboro C. C.
W. L. Allen	Peterboro	Peterboro C. C.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Scores.

CINCINNATI, O., July 11.—The following scores were made by the members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to-day at their range, Four Mile House, Reading Road, Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target, 7-ring black

The annual election of officers occurred to-day, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. F. Trounstine, President; J. Strickmier, Vice President; A. Drube, Secretary; H Uckotter, Treasurer; Mat. Gindele, Captain; E D. Payne; Lieutenant.

Gindele.

10 9 6 9 10 8 10 9 10 9—91 8 6 10 9 7 8 10 10 9 7—87
10 8 10 7 8 10 9 7 6 9—84 8 10 7 9 7 9 8 9 10 7—84

Payne

7 7 8 7 10 10 8 10 8 10—85 5 9 7 8 9 9 7 6 10 10—80
7 10 7 8 6 8 9 8 9 8—80 7 7 9 7 9 6 10 8 7 10—80

Hasenzahl.

10 10 8 8 8 5 0 7 10 7—82 8 10 9 10 5 10 10 4 8 10 84
5 7 8 8 7 8 10 9 7 8—77 6 8 8 8 6 9 9 7 10 6—77

Nestler.

8 8 9 7 7 10 9 8 5 9—80 10 10 8 9 4 7 10 7 7 7—79
5 8 5 6 7 8 8 9 7 9—72 7 7 5 6 10 8 8 7 7 7—72

Drube

8 8 9 6 8 9 6 8 8 7—77 5 8 6 8 9 7 9 7 7 6—72
8 8 5 10 5 6 7 8 7 8—70 8 4 5 6 6 7 8 5 7 7—63

Topf.

6 6 5 8 6 4 9 4 8 7—63 10 6 7 1 9 4 8 8 3 5—51
5 4 5 7 5 8 3 6 4 8—55 4 5 5 3 8 7 7 4 5 5—54

Trounstine.

5 7 7 9 7 5 8 10 8 8—74 7 8 10 6 5 10 5 7 6 7—71
8 7 7 9 6 4 7 7 7 6—63 9 2 10 9 6 4 7 8 5 7—67

Strickmier

10 10 8 8 9 6 5 5 7 6—74 10 7 5 6 7 8 10 7 4 6—70
7 7 6 9 10 5 7 8 8 3—70 6 7 7 10 6 6 1 8 10 8—69

Uckotter.

7 10 6 8 6 6 5 6 6 7—67 7 8 4 8 10 6 4 5 9 6—65
6 8 8 6 5 4 10 4 4 8—63 6 5 4 4 7 4 9 7 8 6—60

Brumback.

7 10 9 6 8 8 6 5 2 6 67 9 6 8 4 4 9 8 6 6 6—66
8 5 6 7 7 6 9 5 9 6—65 8 5 6 6 7 6 8 7 7 5—65

Speth.

2 7 9 7 8 9 8 8 9 10—77 7 10 6 8 6 8 6 8 5 8—72
5 6 7 7 7 7 7 9 8 4—67

Lux.

5 6 5 8 10 4 5 10 6 3—62 6 7 1 8 7 7 6 6 8 4—60
5 5 7 6 8 5 1 5 6 8—56 1 8 8 6 4 1 8 6 8 4—54

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

CHICAGO, July 11.—The rifle contests at the range of the Calumet Heights Gun Club were won by Mr. Harlan and Mrs. Schmidt, in their respective classes. Mr. Davis, in a practice shoot string of 10 shots, made the score 58 points, 200yds. range, off-hand, standard target, as follows:

Davis ..... 3 7 9 2 9 6 5 4 3 10—58

Medal contest, 10 shots, Amerian standard target, 200yds.:

Davis	4	9	0	3	4	4	4	1	5	3	37
Norcom	0	7	3	3	4	8	6	2	3	0	—30
Harlan	3	7	7	3	8	5	10	5	8	3	- 59
Paterson	3	3	3	7	5	1	4	0	3	3	- 33
Booth	0	4	4	3	5	0	1	7	0	1	—25
Metcalfe	2	2	1	1	3	4	4	1	1	4	—23

Ladies, 10 shots, off-hand, 100yds.:

Mrs Chamberlain	1	2	3	0	0	3	3	2	3	2	—19
Mrs Schmidt	3	2	3	3	4	8	3	4	3	8	—41
Mrs Marshall	2	3	3	8	8	4	3	3	3	2	40

PATTI.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 24.—UXBRIDGE, Mass.—Tournament of the Uxbridge Gun Club. George F. Day, Sec'y.

July (last week).—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Company.

July 27-28.—BAY CITY, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. W. H Brady, Sec'y, Detroit, Mich.

July 28-29.—DULUTH, Minn.—Annual tournament of the Central Gun Club. G C Maxfield, Sec'y

July 29.—DEXTER PARK L I.—Merchandise shoot of the Emerald Gun Club. Live birds. Open to all.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.
Aug. 4-5.—INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, Ind.—Indiana Mineral Springs tournament. Ben O. Bush, Manager.
Aug 11.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Fifth contest for the Recreation cup. E. A. Jackson, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.
Aug. 18-19.—WARSAW, Ind.—Tournament of the Lake City Gun Club. W. A. Wineberer, Sec'y.
Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.
Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.
Sept 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.
Sept. 6.—MARION, N. J.—Annual Labor Day tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. A. R Strader, Sec'y.
Sept. 7-10.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's annual tournament.
Sept. 14-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. Merchandise and amateurs.
Sept. 14-16.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Capital Gun Club. S. C. Quimby, Sec'y.
Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.
Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.
Sept. 28-Oct. 1.—————:—Annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. W. H. Huck, Rutherford, N. J.
Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.
Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Some people take no stock in the marvelous properties that are concealed beneath the soft fur that covers the bony part of the leg of a cotton-tail! But there are some that do. For instance, Fred Gilbert carries with him the most disreputable-looking rabbit foot we have ever seen; but, disreputable as it is undoubtedly in appearance, it's a "peach," according to Fred, in all other respects. And W. P. Mussey, in our issue of July 10, tells, under the head of "New Muscallonge Waters," how John Haskell's rabbit foot, although "partly eaten and somewhat odorous," worked wonders in the 'lunge-producing line. We also could tell of a certain forefoot of a Mississippi swamp rabbit that is a power in itself. But a clincher for the unbelievers comes from the Oil City shoot. The *dramatis personæ* are Rolla Heikes and C. W. Budd. Charlie has a hindfoot of a snow-white jack rabbit in his right-hand hip pocket all the time, and Rolla managed to secure it somehow, and sped off up the trail and through the brush, with Budd in hot pursuit. Rolla did outrun Charlie, and the latter returned disconsolate. "All my luck's gone!" Then Rolla appeared and mendaciously told Charlie that he'd lost the foot "It must have fallen out of my pocket as I ran through the brush," said he. They set off together to look for it, but of course it couldn't be found, as it was then reposing in Rolla's left shoe! Now comes the climax. Budd was called to the score for the first 25 targets in the E. C. cup race; he went to the score, but all broken up; he started badly, and actually missed something like five or six targets straight. How many more he would have missed had not Rolla handed him the foot just then, it is hard to say; the fact remains, however, that he finished that string of 25 with only one more miss to his credit. From the above it will be gathered that a graveyard rabbit is not a *sine qua non* in the foot-producing line; any old foot 'll do.

Jim Elliott has done just what we have always been hoping somebody would do, yet scarcely expecting that our hopes would be realized. He has challenged Charlie Budd for the Du Pont trophy, Charlie Grimm for the Cast Iron, and Sim Glover for the Kansas City *Star*, and has put up the necessary forfeit to bind each challenge. This insures a considerable awakening of interest in live-bird trap-shooting circles, and has put a pleasing quietus upon all the windy talk we have had to wade through recently. What a delicious contrast was the method pursued by Fred Gilbert in challenging Rolla Heikes for the E. C. championship cup. There was no preliminary talk, and everything was arranged in less than twenty lines in any newspaper. When people really want a match there is absolutely no difficulty at all in the matter with so many championship cups going the rounds of trap shooting circles. And by the way, when is the tie for the "reversed order championship" between Heikes, Van Dyke and Charlie Young to be decided? Wouldn't the shoot-off be an attraction at Jack Parker's shoot next September?

The fifth contest for the Recreation cup will be held at the Bergen County Gun Club's grounds, Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 2 P. M. This cup represents the amateur championship of the clubs of New Jersey, all amateur members of such clubs being eligible to compete for the same. The conditions are 100 targets per man, 50 at known angles and 50 at unknown angles, entrance price of the targets, with an optional sweepstake on each 25 targets. In addition to the contest above mentioned, there will only be two more competitions for the cup (in October and December) before the trophy becomes the property of the shooter who has won it the greatest number of times in the seven contests that will have been held with the completion of the shoot in December. At present the score stands: Remsen and Sinnock, two wins each out of the four contests. In this race all are at scratch, and the cup goes to the high man; the club donates $5 to the second high gun and $2 to the third high gun. Entries can be made up to the end of the first round of 25 targets.

Yale Dolan, of the Riverton Gun Club, celebrated the Fourth of July at Hurlingham (on July 5, of course), and divided £164, the purse in the July £4 Handicap sweepstakes, with A. W. Blyth. There were thirty-six entries, Mr. Dolan standing at 29½yds., Mr. Blyth at 28yds. On July 6, at the Gun Club, Mr. Dolan, on the 29yds. mark, divided £17 with Count Robiano, who was placed at 27yds. The conditions of this event were: £3 entrance, handicap, one barrel only. There were nineteen subscribers, of whom only three managed to score 4 straight. These were the two above mentioned and M. Journu, the great French shot, who was placed at 33yds., a tremendous handicap, when it is considered that he had only the use of one barrel and was shooting at true bluerocks. M. Journu missed his 5th bird, and Dolan and the Count agreed to divide if either killed their birds. Count Robiana killed, relieving Mr. Dolan of any further anxiety.

So far as we can learn from the columns of the London *Field*, C. H. Mackay, of the Carteret Club, was the only American who took part in the programmes carried out at Hurlingham and the Gun Club during the International Week, which ended on Saturday, July 3. Mr Mackay's record for the week compares very favorably with that of many better known men who competed during the week. This is his record: Won first prize, £100, and cup, value £25, in 31yds. rise sweepstakes (thirty-seven competitors), at Hurlingham Club, on Tuesday; won second prize £60, in 32yds. rise sweepstakes (40 competitors), at Gun Club, on Saturday. In the event on Saturday Mr. Mackay tied with Mr. R. M Hawker, an Australian, with 7 straight. On the shoot off Mr. Mackay lost his first bird.

In view of the number of letters we have recently received on the subject, it may not be amiss to state that we always hold that the term "amateur," which appears so frequently in tournament programmes of the present day, includes all who are not "*professionals.*" Our definition of what constitutes a professional has always been as follows: "Any person who makes his livelihood in whole or in part by shooting at the trap; that is, any person who receives a salary or remuneration in cash from a firm of manufacturers of sporting goods for shooting a certain make of gun, a certain brand of powder, or a certain shell, for the purpose of showing the merits of the same, is a professional trap-shooter. Also: Any person who shoots exhibition matches for gate receipts, or who receives pay for taking part in the same, is a professional trap-shooter." *Per contra*, all who do not come under the above heading are amateurs.

G. W. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., must be thoroughly puzzled as to how his name is really spelled. When he writes to us he always signs it "Sergeant," but when other people refer to the system of three traps designed by the Joplin shooter, they generally call it the 'Sargent system." We remember well how, at the Pittsburg tournament last June, Sergeant told us that he didn't know whether it wouldn't save him trouble if he just took to the phonetic spelling of his name. Perhaps he has done so, but to date he has not notified us of any change, so we spell it still "Sergeant." And the name of the "bicycle trap" is magautrap, not magantrap, maugau trap, nor anything else but magautrap; the word means *magazine automatic trap*, the italicized letters forming the compound word, with the emphasis on the 'mag." Now will you be good?

The decision of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association (for that is now the title of the reorganized body) to hold a tournament Sept. 28-Oct. 1, is an excellent one. The tournament will help to galvanize new life into New Jersey trap-shooting circles, and will be well attended if the programme is made an attractive one. With less than ten weeks for preparation, the committee having the tournament in charge has commenced work at once. We feel a special pride in this reorganization business, FOREST AND STREAM having done more than all the other sportsmen's papers put together, to try to give the State of New Jersey a State Association worthy of the name.

By the time this issue appears on the news stands, 8 Murray street will no longer be the address of Von Lengerke & Detmold. The handsome store at the corner of Broadway and Pearl street, 318 Broadway, the ground floor of the building that was the home of FOREST AND STREAM for many years, is where the firm of V. L. & D. has now hung out its shingle. In this store the firm will have ample room and light to make a good display of its Francotte guns, besides leaving plenty of space for John Wright's department (fishing tackle) and Carl's department, the Humber bicycle.

The New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., shot a race with the Brooklyn Gun Club on July 10, at the Brooklyn Club's grounds, and met defeat by only 2 breaks, the scores standing 138 to 140 in favor of the home team. The last team race at targets that we remember the New Utrecht Gun Club to have taken part in, was a match with the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., in 1896. On that occasion, if we remember right, the teams were twenty-one men a side, the shoot being held at Rutherford. In that race, with 525 targets for each team to shoot at, the New Utrechts were unlucky enough to lose by just 2 breaks!

On Wednesday of this week, July 21, the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, will hold its "first invitation target shoot." This departure of the Riverton Club from the beaten paths of its past history tells very forcibly of the growth in popularity attained by target shooting Hitherto the Riverton Gun Club has been a live-bird club only, at least so far as we have ever learned, and has always had the reputation for furnishing fast birds and fast grounds. It was at Riverton that Yale Dolan recently made the great run of 84 consecutive kills on the last 84 birds in a match with L. Finletter.

The team race shot at Marion, N. J., on Saturday last, July 17, between the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, and the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., resulted in a victory for the Endeavors. The victory was rather in the nature of a surprise, the Bergen county team being a strong one on paper, and favorites before the start. The weather was very warm, but favorable for target shooting, wind being conspicuous by its absence.

From Montpelier, Vt., we learn that the programme of the coming Interstate tournament at that city is about ready for distribution. The local gun club is going to add $200 to the purses, and will spare no efforts to make the shoot a pleasant one for all its guests. Anybody desiring a programme or other information relating to the shoot, should write to Geo. B. Walton, secretary of the gun club, Montpelier, Vt. The dates for the tournament are August 25-26.

Last week we gave a short notice of a new idea in handicaps, showing its weak points. In its issue of the 17th inst. a cotemporary also gives an account of the same system from the pen of its father or godfather, and makes a request that some one would call its attention to any weak points in the system. We take pleasure, therefore, in directing our cotemporary's attention to what we wrote on the subject last week.

As an outcome of the Interstate tournament at New Haven, Conn., and the visit of John L. Winston to Boston, Mass., a match at expert rules was shot between Winston and Dickey on Saturday last, July 17. We do not know what the scores were, but a telegram from Winston to a friend of his in New York winds up with the following: "Beat Dickey easily."

This week there are two good shoots in progress in different parts of the country, and under different conditions. The Indian Wolf shoot is open-to-all, no handicap and nobody barred: the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Pine Bluff, is also open-to-all, but professionals must shoot into first or second money or be out of a place.

Jack Parker writes us that he will hold his annual tournament at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 7-10. As Jack is always giving us something novel in the line of programmes, we shall look eagerly for the advance copies of his issue for 1897. He will probably get a line on some of the details for the same at the Indian Wolf shoot at Clear Lake this week.

Preparations for the Emerald Gun Club's merchandise live-bird shoot, at Dexter Park, July 29, are going merrily along. From present indications there will be a good day's sport at this Long Island resort on the above date. Proprietor Lippack promises to furnish extra good birds for the occasion.

On Friday of this week, July 23, the Catchpole Gun Club, of Wolcott, N. Y., will hold its "first midsummer tournament" on the baseball park and shooting grounds at Wolcott. Targets will be thrown at 1½ cents each. Purses divided in the old style—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

It is confidently expected that the Interstate shoot at Lewiston, Me. Aug. 4-5, will be as popular as the Portland, Me., shoot last August; and that's saying a great deal, for the Portland shoot was one of the best on the Interstate circuit for 1896.

JULY 21. EDWARD BANKS.

New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

IN our last issue we told briefly the business transacted at the meeting of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, held at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, Tuesday, July 13.

At that meeting the committee on constitution and by-laws reported and handed in a draft of a constitution and by-laws, with a recommendation that the same be adopted. The meeting showed its confidence in the capabilities of that committee by adopting the result of its work without having a line of either the constitution or the by-laws read to it. In order that every member of the Association may know just what was adopted, we give below the constitution and by-laws in full:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be called the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

ARTICLE II.

This Association is formed for the purpose of securing and maintaining proper legislation for the protection and propagation of wild birds, game fish and game animals, throughout the State, for the vigorous enforcement of game laws, and for the promotion of kindly intercourse and generous emulation among sportsmen at the trap.

ARTICLE III.

SECTION 1. This Association shall be composed of all regularly organized clubs within the State of New Jersey, that have been duly elected to membership, and each club shall be entitled to three delegates to represent them at all meetings; proxies to count as delegates.

SECTION 2. Individuals may become members of this Association as provided for in Article IV., Section 3.

ARTICLE IV.

SECTION 1. Any club desiring membership in this Association shall present to the secretary or any officer of the Association a written application signed by its president and secretary, setting forth the name of the club, date of its organization, names of its officers and delegates and the number of members comprising it, which shall be acted upon at any meeting of the executive committee.

SECTION 2. No shooter will be considered eligible to compete for any prize offered by this Association, except he be an individual member of this Association or a *bona fide* member of a club or association that is also a member of this Association, and he shall have been a member of said club or association and a resident of the State one month prior to the date fixed for the State shoot.

SECTION 3 Any individual, a resident of the State and not a member of a club which is a member of this Association, wishing to become a member can make application for membership to any member of the executive committee accompanied by the initiation fee of $1, thereby becoming eligible to compete for individual prizes upon the approbation of said committee.

SECTION 4. The membership fee for clubs shall be $2 and the annual dues $1—individual dues $1, payable at any time previous to the annual tournament.

ARTICLE V.

SECTION 1. The officers of this Association shall be a president, three vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer and a board of seven directors, which shall include the president and secretary, four of said board to constitute a quorum.

SECTION 2 The officers shall be elected by ballot at the annual meeting, held the evening of the first day of the annual tournament. The officers then elected shall respectively hold office until the close of the next annual convention or until their successors are respectively elected.

SECTION 3. Any vacancy in either of the offices may be filled by appointment by the president.

ARTICLE VI.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the president to preside at all meetings and to call extra meetings whenever he shall deem it necessary.

He shall have no vote, except on equal divisions, when he shall have the casting vote, and shall appoint all committees unless otherwise ordered.

SECTION 2. It shall be the duty of the vice-presidents in order to perform the duties of the president in his absence.

SECTION 3. It shall be the duty of the secretary to keep an accurate record of all the proceedings of this Association in a book; to notify clubs and individuals of their election, to issue notices of meetings, to take charge of all communications, to reply thereto in accordance with such instructions as he may receive from the Association and to keep a record thereof in a book, and he shall deliver to his successor in office all books or other property belonging to the Association in his possession.

SECTION 4. The treasurer shall receive and hold all the funds of the Association, and shall disburse the same by check as he may be authorized to do by a vote of the Association or by order of the president. He shall keep a correct and detailed account in a book of all moneys recived and disbursed by him, which book shall at all times be open to the inspection of any of the officers of the Association, or any committee duly authorized therefor, and he shall report at each annual meeting a full statement in detail of all receipts and disbursements during the year. The treasurer, upon entering his office, shall execute a bond to the Association in the sum of $500 with sureties to be approved by the president, interest on said bond to be paid by the Association as compensation for the services of such treasurer. He shall deposit all moneys received by him in any National bank and credit all interest accruing upon such deposit to the Association.

ARTICLE VII.

SECTION 1. The annual meeting of the Association shall be held at such time and place as may be designated from year to year.

SECTION 2. Special meetings may be called by the president, provided that at least one month's notice of such meeting shall be given, by depositing written or printed notices thereof in the post-office, directed to the secretary of each club as well as to individual members at their respective places of business or residence.

SECTION 3. Any meeting may be adjourned from time to time by vote.

ARTICLE VIII.

Five clubs shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, but a smaller number present at any adjourned or regularly called meeting may adjourn to any specified day.

ARTICLE IX.

No delegate shall be admitted into the Association unless he shall have handed or forwarded to the secretary a certificate of his election or nomination, signed by the president or secretary of the club he may represent.

ARTICLE X.

Immediately after the election of officers at the annual meeting, the president-elect shall appoint two committees of five delegates each, who shall constitute respectively the executive committee and the legislative committee, who shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are appointed.

ARTICLE XI.

SECTION 1. The executive committee shall have charge of all business matters not otherwise provided for in this constitution.

SECTION 2. The legislative committee shall have charge of all matters relating to the fish and game laws of the State, as well as to any legislation which concerns the best interest of this Association.

ARTICLE XII.

All proposed alterations, additions and amendments to the constitution and by-laws shall be submitted in writing to the executive committee, at least one month before the annual meeting, and shall be by said committee reported at said annual meeting with its opinion thereon; and no such alterations, additions or amendments shall be adopted unless it shall have been so proposed and reported, nor unless two-thirds of all the members present at such annual meeting shall vote in favor of such alterations, additions or amendments.

ARTICLE XIII.

In the case of individual members attending meetings, each such individual member shall be entitled to one vote, the same being regularly qualified members.

BY-LAWS.

SECTION 1. The order of business at all meetings shall be as follows: 1. Roll call. 2. Reading minutes of previous meeting. 3. Reports of committees. 4. Proposal and election of new clubs and members. 5. Unfinished business. 6. New business. 7. Election of officers.

SECTION 2. No member shall be allowed to discuss any question under debate without rising and addressing the chair.

SECTION 3. No member shall speak more than twice on any one question nor more than five minutes at any one time, unless by unanimous consent.

SECTION 4. Every member present shall be required to vote on all questions, unless he is directly or personally interested or excused by the vote of a majority of the members present.

SECTION 5. Any member belonging to this Association behaving in an ungentlemanly or unsportsmanlike manner may, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present, be expelled.

SECTION 6 All charges against any member or club must be submitted in writing, and notice of such charges furnished such member or club so charged, who shall be entitled to submit a written defense.

SECTION 7. No outside shooting whatever shall be permitted within the inclosure where the trap-shooting takes place, nor shall there be any contests for money on the grounds of the Association during the days advertised for the annual contests, until the termination of the convention, other than such as have been advertised to take place on such days in the usual announcement of prizes.

SECTION 8. Any change of rules of shooting that may be made, shall not apply unless one month's notice has been given to the different members of the association.

SECTION 9 No person shall be permitted to contend for prizes who is not eligible according to the constitution

SECTION 10 No betting of money, either on individual skill or on the result of matches will be allowed on the ground where the shooting by members is taking place.

The Interstate Association at Portsmouth, N. H.

BY one of those peculiar accidents which will occur in even the best regulated newspaper offices, we overlooked in our issue of July 10 the interstate tournament to be given at Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 15-16. We, therefore, take pleasure in giving space to the following communication from Mr. W. I. Philbrick, secretary of the Portsmouth Gun Club, dated July 17:

"In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of July 10 I find in Drivers and Twisters the following: 'The list of tournaments for eastern shooters is fast dwindling down to the elimination points, but July 14-15 at New Haven, Conn., Aug. 4-5 at Lewiston, Me., and Aug 26-27 at Montpelier, Vt., still remain to make the trap-shooter's hearts glad.'

"Why do you omit Portsmouth, Sept. 15-16? We are still on the map; please do not wipe us off entirely; we have kept our place in the list of fixtures, and it seems strange we were not included in your remarks above quoted.

"Our programme is nearly completed, and will be ready when called for by Manager Shaner. We have engaged the Bicycle Park for our shoot, it being more convenient than our shooting grounds for the occasion, and affording a fine background. It is easy of access from the hotels and depot, and provides ample accommodations of all kinds for the purpose, such as, covered grand stands, etc., with dance pavilion, which we shall possibly utilize, to give the boys a good time on the evening of the 15th. And we hope, if proper arrangements can be made, to have exhibition shooting on that evening, by electric light.

"We also expect Miss Kirkwood, the skillful lady shooter of Boston, to be present. I was much pleased to read your complimentary reference to her, as she fully deserves it all.

"Portsmouth is a pleasant little town by the sea, and all who visit it once are glad to come again. We should be more than pleased to entertain our favorite trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM, could it be possible for him to be with us in September.

"Please do not overlook us again, as every indication points to our having some fine sport on the allotted dates, and giving all who attend a grand good time."

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 14.—In a match at 50 live birds per man, shot today at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, E. E. Niel defeated Dr. Frothingham by two birds, scoring 46 to 44, as below:

E E Neil	2021121222222202021222202—22	
	2222222222222222202222222—24—46	
Dr Frothingham	2220112221221112200220121—20	
	1222112011112121212212112—24—44	

RAVELRIG.

The New Haven Interstate.

FROM data furnished us, we learn that the Interstate Association's tournament, at New Haven, Conn., July 14-15, held under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club, was the best shoot held by that association this year, in point of entries at least. A general average entry list of about thirty-five for the twenty programme events shot on the two days, is a record hard to beat nowadays, unless there is something very substantial in the way of added money. We had been looking forward to this shoot, feeling sure that it would be a good one, as trap-shooting is having quite a boom in the New England States, and the New Haven club a popular one with the shooters. It was, therefore, something more than annoying to have the heat of the July sun knock one out and put a veto on our presence at the grounds of the New Haven Gun Club, July 14-15. Under the circumstances, we will have to do the best we can with the data furnished us by some of those who were there, and give a report of the shoot based on such information. We also had a long talk with Manager Shaner on Friday afternoon, July 16, and to him we are indebted for many details of the tournament.

BAD WEATHER TO START WITH.

For thirty-six hours prior to the commencement of the shoot at 10 A. M. on July 14, rain had fallen in torrents at New Haven. Everything was wet through, and at 7 A. M. on the above date it looked decidedly unpromising for the success of the tournament. In fact at that hour Mr. Shaner was preparing little notes to put in the boxes of every shooter who was stopping at the Tontine Hotel, informing them that the shoot would be postponed for a day on account of the weather. But just then it suddenly cleared up, and the little notes were not handed in.

Of course, with so much bad weather to contend with, an early start was not to be thought of, the first gun being fired at 10 o'clock; yet with such a late start 6,340 targets were thrown during the day. The trappers worked under great difficulties, being literally flooded out in the trap house which, by the way, is one of the best houses we have ever seen. In order to get around among the traps to put them in working order, and to keep them going right, Manager Shaner had to wear hipboots (waders), the water being some 2½ft. deep in the pit; when the traps were taken up on Friday morning there was still some 6 or 8in. of water covering the floor of the pit. The trappers during the tournament took off their shoes and socks, rolled their trousers up, and sat on inverted empty barrels while they did their work. The surroundings of the club house and grounds are so low and swampy that all attempts to drain the water from the pit were useless.

The club, however, looked well after the comfort of its guests, an awning fully covering the score and the approach thereto from the club house. The large tent of the Interstate Association was also pitched alongside the house, and afforded ample protection from the rays of the sun, that made up on the two days of the shoot for its absence on the previous two days.

With the conditions as they were, it was no easy matter to get things ready for a start even at 10 A. M.; but a good hustle worked wonders, and, once started, the shoot moved smoothly and rapidly, the squads showing remarkable promptness in getting to the score. A large quantity of benches and chairs afforded seats for those who were watching the shooting or waiting their turns to go to the score.

THE CORPS OF OFFICIALS.

In the cashier's office were the following: Cashier, W. H. Hazel; assistant cashier, John Gould; clerk, W. C. Baldwin. Having had the pleasure of taking part in two tournaments on these grounds during the past six months, we can safely say that Mr. Hazel and his assistants did their work most satisfactorily. The referees were M. H. Clark, president of the club, and Frank Potter, who alternated in performing one of the most thankless tasks man ever undertook. The puller was T. Cook, while the trappers were in charge of Eugene Cook, the head trapper of the club. From the personal experience referred to above, we can echo the sentiments of those whom we have conversed with on the subject, and say that the refereeing, pulling and trapping was as good as it could be.

While speaking highly of the capabilities of his help, Mr. Shaner was loud in praise of the scoring; these are his own words: "The scoring was of the very best, and fewer mistakes were made than at any other tournament I ever attended. The manifold scorer deserves especial mention, as I had to change but one target on his sheets in the two days." The officials referred to were: Blackboard, Wm. Merritt; Manifold, W. C. Foote.

For throwing the targets, the Interstate Association's set of five expert bluerock traps were used, the magautrap being only put in commission for exhibition purposes; it attracted lots of attention, being quite a novelty in that section of the country. Bluerock targets, of course, were used, these being the only targets ever thrown at Interstate tournaments.

TRADE STRONGLY REPESENTED.

The trade was strongly represented at this shoot. Here is a list furnished us: Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn., represented by L. C. Parker, W. F. Parker, J. R. Hull, L. J. Gaines, S. A. Tucker and O. R. Dickey (all members of the Parker Gun Club); the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. was represented by Irby Bennett, Ferd Van Dyke, Frank Potter and B. W. Claridge; J. L. (147) Winston, Austin Powder Co., Cleveland, O.; Capt. A. W. Money and N. E. Money, American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., Ltd.; E. D. Fulford, Remington gun, Schultze powder and U. M. C. shell; Capt. J. A. H. Dressler and U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co.; W. L. Colville) Dick Swiveller) and J. S. Fanning, Gold Dust Powder Co.; Ed Taylor and M. Herrington, Laflin & Rand's W-A powder; H. G. Wheeler, King's Smokeless.

AMONG THE SPECTATORS

were also Mr. Lyon, of Parker Bros., and Mr. Clark, the advertising agent of the W. R. A. Co. Although mentioned in the ranks of trade representatives, neither Capt. Dressel, president of the Interstate Association, nor Irby Bennett, vice-president of the Association, took any active part in the shooting; both, however, as usual, did their share toward entertaining the shooters. Talking about spectators, we understand that there was quite a large number of onlookers every day, showing the interest evinced in the shoot by the citizens of New Haven.

First Day, July 14.

Up to 7 A. M. on this day the prospects for a shoot were by means flattering. For thirty-six hours previously rain had been coming down in torrents to the tune of about 4in. and everything was awash. Manager Shaner had about made up his mind to postpone the shoot for a day when, at the hour stated above, the rain ceased, and everything came out bright and lovely. After that there was no further trouble, save while the last squad in the last event on this day were shooting their scores.

As a whole, scores were not up to the average on this day, although Van Dyke, Dickey, Leroy and Wheeler did good work, especially the first named. A. W. Sherman, of Freehold, N. J., also shot well, breaking 90 per cent. of the 120 targets he shot at.

The attendance was very good indeed, considering the weather that had been dished out in advance. A total of forty three shooters took part in the ten events on the programme, and of this number twenty-eight shot through everything. The average number of entries was 36.2, a capital average indeed. The highest number of entries in any event was forty one in No. 5, and the lowest was thirty-three in both No. 1 and No. 2. A total of 6,340 targets was trapped during the day, yet shooting did not commence until about 10 o'clock; this total shows plainly enough that either the squad hustling was done in an efficient manner, or that the shooters themselves were extra prompt at the score, or both. Below are the details of the day's shooting:

SCORES OF JULY 14.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20			
Angles:	K	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
F Van Dyke	15	20	14	19	15	18	13	20	13	19	175	165	94.2
O R Dickey	14	17	14	20	14	19	14	18	14	20	175	162	92.5
B Leroy	14	19	15	19	15	19	11	16	14	19	175	161	92
H G Wheeler	11	18	15	19	11	18	14	18	15	19	175	158	90.2
E D Fulford	14	18	14	17	15	18	12	20	11	17	175	156	89.1
F Sinnock	14	19	13	20	12	15	15	18	15	14	175	156	89.1
J S Fanning	12	18	13	19	14	18	12	16	14	19	175	155	88.5
Savage	10	16	13	19	13	20	14	19	13	18	175	155	88.5
147	12	19	13	16	14	15	14	17	12	19	175	151	86.2
M A Beers	13	19	13	17	10	20	12	19	10	18	175	151	86.2
W F Parker	13	18	13	16	12	19	10	18	12	19	175	150	85.7
Ed Taylor	13	17	12	18	12	16	13	18	11	20	175	149	85.1
H Mills	14	18	13	17	14	19	10	14	13	17	175	149	85.1
F Potter	15	15	14	15	14	18	13	16	12	16	175	148	84.5
V D Kenerson	11	16	10	19	12	16	13	19	13	19	175	148	84.5
J R Hull	13	19	13	16	14	13	11	16	16	17	175	144	82.2
Merritt	10	19	12	15	14	15	13	18	13	15	175	144	82.2
F Cowee	14	15	11	18	12	16	12	14	12	17	175	141	80.5
Puck	13	18	11	17	14	16	10	18	8	17	175	141	80.5
Swiveller	13	14	12	14	12	15	13	19	12	16	175	140	80
Capt Money	12	18	10	18	10	20	10	16	8	17	175	139	79.4
C Bristol	13	16	9	17	9	20	13	16	10	15	175	138	78.8
C Allison	10	16	12	13	12	16	12	18	11	15	175	135	77.1
M H Clark	12	17	10	17	13	11	11	15	12	16	175	134	76.5
T Howe	12	18	14	14	10	15	13	13	10	14	175	133	76
U M C	9	13	13	14	13	14	15	16	12	11	175	130	74.2
J Jordan	10	13	6	13	11	16	8	12	12	14	175	115	65.7
Thorpe	5	10	5	6	7	7	5	11	9	11	175	76	43.4
S A Tucker	13	15	12	19	14	15	15	19	13	..	155	135	87.9
L J Gaines	11	15	9	11	14	18	..	15	..	11	145	104	71.7
M Herrington	15	16	12	15	12	10	12	12	..	..	140	104	74.2
H J Videon	..	..	..	15	12	14	13	16	12	16	125	98	78.4
Sherman	..	..	13	20	13	19	13	17	13	..	120	108	90
L C Parker	9	11	7	16	5	16	8	..	..	..	120	72	60
B W Claridge	..	..	..	..	12	18	11	17	14	12	105	84	80
Edgarton	..	..	..	..	10	17	11	17	15	11	105	81	77.1
Ortz	13	18	8	15	9	..	..	..	..	17	105	78	74.2
H L Cutler	..	..	..	14	10	12	9	18	7	..	105	70	66.6
Whitney	..	..	..	..	12	19	13	16	..	17	90	77	85.5
N E Money	..	..	..	..	12	15	13	..	..	..	50	40	80
Currie	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	..	35	23	71.4
Smith	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	86.6
W H Hazel	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	15	10	66.6

Second Day, July 15.

The weather to-day, though warm, was all that could be asked for target-shooting. The boys too, had gotten on to whatever peculiarities there might be in the background, and knocked out some good averages. As told under the head of "General Averages," Van Dyke and Dickey had a struggle for first average, Van Dyke just managing to land on top by a single break.

There were forty two shooters on hand—only one less than on the previous day. Of course, the average number of entries fell off a little; they always do on the last day of a shoot, unless the weather on the first day has been very bad. To-day the average for the ten events was 33.1, the lowest number of entries in any event being 24 in No. 1, and the highest 36 in both Nos. 2 and 3. A total of 6,180 targets (including the 350 shot at in the special 50-target event shot after the programme had been finished) was thrown during the day, bringing the grand total for the two days up to 12,520 targets. This is really good work, for on neither day did the shooting start before 10 A. M.

Seven averages of 90 per cent. or better were made to-day. Dickey and Mills tied for first place with 164 each, an average of 93.7. Then came 147, who began with 49 out of 50 and finished with 68 out of his last 70, ending in third place with 93.1 per cent. Van Dyke was fourth with 92.5, and Fulford fifth with 92. Fanning and Leroy landed in sixth and seventh places respectively with 90.8 and 90.2 each. Tucker came next with 89.7, Sinnock, Parker and Beers being bunched for the next three places with 89.1 each. Thus there were eleven men who made better than 89 per cent. on this day; hot shooting for sure.

There were others, too, who made good averages, but who did not shoot through the programme. Noel Money shot in something like his old form, breaking 126 out of 140 shot at, an average of just 90 per cent. Sherman and Whitney also shot well, breaking 142 and 141 respectively out of 160 shot at, averages of 83.7 and 88.1.

Below are the totals of the day's events:

SCORES OF JULY 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20			
Angles:	K	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	Shot at.	Broke.	Ave.
O R Dickey	13	19	14	17	15	19	15	19	15	18	175	164	93.7
H Mills	14	18	14	18	15	19	15	19	12	20	175	164	93.7
147	15	10	15	17	14	15	14	19	15	20	175	163	93.1
F Van Dyke	15	17	14	20	14	19	12	19	13	19	175	162	92.5
E D Fulford	13	17	13	18	14	20	14	19	14	19	175	161	92
J S Fanning	15	19	15	18	12	17	12	19	13	20	175	159	90.8
B Leroy	13	18	13	18	14	17	15	18	13	19	175	158	90.2
S A Tucker	13	19	13	17	13	18	13	18	13	20	175	157	89.7
F Sinnock	14	18	13	17	14	16	15	16	14	19	175	156	89.1
W F Parker	13	16	15	18	14	17	14	19	13	17	175	156	89.1
M A Beers	13	17	14	19	14	20	12	19	10	18	175	156	89.1
H G Wheeler	13	17	11	18	13	17	13	19	15	19	175	155	88.5
C Allison	13	18	14	19	12	17	10	19	14	16	175	152	86.8
Capt Money	13	18	11	18	13	17	12	18	15	16	178	151	86.2
T Howe	12	18	13	17	13	19	13	15	12	17	175	149	85.1
Puck	14	17	12	16	11	14	12	20	13	17	175	146	83.4
J R Hull	11	14	15	16	10	14	12	18	11	19	175	140	80
Edgarton	14	12	12	16	15	15	11	18	11	14	175	138	78.8
C Bristol	13	18	11	15	10	15	10	16	10	17	175	135	77.1
U M C	11	16	12	18	11	16	13	12	12	13	175	134	76.5
Sherman	..	19	14	19	12	18	11	19	12	18	160	142	88.7
Whitney	..	15	14	16	13	19	14	16	15	17	160	141	88.1
Savage	..	18	14	19	9	17	13	18	13	16	160	137	85.6
V D Kenerson	..	17	12	15	14	17	12	17	13	19	160	136	85
M H Clark	..	17	12	16	11	12	12	18	15	17	160	130	81.2
Stevens	..	18	12	17	14	17	8	17	11	15	160	129	80.6
Thorpe	5	2	..	4	10	10	5	12	10	7	160	65	40.6
F Harris	11	18	8	17	..	15	..	14	11	16	145	110	75.8
N E Money	..	..	14	19	13	19	13	16	14	18	140	126	90
F Cowee	13	16	12	15	12	17	13	14	..	..	140	112	80
Ed Taylor	..	17	12	20	12	16	12	14	..	..	125	103	82.4
M Herrington	11	15	12	16	9	..	..	..	12	16	120	91	75.8
Jordan	..	15	12	14	8	..	9	16	..	..	105	74	70.4
Nichols	..	..	..	..	5	2	11	5	9		90	32	35.5
Staniels	..	12	9	..	7	..	..	15	..	..	70	43	61.4
Bassett	..	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	7	16	70	43	61.4
Oskamp	..	..	7	13	..	7	..	..	..	..	55	27	49
Hazel	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	40	25	62.5
F Potter	..	..	..	17	10	..	..	..	..	..	35	27	77.1
Reggori	..	15	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	25	71.4
L Gaines	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	20	12	60
Currie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	20	6	30

The tournament was brought to a close with a 50 target race, expert rules, one man up, $5 entrance, seven entries, two high guns, 60 and 40 per cent. Dickey won first money with 44; second money was divided between Van Dyke, Fanning and Fulford with 43 each. Wheeler scored 41, Howe 35 and Leroy 23. No. 147 did not shoot, as the race was at 50 targets only, instead of 100 targets.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

Eighteen shooters took part in the entire 20 events on the programme. This number is quite large, and shows conclusively that the claim of a successful shoot made by the Interstate Association was not an idle one.

The fight for first place was very exciting, Van Dyke and Dickey singling themselves out from the rest for a fight to a finish. Van Dyke led by 3 targets at the end of the first day; and at the end of the 8th event on the second day he was still 2 targets to the good. In the 9th event, however, Dickey broke 15 to Van's 13, and their totals were a tie with only 20 more targets to shoot at. Van finally won out with a break to spare, Dickey losing 2 to Van's 1 in the last event.

Leroy, who has recovered his form at the traps, shot consistently well on both days, and finished in third place with an average of 91.1, Fulford being fourth with 90.5. Fanning and 147 tied for fifth and sixth places with 89.7 each, while Mills and Gil Wheeler were tied for the next two positions with 89.4 apiece. Sinnock, of Newark, N. J., broke 156 out of 175 each day, thus making his general average precisely the same as each daily average 89.1. M. A. Beers and W. F. Parker both shot well, a few unfortunate slips knocking their averages down a peg or two. Below are the scores:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	Total.	Shot at.	Av.
F Van Dyke	165	162	327	350	93.4
O R Dickey	162	164	326	350	93.1
B Leroy	161	158	319	350	91.1
E D Fulford	156	161	317	350	90.5
J S Fanning	155	159	314	350	89.7
147	151	163	314	350	89.7
H Mills	149	164	313	350	89.4
H G Wheeler	158	155	313	350	89.4
F Sinnock	156	156	312	350	89.1
M A Beers	151	156	307	350	87.7
W F Parker	150	156	306	350	87.4
Capt Money	139	151	290	350	82.8
C Allison	135	152	287	350	82
Puck	141	146	287	350	82
J R Hull	144	140	284	350	81.1
T Howe	133	149	282	350	80.5
C Bristol	138	135	273	350	78
U M C	130	134	264	350	75.4

A FEW REMARKS.

S. A. Tucker's name does not appear in the list of general averages, as he failed to compete in the 10th event on the first day. Outside of that event, he shot through everything and came out with a good average for the 330 shot at. On the first day he broke an average of 87.9 out of 155 shot at, but improved on the second day with 89.7 per cent. out of 175 shot at, giving him just 88.4 per cent. for the two days.

Noel Money has been shooting in and out for several months, and he kept it up at this shoot. On the first day he only shot at 50 targets, breaking 40 of them, an average of 80 per cent. On the second day he went to work in the third event and kept on until the last programme event had been decided, finishing for the day with 126 out of 140, an average of just 90 per cent.

Sherman, whom we take to be A. W. Sherman, of Freehold, N. J., did not shoot through the programme on either day. On the first day he broke 90 per cent. of the 120 targets he shot at; on the second day he shot at 160, breaking 142. This gave him an average of 89.2 per cent. for the 280 shot at.

C. Bristol, the daddy of the New Haven Gun Club, is an enthusiast at trap-shooting. Despite his years of three-score and ten, he still points his gun truly, and on the first day broke 20 straight in event No. 6, his skill being generously applauded, for he is a genuine favorite with all the boys. Of course his scores do not show up as well as they would have done had he sat around and waited for his turn to shoot, but Mr. Bristol cannot and will not do any such thing; he is always busy squad hustling, or doing something to help the shoot along; hence his scores are bound to suffer.

The president of the club, M. H. Clark, is another member of the New Haven Club that won't let his own wishes interfere with the pleasure of others and the success of a shoot. He referees and does any old thing to keep things moving, and loses many a target by reason thereof. His 15 straight in the ninth event on the second day brought him many and hearty congratulations.

Elmer Shaner says: "Don't forget that Messrs. Bristol, Clark, Hazel and Bassett are due a vote of thanks from me for the very able assistance they rendered during the shoot."

We learn with pleasure that neither Captain Money nor Puck kept their respective squads waiting more than once during the entire shoot. This was mentioned to us as one of the memorable features of the shoot.

Ferd Van Dyke landed first average for the two days with his Winchester repeating shotgun, W-A. powder and Leader shell, W. R. A. Co.'s factory-loaded ammunition. Ferd's victory on this occasion was a very popular one, as he has been under the weather pretty nearly all the season. His return to health is marked by his return to the top notch.

This is what some of them say: Capt. Money: "You missed one of the best and pleasantest shoots I was ever at." Ed. Taylor: "Say, old man, it was a rattling good shoot and everybody enjoyed it; I broke 20 straight twice, but that wasn't my fault." M. Herrington: "I never enjoyed myself more at any shoot, even if I couldn't hit them; I don't know what was wrong with me; it wasn't the powder, for look what Van Dyke did with it!" Ferd Van Dyke: "It was a corking good shoot, and I've no kick coming. You missed it, that's a fact." F. Sinnock: "It was a good shoot and a hot one. I lost 19 targets each day out of 175 shot at. What powder did I use? W-A."

Dickey gave Van Dyke a hot chase for first average, but Van's lead of 3 targets at the end of the first day was too much for him, although he finally caught Van at the end of the 9th event on the last day. Van's 19 against his 18 in the 10th event gave him second place by 1 target. Dickey shot his Parker gun and E. C. powder in a U. S. Rapid shell.

Leroy redeemed himself for his poor work at Oil City. His position as third on the list was well earned by consistently good shooting on both days.

H. Mills tied Dickey for first average on the second day, losing only 11 targets out of 175 shot at. His position of thirteen on the list for the first day was due to the loss of 11 targets in the 35 shot at in events 7 and 8. Out of the other 135 he lost only 15.

Prior to going to the score for the last event on the first day, Ed Taylor declared himself to make 20 straight. He did it but we understand that the score was due in no small degree to the massage treatment he received at the hands of Capt. Money and U. M. C. Thomas just before his squad was called.

Owing to the heavy and continuous rain on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 13, no preliminary practice could be had to break in the help. From what Mr. Shaner says, however, it appears that the help didn't need any breaking in.

Commencing at 10 each morning, and with an interval for lunch, the total of 12,520 targets thrown on the two days shows that the shoot must have been run very systematically. With only one set of traps, such trapping is decidedly above the average for the time consumed.

Jack Fanning shot in good form on the second day of the shoot. He lost 20 targets on the first day, but only 16 on the second; a total of 36 out of 350 shot at, an average of nearly 90 per cent. He also came very close to dividing first and second money in the extra event at 50 targets, expert rules, on the evening of the last day. He lost one target out of his last five, or he would have landed with 44, tying Dickey, who won first with that total. Briefly, "Sharkey, the Gold Dust man," was right in it.

Fulford lost only 33 targets out of 350 shot at, his best average being made on the last day—92 per cent. On that day he lost only 14 targets, 7 of them in the first three events! On the first day he lost 19 targets, dropping 7 of them in the last two events.

J. 147 L. Winston shot a great gait on the second day, breaking 163 out of 175, and coming within 1 of landing high average for the day with Dickey and Mills. Curiously enough, out of the 12 targets he lost on this day, 5 were dropped in event No. 6, a 20-target event at known traps and angles!

EDWARD BANKS

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 14.—The second last Boston Gun Club shoot at Wellington, Wednesday, July 14, while hardly so well attended for various reasons, was no exception to the general run of these gatherings as regards pleasurable practice augmented by good-natured rivalry. The successful shoots held on these grounds for three years past, with no other basis than practice, pure and simple, furnish ample proof that monetary consideration is not an actual necessity in conjunction with trap-shooting, and the shooter who is of the opinion that trap events minus the alluring sweep lack interest and excitement, would be speedily convinced to the contrary upon attending one of these shoots, where many are found deriving pleasure and anticipation from the mere handling and successful aiming of guns. In the hundreds of practice days now gone before, no place or desire has ever been found for the ubiquitous quarter, dime or nickel.

To-day, few being present on account of showery weather, odd events received much attention, and after the usual known, unknown, reverse and pair events, a suggestion was made for one man up, unknown traps. Two rounds were thus shot off, affording excellent practice for the quickening of eye and hand. The principal interest centered in the match, however, as next Wednesday brings the final contest and decides who is who. But 3 targets separate first and second position, Miskay having 85 and Spencer, who won the last series, 82 out of possible 100. Scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	6	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	10	10
Brown	7	8	8	8	4	9	6	6	8	8	4	6	4	4	..	..
Benton	6	6	7	5	4	8	10	4	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nickols	4	6	5	3	1	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams	6	8	5	3	3	8	8	6	7	6	2	4	5	..	..	..
Miskay	..	..	..	..	2	7	13	8	8	6	6	9	8	4	10	..
Spencer	..	..	..	..	6	9	12	9	7	9	5	10	5	4	8	..
Blair	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	6	6
Blaney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	2

Events 1, 3, 7, 6, 10, 15 and 16 were known angles; 2, 8 and 12, unknown; 4 and 9, reverse pull; 5 and 11, pairs; 13 and 14, unknown, five traps.

Seventh contest, prize series, 25 targets, 15 known and 10 unknown angles, distance handicap:

Spencer (18)	1111111011011011—12	1111111110—9—21
Miskay (17)	1101111101111111—13	1011110111—8—21
Benton (14)	1010111111001110—10	1100000011—4—14
Williams (15)	0111001011110010— 8	1100110101—6—14
Brown (15)	1100100100011100— 6	0110001111—6—12
Nickols (15)	1010010101111100— 8	.....

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., July 11.—Medal: known traps, unknown angles:

E C Mix	1010100001001101000011111—12
Dr Mills	0000010000000000010010000 — 3
T T McLeod	0111000101101001010010011—12
J P Menard	1101011101111101011111111—20
R A Eddy	1100011001011111111110010—16
J Forbes	0010011100010111101001100—12
R E Rodgers	1111111101111111111101011—22

R. E. Rodgers wins gold medal; J. P. Menard wins silver medal.

Following are a few practice events:

Doubles:

R A Eddy	00 11 11 11 10—7	J P Menard	11 10 10 11 11—8
R E Rodgers	11 11 01 11 11—9		

Singles:

E C Mix	1101001111—7	R A Eddy	1011111011—8
T T McLeod	1110110001—6	R E Rodgers	1110101111—8
R E Rodgers	1101111111—9	E C Mix	1111111000—7
J P Menard	1110010111—7	T T McLeod	0110011100 —4

W. E. GRAHAM, Sec'y.

Hingham Gun Club.

HINGHAM, Mass., July 10.—The scores given below were made to day by some members of the Hingham Gun Club. The event was a handicap of 50 targets, allowance of misses as breaks:

Howe	1111111011111101100111111100011111101011010111—38	+ 3—41
Hend'rson	1111111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111	—49
Allison	1111111110111101111111111111111111111111011111111011—46	+ 3—49
Farrar	1111100110101111111101110111011101111111111111111—42	+ 3—45
Maynard	0100010000000011000001111110001000111011010011010—20	+15—35

ON LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

July 10.—The team race between the Brooklyn Gun Club and the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, took place this afternoon on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, Enfield street and City line. The intention originally was to shoot 10-men teams, but the New Utrechts could not muster enough to make up the list; so eight men to a team, 25 targets per man, unknown angles, was the order of things. The weather was extremely hot: far too hot, in fact, for any one to display any energy in breaking targets. The wind was from the southeast, and there was plenty of it; but unfortunately for the shooters and spectators, the big cow barn of the dairy attached to the farm on which the grounds of the club are located, shut off every atom of breeze that would otherwise have made life better worth living. Out in the field, just where the targets flew, there was plenty of breeze; there was no question of that, as the targets dipped, scooted, soared and curved from the magautrap in a manner calculated to exasperate any individual who was perspiring in the complete calm that prevailed at the score.

It was hard shooting, and Cornelius Furgueson's 23 out of 25 was an excellent piece of work, and remarkable from the fact that he does not shoot, or even profess to shoot, targets more than about once or twice in a season. Platt Adams had his eye with him, too, and was a good second to his chief. The result of the team race was very close, only 2 targets separating the teams at the finish. The closing rounds of the race were extremely interesting. The squads lined up as follows: No. 1 squad—Halsted, Mason and Dain versus Gaughen, Furgueson and Adams; No. 2 squad—L. Piercy, Herrington and Carl ven Lengerke versus Dudley, Deacon and F. A. Thompson; No. 3 squad—Banks and Remsen versus O'Brien and G. Piercy. The race was divided up into a 10-target event and a 15 target event, it being too warm to permit of a longer race than 15 at one time

When No. 3 squad came to the score for the last 15 targets, the Brooklyns were 3 breaks behind. The first 5 targets of the series resulted in a tie, O'Brien and Banks each losing a target; in the next 5, Piercy lost 3 and O'Brien 1, as against Remsen's 2 and Banks's 1; this left the Brooklyns still 2 behind and only 5 more rounds to shoot. O'Brien lost his 21st and 22d, but Remsen's loss of his 22d left the New Utrechts still 1 ahead. All broke their 23d targets, but in the 24th round both O'Brien and Piercy lost, Remsen also losing his target; the scores were thus a tie with one more target each to shoot at The New Utrecht representatives losing their 25th targets, and the Brooklyn men breaking theirs, the victory rested with the home team by almost as narrow a margin as possible, one team to win. The detailed scores were:

Brooklyn Gun Club.

E Banks	1111110101101101111011111—21
M Herrington	1111011111101101010111111—20
J S Remsen	0111100111111111011010101—18
C Von Lengerke	1001111111011111111001010—18
P H Mason	1101010011111111011001111—18
H P Dain	1011011111010011111 1010—18
L Piercy	0110100011001111111111101 -17
J B Halsted	0001010011111000000100101—10—140

New Utrecht Gun Club.

C Fergueson	1111101111111111111111011—23
P Adams	0110110111111111111011111—21
J Gaughen	0111111011101101111011011—19
D Deacon	1011101111101011011111101—19
F A Thompson	1011011011001101100001111—15
C F Dudley	1011111100101011100010001—14
G Piercy	1001010100111110100111100—14
Dr O'Brien	1001001010011111110100100—13—138

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

July 17.—The semi-monthly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held at Dyker Meadow this afternoon. In the club shoot W H. Thompson was the winner in Class A, Dr. O'Brien in Class B. Platt Adams won a heat for the Bennett cup with 24 out of 25. Scores:

	Club shoot.	Bennett cup.
Thompson(A)	1111111011111001111111111—22	1111110101111101010111111—20
Adams (A)	1110101011111110001111110—18	1011111111111111111111111—24
Greiff (A)	1011100000101001111010110—13	1111111000011111111101111—20
George (A)	0000010111100010100011000—9	10100101
Gaughen (A)	1111111011001110	1101110
Dr O'Brien(B)	1011011010106101110110011—15	111000100
* Dr Adams	0100011111111111111110110—19	1110310100101110111111111—18

Sweepstake events were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
P Adams	6	8	10	5	6	6	P E George	9	6	3	8	5	..
J Gaughen	7	8	4	9	10	9	Dr Adams	8	8	3	5	5	..
Dr O'Brien	8	4	5	..	6	6	W H Thompson	9	6	..	..	..	..

Nos. 1 and 2 at unknown angles; Nos. 3 and 4 at 5 pairs; Nos. 5 and 6 at expert rules.

The next club shoots will be held Aug. 7 and Aug 21, but the next contest for the Bennett cup will not be held until Sept. 4

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

ENDEAVOR VS. BERGEN COUNTY,

July 17.—The Endeavor Gun Club administered a third defeat to the Bergen County Gun Club of Hackensack, this afternoon. The shoot took place at Marion, N. J , on the grounds of the Endeaver Gun Club. Conditions of the race were: Ten-men teams, 25 targets per man, unknown angles. For the Endeavors there were two 24s and three 23s, while Remsen was high for the Bergen County team with 22. The scores show that the Endeavors won by 18 breaks, with a team percentage of 81.2; the percentage of the Bergen County team was 73.2. The day was very warm, with only a slight breeze blowing. Detailed scores of the team race were as below:

Bergen County Gun Club.

Van Dyke	0101101111110011110010110—16
Ricardo	0111011111101111001110110 -18
Conklin	0000011010111111010010010—12
Capt Money	1101101111111110101111101—21
Raymond	0011111111111010101111111—20
Van Kuren	0101111110111010011000001—15
Blauveit	1110011011111111110111101—20
Remsen	1111111111100101111111111—22
Sinnock	1111010101111111011111111—21
Herrington	1011101111110111010111111—20—185

Endeavor Gun Club.

Banks	1111101111111111111111111 - 24
Dustin	1060101111110011111011011—17
Taylor	1011111111111111111111111—24
Collins	1101111111011111111111111—23
Welles	1101111110110011111111111—21
Strader	1011111110111111111111111—23
L Piercy	1111101111111111111011111—23
Hughes	1111011000111010010001011—14
C von Lengerke	1111000110011111010111111—17
Smith	0100111111100111011100111—17—203

Sweepstakes, all at unknown angles, were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	20	15	25	25	Targets:	15	15	20	15	25	25
Van Dyke	15	13	..	..	..	..	Blauvelt	..	..	14	9	..	..
Money	10	13	16	13	21	20	Dustin	..	..	13	12	..	17
Williams	11	..	10	9	19	..	Jackson	..	..	12	9	..	14
Sinnock	13	14	14	14	21	..	C V L	..	..	17	14	24	..
Raymond	13	11	14	10	22	21	Welles	..	..	17	12	23	17
Remsen	9	12	14	12	..	..	L Piercy	..	..	..	10	..	..
Taylor	12	..	..	..	..	..	Russell	..	..	..	5	..	..
Banks	14	14	..	..	..	..	Leader	..	..	..	12	..	..
Herrington	10	11	..	14	21	20	Hughes	..	..	..	..	17	..
Collins	9	12	18	13	21	..	Smith	..	..	..	..	20	..
Strader	13	..	16	12	20	..							

EDWARD BANKS.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., July 17.—Below you will find scores made this afternoon by the few members of the Haverhill Gun Club who still recollect that there is such a thing in existence here, and that the weekly practice shoot is held on Saturday afternoons:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Sprague	2	2	4	3	4	6	6	4	7	8	5	6
McKinnon	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens	6	8	7	9	9	..	8	8	..	..	..	..
Miller	6	8	6	..	..	7	6	9	8	8	10	9
Wright	6	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marble	6	6	7	4	2	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
George	..	6	8	7	8	8	7	6	10	8	9	9

Events 1 and 2 were at regular angles; event 5 was at regular angles, but with traps pulled in reverse order; the remaining events were all at unknown angles.

G. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

The Sherbrooke Tournament.

SHERBROOKE, Can., July 10.—It was a lovely day, July 1. It always is when we want to shoot. Given a fine day and forty jolly sportsmen, and you have a great combination.

Almost all our visitors arrived the night before and were on the grounds in good time, so that the shooting commenced promptly. The programme was divided into two parts, the straight sweeps being shot Sergeant system, the extra series of slow events of one man up on another set of traps. The regular series went smoothly and entries were large, but the extras dragged. Entries were slow, the traps too easy. Next time we shall do differently.

The Sergeant system gave satisfaction to most, but was the cause of several hitches and some "balls up." We shall probably continue it among ourselves, but for a tournament it does not seem to be equally fair to those who have not seen it before.

Owing to the civic celebration which went on all day in town, it was difficult to get workers for the different departments, and the expenses were greater than usual. However, we congratulate ourselves on the smoothness with which the shoot went off, the club being particularly happy in the kind, good-nature of all present. We were particularly pleased by the attendance from the United States, and hope to see more from American clubs next time.

J. H. Cameron, representing the Winchester Arms Co., is an old friend of the club's, and has done good work for his firm among the Canadians. B. H Norton of the Hazard Powder Co., was among us for the first time, and his shells in N. G. Bray's Pieper gun made the longest straight of the day, 28. E. C. Ellsworth, representing the Gold Dust Powder, has several backers in Canada, and some of his scores showed there was nothing wrong with his load.

No. 6 was a team match between the Sutton Junction Club, which has held the cup three times running; Waterloo and Sherbrooke, five men, 20 targets each. Waterloo was one man short, so shot 25 each. This event was the closest we have ever had and caused great interest. At the close Sutton Junction stood 73, Sherbrooke 73, Waterloo 69. The first shoot-off, 25 targets, resulted in another tie at 22. Second shoot-off gave Sherbrooke the match by 1 target.

An individual challenge cup was inaugurated, for which five entered, 20 known, 20 unknown, 45 pairs: Craig, Sherbrooke, 39; Westover, of Sutton Junction, 37; Cameron, Montreal, 35; Wootton, Montreal, 32; Eaton, Montreal, 32 It is expected that future challenges for this cup will be frequent and productive of some interesting matches.

In the aggregate (100 targets) the winners were: Craig, 86; Barrett, Montpelier, 85; Fisk, Montpelier, 85; J. E. Macfarlane, Waterloo, 79; O. C. Selby, Sutton Junction, 78; H. E. Colvin, Burlington, 78; A. W. Westover, Sutton Junction, 78; W. L. Cameron, Montreal, 75.

Statistics being of interest to most trap-shooters, the following was compiled by some kind friend: Of guns, 9 were Winchesters, 7 Greeners, 3 Smiths, 3 Parkers, 2 Lefevers, 1 each Remington, Pieper, Needham, Forehand, Clayborough, Ithaca and Loomis. Of shells, 29 used Winchester, 6 U. M. C., 1 Peters. Twenty-two used E. C. powder, 5 Hazard, 4 Gold Dust, 2 S. S and 1 King's. Black powder was entirely absent, although not barred.

Among those present were: A. W. Westover, J. D. Clark, H. E. Hibbard and O. C. Selby, Sutton Junction; J. B. Goodhere, Rock Island; C. M. Hull, J. D. Macfarlane, Dr. Clark and D. Ashton, Waterloo; Geo. B. Walton, Dr. Fisk and C. O. Barrett, Montpelier, Vt.; Dr. H. E. Colvin, Burlington, Vt.; E. C Ellsworth, Cambridge, Vt.; W. L. Cameron, Wootten and E. C. Eaton, Montreal; W. H. Hobbs, Magog; B. H. Norton and J. H Cameron, New York city; J. G. Walton, N W. Walley, J. F. Monkhill, C. D. White, W. G. Bray, F. Loomis, T. M. Craig, C. G. Thompson, etc.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15
A W Westover	8	13	18	6	11	15	8	12	15	8	14	13	..	..
J B Goodhue	6	8	10	6	8	15	7	10	9	3	13	15	8	12
J G Walton	7	10	13	7	11	14	9	12	..	8	10	..	6	..
N N Walley	7	..	13	5	10	11	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J D Clark	7	9	14	7	9	15	5	6	..	..	..	14	4	11
J F Morkill	2	..	14	8	6	..	9	10	17	6	10	..	..	..
C M Hall	8	13	15	10	7	18	6	9	14	7	..	..	..	..
C D White	8	13	17	6	11	15	6	12	13	8	9	15	8	12
J H Cameron	3	9	10	5	8	..	..	..	8	..	5	7	2	4
W G Bray	..	14	12	7	12	20	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
B Norton	3	7	8	2	8	..	5	4	12	..	6	11	8	9
Geo Walton	8	..	18	6	11	..	5	10	12	6	..	13	..	..
Dr Fisk	8	12	16	10	12	..	9	13	15	9	11	..	..	6
E C Ellsworth	7	6	11	8	10	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Dr Colvin	5	10	14	8	11	..	9	12	16	9	12	..	8	8
C O Barrett	10	13	17	8	12	..	10	14	14	10	14	16	10	13
Wootten	9	10	14	7	11	..	5	8	14	7	..	..	..	..
W L Cameron	7	10	14	9	13	..	5	12	16	6	13	15	..	..
E C Eaton	6	13	16	7	13	..	8	7	11	7	11	14	6	9
W H Hobbs	5	10	11	6	7	..	4	10	17	6	..	..	..	..
J D Macfarlane	8	13	13	7	12	14	10	14	16	7	11	15	10	7
Dr Clark	6	9	14	6	8	13	5	7	..	5	5	10	6	4
F Loomis	7	10	12	8	11	..	7	10	..	4	..	..	..	..
T M Craig	9	13	18	8	14	13	7	13	18	8	11	14	7	10
H E Hibbard	7	10	17	4	8	15	5	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
O C Selby	7	8	14	5	12	13	9	13	19	6	12	13	4	..
C G Thompson	..	..	10	5	11	..	7	11	15	5	8	12	7	..
D Ashton	..	..	..	6	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J O Duncan	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fields	..	..	..	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..

The extra series used up only some 1,500 targets. Barrett, of Montpelier, and Bray, of Sherbrooke, had a hard fight for first place in one of the miss-and-outs, Barrett missing his 20th and Bray his 19th. The former also took two firsts in miss-and-outs with 10 not out. Fred Loomis, of Sherbrooke, got five doubles, all but his last. Incomers proved too easy, one-third of the number breaking them all, in spite of the fact that our game generally goes the other way.

Both programmes were finished at 7 P. M., and as the busses were waiting no extras were shot.

In the evening the visitors enjoyed the illuminations, which were especially fine in the residential parts of the city, as were the fireworks on the river.

In conclusion, not a word was heard from anybody about the old style of class shooting. It is dead in the Province of Quebec. From programmes received from two Ontario clubs, we see that they are still in the dark, but we hope to hear soon that the Rose system is universal.

C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

Soo Gun Club.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., July 8.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Soo Gun Club, the occasion being the fifth of the series of medal shoots held over the magautrap. Wells, Tenney, Harris and Gray tied on highest possibles (25), and on the shoot-off, Gray won. Scores:

		Broke.	H'dc'p.	Total.
Campbell	0011111111011111111100110—19	..		19
Meyer	1111110111100011111111111—21	..		21
Wells	1111110101011011101100111—18	12		25
Tenny	1100000010101001001100000— 8	17		25
Duncan	1000111111101111011010001—16	2		18
Otten	1111001110111101111111111—21	..		21
Harris	1111111111111101011101110—21	5		25
Ellis	1110001111101000110101101—15	9		24
Bozer	1100111011111000110011011—16	8		24
Hamilton	1111100100111110101110111—18	5		23
Powell	0011001100001010011000111—11	4		15
Gray	1111101011110100111111110—19	12		25
Geiser	0003001000000000010011110— 6	9		15
Chapman*	0011101101000010011100111—13	13		8
Hawman	1010000011110111100111001—14	4		18
Hunter	0111101110101100003111011—15	4		19

BLUE ROCK.

[* Chapman's score—handicap allowance and total—are given as they appeared in the score furnished us.—FOREST AND STREAM.]

Sandwich Gun Club.

SANDWICH, Mass , July 10.—The regular weekly shoot of the Sandwich Gun Club was held to-day. A strong northeast wind was blowing right in the faces of the shooters, making the shooting quite difficult, as the following scores will show. Conditions, 25 bluerocks per man, unknown angles:

G H Haines	1000010111111110011010111- 16
E W Haines	0001101110111001000100001—11
W R Procter	1011100000010110000110110—11
J McArdle	0100010000101090010011000— 7

G. H. HAINES, Sec'y.

Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 14.—This enterprising Association is again in the field, as its seventh annual meeting and tournament will be held at Paris, Mo , July 27 to 29. To encourage as large an attendance as possible the local club, under whose auspices the tournament will be held, will add $320 in cash to the purses.

The first day's programme consists of six 20-target events, $3 entrance, and $15 added to each. There are also two live-bird events scheduled for this day, No. 7 being a miss-and-out, $1 entrance, birds extra, while No. 3 is a 10-bird event, with an entrance fee of $7.50.

On the second day there are nine events on the programme, six of these again being 20-target events, with $2 entrance and $15 added. No. 6 is the two-men team race for the L. C. Smith cup. The conditions in this event are 25 targets per man, entrance $5 per team, $25 added, 50 per cent. going to the present holders of the cup and the balance being divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. No. 8 is a 5 live-bird event, entrance $3.50; No. 9 a 10 live-bird event, $7.50 entrance; this event is for the State medal. There is $25 in this event also, and the purse is divided precisely as in the L. C. Smith cup event.

The Smith cup is at present held by Wilmot and Bates, who won it on a score of 46, Wilmot scoring 24 and Bates 22. Wilmot is also the possessor of the State medal at live birds, winning it on a score of 30 straight

The third day's programme is an exact repetition of the first. Six 20-target events with the usual entrance fee and added money, and two live bird events; one a $1 miss-and-out and the other a 10-bird sweep, entrance $7.50.

The annual meeting of the Association will be held at the Court House Tuesday evening at 8:30 P. M. Mr. Thos. F. Hurd is secretary.

The added money in this shoot has been judiciously distributed, and cannot fail to please those who attend As there has been no shoot of any consequence in the West lately, this shoot is creating quite a stir in Western trap circles. In fact, this and the big Schmelzer shoot will most likely be the principal attractions for the Western shooter—unless that much-talked-of amateur tournament materializes at St Louis.

The latest reports from Kansas City are to the effect that there will be one of the old-time gatherings of producers at the Schmelzer shoot in September.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Western Traps.

CALUMET HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.

July 11.—The weather to-day was partially cloudy in the morning, but cleared up in the afternoon. There was a high north wind blowing directly in the faces of the shooters, making the targets skyward screamers. The attendance at the traps of the Calumet Heights Gun Club was light on account of this being the week after the holiday of July 4.

In the club shoot, Booth was winner in Class A, and Harlan the winner in Class C. In Class B, Norcom and Marshall tied on 19 each; on the shoot-off at 5 targets, Norcom won, with 5 to 4. Scores:

Club shoot for class medals, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Booth (A)	1001111111111111101111111—22
Lamphere (A)	1111111010001110111111111—20
Paterson (A)	1101011111110101111111 11—20
Metcalf (A)	1101101011010101101111101—16
Norcon (B)	0111111010110110110101111—19
Marshall (B)	1111111000111110111110011—19
Greeley (B)	0011001001011010110101011—13
Harlan (C)	1111111010111111101011111—21
Schmidt (C)	0111111110100001111001101—16

Several small sweeps were also shot, with the results given in the table below. Of the ten sweeps shot, No. 1 was at known traps, unknown angles; Nos. 2, 6, 7, 8 9 and 10 were at unknown traps and angles; Nos. 3 and 4 at reversed pull; No. 5 at 5 pairs, unknown traps and angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Booth	10	9	4	9	5	..	..	..	..	..
Paterson	12	6	8	6	7	6	5	4	6	8
Harlan	9	5	5	5	8	..	..	..	6	4
Metcalfe	8	7	5	8	5	4	8	6	6	..
Schmidt	10	6	6	4	3	3	..	..	..	..
Norcom	10	8	8	5	1	4	6	0	3	4
Marshall	9	6	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lamphere	10	5	7	7	6	8	6	6	6	6
Greeley	..	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Turtle	..	..	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..

PATTI.

The International Week in London.

THE international week at Hurlingham and the Gun Club closed on Saturday, July 3. The London *Field* of July 10 gives the following statistics, which will be of interest to American pigeon shooters. The Mr. C. H. Mackay referred to is a member of the Carteret Gun Club:

"In the different contests during the week no fewer than twelve kinds of powders or their combinations were used Last year the majority shot with E. C. and Schultze powder, but on this occasion the former explosive was little in favor. Since last year Ballistite and Amberite powders have become very popular, and over two-thirds of the prizes have been won with the aid of these explosives. Amberite powder heads the list with £1,314 10s. won, Ballistite coming next with £1 199. The balance of the prizes were won by the following powders: Walsrode, £562 10s.; Schultze, £276 10s.; E. C., £86 10s.; Schultze and Ballistite, £56 10s , and French, S. and J , £5.

"Appended in tabular form is a summary of the results obtained by the various kinds of powder, or their combinations, in the thirteen advertised events last week:

Powders, 1897.	Birds Shot at.	Killed.
Ballistite	625	483 or 77 1/5 per cent.
Schultze	612	456 or 74 1/2 per cent.
Amberite	541	416 or 76 8/9 per cent.
Walsrode	224	181 or 80 9/11 per cent.
E. C	103	68 or 66 per cent.
French, S. and J	61	51 or 83 3/5 per cent.
French, J	45	35 or 77 7/9 per cent.
Amberite and Schultze	39	27 or 69 3/13 per cent.
French, S	38	30 or 79 per cent.
Schultze and black	26	17 or 65 6/13 per cent.
Schultze and Ballistite	18	15 or 83 1/3 per cent.
Shotgun Rifleite	7	4 or 57 1/7 per cent.
Total	2,339	1,782

"Owing to the slight falling off in the number of competitors, over 500 less birds were shot at in thirteen events than was the case last year, but the percentage of birds killed throughout the week (76 1/8) showed little difference. The principal prize winners (inclusive of the value of cups and gun), and their total score in the advertised events, are as follows: Mr. T. Taylor (Purdey), A., kills 51 out of 58, £420; Mr. Orchardson (Churchill), B., 56 out of 67, £400; Mr. Turner-Turner) (Reilly), A., 25 out of 30, £370; Mr. Kenrick (Purdey), W., 42 out of 51, £285; Mr. St. James (Boss) B., 20 out of 23, £225; Baron de Pallandt (Holland), W., 56 out of 66, £211; Mr. C. H. Mackay (Churchill), A., 33 kills out of 47, £185."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Visitors to Lincoln Park in Chicago

WILL be delighted with the souvenir book of this beautiful spot now being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. It is a magnificent publication of 96 pages, full to overflowing with delicious half-tone pictures of one of Creation's most charming places of resort for citizens of the Great Republic.

No stranger visiting Chicago should be without a copy of the "Souvenir of Lincoln Park." It can only be procured by inclosing twenty-five (25) cents, in coin or postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Just from the Press.

"NURSING VS DOSING," a treatise on the care of dogs in health and disease. By J. T. Hammond, author of "Training vs. Breaking." Cloth. $1.

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This is a purely practical manual for the instruction and guidance of beginners in what the author enthusiastically pronounces "a pastime that is the most glorious of all outdoor sports." The chapters are brimful of hints and helps and instructions about the cruising canoe, camping outfits, clothing, firearms and ammunition, fishing tackle and photography—all as within the scope of the enjoyment found in cruising. Everything is here, from the choice of the craft to the repair of a broken paddle. In its completeness and definite detail the book is a model of manual making.

Sent post paid by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did"; and so, if I might be judge, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

Isaak Walton.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1897.—No. VIII.

IOWA.

Game and Fish Act of 1897.—Sec. 14. No person shall at any time, or at any place within this State, trap, shoot or kill for traffic any pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse or pheasant.

THE SENSE OF SMELL.

An interesting article under this caption has recently appeared in the London *Stock-Keeper* and has been copied in several papers in this country. Being written, as is supposed, by Mr. John Arthur Chambers, it may be imagined that it deals chiefly with the sense of smell in dogs. Attention is called to the different ways in which dogs of different breeds use their eyes and their noses in the attempt to recognize friends and acquaintances, and it is justly concluded that the evidence given to the mind by smell is much more conclusive to the animal than that furnished by sight. It is also stated—and very truly—that it is doubtful whether one breed of dogs can be said to smell better than another, but that the way in which a dog uses his nose depends largely on his education—that is to say, on how much he has been accustomed to use it and to depend upon it. The familiar statement is made that pigs have been used for finding game, and mention is made of the well-known instance where a herd of cattle was used by Col. Pollock to chase and kill a tiger.

Examples of the confidence which the dog feels in the evidence of his nose are often seen. If a dog loses his master and then finds him again, he recognizes him by the eye and is glad; but the first thing he does is to push his nose against him and smell him, so as to be really certain of the fact which his eyes had led him to believe.

It is natural that we should regard the sense of smell as more highly developed in the dog than in other animals, but this belief is founded purely on the fact that we see a very great deal of the dog and very little of other animals. For uncounted generations man has used the dog as a hunting companion, and no doubt long before history began to be written, stories of the dog's wonderful nose were passed about from man to man.

But the savage is well acquainted with many things in nature of which the civilized man is hopelessly ignorant. He depended for sustenance and support upon his skill with primitive arms, to use which it was necessary that he should approach very close to his intended prey. To do this he was forced to match his wits against the keen senses of these wild creatures, and he early learned that of all these senses, the keenest and the most trusted was that of smell. The wild animal might see him, and look for a long time without being able to determine what the hunter was, but if it smelt him it was never for a moment in doubt of its danger, and at once sought safety in flight.

Two motives affecting two widely differing classes of animals would influence the development of the sense of smell. On the one hand, the carnivors, eager for food, depending for existence on their ability to capture animals of rapid flight, use the sense of smell to follow them up, and by persistent and long-continued pursuit at last overtake and destroy them. On the other, the grass-eating mammals depend for protection from enemies chiefly on this sense of smell, and so soon as a whiff of the tainted air is brought to their nostrils they seek safety in flight, putting as great a distance as possible between themselves and the spot where the suspicious odor was observed. Motives stronger than these two cannot be imagined, since in each case life itself may depend on the sense in question.

To Indians and to many old white hunters it is well known that deer and moose when feeding commonly travel up the wind, looking for danger ahead of them and trusting to the rapidity of their movements to outstrip anything that may be following directly on their trail. It is equally well known that when about to lie down both the species named are very likely to turn about, go a short distance down the wind, and then lie down, using both eyes and ears to cover their back trail. It is for this reason that the practiced still-hunter who pursues these animals does not keep on the track, but follows along to the leeward of it, making a series of wide sweeps or loops, and going to the trail only often enough to see that it is still before him.

Many other examples of this keenness of scent will occur to the man who has done much hunting. From our perch on a mountain side we have seen a black-tail buck, frightened by a companion who was hunting a mile or two away, come racing over the prairie with head held high, apparently thinking only of the danger behind him, but when he reached the trail over which we had passed two or three hours before, he stopped suddenly, lowered his nose to the ground and smelt the tracks, and then turned at right angles to his former course, and continued his flight. In the same way in years gone by, bands of buffalo, frightened and running, have been seen to suddenly stop on reaching the trail left by several footmen who had passed over the prairie, and to refuse to cross it, but to run off another way. Some of our readers no doubt have had such a painful experience as was recently related to us, where a hunter who, having put out a bait for a bear, had walked around it early in the day, to see if it had been visited during the night, and then at evening, while watching, saw the bear come boldly toward the bait until it had reached his tracks, then turn and slouch carelessly along them for a few yards, and then run like a race horse toward cover.

The patient, tireless pursuit of the wolf on the track of a deer has so often been dilated on, that it needs no more than mention.

We all know that the odor given out by a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle can be detected even by the human nose at some distance, and in the same way the practiced hunter, as well as his dog, can often recognize the odor of certain game animals, such as elk, bear, white goat and, in old times, the buffalo herd, long after the animals have passed. No doubt the nose of the savage, like his other senses, are much keener than those of civilized man, because more constantly in use.

In writing about the sense of smell, we who are able to write are discussing something of which we know, and can know but little, yet it is certainly well that our few crude and imperfect observations should be set down.

THE NEW YORK ZOO.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dullness and the heat of this summer season, the interest felt in the New York Zoölogical Society does not abate. Up to last spring, when the city authorities set aside for its uses 261 acres in South Bronx Park, no special effort had been made by the board of managers to secure members, as the carrying out of the Society's plans depended on the consent of the Sinking Fund Commission, and it was not certain how these officials would act.

Since then, however, reports of the Society's progress and statements of its plans have been sent out in some numbers to citizens of New York. The results of the distribution of this literature have been very gratifying to the managers, and the Society now has three founders, ten patrons, sixty-four life members, and 307 annual members. Of these, two patrons, eighteen life members and 160 annual members have been added to the list since June 10. The life membership fee is $200, the patrons' $1,000, and the founders' $5,000. Applications for membership are still being received.

The building plans for the park are now being prepared by Messrs. Heins and LaFarge, the official architects, and it is expected that these buildings will be the most complete of any in the world, for they will contain all the good features of the most modern zoölogical gardens of Europe and this country.

Not long since, the director of the Society laid before the executive committee a proposition and detailed plan for an exhibition of oil paintings of American wild animals, to be held next autumn, and it is probable that the suggestion then advanced will be carried out, and that the prizes and the conditions of such an exhibition will be announced before long.

Judging from what has already been accomplished, it seems altogether probable that in the autumn, when the summer travelers have returned to the city, the membership of the Society will largely increase, and that considerable additional subscriptions to the $100,000 fund, which is required before work on the ground can be begun by the city, will be received. It is understood that a considerable share of this fund has already been raised.

Thus, if all goes well, it may happen that work on the Society's park may begin this autumn, in which case the end of the year 1898 may see some portion of the park occupied by collections and open to the public.

GAME FOR GAME PARKS.

To stock a game preserve in a game country is a comparatively simple undertaking: build a fence so constructed as to let the game in and not to let it out again, and there you have it. Preserve projectors in districts remote from the base of natural supply, however, are finding it more difficult year by year to secure a stock because of the more rigid restrictions against the capture and export of live game. While it is highly expedient that the taking of wild elk and deer for preserve purposes should be held within very close bounds and should be regulated very carefully by the game protective officials, we believe that as much latitude should be allowed as may be consistent with keeping up the native stock. The man who wishes to export a band of wild deer for his game park outside of the State is quite as worthy of consideration as the hunter who seeks merely to kill the lawful number of wild deer within the State. Maine has recently made an appreciated concession in this respect. Formerly it was there forbidden to take live deer for export. The law was not always observed; there is reason to believe that numerous deer which were alleged to have come from Canada had, in fact, surreptitiously been captured across the line in Maine. Now this is changed. The new law provides that the "Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game are authorized to grant permission to take moose, caribou, deer and birds for park purposes in this State, under such rules and regulations and conditions as they shall establish." This concession will be welcomed by the owners of game parks in the East, and we may depend upon the Commissioners to make such rules as will keep the export of live game within the proper bounds.

In our issue of July 3 we referred to a shipment of live elk from Wyoming, and expressed a suspicion that these might have been some of the elk illegally held in captivity on the Moose Head Ranch in Jackson's Hole. We are glad to be advised by the Wyoming authorities that none of the elk referred to in our article as having been trapped in the snows of last winter on this ranch have been sent out of the State. The Wyoming law makes admirable provision for just such a case as this. The railroads are forbidden to accept for shipment, and in practice they refuse to accept, live game unless accompanied by a permit from the State game warden. It would be impossible, therefore, for the Moose Head Ranch elk to be exported so long as the officials maintain their present determined attitude, which we are advised is that "the State will take the necessary legal steps to secure the release of the elk in question, independently of the county authorities, and will exhaust all legal resources in the effort to protect the game of the State, as well from capture and shipment as from wanton destruction or illegal hunting."

We suggested last week that electric-shock systems of fishing would be put under the head of tabooed appliances. This has already been done in Iowa, where the new law classes electricity with dynamite and other prohibited agencies.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LOST IN THE WOODS OF BRITISH GUIANA.

Of course the old woodsman, like the red Indian, never loses himself; he may lose his camp, as the Indian may lose his wigwam, but he can always turn to himself for counsel where to find it. Nevertheless, the loss even of one's camp may, under certain circumstances, prove a serious inconvenience, as I found to my cost lately.

I had been sick. I was ten days down with pneumonia, and had left my bed only a few days when I was again prostrated with fever. Guiana fevers enjoy quite a reputation for the vigor of their attack, and I must confess that when mine left me after a fortnight's tussle, it didn't leave very much of my former self. I began to rally, however, and a few days later, when my host started on an official tour, I decided to take my gun and go out to look for something for the pot. I was lightly equipped, for I had no intention of going far or of staying long. I took no compass, for I intended to follow the bank of a creek which emptied itself into the river close to the camp; no matches, for I was not yet reconciled to my pipe; and the weather being fine and warm, my clothing was limited to a suit of flannel underwear and a pair of linen pants.

It was pleasant to get into the woods again, and I strolled along the bank of the creek, or rather along the high bank overhanging the ravine through which the creek flowed, for a couple of miles, when I turned to my right in search of heavier timber and lighter undergrowth. A spot was soon found where I could command a view of the surface for from 10 to 30yds. or more all around, and here I took up position between two big trees standing at 10ft. apart. Presently a rush of wind heralded a storm, the sky was overcast, and a shower came down at the rate of an inch an hour. I found shelter for my gun and partial shelter for myself between the buttresses of one of the big trees while the rain lasted, which was about half an hour, when I again took up my old position, with eyes and ears alert. After a while I heard the faint rustle of a leaf behind me, and wheeling round I saw an accourie (a species of guinea pig weighing 12 or 14lbs.) at about 5yds. from me. We eyed each other irresolutely for an instant when he sped, and my gun came to my shoulder. He found cover at 15yds., but I had him in line and drew trigger as he disappeared, and walking forward I found him lying quite dead. Picking him up and tying his legs together with a piece of creeper, I slung him over my shoulder, and decided to make the best of my way homeward and get into dry clothes, for the high trees kept dripping and the undergrowth, which I had to brush through, was saturated. I felt elated at finding that hand and eye were still true, and stepped out briskly, although I was soon so thoroughly wetted that the water dripped off the bottoms of my pants.

After going about two or three miles, it occurred to me that I ought to be near camp, and I first swerved and then wheeled to my right to strike the edge of the ravine. I struck it in half a mile. There was no sign of the river, and the accourie by this time weighed fully 20lbs.; but I plodded on another two or three miles as briskly as I could. By-and-by the bed of the ravine appeared to be rising, and going down to it I found that I was near its source in a broad, swampy depression. As I returned to the rise, feeling pretty well done up, the sun came out, marking 5 o'clock, and showing me that my course was north of west, whereas it should have been south of east.

After shooting the accourie I had started forward instead of backward! I crawled around awhile in search of a hollow tree, but the approach of another shower warned me to take the best immediately available. This was a mora, whose broad, spreading buttresses had divided, leaving a passage through under the base of the trunk, which was about 10ft. from the ground. Here I took shelter from the rain, but saw at once that I could neither lie down nor even sit with any comfort! The space between the buttresses was interlaced with their small branches rising a few inches above ground. Here was a dilemma! Just after a severe attack of pneumonia, and saturated with rain and perspiration, to be exposed without fire to the damp, chilly night air. I tried to sit, using the accourie for a seat, and the buttresses for a support for my back; but it was very uncomfortable, and I had to stand the greater part of the night, threshing myself with my arms occasionally to keep up the circulation. So the night passed.

With the dawn came a light drizzling rain which lasted an hour or more, when the sky cleared. The sun was not visible, but its light was occasionally reflected through openings on some tree in the west, and I started to make as nearly an easterly course as I could for the river. The Guiana forests are not easy to steer through without a compass. There are no landmarks to guide one; the dense, high forest limits the vision to 50yds. at most. The sun is rarely visible until near noonday, when it is so nearly vertical that turning in any direction and throwing your head back, the sun appears before you. Fortunately I had seen a map of the country, and knew that I was in an angle between two rivers: the Mazaruni, flowing approximately from west to east and the Puruni entering it from the north. I was west of the Puruni, and to the best of my judgment three or four miles north of the camp, which I estimated at eight or nine miles distance. I could hardly go astray if I could see the sun before noon. The Puruni was to the east, the Mazaruni to the south.

The sun soon made its appearance, and leaving the accourie behind me, I struck out on a due easterly course, designing to come out above camp and follow the river down. The sun was soon hidden again, and after numerous detours to avoid tangled creepers and undergrowth, I lost my course, and paused in an open space to determine the point at which the light was strongest, resting the stock of my gun on the ground. As I turned to proceed I saw the shadow of my barrels reflected on a wet leaf. Here was a wrinkle. A few trials satisfied me that I could locate the sun without seeing it, so I went forward confidently but wearily.

It was noon when I reached the Puruni, at a point which I estimated at four miles or so above camp, but on peering into the rivers I got a glimpse of two rock masses so nearly like two masses just below the camp that I thought I must be out in my calculations. I was at the mouth of a creek too, very like the mouth of a creek half a mile below camp, and remembering that there was a small boat camp about 200yds. from the creek, I determined to cross the latter and reconnoiter. As my foot sank in the muddy bank of the creek, I observed another foot track pointing the other way which appeared to be mine. This looked conclusive, but I walked on nearly half a mile without seeing sign of the boat camp, and came to the mouth of another creek. I did not recognize it, but I could see that a hill rose in front of me, and went on dubiously for a couple of hundred yards when I came to a boat camp, but apparently a newly erected and complete one. It might be the old camp enlarged! I toiled to the top of the hill, but there was no camp clearing. It was probably miles to the south of me, and I retraced my steps wearily. Two miles lost!

I was not making more than a mile an hour now in a straight line, but when I say that seven miles is an ordinary day's march through the woods, it will be seen that in my weak state I was not traveling without effort. Regaining the spot at which I struck the river, I followed its bank down stream for three miles or so, when the sun sank low, and seeing a hollow tree which promised good shelter, I determined to make camp there. The wood ants had been at the hollow and deserted it, since when a large mass of the fruits of their labor had peeled off and fallen to the ground. Leveling this off, I soon had a comfortable bed, with a raised pillow, and shelter from the rain for all above the knees. Here I stretched myself and soon fell into a sound slumber, from which I was awakened by a noise resembling the blowing off of steam; at least, that was the impression produced on me in my awakening state. I sat up and listened. The sound rose and fell in harsh and melancholy cadence, terminating occasionally in a grunt. It was evidently made by a troop of large animals, but I had never heard anything like it then. I have since become familiar with it as the cry of our baboons. After a while I located it across the river and fell asleep again, awaking refreshed, but chilly in my wet clothes, just before dawn.

I concluded that I was not more than two miles from camp and started out cheerfully, keeping the high land about 80 or 100yds. from the river. The undergrowth was more open here, and I was able to keep the river in sight. After a mile or so I got into a tangle which grew worse and worse until it became impenetrable. If I had gone back 100yds. or more, I might have got to the river bank and found a passable track, but this I did not know; besides, I hate turning back. I could not turn to the river from where I was, but I could turn to my right with every prospect of getting round the tangle. This I did, but I swerved nearly a mile from my course. As the forest opened to my left, I swerved round toward the river again, and after a while saw the gleam of an opening on my left, but it soon disappeared, and after a while I wheeled around due east for the river, striking it at the mouth of a creek. Here again the mouth of the creek, with the fallen logs across it, appeared familiar, and forcing a way through the undergrowth on the bank, I again found two rock masses, resembling those below the camp. Then I remembered that above these rock masses there should be a low bar right across the river, with just one opening, through which rushed a small rapid. There was no bar, no rapids; still, just at the expected place, an occasional point of rock could be seen in line across the river. The fact was, the river had risen and was now rolling quietly over the bar.

I sat down on a log and communed with myself as follows: "If I am misled by appearances and go to the top of the hill above me as I did yesterday I shall lose over a mile, while if I have really passed around behind the camp I am only three and a half miles from the junction of the two rivers and can go there and return by night." It was badly argued, but a *mens sana* is to be found only *in corpore sana*, and my frame was near exhaustion.

I went down stream for a couple of miles and found that its width was nearly double what it was at the camp. There was little doubt that I was nearing its mouth, but I would make sure now. Here I caught sight of a granite ledge jutting 50 or 60ft. out from the bank. A grand opportunity to bathe and wash my clothes. It was high noon, the sun showing brightly on the rock, and the clothes would dry in an hour or so. The bath was very refreshing, and sitting down on the water's edge I washed and beat out my clothes on the rock, and spread them out to dry, while I sought shelter in the forest's shade. An hour passed and the clothes were drying well, when the sky became obscured, the rain came down pitilessly, and there was nothing for me except to gather up my clothes, wet as they still were, and get into them. I had no shelter beyond the foliage, and this was soon dripping. When the rain was over I set out again, and in five minutes I was as wet through as ever, wearier, too; so far from feeling refreshed by the bath, I wanted to sit down on every fallen log I stepped on or climbed over.

It was 3 o'clock when I reached the Mazaruni, and four miles "as the crow flies" to walk back. It seemed hopeless, but I put my best leg forward and trudged on. Night overtook me about a mile from the camp. There was no possibility of pushing forward in the dark, but there was a carpenter at the camp who might hear the report of my gun and come out with a lantern. I fired. As I pressed the trigger a "powis"—a bird resembling a peacock—stepped out from behind a tree, but I could not stay my hand.

The night was cold and I was unable to sleep a minute, but now for the first time my thoughts turned on the needs of the inner man. I began to dwell pleasantly on the prospect of eating. I felt ready to dispose of a quart of chocolate, and resolved that as soon as I got into camp in the morning I would begin with that and finish with ham and eggs. It was too chilly to sleep, and I lay awake all night, rising occasionally to thresh myself.

At the first dawn I was on the move, and in camp before sunrise. The carpenter, who was in his night-clothes, after regarding me a minute, lifted his eyes and exclaimed pathetically, with special reference to my headgear: "I never thought to see that old hat again." "He had heard my shot the night before," he said, "but he did not know it was mine, and if he had known he would not have ventured into the woods alone for anything wealth could give."

I bade him put on a full quart of water to boil, had a hasty bath, got into dry clothes, and was soon seated before a quart of chocolate and a box of biscuits. I disposed of the former and I decided that the ham and eggs could wait for breakfast; my most pressing, immediate need was sleep. This came almost as soon as I laid my head on the pillow. At 11 o'clock I awoke and had the anticipated breakfast of ham and eggs, after which I slept until 4 o'clock, when I got up and had a pea-soup dinner, which was rather too much for my weak stomach. A little fit of indigestion was the result, but I got five or six hours' sleep, and woke the next morning thoroughly refreshed, and none the worse for my outing.

It will appear no great feat, thirty miles in three days, to those unacquainted with tropical forests; but, considering the state of my health, the fact that I was walking fully ten hours a day, without food, and with clothes wet through the whole time, there can be little doubt that it was a severe strain upon the system, and it appears remarkable that I contracted no ill effects from it, especially in a region which has the reputation of being very malarious.

C. F. Amery.

REMINISCENCES OF MAJOR NORTH.

Genesko, Ill., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I just this minute finished reading, on your editorial page, a notice of the death of N. C. Creede, coupled with the announcement that he served as an officer on the Pawnee scouts, under Maj. Frank North, in the late 60s. Now, it is the name of Maj. North that causes fancy to ruffle up her feathers, and, with a vigorous shake, spread her broad pinions and soar afar.

It was early in the spring of '72 that I and another boy (Willis Lawbaugh, by name), having turned our earthly possessions into about 50,000 root grafts of apples and other fruits, loaded our effects and ourselves on board the cars headed for the great West.

Landing at Columbus, Neb., our first effort was to find a suitable location for a nursery. We had not much money, but were playing each nickel with a string to it. This, of course, was not known, and we were besieged by people who had the only suitable site near Columbus for a nursery, and who were greatly interested in the establishment of a nursery and wanted to lease us the ground.

But one after another their interest cooled down, when they found we did not intend to pay in advance on the lease a sum equal to at least twice the market value of the land. One day as we were rambling about the country, we chanced upon a beautiful site for our enterprise, some two miles west of Columbus on the bank of the Loup River, and on the farm just north of the Union Pacific R. R. bridge across that stream. There was a small, neat, white house and red barn on the place, and after looking it over we made our way there to inquire about the chance of getting it. The man at work on the place told us the "Major was away, but we could inquire at the house."

We found at the house an elderly lady, another lady somewhat below middle age, and a girl of six summers; these were the mother, wife and daughter of Major Frank North. Making known our errand, we were invited to make our headquarters at the North home until Major came down from Fort Laramie, which he was expected to do, and did, in a few days.

We were given our pick of the farm lands for our nursery on surprisingly favorable terms, and the Major's man was instructed to furnish us horses, plows, etc., when needed. We built a shanty on the river bank and proceeded to put out our stock.

We heard many stories of adventure on the plains during the summer, one of which was of the Major's ride of 102 miles on horseback in one day. Mrs. North showed us a bear-skin rug, the original owner of which the Major had killed with one shot from a .32cal. revolver. The story was that he came suddenly upon the bear in a narrow defile in the mountains with only a small pocket revolver at his command. He opened fire with this, when the bear turned and ran away, but only got a short distance when he fell dead, the bullet having found the heart.

She also entertained us with the story of a buffalo hunt in which she took part herself. During the summer of '72 the Major was in the employ of the Government as a scout and spent the greater part of the time in Wyoming, coming home every few weeks, as opportunity offered. The station was two miles east of his farm, and when the train slowed up at the Loup River bridge he would jump off and walk over or ride a pony which had been previously tied there, by his man, for that purpose.

He was a great hand to ride, and I have often seen him crossing the prairies at a breakneck pace, carrying his daughter Stella in his arms.

The Pawnee Indians, whose reservation was twenty miles up the river, used to flock there in great numbers eager to shake hands with him.

Coming down the river they would stop at our shanty and their eager question, "Is the Major home?" proved that they held him in high esteem.

In the spring and fall the river used to be lined its entire length with swarms of wild geese. We boys each had a double-barrel muzzle-loading shotgun, and we used to have high old times worrying them, bringing one down occasionally and giving a good many more a bad fright.

I remember what supreme satisfaction it was to me to get a chance to show off before the Major, who was visiting at our shanty, by bringing a goose down from a passing flock. I supposed he would be amazed at such a revelation of skill, and he did seem to be. Such is fame and such is conceit. Another circumstance that pleased me greatly happened one day as the Major's brother Lute and myself were seated on the bank of the river. Lute had his needle gun with him, which I was examining, when a flock of geese lit upon a sandbar some 400yds. up the river. At the suggestion of Lute I trained the Needle gun on them and fired. The bullet fell short of the geese by about 100yds., and in the meantime they took wing again. When about 8ft. above the water one of them was struck by the ball, which had glanced up and come down again.

Though I saw in an instant just what had happened, I hoped Lute had not, but a merry twinkle in his eye revealed that he was on to the "how" of it, yet such is the power of success that I was still very happy.

At that time Major North was a sufferer from asthma, and his brief visits to the heavier air of eastern Nebraska usually brought on an attack of that disease. This led him to move his family to Wyoming that fall. Our nursery tock flourished nicely till the fall of the first year, when

the grasshoppers raided and nearly ruined it. This was followed by another hopper raid in '73, which completed the ruin. This broke up the enterprise. The Major promptly remitted the rent due on the land and we organized for a big game hunt on the Upper Loup that winter.

A quarter of a century has rolled away since then, and great has been the change wrought by its passing years, but they have left me still chasing butterflies.

E. P. JAQUES.

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—VI.

A Winter Hunt on the Summit of the Rockies.

No Hunting Weather.

THE morning of March 11 dawned very cold and stormy, and hunting was out of the question. Hunter Powell started for home, agreeing to stop at John Monroe's lodge and feed the dog and young puppies that had been abandoned there, and which we feared would be frozen to death. Before he went home he made an effort to catch some trout, but found the weather too cold. I went out to put some finishing touches on my marten trap, but found the temperature so low that my fingers nearly froze, so that I was a long time in getting the trigger to hold. We never knew exactly how cold it was at our camp at this time; but Major Steell's thermometer at the agency registered 27° below zero on two different nights, the night of March 10 and one a little later. We suppose that it was probably colder at our camp than it was at the agency. Above us in the mountains the white wreaths of snow were flying all day long, and the hunters said that it would be impossible for a man to live up there, or at least to live and hunt with any pleasure. We spent the day, for the most part, sitting about the lodge and listening to stories which our friends told us of the old days. By pulling up the fold of his blanket behind him so that the wind would not have a fair sweep at his back, one could be very comfortable in the lodge, even on so cold a day. But we watched the doorflap very jealously, and the dog Shep, who had a habit of poking his head out and leaving the canvas door ajar, became a subject of frequent maledictions; for the air that came in was Arctic in its frigidity.

Even the least experienced of the party had now learned something of the theory of the lodge, and had come to admire it more and more. Billy Jackson had fixed up a fine bed for McChesney and me, this being in the back part of the lodge—the post of honor. Schultz explained to us that in the old tribal days there was a certain etiquette of the lodge which was rigidly observed. Thus, the back part of the lodge was the place where the "medicine" of the lodge owner stood, this perhaps being supported by a little tripod between the fire and the back of the lodge. It was contrary to the etiquette for any one to pass between the fire and the medicine, and the ceremonious politeness required that to cross from one corner to another in the back part of the lodge, one should go clear around the fire and cross on the side nearest the door. It was contrary to etiquette to have any sticks of wood left pointing toward the medicine when the fire was built or replenished, nor was it considered a fortunate or proper thing to carry out any ashes from the lodge fire. The little life-saving flame in the center of the conical house seems to have been invested with a certain respect or veneration, as indeed it might very well have been; for without fire one would be beyond hope in such a country.

Odd bits of information came up in the snatches of conversation in our daily circle about the lodge fire. Thus Schultz recalled with amusement a certain wedding in which a white friend of his had married an Indian woman. It seemed that this woman had had four husbands before this time. "It was a rattling good wedding, though," said Schultz, "and I remember that there were five gallons of alcohol as part of the refreshments." It seems that custom at weddings vary chiefly in degree, no matter what the people or country.

"Speaking of wives," continued Schultz, "reminds me of old Brocky, one of the chiefs of this tribe. You know, Brocky had four or five wives, and the priests have always been at him to be civilized, and give up all of his wives but one. Brocky said he allowed that that was the right thing to do, and that he would have to get into touch with modern ways of thought by following the priest's advice, but he said to the priests: 'I have had to give up good money to buy these wives of mine, and I can't afford to turn any of them loose without getting paid for it. If you people will give me what my wives cost me you can have the whole outfit, or all of them but one, just as you think is right.' Of course, the priests couldn't see it that way, but Brocky can't understand even to-day why there was anything unreasonable in his proposition." Nor indeed is there, for if we are to believe opera bouffe there are many white men who would gladly do just as Brocky offered to do, though perhaps not in so plural a manner.

We talked something about the religion of the Indian. An odd complexity comes in here. The government tries to civilize the Indians, but yet cannot rank them as citizens. They may go clear up to the line of citizenship, but still in the eye of the law are savages. If they were citizens they would be guaranteed under the constitution the right to worship as they see fit, but as it is they cannot do so. The Indians are all the time asking to be allowed to hold their medicine lodge, which they say it is very hard, especially for the ancient ones of their tribe, to give up. They like their own fashion of religion better than ours, and insist that it is harmless. They claim that at their medicine lodge they sing and pray after the way of their fathers, make presents to their old people, something after the way we make Christmas presents to each other, and do not indulge in any ghost dancing or that sort of thing. The government forbids these ceremonies of the old religion as retarding the progress of the Indians in the ways of civilization, and yet it sets the limit beyond which they may not go in the path of civilization.

Winter Explorations.

If the day of March 11 had been cold, the night following was still colder. We could not tell how low the thermometer went, but as we later found that we nearly always under-estimated the record, we presumed that it must have been in the neighborhood of 30 below that night. We had to use all our extra clothing and were none too warm at that. It was one of the regular amusements of the trip to witness the struggles of the different members of the party to get into the sleeping bags and beds at night. McChesney would wiggle and twist and groan his way to the bottom of his Kenwood, and then I would take a turn, and sometimes Billy would come over and hold up the top of the bags while we were working our way down into the interior. The additional blankets which we put into the bags made them a very tight fit. In the morning we were covered with a dense rime of frost. We did not keep up a fire on any night in the lodge.

The morning of March 12 was still and brilliantly cold, everything sparkling and glittering and wonderfully beautiful, with all the myriad aspects of the mountain to interest and confuse the eye. While the others stayed at camp, Billy, O-to-kò-mi and I took a walk up through the woods to visit the Two Medicine Falls, a cataract not set down in the books or newspapers, but well worth a description as a natural curiosity. These falls are on the Two Medicine Creek, between the lower and the next upper lake of the Two Medicine chain, on which there are in all four or five lakes, great and small. Between the two lakes there is a difference in altitude of 100 or 200ft., a giant wall of rock running across the entire front of the valley at that point. The stream does not plunge over this rock wall, but drops below the top of it, then burrows through it, and comes out of the perpendicular face of the lower side through a round hole, as though from a sewer pipe let into the wall. The actual fall of the water is only about 40 or 50ft., perhaps, but the wall towers straight up above the fall to a great height. The stream plunges out of its confined subterranean channel into a wide and lovely pool of water, a good pistol shot across and many feet in depth—one of the grandest trout pools that ever lay out of doors, and one of the most abundantly stocked, according to the story of our friends, since the trout can get no higher up the creek than this point, and fairly swarm when they are stopped there on their run up in the spring.

We stopped some time at the falls, enjoying the beauty of a spectacle which but few white men have ever seen, and taking some observations of the country round about with a view to later hunting trips in that direction from our camp. We could see no game trails on Rising Wolf Mountain, but the lynx-eyed O-to-kò-mi spied two sheep feeding high up on the side of the mountain across from Rising Wolf and on the south side of the Two Medicine Lake. These sheep looked like tiny dots, far up on the side of the big mountain, and it was some time before I could make them out, even after the others had tried to show them to me. It would have been altogether beyond my ability to see or suspect game at any such distance, and I felt a pronounced wonder and admiration at the Indian hunter's eye.

We found the snow deep and soft in the dense woods, and had a hard hour or two at breaking trail. The weather remained cold, and it was a poor time to expect any game to be moving, yet we rather expected to see more sign of fur than we did. We scared one pine marten off his perch on a pine tree, and saw where he had made off through the snow, so we stopped and built a dead-fall near by, in the hope that we would get him later. We also saw two trails of lynx, a coyote track, and the trail of a wolverine. We also found a "bear tree," where some old bear, a good sized one evidently, had measured his height against the tree trunk, and scraped off the bark for a few feet just to show how big he was. All these little odds and ends of the signs of the woods showed us that we were in a game country. Indeed, one of the beauties of a winter trip is that the snow carries a record of the woods life, so that one can be encouraged by now and then seeing tracks of his game, always great assistance in getting to see the game itself. We were confident that we were in a good sheep country, and had no doubt of getting our sheep as soon as the weather moderated. We could see many angry storms raging up on the mountain tops, and even low down in the valley where we were the air was cold enough for us, as soon as we stopped the exercise of shoeing.

We followed down the Two Medicine Creek for some distance, looking for a crossing place, for the rapidity of this stream prevents it from freezing at many points, and for a distance of perhaps a mile below the falls the water was open for all or part of the way. We wanted to find a crossing point so that we could get over the creek on our way to the upper lake, on which we intended to camp a few days later, making a side trip from the main camp, and going further back into the mountains for a look at the sheep and goats of Rising Wolf Mountain upon its upper side. It was not a very good report that we took back home that night. All we could say was that the snow was too soft for sled or toboggan, and that the whole outfit for a side camp would have to be carried on our backs, with the certainty of a long, sharp climb up the divide between the two lakes in case it was possible to effect a crossing upon some log or felled tree. This difficult proposition did not seem to appeal to the majority very forcibly, especially as we had not yet hunted out the country above us very thoroughly.

Sheep and Beans.

It had proved too cold for fishing that day, and McChesney and Schultz could show no addition to the grub stock when we got back to the lodge in the evening; but we made a great supper of sheep and beans, of which each man ate a most surprising quantity. The mountain men almost without exception prize the meat of a fat mountain sheep more than any other wild game, and we agreed that it was venison hard to beat. Its taste is between that of venison and mutton, not in the least strong, and very sweet and nourishing. As for the bean, its excellence as woods diet is well known. Billy, quoting the words of a Frenchman friend of his, said: "Ze bin is ze best dam fruit what come to Montan'." In this judgment we also concurred.

We passed a quiet evening in camp, the lodge, for some reason impossible to divine, having made up its mind to stop smoking for a time, so that we were very comfortable. I found it possible to read as I lay down upon the bed, with a candle mounted in a split stick stuck into the grouud near by. By this time nearly all the ice had melted from under the beds in the lodge, and it was daily becoming more warm and dry and comfortable.

A Wild Night.

That night, a little past midnight, the climate broke all subsequent records by a wind storm such as rarely happens even in this vale of winds on the Two Medicine. The wind reached the point of a gale, and went howling over our heads in the woods with a force which threatened to blow the lodge from over us. It was not a steady wind, but a series of wild intermittent blasts; the storm at times lulling and then making a determined onslaught, as though under a deliberate plan to overthrow us. It needed small imagination to hear all sorts of voices, screams and callings, orders and threats and exclamations in the air. At times the puffs of air had almost an explosive quality, this betimes added to by the reports of the flopping ears of the lodge, blown loose upon the storm. In the morning Billy Jackson announced gravely that he was sure we had been visited by the evil spirit of the Crees, the mocking demon which comes on the storm and harasses the hunter, firing off his gun, and making all sorts of demoniacal noises as he goes. This word we received with little pleasure, for it began already to appear that we were pursued by misfortune, since we were losing so much time without a chance to get out and hunt. From that time on we had still worse luck in many ways, so that we knew what Billy Jackson had said was true, and that Pah-kuk-kus had indeed made us the subject of his bodeful sportiveness.

It was impossible to hunt on the morning following this storm. The mountains had a very wild and angry look, full of storms and wraiths of snow and mist. Schultz said we might expect a chinook before long, but that we would hardly get to hunt until it came. We could do nothing but sit in camp and tell stories. We talked of all the cold times we had ever seen or heard about. Billy Jackson told us of one gruesome incident of winter warfare in the old times. He said that after the Tongue River fight he was one of the party that brought out the dead soldiers to the nearest fort to be buried, as it was impossible to dig any graves in the snow-covered and deeply-frozen ground. The bodies of the soldiers froze where they fell, froze stiff and solid. When the packers took them out, the corpses were packed on the *araparejos* like so much cordwood, two dead soldiers being carried on each mule, one on each side.

"That was the fight where Yellowstone Kelly made some prisoners," said Billy. "He captured seven squaws, and later on one of the squaws hanged herself. This is not the only case I have known in which the Indian has committed suicide when taken prisoner. I knew three Cheyennes to hang themselves in prison once. I'll tell you about that some of these evenings, if I don't die of rheumatism before then."

Pah-kuk-kus Leaves Tracks.

We had now been in camp a week and had had only one day of hunting. March 14 was fair and fit, so we turned out for a try after game, not stopping to think what day of the week it was. Really it was Sunday, as we later learned, though we had lost count of the days and did not know that it was Sunday. In this we were far more remiss than the Indians. O-to-kò-mi went on the hunt that day without saying anything, but when he got back at night he said that he had known all along that it was no good to hunt on Sunday, but he thought he would not speak of it. At another time later than this I saw this same carefulness not to violate the Sabbath shown by a native hunter. Old John Monroe was lying at his camp, and when asked if he was going to hunt replied that he was not, and that he never did hunt on Sunday, as he was taught that it was wrong. This may appear rather surprising to those who are in the habit of ascribing all manner of bad ways to the Indians and all manner of good ones to the whites; yet it is true that far away in the mountains, where at times the white hunters forget what day of the week it is, the Indian hunters of the reservations know it and observe it, for reasons which to them seem good.

McChesney and O-to-kò-mi hunted together that day, and they saw eight sheep, though only two of them were rams. They were not able to get a shot, although they had a long, hard day of it up near the rocks. Shultz and I went up to the place where I had killed my ram to see what was going on up in that part of the country. We found, as he had predicted, that the big cat had visited the carcass of the sheep. Half the ribs of one side had been gnawed or torn off, and the flesh was beginning to disappear from the accessible part of the carcass. Luckily, we had hung up the two hindquarters when we first skinned the sheep, so that we saved that meat. We thought that the biggest cat, which had made the tracks we first saw, had not been about, but that two cats of some sort, probably very large lynxes, had been operating for two or three nights at the carcass. Again we longed for a trap or some poison, for we knew we now had a chance for some fur. The snow was always blowing so much in the mountains that it was hard to follow a trail more than a few hours old; but we thought that if the trail had been fresher we could have jumped the cat by means of the dog without a very long run, as it would be almost sure that the animal would not go very far away from the bait, but would be back once or twice each day to feed. It is not easy for a lynx or a lion to get ready-made meat in such large quantities, so that such a "snap" is not liable to be overlooked by one of those gentry.

As the tracks of the beast could be seen leading away down the mountain side, Schultz and I concluded to follow the trail, in the hope that we could make it out to a point where the dog could run it by scent, in which case we felt we were sure of our cat. We could not figure out what it was we were following. The track was about as big as a small saucer, but the animal did not seem to break through crust which we hardly thought would have held up a lion, and moreover, at one point where the fellow had stopped we could see no tail marks on the snow where it had sat down, so we concluded it must be a lynx, though a very large one, as the distance apart of the toe pads clearly showed.

Our cat track led us down the mountain almost parallel to the snowshoe trail along which we had come. "See," said Schultz, "he's going back along our snowshoe trail of the first day, to see what sort of things we are, and to spy out any pursuit. I think we'll find that he has turned off into the big swamp below us there."

Sure enough, the cat, after running alongside our trail for a mile or so down the mountain side, did turn into the cedar swamp, and there we followed the deep tracks through a couple of miles or more of the worst sort of traveling. The shoeing was terribly hard here, and the contour of the country about as bad as could be asked. We

expected every moment to jump the cat, but it seemed that the latter had never stopped at all, but had swung right on back up the mountain. To make a long trail short, we came out again right at the carcass from which we had started, and there lost our trail in a confusion of cat trails which seemed to be the result of general cat carnival the night before. Once or twice the dog made as though to run the trail, but we did not let him go, as we wanted as close a start as possible. He was unable to hit off any trail at the carcass, and we concluded that probably the animal, whatever it was, had gone up over the bare country into the rocks above us. We thus had three hours of the hardest sort of climbing for nothing. "Talk about your evil spirit," said Schultz, "do you know what we've been following all day? It's not any cat, but old Pah-kuk-kus himself, that we're trailing. We might as well quit and go home." So we did quit and go home, with no results except a splendid day in the mountains, which were luminous all day long and very beautiful to look upon.

When we started down the mountain we took along both quarters of the ram, Schultz packing these slung across his shoulders. Long before we got into the well-beaten trail which we had now beaten down for nearly two miles, the weight of so much meat began to make itself felt, and Schultz was very tired as well as myself, so we cached one hindquarter in a tree near the trail and only took one into camp. There was no fresh meat killed that day, but we still had enough left to make a good supper. Billy Jackson, having spent the day in camp, and not having had the pleasure of chasing *Pah-kuk-kus* over the hills and far away, or of climbing the ice peaks after sheep to no avail, was unanimously voted cook for the evening. He got out his trusty Dutch oven, and constructed one of his noblest stews, from the bottom up, putting in beef, sheep, tomatoes, macaroni and beans in quantity sufficient to feed a dozen men of ordinary appetite, though it did not last long when we got at it. I should think we each ate about 3lbs. of stew, to say nothing of a dozen or two cakes of the sort composed by Schultz in his happiest moments at the fireside. We did not bake any bread, but after our pilot bread gave out made cakes fresh each meal. As Schultz was the cake artist, he rarely got to eat anything for an hour or so, the others kept him so busy; but under this tribulation he was very patient and good-natured. We had a splendid grub list along on this trip, and surely lived high, considering our unpromising surroundings. We had a keg of good butter, all the tinned vegetables we wanted, some cans of maple syrup, and everything one could ask for a camp menu of more than usual ambitiousness. McChesney and I, who had come expecting to rough it to far greater extent, often commented on our outfit, and we still time and again asked ourselves whether it was really true that we were out in the Rockies in the winter, with snow and ice and storm all about us, while we were so warm and comfortable and well fed all the time.

We passed another night of Indian talk and Western stories and sign language. My friends were very patient with my clumsy efforts with the Piegan tongue. There is a difference between the white man and the Indian in linguistic matters. The white man will make a bluff at speaking what few words he knows, or thinks he knows, of the Indian language, often making himself very ridiculous; on the other hand, the Indian may know a great deal more of the white man's language than he lets on, but he will not speak in any tongue but his own, being much afraid of making a mistake, at which he would be very much ashamed. I found evidence at times that O-to-kò-mi understood a good many English words, but it was very rarely he ever tried to say one, though he would take any pains to repeat words for me, and explain their meanings. Thus we came to know the words for "gun," "knife," "meat," "sheep," "ram," "big," "little," "good," "bad," etc., etc. As for the theory of the Piegan tongue, the forms of its declensions, its grammar, or anything of that sort, I could not get a trace. It seems to me that a man in learning Piegan must learn each word all by itself, and not expect to meet it again in disguised form. But this I say from the standpoint of one but very slightly advanced in the tongue, as I think I know only nine words of Piegan in all, and I sometimes get them mixed.

It being now accepted as a fact that we were being persecuted by evil spirits, as proved by the actual footprints of *Pah-kuk-kus* himself, we all now began to ascribe any unusual or unpleasant incident to such agencies. If a man lost his cap or his gloves, some one would sing out, "*Pah-kuk-kus* has got them," and *Pah-kuk kus* was made subject to more than one uncomplimentary remark. McChesney still denied that his umbrella had anything to do with the condition of the weather or the hunting, but in this he was obviously wrong, and we deplored this evident bias in his beliefs. When O-to-kò-mi went to bed, he shook his head and muttered yet again his dismal word of "*Ai-so-pom-sian!*"

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Why Has the Fishing Changed?

Hackensack, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you or any of your readers explain why it is so many of our fishing grounds, after years of good sport, seem so suddenly to give out without any apparent good reason?

To illustrate: In 1885 I visited Brandreth Lake, Hamilton county, N. Y. This superb little lake at that time was an ideal spot for anglers. The water was cold and deep; the forest, yet untouched, grew down to the water's edge; and all along its shaded shores good-sized speckled trout fairly swarmed, while in the deeper waters lake trout were easily caught at all seasons, some of them of great size. With the exception of suckers and a few shiners, these were the only fish known. Now this lake was strictly preserved and comparatively few fish killed in it, yet I noticed on subsequent visits that the stock of both brook and lake trout was rapidly decreasing, and at the present time it is very poor. The only possible reason I can see is that the suckers, which are on the increase, may destroy the spawn, but that hardly seems sufficient cause. Again, when I first visited Lake Ronkonkoma down on Long Island, black bass of the large-mouth variety could be caught in great numbers, even on the artificial fly, as most anglers know. Now it is impossible to find any sport even with bait, much less with the fly. The sudden failure of the fishing at this favorite resort is utterly without any apparent cause. I could go on and multiply instances of this kind without end.

Wakeman Holberton.

Natural History.

WHITE AND WOOD BUFFALO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having noticed a discussion in your columns of late concerning white buffalo, I beg leave to contribute my mite to the elucidation of a subject so interesting to both sportsman and naturalist.

Having spent some years, the earlier portion of my life, upon the frontier of our country, I passed much of my time both in hunting and in listening to the lore and narratives of those who were hunters and trappers by profession.

During the years 1857-8 I was stationed at Fort Abercrombie, on the Red River of the North, and during my residence at that place was presented with a white buffalo robe by a Yankton Sioux Indian, on account of some professional services I had rendered him. This robe was not entirely white, but showed here and there some reddish-brown spots. The hair was much finer and softer than usual. I was told by those well acquainted with the Indian character that this was considered a valuable present, and was certainly "a mark of his most distinguished regard," to use the language of the diplomatists. If my memory serves me aright, after the lapse of so many years, I gave this robe to Anson Northrop, of Minneapolis, he who placed the first steamboat on the Red River of the North.

Although I have hunted the common prairie buffalo from the borders of Texas to northern Dakota, I have never met with the wood buffalo, so that all my knowledge of that animal is derived from hearsay only, though from the frequent allusions to it made to me by trappers, hunters and *voyageurs*, I have no doubt of its former existence in the wooded parts of the far Northwest. The *voyageurs* always alluded to it as the *boeuf du bois*, whereas they termed the common buffalo the *boeuf de la prairie*.

During my military service in the region in question I was stationed, in the years 1860-1, at Fort Ripley, on the upper Mississippi, about six miles from the Indian village of Crow Wing. At this village dwelt an old hunter and trapper named Morrison, who was, by the by, one of the most worthy men I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. In our frequent conversations about matters pertaining to the chase, Mr. M. often alluded to the wood buffalo, and said that it was a much fiercer and more sagacious animal than the common buffalo of the prairie.

To conclude, and to change the subject somewhat, I will state, as a matter of some interest, that Mr. Morrison once informed me that his brother was Schoolcraft's guide when that explorer visited the head of the Mississippi; and that Lake Itasca was not the true source of the river in question, but another smaller lake in the vicinity was the real source. He also assured me—he spoke the Chippewa language perfectly—that the term "Father of Waters," applied by the whites to the Mississippi River, was a misnomer, and that the true meaning of the word was the "Endless River," so called by the Chippewas, who, on account of the extreme length of the river and the numerous tribes of hostile Indians who dwelt upon its banks, were never able to ascertain where it ended.

Mr. Morrison had an Indian wife, and was a fur trader by calling. He was well acquainted with nearly all of the famous hunters, trappers, warriors and fur traders of the Northwest, and his life was full of thrilling incidents. I was engaged in writing a narrative of his adventures when the civil commotions of the country, soon to be followed by "grim-visaged war," put an end to my praiseworthy project forever.

Dr. A. Wall.

Soldiers' Home, Richmond, Va.

A MOCKINGBIRD IN VERMONT.

Ferrisburgh, Vt., July 19.—The mockingbird reported in Massachusetts reminds me of one that appeared in this township in 1860, I think. My attention was drawn to it by hearing the scream of a hawk and the notes of several song birds coming in rapid succession from the same point. A cautious approach enabled me to get a good view of the singer of many songs, who proved to be a genuine Southern mockingbird. His presence became known to some bird catchers, whose persistent efforts to snare him soon drove him from that locality. A few days later I heard the same bird, as I supposed, for the vocal performance was the same, in a part of the town at least three miles as the crow flies from the place where I first heard him. I never heard him nor heard of him again, and as there were fortunately no bird catchers nor collectors to molest him there, I conclude that he went his way in peace.

I would be glad to enter into the partnership proposed by my good friend Von W., or if it were possible, to swap a fairly good ear for one of the sharp eyes which note so accurately the doings of Mother Nature and her children. May they be preserved for many a year to come.

The English pheasants which began to scatter from Dr. Webb's Shelburne Farms a few years ago have increased in a way that is quite surprising, since they were supposed to be unable to take care of themselves in our severe winters. They congregate most in the neighborhood of woods where the button-bush abounds, upon the seeds of which they are said to subsist in a great measure during winter. Killing them at any time is prohibited by law, but it is pretty well known that some are shot or snared by pot-hunting poachers and by some who call themselves sportsmen. If these birds could have absolute protection, it looks as if they might become a valuable addition to our game supply in favorable localities. Perhaps they would then increase to an alarming extent, as the deer are said to have done, in the reports of the New York and Boston Sunday papers.

Those who, believing these absurd, sensational stories, come to Vermont next October with the expectation of finding ideal deer hunting are doomed to disappointment. It is a wonder that the Sunday papers do not boom the seal hunting of Vermont, for there is authentic record of at least two seals having been killed in Lake Champlain, one about 1809, the other in 1846, according to my recollection of the dates. The last specimen was in the museum of the Vermont University at Burlington, and, I presume, may still be seen there, or in the State Museum at Montpelier. Seals are not protected by our laws, and they have not become so plenty as to interfere with the navigation of the lake, but there is no telling what they might do with the help of the Sunday newspaper men.

Awahsoose.

The Birds of Riverside.

John E. Marshall, a Baltimore contractor and builder, and superintendent of the Johns Hopkins, the Walters, and other buildings in Baltimore, owns a farm near St. Michaels, Talbot county, Md., on the banks of the Miles River, and on the Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic railway. The farm it named Riverside, and so is the railroad station, at the front gate. Mr. Marshall bought this farm from the Tenant heirs several years ago. It had been in the Tenant family for several generations, and at one time more than one-half of the tract was heavily wooded white oak forest. In the woods the late Col. Edward Tenant met a tragic death. He was on horseback, overlooking men who were felling trees for lumber. In falling, a white oak struck a big limb of a sturdy pine, which broke off, and the fragment in the violent rebound struck Col. Tenant and knocked him from his horse. When picked up he was dead, with a fractured skull. In personal appearance Col. Tenant was the living image, almost, of the pictures of Henry Clay at the same age.

Mr. Marshall has many wild birds at Riverside. When he first made a home there, he established a rule that no one, member of the family, guest, sportsman, pot hunter or farm hand, should shoot a gun on his place, and for fifteen years the rule has been observed. The result is that many of the wild birds of the woods and field have become quite tame, and some of them well domesticated. There are no partridges on Riverside now. These birds perished in the hard winter of 1894.

But there are many singing mocking birds, so tame that they come around the yards and feed with the chickens. They have selected places for building. The old birds return to their last year's nest and the young songsters select with much care their nest sites. "This spring," says Mr. Marshall, "there comes an exquisitely tuned mocking bird about the first dawn of the day every morning. He selects the highest chimney of the house, and from that pinnacle pours forth his melody until nearly sunrise." There are "Kentucky cardinals," orioles, kildeers, robins, nuthatches, larks and other birds in Riverside, all of them tamer than guinea chicks are, because they are never alarmed, and are fed, protected and fondled.

Mr. Marshall had no flickers or yellowhammers on his place, which was a distress to him. These birds build in vertical hollows, like that in the top of a decayed post. Mr. Marshall was told that when his gate posts got old and the processes of time made holes in them, the beautiful yellowhammers would find these hollows and nest there. Therefore, to hurry up their coming, he had big auger holes bored up and down in the sound gate posts, and, sure enough, the flickers found them out and nest there now every season. Mr. Marshall has built a little roof over each post to keep the rain from the nests.

"I walk about the place," Mr. Marshall says, "I come to a gate post with a flicker's nest in it, and a great outcry among the young and old birds is heard in the hollow in the post. I tap with my pencil on the post, and instantly every noise is stilled and there is absolute silence."

There are many kildeer birds in the fields at Riverside, and even the plowman turns his plowhorse aside and leaves the nest undisturbed, because "the boss says so."

The birds have a glorious time at Mr. Marshall's Riverside farm.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Who Else has Seen This?

Edgar, Neb., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In conversation with a gentleman who has just made a trip through western Indian Territory, yesterday, I picked up something new and interesting to me in regard to the habits of the prairie dog and rattlesnake.

This party said that a few weeks ago, while resting under a small tree in the territory where there was a dog town, he noticed a commotion among some dogs near him; they would run up to a place and peep at something, and then scamper off. Looking to see what was the matter, he saw that there were about fifteen to twenty dogs around a rattlesnake, which at length went into one of the dog holes. As soon as he had disappeared the little fellows began to push in dirt, evidently to fill the hole up, but about the time they got enough dirt to cover the entrance, the snake stuck its head up through the dirt, and every dog scampered off to a safe distance, all the time keeping up an incessant barking. The snake slowly crawled to another hole about a rod distant and went in, and then up came the dogs again and went to work to push dirt up before them to the hole.

This time they succeeded in their enterprise, and completely covered the entrance to the hole, and then went to work, using their noses to tamp with, and pounded the dirt down hard, after which they went away. My friend went to the place, and said he was surprised to find they had packed the dirt in solid with their noses, having sealed the snake well to the ground.

I had never heard of anything of the kind being seen before, and would like to know if it is something new in the dog and snake lore or not.

The gentleman is perfectly reliable, and has spent many years in the West, but said he had never heard or seen anything of the kind before.

H.

Mrs. Bradford's "Audubon."

Persons interested in birds and bird preservation will be gratified to learn of the remarkable success which has attended the publication of Mrs. Bradford's sketch of Audubon, the naturalist. This charming volume has already passed to its second edition, and the receipts from this sale have all of them been turned over by the author to the Audubon Monument Association, of New Orleans, La., of which she was the founder, and is the President. It is no small undertaking to attempt, with the point of a pen, to raise a monument to one long dead, but it is to be hoped that Mrs. Bradford will succeed in doing this. Certainly, her success up to the present time has been most encouraging.

It is in New Orleans, not far from the birthplace of the naturalist, and in an Audubon Park named after him, that the New Orleans Monument Association hopes to erect its memorial. Mrs. Bradford says:

"Here in New Orleans we have as yet only our beautiful Audubon Park to perpetuate his name; but we trust the day is not far distant when among its grand old live oaks and near the mighty river he loved, patriotic hands will place a noble statue in bronze of the great naturalist of Louisiana, a familiar figure, as he was in life, in hunter's dress, with dog and gun by his side. Let it be the pride of the women of New Orleans, with whom 'to will is to do,' both to undertake and to accomplish this long-delayed tribute to the memory and genius of Audubon."

We shall be glad to supply copies of Mrs. Bradford's book to those wishing to obtain it, at $1 each. The proceeds of the sale of the volume will be applied to the monument fund.

Tree Planting Association of New York City.

NEW YORK, July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Tree Planting Association has been organized a year, within which time 149 members have joined, and a beginning has been made in the planting of trees.

In consequence of the circulars that have been issued and of the notices that have appeared in the newspapers, 128 requests have been received by mail for information on the subject of tree planting from the general public, many asking for several duplicates.

Reports from the nurserymen show that 512 trees have been planted, and doubtless others of which the Association has not been notified.

The selection of the proper tree for each locality depends so much on various conditions that it will be safe for intending tree planters to consult with and follow the advice of the nurseryman with whom he places his order.

It is very gratifying to find so much interest taken in the subject by citizens generally, and by the press, who almost without exception recognize the advantages and favor the work of the Association and have done much to forward the plan and to encourage the project. W. A. STILES, Sec'y.

An Albino Quail.

BURNSIDE, La., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I enclose you a photograph of an albino quail. It is a perfect specimen of an albino, for it has not a single dark feather. This quail was killed in St. James Parish, Louisiana, last January. For several years one or two albino quail have been seen in this section of the country, but this is the first specimen I have been able to secure. I have never seen so perfect a specimen, although it is quite a common thing to see quail with white patches of feathers. Another specimen that was killed was cream color, with a few brown feathers scattered about over his back. W. P. MILES, Jr.

[The photograph, which, unfortunately, will not reproduce, shows the bird to be as Mr. Miles says, a perfectly white specimen]

A Cuckoo Out of Place.

ROCKLAND, Me., July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you by express a bird for identification. It was shot while swimming in deep water in a pond.

I could not place it; the nearest I could come was a young butcher-bird, a young kingbird, or one of the fly catchers; but neither of these satisfied. I have only "Samuel's Book of Birds" to assist me. J. W.

[The bird is a young black-billed cuckoo (*Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*), a nestling, which could probably fly only a few feet. It was of course altogether out of place in the pond, and very likely fell into the water from the nest, which it must have left very recently.]

The Merchants' Association of New York.

THE Merchants' Association of New York, is an organization of gentlemen, whose object is to increase to as large an extent as possible the number of buyers visiting New York this fall. The officers and directors, who give their services entirely without pay, are assisted by an advisory committee, which includes in its membership representative men in the various departments of trade. The Association will secure for its out-of-town members reduced rates from the various traffic associations, which will give any member, his family or employees the benefit of one and a third fare for a round trip ticket to New York, good for thirty days. Such tickets are also eligible for stop over at Philadelphia or Baltimore. Out-of-town membership may be secured without charge on application to the Association. Resident membership costs $25, and already large numbers of public-spirited business men, who appreciate the advantages to be attained as a result of the Association's efforts, have applied for membership.

The Association has its headquarters in the New York Life Building, Broadway and Leonard street, adjacent to the trade center of New York, Here an attractive reading room will be fitted up, which out-of-town members will find convenient as headquarters while visiting the city. All the facilities of a business club will be provided, including, of course, telegraph, telephone, etc , and there will also a bureau of information attached.

Manufacturers and dealers in sporting goods will find it to their advantage to coöperate with the Association. The special railroad rates will probably apply for the latter part of August and first of September.

Uncle Lisha and Sam Lovel.

WE have especially enjoyed, in our family of seven, the chapters of "Uncle Lisha" whenever they appear—the youngest member of the household is as eager to find Rowland E. Robinson's name in each new paper as I am.

We own the three volumes of the "Uncle Lisha" series and have read them aloud till the characters are familiar friends, and their quaint speeches are quoted aptly on many occasions. The books have also been placed in the public library of our town. Long live Rowland Robinson, to bring us closer to the heart of mother nature; and to help us understand human nature. L. H. BAILEY.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Pistol-Grip Stock.

NEW YORK, June 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So much controversy afterward arises as to where and when any improved device originated, that it is not undesirable when one accidentally comes across an early mention of an improvement, which subsequently becomes accredited and adopted, to make record of the fact. In that connection I send you, in relation to the now almost universal pistol-grip, the following extract from an interesting book, entitled "The Sportsman in France," by Frederic Tolfrey, Esq. (London, 1841), Volume 2, Chapter 7, "Rifle Shooting by an American Gentleman":

"KINGSTON, Upper Canada, Aug. 4, 1819.

"DEAR SIR:

"* * * I once saw a rifle made at Harper's Ferry, in our State, by order of the then Secretary at War [*sic*], for an Indian chief who had distinguished himself at the battle of the Horseshoe. It was a splendid piece of workmanship. Instead of the scroll guard, a limb, which grew out of the main stock just below where the right hand grasps the breech, was fashioned to resemble the butt-end of a pistol, handsomely chequered and capped silvered. This enabled you to grasp the gun with strength and steadiness, and had a very handsome appearance. I thought it an improvement."

The letter, which is addressed to Mr. Tolfrey, is quite lengthy, and follows an argument, in the preceding chapter, in favor of rifles over ball-carrying guns. It is signed (in the printed book) only with the initials S. S.

From this it appears that the pistol grip at least considerably antedates 1819. Curiously enough, the same letter recommends for a rifle "a foresight made altogether of ivory, * * * as it never glares," which idea I had supposed was to be properly credited to Mr. Lyman.

CHARLES STEWART DAVISON.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, of your dealer will supply you.

AMERICAN GAME PARKS.

The "Forest and Stream's" Fourth Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

Part One.—Fenced Parks.

(*Continued from page 63.*)

KEEPING pace with our diminishing game supply and decreasing covers is the movement for game preserves. The experimental stage has long since passed, and the day when such preserves as Blooming Grove or Austin Corbin's Blue Mountain Forest Park were regarded as interesting, because exceptional undertakings, has gone never to return. Game preserves are now as thoroughly established in this country as they are in the old world, and the fact that they have not as yet exerted a more powerful influence upon American sportsmen is due only to the great extent of our country, which still affords abundant opportunities for the unattached seeker after game or fish.

There is, however, little reason to fear that the rich sportsman will monopolize the shooting, as is the case in Europe, for here there are large areas of hunting country, where either State laws, public sentiment or natural conditions effectually operate against preserves. The conditions which favor preserves are cheap land with attractive natural features, and trespass laws which are well defined and easily enforced.

Under such conditions it is common for individuals or associations of sportsmen to take up large tracts of what might fitly be termed waste land, often almost divested of fish or game, and either by stocking with animals brought from a distance, or else by strict protection of the stock already on the land, vastly improving the sport for their individual benefit. It is worth noting that while such enterprise is unquestionably selfish in its origin, it often redounds to the benefit of all sportsmen who frequent the neighborhood, for such preserves act in measure as asylums for game, and the free hunting in the surrounding country is nearly always benefited.

As an illustration, it is safe to say that there would be no deer hunting on Long Island to-day were it not for the protection afforded by the preserved lands of the South Side Sportsman's Club, and others.

Though the object of our American preserves has been the same as that of their European prototypes, in that they have been organized to afford their owners better sport than could otherwise be assured, we have gone a step further than the old world in one respect and developed a new type in the fenced preserve. In Europe, the hunting country is practically nothing more than a series of contiguous preserves, and there is no need for fences, for while certain game may pass from one owner to another, an exchange is certain to be made sooner or later and the balance restored. In this country, however, many preserves are so isolated that fencing is a necessity in order to keep any game at all, and in other cases owners desire to introduce game not found in the surrounding country, and here again a fence is necessary to keep their own.

This type of fenced preserve is already well established and daily becoming more common. It enables the owner to experiment with exotic game, and also to locate his preserve whenever he pleases without reference to the surrounding game supply. He is also in a position to determine the increase of his game, and under certain limitations to influence its breeding. All which considerations make the fenced preserves extremely interesting to the naturalist and worthy of separate classification.

These reports are intended to show the progress of preserves in this country, and also to furnish material of interest to park owners and sportsmen in general relative to the effects of protection and the breeding of the various native and exotic species in captivity. The first report of this series was printed in our issue for Feb. 17, 1894. In 1895 articles were printed May 11 and 18. In 1896, July 4, 11 and 18.

Litchfield Park.

LITCHFIELD PARK, in the Adirondacks, is the property of Mr. Edward H Litchfield, of New York. Mr. Litchfield is a sportsman of ripe experience, who has hunted all over the United States, and is familiar with the different species of game animals in their native wilds. This fact gives the keynote to his park, for first of all it is designed to be a hunting park, where the game and fish are preserved for the sport their pursuit and capture brings.

Litchfield Park dates back to August, 1893, when Mr. Litchfield purchased a tract of 9,000 acres of wild forest land in the southwest corner of Franklin county, N. Y., and just east of Tupper Lake. The following September he had the park inclosed with Page woven wire fencing, using the growing trees to a large extent for posts. "The fence has stood the racket nobly," said Mr. Litchfield, in referring to it recently. "In a number of instances large trees fell on it, but in every case as soon as they were removed the fence sprang back to its original position, and it is, at the present time, in as good condition as when it was built."

Beginning in the spring of 1894, Mr. Litchfield purchased a small band of elk, which, prior to the completion of the main fence, were kept in a smaller inclosure, and later other elk were added, till last year the herd numbered over thirty. Their numbers have undoubtedly been increased by births, but owing to the extent of the park, and the fact that the elk are scattered, Mr. Litchfield is unable to give any figures bearing on the increase. Thirty-five more elk have been ordered from a Western dealer, and will no doubt soon be added to those already in the park.

In addition to the elk there are several black-tail deer, and a large number of native Virginia deer, besides jack-rabbits, pheasants and smaller game.

Mr. Litchfield visited the park during the winter, in the months of January, February and March, and found the elk in good condition. At the present time they are looking well, and are fat. Mr. Litchfield gives them no hay or other feed, and believes in making them forage for themselves. The idea of feeding his game as though it were domestic stock is distasteful to him, and, moreover, he believes the game will do better in the long run if left to shift for itself. Of course, a careful oversight of the game is kept by Superintendent Du Bois, and if the animals exhibited any signs of starvation, food would instantly be provided. As a matter of fact, however, the elk and other animals are sleek and "sassy," and at the same time as wild as any other like game to be found in America.

Mr. Litchfield has recently added to the area of his land by the purchase of an adjoining tract in St. Lawrence county, extending three miles along the eastern shore of Tupper Lake, and including the islands at the head of the lake as well as a half of County Island, and also a mile of the west side of the lake contiguous to the county line. This new tract takes in the best part of Tupper Lake, with a number of beautiful little islands and a shore line irregular and very picturesque.

Mr. Litchfield is at present engaged in building a good road to connect his park with the railroad at Tupper Lake Village. This road will begin at the park, west gate, and run northeast parallel with the general direction of the shore of Tupper Lake to Moody P. O., a distance of five and one-quarter miles. There is already a good road connecting Moody with the railroad at Tupper Lake Village. The work is being done under the supervision of a competent engineer, and thirty men are employed on it at the present time.

On the preserve proper are a number of lakes all stocked with trout. While fishing in one of the smallest of these last summer, Mr. Litchfield found a brook trout that had been struck by a fish hawk and run up into a little inlet stream and died, that measured 20½in. long and weighed 6¼lbs. Under protection the fishing is greatly improving, and experience all tends to show that where the game is not already extinct protection will achieve wonderful results. In the case of the fishing the natives formerly were accustomed to skin the waters by means of set-lines and fishing on the spawning beds and through the ice. As a result, at the time when Mr. Litchfield first bought the tract the fishing was very poor. Now, however, it is as good as could be desired. To keep up the supply no permits for fishing are given, and all fish not required for the table are returned to the water immediately.

All Mr. Litchfield's pheasants have disappeared, as was to be expected; but, notwithstanding, he has turned out more this year, content to have his neighbors benefit, even if he himself does not. He has not been able to procure any wild turkeys or caribou, though he has advertised for both varieties. Mr. Litchfield is also on the market for moose; but though he has closed contracts for this game it has never materialized.

Blue Mountain Forest Park.

Chief among the fenced preserves, by reason of its size and importance, is the Corbin Blue Mountain Forest Park, near Newport, N. H. Wandering at will within the fences of this immense preserve, which includes a tract of more than forty square miles, are upward of 3,000 large game animals, including deer, elk, moose, buffalo and boar. Its conception dates back only ten years, and the first wild game was turned loose only a little over seven years ago. So much has been written of this park that no detailed description will be attempted here. Full details will be found in previous reports, and also in our issues for March 12, 1891, and May 26, 1892. It is worth noting, however, that the present increase of wild game is due almost wholly to an original stocking of about 300 animals.

The leading varieties of game in the park at present, according to Supt. Stockwell's estimate, are: Buffalo 54, elk 1,150, moose 200, white-tail deer 500, black-tail and Columbia 650. European red deer 75, besides thar, boar, etc.

We are indebted to Mr. Austin Corbin for the following particulars:

"Every species has done well, with the exception of the wild boar. We have hitherto fed these animals with corn during the winter, but decided this past winter to see if they could not get along without it. As a result, a great many died, and I imagine that none of the young ones born during the most severe season lived. The number is probably reduced to less than half of that we had last year. I fancy that we have at least 250 up there. Anyhow, we have quite enough, as these animals are very destructive to pasture land.

The buffalo have also done well, and we have to the present date twelve calves born this spring, and expect several others. The above figures, of course, do not include the portion of the herd sent to Van Cortlandt Park, which were originally twenty five, but received an increase of three young ones this year."

The Berkshire Game Preserve.

One of the most recent of American fenced preserves, and one that promises to be among the largest, is that of Hon. Wm. C Whitney in the Berkshires, near Lenox, Mass. Mr. Whitney owns about 10,000 acres of picturesque hill country, including Washington Mountain. Something more than 1,000 acres of this is at present inclosed with seven miles of Page fencing of a special pattern, which is higher and has a greater number of wires more closely spaced than the standard game preserve fence. It is 9ft. 8in. in height, and has twenty-eight horizontal steel wires and sixteen vertical wires to the rod. For 3ft. from the bottom the horizontal wires are only 3in. apart, so that it is impossible for dogs or even smaller animals to pass through the fence. Higher up, the spacing increases gradually to 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8in.

Last year thirty elk were turned loose in the park, and the game has been increased within a few weeks by the addition of thirteen buffalo, twenty blacktail deer and twenty antelope, ordered from H. K. Glidden, of the Moosehead Ranch, Jackson, Wyo. The buffalo include three bulls and ten cows.

St. Louis Park and Agricultural Co.

The preserve of the St. Louis Park and Agricultural Co. is in Taney county, Mo., in the southern part of the State, and forty miles from Chadwick, the nearest railroad station.

It comprises an area of 5,000 acres, inclosed with a barb wire fence 13ft. high.

It is stocked with elk, native deer, red deer, fallow deer

and Angora goats. The gentlemen interested are mostly officers of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., of St. Louis.

"ST. LOUIS, June 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We do not know that we can say more now than was said in our letter to you of June 29, 1896, except that all reports we have from our preserve keeper are encouraging. For some time past our stock of elk and deer has been increasing right along by births, and we presume this will continue for probably a month to come. We have made more headway this spring in the raising of Mongolian pheasants than formerly, and now we have quite a number of these birds. We are not hunting or killing any game on our preserve, except enough for table use when some of our members visit the club house, preferring to let them multiply; and will only kill them when they become too numerous. None of the members of the club have been able to visit the grounds this year, but all reports we have from there are to the effect that all the game is thriving, while the fishing is good in White River, which runs through our preserve. J. P. LITTON, Sec'y-Treas."

The Page Game Park.

The Page Woven Wire Fence Co. has a preserve at Adrian, Mich., where the different varieties of American game are bred and reared with almost uniform success. There are at the present time in the park two moose, nine buffalo, thirty-nine deer and seventeen elk, besides a small band of coyotes and eight black bears (including four new animals in the shape of cubs) These latter are kept in separate inclosures. Among the deer are a number of black tails. The common deer are from stock captured in the Adirondacks, Michigan and other widely separated localities. Eighteen fawns were born last year, including a number of sets of twins, but owing to the fact that the tract is not very well provided with suitable browse or shade a number of them died. The larger game animals usurped the most desirable shade, and the fawns thus driven out could not stand the exposure to the sun and elements.

The elk were purchased four years ago and have bred regularly since the first year. The buffalo came from three separate herds, which should prove a desirable factor in breeding. Two calves were born this year.

Furlough Lodge.

At his summer place in the Catskills, Mr. George J. Gould has a game preserve of 600 acres. This is inclosed with wire fencing, and is well stocked with ring-neck and Mongolian pheasants and various kinds of hares as well as large game. The greater part of the park is woodland, and the property includes a fine trout lake of twenty acres extent.

Mr. Gould's superintendent writes that there are now sixty-five elk in the preserve, and fifteen or twenty deer, including black-tail and common Virginia deer.

The Alling Game Preserve.

Col. Frank Alling, of Tacoma, Wash., has for some time given attention to stocking Fox Island, which lies five miles off shore to the southwest of Tacoma, distant from the city an hour and a half's steamboat ride. The island is about six miles long by two wide, and has an area of some 5,000 acres It is well watered and timbered, and wild land except for a few fruit ranches. Here Mr. Alling has liberated large numbers of ring-neck, golden, silver and Reeves pheasants, mountain and valley quail, and quail brought from the north of India. Deer are rapidly multiplying under his protection, and all the birds he has liberated are doing nicely, and are now leading about large coveys of young.

The Glen Beulah Park Association.

The Glen Beulah Park Association was recently incorporated under the laws of Colorado in conformance with Section 20 of the act relating to forest game and fish for the purpose of establishing a "park for breeding, domesticating and raising elk, antelope, deer or mountain sheep."

The Association controls 15,000 acres near the head of Roan Creek, Garfield county, seventeen miles from De Beque. This land is so located in the cañon of Clear Creek that it has been found necessary to erect fences in but few places, the walls of the cañon for the most part forming natural boundaries.

The intention of the Association is to protect the native game already within the enclosure. The officers are: President, John A. Hinebaugh; vice-president, E. Bennett; secretary, C. E. Noble; all of Colorado Springs.

Caton Park.

The late Judge John Dean Caton, author of the standard work, "Antelope and Deer of America," was probably the first man in this country to bring together in one park the different species of American game. Since his death most of his game has been disposed of, but as there are at present in the park seventeen common adult deer, eight fawns and one doe mule deer. We are indebted for this information to Mr. R. F. Prettyman, agent for the Rock Island Railroad at Ottawa, Ill., where the park is situated. Mr. Prettyman adds: "Three does escaped a short time ago and are still at large, they are supposed to each have a fawn. The increase since last year's report is the eight fawns above mentioned. There are no fish in the park and no shooting is allowed."

The Caton preserve was of small area as compared with some of the modern game parks, and probably never contained at any one time more than one hundred animals. It is enclosed with a picket fence 8ft. high.

Hon. W. R. Grace.

Hon. William R. Grace has a small herd of deer and a number of English pheasants on his country place at Great Neck, L. I. He writes: "The increase has been fair. There is no fishing on the place to speak of and no shooting is allowed."

Hon. Abram S. Hewitt.

The Hon. Abram S. Hewitt writes of his place in New Jersey: "I regard the attempt to preserve game upon my property at Ringwood as an entire failure. I do not care to enter into particulars, but it has seemed to be impossible to prevent the destruction of the birds and of the fish in the streams by any reasonable amount of supervision and protection. Beyond posting the property, therefore I have concluded to abandon all attempt for its preservation, except such fishing as may be found in the stream passing directly in front of my own residence."

Belle Meade Deer Park.

In connection with his famous stock farm near Nashville, Tenn., Gen. W. H. Jackson has a large deer park, of the type that was once common in Virginia and the South. Writing of his park, General Jackson says: "There are 500 acres in the deer park at Belle Meade. There are some 400 deer confined therein. The deer are well cared for, well protected, and seem to be quite satisfied with their lot. They are prolific breeders, and I cannot say that their confinement interferes in the least with their breeding."

Stave Island.

Mr. F. H. Wells, of Burlington, Vt., has established a preserve on Stave Island, in Lake Champlain, eleven miles north of Burlington. The island has an area of eighty six acres, and is inclosed with Page fencing, a necessary precaution in view of the fact that the lake freezes from shore to shore each winter. The preserve is well stocked with pheasants, quail and rabbits. Mr. Wells writes under date of July 2: "About Dec. 1, 1896. I turned loose three deer, one buck and two does. In June we found two fawn. There may be more fawn, but we have been unable to find them as yet. The quail and pheasants wintered fairly well."

Ne-ha-sa-ne Park.

NE HA-SA-NE, Lake Lila, N. Y., June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to your letter asking for information regarding Dr. Wm. Seward Webb's Ne-ha sa-ne Park, I am pleased to give you the following: The park consists of about 40,000 acres in the very heart of the Adirondack forests, but only a small portion—about 8,000 acres—is fenced for big game. This was fenced for us four years ago by House & Co., of Chicago, with perfect success, and is, in my judgment, the best and safest forest fence built for this game. The fence is 9ft. high and made of No. 9 galvanized telegraph wire, sixteen wires being used in graduated widths with plenty of "guards" to keep wires in position. The deer in the park are native, and, not having been hounded in the last four years, have increased probably three-fourths. A close estimate of the number of native deer on so extensive an area could hardly be given. We have put in at different times, sixty elk and twenty moose. The elk were turned in during the fall, but I think, for choice of season, I would prefer the springtime. The elk did not seem to breed much the first year or two, but during the last two years every cow has had a calf. The moose have been in only two years, but many young are expected this spring I think the Adirondack forest better suited to moose and caribou than to elk, as the former derive their sustenance by browsing in the forest, while the elk are grazers. Yet elk bred here ought to do well. The number of fish have increased at least three-fourths in the last five years. While the State laws are, of course, strictly observed, we also have our park laws governing guests. No does are killed at any time, and not more than twenty-five trout a day are allowed to be taken by one person. No permits are granted. The park is used only by the owner, Dr. Wm. Seward Webb, his family and their guests. B. P. AMES, Supt.



ELK IN THE VELVET—PAGE PARK, MICHIGAN.

From the Game Laws in Brief.

Biltmore Estate.

IN CAMP, Ecusta, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the Biltmore Estate, owned by Mr. G. W. Vanderbilt, a deer park has been planned for some time. However, it will be a comparatively small affair, and is meant to meet landscape purposes more than sport. It will contain about 250 acres only, and will be stocked with fallow deer.

On the Biltmore Estate (about 6,000 acres under fence) and in Pisgah Forest (about 80,000 acres), the native game and the trout streams have been protected for a few years by an organized system of rangers and assistant rangers. The rangers are in charge of "ranges" containing 2,000 acres each on the Biltmore Estate, and about 25,000 acres in Pisgah Forest. Apart from their functions as game-keepers, the rangers are acting as foremen with any day laborers, and as supervisors with any contractors employed by the Forest Department, within their respective ranges.

A few Mongolian pheasants and a dozen wild goats were turned out. However, my impression is very strong that protection of the native game (Virginia deer, wild turkeys, ruffed grouse, woodcock, quail, and even rabbits) will afford better sport than the introduction of species that are not indigenous to this country.

Game protection, of course, must be combined with feeding during a few weeks in winter, and with checking wolves, bears, wildcats, fox, mink, coon and hounds, by means of steel traps, poison and rifle.

For the deer, some salting-troughs have been put up.

A small lake has been stocked with bass; six fishponds and the headwaters of Davidson's River with rainbow trout.

Pisgah Forest has been made accessible by about 250 miles of footpaths built recently. C. A. SCHENCK.

North Oaks.

President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, has a game preserve at his country place, "North Oaks," a short distance north of St. Paul, Minn. Our Chicago correspondent, Mr. Hough, visited this preserve last winter, and the report of what he saw was printed in FOREST AND STREAM, April 3, 1897.

The North Oaks property embraces a tract of about 8,000 acres of rolling land, covered for the most part with a native growth of short oaks and other hardwood trees, and embellished by no less than seven lakes, some of them nearly a mile in their greatest measurement.

These lakes swarm with fish, and afford fine sport at the present time, as a result of protection There is also very good duck shooting to be had each fall, the ducks coming in for the wild rice, which grows luxuriantly about the lakes.

The most noteworthy feature of Mr. Hill's collection, however, is his buffalo herd. Last year there were twenty-two full-blood buffalo, besides six crosses, including four half-breeds and two three-quarter-breeds. These latter were all the offspring of one mother, an old Galloway cow, which raises a calf almost every year to a full-blooded buffalo sire. There were fourteen full-blood buffalo cows.

Mr. Hill has had trouble with his buffalo, and since the original purchase of stock, which was probably from the Allard herd, six animals have died and five others (bulls) were killed. The range given the buffalo is something over 400 acres in extent, comprising meadows, open glades and forest.

Among the other animals in the preserve, the most important, numerically considered, are the elk, of which there are eighteen. Three years ago five moose were released, but all died, probably owing to the scarcity of browse at the place where they were confined.

There are six whitetail deer—five does and a buck—and these, together with the elk, have been kept upon a wooded island eighty-seven acres in extent. The food on this island is insufficient for the game, necessitating feeding with oats, hay and cornstalk fodder, and at the time of our corespondent's visit it was the intention to enlarge their limits by the addition of an adjacent meadow and contiguous strips of low lying woodland and shrubbery The elk have done fairly well, and five calves were born in 1896. There are ten cows at present included in the herd Quail prairie chickens and pheasants are also found on the preserve.

Tranquility Park.

Mr. Rutherfurd Stuyvesant's game preserve at Allamuchy, N. J., includes an area of about 4,000 acres, enclosed with a close board fence 9ft high and one barb wire 11in. above the boards. Mr. C. W. Puffer, superintendent in charge, furnishes the following particulars:

"The deer are increasing fast. I think there are over 200 They wintered well—did not lose a deer last winter—and are having a good lot of fawns this summer. The fawns do not follow the does much yet, but will next month, when I can tell better about the increase. It is Mr. Stuyvesant's wish to have them as wild as possible, and I think they will suit him in this respect, as they seem to be getting wilder every year.

"The elk have done well, even better this last year than previous winters, for we have no losses whatever. I cannot tell how many calves the elk have, for they stay in the woods in the daytime and feed mostly nights in the hot weather, but I saw fifteen calves together at one time.

"We wintered forty-eight elk. We expect to kill some of the old bulls next fall.

"The beaver are increasing. I saw seven all swimming in the lake at once in May. Some of them have gone into the streams in the park and built dams, and as a result we have three lakes or ponds in the park now.

Last winter was a good winter for birds, and we have the pleasure of hearing the Bob White, which we haven't heard in the park before in three years.

"We have a few broods of ruffed grouse and any quantity of gray squirrels."

The New York Zoological Park.

Though the Zoölogical Park to be established in Bronx

Park, New York city, does not, strictly speaking, come under the head of a game preserve, it deserves mention in this connection as a breeding center for American game animals. Here will be found elk, antelope, deer, buffalo and all the principal varieties of our big game living under conditions as nearly like as it is possible to make them those with which they were familiar in their wild state

The plans of the Zoölogical Society, as stated by Director William T. Honraday, include a buffalo range of twenty acres and like spacious enclosures for the other important animals. A herd of twenty or twenty-five buffalo will be kept, including both sexes and all ages. It will be a "show herd," composed of animals selected for their beauty and perfection of type.

Similarly the elk group will be thoroughly representative of the species Here ten or twelve animals will be enough for the typical herd. No attempt will be made to secure a large number of any one species, but on the other hand the greatest care will be taken to present a series of strong, healthy animals at different ages. Whenever possible, the enclosing fences will be sunk so that spectators can look directly at the animals from above. The present plans include at least a mile of enclosures for large animals that can be so overlooked.

The Bear Swamp Game Preserve.

The Bear Swamp Game Park, located in Sussex county, N J., contains about 1 000 acres of woodland, the timber consisting of oak and chestnut principally. A swamp of about 100 acres, thickly covered with pine, hemlock and laurel, near the center of the tract, adds beauty to the park as well as protection to the game. This is known as the Bear Swamp, and from it the park derives its name. The tract was purchased in 1894 by Dr. E S. Dalrymple, of Branchville, N. J., with the view of forming a private game preserve The park was fenced about a year ago with 8ft. Page woven wire. There has been no shooting allowed since 1894, and as a result the native game, consisting of grouse and rabbits, has increased rapidly. Quail are also to be found, though they are not very abundant.

The park is not yet stocked to its full capacity. A number of Canada hares were liberated in the spring of 1896 and have made a good showing, as have also some English pheasants turned out at the same time. Thirty or forty Belgian hares, liberated last summer, have not been heard from, having probably fallen victims to gray foxes, which were at one time quite numerous, and which have destroyed considerable small game. The foxes are now, we think, practically exterminated.

A number of Virginia deer were turned loose in the park last year. They have been seen occasionally since, and have prospered Some fawns have been seen this summer.

The park is watered by a stream and tributaries which empty into Lake Owassa. This lake, which is some two miles in extent, lies along the western side of the park. It affords excellent bass fishing, and is free to the public.

Hon. J. F. Duncombe.

Hon. J. F. Duncombe, Fort Dodge, Ia., writes: "I have had in my deer park from twelve to thirty deer until last March, for twenty-nine years, or about that time. Unfortunately in two nights the dogs got into my deer park and destroyed all of them except two. I have now, I am sorry to say, but two remaining."

In Northern Montana.

COLUMBIA FALLS, Mont., June 16 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would say in regard to the information which you desire, that the elk captured by Christensen Brothers, Rogers and myself in 1896, and those previously caught by us, are doing well in the parks of Messrs Howell & Ryther in this valley.

They are very prolific; in fact, three of the four cows which we brought out last spring raised calves that season. White-tail deer in the parks mentioned do not seem to do so well. Deer, in my opinion, should not be confined in parks, unless of large area, as their temperament and delicate constitution is such as will not warrant their being safely handled to any extent, and they do much better when left to shift for themselves.

Mr. Rogers and I have for the past seven months spent most of our time in the mountains in the eastern part of the valley and north to the Canadian boundary, a distance of about sixty miles from Columbia Falls.

Our work was looking up the game and making an estimate—comparing it with what I knew of the game in the vicinity seven years ago. Mr Rogers also did some photographing.

We found that the white-tail deer had increased wonderfully. We saw a great many every time we passed through their winter quarters. Their increase is readily solved when the fact is known that no hunter can get at them after winter sets in without a good deal of hard snowshoeing, for there is a high divide to be crossed before one can get at them. Furthermore, a few of us who are interested in that section of the country, by vigorous efforts have kept the Indians (Stony Indians, from Canada) out of there. They nearly cleaned the country of game ten years ago; in fact, the black-tail deer got such a blow that they never recovered, though a few wintered on the North Fork of the Flathead River, near the boundary, and a few wintered further south on the other side of the river. The remnant of a band of moose that the Indians left have increased fast. We estimated that there were from thirty to forty moose in that section, judging from the amount of sign we saw. We were not in the elk region this winter, so cannot vouch for them, but from inquiries made I did not hear of any being killed by hunters or otherwise. As the winter was exceptionally mild, I don't think they could have decreased in numbers.

The mountain goats do not seem to have decreased in numbers in our vicinity. We could have captured several had we wished to, as they came down into the timber to feed, when the deep snow came. Fishing is good. Trout were taking the fly when we left camp, June 5.

Mr. Rogers caught two bull trout, weighing 3 and 6lbs. respectively, while trolling one morning—the last of May—on Cleveland Lake, a beautiful sheet of water eight and a half miles long by one quarter to three-quarters of a mile in width. Waterfowl are not worth mentioning, as the flight is short and but few birds come this way. Partridges and fool-hens are as plentiful as one could wish, and blue grouse are by no means scarce.

We finished our winter's campaign with a bear hunt this spring. Though not successful in making a large catch, we are perfectly satisfied with the quality. We got two large silver-tips; the larger skin measures 7ft. 6in. in length by 6½ft. in width.

The other bear is a trifle smaller. Both are well furred, and are rare specimens. The weather so far has been cool and dry this season, which is favorable to young birds and game in general. Hoping this may be of interest to your readers, as there is seldom any communication from this part of Montana. C. A. BRYANT.

MAINE GAME AND GUIDES.

STATE OF MAINE, COMMISSIONERS OF INLAND FISHERIES AND GAME, Augusta, July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So many contradictory statements are being published relative to the hunting, killing, etc., of our big game, and the "guides' registration bill," that I venture to send you an editorial taken from the Bangor *News* of July 21, the leading newspaper in northern and eastern Maine, where our big game is. It is a well considered article, and hits the nail on the head squarely. L. T. CARLETON.

The *News* says: Lumbermen, river drivers and tourists who have lately come down from the up-river woods tell different stories about the big game which they have seen, and concerning which they have heard reports. While individual testimony differs widely, the majority of reports are agreed upon several things. Moose and caribou are rare and shy. They seem to grow less plentiful every year, a fact which is no doubt due to persistent hunting in open season. Though moose and caribou are occasionally killed out of season, the cases of violation are not at all common and grow less frequent every year. The considerate, yet rigid, enforcement of the game laws which the Commissioners have undertaken and carried out successfully has made the life of the professional poacher very sad. He boasts of what he has done and is going to do in the line of slaughter; he tells how easy it is to get a deer or a moose in close time; he calls the wardens fools and cowards, and he makes a lot of verbal warfare which sounds very brave. He does all of this before strangers and tenderfeet who have come to the woods for big game regardless of the law. When a warden comes along he cowers, stammers and pleads for mercy, like an unweaned calf. He never killed a deer; the deer which the warden has found dead with water on its hide and a bullet hole in its neck committed suicide, and finally, to prove that he is honest, he boldly asserts that there are no deer in his region; therefore he could not kill any. The men of this class lived on short commons for two years, and most of them have gone out of the business.

Everybody says that deer are unusually plentiful this year. They are in all parts of Maine, showing themselves boldly at midday and despoiling the planted crops in the fields until the farmers are raging mad. Reports of illegal killing, while common and bloody enough to satisfy the readers of dime novels, are mostly inventions gotten up to vex the wardens and annoy the Commissioners. No doubt that a good number of deer have been dogged during the present summer. A dog running at large is not a responsible animal and does not comprehend the law against dogging deer. While dogs have been chasing deer in several parts of eastern Maine, it is hard work to prove that they were put upon the chase by men, and a community can hardly be blamed for the voluntary crimes of a few curs. This question of dogging deer is a hard one to settle. Those who have visited the sporting camps in the Maine woods have no doubt noticed that nearly every camp supports one or more dogs. When the dogs are hounds, beagles, harriers or mongrels of these breeds, the presumption is that they are kept for the purpose of chasing deer, and thus afford sport for the patrons of the camps. It is an actual fact that most any kind of a dog will follow a deer, and the dogs of the hound kind are not the only offenders for which the wardens should be watchful. The beautiful curly-coated water spaniel, which many men keep for the purpose of treeing partridges, is also a most industrious animal when following the tracks of a deer or a rabbit. It has a sharp, clear voice and a steady way of following which generally ends in success. While it is not argued that all or half the Irish spaniels kept in camps are there to chase deer, it will be safe to keep these animals in view when they run loose in the woods. In fact, a dog is an irresponsible animal that is never safe among game unless it has been thoroughly trained, and is accompanied by some person to regulate its conduct. The tendency of modern legislation is to restrict the liberty of dogs. Should the dogging of deer increase to an alarming extent in Maine, a law compelling owners of dogs to keep them under restraint will be demanded, and if the next Legislature has the same temper of the last one, such a law will receive a triumphant passage through both houses.

Upon the whole, the Commissioners are making a brave effort to stem the tide of tradition and prejudice which still prevails in the far backwoods. They are enforcing the laws much better than they were ever enforced before, and they are making a good fight to preserve the fish and game of Maine, so the great sporting grounds may be a perpetual source of income and pleasure to the people of Maine. No doubt the warden service can be improved, though it is better now than ever before. Most of the wardens who work on salary under orders from the Commissioners are wide awake and earnest men. Some of them are rather too aged for active service in running down poachers, but their minds are alert, and their wide knowledge of mankind makes their services valuable. The trouble lies in the local wardens, whose duty it is to guard certain streams and ponds near their homes. These men, having friends and enemies, are prone to reward the former and punish the latter more than actual justice demands. But this cannot be remedied until the State grants money enough to keep all the wardens under salary.

It is too early to predict the result of the new guide license act, for which Commissioner Carleton made such a great fight last winter. The guides, who oppose the bill and who threatened to shoot, burn and destroy, have nearly all come up and taken out licenses, as the *News* said they would do. To refuse a license and attempt to guide is an open declaration of outlawry—a hoisting of the black flag of piracy. Such threats simply cast suspicions upon the guides who made them, and did not for a moment hinder the enactment of a just and long-needed law. Since the act was passed the Commissioners have been firm and most generous to all their old foes. No competent man has been refused a license because of his former opposition. All that is asked of him is that he observes the laws from now on. His past talk and his past acts are all forgotten, wiped out as if they had never been. The guides are now placed upon their honor. So long as they deport themselves correctly they will receive the cordial support and encouragement of the Commissioners, and whenever one of them steps over the boundary the Commissioners hold his punishment in their own hands. In theory the guides' license act is one of the best laws ever passed by any Legislature. Up to date it is working beautifully. Should the fair promises of to-day be fulfilled in the autumn the new law will save Maine many thousands of dollars every year and will do more in the line of game preservation than an annual appropriation of $100,000.

The fish and game interests of Maine are in good hands. Let the Commissioners follow up the work they have started so well.

BILL CHADWICK'S.

I HAD been sent home to recover from a severe illness contracted in a camp before Yorktown. While debating what I should do and where best to go to hasten my recovery and escape from the heat, some friend suggested "Bill Chadwick's," on Squan Beach, near the head of Barnegat Bay. I had often heard of this spot as a famous place for bay snipe, wildfowl and beach parties, to say nothing of soft shell crabs, bluefish and applejack.

I was not long in finding a shooting chum to join me, and so it happened that one warm July day found us driving along the deep, sandy roads and through the lonesome pines that lay between Red Bank and our destination. Our driver was a good-natured Jerseyman, very jolly, but with a great weakness for stopping at every tavern to sample the applejack, which proceeding, as much as the sandy roads, lengthened our journey to such an extent that it was quite dark before we reached the hard beach along the ocean, which formed the last stage of our journey. This part of our drive was most delightful. The cool sea breeze, blowing fresh off the ocean, was charming after our hot, dusty drive, and banished entirely the clouds of mosquitoes that had tormented us for several hours past. The waves pounded on the shore, sending the salt spray almost into our faces, and the line of foam hissing and curling up to our horses' feet. Plover and bay birds innumerable whistled and called high up in the air, giving promise of glorious sport for the morrow; and in the East the great round face of the full moon lit up the wrinkled surface of the rolling sea; while far away to the south Barnegat Light blinked and flashed its warning to all mariners. We supped heartily and well at Charley Moxon's and resumed our drive. Presently the twinkling lights of Chadwick's hospitable tavern was sighted, but it was fully 9 P. M. before Quango, the Newfoundland, welcomed us with noisy barking and Bill had us out on the long, low-roofed piazza, shaking us by the hand. We were at once ushered into the cozy little bar-room, so thick with tobacco smoke that it was almost impossible to recognize any one across the room. Here a goodly company of gunners and sportsmen were assembled, a most cosmopolitan crowd. After the usual New Jersey welcome we adjourned to the dining-room, where we enjoyed a cup of Mrs. Chadwick's excellent coffee, and then returned to listen to the fishing and shooting talk going on around Bill's bar, to say nothing of ghost stories, tales of shipwrecks and the like, while off in a corner a couple of young men were loudly arguing over the rival merits of the Hong Kong and Yokohama beauties. Tired and sleepy, we were soon shown to our respective apartments by Bill, who promised to call us in time for the early morning shooting.

It seemed to me to be only five minutes after when the flash of Chadwick's candle awakened me. "Half past 3, Major," said Bill; "time to get up." And up I got. We were provided with a bag of stools, as the wooden decoys are called in that locality, and directed to a blind made of green bushes and weeds only a couple of hundred yards from the house. Urged by the distant calls of passing flocks of yellow-legs and dowitchers, we were not long in placing out our decoys on a convenient sand bar and seating ourselves comfortably in our blind. Both my chum and myself were fairly good callers, and as there was a steady flight of the various kinds of bay snipe we soon had a goodly string of birds, notwithstanding many villainous misses. After a couple of hours of good sport the welcome sound of Chadwick's breakfast horn recalled us to the house. Leaving our guns in the blind we started back to breakfast, for which Mrs. Chadwick was justly famous. Coffee, bluefish, clam fritters and flap jacks appeared and disappeared in quick succession, and back we went to our blind. We now regretted having left our guns in the blind, for a flock of fine marlin passed us within easy range in answer to our whistle, but seeing our helpless condition went their way rejoicing. Shortly after a fine bunch of willet swirled over our decoys and departed, leaving a number behind them. By 10 o'clock the sun grew too hot for comfort, so we adjourned to the beach and enjoyed a refreshing dip in the surf in company of a jolly party of young people from Tom's River, piloted over by the veteran Capt. Gulick. Toward sundown there was another good flight, and when we returned to supper we were able to decorate Bill's piazza with a noble string of birds.

To make a long story short, we spent a happy week here enjoying good shooting, and once or twice we varied our sport by a sail down the bay to Barnegat Light, where we enjoyed elegant weakfishing and bluefishing. At the end of the week we returned to the city much better for our trip, and distributed our birds among our admiring and grateful friends.

A villainous railroad now runs down the beach and the bay birds know it no more, so let no sportsman go down there expecting to find shooting. There is nothing left but the mosquitoes, and the glory of Bill Chadwick's has departed forever. WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

Virginia Game Prospects.

PINE VIEW, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The call of Bob White is again with us almost in the old-time plenty. I think I am safe in saying that there are 120 pairs nesting (some are out with the brood) within three miles of this place. It will be a close season with them again this year—then for sport that will awaken the sluggish blood of the sportsman. There are about eleven broods of wild turkeys in same scope of country. Pheasants are doing well. Rabbits were never more plenty, with a few deer. W. L. C.

A High-Priced Guide.

A GENTLEMAN of the East, who was probably in search of information for business purposes in regard to good shooting country, recently sent out to Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, E. S., Mich., what was probably a circular letter, though on its face it did not bear the appearance of one. The sender probably had very little acquaintance with Mr. Mershon, for the document in question read as follows:

"MR. W. B. MERSHON, Saginaw, Mich.—Dear Sir: Will you kindly tell me what inducements your country offers to sportsmen. What different kinds of game you have, and what you consider the best season for each kind. Also let me know what accommodations you have for taking care of sportsmen, how many you can take care of at one time, whether you have dogs, horses and decoys if necessary. Give me an idea of your usual prices and such information as you may deem necessary. An early reply will greatly oblige."

It happens that Mr. Mershon is not engaged in the business of guiding, though he does shoot and fish a good deal on his own account. He owns a part of the famous shooting car, the W. B. Mershon, which has been elsewhere mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM from time to time, and when he is not out on some shooting or fishing trip, or engaged in handling a political campaign, Mr. Mershon runs a good, healthy business of his own. He receives the request for information as to his ability at guiding very good-naturedly, and says that he has advised the inquirer that Saginaw is not exactly the sort of town the inquirer thinks, but has several boarding houses, about the size of the Adams House, the Vincent or the old Tremont, of Boston, and the hunter could probably get a lunch put up without much difficulty. "As to what I charge," said Mr. Mershon, "I said it all depended on the work I had to to, and that I had come to the conclusion, when my term of office as mayor of the city came to an end a year ago, that $10,000 was a small salary."

Mr. Mershon is, as I may personally testify, an excellent guide, though it is necessary to write him a little in advance, as his time is pretty well taken. He is the sort of guide you find usually in the South—the sort that will not go hunting or fishing with you for anything but the fun of it. Guiding is a peculiarly Northern institution. Of all guides I have ever had along with me with special cars of their own, Mr. Mershon will stand comparison with the best. He has plenty of decoys and very good dogs, and his table is above reproach. I really think Eastern sportsmen might do worse than to engage him, if they can stand the price.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Long Island Meadow Hens.

I DO not understand what the Long Island constables are doing. Last week a party went to Rock Lead (near Long Beach Hotel) and killed twenty seven meadow hens. It is a crime, as just now they have either eggs or young ones. Another family in Christian Huck has been living for several weeks on meadow hen eggs, picked out in the meadow.

C. B.

[The New York law protects meadow hens from Aug 16 to Jan. 1, and permits them to be killed at other times.]

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsmen for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents.

THE KINGFISHERS.

WHEN we went to Presque Isle Lake, Wisconsin, last year, for our summer camp, we were treated so "out o' sight" by the C. H. & D., Monon, and Chicago & Northwestern Railway people that we have decided to take another hitch at it, and make the camp at the same place, "Skunk P'int," so named by Dick Morris on account of a "flock o' skunks"—five of them—that had a temporary abiding place under an old birch root at the foot of the bank, and only a couple of rods or so from the tents, albeit, I "hived" two of them with a mink trap and drowned them in the lake. (It may not be generally known that a skunk fast in a trap will not open its "perfume valve," but may be carried by the trap chain, tied to a short pole, as a precautionary measure, to any handy water and drowned, without the slightest danger from the "hind eend o' the varmint.")

We found the best fishing in Presque Isle and several other nearby lakes that we have had for years, a fine camping place on a high and dry point well shaded with a growth of hemlock, pine, white cedar and birch, and a wonderful spring bubbling out near the lake under the bank a few rods away; a spring, the temperature of which was exactly 42°, tested by a reliable thermometer.

We "got onto" this lake through a letter in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 2, 1895, and took the route suggested by the writer of that letter, via Green Bay and Powers to Marenisco, Michigan, the best connections for anyone going there from south of Chicago. From Marenisco we drove about fifteen miles to the foot of the lake, the last four of which, after crossing the State line into Wisconsin, is a "caution to tender feet."

However, Mr. E. A. Ormes writes me that he has worked that part of the road till it is a very fair road to drive over; that both hind wheels of a wagon will stay on the ground at the same time, which they wouldn't do when we drove over it.

Ormes runs a summer resort, 40 rods across an arm of the lake from Skunk P'int, and it would be hard to find a better place in that region where one could enjoy the solitude of the woods and find quiet and rest for the tired brain and body, away from the noise, and turmoil, and toil, and dust, and dirt, and heat, that make life a burden to the city man and woman during the hot months.

There are more than a dozen lakes that can be reached from Presque Isle Lake by portaging from a few rods to a mile and a half, the best one in easy reach being Pappoose Lake, reached by a portage of about 15 rods across to Katinka Lake, and another of 100 rods across to Pappoose. We took a great many bass out of this lake running from 2 to 3¾lbs. in weight, and several maskinonge. Pappoose Lake lies just south of the "divide," its waters finding their way into the Mississippi, while Presque Isle Lake, not a mile away, has an outlet into Lake Superior through the Presque Isle River. There are no maskinonge found in waters north of the "divide." We took, while camped there, 519 bass, most of which were returned unhurt, as we had no use for them. We got, in all, twenty-five maskinonge—Charley Furr the largest, weighing 14½lbs., and Dick Morris the smallest, a little fellow of just ¾lb. weight, not much heavier, Dick said, than the spoon he took him with. We caught so many pike-perch of 1½ to 6lbs. in Pappoose Lake that we lost the count of them early in the fight.

We had a good time, a good camp, great fishing, and the most glorious spring we have ever found in the North Woods, and we are going to leave over the same trail on the 30th of this month and go back and get some more of it all before it is gone.

The latch-string is always hangin' out at the "Camp of the Kingfishers" for any brother of the rod to pull and come in.

KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, O., July 18.

ONLY A BROWN-HACKLE.

Is there anything closer to an angler's heart than his fly-book? I know of a case where a burglar, among other things, took a fly-book. He was arrested, and speedily convicted and imprisoned. He cleared things out pretty well in the house, but the owner seemed to care nothing about the missing fur coats, sealskin sacques, silverware, and other valuable lares and penates, but he did bewail the loss of his book of flies. The other things he could buy again, but to get together such an assortment of valuable flies seemed to him an impossible thing. He had been years collecting them, picking up odd ones here and there, until, for quality and variety, his book could not be excelled.

It was a fly storehouse, as it were. No matter where he intended fishing, or whether for trout, bass or salmon, he could always find a choice assortment to draw from with which to fill up a supplementary book.

Although it was some time ago, he yet bewails the loss of that fly-book. Many have been the efforts to get track of it, but all in vain. He has gone to the expense of sending to the prison, in a distant city, and endeavoring to prevail upon the convict to divulge the hiding-place of the book, but without success. A persistent search of the pawnshops, and periodical advertising, have produced no better results.

There were flies in that book for trout and salmon in Irish waters; flies for the salmon and trout of the Scotch lakes and the English streams, and flies for the salmon of Norway. The favorites from Maine to California, and from one end of Canada to another, were collected in that wallet. Anything and everything, from the feather-down midget with cobweb gut to the lordly salmon fly, absolutely irresistible to the lurking salmon deep down in the icy pools of the Cascapedia.

There were flies in that book on which famous bass, trout and salmon had been hooked, each fly carrying with it memories of battles fought from canoes among the rushing, swirling waters.

Almost every angler has a fish skeleton in his closet that he carries through life, in the shape of a lost fish. When he recalls the loss of that fish a cloud overspreads his face, and, disregarding all rules that relate to chestnut stories, for the hundredth time in his life goes over the ground again. How he struck the fish after the third cast; it was a Jock-Scott fly; the way he ran with the line; the number of times he broke water, and the length of his leaps; the way he sulked, and the short, vicious runs he made; and then came the trying time as he was led up to the gaff, his silvery side showing through the water, and jaws distended—and—and—and—just as the guide was about to set the gaff, one more frantic twist—the leader parted, and he was off. You have caught many salmon in many waters, but the likes of that lost fish you never expect to see again. The look of sadness that covers the face of the narrator is similar to that expression which always accompanies the tale of the stolen fly-book.

And when you come to think of it, what better diary does a man want of his fishing trips than his carefully-kept fly-book? In the midst of winter, on a Sunday afternoon, you are tempted to spend a few moments looking over your tackle. You pick up your fly-book, and, turning over leaves and looking through pockets, you strike reminders of happy pleasant days at every turn.

In one pocket by itself you find a leader and a brown-hackle. You carefully take it out and look it over, and get to thinking. You go back a score of years. It is your vacation time, and you are stepping off the train that has brought you from the hot and dusty city. You are full of life and enjoying every moment, and bound to get out of your two weeks every atom of pleasure. Farmer Brown, whose hospitality you have tested on former fishing trips, is there with his rig at the depot. You gaze at the meadows and surrounding hills and mountains, and greet them as you would old friends.

You learn trout never were so plenty, and they're rising well to a fly, but the boys stick to "worms" There's a monster in the pool below the house, that the boys have all had a try at; but it's the same old story, either the line breaks or the hook tears loose—anyway, they don't get the trout, and he is still to be seen at the bottom of the pool. This kind of talk you listen to with tingling nerves and bated breath. The horse goes too slowly; time flies not fast enough until you can get waist-deep in the stream and try conclusions with that fish. It's late in the afternoon, but you'll have time to change your clothes, get supper, and be at the pool before dusk.

A warm greeting awaits you at the farmhouse, and after shaking hands with goodwife Brown, barefooted Samuel, who has just brought in the cows, takes you one side and tells you the story all over again about the big trout.

Before sundown, with rod in hand and Sam by your side, you are wending your way across the meadows toward the alder-fringed stream. The fish you are after is a wary old fellow, and it takes considerable skill to lure him up. So you walk gently, and as you near an open place in the alders near the pool, you got on all fours and crawl the rest of the way on your belly, being entertained by Sam, who gives you the history of that trout in a whisper. The sun is down behind the hills, and a gentle breeze comes up rippling the surface of the water.

With great caution you straighten out your line, and finally make your cast above the pool. You have used but a single fly, a brown-hackle, thinking best not to startle the trout by too many flies at once. Luck and fortune are with you. A mighty swirl; a disappearance of the fly; a turn of the wrist; a bending of the rod; a shrill screech as the line pays out; a panorama of an immense trout making a traveling rainbow of color as he breaks water, and the fight is on in earnest. You are on your feet, and into the stream up to your waist. You have a veteran to deal with, but the tactics that have broken the lines and torn loose the hooks of the worm-fishing country lads serve no purpose now. The supple rod gives no such purchase as the alder pole, and there is nothing left for the fish to do but dart and leap about, with the gentle but endless strain of the rod and line on his jaw. The stream was wide and deep in some spots, one after another of which the trout sought in his runs.

You are fresh from your desk. Your muscles are soft, and already the fight seems a long one to you: but it is no time to waver. The fish is less active, but yet full of trick and ginger. He doesn't leap so high nor run so far, but there is fight in him yet.

The incessant "Come on" of the rod is telling the story, and if luck does not fail you, in a few minutes more you will have him gasping on the sod. As the fish weakens you become more careful and nervous, for it is at the last of the fight, as a rule, when the big fish is lost. A slack line just for a moment will serve the fish's purpose and see your hook ejected from the torn jaw. Sam, with the net, is in the stream, behind you, and by your orders he moves to shallow water near the bank. Your trout is on his side and does not evidence any more fight; he is tuckered out—has made his good fight and lost.

You work him slowly toward shallow water, where the beach shingles down, and at the word Sam advances from behind, and, presto! the trout is safe. You live the whole thing all over again, and unconsciously wipe a few beads of perspiration from your face. With that old leader and fly before you, you make the fight all over as if it were yesterday. It turns back for you the hand of time, and you live the scene all over again. What a faculty memory is, and in connection with an old fly-book what hours of pleasure one can get by associating one with the other.

What a wealth of old memories; of streams and lakes in all parts of the world; of salmon of mighty weight and length; of rainbow trout and busy bass, were gone for ever when the burglar laid his sacrilegious hands upon that fly-book.

CHAS. CHRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

IT was with pleasure and bright anticipations that I looked forward to the near approach of June 1, when I was to pack my traps and start on my annual outing trip to Donner Lake, that gem of mountain waters situated high up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains at an altitude of nearly 6,000ft.

Soon the long looked-for came at last, and with a couple of well packed grips I bade adieu to the "City of Sudden Deaths," and taking the 6 P. M. overland was soon whirling away from the rattle, jar and bang of this dusty city, away into the fresh green fields and from the busy haunts of trade.

Truckee was reached in the morning, where we left our train, and after seeing our traps safely stored we started for the glistening waters of Donner, three miles away.

The smell of the pines was refreshing, the rippling, gushing of the babbling brook and the pure, bracing mountain air added their delights, while in the distance the snow-capped mountain range of the lofty Sierras made a picture time cannot efface.

Donner Lake is memorable on account of the tragic fate that befell a party of pioneers in the year 1846 While seeking the new Eldorado, they were overtaken here by a fearful snowstorm, and forty-six perished from the untold horrors of starvation.

The lake derives its name from the leader of the party. It is a beautiful sheet of water some three miles in length and one in width, and is surrounded on all sides by the Sierra Nevada range.

A rude cross now marks the spot where, fifty years ago, were enacted the scenes of the tragedy.

Here we are once more at Donner Lake. The gentle swish-swash of whose waves seem to extend to us a merry greeting.

After putting our cabin in order and enjoying a quiet lunch, with a drink of pure mountain water—which cannot be excelled on earth—we draw our rods, and, selecting some tempting flies, hurry down to the dam in eager anticipation of the good sport to follow.

Sneaking softly up to the whirling rapids I make a cast, when, with a swish, tug and pull, I have a beauty, and a rainbow, too. Once more, and again do they respond, and not until we had landed fifteen beauties—whose combined weight was 21¼lbs.—did we call a halt.

Gathering up our fish, we were soon on our way back to the quiet little town of Truckee, and found awaiting us a supper prepared by my old friend Mrs. S

We were up long before the sun, and after a hearty breakfast of baked trout, fried chicken, smoking pancakes and hot coffee, started out on a sight-seeing expedition.

After doing the town we laid in our supplies, and, loading our luggage, were soon *en route* for camp life. Arriving at our cabin, which we named Possum Cottage, we flung "Old Glory" to the breeze, and after unpacking and setting things to rights, settled down to a quiet afternoon at home. After a good night's rest—being lulled to sleep by the gentle swish of the waves and the harsh cry of the coyote—we were gently awakened by our old friend of boyhood, Robin Redbreast, singing the same sweet song from his high perch in a mountain pine near our cabin, and which I had not heard for over twenty long years. As I listened I wondered if it was not the same bird that used to sing in the maple that stood in front of the old home in the far away East. Every morning at 4 o'clock, as long as I remained, did this same sweet singer visit me, and from his shady perch warble the same sweet song. It seemed like meeting an old friend.

We gave up this day-dreaming and soon had a couple of rainbows frying in the pan. After a hearty meal, selecting some of our most tempting flies, we stowed ourselves on board our jaunty little skiff, the Possum, for a good row up the lake.

The sun was just climbing over the snow-capped mountain tops as we pulled out, and so engrossed were we in the beautiful scenery, the high range of mountains, with the long, dark line of snow sheds stretching away along their face, the quiet stillness and the glistening water, that we quite forgot our mission. But shaking ourselves together, we resumed our pull and were right among them.

Most of the fish were of what is known here as the cut-throat species (although where they derive that I am at a loss to determine), with now and then a silver beauty.

On reaching Possum Cottage again and counting our catch, found we had just thirty-five, whose combined weight tipped the beam at 96lbs 7oz.

Here are cooling breezes all through the summer, the purest and the best of water, with fishing and scenery that is hard to surpass; and only six miles, with a good road and pleasant drive to Truckee, and the Overland R. R.

Having had our fill of lake fishing, we resolved to break camp and try the famous Truckee River and adjacent creeks.

Next morning before sun up found us doing the Truckee with fair success, but owing to high water our catch was not phenomenal. September is the best month with the fly. Truckee River could and should be the ideal fishing water on this coast, being, as it is, the outlet of Tahoe and Donner lakes; but owing to the many dams, it is utterly impossible for fish to ascend the stream. I used to think that there was a State law obliging corporations doing business on a river to put in fishways, but I failed to observe more than two, and one of these was high and dry on the bank.

Our next visit was to Alder Creek, distance four miles from Truckee, where but a few years since were planted New Hampshire trout, but owing to high water we failed to secure many. Martis and Donner creeks were visited with poor success. While I was fishing at Donner Lake near the dam, a laughable incident took place. I had just landed a beauty, and dropping him into the weeds that lined the bank, I continued fishing down stream about 50yds., when, on looking back, I saw my newly-caught prize in the jaws of a big mink, which speedily disappeared with him in the stream.

One more adventure. While whipping the Truckee, I came to a black, swampy spot, and on looking out for a hard place to jump on to, picked out a low bunch of what I took to be dried willows or dead sagebrush. I reasoned that if I could jump on to that I could jump on to an old log at the next jump, and would be all right then. Reasoning after this fashion, I seized my rod tightly and made the jump. But what struck me? Who am I? Where am I at? For no sooner had I struck that innocent little bunch of shrubs, when w-o-o-s-h! up jumped a big black sow and landed me backwards in the blackest and softest of black mud.

To say that I was rattled fails to express my feelings, for honestly I did not know what town I was in. When I pulled myself together and looked around and saw the author of my strange position, not over 20ft. away, with bristles all ruffed the wrong way, eyes flashing fire and her jaws snapping together like a castanet solo, I suddenly remembered that I had left my gun at home, besides I had fish enough for one day, and, gradually backing away from my dusky companion, I left her to resume her *siesta* undisturbed.

But as every fish line has an end, so has my outing. After enjoying over five weeks of the best of fishing, reluctantly I turned my face cityward, where, after a pleasant ride, I arrived, feeling much invigorated and in a happier frame of mind.

E. NETTLETON.

SAN FRANCISCO.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

LI.—George Tweddle.

AMONG the playmates of early boyhood now held in pleasant remembrance is George Tweddle, the son of a wealthy maltster of Albany, N. Y. George was a city boy, while I was a "Greenbushwhacker," as the Albany boys termed those who lived in the village of Greenbush, across the Hudson River. As I knew all the desirable fishing places within the reach of boys, George was fond of coming over to see me on Saturdays or other school holidays. We must have been about twelve years old when I took him to fish in the pond of the old red mill, which looked down on the village from a height of some 200ft., and whose waters tumbled about half that distance over the dark slate rock and showed up against it as a foamy cataract from the opposite side of the river. The old mill has been replaced by a smaller one lower down, the pond has shrunken, the stream which supplied it is almost dry, and the water no longer leaps down the precipices and foams over the slopes as it did half a century ago. There are handsome country seats where we boys shot rabbits, and the place looked unfamiliar when I saw it last summer.

When I first showed George how to fish I was under the tutelage of John Atwood, an older boy, whom I wrote of in the third article of this series, exactly a year ago, and who had declared that there was "no fun fishin' with a pole, 'cause you jerk 'em out when your float goes down and don't feel 'em wiggle." So I rigged our lines with light sinkers, two hooks on snoods fastened on each line above the sinkers. Then with baits of angleworms we twirled the lines and dropped the sinkers some 30ft. away in the pond, and awaited the pleasure of the fish. Fishing tackle was not to be had in such variety as to-day, and we village boys bought ours of the grocers, the only ones in the place who kept such stock. We bought Limerick hooks, with the end of the shank flattened, and then cut off a piece of the fish line for a snood and made the hook fast with several half-hitches, clumsy, but strong and effective for our kind of fishing. The hooks were sold two and three for a cent, according to size, while lines cost 2 cents a knot of 15ft, as I remember. We pounded out the sinkers from pieces of lead into long, four-sided, tapering shapes, finished them with a file, and made a hole in the smaller end; and there we were, rigged out for a season's fishing for about 10 cents. George had brought some hooks on gut snells, which had cost 3 cents each, and then I first saw how a hook with a tapered shank was put on a snell. I had seen the hooks, but had no use for them, because I did not believe they could be securely fastened to a line; but here they were, and George did not lose a hook that day, yet it was evident that to whip such a hook on a gut snell or a fish line was far beyond my power.

"George," said I, "your line is too slack. Draw in until you feel the sinker, but don't move it; your lower hook wil then be on the bottom for suckers, bullheads and eels, while the upper one will hang clear for perch, sunfish and rock bass. When you feel a nibble, be ready to strike at a hard tug, and then pull in hand under hand to examine the baits, if you haven't got a fish."

I soon had a bite and pulled in a yellow perch of fair size, perhaps a ½lb., for they did not grow big there, and George danced around it in great glee. It was the greatest fish he had ever seen alive, and in his enthusiasm at seeing me unhook it and put it on a string to keep it alive in the water, he forgot his own fishing, until I had baited and was ready to throw out, when he saw his line running out into the pond, and grabbed the wooden winder just as it reached the water. He tugged away, and after hauling in 10ft. of line landed a large sucker that, to-day my memory says, must have weighed at least 2lbs, but memory is not a steelyard nor a grocer's scale, especially when the guessweight of a fish is attempted fifty years after it was caught. Suckers of 2lbs. weight were often taken from that pond years after, and this was a big one.

"What kind of a fish is it?" he asked in his excitement, "and is it good to eat?"

"It's a sucker, George, and in early spring many people eat them, and numbers are sold, but in summer they are soft and don't keep long; you'd better let it go."

"Let it go! Not by a long shot. I don't care whether it is good to eat, nor whether it keeps in warm weather, I'm going to take that fish to Albany and show it to the boys. Say, can I get it there alive?"

"Yes, if I don't have to cut the hook out of it. You see, you weren't paying attention to your line, and most likely the fish has the hook down in its stomach. Let me see it."

The fish had gorged the bait, as I suspected, and I prepared to cut out the hook, when George said: "Look here, I don't care anything about that hook. What I want is to get that fish to Albany alive, so that people will believe that I caught it. If I cut the snell and leave the hook in the fish, will it live long enough to get to Albany?"

"It may live long enough for that. I heard old John Chase, who sets fyke nets in the river 'most all the year, say that he has caught lots of fish that had hooks in 'em, and John Atwood and I brought up a lot of perch alive from the Popskinny by packing them in wet eel grass in a basket. Cut off your hook and string the fish, and before we go we'll get some water weeds and pack the fish in your lunch basket." We did this, and a week later George told me that the fish lived and that he showed to every man, woman and boy that he knew from the South Ferry to his home in upper Broadway, and he never tired of talking about that fish. It grew with his growth, and although we took pickerel of 4lbs. and over in Kinderhook Lake half a dozen years later, he still enthused over that 2lb. sucker. This shows what memories an angler will retain of his first fish, which is a great event in his hitherto uneventful life, and the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket" has reminded us that the scenes of our childhood are dear to our hearts.

I have spoken of "snoods" and "snells" as though they were two different things. The Standard Dictionary defines the former as short lines by which hooks are attached to the main line, but has no mention of snell. The market fisherman uses a snood and the angler a snell. My distinction is that the latter is made of silk-worm gut, while the snood is of linen or hemp, a distinction without much difference, but the terms are used by men who fish in different ways and for different purposes.

We fished the Popskinny, two or three creeks between Troy and Greenbush, and the Normanskill on the Albany side. With shining morning face I crept unwillingly to school in Fort Cralo, the oldest building now standing in the United States, on the river bank below what was then the village limit, and several times George and I ransacked its great garret for flints and other relics, and watched the wrens nesting in the stones, which were pierced for musketry, but were then plastered up on the inside. A copper plate on the front of the now crumbling building says: "Supposed to have been erected in 1642 as a manor house and place of defense, known as Fort Cralo. Gen. Abercrombie's headquarters while marching to attack Fort Ticonderoga in 1757, when, it is said, at the cantonment east of the house, near the old well, the army surgeon, R. Shuckbury, composed the popular song of 'Yankee Doodle.'" The building was of Holland brick, but the port holes were in several brown stones, each over 1ft. square. When we were going to fish down the river George always wanted to dig the worms in the old Cralo garden, in hope of turning up some relic, and we did find several arrow-heads and a portion of a bayonet. He would dig long after we had more than enough bait. I didn't share his enthusiasm, for I got plenty of the old place six days in the week.

Once while fishing in the pond by the red mill, George had seen me bring in a small painted tortoise, one of the little pond turtles which love to sit on logs when the sun shines, and plunk in the pond when danger threatens or the first drop of rain falls; and he noticed that I put a knife handle in its mouth while I took the hook from its lower jaw. It would have been easier to cut the snell and let the hook go, but I never did like to lose a hook, and so spent time to save one. An hour or so after this I went into the woods to get dry fuel to roast our lamb chops, and to make coffee for our nooning, when I heard George yell, and I ran to him while he kept up the yelling. He had caught a little snapping turtle, not larger than the little "skillypot" I had caught, which was about 5in. long; and the snapper had caught George by the side of his thumb-nail, and seemed perfectly satisfied to hold on to what he had if it didn't tear loose; and it was a question of which was the catcher and which the catchee, and I hardly knew what to do. I stuck a case knife down the reptile's throat, and in trying to pry its jaws open the blade broke, leaving about 1in. of it on the handle. I turned this edgewise and forced the mouth open, and George danced around and sucked his bleeding thumb. As soon as he cooled down, I asked him how it happened that the snapper got hold of his thumb.

Said he: "I was trying to take the hook out of its mouth the same as you did when you caught a turtle, and as I tried to put the knife handle in its mouth it grabbed me, and I couldn't shake it off."

"No, George, that kind of turtle never shakes off; but you are in luck that it was a small one. If it had been 8 or 10in. long it would have taken your thumb off. The one I caught is a harmless thing, although it can bite hard if provoked; but a snapper is always provoked, and will fight at the drop of a hat. This is your first lesson in turtles. No Greenbush-whacker would risk a thumb near a snapper's jaws. Even that little fellow would have crushed your thumb-nail, and made an ugly looking thing of it for life. You got off cheap."

I had turned the turtle on its back and was holding my foot on it to keep it there. George said: "Let's see you take the hook out."

"No, my boy, I don't want a hook at that price," and I cut the snell and picked the turtle up by the tail.

"Can't I have the satisfaction of cutting the hook or the heart out of that beast without getting hurt?"

"No trouble about it if you want to spend the time. All turtles can make a snap straight ahead or over their backs as far as they can reach, but they can't bend the neck on the lower shell. This fellow has swallowed the hook, and I'll put him on his back and stand one foot on its head while I pull on the tail to keep its neck stretched, and you may carve away at him until you get the hook, his heart, satisfaction, or all three." And so George got his hook and also a view of the interior arrangements of a turtle. George carried a small scar on his thumb, but the turtle had no scar, its wounds never healed.

On that same day George caught his first eel, and allowed it to wriggle among the coils of his line in its efforts to get back to the water while George was trying to catch it in his hands and hold it. I was only a few feet away, but was enjoying the fun too much to tell him what to do, until, in a final effort to grab the eel, both went into the pond. He scrambled out, while I grabbed his line and pulled in the eel, stunned it with a stick and unhooked it. Any uneducated eel that has never seen the outside of a mill pond since it came there as an "elver," can tie more knots in a line in a minute than a fisherman can pick out in an hour, and Tweddle's line had evidently been operated on by an expert. We took off the hooks, and sinker and each began at one end to untie the knots which I had tightened by hauling in the line, and it delayed our luncheon about an hour. When we had finished and washed the slime from the line, George remarked: "Oh, I'm learning how to fish, and the next turtle I catch will not get a bite at my thumb and the next eel will never get among the coils of my line. I s'pose there's lots o' things to learn about fishing yet, and I wonder what the next thing that will help my education will be, and how long before I'll graduate."

"You're doing all right," I answered; "for a boy who has been brought up in the city and has seen neither turtles nor eels caught on fish lines, you are doing well. You need to catch a bullhead, yet, and take it off the hook without getting its horns into your hands, for you know I've unhooked all you've caught. But let's go and get something to eat before we starve."

"But is a bullhead hard to unhook? Tell me about it."

"Not now; that's another lesson. See that the tin pail is put over the fire on the pole in the crotches, while I go get some birch twigs." I had to attend to all the details, for George did not know birch from hemlock, and would have been as likely to hang a chop on a pine stick full of turpentine as on birch or beech. He was quick to learn, however, but it seemed queer that he shouldn't know some things about fishing and camping that had been such every-day things in my boyhood life that I didn't realize that I'd ever learned them—they seemed to be things that everybody knew without telling, just as a young honey-bee knows how to gather honey the first day it leaves the hive.

On our previous trip to the millpond we had eaten a cold bite, and George was curious to see coffee made and chops roasted over an open fire. I had cleaned some perch and stuck them on slanting sticks so that they hung before the fire, and had run the birch twigs through the chops and they were roasting, while the coffee was being made. Then, with bread and butter, George declared that he had never eaten such a meal in his life. The fact was that with the exercise, excitement and outdoor air, he had never been so hungry in his life. That sauce of hunger! How many an ordinary, half-cooked dinner it has converted into a feast! This and our fishing for pickerel in Kinderhook Lake must have been before we were fifteen years old, because at that age I left Fort Cralo and went to school in Albany, where my people emigrated two years later. But, like that first big sucker he caught, George loved to talk about his first camp dinner, the eel and the snapping-turtle, up to the last time I met him.

After our nooning we pulled in our lines which had been fishing, boy fashion, while we were feeding, and found bare hooks. In the afternoon we took a few perch and a number of rock bass, but George's bullhead did not come until near evening. "Now, hold on, let me take him off," said he, and then he dropped the fish and remarked on the sharpness of its fins, while a drop of blood showed where he had been pricked.

"Just as I expected. Now, as the fish lies there, put your left hand over its head, straddle its back with your first two fingers and bend them around the thorns on the side fins; they can't hurt, and the other thorn on the back can't reach you and you can take out the hook in safety." He did so, and remarked: "Easy enough when you know how, what else have I got to learn?"

"Oh, there are lots of things, but no one can tell you till you come to 'em; there's much that I don't know, such as catching trout and striped bass, but I'll get out with some of the bass fishers some day and see how they do it."

Since those boyish days I have learned that the catfishes, of which the New York bullhead is one, have the single spines in the pectoral or throat fins arranged with a curious snap joint, and when attacked or caught they set these thorns at right angles to the body, and they may be broken but not pressed down to the side of the fish; but behind the fins are bony triggers, just under the skin, which, if pressed on, will allow the spines to be put down. I once took a small catfish from the stomach of a loon and the pectoral spines were rigidly set, yet their sharp points had not pierced the bird's stomach.

After my people moved to Albany, George left the city, but I found him back again when I returned from the West in the fall of '59, and we then fished for striped bass in the river during the season when young bass follow up the spawning shad and sturgeon, so that he was an expert at this kind of fishing when we initiated Ned Buntline to it in 1865, as related last week. The elder Mr. Tweddle had died before this, and George inherited a portion of his father's wealth, which portion was a fortune in itself. George and his sisters gave to St. Peter's church in Albany a chime of bells which cost $10,000 as a memorial to their father. We fished for a few years, until I left the city, and then George met with business troubles and he went away, and since 1873 I have never heard of his whereabouts, although I've often asked Albanians who knew him. Nothing is left in Albany of the once well-known name of Tweddle except the handsome building which stands on the corner of State and Pearl streets. George was an only son, and had one or more sisters, who, if living, bear other names.

George Tweddle was one of those cheerful companions who, like Mark Tapley, are bound to be jolly under all circumstances, and no amount of discomfort could make him grumble. Once, while we were fishing in the Popskinny in early spring, we were caught in a sudden shower. The banks were too muddy to lie upon with the boat turned over us, and across the meadow, in a ravine which came down to it, I knew of an overhanging rock which would shelter us. This was only a 200yds. dash through the rain, while Rivenburg's barn was a good two mile row, and we gathered our grub, pulled the boat up on shore, made the dash and found shelter.

We were soaked, and might as well have rowed the two miles to the barn; but there's satisfaction in a shelter even if one can't get wetter, and so we shook our coats and hats and George remarked: "This is grand, isn't it?"

"What's grand, this rain? Looks like it was going to make a day of it, and perhaps a night also."

"No, I meant this rock shelter with dry rock for a floor; it's almost a cave, and if we had a fire we'd be comfortable. Can we make a fire here?"

"Certainly," said I, "you sort out the provisions in the basket and find the bottle of matches, while I go and pick up some dry limbs, and hunt for a bit of wood to shave into kindlings"; and I started to seek for fuel.

When I returned with a load, George said: "The little bottle of matches is not here, we must have left it in the boat after it was taken out to light our cigars; but never mind, we can get along without a fire; I'm beginning to dry now; see how my clothes steam? The bread is a little wet, and the salt which was on top of the coffee has soaked down into it; but the corned beef and boiled eggs are all right. I don't care much for coffee, anyhow."

I saw that we would have to camp there for an indefinite time or go back to our boat and the barn, so I said: 'George, wait until I come back," and made a start for a farm house nearly a mile away. I was as wet as a man could be and soon settled down into a walk to the tune of the sposh sposh of the water in my shoes. When I returned with matches, bread and coffee, all dry, the first thing which greeted me was the top of a cardboard box neatly framed with pine cones and suspended by a string wedged in the crevice of the rock, on which was inscribed: "God Bless our Home," while a similar card from the bottom of the box declared that "Home is where the heart is."

Such a fellow would endear himself to any one who camped with him because he never made his troubles a burden to others. He was not the only one who was wet through and chilled to the bone. And therein lies the secret, if there be one, of a perfect camp companion whose constant company is all you have and must endure. A day or two in camp with a man will reveal his character more than ten years ordinary acquaintance. If he is a hog the bristles will be in evidence, either in always getting on the best side of the fire or in carefully selecting the choicest bits in the lunch basket. The grumbler is even worse than the hog, for he can torment you day and night.

If George Tweddle is alive I hope that some kind friend will put me in communication with him, if he has passed to the beyond, *Requiescat in pace* I will say with uncovered head. FRED MATHER.

BOSTON ANGLERS.

BOSTON, July 22.—Mr. Rodney P. Woodman, than whom no man in the world is a greater lover of the rod and reel, the woods and waters, has recently returned from one of his usually successful fishing trips. This trip was combined with business, Mr. Woodman's customers being taken into account as well as the fishing. The start was made early in July, and about the 5th found Mr. Woodman at Long Pond, Me., one of the tributaries, or in the region of the head waters of Lake Onawa and the Sebec waters. This pond is nine miles from the Katahdin Iron Works, and in the neighborhood of Chairback Pond, also a celebrated trout pond, under Chairback Mountain. The pond is reached by a good buckboard road till within about a mile and a half of Brown's camps at the head of the pond. This road was bad, but Mr. Brown promises to put it in good shape early this season. Mr. Woodman found the trout fishing excellent, early in the morning, and on the event of a northwest wind, which sprung up one afternoon, though the weather was generally tremendously hot. All the trout he desired were obtained on the fly, running from 1lb. to 1½lbs. He was also much interested in the fact that Long Pond is full of little landlocked salmon, of from 1lb. weight, up to 2lbs. These fish take the fly eagerly, and all great fighters. Mr. Woodman believes that the salmon there do not grow for want of a plenty of food. Minnows are very scarce, and he suggested to the keeper of the camps that the pond be immediately stocked with smelt, under which condition the salmon should grow larger, and afford better fishing

At Sebatis Pond he took twenty black bass of good size; and at Thompson's Pond, a sheet of water some twelve miles long, above Oxford Village, he got a string of bass that would please even the most enthusiastic lover of catching bass with a fly. Thompson's pond has been stocked with landlocked salmon, and as smelts are abundant, good results are looked for. As for Mr. Woodman, he is pleased with his trip, as what lover of rod and reel would not be. He asks why more men who travel on business do not combine business with pleasure?

BOSTON, July 24.—Fishing in the Rangeley waters with trolling bait has held out the present season most remarkably. But it seems that the freshet and rise of water July 14–15 put on a close time that the State never thought of doing. Since that date the fishing has been poor in all the Rangeley lakes; as it usually is poor by the middle or last of June. One of the biggest blow-hards, who writes in the Maine papers concerning the fishing in those waters, is known to have trolled Rangeley Lake all one day last week without a strike. Wonder if we shall hear of this? It is all right to mention successes—sportsmen love to hear of them; but they love the honesty that can mention the failures as well or better. Not so the hotel men and the railroads. Nothing that comes like the truth about the non-productiveness of certain locations is ever to be mentioned. Thanks to the courage of FOREST AND STREAM, if a fishing trip is a failure, it has the honesty to say so. The trout supply of the Rangeley waters has been tremendously drawn upon.

Still the late trolling in the Rangeley waters has brought surprising results. Mr. G. S. Wright has just returned from a three week's stay at the birches, Mooselucmaguntic Lake. He fished in several of the lakes, taking no big trout, but a plenty of fair size. He says that the fishing was wonderful up to about the middle of July, when it stopped all at once. A few good trout, and occasionally a salmon, are being taken on the fly at the Upper Dam. Mr. Hill, of Lewiston, Me., took a beautiful 8½lb. trout in Richardson Lake a few days before the trolling gave out. Mr. A. N. Thompson, of New York, is reported to have taken 190 trout in one day, on the fly, at Kennebago the other day. It is to be hoped that he threw 180 of them back into the water. Mr. L. O Crane, of Boston, has gone to Round Mountain Lake for his summer fishing trip. His wife accompanies him.

Black bass fishing is reported to have been poor in the Maine lakes and ponds since the great rain and freshet, mentioned above. The impression prevails that it will be good again as soon as the water subsides. Still a great abundance of rain has followed the freshet. SPECIAL.

FAITH IN FISHING.

THERE are times when, however plenty the trout, it is almost impossible to get them to rise to the fly. Change as often as you like, they will not be tempted. I have fished for hours over places where I knew hundreds of big fellows were lying, but not one would show up, although presented with the most charming flies in the most tempting manner. Did I reel up and leave? No, sir. I would get a suitable spot, sit or recline, fill the pipe, and while smoking, would think the problem over, puzzling my brain, whereby some scheme might evolve to seduce these sullen chaps to a better acquaintance. In most cases, with time, patience, skill and faith their diffidence would be overcome, and they would be as sportive and full of life and vim as any other trout. Oftimes I have used a 2ft. leader with one fly, leader close to the tip of the rod, and I myself lying down in the boat, concealed from the water. My fly would move just above and over the water, touching it once in a while, acting exactly like the live insects, then flying around. Many the fine beauty I have captured in this manner.

I have before now been fishing with men who would say after a few casts, "Oh, this is no good; there are no fish here, or if there are they will not look at my flies." I recollect being with a gentleman who had whipped several good spots without success; when we came to a pool in which I knew there were plenty of large trout. He cast around and all over it without a rise. He was discouraged, and said, "I don't believe there is a fish here." "Oh, I am sure there is," was my reply. "Do you suppose that you can catch one?" "No trouble to do it," I remarked. "Here, take the rod and try;" handing me his rod. Grasping it lovingly, and not moving from the place we were, with firm faith in the result I sent out the flies. They barely touched the water, when splash, splash, and two good ones were hooked. I instantly passed the rod over to him, and in a few minutes we had saved one of 2½ and one of 3½lbs. Then his faith rose, or if not, the fish did, and he had splendid sport from that to the end of his stay.

The most remarkable instance of faith in fishing I ever heard of was told by a Mr. Toothacher, of Richmond, Me. His son George would go down to the pond where all the city fellows had been fishing all day with their silver-mounted rods and dandy flies, catching nothing. The boy would have a bit of twine in his pocket with a hook on it Going through the swamp on his way to the pond he would cut an alder, trim off the branches, tie one end of his twine to it, go right alongside of these men who had fished all day and caught nothing, put on a worm, spit on it, throw in and hoist out fish every time. Why, do you know, that boy could catch fish whether they were there or not; it makes no difference to him. And how the old man would laugh when he told this story.

But I prefer to go where I know the fish are plenty, and there, with good tackle and very little skill, lots of good sport will be had. S. J. RAYMOND.

EDMUNDSTON, N. B.

The Wallkill Trout and Bass.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In issue of July 17 Fred Mather says, in "Men I Have Fished With": "The Wallkill rises in Ulster county, N. Y., and flows off N.E. to join the Hudson at Rondout" He's wrong. The Wallkill rises in the township of Wantage, Sussex county, in the State of New Jersey, and flows thence in a northerly direction through Orange county and empties into the Hudson, or rather Rondout Creek, at Rondout, Ulster county, N. Y.

Perhaps he has another Wallkill in view; a small brook possibly. Can it be possible that our Wallkill is a trout stream, or, rather, was as late as 1890? when he was to meet Mr. Zigenfuss at Zach Du Bois's hotel at New Paltz, and does he not mean Hank instead of Zach?

There might have been two Dubois's who kept tavern there I never knew of but one, and he was Hank, and was a character who, once known, would never be forgotten. He's dead now.

The Wallkill is a bass stream second only to the Delaware, and contains no trout, except now and then a straggler from some of its small tributaries.

We enjoy "Men I Have Fished With" very much, although they are nearly all dead or "has beens," but we do object to having our Wallkill confined within Ulster county. We're willing to whack up with our neighbors, however.

We have this year planted over 600,000 pike-perch in the Wallkill and several thousand bass as well.

Why can't some of our Ulster county neighbors go and do likewise next year, thereby helping along the good work that in years to come will afford many a day's outing and fish for our angling friends who cannot get away to other parts? There's many a meal taken from old Wallkill these days that the family would do without were it not for just this kind of work.

It must be done by someone. Pitch in, neighbor, don't wait for 'tother fellow. JOHN WILKIN.

Iowa Bass and Pike.

CHARLES CITY, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Black bass are biting in fine shape in the Cedar, below the city. On the 19th four parties secured fifty-nine bass that would average 1lb. apiece, and one pike weighing 3¼lbs. A lad of eleven years landed the two largest black bass—weights, 2 and 3¼lbs.—using soft crayfish as bait. The smaller run of bass are beginning to respond to the white-miller and bucktail fly, the writer having landed three 1lb. fellows a few mornings ago with the latter named fly. VANE SIMMONDS.

Bass in Stockbridge Bowl.

MESSRS. CHAS. M. DONNELLY and Hugh K. Toler, who are visiting Mr. Chas. Astor Bristol, of Lenox, have had splendid fishing during the past week for large-mouthed bass in Stockbridge Bowl. The fish have all been caught on light tackle and by casting with frogs. Some of their catches are given below:

July 15: Eight fish, weighing 2lbs., 3¼lbs., 3lbs., 3½lbs., 3½lbs., 4lbs. 2oz. and 4½lbs., all large-mouthed bass, and two small-mouths, each weighing about 1lb.

July 16: Three fish, 2lbs., 2¾lbs and 4lbs. respectively.

July 17: Two fish, 4½lbs. and 7lbs. 1oz., the latter being the record fish for the lake, caught by H. K. Toler.

July 18: About 100 red-finned perch weighing nearly a ½lb. average.

July 19: One fish, 1½lbs.

July 20: Five fish, 2lbs., 2½lbs., 2½lbs., 3lbs. and 4¼lbs.

July 21: Two fish, 3¼lbs. and 4¾lbs.

On July 20 the anglers forgot their landing net and Mr. Donnelly hooked a great fish, which, after about ten minutes' work, he brought to the side of the boat. In trying to lift him in, however, the hook tore loose and the fish escaped. The boatman said that it was the largest bass he had ever seen.

On account of the very wet season it has been a difficult matter to secure bait.

These gentlemen caught some perch and rock bass on a red ibis fly.

Rod and Yank and Trout.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Albany *Argus* of to-day relates that Mr. Henry Juncks started out last Saturday to a stream in Saratoga county for trout, and was "well prepared—not with a light rod, but a solid fellow of 10oz.; not a little hook, but a good big No. 3 trusty sproat, and not with a dainty fly, but a good, big fat night-crawler; and the very first cast Mr. Juncks made brought Mr. Trout to the surface. Then he grabbed the hook, Juncks gave a great and terrific yank, and the air was filled with flying trout, the big fellow landing back in the lot some 25ft. He not only proved a monster, but the largest caught in Saratoga county this year. He was weighed in Albany twenty-four hours after capture, and tipped at exactly 3¼lbs."

I think that it may be of interest to you, at least to read, as bringing to public notice for the first time, I think, a new species, flying trout. Mr. Juncks is evidently doing his share toward the advancement of science, but where do you suppose he got that rod? C. P. W.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man.
Sept. 6. Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Sept. —.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's Champion Stake, Morris, Man.
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

TWO VARIETIES OF DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Just one-half hour will settle the merits of one dog, and we will climb the mountains to view a spot where the other made a record so different.

A chapter in the life of the first mentioned will be sketched first. A wayside station of a branch of prairie railroad, not a year ago found me the sole passenger. All the town was there on my arrival, which meant the section boss and hands. I had stopped there before, and tried the section house fare, which was in plenty and sustaining, and the boss had a brogue that was good, and better after a sample or two from a flask of mine; many a bird had I knocked over thereabouts, where patches of red willows grew and sage brush at times caught the eye. The wild cherry also grew and ripened on the trees where the banks shelved down to the creek, a volume of water not clear, and that harbored no trout in its depths. Here, without aid of dog, had the chicken, startled by bold approach at such long intervals of time, grown less wary and had oft fallen to my gun.

Yet on this day of which I write was the sport—so thought I—to be invested with a delight more thrilling by the stanch aid of Sport, the dog, the borrowed dog of a friend. I mentioned him not at as a passenger with me at wayside station, slighting this I know, yet we are coming to him. The friend (?) who lent him merely summed up his merits as being a dog "good for chicken," one he had "picked up cheap, sir, dirt cheap"; one of his "few lucky strokes in the dog line"—this he got off as the train was starting.

He had met me at my house with the dog, and drove to the depot to see me on my journey to hunting grounds. During the half-hour's drive but little knowledge could I gain as to why Sport should be a good dog for chickens. His ancestry was the theme thus: So and so was dam, out of —— by ——. There was a dog, and sire ——, just think of it; bench show winners every one. Field trials! training! nonsense! Blood, sir! blood it is that counts. "Why, here we are, sure enough; take care of him; a treasure; you remember that dog ——? Why, he is the exact image of him. Don't forget a few brace for me; but there, all aboard! Just look well after Sport. Yes, sir, imported —" all over again, and the train moves.

Well, not long did it take to make a start after arrival at way station, to follow winding of river a short distance, and the country showed more broken and hilly. Sport following fairly well, yet I fancied with a covert glance at the gun off and on. "Come, brace up, Sport!" I urged, "look a bit sanguine; show some quiver in those limbs so like imported. Range a bit, lad, and get wind of them. Here is the ground. Steady now! work ahead!"

At this uprose a brace from the left. I let them travel, for his actions I wanted to study, and he gave me the chance; for after the birds with a joyous bark, at a pace that was hot, sped the dog. That started the ranging; to right to left they were up with a whirr, long out of gunshot. Yes, he was good for chicken; good to them. Their every in-

terest he seemed to have at heart, and to herald my approach to each single bird and covey, as long as his wind would last, was a plot he must have been thinking over from the start. Come back! oh, no. My! what sport it might have been, and such a day for it; and birds! why, every clump of brush had given one or more shelter, until Sport urged them to wing to a place of safety. This was hardly fun for me, when I noticed Sport pause and look my way, and, sure enough, he was coming back. When about in hearing of the words of praise he looked for, some thought must have come (surely he could think, being out of imp. by imp.) to him that he had left his work unfinished, and again he paused and evidently contemplated looking up some stragglers, to notify them that a change of location would be desirable for their health.

I wondered which ancestor he resembled most at this supreme moment. To be brief, I anchored him there and then in a secluded spot to a stout sapling, and picked up a few birds, unaided by his inherited valued instincts, on the outskirts of the country he had traversed, and not bad sport it was, yet supreme it might have been with a good, trained worker to share in the fun, and give evidence of his delight and appreciation of it as a good dog will.

The first train back took Sport, and I went with him and promptly interviewed his owner as to the working capabilities of imp. —, and as to a few of the practical excellencies of others of the strain.

And now for a climb to where the game fellow once lived, whose owner never knew his sire or dam, nor had he ever heard of them. A jump it will be, from the plains to mountains, and a journey along pack train to where it ends at a miner's cabin. 'Tis the Rockies, and the trip will repay if just for a glance at the wild country. Lash the pack to me, just taut enough; there'll be a stiffish lean upward to the trail now and again, and the feet need grip well at the heel on the down turn when we make for the valley below. You want to look at the rock now and again. Well, you can do that when we get through some of this timber country, and steady along we go, my friend and I, he to hunt a bit after quartz leads, and I to join my partner in the mine we had drifted in, in a search for bed rock of the creek covered many a year ago by landslides. Dark through the timber it is, and but seldom a slant of sunlight; on the level now, and the Douglas fir rears up aloft, chary of spreading a branch till a dizzy height is reached. The cedar shows his bulk much nearer ground, and with spruce and hemlock and white pine, a perfume greets one of the forest, sweet indeed. Up now leads the trail, and steep the climb, with a turn or two, and to an opening on the left where shows the river—the Columbia—rolling along. Steady now, there where the bank shelves down sheer to 500ft. below. Halt for a breathing space and a look opposite, where the mountains strive, by a climb heavenward, to contrast with the blue their snow-covered tops. But a mile across, yet this bounds not the view; to the right stretch the range of peaks till they merge into bluish haze. Rough masses of rock some have to the tops, while others show timber on the sides close growing to where the snow covers the peak. What shades of color greet the eye! Bright where the sun touches a patch, and dark to black where the sunlight has no play; now a turn to the right and into the wood again; ups and downs for some few miles, then straight runs the trail and level the wood on either side. Silent all, but for the mountain streams lending a voice; and so deceiving in tone some are, from distance and changing currents of air, as to call for many a look backward to see if some cunning old leader of a pack train is not jogging along with his bell ringing.

Not far off an opening in the timber and fair-sized clearing, and a little cabin comes in view. Here now at last; so sit a while on this fallen fir and hear of the dog, and a game one you'll call him, when all is told. Jim's dog we called him, for that was my partner's name, who owned him, and in the mining town a record the dog had made, and had thrashed every dog but a bull terrier there living, and with the latter he had a fight whenever they met, until some friend of theirs (and they had many) thought fit to interfere. An Irish terrier was Jim's; no pedigree came along with him, and no particular strain; a rough, wiry coat, reddish; good head and long, punishing jaw.

Well, Jim and I had made a start from the mining town, and were coming along the trail—this same one—a year ago. A stray grizzly wandered about at odd times there. Don't start, they never come this way now, and the dog was following, gaily enough at first. He had looked back as if sad to leave the town where the bull terrier lived, but soon cheered up as the thick timber gave a prospect of bigger game, and he found it, alas! too big for him, and that's why he is not here. Dead! Yes, but we're coming to that.

The three had tramped but half the day, and were coming along where the timber crowded close to the path, when a sharp turn to the right showed a clearing, and a narrow mountain stream rushed foaming along. Just before starting to ford the stream, we had lost track of doggie, who was on a hunt of his own. We both at once got a startler and no mistake, for on the far side, where some bushes lined a stream, loomed up the long yellowish brown back of a grizzly, and with her a cub, a bit of a one only. The old one caught sight of us and gave a growl or two, but swayed her head back and forward once or twice. A sniff of the air told her some strange enemy was hovering near in a direction opposite to us, and her ear caught a sound which the stream in its rush could not deaden—a keen savage bark —and I—well, I thought of several things in a short space of time, sundry happenings of long years ago. As for Jim, no such reasoning for him. A pace or two and he was in the middle of the stream, and, rifle unslung, and a steady hand, once so familiar with such sport, near the trigger.

One shot rang out and bruin got it, just back of the shoulder, as he had moved his long body for his eye to range in search of the cub, that had started to hunt up the Irish fellow lost to view, so thick was the growth. The shot had told. Savage growls made the fact known, and a lurch forward and then more like a rush our way, but not quite straight for us, and down went Jim in midstream, for his foot had slipped on a pebble.

Now each second counted; a few lost and it would have been all up with us, or one of us. As Jim gained his footing, the bear caught sight of our exact location, and as the keen old hunter brought his rifle again to sight—he had never lost grip of it—Bruin was almost on top of us, or rather of Jim. I had helped him in midstream, but was not armed, so useless. One more peal rang out to greet the echoes of the cliffs around. The rifle almost touched the beast in his last rush forward, and rearing on its hind feet one paw was making a sweep for Jim, a killing blow, when a long keen jaw met in the shaggy neck behind. The good old dog had sprung from a fallen timber near and the swaying body met the blow. T'was Bruin's last effort, and he lay where he fell. And Jim's dog! one look from the eyes so keen in fight, and faithful, but blurred, Jim said as he bent over him, and soft-like and sad his own eyes were, I know, as I helped him to bury his comrade from puppyhood up, till he died, where he tackled to such big odds.

Here comes Jim. We will not talk of it now. He never does; in fact, he's not much of a talker, and thinks silence is gold, and that is what he is after. F. E. JAMES.

A. K. C.—C. K. C.

THE following is now in force:

Articles of agreement entered into this 17th day of July, 1897, between the American Kennel Club and the Canadian Kennel Club.

ARTICLE I.

The Executive Committee of the Canadian Kennel Club shall be the Canadian Advisory Board of the American Kennel Club, and shall conduct all business in the territory under its jurisdiction, as hereinafter provided for in Article VII.

ARTICLE II.

The Canadian Advisory Board, which will represent the Dominion of Canada, to be entitled to three duly accredited delegates as its representatives in the American Kennel Club, the chairman of said board to be one of such delegates, and by virtue of his office as said chairman to be a member of the American Kennel Club Executive Board.

ARTICLE III.

All cases of discipline and other matters relating to the Dominion of Canada shall be dealt with by the said Canadian Advisory Board, subject to confirmation or otherwise by the American Kennel Club. In all cases acted upon by said board an appeal may be taken to said American Kennel Club.

ARTICLE IV.

Dog shows held in the Dominion of Canada can only be held under American Kennel Club rules upon the recommendation of the said Canadian Advisory Board, and for every show recommended the Canadian Advisory Board shall, on behalf of said show, pay to the American Kennel Club the sum of $10. The secretary of the Canadian Advisory Board shall file with the American Kennel Club a certified marked catalogue of each show so held, and awards made at such shows shall become recognized awards of record. The Canadian Kennel Club to be held responsible for the fulfillment of all requirements of the American Kennel Club by clubs holding shows under its recommendations.

ARTICLE V.

A complete roll of membership of the Canadian Kennel Club must be kept on file with the American Kennel Club.

ARTICLE VI.

The Canadian Kennel Club agrees to transfer all its right, title and interest in what is now known as the Canadian Kennel Club Stud Book to the American Kennel Club during the continuance of this agreement, and in return for said transfer the American Kennel Club agrees to register in its Stud Book, each year, without cost, two dogs, the *bona fide* property of any member of the said Canadian Kennel Club, in good standing, at its annual meeting, or who may have been subsequently elected and duly qualified as such member, upon the filing of an application for same, with his standing as a member duly certified thereon by the secretary of said Canadian Kennel Club. Also to register all dogs, now registered with the Canadian Kennel Club, at one-half the regular fee charged by said American Kennel Club, upon application for such registration. To register all kennel names, prefixes and affixes now registered with the Canadian Kennel Club, provided same do not conflict with names already registered with the American Kennel Club, upon receipt of application, and two-thirds of the regular fee charged by said American Kennel Club. To supply the Canadian Advisory Board with a copy each year of its Annual Stud Book, and a copy each month of its *Kennel Gazette*. Also, to allow it a special discount of 33⅓ per cent. on the regular price for all Stud Books it may purchase. As a further consideration, the American Kennel Club agrees not to accept any kennel club in Canada as an active member unless recommended by the Canadian Advisory Board.

ARTICLE VII.

The following shall be the By-Laws of the Canadian Advisory Board, until the same shall have been amended by the American Kennel Club:

SECTION 1. This organization shall be known as the Canadian Advisory Board of the American Kennel Club, from which it derives its powers.

SEC. 2. It shall consist of the Executive Committee of the Canadian Kennel Club.

SEC. 3. The officers of the board shall consist of a Chairman, a Vice-Chairman and a Secretary. They shall be elected at the annual meeting of each year, and hold office until their successors are duly elected.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Chairman to preside at all the meetings, enforce a compliance with the rules, and perform such other duties as usually devolve upon a presiding officer.

SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the Vice-Chairman to preside in the absence of the Chairman, and to perform in such case all the duties of the chairman.

SEC. 6. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a true and correct record of all proceedings of the meetings of the board; to transmit by registered letter within three days a full and complete copy of the same to the American Kennel Club; to conduct all its correspondence; to take charge of all books, papers, moneys or other property of the board; to pay out such money only by the order of the board, and to turn over all books, papers, moneys or other property belonging to the Canadian Advisory Board, and in his custody as secretary, to his successor in office.

SEC. 7. Five (5) members of the board shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. The yeas and nays of all votes shall be recorded on the minutes.

SEC. 8. This board shall be advisory to the American Kennel Club, and shall have jurisdiction in all questions arising in the Dominion of Canada between clubs, and between show committees and exhibitors, and in all such matters as would otherwise be proper subjects for consideration by the American Kennel Club, and its decisions shall be binding upon all parties concerned until reversed by the said American Kennel Club or its Executive Board.

SEC. 9. It shall hear all appeals from the decisions of the clubs or their committees in the Dominion of Canada, under the same rules as govern in an appeal to the American Kennel Club, and report its decisions to the said club, and its decisions shall be binding on all parties concerned until reversed by the said American Kennel Club or its Executive Board.

SEC. 10. It shall receive and consider all suggestions from the several clubs under its jurisdiction regarding American Kennel Club legislation affecting the Dominion of Canada, and recommend such action as it may deem proper and for the best interests of breeders, owners and exhibitors of said Dominion to the American Kennel Club for its final action in the premises.

SEC. 11. It shall exert a general advisory supervision over the kennel interests of the Dominion; encourage the organization of new clubs, and the holding of bench shows wherever expedient; counsel harmony of action, good will, and promote a friendly feeling and unity of action between all sections.

SEC. 12. It shall adopt from time to time such rules and regulations not in conflict with the law of the American Kennel Club, and which shall be approved by said club as may appear from the condition of the section under its jurisdiction to be necessary to promote and develop the best interests of the owners, breeders and exhibitors of the Dominion, and perform such other acts as it may be directed to perform by the American Kennel Club.

SEC. 13. The regular meetings of the board shall be held in the City of Toronto, Canada, and special meetings may be called at any time by the chairman, provided ten full days' notice thereof shall have been given to each delegate, either in person or by notice mailed to his last known address.

ARTICLE VIII.

This agreement if ratified by both clubs, to be duly attested by the secretary of each club, and true copies thereof must be filed with each club, and at any time upon six months' notice in writing given by either club to the other, this agreement may be canceled and become null and void.

Chesapeake Bay Dogs and Others.

STOCKTON, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Away back in the early 70s I first introduced through the medium of the old *Rod and Gun*, the Chesapeake Bay ducking dog. Afterward at the Centennial Exposition the first exhibit of them was made from my stock, and while speaking of these dogs, the specimens I see now are very little like the old stock I remember. They are much smaller, and in many ways differ from the first types. If I were breeding them now, I would secure a good red Labrador Newfoundland and cross him with the smoothest-haired bitches of the old stock I could find. This, I think, would bring back the old type, for in my opinion they are nothing more than cross-bred red Newfoundlands.

Again I propose to benefit (?) my brother sportsmen, and shall introduce to your notice a strain of dogs not down in the Standard. I am not breeding these dogs, neither have I any to sell; in fact, I do not even own one, but I have a friend, a captain at our life-saving station, who has one of these fine, retroactive animals, and with all its make-up so plain that, like the noble coon dog, its fine breeding can be told at a glance. This dog does not range the fields and point his game like a setter, neither does he fuss around and bark it up like a spaniel, nor does he follow it up like a keen-nosed hound. No, he does not even have to retrieve, and what is more, he does not even find the birds. What is he called? He is the soon-to-be-famous Willet dog.

Imagine daylight is just breaking, and you are nicely fixed beside an old piece of wreck just at the edge of the surf, the roar of the waves in your ears, and the cool breeze from old ocean wafting back the clouds of gnats, mosquitoes and green flies. You have a friend, he is nicely fixed, say half a mile below you, and close at your side sits your wonderful willet dog. Suddenly a shrill whistle sounds. Your dog looks up at you, and then far away down the beach to a dark figure silhouetted against the morning sky. You speak to him: "Go on"—he looks. "Get out," and up goes your hand to him in a moving way. He is off now for your friend and his whistle. A hundred yards is passed, now two hundred, when far out over the surf you see a bunch of willets. Now they are down close to the waves; now they rise high again. Ah! they see your dog, and with wide open bills and piercing squalls they head straight for him. Your dog sees them; he glances at your distant friend, then back to you. You are his nearest friend, so with tail well tucked under he starts for the shelter of your legs. Nearer they come shrieking and darting; wilder leaps the dog as he glances first over one shoulder then the other, and straight as an arrow heads for your protecting limbs. If you are alone there is no trouble in making a beautiful double, but if a friend is with you the chances are you both will miss from laughing, and afterward glance at each other in an unpleasant way.

If the dog reaches the other party without being attacked by these fierce birds, a whistle from you and a hand or foot movement from your friend sends him back. This is kept up while the birds are flying. If the birds see the dog, there is no danger but what you will get a shot. It is a sure thing, a regular cinch, as a Western man would say. The whole attention and also voice of these birds is taken up by the dog; and such a voice, why, an old blue crane's note is a warble compared to the shrill squak that comes from the wide open throat of a willet in pursuit of a receding dog.

We are now having some splendid rains, this will put plenty of fresh water on the marshes and make better shooting. A few birds are now coming in, mostly curlew.

O. D. FOULKS.

As the time draws near for the field trial competitors to cross the Canadian boundary, Mr. W. S. Bell, secretary of the Continental Field Trial Club, desires to call attention to the fact that all dogs that have been duly entered in any of the Manitoba Field Trials Club's events for 1897 are allowed to enter Manitoba and remain for ninety days free of all duty, and that those who contemplate entering their dogs in the Continental Field Trials Club's events—the Blue Ribbon or Excelsior stake—must enter said dogs in the Manitoba Club's events in order to benefit by the above arrangement and pass the ports of entry without delay or annoyance. The Manitoba Club have reduced their entry fee in both events to $5. Dogs entered only in the Continental Club's events will be subject to customs regulations and duty.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

AN EDITORIAL MARE'S NEST.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During many years, I have refrained from public discussions with such exhibitors as were disappointed and controversial concerning the awarding of prizes, for the simple reason that no information will change a belief founded on self-interest blended with a deep affection for the dog which failed to win. The average kicker in the cause of his dog feels that he is wounded in his pride, his affection and his pocket. The one who kicks for commercial advantages and for the advertising to be gained thereby cannot be convinced, for that would be diametrically opposed to his prearranged calculations. Moreover, I feel that my judgments are fit topics for true criticism, and to such I have no objection: in fact, I invite it. But wholesale vilification is not criticism. However, the virulent attack upon my honesty in connection with the judging of the late Oakland show, made in the columns of a journal which barely exceeds the dignity of a circular, has by some of my friends been thought of sufficient importance to warrant an answer, although it is difficult to answer a charge which has no specification—one which is made up of mere assertion, as is this one. But as the Pacific Coast is in a way, so far as its canine interests are concerned, an unknown country to Eastern fanciers, and as new complications have been brought into the case through factional action, I have decided to throw some light on it and on other matters.

First, as to the man, Mr. H. T. Payne, who publishes the attack through the columns of the literary bantling aforementioned—he dawned upon the journalistic sporting world but a few short years ago, and with no substantial or adequate experience in the dog world, or knowledge of dogs, he assumed a critic's knowledge and maintained it with an audacity which was marvelous. His stay in the dog world is not from any public belief in his pretensions, or that his estimate of himself is correct, or that he is a genuine power. It is from his affiliation with factions, which identifies him with certain contending interests, such as they may be for the time being; and from the multiplicity of factions which have made up the formative period of the dog world in California, and from the many mutations of it, combined with the absence of any serious journalistic competition, he has managed to keep his head uncertainly afloat. All his writings are marked by coarseness of thought, insolent assumption and acrimonious invective; opinionated, intolerant, narrow, and much given to belauding his own importance, doings and purposes. With a rival paper on the coast, his only competitor, he has been bitterly quarreling for years. The two kennel editors do not hesitate to call each other liars, self-seekers and mischief-makers, and to belittle each other's knowledge and worth with all the wealth of epithets which can be compiled by diligent application; and yet, whatever others may think or write of him, Mr. Payne never fails to publish himself the censor of judges, the preserver of honesty, the champion of right; this man who recently came into the kennel world a fancier ready made.

Yet this is not all his true greatness. The American Kennel Club, a few months ago, was the subject of his intemperate virulence in a paper which circulates among his acquaintances; that is, his own paper. Reforms affecting the Pacific Coast, which the club had for a long while contemplated making for the betterment of kennel interests there, and which it eventually made, he had the effrontery to claim as being the direct result of his editorial diatribes, though the latter were mostly irrelevant, yet irritating coincidents. When the Pacific Advisory Board was formed he became its secretary, although denounced by some as unworthy of the office. Nevertheless the new office gave a new prestige to the editor of the journalistic bantling; his knowledge of dogs was confirmed more certainly, for he wrote more as one in authority, and a new impetus was given to his editorial insolence. Nor did all these comprise his activities in the cause of dog interests. Be it known, he was and is a dog breeder, a dog exhibitor, and a dog broker when a good opportunity presents itself. Such diversity of talent cannot belong to a man of little capacity. Editor, secretary, dog-breeder, dealer, exhibitor and broker, all in one person! Is not that comprehensive?

For an ordinary man it might be difficult to disassociate the editor from the dog exhibitor, or to disassociate the exhibitor's interests from those of the secretary's office, or any one from all the rest; and with his factional affiliations and interminable editorial brawlings, it is difficult to determine which office he would hold aloof from personal matters, if he did not hold them all, or how he could benefit the canine world.

These editorial criminations and recriminations, relentless factional strife, malignings, detraction and promotion of constant trouble are unknown in the East. The attack referred to, if made by one of the responsible Eastern journals, would be treated by the public as being serious and worthy of respect, for the public would know that it was the result of the deep conviction of the editors, who were free from any of the resentments of the disappointed exhibitor, and also that there was a material responsibility behind the journal.

Habituated to concede much confidence to the writings of Eastern kennel journals, the dog fanciers of the East might take it for granted that the same conditions governed the publication of all sporting journals on the Pacific Coast. Such is not the case.

It has been said that for the libelous article which Mr. Payne published against me, I have a remedy in the courts either in a civil or criminal action against him. At first thought this has a plausible force, but as a matter of fact, it would afford no remedy at all. An action for damages if won could result in no material gain, and if prosecuted criminally, there would be but a remote possibility of conviction, for it is a notorious fact that in libel cases it is extremely difficult to secure a conviction, be the case ever so well established, for the jury will confound the liberty of speech with the license of speech, and will be reluctant to decide against the press. The prosecution of a libel suit, moreover, is a long, expensive matter. There are many ways of securing delays, and generally it is years after one is instituted before it is decided. There is in this case the formidable obstacle of a distance of some 3,000 miles to be overcome, and besides, it might be extremely difficult to convince a jury that anything printed in Mr. Payne's paper was really published, since the few copies circulated among his acquaintances could hardly do so much injury as to impress them with its criminality.

In what was presented to his band of readers as a report of the Oakland show, but which was a combination of abuse of the judge and ill-tempered vilification of him and others for no apparent reason other than that Mr. Payne thought differently from him, the following appeared. It is not all, but it gives the substance of the charges, and a fair presentation of that gentleman's style. The factional spirit appears even in this. He said that "even the intelligent winners, realizing the brazen-faced trickery of the judge (?), blushed with shame that they had been the recipients of his favors." Again, "the fiasco of placing the awards was done by Mr. James Mortimer, and done in the most shameful and brazen-faced manner possible, far eclipsing his dirty work at San Francisco a year ago." He states that it was quite generally understood how the awards would be given "from the character of the men who forced his engagement." Of the home fanciers with whom he disagrees he says, "it was the plan of those who forced him upon the Oakland Club to ruin dog shows on the coast if possible, by disgusting the people; but the zeal in this direction of their confederate so over-reached itself, that the intended tragedy became a farce." It should be kept in mind that Mr. Payne was an exhibitor at this show. He then alleges that some of the bystanders could name the winners from the circumstance of what men were showing the dogs. Here is a sample of a criticism: "Almost from beginning to end the St. Bernard awards were a farce, while the handling of the specials were actually damnable." Again: "Mr. Chas. H. Harker, of San Jose, had been visited by three of these officers at as many times, each importuning him not to show in this city. But Mr. Harker is a gentleman far above being a party to their low, spiteful work, and refused to comply with their demands; *therefore* (italics mine), in the specials his Alta Berna, a bitch that is far more than a good specimen, was turned down for a long-nosed, hound-headed, flat-sided bitch that should not have won in her class. Dr. Taylor's fine young dog, Roxie Savage, was also turned down for a long-headed smooth-coat of inferior quality, belonging to an officer of the club." This is the style of ranting about officers, dogs and judges, which is served up by Editor Payne when he takes the public into his editorial confidence.

Mr. Payne adverts to the "dirty work" I did a year ago—that is to say, my awards did not all meet with his approval; but the mild reference to it gives the reader no idea of the abuse which was bestowed upon me at the time. If Mr. Payne believed what he wrote last year, he should have opposed me in every way this year. However, under date of Feb. 15, Mr. John E. de Ruyter wrote me that the San Francisco Kennel Club had made application for membership in the American Kennel Club, with the intention of holding a show in May, and asked for my terms for superintending the show and judging some classes. In a postscript he added: "If the A. K. C. should grant us our charter, would you be willing to accept the appointment as our delegate? Mr. Payne, of ——— ———, has suggested your name to me."

Under date of March 12, Mr. H. H. Carlton, secretary of



THE NORTHWEST FIELD TRIALS CLUB CHAMPION CUP.

the San Francisco Kennel Club, wrote me as follows: "I have the honor to inform you that at a meeting of the San Francisco Kennel Club, held last evening, you were unanimously elected our delegate to the American Kennel Club. * * * We shall feel grateful if you will represent us, as there is no one to whom we would intrust our interests who we feel such confidence in and who would represent us more faithfully."

March 10 Mr. Payne published in his paper the following: "The well-known judge, Mr. James Mortimer, who officiated at the San Francisco show last year, has been engaged."

On April 24 he said: "Mr. James Mortimer will judge all classes. Mr. Mortimer is a well-known judge all over the coast, having judged once at Los Angeles, twice at San Francisco, and once at Seattle. While ——— ——— has criticised some of his awards, the same as it feels at liberty to do, and does do, with any and all judges when it thinks errors have been made, it recognizes in Mr. Mortimer a gentleman of ability, and one whom it can unhesitatingly recommend to the fanciers of the coast."

May 1 he said. "That it (the show) will be a success is already assured. Mr. Mortimer, who has twice officiated on the coast, will do the judging, and this fact alone should lead to a large entry."

On May 15 he said: "Mr. Mortimer judged all classes. The majority of his awards was based upon good judgment and no reasonable fault can be found with them."

All this was published before the special prizes, in which Mr. Payne was interested as a competitor, were awarded. Mr. Payne's dogs did not win. This will explain the "damnable" character of the judging of the specials. Thus it will be seen that the sudden turn against me by Mr. Payne, as editor, was co-incidental with his defeat as an exhibitor; Mr. Payne, the exhibitor, palpably having a great deal of influence with Mr. Payne, the editor, who again might have some influence with Mr. Payne, Secretary of the Pacific Advisory Board.

As showing the harmless nature of Mr. Payne's displeasure and how little it is heeded by the world at large—or even by that portion of it over which he assumes a dictatorship—the following is interesting. Under date of June 8, 1897, the St. Bernard Club of California wired me as follows: "Annual election 9th. Will you act as delegate? Answer." On June 12 Mr. Fred Johns, secretary of the Oakland Kennel Club, wrote me: "The Oakland Kennel Club requests that you will represent it at the American Kennel Club. I indorse credentials herewith. Hoping that you will pardon our taking this action without first consulting you, and that you will be able to accept, I am very truly yours, Fred Johns, Sec'y." Under date of June 17 Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh, secretary A. K. C., sent me the following: "I beg to advise you that I have this day received credentials from the Milwaukee K. and P. S. Ass'n appointing you as its delegate to the A. K. C."

The *Breeder and Sportsman* (San Francisco) of May 15, in its report of the Oakland show, said, "Mr. Mortimer judged all classes and gave excellent satisfaction to the critics. He reversed several of 'Uncle Dick's' decisions, and withheld prizes where he thought the exhibits were not worthy of mention, a practice that cannot be too highly commended; but, on the whole, he pleased both exhibitors and visitors." On May 22 the same journal said: "Mr. Mortimer judged all classes. * * * His method of hewing to the line cannot be too highly commended. Mongrels and third-raters have won prizes enough, and it is time the public were taught what representative specimens of the different breeds look like."

Had the matter stood as above, I probably never should have taken any notice of Mr. Payne's "criticism"; for while to the Eastern fancier it seems very earnest, in Mr. Payne's paper it is merely a weekly commonplace incident, a trifling detail of endless quarreling. Malicious wrangling is the life of his paper; by it he gains his notoriety, his advertising. By an assault on me he seeks to gain a wider fame, and that is why I have studiously refrained from mentioning the name of his paper in this.

At the recent meeting of the A. K. C. executive board, charges were made formally against Mr. Payne by the St. Bernard Club, of California for his malicious attack upon me. I appeared before the Board, and requested that the matter be given the fullest investigation. The Pacific Coast Advisory Board has been instructed to ask Mr. Payne for his evidence. As an officer of the A. K. C., he could have preferred charges against me at once and immediately. If he believed his own statements, it was his duty to bring forth his charge and proof at once. That, however, would not have advertised his paper as he desired it done.

When he published his denunciation he should have produced his proof—if he had it. He did not have it, but that is a trifling matter in his style of journalism.

Now that the matter is to be investigated officially, I ask him to bring forth every particle of proof that he has, and do his worst.

In the meantime the following may be an interesting comparison as showing the opinion of Mr. Payne, the editor, as he published it before the show, and the opinion of Mr. Payne, editor-exhibitor, as he published it after the show:

"It (his paper) recognizes in Mr. Mortimer a gentleman of ability, and one whom it can unhesitatingly recommend to the fanciers on the coast."—April 24

"The majority of his awards was based upon good judgment and no reasonable fault can be found with them."—May 15.

"Mr. Mortimer may, undoubtedly has, won the friendship of those who brought him here and who have been condemned and kicked forever out of San Francisco dogdom. At the same time he has won the condemnation, aye, even loathing, of every intelligent fancier who had no axes to grind by the disgraceful awards."—May 22.

Alas! that the calm, judicial editor could so cheaply be turned into the frenzied exhibitor. JAMES MORTIMER.

International Field Trials Club's Derby.

CHATHAM, July 21.—Our Derby entry list is not large, but most of the old-timers are out, and it is a good sign to see new blood coming in, if even in small quantities. Messrs. John Davidson and E. Warner, late with Mr. George Gould, will judge. Quail promises to be as plentiful, if not more so, than last year, and everything points to a good meeting. Ducks have bred well at Big Point, and I shall pay strict attention to them and the other birds, to make up for not going to Manitoba. We are now in the midst of the wild excitement of cricket.

PEG OF LIMAVADY—J. B. McKay's red Irish setter bitch (Finglas—River Roe).

HEATH GLADSTONE—W. W. Cain's b. b. English setter dog (Dan Belton—Forest Gladstone).

SELKIRK DOVER—W. B. Wells's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Luke—Luna).

MAID MARRIAN—H. M. Graydon's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Lady Mingo).

BELLE OF LONDON—J. W. Humpidge's b. and w. English setter bitch (Brighton Dick—Nancy).

ESSIE D.—J. W. Humpidge's b. and w. English setter bitch (Brighton Dick—Nancy).

HIGH NOON—S. Holmes's b. and w. English setter bitch.

MID DAY—S. Holmes's b. and w. English setter bitch.

JIM BANG—Thos. Wear's l. and w. English setter dog (Dash Antonio—Lady Mingo).

LADY THORNE—E. Glasco's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Maggie G.).

DIOGENESE—F. Hurd's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Dash Antonio—Patti).

NORA—Jake Cline's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Washtinaw Grouse—Gladstone's Nora).

NOBLE CHIEFTAIN—Geo. Kime's b. and w. English setter dog (Dash Antonio—Rose Rapid II.).

LADY BIRD—Geo. Kime's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Rose Rapid II.).

BARNEY—R. Brodie's l. and w. pointer dog (Paddy—Dot). W. B. WELLS.

Nursing vs. Dosing.

MANY volumes of matter have been written on all the subjects pertaining to the dogin domestication—his training, breeding, spirituality, uses, kenneling, feeding, race characteristics and treatment in health and disease—but none have touched on the subject of nursing excepting as a mere incident of the medical treatment, and many times it received but scant consideration at that. It remained for that veteran canine authority and writer, Mr. S. T. Hammond, to appreciate the universal importance of good nursing in the care of the dog in disease, and to supply a work on it teeming with useful information. For a title he has chosen the suggestive terms: "Nursing versus Dosing."

In the hands of the layman, the most carefully prepared medical work, even though it be written with minute elaboration and free from technicality, rarely results in producing the correct treatment. The layman can read of symptoms, but he cannot recognize other than the commonest ones, and these are often present in many distinct diseases. The variations of the pulse, respiration and temperature, their significance, and the multitude of minor symptoms so palpable to the trained eye of the skilled practitioner and so hidden from the layman, are all without meaning to the average dog owner. Still, as there are so many different diseases whose main symptoms are alike, the layman who is studying symptoms and then searching a book for their significance, finds that the dog may have one of several diseases, or a number at once; so he is moved to give him the medicines prescribed for each disease. As he reads more deeply and his knowledge is becoming dangerous, he changes his diagnosis and begins a new treatment. Medicines are given with a generosity and variety and assurance denoting simple faith—the outcome of ignorance. Instead of a diagnosis and treatment such as the medical author intended, the layman, from his ignorance of the effects of medicine, is continually dosing, and from the uncertainty which alternates with every re-reading of his reference book, he is quite as continually changing his dosing. The harmfulness of all this Mr. Hammond points out in his gentle way, and he treats of the beneficent effects of good nursing, with instructive elaboration.

He also treats of the simple remedies for many of the commonest diseases, but he never loses the theme of nursing, good nursing. As an adjunct to the skill of the physician, good nursing has been long recognized by him as indispensable in successfully treating the human subject. The train

ing of skilled nurses is regular and careful. As concerns the dog, few laymen are qualified to treat him for disease; but all can look after his comfort, prepare the proper food, administer medicine, and avoid doing what they should not do when the correct methods are all plainly pointed out, as they are in "Nursing vs. Dosing."

Mr. Hammond's former work on the dog, "Training vs. Breaking," was one of the most successful in canine literature; and the grasp of his subject, and the skillful arrangement of detail so conspicuous in it, are quite as noticeable in his last work.

Any one who owns a sick dog would not spare any effort to insure his comfort and recovery; but if one does not know how to nurse the dog properly, pain may be inflicted instead of a benefit conferred.

"Nursing vs. Dosing" treats of cleanliness, care of dam and puppies, diet, kennel, exercise, common diseases and their treatment, nursing, and many-related subjects. For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co. Price $1.

American Spaniel Club.

A MEETING of the American Spaniel Club's executive committee was held on July 16, at No. 13 West Eighteenth street, New York; Messrs. R. P. Keasbey, S. J. Bradbury, M. D., H. K. Bloodgood and Marcel A. Viti being present. The minutes of the prior meeting were read and approved.

The votes for club judges were opened and counted. The following gentlemen were duly elected judges: (1) James Mortimer; (2) E. M. Oldham; (3) A. C. Wilmerding; (4) Chas. H. Mason; (5) S. J. Bradbury, M. D.; (6) George Douglas; (7) James Watson; (8) J. F. Kirk; (9) Andrew Laidlaw; (10) J. P. Willey.

Owing to the absence from this country of Mr. E. M. Oldham, it was decided to elect a president pro tem, and also a new delegate to the American Kennel Club. Upon motion, Mr. Rowland P. Keasbey was elected President pro tem, and Mr. Marcel A. Viti was elected delegate to the American Kennel Club.

It was decided to offer the following challenge specials, in addition to the four cash specials, at the Toronto show: Sunning Hill challenge cup, for best Irish water spaniel; Field Spaniel trophy, for best field spaniel; Cocker Spaniel trophy, for best cocker spaniel; Bell Paintings, for best brace of cockers under one year old.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The following sentence contains an ambiguity, and was in our report of the A. K. C. executive board meeting last week. "In the matter of charges made by Mr. H. T. Payne against Mr. Mortimer for misconduct as judge at the Oakland show, and the charges made by the St. Bernard Club, of California, against Mr. Payne for his action in making the charges against Mr. Mortimer, it was resolved," etc. Mr. Payne's charges were published in his paper and have no official standing, while the St. Bernard Club's charges were lodged with the A. K. C. Mr Mortimer appeared in person before the A. K. C and asked that the matter have the fullest investigation.

The Bull Terrier Club of America have issued a book of majestic proportions, artistic in its detail and its effect, containing a list of officers and members, and constitution and by-laws, points of the bull terrier, produce stakes, trophies, champions of record and some cuts of the cups. The second edition of the book will be issued about next December. R. S. Huidecoper, secretary-treasurer, 154 East Fifty-seventh street, New York.

A nomination and executive meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held at the Queen's Hotel, on Friday, Aug 6, at 8 P. M.

Wheeling.

Connecticut Guide Boards.

THE last Connecticut Legislature passed a bill requiring the selectmen of towns to maintain signboards at all highway crossings, for the guidance of travelers. While highly commendable as far as it goes, the law unfortunately does not apply to cities and boroughs, where the need of guide boards is fully as great as in the country districts.

Partly to remedy this difficulty, and also with a view of assisting the selectmen in the performance of their duties, the Connecticut division of the L. A. W. has decided to furnish a large number of signboards free, for use on the principal highways connecting cities and towns. The roads most commonly traveled will, of course, be given the preference

These boards will be 2ft. long and 1ft. high, and will bear at the top the L. A. W. wheel emblem in red. Underneath will be directions and distances marked in plain letters, and also symbols intended to designate the character and condition of the roads. The characters used in the division road book will be utilized. Here the capital letters A, B and C are used to designate the condition of the road as first-class, fair or poor; while the figures 1, 2 and 3 will serve to indicate its character, whether level, slightly hilly or rolling, or very hilly. An A1 road will be first-class and level, A No. 1 in every respect, while a C 3 will belong to the worst of the roads dignified with guide boards. The idea is a good one, and can be copied with profit in other quarters.

Government Maps for Wheelmen.

BY Congressional enactment approved Feb. 18, 1897, the topographic and geologic maps of the United States must be disposed of through sale. This is an important announcement and one of great interest to wheelmen.

The topographic maps, which are prepared from actual surveys to serve as a basis for the geologic maps, show surface elevations, roads, and all necessary physical and cultural details. The character of the country can be taken in at a glance from these maps, for brown contour lines, generally laid down for every 25ft. of elevation (though in very mountainous countries this is exceeded, while in flat countries contours of only 5ft. are sometimes given), show all grades, and marshes, lakes, rivers and other natural features are clearly indicated. In sparsely settled districts houses are shown, and in cities, street blocks. Like all Government publications these maps are beautifully drawn and engraved.

Aside from the single fact of their not indicating which oads are best, no such desirable road maps for wheelmen have ever been published. Not only is the character of any country apparent, but the actual grade and height of all hills is shown, and it can be told at a glance whether they are rideable or not.

The topographical maps are the ones wanted. They may be purchased at a cost of 5 cents apiece, or $2 per hundred, whether the same or different maps are ordered. They are published in sheets 16½×20in., and each sheet is designated by the name of a principal town or some natural feature in the district, and covers one sixteenth, one-quarter, or the whole of a geographical degree, according as the scale is one, two, or four miles to the inch, the scale varying with the character of the country.

About 900 such maps have been printed, covering parts of nearly all the States in the Union. Massachusetts and Connecticut are complete, while maps may be had of the following cities and surroundings: New York, Albany, Rochester, Niagara Falls, Washington, St. Louis, Norfolk and Denver.

A complete list may be obtained by addressing the U. S. Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

WHEELING NOTES.

The new chainless wheel, which one of the great bicycle companies will put upon the market next year, resembles the French and other bevel gear wheels in most respects. It has, however, two sets of teeth on each of the gear wheels, and means are provided for throwing one set out and the other in, and so changing from high gear to low, or *vice versa*. It is also possible to throw the gear entirely out of action, if desired, for coasting.

Invisible brakes of various types, and brakes that become operative through the action of back pedaling are daily coming into prominence. In Washington there is a city ordinance against coasting, and more than usual temptation to break it, and here a type of brake that permits the rider to coast with both feet on the pedals has had a large sale. With the bewildering array of brakes now upon the market it is strange if every one who wants a brake cannot find something to exactly suit his requirements.

Advance sheets of the August number of consular reports from the Department of State deal with our bicycles in foreign countries. Germany receives the most attention, being honored with three separate reports, but space is also given to Russia, New South Wales and Nicaragua. In all these countries with the exception of Nicaragua, where it seems that Germany has command of the market, American bicycles have made an enviable record.

In Germany wheels of our manufacture lead all other countries in the matter of imports, and also in the price received, while in New South Wales one-third of the total imports are bicycles of American manufacture. In Russia our bicycles seem to lead in respect to quality, though cheap wheels of domestic and German manufacture are in greatest demand.

Yachting.

THE various reports current during the season as to the fitting out of Defender for the New York cruise, have amounted to nothing more than that the yacht has been repainted at her moorings. Mr. Iselin has chartered Intrepid, schooner, for the cruise.

The America's Cup.

THERE is no promise whatever of a new challenge for the America's Cup in the fact that a comparatively small racing cutter has just been launched in England for the home races; but at the same time the discussion has been renewed on both sides of the Atlantic; and a good deal of nonsense has been printed about the alleged intentions of Mr. Charles Day Rose to challenge with his new Aurora. The *Yachting World* of July 23 discusses the question of international racing seriously, as follows:

It is undoubtedly true that a much more cordial feeling exists in relation to sport generally than existed some time ago, but this fact scarcely justifies the hope of another yacht race in the immediate future. Every impartial critic must admit that both parties to the unsavory dispute resulting from the last series of matches went further than was compatible with sportsmanlike behavior.

An imputation, subsequently declared to be unfounded, was made against the honor of those connected with the Defender, while their retaliation was shielded by the New York Y. C. and the anything but magnanimous American press, very prone to condemn the entire British community on the strength of the certainly premature charges brought by the owner of the Valkyrie.

Considerable time will have to elapse before another challenge is issued, and for the purpose of a satisfactory competition the present deed of gift must be thoroughly overhauled.

We have little doubt that the latter end of the Dunraven episode, that relating to the collision, the withdrawal of Valkyrie III. and the accusations of the noble lord against Defender, may be considered closed, and that the majority of yachtsmen on both sides of the ocean are willing to forget it.

The real obstacle to a resumption of cup racing lies further back, in the various deals and dickerings between the New York Y. C. and Lord Dunraven, by which was patched up a compromise over the original question, the fairness and legality of the new deed of gift.

This compromise, equally discreditable to both parties, has, as we predicted as long ago as 1889, when Lord Dunraven first bloomed forth as a yachtsman, proved an utter failure in every way. So far from clearing up the legal obscurities of the new deed, it has increased them, until now no man living can say on what terms the America's Cup is held by the New York Y. C. As a mere temporary expedient to promote international racing by means of special provisions and strained interpretations, it has resulted in a series of unseemly squabbles.

The only hope of a challenge to-day rests on two classes of British yachtsmen, novices, as were Lord Dunraven in 1889 and Mr. Rose in 1895, unfamiliar with the usages of yacht racing and the history of the various deeds of gift; and wealthy business men who see in international racing a profitable method of advertising their wares, whether pills, lotions or liquors. As a mere advertising scheme in these progressive days, the winning of the America's Cup would make the fortune of a speculator in some patent medicine or similar article, and there have been several indications on both sides of the Atlantic that this fact is not unappreciated by some of this class.

We believe that there are still in Great Britain yachtsmen of the true stamp—men such as Sir Richard Sutton, Lieut. Henn and Sir James Bell, good sportsmen and skillful yachtsmen, who are fully competent to carry out properly such a serious enterprise as the challenging for the America's Cup has at last become. At the same time, a look at the list of racing owners will show that the number of such men is limited, and that very few of them are interested in other than comparatively small yachts.

The way to a renewal of Cup racing is through two steps: first, a positive settlement of the terms upon which the Cup is now held, whether under the literal and *quasi-legal* reading of the new deed of gift, as insisted on by the New York Y. C. up to 1892; or by some forced construction of the document to meet the demands of a new challenger, as was done in 1893 and 1895 with Lord Dunraven. No one can say at the present time how much of the new deed has been repudiated and how much retained by the New York Y. C. in the course of the long deal with Lord Dunraven, and until there is a positive understanding on this subject there is little hope of a settlement of the original dispute of 1887, as to the legality and fairness of the new deed.

Until it is understood by the entire yachting world that the America's Cup is once more offered on fair and definite terms to all challengers, there can be no inducement to the better class of yachtsmen to challenge for it. Even when this desirable end is attained it is doubtful whether any one will be found to build a 90 footer; of course a syndicate may be formed, but syndicates, for challenge or defense, are most undesirable as compared with individual ownership. To secure a challenge from an individual, if not from a syndicate, it is desirable that the competition should be transferred to a smaller class, certainly not over 75ft. racing length.

The initiative in both of these movements, for the remodeling of the conditions and the change of class, must of necessity come from the New York Y. C. The entire responsibility for the abrogation of the original trust conditions in two cases rests with the club; and it is also on record as having repeatedly refused a challenge from any but the largest possible yacht. If the club wants another international race it can have it, but only by a decided change of policy on its part unless it is willing to risk another experience like the last.

The Real Work of Designing.

THE following, from the canoeing columns of the *Field*, deals with a subject that is of interest to every yachtsman as well as canoeist at this time, when all craft, from the cruising canoe and the smaller knockabouts, are supposed to be built from designs fully completed and perfected in advance. Only those who have had practical experience in superintendence as well as designing can realize the amount of detail that is absolutely essential if the ideas of the designer are to be fully carried out in a new boat. In our experience we quite frequently encounter men who look upon a sail plan as something that can be sketched in off-hand, without any special knowledge of the hull over which it is intended to go, or who expect that a complete design can be turned out in a single evening.

To produce a satisfactory result, even in a cruising craft of moderate cost, it is most essential that every detail of construction and fitting shall be planned with the same care and skill bestowed upon the lines. However perfect the lines themselves may be, the success of the craft depends upon whether the construction and fittings are properly planned, or whether they are left, as is too often the case, to take care of themselves. If they are to be planned in advance, then the designer who creates the lines is the proper one to do the planning of the remaining details, and in order to communicate his ideas clearly to the builder he must go to great care in drawing every part. The writer of the following is Mr. W. Baden-Powell, an amateur designer of long experience.

A correspondent a few weeks back asked the question: "If you want a canoe for cruising and for racing, will a half model be enough for the builder, or must he be supplied with a design drawing." The answer, of course, is that a model is practically useless, and that one design drawing is equally useless if real novelty of design and of fitment is to be incorporated in the new craft. Those who grumble at the fees charged by a naval architect for a complete design, a specification for building, and plans for sails and rigging, can have very little knowledge of the amount of actual drawing work, let alone time and thought over calculations and compromise-making, which the designer has to put in to make a design fairly entitled to claim novelty and success.

We may at once state that size of craft to be built has nothing to do with the number of drawings or the calculations, except as to internal arrangements, so that, be it a yacht of 200 tons or a canoe of 15ft., practically the same drawings have to be made, and the calculations required for the former may be equally necessary for the latter. For instance, the canoe is now rated for racing purposes on the late Y. R. A. rule of L.W.L. × sail area, and if you do not know that the new ship will float at a nominated waterline you cannot even order the sails and spars without risk of finding them all wrong, and therefore some careful calculations of displacement and estimates of weight of construction, fitment, rigging and ballasting are absolutely necessary. Of course, when the higher principles and even the theories of "utter" naval architecture are to be embodied in the coming craft, many sheets of calculations and of curve drawings will have to be made; but these are not, perhaps, necessary for the production of a satisfactory cruiser or a simple cup-winning racer. None the less, canoe design will improve, and failures will be less visible, in proportion as science enters into the designing, and also a happy medium meeting of the present antagonistic requirements of cruising and racing will be more nearly reached.

As an instance of fact, as to the labor of fully designing a sailing canoe, here is the actual number of drawings made for the construction of the 1897 Nautilus canoe, now being built in conformity with the requirements of the Royal Canoe Club "cruising class," and for racing under such class. Omitting explanatory sketch drawings, and, indeed, all mere plans of detail, there are twenty-nine actual scale drawings, and every one of them is necessary, because they represent that of which there is no previous drawing or sample even sufficiently near for the experienced Mr. Turk to build from without a scale drawing.

The separate sheets of drawings—twenty-nine, actual (though there are ten more of an explanatory nature)—are as follows: One of lines, sheer, body, horizontal, and diagonal; one of curve of displacement and curve of areas at two useful angles of inclination; one sheet of building plans as to detail of construction; two sheets of same at full size for builder to work from; next come fifteen full size sectional plans, each giving detail of planks, stringers, knees, drains, and a dozen other things in its locality. Then come the plans of keel, rabbet and stem and stern posts, and center-plate case. The full-size drawings, with all details of the construction of the drop-plate rudder, and ditto of the center-plate and its fittings; one sail plan with all detail for making; and one rigging and spar plan; and finally one sheet of about seventeen drawings of metal deck fittings and spar fittings, usable as pattern templates; and the metal work of the sliding seat.

Not any one of these drawings could be left out if a complete whole is wished for in the new canoe, and if one or more of the above drawings is not furnished, either the item so neglected will be left to the chance brilliancy of the builder, or will be supplied by a crib from some existing canoe.

Larchmont Race Week.

AFTER some good races on Saturday and Monday, as reported last week, the Larchmont tars spent Tuesday in milder recreations about the club house and the harbor. At anchor off the club house was a large fleet: Colonia, Com. Clarence A. Postley; Oneonta, G. K. Clark; Marietta III., Harrison B. Moore; Emerald, J. Rogers Maxwell; Sachem, Com. Frederick T. Adams; Viator, Albert J. Morgan; Amorita, W. Gould Brokaw; Viola, A. Bodine; Jessie, William Murray; Duquesne, Theodore Hostetter; Giralda, E. S. Renwick; Syce, Fred. M. Hoyt; Emeline, Stephen Roach; Her Royal Highness, Alfred W. Withers; Uvira, Clifford Brokaw; Trochilus, Mayhew W. Bronson; Sayonara, Bernard Thayer; Pawnee, Frank Alexandre; Sultan, Thomas W. Cromwell; Sakana, Oliver Adams; Levanter, William Marshal; Wachusett, Francis T. Holder; Surprise, James Baird; Corinthia, John D. Robins; Half Moon, Charles McLoughlin; Gossoon, Philip T. Dodge; Musme, J. M. Macdonough, and Huron, Vice-Com. E. S. Hatch.

At noon the fleet dressed ship, a very pretty spectacle, and at 1 o'clock the colors were mast-headed on the big flagpole.

Following these ceremonies came the launch and rowing races, which resulted as follows:

OPEN NAPHTHA LAUNCHES—21FT. AND UNDER—COURSE THREE MILES.

	Length.	Horse Power.	Allowances.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	21	5	Allows.	0 28 10	0 28 19
Emerald	21	2	0 45	0 29 40	0 28 55
Sachem	21	2	0 45	0 29 49	0 29 04
Pawnee	21	2	0 45	0 23 39	0 32 54
Trochilus	21	2	0 45	0 34 16	0 33 31
Marietta	21	2	0 45	0 30 09	0 29 24
Viola	18	2	1 12	0 32 53	0 31 41
Amorita	21	2	0 45	0 32 06	0 31 21

Colonia wins by 36s., Emerald second and Sachem third.

FOUR-OARED GIG RACE—FOR HEN AND CHICKENS COLORS.

	Start.	Finish	Elapsed.
Colonia	2 36 58	2 57 52	0 20 54
Sachem	2 36 58	2 57 38	0 20 40
Amorita	2 36 58	2 57 14	0 20 16

Amorita wins by 24s.

PAIR-OARED GIGS—FOR DAUNTLESS COLORS.

Duquesne	3 02 15	3 15 06	0 12 51
Syce	3 02 15	3 13 43	0 11 28
Viola	3 02 15	3 15 19	0 13 04
Emerald	3 02 15	3 13 50	0 11 35
Sachem	3 02 15	3 15 15	0 13 00
Viator	3 02 15	3 14 09	0 11 54
Huron	3 02 15	3 14 17	0 12 02

Syce won Emerald second, and Viator third.

DINGHY RACE—FOR EXECUTION COLORS.

Trochilus	3 19 30	3 27 04	0 07 34
Emerald	3 19 30	3 26 43	0 07 13
Oneonta	3 19 30	3 26 36	0 07 06
Lydia	3 19 30	3 26 59	0 07 29
Marietta	3 19 30	3 26 12	0 06 42
Viator	3 19 30	3 27 29	0 07 59
Liris	3 19 30	3 27 05	0 07 35
Duquesne	3 19 30	3 26 38	0 07 08
Amorita	3 19 30	3 26 19	0 06 41

Marietta won, Amorita second, and Oneonta third.

The afternoon was devoted to the annual base ball game, and in the evening the grand ball took place at the club house, the house being decorated and the grounds illuminated for the occasion.

Fourth Day.

Wednesday, July 21.

OPEN REGATTA—ALL CLASSES.

Wednesday brought a strong S.W. wind, with rain and sea, making stirring work for all hands. Colonia and Emerald were again at the line, with Syce and Vencedor. Just before the start Vencedor sprung her starboard spreader, so the start of this class was postponed until she could make repairs, the others meanwhile being sent away. Colonia came for the line too soon and was obliged to recross, while Capt. Haff put Emerald over on time and in a good berth, right at gunfire. They reached across for Matinnicock, where they were timed:

Emerald....12 05 23 Colonia....12 06 34

On the beat up to Hempstead mark Colonia passed Emerald, carrying sail better, and they were timed:

Colonia....12 50 30 Emerald....12 55 21

The finish of the first round was timed:

Houri	1 05 14	Raccoon	1 33 35
Colonia	1 05 48	Acushla	1 33 50
Kit	1 08 10	Musme	1 34 30
Quantuck	1 09 00	Carolina	1 35 55
Volsung	1 10 18	Pawnee	1 37 48
Emerald	1 11 15	Goblin	1 46 05
Norota	1 20 43	Colleen	1 46 57
Surprise	1 24 40	Fidelio	1 49 50
Win or Lose	1 27 30	Kite	2 16 45
Shark	1 28 00	Penelope	2 20 00
Grace	1 30 50		

The second round was timed:

Kit	2 07 20	Colleen	2 59 00
Houri	2 11 25	Surprise	3 35 45
Shark	2 36 00	Acushla	3 14 55
Colonia	2 36 30	Raccoon	3 15 09
Win or Lose	2 39 49	Musme	3 16 28
Volsung	2 47 25	Carolina	3 17 53
Emerald	2 50 25	Pawnee	3 24 15
Grace	2 53 03	Goblin	3 37 29
Norota	2 58 20		

The official times were:

SCHOONERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	3 01 30	3 01 30
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	91.07	3 15 25	3 14 09
CUTTERS—CLASS L.			
Norota, D. B. Burnham	41.64	3 14 20	3 14 20
SLOOPS—CLASS M.			
Acushla, H. W. Hanan	34.04	3 24 55	3 23 39
Surprise, James Baird	34.68	3 16 45	3 16 45
YAWLS—CLASS M.			
Pawnee, F. Alexandre	42.50	3 34 15	3 34 15
Fidelio, Robert E. Tod	33.46	Withdrew.	
SLOOPS—CLASS N—SPECIAL.			
Carolina, P. Jones	30.00	3 22 53	3 22 53
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.00	3 21 28	3 21 28
Raccoon, N. D. Lawton	30.00	3 20 09	3 20 09
SLOOPS—CLASS N.			
Goblin, C. Whitman	28.11	2 42 29	3 41 26
Penelope, T. V. Ketchum	27.00	4 28 48	4 24 22
Kite, Adee Bros.	28.45	4 25 18	4 25 18
SLOOPS—CLASS P.			
Quantuck, J. L. Delafield	24.63	Withdrew.	
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr.	24.99	2 11 25	2 08 32
SLOOPS—CLASS Q.			
Keneu, H. M. Clark	20 00	Withdrew.	
Shark, Rouse & Hoyt	20.00	2 31 00	2 31 00
CATS—CLASS S.			
Dosoris II, G. P. Vail	29.24	Not timed.	
Kit, J. T. Dunne	28.85	2 02 20	2 01 51
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	25.88	Not timed.	
Volsung, De Forrest Bros.	28.50	2 42 25	2 41 28
CATS—CLASS T.			
Colleen, J. N. Jackson	22.18	2 49 00	2 45 05
Grace, J. F. Lambden	22.55	3 43 03	2 39 50
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.75	2 29 49	2 28 45
Sequel, C. Meyer	24.40	Did not finish.	
Presto, H. R. Hatfield	23.30	Did not finish.	
CATS—CLASS V.			
Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	19.75	Withdrew.	

Vencedor and Syce were to start at 12:35, but the former's spreader gave way again and she did not start.

Fifth Day.

Thursday, July 22.

51FT. AND SMALLER CLASSES.

Thursday was rainy, and very unpleasant on account of the excessive heat and humidity, but there was a moderate breeze, varying about S.W.

In the 51ft. class, cabin trunk cutter class, Awa and Choctaw started; in the 30ft. class were Musme and Raccoon; in the cabin cat class were Kit, Dosoris II., Win or Lose and Grace; and in the 20ft. class were Shark and Asthore. The yachts were started to the eastward, the 51-footers at 12:35, 30-footers at 12:40, 20-footers at 12:45 and the cats at 12:50. The rounds were timed:

FIRST ROUND.

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Home Mark.
Awa	1 17 28	2 22 18	2 15 23
Musme	1 24 40	2 26 14	2 57 23
Raccoon	1 25 44	2 32 23	3 00 56
Choctaw	1 25 56	1 27 12	2 56 44
Kit	1 16 28	2 06 10	2 22 54
Dosoris II	1 20 16	2 13 28	2 32 57
Win or Lose	1 25 44	2 27 21	2 55 46
Grace	1 27 28	2 29 21	2 59 10

SECOND ROUND.

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Finish.
Awa	3 39 52	4 40 00	5 04 41
Musme	3 42 25	4 34 20	4 29 30
Choctaw	3 43 50	4 36 54	5 02 30
Raccoon	3 43 53	4 38 50	5 04 21
Shark	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	3 35 20
Dosoris II	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	3 51 55
Kit	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	3 41 55

CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS—CABIN TRUNKS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Awa, A. DeW. Cochrane	46.78	4 29 41	4 29 41
Choctaw, J. M. Strong	46.13	4 27 30	4 26 45
SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS—SPECIAL.			
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.00	4 19 30	4 19 30
Raccoon, N. D. Lawton	30.00	4 24 21	4 24 21
CABIN CATBOATS			
Dosoris II., G. P. Vail	29.24	3 01 55	3 01 55
Kit, J. T. Dunne	28.85	2 51 55	2 51 26
Grace, J. F. Lambden	22.55	Did not finish.	
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	24.40	Did not finish.	
SLOOPS—CLASS Q.			
Shark, Hoyt and Rouse	20.00	2 50 20	2 50 20
Asthore, P. T. Dodge	20.00	Disqualified.	

Asthore was disqualified for fouling Shark.

Sixth Day.

Friday, July 23.

SCHOONERS AND OTHER CLASSES.

Neither Emerald nor Colonia started on Friday, though there was a fair breeze from S.W. and clear weather. Vencedor was ready, with Mr. Hazen Morse at the stick, and Syce was on hand to meet her. Norota had no competitor, the three thirties were ready again, and Shark was on hand in the 20ft. class. To meet her was the Sibbick 1-rater Wave, a very smart and handsome little fin-keel imported a couple of years since. She has lately been refitted by Capt. J. C. Summers, but with 19ft. l.w.l. and a small sail plan, she is no match for the powerful twenties of this year. The start was made at 11:40, over the 11-mile triangle, sailing to the eastward first and then to the Hempstead mark. Vencedor crossed ahead of Syce, and the two reached very evenly to the East mark. They broke tacks when on the wind for Hempstead, and Vencedor held the lead for a time, but Syce managed to beat her by 1:22 at the weather mark, increasing her lead on the three-mile reach to the line, where they were timed:

Syce	1 37 21	Musme	1 46 38
Vencedor	1 39 26	Carolina	Withdrew.
Raccoon	1 46 28		

Syce continued to gain on the second round, and in the windward work made some 4m. on Vencedor; the final times were:

CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Syce, F. M Hoyt	50.86	2 59 18	2 59 18
Vencedor, H. M. Gillig	48.38	3 06 14	3 03 26
CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.			
Norota, D. B. Burnham	41.64	3 17 53	3 17 53
SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.			
Raccoon, N D. Lawton	30.00	3 27 35	3 27 35
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	30.00	Withdrew.	
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.00	3 27 39	3 27 39
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
Shark, Rouse & Hoyt	20.00	2 12 21	2 12 21
Wave, Le Droit Barber	20.00	5 35 00	2 35 00

Seventh Day.

Saturday, July 24.

OPEN REGATTA, ALL CLASSES.

IN spite of a good westerly breeze, there was a rather disappointing fleet of starters on the final day; although thirty-two yachts went over the line, there was practically no competition in the larger classes. Emerald did not start, leaving Colonia to sail over; Vencedor broke down again, and neither Norota nor Acushla had competitors. The start was made at 11:40, Colonia going over alone. Mr. Lovejoy, of the regatta committee, was at the stick on Vencedor, for the first time, and he took her over the line just ahead of Syce. The start was made to the Hempstead mark first a reach across the Sound, with a second reach down the Long Island shore after a jibe, then a beat home. Vencedor led by a few seconds at the first mark, and, though Syce caught her, the Chicago boat had regained her advantage when they luffed round Matinnicock Buoy for the beat home. The fight was a fine one for a short time, but at 12:37 Vencedor's spreader again gave way and she was practically disabled, though she sailed the race out.

The exciting incident of the day occurred at about 1:10, when the yachts were nearing the line. It was blowing quite fresh, and the crew of the catboat Dorothy, her owner, John E. Sanborne, at the stick, and Messrs. C. C. Wright, of New Rochelle, and Henry E. Jane, vice-commodore of the Huguenot Y. C., were all hiking out on the port side, the yacht being on the wind on port tack. The 43ft. cutter Norota was coming down on starboard tack, also at an angle, and neither boat perceived the other until Dorothy was under Norota's lee bow. The catboat struck the cutter and stove in her own stem, carrying away the cutter's rail. Vice-Com. Jane leaped to Norota's deck, but the other two were thrown into the water. The judges' tug, Luckenbach, came to the rescue as speedily as possible, and picked them up just in time, passing a line to the catboat and towing her to the markboat at the finish, but she finally sank. The two rounds were timed:

First round:

Houri	1 09 00	Vencedor	1 41 30
Quantuck	1 12 08	Zahra	1 46 55
Shark	1 17 10	Carolina	1 48 24
Kit	1 18 35	Alice	1 49 28
Syce	1 19 20	Pawnee	1 49 51
Doboris II	1 23 10	Acushla	1 52 22
Colonia	1 24 30	Musme	1 53 09
Wave	1 29 10	Fidelio	2 00 29
Win or Lose	1 30 45	Goblin	2 06 35
Jester	1 31 47	Minnetonka	2 08 10
Grace	1 34 10	Willie D	2 15 12
Norota	1 41 21	Kite	2 27 21

Second round:

Houri	2 20 56	Vencedor	3 20 13
Quantuck	2 24 48	Alice	3 23 02
Shark	2 28 14	Zahra	3 33 53
Dosoris II	2 26 42	Norota	3 24 11
Kit	2 26 43	Minnetonka	3 26 27
Win or Lose	2 45 56	Carolina	3 32 25
Grace	2 54 18	Musme	3 39 38
Jester	2 56 41	Acushla	3 48 53
Syce	2 57 49	Goblin	4 10 36
Colonia	3 18 09		

The final times were:

SCHOONERS—95FT. CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	3 43 09	3 43 09
CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.			
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50 86	3 17 49	3 17 49
Vencedor, F. M. Gillig	48.37	3 40 13	3 37 25
CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.			
Norota, D. B. Burnham	41.64	3 29 11	3 29 11
SLOOPS—36FT CLASS.			
Acushla, H. W. Haran	34.04	3 58 53	3 58 53
YAWLS—36FT CLASS.			
Pawnee, F. Alexandre	42.52	1 29 58	1 59 58
Fidelio, J K. Tod	33.40	2 10 29	2 02 46
SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.			
Goblin, C. Whitman	28.11	4 15 36	4 15 36
Kit, Adee Brothers	28.45	Did not finish.	
SLOOPS—30FT CLASS SPECIAL.			
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.00	3 44 38	3 44 38
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	30 00	3 37 25	3 37 25
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS			
Celia, C. A. Gould	22.88	Not timed.	
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr.	22.99	2 20 56	2 18 03
Quantuck, J L. Delafield	24.63	2 24 48	2 24 48
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
Shark, Rouse & Hoyt	20.00	2 23 14	2 23 14
Wave, L L. Barber	20.00	Did not finish.	
YAWLS—20FT. CLASS.			
Zahra, W. H. Browning	20.00	3 18 53	3 07 01
Alice, G. G. Fry	9.86	3 18 02	3 05 24
Jester, E. N. Robinson	26.67	2 51 41	2 51 41
CATBOATS 30FT. CLASS.			
Dosoris II. G. P. Vail	29.24	2 16 42	2 16 42
Kit, J. T Dunne	28.85	2 16 43	2 16 43
Sequel, C. Meyer	24.40	Not timed.	
CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Grace, J. F Lambden	22 55	2 39 18	2 37 58
Presto, H R. Hatfield	23.48	2 45 32	2 44 44
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.75	2 30 56	2 30 56
Rob Roy, ———	21.42	Not timed.	
Colleen, J. H. Jackson	22 18	Not tim d.	
CATBOATS—20FT. CLASS			
Dorothy, J. E. Sanborn	19.57	Disabled.	
Willie B., F. S. Ray		Not timed.	
Minnetonka, A. B Alley	19.85	3 06 27	3 06 27

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.—Ross Cup.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Saturday, July 17.

THE ninth race of the Ross series in the 20ft. class was sailed on July 17, and was a particularly interesting one, from the fact that Glencairn II., the sixth boat which has been built from Mr. Duggan's design by the Yacht Company of Canada this season, made her first appearance. She is very much like her predecessor in appearance, the principal difference to the eye being that the deck has slightly less crown, and she has a broad, flat transom which is by no means beautiful; but the boat, like all Mr. Duggan's craft, looks remarkably well and fit under sail.

There was a very light N.E. breeze when the starting gun was fired at 3:30; the water was perfectly smooth, and the boats went across with the gun in a bunch, an ideal start. Glencairn II. shoved out of the fleet, and on the first 100yds. had a clear lead of nearly half that distance, but she set a spinaker and could not carry it; in muzzling it she lost way, and Rogue went rapidly to the front. The wind kept falling lighter and lighter, and the reach up was a long one. Rogue kept her lead and increased it somewhat, and the others kept along pretty much together, Glencairn II. and Millie in the lead. It was a reach from the Valois Buoy to the Channel Buoy, and Glencairn II. began to pick up on Rogue at once, and seemed to go very fast. After hauling the wind on rounding the Channel Buoy, Rogue made one long tack in to shore, and Glencairn II., when about halfway down, tacked out into the current and was the first to pick out a change of wind from the southward, which brought her in with a long lead over the whole fleet. The time of the first round was as follows:

Glencairn II.	4 24 00	Glenowen	4 27 52
Millie	4 25 23	Islander	4 29 29
Rogue	4 26 32		

On the second round Millie came up on Glencairn II. and blanketed her, and these two boats jockeyed and blanketed each other well out in the current one whole leg of the course, and let pretty much all of the fleet pass them before they reached the Valois Buoy. At this buoy Rogue led, followed by Glenowen, Islander, Glencairn II. and Millie, in the order named. On the reach, Glencairn II. ran well up on Rogue, taking second place, and continued to make her gain on the close reach to the finish line; but the distance was not long enough to establish an overlap before the buoy was reached, and Rogue finished first by 5s.

The time of the last round was as follows:

Rogue	5 31 30	Millie	5 34 00
Glencairn II.	5 31 35	Islander	5 35 00
Glenowen	5 32 39		

The points won in the race were as follows:

	Points.		Points.
Glencairn II	15	Glenowen	11
Rogue	14	Islander	8
Millie	12		

Westhampton Country Club Regatta.

WESTHAMPTON, L. I.

Saturday, July 17.

THE Westhampton Country Club held its first regatta of the season on July 17, in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

CLASS B.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thetis	3 05 00	4 35 52	1 30 52	1 30 14
Tychie	3 05 00	4 40 58	1 35 58	1 35 23
CLASS C.				
Wyverne	3 08 00	4 43 53	Disqualified.	
Oolah	3 08 00	4 43 53	1 35 58	1 32 27
Defender	3 08 00	4 47 26	1 39 26	1 33 56
Hersunda	3 08 00	4 41 54	1 33 54	1 33 54
Pauline	3 08 00	4 42 41	1 34 41	1 34 23

Oolah protested Wyverne for fouling a mark, the protest being sustained. Defender takes second prize in this class.

Gilbert's Bar Y. C.

INDIAN RIVER, FLA.

Saturday, July 3.

THE monthly field day and regatta of the G. B. Y. C. was held on July 3. The times were:

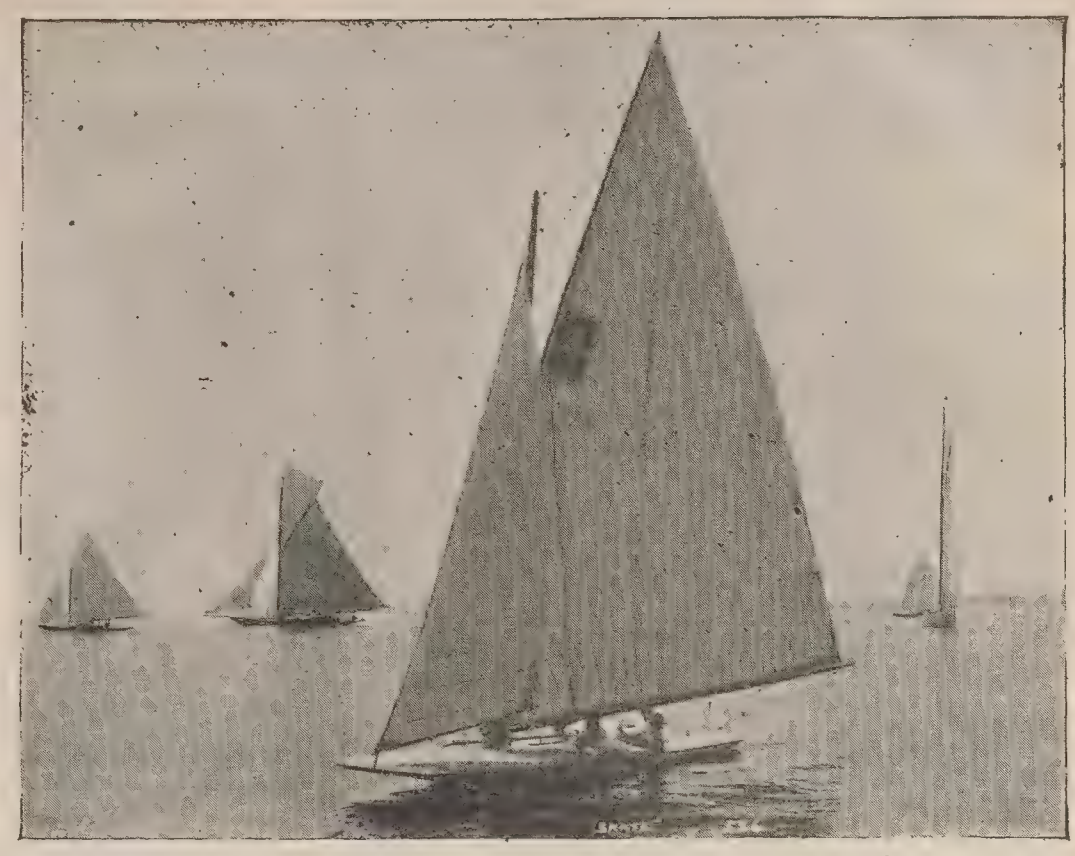
SECOND CLASS.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Gull	0 53 57	0 53 57
Gypsy	0 54 48	0 53 35
Wanda	0 50 53	0 49 37
Ilderim	0 44 39	0 42 45
Beatrice	0 49 09	0 47 36
LADIES' RACE.		
Swallow	0 41 59	.. .. ..
Ilderim	0 43 25	.. .. ..
Beatrice	0 44 10	.. .. ..
Orphan	0 46 31	.. .. ..

THE racing in the knockabout class this season has resulted in a decided victory for Gosling over the five Herreshoff boats, her average per cent. for thirteen starts being 53. Cockatoo and Cock Robin, the leaders of the Herreshoff quintette, stand at 45 per cent., having started six and five times, respectively. Gosling was designed by George F. Lawley, and built by the Lawley Co. for Messrs. F. A. North and L. M. Clark.



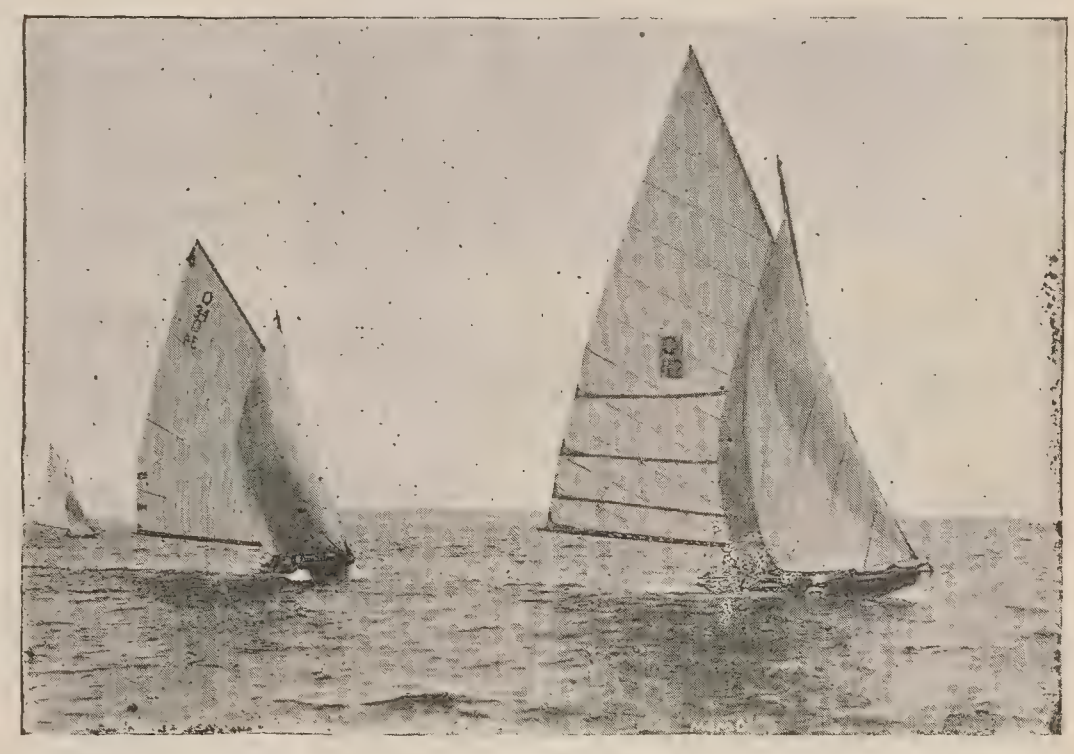
AL ANKA.



SKATE.



MONTAUK.



SHARK.

MOMO.

THE NEW TWENTY FOOTERS.

From photos by J. S. Johnson, New York.

The Measurement Rule.

IN the hurry of actual racing and cruising, but little attention is now given by yachtsmen to the very important question of a new measurement rule. At the same time it is generally accepted that some change is essential at the end of the present season. If anything essential is to be accomplished, the actual work must be commenced by the end of September, and that discussion which is both inevitable and essential should begin at once. We are always glad to publish anything on this subject, but particularly in the present case, for the double reason that the writer has stated his ideas plainly and concisely in a series of definite propositions; and that these propositions are such that most yachtsmen will agree with him. Without attempting to discuss at present the specific formula presented by him, we are heartily in accord with the general tenor of our correspondent's remarks, and we shall be glad to carry them out by affording every opportunity for a discussion on the lines suggested by him.

The matter is one that concerns every yachtsman, he should have ideas on the subject, and probably most yachtsmen have if they take the time to think about it. The great trouble is that the majority give no attention whatever to the question until some definite proposition is advanced, when they immediately discover that their own toes are trodden upon to the extent of a sixty-fourth of an inch, and proceed to denounce the treader as a theorist and piazza yachtsman.

There never was such a need of improved rules or such an opportunity for their adoption, it only remains for every yachtsman to help the work as best he may, at least by giving careful consideration to all proposals advanced, as is the present one, in good faith and for the love of the sport.

No apology is needed for anything written on the subject of a rule for the comparison of yachts, so that they can be raced together. It may be well, however, to make a few introductory remarks, so that if the present paper serves its purpose, all may meet on a common and well-defined basis.

The writer hopes to provoke a discussion of the suggestions hereafter made, which shall finally result in a concensus of opinion, and suggests:

First.—That all contributions be given simply a designating letter. The reason for following such a course is that under such conditions, a statement or opinion has weight only in so far as it is backed up by reasons stated. This in no way handicaps the man of great experience, since his experience is simply an aggregation of observed facts If his intellect is not of a sufficiently analytical order to enable him to state facts and generalize from them, it is not competent to advise in such a matter as is now being considered. Further reasons are that personal antipathies are in a measure removed, and an opportunity given to the man who is convinced to retract without necessarily admitting it.

Second.—All discussions should follow the regular order of acquiescing in, or disputing each point raised, in regular order, referring to them in a distinctive way, so that an explicit summing up may be possible.

Third.—The subject of classification is entirely distinct from the subject of measuring.

These three conditions should be imposed and enforced by the editor.

A measurement rule should be considered under the following heads:

First—What is intended to be accomplished?

Second—What elements of the yacht shall be considered or employed?

Third—From what source shall the necessary elements be derived or measured?

Fourth—In what manner shall these elements be combined?

First—A measurement rule is intended to

(*a*) Encourage the development of a safe, roomy, speedy and easily handled boat.

(*b*) To equalize the chances of winning prizes between boats of different types and characteristics.

(*c*) To discourage attempts to "beat" it

(*d*) To leave owner and designer absolutely free to produce anything they please.

(*a*) It is assumed that this clause will be admitted, but the writer wants to insist on every word of it as being of vital importance. Of equal importance is the weight we must attach to each of these characteristics, since on this depend many other things. Thus it is evident that a boat may be only roomy, or only speedy, and unless some ratio is established between them, or some credit given for other qualities than speed, yachtsmen will revert to the present practice of building mainly for speed.

It would at first appear as though it were necessary to consider too many elements to take into account these features, but it is thought it will be admitted, that if it can be done it is ideal.

(*b*) It seems to be generally admitted that this is true, if one may judge from the efforts made to get races under this very rule.

The only way in which racing interests can be stimulated is by offering good prizes, to be raced for under conditions which recognize the good points of all boats.

(*c*) Yachtsmen, generally, are a fair minded body of men, and it is believed that if they feel that a rule is fair they will not attempt to "beat" it, but will strive to produce the best boat possible.

(*d*) Yachting is expensive to a certain extent, and so is experimenting, but there are few men that do one that won't do the other, if they feel that it will not cost them too much, either in chances to win races or in money.

In no way can so much positive knowledge be obtained as by experimenting, and so in no way can yachting be so benefited. If this is granted, it must also be granted that a good rule will not limit a designer in any direction, but will rather aid him by offering to credit his boat with any feature which is meritorious.

Second—What elements of the yacht shall be considered:

For safety we must have stability, assurance against sinking, strength of form, and sufficient freeboard.

For room we need a cube—both above and below the waterline—that shall together give proper accommodations.

For speed, small displacement, small wetted surface, large sail area, and deep ballast, and a long and narrow form.

For ease of handling, small sail area, long keel, moderate draft.

Stability is a question of form, amount and position of ballast, and ballast itself is influenced by displacement.

Assurance against sinking can be secured by letting either the hull or air tanks float the ballast.

Strength of form is dependent on the designer and will follow from a good design.

Sufficient freeboard will come with good accommodation.

Speed is influenced by displacement in an unknown ratio; no satisfactory data exists for determining it approximately; The same may be said to be true of surface friction, but this will be admitted by all, that the aim of recent designing has been to get as small an amount of each as possible by using a round full form and a fin keel.

In addition, the force required to move 100lbs. of water along certain lines must be greater than the force required to move 50lbs. along the same lines.

The large sail area gives additional force, and so of course aids, while depth increases the efficiency of the ballast and makes it possible to decrease displacement by making each pound doubly effective, because working with a larger lever arm.

The long, narrow form has always been considered as speedy, and since it causes the smallest possible movement of the water, it is defensible on theoretical grounds.

It follows then that the elements we should consider are: sail area, length, breadth, depth, position of ballast, displacement and total cube of hull.

These elements may be simplified by considering the total cube of hull, the actual L.W.L., when inclined or heeled to the gunwale, and the sail area.

Third—Whence shall these elements be derived? The writer thinks they should be taken from the designs of the yacht, certified to by the designer and builder, and filed with the measurer of the club as club property.

The advantages are:

(*a*) Definite knowledge of the yacht and her elements.

(*b*) Invaluable data of the progress of yacht design.

(*c*) Accuracy of measurement, as close as desired.

(*d*) Absolute fairness of measurement, since every element is taken into account and measured for what it is, from what it is.

The only objection known to the writer is that some designers might object to having their designs known; but to meet this is the rule of many clubs requiring the filing of models or plans before prizes are awarded. There would also be a certain amount of objection from the man who whittles out his models, but he should be discouraged any way.

Much could be said in favor of such a plan, but it is all summed up in the one thought: that you measure that which exists; the actual form with all of its features.

If long overhangs are good *per se* then they are not killed off; if the plumb stem is better, it has a chance; for in each case you measure just what exists and what is used to sail on.

In the sails, you measure those that are used, and the designer can adopt any proportion or form he pleases; there is no way of beating it, and no hindrance to experiment through fear that the rule will produce an undue tax.

Fourth: How shall these elements be combined? Divide the actual sail area in square feet by the actual cube of the hull and cabin house in cubic feet, multiply by 10 and call the result the per cent. of L.W.L. to be added to the L.W.L. measured on the incline for the racing length. The actual L.W.L. used would be obtained in the usual way from the plotted waterline when heeled and the areas measured by the planimeter.

It has been assumed for purposes of comparison and tabulation that the tonnage represents the cube. It does quite closely, and from it and from the published measurements of yachts, assisted by judgment in ascertaining the actual L.W.L., the following table has been prepared.

It is, of course, not exact, but it will give an idea of the working, which seems to be fair. Thus, Akista has a very long body, but a small sail plan and a large cube. In consequence her length is not greatly increased. Acushla has large sail, small cube, and consequently a larger increase. Canopus follows this example also Comparing Choctaw, Eidolon, Gossoon, Penguin and Uvira, also Carmita and Wasp, it will be seen that the boat which has the small cube and large sail area pays for it by measuring up, and under the measures of the suggested rule the yachts are more nearly equalized than under the old. The great advantages are: ease of measuring, equalization of good yachts, credit

given for good points, consideration of all elements, theoretically correct form. Expressed as a formula:

$$R.\ L. = L.W.L + \frac{L.W.\ L. \times S.A.}{10 \times \text{Cubic Contents.}}$$

The l.w.l. to be measured with hull inclined, and the cubic contents to include cabin house.

TABLE 1.

	Cubic Capacity, Feet.	Erect L.W.L.	Inclined L.W.L.	Racing Length, 1897.	Sail Area.	Racing Length, Proposed Rule.
Akista	1,245.00	30.00	36.00	34.75	1,250.00	39.60
Acushla	900.00	29.00	32.00	32.58	1,530.00	37.40
Bedouin	5,658.00	70.80	70.80	73.11	5,650.00	78.20
Canopus	682.00	26.97	30.00	31.48	1,296 68	35.60
Choctaw	1,973.00	39.70	40.00	46.18	2,771.80	45.60
Colonia	13 622.00	86 00	94.00	93.13	10,000.00	102.90
Carmita	2,748.00	45.10	48.00	54.36	4,050.00	55.10
Dorothy	845.00	15.90	31.00	28.17	977.00	34.60
Eidolon	1,4 3.00	35.74	39.00	42.61	2,449.00	45.65
Eclipse	2,506.00	51.33	52.00	55 34	2,518.00	59.50
Emerald	9 967.00	85.90	94.00	91.47	9,400.00	103.20
Fidelio	1,223.00	31.50	33.00	35.68	2,048.00	38.50
Gaviota	2,647.00	51.11	51.11	56.11	3,736.00	58.30
Gossoon	1,833.00	39.10	43.00	47.13	3,200.00	50.50
Iola	1,679.00	43.49	45.00	47.17	2,596.43	51.90
Iroquois	22.79	80.60	81.00	82.29	7,016.00	87.50
Penguin	2,167.00	43.33	44 00	48.89	2,966.00	50.00
Uvira	1,625.00	42.20	45.00	47.60	3 250.00	54.00
Wasp	2,603.00	45.60	49.00	54.97	4,139.60	56.80

Racing at Newport.

THE reputation of Newport as a yachting center has heretofore been based mainly on its advantages as a convenient harbor adjacent to good sailing waters, the racing, save that of the New York Y. C. cruise, being of the most irregular and desultory description. Last year, however, a new order of affairs was inaugurated by some of the many yachtsmen who make their home at this beautiful resort, and from July to the end of the season the 30-footers were kept busy, with several races each week. This year the 30ft. fleet is again found at Newport, and the racing is now on, to last until fall. One of last year's leaders, Asahi, so ably sailed by Capt. Nat Watson, is now east of the Cape and out of the racing, and Musme, Raccoon and Carolina are still about the Sound; the Newport fleet, however, includes Vaquero III., Hera, Wa Wa, Veda, Esperanze, Puck and Dorothy II. The first race was sailed on July 15, a sweepstakes, the course being from Brenton's Cove around Dyer's Island, 18 miles. The wind was fresh S.W. Puck won by a small margin, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Puck. E D. Morgan	2 21 47
Wa Wa, J. Stillman	2 22 35
Dorothy II., H P. Whitney	2 23 07
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	2 23 52
Hera, R. N Ellis	2 24 52
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	2 24 37

The second race was sailed on July 16, over the triangular course from Brenton's Cove around the Jamestown mark and Bishop's Rock, two rounds, 15 miles. Vaquero led the fleet and won; Dorothy picked up a lobster pot with her fin and withdrew. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Vaquero III.	1 55 50
Wa Wa	1 57 00
Hera	1 58 40
Veda	1 59 20
Dorothy II.	Did not finish.

On July 19 another race was sailed in a moderate S.E. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Puck	2 49 56
Vaquero III.	2 50 54
Wa Wa	2 52 14
Hera	2 52 40
Veda	2 53 15
Dorothy II.	2 54 20

July 20 Mr. Duryea offered a cup for the class, his Vaquero III. not starting. The Dyer's Island course was sailed in a light S.W. wind, which freshened during the race. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Puck	2 26 20
Hera	2 27 10
Wa Wa	2 27 18
Dorothy II.	2 29 20
Esperanza	2 30 55
Veda	2 32 55

On July 21 a sweepstake race was sailed, with but four starters, over the Dyer's Island course, in a light S.W. wind. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Vaquero III.	2 35 52
Puck	2 37 05
Hera	2 38 40
Wa Wa	2 39 15

On July 22 a race was started over the Dyer's Island course before a heavy southerly gale, the prize being a cup offered by H. P. Whitney. On the run up the bay spinakers were set, but soon blew away. On the beat home the yachts suffered considerably, though reefed down. Veda sprung her mast and ran for shelter, fetching up at Bristol. The others met with minor mishaps. Vaquero III. won by 9m. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Vaquero III.	2 02 50
Puck	2 12 00
Dorothy II.	2 18 10
Hera	Did not finish
Esperanza	Did not finish.
Wa Wa	Did not finish.
Veda	Did not finish.

On Saturday, July 24, a race was sailed in a S.W. wind with thunder squalls, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 09 00	2 03 00
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 09 55	2 03 55
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	5 10 40	2 04 40
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	5 11 05	2 05 05
Hera, R. N. Ellis,	Did not finish.	

Shelter Island Y. C.—Ladies' Day Race.

Saturday, July 24.

THE Ladies' Day race of the Shelter Island Y. C., on July 24, was sailed in a reefing breeze, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS—CLASS D			
Dilemma, L. Fish	28.04	1 40 04	1 37 13
Lynx, R B Lynch	28.04	1 44 03	1 41 11
Consternation J. W. Stearns	29.13	1 45 28	1 45 28
Pyxie, Marshall,	24.53	1 56 30	1 50 48
CATBOATS—CLASS 2.			
Cuidao, O. B. Webber	29.38	Withdrew.	
Oseonda, Tangeman	27.18	2 09 23	2 16 19
Vinata, T. M. Towle	27.21	Not timed.	
SLOOPS—CLASS F.			
Nueva, T. W. Brigham	17.69	1 12 01	1 12 14

The open regatta of the club will be sailed on Aug. 7, and the second club race on Aug. 31.

Yampa, schr., R. S. Palmer, sailed on July 21 from St Peterburgh for Kiel.

Winthrop Y. C. Open Regatta.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July, 17.

MASS. Y. R. A. RULES.

The Winthrop Y. C. sailed an open race on July 17 in a light and variable wind, the times being:

	Leng'h.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	27.06	2 49 27	1 23 51
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.01	2 50 45	2 27 35
Little Peter, H. Moebs	24.05	3 34 46	2 58 36
Elfreda, B. T. Hall	28 11	Ran aground.	
Freda, S. J. Wilde	24.00	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Muriel, H. N. Nute	23.11	3 10 35	2 43 57
Nettie, W. Burgess	23.11	3 12 54	2 46 16
Whisper, W. H. Simpson	20 02	3 50 00	3 19 28
Fanny D	Withdrew.		
Rex	Withdrew.		
Privateer	Withdrew.		
Alma	Withdrew.		
Myrtle	Withdrew.		
Mist	Withdrew.		
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Fly, W O. Gay	21.00	3 52 53	.....
Gosling, North & Clark	21.00	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Wrinkle, S N. Small	19.11	3 39 27	3 08 37
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	19.11	3 39 50	3 09 00
Alison, Fowle & Hutchins	19.03	3 51 20	3 22 52
Skate	Withdrew.		
Harriet	Withdrew.		
Sue	Withdrew.		
Arab	Withdrew.		
Perhaps	Withdrew.		
Omene	Withdrew.		
Vamoose	Withdrew.		
FOURTH CLASS			
Vitesse, C. D Mower	15.06	3 34 40	2 57 39
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.10	3 34 20	2 59 36
Fantasy, W Allerton	16.03	3 34 55	2 59 53
Hector, F. M Crosby	16.06	3 41 43	3 06 18
Glide	Withdrew.		
Spinx	Withdrew.		
Ripple	Withdrew.		
Delia	Withdrew.		

Gosling protests Fly for fouling; Hector protests Vitesse, Alpine, Fantasy for using other means of propulsion than sails. The judges were: Geo. E. Leighton, Wm. A. Garratt, A. T. Bliss and Jas. R. Hodder.

Corinthian Y. C.—First Championship Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY

Saturday, July 17.

THE 109th regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead was sailed on July 17 in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

	Length.	Start	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.				
Asahi, S. N. S. Thayer	23.00	3 05 00	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.				
Susie, J. F. Cole	28.06	3 05 00	Did not finish.	
Clara, W. D. Turner	28.09	3 05 00	Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS				
Hoodlum, A. H. Higginson	24.09	3 10 00	3 04 21	3 04 21
Snipe II., E. A Boardman	22.04	3 10 00	Withdrew.	
Satanic, D H. Follett, Jr.	23.11	3 10 00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.				
Koorali, R. C. Robbins		3 10 00	2 13 55	2 13 55
KNOCKABOUTS.				
Mongoose, B. B. Crowninshield		3 15 00	3 24 55	
Cock Robin, C. H. W. Foster			3 25 14	
Sally III., D. C. Percival		Withdrew.		
Hazard, H. M. Sears		Withdrew.		
CLASS A.				
Mistral, Currier Bros		3 20 00	3 27 00	3 20 00
Lillian, H. E. Whitney		3 20 00	Withdrew.	
Eugenia, J S Palmer		3 20 00	Withdrew.	
Metric, J L. Paine		3 20 00	Withdrew.	
CLASS C				
Mayona, C O. Stearns		3 25 00	2 22 35	2 17 35
Dorothy, F. Brewster		3 25 00	2 23 25	2 21 25
Comet, A. A. Lawrence		3 25 00	2 26 45	2 24 15
Aspent, H. A. Moss		3 25 00	2 27 06	2 25 06
Maia, E. Paine		3 25 00	2 32 53	2 31 25
Verona, C B. Tucker		Did not finish.		

The prize winners were Hoodlum, $10; Mongoose, $10; Cock Robin, $7; Mistral, $10; Mayona, $10; Dorothy, $7; Comet, $5. Hoodlum, Koorali and Mongoose each win a leg in the championship.

The judges were G. W. Mansfield, W. B. Stearns, A. G. Simpson.

Pewaukee Y. C.

PEWAUKEE, Wis., July 24.—The result of the weekly regatta of the Pewaukee Y. C. that was sailed to-day over the four-mile triangular course, with a light wind, was as follows:

Eleven yachts entered, but the Gutchon, owned by William Gulach, dropped out on the second leg.

	Time.
CLASS A.	
Lorraine, Schiller & Bauch	0 59 28
Sirrocco, Wallber Bros	1 02 00
Idle Hour, R. E. Gilyohann	1 03 02
Tempest, C. Hasse	1 04 27
Mistral, A. S. Hathaway	1 07 25
Carmela, S. P. Faclintar	1 11 15
CLASS B.	
Kite, Poppert & Rom	1 09 27
Aida, A. C. Zinn	1 11 39
Martha, A. H. Steinman	1 12 39
Sophia, W. H. Meyers	1 00 13

Winners: Class A, Lorraine first, Sirrocco second; class B, Kite first, Aida second.

Judges: George M. Conway, Emil Wallber. Timekeepers: George M. Conway, Em.l Wallber.

The race was very pretty, and at times on the second and third leg was exciting. The wind was steady from the east. Start west. ERNEST E. WHITE.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. will sail its ninth annual regatta on Saturday next, under the rules of the Sound Y. R. U., the start being made at noon. The race will be open to yachts enrolled in any recognized yacht club, in the following classes: cruising trim schooners, in one class, 51ft. and 43ft. classes; racing trim, 51ft., 43ft., 36ft., 30 and 25ft. classes, open sloops of the 25, 20 and 15ft. classes; open cats of the 25, 20 and 15ft. classes, and 43ft. yawl class. Entries may be made to F. S. Doremus, chairman of the race committee, up to July 29.

On the night of July 21 the steam yacht Helen, C. F. Burhaus, of Warrensburgh, N. Y., was intentionally scuttled by unknown parties and sunk in 70ft. of water. She has been located, and will be raised by a diver from the Merritt Wrecking Co., of New York.

Varuna, steam yacht, Eugene Higgins, arrived at New York on July 23, with her owner and friends aboard.

Vigilant, cutter, Percy Chubb, is at City Island this week, where her long boom and cross-cut mainsail, used in her races with Defender, will be shipped and bent in preparation for the cruise races.

Owing to the continued bad weather, the new 51-footer Kestrel was still on the ways at Wood's yard, City Island, up to the time of going to press, Tuesday afternoon. She will be launched as soon as the weather permits, but it will be some time before she is in condition to race against Syce.

On July 21 the naphtha launch Firefly was picked up in Long Island Sound, near Oldfield Point, by the working schooner Observer, Capt. W. Jewell. The launch was running alone under full headway with no one on board.

The firm of Crane Bros., of Westfield, Mass., manufacturers of linen papers and owners of the patents on "Linenoid," is now prepared to make model yacht hulls, duplicating any model of this excellent material. It has already been fully tested in actual use in canoes and boats. From its strength and lightness, it is well adapted to model yacht construction.

Jean, steam yacht, was launched at Bristol on July 19. The yacht was built under the superintendence of Tams & Lemoine for T. A. Gillespie, of Pittsburgh, Pa. On her trial trip she made a speed of twenty miles.

On July 16 the cutter Dysilio, 36 tons Thames measurement, and owned by Joseph Mosely, of Beaumaris, Wales, was in collision with the U. S. ship San Francisco off Godnor Point, on the English coast. The yacht sank in a few minutes, her crew being saved by the warship, which was uninjured.

Velox, schr., H. A. Sieber, of Havre, arrived at New York last week, with her owner and friends on board. The party stopped *en route* at Madeira and Bermuda. Velox was designed by A. Normand, and built at Havre in 1875 She is 123ft. l.w.l., 23ft. 6in. beam, and 12ft. draft. She will return to France after Mr. Sieber and his friends have spent a short time in this country.

On July 12 the steam yacht Margarita II., A. J. Drexel, arrived at New York from Queenstown, with owner and friends on board. She made the run from Queenstown in ten days.

Quissetta, schr., H. W. Harris, is now cruising in Maine waters, and will not race this year.

The race of the Green Lake Y. C., on July 12, was won by Hypatia, whose lines recently appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM. The times were:

Hypatia	1 52 04	Tzin	2 08 07
Pleasant Point	1 54 24	St. Louis	Did not finish.

On July 5 the Fox Lake Ladies Y. C. was formally organized at Fox Lake, Ill., which already boasts a yacht club of the masculine persuasion. The officers are: Com., Miss Jean Brophy; Vice-Com., Miss Marion Tooker; Sec'y-Treas., Miss Florence Brophy. Four races will be sailed this season.

Henry Piepgrass, the yacht builder, has built for his own use a centerboard sloop, 35ft. over all, 24ft. l.w.l., 11ft. beam and 2ft. draft. She has 3,000lbs. of lead on her keel and a centerboard of steel plate, weighing 700lbs.

Alcedo II., the steam yacht recently launched at the Harlan & Hollinsworth yards, Wilmington, for G. W. C. Drexel, made her trial trip on July 11, reaching her contract speed of 13½ knots. On July 17 she sailed for Southampton with Capt. F. E. Dyer in command; but, owing to a mishap to her machinery, she put back, arriving at New York on July 26. Mr. Drexel, with his family, sailed for England on July 21 and will join the yacht for a cruise in Northern waters.

We are indebted to the secretaries of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, the Rochester Y. C., Rhode Island Y. C., and the Indiana Y. and B. C. for copies of the club books.

The annual report of the race committee of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. for 1896 has been printed in pamphlet form for distribution to yachtsmen and clubs.

We have received the first number of a new paper, *Land and Water*, published in Boston and devoted to outdoor sports, including yachting. The paper is a monthly, neatly printed and with some good illustrations. The yachting department is in charge of A. G. McVey, "the Boston *Herald* Man," whose introductory is but a rehash of the platitudes and set phrases about "handcuffs on designers," "piazza yachtsmen," "fastest 90ft. single-sticker," etc., that have done so much to impair the standing of the latter paper.

"The Yachtsman's Guide and Nautical Calendar" for the present year has recently been issued by the publisher, M. J. Kiley, of Boston. The book has been very thoroughly revised, and new matter has been added, greatly increasing its value. Among the large number of illustrations are portraits of many of the leading yachts and also of a great many men associated with yachting, club officers, prominent owners, designers, yacht captains and engineers, pilots and furnishers of yachting supplies, etc. The new rules of the road at sea are included, with tide tables, pilotage directions, and much useful matter of a general nature. The low price, 50 cents, affords no idea of the practical value of the book for everyday reference about the water.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Red Dragon C. C.

THE annual regatta of the Red Dragon C. C. of Philadelphia, was held on the Delaware over the triangular course in front of the club house at Wissanoming, Pa. The distance was about four miles, a good stiff breeze was blowing and the race was finely sailed. First prize was taken by E-Cho, A. S. Fenimore and Joseph Edward Murray; second by Feather, F. W. Noyes. Imp was disabled and withdrew from the race.

On the same day over the same course the race for yawls was held. First being taken by Nixie, H. C. Bachman; second by Dragon, W. J. Scott.

The first of a series of three record races for points was sailed on June 26 over the regular club course from buoy off club house to Wheat Sheaf Buoy and return, six miles in all. There was a moderate breeze. First prize, E-Cho, Fenimore & Murray; second, Feather, F. W. Noyes; third, Imp, J. W. Hamilton. Jaekala, R. S. Fleischman, was disabled, owing to a shroud parting just after crossing the starting line, and withdrew.

Jaekala is a new ½-rater just built by her owner, R. G. Fleischman, from a design by the well known amateur designer, H. C. McCormick. She was expected to sail to the front, and the unfortunate mishap was a deep regret to all. In the races later on the owner fully expects to redeem himself.

The second record race was sailed on Saturday, July 10, over the regular club course. At the start a light breeze was blowing which freshened into a stiff blow after rounding Wheat Sheaf Buoy. First prize was awarded to Imp, J.

W. Hamilton; second to Jaekala, R. G. Fleischman; third, E-Cho, Fenimore & Murray. The elapsed time in this race was: Imp, 1:21; Jaekala, 1:23; E-Cho, 1:24.

On July 17 a very exciting paddling race for a special prize was held in front of the club house. There were three entries. First prize was won by M. D. Wilt; second, E. W. Crittenden; third, H. M. Rogers. The race between Wilt and Crittenden was the closest ever paddled over this course, Wilt only winning by about 6in. After the race Mr. Wilt sang "The Yellow Dog" to Crittenden's and Rogers' accompaniment. Morry has completely shaken his hoodoo, and now will stick to his mascot, the left hindfoot of a white rabbit.

Vice-Com. Joseph Edward Murray and M. D. Wilt will attend the annual meet at Grindstone Island. Mr. Wilt is paddling in splendid form, and is in fit condition to win any of the races in which he competes, and sustain the reputation of the Red Dragon Canoe Club as active canoeists.

No more races will be held until September, owing to many of the men going on their annual summer cruise. H. W. Fleischman, with launch Teapot; Nixie, H. E. Bachman, and Dragon, W. C. Scott, will cruise to the Chesapeake Bay, which is the favorite cruising water of the R. D. C. C.

C. Barton Keen and Mate Ben Barney, in the yawl Keren, made the club a visit on July 18. Mr. Keen is an old and popular member of the Red Dragons, but is now more actively connected with the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C. He was preparing for a cruise down the bay.

The A. C. A. year book for 1897, which is now being sent out, is one of the handsomest we have seen. The cover is printed in red and black, the top being surmounted by the association's burgee. In the center is a half-tone picture of a sailing canoe, the scene being surrounded by a bit of rope. In this case our fellow clubman M. D. Wilt is honored, the picture being one of this popular canoeist. W. K. P.

Transportation to the A. C. A. Meet.

As advised by the camp circular, the Trunk Line Association has granted a round trip rate to Clayton of one and one-third fare. Members will purchase tickets (one way) at full fare, obtaining at the same time certificates, which, when endorsed at camp, will entitle holders to return tickets at one-third the regular rate. Tickets may be purchased three days prior to and during the continuance of camp, and certificates are good for return tickets by continuous trip for three days (Sunday excepted) after camp closes on Aug. 20.

Transportation for canoes and duffle for members from in and around New York city, and going to camp from other points via New York will be the same as heretofore. A baggage car, provided with racks and burlaps, will be at the Thirtieth street station of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. on Monday, Aug. 2; canoes and duffle sent there ahead will be cared for and stored in the car (mark care of J. K. Hand). The car will stop at the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, 152d street and Hudson River, on Aug. 3, at Yonkers (Glenwood) the same night, Sing Sing on Aug. 4, thence direct to Clayton. The return trip will be made as soon as possible after the close of camp, stopping at same points. Members are requested to check trunks and all baggage possible in the regular way, so as to leave room for the canoes, sails, etc., which cannot be carried otherwise.

Trains leave New York (Grand Central Depot) for Clayton: Week days, 7:50 A. M.; arrive at Clayton 4:55 P. M. Every day, 6:25 P. M.; arrive at Clayton 5:15 A. M. Trains leave Clayton: Week days, 8:05 A. M.; arrive at New York 8:45 P. M. Every day, 9 P. M.; arrive at New York 7:45 A. M.

A special sleeper will be attached to the Thousand Islands express leaving Grand Central Depot at 6:25 P. M. on Aug. 6, provided sufficient notice is received by the undersigned.

The Pastime will ply between Clayton and the camp on the following schedule:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Clayton	6:30 A. M.	Camp	7:15 A. M.
Camp	7:30 A. M.	Clayton	8:15 A. M.
Clayton	10:30 A. M.	Camp	11:15 A. M
Camp	11:30 A. M.	Clayton	12:15 P. M.
Clayton	2:00 P. M.	Camp	2:45 P. M.
Camp	3:15 P. M.	Clayton	4:00 P. M.
Clayton	5:15 P. M.	Camp	6:00 P. M.
Camp	7:30 P. M.	Clayton	8 15 P. M.

Further information gladly furnished, if possible. (Telephone 444—38th street.)

For the Transportation Committee.

JAMES K. HAND, Grand Central Depot.

The Central Division Trophy.

A MEETING of the Central Division regatta committee of the A. C. A. was held at Rochester on Saturday, July 10, to make rules governing the new Central Division sailing trophy. J. C. Milsom, of Buffalo, chairman, and Al. T. Brown, of Rochester, were present; the third member of the committee, A. R. Porte, of Ogdensburg, being unable to attend. The following restrictions were adopted unanimously, Mr. Porte voting by letter; Sail limit, 100sq. ft. Seat limit, 30in. Cockpits, open or self-bailing. Course, 4½ miles. Time limit, two hours.

The Central Division sailing trophy is to be contested for annually at the meet of the A. C. A., or at the division meet, if held.

A. C. A. sailing rules and regulations, not otherwise provided for, will govern this contest.

No part of the sliding seat or base of seat shall be more than 30in. in length.

The winner of the trophy will hold the same for one year; also have his name and the year won engraved upon it; to be returned to the Association annually at its meeting place previous to the calling of the first event on the programme.

A bond of $500 will be required of the winner, to be signed by two A. C. A. members in good standing.

Respectfully submitted,

J. C. MILSOM, A. R. PORTE, AL. T. BROWN,
Central Division Regatta Committee.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Rupert B. Bramwell	Boston, Mass	——

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Lawrence H. Woods	Canton, N. Y.	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

MR. W. L. WINANS, of Baltimore, Md., died in his seventy-fifth year in London, Eng., on June 22. In consequence, his eldest son, Walter Winans, was not able to compete for the revolver prizes and revolver championship of England at the Bisley meeting, which began on July 13. Walter Winans has also canceled his entries for the revolver championship shoots of the North and South London rifle clubs.

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 18.—The following scores were made to day by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club on the club's ranges. Paterson won the medal in Class A, Mrs. Schmidt winning in Class B. Scores;

Class A, 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

Harlan	4474456106—41	Norcom	1012111158—21
Metcalf	4403231227—28	Greely	5613180804—39
Paterson	8773853162—50	Schmidt	5°246?2311—34
Young	2353131135—25	Mumford	6012120121—16
Westcott	01231187?5—30		

Ladies contest, 100yds., Creedmoor target:

Mrs Chamberlain	2433333210—24	Mrs Greely	1000000001— 1
Mrs Schmidt	5143223333—32	Mrs Westcott	0000000000— 0
Mrs Young	4233210000—15	Mrs Mumford	2226200000—14

PATTI.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 4-5.—INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, Ind.—Indiana Mineral Springs tournament. Ben O Bush, Manager.

Aug. 7.—WISSINOMING, Pa.—All-day target tournament on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, under the management of J. K. Starr.

Aug 11.—STERLING, N. Y.—Tournament of the Sterling Rod and Gun Club, for amateurs only. C. F. Wayte, Sec'y.

Aug 11.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Fifth contest for the Recreation cup. E. A. Jackson, Sec'y.

Aug. 18-19.—WARSAW, Ind.—Tournament of the Lake City Gun Club. W. A. Wineberer, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 24-25.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament of the Bison Gun Club. Targets. C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 6.—MARION, N. J.—Annual Labor Day tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. A. R Strader, Sec'y.

Sept 7-10.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's annual tournament.

Sept 14-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. Merchandise and amateurs.

Sept. 14-16.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Capital Gun Club. F. C. Quimby, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-Oct. 1.—————.—Annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. W. H. Huck, Rutherford, N. J.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

THE invitation target shoot of the Riverton Gun Club, on Wednesday last, was successful enough to encourage the promoters of that kind of sport in their efforts to popularize target shooting among the members of what has been hitherto purely a live-bird club. We understand that they are shooting targets up at Larchmont occasionally. If such is the case, it looks as if target shooting was going to get a share of the fun when the dead season for pigeon shooting comes upon us in future years. And why shouldn't it? Target shooting is not easy, although we must admit that it has always *looked* easy, especially when one has been sitting on a camp chair in rear of the score when Rolla Heikes or members of the Indian squad were cracking out straights. There is a curious feature about target shooting: A good target shot is certain to be a good live-bird shot; at least, we can't recall any good target shot who is not right in it when it comes to live birds But a good live-bird shot is not necessarily a good target shot, although with practice he can undoubtedly make himself heard from when it comes to smashing bluerocks.

New Yorkers and New Jerseymen who think of attending the Interstate shoot at Montpelier, Vt., Aug. 25-26, can make a very pleasant trip of it by going nearly all the way by water. Take the Albany night boat on Monday, Aug. 23; train from Albany to Lake George, Tuesday morning; thence down Lake George and Lake Champlain to Burlington, Vt, by steamers of the Lake George and Lake Champlain Transportation Company; Burlington to Montpelier by rail. The steamer arrives at Burlington about 5 P. M. on Tuesday evening, Aug. 24, practically twenty-four hours after leaving New York city. Last year a party of three left New York for the Burlington Interstate by this route, and the same three will in all probability journey to Montpelier the same way, but accompanied by two or three others. The Montpelier shoot will also be attended by several Canadians. In fact the Vermont Interstate this year promises to be a very pleasant gathering indeed.

A direct result of the Pennsylvania State shoot at Oil City has been an awakening of interest in trap-shooting circles that could not have been brought about by any other means. The club is in very good circumstances, and the business matters in connection with the recent shoot were wound up at a meeting held on July 10. At the same meeting the club departed from its usual custom, and elected three honorary members, Messrs. John R. Campbell, William Fleming and John B. Smithman. The Oil City *Derrick* of July 20 says: "This is the first time in the history of the association that this distinction has been proffered to anyone, and was decided upon as a token of appreciation of the many acts of kindness and encouragement that have been extended to the club by these gentlemen." Mr. Smithman will be recalled by those who were present at the shoot as the owner of the street car line, Deep Hollow and Smithman's Park, where the boiling springs formed such an attraction.

Secretary George B. Walton, of the Montpelier, Vt., Gun Club, in sending us some scores made recently by members of his club, writes as follows: "While at this stage of the game it is early to say much about the success of our shoot, and whether it was pleasant or otherwise, we can guarantee as pleasant a shooting ground as can be found in this part of the country. Our house stands in the shade of fine large elms, and the shooting platform is nicely shaded except in the morning. In shooting we face the northeast and have the best of light on targets. The background, while not absolutely clear, is practically so, and is considered very good by friends who have shot with us. From indications, such as requests for programmes and the general interest which seems to be manifested, I should judge that we will have a nice lot of shooters, besides those from the States. I have assurances from several of our Canadian friends that they will be with us."

Mr H. D. Swarts, box 566, Scranton, Pa., sends us the following announcement of a shoot he proposes to hold at Scranton, Aug 4: "There will be a live-bird shoot at the baseball park, Scranton, Pa., on Wednesday, Aug. 4. Shoot to commence at 1:30 P. M. American Association rules to govern; 28yds, rise, use of both barrels; 10 birds, entrance $7.50. First prize, $40; second, $25; third, $15; fourth, $12; fifth, $8; total, $100. Other events will be shot after the big event. All entries will close July 31. Parties wishing to enter will please send check or money order through post-office for $5, balance to be paid day of shoot. No one will be allowed to shoot in big event unless their entry is received before July 31. Kindly send money on receipt of this if you care to enter, as pigeons are scarce and it is necessary to know about how many to arrange for."

In our report of the New Haven Interstate shoot, which appeared in last week's issue, we made one guess, and guessed wrong—rather a weak percentage! We said in the "Notes": "Sherman whom we take to be A. W. Sherman, of Freehold, N. J." Mr. M. Harrington, of the W. A Powder Company, kindly puts us right in the matter by saying in a letter to us: "Allow me to set you straight in the matter. The gentleman who did such good shooting is Mr. Frank Sherman, of New Haven, Conn., and there isn't a particle of doubt but what his good work on that occasion, was due in a great measure to the fact that his shells were loaded with —" (what do you suppose?). It looks as if our apologies were due to Mr. Frank Sherman, of New Haven, Conn., and to Mr. A. W. Sherman, of Freehold, N. J.

Ferd. Van Dyke is pointing his gun very straight just now. He broke 49 out of 50 on Wednesday, July 21, and won the second heat for the tea service at the Boiling Springs grounds, the shoot being under the "147 handicap" we commented upon in our issue of July 10. Gus Greiff, captain of the club, has requested us to announce that all future contests for the tea service will be held under the old system of handicapping—allowance of extra targets - as the club is convinced that the "147 handicap" does not give a poor shooter the ghost of a show. It doesn't; he can tie, but he can never win. Its real title is the "lick-him-plenty handicap."

Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., writes under date of July 17 as follows: "Through reading that item in Drivers and Twisters of this week, any one might imagine that King's Smokeless won the high average at the recent Detroit shoot of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. This was not the case, as Mr. F. H. Snow made the high average of the tournament; he is using Schultze powder in Winchester and U. M. C. shells. T. J. Graham had the second high average with Winchester and U M. C. shells; he may have used King's Smokeless and he may not. George Spross made third high average, using Gold Dust powder in Winchester shells. William M. Thompson, with Winchester factory loaded shells, Leader and Du Pont powder, won the E. C. cup."

In a recent three-handed match at sparrows shot on the grounds of the Hazelwood Gun Club, John G. Messner, winner of the Grand American Handicap in '95, scored 40 out of 50 sparrows; J. N Crossland scored 47 and F Wilbert 42, a total of 138 out of 150; tough on the sparrows. On another occasion recently, Crossland, Messner, Stilley, A. H. King and W. S. King shot for the Sparrow Championship of Western Pennsylvania, 25 birds per man Crossland won with 24; Messner scored 23, the King brothers 22 each and Stilley 21. The club championship was also won by Crossland in the next event, another 25-bird event; he again scored 24 birds.

Saturday, Aug. 7, there will be quite a shoot on the grounds of the Florist's Gun Club at Wissinoming, Pa., a few miles east of Philadelphia. As there will not be a meeting of the Trap-Shooter's League of Philadelphia for some weeks, J. K. Starr, secretary of the League, has made arrangements to hold an all day shoot as above. Entrance fees are not large and both systems of dividing purses will be used, "with an effort to find out which the shooters prefer." Targets are thrown at 1½ cents each. Wissinoming station is on the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Tom Keller is with us again for a brief breathing spell. Of course he talks King's Smokeless, Peters's shells, and makes matches all day long. We remember John D. Bethel (whom we refer to elsewhere in this column) once remarking that Tom made more matches and shot fewer than any other man of his acquaintance. It may be so, but we remember one he shot at Hackensack last spring! B. Waters was his side partner. The other teams were: Van Dyke and Hildreth, Edwards and J. H. Cameron.

The contest between Rolla Heikes and Fred Gilbert for the E. C. championship cup on July 31 will be a good one. Both men are in good form, and the conditions are such that it is hard to pick a sure winner. The conditions are: 50 singles, unknown angles; 50 singles, expert rules, one man up; and 25 pairs. When Rolla won the cup from Fred on Aug. 20 of last year he beat him just one target in each series of 50; thus: 48 to 47 at unknown angles; 45 to 44, expert rules; 40 to 39 on doubles.

The Bison Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y, will hold a two days' target tournament, Aug. 24-25, on its grounds at Walden avenue, city line. All purses will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Five per cent. deducted from all purses for average money for the four high guns in the tournament. Targets thrown from a magautrap at 1 cent each. Guns and shells shipped to C. H. Werlin, secretary, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y., will be delivered at the grounds free of charge.

Harvey McMurchy was in the city just when we most expected he was a couple of thousand miles or so westward. How could the Wolf shoot at Clear Lake progress satisfactorily without its great chief—High Ball? We did not see Harvey, neither did we get a chance to talk to him; otherwise we might have found out how it was that he had deserted his tribe at a critical moment.

John D. Bethel, well known in New York sporting goods circles as a salesman of the W. Fred. Quimby Co. for several years, accompanied by his son, who is a practical surveyor and civil engineer, left last week for the gold fields of Alaska. The many friends of John D. will wish him all the luck in the world when it comes to picking up gold and silver in the new Tom Tiddler's ground

At the tournament of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, July 17, the Eureka A team broke 138 out of 150 at unknown angles, a 6-men team average of 92 per cent. The Garfield A team broke 133, an average of 88.6 per cent.; and the Calumet Heights B team broke 129, an average of 86 per cent. The shoot was held on the grounds of the Garden City Gun Club.

N. E. Money, U. M. C. Thomas and H P. Collins will be among the shooters who journey next week to Lewiston, Me., to take part in the Interstate shoot given under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club. The dates for the shoot are Aug. 4-5, and from what we hear, there is going to be a good attendance at this shoot.

Captain Money and Junius H. Davis shot a race at 50 pairs of targets on the Riverton grounds after the programme for the invitation shoot of July 21 had been disposed of. The targets were thrown from a magautrap Captain Money won, after a close race, by 2 targets, breaking 70 to 68 In a sweep at 10 pairs, Billy Wolstencroft smashed 20 straight without turning a hair.

Mr. E. Detmold, junior member of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, now of 318 Broadway, who was recently operated upon for appendicitis, has stood the operation very well and is now on the road to recovery. Meanwhile the firm of which he is a member is settling down into its new quarters.

C. W. Tuttle, of Auburn, N. Y., was in New York on July 21, and took a whack at bluerocks over on the Boiling Springs Gun Club's grounds at Rutherford, N. J., and incidentally he gave Ferd. Van Dyke a hard chase for the silver tea service.

J. 147 L. Winston won the Irroy prize at Elkwood Park on Friday last, July 23. He tied with Fred Hoey on 10 straight each; on the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Hoey lost his 5th bird.

The R A. McCready Co., Limited, of Toronto, Canada, write us that circumstances have arisen that make it impossible for the company to hold its tournament as advertised.

JULY 27. EDWARD BANKS.

Team Race at Peekskill.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., July 24.—The second round in the contest going on between the gun clubs of the Hudson River Valley was fought out here to day and resulted as follows:

Peekskill Gun Club.

H P Dain	1111111111011111011111111	—23
F Southard	1110111101111111011111111	—22
P H Mason	1101111001110110111111111	—20
B C Everinghim	0101111111110101101101110	—18—83

Glenwood Gun Club of Newburgh.

Mould	1010111111101100110111111	—19
J Dickson	1101111111110111011111111	—22
Hendrickson	1011101010110111110110111	—17
W M Stanbrough	1110111011011111111110110	—20—78

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

Travor	1111101111110010001101110	—17
Condit	1111111011111010101101001	—18
Briggs	0111100011110101111111101	—18
Van Wagenen	1111111111011110011101110	—20—73

Marlborough Gun Club.

Covert	1110100.1100001111101010	15
T Rhodes	0101111000011111111111111	—19
C Bingham	1111111100111111111110000	—19
Vail	0011110011101110111001110	—16 69

The next shoot will be at Poughkeepsie Thursday, Aug 5, when it is expected that at least six clubs will participate.

B. C. EVERINGHIM

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., July 18.—We held no medal shoot this week on account of rainy weather, though a few shooters put in an appearance and had a small practice, the scores of which I enclose:

	No. 1	No 2.
R A Eddy	1111110111011101010—15	100 1010101111101111—14
T L McLeod	1100010001010001010— 8	0010001000000000100— 5
R E Hammond	1101000011100011000— 8	1111 0001 1010001000— 8

In a match at 3 pairs Eddy broke 5 to McLeod's 3.

W. E. GRAHAM, Sec'y

Fulford's to "Charley and Mac."

UTICA, N. Y., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you permit me a few words in reply to the statements of C. E. Willard and also the recent utterances of Harvey McMurchy with respect to professional shooters?

Who will gainsay the fact that it was largely through the efforts of paid professional shooters and expert amateurs, together with the masterhand of McMurchy, that placed his gun where it is to-day? L. C. Smith was, without doubt or question, the most astute gun manufacturer of his day, and he early saw the advantage of a paid professional shooter to advertise his gun. I trust that Mr. McMurchy, after enjoying the field almost alone all these years, is not now getting afraid of competition.

Will Messrs. Willard and McMurchy kindly come forward and tell us when trap-shooting was ruined, and who did the deed? Again Mr. Willard says, after proposing the establishment of shooting parks, "We believe with this arrangement, and with targets and shells sold at a minimum price, that there would soon be as much shooting as there was a few years back." Why, bless your soul, Charley, don't you know that there was never as much trap-shooting done in the history of the world as is done now? Ask the target manufacturers; ask the shell trade; ask the powder men; and with one unanimous voice they will tell you that their business is increasing in a large ratio every year. The people who talk about the "good old times" are the ones who, in the "good old times," had the professional field to themselves, and reaped all the benefit. Now I contend that professionalism has not hurt trap-shooting at all; it has helped it in the way of introducing better guns, loads and methods in shooting; and if the big tournaments are not now the successes they once were, the cause can be looked for in the general depression and not as a result of professional shooters. The men who formerly went a hundred miles to a tournament now do the same amount of shooting on their own club's grounds That professional shooters are not responsible is proven by the fact that strictly amateur shoots are not as well patronized as open shoots. Stripped of its mask, this wail is simply the cry of the old commercial drummer professional shooter, who sees his preserves invaded by men whose only business it is to advertise goods instead of both advertising and selling. Shooting is not going to the dogs, and if not a single big tournament were to be held next year in this country, there would notwithstanding be five times as many targets thrown as in the "good old days" when a half dozen men had things all their own way. "But," says Willard, "by this I mean that where there are now ten professional shooters employed, there will be but one when the trap-shooting season opens in 1898. Mac and I have talked this over, and we are both of the same opinion that this is the only way in which the good old days can be brought back." But why the one professional shooter, Charley? Why not abolish them all? Or is it that you mean that only you and Mac are to be left to reap the harvest, as you did in "the good old days?" Of course, if you can bar out Heikes, Glover, Gilbert, Parmelee, Winston, Budd, Brewer, Elliott and many others, and only leave in the business those whose business it is to sell to the trade, then, no doubt, it would be "good old days" for Charley and Mac.

But the real fact about the matter is that the manufacturers, whose trade has been doubled many times over by the efforts of these men, will quite likely have something to say as to whom they will employ in 1898. E. D. FULFORD.

Elliott versus Grimm.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I readily note in several sporting papers, the desire of Mr. E. S. Rice to appear as the backer of Mr. C. M. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., in a series of three matches, and I am willing to concede him the advantage of even naming all the grounds the matches are to take place on. Am glad to see Mr. Rice desires a test of skill on good pigeons, although I have noticed, when two men desire to shoot a pigeon match, the conditions of the pigeons were as equally fair for one man as another, at any season of the year. There has also been, for a number of years, a class of shooters—during the months of July and August—who were usually redhot for a match, but who can never be confined in one until the fall of the year, when birds are good; at which time a necessary postponement extends the time until spring, when the challenges become obliterated by the spring rains and have to be renewed again through the press columns. It is now my purpose to accommodate each one's particular fancy.

With a few modifications and conditions, I will accept Mr. Rice's challenge on behalf of Mr. Grimm, and I will first meet Mr. Grimm at St. Louis, Mo., Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2 P. M.; second, at Omaha, Neb., Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 2 P. M.; third, at Chicago, Ill., Saturday, Oct 9, at 2 P. M. Each individual match to be at one hundred (100) pigeons each man, for one hundred dollars ($100) a side; American Association rules; thirty (30) yards rise. Matches to be shot to a finish the same day, daylight permitting, with a side bet of two hundred dollars ($200) a side on the man killing the highest number in the three matches. The fifty ($50) dollars forfeit to become a part of the stake of the last race, provided the former conditions have been complied with. The loser of each match to pay for the pigeons shot at by each contestant; also a gate receipt of fifty (50) cents to be collected from every visitor, including principals and their backers. The total amount collected to be turned over to the referee and become a part of the stake, going to the contestant winning that day's contest. Mr. Rice being the challenger, is at each point he has named, to furnish inclosed grounds free of charge, further providing A1, first-class pigeons of which he speaks, at a nominal price, not to exceed twenty-five (25) cents each. If surface or ground traps are used, the two hundred (200) selected pigeons which we are to shoot at are to be placed in coops and trapped therefrom, in plain view of both contestants. Not caring to lay out of the use of so much money as Mr. Rice has put up, and considering fifty dollars ($50) a sufficient guarantee of a man's good faith, I have forwarded to Mr. John Watson, Grand Crossing, Ill., that amount, naming him as the holder of final stake and forfeit. Next! J. A. R. ELLIOTT.

Boston Shooting Association.

BOSTON, Mass., July 21.—The team shoot for the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy took place to-day on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association at Wellington. The race resulted in favor of the Worcester Sportsman's Club by 9 breaks. Scores:

Worcester Sportsman's Club.	Singles.	Pairs.	Total.
Forehand	25	16	41
Davis	25	15	40
A W Walls	24	14	38
Snell	23	13	36
Kenerson	22	14	36—191

Boston Shooting Association.	Singles.	Pairs.	Total.
Dickey	28	16	44
Leroy	25	13	38
Herbert	25	13	38
Puck	21	11	32
Allison	19	11	30—182

Other sweepstakes were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	15	15	10	10	10
Howe	7	7	13	12	12	13	13	18	17	13	12	8	7	9
Davis	10	9	14	14	14	13	15	16	18	15	15	6	7	..
Puck	9	9	12	13	13	13	11	12	17	15	11	6	8	9
Snell	8	6	9	13	12	13	11	13	..	..	12	..	..	..
Kenerson	8	9	11	12	14	12	13	16	12	14	12	..	..	..
Leroy	9	8	15	13	15	13	13	19	18	13	13	9	9	9
Jones	8	6	14	14	14	11	11	20	18	12	..	..	..	..
Herbert	10	9	14	13	13	14	13	17	16	..	14	..	..	..
Turpin	8	10	5	12	10	6	7	17	15	12	11	..	..	..
A W Walls	6	..	..	..	14	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Roach	..	8	..	8	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	10	18	8	10	5	7	6
Bond	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	12	16	..	..	..	..	..
Snow	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Foreband	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	17	17	..	..	..	..	..
Everett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	9	5	7
S Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	7	6	4
Allison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	10	10	10
												B	S.	A.

Montpelier Gun Club.

MONTPELIER, Vt., July 23.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Montpelier Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	20	5	20	20	20	20	10	10	20	25	10
C O Barrett	18	..	19	18	16	16	7	10	..	..	..
Fiske	14	4	..	15	..	14	..	6	..	..	8
G B Walton	11	4	18	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	8
Ehle	6	3	..	8	12	..	..	..	13	19	..
Brown	17	4	16	..	13	12	..	7	..	..	..
B A Eastman	..	..	13	14	15	18	6	7	..	..	..
W H Eastman	..	..	13	13	16	13	7	8	..	..	..
Houghton	..	..	8	15	12	8	..	..	..	..	..
Briggs	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3	16	14	..

Nos. 1 and 4 were at known angles; the rest were at unknown angles, with the exception of No. 2, which was at expert rules.

GEO. B. WALTON, Sec'y.

Limited Gun Club's Summer Meeting.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 8.—The summer meeting of the Limited Gun Club, which closed to day, was "the hottest ever was." At the coolest place on the wide veranda of the club house the mercury was crowding the 100 mark, while down town the intense heat was hourly claiming its victims. Under such conditions it was not expected that the attendance would be large. The secretary was at home sick, and his work devolved upon Mr John M. Lilly, who was assisted by Mr. A. E. Ballwag as referee, Mr. Ray Williams as cashier, and by Mr. George Miller as scorer.

The programme was alternate events of 15 targets, entrance $5, and 20 targets, entrance $2.50. Ten per cent of net purses was set aside and divided equally between the five high guns shooting in the first ten events.

The out of town shooters were: A. W. du Bray, of Parker Bros.; Ralph Trimble, of the Du Pont Powder Co.; H E. Norton, of the Winchester Arms Co.; H. J Lyons and J. S. Phelps, Jr., Louisville, Ky.; J. W. Penn, Cincinnati; Ed. Novis, Crawfordsville; J. B. Stipp, Bedford; Proctor and Glunt, Union City; Small and Gamble Aurora; Van Dolson and Cartright, Anderson; Thompson, Lafayette; Cumberland and Apperson, Kokomo; Schwartz, Columbus; E. Trimble, Covington, Ky., and F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.

The trade representatives were barred from the sweeps, and shot for the targets only, as did several others, who thought the company too fast for them. In this way about 1,800 targets were sold. The club will encourage this sort of thing in the future. Mr. J. L. Head, of Peru, and Meyers and Webb, of Greensburg, were new men on the second day.

FIRST DAY.

The results of this day's shooting were as below:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gamble	175	153	87.4	Thompson	175	132	75.4
Parry	175	151	86.3	Lyons	175	129	73.7
Beck	175	151	86.3	E Trimble	125	104	83.2
Alkire	175	150	85.7	Schwartz	105	84	80
Partington	175	147	84	Wildhack	90	77	85.5
Tripp	175	145	82.8	Proctor	85	71	83.5
Cooper	175	144	82.2	Socwell	70	55	78.5
Griffiths	175	142	81.1	Marott	50	30	60
Penn	175	140	80	Stilwell	45	30	66.6
Voris	175	140	80	Grube	35	26	74.2
Stipp	175	136	77.7	Cumberland	35	23	65.7
Small	175	135	77.1	Apperson	30	19	63.3
Phelps	175	134	76.5				

Gamble, Parry, Beck, Alkire and Partington, the five high guns, each received $7.70 as average money,

SECOND DAY.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Partington	175	158	90.2	Beck	155	124	80
Tripp	175	155	88.5	Griffiths	125	102	81.6
Alkire	175	155	88.5	E Trimble	125	100	80
Gamble	175	155	88.5	Webb	100	75	75
Head	175	155	88.5	Wildhack	90	72	80
Parry	175	154	88	Socwell	50	41	82
Cooper	175	151	86.3	Lockwood	35	28	80
Penn	175	150	85.7	Long	15	14	93.3
Meyers	175	139	79.4	Marott	15	10	66.6

Partington, Tripp, Alkire, Gamble and Head each received $5 as average money for the five high guns. R. R.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 21.—The final shoot of the Boston Gun Club series took place at Wellington to-day, and eleven assembled to do justice to the event. The afternoon was fine for shooting, and no fault could be found with it; the sun was hidden by many clouds, affording reduced temperature and also a relieved light. Not a few are sorry that the shooting on these grounds is concluded until snow flies, for each Wednesday, as they all too quickly sped away, meant a pleasant hour or two with gun and friends. The series consisted of eight shoots with the four best scores counting for prizes; and one score consisting of 25 targets each day, 15 known and 10 unknown. Winning scores are given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	6	5	15	10	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10
Horace	7	8	9	4	4	9	9	7	..	..	..	2	5	5	6
Benton	4	5	6	1	..	11	6	4	3	3	4	..	..	..	..
Miskay	7	8	7	6	..	12	8	3	..	10	6	5	8	7	7
Milner	6	8	..	..	..	9	7	..	..	4	..	5	..	..	..
Wheeler	2	3	..	..	1	4	4	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
Nickols	3	6	6	3	..	5	3	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lyons	..	6	3	..	..	5	2	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	5	14	6	6	4	7	4	5	..	..
Sewall	..	..	..	..	..	4	12	7	5	4	5	6	4	5	4
Spencer	..	..	..	..	..	4	13	7	8	3	..	..	..	..	..
Blair	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	6	1	3	4	5	4	4

Events 1, 2, 5, 6, 10, 11 and 15 were known angles; 3, 7 and 12, unknown; 4, 9, 13 and 14 pairs; 8, reverse pull.

Eighth contest in prize series, 25 targets, 15 known and 10 unknown, distance handicap:

Spencer (18)	1111101101111111—13	1110111100—7—20
Miskay (17)	1011111111011110—12	1111011011—8—20
Brown (15)	0111111111111111—14	1110001110—6—20
Sewall (15)	1110011111101111—12	1111010110—7—19
Horace (16)	1010110111000111— 9	1111111011—9—18
Benton (14)	0110111111011011—11	0010101111—6—17
Milner (16)	1000101101111110— 9	0010111111—7—16
Wheeler (16)	0001100001001000— 4	0001111000—4— 8
Nickols (15)	1010000100101000— 5	1000110000—3— 8
Lyons (14)	0000010011001011— 5	1100000000—2— 7

Winning scores in series.					Discarded scores.			
First—Miskay	23	21	21	20—85	20	20	18	17
Second—Spencer	21	21	21	20—83	19	19	18	16
Third—Horace	22	20	19	18—79	17	17		
Fourth—Brown	21	20	18	18—77	17	14	12	
Fifth—Sheffield	20	19	18	18—75	None.			
Sixth—Woodruff	20	19	18	17—74	None.			
Seventh—Benton	17	17	16	14—64	11	10	10	9
Eighth—Nickols	14	13	11	11—51	11			

BOSTON.

Trap at Lancaster, Pa.

LANCASTER, Pa., July 16.—This afternoon one of the largest and most exciting live-bird shoots that has been held in this section for a long time took place on Clark's shooting grounds, on the Conestoga, just east of the city. The shoot, under the management of Frank Clark, one of our best known shots, was for a handsome gold trophy donated by the Sprenger Brewing Co., valued at $75 Any resident of this county can compete for it. The winner of the trophy is required to defend it against all comers, and to hold it permanently must win it three times in succession. As will be noticed by the score, Messrs. Taylor and Hoak tied for first honors. In the shoot-off at 10 birds Mr. Hoak won, scoring 8 straight, while Taylor lost his 1st, 5th and 8th birds.

	Score.	I.	R. Q. I.	L. Q. I.	D.	R. Q. D.	L. Q. D.
Tell	02000121122202221122—15	2	5	0	2	6	7
Weaver	01110012111011000w —10	1	2	2	1	5	6
G W Taylor	01122221121101221122—18	1	5	1	0	7	6
G S Franklin	22201201012112211101—16	4	2	2	1	5	6
G Gladfelter	00021211010111022102—13	2	3	1	4	4	4
Kern	21120212120021212222—17	2	2	1	2	7	6
W R Fieles	22122122212022022022—17	3	4	0	1	5	7
J S Whittaker	2012•012•11001111001—12	1	5	1	2	6	5
W P Cummings	11110111101111112020—16	0	3	0	2	4	11
A C Kreuger	012•101111121012•020—13	1	6	3	2	5	3
F S Hoak	10012121122221111212—18	0	5	5	2	3	5
H E Anderson	(20221120100011000012—11	0	5	2	2	4	7
S Kersey	20212212222221•002222—16	3	2	4	1	3	7
C Galbraith	00221221101211220211—16	2	4	2	2	3	7
E G Ryder	12121112002202110111—16	1	5	2	4	4	4

After the above match E. C. Smith made the following score:

E C Smith 11122112111011221221—19

H. O. L.

Lake Charles Rod and Gun Club.

LAKE CHARLES, La., July 21.—The Lake Charles Rod and Gun Club of this city, will give its first annual shoot next month, Aug. 18-20. Its programme as yet has not been announced, but the same promises to be very interesting, from the mere fact that there will be a number of guaranteed prizes.

The club was organized May 1, 1896, and is to-day in a most flourishing condition. Its members are a jolly, good set of men, being of Lake Charles's best citizens, and all are typical sportsmen.

It is expected that Dallas, San Antonio and Houston, Tex.; Shreveport, Alexandria, New Iberia and New Orleans will be well represented at the shoot next month. I can promise all sportsmen who wish to attend that the Lake Charles people and members of the gun club will extend to them hospitalities that time will never erase from their memory. A. CARDONA, JR.

The Indian Wolf Shoot.

CLEAR LAKE, Iowa, July 23.—The first annual tournament of the Indian Squad closed to day. The attendance was not as large as was expected with $500 added; possibly the location had something to do with this, as many shooters thought it too far to go to attend a tournament. But those who did attend were amply repaid for the trip, as Clear Lake is one of the pleasantest places to spend a few days in the heat of the summer we know of. Mr. Grimm had every arrangement made for the convenience and comfort of all.

The target shooting was done across the lake from the city, on a place known as Grand View. The traps were set to throw the targets over the water, and the background was perfect. The shooting was very difficult, owing to a high wind, and straight scores were very scarce. About 20,000 targets were thrown in regular and extra events. The programme had ten 20-target events each day, entrance $2.50, with $15 added to each event. The shooting was done under the Sergeant system; coast pigeon targets were used. Mr. Stratton, of the Grand View Hotel, served a fine lunch, and looked after the comfort of his guests.

On Friday, 23d, the shooting was changed to grounds on the opposite side of the lake, near what is known as the camp grounds and Oaks' Hotel, and at 10 A. M. the 25 live bird event commenced. The birds were a good lot and not a straight score was made. Mr. Gilbert scored 24 and won a nice cut-glass lemonade set, donated by Mr. E. S. Rice, of Chicago, and first money.

Mr. Parmelee won high average on targets, leading Gilbert and Heikes by 5 targets, and won a Marlin repeating rifle, donated by Mr. Robbins, of the *Sportsmen's Review*, of Chicago. Four Indians were absent—McMurchy, Parker, Merrill and Erbardt; we have since learned that Mr. Erhardt is very sick, and the Indian squad and his many friends are very sorry to learn of his being ill, and hope for his speedy recovery.

Chicago was well represented by E. S. Rice and family, Mr Richards and wife, Mrs. Dr. Rowe, Mr. Robbins and wife, John Watson and Ed. Bingham and wife; Keithsburg: Tom Marshall, wife, mother and daughter; Mr. Cobine, wife and daughter, and Mr. Eidlesdorf and wife; Omaha: Loomis, wife and family; Frank Parmelee, Goodly Brucker and J. C. Reed; Spirit Lake: Fred. Gilbert and wife; Kansas City: Hermann and wife, Miss Gilkinson and Mr. Gotleib; Marshalltown, Ia.: Dr. Kibby, wife and family; L. C. Abbott-Cook; Forest City: Mr. Howard, E. A. Leach; Tripps, Dak.: Baldwin; Jackson, Minn.: Palmer; Lake Park: G. Hughes; Fonda: Henshaw; Okoboji: F. A. Smith; Hartley: J. G. Smith; Algona: Mr. Corry; Dayton, Ia.: Clark Manson; Clark: Nora Springs; R. O. Heikes and wife, Dayton, O.; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Budd, Miss Kopp and W. R. Milner, Des Moines.

On Thursday night a party of about fifty attended Barnum & Bailey's circus at Mason City, and report having a great time.

The Indians have not decided on a location for their tournament next year, but as soon as the location is decided on will advise you.

HAWKEYE.

[Since the above was written we have learned from Hawkeye that the Indians will hold a Wolf shoot in '98 and will add $1,000].

Owing to our receiving the scores of the Indian Wolf shoot shortly before going to press, we are able to give only the general averages of those who shot through the programme of 600 targets. Parmelee leads, with Heikes and Gilbert tied for second and third places, Gottlieb, of Kansas City, being fourth:

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Total.	Ave.
F S Parmelee	188	176	184	543	90.5
R O Heikes	181	173	184	538	89.6
Fred Gilbert	175	180	183	538	89.6
Chris Gottlieb	173	175	181	529	88.1
C M Powers	171	162	185	518	86.3
C M Grimm	169	164	169	502	83.6
T A Marshall	157	165	178	500	83.3
C W Budd	164	158	177	499	83.1
J Loomis	145	170	167	482	80.3
Eddie Bingham	157	153	160	470	78.3
Kibby	155	132	163	450	75

Entries did not rule high. On the first day there were 244 entries in the ten events, an average of 24.4 for each event; the average on the second day was 23.2, and on the third day only 18.2.

In the 25 live-bird race on Friday the scores were (eighteen entries):

Gilbert 24. E. A. Leach, Powers and Parmelee 23, Loomis, Marshall and Budd 22, Grimm 21; all the rest withdrew as follows: Hughes 17 out of 18, Herman and Watson 16 out of 21, Brucker 15 out of 20, Heikes 14 out of 19, Kibby 11 out of 16, Plummer 9 out of 14, Barringer 7 out of 12, Gottlieb 5 out of 10, Bingham 4 out of 9.

Wawasett vs. West Chester.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., July 15.—Below find score of the first of a series of those matches at bluerock targets between the Wawasett Gun Club, of Wilmington, Del., and the West Chester Gun Club, of West Chester, Pa., shot at Wilmington to-day. It was a game of guessing who would be the victors, but resulted in favor of the Wilmington boys by 6 targets. Good feeling and the best of order prevailed. The return match will be shot at West Chester some time in August.

Wawasett.

G Huber	01111101111111101110111111—21
C Buck	01001011111111011111110111—19
J Huber	11001110111111101110011100—17
H Donaldson	11111111101111111111011111—23
G Miller	01001111011111011101011101—17
W Buckmaster	10111101101111011111111111—21
R Miller	11111110111111111111111111—24
C Springer	11111011111111101011011101—20
E Mason	11000111101111111111111110—20
L Maul	11111111110110001111111111—21—208

West Chester.

F Henry	11110110110111011111100111—19
H Lumis	11111111011011111011111110—21
T Sellers	11011101001001111111011111—18
G Foulke	11111111111110011111111101—22
Davis	11111011101011111010111110—19
M Jackson	11111111111110011111001111—21
F Gill	11100111101111011112011111—19
B Ford	11110110111111111111111111—23
J Hannams	11010110011111010101101110—16
T Ferguson	01111111010101111111110110—19—197

H. F. EACHUS.

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., July 17.—Below will be found a brief summary of the results arrived at in the last four medal shoots held by this club:

June 26.—Class A: Newick 15, Weston 10, Frizzell 9, Noone 7.

Class B: Brown 11, W. J. Philbrick 10, H. E. Philbrick 8, Lewis 6, Manson 4.

Class C; Dow 11, Hussey 7, Dunk 7, Charlsen 6, H. Newick 5, Merwin 2.

July 3.—Class A: Noone 13, Frizzell 12, Newick 11, Weston 8.

Class B: W. J Philbrick 10, Manson 9, Brown 7, R. Weston 7, H. E. Philbrick 7, Lewis 4.

Class C; Dow 7, Charlsen 5, Merwin 4, Dennett 3, Hussey 2.

July 10.—Class A: Noone 11, Newick 11, Weston 10, Frizzell 9.

Class B: Lewis 11, W. J. Philbrick 10, H. E. Philbrick 9, Manson 9, Brown 5, R. Weston 5.

Class C: Dow 10, Charlsen 5, Roper 5, Hoyt 5, Merwin 4, Hussey 4, Dennett 3.

In the shoot-off for the class A badge Newick was the winner.

July 17.—Class A: Noone 13, Newick 13, Frizzell 10, Weston 10. On the shoot-off of the tie Newick won, scoring 4 out of 5 to Noone's 3.

Class B: H. E. Philbrick 13, Manson 13, W. J. Philbrick 10, Brown 10, Lewis 7. In the shoot off in this class each man was still a tie with 3 out of 5. It was then miss-and-out; each man broke his first two and then each dropped his third target Philbrick breaking his fourth target while Manson dropped his. Philbrick was the winner.

Class C: Roper 13, Merwin 9, Hussey 7, Charlsen 6, Hoyt 3.

W. J. PHILBRICK, Sec'y.

Elliott Hears From Two.

GLOVER ACCEPTS AND NAMES A DATE.

ROCHESTER, July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have this day deposited with the Kansas City *Star* $50 as the necessary forfeit, in answer to a challenge from Mr. J. A. R. Elliott to contest for the Kansas City *Star* cup, now held by me, and name the date as follows: Aug. 14, 2:30 P. M., in the city of Rochester, N. Y. SIM GLOVER.

BUDD ALSO NAMES AUG. 14.

CLEAR LAKE, Ia., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hereby accept Mr. J. A. R. Elliott's challenge to shoot me a match for the Du Pont Championship trophy, and name the Eau Claire Gun Club's grounds, Eau Claire, Wis., and Saturday, Aug. 14, at 2 o'clock P. M. as the place and time for said match. Race to be at 100 live birds per man, Du Pont trophy rules as last amended to govern; loser of match to pay for birds. C. W. BUDD,

Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., July 23.—The seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association was the most successful one in the history of this organization, and the members of the Pine Bluff Gun Club, under whose auspices the tournament was held, covered themselves with glory, and are entitled to all the credit for the success of the shoot. While all the members contributed more or less to the success of the tournament, yet the lion's share is due entirely to the efforts of Messrs. J. T. Lloyd, George Clements, John Speers and Ed. Howell. These four worked early and late to bring about the results that were so satisfactory to all the visiting shooters, and which must be no less gratifying to them. They can speak with pardonable pride of the success of this shoot.

In gauging the success of a tournament, the number of targets thrown is not the only criterion to base one's opinion on, but the after-results are also to be considered, and it is just this which makes us state that this tournament was the most successful ever given by the Association. The added money had been distributed in such a manner, and the purses divided by the Rose system, so as to enable all those who shot in for a place to receive at least as much as they put in, even though they only came in for fourth money, and yet those who shot well received fair return for their skill. Thus, there were no big losers at the shoot and of course no big winners. Yet, Thibault, who made the high average of the shoot, is about $50 ahead of the game, an ample remuneration for three days' work—or sport, as you like it.

The principal object the club had in view was to distribute the $500 added money among as many as possible, and in this respect it also accomplished its object. An illustration of how satisfactory the system was is borne out in Kirk's case. This shooter intended to participate in only a few events, but after he started shot through the entire programme, and though he made only 76 per cent. was only out about $5 on his entrance money. While under the old system he would have lasted about six events, as he failed to strike that lucky hole, they harp so much on. No matter what other people think, here in Arkansas the Rose system is voted a success, and will doubtless be used at all tournaments given in the future. In berating the system the conclusions are invariably drawn from tournaments where there is no added money, and the critic also appears to forget that someone has to pay for the targets. There was not one disgruntled shooter at this tournament and not a single objection raised against the system.

Nor was there a shooter present who is not willing and anxious to attend another tournament in the near future conducted on the same plan as this one. Associations and clubs who are really sincere in accomplishing the principal objects for which they are organized would do well to follow the example of this Association. One thing must, however, be borne in mind, that the added money at this tournament, with one or two exceptions, always exceeded the price of the targets.

JUDICIOUS ARRANGEMENTS.

The club had carefully planned to have all the arrangements for the shoot as complete as possible, and in this, too, it succeeded admirably. The customary shelter had been erected at the score, and there was also ample provision made for the shooter when not at the score, as well as for the spectators. There were plenty of chairs, and the only difficulty was to keep the omnipresent small boy from monopolizing them. This was a difficulty hard to overcome, from the fact that the shooting grounds are not fenced in. Aside from this everything was satisfactory. The shooting grounds are located right on the bank of the Arkansas River, and about ten blocks from the center of the city. The club made arrangements with one of the livery companies to take shooters to and from the ground for 25 cents.

There was only one set of traps in position, and these were arranged on the Sergeant system; they were found to be equal to all requirements, and something over 15,000 targets were thrown from them in the three days. The traps faced northeast, and the background was what most people would pronounce good, although some of the shooters complained of the trees that lined the river bank on the opposite side nearly a mile away. Mr. Lloyd was virtually the manager of the shoot, and decided all questions that came up, and saw that all the assistants attended to their duty properly. Mr. Clements assisted him in this capacity. Mr Ed Howell acted in the arduous position of cashier. In fact, all the club members interested themselves in the shoot, and saw that the visitors were well taken care of.

THOSE WHO WERE PRESENT.

Among those present were Drs. A. A. Forsythe, T. Y. Aby and Frank Dabney, Monroe, La.; A. H. Frank, Memphis, Tenn.; E. H. Lindsey, Robeline, La.; P. M. Perkins and M. F. Buvens, Many, La.; E. L. Sharkey and W. Arnold, Greenville, Miss.; J. A. Maxwell, Columbus, Miss.; A. L. Fassett, Ciro, Ill.; John J. Sumpter, Jr., Hot Springs; W. A. Leach and Joe P. Matthews, Ft. Smith; G. H. Wells and A. H. Vaughan, Jr., Clarendon; J. M. Birdsong, W. D. Cobb, T. J. Ellis, C. B. Gregg and J. H. Lane, Jonesboro; John M. Pemberton, Dave Alexander, J. K. Thibault, John T. Fletcher, Col. J. A. Woodson, H. Conner, A. Wade, H. L. Kirk, John N. Dickinson, Jr., W. R. Duley, Little Rock; Swartz, of Swartz, La.; Herbert Taylor, of St. Louis, Mo., representing the Du Pont and Hazard Powder Co's., was the only trade representative present.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting was held in the parlor of the Trulock Hotel. There was more real business transacted at it than at any two previous meetings, and the Association will now doubtless become a real factor in the game question of the State. One of the principal transactions was the passage of a resolution authorizing any member of the Association to offer a reward of $5 for the arrest and conviction of any one for the violation of our game and fish laws. Said reward to be paid from the treasury of the Association.

A committee was also appointed to draft a new game law. This committee consists of J. A. Woodson, John M. Rose, W. R. Duley and Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock; W. J. Little, Hot Springs, and W. H. Langford, Pine Bluff. The present game law was discussed at some length, and the good of the Association in general was also dwelt upon.

The following officers were then elected: W. H. Langford, Pine Bluff, President; W. R. Duley, Little Rock, Senior Vice-President; E. A. Howell, Pine Bluff, Treasurer; Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Secretary. Little Rock was selected for holding the next annual meeting and tournament.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

In arranging the programme for this shoot the club had very wisely set aside $50 for average money, to go to the seven high guns of the tournament. This money was divided as follows: $10, $9, $8, $7, $6 and two $5; but in order to compete for these prizes one had to shoot in all the open events for the three days. These average prizes kept up the interest and were conducive of much good-natured rivalry. It will be seen that fourteen shooters shot in all the events, and of that number eight got part of the money. The total of fourteen shooters recorded above would have been increased to seventeen, had not the Monroe shooters missed the train and thus arrived after the programme had been commenced.

The high average was made by J. K. Thibault, of Little Rock, with a fair margin over Sharkey, who won the $9. Clements, a member of the local club, won third, $8, with one less to his total than Sharkey; then comes Sumpter, 4 breaks less than Clements. Of the fourteen who shot through, six are local men, a very creditable showing for a club with a membership of not over twenty. This shows that the club evidently did not intend to depend entirely on the visiting shooters to make the shoot a success, as is too frequently the case.

Thibault, the winner of high average, shot a Parker gun, Repeater shells and Gold Dust powder; Sharkey shot a Winchester, Leader shells, and E. C.; Clements a Smith, Smokeless shells and Schultze; Sumpter a Smith, Smokeless and Du Pont.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Thibault	450	393	87.3	Coles	450	370	82.2
Sharkey	450	385	85.5	Marsh	450	356	79.1
Clements	450	384	85.3	Lindsey	450	356	79.1
Sumpter	450	380	84.4	Lloyd	450	353	78.4
Matthews	450	378	84	Frank	450	346	76.8
Sorrells	450	375	83.3	Wade	450	346	76.8
Speers	450	370	82.2	Kirk	450	342	76

First Day, July 20.

The entries in to-day's events were not as large as the home boys had expected, though the awfully mean weather more than anything else is responsible for this. That old threadbare adage that it never rains but it pours, was never more forcibly illustrated than to-day—for it did rain and it did pour to such an extent that in every low place on the ground the water stood inches deep. Notwithstanding this handicap, the events were started promptly at 9 o'clock, as per schedule.

The programme consisted of ten 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, and $15 added to each. There was also a State event for the club team championship. The averages for the day are not high. Clements, a local man, is first with an average of 88. Singularly enough, he was also the first man to the score, so this was not a case of the first shall be last, etc. Speers, Thibault and Sharkey are all grouped together in second position, having an average of 86 per cent. Sorrells and Wade follow with 85.3. The others, as usual, are placed in order of merit in the table. Wade started off at a great clip, scoring 14 in each of the first four events, but after that he let down perceptibly, though he managed to make a straight in the last event. Conner and Forsythe both shot well; the latter wound up with 38 straight. Neither of them, however, shot in all events. The best run of the day was Sumpter's 45 straight. Thirty of these are not shown in the table, as they were made in two extras that were shot after the regular programme. The average entry for the day was about thirty, entries ranging from 27 to 35.

SCORES OF JULY 20.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Ave.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15			
Clements	14	13	15	11	14	14	13	13	12	13	150	132	88
Speers	13	14	14	13	11	13	14	14	11	12	150	129	86
Thibault	11	12	15	12	13	14	12	14	13	13	150	129	86
Sharkey	13	9	12	13	15	12	13	15	14	13	150	129	86
Sorrell	12	13	14	12	14	12	14	12	14	11	150	128	85.3
Wade	14	14	14	14	12	11	10	11	13	15	150	128	85.3
Sumpter	12	14	11	12	10	11	13	14	14	15	150	126	84
Marsh	11	8	12	14	13	11	12	13	13	12	150	119	79.3
Coles	11	13	11	10	11	13	11	12	12	14	150	118	78.6
Matthews	12	11	15	9	12	10	14	12	13	10	150	118	78.6
Frank	12	12	10	14	13	11	12	12	11	11	150	118	78.6
Lloyd	13	13	10	11	13	13	9	12	13	10	150	117	78
Maxwell	8	13	9	14	10	10	12	13	12	15	150	116	77.3
Perkins	10	12	10	11	14	14	11	11	13	9	150	115	76.6
Kirk	10	12	14	9	13	10	11	9	12	13	150	113	75.3
Alexander	11	12	13	10	14	10	10	10	10	13	150	113	75.3
Lindsey	6	11	9	13	12	12	12	10	12	13	150	110	73.3
Duley	13	11	8	10	10	12	14	10	10	9	150	107	71.3
Burens	6	10	12	10	11	12	11	13	10	12	150	107	71.3
Fa sett	12	13	8	10	8	11	11	10	11	11	150	105	70
Arnold	9	12	10	8	10	10	9	11	13	10	150	102	68
Conner	..	..	..	13	13	14	14	13	12	13	105	92	87.6
Forsythe	..	..	13	11	10	14	12	12	15	15	120	102	85
Voss	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	10	45	36	80
Fergus	12	10	12	13	..	13	12	10	11	11	135	104	77
Leach	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	10	11	60	46	76.6
Lane	..	10	..	11	..	10	11	11	12	13	105	78	74.2
Pemberton	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	12	10	13	60	43	71.6
Dryburg	..	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	21	70
Martin	11	8	12	9	10	6	12	..	..	..	105	68	64.7
Gregg	8	..	..	10	..	7	10	11	4	11	105	61	58.1
Cobb	..	..	..	8	..	9	8	9	..	..	60	34	56.3
Ellis	..	7	..	10	..	8	11	5	..	..	75	41	54.6
Black	9	8	5	7	12	6	9	8	..	..	120	64	53.3
Howell	7	5	7	11	14	5	7	7	..	..	120	63	52.5
Birdsong	6	..	..	10	7	..	10	8	6	..	90	47	52.2
Langford	..	..	10	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	15	50
Simpson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	15	9	60
Arnold E	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	15	6	40

THE FOUR-MEN TEAM RACE.

Only two clubs were represented in this contest, Little Rock and Pine Bluff, but the contest was nevertheless interesting. It was shot in squads of four, two from each team. The first two men on the Pine Bluff team were Sorrells and Clements; Little Rock's two were Thibault and Wade. These pairs tied with 41 to their credit. This virtually left the match with the last two men on each team, and it is here that Pine Bluff won, as Alexander, usually so reliable, went wrong, only scoring 17; Conner scored 22, while the Pine Bluff pair got 43, which made their total 84, and landed them winners by 4 birds. This is the second time that Pine Bluff has won the trophy, having won it in '91, at the first meeting of the Association. The conditions of the race are four men to a team, all members of the same club; no club allowed to enter more than one team, 25 singles per man, unknown angles:

Pine Bluff Gun Club.

Speers.....1110111111111101111101111—22
Lloyd.....1111011111101101111111110—21
Sorrells.....0101011111111111111011111—21
Clements.....1111001111101111001111111—20—84

Little Rock Gun Club.

Thibault.....1111011111111111111100111—22
Conner.....1111111111011011111110111—22
Wade.....1001010111111111111001111—19
Alexander.....0111101110110011111011010—17—80

Second Day, July 21.

That gentlemanly and unpretentious shooter, Frank Dabney, of Monroe, La., put in an appearance at the shoot to-day, and proceeded at once to set the pace for the rest of the contestants, finishing with the fine percentage of 91. Thibault, however, was right after him with 90.6, a break less than Dabney. The latter in the first event scored one break more than Thibault; this lead he could never overcome, although he broke 125 out of his last 135, as Dabney did likewise. There is quite a gap between Thibault and Coles, who is third, but Forsythe, in fourth position, is only 1 bird behind Coles, as is Sumpter, who follows Forsyth. In all, thirty-eight shooters participated in the shoot to-day, and of this number twenty-one shot through the ten programme events, just the same number that shot through on the first day. The weather was threatening, and during the early morning a heavy rain fell that made it very disagreeable under foot. The event of interest for the State shooter was the contest for the individual championship.

THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

It is but natural that the interest of the day should center in this event, as there were a number of those who were eligible to contest for this trophy that were in fine form. Sumpter was full of grit; that 45 straight on the previous evening had inflated him considerably, and he expressed himself as willing to wager 1 to 2 that he would land the trophy even against so strong a field as the one he was up against. It did not take the boys long to bet him to a standstill, so that when he went to the score he stood to land quite a nice sum if he could win. Little Joe Matthews was equally confident, and felt sure that he, if no one else, would beat Sumpter out. Sumpter had them all guessing for a while, at least, as he scored 23 out of his first 25, missing his last one. Matthews, who shot alongside him, also scored 23. Conner, however, broke 24 his first time up, and it was evident that the race was between these three. When Sumpter went to the score for his last 25, he ran eight more straight before he dropped one, but then he bunched three misses together, and lost two more before he finished, going out with 43. Matthews made good his threat of beating Sumpter out, as he scored 44. It remained for Conner to win the badge, which he did, as he had added 21 to his first score of 24, and won the trophy by one bird, 45 being his total. Dabney, who scored 47, was not eligible to contest for the trophy, as he is not a resident of the State; neither were Forsythe, Aby and Frank.

The conditions of the race were 50 singles, unknown angles; winner is subject to challenge and must defend the trophy every sixty days if challenged; challenger to post $10 against the trophy, winner to take money and trophy, loser to pay for the targets. Trophy can never become the property of any one, but the Association will redeem it once a year at $10. Scores in this race were:

Conner 45, Matthews 44, Sorrels 43, Sumpter 43, Dickinson 42, Thibault 41, Fletcher 41, Clements 40, Fergus 39, Coles 39, Floyd 38, Duley 38, Marsh 36, Wade 32, Vaughn 25.

The following were not eligible for the trophy: Dabney 47, Forsyth 41, Aby 37, Frank 32.

Scores in the programme events were:

SCORES OF JULY 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Dabney	12	14	15	14	13	14	13	15	14	13	150	137	91.3
Thibault	11	13	14	13	14	15	14	14	15	13	150	136	90.6
Coles	10	12	11	14	12	14	12	15	14	14	160	128	85.3
Forsythe	13	13	14	13	11	13	11	12	14	13	150	127	84.6
Sumpter	12	11	9	15	13	11	13	14	14	14	150	126	84
Matthews	11	13	13	12	13	13	12	13	10	14	150	124	82.6
Sorrells	13	12	11	10	11	13	13	12	14	15	150	124	82.6
Sharkey	11	13	10	13	10	15	12	13	13	14	150	124	82.6
Lindsey	12	12	13	12	11	13	12	13	12	13	150	123	82
Speers	12	11	14	11	13	11	13	12	12	11	150	120	80
Clements	12	12	11	11	13	10	14	14	11	12	150	120	80
Frank	13	13	11	14	7	10	12	13	13	12	150	118	78.6
Taylor	12	7	12	11	12	13	13	12	12	13	150	117	78
Aby	14	9	9	12	12	12	10	10	13	13	120	114	76
Lloyd	12	11	12	10	9	12	11	11	12	11	150	111	74
Kirk	11	10	13	12	13	10	12	11	11	8	150	111	74
Marsh	12	10	10	10	12	12	10	10	12	11	150	109	72.6
Wells	11	9	12	10	11	11	11	11	12	10	150	108	72
Maxwell	13	14	10	13	10	6	13	7	9	12	150	107	71.3
Wade	10	7	11	12	10	11	9	12	12	11	150	105	70
Vaughan	10	8	14	12	8	8	10	11	11	13	150	105	70
Conner	11	14	15	12	14	12	11	..	..	..	105	89	84.7
Fletcher	..	..	12	9	13	13	10	14	13	13	120	97	80.8
Dickinson	..	..	13	10	10	15	12	12	..	..	90	72	80
Voss	..	12	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	12	60	44	73.3
Arnold	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	11	73.3
Pemberton	9	12	13	10	12	8	..	..	..	..	90	64	71.1
Lane	10	..	..	11	9	10	12	13	15	5	120	85	70.8
Gregg	9	..	..	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	45	31	67.7
Howell	..	11	..	..	..	12	7	..	9	..	60	39	65
Fassett	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	19	63.3
Alexander	9	10	7	11	10	9	8	..	..	..	105	64	60.9
Fergus	8	6	..	..	13	9	..	..	..	..	60	36	60
Duley	11	7	8	10	8	6	9	7	..	..	120	66	55
Langford	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	15	7	46.6
Dryburg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	30	14	46.6
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	15	6	40
Black	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	11	36.6

Third Day, July 22.

The interest in the shoot now flagged until the last gun was fired, and the entries ran very uniformly, ranging from 29 to 25, and the total participants up to 31, of which number 33 shot through the entire programme, two more than on either of the previous days. Dabney kept up his fine form of the previous day and was again at the top of the list, but Forsythe tied him, each having an average of 90.6. Matthews was second, with just 90 per cent. Then comes Clements and Sharkey. Forsythe's run of 48 straight was one of the features of the day, it also being the best made during the shoot. Aby, too, made one run of 36 straight. The local club gave all the visitors a pleasant surprise by having them dine as guests of the club. This was greatly appreciated by all. The weather to-day was fine, though very warm.

SCORES OF JULY 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Dabney	15	12	12	15	14	14	13	14	13	14	150	136	90.6
Forsythe	14	11	14	15	12	12	15	15	14	13	150	136	90.6
Matthews	14	14	14	15	11	13	13	13	14	14	150	135	90
Clements	14	13	13	12	13	13	14	13	14	13	150	132	88
Sharkey	13	14	14	11	15	13	13	12	13	14	150	132	88
Sumpter	14	12	12	13	14	14	13	12	13	12	150	128	85.3
Thibault	12	13	14	13	15	12	13	11	11	14	150	128	85.3
Marsh	15	11	13	13	14	12	15	11	11	13	150	128	85.3
Lloyd	11	11	11	14	14	13	13	12	13	13	150	125	83.3
Coles	8	10	13	14	14	14	14	15	12	10	150	124	82.6
Sorrells	10	13	13	13	13	12	13	14	10	12	150	123	82
Aby	10	10	11	13	13	15	15	13	12	11	150	123	82
Lindsey	11	14	13	12	10	15	11	13	12	12	150	123	82
Speers	13	13	13	12	12	12	11	11	11	13	150	121	80.6
Fletcher	11	9	12	12	10	15	14	12	13	13	150	120	80
Kirk	10	14	12	13	11	11	12	12	12	11	150	118	78.6
Wade	8	9	11	10	13	11	12	13	14	12	150	113	75.3
Taylor	14	10	13	10	10	12	13	11	12	8	150	113	75.3
Leach	11	12	11	10	12	11	9	11	12	12	150	112	74
Alexander	12	10	10	9	10	13	14	12	10	10	150	110	73.3
Frank	8	11	11	11	12	9	12	13	11	12	150	110	73.3
Arnold	11	13	12	10	7	15	11	9	8	10	150	106	70.6
Martin	13	8	12	9	9	10	7	11	10	12	150	101	67.3
Woodson	..	..	..	9	11	13	12	12	13	13	105	83	79
Maxwell	13	12	12	11	13	9	11	..	..	..	105	81	77.1
Pemberton	13	9	9	9	12	9	14	..	..	..	105	75	71.4
Fassett	10	13	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	40	66.6
Turner	11	11	10	8	10	..	11	10	8	10	125	89	65.1
Williams	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	45	28	62.2
St Clair	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	15	9	60
Conner	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6	40

KEELEY CUP FOR TWO MEN TEAMS.

The special event for to-day was the two-men team race for the Keeley cup, 20 targets per man. This, like the four-men team race, was won by a team from the local club composed of Sorrels and Speers, with a score of 36. Fletcher and Woodson, of the Little Rock club, gave them quite a scare, as they finished only one bird behind, and then each of them lost their last bird. The cup becomes the property of the winners. Ten teams competed, but two of these—Dabney and Forsythe, and Frank and Aby—were not eligible to win the cup, but only shot along for the birds. The scores were:

Sorrels 19, Speers 17—36; Fletcher 18, Woodson 17—35; Clements 17, Coles 17—34; Thibault 18, Pemberton 16—34; Dabney 17, Forsythe 17—34; Matthews 18, Leach 15—33; Lloyd 18, Marsh 14—32; Kirk 17, Wade 12—29; Aby 16, Frank 12—28; Meyer 15, Turner 9—24. PAUL R. LITZKE.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., July 17.—The Pawtuxet Gun Club finished its prize series of weekly shoots known as the Fisherman's Handicap, this afternoon. The system of handicapping, which has been liberal, has had the effect of increasing the attendance at the club's weekly shoots. Several new men have also been brought to the front. Prominent among these is H. W. Bain, who has jumped from a 60 per cent. shot to an 80 per cent. gait, winning the last four shoots in succession. Another new man in the front ranks is Mr. R. C. Root, who had scarcely handled a gun prior to this spring; he won fifth place, only shooting in four of the eight shoots. J. Armstrong, Jr., has worked up from a 50 per cent. gait to one of 75 per cent. this season; he won fourth prize. The winners and their respective four best scores, together with their handicaps are as below:

H. W. Bain (5), 24, 24, 23, 22—93; first prize, steel rod. W. H. Sheldon, 25, 23, 21, 21—90; second prize, split-bamboo rod. F. Arnold (3), 23, 22, 22, 22—89; third prize, basket. J. Armstrong, Jr. (7) 25, 21, 21, 20—87; fourth prize, split-bamboo rod. R. C. Root (3), 25, 21, 21, 19—86; fifth prize, bass line. S. D. Greene, 22, 22, 20, 19—83; F. Corey, 22, 21, 20, 20—83; tie for sixth prize, one dozen squiteague hooks.

W. Thoene, who was not among the winners, has shown great improvement in form, and in to-day's race broke 25 straight, with the aid of 3 out of his allowance of 7 extra targets to shoot at; his score was actually 25 out of 28. The two extra prizes offered for the highest scores in the eight shoots were won by W. H. Sheldon with 169 and L. D. Greene, Jr., with 155. To-day's scores were as below:

W H Sheldon (0)	1111011110111111011111110	—21
S D Greene, Jr. (0)	1111111011111111111100111	—22
F Cory (0)	1101111001111111111110111	—21
C Smith (0)	1010001001101101101011000	—13
F Arnold (4)	1110011111010101111011111111	—22
H W Bain (5)	1101111011101010111101101111	—23
Dr Hammond (0)	0111111111100111111011111	—21
J Armstrong (7)	1110111001111010101101100100110	—20
Repeater (7)	1001110111100011110000101010010	—16
Wm Thoene (7)	1011111111111001111111111111	—25
R D Currier	0011111100011001101110 10	—15

PAWTUXET.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., July 23.—Below find scores made to-day at the weekly practice shoot of the Haverhill Gun Glub. All 10-bird events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Bryan	7	7	9	8	9	9	4	8	8	8	8	8	6	7	..	..	..	..
Wright	6	6	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Leighton	6	7	4	6	3	1	8	3	8	8	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..
Miller	5	4	7	4	8	5	8	9	8	9	3	5	6	7	4	4	6	6
Stevens	7	7	8	9	..	9	..	..	8	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Webster	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ingham	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sprague	..	..	..	2	5	4	4	5	..	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Osborne	..	..	..	3	9	6	5	5	3	4	5	9	7	4	..	..	3	..
Gardella	..	..	..	3	2	5	7	4	2	7	2	5	5	6	6	4	2	6
Tozier	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	..	5	..	5	..	4	..	..	..	..
Griggs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	2	8	4	7	6	6	5	6	4
Bickel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	6	6	7	..	..	..	..

Events 1, 2, 7 and 12 were at regular angles; events 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 13 were at unknown angles; event 14 was at regular angles, expert rules; 15 and 16 were at 5 pairs, doubles, each; and 17 and 18 were "snipe" shoots, unknown traps and angles.

G. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

Capital City Gun Club.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 16.—Below are the scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the Capital City Gun Club. George Rogers broke the record for the State by scoring 99 out of the last 100 shot at. The practice event at 10 targets was just a preliminary. Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., formerly held the State record with 98 out of 100 made here in April at the last State shoot. Rogers used a Greener gun, 3½drs. E. C. powder, with 1¼oz. No. 7½ chilled shot in a U. S. Rapid shell. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	20	20	20	20	20	Targets:	10	20	20	20	20	20
Smith	6	..	15	..	..	..	Randall	8	17	16	..	13	..
Troyer	6	19	17	..	..	..	Rogers	9	19	20	20	20	20
Moore	8	14	14	14	..	..	Mann	7	13	13	..	..	..
Clyde	7	11	16	13	..	..	Raymond	..	18	..	..	..	..
Louis	3	..	..	..	..	..	Jones	..	14	16	..	..	..
Ray	8	19	19	16	15	18	Harley	..	..	15	..	..	18
Welch	6	16	..	..	16	18	Parker	..	..	..	11	17	13

SECRETARY.

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., July 20.—The scores given below were made to-day on the grounds of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. Conditions: 50 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles:

Sipp.....11011111111111111101011111111111010001111011111111—42
Sherwood.....11110111110111110111101111111110110111110111100011—40
J M Eblesisor (25)..11111110111111110111111111 —23

SHERWOOD, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

RIVERTON'S INVITATION TARGET SHOOT.

July 21.—In "Drivers and Twisters" of our last issue we mentioned that the Riverton Gun Club had departed from its usual custom of shooting at live birds, and had taken to target-shooting to some extent. To-day we had an opportunity of seeing the facilities for enjoying this sport, which the club has at its command.

With some 15 acres of ground surrounding its comfortable club house there was no difficulty in finding room for a magautrap, though there was some trouble in locating it satisfac orily as regards background. Targets have to be thrown to the north of east, if the light is to be favorable at all hours of the day; accordingly, the magautrap at Riverton is located in that portion of the club's grounds which lies between the dead lines of the "new grounds" and the grounds immediately in rear of them. The background is not an easy one, several isolated trees on the river bank and a bunch of trees to the right that looked like an orchard, making it necessary to keep one's attention fixed closely on the target if anything like a good score was wanted. To-day, too, there was a changing light and a strong wind that quartered across the flight of the targets, making shooting very difficult at times. The trap was run very well, and balks were extremely few. The speed of the trap was also well kept up, targets being thrown fully 50 to 55yds. most of the time Prior to the commencement of the shoot, Capt. Money and the man in charge of the grounds had paced off 45yds. and planted flags in a semicircle in front of the trap. The man running the trap was directed to keep the speed of the trap to a pitch that would carry the targets up to and slightly beyond these flags. He did this all the time, but targets thrown to the right—that is, to the wind's eye—would often stand still in the most tantalizing manner, while others thrown to the left, down wind, would make haste in a manner that left many a charge of shot hunting holes in the air.

The attendance for a first attempt was very good, and an extremely pleasant shoot was the result. Rain, which threatened to fall many times during the day, kept off until after 6 P. M., at which hour all were preparing to make for home. The programme arranged for the day called for ten events and a total of 160 targets and an entrance fee of $17 for the programme. There were three 10-target events, three 15-target events, three 20-target events and one 25 target event. The entrance fees (including the price of the targets) were: $1 in the 10s, $1 50 in the 15s, $2 in two of the 20s and $2.50 in the other 20, while $3 was the entry fee in the 25 target event. Sixteen shooters shot through the programme, making an average of over three squads of five men all the time. J. K Starr, of the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, acted as cashier, while Will. K Park, of *Sporting Life*, scored, refereed and shot, helping greatly to keep things moving.

Among those present were Capt. A. W. Money, of the E C & Schultze Powder Company, Limited, the Captain being a member of the Riverton Club; Capt. J. A. H. Dressell of the U M C. Company, was also present as guest of Capt. Money. U. M. C. Thomas was also on hand. H. P. Du Pont Collins, of the Du Pont Company, and J. M. Hawkins and Ducker, all three members of the Baltimore Shooting Association, were there to shoot, Hawkins in particular being well to the front; J. 147 L. Winston, of the Austin Powder, was present and took second place with Billy Wolstencroft, the latter shooting for the first time a new Greener gun, and doing well with it especially in he extra event at 10 pairs; Harry Thurman, Landis, Burton, Anderson, Harry Febiger, Car ledge, Jones and David were also there. A prominent figure was John J. Hallowell, better known to trap shooters as Tucson; Hallowell has left the heated confines of Arizona, and now makes his home and breaks targets within fifteen miles of Philadelphia: he is an acquisition to the trap-shooting circles of Philadelphia that is not to be sneezed at. T. S. Dando and Junius H. Davis, both of the Riverton Club, shot all through the programme, and, for novices at targets, pulverised many a bluerock thoroughly and in good time.

Toward the close of the afternoon a few miss-and-outs at live birds were shot on the grounds back of the target score. We have no details of these events at hand, but we do remember that U. M. C. Thomas distinguished himself by scoring 8 straight in the first event, staying in the race until the round before a division was arrived at. It was a decided novelty for men to be able to shoot a string at targets, and then walk right over to the live-bird score and take a whack at pigeons.

On targets no great averages were made; without a wind, there might be some chance of making something over 90 per cent. on these grounds, but with a strong breeze across the line of flight of the targets when they leave the magautrap, 90 per cent. is not easy to realize. To day's scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*10*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
T S Dando	4	10	11	6	17	14	16	9	7	18	160	112	70
Hy Thurman	6	13	16	9	19	13	17	13	9	16	160	131	81.8
Landis	7	12	16	7	17	14	16	12	8	18	160	127	79.3
Henry	6	12	8	6	15	11	10	11	3	15	160	97	60.6
U M C	8	12	11	7	12	9	16	11	7	12	160	105	65 6
H P Collins	4	6	11	6	13	8	11	7	6	11	160	83	51.8
Anderson	10	11	17	9	21	8	11	12	7	16	160	122	76.2
Burton	7	8	13	9	16	11	9	9	7	13	160	102	63.7
147	9	13	18	10	23	12	17	13	9	14	160	138	86.2
J J Hallowell	9	12	15	8	19	11	16	12	9	17	160	128	80
E Banks	10	14	15	9	23	15	18	13	7	16	160	140	87.5
Capt Money	7	14	15	6	21	10	16	11	8	14	160	122	76.2
W H Wolstencroft	9	12	18	8	21	14	18	14	9	15	160	138	86.2
J H Davis	7	11	16	9	17	12	17	14	5	18	160	126	78.7
J M Hawkins	9	12	15	9	21	12	19	12	9	19	160	137	85.6
Ducker	8	13	17	5	19	13	16	12	9	15	160	127	79.3
W K Park	10	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	7	..	80	24	80
Bill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	8	12	65	47	72.3
Cartledge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	..	35	24	68.5
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	15	60	40
David	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	15	12	80

A couple of extras were shot, both being at 5 pairs. These were shot on the squad system five men up as for singles, each man firing at 2 pairs before moving. In the first Billy Wolstencroft had no trouble in landing first money on 20 straight; Dando with 16 and Banks with 15 took second and third moneys respectively. In No 2, Dando with 18, Banks with 17 and Wolstencroft with 16 took the three moneys. In the last-named event Dando broke 9 pairs clean, only missing both targets in one pair Scores in these events were:

No. 1, 10 pairs: W. H. W. 20. Dando 15, Banks 15, Thurman 13, Henry, Landis and Hawkins 12, Davis 11, Hallowell 10, Money 7.

No. 2, same again: Dando 18, Banks 17, W. H. W. 16, Davis 15, Landis and Hallowell 13, Thurman 12, Money 11, Collins 8.

EDWARD BANKS.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

July 21.—The second contest for the silver tea service on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club did not draw a large attendance. Only five men shot for the service, Van Dyke being the winner after a hard tussle with C. W. Tuttle, of Auburn, N. Y. Van's 49 out of 50 was a great score; his total for the contest was 100 out of 105 He used, as usual, his new Model '97 Winchester and Leader shells, loaded with Laflin & Rand's W-A. Scores in this event were as below:

F Van Dyke.. 1111111111111111111111111101111111111111111111111 —49
W H Huck.... 1111111010111111101111011010111111101111010000111 1—38
1110 — 3—41
G H Piercy.... 1111111111101111111111101011011111111001001110111 1—41
11111111 — 8—49
T W Thomas.. 1011011111111010111111111111111101111111111111111 1—45
0 — 0—45
C W Tuttle.... 1111111111111101111111111111111101111111111111101 11—47
11 — 2—49

On the first shoot-off at 25 targets Van Dyke broke 23; Tuttle broke 21 and his handicap of 2, scoring 23 in all; Piercy broke 15 and missed the seventh target in his handicap of 8.

The second shoot off was at 15 targets, the two men shooting from scratch; both broke 14. In the third shoot off Van Dyke broke 14 to Tuttle's 12, and won.

A few sweeps were also shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*
James	..	..	8	10	..	..	Thomas	..	..	..	7	13	14
Tuttle	8	9	6	10	13	15	Piercy	..	..	..	8	9	13
Huck	..	8	9	9	10	..	Van Dyke	..	..	..	10	15	..
Kent	..	5	5	..	..	..	Wright	..	..	..	14	14	
Blauvelt	6	..	..	6	..	..							

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

July 26.—C. F. Dudley was the winner of the E. C. cup this afternoon, at the traps of the Bergen County Gun Club. He shot a gait this afternoon that was totally at variance with some of his recent records, breaking 46 out of 50, then 4 out of 5 of his handicap allowance of 8, finishing up with 24 out of 25 on the shoot-off. H. Blauvelt shot up well, but Dudley's gait in the shoot-off was too hot for him. The two above-named were the only ones who shot off their allowances, none else being able to reach the 50 mark. The shoot was managed by E. G. Horton, who came down from Pleasantville, N. Y., to help out the Hackensackians in the absence of the captain, secretary and pretty nearly all the officials. Barring a slight sprinkling of rain at intervals, the afternoon was a pleasant one for shooting. A strong wind prevailed early in the day, but it died away to almost nothing before the cup shoot was finished. Scores in this event were:

C F Dudley (8).11101111111111111111111111111101111111100111111111111—46
01111 — 4—50
H Blauvelt (8).11111010111111111101010111110111111111111101111101111—43
11101111 — 7—50
E Banks (0)....11111111111011111111101111011111111111111111011111 —46
G H Piercy (4) 01111110110111111111111111111111101111111111111011111 —44
Capt Money (4)11001111011111111111011111101111111111101011111111 —43
J G Linzey (4).01111111111111111011101110110110111101111111111101 —42
Van Keuren (?)...11111111111111111011110011101111011110111001111111—42
Dr De Wolf (3)....11011101111001111111111111111101100111111011111110—41
M Herrington (4) .11011011011111111110001111101110011111111111111111—41
P Adams (7) .....11110111111111001011011111111110011011111101111111—41
Ed Taylor (4).....01111011111111111101111011011011110111010111010111—40
L Piercy (5).....01111110100111001111001C010111101101111111101111111—36

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

July 23.—Jack Winston and Fred. Hoey tied to-day for the Leroy prize at Elkwood Park with 10 straight each. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Hoey lost his fifth bird. Winston shot at 29 birds this afternoon, scoring every one of them, Below are the scores of the events decided, rain putting a ston to the shooting quite early:

	No. 1.	No 2.	No 3.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Hoey (28)	0	22	2222222220	(29) 22212222222	20	0
Ballard (28)	200	22	2222212222	(28½) 11102220	220	21222
Murphy (29)	102	10	2220	(20) 12121111222	0	10
Ivins (29)	202	20	20			
Daly (28)	..	..		(28) 12212222 2	222	22222
Doctor	..	..		(25) 1221222202		0

	No. 4, Irroy prize. 30yds. all.	No. 5, $5.
Hoey	2222222222222220 —14	(29) 2222222222222220
Ballard	02	(28) 20
Murphy	11220	(29) 12222211211110
Ivins	00	
Daly	220	(28) 220
Winston	2222222222222—15	(29½) 22222222222222
Green	0122201110	
Loening	2001121101	
Wert	22.0201200	

Western Traps.

COOK COUNTY TRAP SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

July 17.—The regular monthly contest of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League was held to day on the grounds of the Garden City Gun Club. The attendance of members of the home club was very poor: however, the other clubs forming the League were fairly well represented. The traps were not working very well at first on account of changing the club's traps to set No. 1, and shooting the League traps as set No. 2. Not over 3,000 targets were thrown to day, while last year in the same shoot over 6 000 targets were shot at. Some good scores were made notwithstanding the delays and balks. Scores in the League shoot were:

Cicero Gun Club: Lowrey 20, A. Cheeseman 18, W. Cheeseman 17, Knott 13, Lawler 13.

Garden City Gun Club: Adams 24, Ruble 23, I. K. Hess 23, Halligan 20, Sou hard 16, McHie 16, Levi 15, Goldsmith 13, Smetah 12

Eureka Gun Club: Hollister 25, Glover 24, Steck 24, Antoine 23, Stannard 21, Hess 21, Cromwell 21, Goodrich 20, Cunningham 19, Jones 18, Prickett 18, Walters 18, C. W. Carson 15.

Garfield Gun Club: Kuss 25, Neal 23, Fehrmann 22, Edgar 21, Fisk 21, E. S. Graham 21, Patterson 21, Dr. Shaw 21, Richards 18, T. Graham 17, Bowers 16, Wiley 15, Thatcher 15

Calumet Heights Gun Club: Young 24, Lamphere 23, Turtle 22, Marshall 22, Ferguson 20 Harlan 19, S. M. Booth 18, Harston 18, Norcom 17, Schmidt 15, Metcalfe 15, Greeley 13, Davis 9

Scores in the sweepstake events are given in tabulated form below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*20*	*10*	*20*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*20*	*10*	*20*	*15*
Houston	8	13	11	19	13	..	..	..	De Mario	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Willard	8	14	18	20	15	..	..	..	Rock	..	..	..	21	13	7	..	..
Adams	8	12	16	23	14	5	16	..	Fehrmann	..	..	..	21	15	9	19	..
Kuss	8	14	19	24	17	8	..	14	Wiley	..	..	..	21	14	7	..	..
Stannard	9	12	17	23	..	..	..	..	Fish	..	..	..	18	18	9	16	..
Hollister	9	12	18	19	..	..	..	..	Prickett	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Lamphere	10	12	17	21	..	..	..	..	Hess	..	..	..	17	11	..	..	..
Jones	6	12	13	19	..	..	..	..	Smead	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Patterson	8	14	17	..	..	..	..	..	Richards	..	..	..	20	..	7	19	13
Ruble	9	15	18	21	19	10	20	13	Metcalfe	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Goodrich	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	Walters	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..
Schmidt	3	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	Halligan	..	..	..	..	14	7	20	12
Steck	..	13	18	24	18	9	18	14	Mc Hie	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Glover	..	11	..	..	..	9	..	..	Cun'gham	..	..	..	..	19	8	..	..
Lawler	..	12	23	..	..	..	..	..	Ford	..	..	..	..	14	7	12	..
Carson	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	Southard	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
De Roi	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	Goldsmith	..	..	..	..	11	7	18	6
Young	..	..	15	13	..	..	..	..	Graham	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..
Shaw	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	Ludlow	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Che'seman	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	Cornwell	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Bowers	..	..	18	..	19	..	16	..	Bradley	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	13
Palmer	..	..	9	11	11	2	16	11	Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..
Neal	..	..	16	..	17	10	19	15	Hoyt	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	10
Booth	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	Ellicott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Ferguson	..	..	15	23	15	..	..	..	Edgar	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Thatcher	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..									

No 9, at 25 targets, resulted thus: Neal 24, Kuss 23, Richards 22, Steck 21, Palmer 16. LEE.

AT WATSON'S PARK.

July 21.—The monthly live-bird shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, of Chicago, was held to-day at Watson's Park. Only four members took part in the club event, which was at 15 live birds Amberg won out after shooting off the tie with Gillespie. Scores were:

	Club shoot.	Tie.	Sweep.
J Amberg ( )	1122J2210222023 —12+2—14	12 12—5	00002.0020—3
J Gulespie (2)	101011111122202—12+2—14	2020	
H B Foss (2)	1022011220121 10 —11+2—13		1202011001—6
Hollister (2)	0111021011001C0— 8+2—10		1102121212—9

GARDEN CITY GUN CLUB

July 24.—There was a very small attendance at to-day's club shoot of the Garden City Gun Club, West Forty eighth and Harrison street. D. Hutchinson made the best score. Below are the totals:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	15	20	15	15	Targets:	25	25	15	20	15	16
Smead	19	..	9	12	7	..	Finsted	19	13	..	9	11	..
Hutchinson	23	21	..	20	12	14	Ludlow	..	..	14	13	..	10
Hellman	21	15	14	15	11	..	Clark	..	..	..	..	..	5
Levi	16	18	..	15	..	8	Daily	..	..	..	..	..	1

SEC'Y.

CALUMET HEIGHTS GUN CLUB

July 18.—The scores given below were made to day by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club at the club's regular weekly shoot. Paterson was the winner in class A on the shoot-off, and Greely won in class B, after shooting off his tie with Norcom. Scores:

Paterson (A).....0101111111111111101111111—22
Young (A).....1101011111111011111111111—22
Booth (A).....0111111010001110111111111—19
Wescott (A).....1111110101111111110100000—17
Metcalf (A).....1111001100001111111010101—16
Turtle (A).....0011100111111010111110110—17
*Antoine.....11111 1111111111111110111—24
Greely (B).....0101111010111111111101101—19
Norcom (B).....1111110111111101101010110—19
Harlan (C).....1011110001111011C01011111—17
Schmidt (C).....1101111011101010000101011O—15
Mumford.....0111000010111100110C01000—11

* Visitor.

Sweepstake events were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*
Paterson	12	10	8	7	7	9	19	6	8	..	..
Antoine	13	10	8	5	8	..	17	9	9	9	13
Wescott	7	9	..	..	..	8	..	5	6	5	9
Norcom	12	7	10	6	4	5	15	0	7	..	..
Young	14	9	7	5	7	4	17	..	..	..	..
Schmidt	7	..	2	6	7	4	8	3	4	4	6
Metcalf	12	4	6	7	6	6	14	4	9	7	11
Harlan	5	..	5	5	6	5	..	3	6	..	..
Booth	12	..	6	6	6	8	..	..	..	..	..
Jake	7	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Greely	..	9	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..

Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 10 and 11 were at known traps, unknown angles; Nos. 4 and 8 at unknown traps and angles; Nos. 3 and 9, snipe shooting. No. 8 was 5 pairs, not singles.

The weather was fine to-day, with a light north wind blowing. The club was favored with a large attendance of members and visitors, who indulged in bathing and had a fine time, the water being warm. The trap-shooting was very enjoyable, about 1,300 targets being thrown from five expert traps. PATTI.

Around Buffalo.

BISON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 15.—In the Bison Gun Club's weekly shoot, held to-day on the Walden avenue grounds, Wheeler won the Class A badge, Vine the badge in Class B, and Salesman the Class C badge. The scores made in the badge shoot (No 3 in the table below) and in the seven other events decided this afternoon are given in tabulated form, as usual:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*20*	*20*	*10*	*25*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*20*	*20*	*10*	*25*	*15*
Mack	5	13	20	14	15	8	13	..	Smokey	3	6	11	9	..	6	10	..
Foxie	9	10	15	13	13	7	..	9	Salesman	6	8	12	..	13	..	17	..
Wheeler	8	9	23	12	..	6	..	..	Wilson	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
Appel	4	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	King	..	..	7	6	10	..	..	..
Danser	4	7	13	13	15	4	16	7	Smith	..	..	11	..	5	..	..	..
Zoeller	6	12	17	14	18	..	..	..	Collins	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Cooper	7	14	17	..	11	8	..	..	Banman	..	..	..	16	16	6	..	10
Vine	3	..	16	..	..	..	..	9									

July 22.—In the club shoot of the Bison Gun Club held this afternoon, Esson won the badge in class A; Siegrist, Danser and Vine tied for the class B badge; Wrench won in class C. Scores in all events were as below, No. 3 being the badge shoot and No 5 at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	15	10	15	Targets:	10	15	25	15	10	15
Ditton	3	..	11	6	5	10	Wheeler	6	11	18	..	6	..
Estes	8	14	21	..	7	..	Wrench	..	9	14	..	..	..
Kinner	3	8	12	4	..	..	Vine	..	..	16	7	..	..
Esson	9	19	21	11	5	13	Mignerey	..	..	19	12	8	11
Garrison	6	8	14	10	3	4	Danser	..	..	16	10	3	..
Foxie	10	12	18	..	5	..	Bauman	..	..	15	11	7	..
Siegrist	8	12	21	9	..	..	Hager	..	..	..	..	6	12

SECRETARY.

Sandwich Gun Club.

SANDWICH, Mass., July 17.—The regular weekly shoot of the Sandwich (Mass.) Gun Club was held to day. Conditions: 25 bluerocks per man, unknown angles:

G H Haines .....1111111111111111101101111—23
W R Procter.....0110001101111010000101110—13
E E Phillips.....100100011 100100011010001—10
G F Dennis .....0111100101000000001000100— 8
E S Keith.....0100011010000000101000010— 7

It is expected that a gun club is being organized at Sagamore, Mass, the town adjoining ours. We hope this is true, as some fine sport can be had between the two clubs. G. H. HAINES, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

R. P. A., Saginaw, Mich.—What is the matter and the proper treatment for my English setter dog, two years of age? The symptoms are: Appetite very variable, and he will eat principally meat—raw, cut fine, or cooked. I feed him but once a day and then light; for he will not eat much. His mouth is continually filled with a ropy saliva, which strings out of the corners of his mouth and is plastered over his neck and breast, and dries on and is very filthy. At times he has a very bad breath. Every four or five days he refuses food, and eats grass; then will vomit up a wad of it as large as one's fist and mixed with a brown slime. He will then vomit two or three times more, consisting of brown slime. I gave him Glover's condition pills, also Glover's worm capsules; but saw no worms. He is full of life, always busy working small birds and doves Eyes are clear, and he is in good order, but not fat. Have also given pepsin three times a day for a week at a time, but it done no good. Can you help us out? Ans. Wash the gums and teeth well once a day and touch the gums with tincture of iron. Give three times a day, after feeding, a pill containing:

Quinine sulph..... 1gr.
Acid arsenona..... 1/10gr.
Iron powd..... 1gr.
Strych. sulph..... 1/40gr.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Savage Rifles.

SPORTSMEN interested in small-bore smokeless powder rifles should send for the 1897 catalogue of the Savage Repeating Arms Company, Utica, N. Y. This catalogue contains much interesting information aside from the technical matter relating to the Savage rifle. Mr. Andrew S. White, of Syracuse, N. Y., tells how he killed two bull moose on successive days last fall with single bullets, and there are also testimonials from Ira Dodge and John Sinclair. The following is taken from the catalogue:

"Sportsmen who have never tried the small-caliber rifles and smokeless powder ammunition, are somewhat skeptical as regards the killing or stopping power of the small metal covered expanding bullets. These are far more deadly than black-powder ammunition, however large the caliber. The secret of the deadly effect of these small projectiles lies in their expanding qualities and extraordinary high velocity, which impart a percentage of their energy to the otherwise inert flesh and bone; and these substances, being acted upon by so quick a blow, become themselves projectiles, following a well-known mechanical law, lacerating the surrounding tissues and bone, and leaving a path of destruction which is widened by resistance encountered by the bullet"—*Adv.*

Linenoid.

LINENOID is a composition of pure linen thread reduced to pulp, chemically treated, moulded on wooden or iron forms, subjected to great heat and pressure, and then finished as desired.

The result is a light, tough, waterproof material, capable of taking a high polish and admirably adapted for the seamless construction of boats, and many articles in use by sportsmen. Crane Bros., Westfield, Mass., the famous paper makers, are manufacturers of linenoid. Their latest circular contains particulars relative to boats and canoes listing from $35 up, as well as model yacht hulls, megaphones, bicycle touring cases, etc It will be sent to any address on application.—*Adv.*

Visitors to Lincoln Park in Chicago

WILL be delighted with the souvenir book of this beautiful spot now being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul R'y Co. It is a magnificent publication of 96 pages full to overflowing with delicious half-tone pictures of one of Creation's most charming places of resort for citizens of the Great Republic.

No stranger visiting Chicago should be without a copy of the "Souvenir of Lincoln Park" It can only be procured by inclosing twenty-five (25) cents—in coin or postage stamps—to Geo. H. Heafford, Gen'l Pass. Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

G. A. R. Encampment, Buffalo.

HALF RATES VIA PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

FOR the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Buffalo, Aug. 23, the Pennsylvania R. R. Co will sell special tickets from all points on its system to Buffalo and return at rate of a single fare for the round trip. These tickets will be sold and will be good going on Aug. 21 to 23, and good to return not earlier than Aug. 24 nor later than Aug. 31, 1897.—*Adv.*

THE following letter is from a prominent St. Louis trap shooter:
G. W. Cole & Co., 111 Broadway, New York:

GENTS—I take great pleasure in advising of the good results obtained in using your "3 in One" oil, and this in view of putting same to many severe tests, and I find it does far more than you claim. As a rust remover it has no equal, and for protection against rust it leads all other preparations.

I shot 200 loads of black powder in a Winchester repeater and put gun away without cleaning for two weeks; I then put a rag in barrel of gun at breech and poured a quantity of oil in at muzzle and let it stand over night, soaking thoroughly, and then run a cleaning-rod through, and at the first passage of rod removed all foreign substances and left barrel of gun as bright as a silver dollar.

I also used it on the mechanism of my repeater, and the gun works admirably.

I am now using the tenth bottle since using up the samples you sent me some time ago, and have no doubt that as soon as the trap shooters of the country are advised of the good qualities of your oil you will find a big sale for same, as it is the proper article for guns.

Very respectfully,
—*Adv.* JOHN M. TRENDLEY, Pres. King's Smokeless Gun Club.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1897.

VOL. XLVIX.—No. 6. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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I never had an ailment a week's fishing would not cure, and I never envied prince, potentate or president so long as I could find the time (and I always did) and had the opportunity to make a cast. I think I am and have been as sympathetic as most men. I know I have lost many a night's sleep on hearing of the misfortune of some friend who deserved a better fate. I know, too, that I would rather toss a dollar to a beggar than exchange salutations with a king, and I have had both experiences. Indeed, my sympathies have uniformly been with "the under dog in the fight," no matter which was the aggressor. But my heart has always been stirred to its deepest depths when I have met a good fellow who was so insensible to his own happiness, so absorbed in his acquisition of wealth, and so inappreciative of the example of the holy apostles as never to have cultivated a taste for the angle. Angling Talks.

ACCIDENTS IN MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

THE frequently recurring accounts of accidents to mountain climbers call renewed attention to the increasing popularity of this pastime among residents of western America. No recreation is more wholesome, exhilarating and elevating than this, and none deserves greater encouragement. That accidents occur to those who indulge in it is nothing against the sport. This is true of almost every pursuit of life, and the casualties are probably relatively less frequent in this than in most other recreations. In many of the cases reported the accidents are obviously traceable to a lack of experience by the climbers, which leads them to take risks to which an older hand would be slow to expose himself.

Mountain climbing, more than almost any form of recreation, calls for physical and mental vigor. Stout muscles, strong lungs and a sound heart are the first essentials to a good mountaineer; but even these avail little unless backed by steady nerves, cool judgment and a prompt decision. These mental qualifications come to most men only through the experience of actual work upon rough mountain sides, along steep cliffs and over slippery slopes of ice and snow.

No inexperienced climber should attempt the ascent of ice or snow slopes except in company with persons accustomed to work of this kind. So far as one may judge from the newspaper despatches, the accidents lately reported as occurring on Mt. Rainier, and elsewhere, seem to have been due chiefly to an ignorance of possible mountain dangers. Large parties of excursionists start from the sea level to climb a mountain over 14,000ft. in height. Having reached the altitude of the glaciers, they are overtaken by night, lose the trail and scatter in search of it. In the attempt to find it, some members of the party fall into crevasses in a glacier, while another falls over a precipice and is killed. These melancholy happenings tell their own sad story.

While Alpine climbing is a noble recreation, and is as safe as any other, it is yet full of dangers to the individual who undertakes to practice it on difficult mountains without some previous training. The novice, knowing nothing of the conditions which may confront him, is unfitted to face them. He is like the person who, unused to firearms, handles them for the first time, or one who ventures for the first time on the water in a canoe or sail boat, alone. The history of all the most noted and daring mountain climbers of Europe is alike in one respect. If their careers be traced, it will be found that before climbing alone, they passed a long period of tutelage under the guidance of experienced men, whose lives had been spent among the peaks, men who were ever watchful, alert and ready, men for whom heights and depths had no terrors, to whom nervousness in bad places was unknown. Such men, whose whole lives belong to the mountains, have absorbed and again give forth to their associates that knowledge that is indispensable to the mountaineer.

It is true that in our American mountains, so far as they have yet been explored, the dangers to be faced by no means equal those of some of the mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol. Yet in the Rocky Mountains, the Cascades and the Sierra Nevadas, there are many peaks which have their dangers, and which should be ascended only after a man has passed through an apprenticeship at mountaineering, or else only in company with experienced climbers.

It must be remembered also that even in the case of an experienced climber, an absence of a year or two from the mountains may result in a partial loss of nerve. He who has not climbed for a long time may on his first ascent feel timid about walking along sharp, knife-edged crests, beneath which yawns a fall of some hundreds of feet on either side. But he who has once acquired a head for the mountains will find that—even though he may be shaky at first—a few hours, or at most a day or two, will give him back the nerve that he once possessed, and that he will then be able to run and jump over places where but a short time before he had crawled tremblingly, with his heart in his mouth.

It true that, even to experienced mountain climbers, accidents occasionally occur which are quite inexplicable on any theory of carelessness, recklessness or ignorance. Such accidents, no doubt, are sometimes due to some constitutional weakness in the climber, hitherto unknown. The continued exertion of the ascent and the rarefied air of great heights force one's heart and lungs to do much more than their customary amount of work, and thus tend to bring to light any functional weakness of these organs. A weak heart is especially likely to show itself under such conditions, and it may well be that many of the deaths recorded among practiced climbers are due to such functional weakness.

The accidents which occasionally occur to mountain climbers should not prejudice anyone against this recreation. It should be practiced, however, by both men and women, in an intelligent way. So followed, it will benefit all who indulge in it.

THE FOREST RESERVES.

A SERIOUS blow was dealt to the hopes of those interested in forest reservation in the United States when Congress passed, as a rider to the Sundry Civil Service bill, an amendment suspending until March 1, 1898, President Cleveland's proclamation setting aside thirteen forest reservations in the West. This rider, as a sop to public sentiment on one side, authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to establish a system of forest administration in the old reserves, and to prescribe rules and regulations for their care; but no machinery nor any funds are provided for carrying out such a system. The rules and regulations have recently been published, and so a considerable quantity of ink and good white paper has been wasted.

As is well known to most people, such fiats by the Secretary of the Interior are wholly ineffective. The country has had one experience of their futility on a small scale—the case of the Yellowstone National Park—where for more than twenty years, Secretary after Secretary established rules and regulations which were a laughing stock to all who chose to infringe them. It was only after the enactment by Congress of a definite law, which established a machinery for enforcing the law's provisions, and an appropriation to set that machinery in motion, that offenses could be punished. The regulations with regard to the forest reservations will be as effective as were those issued for the Yellowstone Park; no more so.

The report to the Secretary of the Interior of the National Forestry Commission, appointed by the National Academy of Sciences, upon which a part of these regulations appear to be based, expresses the needs of the Western forests so well that it ought to be read by every intelligent and patriotic person in the land. It shows how almost all civilized countries which have forests, except the United States, protect those forests, and derive from them an annual income, precisely as the fruit grower protects his orchard and sells his crop. It calls attention to the special dangers—fires and sheep grazing—from which our forests suffer, and describes the present condition of the different reservations and the depredations which are committed on them.

It then proposes a system of forest organization, intelligent and effective; but since such an organization cannot at once be set in operation, advises the employment of troops as a temporary police force to protect the forests, citing the good work done in this respect by the troops employed in protecting the Yellowstone Park. It recommends also the establishment of a board of forest lands which shall survey all forested lands in the public domain for the purpose of withdrawing such lands from sale and entry, shall determine what ought to be retained permanently as forest reservations, and shall then recommend to the President the restoration of all other lands to the public domain. It advises also the establishment of two additional national parks, one to include the higher portions of Mount Rainier in Washington, the other the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Both of these are rapidly being defaced, owing to depredations by tourists and others, and unless in some way protected, many of their beauties will soon be utterly destroyed. These parks, if established, should be treated like the Yellowstone National Park, and would be of almost equal interest.

Several pages of the report are devoted to an abstract of the clumsy, loosely drawn, misleading and ineffective timber laws which have been passed by Congress. These laws in practice afford no protection to the public forests. Under them many millions of dollars worth of timber have been taken from the public lands for which the people of the country have received no return, and besides this, the records of the General Land Office show that during the last eleven years timber to the value of more than $26,000,000 has been taken without any color of law, and suits for the recovery of this amount have been instituted by the Government.

As an appendix to the report, there are printed five bills, drawn by the Commission for the purpose of carrying out their recommendations. The first of these authorizes the employment of troops to protect the public forest preserves and national parks of the United States. The second—a bill to protect and administer public forest reserves—guards the right of settlers and miners, establishes a forestry bureau with all its machinery, and provides penalties for injury to the forest reserves by depredators. A bill for the management of the unreserved public timber land and for the sale of timber thereon, temporarily withdraws from settlement or sale all timber-producing lands until they shall have been surveyed and their value as timber lands determined by the Board of Forest Lands. Then the Secretary of the Interior is authorized to sell the timber on them under certain restrictions, but it is provided that such withdrawal of timber land shall not be allowed to interfere with mining, prospecting, or agricultural operations, and that miners, prospectors, agriculturalists and other *bona fide* settlers, not corporations, shall be allowed to use timber in their operations. The other two bills provide for the setting aside of the upper slopes of Mt. Rainier and of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado as national parks.

The recommendations of this report fully justify all the predictions made about it in FOREST AND STREAM last spring. A broad and liberal view is taken of our forest lands, and of the needs of the adjacent population in connection ith them. Many of those who are especially interested in forestry will regard the view taken as too liberal. On the other hand, the provisions of the third bill, which places all the public forested lands in the hands of the Government, will be thought very radical by others. It is impossible to satisfy every one, but two things are certain: first, that troops should be employed to police the forest reservations; and second, that a bureau of forestry, such as recommended in the second bill, should be established by Congress on its reassembling. As the Western country is settling up, more water is being used, and more is constantly needed. In many places the streams are going dry, hay meadows are turning again to bunch-grass prairie, and ranches are being deserted. Some time before very long a halt must be called, or else portions of our country now sparsely inhabited will become real desert.

Congress took no action on Senator Proctor's bill to regulate the sale of game in the District of Columbia; so the National Capital will continue to serve as a dumping ground for the out-of-season game of the several States. It is disgraceful that this condition should have existed so long as it has. Now that attention has been called to the subject, we may look for an early remedy in a regular session of Congress.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—VII.

A Winter Hunt on the Summit of the Rockies.

About midnight on the night of the 15th a furious storm began, severe enough to waken even the sound sleepers of the lodge. Nothing was to be done, however, but to grumble and turn over under the blankets. In the morning, when I awoke and looked out of the hole in the top of my blankets, I observed the floor of the lodge to be occupied by a series of long, snowy mounds, under each of which some man was reclining. At the place where Schultz had gone to bed there was a long heap of snow. This now broke apart, as an unshaven face peered out of the blankets. Schultz was not one to grumble openly, so he made no comment, but reached out to the pan of dishes which stood near his bed, and taking up a tin cup, began methodically to bail the snow out of the blankets about his neck. Billy Jackson and his rheumatism made a long and silent cocoon under the flap of his sleeping-bag, and O to-kò-mi had nothing to offer by way of conversation. My own bed was covered a foot deep at the foot, where the snow had drifted under the lodge lining. It was not cold under the snow, though of course we had to carefully shake the blankets clean of it before we built a fire.

All the morning the wind roared and sobbed and whined and tore at the lodge cover, and the snow sifted continually under and through and above the lodge lining. Shep, poor dog, was much put out to find a resting-place, for wherever he turned he found nothing warmer than a snowdrift in the lodge. He finally selected Billy as the best-natured man in the outfit, and thenceforth divided blankets with him. The lodge groaned and flapped and threatened to blow away, and the kettle on the cross-pole above the fire danced a witches' dance as the pole bent and sprung back under the wind. As we sat on the edge of our beds and hugged the fire, our backs needed to be protected by heavy coat or blanket against the cutting blasts which crept in at the back of the lodge. The sifting of the snow annoyed us, so we dug out our bags and guns and pulled down the lodge tight all around, so the snow could not get in. Then we saw it was a case of snow or smoke, for when we cut off the draft the smoke refused to rise above the top of the lodge against the sweeping wind. We wept in what patience we could muster, and reviled Pah-kùk-kus, Ai so pom-stan, and all other evil spirits of the mountains. There was little comfort in either alternative, for to sit all day in a bitter smoke is not pleasant, neither is it comfortable to sit in a wind of unknown velocity when the thermometer is playing hide and seek with the bottom of the bulb. It was a bitterly cold time. We stood it as best we might, lying flat down on the floor of the lodge and rolling up in our blankets. Poor Schultz, who was making effort to cook something for his large and hungry family, had the worst of it. Once in a while a specially severe gust would blow open the door-flap and send a stream of smoke all around him, at which he would drop the frying-pan, roll over on his bed, and groan in the most heartfelt manner.

Evidently there was no hunting that day, for when one of us ventured out into the storm it was impossible to see further than the edge of the woods, the mountains being quite invisible. The whole world was swallowed up in the shifting, swirling sheet of cutting white. It was the blizzard of the mountains, and it made an experience not soon to be forgotten.

On an occasion of this kind, we had one unfailing source of occupation and entertainment. We called such days our "no-hunting days," and forthwith bade Billy forget his rheumatism and fall to story-telling. The weather was very bad for Billy, and at times we had to call a halt in the story, while we rubbed Billy well with liniment before he could go on; but nearly always after such a grooming he was able to resume, although he declared that our rubbing was worse than the rheumatism. We really blistered him in great shape, so that he peeled beautifully; but there is no telling how many stories we should have lost if we had not blistered Billy. He got so that at the first indication of the approaching liniment bottle he would begin to talk fast and very eloquently, telling all the stories he knew.

Stories of Indian Fortitude.

Here are some of the stories Billy told us about the old times, much abbreviated in print, and robbed of their accompaniment of the flapping lodge and the roaring wind and Billy's rheumatic groans, to say nothing of everybody's objurgations at Shep, and the common and unanimous reproof of the smoke waves which flooded us continuously.

"You talk about brave men," said Billy, "but if ability to stand pain is any showing of sand, I reckon the Indians were brave enough in their way. It never seemed to worry an Indian any if he had to suffer or even to die. I remember once I saw the execution of a Cree Indian, up at Ft. Edmonton. That was in 1879 or '78, I forget which. This Indian was arrested for murder, or something of that sort, and was sentenced to be hung. He looked out the window, and saw them building the scaffold for his hanging, the first thing of the kind he had ever seen or heard about; and when they told him what it was for, he laughed fit to split his sides about it. He said it was a funny thing these white men would go to much trouble to kill a solitary Indian, when it could be done so much quicker and easier in other ways. He died in the belief that it was a good joke on the white men.

"Now they are going to have a little hanging this very day, March 15, up at Ft. McLeod. This is the day Charcoal the Blood is to be executed. He was guilty of murder, and was free for some time, although the Indian police were after him. He said he would not be taken without a fight, so it was thought well to be careful. He never would have been taken without killing some one, if he had not been captured by his own family. He went to his brother's house, and his own brothers kept a lookout on him, and finally, taking him unawares, sprang on him, bound him, and then surrendered him to the authorities. That shows you how the Indian sense of justice works. They didn't think Charcoal was doing right not to surrender and be tried.

"You remember the magazine article printed a few years ago, that described the death of two Crow young men, who were demanded by the officers as prisoners, to be tried for murder? These young men said they would not surrender and be tried, but they would come out and be killed like men, without trial. It was therefore agreed, that at a certain hour of a certain day, the chiefs were to give them up. They were to ride out of the Indian camp, and to charge on the line of soldiers, getting as close up as they could in their last warlike charge. And so it happened. At the very hour, these two boys came out on horseback, each fully armed and painted up, and they both came on a-running. They were killed close up to the firing line, and according to their creed they died like men. Maybe they were not so far wrong on the manhood basis, either.

"I have read about the Indian executions among the Creeks and Cherokees, in the Indian Nations. They tell me that when a man is condemned to die there, he is released without any bail or guard, and allowed to go home and get his things put in order for his long absence. He goes home, gets his crop taken care of, sets his affairs in order the best he can, bids his wife or wives good-bye, and promptly on the appointed day he shows up for the execution. It is said that no case has ever been known where an Indian ever failed to keep his date with death. When he has come to town the Sheriff meets him, and after there has been a talk, and good-bye all around, the man stands up, the Sheriff pulls a bead on him with his six-shooter, there is one shot and the affair is done. No Indian has ever been known to weaken at his death in this way, which, according to his notion, is what is to be, and not to be worried over.

"In 1873 there was a little scrimmage going on between some of our Blackfeet and the Crees, up near the old fort which Joe Kipp christened Fort Whoop-up. There was one Cree who was behind a rock, and who fought there for some time before he was cornered. He had no better gun than one of the old Hudson Bay fuques, but as the Blackfeet closed in he killed a warrior with it all right. He was then surrounded, and his gun taken away from him. He laughed in the faces of the Blackfeet who took him. A Blackfoot warrior pulled up one arm of the Cree, and taking out his knife, deliberately unjointed the right arm of the Cree at the shoulder. The Cree still laughed in defiance, and if he felt any pain no Blackfoot there could see it. Angered at his defiance, the Blackfeet cut off his other arm in the same way, and they went away and left him sitting on his rock, still laughing at them, and telling them that they could not hurt him. Of course he was bound to die; but I leave it to you if he didn't die game."

Billy Jackson's Capture by the Cheyennes.

As I have earlier mentioned, Billy Jackson was a scout from the time he was 16 years of age. He was with several generals, besides being with himself a good deal. He was with Terry six months, with Custer two years, and with Miles three years. We asked him to give us a little touch of his own life now and then, for we knew that this long and good-natured fellow had a lot of things up his sleeve in actual experience. Schultz said we ought to have Billy tell how he was once captured by the Indians. What Billy told us, as nearly as I can remember it, was about thus:

"It was in 1879 and in the month of March," said he. "I was under Gen. Miles then, and I had been out four months hunting with the rest of the boys for the Cheyennes, who had broken out from the reservation on the Indian Nations, where they had been transplanted, and who had fought their way far to the north in their attempt to get back to their old hunting grounds. They were known to be somewhere north of the Black Hills, for it had been easy enough to trace them as far as the last railroad, since of course at every railroad they would be reported. But just where they were was a question, for you see this is a mighty big country out here, or anyhow it was before the railroads and telegraph lines came in.

"I had come back from one trip, to the settlements at Glendive for more supplies, and from Glendive I took two other scouts, Indians, a man named Fleury and another, and we started across the Yellowstone River on the ice. It was cold, and the river was not yet free of ice, but was pilled full of it in great gorges. We didn't have time to wait for the ice to move, and we had no other way to get over; so I started across on the ice. We lost one of our mules with its pack through the ice here, but I would not turn back to replace that; so we kept on down toward the south as far and as fast as we could travel.

"Finally we got as far into the south of the Yellowstone as the Hole-in-the-Rock Creek, some fifty miles north of the Belle Fourche. Here I knew there were Indians near around us, for we had their sign plain. One day my Indians wanted to build a fire, but I told them not to do it, but that we would eat our grub raw rather than risk a fire, for we didn't know how soon the smoke might be seen. But they thought it was all right, so they set her a-going. Meanwhile I rode up on a little knoll above camp to take a look around, and I hadn't been up there long before I saw a rim of fire start off down the prairie. The camp-fire had got away, and the boys could not stop her. This was a pretty how to do for scouts, but we couldn't help it. I called to Fleury to make a run for it, and started to get over the hills; but I hadn't ridden over 400yds. when I ran bang into four Indians, who pulled up and signed for me to surrender. I didn't have my gun where I could get at it soon enough, and the upshot of it was surrender or get shot, so I surrendered. These Indians were waiting for me just over the top of a little ridge. I made the best of it, and seeing that we were all going to be taken, I at once pretended to be friendly; and I just turned around in my saddle and called to Fleury and the other fellow to come on, as here were some of our friends! Fleury was a Sioux half-breed, and at that time I was wearing my hair long and was looking pretty woolly; and as it happened I could speak a little Sioux, I concluded I would make a bluff at being a Sioux too. So I told them in fluent Sioux talk that we were glad to see them all; that we were looking for them all the time, and that we had been pretty lonesome all alone out in the prairie until we had found them.

"Of course the Cheyennes couldn't understand my Sioux talk, but they couldn't tell what I was driving at; so they took us all to their camp, where I found that it was really Little Wolf's band of escaped Cheyennes that we had found, only we hadn't found them just the way I had counted on. There was a Sioux woman in their camp, as it happened, which was a pretty good thing for me, I may say. I talked mighty nice to that woman, and she did the interpreting for me into Cheyenne.

"Little Wolf asked me where the soldiers were. He knew mighty well that the soldiers were after him, and that he was going to have a run for it, but he was no wiser than the general of our troops about the whereabouts of the enemy. It was too big a country, and of course we were not following a trail, but trying to pick up a trail by crossing it somewhere out in the hundreds of miles of open and rough country. That is what scouting used to mean. Old Little Wolf asked me mighty hard and particular, three different times, where were the soldiers. 'Tell me the truth,' he said, through the Sioux woman. And three times I replied to him that not for the world would I seek for one moment to deceive a nice old man like him, but that really I didn't know anything about the soldiers any more than he did; that I hated soldiers, and would like to go to war against them; that my companions and myself were just out hunting in that country, and wanted very much to be taken into the band with these Cheyennes and go on north with them.

"Old Little Wolf appeared to be puzzled, I did lie to him so earnestly and beautifully. You see, a fellow can lie mighty fast and hard when his life is upon it, so I suppose I did it scientifically. Anyhow, he concluded not to kill us, but told us to sleep with the camp that night. They took away our arms and horses, and put Fleury and the other man in a lodge by themselves, right in the middle of the camp, while I was kept in Little Wolf's lodge as a guest worth watching. I thought I might as well sleep, so I did, till along toward morning I heard a racket. I knew what was up as well as though they had told me. Fleury and the other fellow had escaped. I was left alone with the enemy. They cut a slit in their lodge, got to their horses, and moved their freight aflyin'.

"When I heard of their escape I thought it was all up with me sure, and it wasn't long before Little Wolf was after me, mad as a wet hen. 'You've been lying to me all along,' he said. 'These men have gone to tell the solders. You are no Sioux at all. I will have you killed '

"'Oh, come now, old man,' I said to him, 'don't get all stirred up over this.' (All the time my own hair was creeping, though I didn't dare show a sign of scare, as you may suppose.) 'Come now,' I said, 'you're away off about this So far from this making me out a liar, it only proves that I have told you the truth. I told you these boys were dead scared of your folks all along, your men have talked so rough to them. They are not Cheyennes, and they don't know your people, and they can't tell a really great and good chief at sight, the way I can. They're afraid to go on north with you any further, for fear some of your foolish young men will slip an arrow into them; so they have lit out. They are men of no sand at all, and I wouldn't pay any attention to them if I were you.'

"Well, I must have been an inspired confidence man; for, anyway, I acted so blame cool and indifferent about it that Little Wolf hesitated again, and again said he guessed he wouldn't kill me. I think he was getting a little nervous about then, and didn't want to kill any more men than he could help, lest it should count too heavily against him in case he should get rounded up any time soon. At any rate he set me free in camp, and told me that I could go along with them, though I could not leave the party.

"It happened that some of the young men were going out antelope hunting that next day, and I asked if I mightn't go out and have a little hunt with the boys myself. Little Wolf said he didn't care, but that I'd better keep pretty close in to camp or some of the foolish young men might shoot me, as a good many of them had expressed an earnest wish to do that. I told him they were only fooling—that I wasn't afraid of my friends. 'But see here, old man,' I said, 'you'd better let me have my own horse, for this cayuse you've given me is no good on earth. I don't want to get laughed at if I go hunting with these young men. Give me my own horse and my rifle and some cartridges, and I'll go out and help kill some meat. I'm a little of a hunter myself, as I'll go on to show you if you give me a chance.'

"Well, that old fool, Little Wolf, was silly enough to let me have my horse and gun again, though he only allowed me to have six cartridges. So I went on out with the hunting party, and before long we got into some antelope. I shot and crippled one antelope, and I set on out after it, shooting at it once or twice to keep up appearances, but being mighty careful not to hit it, for that crippled antelope was better for me than a dozen dead ones. I crowded the antelope on off up into a sort of coulee, the other hunters being all pretty busy off in other directions. I kept on running it, and shouting and shooting, till I only had one more shot left. The antelope was then a little way off from the others. I knew my horse was a good one, and that he was grain fed and able to outstay their ponies. So, when I got as good a start as I could, I dug into him and went off a-flying, hitting the ground in the high places, and all the Cheyennes after me very cordially. They weren't lucky enough to hit me or to catch me, and I kept right on across the country all day and as far into that night as my horse could stand up. Then I took off the saddle and let him feed a little. I went all that day and all that night, all the next day and all the next night. I made a big elbow, some ninety miles in all, from toward the head of Powder River over on to O'Fallon's Creek, and at 9 o'clock in the morning of my next day, I saw a column of soldiers on the march and knew in a minute what was up. Fleury had got to the troops and the column was out after Little Wolf. I had still my last cartridge, and I had had nothing to eat since I left the Indians at the antelope hunt. I ate a slight lunch when I got up with the troops.

"We crowded on after the Cheyennes, and in less than sixty miles we overtook them and surrounded them. Little Wolf surrendered to the troops, and when he saw me he was the maddest man I ever laid my eyes on. He was ready to do all sorts of things to me. But I explained to him how it had been, and told him that I had to do it, and that if he had been in my place he ought to have done the same thing, as it was the only thing to prevent my being killed at once. I told him I was sorry for him, but that he would have been caught anyway, so he ought not to feel hard toward me. And blamed if I didn't confidence him again, so that after awhile he said that he guessed I was right, and that I was justified as a warrior in doing what I had done!

"This band of Indians had left the Indian Nations the summer before this, 1878, and they had fought their way north in the long campaign, which was at the time well known, clear across Kansas and Nebraska and up to where we caught them. That was something of a masterly retreat, when you come to think about that, since they had all the U. S. army after them for several months. In the sandhills of Nebraska, Dull Knife, the head chief, with his band was captured. This was in 1878. The Indians so captured rose on their guards and killed a number of the soldiers and lost a great many killed in return. Little Wolf told us of that, and he said that they had had their hardest fighting wherever they crossed the railroads, as the troops could be massed there to meet them, I suppose."

The Suicide of the Cheyennes.

"Of course, when a band of Indians travels across country this way, they don't go like so many soldiers, in a close mass, but more or less scattered out. I say that we took Little

Wolf's band, and we did take forty-two lodges of them, but really there were a few of his Indians who did not surrender at the time. Of these some came in later and gave themselves up, but there were some who did not surrender at all. As late as June of that summer (1879) near Fort Keogh, some of these fire eaters surprised a party of signal service men who were out a little way from the post, and killed the sergeant of the party. For this they were pursued and captured, and later tried. They were sentenced to death, three of them, and were confined in the prison, or guard house. One morning they were all three found dead in their room. They had had no weapon left them, and at first it was a mystery how they had killed themselves, till it was seen that one was hanging by the neck, and that the others had been choked to death. Then it was a mystery how the other two had been choked, till it was seen by the thin marks on their necks they had been hung with the same cord which was suspending the Indian found hanging. Those three men had determined that they would not die at the hand of the white men, and had resolved to kill themselves. They had nothing to do this with except their moccasin strings, and these were not strong enough unless they were joined together. So they all three took off their moccasin strings and twisted them all together, making a rope strong enough to support the weight of a man. The first Indian had hung himself this way, by the neck, fastening the thong to the grating of the window. He had to swing himself down on his knees to hang himself this way, but he did it, and the others must have sat there and watched him do it. After he was dead, the next man took the thong and hung himself in the same way until he too was dead. Then the last man took the rope and so hung himself, and was found as I said, no one being there to relieve him of the cord.

"Now you talk about hero stories. Maybe no Indian can be a hero. But I allow that from their standpoint those men had plenty of courage and determination, and it suits me well enough to call them heroes."

There never was anything in any of Billy's talk which savored in the least of boasting or bravado, and he always preferred talking about some one else than himself. But I wonder if it is generally known who was the man who really found the Cheyennes on their northern flight, and who stopped them and brought them to retribution? I have never read anywhere that it was Billy Jackson, though perhaps Gen. Miles may have mentioned him in his report. So we were getting a little unwritten history of the plains, perhaps, this windy day in the lodge.

After Billy's story of the three Cheyenne suicides, none of us felt much like any further story telling for a while, but Billy broke out a laughing after a while.

Tom Campbell's Busy Day.

"I can't help thinking of a funny thing that happened once, up at old Fort Union, near the mouth of the Yellowstone. The Assinaboines caught one of our men who wanted to be a scout, and they had fun with him. They threw him into a bed of prickly pear, and Tom Campbell, that was his name, was full of thorns for weeks, so full he couldn't lie down. The whole force at the post took turns picking the thorns out of Tom, and when anybody was out of a job for the time, it was fashionable to borrow a pair of tweezers and help pull thorns out of Tom. My, but his disposition was riled by that! We used to have a little fun now and then, you see, back in the old times, though we did have to wear our six shooters when we went to prayers."



FRIENDSHIP.

And so we passed one no-hunting day. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the wind began to puff itself out, finally lulling so that we dared go outside. We dug away the snow from about the lodge, fixed up the lodge floor with dry boughs, put down a few trout to bake under the ashes, and set a shoulder of sheep to swinging above the fire on a rope. Gradually the shoulder began to sizzle and grow brown. Gradually our appetites waxed keener. Gradully the coffeepot began to send forth odors which blended with those from the shoulder of sheep. So we forgot the prants of Ai-so-pom-stan for the time.

E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Stolen Sweets.

A valued correspondent, who shall be nameless, thus pointedly expresses a state of affairs, familiar to most owners of preserved woods or waters:

"In closing, would say that we use the preserve as a summer home, and do not particularly care to have it brought into publicity sufficient to bring outside sportsmen in there. We find it hard enough now to keep away the natives, who think that if they can only get a hook into our lakes, they can take away all the trout they can carry—simply because it is protected, I suppose on the principle that the more difficult a thing is of attainment the more it is desired."

THE BEE HUNTERS.

We had cast our flies to the very headwaters of Elk Run (the last three or four miles in "green timber," *i. e.*, virgin forest), and had transferred about two dozen speckled beauties to our baskets. Then at Lingo's suggestion we struck across the "divide" into the valley of Cook Run, intending to follow down that stream to its confluence with the Rich River, into which also Elk Run emptied. This divide was the very summit of the Alleghanies, at this point a plateau about a mile wide on the west, descending gradually to the Ohio, on the east breaking abruptly by tremendous gorges into the valley of the Susquehanna.

We found a bear wallow and a bear trap, and came after a while to a circular opening in the forest about a rod in diameter, in which the trees had been leveled by the axe, and lay about in all directions.

"Ah!" said Lingo, "a bee opening, and there is where they spread the honey to take the bees."

He pointed to a stump in the center of the clearing cut with a level surface and about 5ft. above the ground.

"The bee hunter spreads a little honey on that stump and waits Presently a bee flying by smells it, or is attracted by



TALKING.

the clearing and alights on the stump. As soon as he has gathered a load the busy little worker rises and makes a beeline for his store in some old, hollow tree. The hunter notes the direction taken and follows, keeping a wary eye out for a bee tree. If he does not find it after going a certain distance, he makes another opening and repeats the operation, and so on until he finds the tree. There are probably two of them, and they are armed with a double bitted axe, a great, wide-bottomed basket for the honey and gauze veils for the hands and face. The bee tree is probably some hollow giant of the forest, with a knot-hole 60 or 70ft. up, where the bees enter. One of the hunters bares his arms and the sturdy strokes of the axe ring out. It is only a shell and soon topples to its fall. The men stand one side, out of reach of the dead timber, and the trunk lumbers to earth, broken into half a dozen pieces, the bees swarm out; but the veiled men pay little attention to them, they quickly open a cavity around the bees' front door and transfer the honey to their basket. I think I can find the tree these particular hunters were after, if you would like to follow the trail."

He jumped upon the stump and took a long look about, then plunged into the thick forest, I following.

Just north of us the great hemlocks and birches we had been traveling under changed to a dense growth of young timber, chiefly beech, birch, poplar, black birch and wild cherry, quite distinct from the forest proper. Lingo said that a tornado had probably leveled it, and then fire had started and consumed the dead tops and fallen trunks, after which this new growth had sprung up. Several hundred yards away, however, rose several gigantic white birches which had escaped the general destruction, and still towered a hundred feet in air, but old, very old, moss-grown, and dead at the top. My guide led the way thither, and as we came to them successively scanned each scarred and mature trunk. There were holes in them that might have sheltered whole colonies of bees, but there were no signs of their presence.

"There it is," he said, presently, pointing to a mammoth white birch, prostrate and broken into several pieces by its fall. About midway of it a great cleft had been cut in the trunk, and pieces of comb still adhering to it and to the chips, gave evidence of the tragedy enacted therein.

"It was a good hour's work to fell that tree," said Lingo, examining it with the eye of a practiced woodsman, "and half an hour's work to cut the cleft. Then they had to tote the honey a good ten miles to the nearest settlement."

"How many pounds do you think the tree yielded?" I asked.

"Oh, perhaps 20lbs."

"And what became of the poor bees?"

"Oh, they found other quarters no doubt and went to laying up new stores. They are used to being despoiled, for bears rob them whenever they get a chance. They climb the bee tree, thrust in their paws, and withdraw them covered with honey; then lick off the sweets quite oblivious of the stings of the enraged bees, unless one gets stung on the nose, when his antics are laughable."

"Did you ever know bees hive anywhere except in a hollow tree, in caves or crevices of cliffs, for instance?" I asked.

"No, I never did," he replied.

"I once found a colony of bees in the crevices of a huge crag in New England, and there were indications of a large store of honey; but as a ton of dynamite would have been required to open the rock we could not determine the exact amount. This is the only instance that ever came to my knowledge."

We looked around in the hoary old trunks for signs of another bee tree, but failed to find any.

"If I had a little honey," said Lingo, "I would make an opening and try for a tree myself, just to show you how it is done."

Chas. Burr Todd.

ALGONQUIN PARK DESECRATION.

Toledo, O., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested by your correspondent's account of Algonquin Park. I refer to Dr. McCallum, and to the very interesting letter in your issue of June 26. I have been saddened by it as well. I have made three trips through the district named, and at different times spent almost a year there, and have been saddened by the fact that the grandeur of setting aside a tract of primitive wilderness, of such rare beauty, should be made a piece of flimsy mockery, by the petty spirit of utilitarianism, so often justly laid at the door of "The States."

I refer to the fact which your correspondent mentions as merely incidental, viz.: "Only the pines have been sold, and no other forest groves will be touched."

I am compelled to conclude that Mr. McCallum does not know the effect of removing "only the pine." The loss of those noble trees is bad enough, and pine is a large proportion of the growth from Ox Tongue Lake to White Trout, but the mutilation and defacing of the landscape in getting out the pine is a hundredfold worse.

Canoe Lake, when I last saw it, was a charming bit of natural loveliness—wooded to its brink with grand old pines, the beautiful Muskoka coming in from Big Joe Lake at one end, and out to Tea Lake at the other. In its center a wooded island, christened by us "Toledo Island," commanding all the shore—an ideal place for a camp.

Around the lake were confidential little bays, where water lilies grew, and where deer came to eat the buds. The lake was full of fish and the fish hawk was thoroughly at home. There were many delightful little trips to be taken on Canoe Lake: to Smoke Lake, Big and Little Joe, and Doe Lake—each had its wild, untouched charms. I make all this in the past tense, for it is all gone forever. Here is a picture of the lake, drawn by Thomas Salmon, in 1896, one of our guides, as fine a fellow as ever stopped a buck or reeled in a 4-pounder—and that is praise indeed—and withal a lover of nature, with a tender appreciation of its beauties. I quote: "I was thinking the other day, as I came through Canoe Lake, about the times we had there. Now, I doubt if you would know the lake; all the pine around it is gone. The island we used to camp on has hardly anything green on it. You remember where you shot the old doe—in the bay back of the island—that we did not get untill next morning, and I skinned her, and the wolves ate her up the next night? Well, that is all being cleared up from there to the river mouth, coming in from Big Joe Lake, and a big sawmill going up. Verily, the Canadian Government knows how to run a national park. There is a big dam and lumber depot at Tea Lake Falls. The big sand beach at the head of Canoe Lake is covered by water. The pine around it is all cut away, where we used to get the partridges. An amphibious steam alligator cavorts around those lakes now, so you can imagine what a breeding ground for game our National Park is. There is also a railroad running—or will be next summer—diagonally through the park from southeast to northwest, touching Canoe Lake at the upper end, and also Smoke Lake. The river from here has also been "improved;" a big lumber chute runs right down the center of the two falls, above Ox Tongue Lake. Going up the river in the summer time was, last year, an impossibility; you couldn't float a canoe after the drive came down, which finished the last of July.



BOUNTY.

"Instead of the musical snort of the buck or the 'you'd-better-go-round' of the bull-frog, the steam whistle will charm the ear of the camper. Truly, after all the pleasant times we used to have, came the Deluge, for everything is flooded. You could go with your canoe where we used to stretch our tent."

There is the whole story of desecration—can anything be sadder? To the north of Canoe Lake, at Catfish and the Mud Lakes, may be seen the blasting effects to the country, of taking out the pine by damming; it was taken out there twenty or thirty years ago.

These lakes, as they are now, would have delighted Edgar Allen Poe. It is the "ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir," the "dark tarn of Auber." The timber is killed 40ft. back from the lakes, and the pines, hemlocks and cedars stretch their whitened, shriveled arms to heaven, as if asking the night to come and conceal the nakedness and desolation. The country is given over to the heron and the wolf.

Algonquin Park will be like a beautiful face seared with a red-hot iron. There may be beauty left, but it will be in ruins.

A. J. Secor.

Death of John P. Lovell.

John P. Lovell, head of the John P. Lovell Arms Co., of Boston, died at his home in East Weymouth, Mass., on July 29, aged seventy-seven years. Mr. Lovell was one of the oldest, best known and most highly respected men in the gun trade, and was counted among Boston's representative merchants. His was a well rounded life

Natural History.

LARCO'S PELICAN.

LARCO is an Italian fisherman who has prospered in America and has a house and fish refrigerator a few hundred yards from the beach on the main street of Santa Barbara.

Some years ago Larco acquired a pelican. The bird was said to have been found tangled up in a wire fence near Saugus at quite a distance from the sea. Sarco says that this bird belongs to the race of white pelicans, who love fresh water, while the gray or brownish pelicans, who frequent our coast in large numbers at certain seasons, are more purely marine in their habits.

Jim, as Larco's pelican is called, seems to know when he is well off. He occasionally wanders, but is usually near by, and a good deal of his time is spent fighting dogs, scaring horses or nipping the trousers of Larco's customers Jim possesses a certain saturnine humor, but he is kindly disposed toward Larco's family, and I have seen one of the young women tuck him under her arm, run with him across the yard and toss him into a corner when he was unruly

It is an interesting thing to buy ten cents worth of small fish and toss them to Jim one at a time for his use. If they come tail first or crosswise, they have to be thrown into the air again so as to enter head first into the pelican's economy.

Jim is white, except for some black patches at the lower edges of the wings and an orange-colored membrane at the base of the bill and around the eyes. The iris of the eye is of a very pale, washed-out gray, but you get an impression of a particularly sharp look on his countenance. Perhaps the eye borrows a reflected tint from the surrounding membrane, and the glitter is set off by the solemn appearance of the long bill and the judicial pose.

There is a peculiar thin excrescence on the bill, like half a disk, at this time (in the month of June). This growth is said to be deciduous, and to be found only on the adult birds in the breeding season, offering, perhaps, some analogy to the horns of deer.

My photographs show Isabella and Jim in various attitudes of confidence and friendship, and Jim alone, after the show is over, waddling off to be first in the race for a sunny corner. H. G. DULOG.

[The white pelican (*Pelicanus erythrorhychus*) is a bird of the interior, rare on the Atlantic coast, and unusual at least on the shores of the Pacific Ocean.]

Sense of Moral Obligation in the Lower Animals.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a letter in FOREST AND STREAM N. D. Elting says: "Man has a sense of moral obligation; the brute is devoid of it, *i. e.*, he cannot be made to understand the moral wrong of an act; he is incapable of moral conscientiousness."

What is morality? Obedience to the laws of society. The laws of society may be right or wrong, but morality consists in obedience to them. There can be no society without laws. This is as true of a society of birds, of dogs or of ants as it is of a society of human beings. Conscientiousness is that which correlates the individual to the laws of society. The crow, the dog, the stork, is correlated to his society as the man is to his; so the brute must have the faculty of conscientiousness.

Without going further, take an accepted incident in ornithology as an illustration. A foreign gentleman placed a goose's egg in the nest of a stork. When the gosling was hatched, the husband stork looked it over, was mortally offended, went off, came back with a number of storks, they sat in trial of the apparently offending wife (who, during the trial, sat cowering upon her nest), condemned her and she was executed. She was the victim of circumstances, but her judges certainly thought her guilty. And could there be guilt without responsibility? And could there be responsibility under the law without conscientiousness, which correlates to the law? Dogs are gregarious, Their communities have laws. They hold more things in common than do storks. But among them there is responsibility to law—in proof of which allow me to refer to the commercial life of the Constantinopolitan dogs—and each individual dog must, consequently, have something that in man we call conscience; though, of course, an occasional dog may lack conscience, as does the exceptional man; it being true that any sentient bring may lack any one of his many faculties or correlations—conscience as well as memory or the sense of color, for instance.

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

The New Jersey Pine Snake Industry.

THE pine or bull snake (*Pityophis melanoleucus*) is a common, species, inhabiting pine woods from New Jersey to Ohio and southward. There is another species found in the middle West.

Mr. Charles A. Shriner, State Fish and Game Protector of New Jersey, sends us, from his own paper the Paterson *Chronicle*, this note of a curious New Jersey industry: A few days ago a man dropped into the office of the *Chronicle* for the purpose of obtaining some information concerning snakes. People are apt to go to newspaper offices for all kinds of information, but in matters pertaining to natural history the *Chronicle* seems to have a monopoly. The man in question was not seeking after knowledge for the sake of knowledge; he meant business. He wanted to buy pine snakes, and the more he could get the better would he be satisfied. He had been covering the whole of New Jersey but the stock offered was not sufficient for his needs. He was informed that the pine snake is an animal of very rare occurrence in this part of the State and that all to be found in the northern part of the State would be very few in number and small in size. The man refused to state what he wanted to do with the snakes, but he was apparently very anxious to secure a large number of them.

The gathering of pine snakes is a very well recognized industry in the pine belt of this State, and the crop of them every year adds considerably to the income of the people who gather them. There are a number of curious features connected with this snake gathering industry. In the first place, the pine snake is a harmless animal; he is not at all poisonous, and although at times he may strike in the manner of other snakes he is not capable of inflicting any injury worth mentioning. The people who gather them seize hold of them anywhere and no bad results have ever followed. The price of snakes is uniform, and has been so since the industry started a few years ago; they bring fifteen cents a foot, no matter how large or small. They can get along several days without food, and consequently there is no difficulty in keeping them alive until the agent calls for them. At present the crop of snakes is rather small, owing to the lateness of the season; in a few weeks the industry will be at its height, and then agents will traverse the pine belt from one end to the other for the purpose of securing them. The pine snake is perhaps the largest of New Jersey snakes, specimens 5 and 6ft. long being not at all rare. A fair-sized snake does not find any difficulty in swallowing whole a full-grown rabbit. The most curious feature of the whole business is that none of the persons engaged in gathering the snakes has ever succeeded in ascertaining what the snakes are used for. The agents who collect them are very close-mouthed, and invariably refuse to tell where they take the snakes or what is done with them.

The Sense of Smell.

OAKMONT, Pa., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial in this week's FOREST AND STREAM on the sense of smell in animals, is both interesting and valuable; for comprehension of scenting powers in dogs is greatly aided by knowledge as to the same sense in wild animals, or other domestic ones.

The subject may be further extended by the knowledge that mankind seems to have the sense of smell as fully as any animal has, only it is unused. This, I think, is fairly shown by the fact that the deaf-blind have as acute and accurate a sense of smell as any dog, except of course in the cases of those who lost the senses of light and taste at the same time they lost the other senses of sight and hearing.

One deaf-blind girl assorted the clothing of her fellow pupils, after it had returned from the wash, entirely by smelling it. A deaf-blind young man, born in the early years of this century, recognized his friends by their smells. Another girl knows when a friend comes near her by the same sense, and similar powers are common to all the class (with the exceptions above noted).

Therefore, it seems to me that it is reasonable to assume that the sense of smell is a common endowment of all mankind; but that the senses of sight and hearing are so much superior as means of gaining information, that those possessing these senses neglect that of smell entirely, while those deprived of the more useful senses, utilize those they have remaining. W. WADE.

Squirrels Destroy Birds' Nest.

A FRIEND asks if it is true that pine squirrels kill birds, or eat their eggs, or destroy their nests.

"My place," he says, "shelters a great many birds, and also droves of pine squirrels; I occasionally find nests that have been interfered with, and don't know who to blame; I would dislike to interfere with the squirrels, but if they molest the birds, sentence of transportation will issue against them, very certainly."

All the questions asked in the first paragraph must be answered in the affirmative. The red or pine squirrel is very destructive to nesting birds, eating the eggs and young and destroying them through mischief as well. We regard this species as an unmitigated nuisance which should be destroyed whenever opportunity offers. It is as harmful as the Norway rat, and more so than the house mouse.

Kadiak Bears.

NEW YORK, July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Wm. W. Hart & Co. just completed dressing their last season's collection of Kadiak Island grizzly bears. For size, fur and perfectness, they excel any lot that has as yet come forward. It took five men to lift the bale of twelve skins. They average from 8 to 10ft. in length, and are beautiful silvery brown in color, and every nose and claw complete, as they are skinned by experienced Indian trappers and hunters.

This enormous beast reaches 1,700lbs in weight, and gets much of its food from the salmon beds along the small tributaries. The bear was classified as a distinct species about two years ago by Dr. Merriam. Mr. Hart says the largest one on record is 11ft. in length, which skin he now holds in his collection. W. W. HART & Co.

Colorado vs. Switzerland.

THE terrible Jungfrau of Switzerland is but 14,000 feet high, yet travelers from all over the world journey to Interlaken to climb it, or to say that they have sat in the hotel and wished that they might climb it. Mont Blanc, in the same delightful little European republic, is forever quilted with snow, and for this reason it is one of the most seductive features of travel to the neighborhood of Geneva. The Chor health resort, on the east side of the Swiss republic, is visited by thousands of invalids, because it is one of the loftiest and noblest of European sanitariums.

Then why should not every American, who has the money to spare and the desire to make a journey, get out into Colorado, strap a pair of mountain boots onto his legs, put a spike on an ash staff and attempt to climb Mount Blanca, in the southern part of this State. Mount Blanca is over 14,400ft. high. Or if he does not care to take the risks of this perilous ascent, why should he not come up into the northern part of the State, place his field glasses in his hands, and gaze on the glacier and the perpetual banks of snow that cover Mt. Hallett? Or if tourists be possessed of reverence or of piety, why may they not locate in central Colorado, and fix their eyes upon the great white cross that indents the Mount of the Holy Cross at an elevation of 14,176ft.?

If it is the duplicate of Chor that tourists seek, Manitou, in this State, rests at the foot of 14,000ft. Pike's Peak for them, and is itself 6,300ft. above the sea, while being endowed with health-giving waters the equal of Carlsbad.

There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 12,000ft. above the ocean level. Forty of these are higher than 14,000ft., and more than half of that number are so remote and rugged that no one has yet dared to attempt to climb them. They are as unique as those of Switzerland, and as fearful as the Alps in the warning they offer to the men or women who are so hardy as to defy them by starting upon their ascent. Some of them are massed with snow, others have glaciers over their approaches, and others are merely masses of jagged rocks.

Not even Coloradoans have sought as yet to surmount them, and the profession of "guide" is still open to whoever may care to enter it. Railroads reach within close enough range to provide hotel facilities, but otherwise the mountain climbing of Colorado is yet awaiting its pioneers. Did the Coloradoans or the people of other States fully realize the intoxication as well as the health-giving powers of mountain climbing? Rocky Mountain climbing would become one of the most popular recreations of America.

Only one mountain climbing club is known to exist in Colorado. There is room for a dozen more. There should be one in every city. By the evidences such clubs might offer of their thrilling experiences and of their unexampled pastimes, the fame of the Rockies as a place of pleasure and adventure might be widely advertised, and Colorado thus be pushed forward to the place it must eventually occupy as the American substitute for Switzerland.—*Denver Times.*

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

AMERICAN GAME PARKS.

The "Forest and Stream's" Fourth Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

Part Two.—Unfenced Parks.

(*Continued from page 87.*)

The Griffith Preserve.

A WRITER in *Harper's Weekly* describing this preserve, which is the property of a gentleman sometimes known as the "lumber king of southern Vermont," says:

"Scarcely more than ten miles from the village of Danby, near the very top of the mountains, a great oval bowl of translucent water lies, 2,500ft high, embosomed amidst great spruce forests. These have never known the ring of the chopper's axe, except so far as judicious cutting has made an easier pathway through the dense wood, or cleared away the timber and underbrush along the bluff which overlooks one side of the lake. Here an ample house with wide piazzas squats with an air of homely comfort, and inside fireplaces gape for big chunks of log; for even in midsummer nightfall often brings a shiver with it. The lake and the streams issuing from it are stocked every spring with yearling trout and two year olds; for these are found to do better in pond waters than the small fry, as the bull pout and pickerel, indigenous to most New England lakes and ponds, make great havoc with the baby fish. Pains are similarly taken by the owner to enrich the thickets with partridges and pheasants, while the bigger game takes care of itself without any helping hand. As the visitor climbs to some coign of vantage, whence he may look down on a great panorama of mountain and valley flashing fifty miles around in the sunshine, the shambling of bruin in an adjoining brake, or the leap of a deer through the ferns of a near ravine may startle him at any moment with a thrill of surprise. Good roads are building, at large expense, in and around this domain, which contains several thousand acres. The timber which must needs be cut out of the dense forest to perfect its uses for sport and its convenience for the sportsman will, it is supposed, go far to pay the cost of making and maintaining the preserve."

Mr. Griffith himself writes to us: "My park consists of 14,000 acres in the town of Mt. Tabor, and 2,500 acres adjoining in the town of Peru. On it are three lakes, one of seven, another of ten and another of fifteen acres. The lake of fifteen acres (Lake Griffith) is well stocked with trout and the stream running from this lake is also stocked. The lake and eight miles of the stream I have fenced and posted as the laws require in this State. This makes it private fishing and hunting grounds. I also have in Mt. Tabor a fish hatchery of half a million fry capacity, and from this I stock my lake and stream."

Cutting Preserve.

Mr. Frank A. Cutting, under date of May 27, writes:

"The fish and game have been well protected during the past year and a small quantity of brook trout taken, and only six deer killed, three of which were killed by poachers around the ponds in July.

"I was over the preserve last March on snowshoes, and found that the deer were very numerous. Saw two at one time only a short distance from where I stood, and although I was not taking any particular notice of the deer, but was looking at the timber, I saw several, and the woods were completely tracked by the deer. The snow was about 2ft. deep, having settled from about 3 or 4ft. deep by the soft weather, but the deer seemed to have no difficulty in getting about, and instead of being yarded up were roaming about the woods, in consequence of which they seemed to be in fine condition.

"During the whole of the five years since I have protected the property there have not been as many deer killed on my property as there used to be killed in one single year.

"In taking brook trout, I require all trout less than 7in. in length to be put back into the stream, and thus give the smaller fish a chance to increase in size.

"It is very hard to estimate the number of deer on my preserve, which is three miles by four miles, but from the signs I saw last winter and what I saw this summer, I would estimate the number of deer from 300 to 500 on the 8,000 acres.

"The beaver on the brooks are certainly increasing in number. I saw one large birch tree this spring that had been taken down, which was nearly 1ft. in diameter. Found indications the whole length of the brooks of recent work done by them.

"I think that the increase in deer during the past five years has been mainly on private preserves. The new law prohibiting hounding will be a great advantage to the whole Adirondack wilderness, and after a short time deer will be plentiful everywhere.

"One great trouble in the Adirondack region is that there are not a sufficient number of game wardens. The natives, after they do their spring work, are inclined to visit ponds that are frequented by deer and camp at the ponds during the warm weather of June and July, and it is an easy matter then to kill the deer when they come to the water. More will be killed this year at that time than usual on account

of the hounding being taken away, unless there is a careful watch kept and offenders prosecuted to the full extent of the law."

The Mac Intyre Iron Company.

One of the wildest and most beautiful parts of the Adirondacks is included in the 90,000-acre tract belonging to the Mac Intyre Iron Company. The hunting and fishing privileges on this tract were formerly controlled by the Adirondack Club, which was one of the oldest organizations of the kind in the Adirondacks, having been incorporated in 1877. This club, years ago, made an effort to restock the country with moose, but unfortunately its animals died, and the enterprise never had any tangible result.

The Adirondack Club has ceased to exist, but the shooting and fishing rights of the tract have been leased by an association of gentlemen for the season of 1897. Deer are very abundant on the preserve, and a gentleman who went over the ground last winter on snowshoes saw abundant sign. Within its limits are situated Lakes Sanford, Henderson, Colden, Avalanche, and the Preston Ponds. It was in the latter that a record brook trout of 7lbs. 4oz. was taken. This fish was captured by Mr. W. H Lewis, who had hooked a small trout and was reeling it in toward his boat when the small fish was seized by the monster trout, with the result that both were landed. Four and five-pound trout are not uncommon in these waters, and the fishing has long been justly celebrated. Beside the brook trout, rainbow and lake trout and black bass are caught in some of the lakes.

Mr. James Mac Naughton, President of the Mac Intyre Iron Company, informs us that the policy of his company will be as heretofore, to strictly protect the fish and game. So far as it can be done, however, without prejudice to these interests, a welcome will be given to all who love the magnificent scenery of the lakes and mountains. Mr. Mac Naughton states that the accommodations of the preserve are somewhat limited, but whenever there is room tourists will find a cordial greeting for one night from the superintendent, David Hunter, Tahaney, N. Y. Owing to the present paucity of rooms, it seems advisable to make this restriction for one night.

Personally, he has no sympathy with any policy which would exclude the public from a reasonable enjoyment of any part of the magnificent Adirondack region. Of course, so far as fishing and hunting is concerned, there must be restrictions, otherwise the game would speedily disappear.

Adirondack Timber & Mineral Company's Park.

NUMBER FOUR, May 25.—My park contains 30,000 acres, being all of township No. 4 and 6,000 acres of township No. 5, John Brown's tract. I have had control of this land two years. I have not stocked it with any kind of game. When I established the park there were as many deer and grouse as in any part of the Adirondacks, and I think more. I have allowed no hunting with dogs. In addition to the natural increase deer have been driven in from adjacent lands during the hounding season, with the result that deer are now very plentiful in the park. Grouse or partridge have also increased. It is of course difficult to estimate the number of deer now in the park, but I would say that 1,500 would be an approximate number. Trout have increased, especially in the lakes. I have no doubt but that you rejoice with me that hounding and jacking deer is no more, and that right, decency and humanity have triumphed at last.

CHARLES FENTON.

Senator Redfield Proctor.

Senator Proctor, of Vermont, has a shooting box on Lake Pico, in the heart of the Green Mountains. This is one of the most remarkable natural trout lakes in the State, and nestles among forest-clad mountains at an elevation of 1,200ft. above sea level. The lake has its source in a small inlet brook rising on the summit of Pico, and is also spring fed. The trout average from 8 to 10in. in length and rarely exceed ¾lb in weight. The surrounding country is celebrated for its game. Partridge are plenty, and deer are seen daily, the lake being in a famous runway between Killington and the hills west of Deer's Leap. A small area is posted. Senator Proctor does not dignify this place, calling it a preserve. In referring to it he writes:

"My hunting park is in the air, and not where I wish it might be, on the surface of the earth. I have, with others, a little trout fishing place on the mountain in Vermont, but hardly important enough to be worth mentioning in your valuable journal. The deer have been protected in Vermont for seventeen years, but this year October is an open season."

Central Pennsylvania Preserve.

Twenty-four thousand acres of land have been leased by an association of New York and Pennsylvania sportsmen in Central Pennsylvania, for the establishment of a preserve. The tract lies in the eastern part of Center and Clearfield counties, and embraces the Nittany Mountains and the valley of the same name. This is in one of the best shooting sections of the State, and a country noted for scenic attractions. Under date of May 25 one of the members writes:

"Our game preserve is as yet in its infancy, the club having been organized only a month. We have leased about 5,000 acres of farm land for quail, and in the neighborhood of 8,000 acres of wood land for pheasants, all of which we expect to stock. Our trout stream is six miles in length, and will also be well stocked. Our club house will be ample for the accommodation of about fifty members at one and the same time; in fact, it is the intention to make this a sort of summer retreat for members and their friends Tennis and shooting grounds adjoin the club. Contracts for the house and other features have been let, and we hope to be ready for the entertainment of members by the 1st or middle of July."

West Canada Lake.

Mr. J. F. Wendell, Albany, N. Y., writes that the West Canada Lake property has been sold to Mr. O. L. Singer, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bog Lake Camp.

Mr. E. C. Converse, one of the owners of the Bog Lake camp in the Adirondacks, writes:

"As you are probably aware, our camp, which is a close corporation, owned by Mr. Tatum and myself, covers about 6,000 acres contiguous to the Webb Nehasane property. It contains Davis Pond, Cedar Pond, Bog Lake, a portion of Bog River, and nearly all of Mud Lake—that is, all of it lying in Hamilton county.

"The best fishing in the spring of the year is Clear Pond and Bog River. Clear Pond is landlocked, and fed by springs. The fishing there is good during the entire season.

"Besides the native trout, we have planted some 30,000 or 40,000 of brown and rainbow trout.

"The fishing in Bog Lake is also good—with the fly in season, and later with bait or by trolling

"There is no trouble at any time in getting large catches in either Clear Pond or Bog River. In Bog River, of course, the fishing is better in the spring of the year. Besides the trout that we have put in Clear Pond, we have also put several batches in Bog Lake, and as we only catch what we require for eating during the three or four weeks that we are there in August, the fish are very plentiful. One reason is that the feed is particularly good, there being plenty of chubs and shiners.

"As to the game, it is hard to give any estimate. Deer are very plentiful all through our woods. We are very particular to guard our boundary lines from poachers. We haven't hounded for two or three years, and while it is impossible to give any close estimate, I can say that the deer are extremely plentiful. There are spruce and ruffed grouse, cotton-tail rabbits, coons and foxes."

Vilas Preserve.

Mr. E. A. Carpenter writes:

"The Vilas preserve of 35,000 acres in the Adirondacks, is such a primitive wilderness that there is no need of stocking with game or fish.

"The deer are abundant and seem to increase. We have never found deer in the woods that seemed to have died of hunger or disease. We have frequently heard these stories outside in the villages, but they would not bear close investigation. Several such reports were run down, but proved to be idle tales. It is impossible to give even an approximate estimate of the number of deer on our preserve. In favorable weather deer can always be found within a reasonable distance of our camps. Hounding has not been allowed for seven years; we 'jack' and still-hunt. During 1896 we killed double the number of deer still-hunting that we did jacking.

"Our trout are large and plenty; we have fifty-five miles of good streams, and they are fished but little.

"We know of three colonies of beaver in the south part of Franklin county."

Moose Pond Club.

The Moose Pond Club is located near Minerva, Essex county, N. Y. Mr. A. H. Thomas, Secretary-Treasurer, writes as follows:

"Our club owns about 2,000 acres of land, three large ponds and two small ones, club house about 30×40, and kitchen (detached 8ft.) about 20×20, besides open camps and outbuildings. We are also about to build another house.

"We believe we have the best trout fishing in the State. Our trout averaged in May of this year over 1lb. each. We caught something over 250; our record is at the club house, and I have no memoranda.

"Deer are very plentiful. We kill but few. Did not kill one last season.

"We killed quite a large number of partridges. Could get all we wanted in September and October.

"We have stocked our waters with trout, but cannot tell what the result is. We have enough without stocking."

Mr. Thomas adds: "My best records at Moose Pond were on Aug. 3, 1894, when I took twelve trout weighing 30lbs.: see Fishery Commission Report of 1895. July 20, 1895—Six trout in one day, weighing 24lbs., all of which were taken from the woods and brought home for exhibition. No small ones were taken at either catch."

Blooming Grove Park.

"Early in 1870," says a review of the history of the Blooming Grove Park Association written by Charles Hallock and published in the club book, "Fayette S. Giles, a gentleman who had been and still is an enthusiast on the subject of game preserves and forest preservation, conceived the plan of establishing a club for the purpose of carrying out his ideas. The essential requisites for such a club were nearness and accessibility to New York city, lands which were inexpensive and at the same time extensive and in one body, which should be well wooded and have numerous streams and lakes

"He found in Pike county, Pennsylvania, the very kind of a place for which he was seeking. It was on the line of the Erie R. R., only 121 miles from New York, and embraced all the elements as to its natural features, which made it peculiarly well adapted for the purpose.

"At first, alone, he commenced the purchase of the lands, and then, acting with several other gentlemen of New York and Pennsylvania, he caused to be prepared the charter of the Blooming Grove Park Association, as it was subsequently granted by the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, on March 23, 1871."

The club met with difficulties in the hard times in 1873 and the years following, and in 1880 had the misfortune to lose the club house by fire.

In 1884, however, the club house was rebuilt, and a new era in the history of Blooming Grove inaugurated.

"Up to 1880 very little had been done toward increasing the fishing in the lakes and streams, except the stocking of lakes Giles, Laura and Belle with bass which had been brought at first from Lake Erie and afterward from St. Lawrence River and Greenwood Lake. Up to that time the cultivation of fish was comparatively in its infancy. Finding that the original idea of making the park a vast game preserve, like those in Germany and Great Britain, was impossible of execution, by reason of the great expense and the lack of interest on the part of the members, the board of directors, after careful investigation as to feasibility and expense, started the fish hatchery, which has been of so much help to the club.

"The early management inclosed a mile square of land with a wire fence and called it the Breeding park, and from various sources obtained a large number of deer, which were placed therein. The land owned by the club and the surrounding country was the natural home of deer, and these, and those imported, have thriven so well that the members have no trouble in killing their quota.

"While it is now twenty five years since the Association came into life, in order to really comprehend the great progress it has made, one has only to look back and, with the knowledge, if he were a member in 1872, or in his imagination, if he were not a member, of just what the lands of the Association were then, make a comparison of the same with the present condition. Where there was hardly a house, now there are several cottages and a club house with all modern appointments, large enough to accommodate 100 guests Where there were no roads, now there are more than twenty-five miles of smooth, well-maintained drives. Where the trout streams had been depleted by constant fishing and the presence of tanbark and sawdust, now the member only has to find fault because, under favorable conditions, he takes his quota of twenty-five fish too quickly. Lakes which had become almost barren of game fish, now readily yield the quota to the fisherman.

"The general plan of the breeding park, as originally laid out, has been maintained. The wire fences have been rebuilt, made higher and stronger; more precautions for protecting the deer have been taken, stricter rules have been made about hunting them, and the result is seen in the great increase in the park. It is impossible to count, or even estimate, the number of deer in our park of a full square mile, but it must reach up into the hundreds."

Such is a fragment of the history of one of the first club game preserves in America. At the present time the Blooming Grove Association owns 17,000 acres of land, and leases upwards of 4,000 more. A good portion of the land is wild and heavily timbered. There are thirty miles of well stocked trout streams on the preserve, and eight lakes extending north and south fully sixteen miles. On the club rolls are the names of 184 active members.

Jerseyfield Preserve.

We are indebted to Capt. Chauncey P. Williams for the following information relative to his preserve in the Adirondacks:

"My preserve, called Jerseyfield (after its largest lake), comprises about 6,000 acres, situated in Herkimer and Hamilton counties. The lakes contain brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) only. For game, we have only the indigenous species, partridge and red deer, the preserve never having been stocked. There has been very little bird shooting on the preserve within the last few years, but the birds seem to have decreased, for some reason, perhaps from the considerable number of foxes of late in the neighborhood Deer seem to be just about holding their own now. We have never allowed hounding, and whenever there has been a dog in the adjacent woods the deer would all start for our lake at once. As many as five have been seen in the lake in one day during the past hounding seasons. I am in hope, that under the present law prohibiting hounding and also jacking, the deer may increase, although there is no doubt some illegal hunting done by the natives of the nearest settlements. Fishing is generally confined to May and June, and the remainder of the year the trout have a rest. Generally the spring fishing is fairly good, but was not up to the average this year, which seems to have been the case in most places."

Ragged Lake Rod and Gun Club.

Mr. Geo. S. Hier, of Syracuse, N. Y., informs us that he has sold the above-named property to Comptroller Ashbel P. Fitch, of the city of New York.

G Lake Preserve.

We are indebted to Mr. E. Z. Wright for the following particulars relative to the preserve of which he is part owner: G Lake Preserve is situated in Ox Bow Tract, Hamilton county, and comprises 600 acres. The lake covers about 175 acres, it is surrounded by mountains and the land is mainly covered by virgin forest. The ownership is not in a club, but is a joint ownership of four gentlemen. The number that can be admitted to an interest in the preserve is limited to seven in all. There are strict rules as to the preservation of the forest and erection of buildings; no trees are allowed to be cut. Two cottages are built, and the property is in charge of a keeper who is also a State game protector.

G Lake has always been a favorite resort for deer during our ownership of seven years, but few deer have been killed on the lake, but in the township great numbers have been killed each year, mainly by hounding, so that the number of deer frequenting the lake has steadily decreased; but there are still several deer feeding about the margin of the lake this year.

G Lake has always been noted for the size and beauty of its trout; fish food is abundant in the lake, and the trout grow rapidly. Under careful protection the increase is noticeable.

Our membership is so limited that we have no rules as to the taking of fish and game.

The owners are E. Z. Wright and John D. Collins, of Utica, and J. William Black and Edward B. Salmon, of Syracuse.

The "Forest and Stream" Club.

Located under the shadow of Haystack, the highest peak of the Green Mountains in southern Vermont, is the property owned by the Forest and Stream Club. This consists of 560 acres of wood and meadow land, bordering on one edge Haystack Pond, one of the finest and deepest lakes in Vermont, and including in its limits the famous Haystack Spring, from which, as a source, one of the club's trout brooks takes its rise. In all, there are six miles of trout streams, besides several artificial ponds.

The Forest and Stream Club was organized seven years ago under the laws of Vermont, with a capital of $25,000. The purpose of the club is to propagate fish and game and to provide for the healthful recreation of its members. The club house and large annex will comfortably accommodate seventy-five. The members are accustomed to take their wives and families with them, so that the social feature is not the least important side of the club life.

Ozonia Park.

Ozonia Park consists of 1,800 acres in the town of Hopkinton, near the eastern border of St. Lawrence county, N. Y. It is virgin forest, and contains Lake Ozonia, a body of clear, cold water fed by springs in the bottom. Adjoining is the game preserve of Frank Cutting, of Boston, containing over 7,000 acres.

We have stocked the lake with salmon trout, landlocked salmon and German brown trout, and it has long contained small-mouth bass and plenty of perch. Since we have guarded the spawning beds the fish have increased, and we are beginning to catch landlocked salmon, though this is only their fourth year from fingerlings

The deer seem to increase in numbers, and as many as thirty have been seen within an hour on Mr. Cutting's preserve this summer.

F. M. HEATH.

Camp on the Ten-Mile.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 14.—The writer was born in the Adirondacks, and as a boy of twelve to fifteen years old carried the tail end of the surveyor's chain to survey the townships of Kildare No. 9, Riversdale No. 12, St. Lawrence county, and Westerly No 11, Franklin county, N. Y.

During that time (about thirty-six years ago) these townships were more or less covered by hunters' camps, occupied

by men who killed deer for profit and resorted to many devices to catch them, such as cutting soft maple trees, also the birch, for the deer to feed upon when the snow was deep, and setting traps for them It was always a contest among the hunters as to who would kill the most deer and who would get the best price for them when sold. Had this continued the deer in the Adirondacks would have been exterminated to-day, same as the buffalo in the West. Our thanks are due to the game laws that protect the deer.

In my opinion the present game laws have stopped all hunting for profit, and the deer have largely increased. Our game preserve is situate on the St. Regis River, in Township No. 9, Kildare, covering about five and one-half miles of river, in acreage about 1,800, fully twelve miles as the bird flies from any civilization, and off from any thoroughfare. The camp is almost isolated, and the deer to-day are so plenty that it requires very little skill to kill one—and the true sportsman will not kill two if he needs only one.

Our trout fishing is always good. This season I am informed that during May and June the streams were so swollen that few fishermen had success. The writer expects to spend the entire month of August in camp and part of September.

I think the game laws cannot be made too stringent. The penalty for illegal transportation, the law prohibiting any person killing more than two deer, the prohibiting of hounding and jacking, as passed by the last Legislature, are good ones, and if the State of New York would only appoint a sufficient number of game protectors to cover the noble Adirondack wilderness, there need never be fear of the deer being exterminated. HENRY L. SMITH.

Pawtuxet Rod and Gun Club.

It is reported that a number of Washington sportsmen are interested in the proposed game preserve which is to be established near Marlboro by the Pawtuxet Rod and Gun Club The preserve will occupy, it is said, between 12,000 and 15,000 acres. It will be posted, game wardens employed, and the property restocked every spring with North Carolina or Tennessee quail, and golden or bronze Mongolian pheasants. Members of the club, including several Washingtonians, are canvassing the land-owners between Marlboro and Bowie, the line of the railroad and the Pawtuxet River. Those who have been approached are favorable to the scheme and anxious to assist in preventing the utter extermination of game birds in this vicinity. A meeting of the land-owners will be called in a few days and a protective organization formed.

Maple Lake Club.

UTICA, N. Y., July 13.—Maple Lake Club was incorporated July 29, 1892, with a memberseip limited to ten. The lake and grounds are in Wilmurt, Herkimer county, N. Y. The property of the club consists of the lake and about 2,000 acres of woodland, a two-story club house, with five sleeping rooms in the main part, and large club room, dining room, cloak and wash room on the first floor, with an immense fireplace in the club room.

The keeper's quarters are a wing of the house, with four rooms on the first floor and three on the second. We have a large barn, ice house, two boat houses, and eight boats. All the members of the club live in Utica, and prize the property because of its easy access. There are four trains daily on the R., W. & O. R. R., all of which stop at Remsen, which is twenty-one miles from Utica. An hour's ride of nine miles over good roads and through wild scenery brings us to the club house. Brook trout are the only fish in the lake, and the fishing has improved each year since it became the property of the club. We have never stocked the lake, and it is considered one of the best natural breeding grounds in the State. There is good partridge shooting in the fall, and some deer; more deer have been seen there this season than in many years before. The reason for this is that the hounds in that locality have either been killed or kept tied.

The keeper, Anthony Crosway, and his family, live in his part of the club house the entire year. He has some land under cultivation and takes care of club property.

The presence of members of the club is always indicated by a handsome streamer 30ft. long, white, with blue border, and in red letters through the center the words "Maple Lake." It floats from a pole 71ft. high, cut from the forest at the head of Maple Lake.

JOHN CUMMINGS, JR., Sec'y-Treas.

The rules governing club members are as follows:

No member, invited guest, employee or other person visiting the grounds of the club, shall violate any of the laws of the State of New York, for the protection of game and fish. Nor shall any person sell on or off such grounds, or send away to be sold, any game or fish taken on such territory.

Members and their friends will limit their catch of trout to the number or quantity wanted for use at the club house. No member or his friends shall catch trout from Maple Lake to be taken from the club grounds.

Each member shall be allowed to take for himself and friends, not to exceed forty (40) pounds of dressed trout each season, and after each catch, he shall weigh his trout and charge the same to his account in the club fishing book.

Each member shall make a record in club fishing book of the number of fish taken by himself and friends.

Trout caught for use at the club lodge shall be charged proportionately to the accounts of the members present.

No member is allowed to give his keys or an order to fish or hunt on the club grounds to anyone not a member of the club

No person will be entertained at the lodge, or allowed to fish or hunt, unless accompanied by the member of the club extending such invitation.

Every member and party visiting the club grounds and using the club property shall make careful use of the same, and when he departs shall leave the articles he may have used in cleanly condition, and properly stored in the place provided.

Each member shall pay the keeper of the lodge for work done for himself or friends.

The Megantic Fish and Game Corporation.

The Megantic Fish and Game Corporation was organized in Boston in January, 1887, being incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine, Feb. 15, 1887, and obtaining a charter from the Province of Quebec on March 26, 1887.

The club owns and leases a territory comprising 250 square miles, and containing three lakes, twenty ponds, six rivers, eight streams and brooks, and eight bogs.

Besides its club house it has thirty-seven camps (fourteen of which are private), a fish hatchery and a boat house.

The territory controlled is an unbroken wilderness, 3,000ft. above the sea, lying in the northwestern corner of the State of Maine and extending over the border into Canada. In this domain are found moose, caribou, deer, bears and all kinds of smaller game. Partridge are very plenty, and all kinds of waterfowl infest the lakes and ponds.

The waters abound in trout and bass, and landlocked salmon have been successfully introduced for several years, and the members will soon have this added variety of sport.

The club employs a Maine game warden who is also general superintendent of the preserve, and a Canadian warden who also looks after the club's interest over the border.

The number of members in the club at present is 297.

Treasurer L. Dana Chapman writes: "In the ten years we have had possession we have done all possible to enforce the laws of Maine and of Canada, our preserve lying in parts of each of these. We have been stocking one of our larger ponds for the last four years with landlocked salmon, having hatched out some 50,000 eggs, besides putting in about 4,000 yearling fry. The results are just showing, last year the salmon rising readily to the fly, and affording a great deal of sport to the members. We are pleased to grant permits to any of our sportsmen friends, to visit us and share with us in the benefits of our preserve."

Following are the fishing and hunting rules:

FISHING.

SECTION 1. No member shall kill any trout, landlocked salmon, or bass or other game fish, unless he has good reasons to believe that it will be used for food.

SEC. 2. No member of this club shall kill more than fifty trout or fifteen black bass upon the club preserves in any one day.

SEC. 3. No member of this club shall send or carry away from the club premises more than 15lbs. of trout, landlocked salmon or black bass upon any one visit.

SEC. 4. Trout of less than 6in. in length, and landlocked salmon less than 12in. in length, and black bass less than 1lb. in weight, caught in waters owned or leased by this club, shall be carefully returned to the water as soon as caught. If such fish die, it shall be scored against the member taking the same, and he may reclaim it.

SEC. 5. When members are camped together at any of the lakes or streams, they shall not kill more trout than needed to supply the camp, and they shall see that no fish is wasted or thrown away; at such times, also, when fish are plentiful, members are expected to return to the water, as soon as caught, all fish under ½lb., until they have sufficient for their immediate use, when they shall stop fishing altogether.

HUNTING.

SECTION 1. Every member shall vigorously observe and enforce the game and fishery laws of the Province of Quebec and State of Maine.

SEC. 2. Any member found guilty of violating any of the game or fishery laws, or any portion thereof, in their respective territories, shall be subject to expulsion from the club at the first meeting of the directors following such violation, besides paying the lawful penalty to the Province or State in which such violation took place.

SEC. 3. No member of the club shall hunt moose, caribou or deer on the club preserves with dogs, and no dogs (except bird dogs) shall be admitted upon the territory.

SEC. 4. Members shall use every means possible, in hunting deer, to single out bucks and spare the does.

SEC. 5. No member of this club shall shoot more than one moose or caribou or two deer, on the club grounds, upon one or both sides of the international boundary, in any one season; and, where a party are camping together, they shall not shoot more deer than are sufficient to supply them with venison, and they shall carefully observe that no deer are shot and their carcasses, or any portion thereof, wasted or thrown away.

SEC. 6. No member of this club shall shoot more than twenty-five partridges on the club grounds in any one week during the season.

Ampersand and Santa Clara.

ST. REGIS FALLS, N. Y., July 23.—Ampersand Preserve is situated in the southeast corner of Franklin county, and includes all of Townships 26 and 27, except the northeast quarter of 27. It also includes lot 44, Essex county, containing 50,000 acres. The land was put into a preserve in 1892 by Dodge, Meigs & Co., the original owners of the territory. The firm has since emerged into the Santa Clara Lumber Company, who also own and control the Santa Clara Gun Club Preserve of 65,000 acres, situated in Townships Nos. 10, 11, 13, 14 and 17, of Franklin county. Both preserves were instituted at the same time. I find that the fish and game are increasing very fast in both preserves under protection, and as I formerly guided through the same territory I have had a very good chance to note the difference.

The Meigs family have a very fine cottage built on Fallensby Pond, Township 26, in the Ampersand Preserve, noted for its superior lake trout fishing. Ampersand Pond (from which the preserve takes its name) is considered by many people to be the most beautiful lake in the woods.

Seward Mountain, as you will see by looking on the Forest Commission map, is wholly within this preserve. The preserve also includes two of Preston Ponds in the southeast corner of the county. There are a large number of ponds on the preserve that are not shown on the map, a few of which are: Rock, Lilypad, Seward, Mountain, Pickerel, Dawson, Lost, County Line, and many other small ponds too numerous to mention.

We have men stationed at different points on the preserves to see that the laws are enforced. I inclose you a sample of the permits and rules existing on both preserves:

RULES.

No live trees shall be cut for firewood.

No peeling or cutting of trees will be permitted.

The building of fires, except in camp, will not be permitted, and those must be extinguished before breaking camp.

All persons using this permit must conform to the State game and forestry laws.

Any damage occurring from the non-observance of these rules will be charged to the person causing same.

Permits not transferable, and if used by others than those named therein, will be taken up and cancelled.

We have not allowed the killing of does at Ampersand and Fallensby ponds, and are very well pleased with the law that does away with hounding and night hunting.

E. S. BRUCE.

The Adirondack League Club.

The Adirondack League Club has 105,000 acres of land in Hamilton and Herkimer counties, New York, a large portion of which has been preserved from indiscrimirate hunting since the incorporation of the club in 1890. The following extracts from the report of the fish and game committee, dated March 1, 1897, will prove of interest:

It will be remembered that during the year ending March 1, 1896, there were distributed from Combs Brook hatchery 175,000 brook trout fry, and that 17,430 one and two year old brook trout were purchased and planted in January, 1896. During the year ending March 1, 1897, no trout have been purchased, and apparently none need to be purchased hereafter, so long as the hatchery is operated as at present. We can easily hatch and rear more than can be profitably placed in our own waters, and can sell the remainder if it should be considered discreet to do so.

During the past year, the hatchery has produced and distributed 130,425 salmon trout and 139,600 brook trout, a total of 270,000. In comparing this result with that of other years, it should be borne in mind that all of this stocking is with fed fish. No fry, that is fish just hatched, has been put out. The distribution was not begun until the fish were three months old, and this was continued gradually throughout the year. The first plant was made in Little Moose Lake in June, 1896, and the last, of 17,000 yearlings, in Honnedaga Lake in January, 1897.

The feeding and rearing of this great number of trout was made possible by the ingenious plans of an expert, E. M. Robinson, who stayed at the hatchery during April, May and June, and installed a series of half-hogshead tubs out of doors, which, in the manner of their installation, was an entirely novel experiment. These tubs are a much cheaper arrangement than that of ordinary rearing boxes, such as those in the hatchery building; they are capable of indefinite extension; they are somewhat more economical in maintenance, and they produce fully as rapid fish growth, and as low a death rate as the rearing boxes.

The total deaths of trout, from eggs to yearlings, have been 256,000; that is, 526,000 eggs produced 270,000 trout, from three months to one year old, so that the loss during the first year was less than 50 per cent.

Last fall the U. S. Fish Commission offered us 1,000 yearling Swiss Lake trout (*Salmo lemanus*) for experiment and report. Such experiments are not unaccompanied with danger, as we have learned from experience with brown trout; but this offer was finally accepted, and the fish were duly received on Nov. 20, and 921 were put in Green Lake, where they can be observed and cannot get away, and seventy-five went to a retaining pond at the hatchery for closer observation. Only four trout were lost in transportation.

The report of the New York State Fish and Forest Commission for this past season, shows that the seven State hatcheries produced a grand total of 341,660 fed fish, only about 25 per cent. greater number than we have produced in our single hatchery. These seven State hatcheries produced of course, in addition, a large number of trout fry. Your committee finds corroboration in its judgment, in feeding and raising all fish before distributing them, in the announcement of the State Fish Commission, that hereafter the State hatcheries will follow the system we have already adopted at Combs Brook hatchery.

The different lodges report the number of fish caught last season, by members and guests, as follows:

Mountain Lodge, 1,200 brook trout and 427 salmon; Bisby Lodge, 438 brook trout and 666 salmon; Forest Lodge, 775 brook trout and 43 salmon; making a total of 3,529 trout reported, and being materially less than the actual number.

From the same sources we have reports, which are probably quite correct, of the number of deer killed by our members and guests, as follows:

Mountain Lodge, 22; Bisby Lodge, 18; Forest Lodge, 21; total, 61 deer. Of these, 17 were does and 44 were bucks. Three deer were killed by means of jacking on Nicks Lake, contrary to the spirit of the club rules. Unclassified game reported killed are one black duck and one black bear from Bisby Lodge.

Annoyance from trespassing has been slight during the past year. A continuance of the present methods of treating the nuisance will undoubtedly be all that is needed to secure peace. We have caused seven persons to be punished with fines and costs, and in one case with seventeen days' imprisonment. Inasmuch as the costs and one-half the fines recovered are returned to the club, the net expense has been slight.

The total cost for hatchery operation and fish stocking for the past year has been $2,310, but in this total cost is included $525 paid for trout purchased and distributed during the previous year. The cost of fish stocking due to this year is $1,785, and we are thus enabled to determine the fact that the hatching, rearing and distribution of our fed fish has cost us $6.60 per thousand, which is just one-fifth of the cost of fish purchased last year.

A considerable study has been made of the art of putting out young fish under circumstances which will secure the smallest percentage of loss, With young salmon, we apparently have no choice, it being generally accepted that the easy way of setting them free in the deepest water in a lake, is the safest way, as they have then the shortest distance to go to reach their natural food and hiding places among deep water rocks With brook trout the problem is more complicated. They naturally seek the inlet brooks and thrive best in them, although they are continually beset by their enemies—mink, birds and larger fish. None of our lakes have, however, enough room in their inlets for as many brook trout as we want to put out. Last summer an examination was made of the inlets around Little Moose, with the result of making an experiment with one of them, in which was placed a series of low dams or obstructions, by means of logs judiciously bedded in the stream so as to make a succession of pools and riffles. It seems reasonable to suppose that, aside from largely increasing the capacity of small streams for sustaining small trout, this treatment will also better the natural conditions of food and refuge. Eight thousand young trout were put in the stream so obstructed.

The waters of the preserve where stocking has been done now show a marked increase of small speckled trout, and in order to prevent their wholesale destruction, to induce members to let them alone until they become worthy of the rod, the committee recommend that the limit of catching each day be to a number, instead of to a weight of 10lbs. They further recommend that the limit of size be raised from 6in. to 7in. To accomplish this they submit the following

PROPOSED RULE AS TO FISHING.

The limit number which each member may take and kill in one day is as follows: Twenty-one speckled trout or Bisby trout, five salmon trout or landlocked salmon, ten black bass.

Brook trout less than 7in. in length shall not be killed, and in case any such fish is caught or hooked, it shall be immediately released and returned to the waters from which it was taken, without unnecessary injury.

A member may delegate his fishing right or any portion thereof to any one of his family or to his guest. Catches by families or guests shall be charged to the member. No more than the limit of one day's catch shall be taken out of the preserve by any member or guest at one time, and no fish shall be sent out unaccompanied by the owner.

It is also recommended that the killing of loons and gulls be prohibited, and that, in some proper way, the killing of hawks, owls, squirrels and foxes may be encouraged.

Maine's Game Stock.

REED'S CAMPS, Big Machias Lake and Long Lake, Ashland, Me., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Much game was seen by two parties who were up in the Machias Lake region. Mr. C. A. Pitman and son, of Haverhill, Mass., were in the woods eight days. Mr. Pitman saw in that time 246 deer and nineteen moose. He saw in one day sixty-five deer and eleven moose. This statement can be proved, as there were three of us in the canoe, Mr. C. A. Pitman, C. C

Petersen and C. G. Reed, both of Ashland. Mr. Pitman got good pictures of most of the moose and part of the deer. The last party has just returned from a trip over a part of the same section, and saw in half a day fifty-two deer and ten moose. They saw in six days nineteen moose, but did not keep a record of the deer seen. Both parties caught all the trout they wanted to eat, and Mr Pitman carried home 35lbs. of good ones. If anyone doubts this statement, they can write to Mr. C. A. Pitman, Haverhill, Mass., or Mr. Robert Bowne, 81 Beaver street, New York. We think that we have as good big game region as can be found in Maine. CHAS. G. REED.

Mr. H W. Van Wagener recently made a trip through the Maine woods, from which he returned with accounts of great numbers of deer seen. We find this in the Kineo *Echo:*

"June 23 Mr. H. W. Van Wagener and wife, of Morristown, N. J., arrived here for a camping-out trip. Their guides, Clarence Morris and James Duff, were in readiness for them, and an immediate start was made for the upper waters of the Penobscot, Lake Caucomogmac, Round Pond, Daggett Pond, Poland Pond and other places being visited during their trip, which lasted twenty-three days. In this time they saw, by actual count, 485 deer and twenty-two moose. They approached very near to many of the animals, getting so close, in the water, to one moose, that Mrs. Van Wagener tapped it several times with her fly rod as it swam ahead of the canoe. Several snap shots were taken, and it is hoped that when developed some good pictures may be had. In one herd of deer alone forty were counted."

IN THE MAINE WOODS.

PROBABLY the most of us in whom is born a love for the streams and woods, have had at some time among our friends, an authority on woodcraft, to whom we could turn for information on every topic connected with hunting and fishing. At least we can all picture such an oracle to ourselves after reading those delightful papers of Col. Mather's, "Men I Have Fished With." Such a one is a certain Dr. R. to all of his friends who delight in the rod and gun; a blending of Port Tyler and Nessmuk, who seem to know by instinct just where the grouse and woodcock are on certain days, and about where the biggest landlocked salmon hide each season in the lake; a true sportsman, and genial, kindly, ideal camp companion. About The Doc, as he is familiarly called, has gradually formed a circle of kindred spirits, who dearly love to drop into his office of an evening to admire his trophies of deer, moose, bear, etc., and discuss the points of a new dog, or the proposed changes of the Maine game laws, or some other topic of common interest to sportsmen. A chosen few, usually three, who have been found worthy, and well qualified as marksmen and campers out, are made supremely happy each year by an invitation to join the Doctor on his November hunt in the Maine woods.

The eighth annual hunt left the Doc's office Nov. 19, '96. All preparations had been diligently made, and the party set out with light hearts, and not a care but to sustain the reputation for great, good luck that had been ours in previous years. This year there were the Doc, Johnnie, Ed, and the Medic. Since the first hunt in the river valley, which was to be our destination, no guide had been employed by this party. It has long been one of Doc's tenets, that for one fairly well versed in woodcraft, the sport is far keener to still hunt alone and to rely on one's-self in the woods, than to be personally conducted.

The first day out was spent in railroad and buckboard travel, and the first night at a sporting ranch kept by one Jim. The next morning Jim's stout horses took us out of sight of the last habitation of man, and later left us on the river bank. A large rowboat, that had been provided for our use, was soon loaded with our duffle and pushed off into the current, with one man at the oars. The remainder of the party set out along the river driver's tote road for the head of Long Falls, six miles down. A brisk, cold wind was blowing up river, but the thin, hard snow under foot was too noisy for successful hunting. At the head of the falls, or more properly rapids, began our portage of a mile, and here we all crossed to take advantage of the better path. Two trips apiece, with a good heavy jack, transferred the outfit (though not so easily as it looks on paper) including Doc's large wooden-shod sled. The use of this sled we afterward found to be well worth its cost of transportation, and all agreed in blessing the wisdom of Doc's foresight in bringing it.

We found Jim's boat at the foot of the falls, a third full of ice, and ferried ourselves and goods over in it, though not without some hard poling in the stiff current. There now remained about two hours of daylight in which to make ourselves comfortable in an old river driver's camp, known to us as "Dew Drop Inn." This camp is not to be seen from the river, but its location was well known to us, having been our headquarters on at least two trips in former years. It was a happy, though somewhat tired, party that sat down to hot coffee and a good meal that first night in camp. This yarn would be too long if it included the stories and jokes of that evening round the camp fire, or a description of the hardness of the river driver's bed, or the beauty of the wooded river banks next morning, when the sun rose and transformed the white hoarfrost-laden trees and branches into mounds and festoons of glistening gems.

After melting the ice out of the boat over a small fire, the impedimenta was piled into it, and the boat pushed off, to sink or swim, in care of the Medic. In order to pass above a distant rock, he pushed vigorously across a shallow, swift current in the river, and the bottom of the too-heavily laden craft grazed the bottom, while she was nearly broadside to the current. Luckily for the success of our expedition, the pebbles under her rolled, and she righted, having gained a couple of pails of water and sustained the loss of a paddle. The remainder of the trip down the quick water and over several miles of dead water, was made without incident, save a momentary glimpse that the Medic caught of some large animal crossing the river half a mile behind him. A landing was made, and all ran back up the river; but no trace could be found, and the general opinion seemed to be that the joke was on the Medic.

The lumberman's camp, which was to be our permanent camp, contained no stove, but was very tight and comfortable. Doc, the resourceful, however, knew of a stove at a camp that had been burned, three and a half miles away, and we at once set out with the sled down the tote road to get it. Our road took us two and a half miles over a good road (comparatively), but when we left the river it ran through bushes and "tea wood,' under fallen trees, and, worse than all, over the logs of a corduroy road that had been afloat, and had settled anywhere but in their original places. However, over this and back to camp the stove came, and many were the good times we had around it in the evenings that followed.

Next morning there was a light fall of snow, and we all set out for Birch-hill in high hope. Without going into details about the deer we jumped without seeing or shooting all failed to score but Doc; he dropped a young buck in his tracks with a .38 bullet through the neck.

Two days later, Johnnie and Doc set out down the river, and at about noon the former found himself not far from the foot of a steep, scantily-wooded ascent, about two miles from camp. He was slowly working his way through a swamp toward the bluff, when he saw about 8in. of a deer's back above a fallen tree-trunk. There was a quick report, followed by a slight struggle behind the blow down. The buck's spine was dislocated, but a second shot ended its suffering. Johnnie now found that he had left his hunting-knife at the camp; but making good use of his penknife he soon had his game cooling and was on his way again. He had ascended the bluff but a short distance when his quick eye caught the movement of what looked like a mule's ear, some distance above him. A moment later a cow moose walked out, and stopped, but without seeing or smelling the hunter. Johnnie was just wishing his camera was at hand, when a second moose came into view. This was a big bull, and called for treatment with some instrument other than a camera.

The first shot, a copper-jacketed bullet driven by smokeless powder, struck the forest monarch just back of the shoulder and passed very near the heart, but produced no apparent effect. Five others followed in quick succession, every one taking effect, when the moose, for the first time, seemed to catch sight of the hunter. For an instant he stood bracing himself, then, with blazing eyes and bristling hair, he gave a hoarse grunt, and lowering his big head plunged down the hill. There was one more chance, and Johnnie took it. Just as the bull jumped he fired again, full at the broad chest, and the bull fell dead, with his great muzzle only 6ft. from the young hunter. Johnnie mechanically threw back the lever of his Marlin, but the magazine was empty. Here in a very few seconds his highest ambition as a hunter was realized, and his last shot had slain the moose in the last moment of time. As he hurried back to camp for his knife, he began to realize this and the closeness of his call. Then, for the first time, he began to get a little excited; but let it be said right here, in total denial of the statements made in the daily papers at the time, that he did not faint. What an absurdity! This young man has hunted ever since he could hold a gun, and has killed more than a dozen deer, and has camped and tramped all through the Spencer and Chain of Ponds regions of Maine, on several trips being alone. It is true it was his first moose, and shot under very trying circumstances, but there was no fainting.

On reaching camp, our hunter found the Medic and Ed, and as we were setting out Doc came in; so all went back to the moose to take photos and help in the lifting. The moose lay in a little hollow, and the united strength of the whole party was required to turn the carcass round. His antlers were rather small, but were symmetrical, and carried five points on a side.

Two days later, Gill and the Captain, members of Doc's party in former years, gave us a genuine and most agreeable surprise by coolly walking into camp, hanging up their rifles, and announcing their intention of spending Thanksgiving with us. Everybody did his best to get them a shot during their short stay, but the snow was too noisy. The nearest they came to it was when the Captain got a fleeting glimpse of a disappearing flag, but only had time to say, "There he goes!"

The dinner served that Thanksgiving Day was unanimously voted a big success. The writer only wishes the items of the following menu could bring to the mind of the reader a correct idea of the gastronomic pleasure we experienced in discussing them:

MENU.

Doe's Head Camp. Maine Woods.
Thanksgiving, Nov. 26, 1896.

DINNER.

Fried Pickerel (in meal). Venison Steak (fat doe).
Grouse Pot Pie (five birds).
Mashed Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes.
Chow Chow. Green Corn. Worcestershire Sauce.
Dead River Cordial.
Buckwheat Cakes, Maple Syrup.
Mince Pie. Apple Pie. Cheese.
Vin Port. Punch.
Coffee. Cigars.

Gill and the Captain twice deferred their return, stifling all thoughts of "business" and "what would be said" on reaching home. The last postponement was to help us cut a road and drag the moose out to the tote road on the river, a distance of two miles. And right well did we appreciate the lift they gave us.

An invitation was sent out by our departing guests to Roger, who joined us a couple of days later. At about this time Leon shot a huge doe, and the Medic had the good luck to drop the finest buck of the trip in his tracks. After following the buck for a couple of hours he was started, when the top of a small hill intervened between him and the hunter. Upon hearing the buck's whistle the hunter held his .38-72 Winchester on the top of the hill, and after a few seconds the outlines of the buck's ears moved silently up into sight amid the underbrush. The bullet took effect fairly between the eyes. The antlers, though only four-pronged, were unusually large and wide-spreading (20in.).

Doc and Johnnie crossed the river on the ice and found the two-days' old tracks of a bear; but as the temperature had been more than low enough to make any bear seek winter quarters, he was not hunted.

A weasel afforded us much amusement on several occasions. One morning he boldly seized some scraps of meat frozen to a newspaper which was lying near the camp door. This he threw over his back, and holding one edge in his teeth proceeded to back off. All went well till he reached the bushes, when the paper caught, and he showed his engineering skill by turning about and jerking the paper along by little backward jumps. At another time the boys tempted him with meat, to which a string was attached, and enticed him almost within reach; but no one manifested any disposition to seize him, as his whole progress toward us was punctuated and embellished with a marvelous and at the same time cunning exhibition of hisses, snarls and grimaces that might readily be taken for feline profanity.

A more amiable visitor was a flying squirrel that glided softly in at a crevice one evening, and becoming confused by the light (they forage by night and are seldom seen during the day), was caught after a hot chase by Doc, and imprisoned in an empty coffee can, in which we punched some holes. He was set at liberty, however, after twenty-four hours, as his activity at night kept up an annoying rattle of the coffee can.

Ed did some phenomenal shooting, one morning getting his deer for the trip in less than an hour. The score now stood at seven, the swamps and quiet brooks were frozen up for the winter and our stay had been prolonged from two weeks to three. One night when Doc came in from an unusually long tramp and announced that he had found plenty of fresh moose sign there was a general stir of excitement in camp. But the distance from camp was found to be too great for a successful one day's hunt and the end too near for a camping trip there; so, reluctantly, the moose were abandoned to their fate.

All too soon for each of us the day came when we must send out for Jim and his horses to come for us and the game, as the demands of business had become imperative. Doc volunteered to act as messenger, and set out at noon. Toward night it began to snow softly, and the morning of the day on which we must break camp saw the best hunting snow of our stay on the ground. Didn't we want to stay one day more? But it was out of the question now, and we must make haste to pack up and drag two deer out to the road for Jim's team.

Leaving Ed to finish packing up, Johnnie, Roger and the Medic set out for the deer, both being on the road to the settlement. Doc's buck was easily found, frozen stiff, of course, and was soon toted out to the road and left standing on his hind legs, apparently embracing a small tree as high up as he could reach. A couple of miles further on the Medic's blazed trail was found, and followed up our old, hardly traceable logging road for at least a couple more, then through a half mile of the vilest sort of scrambling and crawling up through scrub spruce and cedars. No succession of hard experiences or jolly hunting trips yet to come, will ever quite efface the remembrance of the struggle it cost to haul that buck out, through the thickets, drenching down snow, over logs and through the stiff bushes of the old road. All this took time, and Ed and Jim, after waiting awhile at the end of the blazed trail with the team, organized themselves into a relief party, and met the out-coming trio in time to take a hand in the finish.

There now remained the long, cold ride and walk to Jim's snug camp. This, however, at last came to an end, and a little after dark we drew up before the brightly lighted windows. The supper we stowed away that night would have astonished anyone unused to feeding lumbermen. Next morning the game, seven deer and two moose, was grouped and photographed. The Medic had no such urgent reasons as the other members of the party for terminating the hunt, and as he had shot but one deer, decided to remain with Jim a few days.

The following morning was bright and cold, but the tracking in the recent light snow was excellent. The Medic struck out up the mountain side not far from the camp and found a fresh track at about 8 o'clock. An hour's careful work showed him a buck some fifteen rods off up the mountain, but in good open woods. The first shot, it seems, was a clean miss, but the second, though a little low, threw the buck after a few jumps. As the dragging was all down hill, the game was hung up at Jim's in time for dinner. This rounded out the score to the full legal limit for deer—two each.

At the next semi occasional meeting of the boys in Doc's office, which occurred very soon after all had returned, it was unanimously decided that the trip was one of the jolliest and most successful in the history of the club. GRAPHO.

THE INVASION OF MINNESOTA.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the risk of boring your readers, I venture again on a subject which is but of trivial importance in its substance; yet such as it is, it is better that it be correct.

In your issue of July 24, Mr. Hough says: "Yet I believe that it was not merely the non-resident sportsman, hoggish or not hoggish, who destroyed much of Minnesota's heritage of game. Her prairie chickens went chiefly into the ice barrels of early market shooters."

I am constrained to believe that Mr. Hough knows something of market shooting as it is practiced at present, but his knowledge of Minnesota is wholly inadequate. First of all, the early market shooters did not use any ice barrels or any ice.

No ice was to be had in the smaller towns, and there many of the necessities of life also were absent. Hardship, poverty and privation were everywhere, as is common in a new country. Things much more important than ice were preforce beyond the means of the people. To attempt its transportation from St. Paul or Minneapolis was not a business proposition to men who were so frequently changing their base of operations and who could, with a certain percentage of loss, get along without it. As soon as the birds were shot, they were drawn as clean as possible, then stuffed with dry hay, a quantity of which was carried in the wagon for that purpose and it also served as a soft bed for the dogs. The market hunters always endeavored to be within twelve or fifteen miles of a railroad. At night, the birds killed during the day were recleaned and stuffed with fresh hay, then sent to the railway for shipment. There was almost invariably a more or less serious deduction from the proceeds for spoiled birds, the market shooter being forced to take the dealer's word as a matter of course.

The day when Minnesota's chickens were destroyed by the car load was before the profession of market shooting had been so perfected with refrigerating adjuncts.

Mr. Hough is also in error on the question of the non-resident sportsman not destroying "Minnesota's heritage of game," a property which, by the way, was not a heritage at all, but was her own in perpetuity from the first. At the time when Minnesota was such a fertile game field, the market shooters were mostly non-residents, and the number of thousands of chickens they killed then seems now incredible. Strange as it may seem to Mr. Hough, who makes a distinction between the sportsman and the market shooter as they relate to Minnesota, a distinction which applies now, but only in an exceedingly limited way then, great numbers of the sportsmen then sold their birds as did the market shooter. It is true, "they did not stay at the business so steadily and so long," but there were innumerable relays of them, so that when one left, or a party left, there were others to take the vacated places. The sportsmen and market shooter had the same purpose and the results of each were the same. The country was worked diligently within

an area which could be successfully tapped by transportation facilities.

This new invasion is but the same old invasion which has been in progress these many years, although we are all prone to consider a thing new when it is new to us. For myself, I may say that the Minnesota "invasion" is no new thing to me, but a long-standing grievance. Possibly I may find consolation in the country of which Mr. Mussey wrote, if it shall be my good fortune to find my way thither this year.

GRUMBLER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Dangers of the Mountains.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 31.—The dangers of mountain climbing had a sad illustration this week on Mount Rainier, Washington, where, on Tuesday night, Prof. Edgar McClure, of the Oregon State University, lost his life by a fall in the dark while on his way down the mountain. Prof. McClure was in charge of scientific work connected with the ascent of the peak by the well known club of mountaineers, the Mazamas. Some fifty members of the club made the ascent, but Prof. McClure and his smaller party were detached from the main body, all of whom got through safely, so far as actual injury to life and limb was concerned, though not without alarming experiences. The day following the accident to Prof. McClure, H. A. Ainslie and George Rogers, of Portland, Ore., lost the trail on the Cowlitz glacier, and fell some 40ft. into a crevasse. Both were unconscious for a time, Rogers remaining so for some hours after being taken by the rescuers to the camp of the Mazamas. On his way up the mountain on Tuesday William Pierce, of Pendleton, Ore., became confused and lost his head. He had to be abandoned by the party, but was left in safety and later brought down from the peak which had so terrified him. Yet another man, Prof. Brown, of Stanford University, started up alone, became lost and wandered until exhausted, being found later by a search party of six men, who took him to Camp Mazama. The club has never before had such unfortunate experiences, and much of the pleasure of its success in making the ascent of Rainier is lost through the deplorable incidents attendant upon the attempt this year.

Prairie Chickens.

From reports of an early and of course not very satisfactory nature received from different parts of Illinois, I am disposed to think that we shall have chicken shooting of no mean sort in upper Illinois this fall. Around Amboy and Lee Center the birds still nest in some numbers, and if the sooners don't get them all there is sure to be sport of a limited sort this season. Around Anna, near Mt. Pulaski, and in the vicinity of Champaign, there are still some chickens left, so that one can get a sight and a shot now and then, though of course not the full flavor of an old-time shoot on the prairies or stubble.

From Nebraska Mr. W. R. Hall, of Omaha, writes on the whole encouragingly upon the game supply:

"Nebraska is at last waking up to the necessity of game protection," he says, "and numerous game protective clubs are being formed throughout the State. It's a little like locking the stable door after the horse is stolen, but they may save the remnant. I have talked the subject single-handed for years, until I got black in the face and my tongue got cracked, but it did not do much good. Prairie chickens and quail are fairly numerous this year, more so than for some years back, though they never will again be as plentiful as they once were, and if the new clubs can only hold down the market-shooters and sooners until the open season there will be fair sport. I already hear of chickens being killed, and several hotels are reported as serving them, but of this I have only hearsay evidence.

"Ducks and geese will be here in good numbers, as the sloughs and lakes are full of water and there is plenty of feed, but the new game law passed by our fool Legislature makes hunting them well nigh impossible, it being unlawful to seek cover on sandbars, shores of islands or lakes, or to shoot from any form of boat or raft, etc. About the only way I see out of it is to use the airship some of our long-haired citizens saw last spring."

In Minnesota State agent Fullerton has been looking into the prospects of the chicken crop, and he reports it as his belief that there will be more birds this year than for a long time past. He thinks the early rains did not hurt the chickens in the least, and that the later rains did not catch them in time to hurt them. Mr. Fullerton has been traveling all over the State, and thinks he bases his prediction upon fairly accurate premises. He is besieged by letters from outside parties who want to know where they can get good shooting or chickens.

In Iowa also there appears to be confirmation of the earlier belief that the year of 1897 will prove a good one for the prairie chickens. In this once famous State, where the market hunters thought they could shoot forever without exhausting the supply, and where in the earlier days no man would think of eating prairie chicken, because he was surfeited alike with it and the sport of shooting it, the bird within the last decade almost disappeared. Slowly the day of new methods in game law matters is dawning even in Iowa, one of the slowest States in the entire Union in this regard, and now there is hope for better things. Mr. John G Smith, of Algona, long president of the Iowa Association of sportsmen, and one of the greatest factors in the increasing sentiment in favor of game protection, writes me as follows in regard to chickens in his country:

"I have been over county quite a good deal during the last few days, and find that my predictions in regard to the chicken crop have proved true. The season has been very fine, and the old birds hatched and brought up the young birds in fine shape. I was up in the country north of Bancroft yesterday. I saw a great many young birds, and they did not act as if they had ever been disturbed. They are talking of having a coursing match at Bancroft. It would be a very nice place, as there are plenty of 'jacks' and a good place to run the dogs. Ed. Burcher keeps a splendid hotel, and knows how to take care of sportsmen that visit him.

"Our game laws are well observed, and I think that there will be very little shooting before Sept. 1."

Warden's Circular.

State Warden Harry Loveday, of Illinois, has caused to be widely printed in the State press the following call upon the sportsmen of the State to assist him in his work of stopping illegal shooting:

Pursuant to the powers vested in me by His Excellency, Governor Tanner, I Proclaim, in the Name of the People, that the Game Laws of this State must be rigorously and impartially enforced.

I call upon all sportsmen and sportsmen's clubs, within the jurisdiction of the State, to lend me their hearty and unqualified assistance in the furtherance of my efforts.

We have in the Illinois Fish and Game Protective Association (Incorporated) a parent institution fully equipped and able to cope with all questions of magnitude which may require serious attention. It has a giant task before it, but the men who compose its board of managers are determined and resolute. The Association has pledged its untiring support; its law committee is ready to act in my behalf, and has met with such success that I feel confident that the outcome of my labors will be a complete vindication of the law; I repose the utmost confidence in this Association.

I propose that the killing and illicit shipment and sale of game in closed season shall stop. With this object in view, I invoke and earnestly request the assistance of all true men and sportsmen of the State. I ask you to organize in every county that has not already done so, and to send me the names of good men who are willing to undertake the duties of deputy warden. The game law states that it shall be the duty of sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables and police officers to enforce the game laws.

In the name of the people of the State I demand that the railroads preclude illegal shipments, whether to the markets of Chicago or elsewhere.

It is your duty to notify me at once of any violation of the game laws. If a letter will not reach me in time, telegraph me. Do not hesitate. I am ready, and will respond day or night. I have sworn to enforce the laws, and I propose to redeem my obligations without fear or favor. Give me your help, and I promise game shall not be seen on our streets out of season.

I believe that a large and increasing majority of our citizens are strictly observing the game laws. The practice of a minority of so-called sportsmen killing game out of season is a shame and disgrace to them and an outrage on law-abiding sportsmen. A strict compliance with the law (as it now stands) by all, means more birds, more sport for all. Therefore, I call the attention of all persons of this State particularly to the killing of prairie chickens before the closed season has expired, namely, Sept 15.

The prohibition of water-fowl shooting before sunrise and after sundown will be a feature of my administration.

Every violator of the law must be dealt with summarily.

The market hunters are warned against further offenses.

Strenuous efforts will be made to enforce the full penalty.

Where fines are uncollectable our recourse is the jail.

H. W. LOVEDAY, State Game Warden.

SCHILLER BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Confusion Over Moose Law.

There is considerable confusion over the Minnesota moose law, and parties from that State report that in Minnesota the confusion is worse than anywhere else. The guides around Pine River and the Woman Lake country say that the season opens this fall on Nov. 1. The former law declared a close season till Jan. 1, 1898, but set the legal season for shooting in November. A reliable informant told me the new law made the season ten days, Nov. 1–10, 1898; yet the *Game Laws in Brief*, the only actual authority on game law matters, sets the date on moose as Nov. 5 to Nov. 10, and does not say anything about the year of 1898 This would seem to make moose hunting legal this coming fall for five days in November. Most of the uncertain parties are very liable to give themselves the benefit of all doubts. We need a definite statement as to the date of this open season on moose in Minnesota, and I know of nothing conclusive except that of the *Brief*. It has been the general belief, however, that moose could not be killed in Minnesota until November of 1898.*

Illegal Moose.

Agent Fullerton has lately been complaining over the illegal killing of deer and moose in Itasca county, in which county he said it is next to impossible to make a case stick. He thought illegal moose had been served at hotels there. Now comes D. M Gunn, a hotel keeper in Grand Rapids, Minn., and denies with much indignation that he ever served moose on his tables. He says it isn't good to eat, anyhow. Mr. Gunn is evidently loaded for Mr. Fullerton, for he treats him to a column roast in the Duluth paper from which I take the above facts. He says that Mr. Fullerton is a bold, bad man, with nothing but a newspaper reputation, and charges that more illegal game is killed now than ever before. In these wide accusations I fear Mr. Gunn will find few to agree with him. Mr. Gunn is angry, and he has apparently gone off half-cocked and not hit anything.

How to Handle Indians.

Out in Minnesota they are much troubled with Indians, who shoot and fish for the market at all sorts of seasons and in all sorts of ways. It is very difficult to get any hold on this form of law-breaking, as the Indians have in the courts been held to be exempt under the State laws. When arrested no fine can be collected from them, and as for a term in jail, they like it, as it is their notion of ease and dignity. Agent Fullerton has issued an edict that henceforth any Indian found breaking the laws in public country shall have his outfit taken away from him then and there. This sort of thing the Indian heartily detests. He doesn't mind the jail, and he doesn't understand the fine, but he savvies it a heap when you take away his gun, spear and boat. In short, he succumbs to what has in many other portions of the land been found a most potent way of breaking up poaching methods among men of no great financial means. This, for instance, has always been the method pursued by the Tolleston Club, of Chicago, which has been up against the hardest poaching proposition in America. They simply took away the guns and broke up the boats of the poachers. This was not a legal thing to do, but the club left the other fellow to do the suing. The other fellow usually took it out in threats and regrets, but he didn't chance it there any more. A few Indians minus their guns and nets will do a world of missionary work among their people. If they were shooting to support their people it might be different, but they are shooting to support St. Paul cold storage houses, which is needless. The State Commission has decided to take this same method in dealing with white law breakers who shoot chickens ahead of the season. It has been learned that the country juries will not often convict a man arrested for such illegal shooting, so that the law is left with small terror for the evil doer. If said evil doer has his gun and ammunition taken away from him, he is apt to think it over a while before he buys a new gun and goes out to try it all over again. He has a good chance for a lawsuit for his gun, but, so long as he was caught breaking the law, he doesn't care to go after his lost property. He sits down and gets real mad over it, but he doesn't go kill any more illegal chickens. A large number of special wardens have been appointed in Minnesota this summer to carry on this work of chicken protection on the above lines. This year the Minnesota Commission has $25,000 to work with, this being available Aug. 1. In order to spread this amount as far as possible, the wardens will be laid off during the times when law-breaking is impossible or infrequent.

* There appears to be some circumspect hedging in this paragraph, but Mr. Hough's evident ultimate confidence in the *Brief* is not misplaced.

Sec, 11, Chap. 9, Laws 1891 as amended 1895, provided that moose and caribou should not be taken prior to 1898. But Sec. 15 of Chap. 221, Laws of 1897, as given in the *Brief*, fixes an open season, from Nov. 5 to Nov. 10, in each year, and does not extend the close term to 1898. Also, Sec. 50 of Chap. 221, Laws 1897, provides, "All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed." This repeals the old law, and the moose season for 1897 is therefore as given in the *Brief*.—ED. F. AND S.

Grumbler not Accredited.

It would seem that our good friend Grumbler, whose pessimistic remarks over the Minnesota game supply attracted considerable attention, is not accredited wholly in his own country. The Minneapolis *Journal* quotes from the FOREST AND STREAM in answer to him, and further goes on to say:

"As to the deer, which are said by Grumbler to be rapidly on the route to extinction, residents in the northern forests assert with much deliberation that there never were so many as during the last deer season, and reports from the same region now indicate that there will be no lack of good sport when the next November weather makes itself felt. It is very true that a great many more deer were killed than should have been killed, and that there was practically no check on the hunters except such as was exercised by a small posse of wardens seizing game at central points, but thanks to the immense territory open to the big game in this State, and to the inaccessibility of much of it, there is still a chance to preserve the red deer in good force, provided that some more sane methods than those now in vogue are adopted within a few years."

Mountain Quail in Michigan.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, the high-priced guide of Saginaw, Michigan, writes me in regard to the discovery of another instance of the far-reaching activity of the market man. He says:

"At one of the hotels here within the last few days, a number of times there has appeared on the bill of fare, 'mountain quail.' Upon investigation I find they are California quail, and the landlord says he buys them in Chicago. It is too bad to think that the commercial feature cannot be taken out of the game question. These birds are undoubtedly trapped in New Mexico or Arizona, and it does seem as if there ought to be a way devised for putting a stop to it.

"At Phoenix, Arizona, while there last winter, I learned that up to within a short time the valley quail had been abundant; but of late they have been very hard to find in any quantity on account of the extensive trapping of them. A year ago the hotels were serving ptarmigan; whether they came through Chicago game dealers or not I do not know, but they claimed the birds came from some part of northern Canada."

Threats for Tolleston.

It is said that John B. Clough, contestant for land adjoining the famous and much-mooted Tolleston marsh, was this week making preparations for blowing up the Tolleston dam across the Little Calumet. This would injure the club marsh very much temporarily, but it is difficult to see where it would materially benefit Mr. Clough. At last reports this news is to be classified as interesting if true.

Visitors from Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Emery, of Marlin, Tex., are in the North for a visit of some weeks, and have this week gone on up into Wisconsin for a stay at Baraboo, Mr. Emery's former home. Mr. Emery is well known as a good one in the field or at the traps in his country, and on his way North stopped at Kansas City for a look at the pigeon grounds there. From his report I learn that in the neighborhood of Marlin quail are very abundant, and doves are reckoned only by the thousand. Deer and turkeys still are to be had in that favored land, and, all in all, it would seem that life there was much worth living. Mr. Emery says that the sportsmen of his vicinity are alive to the necessity of preserving their game, and the Marlin men have always aided in the work of the State Association at Waco, of which we have heard in the past from time to time. Mrs. Emery has never been in the North before, and enjoys very much her initial experience in the land of business. She is nearly as much of an enthusiast as her husband over sports of the field, and they are partners in many pleasant enterprises out of doors.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Vermont Game Conditions.

SHELDON, Vt., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The outlook for good shooting this season in this vicinity is a dismal one, for the long continued rains have destroyed the young ruffed grouse and quail, and have flooded the woodcock breeding grounds. A heavy cloudburst that occurred here the night of the 14th deluged our aviaries and played sad havoc with the young pheasants and chickens.

Rev. Mr. Gelot, of Middleburg, Vt., writes me that the black game released near that place have nested and will likely successfully rear their broods, as there has been less rain in that vicinity.

So far we have not known of a single deer being seen in this vicinity this season.

Foxes are likely to be scarce, as the farmer boys have dug out and destroyed several litters. So our only sport will be rabbit shooting—our big Northern hare will often give the hounds a good run, and on him we shall pin our hopes to supply our demands for field sports this season.

Last season, so far as we could learn, not a single pair of bluebirds nested in this section of the State, the past spring they arrived in goodly numbers, but passed on to more Northern breeding places, with the exception of a single pair that have remained with us. Other song birds are here as usual—the bobolink in increased numbers. The upland plover stopped here to nest, but we have not seen any of the young birds.

STANSTEAD.

Texas Quail.

THE outlook for shooting this fall is very good at present, really better than I expected; as the early part of spring was excessively wet, I feared that the nesting season would be materially interferred with; though the birds will be a little late in getting full-fledged, yet I think they will be in good shape and reasonably plentiful. The quail is our only game bird here, except that during their flight we have quite a number of plover, and I have heard some reports of a few jack snipe.

I note with much pleasure the presence of the usual number of song birds this summer, among which are the mocking bird, orioles, and several of the bunting family, also a family of red birds who have reared a brood of young in a tree in our yard. The English sparrow is fastly increasing, and we now have several large flocks, they are nesting in every available niche.

T. E. W.

A Word to Iowa Farmers.

NEVADA, Ia., July 27.—How many people who are interested in the sport of prairie chicken hunting, have ever given the subject of game laws and their enforcement serious thought?

Do the citizens of Iowa realize that the prairie chicken, one of the finest and most hardy game birds known, will soon become extinct in Iowa, if the game laws, which were intended to protect these grand birds, are not respected and obeyed?

The time was not so long ago, when few of us paid any attention to the game laws. But the fact that these birds, which once inhabited our State by millions, are now to be found only in limited numbers in the central and northwestern parts of Iowa is indisputable evidence that our prairie chickens will soon exist in memory only.

The legislatures of a few States have not only provided laws similar to the Iowa game laws, but have provided officers and funds for the enforcement of the laws. This action has not only proved beneficial to the game, but has in at least one State (Maine) been the means of bringing many thousands of dollars into the State, as thousands of sportsmen from the large eastern cities annually go to Maine to hunt.

While we might not profit so much as Maine by the enforcement of our game laws, certain it is, that should prairie chickens ever again become as numerous in Iowa as they were twenty years ago, many sportsmen from the west and even from "down east" would come to Iowa to hunt, and as a matter of fact, leave a good deal of money in the State. As Iowa has not provided the necessary funds and officers, the only hope for the enforcement of the law, is that the sportsmen may realize the situation and respect the law, and that every farmer and landowner may apply the trespass law to any "sooner" found hunting before the lawful season. The lawful hunting season is, for prairie chickens from Sept. 1 to Dec. 1; for quail from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1. It is to be hoped that every farmer will take advantage of the trespass law to control the "sooner" who persists in hunting out of season. It is a fact well known to those who have made the matter a subject of careful study, that our prairie chickens and quail are the greatest known destroyers of grasshoppers, potato bugs, etc., and therefore are friends of the farmer.

JOHN C. BRIGGS.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsmen for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

ANGLING NOTES.

Length of Gut.

MY "Angling Notes" have been omitted from this periodical of late, simply because I have been so much from home, and other duties have demanded my attention, that I have had no time to write them. This evening I have for the first time read the article signed by S. Allcock & Co. in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of May 29. Messrs. Allcock & Co. refer to an article of mine, in which I said that at the London Fishery Exhibition gut was shown, some of the strands being 40in. in length.

That was a statement of fact. Not an opinion, which anyone is at liberty to differ from. Messrs. Allcock & Co. declare: "As to the very long gut, there is nothing made 40in. in length, and such has never been produced, to our knowledge."

Now, is it not possible that Messrs. Allcock & Co. do not know all that is to be known about long gut, and that 40in. gut might be manufactured without their knowledge or consent?

In the *Fishing Gazette* of July 10, published in London, Messrs. Hardy Bros. advertised gut in strands from 30 to 42in. in length, and leaders 3yds. long, made from three strands only of gut. In a letter to the editor of the *Gazette* inclosing samples of leaders, or gut casts, as they call them on the other side, the Messrs. Hardy say: "You will notice the No. 1 is in three strands only, each strand being about 1yd. No. 2 is in four strands. The No. 1 is made from gut 42in.; No. 2 from 30in."

The editor, Mr. Marston, acknowledges the receipt of the leaders, and says the length of the strands is most unusual, but he does not say the gut lengths are any different from what is claimed, so I must assume that there is gut 40in. long, even if Messrs. Allcock & Co. say there is not.

It is quite possible that Mr. Marston will be willing to show Messrs. Allcock & Co. the gut casts if requested to do so, and they can thus add to their knowledge concerning the length of gut that is produced.

Wealth of Fish Food in St. Lawrence River.

About the middle of June I was leaving Montreal one evening by the Delaware & Hudson R. R. The sun was just sinking, possibly it was half an hour high, and as the train approached the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence we ran into a swarm of flies. The flies were so numerous that we shut the car windows to keep them out, and for several miles south of the river I noticed the flies in the failing sunlight on both sides of the track in hordes. "Eel flies," a fellow-passenger called them, but they were one of the caddis flies, which come from the caddis or case worm, a most excellent food for fishes. I was on a train on the Union Pacific R. R., in Wyoming Territory, many years ago, that was stalled by grasshoppers crawling over the rails and becoming crushed to pulp under the wheels, so they revolved without advancing the train, until the passengers assisted the train crew in sanding the rails. If the caddis flies that I saw rising near the St. Lawrence as we came out of Montreal had crawled on the railroad iron instead of flying in the air, they would have stalled all the trains on the Grand Trunk and D. & H. R. R. systems. The flies would have furnished food for an army of fishes, and doubtless the larval forms of these flies do furnish an abundance of food for the fish in the St. Lawrence. About two weeks later I was at Clayton, on the St. Lawrence, and saw on the surface of the water great numbers of dead and dying alewives (locally called "saw-bellies"), and these fish swarm in the water. I could account for their dying only because of the change in the temperature of the water from cold to warm. They are very sensitive to such changes when found in some of our interior lakes, and it is more than likely that this will explain the mortality of the alewife in the St. Lawrence. They must for a good portion of the year furnish an abundance of food to the adult fishes, and they are found from Lake Ontario to Ogdensburgh.

Just two weeks later still I was again on the St. Lawrence, and in a steam yacht went from Clayton to Messina, a distance of about seventy-five miles, and for all that distance there were patches on the water consisting of the larval cases of the May-flies. The flies were at the same time rising every night. The larval skins would in some instances cover half an acre of the surface, having been gathered in a mass by the wind and current. During the ride of seventy-five miles we were never out of sight of a patch, larger or smaller, of the larval skins, and the piers and boat houses, piles, etc., were covered with empty cases. Every night the flies would rise in clouds, and this continues, I was told, for a month. I counted five species of drakes, the big green drake or May-fly being most abundant. The flies plastered the houses, the lamps, and other furniture, and I found them quite abundant in my bed. If any one cared to transplant the May-fly, and I mean the green drake, as it is the largest of the tribe, to furnish fish food where they are not found, they could be obtained very easily along the St. Lawrence. The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission was examining lands and islands offered for sale to constitute the St. Lawrence River Park, and one day returning to the steamer, after looking over an island, the captain called my attention to animal life in the water. It was late in the afternoon and we approached the boat from the east. Under the boat the sun made a bright strip in the water between the keel and the bottom of the river. In this bright strip could be seen countless numbers of small insects, and by dipping up a tumbler of water they were found to be the small crustacean with one eye, called cyclops. Here was food for very young fish when first taking food through the mouth, and elsewhere food for fishes of a larger growth, all in lavish abundance. Why then is the black bass fishing poorer in the river than it used to be? Simply because for years the bass have been caught during the spawning season. Legally caught, to be sure, but nevertheless they have been caught during the spawning season. I found the water in the river at the bottom, in, say, 15ft. of water, where there was a current, 62½° Fahrenheit, and black bass do not spawn until the water reaches about 65° for a great part of the day. If the black bass are protected until July 1 (a great many bass spawn in the river after July 1; perhaps the most of these spawn after July 1 in such a late year as this), and the limit to the daily catch be enforced, the black bass fishing in the river may be restored to what it used to be. For my part, I cannot see what is done with all the bass exhibited at the hotels by the guests every night, even now with the limit in force of twelve bass to each rod or twenty-four bass to each boat, provided there are two fishermen in the boat. The guests at the hotels were not so numerous when I was there, that they were bulging the sides of the hotels outward, yet the display of bass each night made me wonder what the display would be when the season was at its height, and also what would become of the bass displayed. At a dinner given to the New York Commission by Mr. Boldt at his summer home, Heart Island, the after-dinner speeches referred to the proposed park and to the game laws, fishing, etc. Some of the members of the resident committee contended that June 9 was as late as the season should open, although the Canadian authorities wished the open season to begin June 15. I advocated a close season to extend to July 1, for I found bass with spawn in them on June 16; and it was finally admitted, after dinner and privately, that many bass were taken in July containing spawn. Let the guests fish for other fish until July 1, and permit the bass fishing to recover, and the boatmen will make more to be engaged through July, August and early September, with good fishing that will attract fishermen as it once did, than to fish with indifferent success from June 9, and feel all the time that they are doing injury to the fishing by taking the bass from the river before they have spawned. This matter of a proper open season was all fought out in Lake George. The open season first began July 10, then July 20, and finally Aug. 1, for the water of the lake is very cold, and the bass spawn all through July. The law was Aug. 1 to Dec. 31 for many years, and the lake was recovering from years of taking spawning bass; but this year the law was changed to conform to the general law, and changed by people who apparently have no interest in the fishing, except it be a selfish interest, and the people at the lake who understand why the bass should be protected are indignant about it.

What My Window Screens Catch.

The windows of my library face the Hudson River, which is a quarter of a mile away, and they have at certain seasons fine wire screens in them. When the wind blows from the river in the spring and early summer the screens are apt to catch something of the insect life blown up from the water, and it is quite the regular thing to examine the screens early every morning to see if they have caught anything. On the screens I have found four species of drakes, but never the big green drake or May-fly. I have already described in FOREST AND STREAM how the May flies have performed their final transformation on these screens, and shed the thin, gauzy skin, which, until witnessed, it would seem impossible to shed, for it is a pure film. It is not unusual for the dragon fly to visit the screens; but I had a brand new caller one evening lately, when one of the family exclaimed, "Here is a dobson on the screen; come quick!" Sure enough, it was the fly of the dobson or helgramite (*Corydalus cornutus*), and one of a very few uninjured ones that I have found. Prof. Surface, of Cornell University, was to dine with me that evening, and I assured him that the fly called in his honor; for we had been talking about fish food and water insects for two evenings previous. It is perhaps curious that, much as I have looked for the image of the dobson, I have found comparatively few of them. Since my boyhood days I have been familiar with the larvæ which we call dobson, and have used hundreds for black bass bait. In perfect form it is a night flyer, and the first one I ever saw, aside from preserved specimens, I picked up one morning under a street gas lamp which had a broken glass. Within a day or two after I found a second one; but that was when I was a boy, and I think I have not seen fifty, all told, since, and to have one fly on to the screen was most unusual. But it adds to the list of fish foods that the screens have collected, and I hope that its mate (this is a female) will pay me a visit some evening.

An Irish Pike Fly.

Not long ago my friend Mr. Marston wrote: "I am sending you a pike fly made by Enright & Son, of Castle Connell, and used on Irish waters. It may suit your mascalonge." When I looked at the fly I was satisfied that a pike, mascalonge or any big fish of the tribe would take the fly if they had the opportunity. A gentleman, who is not an angler, was visiting me and saw the fly hanging on a picture frame and asked me if I kept it to frighten children with, and I said no, it was an alligator fly, and he assured me it looked it. The fly is tied on 7-0 double hooks, and has a body of red and green mohair wound with round gold tinsel, the tag is gold and the tail is just a bunch of whole feathers of various colors, and the same may be said of the hackle. The head is, however, its *chef d'œuvre*. Two glass eyes glaring at you from a mass of green plush, back of which stands up the tip of two peacock feathers, with the eyes, for wings, makes the whole thing look like a cross between a gigantic dragon fly and a steam fire engine at work. I am breaking an Irish terrier puppy by the name of Drummond, and until the pup is broken that fly will not be offered to any mascalonge, for a sight of it is enough to put the pup on his good behavior for twenty-four hours, and it is generally understood that an Irish terrier fears nothing that swims, walks or flies.

Mahseer Teeth.

With the pike fly, Mr. Marston sends me a set of Indian mahseer teeth—the big carp, which is called the salmon of India—and it was fitting that the fly and the teeth should cross the ocean in the same box, for they are both in the same class. The teeth are from a fish of 22½lbs. (really a small fish) caught on Washington's Birthday of this year. The largest teeth are ⅝in. long and ⅜in. wide at the base and ⅛in. thick. Very recently I read a newspaper item which said that the mahseer had no teeth, but its powerful jaws would crush an ordinary spoon bait. The person who wrote the original article about the mahseer, from which the item was garbled, probably said that the mahseer had no teeth in its jaws, which is true, but like other carp, it has teeth in its throat, as the examples before me will testify.

What the teeth of a 150lb. mahseer would be like I cannot say, but if they grow in proportion to the fish, judging from these on my desk, they must be several inches long and strong enough in other respects to suggest a gun as the proper instrument to use instead of a gaff at the end of a fight.

"The Book of the Dry Fly."

This is the title of a book recently published in London, of which George A. B. Dewar, Esq., is the author, and the Marquis of Granby, and J. E. Booth, Esq., contributors. On this side of the water we do not practice dry fly fishing to any extent as yet, but it is considered in England the acme of fishing with the fly, and from inquiries which have come to me within a year or two past, I am satisfied that our anglers are becoming interested in it and desire to know about it. Mr. Dewar states the difference between wet and dry fly-fishing very concisely when he says: "Wet and sunk fly-fishing is fishing the stream; dry fly-fishing is fishing the rise." The wet fly fisherman uses three flies and fishes down and across the stream, and the dry fly fisherman used but a single fly and almost always fishes up stream. The dry fly floats on the surface of the water and the wet fly sinks beneath it. The wet fly fisherman fishes the whole stream—the likely places—hoping to find trout feeding that will be tempted to rise to his flies, and the dry fly fisherman follows the stream, and when he discovers a feeding and rising trout he casts his floating fly over the rise. That is as briefly as I can give the difference between the two styles. Of course there are waters for dry fly-fishing and waters for wet fly-fishing, but the author says "the dry fly is never an affectation save when resorted to in the case of the brawling impetuous streams of mountain districts, where it is practically impossible of application."

Furthermore, there are seasons for dry fly-fishing and seasons for the wet fly, and in referring to those seasons, the author uses language which we of this country, no matter what kind of fishers, may ponder over: "The dry fly anglers of April, however, are tending in many places to become as rare as the grouse shooters of midwinter, or the slayers of the hare in March. Only in very forward seasons are trout fit for the creel before May is with us. Sizable trout before then are usually deemed out of condition, a 2-pounder being a hideous creature—lean, lanky and black in hue. In April, too, the trout are usually in only a half educated state; when weak and dazed after their exhausting spawning operations, they will, if on the feed, take a wet fly as soon as a dry one, and prefer a bunch of gaudy hackles and tinsel to a perfect imitation of the natural dun on the water." The seasons in England and America may differ, but what the author says is true of fishing in this country, where, as I believe, the fishing should not open legally before May 1, except on Long Island, and perhaps in a very few other waters, where trout get into condition the last of April.

There is another matter which the author writes about,

and I can sympathize with him most feelingly, and heartily indorse what he says, and more:

"Equally skeptical am I as to the use of giving lessons in casting on paper, and precise injunctions as to how to strike, play, and land the trout when hooked. Probably not one man in a thousand can learn how to cast a line, and how to deal with a trout when hooked—and before hooked—out of a book." I have tried over and over to instruct people how to cast a fly by letter, and I rejoice that one man to my knowledge succeeded in becoming a fly fisherman from such instructions. The book is full of good, healthy advice, and ripe with ideas of value, and should be read by all anglers, even if they never intend to cast a dry fly. If the reader can cast a wet, the book will teach him to cast a dry fly, cocked up, floating on the water, and the book is full of wise maxims: "The dry-fly fisherman never uses more than one fly on his cast at the same time, and never fishes down stream when he can possibly fish up." "The dry-fly fisherman selects a particular fish and endeavors to deceive it, just as a gunner who is anything of a sportsman selects a particular partridge out of a covey and shoots at that bird alone." "The dry-fly angler is not as a general rule a very early bird. He can do nothing without the natural fly, and in my experience there are very few duns or other water flies about until 9 or even 10 o'clock in the morning." But one must read the book in its entirety to get all the meat out of it. The author is a past master of the art, and his work not only instructs but entertains the reader, and altogether it is a book such as any angler or lover of outdoors may read with profit.

It may seem rather ungracious, after reading a book that has afforded me so much pleasure in reading, to refer to an evident slip on the part of the author, who says: "In addition to the fly at the end of the gut called the 'dropper,' there are one or two other flies attached." This may be right; but I have all my life known the end fly as the "stretcher" fly, or point fly, and the "other flies attached" as the droppers. The British "Anglers' Lexicon" says: "Dropper is the name given to each artificial fly depending from the casting line above the terminal or stretcher fly." I would not refer to this matter at all, except that it is the only time I ever found anything in the Lexicon that I looked for.

The "Book of the Dry Fly" is finely illustrated with artificial flies and natural insects, in colors and in black and white, and the plates are remarkably well done; and the mechanical work of the book, which consists of 238 pages, is neat and attractive. The best testimony I can bear is that I have read the book through, and if readers of FOREST AND STREAM could know how many angling books I have on my book shelves that I never read anywhere near through, and never will, they would understand that it is the highest praise I can give it.

The 23½lbs. Salmon on 4½oz. Rod.

In recording the capture, by Wm. Archibald Mitchell, of a 23½lbs. salmon on a rod weighing but 4½oz., I neglected, very strangely, to say that the fish was killed in twenty-seven and a half minutes; and I was in error, so Mr. Mitchell tells me, in saying the reel was a multiplier, as it was a trout click reel. I took the rod in my hand directly after the salmon was killed, but I never turned the reel, although for some reason, after I returned from the river, I assumed it was a multiplying reel.

A. N. CHENEY.

ANGLING IN CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Notwithstanding a few good salmon scores made in Canada this year, there is no doubt that the season of 1897 has been quite an off year so far as *Salmo salar* is concerned. It is curious that just this season should be that in which so many large trout, some of them record fish, have been taken in the Lake St. John country. This is particularly true of the Tourilli and Triton clubs. The waters of the latter will be fished next month and in September by a large number of anglers from Syracuse and elsewhere in the United States. At the Tourilli Club a number of distinguished anglers are also expected in a few days, including Mr. G. H. Harris, attorney, of Chicago, and probably also Mr. Carter Harrison. The lakes and rivers of this club have already afforded splendid sport this year to many of its American membership. Mr. J. B. McHarg, Jr., the professional fly manufacturer of Rome, N. Y., has recently visited the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini and also the Grande Décharge after ouananiche, and has much enjoyed his outing, being enraptured with the country and its scenery, and especially those about the discharge of Lake St. John. Among other recent visitors to the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini have been Mr. E. J. Myers, of New York, and friends. The month of August should record the taking of many of the large trout and ouananiche for which Lac Tschotagama is noted. The lake may be reached either from the Grande Décharge or by way of the Peribonea, or the ascent may be made by one route and the return by another. To do the trip leisurely a week or ten days should be taken. Very large pike and ouananiche are now being caught by trolling off the Island House on the westerly side of Lake St. John. I have received inquiries about the fly-fishing for ouananiche in the Metabetchouan, but would not advise a visit to these pools before the middle of August. With the return of cooler nights, the plague of flies in our northern woods is already largely diminishing.

Mr. David Blanchard, and Mr. Walter Brackett, of Boston, are still on the Ste. Marguerite River, where sport has been exceedingly poor this year. Mr. Blanchard was on the river for three weeks without catching a fish. Then he killed eight in a week. Mr. Brackett's score is only about a dozen, and he was also three weeks without a fish. Mr. Russell, of Detroit, has not yet taken one at all, and Mr. Plumb only a single salmon. Messrs. G. T. Lyons, of Oswego, and A. L. Barney, of New York, passed through here on their way home yesterday. Mr. Barney killed but seven fish. Mr. Lyons, in five weeks, only took ten, though last year his score was fifty-two. Not only has the season been against the salmon, but all the anglers on the Marguerite complain bitterly of the illegal netting of the Saguenay below the mouth of that river. Some of the offenders have been detected, a few nets have been seized, and ten prosecutions have been entered upon. It is sincerely to be hoped that prompt measures will be taken by the Government to put down this poaching.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, July 30.

FISH AS A FOOD SUPPLY.

DELAWARE COUNTY FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Chester, Pa., June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having been a close observer of the legislation asked for throughout the different States in the interest of fish protection, I have invariably noticed that the opposition base their attacks upon such measures principally from the word "sportsman." Why this should be I cannot understand; but it appears that in respect to fish legislation as with many other worthy objects, one word kills the whole business.

A judge was once given some advice by an admiring friend, who said: "Always make your decisions clear and to the point, but do not give any reasons." This would have been very valuable in the past to the promoters of fish protective legislation, had they foreseen that their motives would be misconstrued.

The question of fish protection, while only in its infancy, must, and will be in the near future, one of the foremost questions that will confront our State and national legislative bodies, and the cause will be from a purely food standpoint. This fact has never been so clearly illustrated to me as in the past year, and my observations have been fully demonstrated in the surroundings of my own home.

Why should a family starve which lives in a town surrounded by the Delaware River, three beautiful creeks, and numerous ponds and lakes, where an abundance of food could and should be furnished free of cost for their maintenance? Why should a great State like Pennsylvania maintain four hatcheries, at an expense of $30,000 per year, to propagate and furnish fish free of cost to our waters, and then permit some no-account person to seine them out in a night, carry the fish around the next morning and ask the people to pay 10 to 20 cents per pound for them? The whole business is wrong from beginning to end. No commercial fishing should be permitted in the inland streams. These streams should be kept intact, and their product used entirely for the benefit of our citizens who need the product of these streams in time of distress.

Experience has taught me that a person can secure enough food for himself from day to day with a hook and line in well protected streams. It was not many years ago, when a person could go to one of our creeks and secure more fish with a hook and line in one hour than they can now, working a hauling seine all day. The cause for this condition of affairs is fully understood by our citizens, and yet they failed to raise a hand in protest.

We have now taken up the question of fish protection by an organized effort throughout our county, and we claim that we should have the unanimous support of every man, woman and child in the county, not because some few of us will enjoy a few hours sport on the banks of one of our streams, but while we are laying the foundation for sport we are laying a foundation for a valuable food supply, to be enjoyed by the generations to come if our methods can be carried out. If a man is starving, and too lazy to go to the stream and get his supply of food, he is too lazy to eat and should starve.

The question from a charitable standpoint, of using the waters of our commonwealth for the supply of food to the needy, is being more forcibly illustrated every year, and must command the attention of our people in a more serious light than they have heretofore looked at it. I am of the opinion that if the word "sport" had been kept out of all legislation asked for, and the question argued from a food standpoint, considerably more progress would have been made, and at the same time the sportsman's ambition would have been satisfied in every detail. It is an undisputed fact that the progress made in the advancement of fish protection has been from the labor of the sportsman, but the general public, and the persons who hold the balance of power that elect our representatives, do not view the situation in that light, but refuse to give credit where credit is due. This always makes the representative believe that his head is at stake if he supports any measures that will in any way bridle the destructive methods of this class of people, who never look beyond the surface of things. We have a sample case in Pennsylvania, where a representative was defeated for reelection by supporting a measure that effected the eel fishermen along the Susquehanna.

Knowing these facts to be true, an effort should be made by all associations and persons interested in the protection of fish, to place the facts plainly before the people, and educate them if necessary into the necessity of protecting our fish from a food standpoint. This could be esily done through the newspaper and other circulating mediums, whose columns are always open for anything that is for the advancement of the public good. The space devoted to this question by our local papers is very noticeable now. One year ago the people of our town did not know what fish protection was, but since the papers have taken the matter up it is common talk on the street.

I could never understand why fish protective legislation never has the support of commercial fishermen. Of all persons who should be interested, it certainly is those people. They are to-day robbing themselves of their business here in Chester. For example, ten or twelve years ago sturgeon fishing was their chief industry. At that time they fished with 15in. mesh nets, and would not think of taking a sturgeon from the water that weighed less than 75 to 100lbs. But by degress they reduced the mesh of their nets, until now they use 5 and 6in. meshes. To day the only sturgeon caught are the little mamooses, weighing from 1 to 5lbs. I claim that if these men had had a warden constantly watching them for the past ten years their sturgeon industry would be in a thriving condition to-day. Only a few days ago I read in one of the Philadelphia papers that the sturgeon fishermen in the lower part of New Jersey have awakened to the fact that their industry has vanished, and have resolved to petition the State and national commissions to artificially propagate and distribute sturgeon in the same manner as they do shad. They want the product of their business furnished by the State, and if you would ask them for $1 per year to maintain the hatchery they would wink the other eye.

Thousands of young fish are destroyed every day in the Delaware River by the shore-nets used for the catching of carp. If you were ever watching some of these men taking up their nets, you would notice that the young fish unfit for use go on the bank and die. They could throw them 10ft. to the bank, but could not throw them 3ft. on the other side to the water. And yet, a few men of this character hold the Legislature of our State in defiance. The fish bill passed by the last Legislature was a great improvement over the old laws, but is still lacking of considerable means that would enable us to more successfully handle the persons who ruthlessly destroy our fish. It is a very hard matter to secure and frame laws for a stream like the Delaware, where it is the boundary line for three or four States, and it appears to me that the only successful way would be for Congress to make the laws to govern such streams.

I hope the question of food supply will be more prominent among fish protectionists in the future, as the question from that basis is bound to demand the approval of all good citizens, both rich and poor.

W. LEVIS BURK.

SOME QUEER CATCHES.

NEAR the town of Somerset, Pa., is a small stream known as "The East Fork of Cox's Creek;" there are other small streams, but the one named is the only one with which the present narrative has to do.

In this stream, about a mile from town, is an old dam, now known as "Kantner's dam," which, like all such structures situated near small towns, within the writer's knowledge, serves as a swimming hole and fishing place for the boys and young men of the town, and occasionally on Kantner's dam some adventurous youngster launches a rude boat of his own construction, and, as the boys put it, "has lots of fun."

Twelve years ago, or thereabouts, be the same more or less, the "carp craze" struck this community, and a number of gentlemen erected ponds for their keeping, fondly believing that they could thus have excellent table fish for the mere reaching for them. They found out their delusion later, but with that I am not now concerned.

During the heavy rains of the year of 1889, the year of the Johnstown flood, many of these ponds were swept away, and the carp contained in them carried into the East Fork of Cox's Creek above Kantner's dam, and they have there thriven to such an extent that the creek both above and below the dam, and the dam itself, are literally alive with carp—German carp, leather carp, and all sorts and sizes and sexes of carp, in lavish abundance and native ugliness. The boys go and fish for them, and catch them, and, I believe, eat them.

A certain young attorney and his cousin, "nameless here forevermore," are great carp fishermen; indeed, certain persons whisper that, did the attorney devote as much time to fishing for clients as he does to fishing for carp, he would be better off. But you know, "people will talk." Some time during the afternoon of Monday July 5, 1897, these cousins departed for Kantner's dam to fish for carp. I know not of their going, but about 9 o'clock at night I saw them return. They were carrying lanterns, rods, fish, and the attorney was proudly lugging along a huge muskrat, and to the writer he said:

"It had got pretty dark. I couldn't see my float. Had not had much luck, and was beginning to feel sleepy, when suddenly I felt something. My reel began to sing, there was a considerable commotiom, and I called to my cousin I've got a big one this time. I played him for all that I knew for about a half an hour; but what excited my curiosity was that during the whole time I never caught sight of the thing, though I never dreamed of its being anything but a fish, and yet I didn't think it was a carp. At last I got it out and 'twas a muskrat, though I didn't know that until my cousin told me, for, strange as it may seem to you, I think that I was never before close to one of the creatures."

"Why did you bring it home, and what are you going to do with it?"

"O, I brought it home to show the boy at our house: and then I think I'll skin it for the hide."

"Better get some one to skin it for you. I wouldn't have the smell of the thing on my clothes or person for any money; but I hate musk."

"I don't know whether I'll skin it or not," was the reply; "maybe I'll throw it away."

A few days afterwards I met the attorney's cousin, and the cousin said: "It was my fault that he brought the thing home. I wanted people to see that he actually had caught a muskrat with rod, hook and line, and besides, I persuaded him that it was good to eat, told him it was delicious, and he believed it. He didn't bring the thing home to show to the boy, he fully intended to eat it, but after he got it home and smelled it, and looked at its tail, he got sick and carried it out into the garden and buried it, and he says he can't bear any musk perfume since."

"Tell me," said I, "did that rat actually bite at the hook?"

"No, it didn't. The hook caught it accidentally in the ham of its left hind leg, and it couldn't get loose. This is the truth, but he's been telling everybody that it came and bit at a small carp on his hook, and that it was hooked in the mouth. But you'd find the wound in the ham of its left hind leg. Now tell me, however, did you ever hear before of anyone's catching a muskrat in a stream with rod, hook and line?"

"I certainly never did." And now, Mr. Editor, what say you and my other "brethren of the angle?"

AMATEUR.

While fishing from a boat for bass on one of the pretty little lakes of Sussex county, N. J., last month with my chum, Falbow, we had a very amusing experience.

After casting with frogs for some time with fair success, F. allowed his bait to settle for a few moments. Turning to me, he remarked that although something was on his line he could not make out what it was, but would wait until the frog was swallowed before striking; so after a few anxious moments the strike was made, but from all outward appearances the bottom was hooked.

I was just about to rally him a little, when the supposed bottom started to move out. The line was carefully reeled in until there rose above water the immense back of a snapping turtle, and a whopper, which had swallowed frog, hook and a good part of the leader, his huge head and blinking eyes looking defiance. Here, then, was some fun, and the little 5½oz. rod would be tested to its utmost.

We carefully worked the boat toward shore, and the turtle followed willingly enough. Upon landing, Falbow, who was anxious to make a record with the little rod, endeavored to get the turtle on shore, but the strain was too much on the rod, so laying it aside, he grasped the line and hauled in to land. I stood in the boat and tried as hard as I could to turn the prize over with a heavy oar, but without success. At this stage of the game the turtle evidently thought it about time to interfere, so raising his front foot, which was as large as a good-sized human hand, he took hold of the leader, snapped it and hustled for deep water, taking frog and hook with him.

HORTZ.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE WALLKILL RIVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with regret the communication of Mr. John Wilkin in your issue of this week, in which he criticises the very delightful article of Mr. Fred Mather, relating to the Rev. Henry L. Ziegenfuss as one of the persons that he has fished with, partly because this communication contains more serious errors than the article by Mr. Mather, and also because Mr. Wilkin charges Mr. Mather with making statements which are not contained in his article, apparently for the purpose of refuting them.

It is true that Mr. Mather is in error in stating that the Wallkill River rises in Ulster county, as in fact it rises in the State of New Jersey, but it is incorrect that this river runs through Orange county until it empties into the Hudson, as alleged by Mr. Wilkin. The fact is that the Wallkill River runs through both Orange and Ulster counties, and finally joins the Rondout Creek a mile or two above Rondout, and empties into the Hudson River.

Mr. Mather does not state anywhere in his article that he was to meet Mr. Ziegenfuss at Zach Du Bois's Hotel at New Paltz, as alleged by Mr. Wilkin, although he was in error in claiming that the fish taken from the Wallkill were trout, and yet this mistake is quite pardonable where a person is writing from memory in regard to occurrences which took place many years ago, especially when the fish were taken with the fly.

The Wallkill rises in Sussex county in the State of New Jersey, and runs through what are called the drowned lands lying near or on the border line between New Jersey and the State of New York, and the discharge from these lands is so deliberate that the river rarely suffers from drought, and as a rule is full of water during the entire summer.

One or more of the tributaries of this stream abound in trout, but for many years there have been very few if any trout in the river itself.

Years ago it abounded in pike or pickerel, and about thirty years ago some of the people residing along the stream raised a fund by private contribution, and had it stocked with small-mouthed bass, with the usual result that the pike or pickerel have largely been destroyed.

These waters abound to-day in small-mouthed black bass, many of which have attained a weight of 3 or 4lbs., pike or pickerel, rock bass, strawberry bass, and also whinfish, which abound particularly in the lower portion of the stream.

For many years the angler's home or retreat on this stream was the house of Zach Du Bois, situated about three miles south of New Paltz, on the west side of the stream, and which has often been visited by almost every angler in this vicinity. Mr. Du Bois died two or three years ago at an advanced age.

The Rev. Mr. Ziegenfuss, during his whole life in this city, was a constant visitor at this place, and it was here that he and Mr. Mather tested their skill in taking black bass with the fly, which was one of the favorite sports of Mr. Ziegenfuss.

The Wallkill River has no superior in the State of New York as a black bass stream, and it has probably furnished more sport in the way of taking bass with a fly than any stream of equal size in the State, but it has unfortunately been depleted during many years in the past by certain special provisions in our fish and game law, which, until recently, has allowed the use of nets or fykes in this stream during certain periods, and this largely through the efforts of the persons in our Legislature representing the district in which these waters are situated, and who have openly stated that unless these privileges were granted they would, if possible, defeat all amendments to the fish and game law, and this determined effort to permit fishing with nets or fykes in the Wallkill River has, for many years, largely prevented the passage of laws throughout the State restricting fishing with nets in other waters.

I have also read with regret the statement by Mr. Wilkin that a large number of bass have been placed in the stream this year, as it is hardly possible that these fish will not contain large-mouthed as well as small-mouthed bass, and if large-mouthed bass are now introduced into the stream it will be practically ruined.

If the statement by Mr. Wilkin that over 600,000 pike-perch have been placed in the stream is correct, it is enough to say that the Wallkill is not at all adapted to these fish, and that the result will be the same as in all other like waters throughout the State, and that is that they will never be heard from any further. Many thousands of pike-perch were placed some years ago in some of the waters of this county which were as deep and as well adapted to them as the Wallkill, and every one perished. J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, July 30.

No, Mr. Wilkin, I did not mean another Wallkill, although I shortened the stream to an alarming extent by making it rise in Ulster county, thereby depriving many farmers of their water privileges. A look at the map tells me that you are correct in having the stream bubble up in New Jersey. I also acknowledge that I wrote "trout" in the last paragraph in my sketch of Mr. Ziegenfuss, when I should have written "black bass," and I am glad to have attention called to it. But, having acknowledged to two errors, I must stop there and insist that it was at Zach—not Hank—Du Bois's where we stopped.

I do not know Hank Du Bois, but I'd know Zach's hide if I met it in a tanyard. According to Mr. Wilkin, Hank kept a hotel at New Paltz. In a letter from the late Mr. Ziegenfuss, he says: "Four miles south of New Paltz, near Zach Du Bois's house—where all true anglers find a welcome and get lots of dirt mixed with food and drink—is a dam. It is low and broken," etc. The rest of the letter I quoted in the sketch.

Having settled this weighty question, and backed it up by showing the original letter to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, I wish to pay my respects to Mr. Wilkin's remark that he "enjoys 'Men I Have Fished With' very much, although they are nearly all dead or 'has beens.'" My dear boy! Turn to FOREST AND STREAM of July 24, page 71, and under the head of "But Some are Fishing Still," you will not only find that Col. Raymond, whose sketch was No. VIII. of the series, sent me a 25lb. salmon of his own take this season, but that there are other live corks bobbing about on the millpond, although I began fishing fifty-seven years ago; and in trying to arrange my companions in chronological order I have really not got within a quarter of a century of to-day, although some skipping was necessary. I haven't touched many living men yet, nor have I sketched the men I have fished with in Germany and Switzerland.

I really hope that Mr. Wilkin will continue to fish until he finds a good "fishin' hole," and will then invite me to have a whack at it with him for a companion; and we will agree to let the Wallkill flow on forever, like Tennyson's "Brook," while we fish down its banks where every prospet pleases and only Zach Du Bois's coffee is vile. FRED MATHER.

NEW ENGLAND FISHING.

BOSTON, July 31.—Considerable has been said of late concerning the hunting and fishing clubs of northern Aroostook county, Maine, and it seems that not more than half has yet been told. The country is new; opened to the possibility of being reached in the ordinary vacation of a busy man by the Bangor & Aroostook and Canadian Pacific railways. The waters are truly virgin to sportsmen. Mr. Henry S. Fisher, with his friend, Mr. Mitten, were at Spider Lake last season, on their hunting trip, and had great sport. This lake is at the headquarters of the Allagash. A. J. Spearen's camps, at that lake, are reached either by way of Oxbow, Bangor & Aroostook Ry., or by way of Moosehead. The same guide has just written Mr. Fisher a letter concerning a new camp that he has opened on Musquecook Lake, one of the same chain as Spider Lake. Here the fishing is explained to be remarkable, with 3 and 4lb. trout at almost every cast. This season, Mr. Spearen writes that the fishing has been the greatest ever known. Big game is seen almost every day. Masardis, Me., will carry a letter to Spearen, and readers of FOREST AND STREAM in search of lakes and forests that have not been spoiled by sportsmen and tourists will be likely to come pretty near their desires in northern Aroostook county, Maine.

A party of school boys have got into trouble in the Maine forests. Game Warden Pollard and Guide Clarence Morris recently went up to Cauconagonoc Lake, where a party of fourteen students and some of their teachers were in camp. Near the head of the lake they came upon a bear feeding upon the carcass of a cow moose. The ears and feet had been cut off and the body evidently sunk in the lake, but evidently it had risen and floated ashore. Satisfied that the boys knew something about the shooting, the warden put the whole of them under arrest. Two of the boys came forward and acknowledged the shooting. They had tied nine stones to the body, after cutting off the ears and legs, to keep it in the bottom of the lake. The two boys were brought out to Kineo and arraigned before Judge Durgin, of the Municipal Court. Willis E. Parsons appeared for the boys, and the case of the State was represented by Game Commissioner L. G. Carlton. Mr. Parsons announced that his clients would waive examination, pleading not guilty. Continuance was asked for, as neither side had had time to prepare for trial. The court required bonds in the sum of $500 for each of the boys, which were furnished promptly.

The penalty for killing a moose out of season is four months' imprisonment, and it is stated that the boys who, when they went into the woods had not much respect for the Maine game laws, now feel their position keenly. When the wardens first visited the camp of the students they found no less than seventeen Winchester rifles, which were promptly confiscated, so that there is little chance that more shooting will be done. The party was in charge of A. S. Gregg Clark. To my mind, the only pity is that the teacher in charge of the boys cannot be made to suffer double imprisonment along with the boys.

Reports of almost phenomenal catches of trout continue to come in from the Maine waters. C. B. Stevens is in Boston again. He was one of the first to be off for Rangeley, when the ice left. This year the landlocked salmon did not favor his lure so much as last year, when he was champion of that region. He soon left Rangeley and went down to his beautiful Camp Vive Vale, in the Narrow Richardson Lake. There he made a record of eleven trout, the united weight of which was 48lbs. This is his "record breaker" for the season, though he made other records.

L. O. Crane, now at Round Mountain Lake, writes Mr. Hemmingway of a remarkable catch of brook trout. He started in one day, going up from the camps till he came to the Little Alder and fished down to the buckboard road, about a mile and a half. He used only one fly and no leader. The stream was literally alive with trout. He took 117, and remarks that if he had had on three flies and a leader he could easily have taken 1,000. Three fellows fished the stream further up about the same time, with a record of about three times as many as Mr. Crane took. Mr. Crane is a man who would put the great majority of his catch back into the water, saving only a few of the larger for the table. But as to the other men who fished the Little Alder, I am not as certain; but let us hope that they had the good of the future enough at heart to return a lot of small trout, that could not be used, back into the water. Anglers should remember that fishing in Maine is being tremendously drawn upon, and never worse than this year. Even the stream fishing has held out till August, when usually a few weeds in May and June finishes it. The abundance of rain has kept the streams all up to the best fishing pitch. Another season is coming, and if all of the trout are destroyed this year because circumstances have favored the anglers, where are we to look for sport with rod and reel? SPECIAL.

Hawk, Fish and Line.

MR. LEONARD HULIT wrote to us recently of an osprey taking a fish with hook and line attached. This note, of a similar bit of bird life, comes to us from a correspondent who writes from Blue Ridge Inn, at Snicker's Gap, Va., where they make special provision for black bass fishermen; (the post office is Round Hill, Va.):

Two gentlemen, while fishing in the Shenandoah River a short distance below Castleman's Ferry, one evening last week, saw a fishhawk dart for a fish. After a short fight the hawk secured the fish and flew slowly by the boat from which the parties were fishing, carrying the fish in its claws, the fish having a line of about 4 or 5ft. in length dangling from its mouth. Upon inquiring, it was learned that a bait fisherman had lost several small pieces of line near the place where the hawk caught the fish. E. C. D.

Weakfish Near New York.

PRINCES BAY, Staten Island, N. Y. July 31.—During the past week weakfish have made their appearance in these waters. Parties stopping at J. Smith's Beach House have taken from ten to thirty-five most every day, although the water is very muddy. The fish are all of good size. A. L. H.

CAMPING IN THE WHITE HILLS.

FAR up under the shadows of New Hampshire's Granite Hills, where the noon-day sun scarcely tinges the cool trout streams, and fanned by the gentle zephyrs, as they come sighing through the tree tops over the woodland's brow resembling the music of a thousand harps, stands a rustic camp, the former abode of three "lone fishermen."

This spot, hastily selected by us because of its easy access, has proved that there are yet many advantages offered the "camping out" tourist within the borders of the Granite State. We left the railroad at the old town of Canaan, and traveled overland one day, directly toward the Franconia range. From the moment we left the shaded streets of Canaan, the variegated coloring of the ever-shifting panorama of the landscape was beyond description. Our road, locally known as the River Road, ran first along the banks of Indian River, then through shady woods, by limpid waters, and skirting green meadows, passing on into the heart of the hills.

Here the tinkling of distant cow bells, and the musical notes of the wood thrush, accompanied by the lengthening shadows from the majestic mountains on every side like the drawing of a gigantic curtain over the scene, preludes the approach of night. Selecting the best location obtainable, we "staked out our claim," and made preparation for our first night in the open air.

It is a natural impulse that moves us to say "lone fishermen," prompted by the experience of our first night in camp. Being accustomed to lie in bed and count the heavy foot-falls of late pedestrians on the sidewalk, or listen to the rumble of the electrics for an hour or so preparatory to slumber, it is not unnatural that we should conform slowly to the rurul custom of being lulled to sleep by the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will, so weirdly wafted on the cool night air over the forest-crowned hills.

After breakfast we all set out for the swiftly running waters of the mountain streams in the vicinity. As we desired to make a light day of it at first, we returned to camp early, having captured seventy-five handsome trout.

The three remaining days we divided our time about equally between trouting, taking views and exploring.

Many deer tracks were observed in the mud, some of them appearing quite fresh, as if made early in the morning. One wildcat crossed not a great way from camp.

Many little incidents occurred, to be remembered and referred to always with pleasure in connection with any mention of the trip.

The next day we broke camp, and returned by way of Canaan to pick up again the thread of active life, all agreeing that our brief sojourn among the green meadows and pine-scented forests of Dorchester had forged some of the brightest links in our chain of recollection.

With a record of 341 phenomenally large trout which graced our baskets during the trip, and with an extra coat of tan on our cheeks, we bid you adieu till next season.

LE ROY SMART.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, July 16.

Was Once a Boy Himself.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., July 31.—The continual downpour of July has kept all our brooks brimfull and overflowing, and augurs well for the success of our trout planting of the last two seasons. In one case, where the small spring brook is very near the house of one of our farmer friends who takes an interest in the matter, he reports seeing quite a number of good-sized trout as the result of last year's plant, and we may hope for some sport next spring.

"That reminds me," in FOREST AND STREAM of the 24th, your correspondent, Mount Tom, accuses 'a gentleman writing from Charlestown, N. H.," of using the expression, "those cursed boys." Now, as I know of no other correspondent from this village but myself, I protest against the quotation! "I deny the allegation, and defy the alligator!"

I have spoken of the devastation of our brooks by "the small boys and the city sportsman," who will basket everything that is big enough to bite, if only 2in. long, and that is what has depopulated our streams. The trout are not allowed to grow big enough to spawn, and thus reproduce the stock! I never cursed the boys, for when I was ten or twelve years old myself, and knew no better, I caught fingerlings myself, and used my middle finger as a gauge, for I often hooked them shorter than that, with all the parr markings on them. In those days I used a very small hook, 10 or 12, and also used gut, which none of the other boys did, and consequently I always beat the crowd, but I also hooked many fish which were too small even for my standard, and which I returned to the water. In later years, while still a bait fisherman, I learned better, and went up to a No. 1 or 1-0 hook, with as much worm as I could string on, a single No. 2 shot at the top of the gut to steady the line against the wind or among the rushes, and went for the "big fellows," and was successful again.

Of course I enjoy fly-fishing above all other branches of the art, but in our mountain brooks it is a simple impossibility. Now the rod has to be thrust under an overhanging alder; now the bait must be dropped through a hole the size of your hat in the overluxurious grass of a meadow, where the water, perhaps 1ft. wide and 3ft. deep, is gently gurgling away out of sight, and here the shot comes in play; or perhaps you come to a compound tangle of drift and branches over a deep hole, where you are sure there is a good trout, but have to shorten up your line to 3ft. to get your hook in the water at all, and depend on a quick strike and a straight pull to get it out again, with a trout attached to it.

Kingfisher gave some capital descriptions of this mode of fishing, a year or two ago.

Thanks to Awahsoose for his kind recollections in this week's FOREST AND STREAM. I reciprocate his good wishes.

VON W.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you score of our contest of to-day:

	Long distance fly, feet.	Distance and accuracy, per cent.	Accuracy and delicacy, per cent.	Bait-casting, per cent.
W. H. Babcock	76	..	83 1/6	..
I. H. Bellows	82	78 3/8	82 1/6	86 1/6
L. F. Crosby	..	67 1/2	..	78
B. W. Goodsell	85	90 7/8	81	84 2/6
L. Goodwin	62	87 3/8	64 1/2	70 1/6
E. D. Letterman	55	..	..	86 3/6
C. G. Ludlow	70	84 1/8	82 3/8	..
G. A. Murrell	90	75 3/8	77 5/6	93 1/6
F. N. Peet	95	83	84 1/8	87
G. W. Strell	58	..	68	..

Holders of medals: Long distance fly, F. N. Peet; distance and accuracy, B. W. Goodsell; accuracy and delicacy, F. N. Peet; bait-casting, G. A. Murrell.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 30.—Good catches of bass have been the order of affairs the past ten days in this vicinity. The prevailing high, easterly winds and high seas have sent the bass shoreward, and every tide has given some results, and some exceptionally fine fish have been taken. Howard Guyer, of Philadelphia, leads in point of weight. Early Wednesday morning he landed through the tumultuous surf a magnificent specimen weighing precisely 30lbs Few people realize what the killing of a monster bass means in a boiling surf; the least error and all is lost; a steady hand and cool head are indispensable, as well as the most perfect tackle.

L. P. Streeter, of Morristown, N J , whose success with the drumfish I made mention of in FOREST AND STREAM early in the season, had an experience last evening he will not soon forget. He landed a particularly game 16lb bass, from our pier, and on his way home stopped at an adjoining drug store for a glass of soda, leaving his fish and tackle outside, when some vandal appropriated his catch. It is perfectly safe to say that a madder man than Streeter would be hard to find.

The culmination of pound fishermen's arrogance was reached last week. Three lads, fishing in the ocean with hook and line near one of the nets, were set upon and beaten by Capt. Yarnall, their boat set adrift and the boys thrown in the pound boats, and after having their clothing badly torn, unceremoniously thrown upon the beach after receiving the threat that in future if caught they would be more severely dealt with. Public indignation was at once aroused, and the outcome of the matter is the arrest of the pugnacious captain, and his being placed under bonds for his appearance before the higher court at the October term.

Barnegat Bay is most prolific of fish life. Never has fishing been better than the present season, and never have I taken or seen finer conditioned fish Striped bass are being taken at all suitable points, and weakfish are very abundant. Night fishing gives by far the best results, and to the man who is willing to give up his night's rest the best of sport is assured, providing he is familiar with grounds and methods. It may seem like direct contradiction to established custom, but my advice to all is avoid the channels for night fishing, particularly during flood tide. Weakfish always seek the shoals and flats at night in search of food, and at that time, being on the feed, they take the hook freely, and in shallow water they make the grandest of battles.

LEONARD HULIT.

The Ontario Fishing Season.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., July 29.—Fishing in the Bay of Quinte and the waters adjacent is now about at its best. Bass are taking the bait freely in bay and river, and maskinonge have struck at Mosquito Bay, their favorite habitat in the months of August and September. The following items, culled from the local papers during the week, tell the story:

Messrs. James H. McGuire and Thomas Gay caught nine splendid bass near the bay bridge on Saturday afternoon.

John Hurst and William Keeliher caught four maskinonge in Muscoota Bay on Saturday. The fish weighed 41, 9, 14 and 8lbs. respectively. The 41-pounder was one of the handsomest specimens ever caught around Belleville.

Several fishing parties in the neighborhood of the wreck off Point Ann and on the Middle Ground off Northport have been quite successful the past few days.

Mr. J. S. McKeown returned on Monday afternoon from a two weeks' canoe trip through a chain of lakes extending north of Crow Lake. One of his party caught a 20lb. gray trout during the trip.

Bass fishing is good at present at the mouth of the river. Every evening there are from ten to fifteen boats anchored there, and nearly all of them got good strings. Two boys on Monday afternoon took twelve good-sized bass from the channel made by the dredge. There were over fifty caught altogether there yesterday,

During the last few days rain has put a stop to fishing.

I ought to have mentioned that the winners of the Forest and Stream Club's prize for largest catch of bass in their first competition, namely, Major Carswell and Mr. Wm. Ormond, are aged seventy-six and seventy-five years, respectively. R. S. B.

Black Bass Fly-Fishing in New England.

A CORRESPONDENT asks respecting fly-fishing for black bass in New England waters in September and October. Will the fish rise to the fly in those months? We would be glad to have some of the experiences of our readers on this point. Von W, writes from Charlestown, N. H., in answer to the query: "I have never been up at Sunapee in September, but some of my young friends who have tell me that the fly is of no use at that season. The bass get into deep water in August, and long line fishing with live bait, smelt or minnow is necessary."

Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Maine, writes: "September and October are not considered good months for black bass fly-fishing in New England. The fish are now mostly in deep water, and no good fly-fishing can be had for any kind of fish when they lie in deep water. That has been my experience for all kinds of fish. You will occasionally find a few bass about the shores in September if not warm, but none in October to amount to anything. If I wanted to catch bass in Maine in September and October, I should not expect any good catches with flies."

Bass Fishing in the Adirondacks.

SARANAC CLUB HOUSE, Bartlett Carry, Franklin County, N. Y., July 27.—The abundance of bass in the mountains this year is a pleasant surprise to the sportsmen Trout for the time being are neglected, bass fishing being all the rage. Monday of this week Wm. Bloodgood and Benj. Douglass, Jr., of New York, still-fishing and with fly on Raquette River, caught over forty bass, weighing about 30lbs.; the largest weighing from 3 to 3½lbs., all caught with a light fly-rod of 5oz. Tuesday, E. V. Z. Lane and friend caught seventy-six weighing nearly 50lbs. Heretofore bass have been very scarce in the Raquette River.

SARANAC CLUB MEMBER.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach at the atestly Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Minnesota Muscallonge.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 31.—Dick Merrill is just back from Kabekona Camp on Woman Lake, Minnesota, and is satisfied, though by a narrow majority. He and his brother, F. F. Merrill, of Milwaukee, fished ten days before they had a single strike from 'lunge, they being too late in the season for the sport at its best. They met a good deal of rain also, which detracted from their pleasure. On the eleventh day Dick had his first and only strike, and landed after a half hour's fight a fine 'lunge of 32lbs., which he thinks breaks the record of the camp for the year. The fish was 53in. long and in poor flesh or it would have scaled heavier. Dick says that one fish repaid him for the trip. Of bass and wall-eyes he and his brother caught any number, and on one day they hooked and landed forty-seven pickerel, in each case killing the pickerel. He thinks they killed 250 pickerel during the trip. The orders from headquarters at the camp are to destroy all pickerel, as they are so thick as to constitute a nuisance to anglers.

At Kabekona Camp, during their stay, Mr. Gage and his son Jack, of Kansas City, had rather mixed luck. The boy hooked and lost three 'lunge, one of which was later found dead with the spoon in its gills. This fish weighed 27lbs. In a little lake which these two discovered, which had not been fished by anyone so far as known, Jack caught on one day sixty-three black bass. While pulling in one of these fish, a bass weighing some 3lbs., a large fish of some sort, probably a 'lunge, made a rush and struck the bass, cutting it in two.

Mr. H. G. McCartney, owner of Kabekona Camp, has caught one 'lunge weighing 23lbs. Dick Merrill thinks the fishing country thus newly opened up is all that could be asked, and he is much interested also in the moose news of which he got track. A large moose was killed by an Indian near Kabekona Camp during his stay there.

From the South.

Mr. Thos. B. Allen, of Memphis, this week stopped at Chicago on his way to the Mackinaw Island country, in search of rest and fish. He will probably stop at Grayling and have a day or so on the Au Sable after trout, and if he is lucky he may get his grayling. Mr. Allen comes with letters from Mr. Tom Devine, of Memphis, who was to have been in Chicago himself last week, but didn't arrive.

South Peninsula and the Grayling Days.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, advises me that the trout are not all gone yet from the club stream at Kinne Creek, and says that some of the members have lately been having fine success. "Some of the boys have been up to Kinne Creek, lately," he writes, "and had excellent success. Morley got about sixty, one day about a week ago, and they were nice fish, and Grandfather Brown had hold of one down in the fallen timber toward the lower end of the stream that was an old whopper. He worked with him two or three minutes, but he finally got away. They all unite in saying it was a fish of over 2lbs."

Mr. Mershon, in taking up again the ever plesant reminiscences of the grayling, says that he has just had a letter from his old fishing companion, Mr. Wm. F. Dermont, once manager of the sawmill at the town of Wingleton, where the Pere Marquette Club now holds undisputed sway. Mr. Dermont cannot be consoled over the passing of the grayling, and recalls the good old times when he and Mr. Mershon used to run the Little Manistee with a boat and take a fine basket of fish without the least trouble in the world. Mr. Dermont is now at Trout Creek, upper peninsula; but he says they have no such streams there as those of the lower peninsula, and does not think the fish fight so well as they used to in the old days in the lower country. In speaking of their trips together, Mr. Mershon thus describes the manner in which they did their angling:

"We used to go up on the night train, stay over night with him, and the next morning he would take us on a logging train about eight miles. Then we would be driven by one of the teams from the lumber camp to the river. Those days we could not get in there with a luxurious private car, consequently we would camp out. Sometimes it would happen, though, that we wanted but a single day's fishing, but usually we stayed one or two nights, carrying along a good, big chunk of ice. After we had commenced the day's fishing the teamster and the cook would break camp; that is, if we happened to have a cook, though generally your humble servant fried the sausages. At any rate, we had a long stretch of river to fish, and would move the camp down stream three or four miles during the day. The Little Manistee was then literally alive with grayling, and the catches made were tremendous. I never have taken one larger than 1¾lbs., but have heard tell of 2-pounders, but I do not believe they existed. Guessing on the weight of a fish is not accurate, and I believe most of the 2lbs.-and-over grayling were guessed at.

"It was with Mr. Dermont that I first fished a wadable trout stream with a boat. He looked upon the project with considerable disfavor, but long before night he expressed his delight with the innovation. What fishing that was! Such grayling fishing never will be seen again."

Good Advice from the Commission.

Mr. Nat. H. Cohen, president of the Illinois Fish Commission, has issued the following sensible and temperate address to the fishermen in the neighborhood of Peoria:

"To Whom it May Concern: I would like to call the attention of the public to the fact that some people are misconstruing the intention of the Fish Commission. Its object is to replenish the streams and rivers of the State, and make them as bountiful of fish as they were in their primitive condition.

"The only way that purpose can be accomplished is for the people not to violate the law and assist the Commissioners instead of censuring them. There have been numerous violations in this part of the State, such as seining, dynamite, trapping and wing-netting. The law strictly specifies that no seine, net, trap, or any other device except hook and line shall be used in any of the streams or rivers of the State of Illinois except in rivers used for navigation.

"If the violations should continue as they have been, in the next ten years the streams will be completely depleted. The Commission hopes that all law-abiding citizens will do what they can to assist us in protecting the fish interests of the State, as we intend to carry out the law and prosecute all cases to their full extent. Respectfully yours,

"NAT. H. COHEN,
"President Illinois Fish Commission."

Some Wisconsin Records.

Mr. W. W. Nash, of Ottawa, Ill., writes from Camp Franklin, Trout Lake, Wis., to friends at home:

"Here is a copy of our log book: Thursday, 15th, 1½ hours' fishing late P. M., 18 pike averaging 2 to 3lbs. Friday, 16th, 2 hours A. M., 42 pike averaging 2 to 3lbs. Friday P. M., Charles Taylor and Nash in Canoe Lake, 65 black bass averaging 1 to 3lbs. A. H. Taylor and Lynch, in White Sand Lake, 68 pike and 2 bass 2 to 3½lbs. Saturday, 17th, Lynch, C. P. Taylor and Nash, 2½ hours A. M., 40 pike 2 to 3lbs.; P. M., Lynch and Nash in Canoe Lake, 3½ hours, 70 bass 1 to 3lbs. C. P. and A. H. Taylor, in White Sand Lake, 1 hour, 18 pike and 2 bass 2 to 3lbs. Sunday, 18th, A. M., C. P. Taylor, Nash and Lynch, 3 hours in Canoe Lake, 33 bass, making a total of 186 pike and 174 bass for 3½ days, fishing 3 to 5 hours per day." E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

A PARISIAN INTERPRETATION OF FLY-FISHING.

(*Translated for* FOREST AND STREAM *from the Paris Figaro.*)

AT this time of the year persons walking along the bank of a river may remark upon the surface the sudden aparition of a strange-looking insect, which is neither a worm nor a libellu id. It is an indescribable little creature, floating along with the current for a second or two, and then suddenly, as if touched by the wand of a fairy, transformed into a beautiful fly with a golden corset and diaphanous wings that glitter in the sunlight. The metamorphosis is no sooner finished than the beauty flies up into the air.

This is the insect that is called the May fly. Before coming up to the light, it remains in the bottom of the water in an obscure shell formed in the sand, for about two or perhaps three years. During all that time it is simply a hideous larva, and, when it becomes a fly, it has only two days to enjoy life, wandering about, breathing the perfume of the flowers, sporting in the sunbeams, feasting and enjoying the manifold pleasures of its brief existence. At the close of the second day it drops dying upon the water, from which it came, and is carried away by the current, until it disappears in the jaws of a trout.

Now, this little fly is lucky indeed if it does not succumb in the first few seconds of its short and triumphant career, because it has many enemies, among them the swallow, the water hen and also the trout The fish watches for it during the second or two that it remains upon the water tossing off its old clothes and donning its gala costume. When these little creatures appear in great numbers upon the surface of the water, the trout have a glorious time. So have the anglers. It is not necessary to offer the trout the natural fly: an imitation serves the purpose. The trout attack the artificial fly with as much ardor as they display when rising to the real insect. The difficulty is to present to the fish the artificial fly in the proper manner.

Fly-fishing is splendid sport. We know that it is cultivated in Great Britain, but in France, up to within a comparatively recent date, it was the amusement of a select few. Now, however, it is becoming more fashionable, and the adepts in the art are becoming more and more numerous, especially in the upper circles. As a matter of fact, it is a refined sport, not less elegant, and certainly much more intellectual than hunting and pigeon shooting. It is artistic even in the material which it requires. The fishing rod of the fly-caster is itself a work of art in its apparent simplicity. To give to it all the desired qualities, strength, elasticity, resistance, lightness, nicety, facility in the joining and disjoining, it requires the greatest care of the most skillful workmen. To compare it to the other fishing rods would be like comparing a chokebore full choke to one of our old-time muzzleloaders The reel which ornaments the butt is an ingenious piece of mechanism. The long line that is unrolled from it is made of fine silk. To this is attached a casting line or leader, as it is sometimes called, made of several lengths of fine gut carefully knotted and forming a single thread precisely the length of the rod itself. To tone down the whiteness of the gut and at the same time preserve its transparency, some anglers steep it in a hot cup of green tea This gives it an extremely faint but indelible stain, which renders it almost invisible in the water. The hook is an extremely small affair made of the finest steel, and the artificial bait, or rather the fly, which is worked upon it, is a marvel of delicacy.

There is nothing repulsive in this sort of fishing. There is no nasty worm to manipulate, and no unfortunate minnow to impale alive upon the hook. The trout fisher selects his artificial flies according to the months and the weather. These flies are made of the finest kind of feathers and silk of artistic shades. Moreover, the fish that the angler pursues is the most beautiful and the most active of all the fishes in our rivers and streams.

As one can see, this sort of fishing is the sport of a gentleman. It is an active kind of fishing, always interesting and fertile in emotions. One doesn't have to wait for the fish or watch a cork. The fisherman, like a hunter, walks along in search of his game. When the trout rises to the fly and is hooked, a series of skillful maneuvers becomes necessary to overcome, without violence, the energetic resistance of the fish. The trout is a shy creature, but at the same time when hooked it makes a bold fight.

Fly casting, even in a light breeze, is somewhat like an exploit in fencing. It is often necessary to send the fly a long distance to a precise point, where it must fall upon the water as delicately as a living insect. This requires great dexterity, which is only attained by practice. Fly fishing for trout is difficult, and its difficulty forms one of its attractions for the genuine sportsman. Moreover, its surroundings are charming, consisting as they do of beautiful valleys, picturesque rivers, sparkling waters that murmur while bounding among moss-covered rocks, or forming little cascades that seem constantly to be playing with diamonds and pearls. It is especially to this kind of sport that the expression of Alphonse Karr can be applied: "One of the advantages of fishing is that if the play is not exciting, it is saved by the scenery."

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

"What are we Here For?"

SOME two or three years ago a party of anglers, including a minister as one of their number, were fishing in the North woods, and when Sunday came the question arose whether the party other than the minister should not refrain from fishing, out of respect to his feelings.

One of the party, however, made bold to ask him whether he thought that it was wicked to fish on Sunday, and he declined to express any opinion, on the ground that he was there as an angler and not by virtue of his calling, and that every person must act according to the dictates of his own conscience. He referred, however, to the following incident which had occurred not long before within his personal knowledge.

A man and woman called at the house of a minister for the purpose of being married. After going through the preliminary part of the service, the minister asked the usual question, "Do you, John, take this woman to be your lawful, wedded wife?" This was met by the rejoinder, "What in thunder do you suppose I came here for?"

The party other than the minister went fishing, while he remained at home with ample opportunity for rest and meditation. J. S. VAN C.

Times of Timidity.

I LIVE on the banks of the beautiful and noble Connecticut River, about six miles from its mouth. Formerly it was a great place for ducks, rail and snipe, but constant shooting has done them up so that now one has to go to some other place to find good shooting.

Years ago there were many good shots here. Among them was one whom now the boys call Popy A. He was good-hearted, genial and jolly, and all that goes to make a tip-top companion on a cruise, a good fisherman and boatman. Usually he had a yacht, and was always ready to give his friends a good time. He came to me one November and proposed that we should take a 30ft. sloop, go to the mouth of the river and try the ducks for a week. It was just what I wanted. Just below the Shore Line bridge a channel puts in and leads down inside the meadow, coming out on the Sound nearly a mile east of the river. We decided to make our harbor in this channel, as it was nearer where we expected to do our shooting. We went in at high water, near night, and anchored, as we supposed, in midchannel, but the tide was on the meadows and fooled us. The wind soon came out northwest, ebb tide made, and the yacht swung to her anchor all right, so we turned in.

There was more room on the captain's side of cabin, so we piled all our extra coats, bedding, etc., alongside the center case and some on top. About midnight I was suddenly thrown from the locker to the floor, and it was done quickly, too. I had no time to think what could be the matter, for I heard Pop sing out, "Help me out of this!" I struck a light and found that all the dunnage had gone to leeward and had covered Pop, so he could not help himself. I helped him out and then we investigated, and found that the yacht had swung so near the meadows that her keel had caught on the bank, and when the tide had fallen away she had fallen over—off shore, of course—and was on her beam ends—keel still in the mud. We were afraid that when the tide rose she would not lift quickly enough to keep afloat, but though the water came almost to the top of the cockpit rail, she finally came up all right. While we were waiting I asked Pop, "Were you ever so frightened before?"

"Yes, twice. Once at mouth of Lord's Cove; I was waiting just inside the running ice for a shot at whistlers and sheldrakes. I saw drifting down the river a cake of ice with a large hair seal on it He would dive once in a while and I suppose went to the bottom for fish. I wished I could get a shot at him. When about abreast of me—about two gun-shots off—he took another dive. I was all ready in case he came up near enough. Presently I heard a slight noise, and turned my head aft; and do you believe it, he had swum inshore and came up close to the stern of the boat, so near he could look in. I was just on the point of jumping overboard and going ashore, when he disappeared as quickly and quietly as he came."

"When was the other time you felt timid?"

Pop's face laughed all around his mouth, I had put it so mildly.

"That was when I was hauling my duck boat across Eley's meadow to the creek. It was a hard pull, with decoys, gun and ammunition. I was about half-way, and had sat down to rest, when I noticed that one of a large herd of cattle was coming my way. I looked again and saw it was a big bull, and he evidently meant business. I knew he would overtake me if I ran, so I turned over my boat and crawled under. The bull seemed surprised that I had disappeared, and after sniffing around a spell went off. I waited until he was nearly up with the cattle, and then started again. But that old critter was no fool; he had his eye on me, and I had hardly started before he came on the run. To do my best, I couldn't make the creek, so under the boat I went again. This time the bull was mad. He bellowed and pawed, and tore up the sod around the boat with his horns, and I was holding down the boat all I could. But he got tired after a while, and went so far away that this time I launched my boat, and you may be sure I was happy."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 25.—Continental Field Trial Club's Northwest Stake, Brown's Valley, Minn.
Aug. 30.—Western Canada Kennel Club's trials.
Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man.
Sept. 6. - Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Sept. 7.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's Champion Stake, Morris, Man.
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 15.—E F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—VIII.

THE trainer, when walking about, or when going shooting or crossing unfavorable ground, or walking along the highway or crossing through towns or passing near houses, etc., will find constantly recurring occasion for bringing his dog to heel. Or he may simply desire that his dog should cease work, or, if not working, that he should not be running lawlessly about. He is both kept under control and prevented from doing mischief by making him walk at heel.

"Heel" is the order most used to command the dog to desist from further effort and walk behind his teacher. Prompt and constant obedience to this order is so essential to the proper control and management of the dog at certain times that special pains should be taken to teach it thoroughly. Simple as is the act required, and the ease with which it can be taught, few dogs are properly trained in it. The dog either comes in reluctantly after the order is bawled out to him a greater or less number of times, and when he at last is at heel, if the trainer takes his eyes off him a moment the dog takes a cast to the rear and begins hunting behind his trainer; or he loafs and dawdles, paying visits to vagrant curs, or noses and potters about, searching for bones or garbage. Or, if he has none of these faults, he may press forward first on one side of his trainer then the other, hampering his movements and necessitating constant watching lest he break away. At field trials, where one would expect to see training in its greatest perfection, even in its most minute details, it is rare indeed that a dog is broken to go at heel properly. Most handlers lead their dogs on chain till they are ordered to cast them off, and immediately put them on chain when the heat is ended, and not infrequently there is much difficulty in calling them in and getting them under control so that the chain can be put on them. The proper obedience to the command, "Heel!" is not established till the dog will come promptly to heel when he is so ordered, remaining there quietly and reliably till he receives the order or signal to go on, and all this whether the eye of the trainer is on him or not. Restraining the dog at heel serves also to rest him during the day's work without any lessening of the day's sport, for there will be many times when the trainer or shooter will be passing through unfavorable or barren ground where searching for game would be wasted effort; and it also serves to protect him from the attacks of vicious curs which he otherwise would be forced to repel, with all the consequent exposure to injury and loss of his services from it. Or, if there is no fight, the restraint of being at heel prevents him from frittering away his time with idle curs, or making predatory raids for food in such houses along the route as are left with unguarded doors. Obedience and restraint, enforced in a useful manner, furthermore serve to preserve the general discipline by preventing him acquiring the vagrant habits which he otherwise will when out with his trainer with no purpose of seeking game. When without restraint, dogs become slow in responding to commands, acquire a slovenly style, and obey reluctantly or sulkily. If the dog becomes heedless or disobedient in one branch of his work or training, the fault is sure to appear in all other branches Good discipline is established and maintained only by a minute care in enforcing the observance of orders, even in the most minute details. If the trainer permits disobedience in some things and is exacting in others, or if he is stringent part of the time and lax the rest of the time, he will find that the dog will observe the opportunities thus presented for disobedience, and take such as may be to his liking. When he can ignore his trainer and pursue his own pleasure, he will do so; for, though he likes his trainer, he likes better yet to do as he pleases and to seek his diversions without any interference or meddling.

Nothing but the most implicit obedience should be accepted. Momentary sneaking away from heel, holding interviews with vagrant curs, seeking toothsome bones, making friends with strangers, or frightening cats and chickens, etc., should always be checked and corrected either by a word of rebuke or punishment, accordingly as the degree of the offense or disposition of the pupil may indicate. No indolent feeling on the part of the trainer should dull his proper attention to the correction of his pupil's faults. It is a mistake to wink at little faults, or to think that one or two little acts of disobedience do not matter. Resolving to be more exacting next time does not help this time, and next time is much the same as all other times; for it matters not whether the trainer becomes indolent and trains in a slipshod manner, or whether he permits several faults to pass unnoticed and then gives the pupil a severe beating when he becomes exasperated, the true way is still the same. Correct every fault the moment it appears. Without an observance of special attention to teaching details and correcting all errors, the puppy will never be properly taught to obey the order, "Heel!" or any other order.

The first lessons in teaching the dog to heel may be given in the yard, or when exercising in the field, or when he is being exercised afield. It is better to lead him with a cord which is attached to his collar. Hold the cord in the left hand, a whip in the right. At first he will go anywhere rather than behind his trainer, and may exhibit some obstinacy and resistance if his inclination is thwarted. While walking along, give the command "Heel," at the same time pull him to the rear with the cord. If he attempts then to go ahead of the teacher, he should be given a smart cut or two with the whip till he returns to his place. The trainer walks along calmly the while, and any attempt of the dog to lag behind or to forge ahead is at once corrected. If he is resolutely obstinate and resistent, a spike collar should be put on him; then if he lags behind, sags in the collar in a refusal to go at all, or struggles to break away, a pull on the collar will break his resistance, and bring him in place at once. If he attempts to forge ahead, an admonition from the whip will make him retreat to his place in the rear. At every correction the command should be repeated, so that he will learn to associate it with an instant cessation of his own inclinations and the taking his place behind his trainer and walking there till further orders. No more punishment should be inflicted than is really needed, and above all, the trainer in this branch as in all others should preserve his good temper, calm exterior and deliberation of manner. The regular repetition and thorough attention to detail should be relied on to teach the accomplishment thoroughly, rather than violence, long lessons and hurry.

After a time, longer or shorter, according to the disposition and intelligence of the dog, he will go quite steadily at heel while the cord is used to check him, but when it is removed he immediately will attempt to take liberties, either leaving heel entirely or taking every possible liberty. Then he must be taught that no liberties are tolerated. If he dawdles behind, he should immediately be compelled to come to his proper position. If he stops and idles with every passing cur, punish him for it. Nothing short of coming to his place forthwith when ordered, and remaining there and only there till he is ordered to leave it, should be tolerated or permitted. After a time the discipline will be so firmly fixed that it is habitual, and whether the trainer is afoot, on horseback or in a carriage, the dog will follow at heel reliably and cheerfully to command.

When working two dogs, the ability to keep one dog at heel is a material advantage in many ways; it affords the opportunity to rest one dog while the other one is at work; it is a means of keeping one dog in restraint while the other one is roading or drawing, for two dogs from jealousy or rivalry sometimes hurry on a trail or become excited, and flush the birds in consequence.

When a dog is to be worked with other dogs, it is well to teach him to go on by speaking his name. He soon learns that his name serves to call to him to go on. In this manner, a trainer can take two or more dogs thus trained and send out any one he wishes to send by calling to it by name. Thus he can take all his dogs out if he desires to do so, even if there be a dozen, and handle them all with perfect ease. However, the trainer should never attempt to teach two dogs at the same time the lesson to heel. It should be first thoroughly inculcated before any attempt is made to control two at once.

By restraining the dog from engaging in outside frivolities, he in time learns to alertly concentrate his attention on his master's affairs, carries himself in a confident, spirited manner, and discriminates to a nicety between what is correct and what is not. In short, there is quite as much difference between the bearing and purpose of the properly trained dog and untrained one as there is between the dashing military officer and a wandering tramp.

Manitoba Field Trials Club.

WINNIPEG, July 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Manitoba Field Trials Club's All-Age Stake will close on Aug. 15, instead of the 1st, as originally advertised; also, should there be any owners of dogs who have missed the opportunity of sending their dogs to Manitoba by any of the following handlers: J. B. Stoddard, G. R. Richards or D. E. Rose, to compete in the above stake, and are still desirous of doing so, they can do so by expressing (prepaid) to G. B. Borradaile, Winnipeg, Man., when they will be forwarded on to the handler chosen without any further traveling expense to the owner.

I have pleasure in mailing to you for publication the attached list, showing entries made in the eleventh annual Derby of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, which closed on the 12th inst., and which numbers 37, made up of 25 setters and 12 pointers.

POINTERS.

LADY OF HESSEN—Tobasco Kennels' w. l. and tkd. bitch (Hessen Boy—Lady of Rush).

BOY OF HESSEN—Tobasco Kennels' w., b. and tkd. dog (Hessen Boy—Lady of Rush).

FURY—Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. bitch (Tick Boy—Topsy's Kent).

TICK BOY, JR.—Del Monte Kennels'

GIOVANNA—T. A. Montgomery's l. and w. bitch (Ightfield Lonsdale—Ightfield Bunty).

DOCTOR TASSIE—Wm. Elliott's l. and w. dog (Hal Pointer—Kent's Star).

SAM'S BOW—Dr. J. R. Daniels's l. and w. dog (Plain Sam—Dolly D. II.).

SHOT—W. W. McMillan's l. and w. dog (Shot—Floss).

CHISHOLM—R. J. Myers' l. and w. dog (Von Gull—Croxie).

TEXTER—J. B. Stoddard's b. and w. dog (Tick Boy—Beauty).

BEAUTY B.—J. B. Stoddard's b. and w. bitch (Tick Boy—Beauty).

HEMP S.—C. T. Eastham's b. and w. dog (Von Gull—Smith's Tray).

SETTERS.

HURSTBOURNE JOE—Tobasco Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch (Tony Boy—Bonnie Bell II.).

TOBASCO BUTTERFLY—Tobasco Kennels' l. and w. bitch (Antonio—Minnie I.).

NIMROD II.—E. W. Lowry's o. and b. dog (Nimrod E.—Sibyl S.).

——.—C. P. Mingst's b., w. and t. bitch (Antonio—Columbia).

MINNIE'S GIRL—Del Monte Kennels' o. and w. bitch (Antonio—Minnie I.).

LIBERTY—Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch (Sam T.—Gath's Dora).

LIGHTFOOT—Del Monte Kennels' w. and b. bitch (Sam T.—Gath's Dora).

COUNT EDWARD—W. R. Kerr's b., w. and t. dog (Count Eric—Ann).

SAM T. II.—G. W. Richard's b., w. and t. dog (Sam T.—Belle Gladstone).

VAL'S MARK—E. McKenny's b., w. and t. dog (Val Lit—Lam Sing).

VAL'S ROCK—E. McKenny's b. and w. dog (Val Lit—Lam Sing).

VAL'S DEXTER—E. McKenny's b., w. and t. dog (Val Lit—Lam Sing).

VAL'S HISTORY CHIEF—E. McKenny's b. and w. dog (Val Lit—Lam Sing).

SING'S MAID OF THE MIST—E. McKenny's b. and w. bitch (Val Lit—Lam Sing).

ALICE K.—L. C. Bacon's b., w. and t. bitch (Anto Gladstone—Speckle Gown).

MISS MISCHIEF—R. Bingham's b., w. and t. bitch (Dash Antonio—Pattie).

DON ANTONIO—J. B. Biskee's b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Nellie).

TONY'S HOPE—J. B. Biskee's b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

SPOT McA.—J. J. Odum's b., w. and t. dog (Tony Boy—Blue).

PEARL R.—Dr. M. F. Rogers's b., w. and t. bitch (Sam's Gross—Donnathery).

JESSIE C.—Dr. G. Chisholm's b., w. and t. bitch (Barney—Kate).

NELLIE M.—J. T. Mayfield's (agent) b., w. and t. bitch (Marie's Sport—West Wind).

DRUID BOY—G. W. Hull's b., w. and t. dog (Cincinnatus—Daisy Blackface).

——— —Jubilee Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch (Rustic M.—Laura B.).

LARRY—F. W. Scott's o. and w. dog (Larry Noble—Angela).

G. B. BORRADAILE.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The drawing of the Northwestern Field Trials Club's champion stake, to be run on Sept 7, takes place the evening before the start. This stake is open to all dogs which have won a first or second place in any field trial. There are no fees; everything is free. The winner has the trophy, a beautiful cup, and the club's engrossed and illuminated diploma.

Entry blanks of the M. V. G. and F. P. Association's All-Age stake can be obtained of the Association's secretary, Mr. S. B. Cummings, 113 Wood street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Investigation of Rabies.

The following circular letter has been sent out by Secretary Vredenburgh, and as there is an earnest purpose to give the subject full investigation, those having any substantial information can assist the committee materially by communicating with them.

"Referring to the recent order of the Board of Agriculture of Great Britain, directed against the importation of American dogs into England, and in view of the numerous sensational newspaper articles concerning rabies, the American Kennel Club has appointed the following committee to investigate and report upon the existence of rabies in America.

"Committee—Edward Brooks, chairman, vice-president American Kennel Club, A. P. Vredenburgh, secretary, secretary American Kennel Club; Dr. Rush S. Huidekoper, New York, Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, New York College of Veterinary Surgeons; Dr. T. G. Sherwood, New York, M.R.C.V.S.; Dr. Austin Peters, Boston, B.S., D.V.S., M.R.C.V.S.; Dr. Harold C. Ernst, Boston, Professor of Bacteriology, Harvard University; Dr. Leonard Pearson, Philadelphia, State Veterinarian of Pennsylvania, Professor of Practice of Medicine, Veterinary Department, University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Charles W. Dulles, Philadelphia; Dr. Richard Price, St. Paul; Dr. J. C. Robert, Agricultural College, Mississippi; Dr. Wesley Mills, Montreal, Canada, Professor of Physiology, School of Comparative Medicine, McGill University, Montreal.

"You are respectfully requested to answer the following questions and forward reply at your earliest convenience:

"In New England: To Dr. Austin Peters, Commonwealth Building, Boston, Mass.

"In New York and New Jersey: To Dr. R. S. Huidekoper, No. 154 East Fifty-seventh street, New York city.

"In the Middle States: To Dr. Leonard Pearson, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

"In the Western States: To Dr. Richard Price, No. 167 West Fourth street, St. Paul, Minn.

"In the Southern States: To Dr. J. C. Robert, Agricultural College, Mississippi.

"In Canada: To Dr. Wesley Mills, McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

"The reports made by the above committee, as a result of the investigations made by its several members, will be referred to a sub-committee to edit.

"I. Does rabies (hydrophobia) exist in your neighborhood?

"II. If so, to what extent, and when was it first known to have appeared?

"III. What is the extent of your canine population, and what breed of dogs predominate?

"IV. In what animals has rabies most frequently occurred?

"V. Please give history, as full as possible, of individual cases, and of enzootics of rabies, with your opinion as to the source from which it came.

"VI. In reporting cases, please give the diagnostic symptoms, the result of autopsy or experimental verification, and the relative proportion of furious and mute cases.

"VII. To what extent have human beings been bitten, and how many cases have developed the disease?

"VIII. Please classify your report into: (A) Origin and number of cases before 1887. (B) Number of cases within the last ten years. (C) Number of cases since January, 1896.

"Please answer in full not later than Aug. 31."

The Continental Field Trials Club's Minnesota Derby.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Enclosed is entries for the Minnesota Derby (amateur) of the Continental Field Trials Club to be held at Brown's Valley, Traverse county, Minnesota, on Aug. 25:

ALICE K.—Dr. L. C. Bacon's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Anto Gladstone—Speckle Gown).

QUEEN ESTHER S.—S. A. Smart's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Young Llewellyn Hurd—Sally Kreiger).

BIRD—F. A. Bush's l. and w. pointer bitch (Donfis Hel—Bassett's Bird).

BAG DU BANG—David Cratte's l. and w. pointer dog (James Corbett—Lou Brackett).

SPOKANE BELL—David Cratte's l. and w. pointer bitch (James Corbett—Lou Brackett).

JACK—J. E. Mills's red Irish setter dog (Sleck—I Forgot).

MATT QUAY—Dr. J. D. Henning's black pointer dog (Gem Beauford—Nellie Bang III.). W. S. BELL.

Wheeling.

"Cycling Knowledge."

A HANDY little compilation of information useful to bicycle riders is "Cycling Knowledge," from the press of Gibbs Bros. & Moran, New York. The facts, receipts and suggestions embodied in its 135 pages are taken chiefly from the cycling press, and much of the matter has a familiar sound; but to the amateur it will prove both interesting and valuable.

Here is a sample of the information: "To renovate the enamel on your bicycle, wash it with a large, soft linen cloth and lukewarm water. Dry it thoroughly with a soft cloth, and afterward polish it with a solution of beeswax dissolved in spirits of turpentine. Never use a brush, hot water or soap. * * *

"After you have cleaned your wheel and your hands are soiled, pour about a tablespoonful of pure white lard oil into the palm of one hand, rub the hands thoroughly with it, and then wipe off with a dry cloth. Rewash the hands with good soap and water, and your hands will be white and clean and free from any smell whatever."

Zimmerman's hints on racing from their general interest are worth reprinting.

There is a right and wrong way of sitting on a wheel in racing. No matter how much natural ability for racing a man may have it can be improved and advanced by a proper seat. Years of experience have taught me that this position can be figured out with almost mathematical accuracy. One must follow the laws of logic and measurement and not his own feelings as to comfort and correctness.

In the first place, a man should be seated directly over the pedals, or as nearly so as possible. By this means a direct downward drive is permitted and more power can be put into the leg movements. If seated far back the direction of the legs is in a curve, and, as every one knows, this is not the shortest distance between two points. The whole object of pedaling is to move the pedals from the highest position to the lowest in the shortest time. To accomplish this one must be directly over the motive power. In the latter position one can also gain the body power, which adds just so much more to the speed.

The proper angle for the arms is well inclined, so that the "lift" comes in as well as up. Many men permit the elbows to drop outward and lose all the power of the grip with the exception of the wrists and forearms. In the correct method the back and shoulders are brought into use and the lifting power is accordingly doubled. As the leg is driven down the pull with the arms is given, and the result is what is termed in racing parlance "the jump."

The jump is used in sprinting, and by means of it a good man can ride away from his competitors before his escape is known. Every possible muscle should be used—the back and shoulders to help the arms and the whole body to increase the leg drive.

It is my opinion that no other exercise in the world will put a man in better physical condition than bicycle racing. It rapidly takes off superfluous flesh and hardens the muscles so as to enable them to endure almost any strain. It is a good test to find the perfect man, for all weaknesses are soon brought to the surface. A blemish or unhealthy organ cannot stand the strain.

Racing also affects a man's temperament and teaches him to hold a proper estimate of his powers. I have oftentimes, when riding alone, grown enthusiastic over my chances. I felt that I was fairly cutting the wind, but in the race I was forced to take second place. Don't become conceited over a few fast trials. Go right on training and get as much extra speed as you can. In the race you will probably need it.

Every man, of course, has his "off day," when, try as he may, speed escapes him. Don't become discouraged, but put it down to human nature. The temperament which keeps as even as possible and does not worry over the ups and downs of training, will usually be the most successful. I don't mean by that that a phlegmatic man makes the best racer. On the contrary, a man of a nervous disposition who can concentrate all his energy quickly, will more often cross the finish first.

In training, one should begin by preparatory work of a light nature, and gradually increase it. Road riding is the best possible means for taking off fat tissues and hardening one's muscles. The roughness of the riding quickly accustoms the muscles to the exercise, and the uneven grades soon produce perspiration.

Upon returning to quarters, be sure to have a good rubdown. Nothing will keep the muscles more supple and pliant than this, and the whole body feels the beneficial result in a general freshness. Of course, every trainer has his pet lotion or ointment. Its ingredients are a profound secret, and its effect magical. As for myself, I always use alcohol of a high grade, as I have found it to be the cleanest. If sore or stiff, it might be well to mix a little arnica with it

When it is found that you are in fairly good condition, track work can be commenced, but it should be done very gingerly at first—I should say, in the morning five miles in about fifteen minutes, and as far in the afternoon. After a week it might be well to gradually increase the work, sprinting the last quarter in the afternoon. A man is always stronger in the afternoon, and his muscles more supple. The last week before the race should be confined to comparatively slow work, giving most of your attention to sprints. In all contests of to-day the sprint is the decisive point of the race.

In training, a man oftentimes becomes disgruntled and sick of the whole business. At any rate, my own experience proved that there is a certain sameness in circling a track, eating the same food and seeing the same scenery and faces day after day. Men need as much change as possible, and a successful trainer is he who can furnish amusement and interest enough to make his men forget the hardships of training. Very often, however, this dissatisfied feeling—an attack of "blues," it might be called—is simply the forerunner of perfect condition. It is the change from the life of easy habits to regular, healthful rules that brings on this training "measles." When once over the dividing line the feeling is one of exhilaration and strength.

The dietary of a racer should be as broad as possible, and still avoid any ill effects. First of all, give up smoking. Nothing will injure one's wind like tobacco, and, as bicycle racing needs all that property one can procure, it doesn't do to lose any of it. My advice would be to avoid all food of a starchy nature, and any that has been found to disagree. The more freedom that can be allowed with safety, the better. Take as little in the liquid line as possible. A mug of ale after a hard spin will not do any harm if you are in fit condition, but always remember that it is not necessary unless you are well down in weight or feel a bit overtrained. So many men abuse this privilege that the safer plan is not to use it.

In riding races there seems much discussion as to the proper gear. In my judgment, this question depends entirely on a man's natural ability. If he can sprint to any extent, a low gear is preferable. I always race with a seventy gear, and find I can more quickly get up speed with it. On the other hand a man like Michael, who depends upon pacing, needs a high gear. Every man must to a certain extent figure out his gear for himself, and often will have to try two or three before finding one that suits.

The rules to follow in a race vary to such a degree that no fixed plan can be followed. It is usually well to study your opponents and decide in your own mind who is likely to be your contestant. This is the man you should watch and follow, at the same time not allowing a man to creep away and win.

The start of a race, contrary to expectations, is the most exciting. It is like standing under fire, and every bit of nervous excitement seems concentrated in the few minutes before pistol fire. Once the start is made, your natural coolness comes back, your mind acts clearly, and aside from the determination to win, there is no difference from the usual practice.

General Rules (L. A. W.).

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Through its racing board, the League of American Wheelmen exercises jurisdiction over all cycle competition and record trials on tracks within the United States of America, and each and every person who shall in any way be concerned or employed therein, as well as all race promoters (clubs, associations or individuals) shall be governed by the following rules of said board.

SUSPENSIONS.

1. Any rider willfully competing at races not held under the rules of the board, or rules approved by the board, or who shall enter or attempt to enter an event which, by reason of his status or time record, he is not privileged to enter, or who shall compete at or in any way participate in a race meeting or event not officially sanctioned by the board, or who shall otherwise offend against any of the rules of the board, shall be liable to suspension for such a length of time as the racing board may determine.

2. Riders are notified that to compete against any rider who has been suspended will render them liable to the same penalty.

3. Any rider under suspension who shall enter or compete in any race in public or for a prize shall be liable to further suspension for such contempt of rules at the discretion of the National Racing Board.

Bicycle Tax in Chicago.

AUG. 1 is the date of the beginning of the new bicycle régime in the city of Chicago. The Council passed the ordinance, the mayor approved it, and now the collectors will at least try to enforce it. It costs $1 a year to own a wheel in Chicago now, and if all the riders pay the tax the city will have dollars to burn. There is much protest at this special tax, and there will be rebellion, but as yet no test cases are on hand. Other vehicles are also taxed. We may yet hear of the taxing of guns and sewing machines separately. If we have a council we must have money. E. H.

Dress Guard Lacing.

COMPLAINTS are often made by women riders that the dress guard lacing of the rear wheel often breaks and becomes detached, and requires constant attention. Different colored cords are used for this lacing, but they do not stand the wear. The cord is liable to break from rough usage, and will certainly wear away at the eye-holes of the mud guards. A good substitute for this cord is thin, insulated wire, which is both pliable and strong, and able to stand the rust and hard usage. It is in every respect more serviceable than cord, and does not detract at all from the appearance of the wheel.

J. E.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

Copies of the FOREST AND STREAM *race report blanks, for recording and reporting races, will be sent to all clubs requesting them.*

The racing and measurement rules of the Yach Racing Union of Long Island Sound (the Seawanhaka rule, with allowance tables) can be had of Thompson & Co., 55 Dey street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

The handbook of "Yacht Flag Etiquette" can be had of Rehm & Co., 157 Fulton street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

YACHT RACING FIXTURES 1897.

THE following list of fixtures has been compiled from many different sources, some of them not official, and it may contain some errors. We shall be glad to have notice of corrections and additions.

Races of the Sound Y. R. U. are marked with the letter S; those of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. with the letter M:

AUGUST.

7. Cor. Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Buffalo, club, Lake Erie.
S 7. Hempstead Harbor Club, annual, classes 43ft. and under
M 7. Corinthian, off Marblehead.
7. Queen City, 22ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
7. Beverly, 3d cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
7. Wollaston, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
7. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 10th cham., Cohasset.
7. Roy. Canadian, 1st and 37ft. classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
7. Fox Lake, club, Island Fox Lake, Ill
7-8. Winthrop, cruise to Marblehead, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
7-14. Cor. San Francisco, summer cruise, San Francisco.
7. Royal Nova Scotia, knockabout class, Halifax.
10. Winthrop, evening race, Boston Harbor.
11. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
12. Miramich, Stewart pennant, Oak Point race.
M 13. East Gloucester, Gloucester Harbor.
M 14. Squam, Annisquam.
S 14. Horseshoe Harbor, club, annual, classes 36ft. and under.
14. Cor. Marblehead, 2d cham., Massachusetts Bay.
14. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
14. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
14. Winthrop, 2d cham., Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
14. Beverly, 4th cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
14. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 11th cham., Cohassett.
14. Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor.
14. Fox Lake, club, East side, Fox Lake, Ill.
14. Royal Nova Scotia, open, handicap, Halifax.
14-21. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20ft. class, Seawanhaka cup races, Dorval, Lake St Louis.
M 17. American, Newburyport.
S 18. American, special, classes 43ft. and under.
19. Winthrop, cruise to Weymouth, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
M 19-20-21 Quincy, series, Hull Bay, Boston Harbor.
S 21. Huguenot, annual, classes 43ft. and under.
21. Roy. Canadian, 27ft., 22ft. and skiff classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21. Roy. St. Lawrence, club, all classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
21. Beverly, A. M., Van Rensselaer cup, Marion, Buzzard's Bay.
P. M., 2d open.
21. Taunton, 1st cham., Taunton, Mass.
21. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 12th cham., Cohasset.
21. Queen City, 20ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21. Royal Nova Scotia, knockabout class, Halifax.
21. Burgess, 3d cham., Marblehead, Mass Bay.
23. Absequan, open, Atlantic City, Thoroughfare.
23. Rhode Island, annual open, Pawtuxet, Narragansett Bay.
24. Minnetonka, Interlake races, Lake Minnetonka.
25. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.
S 25. Corinthian Fleet, special, 51, 30 and 20ft. classes.
M 26. Duxbury, Plymouth Bay.
26. Taunton, open, Taunton, Mass.
M 27. Kingston, Plymouth Bay.
28. Cor. Marblehead, 3d cham., Massachusetts Bay.
28. Buffalo, 27ft. and smaller classes, Lake Erie.
28. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
28. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
M 28. Plymouth, Plymouth Bay.
28. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
28. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 13th cham., Cohasset.
28. Royal Nova Scotia, open, handicap, Halifax.
28. 3d cham., Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
S 28. Huntington, annual, classes 51ft. and under.
28-29. Cor., San Francisco, cruise, McNear's, San Francisco.
M 30. Cape Cod, Provincetown Harbor.
M 31. Wellfleet, Wellfleet Harbor.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Royal Nova Scotia, open, handicap, Halifax.
M 2-3-4. Duxbury, Davenport cup, special races for second class, Plymouth Bay
4-5-6. Buffalo, cruise, Lake Erie.
S 4. Seawanhaka Cor., fall race. schooners and 43, 36, 25, 20 and 15ft. classes.
M 4. Savin Hill, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
4. Burgess. club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Roy. Canadian, 1st and 37ft. classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
4. American, 2d club, Newburyport.
4. Beverly, 4th open sweeps, Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
4 Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 14th cham., Cohasset.
4-5 Cor. San Francisco, outside cruise, Drake's Bay, San Francisco
4. Larchmont, 51ft. and smaller classes, Larchmont, Long Island, Sound.
4. Royal Nova Scotia, knockabout class, Halifax.
6. Larchmont, fall regatta, all classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
6. New York, Y. R. A. annual, New York Bay.
6. Fall River, club, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Cor, Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Gravesend Bay, special, New York Bay.
6. Pacific, annual. San Francisco Bay.
M 6. Lynn, Lynn Bay.
S 6. Norwalk, annual, all classes of catboats
6. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 15th cham., Cohasset.
6. Taunton, 2d cham., Taunton. Mass.
6. Beverly, 3d open, Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
6. American, sweepstakes, skiffs, Newburyport.
7. Roy. Canadian, Prince of Wales' cup, all classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
7. Absequan, Cricket and 15ft. classes, Atlantic City, Absecon Bay.
9. Miramichi, Watt cup, Newcastle, N. B.
9. Cor, San Francisco, interclub regatta, San Francisco,
10. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
M 11. Chelsea, Boston Harbor.
M 11. Y. R. A. rendezvous, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 11. Riverside. fall race, 43, 36, 30 and 25ft. classes, and 30 and 25ft. classes of cabin catboats.
11. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
11. Roy. Canadian, skiff class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
11. Beverly, 5th cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
11. Burgoss, cham., sail-off, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
11. Columbia, annual, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
11. Larchmont, schooners (Larchmont cup) and smaller classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
11-12. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Marin Islands, San Francisco.
S 18. American, fall regatta for all classes.
18 Queen City, 22ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21. Absequan, open, Atlantic City.
25-26. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Dillon's Point, San Francisco.
25. Buffalo, closing cruise, Lake Erie.
25. American, closing race, Newburyport.

OCTOBER.

9. Miramichi, Gould cup, Chatham, N. B.
9-10. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Corinthian Cove, San Francisco.
16. Cor. San Francisco, closing day, San Francisco.
17. Cor. San Francisco squadron, cruise, San Franc sco.

THE annual cruise of the New York Y. C., which began on Monday with the rendezvous at Glen Cove and the race for the commodore's cups, is notable for the length of the course mapped out, from New York to Bar Harbor, and for the very large amount of money expended in prizes. If we are not greatly mistaken after a careful survey of the outlook, it will also be remarkable for the lack of racing yachts and yacht racing.

With a full appreciation of the spirit which has prompted Com. Morgan and his fellow officers and associates to plan such an elaborate enterprise and to provide most liberally the means to carry it out, we cannot overlook the plain fact that the present season is most inopportune for such a special display, and that the result, from a racing standpoint, can scarcely be other than a failure.

So far as prizes go, the list is a remarkable one, exceeding in value anything of the kind ever undertaken in this country. The details of the cruise have been arranged with great care; special tugs have been provided, and everything has been done that can be foreseen to make the races successful. The weak point in the whole enterprise is the racing fleet itself, which was never smaller than at the present time.

In the schooner division there are two yachts which will divide all the prizes between them, save in the case of accident or a bald fluke: out of the comparatively small list of schooners which will race, Colonia and Emerald may safely be counted upon to lead the fleet, with a wide gap between second and third.

In the single-stick division there are more racing yachts, but of such diversity of class that any close and interesting racing is impossible. Under any ordinary conditions Vigilant and Navahoe, by virtue of size, are likely to lead the fleet, with big allowances to the other smaller yachts. Between these two, with no certain knowledge of just how each will be rigged and handled, it is as yet a question whether the racing will be interesting or all one-sided; Vigilant, for one thing, has just shipped her old racing boom and mainsail, while Navahoe, we understand, is under more or less of a cruising rig.

After this pair come Queen Mab, in the 70ft. class; Wasp, in the 60ft. class; and Syce, in the 51ft. class; three fast boats, but of such difference in class and types that they cannot make a satisfactory contest.

The other yachts of both rigs that may be induced to follow the steam yachts and the few racing yachts over the Shoals are hardly to be counted on as really in the racing. There was a time when an occasional breezy day gave a chance to the cruisers, semi-cruisers and ex-cruisers and allowed them to win a pot from the racing cracks, but this is no longer the case; in the event of a blow, Colonia, Emerald or Vigilant is quite as able and much faster than any of the cruising division.

As a marine pageant that part of the cruise from Glen Cove to Newport is likely to prove a great success, the club can and will muster a magnificent fleet of yachts under its burgee. For the big steam yachts the cruise promises to be an ideal one, the way from East Chop to Owl's Head, that under even ordinarily unfavorable conditions may try the hearts of the sailing contingent, is only a pleasant day's run for such steam yachts as Corsair, Sovereign, Margarita II., Marietta III., Almy, Electra and Varuna.

Of fetes and fireworks there will be no lack, either at Newport or Bar Harbor, the stage accessories in this respect are likely to be as nearly perfect as possible. When it comes to actual racing the probabilities are that the results will in every way justify the statement made by the club's special committee last winter, that the *premier* yacht club of America is not a racing club.

THE results of the recent racing of the Lake Y. R. A. on Lake Ontario are not particularly gratifying to yachtsmen on the south side of the lake and the St. Lawrence, as it is plainly evident that the Canadian yachtsmen are each year leaving their New York associates further astern. There was a time, when, though much younger, the yachting interests of Oswego and the other ports on the New York shore of the lake rivaled those of Toronto and the other Canadian ports; the New York yachtsmen were from the first active in establishing and building up the Lake Y. R. A. and in striving for the honors at the annual lake races. Of late years, however, Oswego and Rochester have dropped out to a great extent from the racing, and this must inevitably be followed by a lack of interest in the affairs of the Association.

In Canada, in spite of hard times and other drawbacks, much the same as those experienced in this country, the racing fleet at least holds its own from year to year with an increase in prosperous seasons; new yacht clubs have grown up at different points, and the annual races of the Association are creditably supported both in a financial way and in the matter of entries. This year the races were all in Canadian ports, Kingston, Cobourg, Toronto, Hamilton and Niagara, and the fleet was exclusively Canadian, not an Oswego yacht was present, and Rochester sent but one, a 22-footer. As far as money goes, there is, as there always has been, more on the new York than on the Canadian side of the lake, there are still some good yachts, and there might easily be more; the one thing lacking seems to be a sporting spirit. With plenty of this on the part of the New York yachtsmen, there is no reason why they should not once more prove worthy rivals of their Canadian neighbors.

THE mishap to the machinery of the steam yacht Alcedo II. gave New York yachtsmen a chance to see this new craft, the first attempt of a young American designer, before she makes her appearance in foreign waters. This latest addition to the "protected cruiser" fleet is modeled after the English rather than the usual Dutch-American steam yacht, but at a very respectful distance. Truth compels us to say that in appearance she compares very poorly with such British yachts as Cleopatra-Sapphire-Penelope, Semiramide-Margarita-Narada, Hermione and Ituna. One striking feature is that her topsides are badly disfigured by a clumsy arrangement of bars, braces and pipes projecting some distance from the side by way of channels for both fore and main shrouds. There should be no necessity and there is no excuse for such a lubberly contraption.

The New York Y. C. Cruise.

THE fleet of the New York Y. C. met on Monday morning at the usual rendezvous, Glen Cove, L. I., there being present the following yachts:

Schooners—Amorita, Ariel, Colonia, Emerald, Fenella, Fortuna, Hildegarde, Intrepid, Iroquois, Elsemarie, Marguerite, Montauk, Quissetta, Sachem, Shamrock, Varuna, Viator, Viking.

Sloops—Carmita, Como, Eclipse, Gloriana, Gossoon, Huron, Jessica, Katrina, Liris, Mineola, Minerva, Navahoe, Norota, Queen Mab, Sayonara, Syce, Thistle, Vigilant, Wasp.

Steamers—Albatross, Allegra, Almy, Althea, Auquilo, Calypso, Claymore, Clermont, Corsair, Duquesne, Electra, Embia, Giralda, Halcyon, Helvetia, Hiawatha, Hildegarde, Hermione, Intrepid, Ituna, Katrina, Linta, Marietta, Marion, Naroda, Nydia, Oneida, Oneonta, Orienta, Parthenia, Penelope, Sagamore, Satanella, Scythian, Vision, Vergana, Wachusett, Wadena.

The race for the Commodore's cups was declared off, after waiting until 3:30 P. M. for a breeze, and the fleet proceeded to Huntington Harbor.

The owners of the following yachts have notified Fleet Captain J. Beavor Webb that they will accompany the flagship to Bar Harbor:

SCHOONERS.

Racing No.	Name.	Owner.
B 13	Montauk	Vice-Com. Ledyard.
C 2	Ariel	Stephen W. Palmer.
B 5	Colonia	C. A. Postley.
B 7	Emerald	J. R. Maxwell.
B 21	Viking	James D. Smith.
B 20	Varuna	Rives and Sturgis.
B 3	Alert	C. A. Griscom.
B 9	Fortuna	Henry S. Hovey.
A 7	Intrepid	C. Oliver Iselin.
B 16	Sachem	John G. Moore.
C 8	Iroquois	H. C Rouse
A 16	Hildegarde	George W. Weld.

CUTTERS, SLOOPS AND YAWLS

H 4	Huron	Edward S. Hatch.
J 20	Mineola	Rear-Com. Belmont.
K 34	Syce	F. M. Hoyt.
H 5	Queen Mab	N. L. Francis.
G 11	Vigilant	Percy Chubb.
G 8	Navahoe	R. P. Carroll.
	Como	S. V. R. Cruger.
K 47	Kestral	J. D. Mills.
J 14	Gloriana	J. M. Lasell.
K 18	Jessica	J. G. Agar.
K 23	Minerva	J. E. Fletcher.
J 24	Sayonara	J. M. Woodbury.
J 60	Wasp	H. F. Lippitt.

STEAM YACHTS.

Almy	Frederic Gallatin.
Beatrice	Robert Goelet.
Clara	W J. Matheson.
Clermont	A Van Santvoord.
Electra	Elbridge T. Gerry.
Hermione	Gen S. Thomas.
Hildegarde	B M. Whitlock.
Intrepid	Lloyd Phœnix.
Marietta	H. B. Moore.
Narada	Harry Walters.
Sagamore	J. H. Hanan.
Satanella	E. W. Bliss.
Toinette	Robert D. Evans.
Ballymena	J. N. Brown
Althea	Charles Sooysmith.
Claymore	J. B Edson
Oneonta	G. K. Clarke, Jr.
Parthenia	A. Hart McKee.
Penelope	H E. Converse.
Scythian	Miss De Forest Day.
Varuna	Eugene Higgins.
Vergana	F. H. Benedict.

Seamanship and Navigation up to Date.

From the Sun.

"I HAD a lofely time yesterday, sailin' mit a dog boat on Canarsie Bay," said the Sinker Man when Sarsaparilla Reilly entered the little restaurant on Park row. "Relly, really, it's yet more nice as ridin' on Coney's Island shoot der shutter, 'cause you don't get so nervousness at tall. If I vould be a rich man I vould a sailor boat buy mit der money as fore I buy something else. You don't need to push it at tall, und you don't got do something vhat makes you tired vhen you sail. You shust let out der boom mit der rope vhat is tied to der tail oof der boat und der vind blows der sail against der vater und you spin right along mitout stoppin'. Only if you vant to go round on a carpet tack so dat you'll git to vindvard, den you must turn der handle. Vhen you vish to turn der boat in der vay vhat you ain't goin', den you pull der handle yet a little more to der starboard, which is not on der side vhat you are sittin' if der left is right vhile you're facing der front of der ship."

"What are yer talkin' about?" asked Reilly, "ye've been shootin' off there about dogboats and handle bars and wheels Were yer bicycling?"

"No," said Sinkers, "I vere sailin' mit a sailboat; und you'd be quite astonishment to see vhat I know about dot sailor business. Ve had a man along, but he shust talked orders und I did the sailin'."

"So you think you're a sailor?"

"Vhy not? I learned it in not a day," said Sinkers.

"Yer c'u'dn't," said Reilly; "it tuk me siven years sailin' th' seas afore I knew what a gained day was."

"A vhat?" asked Sinkers.

"A gained day," answered Reilly. "Yer see, a ship sailin' eastward meets th' sun in his daily course, and in th' circumnavigation av the globe th' sun will have crossed over the ship's meridgin once more oftener than if th' vessel had remained stationary; so ye see, Sinkers, that an easterly circumnavigation gains a day. On th' other hand, a ship sailin' westward runs away from th' sun in makin' th' trip, an' in th' circumnavigation av th' globe th' sun will have got over the ship's meridgin once less oftener than if she had remained where she was. Then th' date is fixed up by addin' or substraction one day av th' month on crossin' th' meridgin av 180 degrees. Now dyer see?"

"How is dot again?" remarked Sinkers. "When der ship's circusnavimgatin' oof der globe sails to der yest vhile climbin' der moon ——"

"No," interrupted Reilly, "the moon's not in it. She bosses th' tide."

"Oh, I know dot," said Sinkers. "Vhen der tide's full der moon gets high und den der doctors say dot crazy peoples gets insane."

"Go back to your ship," said Reilly; "I'm satisfied now that yer don't know the difference betwixt a flyin' jib and a fog whistle. Supposin' Oi was a captain an' you was a common sailor wid th' rest ov th' sailormen, an' Oi saw a storum approachin', an' shouted, 'For'ard there! Show a leg!' What would you do, Sinkers?"

"I would rush around and pull up my sailor trousers," answered the sailorman.

"Naw," said Reilly; "whin a captain shouts, 'Show a leg!' he means for th' lads to hurry up an' git a move on thim—for th' crew to hurry."

"Vell, give me an easier one," said Sinkers.

"Suppose I said, 'Git up there on th' Flemish horse an' stow the tops'il.' Then what w'u'd yer do?"

"Have ve got a horse on der boat now?" asked Sinkers. "Is our ship a cattle boat?"

"You must have sailed in a Dutch galliot wid puddin'-shaped ribs," said Reilly.

"Now you're commencin' again," said Sinkers. "Vhat's der use of fightin' vhen ve are friends; let old boats be old boats und ve'll sail togedder. Vhat?"

"We will," said Reilly; and they went to take Custom House measurements in Red Jerry's.

Indian Harbor Y. C. Annual Regatta.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND

Saturday, July 31.

SOUND Y. R. U. RULES

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on July 31 in good weather, but with only a medium fleet of starters. A fresh west wind brought trouble to several yachts, Sirene and Montauk each losing her mast. When the leaders had completed the first round, the markboat at the line was missing, having blown some distance away. Before it could be replaced, Acushla came up and found nothing to turn; Vorant II., a long distance astern, was finally timed as rounding ahead of Acushla, and the latter declined to sail the second round, afterward filing a protest. The times of the rounds were:

First round:

Vorant	3 03 00	Brant	3 26 40
Musme	3 04 10	Colleen	3 29 57
Acushla	3 05 10	Bubble	3 31 10
Fidelio	3 06 55	Yola	3 32 31
Sirene	3 18 31	Willie	3 34 12
Shark	3 18 29	Paprika	3 35 47
P K Pigeon	3 21 32	Minnetonka	3 44 00
Punch	3 25 00		

Second round. Finish:

Fidelio	3 06 55	Brant	5 19 45
Musme	4 46 53	Punch	5 20 29
Shark	4 54 41	Yola	5 28 24
P K Pigeon	5 12 37	Willie	5 28 33
Colleen	5 17 30	Minnetonka	5 36 55

The final times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS—60FT. CLASS.			
Daphne, C. T. Willis	55.20	Withdrew.	
SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.			
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson		4 46 06	4 46 05
Acushla, H. W. Hanan	34.08	Withdrew.	
SLOOPS—30FT CLASS.			
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.00	3 31 32	3 31 32
YAWL CLASS.			
Fidelio, J. K. Tod	33.46	1 51 55	1 51 55
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
Shark, Rouse & Hoyt	19.96	3 29 41	3 29 41
Eos, W. I. Sanger	20.00	Withdrew.	
Montauk, G. G. Tyson	20.00	Disabled.	
SLOOPS—15FT. CLASS			
Yola, Mallory Bros	15.00	3 58 24	3 58 24
Paprika, E. A. Stevens	15.00	Withdrew.	
OPEN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS			
Sirene, Doremus & Outwater	25.00	Disabled.	
Osprey, C. H. Holmes	23.33	Withdrew.	
Colleen, P. H. Jackson	22.18	3 52 30	3 47 13
Brant, J. C. Varvin	21.20	3 54 45	3 47 20
P. K. Pigeon, Deady & Harrington	20.92	3 47 37	3 47 37
Bubble, C. Guion, II	20.89	4 11 34	4 03 26
Punch, M. H. Clark	20.50	3 55 29	3 46 29
OPEN CATBOATS—20FT. CLASS.			
Willie, Smith Bros.	19.98	3 58 33	3 58 29
Gosbird, R. H. Nevins	18.40	Withdrew.	
Minnetonka, A. B Alley	19.85	4 06 55	4 06 33
Louie Bell, J. Williams	14.09	Withdrew.	

P. K. Pigeon was disqualified for carrying a professional. The protest of Acushla has not been decided.

"Underweigh."

THERE is so little warrant for the use of the term "underweigh" that one is at a loss to understand the tenacity with which writers and even experienced yachtsmen and seamen cling to it. It is not only incorrect, but there is no occasion whatever for its use, the proper term, "underway," answering every purpose and leaving no question of doubt as to the exact meaning. The London *Field* has at times discussed the question, but takes it up again in a recent issue, as follows:

"Underway" or "underweigh" is still exercising the nautical mind in the columns of the *Times*, but the learned commentators on the terms do not seem able to understand what "weigh" really means as a nautical term. One writer suggests that underweigh is a survival of an old term, but we remember coming across a book on seamanship in very quaint language, published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in which "underway" only occurs; and Hutchinson (master mariner), in his "Practical Seamanship" (1795), uses the term underway, and "underweigh" is not to be found in the book. This also applies to William Falconer's "Marine Dictionary" (1759) and Gower's "Seamanship" (1808), Admiral Sir George Nare's "Seamanship" (sixth edition, 1882). Dana, in his "Seaman's Manual" (1841), never mentions underweigh, but always underway, and Dana, the author of "Two Years Before the Mast" can be taken as an unimpeachable authority. In the Queen's Regulation and Admiralty Instructions underway is always used, so also in the Merchant Shipping Acts. It should also be noted that Admiral De Horsey, in his well-known writings on nautical matters, always uses the term underway. Admiral Smyth, in his "Sailor's Word Book" (1867), somewhat qualifies his interpretation of underway as follows: "A ship is underway when beginning to move under canvas after her anchor is started; some have written this improperly underweigh. A ship is underweigh when she has weighed her anchor; as soon as she gathers way she is underway." But this mode of using the two terms would be very confusing, and it would be more simple and definite in meaning to say the ship is weighing anchor or the ship has weighed anchor. Of course, for brevity, anchor could be omitted, but it is quite meaningless to say a ship is underweigh, and the term should be struck out of the nautical vocabulary. How it ever got into it we do not know, but it is certainly not a survival of the terms used by mariners ages ago. The curious thing is that very few, excepting officers of the Royal Navy, ever write underweigh, and the latter probably got hold of it from their crammers. At any rate, naval officers should be guided by the Admiralty instructions and the custom of practical seamen.

Beverly Y. C. 250th Regatta.

WENAUMET—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, July 24.

THE 250th regatta of the Beverley Y. C. was sailed off the club house on July 24, in a four-reef S.W. blow, though two boats out of entries, and the two best, were disabled before the start. Royal Blue's mast was split, and the new mast had not arrived. Opossum collided with an outside sloop before the start, and broke her boom, Mr. Emmons misjudging the distance between the two boats.

In the cruising class, Robin Hood led by 10m. She is the best boat in a strong breeze. Micaboo's mast split, and she had to withdraw. Robin Hood's hollow mast is braced inside, and is tho only one of Lawley's hollow masts that is good. Edith did so poorly that she gave up, but in the eyes of the judges she was tied up and trimmed so flat that she had no chance.

In second class cats, Thordis has got back into the class by cutting several inches off her stem; she won by 6m. over Anonyma. The latter boat, in a strong breeze, can beat her to windward, but Thordis wins on the run home.

Melro and Nobska were having their usual nip-and-tuck fight, when Nobska's new boom broke in the middle. Melro was protested for shifting ballast. The regatta committee will investigate this and act promptly, as soon as a witness —now absent—returns.

In the fourth class cats, Howard sailed beautifully; Elsa and Cinch, made a very close race, Elsa making a little the best actual time, but Cinch beating her on allowance.

In the fourth class sloops, Heiress had a walkover, though four boats entered and three started, Opossum's broken boom keeping her out.

Capelin and Bluefish did very poorly.

The judges were: A. S. Hardy, David Rice and W. L. Jeffries.

First prizes were won by Robin Hood, Thordis, Howard, Heiress and Imp.

As Thordis was not sailed by a member, the following boats scored 1 for championship: Robin Hood, Anonyma, Howard, Heiress and Imp.

Mariposa, Elsa and Hebe take seconds, and score ½ for pennants.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CRUISING CLASS.			
Robin Hood, C. H. Jones	21.04	2 13 29	2 13 29
Mirapoga, R. W. Downer	21.00	2 23 41	2 22 41
Kantaka, Alfred Winsor	21.00	2 24 43	2 24 13
Edith, C. M Baker	21.00	Withdrew.	
Micabo, J. R. & C. C. Harding	21.00	Broke mast.	
SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
Thordis, T. B. Wales	26.00	2 12 35	2 00 05
Anonyma, Vice-Com. Dabney	24.09	2 20 30	2 06 48
Mist, G. H. Lyman	25.01	2 21 01	2 07 45
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr.	25.05	2 21 41	2 08 48
May King, D. L. Whittemore	25.09	Broke boom.	
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Melro, D L. Whittemore	20.03	2 00 16	1 45 04
Nobska, W. H. Winship	22.03	Broke boom.	
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Howard, H. O. Miller	18.01	2 03 53	1 45 48
Elsa, C. S. Sargent	19.00	2 07 14	1 50 28
Cinch, Howard Parker	18.01	2 08 21	1 50 16
Coquette, J. L. Frothingham	18.01	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Heiress, G. G Amory	19.00	1 59 13	1 42 25
Bluefish, A. S Hardy and J. Crane, Jr.	19.00	Withdrew.	
Capelin, W. E C. Eustis	19.00	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Imp, Geo. B Dabney	14.05	1 19 22	1 03 45
Hebe, John Parkinson, Jr.	14.09	1 20 45	1 05 00
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr.	14.04	1 27 20	1 11 11
Lara, A. C. Howland	15.00	. . . .	. . . .

Lara and Coquette hail from Monument Beach; all the others belong to the B. Y. C.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

DURING the present week the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. will hold its trial races for the selection of a defending yacht to meet the representative of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in the final races of Aug. 14 and following days. The results of the very thorough racing of the local fleet have established the superiority of Mr. Duggan's boat, Avoca, over all the others, though leaving it still an open question between her and the new Glencairn II. The trial races are open to all yachts of Canadian design and build, and it is as yet uncertain how many and how good boats may turn up from other Canadian clubs, but none of the outside boats have been able to profit by any such system of hard and continuous trial and improvement as has developed the speed of Avoca, Glenowen and Glencairn II., and it is probable that one of the Duggan boats will be chosen, with Messrs. Duggan and Shearwood to sail her.

On Monday, July 22, a special race was sailed between Glenowen and Glencairn II., starting in a light S.E. wind, which soon shifted to S.W. Glenowen was away with a slight lead and held it to the Valois Buoy, with wind ahead. On the next leg she increased it a little, but off the wind, under spinakers, Glencairn caught her, and finally won by a few seconds:

	Start.	Finish.
Glencairn II	5 59 47	6 45 05
Glenowen	5 59 45	6 45 35

The tenth and last race of the Ross series was sailed on July 24 in a fresh and puffy N.E. wind, starting at 3:40, with Glencairn II. over with the gun, followed by Rogue, Glenowen, Millie and Islander, Maida being handicapped after fouling her peak halyard. On the reach to the Valois Buoy, Glencairn led easily and rounded the buoy first; Glenowen came up in second place, but would not jibe, and Rogue turned inside her, the two touched as they jibed together, and Glenowen also touched the buoy with her boom. They ran across to the Channel Buoy and beat home, the first round being timed:

Glencairn II	4 13 35	Millie	4 17 20
Rogue	4 14 20	Islander	4 17 40
Glenowen	4 16 15		

Maida withdrew after parting her forestay and springing her mast.

On the second round Glenowen lost her mast, the times being:

Glencairn II	4 46 30	Islander	4 53 20
Rogue	4 49 45	Millie	4 53 40

The principal incident of the third round was a foul near the finish between Millie and Islander; the final times were:

Glencairn II	5 20 20	Millie	5 31 30
Rogue	5 25 20	Islander	5 31 31

Pending the decision of four protests, the points were not computed. On the same day a race of the 15-footers was sailed, the times being:

	Start.	1st round.	2d round.
Titania	3 45 00	4 25 20	5 06 07
Anita	3 45 00	4 25 35	5 07 45
Viva	3 45 00	4 26 15	5 08 10

Momo and Al-Anka were shipped last week to the Spalding-St. Lawrence shops at Ogdensburgh for final overhauling, after which they were shipped down the St. Lawrence to Lake St. Louis, where they arrived early this week. They will be sailed as much as possible against each other on the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. courses; it is practically decided that Momo will be the challenging boat, but Al-Anka will be used to work her up.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has issued the following circular:

The match races for the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup will be sailed on Lake St. Louis during the week commencing Aug. 14, 1897.

This is the first time the defense of an international challenge cup has been entrusted to Canadian yachtsmen, and it is necessary that the contest be carried through with courtesy and a high sense of fair play alike to the challenger and the defender.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., in preparing for these races, feel that upon it and the city of Montreal, which it directly represents, depends in this respect the honor of Canada, and that in particular they should give the representatives of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. such a welcome and fair field for contest as that club extended to Glencairn I. and her crew last year. More it cannot do. The duty of arranging and carrying on the contest in a sportsmanlike and honorable manner is one which the club gladly assumes, but to secure an uncrowded course the coöperation of all the spectators is necessary. Otherwise what should be a cause of national honor and means of international good feeling, may become a cause of disputes of the most regretable description. It is only necessary to refer to the unfortunate discussions attending the more recent America's Cup races to convince all how serious a matter this is.

The R. St. L. Y. C. therefore appeals to the companies controlling steamers; to the masters of all steamers plying on the waters of Lake St. Louis; to the citizens of Montreal in general, and to those in particular who will be upon the water during the day of the race, to assist it in arranging for a perfectly clear course. The club, on its part, will endeavor so to arrange matters that ample opportunity to see every detail of the contest will be provided for all, but to achieve this, a few simple rules must be rigidly adhered to by the attending fleet. The race committee has prepared diagrams showing the waters that may be occupied by the spectators without interfering with the racers, and have further arranged to have a cordon of patrol boats to indicate these limits.

All are earnestly requested to give the club in this matter their sincere and hearty support.

J. C. C. ALMON,
Hon. Secretary Sailing Committee.

The trial races will be sailed under the following special conditions:

1. The yacht selected to defend the cup shall be the one which, in the judgment of the sailing committee, shall be the best adapted therefor, and not necessarily a winner of the majority of the trial races. Additional races may be ordered by the committee between such contestants as they desire.

2. The owner of each yacht entered for the trial races must have his boat ready for measurement at the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. station at least one day (exclusive of Sunday) before the first trial race.

3. Each yacht must carry a racing number fastened securely to each side of the mainsail, which number may be obtained from the secretary of the sailing committee.

4. In the event of the race being postponed or ordered to be resailed, it will be sailed at as early a day as practicable.

The committee desires to state definitely and particularly that the measurers will enforce the measuring rules strictly in accordance with the letter thereof, and no question of doubt will be decided in favor of the boat.

The Lake Y. R. A. Circuit, 1897.

FOR several seasons past the annual races of the Lake Y. R. A. of Lake Ontario have been held about the western end of the lake at Toronto, Hamilton and Charlotte, points comparatively near each other as compared with the length of the lake. This year a return has been made to the old plan of a circuit of the lake, as has been so successfully done in the early years of the Association. The programme, as finally arranged after several changes, was to start at Kingston, Ontario, on Monday, July 19, the yachts from the various lake ports coming to a rendezvous there on Sunday. The first race taking place on Monday, the fleet would have ample time to reach Cobourg for a race on July 23, proceeding to Toronto for a race on July 27, then to Hamilton on July 29 and sailing the last race at Niagara on July 31.

The fleet at Kingston on the morning of the first race was disappointingly small, including Vivia, G. N. Gooderham, Toronto; Dinah, S. E. Malloch, Hamilton; Norma, F. Strange, Kingston; Mirage, D. Stevens, Toronto; Nautilus, W. Coad, Oswego; Kestrel, W. J. Brigger, Hamilton; Geisha, W. C. Kent; Hustler, A. F. Macnee; Chickadee, H. Cunningham, Kingston; Pedro, Perry & Miller, Charlotte, N. Y.; Widgeon, L. Kennedy, Toronto; Wanita, H. Cartwright, Kingston.

The race was sailed in a very light wind, being called at the end of the first round. The winner in the 27ft. class, Kestrel, is a new fin-keel, built at Hamilton. After the race she was purchased by Dr. Black, of the Kingston Y. C., who raced her through the remainder of the circuit. Another new yacht is the 22-footer Pedro, designed and built by Miller Bros., of Rochester; in spite of her small size, she has made the long voyage around the lake and taken part in the races.

The Kingston Y. C., though the youngest on the lake and only admitted last fall to the Association, has worked very hard to make the local regatta a success and to entertain the visiting yachtsmen. The result, with so few present, has been a disappointment; but Com. Strange and the other members of the club have not been discouraged, but are planning for a similar visit next year. The club has proposed a meet, with four days of racing, at Kingston, good prizes being offered.

The fleet had three days in which to cover the hundred or so of miles to Cobourg, and with an east wind this distance was easily covered. By Friday morning the fleet was increased by the addition of Aggie, Zelma, Majel, Vision, Alert, Hiawatha, Nadia and Sylvia. During the night of July 22 a westerly gale kicked up a bad sea and drove the fleet into the east pier of the harbor; next morning there was sea and wind in plenty. The yachts carried double reefs and several came to grief, Vivia starting a leak and Alert leaking very badly, both withdrawing. A number of the yachts failed to find the Lake Buoy. The little Pedro sailed the entire course in safety.

The storm continued over Sunday, with heavy seas and high winds from different quarters. The fleet reached Toronto and found there Priscilla, schr., of Cleveland, and Onward, slp., of Rochester. Priscilla was to sail against Oriole on July 27, the Toronto race, but on Tuesday morning the weather was so bad that the steamer could not set the marks, and none of the yachtsmen were disposed to tempt the angry lake. After a meeting of the race committee it was decided to postpone the regatta to the Civic holiday, Monday, Aug. 2, the remainder of the circuit to be carried out meanwhile.

The race at Hamilton was held under the auspices of the Royal Hamilton Y. C., on July 29. In spite of occasional showers, the conditions were satisfactory, except for the shifting of the wind. The course was to be 5 miles to windward or leeward and return, but it was impossible, with the wind along the shore in the morning, to lay off more than 2½ miles to leeward, so the number of rounds was increased. After the first round a shift of wind made a reach both ways. Kestrel, Mirage and Hiawatha crossed the line at the start in the wrong direction and were disqualified. Eva, now of Sandusky, was as successful as ever in her old port. Pedro was beaten by the two local 23-footers, Rosemary and Koko. Priscilla and Oriole started in a private match for a silk flag, but the wind fell light and the former gave up, the race being called at the end of the first round.

FIRST RACE—KINGSTON, ONT.

Monday, July 19.

COURSE: Two sides of a triangle and back to starting buoy. Weather fine. Wind light and fluky. Distance, 10 miles:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
37FT. CLASS				
Dinah	10 20 00	1 28 38	3 08 38	3 08 38
Vivia	10 20 00	1 33 30	3 13 30	3 13 30
Norna	10 20 00	Did not finish.		
27FT. CLASS				
Kestrel	10 40 00	2 10 00	3 30 00	3 30 00
Mirage	10 40 00	2 22 37	3 42 37	3 42 37
Nautilus	10 40 00	2 26 08	3 46 08	3 43 54
Geisha	10 40 00	2 43 30	4 03 30	4 03 30
Chickadee	10 40 00	2 58 15	4 18 15	4 12 29
22FT. CLASS.				
Pedro	10 50 00	2 45 30	3 55 30	3 55 30
Widgeon	10 50 00	3 19 30	4 29 30	4 29 30
Wanita	10 50 00	Did not finish.		

Winners—37ft class: Dinah first, Vivia second; 27ft. class: Kestrel first, Mirage second, Nautilus third; 22ft. class: Pedro first, Widgeon second.

Regatta Committee—Com. Strange, Dr. Curtis, H. W. Richardson, Lieut.-Col. Drury, Capt. T. Donnelly, D. A. Black, B. W. Folger, Jr., W. D. Hart. Starter and timekeeper, W. Q. Phillips.

SECOND RACE—COBOURG, ONT.

Friday, July 23.

Courses: Triangle on Lake Ontario. Weather cloudy, with rain squalls. Wind strong and squally, S.W. Distance, 10 miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
42FT. CLASS—TWO ROUNDS.				
Zelma	10 15 00	2 04 15	. . . .	. . . .
Aggie	10 15 00	Did not finish.		
37FT. CLASS—TWO ROUNDS.				
Dinah	10 20 00	2 28 15	. . . .	. . . .
Vivia	10 30 00	Did not finish.		
Vision	10 30 00	Did not finish.		
32FT. CLASS—ONE ROUND.				
Norma	10 40 00	1 29 20	2 49 30	2 48 38
Nadia	10 40 00	1 39 35	2 59 35	2 59 35
Alert	10 40 00	Did not finish.		
Nancy	10 40 00	Did not finish.		
27FT. CLASS—ONE ROUND.				
Kestrel	10 50 00	1 27 50	. . . .	. . . .
Hiawatha	10 50 00	1 33 25	. . . .	. . . .
Sylvia	10 50 00	1 56 30	. . . .	. . . .
Mirage	10 50 00	Did not finish.		
Wona	10 50 00	Did not finish.		
22FT. CLASS—ONE ROUND.				
Pedro	11 00 00	2 10 45	Sailed over.	

Winners—42ft class: Zelma first; 37ft. class: Dinah first, Vision second; 32ft. class: Norma first, Nadia second; 27ft. class: Kestrel first, Hiawatha second, Sylvia third; 22ft. class: Pedro first.

Regatta Committee—William Black, W. W. Hooey, J. P. Field, William Burnet. Judge, starter and timekeeper, W. Q. Phillips, associate officer.

The 30-Footers at Newport.

ON July 27 a very good race of the 30-footers was sailed over the Brigantine Ledge course in a strong east wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III, H. B. Duryea	5 22 20	2 12 30
Esperanza, A. S Van Winkle	5 22 57	2 12 57
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	5 26 05	2 16 05
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 27 20	2 17 20
Wa Wa, J A. Stillman	5 27 42	2 17 42
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	Did not finish.	

On July 28 a race took place for a cup presented by H. B. Duryea, Vaquero not starting, while Veda was at Bristol for repairs. The Brigantine Ledge course was again sailed in a fresh east wind, all carrying single reefs at the start, though Wa Wa and Esperanza shook out early in the race. Esperanza led the way out, with Wa Wa second, but the latter, with Mr. Duryea on board with her owner, finally won by a few seconds. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, J A. Stillman	5 57 45	2 42 45
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	5 57 49	2 42 49
Dorothy II., H P. Whitney	5 58 48	2 43 48
Hera, R. N Ellis	5 59 30	2 44 30

On July 29 a sweepstakes race was sailed in a fresh north wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H B. Duryea	5 47 17	2 50 17
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	5 49 30	2 52 30
Hera, R N. Ellis	5 51 30	2 54 30
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	5 53 45	2 56 45
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 56 10	2 59 10

Veda had been overhauled and fitted with new mast, but the hard luck that has followed her for some time still stuck by her, and she went on the rocks off Rose Island, fortunately coming off without damage.

On July 30 a sweepstakes race was sailed over the Dyer's Island course, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	4 58 16	1 43 16
Vaquero III., H B. Duryea	4 58 22	1 43 22
Hera, R. N Ellis	4 54 15	1 44 15
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	4 54 25	1 44 25
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	4 55 10	1 45 10
Puck, E. D. Morgan	4 56 12	1 46 12

On July 31 a sweepstakes was sailed in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	6 26 40	1 46 40
Hera, R. N. Ellis	6 27 05	1 47 05
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	6 29 08	1 49 08
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	6 29 39	1 49 39

Canadians Picking a Defender.

MONTREAL, Aug. 2.—The trial races to decide the question as to what yacht shall defend the Seawanhaka Corinthian Challenge cup began to day. The course is that of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. The boats entered were five in number:

Bonshaw—Captain, Amillus Jarvis; crew, J. S. McMurray and T. McMurrich.

Glencairn II.—Captain, Herrick Duggan; crew, F. Spearwood and A. Paton.

Avoca—Captain, H. K. Wickstead; crew, Arthur Hamilton and H. Eadie.

Millie—Captain, V. Pelletier; crew, A. H. Hersey and F. W. Gross.

Glenowen—Captain, S. Davidson; crew, L. Davidson and White.

The course was a triangular one, running one mile from Pointe Claire, then a mile and a quarter toward shore and return. The start in the first race was made in the following order: Millie, Avoca, Bonshaw, Glencairn II., and Glenowen.

The breeze soon began to fail, and the race not being finished within the time limit, it was declared off. The times at the finish were:

Glewowen	1 31 35	Glencairn II	1 36 12
Bonshaw	1 35 38	Millie	1 41 02
Avoca	1 36 09		

Hobe Sound Y. C.

HOBE SOUND, FLA.

Monday, July 26.

THE Hobe Sound Y. C. sailed the second of their prize series of races on Monday, July 26. The wind was light from the S.E., and the time for the five miles of windward and leeward work was fair. The yachts got away well together and finished not very far apart. Time allowance cut a big figure, the winners in both classes winning out on it. The line was crossed in the following order: Wenonah, Francis, Sprogie, Gull and Wanda. The last three had a luffing match at the line, which resulted in Gull taking the weather gauge and holding it to the lower buoy. On the run down to the line Wanda ran away from the fleet, the first round being completed as follows:

Wanda	0 34 39	Francis	0 42 24
Sprogie	0 39 24	Wenonah	0 47 02
Gull	0 33 34		

The wind died out a bit on the second round, but Wenonah seemed to hold it longer than the rest of the fleet, and materially bettered her position. Gull was well in the lead of Sprogie when she stuck her board in the mud, missed stays, fell astern, and was unable to recover the loss. Francis distinguished herself by running aground on the slightest provocation, she being hung up no less than five times during the two rounds. The time for the second round was:

Wenonah	0 49 25	Sprogie	0 51 55
Wanda	0 51 10	Francis	0 56 45
Gull	0 51 55		

The result:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wenonah	1 36 2	1 23 19
Wanda	1 25 49	1 25 49
Sprogie	1 31 19	1 31 19
Gull	1 31 29	1 31 29
Francis	1 39 09	1 32 21

SECOND CLASS.

Juanita	1 00 50	0 54 02
Lorraine	0 54 03	0 54 03
Guenn	1 48 45	1 41 57

H. D. MCVEAN, Purser.

Fete Day at Newport, R. I.

THE annual fête and illumination of the harbor of Newport, R. I., will be held this year on Aug. 4. The following warships of the North Atlantic squadron will arrive at Newport previous to the fête: The flagship New York, battleships Indiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Texas and Brooklyn; the monitor Puritan and tender, Fern, which, with the battleship Iowa and the torpedo boats already at Newport, will make the largest gathering of the new navy ever seen in New England.

The crews of sailors and marines from these ships, joined by the Fort Adams' troops, the naval reserves of Rhode Island, and the local military, will, on the afternoon of Aug. 4, participate in one of the most unique and imposing street parades ever witnessed in Newport, or in fact any of the Eastern cities.

The electrical effects from the warships in the evening will be magnificent, including, as they probably will, the display made by the New York at Kiel, and that made by the Brooklyn in honor of Queen Victoria at the recent jubilee.

Fête day at Newport will doubtless always hereafter be recognized as a feature of that delightful resort. It was conceived in honor of the visit of the New York Y. C. on its annual summer cruise, and still celebrates that event, the fleet this year being due to rendezvous at Newport commencing with the early afternoon of Aug. 4. The first illumination of the harbor occurred three years ago, and was quite modest in its proportions. Last year a more elaborate undertaking was consummated, which attracted thousands of visitors from outside of the city.

It is expected that Pain's Fireworks Co. will have charge of the pyrotechnical display this year.

The night illumination of the splendid harbor, and the marine parade will be, as it was last year, inspiring and magnificent beyond all power of description.

Yacht Reporting Up to Date.

A CORRESPONDENT kindly sends us the following:

Curtis E. Crane's new yacht was launched early Saturday afternoon, and after another week or ten days in the artisan's care will be ready for use.

This is the largest yacht on the Eastern Shore. It is 55ft. long, 16ft. beam and 6ft. 4in. deep in the cabin, which is 20ft. long, and will be arranged to quarter a dozen people comfortably.

The launching was quite an event, and as the vessel glided smoothly and gracefully into the water she was heartily cheered by many present. As she left the ways Mrs. Crane broke a bottle of wine over the prow and named her Josephine, in honor of Mr. Crane's mother.

The Josephine is built after Mr. Crane's own ideas, and along the lines of no model. J. Oliver Duke had charge of the mechanical part of the work. It is a yawl-rigged yacht, with solid log bottom and sides, on the order of a canoe. The construction of the hull required twenty-one pine logs. No log was shorter than 20ft., and some measured 50ft. They were from 18in. to 4ft. in diameter. The bottom is a hollow, convex one, something like that of a keel boat. Its designer expects it to move along better because of this. There is another peculiarity in the shape of an overhanging stern. It is a centerboard yacht, and if used as a freighter would have a carrying capacity of about forty tons. It draws 3½ft. in ballast.

This yacht is built for pleasure entirely, and will be fitted up for the comfort and convenience of those on board.

The following gems were inflicted on a Western paper by its New York correspondent:

If the Emperor William comes over here with his Meteor to take us by surprise he will not find us napping. There have been fifteen new yachts built this year, and, while not all are quite up to the Meteor's size, every one could give her a good race. One of them is built to race the Colonia, a former holder of the Cup, and stands a good chance of winning.

The reason for the activity in yachting circles can be based, first, upon the coming struggle for the Corinthian cup. This was taken away last season by the Montreal contestant, but will be challenged this year. A fleet of fifteen yachts belonging to members of the Seawanhaka Y. C. began racing on Decoration Day to decide which shall give the challenge. The cup, which cost $800, may come back here after the Montreal contest.

A fine new yacht is the Quisetta, built by W. H. Harris, of Orange, N. J., a member of the famous Larchmont Club. It was constructed at Newburgh-on-the-Hudson, and is maintained at the cost of $1,000 per month. It is a small yacht, not over 85ft., and has a steel hull. It was built specially to beat W. Gould Brokaw's Amorita. When in full running order, with a full crew and its owner aboard, it is estimated that the cost of running will not be less than $10,000 for a season of five months.

* * * * * * * * *

The sails alone cost in the neighborhood of $4,000. They are of that delicate whiteness which is so difficult to obtain, because the secret of the bleach is held and preserved by a few very high-priced sail makers. Ratsey, sail maker to H. R. H. Albert Edward, has a secret process by which he gives his sail cloth a white shade so delicate and clear as to dazzle the eyes, like electric light.

W. Hoyt, of Stamford, Conn., has recently received from Fife, of England, a new cutter, which he has named the Circe. Fife has made several American yachts, and is the only English yacht builder who can rival the Herreshoffs.

A magnificent new steam yacht built this year is the property of Harrison B. Moore, a railroad magnate. It is the fastest steam yacht in the world, and its name is the Marietta. Its contract building price was $100,000, and when entirely completed it will probably cost half as much more. Its speed is twenty-three miles an hour, and it has a length of 174ft.

These yachts are all on the water now and enjoying the yachting season, which is at its height. They are run at tremendous expense, and are "kept up" in a marvelous manner.

Each day the men scrub the decks and whiten them with lemon juice, and as soon as touched by the spray they are rubbed down again. The finest yachts are cleaned morning and night by rubbing with the cut surface of a lemon, and for each scrub a box of lemons is consumed.

Kestrel.

AFTER numerous delays owing to the continued bad weather, the new Fife cutter Kestrel has at last been launched at Wood's yard, City Island. The yacht had been on the ways outside the shop for nearly two weeks, but the rain interfered with necessary work; and even after this was completed, it was not considered safe to put her over on the unprotected beach while a gale was blowing. As it is, while she will accompany the fleet of the New York Y. C. on the cruise, it will be a month at least before she is in any condition for racing; especially against old boats, or Syce, the latter having been afloat for over three months.

While Syce and Kestrel are of the same measurement, 51ft. racing length, and both are up-to-date in design and construction, there is one material difference between them; with a close similarity of form and of other dimensions, Syce is built to the full draft limit of 10ft. 3in., while Kestrel draws but 9ft.

The owner of Syce, F. M. Hoyt, of Stamford, Conn., is a young racing yachtsman who has raced very successfully for two seasons in the 43-footer Norota, and who, in ordering a new yacht from the same designers for a larger class, with racing as the first object, planned to get the most that the class limits allow.

The owner of Kestrel, Mr. J. B. Mills, of New York and Bristol is not a racing man, though his Fife 30-footer Infanta sailed a few races under his ownership. In replacing her with a new and larger Fife boat, less attention was paid to speed than to all-around excellence, the object being a craft of the fast cruiser order rather than an out-and-out racer. In addition to the difference of draft, which means 15in. in the depth of lead keel, Kestrel is less cut away in her sheer plan and has the usual raking sternpost and yacht rudder instead of the short sternpost and balanced rudder of Syce.

The dimensions of Kestrel are:

Length over all	65ft.
L.W.L.	43ft. 6in.
Beam	12ft. 2in.
Draft	9ft.
Sail area	3,400sq. ft.

The sheer plan shows a fairly long fore overhang with the modern convex sweep to the stem, curving into a deep hollow under the mast and running down to a straight and nearly level keel about 16ft. long. From the after end of the keel the sternpost rises, with a rake of 45°, the tuck being immersed; the counter is long and clean, with the usual Fife finish at the archboard. The midship section shows a strong hollow below, an S curve shaped so as to give a maximum of space above the floor line with a minimum of displacement below, the result being a fin keel. The fin is built up of oak, but at its thinnest part is only about 11in. through, widening out until the bulb is about 20in. through. This bulb, which contains 10.5 tons of lead, is carefully shaped, with full end forward and a stirrup section, the bottom being flat and the corners well rounded off. In Syce the entire bottom of the keel is flat, the sides joining it at right angles with square edges.

The frame of the yacht is a beautiful piece of woodwork, the keel is only about 18ft. long, but a heavy oak stick of varying shape from end to end. The curves of the stem and counter call for a careful shaping and joining of the many members. The timbers are all of steamed oak, sided about 2¼in. and moulded from 2½ to 2in., spaced 12in.; the partner frames being 3×2in. The main clamp is 3×3½in. amidships, and there are two bilge clamps on each side, each 2×2½in. at middle of length and tapering to the ends. The partner beams are 3¼×3¼in. The frame is strengthened by steel plate floors and gussets and a steel deck beam crosses the cabin, but very little metal is used in the construction.

The planking is single below the flat of the floor, 1⅜in., but on the bilge and top sides it is double, the inner skin, of ½in. white cedar, laid diagonally, and the outer, of ¾in. mahogany, laid fore and aft. The plankseer and bulwarks are of mahogany and the deck is of 1¼in. white pine, tapered from the middle to the ends.

The deck is a very handsome piece of work, the sides have a fair sweep from stemhead to the archboard, the entire sternpiece being fashioned from a single piece of mahogany. The fittings are specially neat and shipshape, and well placed. The main cleats are of a new pattern, a brass base with two hollow uprights, the horn of the cleat being of *lignum vitæ*, about 15in. long, held by the two uprights, through which it passes. The running part of the runner leads through a light standing block of sheet-iron on the plankseer and the tackle is led along forward to an eyebolt, lying directly on the deck with the fall leading aft.

The forecastle is very long and quite roomy and airy. At the after end is an icebox, on the port side, with shelves beside it, on the starboard side is the galley, with shelves; there are the usual lockers, forward in the eaves is the crew's w. c., and four hammock cots are slung.

The main saloon is finished in butternut and mahogany, with transom and buffet on each side. There is full headroom under the companion and skylight, but the steel deck beam already mentioned divides the cabin into two parts in an inconvenient way. The entrance is directly into this saloon.

The steerage has on the port side a set of shelves, and on the starboard side a a toilet room and w. c. Abaft this is a good ladies' cabin.

As compared with Syce, the accommodations are considerably more cramped in a fore and aft direction, and there is not the same room below. This is in part due to the lessened length, 1ft. 6in. shorter than Syce; but it is largely compensated for by the amount of space abaft the ladies' cabin. The whole length of the long after overhang is available for stowage of sails, etc, and the fore end of this space, where it is entered from the deck, is very capacious. While the cabins compare unfavorably with those of Syce, when it comes to the stowage of the numerous stores and other articles that must be carried even on a racing cruise, the advantage is the other way.

The cockpit is only about 2ft. ×4ft., just enough for the feet of those on deck; but enough of the surrounding deck is inclosed within the limits of a 6in. mahogany coaming to make very comfortable seats about this limited space. The yacht steers with a short steel tiller.

The rig is modern in all of its details, and the sails were made by Lapthorne & Ratsey.

In this yacht, as in Syce, Mr. Frank Wood has most faithfully carried out the wishes of the designer as expressed in the specifications, and has turned out a very perfect piece of yacht building; in fact, these two yachts are the best of their kind yet built in this country.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Yampa, schr., R. S. Palmer, arrived at Kiel from Petersburgh on July 29, and sailed next day for Southampton.

The special regatta of the Stamford Y. C., set for July 28, was postponed indefinitely on account of the heavy gale of that date.

Alga, steam yacht, better known as Veto, long owned by the late George Law, was sold at auction on July 27 by Mr. Law's executors. She was purchased by Clarence M. Busch, of Pittsburg, Pa., owner of the steam yacht Nada, for $12,900.

Hildegarde, schr., George W. Weld, arrived at New York on July 31, in tow from her builder's yard at Wilmington, Del., and at once docked at the Erie Basin for painting and cleaning up. The yacht has just been delivered to her owner, who will use her on the New York Y. C. cruise. The builders, Messrs. Harlan & Hollingsworth, have shown commendable energy in completing the yacht within the very short time that has elapsed since the contract was signed.

We have received the first annual supplement to Lloyd's Yacht Register, containing a number of additions, up to June 19, to the main volume.

On July 19 the steam yachts Enquirer and Pathfinder started from Chicago to race to Milwaukee for a $200 cup. The two ran very evenly until off Waukegan, when Pathfinder gave up. Enquirer is owned by W. J. Connors, of Buffalo, and Pathfinder by F. W. Morgan, of Chicago.

Hermione, steam yacht, was in collision with the steamer City of Troy on the Hudson River on the night of July 28, losing her headgear and damaging her stem, bulwarks and figurehead. She went at once to the Erie Basin Drydocks, where repairs were hurriedly made in order that she might be ready for the cruise on Aug. 2.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The A. C. A. Meet.

ON Friday of this week the eighteenth annual meet of the American Canoe Association will open on the old camp ground on Grindstone Island, facing Eel Bay. Com. MacKendrick expects to be on the ground by the first of the week, and to have everything in order for those who may come in ahead of the formal date of opening. All the usual arrangements for transportation, mess, etc., have been carried out, and in view of the general satisfaction with the management last year at the same place, there is every assurance of further improvement this year. Mr. D. McElveney, of Albany, who ran the mess last year, and also in 1895, again has charge, and will provide meals at the regular price, $1 per day. By giving three days notice to Mr. H. C. Morse, chairman of the camp-site committee, tents, camp chairs, cots and tables may be rented, thus saving all trouble and expense of transportation. The new year book of the Association is a very creditable production, especially as Com. MacKendrick and Sec'y-Treas. Blake, who have had charge of it, are new men at this work. It is illustrated by a number of half-tone photos of camp views. A new feature is a very full list of names of members who are ready to furnish cruising information relating to various localities. The greater portion of the United States and Canada is covered in this list, which will be of great service to cruisers.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

THE New York C. C. has just published its year book for 1897, containing the constitution of the club, list of members, 100 in all, with 13 honorary members, the rules for its international cup, and other similar matter.

The new year book of the Humber Yawl Club, of Hull, Eng., is just out, and is quite as artistic and interesting as its predecessors. The title page shows a unique and striking design by Albert Strange, of Scarborough, Eng., owner of the canoe yawl Cherub. Mr. Strange also contributes a sketch in black and white, a scene in Blakeney Harbor. There are several reproductions of collections of photos taken by members on the Holland cruise and about the Humber and Hornsea Mere. Mr. George F. Holmes, the mate, contributes some of his clever pen sketches, as usual, showing different episodes of yawl cruising. Two designs are given: one of a 20ft. ×6ft. 4in. canoe yacht, Birdie, a powerful and able centerboard craft, and one of the two 15ft. canoe yawls, Viking and Violet, built by J. Akesta for H. Wallis and G. W. Hind. The club has a membership of seventy-five, including several ladies. The list of races and cruises for the past season, including the Holland cruise, shows a commendable amount of interest in both branches of the sport.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
EASTERN DIVISION.		
Lloyd E. Allen	Boston, Mass.	———
NORTHERN DIVISION.		
A. E. Ford	Kingston, Ont.	———
C. Le Breen	Peterboro, Ont.	Outnabee C. C.
Edgar C. Woolsey	Ottawa, Can.	Ottawa C. C.
R. Gordon Stewart	Ottawa, Can.	Ottawa C. C.
ATLANTIC DIVISION.		
Lewis B. Hunter	Yonkers, N. Y.	———
John E. Humason	New York City	———

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Velocity of a Falling Bullet.

Highlands, N. C.—I notice a reply to P McC. in Forest and Stream June 12, which is one frequently made, as to the velocity of a ball fired directly upward, on its return to the ground. It is easily demonstrable that the return of the ball will be made in the same time and with the same velocity as the upward flight of it. For the upward force is exerted to overcome gravity, and when the ball stops the upward force is exhausted. Now it is clear if we say the upward force is x and the return force is y; x must be equal to y, or if not where has the force expended gone to. The resistance of the air is the same both ways, that is clear. Hence, if a ball fired directly upward should fall on the head of the shooter, the wound inflicted would be equal to the direct effect of the ball discharged point blank. Further, what stops the ball? Clearly the resistance of the air and the force of gravity. Now, the ball in its upward flight has overcome both these and neutralized them. Immediately the influence of these is exerted on the ball and it descends, and as the resistance of the air is equal both ways the gravity must cause the ball to fall with the same force and in the same time as it ascended; or, in other words, the upward impulse being equal to the force of gravity, this must be equal to the descending impulse, and both impulses are then equal, the resistance of the air being equal both ways. H. Stewart.

[Our correspondent errs in an important particular. The resistance of the air lessens the velocity of the bullet both ascending and descending. This is, perhaps, best illustrated by a practical example. The extreme vertical range of the .30cal. army rifle is given as about 2,000yds., and the muzzle velocity of its bullet as 2,000ft. per second. Assume that the bullet has been fired vertically upward, and having reached a height of 2,000yds., begins to fall. The first second of its fall (leaving out of account the resistance of the air) it drops with a velocity of a little more than 32ft. per second, the second second with a velocity of 64+feet per second, the third with a velocity of 96+feet per second, and so on. To reach the earth at this rate would require something over 19 seconds $\left(t=\frac{\sqrt{H}}{\frac{1}{2}g}=\frac{\sqrt{6,000}}{16}\right)$. But as the force of gravity only increases the velocity of its fall, the fixed amount of 32+ft. per second, at the end of 19 seconds or at the moment of impact with the earth, its velocity would only be 608ft. per second (v=gt.=32×19). As a matter of fact, it started with a velocity of 2,000ft. per second, so we see that the velocity of the bullet on striking the earth cannot be compared with its initial velocity. To put it in another way, it would require 62½ seconds' time for a falling body acted upon by gravity alone to attain a velocity of 2,000ft. per second $\left(t=\frac{v}{g}=\frac{2,000}{32}\right)$ and this would necessitate its being dropped from an elevation of nearly twelve miles, a distance extravagantly in excess of the vertical range of any small-bore projectile—($H.=\frac{1}{2}gt^2=16\times3,906$)]

In both cases the figures for the velocity of the falling bullet are obtained without taking into account the resistance of the air, which would, of course, tend to reduce the velocity, so that the actual disparity between the upward and downward flight would be still greater than appears

Our correspondent's contention would be correct only if the bullet were fired in a vacuum. In that case, the bullet, starting with a velocity of 2,000ft. per second, would attain a vertical elevation of nearly twelve miles, and return to the earth with exactly the same velocity with which it started.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club Targets.

Aug 14—Rochester, N. Y.—Elliott-Glover match for the Kansas City *Star* cup. Also all-day shoot at live birds, under the management of Sim Glover.

Aug. 18-19.—Warsaw, Ind.—Tournament of the Lake City Gun Club. W. A. Wineberer, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—Warren, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y

Aug. 24-25—Buffalo, N. Y.—Tournament of the Bison Gun Club. Targets C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo.

Aug. 25-26.—Montpelier, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club. $200 ddded money.

Aug. 26-27.—Waterloo, Ont.—Tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club League. W J Marshall, Sec'y-Treas.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—Sutton, Neb.—Tournament of the Sutton Gun Club. $150 added money, as well as merchandise prizes. E E. Hairgrove, Sec'y.

Sept 6.—Meriden, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 6—Marion, N. J—Annual Labor Day tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. A. R Strader, Sec'y.

Sept 7-10.—Detroit. Mich.—Jack Parker's annual tournament.

Sept 14-16—Kansas City, Mo—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. Merchandise and amateurs

Sept. 14-16—Des Moines, Ia.—Tournament of the Capital Gun Club. S. C. Quimby, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—Portsmouth, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 28-29.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-Oct. 1.—Passaic, N. J.—Annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at Clifton racetrack. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. W. H. Huck, Sec'y, Rutherford, N. J.

Oct. 6-8.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—Greensburg, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Fulford's letter to "Charlie and Mac," which appeared in our issue of July 31, has attracted attention to a subject that has been in evidence very much this season: we refer to that of professionals at trap-shooting tournaments. It is a fact that there have been more "professionals barred" and "open to amateurs only" tournaments this season than at any other period in the history of trap-shooting. It is also a fact that it has been harder to draw a crowd, even with $500 added money, than at any time since added money became a feature at tournaments. We do not think the professional shooter is altogether to blame for the lack of patronage; no doubt he scares some shooters away, but there are several other causes, chief of which are the multiplicity of gun clubs, the large number of tournaments held every season, and the ease with which any shooter can now get all the shooting he wants close around his home It is also an expensive thing to go to a tournament, and times are such that fat pocketbooks are a scarcity.

Tom Keller is off again. He doesn't get into New York and have a chance to go the rounds of his acquaintances before he blows out again, and we don't see him again until he happens to be wafted in once more All of which means that Tom is a hustler; that the King Powder Company and the Peters Cartridge Company know it; and that Tom has lots of friends up here who want to see him oftener than they get a chance to do nowadays. No doubt he'll be back by Sept 28, the date of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association's tournament A Jersey shoot without Tee Kay would be like a julep without "the weeds."

H. P. Collins was in the city on Monday of this week, *en route* for the Lewiston Interstate shoot. He was to pick up U. M. C. Thomas on the midnight train at Bridgeport, and the pair were going through to Lewiston together. "Du Pont" Collins reported business good and work quite numerous to satisfy all his wants. On his return from Lewiston he will make a ten day's trip to the South and hopes to be back in time for the Montpelier shoot in the end of August.

The ten-men team race between the Eureka and Garfield gun clubs of Chicago, shot on July 24, was a very close affair. The Eurekas won by 7 targets, scoring 217 to 210, each team shooting at 250 targets. The Eurekas' average was 86.8, a decidedly high team average; the Garfields made an average of 84, an average for a ten men team that is not to be despised.

The date for the fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League has been changed from Aug 19 to Aug. 12, a week earlier than was intended. The tournament will be held as announced—at Warren, O., under the auspices of the Warren Gun Club.

The programme for the Montpelier, Vt., Interstate Association's tournament, Aug. 25-26, is now ready for distribution, and can be had on application to the secretary of the club, Mr. George B. Walton. The programme calls for ten events on the first day, five at 15 targets, and five at 20 targets each. All the 20-target events are at known angles, and all the 15-target events, except the first one, event No. 1, are at unknown angles; No. 1 is at known angles. The events run alternately, a 15 and then a 20. The club adds $90 on this day, $8 to each 15-target event, and $10 to each 20-target event. The entrances are as usual, $1.50 and $2. On the second day the first nine events on the programme are precisely the same as on the first day. The same amount of added money is also apportioned to each purse. The tenth event is a handicap affair, 25 to 23 targets, known angles, $2.50 entrance, with $30 added to the purse. This makes a total of $110 added money on the second day. The Rose system of dividing purses will be adhered to, but the ratio points are 5, 4, 3 and 2, there being four moneys in every event Guns and ammunition should be sent in care of H. A. Fiske, Montpelier, Vt. There will also be, of course, plenty of shells for sale on the grounds. The shooting grounds are very easy of access, being only ten minutes' ride from the hotels, of which four are spoken highly of in the programme: the Pavilion, Montpelier House, Exchange and Union House. The proprietors of each of these houses are members of the local gun club, and will do their level best to make things comfortable for their guests.

So Fred Gilbert has once more wrested the target championship title from Rolla Heikes. When Fred first won it at the Guttenberg race track in May of last year, he practically took away from Rolla the title which had been conceded to him in the past. On that occasion Fred shot well, and his victory, meeting as he did the cream of the talent in open competition, was well deserved and thoroughly popular. Then came the individual contest of Aug. 20, 1896, and Rolla once more regained the title after a close and exciting match all through, from start to finish. And now comes Fred's phenomenal score of 142 out 150, an average of 94.6. This average is a remarkable one even when made under the usual conditions of unknown angles; but on this occasion it was made on 50 targets, unknown angles; 50 targets, expert rule, one man up, the five traps down; and 25 pairs. A man who can make 94½ per cent. at this mixed style of shooting is indeed worthy of the title of champion. In the blaze of Gilbert's glory we must not lose sight of the fact that Rolla made a great average, too. His percentage of 90.6 is a great big percentage. Last year he won with a lower average, and his two targets lost right at the end of the match of July 31 last, his 148th and 150th (as per score, which appears elsewhere), look as if Rolla might have improved his average had the match been closer. It was the battle of the giants, and there is yet the rubber game to be played.

We are always glad to give advance notices of tournaments, and to make notes of the prominent points in the programmes for such shoots. To enable us to do this, however, we must have the programmes mailed to us in plenty of time for the notes to get before the readers of Drivers and Twisters at least a few days prior to the shoot. The programme for the annual tournament of the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., July 28-29, was one of those which arrived too late. This is always a good shoot, and the management this year seemed confident that the annual shoot of 1897 would be no disgrace to its predecessors. It was "to be a strictly amateur shoot, with professionals barred." Notes in the programme stated that: "Manufacturers' agents, who wish to show their guns or ammunition, will be welcome to shoot in all events for the price of the targets only." Another note, one that is very seldom seen in a programme, was the following: "If a shooter fails to cock his gun, or neglects to push up the safety, it shall be a 'no bird.' But no shooter shall refuse a bird because of a difficult height or angle, provided it be a fair bird." We scarcely agree with the "no bang, no bird" rule for tournaments; for club shoots, outside of badge or medal contests, we favor it, for there are lots of beginners who forget their safety and do a whole lot of unusual things.

A couple of New Yorkers and a few Peekskill and Newburgh, N Y., shooters took a day off on Saturday last, July 31, and went up to visit Neaf Apgar at his new home, Pine Point Club Hotel, Orange Lake, near Newburgh. Neaf has a magautrap going whenever necessary, and Darby can pump her to beat the band. But Capt. Money found the background, all sky and water practically, just to his liking; out of the last 143 he shot at, he lost just three targets. His load was 3drs of E. C. No. 1, in both Smokeless and Leader shells. The Leader load was what is known to the boys as "Rolla Heikes's load." What with fishing, shooting and boat racing, and with such trifles as frog catching and snake hunting thrown in every day, Neaf is now far more like the typical boniface than he was when he left New York He actually weighs in the neighborhood of 150lbs., and is red-faced at that.

Arrangements of the tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association are being pushed along rapidly, there being no time to waste between now and the dates of the shoot, Sept. 28-Oct. 1. Jerseymen and others will find that it will be quite easy to get to the Clifton race track, Passaic, N. J., as the Erie Railroad will stop several convenient trains right at the entrance to the track. The programme will be an attractive one, both for natives and for strangers to the soil Those who want to compete for the valuable merchandise prizes in the State events, and who are not yet members of the Association, or members of a club that is a member of that body, had better send in their applications for membership right away to W. H. Huck, secretary of the Association, Rutherford, N. J. Club dues are only $1 per year, with a membership fee of $2. For individual members the membership fee and annual dues are $1 each.

We understand that we are betraying no secret when we state that M. Herrington leaves for the Yukon in a very few days indeed. M. W-A Herrington has become such a standing dish at local tournaments and club shoots of late years, that future gatherings of the same kind will, for some time to come, seem unseasoned to the taste. This departure of Mr. Herrington for the gold fields will be news to most of our readers; it was a surprise to ourselves. He will carry with him many good wishes for his success in the new field he has chosen for his work; in all seriousness we wish him a merry Christmas and a very happy New Year.

We met Irby Bennet on Monday morning last in V. L. & D's new store, three doors above Irby's usual resting place, the Winchester Repeating Arms Company's store 312 Broadway. Irby was a little "distrait," (he chose that word himself) owing to the fact that he could not manage to arrange his business matters so as to get to Lewiston this week. He intends to get up to Montpelier, however, and will make one of the "all water-route" party from New York on the evening of Aug. 23. He gave us news of Tom Divine, telling us that Mr. Divine was in the dumps. We would suggest that Mr. Divine comes once more to the North, and joins the party to the land of maple sugar.

On Tuesday, Aug 17, the Brooklyn Gun Club will hold a shoot at its grounds, Liberty avenue and Enfield street, at the terminus of the Kings County Elevated road in Brooklyn. The main event will be a shoot for a gold watch, a handicap affair, $2.50 entrance, 30 targets per man, unknown angles, with an allowance of extra targets to shoot at. Shooting will commence promptly at 1 P. M., the handicap event being started at 2 sharp. No regular programme will be gotten out, but other events will be made up to suit the shooters present.

Paul R Litzke writes to us from Little Rock, Ark., as follows: "Mr. George Clements, of Pine Bluff, has challenged Mr. H. Conner, of Little Rock, to shoot a match for the individual State target championship trophy now held by him, and has posted a forfeit of $10, as the conditions prescribe, with Mr E. A. Howell, treasurer of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. The conditions of the contest are 50 single targets, unknown angles, challenger to put up $10 against the trophy; winner to take trophy and money, loser to pay for targets."

Energy and popularity go a long way toward making a shoot a success. Look at the Emerald Gun Club's merchandise live-bird shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., on July 9. Conditions: 7 live birds, $4, including price of birds, class shooting, merchandise prizes; forty-six prizes and forty-nine entries! And everybody seemed to enjoy the day's sport, particularly Dr. G. V. Hudson, one of the prime movers in the shoot, who shot at 24 birds during the day and never missed one of them Ferd Van Dyke also scored everything in sight, running 27 without a miss.

J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn, N. Y, is just now taking a rest and a fish on the shores of Lake Champlain. He writes to a friend in the city that he will be on hand at the coming contest for the Recreation cup, Aug. 11, on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J. Remsen has two wins for the cup, and so has F. Sinnock, of Newark, N. J. As there are only three more shoots for the cup it becomes imperative for both these shooters to be on hand on each and every occasion.

Daniel J Bradley, the hero of the Bradley-Murphy match at Carteret in January, 1896, made a great record at Elkwood Park on Monday, Aug. 2. He scored 95 out of 100 in his match with Dr. Gagnon, running his last 47 straight. He then took part in two miss-and-outs, running another 20 straight, making the great total of 67 without a miss The birds were not a fast lot, but the score is a great one under any conditions. Dr. Gagnon scored 84, but at one time he had a run of 35 straight.

The Sutton, Neb., Gun Club will hold a three days' shoot, Aug. 31-Sept. 2. There will be several fine hammerless guns offered for competition, in addition to several other valuable merchandise prizes, while the club will also add $150 in cash to the purses.

The committee who has in charge the getting out of the programme for the tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association is working hard at it, and will have the programme ready for distribution by the first week of September. The dates are Sept. 28-Oct. 1, and the tournament will be held at the Clifton racetrack, Passaic.

In the shoot of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, held July 27-28 at Bay City, Mich., Jack Parker won the general average prize. P C. Wood, who also hails from Detroit, was second. Tom Graham, Wm. Thompson and Joe Marks were third, fourth and fifth, respectively.

Now that the rainy spell is over, we can look for more target shooting around New York. The fact that two or three men are away after bay birds, doesn't make much difference around here; there's always enough on hand to make up a squad or two, and pretty hot squads at that.

Aug. 2. Edward Banks.

Messrs. Heikes and Gilbert.

Dayton, O., July 31.—Rolla O. Heikes, of this city, and Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., shot their match here to-day for the target championship of the United States and the cup emblematic of the championship. The cup was donated by the American E. C. Powder Company in May, 1896, at the company's tournament at Guttenburg, N. J., and was then won by Gilbert in open competition. He held the cup until Aug. 20 of the same year, when Heikes defeated him at Watson's Park, Chicago. On that occasion the scores were 48 to 47 on the unknown angles, 45 to 44 expert rules, and 40 to 39 on the doubles, a total of 133 to 130.

To-day's match resulted in a win for Gilbert by the wonderful score of 142 to 136. The totals were respectively: Gilbert, unknown angles, 48; expert rules, 48; doubles, 46. Heikes, unknown angles, 47; expert rules, 44; doubles, 45.

Dr. L. C. Adams was selected judge by Mr. Heikes; Ralph Trimble judge by Mr. Gilbert; Frank Alkire, referee; Capt. Ashley Brown, official scorer.

THE RACE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

At least 400 spectators witnessed the match, and grew enthusiastic in their applause as the exciting race progressed. On the unknown angles Gilbert obtained a strong lead, breaking 38 straight before making a skip. Heikes commenced with a loss of 3 out of his first 20, finishing strongly with 30 straight. This gave Gilbert a lead of one break only. Then came the 50 targets, expert rules. Gilbert lost his 2d target, and then made the remarkable run of 44 straight before he lost another, finishing his 50 with a score of 48. Heikes dropped 5 out of his first 25, but broke 24 out of the last series, going out with 44. Gilbert thus had a commanding lead of 5 breaks, with 25 pairs to be shot at. At this style of shooting both shot very strongly. Out of his first 11 pairs, Gilbert lost one target, his 6th, the 2d bird in the pair from Nos. 2 and 4 traps. After breaking 21 out of 22, he lost both targets in his 12th pair (Nos. 2 and 4 traps). He ran 8 pairs straight next, going out with 46 out of 50. Heikes lost only 5 targets out of his 50, making runs of 8, 7 and 4 pairs clean. It will be noticed that Heikes lost the 2d target in each of his last two pairs.

Conditions: 50 targets, unknown angles, 50 targets, expert rules, one man up; 25 pairs, known angles, A. S. A. rules:

Unknown angles:

Gilbert.....11111111111111111111111111111111111111101011111111—48
Heikes.....11111111111111111111111111111111111111111011011111—47

Expert rules:

Gilbert.....10111 11111 11111 11111 11111—24
11111 11111 11111 11111 10111—24—48
Heikes.....11101 11011 11111 11101 10101—20
11111 11111 11111 11101 11111—24—44

Pairs:

Gilbert.....11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 00 11
11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11—46
Heikes.....11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11
11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 10 10—45

Grand totals—Gilbert 142, Heikes 136.

SWEEPSTAKE SHOOTING.

The programme for the day opened at 8 A. M., in Fairview Park, with a 20-target race. Eight 20-target events were shot during the day, each being $2.50 entrance, five moneys. The first seven events were shot prior to the championship event. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Alkire	18	18	15	13	15	17	17	14	Raymond	17	19	17	19	15	19	13	..
Senour	11	15	14	14	13	10	..	..	Prutzman	..	14	13	11	..	14	..	..
Bingham	19	17	16	18	17	14	16	16	Ewarts	..	15	15	13	16	..	..	..
Young	18	19	18	20	19	18	17	18	Bacon	..	17	18	18	18	13	19	19
Gilbert	19	18	19	20	18	18	18	20	Palmer	..	18	18	18	..	..	..	18
Burnison	18	19	18	14	19	17	13	..	Light	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lutz	11	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	Craig	..	14	14	15	18	17	..	14
Rike	18	16	18	19	17	16	19	16	Wolf	..	..	16	10	..	..	..	..
Trimble	19	18	16	19	18	17	17	17	Matthews	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Markey	18	18	15	18	15	12	..	..	Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	16	10	13
McDonald	18	19	18	15	17	18	18	15	Heikes	..	..	..	..	..	16	19	19

Times.

Haverhill Gun Club.

Haverhill, Mass., July 31.—Herewith I hand you scores made at the regular weekly practice shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club held this afternoon. All 10-bird events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Bryan	8	..	8	6	7	5	8	10	10	6	8	7	7	8	7	5	8
Short	5	7	5	..	6	2	8	..	4	6	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens	6	..	9	8	..	..	..	6	8	7	9	..	5	..	..	..	..
Sprague	5	6	..	2	..	..	..	5	..	..	4	4	..	3	..	..	..
Wright	8	7	..	5	..	8	6	..	..	5	..	..	9	8	..	..	..
Miller	7	8	6	5	7	6	8	4	8	9	6	6	5	10	8	7	5
George	..	8	7	9	7	9	7	8	7	10	7	8	10	9	9	7	8
Tuck	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Doucette	..	..	4	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Osborne	..	..	..	4	6	2	..	7	3	4	6	..	..	..	..	4	1
Gardella	..	..	..	5	6	4	1	4	5	5	5	..	..	..	..	4	7
Webster	..	..	..	..	..	0	1	2	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griggs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	3	4	..	..	..	..
Leighton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	..
Fernald	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	..	..	..	..
Tozier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..

Events 1, 5, 6, 12 and 13 were at known angles; events 2, 3, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14 and 15 were at unknown angles; 4 was at reverse pull; 16 and 17 expert rules, and 18, 19 and 20 at 5 pairs each.

George F. Stevens, Sec'y-Treas.

The Elliott-Glover Match.

Last week we published Glover's acceptance of Elliott's challenge for the Kansas City *Star* cup, and also Budd's acceptance of Elliott's challenge for the Du Pont trophy. Curiously enough both men named the same date and the same hour—Aug 14, 2 P. M.—but the places chosen were widely different. Glover naturally enough named Rochester, N. Y., but Budd chose Eau Claire, Wis. Receiving the above acceptances shortly before going to press, it was impossible to find out what was going to be done about the clashing of dates.

We learn now that Elliott will take up Glover's case on Aug. 14, and will be in Rochester in plenty of time to shoot the match. To fill out the day, Glover will have other events at live birds arranged to suit shooters who may be on hand to see the match. The Rochester Rod and Gun Club will hold a target tournament on the day prior to the match. It has arranged a programme of eleven events, of 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, with entrance fees at the usual rate of 10 cents per target. There will be four moneys in every event, the purses being divided 35, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Bison Gun Club.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 30.—The winners in this week's regular medal shoot of the Bison Gun Club were Bauman, 333 and Wrench. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	20	15	25	15	10	20	15	Targets:	15	20	15	25	15	10	20	15
Mack	7	6	7	17	..	7	..	..	Wilson	..	..	..	9	17	..	..	17	..
Foxie	14	16	..	16	11	8	10	12	Anderson	..	..	..	..	9	6	7	16	..
Bauman	8	12	7	17	7	5	..	..	333	..	..	..	..	18	10	6	14	..
Danser	..	..	8	11	..	..	..	..	Storey	..	..	..	..	12	8	6	10	..
Wrench	..	..	7	14	10	..	..	..	Vine	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Estes	..	..	..	16	11	7	11	..	Mignerey	10	14	..	9	..	8	..	..
Dittson	10	7	..	13	10	..	..	..	Bissell	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	11
Lepper	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	Hager	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

Messrs. Elliott and Budd.

Clear Lake, Ia., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. J. A. R. Elliott has notified me that he could not meet me on Aug. 14 at Eau Claire, Wis., and shoot our match for Du Pont trophy owing to his having to meet Mr. Sim Glover at Rochester, N. Y., same date, in a contest for Kansas City *Star* cup. I will now name Aug. 28, at 2 P.M., as time, and Eau Claire Gun Club grounds, Eau Claire, Wis., as place for our contest, and trust this may be satisfactory to Mr. Elliott. C. W. Budd.

The Indian Wolf Shoot.

In our last issue we gave the story of the Indian Wolf shoot at Clear Lake, Ia., July 20-23, from the pen of our correspondent, Hawkeye. Owing to our distance from the scene of this great pow-wow, and the exigencies of the Great White Father's mail service, we were somewhat lucky to have been able to do even as much as that.

We showed how Buffalo Hump (Frank Parmelee) landed first average for the shoot with an average of 90.5 for 600 targets shot at. Next to him came Bald Eagle and Heap Talk, two mighty chieftains, the possessors of many scalps, with an average of 89 6 each. (For purposes of identification by those who know them not under the above appellations, we would state that the chiefs referred to are respectively, Rolla O. Heikes and Fred Gilbert). Chris. Gottlieb, a white man, and a very white man, too, who hails from Elliottstown, better known perhaps as Kansas City, Mo., won fourth honors with a general average of 88.1. Behind him, in order of merit, came Wipestick (Chan Powers), Moonface (Charlie Grimm), Long Talk (Tom Marshall, the hero of this year's Grand American Handicap), Dago Chief (Charlie Budd), No Talk (Geo. Loomis), Eddie Bingham and Kibby. It will thus be seen that out of the eleven who shot through the entire programme, only three were not members of the famous band of Indians who fathered this shoot.

We propose now to review the work of the shooters in detail, giving each day's scores as made, placing the shooters in order of merit.

First Day, July 20.

The programme to-day, as on each of the three target days, consisted of ten 20-target events, entrance $2.50, targets included, $15 added to each purse, five moneys.

There must have been something strange in the flight of the targets or in the background, for at the start things were very much mixed up. Gilson was high in No. 1 with 18, four 17s dividing second money. With five moneys, this let in the 14s, and made Tom Marshall and Corey glad. In No. 2 there were two straights, but in Nos. 3 and 4, 19 was high. In the matter of straights, Heikes was high with 3, Gottlieb had 2, and so had Parmelee, who bunched his in Nos. 6 and 7. Gilbert, Grim and Valentine each made a straight.

Parmelee was high to-day with 183 out of 200, an average of 91.5. He shot a very steady gait, seldom making anything like a break. Heikes was second with 181, an average of 90.5; he began rather badly with 17 and 16 in Nos. 1 and 2, respectively. His scores for the day show up rather curiously for such a steady and reliable shot; his last six scores were 17, 20, 17, 20, 17, 20! Gottlieb, Powers and Grimm, finished in order named.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Ave.
F S Parmelee	17	18	19	18	19	20	20	17	17	18	200	183	91.5
R O Heikes	17	16	19	18	17	20	17	20	17	20	200	181	90.5
Fred Gilbert	16	20	17	19	16	18	16	18	18	17	200	175	87.5
Chris Gottlieb	15	16	16	19	20	17	17	17	20	16	200	173	86.5
C M Powers	17	19	17	17	15	19	15	18	17	17	200	171	85.5
C M Grimm	15	20	17	18	18	17	16	19	15	14	200	169	84.5
Valentine	16	17	13	14	16	18	20	19	18	16	200	167	83.5
C W Budd	16	18	12	15	16	19	16	15	19	18	200	164	82
Eddie Bingham	15	17	12	18	15	17	17	17	15	14	200	157	78.5
T A Marshall	14	13	17	15	17	18	14	16	17	19	200	157	78.5
Kibby	12	12	16	15	15	18	18	16	17	16	200	155	77.5
Henshaw	11	16	9	17	15	14	16	12	17	18	200	155	77.5
G W Loomis	12	18	12	17	17	14	16	16	13	10	200	145	72.5
Herman	16	13	14	13	14	16	17	13	14	15	200	145	72.5
S A Smith	17	15	16	14	10	13	12	17	14	16	200	144	72
Plummer	10	14	11	17	15	15	18	13	13	12	200	138	69
Cook	12	..	15	12	13	16	11	14	17	16	180	126	70
E A Leach	13	18	18	17	4	14	12	16	..	..	160	112	70
Howard	13	18	18	16	19	14	17	..	..	..	140	115	82.1
Ferguson	..	..	..	16	18	18	17	13	16	14	140	112	80
Mortenson	15	19	17	13	17	..	..	..	15	..	120	96	80
Covey	14	14	..	12	13	15	..	13	..	..	120	81	67.5
Patch	16	13	16	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	100	71	71
Baldwin	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	12	14	13	100	69	69
J G Smith	15	16	..	..	10	12	14	..	..	..	100	67	67
Gilson	18	18	..	15	18	..	..	..	..	..	80	69	86.2
Brucker	..	12	17	..	15	12	..	..	..	..	80	56	70
Laughlin	3	..	..	11	11	10	..	..	..	..	80	35	43.7
Linderman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	15	60	49	81.6
G Agard	13	..	14	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	60	42	70
W H Milner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	13	60	40	66.6
Lineberger	12	13	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	35	58.3
Latshaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	16	80
J H Sams	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	20	14	70
Entries:	27	25	23	26	28	25	23	23	22	22	Average entry,		24.4

Second Day, July 21.

If there was something curious about the scores of the first day, what must be said of those of to-day? Only four straights were made; Gilbert and Parmelee each made one in No. 5, and Gottlieb and Loomis each scored a straight in No. 7. In No. 3, 18 was high, but in all the rest of the events first money went to the 19s. In Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 9, there were only two 19s for first money; but in No. 10, with only 25 entries, eight 19s and three 18s showed up for first and second moneys.

Fred Gilbert landed in first place to-day, with just 90 per cent. for his 200 targets. He began rather weakly with 15 in No. 1, and 16 in No. 3, but picked up and went to the front. Parmelee was second on the list with 88 per cent., or 24 targets lost out of 200 shot at. His scores show three 15s, in Nos. 1, 6 and 7, a total of only 45 breaks out of 60 shot at. In the other seven events he broke 131 out of 140! Gottlieb, who also started off poorly with a 16 and 15 in Nos. 1 and 2, respectively, was third for the day, two breaks ahead of Heikes, who made a 19, six 18s, and a 17, 15 and 14. In Nos. 7, 8 and 9 he lost just 16 targets; at the end of No. 6 he was high man for the day, with 11 losses out of 120 shot at. Altogether, the scores to-day, without any actual knowledge of the circumstances under which they were made, such as wind, light, etc., are remarkably low for the quality of the shooters engaged in cracking the targets.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
F Gilbert	15	19	16	18	20	19	18	17	19	19	200	180	90
F S Parmelee	15	18	18	18	20	15	15	19	19	19	200	176	88
C Gottlieb	16	15	18	19	18	16	20	18	17	18	200	175	87.5
R O Heikes	19	18	18	18	18	18	15	17	14	18	200	173	86.5
G W Loomis	13	15	17	17	19	16	20	17	17	19	200	170	85
T A Marshall	16	15	16	17	13	18	18	18	15	19	200	165	82.5
C M Grimm	11	14	15	18	18	16	19	19	17	17	200	164	82
C M Powers	14	14	16	18	16	15	18	18	14	19	200	162	81
Sanford	17	19	12	19	15	15	14	16	17	16	200	160	80
C W Budd	13	15	14	16	16	18	14	16	18	18	200	158	79
Hughes	12	17	18	17	13	19	15	15	12	17	200	155	77.5
E Bingham	9	16	16	16	18	16	12	17	16	17	200	153	76.5
E A Leach	13	14	11	17	17	16	13	15	18	19	200	153	76.5
Valentine	16	15	17	11	12	16	14	17	14	19	200	150	75
Brady	12	14	10	17	14	18	14	16	13	16	200	144	72
Kibby	14	12	14	16	14	13	11	11	13	14	200	132	66
Watson	6	9	9	4	13	10	11	11	6	15	200	94	47
Henshaw	13	12	14	13	14	14	..	15	16	19	180	130	72.2
S A Smith	15	10	13	14	9	..	..	10	12	..	140	83	59.2
Mahoney	12	10	13	14	..	13	..	..	..	..	100	62	62
Patch	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	80	60	75
Herman	..	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	80	58	72.5
Linderman	9	16	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	54	67.5
Corey	..	..	13	12	..	..	..	..	12	11	80	48	60
Pettit	18	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	60	46	75
Glasier	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	60	33	55
Plummer	13	9	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	60	30	50
Laughlin	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	60	19	31.6
Gilson	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	28	70
Milner	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	27	67.5
Cook	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	17	40	26	65
Mortenson	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	23	57.5
Robinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	40	21	52.5
Agard	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	19	95
Konvalinski	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	13	65
Drake	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	20	6	30
Entries:	30	30	23	20	20	19	17	19	27	25	Average entry,		23

Third Day, July 22.

It was easier shooting on this day, judging from the high averages made. Five men made better than 90 per cent., and a whole raft of straights—fifteen of them—were chalked up on the blackboard. Powers was high with 15 lost targets out of 200 shot at—an average of 92.5. His position as first on the list was not due to any large number of straight scores, for he only made one, and that was in No. 3 event; but he shot a very strong gait all through, making three 19s and six 18s. Two of his 19s were good ones, made just at the right time, for they netted him second money alone in Nos. 2 and 4. Heikes was second with one break less than Powers, while Parmelee and Gilbert came along neck and neck for third and fourth places, only one break separating them from Heikes. Gilbert's scores are interesting: He started off with a loss of 10 targets out of his first 40 shot at; then he braced up with a 19, following it with three consecutive 20s, then two 19s, and lastly, two 18s; out of his last 160 targets he broke just 153—an average of 95.6. Gottlieb was fifth with 181 breaks; he made a straight in Nos. 1, 3 and 4, falling down to 15 out of 20 in No. 2; he also had another 15 out of 20 marked up against him in No. 7.

The 15 straights were divided up as follows: Gilbert and Gottlieb 3 each; Heikes, Parmelee and Marshall 2 each; Powers, Budd and Henshaw 1 each. With so many straight scores, nineteen won first money in only two events on this day—Nos 7 and 8. In Nos. 6 and 10, Gilbert and Parmelee, respectively, took first money alone on 20 straight.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
C M Powers	18	19	20	19	18	18	18	18	19	18	200	185	92.5
R O Heikes	18	20	18	17	20	18	19	19	17	18	200	184	92
F S Parmelee	19	20	17	18	19	19	17	17	18	20	200	183	91.5
F Gilbert	15	15	19	20	20	20	19	19	18	18	200	183	91.5
C Gottlieb	20	15	20	20	18	17	15	18	19	19	200	181	90.5
T A Marshall	19	20	19	17	16	15	18	17	20	17	200	178	89
C W Budd	19	17	17	17	18	18	18	15	20	18	200	177	88.5
C M Grimm	16	17	18	15	15	16	18	16	19	19	200	169	84.5
G W Loomis	19	16	18	16	19	15	16	15	16	17	200	167	83.5
Kibby	17	16	14	14	16	17	17	16	18	18	200	163	81.5
Eddie Bingham	14	18	16	16	18	19	18	16	10	15	200	160	80
Watson	15	11	12	11	14	12	14	16	14	10	200	129	64.5
Henshaw	20	16	18	14	19	14	..	..	14	17	160	132	82.5
Lineberger	16	15	18	..	17	..	..	17	17	19	140	119	85
Linderman	16	17	17	17	13	16	16	..	..	..	140	112	80
E A Leach	15	14	..	18	..	16	18	13	..	..	120	94	78.3
Corey	12	16	17	18	13	14	..	..	..	..	120	90	75
Plummer	14	..	..	..	..	17	15	13	16	13	120	80	66.6
Sanford	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	80	62	77.3
Brucker	15	15	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	54	67.5
Valentine	17	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	47	78.3
Herman	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	12	12	60	41	68.3
Abbott	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	16	10	60	40	66.6
Mortenson	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	40	34	85
Petit	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	16	80
Glasier	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12	60
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	20	12	60
Colby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	20	11	55
Gilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	20	11	55
Day	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	5	25
Entries:	24	21	19	17	16	18	15	16	20	19	Average entry,		18.5

Fourth Day, July 23.

This was live-bird day, and the scene was changed from Grand View to the camp grounds near the Oaks Hotel. The event of the day, of course, was the 25-bird race, $25 entrance, birds included, $50 added, four moneys, with a cut glass lemonade set donated by E. S. Rice, of Chicago, agent for Du Pont and Hazard powders.

It was Heap Talk's lemonade set and first money, for he went out with 24 out of 25, losing his 16th bird. This 16th round was fatal also to Charlie Budd's straight score; both he and Gilbert were straight up to that round, but Charlie's bird managed to get away, and as he lost his 21st and 24th, 23 out of 25 was the best the Dago Chief could boast of. Chan Powers, Frank Parmelee and E. A. Leach divided second money on 23 each; George Loomis, Tom Marshall and Budd dividing third money on 22. Grimm had the good fortune to be alone in the 21 hole, taking 10 per cent. of the purse.

The birds must have been a good lot, as the average for the 365 shot at in this event was only just a fraction over 80 per cent., 294 kills out of 365 shot at being a larger proportion of ciphers than one generally sees on summer birds. Below are the scores in detail:

Fred Gilbert	2122112221222212012221222	—24
E A Leach	2222202212112022222222222	—23
C M Powers	2111121222110121022211222	—23
F S Parmelee	2201222221222222101222222	—23
G W Loomis	1122010121122210212222121	—22
T A Marshall	2022222222202220222221222	—22
C W Budd	2212212221222220222102101	—22
C M Grimm	2220222220222222222022012	—21
Hughes	0002112212122220120120 1	—17
Herman	0212222022212220202220	—16
Watson	2012212101120023211120	—16
Brucker	1012110112020121121 0	—15
Heikes	0222202022202202222	—14
Kibby	0020210212122210	—11
Plummer	2200121010212 0	— 9
Barringer	2210200120 10	— 7
Gottlieb	1200220100	— 5
Bingham	002222000	— 4

Fulford and Philanthropy.

New York, July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a trap-shooter I was much interested in Mr. Fulford's criticism of the sayings of Messrs. Willard and McMurchy, published in your issue of to-day's date. He says: "Now I contend that professionalism has not hurt trap-shooting at all; it has helped it in the way of introducing better guns, loads and methods in shooting. * * * That professional shooters are not responsible is proven by the fact that strictly amateur shoots are not as well patronized as open shoots."

That there was a benefit conferred by the professional shooter at a certain period of transition from the muzzleloader to the breechloader, when the trap-shooters at large knew but little about the more improved arm, does not admit of argument. There were many kinds and qualities of the breechloader, some cheap and worthless, others high-priced but faulty in mechanism, etc., so that the professional—salaried or otherwise—really did a material service to the public in educating it on guns. Later there was a similar service rendered in the experimental stages of nitro powders and the gradual disuse of black powder at the traps and the use of nitro powder instead. There was then something to learn and something to teach. But the number of teachers multiplied out of all ratio to the number of pupils. There may be too many wolves infesting a country for the number of sheep. The sheep might stand a reasonable amount of killing and still increase in numbers, but if the wolves killed faster than the sheep could produce, their numbers must naturally decrease. Some wolves thus may do little harm, but there mustn't be too many.

That trap-shooting has flourished is not due to the professional. He was but a coincident feature of it—not a cause. Had the old system—wherein the professional and all others met on a dead level—been still in use, there would have been little trap shooting to-day. That the *ultra* professionals are feared and looked upon as detrimental to the sport, is shown by the multiplicity of systems which have been devised and tried for the purpose of handicapping them or to improve the chances of the non-professional. The new systems inspired new hopes and further trials on the part of the amateurs. If they couldn't shake off the professional, they at least wished to minimize his wolfish appetite. But to-day the professional has no new principle to teach; no great and new features to demonstrate; nothing but the trade rivalry of manufacturers whose goods are well-known, and have been well-known for years. The teaching and the philanthropy are fictions of the trap world. In the old days there were some wolves. But is to-day not better than "the good old times" just because there are more wolves now than then?

Let us concede that professionalism has done some good—yes, a great deal of good. Has it not also done some harm? The unholy alliances made to scoop all the money at a tournament, the lowering of the diversion by making it a wolfish industry instead of a wholesome sport, etc., have done much to harm it.

The reason that the amateur tournaments are not the perfect successes that the open shoots are, is that they rarely have large purses; they do not encourage the real amateur, that is, the expert or good shots who are not professionals. There is a common belief that the term "amateur" is synonymous with unskillfulness, and that in an amateur shoot the unskillful shot is preferred. If tournament committees would endeavor to be accurate in their expression of tournament conditions, and say that professionals are barred, instead of saying a shoot for amateurs, then the shooting world would know precisely what they meant. When they say a tournament is for amateurs only, the shooters at large do not know precisely who are amateurs and who are not, and there are so many in the "are or are not" class that, rather than meet a possible rejection, they stay away entirely.

However good and useful the professional shooter may have been in promoting trap-shooting in the past, it is not a logical consequence that he will always be so. He is not the same that he was in the past, for he has increased in skill and numbers and business knowledge. He is not only individually skillful; he is an organizer. As a wolf, he is a big wolf, but when it is to the interests of his brother wolves, he knows how to train with the pack.

The pretense of teaching is a sham at this late day. The special knowledge of the professionals of a decade or two ago is the common knowledge to-day of the trap world. Indeed, a shooter can go into any hardware or sporting goods store and get any advice, or load ready made for targets, pigeons, game birds or wildfowl. Every locality has its trap-shooting club whose members have all the knowledge of guns, loads, etc., that is necessary.

This plea of philanthropy is touching. Mr. Fulford is a professional, and as such he would argumentatively present only what was to his own advantage. He does not admit any harm at all from professionalism. Who would expect that he would? But what does he teach? He works for a salary and shoots for money. Very well, he has a right to do so, but he has no right to say that he is doing it to benefit the public. He is benefiting himself.

There never was but one system devised which checked the rapacity of the wolves for the lambs, and that was the Rose system. They could not combine to scoop all the money. They could not drop for place, for the moment a man dropped into a vacant place the system adjusted his share with mathematical accuracy on a fixed ratio, and he had only his part as fixed by that ratio. It gave all a fair chance for sport. who "kicked?" It was the professional. He forgot about his devotion as a teacher, and howled a hoarse wolf howl for the money. The "good old times" may have been what they were, but all time when it is the present time stands on its own merits. Because there were some wolves in "the good old times," it does not follow as a sequence that the wolves made the good times then or that more wolves would make times better now. And it does not follow as a sequence that a wolf, being accused of wolfishness, is the best judge of his own case. When the wolf says to the lamb, "Come to me, pretty lamb, I love you," it is time for the pretty lamb to do some thinking.

A. Lamb.

Western Traps.

EUREKA VS. GARFIELD.

July 24.—The ten-men team race between the Eureka Gun Club and the Garfield Gun Club was held to-day on the grounds of the Eureka Club. The contest was a close one, the home team winning by a margin of 7 targets only. The scores were good. On the side of the Eurekas there were five 23s and three 22s; for the Garfields there was one 24 (Kuss, who missed his last target), three 23s and five 20s.

Taking the teams as they shot, and dividing them off into squads of six, three from each team, the first squad was Dr. Hiller, Goodrich and Cunningham for the Eurekas; Fehrman, Fish and Edgar for the Garfields. In this squad the Eurekas gained a lead of 4 targets with 64 to 60. The second squad was Lamphere, Antoine and Wright for the Eurekas; Bowers, Von Lengerke and Patterson for the Garfields. In this squad the Eurekas added 3 more targets to their lead, scoring 63 to 60. The next squad was Lord, Stannard and Glover for the Eurekas; Neal, Kuss and Conley for the Gerfields. In this squad the Eurekas gained another target, making their total lead 8 targets. The Eureka trio scored 68 to 67 by their opponents, the whole squad only losing 15 targets out of the 150 shot at, an average of 90 per cent. The anchor men were Steck for the Eurekas and Dr. Shaw for the Garfields; the Doctor scored 23 against Stecks 22, reducing the Eurekas' winning lead to 7, as stated above. Scores were as below:

Eureka Gun Club.

Dr Miller	1111110111111111111111110—23
Antoine	1111011111111111111111110—23
Wright	0110111111111111111111111—23
Lord	1111111111011011111111111—23
Glover	1111101111111011111111111—23
Goodrich	1111011111111111100111111—22
Stannard	1111111110101011111011111—22
Steck	1111100111111111110111111—22
Cunningham	1110011010101111110111111—19
Lamphere	1001111111000110101101111—17—217

Garfield Gun Club.

Kuss	1111111111111111111111110—24
Patterson	1111111111111111011111101—23
Neal	1111111111111111111101110—23
Shaw	0111111111111011111111111—23
Fehrman	1111911111010110011111111—20
Fish	0111111101101111110011111—20
Edgar	1111111111111101101100011—20
Bowen	0111110111111111111100110—20
Comley	1011110111011111011111011—20
Von Lengerke	1110001110011101111100111—17—210

Sweepstake events were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	25	25	15	15	15	10	15	10	15	25	25
Glover	15	..	..	12	..	13	9	13	..	..	..	..
Lord	14	..	..	..	6	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Stannard	13	..	..	13	6	15	8	..	..	15	..	..
Lamphere	13	22	..	..	..	13	9	..	..	..	..	..
L Willard	14	15	13	..	9	13	7	..	..	..	..	..
Lewis	11	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Edgar	10	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Kuss	13	..	..	12	9	15	10	..	..	14	24	..
Goodrich	15	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Bowers	11	..	13	..	..	12	7	..	..	..	..	..
Spreyne	12	..	..	9	..	14	9	..	..	..	..	19
Fehrman	12	17	..	..	9	11	8	..	..	14	..	..
Antoine	15	..	21	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rehm	12	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Duncan	7	12	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Steck	14	..	..	..	..	14	10	8	..	13	..	..
Wright	14	..	16	11	..	15	5	..	..	..	..	..
Stanley	..	10	11	8	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	13
Porter	..	8	11	6	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	16
C E Willard	15	21	..	..	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
West	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Cornell	..	15	12	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	..	18	16	..	11	10	..	9	..	..	..	..
Stone	..	16	19	..	..	10	7	..	..	..	..	..
De Wolf	..	12	13	..	..	8	4	..	7	..	..	..
Shaw	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R B Carson	..	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Patterson	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	11	
Rochliau	..	..	11	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Bisbee	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cunningham	..	..	13	10	..	12	7	..	..	..	..	..
Prickett	..	..	14	7	..	..	7	..	6	..	..	..
Embrie	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
H F Carson	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16
Luther	..	..	2	..	..	..	3	..	8	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	16	11	..	13	7	..	9	..	..	..
Von Lengerke	..	..	..	7	..	10	9	..	..	..	..	14
Comley	..	..	..	..	12	11	13	8	..	..	11	20
Neal	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	10	..	..	14	24
Ruble	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	10	..	..	..	..
Fish	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	..	..	..	..
Hollister	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Turner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..

CALUMET HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.

July 25.—Nine members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club took part to-day in the event at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles. The winner in Class A was Paterson with 25 straight; Norcom with 18 was winner in Class B, Schmidt winning easily in Class C with 23 breaks. Scores:

Paterson (A)	1111111111111111111111111—25
Young (A)	1101110111011111111101011—20
Booth (A)	0011111111111111111111111—23
Turtle (A)	1011100010001101100100011—12
Norcom (B)	1111010011100110111111101—18
Greely (B)	1111111100101011100001101—16
Morgan (C)	0010010010000010010010110— 8
Chamberlain (C)	1111111101110011100001000—16
Schmidt (C)	1111111111111011011111111—23

Sweepstake events were shot as below, Nos. 1 and 4 being at known traps, unknown angles; No. 2 at reversed order; No. 3, snipe shooting, and No. 5 at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	10	10	20	10	Targets:	15	10	10	20	10
Paterson	11	10	8	20	..	Schmidt	7	5	3	7	..
Young	13	8	7	19	6	Norcom	9	6	5	4	..
Booth	14	9	9	16	5	Chamberlain	9	..	..	..	..
Morgan	4	..	4	..	..						

Patti.

GARDEN CITY GUN CLUB.

July 31.—The regular weekly shoot of the Garden City Gun Club was poorly attended, several members being absent on account of going to see the Eureka-Garfield team race. Scores made to-day were:

Donnelly Prize.

Hutchinson	1111111011111111111011111—23
Helliman	1101110111001111111011111—20
Goldsmith	1110101111111100111111101—20
Smeads	0101110110011111110111111—19
Parker	0011101000111011111111110—17
Finstead	0110010101010110110111010—14
Levi	1110100101100101111011100—14

Sweeps were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	20	15	25	10	Targets:	20	20	15	25	10
Hutchinson	16	17	9	20	8	Ludlow	17	..	11	..	..
Finstead	9	9	7	..	..	Goldsmith	..	18	6	12	6
Smeads	12	..	15	13	5	Parker	..	16	9	17	8
Helliman	13	..	11	..	4	Clark	..	..	8	8	..
Levi	12	..	7	11	4						

No. 3 was shot with gun below elbow until the target was in the air; No. 4 was reversed order, and No. 5 at pairs. f

Sec.

The Uxbridge Tournament.

Uxbridge, Mass., July 24.—The tournament of the Uxbridge Gun Club and a terrific thunderstorm were jointly and severally pulled off on the club's grounds to-day. For over an hour the guns were silent, and the members of the four contesting teams present looked out on a fiercer contest raging above. The afternoon was very dark, and coupled with the wind and rain prevented any favorable scores being made in the different events.

Forty-one gunners were present and took a crack at some of the sweepstakes. Over 4,000 targets were thrown from our three-trap system. One hundred and fifty shooters and visitors sat down to a clam dinner served on the club grounds. Emory P. Burbank, of the Uxbridge Gun Club, made 88.1 per cent., it being the highest individual average of the day's shoot.

The miss and-out prizes were awarded as follows: First, Kenerson, ruby ring; second, Walls, $5; third, Whitin, $5; fourth, Link, 500 Squires' hand-loaded shells; fifth, Burbank, 150 Blue Ribbon loaded shells; sixth, Card, 100 W-A loaded shells; seventh, Smith, $2; eighth, Hammond, cut cotton cloth; ninth, Provo, 3lbs. Gold Dust powder; tenth, Rawson, *Outing* for one year; eleventh, Dudley, *Recreation* for one year; twelfth, Corey, *Amateur Sportsman* for one year; thirteenth, Root, pneumatic recoil pad.

In the team race Worcester took first place, Uxbridge second, Providence third, and Woonsocket fourth. The team race was at 40 targets per man, eight men to a team:

Worcester Sportsmen's Club: Knowlton 34, Link 34, Walls 31, McClellan 29, Russell 29, Kennerson 27, Knowles 25, Parker 20—229

Uxbridge Gun Club: Burbank 35, Ford 30, Noyes 30, Day 20, Whitin 29, Johnson 26, Rawson 22, Mansfield 18—220.

Providence Gun Club: Corey 35, Sheldon 31, Green 27, Hammond 27, Whitaker 26, Smith 26, Root 25, Arnold 7—204.

Woonsocket Gun Club: Banfill 31, Whipple 28, Darling 24, Card 23, Barber 22, Seagrave 22, Mills 21, Cahoon 20—191.

The scores in the sweepstake events were as below, three of the programme events having to be cut out owing to the stoppage due to rain and to the large number of shooters in attendance.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			
Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	15	15	20	20			
Angles:	U	K	R	U	U	K	R	U	U	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Burbank	10	13	13	14	8	15	11	18	17	135	119	88.1
Walls	7	13	11	12	9	15	13	17	14	135	111	82.2
Day	9	14	14	9	8	12	12	17	13	135	108	80
Ford	7	10	11	9	9	14	12	16	14	135	102	75.5
Whitng	4	13	10	13	9	11	9	16	13	135	98	72.7
Kenerson	5	13	10	13	9	10	10	13	14	135	97	71.8
Johnson	6	13	5	12	8	12	9	14	12	135	91	67.4
Rawson	7	11	7	11	5	11	11	14	8	135	85	63
Mansfield	5	11	9	9	5	8	8	7	11	125	73	51
Hammond	..	12	15	12	10	12	11	15	12	125	99	79.2
Sheldon	..	14	12	11	9	11	11	15	16	125	99	79.2
Corey	..	13	14	8	7	8	10	16	19	125	95	76
Whitaker	..	15	11	12	8	10	10	14	12	125	92	73.6
Root	..	13	9	10	8	9	7	14	11	125	81	64.8
Card	..	7	9	13	7	10	11	10	13	125	80	64
Noyes	10	15	6	12	7	12	..	14	16	120	92	76.6
Parker	10	7	9	11	10	13	..	8	12	120	80	66.6
J G Knowlton	..	..	10	12	10	11	7	19	15	110	84	76.4
McClellan	..	..	14	12	6	11	9	15	14	110	81	73.6
Link	..	..	9	11	7	8	11	16	18	110	80	72.7
Barber	..	5	8	12	1	10	..	11	11	110	58	53
Smith	..	9	..	7	8	8	..	17	9	95	58	61
Cahoon	..	13	10	..	4	11	..	12	8	95	58	61
F W Arnold	..	10	..	7	3	10	..	3	4	95	37	39
Banfill	..	7	4	..	4	..	..	13	18	80	46	57.5
Green	..	12	..	13	..	..	..	12	15	70	52	74.3
Gilson	..	..	9	5	5	7	4	..	..	70	30	42.2
Russell	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	14	15	65	47	72.3
Whipple	..	..	..	..	6	11	..	16	12	65	35	53.8
Mills	..	..	..	..	3	10	..	9	12	65	34	52.3
Seagrave	..	..	..	..	4	4	..	12	10	65	30	46
Knowles	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	13	12	50	32	64
Provo	6	7	..	..	6	11	..	..	..	50	30	60
Sweet	..	..	7	12	..	12	..	..	..	45	31	68.8
Warren	..	6	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	45	18	40
A Arnold	..	9	..	..	4	12	..	..	..	40	25	62.5
Darling	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	40	24	60
Ridley	1	..	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	40	13	32.5
Dudley	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	..	..	30	23	76.6
Whitney	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	15	8	53.3
Feeney	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	10	6	60
Sadler	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	10	3	30

G. F. Day, Sec'y.

Catchpole Gun Club.

Wolcott, N. Y., July 23.—The first midsummer tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club was held to-day, and was a very successful shoot. The weather was fine for shooting, with the exception of heavy showers about midday, but as preparations were made in the shape of canvas for protection to shooters from the hot sun, it answered to keep off the rain, and the traps were kept busy throughout the day.

Shooting commenced promptly at 9:45 A M upon the arrival of the first trains from east and west, which brought several shooters. The following were from Rochester, N. Y.: Dr. Weller, Byer, Lane, Borst, McCord and others; also Messrs. Wagner and Hunter, from the Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.; the Zwilling Bros., from Lyons, N. Y.; Wayte and Ingersoll, from Sterling, and scores of others from Wayne and adjoining counties. Mr. L. V. Byer, of Rochester, was high man for the day, closely followed by Messrs. Lane and Weller, from the same city. Below we give the totals for the day, the programme consisting of twelve events, all of which were finished

In the merchandise event, No 9, the prizes consisted of sixteen valuable prizes given by the business men of our town. In this event there were twenty-four entries. The prizes were given to the highest scores, high guns having first choice, and so on.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
L V Byer	165	146	88.4	Cosad	100	68	68
C Lane	165	144	87.2	Rich	100	65	65
Dr Weller	166	143	86.6	Foster	95	65	68.4
Hunter	165	138	83.6	Vance	65	36	55.3
Wagner	165	137	83	Gillett	60	47	78.3
McCord	165	137	83	Ingersoll	55	37	67.2
Tassell	165	131	79.4	Barker	50	38	76
Wayte	165	129	78.1	Uncle Ben	50	33	66
Wride	165	123	74.5	Fowler	40	25	62.5
Seaman	150	107	71.3	De Witt	35	27	88.1
Carey	135	83	62.9	Egnor	25	21	84
Wadsworth	125	68	54.4	Smith	20	13	65
W Zwilling	115	94	81.7	Hopkins	20	11	55
F Zwilling	115	93	80.8	Fink	20	10	50
Borst	115	89	77 3	Hill	20	8	40

Guns used were: L. C. Smith 17, Parker 4, Ithaca 3, Lefever 3, Winchester 2, Francotte 1.

E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

Missoula, Mont., July 25.—Inclosed please find scores made by our club at a practice shoot held July 21, and at our regular weekly shoot held to-day. You will notice that the attendance is dwindling down somewhat. The fishing in the streams around us proves too strong a temptation for many, and I expect that when the bird season opens on the 15th of next month that our shooting at bluerocks will be about over, though there will be a tournament held in Spokane in October, and some of our club intend going, so no doubt we will have some practice shoots before that time.

July 21.—Twenty-five targets, unknown angles: W. E. Graham 20, J. Forbes 16, R. A. Eddy 15 (out of 20), T F. McLeod 11.

Ten targets, unknown angles: Graham 8, Forbes 7, McLeod 5, Dr. Mills 1.

July 25.—Medal shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

R A Eddy.....0011101111100111011110111—13
Dr Mills.....0000000100000000000000000— 1
T T McLeod.....1001110100111001110100011O- 13
E C Mix.....1111011010101110110100111—17

R. A. Eddy wins the gold medal and E C. Mix the silver medal.

In a practice event at 10 singles scores were: R. E. Rodgers 8, Eddy and Mix 5, McLeod 4, Mills 2.

W. E. Graham, Sec'y.

Sandwich Gun Club.

Sandwich, Mass., July 24.—The following scores were made at our weekly club shoot. We have quite a good membership to our club, but it is hard to get them together in the hot weather. Our trap throws the pigeons over 85yds., therefore the shooting is never easy on our grounds. Conditions were 30 bluerocks per man, unknown angles:

W R Procter.....000000000001011000000111000101— 8
G O Arnold.....0010000001101111011000000000101—11
A E Hoxie.....0000000010000100001000010000010— 5
G H Haines.....1111100 0110111111110111111111—25

George H. Haines, Sec'y.

Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

Bay City, Mich., July 28.—The two days' tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League was brought to a close this evening. The shoot has been a successful one, the attendance being decidedly good.

On the first day the wind blew nearly a gale, while the skies were dull and heavy. The Bay City team, composed of Shearer, Merrill and Bush, won the team race with 62 out of 75. Thompson, of Jackson, won the E. C. cup, this making his second win in succession.

To-day the attendance was quite as good as that which graced yesterday's shoot. Special interest was taken in the medal contests. Wood, of Detroit, won the medal for experts; Joe Marks, of the same city, won the semi expert medal; the medal for the amateur class was tied for by Shearer and Merrill. On the shoot-off Shearer won by 22 to 15. Wood, of Detroit, in addition to the expert medal, also captured the King Powder Co.'s trophy with 24 out of 25. For the Bay City Gun Club's trophy, Parker and Merrill tied on 23 out of 25; on the shoot off Parker won with the score of 23 to 20. Below are the scores:

First Day, July 27.

In the table below all the events are at 15 targets each, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	9	10	Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	9	10
Merrill	11	11	12	..	12	7	11	12	Marks	11	11	11	11	12	13	11	11
Graham	12	13	13	..	11	10	9	11	Neville	11	12	12	6	7	10	8	6
Parker	15	15	10	..	14	15	14	12	Dragle	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cotter	12	12	12	..	9	10	10	12	Breck	..	8	10	12	10	13	10	..
Shearer	15	10	13	..	9	12	..	..	Carpenter	..	9	9	13	14	..	..	..
Brady	11	12	..	13	10	13	11	10	Meidlein	..	..	9	..	7	..	..	..
Willis	10	11	10	6	7	..	..	..	Bliss	..	..	14	10	10	..	..	..
Wilhite	10	12	10	10	12	10	11	..	Cowell	..	..	..	9	11	9	8	9
Baum	10	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	Scutter	..	..	..	5	8	..	..	..
Brown	9	10	10	9	11	13	7	..	Bastian	..	..	..	9	12	..	..	..
Thomps'n	11	11	13	10	13	12	13	14	Krogman	..	..	..	9	6	10	..	..
Bush	15	14	12	15	10	9	11	10	Watts	..	..	..	11	12	11	13	12
Flues	6	10	12	9	9	..	..	..	Clarkson	..	..	..	..	13	7	10	8
Porter	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Hennessy	..	..	..	..	12	8	..	..
Greenleaf	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Wolf	..	..	..	..	6	11	..	..
Bousfield	11	10	9	7	11	10	5	8	Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Mercer	12	8	11	11	12	10	7	11	Hunt	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Wood	10	11	11	11	14	13	14	13									

No. 5 was a three men team race, open to teams of Michigan gun clubs only. Scores were:

Bay City Team: Merrill 21, Shearer 21, Bush 20; total 62.
Detroit Team; Parker 22, Wood 17, Mercer 21; total 60.
Detroit Team No. 2: Graham 21, Marks 22, Brady 12; total 55.
Saginaw Team No. 1: Wilnite 20, Breck 18, Krogman 17; total 55.
Bay City Team No. 2: Flues 20, Neville 19, Bousfield 15; total 54.
Jackson Team: Watts 15, Cowell 16, Thompson 21; total 52
Saginaw Team No. 2: Carpenter 19, Bliss 17, Bastian 12; total 48.
Saginaw Team No. 3: Mercer 15, Scutter 15, Lidow 15; Total 45.

No. 8 was the 50-target race for the E. C. powder cup. The scores in this event were:

Graham 45, Merrill 41, Parker 39, Cotter 43, Shearer 42, Bousfield 41, Mercer 32, Wood 45, Marks 45, Neville 41, Thompson 46, Bush 40, Clarkson 31, Wolf 31, Breck 43, Brady 44, Krogman 33, Wilhite 44, Brown 18.

Second Day, July 28.

All events, the scores of which appear in the table given below, were at 15 targets, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	8	10	Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	8	10
Graham	13	14	15	12	11	13	12	14	Watts	11	13	13	13	..	10	8	6
Parker	13	15	14	15	13	12	13	11	Merrill	10	11	11	12	..	12	11	10
Cotter	11	11	12	11	12	9	14	12	Brady	9	8	11	12	10	9	13	10
Thompson	12	14	9	12	11	13	15	13	Harris	9	10	12	..	..	..	..	..
Shearer	11	14	11	10	12	10	..	..	Wilhite	..	..	9	11	11	13	..	..
Bonsfield	10	11	10	11	..	6	9	12	Wiggins	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..
Mercer	13	13	11	11	9	13	9	9	Willis	..	..	..	..	7	..	11	11
Wood	14	13	13	14	12	15	15	13	Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Bush	11	13	12	..	13	11	12	10	Kindler	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	4
Marks	12	13	14	14	12	9	13	12	Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Clarkson	10	10	10	8	..	7	11	9	Baum	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Neville	9	12	13	11	..	10	10	12	Seed	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
Cowell	10	11	8	8	..	12	9	9	Ambroose	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

No. 5 was the contest for the class medals. Scores:

Experts: Graham 22, Parker 20, Cotter 22, Thompson 8, Bush 22, Wood 23, Harris 15.

Semi-experts: Carpenter 20, Marks 21.

Amateurs: Shearer 20, Brady 12, Neville 18, Merrill 20, Bousfield 14, Mercer 17, Wilhite 19, Baum 16, Hunt 11, Willis 19. In tie Shearer won by 22 to 15.

No. 9 was the contest for the King Powder Company's trophy, handicap, 25 to 30 targets: Graham 22, Parker 22, Cotter 19, Thompson 17, Merrill 22, Bousfield 7, Mercer 16, Wood 24, Bush 20, Marks 14, Clarkson 15, Neville 18, Cowell 20, Seed 15, Jackson 10, Brady 19, Willis 17, Harris 22, Breck 20, Krogman 21, Ambrose 13.

No. 11 was the shoot for the Bay City Gun Club's trophy, handicap, 25 to 30 targets: Graham 18, Parker 23, Cotter 22, Thompson 16, Merrill 23, Bousfield 13, Wood 22, Bush 22, Clarkson 17, Neville 21, Brady 17, Krogman 20, Ambrose 17. In tie Parker won by 23 to 20 from Merrill.

DETROIT.

[The scores furnished are probably incomplete, the totals of Squad 1 in No. 4 on the first day, and the scores of the Clarkson Merrill squad in No. 5 on the second day being apparently missing. F. and S.]

ON LONG ISLAND.

THE EMERALDS' MERCHANDISE SHOOT.

July 29.—The Emerald Gun Club's effort at a live-bird shoot for merchandise prizes was a decided success. The event was brought off at Dexter Park, L. I., this afternoon, and the number of entries reached forty-nine. The conditions were: 7 live birds, $1, including price of birds, class shooting; 12-gauge guns, 28yds. rise; 10 gauges at 30yds. The weather was very pleasant, the day being the first really fine day for at least two weeks. The birds were a moderate lot of flyers, and there was no wind at all to help them. The prizes were divided into classes, and all ties were decided by lot, thus doing away with a lengthy and tedious (as well as expensive) shoot off

This sort of a shoot was a novelty in this part of the country, and as a producer of an enjoyable day's sport is a hard one to beat. The Emerald Gun Club deserves great credit for its enterprise. To Dr. Hudson, Louis Shortemeier, Eugene Doeinck, John Banzer and others is due the smoothness with which the shoot moved along. The scores were:

No. 1, $1 entrance: Thomas Short 7, J. B. Hood 7, Dr. George V. Hudson 7, Fred Pfaender 7, George Piercy 7, Eugene Doeinck 7, Thos. H. Keller 7, W. Fred Quimby 7, Henry Otten 7, Frank Place 7, Theodore Leuthesser 7, Chris M. Meyer 7, Chas. Steutzle 7, Ferdinand Van Dyke 7, L. H Fogarty 6, Wm. Joerger 6, Chas. Steffens 6, F. S. Meade 6, Emil Steffens 6, Henry Koegel 6, Daniel Valenti 6, John H. Voss 6, Wm. Amend 6, Capt. A. W. Money 6, John Hainhorst 6, John Woefel 5, Fred Trostel 5, Dr. Wm. A. Littlefield 5, John H Moore 5, Dr. Wm. Richter 6, Jacob Fisher 5, John P. Dannefelser 5, R. F. Bisbee 5, John Schlicht 5, Chas Lang 5, Henry J. Bookman 5, Joseph Banger 4, Wm. Hughes 4, Emil Weiss 4, Thomas F. Cody 4, Moses McGuinness 4, Otto Brown 4, Henry Mühs 3, Henry Seaman 3, Bernard Amend 3, J. Raymond 2, J. A. H. Dressel 2, George K. Smith 1, Thomas Plunkitt 0.

No. 2, $1, miss and-out, all 28yds. rise, 50yds boundary: Chris. Meyer 8, Capt. Money 8, Van Dyke 8, Leutheuser 8, Piercy 6, Koegel 6, McGuinness 6, Hood 6, Trostel 4, Keller 3, Quimby 2, Seaman 2, Hainhorst 2, Dr. Littlefield 1, Charles Steffens 1. Purse divided.

No. 3, same: Chris. Meyer 12, Capt. Money 12, Quimby 12, Van Dyke 12, Leutheuser 5, Piercy 4, Charles Steffens 3, Koegel 2, Dr. Littlefield 2, Hainhorst 1.

No. 4, same: Quimby 5, Charles Steffens 5, Leutheuser 5, Piercy 4, Capt. Money 3, Koegel 2, Hainhorst 2.

Missouri State Amateur Association.

Little Rock, Ark., July 30.—As predicted in the columns of Forest and Stream several weeks ago, the anticipations of the members of the Missouri State Amateur Association were realized, the attendance at their seventh annual tournament, which was held at Paris, Mo., July 27 to 29, being all that could be desired; the tournament was a success in every particular. The entries in a number of events exceeded forty.

The best individual shooting was done by F. M. Faurote, of Dallas, Tex.; on the last two days especially he did some very excellent shooting, scoring respectively 118 and 117 out of 120 on each of these days, losing just 5 targets out of 240 in the regular programme events.

The trophy contests are always a feature of these shoots, and, as usual were conducive of spirited contests. The live-bird championship medal was again won by Wilmot, of Lexington, which makes the third consecutive win for him. This is a 10-bird event, but he had to kill 20 straight to dispose of those in the tie with him. The other event was the two-men team race for the L. C. Smith trophy. This also brought about a hot contest. The holders, Wilmot and Bates, and Minefee and Greene tied on a score of 47 out of 50. The tie was shot off at 20 targets each, or 40 per team. This resulted in a win for Minefee and Greene by a score of 37 to 35. Minefee and Greene are none other than that clever pair of young shooters from Richmond, Davis and McDonald.

This was an amateur shoot, but the class was an extremely hot one. With such good ones as Sexton, Gottlieb, Faurote, Cornett and Erhardt present, the game was plenty hard enough. The next tournament will be held at Palmyra, Mo.

Paul R. Litzke.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

F. E. W., Petty, Texas.—(1) What is the unit of measure used in designating the bore of rifles, for instance $^{22}/_{100}$ths for a 22-caliber, etc. (2). What is the unit of measure used to designate the bore of shotguns? (3). What scale of measure (or weight) is used in powder measures for shotguns? Ans.—(1). The caliber of a rifle is its diameter expressed in decimals of an inch; thus, a .32 caliber is one which is $^{32}/_{100}$ths in diameter. (2). The bore of a shotgun is expressed by a number corresponding to the number of round leaden balls, fitting the bore, which would weigh 1lb. (3). It is an arbitrary measure, corresponding to no other scale.

A. L., Kineo, Me.—My pointer dog is covered with small red blotches on his legs and belly, which cause him to scratch himself about all of the time. He also looks sore around his eyes and ears. The hair is coming out wherever the blotches are. Appetite is good. 1 What has he got? 2. Would it affect children to be near him? Please prescribe. Ans. 1. Mange. Well rub all over him every other day for two weeks the following:

Sublimed sulphur.....1lb.
Oil of tar.....2oz.
Kerosene.....10oz.
Lard oil.....4 pints.

Mix together. 2. No; it would be well not to allow them to handle him much until he is rubbed with the dressing.

H. C. S., Piedmont, W. Va.—I have a pointer which had a slight touch of distemper some six months ago, and this left him with a nervous twitch in right shoulder which I think is St. Vitas's dance in mild form. I thought I had it under control some two or three times, but it seems as though I cannot master it. Dog is perfectly healthy, good coat, etc I put him through a course of strychnine, then Fowler's solution and iron, and now, for about two weeks, I have been giving the following tablets: R Reduced Iron 1gr., Acid Arsenious $^{1}/_{100}$gr, Strychnine $^{1}/_{60}$gr. I started with one tablet three times a day, and am now giving him three tablets three times a day. The dog is of the lumbering Spanish stock. He is just one year old and weighs about 65 to 75lbs Ans.—It is incurable. The twitching will probably become less as the dog becomes stronger. Try Galianism.

F. A. R., Huntington.—1. I am a showman. I have several fine dogs (5), but the baby and best one I own is sick and not able to do his part, so I have had to lay off this season. He is nine months old, a fox terrier. When called upon, he stretches before he will do anything; is covered with a breaking out, scratching continually until the blood starts; will bite himself until I make him stop. The hair is coming out very badly; quite large lumps appear after he scratches. I found in one of your papers June 30, '94, the following: Mag. sulph. pot. carb., sod. carb. Wash in crcolin twice a week. Shall use the above until you answer. I keep all my dogs separate in cages. I find they do better and mind far better. 2. Can you recommend a good book treating on diseases of dogs? Ans 1. Treat for worms. Well rub all over the dog every other day the following:

Sublimed sulphur.....8oz.
Pot. bicarb.....4drs.
Creosote.....4drs.
Kerosene.....5oz.
Lard oil.....2 pints.

Mix together. Give morning and evening a compound sulphur tablet. 2. "Nursing vs. Dosing," price $1. We can furnish it.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Yellowstone Park.

A COMPLETE TOUR VIA THE PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

The Yellowstone National Park is unquestionably the most interesting region on the globe, for within it is displayed the greatest collection of nature's manifold wonders. Indeed, this mountain bound plateau, high up on the summit of the everlasting Rockies, is a veritable playground for the world's giant forces. To stand and gaze upon them in all their marvelous manifestations, the great geyser upheavals, the fierce steam blasts, the terrible leap of the river, and the awful cañon, is a revelation—an experience to be had at no other point on the earth.

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For detailed itineraries and full information, apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv*

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For descriptive matter, excursion rates, further information or tickets, address J. E. Prindle, New York Passenger Agent, 387 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

Through Buffet Parlor Car between New York and Cape May.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that, beginning Tuesday, July 27, from New York, and Wednesday, July 28, from Cape May, a through Pullman buffet parlor car will be placed in service between New York and Cape May daily except Sunday. This car will be attached to train leaving New York, West Twenty-third street station, at 12:55 P. M.; Desbrosses and Cortlandt streets, 1:00 P. M., stopping at Newark, Elizabeth, Rahway, New Brunswick, Trenton, Bordentown and Burlington. Returning car will be attached to train leaving Cape May at 7:00 A. M., making same stops.—*Adv.*

The Almanacs Need Mending.

Banksville, N. Y., July 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a copy of your *Game Laws in Brief* indexed to May 10, 1897. In your book you say that gray squirrels can be killed from Oct. 15 to Feb. 15. Now, all the farmers up here and all the almanacs say and read that Dec. 31 is the last day on which you can shoot gray squirrels and rabbits. Please tell me if the law is off until Feb. 15 this coming season, and oblige.

W. A. W.

[The *Brief* is correct; the farmers are wrong. The almanacs need mending.]

G. A. R. Encampment, Buffalo.

HALF RATES VIA PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

For the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Buffalo, Aug. 23 the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. will sell special tickets from all points on its system to Buffalo and return at the rate of a single fare for the round trip. These tickets will be sold and will be good going on Aug. 21 to 23, and good to return not earlier than Aug. 24 nor later than Aug. 31, 1897.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away; and if they could, they would still be destroyed—chased and hunted down as long as fun or a dollar could be got out of their bark hides, branching horns, or magnificent bole backbones. Few that fell trees plant them; nor would planting avail much toward getting back anything like the noble primeval forests. During a man's life only saplings can be grown, in the place of the old trees—tens of centuries old—that have been destroyed. It took more than three thousand years to make some of the trees in these Western woods—trees that are still standing in perfect strength and beauty, waving and singing in the mighty forests of the Sierra. Through all the wonderful, eventful centuries since Christ's time—and long before that—God has cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods; but he cannot save them from fools—only Uncle Sam can do that.

John Muir in August Atlantic.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN—PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enormous destruction of the prairie chicken by man and nature, it preserves its existence and numbers to an astonishing extent. This is due partly to its wonderful prolificness, partly to its vigorous, hardy nature, and adaptiveness to widely different conditions of climate, food supply and habitat, and partly to the adventitious circumstance of the great grain fields, which are consequent to man's domicile throughout the birds' habitat, and the attendant furnishing of a food supply in greater abundance and certainty. These general conditions prevail, although in certain sections, large and small, the incursions of sportsmen from the other States, in addition to destruction caused by local sportsmen, has resulted in partial or total extermination in such localities.

In the older and more densely settled and thoroughly tilled region of the chicken's habitat—as Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana—it remains in greatly reduced numbers or is found not at all, though years ago it was abundant. Thus on the eastern and southeastern parts of its habitat, man's proximity, at first an advantage, became at last a disadvantage. The first settlers were mostly tillers of the soil or hunters of big game, both pursuits alike entered into seriously as a means of existence. A limited agriculture was not harmful to the country as a chicken country, and was of immense advantage in affording an assured supply of food. But settlement made possible the coming of the army of sportsmen who liked the shooting for the wholesomeness of the sport, and there was a host of them in the older country eastward to the Atlantic Ocean. Later, in certain sections, the conditions of habitat were unfavorable for the chicken, due to the circumstance of an agriculture so extended that no sufficient area of wild ground was left for it to range and hide in. These unfavorable conditions—the exposure to so much destruction from excessive shooting and the disadvantageous changes in its habitat resulting from the tilling of all the available surface—were so serious that they brought about its partial or total extermination in such localities.

Besides what is caused by man, there is the added destruction caused by unfavorable weather conditions. Its home being largely in the great prairie regions whose surface is relatively flat and treeless, the bird is exposed to the full inclemency of the weather. Sometimes nearly all the birds of a vast section may be destroyed in the hatching season from this cause. A heavy rain falling faster than the flat ground can absorb it, or faster than the gentle watershed can drain it off, clogged as it is by the rank growths of prairie vegetation, overflows the nests, spoiling the eggs or drowning the young chicks. An extremely cold rain, one more befitting early April then the hatching season, is also unfavorable, and more or less destructive according to its severity. However, as such rainfall is nearly always in an area relatively small as compared with the vast whole of the chicken's range, and as there are always some ridges or higher stretches of ground which are above the overflow or protected from it, a total destruction of the young birds in such a section is almost impossible. With the covies preserved by the higher ground, and the influx of birds from the more favored surrounding area, taking possession of the unoccupied places, the losses from storms will in a year or two be made good if no extremely bad weather again intervenes and works destruction.

The eastern part of the great prairie region which extends irregularly through a broad belt from the Gulf of Mexico northward into British America, is more thoroughly cultivated and domiciled, and more exposed to the ravages of the army of shooters who reside there, and thence eastward to the Atlantic Coast. Agriculture each year encroaches more and more on the wild prairie land, thus destroying the best equilibrium of food supply and habitat. When such conditions pass a certain point, and excessive destruction of the birds and unfavorable habitat prevail, their numbers will be greatly reduced or wholly exterminated. In the less thickly settled places, as near British America, where the bird now finds abundance of food and wild prairie, the land will be thoroughly settled in time and devoted to extensive agriculture, when the same conditions which worked the chicken's destruction in the older sections will be repeated again in the new. There yet remains a vast tract of country in Minnesota, Dakota and Manitoba, where the favoring conditions of mixed grain-bearing land and wild prairie exist, thus affording the needed food supply, range and cover. No doubt, as the years pass, and with them come a denser population, this will necessitate the taking up of the wild land for agriculture, and the same conditions which have been so destructive to the chicken in Kentucky, Arkansas and Minnesota, and parts of Illinois and Indiana and some other States, will again be in force. We may expect then the same destructive results.

Fortunately, as the Southern range of the chicken was injured by agriculture and its numbers lessened from excessive shooting, the opening up of a new wheat country in the North, far into Canada, the great grain fields stringing irregularly throughout this area, afforded the bird a new and better habitat with food in abundance. The shooters in this new country were few in numbers, comparatively; the population was small and scattered, and yet the numbers of vast grain fields made food for the grouse constantly abundant.

As man extended his agriculture further and further, the chicken followed on, so that what it has lost in the South in suitable habitat and numbers, it has more than gained in the North. Various local conditions may affect the general rule; the presence of a great number of sportsmen in one town results in the shooting off of all the birds in that vicinity; or the birds in a certain locality may suffer from the ready convenience with which the district can be reached by shooters from the large cities. Or the situation may be affected by the local changing of crops, differing from those of preceding years, which sometimes takes place in a section, as, instead of wheat, barley and flax, the farmers may grow corn and oats; and this change would force many birds to seek a more favorable section.

If agriculture monopolizes the land, the bird becomes wilder, and when disturbed takes longer flights to such cover as may be available, seeing safety in tree claims or timber, though naturally it is strictly a bird of the prairie. This device may save it a few times, but often serves to bring quicker destruction, for the shooters take stands around the cover and send one of their number in with a dog; he either shoots the bird as he would a ruffed grouse or drives it out to the guns on the outside, where almost certain death awaits it.

In the warmth of summer the bird is easily killed, for then it is tender, slow of flight and tame. When the nights are frosty, and the stiff fall winds set in—about the latter part of August—it becomes heavily feathered, strong of wing and wild. If much shot at then it becomes wilder still, and rises at long ranges or out of shot entirely. When the yet colder weather sets in, as in the middle of September, the birds in a small section will all join together in a pack, and still later many of the smaller packs may join together in one large pack, so that the birds of a certain area of several square miles may thus be packed together.

They do not migrate in the true sense of migrating, though they may remove many miles from their regular resort to seek the protection of timber, or valleys for protection in severe winter weather.

The southern part of the great prairie region, as Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, is in the midst of a denser population, which extends far east and west. The railroads make it easily accessible from New York, Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Louisville, New Orleans and other centers. As the population increases to the northward in like manner, it is but a question of time till the population shall be equally dense and the prairie all tilled, thus making unfavorable conditions of habitat. With the greater population the causes of extermination will be in force to the northward as they had previously been to the southward. The same agencies which effected its partial or total destruction in Kentucky, southern Illinois, Louisiana, Missouri and Indiana, will in the North have like effects.

But a new factor could be introduced to avert the growing destruction, that is the game preserve. Areas could be secured of sufficient scope to include both the summer and winter home of the bird, boundaries which could be easily determined by local observers; and from a reasonable effort at protection good results would be certain to follow. This is applying for the preservation of the chicken the same precautions and measures which are used to insure the preservation of quail and ducks in other sections. As wealth has increased in the prairie region a leisure class has sprung up, and there is now a local contingent of shooters in every section. To save the chicken, some measures must be taken to preserve it by individuals. The State laws are inadequate, because they are but weakly enforced or practically not at all. The habitat of the chicken is encroached upon more and more each year by agriculture, manufacture and domicil. Local shooting and non-resident shooting are gradually but surely diminishing the numbers of the chicken throughout a large region. If the private preserve does not interpose, the causes which produced extermination or scarcity in parts of its southern habitat, will have like effects in the northern part.

THE KLONDIKE.

MR. J. B. BURNHAM, of the FOREST AND STREAM staff, who left New York on Aug. 6 bound for the Klondike, goes to Alaska with a special commission from this journal to investigate and report upon all subjects within its field, from Indians and wild duck eggs to mighty moose and living mammoths. Mr. Burnham is possessed of enterprise pluck and endurance. He has a keen eye to see, a ready intelligence to comprehend, and a graphic pen to record. We promise a rich treat in store for those who shall have the privilege of reading his Alaskan letters.

The extremely interesting paper from the pen of Mr. C. H. Townsend, of the United States Fish Commission, gives beyond question the solution of the Alaskan live mammoth problem, if indeed the fanciful story may be said ever to have attained the dignity of a problem. We print to-day the portrait of the progenitor of the entire herd of living mammoths, who have careered and cavorted through the icy wastes in the imagination of Eskimos and newspaper scribes; and very lively and terrific creatures have they been, to have descended from this one solitary and innocuous "restored" and "stuffed" specimen in a Rochester museum.

The prevailing interest in Alaska has prompted a wide reading of Mr. Charles Hallock's "Our New Alaska," issued from the press of the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. Its information is very complete, and the descriptive chapters are in Mr. Hallock's best vein.

Some one has set a-going at Tarpon Springs, Fla., a warm weather fake mill, and it is running on full time. Among the ingenious lies sent out for the consumption of associated press agency readers, three afford interesting specimens of newspaper natural history. First came the tale of a party of hunters encamped near Tarpon Springs, who ventured into the pine woods unarmed, and were set upon by a drove of wild razor-back hogs; one man was killed, the rest barely escaped. This was followed by a harrowing account of a family, father, mother and two babes, driving in a buggy, who were set upon by a catamount and badly done up. Then came a circumstantial story of a woman rowing in a boat, attacked by water moccasins and rattlesnakes, from which she escaped only after most of her clothing had been stripped off by the infuriated monsters. These tales are pure, unadulterated, fabricless and baseless lies, as we have ascertained through the offices of our correspondent, Tarpon. The man who invented them doubtless had his reward in demonstrating that no story is too silly to find its place in the daily press.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MUSKOKA WANDERINGS.—I.

The Wanderer's Journey Into the Far North and Return.

What care I for books, and the learned looks
Of scholars both young and old?
Give me shady nooks and the running brooks,
And the glorious sunshine gold
That floods the heart, makes the warm blood start,
Throbbing loudly in every vein,
Till the body is part of God's highest art,
And is straightway born again.

One bright August afternoon I stood with my good friend Donald on Muskoka wharf, and for the second time gazed on the island-dotted waters of our beautiful Muskoka lakes. Full of anticipation was I of halcyon days to come for wood and field, river, lake and stream, the stable rocks, and changing heavens, were to me the very breath of life, and made deep impressions on my receptive nature. Donald, more than I, had the soul of the seer and mystic, and saw many strange things, and listened to many voices, unheard by the careless steamer tourist.

By the wharf floated our graceful canoe, fit conveyance for those seeking to draw closer to the benign bosom of mother nature, and to listen to the beatings of her mighty heart. A mute farewell to everyday life and we were afloat, the canoe leaping beneath us to long drawn rhythmic strokes as with quickened heart and deepened breath we pushed forward into the southern stretches of Lake Muskoka.

Here, indeed, the eye is not attracted by pictures of sensuous beauty, but the mind can find food for reflection none the less, for, spreading out on all sides are the crude elements, which further north are combined to form those exquisite scenic gems, which, in their varied sameness, form Muskoka's charm.

Here rock meets the eye gray, brown or lichen-tinted, rugged and tip-tilted or spread in flattened waterworn masses till it seems as though the Titans, who laid the foundations of the earth, had thrown down here the fragments of their unused material, leaving it to the changing seasons, the summer sun, the biting frost, the wearing of many waters and the touch of Wabun* and Keewaydin† to work over the rugged refuse heap into a thing of beauty. In the rocks, as we slip through the narrows, we see in the sparkling mica, quartz and granite, the relics of primeval fires; there on the mainland tall, gaunt, leafless pines stand as monuments to the passage of recent devastating flames. Yet from the chastened fire-tried earth has sprung a gracious second growth of oak and maple, beech and birch, nature's proud response to the touch of affliction. Thus, feeling these things rather than thinking them, we glide on mile after mile past islet and rock, scraggy wood and barren hills, till twilight's veil and sunset glory throw a tenderer shadow of poesy over the passing landscape.

As the stars begin to twinkle through the tawny glow of the dying day the white tower of Beaumaris peeps through the trees of a rocky point, and we know that soon our long paddle will be at an end and friendly voices welcome us back to well remembered scenes. A bugle's clear and ringing note cuts the air, and simultaneously our paddles flashed with greater vigor as we caught the well known signal; then a shout, a quick flash of oars, a waving of hats and handkerchiefs, a babble of voices in greeting, and we found ourselves in tow of one friendly craft while others hovered round in escort.

Round the end of beautiful Keewaydin we swung, between its woody isle and the rocky heights of Point Kaye on the north. Then, when all was still, and the idle chatter hushed, one stood up and blew a soft, clear bugle call toward the sleeping woods. A dryad heard it and in tender accents repeated the sweet notes. The spirit of the rocks across the water took up the challenge and in more strident tones hurled back the refrain, only to be re-echoed by a chorus of nymphs, dryads, nereids and water sprites, who whispered it to one another till the notes died away in the faintest, sweetest harmony, like the fairy music pure-hearted innocence alone may hear.

Donald lay back in the canoe with a rapt light in his eyes, which was to me the sign that already the quieter voices of nature were penetrating his ears. When at last the sounds faded into nothing, he said in a hushed voice: "Portia compared a good deal in this naughty world to the shining of a candle; I say it is like that bugle blast which finds an echo in many hearts, and awakes in them harmonies which may re-echo far beyond the reach of the little life which first stood for truth and right."

That night we slept beneath a friendly roof, but the trees rustled against the windows and the chipmunks chattered on the shingles, and so we were content.

Afterward followed many golden days, during which we traversed tortuous waterways and broad and sunny reaches, camping by night beside the lapping waters of the lakes or in the silent woods, where an unseen river sang all night the cradle song of the forest. We tarried but little near the tourist haunts, yet here and there met familiar faces or renewed old acquaintances. Now, a greeting would come from some rustic wharf scarce jutting from the rocky marge of a little green clad isle, forming a leafy background to a splash of red tam or jersey and waving white handkerchiefs; then again, a hail from a passing steamer, a smile, an answering salute, and solitude once more.

Near Fair Venetia in Lake Rosseau is a little isle I will not name, but pleasant people lived there, and Donald at least needs no printed page to keep its memory green.

There were we made welcome, and there met a "nut-brown maiden" whose name indeed I knew by heart, for had not Donald day by day uttered its music in my ears?

By day the little archipelago of Venetia formed a charming picture with its miniature isles and tinted cottages, but night, and one above all others, seemed its chiefest glory. I lay that evening on a little bluff fragrant with sun-dried cranberry and wintergreen, when Donald and the maiden joined me, moved as I by the spell of beauty to sit and gaze at a masterpiece of the great Artist of the Universe.

In front of us spread the lake, dark, rippleless and profound, lit only with the swarming images of the stars, which twinkled aloft with their softest summer radiance. No sound broke the stillness save the never altogether silent buzz of insect life and that deeper, quieter sound of the working of life forces in tree and plant, which seems to be felt rather than caught by our dull sense of hearing.

Humanity spoke to us only through the twinkling yellow lights which began to shine on point and islet all about us, but God seemed to speak to the heart as though all things were but the emanations of his Divine Spirit.

The maiden first broke the stillness with a question that loosed Donald's tongue to speak his inmost thoughts. "Do you not feel lonely being so much alone in the woods and among the islands with so few to talk to?" "Lonely! No. I have so much to see and think of, and so many voices to whisper wonderful things to me, that I could not be lonely. Are there not tall pines to sigh to me the aspirations that made them climb so high toward heaven when Shawondasee* stirs their boughs, and to shout to me their struggles and their battle cry when fierce Keewaydin sweeps across the land? Are there not oaks to tell me how they thrust their sturdy limbs to right and left and broadened and grew till they became a very inspiration of rugged strength and grandeur? Is there not the gentler rustle of the maple to speak to me of grace and beauty? Does not the quivering birch fill night and day with its tender chatter? Ferns, flowers, shrubs, trees, all have a life story to tell, and all can say something worth the hearing if we will but listen. There is a charm in nature that is distinctly grateful to one tired of looking at the jarring units of humanity and trying to guess



BALA FALLS.

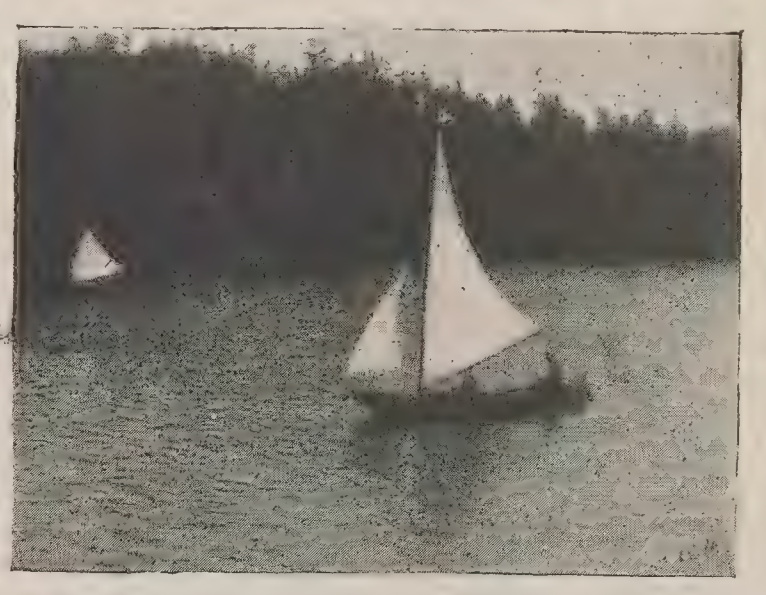
at the great meaning and end of it all. Among men I, the unit, am too tragically concerned in the tiny eddies of the stream of events to catch more than a puzzled glimpse of the great sweep of the river.

"Here, as with the eyes of omnipotence, I can survey the mighty unfolding of organic nature from moneron to man, from the lowest cryptogam to the daisy and dahlia.

"Here at least I can understand and admire the designs of the great Originator, and so find courage and strength to take my part in the daily evolution of the moral and spiritual life of humanity toward the unknown end. Here, and here alone, can I see perfection—the plant perfect after its kind, and the animal perfect after its kind; so that as I gaze and the spell of the forest sinks into me, I dream of the golden age yet to come, when man shall walk the earth perfect in the Divine sight, needing but the dissolution of his mortal frame to fit him for the larger life of Eternity."

The maiden looked at him with a light in her eyes that told me someone else was beginning to understand Donald as I thought I alone could do.

Quiet fell again upon us, and from above Vega, Altair, Arcturus, in their vastness looked down upon the puny inhabitants



THE INDIAN RIVER.

of one of the least of the worlds of the universe, and calmly ignored the little affairs of their brief lives; yet there seemed in them an inspiration to look up and ever up, to know and live the best in this earthly life, and to hope for fuller life in an eternity beyond.

The next day we said *auf wiedersehn* to fair Venetia, and, with many backward glances, plied our glancing paddles toward Port Sandfield, set like a sentinel between Rosseau and Joseph.

Sandfield past, tortuous, island-studded Lake Joseph opened up before us, and two days and nights we explored its beauties as far north as beautiful Craigie Lea.

Sunshine and cloud, winter and summer, work and play, each is but a preparation for the enjoyment of the other, and, like true rovers, when the sky above us changed its smile into a frown we were ready to greet the change with cheerful front.

Elsinore was just abeam that afternoon, when a gathering blackness creeping up over the southwestern sky suddenly eclipsed the sun and threw a chill shadow over land and lake. Whitish-gray scud was flying beneath the blackness, and the ominous dropping of the northerly breeze warned us to seek a place of safety till the coming storm had passed.

On Elsinore's shore we landed, and from beneath the shelter of a rock watched the blotting out of the heavens and the awed expectancy of the silent earth. Now, before our eyes, was enacted the great settlement of accounts between earth and sky. Day after day had wind and sun stolen the moisture from land and water and borne it aloft in triumph to the clouds, and day after day had gone with it the fettered lightning of the earth; but now, in pouring rain, in lashing hail, in scourging wind and steely jags of fire, was paid the debt of the powers of the air to the great earth spirit, the mighty voice of the thunder rolling round the throne of the storm king proclaimed to all men, thus and so, must be paid by all the dues of nature.

Then passed on its awful circuit the court of the storm king, and again the sun poured out and lit with a wintry gleam the diamond-sprinkled emerald of Arma and Laurie to the south. The sunshine spread, and as the sun emerged from its vapory shroud a glorious arc of prismatic color flashed into view against the background of cloud in the east, the Bifrost bridge of the Norse, across which the souls of the brave passed to Asgard, the shadowy city of the gods beyond. The storm was over and we went our way, seeing on either hand the visible thanksgiving of nature for the gracious rain, and hearing again the chirping of the birds now emerging from their temporary shelter.

From Craigie Lea by easy stages we returned to Lake Muskoka, passing all the well-known places on the way without a glance of regret, saving only the fairy land of Venetia.

Down the graceful curves of the Indian River we swung past Port Carling with its little lock forming a loop round the rapids with their timber dam and slide, between tangled wooded banks where flamed the cardinal lobelia, over pale green shallows and deep dark channels; here through a tiny lake bordered with rushes and lily pads, then on past a little fertile farm, forming with its tender green and cultivated freshness a grateful contrast to the brown and rugged rock and wild tangle of the trees, and out by the curve of Horseshoe Island into the dark waters of Lake Muskoka, a long-legged crane sweeping out before us toward the western mainland where a solitary maple already glowed in gold and red against the sombre evergreens.

Near Keewaydin was the hospitable roof beneath which we were to spend the next few nights, making it headquarters for short expeditions to Bala Falls, Milford Bay, Brandy Lake, and other places near at hand.

That the "maiden" was also a fellow-guest was a coincidence that I will not attempt to explain, but as a consequence I often found myself dispossessed of my accustomed place in our little canoe and compelled to seek other companionship in our Lake Muskoka experiences.

J. Edw. Maybee.

[To be concluded.]

* The east wind.
† The northwest wind.

* The south wind.

THE CHESTNUT RIDGE

And Along Its Foot.—IV.

The name Conemaugh is said to mean "otter creek." I should not have suspected this, for I have never heard of an otter in the Conemaugh. Dr. Jackson, writing forty years ago, says that the otter "is occasionally found on the mountain, but is rare in Pennsylvania, and fast disappearing on account of its valuable fur." I should think the passing of the otter in Pennsylvania was now an accomplished fact. The largest tributary of the Conemaugh is the Loyalhanna, which flows into it at Saltsburg, twenty six miles above the confluence of the river with the Allegheny. The lower Conemaugh—that is, from its junction with the Loyalhauna to its mouth—is called the Kiskiminetas—a name which is said to mean "make daylight"—an exclamation uttered at some time by an Indian brave who was impatient to be on the march. Loyalhanna is said to mean "middle stream." These are the meanings of these words as I find them in my friend S. G. Boyd's excellent book on "Indian Local Names." The Loyalhanna was so called because the old Indian trading-path between the forks of the Ohio and Raystown, now Bedford, in Pennsylvania, crossed this stream at the point where Ligonier now stands, which was just half-way between the two places. The next largest affluents of the Conemaugh are the Stony Creek, which joins it at Johnstown, and the Blacklick, which comes in about two miles below Blairsville. Who was the first white man to explore the Conemaugh Valley I have not been able to learn. By the middle of the last century the river was a well-known stream, and one of the most traveled Indian trails from the foot of the mountains westward, followed more or less closely the line of this river. This road was traveled by Croghan, Weiser, Post, and others in going to and from the Indian country on the Ohio.

Settlements were made in the valley of the Conemaugh before the end of the last century, though they could not have been numerous. Maclay, the surveyor, in coming up the river in the year 1790, thinks it worth remarking in his journal, that shortly after entering the mouth of the Kiskiminetas he "saw two white men on the river in a canoe." It must have been an unexpected sight. Again, under date of Friday, Aug. 20, he says: "We had this day been attempting to procure some fresh provisions on our way up, from the inhabitants along the river, and had been unsuccessful." From his journal we learn that one Samuel Hay lived a little way below the mouth of the Loyalhanna, that Colonel William Perry lived a short distance above the mouth of that creek, and that one Dennison had a mill eight miles up the same stream. He mentions also that above the Pack Saddle one David Ingard lived, and near the mouth of the Stony Creek was another settler, Daniel La Vere, "who," says Maclay, "received us with an open countenance," however that was.

From this time forward settlements were constantly made. Johnstown, which may be regarded as the metropolis of this valley, was settled by Joseph Johns about 1791. The cabins of pioneer settlers were soon to be seen at closer intervals along the course of the stream. Of one of these early comers I must be permitted to tell a story.

'Twas sixty years since. No railroad then ran along the bank of the Conemaugh, and no steam whistle awoke the echoes among the hills. The canal, which for years served its purpose, and has long since almost faded from the recollection of men, was then a new enterprise, and in the first flush of its fame. A number of thriving villages had sprung up along the line of the canal, with occasional houses between. A few houses were also built on the opposite side of the river, and one of these was occupied by old Zack Upson. It was a mere cabin of round logs, the roof of clapboards, which were held in place by slender poles extending from end to end of the house. The chimney was of sticks well covered with a coating of clay, and the top surmounted by a flour barrel with both ends out by way of a chimney pot. The whole architecture was of the primitive kind, which is remembered by a few of the oldest inhabitants. The house

stood on the hillside a mile below Blairsville, in a small clearing that had been made more by a windfall at some time than by the axe of any settler.

It was a very suitable residence, however, for Zack Upson, proverbially the laziest man in the river valley. He had no family, but lived all alone except for his dog Bounce—a sad misnomer by the way, for there was scarcely a dog in the world that manifested so little disposition to "bounce" as he. The creature was likely a good enough cur originally, but living so long with Zack Upson he had grown to be about as lazy and good-for-nothing as his master. There was not much trouble for a man to live in those days in the manner in which Upson lived. The woods were full of game and the river of fish, and as there were then no game laws Zack could shoulder his rifle or get out his rod and live wherever he choose and procure all the game or fish he could use. By disposing of a part of the proceeds of the day's hunting or fishing in the neighboring village or to the crews of passing canal boats, he was able to supply himself with ammunition and such other articles as the forests and streams did not furnish. But though too lazy to work, like most lazy people, he had a great desire to be rich. He hoarded every penny he could spare and gloated over it as if it had been a diamond of Golconda. Fifty times a day he would say to himself: "Oh, I wish somebody would die and leave me some money." As he had not a relative or friend anywhere any better off than himself, this was a very absurd as well as a very wicked wish.

One beautiful spring morning Zack took his fishing pole and tackle down to the river. It was a perfect day. The sun shone warm, and the fresh buds and half-grown leaves were tender and green. A soft, delicate haze lingered over the surface of the water; profound quiet reigned along the hillsides, broken only by the cheerful voices of the birds. A lover of nature would have rejoiced amid all this beauty and sweetness. But Zack Upson was as unconscious of it all as his old dog Bounce. Zack set his pole, and then reclining in an easy attitude prepared to wait for a bite.

"O, I wish somebody would die and leave me some money," he sighed for the twentieth time that morning. Casting his eyes down along the river, he saw a man a quarter of a mile away, walking along the edge of the water. It was a very rare thing to see anybody down there, and Zack regarded him attentively as he approached. When he had come near, Zack saw that he was an old man and that he stooped very much as he walked. "How d'ye do?" he said to Zack, when he came up. "How are ye?" replied Zack. "It's a fine mornin'." "Yes," groaned the old man, as he attempted to shift a great bundle that he had strapped upon his back. "You seem to be tired," said Zack. "Won't you sit down a while and rest?"

"No," replied the old man, groaning again, "I can't stop. You'd be tired, too," said he, "if you had to carry this dreadful burden." "Have you carried it long?" asked Zack. "For more than thirty years," replied the old man. "Thirty years!" cried Zack, "that's a long time. "Yes, it is," replied the other, as he again painfully tried to shift the bundle.

"Let me help you," said Zack, and he laid hold of the heavy package. But he instantly sprang away with a loud cry. "It's hot!" he exclaimed. "Yes, red-hot," said the old man, with a dreadful look of pain on his face. "What is it?" cried Zack. "Gold!" exclaimed the old man, "gold, that I got by wishing somebody would die and leave me some money."

Zack Upson stayed to hear no more, but rushed from the spot toward his cabin, with Bounce at his heels. From his cabin door he looked down, but he could see nothing of the old man.

"You must have been dreaming," some people replied, when he related the circumstance. "No, I was not dreaming," Zack would stoutly maintain; "besides, Bounce saw him as well as I." Anyhow, it did Zack Upson good. He never again wished that anybody would die and leave him a fortune. It made an impression on his mind that was never effaced. He left his cabin on the hillside, went into the town to live, and by his industry and good habits became a good citizen. As to the truth of the story there can be no doubt, as the hill on whose side Zack's cabin stood is there yet.

The rivers of a country are scarcely less noticeable features in its topography than are its mountains, and seem to appeal more to the imagination than the latter. At least, the poets celebrate the streams much more frequently than the mountains. Perhaps these gentle beings are the best gauges of human sentiment. Without aspiring to a place among them, I shall try my hand to the extent of a dozen lines or so commemorative of my native stream:

Thy wooded hills, fair Conemaugh,
  Still overlook the quiet pool,
As, when escaped the master's law,
  We hurried from the village school;
And all forgot the bitter rule
  Of task and book in boyish glee;
E'en terrors of the dunce's stool
  Were lost when we caught sight of thee.

Thy wooded hills, fair Conemaugh,
  I oft revisit in my dream;
Again I see, as erst I saw,
  The silver current of thy stream;
Again the tiny ripples gleam,
  Where, breaking o'er the pebbly bar,
The crystal wave reflects the beam
  And sparkles as the midnight star.

These lines are not copyrighted, and I commend them to the compilers of our school "Readers" and books of poetical gems.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

An Angling Bishop.

WE read that Bishop Dudley (Episcopal), of Kentucky, when he was hunting and fishing recently, made the acquaintance of an old mountaineer, who took a great fancy to him without suspecting that he was a bishop. When the bishop was about to go home he invited the old man to come to Louisville to hear him preach. "Preach? Whut, you preach? Kin you preach ez well ez you kin shoot an' fish?" "Better. No joke. Come Sunday with your best clothes, and I'll give you a front pew." The old chap was there right up in front, and remained until the bitter end, after which he hurried forward to shake the bishop's hand. "Parson," he cried warmly, "I don't know a great deal about your creeds an' dogmatics, but I've riz and sot with you every time!"—*The Outlook.*

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—VIII.

A Winter Hunt on the Summit of the Rockies.

Au Large.

OUR big wind storm was followed by a sudden and wonderful change in the temperature of the air. We had met a Chinook wind, this taking the place of the cold fury of the wind which had harried us during the previous twenty-four hours. At the falling of the warmer wind the air was left bright and cheerful, and the mountains came into view distinctly. Schultz prophesied bad snowshoeing, and rightly too, as we learned, for the penetratting breath of the Chinook seemed to turn the snow half to water, so that it stuck to the webs most annoyingly, and made it necessary to carry a stick with which to rap continually at the bows. Under such conditions, the shoer does not travel with ease, and the fretting over the snowballs beneath the broad of his foot gives him as much wear and tear as twice the miles of distance. It is only the old snow-shoer, who is out all the time, and who accepts all things as part of the day's work, who can keep his equanimity while his toes are pinched with a soggy but unyielding ridge of snow, and his heels are tilted with a like bump of ice behind.

It was relief to get out of the lodge, and it was not late in the morning before we were well scattered, going out over the country *au large*, as the voyageurs say, with a view to finding what was ahead of us and around us. McChesney and O-to-kò-mi went up the mountains again to see if they could find the much-delayed sheep, which was needful in that quarter. Billy Jackson had set his heart on catching one of those big cats which were eating up the carcass of my sheep. Schultz and I were beginning to think it might be necessary to move further up into the Two Medicine country before McChesney got his sheep, so we went directly up the valley to the falls of the creek, in search of a way over the creek and up the mountain beyond it to the headwaters country, where, according to all accounts, the chances were better for both sheep and goats. We made our way up through the level country, heavily timbered, which lay between us and the falls of the Two Medicine, and before noon stood at the foot of this singular cataract, one of the most remarkable ones I have ever seen, especially during the winter, at which season it is most beautiful.

There are strung along the Two Medicine Creek, during its journey through the mountains, four deep and clear lakes, any one of which would be enough to fill the eye of either an artist or an angler. The largest of these lakes is the lowest one, and it was upon this lowest lake that we were encamped. Three miles or so above is the second lake, and this one is perhaps 200ft. or more higher than the one below. Between the two lakes there runs a vast ridge of rock, making a giant dam across the narrow valley and fencing back the foot of Rising Wolf Mountains. The Two Medicine Creek does not jump over this great causeway, or at least it does not do so now, though once it may have done so. It has dug at the top and back of this dam so diligently that at last it has bored it entirely through. The whole stream appears upon the lower side of the dyke emerging from a round and cavernous opening in the face of the rocky wall, some 50ft., perhaps, above the surface of the great pool, into which it plunges in a broken, glittering mass of shattered waters, shining as though some great hand continually cast forth a stream of crushed prismatic glass. The brilliant picture, at the time we saw it, had a striking frame of ice and snow. Heavy masses of snow covered the whole top of the great ridge, and shrouded the black pines and made a setting for the great, deep trout pool at the foot of the falls—one of the finest of the trout pools of the Rockies; for thus far the trout may come, and no further, though there are those who mention a tradition of the skeleton of a great fish found on the shore of the lake above.

Schultz and I stood for a long time admiring the wonderful view at the falls, and at length went on with our undertaking to find a trail up the country. To the right of the falls the rocks rose up abruptly, but with something of mountain faith we imagined we could get up there somehow, so we tried it. We zigzagged up the face of the slope till we were far above the level of the falls, but then saw yet another ridge above us, which we followed until we were directly above the big pool, which boiled far down below us. Here the going got so steep that we had to evade the front before us—where a slip meant a long slide and a wet ending—and sought a side passage out of our troubles. But, though we crawled, and squirmed, and worked our way about by means of hanging on to the boughs of the trees which covered our slippery slope, we finally had to give it up, though we had found long ago that it would be impossible for a man with a pack to get half-way up the ridge in that direction; so that all thought of making camp above there was cut off for the time. It is always disappointing to fail to climb a hill when you want to, so we were much disgusted at being obliged to slide down this place after putting in a couple of hours trying to get over it. There was no alternative for us, however, and, therefore, we started on down the creek, breaking trail in snow which was very deep and heavy, and looking all the time for a place to ford or bridge the creek which cut us off from the hunting country above. We saw a number of trees which had fallen part way across the creek, and figured that if we were forced to do so, we might, perhaps, manage to get over; but we found no very promising place for a loaded party to make a crossing. About the only thing we did was to discover that an otter was making the Two Medicine Creek his home for the time. This fact was evident by the deep drag he had made through a snowdrift dividing two stretches of open water. Here he had evidently traveled across several times, and once more we regretted the fact that we had brought in no steeltraps with us on this trip—in which we were remiss, for we could have taken considerable fur if we had gone at trapping in the right way.

Assembly.

Schultz and I got back to the lodge in the middle of the afternoon and joined Billy Jackson, who announced that he had set two snares for the cats up on the mountain, and that he was perfectly sure we would have fresh cat in less than forty-eight hours. He said that he had often known the lynx to be trapped in this way by the Crees in the wooded country of the far North. He said no one up there ever thought of bothering about a better trap than a snare to catch a lynx, so he felt sure we were due to have a lynx hung up sure before long. He said the cats, lions, or whatever it was, had fairly torn the whole country up about the sheep carcass; and that one of these cats had evidently been scared away that morning by McChesney and O-to-kò-mi, who had passed up the mountain not far from there. Billy also said that he thought McChesney had got his sheep, for he had heard two shots fired that morning, further up in the mountains above the place where we had killed the first ram.

Hunter Powell had this day gotten back from below, and as he was disposed to go out fishing I joined him, and we got a few trout, one very good one of nearly 2lbs., which I reserved for baking in the ashes that night. On the lake we met a strange white man, who said he was fishing too, that his name was Riley, that he lived at Midvale, and was up in that county living with old John Monroe and his wife. He said Monroe had just come up to his camp again from his ranch in the country below, and that maybe we would see him before long. Sure enough, we finally made out a couple of mounted figures coming up the lake on the ice, and saw that it was John and Madame Monroe. They had along about a half-dozen assorted dogs, and we met them at camp just in time to see a variegated dog fight, in which our dog Shep figured with results not always uniformly satisfactory to himself. We now had quite a big party in camp, and according to lodge etiquette it devolved upon us to get out something to eat. I forget how many suppers we had that night, but I was in every one of them; and so far as I remember, I was just as hungry at the last as at the first.

We were all eating one of these suppers, along about an hour after sunset, when we heard the shuffle of shoes outside, and knew that McChesney and O-to-kò-mi were back. We had worried a good deal about their being out so long, and argued that it was unlikely they had made a kill or they would have been in earlier. This proved to be corsect. McChesney said that he had had one shot at a very fair ram that morning on the mountain side, not over a mile from the place where I had killed my ram. The sheep was standing at really about 125yds., though he thought it was further. He set his Lyman sight for what he thought was the right distance, but overshot; then, as he began to turn down the rear sight to the correct elevation, O-to-kò-mi fired at the ram, which was just turning away, and he also missed, the ram going on up over the mountain in about two jumps. This made them both feel very bad, but they kept on up the cañon and saw a whole horizon full of high, thin peaks and deep cañons, a good-looking game country, but they did not put up any other game within range. They had a very trying day's work of climbing.

We all began to feel badly about McChesney's hard luck, for he had been having plenty of hard work after his sheep and had not yet come up to it. In fact, we began to think that the game was now so stirred up in our neighborhood that it was going to be necessary to make a move, getting up to the upper Two Medicine Lake in some way or other on a short side hunt. O-to-kò-mi was silent and hungry, as usual, and he had nothing to say until he had eaten a-plenty. All hands joined the late-comers in eating supper, and I believe this was nearly the last supper we ate that night. Poor Schultz was cooked to a plum frazzle, and we made an awful hole in the beans and sheep. McChesney was not cheerful over his luck, but still was disposed to resent any imputation as to the virtue of his umbrella, declaring that if he had brought it into camp instead of leaving it at the agency, he would surely have killed a ram before this. In the further talk regarding hoodoos, it was generally agreed, John and Madame Monroe concurring, that it was Pah-kuk-kus himself, and no lynx, which was tearing up things upon the mountain side above us and raising all the trouble in general.

Around the Lodge Fire.

Around the lodge fire that evening we had a long and interesting council upon the topics of the chase. John Monroe proved to be very much of a character, and we learned that he was all over the wilder parts of the big North before many white men had come into the region. He was with the Hudson Bay Co. in the old times, and was as familiar with the Peace River country as with the Two Medicine. As John had been a trapper in the old times himself, he gave me some points upon making deadfalls. Everything, he showed me, was done by rule. Thus, the spindles for a marten trap should be the height of a hand for the upright, the length of a span and a hand for the bait stick. In making a lynx snare, as he showed us in the ashes about the lodge fire, one should follow the instructions given to the old Hudson Bay trappers; the noose should be hung just at the height of the lower part of a man's knee-cap above the ground.

"Gee!" said Billy, "that's hard on me, old man. I've left my loops only about 4 or 5in. over the snow, in my lynx snares. Do you suppose they'll catch him?"

"Oh, dat's bad, dat's werry bad," said the old man, mournfully. "I esplain somet'ing to you. S'pose dat cat he come, fin' yo'r essnare hang low down, like dat (making the picture in the ashes); he put his foot t'roo de essnare, and claw at de bait. You get-a him so, by foot, and he eat off string, you get-a him, no. But s'pose you have hole up high, so, about by my knee, here, dis cat, he goin' poke hees hade in t'roo hole, not poke hees feet. You ketch-a heem by neck, so—choke him quick, he die soon, you get-a heem, yas, ah-hum!"

As Billy and I had spent considerable time in twisting up cords for the lynx snares, we were rather cast down by this information from the old man, but Billy, with characteristic cheerfulness, said he reckoned we'd have a cat in the morning, anyhow. "A link is the worst fool on feet," said he. "You can't drive that cat away from that bait up there till it has picked the bones. We'll get him sure."

John Monroe said we were in a good game country where we were, but that it was probably better a little further up the Two Medicine, where we knew there were goats as well as sheep. He said that he knew where he could get a moose whenever he wanted it, up in that direction, and that he had already killed one moose that winter, as well as one elk. He told us that as to bear country, we could ask no better if we could only stay until the bears came out. He himself had killed a number of grizzlies right in the country where we were camped

ting two not more than a quarter of a mile from where his lodge now was pitched. One of the grizzlies he killed in the dark, near a sawmill, where it had stampeded the whole sawmill outfit. This bear was shot at very close range, as it reared up before the old man in the dark. He struck it in the breast and killed it at the first shot. As a bear hunter, it was generally agreed the old man was a corker, and on this even Madame Monroe, who at times was wont to scoff at John's ability to carry a pack or hustle wood, concurred cheerfully and not without a certain pride. So we drew John out on the bear fight question, and he told us stories of the old days, such as the New York *Sun* would reject as lies, but which were really true.

Killed a Grizzly with Bow and Arrow.

"It was long ago," said John, in his polyglot language of Cree, Piegan, French and English, "long ago in the 'h'ole time,'" when he and a Crow Indian and a half-breed were going south into the Snake country to "trade for hosses." (It was likely such trade implied very little consideration). As they came down into a little flat valley, they saw a big animal of some sort ahead of them, and at first thought it was a buffalo bull. They wanted some meat, and yet they dared not use a rifle, for in this sort of horse trading it seems you don't want to let the other fellow know you are trading. John and his friends agreed that it would be best to kill the animal with the bow and arrow, and as John was the best hand with that weapon he was chosen for the work. He went but a little way forward when he found that his buffalo was a big grizzly, which did not seem to care much whether he went away or not. John concluded he would kill him anyhow, so he cut loose from horseback and put an arrow into the bear's ribs. The bear promptly came after him at full speed. (It needs the old man's description, gestures and all, to show the bear running, with red mouth open, his head going up and down, his paws swinging pigeon-toed as he ran.) The horse, of course, went off at speed, but run as it would, it could not shake off the grizzly, which closed up till it was fairly at the tail of the horse. John told how the bear struck and bit at the horse, and how the horse kicked it again and again—"boh-boh-bah"—landing full with its hoofs on the bear's ribs and making it bawl each time, but not stopping it. In the course of the kicking the saddle girth broke and the saddle started off the horse's back, but this did not unseat the plainsman, who kicked it free and sat the horse bareback, pulling up his legs to evade the jaws of the bear, and all the time riding as hard as he could to get away. It seems that even in this desperate situation he did not lose his nerve or forget his purpose, but plied his bow and arrows as often as he could—we may imagine with what effect upon a beast we dread even when we have the best of rifles. At last the pony got clear of the bear and lined out a course for the high timber, but the bear did not quit. It came alongside yet again, running with its mouth open and growling. As it came up into sight from behind, the bareback hunter turned and drove an arrow deep into its neck. Then, as he showed us in all the sign talk possible, and all the eloquence of his four or five languages, the bear stumbled and fell forward, and the butt of the arrow, striking upon the ground, drove the shaft clear on up, deep into the bear's chest, so that it was killed as it lay and never got up again.

This story old John told us with no vainglory at all, and in the most matter of fact way, and I have no doubt whatever of the truth of it. A wilder hunting story than this it would be hard to find; or a wilder picture than this man, mounted bareback, armed with so slight a weapon as the bow, yet winning in a fight with the most dangerous beast of this whole continent. There were men in those days.

We plied old John with questions about the old days and old hunting methods, and he was willing to talk out of his wide and vivid history. Some things I remember he told of; how once, in the old bow and arrow days, when the Kootenai Indians hunted deer, wrapped in a buck's hide so that they could approach their game more closely, a mountain lion sprang upon one of them and killed him at once with a bite through the neck. John Monroe thought this was the only case he had ever known where the mountain lion had attacked a man, and this was because of the disguise as a deer. Asked if he had ever heard a mountain lion scream, he was doubtful. (Yet Major Steell said that he had in Canada heard the panther scream, and knew it to be unmistakably the panther. Joe Kearney, a guide we had later, also said that the panther certainly did at times scream. "In the running season every animal has some way of attracting its mate," said Kearney. "Now there ain't many lions to the square mile, and they have to find each other. To do this they have a call, and a mighty loud one too, at times.")

While we were speaking of the game resources of the fine hunting region in which we now were, Schultz began to talk of goats, of which he had seen a great many killed. He said that this usually slow and stupid animal has a certain courage and daring of its own quite out of keeping with its ordinary appearance. He said that a goat when hard pressed by dogs, or when wounded, will nearly always deliberately commit suicide rather than lie down and wait for its fate. He related an incident to this effect out of his own experience some years ago, at the upper end of Red Eagle Mountain. He was watching some hunters on the mountain at some distance, and saw through his glass that a goat was crippled, and that it was being crowded hard toward the edge of a cliff, the cut face of which is at least 700ft. in sheer height. As he watched the retreating goat, he saw it turn deliberately to this precipice and as deliberately jump off. It fell whirling over and over, and Schultz could hear plainly, even where he sat, the sickening impact of its body at the foot of the cliff, where it was literally broken into bits. He said there could be no possible doubt of the suicidal intent of the animal, which preferred that death to capture.

Billy's Horse-Thief Story.

During our session around the lodge fire that night we had all told stories, before we had finished our last supper, and before old John and Madame and Riley had gone home to their own lodge below us on the lake; but Billy Jackson had pleaded rheumatism, and was doctoring his back more than he was talking. "I'm payin' for too many saddle-blanket nights in the old times," said Billy, groaning; and in this he was at the truth very closely, for the life of hardship and exposure lived by the actual old-time plainsmen rarely left them free of rheumatism or something else of constitutional trouble later in life. But after we had dug my big trout out of the ashes and brewed an extra pot of tea (which, of course, did not count as a supper at all, but only as a sort of after-theater bite) we prevailed upon Billy to tell us a story, and he did, going for it back to his scouting days with the army, of which we always loved to hear him talk.

"This was in March, 1877—just twenty years ago—" said Billy, "and I was with Gen. Miles at that time, near the mouth of the Tongue River, not far from where Miles City now is. We had been losing a good many United States horses, and Miles came to me and said that he wanted this horse-thieving broken up. He said we would have to get the horse-thieves, at any cost and any risk.

"We had just had five head of horses stolen, and among these were two horses of my own. We thought it was a fellow by the name of Heenan who had taken the stock, and we knew, too, that Heenan was a bad man to go against. But I was young and full of conceit, and I allowed I could take Heenan—or any other man—especially as he had stolen a couple of horses from me. So I said I reckoned I could get him, all right, and Gen. Miles told me to take all the outfit I wanted; so I started out with Sergt. Burns and Deputy Marshal Tom Murray, and five privates and an ambulance. These things I didn't need, but I sort of had to take them along, under the circumstances.

"We traveled along about eighty miles, to a place near the mouth of the Big Horn, and here we found a party of wolfers, who had two of the horses, which they said had been sold to them by a man who went on across country.

"Of course, the ambulance was now a good way behind; so we struck on pretty much alone, going on about twenty miles to a place on the Yellowstone known as Pompey's Pillar, where Yankee Jim then had a sort of trading place on an island, where he was wolfing and trapping. Here Yankee Jim told me that Heenan had gone on through there, and that he was now no doubt holed up about twenty miles further on north, at a sort of tough, cut-throat ranch, a kind of whisky-trading place, near Baker's Battle-ground—where the Piegans were rounded up in the winter time and killed, in 1872, by Gen. Baker, you know. Murray didn't want to go on any further just then, and I was told that the best thing I could do was to stay away from Heenan, and wait for my ambulance and privates to get there. But I knew you couldn't catch a horse thief with an ambulance, and, as I said, I was pretty young and full of conceit, so I allowed I'd just go on alone and get Heenan all by myself, with nobody to divide credit with. Yankee Jim didn't say much, except 'You'd better not.'

"Well, I made on off up there alone, like a fool, and finally I got there; and down by the corral blamed if I didn't see one of the horses, a buckskin, one of my own horses, that I wanted mighty bad. So I ties up and goes up to the house, allowing I'd get in quick and easy and work a surprise. Of course I had my six-shooter ready.

"Well, there was a surprise all right; but it didn't work just the way I had figured it out. I pushed the door open and stepped in quick. When I got in I heard a fellow speak to me, rather quiet like, saying, 'What do you want, Billy?' And there was Heenan, a-squattin' down in the corner opposite the door, with a sort of smile on his face and a-lookin' right square through the sights of a big needle gun, which he had trained for about the center of my stomach.

"I sort of passed the time of day with Heenan then, but he said that was all right. I told him frankly that I was after the horses I saw out at the corral, and he told me, quietly, 'Well, you won't git 'em.' Well, I said to him, a fellow had to take the worst of it once in a while, and I saw I was at the wrong end of the play. Heenan told me to drop my revolver belt on the floor, and just to oblige him I did it. Then I said I didn't see any use having hard feelings, and asked him to come up and have a drink, all the time watching him for a chance at him. There was a sort of bar there, where they handed out the whisky. Heenan allowed he didn't need any whisky, but asked me to step up, while he kept me covered with his rifle, and have a drink with myself, which I did, having come a good way in the cold. I saw there was no way in the world to get out of this, for he had me dead to rights, and the only wonder I had was that he hadn't hammered me long ago. ("To hammer," in plains talk, means "to shoot, to kill.")

"Finally Heenan seemed to conclude that I hadn't any more guns, so he stood his own gun up in the corner, keeping it handy and out of my way. Then he said, 'Billy, I've got nothing against you. Now, you go on back the way you come. You ain't goin' to git no horses. You promise me not to follow me any further and I'll give you your own horse; I don't want to take it from you.'

"'I can't promise not to follow you, Heenan,' said I, 'for if I didn't follow you I might as well throw up my job.'

"'Well, you don't want to git too close,' said Heenan, 'for if you do I won't let you off this way again.' He said all this as cool and easy, just the way he spoke to me when I stepped through the door. He was the coolest acting man I ever did see.

"Well, anyhow, the upshot of it was that I agreed to stop back till Heenan got a good start across country, and he took my horse along with him, so that he had four horses now that he was getting away with.

"I dropped back to Yankee Jim's, and had to tell how I had got rounded up; but then Burns said that he'd stay with me, and we resolved to go ahead with our hunt, waiting first for the rest of our outfit to come up.

"We trailed Heenan fifty or sixty miles, over to the Crow Agency. Here we heard he was in the lodge of Bravo, one of the chiefs. Naturally we were pretty careful, for we knew it meant fight if we jumped Heenan now. But we hung around the agency for over a day, and we couldn't find our man. At last an Indian told us that he had seen a man and four horses crossing what is called the Countryman's Bottoms, taking the wagon trail by the way of White Beaver. We allowed this must be Heenan, and we figured he'd be going into Carpenter's ranch. We knew of an Indian trail going over the divide to the same place by a good deal quicker way, so we all lit out and got over that way, just one night ahead of Heenan.

"The next morning we were all sitting in Carpenter's ranch, eating breakfast, about 9 o'clock, when we saw a man coming up the trail, and we saw it was Heenan. We had our horses all unsaddled, but we didn't stop to saddle up or to finish breakfast. We just piled out on horseback, barebacked, and lit out for Heenan. Heenan ran up a side hill a little way and got down behind a pile of rocks, and there he pulled down on us, but didn't fire. I supposed he was waiting for us to get close in, but I allowed the only way to get this man was to rush him, and not wait till he shot us all, so on we went, hard as we could go, closing in on him. He kept pointing that old rifle at us, but she didn't go off, and in a moment it was too late and we had him.

"'That you, Billy?' he said, quietly. 'I'll remember this.'

"I asked him why he hadn't shot, and he showed me that his rifle had been wet, and the wood had swelled so the hammer would not go down. 'I'd a' got you first, if it hadn't been for that,' he said, quiet like. And I reckon he would, too.

"Well, we took Heenan over to Bozeman, and finally he was taken over to Virginia City and bound over for trial. The last thing he said to me was: "We'll meet again, Billy.' And so we did.

"When I got back to the regiment I was ordered off on the Nez Percé business, notifying the 7th Regiment that they were going to be needed for the Clark's Fork fight. It happened that way that I did not appear when Heenan's case came up for trial, and he was turned loose after all, unpunished. I expect he felt pretty sore at me, on the whole, but we didn't have time in those days to figure on such things very much. We had to take our medicine when the time came, you know.

"Three years later than this I was out of the army, and was doing a little Indian trading on my own hook; and another fellow and I had taken a wagon load of robes to Dutch Louis' place on the Yellowstone, about seven miles above the old Corral trading post, and about thirty-seven miles above the mouth of the Musselshell. We stopped here to spend the night, and in the evening we were out in front of the house, when we heard some one, away up the river, singing away as hard as he could, the voice echoing far away in the bluffs. We soon found the singer was in a boat, and that he was coming down stream. I kept watch up the river, and by and by saw the boat, with two men in it, coming around the bend and pulling in for our landing. I stepped down to meet the boat, not knowing who it was in it; but just as I reached out to take hold of the bow of the boat and ease her up as she came to the bank, the man in the stern sat up straighter and spoke out. 'Hand me that rifle, quick, Charlie!' he said, reaching out for the gun, which was forward in the boat from him. Of course I had on my own six-shooter, for, as I have said, a man had to eat and pray with his six-shooter on in those days. So I jerked out my gun and said, 'No, Charlie, don't you do it; don't you hand him that rifle at all.' So Charlie didn't, and it's a good thing for everybody all around he didn't get to. It was my friend Heenan who was in the stern of the boat. I don't suppose he wanted to get me, nor nothing!

"Well, I talked it all over with Heenan the best I could, and explained to him that I had had to go on after him as a scout, but that I had no grudge against him at all as a man. Heenan was full as a lord right then, and he had thirty gallons of whisky on board his boat, being bound to meet the steamboat which was expected up river about then, and allowing he would trade some with the Indians for robes at the Corral post. I watched Heenan pretty close, of course, but after a while he seemed willing to let it go at that, and the last I saw of him he was going on down the river, still pretty happy and singing again, as if he harbored no malice against any one in the world. I have never seen him from that day to this, nor ever heard of him again. One of the curious recollections I have of this little affair is the echo of Heenan's voice, which sounded so far off and so clear, as he was coming down the river in the evening, before we saw him.

"I probably never will see Heenan again now. Since that time the old trading posts have gone, the Indians have gone, the army has gone, and I expect by this time Heenan has gone too, with the past and the old times. But he certainly was a cool one."

E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Natural History.

THE ALASKA LIVE-MAMMOTH STORY.

How we enlightened the Bering Straits Eskimos on the subject of the mammoth is an old story now, and my only excuse for bringing it up again is that it throws light on the origin of certain romances about the existence of the mammoth in Alaska.

I have recently been furnished with a number of newspaper clippings relating to the existence of the mammoth in various parts of that territory. They represent but a small proportion of the live-mammoth stories that have been printed in the last two or three years. Some of them are told in a few lines only, while others are illustrated and occupy the whole page. They relate, for the most part, to mammoths said to have been seen by Stick Indians, about five years ago, on the headwaters of White River.

This region is only about a hundred miles from the mining camps on the Yukon, where there are a couple of thousand miners and frontiersmen who are idle a good part of the year, but who are not sufficiently interested in mammoths to go out and bring one in.

Most of the pictures accompanying these stories are fairly good representations of the mammoth, the tusks in some being inserted upside down, while others have both jaws decorated with a combination of elephant and walrus tusks that is truly remarkable. The most elaborate article purports to be an interview with an Alaskan trader, with whom I happen to be well acquainted, and who is certainly not responsible for any such yarn.

The articles are pretty much in the same strain. A reporter in San Francisco, or Chicago, or New York, appears to have interviewed a traveler from Alaska, who has seen a trader, who has seen a native, who has seen a mammoth and made a drawing of it. This part of the story is generally brief, the bulk of it consisting of the reporter's interview with some local geological oracle, to whom he has hopefully referred the matter for confirmation, but who seldom says more than that mammoth bones are abundant in Alaska. The reporter is, however, enamoured of the idea and works it up to make it look as plausible as possible.

The period covered by these articles is rather longer than that required to wear out the average hoax, but its length can be explained by the fact that the natives know how to draw the mammoth.

Twelve years ago I accompanied the United States revenue cutter Corwin commanded by Capt. Healy, on a voyage to the Arctic. We waited a few days in the neighborhood of Bering Straits for the pack ice to recede somewhat, and on July 1 the bow of the Corwin, being protected by an ice breaker, pushed slowly through the heavy drift ice and entered Kotzebue Sound. Here it was the intention to land parties for the purpose of exploring the Kowak and Noatak, two of the large rivers flowing into the Sound. Both were unknown, except for a reconnaissance of the lower course of the Kowak, which had been made the year before. The conditions being found favorable, the exploring parties set out on July 2, my own, on what proved to be a two months' journey to the headwaters of the Kowak and back to Kotzebue Sound. At Cape Prince of Wales, in Bering Straits, where we anchored for a time before entering the Arctic, the natives brought on board the ship some tusks and bones of the mammoth for barter. When questioned as to the character of the animal that produced them, they said it was a creature much larger than a reindeer—the only animal they found available for comparison—and they took great interest in pointing out to us, from the bones at hand, how large it must have been. They were questioned particularly as to its existence and replied promptly that they were all dead. A text-book on geology was brought out, containing a picture of the skeleton of the mammoth, which the natives at once recognized, and they delightedly compared the bones and tusks on the deck with those shown in the picture.

The decks were swarming with natives, and the appearance of the book was followed by voluble and prolonged discussion. One native got the book down on the deck, and lying almost on top of it, laboriously copied the picture, a task he was not unequal to, as any one knows who is familiar with Eskimo picture writing on ivory.

Having served an apprenticeship in the Ward Museum of Natural History, at Rochester, where several restorations of the mammoth were constructed, I felt that I was prepared to speak with some authority on its personal appearance; and I furnished the Eskimo artist with a rough sketch of the animal as it appeared in life. The sketch, which was highly appreciated by the recipient, was taken ashore when the natives left, along with such new ideas on mammoths as they might have assimilated during their visit to the ship, where the officers had taken pains to instruct them. This incident is related in a report published in a Congressional document, entitled "The Arctic Cruise of the Corwin in 1885."

I have reasons for believing these unfortunate pictures to have begotten a numerous and persistent progeny, that have become dispersed in a natural manner, and finally modified by their environment. The Innuits are great gadabouts; they have sledges and dogs, and can make the longest winter trips. In summer, when the mossy tundra lands become impassably boggy, they take to the rivers. We found their summer fishing camps from the Arctic coast well inland toward the sources of the Kowak, where they were using birch-bark canoes, as well as the sealskin boats they manufacture along the coast.

Although the sled is laid aside in summer, the Eskimo dog continues to work in harness. We saw the natives about Selawik Lake traveling in large skin boats (*Omiaks*) towed by dogs moving along the beaches, like so many canal mules. They do a great deal of traveling from village to village for purposes of trade, and it is likely that much of their wandering is caused by a desire for entertainment, for they are a lively and sociable people.

Every summer there is a great gathering of Innuits at Kotzebue Sound, where a general exchange of Eskimo commodities takes place, and where they meet the Bering Straits natives, who trade with the Chuckchees, of the Siberian side. Alaskan furs in general are exchanged for large numbers of skins of the Siberian domesticated reindeer, which forms one of the principal articles of clothing among the Alaskan Eskimo.

In August, 1885, there were more than 1,000 natives gathered at Hotham Inlet, and I was told that the gatherings frequently numbered over 2,000. Such gatherings mean large delegations from all the villages of the region; perhaps all of the coast villages north of the Yukon.

I make special mention of their facilities for traveling, and their trading habits, to show that the chances for the dissemination of new ideas among them are good.

We made many camps along the Kowak during the two months we lived with the Innuits, and were always on the best of terms with them. They enjoyed visiting us, and there were many long talks around our camp fires, where, in the enjoyment of our biscuit and tobacco, they told us of the big game and the fishes; of life in the long winter; of the bones of the mammoth; of their social life and beliefs, and a thousand other things. Their talk was interwoven with not a few legends, for they indulge in romances and tell some impressive tales.

It was a summer of talk for ourselves as well as the people, for they are great questioners. They wanted to know how many days' journey it was to California, where all the ships they see come from. They wanted to know how long it took to make a whale ship or a rifle; if the winter was as long with us as with them; if seals and reindeer were as plenty; if the wild geese came to us when they left them. And so it came to pass that we were explaining things as well as they.

I woke up one night, or rather day, for we had no night to speak of, and in the twilight of the midnight hour, when the sun was on the horizon, found Lieut. Cantwell explaining to our two native interpreters what the world was like. He had a bucket for a globe, and was tracing the Kowak River on one side and California on the other. He told them that it was round, for he had been around it on a ship, which they in their thirst for knowledge were not disposed to doubt. His globe was minus a continent or two, but complete enough for his purpose, and long after he retired the two natives could be heard discussing the tracings on the bucket.

On the Kowak the people appreciated us, mainly, I think, because we were doing something they understood themselves, namely, capturing the animals of the region. We did it intelligently, like good hunters, which they appreciated, while the examination of our preserved specimens delighted them beyond measure. They subsist entirely on the animals of the region, and they thought it only natural that we should wish to carry such desirable things away with us, particularly if we had none of those kinds at home.

In all this familiar conversation the omnipresent mammoth bones came in for a share of the discussion, and we were told of many places where we could find them. I found the front half of a mammoth skull on the open mossy plain at Schismareff Inlet that was not fossilized in the least, but was as light and dry as a bone could be. At one camp, I remember, we used mammoth tusks to hold down the canvas of our tent. In the vicinity of Elephant Point, in Kotzebue Sound, mammoth bones are very conspicuous, and they can be found along all the rivers flowing into Kotzebue Sound. There are large deposits at many places on the Yukon and Kuskowim, and according to some of the newspapers represented in this budget of clippings they are especially abundant about the headwaters of rivers flowing into Cook's Inlet. I think mammoth bones could be procured of the natives of almost any village north of Cook's Inlet

What we knew of the mammoth was, no doubt, told many times to the eager people, and two mammoth pictures at least—the ones I have referred to—were put into circulation. And so the tares were sown, to be reaped plentifully a few years later, when credulous newspaper gleaners began to write up the country. The people took to the white man's mammoth eagerly. The pictures that went ashore at Cape Prince of Wales undoubtedly went, like the Ark of the Covenant, with the people on their wanderings, and the native who bore them was of no small importance. I can imagine him at each village, producing the first picture of the beast so prominent in their legends. There were the big tusks they had known all their lives, and the creature covered with long hair just as naturally as any Arctic animal. It was food for the imagination. They must have surmised that the white men had seen it at some time, and the surmise was strengthened by the evidence of the book that all the Prince of Wales people had held in their hands. Along with the mammoth, the book showed other strange kinds of reindeer, some of them very like the cow that had been landed from a ship for the trader at St. Michaels, and that had almost scared the life out of the St. Michaels' children when it was turned loose on the beach. The evidence was strong in favor of the white man's knowing a great deal about the mammoth that the Innuits hadn't dreamed of; and they probably very soon began to think that they might find them some day themselves, away off somewhere, where nobody had ever been to hunt, since bones of them were sticking up



THE MAMMOTH (*Elephas primigenius*).

Restoration according to measurements afforded by the St. Petersburg specimen and from bones in the Royal Museum of Stuttgard. This restoration is in the private geological museum of Prof. Henry A. Ward, Rochester, N. Y.

everywhere. Such reasonings would not be unnatural to the Eskimo mind, and so the idea could have developed. Other natives could, of course, copy the picture, and it is almost certain that they did so. The people rapidly got the correct idea of the appearance of the mammoth, if not the facts connected with it.

The natives of widely separated localities appear to have absorbed the idea, and it is no doubt becoming ingrained, for the Innuits are a friendly race, disposed to be accommodating to strangers who treat them fairly, and frequent inquiry about mammoth ivory, or about live mammoths, by the increasing number of visitors to the country, would lead them to the conclusion that the white man attached great importance to it, and also to acquiesce in the white man's fancies as to the mammoth's continued existence.

I think the natives of northern Alaska may truly be said to be eager to please, and if they thought that certain admissions on their part about the mammoth's existenee would give satisfaction, they would not hesitate to make them, in spite of whatever doubts they might entertain privately.

Another point in connection with the making of mammoth pictures by natives is the possibility of future trouble for the anthropologists. The Eskimos are adepts at ivory carving. All sorts of implements and ornaments of ivory are covered with etchings of reindeer, seals, whales, bears and other animals, while their hunting and fishing operations are often minutely represented. Who knows but that they may be already working the mammoth into their ivory records, and that someone will presently be trying to prove man and the mammoth contemporaneous in Alaska? The idea almost excites suspicions of the famous mammoth etching by prehistoric man that is so commonly figured in the text-book on geology.

Other explorers could, of course, have explained to the natives about the mammoth—and it is very likely that they have done so—but I am disposed to think that the first thorough awakening of their ideas on the subject took place eleven years ago at Cape Prince of Wales, where the picture and the story were passed along Both appear to be going yet, and if the growth of the picture could keep pace with that of the story, I should be very glad to see it again after another dozen years.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Mudhen in Trouble.

MADISON, Wis.—While returning from a hunting trip last fall, my companion in the boat noticed what he took to be a wounded duck, swimming along not far from us. We immediately turned the boat in that direction and gave chase. Upon reaching the bird we found it to be a mudhen, whose head was held under the water as if in an attempt to dive. Upon lifting her from the water we found that she was having troubles of her own, her beak being held clasped between the shells of a clam. When we found her she was nearly drowned, having become too tired to hold her head far enough out of water to breathe. After lying some time in the bottom of the boat she revived enough to shake the clam off by banging it against the sides of the boat.

The lower mandible of the beak was held by the clam and we thought that in feeding she had seen the bright rim of the clam's shell on the bottom and had seized it only to find part of her bill held in a clammy embrace.

Have any of your readers had a similar experience?

RALPH STEWART

[Instances somewhat like the one cited above have often been noticed, and accounts of birds caught on the shore by shellfish when the tide was down have been published. We once captured (unhurt) a blackheaded duck which had a mussel clamped to the root of its tongue. The bird could not close its bill, and was nearly exhausted when secured. It had evidently seized the partly-opened mussel and attempted to swallow it when the fleshy root of the tongue became wedged between the two valves of the mussel's shell, and could not be freed. Have any of our readers heard of cases like these?]

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A DEER.

PALATKA Fla.—Your correspondent enjoys the life in the wilderness and the pursuit of game there with a zest beyond his ability to describe. The beauty of lake and pine forest in this State charms one with its inexhaustible variety. The balmy fragrance of the woods is like incense. The excitement of the chase in this atmosphere exhilarates one like wine. Then the evenings spent in camp, lulled by the crackle of our fire, when fancy weaves strange shapes in its flames—who can describe the witchery of them? That the spice of danger attends the hunting of large game, one of our trips into the woods proved. I shall supply the details of this expedition, and leave it for the reader to furnish the proper setting for them from his knowledge of camping out.

Two of us left Auburndale, Fla., about 10 o'clock one bright December morning upon a camp-hunt to last a week. Numerous signs of bear and deer had been reported to us as seen near a group of lakes thirty-five miles from town. The Doctor and I were to join Morgan and Ben, the other two members of our party, twenty-five miles out at Deer Creek, where we would camp for the night. We drove a small, black horse harnessed to a spring-seat wagon loaded with provisions and the camping outfit. A black and tan, half beagle, chained to the rear axle, ran beneath the wagon, while an industrious white dog, a cross of beagle and foxhound, made short excursions along the road within sight.

The twenty five mile trip made that day, though through deep sand or over palmetto roots, was delightful. For the first ten miles the road lay in the edge of the pine forest, where the air was fragrant, and past lakes rippled by the breezes. The sound made by the light wind through the treetops, and the lapping of the water along the shores, were a soothing accompaniment to the steady grind of our wheels. During the morning we passed within stonethrow of a dozen lakes, and within sight of many others. They varied in size from a quarter of a mile to two miles across, and each lake was a different shade of blue. During the afternoon we traveled through the pine forest. Small palmettos grew in profusion in many places, and their roots made the road very rough. From the wagon seat one could see for long distances beneath the pines, except where swamp growth or sandhill cut off the view. Herds of branded cattle browsed about, and small droves of lean hogs rooted beneath occasional live-oak trees. A ford, a quarter of a mile long, through a cypressed stream, was passed after dark. The water was so clear that the stumps might have been easily avoided in the day time, but they blocked our wheels and nearly threw the horse several times at night. Hooting owls, screaming herons, and screeching wild things of every description cheered us through. From an elevation two miles beyond we could see the camp-fire of the other party, and horns were blown and answered to an accompaniment of howling dogs.

We had strong coffee boiled in tomato cans, bread and butter, cold baked beans, cold beef and apple pie for supper. The tent was pitched afterward with its back to the road. A small stream flowing to the left passed forty rods in front, then turned at a right angle a short distance beyond and crossed the road 100yds. to the left of camp. Its course below the ford lay beneath gum trees and bay bushes to a large sawgrass swamp 500yds. back of the tent. That night the hooting of a large owl in a cypress pond up stream was the signal for a chorus of screeches and yells from all quarters. Murder was committed in the ford while a climax was reached in the large swamp behind camp—the spirits of the damned were abroad. At intervals during the night fuel was heaped upon the fire till the flames showed the moss in the treetops.

In the morning we found where several deer had entered the large swamp behind camp, and the tracks of a bear beyond the stream in front. We struck camp about noon, and started for the lake region, ten miles further on. At one place we crossed a ford several hundred yards long. The clouds of moss that hung from the arched cypress limbs above the crossing formed a shaded tunnel, so narrow that the hubs of the wagon scraped the trunks of the trees. The horses drank in there, and thrust their muzzles into the current for additional sips, even after their thirst seemed to be quenched. The stream was so clear that the smallest objects upon the sandy bottom were plainly visible, and the minnows swimming about the wheels seemed to be suspended in air. Five miles of sandhills were crossed beyond the ford, covered with a scattered growth of scrub oaks, and small, basin-like depressions surrounded by green palmettoes. Camp was pitched about 4 o'clock by the first lake of a chain that form the source of the Kissimee River. Morgan waded into the lake during the afternoon till the water reached his waist, to fish, while we caught frogs for bait along shore. His rod was a heavy bamboo, and his line a stout cord. A large bass almost leaped from the water to

get the bait. There was a whirl in the water, a whiz through the air overhead, and a crash in the palmettoes behind, where we found the fish stunned. After that there were no more bites.

We found the trail of a bear and two cubs in the morning, several miles beyond the lake in a sand scrub of shoulder-high palmettoes and stunted oak trees. The white hound was soon leading upon the trail several hundred feet ahead. The Doctor, Ben and I were able to follow close behind the second dog by hard running. The hounds seemed to be frightened, and ran with every hair erect. The hard sand made good footing, and it was not difficult to make one's way through the palmettoes at full speed. The dog in front became silent; there was a crash in the palmettoes ahead; the dog we were following turned a series of back handsprings and landed between the Doctor's legs snapping in all directions; the Doctor fell down; Ben and I quickly cleared several rods of palmettoes; the cur squirmed from beneath the Doctor and ran off down the back trail yelping, then the white hound bounded into sight ahead, seemingly unconscious of the alarm he had caused. The dogs ran off upon the trail of a fox after that, so we returned to camp, where we shot enough quail in the palmettoes near the lake for dinner.

After our meal was over we struck camp and recrossed the five miles of sandhills. Ben and I drove the teams back by the route we had come. We were directed to turn to the left when we arrived at the swamp beyond the hills, and to stop several miles below at a former camping place. When we were about a mile from the point at which we were to camp, we heard the dogs with the other two members of our party, who had taken a more direct route. By the time the horses were tied the dogs had started the deer several hundred yards from us in the swamp. The chase went up the swamp, and Ben disappeared around the first bend of the road behind at the top of his speed on his way to a stand we had passed a mile back. In a few minutes the dogs seemed to arrive at the edge of the timber there, from the increased clearness of their notes. Then Morgan came running up. We heard a gun shot, followed in a few moments by a second report. We found Ben up there standing over a doe. He had shot her down as she ran into the open, and had shot her down a second time as she rose again. The deer was carried to the wagons and camp made a short distance beyond. Then, as it had been raining for the last hour, after stretching the tent we built a roaring fire by which to dry our clothing. We had juicy steaks of venison for supper. During the evening Ben shot a cat as large as the foxhound.

In the morning, after the dogs had run off, three of us lost our way while following the tracks of a large buck that we had traced for five or six miles on the sandhills. One of the party thought that camp was directly to the left of our course, another that it was to the right, while the third agreed impartially with the other two. We found camp by following our tracks back.

After an early breakfast the next day three of us crossed an icy ford waist deep a short distance below camp. The country beyond the stream was open and interspersed with cypress ponds. The fourth member of the party hunted the foot of the sandhills on the camp side of the stream while we followed the other side. The creek between us was concealed by a dense growth of cypress trees and bay bushes. A mile below camp we heard the dogs across the way and a shot fired soon afterward; then the chase turned up stream and two of us ran back around the first bend in time for the leader to see a doe break from cover half a mile beyond. The chase crossed the open flat country, turned our way at one time, then passed out of hearing. The foxhound was restrained from running off and later he was urged upon the trail of a buck, but he lost the scent toward the middle of the day and we returned to camp.

We hunted the foot of the hills for four miles below camp in the afternoon, and at one place a short distance after we had passed a number of deer beds, a large gray animal bounded from the palmettoes near us and rushed off with its white tail fanning the air. We discovered that it was a steer in time to prevent us from firing. The two runaway dogs joined us as we were returning to camp through the flat country, and when the cypress ponds where the trail of the stag was lost were reached they were urged upon it. They followed it to the nearest pond, which we quickly surrounded. The hounds soon reappeared at the further end and rushed noisily to a second pond that was encircled by us as the previous one. At the third pond, I had placed myself halfway up the left side; Ben was 100yds. beyond me, in sight, the Doctor an equal distance from him, and Morgan about a like distance from the Doctor across the pond from me. The dogs could be heard splashing about the wet ground near the head of the pond apparently at a loss in regard to the trail. The Doctor fired two shots in rapid succession, and the shot crashed through the trees in front of me; a large animal rushed through the shallow water at the upper end of the pond, coming my way. I saw Ben take deliberate aim at a gray streak, as it passed him in the edge of the timber, and fire; then as a large deer fell and rose again, fire a second time and bring it down in the water. We found Ben up there kicking the dogs away from a buck with as fine antlers as we had ever seen. The deer was prepared for carrying by first removing the entrails, then skinning the legs to the knees and removing the lower joints, when the right hind and left fore knee, and the left hind and right fore knee, were tied together with the loose skin. By passing one arm between the forelegs and the other between the hindlegs, and letting the weight fall across the hips, a deer can be carried for a mile or so by a muscular person. Two of us brought this one a mile and a half into camp, with scarcely any assistance from the others.

Morgan and I hunted the foot of the hills in the morning, the others crossed the stream. We found where a large buck had come out of the low ground a mile below camp, and after walking a short distance along the foot of the hill, had turned into the flat woods, where the stream ran away from the higher ground and left a broad flat open. The hound followed the trail at a lively rate on the flat ground. Several hundred yards from the hills the trail turned toward a small cypress pond to the right of our course. Morgan followed the hound, while I hastened to get beyond the pond. Then the trail ran straight from the hills. The scent was strong, but the hound would wait for us to catch up whenever we fell too far behind. Under such circumstances, Tom would exhibit a degree of intelligence seldom equaled by a dog of his breed. We looked for the deer to jump from each cluster of palmettoes we raced by. As the hammers of my gun were lowered in obedience to a prejudice of Morgan's, I was uncertain whether it would be possible for me to shoot quickly if we started game. The dog overran the trail half a mile from the hills, came back 100ft., then turned off to the left at a righ angle to our course. We were now heading for a bunch of palmettoes shoulder high and several rods in diameter. Morgan was running close behind the dog, and I about 10yds. to his right. The hound had approached within 30ft. of the palmettoes, when the deer rose with a bound scarcely 2yds. ahead of him, and with two leaps was in the midst of them. We caught a glimpse of his full outline as he sprang from the ground, then of his head, above the palmetto leaves. My gun cracked at the head, and it disappeared. We ran through the palmettoes and found the deer stretched at full length upon the other side. He had turned a complete somersault. It proved to be a buck of unusual size and possessed of a hide with a handsome silvery luster, but it did not have such large antlers as the deer shot the day before. The killing shot had entered behind the ear, another shot had creased the back, and a third had pierced the body. Morgan had not fired, as the dog was between him and the deer.

After examining its wounds a short while, Morgan suddenly caught the deer by its hind leg and called upon me to take hold. But before I could respond, Morgan was being hurled about by the deer, which rose to its feet to be thrown again, the dog rushed in and fell beyond the confusion, howling pitifully, and there was a whirling mass before me bristling with keen-edged feet and sharp horns. A hold on this was not what I wanted; I should even have preferred to climb a tree and wait for a more favorable time to make my selection, but I grabbed at random and caught a horn, when we all fell in a struggling heap. After awhile the deer allowed us a brief rest; then we had round upon round with short intervals between. We lost our hats in the first engagement. The perspiration poured down our faces. At every opportunity we urged the hound to gnaw the throat of the brute, but his teeth proved ineffectual. What could we do! The beast was enraged by this time, and neither of us dared to drop his hold and rush for a gun. The other boys had not come. Our cries for help had brought only their black dog. That cur sat off at a safe distance and serenely watched our struggles. We dubbed him the umpire, and that office was never filled with less partiality. The deer's frantic efforts to break from us, so benumbed our arms after awhile that the pain of our wrenched joints was the only evidence of sensation left in them. The eyes of the deer had changed to the baleful green seen in those of a dog with rabies. We felt assured if the animal now broke away from us, that one and perhaps both of us might lose our lives. There was not a tree within several hundred feet that we could climb. After struggling for half an hour the deer showed signs of exhaustion. Morgan found that he could sit upon its hind quarters and still hold the leg. During one of our rests he secured his knife, and the next opened it and slashed the throat of the deer. The relief we felt to thus end a struggle with so doubtful an issue cannot be expressed. I will confess to a feeling of compunction whenever I have killed a deer. The joy of being in the woods, and the excitment of the chase I can appreciate, but our chief regret now was that the buckshot had not killed this stag at once. One of my hands had been scratched in the encounter, the side of the dog had been scraped, and Morgan had escaped even that much punishment. We had leveled the grass upon a place 10ft. in diameter, and had worked the soft ground beneath it into mortar. These facts were noted while we were resting. After dressing the deer and hiding it in the palmettoes, we hunted up the other members of the party. We overtook them two miles further on. The dogs started another doe and went out of hearing toward home; so we retraced our way and carried the stag to the camp. After dinner the wagons were loaded, and the teams started in the direction of home. At the first bend of the road we all turned in our seats for a last look at the site of our lucky camp. A thread of smoke rising from the ashes of the camp fire marked the place. At one point on the way home a bear trail followed the road for five miles. We arrived at Auburndale about 4 o'clock the next afternoon with two bucks, and what we had not eaten of the doe, to show for our hunt. The head of the buck we fought hangs in our hall; the gash in the throat mars it as a specimen, but with the eight sharp spikes of the graceful antlers it adds to the trophy a suggestive interest.

H. R. Steiger.

HOW THE MOOSE ESCAPED.

Reed's Camps, Ashland, Me., Aug. 1.—I should like to give, and have published in your paper, some of the reasons why so few moose were killed in this section last season. It was common talk the whole length of the B. & A R R.—from Bangor to Ashland—that there were no moose about Ashland; and if a party started for this place they were switched off below. Now, thirty moose were seen on the Machias waters before one was killed, and yet there was any amount of moose seen by different sportsmen.

The first man who missed getting his moose, started with his guide (and a good one, too, and in a good moose region), where he would expect to meet a moose at any minute. He must have been a little careless, I think. As he was going along he saw a big bull moose step into the road ahead of him. He brought rifle to shoulder and snapped three times without any report; when come to look, he had no cartridge in his gun. It is needless to say that he never got another chance at a moose that season.

The next man on the list started out with his guide one day, the guide not taking any rifle. They went up the side of a ridge and sat down, and the guide began to call for moose, and soon one answered them close by, and then another and another, so there were three moose and only one gun. It is reported that they both climbed up a tree and waited for the moose to go away.

The next man to lose his opportunity to secure a good set of antlers was one of my parties. He had as good a guide as any man could wish for, but he told his guide not to shoot; that if he could not kill his game he did not want to get anything. One day as they were following an old road a big bull came out into the road a few rods ahead of them. The moose stood there some three minutes, his head on one side of the road and his tail in the bushes on the other side. There was time enough to have shot him full of lead, but the man did not. He simply waited until the moose started and then fired one shot at him and let him go.

A few nights or days after this happened his guide was making a canoe trip with the same man. They had paddled up stream until they came to the head of the dead-water, and turned their canoe about and were going back to camp, when in rounding a point they ran into two moose, a bull and cow. It surprised them all. The guide did not have time to think of his gun, as he had all that he could do to take care of his canoe, and the man never offered to shoot until the moose had started for the shore. He then fired two shots, but did not kill his moose.

I had another party from New York at the same time, but they did not get their moose, although they saw a number of them. They saw one big bull on the further side of a pond, but he was too far away to shoot. This same party had one, a bull, too, go by their camp when they were eating supper. They heard him in the water, and all rushed out to see what it was, but he had taken to the woods, so they missed him. I had two other parties who saw moose, and did not get them.

This is a new country up here, being the fourth year since sportsmen began to come for big game, but the game is here. All the country lying south and west of Ashland, Masardis and Oxbow is one vast wilderness. This country is larger than the State of Massachusetts, and it is mostly wilderness with its immense water system of over four hundred lakes and ponds that constitute the best feeding ground for moose and deer in the summer, while its mountains and hills make a desirable shelter in the winter. I do not know where a man can go and count eleven moose and sixty five deer in one day as Mr. Pitman, or twelve moose and fifty-two deer in a half day as Mr. Bowne did here.

C. G. Reed.

THE SPORTSMAN—TWO IN ONE.

Number One.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the month of July, in the early 80s, it so happened that I was journeying by rail across the sparsely settled prairies of northern Nebraska in search of a small, isolated town in the midst of a good chicken country, where I could stay during the chicken season and engage in the training of a dozen dogs which, duly crated, I had with me; and with trunks and shooting equipments they made a most formidable aggregation of baggage, no inconsiderable source of trouble with such train baggagemen as were either rapacious or disinclined to work.

Arriving at a railroad junction where it was necessary to change cars to take a more westerly course, and where, owing to railroad squabbles, a wait of twenty-three hours was in order to make a connection, I resolved to take advantage of the opportunity by staying in the town three or four days to make inquiries concerning the available locations and incidentally to await a remittance, which might better insure a continuous journey to the desired place, if such were discovered. It came promptly; there are others.

I rented a barn for the purposes of a kennel. The hours passed quickly by in long, gossippy talks with the local sportsmen—talks on the prospects of good shooting when the season should open; on the colors and pedigree of the best dogs; on whether a pointer could work without any water; on how much better a blueblood could do his work than any other dog on earth; and on the common good resulting from a close season and a strict enforcement and observance of the game laws. There were close and open seasons then as now, with much the same problems to be solved, much the same arguments pro and con, and much the same forces contending—the one to preserve, the other to destroy.

There were then many local game protective associations throughout the Northwest whose membership was mostly derived from the professional and business men of the towns, between whom and the farmers there was not always the best of feeling or unanimity of sentiment on matters of game protection.

The subject of game protection—practical, earnest and heartfelt—was much and many times talked over by us; in fact, when we had gone the full round of all the standard topics—guns, dogs, pedigrees, loads, game violators, proper punishment, every-man-a-warden, etc.—we would begin anew from the beginning with a freshness of spirit and flawlessness of interest that I now look back upon with some wonder and with much envy. I was a game protector—rigid, uncompromising and merciless. Let them bring on reasons for game preservation—I could produce one or two more which were bigger and better. The man who shot out of season was a coward—a sneaky coward, for did he not skulk from the gaze of man and pilfer from the belongings of the people? Did he not lawlessly take the shares of men who lost their shares because they were law-abiding? It was thievery—cowardly thievery—was this shooting of game birds out of season; and the local association then would take a new hitch in its trousers and resolve that it would go hard with the next man found guilty of stealing from the public game treasures.

My conscience, or such thing as did service for it with dog trainers, was a little uneasy on this subject, for, outwardly so bold and zealous, I inwardly had some misgivings as to whether it was necessary that I should be so intensely imbued with the local spirit, and so intent in outstripping the others in proclaiming it. But then those were my sentiments as a citizen. As a dog trainer, I had others.

The chief reason of my urgent quest for a small, sequestered town was to be out of the ken of the game associations, and their activity, the letter and purpose of the game laws of the State of Nebraska as they applied to chickens not being wholly consonant with my purposes. I intended to shoot some chickens, not as a citizen, but as a man in the pursuit of his profession, as it was necessary now and then to shoot some birds to get the dogs properly set in their training; at least, we trainers deemed it essential that we should think so, and, also, while we shot professionally as trainers, we permitted ourselves to enjoy the sport as citizens. Many very good men in those days enjoyed the shooting out of season simply as citizens and for the sport of it alone.

It may be said by way of extenuation, if anything can be said at all, that then there were vast regions uninhabited by man in the chicken country, and that away from the larger towns birds were in wasteful abundance. Also, while there was a game law, there was but little public opinion to sustain it, such as there was being confined to the towns, wherein were little local groups whose selfish interests stimulated them to measures of active game protection. They did not care a fig for the law as a public benefaction, but they did keenly care for the chickens and the sport to be had in shooting them.

It was at that time considered but a venial sin to shoot chickens out of season, unless a fellow happened to be caught, whereupon he would be heavily mulcted, much to his own gain in being set aright in what was lawful, and the gain of the public treasury, which was likely to be painfully low and therefore in need of contributions. It was the most trifling sort of an offense so long as the State did not or could not take cognizance of it, but let the violation once be within the legal attention of the State, with a yearning

treasury in the background, and the matter suddenly became serious.

One of the local sportsmen quite won my fancy. He was the proprietor of the best hotel in the town, and a good one it was, too, in its size, appointments and service. He was tall, symmetrical and well poised, easy and graceful in manner, pleasing in his address, and a fluent and intelligent talker. He was enthusiastic in everything pertaining to sportsmanship without any admixture of enthusiastic silliness. He was the president of the local game protective association and a terror to the sinners who broke the game laws. A purer altruistic spirit and purpose I never saw manifested. He recounted the vigilance necessary to restrain the lawless shooters; the personal part he had taken in detective work; the threats of bodily harm of which he was the object; the unpopularity which comes to him who is active in enforcing an unpopular law; the conviction of two or three offenders who were caught red-handed, the last one only recently. This offender had a wife and children, it was true, and he was too poor to pay his fine, consequently he would have to remain in jail a long time, but he took all those chances when he broke the law, etc. It served the lawbreaker right.

Here at last was a great and good man. It was honor enough to sit in the same county with him, but both an honor and a pleasure to sit near him on a broken-down reaper and listen to his legal precepts, his views of an exemplary sportsman's life, and his practical work in the interests of game protection. Here was a man who had the courage of his convictions—no mere theorist, who talked one thing and acted another. I felt better for knowing him.

As a citizen, I firmly resolved that I would inviolably observe the game laws. As a man engaged in a profession, I resolved that I would kill no more chickens than were necessary, and of such as I did kill I would take care that he knew nothing.

I was for game protection with all my heart, and I told him so; but I felt somehow that it would be difficult to arrange my citizen and professional case so that he would have a true perception of it, although I could perceive that he was admirably just. I never explained the distinction to him. Nevertheless he seemed to understand me, as I understood him; and I learned later he understood me better than I thought possible.

And yet he had his maligners and detractors. There were those who were earnest workers with him in the cause, who behind his back would say that he wanted the chickens preserved so that the numerous sportsmen who patronized his hotel would have good shooting. No shooting, few guests. And the base fellows further said that the chickens served for food for the same guests.

I could discern the depths of their baseness, for my hotel friend had already told me that they wanted to kill the birds themselves for the market, so, therefore, they could not decieve me in the least. Could not a man run a hotel without having the hotel in his mind always, I should like to know? Could there not be such a thing as unselfishness without an anchor tied to it? Of what use, then, are the stories of martyrs, patriots, heroes, the every-day hero-toilers of the world? Bah! it was contemptible.

The day at last came for our parting, and my hotel friend and I said good-bye with reciprocal expressions of esteem. He promised to come and see me when I got settled well. I went nearly 100 miles away.

Number Two.

I found precisely the little town I was seeking; one a year or two old, with an immense spread of level prairie on one side and sand hills on the other, in which there were a few rude huts, sod houses, or other rude domicils so wide apart that but one or two could be seen at one time from horizon to horizon; and the people were too intent on their daily toil to give any attention to an idler who was wandering about with dogs at his heels. I had shot a dozen chickens, more or less, each day in my professional capacity without any thought of the closeness of the season. It was not in strict accord with the sentiments I had advanced when debating the matter with my new friends, but then the circumstances were different. Circumstances alter cases.

The roads in my range were very faint trails, and at the rare times I saw a wagon creeping along one, taking a long while disappearing in the far distance, I had at length come to disregard it and to feel a sense of perfect isolation and safety.

One forenoon, about a week before the season opened, I had bagged nearly a whole covey of chickens in a few minutes, and was so intent on my professional function that I failed to observe a carriage drawn by two horses, and advancing rapidly toward me. It was so close on me before I discovered it that all attempts at secreting the birds or differentiating myself from them were useless.

Nearer came the carriage, and alas! in it was my good hotel friend, the president of the most active game protective association in Nebraska, and a practical worker himself in the good cause. My heart sank. Here was I caught *flagrante delictu*, not only a violator of the law, but a deceiver of my friend besides. I, an impostor—was I the man who was fit to listen to one so good?

Evidently he expected that I would resist arrest, for he had a big, brawny driver—probably a sheriff—by his side, whose face had a desperate, truculent look, and from beneath the light summer lap robe protruded 2 or 3in. of the muzzle of a shotgun, the barrels of which were grasped by the hands of my friend. Any tenderfoot could see on the instant that resistance was useless. The driver pulled up the horses a few yards away.

"I see that you have killed some," said my friend who had been.

I did not deny the soft impeachment. In fact I said I had killed some.

"How many have you got?" said he. I thought that he wanted to figure up, at $25 per bird, how much I would be indebted to the Commonwealth when the judge O.K.'d the matter; but it was better to appear cheerful and frank, so I told him the number I had in my possession.

"That's pretty good!" and he looked interested. Raising the lap robe he gave a click with his tongue, and a workmanlike setter sprang out.

'Here," said he to me, "jump in here, and we will go and find a new covey." We went. We understood each other better then. I understood him to be a two-in-one sportsman; he had understood me from the beginning, which I attributed to his greater knowledge of game protectors, and the minutiæ of game protection. REFORMER.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Sooners.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 7.—At Winnebago City, Minn., there is, this year, an unusually good crop of prairie chickens, but also a very strong disposition on the part of local shooters to go out and harvest the crop before it is ripe. On this account Deputy Warden Bird is on the ground, and has served notice that he will proseeute all sooners to the limit.

At Creighton, Neb., a protective organizatien has taken into its hands the prosecution of the sooners, who, in the past, have been in the habit of killing prairie chickens before they are half grown. Birds in that vicinity are reported fairly numerous, and there should be shooting, provided the wasteful ways of the past can be stopped.

At Aberdeen, South Dakota, the sooners are out in force this summer, and the local press, in commenting on this fact, says openly that the only way to get any game there is to go out and break the law with the rest.

The sooners are already killing prairie chickens in Illinois, near Denrock and near Sterling. In Lee county of this State we have what is probably the best prairie chicken county left in Illinois, but the sport there has been regularly ruined by sooners, who shoot a month or more ahead of the season. At Harmon, the Lee County Gun Club has been organized for the purpose of stopping this illegal shooting, and I presume that there will be more pressure brought to bear in favor of the law this month than ever has been before.

The Markets.

Last year there were shipped from Duluth, Minn., to Eastern markets over 100,000 partridges or ruffed grouse. This does not cover prairie chickens.

In the *Times-Union*, Jacksonville, Fla., I observe the following paragraph: "The rookeries of the plumed birds in Florida are nearly deserted. The birds have been disturbed so often that they have left the old breeding places. Many species are nearly extinct, even the white egret is becoming scarce."

Acclimatization.

The Ohio Fish and Game Commission will this month, and early in September, begin the distribution of about 2,500 Mongolian pheasants. Last fall 200 pairs of the birds were liberated in different parts of the State, and from these wild birds the most flattering reports are received. It is thought that the wild increase now numbers over 2,000. It would appear that Ohio is to repeat the record of Oregon.

In Oregon, by the way, the work of acclimatization was not confined to Mongolian pheasants. In 1892 large numbers of European song birds were introduced into the Willamette Valley. These birds have multiplied so that the country now overflows with them.

Must Leave their Trophies.

The Attorney-General of Michigan holds that a mounted deer head cannot legally be shipped out of the State of Michigan. A mounted deer head from Mackinaw was seized at Grand Rapids *en route* out of the State, and the deputy warden received the above advice in regard to its disposal.

A Farmers' League.

Farmers in the townships of Stow and Northampton, near Akron, Ohio, have for a long time been troubled by the trespassing of careless and unprincipled tan shooters, who trample over their lands, kill their stock, and otherwise comport themselves in an ungentlemanly and unsportsmanlike manner. As a result of this, action was recently taken and an organization formed, with a view to stopping the hunting on the lands of the members, except in cases of hunting with proper permission. The farmers will swear in enough deputies to enforce their claims, and the present quail crop, which is reported to be a very good one, will have the protection of the men who have most to do with its rearing and feeding. Such a movement can receive no criticism from any sportsman, for the American farmer has never been known to take any such action until driven to it by men who were not sportsmen in any right sense of the word. Those who take everything as a matter of course, and consider the landowner and his land as there for their convenience, are not considerate enough to qualify under the title of sportsman.

For the Birds.

Audubon work has this season been taken up in Milwaukee, Wis., in a very earnest and efficient way, which has attracted some attention from the State press. Several Wisconsin towns have had local secretaries appointed, to act as agents of the newly-created Audubon society of Milwaukee, and it would seem that some actual results will be produced in the future. Mrs. W. H. Upham is secretary for Marshfield, Mrs. Edgar P. Sawyer for Oshkosh, and Mrs. Arthur Knilans for Sheboygan. The society is making war especially on the wearing of aigrettes, and has just sent out a leaflet on the subject of the cruelty practiced by market hunters. Mrs. S. S. Merrill, chairman of the executive committee, has, this week, sent the following circular to the prominent Milwaukee milliners:

"Two months ago, an Audubon society for the protection of birds was formed in Milwaukee. One of the objects of this society is to oppose the fashion of wearing any feathers except ostrich plumes, quills, and cocks' tails as a trimming for hats. Although it has been in existence so short a time it has already a large number of members, each being pledged to carry out its principles. That this membership is drawn from the thinking class of the community is indicated by the names of the officers, printed with the accompanying circular.

"The directors of the society beg that when ordering millinery supplies, you will consider the trend of public opinion on this subject, and they hope that you will cooperate with them by discouraging, whenever it is within your power, the purchase of wild birds' feathers.

"A reception will be given in the autumn, to which the leading milliners of the city will be invited to send hats and bonnets trimmed without the use of aigrettes, wings or breasts of birds."

Mr. J. Newton Baskett, an ornithologist of Mexico, Mo., is putting on foot a movement looking to the establishment of a "bird day" in the schools of Missouri, thus furthering popular education in bird protective matters.

Western Protective Work.

At Spokane, Wash., warden Downey is now afield in pursuit of sooners, who are killing chicken grouse before their feathers are dry.

At Meadow Grove, Neb., an organization embracing several counties has been formed, with the purpose of stopping illegal shooting of grouse and quail. A corps of agents will be put on watch at the beginning of August, at which time the chicken thief is most abroad.

At Dillon, Mont., Mr. Phil Lovell last fall turned out a good number of the Bob White quail, and this summer parties have been found shooting these new birds, which were introduced with the view of ultimately improving the sporting resources of the country. Mr. Lovell makes request that all shooters respect the wishes of himself and friends for a time, and let these birds have a chance to establish themselves and multiply a little before they are pursued with dog and gun.

New Clubs.

The Springfield Outing club of Springfield, Ill., has been organized, with purposes of "maintaining a hunting and shooting ground, and to protect game and fish." The incorporators are Frank D. Hudson, James Morris, Peter Lofy, Charles E. Wright, William Broeker, C. H. Pasch, S. G. Brecount and George W. Anderson.

A club of citizens of Winfield, Iowa, has been organized for the purpose of hunting and fishing, with grounds of Hall's Lake, near Oakville. A good club house has been erected.

Citizens of Norfolk, Neb., have taken great interest in the enforcement of the new fish and game law, and have organized an association for the purpose of prosecuting any person detected in violating the law.

Buffalo Jones In the Far North.

From Edmonton, under date of July 29, comes the following dispatch to the Winnipeg *Free Press* in regard to the redoubtable Buffalo Jones, whose visit to the Arctic country has been previously referred to in these columns:

"Word has just been received from the north that Buffalo Jones, of Oklahoma, who is on his way into the Barren Grounds after musk ox, was rescued from a rock in the middle of Grand Rapids, on the Athabasca, by some northern boatmen, who threw him a tow line and hauled him to the shore. He managed to shoot the Pelican Rapids, but the Grand were too much for him." E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

LOOKING UP FOR A MOOSE.

A GENTLEMAN wishing to locate a good place where he would be sure to get a big moose this fall, instructed me to proceed to the woods and see what the prospects were. Taking another man, with a horse and buckboard wagon, we struck into the forest over an old lumber road, meeting trees across the road which were cut through, bridges washed away by the spring freshet, and mud holes skidded; so that quite a little work had to be done to enable us to make twelve miles that day. That night we pitched our tent near a stream, where there was plenty of grass for our horses and trout for our supper and breakfast. We slept the sleep of tired men, awaking at daylight refreshed and were soon under way again, over roots and stumps for three hours, when we reached the stream which we intended cruising. Leaving the road we drove into the brook, making it our highway, and a good one it was. There was not much water, the bottom and sides were of a fine gravel, and the wagon rolled easily along. This was the pleasantest part of our trip; we could sit right in the wagon and catch all the trout we wanted. But even here lots of trees had fallen across. Cut out, go around, cut out and go under, or skid up and over, was the order of the day. After sixteen miles of this we called a halt, where plenty of grass grew for our horse, pitched our tent and set out exploring in different directions. There was not much need to go far, for the moose and caribou tracks were plenty everywhere. In several places the cow moose had passed with her two calves, a very good sign that the bull moose would come here visiting later on. In some places there were beaten paths, with all vegetation trodden out by the feet of these animals just the same as a cowpath in the pasture. Other spots we saw where the fir trees had been stripped of their bark, torn off by bears, while the marks of their teeth could be plainly seen in the tree, so eager were they to get the first food since denning last fall. Take it all together, it looks as though the sportsman, for whom we went, will have here a very fine hunting ground.

There are a few more good places not yet taken, which will yield plenty of game if properly hunted.

This region (I am sorry for the hunter), in regard to game, will soon be a thing of the past, as next year a railroad will be built, cutting this grand old forest of untold generations right through the center. Of course for a year or two it will be handy to get there, but that spoils it, as the game that now breeds in fancied security, will then be either killed or driven far back by the too frequent incursions of men.

S. J. RAYMOND.

EDMONSTON, N. B., Aug. 3.

Nuggets and Eggs.

CINCINNATI.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that the gold seekers are invading Alaska in constantly swelling numbers, and as food is an important essential to them in their wanderings in that land of heat and cold, where the summer time is all daylight and the night is all nightdark, do you not think you could add much to their comfort, their needs, their chances of success, by telling them of the abundance of duck eggs which are there, and which can be secured in countless millions? Up to the present time it seems that they have not discovered the duck egg which forms the shibboleth of the egg protective specialists. But this shows how dull they are. If the association could discover the destruction of eggs at a distance of several thousand miles, the gold seekers should discover the eggs there on the ground, if any are left. As it costs something to get a pound of provisions into the duck country, it probably would cost something to get a dozen of eggs to the seaboard, to say nothing of the risks to such brittle ware in portages, running rapids and carriage over mountains—or the association could serve notice on the miners to keep away from the eggs, or—it should do something or other, even if it were only to pass a resolution that Congress should do the work.

WILLIAM HENRY ATHERTON.

DAMASCUS GUN BARRELS.

From the Consular Reports for August.

THE trade in the renowned damascus gun barrals (*canon de luxe*), of which the valley of the Vesdre, Belgium, enjoys the exclusive monopoly of production, has for some years suffered severely from several causes, principally from the placing on the market of steel barrels in imitation of damascus. The difference between the genuine and false damascus is that the real handmade barrels are composed of iron and steel manipulated by the most expert artisans, who are specialists in this art, whereas the imitation barrels are made of iron or steel, and by an ingenious process of transferring the design of damascus from paper to the barrel are made to appear in finish equal to the real.

The workers of true damascus barrels are paid 3 50 to 4 francs (67½ to 77 cents) a day (piecework); those engaged on false barrels, principally women and children, receive from 1 to 1.50 francs (19.3 to 29 cents) per day. The paper design transferred to the barrel costs about 12 cents.

The imitation of damascus barrels is largely done in Liege by the most important gun makers, and it is calculated to deceive the inexperienced purchaser. It is estimated that 90 per cent. of the guns produced in Liege for exportation to the United States have false damascus barrels. The manufacturers of genuine damascus barrels, realizing the situation occasioned by the large output of this artificial work, which has caused a great decrease in the demand for their product, have petitioned the Belgian Government for the enactment of a law regulating the sale of false barrels in Belgium. They demand that all imitations of damascus, shall be conspicuously marked "faux damas" or "imitation de demas," which, at sight, will distinguish the real from the false. Up to the present time, however, the government has not granted the demand of the damascus makers.

A commission of Liege arms manufacturers was appointed by the Belgian Government to inquire into the extent of the imitation of damascus barrels in foreign arms centers. The report of the commissioners shows that the making of false damascus barrels for exportation to the United States exists only in the province of Liege, Belgium. The life of steel barrels damascened, which are all officially tested, is as great as the real damascus, and will probably resist as many shocks. The advantage, however, of the handmade damascus barrel over the steel is that, in case of explosion, the charge escapes through some of the many welds and the barrel does not fly into pieces, as is the case usually when steel barrels burst, frequently causing serious injury to the person.

It would seem that if the sportsman purchases an imitation damascus gun from the retail gun dealer at much less than the price demanded for a polished steel arm, he obtains a weapon, with an artistic appearance, at a small price, instead of the large outlay required for a real damascus.

HENRY W. GILBERT, Consul.

LIEGE, May 6.

Adirondack Deer Killing.

RAQUETTE LAKE, N. Y, Aug. 5—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is very little prospect of the laws for the preservation of deer being of any effect here. Many of the guides residing on the lake still have their hounds, and deer are being killed almost daily.

We have been camping for several days on a lake seven miles from here, fishing, and at about 5:30 this morning we heard a hound coming over the mountain. Shortly afterward a fine four-prong buck took to the water only a short distance from where we were. We headed him off from the shore and rowed around him, getting within 3 or 4ft of him, thus showing that he could have been killed even without a rifle. By guiding the boat, we kept him there fifteen or twenty minutes before we allowed him to go ashore again, and so saved his skin for that trip at least. But for us he would now have been numbered among the missing.

The game warden arrives and puts up at the best hotel, so that every man, woman and child knows the moment he comes and goes; and if the Commissioners really wish to carry out the laws, they certainly must take very different measures from those now in force. A SPORTSMAN.

The Maine Guide Law.

PRESIDENT JAMES MATHIESON, of the Rangeley Guides' Association, having been refused a guide's license by the Commissioners, on the ground that he had declared that as a registered guide he would not conform to the requirements of the law, has proclaimed his intention of guiding without a license, thus to make test of the constitutionality of the law. There is much discussion by the parties interested as to what Mr. Mathieson said or meant relative to observing the law if licensed, and as to the grounds upon which his license was withheld. These matters are beside the real issue, which is the constitutionality of the law. On Aug. 4 Mathieson was arrested, charged with guiding without a license, and made the defense that he was not guiding, but simply acting as cook. The case has not yet been decided.

Vermont League.

AT the midsummer meet of the Vermont Fish and Game League last week, President McKinley and other distinguished guests were in attendance; and the occasion was a most enjoyable reunion of the members.

A gentleman who was fishing on Seventh Lake, Adirondacks, a few days ago, became tired and sleepy. So he anchored his boat near the shore in a shady spot, and lay down in the bottom for a nap. After awhile he was awakened by something blowing upon his face, and when he opened his eyes he saw a big buck standing to his belly in the water beside the boat and with his nose close to the fisherman's face. The gentleman lay quite still, rather enjoying the situation. About that time another boat came around the corner into the little cove, and the buck with a bound disappeared in the woods.—*Utica Observer.*

The Marlin Company's New Catalogue.

WE have received from the Marlin Fire Arms Co., a new catalogue dated June, 1897, showing the products of their factory.

The catalogue is interesting because of the great amount of information not strictly pertaining to the company's goods, which it contains. The Marlin Company says that it contains so much supplementary information that they feel that it is really a sort of encyclopedia. It will be sent free on application.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

MAINE.

DIXFIELD, Me., Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The regulations of the special laws and the registration of guides have caused us a great deal of trouble and extra work. There are some kickers on the registration bill, mainly among the camps back in our forests, in fact, in the moose and deer country. As to why this is so, I will let the community draw its own conclusions The law puts up the bars to the killing of these animals in close time. The only reason for the objections made to the law that I have ever heard given is that the penalty is too severe. I did not start in to discuss the merits or demerits of the law. It is on our statute books and the duty of the Commissioners is to enforce it, as we are trying to do impartially, whether for good or bad remains to be proved. The next two years will decide whether it ought to remain on our statutes. The fish and game laws in Maine are being enforced as never before, and notwithstanding some of the reports we read in the papers to the contrary, there is less illegal shooting and fishing than ever before. We are getting quite a number of convictions, but mainly for last year's work. Our wardens are good, and are doing better work than in the past.

There is plenty of large game (especially of deer) in our forests, more than heretofore, and it is almost as common to see deer as partridges nearly all over Maine where there is any forest. I have seen quite a large number myself in the road, in the fields and woods, and on the shores and swimming the lakes.

On my business trips, I have had an opportunity to put in a day's fishing at Rangeley, Sebago, Grand Lake, Sebec, Moosehead, and Square and Eagle lakes, in Aroostook, including many other smaller lakes and streams. In Aroostook I caught only toyne and a few trout. We found fine landlocked salmon fishing, as to numbers, at Grand Lake and Sebec, but not large, 5lbs. the largest, the average at Grand Lake about 3lbs., at Sebec somewhat smaller. At Sebago, in one afternoon, we hooked six fish and landed four (from 4 to 10½lbs.). At Rangeley and Moosehead we had fine fishing, also landing two or three salmon and a large number of trout at each place. The largest trout at Rangeley was 6lbs., salmon 6½lbs.; Moosehead trout 4lbs., salmon 6lbs. I also fished Swan Lake one day, taking a 7lb. salmon and two trout of 2 and 3½lbs. According to my experience, the fishing this year has been as good as I ever had in earlier years.

The addition of the landlocked salmon into the ponds and lakes of Maine has been of great benefit, and helps out the fishing very materially. We have hundreds of lakes and ponds in Maine well adapted to this fish. Many of them are now stocked, and from them salmon are caught in considerable numbers. In my opinion the salmon is to be the coming fish in Maine, and the one that will be the principal cause to attract the angler from abroad. There is one thing in favor of the salmon, which the trout has not—it cannot be caught in sufficient numbers, by legal fishing with hook and line, to decrease its numbers. It is not a free biter like the trout, which takes its meals regularly and often. The salmon when feeding, feeds voraciously, and then keeps a long fast, in which nothing will tempt it. For that reason, if not interfered with illegally, it is bound to multiply and keep up the supply in goodly numbers. HENRY O. STANLEY.

BOSTON, Aug. 7.—The season for shooting shore birds in Massachusetts is on, the "law being off" July 15, but the gunners are showing very little interest yet. Still there is time enough, and it is hardly probable that all the boys have lost their love for the summer decoy and the gun. Perhaps the unusual amount of stormy weather has dampened the ardor of the sportsmen, though such weather is usually expected to make better shooting. It is time for summer yellowlegs and several classes of snipe, with peep and beetleheads.

The illegal moose shooters are likely to get into trouble this year, if they attempt their old tricks in Maine. The daily papers have the report that two Haverhill, Mass., sportsmen, who yearly go to Maine hunting and fishing, have never regarded the game laws. In July they were accused of killing a cow and a calf moose in the Allegash region. The calf was only about four months old, but in their report to their friends they claimed that it was a year old. The guide is reported to have given the information, and the Commissioners have his sworn statement implicating the two men. Commissioner Carleton left Augusta the other day to investigate the case of a man in Sherman, accused of killing a moose and using the meat to bait his bear traps. It is reported that the Commissioners have declined to license five Tobique Indians, of Andover, N. B. It is stated that the Indians had been engaged to guide a party, by Dr. T. Porter, of Boston. The reason given for refusing the license, is that the Indians have been in the habit of killing moose in the States in winter.

James H. Jones is back from his annual fishing trip. He usually goes to Buckfield, his native town, and fishes with his father and a friend or two. This time they drove fifteen or twenty miles to some brooks near the headwaters of Concord River in Woodstock. They fished one day a little stream in the gorge under Speckled Mountain. In the short space of about half an hour they had caught over forty handsome trout. But then the floods came; characteristic of that part of the country, and especially this year. A thunder shower—almost a cloudburst—raised the brook up to full banks in a few moments. One could actually see the waters rise. They could but stand in the most sheltered spot they could find, and laugh at the howling of the storm. Their fishing in that stream was over; the water being full of roil. With their team at the roadside not far away, they concluded to start for home. Going down the Notch Road, below Shag Pond, beside the stream, Mr. Jones concluded that some of the holes looked inviting; the water having already begun to fall. Sitting in the buggy he caught several trout, in fact the largest for the day was actually caught without getting out of the carriage. Back to Boston, Mr. Jones tells this story about fishing from the buggy as they rode along, and taking handsome trout. The boys all want to brand him as the "champion first-story liar," and put his name at the top of the list. But in this they only show their ignorance of the mountains, the streams and the Notch Road from Woodstock to Buckfield, Me. SPECIAL.

SUCKERS AS TROUT DESTROYERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I understand the fish law with its recent amendments, taking suckers with nets, especially in streams where trout abound, is absolutely prohibited, and the Commissioners are not authorized to grant licenses for that purpose, and if I am right, then we are confronted with a very serious question, which I have never seen raised.

I have been a pretty close observer for very many years in regard to the habits of some fish, and have been surprised to find the extent to which trout spawn is destroyed at the present time as compared with many years ago, and to show the extent to which it can be destroyed I will mention a fact in regard to Lake Willewemoc, which contains about eighteen or twenty acres, and is situated in the Catskills.

This little lake abounded some years ago in large trout, but a small one was rarely seen, and we found after a while that the spawn was practically destroyed by the newts which abound so frequently in very pure waters.

I constructed a spawn bed about 10ft. in width and 50ft. in length in one end of the lake, where the spring water came in, and this was filled with large trout during the spawning season, but it was also filled with newts, and the first day that our warden removed them with a hand net containing very small meshes he took out two barrels full.

We could drive out the trout and screen the spawn bed, but could not keep out the newts.

A constant examination of the trout showed that they never eat their own young, and I never knew them to take the little killies, which abounded to quite an extent in the lake during the summer season.

A fish almost as destructive turns up in greater abundance than ever before in the sucker, which has been gradually creeping up the trout streams in the Catskills, attracted probably by the increasing warmth of the water, for the water, as you are aware, has been getting warmer every year through the running down of the streams.

I have stood practically as one of the guardians over the Rondout, where we have our Sun Down Lodge, for many years, and have fished it for over thirty-five years.

Like all other streams, it has been running down in the summer season, and the suckers have been getting more and more abundant.

Some years ago we constructed, a mile or two above our lodge, a spawn bed, in which there are no suckers, with the result that the trout have increased with wonderful rapidity, and this bed has yielded a large supply of trout to the main stream.

A little binnekill, containing a spawn bed of ten times the extent of the other, and which is the finest spawn bed I have ever seen, is situated very close to the lodge.

I visited this spawn bed in the latter part of November, 1879, with Mr. Peter N. Christie, then engaged in fishculture, for the purpose of making a critical examination, and almost every handful of gravel which I took up from this bed contained one or more eggs, and this bed at that time was the great feeder of the stream.

Some six or eight years ago a couple of dams were placed on this binnekill for the purpose of creating a couple of small ponds, with the result that for two or three years the trout were very abundant; but within the last three or four years the suckers have found their way into these ponds and seem to have remained there during the entire year, and are now very abundant, with the result that the small trout have almost totally disappeared.

This evil can be remedied by breaking down the dams and driving all the suckers into the main stream, thus leaving the spawn beds in their original condition, but here we are confronted to a large extent with the same trouble.

Three or four years ago a new dam was placed on the stream just above the lodge to replace one which had been destroyed, and the pond thus created became immediately a harbor for the trout, which were very abundant for a year or two.

The suckers have now invaded this pond, and are increasing very rapidly, with the result that this year this pond is almost entirely devoid of trout, with the exception of a few large ones.

To open the dam for the purpose of getting rid of the suckers is not practicable on account of its peculiar construction, and the question now arises what remedy have we, or how can we get rid of the spawn eating suckers.

This trouble arising from the sucker is equally noticeable further down the stream, where the trout are reappearing in quite large numbers.

Mr. John Shields, who for many years has had the hotel at Lackawack, situated about eight or ten miles above Warwarsing, informed me a few weeks ago that while the trout had appeared in the stream in quite large numbers, the suckers had also increased very rapidly, and that there are no small trout in the stream, and he attributes this to the destruction of the spawn by the suckers, and in my judgment his views are correct on this point.

The remedy which I would suggest is the following, which would probably require an amendment to the game law before it can be applied, and for this I am largely indebted to Mr. Shields.

Let permission be granted to the riparian owners of streams or waters to take out the suckers with nets under a special permit, and in the presence and under the supervision of the fish protector, and also grant permits for the removal of the suckers to responsible persons or clubs who, if desired, should give a satisfactory bond to the effect that no other fish but suckers would be taken, or if taken out returned immediately alive. J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Aug. 4.

Carp as Spawn Eaters.

IN a letter accompanying his paper on suckers as trout destroyers, Mr. Van Cleef writes:

"If I had had any personal knowledge on the subject I should have had something to say about carp as being very destructive of spawn. A brother angler undertook some time ago to give me some facts in regard to the spawn-eating tendencies of carp, basing his belief upon an article which

he had seen possibly in FOREST AND STREAM. The incident as he gave it to me was substantially as follows:

A person standing on the edge of a lake was noticing with great interest, the manner in which a spawn bed was being guarded by one of the parent bass, when he saw two large carp stealthily approaching the bed very slowly with their heads close together and their mouths wide open as though engaged in earnest conversation. Presently one of the carp swam off to some distance while the other one approached the spawn bed with the apparent intention of destroying the eggs. The bass drove him away a number of times, and finally, with apparent anger, chased him away for a long distance leaving the bed for a short time unprotected, and thereupon the other carp immediately attacked the bed destroying a large amount of spawn before the bass returned.

From this he drew three conclusions. First, that the carp is very destructive of spawn; second, that they are endowed with an intelligence not usually credited to the carp family; and third, that fishes have a language of their own.

I suggested to him that the weak point in his story was the generosity of the carp which enticed the bass away from its bed while the other gobbled up the spawn, but he met this criticism by suggesting that probably both of the carp very promptly visited another spawn bed and reversed the method of attack, so that each was enabled to enjoy a substantial 'breakfast on eggs.'"

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Western Catches.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 7.—The summer season draws to a close and we begin to hear something of the fishing records for the season, which appears to have been an unusually good one in this part of the country. At Tomahawk Lake, on Wednesday of last week, A. M. Pride took a mascallonge which weighed 36lbs. 4oz. Ed Carmen, of Waterville, Minn., last week took two black bass in Lake Francis, one weighing 8½lbs. and the other 7½lbs. Frank Carlton, of Minneapolis, caught in the Kinnickinick Creek, of Wisconsin, the largest brook trout ever taken in that stream. It weighed 3lbs. 9oz. At Oconomowoc, Wis., on Wednesday of last week, Ed Butcher took in Lac La Belle, a 13lb. pickerel, the largest known there this year. In Devil Pond, near Massillon, O., Charles Waltz caught with hook and line, a carp weighing 14lbs. 3oz. At Fox Lake, Ill., fishing has been very good this summer. C. F. Hills, of Chicago, a very expert bass fisherman, in one week caught 131 bass and twenty-one pickerel. His friend, Charles E. Hyde, also of Chicago, took a great many bass; among others, two which together weighed 11½lbs. Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Shimmin are reported to have taken, this summer, 171 pickerel. Col. George R. Davis is reported to have taken 151lbs. of bass during his trip. From Spring Lake, Mich., I hear of heavy catches of large bass. Mr. E. R. Emery, of Baraboo, Wis., writes me as follows in regard to a little lake he has discovered. I have never heard of Mirror Lake before, and of course am always glad to learn of new fishing waters. He says:

"We found a resort ten miles from here that is too good to keep. Mirror Lake is one of the most delightful places I have ever found. We drove over, arriving at the farm just in time for a good country dinner. During the afternoon Mrs. Sumner's son Duke rowed Mrs. E., a lady friend and self up the lake two or three miles, while I cast with a Bristol steel rod and live frog. The water was too roily lower down, however, owing to recent heavy rains, and I didn't have a strike until we reached the slough, where the water was clear. I was casting well up to the shore, where there was an undergrowth of weeds, when there was a break and a swirl, a moment to allow the frog to be taken, a twist of the wrist, and we were fast to a bass or maskalunge, so heavy I could not control it with the light rod, and it got into the weeds. We rowed to the line and pulled up the bottom of the lake with the weeds, but the fish was gone. This fish weighed over 5lbs., judging from the number of 2 and 3lb. bass I have landed with a light split-bamboo. After this the striking was fast and furious, and although a number were lost, we landed five nice bass in a little while, two weighing over 3lbs. There were several other parties who had been fishing longer, and had strings of from eight to eighteen. Some wonderful strings have been caught there, some overgrown pickerel and pike, but mostly bass.

"Maybe I ought not to reveal the secret; but a number of the most successful—I might say prominent—fishermen of Chicago make this place their resort in preference to all other places, in this country of fishing.

"Bass are being taken at Devil's Lake between 7 and 11 P. M., trolling with a white rag, so we are told. Will give it a trial, though, before we can vouch for it."

Some Fish Stories.

This week, while Mr. Irving Bates, a cottager at the St. Clair Flats, was sitting on his veranda a steamer passing down the channel caused a large swell to run up along the edge of the lawn. The recession of the swell left a large bass stranded a few feet away from the lawn mower, and upon this bass Mr. Bates fell eagerly, making from it a supper for himself and his entire family.

While Mr. John Mulvihill, a Missouri Pacific engineer, was crossing the Walnut Creek bridge, near St. Joseph, Mo., one morning this week, he dropped a fish line from the cab window of his engine, and was so fortunate as to take, during his transit across the bridge, a large catfish, which he drew into the window and secured. What makes the feat more remarkable, is the fact that Mr. Mulvihill's train was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

At Huntsville, Mo., on the Chariton River, there is this week a great migration of fish, so that the inhabitants are all out fishing with pitchforks and the like; large numbers of fish being taken in this way.

The growth of a fish story may be seen from the following, which is told of Judge Coffey, of Brazil, Ind. Last year the Judge was fishing in a lake in Michigan and caught a 10lb. pickerel. This year, visiting the same lake, he was informed by a guide that during the previous season a man by the name of Tea had caught a pickerel in that lake that weighed 60lbs. "Are you sure the man's name was not Coffey?" said the Judge. "Well, yes, I guess it was," said the guide. "Then you are a liar," said the Judge, "for I caught the fish myself, and it only weighed 30lbs.!" This story, methinks, is not absolutely new, but it is significant.

Work of the Wardens.

Dr. J. W. Shultz, Fish Commissioner for Kansas, has appointed Fremont Simons deputy fish and game warden for Saline county, with instructions to break up dynamiting and early shooting.

At Lake Contrary, near St. Joseph, Mo., Deputy Warden Prather, with deputy constables Noland and Gill, and deputy sheriffs Ryan and Morgan, detected several persons in the act of seining fish in violation of the laws. The names were O. M. Bromley, Joseph Goddard, Harvey Knapp, Mrs. Maud Knapp, Frank Blakely and Al. Hilderbrand. Their trial will soon follow, and it is very likely they will be convicted.

The State Sportsmen's Association of Washington offers a reward of $10 for the arrest of each person who can be shown on reasonable proof to have killed game before the legal season. This is the sort of work which a great many other State sportsmen's associations would do exceeding well to imitate.

State Warden Buntain, of Ohio, a very active and efficient officer, last week gathered some proof in a fish case in a unique way. A party of five men were dynamiting fish. It was night, and dark. Warden Buntain crept up close and succeeded in making a flash-light picture with his camera, which will be introduced as evidence in the case.

On last Friday, Fish Commissioner Delevan, of Iowa, and his deputy, Mr. Bates, arrested five men for illegal seining in the Cedar and Wapsie rivers. Their names are John, Louis and James Rose, Fred Crane and Robert Rose. They will get the limit of the law. Ben Aucutt, one of the same gang, was last week fined $25 and costs.

At Breckenridge, Colo., on July 29, Henry Recen and M. R. Erickson were arrested on a warrant sworn out by A. D. Searle, of Leadville. Searle claims to own the lake, though it has been stocked by the United States hatchery.

The good work of Warden Earle continues along the Wabash River, in Indiana. The latest to be fined for violation of the fish law are William Schell, Dan Kelly, Albert Duvall and E. W. Snooks, who got $5 and costs each for seining.

A Minnesota Record.

Mr. E. S. Gibbs, of St. James, has returned to St. Paul from a fishing trip at Pine City, with some 300 lbs. of pike. In an hour and a half he caught thirty-three pike, and on one day he and his friend W. W. Cooley, of St. Paul, caught thirty-four pike, averaging 2½lbs.

Good Country.

I hear more and more of Minnesota this year as an attractive field for anglers. Lake Vermillion, in upper Minnesota, is spoken of with enthusiasm by St. Paul parties who visited it. A Minneapolis newspaper, the *Journal*, prints the following description of this big bit of water:

"It seems surprising, noting the enormous quantity taken from the lake this season, that the supply does not become exhausted, but on the contrary there seems to be no end to it. Vermillion has about 400 miles of meander, and contains 365 islands, all ideal camping grounds, and abounds in numerous sheltered bays, where the best of fishing is to be had.

"For a season's outing, no better field can be shown than through Vermillion and its attendant chain of waterways to the Lake of the Woods, and in making this trip the sportsman is given opportunity to land every species of fish known to northwest waters, besides some of the best shooting to be found in any locality, and the scenery is something grand.

"A catch made yesterday by a party of two, on Trout and Vermillion Lakes, and exhibited in the city last evening, consisted of sixty-three pike, forty-one pickerel, four trout and eight bass, besides several perch, the lot weighing 253lbs."

Mr. J. E. Richert, recently returned to Chicago from a trip to Missouri, has the following to say, in the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, in regard to some of the famous streams of that State:

"Among the best fishing streams in Missouri are the Big Piney, Current, Gasconade, Meramec, and White rivers. Arlington and Crocker are the two favorite starting points for those who fish the Gasconade or Big Piney. There is no place where more comfort or convenience can be enjoyed than on those two Ozark streams for so small an outlay of money.

"The Current is the greatest stream of the Ozark country in many respects, but it is hard to navigate. There are some good jack salmon in the Current, and near the springs rainbow trout and California salmon are often taken with the fly by bass fishermen. I landed three jack salmon that tipped the beam at 21, 19, and 17½lbs., respectively, and several 13 pounders.

"The White River is another grand stream. It has large and small mouth bass, jack salmon, croppie, and other kinds of fish known to mountain streams. The White pierces the great game country of Arkansas, and runs through miles of rugged cliffs, capped with cedar and pine, and through a wilderness of canebrake."

Mr. Fred N. Peet, captain of the Chicago Fly Casting club, is back from a trip to northwest Utah, where he had fine fishing in Lost Creek, a tributary of Weaver River. He and his friend L. L. Terry, of Salt Lake, had good sport, usually taking forty or fifty fish a day, some running to 1lb. in weight. The water was bright and clear, and upstream fishing was most successful. Mr. Peet says there is also good trout fishing on Saleratus Creek at Big Bend, as well as in the Spearfish and Ogden rivers.

With Basket and Net.

The Leavenworth, Kas., *Times*, describes a little picnic lately indulged in by some of the citizens of that city, and goes on to say: "They took with them well-filled baskets and a trammel net." Is it thus, then, that sport is conducted at the city by the Big Muddy!

Wants a Hatchery.

Winona, Minn., has applied for a government fish hatchery, and the proper officials are making due investigation of the facilities at that point.

Beware the Insidious Carp.

Dredging is going on at Lake Como, one of the St. Paul lakes, and the local press is glorying in the fact that the citizens of St. Paul will soon have a sheet of water which will be suitable for the planting of fish on an extended scale. "It is thought that the German carp," says the *Pioneer Press*, "will flourish sufficiently in Como to furnish very good fishing at no distant date." There is much truth in this forecast, indeed entirely too much. The carp will furnish fishing for everybody, about the time they want to get him out of there. We tried this in Chicago. Rather than seed their lake down to German carp, the Park Board of St. Paul would much better seed it down to bluegrass and make flower beds over it. They are digging up buffalo heads and elk antlers from the bed of Lake Como now in their dredging, but if they ever get the German carp in there, they'll never be able to dig him out in a thousand years. But they will wish they could.

The Awakening In Iowa.

It is only of late years that any news ever came from Iowa of convictions for violations of the game or fish laws. There seems to be an awakening now in this grand State, and possibly there will be a harder row for violators to hoe in future. The trouble in the past has always been that no Iowa legislature would ever pass an appropriation large enough to enable the Fish Commissioner to do any work. Nowadays they are doing better on the west bank of the Father of Waters. After tracking up the violators of the fish laws along the Cedar River near Cedar Rapids, Commissioner Bates went out to gather in a few of his suspects. Instead of taking a few, he got no less than twenty-four illegal fishers at one haul, and the next day he had sixteen of these arraigned and fined $25. They all concluded to go to jail, so a street car full of them were sent to the jug.

Deputy wardens acting for Commissioner Delevan, went on a hunt for illegal fishermen on Honey Creek Lake, near Council Bluffs, Ia., last week, and gathered in about a dozen.

At Auburn, Ia., Frank Schultz, of Mount Carmel, has been sentenced to serve fifteen days for dynamiting fish in the Coon River. Joel Borders, George Sargent and Henry Miles, of Grant City, were each sentenced to nine days' imprisonment for using a trammel net.

Shake-up In Kansas.

Out in Kansas the new State warden, J. W. Shultz, of Wichita, is giving things a good shaking up. He has only been in office about six weeks, but has secured nearly 100 arrests of violators, and has appointed sixty odd deputies. He has been working along the Republican, the Neosho, the Arkansas and the Kaw rivers, where many tons of fish have been taken illegally. Among others tried for violating the fish laws at Wichita are Wm. Mendenhall, Andy Mendenhall and two brothers-in-law of the family, all of whom engaged in a free fight with Deputy Parrish when arrested. Al Lattin and J. B. Bledsoe were fined $10 each, with costs, but have appealed. The work goes on merrily, and the residents of Kansas are treated to several surprises in the course of each week. Wardenism that wardens is a most excellent and lovable thing.

Interesting In Indiana.

Affairs also appear to be interesting down in Indiana about now. Deputy Hildebrand confiscated the 150ft. seine of Levi Burkett, near Winamac, last week; and thinks he knows where he can take another one or two in out of the wet. Deputy Earle, who has been scouting on the Wabash for some days, has made a number of seizures of nets and seines Deputy Earle, assisted by Constable Ehrenhart, of Terre Haute, made a raid on Tecuseh parties and took ten nets from John Winters, and also got a 60yd. seine from a gentleman known as "Tag" Collins. At Kokomo, Ind., Deputy Welty arrested Albert Kenworthy and Joseph Pence, charged with dynamiting fish near New London. They were fined $31 50 each and settled like little men.

In Ohio.

At Findlay, O., Warden Franklin this week arrested Alfred Leroy, Leopold Leroy, Francis Wuery, John Neal and Louis Walty, charging them with illegal seining of fish on the farm of Solon Van Zant, along Blanchard Creek. Trial will probably go hard with the accused.

In Illinois.

Thomas and Charles George were arrested last week at Danville, Ill., charged with seining. The elder George claimed he had a right to seine on his own land. The jury disagreed. George says he will go to the Supreme Court and have r-r-r-revenge.

In Wisconsin.

On one day last week Capt. Johnson, the hustling warden of wild Winnebago waters, gathered fourteen nets into the fold. He took out warrants for Charles Lucas and Joseph Rothgerry.

In Michigan.

Herbert and Hiram Hillards, of Kalamazoo, were arrested July 22, charged with spearing fish in Indian Lake, and released on $300 bail.

In Nebraska.

Commissioner W. J. O'Brien, of Nebraska, discovered and destroyed thirty-six nets in the Loup River, near Columbus, last week. The owners were warned to desist in their illegal fishing, and were allowed to go at that.

In Colorado.

On the Frying Pan Creek in Colorado, near Grand Junction, dynamite fiends have this month been killing many trout. Officers are asked and expected to trace the offenders.

In Louisiana.

The New Orleans *Picayune* complains that the former prolific waters near New Orleans are being depleted by the unscrupulous net fishermen. It cites one shipment made by fishermen from Little Lake, an inland water not open to market fishing, and on the whole sounds a note which might very well be taken up by the daily papers all over the land.

Fish Planting.

At Sheboygan, Mich., 35,000 trout and 1,000 black bass have been planted, and 40,000 more trout will soon be put in the local waters.

At Spearfish, S. D., United States Fish Commissioners have made surveys for the establishment of a hatchery which should be a successful one from all indications, as the surroundings are very favorable.

At Rico, Colo., 16,000 trout, in two consignments, have been planted in the Dolores River and Fish Creek. The cans of fry were taken to Fish Creek on burro back, but the loss of fry was absolutely none. A good lot of rainbow trout from Durango are expected for distribution in the Dolores and adjacent streams this summer.

E. HOUGH
1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Ontario Fishing.

Belleville, Aug. 7.—For the information of Forest and Stream readers I send a few more notes of fishing in this district, taken from the *Daily Intelligencer*, with dates attached:

Aug. 4.—Messrs. Bottum, Foy and Stortts sent to this city yesterday from Bobcaygeon three fine maskinonge, the fruit of their first afternoon's fishing. They also caught a considerable number of fine bass—small-mouths.

Aug. 5.—The Forest and Stream Club's second fishing competition took place yesterday afternoon. Eight boats went out, but only seven returned within the time limit—10 o'clock. Messrs. T. Purvis and J. Templeton made the largest catch—seven—and their three largest weighed 6½lbs. Mr. William Ormond and Major Casswell, the veterans, got the largest fish, 2lbs. 14oz.; their catch numbered six. Messrs. A. Tisdale and J. Haslett caught five. Their anchor became fastened in a fissure in the rock bottom near Snake Island and could not be got loose, so they fished in one place, much to their disadvantage. The other boats got no bass. Among those who went out, but not engaged in the competition, was Miss Katharine L. Ward, of New York, and her father, Dr. M. D. Ward. Miss Ward caught a bass that weighed over 3lbs., the largest of the day.

Aug. 6.—Messrs. Thomas O'Brien and W. Ward were fishing for bass up the bay yesterday afternoon, and they took three that weighed over 3lbs. each. The fishing seems to be better west than east of the city.

Aug. 7.—Messrs. W. Ormond, Cap Robinson and party had a good day's fishing yesterday up the bay. Their catch of bass was twenty-six fish, which weighed 45lbs. Their largest bass weighed 3lbs. 13oz. The fish are very gamy at present, and afford fine sport to the angler. Messrs. Joe Templeton and Dr. McKeown caught three bass and a number of large pike yesterday.

The record given is almost wholly of bass of the small-mouth variety. Cartloads of perch, rock bass, pike, sunfish, bullheads, large-mouth bass, golden-eyes, shad, eels, sheepshead, dogfish, chub and other fish are also taken, "and now and then" a maskinonge. R. S. B.

On the Florida Shore.

Summer Haven, Fla., via St. Augustine, Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This place is three-quarters of a mile south of Matanzas Inlet, conveniently located for bathing in the surf and for fishing in the Matanzas River. A man is lazy indeed who will not net shrimp or small mullet for bait and catch sheepshead or striped bass for dinner, or dig clams or oysters between times. Mr. Jacob Spence, of Marion, Ala., and Mr. J. A. Vertrees, of Palatka, Fla., were fishing in the surf for bass one night two weeks ago, when an immense green turtle at least 4ft. long and wide in proportion, came out of the surf, much to Mr. Spence's alarm, who thought it a dead body come ashore. It crawled up the beach to the bluff above high water and proceeded to lay eggs. It was indifferent to the presence of men (only it may not be touched), and laid 138 eggs in its shallow nest, dropping some one at a time and some two or three at a time, not noticing Mr. Spence when he held his hand under it and caught some of them. When it got through it made its way to the ocean, carrying Mr. Spence, who weighs 240lbs., on its back for about 50ft., and would have taken him into the surf if he had stayed on.

There is some nice bay-bird shooting about here. The first seen was a bunch of twenty summer yellowlegs on July 10. When a boy, July 10 was the date for first flight of "summers" and peeps. Last week, the 28th, I shot seven brownbacks (they are almost like Wilson's snipe, except for more brown on back and brown on breast), one winter, two grass birds, two willet (many willet breed here, they say), one beetlehead, two chicken plover, and eight "summers," on one tide, and very pretty shooting. They seemed all to be on a leisurely flight southward, and decoyed very well. The brownbacks were all fat and fine, the others rather thin.

The last contribution from me, April 24, had an account of my shooting snipe in March, which is spring here. I cry "Peccavi," and will do so no more. I had been too busy to shoot at all for twelve years here till since the freeze, and I was behind the times, and have you to thank for very able and unanswerable articles this spring that should convince any one. Captain.

A Parmachene Belle.

Two trout fishermen were standing at the post office corner yesterday afternoon, when a neatly-attired young lady happened to pass.

"There goes a Parmachene belle," remarked one of the anglers, provoking a smile on the part of his companion.

The remark was overheard by a young man who was passing, and who at once approached the anglers and asked what remark had been made about the young lady.

"I said she was a Parmachene belle," was the reply.

"That young lady is my cousin; now, I should like you to explain what a Parmachene belle is, as I do not propose to have her insulted by any one," was the rejoinder on the part of the young man, who was evidently getting hot under the collar.

It took the anglers a few seconds to explain that no insult had been intended. A Parmachene belle is a trout fly made of white and red feathers; the young lady was dressed altogether in red and white, and hence the comparison.—*Paterson (N. J.) Chronicle.*

Iowa Fishing.

Charles City, Ia., Aug. 2.—Upward of 300 black bass have been taken from the Cedar—both above and below the city—in July. In most instances live bait has been the attraction. We have been having excellent sport with wall-eyed pike—more properly speaking pike-perch. The combined weight of seventeen pike taken from the Cedar by Ben Dickman and myself the past eight days was exactly 63½lbs. Sixteen caught by S. G. Pickett, two years ago in the same locality, weighed 52½lbs., taken with a phantom minnow with nine hooks—at present an unlawful bait—while this catch was made with the fly—one hook—and spinner above, as bait. Vane Simmonds.

German Carp in Erie Canal.

Lockport, N. J., Aug. 7.—For the past few days there has been an unusual number of German carp caught from the Erie Canal in this city. On Thursday some boys were fishing at the head of the locks when one of them took a 4lb. carp. Shortly after another lad took one weighing 6lbs., and during the forenoon more than a score were taken, weighing nearly 100lbs. When it got reported about the city that many big fish were being caught, the anglers turned out in force, and during the afternoon over forty carp were taken. Yesterday Bert Murphy while fishing near Prospect street bridge took a carp weighing 10½lbs. But the largest of this species was reported in the *Union-Sun* last week as taken from the wide water below the city, and weighing 27½lbs. It is thought that the dredging of the bottom of the canal about three miles above the locks has disturbed these fish and driven them down the canal. Whether or not that is the case, never before has anything like the number been taken.

J. L. Davison.

The Nepigon River.

Port Arthur, Can., Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fishing up the Nepigon River is at its height. There are quite a number of tourists this month visiting, among them Mr. Dabney Carr, of St. Louis. A party of six, Mr. Geo. Kellog, Mr. John Kellog, Mr. F. R. Greene, Mr. W. K. Greene, Mr. D. W. Shuler, Jr. and Mr. H. O. Chase, all of Amsterdam, N. Y., have just returned after spending three weeks of enjoyment and sport; they were up as far as Lake Nepigon, and have caught all the speckled trout they want this season, among them were some 5 and 6lbs. weight.

I am sorry to inform you that the first fatality for years took place on Wednesday. Rev. Alex Grant and Mr. Archie McDougall, of Winnipeg, started up the Nepigon River in a canoe together without a guide, and in trying to ascend the first rapids, about seven miles up, their canoe upset and Mr. Grant was drowned. He leaves a wife and family to mourn his loss. John E. Newsome.

Weakfish at Giffords.

New York, Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For any one fond of salt water fishing there is no better place to go than Giffords, on Princess Bay, Staten Island, where you are reasonably sure of a mess of fish.

Mr. Fitzgerald has a large number of good boats to hire, and bait for sale (most of the time) during the season. At the hotel Mr. Gilles will serve meals at all hours and attend to the wants of his patrons in a satisfactory manner. Morris will direct you to the likely places, if you are not familiar with the grounds.

Saturday, July 31, G. W. Price and I spent the day there (as we have been in the habit of doing for several years), and had a pleasant outing. We caught sixty-four weakfish, thirty-one of which, being lightly hooked, we put back into the water uninjured. P. A. M.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

CHARLES.

Charles is a very good sort of a fellow. In many respects he is much like me, but his disposition is not quite so sweet as mine; in fact, it was his lack of a forgiving disposition that finally caused a coolness to spring up between us. Not, however, upon my part, as I have never laid up anything against him, but of this, more hereafter.

When I first met Charles, we were about ten years old. His family had just moved into the neighborhood, and my mother gave me a big, red apple and advised me to go over and give it to Charley. Upon my arrival at the house, I inquired for Charley, and was told by his mother that there was no Charley at all, she had but one boy and his name was Charles. This struck me, and as Charles was close by, I remarked that the apple was sent to Charley, but as there was no such a boy here, I should have to eat it myself, and at once took a big bite out of it. She went into the house, and Charles sidled up to me, and with a longing look at the tempting fruit, said that I could call him Charley when she was not present, if I wished. This set matters straight, and we were from that time the best of friends, until that unfortunate coolness on his part rather put a damper upon our friendship. But of this, more hereafter.

Both Charles and I were very fond of fun in almost any shape, and we managed to get a little amusement about every day, and some days we had enough to last any reasonable boy a week; but we were not always reasonable, and did not wait a week before we had something else going.

As time went on, similar tastes developed in Charles and myself that cemented our friendship, and we were almost constantly together.

Hunting and fishing were our delight, and innumerable trips in pursuit of our favorite sports occupied nearly all our time from early spring until late winter, and there was not a stream or covert within many miles of our home that we did not pretty thoroughly explore. We nearly always got along very well together, but as both Charles and I were occasionally given to practical jokes there would once in a while a coolness spring up between us when the joke was on Charles, for, as I have before remarked, his disposition was not quite so sweet as mine.

I well remember one day we were shooting in the Johnson cover, some three miles from home, and as we neared the end Charles proposed that I should go and get the team just below, while he worked out a run that ended near the road above, where he would meet me. To this I agreed, and went for the team and started toward the place of meeting. As I descended into a hollow that hid me from the sight of Charles an inspiration seized me, and giving the horse three or four cuts with the whip and shouting whoa at each stroke, we went through the hollow and up the rise past Charles upon a keen run, while I was apparently doing my best to stop, and Charles was laughing and having lots of fun at my expense. How long he enjoyed himself I never knew, as I kept right on home, and when I saw him the next day he was so grumpy that I did not bring up the subject, but only grieved in silence that his disposition was not more like mine, for I was not put out in the least. It was this unfortunate disposition of his that finally caused a coolness to spring up between us, particulars of which I will give further on.

Perhaps I may as well give the sequel to the runaway episode, when the joke was on me. About a half-mile from our home was a beautiful cover, but it was on the other side of the river, and we had to go nearly three miles around by the bridge in order to get there. A few days after the runaway, Charles came over and proposed that we try this cover, saying that his uncle had gone away and left the key to his boat, which was nearly opposite the house, and by using it we could save the time and travel usually spent in getting here This suited me, and we were soon on the way. When we reached the other side, we drew the boat ashore in a little cove, and hid the oars under a fallen treetop. After working out the grounds, we turned toward the boat. I noticed that Charles was walking rather fast, but thought nothing of it, and allowed him to get some little distance in advance, and he arrived at the boat some 50yds. ahead of me, when he at once pushed it into the water, and giving it a mighty shove he jumped in, and was some distance from the shore before I saw the point, of the joke. When I did catch on, I was unhappy for three or four seconds; but as I saw him rise in the boat and look for the oars my sadness fled. The expression of his countenance as he cast a furtive glance in my direction would have amply repaid me for three times the travel that he had forced me to take. I had to laugh, but as I did not wish to hurt his feelings, I lay down behind a bush and had a most enjoyable time; then I crawled to the oars and dragged them to another treetop for fear that they would not be quite safe so near the river. By this time Charles had drifted down stream some distance, and I followed on, keeping out of sight, taking solid comfort in witnessing his experiments in navigation. The momentum of that vigorous push had carried him nearly half way across, and as the current here set toward the other shore, he remained about in the middle of the river, in spite of his efforts to get back by using his gun as a paddle; but he was fast drifting down the river, and as I crossed the bridge I saw him just coming round the bend and noted that he had changed his tactics, and was pulling for the other shore. I went home and did not see Charles for two or three days, and as he appeared to be out of sorts about something when we met, I made no inquiries as to the outcome of his voyage; but when his uncle came back I went with him to get the oars, and he told me that Charles got ashore about a half mile below the bridge and found a bit of board, with which he paddled back to where we left the oars, but could not find them after a long search, and finally went home, arriving about 10 o'clock, very tired and, his mother said, very cross.

Charles was grouty for more than a week, while I, the victim of his joke, did not display any temper, nor even have any hard feelings toward him. This will serve to show the difference in our dispositions, a difference that finally caused a coolness between us on his part, but not on mine, the particulars of which I will now proceed to relate.

In our exploring expeditions we often discovered capital shooting grounds. One of the best of these resorts was quite a large tract of woodcock cover, nestled in a quiet nook among the hills some twenty-five miles from our home. Upon our first visit we struck the bonanza just after lunch, and after an hour or two of capital sport we decided to look up a lodging and stay all night, and give the grounds a more thorough examination the next day. We were fortunate in finding a farmhouse nearby, and still more fortunate in finding in the genial farmer and his pleasant wife a host and hostess whose cordial welcome made us feel at home at once. There was also a pretty girl—Charles said very pretty—of some thirteen or fourteen summers, who also welcomed us in a shy way that was very fascinating—to Charles. Now I was rather susceptible to female charms, not blindly nor unreasonably so, but still I had in my heart a warm corner for the dear creatures, and to this day I like to see a pretty girl. Charles was very like me in this respect, only a great deal more so, and while I worshipped at a proper distance, he, poor fellow, often fluttered near enough to get singed. But I am again wandering from my subject.

For three successive years, early October saw us the guests of our worthy friends, but after this, owing to the aforementioned coolness upon the part of Charles, our visits to the place were not made in company. It was upon our last trip together there that the trouble arose that caused the coolness of Charles.

Upon our arrival at the house, about sunset, we found the farmer and his wife all rigged out to attend a lecture at the village, some two miles away, and in spite of their determination to stay and take care of us we insisted upon their going, and finally persuaded them to leave us in charge of the daughter that I have previously mentioned, and, after many injunctions to the young lady about our supper, they started for the village. Charles and I were both handy about the house, and we had quite a merry time getting supper and eating it. I could now see, without any coaching from Charles, that the girl was very pretty. What he thought upon the subject I could only guess at, and I distinctly remember guessing at the time that it would take a lot of adjectives to express his thoughts, for he appeared to be a goner, sure. He was very attentive, and was so prompt in assisting her to clear the table that I took the easy chair and just watched them. Charles clamored for a dish-wiper, and, as she handed it to him, I overheard the rascal stipulate for kisses in payment for wiping the dishes. "Come, come," thought I, "this is going a little too fast and far." But, as she blushingly shook her head, I could plainly see that Charles was sure of his reward; so I just settled back in the easy chair, closed my eyes, and watched them. When the dishes were done she began carrying them into the buttery, while Charles, seeing that I was asleep, took the dogs' supper and started for the barn to feed them. Now, I had been wondering how and when Charles was to get his pay, as I was very much afraid that some one would drop in and spoil all; indeed, I had got quite worked up about this, and was in mortal fear that poor Charles would get left. Just then I was seized with an inspiration; my friend should not be cheated out of his just dues. I would see that he suffered no wrong, so as she again went into the dark buttery I quietly followed her, and lightly whispered a demand for those kisses. She coyly retreated further into the dark, and as I followed she faintly intimated that I might take one. I took it, but as I had plainly heard Charles say kisses, I was not going to see my dearest friend wronged, so I kept on, and as I had no idea of the number justly his due, I still kept on, until she pushed me away with the rather irrelevant remark that there were not more than twenty or thirty dishes, anyway, and that I ought to be ashamed of myself. As she thought it was Charles, of course I did not feel it my duty to take the remark personally, and as I heard Charles shut the barn door I skipped back into my chair, and had just time to get sound asleep as he came in. When he entered the room our very pretty friend was just disappearing through the buttery door, and before I had time to tell him that his account was settled, he also disappeared through the same door. Just as I was going out of doors I heard a resounding whack, coupled with a very energetic "Go along!" and I also heard, "You have already had more than twenty, and you sha'n't kiss me again."

It was a beautiful evening and I wandered some distance enjoying the balmy air, the drone of the harvest fly and the

merry twinkle of the stars, and did not return to the house until after the folks had been home some time and Charles had gone to bed. In the morning Charles kept his bed and our host went up to see what was the matter. Upon his return he reported that Charles was quite sick with a terrible headache and that I was to go shooting alone, as he would be unable to accompany me. When I returned at night I learned that Charles had felt so badly that he had hired a man to take him home, and when I got home I found that he had started on a trip west, and it was nearly a month before I saw him again. When I did meet him he was more cold and distant than I had ever known him to be, and to this day the coolness—on his part but not on mine—still remains, and I often grieve over the fact and often wish that his disposition was as sweet as mine, as, except for this one fault, Charles is a very good sort of a fellow.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 25.—Continental Field Trial Club's Northwest Stake, Brown's Valley, Minn
Aug. 30.—Western Canada Kennel Club's trials.
Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man.
Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Sept. 7.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's Champion Stake, Morris, Man.
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 15.—E F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

FIELD TRIALS AND FIELD TRIAL JUDGES.—I.

At the present day the "kicker" is few in number and generally wisely circumspect in his kicks as compared with the sterling article of past years. Some years ago "kickers" were quite numerous and brave. Their vigilance in watching for grievances and their activity in airing them were beyond reproach. Being such a clamorous babbler for honesty in others, the kicker was inferentially honest himself to a degree which put in shadow the honesty of all others. Notwithstanding his rectitude, he was constantly the victim of the rapacity and dishonesty of others, or a victim of their incompetency and ignorance, or all these things combined. The fact that he did not win was sufficient proof in itself that there was something wrong with the judges or the management. Thus he was constantly subjected to hardships and losses. It was enough to dishearten a man to be met by undeserved defeat at every turn, in his efforts to better the public weal; and all this he has many times feelingly related in articles over his own name when he felt a bit brave, but oftenest over a *nom de plume*, which would conceal his identity.

He always had a grievance. No proof as to whether it had any substantial grounds was necessary. It was sufficient that it was so because he told the public it was so. He was of the rare few who could compose their own songs and sing them too. And yet, notwithstanding that he was a constant factor in the competition, a chronic sufferer from undeserved defeats and an habitual discoverer of deep-laid villainies, he before this date has never been specially set forth in print to the degree which his importance, activity and talents entitle him. Frankly outspoken in his contempt and denunciation of those who did not see the merit in his dogs which he himself saw, and freely confessing the worthlessness which he saw in all dogs owned by others, and promptly earnest in communicating to the public his feeling of distress and the story of his wrongs, affixed to such instructive information concerning the excellence and price of his dogs as he could stuff into his article, he has had a special field largely to himself. But he has never had a good opportunity to see himself as others see him.

The "kicker" has done incalculable harm to field trial interests. He has written many columns of contumacious writings, directed at judges, management, reporters, competitors—all, in short, who in any way ran counter to his wishes or interests. In the responsible work of doing something substantial for promoting trials, few of them ever did anything beyond paying their entry fees, and what little they did do would not have been much missed had it been withheld.

Notwithstanding that clubs and judges have done a great work in behalf of American sportsmanship, work accomplished only by great outlay in money and laborious care and effort, not a single column has ever been written heretofore specially in their favor.

Several journals (Forest and Stream was not of the number) were liberal in the allotment of space to the "kicker" who desired the public to participate in his grief, to take notice of the bargain sales he could offer, or the excellence of the get of his favorite stud dog, and above all, to note the rotten and general dishonesty of clubs and judges—and why? Some other man's dog had won. Had he not kept the scores himself? Had not his friends, Tom, Dick and Harry, assured him that he had been defrauded? Everybody knew that the judges were prejudiced against his line of blood. Did not his friend So and So, who had purchased a puppy of him, by his stud dog Goggle Eye, who was available to the public at the low sum of $35, and out of the celebrated bitch Snipey Nose, whose last litter he had sold for $50 apiece, every one a winner by right, and he would soon have another litter of the same breeding to sell at a reduced figure—did not his friend So and So note that the judges did not give his puppy half a chance? The end of trials was near.

Almost from the inception of field trials, and distinctly constant when they became more or less commercial, there was an insubordinate element composed of men who, being disappointed, lost their heads, or men who, looking solely for revenue, made every possibility a matter of commercial calculation.

Whatever differences there might be as to the cause of the "kickers'" grievances, they were a unit in squealing denunciation at the judges, at the management which employed the judges, and the reporters who failed to expose the alleged dishonesty.

Some of the "kickers" were men who were new to any kind of competition. They, therefore, were men who had none of the discipline or knowledge of sporting etiquette, which enables men to lose or win with a good grace, and not a few did not consider the possibility of losing at all. They were childishly confident of winning. Some of them were shamelessly boastful of the superiority of their own dogs and offensively garrulous in the recountal of their dogs' wonderful performances. They also were outspoken in their expression of contempt for the dogs owned by others. They were the most persistently wearisome of bores. They had but one topic. They could prate only on their dogs or themselves, and any attempt to discuss one or the other from any other than their egotistical point of view was sure to evoke ill temper. They seemed to own the prizes before the competition began. They had prejudged the trials, and the judges were a mere inert adjunct—a necessity to formality and official record.

Whether their dogs were worthless duffers, or excellent in some parts of the field work and poor in others, or whether they were good performers defeated only because they were against better ones, no adverse decision of the judges shook their unalterable faith in their dogs, or their silly belief that defeat could only come from dishonest decisions.

Some men are constitutionally incapable of joining in a competition in a spirit of common fairness. The boy who loses at a game of marbles, thrashes his victor, robs him of his winnings, or, being weak-hearted, sobs because he lost, is likely to become a man who will boast endlessly and have many angry griefs, and will be always treated unfairly—when he loses. But some men kick as a matter of business policy. By making a hullabaloo they bring themselves and dogs into public notice, and, having once derived some financial benefit from it, they cultivate it for profit forever afterward. A few seem to take a vain pleasure in making themselves conspicuous, regardless of sense, practice or cause. Publicity panders to their egotism.

Some years ago, at very infrequent intervals, however, judges, smarting under the sting of false accusations and misrepresentation, would enter a public controversy with a kicker on the merits of the awards. Such was always fruitless so far as any definite demonstration was concerned. It could not be otherwise. If the kicker was playing for free advertising, he was far from desiring a conclusion. If he had an egotistical craving for notoriety and sympathy, the controversy was an excellent medium. If he loved his dog, and was defending him because he loved him, no argument could prevail against a conviction founded on such data—that is, his love for his dog.

As the objection was almost always personal and violent and emotional, resting on the owner's judgment of his own dog, and on his opinion of the judges, it was called a "kick," and the objector was called a "kicker." It was a happy term, in that it implied an act which could be done without sense, right or reason. There were habitual kickers who kicked at everything. The juncture at which they would kick could be forecast to a nicety under certain conditions. They seemed to have a constitutional impulse to perceive dishonesty or stupidity in every plan or action. They believe that they were singled out for relentless persecution. By premeditation, they asserted, their dogs were always cast off at the worst time of day, in the worst places, where there were the most briers and the fewest birds. Or the poorest course possible was laid out for the day's work. It was certain that the management favored the other man and his dogs because he made more entries. Two of the judges were sure to give the prize to a certain dog because they owned a thirty-second cousin of him. Another dog was sure to win, too, for Mr. So and So, a friend to the owner, was seen to hold a conversation with one of the judges. None of the judges liked a pointer, and it was no use running one, except to get a report in the sporting papers for proof to the owner that the dog was broken, so as to collect the fees for training—and so on *ad nauseum*.

The kicker who was able to put his kick in print, dressed up with all the plausibility that cunning and distortion could give it, had an advantage over his fellows. The kicks which were published were but a small part of the whole number made; yet the kicker who talked and wrote publicly was precisely the same as the kicker who privately suggested, and boasted and scolded, and aired his supreme selfishness when he could secure hearers. And yet there have been those who, hearing but one side of the case, and that from the party directly interested, have considered that all the proof necessary was presented, and that the kicker's conclusions were quite correct. Three competent judges, an experienced management, and the other competitors were therefore all wrong.

There are men who are mentally unfitted to join in any contest. If they play a social game of cards, or checkers, or chess, etc., defeat brings ill temper. They wrangle and object. As for unreservedly placing their contentions in the hands of a third party for adjudication, and abiding with a gracious manner and a good heart to his ruling, they cannot do so unless the case is decided in their favor. It is but justice to say that some wholly new to competition, and therefore undisciplined in considering both sides of the case, improve with experience, and learn that an interested party is not a competent judge of his own case. If one competitor could judge his own dog, all competitors would have the same right—a pretty sight it would be if they were settling the matter among themselves. They should learn the chief point of sportsman's etiquette, the one most punctiliously observed by genuine sportsmen—that is, having submitted the dogs to the judges, to abide by their decision. There is a certain dung-hill spirit in a man who squeals because he has lost. A man may be a very sweet gentleman in a certain environment and still make a very indifferent or disagreeable sportsman. At home, where everything is pleasant, or at business where everything is routine, he may look and feel and think alike day after day, but in camp, where he must suffer some discomforts or do some repugnant work, or at a field trial, where rivalries are aroused and his dog is in question, he may show some unlovely traits.

While there are kickers, they are fortunately but a small part of the field trial patrons, and so far as their value to the trials are concerned they are of the least importance. Improbable as it may seem to him whose knowledge of field trials is gathered from the published articles of kickers, there is now no general dissatisfaction with field trial managements, nor field field trial judges. Such reform as is needed is mostly the reformation of the kicker. Out of all the published diatribes of kickers, no good has ever been accomplished and no injustice has ever been shown to exist.

That there were and are sterling sportsmen in substantial numbers, ones who love sport for its own sake and who have steadfastly and uncomplainingly given time, effort and money in its support, the history of field trials and their standing now amply prove. Nor are they the fugitive frazzle edge class of field trial supporters or field trial theorists called kickers. They are the ones who shouldered the burdens and did the thinking and made the way easy. Some of them in the hour of need have put their hands in their pockets for $100 each to make up a single field trial deficit. Others work faithfully and silently to make the trials a success. And while they are doing so, the kicker raises his ululation throughout the land, asking the populace to witness his wrongs. Did any kicker ever donate $100 to make good a deficit? The sterling stuff required to manage field trials, to support them, to give them prestige and to judge them is not made up of kickers.

The Pointer as a Workman.

Springfield, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a pointer admirer these many years, though not such a blind one that I could discover no faults in him. I have been interested in field trials, too. They have done much to improve both pointers and setters. To them they owe their fame; their improvement; their greater popularity; and, through the greater knowledge which pointer breeders gained from the lessons taught by field trials, came a better and more intelligent system of breeding, developing and training. If there had been no field trials then there would have been no improvement in pointers. There would have been no public notice of them either.

I noted one remark in Forest and Stream of a recent issue, referring to the fact that pointer breeders never did much for pointers by assuming the responsibilities of a competition. I thought at first it must be wrong. Surely it would seem that the great number of pointer men would furnish an active, financially responsible part in fostering field trials and in managing them.

I remember that the Irish setter owners and breeders organized a club and held field trials, and that the Gordon setter owners and breeders did likewise, but I cannot find any record of a pointer club ever having done so.

To me it seems that if the setter owners and breeders had not done all the promoting and managing, fixing things so that the owners of pointers could run their dogs, there would not have been any pointer trials at all. The trials were what gave the pointers their monetary value. They were what demonstrated the pointer's field ability. They furnished a means for public information. Without them the public could never learned anything about the good or bad. And without published reports of the trials they would have been of limited value. The large prices obtained for some pointers was a result of the field trials. I regret that some pointer owners forget all this, and instead of being grateful for the favors and benefits they have received, they "kick" because they did not get more.

Is it not astonishing that they have never done anything for themselves, yet bitterly complain of those who have done all that ever has been done for the pointer's benefit in competition? To me it seems ungrateful to accept a favor, and then complain that it was not quite so good or so large a favor as it should have been.

I fell in perfectly with the humor of your suggestion to the dissatisfied pointer men—to turn to and do something for themselves. We all know how cheap everything is when it is secured without effort, and how dearly it is prized when it represents work, care, expenditure—and when one is forced to trust to his own exertion he then does not find fault with others.

I have seen some field trials. It is an impossibility for any spectator to make any correct special criticism on them which involves the merits of two dogs in competition. No spectator can see more than fragments of the work; every spectator feels competent to pass positive judgment nevertheless; every owner is certain to have a pretty good opinion of his dog, no matter how worthless a brute he may be, and it is an unpleasant incident of the judging that when the judge decides against a dog, the owner suspects not that his dog was not the best dog, but that the judge was stupid or prejudiced, or had favorites.

The time has come when the "kicker" no longer finds a heedful ear in the public. He is classed as he belongs, with the ill-tempered, disappointed men who have none of the training of sportsmen, and none of the gameness which makes a man plucky loser or a pleasant winner.

Pointer Alan.

C. F. T. C.'s Entries.

The entries for Continental Excelsior (all-age) Stake to be run at Morris on chickens in September next are as follows:

POINTERS.

Lady of Hessen—Tabasco Kennels' l. and w. bitch (Hessen Boy—Lady of Rush).

Tick's Kid—Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. dog (Tick Boy—Lulu K.).

King Lee—E. H. Osthaus's l. and w. dog (Kent's Joe—Lads Lady).

Elgin's Dash—F. W. Dunham's lem. and w. dog (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno).

Lord Buster—B. Gordon's l. and w. dog (Lord Mount—Unknown).

Top Sawyer—E. O. Damon's l. and w. dog.

Alabama Girl—H. H. Mayberry's l. and w. bitch (Arrow—Lady Mell).

SETTERS.

Hurstbourne Zip—S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. dog (Tony Boy—Dimple II.).

Christina—Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. bitch (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.).

Josie Freeman—C. A. Draper's b., w. and t. bitch (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

Sam T.—Del Monte Kennels' b.,w. and t. dog (Luke Roy—Bettie B.).

Jill—E. H. Osthaus's b., w. and t. bitch (Fauster—Nan).

Swab—A. C. Reid's b. and t. bitch (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).

Cincinnatus Pride—E. A. Burdette's b., w. and t. dog (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie).

Anne of Abbotsford—E. A. Burdette's b. and w. bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl).

Iroquois Chief—Verona Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Antonio—Can Can).

Duke T.—W. R. Tait's w. dog (Monk of Furness————)

COUNT ROBERT—Edward Gray's b., w. and t. dog (Count Eric—Ann).

TONY'S GALE—Eldred Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Nelly G.).

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—IX.

THE dog, having been taught the meaning of the different commands and so thoroughly disciplined that he is promptly and reliably obedient to them, has a sufficient understanding of the commands which are necessary to use in working him on game. His yard training is completed. The practical application of his schooling in actual field work is a matter of much difficulty, since he, when turned loose in the fields or woods, is so imbued with the spirit of his natural wild life and the desire to do as he pleases without restraint, that he is at first almost always uncontrollable. Working to the gun after a systematic manner, in which he must restrain his natural inclinations and methods to hunt for himself, looking to the interests of the shooter instead, is established only by months of discipline and training. These must be combined with experience.

Being constantly checked in his attempts to work in an undesirable manner when "Toho" is not used, and from experience observing that success follows certain arbitrary methods enforced by the trainer, he after a time abandons his own methods and accepts those imposed on him. In time they become so habitual that he submits to them without any attempt at disobedience.

The advantage of the preliminary training will be clearly manifest when the field training is begun. It is difficult to teach correct methods of work to the gun, but it is a thousand times more difficult to teach them and the meaning of words and orders at the same time. If the trainer is so regardless of intelligent method as to begin the training with field work, he can hope for only imperfect success or total failure, and what is accomplished by him will be with great additional labor. He will engage in so much trouble with his pupil and inflict so much punishment, that the dog will be certain to associate it with the presence of birds, or with seeking them, or with going a-field, and will either refuse to work at all or will run away on opportunity, any of which is not conducive to good training.

The old authorities who wrote on the subject of training treated the teaching of "Toho" as a matter of great importance. They gave it an exaggerated valuation. In theory, as they presented it, it seems to be both necessary and useful; in practice it is unnecessary and valueless.

"Toho" is the order which signifies that the dog is to stop and stand still. As the dog stands still when he points game, there would seem to be a most useful gain toward his training by teaching him to stop and stand still at command. When he is roading or drawing on birds, if disinclined to point, the trainer utters the command, "Toho!" The dog stands still and we are told a kind of point is secured. Some repetitions of this act, and the dog learns to point, as the author sees it.

In practice, it does not prove of any value. When a dog is roading birds, the handler never can know whether the dog is in the right position to point them, and to stop him at an improper juncture is but to balk his efforts. To bawl out "Toho" to him when near birds furthermore would many times flush the birds and destroy all further chance for a point at that juncture. Being more or less excited, and with all the impulse of pursuit dominating his being when on game, he then rarely pays the slightest heed to the order. If the trainer disregards all other matters, and makes a specialty of enforcing obedience to "Toho," by the time he has it properly done he will have spent much more time and many times more effort than would be required to train the dog to correct pointing without it.

But supposing the dog will be promptly obedient to the command "Toho" when he is on the trail of birds. We will suppose that the trainer thinks the dog is in the right position to point, and he commands him to "Toho." The dog stands still, same as a horse does when he is told to whoa. The order means to stop, and he stops. The dog can only learn to point from experience. The trainer has no substitute for it. He must make errors if he will learn how to avoid them. The trainer—except in very rare instances when he accidentally sees the birds—never knows where they are, and it is therefore clearly absurd that he should attempt to assist the dog to point them, when he is so ignorant himself of their whereabouts. If he sees them, he cannot tell whether the dog has the scent properly for pointing, even if he has the scent at all.

If the dog is stopped on the footscent and made to so recognize it, he may acquire the bad habit of pointing and pottering on the footscent, both harmful and difficult to cure, and often incurable. The dog should always be encouraged to avoid such faulty method, instead of being helped into them and confirmed in them by training and habit.

The teaching of "Toho," if the trainer feels it to be a necessity, if properly done, is a part of the yard training. It is best done in a room or small inclosure. The trainer ties a cord to the dog's collar. He walks around with the dog, gives the command "Toho," and then makes him stand still. "Go on" or "Hie on" is used to order him on, so that he is being incidentally both trained to go on and stop to command. After he has a fair understanding of the meaning of the order and some obedience to it, a piece of meat is thrown out. As he rushes eagerly for it he is ordered to "Toho." He refuses to obey as a matter of course. The trainer forces him to stand still till his eagerness is under control, then he orders him on and permits him to eat the meat. When he is fed, he has a similar training. The lessons are persisted in, till at last the dog will stop promptly when going to his dinner, then goes on and stops as the trainer may desire. He can be taught so perfectly that he will stop with his nose within less than an inch of his food.

But stopping to order on food bears no relation to a point or the purposes of a point. This will be more fully shown when the subject of pointing is treated.

Collie Club Stakes.

AN error was made in correcting the conditions of the Collie Club Stakes by misplacing the first line of each stake. The full and proper conditions of the stakes are as follows:

The Westminster Stakes, for puppies born in the United States or Canada between June 30, 1896, and July 1, 1897; entrance, $2 due with entry, and an additional $3 to fill, due on Dec. 1; the winner to receive 50 per cent. of the stake and added money; 25 per cent. to go to the second; 15 per cent. to the third, and 10 per cent. to the fourth; to be decided at New York show, February, 1898.

To be divided by sex if five or more of each sex are entered, half of any added money to go to each sex.

The Mascoutah Stakes, for puppies born in the United States or Canada between June 30, 1896, and July 1, 1897; entrance, $2 due with entry, and an additional $3 to fill, due on Dec. 1; the winner to receive 50 per cent. of the stake and added money; 25 per cent. to go to the second; 15 per cent. to the third, and 10 per cent. to the fourth; to be decided at Chicago show in 1898.

To be divided by sex if five or more of each sex are entered, half of any added money to go to each sex.

Particular attention is directed to the date of closing of entries, which is Saturday, August 14.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. A. P. Fish, Binghamton, N. Y., secretary of the Binghamton Industrial Exposition Association, informs us that the Association's seventh annual bench show, under A. K. C. rules, will be held in the four days beginning Aug. 31. Premium lists can be had on application. Mr. John Brett will judge.

In a letter bearing date of Aug. 7, Mr. Everard Dexter, president of the Champion Field Trial Club, writes us that the club will hold a meeting immediately after the Continental Club's next winter meeting.

A special meeting of the American Spaniel Club will be held on Friday, Aug 20, at 8 o'clock P. M., at No. 13 West Eighteenth street, New York. Notices of this meeting have been sent to all the members and a full attendance is requested, as matters of importance will be acted upon at this meeting.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

THE first victim of the foolish and unjust Payne bill is Mr. F. B. Goodenow, of Castine, Me., owner of a small steam yacht built across the line at Yarmouth, N. S. In answer to an inquiry he has been informed by the Treasury Department that his yacht is liable to tonnage dues every time that she goes from one customs district to another. Under the wording of the Payne bill it is still an open question whether or no this is really the case, and in all probability no settlement will be reached until some yachtsman with the spirit and money comes forward to fight it out in the courts, as Mr. Vanderbilt did the attempt of the New York authorities to seize his yacht Conqueror a few years ago. A very nice point is involved as nearly as we can learn, as to whether an entry, as the term is used in this connection, gives to a foreign vessel the freedom of one of the Great Districts into which the Atlantic coast is divided, with the privilege of going from one District to another, or whether it applies solely to the District alone. In the former case a yacht would be at liberty on the strength of once paying tonnage dues, to cruise at will within quite an extended area. Of course this was not the intent of the law, the idea was to hamper in the greatest possible degree the use of foreign-built yachts, but it is quite possible that the courts may finally place this interpretation upon it.

THE photos of Glencairn and Avoca from which our illustrations were made, were taken by Wm. Notman & Son, the Montreal photographers, who have many fine pictures of the new fleet.

New York Y. C. Annual Cruise.

RENDEZVOUS, GLEN COVE.

Monday, Aug. 2.

IN the important matters of programme and prizes the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. for 1897 surpasses all previous efforts of the club. The total course of the cruise, from New York to Bar Harbor, is the longest ever sailed, including one racing run of 210 miles, and the prizes offered are not only numerous, but some of them are of exceptional value. The programme of the cruise was as follows:

Monday, Aug. 2.—Races for Vice Commodore's and Rear-Commodore's cups, start from Glen Cove and finish off Huntington Harbor.

Tuesday, Aug. 3.—Squadron run, Huntington Harbor to New London.

Wednesday, Aug. 4.—Squadron run, New London to Newport.

Thursday, Aug. 5.—Races for Goelet cups, either Block Island course or Vineyard Sound course. Fireworks and illumination in the evening.

Friday, Aug. 6.—Squadron run, Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Saturday, Aug. 7.—Squadron run, Vineyard Haven to Saddleback Ledge Light, at entrance of Isle Au Haut. This being the longest run of the cruise, will extend over Saturday and Sunday.

Monday, Aug. 8.—Saddleback Ledge to Bar Harbor, where the squadron will disband.

The regatta committee offers a prize for a race to start from Saddleback Ledge light at entrance to East Penobscot River; finish at Egg Rock light at entrance to Frenchman's Bay, leaving Isle au Haut, Long Island, Great Duck Island, and Baker's Island to port. Thirty-six miles. The line at the start and at the finish will be between the Corsair and the light.

In addition to the annual offer of Mr. Ogden Goelet of a $1,000 cup for schooners and a $500 cup for cutters, the following prizes were offered by Com. Morgan for the ocean race:

A cup of the value of $2,000 for the winning schooner in classes A, B and C.

A cup of the value of $1,000 for the winning schooner in classes D and F.

A cup of the value of $1,000 for the winning cutter in class G.

A cup of the value of $1,000 for the winning cutter in classes H, J, K, L and M.

For the initial race of the cruise, off Glen Cove, Vice-Com. Ledyard offered a cup for schooners and another for cutters. Mr. Henry Walters, steam yacht Narada, offered a cup, to be called the Narada cup, for the yacht, regardless of rig, making the best elapsed time in the greatest number of squadron runs, not including those for the commodore's and vice-commodore's cups, and Mr. Percy Chubb offered $200 in addition to the other's prize for the handicap race for Saddleback Ledge to Bar Harbor. Vice-Com. Belmont also offered a cup for the 30ft. class.

The courses, in detail, were as follows:

Glen Cove to Huntington Bay.

Huntington Bay to New London—From Eaton's Point Buoy to New London Light, leaving Cornfield Shoal L. S. and Bartlett's Reef L. S. to port. Sixty-four miles.

Huntington Bay to Morris Cove—From Eaton's Point Buoy to a mark displaying red flag with white stripe, 1 mile S. from Luddington Rock. Twenty-eight miles.

Morris Cove to New London—From a mark displaying red flag with white stripe, off breakwater, to New London Light, leaving Bartlett's Reef L. S. on port hand. Forty miles.

New London to Newport—From Sarah's Ledge Buoy to "Castle Hill Light, leaving Race Rock on port hand. Forty miles.

Newport to Vineyard Haven—From Brenton's Reef L. S. to West Chop Buoy (Red No. 2), leaving Vineyard Sound L. S. on port hand. Thirty-seven miles.

Vineyard Haven to Saddleback Ledge Light—From East Chop Buoy, leaving Shovelful Lightship to starboard and Pollock Rip Lightship to port. One hundred and eighty-five miles.

Squadron anchorage at Bar Harbor—The anchorage while at Bar Harbor will be in Frenchman's Bay to the northward and westward of Bar Island.

Isle au Haut to Bar Harbor—From Saddleback Ledge Light to Egg Rock Light, leaving Baker's Island on port hand. Thirty-six miles.

Owl and Game Cock Colors—To be rowed for at such port as the Commodore shall decide, under the management of the fleet captain. Entries: "Game Cock," $10; "Owl," $5; dinghies, $2; launches, $10. The club will add $5 an oar, and $10 for launches.

The conditions of the long race were:

By invitation of the commodore, the regatta committee will be on board the Corsair.

Entries—Crossing the line will be regarded as an entry. The start will be off East Chop, Vineyard Haven, at a time to be announced the day before or signaled the day of the race. Should the race be postponed, it will be started on the following day, if favorable.

Starting Signals—(Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged blast of the steam whistle will be given instead.)

No. 1. Preparatory—A gun will be fired and the blue peter will be hoisted.

No. 2. Start for single-masted vessels and yawls—Five minutes later a second gun will be fired and a red ball will be hoisted.

No. 3. Start for schooners (handicap time for single-masted vessels, etc.)—Five minutes later a third gun will be fired and a second red ball will be hoisted.

No. 4. Handicap time for schooners—Five minutes later a fourth gun will be fired and both balls will be lowered.

The course will be from an imaginary line between the Corsair and East Chop Buoy to Saddleback Ledge Light at the entrance to the East Penobscot River. The finish line will be between the Corsair and the light, 185 miles. Yachts must leave the Shovelful Lightship to starboard and the Pollock Rip Lightship to port; but if the channel by way of the Great Round Shoal Lightship is used, the restriction as to the Shovelful lightship will be waived.

At the finish the Corsair will display a large club signal at the fore and a red ball, by day; after dark she will show four white lights, hung vertically, and will burn club signals. In the absence of the flagship, the finish at Saddleback Ledge Light will be indicated by a mark with a tug lying by with the usual signals. A change was made later on, the finish being made off Baker's Island.

Monday found at the rendezvous the following yachts:

Schooners—Amorita, W. G. Brokaw; Ariel, Stephen S. Palmer; Colonia, Clarence A. Postley; Emerald, J. R. Maxwell; Fenella, C. L. Poor; Fortuna, H. S. Hovey; Hildegarde, G. W. Weld; Intrepid, C. Oliver Iselin; Iroquois, H. C. Rouse; Elsemarie, J. B. King; Marguerite, H. W. Lamb; Montauk, Lewis C. Ledyard; Quissetta, H. W. Harris; Sachem, John G. Moore; Shamrock, P. H. Butler; Varuna, Rives & Sturgis; Viator, Albert J. Morgan; Viking, James D. Smith.

Cutters—Carmita, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; Como, S. V. R. Cruger; Eclipse, L. J. Callanan; Gloriana, J. M. Lasell; Gossoon, P. T. Dodge; Huron, E. S. Hatch; Jessica, John G. Agar; Katrina, Charles Smithers; Liris, C. B. Henriques; Mineola, August Belmont; Minerva, Joseph E. Fletcher; Navahoe, R. P. Carroll; Norota, D. B. Burnham; Queen Mab, N. L. Francis; Sayonara, J. M. Woodbury; Syce, F. M. Hoyt; Thistle, J. H. Ford; Vigilant, Percy Chubb; Wasp, H. F. Lippitt.

Steamers—Albatross, Jacob Ruppert, Jr.; Allegra, Charles M. Pratt; Almy, Frederic Gallatin; Althea, Charles Sooysmith; Aquilo, H. A. Von Liew; Calypso, John D. Crimmins; Claymore, Jarvis C. D. Edson; Clermont, A. Van Santvoord; Corsair, J. Pierpont Morgan; Duquesne, T. H. Hostetter; Electra, Elbridge T. Gerry; Embla, John T. Williams; Giralda, E. S. Renwick; Halcyon, Howard C. Smith; Helvetia, C. O'D. Iselin; Hermione, Gen. Samuel Thomas; Hiawatha, Charles Fleischmann; Hildegarde, B. M. Whitlock; Intrepid, Lloyd Phenix; Ituna, Allison V. Armour; Katrina, John C. Barron; Linta, Walther Luttgen; Marietta, H. B. Moore; Marion, N. Witherell; Narada, Henry Walters; Nydia, Isaac Emerson; Oneida, E. C. Benedict; Oneonta, G. K. Clarke, Jr.; Orienta, E. R. Ladew; Parthenia, A. H. McKee; Penelope, H. E. Converse; Sagamore, John H. Hanan; Satanella, E. W. Bliss; Scythian, Miss S. De Forest Day; Varuna, Eugene Higgins; Vision, Colgate Hoyt; Vergana, F. H. Benedict; Wachusett, F. T. Holder; Wadena, J. H. Wade.

The steamboat Sam Sloan was also present, with members of the club and the Seventh Regiment Band. A meeting of the captains was held on board the flagship Corsair, Com. Morgan presiding. All through the morning there was no wind at all, a condition which maintained through the afternoon as well, to the disappointment of hundreds. The postponement of the race was signalled at 4 P. M., and such as were lucky enough to get a loan of a rope's end from a friendly steam yacht or to catch a tugboat, made their way toward Huntington Bay. A little later a nice N.E. breeze sprung up and started the sailing craft, holding long enough to carry them to their destination.

Second Day, First Squadron Run.

HUNTINGTON BAY TO NEW LONDON.

Tuesday, Aug. 5.

Tuesday morning promised no better than Monday, with a flat calm at 5 A. M. The start was set for 7 o'clock, but there was no wind at all, and it was not until 10:20 that the preparatory signal was given, followed by the start for the smaller cutters at 10:30. Even then there was no wind with a strong ebb tide; Wasp, Norota and Queen Mab managed to cross and worry along slowly in the right direction, but the rest of the fleet dropped their anchors and lay idle, unable to get to the line.

At noon a light S.W. wind came in, and the yachts were soon on their way, being timed unofficially at the line, all being handicapped:

Hildegard	12 16 45	Emerald	12 19 3
Thistle	12 18 00	Marguerite	12 20 0
Gevalia	12 18 02	Uvira	12 20 1
Carmiya	12 18 30	Ariel	12 20 1
Colonia	12 18 05	Gossoon	12 20 2
Minerva	12 18 30	Minerva	12 20 5
Syce	12 18 32	America	12 21 -
Vencedor	12 18 43	Katonah	12 21 5
Vigilant	12 18 55	Fenella	12 22 0
Sachem	12 19 00	Gloriana	12 22 3
Navahoe	12 19 20		

Fortunately the wind held and then freshened, so that the fleet was able to make the long run before dark, in spite of the late start. The finish was timed:

Vigilant	5 54 36	Amorita	6 24 18
Hildegard	5 58 56	Sachem	6 25 10
Colonia	6 00 53	Iroquois	6 25 15
Emerald	6 02 40	Ariel	6 26 47
Navahoe	6 09 45	Wasp	6 47 17
Marguerite	6 23 03	Queen Mab	7 00 00

Wayward, Syce, Vencedor and Norota not timed.

Minerva lost her topmast.

The regatta committee issued the following concerning the race for the Vice-Commodore's cups:

The race for the Vice-Commodore's cups, postponed on Aug. 2, will take place on the run from New London to Newport at the same time, over the same course, and with the same starting signals as the squadron run.

All yachts crossing the line at the start will be considered as entered for the Vice-Commodore's cups, and for the squadron run cups as well. The Rear-Commodore's cups for 30-footers will be raced for on a day to be named later.

[Signed] THE REGATTA COMMITTEE.

NEW LONDON HARBOR, Aug 3.

Third Day—Second Squadron Run.

NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT.

Wednesday, Aug. 4.

On Wednesday morning there was a moderate S.W. wind, and the start was made off Sarah's Ledge. In place of the usual finish well up Newport Harbor off the Dumplings, it was decided to finish off Brenton's Reef Lightship. The start was unofficially timed:

Wasp	10 01 06	Syce	10 04 09
Navahoe	10 01 11	Gossoon	10 04 52
Vigilant	10 01 40	Amorita	10 06 26
Vencedor	10 01 50	Gevalia	10 06 40
Gloriana	10 02 09	Iroquois	10 07 19
Carmita	10 02 12	Fenella	10 07 19
Uvira	10 02 25	Ariel	10 09 31
Queen Mab	10 02 29	Colonia	10 09 33
Norota	10 02 30	Emerald	10 10 03
Liris	10 02 56	Sachem	10 11 14
Katonah	10 03 04	Hildegarde	10 13 09
Sayonara	10 03 17	Marguerite	10 14 22
Kestrel	10 03 46		

Volunteer joined the fleet at New London, but did not start with the racing division. They stood out to Race Rock and then eased sheets and set spinakers to starboard. Colonia and Emerald fell in together, and Navahoe and Vigilant were also in for a duel. The big new schooner Hildegarde, which had made sail for the first time on Monday afternoon, was in trouble soon after the start, her spinaker halyards breaking when the sail was masthead and dropping into the water, the crew having hard work to recover it. The yachts were soon scattered over miles of water. Off Watch Hill Navahoe and Vigilant luffed far out to the south'ard, where they were fortunate in finding more wind, the others following. Spinakers were set to starboard again off Point Judith, the wind being more to the south'ard, and they ran up for the finish, the times being:

SCHOONERS—CLASS B.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Colonia	10 09 12	2 43 23	4 34 11	4 34 11
Emerald	10 09 35	2 41 57	4 32 22	4 30 51
Sachem	10 10 00	3 19 44	5 09 44	5 07 51

SCHOONERS—CLASS C.

Ariel	10 09 01	4 18 30	6 09 29	6 09 29
Marguerite	10 10 00	3 37 55	5 27 55	5 27 55
Iroquois	10 06 50	4 03 58	5 57 08	5 56 04

SCHOONERS CLASS F.

Gevalia	10 06 44	4 39 37	6 33 10	6 33 10
Fenella	10 06 27	4 48 20	6 41 46	6 33 04

CUTTERS—CLASS G.

Vigilant	10 01 50	2 07 04	4 05 14	4 05 14
Navahoe	10 02 09	2 15 50	4 13 41	4 10 05

CUTTERS—CLASS J.

Wasp	10 00 34	3 46 10	5 45 36	5 45 36
Carmita	10 01 46	3 32 27	5 31 47	5 31 37
Gloriana	10 01 37	4 01 27	5 09 50	5 58 31
Sayonara	10 02 49	3 50 12	5 46 46	5 45 17

CUTTERS - CLASS K.

Syce	10 03 36	3 50 12	5 46 36	5 42 36
Kestrel	10 03 10	4 55 47	6 52 57	6 47 52
Gossoon	10 04 02	4 55 43	6 51 41	6 44 55
Uvira	10 01 66	4 20 13	6 18 17	6 10 54
Choctaw	10 03 31	5 02 18	6 59 37	5 50 18
Vencedor	10 01 12	4 44 38	6 43 26	Not meas.

CUTTERS—CLASS L

Norota	10 02 00	4 20 35	6 18 35	Not meas.
Katonah	10 02 29	4 33 15	6 30 36	Not meas.

MIXED CLASS.

Hildegarde	10 10 00	3 37 51	5 27 51	Not meas.
Amorita	10 05 55	3 26 17	5 20 22	. .. ..
Queen Mab	10 01 53	3 20 58	5 19 05	. .. ..

Emerald wins the Vice-Commodore's cup for schooners and Vigilant that for cutters, the corrected time for the single-stickers being:

Vigilant	4 05 14	Gossoon	5 53 31
Navahoe	4 10 05	Uvira	5 19 30
Wasp	5 01 18	Choctaw	5 58 34
Carmita	4 47 19	Vencedor	Not meas.
Gloriana	5 14 13	Norota	5 08 07
Sayonara	5 00 59	Katonah	Not meas.
Syce	4 55 12	Queen Mab	Not meas.
Kestrel	5 56 28		

At Newport the entire day had been given up to the annual fête—water sports, processions, illuminations, etc.—the yachtsmen coming in for a good part of the entertainment.

Fourth Day—Goelet Cups.

OFF NEWPORT.

Thursday, Aug. 5.

Thursday morning brought a change of weather—a strong N.E. wind and rain. The first event of the day was a collision in the harbor, the steam yacht Wild Duck, J. M. Forbes, running into the steam yacht Susquehanna, and afterward into the steam yacht Almy. The latter was so badly damaged in bulwarks, ladder, steering gear, etc., that she was obliged to return to New York for repairs. Although the start was set for 10:30, off Brenton's Reef Lightship, as usual, it was 11 o'clock before the Corsair set the signals for a start at 11:30. Colonia, Vigilant and Navahoe were ready for the race, but Emerald remained in the harbor. Navahoe dropped a hand overboard as she went out, but her dinghy was promptly launched and he was picked up. The signals were set for the Block Island course and the preparatory sounded at 12:10, the cutters being started at 12:15. Vigilant, under mainsail and jib, crossed at 12:18:22, with boom to starboard, and Navahoe, with jib and foresail set and boom to port, crossed at 12:19:48. Vigilant was on the wrong jibe and shoved her boom to port after a few minutes, both setting working topsails. Navahoe set her spinaker at 12:27, but Vigilant luffed out across Navahoe's bows before setting hers at 12:32.

Colonia, the only schooner starting, was sent away at 12:20, crossing at 12:21:40. The tug Luckenback had run ahead to set the Block Island mark, but the two boats were traveling very fast, with such a breeze astern and there was little time left. Unfortunately after being set the mark capsized, and the tug dropped another, but to leeward. Vigilant, heading for the first mark, had to take in her spinaker and jibe over, having thus overstood the new mark, and by this maneuver Navahoe, just astern of her, was enabled to turn first, the times being:

Navahoe	1 40 09	Vigilant	1 40 30

The next leg of 18 miles, to the West Island mark, was to windward, with plenty of wind and a lively sea, just the conditions to stir the soul of a true racing yachtsman after three days of drift or light weather. To be sure, it was raining and the decks were wet and sloppy, but for big boats like the modern 90-footers it was mere child's play. Navahoe had torn the clew of her topsail when it was first sent up, and now she shifted to a new one with advantage. The two broke tacks for a long time, and when they came together near the mark Vigilant had to cross under Navahoe's stern, and the latter at once swung about on her weather quarter. The times at the West Island mark were:

Navahoe	4 07 35	Vigilant	4 08 25

Navahoe broke out a balloon jibtopsail as she rounded, while Vigilant set her No. 1 jibtopsail. The six miles to the finish witnessed some lively fighting. With her smaller headsail, Vigilant was better fitted for a luffing match, and she kept at it until she finally went by Navahoe to windward at 4:23. The race was not won yet, however, as Navahoe hung close to her quarter and kept her luffing in turn. Though she managed to get clear and to finish in the lead, she failed to save her time, and was beaten by 1min. 1sec. elapsed time, and 4min. 21sec. corrected time. The official summary was:

CUTTERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Navahoe	12 19 48	4 41 13	4 21 25	4 18 05
Vigilant	12 18 22	4 40 48	4 22 26	4 22 26

SCHOONERS

Colonia	12 21 40	4 54 25	4 32 45	4 32 45

The question has been raised whether Colonia, having sailed alone, is entitled to the prize, Rule IV. reading: "At least two yachts must start in a class to entitle a yacht to a prize."

After the race there was some complaint on the part of certain yachts that they really wished to start but had not received sufficient notice to enable them to get under way in time.

Sixth Day, Fourth Squadron Run.

NEWPORT TO VINEYARD HAVEN.

Friday, Aug 6

Friday morning brought clear weather and a breeze light enough for the most timid of yachtsmen, though still from N.E. The start for the Vineyard was made at 10:40, many of the yachts being late in getting out of the harbor, Navahoe was handicapped 28m. and Hildegarde was even later. A few of the yachts set balloon jibtopsails, the wind being well on the port bows, most of them being content with smaller headsails. Colonia carried her balloon maintopmast staysail. Queen Mab led for some time, but as the breeze freshened the larger boats passed her. About noon the wind fell and then a new breeze came in from the south, putting the leaders to leeward and astern and shaking up the whole fleet in a way that made the results of no meaning at all. Booms were jibed to port and spinakers set to starboard and the race virtually recommenced on a new basis. The yachts ran quickly through Vineyard Sound with spinakers set and finished in good season, the times being:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	10 40 38	4 50 40	6 03 02	6 03 02
Emerald	10 48 44	4 52 00	6 03 16	6 42 30
Ariel	10 46 44	Did not finish.		
Marguerite	10 50 00	5 04 52	6 14 52	6 14 52
Iroquois	10 50 00	5 46 28	6 56 28	6 55 24
Gevalia	10 50 00	5 57 20	7 07 20	7 07 20
Fenella	10 47 25	6 20 16	7 32 51	7 24 47

CUTTERS.

Vigilant	10 45 00	4 44 40	5 59 40	5 59 40
Navahoe	10 45 00	5 00 12	6 15 12	6 11 57
Wasp	10 41 22	5 08 48	6 27 26	6 27 26
Carmita	10 42 20	6 01 23	7 19 03	7 18 53
Gloriana	10 43 10	5 13 44	6 31 34	6 30 15
Sayonara	10 41 34	4 56 27	6 14 53	6 13 24
Syce	10 45 00	5 34 13	6 49 13	6 49 13
Jessica	10 41 05	5 29 18	6 48 13	6 46 55
Kestrel	10 45 00	Did not finish; disabled.		
Vencedor	10 44 46	5 44 44	6 59 57	6 55 12
Gossoon	10 41 55	Not timed.		

CUTTERS.

Norota	10 45 00	6 14 49	7 29 49	7 29 49
Liris	10 43 10	6 23 15	7 40 05	Not Meas.
Katonah	10 42 40	5 31 46	6 49 06	Not Meas.

MIXED CLASS.

Hildegarde	10 50 00	5 26 31	6 36 31	Not Meas.
Amorita	10 50 00	4 59 49	6 09 49	Not Meas.
Queen Mab	10 40 43	5 04 05	6 24 06	Not Meas.

Emerald wins from Colonia by 1m. 17s.; Gevalia wins from Fenella by 17m. 27s; Marguerite wins from Iroquois by 40m. 32s.; Vigilant wins from Navahoe by 12m. 17s.

Kestrel lost her topmast off the Sakonnet River and put back to Newport.

Sixth and Seventh Days—Commodore's Cups.

VINEYARD HAVEN TO BAR HARBOR.

Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 7-8.

A lay day at the Vineyard, often two, has been the rule of the New York Y. C. for years, but this year the main object is to go as fast and as far as possible, and so the sailormen who turned in tired after the run of Friday were up bright and early on Saturday, at least those of them who proposed to face the long race around the Cape. The list of starters, twenty-two in all, was as follows:

Cutters—Vigilant, Percy Chubb; Navahoe, Royal Phelps Carroll; Queen Mab, N. L. Francis; Gloriana, Josiah M. Lasel; Sayonara, Dr. J. M. Woodbury, and Wasp, H. F. Lippitt.

Schooners—Colonia, Clarence A. Postley; Emerald, J. Rogers Maxwell; Iroquois, H. C. Rouse; Amorita, W. Gould Brokaw; Gevalia, Howard W. Coates; Fenella, Charles Lane Poor; Marguerite, Henry W. Lamb; Fortuna, H. S. Hovey; Hildegarde, George W. Weld; Sachem, John G. Moore; Alert, C. A. Griscom; Viking, James D. Smith; Varuna, Messrs. Rives and Sturgie; Crusader, S. L. Husted, Jr.; Montauk, Vice-Com., Lewis Cass Ledyard, and Columbia. Of these all but four finished. The original programme was changed, the course being extended to Baker's Island, making 210 miles.

The start was given at 10:00 off East Chop Light, Wasp going over first in a light N.W. wind that soon died away and left the fleet drifting.

Some of the yachts dropped their kedges, and Intrepid, under charter to C. Oliver Iselin, went on the Hedge Fence, but worked off unaided before the tug Kate Jones could reach her. This tug and two others were provided by the club to give assistance to the yachts in case of need.

Shortly after the start Fortuna and Queen Mab drifted together, but cleared without injury.

About noon a light S.S.E. breeze came in and started the race, though at a slow pace at first. The breeze increased, however, and after the Cross Rip Lightship was passed it shifted to S.W. The Shoals were passed in perfectly clear weather and smooth water, and save for the light weight of wind at times the conditions were ideal for this dangerous and troublesome course. Wasp led for a long time, but was passed by Emerald between Cross Rip and the Handkerchief, the order then being: Emerald, Wasp, Colonia, Vigilant, Marguerite, Navahoe, Amorita, Queen Mab and Hildegarde, with the others well astern. During the night the wind was light S.W. and spinakers were carried to port. The wind fell for a time in the morning, but freshened again, still S.W. Vigilant, Colonia, Navahoe and Emerald, the leaders, shifted about from first to fourth place through the day, but Vigilant finally led the fleet in. After she had finished between Baker's Island and the flagship, the Corsair shifted her position, making a slight difference in the timing against the other boats. Over an hour elapsed before her mates came up, Colonia first, then Navahoe, Emerald and Hildegarde. The official times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASSES A, B AND C.

	Start. Aug. 7, A. M.	Finish. Aug. 8, P. M.	Elapsed.
Colonia	10 10 10	4 42 22	30 32 22
Emerald	10 10 10	4 51 18	30 41 18
Hildegarde	10 10 10	5 11 40	31 01 40
Marguerite	10 10 10	6 28 56	32 18 56
Fortuna	10 10 10	6 51 33	32 01 38
Sachem	10 10 10	7 11 16	33 01 16
Iroquois	10 08 12	7 23 15	33 15 03
Montauk	10 10 00	7 29 07	33 19 07
Alert	10 10 00	8 34 40	34 24 40
Columbia	10 10 00	10 13 30	36 03 30
Crusader	10 10 00	10 22 10	36 12 10
Viking	10 10 00	10 41 00	36 31 00
Varuna	10 10 00	10 58 20	36 48 29

Corrected time: Colonia 30:32:22; Emerald 30:3 :43. Colonia wins by 21sec.

SCHOONERS—CLASSES D AND F

Amorita	10 08 51	6 46 09	23 37 18
Gevalia	10 10 00	10 14 55	36 04 55
Fenella	10 10 00	1 05 00	*2 8 55 00

* Aug. 9.

CUTTERS—CLASS 1.

Vigilant	10 05 00	3 59 28	23 54 28
Navahoe	10 05 00	4 44 17	30 29 17

Corrected time: Vigilant, 29:51:24; Navahoe, 30:20:52.

CUTTERS—CLASS 2.

Queen Mab	10 05 00	7 22 30	33 17 30
Wasp	10 01 05	7 21 10	33 20 15
Gloriana	10 05 00	9 11 00	35 16 00
Sayonara	10 05 00	8 51 10	34 46 10

Wasp wins on corrected time.

Beverly Y. C. 251st Regatta.

THE 251st regatta of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed at Marblehead Aug. 3, being the first open race of this year. The bad luck the club had in '95 and '96, of having dead calms on its open race days, fortunately is over, and there was a good southerly breeze.

The race was for all the classes in the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, and there was a class of 17 to 21 catboats, and a handicap class of the older knockabouts in addition.

In the regular knockabout class there were seven starters, though Cock Robin did not start, her owner being absent. Mr. Sears's new Herreshoff boat Hazard won in this class, and the Maia won in the handicap knockabout class.

Emma C., Little Peter and Asahi had a hot fight in first class. Emma C. beating Little Peter 9s. Asahi led to windward, but the others passed her running.

In second class open boats Hoodlum had it all her own way, she passed all the first class boats who started five minutes before her, and was the first over the home line.

There were six good boats in the second cabin class. Privateer won on allowance, though Susie and Muriel made better actual time, the course for these boats was a triangle of 10 miles.

The other classes sailed 6½ miles with a good beat, there were five starters in each class, viz.: third, fourth and cat classes.

Alison won in the cat class on allowance by 20s., though Cleopatra and Omene beat her on actual time.

Ben My Chree won in third class, with Perhaps and Mephisto in second and third places, and Vitesse was first in fourth class, with Fantasy and Alpine as second and third.

The following boats took the first prizes of $20 each: Hazard, Maia, Emma C., Privateer, Hoodlum, Alison, Ben My Chree and Vitesse. Seconds of $10 by Mongoose, Mayona, Little Peter, Muriel, Cleopatra, Perhaps and Fantasy. Third prizes of $5 each were won by Fly, Water Lily, Asahi, Rex, Omene, Mephisto and Alpine.

Judges: F. Elliot Cabot and Walter Lloyd Jeffries.

KOCKABOUT CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hazard, H. M. Sears	....	1 46 45	. .. ..
Mongoose, A. D. Erving	....	1 47 20	. .. ..
Fly, W. O. Gay	....	1 47 29	. .. ..
Cockatoo, C. S. Eaton	....	1 48 10	. .. ..
Gosling, North & Clark	....	1 48 25	. .. ..
Sally III., L. F. Percival	....	1 50 28	. .. ..
Jacobin, T. E Jacobs	....	1 51 20	. .. ..

HANDICAP KNOCKABOUTS.

Maia, Evers H. Paine	....	1 56 21	1 53 51
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	....	1 58 35	1 54 05
Water Lily, C. F. Lyman	....	1 54 49	1 54 59
Dorothy, F Brewster	....	1 57 40	1 55 10
Come, J. S Lawrence	....	1 58 42	1 55 12
Verona, C. B. Tucker	....	2 02 20	1 59 20

FIRST CLASS.

Emma C., P. A. Coupel	27.06	1 33 40	1 04 10
Little Peter, J J. Moebs	24.05	1 37 02	1 04 19
Asahi, E. V. R. Thayer, Jr.	28.10	1 34 05	1 05 50
Elfreda, B. T. Hall	28.11½	1 35 01	1 06 55
Eugenia, J. S. Palmer	24.04	1 42 17	1 09 28
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	24.11½	1 48 07	1 12 03

SECOND CLASS—CABIN.

Privateer, A. E Schaff	21.09	1 37 18	1 01 19
Muriel, H. N. Newt	23.10	1 36 47	1 03 24
Rex, J B Farrell	23.05	1 38 13	1 04 20
Clara, W D. Turner	23.11	1 42 21	1 09 04
Nettie, Walter Burgess	23.10	1 43 42	1 10 19
Susie, J. F. Cole	23.05	1 36 47	1 11 25

SECOND CLASS—OPEN.

Hoodlum, G. H. Higginson and Boardman	23.02	1 26 03	0 51 58
Snipe II, R. D. Boardman	21.02½	1 38 18	1 01 39
Satanic, D. H. Follett, Jr.	21.06	Disabled.	

CAT CLASS.

Alison, H. E. Fowle	19.03	1 21 43	0 54 21
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	19.11	1 19 53	0 54 47
Omeme, W. P. Parker	19.11	1 20 52	0 55 48
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	20.10	1 23 35	0 59 24
Egeria, R. F. Tucker	20.04	1 25 48	1 01 10

THIRD CLASS.

Ben My Chree, W. H. Stuart, Jr.	17.07	1 21 43	1 07 20
Perhaps, J. E Robinson	19.11	1 26 25	1 14 13
Mephisto, J. R Schweppe	18.10	1 34 01	1 20 06
Sarracus, A. W. Erickson	17.11	1 34 41	1 21 24
Arab, W. F. Scott	19.11	1 35 41	1 23 29

FOURTH CLASS.

Vitesse, C. D Mower	15.10	1 29 37	0 53 28
Fantasy, Wm Allerton	16.8½	1 24 25	0 55 57
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.10	1 25 07	0 56 47
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.06	1 26 06	0 57 22
Sphynx, Arthur Kieth	17.00	1 28 59	1 00 49

Hobe Sound Y. C.

HOBE SOUND, Fla., Aug. 2.—The fourth race of the prize series of the Hobe Sound Y. C. was sailed to-day in a light S.E. breeze. The race was slow, with nothing to relieve the monotony except the fine windward of Gull on the last leg, where she worked from third place to first.

The series is very even, the points being:

FIRST CLASS.		SECOND CLASS.	
Gull	9	Juanita	4
Wenonah	8	Lorraine	4
Francis	6	Ruby	1
Wanda	5	Mary B	0
Sprogie	3	Marie	0

Following is the result of to-day's race:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gull	2 15 46	2 10 06
Francis	2 26 48	2 13 26
Wenonah	2 28 32	2 17 54
Wanda	2 32 36	2 32 36
Sprogie	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS.

Lorraine	1 12 07	1 12 07
Juniata	1 27 50	1 21 03
Ruby	Withdrew.	
Mary B	Withdrew.	

H. D. McVean, Purser.

SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.

Trial Races for Defense.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Aug. 2, 3 and 5.

THE third contest for the Seawanhaka International cup has transferred the racing to entirely new waters, comparatively unknown to the yachtsmen of the Atlantic coast. As a strictly international contest, these races between the yachtsmen of the St. Lawrence and those of Long Island Sound are on quite a different footing from those of 1895, when one of the participants was a representative of the Thames and Solent racing; but if anything is lost in this respect, it is fully made up by the competition between the sailors on salt and those on fresh water. In water sports, at least, political lines are very lightly drawn on the Lakes and the St. Lawrence; neither shore can boast of a distinctive national type in yachts, sailing boats or canoes; in both yachting and canoeing, as in the Lake Y. R. A. and the American Canoe Association, perfect harmony and community of interests exist, the two national ensigns always fly side by side, and when differences arise at times, the discussions are always on other than political lines.

The interest in the present races lies only to a limited extent in the fact that the defender of the cup is a Canadian club. What is of much more importance is that this club is a purely local one, completely shut off by distance and natural barriers from the yachting centers of both salt and fresh water, with no renowned designers, builders or sailmakers, to whom it could look for aid, and thrown completely upon its own resources in every way. That under such circumstances it challenged the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., created a fine trial fleet of 15-footers, and won the cup in a most creditable manner, is enough of itself to attract universal attention to the defense which it is now making of the international trophy.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was organized as the St. Lawrence Y. C. in 1888 by a few residents of Montreal, who were interested in yachting, and accustomed to sailing on Lake St. Louis and the adjacent waters. Among the leaders were Messrs. Duggan, Hamilton, Greene, Clouston and Davidson, still active in the club. In 1891 the club was incorporated, and in 1894 it was granted an Admiralty warrant, authorizing it to prefix the word "Royal" to its name, and to fly the blue ensign over its fleet.

Starting under many difficulties, with a mixed fleet of old yachts, no racing rules, and strong prejudices in favor of the old length rules and sandbag methods that prevailed in New York twenty years ago, the club from the first adopted a high standard and a progressive policy, and it has ever since lived up to them. The racing rules first adopted as a compromise were by degrees improved, until the rules of the Lake Y. R. A., identical with those of the Seawanhaka and other coast clubs, were adopted *in toto*. The fleet was gradually divided into systematized classes, which were strengthened by new yachts.

As in many Canadian organizations, the question of finances has always been an important one, and the building up of the fleet has been slow as compared with some of the younger coast clubs.

At the same time the work, both in designing and sailing, has been purely Corinthian, and the club has proved an excellent training-school for the young yachtsmen of Montreal.

At first the young club had no station of its own, and accepted the hospitality of the Valois Boat Club; the races were held at Valois, Dorval, Lachine, Pointe Claire and other places on the north shore of Lake St. Louis, the members of the yacht club at that time belonging also to one or the other of the boating clubs of these localities, which clubs were, ten years ago, in a very prosperous condition.

Finally the club secured a permanent location and house on the shore at Dorval, just above the island of that name. Here it has gone on from year to year, with a fairly good fleet of yachts from 30ft. downward, the older yachts being improved from time to time and new ones added.

Its isolated position has protected it from the invasion of costly racing machines, and, though a few Burgess boats were built for its members at the time when Mr. Burgess first became known abroad, there has never been such competition as to induce the introduction of the modern racing machine.

If the development has been slow under these conditions, on the other hand the club has suffered nothing from rapid outbuilding, and it has enjoyed regular and sustained racing of a popular sort for years.

At the present time it has a membership of over 400, with a handsome property at Dorval, its winter headquarters being at Montreal. The question of a better club house has been discussed for several years, and this year, of necessity, in view of the international races, it has been settled by the erection of a large and well appointed house at the edge of the lake. Owing to various delays—in particular the wet weather of last spring—the house is now barely completed, and will be by no means in exhibition order, but the club has spared no effort to entertain the expected visitors from the States.

Beautiful as it is, with its picturesque green shores and blue waters, Lake St. Louis is by no means an ideal yachting ground, the bottom is too painfully near the top, and also is far too liberally strewn with boulders, rolled about into new positions by the ice each winter. While the lake is in the main but an expansion of the great St. Lawrence River, it is at the same time the point of junction of the Ottawa River, whose two mouths come in above and below Isle Perrot, the latter just above Pointe Claire. The double result is a swift and variable current and various sand bars of more or less permanent shape. While deep water can be found in the channels and good courses can be laid out, the entire north shore of the lake, off Pointe Claire, Valois and Dorval, is very shoal. This is the case immediately in front of the club house, where a pier runs out for several hundred feet with a depth of little over a fathom at the end. As a matter of convenience, the regular club races are started off this pier, the buoy forming one angle of a triangle, but this course is by no means free from shoals and rocks, especially just about the starting line.

The anchorage of the fleet is directly off the club house, the shoaler boats lying inshore under the lee of this pier, but many of the boats are kept by their owners at different points about the lake. A railway leads from the water into a very large shed with a high arched roof, built several years ago for the storage of yachts and for building. The lawn between the road and the house is laid off in tennis courts, and there are stables for teams. The shore on either side of the club property is covered with summer houses, the summer homes of residents of Montreal, twelve miles distant by train.

At the time of the Spruce-Ethelwynn races the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. had nothing of the half-rater type in its fleet; the racing was mainly in the 25ft., 30ft. and "A" Class (over 30ft.). There was a 16ft. class, with some centerboard and some fin-keel boats, but all of these were of the cruiser rather than the racer type, and in model, construction, fittings and rig very far below the standard of Spruce IIII., Ethelwynn and Trilby.

When the club came to look at the cold, hard facts before it after the very prompt acceptance of its hasty if not rash challenge to the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., the outlook was rather discouraging. The successful defenders of the cup were at least a season ahead in experience, and they had, in addition to the Herreshoffs, competent designers, both amateur and professional, many skillful builders and sailmakers, and almost everything needed in the way of fittings. In addition to this, while the challenger was practically limited by circumstances to such boats as the club itself could produce, the defender was sure of a large outside attendance at its trial races.

There was in all Canada no professional designer, no concern similar to the Herreshoffs, to turn out a complete challenger, and there was not about Montreal one competent boat builder or sailmaker, while the canvas, wire, cordage and fittings for the modern racing machines were not to be had short of the States, which national pride forbade, or of England, with delay and inconvenience in importing the innumerable small trifles needed on a racing 15-footer.

In what at first appeared to be a serious emergency, the club had only itself to rely on, but the members came to the front in a most spirited manner. The main work of designing fell naturally upon Mr. Duggan, a particularly clever amateur designer, a very skillful boat handler, posted in a general way, as far as distance admitted, with the general current of designing work in the States and England; and with an experience in designing which, if limited in scope to pretty much one local type, such as Valda and Xania, covered many years of combined work at the drawing board in winter and the helm in summer. Closely associated with Mr. Duggan, was his first mate, Mr. Shearwood, the two being mechanical engineers and in the same firm, mates in numerous canoe races about the lake for years, swinging the single blade in tandem races and winning many prizes; and also shipmates in Valda, Xania and other racing yachts. Mr. Shearwood's work, as lieutenant to Mr. Duggan, began as calculator and assistant draftsman in the winter, and continued as "crew" through the races, both on Lake St. Louis and Long Island Sound. With these two was Mr. Poe, an old member of the club, a canoeist and yachtsman, and manager of a machine shop, that of the Linotype Co., engaged in a high class of work, the construction of typesetting machines. While the questions of design and construction were regularly debated by the three from the start Mr. Poe's special task was the designing and construction of the metal work and fittings.

While the practical details of the work were mainly in the hands of these three gentlemen, the other members of the club were not idle; a fleet of sixteen of the new yachts were ordered, crews selected, and all possible arrangements were made for the thorough working up and trial of the fleet.

The details of the construction and racing of the 15ft. class were given last year in the FOREST AND STREAM, and need not be repeated now; as every yachtsman knows, the efforts of the club and its members met with that success which they so well deserved; the result being that this year the club was placed in a defensive position, and under the necessity of creating an entirely new fleet of larger yachts.

While the conditions were much less trying than in 1895-6, there were, nevertheless, serious difficulties. In the matter of design, both in construction as well as form, Mr. Duggan had shown himself, in Glencairn, decidedly the master of his opponents in the States, but there was still no one to build the boats or to make the sails. The 15-footers were either built at a distance—in Toronto or Brockville—or by workmen sent to Montreal from the former place, both methods being unsatisfactory when extreme light construction was desired. The club had for several years tried, without success, to find a good builder who would lease its ways and shop and build on the premises. Most of our readers are familiar with the designs and writings of Mr. H. K. Wicksteed, of Cobourg, Canada, an old canoeist, cruiser, singlehander and a very skillful designer of cruising craft. Mr. Wicksteed, by profession a civil engineer and an expert in railway work, was idle last summer, and, besides attending the international races at Oyster Bay, he gratified his *penchant* for amateur work by building several small yachts at Cobourg. Being intimately acquainted with Mr. Poe, who originally hailed from Cobourg, and with the other Dorval men, he finally decided to undertake the building of the new fleet, he and Mr. Poe, under the name of the Yacht Company of Canada, taking a lease of the grounds and shed, and starting in to build yachts and make the fittings.

Under this new arrangement the four—all purely amateurs—worked together in the production of the 20-footers, with results that would show creditably beside the output of any concern on either side of the Atlantic, when the use, quality and cost are all considered.

The main work of the designing or planning, was left to Mr. Duggan, Mr. Shearwood making all the calculations, a very extensive task, as it was carried out in eight or ten designs, some merely studies. He also helped with the drafting. Mr. Poe took charge of the blocks and fittings in the Montreal shop, with the business part of the Dorval shop, and the practical management of the latter was in Mr. Wicksteed's hands. All details of design, construction and fitting up were constantly discussed by the four throughout the fall, winter and spring. Mr. Wicksteed gave his entire time to his part of the work, but the other three were also engaged very fully by their regular occupations, with which cups, challenges and yacht races have nothing whatever to do. The work of designing was carried on with the utmost thoroughness and system; every set of lines was carefully drawn, not only in the usual upright position, but the necessary level and diagonal lines were plotted with the hull inclined to the average sailing angle, and calculations of displacement and centers made for this position. Stability calculations were also made, and every design which was built from was studied as thoroughly as possible on paper and by figures. When it came to the question of materials, every block, shackle and fastening was tested to the breaking point at the shops of the Dominion Bridge Co., of which Mr. Duggan is superintendent. In connection with the actual building of the hulls, it is interesting to note that the small but efficient force of the shop did not include one professional boat builder, the best mechanic of the lot being a pattern-maker and millwright, who was taught to build boats by Mr. Wicksteed. The company was fortunate in securing the services of an excellent rigger and all-around man, a Norwegian sailor.

The new boats built in the club for the 20ft. class are as follows:

20FT. FLEET, ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE Y. C., 1897.

Name.	Owner.	Designer.	Builder.	Length over all.	L.W.L.	Overhang, Bow.	Overhang, Stern.	Beam.	Draft.	S.A.
Glencairn II.	Com. James Ross	G. H. Duggan	Yacht Co. of Canada	32.2	17.4	7.9	7	8.1	5½in.	...
Avoca	G. H. Duggan	G. H. Duggan	Yacht Co. of Canada	33.1½	16.9	8.6	7.10	8.4	5½in.	473
Glenowen	Shirley Davidson *et al.*	G. H. Duggan	Yacht Co. of Canada	33.8	17.1	8.2	8.6	...	5½in.	483
Rogue	Allun, Almon and Riddell	G. H. Duggan	Yacht Co. of Canada	31.1	17.7	7.1	6.5	9	5½in.	488
Islander	A. Hamilton *et al*	G. H. Duggan	Yacht Co. of Canada	32.8	18.2	7.7	6.11	7	5½in.	416
Maida	Young & Wallace	G. H. Duggan	Yacht Co. of Canada	...	...	...	...	...	5½in.	498
Millie	Rev. Hy. Kittson	Geo. A. Kittson	...	29.7	17.5	5.3	6.11	...	.....	495
Lalagé	J. B. Abbott	Cuthbert	Cuthbert	...	....	...	....	9	3ft.	...
Bonshaw	Æmilius Jarvis	Æmilius Jarvis	H. F. Hodgson	...	....	...	....	7	4in.	...

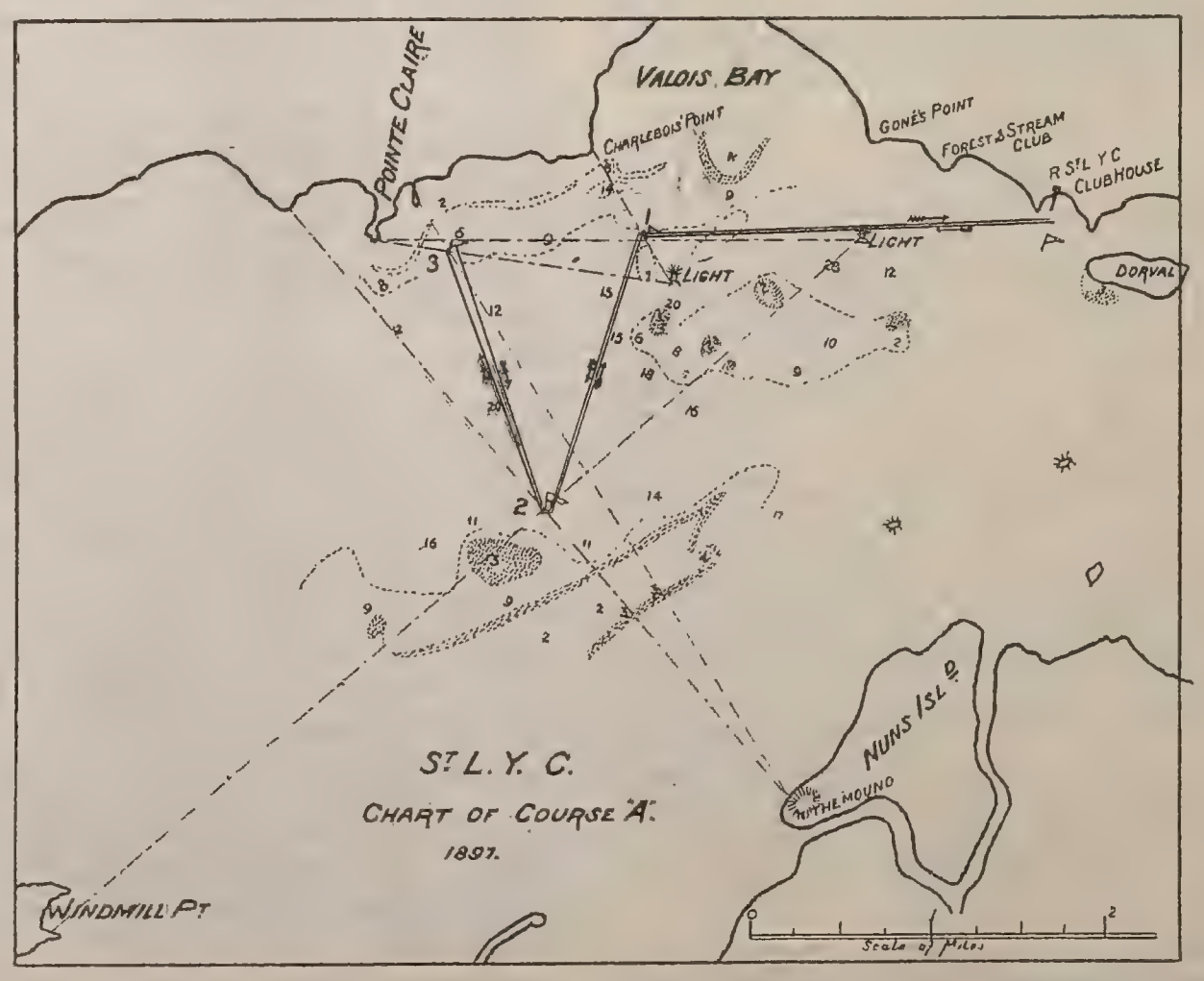
With differences in dimensions, as shown in the above table, and the accompanying differences in model, the new boats may all be classed as of the type of Glencairn I., Mr. Duggan's final 15-footer of last year, the winner of the cup. With a range of beam of from 7ft. in Islander to 9ft. in Rogue, the difference in midship section was necessarily very great, and with the experience of last season and the differences necessitated by the change to a larger class, with less sail and a crew of three, many changes were made from the original Glencairn, but still the leading characteristics were retained.

The general appearance of the two leading boats of the Duggan fleet, Glencairn II. and Avoca, is well shown in the photos. The underwater body shows a flat and wide floor, the flat carried fore and aft from bow to transom, this flat floor being joined to a strongly flaring topside by a round bilge that is approximately a quarter of a circle. This general form of section, carried as far fore and aft as possible, the round of the bilge being plainly visible in Glencairn II within a couple of feet of the stemhead, is the leading motive of the design; but as the result of careful drawings and calculations in the first place, backed by trial of the previous boats in the case of Glencairn II., each design has a distinct individuality of its own, and one is in no way a mere chance change from another. Naturally the most interesting of the fleet is the new Glencairn, and a description of her will answer nearly enough for the others.

Her sheer plan above water is well shown in the photos, the stem is carried out to a good length, thus avoiding a bowsprit and giving a better chance to work in shifting headsails; the line of keel runs down quite straight, with no indication of a hollow about the fore end of the L.W.L. to "cheat the rule," and it sweeps into a slight curve under the middle of the boat, rising again in a straight line to the transom. The height of deck at the stemhead is 1ft. 7in.; at the lowest point 1ft. 2in., and at the transom 1ft. 4in., thus giving a rather high side and a handsome and shipshape sheer.

The transom in Glencairn is square and vertical, made thus because the time did not admit of the working out of something more elaborate. In Avoca, the transom has a slight round, but so slight as to be unnoticed at a short distance, and it is really no more sightly than that of Glencairn. Glenowen has the best transom of the lot, tucked in on deck and with a good sweep and on a rake; Islander is similarly finished. The very peculiar counter seen an Glencairn I. last year has not been repeated on any of the new boats.

One marked feature of the fleet is the turtleback deck, Glencairn and Avoca having each a crown of 7in. at the mast. In the former boat some care has been taken to disguise this, and with good results; though extreme, it is not unsightly,





GLENCAIRN II.

Mr. Duggan at the helm, Mr. Shearwood forward, and Mr. Paton on starboard side. From photo by Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal.

and the sheer of the hull is not materially impaired by it. Each deck beam was laid out in the original drawing, all being faired by buttock lines. In Avoca this was not done, but the deck was run in by eye, and with rather disastrous results so far as appearance goes. The crown amidships is of a peculiar sweep; in fact, an ellipse, flat in the middle, where cut by the cockpit, and with an excessive curvature in the side deck. No two beams are of the same sweep, not one is either straight or of a true circular sweep; but outside of this they look to include every curve of the conic sections. The fore and aft lines of the deck wander down, up, and down again, with a flat place forward of the mast, a very high turtleback amidships, and a flat near the rudder head. This effect has been exaggerated by some changes of form which have taken place in the course of much hard sailing.

While by no means adding to the shipshape appearance of the boats, this high crown is really an admirable feature, allowing them to float high if entirely capsized, and with the well out of water. When carefully managed, as in Glencairn II., there is very little to be said against it on the score of looks. It is, of course, a disadvantage in working about the deck, unless the boat is greatly heeled.

In connection with this last feature, it must be considered that all of these boats have open cockpits about 6ft. long and 4ft. wide, with only a light grating on the floors along each side of the centerboard trunk. At the same time they have no bulkheads, but are entirely open from end to end. The experience thus far in the few capsizes that have occurred shows that there is little or no danger of taking water below, the hull floating very high and with the coaming well clear of the water. The shallow, suspended cockpit, seen in all of the New York boats which pretend to anything more than a perfectly flush and closed deck, is not found in any of the Duggan craft.

Taking these six boats as compared with the New York fleet, Momo—with a moderate freeboard and a shallow cockpit—being the best, and Skate—with no freeboard and a flush deck save for the cheesebox in which the light sails were stowed—being the worst, there is simply no comparison in the matter of convenience and general use apart from speed in cup racing. While the New York boats, as they stand, are mere racing machines and fit only for skillful racing men, the Montreal boats are really little ships, of quite as good a type as is at all consistent with a shallow hull below water and an absence of fixed ballast. During the races both Islander and Rogue—the latter not in the trials, though having scored second in points in the series of ten races for the Ross prizes—were out on the course, each with one or two men and four or five girls aboard, as though they were big catboats instead of mere racing machines, their main use. Glenowen sailed the whole series of trial races, but on the day of the special matches between Glencairn and Avoca, Mr. Davidson had her out with several ladies aboard, knocking around the course very comfortably. One of the boats in constant attendance at the trials was the 15-footer Anita, designed by Mr. Duggan last year for Mr. Eadie, and still raced in the 15ft. class, of the same general dimensions and type as Glencairn I. Young Mr. Eadie had her out all the time, sailing her single-handed or with a couple of ladies aboard.

After the victory of Glencairn over El Heirie last year, and of Momo, a compromise between the two types, over Skate and Keneu this year, it would certainly seem that the type developed by Mr. Duggan, of yacht-like form, with good freeboard and considerable bulk of topsides, and with open cockpit, is not only faster as a racing craft than the slab type, from Question to El Heirie, with low freeboard, no sheer and a flush deck; but that it is well adapted to general uses of which the latter is in no way capable. It is not forgotten that Glencairn I. had a shoal and watertight cockpit; and it is not yet a certainty that the compromise, Momo, may not show a decided advantage in speed over Glencairn II.; but we have very little doubt that a further comparison of the two types through a prolonged series of races will show that while the slab type with flush deck is fit only for racing, the new Duggan boats while quite as fast in racing, are as good for a certain general use, especially about Lake St. Louis, as anything of a similar draft can be. It is very evident that, save for one defect, every boat of the six can be used for an indefinite time in the future as a most convenient and speedy sailing boat, just as the 15-footer Anita now is, on a much smaller scale.

The one weak point of these boats from other than a racing standard, is the construction; but as this was planned solely from considerations of speed, and as it is amply strong enough for the present season, in spite of the large number of races sailed, they are open to no criticism on this account. The construction is certainly excellent and most ingenious in its details. As in Glencairn I., there is no keel, the garboards meeting, with but a light batten, ⅜in. inside. There is a good keelson, the centerboard trunk carried well forward and aft. The shiplap planking used in Glencairn I. has been abandoned in favor of the ribband carvel, with some original details. The planking is but ⅜in. thick (in Avoca it is but 5-16in.) and about 5in. wide. Both planking and decking are of British Columbia cedar. With a very full middle body and comparatively small ends to cover, a peculiar system has been followed. The bottom planks all run fore and aft, practically of the same width from end to end, and parallel with the garboards. The planks of the topsides run around the boat from stem to transom in the usual manner. The outer planks of the bottom are necessarily short gores, the last one straight on the inner edge and with a circular sweep on the outer, where it meets the lower plank of the topsides. Planked in the usual way, with a regular diminish of each plank from midships to each end, there would be an excessive sweep to almost every plank, to cover the hard bilge and straight bottom and flaring topsides. As it is, not only are the planks nearly straight, but many of them are of parallel width, saving a great deal of time in spiling off and getting out the stuff, as well as in fitting and fastening. The ribbands are about ¾in. square, and of course there is one inside of each seam. The frames are all steamed, about ¼ by ½in , spaced about 6in., and are set down into the ribbands. After the moulds are notched and set up, the ribbands are run over them; then the ribbands are jogged out to receive the frames, and the latter are bent in and fastened. With the framework thus completed, it is a comparatively rapid and simple job to get out the garboards and other planks, to fit them and fasten to the frames and ribbands, a "chair nail," of iron, similar to one of the old-fashioned "cigar box nails," but larger, being used.

The interior of the hull is stiffened by strong cross-floors under the mast, and by diagonal braces all over.

In connection with the cross floors, one serious defect developed in all of the early boats. In order to avoid the cutting of these floors, the edge keelson, a prolongation of the centerboard trunk, and the backbone of the boat, was stopped short of the mast to allow the floors to cross. This proved to be a serious mistake, the great strain on the mast forcing down floors, bottom and deck. It was effectually remedied, however, by building in a couple of deeper floors at the partners, carried up as frames on the sides; in one boat the mast is actually hung on cantilevers from the fore end of the centerboard trunk, thus relieving the bottom below the step of much of the original strain. In Glencairn II. the keelson has been carried well forward, crossing over the floors, and the mast stepped on top of it, making a very strong support and avoiding all straining of bottom and deck.

The centerboards of most of the boats are of rectangular shape, and built up; two pieces of sheet steel riveted together at the edges, and spaced about 1in. apart through the middle by wood blocks, then the lower portion is filled with shot or melted lead until a weight of 200 to 250lbs. is obtained. The metal triple blocks, by which the boards are easily handled by one man, are works of art in their way, the invention of Mr. Poe. They are very small and light, but amply strong for the work, and fitted with roller bearings of steel rod. They were specially designed for this use, and have proved most successful. In one or two boats, plain steel plate boards, ½in. thick, have been used.

The deck fittings are very convenient and serviceable; there is hardly a coaming to the cockpit, but a strip about 1in. high runs from its fore end nearly out to the stern, forming a needed brace for the feet on the after deck. The ends of the cockpit each have a similar strip. This strip was some 3in. high in the first boats, but was cut down, as the height proved unnecessary. Just abaft the mast are two flaring pieces about 3in. high, meeting at an angle and throwing off all water that may come over the bows, though the users of the boats unite in saying that the decks are never wet in a sea. Abaft the stemhead in the center of the deck, is a strip



AVOCA. GLENCAIRN II.

From photo by Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal.

about 2ft. long, 1in. wide and 2in. high, with several belaying pins through it to be used as riding bitts, for stowing headsails and any similar use. On each side of the deck, abaft this strip, is an inch strip as a hold for the feet.

The entire bottom and topsides are polished until they look like a new stove with the Canada Paint Co.'s special graphite preparation. The surface thus obtained is very hard and smooth as far as the roughing up of the new wood goes, and whatever may be thought of the lubricating qualities of wet graphite, the paint seems to answer admirably. In putting it on the hands of the workmen are apt to bestow a liberal coat on the deck, and with its lubricating qualities added to the high crown, all deck work is made most dangerous.

The rudders are approximately rectangular and slightly balanced, and very small in area; that of Avoca, a very powerful craft, is just 1in. wider and deeper than the rudder of the 15 footer El Heirie. It was entirely too small in strong winds, and that of Glencairn II. was made larger. The boats have wood tillers about 3ft. long, each with a jointed piece or "dog's leg."

A very neat and shipshape detail of the deck fitting is the pinrail about the mast, to which all halyards lead.

The spars, made in the shop, are all hollow and of very light proportions, the masts being barely 4in. diameter in the partners and with but 3/16in. shells. Several have failed, but those which have been carefully handled have stood through the season; the limit of reduced size and weight has probably been reached, but it seems to be only a question of careful and skillful handling to hold them safely. The rigging is of a fine grade of steel wire rope imported from England; it is very well disposed about the masthead, with a single shroud from the top and runners led well aft. The chainplates are of steel, 1 by ¼in., and spliced into each is a piece of wire rope about 1ft. long. Between this leg and the shroud is the lanyard, of rope, no turnbuckles being used on the boats. The blocks were all designed and made by Mr. Poe, with a very complete outfit of special shackles and other fittings.

The weakest point of the whole outfit, and the one in which the New York boat is unquestionably superior, is the canvasing. Montreal boasts of no sailmaker up to this work, and though the local man—Sonne, who has made the sails for the fleet—has done the best possible, his work by no means compares with that of the New York and Boston makers—men who have long been experts at the art. Both Mr. Duggan in Montreal and Mr. Jarvis in Toronto, have cut their sails, of necessity. The sails of Glencairn and Bonshaw were made from the same piece of Union silk, imported by Mr. Jarvis. Both Glencairn and Avoca are now swinging crosscut mainsails—very fair sails, but not up to those of Momo.

During the season Mr. Duggan has had every possible opportunity to try Avoca, and he was fully satisfied with her performance as compared with the rest of the fleet, and also with Glencairn I., Sothis, Xania and other of his older boats. She proved to have an excess of stability for match sailing—more than was needed with only a moderately heavy crew. It was at Com. Ross' suggestion that the new Glencairn was planned, he wishing to leave nothing undone that was possible to insure success, and believing that Mr. Duggan could improve on Avoca as he had done last year in Glencairn I. on Sothis. In the new boat, with substantially the same sheer plan, the beam was reduced about 4in., the bilge was eased off, the whole section being thrown into a little rounder and fairer curve, and the fore and aft lines were changed, a fair sweep being maintained from end to end, but with the bilge carried out almost to the stem, making a perceptible hard spot there. The design, as a whole, in spite of all fullness, is fairer and more pleasing than Avoca, and it is undoubtedly superior; though Avoca still showed very well in comparison with the finer boat off the wind in light weather in the final extra races.

The only Montreal boat of outside design in the trial races was Millie, the work of an amateur member of the club, the Rev. Henry Kittson. Mr. Kittson last year designed the 15-footer Missie, and she was built quite heavily for general use; however, she made a very good showing in the races, taking the second prize in the Ross series. This year Mr. Kittson went up to the 20ft. class, and made a design for a racer, the boat being built at his home by a couple of boat builders from Toronto. She has a high freeboard, a short and full fore overhang, an oval stern on a rather long and fine counter, and her topsides are bright. The jib is high and narrow, with a club on the foot. One of the fleet, which has done little in the races, is the Toronto boat Lalagé, designed and built by Cuthbert. She is of shallow body, but carried down into a wooden fin with a lead bulb, through which a centerboard drops, the draft of keel being 3ft. The middle body and fore end are well formed, and, though not a racer, she should make a very good sailing boat, but her counter is carried out to an extravagant length and width, 5ft. across the sternpiece, and very flat. Viola, another new boat of the class, sailed only in the first races.

It looked at one time as though a number of outside boats would be sent to Montreal for the trial races, but only one appeared, Bonshaw, owned and sailed by Com. Æmilius Jarvis, Royal Canadian Y. C. of Toronto, who last year sailed Canada in her international races with Vencedor. Bonshaw is of the scow type, but quite unlike the New York boats. She was built by Hodgson, at Toronto, from a modification by Com. Jarvis of a design, as published, of Mr. Linton Hope's Flying Scud, so successful last spring in the Mediterranean. The design was lengthened considerably, with the same beam. The bottom is perfectly flat, the sides are nearly vertical, with a right angle between them and the bottom, but instead of being almost parallel, they have a strong sweep, the deck being pointed forward and oval aft. The planking is but ¼in. thick, but the frames, spaced about 12in., are all trusses, while the hull is liberally trussed fore and aft; a cat could hardly chase a rat through the maze of light struts and braces below. She has a large plate board and shoal cockpit, and is steered with a long tiller of steel tubing. The rig is peculiar, having the mast well aft and a very large fore triangle, by means of which she was enabled to set a big spinaker, very long on the foot, giving her an odd appearance down wind. The boom and gaff were hollow and the mast solid, she had lost her first hollow mast in a collision when first under way at Toronto, and the solid one was hastily prepared. Mr. Jarvis was at a serious disadvantage, as the boat was finished so late in the season that he had no opportunity whatever to try her alongside of other craft and to get her into shape or to become acquainted with her peculiarities. Even considering that inexpensive woods have been used in place of mahogany and Spanish cedar, the cost of these boats is astonishingly low, $500 complete for racing, as compared with $1,000 to $1,500 for the New York boats.

All of this year's fleet are rigged with the ordinary gaff mainsail, and most of them have a club on the foot of the jib. While Momo has the lofty and narrow rig now popular in Boston, the Montreal boats have a lower and broader rig.

As the result of the ten races of the Ross series only Glencairn, Avoca, Millie, Glenowen, of the club fleet, with Bonshaw, were present to start in the trial races. Neither Viola nor Lalagé were up to the fleet in speed; Islander, a very fair and taking boat in model and rigged with the other Duggan boats, had not shown such speed as might be expected from her; and though Rogue had done very well in the Ross series, there was no chance of her being chosen in the face of Avoca and Glencairn, and Messrs. Almon and Riddell were both needed on the race committee. The entries for the races were:

Bonshaw—Skipper, Æmilius Jarvis; crew, J. S. McMurray and Temple McMurrich.

Glencairn II.—Skipper, G. H. Duggan; crew, F. W. Shearwood and J. Paton.

Avoca—Skipper, H. K. Wickstead; crew, Arthur Hamilton and Harold Eadie.

Millie—Skipper, Vincent Pelletier; crew, Arthur H. Hersey and F. W. Gross.

Glenowen—Skipper, Shirley Davidson; crew, L. Davidson and J. Whyte.

The courses for the club races, as already stated, lie just off the club pier, the longer course being shown on the accompanying chart. In order to avoid the shoals, rocks and sand bars, the courses for the international races, which will be determined this week by the club and Mr. Crane, will be up the lake and somewhere off Pointe Claire, starting about four miles from the club house. The courses for the trial races were laid in these waters, the starting line being close to the point marked 2 on the chart. From this point a mile leg was laid off, the mark just west of Pointe Claire, the next leg, of one and one third miles, ran S.W., and then a mile leg closed the triangle. It was decided to sail a large number of very short races, not more than three and one-third miles, as eliminating flukes, poor starts, etc., and giving a better test of the actual merits of the boats. This triangle was sailed, with marks on port or starboard hand, according to the wind, and a windward or leeward course was laid out according to the direction of the wind at the time. The result of this experiment, rather a novel one, in that it gave Glencairn a chance to make a record of six firsts for six starts in one day, was generally satisfactory, all who took part in or witnessed the races were unanimous in the opinion that it was the best method yet tried of making a thorough test. Of course, the running off of so many short races would not be practicable with a fleet of fifteen to twenty boats, but with half a dozen there was no trouble in getting all together at once after the finish for a new start.

In the different races of the 15-footers in previous years there has been a time limit of five hours for the regular course, twelve nautical miles. At a meeting of the sailing committee of the club on the evening of the first trial race, Mr. Crane being present, a suggestion from him of a shorter time limit, in view of the greatly increased speed of the 20-footers over the 15-footers, was discussed, and it was unanimously decided to make the limit four instead of five hours, and in the same proportion for the shorter courses of the trial races.

Mr. C. H. Crane was on hand for the first of the races, about the course much of the time in one of the other boats. Mr. Stackpole and Mr. Shaw, who will be the third member of the crew of Momo, came up on Wednesday.

First Day.

Monday, Aug. 2.

FIRST TRIAL.

Monday morning brought hot weather and little wind, what there was being from S.W. The steam yacht Dama had been placed at the disposal of the club by her owner, W. Barclay Stephens, and it was arranged that she should call at the club house early in the morning for the committee, guests and luncheon. She was down the river, and the locks are closed on Sunday. She started early on Monday morning, but was delayed for some hours in the locks.

In her absence, the naphtha launch Gadabout came to the aid of the committee, and they ran up in her to start the first race. Meanwhile a number of ladies were left at the club house, while others waited at Pointe Claire for the yacht.

The first race was called at 11 A. M., with the preparatory at 11:10, and the start at 11:15. The wind was light S. W., veering to W., with smooth water. The triangular course was used, with all marks to port. Millie was first away, with Avoca second, Bonshaw, Glencairn and Glenowen. They could lay their course for the Pointe Claire mark, and they moved along slowly in a falling wind, Glencairn soon taking the lead. Both she and Bonshaw set balloon jibs for a short time. The Pointe Claire mark was timed:

Glencairn	11 31 03	Glenowen	11 34 30
Avoca	11 32 03	Bonshaw	11 36 01
Millie	11 33 11		

It was a reach on the other tack to the second mark, with the same light breeze, the times being:

Glencairn	11 53 25	Glenowen	11 54 40
Avoca	11 53 45	Bonshaw	11 57 47
Millie	.. .. ..		

Millie, in third place, was hidden by another yacht and could not be timed at the buoy. They jibed and set spinakers to port, running in with the current, the final times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Glencairn	12 11 34	0 56 34	8
Avoca	12 12 17	0 57 17	7
Glenowen	12 13 20	0 58 20	6
Millie	12 14 28	0 59 28	5
Bonshaw	12 15 20	1 00 20	4

SECOND TRIAL

The second race was at once called over the windward-leeward course, with marks to starboard, the wind being still light from S.W. The start was given at 12:35:45, Glenowen going over first, with Bonshaw, Glencairn, Millie and Avoca in order. They drifted out slowly to the windward mark, Glenowen always in the lead, and were timed:

Glenowen	1 11 00	Bonshaw	1 16 12
Avoca	1 14 04	Millie	1 19 04
Glencairn	1 14 36		

They ran home very slowly, and Glenowen was nearly 6m. over the time limit of 50m. for the two-mile course. The race was not counted, but the times were taken:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Glenowen	1 31 35	0 55 50
Bonshaw	1 35 38	0 59 53
Avoca	1 36 09	1 00 24
Glencairn	1 36 12	1 00 27
Millie	1 41 02	1 04 17

While the races were going on the ladies were waiting impatiently at the club house, where the club steward was ready with a bountiful luncheon packed up for the committee boat. About noon the Dama came in view clear of Dorval Island, but ran up to the course and anchored instead of coming in to the club house. She was finally notified, and returned for the ladies and the luncheon, reaching the line about 2 o'clock. She was at once boarded by the famished crews, who had been broiling since early morning with nothing to eat or drink. After luncheon, at 4:45, an attempt was made to start another race, but there was no wind.

Second Day.

Tuesday, Aug. 3.

THIRD TRIAL.

Tuesday morning found the wind still about S.W., with the sky overcast and cooler weather. The Dama was off the club house in good season and started for the course with Avoca, Millie, Glencairn, Glenowen and Bonshaw in tow. With a moderate breeze from S.S.W. at the line, it was decided to sail the triangle with all marks to starboard, the first leg being thus dead to windward. The first whistle was given at 10:38, the second at 10:39 and the start at 10:44.

The five boats were grouped about the buoy and four went over promptly, Glencairn to windward of Glenowen, then Avoca and Millie. Bonshaw was about 30s. late at the line. Avoca footed off through the lee of the fleet, but Glencairn from the start worked out to windward and was soon ahead of Glenowen, the second boat. Bonshaw footed very fast, but at all times she sagged to leeward. The weather mark was timed:

Glencairn	11 02 20	Millie	11 05 00
Glenowen	11 03 03	Bonshaw	11 05 60
Avoca	11 01 14		

On this leg the wind was moderate and there was a little sea.

The second leg was a free reach, with booms to starboard, to the Point Claire buoy. They set balloon jibs and ran off very fast, Bonshaw passing Millie. The Point Claire buoy was turned:

Glencairn	11 10 50	Bonshaw	11 14 10
Glenowen	11 12 02	Millie	11 15 02
Avoca	11 13 50		

The last reach was quickly made, the only incident being the finish of Avoca and Bonshaw, the latter almost catching Avoca at the mark, but failing to secure her overlap, Mr. Wicksteed luffing out and cutting off Bonshaw, and then bearing away sharp to get by the buoy first. The final times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Glencairn	11 17 51	0 33 51	8
Glenowen	11 19 15	0 35 15	7
Avoca	11 20 36	0 36 36	6
Bonshaw	11 20 42	0 36 42	5
Millie	11 21 49	0 37 49	4

FOURTH TRIAL

Very few minutes' grace were given before the crews were ordered to repeat the same course, and the start was given at 11:30. The four home boats were at the line too soon and reaching along, when the leeward one luffed, and put herself as well as the others over before the whistle. Bonshaw crossed properly and was well on her way, but when the other four were recalled she came back as well, and a new start was made at 11:40. A good start was made this time, the order being Glenowen, Bonshaw, Millie, Glencairn, Avoca, all on starboard tack, with Millie to windward. Glencairn soon tacked to clear her wind, and Avoca followed. With a lighter breeze than in the first race, Glencairn again gained on the fleet, the first mark being timed:

Glencairn	11 59 21	Bonshaw	12 03 52
Avoca	12 00 49	Glenowen	12 04 13
Millie	12 03 40		

They reached across to the second mark in a very light breeze, and were timed:

Glencairn	12 09 50	Millie	12 16 10
Avoca	12 11 48	Glenowen	12 16 40
Bonshaw	12 15 03		

The wind came offshore in by Pointe Claire, and Glencairn tried her spinaker to starboard, but soon took it in. Bonshaw set hers and it fouled a jibhank, so that she could not lower it. She ran by the lee, finally luffing for the line with spinaker set, and barely saved third place from Millie. When she finally lowered jib and spinaker together the latter was torn. The final times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Glencairn	12 19 14	0 39 14	8
Avoca	12 22 20	0 42 20	7
Bonshaw	12 25 20	0 45 20	6
Millie	12 26 35	0 46 35	5
Glenowen	12 27 40	0 47 40	4

FIFTH TRIAL

The buoy for the windward course had meanwhile been set, and the boats were at once ordered to prepare for another race. Bonshaw lost some time in clearing her headsails and requested a delay until she could mend her spinaker, but her request was not heard by the committee, and the start was given at 12:40. It was hardly more than a drift over the line, the order being Glencairn, Millie, Avoca, Glenowen and Bonshaw. The latter was not ready and far to leeward, with little wind to bring her up against the current; she crossed the line, but soon withdrew, and set to work to mend her spinaker for the next race.

Again Glencairn went to the front, the times at the weather mark being:

Glencairn	1 11 30	Millie	1 12 30
Glenowen	1 12 00	Avoca	1 12 10

Millie, in rounding, fouled the mark boat and set her adrift.

The run in was quickly made in the same order, the final times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Glencairn	1 22 22	0 42 22	8
Glenowen	1 23 27	0 43 27	7
Millie	1 23 39	0 43 39	..
Avoca	1 24 05	0 44 05	6

SIXTH TRIAL.

A wait was now made for luncheon, which was passed out from the committee steamer to the boats as they came alongside; at 2:00:00 the fleet was again sent away over the windward course. The wind was now quite fresh, W.S.W., and Avoca, with a light crew, tied in one reef before the start. They made a good start, Avoca, though first over, being to leeward. Glencairn, second over the line, was close to the weather buoy, with Bonshaw, Millie and Glenowen in a string astern of her. They all crossed on starboard tack and held it for a time. Bonshaw footed fast through Glencairn's lee, standing up very straight. Glencairn held the lead with Bonshaw a good second, but the leeward propensities of the latter gradually told on her and she dropped astern. Before a third of the leg had been covered Glenowen luffed up, lowered jib and finally withdrew, her hollow mast having opened a little below the gaff. The weather mark was timed:

Glencairn	2 16 40	Avoca	2 20 10
Bonshaw	2 17 52	Millie	2 21 49

They ran home under spinakers and were timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Glencairn	2 25 30	0 25 30	8
Bonshaw	2 27 01	0 27 01	7
Avoca	2 30 00	0 30 00	6
Millie	2 31 14	0 31 14	5

SEVENTH TRIAL.

Another race was at once ordered, and at 2:46 they were sent away over the triangle, this time with all marks to port, to the Pointe Claire mark first. Millie decided to withdraw from the trials; but Glenowen was ready to start again. They went over well together on port tack, the order being: Glenowen, Glencairn, Avoca and Bonshaw, the latter to windward. The wind was W.S.W. at the line, but drawing off the Pointe Claire shore, making a beat to the first mark.

Bonshaw made a good start, and followed it up by running past Avoca to windward and taking first place. It was the old story, however; she fetched to leeward and lost more than she gained in the footing, while Glencairn, starting in a leeward berth, worked out from the fleet and was ahead before she was half way to the buoy. They all had to beat up to the mark from under the Pointe Claire shore, and they were timed:

Glencairn	2 59 21	Bonshaw	2 59 41
Avoca	2 59 36	Glenowen	3 01 41

Avoca fouled the mooring line of the buoy with her board, but was not disqualified, as the line was very long.

They reached across to the record mark, and were timed:

Glencairn	3 09 58	Avoca	3 10 51
Bonshaw	3 10 38	Glenowen	3 14 52

They ran for the finish with spinakers to port, and were timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Glencairn	3 21 10	0 35 10	8
Bonshaw	3 25 05	0 37 05	7
Avoca	3 23 09	0 37 09	6
Glenowen	3 27 26	0 41 26	5

EIGHTH TRIAL.

Another race over the same course was at once called and started at 3:35:00. The sky had clouded over but there was a little less wind. The order over the line was Glenowen, to windward, Glencairn, Avoca and Bonshaw, the latter about 30s. after the whistle.

This time Glenowen held second place to Glencairn in the windward work, the Pointe Claire work being timed:

Glencairn	3 56 20	Avoca	3 59 17
Glenowen	3 58 40	Bonshaw	4 01 00

They reached across and were timed:

Glencairn	4 15 58	Avoca	4 19 37
Glenowen	4 18 50	Bonshaw	4 21 00

The run in was made as before, Avoca ran Glenowen very hard, and by a little quick handling cut the leading boat out at the line and took second place. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Glencairn	4 32 20	0 57 20	8
Avoca	4 36 13	1 01 13	7
Glenowen	4 36 14	1 01 14	6
Bonshaw	4 37 46	1 02 46	5

An interesting incident of the day was the visit of Com. Ross, owner of Glencairn I. and Glencairn II. After spending part of the summer in England and Scotland, having a small schooner under charter to follow the races and to attend the Jubilee review at Spithead, Com. Ross reached New York on the Lucania and arrived at Montreal on Monday. On Tuesday he came out to Pointe Claire and one of the launches carried him out to the committee steamer just in time to see Glencairn winning one of her afternoon races.

The summing up of the seven races, omitting the second trial, which was not made within the limit, was as follows:

	Points.		Points.
Glencairn	56	Bonshaw	34
Avoca	45	Millie	19
Glenowen	35		

Glencairn had won every race of the seven, taking the first prize, while Avoca took second. There was no question whatever of the superiority of these two over all the others of the class, but in view of the long experience of all of Glencairn's crew in racing, as compared with the crew of Avoca, there was still a question as to the relative merits of boat and handling in each case. In order to test still further the boats, a suggestion was made to the race committee and promptly acted upon, to the effect that Mr. Jarvis should be invited to sail one of the two boats against Mr. Duggan in the other.

These gentlemen, nearly of an age and companions from boyhood, have been friends and rivals in yachting since they sailed against each other as small boys, Mr. Duggan representing Toronto and Mr Jarvis, Hamilton. For a dozen years or more Mr. Duggan has resided at Montreal, while for about half that time Mr. Jarvis has been at Toronto, each being recognized as the leading yachtsman of the respective localities. With Mr. Allan Ames, of Oswego, owner of Yama, the two divide the honor of being the best yacht sailors, Corinthian or professional, from the Gulf to Niagara, and it is quite safe to say, to the head of the Great Lakes. With two yachts so evenly matched in model as Avoca and Glencairn, of identical handiwork in hull, sails and fittings, handled by two such cracks, only good weather was necessary to make perfect racing. It was finally arranged between the two principals that Mr. Duggan should take Avoca and Mr. Jarvis Glencairn, and that a series of short races should be sailed on Thursday. Mr Duggan left his crew, Messrs Shearwood and Paton, on Glencairn, and selected for Avoca Messrs. Arthur Hamilton, Lyle Davidson and Lawrence Morris. This made four in place of three, but in order to get exactly the same weight of crew in both boats, young Mr. Morris was taken, making him the envy of every boy for miles around.

All day Wednesday was occupied by Messrs. Duggan and Jarvis in the effort to get Bonshaw hoisted aboard the Toronto steamer, an unsuccessful job; after many attempts she was finally slung under the sheers at Lachine and left for the steamer on Thursday.

Third Day.

Thursday, Aug. 5.

FIRST RACE.

Both Wednesday and Thursday were clear and pleasant, with a light east wind in the morning. Mr. Eadie's steam yacht Chipmunk was off the club house at 10 A. M., and towed the boats up to the starting line, where the first signal was given at 10:37, with the start at 10:43, over the triangle, with all marks to port. With the light east wind, this made a reach on each of the first two legs and a beat home.

Just before the whistle sounded, Glencairn came along the line from the buoy at the lee end to the steamer at the weather end and, being a little ahead of time, luffed just at the line, then filled away and crossed with the gun, being within a foot of the Chipmunk. Just before, as Glencairn luffed, Avoca came around Chipmunk's stern and between Glencairn and Chipmunk, finally striking Glencairn and the yawl boat lying beside the yacht. Glencairn went clear and away, but as Avoca struck the steam yacht's side amidships, Mr. Duggan seized her rail to fend off. As he did so, he called out, "I claim room at the mark," and at the same time he ran Avoca alongside for half the length of the steam yacht, ending with a strong shove as he reached the bow, sending Avoca off in chase of Glencairn. No protests were made, though the incident resulted in a lively but amicable discussion after the race. The committee was not called upon to decide whether Avoca had an overlap, and the general opinion was that she gained as much by being shoved along so far as she lost in other ways.

After the general laughter had subsided all hands settled down to work, sheets were trimmed for an easy reach to the Pointe Claire mark, and they rounded:

Glencairn.....10 51 47 Avoca.....10 52 25

After the jibe balloon jibs were set, and finally Avoca set her spinaker, followed by Glencairn. The second mark was timed:

Glencairn.....11 07 29 Avoca.....11 07 54

They luffed around the mark and started off with booms to port for the beat home, Glencairn, with her lead of 25s, in the weather berth. The wind was not only light, but very fluky, and the two were differently served at times. Glencairn practically held her lead and luffed over the line with Avoca 21s. astern. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Glencairn	11 32 28	0 49 38
Avoca	11 32 59	0 49 59

SECOND RACE.

Another race over the same course was immediately called, and started at 11:41. After some smart work at the line Glencairn went over 7s. after the whistle, and Avoca 18s. later. They reached across as in the previous race, and were timed at the Pointe Claire mark:

Glencairn.....11 54 30 Avoca.....11 55 28

After the jibe balloon jibs were set, but no spinakers this time. The second mark was timed:

Glencairn.....12 06 42 Avoca.....12 07 05

They stood by the port tack for a short distance when Avoca tacked, only to find Glencairn about on her weather. As they worked on, however, after two or three short tacks, Avoca, though astern, got to windward of Glencairn and gradually drew up and ran by her weather into first place, the finish being timed:

	Finish	Elapsed.
Avoca	12 27 46	0 46 46
Glencairn	12 29 20	0 48 20

Both boats came alongside the steamer for luncheon, the wind meanwhile dropping almost flat.

THIRD RACE.

After an hour of calm a light breeze came out of the southwest, and at 2:29 the boats were started, again over the triangle, marks to port. The same lively work at the line brought Avoca over 8s. after the whistle, with Glencairn 5s. later, but in the weather berth. Almost on the line they began a spirited luffing match, reaching up to the center of the triangle before bearing away for the Pointe Claire Buoy. Avoca came out a little the better at this game, and when they bore away, with spinakers out to port, she was clear ahead. She broke out her spinaker, but after hanging in stops for a time Glencairn's was taken in. They jibed about the Pointe Claire mark:

Avoca.....2 44 47 Glencairn.....2 45 04

They reached across for the second mark with booms to port, and were timed:

Avoca.....3 02 47 Glencairn.....3 03 49

Spinakers were set to port for the run in, and the finish was timed:

	Finish	Elapsed.
Avoca	3 21 19	0 52 19
Glencairn	3 22 19	0 53 19

FOURTH RACE

The signal was given at once for the fourth race, and the start was made at 3:31, the course this time being to the second mark, one mile to windward and return, marks to port. Both came reaching along the line before the gun, Glencairn on Avoca's weather quarter, which she touched with her bow; they made a good start on starboard tack, Glencairn to windward. The breeze was a little stronger in the morning, and truer as well. Glencairn weathered out from the start, as they stood to the southward, and at the turn she had a lead of about 1m. 30s. Unfortunately some outside yachts broke the view of the buoy, but Glencairn turned at about 3:50. Her spinaker quickly bloomed out to port, while Avoca set hers to starboard. The finish was timed:

	Finish	Elapsed.
Glencairn	4 05 19	0 34 19
Avoca	4 07 03	0 36 03

Little time was lost in sending them off again for the same course, the whistle sounding at 4:17. Much the same maneuvering as in the previous race brought Glencairn over again in the weather berth, but before the gun she fouled Avoca's weather quarter as both swung off to keep clear of the line.

This time the pair stood to the north and Glencairn, under much the same conditions, did decidedly better, the windward work being timed:

Glencairn.....4 42 07 Avoca.....4 43 24

In the beat of a mile, with no advantage at the start beyond the weather berth, she had made 4m. 27s on Avoca. Both set spinakers to port, but jibed them later. The finish was timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Glencairn	5 01 45	0 44 45
Avoca	5 05 45	0 48 45

As the wind was now falling it was decided to finish the racing. The results of the day were satisfactory in showing that under as nearly equal conditions of crew and handling Glencairn was sufficiently faster to fully justify her selection, and also that she in the main realized Mr. Duggan's expectations of the results of the changes from Avoca. At the same time the latter was quite as fast down wind and equal to Glencairn in reaching, both of which were unexpected.

The selection of Glencairn followed these trials as a matter of course, and she was hauled inside the boom that night at the club house, being stripped of her spars next morning, and hauled into the shed for final rubbing down and polishing. Momo and Al Anka did not arrive from Ogdensburgh until Friday afternoon.

L. Y. R. A. Races.

HAMILTON—LAKE ONTARIO.

Thursday, July 29.

COURSE, to leeward 2½ miles and return; weather showery; wind moderate and shifting; no time allowance:

42FT. CLASS—20 MILES.

	Start	Finish.
Aggie	10 40 00	1 26 30
Zelma	10 40 00	1 26 45

37FT. CLASS—20 MILES

Dinah	10 50 00	1 45 40
Vivia	10 50 00	1 47 38
Vedette	10 50 00	Did not finish.

32FT. CLASS—15 MILES.

Eva	11 00 00	1 22 40
Nadia	11 00 00	1 28 30
Dorothy	11 00 00	1 33 08
Nancy	11 00 00	1 58 15
Alert	11 00 00	2 01 00

Winners: 42ft. class, Aggie first; 37ft. class, Dinah first, Vivia second; 32ft. class, Eva first, Nadia second, Dorothy third.

27FT. CLASS—15 MILES.

	Start.	Finish.
Sylvia	11 10 00	1 47 50
Hiawatha	11 10 00	3 12 00
Mirage	11 10 00	4 03 00
Kestrel		Did not finish.

These last three crossed the starting line leaving buoy to port instead of starboard. Hiawatha and Mirage sailed an extra round to correct their mistake.

25FT. CLASS—10 MILES.

	Start.	Finish.
Rosemaryn	11 20 00	12 59 30
Ko Ko	11 20 00	1 00 00
Pedro	11 20 00	1 03 30
Scalawag	11 20 00	1 04 40
Fanetta		Did not finish.

SPECIAL SCHOONER RACE—TRIANGULAR COURSE—30 MILES

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.
Oriole	12 00 00	2 58 25	6 17 35
Priscilla	12 00 00	Did not finish.	

Winners: 27ft class, Sylvia first, Hiawatha second, Mirage third; 22ft. class, Rosemaryn first, Ko Ko second, Pedro third. Schooner Oriole wins Jubilee gold medal offered by Royal Canadian Y. C.

W. Q. Phillips, Association timekeeper.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

Monday, Aug. 2.

Course, triangular, 15 miles; weather, fine; light winds; no time allowance; postponed from July 27:

42FT. CLASS—15 MILES.

	Start.	Finish.
Zelma	11 00 00	5 05 05
Aggie	11 00 00	5 31 20

37FT CLASS—15 MILES

Dinah	11 10 00	5 23 30
Vivia	11 10 00	5 43 20
Vedette		Did not finish.

32FT. CLASS—15 MILES.

Nadia	11 20 00	5 52 20

27FT. CLASS—15 MILES.

Kestrel	11 30 00	5 38 30
Sylvia	11 30 00	5 31 28
Hiawatha	11 30 00	5 41 18
Wa Wa	11 30 00	5 56 00

22FT. CLASS—10 MILES.

Enid	11 40 00	2 34 50
Ko Ko	11 40 00	2 35 40
Pedro	11 40 00	2 40 05
Frou Frou	11 40 00	2 54 15
Kitti Lou	11 40 00	2 56 00

Prize winners: 42ft. class, Felma; 37ft. class, Dinah first, Vivia second; 32ft. class, Nadia (sail over); 27ft class, Kestrel first, Sylvia second, Hiawatha third; 22ft. class, Enid first, Ko Ko second, Pedro third, Frou Frou fourth

W. Q. Phillips, Association timekeeper.

The weather which followed the circuit was by no means good. The Toronto regatta had to be postponed from July 27, as it was blowing hard from the east, and many regular steamers would not leave the harbor. As Priscilla could not return later the special schooner race with Oriole was sailed at Hamilton. At Niagara there was a fresh breeze, making good racing, but it carried away the lake buoy placed out the night before, and the race could not be finished. There is no club there and the facilities for laying an open lake course were altogether inadequate.

The new rule doing away with time allowance in class racing to yachts within 1 per cent. of the upper limit of their class has abolished it almost entirely. In the 22ft. class there is no time allowance in any case. W. Q. PHILLIPS.

The 30-Footers at Newport.

ON Aug. 2 a race was sailed over a 15-mile triangular course in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis	2 45 10
Puck, E D. Morgan	2 45 50
Maia, Mr. Jennings	2 48 58
Dorothy II., H P. Whitney	2 52 02
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	Did not finish.
Vaquero III., H B. Duryea,	Did not finish.
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	Did not finish.

Two of the 15-footers also sailed a race, as follows:

	Elapsed.
Ilead, R. Gerry	2 05 25
Trio, F C Havemeyer	2 14 50

Another race was sailed next day over the Dyer's Island course, a sweepstakes, in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	2 07 25
Dorothy II., H. P Whitney	2 11 01
Wa Wa J. A. Stillman	2 11 40
Hera, R. N. Ellis	2 12 43
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	2 14 02
Puck, E. D. Morgan	2 16 57
Maia, Mr. Jennings	Did not finish.

Maia was dismasted.

On Aug. 4 the boats started in a strong S.W. wind and a sea for a beat out to Point Judith and back, for a cup offered by Mr. Stillman, owner of Wa Wa. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H B Duryea	3 55 13
Dorothy II, H. P. Whitney	3 58 59
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	4 01 27
Hera, R. N. Ellis	4 05 58

How to See the Races.

THE third series of races for the Seawanhaka International Cup will be sailed on Lake St. Louis, near Montreal, beginning on Saturday, Aug. 14, and continuing each week day until one of the competitors shall have won three races. The contest promises to be close and exciting, and well worth the trip to the St. Lawrence. The club station is at Dorval, twelve miles from Montreal, a small village with no hotel; but visitors can spend the night in Montreal and go out by train to Lachine, eight miles, where the steamer Duchess of York will start every morning to follow the races. The steamer is chartered by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and tickets may be obtained by visitors from the States, the price being $1.50 for Saturday, $1.25 each for the other days, or $4 for the series.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
J. M. Studebaker, Jr.	South Bend, Ind.	Crescent Surf.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

James E. Gage	Kingston, Ont.	——

EASTERN DIVISION.

George A. Mirick	Chelsea, Mass.	——

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 13.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club Targets.

Aug 14.—ROCHESTER, N Y.—Elliott-Glover match for the Kansas City *Star* cup. Also all-day shoot at live birds, under the management of Sim Glover.

Aug. 17.—WINDSOR LOCKS, Conn.—Fourth tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Windsor Locks Gun Club.

Aug. 18-19.—WARSAW, Ind.—Tournament of the Lake City Gun Club. W. A. Wineberer, Sec'y.

Aug. 24-25—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament of the Bison Gun Club. Targets C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club. $200 added money.

Aug. 26-27.—WATERLOO, Ont.—Tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club League. W J. Marshall, Sec'y-Treas.

Aug. 26-27.—MANY, La.—Tournament of the Many and Robeline Gun Clubs

Aug. 28.—EAU CLAIRE, Wis.—Elliott-Budd match for the Du Pont trophy.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—SUTTON, Neb.—Tournament of the Sutton Gun Club. $150 added money, as well as merchandise prizes. E. E. Hairgrove, Sec'y.

Sept. 1.—HAVERHILL, Mass.—Third shoot of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club.

Sept 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 6—MARION, N. J—Annual Labor Day tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. A. R Strader, Sec'y.

Sept 7-10.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's annual tournament.

Sept. 8-9.—TERRE HAUTE, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Terre Haute Gun Club.

Sept. 11-12.—————, La.—Tournament of the Many and Robeline Gun Clubs.

Sept 14-16—KANSAS CITY, Mo—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. Merchandise and amateurs.

Sept. 14-16—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Capital Gun Club. S. C. Quimby, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—Portsmouth, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.
Sept. 15-16.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club. State and open events. Chas. E Morrison, Sec'y.
Sept. 21-23.—Mitchell, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Co.
Sept. 28-29.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.
Sept. 28-Oct. 1.—Passaic, N. J.—Annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at Clifton racetrack. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. W. H. Huck, Sec'y, Rutherford, N. J.
Oct. 6-8.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.
Oct. 13-14.—Greensburg, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.
Oct. 22-23.—Huntington, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Phil Lumbreyer, late manager of the Carteret Club's grounds at Bayonne, N. J., has leased those grounds for his own use, since the removal of the Carteret Club to Garden City, L. I. Mr. Lumbreyer has started in to give shooters in the vicinity of New York city some grounds where they can go in less than an hour, and shoot matches or practice with all the comfort and quiet that attaches to a proprietary club. The conveniences for shooters at the old Carteret grounds are not to be sneezed at, as they are strictly first class, and that means a great deal to shooters. Target shooting will also be a specialty at "Phil's grounds," as these grounds will shortly be very generally called. The simplest way to reach them from this city is by a Bayonne trolley from the Pennsylvania station, Jersey City, getting off at Nineteenth street, Bayonne, and walking two blocks down toward Newark Bay. The trip can also be easily made by Jersey Central trains to West Eighth street, where hacks can be found to drive one to the grounds for a small sum. Lumbrever will always have plenty of live birds on hand, and a wire or letter to him, addressed Bergen Point, N. J., will ensure everything being ready when needed. Attached to the grounds is a school of instruction for beginners, and others who want to correct certain faults and improve their shooting. The instructor is none other than Jack Brewer, and when it comes to handling a gun easily, gracefully and with effect, Brewer should surely be able to give very valuable pointers.

We received the programme for the fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League too late for notice in our issue of Aug. 7. Any mention we make of it now would be useless so far as advertisement of the shoot is concerned; the shoot takes place on Thursday of this week, Aug. 12, at Warren, O., under the auspices of the local gun club. The programme is, however, rather an unusual one, and it might interest the managers of other leagues to know just what the P. & O. Border Gun Club League does in this line. A 10- and two 15-target events start the programme, entrance fees being at the usual rate of 10 cents per target. No. 4 is a 25-target handicap race for a model '97 Winchester repeating shotgun. No. 5 is a 15-target event. No. 6 is the League team contest, 25 targets per man. Nos. 7 and 8 are handicaps, 40 targets per man, the prizes being respectively a Parker gun and an L. C. Smith gun. In No. 4 there is an optional sweep of $2, and in Nos. 7 and 8 there is an optional sweep on each 20 targets of $2. The programme is faulty in that it omits any mention what the entrance is for either of three handicap events, neither does it state how the moneys in the ordinary 10- and 15-target events are to be divided. It does, however, make the following statement: "The club reserves the right to place a handicap in the sweepstake events."

Trap-shooting is not such a very new sport in this country after all, yet it is a fact that the reports of events at the traps which appear in 99 out of every 100 daily papers are peculiarly weak, and that the salient points of the match or sweepstake are generally either missed entirely or only slurred over. Trap-shooting is now about as popular a sport as any, save horse racing and baseball, and has as many devotees as any other, save the two mentioned above. Yet any sort of a reporter is usually considered enough for a shoot, unless it is something like the Grand American Handicap or a society match at one of the swell clubs. And why is it that in reports of yacht races a boat can be said to luff, gybe, set her spinaker to starboard, etc., without the words being quoted? And in golf reports, the writer uses the word iron, cleek, putting, etc., without the use of quotation marks? But take a report of a shoot and a whole lot of quotation marks are thrown in haphazard, thus: "drivers" "miss-and-outs," "quarterers," etc. These words are just as well understood by those who read the reports as the term "out-curve" is in a baseball report, yet you never see that word quoted.

Capt. Money made what we believe to be a new record on Wednesday of last week, Aug. 4. On that date he went to the Riverton Gun Club, having to defend his title to two trophies. Each of these matches was a 100-target race; he also shot for the club trophy, another 100-target race. In addition to this total of 300 targets, he shot at another 265 during the day in sweeps and in practice, making a total of 565 targets for the day. The three trophies he shot for were three guns, and he holds the title to each one of them, winning both the matches and the club shoot. Ordinarily 565 targets would satisfy anybody for a week or so; but Capt. Money was on hand at Boiling Springs on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 7, and did rather more than his share in breaking targets. As a result of the 565 targets in one day, he said that his shoulder was "a little sore"; but it didn't seem to bother him at all on Saturday.

Mr. E. A. Jackson, secretary of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., asks us to make the following announcement: "The regular monthly handicap contest for the E. C. cup of the Bergen County Gun Club will take place on the grounds of that club at Hackensack, N. J., on Saturday, Aug. 21. The conditions are 50 targets, unknown angles. Handicap to consist of extra birds to shoot at, 15 being the maximum. This cup is open to members and friends of the above club, and must be shot for until won three times by one person. Entrance, price of birds. At the conclusion of the cup shoot there will be a team race between the Endeavor Gun Club and the Bergen County Gun Club, ten men on each side, 25 targets per man."

The Ontario Rod and Gun Club League's shoot on Aug. 26-27, at Waterloo, Ont., may have the effect of keeping a few Canadians from attending the Interstate shoot at Montpelier, and for that reason the clashing of dates, the Montpelier shoot being set for Aug. 25-26, is to be deprecated. The Montpelier dates have been in the fixture columns of all the sportsmen's papers for some months, and a little care in selection of dates by the Ontario R. and G. C. L. would have avoided any clashing. The Montpelier shoot is, however, all right anyway, and, according to our way of looking at things, will be another success for the Interstate Association to brag about in its annual review. The club is a popular one, and there is plenty of trap-shooting enthusiasm in Vermont and neighboring States.

We have received the following note for publication: "The Chatham, N. J., Fish and Game Protective Association will hold a target shoot on their grounds on Saturday, Aug. 14. The principal event will be a handicap sweep for a new Winchester repeating shotgun, 1897 model. This prize is offered by the club, and will be contested for without any charge for entrance other than the regular charge for targets, namely, 2 cents each. A consolation prize will be offered for the second highest score. A good deal of interest has been shown of late in target shooting at this club, the fine grounds being largely answerable for this. A large contingent of the local trap-shooters is expected to participate in this event."

In our report of the Gilbert-Heikes match for the target championship of the United States, a grave error was made by the compositor who set up the type in the unknown angles. The totals were carried out correctly, and the targets lost by Gilbert, his 39th and 41st, were also shown correctly in the score. The mistake was in Heikes's score, where his total shows 47, but the lost targets are made but two in number, and are also placed in the wrong position. Heikes lost his 7th, 17th and 20th targets, just as stated in our report, which said: "Heikes commenced with a loss of 3 out of his first 20, finishing strongly with 30 straight." In all other respects the detailed scores are perfectly accurate.

Mr. Charles E. Morrison, secretary-treasurer of the Mountain State Gun Club, of Parkersburg, W. Va., sends us the following notice: "On the evening of Sept. 14 a meeting of the representatives of the several gun clubs of West Virginia will be held here for the organization of a State Association, election of officers, adoption of constitution and by-laws, etc., etc. On Sept. 15 and 16 following said meeting, the Mountain State Gun Club will give a bluerock target tournament, with both State and open events. Our club has recently put in a magautrap, and also has a full set of expert traps, so will be able to please all who may attend our shoot."

Charlie Young, of Springfield, O., has made a record for the season of 1897 that it will be hard for anyone to take from him. On July 30, at the grounds of the Springfield Gun Club, he made the great run of 151 straight, unknown angles. Altogether he shot at 175 targets, losing his 8th, 13th, 21st and 173d, a remarkable piece of shooting. Our correspondent does not state whether the shooting was practice work or not, but we conclude that it was. About two years ago (it was on Thursday, Sept. 26, 1895,) Captain Bartlett made a precisely similar run of 151 straight, on the third day of the Rochester, N. Y. Rod and Gun Club's tournament. Capt. Bartlett's run, however, was "unfinished," being made on the last 151 targets on the programme. The events were scheduled as follows: 20, 20, 20, 50, 20, 25, 20, 20. Bartlett's scores were: 19, 17, 19, 50, 20, 25, 20, 20. He lost the fourth target in event No. 3. Bartlett did not continue his run, as he had to shoot Jack Parker a 100 target race for the Schmelzer trophy before it got too dark to see. The Schmelzer trophy crops up again in connection with this run of Young's, as he is at present "one-third reversed order champion," Rolla Heikes and Ferd Van Dyke respectively owning the other two-thirds interest in the Schmelzer trophy. On the same day that Bartlett made his long run, E. C. Meyers, of the Rochester Club, made a run of 129 straight. Young's load was 3drs. E. C., 1¼oz. 7½ chilled shot, U. M. C. factory-loaded ammunition, Smokeless shell. We understand that he was using a gun of his own make.

Tuesday next, Aug. 17, will be a gala day at the grounds of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Gun Club. The main event, which will be started at 2 P. M., prompt, will be a 30-target handicap for a gold watch, $2.50 entrance. John Wright will be on hand to boss things, while Eddie Morehouse will turn the crank that churns out targets from the club's magautrap. The grounds are easily reached from New York and vicinity, being located at the terminus of the King's County Elevated, in Brooklyn, Liberty avenue and Enfield street, 30 minutes run from the Brooklyn end of the bridge, or 35 minutes from the ferry terminus at Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Owing to the clashing of dates between the Elliott-Glover and the Elliott-Budd matches, Charlie Budd has named Aug. 28, 2 P. M., and the grounds of the Eau Claire, Wis., Gun Club, as the date, time and place for the match, instead of Aug 14, as previously stated in Budd's acceptance of Elliott's challenge. The Elliott-Glover match will come off at Rochester, N. Y., on Saturday next, Aug. 14, at 2 P. M. There will be an all-day live bird shoot as well; and on the day previous, Aug. 13, a tournament at targets will be held under the auspices of the Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club.

The Lewiston, Me., interstate shoot was another success to be added to the list of those made by the Interstate Association this season. An average of over thirty-one entries on the first day, and of over twenty five on the second day, are figures that must be counted as extremely flattering. It should be remembered that there was no added money to attract shooters; it was simply a shoot under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club, but managed and run by the Interstate Association.

Dr. Gagnon seems to have struck somewhat of a snag in the matches he has made recently. In his match with D. J. Bradley at Elkwood Park, on Monday, Aug. 2, he met defeat by the score of 95 to 84. Again, in his match with Fred Hoey at the Hollywood grounds on the next day, he also lost by a wide margin. The conditions of this race were 50 birds per man, Hoey to stand at 31yds., Gagnon at 30, Hoey conceding him two misses as kills; 21yds. (Hollywood) boundary. Hoey scored 44 to the Doctor's 37.

The W. J. Healey Hardware Co., of Mitchell, S. D., writes us under date of Aug. 3 as follows: "Our shooting tournament, the dates of which have heretofore conflicted with other tournaments, will be held in this city this fall, Sept. 21, 22 and 23. The list of prizes and events will be out soon, and will include many valuable prizes; and the shoot will, no doubt, attract a large number of sportsmen."

We are informed by Mr. L. W. Cumberland, of Kokomo, Ind., secretary-treasurer of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, that the League has granted to the Erie Gun Club, of Huntington, Ind., a sanction for a tournament on Oct. 22-23. Further information in regard to this tournament may be obtained by addressing Mr. J. L. Brown, secretary of the Erie Gun Club.

At the Central Gun Club's tournament at Duluth, Minn., Hirch, of St. Paul, won first average with 225 out of 250. Bennett, of St. Paul, and C. E. Robbins, of Fargo, tied for second and third with 221 breaks. Wilson, of St. Cloud, was fourth with 212, Dr. Day, of Duluth, being fifth with 210. Mrs. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, led the ladies with 182 out of 250; the Duchess was next with 163, Mrs. Johnson, of Minneapolis, being third with 154.

A man very seldom knows when he is well off. One week ago we were feeling very sore that we could not be present at the Lewiston shoot, threats having passed between Rich Hunnewell and ourselves that we would do each other up at targets. As Rich stands third on the list of general averages with something like 92 per cent. to his credit, fate was perhaps not so unpropitious after all.

The fifth contest for the Recreation cup takes place at the Bergen County Gun Club's grounds, Hackensack, N. J., Wednesday of this week, Aug. 11. Both Sinnock and Remsen will be on hand without a doubt, each having two wins to their credit, with only three more contests for the cup to be accounted for. The man winning it the greatest number of times out of the seven shoots is to become the owner of this handsome trophy.

Frank Hall won the third heat for the silver tea service, donated by the Boiling Springs Gun Club for competition on the first and third Wednesdays of every month. The "147 handicap" was brushed aside, and a return was made to the old system of extra targets to shoot at. Hall shot very strongly, and had no trouble in scoring a 50 straight with the aid of 6 handicap. He broke 23 out of each 25, and 4 on his handicap allowance, with one target to spare. Ferd Van Dyke has two wins to his credit.

Jack Winston may use this for advertising purposes without any extra charge. On Thursday last a passenger on the Fall River line jumped overboard, according to the daily papers. Some of the other passengers saw him jump, and informed the captain. Search was made to find out who was missing, and it was found the occupant of stateroom 147 was the man who had jumped into the Sound.

It is proposed to make a special feature of a 25-bird race on the fourth day of the tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at Clifton race track, Passaic, N. J., Sept. 28-Oct. 1. The race will be 25 live birds, $25, birds extra, with at least $500 guaranteed to the three high guns. The tournament will be two days at targets and two days at live birds.

We learn from Elkwood Park that, on account of the Horse Show at Hollywood this week, the shoot for the cup presented by Mr. Max Bleiman has been postponed until Friday, Aug. 20. On Saturday, Aug. 14, there will be special handicaps, with conditions made on the grounds to suit shooters.

The Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana has granted to the Terre Haute, Ind., Gun Club a sanction for a tournament, to be held under the auspices of that club, Sept. 8-9. Mr. Albert Neukom, secretary of the Terre Haute Gun Club, will gladly supply any further information.

The Many and Robeline, La., gun clubs have joined forces and will give joint shoots on Aug. 26-27 and Sept. 11-12. Trap-shooting is said to be on the boom in Louisiana this year, and both these tournaments are likely to be well patronized.

Aug. 10. Edward Banks.

Western Traps.

IN MINNESOTA.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 7.—The following scores were made at last week's shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club. There was a good turnout of members and visitors:

Val Blatz badge, 15 singles: Maybe 8, Whitcomb 11, F. A. Richter 15, Marshall 11, Bush 10, Neely 14, Nelson 7, Noslen 6, Paegel 10, Sully 9, Biffton 7, Staples 9, Billy 7, McQueen 11, Weeks 9, Shep 6, Edgar 7, Steele 4, Parsons 6, Miss Bader 6, Mrs. Chamberlin 5, Rex 10, Bifton 6, Brown 10.

Richter won the badge in the shoot-off.

Schlitz Diamond Badge, 25 singles: Maybe 15, Whitcomb 19, F. A. Richter 21, Marshall 20, Bush 16, Neely 21, Noslen 19, Miss Bader 14, Pargel 12, Sully 14, Biffton 14, Stokes 18, Bert 20, Nelson 15, McKay 18, Billy 8, Weeks 16, Genevy 13, McQueen 17, Parsons 16.

Noslen wins diamond badge, with a handicap of 4 birds.

Club badge, 10 singles and 5 pairs:

Maybe	0111111111	00 11 01 10 11—15
Whitcomb	1111010110	10 00 10 10 10—11
F A Richter	1110111111	10 10 11 10 10—15
Marshall	1111011111	10 10 01 11 10—15
Bush	1011110111	00 11 11 10 11—15
Neely	1110111100	11 10 01 11 11—15
Biffton	1011110011	00 11 10 10 00—11
Noslen	0100000111	10 11 00 00 00— 7
Paegel	1001011101	11 10 11 11 10—14
Bert	1101111000	10 10 00 10 10—10
Sully	0001100011	10 00 00 10 10— 7
Clark	0011100110	10 10 00 00 00— 7
Stokes	1110011010	11 11 11 10 10—14
Nelson	0000111001	10 00 00 11 10— 8
McKay	1111111110	11 10 10 11 11—17
Genevy	0111111110	00 10 10 00 10—11
Weeks	1011111111	00 10 00 00 00—10
Billy	0000001100	00 10 00 10 10— 5
Steele	0000000101	— 2
McQueen	1111111111	11 10 10 10 11—17
Parsons	1110001111	10 10 00 10 01—10
Noslen	1110001111	00 10 00 00 01— 9

McQueen won the senior badge; Neely the junior badge, and Biffton the amateur badge.

IN NEBRASKA.

Omaha, Neb.—The Omaha Gun Club made the following records in its last week's shoot:

Parmelee	11111111111111111111—20	Squirrel	11111111111101110110—17
Latshaw	10111111100101011111—15	Kuhn	10111010001010001011—10
Loomis	00111111011111101111—16	Read	00101110111111111101—15
Townsend	11110101111101111110—16	Smead	10111100010111101101—13
Kenyon	01100110010111011111—13	Johannes	10111011111111100111—16

IN TEXAS.

At San Antonio, Tex., Aug. 1, members of the San Antonio Gun Club made the following scores:

Regular medal shoot, 30 targets: Shields 20, Grossmann 21, Wilkins 17, McCormack 22, Marx 22, France 21, Vollbrecht 25, Epp 17, Prescott 18, Thiele 26. Thiele won in first class, Epp in second and Marx in third class.

IN OHIO.

At Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 2, the Cleveland Gun Club held its quarter annual shoot for the country badge, the latter being won by Chic. with 25 straight on the shoot-off. The badge carries the title of champion of Tiacuyahoga county. Scores:

Thomas 43, Williams 48, Johnson 42, Redwing 38, Doolittle 37, Mack 43, Chic 48, Grant 47, Snow 47.

Chic won in the shoot-off as follows:

Williams	1111111111111101110111111—23
Chic	1111111111111111111111111—25

IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

The Sioux Falls Gun Club, of Sioux Falls, S. D., had a good attendance at its last club shoot Aug. 3, the shooting being at live birds and targets with the following results. At 18 live birds the scores were as follows:

Hutchinson 13, Burgess 9, Brown 13, Ray Hutchinson 11, DeGood 11, Snyder 7, Marson 5.

In the second event targets were used. The score, out of a possible 25: Hutchinson 18, Burgess 19, Brown 15, Ray Hutchinson 14, Snyder 6, De Good 11. Walking match: Burgess 15, De Good 11.

IN MONTANA.

The Rod and Gun Club, of Butte, Mont., at its last shoot, Aug. 3, had a pleasant meeting. Walker won the medal for the third time. Scores, 25 bluerocks: Walker 24, Christensen 22, Wright 22, Morse 21, J. Trudgeon 19, Smith 18, Spargo 18, Nichols 16, Westphal 16, W. Trudgeon 15, Jenkins 11.

IN KANSAS.

At Salina, Kan., members of the Salina Shooting Club made the following scores at its last weekly shoot: Ollinger 9, Gates 12, Stevenson 13, Cravens 7, Gemmill 10.

At the last weekly shoot of the Hutchison Gun Club, of Hutchison, Kan., B. E. Allison made top score, 21 out of 25; Will Allen next with 20. Next week Will Allen and T. A. Bavington, of Lyons, shoot a match at 50 bluerocks.

IN LOUISIANA.

At Thibodaux, La., on Aug. 2, the Lafourche Gun Club held a little shoot with the following results:

Twenty-five targets: A. Perrin 21, F. Sureau 21, John Leche 20, S. Foret 19, C. Caillouet 19, C. R. Beattie 18, E. Riviere 17, A. J. Clement 17, John Guardia 15, Henry Lejeune 14, Thomas Riviere 13, E. Le Blanc 13.

The City Park Gun Club, of New Orleans, La., is in a prosperous condition, and last week admitted twenty-six members, making its membership to day fifty-five. It is holding regular shoots at bats and targets, and bids fair to become the representative shooting organization of that city.

DULUTH SHOOT.

At Duluth, Minn., the fifth annual shoot of the Central Gun Club was brought to a successful close last week. Nine events were run off the first day.

The Jay Anderson event, No. 7, with $10 added money, went to Catamaran, Bennett and Hirschy, all of St. Paul, who scored straight kills of 15 birds. The ladies' event was won by Wojeck with a straight kill of 10 birds. A ladies' special was won by the Duchess and Mrs. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, with scores of 7 each, and Mrs. Johnson, of Minneapolis, with 6 birds killed. The merchandise prize event was a tie between Nelson, of Duluth, Hirschy and Leonard, of St. Paul, and Hill, of St. Cloud, all grounding 19 out of 20 birds. The four drew cuts, and Hill, of St. Cloud, won out. The special prize given for the highest average for the day was won by Hirschy, of St. Paul, who killed 113 birds out of a possible 125. The other high averages of the day were as follows: Robbins, of Fargo, and Bennett, of St. Paul, 110; Nelson, of Duluth, Hill, of St. Cloud, and Warren, of Duluth, 104; Holt, of St. Paul, 103; Catamaran, of St. Paul, 102; Shattuck, of Minneapolis, 102; Wilson, of St. Cloud, 101; Wojeck, of Duluth, 101. The tournament will be continued at 8:30 to-morrow morning.

Three ladies participating are Mrs. S. S. Johnson and Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, and Mrs. D. H. Day, of Duluth. Among those present from outside the city are: H. C. Lawrence, Dr. Lyons, F. Novetney, H. C. Hirschy, John Burkhardt, C. Thompson, Paul H. Gotzain, D. F. McLure, of St. Paul; W. P. Shattuck, S. S. Johnson, J. G. Parker, of Minneapolis; Dr. Harwood, of Tower; C. E. Robbins, of Fargo; H. B. Jewell, of Wabasha; Thomas O'Shaugnessy, of Bismarck; F. E. Ebner, of Aitkin; E. S. Hill, W. Thielman, A. L. Cramb, Dr. W. H. Spratty and F. B. Flynn, of St. Cloud; Phil Murray, L. E. Towne, W. H. Bean and E. M. Conrad, of Stillwater; P. E. Hauson and P. J. Boland, of Superior; J. A. Duncan, of Chippewa Falls; and C. C. Williams, of Sault Ste. Marie.

On the second day the most important events were the 6th and 7th. The 6th was worth a guaranteed purse of $50 to the winners, and in the 7th twelve cans of Gold Dust powder went to the twelve highest guns. The 6th event resulted in a tie between Murray, Bennett, Novotney and Wilson. All four succeeded in grounding 19 birds out of a possible 20. The twelve high scores in the 7th event were made by Robbins with 15, Hill, Wilson, Ransier, Wojeck, Phillips, Hirchy, Bennett, Bean, all with 14 birds; Wallace, Loud and Hard, with 13 birds.

The special prizes offered for the highest averages for the entire two days' shooting went to Hirchy, of St. Paul, who was high, with 225 out of a possible 250; Bennett, of St. Paul, 221; Robbins, of Fargo, 221; Wilson, of St. Cloud, 212; and Dr. Day, of Duluth, 210. The special prize offered for the highest average score made by the ladies was won by Mrs. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, who scored 182 birds out of a possible 250. The Duchess was second with 163, and Mrs. Johnson, of Minneapolis, was third with 154.

CALUMET HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.

At last week's shoot of Calumet Heights Club, the club medal contest was won by Patti with 24 in Class A. The weather was warm and the turnout of members rather light. A strong southeast wind made the targets low and hard, but Patti seemed to have his eye on them. Bathing was indulged in by many of the ladies and children who come each week to spend a few days at this pleasant country club. Scores:

Medal contest, 25 targets—Class A: Patti 24, Metcalfe 20, Young 19, Booth 17.

Class B: Norcom 17.

Class C: Morgan 15, Schmidt 14.

Fifteen targets, known traps, unknown angles: Booth 15, Patti 13, Norcom 12, Young 12, Metcalfe 11, Schmidt 11.

Fifteen targets, unknown traps and angles: Patti 11, Metcalfe 11, Booth 10, Morgan 10, Norcom 8, Young 7, Schmidt 4.

Five pairs, unknown traps and angles: Booth 6, Patti 5, Metcalfe 5, Morgan 4, Young 4, Norcom 2, Schmidt 1.

The members have formed two classes for rifle shooting, the men being in Class A and the women in Class B. The scores:

Medal contest, 10 shots—Class A: Metcalfe 47, Schmidt 47, Patti 39, Davis 37, Greeley 32, Norcom 24.

Class B: Mrs. Chamberlain 38, Mrs. Schmidt 37, Mrs. Morgan 33, Mrs. Young 31, Miss M. Bird 21, Mrs. Bird 20, Miss Bird 19.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago. E. Hough.

ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Aug. 7.—Warren H. Thompson won the Class A badge in the weekly club shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club, held this afternoon at Dyker Meadow. Dr. O'Brien was the winner in Class B, not having a competitor. Scores:

W H Thompson (A)	11111101111111111111111110—23
D Deacon (A)	11110111101111101011111100—19
P Adams (A)	11111011111011101111000001—18
Dr H L O'Brien (B)	11110111011010000111111100—16

A few sweeps at 10 targets, all at unknown angles, were also shot, with the following results:

Events:	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	2	3	4	5	6	7
Adams	6	7	10	8	..	..	O'Brien	6	8	7	6	4	6
W H Thompson	7	6	..	..	6	..	P E George	..	..	7	9	8	5

G. E. Pool, Sec'y.

Lewiston's Interstate.

Once more, owing to force of circumstances, or perhaps more correctly speaking this time, owing to the exigencies of business, we were unable to attend the Lewiston Interstate, an event we had been looking forward to with high hopes for a pleasant time. Not being present, therefore, we have to do the best we can with notes supplied us by one who was there, and who generally knows what he is talking about.

The shoot was held on Aug. 4-5, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club, of Lewiston, Me. The grounds are among the best in the country, having a sky background. They are located just beyond the Maine State Fair grounds, six minutes' walk from the street car line. This walk was the only drawback to the location that could be found. Large awnings were erected over the score and the place where the gun racks were placed. As for the other arrangements, Manager Shaner says: "They were about the most complete I ever saw."

The officials were: Cashier, Prof J. H. Moody; Referee, Peter Rondeau; Puller, Ed Lyons; Blackboard scorer, Allen Pratt; Manifold scorer, Frank Reade. Rich. Hunnewell, says our authority, was major domo, and was here, there and everywhere all the time, and managed to solve the problem of working and shooting successfully; he won third average in mighty hot company. Mr. H. E. Doten, of the local club, who shot under the name of Herbert, also deserves special mention for the work he did. In fact, the manager of the Interstate Association says that this shoot was one of the softest snaps he has ever had in his career as manager.

The programme was not exactly one that might be expected to draw a crowd of experts, but they were there; at least some of them. No one could hope to make any money; there was none added to the purses, and all events were at known traps and angles, 15-target events, four moneys, $1.50 entrance. The presence of so many really first-class shots and the average number of entries on the two days, goes to show that a pleasant time and a good shoot, rather than money making, was the main idea of those who attended the Lewiston shoot.

Of course there were several who went for business purposes. Here is a list of trade representatives: O. R Dickey, S. A. Tucker, W. F. Parker and L. C. Parker, Parker Bros.; Noel E. Money, secretary of the American E. C. and Schultze Powder Co.; Ferd Van Dyke, Winchester and W-A; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co; H. P. Collins, of the Du Pont Powder Co.; B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co.; E. D. Fulford, Remington gun and Schultze powder.

With known angles some high scores were made, and straights were very numerous. In event No. 9 on the second day, squad No. 3—Fulford, Dickey W. F. Parker, Leroy, Puck and Tucker—were greeted with a round of applause for their totals of two 15s and four 14s, 86 out of 90.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The table of general averages shows that fifteen men shot through the entire programme of 300 shots, 150 per day. Dickey leads the van with 94 per cent. as his general average, that being his average for each day also, as will be seen by reference to the scores for each day. Noel Money also broke the same on the second day that he did on the first day, finishing each time 3 breaks behind Dickey, with 138 out of 150. His general average is, therefore, the same as each of his daily averages—92 per cent. Rich Hunnewell was third, only one target behind, while Leroy was one target behind him; their respective averages were 91 6 and 91.3. Ferd Van Dyke came next with 90.6 per cent., his first day's scores having given the others too much leeway for him to make up altogether. Puck showed up well with 89.3 per cent, and so did W. F. Parker with 89 per cent. Fulford tied with Parker, but his percentage at this style of shooting shows that he was not in his true form. Tucker and Doten (Herbert) both fell down on the second day, but U. M. C. made a Garrison finish, and came close to taking Herbert's scalp. The figures given below tell the tale of the general averages.

	1st day.	2d day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Dickey	141	141	300	282	94
Money	138	138	300	276	92
Hunnewell	138	137	300	275	91.6
Leroy	136	138	300	274	91.3
Van Dyke	134	138	300	272	90.6
Puck	134	134	300	268	89.3
Fulford	131	136	300	267	89
W F Parker	136	131	300	267	89
Tucker	132	127	300	259	86.3
Herbert	134	122	300	256	85.3
U M C	121	131	300	252	84
Rowe	112	120	300	232	77.3
L C Parker	116	96	200	212	70.6
Collins	97	99	300	196	65.3
Norton	73	54	300	127	42.3

Berry and Cobb each missed a couple of events on the first day, but shot through the programme on the second day. Their averages for the 270 shot at were respectively 88.1 and 87. Wyman missed three events on the first day, but shot at 255 targets altogether, breaking 217, an average of 85 per cent.

First Day, Aug. 4.

Forty-three shooters took part in to-day's events, there being an average entry list of 31.4 for the ten events. The highest number of entries was recorded in No 9, when thirty-seven shooters faced the traps; the lowest was in No. 6—twenty-six. Dickey was high, with 141 breaks out of 150 shot at, all events being at 15 targets each. Next to him, bunched in a tie for the next three places, came Noel Money, Rich Hunnewell and Wilkes with 138 each; W. F Parker and Leroy tied for fifth and sixth places with 136 breaks. Van Dyke, Herbert and Puck were all a tie for the next three places with an average of 89.3, each having broken 134 targets. Tucker and Chisholm tied for tenth and eleventh places, while Fulford comes along alone in twelfth place, far below where he rightfully belongs.

The table given below shows the scores made by each man, and the percentages of breaks made by every shooter:

SCORES OF AUG. 4.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Av.
O R Dickey	12	14	15	13	14	14	15	15	14	15	94
N E Money	13	14	14	15	12	14	15	14	12	15	92
R Hunnewell	15	13	13	15	14	13	15	13	14	13	92
Wilkes	13	14	14	15	14	13	14	13	13	15	92
W F Parker	11	13	12	15	14	14	14	14	15	14	90.6
B Leroy	15	14	13	14	15	14	12	13	13	13	90.6
F Van Dyke	13	13	13	14	14	15	12	14	13	13	89.3
Herbert	14	14	14	14	12	12	12	14	14	14	89.3
Puck	12	14	12	12	14	14	14	13	15	14	89.3
S A Tucker	15	15	15	14	13	13	12	10	13	12	88
H Chisholm	13	12	14	15	13	15	11	11	15	13	88
E D Fulford	9	12	11	14	13	15	15	14	15	13	87.3
U M C	13	10	11	11	15	12	12	14	9	14	80.6
Adams	12	11	12	14	10	15	10	11	13	12	80
L C Parker	7	12	15	15	10	10	13	13	12	9	77.3
Rowe	11	11	11	12	12	13	11	9	12	10	74.6
Cain	11	11	14	14	13	11	10	13	11	8	74.6
Williams	11	13	7	8	13	8	11	12	11	14	72
G Collins	9	9	14	15	6	11	10	8	11	9	68
H P Collins	8	3	13	12	7	10	11	9	12	12	64.6
B H Norton	10	3	6	1	8	11	9	8	8	9	48.6
Berry	14	14	14	13	13	..	14	..	14	13	90.8
Cobb	13	12	15	15	12	..	11	15	..	12	87.5
Dexter	6	9	10	10	13	7	9	11	..	..	62.5
Wyman	..	..	..	12	15	11	12	13	12	11	81.9
Snow	12	12	11	12	..	..	7	..	11	13	78.3
Littlefield	..	13	13	11	13	8	..	..	8	11	68.5
O P Keyes	8	8	13	..	..	..	11	9	8	6	60
L Keys	6	11	7	..	..	..	9	8	5	9	52.3
Libby	11	..	..	14	12	..	..	..	12	11	80
Goud	11	..	..	..	12	..	14	9	..	12	77.3
Whitmore	11	..	13	..	..	..	14	..	10	8	74.6
Josslyn	13	..	..	..	12	..	..	10	..	11	76.6
Strout	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	..	7	11	63.3
Gledhill	..	..	..	8	..	7	..	..	12	3	50
Sara	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	8	55.5
Fletcher	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	7	..	53.3
Barker	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	10	..	46.6
G Parker	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	11	..	76.6
Eastman	14	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	70
Taylor	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	63.3
Page	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	9	..	40
Scribner	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	80
Entries:	33	28	30	30	29	26	36	30	37	35	31.4

Second Day, Aug. 5.

Dickey again led the list of thirty-seven shooters who took part in to-day's events. Of course entries fell off a good deal; the average entry list to-day was only 25.9 as against 31.4 for yesterday. The highest number to-day was thirty, in Nos. 5 and 8; the lowest twenty-three, in No. 7. Dickey's average was 94, the same as yesterday, while Noe Money was again tied for the next three places with two other men, with a percentage of 92, the same that he made on the first day, but those who were tied with him to-day were Van Dyke and Leroy. Hunnewell was only 1 break behind them, but he had to be content with fifth place. Fulford came up to-day and finished in sixth place with an average of better than 90 per cent.

The table below shows the scores and the percentages of every shooter, to day's programme being the same as yesterday's, viz., ten 15-target events, known traps and angles, $1.50 entrance:

SCORES OF AUG. 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Av.
O R Dickey	14	15	13	15	15	15	12	14	14	14	94
N E Money	15	14	13	13	14	15	14	14	13	13	92
F Van Dyke	15	14	14	13	13	13	13	15	15	12	92
B Leroy	14	12	14	13	14	14	13	14	15	15	92
R Hunnewell	15	12	13	13	14	14	14	13	14	15	91.3
E D Fulford	13	14	13	14	13	15	12	13	14	15	90.6
Puck	13	13	13	13	14	10	15	14	14	15	89.3
Cobb	14	13	13	14	13	12	14	12	15	13	88.6
U M C	13	14	15	13	13	8	14	13	14	14	87.3
W F Parker	13	11	12	15	15	12	13	13	15	12	87.3
Wyman	14	12	14	14	12	14	13	10	14	14	87.3
Berry	10	13	13	14	13	14	14	13	11	14	86
S A Tucker	11	12	13	12	14	13	12	13	14	13	84.6
Herbert	12	7	15	9	12	15	13	13	13	13	81.3
Rowe	7	11	14	12	13	13	13	12	13	12	80
H P Collins	11	7	10	12	9	12	9	10	7	12	66
L C Parker	8	10	10	7	8	13	9	11	7	8	64
B H Norton	6	10	5	4	8	5	2	4	6	4	36
H Chisholm	11	13	11	14	14	14	13	11	..	..	84.1
Honesty	..	..	11	12	12	13	..	14	14	11	82.8
Snow	11	11	11	7	10	10	6	..	..	..	62.8
Preble	..	..	..	13	15	13	..	13	14	13	90
Green	..	..	..	12	9	..	12	12	13	14	80
Cain	12	14	10	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	82.6
Libby	12	13	12	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	80
Whitmore	14	11	11	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	78.6
Gray	..	..	..	10	11	..	11	12	8	..	69.3
O P Keys	..	..	5	6	6	3	..	2	..	..	19.3
G Collins	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	10	..	11	63.3
Wilkes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	14	88.8
Ray	..	..	12	..	12	14	..	..	..	..	84.4
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	14	78.3
Josslyn	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	86.6
L Keys	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	43.3
Gledhill	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	36.6
Eastman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	46.2
Entries:	24	24	23	28	30	24	23	30	24	24	25.9

A FEW NOTES.

A Parker gun and E C powder won first and second averages at this shoot. Dickey held one of the guns, Noel Money the other.

Maine seems to be Noel Money's State to make a record in. He never shot better last year than he did at the Portland Interstate twelve months ago. Maybe it's the sea voyage by the Maine S. S. Line to Portland that does the trick.

Mr. Doten's figures on the first day (he shot under the name of Herbert) are worth noting; in ten events he scored 7 14s and 3 12s.

W. F. Parker, a comparative scrub shot last winter, is fast blossoming into a crackerjack. On the first day he began rockily with 11, 13 and 12 out of the first events. He then pulled himself together (we can imagine how jauntily he wore his sombrero!) and broke 2 straights and 5 14s in the next seven events, a total of 100 breaks out of 105 shot at.

Chisholm, a good shot from the East, broke 88 per cent on the first day, his average being irreparably spoiled by two 11s in consecutive events, Nos 7 and 8.

It cannot be said that Rich. Hunnewell was right after the topnotchers; he was up on the roof all the time, trotting a clip that it took Noel Money all his time to get away from him. A single break in Noel's favor was all there was between them after 300 shots had been fired.

At the close of the first day of the shoot, the shooters and their friends were the guests of the Androscoggin Gun Club, and enjoyed a trolley party to Lake Auburn. After reaching the lake the steam launch Lewiston took the entire party a trip around the lake. The evening was a most thoroughly enjoyable one in every way.

Bluerock traps and Paul North's electric pull were used to throw the bluerock targets. The magautrap was not used to throw any targets, the vast majority of the shooters being strangers to the *magazine au* omatic *trap*.

No effort was made to make a record at target throwing. The club made things move along smoothly enough, but this was a shoot for fun—not money.

EDWARD BANKS.

Sistersville Rod and Gun Club.

Sistersville, W. Va., July 30.—The following scores were made yesterday and to-day on the grounds of the Sistersville Rod and Gun Club. The very small attendance was undoubtedly due to the extremely hot weather.

July 29:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	Total.
E O Bower	7	11	10	15	9	14	7	14	87
L M Gorham	7	9	7	10	10	12	5	12	72

July 30:

E O Bower	8	15	8	13	7	14	9	9	83
D M Wallace	6	14	10	13	9	12	8	12	84
L M Gorham	5	9	5	7	4	8	3	5	46

SISTERSVILLE.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

Missoula, Mont., July 28.—Below are scores made in practice to-day by members of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles: W. E. Graham 18, R. E. Hammond 12, T. T McLeod 10.

No 2, same: W. E. Graham 17, T. T. McLeod 11.

Aug. 2.—The following scores were made to-day in the medal shoot; J. A. Forbes winning the gold medal and W. E. Graham the silver medal:

W E Graham.....1111001001001111110000111—15
Dr Mills.....0010000000110100000100000— 5
T T McLeod.....0101101000111010000001001—10
J A Forbes.....1011110111111001101011100—17

Practice, same conditions: W. E. Graham 13, J. A. Forbes 18, R. E. Hammond 7, T. T. McLeod 14.

W. E. GRAHAM, Sec'y.

Peekskill Won the Match.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aug. 5.—Below are the scores made to-day on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, in the team race between the home club, Peekskill, Marlboro, Glenwood of Newburgh and Hyde Park. This is the third match of the series. Peekskill won by the extremely narrow margin of one target, Marlboro being right behind with 94 to 95. The storm that prevailed today let up in time to give us good weather, but the light was very puzzling. Scores:

Peekskill.

Dain.....1111111111111101111111110111—23
Southard.....0111110011111111110111101l—20
Halsted.....0111111011100101111110101—18
Mason.....0110011111101111110111100—18
Horton.....0111101001111101110010011—16—95

Marlboro.

J Rhodes.....0111111111111111101111110—22
H Wyatt.....1010011111111111111111111—22
T Rhodes.....0101011111100111111110110—18
C Frost.....1100111111010111010010111—17
Covert.....1010011111100011011010l—15—94

Glenwood.

Stansbrough.....1111111111111101111111l—24
J M Gadinez.....1011111111010101011011l—20
Briggs.....0011111111110101110011010—17
Hall.....0110011111110100101011100—15
Wood.....1000010011010000011110111—12—88

Poughkeepsie

Tallman.....0111111111111111111001101—21
Traver.....1010101111111111111101000—18
Condit.....1110011001011101101111111—18
Von Wagner.....1010011111100101011011—16
Schon.....1111110001010100110001110—14—87

Hyde Park.

Baker.....1011011111101111111111110—21
Rodger.....1101111110011111111011011—20
Russell.....0111101111011111101111001—19
Sleight.....0110110010111111111111100—18
Hoover.....0001000000110010101100000— 7—85

Rike-Raymond vs. Heikes-Craig.

Dayton, O., Aug. 7.—The recent championship shoot in Fairview Park has renewed interest in the Buckeye as well as in the Star Gun Club, and matches are arranged almost daily. To-day there was a team match between Rike and Raymond against Heikes and Zenas Craig, 150 targets to each man, 50 singles, known traps, unknown angles; 50 singles, unknown traps, and 25 pairs.

Dr. L. C. Adams, referee; Capt. Ashley Brown, scorer.

Unknown angles:

Rike.....11111111111111101111111111
11110111111111111111101111—47
Raymond.....11011111011111111111111111
11111011011011111111111111—45—92
Heikes.....11111011111111111111111111
11101111111111111111111110—47
Craig.....10110011111110111111101111
11111111111111110010111111—42—89

Expert rules, one man up:

Rike.....0111111111111101111001111—21
11111101110111101111011111—21—42
Raymond.....1011010101011001111111111—18
11011110101110111111111010—19—37—79
Heikes.....1101111111111101101111110l—21
11111001111001011010101111—17—38
Craig.....0111101101111101111011111—20
11110110000011111011111111—19—39—77

Twenty-five pairs:

Rike	01	11	10	10	10	11	11	11	10	00	11	11	10											
			10	11	11	01	00	00	10	11	11	10	01	01	—33									
Ray-	11	11	11	00	11	10	11	11	11	10	10	10	11											
mond.	00	11	11	11	10	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	—37—70										
Heikes	11	11	00	10	10	10	10	11	11	11	11	10	11											
			11	10	11	01	01	11	11	10	11	11	10	10	—37									
Craig.	11	10	10	10	10	11	10	10	11	10	10	10	11											
			10	00	11	10	11	00	11	11	10	10	11	10—	3?—69									

Team totals were: Rike 122, Raymond 119; total 241. Heikes 122, Craig 113; total 235.

BROWN.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

Utica, N. Y., Aug. 7.—Below are the scores made to-day at the regular weekly shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. J. W. Fulford won from scratch with 23 to his name. Scores:

Club shoot, 15 singles, expert rules, and 5 pairs:

J W Fulford (0).....11111111111111
10 11 11 10 11 —23
Dexter (3).....1110100101111111
11 11 11 10 10—19+3—22
C K Mizner (3).....1001011111111110
10 10 00 10 11—16+3—19
Coupe (7).....101101100110000
10 10 10 00 11 -12+7—19
J G Kilbourn (1).....111001110111101
11 00 11 01 10—17+1—18
J G Deck (1).....101110011101111
01 01 01 10 11—17+1—18
Marks (2).....101111100110110
01 10 10 10 11—16+2—18
C Brunner (3).....0101101111101000
00 10 11 11 01—14+3—17
H L Gates (0).....001100101110011
11 11 11 10 01 —16
Davidson (3).....0000011111110101
00 10 01 10 10—12+3—15

C. K. MIZNER, Sec'y.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

Pawtuxet, R. I., Aug. 5.—The following scores were made by members of the Pawtuxet Gun Club in the Hunter's Handicap series. There are two classes, A and B; Class A shoots at unknown angles, and Class B at known angles. Among the shooters was J. R. Hull, of Meriden, Conn., a representative of Parker Bros. Mr. Hull acted as referee in the main event, but also found time to shoot at 15 targets. Scores:

W H Sheldon.....1111101011111101101110l101—19
S D Greene, Jr.....0111111101111111101111011O—20
F I Greener.....1111111111111101101111101—22
W H Mooney (2).....0011010101100101010101010—12
R C Root (2).....1110101111110101110111111—22
F Arnold (2).....1111011101110110110011000—18
*J R Hull.....111111100110011 —11
F Graves (2).....1100111101000010111101101—15
F Cory.....1110111101111011011101010—18
*C Staniels.....1000110111101010010111101—15

Class B.

W Thoene.....1101010001011001000001101—11
J Armstrong, Jr.....1100111101101001000001110—13
C Thunell (2).....0100000011010100110110011—18
W Repeater (2).....10100 0111101104100010101—14
G Bruxton.....0101001100110000101001000— 9
A Arnold*.....1111001110000110111101101—17
Kenyon.....1100010110000000000010000— 8

* Guest. W. H. SHELDON, Sec'y.

Glenwood Gun Club, of Newburgh.

Newburgh, N. Y., Aug. 7.—W. M. Stanbrough and A. H. Dickson shot a 50-target race to-day on the grounds of the Glenwood Gun Club, for the challenge cup donated by the American E. C. and Schultze Powder Company, Limited. Dickson challenged Stanbrough, who was the holder, but Stanbrough won with 45 to 42. Dickson has challenged again and the race will be decided Aug 12. Scores of to-day's race were:

Stanbrough.....0010111011111111111111111—21
1011111111111111111111111—24—45
Dickson.....1111111111011000111111111—21
1110111111010101111111111—21—42

GLENWOOD.

Scott Gun Club.

New Iberia, Aug. 4.—On July 25 the Scott Gun Club, of Scott, La., entertained the sportsmen of southwest Lousiana in a style that would do credit to an older gun club. The hospitality extended to its visitors will not soon be forgotten.

Mr. Leo Judice, president; Mr Nathan Broussard, secretary; and Mr. S. Begnand, captain, were all unceasing in their efforts to make the day pleasant and a success.

Crowley Gun Club was represented by Sherrif Lyons, L. L. Lyons and Fleet Coleman; New Iberia Gun Club by A. Cousin, Jr., G. Cousin, S. Harry and W. Laudry; New Orleans by R. Steckler, Alex. Voorheis and A. Cardona, Jr.; Century Gun Club, of Lafayette, by Dr. F. E. Girard, J. C. Nickerson, S. R Parkerson and Wm. Campbell.

Following are the scores:

Nathan Broussard 5, Leo Judice 5, R. Roy 3, S. Begnand 4, J. C. Nickerson 1, R. Stecker 5, E. Leger 3, A. Claus 3, L. L. Lyons 6, J. F. Coleman 5, Sherrif Lyons 6, N. Domingeaux 3, J. Begnand 2, S. R Parkerson 5, J Guillote 3, Alex. Voorheis 3, J. Weil 3, Wm. Campbel 4, Alf. Hebert 4, A. Cousin, Jr., 5, Geo. Cousin 5, Wm. Laudry 2, A. Cardona, Jr., 5, Judge De Baillon 3, L. H. Clarke 4, Miss Gertie Cardona 5, J. A. Wagner 4, Doctor Gerard 5, S. G. Harry 6.

Ties were shot at 6 birds: L. L. Lyons 5, Sherrif Lyons 5, S. G. Harry 6.

S. G. Harry won the programme shoot, prize being a handsome imported English saddle.

The second event was a sweepstakes at 10 bluerocks:

J. F. Coleman 9, L. L. Lyons 7, N. Broussard 6, Leo Judice 6, S. G. Harry 8, A. Cousin, Jr., 6, Sherrif Lyons 9, A. Voorheis 5, S. R. Parkerson 8.

On the tie, Sherrif Lyons won with 5 straight.

The third event was another sweepstakes at 6 bluerocks, ten entries, L. L. Lyons winning with 6 straight.

Fourth event, sweepstakes at 5 bluerocks, ten entries. Nathan Broussard and L. Judice tied with 5 straight, Broussard winning on the shoot-off.

On Oct. 10 the Scott Gun Club is booked for another shoot, which, from present outlook, will be a success.

ANODINE.

Team Race at Guelph.

Guelph, Ont., Aug. 2.—Below are the scores of a friendly shoot held between the Galt Hespeler and Guelph gun clubs, at Guelph on Aug. 2, six men from each club. The weather was very hot, but sweepstake shooting (after the match) was kept up till darkness interfered with the scores. Lot Singular, of the Victoria Hotel, catered to the wants of the visitors in his usual interesting style. Everybody was apparently delighted with the day's sport.

Scores:

Galt Gun Club.

Draisey.....1111111001110110101—15
Bernhardt.....0110010010011111110—12
Logan.....0011011011011011111—14
Mrs Draisey.....1111001101111011011—15
Patrick.....1111111111111111111—20
Smith.....1101110110011111110—15— 91

Hespeler Gun Club.

Limpert.....1111111111111111011—19
Tremaine.....1111110111111111101—18
Sacks.....0111111110110011111—16
Ogg.....1001110111010111111—15
Campbell.....1111111111101010110—16
Wayper.....0111111010111111110—16—100

Guelph Gun Club.

Quinn.....1111011100101111l001—14
A Cull.....0111101101001111111l—15
Singular.....1111111111111111111—20
H Cull.....1111111101110111011—17
Porteous.....1110110111111001111l—16
R Cull.....1011101011101111110l—15— 97

GEO. PORTEOUS, Sec'y.

Haverhill Gun Club.

Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 7.—Below you will find the scores made to-day at the weekly practice shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Angles:	K	U	U	K	R	K	U	U	U	U
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*10*
Bryan	9	7	8	7	4	18	8	19	9	10
Pray	8	8	8	10	7	18	6	14	..	..
Stevens	8	7	..	..	8	12	..	..	9	8
Leighton	7	4	2	..	4	9	..	17	..	..
Ingham	2	6	6	..	7	..	4	..	..	..
Osborne	4	4	5	5	..	..	..	12	9	8
Miller	..	..	5	7	..	8	6	12	8	1
Eaton	..	..	..	4	..	..	1	..	2	4
George	..	..	..	10	8	16	7	18	9	9

Events:	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Angles:	U	U	K	K	K	K	K	K
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Bryan	8	8	9	8	9	8	10	8
Stevens	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Leighton	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Osborne	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	9	9	5	9	9	9	6
George	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marble	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Furnald	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tuck	..	..	7	7	7	5	..	..

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Amateurs and Experts.

FROM AN AMATEUR'S STANDPOINT.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 6.—Have read recent letters in your paper regarding experts and amateurs at shooting tournaments. I do not know how the experts liked the arrangement of entries and the division of average prizes at the Chamberlin Company's tournament at Cleveland last June, but from an amateur's standpoint the arrangement seemed to me most satisfactory. My shooting was very poor, but when the final division of average money was made I found that I had received within $10 of the amount of entrance money I had paid in. I did not get into any lucky place, just kept in the money most of the time, but had three days most enjoyable shooting for about the usual price of birds.

If the amateurs expect to go to a shoot, shoot poorly and be nothing out, it is time that tournament managers gave up catering to them. If they are willing to pay a fair price fo several days' shooting, with a possible chance of having some one else pay for their sport, as they surely had at Cleveland, then the Chamberlin people seem to have solved the problem. Of course, free birds helped to obtain this result, but the added money at most tournaments will accomplish the same thing. Should another tournament be held under conditions similar to those at Cleveland, the amateur who cannot attend is to be pitied.

AMATEUR.

On Thursday, Aug. 19, there is going to be a big clambake and target shoot at Pine Point, Orange Lake, near Newburgh, N. Y. The "bake" will be held near the Pine Point Club Hotel, Neaf Apgar's hostelry, and is being engineered by Geo. H. Boxer Taggart, of Newburgh. The shooters of Peekskill and Newburgh will have to look to their laurels, as something of a delegation from New York city and New Jersey is going to be on hand to eat clams and break targets. Trolley cars run every hour from Newburgh to Orange Lake, the run occupying about thi ty minutes.

IN NEW JERSEY.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

July 31.—The Country Club Handicap, 20 live birds, $20 entrance, was the main feature at Elkwood Park this afternoon. This event was won by the Kentuckian, Bland Ballard, with 20 straight. He was chased to the finish by D. Bradley, who lost his 18th bird. Yale Dolan shot well, and finished in third place with 18 out of 20. He lost his 11th and 17th birds. There was a good field for this event, eleven starters being the record.

Several sweeps were also shot. These were: No. 1 and No. 2, $5 miss-and-out; No. 3, $10 miss-and-out; No. 5, 5 birds, $10, ties miss-and-out. Detailed scores of all the events follow:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Hoey (29)	222120	20	(28)....2222111222111120
Ballard (27)	2220	22222222	.....
Culbertson (25)	20	0	.....
Black (26)	220	0	(26)....0
Dolan (29)	22120	10	(30)....10
Gagnon (28)	0	0	(25)....20
Bradley (27)	0	22222122	(28)....22222222222220
Travis (27)	2210	222120	(26)....2212121220
Murphy (29)	221122	21120	(30)....0
Daly (29)	.....	12222222	(25½)..2221222222212222
Patten (26)	.....	120	.....

No. 4, Country Club Cup:		No. 5.
Hoey (29)	22202222220220	(29)....20
Ballard (27)	2222222222222222222—20	(28)....22222222
Black (27)	2210200 00	(26)....20
Dolan (30)	2211222222022220222—18	(30)....22222212
Gagnon (29)	2220222202220	(27)....22222220
Bradley (27)	2221122222222212220022—19	(28)....2220
Travis (27)	022022120	(27)....01
Murphy (30)	2212112122222002210	(30)....0
Daly (29)	2102200	(25)....12222222
Clancy (25)	112121220O0	.....
Patten (26)	000	.....

GRAND NATIONAL PRELIMINARY.

Aug. 6.—The Grand National Preliminary was the feature on the card to-day. The conditions were: 25 birds, $15, handicap; ties shot off at 5 birds, then miss-and-out. Dr. Gagnon (28), Daly (29), Hoey (30) and Murphy (30) tied on 21 each and shot-off, Gagnon winning with 5 straight; Daly and Hoey tied for second money on 4 out of 5, Daly winning second money in the second round. Murphy lost 2 out of his first 3 birds in the tie and withdrew. Scores were:

Murphy (30)	2202202222202220222222232—21
Hoey (30)	2222222220202202220222—21
Daly (29)	2002222220220220222222222—21
Gagnon (28)	1020222212222222222222002—21
Knowlton (28)	2001121101112021121112102—20
Patten (28)	22022-02220102210-2212220—19

BRADLEY-GAGNON MATCH.

Aug. 2.—Daniel J. Bradley, a member of the Carteret Club, and Dr. George S. Gagnon, who hails from Chicago, shot a race to-day over the Elkwood Park traps at 100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, Elkwood Park boundary (50yds.); the stake was said to be $100 a side, but side bets probably raised the limit. Whatever the conditions, Bradley walked away with the match, scoring the great total of 95 out of 100, running his last 47 straight. That he was in great form is shown by the fact that he shot at 138 birds during the day and only lost 7 of them, scoring in all 131 out of 138. Dr. Gagnon was weak at the start, losing 7 out of his first 24; he then braced up and ran 35 straight. The score at the half-way mark showed Bradley 46 to Gagnon's 43. The way the doctor was shooting just then made the match an interesting one, particularly when Bradley lost his 53d bird, reducing his lead to 2 birds. From that point, however, Bradley gradually forged ahead, running out without another miss, while in the last 25 alone Dr. Gagnon lost 7 birds. Scores were:

Bradley	2222202222022222222222?2—23
	2022222222222220222222222—23
	2202222222222222222222222—24
	2222222222222222222122222—25—95
Gagnon	022202202220220202—18
	2212222222212222222222222—25
	2222222220222202212222222—23
	2022102210202001120112112—18—84

Several miss-and-outs were shot, with the following results:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.*	No. 4.
Hoey (30)	20	.....	..	..
Daly (29)	21111110	122222112112	(25)..10	(29)....20
Gagnon (27)	11210	1211111210	(25)..0	(27)....11
Bradley (25)	22212222	211111222221	(25)..11	(29½)..0
Travis (27)	1222110	221212222220	..	..
Patten (26)	.....	2110	..	..

* No. 3 was at sparrows.

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.
Daly	210	222210	(28½)..22	1222	2122
Gagnon	1222	221111	(29)....20	1120	22120
Bradley	1212	212222	(30½)..12	2122	0

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Aug. 7.—There was not a large attendance at the regular monthly shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club at Rutherford, this afternoon. The hot weather and vacation time had much to do with the scarcity of shooters. Only eight entries were made for the cup shoot, the number being raised to nine by J. H. Robbins, of the *Sportsmen's Review*, who shot along as the guest of the club. Colin Wise, with 3 handicap, won the cup with a total of 48 breaks out of 51 shot at. Capt. Money, with 2 handicap, and Banks, scratch, were next with 46 each. The scores in this event are given below in detail:

C R Wise (3)	1111011111111101111111111—23
	1111111111110111111111011—22
	111 — 3—48
E Banks (0)	1111010111111111111111111—23
	1111111111111101111111011—23—46
Capt Money (2)	1111111111011111111101101—22
	1111111100111111111111110—22
	11 — 2—46
W H Huck (0)	1111111111111111111111110—24
	0111110100101111111101111—19—43
Paul (4)	1011101111111101111111110—21
	0011011111011010101011111—17
	0111 — 3—41
Asmus (12)	1101010000101101101010111—15
	0101101110110110101111111—18
	111011011100 — 8—41
J H Robbins*	1011110111110000111111100—17
	1110111010110110110111011—18—35
Frank (5)	1111110101110010011010101—16
	1001110001011111101000100—13
	10101 — 2—31
Huber (15)	1110001010100001010000000— 8
	1101101101101010010000101—13
	0101000011000110 — 6—27

* Guest.

After the cup shoot a couple of 15-target events, unknown angles, were shot. Then, there being only six shooters left on the grounds, a series of team races, the teams being chosen by Huck and Banks, respectively, were agreed upon, the losing team to pay for the targets. The conditions were rather unusual ones, and were designed as much to kill time as anything else; they were: 5 unknown angles, 5 reversed order, 5 expert rules, and 5 pairs per man; each man shot his 5 targets by himself, while the rest of the shooters and spectators sat by and guyed or applauded. These races were very close indeed. The first was won by Huck's team with two breaks to spare, the captain of the other team dumping his men by losing 4 out of 5 at reversed order. The second was a victory for Banks's team with 3 breaks to the good. The rubber was won by Huck's men with 58 to 56. The totals of the three races show that Huck's team led the other team by just one break out of the 450 targets shot at. The scores in these races follow:

No. 1, Huck's Team:					
Huck	01110	11111	11010	01 11 11 11 11	—20
Money	01110	11110	11111	10 11 10 11 11	—20
Paul	01111	10110	11011	10 01 10 01 10	—16—56
Banks's Team:					
Robbins	11101	11110	10111	10 11 11 11 10	—20
Banks	11111	01000	11111	11 11 10 01 11	—19
Asmus	11111	01110	11100	10 00 10 00 11	—15—54
No. 2, Huck's Team:					
Money	11110	11111	11011	10 11 10 10 10	—19
Huck	11111	11001	11001	11 01 10 10 11	—18
Paul	11110	10100	11110	10 11 00 11 01	—16—53
Banks's Team:					
Banks	11111	01111	11111	01 11 11 11 11	—23
Robbins	01111	01110	11111	00 10 10 11 10	—17
Asmus	01111	11111	01101	10 10 01 10 00	—16—56
No. 3, Huck's Team:					
Money	11001	10110	11011	11 11 11 11 11	—20
Paul	11110	01101	11101	10 11 11 10 11	—19
Huck	10101	11111	11110	10 01 11 01 11	—19—58
Banks's Team:					
Banks	11111	10110	10111	11 11 10 01 11	—20
Robbins	11111	11111	10101	11 10 11 00 10	—19
Asmus	01111	10111	10111	11 11 00 00 01	—17—56

Several small sweeps were also shot during the afternoon at various styles of shooting. The results were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	20	20	Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	20	20
Money	8	8	10	15	9	15	19	Huber	5	5	..	..	..	..	..
Wise	7	8	13	..	..	..	..	Brown	..	..	5	8	..	..	..
Banks	9	10	15	13	10	18	19	Robbins	..	..	12	12	8	15	19
Asmus	8	5	13	14	..	..	..	Paul	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
Huck	8	8	12	12	..	..	16	Frank	..	..	..	..	..	..	13

Nos. 1, 2 and 5 were at expert rules; Nos. 3, 4 and 7 at unknown angles; No. 6 at reversed order. In a match at 10 pairs Capt. Money broke 19 to Banks's 12.

The tie on 19 in No. 7 was shot off at expert rules in blocks of 5. Capt. Money dropped out in the first series of 5, losing his fourth target. In the second series Banks lost his second and Robbins his third; in the third series Banks broke straight, but Robbins lost his first target and retired.

Aug. 4.—Below are the scores made to-day in the regular semi-monthly shoot for the silver tea service donated by the Boiling Springs Gun Club. Frank Hall (who shoots under the name of Hyde) won a heat for the cup by scoring 50, the highest possible, with a target to spare. Asmus was the only other man who had a chance to tie him, but he had to break 15 straight to do it. He withdrew after losing 2 out of his first 5 on the handicap. None of the others shot out their allowances. Scores were:

Blauvelt (10)	..1100111101000111111111101011010011111111101110111101—35
Taylor (6)	.....1111111101111111110111111111101110111101601111110l—42
Hyde (6)	.....1111111111110111011111111111111111111111111101110111—46
	01111w — 4—50
Huck (4)	.....0011110001101110010001110111111111110011010111110O—42
Banks (3)	.....1110001011111110111111111110111111111111111111111101—43
Murphy (4)	....1111111100011111111111111101100110111111111111—42
Wright (6)	.....1111111111101111101101110100111101111101111111111—42
G Piercy (5)	....1111111110101011111101112111110111110010111111110—41
Mackey (17)	...1001100010001110000110000011100001010111110—22
Billings (10)	..1101001011101111010011111100010110111111111111101—35
Asmus (15)	....1101110011110110111001111111010111101111001111l010—36
	10101w — 3—39
Greiff (4)	.....0.0111011111010111101111111111101111101101111111—40

Handicap in this shoot is changed every month. Several sweeps were shot with the following result:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	10	15	10	10	10	20	10	Targets:	20	10	15	10	10	10	20	10
Wright	20	5	12	..	8	..	19	7	Billings	..	5	14	7	8	5	..	..
Banks	18	5	..	..	..	..	18	9	Mackey	..	..	..	..	5	8	6	16
Hyde	18	7	..	10	10	8	..	..	Townsend	..	..	..	..	5	7	7	..
Morfey	19	7	13	10	10	..	19	9	Greiff	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
G Piercy	16	7	9	6	6	..	11	7	James	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Huck	17	9	13	9	8	..	18	9	L Piercy	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	6
Peck	..	5	11	..	..	..	16	..	Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Asmus	..	4	..	..	9	4	16	..	Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..

No. 2 was at 5 pairs; all the rest at unknown angles.

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

PIERCY DEFEATS HEFLICH.

Aug. 6.—Geo. H. Piercy, of the Endeavor Gun Club, shot a 25-bird race to-day with H. M. Heflich, of Secaucus, N. J., the match resulting in a win for Piercy by 2 birds, with a score of 22–20. The conditions were: 25 live birds, $25 a side, 30yds. rise, A. S. A. rules. The match was shot on the Secaucus Polo grounds. Scores:

Piercy	2212212222202•2122022222—22
Heflich	212•121102211012220101111—20

WM HEXAMER.

AT THE HOLLYWOOD TRAPS.

Aug. 7.—There were only four entries in the Hollywood Grand National Handicap, shot to-day on the grounds of the Hollywood Club. The entries were: Phil. Daly, Jr. (29), Fred. Hoey (30), Edgar Murphy (30), and Dr. Gagnon (25). Daly was the winner, with 45 kills to his credit. Murphy and Hoey tied on 44 each, while Gagnon brought up the rear with 43, losing his last bird. Daly started out badly, losing his 2d, 8th, 9th and 10th birds. He then took a strong brace and killed 33 straight before losing his 44th dead out of bounds, his last loss, as he killed the last 6 straight. Fred. Hoey scored 22 out of each 25, but Edgar Murphy seemed to have a cinch at the halfway mark, when he had 24 out of 25 to his name. He then killed 9 out of the next 10, having a score of 33 out of 35. The loss of his 36th, 40th, 46th and 48th put him behind Daly, and tied him for second money with Hoey. Gagnon scored 23 out of his first 25, but could do no better than 20 out of the last 25. Knowlton won the Red Top prize, a case of champagne, having to score 9 straight to do it. There were nine entries for this race. Scores in the Grand National were as follows:

Hollywood Grand National Handicap, 50 birds, $100;

P Daly, Jr (29)	2022222200022222222222222—21
	2222222222222222222•2222•2222—24—45
F Hoey (30)	2022222222210122222212022212—22
	0112112222222122222200222—22—44
Murphy (30)	2221112222222220421222—24
	2120222212022202•2222•2202—20—44
Gagnon (25)	2•2212122122222222222022—23
	2222•2202222222202022222220—20—43

Paid Men at Tournaments.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There has been quite a little discussion recently in the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the paid shooter, and whether he shall be allowed to continue attending tournaments in the future, and shoot on the same footing as the rest of those who attend, as has been the case in the past.

We have heard both sides of the question ably argued, and from the paid shooter's position it would appear that the salvation of the sport of target shooting depended largely upon the present method being retained, while the rest of the shooting contingent believe that the time has come to call a halt.

It looks as though being in the minority and not running the tournaments, that the ideas of the paid shooter would have to give way to those of the others; and that the coming season would see the majority of the tournaments held under the conditions that the paid shooter could not participate in any division of the purses.

The success of the Sioux City tournament—where they were barred entirely—and that of the Chamberlin tournament—where they were taxed for the privilege of shooting are evidence of the fact that there is a demand from the majority of shooters for a more even adjustment of affairs. There is no question that the paid shooter has to a large extent increased the interest in shooting and the attendance at tournaments in the past; but it is also a question that can only be answered by actual trial, if these same shooters would not do more for the promotion of the sport, if they were not allowed to compete for the prizes at the tournaments they attend, and were only permitted to shoot at the targets, paying for them, of course: and in that way show the merits of the goods manufactured by the different houses they represent.

Looking over the cashier's books for the Chamberlin tournament we find that the highest entry in any event was seventy-three and the lowest was sixty three, and there is no question that the high average was obtained only by the pro rata division of the tax that was levied on the paid shooter, and which amounted to $225, and which gave each of the amateurs that shot the programme entire a bonus of $8.75 at the end of the shoot. We also find that in recalling the attendance at other tournaments we cannot recall any tournament whose largest entry was so very little more than the average. In our former shoots we have had a high entry of nearly 100 shooters, but not so high an average for the entire shoot. The cashier's books also disclosed the fact that in round numbers $5,700 was taken in and paid out, no charge being made for targets, all that was taken in was paid out, and that out of that amount fourteen of the paid shooters in attendance drew out $1,300. That is, about one-fifth of the average number of shooters drew out about one-third of all the money, or $300 more than they put in, including the tax; and in addition to that they were paid a salary for shooting and furnished all their ammunition and expense money.

In view of the above facts, it is our present intention at our 1898 tournament to invite all the paid shooters to attend our shoot, and we will throw for them all the targets they care to shoot at free of charge, but we will bar them from passing any money either way at the cashier's office. They will be welcome to shoot the programme through so as to show their skill, and can run a little shoot of their own on the side, but they will not be allowed to compete for the purses in the programme events.

We have run four tournaments in the last four years, at two of which they were allowed to compete on an equal footing with all others, and at two they were handicapped in one way or another, and we know they can take no offense if at our next one we see fit to try the experiment of barring them entirely.

As we have said above, it is our present intention to run our 1898 tournament on these lines, but we are open to conviction, and would like to hear from both sides interested through the columns of your paper.

THE CHAMBERLIN CARTRIDGE AND TARGET CO.,
Per PAUL NORTH.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

F. W. W., New York.—For striped bass fishing go to Asbury Park, or Barnegat, New Jersey; or to Port Deposit, Md.

H. D. A., Princes Bay, N. Y.—For snipe shooting communicate with Asa Tilton, Forked River, N. J., or C. Robinson, Lindenhurst, Long Island, N. Y.

O. E. S., Stromsburg, Neb.—The model '73 Winchester ammunition is adapted to your rifle, and you may apply to any of the Winchester agencies for it.

E. S. A., Clinton, N. Y.—You will find all the changes in the New York law in the *Game Laws in Brief*. The woodcock season will open Aug. 16.

S. A., New York.—Fox squirrels have been introduced on Long Island by the Wyandauch Club, of Smithtown. Can you inform me if this is the first attempt to put out some fox squirrels on Long Island? Ans. We have no record of any previous enterprise of the kind.

J. V. G., Allentown, Pa.—Will you kindly inform me through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM what is the best bait to use for catching German carp? Ans. A good fat worm is as good as anything; or make some of the toughest possible bread dough and bait with that. They are shy, and hard to take.

C. A. T., Whitinsville, Mass.—Please tell me how to treat a setter dog for distemper or "dog sit"? Ans. Keep him indoors. Allow no exercise. If appetite is not good feed three times a day, giving little at a time. If he will not eat administer nourishment, such as raw meat juice, milk, lactated food, eggs, etc. Give 5grs. of salicylate of soda three times a day.

W. H. T., Butler, Pa.—Will you kindly advise me the weight of the largest trout caught in United States waters, exclusive of lake trout? This is to settle a dispute that has arisen with a friend of mine. Ans. The FOREST AND STREAM's big fish record gives 12lbs. as the maximum authenticated weight; this fish was netted by an employee of the Maine Fish Commission in Rangely stream.

W. E. G., Missoula, Mont.—My setter bitch, almost four months old, has a swelling on the throat as large as an apple. It is soft to the touch. When she stands on her hind legs the lump does not show. Is it serious, and will it disappear of its own accord? Ans. Treat for worms. Apply tincture of iodine to it daily until skin becomes sore. If the swelling does not disappear after this it may be necessary to open it.

C. H. B., St. Paul, Minn.—To settle a controversy, please state whether trout can be caught with a hook and line during an ordinary night without artificial light or anything of that sort. It is alleged that certain trout fishers in Wisconsin do not start out to fish for trout until after dark. Ans. Yes, trout can be taken with bait or fly by night. The subject was discussed in our angling columns recently.

A. B. H., Philadelphia.—Will FOREST AND STREAM kindly inform an old reader if it is necessary to have a license to shoot in New Brunswick, and also the time of the open season for trout, etc., fishing. I understand there is such a license law in Quebec and Nova Scotia, but I have camped in Quebec for ten years, and no one ever said license. Ans. The New Brunswick non-resident license fee is $20. See full particulars on page 61 of the *Game Laws in Brief*. There are also license exactions in Quebec and Nova Scotia.

C. H. W., Bay Shore, N. Y.—We have here what I call a wild dove, but some of the boys call them wild pigeons. Nothing is said in the *Brief's* Long Island game laws about them. But on page 2 it says: "If no close season is named for a species, the law prescribes none," and in general provisions, "Birds other than game (except of prey) are protected at all times." Kindly inform me as to the law for wild doves. Ans. Where no special law for Long Island is given in the *Brief* the general State law applies; and doves are protected by Sec. 78 (page 44 of the *Brief*) which forbids the killing of all wild birds other than those named in the law.

H. P., Grand Rapids, Mich.—I had a discussion with a friend the other day as to the color of the meat of prairie chicken (pinnated grouse). He claimed it was white, and that he had shot a great many. I have never shot any, but have had the pleasure of eating my share, and I claim the meat is dark. Please let me know if you have ever heard of any white-meated ones? Ans. As the question is presented, you are right. Your friend's contention would apply to the ruffed grouse, which has white meat. Young prairie chickens have lighter-colored meat than that of the matured kind, but, young or old, it would be classed as dark.

W. M., Greenwood Depot, Va.—Can you give me any information concerning the care, management, feeding and breeding of skunks for their hides? I have some, and want to do something with them. I have made them quite tame, and they do not attempt to use their objectionable powers in any way. I have written to four skunk farms, enclosing stamps, but they have not condescended to reply. Ans. We have experienced a like difficulty in our endeavors to elicit information concerning the breeding of skunks. Dr. R. W. Amidon has undertaken to send us some particulars which may be of value, and which we hope to have for publication shortly.

E. A. V., Greenville, Miss.—At this season of the year several of the would-be sports are having fun shooting "bull-bats," a local name applied to the night-hawk or whippoorwill. A friend of mine stoutly avers that they are not whippoorwills but bull-bats, and entirely different. They have white bars on the wings and fly about in the evening in search of insects. I have never heard of any bird except the whippoorwill so marked and with like habits. Ans. Your description answers to the bull-bat. The bull-bat or night hawk (*Chordeiles virginianus*) and the whippoorwill (*Antrostomus vociferus*) belong to the same family, *Caprimulgiæ*, or goatsuckers, but are distinct species. You may distinguish them, too, by their note, the bull-bat's is a *peent*. The bull-bat is not a game bird, but for its services as an insect destroyer deserves immunity.

J. B. W., Haverstraw, N. Y.—There is a lake stocked from the State hatchery. The lake is a private one, but the Assemblyman from this county procured stock for it. Can the public fish in this lake, which is in private property? If so, must there not be a public road to enter? If there is not already a public road to enter should a person enter to fish, can there be brought against him a suit for trespass? Is not this pond or lake open to public fishing, from the fact that was stocked with fish from the State hatchery? What should be the area of lake to have it stocked from State? Ans. According to the law, all waters stocked by the State are open to the public for fishing. There is no restriction as to size. The lake described by you is, according to the law, public fishing water, but we are not aware of any provision for public access to the lake through the private property surrounding it.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Yellowstone Park.

A COMPLETE TOUR VIA THE PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

THE Yellowstone National Park is unquestionably the most interesting region on the globe, for within it is displayed the greatest collection of nature's manifold wonders. Indeed, this mountain-bound plateau, high up on the summit of the everlasting Rockies, is a veritable playground for the world's giant forces. To stand and gaze upon them in all their marvelous manifestations, the great geyser upheavals, the fierce steam blasts, the terrible leap of the river, and the awful cañon, is a revelation—an experience to be had at no other point on the earth.

The personally-conducted tour of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., which leaves New York on Sept. 2, affords the most satisfactory means of visiting this wonderland and viewing its marvelous features. Tourists will travel by special train of Pullman smoking, dining, sleeping, and observation cars in each direction. Eight days will be spent in the Park. Stops will also be made, returning, at St. Paul and Chicago. The round-trip rate—$235 from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, $230 from Pittsburg—covers all necessary expenses.

For detailed itineraries and full information, apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Through Buffet Parlor Car between New York and Cape May.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that, beginning Tuesday, July 27, from New York, and Wednesday, July 28, from Cape May, a through Pullman buffet parlor car will be placed in service between New York and Cape May daily except Sunday. This car will be attached to train leaving New York, West Twenty-third street station, at 12:55 P. M.; Desbrosses and Cortlandt streets, 1:00 P. M., stopping at Newark, Elizabeth, Rahway, New Brunswick, Trenton, Bordentown and Burlington. Returning car will be attached to train leaving Cape May at 7:00 A. M., making same stops.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1897.

VOL. XLVIX.—No. 8. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

One grumbler in camp will destroy the pleasure of the whole trip. The man in camp is a very different being from the man in society, as a rule, therefore, look well for genial companions, as very much of the pleasure of the trip depends upon it. It may be a delicate subject, but should be talked over earnestly, and squarely, by parties starting out on a camping tour for the first time. It will go a long way toward preventing much unpleasantness, if you have a clear understanding that no petty quarreling, grumbling or fault-finding will be indulged in by any member of the party. This kind of an understanding will put each man on his guard; in other words, put him to thinking, and by just thinking a little, many trifling affairs could be turned to fun that might otherwise irritate. Col. Horace Park.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE statement in the papers called forth by the recent stage robbery in the Yellowstone Park, that this is the first hold up that ever has taken place there, is untrue. Stages have been robbed in the Park at least twice in the past, though these occurrences took place at long intervals, and the perpetrators, in one case, we recall, were apprehended and punished. The first incident was when Handsome Charley, otherwise known as Long Red, with a companion held up the stage between Gardner and the Mammoth Hot Springs. If we recollect aright, the total amount of their plunder was about $15, and for the offense Charley at least spent fifteen months in Deer Lodge. The pay he received for the year and a quarter's work cannot be considered munificent, even if we take into consideration the fact that his board and lodging cost him nothing. Occurrences such as these are unfortunate, because they tend to keep up in the East the notion that the West is still wild and woolly, while as a matter of fact it is deplorably commonplace and tame. A man is much more likely to be held up in the streets of New York than in the Yellowstone Park.

Speculation as to the outcome of the Massachusetts anti-birds' plumage law has been set at rest by a decision just rendered by Attorney-General H. M. Knowlton. The law, which is Chapter 524 of the statutes of 1897, provides that "whoever has in his possession the body or feathers of any bird whose taking or killing is prohibited by Section 4 of Chapter 276 of the acts of the year 1886, or wears such feathers for the purpose of dress or ornament, shall be punished as provided in said section." The Attorney-General contends that the birds whose killing is prohibited by Section 4 are, and only can be, birds which are within the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and subject to the protection of her laws. The birds referred to in the anti plumage statute are the same; and hence he says: "I am of the opinion that the Statutes of 1897, Chapter 524, is not to be construed as prohibiting the having in possession or the wearing of the body or feathers of birds taken or killed without the Commonwealth."

Taking into consideration the spirit, text and enforcement of the Massachusetts game law, we are inclined to the opinion that the Attorney-General's interpretation of the new statute would be sustained by the courts. For many years Massachusetts, while seeking to protect her own game, has thrown the doors wide open for the market reception of game from the rest of the country at all times and seasons. Like the District of Columbia, New York, Missouri and some other States, she sordidly, brutally, shamefully ignores the rights and interests of others. Boston is as New York, Washington and St. Louis, a dumping ground for the game of other States unlawfully taken and dishonestly exported. The game law of Massachusetts being thus, in letter and spirit, confined strictly to prohibiting the sale of Massachusetts killed game only, we take it that the anti-plumage law must be interpreted as having a like restricted purpose. And more is the pity, since, on the testimony of Chief Wade of the State Police, the actual working of the law has been to bring practically to a stand-still the bird-feather millinery business. In other words, if properly worded the law would accomplish precisely what its promoters intended it to effect, namely, it would stop the sale of birds' feathers. If Attorney-General Knowlton's opinion shall go unchallenged by appeal to the courts, the law, as it stands, will be worse than a farce, and it will remain for the honest promoters of an honest anti-plumage law to renew their efforts at the next session of the Legislature.

An interesting trespass case has come up in this State which has a direct bearing upon the point of law discussed by Mr. J. S. Van Cleef recently in our columns, respecting public fishing rights in private waters. A clause of the fish law provides that when private waters have been stocked by the State they shall thenceforth be free to the public for purposes of fishing. Mr. Van Cleef has pointed out that this would be an invasion of vested rights which probably would not be upheld if brought to test in the courts. The case in point, which offers an opportunity for making just such a test, is the suit instituted by Mr. George J. Gould, as owner of Furlough Lake in the Catskill Mountains, against Hiram and Aaron Graham, of Hardenburgh, for trespass on the lake for fishing. The case came up before Judge Hill, of Pine Hill, last week, and the defense was a general denial and the allegation that the lake was first stocked by the State, and that therefore the right to fish in it belongs to the public. The trial was postponed.

The anti-hounding deer law, which goes into force in the Adirondacks this season, has been received in various sections of the North Woods with approval and disapproval. Antagonism to the statute is found mainly, of course, in those sections which have been resorted to by visiting sportsmen for deer hounding, and is based largely upon an apprehension that the enforcement of the law will deter many visitors from making their customary Adirondack excursions, and that instead they will go to Maine or Canada or elsewhere wherever the chances of killing a deer with or without hounds may be considered superior to those of New York. There is no question that in some measure at least this apprehension is well founded. We have knowledge of a number of deer hunters accustomed formerly to visit the Adirondacks who are planning to go elsewhere and who have engaged their guides in Maine or New Brunswick. In some parts of the Adirondacks where opposition to the new order of things is most intense the antagonism has been manifested in a general defiance of the deer law. We have received and published communications showing that deer have been killed out of season with little regard for legal restrictions, and we have conversed with those who have been in the North Woods and who have the same story to tell. It is reported that all available game protectors of Major Pond's staff have been sent to the Adirondacks to enforce the anti-hounding law, now that the open season has come. It will doubtless require all the vigilance and circumspection and ability of the force to execute the law in those districts where it is unpopular.

If Justice of the Peace E. Biller, of Glenflora, Wisconsin, held forth in the classic purlieus of the Bowery, he would, we are sure, be termed a peach. Justice Biller has got his name in the papers because of his connection with a deer-hunting case in Chippewa county. The facts as disclosed on the trial were in brief as follows: On June 9 of this year John Fintzen, of Glenflora, visited the house of a Mr. Howell, where he remained over night preparatory to going deer hunting the next day. He told the two boys of the household, one thirteen and the other eleven years old, of his purpose, showed them his Winchester rifle and promised that if he got his deer he would give them half of it. On June 10, returning from his deer hunt, he told the boys that he had killed a young buck, took them to the place where he had left the deer, and skinned it and divided it up while they stood by watching him. He then gave the boys one-half of the venison and parted from them, first cautioning them against saying anything about what he had done. The game warden, having been notified by Mr. Howell, the father of the boys, arrested Fintzen and brought him up before a justice of the peace at Bruce. Several continuances were secured by the defendant; and the warden, learning that Fintzen's friends were determined to secure an acquittal, discontinued the action, and procuring a warrant from the court at Chippewa Falls, rearrested him for trial there. Meanwhile, Justice of the Peace E. Biller and his brother, Constable Biller, of Glenflora, approached the two boy witnesses with bribes and threats; and fearing that by these inducements they might not be prevented from telling the truth on the trial, the Biller who is a justice of the peace wrote this letter to their father:

"GLENFLORA, Wis., July 26.—*Mr. Howell, Friend and Brother:* As I may not see you, for my sake as a brother in F., L. and T., do all in your power to help John Fintzen in his trouble. Post them boys up so they can have their story well learned. Tell them to say in a few chosen words, that they never saw him have in his possession or shoot a deer. Yours in I. O. O. F., E. BILLER.

In spite of the exertions of this unworthy public officer to induce the boys to perjure themselves in Fintzen's behalf, all the facts of the case, including Biller's own activity in it, were developed in the course of the trial at Chippewa Falls, and Fintzen was convicted and sentenced to sixty days in jail. The case discloses not only a woful condition of public sympathy with respect to the violation of the game laws in Chippewa county, but a much more serious demoralization as exhibited by this man Biller, in comparison with which game laws and their observance are of altogether minor importance. A community sunk so low as to have for its presiding justice an individual of Biller's stamp is less in need of game wardens than of missionaries and schools and churches. For the good name of the county, the prosecuting attorney or the Grand Jury should take action in the case of Biller, J. P.

The recent tour of the New York Fish Commissioners through the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River, for the purpose of selecting grounds to be purchased by the State for public camping sites, has so far come to naught. The Commissioners found no difficulty in selecting desirable sites, but they have not as yet been successful in coming to an agreement with the holders on the important question of price. Landowners appear to be possessed of a notion that as the State is the purchaser they may improve the opportunity to get fancy prices for what they have to sell. The Commissioners, on the contrary, are disposed to do business for the State as they would for themselves, and on like business principles. For the time being, then, the St. Lawrence park interests are in abeyance, but in time, it is altogether likely, the State will acquire its lands on reasonable terms.

The satisfaction and benefit of an outing do not depend upon long distance traveled, nor large expense incurred. If you cannot afford the time to go far, nor the money for an expensive trip, take the short one and go cheaply. Make the most of such outing opportunities as may present themselves. Many of us would get more enjoyment out of this beautiful world if we took the good things legitimately within reach. The actual trouble with many men who profess themselves irrevocably chained to business is that they have not the will or the resolution to relax the confinement when they might. There is a false estimate which leads one to believe that if he steps aside from the rut and the grind, things will incontinently go to smash; and so the unhappy victim of the delusion plods along year after year and knows neither the sheen of the bass in the landing net nor the velvety feel of a bird's plumage brought from flight to hand. It is a notion foolish and cruel, because it cheats one out of so much of the good of living. He finds a larger and fuller and richer life who takes his share of the innocent pleasures of woods and streams and plains and mountains.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club's tournament last week was notable for the character of the work done, and the promoters of the tournament are deserving of much credit for their exertions and of congratulations upon the success of the meeting. The record achievement was that of Mr. W. D. Mansfield, of San Francisco, who in the long-distance fly-casting over-topped his own previous performance of 108½ft., with a noble cast of 111¼ft. The work done on the Garfield Park lagoon last week sets the pace for fly-casting emulation.

At the Sportsman's Exposition in Madison Square Garden, last March, Mr. T. B. Mills, in single-handed fly-casting for distance, made a cast of 110ft. 9½in., but the loss of his fly prevented his scoring the performance as a world-beating record. Mr. R. C. Leonard has cast 111ft. in practice, and Mr. Cooper Hewitt 112ft. in practice; neither of these count as against Mr. Mansfield's public cast of 111¼ft. which stands as the best of record.

The Sportsman Tourist.

VESPERS IN THE WOODS.

FAR, far away, toward the dawn of day,
Is a land where pine trees grow;
The summer winds through their branches play,
And their voices blend as they gently sway,
In music sweet and low
Sweet and low, soft and low,
Like the ghost of a song heard long ago.

In that far land is a silver strand,
By a wild lake's lonely tide;
And beyond the belt of shining sand,
Where the mountains rise on either hand,
The grim old pines abide.
Low and sweet, soft and sweet,
They sing to the waves that kiss their feet.

At eventide, when the mountain side
Grows black in the twilight gray,
When night steals over the forest wide,
And moon and stars in the heavens ride,
The pine trees croon and sway.
Croon and sway, sough and sway,
As I rest in camp at the close of day.

The moon's pale wake, on the rippling lake,
Is gilding the waves afar;
A loon's wild calls the silence break,
And a buck comes down his thirst to slake,
Where the floating lilies are.
Low and soft, sweet and soft,
The wind in the pine trees sighs aloft.

The wavelets woo for my light canoe,
And out on their pulsing breast,
With noiseless paddle I guide it through
The jeweled night, on a pathway true,
To enchanted realms of rest.
Sweet and low, soft and low,
The pine trees sing, and the night winds blow.

I listen long to the weird, sweet song,
The hymn of the mountain pine,
And know, the eternal hills among,
I am close to the Master, far from wrong,
And nearer the One divine.
God is love, God is love,
The pine trees murmur and chant above.

* * *

Far, far away, are my thoughts astray
In that land where pine trees grow;
Fond memory brings to my ears to day
Their vesper song, as they sough and sway,
And bend to the waves below.
Soft and low, sweet and low,
My heart is there where the pine trees grow.

WM A. BROOKS.

WELLESLEY HILLS, Mass.

MUSKOKA WANDERINGS.—II.

What the Wanderers Saw and Did in Lake Muskoka.

In solitude sweet in this forest tall,
Thus I spend in the lonely wood,
From leafy June to leafless fall,
Till verdant woods bear winter's pall—
Summer days in the lonely wood.

For here I find a safe retreat
In my home in the lonely wood,
Away from the world, with its sham and cheat;
A place where God and the heart may meet,
Is my home in the lonely wood. J. W.

LIFE to us now took on a more conventional aspect, not that the level of ordinary life had been reached, but that a compromise had been effected between the Robinson Crusoe life of camp and the social code governing more fashionable resorts.

For the first time we came within the reach of churches, of which no less than three were near at hand to choose from.

Shall I ever forget the warm Sunday afternoon we sat within the walls of the little doll's house—Church of the Holy Cross, at Fairmount—listening to the white surpliced expounder of the apostolic claims of his church or watching the droning wasps in the windows! The quaintness of the tiny building pleased the eye, with its unplastered lath and unpainted woodwork, its point-device equipment of organ and pulpit, litany desk and credence table, altar and reredos and all the paraphernalia of ritual; and yet nothing but husks—no word in season to offer to the drowsy tourist or apathetic settler.

Not far away, on Keewaydin's breezy point, stood a small marquee, and here on Sunday evening gathered a small congregation to listen to the words of a local preacher or some traveling divine, while the lambs of the flock sat outside and watched the sunset glow fade into twilight and the evening star shine out in the darkening sky.

I have listened to the softened harmony of a hymn as I paddled slowly with noiseless blade through the quiet channels of the Seven Sisters, watching the reflections of their rocks and trees deep within the bosom of the dreaming waters, and the utter rest and the peace of nature sunk into my heart like a divine benediction.

Set a prophet of the wrath to come upon a rock overlooking the watery mirror, with the glory of dying day shining on his face and the last soft breathings of Shawondasee* still faintly stirring in the foliage, and the awful words of everlasting damnation would choke between his lips. No place this to talk of a wrathful God and atoning sacrifices; Love alone is here enthroned.

Muskoka is not always a land of sunshine, and times come when the rainy Hyades are in the ascendant, and cold, bleak winds lash the lakes into choppy, foam flecked waves. Then, with book in hand, we sat under sheltered verandah or in the opening of our tent and watched the swaying pine tops and the shifting tints running through the birch and maple as the strong wind turned their leaves, or else lost ourselves in the printed page, listening dreamily the while to the rain pattering on the roof like the footsteps of departing summer.

*The south wind.

On such a day, clad in waterproofs, we faced the rain and wind in our canoe, and called on friends we knew would scarcely care to brave the weather and leave a fast closed door and deserted verandah to face a weather-scorning visitor. Once beneath their roof, a cordial hospitality would not hear of our leaving till the hour was late; indeed, it needed small persuasion to cause us to linger later, and yet later in the hope of an abatement of the storm.

At last the rain ceased, and a merry party escorted us to the water's edge, where lay our craft. Then regretful adieus, a waving of lanterns, and the darkness swallowed us up—a darkness that blotted out the earth as though it were not. The shadow of night lay on us like a pall, and a spirit of



LOOKING FROM MY BEDROOM WINDOW.

brooding mystery seemed hid in its muffling folds. Instinct alone seemed our guide, rather than sense, as we stole from point to point, the dim outlines of one vanishing long ere another disclosed itself to our straining eyes. How like we seemed to yearning souls striving to penetrate the mystery of life, seeing but one tiny arc of the vast circle of knowledge and yet seeking, with intensest effort and with agony of spirit, to construct the whole of the vast unknown from the fragments their senses have explored.

Truly, the darkness of ignorance was upon us, but past experience and the quickened perception it begets won us through in safety.

In life-giving breezes, Muskoka has few rivals; fresh, strong and impetuous, they sweep over the land from the west, bearing color for the cheeks and health to the tired frame.

In the morning, looking from my window toward the half-hidden opening of Milford Bay, I was generally sure to see light ripples running across the water from the southeast or south. Toward the middle of the day a dead calm fell upon the land, and trees and shrubs quivered through the heated air rising from the rocks.

Then came faint stirrings of breeze from the southwest or northwest, and before long a steady pouring of wind till, the noon-tide hour well past, strong squalls were chasing changing shades across the water and singing with insistent note through the waving trees. What sailing days these were, and how the sun and wind seemed to penetrate your very tissues till a glow of life ran through the pulsing arteries.

On such a day we visited Bala Falls, pushing through the constantly turning stretches of the lake with a boil of white under the bow and an eddying swirl astern that well betokened the power of the pouring wind upon the straining canvas.

To me that sail was a shifting panorama of rocky points, changing isles of green, fleeting cloud shadows ever throwing magic transformations over the landscape, and a blazer-clad crew distributed along the gunwale brimming over with a very exuberance of life as they watched the bubbling water flashing along an inch below the lee gunwale.

Bala Falls are merely pretty rather than grand and picturesque, yet I love to watch the tumbling water of the main



MUSKOKA LIFE.

fall with its spurting jets of spray, and fierce quick rush through the water-darkened rocks at its base, and to take the dash of its cooling spray in my face. This was our first glimpse at the more rugged and stirring scenery to be found on Muskoka rivers, and which contrasts so well with the quieter beauties of the lakes themselves

When we said good-bye to Bala it was with genuine regret, for the ceaseless, sparkling life of rushing water has a charm that never palls. Quietly enough we slid down the bay to the narrows, the wind seeming to have exhausted its strength, but after we had drifted through the little strait the mighty west wind, *Muojekeewis*, awoke to find a fragile skiff braving his power, with butterfly wings, and in his very home. Then, with the war club with which he slew the mighty *Mishe Mokwa*, the great bear of the mountains, he smote us as we lay scarce moving. Like a high-strung horse stung by the spur of its rider, our good boat shivered to the blow, and then keeling over till the water trickled over the straining rail, sprang northward with a rush. Fierce and fast then fell the blows of *Mudjekeewis* and fast and faster flew the boat, dashing the chop of water into spray with her nose to be hurled in showers over boat and crew. A spirit of merry madness seemed upon us, and without thought of fear the girls sat up to windward with glowing, waterwet faces, and laughing eyes framed with blowing, tangled, spray soaked hair. On we dashed, past Sandy Point, with its white tents and huge dinner bell looking so like the bell of the Inchcape Rock that one might well expect the stout craft of Ralph the Rover to be near at hand. On, still on! past Shaw's and Bassett's, and into the steamer channel, where the waves boil angrily around the Kettles, half submerged in menace to the unwary. The wind was then astern as we swung into the channel and far too strong for our narrow skiff to run dead before it without fear of dangerous rolling or unexpected jibe.

"Take a zigzag course, then run down toward the Kettles on the south, then shoot across to the Isle of Skye on the north, then, with an easy quarter run, the channel can be cleared." "Done!" and toward the Kettles we go.

"Is it safe to run so near? Are there no hidden rocks?" A clatter and bang down beneath us and the centerboard gives answer.

"Down with the helm! In with the mainsheet! Quick! No place this for slow coaches. Shove the boom to windward! Let draw!" and we are off again with the wind on the other quarter On the Isle of Skye side the performance is repeated and we run clear well into the channel, running north to the Indian River before going about and heading homeward.

There is no abatement in the wind, and Mortimer's Point, Cooper's Point, Gibraltar, Hiawatha, Crown Island, Raspberry, Idlewild and the Seven Sisters, are passed at such a pace as our boat had never done before.

And so we reach the finish—wet and wind-dishevelled, but happy—the girls on the gunwale like the rest and leaning far out to windward, proud to show their sailorly skill to watching friends ashore.

No one who sailed with me that day from Bala will ever forget that experience of rushing, breezy, gladsome life.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow," said Juliet to her lingering lover, and truly when leaving valued friends and well-loved scenes there is much truth in the words, if we can but say "Auf wiedersehn," for memory will recall their charm



"SO LIKE ONTARIO'S GRAND OLD MAN."

and anticipation seize the future to ease the pain of parting.

I said Good-bye to Donald at Keewaydin, and the 'Nut-brown Maiden" stood beside him on the wharf and waved me a long farewell and God-speed!

Donald was hearing other voices than those of nature, for love was whispering in his ear, and very pleasant was the sound.

It seemed as though the steamer knew my longing to take a parting glance at the familiar places where I had been sowing the seeds of reminiscence, for after leaving Beaumaris she circled past Gibraltar, past aspiring Crown Island, and brought again into view the distant Point of Keewaydin with Winona beyond, and then turned south to Mortimer's Point to meet the Bala steamer.

Then whispered memory in my ears—Was it not behind yonder rock on Raspberry Island that looks so like Ontario's grand old man, that you came upon Donald and the maiden hand in hand? How they blushed, and how the sly joke and merry laughter passed around.

There it was that you caught that huge pickerel, the one that got away How she watched with parted lip and flushing cheek your struggle with the darting fish, and when, with a flash of his golden belly and a sweep of his tail, he broke from you, when victory seemed a certainty, was not her vexation as keen as yours. It pleases you to think of it, though other eyes have attracted you as much.

You were just about here when the black squall struck you the day you went to Bala. How well the girls jumped to the gunwale, and then watched your face to gather from your set mouth and watchful eye the extent of the danger, while you, with sheet in hand and finger on tiller, leaned far over the water as the boat careened to the blast.

It was there your tent was pitched the night you watched the spirit dance in the northern sky, the aurora that lit the heavens with trembling green and rosy light, and the whip-poorwill uttered its mournfully plaintive cry in the dark woods behind you.

Do you not remember how you stood on Crown Island's summit and looked around on Muskoka's breezy panorama of lake and island stretching far and wide at your feet, and how you strove to set in definite thought the feelings that welled up within you; how you longed to find words to express Muskoka's charm and could not; how you longed to set on paper the words that burn and could not?

Some day when reading a great poet's work, you will come across lines that seem to you so beautiful and true that you will straightway commit them to memory. The poet has put into the words the feelings that struggled within you for utterance, and found none. Then you will know how true the saying is that the poet is the word maker, the man who finds language for that which other men have only dumbly felt

All this and much more had memory to say to me, but as she spoke the steamer was churning the miles astern, and

almost before I was aware of it Muskoka wharf was in sight, and Muskoka life the memory of a dream.

J. Edw. Maybee.

LOBSTER FISHING.

On the shore of Massachusetts Bay, in a little place eight or ten miles south of P., is a little settlement, the chief support of which is farming and lobster fishing. As you sit down to a lobster salad or broiled link, do you ever think of the work, and the people who work that we may enjoy these dishes?

Let us look the thing over a little. In the place of which I speak, nearly every man, young and old, is engaged in this business some part of the year. Now, what about this fellow called a lobster, and where is he?

In cold weather he goes into deep water to keep warm, and in the spring, as the weather and water become warm, he crawls inshore again to breed, and also to find a place to shed his shell. Do you know what I mean by this?

Well, a lobster begins life on his own account with a shell that is one or two sizes too large for him. In the course of time he grows to fill it, and then looks about for a place to cast it off. Before he gets ready to make the shift, there is a soft skin which forms under the shell; this hardens after the old shell is cast off and becomes the new shell. When he is in this condition, he is worthless except for bait, and is called a "black skin" or "shedder." When he sheds, the old shell cracks down the back and he manages to crawl out. He is now a soft, flabby fellow, and must hide himself somewhere out of reach of his enemies; for while he will live on them when his shell is hard, he, as a shedder, is a prey to every fish that swims.

After his shell gets hard, he then comes out looking for food. As you will see, the best time to catch him is when his shell is full, or just before he becomes a shedder. Now let's see how he is caught.

In the early spring the traps or pots must be put into condition. A pot is made with an oak frame about 4ft. long and 2ft. wide, with slats nailed lengthwise, forming the bottom. Then there are four bows bent from one side over to the other, with slats nailed the same as on the bottom.

It now looks like a chickencoop without ends. We now take a small, wooden hoop about 5in. in diameter and knit a coarse net around it until we get to the rim of the trap. These are tied to the rim and then the hoop is fastened inside, one at each end. Now make a door in the top and you have a lobster pot ready for line and buoy. The line is about 100ft. of the common clothesline, and the buoy is a piece of wood shaped and painted to suit the fancy of the fisherman.

After a man has selected certain colors for his buoys he is known by these colors; or, as they say, "paint." Should you ask one of the fishermen who owns a trap, the buoy of which you hold in your hand, he will answer: "That is Wen's paint," or whoever owns the trap. He knows the colors at a glance.

After fastening in the hook on which the bait is placed, the pot is ready for sea. A lobster crawls up on the net in the end, goes through the hole after the bait, and drops down inside the trap. He does not know enough to go out the same way, so there he is.

As everything is ready to set the traps, let's get our bait and go out. We put six or eight pots on our 15ft. dory and take a bushel of bait—but let me tell you what the bait is: Fish of any kind is good, and to be first-class it must be "stale"; and the staler it is, the better the bait. Our friend the lobster is not particular what he eats.

Uncle G. says the best catch he ever made in one pot he got with a dead hen on as bait. The most common bait is herring and sculpin, while hake, skate and dogfish work very well. These they cut into pieces weighing about 2lbs., and then set them in the sun to ripen. As the fishermen say, this gives them a good land flavor. It is well for us who like lobsters that they do not get the same flavor.

But we will get back to our dory, and should the water be rough we find that it requires all our skill to handle her. I found this out to my sorrow when I tried it at one time. After we have gotten out from the shore about half a mile we put some bait on the pots and throw one over. We go about 30yds. further along shore and put over another, and so on until we have put out sixty or more. The next man goes outside and makes another line, or "string," as they call them. We must now catch bait for the fishing to-morrow, and on the "low water" get the "cars" out, into which to put the lobsters which we expect to catch. These are anchored close inshore, in some sheltered spot, by a strong chain and rope. We are now fixed, and in the morning we will go out and "haul."

At about 4 o'clock in the morning Wen is on hand. Taking a seat in the dory we watch the ease and skill with which he "pushes" us out to the first buoy. I say "push," for these fishermen stand in the boat facing the bow and push the boat along with the oars instead of rowing her. We reach the first buoy and Wen takes it with the boat hook. Putting on his "oilers" and a pair of thick woolen mittens to keep the line from slipping through his hands, he begins to pull. You cast your eye over the side and try to see what he "has on the string."

Soon you see the pot coming out of the depths with seaweed and kelp clinging to it, but before you have had time to look he has it at the side of the boat. With a quick pull, which takes practice to get, he has the pot on the rail, and inside you see a variety of "game." There may be lobsters of different sizes, crabs, sculpin, cod and perhaps other kinds of fish; and then again, it may be as bare of everything as a billiard ball; but this is "tough luck," so we will have a catch on this trip.

Lobsters of various sizes, and as the fish go into the bait tub and the crabs go overboard, we will confine ourselves to the lobsters. In one corner of the pot is a large dark green fellow trying to back out through the slats, but the door is opened and he is seized by the back and placed carefully in the boat. He is a counter. There are two and perhaps three of these; the rest are "snappers," or "shorts," as they are called.

To explain what I mean by "counter" and "snapper." The law in Massachusetts is that any one catching or having in his possession a lobster under 10½in. in length is liable to a fine of $5 for such lobster. They are measured from the end of their beak to the end of the tail. If they are over the required length, or even the exact length, they are called "counts"; if under, they are "shorts" or "snappers." One trick of this trade is to get a snapper that will almost go and then stretch him. Talk about "leg pulling," it isn't in it to what some of the lobsters get.

We have an egg-bearing lobster in one pot. This must go overboard, for the law protects these as well. In my opinion, these laws are right, but of course they are hard on the fishermen.

We have a measure stick in the boat, and the catch is measured—if they are long enough they go into the boat; if not, they go overboard. We have taken the lobsters from the pot, put new bait on the hook, and now we throw her over. This we repeat at each pot, and find that our catch is sixty count. We get in shore to the car as fast as possible, and put them in; there they stay until the smack comes for them.

You may not know what I mean by this kind of a smack. She is a small schooner, with what in other vessels is called the hold fitted watertight on the inside, and then the bottom is made full of holes to admit the sea water, and really makes a large floating car with sails. The place where the lobsters are carried is called the "well." The smack goes along shore, picking up the lobsters from the fishermen, and pays for them at the rate agreed upon in the spring. She has a regular time and route, and often acts as express messenger for the boys.

The smack which goes to the place of which I write is the Evelyn Adams, of Boston, and I have spent some pleasant hours with her captain and crew. When she is sighted, the lobster men get their nets, and there is a grand hustle to put the catch aboard. The dories flock out to her with their loads, and the men joke each other about their catch. The lobsters are counted as they go into the well, and after a dory is unloaded, the man takes his money and sits down to a little smoke. To start a "jolly" he sings out: "Say, Tom, how do you like fishing my pots?" "What the blazes do you suppose I want to fish your traps for? I can get fish enough in my own." "Well, I notice I get more when I get out earlier than you do" —but here comes a boat with an extra large lot. Then there is a lot of whispering among them, and you hear: "That's where they go," "I'll move my string in the morning," "Strange how he can catch them and we can't."



A TYPICAL LOBSTER FISHERMAN.

Taking their case, jug, box, or whatever it comes in, they go over the side into their dory and home. This is the work of these men, and it is work, I can assure you; but they become accustomed to it, and manage to keep nice farms besides. The fishing begins in March and continues until June; then the traps are taken ashore until August, to dry and be repaired.

July is the month our friend takes to cast off the shell that has stood by him for a year, and the fishermen give him a chance. By Aug. 1 he has got into his new shell and got acquainted with himself, as we might say; and now the fishermen get after him and keep it up until November, or until he goes off into deep water for the winter. Such is the lobster fishing in Massachusetts, and it is the same everywhere along our coast, with the exception of the season of fishing.

In some places they go after our friend in his winter quarters, and in this way we have them in the winter. We get the most of our lobsters in the winter from Maine and the Provinces, and the fishing there at this season of the year must be something that you could not call fun.

Our fishermen say that it is hard work to clear $600 a year lobster fishing. Not very big pay for such hard work, is it? And these are the things of which we do not think when we order one on the shell. While at the beach I have had some traps for my own use and have taken pleasure in the work of running them. One day a friend, not having seen a lobster caught, went out with me. I pulled the traps and threw the lobsters into the boat. They were crawling around her feet and, in fact, were all over the boat. She stood it for a time and then said: "Say, can't we drive these things up into the front of the boat?" After we got them fixed she took one in her hand, and after looking at him for some time said: "What kind of an opinion do you suppose the man had of himself who first tackled a lobster?" Do you blame her? He surely looks the least like something eatable of anything I know.

I learned one thing during my fishing, and that is that to be a success as a lobsterman one must be able to get out early in the morning "to hear the birds sing," as the fishermen say. There is more or less of the "early bird," etc., about this fishing, and in this case it is not worms but lobsters which are caught. As a rule, the fishermen respect the "paint" of one another, but there is quite a temptation to pull them all, and I am sorry to say "some go down."

I think at one time I had the pleasure of taking out two of the most sleepy passengers that ever fell to any one's lot. I had been asked to call them early, and so at about 4 o'clock I gave their door a gentle rap. Talk about the seven sleepers, I will back these two against anyone in this line. They came to the conclusion after awhile that some one was calling them, and I can hear the answers to my calls now. They saw lobsters caught and "heard the birds sing," however, and I guess they saw the sun rise for the first time and I fear the last, if they depend on being called by anything short of an earthquake. I was repaid, however, when I listened to the sweet strains of Mandalay and tried to convince Miss B. that the boat would not be upset.

The fisherman works every day in the week, resting Sunday, and goes out sometimes when you and I would think that we had no use for lobsters. They are a tough, hardy set, and as a rule good fellows. Uncle G. has been in the business forty years and some of the stories he tells are good ones. I may at some time tell of a fishing trip taken with him to his trawl, but enough, do I hear you say?

F. C. Woodward.

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—IX.

A Winter Hunt on the Summit of the Rockies.

When it comes to reading a hunting story, most men like to hear about a little hunting now and then, so probably it will not be of interest to go on telling what we talked about in camp on days when we could not hunt. Yet from the continued story telling of our lodge, one may get a very good notion of what he himself must expect if he ever starts out to go hunting in the Rockies in the winter. It is very much a case of the fortune of weather. If it storms, he cannot hunt; and it usually does storm.

We lay about camp two days more, March 17 and 18, eating and telling stories. John Monroe and his woman came up from their camp below, and we had an addition to our staff of *raconteurs*. From John I learned something about trapping otters and beavers with bait in the winter time, and one time he and I went out to the creek where Schultz and I had found an otter drag. Here we spent over an hour making a most cautious water set for the otter (with no result within the time we spent in that country, the otter seeming to have left the vicinity on his travels). We had a good tramp that day along the creek in search of sign, and visited a big beaver meadow, of which John knew. Here we saw the winter home of this industrious animal, and I learned more of its habits than I had ever known before. The whole creek bottom was covered with the houses and dams of the beaver, all hid under the snow. Once in a while we saw an open place in the water, and at one such spot found the trails of several beaver which had come up out of the water and gone far out into the willows and aspens to cut wood for themselves. John said he could trap a beaver or so easily enough if he wanted to. He could also get a moose, or almost anything else, he said; but all this he was going to do "bime-by." So long as immediate want did not stare him in the face, he was willing to postpone his operations very comfortably. He said he was going to wait till we had left the valley, then he would go hunting. Madame Monroe was not consulted in these plans to any very great extent, though her spouse evidently counted her in as a factor. "My hwoman, he strong," said John, with much comfort in that thought. But Madame, who spoke English even better than her husband, once told me in a swift aside, as they say in the novels, that her private opinion regarding her lord and master was, "Him heap lezzy." But this state of affairs did not in the least detract from the interest attaching to John.

No Cat Yet, but Another Sheep.

Meantime McChesney was faithfully hunting at every opportunity, so that he and O-to-kò-mi got thoroughly acquainted with the big mountain on which I had killed my first sheep; yet try as they could, they could get no further chance at a sheep. Billy Jackson also had bad luck, for the first day he went up to the carcass of my sheep to gather in his big cat from the snares he had set, he found that the cord of one of his snares had been cut clean off by some sort of animal, which had then departed for unknown country and had not come back. He thought the cat, lynx, lion, or whatever it was, had been caught by the foot instead of the head, and so had had a chance to break away. "Never mind," said Billy, "I've got another snare up there yet, and we'll get that cat sure. He can't stay away from that sheep till it's all eaten up. Give him a day more and he'll be back there."

On this day Schultz and Mrs. Monroe, who were left to keep camp, fixed up the lodge in beautiful shape; so that after that we had much less trouble with the smoke and could keep warm with less trouble. On the evening of March 19 we had quite a comfortable reunion. John and Mrs. Monroe dropped in for tea, by the merest accident, and McChesney and O-to-kò-mi get in a little late and very tired and hungry. Billy and Schultz and I all rounded up in time for supper, and the prospector, Riley, from Midvale, whom I have earlier mentioned as visiting at the lodge of John Monroe, also came in after a long day's hunt. And of all the men about the fire, Riley alone had killed his meat that day. Going up the mountain with McChesney for a little way, Riley then swung off to the right toward the Cut Bank Creek, and in the afternoon was lucky enough to kill a ram, a beautiful four-year-old, with long, perfect, sharp-pointed horns. He brought the head and part of the meat into camp, and told us where we could get the rest of the meat, up near the top of the ridge leading down into our valley. The head of Riley's sheep was a singular and beautiful one, being in perfect coat and in color almost snow white. I have never seen any other mountain sheep so white (I never saw a specimen of the Stone bighorn from the far North), and none of my heads were anything like so white, though very much lighter than the heads one ordinarily sees, killed at other than the winter season. Riley said he had had a long and dangerous climb for his sheep, and had first wounded it and then followed it a long way before he was able to finish it. He was justly very proud of this head, and announced his intention of having it mounted.

March 19 broke warm and fair, and Billy Jackson seized this opportunity to break out for the settlements. We were now nearly out of grub, and besides Billy's rheumatism was growing worse, so that he had no comfort in camp. Much as we disliked losing him, he had to go. He said he would send up some grub to us by the team as soon as it could get in. As he had to walk only about eight or ten miles to the first ranch we had no fear about his getting in all right, as indeed he did without incident.

A Side Trip for Sheep.

It had now become obvious to all of us that it was use-

less lying at our big main camp and trying to make a successful hunt from it, for the game was getting wild, and it was too far to go and get back each day. McChesney was getting tired out, though I had hardly made a day's hunt since I got my sheep, as we all wanted Mac to get his head sure. Under the circumstances we determined to make a side trip further up into the country, lying out for a night or so and trying to get in where the sheep were without alarming them so much. Schultz, McChesney, O-to-kò-mi and I made up this party, and we had no easy task ahead of us, for camping out in the winter with only what you carry is no light job. McChesney took only a part of his sleeping bag, and I split my blankets. Schultz and O-to-kò-mi took no blankets at all, only their heavy overcoats. We had a small lodge made of light stuff, and this with our scanty grub and selected small belongings made up a good load for each. We pulled out early in the morning and shoed it up through the creek valley to a place where John Monroe and I had found the creek nearly frozen across. Here we cut a little tree and went over the gap in the ice bridge. From that time on, across Sheep Creek up to the upper Two Medicine Lake, we had an awful climb, uphill all the way and most of the time on a grade like a house roof. In places it would take many moments to get over the drifted snow which lay across the easiest place of ascent on some sharp ridge, and often we had to tack up a long steep hill, where the slope was too sharp for the web shoes to hold. It was straining, breath-taking work, and we were glad when we topped the summit and saw out over the second lake.

But what a prospect that was! The whole face of the lake as we looked became swallowed up in a shifting shield of white, which cut off all sight of the opposite shore. The wind was cutting in its cold, and the mountains were black and threatening. Rarely have I seen a more forbidding corner of the mountains than this about the upper Two Medicine, as it seemed to us that day.

Camping in the Snow.

We bent under our packs as we faced this sharp wind, and at last got to the cover of the woods on the other side of the frozen lake. Here we hunted for a long time for a place to make our little bivouac, but had trouble to get a suitable spot. We needed plenty of firewood close at hand, for we would be obliged to keep the fire going all night. We needed plenty of boughs, of course, and we required a sheltered corner, where the wind would not strike us, and where the smoke would be carried away and not into our camp. We took nearly an hour exploring before we set upon a location, finding a likely-looking spot under a big, leaning spruce which topped a short and steep little bank. As it turned out, this was about the worst place we could have found, though we could not tell that until we had taken away the deep covering of snow. When we did get it dug away, some 5ft. deep, we discovered that we had pitched upon the bottom of a little creek, which carried a covering of a foot or so of solid ice. It was too much labor to change, so we decided to camp on top of the creek. We cut away the ice with the axe, and so built a fire on the bottom of the creek. Back of this we made our pile of boughs for a bed, and soon our fire was eating away at the snow bank opposite, till we could see twenty different strata of snow and ice showing in the cut face of the hole, annotating the effect of so many snowfalls and so many different Chinooks. In the snow pit we put up our little lodge roughly, simply using it as the back for an open-faced camp, the fire being in front of us at the bottom of our den. It was well on in the afternoon before we got ready for the night, for, though we were not more than eight miles from the main camp we had left, the morning march had been a long and slow one, and the making of a camp dare not be slighted when the weather is far below the zero point. We were tired that night as we sat down to a rather dismal supper in the snow. It had snowed all the afternoon, and snowed and blew incessantly almost all night. Our Indian was glum and silent and Schultz was not very chirk himself. Yet, though he had no dishes, no spoons and no forks, Schultz went about the task of getting supper as though he has always done it under just such conditions. He dug the frozen pork and beans out of the vessels and placed them on the snow, while he was frying a slapjack or two in the single pan. He got a pot of tea done meantime, and in a while we all felt a little better, after a meal of beans, bannocks and tea. Night fell very dark and stormy and forbidding, and we did not do much talking. Neither did we do very much sleeping, Schultz and the Indian least of all, for they had no blankets, and so had to keep close to the fire, which was constantly in need of replenishing.

Before we had our supper eaten—and indeed within a short time after we got to camp—O-to-kò-mi had espied on the far-off face of Rising Wolf Mountain a pair of mountain sheep, which fed in view for some time. The sight of our game was the only cheerful thing we had to think about in camp that night. All around us was a cold, grand prospect. We were in the depth of the Rockies in midwinter. Our little camp was pitched within two miles of the summit of the main ridge of the Continenal Divide. That country in the winter, I may say, is not an inviting one. The impression is rather one that a fellow is not wanted there.

All night the soft snow fell, and in the morning spits and squalls and determined storms came rushing down the front of grand old Rising Wolf, blotting out at times all the view of the steep and ice-covered rocks which were to be our hunting grounds. At breakfast we were silent, O-to-kò-mi only saying something to Schultz in Piegan. I asked him what the Indian was saying, and Schultz replied, "He says it makes a man feel mighty poor to sit around an outfit like this after sleeping cold all night." In truth, our breakfast was not very heavy; and by some reason it appeared that breakfast was about all we were going to get, for Schultz said our grub was nearly out, as it had been impossible to pack any more than we did. This was news to me, but it seemed very likely we would have to kill some game that day or go hungry.

The Medicine Birds.

As we sat at breakfast, each man covering his plate of broken bannock with his arm to keep the snow out of it, O-to-kò-mi suddenly smiled and talked fast in Piegan, pointing out over the lake. There was a whole flight of his medicine birds, the ravens, all calling and pitching and tumbling, a couple of dozen of them. This, O-to-kò-mi said, was a certain omen of good luck, and he brightened visibly. He said that these ravens were young ones, and that the old birds were teaching them to fly. At this I was surprised, but he said that the nesting time of the raven is in midwinter, the eggs being laid at about what is our Christmas time. How the young birds live thus in the middle of such a winter is a mystery to me, but this makes only further proof to the Indian mind of the wisdom of this bird.

After breakfast Schultz told me that he and McChesney were going to hunt together, and that they were going to take the Rising Wolf country for their field, trying to get to the two sheep which had been seen the day before. Therefore, O-to-kò-mi and I were to have our first day together, and we drew the opposite side of the lake for our country.

When the Indian and I started out I saw him look long and carefully at the peaks which shut in the upper part of our little valley. Just above our lake the valley divided, and off to the left arose a series of singularly ragged and abrupt needle peaks. Here John Monroe and O-to-kò-mi said was a splendid place for sheep, and more especially for goats. O-to-kò-mi evidently wanted to try this, but concluded that it was too icy, or too far, or too something; at any rate he turned away and struck out in another direction, directly up the face of the big mountain which faces Rising Wolf across the upper Two Medicine. By what signs and words I could understand, I inferred that he thought the sharp peaks too stormy for us, but in any event I thought it would be best to trust absolutely to his judgment in all matters of the hunt. So I did not say anything, but followed him as best I could up the mountain. It was a long, hard, snowy, icy climb, and when we got up pretty near to the rim rock on top of the peak we were obliged to cut steps in the ice, one at a time, in order to get along at all. A little slip would have meant a very long and rapid slide about then, with no choice place for a bringing up. At the edge of the rim rock we stopped again and looked about us and below us. Never have I been more impressed with the wild grandeur of the mountains. The scene was startling—almost oppressive. I remember the chief impression I gathered was that a man did not belong in there—that it was the country of the sheep and goats, and that they should have it all their own for at least a portion of the year. Not the first quality of invitation existed in this frozen-faced, impassive calm, for now, for a brief moment, the storms had stopped and the glare of the sun lay over all the icy world.

Searching for the Game.

O-to-kò-mi stopped all my surmisings by starting on down the mountain again, telling me to come on, as it was useless trying to get over the peak at that point, since the ice was too bad on the slope of the mountain face. So we slid down the ice the best we could till we got to snow again, and then began a long tramp in the edge of the woods to skirt around the peak. I had no idea where we were going or what we were trying to do, but it seems that the Indian hunter was trying to get across into the upper valley of the little creek which ran back in the mountains. I asked no questions and bent all my energies to keeping in sight of him, for he was a demon in the mountains. Finally we came out at a high ridge where the view was not broken, and I saw that we had got around our ice mountain and could see a widish valley lying on ahead of us. At this O-to-kò-mi pointed calmly, saying, "Plenty sh'ip." By this I understood him to really mean that maybe we might see a sheep after a while, not taking it as literally true that plenty of sheep were to be found so easily.

Down a sharp and long bank we slid and plunged through the snow, and so reached the bottom of our valley. Then we began to climb again, the red hunter all the time searching sharply along the sides of the flat cañon as they unrolled before our progress. On ahead I could see a great, dome-shaped, bare mountain top, apparently not more than a mile or so away. This, I learned later, was the summit of the Rockies for that portion of the range. My red man could not tell me that, nor did he pause to tell me anything, for now he began to act as a dog does which expects soon to be upon its game. Once or twice he showed places where we had expected to see sheep feeding, and also pointed out spots where he had killed sheep in earlier hunts. O-to-kò-mi, as I have said, is one of the few men of his tribe who hunt sheep now, and I presume there are none better in the tribe than he.

Sighting the Game.

We had gone up our little flat cañon or valley for about half a mile or so above the timber, and were tramping along up steadily, though slowly, on the noiseless snowshoes, when all at once O-to-kò-mi, who was leading, quietly dropped back and touched me on the shoulder.

I looked up. The eyes of the Indian were set and glaring, yet he had himself in perfect control. I did not then know it, but it later transpired that Schultz had told him not to do any shooting, but to keep cool and give the white man the shot always. What hardship this must have been, no one but a hunter can know. O-to-kò-mi's eyes glared as he looked on ahead and above, whispering as he touched me:

"See! see! See um? see um?"

Presently I "saw um." On a little jagged rock, about 150yds. above us, and high up on the side of the cañon, was the front of a bighorn, which stood motionless, directly facing us, and looking steadily down at us as we toiled on up the valley. Had I been alone I should never in the world have seen this sheep, for in color it blended perfectly with its surroundings, and it was half concealed by wreaths of snow, which curled and blew along the mountain side around it. Yet the infallible eye of this hunter had seen it, and now he stood pointing it out to me, never looking at me, but with his own eye fixed on the sheep. "Shoot! shoot!" he whispered, eagerly. "Shoot um, quick!" His English became more obvious under stress.

Shooting the Game.

The situation now was this. The Indian had his rifle ready to jerk from the canvas case slung over his shoulder. I had no canvas case, so kept my rifle covered in a cloth case, which was now slung across my back on a knotted thong. I at once kneeled down and pulled the case off over my head; but fearing that the sheep would move, and knowing that it would be a moment before I could get into action, I whispered to O-to-kò-mi to shoot. I saw the head was not a large one, and was willing to give the Indian the chance as it was. But he very calmly, by this time having grown quiet and free from any excitement, replied: "Me no shoot." He was remembering Schultz's injunction, I suppose.

It seemed a very long time before I could get the little rifle out of the case and get the wiping rag out of it, and get my glasses off and get a rapid estimate of the distance for the shot, all of these things being necessary under the conditions of snowshoe hunting. Really, it may have been a very small part of a minute, but all the time, whatever it was, the ram stood looking at us, never moving a muscle. In the shifting loom of the storm his head sometimes looked larger, and I thought the horns would sweep well back and half forward in their crescent. I knew the animal was not a ewe, and concluded that I wanted it. As to being excited, I had not thought of that, and the Indian also was now absolutely quiet waiting for the shot. The target offered was not large, for the ram was directly facing me. I did not touch the sights of the .30-30, but fired quickly as soon as I caught hair on the rise.

At once the sheep drew its head back and up, and gave a stiff jump around the rock, disappearing completely. I was very much annoyed at this, for though the shot was not an easy one, it was one which I should have made. It was comfort, however, to hear O-to-kò-mi say in a matter-of-fact tone of voice, "Mebbe hit um." I did not urge him to give reasons for this belief, and as he did not revile my marksmanship I let it go at that. At once he led on out up the valley a little further, around the point of rock where our sheep had disappeared. Then he stopped again, and in the same perfectly calm and emotionless voice said, as he slowly dropped back and pointed up the cañon wall, "See um?"

I looked and looked up the face of the mountain, trying to "see um," but for the life of me could not. All the side of the mountain seemed to me gray or brown or white, covered with the shift of the flying snow. But the other was patient, and at length got me to see, far away up the side of the mountain, over 250yds. distant, not one, but four sheep standing huddled together, and looking down at us, motionless as had been the first one. "Mebbe hit um," said O-to-kò-mi; and then he with difficulty made me understand that the dark-colored sheep, the one almost hid in the middle of the bunch, the one with its head down, and with the dark stripes up its legs, was the one I had shot. "Him buck," said O-to-kò mi. "Mebbe you hit um."

A Dilemma.

But alas! though this might be a "buck," it was clear that the others were not. Not a horn could I discover in the other three, though it was so far to where they were and the storm was driving so much snow ahead that I could not make out much with certainty. The four sheep, lapping each other like the fingers of one's two hands laid together, stood looking down from their far-off perch, not making a move to split apart and give us a better look. I recall at this moment the peculiarly silent, the tragically motionless character of this drama of the winter mountains. It was so still that one felt uncomfortable. For one minute, two, three, really I think without exaggeration more than five minutes, the sheep stood looking at us, and we stood looking at them. I would not shoot at the bunch, for I was almost sure I would kill a ewe if I did. I asked Ot-o-kò-mi if he wanted to shoot, but in the same absolutely indifferent tone he replied, "Me no shoot." After a time he again said, "You hit um." Then it occurred to me what was the real explanation of this action of the sheep. The "buck" was really hit when I fired, and it was standing still because it was hurt, the others not running away because it did not.

What to do then I did not know. It was folly to try to split the sheep apart, for a jump or two might take them where we could not go, and so perhaps the cripple would escape after all. We could not get any closer, and from where we were the shot at the crippled ram was a very hard one, the light bad and the distance at least 250yds. In my dilemma I once more asked O-to-kò-mi to shoot, knowing he had no scruples about killing a ewe. I offered him my rifle or his own, but he was dead game and declined like a gentleman. "Buck," he said, however, pointing up. "You hit um."

At last, with some desperation in feeling, I concluded I would risk another shot at the crippled ram. So I took off my snowshoes and sat down on them, carefully cleaning up the rifle sights and taking a steady rest with my elbows against my two knees—a very good way to get a rifle rest. I did not raise the sights to 200yds., for I had never tried the rifle out thoroughly with any elevation to the sights, though I knew about what it would do with the sights as they were set—for 100yds. I held full and strong midway up the body of the dark-colored sheep, which I knew was my ram, and at the crack of the rifle the band of sheep fell apart as though a shell had burst among them. It was like the breaking of a spell, and now, instead of silence, all was action. To my horror I saw my "buck" start off to the right, evidently hit, but not the only one hit; for in the opposite direction, with its head held high in pain, stumbled a second sheep, without any horns, its hind leg hanging flapping. A big gulp came in my throat then, for it appeared that after all my care I had shot a ewe, and that in the springtime—an offense heinous, no matter what the law of the land where the shooting was done. With one look I saw this, and the next instant I ran the rifle sight on after the stumbling ram, and at the second shot he fell all in a bunch, the sound of the bullet proclaiming him hit full. Then, as the two unhurt sheep ran and again paused at the sight of their fallen companions, I turned the rifle on the remaining cripple, knowing that the sheep could not live and that it was mercy to finish it, ewe or ram. I was angry and chagrined at this ill fortune, which at the time I laid to my bad shooting. I was careless then of aim, and do not know how I held, but I had gotten the range so perfectly at the first shot that it seemed I could no longer miss the sheep if I tried. At the next shot down it went, but struggled up again. This time it was a foreleg which went off. Again the spiteful nitro crack, as the sheep rolled and tumbled down hill toward us, and yet again I got a leg—the remaining hindleg. O-to-kò-mi, caring nothing for the suffering of the poor sheep, laughed at its antics, calling gleefully his word of: "You hit um! You hit um!" But though the sheep was now hit three times, it was not dead. It rolled down and lodged against a bush, and following it quickly I struck it again, this time midway in

the body—the best I could see it. Yet again, even after this shot, which brought a sad blotch of red out upon its white coat, the sheep raised its head, and yet again I fired and struck it, this time laying it out still at last. On my forehead the sweat was standing, cold as was the day. I felt wretched over the whole business, and kicked myself for a blundering idiot all around.

The "Forest and Stream" Luck.

Not so O-to-kò-mi. He joyfully ran to the edge of the slope, and then fast as he could, began to climb, I following at less speed. He got up to my first sheep, and pulling it from behind a tree, where it had lodged, kicked it down the mountain to me. I saw it was a very decent little ram, a three-year-old, I think, though the horns were by no means so large as they had seemed in the shifting light of the storm. Meantime O-to-kò-mi worked across to the other sheep, which was some 60yds. further to the left and a little further down. As he stopped to kick this sheep also down hill he paused, and then called out to me aloud, "Him buck!"

And so it proved! The FOREST AND STREAM luck, and nothing else, had saved me from the killing of a ewe! I had killed two more rams, and so finished the pyramid of sheep needed to show the bigness of the monarch in the FOREST AND STREAM office at home. Now I had four sheep, running down from the biggest head in America to about the smallest. My last sheep was a little yearling ram, with horns only about as long as my finger. Sorely I wished he were back in the hills alive, but I was right glad it was no ewe!

Now came on one of the swift changes of the mountains, and it grew cold all at once, so that we hurried on with our butchering, pulling the sheep down to the bottom of the cañon. When we skinned out the bodies we found that my first shot at the ram had apparently struck on the edge of the chest as he faced me, but had not centered the body, and so had not proved fatal. The next shot, fired at him as he stood in the bunch, had gone low through the brisket, passing through and cutting off the leg of the little sheep beyond, whose position I could not see. The third shot at the ram had hit him just back of of the shoulder, and dropped him at once. All these bullets, soft-nosed, passed through the body, and the front of the animal was well shattered up. The fourth shot, at the little cripple, had been low, probably because I was then holding finer than I knew, and this had cut off a leg, in this case, as in the other, taking it off as though it were cut off with a cleaver, only a strip of hide remaining. One shot in the foreleg smashed the knee joint all to pieces. The last two shots were through the paunch, and churned the interior of the body all up, though the hole on the opposite side was only about as large as a quarter or less. Thus I had fired seven shots to kill two sheep, apparently not a very brilliant performance for either rifleman or rifle. Yet of these shots not one, except the last one at the larger ram, had been placed in such position as would make it fatal. So far as the accuracy was concerned, it was enough to outclass me as a rifle shot, for the distance was long and was a changing one, in part at running shots. I figured it out that had I been shooting the .45-70 I should likely have missed my sheep, and that the effect of the .30-30 was just about the same where it hit as would be an expansive ball in the .45-70. Then and there I determined that for any game up to sheep or goats I should shoot no rifle but this .30-30. Of course, in the story books I should have shot each ram through the heart with a single ball, but I notice things don't go that way when it comes to actual shooting in the winter, or in the fall either, for that matter. I was well satisfied with the shooting and with the results. So was O-to-kò-mi, who flattered me openly about the accuracy.

The Trail Home.

We got out the heads and hides and a good bit of the meat of the two sheep, making them up into packs, which proved pretty heavy before we got to camp, and then we started home for our main camp, O-to-kò-mi saying that Schultz would not go back to the upper bivouac, but would surely go home that night. As we had a down-hill course, we soon made it down to Two Medicine Creek, crossing at our fallen tree, and thence we had a good, stiff plugging time through the level woods. It grew very cold and began to snow heavily. O-to-kò-mi was tired, and so I broke trail for a good slice of the time, and as the snowshoe trail we had made coming up was now entirely obliterated, I often lost my way, much to the Indian's disgust. "White man, all time he get lost," said O-to-kò-mi, in superior fashion. "Me no get lost. I go camp. Night, day, I go camp." He showed me how to distinguish the hidden trail by the look of the snow on ahead and by the feel of the snow under foot. We were nearly frozen about the face, and were tired and staggering when late in the afternoon we got to the door of our blessed lodge and threw off our burdens of meat. Inside the lodge was cheerless and empty enough. Billy's blankets were rolled and strapped, but Billy himself was gone. No fire and no food awaited us. O-to-kò-mi and I were very tired, but we were hungrier than we were tired, so we paused not till we had a pot of coffee and a steak of sheep meat ready, and then we ate and visited with each other, O-to-kò-mi being now very friendly and talkative with me, and recounting as best he could the incidents of the day. He was willing to admit that the little rifle was not so bad as he had thought.

Fortune of the Chase.

After O-to-kò-mi and I had eaten a sort of breakfast and lunch combined we thought things over for a while and then ate dinner. Then we were content to rest a while, and went out and got up wood for the night. Dusk came, and still no sound to announce the arrival of the others of our party, whom we had left eight miles away on the savage front of Rising Wolf. It was dark and very cold when, as we lay on our blankets by the lodge fire, we heard a shuffle on the snow outside. The flap of the door opened, and through it stepped, or rather fell, Schultz, his face white with hanging ice and snow, and his voice faint and weak. He fell forward upon the blankets, with his pack still on his back, too weak to move or get out of his pack. "For God's sake, get me something hot!" he said, "I'm nearly dead."

"Where's Mac?" I asked, not seeing anything of the latter.

"I don't know," said Schultz, "he's back somewhere on the trail, about half a mile, I guess. One of you go out and get him in."

This I started to do, but as I was putting on my things we heard McChesney outside, calling out that no one need go out after him, as he was there all right. Then we got some hot chocolate ready for them as soon as we could. I was almost ashamed of myself for having such good luck again, on what was practically the second day of my hunting, for McChesney was still unfortunate. He and Schultz had gone clean to the cap rock of Rising Wolf, and they had seen the trail of a band of sheep, one of them a very big ram track. They had got almost in range, when in the storm the sheep winded them and went off away over the mountain out of any sort of reach. Then they had gone back to our camp on the upper lake. Nothing was left to eat there, so they had to face the long trail home. Thinking that we would not want to go to that camp again, Schultz had concluded to bring my pack out with him, and to leave the little lodge standing where it was, as he and McChesney would have enough to carry without it. So the lodge was left there, keeping silent camp on the storm-swept bank of the upper lake of the Two Medicine. And there I doubt not it is to-day, for certain it is that we never went back there after it. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Natural History.

MORAL SENSE IN BRUTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Mr. Adams's notice of my communication he defines morality as "obedience to the laws of society." So far, very good. Natural laws pertain to all things, and certain laws govern the conduct of brute society. But that the actions of the lower animals are ever prompted by a sense of duty is not only extremely hypothetical, but altogether doubtful. The hen has strong maternal affection, but that she has the least idea of the virtue of that affection any more than of the virtue of doing good for evil is in the extreme conjectural. If Mr. Adams's account of the storks be true, it is manifest that antipathy existed toward the mother stork, but its existence does not necessarily imply a knowledge like that with which man regards moral good and evil. It is often hard and even impossible to account for the likes and dislikes of animals. The hen will sometimes destroy certain of her brood, and the sow devour her own offspring. Much of the cruelty is practiced upon the brutes for the lack of thought that they are not morally responsible. They are treated as if they are conscious of wickedly, selfish acts. I once saw some men looking at a drowning mouse in a pail of water. I rebuked them, and one of them—a man, perhaps forty years old—turned to me and said: "The mouse deserves it." Why deserved it? Pray tell us. Shall we say it was conscious of the sin of thieving? Others may try to view it in that way—I do not. I knew another man who would hold rats with a tongs and roast them alive in the fire. If he could not prove that they deserved their torture, he certainly wished to believe they did. If we recognize a Creator is it not most rational to suppose that he has created the brutes morally irresponsible, and would have us thus regard them, that our inclination to torture them would be held in restraint? N. D. ELTING.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.

Rooster Acephalous.

IT was once thought impossible that a human being could live and walk with a broken neck, and perhaps still more doubted that a rooster could live, stand, and be fed after the hatchet had severed its head from the body. But such are the real hard facts The phenomenal rooster was exhibited some years ago in Huntington, W. Va. The exhibitors said they got the fowl from a farmer who had decapitated it, after which it got upon its feet. However this may be, the headless, living rooster was not a deception. It was fed through a tube inserted in its throat. It is obvious that the farmer's stroke was a little too high, and that a portion of the back brain still remained, and partially performed its functions. How long the fowl lived I did not hear. One thing is certain—he died "game."

A negro, seeing "millions in it," then experimented on the gallinacious tribe, and succeeded in turning out a fair duplicate of the aforesaid acephalous curiosity (for whom I made a picture of the rooster with which to advertise), and he started on a tour of exhibition. He returned not long after and told me he was doing well, and could have made some money at decapitating roosters for other parties who wanted them for exhibition, but that he was prevented by the authorities, upon the accusation of cruelty.

N. D. ELTING.

Coyote and Dog.

MISSOULA, Mont., Aug. 2d.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday, while out driving with my wife and another lady, we had quite an experience, as follows: While driving along the road my dog (a female) was running along inside a field, when all at once a coyote jumped up, and I set the dog after it; but she soon tired and came back, and the coyote after her. It followed the dog at about a distance of 15ft., and within 25ft. of the carriage, for fully a quarter of a mile. Once I got out and threw a stone at it, but it came back at once, and followed along for quite a distance until we came to some thick timber, when we lost sight of it for good.

The bitch was not in season. W. E. GRAHAM.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsmen for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full-page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which. Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

GIVEN AWAY.

ONE day in September, many years ago, I was hunting with very poor success along the border of one of the few tracts of original forest that then remained in our township. The glassy channel of the Slang, a sluggish watercourse that crept along the edge of the woods, was not wrinkled by the wake of a solitary duck, nor did the further curves and reaches of Little Otter show more sign of life. It seemed as if the widespread bounty of the rice marshes offered no attraction to the waterfowl, for I saw another hunter, a marsh hawk, commanding a far wider range than I, beating the broad levels with as little success.

The skirt of the old woods frayed out into a fringe of brush and berry briers, which was ordinarily the haunt of ruffed grouse, was to-day as deserted as the marsh. Now and then a noisy jay or a silent cedar bird flitted out of the thicket before me, and from the marsh on my left arose at every sudden sound the outcry of unseen rail, but neither thicket or fen offered anything that I was in quest of.

Upon coming to the landing where John Cherbineau's log canoe lay with her nose upon the bank, I took the path which led through the woods to the clearing and home of the owner of the craft. Beyond these, a wood road, much used in winter by lumbermen and woodsmen, offered a sure and easy thoroughfare to Louis Creek, where I hoped to find the ducks that must be somewhere With an eye to a possible partridge, I cautiously followed the path, deep worn in the mould by the frequent feet of John and his fat old wife, till the sunlit clearing shone before me between the dark hemlocks.

Stumps, young saplings, raspberry and blackberry briars held a far larger part of the deforested acres than did John's potato patch and cornfield, in the midst of which stood the little log cabin that, with its whitewashed walls and notched eaves, looked as little native to the soil as its tenants. I had not gone far toward it when a wide-brimmed straw hat appeared above the blackberry bushes, and as it moved slowly toward me in a halting, devious course, I discovered beneath it the broad, unctuous visage of John's "femme." Intent upon securing the last blackberries of the season, she was not aware of me till I called out to her, "Good morning, Marie. Where is John?"

My unexpected salutation did not startle her from giving chief attention to the heavily-laden bush before her, and her eyes and hands were busy with the berries while she answered: "Good mawny! Mah man? Ah do' know 'f 'e an't peek hees onion. Ah do' know 'f 'e an't po'n' baskeet, prob'ly. Yas, Ah hear it," and listening, my ear caught the regular, resonant strokes of splint pounding at the further edge of the clearing.

Gathering and vending the various kinds of wild berries in their seasons, fishing and fish peddling, making baskets and braiding straw hats for the neighbors and store keepers were the chief industries of this old couple, except when they once set forth on a grand begging tour, outfitted with horse and cart and a dolorous fiction of sickness and losses by fire. But they lacked one essential, a numerous, helpless progeny, through which to appeal to the benevolent public, for their own children were all grown up and scattered, and they could borrow but two of forty grandchildren, so the enterprise failed and they retired to private life.

"Lots of berries, aren't there?" I remarked, with a view to the old woman's encouragement.

"Oh, sang rouge; dey a'n't 'mos' any," she declared, in face of the evidence of laden bushes and a basket almost full of plump, dead ripe blackberries. "Dey a'n't honly few for beegin, an' dey all dry up 'cep' dees lee'l place!"

I found old John, the lean and agile opposite of his ponderous spouse, engaged in the primary process of basket making, pounding an ash log and stripping off the thin splints. After an exchange of salutations, he asked:

"A'n't you fan' dauk on Slang?" and when I acknowledged my failure, he continued. "Wal, sah, Ah got mah hol' fusee feex over for cap lock, an' you a'n't never see for beat it for keel dauk, Ah tol' you. Hol' Seaver on Vau'genn' he feex him, an' las' week mah sonny-law come see me, an' he say he shoot him on board for see how he shoot. Ah say, 'Bah gosh, no! we go shoot on dauk.' Wal, sah, we fan' fav' black dauk roos' on de water. Ah shoot on it, t'ree come dead, two go safe. Bah gosh! It better for shoot on black dauk he was for shoot on board, a'n't he? You go on Louis Creek, hein? Wal, prob'ly you fan' some, prob'ly you a'n't. Ah do' know me."

With such doubtful encouragement, I left him grinding a grist of greenish-black, home-grown tobacco for his blacker pipe, and as I entered the shady aisle of the wood road I heard the click of flint and steel, the imperative smack of draft-compelling lips, and then the resonant clangor of the splint pounding, resumed with renewed vigor.

When this sound ceased my way was in silence but for my own footsteps on the dry leaves of last year and the naked tree roots uncovered and wounded by the lumber sleds. These had left more living signs of their passage in the rank tufts of herdsgrass, sprung from seed scattered out of the teams' noon fodder, and looking oddly out of place in the shade of the ancient forest, with orchids, sphagnum and hobblebush for nearest neighbors.

The soft mold and the edges of the long mudholes recorded the recent use of the road by some natives of the greenwood—lineal descendants of original proprietors whose title antedated royal charters and grants of colonial governors. Here was set down in plainest print the passage of a family procession of raccoons; there, in finer type, the nightly wandering of a fox, and the mincing morning walk of a partridge, whom, perhaps, I saw a little later. The clumsy, bear-like tracks of the raccoons held right on through thick and thin, never turning aside for puddles that the dainty-footed fox had skirted, though he utilized for some distance the convenience of the road, while the partridge only picked her way across this bar of nakedness that chanced to lie in the

course of her meandering. So each had recorded not merely a fragment of its life's history, but something of its traits.

With thoughts which were but a boy's thoughts, not dwelling much on either, but more on the duck prospects of Louis Creek, I entered the deepest shade of the hemlocks where the raccoon family had turned aside to their home, and the fox had gone his pathless way into the forest depths, when a large bird flew noiselessly downward, alighted in the road not 20yds. before me, and at once began rapidly picking the leaves of some low ground plants. The bird bore the crest, the ruff, the broad tail, and the colors of a ruffed grouse, yet I could scarcely believe my eyes when these proofs of its identity were forced upon me, against the one fact of noiseless flight which was quite at variance with my previous experience. At any rate it was enough like a partridge to be worth shooting, and to that purpose I sacrificed the rare opportunity of observing a grouse feeding undisturbed by the presence of an enemy. But at my first motion, slow and cautious as it was, the alert bird became aware of me, and burst away with a roar of pinions that dispelled the last doubt of his personality, while with flurried aim my shot went wide of the vanishing mark and I was served as I deserved, though I did not then recognize the justice of it.

No more grouse came to be looked at as I followed the road which led me, in a long, irregular curve, among trees apparently as old as the earth they grew upon, to an old clearing, now reclothed with a flourishing growth of gray birches and an undergrowth of ferns, save on the smooth circular sites of former coal pits. In one of these scenes of a past generation's labor, further memorialized by a level sward of English grass and clover, a fox had made a burrow, and the yellow earth thrown out at the several entrances was mixed with fragments of charcoal—all bestrewn with the litter of Madame Vixen's kitchen middens. Wings and bones of wild and tame fowl, the shanks of a lamb and pads of a hare, showed that the provision for her young family had been abundant and various.

Here I left the road and attempted a short cut to my prospective hunting ground. Stooping to avoid the numerous dead lower branches of the birches as I waded hip-deep through the ferns, I deviated from my intended course, but did not become aware of it until I saw the sheen of water close before me beneath a patch of open sky.

It was not the creek, but a narrower bit of water quite new to me, inclosed on one side by a dense thicket of button bushes, on the other by a sloping bank bearing an undergrowth of alders and some higher wood, most conspicuous of which were an oak and a lofty pepperidge. It was the deadwater of an old channel, but its surface was stirred by something which I could not see moving upon it, and I crept cautiously to a point that gave me a view of almost its whole length.

Then what I beheld nearly took my breath away. The little lagoon swarmed with woodducks, some in rows on the many mossy old logs that lay athwart and along it, some comfortably asleep, with head indrawn or tucked under a wing, some preening their gay plumage, some standing upright to stretch their wings, while the water was alive with others, indolently swimming to and fro, seaming the duckweed with innumerable aqueous paths, or nibbling the water, or thrusting their heads beneath it, and all in abandonment to a perfect sense of security that it was cruel to disturb.

But no emotion of pity softened the youthful savagery of my heart. It beat only with the joy of great discovery—the chance of a lifetime that lay before me. It beat so vehemently that it is a wonder I so much as hit the pool, to say nothing of hitting one of the uncounted dozen of ducks ranged on the nearest log, for whom my aim was intended—yet I saw three tumble helplessly from their perch, and when with a roar of wings that was like a prolongation of the report of my gun, innumerable ducks arose and filled the air before me, I fired wildly into it, two more chance-stricken victims of the aimless shot plunged back into the troubled water. The ducks seemed unable to realize that this safe retreat had been discovered and invaded by a cruel, relentless foe, for they continued to circle and hover over it till with trembling hands, in more haste than speed, I reloaded my gun, and grown cool enough to select single birds, brought down one with each barrel.

Then the last and boldest lingerer reluctantly departed, and the silence of desertion fell upon the place, except as I splashed and poked about it to secure my game; and with a view to future onslaughts, made a path for a stealthy approach, clearing away every sprout and dry twig that might swish or snap a signal of alarm. There was not a sign to show that the place was ever visited by any one else, and I congratulated myself on possessing sole knowledge of its existence.

Many a day thereafter I went to it alone, guided from afar by the oak and pepperidge, which, towering above the second growth, were unmistakable landmarks, whether in leafage of green or scarlet and brown, or in gray nakedness; and while I kept my secret seldom was a visit unrewarded by at least one shot at wood ducks, or later in the season at the larger and warier dusky ducks, which haunted the sequestered slough until it was frozen.

But in an evil hour I disclosed it, under promise of secrecy, to a faithless friend after an unsuccessful day with him on the two creeks. It was not long before the path was worn by the frequent tread of other feet than mine, and ducks began to be shy of a retreat that no longer promised rest and safety. In two years it was common to every gunner in the neighborhood, and worth no one's while to visit.

As one still searches for something lost past all hope of finding, so was I now and then drawn thither, but never to find more than a solitary heron standing like a gray statue in the desolate slough, or a lone sandpiper skirting the low shore, or perchance a muskrat channeling the duckweed with his silent wake. I had given away my discovery only to have it made worthless. Rowland E. Robinson.

A Stupid Blunder.

Harrisville, N. Y., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice an error on page 43 of *Game Laws in Brief*, just received. Sec. 40 says the open season for deer is Aug. 15 to Nov. 15. Sec. 41 says possession only from Aug. 16 to Oct. 31. How are we allowed to kill and not possess? Please explain and correct. G. W. H.

[The *Brief* gives the law precisely as it is in the original. The last Legislature amended the dates in Sec. 40 relative to hunting season, but neglected to amend Sec. 41 relative to possession. If the *Brief* had the original drafting of the game and fish laws they would be free from many other blunders quite as stupid as this one in the New York deer law.]

LAYING IN WINTER'S BEAR GREASE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read in your paper many bear, moose and other hunts, where tracks in particular have been plentiful; but the writers have never been in the bears' paradise, which is between the mouth of the Smoking River and the Rocky Mountains on the Peace River. The banks of the river run from 800 to 1,500ft. high, and are formed of small bluffs of poplar, jack pine, and prairies covered with the saskatoon berry. Along the banks of the river is any quantity of the red willow, the berries of which the bears are very fond of. In places the river is full of islands covered with raspberry and red willow.

To show what can be got there, I will give a short account of a hunt I made there in 1869, my object being a supply of bear's grease for the winter, as the fur was worth little or nothing. I remained from the 12th to the 27th of August, and during that time killed sixteen black and brown, and seven grizzly bears. I took a Beaver Indian woman and her daughter with me to make the grease and cook. I camped on a small island at the mouth of the Pine River, a few miles below Fort St. John, and hunted early in the morning and late in the afternoon. Most of these bears were killed in the usual way without any excitement. I would approach them and shoot them with one or two shots. Two, however, gave me a little more fun.

The first one was a large, white-maned grizzly, which is always plucky and on the fight. One evening the Benner woman and her daughter had gone across the river to pick berries. Shortly after I left and landed a little below them, intending to cross the point and hunt below. The point was very narrow across, and I had only gone a short distance in the woods when I heard a bear, so I approached him within about ten steps and then I saw a large, white mane. As I was between him and the hills and the two women, I thought I would not open the quarrel in case of an accident, so I stood up and left it to the bear to decide what would be done. He got on his hind legs and for a short time was undecided about it, finally he thought berries were better than bullets, so he very quietly walked off, going rather in the middle of the point and I felt sure he would get around me and take up the hills, so I ran across and cut him off. I soon heard him coming along, so I waited for him and he found me in his way again. He got up on his hind legs and gave a snarl or two and then came a little closer and got up for another look. He was then about 6 or 7yds. away, which is a little further than I like. At last he thought he would decide on peace, little thinking that I had gone out on the war path and would not agree to anything like peace, but was only choosing my ground. I knew he would now cross the Peace River, so I ran to my canoe and threw in a few stones and then saw the bear take the water. I got up to him in a minute and began pelting him with stones, so he put after me and forgot all about going ashore, at last, having spent the stones, I shot off first one ear and then the other. You may imagine what a rage he was in. I then gave him a few grains of small shot by way of a finish, and by this time we had got quite a way down the river, as the current is pretty strong, and I had to cut him up and paddle up stream again before dark to the camp, so I decided to end up the fun. I took good care to see the powder well up in the nipples and put on a good cap, and then landed a little below, hauled up my birch bark and waited for him. I could see the very look of pleasure in his face when he saw me ashore—he was determined I would never get him on the water again. As soon as he landed he rushed straight on, and as he rose to jump the canoe my bullet was inside of his brain, and he remained on one side of the canoe and I on the other.

The other one was in a different way. I had been shooting beaver in the afternoon and had got water splashed on my gun and had not properly dried it. Late in the evening I went among some of the islands where the channels were dry, the water being low at this season I heard a bear coming my way, so I got up the bank and lay down until he was almost on me. I was expecting nothing but a black bear, but when I got up here was a large grizzly at just the right distance; so I pulled the right trigger. It hung fire a little, and down he went only stunned. I ran on him with the left barrel, and it snapped. Just then he began to rise. In two steps I was down the bank, and ran three or four steps down wind and up the bank again. Just as I got up, down he came as mad as could be; but he took my back track across the channel, which gave me time to get the gun in order before he found his mistake. When he did I was ready, and as a natural consequence I had more bear grease for winter. I only use a doublebarrel muzzleloading gun, 28-bore. H. I. M.

BAITING DUCK GROUNDS.

Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you two letters I have received in reply to inquiries about the profit of baiting duck grounds. The first comes from Wide Water, Va., ex-President Cleveland's favorite duck shooting grounds, and the second from your contributor, Mr. James Norris, of Maryland. Guido.

Wide Water, Va , May 26.—*Mr. W. A. Wheatley.*—Dear Sir: Your letter received in regard to baiting duck. I think from your description of your property it best to feed with sheaf oats and wheat.

Have the sheaves tied with wire to a small stake, also pour out a good large quantity of shelled corn.

Liberal baiting will insure good results.

We use corn mostly poured out in about 4 to 5ft. of water. Ducks feeding here are whittle wings, blackheads and mallards.

Mallards can be taught to dive as well as any other ducks.

We feed upon an average 300 to 400 per day, and kill, when we shoot, from twenty to fifty in a half day. We shoot only three times a week and then only about half the day.

Will be glad to give you any information in my power.

Withers Waller.

Magnolia, Md., July 24.—*Mr. W. A. Wheatly.*—Dear Sir: Yours duly received. I am unable to give you any additional information to what you have in Mr. Waller's letter from Wide Water, in reference to feed for the purpose of attracting waterfowl. The only grain I know of being used in this vicinity (near the mouth of the Gunpowder River) is wheat and corn, and not very extensively. Some of the deep-water divers—blackheads, redheads, and perhaps some other classes—feed on the grain as an auxiliary, when their natural food becomes scarce, and when that is exhausted, I do not think any substitute will prevent them from leaving the locality. It appears to be an inherent attribute in them, particularly those which invariably feed in deep water—canvasbacks, redheads and blackheads—to migrate annually further south about the same time (the middle of December), without regard to the quantity of food remaining or the condition of the weather, and then to return to their previous locality in the early spring, preparatory to their northern flight and breeding place.

The marsh ducks do not appear to be governed by such an imperative instinct in their migrations. They feed in the shallow creeks and lagoons, and remain until the ice compels them to leave, and return when it thaws. It is in those haunts where the grain is distributed, over which the decoys are placed, which are in gunshot of a well-constructed blind, composed of a substantial, watertight box sunken in the mud at the margin of the water about 3ft., with about the same projecting above, which is covered with the tall marsh grass indigenous to the vicinity. It has a capacity sufficient for three or four sportsmen, who deliver their fire as the ducks are in the act of alighting among the decoys.

Chesapeake Bay Ducks.

Twenty years ago this locality, from the mouth of the Gunpowder seven or eight miles up, was one of the finest feeding resorts on the Chesapeake Bay for canvasbacks and redheads, and during October and November acres in extent could frequently be seen feeding, with flock after flock winging their way in different directions. This immense feeding ground is intersected by a peninsula extending a mile out in the river and terminating with Maxwell's Point, which at that time was considered one of the most celebrated shooting points on the Chesapeake. The shores of this peninsula and also the margin of the river along the mainland afforded an abundance of food suitable for swans and geese, to which they resorted in great numbers, and still continue to come, as their food is abundant.

This is not the case with the canvasback and redhead; the species of marine plant which furnished their food is nearly obliterated from some cause, supposed to be the great amount of sediment uncongenial to its growth, working down from the cultivated lands above. Therefore, this once beautiful and extremely animated and exciting scene is now completely silent and gloomy. Apparently with the view of tantalizing the old sportsmen of the past, an itinerant flock of redheads may occasionally be seen flitting over the surface of their deserted haunts and vanishing in the distance.

Swans and geese are nearly as numerous, but not sought after by sportsmen to any extent. They are extremely wary, and feed invariably at night. They leave the shores at early dawn, swim out in the river about a half mile, and remain during the day. They are not considered an edible luxury, therefore not a great many are killed; yet their presence adds beauty and animation to the scene, which would be exceedingly monotonous without them, since the departure of the canvasbacks and redheads.

Maxwell's Point, when in the acme of prosperity as shooting grounds, was also the home and breeding place of the Chesapeake Bay dogs. The kennels of Edward Lynch (now dead), the manager of the property, bred and preserved the purity of those dogs up to the highest standard. Bunco, the dog you mention, was bred here. Here he made his initial plunge in the surf; and here he gained his unsurpassed reputation as a retriever of water fowl, and also of wonderful sagacity. James Norris.

Game Protection and Sensational Journalism.

I deem it only proper to call the attention of the board to malicious and frequently willful misrepresentations made in certain newspapers concerning the work of the wardens and deputies. Although the press generally is in favor of the proper protection of fish and game, there are instances in which unscrupulous persons in the employ of newspapers seize upon prosecutions for the purpose of villifying the wardens and bringing their work into disrepute. The most glaring instance of this kind took place during the last week of July. Mr. Orrin Vanderhoven, a deputy fish and game warden, ascertained that two Italians living in Passaic were in the habit of robbing birds' nests for the purpose of securing the young, either for the table or for the market in New York. These Italians were in the habit of robbing nests, principally of robins; the young birds were either boiled and eaten or they were kept a few weeks and then disposed of to dealers. Mr. Vanderhoven reported the state of affairs to me, and I advised him strongly to prosecute at once. Mr. Vanderhoven did so, and the result was that two Italian men were arrested and each fined $20 and costs, certainly a light enough punishment for their misdeeds. On the following day the New York *World* and *Journal* came out with sensational articles, declaring that the persons arrested were two young school girls, who had run across a nest of robins and had appropriated two of them as pets. Mr. Vanderhoven was denounced in bitter language for his alleged heartlessness in arresting two little girls, the *Journal* going so far as to produce the alleged pictures of two weeping little misses mourning over empty cages, declaring the pictures to be those of the persons arrested. Mr. Vanderhoven at once communicated with these two publications, and the *World* sent an emissary to Passaic to work up the story. The emissary apparently pursued the matter no further than to see the original liar, and then dished up another article, worse than the preceding. The *Herald*, which apparently did not have the story until a few days later, then came out with a bitter denunciation of Mr. Vanderhoven and game wardens in general, making up for its neglect to obtain the story the first day by increasing the number of "golden-haired" tots from two to four. The *Herald* had the decency to publish a contradiction of its untruthful statements, but the *World* declined to pay any attention to letters of protest sent to it. This is not by any means the only instance of this kind where sensationmongers have willfully distorted facts for the purpose of creating a sensation and to the injury of the good work in which the officers of the State are engaged. A great many of the deputies are men of means and of high standing in the communities in which they reside, and they have secured their appointments only for the purpose of decently protecting fish and game. The work they do is a labor of love; they are actuated only by noble impulses, and few ever receive any pecuniary reward; the share of the fines to which they are entitled is more than expended by cash outlays, for there is no way in which their expenses even can be paid. These are the men in many instances who are selected as victims by the vampires who have attached themselves to the honorable occupation of journalism.

PARK STAGE ROBBERY.

(Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.)

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Wyoming, Aug. 15.—Five stage coaches were held up and robbed yesterday morning near the Grand Cañon Hotel, in Yellowstone Park, by two masked highwaymen.

When the news first reached here it was not credited, but a telegram to the stage office removed all doubts. Intense excitement prevailed, as such an occurrence has never happened before. The arrival of the stages were awaited with the utmost anxiety. They rolled up at Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the passengers, as they alighted, were besieged by impatient inquiries.

There were about sixty passengers in the five coaches, of whom more than half were guests. The robbers had sacks over their heads, with holes for eyes, and sacks also over their feet. The first coach was stopped by the highwaymen with bullets from six-shooters, and the male passengers ordered to get out and hold their hands up. The ladies were quieted with promises that they would not be disturbed. There was nothing for the gentlemen to do but comply. They were totally unarmed, as the carrying of arms within the park limits is prohibited. One by one the unfortunates were compelled to disgorge.

As the stages which were in the rear came up the same road in turn they were all put through the same experience and drivers ordered to remain still until told to move on. The ladies in the last coach did not fare as well as those in the first, as they were also roughly ordered to deliver up their valuables.

The robbers were after money and did not care much for watches and jewelry. The watch of one man was taken and then thrown back to him.

When the highwaymen stopped the first coach the passengers thought it a joke, but were not long in realizing how serious it was. The ladies all behaved beautifully while under cover of the weapons of the robbers, but when out of harm their strained nerves gave way and some of them became hysterical, and when they reached the hotel here they had to be put to bed.

An army ambulance, with two officers, was just behind the stages. The officers were also without means of defense and had to hand out their money the same as the coach passengers.

The robbers did not realize more than $700, as it is not customary to carry much money through the Park, and many of the passengers found an opportunity to secrete their purses. A gentleman threw unobserved into a bunker a fat pocketbook, which he recovered after the robbers walked off. A lady in a bicycle suit secreted in its recesses a big roll of notes handed her by her husband as he was getting out.

The highwaymen were scarcely out of sight before soldiers and scouts were on their trail, but as these were on foot the chances of catching up with the robbers are not promising. Colonel Young, in command at Fort Yellowstone, ordered out every man possible. He also telegraphed the Interior Department at Washington asking permission to offer a reward for the capture of the robbers, but was informed that the department had no authority to do so. Naturally, the affair has put in a flutter of apprehension tourists preparing for the trip through the Park. This alarm is doubtless without reason, as a repetition is as one chance in ten thousand.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Twice-Told Tales.

Editor Forest and Stream:

FOREST AND STREAM of August 7, under "Camp Fire Flickerings," has a practical illustration of the variations through which a fishing legend may run. In this case, as it happens, the variation is in FOREST AND STREAM itself. J. S. Van C.'s "What Are We Here For?" is the same story which, I think, was better told of the bishop in FOREST AND STREAM of March 31, 1894, and there credited to *Harper's Magazine*. H. S. D.

Forest and Stream, August 7, 1897.

"What Are We Here For?"

Some two or three years ago a party of anglers, including a minister as one of their number, were fishing in the North woods, and when Sunday came the question arose whether the party other than the minister should not refrain from fishing, out of respect to his feelings.

One of the party, however, made bold to ask him whether he thought that it was wicked to fish on Sunday, and he declined to express any opinion, on the ground that he was there as an angler and not by virtue of his calling, and that every person must act according to the dictates of his own conscience. He referred, however, to the following incident which had occurred not long before within his personal knowledge.

A man and woman called at the house of a minister for the purpose of being married. After going through the preliminary part of the service, the minister asked the usual question, "Do you, John, take this woman to be your lawful, wedded wife?" This was met by the rejoinder, "What in thunder do you suppose I came here for?"

The party other than the minister went fishing, while he remained at home with ample opportunity for rest and meditation. J. S. VAN C.

Forest and Stream, March 31, 1894.

Sunday Fishing.

Some years ago a number of gentlemen visited the mountains of Colorado for the purpose of fishing. Among the party was a bishop of an Eastern diocese of the Episcopal church. Fishing was the sole occupation and amusement of the visitors; so when Sunday came, as there was nothing else to do, the laymen of the party got out their rods, preparatory to casting a line. But they were in a quandary as to the bishop. They did not want to hurt his feelings by leaving him behind, nor did they want to offend his religious principles by inviting him to go fishing on Sunday. Finally one of them plucked up courage and told him of their dilemma, whereupon the good man said that he would tell them of a happening in his earlier life which he thought rather apropos. "Some years ago," he said, "when I had charge of the affairs of a parish, I was awakened about 2 o'clock one morning, and upon inquiring who was there, heard a man's voice reply that he was there with Miss Blank, and that they wanted to get married. I reasoned with him about the untimely hour, but to no avail; he meant to get married right then and there. So I put on my clothes and gown, and went down stairs and began the marriage service. Everything went along as dictated in the service till I asked the man, 'Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?' to which he replied, 'What 'm I here fur?' "

They waited for the bishop. H. S. D.

A Dead Bear and a Dude.

IN one of my spring hunts for bear in York county, New Brunswick, I had for a short time as visitor in camp a city young man, whose highest ambition was to shoot a bear, one fast in a trap even. His desire had been gratified, and one day only remained of his stay, which was spent on a line where I had set up a deadfall. As the deadfall came into view a huge bear was seen fast under the fall. The young man was delighted, and offered his assistance to set up the prop, when I raised the fall-log. There had been twenty-four hours of very warm, humid weather, so that the carcass was greatly swollen with gas. The front of the deadfall being on the height of a knoll, the carcass, when released, at once rolled away, the pent up gas at the same time finding vent through nose and mouth, made a hissing, guttural noise, startling to a novice. At the movement and the alarming noise the youth sprang away, shouting: "Great Cæsar! the bear's alive. Run for your life." And acting up to his words, he sprinted to camp. MADAWASKA.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

AN AFTERNOON IN JULY.

"SAY, Bob, what do you say about giving the bass a little whirl this afternoon?"

"All right. Where?"

"Out on the creek. It's too late to go anywhere else, and by the time we get there we will just about catch them coming up from the lake to feed."

"Well, I'll go you. You go and get into your clothes, and I will dig some worms to catch minnows; and, by the way, you can hitch up the mare."

In short order everything was in readiness, and we were on our way to one of the best bass stream for its size in the State of Michigan.

It is an inlet to a lake that was in the past noted for its great bass fishing, but for some unaccountable reason has been abandoned for years and left to the frogs and turtles.

I have often heard my father tell of the great bass and pickerel he had taken out of it in days gone by. Yet I never remember seeing any one, with the exception of some boys, fishing on it. The lake at one time was very large, but it is now well overgrown with bog land, and the water space wouldn't cover an area of four acres at the most, yet it is very deep and clear.

The stream is from 10 to 12ft. wide, very crooked, and running very deep at each bend. The nearer you go to the lake the deeper it gets. The banks are hard and clear in places, and there is no timber to bother one when casting. As you approach the lake, it gets very mucky, and is full of muskrat and mink holes, some of which are very large and covered with tall marsh hay and weeds, consequently one must keep his eyes open or out of sight he goes. It was while hunting mink on this stream that my brother and I discovered that bass were running up here and using it for a feeding ground.

Bob and I arrived at the small bridge about 4:30 P. M., and in short order had about fifteen good minnows of a medium size. We started down stream. I was to fish to the first bend, Bob to the second, and so on.

Before going any further, I must tell you of our different opinions in regard to tackle. Bob believes in the old-fashioned outfit. A good strong cane pole (not rod), with a line as heavy as possible and about 3ft. longer than the pole; and as to the hook—well, on a pinch it could be used for a gaff. On the contrary, I use a light outfit—a 10oz. rod, leader and reel to correspond. Mind you, I believed as he did, until I was laughed out of it while on a fishing trip in the northern part of the State last year.

Well, after this brother of mine had relieved his mind of some remarks about the dude fisherman and his fine tackle, and had promised to show me how to hook and land bass, we each hooked on a minnow and started for our different parts of the stream.

Swash goes the bait, and I draw it slowly toward me without a strike. Again and again I send it down stream, each time walking toward it and fishing very slowly.

I had gone probably 30ft. without getting a ripple, but on the next cast the minnow barely touched the water when a two-pounder jumped clear a foot for it. He hooked himself well and away he went, making the line sing as it cut through the water. I held him up as short as possible, wishing to land him as soon as I could. After throwing himself out clear of the water a couple of times, he turned on his side. Getting a net under him was but little bother, and he was landed in no time. My fishing friend asked to see him, so I held him up, and got for my trouble the remark that he thought it was a ten-pounder by the fuss I made in landing him. I said nothing, as I knew my time would come; and putting on a fresh minnow was just about to cast, when I heard a whoop, and turned in time to see Bob throwing a poor bass almost out of sight, by giving him one of his famous jerks. Fortunately, the fish was well hooked, otherwise he would surely have torn his head off. I had an opportunity then to make a few remarks about butchers slaughtering fish, etc., which I did in the finest way possible. Feeling that I had, in a measure, repaid him for a few of his past remarks, I sent my bait well down stream and got a strike at once; foolishly I pulled too quickly and lost minnow and all. Quickly putting on another bait I sent it after him, and found that he was still in the same spot and open for business, as he struck it the minute it touched the water. Thinking that now I would square accounts, I tried to set the hook, but failed, and again lost my minnow. I returned to the bucket, and while fishing around in it for another bait saw a small grass frog and took him instead, hooked him on, and walking carefully to one of the deep holes in the bend of the creek dropped him lightly over the edge of the bank. He gave just one kick and the water boiled around and under him. The result was another bass of about the same size as the first one. Upon returning to the minnow pail I found that Rob had exhausted our supply and had a dogfish, pickerel and bass to show for it. I told him of my experience with the frog, so we both set about it, and in a few minutes had a dozen or fifteen good ones with one of unusual size. For the rest of the afternoon the fishing was good.

In all we had a dozen fine bass, averaging about 2lbs. One of them was what we call a "whale." I must tell you about him. We were well down toward the lake and just about to return, when looking ahead a few yards I saw a particularly fine piece of water which looked very fishy. (Have you ever seen water like that?) Wishing to try it I made a long back cast, for the purpose of reaching the spot, and just as I was about to cast forward there was a swirl and swash behind. My line went out of the reel and set up an unusual buzzing. For a moment I was dumfounded, and just as I was about to return to earth the villain, on my hook, made straight for me, trying to get into the lake. By some unknown power I managed to keep the line taut, and away he went headed for the lake, taking out 100ft. of line before I knew it. I had to stop that, so I made the old fellow fight for every inch after that, and it was a fight, I tell you. Backward and forward he went, first on one side of the stream and then on the other, then again he would turn and run directly toward me, then, as quick as a flash, for the lake he would go. Bob looked over and asked if I wanted any help. I said no, but if I landed this one I would show him a corker. This remark and my struggles rather excited his curiosity, and he began to run toward me. He plunged on, regardless of danger, and just as I was about to caution him about the bog holes, he made a whoop and disappeared under the grass and muck. He reappeared as quick as he went under, covered with lily roots and mud. By this time I had to look after my own troubles, as the bass was just churning things. I knew he was a good one, as he wouldn't start my way at all. Zigzag he went across the stream, and then again he made a terrible plunge for the lake, as the old beggar knew if he got there the friendly shelter of pond-lily roots would save him. My only way of meeting these rushes was to run him into the bank. I was fishing with a single 6ft. leader and did not want to tax it too much.

Bob arrived at this moment, and, grabbing the net, made in the direction of the bass. He worked up carefully so as not to frighten him, and, looking over the bank, fell back and hollowed that it was the largest one he had ever seen. He cautioned me about losing him, and suggested that I should allow him to go in and get him. All this time the struggle was going on in earnest. Bob was dancing like an Indian, his eyes standing out like two onions and his hair full of muck and weeds. Inch by inch and foot by foot the old warhorse was disputing the ground with me, but finally I felt him turn, and then, for the first time, he was coming my way. Very slowly I worked him in and felt that, barring accident, the battle was mine; yet now and then he would show a little fight. After I got him well up he turned over on his side, and, for the first time, I saw him. Well, I must confess, my heart stopped for a moment, as he looked like the side of a dried codfish and was a monster, to be sure. Bob got the net well out into the stream while I worked him up toward it, and just as Bob was about to raise it over him the old fellow caught sight of it and make one more break for the lake. It was a grand effort, as he had out a bunch of line and was pulling like a mule before I knew it. Suddenly there was a slack, my rod straightened, and my heart went into my shoes. I said: "Bob, I have lost him."

For a minute he said nothing, then turning, with a look of pity, said: "It serves you right for fishing with such an outfit. If I had had him hooked as you did, he would have been out and we on our way home by this time. Don't ever talk to me again about fishing tackle."

I couldn't say a word, as my grounds for argument were very small, so I began to reel in my line, which, by the way, felt rather heavy. Thinking I had a bunch of weeds on, I began to walk toward my hook, reeling as I went. After almost reaching the spot where it was caught, I gave the line a slight upward jerk to free the hook, and to my surprise, received a jerk in return. With renewed hopes I tightened upon it and called to Bob, who had started for the road in disgust. He turned, and in a few jumps (this time looking out for the holes) was on the spot, net in hand. Running to where I directed, he let out a shout of joy as he saw the old veteran lying on his side, with just a spark of life left in him, but still fighting. His last effort had nearly killed him. The net was slipped under him and he was hauled to the bank and out.

Well, Bob and I shook hands—I don't know why—and stood and admired the old fellow, for he had given us a noble fight. He was an old veteran, to be sure, as he had two buckshot in his back, and a long scar on one side, caused by a spear, no doubt. His tail was cut, and part of it was missing. As he lay on the grass, gasping now and then, I must say I felt sorry to see him die, and to think that he was at last landed. We put him into the pail and started back. Bob took the last frog—the big one—hooked him, and threw into the stream to drag as we returned to the road. We had almost reached it, when there was a commotion about the bait, and away went his line. Bob straightened for the task, of course expecting to lift him right out, but he found that his poll wouldn't stand it.

The bass ran up stream to the end of the line, then he started back Again my friend tried to raise him out, but had to give it up, and away the bass went for the lake. It was but a short run to the end of the line, and we never knew when he came to it, as it parted so easily. Bob fell on his back and the bass is running yet. My time had come at last, and maybe I didn't say a few things about his fishing-tackle and ability. He made no reply, I therefore knew that I had struck home. The next day he sent out an order to one of the best tackle houses in the country for a complete outfit.

The bass I took weighed, after being out of the water nearly two hours, 5¾lbs. I expected him to weigh more, and he would have done so had I lost him, as my friends would have heard a 10lbs. bass story. BEAR CREEK.

ANGLING NOTES.

Bullheads.

As a food fish the bullhead occupies an important position in the State of New York. In 1895 nearly 200,000lbs. of bullheads were caught in State waters, dressed and sold there, and four times as many pounds as of any other of the fishes from the interior waters.

As an economic food supply the bullhead is not to be despised, and in some waters its propagation should be encouraged by laws to protect it during its breeding season, and there are other waters from which it should be exterminated—cleaned out, root and branch, as in those waters it serves no useful purpose, but, on the contrary, destroys the food of other fishes and the fishes themselves.

I refer to trout waters in the Adirondacks as waters from which the bullhead should be removed, as a deleterious fish. This may not apply to all Adirondack waters in which the bullhead is found, but it undoubtedly applies to many of the trout ponds and lakes in that region. It is not a hasty judgment when I say that I believe that the bullheads have practically destroyed the trout fishing in a number of the lakes in the Adirondacks. One lake that I visited last spring contains a few very large trout, but a small trout is unknown in it, and for years not one trout has been caught from it weighing under 3lbs. In this lake the bullheads fairly swarm, and at times when they swim near the surface they present the appearance of a solid mass of moving fish. They have apparently eaten everything that will serve as food, and are themselves so dwarfed in size that they will not pay for dressing. In fact, when they are skinned there is scarcely anything left to eat, for they are only from 3 to 5in. long. Bullheads are notorious spawn-eaters, and not only do they eat the spawn, but they eat the food of the trout. In the lake to which I refer, about 2,000 of these little bullheads were caught in part of one day by my companions, who visited the pond with me. We went there to find out, if possible, what the reason could be that no small trout were ever taken. We had not far to look. With a piece of meat tied to a string, as many as seven bullheads could be taken at one time. Three, four and five at once was not unusual, and with two men in a boat, each armed with a string and piece of meat, it was not a question of how many bullheads could be lifted into the boat, but it was a question of how long one could keep his arm in motion, first dipping the meat into the water and then lifting into the boat as many fish as could get hold of the meat during the two seconds or such a matter of time that the meat was left in the water.

When the fish were brought to the shore we found a boy that consented to take a few, comparatively, of them home, picking out the largest of them, and the balance could not be disposed of among the people living near the pond, for they were really too small to pay for dressing, and there is no prospect of their being any larger, for they seemed to have cleaned the pond of all manner of food, and must in great measure live hereafter upon one another. Under such circumstances we had no compunctions of conscience when we took from the pond all the fish possible during the day. This pond is not a solitary example of too many bullheads for the welfare of the trout, and I am quite positive that the increase in the bullhead tribe is largely accountable for the dearth of trout in many Adirondack waters, and I would suggest that the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission be applied to for permission to destroy the bullheads in such waters as I have described. It will be worse than useless to attempt to cultivate trout in such lakes until the bullheads are routed out. Under the law the Commission has power to remove deleterious fish when they interfere with the growth of trout, and there can be no more deleterious fish than the bullhead when he destroys the spawn of the trout and its food as well, and then becomes a dwarfed fish unfit for food. Fish Commissioner Hughes, of New Hampshire, told me last spring that he examined the spawning beds of lake trout in his State last fall, and found on the beds bullheads so stuffed with trout spawn as to be utterly helpless and lying at the bottom on their sides. In fact, the appearance of some of the bullheads indicated that they would not survive their feast—or gorging—of trout spawn. Commissioner Hughes was of the opinion that the bullhead was far more destructive of trout spawn on the beds he examined than the eel or sucker, and both are bad enough.

Bullheads watch their nests after spawning and the young after they are hatched, and the young can be netted out of a pond when the brood rises by using a shallow net of mosquito netting, if consent is obtained from the Commission to do so under the direction of a game protector. In many lakes the trout are sought persistently (trout do not guard their spawning beds or young and are naturally less prolific than the bullhead, as the trout is a fall spawner, taking from 90 to 150 days to hatch their eggs, while the bullhead is a spring spawner and hatch their eggs in a few days), and fished for constantly. The bullhead is not sought for food to the extent the trout is, and has little to do but thrive and multiply until it overruns the pond, destroying the young trout and its food and remains in sole possession of the water.

In another bullhead-infested pond in the Adirondacks I found that the trout had been feeding (this was a pond restocked with yearling trout) on the larvæ of the May fly; but when the time came for a rise of the fly there were few on the water. The swarming bullheads had been devouring the larvæ which should have gone to feed the trout. As in the first-mentioned pond, the bullheads were small, too small for food; and as they were never or rarely fished for, they had simply increased at the expense of the trout. I venture to predict that, if the New York Commission or its agents should net one of these ponds and remove as many bullheads as possible, it would be a comparatively easy matter to once more repopulate it with trout; and I believe something of this kind will have to be done with the smaller lakes before trout fishing in them is as it once was. There is another thing to be considered in this connection. When bullheads swarm in a pond with insufficient food to sustain them, they are more than likely to be infested with internal parasites, which unfits them for human food.

A correspondent wrote me a few weeks ago from western New York, saying that the bullheads in a pond that he had stocked were dying, and he had picked up dead or dying fish with their fins gone. He wishes to know what caused the "epidemic." I told him that his fish were starved, as evidently the pond contained no food for them, and they were preying upon one another; for once a hungry bullhead gets hold of the fin of another fish he does not let go of it until he has eaten that fin. This was the first case that had come to my knowledge in a wild pond, but it is characteristic of bullheads in an aquarium. I suggested to the correspondent that if he could get a dead fish that was reasonably fresh, he should send it to Prof. Surface, of Cornell University, as he was near at hand, for a microscopical examination.

Returning home after an absence of a week, I found a letter from Prof. Surface in which he said he had received a bullhead and had written to the sender as follows: "A careful examination has revealed the undoubted fact that the bullhead died of a superabundance of tapeworms and an insufficient supply of proper food. From the condition of this specimen, which is an adult female, I feel sure that there are but very few mollusks, small crustaceans or insects in your pond." Prof. Surface adds to me: "Of course you know how unsafe it is to judge general conditions from an examination of one specimen, but in the first place this fish was starved. What the pond needs just now is fewer fish and more fish food."

Prof. Surface did not know what I had told my correspondent or the conclusion I had arrived at, in fact, knew nothing about the matter in any way except that a fish had been sent to him for examination and cause of death, but he confirmed in every particular my opinion.

Just thirty years ago I caught in the Adirondacks the finest lot of trout I ever caught in one day in that region. They were taken with the fly from a small lake, and afterward the lake came into possession of the bullheads, and it was a rare thing to get a trout, so rare that it was scarcely fished. Means were taken to destroy the bullheads so far as possible—means that would not be tolerated under the law, and with which I have no sympathy—and trout were planted from an adjoining lake, and the first lake again became famous for its trout fishing. We live and learn, and one thing we are learning is that the bullheads must be kept down if the trout in the same water are to thrive and increase.

Sunapee Trout in Lake George.

FOREST AND STREAM has told of how the Sunapee trout were transplanted last autumn from Sunapee Lake, N. H., to Lake George, N. Y. The State fish car brought forty-two adult trout, half male and half female, and planted them in the last-named lake. When the car reached the end of the railroad, at Lake George, I employed the steam yacht Olive, Capt. Raphael Patten, to take the fish down to a shoal near Diamond Island, where they were released in good order, so far as we could see. There were left in the car four of the Sunapee trout for the New York aquarium and ten for the State hatchery at Caledonia. The fish that were left developed fungus, as they had rather severe handling when they were spawned just before starting for New York. Salt water baths saved some of them, but most of them died from the fungus, and it has been a matter of speculation how those in Lake George have fared. A few weeks ago Capt. Patten was trolling for lake trout in Lake George and caught a golden or Sunapee trout. He recognized the fish before he got it to his boat and released it uninjured. This is good news, for if one fish survived it is reasonable to suppose that more of them are alive and well and that they will spawn in the lake next fall. Capt. Patten's fish looked to weigh about 2½lbs. and was in excellent condition. It is the only one of these fish known to have been caught. They have been so well described, and the fishermen are so much interested in them, that I feel that they will be returned to the water if more should be hooked.

Landlocked Salmon in Lake Champlain.

Lake George has always seemed to me an ideal water for the propagation of landlocked salmon, or, as I believe, they should be called ouananiche, as the water is pure, cold and deep, and it abounds in "frost fish" (the round whitefish) for food, but it lacks in one particular, large tributary streams for fish to run into for spawning purposes. The late Col. McDonald, then U. S. Fish Commissioner, told me if I would recommend the stocking of Lake George with salmon he would furnish the fish. It was some time before I would take the responsibility of making the recommendation, and then not until I had visited Sunapee Lake, and found similar conditions as to spawning streams existing there where salmon do well.

In the spring of 1894 I did make the recommendation, and the U. S. Fish Commissioner sent me two car loads of fingerling salmon in October of that year. Twelve thousand were planted in Lake George streams and 10,000 in streams flowing into Lake Champlain between Port Henry and Bluff Point. The next year two additional car loads were planted one in the stream of each lake. So far as known the first salmon to be killed as the result of these plantings was killed in Lake Champlain near Port Henry on July 29 of this year. Commodore W. C. Witherbee, who has taken an active interest in planting fish in and about the lake for many years, and who rendered material aid in planting all the salmon, wrote me of the capture of the fish in question and said that it weighed 3½lbs. The salmon must have been three years old last spring, as the first plant was of fish hatched in the spring of 1894.

It is believed that a salmon was caught in Lake George early in the summer, but nothing positive is known, except that it was not a lake trout. The men who caught the fish had never seen its like, and from some of the things said about it I was inclined to think it possible that it was a salmon. Lake George, as I have said, furnishes whitefish food for the salmon, and Lake Champlain furnishes smelt food, and it will be interesting to watch developments and discover in which lake the salmon do the best. Probably other fish may be taken in one or both lakes before the season closes. Anyway, the prospect for salmon fishing next year is promising.

Yearling Brook Trout.

About a year ago I had something to say about the growth of trout fry at a private hatchery of a Long Island club, at one of the State hatching stations, and at a hatchery in Massachusetts, where trout are reared for sale. All the trout showed rapid growth, but none were equal to some trout that have been reared at the Cold Spring Harbor station of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York this year. In the fry ponds I saw last week (Aug. 5) fry that were 5½in. long from eggs hatched this year, and there were plenty of fry in the same pond that measured 5in. In the yearling ponds I measured trout that were 10 and 10¼in. long, from eggs hatched a year ago last spring.

If any one is curious about these fish, let him take a foot rule and mark on it 5½in. for fry of this year's hatching, and 10¼in for yearlings of last year's hatching, and they will get an idea of what size trout grow to on Long Island. The trout were deep, well conditioned fish, and not specially grown for record of length, in other words, they were simply such fish as are raised there for distribution in State waters. In one of the yearling ponds containing 6 000 fish I noticed a trout much too big for a yearling. I caught a glimpse of him in the mob of trout as they circled around the pond, but was sure my eyes had not deceived me, although the men said there were nothing but yearlings in the pond, and they had been recently sorted. I insisted that a search should be made for the trout, and finally he was discovered and netted—a two-year-old trout. As he was being removed a fish dropped from his mouth, partly digested. It was one of the yearlings, and how many he had eaten no one could tell. Fortunately he had been there but a few days, for the yearlings had been counted into the pond when they were sorted a short time before. How he got there was a mystery, for the screens were nailed fast and the raceway boarded over, and there were no two-year-old anywhere near the yearling pond. Probably some bird of prey had captured the fish from the two-year-old ponds and in flying away with him lost him in the yearling pond, where he was found.

Sponge for Bait.

In writing of bullheads I intended to say that their voracity has a limit, although it may not be suspected where they are found, as I have narrated, in some of the small Adirondack lakes.

A friend whom I was visiting at his camp on the shore of one of the lakes that contain more bullheads than are needed, proposed one evening to go out and reduce their number. His henchman, forester, fisherman and educated story-teller (educated in part, I suspect, by my friend for the entertainment of his guests), I have already introduced in my notes by his name Hank. Hank was told to get ready a big flat bottomed boat and my friend, his two sons, Hank and myself went out at dark to wage a small war on the bullheads. Hank had a rod, but no opportunity to use it, for no sooner were we anchored than there was a fringe of bullheads dangling about his head to be taken from the hooks and the hooks rebaited. The bullheads came so fast that sometimes they got in Hank's face or down his back, for one could not see very well in the dark. Hank never uttered a protest, for he had been well trained, and simply waited to get even. My friend passed over a bullhead and Hank took it off by the light of a lantern, but did not rebait the hook. In a moment my friend caught another bullhead without a bait; possibly a small piece of worm adhered to the hook. When the fish was removed Hank baited the hook with a piece of sponge and my friend continued fishing, with no bites. He thought it strange and passed over his hook for an examination, but Hank told him he had a good, full bait on his hook, and the fishing continued, until I was obliged to laugh, and caused suspicion and an examination of the hook. Hank stoutly maintained that as we had been trying all sorts of experiments he wished to try a piece of sponge, but as he had no chance to fish he had been forced to put the sponge on his employer's hook, but he was satisfied that bullheads drew the line at a piece of boat sponge, although they would take a bare hook that had recently had a worm on it. The only thing which surprised me was that Hank did not contend that he had often caught bullheads with a piece of sponge; perhaps he did not think of it. A. N. CHENEY.

NEWFOUNDLAND ATTRACTIONS.

THE railroad in Newfoundland is going across to new game and fish resorts. Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell, Superintendent of the Royal Deep Sea Mission to Labrador Fishermen, writes in the Toronto *Globe:*

"I have cruised the coast now five years in succession, navigating my own boat, and am by no means inclined to consider it as dangerous as is generally supposed for yachtsmen. True, the cliffs in many place look forbidding, but there are such an enormous number of islands and excellent natural harbors to run for, in some of which the fleets of the world could lie in safety, that though my voyages have been in an 8 ton and then in a 34-ton steam launch, we have never found any difficulty in getting from harbor to harbor. There are hundreds of rivers, not a single one of which is private property, and also innumerable lakes, well stocked with trout and salmon. Many of these are still innocent of an artificial fly. The shooting to be obtained is excellent. The wild geese, ducks and sea birds are naturally abundant. The willow grouse afford excellent sport also. They are plentiful and strong flyers. Snipe are abundant in places, and plover also. Reindeer, larger than I have met in Norway or Labrador, or indeed anywhere—for I believe them to be the largest of their species—are simply innumerable. But the stranger must purchase a $100 license before he can shoot them. Bear, wolves, otters and beavers are also to be found. The large Arctic hare and rabbit are in plenty.

The country should offer the archæologist also an excellent field for work. The aboriginal tribes of the island have only recently disappeared, and next to nothing has been done to obtain traces or records of them. The ornithologist, botanist and entomologist have also a great field open whence to gather knowledge and fresh laurels. Very little has ever been done with the entomology of the island. The agricultural prospects of the country seem limited to the western part of the island, but there appears to be there good grazing land, and in places good agricultural land. The fogs so associated with the country I have not failed to experience, and that more than once, but they are limited to the sea almost entirely. Many times, making the land in foggy weather, we have found a glorious day with lovely sunshine on the land. As a matter of fact, the climate of the interior is a dry one, is extremely healthy and bracing, and if only good hotels existed on some of the large inland lakes, such as Deer Lake and Grand Lake, from the standpoint of a physician I should say that persons with weak lungs and tendencies to tuberculosis could do far worse than spend the summer months in Newfoundland. Until now it has almost been impossible to get into the country at all. Very few persons had ever been across it, and even its own inhabitants knew next to nothing about it. But the new railway is solving the problem. By next June it will be open in its entire length, and a fine steamer now being specially constructed for the service will transfer mails and passengers in six hours from Sydney on the Intercolonial Railway to Port au Basque. Whether the current of passengers to the mother country will be diverged to run through this channel is still to be seen. Certainly the time on passage will be very considerably reduced, and fast steamers from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to Liverpool, which is the shortest trans-Atlantic course, should accomplish the journey in little, if anything, over three days. Thus bad sailors should all eventually go this way. Let us hope that this will not be a stigma attaching to everyone choosing

this route. The Newfoundland Government are certainly to be congratulated on their pluck in this matter, and it is sincerely to be hoped that success may attend their policy.

The scenery on the west coast of Newfoundland is magnificent, and compares well with the fiords of Norway, which are well known to me, and which people travel from the ends of the earth to see. The neighborhoods of Bay of Islands and Bonne Bay are especially fine. The people are hospitality personified as far as I have found them; they are always ready to place at a visitor's disposal themselves and anything they have. They remind one largely of the unsophisticated days of Norway, when every countryman took his hat off to every visitor, and did not expect 10 cents in return. There is a charming simplicity about these children of the sea—the race who for centuries have "done all their business on great waters and have gone down to the sea in ships." It is a refreshment, if not a revelation in itself, to the wearied and worried brain of a city man to spend a few weeks among these delightful people."

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

LII.—Dr. Spencer M. Nash.

THE storm had begun before sundown and raged throughout the long winter night. It was still raging as we looked out on the great snowdrifts on Christmas morning, 1866, and as we gathered at breakfast each remarked, "It was a fearful night," and father rejoiced that no cattle trains were due that day, for he had charge of the live stock department at the eastern end of the New York Central Railroad, and would not have enjoyed having several stock trains stuck in the snow. His men had shoveled a path from the office to the house, and as we finished breakfast one announced that a passenger train had been stuck in the snow half a mile above and the passengers had neither fire nor food. Everything eatable in the house was put in baskets, pails of milk and of coffee were prepared, and half a dozen men were sent wallowing through the drifts to the relief of the passengers. Many of the men on the train came down to the West Albany Hotel, and left the provisions for the women and children. Two of them were acquainted with one of our family and stopped with us for two days until the roads were opened. We improvised a cribbage board, and put in the time as well as we could; for there was no stock coming through, and, therefore, nothing to keep us clerks and bookkeepers busy.

Seventeen years later, in 1883, at Blackford's annual trout opening in Fulton Market, New York, I was introduced to many gentlemen by the late Frank Endicott, who then knew every angler worthy of the name in the city. Among them was Dr. Nash, who, after some conversation, remarked:

"I know some people of your name in Albany. Have you relatives there?"

"Yes, that was my boyhood home."

'Is Capt. Joseph Mather, of West Albany, a relative of yours?"

"Yes, we are slightly related; he's my father."

"You don't say so!"

"I do say so."

"Well," said the Doctor, "I have a pleasant memory of a couple of days in your father's hospitable home years ago, when I was snowbound on the Central road, coming East; we played cribbage, and after the old folks went to bed we went down in the office, where we sat by a roaring fire and told stories. A brother of yours had a banjo in the office and played all the old time songs and jigs, that I thought had long since been forgotten. What has become of him? Is he living?"

"What was his front name?"

"I forget just now, but I'd know it if I heard it."

"Was it Fred? He was there then."

"Yes, yes; Fred; that's it. I'd like to meet him again. Is he living?"

"Wait a moment, till I feel my pulse—yes, I'm alive."

"You don't mean it!"

"I do mean it. I made a cribbage board, played the banjo and sang:

Ole Mister Coon's a cunnin' t'ing,
He ramble in de dark;
Noffin seem to 'sturb he's min'
Till he hear ole Ringo bark.

"Does that sound familiar? If it doesn't, I'll give you a dozen or more verses of it until your memory gets wide awake."

I wish I had a photo of the genial Doctor with the surprised look he wore when he put out his hand and said: "Well, I'll be durned!"

As I took the proffered digits I merely replied: "And so will I;" and we have never forgotten each other since. He has several times basely deceived me by saying: "Hold still, now, it won't hurt," while he was preparing to run some abominable device up a hollow tooth and drag a quivering nerve from away up behind my eyeball. The vengeance which I then vowed could now be repaid (for is not the pen mightier than the forceps?), but when I look back from a more pleasant chair in my den and try to borrow some of the enchantment which distance is said to lend—without collateral security—I relent. Perhaps he meant that his instruments of torture would not hurt—him. That's a dentist's view of the case.

As an item of interest concerning the feeding of the soft-finned pickerel on the spiny black bass, I will quote from a letter from Dr. Nash, written May 20, 1885: "I caught several pickerel (*E. reticulatus*) on the artificial fly and one had a little black bass in its throat, still alive. I placed forty bass, small and big-mouth, in the lake two years ago, and this is the first evidence I have had that they have bred. The size puzzles me. The young bass seems too small for a yearling and too large for fry of this year, for the fish was nearly 2in. long."

Once he wrote me a critique on my monograph, entitled "Adirondack Fishes," and among other things said: "I was surprised at your saying that you preferred bullheads to brook trout for the table, but on reflection must agree with you. Every summer I have tired of trout but have never had a sufficiency of bullheads. To be sure I have never tried to eat so many of the catties as I have of trout, and have never been confined to them as a steady diet as we are to trout in the woods. And this reminds me of a story. While making a trip through the Adirondacks with a friend and two guides we stopped at Ike Kenwell's, on Raquette Lake, for dinner. My guide, Ike Stone, and I were standing on the wharf anxious to get away when a boat came to the landing. A gentleman seated in the stern, said to be a clergyman, remarked to one standing near us: 'Come, brother, get your tackle ready, I have found where we can get splendid fishing, for my guide thinks we can get some bullheads to-day.' My guide never got over it, and he speaks of the 'splendid fishing' at Raquette Lake every year when we meet."

There may be no moral to this story, but it points to the fact that the flesh of all fishes of the salmon tribe, not family, for I only mean the salmon and the different trouts, is very cloying after a short time. A man will tire of salmon after a few meals, yet an occasional dinner of it is an ichthyophagian treat, and the same is true of trout in a lesser degree, for its flesh is not so rich in oils as that of the salmon.

As one of Fish Committee of the Blooming Grove Park Association, Dr. Nash arranged with me for professional advice in locating and arranging a trout hatchery for the Association, and I visited that famous park in 1883 and afterward had their hatching troughs made on Long Island, sent by rail to New York, where they went to their journey's end by canal and wagon over the mountains, and I was surprised to learn that they were watertight on arrival. I saw quite a little of the park then and was impressed with its wild, rugged character, which fitted it for a grand game preserve, and for little else. Its 17,000 acres, with 4,000 more leased, contains eight mountain lakes and over twenty-five miles of trout streams. This, and a square mile fenced in for a breeding park for deer and other game, made it a sportsman's paradise, surrounded as it is by a wild, mountainous country in Pike county, Pa., only 140 miles from New York City.

A year or two after this first visit Dr. Nash invited me to fish in the park with him. The trout season was poor just then, because the streams were swollen, and the only fishing at the time was for black bass. We left the handsome club house in the morning in a two-seated carryall drawn by two sturdy and stubborn little mules, named Or and Tor. When Bob, the driver, took up the lines and started his team he lighted his pipe and polluted the air behind him. Nash did not seem to mind it, and I, being a guest, pretended not to notice it. In no other country that I know of would such a thing be tolerated, even if a driver should so far forget himself as to attempt it, but it is an everyday occurrence among our free-born American drivers of stages and other vehicles in the rural districts. We were bound for Lake Laura, which is about six miles in a direct line from the club house, but fully nine by the mountain roads. The trees were gorgeously tinted with all the varied greens of early summer, for the leaves of the hard woods were still quite young, and when Bob's pipe was replaced in his pocket the air was glorious.

There was a little house and stable at Lake Laura, and I was glad to get from the wagon into a boat. The lake is nearly square and is almost a mile across in both directions, with a shelving, rocky shore, which was washed clean of mud or vegetation as far out as one could see the bottom. It was now nearly 9 A. M., and an occasional bass was breaking here and there. Their nests were plentiful and plain to be seen, and many schools of baby bass that had just risen, but had not scattered to seek their individual fortunes, were also to be seen.

"What flies do you propose to use?" asked the Doctor.

"Just what I was about to ask you, because this is strange water to me and you've fished it before. Tell me what you think best to start in with?"

The Doctor cast his weather eye aloft, sniffed at the wind and said: "The morning is fairly bright and there is sufficient breeze to make a ripple and hide the fall of the line and leader. I think that rather sober-colored flies should take, don't you?"

"That's the theory, a dull fly for a bright day and bright colors for an overcast sky, but I've often found exceptions to the rule."

"Naturally," said the Doctor, "the exceptions prove the rule; if there was no rule there could be no exception."

"Well, here's a ginger-hackle and a March-brown," I replied, "and if they don't suit I'll give 'em something else, and reserve any tilt at your philosophy until we adjourn to take a rise out of the luncheon," and I was soon casting.

Nash selected a stone-fly and a brown-palmer, and then he put the boat to the western side of the lake and let it drift back as we fished. We had a rise or two, but no strike, and contrary to all expectation the bass were rising about the lake more freely than when we started to fish, for we generally look for them to stop feeding as midday approaches. I said something to this effect, to which the Doctor replied:

"All black bass rules are violated by the bass in Bloomingrove Park. There's that fine lake just in front of the club house, Lake Giles; it's about the size of this lake and contains thousands of large bass, but they refuse to rise to fly or bite at bait, durn 'em, and we don't know what to think of them. We can see dozens of them swimming by, great fellows, of four, six, and nobody knows how many pounds, but they decline all offers. What do you think of that?"

"The bass are a recent importation, for they are not natives of the eastarn parts of New York and Pennsylvania, and they are at present finding all the food they want in the native suckers, shiners and other fish, but when they clean this food up they will then have appetites for what you have to offer. Now, when we start again from the western shore I'm going to try brighter flies. Here's a red ibis and a queen-of-the-water all ready. Let me take the oars while you change your cast."

A coachman and a yellow sally was the Doctor's choice, and we did quite well with these, even if the day was bright We had eleven fish in the next drift across the lake, most of them taken on the yellow-sally and the red-ibis. The bass were small, none going above 1lb, but they were lively and strong fighters. Nash said that they did not grow larger in Lake Laura. That was another strange thing. One more drift with a like result and it was time to go ashore.

We had appetites befitting anglers on a mountain lake. We had a wealth of appetite that would have been of rare value to men who are chained to business, but we had acquired it easily, and we squandered it so thoroughly that none of our wealth was available to take home.

* * * A voice said: "Come, wake up if you want to do some fishing this afternoon," and as the "dull dense sensation of recurring sense" rolled back, I gradually got a grip on life and became conscious that Lake Laura was the place on this planet where I was "at," and fish once more seemed worth the fishing.

The same flies served for the afternoon fishing, although the sky was not so bright and nothing unusual occurred except that a bass took one of my flies below and the other fly became entangled in something that was stronger than my leader. The bass was lost and my other hook broke; on reeling in I found that the broken hook was one of those side-bent "sneck" hooks which are my abomination, and how I ever came into possession of a queen-of-the-water tied on a sneck hook is more than I can say. I don't know of any fly-maker or dealer who sends out or sells flies tied on these hooks, and I was surprised to find that I had such a fly.

Before we quit fishing I told the Doctor that I would like to take a hundred or two of the baby bass to Long Island, for by the way, all the bass in Lake Laura were of the small-mouth persuasion, and we got a quart fruit jar from the house and put some baby bass in it. They were less than half an inch long and blacker than they would ever be again. We started. Bob lighted his pipe and a hind wheel collapsed and he went over the dashboard among an indistinguishable mess of mule's heels, while his young life was saddened by the loss of his pipe, which suffered a compound fracture. I was sitting over the wheel whose spokes, without a request from one of its felloes, let the hub fall on the ground, to the great surprise of the men and mules. As Nash sailed over me, after the manner of a flying squirrel, there was a momentary glimpse of a fruit jar following him, and then we arose and saw hundreds of baby bass struggling for life in the road. "And forty miles from a wagon maker," said the Doctor, as we shook hands and assured each other that we were unhurt. "I don't mind the walk back," said I, "but I am so sorry about the driver's pipe."

That driver crawled out from under the mules and looked at the wreck of wagon and of pipe. Which was the greatest calamity, from his point of view, he did not say; but he looked dazed, until Nash said to him: "Come, wake up; go to the house and get an axe, and we'll fix the wagon and go on." He went, brought an axe, and the Doctor cut a long pole, put it under the hind axle and lashed it fast to an iron on the front of the wagon body; and so, trailing on the ground like the lodge poles of a Sioux, that pole sustained the axle, and we put our rods and fish in the wagon and started over the mountain on foot, while Bob, seated over the front wheels, drove on without his pipe.

As we started ahead of the team, Nash advised that we cut some good strong gads in case of meeting rattlesnakes, and we did. They were chestnut sprouts, tough, and about 15ft. long and perhaps 1¼in. at the butt—most formidable things for a snake to meet while enjoying life in a sun-bath on an unfrequented road, "Now bring on your snakes," said my companion, and "There's one," said I, as we made a short turn and a rattler came into view while taking his siesta in the middle of the road. There was a rush, a yell, and the gads went whack, whack, on the vertebræ of that snake just as he threw himself into a hollow coil to resist the charge. It was no use, our artillery was too heavy for him. Some one said that Providence was always on the side of the heaviest artillery, thereby either paraphrasing or antedating a similar remark ascribed to Napoleon regarding the best disciplined troops. Be that as it may, we had the heaviest artillery and were the best disciplined troops, because we acted in concert, and our whacks reduced the enemy to such an extremity that he was quiescent, merely wiggling his tail to show how glad he was to see us.

"Seven rattles and a button," remarked my companion snake-killer, "and this fellow is eight years old, at least. No one can say that some rattles have not been lost, and that he may be a hundred years old. What do you think of that?"

"I think that I don't know the first thing about it. There are men who deny that the snake produces only one rattle a year, and others who assert that the rings on a cow's horn may indicate age, but not necessarily her exact age; and other men claim that in favorable years a tree will make several rings in a season, if the growth is checked and proceeds again, according as the months may be alternately dry or wet."

"You don't believe in these things, I take it," said my friend, in a manner that denoted a question.

"They may be so; I don't deny them," I answered, "but the question seems to be an open one, one in which the evidence is not all in, and as either a judge or a juryman I believe nothing until it has been proved. I have counted over a dozen wrinkles on the horn of a cow that I once bred and knew to be only four years old, and I've seen rings of growth on clam and oyster shells that would make them appear to be octogenarians when their size belied the wrinkles. I once hatched oysters from the egg, and under the microscope saw them fasten on shells, and then suspended them where there was plenty of food in tide water. In the fall those oysters were as large as a quarter of a dollar, and showed sharp rings of growth, I can't say how many, perhaps twenty. That is as far as my positive knowledge goes. What are you carrying that snake on your gad for?"

"For no reason that I can give," said the Doctor, "but you must know that a man does many things for which he can give no good reason—I mean a sound commercial reason; this thing is a trophy; only this and nothing more. It may serve to scare the mules into greater activity if they ever catch up with us, or it will serve to feed the ants if we ever find a hill of pismires."

We soon found what had been a hill, but which had been leveled by a bear, who provoked the inhabitants to attack him and then devoured them as they swarmed on his tongue. The trouble had occurred so long before that the pismires had partly rebuilt the mound, and when Nash dropped the snake across it with a thud, it was fun to see the hordes swarm up from below to resent any attack upon their outworks. They came by battalions, brigades and divisions of army corps, and they emitted a peculiar odor, which cannot be described. They covered the snake 1in. deep, and any man who has ever aroused the ire of a colony of this kind by disturbing their mounds, and has had the experience of only one of these wingless insects up his trouser's leg, will know just how they nipped that dead snake. "If you come along here to-morrow," said the Doctor, "you will find the skeleton of that rattler picked clean enough to set up in a museum; there will not be a bit of flesh or skin left; the few scales and the skeleton will remain because the ants can't eat them."

The mules came up while we were watching the legions attacking the dead snake, and the driver said that since the pole had replaced a wheel the mules had refused to go faster than a walk, and showed his whip worn to a stump, in evidence that he had used all his powers of persuasion. Then we tried our arguments, one to each mule, but those gads which had made a rattlesnake look as though he had been run through a threshing machine were shed from the backs of those mules as a duck's back sheds water. They squirmed as we yelled and whaled, but our arguments had no effect. It was not fear of Mr. Bergh that made us desist, but that muscular incapacity which accompanies severe laughter. The mules were the best disciplined troops in this engage-

ment, and they tired us out; they carried their point, and walked the whole way home.

"I tell you," said the Doctor, "a mule knows a heap. That team knew that if they should trot another wheel might break down, and it is their duty to get the wagon and Bob home safely. Yes, a mule knows more than some men."

"Present company not excepted."

"Correct; the more you study a mule—whoop! There's another snake!"

The gads were playing on a rattler like flails on a barn floor a second later and the dissertation on mules was never completed, and thus much knowledge which might benefit mankind—or mules—was irretrievably lost, all on account of a miserable little rattlesnake which was valueless as food, of no account as a motive power, whose oil is of doubtful value for rheumatism, and whose sole mission seems to be confined to scaring huckleberry pickers, causing some sportsmen to carry "remedy for snake-bites," and furnishing inspiration to Ed. Mott to write "Old Settler" stories for the New York *Sun*. Perhaps this is reason enough for its existence. Who will deny it?

It was in 1888—I like to be exact—that the B. G. Park Association, through Dr. Nash, invited me to be the judge in its fly-casting tournament in October, and Nash and I fished Lake Giles with fly, minnow, dobson and fiddler crab—which I brought from salt-water—for two days and never took a bass, although we saw them in great numbers and of large size nosing around our baits. It was a new experience to me, but Nash talked as though it was the usual thing on Lake Giles.

I have no record of the fly-casting at hand. Memory has only recorded the fact that the distances and accuracy compared favorably with such amateur casts as had been made at Harlem Mere, but the measuring line was unique, and the device of Dr. Nash is worthy of record, for it is the best thing of the kind I ever saw. It was made of wooden strips 3 or 4in. wide and 12ft. long; the ends dovetailed together and secured by a bolt which allowed them vertical motion. On these strips were the distance marks. When we consider that our cotton lines would shrink when wet, and that the wood only shrinks or swells across the grain, to any appreciable extent, we get the value of this measuring line and of its record in tournaments.

Some seven years ago Dr. Nash organized "The Fresh Air Club," of a dozen or more members, and they would go by rail to some place twenty or thirty miles away and then start for the city on foot and across lots, over hill and through meadow on a straight line, and each season they visited me on Long Island, shook hands and were off, with the motto: "The hind wagon pays the toll." This and an annual vacation of three months in the Adirondacks, where he is at the present writing, keeps the doctor in rugged health and strength, and he is naturally a strong man.

As we sat in the boat on Lake Giles, trying to induce the bass to take flies and various baits without getting them to notice our lures, he said: "I took my first fishing lessons from Reub. Wood, when a boy in Syracuse, N. Y., but even Reub. couldn't catch a bass in Lake Giles, and those boyhood days with 'Uncle Reub.' are so long ago that I begin to think I'm as old as the hills or as the valleys between them, for I think they are twins, but, anyhow, I'm getting old."

"Yes, you are old. Old enough to be called in. When did you fish with Uncle Reub.?"

"In 1861, when I was sixteen years old, and that's a long time ago."

"Well, yes," I answered, "it's long for a boy like you to remember, but I fished with him in 1840, when I was seven years old, and that's only a short time ago. Please never speak about your getting old in my presence. Even the fish refuse to bite when you talk in that way."

The Doctor thought a moment and replied: "Old is a comparative term which changes its meaning as we advance in life. When I was thirty-eight and just a trifle gray I revisited the village of Cazonovia, where I lived between the ages of eight and sixteen, and chanced to see two boys fishing at a spot where I fished when about their ages and caught the grandest suckers and bullheads that ever made a little boy's heart glad. I mentioned the fact to the boys that I used to fish at that spot when a boy and passed on, but before I was out of hearing I heard the question: 'Say, Johnnie, who is that old duffer?' I did not get the reply, but never regretted it. If I was an old duffer five years ago I must be an older one now."

Thinking this over after writing it, I can only hope that if I organize a party to go to the gold fields of Alaska and the Klondike next spring, that one of the party will be Dr. Nash. Not that I fear a need of his professional services, for my wisdom teeth have not only been cut, but shed some weeks ago, but for the sake of his genial companionship, his knowledge of camp life, and his unfailing good nature in the presence of misfortune or incident. Our acquaintance began in storm, ripened into a warm friendship in later years, and at the rare intervals when we meet we are boys again.

FRED MATHER.

AN IOWA OUTING CENTER.

EDITOR C. H. Loomis, of the Bellevue, Iowa, *Herald*, sends us his illustrated souvenir, "Where Proudly Flows the Mississippi," devoted to setting forth the commercial, residential, and outing characteristics of Bellevue. The town is on the Mississippi River, in northeastern Iowa, and is reached by the Bellevue-Cascade branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R.R., and by the Chicago, Burlington & Northern Railway. Of the fishing and shooting, Mr. Loomis writes:

"It has been said—and truly—that there are no better fishing grounds along the Mississippi than at Bellevue. Here is caught every species of fish known to the river—and in abundance; a fisherman with an empty string being of rare occurrence. Nearly every variety of bass is caught here, the best season for them being from June to September inclusive. Some of the best spots for bass fishing are in the sloughs and small lakes opposite the city—especially at the mouths of Lilly and Yonkers lakes; excellent bass fishing can also be had at the new government dams below town. The spoon and live minnows are preferable as bait, and as the bass is a capricious fellow, his prospective captor will do well to provide himself with each. A species of the bass family locally known as 'croppies' will take worms.

"Another of our best game fish is the pickerel, frequenting about the same localities as the bass, and taking the same bait. Jack-salmon and pike are caught in greatest abundance in the fall of the year; they take the minnow readily, and some of the best places for catching them are the rock bars north and south of the city, and on the Illinois shore a short distance south. The several varieties of catfish, perch, sturgeon and eels are also caught here in numbers. Bellevue and vicinity certainly affords plenty of sport for the piscatorially inclined outer, whether he be of indolent or ambitious disposition.

"From 1842 to 1869 this region was the resort of wild game of all sorts and varieties indigenous to the country and climate. Our veteran sportsman, M. G. Hyler, has to his credit over 500 deer, hundreds of wild turkeys, and numberless ducks, geese and prairie wolves killed during that period and later; and Mr. Hyler, as may be imagined, is not the only one who killed game. This country, however—like all other sections of the United States where primitive nature has fallen back before the advance of the woodsman's axe and the plow of the husbandman—is in the wane of its glory as a game country. Yet good shooting can still be had here, as in their proper seasons the sloughs and lakes are the home of thousands of wildfowl, such as ducks, geese and snipe, while quail, pheasant and woodcock are found in the Iowa bluffs and on the Illinois side of the river. The recently enacted Iowa game laws place some restrictions, however, upon the killing of the last mentioned class of game. In furred game—rabbits, squirrels, coons, foxes, prairie wolves and wildcats are yet to be found in abundance by the sportsman who will learn their haunts.

"The Mississippi River has been termed the home of the camper, and anyone who has taken a journey of any length upon it, or upon one of the lines of railroad which follow its curves, will fully appreciate the truth of the saying. During the camping season its shores and islands are dotted with the white tents of campers, and the pleasant odor of fried eggs and 'sow-belly' is wafted upon the breeze to the nostril of the passer-by. And, while generally speaking, the Mississipi is the camper's home, it is peculiarly so in this immediate vicinity; scenery, climate, the excellent facilities for boating, fishing and hunting, the nearness of the camper to supplies—all combine to make this one of the most pleasant and convenient of localities for the spending of a few days, weeks or months amid the scenes of nature. Suitable spots for locating a summer camp are so numerous in this vicinity that a detailed description of them would occupy pages of this pamphlet; suffice it to say that anyone coming here for that purpose can readily secure any and all necessary information on the subject. In closing, we say: Come to Bellevue, the ideal summer resort of the Mississippi River."

A DAY ON BEAR BROOK.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Looking over my last epistle as to bait fishing, size of hooks, etc., etc, and recalling the question as to closing waters entirely for a period, and then opening them on a fixed day to be raided by every angler for miles around, has brought back to my memory a day on Bear Brook many years ago, when a couple of hours changed the score of the day.

I had often heard of Bear Brook more than fifty years ago, when living in Lowell, Mass., as a young man, and where some of my piscatorial friends from the English colony which first settled in Lowell, went up to Hooksett, N. H., quite near the brook, for a week, and sent home some beautiful trout; but I had never seen the brook myself until the first year of the late Civil War, when, in the general stagnation of all business which followed the outbreak of the war, the works in which I was engaged were partially stopped for a short time, and one of the employees, who was an ardent angler, proposed to me to go up to the brook and try for some trout.

Another of the engravers joined him, and, piloted by a friend of ours, the market-man, who supplied us all with beef and mutton, and who knew the brook well, we started one bright morning in May for our drive up the Merrimac, and then up the Simcook River, some fifteen miles to the mouth of the brook.

We arrived at the old Ely Place (a huge farmhouse with numerous and enormous outbuildings, which had once been the headquarters of a great lumber industry) somewhere between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning, and putting up our horses, started for the brook.

By the advice of our guide, we did not begin in the meadow near the house and the road, which he thought had been too much fished "by the boys," but bore up a pasture road, reaching the water about a quarter of a mile above. Here we began, and scattering, worked up the brook. As I always fish new waters rather deliberately, I got behind the rest of the party for some time, and had very poor luck, until I overtook them at the head of the meadow, where the brook made a number of short turns under the shadow of a piece of old woods, along whose edge it ran and made a number of deep holes, filled with old logs, where they were having a great time and had got some fair fish. They had "skimmed the cream" of it though before I reached them, and soon we all worked on up the brook. It came out bright and hot with no air stirring, and by noon, when we reached a sawmill far up the brook, we were very willing to sit down on the logs and rest.

The men at the mill told us that the meadow above was good fishing, but there was not a sign of a tree or bush, and the sun was blazing down with full power, so we concluded not to go any further, but ate our lunches at our leisure, and smoked our pipes, and then set out homeward down the stream, which is the way I always prefer to fish with bait, and in so doing added a few more fish to our creels.

When we reached the deep holes under the shadow of the woods—but not in the shadow then, for the sun had "swung half round the circle"—my companions all "slacked speed," to work them over again. Now, I never like to fish the same waters over again the same day, unless the weather changes, and do not believe in waiting for trout. I have always found that if they were at home, and "on the feed," they would respond as soon as you "dropped them a line." I accordingly worked slowly on down stream until, just as the sun was setting, I reached the bridge where we had begun in the morning. Now, as I said in my last, I was "loaded for bear." I had on a 1.0 hook, with plenty of bait, and the first cast I made in a bend of the brook, a few yards below the bridge, where it swirled under a hollow bank, was answered by such a tug as I had not felt all day, and resulted in placing a ½-pounder in my basket. Then my fun began. Every fresh bend in the brook gave me a fine fish from 6 to 8in. long, and when my companions overtook me in the meadow just below the house, when it was so dark I could scarcely see my line, I was trying vainly to get another rise from a big fellow which I had once lifted just out of water, and probably pricked, from striking too quick. We all concluded that it was too dark to fish longer, and went up to the house, where, to the surprise of my companions, the contents of my basket overbalanced their three.

So much for an hour after sunset on a bright, clear day. Suffice it to say that we had a pleasant drive home by moonlight, and that two of my neighbors enjoyed a bountiful trout breakfast the next (Sunday) morning, as well as my own family. I shall never forget that last hour's sport

VON W.

BASS IN THE VIRGINIAS.

The Potomac River.

THERE is a fact which seems to have escaped the notice of a majority of the fishermen coming here from a distance which I would call your attention to, for the benefit of a very few.

The Potomac is touched by the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., and Hancock, Md., where it is fished by city anglers. Between these two points there is, I should judge, about thirty-five or forty miles of water that is seldom fished by any except local fishermen, and a very few who come from Hagerstown, Md.

There are some places on this river one could safely call virgin waters, between the two places mentioned. Numerous dams make deep waters. The principal one being dam No. 4, about five or six miles west of Shepherdstown, W. Va. A camping party could find excellent sport and recreation along this stream.

Persons desiring hotel accommodations and fishing could secure about what they want by application to the Entler Hotel, at Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

This historic town is located at the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers, and can be reached by the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Anglers can find any kind of water desired, as they have the two rivers to choose from, and either one is good.

First-class accommodations can be had at Hotel Courier, kept by Shepherd Gatrell, who will kindly answer any questions. There are a number of parties who take fishermen out there and furnish good boats. The Blue Ridge Rod and Gun Club have their club house on the Virginia side, one-quarter of a mile east of the ferry.

Riverton, Va.

The village of Riverton, Va., is situated at the junction of the Norfolk & Western and Southern railways, being at the point where the north and south forks of the Shenandoah River joins and forms the river proper. It is a favorable place for black bass fishermen. On account of the Shenandoah River being muddy at times this point will recommend itself to all anglers, for the reason that on account of the two forks coming together here one is reasonably sure of clear water at all times. When one fork is muddy the other is usually clear, and when both are clear one has the preference of either fork or the main river below.

There is a small hotel at Riverton where fishermen can find accommodations at reasonable rates.

Overall, Va.

This little village is situated on the southern fork of the Shenandoah River, about eighteen miles south of Riverton, and on the line of the Norfolk & Western Railway, and can be reached either via Riverton, Va., or Shenandoah Junction, W. Va. This point is recommended for bass fishing, as the water is remarkably deep and the natural advantages there render it all that could be desired for angling. The deep water is skirted above and below by fine riffle water. Fine strings of bass have been taken there by Baltimore and Washington anglers, some of the bass being remarkably large. Boats and lodging can be had by addressing Mandy Tripplett, Overall, Va

I would recommend this place above all others, either on the Shenandoah or Potomac rivers, but would wire the railroad agent at Riverton regarding the condition of the south fork before starting.

EDW. C. DRAWBAUGH.

THE WALLKILL RIVER AGAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just finished the articles of Messrs. J. S. Van Cleef and Fred Mather, taking me to task for my criticism of Mr. Mather's forty-ninth "Men I have Fished With."

Mr. Van Cleef undertakes to convince the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that I have made some "serious errors," and that I have charged Mr. Mather with making statements not contained in his article. In my article of July 15 I said. "The Wallkill rises in the township of Wantage, Sussex county, in the State of New Jersey, and flows thence in a northerly direction through Orange county and empties into the Hudson, or rather Rondout Creek, at Rondout, Ulster county, N. Y." Mr. Van Cleef says: "But it is incorrect that this river runs through Orange county until it empties into the Hudson, as argued by Mr. Wilkin;" and this is the manner in which he says I err: "The fact is that the Wallkill River runs through both Orange and Ulster counties and finally joins the Rondout Creek a mile or two above Rondout and empties into the Hudson." That's what I call a distinction without a difference, and most other people would say the same thing upon a comparison of the two statements.

I acknowledge that I was mistaken in my statement that Mr. Mather was to meet Mr. Ziegenfuss at Zach Dubois's hotel at New Paltz, and right here tender to Mr. Mather my humble apology. I was three or four miles up stream too far. Zach kept tavern below New Paltz, while Hank held forth right at New Paltz.

It seems to be the prevailing opinion and sentiment among the brotherhood of anglers, especially up this way, that some day we will have Mr. Mather's very readable articles collected and published in book form; if this is so, we want it corrected before it gets into that shape.

Mr. Van Cleef is right when he pays his respects to old Wallkill's superiority as a bass stream. The provision of the game laws which permits nets, fykes and the like in the Wallkill only relates to that portion or end of the stream at or near Roundout, and it is unfair to hold all the members of the Legislature who happen to live in the districts through which the stream runs, responsible for such a condition of things; Mr. Van Cleef should be more explicit in his charges, and put the responsibility where it belongs.

Mr. Van Cleef also reads with regret that I have placed a large number of bass in the stream this year, and thinks it hardly possible that among the lot there will be some large-mouthed bass. He may rest easy. They were all large-mouthed bass; and he need have no fears as to the future of

old Wallkill; it is all right, and has been for a great many years. If the planting of this fish will practically ruin the stream, it has been ruined a long time, and is wrong to lay so much blame at the doors of our Legislature, and particularly the members thereof from this end or rather the middle of the stream.

Our local fishermen have been taking both large and small-mouthed bass from the stream for years with bait, fly and flat and dip nets. The net fishing has been stopped after a hard struggle and several arrests. Flat net fishing ought to be prohibited. I saw last April at one time over forty flat netters at Phillipsburgh, and everyone was taking bass (mostly large-mouthed) at every lift of their nets, some weighing as much as 4lbs., and none less than 1lb.

I saw one man raise fifty-two in less than an hour, and many of them were very large fish. I am of the opinion that large-mouthed bass spawn earlier than the small-mouthed, for the reason that the netters were lifting them almost exclusively, three weeks earlier than the small-mouth.

The bass were all returned to the stream, as a strict watch was kept upon the fishermen, and they only took suckers and perch.

The pike-perch plant may be a failure; I doubt it, as last fall from a planting of 50,000 a young man brought me two nearly 6in. long which were taken in bait nets, and this season I have had one over a foot long; if they will live in the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, they ought to thrive in the Wallkill.

I will let you know the result of the planting this fall, after they have had a chance for four or five months.

I hope sometime in the near future to find a good "fishin' hole," and will then invite Messrs. Van Cleef and Mather to take a whack at it with me, and if, after the day's sport is over, we've not had a good one it won't be the fault of.

JOHN WILKIN.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Aug. 7.

CHICAGO FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The open tournament of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club opened to day on the North Lagoon of Garfield Park, with a fair attendance of local and visiting anglers to take part in the contests and a crowd of interested spectators. The lagoon, a body of water 160ft. in length, affords excellent opportunities for the sport, and the club committees had provided piers and buoys and marks for the casters, boats for the judges, and tents and seats for all. There was a strong wind in the earlier part of the work which seemingly handicapped much of the competition. The judges were Messrs. Fred A. Coyne, Dr. Chas G. Fuller, Henry L. Stanton, W. F. Eames, of St. Louis, and Matt Benner, with G. A. Stevens referee. The timekeeper was W. A. Church. I inclose from the official programme the full text of the conditions; from them the character of the requirements may be well understood. The work was of a high order of merit throughout, and the prize winners earned their rewards. It was a subject of frequently expressed regret that the actual force of competitors was not so large as the preliminary entry list had promised, but it is believed that the Chicago Fly-Casting Club may with warrant count this as the beginning of a series of interesting and popular annual competitions.

Rules and Regulations.

RULE I.—All persons competing for prizes shall pay an entrance fee as follows: One event, $3; two events, $5; three events, $7; all events, $10. Entries to each event close thirty minutes before contest commences.

RULE II.—The captain shall be the executive officer of the day, and shall examine all tackle used in the events. The secretary-treasurer shall receive all entry fees, and issue cards to contestants designating their number in the order of competition. The time-keeper shall start and close all events. He shall signal the judges with a flag, and call time to the contestants.

RULE III.—The contests shall be governed by two judges and a referee. In case of disagreement, the referee shall decide. The decision of the referee shall be final, except as to a question of intepretation of rules. In such a case, contestant shall have a right of appeal to the executive committee, provided that notice of such appeal is given to the captain before the close of such contest.

RULE IV.—All casting shall be done single-handeed only.

RULE V.—Competitors may consult their own wishes in choice of reel and line, but lines must not be knotted, leaded or weighted, and bait-casting reels must be free running.

RULE VI.—The leader shall be of single gut, and shall not be less than 6 nor more than 9ft. in length. One fly only shall be used, of a size not smaller than No. 12 or larger than No. 6. Snell must not exceed 6in. in length. Hooks shall be broken off at the bend. Half-ounce rubber frogs used in the bait casting events will be furnished by the captain.

RULE VII.—All ties shall be cast off immediately after the contest.

RULE VIII.—Contestants or visitors shall not be allowed nearer the judges or casting pier than 10ft.; and any contestant distracting the attention of the judges, time-keeper or contestant in any manner whatever, shall forfeit all rights or claims, and be barred from any future contest of the club.

Aug. 13, 10 A. M.

FIRST EVENT—FLY CASTING—FIXED DISTANCE AND ACCURACY.

At buoys 50, 55 and 60ft. Rod not to exceed 8½oz. There shall be made five casts at each buoy. One minute shall be allowed in which to extend line to 50ft. buoy. When the contestant has extended his line and is ready, he shall call "score," and the next cast thereafter shall be counted. When five consecutive casts have been made at 50ft. buoy, the judges will announce "next buoy." Contestant, if he so desires, can make not to exceed five dry fly casts before dropping his fly at the 55ft. buoy. A like procedure shall be followed between 55 and 60ft. buoys. If the fly falls upon the buoy cast at, the cast shall be considered perfect; for each foot or fraction of a foot from such buoy a demerit of one shall be made. The sum total of such demerits divided by three shall be considered the demerit per cent.; the demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the percentage. The contestant having the largest percentage shall be declared the winner. Should contestant whip off the fly at any time after calling "score" at 50ft. buoy, he shall be allowed one re-entry only, to be taken immediately. His score shall not be counted, nor any additional re-entry allowed, if his fly is lost a second time.

The club diamond medal for this class was won by H. A. Newkirk, a club member, with an average of 91⅓ points. Capt. F. N. Peet came second with a score of 87. Then followed:

W. D. Mansfield, San Francisco, '85⅔; B. W. Goodsell, 79⅔; C. A. Lippincott, 79⅜; I. H Bellows, 76⅓; W. H. Babcock, 73; J. E. Strong, 64; G. W. Stroll, 63⅔; C. G. Ludlow, 62⅓; L. F. Crosby, 59⅔; G. A. Murrell, 53⅔.

SECOND EVENT—ACCURACY BAIT-CASTING.

At buoys 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100ft. One cast shall be made at each buoy with half-ounce rubber frog. The order of buoys to be announced by the captain. All contestants to finish casting at first buoy before the next is announced by the captain, and a like procedure throughout the contest. If frog falls upon the buoy cast at, it shall be considered perfect; for each foot or fraction of a foot from such buoy, a demerit of one shall be made; the sum total of such demerits, divided by five, shall be considered the demerit per cent.; the demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent. Free running reel only allowed.

Capt. Peet and C. H. Chadwick laid out stints for each other at a lively pace and ended with a tie, while others were not far behind, Messrs. Hascall and Bellows scoring a tie for fourth. On the cast-offs Peet won. The scores:

F. N. Peet, 95⅘; C. H. Chadwick, 95⅘; G. A. Murrell, 95⅗; H. G. Hascall, 94⅗; I. H. Bellows, 94⅗; C. G. Ludlow, 94⅖; F. Gardner, 94

After a delay of several hours, caused by the unfavorable weather conditions, the third contest was called.

THIRD EVENT—DRY FLY CASTING FOR DELICACY AND ACCURACY.

At buoys 35, 40 and 45ft. Rod not to exceed 5¾oz. There shall be made five casts at each buoy. Contestant allowed thirty seconds to extend his line by dry fly casting to 35ft. buoy. Scoring shall begin the first time fly strikes water. When contestant has made five casts, judges will announce "next buoy." Contestant must then lift his line, and in not less than one nor more than five dry casts, reach the 40ft. buoy, scoring to begin the first time fly strikes the water. A like procedure shall be followed between 40 and 45ft. buoys. If the fly falls upon the buoy cast at, the accuracy shall be considered perfect; for each foot or fraction of a foot from such buoy, a demerit of one shall be made; the sum total of such demerits divided by three shall be considered the demerit per cent., the demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent. In addition there shall be kept an account of delicacy, 100 per cent. being considered perfect. The delicacy percentage shall be determined by the two judges and referee; if necessary to this event, more judges shall be appointed, each of whom shall mark the per cent. in which, in his opinion, the contest is entitled. The sum total of such percentage as so marked, divided by three, shall be the delicacy per cent. The delicacy per cent and accuracy per cent. shall be added together and divided by two, and the result shall be the percentage.

A perfect cast is: 1. Fly to fall by its own weight without a splash. 2. On first cast fly must float. 3. Leader to fall on the water with no apparent disturbance of surface. 4. Retrieve must be made without cutting the water by leader or fly. Demerits are: 1. Slash of fly, 5 to 15 off. 2. Failure to float fly on first cast, 5 off. 3. Splash by leader, 2 to 5 off: 4. Bad retrieves, 3 to 10 off. 5 If fly strikes water on first cast between buoys, 25 off; two or more demerit charges may be added together on each cast to obtain total demerit. In case of loss of fly one re-entry shall be allowed. Loose line on platform, or coil of line in hand, is not permitted in this event. All casting shall be done from the reel.

First, W. D. Mansfield, of San Francisco, 86⅔ per cent.; second, F. B. Davidson, 84 5/12 per cent.; third, B. W. Goodsell, 83¾ per cent.; fourth, F. N. Peet, 82½ per cent.; fifth, C. A. Lippincott, 82⅙ per cent.; sixth, W. H. Babcock, 81⅓ per cent.: seventh, J. E. Strong, 79⅙ per cent.

Saturday, Aug. 14.—The competition was continued to-day with perfect weather conditions. The event of to day was the casting of W. D. Mansfield, of San Francisco, in the long-distance fly-casting. Mr. Mansfield made a cast of 114¼ft., which is believed to be a world record. The day opened with contest No. 4.

Aug. 14, 10 A. M.

FOURTH EVENT—ROLL FLY-CASTING FOR ACCURACY.

At buoys 50, 45 and 40ft. Rod not to exceed 8½oz Five casts shall be made at each buoy; for each foot or fraction of a foot from the buoy cast at, a demerit of one shall be scored.

Rules for Roll Casting—One minute shall be allowed to extend the line in usual manner of overhead casting to the 50ft. buoy. The contestant will then announce his readiness. The line shall then be retrieved to a convenient distance without lifting the leader or fly from the water. No backward cast to be made in the air. Five roll casts will be made at the 50ft. buoy, then five roll casts shall be made at the 45ft. buoy, and then five at the 40ft. buoy.

The winner was W. H. Babcock, who made a record of 90⅔ per cent. The place winners were W. D. Mansfield, 90 per cent.; C. A Lippincott, 89⅔ per cent.; I. H. Bellows, 89⅓ per cent.; B. W. Goodsell, 87⅔ per cent.; G. A. Murrell, 82⅓ per cent.; H. A. Newkirk, 79 per cent.

FIFTH EVENT—BAIT-CASTING FOR DISTANCE AND ACCURACY COMBINED.

Casting to be on a lawn within a court 30ft. wide. Tape line extending down the center. Five casts shall be made with half-ounce rubber frog; for every foot or fraction of a foot the frog first strikes the ground from tape line a demerit of one shall be scored from the distance cast. Free running reel required. No limit to rod or line.

F. B. Davidson won with a record of 98ft. ⅘in. in four casts. This was a remarkably good showing considering the fact that it was made in four casts. The fifth landed on the outside of the court and was not scored. The place winners were: E. D. Letterman, 93ft. 4in.; G. A. Bluhm, 89ft. ⅖in.; H. G. Hascall, 84ft. 11⅕in.; C. A. Lippincott, 84ft. 9⅖in.; M. D. Smith, 79ft. 10⅘in.; G. A. Murrell, 79ft. 5⅘in.

SIXTH EVENT—LONG DISTANCE FLY CASTING.

No limit to rod or line. Ten minutes shall be allowed to extend line to greatest possible distance. Only those casts where the line has been retrieved shall be recorded. In this event it is permitted that in case the contestant cannot execute a full back cast, a retrieve shall consist in a back cast that will lift the fly clear of the water from the point where it first strikes to any point between first buoy and casting platform. Automatic reels barred in this event.

W. D. Mansfield, of San Francisco, won, with a record of 111¼ft., beating the world's record of 102½ft., which has stood for seven years. The place winners were: F. N. Peet, 92ft.; I. H. Bellows, 87ft.; B. W. Goodsell, 83ft.; W. H. Babcock, 81ft; C. G. Ludlow, 78ft.; G. A. Murrell, 77ft,

From the programme of the tournament we take this interesting outline of the history and work of the club:

"The Chicago Fly-Casting Club was organized in 1891. Its objects are to encourage the art of angling in a scientific manner, the use of artificial lures in the capture of game fish, to promote good-fellowship and social intercourse among its members and the angling fraternity generally, and to assist in the protection and propagation of fish. In February, 1892, the club was incorporated. Weekly contests were held during the year, and it was noticeable that an interest was awakening in fly-casting. As bait casting was much in vogue in bass fishing, and to cast bait correctly and accurately considerable practice and the application of set principles were found to be necessary, the club decided to include bait-casting as one of the events of the club contests. This was done in 1893.

"Interest in fly and bait-casting had grown apace, and the contests for supremacy at the weekly meetings was keen. The club then decided to invite anglers from any part of the world to a contest of skill in scientific angling.

"An open-to-the-world tournament was decided upon, and it proved to be the largest open tournament ever held. Handsome gold championship medals were awarded by the club, one in each event, as well as many other valuable prizes. All the events, with the exception of the long-distance fly-casting, were original with the club, and were operated the same as at present. There being no previous records to base skill on in the events, outside of the long-distance fly-casting, those established at the Chicago Fly-casting Club's Columbian Exposition tournament are the only open records on which to base calculations.

"The best score in the amateur distance and accuracy fly-casting event was 87 per cent., made by H. G. Leavitt, of Grand Island, Neb. The best in the dry fly-casting event was 103⅓ per cent., made by W. H. Babcock, of Chicago. The best in the amateur bait-casting for distance and accuracy combined was 106⅛, best average made by F. B. Davidson, of Chicago. His longest cast was 152ft. perfect, and stands to-day as the best on record in an open event. The best scores in the expert events, and which stand as records, were as follows: Long distance fly-casting, R. C. Leonard, of New York, 96½ft.; accuracy fly-casting at 75, 80 and 85ft., R. C. Leonard, 88 per cent.; bait-casting for distance and accuracy combined, E. E. Wilkinson, 134⅛ft.; average largest cast, 139ft. perfect. In long distance fly casting there was a world's record of 102⅛ft, made by R. C. Leonard, of New York, at Harlem Mere. The club offered a special $25 prize if this record was broken, but it was not, and 102⅛ft. stands to-day as the best open record.

"President W. D. Mansfield, of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club, in a contest at Stow Lake, San Francisco, on Feb. 14, 1897, made a record of 108½ft., but as this was not done in an open-to-all tournament and under the same rules and restrictions the other records were made, it does not stand as a world's record. The Chicago Fly Casting Club did much in 1893 to arouse enthusiasm in fly and bait casting in a scientific manner. The club reproduced on the shores of the lagoon near the Art Palace in the Columbian Exposition grounds the Isaac Walton Lodge, and here every day during the exposition anglers assembled, and from the pier built in front of the house members gave exhibitions of fly and bait casting. The World's Columbian Exposition Scientific Angling Tournament was such a pronounced success that the club may well look back to it for all time with gratification and pride. The succeeding years, '94, '95 and '96, were uneventful outside of club contests. This year, 1897, the club decided to give a second Open to the World Scientific Angling Tournament and to add two more events than were given in 1893, viz.: Roll fly-casting and bait casting at buoys in the water, of which this official programme will give full particulars.

"The Chicago Fly Casting Club feels that its labors have not been in vain, that the sport of angling has received an impetus which is lasting, and that the gentle art is becoming better understood every day. It is the hope of the club that this, its second open to the world scientific angling tournament, will induce a large attendance, for the prize list is the most liberal ever given by any club of its kind, and that it will be the forerunner of many similar tournaments in other sections of the world."

Netting in Barnegat Bay.

From State Protector Shriner's Report for June and July.

CONSIDERABLE attention has been paid during the past two months to violations of the law in Barnegat Bay, but despite the vigilance of wardens who were sent to the bay from other parts of the State, no prosecutions have resulted. A number of nets have been confiscated, and there is reason to believe that the violations of law have not been as numerous as in past years. That violations of the law still continue cannot be gainsaid, and this is due principally to a determination on the part of the lawless element to net fish and to evade the wardens, and I regret very much to say that they meet with considerable support on the part of hotel proprietors and others whose interest lies in a proper enforcement of the law. In one case a hotel proprietor complained of frequent violations near his place; he, however, not only refused to indicate who the violators were, or where they plied their unlawful business, but declared that they were men in his employ, as he supplied them with ice and bought fish from them; he did not want the men punished, and refused to assist the wardens in any way. Another hotel proprietor, having become acquainted with the fact that wardens were in the vicinity, coolly warned violators of the law to that purpose, and thus thwarted the efforts of the wardens. The boatmen who are employed in taking anglers out on the bay are in league with the violators of the law, and on several occasions wardens have found it impossible to secure boats for the purpose of putting a stop to netting. It will be seen that under such circumstances the enforcement of the law is attended with great difficulty. It is hoped, however, that continual vigilance will result in the proper protection of the bay.

A Rainbow-Brown Trout Hybrid.

SOUTH SIDE CLUB, Long Island, Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fish about which you inquire was a rainbow and brown trout cross, taken in our waters. It weighed 10¼lbs, and was 25in. in length, with a girth of 7in. We have preserved it in alcohol. JAMES RILEY.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

SOME WEST COAST TACKLE.

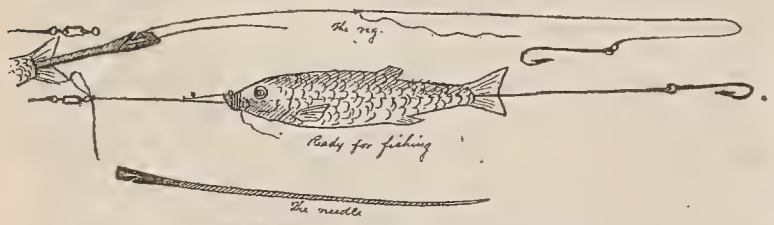
Editor Forest and Stream:

Knowing that any new device for luring fish or killing game is always hunted for and tried by the sportsmen, I have taken the trouble to sketch a few that I have never seen used away from this coast, but which have possibilities in other localities as well as here.

The Siawash salmon spoon is the rig used here by the Indians in trolling. They do not depend entirely on the spoon, but always put the hard, muscle-like "foot" of the cockle on the hook, too, and they catch more fish than the whites, who troll on the same ground, and use the same spoon, rigged a little different. This may be due to the cockle, and it may be because the Indian knows a whole lot more about salmon than the average white man does.

The other salmon spoon is my own get up and is the one that "rattled," and thereby rattled Ex-Sec. about two years ago. It is made from a piece of the copper which is put on the bottom of seagoing vessels, and turns on a stem of electric light wire with plenty of washers below the spoon, to insure spinning. The hook is fastened to the wire stem by a number of fine strands of line instead of by one heavy, solid line, as the Indian fastens his. I find this to give greater freedom to the "action" of the hook when the salmon does his savage head shake before coming to gaff, and the hook for this reason is less apt to be shaken free and is less apt to be torn or cut by the teeth of the fish. It is a very killing rig for silver salmon, and is my favorite spoon for these fish.

Of the three specimens of trout spoon sent, No. 2 is my favorite, and is the worst thing that ever happened to a trout, sure. The little spinners lie close to the wire stem and work beautifully with a very slow pull in dead water—something that is usually lacking in spoons. With this spoon there is always a glitter and a bright sparkle, no matter whether it moves fast or slow, in a current or dead water, up stream or down, and trout strike at it when they won't rise to anything else that I have ever found yet. The stem is spring brass wire and the spinners are nickel or nickel and



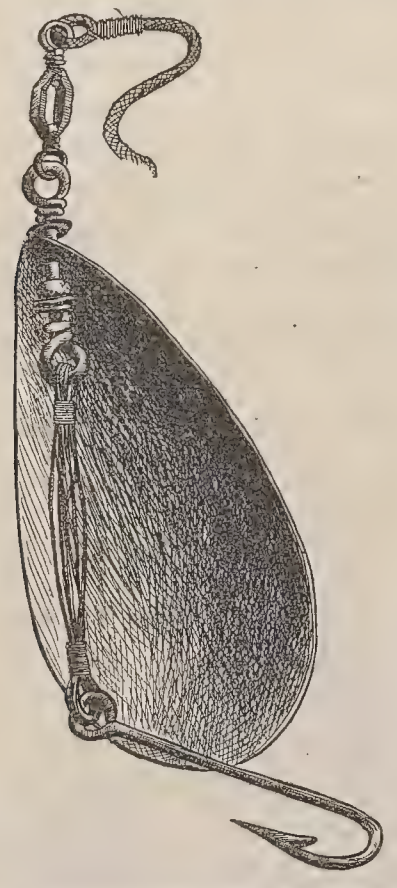
SIAWASH TROLLING RIG FOR SALMON TROUT.

copper alternate and should be rather small, not larger than the drawing sent, and even half that size is all right.

No. 1 is a good killing spoon too, for trout, and is very simple and durable, but I do not find it as good a killer as No. 2. No. 1 is made in nickel or copper or in combination. I find that silver makes the best spoon, and does not tarnish in the water like other metals. Any jeweler can make the spinners and there will be about 50 cents worth of silver used. I am making a new one for my own use from aluminum, and think it will be a good one.

No. 3 of the trout spoons is the Tacoma, and is used some in several modifications of the form given here. It sometimes seems to be just the right thing but more often proves rather a disappointment. It has not the killing qualities of either of the others, especially No. 2.

The Siawash trolling rig for salmon trout is the best rig using actual minnow for bait that I have found for salmon trout, trout and bass. I have not tried it on other kinds, but it would no doubt work as well. It consists of a short line about 18in. long below the swivel, into which it is tied with a slipknot that can readily be untied. Attached to this short line, about 1ft. from the hook, is a piece of light line, or linen thread, about 1ft. long. A needle of wire, or any suitable material, is carried by the fisherman, and when the rig is "cleared for action" the angler unties his short line from the swivel, threads it through his needle, and then pushes his needle through the fish from the tail forward along the spine



EL COMANCHO'S SALMON SPOON, ONE-HALF SIZE.

and out at the mouth. He now has his bait "threaded" on his trolling line and ties this short hook line back in the swivel ready for work. Now he threads the linen thread into his needle and runs the needle down through the head of the bait, pulls his minnow up to within 2in. of where this thread is tied to his line, and then wraps the slack tightly about the nose of the minnow, closing the mouth and holding the bait from sliding down the line to the hook, which is left trailing along behind the bait as much as 4 or 5in.

The whole operation can be done almost as quickly as one can hook a live minnow on to the common rig, and it has the advantage of using dead bait.

The bait, when properly arranged, will not whirl in the water, but darts about in the most lifelike way imaginable, and is a better bait than any spoon or other contrivance for the fish named, and, I expect, could be used for any fish that takes a minnow, in suitable water.

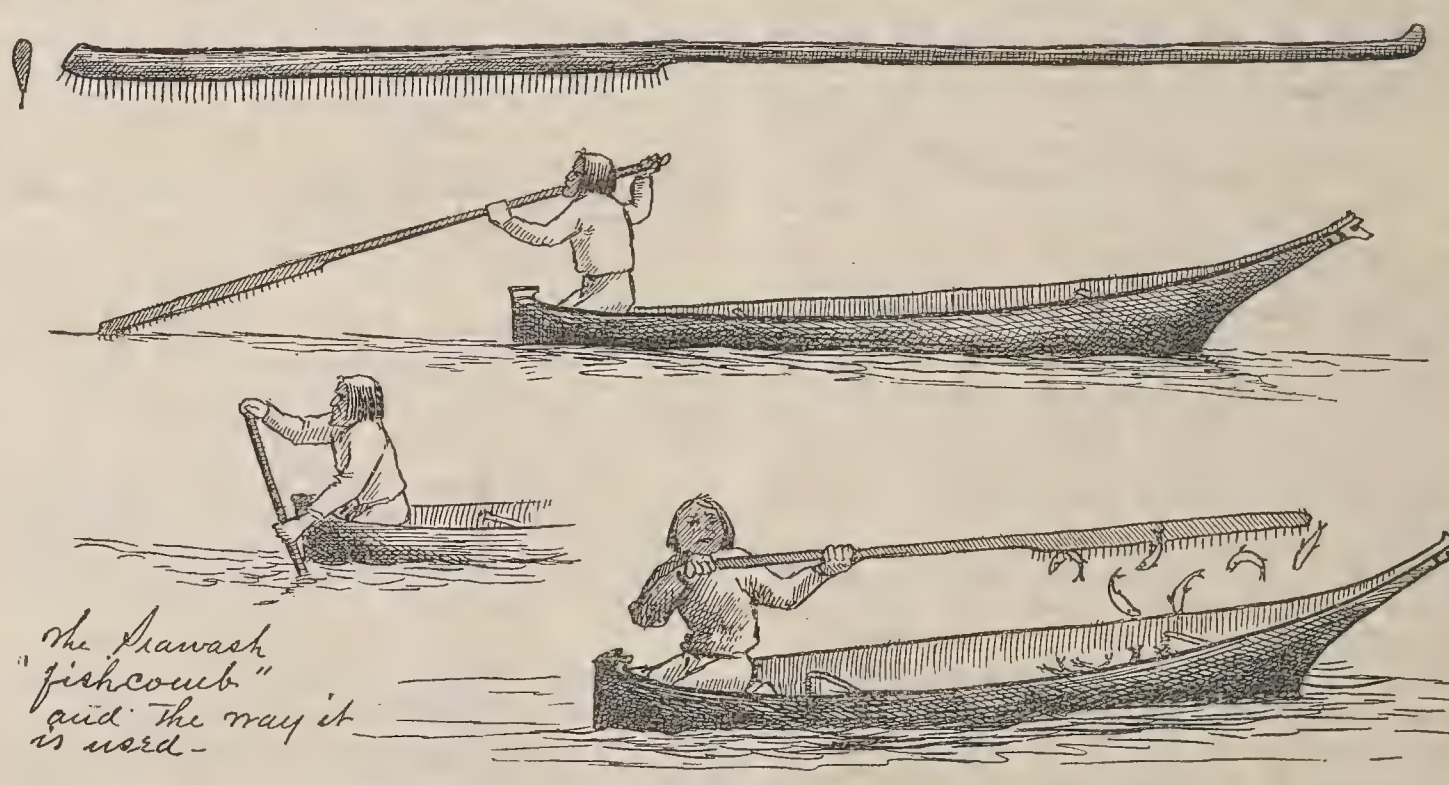
The Siawash "fish comb," which is illustrated here, is strictly a West Coast idea, and aboriginal as well as original, and it is a big surprise party for smelt and herring. In useing this queer implement, Mr. Siawash sits in the stern of his



SIAWASH SPOON BAITED WITH COCKLE FOR SALMON, ONE-HALF SIZE

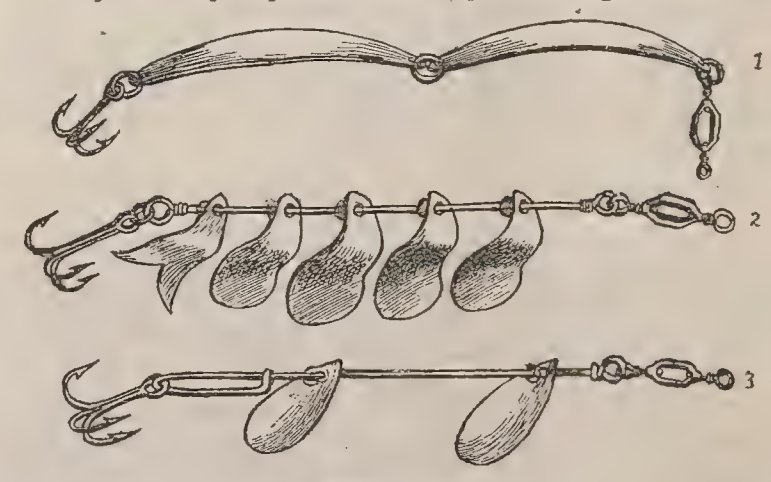
canoe, with his face seaward and his back to the bow. The "comb" is a bit of cedar, about 16 to 18ft. in length, round like a pole about two-thirds of its length, the rest being shaped like the blade of an ordinary table knife—indeed, the shape is similar throughout. Along the thin edge, or what would be the cutting edge of the knife, the Indian drives wire teeth, about an inch apart, and leaves them stick out like the teeth of a comb about an inch. These wires he then files to a needle point, and his tackle is ready for business.

He paddles out in his canoe until he locates a school of



smelt or herring, and then—down goes the "comb" into the water, and is swept backward and upward through the school of fish, impaling them sometimes by the dozen, and the Indian sweeps them on up to the top of the water, deftly swings his "comb" over his canoe and twists it over, the fish falling off into his boat.

They are very expert at this way of fishing, and I have



TROUT SPOONS.

seen a wrinkled old Siawash fill his canoe as full of prime herring as it would hold in half an hour. They catch the smaller fish for bait in the same way.

I have caught herring about 3 to 4in. long with the fish comb myself, to use as bait for salmon trout, and one can procure enough in ten or a dozen sweeps to last for a tide in trolling for salmon trout.

I think with the illustrations sent that any trout or bass fi herman can rig any of this tackle if he wishes to test it in his own domain. If so, let him be sure to try the No. 2 spoon and the bait rig, and see if his catch isn't better than it was before.

There is no patent on any of the rigs, and all are free to use them so far as I know. EL COMANCHO.

LATONA, Washington.

FISHING AT LAKE WINNIPISAUKEE.

WEIRS, N. H., Aug. 7.—Many bass are taken from this beautiful body of water. Owing to the long continued heavy rains, the lake is very high, higher indeed than has been known for many years

Fly-fishing has not been successful so far this season, and the much-despised worm and helgramite are resorted to as lures. Minnows are of use some days.

The first day I caught, in about four hours' time, thirteen, but did not succeed in landing any very large ones, 2½lbs. being the weight of the biggest.

Mr. E. P. Miller, of Boston, now stopping at Hotel Weirs, has been very successful; one day last week he, in company with Mr. G. E Haskins, of Rockport, Mass., and Mr. Galen Cook, of Worcester, Mass., captured nineteen bass within five minutes' row of the hotel. The combined weight of this string was 51lbs. Mr. Haskins is conceded the king of bass fishermen in this region, having taken over 160 in the past five weeks. This figure does not include a large number of small ones returned to the water, as he never retains any of less than 1lb. weight.

Mr. Miller has broken the record as to size, having taken a bass which tipped the scales at 6lbs. 14oz

I learn that a party from Center Harbor, N. H., caught thirty-two bass in one day, which weighed 60lbs.

Of course there are "off days" in bass fishing. Some days they will take any kind of bait and at all hours of the day, while the next day they will refuse the daintiest morsel served in the most skillful way. However, I am sure no one but a "fish hog" would go away dissatisfied with his trip to this delightful place.

Weirs is situated on the western shore of the lake, on the line of the Boston & Maine R. R , and is only about three hours' ride from Boston. The accommodations here are of the best for fishing and sailing, and prices reasonable.

DR. MARSTON.

Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River.

MANY important matters came up for consideration at the fifteenth annual meeting of the St. Lawrence Anglers' Association at Clayton, Aug. 11. A report was read showing that the Association has failed to reach an amicable agreement with Ogdensburg regarding the apportionment of the $30,000 recently appropriated by the State, inasmuch as the Association held that the larger part of the money should be expended at the Thousand Islands, while the Ogdensburg people insisted on receiving one-half. The Association resolved to ask of the Legislature the closing of Chaumont Bay against netting, and a second appropriation for the improvement of the reservation. The Association also sent a request to the Fisheries, Game and Forestry Commission that the following islands and points at the Thousand Islands be purchased: Cedar Point, 20 acres, $2,300; Delaney's Point, 60 acres, $4,200; Cement Point, 3 acres, $500; De Wolf Point, 10 acres, $500; Island Mary, $5 000; Kring's Point, 30 acres, $2,500; Inside Point, Chippewa Bay, $2,500; and one of the Day points.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, William C. Browning, New York; First Vice-President, H R Heath, Brooklyn: Second Vice-President, Hon Charles R. Skinner, Albany; Secretary, W. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay; Treasurer, R P. Grant, Clayton; Executive Committee: A. C. Cornwall, George H. Strough, Hon. Charles W. Hackett, A G. Staples, George C. Boldt, R E. Waterman, G. M. Skinner, Charles G Ewing, T. A. Gillispie, John Foley, Walter Fox and R. H Pullman.

The treasurer's report showed expenditures during the year of $290.52, leaving a balance of $266 26. At the invitation of A. G. Staples it was resolved to hold the next annual meeting at the Thousand Island House, Alexandria Bay.

Sullivan County Fishing.

LIBERTY, Sullivan County, N. Y., Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Trout were plentiful in this section early in the spring, but during June and July poor catches were the rule. The largest fish I killed during July tipped the scales at a trifle less than 1lb.

During the hot weather the best fishing is obtained in the small, cold brooks, while the larger streams give, as a rule, poor results. A few fine bass have been taken from White Lake, and I have found plenty of large and gamy pickerel in Black Lake

Bass are scarce in this region, most of the waters abounding in perch and pickerel. Stevensville Lake still furnishes good sport for the angler and some fine strings of pickerel have been killed there this year. The white belly of a perch is the favorite bait.

Game promises to be unusually abundant this fall. I never fail to flush a covey or two of partridges while trout fishing, and rabbits are even more common. The whistle of the Bob White may be heard in the fields, and altogether there is promise that plenty of powder will be burnt during the coming season. MOHICAN

BOSTON ANGLERS IN MAINE.

BOSTON, Aug. 14.—Mr. Freeman, of Somerville, has recently returned from an extended fishing trip to northern Aroostook county, Me. To his friends he is very enthusiastic concerning the country and the fishing He visited Portage Lake and Big Fish Lake, and Big Fish River. Trout of 4 and 5lbs. on the fly were not at all uncommon. Small trout, that is trout of from 1 to 2lbs. were common, and could be caught by the hundreds in very many places. In one pond he tried the experiment of attaching his friend's leader to his own line, giving him two leaders, with six flies in all, just to see how many trout he could hook at one cast. Frequently, he had six on at once, all the way from half a pound to a pound or two. The sport was great, though the most he succeeded in landing at any cast was two. The trout were too lively, pulling every way at once, and actually breaking away and destroying his flies. At length his companion objected to having his casts spoiled, and Mr. Freeman had to be contented with the ordinary cast of three flies.

Some of the late fly fishermen are getting ready for the fall campaign at the Rangeleys and other waters. At the Upper Dam, T. B. Stewart is reported as having landed the biggest trout of the season, with a fly, at those waters, 6½lbs. Mr. Stewart has spent a great many seasons at the Upper Dam. This year his son, a college student, is with him. Both are enthusiasts with the trout rod. Mr. Stewart allows every trout not wanted to eat to escape, after being caught and weighed. Would that others would do likewise!

Mr. Eben E. Rand, of Portland, with Mrs. Rand and a couple of friends, has been on a fishing and camping trip for the past two weeks They have been quartered at Camp Stewart, Richardson Lake, and have fished the ponds in that section. Fishing they have found very poor indeed, and with hard work only have they been able to get trout enough for their table. To do this they have frequently been obliged to resort to bait; the fish rising to the fly only very sparingly. But with that quantity they are entirely satisfied. Some large trout have recently been taken in the lake there, by deep fishing.

L O. Crane sends a good trout story from Round Mountain Lake. On Aug. 6, with a fellow fisherman, he took 210 trout from Little Alder Stream, generally small, but five of the number weighed 4lbs. They had cans or some sort of vessels with them, and every trout was kept alive and brought down to Round Mountain Lake and liberated. Mr. Crane only desired the pleasure of taking the trout on the fly, he was very glad to contribute his share in transplanting the fish to the lake. His partner here, Mr. Hemmingway, thinks it a good idea, and that the trout should "grow larger and give somebody some good sport in the lake."

Still the gunners in this section are doing next to nothing with the shore birds. Among quite an extended acquaintance with the gunners here I am not yet able to hear of anybody who is taking much of an interest in shore-bird shooting. The market men say that the market gunners are doing next to nothing, and that they are not getting their usual supply of plover, summer yellow-legs and other summer game. Great pity, isn't it? Should the sportsmen mourn at this lack of rotting birds in the markets?

SPECIAL.

Western Camping Grounds.

GRAND RAPIDS, Minn., Aug. 11.—Capt. J W. Hague, of the Rover Fishing Club, arrived here last evening with the following gentlemen from Pittsburg, Pa.: Judge James Fitzsimmons, Henry Brant, F. C. Miller, F. W. Gill and A. N. Hunter. Capt. Hague first made his appearance in this region two years ago. He has bagged so much game and struck such fine fishing up here that he is in for another round of pleasure. The party struck out this morning for Deer Lake, and will go through the chain of lakes to the Big Fork country. They are assured of bass in Deer and Bass lakes, which have been favorites with Messrs. Hague, Salisbury and others of the united (or consolidated) hunting, fishing and camping clubs, and they feel confident of finding fine muscallonge in these northern waters. They took a liberal supply of provisions from here, and expect to be gone two or three weeks

Moose are too numerous to suit the settlers in the upper Mississippi basin. Its northern lake region is particularly well stocked with them. They tear down fences, destroy gardens and grain fields and give the agriculturists a great deal of trouble. Some people have shot at them in self-defense, but it is likely that the annoyance will soon be materially decreased. For five years past there has been a fine of $500 for shooting a moose, but the new game law of Minnesota will allow sportsmen to hunt antlered moose and caribou from Nov. 5 to 10, and deer from Oct. 25 to Nov. 15. Thus the settlers will be relieved from some of the dangers from moose, and as the deer are very plenty, the good shots will have first-class fun here this fall. A cruise up the Mississippi and into Bass, Deer and Moose lakes this week shows that the tracks of these animals are more numerous than usual. Strings of nice large bass were seen at several points, and the campers report that they are having splendid luck. Eastern people keep coming to this region and they make side trips to the Big Fork and Leech Lake hunting grounds, but they are not anxious to let the outside world know what good luck they are having. They are a pleasant crowd, however, and they make Grand Rapids, Minn., their center of supplies, for they can always get what is needed at Itasca's county seat.

WILLIAM H. DUNNE.

It is the Sheephead.

IN the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of July 3 is a letter from Chas. M. Honey, of Newton, Ill., who gives his experience about the noise made by what he calls the "white perch."

What he calls the white perch is the fresh-water sheephead, known also by the names of croaker, stone perch and drumfish. That these fish do make a croaking noise of considerable volume is beyond dispute. Several years ago, at our club house at Moredock Lake, our party caught several large sheephead, and, more out of curiosity than anything, put them in the live box. While sitting on the platform near the box, I heard the peculiar croaking, and approaching cautiously I distinctly heard the sheephead, which were prisoners, making this noise. Before this, I had been skeptical as to the source of the noises heard so constantly in the late afternoons as we were fishing on the lake.

A few weeks ago I was fishing on Black Lake, at Holland, Mich., and as we rowed the boat home about sundown, the noise made by the thousands of sheephead actually resembled the roaring of a distant railroad train. The noise was so striking that I called the attention of my companions in the boat to the fact so that it could be verified.

It may not be generally known that the channel catfish when taken out of the water will make a distinct, grunting noise. I presume there are other fish which also have use of a vocal apparatus.

Some time ago a contributor to FOREST AND STREAM said he would tell how to cook fresh-water sheephead so as to make them palatable, but I have never seen his recipe.

The sheephead were not unknown to the pioneers of this country, as the following extract from "Life Among the Indians," published in 1857 by Rev. J. B. Finley, will show. The incident related happened in 1821, when he was floating down the Sandusky River, in Ohio. He writes: "We started about noon, and the Sandusky being very full, our bark canoe went over the rapids almost with the swiftness of a bird. But when we got down to eddy water, which we reached a short distance below Lower Sandusky, we met schools of fish called sheephead, and they much annoyed us by sticking fast to the bottom of our canoe. Once in a while one of the Indians who steered for us would take his knife out of his belt and slip down his arm into the water and stab one of them, and it would almost jump on board; but they not being good to eat, we cared not to take any of them."

ABERDEEN.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.

Sharks in Long Island Sound.

GREENWICH, Conn , Aug 13 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* I witnessed the capture of two sharks in the Sound this week. One was speared in Indian Harbor on the morning of Aug. 9 by Stanley and Garfield Chard.

Next day, while sailing on the Sound, William Chard called my attention to a large fish floundering on the surface. It proved to be another shark. Mr. Chard rowed to the fish in the tender and struck it a blow with the boat-hook. Instead of trying to escape, the shark seemed to turn on the boat. Mr Chard finally managed to spear him under one of the forward fins. He then grabbed the fish by the tail and hauled it into the boat.

The first one was 5ft. long, and the other 5ft. 6in.

Oystermen and others say these are the only sharks that have been caught near Greenwich Harbor in over ten years.

We took a shot at them with a camera, and if it should prove that we have secured a good picture, I will send you one later.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

New Jersey Trout Fry Distribution.

APPLICATIONS to have streams stocked with trout should be sent to the Fish Commissioners at once. They may be addressed to Howard P. Frothingham, President, Mount Arlington, N. Y.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 25.—Continental Field Trial Club's Northwest Stake, Brown's Valley, Minn
Aug. 30.—Western Canada Kennel Club's trials.
Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man.
Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Sept. 7.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's Champion Stake, Morris, Man.
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—X.

THE pointing instinct, possessed by setters and pointers, assists them in obtaining a food supply when thrown on their own resources. It is a necessity to their existence in a wild state. In domesticity, the dog does not lose the desire to pursue his prey. While he is affectionate and loyal to his master, his master's family, and is on friendly terms with such of his friends and acquaintances as he comes directly in contact with, he in most instances is unfriendly to all others and at times hostile. Man also has the hunting instinct strongly developed. He, observing that the dog would gladly go with him to the woods and fields in search of fur or feather, was pleased to assert that the dog sought birds, rabbits, etc., for his master's benefit. Observing further that setters and pointers made a pause when they had located birds — an act called pointing, setting or standing — it was an easy matter to convince himself that the point was made for man's benefit. Man can show no proof that he was directly or indirectly the cause of the setter's or pointer's hunting instinct. He can neither force nor induce a dog to seek birds or anything else if the dog does not wish to do so; he is quite as powerless in respect to a dog's pointing. However, the voluntary efforts of the dog in search of prey he can restrict in such manner that he can interpose and appropriate to himself the fruits of the dog's labors. And here is where old and new writers took note that the dog could be so trained in his own seeking that man could derive all the benefit therefrom, and therefore they did not hesitate to assert as a fact the instinct to hunt, and particularly the instinct to point, were implanted in the dog for the benefit of man. As man in his egotism has claimed, first and last, that everything in the universe was made for his direct and personal benefit, the small matter of claiming a dog's pointing instinct was no serious obstacle. There seemed to be some proof to sustain the claim in a way, for did not hundreds of men really shoot over dog's points?

"The Dogs of the British Islands," by Stonehenge, gives the following as the explanation of the origin of pointing: "The setter is, without doubt, either descended from the spaniel, or both are offshoots from the same parent stock. Originally—that is, before the improvements in the gun introduced the practice of 'shooting flying'—it is believed that he was merely a spaniel taught to 'stop' or 'set' as soon as he came upon the scent of the partridge, when a net was drawn over the covey by two men. Hence he was made to drop close to the ground, an attitude which is now unnecessary, though it is taught by some breakers, and notably to very fast dogs, who could not otherwise stop themselves quickly enough to void flushing. Manifestly, a dog prone on the ground allowed the net to be drawn over him better than if he was standing up; and hence the former attitude was preferred, an additional reason for its adoption being, probably, that it was more easily taught to a dog like the spaniel, which has not the natural cataleptic attitude of the pointer. But when 'shooting flying' came in vogue, breakers made the attempt to assimilate the attitude of the setting spaniel—or 'setter,' as he was now called—to that of the pointer; and in process of time, and possibly also by crossing with that dog, they succeeded, though even after the lapse of more than a century the cataleptic condition is not so fully displayed by the setter as by the pointer."

It would be difficult to crowd more trashy nonsense into the same space than is contained in the foregoing quotation. A labored and far-fetched theory is painfully worked out, though not a single instance of tangible proof is adduced to sustain it. The instinct, which had such an artificial origin in the setter, is conceded to be natural to the pointer, and why it should be natural to the one and not to the other the reader is left to solve as best he can. The point is treated as being cataleptic when it is neither such nor remotely related to it. The pointing dog is keenly alert; his eyes glow, nostrils play, and his muscles are tense for the instantaneous strike to seize his prey. It is strange that the conjectures and maudlin theories of a past age should be the basis of much of the fact of the present. As to pointing, any cur of good hunting ability may be taught to hunt birds with more or less success, and he learns to draw carefully and silently on them because he must do so to be even moderately successful. The method of pursuing a rabbit would be wholly unsuccessful if applied to birds, and *vice versa*. Setters and pointers naturally employ distinct methods in pursuing fur and feather. They are openly vigorous and dashing in pursuit of rabbits, give tongue merrily and trust to their swiftness to capture; after birds, they are silent, painstakingly cautious, and draw as close as possible before making the final spring to surprise and capture These different methods are a necessity. Foxes draw on grouse in this manner. Cats have a similar method of drawing on birds or vermin, but as they venture to capture birds in the openest places, they are forced to use even greater degrees of caution.

We may safely conclude that if it was a natural trait of the pointer, it was equally a natural trait of the setter; that it being a trait more or less common to all dogs and wild animals which hunt birds, it was natural to the setter; that if the trait became instinctive from education, all his other education would have become instinctive at the same time; that the conjectures of one man are very poor data for the facts of another; and, lastly, the pointer or setter display the pointing act in pursuing birds whether their masters are with them or not.

Young puppies will draw on little birds and point them by sight. As the puppies grow older they begin to use their noses more, and catching scent of game birds they draw stealthily on them, point, then dash in to capture. Their first efforts are very awkward and unsuccessful, for they require experience to determine the exact whereabouts of concealed birds. If a dog presses too close on them he flushes them; stopping too far away, he is outside of the limits wherein he can make a successful attempt at capturing. After a time his nose and judgment become so developed and trained that he can discriminate between the body-scent and foot-scent, and estimate with precision the location of the birds. The purpose of the point is to assist in the capture of the birds. They are a part of his natural food. They are palatable and nourishing; why should he not take them?

When he makes his point, every muscle is at its utmost tension; the opening and closing jaw regulates the intake of breath so that the nostrils will not be disturbed in their powers of nice discrimination; the eyes are set with a fixed purpose. He springs in with mighty energy and astonishing quickness, and often captures before the birds can take wing, or, taking wing, before they can rise beyond his reach. He can spring a few feet quicker than a bird can rise from the ground a few feet. Still, he makes many mistakes. Sometimes, through error caused by eddies of wind or bad judgment, he may jump the wrong way, or he may have made his stand too far away from the birds and his spring consequently lands him short.

There are vigor and a purpose in the natural points of the dog, or the points made when he is half trained, that are absent from them when he is fully trained, though few fully trained dogs point rigidly, but there is not the same high-tension placing of the legs for a spring. In time, the point of the trained dog becomes more or less perfunctory; he may become slouchy on it, and may even learn to lie down instead of standing up as he naturally should do. He learns its purpose as an act assisting the gun, and that there is no need of the alert readiness to spring.

The shooter who appropriates the dog's efforts, preserves all the dog's pointing methods as much as he can up to the juncture where the dog has located his birds, stands, and is ready to spring in to capture. The latter part the dog must be taught to forego. The former is useful; flushing is not. Therefore, the shooter permits the dog to search for birds and to find and point them, and there he must stop.

If he springs in and flushes he is punished. And to perfect the stanch point is where some nice judgment is necessary on the part of the trainer. There is a certain difficulty in making the dog understood what is required and what he is punished for. He may fancy that when punished for flushing he is punished for finding the birds at all, so when he is near birds he shies away from them and leaves them. He blinks. He has thus acquired one of the worst faults a dog can have. This should make clear the need of deliberation in training the dog to stanchness on point. Excessive violence defeats its own ends.

No one can teach a dog to point if the dog has no inclination to do so. He, however, can be taught stanchness on points. However, the dog generally has all the natural desire to hunt birds and to point them; the trainer forces him to so restrict his efforts that they will serve the purposes of the gun.

Seeking birds is such an enthralling passion with the dog that he will submit to a great deal of restriction and punishment before he will quit, though he can in time be made to quit; therefore, the trainer should keep in mind that if he punishes him too much, the dog may cease all effort.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

FIELD TRIALS AND FIELD TRIAL JUDGES.—II.

THE field trial kicker's private grievance, when he gave it a public airing, which was not an infrequent occurrence, was always on a broad ground. Privately, it was between himself and the judges or the management. Publicly, it was on the general corruption of field trials, of which his own grievance was but a sample, and this was backed by an affectation of great honesty and candor; so that it was easy for the reader to believe that field trial gatherings were but an aggregation of dishonest persons. The kicker laid great stress on the fact that he had very honestly paid in his money, seeming to think that thereby he had made a purchase instead of merely qualifying to compete. Paying in his money, he had only done what others did. While there might be losers, they should be the some other than the kicker. It never occurred to him that in denouncing field trials as being conducted dishonestly, he raised the question, why, believing them to be dishonest, he took any part in them? He denounced only when he lost. It is easy to conceive that there should be grumblers, kickers, cranks and unscrupulous ranters hanging on to the outer edges of field trial interests; but that the public should attach any importance to their ill-tempered and prejudiced publications is not so easily understood.

The real field trial workers and genuine supporters are so silent in their efforts that the outside world never knows much of them. They are not of the kickers. Most of people consider field trials as being a business venture of some vague kind. The field trial club has all the machinery of a business organization. It has its officer who attends to the correspondence, and its officer who is custodian of its funds. It takes in and pays out money. It seems to be a business body. Although tens of thousands of dollars have passed through the hands of field trial clubs in the past few years, field trial clubs, nevertheless, are not money makers, nor are they intended to be such. Each member pays his annual dues, and the best he can hope for in a financial way is that he will not be called on to pay an assessment. All the monies taken in for entry and starting fees, and all the clubs' revenues besides, go toward paying the prizes and the incidental expenses of the trials.

A trial is a success if it comes out even financially. Often it does not do so, then the club may do one of several things—it may run another year or two in hopes of retrieving its losses; it may disband and go out of existence, or it may levy an assessment on its members and thus make good the deficit. There are few club memberships which will stand an assessment There is no very good reason why they should do so. Organized to promote good fellowship among sportsmen, and to establish a competition which would afford an opportunity to breeders to exhibit their best productions on the one hand, and others an opportunity to see the best that could be produced, a certain element, disappointed at not winning, publicly scoff and vilify instead of praising, while those who do appreciate the good work are apathetic in their expression of appreciation.

Without field trials, there would be occupation for but a limited number of dog trainers, and that at very low prices for their work. There would be a less demand for good dogs, and a good dog would need to be sold at a cheap figure, as there would be no means of demonstrating to the public his excellence.

The financial and general business responsibility assumed by a field trial club is much greater than the public knows or imagines. First of all, it must have a secretary who understands the business affairs of field trials, an expert man who is popular with sportsmen; tactful, industrious, and with some genuine enthusiasm of his own. A club may secure such a man for nothing, or it may have to pay him a salary; it is a matter where the personal equation is supreme Some clubs have paid as high as $500 a year to the secretary, but it is a ruinous sum to take out of the club's revenues, and of itself is certain to produce financial embarrassment in time. Clubs cannot pay such salaries now and live. There are always certain incidental expenses connected with the secretary's office which add from $50 to $100 to the expense account, such as printing the rules, programmes, entry blanks; then there is the expense of postage, stationery and advertising the trials. A large area of ground must be rented for a preserve, and this may cause an additional expense of $100 or $300. Judges must be engaged, and their railroad fare, hotel bills and horse hire is a sum of no mean importance. Much is accomplished by the clubs through personal influence, which could not be accomplished as a mere matter of dollars and cents, and of this is the engaging of judgss and grounds.

A good deal of executive ability is necessary to manage a field trial club's affairs, and no little prestige on the part of its members is necessary to make its competition possible. However, the time of the trial arrives, and a few of the competitors seem to think they have conferred a decided favor to the club by entering at all. They are quick to take offense; quick to see trickery where there is only honest openness, and ready to denounce everything on the authority of their own prejudices, or their own disappointments. There is, as has been stated herein before, a sterling and substantial class of sportsmen, who quietly support field trials, who take either success or failure as a part of the competition, as it is proper they should do. Were all the competitors of the brawling or malignant sort which some writings would seem to indicate, it is more than probable that the last field trial has been run. The kicker, while noisy and active, is but a very insignificant part of the whole.

It will thus be seen that guaranteeing some thousands of dollars in purses for competition with a reasonable certainty of losing and no possibility to gain, puts a face on the matter which few people have ever considered. The field trial members trust entirely to what support may be offered to pay the prizes. If a competitor should so magnify his disappointment as to exaggerate it into a grievance, or if he really have cause for a grievance, the thousand benefits he receives and has received directly and indirectly should be considered before he launches his troubles before the world.

Let us suppose now that the competitors were disappointed, and kicked so hard and withdrew so much support that every field trial club quit and disbanded. Who would be the losers? The members of the clubs? No, for they could still have sport with dog and gun, and while they might miss a little pleasure, they would save a great deal in dues, and care and time—for they give time in attending club meetings, managing the trials, etc. Would the handlers and breeders lose anything if field trials were ended? If they stop to think a moment they should easily perceive the answer

The Quarantine for Dogs.

WE hear, though not officially, that the Board of Agriculture is likely to make certain modifications with regard to the quarantine regulations for dogs which come into force on Sept. 15 next. The full text of the order has appeared in our columns, and its extreme inutility and foolishness have already been pointed out. When notice of the thing first appeared, it seemed to have attracted little attention, perhaps the general public did not believe it would ever come into operation. They know differently now, and although it has been explained how hard such restrictions as the order enforces will be, so far as exhibitors to continental dog shows and field trials are concerned, the arrangements will be even more obnoxious to those who, traveling on the Continent, are in the habit of taking their pet dogs with them. The justness of the grievances of the latter appear to have suddenly dawned upon the Board of Agriculture officials, who, we are told, intend to issue a special license to those who seek such a thing and who wish to take their dog or dogs abroad for a time. This will probably be granted on a statement being made on application as to where the dog is to be taken. On the return the dogs will be allowed to land and to proceed to their owner's destination or residence, muzzled and under control. The muzzling and control will have to be continued for a period of three months. At the end of that time, on the production of a veterinary surgeon's certificate of health, the dog or dogs will then be allowed to go free, or, at any rate, be treated in the same manner as other dogs in the locality. These so-called exemptions will apply equally to show dogs, but, so far as they are concerned, the "quarantine at home" will prevent them being exhibited in England during the three months subsequent to their appearance on the continent.

We are yet unable to find any reason at all for these quarantine regulations, and the suggested modifications thereof, as usual, are completely one-sided, and thus incomplete. In what ways they are so need not be stated here. As already pointed out by us, the Continental dog shows will suffer from the absence of English exhibitors, so will the field trials, an international society for which has been recently formed, and, moreover, those masters of otter hounds, who have occasionally taken their packs over to hunt fresh waters in Brittany and elsewhere on the continent, will be debarred from doing so unless they be contented on their return to keep their hounds in quarantine for the remainder of the season.—*Field* (*London*).

The Continental Field Trial Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The citizens of Brown's Valley are determined to entertain those attending the amateur events of the Continental Field Trial Club, *i. e.*, the Minnesota Derby and the Northwestern Cup Stake, which are to be run at Brown's Valley, Aug. 25. A letter just received from there reports a good crop of young chickens, and that the warden is out all the time in the section to be used for the trials. This action on the part of the citizens of Brown's Valley will undoubtedly insure chickens in abundance to run the trials to a successful conclusion. In this same letter we have an invitation to bring our guns along, as every day of the meeting a trap shoot will be given during the noon recess on the grounds of the Brown's Valley Gun Club, open to all comers; nobody barred; everybody welcome—therefore bring your guns and have a good time. My informant thus closes his letter: "We will try and make it pleasant for the whole party."

Mr. S. A. Smart, local secretary in St. Paul, advises me that there are twenty-two entries for the Northwestern Cup, and that he is making arrangements for a special train to leave St. Paul Monday evening, the 23d inst., arriving at Brown's Valley Tuesday morning, 24th, thus arriving one day before the trials begin.

These trials have excited much interest and a good attendance is expected. The hotel and livery accommodations are good, with prices reasonable. W. S. BELL.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. Judson S. Newing, Binghamton, N. Y., in a letter dated Aug. 9, writes us as follows: "Having been appointed secretary of the bench show committee, I wish to state that we will give a special to every breed of dogs exhibited at our coming show, Aug. 31 to Sept. 3 inclusive. Also, we will spare no pains to make the show attractive. Every dog sent will be well cared for and returned promptly. Although a little late, we intend to have the best show we have ever had."

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

GOOD ROADS.

THE value of good roads has been mathematically shown to be of greater value to the people at large, than has until recently been imagined. And still the people at large rarely consider the matter in a commercial sense. One generation rides and walks and labors over the same roads which served for its ancestors, without giving a thought to their improvement or to the losses entailed by their unfitness. Be they muddy or rough, rocky or hilly, narrow or tilted, lifelong habit reconciles the users to their difficulties and to the losses they entail; the matter of taking energetic action and rebuilding the old, so that it would be the best possible with the material at hand, never originates with the local users of the bad roads.

Good roads multiply many times the commercial value of any locality. In the matter of time, good roads place towns nearer to the outlying farming districts, for a distance which would require two hours to travel over on a bad road may be made in one hour on a good road. The value of a team and a team's services are greatly increased where there are good roads, for the team can haul a very much heavier load on a good road; the wear and tear is much less on team and wagon, and not being subjected then to such severe labor a team can be kept on less food. Horses driven on good roads are less subject to the numerous diseases of feet and limbs that afflict horses which are driven on bad ones. Bills for blacksmithing are reduced; wagons last longer; property increases in value, and the making of a livelihood is easier where good roads are.

The ceaseless agitation of good roads and the energetic efforts of thousands of wheelmen throughout the United States for the establishment of them, is looked upon by the unthinking as simply and purely a selfish measure. They look upon the wheelman as a being who desires the public to build fine highways, so that he may ride comfortably and pleasantly on them at public expense. They fail to take the broad and sensible view that a road good in itself, if good for one person to ride on is good for all others. Also that what is apparently a dude on a wheel may be an able, responsible man in business. The wheelmen are largely of the intelligent, thinking and busy part of the community, and when on a wheel the man is not fulfilling his life work he is but taking his recreation. In striving for good roads, so that he and his brethren may ride in comfort, he is striving for the common good as well, and being a taxpayer he has a right to ask a hearing. Every piece of good road that he is instrumental in building is a benefit to the community at large. The people who walk, or who ride in carriages, or who toil with draught horses over the roads in moving the world's production of food or manufacture, owe a debt of gratitude to the wheelmen, who have done so much in the cause of good roads and good road building.

THOUGHTS I THINK.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The gentleman who is happily favored by being the escort to a lady awheel, will find that there are many more responsibilities in this position than when he is an escort afoot, and that an infinite degree of tact is necessary to avoid misunderstandings. Having the control of the wheel in her own hands, and being frequently forced to act quickly by the ever-changing combinations of passing vehicles, she will many times need advising or prompting so that the easiest course may be taken or danger may be avoided. But if the escort be unskillful as an adviser either by advising too frequently or by using words which imply command, where only suggestion was intended, the odds are a thousand to one that the fair lady will immediatly dart into all available dangers, with the utmost calmness and airy disregard of them, while the escort feels a hair-raising apprehension as to the outcome, coincident with a solemn resolution that he will never offer another suggestion. The majority of acccidents are caused by riding into dangers with deliberation, either from bad judgment, inattention to the surroundings or an apathetic disregard of consequences.

The bi-sexual wheel, called a tandem, has some distinct advantages over the bicycle. It is generally a high-geared mechanism. The lady feels the exhilaration of going swiftly and imagines that she is pedaling the machine herself, while the gentleman steals more rights of way and takes more liberties with the laws of the road because the lady is with him. Every gentleman rider defers to a lady, even though she trundle her wheel directly in front of him to mount it, or if she take the wrong side of the road in passing, or if she dismount 3ft. in front of him, and all this for her sake; but for his own sake it is best to keep out of the way of an electric car and a lady on a tandem.

Cable cars and electric cars ride on wheels, and usage has decreed that they shall have the right of way. Bicyclist in passing cars should turn to the right or left. It is considered bad form to go straight on.

The law limits the diameter of bicycle bells to 3in. or less, but this does not apply to belles on a tandem.

A cross-eyed man should not ride with ram's horn handle bars on a straight street.

Notwithstanding the recent decision of Judge Tooley, of Illinois, in substance that the tax of $1 imposed by the city of Chicago on each bicycle owned in that city was unconstitutional, many resident owners are paying the tax.

When you observe that a lady is very warm after a fast ride on a warm day, never tell her that she is sweating. Tell her that she perspires. Men, mules, horses and cats sweat, but a lady—never. THE IDLER.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

Copies of the FOREST AND STREAM *race report blanks, for recording and reporting races, will be sent to all clubs requesting them.*

The racing and measurement rules of the Yach Racing Union of Long Island Sound (the Seawanhaka rule, with allowance tables) can be had of Thompson & Co, 55 Dey street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

The handbook of "Yacht Flag Etiquette" can be had of Rehm & Co., 157 Fulton street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

THE annual cruise of the New York Y. C. may be considered a success, as the distance laid out was covered within the prescribed time; this distance being greater than in any previous cruise of the club. Apart from this fact, there is very little to say.

As far as the fleet at large is concerned, the cruise benefited the members very little, there were but three squadron runs: to New London, Newport and Vineyard Haven; but one lay day, if the Goelet cup day can be properly called such, and for the great majority of owners, the sailing men in particular, the annual cruise of 1897 was crowded into the short space between Tuesday morning and Friday night.

The failure of the first race, for the vice-commodore's cups, was an accident for which no one was responsible, though the point of rendezvous, at the extreme west end of the Sound, invites such a mishap as a flat calm. The first two squadron runs brought out some twenty-five yachts in the



THE INTERNATIONAL CUP COURSE.

acing division and a goodly attendance of the cruisers; but he numbers in both divisions dwindled down after Newport vas reached, for the reason that, in the absence of the usual ay days and attendant ceremonies at the Vineyard, there vas little to tempt the yachtsmen in a mere sail to the Vineyard for the sake of returning.

One of the great charms of the cruise, the one feature which was prominent above all others in the first cruise of he club over half a century ago, and that has existed in all ntervening cruises, is the social life of the fleet, the meetings on shore and the visiting from yacht to yacht. In the present case this has been reduced to almost nothing, except or the owners of the larger steam yachts. To these fortunate yachtsmen, who can get under way on a level keel at 10 A. M., whatever the weather, and drop anchor by 5 P. M., here is plenty of time and opportunity for social intercourse, but to the racing man, or even the owner of a large sailing cruiser, practically tied fast to the tail of the steam fleet and towed from port to port at a speed appropriate to steam but not to sail, all this is forbidden and the cruise becomes a round of hard and constant work. The fortunate few who win the large prizes may put up with this, but the only effect on the sailing fleet at large must be to force it to abandon the annual cruise.

The racing of the cruise this year was in four distinct parts, that for the Vice-Commodore's cups, for the benefit of the club members who do not accompany the cruise; that for the Commodore's cups, for the larger yachts; that for the Goelet cups, and the squadron runs.

The Vice-Commodore's cups were practically thrown away, being given finally as extra prizes for a squadron run, in addition to the regular prizes. Such doubling of prizes is of no use whatever in encouraging races, the extra prize is never considered as raced for, but merely thrown in. Under the circumstances no other course was easily practicable, but the original programme should have been less rigid and inelastic, so as to admit of a possible resail for some of the very valuable prizes offered.

The Commodore's cup race was undoubtedly a success, but only by rare good luck. In spite of the long calm at the start, which might easily have been disastrous to the whole enterprise, the fleet was favored by fine weather over much of the course, and made a wonderfully good race when the uncertainties of such very long courses are taken into account. The number of yachts to finish, twenty-one in all, was very large when it is considered that few of them had any chance of winning. That such yachts as Montauk, Varuna, Viking, Sachem, Columbia, Gloriana and Sayonara started against Colonia and Wasp does not indicate any general revival of racing among the out built craft, but only bears testimony to the *esprit du corps* of some of the club members, who have done all that they possibly could to make the cruise, and this race in particular, a success. Neither this factor nor the fair weather and favoring winds can be counted on as permanent, and to repeat such an experiment in the future would be merely to invite a conspicuous failure.

The double race for the Goelet cups must unfortunately be set down as a flat failure. In the single-stick division Navahoe and Vigilant made a really fine race, but if this once great event, in which all the cracks of the fleet started, has degenerated to a mere duel, it is no longer worth maintaining. In the schooner division, the case was much worse, as but one yacht out of the immense fleet that crowded Newport Harbor elected to start for the $1,000 cup. If it had been a mere drift, there might have been good reason for none but the few racing cracks, with full light canvas, starting. Or if it had been a howling gale, there might have been some excuse for not facing it; but neither condition existed. On the other hand, there was a fine thimblehead breeze and only a moderate sea, giving at least a fighting chance to the older boats. To be sure, it was raining; but oilers can be had in any of the shops along Thames street at fairly reasonable prices.

It is a disgrace to the fleet of the New York Y. C. that only one of its many yacht owners possessed the spirit to start for the sake of racing; and, what is worse, that not another showed a proper spirit in covering the course, even though victory were impossible, for the sake of the club, out of respect to Mr. Goelet, and to give to Colonia a clear, legal title to the cup, which she deserves.

The Goelet cup race has for years been one of the honored and cherished institutions of the New York Y. C.; some of the greatest contests of modern days have been fought for its double prizes, and it is too great an affair to be allowed to degenerate, as it has unquestionably done at the present time. If it can no longer be made sufficiently interesting to attract at least four starters in each division, it were best abandoned entirely.

The squadron runs have long been an important part of the annual cruise, bringing out some yachts which race at no other times. This feature is well worthy of every encouragement on the part of the club, and it should be made the basis of the cruise programme; all other parts being subordinate to it. Good racing, of such a sort as all may take part in, with reasonable time for rest and social enjoyments in port, will do more than anything else to revive the passing glories of the cruise.

The programme this year was solely in the interests of the steam division of the fleet; in spite of the large sums offered in prizes by way of compensation to the sailing division, the latter has been practically a mere tail to the former. It requires no great amount of foresight to see that the cruise is rapidly succumbing to the influence of steam, just as other branches of yachting have done. The tendency is to make the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. a mere race of steam yachts from New York to Bar Harbor—no doubt a very pleasant excursion for those able to enjoy it, but utterly destructive of yacht racing.

If the interests of the sailing division, both racing and cruising, are worthy of consideration, a material change from this and even previous years is necessary. The programme of the cruise must be arranged by representatives of the sailing yachts, with a view to covering such distances in such times as are adapted to the sailing and not to the steam fleet. This programme must include such lay days as are necessary for the mere rest of the men, and also to afford opportunities for the ordinary social features of yachting; it must also be sufficiently elastic to allow of the resailing of important races in the always possible event of a calm. Managed in this way, the New York Y. C. may hope to restore its famous cruise to some of the old-time glory and to rescue it from becoming a mere tradition.

SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CUP.

Third Competition.

ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—SEAWANHAKA COR. Y. C.

Lake St. Louis, 1897.

AS IN both preceding years, the contest for the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup has excited much interest among yachtsmen, both defender and challenger being well known from their racing last year at Oyster Bay. The transferral of the scene of the contest from Long Island Sound to Lake St. Louis, from salt to fresh water, and from under the Stars and Stripes to the protection of the red and blue ensign, all contribute to renew the interest, though the first novelty of this racing of small yachts has worn off.

The trial fleets and races of both sides have been fully described in previous issues. The final struggle may be said to have begun when Momo arrived at Dorval on the evening of Aug. 7, by which time Glencairn had been stripped and hauled out, after the last trial race, for the final finishing up.

Momo and Al Anka arrived together at Lachine, and were towed up to the club house and speedily fitted out. With Mr. C. H. Crane were Messrs. Stackpole and Shaw, while Mr. H. D. Crane had Messrs. Barbey and Peabody. "Andrew," the professional who has had charge of both boats, was also with them.

On Saturday morning Momo was placed in "racing trim" and went under the tape of Mr. David A. Poe, the senior measurer of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. The official measurement of the two, Glencairn being measured afterward, were as follows:

	Glencairn II.	Momo.
Length over all	32.15ft.	29.50ft.
Overhang forward	8.32ft.	6.02ft.
aft	6.40ft.	5.31ft.
L.W.L.	17.43ft.	18.17ft.
Sail area	489.10sq. ft.	456.32sq. ft.
½Sail area	22 12ft.	21.35ft.
Racing length	19.77ft	19.76ft.

Momo's hull is considerably heavier than that of Glencairn, for one detail, her Spanish cedar planking is ⅝in. thick, while the Columbia cedar of Glencairn is but 5-16in. Her l.w.l., after all practicable lightening while at the Ogdensburg shops, proved to be 18ft. 2in., and that with her lighter board, of 130lbs., so that the heavier board could not be carried.

The two boats, when lying one just ahead of the other on their trucks, showed a most surprising resemblance below the deck. When seen separately and at different times, there are many differences to distract the eye, Glencairn is 3ft. 7in. longer over all, with about 2in. more freeboard all around, and at least 4in. more crown to deck at the mast, Momo having a 4in. crown amidships for the 8ft. beam. The rigs and the deck arrangements are very different, and while Glencairn shows an unbroken surface of dead black graphite below the heading at deck, Momo's topsides as well as her deck are of bright Spanish cedar, the bottom below the L.W.L. being of white enamel.

With the two boats as they were, however, it was possible to compose the true forms of the hulls, detail by detail, apart from all distractions of fittings and color. The rocker of keel is very much the same in both, save that Momo's keel turns up very abruptly at the fore end. The side lines of the deck are not unlike, except for the same quick snubbing in at the fore end on Momo. Momo's sternpiece has a moderate rake while that of Glencairn is vertical, but there is no material difference here. The midship sections are to all practical purposes identical, both very closely resembling Glencairn I. Of the two Momo flares a little more in the topsides and is a little narrower on the L.W.L. This peculiarity is carried out in all the sections of the afterbody, and is even seen in the sternpiece, the curve of the bilge, even here, is a little lighter than in Glencairn, and the sides above flares a little more.

If the forebody of Momo were carried out about 2ft. further, to the end of her bowsprit, avoiding the very abrupt snubbing of the fore ends of all her fore and aft lines, the bow would be practically identical with that of Glencairn; from a point just forward of the mast on each boat out to the stern piece they are almost the same. Momo looks to be a little more extreme than Glencairn in the elliptical character of her L.W.L. and level lines, and to gain more length in proportion when heeled.

Working entirely apart, it is not a little remarkable that though both started mainly from Glencairn I., that Mr. Crane in his second boat and Mr. Duggan in his seventh should have come so closely together.

The deck arrangements, fittings, sail plan and rig, already described, show more and greater differences by far than the actual forms of the hulls. The sail plans are radically different; while Momo's boom is 22ft., that of Glencairn is 25ft., and on the other hand the former has 3ft. more gaff, with a higher angle of peak.

Quite a lengthy discussion took place last fall over the best method of measuring the head triangle, and it was finally decided to take the line of the forestay instead of, as also suggested, the line of the foremast headsail. In Glencairn the real forestay runs up to the masthead, opposite the peak halyard block, much higher than the head of the jib. For purposes of measurement, however, a second "forestay" of light wire rope is run directly over the luff of the jib. The fore triangle is about the same in both, but Glencairn's excess of sail is in the form of 40sq. ft. more in the mainsail.

The second week of August brought very variable and unsettled weather to the lake, and Glencairn was out but little; her sails were overhauled and a new silk jib was made and she was fitted with a new rudder, of the same rectangular shape as the old, but carried forward into a point similar to that of Momo, and with much more area forward of the center than in any of Mr. Duggan's previous rudders.

Momo and Al Anka were out as much as possible, sailing off Pointe Claire and alone, no attempts being made by the home boats to "get a line" on them. On Friday, Aug. 13, there was a strong N.W. wind and a sea, both Glencairn and Momo going for a time, but keeping apart. Al Anka was stripped and sailed down to Lachine under a jurymast and centerboard loaned by Mr. Duggan, with a spinaker as mainsail. She was shipped on a flat car to be taken to Boston, where she will race in the 17ft. class.

On Friday evening a meeting was held at the club house, the sailing committee being present, with Mr. Crane. Messrs. Sherman, Keas and Dresser, who had arrived during the day, were invited to be present. The final details were discussed, and an agreement drawn up, as is usual.

In the New York races Momo had been steered by Mr. Crane and Mr. Stackpole, one relieving the other from time to time. Article X. of the Declaration of Trust reads as follows: The helmsmen, sailing the representative yachts in the match must be amateurs, and must be residents of the countries of their respective clubs. The challenging and challenged club must name in writing, each to the other or to their respective representatives, at least twenty-four hours before the day appointed for the first race, the helmsmen who will sail their representative yachts; and such helmsmen shall sail such yachts in all the races of the match, unless prevented by illness or other subtantial cause, in which event substitutes shall be allowed.

In naming helmsmen under this clause, Mr. Crane was desirous of naming both himself and Mr. Stackpole, either to handle the tiller at will; but this was objected to by the other side as contrary to the precedent in the previous matches for the cup, and to general usage. After quite a lengthy discussion the following memorandum was drawn up:

It was agreed that one helmsman be named by each club for the coming races, such helmsman not to be unnecessarily restricted, the intention being that the conditions as to helmsman governing the two previous competitions for the challenge cup be maintained during the coming races.

The agreement was then signed, reading as follows:

Agreement covering certain conditions of the match for the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup for small yachts, to be sailed between Glencairn II., representing the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, Can., and Momo representing the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., of New York, beginning on Saturday, Aug. 14, 1897.

In pursuance of the provisions of Article XI of the deed of trust, executed by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., dated June 1, 1896, covering the terms and conditions governing the tenure of the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup for small yachts, and the competition therefor, it is hereby mutually agreed between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal and Dorval, Can., and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., of New York, that the following additional regulations shall apply to the match to be sailed, beginning Aug. 14, 1897, namely:

1. The courses shall be as follows:

COURSE TO WINDWARD OR LEEWARD AND RETURN.

From a line between a buoy with black and white ball capped with bright tin cone, and a stakeboat flying the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. Burgee in range with the foremast on the committee boat, to and around a mark bearing a black and white ball or disc capped with a bright tin cone, leaving it on starboard hand; distance 2 miles if possible, if not, 1½ miles, and return; course to be sailed over three or four times, as case may call for, making a total distance of 12 nautical miles. At the end of the first and second rounds the black and white ball or disc is to be left on the starboard hand. The direction will be announced from the committee steamer before the preliminary signal.

TRIANGULAR COURSE.

From a line between red and white buoy with disc, capped with bright tin cone, and a stakeboat anchored to the southward in range with foremast on committee boat. W. by S. 1⅛ miles, to and around a mark bearing a red and white disc or ball, leaving it on starboard hand. N. ¾ E. 1⅛ miles, to and around a mark bearing a red and white disc or ball, leaving it on starboard hand. S S.E. 1⅛ miles, to the finish between red and white disc or ball buoy, and the stakeboat, anchored to the windward.

Course to be sailed over three times; total distance, 12 nautical miles.

On the first and second rounds yachts will leave the red and white buoy on the starboard hand.

Note.—The sailing committee may in its discretion direct the course to be sailed in the reverse direction, leaving buoys and marks on the port hand; and the signal for such reversal of the course will be the anchoring of the stakeboat at the start to the northward of the buoy. In this case the stakeboat will be anchored to the southward of the buoy at the finish. The committee steamer will be anchored beyond the stakeboat, so as to bring the signal staff of the steamer as near as practicable in a line with the mast of the stakeboat and the buoy; and for the purpose of determining when a yacht has crossed the line, the committee will be guided by the range between the signal staff and the mast of the stakeboat.

START AND SIGNALS.

2. The start will be a one-gun flying start, with preliminary and preparatory signals, and will be made as nearly as practicable at 10:30 o'clock A. M.

First Signal, Preliminary: Whistle fifteen seconds long. The blue peter will be hoisted on the upper deck signal staff of the committee steamer.

There will be an interval of ten minutes between the first and second signals.

Second Signal, Preparatory: Whistle fifteen seconds long. The blue peter on the committee steamer will be lowered and a red ball hoisted. There will be an interval of five minutes between the second and third signal.

Third Signal, Start: Whistle fifteen seconds long, and the red ball will be lowered.

RECALL SIGNALS.

In case it should be necessary to recall the contestants, a blue ensign shall be displayed from the committee steamer and two sharp whistles given for the recall of Glencairn II., and an American ensign shall be displayed and four sharp whistles for the recall of Momo.

3. If any triangular race is not concluded within four hours after the starting signal has been given, it shall be postponed to the next succeeding day, excluding Sunday.

4. If any windward or leeward and return race is not concluded within five hours after the starting signal has been given, it shall be postponed to the next succeeding day, excluding Sunday.

5. In the event of heavy weather occurring on any day, the sailing committee shall, at the request of both contestants, postpone the race fixed for that day to the next succeeding day, excluding Sunday; but, if in the opinion of the committee and either one of the contestants, the weather is not too heavy, the race shall be started. In the event of a fog or calm, the committee shall have power to postpone the start, provided, however, that no race shall be started later than 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

6. In the event of its becoming necessary to postpone or resail any race, such race shall be set for the next succeeding day, excluding Sunday, provided, however, that in case either of the contesting yachts is injured or disabled, a sufficient time to complete repairs shall be allowed. The judgment of the sailing committee as to what constitutes sufficient time shall be final.

The racing rule of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C, requiring the carrying of life preservers, shall not apply to this match.

Anchors may or may not be carried, at the option of the contestants.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, of New York, by
(Signed) CHAS. A. SHERMAN,
Its Representative.

The Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, of Montreal and Dorval, by (Signed) J. C. C. ALMON,
Its Representative.

Assented to (Signed) CLINTON H. CRANE,
For Momo.

Assented to (Signed) G. H. DUGGAN,
For Glencairn II.

The marks for the turns were wooden discs, each about 2ft. in diameter, two being fastened at right angles on a mast. The lower half of each disc was painted white, the upper either black or red. Each pair of discs was capped by a cone of polished tin about 1ft. high, this reflecting the sun and being visible at a distance. On Friday afternoon Messrs. Almon and Wickstead went out in a launch and set the three marks for the triangle, carefully logging each side. It was decided, as in the agreement, to shorten the triangle to 1⅛ instead of 2-mile sides. The starting line was in nearly the same position as in the trial races. Mr. Duggan was formally named as helmsman of Glencairn and Mr. Stackpole of Momo, Mr. Crane working forward.

Both yachts were launched early on Saturday morning, and the steam yacht Dama, kindly offered to the committee for the races by Mr. W. Barclay Stevens, took them in tow about 9:45 On the Dama were the sailing committee, with Mr. Riddell as chairman, Mr. Almon as officer of the day, Messrs. Fitz Gibbon and Riley as timekeepers, and Mr. Wicksteed as signal officer. With them as guests were several members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

The steamer Duchess of York took on a large party of members and guests at Lachine, and was off Pointe Claire before the Dama came up. The steamer was in charge of Rear-Com. Abbott. On board were representatives of the leading New York and Boston papers, the hurricane deck being specially reserved for them by the club. Every preparation was made by the Montreal papers for reporting the race; two canal barges were anchored about the vicinity of the course, and cables were laid to the shore.

After a stormy day and a threatening night, with a hard rain toward morning, Saturday was clear and bright, much warmer than Friday, but by no means uncomfortably hot. The wind was from the east and but light. Mr. Crane was desirous of a start to windward, and to obtain this the committee ran up a couple of miles beyond Pointe Claire. Voilina, steam yacht, had come down from Ogdensburgh for the races, and her owner, Mr. W. H. Post, very kindly offered her as buoy tender. With the markboats in tow, she ran up and dropped two boats some 50yds. apart for the starting line, and then started and logged off two miles E. by S. for the second mark.

The scene at the line was a lively one, and well worth a longer description, but that is another story; the fleet of small yachts, skiffs and canoes was most unique, many of the yachts were quite old, long out of racing and forgotten, but they turned up now from all sorts of out-of-the-way places. One had the French tricolor at her peak and a large American ensign lashed to a shroud on each side. At Lachine, on a high flagpole, the Canadian and American ensigns were flown side by side suspended in banner fashion, a very pretty sight.

The preliminary signal was given at 11:31, with the preparatory at 11:41. Both yachts were close to the line, with full sail, the wind being light, with occasional puffs, and the water smooth. The Dama was north of the starting line and Momo lay about the markboat at the south end. Mr. Stackpole had a hand on one leg of a big "wishbone" tiller, a triangular framework about 5ft. long and 3ft. 6in. across the base, a very neat piece of woodwork made by Mr. Young, of the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co., who built the yacht. Mr. Duggan, as usual, had a "dog-leg" tiller, the main tiller about 3ft. 6in. long, with a piece about 2ft long joined to it by a bolt through both. When sitting inside, this upper piece was swung in flat on top of the main tiller, the helmsman's hand on the end of the latter. When hiking out, the extension piece was swung out at right angles to the main piece and held in the hand, the helmsman being thus enabled to put the helm amidships or even down while hiking out to windward. Just before the start, the extension piece, lying on top of the main tiller, slipped off and caught on the deck. In freeing it, an unusual strain was put on the bolt, a piece of 3-16 brass rod, and it broke, the main tiller slipping to leeward out of reach for a moment. While Momo, beautifully timed, went over just after the gun. Mr. Duggan was thus in trouble with his tiller; while the new rudder, with an excess of balance forward, was acting very differently from the old. Glencairn was headed for the line, but as she crossed she swung in and struck the markboat, smashing a hole in her starboard wale just forward of the chain plate. While she went off in chase of Momo her crew was busy trying to patch the hole with a piece of thin wood, and after this proved impossible, in stopping it with a jersey.

Momo also met with a slight mishap on the line; her throat halyard block, with a wooden shell, split and went to pieces, leaving her wire halyard with a short nip across the edge of the sheave. The throat was down and could not possibly be meated up, but the peak halyard was set taut and the tack was hove down, thanks to the spring gooseneck, so that the sail was made to sit very well.

Though hopelessly out of it through the foul, Mr. Duggan took the wisest course under the circumstances, and continued the race. Momo from the start was evidently doing the best of work to windward; with her sails drawing beautifully, she was pointing very high, and at the same time footing fast. The beat out was made without special incident, save that Glencairn was dropping steadily astern of Momo. They were timed at the first mark:

	Time	Elapsed.	Gain.
Momo	12 15 40	0 29 40	0 02 02
Glencairn	12 17 42	0 30 42	

Momo's spinaker was broken out to starboard just 1m. 15s. after she turned, and Glencairn's in 1m. 8s. Both set balloon jibs, Glencairn spilling her spinaker into hers. They ran down wind with a light breeze and smooth water, but against the Ottawa current, the first round being timed:

FIRST ROUND.

		Elapsed.		Gain.		
	Time.	Leg.	Round.	Leg.	Round.	Lead.
Momo	12 40 00	0 21 20	0 45 00	0 00 53	0 02 55	0 02 55
Glencairn	12 42 55	0 25 13	0 47 55	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..

The two were so far apart now that there was nothing but straight sailing, with no possible maneuvering. Momo tacked whenever it was necessary to keep Glencairn under her lee, but she was too far away to hurt her opponent. The breeze freshened a little and the boats moved as though they had some life, but still it was but moderate. The outer mark was timed for the second time:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Momo	1 10 45	0 30 45	0 00 10	0 03 05
Glencairn	1 13 50	0 30 55	.. ..	.. ..

The times show that Glencairn had made the windward leg in but 10s. more than Momo. She had made a little water, but not enough to hinder her much, and her crew had evidently had time to recover from the demoralizing effects of a very bad start.

They ran home much as before, the times being:

SECOND ROUND.

			Gain.		
	Time.	Elapsed.	Leg.	Round.	Lead.
Momo	1 36 30	0 25 45	0 00 45	0 00 55	0 03 50
Glencairn	1 40 20	0 26 30	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..

As on the first run, under conditions in which the known differences in the boats and all of Glencairn's ill-luck were most minimized, Momo was beating Glencairn badly off the wind. They started again, and beat out to the weather mark with more wind, being timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Momo	2 04 06	0 27 36		0 3 14
Glencairn	2 07 20	0 27 00	0 00 36	

It is impossible to discern any difference in the work of the two, but the timing showed that while Momo had made better time by 3m. to windward with the stronger breeze, Glencairn had covered the course in 36s. less time. Running down, however, Momo showed a substantial and important gain, making a full minute on Glencairn in but two miles of running.

The race had long since ceased to be exciting, but the finish of Momo was greeted by an enthusiastic outburst of cheers and whistles that could not have been more discordant and ear-splitting if Glencairn had been the winner. She, too, was greeted noisily when she finally finished. The times were:

Start 11:46:		Elapsed.			Gain.	
	Finish.	Leg.	Round.	Course.	Leg round.	Lead.
Momo	2 46 25	0 22 19	0 49 54	2 40 25	1 01 25	0 04 15
Glencairn	2 30 40	0 23 20	0 50 20	2 44 40		

Voilina passed a line to Momo, and Dama took Glencairn in tow, the procession of larger boats moving down for Dorval and Lachine, while the small craft scattered in all directions. As soon as Glencairn reached the club house her rudder was unshipped and taken into the shop, and she was hauled out. Mr. Duggan and Mr. Poe went to work on the rudder, which had made trouble all day, and a good sized triangle was cut off the fore side, the new edge being drilled, riveted and filed up before dark. Meanwhile the hole in her side had been turned over to her builder, who cut out a couple of feet of the upper strake and set in a new piece of planking, though there was all next day for repairs, but practically all of the work was done before she was covered over and left for the night.

Momo was quite as carefully looked after, being hauled up astern of Glencairn.

Sunday was hot and sultry, with an overcast sky and threats of rain. During the day there were many visitors to the club house. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crane were on the Duchess of York during the race, but stopped in town, and on Sunday morning both the Messrs. Crane went into the city.

Glencairn was launched in the afternoon, her rudder shipped, and she went out in a moderate breeze to try it.

The second race was sailed Monday in a reefing wind, the Glencairn crossing the line a winner by 4m. 24s., the summary being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Glencairn II	11 35 00	1 31 35	1 56 35
Momo	11 35 00	1 35 59	2 00 59

The third race, sailed on Tuesday, resulted in another victory for Glencairn II. The run was in a driving wind and rainstorm.

A New Measurement Formula

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following is in response to the invitation to yachtsmen, in your issue of July 31, to discuss the proposed measurement formula: $L+\frac{L\times S.}{10\text{ (cubic contents)}}$. The validity of all the propositions stated by the author of the rule is here conceded except those which are hereinafter specifically challenged:

Suggestion Third. "The subject of classification is entirely distinct from the subject of measuring."

This is stated rather broadly. These subjects are ordinarily distinct; but they may have some relation. A measurement rule that would work very well under the ordinary classification might work badly if, for example, there were only two classes, say 15ft. to 40ft. and 40ft. to 95ft. Thus it is possible to lessen some of the difficulties incident to measurement by proper classification.

First Head.—(*a*) "A measurement rule is intended to encourage the development of a safe, roomy, speedy and easily handled boat."

Of the importance of the development of all these features there is no question; but safety, accommodation and ease of handling are not necessarily to be sought through the means of a rule that is also to be used for measuring speed. Heretofore the influence of such rules upon design, in respect to these desirable qualities, has been uniformly bad, actually encouraging the opposite qualities. In view of this experience, and of certain strong *a priori* objections to the plan of using a single formula for purposes so logically different as measuring speed, and developing a "safe, roomy and easily handled" yacht, the expediency of such a scheme is not to be assumed; and he who proposes it should give reasons therefor. If these were entirely new problems to be solved in the first instance, it is inconceivable that any engineer would think of solving both by the application of the same formula.

(*b*) "To equalize the chances of winning prizes between boats of different types and characteristics."

By a system of empirical handicapping, all the boats of a fleet, old and new, may be raced together for a prize, and afford good sport. The handicaps in such cases are presumably so imposed as to put all the boats on an equal footing, the winning of the prize depending upon the skill with which the boats are sailed. The sole question here is a day's sport, no regard being had for the development of the yacht through the testing of different models for the best speed, and the interests of yacht racing in general being ignored. Clause (*b*) may be interpreted to refer to such contests only.

There is an entirely different kind of racing, viz.: speed contests between yachts of different designs and unknown merits of form, to determine which is the speedier form, the competing boats being all relatively fast and usually similar in size. The main purpose here is entirely different from that in the first case, though they have much in common—the day's sport, contests of personal skill, etc.

Handicapping in the ordinary sense would defeat the prime purpose of such races. Here speed obtained by meritorious form of hull is rewarded and not handicapped as before. It is uncertain whether the author of the new rule intended to cover this case by (*b*). If he did the statement is not sufficiently explicit, and it may be said here that one measurement rule will not suit both cases. In the last case there should be no handicaps except for the utilization by one boat more than another of certain speed factors that are independent of the lines of the design, and for which the designer or the boat should not be credited, such as horsepower in a steam vessel and sail area in a sailing yacht. It is undoubtedly difficult to determine the speed factors that do not depend upon the form of the hull, which being taken in excess should be taxed, and to decide how much they should be penalized. But this difficulty should not be ignored in a discussion of measurement rules nor assumed not to exist.

Probably all would agree that any excess of sail on one yacht over another should be taxed in order to make a fair race. There is a relation between length and resistance, but it cannot be definitely stated in terms of speed; and, furthermore, in the speed that comes from length, sail area is an important and inseparable factor. The difficulty of assessing an appropriate tax on the element of speed that depends upon length, after sail has been duly taxed, may be avoided without substantial inconvenience by making numerous classes, and requiring all the boats in a class to be built to the maximum length; or, what is the same thing, by giving shorter boats no time allowance on account of length—that is to say, by leaving L out of the formula.

It seems obvious that in speed contests nothing should be rewarded that interferes with speed, whether it be displacement or barnacles. A proper amount of displacement and topsides suitably proportioned for safety and accommodation may well be arbitrarily required in all yachts; but to make size of hull a measure of speed between yachts of the same length is as unphilosophical as giving the Marathon race to a cripple. Displacement being a hindrance to speed, enough only should be required or encouraged to insure safety and accommodation. This precise minimum amount cannot be secured by means of a formula in which the coefficient of any factor may be changed at will. It can be secured by taking D out of the formula; and by making a supplementary regulation stating in plain terms how much breadth, draft, cubic contents, displacement of hull, etc. are deemed inseparable for a given L.W.L.

(*d*) "To leave owner and designer absolutely free to produce anything they please."

This section is repugnant to the terms of (*a*), and both cannot stand; (*a*) should be insisted upon, and (*d*) should be modified so as to read: "To leave owner and designer free to produce anything they please, provided it be a safe, roomy and easily handled boat."

Fourth Head.—The specific objections to the formula $L+\frac{L\times S.}{10\text{ (cubic contents)}}$, are:

(1) The inclusion in the formula of terms to influence design, because the "development of a safe, roomy, speedy and easily handled boat" can better be reached by a rule supplementary to the measurement formula.

(2) On a given L.W.L. cubic size of hull is detrimental to speed, and only enough should be taken to insure safety and

internal accommodation. The formula credits superfluous size as equivalent to speed.

(3) The formula gives to topsides and deck house equal credit with immersed body. In the matters of safety and general desirability they are of very unequal worth.

(4) Under this type of rule, in which all of the functions are included in a formula which permits any dimension to be unduly enlarged by reducing others, the elements of safety and accommodation cannot be controlled with certainty, and a "racing machine" is sure to result.

(5) The formula is not suitable for measuring speed, for its factors (save one) have no numerical relation to speed that can be definitely and accurately stated.

(6) Under this kind of rule the cleverest interpreter of the formula wins, not the designer of lines to give the least resistance.

(7) The inclusion of L. in a formula that contains S. is objectionable for the reasons heretofore stated.

(8) There seems to be nothing in the formula to discourage the building of light-displacement fin-keels with monstrous topsides and unlimited draft.

Finally, it is suggested that the merit of any measurement formula may depend largely upon the scheme of time allowances to be used with it, and that to properly criticise the proposed formula the time allowance scheme should be known.

If, for example, yachts are measured by L.W.L. alone, allowances based upon theoretical speed proportionate to $\sqrt{L}$ may be satisfactory. If sail alone were measured, such allowances would not be suitable.

When yachts are rated by a racing length which is a compound of L.W.L., sail area and cubic contents of hull and deck house, it may be found to be a nice matter to logically and fairly apportion time allowances between boats of different racing lengths. Take a concrete case:

If two yachts 40ft. l.w.l. have 2,000ft. of sail each, and one has 10 per cent. more cubic contents of hull and deck house than the other, how many seconds per mile ought the smaller boat to allow the larger, and why? SEXTANT.

The New York Y. C. Cruise.

AFTER reaching Bar Harbor on Sunday night, the fleet lay at anchor over Monday, and on Tuesday the last race was sailed, the course being from off Egg Rock Light to Schoodic Point, thence to the whistling buoy off Baker's Island, and home, 21 miles. The race was a sealed handicap, the allowances being: Queen Mab allows Wasp 5m. 15s., Gloriana 8m. 54s., Sayonara 8m. 55s.; Colonia allows Emerald 49s., Sachem 1m. 25s., Marguerite 5m. 51s., Amorita 9m. 2s., Alert 11m. 39s., Fenella 29m. 45s.

The early morning was very foggy, with a S.W. wind which shifted to S.E., the fog lifting. The start was made at 11:55, with Wasp first away. The first leg was to windward, but after a short time the dense fog rolled in, and the boats lost sight of each other; they were not timed at the Schoodic mark, but it was passed at about 12:50.

They ran to the second mark, still in the fog, and were timed:

Wasp	2 04 50	Marguerite	2 32 00
Amorita	2 10 07	Alert	2 39 00
Queen Mab	2 14 15	Sachem	2 48 00
Emerald	2 17 20	Fenella	3 02 30
Gloriana	2 19 30		

Queen Mab was compelled to lower her mainsail for a time near the mark.

The fleet was not visible on the last leg, but the finish was timed:

	Start.	Finish	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS.				
Colonia	11 53 08	3 19 45	3 21 57	3 21 37
Emerald	11 58 57	3 22 05	3 23 08	3 22 19
Sachem	11 58 37	Not timed.		
Marguerite	11 57 07	3 49 20	3 52 13	3 46 22
Amorita	11 56 29	3 17 13	3 21 44	3 12 37
Alert	11 57 51	4 01 14	4 03 23	3 51 41
Fenella	11 52 52	Not timed.		
CUTTERS				
Queen Mab	11 59 40	3 31 20	3 48 40	3 43 40
Wasp	11 50 34	3 20 18	3 29 44	3 24 29
Gloriana	11 51 56	3 39 37	3 47 41	3 33 47
Sayonara	11 52 33	Disabled.		

Amorita beat Colonia 9m., Emerald 9m. 42s., Marguerite 33m. 45s., and Alert 33m. 7s. Wasp beat Gloriana 13m. 18s. and Queen Mab 19m. 11s.

On Wednesday a very heavy rainstorm kept all below decks, and the rowing races were postponed.

Pewaukee Lake Y. C.

PEWAUKEE, WIS

Saturday, Aug. 7.

THE regatta held on July 31 was a failure, as the yachts were unable to complete the course within the time limit. Nine yachts entered, but the wind failed entirely on the second leg of course. Idle Hour had a lead of half a mile, and would have won the race had the wind held out.

At the annual fall meeting of the Pewaukee Y. C. it was decided to challenge the Pine Lake Y. C. to sail a regatta for the Pabst challenge cup, now held by the Pine Lake Y. C. This cup, one of the most beautiful and expensive trophies ever offered to Wisconsin yachtsmen, was presented by Capt. Fred Pabst of Milwaukee, on Aug. 31, 1895, to the Pine Lake Y. C., in trust, for friendly competition between the yachtsmen of the inland lakes of this county. The executive committee of the Pine Lake Y. C. have set Aug. 21 as the date on which the regatta will be held, and the event, when it takes place, will be second in importance to the Interstate regatta, sailed on Pewaukee Lake, July 17.

The Pewaukee Y. C. has picked out the five yachts that are generally admitted to be the swiftest of the fleet to represent it at Pine Lake. They are as follows:

Class A—Sirrocco, Wallber Bros.; Idle Hour, R. E. Giljoham; Lorraine, Schiller and Bauch.

Class B—Kite, Geo. Poppert and Robt. Rowe; Sophia, W. H. Meyers.

Twelve yachts entered in to-day's race. The wind was brisk from the southeast; start was west. Yachts of both classes got away at 4 o'clock. Lorraine, Sirrocco and Tempest led the Class A yachts, and Martha and Hualpa the B class boats. Sirrocco fouled Lottie on the second leg of the course and was disqualified. Kite overtook and passed all B class boats on the second leg of course, but lost her lead to Aida on the last leg.

The race as a whole was a very close and exciting affair, and was one of the prettiest of the weekly Saturday series of this season.

CLASS A.	
Lorraine, Schiller & Bauch	0 58 50
Sirrocco, Wallber Bros.	0 59 50
Lottie, L. G. Wallber	0 59 58
Tempest, C. F. Hase	1 01 40
Idle Hour, R. E. Giljohaun	1 02 26
Carmela, S. P. Fachutar	1 04 10
Gretchen, Wm. Gerlach	1 21 22
CLASS B.	
Aida, A. C. Zinn	1 04 51
Kite, Poppert & Rowe	1 06 45
Hualpa, Silverman & Kipp	1 07 51
Sophia, W. H. Meyers	1 08 05
Martha, A. H. Slemman	1 18 11

Winners: Class A, Lorraine; Class B, Aida.
Time-keepers, Geo. M. Conway, A. G. Miller, John C. Spencer.
Judges: Judge Emil Wallber, G. M. Conway, A. G. Miller.
Course sailed, four mile triangle, once around. Race under the direction of Com. W. C. Clark.

Canoeing.

The A. C. A. Meet.

GRINDSTONE ISLAND, A. C. A. Camp.—The early arrivals on the opening day of the annual meet found the grounds well studded with tents, the official flags flying and the caterer ready with a satisfying breakfast. Even at that there were some who claimed to be the oldest inhabitants of the point. C. C. Hodgman and his party were settled in July, as was Wm. M. Carpenter, of Sing Sing. Friday there were a few scattered arrivals during the day. At 9 P. M. a large contingent under the command of Vice-Com. Harry M. Stewart with many canoes, including that most sociable of war canoes the Huff, reached the camp, and at 9:30 P. M. nine weary men were stretched on cots in the "Home for the friendless," a 20×40 tent stretched at headquarters.

At 7:30 Saturday morning the New York contingent came in with the schooner Glad Tidings, loaded down the Plimsol line with canoes and duffle and *et ceteras*.

Camp site committee Morse had matters so well in hand that at 10 A. M. there were no "anxious inquirers" at headquarters.

Sunday at noon the camp was besieged by two war canoes containing twenty-six men, from the Brockville C. C. The pickets reported the enemy in sight. The alarm was sounded on the bugle, the cannon loaded, and preparations made to give them a warm reception. Caterer McElveney's face was a study as he saw the twenty-six hungry Canadians besiege his caravansary. He succeeded in satisfying them in good time, and the freedom of the camp was extended to them. A crew of warriors, under command of the Commodore, manned the Huff, and a sight that has not been seen in Elk Bay for centuries was much admired by those on shore. Three full-manned war canoes in line, with the signal cannon and official bugler, under command of Vice-Com. Stewart in the bow of the Huff. A parting salute was given the visitors, who promised to return before the camp breaks up.

In the evening a crew of singers on the Huff floated about in Front of headquarters, and gave a most pleasing sacred concert.

Monday the camp was deserted—Gananoque was the destination. It was "Gananiquity" when they returned.

The sailing men are already feeling the winds of Eel Bay, and many new men with new boats are already on the course.

The change in the arrangement of the camp has gained general approval. Headquarters being next to the mess tent. An official swim was ordered for 5 P. M. Monday, and under command of ex-Com. Huntington the reed bed in front of headquarters has disappeared.

The Buffalo contingent are beginning to arrive. Their war canoe and several others are here. The club fours are being formed and considerable rivalry is already shown, each club represented by four men having decided to enter.

At present writing everything promises for the largest and most active camp we have had for years.

Many letters have been written to friends at home to induce wandering members to come, and come quickly.

The W. C. A. Meet.

FIVE boats and a half dozen men would cover the tonnage and *personnel* of the W. C. A. meet of 1897. The most of the rest either had no money or a good excuse. The experiment of another meet on an inland lake proved unsuccessful. It would probably have been unsuccessful to practically the same extent in any other locality that could have been chosen. The sport of canoeing, at least in the West, is at low ebb, and it is useless to attempt to deny it. Other sorts of sport have broken into its ranks. Some of the first active members of the W. C. A. have outgrown their interest or have been weaned away to other interests. In addition to this, the long stretch of hard times, in which many men, young and old, have been too anxious to enjoy fundamentally any form of sport, has put members out of the habit of taking the rather cumbersome and expensive trip to the summer meet, which, above all things, is the business of a man care free and unfettered of finances. Whether time will bring about again the older and stronger meets of the W. C. A. is at this writing purely a matter of idle speculation.

Those present are, with exception of Mr. N. B. Cook, of Chicago, all from Milwaukee and all members of Mahn-a-wauk C. C. Com. E. H. Holmes, canoe Milwaukee; Dick Merrill, canoe Bluebill; F. W. Dickens, canoe Avis; F. B. Huntington, canoe Norma, are all from Milwaukee. Members from other cities have sent the customary large promises, and brought the customary small performances. While it will be impossible to elect officers or to sail more than one event of the regular regatta, the meet of these friends and fellow members is a most enjoyable one, and has in miniature all the attributes of a rattling good canoe camp. The arrangements are good, the site is at least fair, the mess (at the tables of the Highland Hotel) is the best the W. C. A. has ever had, at least in an experience dating back to 1892. The water is pleasant for bathing, and the winds, while at times baffling and variable, as they always are on a high-shored inland lake, have been quite good enough for all sailing purposes. We could have a good camp and a good regatta if we had but the one additional qualification of more boats and men.

Lake Delavan is a deepish body of water, shaped something like a boomerang, perhaps six miles long and a mile or so in width. The camp is located on the inner angle of the elbow, in a heavy grove of young forest trees, and about half a mile from the pleasant grounds of the Highland Hotel. The lake is lined with cottages and hotel, and is a summer resort of the most virulent type. As a place for a meet, it is fully as good or better than Madison, and as pleasant as Oshkosh, though the sailing is better on Winnebago. It is not as good a place as Mullet Lake for a canoe camp, and is indeed in many attributes merely Ballast Island moved west, without all the sailing advantages of Ballast, though with rather a higher type of summer girl, and, if possible, more of her. This exotic is not often to be found in greater profusion or of greater excellence than at Lake Delavan. All members present expressed great surprise and delight at this discovery. Those who remained away have cause for regret. The tents of the camp are but a few yards back from the beaten path which follows the whole shore line of this lake, and along this path, hourly, and almost momentarily, day and night, pass large schools of summer girls fit for the pages of literature or the calendars of art. Every prospect for a meet here pleases, and only man, man in short togs and sunburn, is wanting. Alas! for the absent ones.

Messrs. Holmes and Huntington located this camp, and Messrs Holmes and Dickens established it. On Monday, Messrs A. W. Friese and Dick Merrill came on from Milwaukee (the former staying only one day in camp and then returning home), and that afternoon the boats and dunnage were brought out. The next day the dock was built at the foot of the bluff, and by Friday the buoys got put out. Life at a canoe camp is not strictly a struggle in hustling for the most Mahn-a-wauk part. We have one large tent, the private tents of Mr. Merrill and Mr. N. B. Cook, and the small tent of the FOREST AND STREAM. The latter is the only one having a cooking outfit; but with the primitive appliances there afforded we have cooked a number of meals, at which all have had a turn, and a few of us have thus messed about as much in camp as at the hotel.

Mr. Cook, the much respected father of the W. C. A. in this immediate vicinity, showed up in camp with his well known Carrier Pigeon late Monday evening. It was very good of him not to miss the W. C. A. meet this year, and the boys all appreciated his attendance. He at once went to work in his methodical way, and was the first man to have a boat in the water, and the first to have a sail. So long as Mr. Cook comes to a W. C. A. meet, it cannot be written down as a failure in all that pertains to high class standards of canoeing, of canoe ethics, and of canoeing skill. The younger men of course do not say much about it to his face, but they are very proud and very fond of Mr. Cook, who is now, I believe, past seventy five years of age.

The summer people about the lake took great interest in the canoe meet, and repeated inquiries were made as to the date of the races. These were postponed for a variety of reasons. The Gardner cup and the Longworth cup could not be sailed under conditions, and though the W. C. A. trophy might have been squeezed in had all five of the boats present started, there was no time when this was possible. The wait brought in no reinforcements of boats or men, but only added clamor from the lake dwellers, so a special scratch race was got up for Friday afternoon, free for all classes, for the Mahn-a-wauk loving cup. This brought only three entries, canoes Milwaukee, Avis and Norma. The wind was too high for Carrier Pigeon to enter as it was, and Mr. Merrill, skipper of Bluebill, had no adequate ballast for a wind which kept a boat buried under seas more than half the time.

This year a novel and tasteful innovation was made in canoe rig which added very much to the spectacular effect of the spectacular sport. Each man had his sails dyed a distinctive color. Avis sported orange-colored canvas, and Milwaukee heliotrope and Norma cerise red, while Bluebill hoisted a vast spread of robin's egg blue. When the boats were out on the lake in some of the little cruises made from time to time, or more especially when they were racing with all canvas drawing and the foam flying from the cutting bows, the picture was the prettiest that has ever been seen among the many lovely pictures afforded about the camps of these tidy little craft.

The sailing as it was offered considerable interest, although but three boats took part. The wind continued strong and steady all day Friday, and at 3 P. M., the hour at which the skippers finally got away from the dock, there was a stiff sea rolling. Norma was first out; and it was seen at once that Huntington would have his work cut out to carry all the sail he had up. While he was making a short trial reach just off the dock a good puff laid her over flat, though he pulled her up and went off flying again with every inch drawing; much to amazement of the spectators, who were not accustomed to canoe racing, and who greeted Grandpa with long cheers of applause. Skipper Holmes got Milwaukee spinning soon, and Dickens methodically and calmly raced back and forth across the front of the beach, his weight and smaller sail area keeping Avis steadier than either of her rivals. The men all had much to do to keep their craft in hand in the half-gale wind, but at the starting gun got off close packed together and shaving the buoy, in the prettiest start ever seen in a canoe regatta. Such a grand stand spectacle as this again brought out excited applause from the tiers of spectators on the bluff above.

The run on the first leg was sharp to windward, and Norma could not make the buoy with her sail, but heeled over twice, and finally fairly tired out her skipper, who let her drift in and apparently got fouled among the rowboats at the Highland pier. Avis and Milwaukee had a close bout at the buoy, and made a fast second leg of it. At the second buoy Dickens did not attempt to jibe, although evidently that meant a long lead into the home leg. Milwaukee was jibed sharply, and at first it appeared that the plucky maneuver would be successful, but Holmes could not keep her up. He lost his seat on the board, and in the mixup of getting aboard again hurt his leg badly. This second accident gave Avis a cinch for the heat, for she came about handsomely and reached for the home with her canvas stiff in the quartering wind, leaving Milwaukee still for the moment in irons after her mishap. Half-way down the home leg, however, accident No. 3 occurred. A big cat called Ariel, and manned by a large crew and cargo of persons apparently little acquainted with the courtesy of sailing, came directly across the course and nearly cut Avis down, the captain of the catboat apparently making not the slightest effort to keep off and let the racing boats have a chance. The point of collision was all but reached when Avis was brought sharply up, barely clearing the cat as she swept by. The act of the catboat's captain was severely condemned by all who saw it, for though he, strictly speaking, had the right of way, he knew perfectly well the race was in progress, and had been beating back and forth across the last leg for the purpose of seeing the finish. When Dickens pulled up so sharply he fouled his mizzen sheet with his steering gear and for the moment drifted crippled, though he got in with his dandy useless just after Milwaukee, who made a grand spurt as soon as she was righted. Both boats then pulled up at the dock and declined the second lap, Dickens, a little wroth at the treatment the Delavan cat had given him, and Holmes suffering a bit with his leg. Meantime Norma was still visible down among the bank of rowboats, and gradually it became apparent that she was not crippled, but was going under reef.

All the men were now very tired, and were not anxious to continue the work, but as so much interest had been shown in the sailing by the large crowd of spectators, all agreed to start again. As only one lap had been sailed in the first heat, no time was taken, but all were notified that two laps would constitute the next heat. The three got off at 4:07:05, again bow and bow, in a most spectacular style. Milwaukee, at the gun, racing down back of the buoy and coming up into the wind on her heel apparently not a fathom's distance from the stake and just in time to take the windward of Avis and Norma, who crossed the line as if lashed together. Milwaukee held her windward position clear to the first buoy, which she made handsomely. Avis stood too far on and dropped back, Norma still to leeward. They held this order, making an exciting and pleasant picture as they dashed through the combing sea at the second buoy. Here Milwaukee did not again attempt to jibe, but both she and Avis wore, Milwaukee actually turning the buoy twice. Norma is an exceedingly hard one to bring up, and at this juncture, reefed well down as she was, proved extremely broncho for her light skipper. She hung for an instant and finally drifted, fouling her bow with the buoy. By this time Avis was reaching home, but far inside the course, it seeming later that the steering gear had once more been fouled. Apparently Avis was headed back to the buoy where Norma hung fouled, but soon the latter swung free, and Milwaukee and Avis, the two fin-keels which have often created argument in the Mahn-a-wauk Club, joined issue in a pretty finish. Avis holding her advantage and finishing first very handsomely. Norma had by this time gone drifting far inside the triangle and did not finish. Again all the men pulled up and declined to go on for the second lap, saying that the work in such wind and sea was too hard. There was, therefore, no race and not even a heat, and no time was recorded; but a very pretty exhibition of canoe sailing in stiff weather had been given, much to the edification of many who previously had no idea of the capabilities of the little craft. The W. C. A. has held no races in the last five years in weather so rough as it was this day at Delavan, except that on Lake Winnebago meet some squalls were sailed out in a sea as nasty, if not so steady. Many of the yachts reefed down pretty well, and the wise men of the lake, old sailors raised here, laughed shrewdly at the idea of those little boats going out. In short, there was a little popular education done in

the pretty sport of canoeing, by all odds the prettiest of all amateur sports. After the first experience of it, there was much clamoring among the cottagers and hotel guests for more of it, and they would have been willing to keep the boys out afloat all the time.

On Friday, the skipper of canoe Carrier Pigeon, the venerable Mr. N. B. Cook, who divides with Grandpa Gates the honor of being the oldest sailor of the Association, was taken with an indisposition which forbade the thought of his sailing, and he hardly felt able to sit up and watch the sailing from the bluff. During the evening he felt still worse, and on Saturday morning was not well enough to get up for breakfast. There is very little hope that he will be able to sail again during this meet, as he feels weak and not inclined to effort. This removes the last hope that any of the regular regatta events can be sailed off, as not enough other boats can qualify. It is likely that Monday may see the practical end of the meet, though a few more members may come up for Sunday in camp. Word has been received from Mr. W. H. Crawford, of Dayton, O., that he cannot come, and that skipper O. A. Woodruff, of canoe Wood, will also rank among the absentees. With such standbys as these away, with Nat Cook and W. H. Yardley away, and a lot more of the regulars, the W. C. A. meet for 1897 has something of a void, which one can only hope may not be again experienced in 1898. The very character of the sport shown, even in the half-completed scratch races of Friday, proclaim loudly enough that so good a sport as this should not be allowed to languish in the West.

A fuller story of the meet and its surroundings will follow in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM. E. HOUGH.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 9.—The members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club found yesterday at Shell Mound a day of sunshine and shadow, as this is our season of fog. All the club's matches were open.

Great interest is manifest in the Glindemann military medal match. Several scores above the average were shot—Bushnell, Jacobsen and Young making 48, Creedmoor count. The scores on the class medals, for members only, and the re-entry matches were as follows:

Rifle—Class medals for members only. One 10-shot score.

Champion Class—A. H. Pape 65, F. O. Young 66, F. E. Mason 69.

First Class—O. A. Bremer 71, E. Jacobson 83, A. B. Dorrell 90, C. M. Daiss 101, G. Schultz 109.

Second Class—J. E. Gorman 89, F. H. Bushnell 97, G. M. Barley 109, M. J. White 137.

Third Class—A. Hintermann 80. G. Mannel 118, E. Woenne 158, Mrs. M. J. White 159, C. F. Waltham 164, B. Jonas 196

Rifle, re-entry matches, open to all, F. H Bushnell rifle medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: A. H Pape, 13, 13; F. O. Young, 11, 12; D. W. McLaughlin, 12, 17; E. Woenne, 38.

William Glindeman military medal and cash prizes, 10 shots, Creedmoor count: F. O. Young, 48; E. Jacobson, 48, 47; F. H. Bushnell, 48, 47; C. F. Waltham 44.

F. O. Young rifle record medal and cash prizes, 10-shot scores: F. E. Mason 61, D. W. McLaughlin 104

Pistol, 50yds., class medals for members only, one 10-shot score. Championship class: J. E. Gorman 42, F. O. Young 49, C. M Daiss 51, Ed Hovey 54.

First class: M. J. White 37.

Second class: F. H. Bushnell 73, Mrs. M J. White 77, G. M. Barley 94.

Third class: C. Hinteman 70, Mrs. E. L. Crane 102, L. W. Forrest 109, O. M. Pratt 121, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 211.

Pistol, re-entry matches, open to all comers, 10-shot scores, diamond pistol record medal: F. O. Young 41, H. C. Friday 100.

Gordon Blanding pistol medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: F. O. Young 8, J E Gorman 9, 10; C. M. Daiss 10.

Howard Carr any revolver medal and cash prizes, 6-shot scores: A. B. Dorrell 35, 40.

Achille Roos, .22cal. rifle medal, ladies' medals and cash prizes: Mrs. E. L. Crane 15, Mrs. M. J. White 16, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 17.

ROEEL.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 24-25—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament of the Bison Gun Club. Targets C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club. $200 added money.

Aug. 26-27.—WATERLOO, Ont.—Tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club League. W J. Marshall, Sec'y-Treas.

Aug. 26-27.—MANY, La.—Tournament of the Many and Robeline Gun Clubs.

Aug. 28—EAU CLAIRE, Wis.—Elliott-Budd match for the Du Pont trophy.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—SUTTON, Neb.—Tournament of the Sutton Gun Club. $150 added money, as well as merchandise prizes. E. E. Hairgrove, Sec'y.

Sept. 1.—HAVERHILL, Mass.—Third shoot of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club.

Sept. 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 6—MARION, N. J—Annual Labor Day tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. A. R Strader, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-10.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's annual tournament.

Sept. 8-9.—TERRE HAUTE, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Terre Haute Gun Club.

Sept. 11-12.————, La.—Tournament of the Many and Robeline Gun Clubs.

Sept. 14-16—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. Merchandise and amateurs.

Sept. 14-16—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Capital Gun Club. S. C. Quimby, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club. State and open events. Chas. E Morrison, Sec'y.

Sept. 21-23—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Co.

Sept. 22-24.—WATSON'S PARK, Chicago, Ill.—Tournament at live birds and targets Programmes ready about Sept. 1. Write to John Watson, Station R, Chicago.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-Oct. 1.—PASSAIC, N. J.—Annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at Clifton racetrack. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. Main event on last day is at 25 live birds, $25 birds extra, handicap; $500 guaranteed to three high guns. W. H. Huck, Sec'y, Rutherford, N. J.

Oct 4-5. WARWICK, N. Y.—First annual tournament of the Warwick Gun Club Open to all. Targets. $50 average money to four high guns in all programme events. John M Servin, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 22-23.—HUNTINGTON, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

On July 8 last Jim Elliott apparently sat down in an office in Kansas City and made out a list of challenges "to a number of the shooting princes of America," as he put it in the letter of that date, which appeared in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for July 17. He challenged Glover for the *Star* cup, Charlie Budd for the Du Pont trophy, Charlie Grimm for the cast iron medal, and Peter Murphy to a one-barrel match such as Peter loves to shoot Glover and Budd promptly accepted, and Glover's match came off on Saturday last, the result of which is now known to all readers of FOREST AND STREAM who take interest in such things. Budd's match is set for Aug. 28 at Eau Claire, Wis. Murphy has, we understand, refused to accept Elliott's terms, so that match will go by the board. But what we want to know is, What's the matter with the cast iron badge? FOREST AND STREAM received Elliott's forfeit of $50, but so far it has heard nothing from Mr. Grimm. It is true that since that challenge to Grimm was made public in our issue of July 17, Elliott has had other designs on Grimm's pocketbook, and has left the medal out in the cold. On July 22 he took hold of Mr Rice's offer, which was authorized by Grimm, but twisted the terms around and altered them materially; and Elliott's terms do not suit Mr Rice. Nothing, however, has been done by either party beyond the posting of a $100 forfeit by Rice and the posting of another forfeit of $100 by Elliott. It seems hard to get these two men, Elliott and Grimm, together. According to what we can gather, here has Elliott posted two $50 forfeits and Rice a $100 forfeit, all three forfeits for ostensibly the same purpose, viz, a match or a series of matches between two of the best live-bird shots in the country; but nothing has come of them yet. Possibly the sporting press may receive a few more circular letters before long.

In a letter to us, dated Aug. 13, Mr. George B. Walton, secretary of the Montpelier, Vt., Gun Club, says, among other things: "I also inclose clippings from different Vermont papers in regard to our coming tournament, which may be of interest. Manager Shaner's outfit is here, and Dr. Fiske reports several cases of shells as having arrived. We notice an article in one of the local papers which refers to our coming tournament as the 'first Interstate tournament ever held in the State,' and would like to have it corrected through FOREST AND STREAM, for the first tournament given by the Interstate Association in Vermont was held under the auspices of the Lakeside Rod and Gun Club at Burlington last season, and was by far too pleasant and successful a shoot to be ignored in that way. The mistake was not ours, but we shall feel like making an apology to the Burlington boys just the same." The clippings referred to run as follows: "This tournament will be held on the grounds of the Montpelier Gun Club, about ten minutes' ride from Montpelier on the suburban line of the Montpelier & Wells River Railroad. The club has there spacious quarters and ample room to accommodate all who may come. The house and platform are in the shade of five large elms except in the early morning, and are comfortable for shooting in warm weather. The targets are toward the northeast, which gives the sportsmen strong light on the targets and not on their faces. The grounds will be open for optional shooting on the afternoon of Tuesday, Aug. 24." Another reads: "A neat little station has been erected on the line of the Barre Railroad at the entrance of the preserves of the Montpelier Gun Club for the convenience of its members and guests, and is designated by a sign bearing on its face the words, 'The Shoot.'"

Jack Parker has written us at length in regard to Ben O. Bush's letter to us which appeared in our issue of July 31. In that letter Mr. Bush stated that Mr. Parker's claim for King's Smokeless and Peters's cartridges of first and second averages at the Detroit shoot of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, June 29-30, was not based on fact. Mr. Parker now writes us contradicting Mr. Bush, and backs up his statement with a certificate from Mr. W. H Brady, secretary of the League, that proves beyond question that Mr. Parker's claims were correct. In regard to Mr. Graham's use of King's Smokeless at that tournament, Mr. Parker says: "I know Mr. Graham thoroughly, and know, as all his intimate friends do, that he shot King's Smokeless at that tournament; and that he also pays for all of that powder that he uses." The following extract from Mr. Brady's letter is to the point: "The winners of the three highest averages at this tournament (the one referred to above) were: Thomas Graham first, John Parker second, Henry Waruf third." A reference to the scores shows us that Messrs. Spross and Snow, being non-residents of the State, did not shoot through the programme events on either day of the shoot, being barred from certain events. Mr. Snow's shooting was excellent, however. On the first day he broke 112 out of 120, or 93.3 per cent. On the second he broke 138 out of 150 shot at, another average of 93.3 per cent. making his average for the two days, a total of 270 targets shot at, just 93.3.

If the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co. adheres to the present plans for its tournament next June, namely, not to allow any paid men to compete for the amateurs' money, the scene of the tournament might be very aptly termed: "An Amateurs' Alaska." The expert amateur would have a Klondike cinch on the bulk of the money; the semi-expert might be able to get over the Chilcoot Pass, but the poor novice would be stranded at Dyea. He always gets left and must always expect to, until he can shoot as well as the semi-expert or the professional. The only option for him at present is to either stay away or buy his amusement at a rather high price. The matter of handicapping shooters is rather a hard one to tackle. The experts and semi-experts of the present day have paid—and paid dearly—for their experience, and many of them say that it would be unjust to change the conditions now they are beginning to be able to enjoy their sport without cost to themselves, just as they themselves paid for their more expert brethren's fun in the past. Of course, this does not apply to the professional; the money he expended in learning how to shoot live birds or targets may be likened to just so much capital invested in his business; he is earning a living at very little trouble to himself; he is paid to do what thousands of other trap-shooters pay big money for. We should like to hear what some of our trap-shooting readers think of Paul North's scheme for the next Cleveland shoot.

The Brooklyn Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is one of the most energetic clubs in this section of the country. It holds monthly target shoots for a club cup, and also has a practice shoot every afternoon during the year. It will make a new departure this fall, and will hold a monthly live-bird shoot during the fall, winter and spring months. Unlike most Long Island clubs, this organization will not hold its live bird shoots at Dexter Park, but will go over into Jersey, and for, live-bird shooting, use the grounds lately occupied by the Carteret Gun Club at Bayonne (Bergen Point), N. J. As stated in "Drivers and Twisters" of our last issue, Phil Lumbreyer, late manager of the grounds for the Carteret Club, has secured the grounds for his own use, and has both target and live-bird traps, with plenty of targets and good live birds always on hand. The grounds can easily be reached from Cortlandt street ferry in thirty-five minutes, taking the Bayonne trolley to within two blocks of the grounds, Nineteenth street, Bayonne. By water and rail from the Liberty street ferry to West Eighth street, Bayonne, Central Railroad of New Jersey, is rather shorter, but hardly as convenient, and nothing like as cheap as the trolley from the Jersey City side of the P. R. R. ferry.

The Lake Charles, La., Rod and Gun Club announces a "State shoot" on its grounds on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week, Aug. 18-20. The tournament is announced as open only to residents of the State, professionals being barred. So far as we can see, the club adds $245 to the purses, but only charges 2 cents for targets and 25 cents for live birds. There is only one live-bird event each day, an 8-bird affair, $5 entrance, nothing added to the purses. The target programme for each day calls for 185 targets, and as we figure it out, allowing 1 cent as the probable cost of each target when trapped, the club will have to throw 24,500 targets to come out even on the cost of the targets and the added money—not to mention other incidental expenses, which generally cut quite a figure. This means that there will have to be an average entry list of forty-four shooters in every event on the three days. The fact is the programme is a very generous and sporting one, and we don't suppose the club or its members care whether they come out even or not; they are in it for the sport.

W. H. Wolstencroft is just now shooting in grand form. At the shoot on the grounds of the Florist Gun Club, Philadelphia, Pa, held Aug. 7, he made quite a record, losing only 11 targets out of 195 shot at, as follows: Team race, 21 out of 25; programme events, 140 out of 145; extra event, 15 singles and 5 pairs, 23 out of 25. Again, on the first day of the Keystone Shooting League's tournament, Aug. 13-14, he broke 154 out of 160 shot at, an average of 96.2 per cent. On this same day Capt. Money and John J. Hallowell were tied for second and third places with 139 out of 160 shot at, or 86.8 per cent., while E. D. Miller (who has not been before the traps for a year or more) and Hood Waters, of Baltimore, were tied for fourth and fifth places with 137 breaks each, an average of 85.6. These figures show just how well Billy was shooting. His work on the second day can be seen by referring to the scores given elsewhere in these columns.

A Rochester (N. Y) paper of the 15th inst. is authority for the statement that Fulford will challenge Elliott for the cast iron medal, if the latter succeeds in wresting it from Grimm.

Paul North's letter in our last issue, which appeared under the head of "Paid Men at Tournaments," informs us that at the Cleveland shoot last June, "about one-fifth of the average number of shooters drew out about one-third of all the money, or $300 more than they put in, including the tax; and in addition to that they were paid a salary for shooting and furnished all their ammunition and expense money." In other words, fourteen paid men, according to Mr. North's statement, divided up $300 as a result of three days' shooting—an average of a little over $7 per day for each day. The figures sound large at first, but when analyzed, if our conception of his meaning is correct, they are by no means formidable. It must be remembered, too, that at this tournament all bluerocks were thrown free. Had it been "all targets out of the purses," the proportion would probably have remained the same, but the figures would have been materially lessened.

Jim Elliott has won the first of his "free-for-all" series of matches. On Saturday last, Aug. 14, he defeated Simon Glover, of Rochester, N. Y., by the score of 92 to 84. The contest was for the Kansas City *Star* cup, which Glover won at the Missouri State shoot held at Kansas City, Mo., May 17-22, 1897. The *Star* trophy was shot for on May 21, sixty-three entries being made for the great match. Glover, C. C. Herrman, Lamb and Crabill tied for the cup with 25 straight. On the shoot-off at 5 birds, Glover won by scoring his 5. Crabill dropped his third tie bird, Lamb his fourth and Herrman his fifth. Among the entries were Charlie Budd, Fred Gilbert, Rolla Heikes, Harvey McMurchy, Jim Elliott, the previous holder of the cup, Frank Parmelee, Chris Gottlieb, and many other rattling good ones. Elliott's score in that race was 23, losing his 6th and 24th birds, the latter falling dead out of bounds. Jim's next important match is with Charlie Budd for the Du Pont trophy; this match will take place at Eau Claire, Wis., Aug. 28, at 2 P. M.

The last week of September and the first week of October are going to be busy ones in this section of the country. Sept. 28-Oct. 1 are the dates for the New Jersey State shoot; Oct. 6-8 have long been claimed as the dates for the annual open-to-all fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association of Newburgh, N. Y., a popular fixture in this part of the State. From the following letter, written us by Mr. John M. Servin, secretary of the Warwick, N. Y., Gun Club, a new organization, we gather that the dates of Oct. 4-5 are going to be filled up, too: "At a meeting of the Warwick Gun Club, held Aug. 12, it was decided to hold an open-to-all bluerock tournament on Oct. 4-5; $50 will be divided as average money between the four high guns who take part in all the programme events."

The past two weeks have indeed been dull ones in the trap-shooting world. There is always a dead season for a few weeks during the extreme hot weather and vacation time, but this year the dead season is somewhat deader than usual. For the next few weeks—that is, until the game season sets in in earnest—matters will be livelier. Jack Parker's shoot at Detroit will brisken up things in the beginning of September. The New Jersey State shoot at the end of September will be about the last important shoot until the Grand American Handicap next March. The Interstate Association closes its tournament season with a target shoot at Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 15-16, and the prospects are that this shoot will get a large share of the patronage of the shooters of the New England States.

The Parker Gun Club, of Meriden, Conn., has gotten out its programme for the annual shoot of the club on Labor Day, Sept. 6. Eight 15s, two 20s, and one 30-target event are on the programme The 30-target event will have $10 added to the purse if twenty or more shooters enter "for all day"; if twenty-five or more enter for all day the club will add $20 to this purse. There will be four moneys, Rose system, in all events except in No 9; if twenty-five or more enter in this event there will be five moneys. The programme will be started at 9:30 prompt. Shooters can enter "for targets only" in any event.

In a recent issue of one of our contemporaries some remarks were made relative to the close and hard shooting qualities of a new gun built by Parker Bros., for George S. McAlpin, the well-known live bird shot of this city. While the patterns made by this gun, together with the penetrating qualities of the shot at long ranges, are correctly treated of, a mistake was made in referring to the barrels as made of "Whitworth fluid steel." We learn from the best authority that the barrels are of "Bernard steel, browned black." This sounds rather like a bull, but it's the way an expert put it to us.

The Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club expects to have a large number of shooters in attendance at the third shoot of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, which will be held on the Haverhill Gun Club's grounds, Wednesday, Sept. 1. The officers of the Association are: President, Capt E. B. Wadsworth; Secretary, O. R. Dickey. The programme is a lengthy one and calls for 240 targets, including the three-men team race and the "individual match." Mr. George F. Stevens, secretary of the Haverhill Gun Club, will be pleased to furnish any further information that may be desired.

The Lewiston, Me., papers gave the Interstate shoot on Aug. 4-5 quite a send-off each day. One of the papers had a special artist on the ground, sketching some of the prominent shooters present, the portraits appearing in the evening edition. They also wrote up the shoot quite intelligently, judging from the specimens we have seen; and it is no easy matter for a lay reporter to get sporting matters down on paper in such a shape that it is hard to pick flaws in it Rich Hunnewell has sent us a copy of two of the local papers, and in sending them, says: "We had a fine time, good attendance and lots of shooting."

Montpelier, Vt., is the scene of the last target tournament but one on the 1897 circuit of the Interstate Association. The Vermont tournament will be held on Wednesday and Thursday of next week, Aug. 25-26, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club. The local club has gone to work in earnest to make things pleasant for its guests during the tournament, and we are sure that the pleasant shoot at Burlington, Vt., last August will be satisfactorily duplicated. New York city will be well represented, a goodly party leaving that city on the evening of Aug. 23 by way of the Albany night boat, making the trip to Montpelier, via Lake George, Lake Champlain and Burlington.

The junior partner of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, Mr. E. Detmold, made his first appearance in the firm's new store, 318 Broadway, the uptown corner of "Sporting Goods Row," on Monday of this week, Aug. 16. Mr. Detmold has just recovered from an attack of appendicitis, having successfully undergone the operation necessary to remove the cause of the trouble. He looked well, and was kept busy receiving the congratulations of his friends, who complimented him both upon his general appearance and upon that of the new store, which is a vast improvement on the firm's late location, 8 Murray street.

Major J. M. Taylor, who has been identified with the trap-shooting and kennel columns of the *American Field* for some years, has severed his connection with that paper, and has accepted an offer from the *Sportsmen's Review*. The many friends of the Major will be glad to learn that, now that he is relieved from the handicap under which he has been laboring for some time, he will be seen more frequently at trap-shooting tournaments.

The Lake City Gun Club, of Warsaw, Ind., is booked to hold a shoot on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, Aug. 18-19. The main event on the programme is No. 6 on the second day, a 25-target event, for the medal which is emblematic of the target championship of northern Indiana and southern Michigan. The sweepstake is open to all, but the medal can only be won by a resident of either of those sections of Indiana or Michigan.

The Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, Pa., held a tournament on Friday and Saturday last, Aug 13-14. Philadelphia is enjoying quite a boom in target-shooting just now, mainly owing to the efforts of Mr. J. K. Starr, the promoter and the energetic secretary of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League, but the first day of this tournament was not a success in point of attendance, the shoot having been poorly advertised.

We learn from Secretary Walton, of Montpelier, Vt., in a letter written Aug. 14, informing us that he had engaged rooms for the entire New York delegation to the Interstate shoot, Aug. 25-26, that: "A letter from Sherbrooke, P. Q., to-night, tells me to expect *six* from there. If straws are any indication of the direction of the wind, we are going to have a great shoot; and I assure you that we up here feel that FOREST AND STREAM is to blame for a part of it."

Jim Elliott is a great hand to lose his first bird in an important match. He followed his usual custom, and lost his first bird in the match with Glover on Aug. 14. After that he departed from precedents and lost his second bird also, thus giving Glover a big lead at the very start. He finished strongly, however, and soon had the victory clinched.

We have received a postal card, printed in red ink, that conveys the following ambiguous information: "There will be a hot time in Grand Rapids, Itasca county, Minn., Oct. 29 and 30, and Nov. 1 to 10. Write to Dr W. P. Brown, secretary of the gun club, for information." What does it all mean? A twelve days' shoot? Perhaps Dr. Brown will enlighten us in a few days.

The Cleveland Target Co.'s advertisement in our issue of Aug. 14, gives a list of thirteen clubs in New York and one in New Jersey, to whom it refers intending lessees of magautraps for information as to the working of the traps. We note that the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association is lessee of magautrap No. 100.

Watson's Park, Chicago, is to be the scene of a three days' tournament Sept. 22-24. Live birds and targets will be trapped. Programmes will be ready for distribution about Sept. 1, and may be had on application to John Watson, Station R, Chicago, Ill.

"Paid men and the amateurs' money" is a subject that is at last attracting the attention it deserves at the hands of the sportsmen's press. For more than two years FOREST AND STREAM has been digging away at the shooting public in regard to this matter, and has been doing it single-handed. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we listen, even at this late date, to the intermittent chirps that come from our brethren It took our brothers some time to realize he true merits of the Rose system, but they have come to it finally. We don't claim for the Rose system the approval of all shooters; there are some who don't approve of it, but we think we know the reason why; again, there are others who don't approve of it, and who don't really know the reason why For our part we are of the opinion that it is the fairest and most equitable way of dividing purses that has been devised to date, and under it a few experts do not run off with all the money.

A fairly strong team representing the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N J., will try conclusions on Thursday next, Aug. 19 with the Peekskill-Newburgh combination at Orange Lake near Newburgh N Y. The pretext for the team race and target shoot is a clambake at the Pine Pine Club Hotel, Orange Lake, where Neaf Apgar is installed as proprietor. Team races and clambakes are a great combination. Whichever side loses can always lay the blame on the clams.

The Fairbank (Ia.) Gun Club announces that it will hold a target shoot, open to all, "10-gauge guns and cannons handicapped," on Thursday Aug. 26. The programme is varied and should be interesting. There are 10, 15 and 20-target races, four moneys in all such events, with an event at 5 pairs, and another at 9 singles and 3 pairs, thrown in for variety A. S. A. rules govern all points, except that it will be "no bang, no bird."

A tournament will be held at Algona, Ia., Aug. 24-25, under the auspices of the local club The Algona Gun Club looks for a good attendance of shooters, and is certain to give everybody who goes to the tournament an exceedingly pleasant time, as the Algona boys know how to entertain their guests.

Single-trigger guns are getting to be all the rage, and most of the prominent gun firms in this country are working on them. The Lefever Arms Company, of Syracuse N. Y., will shortly have one of these single-trigger guns on the market.

The Martinsburg, W Va, Shooting Association will hold an Interstate trap shooting tournament at Inwood Park, W. Va., on Aug. 18-19, Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

AUG. 17. EDWARD BANKS.

Keystone Shooting League.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 14.—The first day of the invitation target tournament, announced by the Keystone Shooting League for yesterday and to-day, was poorly attended, owing to lack of due notice. To day's shoot, however, was fairly well patronized, among those from a distance being Capt A. W. Money, of the American E. C and Schultze Powder Company (L't'd); Hood Waters, of Baltimore, etc. To-day's scores are given below. It will be noticed that Billy Wolstencroft was in wonderful form, losing only 10 targets out 175 shot at; 4 of the 10 lost in one 20-target event. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	10	20	15	25	15	15	25	20
W H Wolstencroft	15	14	10	16	14	24	14	14	24	20
Capt Money	13	8	6	16	13	23	12	11	23	18
Hood	15	13	8	19	15	24	13	13	22	18
Hallowell	15	13	7	18	14	21	15	14	25	18
Landis	13	14	7	12	13	19	13	15	23	14
Miller	12	13	9	18	13	21	14	13	23	18
Franklin	10	12	7	..	11	..	9	..	..	..
Ross	9	9	6	15	10	20	14	13	20	14
J Wolstencroft	5	..	..	..	..	20	9	11	..	..
H Thurman	..	..	..	17	12	22	13	13	23	17
I H Wolstencroft	..	..	..	12	..	..	13	..	..	..
Treadway	..	..	..	13	12	..	12	10	..	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	12	..	14	11	23	..
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	20	..
Ridge	..	..	..	..	..	23	14	15	23	17
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	..	..
Buch	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	..
Schwartz	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	19	16

Montpelier Gun Club.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Aug. 13.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Montpelier Gun Club. The high wind made the bluerocks jump right out of the spot where most of us thought they were. Our scores suffered in consequence.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	15	20	20	10	15	20	15	10	15	15	15	25
C H Ferrin	15	12	..	13	7	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Brown	10	..	12	13	8	..	12	9	8	13	..	..	15
Ehle	9	..	8	..	7	11	10	..	3	..	..	..	15
Barrett	14	..	18	..	..	..	15	14	7	13	..	11	19
B A Eastman	9	12	13	12	..	11	..	..	..	10	11	..	..
W H Eastman	12	9	..	13	..	13	14	13	..	13	13	..	..
Smith	..	10	16	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	8	..
Walton	..	9	15	..	10	..	13	..	8	..	..	..	21
Standish	..	9	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
Fiske	..	..	..	17	..	..	18	..	8	..	12	13	18
Reynolds	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	11	..	..	9	13	..
Griffin	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	14	..	..	12	..	15
Hossington	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	7	..	..	11	10	..
Town	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gleason	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Nos. 3, 4 and 6 known; No. 9, reversed order: Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7, 8 10, 11, 12 and 13, unknown. GEO. B. WALTON, Sec'y.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass, Aug. 14.—An ideal shooting day, but only the old guard appeared to day at the grounds of the Haverhill Gun Club, for the regular Saturday afternoon practice shoot. Below are the events, and the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Angles:	K	K	U	U	R	K	U	U	K	U	U	U	U	U	U	U	K
Short	4	6	3	5	7	8	3	..	6	4	9	6	7	..	..	..	3
Stevens	10	8	9	8	8	20	9	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bryan	8	8	10	8	7	15	5	9	9	7	7	6	7	8	9	9	8
Miller	3	4	5	4	6	15	7	7	8	7	8	7	6	4	9	8	8
George	..	..	..	..	7	8	17	7	6	9	7	6	8	10	5	9	7	4
Leighton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	..

Events 11, 12, 13 and 14 were shot gun below the elbow till bird was in the air. GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

Glenwood Gun Club, of Newburgh.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Aug 12 In addition to the practice events shot to-day by members of the Glenwood Gun Club, of this city, A K. Dickson and W. M Stansbrough had a 50-target match, as a result of Dickson's challenge for the Schultze E. C cup, now held by Stansbrough. The conditions were 50 targets, unknown angles. Both men broke 38 and tied. On the shoot off at 25 targets Stansbrough won with a straight score to Dickson's 21 Scores follow:

Dickson.....11101011101111000011111111 10111011111111110110011 38
Stansbrough .....11000111011010111110111001110110111111111111111011—38

Shoot off:

Dickson.. .....11111111111110101111101011—21
Stansbrough. .....11111111111111111111111—25

The above event was followed by the Lewis prize shoot, in which Dr. Stansbrough broke another 25 straight, making a continuous run of 50 straight. The scores in the prize shoot were:

Stansbrough 25, Henderson 24, J Rhodes 23, Dickson 18, Carr 18, Hobbs 17, Moores 16, Hoppenstedt 12, Hoffman 10. GLENWOOD.

Sandwich Gun Club.

SANDWICH Mass., Aug. 7.—The following scores were made at the last shoot of our club. We hope to continue our weekly shoots when the weather gets a little cooler The scores below were made in a scorching sun, with no wind, but we enjoyed the sport nevertheless. Two of our members shot a match to see which was the best man. Both were so anxious to win that the score suffered terribly, and would not look well on paper

Conditions of club shoot: 25 bluerocks per man, unknown angles:

G O Arnold.....1000010000111100010001100— 9
J McArdle.....0010 0 10011010010 001100— 8
E J Beck.....0101010100110010001001010—10
W R Proctor.....11001 10110000000000000001— 7
G H Haines .....10111011110011111110101 01—18

GEO. H. HAINES, Sec'y.

In Chicago.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

Aug. 7.—The regular weekly shoot of the Eureka Gun Club was held this afternoon on the club's grounds Seventy-ninth and Vincennes road. Twelve members and two visitors faced that trap, most of the active members being over at the Garfield Gun Club's grounds, taking part in the ten-men team race between these two clubs. The new magautrap worked very well and as soon as the members become better acquainted with it the scores will improve In addition to the medal shoot, 25-target events were also shot, the scores in these events being as follows:

No 1: Felton 9, Morgan 11, Neta 11, Porter 7, Stanley 17, Spreyne 17, R. B. Carson 12

No. 2: Morgan 15, Porter 16. Neta 14, Stanley 13, R. B Carson 9, Spreyne 21, Felton 11, Hess 18, Walters 13 Dixon 9 Dr. Carson 10.

No 3: Dixon 10, Stone 20, Stanley 12, Porter 11, Embree 12, Levitt 9, Morgan 16, Hess 15, Spreyne 14, Dr. Liddy 12.

No 4: Hess 16, Dixon 11, Stone 14, Morgan 12, Dr. Liddy 10 out of 19.

The detailed scores in the trophy shoot follow:

Trophy shoot:

Sprague.....1111111100111011101100011—18
Hess.....0010111001001010 1111000—13
Stanley .....1110011111010001010001111—15
Partis.....1101110 00000101101000000— 9
Dixon .....0101010 01101001001100111—12
R B Carson.....0110111000100011000100000— 9
Morgan 1010110001100101110001000 11
Neta .....0000000010111001010000000— 6
Walters.....0101111 11110011101001111 -19
Stone .....0101101 10011111110100111—17
Embree.....0001001010000 011011110 11
Levitt .....1000000000111010000000 00— 6
C E Felton.....1101110001100100000110010—10

GARDEN CITY GUN CLUB.

Aug. 7.—The regular weekly shoot of the Garden City Gun Club was held to-day. The main events on the programme were the Donnelly prize event, the Du Pont and Hazard handicap prize event for two ¼lb. kegs of Du Pont and Hazard powder donated by E. S. Rice, general agent, and the "gun below the elbow" 15-target event. In the first of these, the Donnelly prize shoot, Ruble broke 22 but his average was not increased, so others have yet a chance to win out In the Du Pont and Hazard handicap event, Levi, with a handicap of 12, scored 1 more than a highest possible (41), and took first prize; Ruble, with a handicap of 1, broke 38 and thus scored 39, winning second prize. Ruble was also high man in the 15-target race, gun below the elbow, scoring 14 out of 15.

Scores in these three events were:

	Donnelly prize shoot.	Gun below elbow.
Ruble	1110111110110111111111111—22	111111011111111- 14
Hutchinson	1111100100111111110011111—19	0011001111010110— 9
Goldsmith	1111010100101100011011111—18	1010100011110001— 9
Levi	1100010100110100001010101—11	1000001001110100 — 6
Kimball		0010000111011111— 8
Binyon		0001000000010111— 5
Ludlow		1110 0111110011—11
Finsted		1111010100 0010— 8
Hilman		1001101111111110—11
Clark		0100010000000000— 2

Du Pont and Hazard handicap, 20 known and 20 unknown:

Levi (12)	1111111010101111011	0101110100001111011—29+12—41	
Ruble (1)	1111111110111101111	1111111111111111111	38+ 1—39
Goldsmith (5)	1110111110111010111	1110111011111101001—31+ 5—36	
Hutchinson (3)	1111111111011111111	0101110101100011101 0	-30+ 3—33
Finsted (12)	0011111101111000000	0100 0100110011001 0	-19+12—31
Kimball (8)	1010 000 000101001000	0010100011110001111 1	—17+ 8— 25
Binyon (12)	1001000.0010000011110	1000 0000000000100000	— 9+12 -21

SEC'Y.

THE GARFIELDS WIN BY ONE TARGET.

Aug. 7.—The second 10-men team race between the Garfield and Eureka Gun Clubs, both of Chicago, was a close and exciting affair. At the finish the scores were, Garfield 203, Eureka 202. The match was shot on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club, the conditions being: 10 men to a team, 25 targets per man, 250 to the team. Scores:

Garfield Gun Club.

Dr Shaw.....1111011111111110111111111111—23
R Kuss.....1111111111111111111110011—23
T P Hicks.....1111110111111111101111011—22
Bowers.....1111111110111101111011011 21
Fish.....1111111101101111011111111—21
Fehrman.....1110111111111101111101 21
E E Neal.....1110111101111110011101101 20
T G aham.....0110111111101010 1011111—18
O Von Lengerke.....1110111101 0000111111001—17
C P Richards.....1111111000010111110101101—17—203

Eureka Gun Club

W D Stannard.....1011111111101111111111111—23
E S eck.....1011111111111111111101111—23
J Glover.....1111111111111101011111 22
Antoine.....1110011111111111111110111—22
Hollister.....11 1111111 0111111111010 1—21
Goodrich.....1111101011111111101111010111—21
Miller. 1110111101110111001101111 19
F P Stannard.....1011110011111110100 1 111—18
Cunningham.....1110 0010101 1101110 1 1111—17
Houston.....1101111110101111001100100—16—202

The Target Championship.

WE have been asked so many questions in regard to the target championship of the United States; how it originated; who won it first, and what his score was, and what were the scores of the others who competed for it; that we have decided to answer all these questions in a bunch and in type, as it is evident that many people are much interested in this contest. Of course the recent match between Gilbert and Heikes is answerable for much of this show of interest.

WHERE THE IDEA CAME FROM.

In FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 19, 1895, we gave in full just what our ideas of a championship should be, and particularly laid down the conditions for a target championship We suggested that some large tournament should be held at which, on the four days, a series of races for championship honors Our words were as follows:

"It is a remarkable fact that, although target shooting is more than a decade old, we have no legitimate champion at that branch of the sport. There has never been a real championship contest at inanimate targets that we can find a trace of. The Schmelzer Arms Company's trophy, now held by Jack Parker, represents only the championship at inanimate targets thrown from traps pulled in reverse order, called for the sake of brevity the championship at reversed order. There is no legal champion shot of America, although there may be a moral one Were it put to the popular vote, we think there would be little doubt about Heikes getting the majority of the votes cast, notwithstanding the claims of such men as McMurchy, Van Lyke, Dickey, Bartlett, Noel Money, Upson, Glover Fulford, etc. We could add a dozen more names to the above list, each one of which would denote a man who has *bona fide* claims to a try for the championship.

"To obtain the right to the title of champion target shot of America, it would be necessary for a shooter to prove that he excelled generally at the four branches of the sport now commonly in use: unknown angles expert rules, reversed order and pairs with a view to ascertaining who is the champion target shot, we would like to see some prominent gun club, or some firm interested in the manufacture of sporting goods, adopt some such plan as the following:

"Get up a tournament and offer a valuable cup that shall be emblematic of the championship at targets Let the conditions be as follows: 100 targets, unknown angles; 100 targets, reversed order; 100 targets, expert system, and 50 pairs. The way to shoot the 400 targets off might be thus: divide each of the three first systems into four 25-target events, and the 50 pairs into four events of 15, 15, 10 and 10 pairs, respectively. Make each 25 or each set of pairs a separate event with a solid entrance fee; deduct 5 or 10 per cent. from each purse to form a fund to be divided between the four highest averages made out of the 400 targets. Let the man making the highest average take the cup, title and 40 per cent. of the fund created as above; the three next highest would take 30, 20 and 10 per cent of the same fund, respectively. In a four days' tournament, a 25 at each style of shooting and one of the sets of pairs might be shot off without interfering with a distinct programme, as the contestants in the championship events would be formed into squads, and could shoot right along in all events without disturbing the routine of the tournament. The idea of dividing up the 400 targets into sixteen separate events would, we think, serve to keep the entries from falling off

"Our claim is that the man who made the best general average on the string of 400 targets at the four different styles of shooting would be fairly entitled to championship honors The conditions governing future challenges could be easily formulated.

"A tournament that included in its programme any such championship event would surely draw a large crowd of shooters, and we think the entry list in the championship sweeps would be highly satisfactory. There, why wouldn't such a scheme as the above work? What are its weak points, and where does it fall short? Let us have an all-round champion at targets"

CLAIMED BY THE E. C. POWDER COMPANY.

The first contest for the Du Pont trophy was held at Baltimore, Md, the following week, commencing on Oct 22. It will be remembered that this was Fred Gilbert's *début* in the East, and it was a remarkable one. He won highest honors by carrying off the trophy, but we always held that his handicap was a light one Our confreres on the handicap committee will bear us out in this. He shot splendidly all through the tournament and made very nearly as high an average as the veteran Brewer, even when placed on the same mark.

Captain A. W. Money, of the E C Powder Company, was present at the shoot, and was busy making plans for his company's big tournament that was to come off in the following May. He had read our ideas on the subject of a target championship, and asked us on Oct. 23 to make a note that his company would run a target championship event, upon the lines outlined in FOREST AND STREAM of the preceding week, at its tournament in 1896

To show the popularity of the scheme, and to prove that we had hit the right nail on the head we may say that on our return to New York, we received a letter from the representative of another large powder company asking us to make a similar claim for a tournament purposed to be given by his company. On our writing him of Capt. Money's priority of claim, as we took it to be, the gentleman promptly and courteously withdrew all claims, stating that he would not wish to mix up target championships

REVERSED ORDER LEFT OUT.

After much discussion it was agreed to leave out the 100 targets at reversed order, that style of shooting being so little recognized out West and in the South. Otherwise the conditions were precisely as we had outlined them.

There can be no question as to the success of the shoot. The entry lists were enormous (119 shooters taking part on the first day), although surpassed later by those of the Hazard Powder Company at Cincinnati two weeks later. Twenty-seven shooters took part in the entire series of championship events on the four days of the tournament; fully as many more had started, but had dropped out as the contest progressed The finish was close and exciting enough. This is what we wrote about it in FOREST AND STREAM of May 16, 1896:

"Naturally the list of entries fell off very much to-day. Aspirants for championship honors had fallen by the wayside, and the number left in the race this morning had dwindled to below thirty. Still there was a lot of interest in the final result, the pairs being exceptionally exciting Gilbert went in to shoot his 10 pairs with a bird to the good of Fulford; when he had broken 17 out of his 20 there was a possibility of Fulford's beating him out—18 would tie and 19 would win. Fulford, however, could do no better than score 13, finally tieing with Jim Elliott, the real surprise party of the crowd. As will be seen from the scores given below, Rolla Heikes, although not the winner shot well up, landing in fourth place.

GILBERT, THE WINNER.

"Fred Gilbert, whom Charlie Grimm has now brought twice from Spirit Lake, Ia, to take back cups to that little home of his, should have a long career before him, as he is quite young yet, being only about thirty years of age. Fred is quite a shot as may be judged from his work during the past twelve months. In returning thanks for the cup, he attributed his position to 'luck and the rabbit foot.' We are stanch believers ourselves in the target-smashing capabilities of a rabbit's foot, but in this instance we fancy Gilbert's skill as an all-round shot stood him in more stead.

"The championship events were shot as follows: The 100 targets, unknown angles, were divided into four events of 25 each, one 25-target event being decided each day on No. 1 set of traps. The 100 targets, expert rule, and the 50 pairs were shot on No. 4 set of traps. The 100 expert rule were divided like the 100 unknown angles, but the 50 pairs were split up into two events of 15 pairs and two of 10 pairs. The table below gives the result of each event that was included under the head of 'championship events' The table also shows the grand aggregate and the position of each man at the finish. It will be noted that twenty-six men shot in all the championship events."

The table referred to ran as follows, the pairs being divided into two events of 5 pairs each shot on the first two days, and two of 10 pairs each shot on the last two days:

	Unknown angles.					Expert rule.					Pairs.					Grand total.
Fred Gilbert	21	25	23	24	91	24	22	23	22—91		25	27	15	17—84		266
J A R Elliott	23	24	25	24	96	20	21	21	18	80	25	24	18	18	85	261
E D Fulford	23	23	21	24	91	21	22	25	20	88	28	25	16	13	82	261
R O Heikes	21	23	25	23	92	23	21	24	21	89	23	23	17	13	77	258
R R Merrill	21	21	22	23	87	23	23	24	20	90	23	23	17	16	79	256
C O Barrett	21	23	24	24	92	19	20	22	24	85	24	21	16	17	78	255
E D Miller	19	20	21	25	84	20	20	23	20	83	20	26	19	17	88	255
B Leroy	23	24	24	22	93	19	21	22	21	81	24	25	13	18	80	254
L V Byer	24	22	23	21	90	21	20	21	21	83	25	23	14	15	80	253
H G Wheeler	21	22	25	18	89	15	22	22	23	82	24	22	18	14	78	252
C W Budd	25	21	23	20	89	24	22	24	24	94	19	29	16	17	67	250
O R Dickey	22	23	21	21	87	19	20	23	23	85	25	22	16	14	77	249
F S Parmalee	25	22	22	23	92	22	19	23	20	84	19	20	15	19	73	249
Ralph Trimble	23	21	24	24	94	23	20	23	24	90	23	22	14	6	65	249
B A Bartlett	23	23	20	21	87	16	22	20	21	79	23	26	15	18	82	248
Sim Glover	22	23	24	24	93	20	23	20	19	82	22	26	9	15	72	247
Redwing	23	21	24	21	89	22	22	20	23	87	21	20	13	17	71	247
C Wagner	22	20	25	25	92	22	23	22	21	88	22	21	11	13	67	247
Hood Waters	20	22	23	22	87	18	25	23	21	87	23	20	15	14	72	246
D A Upson	24	23	23	22	92	21	19	20	20	80	26	18	12	15	71	243
J Parker	20	20	23	20	83	21	18	21	20	80	24	21	18	16	79	242
C M Grimm	23	21	22	20	86	19	19	21	21	80	19	23	15	17	74	240
N Apgar	20	23	22	19	84	19	21	18	22	80	22	22	10	14	69	233
C Lane	21	23	22	21	87	20	23	16	17	76	22	17	14	14	67	229
Col J T Anthony	22	19	19	1	81	21	13	21	15	70	20	22	12	15	69	220
Capt A W Money	19	21	21	23	84	17	20	17	15	69	17	22	16	12	67	220
Geo W Loomis	22	24	20	18	84	11	20	20	13	64	25	22	11	10	68	216

"The conditions of the championship events called for $3.50 entrance in each of the twelve events, $65 added to each purse. From the purses in these events 10 per cent. was to be deducted to form a championship fund, and this fund was to be divided thus. Cup, value $100, donated by the E. C. Powder Company, and 25 per cent. of the fund to the winner; 50 per cent of balance to go equally among the next four high guns; the remaining 50 per cent. among the next six high guns Under these conditions, Gilbert drew out $48 and the cup; Elliott, Fulford, Heikes and Merrill $48 each; and Barrett, Miller, Leroy, Byer, Wheeler and Budd $42 each"

Standard Gun Club of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 10.—The open tournament given by the Standard Gun Club at Point Breeze yesterday was a success There were twenty-one entries for the chief event, which was at 100 birds, entrance (targets included), $5; handicap, 1 to 5 birds; purse to be divided 25, 20, 15, 15, 12½ and 10 per cent. to the six high guns, and merchandise prizes numbered from 7 to 15.

The best work of the day was done by Hood, of the Baltimore Shooting Association. He broke 97 out of 100. His handicap was 5, and he broke them all In course of the day Hood shot at 145 targets and broke 140 of them. Storr, of the Standard Gun Club, was next high man in the handicap. He had 113 to shoot at and broke 104 of them

The targets, including the handicaps, ran from 100 to 125, and no one could score above 100, though he broke all he shot at. There were no scratch men, the smallest handicap being 5 birds. Hood was the only man who got so few. Hawkins, with a handicap of out 9, scored 99.

The scores were as follows, the figures in parenthesis showing the handicap and the adjoining figures the number broken:

Hood (5) 100, Storr (12) 100, Hawkins (9) 99, Judge (13) 99, Gent (15) 99, Duval (20) 98, Dupont (10) 97, Price (16) 95, Malone (10) 95, Clements (14) 94, Vance (20) 90 Ranger (20) 88, Cross (16) 87, Hobbs (16) 87, Edel (20) 75, N. Offutt (25) 46, Offutt (25) 46

Franklin (17), Jamison (25), Cantler (14) and Johnson (25) did not shoot their scores out.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA N Y., Aug. 14.—The scores given below were made to-day by members of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association in the regular club shoot. Fairchilds was the winner to-day.

Club shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

Fairchilds (2).....11111 11111 10111 10 11 10 11 10—21+2—23
G Dexter (3) .....11101 11111 11101 11 00 11 01 10—19+3—22
C Brunner (3).....10111 10111 01111 10 10 01 10 10—17+3—20
J W Fulford (0).....11101 11100 11110 11 11 10 11 10 —19
Hayes (0) .....11011 11001 01101 10 00 00 11 10—14+5—19
P A Wheeler (3).....01001 01101 11100 10 10 01 11 11—15+3—18
J G Judson (1) .....00111 11101 01110 11 10 00 11 10 1c+1—17
Pfeiffer (4) .....11011 11100 10010 10 00 10 00 10—12+4—16
Klaages (3).....10001 00010 00001 10 00 01 01 00— 5+8—15
C R Mizner (2) .....00100 10101 11000 11 00 10 11 10—12+2—14
Mark (0).....00000 01011 11001 00 10 00 11 11—11+2—13
H Coupe (7).....00001 00010 00001 01 10 01 w

C. R. MIZNER, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

CUP SHOOT AT HACKENSACK.

Aug. 11.—The fifth contest for the Recreation cup was decided this afternoon on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack. Previous to this contest J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a member of the Bergen County Gun Club, and F. Sinnock, a member of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., had each scored two wins. To-day's shoot went to Banks, thus increasing the interest in the two competitions yet to be shot before the final ownership of the cup is decided. The conditions of the cup are: 50 targets, known traps and angles, and 50 targets, unknown angles; seven competitions, one to take place every two months, the shooter winning it the greatest number of times in the seven competitions to become the final owner of the cup. Professionals are barred from shooting for the cup, but are welcomed and can shoot along for the optional sweepstakes of $1 on each 25 targets, and also for the cash prizes of $5 to the second high gun, and $2 to the third high gun. Entrance for the cup is the price of the targets. In case a professional leads the shooters, he perforce takes the $5 prize; the highest amateur taking the cup.

To day's race was shot under favorable conditions as regards wind and weather; occasionally there would come up a little breeze and at times the passing clouds would make the light on the reeds of the meadows rather bad. Targets from No. 4 trap were extremely hard to locate, owing to the poor background for lowthrown targets. All the traps threw rather low the greater part of the race, with the exception of No. 3, which was inclined to give towerers.

The race was close and exciting enough to satisfy everybody up to the conclusion of the third series of 25 targets. At the end of the first 25 there were four 24s—Sinnock, Dudley, Banks and Noel Money- and three 23s- Van Dyke, Capt. Money and Fogarty. When the 50 known angles had been disposed of, four men were tied with 47 each, viz.: Sinnock, Van Dyke, Noel Money and Banks. Fogarty was next to them with 45, Dudley having dropped down to 19 in his second 25. The end of the first 25 at unknown angles found five men tied on 70 out of 75, viz.: Sinnock, Van Dyke, Noel Money, Fogarty and Banks, Fogarty's 25 straight having brought him up into first place. Dudley was next with 66, having broken 23 in his third 25.

The break came in the last 25. Van Dyke broke 24 and finished with 94. Fogarty and Sinnock, who both shot in the first squad with Van Dyke, Remsen, Hyde and Capt. Money, unexpectedly took big tumbles, Sinnock going out with only 19, Fogarty breaking 20 This left the cup practically to either Noel Money or Banks, if they could hold up at all. Strangely enough, Noel Money, who had been shooting very well, and who had broken hard and easy targets without any apparent difficulty, scored only 18 out of his 25. Banks ran 25 straight and finished with 95, 1 more than Van Dyke's total. Dudley also ran 25 straight, his 48 out of 50 at unknown angles just landing him in second place for the cup, but only in third place for money. Remsen's shooting was a source of both regret and surprise. He had come all the way from Bluff Point on Lake Champlain, to see that Sinnock didn't get another win on the cup in his absence, and also to try to get a win on his own behalf. His failure to score more than 30 out of 50 at known angles, and 40 out of 50 at unknown angles, is a remarkable falling off. He was shooting slower than usual, and was not swinging as he should have done, stopping his gun when he pulled the trigger or before he pulled it. He ran the last 12 straight in his third 25 in something like his old style, pulverizing the targets thoroughly, clouds of black dust alone showing where they had been. Capt. Money did not shoot anything like as well as he can shoot, his shoulder being still a little sore from the shooting he did at Riverton one week ago, viz, 565 targets in one day!

There were nine contestants for the cup, Mr. Combs, a Long Islander, shooting along as guest of the club. One often hears it said by shooters: "I can break more at unknown angles than I can at known angles." With 50 at each style of shooting, a fair comparison can be made in to-day's race. Sinnock, Captain Money and Noel Money each broke more at known than at unknown angles; Remsen, Banks, Dudley and Combs broke more at unknown than at known angles; Van Dyke, Fogarty and Hyde broke the same totals out of each 50, viz.: 47, 45 and 44, respectively. The scores tell the rest of the tale.

Cup race, 100 targets per man, no handicap, half at known angles and half at unknown angles, entrance $2 Optional sweepstake of $1 on each 25. Cup to winner of race: the club giving $5 to the second high gun and $2 to the third high gun:

E Banks	1111111111111111111111101111111011111111101111111111	—47
	1111111111111111111110011111111111111111111111111111	—48—95
F Van Dyke	0111111111111111111101111111111111111111111111111111	—47
	1101101111111111111111111111111111111101111111111111	—47—94
C F Dudley	1111111011111111111111111111111111111101101101101100	—43
	1101111111111111011111111111111111111111111111111111	—48—91
B B Fogarty	1111110111101111111111111111111111111111001111111111	—45
	1111111111111111111111111111101111011110011011111111	—45—90
F Sinnock	1111111110111111111111111111101111111110111111111111	—47
	1101111101101111111111111111111111111111111111111110	—42—89
N E Money	1101111111111111111111111111111111111111101111101111	—47
	1101111101111111111111111101111010100111110111110110	—41—88
F Hyde	1010111111101111111011101111111111111111111111111110	—44
	1101111110011111111111101111111101111111111110101111	—44—88
Capt Money	1111101110111111111111111001111111111111110101111101	—44
	0111011101110111111110101010011111111110111011111101	—38—82
J S S Remsen	0110110100011010110111100010110111011101111001101	—39
	0111011010011111111111111101111111010101111111111111	—40—79
Combs	1000010110101000010100111010001111111100111001111	—28
	0111101111111110001101011101101001111001010110101	—32—60

When nearly all the shooters had gone away the two Moneys shot a couple of team races at expert rules, 25 targets per man, against Fogarty and Banks. The first was a tie, but the shoot-off and a second race were both won by the Fogarty-Banks combination. Below are the results in this series of matches:

No. 1, team race, 25 targets per man, expert rules:

Banks	01111	01111	01111	11110	11111—21
Fogarty	10011	11111	10111	11110	11011—20—41
N Money	11101	11101	11111	11101	01111—21
Capt Money	01011	11111	11101	11110	10111—20—41

Shoot-off of tie; same conditions:

Banks	11111	11101	11110	11100	11111—21
Fogarty	11000	11111	11101	11100	11111—19—40
N Money	10110	11111	10111	11111	00111—20
Capt Money	01111	11010	11011	00111	10111—18—38

No. 2, same thing:

Banks	11111	11101	01111	11111	11111—23
Fogarty	10101	11111	11111	11111	10111—22—45
Capt Money	11101	11111	11000	11111	10111—20
N Money	10001	10101	11001	11111	00111—16—36

SWEEPS AT SECAUCUS.

Aug. 6.—Both before and after the match between Geo H. Piercy, of the Endeavor Gun Club, and H. M. Heflich, of the North Hudson Rod and Gun Club, shot to-day on the Secaucus polo grounds, several sweeps were also decided. No. 1 was at 5 birds, $3, one money; all the rest were $1 miss-and-outs. Scores follow:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Piercy	22022	220	222	20	220
Heflich	00220	10	210	..	...
Hyde	11111	112	112	..	...
Esau	....	112	20	22	222
Harms	....	210	0	..	...
Outwater	....	...	120	..	...
L Piercy	....	...	220	..	...

H. F. SCHILLINGER, Sec'y.

[The score in the Piercy-Heflich match appeared in our issue of Aug. 14—F. & S.]

HAMDEN GUN CLUB.

Aug 6.—Members of the Hamden Gun Club spent a few hours to-day very pleasantly at the club's traps. Andrews and Rose shot at 100 targets, Davidson and Launt at 50, and Peckham at 25; all at unknown angles. In addition to this a 10 target practice race was shot, with the following results: Davidson and Andrews 8, Peckham 6 Scores in the other events were as below:

Andrews	1111111111101111011111111111111101111111111011011011	—44
	0100111111111101111101001111111101000111111101101	—36—80
Rose	0111101111011111011110111111101101101010001110100001	—34
	1111111111101110011111111111111111011111110011110	—42—76
Davidson	1111011110001001111101011100101100110011110101100	—31
Launt	0110100000011001011000101010000110100000101001011	—19
Peckham	0000000110110101011010110	—10

J. ROSE, Sec'y.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Aug. 10.—The 100-bird match between W. R. Patten, of Pleasure Bay, N J, and Dr. G. S. Gagnon, of Chicago, for $500 a side, was shot to day on the Elkwood Park grounds, Dr. Gagnon standing at 31yds. and Patten at 30yds. As was generally expected, Patten was an easy winner, the scores standing: Patten 87, Gagnon 69. Scores follow:

W R Patten (30)	1022222122120102202222210—20
	220122222222022222222222—23
	3122022222222222222222—23
	2220201022222222120121122—21—87
Dr G S Gagnon (31)	2022221002120022112022112—19
	2020200020222202222222220—17
	2022202202020220200202220—14
	2222220221000222220202221—19—69

Sweeps were shot as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Daly (29)	22122112221	(30)	1122222110	20122 (29)	22112
Hoey (30)	2112222210	(29)	2202212111	12211 (30)	2120
Morfey (29)	22222210	(29)	22020	.....	.....
Gagnon (25)	2222222210	(25)	2222222222	22220 (26)	0122

No. 5 was at 5 birds $20, then miss-and-out. Daly and Hoey killed straight, but Gagnon missed his 5th bird. Hoey killed 8 more straight and won with a total of 13 straight, Daly dropping his 13th bird.

No. 1 was a $5 miss-and-out; No. 2, 10 birds, $10; No. 3, 5 birds, $10; No 4, 5 birds, $15.

Aug. 11.—Arthur Sussman and A. M. Fielder shot a 50 bird race to-day at Elkwood Park, Fielder retiring in the 42d round, hopelessly out of the race. The match was for $50 a side. Scores were:

Fielder (30)	1121010001010201020000001—12
	10000022210002220w —8—20
Sussman (30)	2222221220102200202122202—19
	22211220220011121 —13—32

The Elliott-Glover Match.

THE CUP GOES BACK TO KANSAS CITY.

ROCHESTER, N. Y, Aug. 14.—As a result of the Elliott-Glover match to-day for the Kansas City *Star* cup, Jas. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., will be able to carry back the trophy with him when he goes South. His victory over Glover by 8 birds in a 100-bird match was by no means expected, and Glover's 84 out of 100 shows that he was clean out of form. His friends here attribute his poor score to staleness, which was caused by shooting too much and at too many targets as recently as yesterday, when the Rochester Rod and Gun Club held a shoot.

Elliott was in fine form and killed his birds in good, quick time. The pigeons, too, were an excellent lot of strong flyers, far better than the usual lot of "match birds" in the month of August. E. D. Fulford, who was a spectator, stated that he had "never seen better birds at this time of year."

A good crowd assembled to see the match, which took place at the Driving Park. Among those present were: Harvey McMurchy, Syracuse; C. L Frantz, Seneca Falls; Charles Wagner, Syracuse; E D. Fulford, Utica; D. Lefever, Syracuse; Dick Swiveller, Batavia; Dr. Benham, Honeoye Falls; Col. A. G. Courtney, Syracuse; W. C. Hadley, E. C Myers, Dr. Weller, L W. Davis, John J. Quirk, John Norton, George Borst, C. Lane, Theodore Lane, J. Lowder, W. Foley, J. Cook, W. J. Mann, E. D. Hicks, T. R. Griffith, C. A. Compton, L. V. Byer and Frank E McCord, of this city.

W. C. Hadley, of this city, was chosen final stakeholder, and he also "rattled the bones" to show the trap puller, who was none other than Harvey McMurchy, which trap to pull. Jack Fanning, of San Francisco, was referee, and L. V. Byer and F. E. McCord, official scorers.

Elliott shot a Winchester repeating shotgun, Elliott model, 50grs. of E. C. in a Leader shell. Glover shot a Parker gun, with 3½ and 3¾drs of Schultze in Trap shells.

The conditions were 100 live birds, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, A. S. A. rules. Below are the scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J A R Elliott (30)
4 3 3 1 3 5 5 3 3 4 3 1 3 5 1 1 4 3 5 4 1 2 4 3 3
↑↖↖←↑↖↖↗↖←↖↖↗↙↙↑↑↗↗↙↑←↘↑
0 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 0—21

4 2 3 3 1 1 2 2 1 1 3 4 1 5 5 3 4 3 1 4 3 3 3 5 3
↗↙↑↑↓↖↓TT↑↑↖←↗↑←↗→↖↑→↗↗→
1 1 2 2 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1—23

4 2 1 2 1 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 1 2 1 4 5 2 1 5 3 2 1 5 3
←↗↖↗↗H↗↙↗←←↘↗↗↑↖↖↓↘→↘↘↗↑
1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 0—24

2 5 5 2 4 4 5 4 3 3 2 2 4 4 4 1 1 1 1 3 3 1 1 1 5
↗↘↗↖↗↑↗↗↗↖↑↖↘↗↖↙↗↑↗↘↗↖↗↗
2 1 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—24—92

S Glover (31)
4 2 1 1 3 1 3 5 2 3 5 3 1 2 2 1 5 1 5 2 4 2 1 1 1
→↖↑↑↑↗↑↗T↙↖↑↖↖↑↙↓↙↙→↖↖←↑↖
2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—22

4 4 1 4 2 2 2 4 3 1 2 5 2 1 1 4 2 5 2 5 3 5 1 5 1
↗↗↖↙→↖↖↑↘↖↖↗↖↑↑↙↖→↑T↗↑↑↗↖
0 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2—20

2 1 1 1 1 5 4 5 1 4 2 1 5 2 2 4 5 1 2 3 4 3 5 4 4
T↑↑↗→↖↗↖↖↑↗↖↖↗→↗←↖↘↗↗↑↘↗↗
2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 0 0—21

2 4 1 1 4 1 2 2 5 1 3 2 3 2 1 4 5 2 1 3 1 5 4 4 2
↙↗↖↗T↙T↖↗↙↗↖↗↗↖↘↘↗↗→↖↗↗↙T
1 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 1 2—21—84

E. C. Meyer and Dr. Weller shot a match at 25 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 21yds. boundary. Meyer won by 2 birds, with 22 to 20; had they used the 50yds. boundary the scores would have stood: Meyer 24, Weller 21. The scores at the 21yds. boundary were:

E C Meyer	•2101222112•2122211212112—22
Dr Weller	1120111111120222 1•222020—20

Holland Defeats Grand Rapids.

HOLLAND, Mich., Aug 7.—The Holland Gun Club accepted, on short notice, a challenge from the Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., to contest for the custody of the *Shooting and Fishing* silver trophy, representing the 5-men team championship of the State of Michigan. The match took place to day, and resulted in the cup remaining with the Holland (Mich.) Gun Club. The latter club won it from the Grand Rapids club about a year ago.

The Valley City club was represented by Messrs. Bush, Beeson, Davidson, Walton, Calkins, with Mr. Coleman as substitute. The Holland club was represented by Messrs Karston, Van Eyck, Ferguson, Thomas and De Roo, with Mr. Arleth as substitute. As shown by score below, the Holland club were only 3 ahead at the end of the match. These two clubs have run each other very close in contesting for this cup. The first match, which took place last year, resulted in a tie, the second one gave Holland a lead of 6 and gave them the cup; the third match is again in their favor, but by 3 only.

The scores are given below.

Conditions: 5 men teams, 50 targets per man, 30 at expert rules, and 10 pairs:

Holland.

Van Eyck	10111 11011 11111 10111 11010 01110	—23
	10 10 10 10 10 10 11 11 11 10	—13—36
Thomas	11001 01101 11111 01000 10111 11111	—21
	11 11 11 10 00 11 10 10 11 01	—14—36
Ferguson	11110 01101 11001 11101 01110 11011	—21
	10 10 10 10 11 11 11 10 10 11	—14—35
De Roo	10110 00001 10110 11111 11111 11111	—22
	11 11 00 10 10 00 11 00 11 10	—11—33
Karsten	10111 10001 01011 01110 11011 11101	—20
	10 10 10 11 01 10 10 10 11 10	—12—32—171

Grand Rapids.

Bush	11001 11110 11101 11111 11101 10001	—22
	11 11 10 10 11 10 11 11 10 10	—15—37
Davidson	11111 10111 11000 11111 01011 11111	—24
	01 01 11 01 01 11 10 10 01 10	—12—36
Beeson	01111 00011 11001 11110 01110 11110	—20
	10 10 10 11 01 01 01 11 11 11	—14—34
Calkins	10111 11101 11111 00111 11001 10110	—22
	01 01 00 10 01 10 11 01 11 11	—11—33
Walton	01000 00000 11010 00001 01101 01110	—11
	11 10 11 11 11 11 01 11 11 10	—17—28—163

C. J. DE ROO.

Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association.

PROVIDENCE, R. I, Aug 10.—The Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association and the Pawtuxet Gun Club recently met in a team race for the State championship pennant. Last year the R. I. T. S. A. won the pennant from the Pawtuxets on a narrow margin, and on this occasion they ably defended their title to it once more. The second victory was won by 26 breaks, each team of six men shooting at 250 targets, half known and half unknown angles. The Rhode Islands broke 181 to the Pawtuxets 165. Detailed scores follow:

Rhode Island Team.

F J Greener	1111111101011111010101110111111011111010101011111—39
S F Wilson	1111111101111111011101111111000111101111111110111—44
E Whitaker	0110111010011110111011011111100011101111111110111—37
S Brownell	1110100110001011000101011011110111011011110000100—29
R C Root	1111111110011111 1111111101111000111111101011111—42—191

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

W H Sheldon	1110111111111001110111111001111101111111111111111—43
W G Crandall	0111010011011110011000010110101111101000110100111O—28
A Hawkins	0101110111111111011101111100110110100100111111001—35
F Corey	1111010111111000010000110010001111011111010110001110—29
S D Green, Jr	0001001011011100110111110110111111101100011100011—30—165

J. F. RUSSELL, Sec'y.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 13.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club held a target tournament to-day as a kind of introduction for the Elliott-Glover match of to morrow Glover shot a great race to-day, and was easily first. Among the shooters were: Harvey McMurchy, E. D. Fulford, Jack Fanning, Dan Lefever, A. G. Courtner, C. Wagner, C. W. Tuttle, J. J. Carr, etc.

The scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	25	15
Glover	9	15	20	14	14	17	13	15	15	20	23	..
McMurchy	8	14	19	15	13	16	14	12	15	18	23	..
Lane	9	14	17	14	13	19	10	10	13	19	17	..
Fanning	9	14	16	12	13	18	14	14	13	16	20	..
Courtney	7	15	19	13	13	18	14	12	12	18	22	..
McCord	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wagner	10	14	17	12	13	19	12	14	13	18	21	13
Fulford	8	14	17	13	11	19	15	12	14	17	23	12
Carr	7	12	19	12	13	15	14	15	12	17	22	12
Tuttle	6	15	17	..	..	17	..	11	..	..	19	..
Lefever	9	14	15	10	13	15	14	14	..	..	..	10
Wayte	8	..	..	11	9	..	..	13	14	15	..	..
Herman	9	13	16	10	13	..	9	10	..	..	..	..
Byer	10	..	..	..	12	..	13	..	..	..	22	..
Dutch	..	10	17	15	14	15	..	14	9	17	21	12
Weller	..	15	14	14	15	18	11	13	13	..	..	8
Borst	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	..	16	21	13
Peters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	..	..
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	..	..
Turk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	11

Hazelwood Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 7.—The Hazelwood Gun Club held a shoot at its grounds to-day, among the attractions being several sparrow sweeps and a 50-target race for the W-A trophy. In the latter event Messner came out ahead with the score of 39. Detailed scores follow:

W-A trophy, 50 targets:

Messner	11101011101111111111111111101111001100111111110101 - 39
Pills	01011101111111100101111011010110111010101010110001—32
Parsons	01001001001011001101111003000110111111111111101100—29
Mack	10111101011001010111011001110010010011100001111101—29
Stelley	00101100100111011010101111101001100011101031111110—29
Crossland	0111g111010100011101010100100110010011001011101101—28

Four sweeps at 15 sparrows and one at 10 sparrows were decided, Messner making the best total with only 2 lost out of 70 shot at. Danforth was close up to him with 66 out of 70. John Crossland's total of 61 out of 70 being lower than his usual mark. Below are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Sparrows:	15	10	15	15	15	Sparrows:	15	10	15	15	15
Crossland	15	7	14	13	12	Pills	12	..	..	..	13
Messner	15	10	13	13	15	Stilley	..	..	..	..	13
Danforth	14	10	13	15	14	Joe	..	..	..	..	10
Munson	13	..	..	..	11						

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

J. M. A., Trenton, N. J.—The Pennsylvania law makes no provision respecting doves.

J. E. H., Patterson.—Does your *Game Laws in Brief* have the late game law of Pennsylvania in it? If so will send for it at once. Ans. Past editions contain old laws; last edition has present law.

F., New York.—According to the *Game Laws in Brief* (which no one doubts being correct), under the laws of New Brunswick, page 61, "No person shall * * * kill more than two moose, three caribou, or three deer, etc." I no doubt am very stupid, but would like to know if that means that the limit is two heads of one kind, or three heads of either of the other two kinds, making a total of not possibly more than three heads of game, or if it means that one is allowed to kill eight assorted heads of game proportioned as above. No doubt it is the latter, and I am simply stupid, but I would be much obliged for your opinion. Ans. It means that a person may kill in a season two moose, and also three caribou and also three deer.

J. C. B., Nevada, Iowa.—I have been informed by certain parties that a company or corporation, licensed by the U. S. Government, has complete control of all travel in the Yellowstone National Park, and that no person is now allowed the privilege of hiring a private conveyance or camping outfit and making a tour of the park, camping where he pleases. Is this true? In making a tour of the park, is it necessary that the traveler must employ the conveyances of a corporation, or board at their hotels? Ans. You have been misinformed. A transportation company, licensed by the Government, runs stages, but does not have exclusive control of transportation. You can hire a private conveyance, or a saddle-horse or a pack train, and go where you please. But along the roads there are certain specified camping places. If there were not, the roads, from one end to the other, would be strewn with tin cans, broken bottles, old paper, and the debris of a deserted camp. To answer your last question, we may say that it is not necessary that the traveler in the Park should employ "the conveyance of a corporation, or board at their hotels."

A. C. H., Harrison, Me.—Is there such a fish as a sea trout? Is it a trout that lives in streams near salt water and at times goes to the sea? Has it a square tail, and is it marked same as the brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) or more like the salmon trout? Ans. Yes, a local variety of the speckled or brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) is the sea trout or Canadian salmon trout (*S. immaculatus*), which runs up from the sea in Canadian waters. Says Charles Hallock, in the "Sportsman's Gazetteer": "The sea trout, known as such, are confined to Canadian waters exclusively. They are caught only in midsummer, and seldom under a quarter of a pound in weight. Their average of all localities may be said to reach 2lbs., while in the river Nouvelle (Gaspe), which empties into the Bay Chaleur, they reach 6lbs., an extraordinary weight for *Salmo fontinalis;* though by no means marvelous. The 'strawberry run' or sea trout, as it is called, occurs about the 1st of July on the southwestern coast of Nova Scotia, the fish moving east as the season advances, until they reach the north shore of the St. Lawrence about the 5th of August. Evidently an immense school strikes in from the sea, detachments dropping off as it progresses, into the rivers along the coast. The fishing season lasts about six weeks, the fish meanwhile ascending to the headwaters of the streams, and often surmounting falls of steep ascent." The speckled trout of Long Island streams and other waters flowing into salt water go down into the salt water after breeding, and remain there until the water gets warm again.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Yellowstone Park.

A COMPLETE TOUR VIA THE PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

THE Yellowstone National Park is unquestionably the most interesting region on the globe, for within it is displayed the greatest collection of nature's manifold wonders. Indeed, this mountain bound plateau, high up on the summit of the everlasting Rockies, is a veritable playground for the world's giant forces. To stand and gaze upon them in all their marvelous manifestations, the great geyser upheavals, the fierce steam blasts, the terrible leap of the river, and the awful cañon, is a revelation—an experience to be had at no other point on the earth.

The personally-conducted tour of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., which leaves New York on Sept. 2, affords the most satisfactory means of visiting this wonderland and viewing its marvelous features. Tourists will travel by special train of Pullman smoking, dining, sleeping, and observation cars in each direction. Eight days will be spent in the Park. Stops will also be made, returning, at St. Paul and Chicago. The round-trip rate $255 from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, $230 from Pittsburg—covers all necessary expenses.

For detailed itineraries and full information, apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

"Long Island" and "Summer Homes"

are two books published by the Long Island Railroad Co., which contain much information about the shooting and fishing resorts on the island. They are handsomely illustrated and are well worth the trouble of sending the 6 cents in stamps, which will bring them by return mail from H. M. Smith, Traffic Manager, L. I. R. R., Long Island City, N. Y.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1897.

VOL. XLVIX.—No. 9. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

But for the practical part, it is that that makes an angler; it is diligence, and observation, and practice, and an ambition to be the best in the art, that must do it. I will tell you, scholar, I once heard one say, "I envy not him that eats better meat than I do, nor him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than I do, I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do." And such a man is like to prove an angler; and this noble emulation I wish to you and all young anglers. Izaak Walton.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the Forest and Stream. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any address which may be furnished us for that purpose.

SNAP SHOTS.

This is the time of the year when rudely civilized cities and towns rid themselves of surplus stray dogs by mayors' proclamations authorizing the promiscuous shooting by the public of unlicensed dogs running at large. In Jersey City, for example, numerous squads of small boys have been holding dog lynching bees. The demoralizing, brutalizing and disgusting character of these methods should render recourse to them impossible in a self-respecting community. The S. F. P. C. A. of this city has shown how the dog, whether with or without an owner and guardian, can be taken care of without outraging decency.

So much depends upon the point of view. While United States Senators, State Legislatures, Audubon societies, sportsmen and others are seeking to discourage the destruction of song birds, the fashion makers and the fashion journals are doing all they can to promote the use of bird feathers for dress. The September number of a widely circulated fashion paper published in this city shows bird adornment of hats as the vogue, and treats its readers to a paper on "home taxidermy for women." "Numbers of our common American birds," the article tells us, "yield wings, tails and feathers, which will serve admirably for the decoration of hats"; and there are named specifically for the various colors, the bluebird, the indigo finch, purple grackle, yellow warbler, goldfinch, and breast of the meadow lark. "Dwellers near the sea or the Great Lakes will hardly require to be told that the smaller gulls and terns afford beautiful material for decorating hats." "Numerous browns and buffs are supplied by upland game birds and shore birds," which "may be purchased cheaply at almost any market." The directions which follow, telling how with a carving knife to "chop off the wings close to the body, and cut off the tail," are so explicit that every woman of economical bent may be her own song-bird skinner, and deck her hat with home-butchered products "in lieu of the costly articles handled by the milliner." It is instructive sometimes to get the point of view from which other people see things.

We hear much about the extraordinary perils of the Klondike trip; but that there are prosaic hazards for Klondikers far this side of Alaska was illustrated the other day by the tragic death of Robert Jarvis Gilbert, in the wilderness of the Algoma district of Canada. Gilbert was a well-known journalist and author, and was numbered among FOREST AND STREAM's contributors. He was bound for the Klondike country, as a correspondent of the London *Graphic*, and was engaged in preparing sketches of western Canada on his way. On Friday, Aug. 13, when he was on a search for game, his revolver failed to work, and while he was examining it, a cartridge in one of the chambers exploded with fatal effect.

Paragraph 549 of the tariff law may originally have been intended to put birds' eggs on the free list; but as a matter of fact it absolutely forbids the importation of any birds' eggs, since it prohibits those of game birds and of birds not used for food. It is a curious jumble; the paragraph placing on the free list: "Eggs of birds, fish and insects: Provided, however, that this shall not be held to include the eggs of game birds or eggs of birds not used for food, the importation of which is prohibited except specimens for scientific collections, nor fish roe preserved for food purposes."

This puts a quietus upon the enterprise of introducing pheasant eggs, capercailzie eggs, or the eggs of any other game species, for the purpose of adding to the stock of a game preserve. For this we are indebted to the well-meaning efforts of Senator Hoar, prompted by evident misinformation, as shown by his statement of the necessity for such a prohibition. "It is a well-known fact," he told the Senate, "that the destruction of the song birds of this continent by the sale of their eggs for mere fanciful purposes is going on at a wholesale rate, and it is so in Europe. It is said that even the nightingales are being totally destroyed in Italy. Of course these birds fly across the Canada line and across the Mexican line."

This is an explanation which does not explain. The destruction of the song birds of this continent by "the sale of their eggs for mere fanciful purposes" is quite as fanciful as are the purposes. The entire proposition is fanciful, fantastic and fallacious. If there were any such traffic in song bird eggs, the true way to protect American-laid eggs would be to admit foreign eggs free, and so lower the price and discourage the native industry. To shut out foreign eggs, on the contrary, would mean a lessened supply, with consequently higher prices and a stronger stimulus to nest-robbing activities.

A pleasant and cheerful form of sport, not indigenous to this country, but extensively practiced in cultured rural communities, is the hunting of snipe with a bag at night. The roughs and toughs, practical jokers and professors of horse play organize the hunt in honor of the new school teacher, a visiting drummer, or some other fresh and innocent subject. The victim is led to a dismally dark, and if practicable, miry spot in the brush or on the marsh, and stationed there to hold open a bag, into which the rest of the party, he is told, will drive the game. Then all the others go home or back to the hotel to await the coming of the bagman when panic, exhaustion, mosquitoes or the realization that he is a fool, shall have driven him from his post. The meeting of the returned simpleton and his instructors is usually considered the most hilarious and exciting incident of the night.

Among the variations of the snipe-hunt they have in Maryland a bee-hunt, participated in by the local humorists and the innocent from abroad. The Port Deposit correspondence of the Baltimore *Sun* one day last week reported the probably fatal ending of such an escapade. The bee-hunts, it is explained, are frequently planned, ostensibly for the purpose of cutting down a bee tree and securing the wild honey, while the true object is to frighten some stranger who has been invited to join the party. This is accomplished by feigning an attack from the owner of the property upon which they may be at the time, running and firing promiscuously, while the stranger who has been invited to assist in gathering the honey is usually glad to get away from the place as rapidly as possible. In the Port Deposit hunt, when the alarm was sounded the party entered into the sport of the occasion with such gusto that one of them inadvertently fired a bullet into the head of the visitor for whose benefit the hunt had been organized.

To allege that a person has been made a victim of the snipe-bagging trick is to say that he has been sold completely and foolishly. No more faithful and effective presentation was ever given of the merits of the Alaskan seal fishery dispute than that contained in a cartoon by Professor Henry W. Elliott, who once published a picture representing Uncle Sam holding the snipe bag while John Bull was making off with the last of the game. Several years have elapsed since then, but every subsequent development in the seal controversy and the regular progressive diminution of the seal remnant by pelagic hunting has demonstrated that Professor Elliott's characterization of the situation was precisely true. Uncle Sam has been holding the bag out there in the dark quite long enough. When will he realize that he is being sold, and refuse longer to submit to the trickery?

Dr. David Starr Jordan and Messrs. Macoun and Thompson, of the fur seal investigating commission, have returned from the Pribilof Islands. Dr. Jordan brings back an encouraging report of the success of seal branding. As is well known, the primary cause of the diminution of the fur seals is to be found in pelagic hunting in Bering Sea, by which great numbers of females have been destroyed and their pups left to starve. Last year Dr. Jordan proposed that when the seals were hauled up on the breeding ground, the cows should be branded in such a way as to disfigure the fur and so render the skin unsalable, when of course there would no longer be any inducement to pelagic fishing. This was done with a number of cows last year, and their reappearance on the islands this year with the brand showing demonstrates that the disfigurement is permanent. The work has already been prosecuted successfully this season with the mature cows, and the branding of the young females will be undertaken next month. An electric branding device is employed, which is painless and entails no injury upon the seal beyond rendering the skin worthless in market. Thus there is promise that branding will render pelagic sealing so profitless that the brand may yet accomplish what diplomacy has failed to secure.

A change has come over that vale of many delights known in prosaic speech as "down by the creek." The day life, from early morn to dewy eve, is as full and rich and joyous as ever in all the seventy years the owner of the ancestral acres has dwelt here on the old farm. Still may one hear Bob White's whistle from the hillside, the liquid note of the thistle bird as it dips from one purple tuft to another and the merry rattle of the kingfisher. The August noon is drowsy with the drone of the locust, the soothing gurgle of the water softly flowing through the dismantled eel weir, and the distant cooing of the mourning dove. All day long the creek is filled with the motions and sights and sounds of pulsing, joyous life, until with the fading light the swallows give way to the bat, him of the fiendish flight and uncanny click, and the full night chorus sets in of crickets, katydids, night-hawks, whip-poorwills and owls. All is familiar and grateful to-day as it has been for the seventy years of the present holder of the domain, and as it was for the years uncounted before him. But one note is missing, one instrument is stilled. No more is heard the bellow of the bullfrog, that prodigious basso profundo, which of all nocturnal sounds is most in keeping with the gloom of the night, and of all most mellow and melodious. The bullfrog is unheard, because there is no bullfrog to hear. He has been cut off. Not untimely, perhaps, for his legs were large and meaty, and for the tid-bit of frogs' legs on toast he was in his prime. He, the monarch of the pool, and all the other monarchs of all other pools, for miles around, have been potted, dismembered, skinned and incontinently devoured. It was surely an evil day that brought to the vale of many delights the city-bred frog hunters whose god is their belly. May a kindlier fortune watch over this season's polly wogs, that they may attain full stature and in the years to come keep up the traditions of the bullfrog race, whose immemorial boast has been that music runs in the family. Then, when of a midsummer night nature shall pull the diapason stop, not a note shall be missed, not a harmony wanting.

The regulations which have just been promulgated for the government of the national forest preserves do not forbid hunting on them. An important rule is that camp fires must be extinguished thoroughly before camp is abandoned. That is a good rule to follow everywhere.

We are not inclined to share the gloomy view as to game protective officials expressed by the correspondent to-day who comments on the story of the double-faced sportsman, as related in our issue of Aug. 14. The tale was of a game association member who talked vehemently for protection while at home, and then when free from observation joined the ranks of the "sooners," who kill birds before the law is off. The story was known to be true. But that it truthfully represents the average game association member we do not for a moment believe. Profession and practice do not always go together in the field any more than in some other walks of life, but the fact that there are hypocrites here as elsewhere is not good ground for discouraged views of game protection. The story referred to had its occasion in the early 80s. That was nearly twenty years ago. Those of us who have been watching the development of right thinking and right acting in regard to sportsmen's practice during this period know that there has been a marked and highly encouraging development of public opinion and individual conviction and conduct on the game grounds.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A TURKEY OF THE WILDERNESS.

Men seek their pleasures variously after their kind, but he who has lived the active life of the hunter in uninhabited lands knows well that in those remote regions there may be found enjoyment that civilization cannot yield him. Wanderers such as he will recall the sharp crack of the rifle on wind-swept mountain sides; in their ears the reverberations yet ring as they sounded in echoing cañons; and clearly do they remember the fainter, hollower reports on those open plains the prong-buck loves so well. With these sounds there come back memories of a hundred scenes in woodland and on prairie, each one, perhaps, marking a red-letter day in the hunter's life afield. The pleasures of the sportsman need no champion, even though other fields of effort offer inviting opportunities for recreation.

But it is not alone the enjoyment of the chase that attracts men to the wilderness. The wild, free life, untrammeled by the conventions of society; the charm of wandering in regions untouched by hand of man; the open, hearty comradeship about the camp-fire—all these combine to draw men to the far-off mountains and the plains. You who are wont to ride straight and hard behind the hounds and to be in at the death when the run is over, know the sharp zest of a



AN INDIAN TERRITORY CABIN.



AN INDIAN TERRITORY FERRY.

place in the "first flight," and the satisfaction of a stiff fence cleverly negotiated; you of the "brassie" and the "driver" are, perhaps, the holder of a score on the links that has won you the envy of enthusiastic golfers, and that gladdens your heart even when snows lie deep; and you, yachtsman, fresh from a battle with the gale, beyond all doubt you felt a thrill of contentment as your staunch craft, storm-racked and ice-sheathed from deck to main-truck, at last swung clear to her anchor in the landlocked harbor. Grant, if you please, that pleasure at least as great may come to him who e rifle brings to earth the gigantic moose, the lordly elk, the agile big-born or the fierce grizzly of western ranges. These are the keenest delights that are known to him who hunts in the United States, but there are lesser triumphs which the big game hunter need not sneer at The killing of the game, as every hunter knows, is but a part of the pleasure of the chase; there are many other factors in the sport. The obstacles overcome, the wariness circumvented, the hardships endured—such are other components that go to make the hunt worth while, and whether the bag be great or small, the satisfaction is, as it should be, a thing apart.

When the cool winds of autumn and the crisp frosts of early winter have worked their changes in the summer landscape; when the football player appears upon his battlefields in the pink of condition; when the coming of the open season has aroused the sportsman to a realization of possible bags to be made in forest land or on the plains, then it is that the wild turkey gobbler, the monarch of American game birds, roams his native heaths in his most kingly manner. It was a fortunate selection that named the turkey as the dish sacred to the day when all the nation renders thanks for divine favors granted; yet the ordinary turkey of the market is by no means the best of his race. Far above the finest of the tame species must the wild variety be ranked as a table delicacy, and as Thanksgiving Day approaches, the mind of him whose chief pleasure is found afield may well hark back to those happy hunting grounds where nature works her will with her own and the turkey of the wilderness thrives upon the food that suits it best. There in some favored regions where the telegraph does not reach and mail sacks do not penetrate, may be found the largest and the wariest of our American feathered game.

Many are the ways in which the wild turkey is brought to bag, but he who would shoot one that has been lured to the "blind" in which he hides by a bait of dropped corn, or he who would attempt to kill more than one at a shot, is a man without the conscience of the true sportsman. An honorable spirit of fair play will permit neither of these methods—the pot-hunter is bred of such as employ them, and of such are the game butchers who here and there in the north wait in their boats to slaughter the deer their hounds have driven into the water. And yet, perhaps, a partial excuse may be offered in their behalf, for vain indeed is the confidence of the tyro who unaided goes after the vigilant *Meleagris americana*. Inevitable disappointment will follow on his trail, and the "phut! phut!" of the frightened birds will tell him, when his hopes are highest, that his efforts are of no avail.

Nevertheless, it is well worth the candle; for of all the game that goes, feathered or furred, on wing or afoot, the wild turkey is the most toothsome. Sing, if you will, the gastronomic virtues of the celery-fed canvasback, the well-cooked woodcock, the fragrant venison steak, or any other dish that may tempt your palate; but of them all there should be granted the highest praise to the wild turkey, that has told off its days in the wooded country it loves so well. Nor is it less beautiful in life than it is delicious to the taste, when the scattered sunrays of its native haunts gleam on its plumage of bronze and green and gold. Gamy it is, too, in the field as well as on the table, and he who hunts it must go with a light tread and a quick eye; for, be it understood, it is no easy task to "call" the turkey within range, and still-hunting it is more difficult than still-hunting deer. Wary and keen-sighted is it, and quick of ear, with a speed on foot that makes fast running for a dog, and a swiftness on the wing, once it is under way, that will astonish him who knows only the domestic variety. Moreover, he who hunts it need be steady of hand and should hold true, since it carries shot well and must be hard hit before it will give up the fight.

All this I learned before a turkey fell to my gun, for on previous hunts I had burned powder vainly in their pursuit. But it was my luck that the first should come to bag on a day when it was least expected. It was a bleak gray morning in late November, and our camp lay at the foot of the Kiamichi Mountains, in Indian Territory. Before us the long line of the first range led to the west; behind us, beyond the wide level of bottom land, the Kiamichi River flowed between its fringes of cottonwood trees. From the crest of the "Kimish" to the river that washed the further extensions of its foothills, a deep stillness was on the land; unbroken quiet brooded over the pine-clad mountainside and the oak-covered outlying ridges, and overhung the sunburned prairie. No breath of wind stirred the trees or moved the vapory clouds that were poised in the sky overhead. The gently rolling country in which our tents were pitched was wooded with stunted oak trees and the ground was fairly well strewn with "mast." It was a morning when our Indian guides urged us to take out the hounds and hunt the country to the west on the chance of getting a deer or two. The region was not the most promising for a successful deer hunt, and moreover our Indians were no exception to the general rule that the so-called noble red men are but indifferent hunters. Had they not shown unusual persistence we should, perhaps, have done otherwise, but be that as it may, our party filed out across the little prairie shortly after sunrise, to follow where the head guide might lead. Past the clay-splashed wagon standing empty in the dried grass, past the picketed ponies munching their early meal, over rocks and through thickets, we tramped after our Indian leader. He took us to the timbered country below our camp, and posted us here and there at runways along which it seemed likely the deer would pass, until he had put every man in position.

My "stand" was at the end of a little stretch of open ground, on a low ridge. On either side the slopes were clothed all about with a rather thick growth of oak and cedar trees, while across the open and to the left lay a jungle of heavy undergrowth that reached off to the northwest, its end just touching the bare ridge down which I faced. It was not primeval forest that surrounded me, for here and there could be seen evidences that lumbermen had penetrated to the place in search of cedar, and it was upon a cedar stump that I took my seat to wait for what the morning might bring forth.

I was almost the last man the guide placed, which put me near the end of the line of guns that crossed the territory in which we expected the deer to run. The hoofbeats of the guide's horse grew fainter in the distance, and I was left alone A great pileated woodpecker, with shining body and brilliant scarlet crest, hammered on a tree above me; a taxidermist would have coveted his skin. The minutes passed slowly. To the man upon a deer stand there comes a time, before the hounds give tongue, when the possibility of shots to be had if he will but remain fights with his restless desire for movement; but after the dogs have taken a trail the pulse quickens and every sense and every muscle grows alert at the promise that is wafted down the wind by the sonorous, irregular baying. Then the chance of recompense, even though it be remote, makes inaction more tolerable. The morning wore on. Delay was fast growing irksome, when from down the line of hunters to the right I heard the clear reports of two rifle shots. What did it mean? The hounds had not opened on a trail, and it could scarcely chance that a deer or a bear would blunder within range of any of our men. I sat open-eyed and ready, looking toward the sound. For the space of two or three minutes there was no movement to be seen; then as I watched I caught sight of the rapidly beating wings of a turkey as it came with a beautiful sweep through the timber.

On it flew, straight toward me. I was almost in the open; only the scattered branches of a fallen tree were before me as cover. Still as a wooden man I sat, scarcely daring to breathe, for I knew that the slightest motion would cause my quarry to sheer off to the right or left. The turkey appeared to grow larger as it approached, until when it came within rifle range it looked to my excited eyes a 40 pounder at least. It was then probably a mile from the point where it had been flushed, and seemed to think it had reached a place of safety. My first intention had been to let it come within easy range, and then try a shot or two on the wing as it went by, but its purpose to light at the edge of the thicket soon became evident. Lower and lower it dropped in its flight as it neared me. I knew that if a moment were given it after I had made my presence known, it would secrete itself in the heavy undergrowth and I should lose it Quickness was necessary; I waited until it had thrown back its wings and stretched its legs to alight, and then tossed up my rifle and fired. It was an easy shot, 70yds. in the open, and the shot went true. The big bird fell over on its back, and for a few moments thrashed about vigorously with its strong wings. I threw another cartridge into the chamber of my rifle, but it was not needed; the first had done the work. The last struggle ended as I stood above it, and with a feeling of such keen pleasure as I think does not often fall to the hunter's lot, I picked up my first wild turkey. It was a very little triumph, perhaps, and luck alone gave me the chance; but luck is a factor that plays a great part in every province of human endeavor, and men sometimes take credit for what is granted them by chance alone.

I have known other Thanksgiving Days since then, but when each passing year rolls on, bringing November with its promise of snow, I like to recall that winter morning when, through the little forest glade, my first wild turkey came sailing almost to my feet. Allan Hendricks.

CAPTURED BY THE CROWS.

The following story was told me by an old employee of the American Fur Company, who had worked for that company and its different trading posts along the Missouri River in the years from 1858 to 1860. The hero of the story is known by the name of Jim, and his stories of the old days, when the American Fur Company traded with the Montana Indians, and also with the Blackfeet, who used to come far south and trade along the Missouri River, would fill a volume of adventures, and also of so strange a nature that the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction is well borne out.

The American Fur Company had, in the year 1858, just finished building their fort on the Missouri River, situated where the town of Fort Benton was afterward built. This fort was built of sun-dried bricks, called adobes, and between each building a high stockade of pine logs was erected, the whole forming a square with bastions at the four corners, these being supplied with small cannon which had, on more than one occasion, to be used against war parties of Indians bent on making a raid on the fort; or to protect trading parties of Indians who were camped round the fort, and who were attacked by some force of foreign Indians hostile toward them. Often, camps of Blackfeet of many hundred lodges would be around the fort at a time, and should a party of Crows or Sioux happen to arrive at the same time a fierce fight would always take place; when the fort would be closed, and a careful watch kept on both parties, who were allowed to fight it out until one or other had enough, and would then sheer off, when the trading would again be resumed.

In those days liquor was traded to the Indians at these forts, but they were never allowed to drink it inside the stockade, and it was seldom that a large trading party left their camp outside the fort without a prolonged drunk, in which many old feuds were remembered, with the result of sometimes many Indians being killed, as the Indian, when drunk, is more like a wild beast than a human being. The number of robes traded during the winters at these forts was astonishing, as often in the spring as many as 20,000 prime buffalo robes would be shipped down the Missouri River in mackinaws, or boats built for that purpose, and these were obtained very cheaply, as goods and liquors of a very inferior quality were held at an exorbitant figure, a sack of flour selling in trade for $30 and tea at $3 the pound; all other goods being in proportion, particularly ammunition, which the Indians were bound to have at any price.

This was before the days of magazine rifles and fixed ammunition, the old smooth-bore guns being used with powder and ball; these went by the name of fulques, and would carry fairly well up to 100yds.

In the fall of 1858 a party of some twenty-five men, of which Jim was one, was sent by the fur company to the Belt Mountains, about forty miles from Benton, to remain the winter cutting timber for the use of the fort, and which would be hauled down to the fort the following spring by bull teams, which consisted of twelve or more yoke of oxen

drawing four heavy wagons; these would draw a very heavy load.

After the party had built a log house and had been in camp for some months, provisions and clothing began to run short, and it was determined to draw lots to see who should go down to the fort for a fresh supply. This was by no means a light undertaking, as it had to be done on foot, all the horses having been sent back after their first arrival; there was also snow on the ground, although not much, and the weather was cold.

The trip down would have to be made in a day, but the return would be on horseback, the provisions being brought on pack horses. The drawing lots was done by straws, the man drawing the shortest being the one to go. The lot fell on Jim, who started out the following morning warmly dressed, with buckskin shirt, leggings and moccasins, taking a little dried buffalo meat with him.

He made the ford the first night without any adventure or meeting any one on the way, and after remaining there for a couple of days to rest and get the packs together he started on the return journey with four pack horses and a saddle animal for himself. He had a good supply of everything required—provisions and clothing, not forgetting plenty of tobacco.

About the middle of the day, and when about half-way to camp, while resting the horses for a short time, in taking a survey of the country ahead, he saw in the distance a party of mounted men on the full gallop toward him. He of course knew in a moment that it was a party of Indians, and there was no doubt that they had seen him. He was well enough acquainted with the state of the country to know that no party of Indians, and it made no difference to what tribe they belonged, were friendly to any white men they met away from the forts and on the prairie. The only hope for him, as he knew, was that the party approaching might not be Sioux. Should they belong to this tribe nothing could save his life, as the Sioux Indians never in those days were known to spare the lives of any white men who fell into their hands. Should they be Crows or even Blackfeet they might be satisfied with taking all he had and then letting him go.

These Indians were not nearly so cruel as the Sioux, although great thieves, and it depended a good deal on the medicine made by the war party before they left their camp. This making medicine was a rite always gone through by the medicine men of the camp to tell each party as to the success or otherwise of their expedition, and also as to whether they should kill on the war path or only steal, and whichever they were told to do by their medicine or familiar spirit, which consisted of sometimes a wolf, crow, owl, or any other animal, was always carried out to the letter. It can therefore be imagined with what anxiety the advance of the party was watched by Jim. There was no chance whatever for him to escape, and resistance was out of the question, his life, therefore, depended altogether on the tribe to which the Indians belonged, and whether their medicine was good or bad.

It was not long before they rode up to where he was standing, yelling like demons. They circled round him for a short while, then coming to a sudden halt turned their horses toward him, and he was greatly relieved to see by their dress and general equipment that he had fallen into the hands of a war party of Crows. He remained quietly standing in the center of the ring, when the chief rode out in front of the rest and spoke to him in the Crow language. Jim made signs (he being well acquainted with the sign language) that he did not understand. The chief then addressed him in Blackfeet, which he understood, and asked him where he was going. He told him to the camp, pointing in the direction. The Indian then told him that the party had camped not far away from there the previous night, and that had they wished they could have killed all the white men, as they never knew that they were in their vicinity.

The chief then made a sign to some of his young men, who left the circle and began to bring in the pack horses, that were grazing not far away.

They had not offered, and did not seem inclined to offer, any violence toward him, and he made up his mind that the loss of his goods would be about all he would suffer—even hoping that they might leave him the horses, as they did not seem to be on a horse stealing expedition, as when out on such the Indians generally go on foot. Several of the Indians had in the meantime unloaded and opened up the packs of goods. These consisted of provisions of all sorts, and clothing, boots, and many other articles.

They divided everything equally, placing them in piles, one for each man. After this was finished Jim, trusting it was now over, spoke to the chief and asked him if he would leave him the horses.

To this question the Indian shook his head, making a sign that the horses were to go with him, and that Jim was to go on foot back to the fort. He at the same time took hold of Jim's coat and made a sign for him to take it off, which he had to do. After this the Indians came up one by one, each indicating by a sign what portion of his clothing they required, and it was not long before he was stripped of every article of clothing he had on, even down to his moccasins, but as each Indian took an article of clothing they returned him one in place of it, giving him their old worn-out and dirty breech clouts and an old, ragged blanket, together with a very dilapidated pair of moccasins. When they were done he stood forth dressed as a very dirty and disreputable-looking Indian.

They then made signs to him to proceed on his way to the fort. After going a short distance Jim felt the want of a smoke, but remembered that his pipe was in the pocket of the coat taken by the chief, while his tobacco and knife were in other articles of his clothing. He therefore returned, and walking up to the chief made signs that showed him what he wanted. The Indian pulled the pipe out of the coat pocket. He had put the coat on and looked at it for a short time, and then handed it over to Jim. He went to each Indian in turn, and they gave him back his knife and also tobacco and matches. He then left them and started to walk back to the fort, about twenty miles away, and altogether well pleased to get off without the loss of his scalp.

But before letting him go the chief spoke to the rest of the Indians for a short time, and then made signs to Jim to remain quiet where he was. The young men then filed past him one by one, and as they passed they each struck him a slight blow on different parts of his body with their ramrods, all traveling off on to the prairie after doing so. The chief came last, and Jim expected a light blow also from him; but he struck him with his full strength a stinging blow on the posterior, which made Jim's blood boil within him, but he had to stand it.

This the Indians call counting their coups, it being a point of honor with a warrior to do something to a captured enemy which they can boast about over their lodge fires in future days.

In case the medicine of a war party is bad this counting coups is done by killing and scalping; but if good, as in Jim's case, a light blow or the cutting of a lock of hair close to the scalp was considered enough for their honor. After a lock was cut off by twenty or thirty Indians, the appearance of a man's head can better be imagined than described.

It was not until midnight that Jim reached the fort. He hammered on the wicker gate with a stone for some time before it was opened by the gatekeeper. Vincent, who had a room near the gate, and whose business it was to tend to it and show any Indians who came into the Indians' room—a room kept on purpose for their accommodation, and where a large can of tea was always kept ready for them, with long Indian pipes and the strongest of tobacco.

This man opened the gate after a while, swearing a good deal in English. He was well up in most Indian languages, and accosting Jim in Blackfoot, asked him where he came from. Jim returned no answer, and was shown into the Indian room, where he seated himself, Indian fashion, in a corner, with his blanket drawn over his head.

Vincent filled one of the long Indian pipes and handed it to him, at the same time changing his language to Crow, and again asking him where he came from, but no answer was returned. He then tried him in every Indian language he was acquainted with—and he knew a good many—but with no result, Jim smoking away as if he was stone deaf.

"What kind of an Indian is it, anyway?" says Vincent, after exhausting his Indian vocabulary and getting rather angry. He then went up to the supposed Indian, and, drawing back the blanket from his face, beheld the smiling countenance of Jim, at which he burst into roars of laughter, and it was a long time before he could recover himself sufficiently to speak, when, without giving him a chance to explain, he shouted: "I know what's the matter with you! You've been held up by Indians!" His knowledge of everything pertaining to Western life telling him this by intuition. On this Jim detailed the circumstances, and they having been by this time joined by Mr. Clark, the chief trader, the whole matter was talked over after Jim had done honor to a good supper.

The only thing to be done was to send another supply of goods to the lumber camp on the morrow, accompanied by a party of well armed men from the fort. All hope of ever recovering any of the horses or goods stolen was given up, and on the following day the party started, reaching the camp without incident.

Nothing was ever heard to identify any of the Indians, as they would seldom tell on each other, and as such an incident was of common occurrence in the West in those days it was soon forgotten. It was, however, not often that a party got off as easily as Jim, as hardly a month went by without some of a party traveling on the plains being killed and scalped by roaming bands of Indians, and it was many years before it became at all safe for even large parties to journey any distance from the forts.

C. E. D.

THE BEACH MYSTERY.

In a quiet little place in a small shanty on the shore lived a man not much over forty years of age, respected by some and considered of no account by others. Weather-beaten and rough, careless of himself and surroundings, he owned a small boat and lobster outfit, and worked hard to earn a livelihood.

He had saved a little money from his earnings, but the most of his pay was spent in foolish ways. Without friends and alone in the world, he had lived here for years. Every spring his pots were put out and taken up in the fall. He had little to say to any one and kept his own counsels. He could be seen 'most any day, rain or shine, rough or calm, in his boat, bare-footed and generally wet to the skin; he never was sick a day, and knew not what a cold was. He would go to town once in a while to get his provisions, then back to his hut and his lonely work by the sea.

Such is the life and history of the man as I knew him, and little did I think when last I saw him that he would come to such an end. I have often heard it said that he would get drowned, for he did not seem to care how hard the wind blew, nor how rough the sea was—he went, just the same.

The bay is as smooth as glass. The headlands to the north loom out of the sea and seem only a mile or so away instead of eight or ten. To the south the water is dotted with the white sails of the mackerel fleet, with here and there a large white gull slowly sailing through the air, and before us the boats of the lobstermen float lazily on the water, which is dotted in long lines by the floats on the nets of the fishermen. They rise and fall as the old swell lifts them, and then it rolls up on the beach with a lazy, sleepy sound, and the songs of the fisherwomen come from the shanties on the shore. It is a beautiful day, as Jim, with his long, careless swing, goes to his boat down the beach, pushes off and paddles away, never to come back and never to be seen again until the sea gives up its dead.

He rows lazily along, with the old sail slanting first one side and then the other by the motion of the oars; there is no wind, and you can hear Jim whistle as sailors often do to whistle up a breeze.

Getting to his traps after a while, he pulls one after another, and we hear him singing as he works. After he has made his "haul" he goes to his net—a common gill-net which he uses to catch herring for bait. He has it not far from shore in shallow water. There are others in the same locality. As he drifts along, with his feet on the sail and his long body stretched out in the stern, his hand over his shoulder resting on the tiller, he makes a picture of perfect rest. At peace with the world and nothing but good-will toward his fellow-men.

He is hailed by a passing boat. "Morning, Jim. How'd ye raise 'em?" "'Bout half," is his answer (meaning about one lobster to every two of his pots).

"Your net looks heavy, Jim."

"Cork line sags some," Jim answered, in his calm, low tone.

"Guess she's full of herring to-day."

He does not hurry nor show signs of excitement in the least. Passing the boat, he catches the cork line of his net. Seeing the fish, he throws off his coat to go to work. The fish are taken from one of these nets by hand. The lead line is pulled up and the fish taken out, then it is dropped back into the water. The fisherman is obliged to reach down into the water to get hold of the net. Jim leans over the side of the boat to reach for a fish, when there is heard an unearthly scream, then another half-smothered cry for help. Then all is still.

The fishermen in the boats start with alarm; the women on the shore stop their singing and rush out to see what is wrong. They see Jim's boat drifting and the water around the net in a fearful commotion. Snatching up the oars, the nearest boatmen row with all haste to the spot. They see the net, but no Jim. They call for him, but he does not answer. Poor fellow, where is he?

They row to his boat and find everything just as he is in the habit of having it. One fisherman looks over the side of the boat and gives a cry that is heard ashore: "My God! Do you see that shark? He is a maneater." The other man looking, sees a large shark of some kind, about 8ft. long slowly swimming around the net. They now try to pull the net and have only taken in a little of it when they see the shark again coming toward them. Seizing the oars they stand ready to give him battle. He sees the boat and slowly sinks out of sight.

Can this thing have pulled Jim out of the boat? This is a question never to be answered. The women on the shore say they saw him at the net and heard him scream and looked to see him in the water fighting with something, then all was over and the water resumed its calm, unruffled surface. Yes, all was over for poor Jim, but what a tragedy on such a pleasant day and what must have been the thoughts that went like lightning through the poor fellow's head as he was taken from the boat by this monster of the deep, and dragged to his death in the sea which had been so good to him.

His body has never been found. They have searched the shore and dragged the bay with nets but of no avail. The "Life Saving station men" have looked in vain for the body of poor Jim. For weeks they have felt that on some of their lonely watches on this bleak shore they might find him, and each man hopes he might not be the one to do it. Their friend in need and they knew it. To-day in their night watches, as they pass the spot where he was last seen they glance toward the sea with a shudder, and hurry along as if in fear that his song or whistle may be heard above the voice of the waves. His boat and fishing gear were sold, and the little money which he had was given to someone who did not care enough about him to look him up when he was alive.

F. E. Woodward.

Massachusetts.

HUNTING THE TAPIR.

The tapir commonly distributed throughout tropical America is at times really dangerous, and its great size, wary habits and untiring strength make it an animal worthy of the highest rank among those classed as big game.

The flesh very much resembles beef, though it is rather coarse in texture, and tapir, or danti steak, as it is usually called, is considered a great delicacy, and on this account these animals are vigorously hunted, and whenever one is killed people come from long distances to secure the prize.

The tapir loves the deep woods, and the hunter to be successful must be prepared for a long chase, and must be philosophical about disappointments, for this animal ranges over a great stretch of country, and a sportsman might visit regions where they are abundant, and go about for weeks without even hearing of them.

I have visited one locality, however, the northern slopes of the Sierra Nevada on Santa Morta Mountains of Columbia, where there is generally a pretty good assurance of success. This region is peculiar, and the tapir, which is unusually abundant there, is confined to certain localities, and is almost as restricted as if in a great park.

The northern slopes and foothills of these mountains are covered with a luxuriance of vegetation rarely met with even in the tropics, and the country is just such as the tapir loves. Surrounding the mountains there is a flat region which is almost a desert, supporting little more than cactus and thorn bushes. The reason for this great difference is that the Sierra Nevada de Santa Morta Mountains were in other days an island in the great pre-Cambrian Ocean, and since that remote period there has been abundant time for a rich accumulation of soil. With the upheaval of the Andes Mountains in cretacious times a gradual sedimentation set in, and during the Testiary period this action extended to and around the Sierra Nevada de Santa Morta Mountains, and a hard, sterile, marly deposit, on which only a poor vegetation can be supported, was laid down around them. A traveler passing from one of these localities to the other cannot but notice the remarkable difference, and it is abundantly evident why game of all kinds collect on the fertile mountain sides. The place where they live is isolated, there is little to disturb them, they enjoy the greatest abundance of food and clear fresh water; and under these favorable conditions animals and birds have multiplied, till at times the place seems almost alive with game.

I was camping at the foot of these mountains engaged geological explorations, and being endowed with the appetite of an ordinary man, I managed to give some attention to the game, and never wanted for meat; yet I was not satisfied. Every night I heard one or two tapirs come tramping down the brook near the camp, but I could never get a shot at one.

During a long experience traveling through little known parts of tropical America, I have often tried for a shot at these wary animals, but always without success; and now that I was in a region where quantities of them were penned in, as it were, by miles of arid country on the east and the sea on the north, it was a shame ever to think of going away without giving at least one day to that most exciting sport of tapir hunting.

I had three men with me well accustomed to the woods, but they did not appear very enthusiastic when I proposed an attempt at tracking down a tapir.

"They are dangerous at this season," said my head man. "One of the boys can sit up to-night and kill a tapir as they go past; and I am responsible, Señor, that you return in safety."

To assume a sort of responsibility for a traveler's safety in order to avoid complying with inconvenient orders is one of the most provoking customs of the South American guides, and I never allow them to play that game on me, at least not now, and after giving my head man a few directions as to what I wanted, combined with a choice opinion as to his personal worth and virtue, he began active preparations to go after tapir the next day.

Our camp was in one of those rare places even in the tropics, where the surroundings were all that one could fancy for such places. We were on a rising ground just at the foot of the mountains, and around us there was a dark, damp woods with palms and a multitude of great trees all growing close together, while over the ground every available space was taken up by ferns, mosses and a bewilder-

ing variety of plants. There was not a mosquito near the camp; there were no fleas at all, and scarcely any of the little gnats so troublesome at most places in the tropics. I lay in my hammock that night listening to the wind among the trees and the strange cries of many animals, birds and insects, while the damp, cool air from the forests blew in my face, laden with that odor of the woodlands which is the same all the world over. This was the home of the tapir, and one could travel many miles in the tropics without meeting another such country

The next morning all the foliage was drenched in a heavy dew, so abundantly that the ground was wet and water was dripping from the trees.

"A fine day, Señor," said my head man, "but if you want tapir it must be a long chase. We had better—" but he never finished what he intended to say, because I picked up the first thing that came handy, and let it fly at his head. "Si, Señor," he said very politely, "we will be ready to start immediately." There were four men in the party, and as we might have to sleep in the woods a good supply of provisions was taken. As we started out, my head man explained that we would go along the base of the mountains till we struck a favorable sign at some of the numerous streams, showing where the animals had come down from the mountains to feed; we would then follow up the nearest stream, and would probably find the game we sought passing the heat of the day in some cool ravine well up among the mountains,

We had not gone far before we struck unmistakable signs of a recent feeding ground; plants and bushes were trampled down, and heavy tracks showed plainly that the animals had come and gone by way of a large stream between two mountain ridges.

The head man looked doubtfully at the place. "I don't like this stream," he said. "The animals are dangerous at this season of the year. Let us look for another."

But I felt quite sure that if "a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush" these good tapir signs in sight were worth any number promised by a doubtful head man, and I insisted in following up the tracks we had found.

"As the Señor wishes," said my head man. "But the animals will go on before us till they are cornered in a ravine. Then if we press them too close they will charge down on us, and we cannot get out of the way. Our best chance will be to return this evening and shoot them as they come out, that is if the señor can hit them." I have to confess that I had missed twenty-seven large turkeys one after the other the last week, still I thought I could hit a tapir if it stopped long enough for me to try; but evidently my men were not quite sure.

I decided that we would push on up the stream, and the work now began in earnest. We made our way cautiously, stopping at the numerous smaller brooks and spring runs that had cut deep into the hills on either side. We had to follow each one to its source because there were no means of telling which might have been chosen by a tapir as its resting place for that day.

It was hard work, but the excitement kept us steadily at it, and as we made our way up a side stream, and found the ravine it had formed growing narrower and narrower as we neared the source, where we would go on between solid walls eroded in the soft earth, expecting that any turn would bring us face to face with an ugly tapir driven up as far as it could go, standing ready to charge the intruders, was enough to keep anyone in a state of excitement and drive all thoughts of fatigue out of one's mind. We kept this up for about five hours, but there were no results as yet. We had to be very cautious, for we were deep among the mountains by this time where jaguars were abundant, and as this animal is particularly dangerous in these mountains, the men were well afraid of them.

The head man thought I had better take a few shots at some of the numerous flocks of wild turkeys that were constantly jumping up before us. But I wanted a tapir, and was determined to follow on till I got a shot at one.

Then the head man said: "I knew they had gone high among the mountains. We must hurry to reach the upper part of the stream, because as afternoon comes on they will begin to move about, and our chances will be spoiled."

For the next two hours we hurried on. A dozen tapirs might have been passed in the little ravines among the hills, but we could not tell. Our best chance lay in pushing along as far as we could go.

After a time the stream began to grow narrower, and ledges of rocks that were difficult to pass were encountered. The air was growing cooler, patches of grass could be seen here and there along the mountain sides, and the trees were beginning to be of a somewhat stunted appearance. The head man stopped, looked about him, and then said: "We have come too far. This is no country for tapirs."

But just then one of the younger men touched my arm and pointed up the stream. The men were all excitement, but I could not see anything, and would probably have walked right up to the animal without noticing it; but after a moment it moved a little, and then I saw its great form clearly outlined among the trees, a wall of dull-gray rocks forming a background which prevented my making it out at first.

To come in sight of the game after a hard day's work gives one a sense of satisfaction equal almost to the gratification of killing it, and for the time being the excitement is intense.

The tapir was evidently resting quietly, and with cautious steps we began working our way closer. Presently it moved uneasily, sniffed the air and then suddenly faced around toward us, evidently angry at the intrusion.

"It's a cross old bull," whispered the head man. "Take care." We went a little nearer, and the tapir lowered its head, sniffing at the ground. I was near enough for a shot, and taking careful aim at the animal's neck just forward of the shoulder I pulled the trigger. There was a crash, and the sound of the report went echoing up and down the stream, and with it came a trampling sound made by the tapir as it disappeared through the woodlands making its way up the sloping side of a mountain that afforded an easy path out of the ravine. Evidently the animal was not at all hurt, perhaps its unusually thick hide had saved it, but than the skin is not very thick on the neck. My head man said in a grieved voice, "What a pity the rifle manufacturers care so little about the arms they sell. Of course the one carried by the Señor is very defective."

I wish I had kicked that head man, but there was nothing to say, and nothing to do, except eat as many of our provisions as we could; and for this the men had so much capacity that nothing was wasted, in fact they ate all we had, and could have eaten more.

Our way back to camp was without adventure, we arrived just after sunset, and as I was well tired out I had something to eat and then went to bed, next morning I found the men busily engaged in preparing some fresh tapir steaks from an animal they had killed in the night as it had come out of the mountains to feed.

"Why hadn't they called me?" "The Señor was so tired," they said, "and perhaps he cared more to hunt the tapir than to kill them, but as for them they wanted the meat for their families"

Then they brought me a fresh piece of steak just toasted before the fire.

I wanted no tapir steak, and I told them that canned corned beef and old salt pork were a great deal better.

"Yes, of course the Señor prefers the things from his own country, but then the fresh meat would be a little change."

But after all, that tapir steak was pretty good; yet I still wish that I could eat some from an animal that I had killed myself.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—X.

A Winter Hunt at the Summit of the Rockies.

SUNDAY, March 21, was a glorious day, bright and calm, and fully fit for a day of rest. Schultz and McChesney were tired enough to stay in the lodge. O-to-kò-mi went down to the lodge of John Monroe for a visit, and here I joined him later in the day, armed with a camera and in search of pictures. Madame Monroe asked me to eat with the rest of the family, and gave me a very good piece of trout. John Monroe entertained me with bear stories, telling me, among other tales of the chase, of the fight he and his wife and little boy had had with a grizzly in a berry patch not more than half a mile from where his lodge then stood. This bear was wounded at the first fire, but dropped in the brush and made a sneak to get close up to its enemy. The little boy saw it coming quietly through the thicket, and called out, pointing to it. Old John at this point grows dramatic as he tells the story. I cannot reproduce his polyglot, but he went on to tell how he put his wife and child behind him, himself standing out with rifle ready, waiting for the bear to show himself above the cover. "H'allways, s'pose I get in bad place, some danger there," said John; "h'allways I mek some leetly *prie*, the good God, dat he have *pitie* on *moi*." So now he made his "leetly *prie*," and calmly waited, knowing that not more than one shot would be allowed him. This shot, it seems, was delivered at very close range; but was fatal, the bear falling so close he could almost push it with his foot. "'Up, here!' h'I call to heem," said John, "but he no mek some move, no." At the telling of this story Madame Monroe, Philistine as she is in regard to her old husband's everyday character, smiled with evident pride at the recollection of the steady courage which had saved her and her boy.

More Bear Stories.

At another time, on this very flat where John Monroe had killed this bear and also the one which stampeded the saw mill camp in the night, his brother, Francis Monroe, one day some four years ago, was riding horseback through a berry patch, when he saw a bear standing up and feeding. Slipping down from his horse, Francis took a shot at this bear with his rifle, which was an old .44-40, much worn. When the bear was struck it fell down, squealing and bawling; but another bear rose up to see what was going on, and this one Francis shot down. Yet another rose, much closer to him, and this also he shot, it falling below the top of the brush out of sight. Then a fourth bear, close to him, showed up, coming on toward him, and this he shot more than once, but could not stop. This bear closed with him, and so began one of the fiercest bear fights of which I have ever personally heard. It seems that Francis had the bridle or lariat of his horse fast to his wrist, so that his horse could not get away, though it tried its best to do so. Francis made all effort to keep the horse between him and the bear, but did not forget to use his knife at every chance, succeeding in cutting the bear deeply in the neck. The horse repeatedly kicked the bear, and no doubt but for the horse the man would have been killed. As it was, the bear got to him, and bit him badly in the chest, and nearly cut off his hand, biting through two of the bones of the hand entirely (as I myself personally saw when I met Francis Monroe a few days later than this). The bear at last was repulsed by the horse, and Francis was able to mount and get away. He was long in recovering from his hurts, but to-day is a rugged-looking, though gray-haired, man. To avenge his injuries, John Monroe, his brother, took the trail, but got no bear. Schultz and Jackson came through there the next day, but at the time found none of the bears that had been shot, though they saw the whole story amply shown upon the face of the ground. Weeks later, Mrs. Monroe found near the place where their lodge now stands the skeleton of a bear, large and apparently old one, with very imperfect teeth. Francis thinks this was the one which attacked him, and that had its teeth been better it would have been worse for him.

John Monroe has killed so many grizzlies that he does not pretend to keep track of them. He is really a hunter, and his stories are truthful. Thus, over on Badger Creek he killed a very big bear which was so close that as it fell it knocked the gun out of his hands. His favorite way of getting his bear is to wait till it gets so close that he can't miss it, then to shoot it in the right place. He told me one thing which may be of possible service to those intending to go for a grizzly, and who may be so unfortunate as to have the grizzly go after them. He said that when a bear is charging a man it runs with its paws curving out and in, pigeon-toed, in a rolling kind of gait, and with its head swinging up and down in its stride. John said that the thing to do then, besides the "leetly *prie*," and the care that one shall have no "shakes in hees knee—dat's bad," is to keep cool, and to hold the aim directly upon the tip of the bear's nose, not at his head, and not at his chest. Thus, if the bear's head happens to be up at the time the shot is fired, the ball will strike him at a good place in the chest, and if his head is down, it will hit him either in the head, the chest, or the neck or back, and that on the fatal center line. He explained that if one sights at the bear's head he may overshoot and not strike the animal anywhere, though it is impossible to miss, no matter what position the bear is in, if that careful aim on the nose is kept in view.

I took such delight in hearing the old hunter's bear stories that I kept him busy for a long time, and got out some good ones. Yet another one he told me, showing that he was not to be outdone by his brother when it came to fighting more than one grizzly at a time.

"This happened *au Nord*," said the old man, by which I knew meant during his connection with the Hudson Bay Company many years ago. He went on to tell how, when out hunting, he saw a very big bear digging at an ant hill, its head and foreshoulders being covered up. John was armed only with an old Hudson Bay fuque, as in those days the modern rifle was unknown. Yet with this he did not hesitate to attack his meat, and creeping up close, he fired at the bear, or at least tried to fire. The piece hung fire with a long "fizz-z-z," and then at last with a loud "chow-w-w" let go its load. By this time the bear had moved, so that the ball struck it in the hind leg, breaking the leg. At once the bear made for him on three legs, and John only escaped by quickly dodging around a small tree. Here the bear played hide and seek with him for a long time, trying its best to get at him. John found that by holding the tree out away from him at arm's length he could escape the reach of the bear, and at last he drew his heavy Hudson's Bay dagger and began to cut at the bear, striking and then jumping back behind his tree. In this way he finally wounded the bear seriously, and at length fairly disemboweled it, so that it went away and lay down. Hardly had it done this before a second bear came into view to see what was going on, and this bear John shot and killed. Two more bears appeared in the same thicket before he was out of it, and the old fuque, hang-fire and all, proved effective enough to land these also, so that he got the four, all in a small distance of each other. John said that the crippled bear that was chasing him about the tree was persistent, and kept on coming after him, stopping and resting, and then charging again up to the tree, but that in all the time the bear would not look him in the eye. The animal was evidently afraid of its foe, as indeed it might well be, for in those days the hunter was a young and active man who had no fear of any animal that walked. John thinks that he has come as near being killed by a cow moose as anything, he having been charged both by cow and by bull moose at different times. He says a dog makes a moose very mad, and that if a cow moose has a calf, the sight of a dog makes her very dangerous. In his more active frontier days the old man must have seen a lot of life worth living. He says that his father, Hugh Monroe, a man famous on the old frontier, always told his boys never to kill a man until the last moment of necessity, but always to run away rather than to kill a man. John Monroe was, nevertheless, in his time forced at different times to kill four men. He was once surprised in the night and shot by Indians, but escaped after killing one of the party. At that time he was shot in the thigh, and carries to-day the big scar of this wound, as he pointed out to us.

Lore of the Wilderness.

All in all, I put in a very good day at John's lodge, telling and hearing stories and learning something of the way the native peoples lived in the earlier times. I discovered how to cure meat in the smoke of the lodge, and how to make what John called "Hinjun tea," of the dried peppermint—a drink which he said was very good, "s'pose you sore in breast, you tire ver' much hafter long hunt." The tea was very black, but not unpleasant to take. The Indians use it to some extent to-day instead of coffee or tea. I learned also how to set a steeltrap in the snow, which I suppose is something not all men know how to do. John said that one should take plenty of hair (this he called "hay," so that for a long time I could not understand what he meant, till he pulled out a bag of hair and showed me), such as is commonly left around an Indian camp after the curing of elk or deer hides, and that he should cover his trap with this and not with snow or twigs. He said that first one should make a bed of the hair, and place the trap in the bed. Then he should put bunches of the hair into the bent spring of the trap, so that it would not get so cold and brittle in the times of very cold weather. Then, after setting the trap, the whole should be covered with a layer of the hair spread out and have snow brushed over it. In this way the cushion of hair will keep the snow from packing so hard but that the tread of an animal will break it down and spring the trap. In this Northern country one must always figure upon the effect of very deep snow and very great cold. Thus the marten traps are put high up in the side of a tree trunk in a hole cut for them, and covered so that the snow cannot make them useless. Sometimes a marten trap is set out at the end of a long sapling which is felled across a stump or put into a crotch, so that the bait can only be reached by crossing the trap on the way out to the end of the felled tree. This way keeps the snow from lying too deep on the trap to prevent it from throwing when trod upon.

We told John Monroe where we had left the rest of the meat of my last two sheep, and he said that after awhile he would go up there and get it. "My h'woman, he strong," said the old man again, with great satisfaction; from which I inferred that he would do the finding, and she would do the carrying. As we seemed to get along pretty well together, I at length asked the old man if he could fix me up with a steel trap, so that I could catch my big cat up on the mountain, where Billy Jackson had lost his snare not long ago. He very kindly did fish out a big double-spring trap, which later he told me was one of old Hugh Monroe's beaver traps, and which he therefore prized very much. Renewing his instructions how to set this trap for the cat, I assured him that on the following day, no matter what the weather, O-to-kò-mi and I would go up the mountain to my first sheep, and I doubted not I should catch old Pah-kùk-kus himself, and so put an end to all the trouble we had been having in this valley of storm and stress.

Pah-kuk-kus Escapes.

Sunday night was very cold, and Monday morning was a bad one, with no pleasure at all in prospect for the hunter who faced the storm-swept peaks that surrounded us. Schultz again went out with McChesney, and O-to-kò-mi and I went up our mountain after our cat. We found the earlier snowshoe trail almost obliterated, the snow having swept all things white and level since our last journey; yet I noticed that Shep, our dog, when allowed to run on ahead, unerringly followed the old trail under the snow, though it was not in the least apparent to the eye. At least, it was not apparent to my eye. O-to-kò-mi said, with a touch of some superiority, that a white man could not follow a trail at all, but that an Indian could always see the trail under the snow.

When we got to our sheep carcass it did indeed seem that Pah-kûk-kus had been there. The whole country was torn up with cat tracks. We found where Billy's first snare had been broken off, and then set about hunting up his second snare. At last, having circled around some 80yds. or more, we found the heap of brush which he had piled over his bait, and noted the two cross logs between which he had calculated to break the neck of his lion when it sprung the snare. Then we found his spring pole, a stout little sapling thicker than one's wrist. We saw where he had hacked it on the side to weaken it so that he could pull it over to set his snare. But of this spring pole only a part remained! Of the loop there was no trace! The brush heap was torn as though by a cataclysm of nature.

O-ta-kò-mi ran about the place and excitedly pointed out to me the whole story. The cat, lion, wolverine, whatever it was—he said no lynx could have done it—had come to the bait, and, as in the other case, from the faulty construction of the trap, put in its paw instead of its head through the loop to pull out the bait. It had been caught, and then with a mighty surge and a struggle had snapped off the snare pole, and so gone off down the mountain, hook, bob and sinker. Since then the snow had come and blotted out the trail, which was two or three days old. Yet, since that time, some cat, of course not old Pah-kûk-kus himself, whom we had snared, had come back to the carcass and had been eating there the last night. We could see the freshly gnawed bones, the ribs of the sheep being cut neatly, as though with an axe, and the whole heavy piece of the meat being nearly pulled up from under its deep cover of snow and ice.

This was interesting, and O-to-kò-mi and I concluded that our trip had been worth making, even though our last snare was gone. And then we made a big mistake. We ought to have set the steel trap right at the bait, and then we would have caught our animal sure; but we sought to be yet more careful, and, therefore, pulled up the entire remnant of the carcass, and dragging it off some hundred yards or so, hung it up in a tree above reach of a cat or lion. Then we built a pen so that the bait could only be approached from one way, and at the bottom of this path we set our steel trap, carefully wrapped in some hair which I had brought along with the trap from John Monroe's lodge. We figured that the cat would come back, and that missing his feed, he would follow along, stop at the tree to sniff, and so be ours forever, like Ginevra and the old oaken chest we read about in the Fourth Reader. In this we were not altogether in line with actual subsequent history, but we didn't know it at the time.

On our way down the mountain to camp, O-to-kò-mi and I fell in with the side trail of McChesney and Schultz, who had been over on the opposite side of the Two Medicine Creek, hunting along the face of the big rock wall that rose above the black timber across the lake from us. They got into camp about twenty minutes ahead of us, and had only the same sad story to tell of another day of hard work and no sight of game. It was really too bad, the luck that McChesney had, after his long trip all the way out from New York. He hunted very faithfully and hard, but the game just did not come his way. I never saw the luck run against a man so long and hard on any hunt as it did against him on this one. He and Schultz had had no easy time this day, and had made a long circle, crossing the creek on our bridge where we had crossed when we made our upper camp. They had seen no game, and had met such storms of wind and snow that it would have been next to impossible to get a shot even had they been close to game. McChesney now began to lose heart and expectation of getting a shot, though he in no wise complained at what he saw was luck pure and simple, since the game was evidently in the country in abundance and only the bad weather prevented his getting his head.

The Relief Expedition.

We had at just about this time been reduced to low rations, our grub being nearly out, and no word having come from the relief expedition promised by Billy Jackson. It transpired, however, that during our absence the expedition had arrived and gone. On the trail between the lake and our lodge we found a great hole in the snow, and saw that here a horse had been down in the snow, and had been dug out by means of our shovel. The rider of the horse had evidently not learned that the snow was some 6 or 8ft. deep in our valley, away from the wind-swept lake. At the lodge door we found a small sack of flour, some sugar and other stuff. Upon the sack was a curious epistle, containing the first news we had received from civilization for two or three weeks. This letter was inscribed on a bit of pasteboard and required some study before we made it out, but we discovered its verbatim contents to be as follows: "Cook. yeast flour an shugar Bakein pouder i woud stope but thay is no feed for my horse joseph Kipas team will com tomore Fitchsimens wone the fite Jackson cant come." From this it is to be understood that besides the itemizing of the stores left for us, we were to know that Joe Kip's team would be up for us the next day, that Billy Jackson was not coming back, and lastly, that, as to a certain little event which had occurred in Nevada since we left the world behind us, Mr. Fitzsimmons had "wone the fite." The signature, Cook, as we took it, was the word at the head of the letter, meaning that Mr. Cook, the nearest rancher below us, had brought in the stuff for us.

So we had notice served on us that the sheep hunt was at an end, for when Boak came in with the team we would have to hurry out, as no way for feeding the horses was possible in that snow-covered valley. At this, of course, came the usual depression hunters feel at being forced to break camp, but on the whole we were not loath to go. I had killed three sheep and wanted no more, and McChesney saw that he might stay there another week and perhaps not get a shot. Moreover, he said he had taken so much prolonged and violent exercise that he had gone stale, and so did not enjoy the work as he had at first. He was worn out by the hard work of the climbing, as well he might be; for no form of hunting American game could ask more of a man than he had been doing. For instance, I presume it would be very much easier to walk down a moose in the flat country twice over, than to take the repeated hard climbs in the icy mountains that McChesney had been making for two weeks. Of course, the ordinary fall hunt in the mountains, with pack train and good weather and all that, is an entirely different thing, even in the same country. The mountains one sees in summer or fall are not the ones he meets in winter, and too much of them in winter might well take off the edge of one's pleasure.

Again Pak-kuk-kus Escapes.

On the morning of March 23 we were undecided in our plans, as we did not know for certain that Boak would be able to get in on time with the team. All the others expressed a willingness to stay in camp, but for myself, I was satisfied that I had a lion, or at least a wolverine, or maybe a cat up in my steel trap on the mountain, some five or six miles from camp. So I set out alone, taking the dog Shep along to run any trail which might be necessary. It was a coldish day, so I made good time up the valley, and till I struck the icy face of the mountain. Here the wind swept away the trail, and I told Shep to go on ahead and pick it out, which he did very nicely. At last I got up above the timber, and here I realized what a difference one's altitude means in mountain work. Below me, a big black cloud was sweeping over the valley, and soon it shut out entirely the view of the opposite mountain, blotting out the long sharp ridge of dark timber which I always used as my landmark when seeking camp. Then the storm swept across my mountain also, and by the time I had turned the corner which cut off from my sight the Two Medicine Lake, there was a howling, whistling gale blowing, and I could not see more than a few feet ahead of me. Following the edge of the tree line, however, and more especially following Shep, who knew more about the trail than I did, I came at last to the steel trap under the tree. To my intense mortification it was not touched, nor did any trail show that it had had a visitor near by. The snow had packed the trap full and hard, and in touching the drift to loosen the snow I was unlucky enough to spring the trap, and it took me nearly half an hour to set it again. I was nearly frozen, and the old and worn out trigger would not hold without a twig bent under it. Half a dozen times the jaws clicked close to my fingers while I was putting this twig in place, and I was not sorry when I got the machine back in its bed. Then I went back to the old snare hole where Billy had had his traps. To my further disgust, I found that my cat had been back again that very night, and had managed to dig out a few bones from the bottom of the pit, which we had overlooked. Of course, this held the animal at the old feeding place, and it had not taken up our drag to look for the main piece of meat. If we had set the trap at the snare hole I should have had my cat that morning sure. I tried to take up a trail with the dog, as we had tried each day before, but it was so bare and open at that point that the snow held no trail, and at last I had to give it up. But I picked up all the stray bones I could find, and concluded I would get Pah-kûk-kus yet if we didn't have to break camp right away. At that time I did not know that the team was in our neighborhood.

The Desolate Hearth.

It was well on in the afternoon when I got down out of the mountains and reached our camp. Here I was surprised and startled to see that there was no camp at all left! The lodge was gone, and so was every particle of the outfit. The fire was out, and the ashes lay cheerless and cold on the spot about which we had passed so many happy hours. I do not recall ever feeling much more of a twinge at any sudden incident, it did look so desolate and dismal by the contrast. This had been home for me—as much as any place in the world—now for some days, and to see it thus torn down and desolate made me feel mighty lonesome. It showed, too, what it would mean to be caught in that country without the proper means of taking care of one's self. Sometimes one thinks he can get along pretty well alone, but suddenly I got a touch of lonesomeness. I wanted to see the other fellows. So I hit the trail down the lake and before evening was at John Monroe's lodge, where I found Boak, the team and all our outfit. Schultz and McChesney had taken down the lodge and packed everything on the sledge and toboggan, starting down to John's place with their loads. The team met them and relieved them, and now half the stuff was at the top of the sharp ridge above the lake, which made the great difficulty in getting out of that valley at that season of the year. It was possible to move only a part of the total load at a time, but Boak said he could get out with one more little load up the hill. It was now too late to start on the trail for home, so we concluded to stay at John Monroe's lodge, all seven of us, which we did with great comfort, albeit with very little turning room. That was an awfully windy night, and the lodge cover flapped and groaned all night. Mrs. Monroe said that it was surely Pah-kûk-kus, and John said it was plain that we were followed by that evil spirit, as he had never known it before to storm so long and hard in that valley. He thought that if we went away it might quiet down a little! He was still more convinced that we were objects of marked suspicion when I told him my story of the cat trap. It was surely Pah-kûk-kus up there! And he much bemoaned the loss of the trap, which he was sure he would never see again, and which he valued so much as an heirloom of his father. As it was now sure that I could not go up to the trap again, I showed John as well as I could where to go and how to get there; but he groaned and mourned, and said he did not think it would be possible for anyone to find the trail after the hard wind that had been blowing. Then I gave O-to-kò-mi a $5 bill, and told him it was his if he would go up when the snow was gone and get John his trap again. I have never heard whether he did or not, and do not know what became of my cat. Yet methinks that his skeleton now whitens up there on my mountain, not far from where I left the old trap of Hugh Monroe, for the clog I arranged for him would stop an elephant from going very far through the woods. Nothing can have saved that cat, unless he was lucky enough to spring the trap and not get fast. That he came there to get at the hanging meat there is almost a certainty. I want that cat yet mighty bad, and I would give a pretty penny to have his hide after all the bother he made me. Of course, if it really was Pah-kûk-kus, and not a lion, or a wolverine, or a mammoth lynx, I cannot expect to catch him; but if it was any animal and not a demon, I sure have him out there in the hills somewhere to-day!

Closing Hours.

While we were at John's camp the old man took a fancy to my toboggan, so I left it with him. I took a fancy to one of his pack saddles, so I took it with me. Boak and I at this stage completed my education in the diamond hitch, for Boak is an old-time *cargador*, and packed in "Californy" in the good old days. John Monroe showed me how to pack a dog, telling me that in his life "*au Nord*" they often used dogs, not only to draw sledges, but to carry packs. He said a good-sized dog could pack 50lbs., some of them even 100lbs. The way to lash the load was around the flank of the dog, not about the ribs, as it could not stand that. The old man in pantomine showed us how they used to pack a dog train, the dogs apparently crushed into the snow with their packs, but staggering up and getting under their loads. "Then you see him wag he tail, like so," said John, wiggling his upright thumb in a way which showed the whole comical picture so plainly that all laughed. He explained to us that if the dog could not wiggle his tail, he could not carry the pack, but so long as his tail was going, it was all right. John said that a new dog when packed was much like a horse, rolling and bucking, and trying to free himself of the pack, but he soon got used to it, and would go on the trail steadily all day, carrying his pack. John said he was going to rig himself up a dog train now with his new toboggan, and go after his rations the way they used to travel *au Nord*. And he cracked an imaginary whip, and gave the shout of the old days of the fur trail.

Thus, on March 24, we turned our backs on the valley of the Two Medicine, which had been a spot so full of interest to us, and brought to a close this section of our Rocky Mountain hunt. The day broke calm and fair, and I was able to get some very pleasant pictures of the lodge of John Monroe, showing the old man and his wife in front of their winter home, snowshoes and all. I got a good view from the ridge looking back over our lake, and this picture shows old Rising Wolf clearly in the far background, across the ridges of black timber. At last we all bid the old hunter and his "h'woman" good-bye, not without regret, for they had been kindly and full of interest. Taking off his hat, he devoutly hoped that "the good God mek some blessings on you," as he said good-bye. Madame gave to McChesney and myself each a fine tobacco pouch, embroidered with beadwork of her own manufacture, and when asked what she would like from the settlements, said she would like a black calico dress and some wood to make bows for a pair of snowshoes—as the wood of that country was too soft. Her latter request we found the more difficult to fill.

The "Black Wind."

There was suspicious mildness in the air that day which did not deceive the experienced members of the party, who knew that a Chinook was brewing, the "black wind" of the Indians. We could see all the mountains covered with low, black clouds, and soon as we were out on the open country above the timbered valley, the full force of a steady and powerful wind struck us overwhelmingly. It was not cold, but in violence it was just short of a hurricane. Fortunately, it blew in directly in our course, so we were helped and not hindered by it. We made the run, or those on foot did, to Cook's ranch, some eight miles, in about an hour and a half. All one had to do was to raise his feet and the wind would carry him forward, his stride covering twice its ordinary distance. We were now all hardened and tough with the steady exercise of the hunt, and felt the keen exhilaration of the air and exercise. We paused only briefly at Cook's ranch, and here transferred our outfit to a spring wagon which Boak had brought up that far. As we got down into the prairie country we found the whole earth streaming with water. We had come out of winter into spring.

At the agency we made but a short stop with Maj. Steell, and reached Blackfoot station with a very tired team after dark that night, going on out still further, to where the cheery lights of Joe Kipp's ranch house beckoned us.

We now had the first opportunity for a number of days to see ourselves as others saw us. When I looked in a glass I nearly doubted my eyes. I was dirtier than I had thought it possible for any human being to be and live. A silk handkerchief which I had sewed about my neck when I first went into camp was absolutely black with the grime of the lodge smoke. McChesney had a lovely beard, which he hated to sacrifice, but when we both shaved we found that our faces had shrunk about one-half. In other words, we were in training. The work of the climbing had put us in perfect condition, so that had we been obliged to go into the matter with the gentleman, we felt sure the despatches would not have said: "Fichsimens wone the fite."

This brought to a close our sheep hunt, but within a few days we went back into the mountains once more, this time after goats, and of this hunt I shall also tell, as it shows yet better the real meaning of a winter hunt in the Rockies.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Good Words About Some Good Things.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Aug. 5.—By the way, do you know that I am your oldest consecutive reader; at least no one could be my elder, but might be a twin, since I have read every FOREST AND STREAM ever printed, *ab initio*, and always send it to another son of a gun.

GUIDO.

MONROE COUNTY, Pa., Aug 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I received to-day the *Game Laws in Brief*. Many thanks. It was just what I wanted. Many ask about the new law, and now I have it to explain from. I have worked hard for that law, and was the first to have it introduced in the Legislature eight years ago.

It was through reading FOREST AND STREAM I reformed. I live in the midst of the worst market-hunters in the State. I have won them over gradually. I have often brought them in and read to them from FOREST AND STREAM. I think if they would read FOREST AND STREAM there would be more game and less pot-hunting. H. T. F.

PORTLAND, Me., Aug. 8.—The FOREST AND STREAM was never better than at the present time, and is certainly the best rod and gun journal published. W. N. T.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Glenwood, N. Y., says: "I take your address from a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM of 1890—or what is left of it after having been thumbed by readers for seven years here in the country store."

WALTHAM, Mass., Aug. 9.—I have just read Eugene McCarthy's most interesting and delightful description of "When, Where and How to Catch the Leaping Ouananiche," and to say that I am very much enthused by the perusal is to draw it very mild. I now feel that next season will rarely see me on these waters. But my present object in writing is to procure two copies of this unique book. I therefore inclose $1, the balance pass to my credit for one copy of FOREST AND STREAM. L. G.

Natural History.

GROUSE OF THE PRAIRIE.

Wymore, Neb., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your Answers to Correspondents in Forest and Stream of the 14th the question raised by the friend of H. P., of Grand Rapids, as to the color of the meat of the prairie chicken, and your answer to his inquiry for light. You are right as far as you go, but you have not covered the ground, and it may be that the friend of H P. is not so far wrong after all. You say the contention of the friend of H. P. would apply to the ruffed grouse.

Now, a ruffed grouse is what in Illinois would be called a pheasant, and in New England a partridge, and its meat is light. But no one would mistake a pheasant or a partridge for a prairie chicken. But there is a grouse that is not a pheasant, or a partridge, or a prairie chicken, and its meat is light, and they are very frequently killed and eaten as prairie chicken, and in fact the average hunter would not notice the difference. A prairie chicken has very dark meat, and in the older ones it is much darker than the younger ones.

A prairie chicken has no feathers on its legs below the knees. But this grouse has light meat, and feathers to the end of its toes, but in these two points we have the only distinguishing features.

Their habits are exactly the same as the prairie chicken, and they are very plentiful in the western and northern parts of Nebraska, and were once very plentiful here. But now we seldom see them here, but still have the prairie chicken, while in the western and northern parts of this State we have the grouse, and seldom see a prairie chicken.

The ruffed grouse, viz., pheasant or partridge, inhabit the woods or brush, but these grouse live on the prairie. I think there are many more grouse in the State now than there are prairie chickens, and if the friend of H. P. had hunted in Nebraska I would know how he had very naturally been led to believe that the meat of the prairie chicken was light. He had been killing grouse; and I would also like to know if these grouse inhabit Michigan.

Prairie chicken and grouse are very plentiful in Nebraska this year, but they will be nearly all killed off before the open season commences on Sept. 1.

In another letter I will call attention to some of the peculiar features of our new game law.

Prairie chickens have been killed here right along since the middle of July, when the largest of the new crop were scarcely half-grown. A. D. McCandless.

[In our Answers to Correspondents' column it is impracticable to cover very much ground, and we are obliged there to make our replies as terse as is consistent with intelligibility.

The sharptail grouse is, of course, about as well known as the pinnated grouse, but it occupies a more northerly and more westerly range; and, although in many localities to a great extent a prairie bird, we must take serious exception to many of the statements made by our correspondent. He says "a prairie chicken has no feathers on the legs below the knees." He probably means below the heels, for almost all birds are feathered from the knee to the heel, though in most of them the feet are naked. Exceptions are the grouse, some hawks, owls, etc. However, the pinnated grouse is feathered on the tarsus or shank, though not so heavily as the sharptail, which in its northern form is almost as heavily feathered as a ptarmigan.

The flesh of the sharptail grouse when cooked is brown. It is not white like that of the ruffed grouse or the breast of the chicken; but what we said of the pinnated grouse is true also of the sharptail grouse—that the flesh of young birds is much paler than that of old ones.

The habits of pinnated and sharptail grouse we have not found by any means "exactly the same." The sharptail grouse is much more a bird of the cover than the pinnated, and when started on the prairie is very likely to plunge into the brush. It is often found among brush or timber on high mountains. It is also often seen in the early morning, especially on cold days, roosting high in the trees, something that we have not seen the pinnated grouse do. The sharptail grouse and the pinnated grouse have often been confused by people who knew both as "prairie chickens." As a matter of fact they are very distinct in many ways. The sharptail grouse is sometimes found in Michigan and Wisconsin, though probably they are not plenty in those States.

We regret to learn that so little regard is paid to the game law in Nebraska, and should be glad to hear further from our correspondent on this point.]

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

LIFE OF NORWAY.

One of the most interesting features of the Exposition now being held in Stockholm is the Biological Museum. This is a really charming panorama of all the birds and beasts of Scandinavia arranged with real trees, rocks, moss, etc., and with admirably painted scenery. It is the only one of the kind that has ever been made, and has been done under the supervision of Bruno Liljefos, the Swedish animal painter, and Gustaf Kolthoff, zoölogist of Upsala University. Both men are enthusiastic sportsmen as well as naturalists and artists, and the animals here have little resemblance to the "stuffed specimens" seen in many museums.

A winding staircase in the center of the building leads to a circular platform with cushioned seats, and here through walls of glass we can see the wood creatures at home, nesting, singing, feeding and hunting.

We begin with the luxuriant forests of the southern provinces of Sweden, and by moving from left to right we change our latitude and travel northward to the bird cliffs and gray stretches of the Arctic Sea. In the first section are the large stag, the fallow deer, the roebuck, the house stork, so much loved in Denmark and southern Sweden, the strange hoopoe bird, nightingale, black-breasted thrush, rock-dove, cuckoos and magpies. Many other species of small animals and birds are found here in the south as well as in the great central districts. A family of otters is playing on the outskirts of a wood, a large horned-grebe is brooding on her floating nest, while a lesser grebe swims near by with her little flock of young. Under the trees a hooded crow is breaking an egg he has just stolen from a neighboring nest, a large woodpecker is drumming on a tree trunk, and in the thickets and on the branches above the smaller birds are busy with domestic affairs. By climbing to a second platform above the first we are on a level with the high life of the woods. Little nuthatches are hunting for insects on the bark; here a bat peers out of his hole, there a couple of chickadees peer at one curiously as they hang head downward from a twig; a flock of waxwings are holding a dignified congress; on a lower branch a splendid capercailzie parades before his mate. Then as we move a little to the left the woods gradually assume a more northern character.



A BIT OF SEA BEACH.

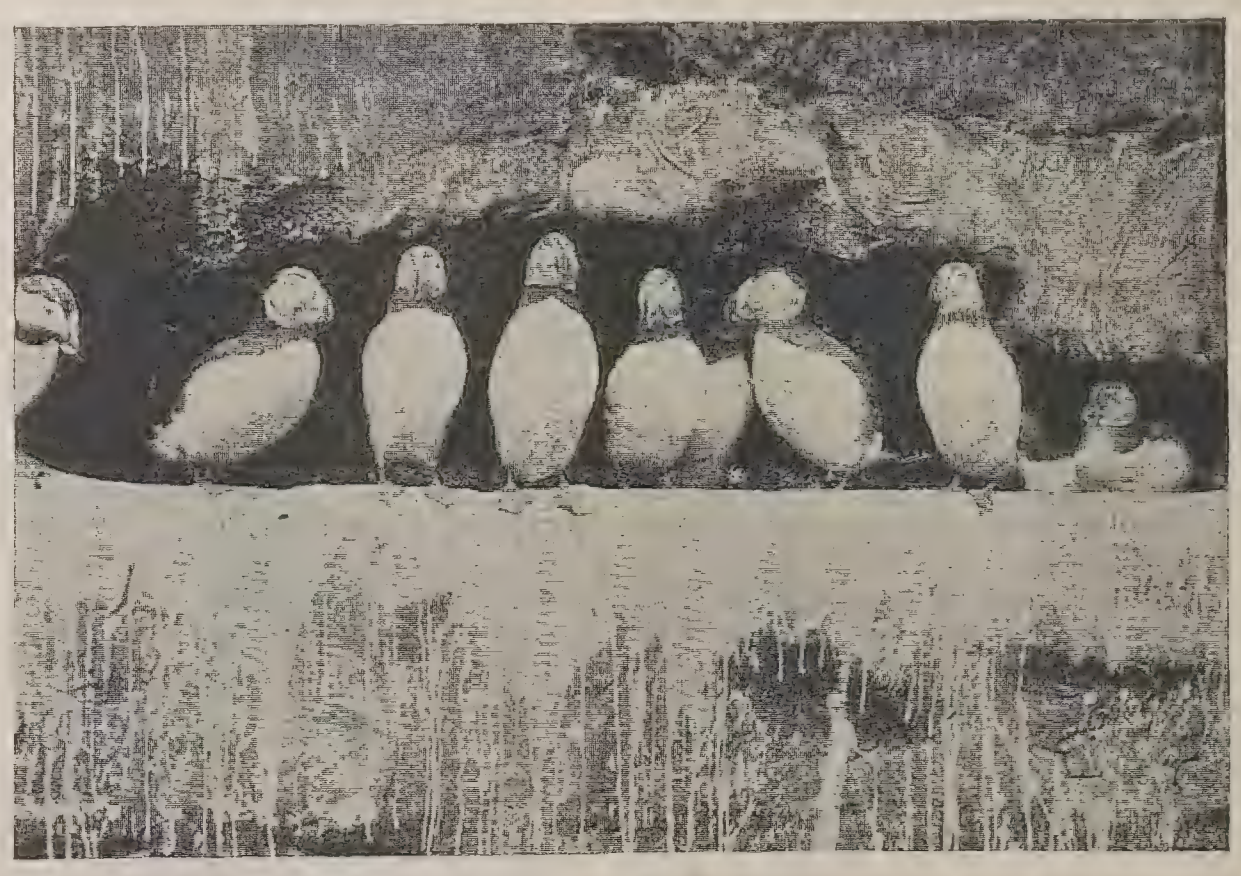
This is the great central district which covers the greater part of Sweden, and here are almost all the game birds and animals; the giant moose or "*elg*," a family of brown bears, a pair of gray timber wolves, prowling among the trees; a pair of lynxes crouching on a rocky ledge; a litter of little foxes playing before their lair. A water orezel rests lightly on a stone above a mountain pool, a great gray owl and its fluffy owlets are taking their *siesta* in a row; a beaver is hard at work building a dam, and the southern birds have given place to those of the colder forests. The blackcock takes the place of the gorgeous pheasant; pine finches and redpolls those of the nightingale and hoopoe. Here is the large northern hare instead of the southern brown rabbit. The trees grow scantier and more stunted. There is a vista of blue distance, a cold northern horizon of pointed firs seen across peaty moors and dark tarns. This is the land of the reindeer and its enemy, the wolverine or glutton. The white Arctic fox slinks from rock to rock in search of the yellow and brown lemmings that feed among the moss and lichens.

We travel north at a surprising speed. A few steps bring us far within the Arctic Circle. The last stunted spruces die away and the barren ridges change to bold sea cliffs. Between them is a sheltered inlet with white breakers dashing outside, and here among the sea-marsh hillocks many birds are nesting—eider ducks, king ducks, velvet scoters, redbreasted geese, curlew, plover, and a number of smaller species. The crags are like a great tenement house, with seagulls, skuas and cormorants occupying the lower ledges, rows of guillemots and auks above, and in the upper stories a great colony of puffins duck in and out of their holes or gather on the narrow ridges. The painting of this part of the panorama is especially fine. The rocks and birds nearest the spectator are real, and it is impossible to detect the point where they give place to the artificial parts, where trailing nests float among the tops of the crags and snowy flights of seafowl swing downward to the water.

Then comes a wide stretch of open sea, with low, scudding clouds and tossing waves rolling shoreward. Eider ducks float on the water just beyond the surf line, and seals play around the rocks and lift their sleek black heads above the breakers. A score of little birds, sandpipers, rails and other species, follow the receding waves or search for food among the stranded seaweed. This ends the panorama and brings us around to the starting point.

This exhibition, so attractive as well as instructive, is what we should have in Central Park in connection with the Natural History Museum. Of course it would be more difficult to bring together a representative collection of our fauna because of the greater extent of our country, but the Northern and Eastern States could easily be included, or instead of traveling from south to north the latitude of New York could be followed to the Pacific Coast with its peculiar fauna and flora. We have no dearth of naturalists fitted to undertake the work, and Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, with his great ability as artist and naturalist, could do the part performed so admirably by the Swedish artist, Herr Liljefors.

E. T.



GROUP OF PUFFINS ON THE BIRD CLIFF.

NOTES FROM MEXICO.

Somehow or other my paper of March 6 was *traspapelado*, and I have just now got my hands on it. In regard to Mr. Thompson's query about the hunting of the coyote, I will state that it is commonly thought here in Mexico that they organize into packs. I was told by a friend not long ago that he saw from a slight elevation quite a number of them driving the plains for jack-rabbits, in a sort of half moon. He believed they were sending the hares past a stand, where others of their band were posted, but had no means of verifying this.

The same article mentioned above asks for evidence of the fertility of the hybrid cross of dog and wolf. I suppose it will be no news to state that the cross of the Mexican dog and coyote is undoubtedly fertile. On pretty nearly any country ranch animals of all grades may be seen.

Reading an exceedingly well written and interesting article on deer shooting in Canada (Parry Sound) I was forced to inquire again, How is it that other people's deer shot behind the shoulder "drop in their tracks"? Mine won't, even with a .45 70 or .45 90 rifle. My experience is that such a shot is always followed by a mad death race of anywhere from 25 to 200yds.

I got a point the other day from a Texas friend in regard to a matter on which I have been puzzling. By sad experience I had learned that quail, even the blue Mexican quail, failed to breed in a dry season. A year or two ago one of your Arizona correspondents recorded the same observation and included rabbits, etc. Now, it might be explained that the food supply had something to do with the matter, and this would apply well enough to the cottontails and other mammals. But the quail feeds on seeds of grasses and the berries and seeds of various forms of cactus, all of which are about as abundant in a dry season as in any other. This I have seen confirmed by the condition of the few quail to be found; they are always fat.

Now, my friend tells me that when he was serving his apprenticeship as a deer hunter not far from the line of the arid belt of western Texas, his teacher, an old woodsman, said to him once: "If it doesn't rain pretty soon we'll not have many birds; the eggs won't hatch." He then called his attention to the fact that brooding quail, and even tur-

country than he does himself, yet I am afraid that the method practiced, as he mentions, was not the only one in vogue among the warm-weather shooters in Minnesota and other Western States. It was not unusual for sportsmen or market shooters to handle their birds as Grumbler states when it was inconvenient or impossible to obtain ice. We nearly always treated our birds in this way on our shooting trips out in Iowa, fifteen years or more ago, though we had no occasion to do any shipping, of course. It was in August that most of the market shooting was done, and in August a young prairie chicken will spoil in a single day if the weather be very warm. The method which I saw most practiced in the northwestern counties of Iowa, then largely unsettled, was as follows: A party of market shooters would hire a team and light wagon and put into it several casks containing ice. They drove across country with this rig, their dogs ranging out, and they themselves riding. When birds were found and killed they were thrown into these casks of ice or ice water. Of course the market shooter was not shooting for fun, but for money, and he could not afford to lose his birds after he had killed them. Sometimes he could not get into the railroad every night. This method of shooting obtained over upper Iowa and lower Minnesota during the summer months. I do not mean to say that it was the only method practiced, or that it was the method practiced in the country where Grumbler made his observations. All I ask our friend to believe is that in my time I savvied prairie chickens a few myself.

Not Wisely, but too Soon.

A few cases have come to hand in which gentlemen have shot or eaten prairie chickens not wisely, but too soon, and who have, therefore, been obliged to settle with the law. At Brookings, S. D., on Aug. 18, two brewers of Dubuque, Ia., named Hub and Inhuff, were fined for shooting and shipping illegal prairie chickens. They were arrested at Elkton, and caught in the act of billing the chickens out at the railroad office. They were fined $65 and costs. May equal good fortune attend a plenty of other non-resident shooters who break the laws of the States where they go to shoot.

Out at St. Paul they have an active and energetic game dealer by the name of R. E Cobb, who handles a good deal of the legal or illegal game of Mr. Fullerton's State. A few days ago Deputy Warden William Tuttle, acting under the recommendation of a hotel keeper, went to Mr. Cobb and said that he needed some prairie chickens for a banquet. He got thirty-five illegal prairie chickens. Mr. Cobb will get $10 and costs for each bird.

At Litchfield, Minn., on Aug. 15, Warden Fullerton caught a "sooner" with seven illegal prairie chickens in his buggy. It is said that the country about Litchfield has been full of chicken shooters for two weeks, and the only wonder is that more have not been apprehended.

Warden Harry Loveday, of Chicago, has been hustling his best this summer. He has done a lot of correspondence, and has appointed over seventy deputy wardens. In his work he has been left quite alone, no State wardens having yet been appointed for Peoria and Quincy. It seems not to be generally known—even by Gov. Tanner himself—that there are, under the law, three State game wardens, and not one. It would seem to be time that Quincy and Peoria were heard from.

So far as I know, Warden Loveday has had but one illegal game case and one conviction. On yesterday William H. Jung, a restaurant keeper of 106 East Randolph street, this city, was fined $10 and costs for offering for sale venison, this item being listed in his bill of fare. The case was tried before Justice Prindiville, and the man Jung offered a unique defense. He declared the meat actually sold was not venison, but bear meat, and both he and his cook swore that this was the case. Jung furthermore produced as a witness the man who sold him the meat. The latter, an employee of the house of F. M. Smith, game dealer, also swore the meat was not venison, but bear meat. This man knew his business well. Anyone who works for the big game dealers like Smith is far more useful if he has a handy conscience and a correct memory, the accuracy of the latter member being gauged by his ability to remember having sold nothing but legal game. Justice Prindiville listened calmly to these doughty, or doubty swearers, smiled, and soaked Mr. Jung $10 and costs

Methods of Game Dealers.

There is no doubt that if illegal game is being handled on South Water street this summer it is done in a well-covered manner, and with no flaunting disregard of the law. At times the dealers in illegal game have been somewhat put to it to cover up their illicit property. One firm has been in the habit of keeping its contraband stuff in a loft to which access was had by means of a ladder. If any suspicious parties appeared the ladder was removed, so that suspicion was not apt to be directed to the real hiding place of the game. One other firm when pressed close by a former warden, was obliged to take a lot of game out on the roof of the store to escape detection. It is said that at the time when the Chicago Club had its property searched for illegal game a number of prairie chickens were secreted under a bed!

The "Hot Time" at Grand Rapids.

The Itasca Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, Minn., will hold its annual trap-shooting tournament Oct 29 and 30, and it has been at some pains in spreading the announcement that there will be a "hot time" at Grand Rapids on these dates. It is likely that this tournament is to be a sort of boom-promoter for the town. A large attendance of shooters is anticipated, and it is announced that there will be a grand moose hunt, to which all visiting sportsmen will be invited. The tournament will be held in the deer-shooting season, but the moose season does not open until Nov. 5. I fancy that a trap tournament with the side show of a "grand moose hunt" is something not often set down in the annals of sport, though I fear very much that the best of sportsmen will not care to add to the "hot time" at Grand Rapids at the particular time set forth in the prospectus. Moose hunting is something for the individual and not for the crowd. If the sportsmen of Grand Rapids have really some moose country near them, as it is said to have, they can do much better than to exploit it by means of a "hot time," whose main feature is a general moose hunt with a brass band and a hallelujah chorus.

Distinguished Guests.

Oftentimes there appear distinguished guests whose names are such as they themselves will not willingly let die. In the human heart there springs perpetually the belief of each individual that he is different from all the rest of the world, and a little bit better. The men who take a rifle along when they go mascallonge fishing think it is no harm for them to shoot a deer, although very wrong for any one else. The club man who licks his chops over a little previous chicken grouse deprecates any such practice in other persons, but cannot see how the law can be construed to apply to himself.

Just now two singular instances came to mind of this distinguished personage business. A Pennsylvania Congressman wants to go elk hunting in Wyoming this month, and has telegraphed Governor Richards of Wyoming for permission to kill elk. Such permission has been respectfully declined. A similar request was made of Governor Richards by the U. S Geological Survey party at work this summer in the Teton forest reserves. These men wanted permission to kill game for food, but their request was denied. Yet another instance occurs this month in Colorado, and this not without certain comic features. A party of Kentucky men engaged in hunting in Colorado discovered that they were breaking the law, and wrote to State Game Commissioner Swan, begging him to give them a special dispensation. As one unanswerable argument, they stated that if he would do this, they would send him a barrel of the best Kentucky whisky obtainable in the entire Blue Grass Country! After this it was indeed tough to be told that no elk or deer could be killed except in the course of scientific research. The Kentucky hunters will return to their State firmly convinced that Colorado at least has an absolutely incorruptible warden!

Wild Pigeons in Wisconsin.

Messrs. Metz & Schloerb, of Oshkosh, Wis., write me, under date of Aug. 14, a very interesting letter regarding the appearance of wild pigeons in upper Wisconsin. The information is brief but authentic, the letter reading:

"Seven flocks of wild pigeons were seen here this morning about 6 A. M., Aug. 14. The flocks ranged in size from about ten to fifty. They were flying low along the shores of Lake Winnebago, and are the first seen here in eighteen years.

"There is no mistake about this, and I think you will soon hear from other sources about the presence of wild pigeons amongst us again."

More About Pheasants.

Mr. J. F. Blome, of Tomah, Wis., writes me on Aug. 18 about his success with the pheasants which he is breeding in an amateur way. He says he has two hens and a cock, which he obtained this spring. One of the hens has laid eighty-nine eggs this summer, and the other seventy-two. He wants to know if anybody has beaten this record. Next spring Mr. Blome will breed these birds more extensively, and will market a few if his good luck continues. I should say that his birds are the English ring-necked pheasant, and he says they are very gamy fowl. E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Maine Game Regions.

For the benefit of sportsmen who are seeking the most desirable localities in the Maine forests the coming fall for hunting big game, I desire to call their attention to the region of the Moose River. The C. P. Railway passes directly through the heart of one of the most desirable portions of the great Maine wilderness for moose, deer and caribou. Jackman station on this railway is the most central one to take to reach the best moose hunting that, I am satisfied, can be found in Maine.

From this point it is fifteen miles on the old Canada turnpike, a most excellent road for wagoning, to the boundary line between Maine and Canada.

From there it is fifteen miles in a dense wilderness to Portage and Penobscot lakes. A good saddle road has been cut through to these lakes, where are eight large and comfortable hunting camps, good guides, excellent cooks, and good, substantial camp fare. There is a carry of only one mile between the two lakes.

Deer are very abundant now almost anywhere in the Maine woods, but in the Moose River region they are so plenty that the settlers are complaining bitterly of their trespasses upon their fields and growing crops.

But while deer are to be found in many places, it is not every section of northern Maine that affords good moose hunting.

The Portage Lake country is an exceptionally good one for moose without question. Some caribou were killed there last year, and several of the guides there told me recently that they had seen more this year than last.

The open season for deer is the same as formerly, Oct. 1, but moose cannot be taken this year until Oct. 15.

Parties desiring information regarding this region for moose hunting had better correspond with C. A. Coleman, Jackman, Me. J. F. Sprague.

Monson, Me., Aug. 16.

Green Mountain Deer.

The city papers have been very arduous of late in whooping up the deer of Vermont, in many cases letting their enthusiasm get the better of their veracity. There are deer in this State, that is very true, but if the city sportsman comes up to Vermont expecting to see them on every hillside he will be sadly disappointed. The southern and eastern parts of the State support a few specimens, and these poor, lonesome representatives of the deer tribe did so much damage to the crops (?) that the last Legislature, after much brain exhaustion (?), concluded that an open season would be the thing, and so Vermont offers golden (?) opportunities this fall for the deer stalker. It is rumored that the farmers where the deer are said to abound have got a cross between the Jersey cow and the razorback hog on the market, so that no sportsman need return without venison. But I cannot vouch for the truth of the story. Stranger things than that have happened, however.

I read with much interest the account in your paper of the occurrence of the mocking bird in this State, and I think I know of a later occurrence. Some time since, while talking with the curator of the State museum, he informed me that he knew of an occurrence of the above-mentioned bird as nesting in the southern part of this State only a year or two. A friend from Massachusetts informs me that he has seen several of that species in his State during the last five years, and on one occasion found a nest with four eggs. It may be possible that this Southern songster is extending his range of distribution to take in the New England States.

Mount Tom's article, in a recent number of your paper, has the true ring to it. It is a lamentable fact that sportsmen often slaughter (that's the only word) game ruthlessly for the gratification of their desire to kill. A dozen partridges or ducks ought to satisfy the greediest sportsman, but many times you will hear him boast of his hundreds, and then regret that some were still flying in the woods and marshes. No true sportsman ever pursues this course, only human beings with pot-hunter instincts. We have had our share in Vermont, and at times the "pismire" age seemed close at hand, but now, thanks to game legislation, the state of things is improving. Kenewah.

Milton, Vt., Aug. 16.

Illinois Prairie Chicken Season.

A curious complication has arisen concerning the enforcement of the game law which forbids the killing of prairie chickens in certain months in each year, and Game Warden H. W. Loveday, who makes his headquarters in this city, says he hears of many people who openly disregard the law and of some officials who refuse to prosecute under it. In 1889 the Legislature amended the game laws, and the House changed the date of the open season so that the killing of these birds was only lawful between Sept. 15 and Nov. 1. The Senate amended the House act by changing 15 to 1 in a specified line, and the House concurred; but the bill as passed contained the dates fixed by the House, and thus the bill stands. Those who now defy the law assert it was changed by the clerk of the House and is invalid. Mr. Loveday and ex-Game Warden Bortree assert that the law is valid. It is the intention of Mr. Loveday to strictly enforce the law as it stands.—*Chicago Herald.*

Country vs. Town.

Vinton, Ia.—There are a few who would like to have it understood that the farmers commit all the crimes against the game laws, and that the passing of the game is due to the criminal disposition of them alone. There is now and then a city sportsman who, upon having trouble with a farmer, seems to denounce all farmers as a class. J. K. B.

Ansonia, Pa.—I have lived in the country all my life, and have handled a gun ever since I was large enough to hold one; and where I am known I am considered a fair wingshot. I think human nature is about the same whether a man is dressed in corduroy and $15 hunting boots or in overalls and $2 cowhides. I have hunted with a good many so-called sportsmen, and I never hunted with one yet who was satisfied to stop when he had a reasonable amount of game. He always wanted to make a score. A. Van G.

Off for the Bitter Root.

Nevada, Ia., Aug. 20.—A small party of Nevada's best citizens, Dr. C. E. Hoag, Dr. F. S. Smith, J. M. Wells and Hon. J. F. Reed, will leave about Aug. 30 for the big game country. Their destination is the Bitter Root Mountains. These gentlemen are true sportsmen, and all but one are experienced hunters. They are fitted out with Winchester repeating rifles, .30 40, smokeless; Kenwood sleeping bags and cameras. They have engaged one of the best guides in the West, M. P. Dunham, and will also be joined in Montana by a brother of Mr. Reed. Dr. Hoag has partially promised me that the trip shall be written up for Forest and Stream, and if it is we may expect some entertaining reading.

John C. Briggs.

Information Wanted About Duck Shooting.

Parkersburg, W. Va., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly make inquiry through your valuable paper for information regarding good points for duck shooting—for some information regarding the Sunken Lands below Cairo? Our party (members of the Mountain State Gun Club) are trying to make selection of location for our fall shooting trip, and some favor inland or swamp and others seashore shooting, so we are desirous of getting information on the subject, and know of no better way to reach sportsmen than through Forest and Stream. Anything you may do in the matter will be fully appreciated

C. L. S.

Mr. Adams in Town.

Mr. B. H. Adams, of the Moosehead Ranche, Wyoming, has been in town for some little time. He came on with the consignment of elk, buffalo and deer shipped by that ranche to Mr. W. C. Whitney for his preserve near Lenox. That these animals all reached their destination in good condition was due very largely to the unremitting watchfulness and care exercised by Mr. Adams.

New York Fish and Game Protectors.

Name.	*Address.*
J. Warren Pond	Chief Protector, Albany.
John E. Leavitt	Assistant Chief, Johnstown.
M. C. Worts	Assistant Chief, Oswego.
S. T. Clock	Oyster Protector, Bay Shore.
Edgar Hicks	Oyster Protector, West New Brighton.
John Ferguson	Assistant Oyster Protector, Patchogue
J. L. Ackley	Penn Yan, Yates county.
F. S. Beede	Keene Valley, Essex county.
George Carver	Lyons, Wayne county.
T. H. Donnelly	Perry, Wyoming county.
L. S. Emmons	Oneonta, Otsego county.
Robert S. Jones	Hardenburg, Ulster county.
J. F. Shedden	Mooers, Clinton county.
Abraham W. Wyckoff	Jamaica, Queens county.
Eugene Hathway	Harrisville, Lewis county.
Spencer Hawn	Cicero, Onondaga county.
James Holmes	Apalachin, Tioga county.
Carlos Hutchins	Indian Lake, Hamilton county.
Willett Kidd	Newburg, Orange county.
Hiram L. Wait	Gray, Herkimer county.
J. D. Lawrence	Bloomville, Delaware county.
J. H. Lamphere	Weedsport, Cayuga county.
J. W. Littlejohn	Loon Lake, Franklin county.
E. J. Lobdell	Northville, Fulton county.
B. H. McCollum	Oswegatchie, St. Lawrence county.
Joseph Northup	Alexandria Bay, Jefferson county.
Albert Warren	Williamstown, Oswego county.
F. M. Potter	Chautauqua, Chautauqua county.
Stanton J. Tefft	Greenwich, Washington county.
D. N. Pomeroy	Lockport, Niagara county.
W. L. Reed	Canandaigua, Ontario county.
R. M. Rush	Camden, Oneida county.
Bernard Salisbury	Ellicottville, Cattaraugus county.
Nicholas Shaul	Middle Grove, Saratoga county.
George B. Smith	Horseheads, Chemung county.
Alvin Winslow	Stony Creek, Warren county.
E. I. Brooks	Rochester, Monroe county

E. A. Hazen, protector for the Thousand Islands, Hammond, St. Lawrence county.

Fred H. Smith, Bolton, Warren county, custodian of Lake George Islands.

key, would make an almost entire failure of bringing off young in a perfectly dry season. They lay as many eggs as at other times, but the eggs do not hatch. A certain degree of humidity seems necessary to the life and development of the embryo. And nobody knows what dry air really means till he has felt that of Mexico and the West. I should like to know if any of your readers have made observations which corroborate the above. AZTEC.

MEXICO.

A Fatal Collision in the Air.

TONASKET, Okanogan county, Wash.—In a recent issue, Point criticises the statement of Shadow in regard to the grouse going 40yds. after it was dead. Well, it is quite a way, but grouse fly very fast, as I once had an occasion of observing. One fall I took my gun and dog, and went out one evening to try and kill some grouse, not so much for sport as for the meat. I went into some stubble, and soon flushed quite a large flock that flew out toward the prairie, and intending to mark them down, I kept my eyes on them. Soon I saw another flock coming from the south. It so happened that they crossed a given point at the same time. Two of them collided. I plainly heard the collision, and saw one of the birds fall; it seemed to me that it came straight down. The other went a short distance. I went out to where they fell, and soon the dog found them. The one that fell straight down was badly bruised, its wing, ribs and leg were broken, and the liver and heart was all bruised. The one that had struck was badly bruised about the breast, and its vitals were all bloodshot; both were dead. I have often seen dead birds under the telegraph wire, but these were the only ones I ever saw hit each other with any force.

LEW WILMOT.

Naturally Trapped Water Birds.

CALAIS Me., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to your question about birds being caught by mussels, I would say this has many times been noticed here. A case of a young loon was recorded by Prof. Ganong in the *Auk* not long ago, the bird being caught by the lower bill. Tongue and bill were cut off when released from the mussel, and the bird went away quite lively.

The shooters have reported to me several water birds trapped in that way, but birds are much more frequently caught by the toes. Mr. Sage had the picture of one—a sora—in the *Auk*, and I have sent them to Prof. Baird, at the Smithsonian years ago. Our flats a few miles down the river are largely covered with small salt water mussels, and before the shore birds were destroyed they were often caught there by the bill and toes. The knot (*Tringa canatus*) or robin snipe, at times were so plenty the beach would be red; then in a week or two, the young or gray birds would come along, as the boys say, by the million, mixed with plovers and curlews. Now all are gone. I have not seen a knot or curlew for years, and hardly a plover. Now like the wild pigeons all are gone.

GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

"TWO IN ONE."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading over a late copy of your paper, I was touched in a tender spot by an article entitled "Two in One," by Reformer. It was the realism of the article that touched the responsive chord and not any sympathy I have for that style of sportsmanship.

What a bundle of inconsistency and iniquity Reformer must be! And yet I feel strangely drawn toward him and would almost be willing to loan him (out of sight and unseen) the new hammerless Parker I am going to get as soon as I get able. Nor is it any kindred spirit that does the drawing act, either, for my tactics have been just opposite to those of Reformer.

I have argued against and scolded at the game laws as administered, but, in the matter of shooting have always respected their provisions. Nor do I want to claim any credit for doing it, either, as it was more from cowardice than from any real respect.

Nor have I any kick coming because I did not get my share of game, for I have easily taken fifteen or twenty times my *pro rata* share. Nor have I any apology to offer for doing so, for I have played the game according to rule as laid down by law.

Reformer's article tells the whole story of the almost universal contempt for all game laws. The man with a hotel, who wants the game left to draw a crowd, and the man with a magazine or paper which he wants to circulate among sportsmen, and who hopes to curry favor by shouting loud and long at imaginary game law violators while he, inadvertently perhaps, writes himself down as a law-breaker on the next page; the man with a book for sale, on "How to Catch It"; the would-be warden; the guide, etc., have all been studied and read through and through by the public, with the result that all game legislation is coming to be treated as, and to a great extent, a farce. Talk about professional hunting and trap-shooting ruining sport! perhaps they have done something in that line; but the professional game protector has wrought a thousandfold in evil. But it is never too late to mend. Weed out the agencies that have led to such universal disrespect of the game laws. The would-bes have been leading and instructing the public, lo, these many years, and we are further in the wilderness than ever. It is time the unprofessional public took a hand in the educational business.

I have in mind an old gentleman (I suppose he is old from the fact that I understand he founded the FOREST AND STREAM) by the name of Hallock, who would make a good leader on such a tandem. His life study of the habits and haunts of game, and his smooth, easy, unirritating way of stating facts would make him a great force for harmonious and effective work. E. P. JACQUES.

GENESEO, Ill.

OHIO'S PHEASANTRY.

VAN WERT, O., Aug. 4.—A few years ago the Ohio Fish and Game Commission, which is composed at present of the following gentlemen: George Falloon, president; J. C. Burnett, Sabina; E. H. Shorb, Van Wert; Albert Brewer, Tiffin; J. W. Owens, Newark; L. H. Reutinger, secretary and chief warden, Athens, decided that it would be time and money well spent if they should devote their attention, and a portion of the small appropriation allowed the board by the legislature in breeding and rearing the splendid and prolific game bird, the English, ringneck and Mongolian pheasants, to which should be given the free range of our entire State.

A pheasantry was first established near Celina, Mercer county, but for various reasons the commission was compelled to remove the same to a more favorable location, and selection was made of lands one mile northwest of this city. Seventeen acres, consisting mostly of woodland, were leased by the commission for the purpose erecting a pheasantry. The same is now well established and is doing well under the immediate supervision of Commissioner Eugene H. Shorb, who has made a study of pheasant breeding and who was the first to successfully raise the birds in this State, ten years ago.

Public interest in this fine game bird is general throughout the State, and can only be comprehended by seeing the enormous number of letters received by the commission asking for information as to where the birds are procured and how they are raised.

Through the courtesy of commissioner Shorb, a representative of the State Journal had the pleasure of visiting the pheasantry the other day. Only a very limited number of visitors are allowed to enter the grounds, and the entrance gate is kept constantly locked, as the birds are very timid and easily frightened by strange faces. The pheasantry is enclosed by a hog barb wire fence, sixteen strands, 10ft. high, to keep out dogs and other disturbers.

The average number of eggs laid by a pheasant during the season is forty-five. From April to the middle of June 4,356 eggs were set. Out of this number 3,130 pheasants hatched, and to-day there are upward of 3,000 strong, healthy birds on the farm. From March up to the present date upward of 6,100 eggs have been laid by the pheasants on the farm. Last spring about 2,000 eggs were sent by Commissioner Shorb to citizens in various counties of the State for hatching purposes, and it is reported they have all done well.

At present there is a force of five persons, four men and a woman, on the farm.

The propagating of Mongolian, English and ringneck pheasants is no easy task, as the following particulars of how it is done will show: It requires hard, tedious and diligent work to raise the birds in such large numbers. The setting is done by hens procured from farmers. The hen is placed in a box 20in square, made from barn siding, to which a runway is attached 60in.×20in. and 12in. high. The runway, which is covered with wire netting, is detachable from the box at the end wherein the hen is set and where the hen and young birds are protected from storm and cold. Both the runway and the box are placed on the ground and the nest is constructed by taking a square piece of sod about the size of the box and in the center cut out a round space about the size of a hen's nest.

A little dry leaves or chaff is then placed in the bottom of the nest; the hen is disinfected well with insect powder before placing her upon the nest. She is then placed upon the nest with common eggs for two days before placing the pheasant eggs under her; this is done to test her staying qualities. The eggs are then placed under the hen at nighttime, after removing the hen's eggs. Food and water is placed in the runway so the hen can subsist during incubation. The eggs are examined every day, and for this purpose the lid, or roof, of the box is lifted while the hen is out of the runway, so that none become broken or soiled. In case the eggs beeome soiled from broken eggs or otherwise, they are cleansed with a rag wet in tepid water and wiping them. However, the eggs must not, under any circumstances, be placed in water.

It requires from twenty-two to twenty-four days for the eggs to hatch. After they have been under the hen twenty days they are sprinkled with lukewarm water twice a day. This is necessary in order to enable the young birds to leave the shell. The runway and box fit close to the ground to prevent the young birds from leaving, and unless this precaution were taken they would leave the hen as soon as they were out of the shell.

The hen and young birds are kept closely in the box for twenty-four hours after they are hatched, and not allowed to have either food or drink. At the end of twenty-four hours both the hen and young birds are let out into the runway; the hen is given all the corn she will eat and this keeps her from eating the food of her young. The food for the young birds for the first week is custard made of milk and eggs, and which is given fresh at least five times a day. Great care is taken not to feed too much at a time, so as to keep the coop clean. If this were not done the place would become foul and tend to breed disease and the birds would die from diarrhœa.

The food for the young birds for the second week consists of custard and milk curd. The custard is given three times a day and milk curd, which is mixed in equal parts of ground hemp and canary seed, is given twice a day. Some young lettuce and young onion tops chopped fine are added to both the custard and the milk curd. The young birds are also given plenty of green food by placing lettuce or young clover in the coops. Thus their food is frequently changed.

At the end of a week the young birds are fed hard-boiled eggs and boiled potatoes chopped fine and mixed together. Ants and ant eggs, grasshoppers and flies are also added to the bill of fare for the young birds when they can be procured. At the end of twenty-four days the young birds are fed chopped fresh beef and crissel's sprats or prairie meat. Great care is taken in preparing the food not to have it form a paste. At the age of one month a little canary feed and wheat are given. When the young birds are three months old they are fed chopped oats and barley mixed with cornmeal.

During the first week the birds get no water, as they get quite enough from the custard. The young birds drink from a vessel not more than ½in. deep; this is done so they cannot get wet. They are kept in the runway about ten days, so they will learn the call of the hen. After this they are allowed to run at large, but the hen is confined until the young birds are weaned, which is usually done when they are six weeks old. After this length of time they have learned to roost in the box,

The water is changed three times a day, and the vessels are kept clean all the time. The feeding, which is one of the most important duties on the pheasantry, is done by experts. At present about ten gallons of milk and thirty-three dozen hen's eggs are cooked daily into a custard and fed to the little pheasants. Feeding is done at regular intervals five times a day. When old and strong enough, they are fed grain and turned out on the farm to scratch for themselves.

The matured male bird weighs about 4lbs. and the hens 1lb. less. The general make-up is one of beauty. There are but few birds liberated so far this year. A dozen were turned loose in Wyandot county last week.

Last year hundreds of the birds were liberated in different parts of the State, where the natural conditions are favorable, and where the Commission had the assurance of organized protection on the part of the public. The Legislature has enacted a law forbidding the killing of pheasants until the year 1900, and the Commission will see that this law is strictly enforced in every county in the State.

It certainly appears that should the commissioners meet with the same degree of success in the next three years that they have this year, and with a strict enforcement of the game laws, our State will abound with the birds in 1900 It will prove a great benefit to our farmers, and will more than recompense them for what little grain they may take from their fields, by destroying bugs and insects that are now proving very destructive to crops.

At a meeting recently held in Columbus, the Ohio Fish and Game Commission decided to begin the distribution of pheasants the latter part of August. About 2,500 birds will be liberated throughout the State. It was stated at the meeting that the 200 pairs liberated last year had increased to 2,000. The commission offers a reward of $25 to any person who will furnish information that will convict anyone of molesting or killing pheasants in this State before Nov. 1, 1900.—*Ohio State Journal.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Early Birds.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 21.—Three weeks ago I was advised by a gentleman in business on South Water street that prairie chickens could be obtained. I could not secure from him any further statement. He declined to give the names of parties having such illegal game in possession. The steward of a certain Chicago restaurant last week approached a gentleman of my acquaintance and offered to serve him young prairie chicken if he desired.

Sportsmen of Ottawa, Ill., have been troubled with early shooting, and are this month taking urgent steps to break it up.

At McPherson, Kan., the farmers of several townships have organized to prevent illegal and destructive shooting.

At Zanesville, Wis., illegal shooting of prairie chickens has been going on for weeks, so that it is feared few will be left at the opening date, Sept. 1.

At Polo, Ill., there has been a reaction against the old-time illegal shooting, and there is a strong movement for the enforcement of the law on prairie chickens. The local paper suggests a close season on prairie chickens in this State for five years.

At North Dixon, Ill., illegal shooting has been going on some time on prairie chickens. This is one of the worst corners in the State for this sort of law-breaking.

DeKalb, Ill., is one of those towns which have taken a position that the Illinois game law has been amended to read Sept. 1. Warden Loveday has visited DeKalb and given warning that all shooters who go out after prairie chickens before Sept. 15 will be prosecuted. It may be worth while to remind the DeKalb men that any prosecution thus brought will be certain to stick, for the men who claim Sept. 1 as the chicken date of Illinois have absolutely no evidence upon which to rest their case in court. The original bill from which the copy was made by the engrossing clerk was destroyed, and there is no means of showing what was or what was not the reading of the "line 6," in which the change of date was to have been made. These facts were developed by Mr. M. R. Bortree, who to-day pointed out the matter to me. The date of Sept. 15 is the one which will stand and which will stick in the courts, and those who shoot before Sept 16 may learn this in a more expensive manner than by the simple reading of the facts.

Mr. Valentine Hicks, of Ashton, Ill., has been appointed deputy game warden for Lee county. Mr. Hicks is an enthusiast on game protection, and his connection with the Rising Sun Game Park Association was some years ago mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM.

At Mitchell, S. D., the South Dakota Fish and Game Protective Association is doing good work. It offers a reward for each conviction of violation of the game laws. The farmers are taking interest and are determined that illegal shooting shall not be tolerated next year as it was this.

The season in South Dakota opened yesterday, and to-day there will be thousands of guns afield. Some dozens of hunters left Grand Forks, S. D., on Thursday, to get an early start Friday morning.

At Fulda, Minn., attempts are making by the local sportsmen for the enforcement of the chicken law. The local paper urges that the opening date be respected. This is a sample of a movement that seems to be going on all over the West this year. I have never noticed in the country press so general a position in favor of supporting the prairie chicken law, nor do I believe that there has ever been before so general and determined opposition to the methods of the men who go out to shoot the chickens ahead of the law.

Where to Go for Chickens.

This week I have a number of letters from gentlemen wishing to be told where they may find good chicken shooting. This is a question difficult to answer. It is reported in a general way, but in such manner as to indicate accuracy, that chickens will be more abundant in Minnesota and North Dakota this year than at any time for some years. I think on the whole I should recommend the upper part of North Dakota; for instance, Pembina and points further west, along the Soo railroad.

How Chickens were Marketed.

I observe that in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM my unknown friend, Grumbler, charges me with ignorance of the methods of the market shooters who shot prairie chickens in Minnesota in the early days. He says that these shooters did not use ice-barrels, but drew their birds and stuffed them with hay. Of course, I should not like to be understood as saying that I know more about Grumbler's

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

SOME FISHING WHIMSEYS.

SIASCONSET, Nantucket Island, Mass.—It is here that fish do abound. At this season they are of the blue persuasion and all are birthright members. They hold protracted meetings in front of the village. They gambol on the "rips." I can't find it in my heart to disturb them in their innocent pleasure of carrying destruction into the seried ranks of the mossbunkers and other small fry. The mossbunkers don't enjoy the experience. They are not built that way.

The gifts of Providence are dispensed differently. Some men have the genius for catching fish; others the talent for eating them. Let others catch. The bluefish can't say it is I who ruthlessly break up their home circles. All I do is to eat them when caught by other men who have less tender sympathies. I neither fish nor cut bait. To this I attribute a fair reputation for truth and veracity in circles where I am not too well known. There is an occult relation between going a-fishing and lying about it afterward. Writers on ethics have not given the subject the consideration it deserves. I can't account for it except on the supposition that the writers are fishermen and do not wish to write in self-condemnation. Every liar is not a fisherman. The few fishermen who do tell the truth prove the general rule to be the other way. I used to believe that fishermen did experience pleasure in the sport. It was a generous illusion. It has been dispelled by close observation. I now know that the only inducement for men to go a-fishing is for the pleasuse of lying about it afterward. This statement applies to amateurs. Men who gain their subsistence as toilers on the waters do it as a business. It is pelf, not pleasure, they seek.

The average amateur fisherman says he loves the sport. He travels off ten miles to whip a trout stream. He sits on a bank and holds a rod and line with one hand and fights mosquitoes and black flies with the other until nightfall. He anchors himself on a rock or a bridge with a drop line; at intervals he mournfully hauls in and spits on his bait and throws it out again. He sits in a small boat in waters where striped bass or sheephead sport in sweet communion and eat their neighbors. In solemn silence he awaits the coming of an unsuspecting fish which he hopes will be tempted by the bait he has thrown to allure his hankering maw. He does all these things, even in a drenching rain or a pinching cold. He does it, too, with a foreknowledge that his friends will wonder when they next see him whether he is recovering from the chickenpox or has been applying a blanket blister plaster to his face for a toothache, involving the entire force of his teeth on the retired list. He may come home without a scale of his own raising That "don't makes no difference." He will speak in rapturous praises of the delights felt in the silent communion with nature. He will descant on the poetic emotions inspired by gazing upon the landscape or listening to the cadences of the rippling waters. He will tell of the healthful effects on mind and body that come from rest to the brain, and breathing in the air free from the noisome exhalations of urban surroundings. But the climax comes when he tells of the wild ecstasy he feels when the fish strikes the hook and the struggles that ensue when drawing him from his native element. How mortals do deceive themselves!

Quiet and sentiment don't pay for the loneliness, the annoyance and the fatigues inseparable from going a-fishing. Else why do fishermen never raid the waters without a pocket filled with highly concentrated fluid consolation? A man who enjoys the experience, *per se*, doesn't need to reinforce the pleasure by removing the cork from the business end of a bottle. It is when his spirits droop that he invokes other spirits from the vasty shoals of that pocket companion. They bring him solace and give him courage. They prepare him for feats of romantic narrative. If he catches no fish he buys them at the market, and exhibits the stock as the result of his skill. If he brings in a pitiful string of light weights, he smuggles it into the house. Then he goes outside. He tells a story, in which he triples the number and quadruples the weight of the catch. That is bad enough. But no fisherman's story is believed without confirmatory proofs. In nine cases out of ten he drags wife, daughter, son, cook and chambermaid into the abyss of mendacity to sustain his story. The chief of the Department of Ethics in the Census Bureau writes me that he was astounded himself at the disclosure by the statistics of the number of wives and mothers whose home life had been beautiful and characters without reproach, who began downward careers in a reluctant affirmation of their husbands' exploits as a fisherman. In each case, the initial step taken, her conscience became seared and her course was down, down, until the point of abject depravity was reached. "Then," the chief writes me, "without a blush she would pass hours and hours in building crazy quilts and writing spring poetry." As the chief is not a fisherman, I believe what he says. If by chance a fisherman hauls in a fish of fair proportion he will regale his companions for a half hour in describing the efforts the captive made to escape and the dexterous skill he had to use to land him. Then he will tell about another fish twice as big and four times as gamy that got away just as he got him close to the gunwale or the shore.

A story is told of a fisherman who, for fifteen years, sat on an abutment of London Bridge day after day, rain or shine, holding his rod and line. He was never seen to raise a fish. One day a man asked him if he had caught anything that day. He answered no, but that three years before he had had a splendid nibble. This was told to illustrate the patience supposed to be the characteristic virtue of the ideal fisherman. I don't believe it. No man would sit day in and day out so many years to experience the perpetual joy of catching no fish. He could drop a line into his cistern, go off and read the "Pandects of Justinian" or "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted," or some other equally exciting work, and find just as many fish waiting when he should return home and pull in the line. If, for argument, I admit there was such a man, I know what his answer would have been. He would have told the marvelous number he had caught the previous day or week, followed by a bill of particulars of the number and weight of the fish he had landed. If further proof of the absurdity of the story were needed, its author fails to chronicle that the man was not seen to take a drink during the whole fifteen years. That is conclusive.

I think I have shown that fishing and telling incredible stories about are intimately connected. I am convinced, too, that the paucity of the catch and the stories told about it are always in inverse ratio one to the other. The smaller the catch the bigger the story, until zero is reached. Then lying, *ipso facto*, touches the boiling point. I didn't cipher this out until I came to Siasconset. Here and elsewhere on the island a man can nearly always catch enough to satisfy moderate wishes and sometimes the wildest ambition. I have seen a fisherman pull into his dory, a few hundred feet from the beach, from thirty to sixty fine bluefish in a single afternoon. When cod "strike on" in the spring and fall he can go out in a dory and sometimes bring in from fifty to one hundred off a single tide. From Sesachacha Pond a boy or girl will often average a perch a minute until tired, to say nothing of an occasional eel that will seek the favor of being caught to vary the entertainment. A man has scarce ever a chance to lie in telling fish stories here. His enthusiasm for the sport is chilled. His spirits are depressed. Inverting the bottle will not dispel the gloom He leaves for other waters where there is some margin left for extravagant story telling. He never thinks of 'Sconset except in the privacy of self communion.

There is one apparent exception to the broad statement I have made. It is apparent only. Those who go sharking wrestle with a game they are not familiar with either in theory or in practice. They neither know the sharking grounds nor how to catch the fish when the ground is reached. They rely upon the practical man who furnishes boat and tackle and bait. He it is who baits the fisherman's hook; throws out the line; tells him when a shark has struck; when and how to haul in; does nearly all the work; persuasively hammers the shark on his nose to overcome his scruples against getting into the boat; pulls him on board, and finally lands him on the beach. Matters are lively for a time. The fisherman may perhaps do one-tenth of the work; but for the contributary aid he does render he feels that he is a hero. Then comes the temptation to lie. When the time comes he will tell his friends that he did it. That is to be expected. Perhaps he did, but it was on the principle of *qui facit per alium facit per se*. On the question of weight, however, he must take advice. There is no scale on the beach where the carcass is to be buried. The owner of the boat comes to his rescue. He has an eye to business. He knows the weakness of his patron and wants further employment. If he shall say that a consumptive shark that might lift the beam at 200lbs. weighs 800, the fisherman is more than satisfied. On that authority he will tell his friends that he caught and landed a shark that weighed nearly a half a ton. As the statement is not above the average of a fisherman's stories it will probably not be found recorded against him on the day of judgment. EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

THE POETRY OF BAIT FISHING.

THE day is breaking. The darkness fades away like a heavy veil. Light comes again to earth, and discloses the beauty of her sister, Nature.

After hastily eating a small lunch, buckling on the basket, snatching the rod and cramming the baking-powder can (filled with bait) into my pocket, I hurriedly unlock the door and step out into the cold, crisp, bracing air.

A short walk brings me to the little railway station, and while loitering around the platform and being asked the usual number of times, "Are you going fishing?" I am joined by my companion John, and we are off.

Reclining on one of the old, rickety, velvet-covered seats, we settle down to enjoy the scenery. As the train goes winding along the river bank, we see the broad meadows, peaceful cattle, and the farmer going his daily rounds. Further on we run through small patches of woods; then longer stretches, and we at length stop at a beautiful, clear stream winding away back into the woods as far as the eye can see. We jump off, but are not going to fish here even if it does look tempting.

We trudge along the rough road through the woods into a large clearing, climb a short hill, and suddenly there breaks upon our vision a new and inviting scene. The woods which environ us ring with the many sounds of nature; the birds are chirping to their mates; insects are humming, and from afar come the faint chime of the cow bells as the cattle are driven into the pasture. Down in the valley we see the stream winding gently through the meadows, and now and then gleaming in the soft sunshine.

We go down, and leaving our rods outside, stop at a farm house, where we are speedily made welcome; and then from out our pockets come sundry curious packages, which make the children crowd eagerly around. First we make Granny happy with a package and a new pipe, then Granther with a similar acceptable gift; and lastly, after undoing many wrappers, we draw forth the candy and sweetmeats for the children.

Bless their hearts! they look so happy that we feel more than repaid for the trifling outlay. Then intrusting the remainder to their mother, who deals it out more carefully, distributing the largest pieces to the best behaved, we sit down for a little chat with Grandmother. Presently George comes in, gives us a hearty shake of the hand, and wishes us "good luck."

He tells us where he lost a good one the day before and hopes we'll catch him, although himself secretly yearning for the glory.

With the promise to return to dinner we depart and soon reach the stream down by the old bridge, and hastily rig up and then drop a line with its enticing bait under the bridge; then from the depths I feel what reminds me of a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether, and finally, splashing and struggling, I land upon the gravel a bright fellow which would weigh about ½lb.

Now we separate; John goes up into the woods and I wander down among the daisies, where I soon come to an old mill which is fast falling to decay and in some places is completely overgrown with moss. Stepping carefully, I pick a way cautiously among the slippery timbers, and peeping over a half-rotted beam, I put on a fresh worm and drop it under the old mossy water-wheel. A sharp pull brings a responsive strike and I have hooked one. He tries to run under the sunken timbers on the other side of the hole, but I hold him back, then he dashes up under the water-wheel. Suddenly I hear a surge, the snell snaps, and I have lost him. With the reaction I lose my balance and down I go, the rod slipping from my grasp and falling into the water. I rise as gracefully as circumstances will permit and as by a certain impulse, grasp my pole firmly at the middle joint and, leaping like a chamois from crag to crag, finally deposit myself in a heap upon a nice, soft, yielding bed of the stickiest mud it was ever my good fortune to touch, meanwhile having left the butt of the rod where it had caught between two sunken timbers and reeled off about 40ft. of line which was wound about my legs in the most artistic manner possible. Strange to relate, only about half my fish went toward restocking this beautiful hole. Finally, ascertaining that nothing was broken, I scraped off about half of the mud, extricated myself from the fish-line, recovered my rod and proceeded. The mud, however, became so troublesome that I had to stop and wash part of it off, the other part, after the sun had dried it, I peeled off in lovely layers about 1in. thick.

I went on, now and then catching one and losing one until the horn from the farmhouse announced that dinner was ready. Then, with a light heart and a well-filled basket, I reached the house. John had preceded me; he also had met with good fortune, although his fish were a trifle smaller. FREDERICK W. FASSETT.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some very good fishing has been enjoyed this month in and about Lake St. John, and as usual at this season the sport is steadily improving. Among those who have within the last few weeks enjoyed excellent outings after trout and ouananiche, may be mentioned Mr. J. H. Wilkenson, of New York, who some two weeks ago made a splendid catch of ouananiche averaging 4lbs. in the Grande Décharge. Not only were the fish large, but they were extremely numerous. Mr. H. G. Fellows, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has also fished the ouananiche pools of the Décharge with great success. Rev. Dr. Dumbell, rector of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, had great sport up the Ouiatchouaniche about the beginning of the month, and Mr. J. G. Sutphen, of New York, has also had excellent fishing in the same stream. Mr. L. Letour secured a splendid string of ouananiche in the Décharge, and Mr. R. E. Robinson has been camping for about three weeks on an island below Lake St. John, where he was highly favored by the fickle deity who presides over the destinies of anglers. Messrs. D. A. Murray and R. W. Stevenson, of New York, made the Peribonca trip with very great success, securing magnificent takes of ouananiche and pike. Dr. J. C. Essig, Dr. Norman Essig and Mr. George Essig, of Philadelphia, essayed the trout fishing in the Riviere Croche, and met with the greatest success. Their good fortune will doubtless induce very many others to try this river, which, being about forty miles from the hotel at Roberval, has not, so far, been very much patronized. It falls into the St. Maurice. Dr. Lee, of Philadelphia, has left Roberval upon a long fishing and hunting trip, intending to cross the whole northern part of the continent to Moose Factory on James's Bay. The Messrs. McCormick, of Florida, have also left Lake St. John upon their second northern trip of the season. Ouananiche are now reported running up the Metabetchouan River, and with the approach of September there is likely to be a rush of anglers for the fall fishing in the island pools so graphically described by Dr. Van Dyke in "Little Rivers," and by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. Haggard, D.S.O., in his charming introduction to "The Ouananiche and Its Canadian Environment."

The days of the summer insect pests in these northern woods being now about numbered for the season, the members of the various fish and game clubs owning preserves along the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway are returning in large numbers to the scene of their last spring triumphs. Besides their fishing rods, many of them are also bringing rifles with them, for much of this country is already teeming with caribou. Mr. Graham H. Harris, of Chicago, who is now on the Tourille tract, has seen several of them this month. He is now fishing for the large trout of Lake George on this preserve, near the headwaters of both the Ste. Anne and the Metabetchouan rivers, the first of which flows into the St. Lawrence, and the second into Lake St. John. Mr. Harris has just been joined by his friends, Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, and the latter's brother-in-law, Mr. Onsley.

Caribou have frequently also been seen of late upon the Triton tract, which is about to be fished by a large number of prominent Syracuse anglers, and also by Messrs. Rathbone, of Albany, and Cheney, of Glens Falls. Among other very successful anglers upon this tract were Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, President of the Grand Trunk Railway, and Lady Wilson, of England, and Mr. Hays, general manager of the G. T. R. System. Mr. Hays was fortunate enough to obtain a view of a magnificent caribou.

Two or three members of the Springfield Club have recently left here for their club limits at Lake Amabalish, and next week will witness the arrival there of a number of others. The Nonantum and Metabetchouan Club members are already largely represented at their Canadian headquarters. Nearly a dozen of the latter, principally from Bridgeport, Meriden and other Connecticut points, are at Kiskisink, where they are enjoying splendid sport, 3 and 4lb. trout being fairly plentiful.

Speaking of club houses, I must not forget to tell you that up at the main lodge of the Tourilli the other day I saw something that made my mouth water, and that I suspect but few club houses hereabouts can boast of, namely, a complete set of the bound volumes of FOREST AND STREAM from the earliest number. They were presented to the club by its founder and president, J. U. Gregory, Esq., one of the keenest of Canadian sportsmen.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 20.

AN Egyptian invocation to Isis reads: "Oh, Isis, mistress of sorceries, deliver me, set me free, from all bad, evil, *red* things." This doesn't mean the bright red cover of the *Game Laws in Brief*, for while the *Brief* is in bright and plain English too, even an Egyptian would be interested in the handsome pictures.

CHICAGO FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 19.—Mr. Mansfield's record-breaking cast of 111¼ft., added to his recent startling performance at San Francisco, points unequivocally to the fact that there has come to the front a man who is unmistakably superior not only to the men he met in Chicago, but to all the other men who have in previous times met and recorded their ability with the rod and fly. Mr. Mansfield not only broke the record, but he broke it with a margin which has an actual championship tang to it, a sort of head-and shoulders significance which leaves his winning without a regret or a reservation in the mind of anybody. No accidents or fouls or untimely puffs of air, no shortcoming of any kind, will be urged by any unsuccessful one as reason for his not casting 111¼ft. Had all the anglers of the country been together, or a larger portion of them, it is highly improbable that anyone would have crowded Mr. Mansfield for his place. He may feel repaid for his long trip across the continent to measure rods with the cracks of the middle West; and the gentlemen who met him may be equally glad to have had him come, see and conquer them so handsomely. His work was really the feature of the tournament.

The other work, while good, has been surpassed, and is likely to be again surpassed by the men who did it. Mr. Davidson has previously beaten his record for this tournament with the bait rod, and although his friends in the other classes have put down records of which they need not be ashamed, they may hope to do as much again. Mr. Peet came strongly to the front, and Mr. Babcock, with his win in the interesting event of the roll-casting contest; proved himself a finished handler of the fly rod. It is likely that these two feel very well satisfied with their fortune. Among those who were near them in the totals were several who possibly might be willing to go into the matter a little further before concluding that they had done all that lies in them to do. Mr. Davidson kept up his local reputation for evenness of performance.

Among outsiders present were Messrs. Fred Divine, of Utica, N. Y.; W. F. Eames, of St. Louis, and G. A. Stevens, of Moline, Ill. These did not compete, so that really the contest was San Francisco against Chicago, single representative of the city by the Western sea taking two firsts, for long distance fly and for dry fly-casting in accuracy and delicacy, to say nothing of second in roll-casting, which fell behind the first by only one-third of 1 per cent. The Chicago men met a good one in Mr. Mansfield certainly, and they are proud to know him.

The arrangements at the park lagoon were well made, and the spot was in every way worthy of the assembly of even a larger number of contestants. The officers did all possible for the comfort of those in attendance, and the parting of the friendly competitors was made with the generally expressed pleasure that all had gone well in the second open tournament of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club. A large and interested crowd of spectators lined the banks of the lagoon, and at times made trouble by their curiosity and eagerness. The preparations for the events, the buoys, courts, tents, decorations, etc., left nothing to be asked, and the judging was acceptable to all, even to those who did not win. The following table will show the winners and records for each event of the tournament in accurate and accessible form:

	Roll Casting Fly.	Long Distance Bait, feet.	Long Distance Fly, feet.	Distance and Accuracy, per cent.	Accuracy and Delicacy, per cent.	Bait Casting Accuracy, per cent.
W. H. Babcock	90⅛	54′ 8⅘″	81	73	81⅛	81⅖
I. H. Bellows	89⅓	70′ 2″	87	76⅓	78⅔	94⅗
C. H. Chadwick	..	76′ 1⅕″	..	..	..	95⅘
L. F. Crosby	..	78′ 3⅕″	..	59⅔	..	91
F. B. Davidson	..	98′ 4⅕″	69	..	84⅝	..
B. W. Goodsell	87⅔	61′ 4⅖″	83	79⅔	83¾	73⅘
F. Gardner	..	.....	..	..	..	94
E. D. Letterman	..	93′ 4″	..	..	..	93⅖
C. A. Lippincott	89⅔	84′ 9⅘″	66	79⅔	82⅛	90
C. G. Ludlow	62⅔	64′ 6″	78	62⅓	71⅙	94⅖
G. A. Murrell	82⅓	79′ 5⅘″	77	5⅔	78⅝	95⅗
H. A. Newkirk	79	71′ 1⅖″	..	91⅓	63⅙	85⅗
F. N. Peet	76	75′	92	87	84⅝	95⅘
G. W. Strell	..	.....	..	63⅔	58⅝	80⅕
J. E. Strong	62⅓	61′ 7⅕″	65	64	77⅔	..
W. A. Mansfield	90	.....	111¼	85⅔	86⅙	..
G. A. Bluhm	..	89′ 2⅕″	..	..	..	91⅕
H. E. Hascall	..	84′ 11⅕″	..	..	..	94⅗
M. D. Smith	..	79′ 10⅘″	..	..	..	93⅗
J. J. Parker	..	.....	..	..	..	83⅗

HOLDERS OF MEDALS.

Long Distance Bait, F. B. Davidson.
Roll Casting Fly, W. N. Babcock.
Long Distance Fly, W. A. Mansfield.
Distance and Accuracy, H. A. Newkirk.
Accuracy and Delicacy, W. A. Mansfield.
Bait Casting Accuracy, F. N. Peet.
Special prize for highest general average in all was won by F. N Peet with 58^{13}_{360} per cent.

The weather during the first day of the tournament was marked with steady wind, which became puffier later during the day. On Friday night heavy rain fell, but Saturday was pleasant. The long-distance fly-casting event, which turned out in such surprising manner, was the last event of the tournament, and was begun late in the evening, it being 6:45 when Mr. Mansfield went to the platform. The conditions were then good for casting, and with the last man of the last contest the record went down. Mr. Mansfield received hearty applause as his success became known, and acknowledged it with becoming modesty. In his work, the San Francisco crack is beautifully easy, keeping a perfect control of the vital back and understanding his tools as though they were part of his own nervous system. In long-distance work he uses the dropped loop below the guides, and starts the slack forward with admirable time. His work is with full arm, and his delivery carries nothing of physical exertion with it, though it goes without saying that there must be educated muscle back of the rod which pitches a line to the distance of a gun shot. Mr. Mansfield's rod is a tournament tool, 11ft. long, and weighing 10½oz. With this rod he gave us the prettiest spectacle of casting the fly with which the anglers of this vicinity have ever been favored, and with which no other country, by the way, has ever been authentically favored. He may take his record back to Frisco with him, but let him remember that he had to come to Chicago to make it, and let him not hope to beat the Chicago record when he unrolls his line next October at the tournament of his home club. E. Hough.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Season's Big Fish.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 21.—Mr. C. J. Schweilzer, of Kansas City, caught on Aug. 11, in the Wisconsin River, near Kilbourn, Wis., a black bass weighing 10lbs. This is thought to be the largest bass ever taken in Wisconsin.

The Traverse City *Herald* reports a rainbow trout weighing 5lbs. 13oz. (weight fifteen hours after taken from the water), taken in the Boardman River by Washington Round, of the G. R. & I. Ry. With him were Messrs. W. J. Hobbs, Sam Iles and O. P. Carver. A small brown trout, weighing 1¾lbs., was caught by the same party. The Boardman was last year a good trout stream, and it certainly holds the record for the lower peninsula of Michigan this year.

By the draining of a reservoir at Denver, Col., large numbers of fish, more especially carp, were left stranded and were taken. One carp is said to have weighed 26lbs. Yet a still larger carp is reported from Hagerstown, Md., one described as weighing 35lbs., measuring 3ft. 1in. in length, and 22in. in girth.

Some Catches.

Dr. Gonzales, of Crawfordsville, Ind., caught in Cedar Lake, Ind., seventeen bass, all over 1lb., among them five which weighed over 5lbs. each.

At Tomahawk Lake, Wisconsin, and in adjacent waters, some good sport has been had this month with muscallonge and bass, as I learn from a friend just returned. At White Sand Lake, Mr. Hugh McDonald, of Covington, Ky., got one 'lunge weighing 24lbs. At Tomahawk, a Mr. Slack, of Ft. Worth, Tex., in one day took twenty-two bass, running from 2½ to 4½lbs. At Trout Lake, two ladies were out fishing one day last week and both got strikes at the same time, one fish proving to be a pike and the other a 'lunge. The pike was landed, but the 'lunge broke away after getting under the boat. On Tomahawk Lake, week before last, Chas. Fliegel took one 'lunge weighing 8lbs., W. S. Kibby one weighing 12lbs., R. C. McPherson one weighing 13lbs., Chas. Johnson one of 5lbs. and one of 12lbs. In Gilmore Lake, J. Erickson got one weighing 14lbs. In Tomahawk Lake, Mrs. B. W. Sherman, a cottager spending the summer there, got two weighing 18lbs. each and one weighing 22lbs. C. La Salle got one of 22lbs. in Tomahawk Lake, and Tom Curran, of Rhinelander, got four 'lunge which together scaled 41lbs. A. C. Paterson, of Chicago, took one of 12lbs. and one of 7lbs. J. Chadwick, also of Chicago, landed one of 26lbs. In High Lake, E. L. Caldwell and Mr. Dyer got several 'lunge running from 9 to 16lbs. In Jute Lake, W. E. Kelly and M. J. Smiley, of Chicago, in one day caught 100 bass, sixty-eight of which weighed over 2lbs. each, and one of which weighed 5½lbs. Peter the Guide, fishing in Star Lake, killed a good 'lunge weighing 23lbs. In Clear Lake, Mrs. Henry Payne, of Humboldt, was fortunate enough to kill a fine 'lunge—34lbs. in weight and 4ft. 7in. long. In the same waters, Rev. F. B. Jolly and others, of a La Grange, Ill., party, took sixteen 'lunge of various weights. A. C. Allen got twenty-two bass one day, each of more than 2lbs. weight. Mrs. A. E. Williams, wife of a lumber dealer who is in business at Star Lake, probably holds the muscallonge record for the season, for she has done little but fish all summer, her husband providing her a guide and boat as she likes. Since May 1 Mrs. Williams has caught, in Star, Partridge and Ballard lakes, seventy-five muscallonge. She has had eight over 20lbs. each, and her biggest fish weighed 23lbs. Her guide, a man named Rouleau, has in the same time caught ninety-seven muscullonge in all. The heaviest fish taken in these waters seems to have been 36lbs., two of that size being recorded, one taken by Chas. T. Kuhn, of Chicago, in Squaw Lake, on Aug. 14, and one taken in Tomahawk Lake by Mrs. B. W. Sherman. Other weights of fish taken by Mrs. Sherman during the summer run 20lbs., 14lbs., 16lbs., 10lbs., 12lbs., 15lbs, 34lbs., 22lbs., with very many more running from 5lbs. up; certainly a very good showing for the two ladies, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Sherman, and one which I do no think has been surpassed by any rod of the vicinity. Ambrose Risden, of Chicago, got one 'lunge weighing 12lbs. Chas. Jenks, of the Northwestern Road, Evanston, got one of 7lbs.; and John Branch, his companion and fellow townsman, got one of 11lbs., these two gentlemen also taking one day twenty-two bass averaging 1½lbs., some going as heavy as 3½lbs. In Rock Lake and Clear Lake, the Street Brothers, of Chicago, caught 100 bass, of weights from 1½lbs. to 2lbs. In Squaw Lake, Wm. Walker, of Indianapolis, got one 'lunge weighing 12lbs. All the above records are exclusively printed in Forest and Stream.

Where Is It?

Mr. J. Schaffer, of Chicago, tells a friend that he can take him, within two hours' run of Chicago, to a lake in Indiana where he can catch bass, pike and muscallonge. He asserts he is not mistaken about the muscallonge part of it, but declines to give the secret of his locality. It is not an impossible thing that any water tributary to the Mississippi River may have muscallonge in it. I have known this fish taken in central Iowa, in the Skunk River, and have recorded an instance of large 'lunge being taken by Mr. Dupuy in Taggart Creek, Ky. I do not know of any Indiana lake, however, in which I should expect to find a muscallonge.

Lake Trout from the Whaleback.

The big whaleback excursion steamer Christopher Columbus plies between Milwaukee and Chicago, for the most part depending for its traffic upon young persons who want to go up to Milwaukee to get married, the laws of Wisconsin being very encouraging to this industry. It would not occur to any one that the whaleback would be a good boat for trolling purposes, or that the waters thus traversed would be very good for the man who wanted to get a fine fat lake trout. Yet this month, so a friend of mine tells me, a man by name of Penney, of Chicago, took a notion to do some trolling while on his way up to Milwaukee, and he caught a 5lbs. lake trout in Lake Michigan. He had out about 100ft. of line, and says that the speed of the boat made the fish feel as though it weighed at least 20lbs. I have never heard of a lake trout being taken for years in this part of the lake by any means, let alone trolling from a whaleback. The item is exclusively printed in Forest and Stream.

Iowa Streams for Fishing.

Mr. W. F. Paul, of Charles City, Ia., writes some interesting notes regarding the fishing in some of the streams of eastern Iowa. All these Iowa rivers emptying into the Mississippi were once splendid fishing streams, but sheer neglect, combined with illegal and destructive fishing, ruined them almost utterly. The day of modern methods is just beginning to dawn in Iowa. In his letter Mr. Paul says:

"Fishing has been great sport in the Cedar and Shell Rock rivers this season, fine specimens and good numbers have been caught, mostly bass and wall-eyed pike. In most instances live bait is used, such as minnows and soft-shell crawfish, and also small frogs, though crawfish seem the most favored at present.

"A few of our local fishermen are having fine success at the Shell Rock River. Three of them went there and caught over 100lbs. of fish in one day, and two others caught in the same length of time 72lbs., and they were beauties, averaging about 3½lbs. each for the bass and about 7 to 7½lbs. for pike.

"In the Cedar we are catching more fine specimens of wall-eyed pike and pickerel, as commonly called here. Several 10lb. pike have been taken from this stream this season and many good strings of bass. Considering all these fine catches we pride ourselves as having fine fishing streams in our vicinity.

"The Charles City Game and Fish Club, of Charles City, Ia., offer a reward of $10 for the arrest of each person who can can be shown on reasonable proof to have killed any protected game before the legal season, or taken any fish from its streams by any other means than hook and line, as allowed by the Iowa fish laws."

Closed Streams in the Yellowstone Park.

The National Park has long been known and exploited as one of the most wonderful fishing grounds in the world, but it seems that even its swarming streams can be and have been over-fished. On Aug. 12 Col. Young, the new superintendent at the Park, issued a circular prohibiting fishing in the Gardiner River from its mouth up to the junction of the east and middle forks; also in Glenn Creek, Indian Creek, Willow Creek, Obsidian Creek and Beaver Lake. All these streams are close to the main roads between the entrance of the Park and the upper geyser basin, and tourists have fished them so much, on account of their accessibility, that it appears the supply of trout is well on the way to exhaustion. I opine that the protection will be the sort that protects, as it has been in the past in all the accessible portions of the Park. E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

ON MINNESOTA WATERS.

Sioux City, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our object in this letter is to give the plain, unvarnished truth, and to guide and direct amateur sportsmen to fields of unlimited sport.

On June 6, eight disciples of Izaak Walton left behind them the many worries and cares of city life, and bent their course for the fishing waters of the smiling lakes of northern Minnesota. For some time we had all been reading up on the beauties of Minnesota lakes as set forth in railroad and booming town literature, in which the writers expatiated on the health-giving qualities of the boundless pine forests, or the bracing air on the crystal waters of the silvery lakes. The resinous pine trees, the sweet perfume of the blossoming plants and shrubs, and the cool and refreshing draughts of the gentle zephyrs over rolling waves of the lakes, it was therein set forth, would inject the elixir of life into our fagging souls and stir up the weakest to better activity. The woods, we were told, abounded in elk and deer, the lakes were fairly black with wild ducks and geese, and the waters teemed with fish of all kinds—you could see them on top of the water, not by the thousands, but in myriads, so that in a very short time you would fairly tire of fishing. These fairy tales of the forest and lake concerning the fowl and fish so worked on the minds of some of our inexperienced sportsmen that our first night at Park Rapids will ever be a memorable one to us all.

Allen, a big, auburn, whole-souled fellow, one of our party, struck the bed as soon as we reached the hotel. Our landlord, being a little crowded for space, had put six of us into one room. Allen was soon in the land of nod, and the rest were on the eve of retiring when the sleeper made a sudden movement and startled us all by crying out in his sleep: "Got a bite—hold him, Bill, hold him—don't give him slack line—pull him in—there! see, he has swallowed hook and all."

We first tried Park Rapids, in Hubbard county. The fishing in this vicinity was good, where we could get out to the lakes, but it was difficult to get there. For the way Park Rapids advertised, the accommodations are very poor. The lakes are all some distance from town, and there is but one place in town where boats can be gotten, and that is at a hotel, and the landlord will not let you have those unless you stop at his house and pay his price. The liverymen want a fortune to take you to the lakes, and more if you are fortunate enough to find a boat to be taken out. We folded our tents and stole away from the hungry sharks among the dead pine trees and tamarac brush, and left them to feed upon a new school of "shiners."

We next pitched tent at Detroit City, about fifty miles southwest of Park Rapids, on the Northern Pacific Railroad. Here the genial landlord of the Fair Haven House met us with two teams and took us to his place, six miles south of Detroit, on the eastern shore of Lake Sallie. We were all happy once more, as we got settled into a house all by ourselves. It was but a few moments and we were in full possession of the coveted resting place. We were at home, indeed, and a father could not have made things pleasanter for his children than did E. McNeil, the accommodating and obliging proprietor. We were all happy. The weather was fine, the scenery grand, the fishing excellent. Here beautiful bodies of crystal pure water are held in nature's calm embrace by the emerald foliage of the oak, elm, lime, balm of Gilead, poplar and birch. The hillsides and valleys were smiling in their new dresses of sweetest spring flowers, and the birds were twittering their vows of love to each other, or carrying sticks and straws to distant treetops, where instinct combined with art taught them to build their nests and raise their young.

Day after day we rose early in the morning and left in the best of rowboats for distant parts of the lakes, only to return for supper in the evening loaded down with the finest pickerel, pike, black and rock bass.

The Lady of the Lakes, a small steamer, makes two trips daily on lakes Detroit, Muskrat, Sallie, Melissa, and down to Buck's Mill, near the Little Pelican. This is a chain of lakes connected by small rivers from a quarter to a half mile in length. All these streams and lakes are fairly alive with fish of all the kinds found here. You can see them basking in the sun on the gravel bottoms of the streams.

Occasionally we would all take the steamer for Buck's Mill and stay all day, when we were rewarded with the best sport during our outing.

Ducks and geese are said to be very plentiful in the spring and fall. A finer place for hunting them cannot be found than along these streams. Deer and bears are occasionally seen, but not in abundance.

Often when the weather was fair and the lakes were calm we would fish till after 9 o'clock in the evening. But taking fish was by no means all the sport we had.

In the evening when our day's work was done, we would return to our cottage on the verdant hillside, not to go to bed, but to sit and smoke and tell tales of our day's adventures

For some of us this was our first trip to the Northern lakes, but we all agreed that it shall not be our last. To those who have never been there, we would say if you wish one of the finest outings of your lives go to Detroit, Minn., and on the lakes of the Pelican Valley. We would advise you to take a tent with you, to use when away from the hotel, and you wish to stay out for a few days at a time.

CIMEX.

ONTARIO FISHING WATERS.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Aug. 16 —Since my last the bass fishing has continued exceptionally good, many good catches, nearly all fish of upward of 2lbs. and up to 4½lbs.

Thomas McDonald, of Point Ann, of whose bass pond I made mention in a previous note, has liberated in the Bay of Quinte all the fry in it, many of which measured 2½in. in length. He says that next year he will put 500 bass into his pond, and that he calculates they will produce 3,000,000,000,000 of fry, all of which he will put into the bay. With such a source of supply the Bay of Quinte can be made one of the finest bass fishing grounds in the world. The Government ought to take the matter in hand, as no private individual can be expected to work long for the public good, as Mr. McDonald has done and purposes doing next year.

Maskinonge are rather shy in their usual resorts near Belleville, but at Marina Lake, near Modoc village, twenty seven miles distant, *Esox nobilios* has been affording rare sport. The local newspaper gives the following details:

"Fishing at Moira Lake has been unusually good for the past week, large catches of fine bass, pickerel, etc., being made. In addition, the following catches of maskinonge have rewarded hours of patient 'trolling': Lester Morrice led off with a 22½ pounder on Thursday last. W. H. O'Flynn lost one, as well as his hooks, but next evening caught a fine large one weighing nearly 20lbs. Mrs. B. O'Hara was lucky enough to hook a nice 12 pounder, and the same evening, while Mr. O Hara was crowing over the other campers, they ran across that old fishing veteran, M. Maybee, with two of about the same size in his canoe. Mr. Maybee caught another still larger one. Monday evening, J. C. Dale successfully landed his first 'lunge, a fine one, weighing over 20lbs. The same evening A. H. Watson 'played' a large fish for ten or fifteen minutes, but finally lost it. On Tuesday, Mr. Crawford, visiting at Mr. Dale's cottage, caught a 12-pounder, and Master Roy Dale, the same evening, caught a large one, but it got away from him before he could land it in his boat. Wednesday morning, Master John Dale took an early spin, and in less than ten minutes had captured a beauty, weighing about 17lbs. He got it in his boat but it flopped out, and after a few minutes' tugging he landed it to the boat again, and sat on it until assistance reached him. Other fishermen have hooked their fish all right, but owing to breaking lines have lost fish, bait, hooks and all. The interest in the sport is increasing every day, and even the lady campers are not exempt from the excitement."

COLD RIVER TROUT.

COLD RIVER rises near the base of Killington Mountain, in Vermont, flows through the town of Mendon and empties into Otter Creek two or three miles south of Rutland. The stream is appropriately named, and its temperature is like that of spring water, even in the hottest of weather. Leaving Rutland by way of the Mendon road, which extends through the Notch, in the mountain range east of Rutland, you arrive at the river after a journey of about five miles. From this point to where the C. V. R. R crosses the stream, two and half miles south of Rutland, the fly-fisher finds an ideal strip of water. This stretch of fishing is about four miles long and runs through a dense forest most of the way, having a fall of about 100ft., which makes the water quite rapid.

Having arrived at the stream, put on your waders (for you must wade most of the way), and with your favorite fly-rod, flies tied on No. 8 or 10 Sproat hooks and a 6 or 9ft. leader, step into the stream and enjoy life.

Do you see that rock projecting from the water in midstream, with the current rushing against and around it, forming an eddy at the lower side? Cast your flies beyond it, draw them gently across the current toward the eddy. Aha! See that rise! See how he breaks the water six or eight inches away from your fly, exposes his entire length to your admiring gaze, descends in a graceful curve and takes the fly as he goes down. Now, with a quick but gentle motion of the wrist press the hook into his lip, and as he realizes that he is duped, he gives you such an exhibition of trout athletics as only trout living in cold, rapid waters are qualified to give Long stretches of rapids, alternating with deep pools shaded by huge rocks, occur in unbroken succession, and in each propitious place lurks a fierce insect-destroying trout. Extremely wary as they are, owing to the transparency of the water and the many lessons they have learned from numerous fishermen, the finest exercise of the art is required to bring to basket the denizens of this beautiful stream; and although many careless and indifferent anglers assert that the trout are nearly all caught out, I know to the contrary. They are "at home," but only to the careful and well-equipped caller.

The trout of this stream are justly celebrated for their game and table qualities; slender, rather than thick, yet beautifully proportioned; color light and tints delicate, yet distinct, with a silvery sheen of extreme brightness over all. The Rutland Association for the Protection of Fish and Game is doing good work in stocking and protecting these waters, and in consequence the fishing is expected to improve each season.

W.

New Hampshire Trout.

CLAREMONT, N. H.—It has been my observation, that trout as a general thing are very regular in their spawning. Some streams may be earlier and some later than others, and I think that in our streams here more spawn is deposited between Oct. 16 and Nov. 1 than at any other time. Yet I have in mind two streams in this vicinity, Bible Hill Brook and Grannis Brook, that I feel assured that the spawn is deposited before Oct. 16. Now if they continue to spawn six months that would bring it into the last of March or first of April, and whoever found trout in spawn at that season in this vicinity except in very rare cases? You will find a trout at any season of year occasionally with spawn. Yet this has not changed my mind in regard to late August fishing; for when I kill trout that will average eighteen out of twenty that are well started with spawn, I somehow fell as if I had killed a mighty lot of trout for next season's fishing, and what I kill are but a very small item to what are killed by the hundreds of fishermen who fish for them, and it seems to me that any man ought to be satisfied with what trout he can kill between May 1 and Aug. 15.

I know that the Fish Commission are doing a grand work, yet many things are overlooked that would be a great help to perpetuate and increase our trout fishing. One of the greatest curses is the polluting of our streams with sawdust and chemicals from mills. There are many other minor causes which, if they could be stopped, would give us an abundance of trout without so much restocking.

COLUMBIA.

A Boston Sportsman's Exhibition.

WE have received an announcement of the first exhibition under the auspices of the New England Sportsman's Association, in the Mechanics' Fair Building, Boston, March 14 to 26 inclusive. This is to be, essentially, a sportsman's exhibition, with numerous delightful gleanings from forest and stream, and with actual, practical demonstrations of life in the woods, controlled and managed by true sportsmen, and will by no means be the conventional "trade show."

Here the visitor will find all the latest and most improved paraphernalia pertaining to life in the woods, with the newest inventions. But, perhaps, the most fascinating of all will be the demonstrations of life in the woods, from the picturesque Indian camp and the log cabin of the trapper to the temporary lean-to of the amateur sportsman, all equipped with practical utensils and paraphernalia, and each presided over by guides—Indians, Canadians, and hunters and trappers from all parts of the country. Inquiries, applications for space, etc., may be addressed to the New England Sportsman's Association, Boston, Mass.

Black Bass in New England.

BOSTON, Aug. 21.—Bass fishing is still attracting a good deal of attention in both Maine and New Hampshire waters. Winthrop Ponds, in Maine, are daily fished for bass, when the weather permits, and some good catches are the result. Winnipisaukee Lake and the adjacent ponds are fished constantly, and big catches of bass are being reported. The other day a very remarkable string was taken by a party stopping at Bay View Cottage, Centre Harbor. The string was a surprise to both natives and sportsmen, and was taken chiefly with helgramite for bait. The largest bass weighed 7½lbs., while in the string were eleven fish weighing over 40lbs. Long Pond, in the vicinity of Centre Harbor, was one of the points most successfully fished.

Mr. Frank P. Dodge, with Mrs. Dodge, is off for Lake Bario, Nova Scotia, for the fall fishing. Mr. Dodge's two boys have been at his camp there for several weeks, in charge of a trusty guide. They write home glowing accounts of the trout they have caught. Trout are abundant, from 1lb. to 3lbs. weight, and sometimes larger. They take the fly readily nearly all summer, though bait is the surest at all seasons.

SPECIAL.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK N. J., Aug. 21.—Perhaps never before was the outlook for fall fishing better either in the surf or bays and rivers. Already the run of bait fish is on such as mullet, sand eel and spearing. The catches of weakfish in Barnegat has been something phenomenal the past two weeks, while northward in the Shrewsbury and adjacent points the fishing has been all that could be desired.

The movements of the kingfish have been very erratic the entire season, they have apparently not been governed by tidal conditions, as is their custom, neither have they taken the hook freely at night. The severe storms have no doubt been the cause of their movements from point to point, but why they should refuse the bait at night is one of the many inexplicable things for which fish life is justly renowned. Striped bass are now in the background and will undoubtedly be but little heard from the next few weeks, which is always their custom at this period.

LEONARD HULIT.

Lake Bomaseen.

LAKE BOMASEEN, not far from Rutland, Vt., and near Casselton, is a beautiful lake about nine miles long by three wide at the widest part, with some islands, and the water is very clear. We caught, with two small-sized spoon hooks, in about two hours' fishing, 105 rock bass that would weigh from ¾ to 1lb. apiece. Smaller ones can be taken with worm and hook and line, but we caught no large ones until we took to trolling with small spoon hooks. There is quite a variety of fish in the lake—yellow perch and pickerel, rock bass and large-mouth, or black bass.

I have seen one pickerel taken there through the ice that weighed 11½lbs.

Take the Delaware & Hudson road to Hydeville, which is at the outlet of the lake; there is good hotel accommodation there, and you can get teams to drive you to the other end of the lake, where the best fishing is.

OLD WAY BACK.

Spawning of Fish in Pacific Water.

THAT the spawning seasons of families of fish similar to those of the Atlantic should be different on the Pacific is easily accounted for by the warmer temperature of the water. It would seem that the laws of heat and cold have the same effect on fish that they do on vegetation, ordering the seasons accordingly; and the spawning of fish, like the budding of trees, may be advanced or retarded by mild or inclement weather. Stated visitations of pelagic or anadromous fish may be postponed or even prevented by cold weather, but the Pacific is less subject to these vicissitudes than the Atlantic.—*Chas. Hallock, in Our New Alaska.*

Bluefish in Long Island Waters.

ISLIP, N. Y., Aug. 24.—Bluefishing is excellent in the Great South Bay, and large catches are reported.

E. R. W.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A Shot in the Dark.

ONE of our neighbors, Uncle Nate as we all called him, was greatly bothered by a whippoorwill that came nearly every night and sat on a rock in his back yard and sang his love song, or whatever it is, until Uncle Nate was nearly wild. One night he lay awake and, as he said, stood it just as long as he could, when he got up, and taking down the old gun that was loaded with a fox charge he went to the back door, and drawing a bead on the rock, which he could dimly see in the faint starlight, blazed away. Then, in the pleasing consciousness of a good deed well done, again sought his couch.

In the morning his first care was to reload the old gun, as there was no telling when it would be needed. After this task was finished, he started for the back yard to gloat over the mangled remains of his tormentor; but what was his horror and disgust to find that, instead of holding on the rock, he had completely riddled his wife's best washtub, which was turned bottom up about 4ft. from the rock.

The disappointment was bad enough, but when Aunt Hannah came out and saw the ruin, Uncle Nate afterward declared, it was worse than the whippoorwill, and he made a break for the barn, his usual haven of refuge in such cases. Uncle Nate was one of the softest-hearted, best-tempered fellows in the world, and, as was always the case when he and Aunt Hannah had a falling out, he was soon begging her pardon. Then he went to whittling out spiles, and it was afternoon before he had the shot holes all plugged.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 30.—Western Canada Kennel Club's trials.
Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man.
Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Sept. 7.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's Champion Stake, Morris, Man.
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 15.—E F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

FIELD TRIALS AND FIELD TRIAL JUDGES.—III.

THE man who knows all about a field trial and its competition, because, though he has never seen either, he has shot over pointers and setters in actual field work, is the most helpless and inefficient man imaginable when he is present in person at a field trial, if he have any responsible connection with it, whether it be as judge, steward or handler. Nor is his friend and admirer, who has perhaps bred some very good setters and pointers, as measured by the local standard of canine values, and who is inflated with some field trial wisdom at second-hand, to be rated any higher if he be great only from his own inner consciousness.

No inexperienced man is competent to be of real ability and use as a field trial judge; a sportsman must have had both experience in the field and at field trials to the end that he have a thorough knowledge of practical field work, and of the principles of a competition, and also of the manner of conducting it.

By far the greater part of the adverse criticism on field trials and field-trial judges is offered by men who have seen little of field trials, or nothing at all. Their writings are mostly founded on hearsay.

I once knew a man who read Darwin's "Origin of Species" for the first time, it also being the first work on the subject he had ever read, and though he could not spell words correctly nor intentionally write a grammatical sentence at that time, his education being such as was gained by a few boyhood summers at a common school, he made most voluminous marginal notes on every page of the "Origin of Species, correcting, amending and amplifying Darwin, and this from the knowledge he gained from page to page by reading the book, and from the supplementary inner egotism which impelled him to believe that all things should be as he saw them and as he thought was fittest. It is hardly necessary to add that the valuable marginal contributions never appeared elsewhere than in the pages of that one book.

If the field trial critic, whose theories are advanced as facts would first learn whether or not his theories were true or false, there would not be so many slushy columns of rubbish contributed to the sporting press of America. I in nowise dispute the right of a man to his opinions, or to the publication of his opinions, so long as he presents them as such, but I do dispute his right to assert that his emotional opinions and crude conjectures are facts, and this the more when he asserts his facts from hearsay, personal prejudices, all colored with the mental idiosyncrasies which may unfit his informers from rendering any impartial or sound judgment.

As there is always a small percentage of grumblers at field trials, and men so selfish that to lose is to kick, there are also grumblers and kickers who stay at home, men who like to talk and write even if the matter is one with which they have no concern. The kind of man whose knowledge is second-handed, bearing the imprint of the vagaries of the men who communicated it, with such new ones of his own added as are at command, rushes into print either over a *nom de plume* to conceal a timorous heart or over his own name, one which is not of those who work and pay for the conducting of field trials. Such men are irresponsible, who have nothing to lose and nothing to offer, except what they

can distil from such garbage as they seek and take. This in no wise relates to wholesome discussion. I think that I may safely say that no "kicker" of late years ever did anything of great material importance for the support of trials, and I think nothing of any importance at all which did not have a direct bearing on his own personal interests. If there is any kicker who is hereby unjustly treated, the public no doubt would be glad to know of it. Having thus mildly presented the merits of the kicker, his claims to public recognition now may be dropped till such times as they have again a particular significance.

The qualifications of a good field trial judge cover a great deal more than the home theorist could possibly know. As the data of his opinions are most times from the work of dogs which he has observed in field shooting, judging a trial appears to him to be the quintessence of simplicity. What is easier than to walk along leisurely and observe and note what a dog does? That is easy—but let us investigate what he really has to assume in the way of work and responsibility when judging a corpetition.

As said before, the field trial judge must first have a good knowledge of field work, and by this we do not mean that every man who has shot many years over setters and pointers has such knowledge. Some men will have a better understanding of the dog's work in one season than some other men will have in a lifetime, and again, some other men will never learn. The reason is that the matter of brains governs this branch of intelligent effort as it does all others in the world in which man is a factor. Without proceeding further into this feature, we may assume that the field trial judge should have a generous degree of common sense, which is uncommon sense when we consider it and the many men who do not possess it.

The average man who is unused to mental labor finds great difficulty in concentrating his thoughts on one subject for a prolonged period of time. It frequently happens that without the mental training and discipline, he is unable to do so. This may be noted also in many ways in everyday life when men unaccustomed to mental labor attempt to solve mathematical problems, or make abstracts of titles, or listen to a sermon, or read columns of statistics, and some men read whole pages in an absent-minded way without knowing a word of what they have read. Some men will hear the first few words of a friend's discourse, and although their faces may express the greatest of interest, they do not hear a word. They are mentally indolent or incapable of concentration.

The field trial judge must keep his eyes on the dogs' doings incessantly, for unless he sees every detail of a piece of work done, he doesn't know anything about it. For instance, he takes his eyes off the dogs for a moment while they are ranging; he looks again; one dog appears to be pointing nicely and the other one, a few yards behind, is backing, apparently. The circumstances would seem to justify giving a point to the one and a back to the other. The new judge would so rule to a certainty. Now the evidence is in this case all circumstantial. The dog which was apparently backing might have pointed first, and his competitor might have crossed in ahead a moment afterward and made an independent point closer to the birds, so that the dog which pointed first would thus appear to be backing. This happens every now and then at field trials, and it happened at Grand Junction in 1887, and decided first place erroneously in an important stake. Sometimes one dog points and his competitor instantly steals it; sometimes both dogs point independently at the same instant, and the judge must see it all, else he doesn't know.

As for the errors, if the judge's eye is off the dog when a flush or other error is made, he may never know it happened.

He constantly must be mentally comparing the diligence, range, bird sense, beating out the ground, one with the other, and the same with the precision, quickness and good judgment in roading and pointing; also whether either dog is self-hunting in whole or in part, or whether he is working honestly to the gun. Also, it is necessary to note whether the work is done independently, the dog's own perception and execution producing the results, or whether it is from crafty coaching given by his handler, or from jealous rivalry of his competitor.

It is easily perceived, when the matter is explained, that the most incessant watchfulness is indispensable The judge's mind must be concentrated always on the work. With this he must note the general course so that the dogs may be able to work on consecutively without such interruptions as are made by sudden changes of course to and fro, throwing the dogs and handlers in among the spectators, or balking them so that they lose all idea of continued work; or becoming separated they are working on independent, separate courses. When this happens there is more or less loud whistling and calling to the dogs to shape their efforts to a new, common course, and when one handler has then his dog going right, the other handler may still be frantically striving to get his dog in hand and impress on him the new direction in which he is to work. A field trial is a much more ponderous affair to handle than is one or two dogs in field work, quite as much so as is a regiment more difficult to handle than a file of men.

When the green judge has dogs and handlers working at cross purposes, he is wasting a great deal of time, and when the heat is ended the work has been so irregular and indecisive that he does not know much more about the dog's merits than he did before. He soon perceives that handling one or two dogs to shoot over, and handling two handlers who are handling the dogs in a competition, at the same time observing the need of economizing time and ground so as to give the dogs the greatest possible opportunities which time and grounds afford, are quite distinct affairs, and one experience depreciates his own conceit very much.

National Beagle Club of America.

At the field trial committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America, held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, the following members were present: Jas W. Appleton (chairman), Hermann F. Schellhass, John Bateman, Geo. B. Post, Jr., G. Mifflin Wharton, A. Wright Post, Jas. L. Kernochan, A. D. Lewis, N. A. Baldwin and George W. Rogers.

The report on the new Produce Stake proved very encouraging; the entries are seventeen bitches and thirty-eight puppies. It was voted that the eighth annual field trials be held at Hempstead, L. I. Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, of Roxbury, Mass., and W. S. Clark, of Linden, Mass., will officiate as judges.

The following resolutions were passed: *Whereas*, Death has removed from our rolls the name of Mr. George Laick, for six years treasurer of the National Beagle Club of America, one of the oldest members of the organization, and a breeder of national reputation.

Resolved, That we testify to our deep regret at the loss of one who was held in the highest esteem, not only by the members of the club, but by all sportsmen and lovers of the dog; and who, as executive member of the club from its beginning, and as a member of the former American Beagle Club, labored earnestly and vigorously to promote its welfare and the objects of the Association; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be incorporated as a part of our minutes, and a copy sent to the bereaved family with an expression of our sympathy.

THE OAKLAND SHOW JUDGING.

Hempstead, L. I., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I mailed to Mr. Payne a reply to the irresponsible accusations which he made against me on the ground that my judging of the Oakland, Cal., show was dishonest, and dishonest only because Mr. Payne said that it was so. He seemed to have different opinions from me on the judging, and the explanation of this difference he seeks to find in my dishonesty. He, however, seems to have some trade reasons also for this difference of opinion, as will be touched on more fully hereinafter. My reply he refuses to publish, and for his refusal he publishes the following reasons: "As a copy of this peculiar literary effort has been mailed to his paper, it would publish it in full were it not that our space is too valuable to waste on such long-drawn-out vaporings," etc. And then by way of showing how valuable is his space, he uses three columns—a full page—in a labored, irrelevant reply, totally foreign to the issue; and all this reply is made to my article, which he refuses to publish. He also garbles my letter somewhat to give it a turn to fit his own purposes, and to illustrate probably his idea of the "liberty of the press."

Notwithstanding his affectation of the value of space in his paper, the *Teapot*, he has devoted several columns to the subject in different issues since charges were lodged against him with the A. K. C., and in his paper of July 31 he had a long article on "press censorship." No such sophistry as the "liberty of the press" will serve to cover up Mr. Payne's malice and malignings. The press has done a grand work in which he has had neither part nor lot. Mr. Payne refrains, however, from informing the public that libels and other unlawfulness are abhorred by public sentiment and the laws of society, even though the unlawfulness appears in his paper; that some sheets published in the past were so libelous and contrary to public morals and public good that they were by law suppressed; that while there is a most commendable sentiment in favor of the "liberty of the press" and the freedom of speech, there is also a strong sentiment against its abuse. And yet, it seems somewhat inconsistent for Mr. Payne to prate of the freedom of speech, as it applies to himself, and then deny me the use of his columns to answer accusations which he made in them. He permits his readers to hear his side of the case only. It is palpable that he fears to have the case fully presented, and yet he is the man who boasts, in season and out of season, of the fearlessness of and of its high standards, its accomplished editor, its unselfish efforts in the cause of the dog, and—free advertising. As a matter of principle such refusal of a hearing is grievously unfair and wantonly wrong. As a matter of fact it is not of the slightest importance, for the weakling, his paper, with its handful of readers, bears about the same proportion to the sporting world that a drop of water does to the water in all the oceans. Fortunately there are journals which will give a fair hearing to the man whose character is subjected to wanton and malicious attack.

Every word and phrase of Mr. Payne's latest attack shows, not a struggle for a principle, but a bitter personal enmity and an unscrupulous use of any means to gratify it. All the broad ground of public zeal has gone; the personal anger and the personal enmity stand forth, visible to him who reads. He is malignant and unscrupulous.

However, it was but common fairness and common decency that the case (after it had been taken up officially, as shown by the charges of the St. Bernard Club, of California, against him, and in due form presented before the A. K. C.), should not be prejudged or prejudiced by him, but this he deliberately attempted to do in his issue of July 31, in an article headed "Turned Down Again," in which he first endeavors to belittle and cast odium on the members of the St. Bernard Club, of California, and then discloses his real purpose, as follows:

> "Now, in their desperation, as a last dying convulsion, they have preferred charges against H. T. Payne for some strictures appearing in ——— about some individual, which was not just to their liking, and now the 'marble heart' has met them again, for the A. K. C. has very sensibly refused to proceed in the matter and has advised the secretary of the so called club to present his charges to the Pacific Advisory Board. This simply means that if the Advisory Board wants to listen to them it may, but that the A. K. C doesn't propose to."

There never was a more brazen, insolent and unscrupulous attempt to influence the action of a judicial body of men by misrepresentation than this, and there is not in it even the attempt to observe law or fact. As is well known, any matter concerning canine affairs on the Pacific Coast must first come before the Pacific Advisory Board, and its action is then subject to the approval or disapproval of the central body, the American Kennel Club. The charge was at the outset sent to the A. K. C. It was sent back to the Pacific Advisory Board, because there was no other course to pursue under A. K. C. procedure, and "advising" the secretary of the return of the charge was the term used in all such cases. It in no wise implied that the Pacific Advisory Board could do as it pleased in the matter. It must take cognizance of all such cases which come before it in proper form. It has no such arbitrary powers as Mr. Payne seeks to clothe it with. It will be observed, also, that what Mr. Payne frantically called charges a few weeks ago are now merely "strictures."

And now a few words by way of rejoinder to Mr. Payne's answer to my article, which Mr. Payne refused to publish, and which he thereby also deprived his little band of martyrs, his readers, of the privilege of reading.

In his full page of alleged reply I note that Mr. Payne's name appears twenty-seven times and that the name of his paper appears twelve times; and as Mr. Payne and the paper are one and the same, as will shortly be shown herein, he refers directly to himself no less than thirty-nine times, and I presume that that was what he referred to when he said that "our space is too valuable to waste," etc. He needs it all for himself. An editorial with Mr. Payne's name in it thirty-nine times could not be otherwise than gratifying to himself and instructive to his readers. It is modest, tactful, erudite, pertinent and convincing. He mentions himself; his dogs, himself; his dogs, hisself; dog trainer, hisself; exhibitor, hisself; his criticisms; experience; connection with dog shows; his judgment, in repetition *ad nauseam*. But this is as one might expect it to be, for Mr. H. T. Payne is the owner and editor of the *Teapot*, and therefore he has a right to require his readers to read his name thirty-nine times on one page if he thinks that it would be a benefit to them to do so. He is the whole editorial and business staff. One man is quite sufficient to edit the paper and to attend to its business affairs, with ample time also to breed dogs, sell them, purchase them on commission, and cultivate brawls so as to have something for his readers to read about. Two compositors are force enough to set up the type of his paper, in which are the thoughts of the editor on such matters as he deems to be worthy of his attention. Therefore, when his paper belauds Mr. Payne's worth and goodness—his virtue, modesty, disinterestedness, expert knowledge, truthfulness, abhorrence of roguery, high standards of action, etc.—it merely sets forth what Mr. Payne wrote of himself and what the two compositors set up in type, and what the bantling bore forth in its pages to a craving world. When his paper fearlessly proclaims that Mr. Payne is a great and good man, Mr. Payne should know that it is so, for he wrote it himself. When Mr. Payne quotes the *Teapot* as authority to establish a point, he surely should know the value of his own writings; when he produces its sayings as a matter of evidence to prove the truth of what he says himself, no doubt is left as to his correctness; and when he praises the *Teapot* with generous beslavering, there can be no doubt but that he feels that it fully deserves it. But, though it is pleasing to read his name thirty-nine times on one page, I am constrained to believe that he has forgotten the subject-matter in contemplation of his own greatness.

It would be idle to attempt to follow Mr. Payne's three columns of irrelevant matter. The issue as he raised it at first is entirely abandoned by him. Of the three columns, about a half column is devoted to a eulogy of other judges whose doings are in no way related to the case, yet they are exalted that I may appear little; about a full column recounts Mr. Payne's canine and journalistic experience, enumerates the offices he has held in different bench show clubs, touches on the merits of his dogs (though he had the tact to refrain from quoting prices), and there is a general effort to give himself a genuine importance outside of mere pretence. The rest is mostly a personal attack upon myself on new lines. It does not seek to cloak the personal enmity and vindictive purpose of the *Teapot*, or of Mr. Payne. If the *Teapot* were really a big teapot it would be a most dangerous cauldron, but being a little teapot with very little in it, it can do no harm. I challenged the proof of his accusations and dared him to do his worst—all of which he avoids answering with studious care; this is the matter he should answer; he should do so, but he cannot. He has overshot his mark and stumbled into a pitfall that he blindly overlooked. Still a man who is engaged in the multifarious business of dog-breeder, dog-broker, secretary, exhibitor, editor of the *Teapot*, and brawler-in-chief to the Pacific Coast, cannot be expected to be precise in all things, nor to be fair to a nicety in any.

My exposure of his incompetency and imposition on the kennel world in his assumption of expert knowledge and his arrogant attitude toward everyone and everything, in his self-constituted position of expert critic, evidently went home to a weak spot, for he particularizes his educational experience as follows:

> "The *Teapot* (Mr. Payne) has a pretty clear knowledge of Mr. Payne's connection with dogs and dog shows, and knows that his first experience with dog shows began at Philadelphia in 1876, and that during the years of 1876, '77 and '78 he attended the St. Louis and Baltimore shows of '76 (*sic*), the first Westminster show at Gilmore's Garden, '77, and the St. Louis shows in '77 and '78," etc.

Who can remember Mr. Payne on that straggling circuit? He was simply a spectator, as were all the other spectators who attended those shows, and who would scarcely claim that they acquired expert knowledge and high critical ability from attending them. But we have Mr. Payne's word, backed up by the indorsement of the *Teapot*, that he really did see those shows. If the mere attendance at shows makes one an expert, then we have thousands of experts here in the East who have seen many more shows that Mr. Payne ever saw. Let the thousands of experts now feel that they are duly qualified; for has not Mr. Payne said so? He claims that he had journalistic experience on the daily press before he recently plunged into the kennel world of journalism. Then all the other editors, reporters and writers of the daily press are likewise qualified to write on dogs. There are expert critics and kennel writers by the thousands, for if Mr. Payne can qualify as a kennel editor by experience on the daily press, why cannot all other writers do the same? "Mr. Payne was breeding, breaking and handling thoroughbred dogs from imported stock more than a quarter of a century before Mr. Mortimer was ever heard of in the judges' ring, and this under the tutorage of one of the most thoroughly posted dog men in America at that time." Again nothing but assertion. Name the imported stock and the posted dogman of that remote period. The fact is that he is a cheap pretender, and only by the accident of his surroundings has he been possible. In the East he never would have passed the mushroom stage. As an expert in canine matters he is an impostor. At no time can there be found any of his writings in the *Teapot* which show intrinsic knowledge of canine subjects. Let the reader of the *Teapot* look back and consider how much was knowledge and how much was brawling over personal matters, and he will find that the knowledge was little and the brawling much.

The life of the *Teapot* is its little sizzle. It is its policy. It brings it into notoriety. As a matter of unwritten history, though well-known history for all that, Mr. Payne promotes the dissension on the coast. While many of the fanciers of the Pacific Coast are unfortunately more or less identified with factions, I found that they were nearly all generous, broad-minded gentlemen, and I firmly believe that if there were a kennel journalist among them who had the good of the fancy at heart, instead of an ulterior purpose to foster dissension and make every wrangle a factor in furthering his own personal interests, there would soon be no bitterness. Instead, there would be peace and common effort for the public good. A peacemaker could do it, but that is a rôle which Mr. Payne is unable or unwilling to assume.

After refusing to publish my letter, and then garbling it to suit himself, he asserts that my testimony is impeached. Testimony to what? He has not even presented my case. I ask him again to make his specification. After he has done that it will be in order to talk of testimony—not before. He asserts that at the Oakland show I "turned down" Mr. Harker's fine bitch, and on looking in his advertising columns of that time, I find that Mr. Harker was an advertiser in the *Teapot*. He recently rebuked me for not placing Pittsburgh Tommy higher than reserve, and on looking in the advertising columns of the *Teapot* I find that Pittsburgh Tommy is duly advertised therein. The Irish setter Chief, Jr., was placed third, and this was another award which did not meet Mr. Payne's approval, and the *Teapot's* comment was as follows: "In Irish setters by far the best dog in the class was given third, and absolutely the worst one put to the front," and again on consulting the *Teapot's* advertising columns I find that Chief, Jr.'s, stud card occupied a prominent position therein.

I mentioned in my last letter that one element of his moderate success was the absence of any serious journalistic competition on the coast. He immediately seizes this as a good thing to publish as a thrust at his contemporary, perverting it to suit his own inference. The *Breeder and Sportsman*, against which he aimed it, devotes most of its space to horse interests; and when I said that the *Teapot* had no serious journalistic competition, I meant a competition that was specially devoted to canine interests. There was no intention to reflect on any one personally.

The effort to prove that there was something wrong by associating a lot of circumstances together—that such and such a man took such and such a dog into the ring, and that then such and such a dog lost or won—is too despicable to treat seriously. Someone must lead the dogs into the ring; and as to who does so is beyond the judge's control, and is none of his business anyway. Mr. Payne's "criticisms" seem to be based largely on what other's have told him, as

in Mr. Harker's case and others; and the fury of his criticisms seems to depend on whether the losing party is or is not one of the *Teapot's* advertisers.

To sum up, Mr. Payne was a competitor at the late Oakland show, and therefore he was not competent to make an impartial criticism on the awards, even if he had the technical knowledge necessary to do so. As a disappointed exhibitor, he was qualified to be scurrilous, as many others have been before under the same circumstances. His charges of dishonesty are mere assertions. It is impossible to draw a definite specification from him. A libel suit would bring no redress. It would be impossible for him to give a true technical report of any show, but his reports such as they are, are founded on the sayings of the disappointed exhibitor and the profitable advertiser—there were exhibitors other than these at the show, but Mr. Payne is silent concerning them. His charges, as he was pleased to consider them, were largely a matter of hearsay; as he affects a smattering of law, he should know that hearsay is no evidence. On his own declaration we know that he has had a vast experience; on what we know without his declaration he has been a common brawler in the canine world on the Pacific Coast. He is a notoriety seeker on his own admission, unscrupulous in the use of means to attain it.

The charges against me, which he was so hotly anxious to prosecute when there was no opposition in sight, are now mildly termed by him "strictures," and it is very likely that by the time he is done with it all he will be pleased to call them mistakes.

As Mr. Payne's purpose is to advertise his paper, I have referred to it as the *Teapot;* not in any spirit of levity, but to avoid being made a catspaw of to subserve his purpose. To such advertising as I have contributed he is welcome.

JAMES MORTIMER.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—XI.

THE first attempts of the dog at roading and pointing are necessarily very crude and unsuccessful. Although he has all the instinctive desire to pursue and capture his prey, he has not learned the practical methods necessary to success. Experience is the only means by which to learn the best methods. Nearly all dogs of dash and courage pursue the same method at first; that is to say, they trust to their speed alone, whether they are in pursuit of fur or feather. Observing, after a few failures, that his speed alone, with a large dependence on his eyesight, is entirely inefficient as a means to capture game birds, he begins to modify and readjust his efforts after a manner which promises better success. Instead of noisily dashing up on his birds at full speed, he sneaks up on them, but still entirely too noisily and too fast. He thus gives them warning before he can draw close enough to have any chance of capture, and he makes the further mistake of making his attempt before he has the birds accurately located. Thus, when he makes his dash on the birds, he may not make it with sufficient precision to succeed, or even to have a chance to capture. Some men shoot at a bird on the wing after much the same principle. They know where the bird is, they point the gun in the general direction, fire and—miss. Every detail is all right excepting the final effort. The dog learns that he must still further modify his manner of approaching the birds, so he, after a time, draws on them with the greatest stealthiness, trusts almost entirely to his nose, and carefully placing each foot so that it will give forth no sound; if need be, he crouches as he steals along, so that his body may be concealed from the view of the birds, though in this respect dogs vary greatly. He grows more careful in making his final effort. He must be within a short distance of the birds before he makes his spring to capture, otherwise all his careful effort is a failure.

There is certain limited area within which he can spring with greater rapidity than the birds can rise, but if he makes any mistake in judging this area, they can soon attain greater swiftness of flight than the dog can of pursuit, even if they flew close to the ground; and the slowest birds can rise in a moment to a height beyond the dog's highest bound. Any effort which is thus not timed to a nicety ends in failure.

Repeated disappointments from flushing the birds in drawing on them, or in faulty attempts at springing to capture, are a recurring check to his impatience and impetuous purpose. He learns to combine strategy with force. The tense muscles, glowing eyes and quivering jaws testify to his suppressed excitement and bloody intention as he draws on the birds, but they are under the guidance of a mind which is becoming better disciplined from experience.

All these things the dog must learn for himself and from experience. It is useless for the trainer to attempt to force a dog to point in the interest of the gun before he has learned to point more or less in his own interest.

This in a general way, for the instinct to point varies greatly, though generally speaking, it has its development as described in the foregoing. Some dogs have very little pointing instinct, and they profit but little by experience in improving their methods. This is not always from deficient intelligence or from any absence of good intent. Sometimes it appears to be from functional dullness of the scenting powers. A dog with a poor nose is as badly handicapped in his attempts to point birds as is a man of poor eyesight who attempts to shoot them.

Some dogs have the pointing instinct in such an excessive degree that they are entirely worthless. They will point on every scent, or on every bright-colored or strangely-shaped object. I remember one dog, a pointer, which when cast off on the prairie would point so continuously that she never would be more than a few yards from the shooter, and she pointed so stanchly that I believe she would have pointed during a whole day if she was permitted to do so. Every bright flower, pile of hay, or other conspicuous object, served to gratify her desire to point, and many times she pointed when there was no accounting for it. She would point either by sight or scent, and as she did little else but point, she was entirely worthless as a field dog. This is an instance of an excessive development which is rare indeed, but all degrees of the instinct will be met with by the trainer who schools many dogs. Nor is there any uniformity as to the age at which the instinct is naturally developed. It may appear in the puppy when he is but little more than weaned, or it may not appear till the dog is quite matured. It is therefore a mistake to condemn a promising dog otherwise, if known to be of good stock. A precocious puppy, as to his pointing instinct, may not prove of any value as a field dog, for there is far more than the act of pointing, in what are the full qualities of a good field dog. Nor is the excessive development of the instinct the sign of a good dog, nor is it necessary that a dog should point excessively in actual field work. The point should be intelligently applied in the interest of the gun as should be all his other acts. Pointing with great stanchness because the scent is gratifying or because the dog is stupid is really a fault instead of being a merit.

BERNARD WATERS.

Premium lists of the seventh annual bench show of the Binghamton Industrial Exposition can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Judson S. Newing, Binghamton, N. Y.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

WINNIPEG, Man., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to absence from the city, I have been unable to forward, until this date, the attached list showing entries made in the Manitoba Field Trials Club All-Age and Amateur Stakes, which closed on the 15th inst.

The All-Age Stake, total 26, made up of 18 setters and 8 pointers, and the Amateur Stake of 9 setters and 3 pointers; total 12.

AMATEUR STAKE—SETTERS.

MISS BRANDON—F. G. Simpson's b., w. and t. bitch (Gladiator II.—Cam Sing).

LARRY—F. W. Scott's o. and w. dog (Larry Noble—Angelo).

SWAB—A. C. Reed's b. and t. bitch (Manitoba Toss—Pettie Sing).

DUKE'S RUTH—Winnipeg Kennels' b. and w. dog (Duke of Manitoba—Cam Sing).

ORTOLAN—Chimo Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch (Orlando—Atalanta).

LARRY NOBLE—Chimo Kennels' o. and w. dog (Ezra Noble—Cornelia G.).

PRINCE RUPERT—Chimo Kennels' b. and w. dog (Larry Noble—Atalanta).

MINNIE SING—H. R. Garwood's b. and t. bitch (Ponto—Minnie).

ELLA WHELER—A. C. Reed's b. and w. bitch (Ponto—Swab).

AMATEUR STAKE—POINTERS.

HAL—W. Whyte's b. and w. dog (Yacht—Pansy).

TANNIS—E. J. Bennet's b. and w. bitch (Rector—Mianie).

SHOT—H. W. Whitla's w. and b. dog (Sam—Rose).

ALL-AGE STAKE—SETTERS.

SAM T.—Del Monte Kennels' b. b. dog (Luke Roy—Betty B.).

IROQUOIS CHIEF—J. E. De Ruyter's b., w. and t. dog (Antonia—Can Can).

CINCINNATUS PRIDE—Ed. A. Burdett's b., w. and t. dog (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie).

COUNT ROBERT—Ed. Gray's b., w. and t. dog (Count Erie—Ann).

DUKE T.—W. R. Tait's l. and w. dog (Monk of Furness—Bessie W.).

ANN OF ABBOTTSFORD—Ed. A. Burdett's b. and w. bitch (Gladstone Boy—Bohemian Girl).

TONY'S GALE—C. H. Phelps' b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Nellie G.).

HURSTBOURNE ZIP—D. E. Rose (agt.) b., w. and t. dog (Tony Boy—Dimple).

CHRISTINA—D. E. Rose (agt.) b., w. and t. bitch (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.).

JASIE FREEMAN—J. B. Stoddard (agt.) b., w. and t. bitch (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

JILL—Ed. H. Osthaus's b., w. and t. bitch (Fauster—Nance).

MISS BRANDON—F. G. Simpson's b., w. and t. bitch (Gladiator II.—Cam Sing).

DODO III.—Jubilee Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch (Orlando—Atalanta).

SWAB—A. C. Reed's b. and t. bitch (Manitoba Toss—Pettie Sing).

MAID OF THE MORN—E. McKenny's b. and w. bitch (Val Lit—Cam Sing).

BARRISTER—E. McKenny's b. and w. dog (Val Lit—Cam Sing).

ORTOLAN—Chimo Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch (Orlando—Atalanta).

PRINCE RUPERT—Chimo Kennels' b. and w. dog (Larry Noble—Atalanta).

POINTERS.

LADY OF HESSEN—J. A. McIlhenny's w., l. and t. bitch (Hessen Boy—Lady of Rush).

TICK'S KID—Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. dog (Tick Boy—Lulu K.).

ELGIN'S DASH—F. W. Dunham's l. and w. dog (Kent's Elgin—Mack's Juno).

ALABAMA GIRL—D. E. Rose's (agt.) l. and w. bitch (Von Ann—Lady Mull).

TOPSAWYER—D. E. Rose's (agt.) l. and w. dog (Stride-away—Jelt).

ABDALLAH ROMP—J. B. Stoddard's l. and w. bitch (Rex—Singo Kent).

KING'S LEE—Ed. H. Osthaus's l. and w. dog (Kent's Joe—Lad's Lady).

LORD BUSTER—B. Gordon's l. and w. dog (Lord Mount—Unknown).

G. B. BORRADAILE, Hon. Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The National Beagle Club of America provides competition in eight classes, the same as those of last year, but some important changes have been made in the conditions governing them. Premium list and all required information concerning the competition can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Geo. W. Rogers, 208 West Eighty-eighth street, New York.

The manuscript for Vol. II., Maj. J. M. Taylor's book, "Bench Show and Field Trial Records and Standards of Dogs in America," is now ready for the printer. It will bring all records of fields trials and bench shows of both sporting and now sporting dogs, up to Jan. 1 '97, with other valuable data. It will contain the standards of all breeds and the names of the officers and membership of all specialty clubs to date. As the book is a very expensive one to get out, the additional expense of electrotyping will not be incurred as in Vol. I., and the issue will be in accord with the orders received up to date of Sept. 15. In size and quality it will be about the same as Vol. I., 500 pages or more. The price will be the same also, $5, to accompany the order. No C. O. D. shipments made. Address J. M. Taylor, 47 Ave. C, Bayonne, New Jersey.

The two pointers in the spirited field scene which we publish this week are Nabob and India, bred by the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel, owned by that sterling sportsman Mr. Edward Dexter, of Buzzard's Bay, Mass. Both pointers have been conspicuous in field trial competition and their names are therefore familiar to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The bitch India, we regret, died last winter. She was highly prized. The excellence of the picture, stamps it at once as being from a brush of the talented artist, Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Totem Tales."

ABOUT two years ago there blew into the FOREST AND STREAM office in Chicago a muscular, well-built man of blue eye, sandy beard, broad chin and a general air of careless Western ease which rather pleased me. He said his name was W. S. Phillips, which was only a pseudonym for El Comancho, known in the FOREST AND STREAM columns as a contributor of good Western stuff. El Comancho was a natural name for this man, who in look and air and personal preference was and is more Indian than white man. He came to Chicago firm in the belief that his ways were the right ways, and that he could whip the whole city. How many of us have come from the West firm in the same belief! Mr. Phillips had a patent process for photo-etching, a scheme of his own perfecting and a very good one. He explained to me that he was an artist, and one needed small assurance to that effect after seeing his work. We two became friends, and we had many talks, here in the city, these filled always with his longings for the woods and streams, for he no more belonged here in this society of wolves than a fresh pat of butter belongs in a Clark street restaurant. He couldn't lick this city, and I knew it, though I could not tell him, because I liked him. He was so Western and so breezy and so indicative of the things I loved.

Mr. Phillips stayed in this city for more than a year, doing work at his profession as an all-around artist, and putting out some beautiful specimens of the capabilities of his process of engraving, which were executed with a fine needle upon a prepared gelatine plate I have never seen any reduced photo engraving which compared with the delicacy attained by his process, whose results were more like etchings on copper than like any reproduced drawings. He disposed of his patents to some advantage, but I am not sure that he whipped the city. A good many of us do not. All the time he reviled the civilized way of living, and all the time he was longing for the woods, a blanket, a rifle and a knife.

It came to Mr. Phillips's mind while here in Chicago to write a book about Indians, since he knew so much of Indians through his experience among them. He was fairly brought up among the Indians in the early days of Nebraska, and he gravitated to them when he went out to the Pacific Coast to live some years ago. All through many long hot days and many long and weary nights, as I personally know, this man worked at his Indian book, trying all the time to whip the hard-hearted city which so many of us fail to whip. He had a heart of iron and the constitution which comes from the free air of the West. I knew of his fight with the summer climate of the hard-hearted town, and I was glad it was over, and when I knew his book was on the press. Presently he drifted away again, blowing back into the West from which he came. I was glad, for though I missed him, I knew he did not belong here.

Now on my desk lies this book which El Comancho did here in the hot and hard-hearted city. It is called "Totem Tales." It tells of the pine trees, and the streams, and the breath of wild nature. It is the soul of the talking pine which speaks. It is of the wild children of the woods that it converses. It is a purely and distinctively Western book. No man who was not reared in the broad and primitive environments of the West could have conceived or executed this work. It was a work of love, a work meaning a part of the author's life and feeling. Useless to look in it for polish or finish, but profitable if one seeks fibre and strength. There is no time in the rush of real Western blood for the veneer of so-called modern literature. There are no prettinesses in this book, but there is enough of solid fact and sol'd fancy, if we may use so disparaging a term in this connection. Yet this term is not unjust. The fancies of the book are substantial ones, concrete ones, such only as may be conceived in the child minds of the Indian savages with whose lives it deals. It tells of their matter-of-fact explanations of natural phenomena, their puerile hero tales, their absurd yet interesting theology, their grotesque and unformed modes of thought and life. The author writes of this with a firm and confident touch, being sure that he knows his theme of long acquaintance. The product of his work is a book somewhat unique in tone, and one which should find clientage among those who value original investigation and original thought in unusual fields.

Mr. Phillips calls his book a collection of "Indian tales, Indian told." In this expression I think he is open to criticism. He deals with the West Coast Indians, whose dialect is presumably the Chinook tongue, whose vocabulary is limited to a few hundred words at the outside. The characters of the Totem Tales move with a wider tread, discourse with a more stately diction, speak with a wider imagination than a literal rendering of the expression "Indian told" will allow us to entertain. This imagination, however, is one of the charms of the book, which has all the right in the world to claim to be a reflex of the life with which it deals. Certainly the writer of the book takes us along into the heart of the woods, and into the hearts of the wild people who inhabit them.

The author says that the field of his action is "far away in the unmapped West," a description inviting and appealing of itself. It is near the Lake of the Mountains, which is very deep and very blue. The genius of the book is the Talking Pine, who is "the one who is very old and very tall, and whose arms are withered in places, the wise one of all the nation of the pine trees." This tree is the friend of T'solo the wanderer, which is the name claimed by the author in his story. To T'solo this talking tree tells the folk stories of the Ka-ke-hee, the chief of the demons, of the Kit si-nao, the Stone Mother, of the Great Waters, of the Crow children, of the Rain song, of the birth of the sun, of the reading of the Totem pole, of Quaw-te-aht the changer, of Spe-ow and the spider, of Wah wah-hoo the frog, of the magic of the Evil eye, of the Tah-mah-na-wis of S'doaks, etc. We follow the primitive man along the forest aisles, and see man changed to a spirit, a spirit changed to a man; a cloud, a shock of thunder, a waterfall, an animal, each given human attributes, or divested of the same in turn, with all the ease of the untutored mind, whose workings sometimes give us hints of our own highest poetry, or our own highest and most valued lines of thought. We are forced to believe the Greeks were Indian, or that the Indians are Greek.

An instance of a cruder form of the Indian thought may be given in connection with the ideas of a frog, a will-o'-the-wisp and a marsh. These terms represent a certain exact total to us, with whom a yellow bullfrog on the marsh's brim is a yellow bullfrog and nothing more. With the Indian mind, as interpreted by the talking pine, these things have other attributes. Wah wah hoo, it appears, was changed by his father's magic into a frog, and he sings at night to mourn for his dead wife Hah-hah is dead, and her shadow looks for Wah wah-hoo, but cannot find him because he is a frog. Han-hah does not know this, and they say she travels over the swamps at night with a strange white light in her hands. The white men call her the will-o'-the-wisp, and sometimes try to talk with her, but she runs away. "So now you know who the frog is, and why the will o'-the-wisp drifts across the bogs at night, because I have told you the tale as it was told to me by the Talking Pine a long time ago." Thus we have a rude poetry from a most unpromising topic. As other topics offer more liberty and scope, it may be seen what is their handling, and of the pleasure of learning this it were not well to deprive the reader in advance. There is much information in this book, blended always with a wholesome and healthy touch of the pure outdoor air. We read of wild things and wild people, and so wish that we, too, were wild again. We find no polish, no literary finish exhibited or claimed in this book, but we have an imprisoned wild spirit given us shrined in the uncut amber which has held it for long generations of time. We have a notion of this actual spirit of the men and the things embodied in the tales to the totem times and totem peoples.

Mr. Phillips is first a Western man, then a hunter, then an artist and then a writer. He has illustrated his own book with nearly 200 original drawings, all made with the needle upon his prepared plates, and some of them are striking and unique. These pictures are as much or more a part of the book than the context, which does less than they to give us the insight into the heart of these wild things. The pictures are varied and complete in their design, and partake fully of the nature of the main theme of the book. The book and its central notion are of necessity crude, primitive, unfinished, and thus are the pictures which typify it. Some of the drawings are unnecessarily rough and careless, and the artist-author uses too often his device of the full moon as a background; but others of the pictures are quaint and delicate, showing the range of treatment possible to the free-handed craftsman in this twofold work. We should not call the pictures art in all cases, more than we should call the stories of the Talking Pine artistic in all cases; but should we be able to do this we should have added but one more work to the long list of emasculated product these days daily turned out from *fin de siecle* presses backed by editors who dare not accept human interest and independent thought, as above rose-leaf scent and rosewood polish. Look for none such in the Totem Tales by El Comancho, but look rather for a book like himself, wide-chinned, fearless, breezy, partaking of the glorious West; so shall the reader be pleased at having gained a friend of his after days, upon whose angularities he may hang more than a passing hour. The mountains of the West are not yet sandpapered, and in the bark of the pines still run the rough traceries implanted by the artist's hand that makes the Lake of the Mountains and the trees that hem it about. This book is recently put out by the Star Publishing Company of Chicago. It has curious interest to me, since I saw it grow and knew how much of the longings of its maker was going into it while he was here trying to whip the heartless city. Now he has gone back to the mountains and pines of the State of Washington, among the tribes of which he writes; yet he does not take with him all that he knew of these places and things, but leaves a little of the "breath of the forest, the ripple of the stream," to make us wish we too were there.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

THOUGHTS I THINK.

Davy Crockett's chief fame rests on his skill and prowess with the rifle and some words of wisdom which he uttered in such few idle moments as he could spare from shooting squirrels in the center of their eyeballs. He was a wheelman, or it is supposed he had wheels, for what else could he have in mind when he said, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead"? If the bicycle riders would but observe Davy's adjuration to them, there would be but few smashed wheels, bent frames or punctured tires, to say nothing of bruised knees, strained tendons, broken bones and loss of life. Don't go ahead without thinking and looking.

The numbness of the arms and the exceeding discomfort caused by vibration of the handle bars when riding over a surface which is at all rough, are by nearly all riders attributed to the rigidity of the handle bars. Numerous devices have been used to overcome the vibration. By far the greater cause of the unpleasant effects of it lies in the rider. He or she grips the handle bars too hard and holds the arms too stiffly. With a tight grip and a stiff arm, every vibration of the handle bars is conveyed to the arms and body instantly and in full force. Such manner of holding would produce numbness in time even if the man and wheel were motionless. The stiff grip and heavy pressure on the handle bars are in no wise an advantage to the rider, though they are in a way injurious, since there is more or less constriction of the chest of the rider who so rides; there is the discomfort from numbness and vibration, and there is the awkward and ungraceful pose which comes from a strained position. The ordinary grip of the hand, with the arms entirely free from use as a support of the body, is sufficient to enable the rider to guide the wheel safely and promptly. It will respond far more quickly to a light, skillful hand employing gentle force, than it will to rigid arms and straining force. Sit erect; give the lungs a chance to play; use the hands and arms to steer the wheel and not as a prop to support a lazy body; don't wriggle in your seat when pedaling, and thus will riders sever any apparent relationship between themselves and the *Simiadæ*.

There is an unconquerable affinity between the department store bicycle and the repair shop. The repair shop is its home.

A fortune awaits him who can invent an unhealing puncture to deflate a bore.

The tandem, by and large, is the prince of wheels, or rather, the prince-princess of wheels. The man who owns one is thrice blessed; first, because he has a machine which will carry him doubly happily through pure air and sunshine; second, because he possesses the affection of some sweet girl, else he had never purchased it; and third, because losing one sweetheart he can easily win another because of his ownership of the tandem. He has his sweetheart's affections firmly anchored. She doesn't care to leave him out of sight a day at a time, and as for going out of town for a week or a month—no! The tandem is a pleasure and a menace. It is a pleasure to the sweetheart when she is present and a menace to her when she is absent, for is it not a machine which is built for two?

Some men who cannot "raise the wind" in times of peace can raise a storm in times of accident. Did you ever see two Jimmy Faddens collide?

If the bicycle only proves as successful for army use as the recent trials of it by troops would indicate, and as the authorities anticipate, it would be an easy matter to secure millions of volunteer bicycle soldiers to meet the enemy—because when the shooting began they could pedal home so much quicker than they could run. There are others who wouldn't flee.

A fleeing army on bicycles would be an impressive road race. And yet they would only need to throw some broken glass and tacks on the roadway behind to safely cover their retreat. There are more ways to use butter than to choke cats with it.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," and they part many times and oft, if the number of bargain counter bicycles sold is any criterion of the fool and his money. But the man who buys and is sold once, is wisely prudent on his next venture. "Once bitten, twice shy."

The man who objects to good roads in the abstract is not above using them in the concrete.

When crossing a street and you see a wheelman coming toward you, stop, take three steps backward and forward three times in succession and you'll do the trick.

In Calcasien Parish, which comprises a large part of western Louisiana, and which is famous for its rice industry, a number of citizens have banded together to test the constitutionality of certain laws pertaining to working the roads. In the rainy season in that country the roads are impassable to vehicles. All the traffic depends on the small, forlorn-looking Creole ponies. The residents of that Parish should see that good roads are kept out at any cost. It is their prerogative as free citizens to have bad roads or no roads, even if they live in poverty and darkness to do so.

"Deer sirz—I live on mi farm near Hamilton, Kan., am 57 years old and just a little sporta. My neffew in Indianna bot hisself a new bisicle and sent me his old one by frate, and ive learned to ride sume. Its a pile of fun, but my bisicle jolts considerable. A feller came along yesterday with a bisicle that had hollow injun robber tires stuffed with wind. He let me try hissen and mi, it run like a koshin! He told me you sell injun robber just the same as hissen. How much will it be to fix mine up like hissen? Mine is all iron wheels. Do you punch the hollow hole threw the injun robber, or will I have to do it myself? How do you stick the ends together after you got it done? If your injun robber is already holler, will it come any cheaper empty? I can get all the wind I want out here in Kansas free.

"Eberneezer Y. Jenson.

"P. S.—How much do you charge for the doodad you stuff the wind into the robber with and where do you start?" —*Exchange.*

The Idler.

Wheelmen and Tolls.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court of Michigan is of universal interest to wheelmen. In the case of Murfin vs. the Detroit and Erie Plank Road Co., the action being against the Plank Road Co. for preventing the plaintiff from riding over its road without paying the toll regularly charged a vehicle, the judgment of the lower court in favor of the plaintiff was affirmed. The court ruled that there was nothing in the laws of the State which warranted charging toll to pedestrians, wheelbarrows, carts, hand sleds, baby carriages, and other vehicles propelled by human beings, though good roads were essential to their use as it was to the use of the bicycle. The court was not so certain as to whether a motor cycle would be exempt, as is the bicycle propelled by human agency, though its opinion was that the right to charge toll was limited to vehicles drawn only by animals. The precedents were all against charging tolls to pedestrians, and vehicles propelled by human beings.

Yachting.

SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CUP.

Third Competition.

ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—SEAWANHAKA COR. Y. C.

Lake St. Louis, 1897.

Second Day—Second Race.

Monday, Aug. 16.

TRIANGULAR COURSE.

The second day, Monday, was an ideal one for small yacht racing, a reefing breeze, steady in force and direction, and a moderate sea, the conditions being less trying than in the first trial race at Oyster Bay. After working around through the early morning from S.E., the wind settled at S.W. before the yachts were at the line. Momo made sail and knocked about for a few minutes, and then tied up astern of Vailima while her crew set to work to shift mainsails, the best one being unbent and replaced by a poorer one, as it was evident that the chances were for more rather than less wind. Glencairn had started with one of Avoca's mainsails.

When the news of Glencairn's defeat reached Toronto on Saturday afternoon, Com. Jarvis was about to start for Boston, where he had a business engagement for Monday morning. The way to Boston from Toronto lies through Buffalo, but by dint of many time tables and much bothering of ticket agents, Com. Jarvis managed to change his route, and by 7 A. M. on Sunday he was at Dorval, ready to do all that was possible to help Glencairn. He spent the day at Dorval, going out in Glencairn in the afternoon with Messrs. Duggan and Poe. The wind was light, but well suited for the purpose, and the best mainsail at hand, one of Avoca's, was set and carefully inspected. Battens were shifted and such other changes made as were possible, and as the result of this work the sail was much improved.

Both Momo and Glencairn swung their whole mainsails before the start, but the former had on her second jib. The signals were given at 11:20, 11:30 and 11:35, the committee steamer lying south of the buoy, the triangle of 1⅛ miles to a side being sailed with all marks to starboard. The courses shown on the chart, of 2 miles to a side, were not used, the smaller triangles, sailed three times, being preferred by both parties. This triangle was very carefully laid out and tested by running over several times with the log; the timing of the yachts on some of the legs, which is absolutely accurate so far as the times go, shows a very high rate of speed for such small craft; but it is believed that the distances are correct. The first leg of the course was almost to windward; just before the last whistle Momo was to the south of the committee steamer and Glencairn to the north of the markboat at the other end of the line. Each crossed over until these positions were reversed. Glencairn came about under the stern of the steamer and crossed the line under good headway within 4s. of the whistle. Momo lay for a moment beyond the markboat and then came for the north or leeward end of the line, crossing 20s. late. Both crossed on port tack, but within the first two minutes Glencairn went on starboard tack for a short hitch well out to weather of Momo.

There was no possible question that from the start Glencairn was doing decidedly the better work, pointing well and holding to windward. They made several short tacks, Glencairn being already too far ahead to trouble Momo. The rest of the windward leg showed only a steady gain for Glencairn, she finally stood by it on port tack and eased sheet for the second mark, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	11 53 42	0 28 42	0 01 53	0 01 53
Momo	11 55 35	0 20 35		

Momo set a balloon jib and hurried after her flying rival; she seemed to be running much faster, but the times at the second mark off Pointe Claire showed but a small gain for her:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	12 02 20	0 08 38		0 01 44
Momo	12 04 04	0 08 29	0 00 09	

They jibed at the mark and started for the line, Momo at once starting to reef. She lowered away and tied in two reefs, Glencairn at once following with a single reef and setting a small jib. The finish was timed:

FIRST ROUND.

		Elapsed.		Gain.		
	Time.	Leg.	Round.	Leg.	Round.	Lead.
Glencairn	12 12 14	0 09 54	0 37 14		0 01 27	0 01 27
Momo	12 13 41	0 09 37	0 38 41	0 00 17		

Glencairn's gain to windward had been fairly made and as fairly cut down by Momo on the two reaches, so far as the slight gains of 9 and 17 seconds are concerned.

The second round was practically a repetition of the first. The two yachts were never near together, and each simply sailed a straight race without thought of the other. The times at the weather mark were:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	12 33 20	0 21 06	0 02 23	0 03 50
Momo	12 37 10	0 23 29		

Again they ran across to the Pointe Claire mark, both setting balloon jibs, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	12 41 31	0 08 11		0 03 49
Momo	12 45 20	0 08 10	0 00 01	

This time of 8m. 10s. for 1⅛ nautical miles shows very nearly a 10-knot speed.

It was now blowing pretty hard and with considerable sea. Glencairn was carrying sail well and making good weather of it; but with such a lead the first thing to do was to sail a perfectly safe race. At 12:43 she lowered away and turned in her second reef. Momo followed by tying in a third reef. They reached across and finished the second round:

		Elapsed.		Gain.		
	Time.	Leg.	Round.	Leg.	Round.	Lead.
Glencairn	12 50 52	0 09 21	0 38 38		0 01 47	0 03 14
Momo	12 54 05	0 08 46	0 40 25	0 00 35		

Glencairn set a smaller jib when she reefed, but Momo, after taking in her balloon jib and reefing, set no jib, and sailed the last round under three-reefed mainsail only. The weather mark was timed on the third round:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	1 14 10	0 23 18	0 02 47	0 06 01
Momo	1 20 11	0 26 05		

With close-reefed mainsail and no jib, Momo was still able to preserve a reasonable balance by running her board aft in the slot, but she was doing very poor work beside Glencairn. Glencairn carried only her small jib on the next leg, but Momo set her balloon jib; however, she gained nothing, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	1 22 11	0 08 01		0 06 01
Momo	1 28 12	0 08 01		

When Glencairn came to the Pointe Claire mark she tacked round instead of jibing, having plenty of time to spare and caring to take no unnecessary risks. She continued for the finish under her small jib. Momo not only jibed at the mark, but set her balloon jib in the vain hope of picking up what she had lost. She flew over the last leg, the times showing a speed of 11 knots. The final times were:

		Elapsed.		Gain.		
	Time.	Leg.	Round. Race.	Leg.	Round.	Race.
Glencairn	1 31 35	0 09 24	0 40 43 1 56 35	. . . .	0 01 10	0 04 24
Momo	1 35 59	0 07 47	0 41 53 2 00 59	0 01 37		

Aboard the Duchess of York was Mr. Duggan's six-year-old son Herrick; when Glencairn crossed the line he nodded his head gravely and remarked, "I think Daddy will keep the cup."

The race was in all respects a fair one, and its result must be taken as conclusive under such conditions, a reefing breeze and sea. The performance of Glencairn, in pointing, carrying sail and going through the seas, was uniformly superior to that of Momo. It was said that on Sunday the whole population of the shore from Lachine to St. Anne's was praying for wind; in which case the answer came promptly and freely, for there was wind enough left at night to sail a whole series of international races. It blew through the night, and was still blowing in the morning.

After the race Mr. Crane decided not to sail in Momo on Tuesday, but to give up his place to Mr. D. Le Roy Dresser, one of the heavy-weights who sailed Skate about New York. Mr. Dresser is about 6ft. 5in. in height, and weighs some 70lbs. more than Mr. Crane. Both boats were hauled out as usual after the race.

Third Day, Third Race.

Tuesday, Aug. 17.

WINDWARD AND LEEWARD COURSE.

The blow of Monday not only knocked up a sea during the night, but had increased in force until it reached a rate of about twenty-five miles per hour. The sun shone brightly at 5 A. M., but by 9 o'clock it was dark and cloudy and a light rain was falling, which continued until late in the afternoon. It was only a light drizzle and not enough to kill the wind.

The two yachts were off Pointe Claire, at the first mark of the triangle, at 10:50, both lying astern of Dama while mainsails were reefed. Momo tied in three reefs, all that she had points for; Glencairn tied in four, showing considerably less canvas, but after a short spin she shook out one. The steam yacht Wild Rose ran out to set the weather mark, two miles W. by S. of the start.

When the preliminary whistle blew, at 11:24, the wind was blowing very fresh, a steady drizzle of rain was falling and a very nasty sea running. The preparatory sounded at 11:34 and the start at 11:39. Both boats carried small jibs as they came for the line, Dama lying to the south'ard of the mark. With a minute to go both stood along the line to the north, on port tack, Momo to windward, they wasted a little time beyond the north end of the line and Glencairn started for it with about 40s. still to run. She was too soon, but kept her way and tacked. Momo started for the line a little later, and reached it just on time and to windward of Glencairn. Unfortunately she had sheets off and no way on; before she gathered way Glencairn shot out from under her lee and had a clear lead. Both crossed on starboard tack, but within 2m. Glencairn came about and stood toward the Pointe Claire shore, Momo holding on along the edge of the Middle Ground. Momo went on port tack at 12:43, and Glencairn at 12:45, the two meeting about 4m. later. Momo passed under Glencairn's stern, but so close as to show that she had gained rather than lost thus far. Glencairn of course tacked at once and the two made a long tack, for over 10m., until they were close in under the shore up above Pointe Claire. In getting there Glencairn weathered out so much that she passed well to windward of the Pointe Claire buoy of the triangle, though Momo passed to leeward of it.

The next tack, on starboard, Momo going about nearly 1m. after Glencairn, was also a long one—about 10m.—for Glencairn; then she came about for the weather mark, as she had to leave it on starboard hand. The times were:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	12 11 25	0 32 25	0 02 33
Momo	12 13 58	0 34 58	

Glencairn set her balloon jib as a spinaker and ran down with boom to starboard, jibing at the mark. Mr. Duggan was taking no familiarities with buoys or markboats, and made rather a wide turn, but Momo kept off still further, being to leeward of the buoy when she jibed. The times were:

FIRST ROUND.

		Elapsed.		Gain.		
	Time.	Leg.	Round.	Leg.	Round.	Lead.
Glencairn	12 25 20	0 13 55	0 16 20		0 01 51	0 01 51
Momo	12 27 11	0 13 13	0 48 11	0 00 42		

As usual, Momo showed a gain down wind, but by no means enough to affect the loss to windward. The sun was now visible, and the sky cleared a little. Momo seemed to gain for a time on the windward mark, but the timing showed her far astern at the end of the first leg:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	12 57 58	0 32 38	0 02 01	0 03 52
Momo	1 01 50	0 34 39		

The run to the line showed even a slight loss for Momo, the round being timed:

		Elapsed.		Gain.		
	Time.	Leg	Round.	Leg.	Round.	Lead.
Glencairn	1 11 49	0 13 51	0 46 29	0 00 03	0 02 04	0 03 55
Momo	1 15 44	0 13 54	0 48 33			

The last round was sailed with the boats wide apart, but Momo picked up materially on both legs. The weather mark was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	1 47 03	0 35 14		0 02 59
Momo	1 50 02	0 34 18	0 00 56	

The last run was quickly sailed, with another gain for Momo, the final times being:

		Elapsed.			Gain.		
	Finish.	Leg.	Round.	Race.	Leg.	Round.	Race.
Glencairn	2 00 10	0 13 07	0 48 21	2 21 10			0 02 30
Momo	2 02 40	0 12 38	0 46 56	2 23 40	0 00 29	0 01 25	

On two of the leeward legs Momo showed the greater speed off the wind, and she made a gain of almost a minute in the last windward leg. In this part of the race, however, while Momo was undoubtedly pushed to her utmost to make up her lost time. Glencairn had the race safe in hand, with a long lead, and she had only to sail cautiously and easily to avoid a possible mishap. The wind and sea were still as high at the finish as at the start. After the fleet started for Dorval and Lachine the sky cleared and the sun came out for a time. In honor of the visitors, the Forest and Stream Club, Montreal's big country club, had planned a "*Fête de Nuit*" for Tuesday night, a special train being run out to Dorval, where the club has a beautiful house and grounds, on the point above the yacht club. In consequence of the wet weather, the festivities, which were planned to take place outdoors, were postponed to Wednesday night. An impromptu dance at the yacht club was arranged, however, as a partial compensation for those who came out unaware of the postponement.

Fourth Day—Fourth Race.

Wednesday, Aug. 18.

TRIANGULAR COURSE.

Wednesday morning was clear and sunny, but with a fresh westerly breeze, a dozen miles an hour or so, the wind and sea had fallen late in the night, and when the wind freshened the sea was but moderate. The Dama and the Duchess of York were out at the line at 10:30, but few other craft were about The two yachts made fast astern of Dama and Momo tied in three reefs, while Glencairn tried but two. After trying the weather for a short time Momo shook out one reef. Mr. Dresser had returned home, and Mr. Crane was again on Momo. The preliminary whistle was given at 11:10 and the preparatory at 11:20, with the wind about S.W. The first leg of the triangle, with marks to starboard, was almost to windward. When the start was given at 11:25, Momo, after sailing around the Dama, came under her stern a little too soon, bore away along the line and luffed over with the whistle. Glencairn, after a little maneuvering below the line, was to leeward of Momo at the start, but at once luffed out across Momo's wake. For the first time in four days of hard racing the two were in close company, and for a few minutes there was a very pretty fight. Momo tried to pull away, but Glencairn clung to her weather quarter and then worked out on her beam, pointing well and holding better to windward. As they went along in this way, Glencairn gradually widened out to windward until she was some 30yds. distant. A little later and she was clear ahead and gaining with every foot sailed, until she had a lead of 2½ minutes at the end of 1⅓ miles. The first mark was timed:

	Time	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	11 45 57	0 20 57	0 02 32	0 02 32
Momo	11 48 28	0 23 29		

After passing the mark on port tack booms were eased to starboard and balloon jibs set, Momo shaking out her second reef. The wind was rather lighter than at the start, and there was a moderate sea. They were timed at the second mark:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	11 56 08	0 10 11	0 00 47	0 03 19
Momo	11 59 37	0 10 58		

On this reach Glencairn had increased her gain, Momo losing a little time with her reef. They jibed at the mark, and Glencairn then shook out her second reef. There was still plenty of wind, but the leech of the mainsail was showing signs of tearing, and the reef was cast out in order to ease the strain at the cringle. She carried her small jib set under balloon jib on each round, but Momo had to take in her balloon jib in order to set her small jib, thus losing time. The round was finished.

		Elapsed.		Gain.		
	Time.	Leg.	Round.	Leg.	Round.	Lead.
Glencairn	12 05 14	0 09 06	0 40 14		0 03 09	0 03 09
Momo	12 08 23	0 08 56	0 43 25	0 00 10		

Glencairn was well away with her small jib sheeted home, while Momo was still coming along under mainsail only, while Mr. Crane was shifting headsails. They started off on port tack, and in a short time Momo started to shake out her last reef. Glencairn also shook her last reef out in hopes of saving the mainsail, but the leech had started and a tear ran across the sail for over 3ft., leaving the two parts flapping. With her whole mainsail drawing, Momo began to pick up the leader, and as the wind was now falling the race became very exciting, the odds being strongly in Momo's favor, with her whole mainsail and four reaches to go with but one more windward leg. The first mark showed a decided gain for Momo:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	12 29 00	0 23 46		0 01 12
Momo	12 20 12	0 21 49	0 01 57	

Once around the mark, Glencairn set her balloon jib in the regular way. Mr. Shearwood went aft and hauled down the third reef pendant, which had been rove that morning, in order to take the strain from the torn pare below. Momo tried a risky, and as it proved, fatal experiment, dropping her spinaker boom to port and breaking out her spinaker on it, then staying the spar as far forward as possible. The boom soon slipped up the mast and made a general tangle forward, the sail being towed under the bows before it was finally taken in and reset properly. At least a minute was lost by this maneuver, and instead of passing or catching Glencairn Momo lost some very valuable seconds. The second mark was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	12 39 18	0 10 18		0 01 12
Momo	12 40 30	0 10 18		

On the last reach to the line, Momo's strongest leg in all the races, she gained little or nothing at first, but over the last part of this leg she came up very fast. Glencairn lowered her balloon jib and had her working jib drawing without loss of time, but again Momo had to jog along under mainsail alone while the work of lowering balloon jib, passing it on and getting out the working jib, hooking on and hoisting the latter, went on with a slowness that was exasperating to those of her friends on the different boats. It was not that this difficult work was done so badly, but on Glencairn the jib tack was made fast on the deck and the rigging was much better, two jibs being set at the same time. On Momo the jib was made fast to a bowsprit, some 2ft. outboard, and it was necessary to take in one sail before beginning to take in the other. With all of this drawback Momo had made up enough to put her on the line even with Glencairn, and to windward, as they started for the final four miles. The times were:

		Elapsed.		Gain		
	Time.	Leg.	Round.	Leg.	Round.	Lead.
Glencairn	12 49 17	0 09 57	0 44 03			0 00 04
Momo	12 49 21	0 08 51	0 40 59	0 01 08	0 03 03	

With all the odds in her favor, Momo again failed to hold Glencairn. The torn edges of the latter's mainsail were fluttering badly. Even in the fairly light wind it was the old story, and Glencairn was soon clear of Momo, and fast weathering out on her. When Glencairn made her last long tack for the mark, she weathered it easily; Momo was by this time some distance astern on the same tack. Watches were held anxiously on the pair; but instead of weathering the mark, Momo fetched by to leeward after Glencairn had rounded, and had to make another tack.

The treatment of the Canadians, from first to last, throughout the races, has been most courteous and considerate, whether Glencairn was winning or losing; but when it was seen that Momo failed to weather the mark, an involuntary exclamation that sounded almost like a yell of derision broke out on the club steamer; the suspense was over, and Glencairn had, in spite of her accident, won the cup. The times at the windwark mark were:

	Time	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	1 10 42	0 21 25	0 03 47	0 03 51
Momo	1 14 33	0 25 12		

The second mark of the last round showed the usual off-the-wind gain for Momo, but it was too late for her to profit by it. The time was:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	1 20 05	0 09 23		0 03 02
Momo	1 23 07	0 08 34	0 00 49	

The last leg was tame enough, Glencairn was warmly greeted at the finish and Momo came in for a generous share of salutes and cheers. The final times were:

		Elapsed.			Gain.	
	Finish.	Leg.	Round.	Race.	Leg.	Round.	Race.
Glencairn	1 29 00	0 08 55	0 39 43	2 04 00		0 02 22	0 02 26
Momo	1 31 26	0 08 19	0 42 05	2 06 26	0 00 36		

While Glencairn was better handled than Momo throughout the race, the great feature of the day was the magnificent work of Mr. Duggan in the last two rounds. For more than two-thirds of the race there was a certainty of the mainsail tearing, with every possibility of the boat being fatally disabled. With this possibility hanging over him, Mr. Duggan still managed to keep the boat going, and when the disaster finally came he never lost heart, or at least his handling did not show it. The chances in the last round, the two boats starting even, were overwhelmingly in favor of Momo; apart from the actual damage to Glencairn's sail, and its demoralizing effect, there was no telling at what moment the whole sail might be ruined. In spite of all this, Glencairn was taken out to windward carefully but boldly, beating Momo as badly as when her sail was intact in the previous races. The tear, by actual measurement, was 3ft. 5in. long, extending from the second reef cringle down and across to the front reef board, thus leaving two large pieces that flapped until they fairly shook the boat.

The weather in the last three races was not exceptional or unduly heavy, nor in any way more than these boats or even the 15-footers should be capable of standing, but it was unusual in summer, and very different from what Mr. Crane had anticipated. He had expected quite light weather, and had planned accordingly, with a low freeboard, a lofty and narrow rig, and a very light centerboard. Whatever virtue these features may possess in light weather, they were certainly at a discount in a reefing breeze and sea beside Glencairn's deeper and larger hull, higher side, lower rig and weighted centerboard. That Momo was beaten in such weather is nothing surprising; but, further than this, we have serious doubts whether she could have beaten Glencairn under whole sail in a light but steady breeze. She had an advantage in light weather in a better mainsail than Glencairn, but as far as the differences in design go, there is no good reason to believe that those features which made Glencairn so much superior in heavy weather would have told against her in light weather.

As was the case last year, everything passed off without protests or disputes, the only break in the good feeling which prevailed on every hand being over the substitution of Mr. Dresser for Mr. Crane on Tuesday. It was perfectly well understood by the Canadians that Mr. Crane was not unable to sail, and that Mr. Dresser, who was not a member of the Momo and Al Anka party, but solely present as a spectator, was in no way superior to Mr. Crane as captain of the boat and in setting sails. The one thing which made him eligible was his extra weight of 70lbs. in a strong wind, and against this was his size and weight for sail setting, and his unfamiliarity with the lead of gear. While there is thus far nothing in the letter of rules to prohibit such a change of crew during the races, the feeling was very strong on the part of the Canadians that such a change of live ballast solely to suit the weather was a violation of that spirit of the rules which they have observed rigorously in both contests, and if passed unnoticed it could not fail to establish a very bad precedent.

As the rules now are, men of medium size and weight are practically barred from the 20ft. class; it is purely a question of live ballast, and the heaviest men who are not actual lubbers in a boat are chosen for the crews. Bad as this is, the case will be still worse if the right be recognized to shift crews according to the weather. In this case the man who would win must have at hand two heavy men and two light men, to be shipped according to the weather at the start.

Quite a number of members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. were present during the races: Vice-Com. S. V. R. Cruger and Mrs. Cruger, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Sturdee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Dresser, Messrs. C. A. Sherman, Sherman Hoyt, A. W. Rutherford, C. W. Wetmore, and others. Mr. H. C. McLeod, of Halifax, formerly of Lake Minnetonka, was also present. Every possible courtesy was extended by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and by the people of Dorval to the visitors.

On Wednesday night the Forest and Stream Club gave an outdoor festival—a *fête de nuit*—in honor of the guests, which was very largely attended. On Thursday night Com. James Ross gave a dinner at the St. James Hotel, in Montreal, to Mr. Duggan and the visitors.

Momo has been shipped to a small lake in the Adirondacks, where Mr. Durkee, one of her owners, will use her.

Western Yachts.

AT MINNETONKA.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 20.—Times have been lively as usual in yachting circles this season on Minnetonka waters, and the Minnesota yachtsmen have treated each other to a number of surprises. The crack sloop of last year, Tartar of the double stern, appears this season rigged as a cat, and was so sailed in the competitions for the Interlake regatta, Minnetonka against White Bear. Kossak, a Clapham model, originally designed for a sloop, was found to perform better as a cat, and has been so sailed, though under that rig she is not without sundry vagaries of her own. Supremacy seems to lie between Tartar and Katrina. In sloops, Wizard is chosen over Breeze to sail in the Interlake regatta. There has been some talk of fitting Breeze as a cat, but nothing appears to give color to the rumor.

In the first test races Tartar and Akela exchanged courtesies the first two days. The actual time for the first day was as follows, over a course of 6½ knots: Akela 1:13:45, Tartar 1:11:56, Aurelia 1:11:30. Tartar and Aurelia get 19 seconds from Akela, and Tartar beat Akela 2m. 8s., Aurelia beat Tartar 26s., and Aurelia beat Akela 2m 34s. It was a surprising result.

On the second day the time was:

	Start.	Finish.	Time.	T. A. C	Corrected Time.
Tartar	3 55 20	5 10 12	1 14 52	0 07	1 14 45
Akela	3 56 50	5 09 30	1 13 25	0 00	1 13 25
Aurelia	3 57 11	5 11 20	1 14 09	0 07	1 14 02

On Aug. 19 Tartar won everything in the three races sailed, the time being as follows:

FIRST RACE.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tartar	3 20 14	4 00 31	0 40 17	0 40 10
Katrina	3 20 18	4 02 32	0 42 14	0 41 41
Kossak		4 00 00		

SECOND RACE.

Tartar	4 08 17	4 48 36	0 40 19	0 40 12
Katrina	4 08 10	4 51 57	0 43 17	0 43 14
Kossak	4 08 58	4 50 37	0 41 39	0 41 39

THIRD RACE.

Tartar	4 58 14	5 28 04	0 39 50	0 39 43
Katrina	4 58 15	5 40 09	0 41 54	0 41 21
Kossak	4 58 30	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

On Aug. 14 the entire Minnetonka mixed fleet turned out, some fourteen boats being entered. A heavy squall came up and put an end to the sport, the judges' boat being obliged to put in for shelter, and only two of the fourteen boats finishing—Pyxie, 2:15:55, and Katrina, untimed. Several of the boats were knocked down, and the crews of more than one were rescued only after perilous experiences. Pyxie was magnificently handled. On White Bear Lake, the same day, the cup and pennant races were also interfered with by the heavy wind. Witch was capsized, and there was much damage done to rigging in other boats. The winners were: Akela in the 23-footers, Aurelia in the cats, and Siren in the sloops of 21ft. Summary as below:

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Siren, Smith	3 15 00	4 59 38	1 44 38	1 29 51
Falcon, Van Vleck	3 15 00	Did not finish.		

SPECIAL CLASS.

Majove, Sanders	3 20 00	Did not finish.		
Croppie, Lyon	3 20 00	Did not finish.		
Crappie, Lyon	3 20 00	5 00 56	1 40 56	1 23 15

CATBOATS.

Pastime, Smith	3 25 00	Did not finish.		
Alfrida, Ordway	3 25 00	Did not finish.		
Aurelia, Welch	3 25 00	4 43 11	1 18 11	1 08 34
My Girl, Ramaley	3 25 00	5 04 22	1 39 22	1 28 43

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Akele, Griggs	3 30 00	4 44 32	1 14 42	1 06 30
Tartar, Mead	3 30 00	4 51 15	1 21 15	1 12 50

GREEN LAKE, WIS.

An interesting interlake trial of boats was sailed at Green Lake, Wis, Aug. 7, yachts being entered from Lakes Winnebago, Delavan, Oconomowoc and Green Lake. The course was 12 miles, and the regatta was won by Elk, of Oshkosh, which will take the cup to Winnebago, where it will be sailed for again next August.

In the race for the Commodore's cup, Green Lake, Aug. 14, Tzin, sloop, won after a closely contested race with Hypatia and B. & F., the actual time 2.19.04. Tzin needs but one more win to own this cup permanently. She lost to B. & F. in the race of Aug. 9.

DELAVAN LAKE, WISCONSIN.

Week after week passed at Delavan Lake this summer with a succession of calm Saturdays. On Aug. 14 it was possible to get a start, and four boats entered, all of Delavan Lake ownership, Euliana, Mary Gladys, Circe and Estelle. Interest centered between El Capitan, sailed by Com. Jones (the same boat which sailed fifth in Green Lake regatta), and Mary Gladys, sailed by the boy Ingersoll, a skipper youthful but full of nerve. Two races were sailed during the same day, Mary Gladys winning the first and El Capitan the second. Time in the morning race: Mary Gladys 1:21:50, Euliana 1:21:40, Circe 1:24:10. In the afternoon race: El Capitan 1:21:00, Mary Gladys 1:28:50, Circe 1:28:55.

FOX LAKE, ILLINOIS.

At Fox Lake, Ill., Aug. 14, the fifth regatta of the Fox Lake Y. C. was sailed, fourteen entries, four classes, with the following results over a course of 7.2 miles:

CLASS A

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Babe Jane	3 06 50	4 30 18	1 23 28
Alida	3 06 22	4 25 38	1 19 16
Vencedor, Jr.	3 05 20	4 25 25	1 20 05
Dolly C.	3 05 10	4 24 40	1 29 40
Vencent	3 05 45	4 32 25	1 26 40

CLASS B

Bellevue	3 16 20	4 45 30	1 29 10
Far Away	4 25 30	4 44 20	1 18 50
Starling	3 15 10	4 46 17	1 31 07
Harriette	3 15 20	4 48 25	1 33 05

CLASS C.

Sleepy Tom	3 20 50	4 46 02	1 25 12
Francis M.	3 20 42	4 51 00	1 30 18

CLASS D

Lorna Doone	3 25 20	4 57 49	1 32 20
Nellie G.	3 26 05	5 03 00	1 35 25
Never Know Me Now	3 25 42	4 52 40	1 26 57

Three additional races will be sailed on three successive Saturdays—commencing next Saturday—for three pennants, open to all sloops whose owners are members of the F. L. Y. C.

In Class B the tie between Bellevue and Far Away will be sailed off at 11 A. M. next Saturday from the East Side Hotel. This closes the regatta season as far as Class D is concerned. Never Know Me Now claims the cup until next year.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Beverly Y. C.

BOSTON, Aug. 17.—The 253d regatta of the Beverly Y. C., the fourth Corinthian, was sailed off club house Aug. 14.

Course for cruising and second classes, 11¼ miles; fourth class 8½, fifth class 5½.

Judges: F. Elliot Cabot and David Rice. Wind, a single reef sou'wester.

Robin Hood won in cruising class; Edith second by only 22s.

Thordis won in second class, as usual.

Elsa and Howard in fourth class cats sailed a close race, Elsa scoring one for the pennant, and Howard winning first prize by 1m. 5s. on allowance.

In fourth sloops, Mr. Eustis at last got Capelin to the line in good racing shape, and won handsomely.

Imp beat Hebe as usual in the small class.

CRUISING CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Robin Hood, A. H. Hardy	21.04	2 09 40	2 10 10
Edith, C. M. Baker	21.00	2 10 32	2 10 32
Mariposa, R. W Downer	21.00	2 13 32	2 13 32
Kantaka, A Winsor	21.00	2 15 38	2 15 38
Royal Blue, C. S. Dennison	21.00	2 17 02	2 17 02
Micaboo, J. R and C. L Harding	21.00	Broke down.	

SECOND CLASS.

Thordis, T. B. Wales	26.00	2 09 06	1 56 55
Anonyma, Vice-Com Dabney	24.09	2 16 18	2 02 36
May King, D. L. Whittemore	25.09	2 10 25	1 57 56
Kalama, David Rice		Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS—CATS.

Elsa, C. S. Sargent	19.00	2 01 19	1 41 31
Howard, H O. Miller	18.00	2 01 38	1 43 26
Cinch, H. Parker	18.01	2 05 55	1 47 51
Hope, J. H. Ellis	18.00	Broke down.	
Playmate, H. Sargent		Broke down.	

FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

Capelin, W. E. C. Eustis	19.03	1 47 17	1 30 47
Opossum, R W. Emmons	19.00	1 49 55	1 33 07
Heiress, G. G. Amory	19.00	1 52 57	1 35 09
Blue Fish, J. Crane and A. S. Hardy	19.00	2 02 07	1 45 19
Grilse, W. E C. Eustis	19.00	Withdrew.	

FIFTH CLASS—CATS.

Imp, G. B Dabney	14.05	1 23 13	1 00 36
Hebe, J. Parkinson	15.00	1 25 47	1 10 51

TIMES OF THIRD CLASS BOATS, AUG. 3.

I recently discovered that I had made two stupid mistakes in figuring time of third class boats, Aug. 3. Arab won the race; she went over course in 1.25.41 actual, and 1.13.29 corrected time.

Ben My Chree made actual time 1 31.43; corrected 1.17.20. Arab won first, Perhaps second, Ben My Chree third.

W. LLOYD JEFFRIES.

American Y. C. Special Regatta.

MILTON POINT - LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Wednesday, Aug. 17

THE American Y. C. sailed a special regatta on Aug. 17 in a light and variable S.E. wind accompanied by a heavy rain squall. The times were:

SLOOPS—43FT. CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eurybia, Chas. Pryer	40.02	2 45 17	2 45 17
Coya, F. J. Grace	36.00	Did not finish.	

SLOOPS—26FT. CLASS.

Acushla, H. W. Hanan	30.04	2 19 40	2 19 40
Vorant II, S. G. Tyson	34.00	2 26 58	2 26 58
Surprise, J. D. Baird	34.68	Did not finish.	

OPEN SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.

Houri, E B. Hart, Jr	21.99	2 31 16	2 31 16
Keneu, M. Clark	19.46	2 27 00	3 21 52

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

Onaway, S. C. Pirie	26.25	2 44 04	2 40 14
Kit, F. J. Dunne	20.18	2 25 21	2 25 21

CABIN CATS—25FT CLASS.

Presto, M. E Hatfield	23.48	3 27 35	3 27 35
Harrietta, Robert Jacobs	21.90	Did not finish.	

OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

P. K. Pigeon, Deady & Harrington	20.92	3 32 03	3 30 52
Punch, H. B. Clark	20.50	Disabled.	
Zelica, H. A. Sherman	20.99	3 38 02	3 55 36
Adele, W. Goetschius		Did not finish.	
Anglesea, L. N. Spence	21.53	Did not finish.	

OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.

Gosbird, R. H. Nevins	18.20	4 03 58	4 00 13
Irvin H, Ed Cromwell	17.00	Did not finish.	
Minnetonka, A. B. Allee	19.85	3 41 17	3 41 17
Ione, C. Bird	19.68	3 45 03	3 46 53

OPEN SLOOPS—15FT. CLASS.

Glance, A. W. W. Marshall	15.00	4 00 40	4 00 40
Mist, Dr. Wolf	15.00	3 53 12	3 53 12
Yola, C. H. Mallory	15.00	3 30 21	3 30 21

YAWLS—20FT CLASS.

Zahrer, W. H. Downing	19.66	Did not finish.	
Alice, George Fry	19.66	3 43 12	3 43 12

OPEN CATS—15FT. CLASS

Skip, Oliver Adams	14.00	Did not finish.	
Cora, T. J S. Flint	12.50	Did not finish.	

The winners were: Eurybia, Acushla, Keneu, Kit, Presto, Minnetonka, Yola and Alice. In the 25ft. open cat class P. K Pidgeon is protested by Zelica. Decision reserved.

The regatta committee included Stuyvesant Wainwright, H. de B. Parsons and Thomas Dimond.

Interlake Regatta.

DARTFORD, Wis., Aug. 10.—I take pleasure in inclosing herewith reports of our Interlake Challenge Cup races, and Commodore's Cup race.

Five clubs were entered for the Interlake, which was won easily by the Elk, Oshkosh Y. C., in two straight races. The cup will be sailed for next year at Oshkosh, on Lake Winnebago.

INTERLAKE CHALLENGE CUP—FIRST RACE.

Start 3:15:	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elk, Oshkosh Y. C.	5 25 53	2 10 53	2 10 13
Hypatia, Green Lake Y C.	5 20 15	2 15 15	2 13 40
Corana, Nodaway Y. C.	5 35 28	2 20 28	2 17 55
Watson, Oconomowoc Y. C.	5 37 14	2 22 14	2 22 14
El Capitan, Lake Delavan Y. C.	5 47 17	2 32 17	2 26 14

First of a series of two out of three races for the Green Lake Yacht Club challenge cup.

Judges: Com. Ferd W. Peck, Com. L. Frank Gates, Capt. J. J. Rardau, John R. Davis, Com. Geo. C. Eldredge.

SECOND RACE.

Start, 9:45:	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elk, Oshkosh Y. C.	12 16 30	2 31 30	2 30 50
Hypatia, Green Lake Y. C.	12 25 42	2 40 42	2 39 59
Corona, Nodaway Y. C	12 22 17	2 37 17	2 34 44
Watson, Oconomowoc Y. C.	12 28 07	2 43 07	2 43 07
El Capitan, Lake Delavan Y. C.	12 32 02	2 47 02	2 40 59

Winning of this second successive race entitled Elk to the Interlake challenge cup offered by the Green Lake Y. C.

Judges: J. J. Rardau, Com. F. W. Peck, Com. L. F. Gates, J. R. Davis, Com. G. C. Eldredge.

COMMODORE'S CUP.

Start, 3:55:	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hypatia, Gwynn Garnett	6 03 32	2 08 32	2 08 32
B. & F., H. R. McCullough	6 05 28	2 10 28	2 07 27
Tzin, W. E. Haseltine	6 11 50	2 16 50	2 12 29
Pleasant Point, J. W. Ross			

All boats except B. & F. carried reefed mainsails, but shook out before finish.

Green Lake Y. C.—Oakwood Cup Race.

DARTFORD, WIS.—GREEN LAKE, WIS.

Saturday, Aug. 14.

COURSES: Triangular; two laps. Distance: 10½ miles. Weather: Cloudy and warm. Wind: Stiff, freshening into a gale.

Start, 10:40:	Length.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected.
Hypatia	23.00	11 46 25	1 01 03	2 20 03	2 20 03
Tzin	30.00	11 48 20	12 59 45	2 19 45	2 16 24
Pleasant Point					
Timbula		11 46 17			
B. & F.		11 49 45			
Tam O'Shanter					

Winners: First prize, Tzin; second prize, Hypatia.

On rounding second buoy on last lap boats were struck by a terrific squall, capsizing Pleasant Point and forcing Timbula and B. & F. to drop their sails. Tzin and Hypatia had great difficulty in reaching finish without going over. Tam O'Shanter dropped out on second round.

All started out well bunched with Hypatia to weather, giving her a lead which she retained until passed by Tzin on last leg of course.

First leg, beat to windward; second leg, free run; third leg, close-haul run.

B. & F. did some excellent work, but was unable to round second buoy owing to force of the wind.

Judges: H. M. Curtis, G. W. Murison, C. H. Canby.

Gilbert's Bar Y. C.

WAVELAND, Fla., Aug. 14.—The Gilbert's Bar Y. C. held their usual monthly regatta Saturday, July 31, in a light wind. In the first class only one boat sailed over the course; times as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

Joker	0 53 45

SECOND CLASS.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Swallow	0 52 00	0 52 00
Ilderin	0 55 23	0 54 21
Beatrice	0 55 55	0 51 09

Pewaukee.

PEWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 14.—To-day's regatta was sailed in a heavy southwest wind. The starting signal was given at 4:00:25 P. M. and the yachtsmen were instructed to sail twice around the 4-mile triangular course. The start was made almost in the teeth of the gale, and the yachts in both classes were sent on their way by the same starting gun. The Martha, owned by A. H. Steinman, of Milwaukee, ran aground off Lakeside and bent her rudder, and although she entered the race she was unable to hold up to the wind and had to drop out. The yachts all went into the race with reefed canvas. The Kite lost several minutes at the start in hanging her jib and was the last to get away.

The A boats started with the Sirrocco, Lottie and Tempest in the lead; the Sirrocco had her peak halyards blown out and had to retire soon after she got away.

The B boats were led all the way around by the Aida, which made most of her gains by a series of tacks, along the south shore of the lake in the long beat to windward on each time around. The Lorraine was the last in her class to start, but she overhauled all the rest of the fleet before they reached the first stake, and from this point she steadily drew away from the rest of her class and finished 6m. ahead of the Tempest.

The first time around, the yachts finished as follows:

CLASS A.

	Corrected.
Lorraine, Schiller & Bauch	0 54 30
Lottie, L. D. Markwell	0 57 00
Tempest, C. F Hase	0 57 30
Idle Hour, R E. Giljohaun	1 01 30
Christine, Louis Aner	1 01 00

CLASS B.

Aida, A. C. Zinn	0 57 30
Sophia, W H. Meyers	1 02 15
Kite, Poppert & Peckler.	1 04 15

On the second time around, Lottie, Idle Hour, Sophia and Christine were unable to continue, and dropped out. The rest of the fleet continued around the course with little change in their positions, and finished as follows:

CLASS A.

	Corrected.
Loraine	1 46 18
Tempest	1 52 20

CLASS B.

Aida	1 53 30
Kite	2 01 35

Winners: Class A, Lorraine; Class B, Aida.

Judges and time-keepers, Geo. M. Conway, A. G. Miller, John C Spencer.

ERNEST E. WHITE.

BELLEVILLE, Aug. 16.—The new 20-footer built by Mr. A. Tisdale, of this city, had her trial trip on Saturday afternoon. She proved herself a fast boat in light weather and good on all points of sailing. She carries about 65yds. of canvas and stands up well under it. Mr. Wm. Carter made her sails and they fit nicely. Mr. Tisdale has never before attempted to build so large a boat, and his success in this one may lead to his building others.

R. S. B.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Eighteenth Annual Meet.

GRINDSTONE ISLAND, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Aug. 6-20, 1897.

THE big A. C. A. burgee never floated as high before as it does this season, for Com. MacKendrick has planted a big flagpole on the top of the hill, from which the red and white flag is visible for miles around. The strong and steady westerly winds of the whole two weeks have worked havoc with the flag, but it has been a pleasant sight to old A. C. A. men. The island and the bay change little from year to year, but the camp itself is located a little differently. As of old, many prefer the shade of the north side, though the main camp on the level at the foot of the hill facing Eel Bay, Squaw Point, too, is in its original location. The old wharf is still standing, but it has been deserted, and a new one has been built further along the shore, near where the Brockville camp was in 1884-5-6, and the mess shed last year and at present. In connection with this change, headquarters has been moved from its old location on Capitol Hill, and is now at the head of the new wharf. Here the officers' tents are arranged in a semicircle, the Commodore in the center, with the A. C. A. burgee flanked by the Canadian and American ensigns on tall poles in front. The camp store, mess tent and kitchen are close to headquarters. This arrangement is an improvement, in that the wharf and the public buildings—if tents may be called such—are no longer in the center of the men's camp, but between it and the ladies' camp, and thus accessible at all times from the latter.

The regular arrangements are practically the same as last year. The transportation has been excellent, with steamers to Clayton and Gananoque. The mess is again in the hands of Mr. McElveny, and has given general satisfaction; and Mr. H. C. Morse, who has been the camp site committee, has proved an able successor to Mr. Robertson. The work of the latter for several previous years is so well known to all who have attended the meets, that it is only necessary to say that Mr. Morse has filled his place.

The attendance at camp has been comparatively small, the register showing only 165 names of members; to what this is attributable it is difficult to say. Quite a number of the older men, like Edwards, have been in camp, and at one time during the meet there were five ex-commodores present—Edwards, Huntington, Dorland, Wilkin and Winne. For the first time in many years, if we remember, since 1884, the Vesper B. C., headed by Paul Butler, has been absent, and the racing has suffered accordingly. Of racing men there were, as the entry list shows, very few, in fact in the sailing Mr. Archbald had no dangerous competitor in a thoroughly modern canoe. In the paddling there was no new-comer such as Mr. Noack last year, and only four men started for the trophy. In the way of boats, the paddling brought out nothing new, the trophy being won in an old canoe; in the sailing division there was Mab of last year and three new canoes. One of these, Toreador, designed and built by L. E. Fry, of Clayton, for F. C. Moore, was similar in general appearance to Agawam and the curious Dimples, built on the Connecticut River some eight years ago, with a very full deck and much dead rise, a V section. She was rather heavy in construction and did nothing in the races. Another, We're Here, was designed by her owner, H. H. Smythe, and built by John McGowan, at Bay Ridge. A third, designed and built by J. H. Rushton, was owned by C. W. Lansing. None of these were in any way, model, construction, rig or fittings, worthy of a place beside Mab, and they did nothing in the racing. What races were not won by Mr. Archbald in Mab, went mostly to Mr. Douglas in Cricket, a six-year-old Ruggles canoe, or to Mr. Stewart in Az Iz, another Ruggles canoe some three or four years old. The new canoes were fitted with particularly large and clumsy attachments for the deck tillers and very high long sliding seats.

This year there were, strange to say, four war canoes at the meet, and two very good races were paddled in them. The old "Huff" of Rochester, with her "hand-painted" sails, was on hand, and also a very handsome new war canoe of Spanish cedar, designed and built by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. for the Wawbewawa C. A.

The racing was decidedly inferior to that of last year, there were many events, but few starters and no really good competition; some of the minor races occasioned a good deal of amusement, but the sailing trophy race had six starters, three finishing; the paddling trophy brought out but four men, and the Dolphin trophy was merely thrown in as a part of the trophy race. There were a number of complaints on the part of the racing men against the management of the races, and on one occasion a general strike occurred. As Mr. Archbald was desirous of leaving for home on Aug. 19, the trophy race was posted, with little warning on the afternoon of Aug. 18, at which time a strong and puffy west wind was blowing, hitting hard across the top of the hill and down on Eel Bay. Mr. Archbald was ready at the appointed time, but the other racing men could not be found. After a search the committee discovered them all sitting in a group on top of the hill, laughing at the chase. They declared that the wind was too high and the conditions unfit for racing, and refused to start. Mr. Archbald got under way and sailed a short distance when his mainmast broke at the deck, in full sight of the strikers on the hilltop. Some one went down to the signal officer's tent and stole some code flags, and soon the warning "Dangerous winds expected, canoes should keep near shore," was flying from the big pole. The race was not sailed until the following day. The first war canoe race brought out a scratch crew of the old fellows, Edwards, Huntington and others. The final war canoe race was an international one, arranged by Capt. Louis L. Drake, of the Wawbewawa C. A. He picked a crew from the States, while Vice-Com. R. E. Burns picked a crew of Canadians. The Americans got away first and led by half a length at the half-mile flag, when the Canadians took the lead. Within 100ft. of the finish a hot spurt put the Americans over with a lead of hardly 10ft. The old plan of a course with a turn was revived for most of the paddling races, with some disqualifications in consequence. The results of the races were very poorly recorded on odd scraps of paper; no proper blanks or record books were provided, and the records are less complete than usual.

The races began on Aug. 14, Saturday, and continued up to Thursday night. During the whole meet the winds were very strong, mostly from the west. There was no rain to speak of, but the weather was unusually cool. Nearly all of the races were sailed in strong breezes, and there were some days when none cared to set afloat under sail. Mr. H. D. McVean, of the regatta committee, who proved so officient last year, was absent in Florida, so the management of the races devolved on Messrs. Sparrow and Schuyler, with Mr. Dunnell as clerk of the course.

Very good order was preserved in camp, and it was quite possible to sleep for a reasonable number of hours at night. There was none of the over-dressing that has been complained of at times at the meets; on the contrary, this year the fashion ran to sleeveless Jerseys and undershirts, with sunburned arms. While this was all right in the canoes and about camp, it was carried too far at meals and in the presence of ladies. It is not specially appetizing even for a man who is not squeamish to sit at table opposite to a pair of shoulders ornamented with raw red sores as the result of sunburn and chafing.

The principal business of the camp is the election of the commodore and secretary-treasurer, and this was done at the meeting of the executive committee on the evening of Aug. 18, Com. MacKendrick presiding, with Purser L. C. Woodworth, of the Central Division, acting as secretary. Sec'y-Treas. Blake was unable to be present during the meet through pressure of business. For some reason not apparent an attempt was made to induce the Atlantic Division to waive its turn to the officers and meet in favor of the Central Division, but this proposal met with no favor. Vice-Com. Murray was the first choice of the Atlantic Division, but he positively refused to accept the nomination. Mr. F. L. Dunnell was finally elected commodore for 1898, with Mr. C. V. Schuyler as secretary-treasurer. A recommendation was read from the Atlantic Division in favor of a camp next year about Eel Bay. A proposal was then considered from the monthly magazine *Recreation*, published in New York, to print the A. C. A. Year Book, furnishing one copy to each member and 300 copies to the Association, free of cost, and to send a free copy of the magazine to each member.

After the meeting adjourned, the result of the election was announced to the members at a so-called "general meeting" about the camp fire. As usual, this "meeting," which exists merely as a matter of custom and not of law, afforded an occasion for much pent-up eloquence, *apropos* of nothing in particular.

A letter was read from the Chamber of Commerce of Port Tampa, Fla., suggesting a winter camp of the Association. A letter was read from the paper *Shooting and Fishing*, requesting that it be named as an official organ of the Association. On motion of E. B. Edwards, seconded by W. U. Lawson, it was recommended to make a contract with *Recreation* on the above terms, with the option of renewal. A motion was made by R J. Wilkin, seconded by P. F. Hogan, that *Recreation* be named as the only official organ of the Association; it was not carried. A motion by R. J. Wilkin to renumber the members, after a long discussion was laid on the table. A recommendation was adopted to the effect that the Executive Committee provide special personal prizes each year to the winners of the two Association trophies. The usual formal votes of thanks to everybody were passed in the usual manner.

The division meet of the Eastern Division was held at Lawrence, Mass., on May 30, the following officers being elected: Vice-Com., L. S. Drake; Rear-Com., R. H. Hammond; Purser, F. J. Burrage; Ex-Com., Parry C. Wiggins, Butler Ames, A. W. Dodd. The meetings of the other divisions were held in camp. The Northern Division elected Vice-Com., D'Arcy Scott; Rear-Com., G. R. Howell; Purser, ———; Ex-Com. J. McD. Mowat. Com. J. N. MacKendrick was elected as successor to E. B. Edwards, the retiring member of the Board of Governors.

The Central Division elected Vice-Com., J. R. Stewart; Rear-Com., A. H. McNabb; Purser, L. C. Woodworth (re-elected); Ex-Com., H. C. Morse, F. G. Mather and T. H. Stryker.

The Atlantic Division elected Vice-Com., Thomas Hale, Jr.; Rear-Com., F. M. Pinkney; Purser, W. M. Carpenter; Ex-Com., F. C. Moore and Geo. P. Douglas.

The Northern Division at its annual meeting appointed a special committee for the consideration of the question of the amendment of the measurement rules, especially as they concern paddling canoes. The committee included Vice-Com. D'Arcy Scott, Rear-Com. D. H. McDougall, Vice-Com. R. E. Burns, E B. Edwards and W. T. Lawless.

The committee agreed on the following suggestions:

Paddling Regulations.—A canoe to compete in any paddling race of the A. C. A. must be sharp at both ends, with no counterstern or transom; and, except as hereinafter mentioned, must come within the prescribed limits, as follows: Maximum length, 16ft., not less than 30in. beam, not less than 12in. deep, and not less than 45lbs. weight. Slight discrepancies in weight may be made up temporarily to the extent of 3lbs. only.

Measurements.—The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the fore side of stem and the aft side of stern. The beam shall be taken at the widest part, not including the heading. The depth shall be taken from the level of the gunwales amidships to the bottom of the canoe inside.

Canoes for Four Men.—Maximum length, 20ft.; minimum beam, 30in.; minimum depth, 12in.; minimum weight, 70lbs.

War Canoes.—Maximum length, 35ft.; maximum crew, fifteen men.

One important addition to the Association this year was the Buffalo C. C., a club heretofore unknown at the meets, but represented by ten members and displaying much enthusiasm.

A. C. A. Regatta Programme, 1897.

SAILING.

Event No. 1. Paddling and sailing combined, ½ mile alternately; total, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Start to be made under paddle.

P. S.—The same seat shall be used as in Event No. 3.

Event No. 2. Paddling, ½ mile, with turn.

Event No. 3. Sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours.

Note.—Events Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are record races, under Rule 5 of Racing Regulations.

Event No. 4. Unlimited sailing, under Rule 1 of Sailing Regulations, 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours. Starters in the trophy sailing race to be selected from this race under Rule 5 of Racing Regulations.

Event No. 5. Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3½ hours. See Rule 5 of Racing Regulations.

Event No. 6. Dolphin sailing trophy, 7½ miles; time limit, 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in Event No. 5 will not be allowed to compete in this event.

Event No. 7. Club sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours. First three members of any club to count; a club to be represented must enter at least three men. All men contesting must have become members of the club they represent prior to the first day of the 1897 meet

Event No. 8. Divisions sailing, the same as No. 7, except read divisions in place of club. The sliding seat or statinary deck seat shall not exceed in length the width of the canoe.

Event No. 9. Novice sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1896.

Event No. 10. Limited sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Sail area limited to 100sq. ft., and any seat which projects beyond the gunwales prohibited.

Event No. 11. Unclassified sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours. Open only to canoes without self-baling cockpits. No race unless three or more starters. Canoes must be outside the A. C. A. limit to compete in this event.

DIVISION RACES.

Event No. 12. Atlantic Division Cup.
Event No. 13. Central Division Cup.
Event No. 14. Eastern Division Cup.
Event No. 15. Northern Division Cup.

Note.—These events will only be h ld if not sailed at Division meets. These races will be sailed under the rules provided by each Division, which will be posted on the bulletin board, and will be called in the order published during the first week of camp.

Event No. 16. Open canoes, paddle ½ mile to windward with single blades, and return under sail

Event No. 17. Open canoes, sailing, 1½ miles.

PADDLING.

Event No. 18. Trophy paddling, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 19. Novice paddling, ½ mile with turn; open canoes, single blade. Open only to members who have never paddled a race outside their own club races.

Event No. 20. Paddling, ½ mile with turn; open canoes, single blades.

Event No. 21. Tandem club paddling, ½ mile with turn; open canoes, single blades.

Event No. 22. Deck canoes, single paddling, ½ mile with turn; double blades.

Event No. 23. Decked canoes, tandem paddling, ½ mile with turn; double blades.

Event No. 24. Four paddling, ½ mile with turn; single blades, open canoes.

Event No. 25. Upset paddling.

Event No. 26. Tail-end race, open canoes, single blades. Paddler to kneel in bow and paddle bow first with the wind.

Event No. 27. Ladies' single paddling, ¼ mile straightaway; open canoes.

Event No. 28. Ladies' tandem paddling, ¼ mile straightaway, open canoes, single blades.

Event No. 29. Mixed tandem paddling, ¼ mile straightaway, open canoes, single blades.

Event No. 30. Hurry-scurry, run, swim and paddle.

Event No. 31. Swimming, 100yds.

Event No. 32. Tournament.

All paddling races, except the trophy paddling, shall be limited to canoes not less than 30in. beam, and not less than 55lbs.

NOTES.

The committee reserve the right to call any of the less important races any time during the meet, when they may see fit.

All events in which less than two entries present themselves at the line will be canceled.

In events where less than three start, only one prize will be awarded.

The regatta committee have provided prizes for each and every race on the programme.

In case the committee are pressed for time, two or more races will be started at the same time whenever possible.

The committee reserve the right to add to the programme at the meet on twenty-four hours' notice, said notice to be posted on the bulletin board.

A. C. A. Races, 1897—List of Entries.

Canoe.	*Crew.*	*Club.*	*Place.*
Mab	C. E. Archbald	Roy. Can. Y. C.	Toronto.
October, Pipe,	Thos. Hale, Jr.	Yonkers	Yonkers.
Az Iz	J. R. Stewart	Irondequoit	Rochester.
Toreador	F. C. Moore	New York	New York.
Pioneer	J. C. Mobray	New York	New York.
We're Here	H. H. Smythe	New York	New York.
Bee II	L. C May	New York	New York.
Brooklyn	Woolsey Carmalt	New York	New York.
Eros	J. W. Adams.		
Wish	D'Arcy Scott	Ottawa	Ottawa.
———	W. T. Lawless	Ottawa	Ottawa.
Weins	R. J. Stewart	Ottawa	Ottawa.
Reba	Edgar C. Woolsey	Ottawa	Ottawa.
Madge	F. L Dunnell	Brooklyn	Brooklyn.
Enid	M D. Wilt	Red Dragon	Philadelphia.
Bagheera	A. A. Conger	Gouverneur	Gouverneur, N. Y.
———	C. W. Lansing	Bulwagga	Port Henry, N. Y.
Zerb	R. Easton Burns	Toronto	Kingston, Can.
Wahsesee, Hi Yah,	D. H. MacDougall	Toronto	Toronto.
Eldorado	E. McNichol	Toronto	Toronto.
Oualinda	J. W. Ely	Rochester	Rochester.
Weda	C. G. Rothwell	Kingston	Kingston, Can.
Ithanel	L. Leroy	Ianthe	Newark.
Cricket	Geo. P. Douglas	Ianthe.	Newark.

Event No. 1, combined race. Start, 10:59:10:

	1st round.	2d round.
Cricket, G. P. Douglas	11 26 45	11 46 35
Az Iz, J. L Stewart	11 29 10	12 03 05
———, W. G. McTaggart	Withdrew.	
October, Thos. Hale, Jr.	Withdrew.	
Ithanel, L. Leroy	Withdrew.	

Event No. 2, record paddling. Start, 2:50:00:

Cricket, G. P. Douglas	2 56 01	0 06 01
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	2 56 18	0 06 18
October, Thos. Hale, Jr.	2 56 25	0 06 25
Ithanel, L. Leroy	2 56 35	0 06 35

Event No. 3, record sailing, Aug. 18, wind strong from W. Start, 10:45:15:

	1st round.	2d round.	3d round.
Az Iz, J. L. Stewart	11 05 41	11 16 50	11 30 22
Cricket, G. P. Douglas	11 00 16	11 16 43	11 30 25
October, Thos. Hale, Jr.	11 02 20	11 18 03	11 33 20

Event No. 4, unlimited sailing, Aug. 17, wind N.W. strong. Start, 10:16:52:

	1st round.	2d round.	3d round.	4th round.	Elapsed.
Mab, C. E. Archbald	10 30 22	10 44 31	10 58 41	11 13 55	0 56 33
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	10 31 30	10 46 58	11 02 53	11 17 05	. . . .
Pioneer, J. C. Mowbray	10 31 35	10 49 11	11 04 05	11 20 52	. . . .
We're Here H Smythe	10 39 50	11 00 00	11 21 56	11 45 35	. . . .
Toreador, F. C. Moore.	Withdrew.				
October, T. Hale, Jr.	10 36 25	Withdrew.			
Bee II., L H May	10 36 15	10 57 10	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .

Event No. 4, unlimited sailing, Aug. 18, strong N.W. wind:

Mab, C. E. Archbald	Record of times missing.
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	Record of times missing.
Toreador, F. C. Moore	Record of times missing.
Pioneer, J. C. Mowbray	Record of times missing.
We're Here H H. Smythe	Record of times missing.
Bee II., L H May	Record of times missing.
Cricket, G P. Douglass	Record of times missing.
October, Thos. Hale, Jr	Record of times missing.
———, H. H. Lansing	Record of times missing.
Ithanel, L. Leroy	Record of times missing.

Event No. 5, trophy sailing, Aug. 19, strong N.W. wind. Start 10:05:06:

1st.	2d.	3d	4th.	5th.	6th	Elapsed.
		Mab, C. E. Archbald.				
10 22 32	10 38 35	10 54 45	11 10 35	11 28 28	11 45 45	1 40 45
		Az, Iz, J R Stewart				
10 25 05	10 41 40	10 57 39	11 14 33	11 32 15	11 49 05	1 44 05
		Cricket, G. P. Douglas.				
10 26 00	10 43 40	11 00 00	11 18 19	11 36 39	12 01 45	1 56 45
		Pioneer, J. C. Mowbray.				
10 23 55	10 40 58	11 00 03	11 17 30	Withdrew.		
		Toreador, F. C. Moore.				
10 25 42	10 42 47	10 59 13	Withdrew.			
		We're Here, H. H. Smythe.				
10 25 28	10 45 00	Withdrew.				

Event No. 6, dolphin trophy, Aug. 19; not sailed for, given as second prize in trophy race, Az Iz, J. R. Stewart.

Event No. 7, club sailing, Aug. 14 Start, 11:55:00:

Club.	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	Score.
Pioneer, J. Mowbray	New York 11 20 00	11 33 59	11 56 37	6
Toreador, F C. Moore	New York 11 20 35	11 40 36	11 58 19	5
Cricket, G L. Douglas	Ianthe 11 22 40	11 42 26	12 01 05	4
Bee II., L H May	New York 11 21 40	11 43 55	12 04 37	3
Ithanel, L. Leroy	Ianthe 11 27 45	11 52 25	12 21 00	2
Brooklyn, W. Cormalt	New York	.. .. ..	12 29 00	1

New York 13, Ianthe 6.

Event No. 8, no starters.

Event No. 9, novice sailing:

	Start.	1st round.	2d round.
Eros, W. F. Adam	4 21 31	4 43 45	5 10 20
Diaz, G W McTaggart	4 21 50	4 48 15	5 17 50
———, L Leroy	4 21 39	4 48 55	5 20 00
Perati, H. C. Hoyt	4 21 54	4 48 35	5 21 00

Event No. 10, no starters.
Event No. 11, no starters.
Event No. 12, no record, won by J. C. Mowbray.
Event No. 13, no record, won by J. R. Stewart.
Event No. 14, no starters.
Event No. 15, no starters.

Event No. 16, open, paddle and sail, Aug. 14. Start, 3:40:25:

L. R. Palmer	3 55 20	0 14 55
A. A. Conger	3 56 00	0 15 35
Dinnie	3 56 40	0 16 15
B	3 56 59	0 16 34

Event No. 17, open, canvas sailing. Start, 10:12:30:

Madge, F. L. Dunnell	10 43 00
*Modoc, T Hale, Jr.	10 45 00
Hotiti, P. F. Hogan	Withdrew.
Wattawah, L. B. Palmer	Withdrew.

* Disqualified.

Event No. 18, trophy paddling, Aug. 19, water smooth. Start, 3:47:09:

Wish, D'Arcy Scott	0 07 09
Hi Yah, D. McDougall	0 07 24
Eldorado, E. McNichol	0 07 31
———, W. T. Lawless	0 07 33

Event No. 19, novice paddling. Start, 11:36:30:

*Burnside	11 44 00	0 07 30
Hoyt	11 44 30	0 08 00
Harmer	11 44 40	0 08 10
Placket	Withdrew.	

* Burnside was disqualified for fouling a mark.

Event No. 20, paddling, open canoes. Start, 10:33:25:

Hi Yah, D. McDougall	10 39 45
Zerb, R E. Burns	10 39 52
Eldorado, E. McNicol	10 40 08
*Reba, E C. Woolsey	10 40 32

*Reba fouled a buoy and was disqualified.

Event No. 21, tandem club paddling, Aug. 18. Start, 5:16:10:

Toronto, McDougall & McNichol	5 20 55	0 04 45
Kingston, Burns & Rathwell	5 21 05	0 04 55
Atlana, Stewart & Woolsey	5 21 13	0 05 03

Event No. 22, paddling, decked canoes, Aug. 14. Start, 5:44:25:

Cricket, G. L. Douglas	5 50 53
Enid, M. D. Wilt	5 51 00
*Wahsesee, D. McDougall	5 50 45
Ithanel, L. LeRoy	5 51 10

*McDougall was disqualified.

Event No. 23, decked canoes tandem, Aug. 18. Start, 4:16:58:

Cricket	Geo. P. Douglas. / L. Leroy	4 22 35
Enid	Thos Hale, Jr. / M. D Wilt	4 22 56

Event 24, four paddling. Start, 3:01:55:

Toronto crew	3 07 04
Toronto-Ottawa crew	3 07 11

Event No. 25, upset paddling, Aug. 18. Start, 5:45:46:

——, W. T. Lawless	5 47 40	0 02 00
Ithanel, L. Leroy	5 48 00	0 02 20
Enid, M. D. Wilt	Withdrew.	

Event No. 26, tail-end race, Aug. 16. Start, 4:34:00:

Bagheera, A. A. Conger	4 39 55	0 05 55
Eldorado, E. McNicol	4 40 13	0 06 13
Wahsesee, D. McDougall	4 43 45	0 09 45
Zerb, R. E. Burns	Withdrew.	

Event No. 27, ladies' paddling, Aug. 16. Start, 5:38:50:

Miss Pearsall	5 41 15	0 02 25
Miss Drake	5 41 18	0 02 28

Event No. 28, ladies' tandem, Aug. 19. Start, 4:23:10:

Mrs. Sparrow.. / Miss Pearsall..	4 20 08	0 06 58
Mrs. Drake.... / Miss Wattles..	4 40 12	0 07 02

Event No. 29, mixed tandem. Start, 10:18:10:

——	Begg and / Miss Pearsall	10 20 48	0 02 38
Equator	Harmer / Miss Marshall	.. .. ..	. . . .
Zerb	R E Burns / Miss Hara	.. .. ..	. . . .
* ——	J. R. Stewart / Miss Wattles	.. .. ..	. . . .
Wahtatah	G. P. Douglas / Miss Wilkinson	.. .. ..	. . . .

* Disqualified.

Event No. 30, hurry-scurry, Aug. 18. Start, 12:40:19:

W. T. Lawless	12 43 43
E. McNicol	12 43 50
M. D. Wilt	12 43 55
A. A. Conger	Withdrew.

Event No. 31, swimming, Aug. 17. Start. 12:14:10:

W. T. Lawless	12 15 23	0 01 13
A A. Conger	12 15 30	0 01 20
W. B. Skinner	Withdrew.	
John Ely	Withdrew.	

Event No. 32, tournament.

First round—J. W. Sparrow and E. McNicol (winners), J. W. Ely and D. McDougall,

Second round—Burns and Rothwell (winners), Shaw and McTaggart.

Final round—Sparrow and McNicol winners.

Special event, war canoe race, Aug. 17. Start, 6:02:58:

Canada	6 07 18
Buffalo	6 07 37
Wawbewawa	6 07 43

Special event, war canoe race, Aug. 19. Start, 6 P. M.:

American crew, L. S. Drake, Captain, winner.
Canadian crew, R. E. Burns, Captain.

A. C. A. RECORD, 1897.

	Combined.	Paddling.	Sailing.	Total.
Geo. P Douglas	4	4	3	11
J. R. Stewart	3	3	4	10
Thos Hale, Jr.	0	2	2	4
L. Leroy	0	1	1	2

Proposed Change of Rules.

KINGSTON, Ont., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed report was handed to the regatta committee in camp at Grindstone Island, and will doubtless be considered by them and acted upon before the meeting of the executive committee in the fall. Kindly publish it, so that the members who were not in camp may be advised of the changes which the Northern Division has seen cause to ask for.

R. EASTON BURNS, Vice-Com. N. D. A. C. A.

At a meeting of the special committee appointed at the annual meeting of the Northern Division, the following suggestions as to amendments to the racing regulations, so far as they affect paddling canoes, were offered for the consideration of the regatta and executive committees.

PADDLING REGULATIONS.

A canoe to compete in any paddling race of the A. C. A. must be sharp at both ends, with no counterstern or transome end except as hereinafter mentioned, must come within the prescribed limits, as follows: Maximum length 16ft; not less than 30in. beam; not less than 12in. deep, and not less than 45lbs. weight. Slight discrepancies in weight may be made up temporarily to the extent of 3lbs. only.

MEASUREMENTS.

The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the fore side of stem and the aft side of stern. The beam shall be taken at the widest part, not including the heading. The depth shall be taken from the level of the gunwales amidships to the bottom of the canoe inside.

CANOES FOR FOUR MEN.

Maximum length shall be 20ft.; minimum beam shall be 30in.; minimum depth shall be 12in.; minimum weight shall be 70lbs.

WAR CANOES.

Maximum length, 35ft.; maximum crew, fifteen men.

Note.—These regulations shall apply to the trophy as well as all other paddling races with the exception of the record paddling event, which shall be governed by the regulations governing the classification of sailing canoes.

Signed, E. B. EDWARDS,
W. T. LAWLESS,
D'ARCY SCOTT.
D. H. MCDOUGALL,
R. EASTON BURNS.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Coatesville Defeats Lancaster.

LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 19.—The last of a series of three matches between the Lancaster and Coatesville Rifle clubs was held at the Tell Hain rifle range, in this city, on Thursday. Both teams shot well and the Coatesville marksmen won by 39 points, the score being 1,800 to 1,761. The best individual score of the match was made by Kendig, of the Coatesville Club, who scored 195 points out of a possible 200. Obreiter, of Lancaster, and Gilbert, of Coatesville, were tied for second place, with 193 points each. In Obreiter's score were seven successive 10s.

The victory of Thursday made the Coatesville Club the winner of the series, they having won the first match by 47 points, while Lancaster took the second by 11 points.

In the individual totals of the three matches Obreiter stands first with 552 points out of a possible 600. Kendig comes second with 55 : Gordon third, 518; Ilyus fourth, 534; Carpenter fifth, 531; Weber sixth, 526; Darlington seventh, 525, and Gilbert eighth, 511.

The best record of tens was made by Dr. E. B. Ilyus, of Lancaster, who shot ten in succession in the first match.

COATESVILLE.										LANCASTER.									
J H Thorne.										Dr E B Ilyus.									
10	9	9	9	9	9	7	8	8	8	8	8	10	9	9	8	10	10	7	10
10	9	10	9	7	8	7	8	10	9—173	10	9	9	8	9	10	9	10	8	9—180
T G Rodenbaugh.										O E Weber, captain.									
9	7	8	10	9	10	9	9	9	8	8	9	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	9
8	9	9	10	10	10	9	10	8	10—181	10	9	9	10	10	10	8	10	9	9—188
John M Entrekin.										W M Carpenter.									
9	6	7	6	9	7	8	6	9	10	8	8	9	8	10	10	8	10	10	8
6	8	8	7	10	9	8	8	10	10—161	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	9—186
S T Fairlamb.										L M Weist.									
9	8	10	10	7	10	9	7	9	9	8	9	10	8	8	8	6	4	8	8
8	8	9	8	9	8	9	9	8	10—174	8	9	9	9	7	8	9	9	9	9—163
W A P Thompson.										C H Obreiter.									
10	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	9	8	9	10	8	10	10	10	9	9	9	10
10	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	9	10—192	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10—193
W T Gordon.										W K Romig.									
10	10	9	10	8	10	10	10	9	10	10	9	9	7	9	9	10	10	9	10
8	9	9	10	10	8	9	9	9	10—187	10	10	9	9	8	8	10	10	9	10—185
M R Darlington.										H P Martin.									
10	8	10	10	10	8	10	8	9	10	10	10	10	9	7	7	10	9	9	9
9	9	9	10	10	10	8	9	8	8—183	8	7	8	8	6	8	8	10	6	10—169
C J Fulmer.										I H Landis.									
8	6	7	9	10	9	10	6	9	8	6	6	8	9	8	9	8	9	9	9
9	8	9	10	7	9	8	7	6	6—161	8	8	9	9	9	9	7	10	10	9—169
C J Gilbert.										E S Gleim.									
9	10	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	9	9	10	8	9	10
10	10	10	10	9	9	8	10	10	10—193	10	9	9	10	4	9	10	8	9	7—179
John Kendig.										J J Bowman.									
9	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	7	8	10	8	9	9	10	8	9
10	10	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	10—195	8	6	5	4	6	8	6	7	7	5—149
									1800										1761

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 28.—EAU CLAIRE, Wis.—Elliott-Budd match for the Du Pont trophy.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—SUTTON, Neb.—Tournament of the Sutton Gun Club. $150 added money, as well as merchandise prizes. E. E. Hairgrove, Sec'y.

Sept. 1.—HAVERHILL, Mass.—Third shoot of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club.

Sept 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 6—MARION, N. J—Annual Labor Day tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. A. R. Strader, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-10.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's annual tournament.

Sept. 8-9.—TERRE HAUTE, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Terre Haute Gun Club.

Sept. 11-12.——————, La —Tournament of the Many and Robeline Gun Clubs.

Sept 14-16 —Kansas City, Mo.—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. Merchandise and amateurs

Sept. 14-16 —Des Moines, Ia.—Tournament of the Capital Gun Club. S. C. Quimby, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—Portsmouth, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club. State and open events. Chas. E Morrison, Sec'y.

Sept. 21-23 —Mitchell, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Co.

Sept. 22-24.—Watson's Park, Chicago, Ill.—Tournament at live birds and targets. Programmes ready about Sept. 1. Write to John Watson, Station R, Chicago.

Sept. 28-29.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-Oct. 1.—Passaic, N. J.—Annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at Clifton racetrack. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. Main event on last day is at 25 live birds, $25 birds extra, handicap; $500 guaranteed to three high guns. W. H Huck, Sec'y. Rutherford, N. J.

Oct. 4-5.—Warwick, N. Y.—First annual tournament of the Warwick Gun Club. Open to all. Targets. $50 average money to four high guns in all programme events. John M Servin, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—Greensburg, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 22-23.—Huntington, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club.

Oct. 29-30 —Grand Rapids, Mich.—Tournament of the Itasca Gun Club. Dr. W. P. Brown, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club League at Waterloo, Ont., Aug. 26-27, was received too late for us to make any mention of it that would reach shooters in Canada before the close of the shoot. The programme is quite an interesting one, and we read it through carefully. We noted that A. S. A rules were to govern all points, with the exception that the rise for all guns would be 18yds. The list of championship and guaranteed purse events is a long one. The part of the programme that interested us most was the "explanatory" article, which contained the following: "Before placing the following programme in your hands for perusal, we have devoted a good deal of time and considerable expense to consult as many as possible of our local sportsmen, and especially members of the League, in regard to the division of prizes in the different events to be competed for. You will no doubt remember that Galt introduced the Rose system last year as an equitable arrangement for the division of prizes, but for some reason it did not materialize in popularity among the sporting fraternity as was expected. Before arranging the following programme we have consulted the majority of the local sports, and the result is, they all favor class and straight shooting. Our special aim is to give perfect satisfaction at the coming tournament, and we trust our efforts in that direction will be appreciated by all true lovers of the sport." It may be that we are a little thick-headed, but we must confess that we cannot quite understand the meaning of the phrase, "they all favor class and straight shooting." The Rose system is a system of dividing purses when it is "class shooting." In class shooting there are several ways of dividing purses: Rose system; the old and inequitable system; the Equitable system; Jack Rabbit system; Pumphrey system, and a lot of others. What "straight shooting" is we can't say, unless it means "high guns." That it can hardly do, however, for almost all purses each day are divided under the old system, the solitary exceptions being No. 2 on the first day, and Nos. 1 and 2 on the second day. No. 2 on the first day is described as "Jack Rabbit system, straight shooting, 50, 30, 20" No. 1 on the second day is described as "straight shooting; divided 50, 30, 20." No. 2 as "Jack Rabbit system; divided 50, 30, 20." No high guns there, unless in No. 1 on the second day.

A 4-handed match at live birds, 100 live birds per man, $200 a side was said to have been arranged to take place at Hollywood, N J., on Monday last, Aug 16, the contestants named being Edgar Murphy, Phil Daly, Jr., Dr. Gagnon and Fred Hoey. The following clipping, from the New York *Journal* of Aug. 17, is well worth running, in view of the fact that none of the four mentioned was on hand to take part in this match: "Phil Daly, Jr., had barely grassed his last bird in the grand national handicap at Hollywood when the four contestants arranged to shoot another match under the same conditions, with the exception that each marksman was to wager $200 Edgar Gibbs Murphy, the tallest trap shooter of them all, Fred Hoey, Dr. Gagnon, the portly Chicagoan, and Phil Daly, the winner, entered into the agreement and selected yesterday afternoon as the time for the contest The grand national handicap furnished some of the most exciting trap-shooting ever seen at Hollywood, and there was much interest in the match set for yesterday. By noon time the man who furnishes the birds was on hand with 400 vigorous flyers, and the traps were put in shape for hard work. The usual army of small boys, who run after dead birds and supply the traps with fresh ones, was present, and Dandy, the retriever, was also in readiness for business. Referee Von Lengerke lent his judicial presence, and a number of those who speculate on trap-shooting events made their appearance. All that was necessary to make the trap-shooting contest a success was the presence of the shooters. But they failed to come, and frequent bicycle messengers were unable to get any trace of them. After waiting till well on to 4 o'clock, the pigeon furnisher gathered up his birds and departed, the small boys dispersed, and the spectators wandered away. And all are struggling to unravel the deep, dark mystery of the sudden disappearance of Edgar Gibbs Murphy, tall, broad-shouldered, light complexioned. Phil Daly, Jr, medium height, fair complexion, close-fitting shooting cap. Dr. George C. Gagnon, of Chicago, short, stout, dark complexion, light Fedora hat. Frederick Hoey, tall, light complexion, court-plaster on right cheek. Reasonable reward for information as to their whereabouts."

When the programme for the coming State shoot of New Jersey, Sept 28-Oct 1, is issued, it will be found to be lacking a certain portion that is always of interest to resident shooters, viz., a full list of merchandise prizes. It has been found impossible to make up a full list of these prizes without unduly delaying the publication of the programme. Lists of the prizes will, however, be printed in the sportsmen's papers as far as possible, and leaflets containing these lists may be had, on or about Sept. 15, from Secretary W. H. Huck, Rutherford, N. J The tournament will be managed by Elmer Shaner, who will be assisted by an able corps of assistants. The accommodations at Clifton race track, where the shoot will be held, are really very good indeed; and the spot itself, which is close to Passaic, N. J, is easy of access, being less than an hour from New York city. In addition to the merchandise prizes, there will be two trophies for residents of the State to compete for. At targets there will be an individual championship trophy, and a trophy for the 3-men team championship. At live birds there will be the same championships to be contested for, the trophies being those handed over to the new association—the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association—by the old association, which was known as the New Jersey State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. The individual championship medal for live birds is held by W. Fred Quimby; the team trophy by the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, an organization that used to hold its shoots at Marion, N. J. New Jersey is full of shooters, particularly of live bird shooters, so that we can safely say that this tournament will be well attended. The added money in the open target events ought to attract lots of shooters from the adjacent States, New York, Pennsylvania, and from New England.

The big live-bird event on the last day of the Jersey State shoot will have plenty of entries. The conditions are similar to those of the Grand American Handicap, save that only $500 is guaranteed to the three high guns. The Interstate Association, we believe, began by guaranteeing only $500, so we can confidently look for $1,000 guaranteed at the Jersey State shoot in '98. All surplus over and above $500 will be added, but such surplus will go to certain high guns other than the "three high guns," the proportions being regulated as is the case with the surplus in the Grand American Handicap. There is another change, however; in case of more than fifty entries—that is, over a total purse of $1,250—will go to swell the purse for the "three high guns." For instance, suppose there should be sixty entries, $250 would be added to the $500 guaranteed, making first money $375; second $:25, and third $150. The next nine high guns would divide in fitting proportions the sum of $750. The stake should be worth shooting for, as an entry list of at least fifty ought to be a certainty.

The scene for holding the Grand American Handicap of 1898 has not yet been decided upon. The dates, however, will probably be the same as last year, that is, the last week in March.

The trap columns of the *American Field* last week afforded a good example of the policy pursued by some publications, weekly and daily: "If you haven't any news, make some." Under the head of "Shooting Around New York," or some such title, occurs the following: "Edward Banks, who has been spending his vacation with Neaf Apgar at Frenchtown, N. J., returned home in time to take part in the Brooklyn Gun Club's weekly shoot at Union Course on last Saturday afternoon During the afternoon he shot several target races with Dr. Littlefield and won them all." The item is true in every particular save one or two, viz.: We have not had a vacation so far, but hope to take one in a few days. Also, Neaf Apgar is located at the Pine Point Club Hotel, Orange Lake, near Newburgh, N. Y., not at Frenchtown, N. J. Likewise, Dr. Littlefield did not lose every match he shot with the said party. The whole secret of the matter is that the item was clipped bodily from the Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday *Eagle* of Aug. 15, a paper that does much to boom trap-shooting in this section, but which is unfortunately hardly particular enough about the matter it prints. For instance, in one of its issues last week, it reproduced in full one of the recent club shoots of the Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, locating it in Garden City, L. I., a suburb of Greater New York.

W. H. Sanders, of New York city, was one of the contestants for the gold watch, donated by the Brooklyn Gun Club for competition on Tuesday last, Aug. 17. Mr. Sanders is a good live-bird shot, but the bluerocks and the magautrap were an enigma to him until late in the day, when he caught on in good shape, and went home satisfied that the next time he tried he would come pretty near breaking them all. It is really curious to see how hard it seems for a good live-bird shot to get on to targets properly. Of course practice is the main thing needed, but in many instances a gun that is too straight for the work is chiefly to blame.

Some of the party that took part in the team races at Orange Lake, N. Y., on Aug. 19, stopped the night at the Pine Point Club Hotel. Among the number was Capt. A. W. Money, who had a peculiar and painful experience the following morning. Just as he was getting up, some small bug began to investigate the drum of his right ear. Its curiosity caused the captain great pain, and Neaf Apgar had to come to the rescue with some sweet oil to drive the critter out It refused to be ousted, so perished where it was, being removed later in the day by a specialist, but at the expense of far more pain than it had originally caused.

An instance of the effects of a few experts among a few semi experts and novices can be noted in the scores made at the tournament of the Hazelwood Gun Club, of Anderson, Ind., which appear in another column. The scores were mailed us in detail, and from them we learned that after the fifth event on the programme, several of the weaker shots dropped out and shot "for birds only" in the succeeding sweeps. Previous to dropping out, however, they had contributed their share toward the expenses of the more expert shooters.

Harry Dain, of Peekskill, N. Y., made a mark in the team races shot at Orange Lake, N. Y., on Aug. 19. In the first he broke 24 out of 25; in the second he ran 25 straight. J Wood, of the Newburgh Gun Club broke 24 both times. On the previous day, Aug. 18, Schorty, who had made a mistake and got his dates mixed, showed up at the lake prepared to break targets and eat clams (the clambake was set for Aug. 19). Not to be beaten out of his fun, Schorty went for the targets and ran 50 straight in practice, breaking 22 out of the next 25.

The prospects for a good attendance at the annual Labor Day (Sept. 6) shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club, at Marion, N. J., are quite flattering. Two sets of traps will be in position, one being taken up with the expert rule handicap contest for a cup donated by the Austin Powder Co., of Cleveland, O. This cup is to be shot for under expert rules, one man up, 100 targets per man, with the John L. 147 Winston handicap to govern. The winner of the cup is subject to challenge every month, so that we ought to have plenty of fun around here this winter.

The party leaving New York city for the Montpelier, Vt., Interstate tournament by this evening's boat to Albany, N. Y., is made up as follows: Capt. A. W. Money, Ed Taylor, H. P. Collins, U. M. C. Thomas, M. A. Beers, J. J Hallowell, Ferd Van Dyke, J. H. Cameron and the trap editor of Forest and Stream. The party goes by way of Lake George and Lake Champlain to Burlington, Vt., thence by rail to Montpelier. Guy R. Clark, of Sandy Hill, N. Y., will join the party just before it arrives at Lake George.

We have heard but little of late from Portsmouth, N. H., but we understand that the club is making great preparations to give its guests on Sept. 15-16 a pleasant shoot and a good time generally. The programme will be about a reproduction of that which was so successfully carried out at Lewiston, Me., Aug. 4-5, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club. The programme on those dates was made up of 15-target events, all at known angles, $1.50 entrance.

G. W. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., the man who has made a name for himself by devising a system of arranging traps in such a way that a broken target causes little delay, has been doing some good shooting lately. On Aug 11, at Springfield, Mo., he won high average with 92 per cent., Dave Elliott being second with 88 per cent.

A list of the winners at the tournament of the Massachusetts State Trap-Shooting Association, held at Saugus, Mass., Aug. 19, on the grounds of the Lynn Fish and Game Association, shows that Dickey broke 120 targets out of 125 shot at!

In the report of the shoot at Inwood, W. Va, which appears elsewhere, the special event on Thursday, Aug. 19, was for a silver cup representing the championship of the "four counties." Mr. Spickler won this cup, as will be seen by the scores.

The Cleveland, O., Gun Club is stirring up interest in trap-shooting circles in Ohio by holding a five-men team championship contest on Thursday of this week. A silver medal will be given to each member of the winning team.

Programmes and all other information of the shoot to be held Oct. 29-30, by the Itasca Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., can be obtained in a few days by addressing Dr. W. P. Brown, secretary of the club.

On Wednesday last, Aug. 18, Chris Wright, of Paterson, N. J., won a heat for the silver tea service donated for open competition by the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J. The wins now stand: Van Dyke two, Hyde and Wright one each. The next shoot will be held Sept. 1.

The Labor Day shoot of the Parker Gun Club, of Meriden Conn., will draw out shooters from the New England States. The club has issued a nice programme, and guarantees plenty of shooting and a pleasant time for those who attend the tournament.

Aug. 23. Edward Banks.

New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

Rutherford N J., Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This Association has been formed for the purpose of preserving game and fish in the State of New Jersey as well as to encourage emulation among sportsmen at the trap.

Either clubs, as such, can join the Association, or an individual can become a member if elected by the executive committee on payment of a fee of $1

The annual tournament will be held this year at the Clifton Race Track, Passaic, N. J., on Sept. 28 and three following days

To be eligible to compete for State events at this tournament a shooter must be a member of the Association, either as a member of a club which belongs to the Association or as an individual member.

It is believed that there is a very wide field for work in this State in getting the laws for the preservation of fish and game more energetically enforced, and the Association intends to use every effort to have this done.

New Jersey sportsmen are asked to help by becoming members of the Association and inducing any of their friends to do the same.

W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

Ohio Border League.

Warren, O., Aug. 15.—Inclosed find full account and scores of our tournament, held on Thursday, Aug. 12. In addition, I would say that the shooting was as hard as it could possibly be. The traps were screwed up to the last notch, and the wind blew very hard directly across the traps from left to right. When such men as D A. Upson (who shot under the name of Williams) and F. H. Snow, both from Cleveland, O., can only score 88 and 86 per cent., respectively, the conditions are certainly hard.

Under the management of the Warren Gun Club, Thursday, was given one of the best Pennsylvania and Ohio Border League tournaments of the 1897 season. Local members were untiring in their efforts to make the meeting a success, and it was one in every particular. Though the attendance was hardly up to the customary number for Warren, yet it compared well with what the other League cities have drawn during the season.

In the League event, in which 5-men teams from Greenville, New Castle, Youngstown and Warren shot, New Castle was victorious by one point. However, Warren had already won at three of the five tournaments, giving them the first prize of a $100 Parker gun The home team also captured the high average trophy, a Winchester repeating shotgun. The second prize, a Remington hammerless gun, went to New Castle, and the third prize, a set of bluerock traps, to Greenville. The Meadville team, which has performed indifferently at the previous shoots, did not put in an appearance at Warren. In the team shoot the scores were:

New Castle: Alexander 18, Morgan 18, Hill 15, Pillow 23, Hart 19; total, 93.

Warren: Chryst 15, Schoonover 17, Jones 22, Nonneman 20, Ewalt 18; total, 92.

Youngstown: Andrews 14, Nutt 16, Rand 17, Osborn 17, Chapman 20; total, 84.

Greenville: Spier 8, Henry 18 Buck 19, C. A. M. 16, J. Alexander 19; total, 80.

Records for the entire series of five tournaments, out of a total of 625 targets shot at per team, are as follows: Warren 499, New Castle 472, Greenville 458, Youngstown 438, Meadville 320.

Following is the tabulated score for the entire tournament of Friday:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	25	15	20	20	Targets:	10	15	15	25	15	20	20
Ewalt	7	14	9	21	11	14	16	Williams	9	13	14	23	12	18	17
Cam	10	11	11	17	11	18	14	Chick	8	11	9	21	10	13	11
J Alexander	9	8	10	18	13	19	17	Snow	8	15	13	21	12	18	16
Henry	8	9	..	18	..	..	..	B B	5	7	5	..	..	11	..
Nutt	7	11	6	14	7	16	..	Hart	8	10	10	..	..	..	..
McNary	2	..	..	8	..	..	..	Morgan	8	12	7	11	..	11	..
Remington	8	..	7	16	..	..	..	Brothers	5	8	10	17	11	13	14
Buck	10	10	11	15	14	15	14	W Alexander	7	8	11	..	11	..	..
Worthen	8	9	11	13	..	17	..	Pillow	7	11	12	22	7	18	..
Nonneman	8	12	13	23	10	19	15	Jones	10	11	11	23	14	14	19
Schoonover	9	9	12	21	8	11	15	Mackie	9	14	14	13	11	..	..
Biery	9	..	13	14	..	..	..	Andrews	..	10	7	15	8	12	..
Speir	7	9	5	7	..	..	..	Chapman	..	..	..	11	18	..	12	..
Grant	6	14	6	18	12	15	14	Rand	..	..	12	15	..	..	..
George	9	12	9	14	10	14	15	Dennis	..	..	..	..	20	..	12	..
Elliott	6	10	12	17	12	15	13	J E B	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..

Event No. 4 in the above was a handicap, in addition to the sweepstakes, for a Winchester shotgun. This was won by Jones, of Warren, who had an allowance of 2 targets, which he broke, and thereby made a straight score of 25. Events Nos. 6 and 7 were handicaps for the $100 Smith gun, which was won by Worthen, of Akron He had a handicap allowance of 11 targets, and was tied by Nonneman, handicap of 6, and J. Alexander, handicap of 7. In the shoot-off at 20 targets, Worthen was a winner by breaking the entire number.

It had been intended to have the annual meeting of the Border League here in the evening after the shoot, to elect officers and close up business for the year. However, as Meadville was unrepresented, and for some other reasons no session was held. The League, as at present constituted, will not be in existence next year, chiefly on account of the attitude of the Meadville shooters. It is probable that Warren, New Castle and Greenville will be the nucleus of a new League. The presence of Youngstown is desired, but the club there say it is difficult to muster a shooting team of late. Just what new clubs will be taken in to form the League of 1898 is not known. Cuyahoga Falls, Akron and Cleveland are under consideration.

The Warren team stand as winners for two years, and can easily furnish five men to shoot at the front in the fastest company.

R. W. Ewalt, Sec'y.

Around Pittsburg.

THE BUTLER SHOOT.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 18.—The Pittsburg shooters were well represented to day at the tournament held by the Butler Gun Club, thirteen in all being present as a delegation from the Smoky City Greenville and other teams were also represented by able shooters. There were twelve events on the programme, all the purses being divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Bessemer and W. S. King did some good shooting.

HAZELWOOD GUN CLUB.

Aug. 19.—Alex. King and John G. Messner did some excellent shooting to-day at the grounds of the Hazelwood Gun Club. King won the gold medal, emblematic of the western Pennsylvania sparrow championship, while Messner carried off the Hazelwood Club's sparrow championship gold medal with 25 straight. Bill McCrickart, the presiding genius at this club, had plenty of good and strong-flying sparrows on hand, and a full afternoon's sport was indulged in. Scores were as below, No. 2, being the western Pennsylvania championship contest, and No. 3 for the Hazelwood Club's medal

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Sparrows:	15	25	25	15	15	Sparrows:	15	25	25	15	15
W S King	14	23	..	14	13	Stilley	12	..	..	..	..
A H King	14	24	..	15	15	Smith	12	..	17	..	12
Messner	14	22	25	12	14	Bessemer	..	..	..	13	..
Crossland	13	23	22	13	14	J B Duffy	..	..	..	13	12
Burchfield	13	..	w	..	..	McCutcheon	..	..	..	..	7

Smoke.

In a Colorado Wind.

Pueblo, Col., Aug. 12.—Below you will find scores of the last weekly shoot of the Pueble Gun Club. The weather was very warm and we had a stiff wind blowing, but nevertheless a few of the boys turned out to entertain a visitor, our genial friend, J. Hildreth, Jr., of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. Below are the practice scores shot to-day, 25 targets per man, thrown from the magautrap:

First practice event:

C L Funk ..... 1111111111111111111110101—23
J M Killin ..... 1111111101111111001101011—20
J Hildreth, Jr ..... 1101111111101101111101101—20
A E Hein ..... 1111110110011111110011111—20
O J Ogg ..... 0111011111110111111101101—20

Second practice event:

C L Funk ..... 1111111111111111111111111—25
J M Killin ..... 1110111111111101111111111—23
J Hildreth, Jr ..... 1111010110111011111111111—21
A E Hein ..... 0011001111111110111110111—19
O J Ogg ..... 1111111011111111001101111—21

Third event, medal shoot:

C L Funk ..... 1111111111111110111110111—23
J M Killin ..... 1111111101011000101110111—18
J Hildreth, Jr ..... 1111101111011111100111111—21
A E Hein ..... 1110110011100101111111111—19
O J Ogg ..... 1111101100011111111111010—19

C. L. Funk won the medal. He also shot at 25 more, breaking 24 of them, making his total 95 breaks out of 100 shot at. Secretary.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

Missoula, Mont., Aug. 12.—Inclosed please find a few scores made at a practice shoot during the week. There will be few scores from now on for six weeks or so, as the shooting season opens the 15th inst., and birds are said to be plenty in the surrounding country, so our members will all be out hunting from now on, I presume.

Aug. 10.—No. 1, practice shoot, known traps, unknown angles:

T T McLeod ..... 1011111000001110111011101—16
R E Rodgers ..... 1101101110111010110111111—19

No 2:

T T McLeod ..... 1110110011110111011011010—17
M R Rutherford ..... 0001010001100000100110001— 8

No. 3:

T T McLeod ..... 010001110111100— 8
B Greenough ..... 0111C0300010100— 5
H W Thompson 011011110111010—10

Aug. 14.—No. 1, practice shoot, known traps, unknown angles:

R E Rodgers ..... 0001010111111001011111110—16
T T McLeod ..... 1110111111111010101111111001—19
C A Barnes ..... 0101001101000111000000001— 9
H Hammod ..... 0001100010000111010000110— 9

No. 2:

R E Rodgers ..... 0111011001001010111011010—14
T T McLeod ..... 0011110001010000111001111—13

No. 3:

R E Rodgers ..... 1011101110111111010110111010—18
T T McLeod ..... 0111101100100110110100111—15

W. E. Graham, Sec'y.

Montpelier Gun Club.

Montpelier, Vt., Aug. 20.—The scores given below were made today by members of the Montpelier Gun Club;

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	15	10	15
C H Ferrin	10	12	..	..	16	10	..	..	10	7	..
Fiske	11	13	19	13	..	..	20	..	13	10	14
Brown	11	6	18	8	16	8	..	11	13	..	10
Barrett	14	13	17	11	19	..	18	13	..	..	..
Walton	10	11	..	..	15	..	..	11	12	..	12
Ebele	6	7	..	7	..	12	..	5	..	5	7
W G Ferrin	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
Cummins	..	..	..	10	11	..	9	..	11	..	3
Gleason	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	2	..
W H Eastman	..	..	..	..	..	18	14	15	..	12	6	14
Houghton	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	13	..	11	.	..
Stratton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Barker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..

Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 11, known angles; rest unknown.

Geo. B. Walton, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Aug. 17.—The attendance this afternoon at the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club was small, but the quality was all right. The shooting, as a rule, was far better than is generally seen on these grounds, but everything was in favor of high scores, there being no wind and an excellent light.

Louis Piercy, the fifteen-year-old member of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, and his father, Geo. H Piercy, both shot very well in the prize shoot; and so, indeed, did George McAlpin, who made his first appearance at the target traps for many a long day. From the way the three above-named shooters were centering their targets it looked as if a decision as to the ownership of the valuable gold watch put up for competiton by the club's captain, John Wright, would not be arrived at by nightfall. At the end of the second shoot-off of the tie, McAlpin took George Piercy on one side and whispered something in his ear; Piercy nodded, and then McAlpin announced that he and G Piercy withdrew in favor of the lad—an announcement that was greeted with unstinted applause. Young Piercy really deserved his prize, as he had shot very well, breaking in the prize shoot a total of 55 out of 60, an average of 91.6 per cent. His father, G. H. Piercy, broke a total of 52 out of 57, or an average of 91 2 per cent. George McAlpin had a record of 91.5 per cent The figures below speak for themselves.

L Piercy (6)	1101111111111111111111111101111111111 —31
G S McAlpin (3)	1111111101111111111101111111111111 —31
G H Piercy (5)	1110111111010111011111111111111111110 —30
Capt Money (3)	1111111111111101111111111111111111 — 32
Dr Little (6)	0111011010111111111111111111111101111 —31
Asmus (7)	0111111100111011101110111111111011110 —29
Smith (3)*	1111011101111111110111011111111 — 26
Schilling (2)*	0111011111111101111111101111 —25
E Banks (2)*	1111100110101011110111111011011 —22
Dr Small (6)	1001111111110111111101111111110010101 —28
W M Sanders (7)	0011101010011110000011111011111100000 —20

* Did not shoot their allowances.

The ties were shot off at 10 targets, with proportionate allowances, no one, of course, being allowed to score more than a highest possible, viz.: 10 points:

	First Tie.	Second Tie.
L Piercy (2)	1111111111 0—11	1110111011111 10
McAlpin (1)	1111111101 —10	11111111111 —11
G Piercy (1)	11111111111 —11	11111111111 —11
Money (1)	11011101101 — 8	.....
Small (2)	1110101011111— 9	.....

As stated above, McAlpin and G. Piercy withdrew in favor of the younger Piercy, the fifteen-year-old Jersey boy winning the handsome watch. Young Piercy used W-A, McAlpin used Schultze, and George Piercy shot E C., we believe.

Several sweeps were also shot, but we have no records of the scores. We remember, however, that George McAlpin shot away up all the time, seldom losing a target. EDWARD BANKS.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Aug. 21.—The semi-monthly target shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Dyker Meadow this afternoon was poorly attended. W. H. Thompson won in Class A; Dr. O'Brien in Class B. Scores were:

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

W H Thompson (A)	0111111100111101101111011 19
Dr Littlefield (A)	1101100000001101110101111—14
Dr O'Brien (B)	1000001010110110010111110—12
F Dillin*	0010100001001110011011101—11

* Guest.

In a match at 25 targets, Thompson defeated Littlefield by 24 to 18.
G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

The Inwood Tournament.

A FEATURE of the Inwood fair, which was held at Inwood, a small station on the Cumberland Valley R R., about six miles from Martinsburg, W. Va., was a trap-shooting tournament. This shoot was under the management of the Martinsburg Shooting Association, and was run by Harry Little, Chas. Weaver and H L. Smith, of that Association, who did all in their power to make the tournament an enjoyable event.

The main attraction the first day was a special event of 25 targets for a can of W-A Smokeless powder, which was won by H. L Smith, whose score was 23

J. P. Haddox and Harry Little were high averages of 78^6_7 and 74^2_7, respectively, the first day.

Wednesday, Aug. 18.

Events:	Sp'l.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	10	15	20	10	15	10	15	20	20	..
H Little	19	6	10	16	9	12	6	11	17	18	12
G W Haddox	22	7	9	19	7	9	..	..	..	18	15
J P Haddox	19	8	10	12	7	12	7	13	19	16	..
P W Miller	18	7	11	15	8	10	..	..	..	16	15
Chas Weaver	..	3	..	..	7	..	..	7	..	..	11
H S Spickler	..	9	12	16	..	13	..	..	..	19	13
H L Smith	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..
Scott Little	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	14	..
Chas Weaning	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	7	..	7	5

Thursday, Aug. 19.

The special event this day was one of 25 targets for a silver cup representing the championship of Berkeley and Jefferson counties, W Va., and Washington and Frederick counties, Md Owing to the limited number of targets on hand, it was decided to cut the event down to 20 targets. The cup was won by W. A. Spickler; score, 19.

High averages: Drawbaugh 88^8_9, W. A. Spickler 83^1_3.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Spl	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Spl
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	20	Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	20
H Spickler	8	13	17	13	9	8	Harry Little	8	..	17	..	8	..
Drawbaugh	8	13	18	14	10	17	J Custer	..	7	..	10	7	16
J P Haddox	7	13	17	..	..	..	H L Smith	..	..	..	11	..	17
P W Miller	9	11	..	..	..	..	C Aukney	..	..	..	..	..	17
W A Spickler	4	13	16	14	9	19	John Reynolds	..	..	..	..	..	9

I fear the annual shoot in connection with the Morgan's Grove Fair at Shepherdstown, W. Va., will not be given. It appears that no one cares to take hold of it. E. C. DRAWBAUGH.

Team Race at Yonkers, N. Y.

YONKERS, N. Y., Aug. 14.—The South Ferry Gun Club held its monthly outing at Silver Spring Park The attendance was large, owing to the previously arranged team race between the South Ferry and the Silver Spring gun clubs. As the scores given below will show, the South Ferry team easily carried off the honors, the good shooting of the veteran Tom Mack—the idol of the South Ferry club—being one of the features of the match. Chick Bremmer was high man on the Silver Spring team. The return match will be shot on Labor Day, Sept. 6. Scores of to day's race were as follows, Joe Noonan acting referee:

South Ferry Gun Club.

T Mack	1111100111111111111111111—23
J H Toburn	1111110111111011111111011—22
O Henn	1111110011111011111110011—20
M Flynn	1111111000011111111111110—20
C Donohue	1111101001110110111011111—19
H Fitzgerald	1000111001111111111111000—17
E Fagan	0000111011010111010100111—15
W Bracken	0000100011100011110011100—12
D Foley	1000111010100000000111110—12—160

Silver Spring Gun Club

C Bremmer	1111010111111001011111111 -20
C Burtchell	1110010110000011111011111—16
F Glass	0111100 0001111111.001011—16
R Neally	0000011101111111101111 10—15
W Ball	1100011010100011111100111—15
J Gullivan	0001111001010101011111011—14
P Moore	0 1110 0011100101010010111—12
B Fisher	1000010011100000111011110—12
B Ryer	100.01111110.010001110000— 11—131

R. TACKLE, Sec'y.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass , Aug. 21.—Below are the scores made this afternoon by a few members of the Haverhill Gun Club at their weekly practice shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Angles:	K	K	K	K	U	K	R	K	K	U	U	U	U	K	U
Webster	5	7	7	7	5	9	4	8	9	5	5	9	7	6	5
Miller	7	8	9	4	4	18	8	5	6	9	7	4	7	10	8
Pingree	6	4	1	3	4	5	1	8	5	4	5	5	8	..	..
Stevens	..	..	..	8	7	17	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wright	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	7	5	6	9	..	..	..
Short	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Aug. 18.—The fourth contest for the silver tea service donated by the club, was held to-day on the Boiling Springs Club's grounds at Rutherford In the shoot for the service, 50 targets, handicap allowances, Wright, Hyde and Hexamer each scored 50. They shot off the tie at 25 targets with proportionate allowances. Wright broke 25 out 27, Hyde and Hexamer 25 out of 28. They then shot off at 15 targets, all scratch; Wright and Hyde tied on 13 each, Hexamer losing 4 It took two more series of 15 targets each to decide the race, Wright and Hyde each breaking 14 out of 15 in the third shoot off; but in the fourth shoot off Wright again broke 14, but Hyde got only 12. Thus the win went to Wright, who broke altogether 116 out of 128, an average of 90.6 Scores follow:

Wright (6)	1101111111111101111111111111111011101111111111101110—44
	111111 — 6—50
*Morfey	1011011111111111101111101111111101011111101111101101 —41
Capt Money (4)	1101101011111101101111100011010011101111110010111 1—35
	0111 — 3—38
N Money (4)	1111111111111111011110101111111011111111110101111—44
	1110 — 3—47
Hyde (5)	1110111111111111111111111111111101111110110111111111—46
	01111 — 4—50
Hexamer (10)	1111111101111010101110111111111111111111111111110—44
	1100011101 — 6—50
*Lewis	1110111100010011111010011101111110010001111001001 —31
*Huber	0011100010010101100010111011000111001110111111011111 —29

* Did not shoot out their handicaps. W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

AT ELKWOOD PARK

Aug. 20.—Dr. Gagnon won the Blieman cup at Elkwood to-day with a score of 23 out of 25 from the 25yds mark There were six other entries, viz: R A Welch and L. Finletter, both members of the Riverton Gun Club; Edgar Murphy and Fred Hoey, of Hollywood; Bland Ballard, of the Kentucky Gun Club, Louisville, Ky., and Phil Daly, Jr, of Long Branch. The tie for second and third moneys was shot off at 5 birds Welch, Ballard and Daly dividing on 5 straight. Hoey withdrew in the 23d round, having lost 6 birds.

The conditions were 25 live birds, $25, handicaps ranging from 25 to 30yds., 50yds. boundary; cup and 40 per cent. to the winner, 30 per cent to second and 20 per cent. to third.

Gagnon (25)	1111211212210111222110221—23
Welch (30)	2202211011211122102220021—21
Finletter (30)	0222222222202002222222222—21
Ballard (28)	2202221202222212220202222 -21
Daly (29)	2120022212211222012022222—21
Murphy (30)	2211220022221201121222222—21
Hoey (29)	2022102121012211022200w

Sweeps were shot as below, all being $5 miss-and-outs

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Welch	22222	2222210	2111	211122211220
Daly	22212	11221211	....	122.2221210
Ballard	22220	2222222222	2220	20
Finletter	2220	220	220	2222222222
Hoey	....	....	....	2221212122
Murphy	....	....	....	21211122220

A GOOD AFTERNOON AT HACKENSACK.

Aug. 21.—The Bergen County Gun Club announced quite a field day for the above date. The main features on the programme were the E. C. cup shoot and the 10-men team race between the home club and the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City. Notwithstanding these attractions, the attendance was comparatively small—particularly of the members of the Endeavor Gun Club. This is somewhat unusual, for the club members generally support the teams representing it by showing up in goodly numbers. Six men was all it could muster, although Uncle Billy Hughes might be called a seventh, as he was on the grounds, but had no gun Al Heritage was present and held up his end well, but, as he put it afterward: "When it comes to feathers, I'm right there These things I never could hit properly Wait until the last two days of the Jersey State shoot at Clifton racetrack." The result of the team race was a win for the visitors by 6 targets.

The monthly shoot for the E C. cup, 50 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at, brought out a field of seventeen shooters. The cup was won by Ed Taylor, the representative of Laflin & Rand; he broke 23 out of each 25, and needless to state, he used W-A powder. Noel Money, secretary of the E. C. Schultze combination, also shot up strongly with two 23s, but Taylor's handicap gave him a big advantage.

The afternoon was almost perfect for shooting targets, there being a bright sun and a good light. The targets were thrown far harder than is usual at these grounds, while the trapper boys quartered them sharply up and down the screen. The varying heights of the targets also added to the difficulty of locating them properly; some targets towered strongly, while others scooted over the reeds, never rising against the sky. Below are the scores in the principal events:

Ed Taylor (6)	1111011111111111101111111111111111111111111101111011—46
	10111w — 4—50
N Money (2)	1111111011111111111111111011111111111111111100111111—46
	11 — 2—48
VanKeuren (13)	0111011111110100111111000101011111111111111011111100—37
	0111111111011 —11—48
R Snyder (10)	0111111111101111111101111111111111000101100001111 1—39
	1011111101 — 8—47
C Von Lengerke (3)	1111101011010111111111111111111111111111101111101011 11—43
	101 — 2—45
Capt Money (3)	1111111110011111111011101111101011111111111110111011—42
	101 — 2—44
E Banks (0)	1111111101101111111010111111101111011111111011111111 —43
G H Piercy (3)	1011001101010111011110111101111111111111111111101111—40
	101 — 2-42
C F Dudley (3)	1101111101111101101101110101011101111111111011011111—39
	111 — 3—42
L Piercy (5)	1111110011110011001111111111101110001110111111111011—38
	11011 — 4—42
H D Warner	1111011111011001111111111011101101110111001111011111 —39
Everett	1111101111101001001101110000110110011111111001011 —33
Al Heritage	0111111111100100101110101110011011111001011101010 —32
J A Banta	1111111110101101111100100100110100010010111010010 —31
Cruger	1100101110110001110100 0010001110000101100110011110 —24
Toplitz	1111000110010010011000100011010100000011101000101 —23
Aspinwall	0000010000101010010001010010000010000101110010001 —15

The above scores do not give all the handicaps, but where they are omitted the shooters had no chance to equal Taylor's score of 50. The handicap allowances were shot off in the team race between the Bergen County Gun Club and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, so as to save time.

Neither club could put a full ten-men team in the field, vacations playing havoc with the attendance. As it was, six men from each club took part, the result being a win for the Endeavors by 6 targets, Louis Piercy making 24 and Carl von Lengerke 23 for the winners. Capt. Money with 22 was high for the home team. The scores as a rule ran low.

Endeavor Gun Club.

Louis Piercy	1101111111111111111111111—24
C von Lengerke	1011111011111111111111111—23
E Banks	1111010101111111101110111—20
Al Heritage	0111101110100101111111111—19
G H Piercy	1010011110101010111111011—18
Ed Taylor	1011110111111100100110110—17—127

Bergen County Gun Club.

Capt Money	10111.0111111111011111111—22
N E Money	1111111111010111011111101—21
C F Dudley	1111001011111001111111111 -20
Van Keuren	0111111111011101011011101—19
R Snyder	1011111101001101111010110—17
H D Warner	0011001111101111011110100—16—115

Several sweeps and practice events were also shot during the afternoon. Among the number was an event at 25 targets, expert rules. In this event Noel Money won first money with 22 breaks. In practice previously at this style of shooting, he broke 23 out of 25, making a total of 45 out of 50. And the targets were thrown hard, too.

EDWARD BANKS.

Hingham Gun Club.

HINGHAM, Mass , Aug. 14.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Hingham Gun Club in a 50-target handicap race, unknown angles. The handicaps were misses as breaks. Allison was easily high with 46 out of 50, which with his handicap allowance of 3, brought up his total to 49. Henderson from scratch was second with 43 out of 50. Scores were:

Allison (3)	11111111111111111101110111
	11111111111111111011110111—46+ 3 -49
Howe (3)	1111110101111110111011110
	11111110111001111110001110—38+ 3—41
Henderson (0)	1011111011111111111111101
	11111110111100111111111 10 —43
Higgins (4)	0010000011110.010001111110
	0101010100100001010010011—22+ 4—26
Sylvester (10)	0101101100001100001100000
	0010001100100001010101010—17+10—27
Spalding (2)	1110111101111011111101111
	0111010110110100000100011—33+ 2—35

Targets and Clams at Orange Lake, N. Y.

THERE is joy in Newburgh, N. Y., and its adjacent hamlet of Peekskill-on-the-Hudson. Another scalp has been added to the long string of such trophies possessed by the above-mentioned almost invincible combination. Seven New Yorkers (or thereabouts), accompanied by Captain J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Company, who acted in the joint capacity of rooter and mascot, journeyed to Pine Point, Orange Lake, near Newburgh, N. Y , on Thursday, Aug. 19, and did its best to take into camp the enemy's talent. The New Yorkers thought it would be easy, but it wasn't Something was amiss, and the visitors lost the race by the narrow margin of two targets. The captain of the visiting team was wholly to blame for the fiasco; his men did nobly, but he failed to connect with 7 targets out of 25. That was what happened. The clams were not to blame either, for the bake was not opened until after the race had been shot.

Since Neaf Apgar has been installed as proprietor of the Pine Point Club Hotel, a good deal of target shooting has been done at this picturesque spot. A magautrap has been leased and the targets are thrown out over and into the lake. There are no "pick-ups." The background, chiefly water (because the shooting stand is about on a level with the top of the trap house), is perfect, and some capital scores have been made at Pine Point The stand, too, owing to the formation of the point on which the shooting is done, is small, only three men being able to shoot at the same time, and even then they have to stand very close together. This makes it very like shooting at targets thrown from a magautrap with the shooters grouped around No 3 score. In short, the shooting is very easy; but yet one has to watch very closely, or one of the curving right-quarterers will be shot over, or a short and sharp left-quarterer permitted to drop intact into the water of Orange Lake.

The excuse for the team race was a clam bake and general sweepstake programme of events. George Taggart engineered the preliminary work of the bake, finding out who would come and who wouldn't. The actual manual labor connected with the cooking of the clams, lobsters, chicken, fish, potatoes, green corn, etc., was attended to by an expert, whose name has totally escaped what is usually a fair sort of a memory. He lives somewhere around Newburgh anyway, and knows his business. When the first team race had been decided, and when the natives had rubbed it in again by winning a six-men team race by 10 targets, the bake was opened, and somewhere in the neighborhood of 100 guests sat down to break straights. Scores in these events were uniformly high. The Rose system was given a trial and was found to work capitally; experts, semi experts and novices, all were satisfied with the result of the divisions, something rather unusual, and there was no handicap. In one event at 20 clams, unknown angles, use of one fork only, "first money alone" went to Dave Brown, the popular president of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; his was the only straight in this event, and thus afforded a good example of the workings of the Rose system; had the division been under the old system of 40, 30, 20 and 10, Mr Brown, who is an expert, but not a paid man, would have gotten what we claim to be an inequitable proportion of the purse.

The day was just one of the made-to-order sort, and came as a great relief after the frequent showers which have characterized the summer season of 1897 up to date. The programme of amusements for the day was varied, too. Sweepstakes at targets were open to those who wanted to shoot, an average of between fifteen to twenty entries being maintained throughout the afternoon, for shooting did not commence until about 2 P. M. Quoit pitching contests were also well sustained, report saying that George Taggart was ahead at this game. After the bake, Mr. Stebbins, of Newburgh, gave an exhibition of his skill in riding horses without either saddle or bridle; his efforts in this line were warmly received by the entire crowd. Later in the evening he gave some recitations also that called forth applause. Altogether, it was a most thoroughly enjoyable day, and the initial clambake and target tournament at Pine Point was voted an unqualified success.

Below will be found the scores of the teams that met on this date:

Newburgh—Peekskill.

H P Dain	1111111111111111111111011—24
J Wood	1111111111101111111111111—24
W M Stanbrough	1111101111111111111111111—24
E C Likely	0111111011111111111111111—23
P H Mason	0101111111111111111011111 - 22
A K Dickson	1111111111111101011011111—22
N Apgar	0101111111111111111101110—21—160

New York Aggregation.

N E Money	1111111111111111111111111—25
W H Huck	1111101111111111111111111—24
Ed Taylor	1111111011111111111111111—23
Capt Money	1111111011101111111111111—23
U M C Thomas	1111111111111110011111111—23
C R Wise	1111110111101011111111111—22
E Banks	0011011111111010001111111—18—158

After the above defeat by 2 targets, the New York contingent made an effort to regain its lost laurels, shooting a six-men team race, Dickson having left and Huck's right cheek being too badly pounded to permit of his putting his gun to it again this afternoon. The result of the second attempt was even more disastrous than the first effort, the home team winning easily by 10 targets, as per score given below:

Newburgh-Peekskill.

H P Dain	1111111111111111111111111—25
J Wood	1111111111111101111111111—24
N Apgar	1011111111111111111111101—23
P H Mason	1110111111111101111101111—22
W M Stanbrough	1111111111111010110110111—21
E C Likely	1010111100100011011111111—17—132

New York Aggregation.

Capt Money	1110111111111111111111111—24
Ed Taylor	1111111111101111111011011—22
C R Wise	1111101111111101101101111—21
N E Money	1111101111011011011111110—20
E Banks	1111111011110111110011110—20
U M C Thomas	1111001001010110110100111—15—122

EDWARD BANKS.

At Little Rock.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 17.—Quite an interesting match was shot on the local club grounds to-day; it was the direct result of the State shoot, and some good-natured jollying on the part of the contestants. It took but very little talk before Dickinson and Thibault agreed to shoot 100 targets for the price of the birds. It will be remembered that Thibault made the best average at the State tournament, while Dickinson is generally conceded to be the best shot on the local ground. In fact, he had never been defeated at home in an individual match. It has been some time since any one has had the nerve to try conclusions with him.

The race was close and interesting from start to finish. Dickinson showed great form in the preliminary sweeps, scoring 29 out of 30. He started off very well, and at the end of the first 25 was 2 birds to the good, the score standing Dickinson 22, Thibault 20. In the second string Thibault evened up matters, scoring 23 to Dickinson's 21. The latter again took the lead by breaking 21 to Thibault's 20 in the third string of 25.

When Thibault lost his 3d target in his last string of 25 it was generally believed that Dickinson would win, as he is a strong finisher. But to-day he proved to be the opposite, as he lost 4 targets out of his last 7. In the meantime Thibault lost only one more, and finished his last string with 23, which landed him a winner by 2 breaks, the final score being 86 to 84

Woodson and Conner also shot 100 targets, their aggregate total to count against that of Dickinson and Thibault. Woodson scored 85 and Conner 79

Dr. S. P. Collins and Mr. C. W. Rix, of Hot Springs, were also present and took part in the sweeps. In all six men shooters were on hand, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent. Trap shooting locally has taken the lead of all other sports, not excepting the national game, even baseball.

The conditions were known traps, unknown angles, Sergeant system

Thibault	1110111111111010011101111111101111111101111111111111—43
	1011011101111001111111111111011111111111111111011111—43—86
Dickinson	1111111011111111111001110101111111111111111101011—43
	1011011110111111111111011111111101111111110011010—41—84

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Maine State Championship.

WATERVILLE, Me., Aug. 19.—A total of forty-two entries were obtained to-day in the contest for the individual championship of the State of Maine at targets. Guy Randall, of Portland, was the winner, with 48 out of 50; Rich Hunnewell and Reid were tied for second and third with 46 each, Preble coming in fourth with 45. Scores were:

Randall 48, Hunnewell 46, Reid 46, Preble 45, Wyman 44, Greene 44, Wilkes 44, Doten 44, Ray 44, Williams 44, Corson 44, Dennis 43, Thayer 43, Libby 42, Batts 42, Thompson 42, Storey 42, Adams 41, Cobb 40, Maybury 40, Herbert 39, Rowe 38, Jones 38, Lord 38, Blake 38, Davidson 37, Webber 37, Shaw 37, C. Getchell 37, House 36, Hovey 35, Harrington 35, Barton 35, Greenwood 34, W. Getchell 31, Parsons 34, Combs 34, Merrill 32, W. Corson 32, Connor 31, Soule 26. MAINE.

Western Traps.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—On Sunday last a fierce and dangerous fire broke out in the woods back of Calumet Heights Club house, so that for some time the buildings and property were in danger. The members present worked hard for hours in checking the flames. The fire broke up most of the usual club proceedings. On the week previous the following scores were made by the few who met at the traps, a number of the members being absent hunting snipe and plover. Westcott won in Class A, Norcom in Class B, and Chamberlain in Class C:

Class A.

Westcott.....11111111011101011111111010—20
Booth.....11111111011111111111111011—23
Lamphere.....11011101110011111111111111—21
Young.....11110011111101110111011111—20
Metcalfe.....11110001101011110111101110—17

Class B.

Norcom.....11111101000101011111011110—17

Class C.

Chamberlain.....11111111100011011111110101—19
Gold.....11100011111010100000101100—13

GARDEN CITY, OF CHICAGO.

Garden City Club, of Chicago, meets to-day, and each member will be allowed to shoot two scores in each of the regular club events. The following table shows in a concise manner the standing of each member in the main club events:

Class A.

	20 Targets.		15 Targets.		Gold Watch Shoot.		
	Shot	Broke.	Shot	Broke.	Shot	Broke.	Av.
Ruble	7	121	8	105	5	113	22 3/5
Adams	3	41	4	39	3	51	17
Antoine	3	50	.	...	3	59	19 2/3
Kleineman	3	48	3	36	3	63	21
Class B.							
W McHie	4	50	3	28	4	61	15¼
Holligan	5	77	5	50	5	104	20 4/5
Hutchinson	3	52	3	30	3	65	21 2/3
Class C.							
Al Smith	4	53	4	35	4	58	14½
Ludlow	8	112	8	83	1	17	17
Goldsmith	7	86	7	52	5	95	19
Amberg	4	57	4	34	3	54	18
Murphy	3	26	3	27	2	33	16½
Parker	5	64	4	35	4	70	17½
Kimball	2	23	2	15	1	13	13
Cutler	1	11	1	11	1	18	18
Class D.							
Smeads	6	63	6	43	4	54	13½
Ford	4	36	3	19	2	27	13½
Willman	8	120	8	74	2	34	17
Levi	8	104	8	65	5	82	16
S McHie	3	32	2	14	3	52	17
Binyou	2	14	2	9	..	..	..
Gillespie	1	10	1	7	1	17	17
Southard	2	19	1	3	1	13	13
Fintad	6	43	5	32	..	..	..
Fehrman	.	..	.	..	1	19	19
Neal	.	..	.	..	1	22	22
Richards	.	..	.	..	1	18	18
Pankhurst	.	..	.	..	1	20	20

CEDAR FALLS SHOOT.

Lawn City Gun Club, of Cedar Falls, Ia., concluded a pleasant three-days' shoot Aug. 13, several neighboring towns being present. The following scores were made:

First Day.

Events:	Ex	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	15	15	12	15
Van Vleck	7	..	7	9	8	6
Densel	5	..	12	13	10	10
Woodbury	4	9	13	9	11	11
Ward	8	5	9	11	11	11
Howard	7	6	14	12	9	14
Hartman	10	10	13	12	9	10
Chamberlain	5	..	..	..	..	..
Steege	7	..	7	11	11	12
Filkins	2	..	..	..	..	..
Wise	8	..	14	11	..	11
Schaffer	8	..	..	..	..	..
Everett	6	..	..	..	9	..
Harrison	2	..	..	..	..	..
Connell	1	..	..	..	..	..
Hageman	6	10	11	12	9	10
Trotter	..	8	12	..	..	..
Birdsall	..	..	9	9	7	8
Van Ness	..	..	..	..	..	9

Second Day.

Extras.

Targets:	20	15	15	12	15	10	10	10
Van Ness	14	11	..	..	8	8	6	6
Woodbury	18	13	..	..	14	10	6	8
Smith	18	9	10	10	12	8	..	..
Duncan	17	12	12	9	14	7	..	..
Hageman	20	13	..	12	11	6	..	8
Place	14	14	..	8	14	5	..	..
Madsen	13	..	..	..	9	5	..	..
Hartman	16	14	13	..	13	8	7	7
Steege	18	12	10	0	14	..	..	8
Birdsall	14	9	..	7	6	8	7	..
Jesmore	17	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Mortson	18	13	14	10	13	7	..	..
Ward	18	12	11	..	12	9	8	7

Targets:	20	15	15	12	15	10	10	10
Linnburger	..	13	13	8	..	..	..	..
Mosher	..	3	..	4	..	3	2	..
Rude	..	11	..	..	8	..	4	..
Wise	..	14	..	..	11	7	5	..
Densel	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	5
Bain	..	..	..	..	7	10	9	..
Ford	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Hummel	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	..
Howard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Chamberlain	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Van Vleck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

Third Day.

Events:	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	15	40	20	12	10	15	25	12
Steege	9	11	..	12	8	8	12	23	9
Howard	7	14	7	16	9	6	..	..	..
Place	9	..	4	10	10	4	9	17	8
Ford	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	5
Wise	9	13	4	17	7	..	..	..	..
Duncan	8	13	7	18	10	9	8	19	9
Smith	9	14	5	15	8	8	11	21	10
Mortensen	9	14	8	14	10	9	15	20	10
Linnberger	8	10	..	..	9	8	11	..	8
Densel	6	11	5	14	9	6	9	14	9
Hageman	..	12	7	16	9	8	14	21	12
Bain	..	..	4	11	..	7	..	..	8
Strayer	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Birdsall	..	..	..	..	10	4	12	13	7
Nichols	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Mosher	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	4

BOILED WIRES.

Lake City Gun Club, of Warsaw, Ind., opens its annual tournament Aug. 19. Among those in the first money are Fred Gilbert, H. F. Young, Chan Powers, M. Head and Rolla Heikes.

The East Side Gun Club, of Toledo, O., held its regular club shoot Aug. 16; the following scores being made at 25 birds: W. Jennings 21, John Specht 17, F. Birdsall 13, B. McClain 16, J. Arnds 10, Nute Gardner 16, Geo. Eiben 9, G. Herring 20.

Open sweep, 25 birds: W. Jennings 19, Geo. Folk 21, B. McClain 16, Nute Gardner 15, Geo. Eiben 14, H. Hess 21, G. Herring 18, J. Specht 16, F. King 15.

Sioux Falls Gun Club, of South Dakota, met Aug. 18 in its club contest, only three members competing. At 30 targets scores were: Morrison 11, Burgess 20, Hutchinson 25.

Vermilion Gun Club, of Tower, Minn., held its club shoot Aug. 17. Taylor and Swanson, previously tied for the medal, had another struggle, Taylor winning it with 14 out of 25. M. Cundy now owns the A Class badge, having won it five times, with 193 birds out of 225 total.

Virginia Gun Club, of Minnesota, at last week's club shoot made the following scores: M. E. Fanning 12, Durkee 15, Laing 18, Mars 10, Pratt 16, Brown 17, McNeil 15, G. H. Fanning 16, Oakman 15, Rinneart 16, Dr. Bates 16, Cuppernull 11.

Sweepstakes shoot of 20 singles, known angles, $5 entrance fee, first money only: M. E. Fanning 19, Laing 19, Barber 17. Fanning and Laing divided.

At the last regular monthly shoot of the Mt. Sterling Gun Club of Illinois, the following scores were made:

Fred Carks 23, William Breidenbend 21, Joe Estes, unknown angles and unknown trap, 21; William Wright, unknown angle, 17; H. Vandeventer 17, J. P. Nye 16, H. Davis 15, J. Breidenbend, unknown angle, 14; L. Avery 12 out of a possible 25. Fred Parks broke the club record by scoring 25 birds out of a possible 100.

At the weekly shoot of the Omaha Gun Club, Aug. 15, good scores ruled, Frank Parmelee going straight, as below:

Parmelee.....11111111111111111111—20
Loomis.....11111011111111111111—19
Townsend.....11111010111111111111—18
Dickey.....10111111111111111101—18
Johannes.....11111111001111011011—16
Ekalb.....01111111110101111101—16
Smead.....11110111111110111001—16
Hughes.....11011111100111011111—16
Squirrel.....01111010111101111111—16
Read.....1011111.011101010110-14
Latshaw.....11110011101100001111—13
Kyote.....01000101110110111101—12

The second annual tournament of Fayette Gun Club, of Missouri, was held Aug. 17, the winners being as follows:

First event, 10 targets: Head 10, Eaton 9, Kelly, Woodson, Reeves, Tolson and Palmer 8.

Second event, 5 targets: Woodson, Reeves and Eaton 14; Kelly and Linn 13, Mason 12.

Third event, 20 targets: Head 20; Linn 19; Kelly and Mason 18.

Fourth event, 15 targets: Reeves and Palmer 14; Head 13; Tolson and Mason 12.

Fifth event, 20 targets: Kelly and Mason 19; Eaton 18, Woydson and Reeves 17.

Sixth event, 15 targets: Tolson 15; Eaton and Reeves 14; Mason, Linn, Palmer and Kelly 13.

Seventh event, 15 targets: Reeves 15; Kelly and Eaton 14; Mason 13.

Eighth event, 10 live birds: Palmer and Linn, 9; Head 8, Vivion 7.

Ninth event, 15 targets: Palmer, Eaton and Reeves, 14; Kelly and Woodson, 13; Tolson and Hobbs, 12.

Tenth event, 20 targets: Kelly 19, Palmer and Eaton, 18; Linn and Mason, 17.

Eleventh event, 15 targets: Linn 14, Kelly, Mason and Darby, 12.

Twelfth event, 25 targets: Palmer 24, J. D. Tolson 23, Woodson 22, Mason and Head, 21.

Thirteenth event, 15 targets: Mason and Palmer, 13; Woodson and Eaton, 11; Head and Kelly, 10.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Jack Parker's Annual.

ADVANCE sheets of the programme for Jack Parker's annual tournament, at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 7–10, have come to hand.

The schedule of events for Tuesday, Sept. 7, is as follows: Three 15 target events, $1.50; three 20-target events, $2; one 25-target event, $3; and the 2-men team championship event at 50 targets per man, $6 entrance for each team.

On Wednesday, Sept. 8, there is a similar list of events, but the 50-target event is for the Gillman & Barnes medal, valued at $150, for "Individual Expert International Championship," 21yds. rise, use of both barrels. The entrance fee is $1.50—the price of the targets.

The third and fourth days have similar programmes in all respects, save the 50-target races. On the third day, Sept. 9, the 50-target event is named the "King's Smokeless Handicap," allowance of extra targets to weaker shots. The first prize is a diamond watch charm. On the fourth day the 50-target event is also a handicap affair, but the handicaps are by distance only, 14 to 21yds. The prizes are valuable merchandise prizes, worth winning.

Under the head of "Rules and Conditions" are the following notes that will be of interest:

"Take Jefferson avenue through cars passing by Hotel Wayne direct to shooting grounds. Rose system of dividing purses will be used, four moneys in 15 birds and five in the others. The Gilman & Barnes medal has been won six times by six different persons and must be won three times in succession. The handicapping by distance and extra birds will be done by a committee on grounds. The shoot is open to all. Those desiring to enter for merchandise only, can do so by paying for their targets as stated; all ties on merchandise can be settled among the shooters themselves or shot off in succeeding event. Those entering in the sweepstakes are not eligible for merchandise, unless they fall below money place, provided the scores made by the merchandise shooters allow them to come in; thus a man making 11 in a 15-bird race is generally out of money, but would be in for a merchandise prize, provided 14, 13 and 12 was not made by merchandise shooters, which scores would shut out 11. Half a cent apiece will be deducted from all targets thrown and paid to ten high guns at the end of each day, and as I always throw about 30,000 targets, it will mean at least $150 for average. Only sweepstake shooters will be eligible for above average. A handsome diamond button for best average in all sweepstake events for four days. A handsome diamond button will be given to person making best average in all merchandise events for four days. Traps ready Monday, Sept. 6, 2 o'clock P. M. Ship shells care of Hodgson, Howard & Marks, 93 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich. Plenty Peters loaded shells, smokeless, semi-smokeless and black on grounds. Dinner served near grounds in first-class style. King's Smokeless trophy becomes property of winner. Messrs. F. Lindsley, Mr. King and Mr. Harry King, all of the King Powder Co., will be on the grounds and explain to everyone the merits of the King Powder Co.'s products. Mr. Thos. Keller, of Peters Cartridge Co., will also be present. The merchandise shooters will help swell the average money for the sweepstake shooters."

All communications in regard to this tournament should be addressed to John Parker, 465 Junction avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Aug. 7.—The second weekly shoot of the Pawtuxet Gun Club in the Hunters' Handicap prize series was decided to-day. There are eight of these contests, which will practically close the season for us. The present season has been very successful. Class A shoots at 25 targets, unknown angles, from an expert trap screwed up to throw 60yds. Class B shoots at known angles, but the targets are thrown only about 50yds. To-day's scores were:

Class A.

F I Greene.....1101101111111101111110010111 —19
S D Greene, Jr.....1111110111111001001001011 —17
W H Sheldon.....1111011110011111111111111 —22
W Mooney (2).....0100010100101111111110101011—16
J Arnold (2).....1110011111100101111100101000—17
A Hawkins (2).....0101111011001110110110101111—18
M Rogers.....1011000110111101001001101 —14
C Santwood.....1111111111011010110111110 —20
F Cory.....1101001111111111111110111 —20

Class B.

C Thunell (2).....1101111000110110111001011101—17
W Repeater.....0110010001001100111101101 —13
J Armstrong, Jr.....1010111010100111001001111 —15
Smith (2).....0000010000111001001001000 — 7

Aug 14.—To-day's weekly shoot for the Hunters' Handicap prizes was the most successful yet held by the members of the Pawtuxet Gun Club. The boys seem to take kindly to the system of classes and handicaps combined:

Class A.

W Sheldon.....1171111111111101111111110 —23
F J Greener.....1011011111001010111101110 —18
R C Root (2).....1111111011110101110111111111—23
F Arnold (2).....1111010100111011011101001010—18
W Mooney (2).....1111111010100111101100111111—19
A Arnold.....0111011100010110011000100 —12
F Graves (2).....0110011001011101001001011101—14
F Corry.....1101101101111111010111111 —20
C Stanwood.....1110110010011111010011111 —17

Class B.

W Thoene.....0110111001100001110011111 —15
C Thunell (2).....1100011100111110111011011001—17
G Buxton (2).....0110001010011111101111000001—15
B Kenyon (2).....0000000000100010001011100000— 5
W Repeater.....1111011111101100011011110 —18
R Rhodes (2).....1100000011000001110010000 — 8
J Armstrong, Jr.....1011111010111111011010101 —18

SHELDON.

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., Aug. 17.—A target shoot was held to-day by members of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. Among the events on the programme for the afternoon was a match at 50 targets, unknown angles, between Stipp and Sherwood. The match was won by Stipp, who started off with a run of 34 straight, finishing with 48 out of 50. Sherwood lost five targets.

Another match was the result of a challenge by Palmer for a medal held by Doyle. The conditions were 25 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowances of misses as breaks. Palmer was allowed 10 misses as breaks, while Doyle had an allowance of 12. Palmer won somewhat easily with a total, including his handicap allowance, of 24 to 21.

Some practice shoots were also indulged in, the scores being as follows:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles: Doyle 17, Durham 14, Kelly 11, McDonald 7 out of 20.

No. 2, same conditions: Palmer 14, Durham 12, Kelly 11 out of 15.

Scores in the matches mentioned above were as follows:

Stipp vs. Sherwood;

Stipp.....1111111111111111111111111111111111101111111101111111—48
Sherwood.....1111111111110101101101111111111111111101111111111111—45

Challenge match for medal held by Doyle:

Doyle (12).....0.0011100011100001010010 0— 9+12—21
Palmer (10).....0101001111000101100111101—14+10—24

SEC'Y.

Cummings Felt Gladder than Gladfelter.

LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 19.—W. Parke Cummings, of this city, and Geo. Gladfelter, of Columbia, Pa., shot a match to-day at Hambright's Three-Mile House. The conditions were 50 live birds, $50 a side. Cummings won by 40 to 36. The officials were: W. H. Fendrick and A. C. Krueger, judges; W. T. Hambright, puller; Brownie, the property of Charles Wagner, retrieved the birds. Scores were:

W P Cummings.....0202011012011121122100011—17
11121221121012211110122 2—23—40
G Gladfelter.....12.021210111001101220 2111—19
0212220221112110200010110—17—36

E. C. SMITH.

Tournament at Anderson, Ind.

ANDERSON, Ind., Aug. 11.—The Hazelwood Gun Club of this city concluded its annual tournament to-day, Jack Parker, of Detroit, acting as manager. Owing to a mistake in giving out dates, the attendance was not as large as was anticipated; still, we succeeded in shooting through the programme for the first day. The programme for the second day was called off, so as to give the boys a chance to shoot a few small races.

Below are the scores for Aug. 10, from which it will be seen that Charlie Young won first average, with Partington second and Forbes third:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Forbes	11	18	10	18	13	19	14	19	14	16	175	152	86.8
Wall	14	15	12	15	10	15	13	15	10	17	175	136	77.7
C Young	13	19	15	20	11	17	15	16	13	18	175	157	89.7
C E Cooley	14	11	11	15	14	18	12	15	10	14	175	134	76.5
Van Dolson	10	13	12	..	14	..	12	14	9	..	...	...	....
Proctor	14	15	13	14	12	13	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Partington	10	19	12	17	14	20	12	19	13	15	175	153	87.7
Edwards	8	14	7	.	..	17	8	..	11	14	...	...	....
Redman	8	17	11	..	..	..	10	..	9	..	...	...	....
Mozart	12	10	11	15	13	15	12	18	12	17	175	135	77.1
Ford	9	13	8	12	12	13	14	14	11	13	175	119	68
Cartwright	8	12	7	..	..	11	9	8	4	12	...	...	...
Morris	..	..	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
W B Cooley	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	17	13	14	...	...	....
Keeley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	...	...	....
Kenroy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	...	...	....

R. S. JEFFERS.

O. K. Gun Club of Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 12.—J. W. Bramhall was the winner to-day in the O. K. Gun Club's shoot at 15 live birds per man. He shot well and centered his birds with the first barrel. Chris Gottlieb and Fred Lamb each scored 14 out of 15. Scores:

J W Bramhall	221112212112112—15	C C Herman	121120102122022—12
Fred Lamb	211211112211012—14	W W Herman	112101022120111—12
Chris Gottlieb	202222222222222—14	General Grant	001222100121221—11
J R Miles	112120121210121—13	A Lincoln	110221110101010—10
Ed Hickman	112211011212022—13	J W McCurdy	221111100100100— 9
W Everingham	121121011021221—13	William Dillon	001111101002001— 8
J D Sweet	101202121120112—12	W D Phillips	210010200011001— 7

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

J. L. K.—You will find some snipe on Fire Island Beach, Long Island. The good snipe grounds on the mainland are protected.

H. M., Cheyenne, Wyo.—If you will send us your address we will supply the *Brief* supplement, which contains the new Nebraska law forbidding bar shooting of ducks.

B., Omaha, Neb.—Koehler's Juliet (22,206), by Phil Bernard, out of Koehler's Juno, by Folko II. (11,847), out of Koko, by Bonhomme, out of Chartreuse. Phil Bernard by Celtic Rector (8,948), out of Celtic Linda, by Bernard, out of Thirza.

J. G. H., New York.—I heard someone say the other day that deer's meat has the best taste when it has just begun to decay. Please let me know if this is so. I can hardly believe it, but he insisted that he was right, and called the meat some French name which I have forgotten. Ans.—Tastes differ. Venison is nearer mutton than any other domestic meat, and practically the same rules apply to it with respect to its condition for use as food.

D. S., Prince's Bay, N. Y.—I have a hound fifteen months old. When six months old she had distemper quite bad, but apparently got over it all right in a short time, and seemed to be as well as ever. Four weeks ago I took her out for a run and she had a fit, and has had two or three since. Small sores seem to be breaking out on her body. What is best to give her? Ans. Treat for worms. Give forty drops of Fl. ext. of Cannalis indica three times a day. Keep dog quiet, allowing no exercise.

C. A. S., Sandusky, O.—What is the proper treatment for my dog, half setter and pointer? He is one year old. I have had him in the field several times, and he got what I call a fit. His eyes stared, he trembled, wheeled round in a circle and fell; he foamed at the mouth and kicked his legs. He was weak and tired. At present he keeps hacking most of the time and throws up a mucus substance. His nostrils seem to run, for he keeps licking them. His eyes are red; he refuses food most of the time. I feed twice a day, light, and he is getting thin. I gave him two doses of araca nut powder, but saw no worms. Ans.—Give following pills three times a day:

R. Ext. cannalis indica.....gr. i.
Morph. sulph.....gr. 1/12
Strych. sulph.....gr. 1/60
Acid arsenous.....gr. 1/40

Each pill to contain the above. Keep dog as quiet as possible. Feed well; give a little raw meat daily.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

For Summer Rest.

VACATION DAYS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

ALMOST from time immemorial the mountain section of Virginia has been famous for its health-giving and strength-restoring treasures. The numerous medicinal springs that plenteously dot the territory were resorted to by the Indians long before the white man came, and in the legends of the aborigines they are regarded as holy places. Among the most noted springs of this character are those located in the great Warm Springs Valley, and chief of these are the Virginia Hot Springs, the Warm Sulphur Springs and the Healing Springs, at an elevation of 2,500ft and environed by mountains rising 1,500ft. higher, which make the air delightful in the shade and the nights cool even in the warmest weather. These resorts are as popular as they are valuable in restoring health and strength, and are patronized for their social advantages as well as for their salubrious surroundings. They, as well as Greenbrier White Sulphur, Old Sweet, Sweet Chalybeate, Red Sulphur, Salt Sulphur, Rockbridge Alum, Cold Sulphur, Natural Bridge, The Alleghany, Nimrod Hall, and over three hundred homes for summer boarders, are reached by the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, which operates a perfect train service between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Old Point Comfort, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago. For further particulars and descriptive matter address H. W. Fuller, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.—*Adv.*

Tour to Gettysburg, Luray and Washington.

THE Pennsylvania R. R. Co. has arranged for a most delightful seven-day tour to the Gettysburg Battlefield, Caverns of Luray, and Washington, to leave New York Sept. 9. It will be in charge of one of the company's tourist agents, and will cover an intensely interesting section of the upper South. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the trip throughout. Round-trip rate, including all necessary expenses during the entire time absent, $27 from New York, $26 from Trenton, and $24 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Good Chicken Shooting

will be found at numerous points along the Northern Pacific Railway this fall, notwithstanding the heavy summer rains. Present advices are to the effect that in the vicinity of Fergus Falls, Perham, Detroit, Sauk Centre and Little Falls, in Minnesota; and Wahpeton, Pembina and Valley City, North Dakota, chickens will be a good crop. At Aitkin, Little Falls, Perham and Detroit, partridges will be plentiful. Ducks will be found in large numbers all along the line. Season opens Sept. 1. Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Florida, Aiken and Augusta,

and all of the charming winter resorts of the South are reached by the Southern Railway. The popular route between New York and the South. Double daily through sleeping car service the year round; only line operating dining car in the South; effective early in January. The Great New York and Florida Limited will be resumed; a train "*de luxe*" from New York to St. Augustine and the Royal Palms. For information, call on New York office, No. 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

VOL. XLVIX.—No. 10. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the Forest and Stream. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any address which may be furnished us for that purpose.

There are writers of great distinction who have made it an argument for Providence that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other color, as being such a right mixture of light and shade that it comforts and strengthens the eye, instead of weakening or grieving it. Addison.

THE JACKSON'S HOLE ELK SCANDAL.

WE publish to-day some further statements sent us by County Attorney J. W. Sammon, of Uintah county, Wyo., respecting the elk captured last winter and now held in captivity in Jackson's Hole. Apart from the corrections that the elk are not in the corrals of the Moose Head ranch, but in those of the adjoining ranch owned by Mr. Joshua A. Adams, and a discrepancy as to the number of animals, the circumstances of the case now presented are practically as they were related in our issue of July 3. In this new representation we find no reason for modifying the opinion then expressed, that the elk were illegally captured and are unlawfully held, and that the attitude of the officials in relation to the matter constitutes a public scandal.

The three papers submitted by County Attorney Sammon consist of a letter and a sworn statement by Deputy Game Warden Manning and a statement by Mr. Adams, giving his version of the affair. Deputy Warden Manning writes that he thinks the law should be so modified as to permit the taking of live elk in the snows. Whatever the warden may think the law should be is entirely irrelevant; his business as an officer is not to suggest improvements in the statute, but to enforce the law as it stands, and to enforce it against all persons impartially. If deputy game wardens in Uinta county, Wyo., go through the formality of taking the oath of office they undertake thereby to execute the laws of the State; they are not empowered to grant indulgences to intending violators on the ground that they think that the law ought to be something else, or that the violations will be for the good of the game and the country.

The bald facts as here made plain are these: The law of Wyoming forbids the trapping of elk. Adams contemplated a violation of the law by shutting up a band of elk in his corral; he applied to the deputy game warden for an official sanction of the contemplated violation, and the warden told him to go ahead. Adams then did take the elk, has held them ever since unlawfully and still holds them to-day, and Warden Manning reports this to the County Attorney and cheerfully adds that "the game laws are being well observed in this region." In view of Warden Manning's letter and affidavit, we take this first opportunity of correcting an expression in our issue of July 3, when we said: "The most scandalous feature of the case is the apparent connivance of the county officers, who by their refusing to act in the matter are violating their oaths of office." The word "apparent" should have been omitted.

The opinion rendered by Game Warden Manning to Mr. Adams being wholly gratuitous, merits little consideration. He advised Adams that for him to take and retain in captivity a band of wild elk would not be a violation of the law forbidding the trapping of wild game. Either this must mean that Adams is a privileged character, above the law and not subject to it, but permitted to do what other citizens are forbidden to do; or else, Adams being just an every-day ordinary man and amenable to the law as the rest of us are, it means that it would not have been a violation of the law for the other ranchmen to have corraled other elk, nor for any number of ranchmen in the State to have corraled any number of elk, nor for all the ranchmen to have corraled all the elk, and so to have made an end of them; and if the law did not permit this, it should have permitted it; and since it did not do so, no attention should be paid to it. If we are to accept the validity of Warden Manning's dispensation as to elk, we may get other dispensations, if we go at it in the right way, from other game wardens with respect to antelope and all other animals; to take them in any way one can get them, and jerk the meat and tan the hide, and so to save the game from the mountain lion and grizzlies and coyotes. The Manning-Adams philosophy teaches that all these creatures must perish some time, and that it were better "in a spirit of sorrow and pity" to do for them now, and so forestall a harsher fate, as moved by maternal instinct the she-elephant sat down on the motherless partridge to protect it from the cold, or as the Spaniards in South America saved the heathen babies—by first baptizing them and then dashing their brains out. This would be carrying out the Manning-Adams code of game protection to its legitimate operation. It is highly improbable, however, that the people of Wyoming will consent to have their statutes so honored in the breach by contumacious offenders backed up by bumptious game wardens.

What Mr. Adams intended or intends to do with his captured elk has nothing to do with the case; it does not affect the unlawfulness of his act. He tells us that he was moved by "sorrow and pity," but admiration of his charity is somewhat lessened when the generous toll he took for himself is considered. Moreover, it is demonstrable by the testimony of old inhabitants that the Wyoming elk survived through many winters before Mr. Joshua A. Adams migrated to Jackson's Hole and set up hayricks.

The statute forbidding the taking of elk alive was enacted to correct a growing abuse, the wholesale capture of game for export from the State, and it was adopted in direct response to a demand for it from this very same Jackson's Hole country, whose dwellers were vehement in their complaints of the live elk shippers, as our columns of that date will show.

As a plain proposition, if it is the right of one citizen under the law to corral a band of wild elk, it is the equal right of all. Conversely, if it is not the equal right of all, it is not the right of one. This is the very simple point involved in the Jackson's Hole elk case, and we commend to State Game Warden Gustave Schnitger the expediency of his promptly acting upon some legal advice derived from a higher authority than that of Deputy Game Warden Manning, upon whose opinion County Attorney Sammon appears to have rested the case.

THE SOONER.

IN the expressive speech of the prairie chicken country, the sooner is the gunner who gets out into the field before the law is off and pots his own share of the birds, and as many as he can steal of the shares of the other fellows who are mindful of the law. For several weeks, now in the period prior to the lawful season, we have heard much of the performances of the sooners in various sections. As usual, in many localities they have cleaned up the bird supply, and in some instances have been cleaned up themselves, thanks to the activity of the authorities and the executive agents.

The tribe is not by any means confined to the prairie country; the sooner is found over the entire continent; his range is as limitless as was the original habitat of the wolf before him; he is as ubiquitous as that personage who, as a raging lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour. He preys on all game in its immaturity—the quail cheeper, the chicken partridge and the wild duck flapper. He represents various grades of social, professional and official life; witness the doctors and sheriffs and other sooners, whose arrests are noted in our Western correspondence. An Eastern type is described in the chapter published on another page, relating the arrest of a Narragansett Pier society leader for sneaking out into the cover and potting young partridges in close time. The social circles of the Pier are said to have been agitated by the arrest and taking in of this particular sooner, and we are told, by one authority that "the character of the offense with which Mr. Randolph is charged is unique among those claiming to be men of the world, who, according to the code of that class, would look upon one of their number who knowingly broke a law for the preservation of game, as fully equal in enormity to the refusal to pay a debt of honor or cheating at cards."

It would be a sincere satisfaction to believe that this was truly spoken, but the fact is that the summer residents of Narragansett Pier, Newport, and other fashionable resorts, have always encouraged, as they do to-day, the killing of immature game out of season by market-hunters for consumption at dinner parties; and it is fair to assume that a class which habitually devours illicit game cannot lay claim to any particular squeamishness about capturing the game themselves by similar sneak methods when they imagine that they can evade the officers of the law. The Rhode Island Association was organized for the express purpose of putting some limit, if not an entire stop, to this unlawful killing of game for summer residents. If the "men of the world" who resort to Rhode Island during the season would discountenance the serving of illicit game on their own tables and the tables of their hostesses, the work of protection in one State at least would practically be settled.

As the sooner is always with us everywhere, his suppression is one of the ever present and ever pressing problems of game protection. The only solution ever found, or ever likely to be found, is to get ahead of him by sooner protective societies, sooner wardens, sooner detectives, and sooner fines.

THEN AND NOW.

THE signs are right. In the neglected pastures the feathery stems of the tall weeds are beginning to be tipped with the gold that gives them their name, and the rowen crops of the hay land are thickly dotted with withered brown clover heads and with the white panicles of the wild carrot. The pale yellow of the shorn rye stubbles is overtopped and hidden by the abundance of the tall ragweed, green as yet, on which later the quail and the brown sparrows may feed. By the roadside asters are blooming, and the tangled blackberry vines that creep over the old stone walls and up the weathered and rotting fence posts bear a rich fruitage of red and black. Daily the apples in the orchard are growing larger. As yet they have taken on no color, but the peaches have begun to borrow the hues of the setting sun and give promise that ere long they may be gathered. The chestnut burrs have formed and are beginning to fill. Down along the river the wild rice seeds are hardening.

The time of singing of birds is past and gone. Only the alarm notes of the robin, woodthrush or catbird are heard. All have finished their season's work, have reared their broods, and now are gathering strength for the long journey on which before long they must start. Birds are still to be seen, but they are busy, restless, uneasy. Swallows are gathering on the telegraph wires; loose flocks of kingbirds are standing on the tree-tops and making swift dashes after the passing insects; mottled bobolinks fly over the marshes, and rarely a belated family of crows wings its silent way across the fields. But bird time is over, and from now until another spring, those which we see will be only our native hosts assembling for the journey or loiterers moving along southward, or hardy winter residents, which ply their busy tasks in field and woods all through the season of bitter cold.

The signs are right, let us try the rail.

Twenty-five years ago many of us went rail shooting with our muzzleloaders. Breechloaders were not too common then. On the thwart before the gunner were often boxes containing his powder, his shot, his wads and his caps. In the first two were the measures, and a stiff hickory loading rod, almost as stout as the bore of his gun, rested beside them.

As he was rowed from the landing to the grounds his pusher discoursed on the shooting of the past. "Twenty years ago," he would say. "Ah, them was the times! James Smith got 211 birds to a tide and Johnny Jones got 194," and so he would go over the big scores that had been made in the good old days, and lament over the present scarcity of birds and the lesser skill of the shooters of his time. Then when they reached the grounds and the gunner had arranged his ammunition, and they shoved into the rustling grass and the first bird rose, there would be heard the call "Mark!" the flat crack of the lightly loaded gun, the splash of the block thrown to mark where the bird fell, the squeak of the wads in the barrel, and finally the tick of the locks, which signified that the gun was loaded. Then the boat would move forward again through the swishing grass.

In those days eighty birds was a good bag, and 100 about the top score. What is it to day? A recent report from a rail ground, where in those days 500 or 600 birds were not infrequently boated by all the boats out during a tide, gives on the opening day in the year of our Lord 1897 just nine rail. Over most of the ground not a bird was raised. On a certain piece, which in old times often gave two boats shooting for a whole tide, there were found two rail.

As it is with rail, so it is with most other birds. It is not strange that the men of this day have to a large extent given up field shooting and have taken to shooting at saucers thrown into the air by means of a spring. It is not strange, but, in truth, it is exceeding pitiful.

The Sportsman Tourist.

GREEN MOUNTAIN NOTES.

THE past month has been extremely unfavorable for camping, and many of the popular resorts on Lake Champlain have suffered in consequence. The cold, and for the most part rainy weather, has rendered this delightful pastime more of a hardship than a pleasure. A large number of new camps have sprung into existence this year, and that and the tremendous summer traffic of the local railroads and the Champlain steamer lines seem to indicate that Lake Champlain is becoming a dangerous rival to her lordly neighbors, the Adirondacks, in the matter of popularity. As a resort for the diciple of Walton, the lake is without a rival in the Eastern States.

If you are an admirer of that black, pugnacious gladiator, the black bass, you will find him here in his pristine glory, ever ready to test the strength of your split-bamboo with a half-hour's struggle for the mastery; and under the shadow of the cliffs, in his slimy haunts amid the trailing water weeds, the wary pickerel lies in wait for the time when he can dart like some silvery sub-marine arrow at your latest purchase of trolling spoon; and, perchance, if you do not despise the humble but satisfactory sunfish, bullhead, perch and shiner, you will find them in wait for your hook from the Richelieu to the Narrows, and these, with their brothers, the lake trout, shad, pike and many others of less esteem, ought to give you abundant pleasure and entertainment. Camping locations are in great plentitude and the farmhouse is always present, and there you can as you will replenish your larder with the finest products of the herd and garden. You have no malarial mists to dodge, troublesome insects are few, and there is the purest of life-giving, health-promoting ozone to breathe, fresh-laden with spicy odors from the Adirondacks.

The lake is very easy to reach from the large cities either by rail or boat. One season's stay will win you, as it has won many a traveler who by chance has visited this country and has abandoned his globe trotting for the pleasures of this charming inland sea. Points of interest are not wanting, both historical and natural; of the former, the stirring scenes of the Revolution are brought back with an interest you have never before known when you gaze upon the crumbling ramparts of Ticonderoga and Fort Frederic, the formidable outposts of the infant nation in that glorious page of her early history. These, with the many other historical ruins and scenes, are a never ending source of entertainment to the visitor. The natural wonders of Champlain are manifold. The chiefest are the Au Sable Chasm, a miniature Yosemite, Grog Harbor, where a Champlain steamer found a watery grave, Providence Island, and myriads of others on every hand. If you are tiring of lake fishing, the multitude of brooks that empty into the lake on either shore are, with few exceptions, homes of the brook trout, which, though pigmy in size compared with the finny folk of the lake, are none the less hard fighters, and whatever time you spend following the brooks through meadow, pasture and wood, if your wrist is alert and your line in season, will be, I warrant, voted by you well-spent when you sit down to a meal of your victims. The rivers that pour their water into the lake are not a whit inferior as fishing grounds to the larger streams. The Lamoille is a famous stream for pike as well as for bass; and in the spring, while its currents are still cool from the melting snow, "hooking up" suckers, mullet and sturgeon is accounted good sport by local fishermen, and so it is. A sucker caught in the ordinary way has no more fight in him than a block of wood; but in the swift current of the Lamoille, with a cod hook in his tail, the evolutions that he will perform would put a 5lb. trout to shame. It is no easy matter to land a sturgeon either, as they weigh from 20 to 150lbs., and a watchful eye and a quick hand are needed or the fisherman is apt to share the "drink" with his prize. The scenery of the Lamoille is simply grand, one moment you are sailing through the verdant virgin forest, the next through some lofty cañons, perfect miniatures of the famed Colorado of the West, all presenting a varied and beautiful picture to the passing fisherman.

If you are as fond of the roar of the nitro as you are of the chatter of your reel, stop until autumn, and the river's broad acres of marsh at its shallow mouth will hold a charm for you with its thousands of ducks—black, redhead, mallard, teal and many others. Or the noble wild goose, whose V-shaped flight in the cold November sky fills the sportsman with anticipation for a closer range.

The Winooski River is a famous pike ground, while the Otter Creek is noted far and near for its bass. The marsh in the town of Ferrisburgh, near the mouth, is a favorite resort for duck hunters, and in the spring pickerel shooting there is excellent sport. KENEWAH.

MILTON, Vt., Aug. 27.



THE LAMOILLE.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE OUTING.

BOSTON, Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was with no very great feeling of regret that we turned our backs on Lake Winnepiseogee this summer and decided to revisit old scenes and renew old associations in the ever-attractive White Mountain region. I must confess, however, that as I read in the papers of the magnificent catches of black bass made in the lake during the present month, I had longings for the pleasant cottage at Spring Haven, and a desire to retrieve my poor luck of last season. But that was not to be, and instead I was tramping over old paths I trod years ago, following the brooks that always yielded a handsome lot of trout, small in size, as those of mountain brooks always are, but delicious in flavor and the best of eating after a hard tramp through the woods and brush.

Wednesday, July 28, found us (Mrs. S. went along) at the pretty little station on Jefferson Hill, N. H., and a few minutes later we were at the residence of the Hon. N. R. Perkins. We had been there many times before—for twenty years we never missed a season, and of course well knew what was in store for us in the way of hospitality and good cheer. Mr. Perkins is one of the leading citizens of the county—a lumberman, having large interests in the Brown Lumber Co., whose extensive plant is at Whitefield—a farmer, a railroad man, and in former years a politician, who has held all the offices his constituents could give him. And he is never better pleased than when he has a house full of friends, as he generally does during the summer months. From his broad piazza the view is simply magnificent; the whole White Mountain range presents itself, nothing intervenes except the broad Israel River Valley, then the foothills, then the Presidential range, from Madison to Washington. What wonder, then, that I was glad to get there, glad to receive the hearty welcome from all the family, and to hear Nate (everybody calls him Nate here) "I'm glad you're come; it seems a long time since you were here." It was only three years, but as I saw the familiar points all about it didn't seem even that time. How the old scenes came back to my mind, and how pleasant it was to live them over again.

Twenty or more years ago I generally managed to get there about the time haying was over, when Manasah Perkins, the son, was a lad of fifteen, and who, even then, ran the farm so to speak. Then the other work could be left to the hired help, and Manasah and I were free to go wherever we chose. And many were the trips, long and short, we used to take. One of these is particularly impressed upon my memory. With a pair of horses, and a wagon filled with the necessary duffle, we started out one fine morning bound on a fishing trip somewhere. We had no particular point in view, but were provisioned for a week if necessary. We brought up that night at the end of the road in West Stewartstown, half a mile from the Diamond ponds. The next morning we took possession of one of the lean-to camps on the shore of Little Diamond, and for three days had nothing but solid comfort. The weather was of the dog day sort, and the fishing on the ponds was nothing remarkable. It was here I first met Judge Shurtleff, now the efficient chairman of the Fish Commission. He with a party were camping on the big pond. Our boats coming together one day, we introduced ourselves, and he told us if we would content ourselves with smaller trout than the ponds yielded, we could get them by fishing down the stream; they would be fair-sized brook trout, he said, and plenty of them. We took his advice next day, and we did get them sure enough. The Swift Diamond River tumbles out of the pond in a series of really beautiful falls for the distance of a quarter of a mile, then the fall of the stream is gradual, and it was no uncommon thing to get a dozen or twenty fish out of a big hole. I never saw such brook fishing before and don't expect to again. By lunch time we had all we wanted.

The next morning we started on our sixty-mile drive home, it was a cool day, and the ride, although a long one, was delightful. To Colebrook it was down hill all the way, and then to Lancaster the route lay along the Connecticut Valley. The pair took us along in great shape, and at 6:30 P. M. we were on Jefferson Hill. The fish were in fine condition, and a portion of them were distributed among friends at the hotel.

This is only one of the many trips Manasah and I made through the country in search of trout and always with good results. A favorite drive was that to Success Township, on the east side of the Androscoggin River, adjoining the towns of Berlin and Milan. There were three streams up there that were full of trout in those days, and in the big holes of Chickanolopy we used to take plenty of ½ and ¾lb. weight.

Another notable trip comes to mind. It was, perhaps, fifteen years ago, when Mr. Perkins, who was one of the county commissioners at that time, told me that there was to be a road hearing at Connecticut Lake on a certain day, and that if I would like to go along he would hitch up a pair and drive up. Of course I didn't need any urging for a trip of that sort, and my fishing togs were soon got together. We joined his associate officials on the way, and at noon of the second day arrived at the lake. Here we found an excellent hotel, and we passed the afternoon in sailing about that beautiful sheet of water and trying to catch some of the big fish that abound there. The road hearing had no attraction for me, and I was glad to accept the invitation of a son of the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, to go up to Paul's Stream and get a mess of trout. We put in the whole day and had excellent sport. When we returned to the hotel the hearing was over and many of the parties interested had departed. In the morning it seemed to me that nearly all the members of the Coos county bar were there representing the various interests involved, and several of them had remained over in order to make a trip to Second Lake.

And just here occurred an incident that has never been forgotten, and I never see or hear of any of the parties interested that it does not come back with all its force and ludicrousness. The party was made up of Messrs. Edgar Aldrich (now U. S. District Judge), William S. Shurtleff, now Fish Commissioner; Irving W. Drew, a leading lawyer of New Hampshire, and Prof. Mark Binley, of Yale University, who was a guest of Judge Aldrich. The road to Second Lake at that time was of the roughest sort—it was easier walking than riding at any season of the year, but at that time it was particularly bad. But the party had made up their minds to go and bad roads were not going to stop them, although Shurtleff had his misgivings. They had chartered a two-seated buckboard; Irving Drew had also chartered a man to walk ahead of the team with a pair of lanterns, and when they had got seated (it was 8 o'clock in the evening) Shurtleff turned to the landlord and said: "Smith, if you see a man looking for the biggest fool in Coos county, send him in to Second Lake after me."

With that they drove off into the blackness and darkness of night. I afterward learned that they arrived at the lake all right after being five hours going six miles—got old man Chester up, had an early breakfast, caught a few fish and went back to First Lake in a little better time by daylight. Our party returned by way of Dixville Notch, Errol Dam, down the Androscoggin River, across the hills of Milan to Granton, then down the Connecticut Valley to Lancaster. It was a most delightful journey, and in later years my friend and I take renewed pleasure in recalling its varied incidents.

But I started to say something of my present outing—getting into a reminiscent mood was natural, surrounded as I was by the scenes of years past, and seeing again those with whom I had passed so many pleasant days. Of course I brought along my fishing traps—all except a pair of waders, and I found these hanging where I had left them three years ago. We were in Jefferson between three and four weeks, and we literally loafed the time away. I tried several of the brooks in the vicinity, and always got a few trout that would clear the law. We sat on the piazza hours at a time, now and then reading, again simply watching the cloud and sunshine changes on the great mountain range in plain view. The Squire and I drove out to Lancaster one day to take in the trotting races, and saw one heat during a thunder shower that made a miniature lake of the track. Here we met Judge Shurtleff, who had just returned from his new camp at Mettaluk Pond, on the Magalloway; he said the fishing had been good. He invited us to make a trip to Maidstone Lake, where a number of Lancaster gentlemen have a fine club house, but we were obliged to forego that pleasure for want of time. I had one fishing trip that is really worth mentioning, and that was up in Dummer, the place I wrote a short account of in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 7, 1894.

At 5 o'clock on Monday, Aug. 9, I drove into the yard in front of what is now called Chandler's Hotel, a thirty-eight-mile drive from Jefferson, more than half the distance along the lovely Androscoggin River, with its substantial farmhouses and its broad fields of grass never out of sight. John Chandler is a character; I suppose, indeed I have no doubt that he used to work; he has a big farm, cuts a lot of hay, keeps a barn full of stock, but in all my goings and comings there I never saw John at work, that is, farm work; he goes fishing occasionally, and sometimes he has to carry a pack of stuff to eat and a blanket to sleep under, sometimes he has to pull a boat, and that may be work; he works his jaw sometimes, to a stranger he might seem talkative, but to a friend—one who knows him intimately—never. I am tempted to give his business card:

"What, second class? Certain. The only second-class hotel in the United States, Chandler House, Dummer, N. H. Famous at home and abroad for its hard beds, poor table and inefficient service. Terms the only thing first class. Under the mismanagement of John H. Chandler, well-known as the stingiest man in New Hampshire."

Just reverse this and you have the whole thing. A pleasantly situated house but a few rods from the Androscoggin River, visible for miles sweeping in graceful curves through the broad meadows, on either side handsomely furnished rooms, with the best of beds, and a table loaded with good things cooked by Mrs. Chandler, all for $1 a day, and you have one of the famous places in the North country. Mrs. Chandler, her sister, Mrs. Adley, and the latter's daughter, Miss Ellen, greeted me cordially, and in

answer to my inquiries as to the whereabouts of John, informed that he had gone fishing. And, sure enough, I could see him up the river half a mile, having a try at the pickerel. About dark he returned with half a dozen fish, and he, too, acted as though he was glad I had come. I had long ago found out when John was pleased to see one. He asked me what I was up there for, and I told him I wanted to go fishing. He didn't think much of the chances for a successful catch at Millsfield Pond, as there were two camping parties in there, and another of three were going in the next morning. I suggested Session's Pond, and he said we could try it, although the trout there are very peculiar; some days a good catch rewards the angler; at others you scarcely get a rise. He further said fine catches of two and three-pound trout had been made there earlier in the season. That decided me, and he was willing to make the trial. A ride of three miles toward Errol dam and a walk of a mile and a half brought us to the pond. John handled the paddle and I did the fishing. It was an off day, and although we tried every part of the pond, I caught less than a dozen trout, none of any great size. John brought his camp coffee-pot along, and at noon we did justice to the excellent lunch prepared by Mrs. Chandler. John said if I would remain another day we would put in the afternoon on Bog Brook. When he said that I knew he was a friend indeed, for it isn't everybody that he takes up that stream. When he wants a mess of trout he goes up there and gets them, that is, as a general rule. I asked him what was the matter with going up there in the morning as well as in the afternoon. He readily agreed to that.

Shortly after 8 o'clock we were carried up the same road we had traveled the day before a mile and a half. There we took the boat, crossed the Androscoggin and entered the brook, a very slow-flowing stream, running for several miles through an almost dead level country; it is navigable for about a mile and a half, then the overhanging bushes stop all boating. We had not gone far before we saw the beauties jumping, and I began to feel sure of rare sport. But I soon found they were not in earnest in taking the fly; once in a while one would take it, and in the course of a couple of hours I picked out a goodly number of ½lb. and ½lb. fish. We returned to the house for dinner. In the afternoon, from 4 to 7, we went over the same ground, and duplicated the forenoon catch. John handled the boat in excellent shape, mentioning to me once in a while what a superior guide he was, to which I readily agreed. Altogether it was a most enjoyable day. The next day I bid the family a reluctant good-bye, and in the afternoon reached Jefferson. To anybody who wants absolute rest, and can appreciate the good things of this life, I cannot too strongly reccommend the place kept by one of the best-hearted fellows who ever catered to the wants of the weary and hungry traveler.

To finish up my trout fishing for the year, on Friday, the 20th inst., I drove half a dozen miles up to the logging camp of the Brown Lumber Company, on the south branch of the Israel's River, and in a few hours' fishing caught thirty. Years ago this used to be a great stream for trout, but it is now so easy of access that it gets fished out early in the season. The next day we pulled out for home, after a most delightful visit among old and valued friends.

WM. B. SMART.

TWO VIEWS OF THE KLONDIKE.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—The Klondike fields will hold many of the finest, the boldest and most self-reliant souls which the whole earth can produce. The place for the young man is not here in the city, but there in the gold country. He may go in a tenderfoot, but he will come back a man. He may not bring back gold, but he has not lost his time. And he may, in the turn of a shovel, solve the problems of himself and of his family for his generation and others yet to come. The game is a grand one, the boldest and best in which any man can engage. True, he may lose his life, but this was his to lose once at one place or another, and if he is too particular about the place, he does not belong with the men who are headed to the far Northwest to-day.

The hardships of the trail and of the life in the mining country of the Klondike district have no doubt been grossly exaggerated. Those who are going in now are doing only what nearly 3,000 men have done before them, and what 50,000 will have done before this time next year. For a tenderfoot such a trip is an appalling one. For a man of the FOREST AND STREAM family the kind that has camped out and roughed it and acquired a notion of the necessities of outdoor life, the terrors are only such as will dissipate before a determined front. It will be hard at first, but if the man be the right sort he will so quickly harden into the work, so readily adjust himself to all the changed conditions as to be a continual surprise even to himself. We speak of the dangers of the wilderness, but really the most dangerous place on earth is in a large city. The percentage of men who die on the trail or in the Klondike country this winter will not be nearly so large as it will be in the same number of men in Chicago or New York. It is a hard matter to kill a man when he turns himself loose and begins to rustle like an animal. These men will go through all right, and every minute of their trip will be a joy forever to them. Is it any wonder that the exultation of all this throbs to-day under the breast of nearly every man you meet? Indeed, it seems to me that all the good men must be those who are on their way over the far trail, and that the poor ones are we who are staying at home. Sympathy should not be for those who have gone, but for those who have stayed. The real difficulties of the trip are not those of the wilderness, but those of the home. The real hardships will not be those suffered in the mining country, but those mental pangs endured when the absent one thinks of those he has left back in the States. Emphatically it is only the first step which counts on the way to the Klondike. All the rest is easy if one be bold enough to tear away from home.

We are to have still another bit of the Great West, after all. The old, self-reliant days of the frontier are to come back, after all. A vast new hunting ground is to be opened up. A new State is to be added to the Union. New millionaires, new families are to appear again as they have done before the advent of the commonplace times of the modern West. The exciting drama is to be enacted again upon the Northern continent, as it seemed was never again to happen. What wonder that "Klondike" is in the heart or on the lips of every man! Lucky the ones who have started or shall start! And may good luck follow them, each and every one!

Word received here from conservative men who have been accustomed to rough outdoor life seems to indicate that the newspaper reports of the difficulties of the mountain passes of Dyea and Skaguay have been exaggerated, and that if a man has energy and funds enough, he can get his outfit across the range and upon the Yukon Chain in ample time to reach the mines this season. One man returned from there says he would undertake to find any number of men who would cross the dreaded Chilkoot Pass every week all winter long if they had to. They have driven cattle to the Klondike. They are driving sheep in there now. They have gone all over that entire region for a century or so in the course of the fur trade, and the Hudson Bay Co. could take miners in easily enough by way of the Mackenzie River route if it wanted to do so. There is more money and more brains going in on the Klondike stampede than ever went in any other. There is no reason to dread anything except that those who go now will be too late to get good claims in the country which has been the immediate cause of this stampede. It will be useless to go to the Klondike tributaries, and one will have to find his own claim in a country new to him but old to many another man who has been in there two or three years. The Stewart and the Pelly rivers would seem to be the best ones to strike for now, and not the already occupied creeks along the Klondike River. That country has not yet been discovered where claims are waiting for everybody to come and wash out $1,000 to the pan.

Mr. W. S. Phillips, mentioned some months ago as an artist and writer (known in FOREST AND STREAM as El Comancho), this week arrived in Chicago from Seattle, where he has been in the middle of the Klondike exodus. He saw the great shipment of gold that came down on the steamer Portland, and saw the strange sight of a ton and a half of gold piled up in one heap, with men guarding it with Winchesters and the crowd surging about it half demented. Yet, though Mr Phillips had opportunity to go grub staked to the gold fields, he declined, and came just the other way, back to Chicago! It is a funny world. Here again he met me, naturally very anxious to go just where he had come from! Mr. Phillips says that over 1,500 men are working on the White's Pass trail, and that it will soon be in good condition. The last word from the Chilkoot Pass is that all the supplies and men are moving steadily over to the waterways beyond, and that it is very unlikely that anyone will need be left behind who wants to go ahead. Of course the daily papers reek with the customary scare heads, and it is not altogether unlikely that the owners of steamers which ply by the long route around by the mouth of the Yukon are at least quite willing to have large stories go abroad concerning the extreme hardships of the land route.

E. HOUGH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Already thousands of misguided adventurers are stranded at the ports where they have been dumped ashore bag and baggage on an inhospitable bleak coast, without shelter of any kind, to find further progress impossible; no facilities other than paying Indians 20 cents a pound for packing provisions, and having to scale the almost inaccessible Chilkoot Pass, and thereafter to wade through swamps and swim rivers. Of the thousands collected at Dyea, not one in a hundred will get over, and those remaining will have the choice of wintering over until late next spring in a climate where the thermometer freezes up when it gets down to the end of the tube. And all this with no other shelter than tents, if they are so lucky as to have even those, and firewood scarce at $25 per cord. Or the other alternative of returning, if that is possible. Added to the expense of getting over the Pass, provided they succeed in that, the Canadian Custom House officers stand ready to pounce down upon them for duties on outfit and provisions.

The few who left earlier may reach St. Michael's in time to get the last boat of the Alaska Commercial Company up the Yukon, and may succeed in reaching Dawson City before the river freezes. The distance by river from its mouth is 1,900 miles. The boats are small sternwheelers, without accommodations for sleeping other than the soft planks of the deck; and sandbars and low water at this season renders progress slow. And last, but not least, are mosquitoes in clouds and myriads, unequaled in the whole world. All this is only a part of the delight of a trip to the Klondike.

This picture is no exaggeration, for at my elbow sits a fellow who has wintered in that locality and is authority, and tells me of his experience. He says that when mixing up dough (with hot water) for bread, if he left it standing long enough to chuck a stick of wood on the fire, when he returned to the dough he found it frozen stiff. Let those who are lamenting their inability to go to the Klondike read, learn, inwardly and outwardly digest.

Like letters "from our correspondent in Europe," written in the back office, you will read any amount of correspondence written from here, and dated Dawson City and along the route, padded out from notes gathered from returning miners unable to reach the diggings.

Speaking of the Alaska mosquitoes, one would suppose that the frosty nights, even in midwinter, would be discouraging to them, but that feature appears to give them an appetite. Although they do not possess the characteristics of the Jersey species as to size, being, on the contrary, so small as to pass through the meshes of an ordinary bar, they have a bill that would be the envy of a plumber in length. Nothing short of cheesecloth is an obstacle. In the very severe weather of the winter they are not so apparent. They avail themselves of the close season to go around visiting with their whetstones under their arms, and sharpen up as they gossip over the new arrivals that will afford sport when the season opens.

PODGERS.

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Natural History.

SOAP AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Much has been written in proof and illustration of the delicacy and accuracy of the sense of smell, especially as developed in animals, but I very much doubt if we have found out even yet everything which is to be known on that subject.

To illustrate—my father was a sheep farmer and woolgrower, and of course kept his stock in numbers by a fresh crop of lambs each spring. The breeding ewes, during the period of lambhood, were usually subdivided into flocks of not over fifty. Frequently on warm, sunshiny spring days, while the mother ewes were feeding, the lambs, thirty, forty, or fifty in number, would gather together by themselves, and run foot-races up and down a clean stretch of smooth, hard, dry turf, apparently in pure frolic—and they didn't bother themselves about a timekeeper or an umpire either. They ran each race strictly on its merits, without trickery of any kind.

After twenty minutes or so of such vigorous exercise, beginning

> To feel, as well they might,
> The keen demands of appetite,

they would, as though by common consent, "call the game," and scatter for refreshment from the maternal fount. Each call or "bleat" by a lamb would at once be answered by its mother, but in no case would a lamb be allowed to touch the udder until the mother had satisfied herself by smell that that particular lamb was hers. In other words, out of fifty lambs, all having the same sire, and having sister-mothers, and all so nearly the same age, size and appearance that, with a few exceptions, the owner of the flock could not tell them apart, and all living and lodging together, with the same food, treatment and surroundings, all which factors would apparently tend to give them exactly the same odor—still every mother ewe would instantly identify her own lamb with absolute accuracy by a single sniff, and distinguish it from forty-nine others. And she never made a mistake. If it had the correct "scent," all right, but if it had any one of the forty-nine other odors it might go hungry and even starve, so far as she was concerned. She would not take the trouble to smell it again.

Now I can readily understand that the odor of a sheep is different from that of a horse, and also that the odor of a sucking lamb may be distinguishably different from that of a full-grown sheep; but the idea that fifty young lambs, so nearly related by blood as I have stated, and subject to no influence which, so far as we know, could possibly make a difference in odor—and in fact, lambs which to the human eye are as near alike as two 16-to-1 silver dollars recently from the mint—the idea that fifty such lambs should have fifty separate—and distinguishably separate—odors, is something quite incomprehensible to me. Nevertheless it is a fact; and if it be true of fifty lambs, I know of no reason why it should not be true of 500 or 5,000. And if so, where is the limit of the sensorial capacity in the animal kingdom—or is there any limit?

While this is not what I sat down to write about, another fact occurs to me now which may be of interest.

Occasionally a new-born lamb would die from accident or exposure, and occasionally a pair of twin lambs would appear in the flock. To foist directly on a lambless ewe a lamb that wasn't hers, was simply impossible. In such cases we usually stripped off the skin of the dead lamb while it was still fresh and retained its natural odor, and tied it on to one of the twins, and then got the lambless ewe to adopt it as her own. Usually we had to shut up the twin thus jacketed with the lambless ewe for a few days. Sometimes the ewe would detect the fraud at once, and then for a day or two would have to be held while the lamb partook of its nourishment; but, with rare exceptions, the ewe would soon become "wonted" to the fictitious offspring, and the new ralationship would be fully established. After a week or two the skin of the dead lamb could be removed without breaking the relationship. How the odor-problem was worked out, so that the new "scent" took the place of the old, and became acceptable as such in the mind or nose of the foster-mother, I do not know. I give but the facts.

And speaking of smells—though this is not what I sat down to write about either—I get no little amusement to myself by observing the actions of strange dogs. I am not a special lover of dogs, though I have no antipathy toward them as a class. But I make it a rule to be friendly with all the dogs—four-legged ones, I mean—which I meet at the houses of these on whom I have occasion to call, either on business or pleasure. Most dogs, on my first approach, will take on the usual manner or attitude of hostility or suspicion until they catch the odor of my person, and then they will more commonly wag their tails and trot off with a manner which says clearly, "He's all right," and thereafter we are friends. But sometimes, instead of giving any indications of friendship, they will thereafter treat me with the most utter indifference. Apparently the odor is with the dog the test or standard of friendship; but in the cases last referred to, it is a friendship of strict neutrality. After the first visit, the dog, after getting my "scent," pays no more attention to me than he would to a friendly cat. He will not come at my call, nor even look at me. If he passes my chair, and I offer to pat him, by way of establishing friendly relations, he will sometimes stop for a minute, provided he has nothing else to do, but will trot on as soon as something else attracts his attention. Ordinarily he is as indifferent to my presence as if I were an article of furniture. In one family where I visited frequently, I tried time and again to get on good terms with a high-bred pug, which was a general favorite with everybody except me; but after my first visit he ignored me absolutely. I might as well have tried to win the friendship of a graven image. He never showed the least feeling toward me either way. He simply ignored my existence.

And while this is not what I sat down to write about, another dog incident may not be out of place.

I have two daughters who resemble each other quite closely in build and general appearance. One of them recently made a protracted visit with the family of a former schoolmate, and became quite a favorite with the family dog. A few weeks after her return home, the other daughter made a visit to the same family. As soon as she entered the door, the dog bounded toward her with every appearance of doggish joy, but instantly catching her "scent," and so finding out his mistake, he dropped his tail between his legs, and, with downcast head and ears dropping like two

wet rags, and in fact with every appearance of mortification which it was possible for a dog to show, he slouched himself out of sight under the lounge, and for half an hour or so could not be persuaded to come out, even by the most enticing call of his favorite mistress. There seems to be a limit to the endurable disappointment of even a dog, and his nose tells him when that limit is reached.

It is a singular fact—though this is not what I sat down to write about—that there are some animal odors which—at least until they get used to them—are always offensive to some other animals. I suspect that herein lies the foundation of the usual and well-known antipathy which exists between dogs and cats. And the odor of the bear seems to be especially offensive to horses. A friend of my boyhood days having been fortunate in acquiring an abundance of worldly wealth, indulged himself in one of those extravagancies known as a "country seat." Among his other luxuries he made a purchase of a pet bear, and during daytime chained it to a stake in his back yard, about 60 or 80yds. distant from the public country road which passed in front of the house. His own horses soon became accustomed to the bear and paid it no attention, but aside from them, there wasn't a horse in three counties which could be driven past that house without showing every sign of extreme terror, and sometimes becoming almost frantic. Also, once up in the White Mountains I was riding across from the Profile House to Littleton, behind a livery team with a livery-stable driver, when suddenly both horses threw up their heads and snorted, and but for a free use of the whip would have backed around and gone the other way. The driver explained that a bear had probably crossed the road shortly before, and left the odor of his trail behind him, which the horses had caught, and hence their fright. But there was no bear in sight, nor any visible sign of one, nor could we see anything else which a livery horse ought to get frightened at.

I did not sit down to write about female seminaries either, but I am reminded of an incident which may be worth telling.

An old bachelor friend, to whom the deities who preside over the distribution of wealth had been quite liberal, was persuaded by his married sister to make a generous contribution to the endowment of the seminary of which she was a loyal graduate. His munificence led the seminary authorities to make a special effort to secure his attendance at the next following commencement. He went. He was the guest of honor. He attended all the receptions and parties and teas, and was assigned a front seat on the platform on commencement day. He was introduced to and was smiled on by some six or eight hundred fair damsels in the full blush and beauty of charming girlhood, and for a week breathed an air that was redolent with moire antique, white tulle, laces, curls, smiles, blushes and perfumery. Returning to his city home, he was asked what he had enjoyed most. He replied that the thing which he remembered with chiefest pleasure, was "the delightful odor of young girls which pervaded the entire atmosphere."

If our literature contains any better description of the predominant feature of a female seminary commencement, I do not remember to have seen it.

But, lest I should forget it, let me say right here that I sat down chiefly to recall a statement about female seminary life, made in FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 7, 1897, page 104, reading as follows, the italics being my own: "One deaf-blind girl assorted the clothing of her fellow pupils *after it had returned from the wash, entirely by smelling it.*"

Now, after having personally witnessed the facts which I have stated above as to sheep and lambs and dogs, I am prepared to believe a good deal about seminary girls; but the statement above quoted rather stumps even my credulity. The line must be drawn somewhere. I have never been in the laundry business, but I would suppose that every taint of personal odor belonging to the garments would be effectually killed or overcome by the vile and pungent stenches of the laundry soaps commonly used in washing. If it had been stated that the deaf-blind girl referred to was able, by the sense of smell, to distinguish and name the particular kind or quality of soap used in washing each garment, I could readily believe that. Or, assuming that the same kind of soap was used on the entire "wash," if it had been stated that by smelling the garments she could tell the particular kind of fat used in making the soap, I do not think that my credulity would have hesitated for an instant. It has been taxed much worse than that by the fish yarns that have been worked off on me in years agone, by angling friends whose tongues are now as cold and dead as are the camp-fires around which we sat while the yarns were being spun. Or yet again, the deaf-blind girl referred to might be trusted, after smelling the wash, to say whether the laundry maid, who had handled the clothes, was Irish or pure Teutonic, "or even an I-tal-i-an." She might also be able to identify, by smelling, the particular brand of starch used, whether Oswego starch or some other kind of starch. Possibly she could name the variety of potatoes from which the starch was made, and describe the kind of soil in which they grew—just as experts in tobacco are able, after tasting a leaf, to say where it grew, and whether it was raised in unpolluted virgin soil or in a soil artificially manured and fertilized. I think that I could believe all that, especially if I saw it in FOREST AND STREAM, but to "go back of the returns," and say that after boiling and soaping and scouring and wringing and rinsing and drying and starching and ironing, enough of the odor of the original wearer remains so as to be discernible by any human nostril—that is a little too much, even for me—and I can stand a good deal.

Mr. Editor, did you ever hear of the sea captain who had sailed over all the oceans and up and down all the seas on the face of the earth, until he was thoroughly familiar with every cubic yard of atmosphere under the whole heavens? and did you ever hear how he could go on deck in the morning, smell the salt air, and tell the latitude and longitude without hesitation and with the most perfect accuracy? I heard this story in my boyhood, and ever since that, whenever I was in a skeptical state of mind, I have had some doubts about its being altogether true; but I think that I could believe it quite as well as I could swallow the statement above quoted about the blind girl and the washing. And while the statement may be true, just as it is written down, it will take a good deal more to convince me of it than a photograph of the girl, or a piece of one of her broken corset-steels.

SHAGANOSS.

To a shooting and fishing disciple just off a sick bed and able to shift a bit about the house FOREST AND STREAM is both a stimulant and a tonic, although the dose should be administered oftener than once a week—daily, for instance. Life is surely better, nobler, more manly and womanly, when FOREST AND STREAM is permitted to play a part in it.

M. CHILL.

ACCLIMATIZATION IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE twelfth annual report of the Wellington (New Zealand) Acclimatization Society for the year ending March 31, 1897, is an interesting document. On the financial side the results are very gratifying, the Society having a balance of nearly $1,100 to its credit—considerably more than it had last year. A portion of this increase is due to receipts for additional licenses for shooting stags and another portion to receipts for fishing licenses.

The European red deer continue to increase and thrive in the Wairarapa district, notwithstanding the fact that some illegal shooting has taken place during the past year. Active measures are being taken to suppress this, and a conviction has already been secured, which cannot fail to have a good effect. The greater portion of the deer are at present ranging in settled districts, and in some cases have become quite tame. As it was desirable that new herds should be started in wild and unsettled districts, twelve calves were captured, of which one-half were turned out by the Government in Tongariro National Park, and on the west coast of the South Island, and the remainder on the Corporation Reserve at Wainui-o-mata. Arrangements have been made with the Wellington City Counsel to utilize this preserve for game preservation purposes, and some pheasants have been liberated there.

Efforts to rear pheasants and ducks in confinement have not been specially successful. A consignment of English partridges has been arranged for during the coming season.

In New Zealand, as in this country, a steady decrease is taking place in the numbers of the native birds in many settled districts. This is due for the most part to the wholesale slaughter of rare birds by paid hunters for purposes of sale to foreign museums. Strong efforts are being made to put an end to this destruction.

Great trouble is had on the island by farmers, poultry breeders, and the society's aviary and fish ponds, from the depredations caused by the introduced ferrets and weasels. These vermin—introduced to destroy the rabbits and now protected for the benefit of the sheep growers—are rapidly increasing and are likely to become a real pest.

The work being done at the Masterton fish ponds in rearing and distributing various kinds of *Salmonidæ* continues to be successful, and the record made here is extremely creditable. More than 2,000,000 ova were taken last year, and of these 1,500,000 were disposed of either as idyde ova or fry and about 800,000 were gratuitously liberated as young fish in the waters of the district.

The result of the good work done by the Wellington Society is shown in the excellent fishing that is to be had in this district. The American brook trout have thriven splendidly, and while much work remains to be done an admirable beginning has been made.

CITIZEN BIRD.*

THIS is one of the most charming as well as the most useful books on birds ever printed. It is the joint product of Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright and Dr. Elliott Coues, both of whom are sufficiently famous in bird literature to make their authorship a guarantee that something worth reading has been produced, and it is as full of information as if it had a much more ponderous and formidable title. It is the volume's great charm that it conveys information without appearing to do so; that in the form of a delightful story it gives us the essential facts about most of our eastern—and some western—common birds, telling what they do, how they live, how they benefit or injure man, and why they should be cared for and protected.

The volume is especially remarkable for the engravings which it contains, which literally illuminate its pages. These are beyond question the best bird pictures that have ever appeared in any book of moderate price—one might perhaps say even more than this. They are from sketches of Mr. Louis Agassiz Fuertes, the new bird artist who very recently began to astonish ornithologists by sketches which, while technically accurate, were as different as possible from the conventional bird sketches which have hitherto been regarded as satisfactory. Mr. Fuertes's birds have something about them which is remarkable in its approach to life. We get from them an idea of arrested motion which is startling. The sketches are not all equally good as representations of the different species, but they all have this quality of lifelikeness—which is after all the essential thing in the drawing of a living creature. It is probable that this life likeness is due to the exquisite faithfulness to nature with which the attitudes of the birds are caught. Many of the best bird pictures that we are accustomed to see in popular books look as if they had been drawn from stuffed specimens—not always too well stuffed. Mr. Fuertes's sketches, however, make one feel sure that the sketches were made from life. There are 108 of these drawings representing different species, besides some diagrams of bills and feet of birds, in all 111 illustrations.

The plan of the book is delightful in its simplicity. A naturalist living on a country farm is visited by a small nephew and niece. To them and to another small boy he tells the story of the birds that they see from spring to later summer, taking up the species in their natural order, giving some brief account of their habits, and finally describing them in simple yet unmistakable language. Almost every bird is further described by its picture.

The volume opens with a chapter giving an imagined conversation among the Bird People of the farm about the House People who have just come there, the birds expressing their anxiety on the subject of cats, guns and small boys. Thenceforth, until the closing chapter of the book is reached, the Bird People collectively do not appear. In the two or three following chapters the naturalist tells the children some general facts about birds, the plan on which they are built, the class to which they belong, and many of the characters of the class, all given forth simply, naturally and interestingly. Feathers and flight are described, and migration and protective coloring touched on. A chart of the classes of vertebrates is given; the plan of a bird's body with the names of the different parts, and sketches of bills and feet of different birds are shown in line drawing.

The Doctor lends an adventitious interest to his birds by an artificial classification, by which he divides them into guilds, including those which make their living in the same way. These guilds he names Ground Gleaners, Tree Trappers, Sky Sweepers, Wise Watchers, Seed Sowers, Weed Warriors and Sea Sweepers; titles whose attractiveness will be acknowledged. In the course of his talk he takes the ground that each bird is a citizen of this country, and a good citizen, too; that he is industrious, a useful member of bird society, patriotic, and that to the human community he pays taxes by rendering services which entitle him to protection. Hence the title of the volume.

In their search for the birds of forest, meadow, swamp and seashore, the children visit these different localities, and besides what they are told about the birds, acquire many other useful bits of knowledge concerning nature and her ways.

Besides their outdoor excursions with the field glasses, by which they learn much concerning the living birds, the children are admitted now and then to their uncle's work room, and have an opportunity to see and even to handle—rare privilege—the skins of some of the birds about which they are being taught, but which they may not be able to see or nearly to approach in life. They thus gain a practical acquaintance with all the common birds of the locality.

The whole scheme is worked out in an entirely plain and practical way, and shows how very easily an ornithologist might teach all his small friends the more salient points about the familiar birds, and thus become a very home missionary for bird protection.

If the plan of the book is simple and pleasing, its execution is not less so. There is nothing about it that is technical, and the long words in it are few. The talk of the children is natural, and that of the older people is just such as intelligent adults would use to children. Very early in the book one of the little people, already interested in the birds, asks her uncle if he cannot write a little book for the children, "just a common little book, all in plain words?" And behold the book has been written, and is here before us.

* MacMillan Company. Price $1.50.

Pinnated Grouse Habits.

CHICAGO, Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This week I note editorial comment on the sharp tailed grouse, and I note it is said that the pinnated grouse has not been observed to take to the timber during the cold weather. In central Iowa in my time we did not have the sharp-tailed grouse, but had many prairie chickens. It was very common during cold weather in the winter, and more especially in case of snow, to see the prairie chickens roosting on trees in the timber along the river bottoms, or in the groves of timber on the uplands. Sometimes many dozens would be on a single tree, and my father and I have often killed a number of chickens from the same tree, shooting them with the rifle and killing the lower chickens first. If not disturbed, these large flocks of chickens would of a cold day sometimes sit in the trees until nearly noon. At times they would alight on fence rails. At the first approach of cold in the fall it was quite a common sight to see numbers of them in the mornings perched on top of wheat stacks or straw piles.

E. HOUGH.

"The Osprey."

RECENT numbers of the *Osprey* are remarkable for the interesting illustrations found in them. Those of the hummingbird and of the great horned owl in the May number are especially good. The June number contains several notes of interest upon the bird from which the publication takes its name, together with a number of photographs bearing on the species.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of your correspondents, in an article under the above title, says that a good shot should hit the width of the body of a running deer at any distance at which the rifle is accurate, and gives two instances of remarkable shots made by himself.

The question of caliber of rifle for big game is almost entirely one of convenience, that I think as well played out as the old question between muzzleloader and breechloader, which rests upon much the same ground. But what can be done with the rifle on moving game is a question tolerably fresh. For years we have heard much of "wing-shooting with the rifle," "champion wing-shot with the rifle," and similar things, nearly all of which seemed to consist of hitting so many glass balls at a few paces, always at the same distance and in the same position. In "The Still-Hunter" I devoted some space to this, but we have had little or no discussion of it the columns of this paper. In the hope that I may stir up a debate of the old-time sort and call out information from many of the crack shots who are able to give it, I will tell what I know about it.

I have had far more practice with the rifle than most of the crack game shots of the world. I killed with the shotgun nineteen quail handrunning in the thickest of catbriar swamps before I was twenty, and would have been backed against the world with the pistol about the same time by the students of Princeton College. I have since that had far more practice with the rifle on moving game than I have had all told with the pistol and gun combined, though I have never shot a match at a trap. I have had as big a local reputation as any one was ever given by ignorant or unwise friends, and you can find plenty in southern California today who will tell you that I can kill as many quail flying with a rifle as any one can with the gun. I have shot with it on the wing almost every bird that flies, from the great condor down to the little wren tit, one of which I once shot crossing and dipping at 38yds., the body being of about the same size as that of the hummingbird. I have shot hundreds of flying quail with the rifle; running jack rabbits and cottontails by the hundred, have made many doubles on them, and I once made a double on a single quail, cutting a bunch

of feathers at the first shot from a Winchester .22 and killing it with the second. And this was done left-handed, a way I sometimes shoot on account of neuralgia in the right eye, but not the natural way for me. I have also hunted and shot with many crack shots in various places and compared notes with many more.

My experience, and that of all others whom I have had a chance to pin down to cross-examination, has taught me that the hitting of running, flying, jumping, sailing, or even swimming game at the distances at which shots at it generally occur is more a matter of good luck than of good management. I don't believe the man lives who can hit forty running deer or antelope out of a hundred, taking all fairly good chances as they come and under the varying conditions of the field. And I don't believe anyone can kill half that many of any kind of birds, unless they be young pinnated grouse—which I have never tried—or something of that sort. It does not take very long to put ten out of fifteen shots from a repeater into a 3in. circle at 15yds. as fast as one can work the lever without lowering from the shoulder. And the other five will not be far out of the way. This becomes, with practice, almost pure snap-shooting, the sights being barely seen, and often not at all that one is conscious of. Sometimes you will get a whole magazineful into the ring, but you cannot rely on it. By shooting in this way I have no doubt a fair score could be made on pigeons from a trap at 15yds.

I never tried it on pigeons, but have tried enough of that kind of shooting to say with certainty that it is of no use for game-shooting, as game is generally found, but will injure rather than improve your chances of making a clean shot at anything moving beyond 15 or 20yds. It is also almost certain ruin to that fineness of sight—that careful discrimination between a fine view of the front sight and a coarse one—together with that perfect coolness, steadiness and delicate touch of the trigger finger so absolutely essential to center-shots on game at rest over the average distance, or when in bad lights, bad positions, or when only a small spot of it is seen and the shot must be very fine. Never practice that kind of shooting if you want to do first-rate work on game unless you accompany it with a great deal of very careful off-hand work at fine targets with open sights. Even then you had better do little of it.

I have met my share of the big talkers with the rifle, and have never yet failed to make the best of them back down on the following proposition:

I will give you a dollar every time you hit the crown of your hat up to 150yds or the whole hat up to 200yds. if you will give me a dollar every time you miss it. Shooting to be with open sights, but no adjustment before shooting as there would be no time for it with running game. I to have the privilege of changing distance and position of hat at every shot if I wish, and the match to be shot on ground where it can be through brush or timber or over it, across ravines and in different lights; that is rough and tumble country work such as you have in shooting game. When they consider the changes that may be made they always back out. Yet the hat is larger than the spot that should be hit by the man who talks of "placing the ball in the right place."

This can be done up to 160yds. with the old-fashioned sugar loaf bullet or cone loaded from the muzzle with the weight of the powder at least half the weight of the ball. It can also be done with a rifle of .16 shotgun caliber and round ball loaded from the muzzle up to 140yds. if 200grs. of powder be used. But with small round balls or long bullets and light charges of powder, that is such loads as ordinary hunting rifles are reasonably accurate under, it can not be safely attempted by the best judges of distance and light. Nothing but a trajectory that requires no change of sighting combined with a degree of accuracy which can not be had from rifles heavily loaded with the ball in the shell, will suffice.

Here is another proposition. Suppose you can group any number of bullets off hand in the 4in. ring at 100yds. Now, take the finest of globe and peep sights if you wish and make me a decent group that shall be 5ft. to the right or left of the bullseye. Or make one at 50yds., 2½ft. on either side. And remember that you must do this in the field with no shifting of sights and with a blank to aim at that is practically the same as a pure white wall. How much of a group will you guarantee to make at those distances off the center? Or try it even at 25yds. and see if you can make a group 15in. or 1ft. on one side that would hit the size of a quail half the time, or the body of a sparrow once in five times. Be careful of course not to shoot at your first bullet hole but have the place blank as it would be in shooting at game.

Now what proportion do we have of straight-away shots in the field? A long experience on all kinds of moving marks with close observation on this point convinces me that they are very rare. There is not one shot in twenty in the long run that you can make by holding the sights on the game. You must not only guess at the distance necessary to hold off of it, but also guess whether you are holding that distance—a double guess where either one is bad enough. Add the guessing on the trajectory of the rifle, which is almost certain to carry the ball a little too high or too low unless you have the distance measured and the sights adjusted to it as in target shooting, and we have an ever-changing problem that must be solved in very short time.

In addition to the above trouble all running game is rising and falling enough to make great uncertainty about reaching vital parts. The mule deer bounds high enough at almost every jump, especially in the brush where he is usually found, to leave a ball below or above him. Many of his jumps are certain to do this at the distance at which he is likely to be shot at. The Virginia deer, though apparently not as high a jumper as the mule deer, is still a good one, and as a rule his up and down motion cannot be ignored where it is possible to consider it. Even the antelope, that glides along with a grace so spirituelle that you cannot consider his rise and fall, has still enough of it to make you miss his vitals often, and the whole body occasionally, even when you have held the sights upon exactly the right point to catch the center if it were moving on a straight line. If you doubt this, fire a few hundred shots at jack rabbits skimming the plain or hillside in the dry countries, where the dust will show you where every ball strikes. When he is under such full speed that he pulls himself out like a telescope and seems to skim the ground like a fish duck flying close to the water, you will be amazed at the balls that strike just over or under, long after you have mastered as well as you ever will master it, the secret of holding far enough ahead.

Next comes the shifting play of light upon the sights. Take your rifle out in the sun, hold it at arm's length, run your eye along the sights, and turn slowly around in a circle. Or put four targets in the sun at the four points of the compass and make four snap shots at them as rapidly as you would shoot at game that was fast getting away. You will find it quite different from shooting at a target where you pick the light, or soon get used to it, or have time to find the center of light on the sights. The change in the center of light is largely obviated by taking the notch entirely out of the back sight, rusting it with iodine or blood, and blacking with ink or powder. Also by moving it much further up the barrel than it is usually placed. Don't worry about the center, for if you knock the back sight entirely off you can hit a telegraph pole at 100yds. as well as ever, and just as quickly. And don't worry about the range of sights being too short, for 15in. between them is enough, and even a foot does fine work. What is lost in range by the shorter distance between them is more than made up by the greater clearness of the back sight, and for running shooting by the greater quickness with which the eye takes the proper amount of front sight over it. Ivory for the front sight is indispensable to avoid the shifting of the center of brightness upon it. Lyman's sights are specially designed to avoid this trouble, and do it wonderfully well. The only difference is that the back sight being so near, the eye is not as quick for a very quick shot as the straight bar set far up the barrel, while the latter is also quicker in the gray of morning or late in the evening. The principle is the same in each, and is correct, for about nine people out of ten—that the eye will find the center all right if you will just be kind enough to let it alone. For all-around work a rifle should have both these sights. If one is not a fine shot or is much out of practice, he should use Lyman's sights exclusively and let notches in the back sight entirely alone, especially if his eyes are so old that he has to wear glasses to read. Still neither of these entirely obviate the effect of changing light.

All these difficulties are bad enough in the open country. They are increased in the woods by trees that stop the ball, by twigs that will set it wobbling or turn it at once, and by the change from light to heavy shade which is almost constant. The difficulty of judging distance is also much increased, and when you have tried it long enough you are sure to quit it and hold the same sight on about everything in motion.

I know how the fine shooting is done. It is so natural to forget how you unloaded the whole magazine of the repeater at some deer plunging along a brushy hillside. How awfully that one day would reduce your average for the whole hunt if you should be weak enough to include it in your figures! It seems now, by memory's eye, that you saw the whole body of the game at each shot. But you saw nothing of the sort. Here it was a shoulder, there a rump, now shining above the brush for a second, then lost, but small enough to take the best of shooting to hit it had it been at rest. What your memory now sees is a composite of several motions and appearances that look so easy to hit. If the gentleman who thinks it easy to hit when in motion the thickness of the body of a deer at any distance at which the rifle is accurate, will pick up his empty shells and count them against the game after firing 500 or 1,000 shots he may think otherwise. For my part, the principal pleasure I have found in the rifle is the fact that you may play with it so much on almost any kind of small game in motion, yet keep your conscience comfortably clear of the charge of murder.

T. S. Van Dyke.

Los Angeles, Cal.

A DAY WITH THE PARTRIDGE AT WHITE LAKE.

It was with a feeling of sadness that I boarded the Monday morning train on the Erie for White Lake, New York, having received intelligence of my cousin's serious illness there, but I found him much improved, and in reply to his first question as to where Dixie and my gun were (Dixie being my English setter), it was with much regret I had to announce that I had left them behind, as I did not expect to do any shooting on this trip.

"Well, never mind, old boy," said he, "I can fix you out. There is my Francotte rusting for want of use, and my coat and shells in my trunk, so to-morrow morning you can have a good day's sport. The law is up to-day, and Tacey will go with you. Do you know Tacey? No! well, let me introduce you to the proprietor of Sportsmen's Home. In the first place, he loves his dogs and guns; that should be enough to recommend him to any one. But he has other qualities, good-natured to a fault, willing, obliging and not a game hog. He knows when he has enough, and believes in leaving a bird or two for seed, and is a capital dog handler."

I had an interview with Tacey and he said he would go with me in the afternoon, if I could amuse myself until then. I could not restrain myself that long, but I started to look through a swale just below the house, thinking I might run across a bird or two before dinner. I had hardly gone a rod when Tacey's old dog Dash was upon me; he smelt trouble and was going to have some of it. Now, Dash has his own ideas of right and wrong, only laying claim to one master and refusing to mind any one but him. I attribute it to the fact that one eye is blue and the other brown. But he is a good one, as I learned later in the day. I took him along and ran the chances, but after we got in the cover all that I saw of him was an inquiring look once in a while to see if I had gone home yet; then he would go off and amuse himself. Not a bird did I find. I returned to the house and told Tacey I did not believe there were any birds in Sullivan county. "Well," said he, "if I don't show you birds this afternoon I will leave the county to-morrow."

It was along about 3:30 when we were on our way across the fields. There might be woodcock in that cover yonder, the ground was quite soft. "Hey! Dash! this way; careful now." But it drew blank, so we crossed to a swale just below. "You take along that side and keep your eyes peeled, and I will go through and see if I can put some out. Mark them well, and watch the trees, for this time of year partridge are apt to do most anything," and in he started.

Tacey evidently thought I was a novice at the business, and wanted him to put them out over my head, so that I could shoot them without getting my feet wet; but I think I was not long proving the contrary to him.

Whoa, Dash! Bang! Mark! and I had just time to see a fine partridge cross over ahead into a piece of cover beyond. "One down. Careful, Dash! Dead bird! Look out there, Walt!" About eight birds flushed wild ahead.

"Stay where you are until I come out." In a few minutes out he came with a fine bird, the first of the season. "Where did that one go you saw come out?"

"Across there!"

"Well, we will look him up, and turn those others back before they get in that swamp beyond!"

"Now, look here, Tacey," said I, "this is all very nice; but I want some of this fun myself, and am going right in there with you to follow the dog!"

"That is the kind of a man I like. Pitch right in, and we will see what we can do."

After a brief search for the one I had seen cross, but without result, we started around to turn the others. It was very thick cover; the laurels were hard to get through, to say nothing of the high grass and water; but my blood was up, and in we sailed. Hark! the bell had stopped, and Dash was on point just to Tacey's left. "Look sharp now, Walt; here they are." Bur-r-r, bang! Whoa, Dash! Dead bird. Two for Tacey, and I had empty pockets. This won't do. Tacey never moved, neither did Dash, when there was a bur-r-r to my left; around I swung, bang! and down I slid off the log I had been standing on. "Guess I missed!"

"Well, you got feathers all right," answered Tacey; "wait until I get my bird and we will see."

I looked while he got his bird, but could not locate the bird until Dash came along, stopped in the high grass, and there it was sure enough, my first of the season, and a fine one, which I proudly deposited in my pocket.

"Now, look sharp; there are more here."

Hardly had he spoken when a fast one crossed me, which I tried for, but neatly missed, and I heard Tacey say, "There are others. Whoa! Look sharp!" Up got another to Tacey's right and placed a big chestnut tree between him and Tacey. I waited for him to swing around, then brought him down. "Good shot, Walt, old boy; the chestnut saved his life a few seconds only. Now we are even; one dollar on the next bird"

"Done," said I; and we swung around to the right.

"Careful, Dash! Steady point! Rabbit," remarked Tacey. But Dash thought otherwise, as he stood with his nose close to the root of a big tree. "Come on, Dash." But there was no move. "Send him on, Tacey." "Go on, Dash." Bur r-r through the top hole he came and circled to my left. I thought he was gone, but stepped back a pace, let go and down he came. "One dollar or one day," sang I to Tacey.

"Right, my boy; you earned it on that shot fair enough, and you lead me one bird. Now we will take a look at another piece, where we are sure to find woodcock. I guess you have handled a scatter gun before from the way you walked into those birds; five out of six not so bad, eh?"

We crossed to the opposite, picking blackberries as we went, and deciding that one woodcock apiece would about fill the bill.

"Now we are here," said Tacey, "keep a careful watch on the dog, for among these pine trees they are apt to fool you."

Along we walked. I was thinking more of my three birds than of those to come, when Tacey shouted, "Look out!" and as I turned I saw a woodcock taking his leave around the top of a pine tree. I made a quick shift and fired, but was too late.

"What's the matter, Walt?"

"Not ready," said I.

There was a report from another gun above us, and another from Tacey's. "If I had only been quicker," said he.

"Well, you take along this lower edge and I will send that fellow that I missed back to you. He did not go far." So off I started, kicking through the fern and huckleberry bushes, when a bird rose right from under my nose. I shot twice and missed. A shot from Tacey corraled him.

"One more, and then for supper. Here, Dash, take a look in there. Whoa!"

And Tacey had him. Our score was full. It was half-past 6, and this wound up one of the most pleasant of afternoon sports. We returned home much pleased with our seven birds. I had been convinced; had turned a disagreeable start into a pleasant finish, and went home next day with a bag full of birds. We were late for supper, to be sure, but that good little wife of his had it nice and warm for us; and after indulging in plenty of good things, we wound up with the pipe of peace. I cannot speak too highly of the treatment given me at the Sportsmen's Home, and should any of my brother sportsmen want a few days' good sport within five hours of New York, they cannot do better than try this place.

A. H. M.

MORE MARYLAND PHEASANTS POISONED.

After spending thousands of dollars in securing the conviction of James Butler, who was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years on the charge of poisoning 3,000 pheasants in August and September of last year, the Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club members are disheartened to find that some one is poisoning the birds again this year. The crime of last year undid the work of four years' patient toil in a pioneer effort in this country to breed the English pheasant. This second attempt to destroy the birds may result in the club's abandoning further efforts to raise these birds.

About a month ago Mr. Joseph Davison, keeper of the recently installed breeding pens of Mr. Henry A. Brehm, located in Back River Neck, on Middle River, opposite Bowley's Quarter, noticed that many of the birds were dying mysteriously. He took several carcasses of the pheasants to Prof. Wilson, of Baltimore, and had the contents of their crops analyzed. The professor found a quantity of new wheat so heavily coated with arsenic that his experienced eye told him without a microscopic examination what poison had been used.

In spite of Mr. Davison's vigilant night watching, the birds continued to die and the poisoners, in some mysterious way, managed to continue their foul work until this entire flock was destroyed. Davison took Mr. McVicar, keeper of Bowley's Quarter game preserves, into his confidence, and the latter took precautions to guard his big flock, numbering upward of 1,500 pheasants, in the Fox Den pen, on Briar Point, just across the river from Davison's Quarters. Mr. McVicar's vigilance, however, was of no avail, and a week later his birds, too, began to die, and the same dreaded arsenical wheat was found to be the cause.

All of the club members were away from their home, in Philadelphia, at the seashore or abroad, except Dr. George W. Massamore, the assistant State game warden, who lives in this city. Mr. Davison and Dr. Massamore resolved to remove the birds remaining in the Fox Den pen and take them to Seneca farm, where they could be guarded better. Before this could be done, however, the pheasants died so fast that the attempt was abandoned, and now not a single bird of the 1,500 that were in Fox Den pen survive.

The president of the club, Mr. Nathaniel E. Janney, and Mr. Horace Magee, a member who has taken special interest

in the propagation of the pheasants, were summoned to Baltimore and a consultation was held. A determined effort will be made to save the birds in the Seneca farm pens, and prowlers around these pens at night or at any time will have a warm welcome prepared for them.

The members of the club are at a loss to find a motive for the crime. It is believed the poisoning is done by some one who has a personal spite against the club or some member of it. When Butler was arrested last year this absence of motive was also noted.

The value of the pheasant-breeding industry to the farmers in the vicinity of the Bowley's Quarter Club is acknowledged by all of the latter. The operations of the club are said to have given a large number of men employment all the year round in improving the premises of the club. Hundreds of birds have escaped to the neighboring farms, and prior to the poisoning the pheasants were believed to be as numerous as partridges in the vicinity, and many pheasants have been furnished free by the club for others to use in breeding.

Mr. Brehm's flock was started by a few birds obtained early this year from Mr. McVicar's stock There were 400 fine birds in the pen when the poisoner began his work.

A number of turkeys and chickens belonging to Mr. Davison were also poisoned, and Messrs. McVicar and Davison fear that members of their families may get the dreaded arsenic through the fowls and suffer death. They fear that the poisoner may directly try to make persons instead of fowls his victims. The loss will exceed $8,000.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THOSE JACKSON HOLE ELK.

Evanston, Wyo., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time early in July, last, you published an article relative to a certain lot of elk then—and now—in the possession of J. A. Adams, a resident of Jackson Hole, in this county, which article was largely commented upon by the press of our State and adjoining States. As County Attorney, I took the matter up with a view of prosecuting any person violating our game laws. To this end I asked the game warden of the said Hole to furnish me the facts; I also requested Mr. J. A Adams to do likewise. Adams forwarded such facts to the press for publication, while Mr. Manning sent in an affidavit, both of which I herewith inclose, and, as you have taken this question up, I trust you will publish such statements, that the facts may be known by the readers of your valuable journal.

You will greatly oblige me and all friends of the game by giving space to the inclosures. J. W. Sammon.

Statement of Game Warden Manning.

Jackson, Wyo., July 16.—*J. W Sammon, Esq, County Attorney, Evanston, Wyo.*—Dear Sir: Herewith the affidavit, as suggested in your recent letter. I trust it covers all the points desired. It is to be hoped that, should this game question ever come before the court, it may develop enough to get our legislative body to see it in its proper light.

I have been a close student of this question, and am satisfied the proper way is only to grant permits for the capture of elk in the manner in which Mr. Adams has captured those he now holds. Heretofore those captured under permits have been taken when it was necessary to run them down either with horses or on snowshoes, and one way was as bad as is the other, as more would be killed than were caught. In this way—the way Adams caught his—it was a positive benefit to the elk, to the country, and to the individual, as it was like making something out of nothing, as undoubtedly nine out of ten would have died if they had not been taken. A property right should accrue to the individual in game taken in this way, and such taking could not be abused, as it would always be a matter of notoriety when such conditions existed. I think taking game under any other circumstances should be absolutely prohibited.

The elk did much damage here during the past winter, as starvation made them fearless, and many people had to both night and day herd their haystacks and drive them away to certain death, when had they felt certain of acquiring ownership, perhaps hundreds might have been taken up by our citizens. Understand, that all haypen frames here are from 6 to 8ft. high and strong, but against the combined attack of a herd of elk, such fences, even, are as nothing.

Wm. F. Manning.

Affidavit of Game Warden Manning.

STATE OF WYOMING, } ss:
COUNTY OF COOK, }

William F. Manning, being duly sworn, deposes and says that during the winter of 1895-7 he was Deputy Game Warden for the Jackson Hole region; that he is well acquainted with Mr. J. A. Adams, and with the circumstances under which the said J. A Adams captured or took possession of the elk now in his possession. That the facts are: that the said Adams mentioned the fact to affiant about Feb. 1, 1897, that he should like to take up some elk for domestication and asked affiant's opinion upon the point of a violation of the game laws of Wyoming; that, considering the fact that elk were then dying in great numbers, it was affiant's opinion that it would not only be no violation of the game laws, but a positive benefit to the elk and the country if they should be taken up and cared for, and that he then expressed such opinion to said Adams; that thereafter, probably between Feb. 1 and 15 following, said Adams did take up a number of said elk, many of which were too far reduced by starvation to be saved, but by careful feeding on the part of Adams, the greater portion of those taken were saved. Affiant further says that there is no ranch in this region known or having a reputation as the "Moose Head Ranch," though affiant has understood that it was the intention of B. R. Adams, deceased, to so name his ranch, but such name had never been used here, and the ranch of said B. R. Adams, deceased, adjoins the ranch of J. A. Adams.

That all of the elk taken by the said J. A. Adams, that lived, are still held and kept by him. Further, affiant says that the game laws are being well observed in this region, and but one violation has come to affiant's knowledge for the present season; that the instruction of county attorney and State game warden to punish violators is being strictly followed Wm F. Manning.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of July, A. D.
Moses W. Pettigrew,
United States Commissioner.

Published Statement of Mr. Adams.

In view of the fact that the *Sun-Leader* in an article of date July 8, 1897, relating to elk, says many things which unjust and untrue, not only in its own version, but in publishing the copy of the Forest and Stream article, which is in every respect false. I shall express my own opinion as a layman of the rights involved in the controversy now going on between the State authorities upon one side and County Attorney Sammon and others on the other, and of which I am the main issue involved. If, therefore, as I intend to make myself understood, I am guilty of a crime against the State laws, I should be prosecuted; otherwise I should be entitled to consideration in the premises Being a resident of the State, who upholds the intent and spirit of the law, and who refuses to recognize, either by attempted persuasion or threats of prosecution the opinion of any person except that given by a judge of one of the honorable courts of Wyoming, I reply to the article mentioned as follows:

That during the winter season of 1896-97 the yearling elk died in large numbers in this valley and in the immediate vicinity of my home. All of the yearling elk died except those expressly provided for. Hundreds of elk of all classes forced into my hay corrals for sufficient substance to keep them from starvation, and in a spirit of sorrow and pity that those animals should die, when by an act of kindness their lives could be saved, I took advice from my neighbors and a deputy game warden, and with a full belief and with an understanding from my neighbors that I was doing what was right and just and what they would do were they situated as I was, I allowed many hundreds of the animals to come into my corrals and inclosures. When spring came I retained twenty-seven head of yearling elk for the express and only purpose of domestication after the winter was over. After the spring was on, I was confronted with a demand to turn the elk out or suffer the consequences of my alleged unlawful capture of the elk in question. Investigation disclosed the fact that the deputy game warden, Mr. White, had represented to the State officials that I had unlawfully inclosed 177 head of elk. I refused to turn the elk out upon the mere demand of the game warden. Then followed the opinions of Attorney-General Fowler, the replies of County Attorney Sammon. Then followed a second demand of deputy game warden for the release of the elk. I told him to take them, as I would not resist any lawful process of a court for the elks' release. So far the deputy has not turned out the elk. These are in main the facts up to the present time, and it too plainly shows that the article in the *Sun-Leader*, having as it does the ear-marks of the powers that be, is maliciously false, uncalled for; and to the mind of any one versed in the ins and outs of this question, was for the purpose of "jumping on" the county attorney of Uinta county. Whether or not this is good politics, I am not willing to admit.

So far as I am concerned, I have at no time shipped or intended to ship any of the elk now in my possession. I have never applied for a permit for such purpose nor do I intend to. I have no interest in the Moosehead ranch, and the game in question is not retained in gross violation and contempt of law, as is broadly asserted in the article mentioned. There is not now nor has there been any collusion between the Hon. County Attorney of Uinta county and myself with reference to these elk, and this bold subterfuge indicates the depths to which the correspondent would go to gratify the ambition of his Wyoming employers.

I do claim for myself that the elk in question were saved from the sure and certain fate of starvation; that at no time did I violate any law in retaining them, and that, outside of the Attorney General's opinion (and he is not the court), there is no opinion in Wyoming courts establishing a precedent as to whether I am the worst game poacher or destroyer in the State. I stand ready now as I have in the past to obey the law. When it may be decided by the courts I have no rights, then it seems to me will be the time for the irresponsible Forest and Stream correspondent and his contemporaries to make their kick. I have read many articles upon the capture of these elk, and this is the only one authorized by me, and in all deference to those who have gone before I can only request a careful perusal of the same.

And it may be stated here that when it may be necessary to live and enjoy property rights without first recognizing and obeying demands arising out of the smokes of other battles, then I am willing to sacrifice what interests I may have in combating these inferences of a speculative nature engrafted into the controversy of the elk.

Joshua A. Adams.

SHOOTING CANADA GEESE.

One bright October afternoon, as I was siting outside my little tent in North Dakota, gazing over the great plains, my eye was suddenly attracted by a black line moving along the western horizon.

It took but a minute to distinguish what I was looking at to be a flock of Canada geese, and after following them along for a short time, I discovered they were heading toward a little sheet of water which lay not a great way from where I sat

Although I did not count on killing any of this flock, I thought I would try my luck at it anyhow; so picking up my gun and a few BBs I started with my dog down a ravine which led to a slough 100yds. or so away. As this was the only water within several miles around, I thought it was very likely that the birds would swing up to it, and if I was within gun range at the time I might happen to drop one or two, as their big white breasts offer a splendid target.

Making my way rapidly through the dry grass, I managed to reach the water before the birds were very near, and placed myself amid the thick rushes, which formed a good blind; then cautiously gazing in the direction of the birds, I saw that they were then coming toward me. Whether they saw me at that minute I do not know, but they swung off to the side, and when I saw their big breasts turn up and their wings tip to the side, I thought, greatly to my sorrow, that they were surely gone; but quickly thinking of the call in my pocket, which had attracted these birds before, I lost no time in bringing it to my lips, and soon had their familiar call—*Honk! kwonk! Honk! kwonk!*—ringing through the air to perfection.

I continued blowing the call for several minutes until I finally heard the echo of it from the birds, which the whole flock seemed to be answering. Then quickly locking my gun I peeped over the reeds, and saw once more to my great delight that they again were heading toward me, and I watched them grow larger and larger, nearer and nearer, until I finally had the pleasure of seeing the whole flock hovering above my head.

"It's a magnificent shot," I thought to myself, as I singled one of the birds out and traced it along over my gun rib, and when at last the report rang out I saw a few feathers drop out, but the loads did not seem to hit square enough to bring it down. As the flight of these birds is not so swift as some we have to deal with, I managed to get another shell in my barrel before they got out of range, and as the tail-ender of the flock sailed very saucily away, I drew a line on it. When the shell exploded I heard the shot beat on the bird's side, and in two or three seconds it lost its position in the "V" with its mates, soon hitting the ground with a loud bounce, which brought the expression of "Gee whizz!" which any shooter seeing one of these big birds fall will utter, or its equivalent, for it seemed as if it shook the earth. After locating my bird I looked at the remainder, and saw to my delight that the bird I had picked the feathers out of was lowering from the rest, and watching it with anxious eyes I finally had the satisfaction of seeing it safely in the grass, upon a little hill a few rods away. My dog and I were soon busy hunting up the bird I had first seen fall, and in a short time were in opposite directions tracing for the stain of blood on the clear yellow reeds. We spent a long time eagerly searching, until finally I heard a whine from my dog, and looking toward him, I saw he was working lively in the grass, with his tail waving as fast as it could go. I knew what this meant, and following him up a few paces he at last led me to my bird, which I found to be an extra large one, and gazing upon it I came to the conclusion that my long search was amply rewarded. It is not such a light thing as one might imagine to have one of these monarchs of the Canada prairies on your back, and after I had shouldered the big bird I thought I would go back to my tent, and leaving it there, resume search for the other one, which I had marked down upon the hill; but thinking that the second one might only be winged, I decided to hunt it up then, and if I could find it I would return to the camp better satisfied with the two. My dog, knowing what I was after, was off before I knew it to find the second one, and all the whistling I could produce had no effect on him; so I started back for the place where I had seen it fall.

I made a thorough search upon the summit of the hill where I had marked it down, and after tracing the same ground over a number of times without seeing a spot of blood or a sign, I got disgusted and took a seat upon the grass to await my dog's return. As I suddenly looked to my right I spied three mallards coming directly for me, and quickly slipping a pair of No. 4 shells into my gun, I buried myself in the grass to wait for them to swing over. They were flying down wind, and soon came whizzing by in single file and offering me an excellent shot.

Throwing my gun a few feet ahead of them, I followed them along a second, and opened up with both barrels in quick succession; at the moment the gun cracked two doubled up as if they had a sudden cramp, and fell in a lump upon the ground. I kept my eye upon the lone bird left, which, after flying some distance off, gradually swung around and started back in search of its mates, which so suddenly had disappeared. Keeping well under cover, and letting out a few squacks similar to its call, I managed to draw the bird within good gunshot; and when the report of my gun rang out, the shot seemed to strike it in the right place, for it suddenly changed from its quick flight and came down through the air heels over head, until it finally struck the ground.

At the report of the gun my dog appeared, and after spending a few minutes working in the grass, he delivered up the three birds I had so successfully brought to bag. My dog and I spent a long time after this in searching for the second goose where I had seen it fall, and when I was making up my mind to give up the chase, I noticed that the dog was following up a trail toward the rushes of the slough, where we had found the first bird. At first sight I thought he was only going over the tracks of the bird which I had over my shoulder; but after watching him a minute or so, I saw he was really in earnest on the trail, so I hurried over to him and backed him up in the tracks he pursued.

As we grew nearer the water, I heard a rustling of the weeds ahead, which I at once started for, and after I had taken a few lively steps through the soft mud near the water's edge, I at last laid hands upon the bird I had so long been hunting for.

When I had my string tied together, I found I had quite a load, and as the sun was now sinking behind the western hills, I threw gun over shoulder and started for my tent, which I reached before dark, tired and hungry, but well satisfied with the contents of my string. P. C. Heard.

UPS AND DOWNS OF HUNTING.

A letter recently received from A. J. Spearen, who has camps at and near Spider Lake, Me., may be of some interest to sportsmen planning a trip to Maine the coming season.

Spearen writes that his camps are well fitted, and that sportsmen will find plenty of room, and that he is in the best moose region of Maine. Caribou are quite plenty, and a great many deer. Trout fishing is first class. I inclose a photograph he sent, which shows the result of five successive casts, the total catch, eleven in number, averaging over 1lb. each. Much larger trout are easily caught, but the photo represents what he says. He proposes taking parties in by way of Moosehead Lake, giving them a fine trip through a chain of lakes, and to go out via Oxbow. A number of good heads of both moose and caribou were killed last season on his grounds.

Personally, I have known Spearen for a number of years, and he is a first-class guide. His camps are quite a distance back in the wilderness, and it takes some time to reach them.

On my hunting trips after such game as moose, caribou, bears and deer I have been quite successful. On eight trips I shot eighteen head of game—three moose, five caribou, four bears and four deer. One trip of the eight after caribou was a failure, owing to a very noisy crusty snow during the whole time, which spoiled all chances of still-hunting. Nearly all my game, except some of the caribou, was killed on grounds hard to reach, and I have always preferred such places to hunt in, as giving better chances than more accessible grounds. Many of my trips were made late in the season, as I always preferred still-hunting on the early snow, also for the reason that any large game killed then can be saved. Of course, to get to out-of-the-way hunting grounds after the lakes and streams freeze, entails long and hard tramps.

There are a great many disappointments in hunting large game by any method, and still-hunting has its full share A party may arrive at camp just as the first snow of the season is falling and everything indicates a successful trip. A slight thaw or a few moments of rain will be followed by a noisy crust, entirely spoiling what otherwise would be first-rate

tracking snow. Snow sometimes falls in the Maine woods very early in the season. My first still-hunting of deer was early in October, when a snowfall of some 2in. made good still hunting for a couple of days. I killed a deer on each day, getting both very easily; followed one fifteen minutes and one ten.

Of course there will be many failures, even when making long trips to camps far back in the woods. During the past year I read in FOREST AND STREAM the account of such a trip The writer complained of the time spent in reaching the grounds where he had been, and from seeing some large game being shipped at some of the stations he passed on his way home, he concluded that the hunting was as good, if not better, on grounds much nearer the railroad. Any one coming out during the hunting season on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad will very likely see some moose and caribou and a number of deer being put on the train at various stations, and is very likely to be told that it was killed "just back here a little way." This "just back here" is rather indefinite. It may mean two or three days' journey. Also, could the number who go to these easily reached grounds and who return empty-handed, be compared with those who were successful, it would show but a very small percentage of lucky hunters. Of course, a good many deer can be found in these easily-reached grounds, but I am speaking of moose and caribou

In Nova Scotia, moose are frequently killed quite close to the settlements and highways. In the lower part of the province where I have hunted, the moose country is in the back portions of Yarmouth, Shelburne, Halifax, Queens, Annapolis and Digby counties. Large sections of these counties consist of bogs, barrens, lakes, streams and scrub timber, and the moose are practically surrounded on three sides by salt water, and on the fourth by settlements, highways and railroads. Parties go in hunting from all sides, and the moose are driven back and forth, and are often found in rather unexpected places. The first moose I ever saw was on grounds where our Indians said we were not likely to see even signs; and I had no idea, nor was I prepared when a moose walked out on to a small bog one morning, and stood looking at me not 40yds. away. We were just getting ready to move on, as we were over a day's journey from where we expected to find our game, and my rifle was in its case in camp.

Again, when in Queen's county, we had just passed Indian Gardens at the outlet of Lake Rossignol, when we met a party of native hunters who had been in a week. They had not killed anything, and were on their way out to get a supply of provisions, intending to come back immediately. They camped for the night at Indian Gardens, and heard a cow moose call not far away during the night; in the morning they crept toward the place, and killed the cow, a calf and a bull. They were so near the highway and some houses, that they got an ox-team and hauled the three moose out whole; the same party were back in less than a week and killed two more moose almost on the same ground. In Maine, however, it is rather different; the game has a much larger range and when moose are started they are more likely to travel a long distance back in the wilderness rather than toward the outskirts. Had I never killed a moose or caribou and wanted to I certainly should try Spearen's camps. I am confident I could get both there the coming season. I should, however, go prepared to stay some time if necessary, also to work to get shots. As it is, I do not want to shoot another moose or caribou enough to spend the time required to go where I would expect to find them. I get pretty good shooting on small game where I live—partridges and woodcock—and during the winter months a good many foxes in our New England way of hunting them; should snow fall before the season closes I can in a few hours get to a pretty good deer country.

In advising any one to try Spearen's camps, I do so simply for the reason that I think it is as good if not better than any other region in Maine. For particulars relating to making such a trip Spearen will furnish full details, his address is A. J. Spearen, Massardis, Me., Box 13.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Aug. 21.

A POTTER POTTED.

SOCIETY at Narragansett Pier was considerably disturbed when the fact became known yesterday that one of the most prominent and popular of the summer residents had been arrested and taken to court for prosecution on warrants, charging him with pursuing game with intent to kill, in violation of the State game laws. The details of the affair make a very interesting story. It is alleged that Mr P. S. P. Randolph, with a local hunter named Potter, whom he employs as head farmer on his Pier estate, has been enjoying the pursuit of game for a week or more, covering their movements by a clever and yet simple ruse.

The two men, dressed as for a drive, left the Pier in a covered trap, with a footman, Mr. Randolph driving. When they reached the hunting ground they drove into the woods, where Randolph and Potter divested themselves of society garb and donned hunting rigs. Under a seat in the trap they had a dog and guns concealed. These were brought forth, and while Randolph and Potter scoured the woods for game the footman awaited their return.

The State Game Protective Association has been trying for a long while to put a stop to hunting and trapping in the closed season in that section. This spring the local hunters there undertook to form an independent association. But on promises that the State Association would endeavor to do something there, the gunners at Wakefield and in the vicinity joined the State Association. Others were told that they must stop hunting in the closed season. They protested that the New Yorkers at the Pier would be permitted to shoot. They were assured it would not be permitted, and that if they did they would be prosecuted.

More than a week ago State Game Warden Thomas W. Penney was notified that the law was being violated. He sent W. L. Plaisted, of Olneyville, to the Pier to shadow the parties complained of, Plaisted placed himself where he could shadow Randolph and his man, and when they started out, ostensibly for a drive, in the early part of last week, Plaisted followed them on a bicycle. He saw them turn into the woods. He shadowed them and saw the two men leave the carriage, change their clothing, take dog and guns and go into the woods, leaving the trap with the footman. He followed them through the woods, heard them shoot and saw them return to the carriage.

Plaisted was alone and decided to take no action then, but to await until he could have witnesses to corroborate his testimony. On Thursday Game Warden Rodman, of Wakefield, was informed of what had been seen, and officer Plaisted started out with a local shooter and a farm hand as witnesses to shadow Randolph and his man again. They followed as Plaisted had done before. They saw the change from driving dress to the hunting garb, and then they folllowed into the woods a little way and remained where they could see the men when they returned to the carriage.

When Randolph and Potter returned, they were conversing. The men in hiding heard one of them say to the other. "That bird came right at me or I would not have missed him."

Potter had a game bag, and it looked as though it was not empty. The men in hiding arose and started for Randolph and Potter. Both ran. Randolph was seen to hand something to Potter. Plaisted pursued Randolph and overtook him. Randolph took the matter coolly and asked if the matter could not be settled quietly.

Plaisted said he guessed it could. Randolph asked him to return to the carriage and they did. Arriving there, it is alleged, Randolph drew from under a seat in the trap a bottle of choice whiskey and another bottle containing Apollinaris. The other did not appreciate the courtesy of the proffered treat from his prisoner. When Randolph again asked if the matter could not be settled without difficulty Plaisted said he thought it could, but not with him.

Plaisted told Randolph that he did not care to make it unnecessarily disagreeable; that he knew Mr. Randolph well enough to accept his word, and offered to accept his pledge to appear before Judge Lewis in the District Court at 1 o'clock the next day to be arraigned.

This agreement was made. While discussing it, Potter returned and was placed under arrest, and the same arrangewas made for him to appear in court with his employer.

Randolph and Potter returned to the carriage and drove out of the woods. Officer Plaisted was satisfied that Potter had secreted the birds in the woods, and that he would make an effort to recover them, so that they could not be used as evidence in the cases. He shadowed the team after it was driven from the woods, and, as he expected, he saw it turned into the woods again at a point some distance away. He ran to that point, headed the team off and ordered Randolph and Potter to stay out of the woods, telling them he had men searching for the birds that had been secreted, and that he proposed to find them.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in the search for the birds. But darkness came on and they were not found. Bright and early Friday morning Plaisted was out in the woods again with two men hunting for the birds. They heard a noise on the other side of a wall they were passing. On investigating, they found Potter crawling along on all fours. He, too, was out bright and early after the birds. He was ordered to arise, and the party of searchers kept track of him until they found what they were after, three chicken partridges, which were concealed in the brush.

Randolph and Potter appeared in the District Court at Wakefield as they agreed and were arraigned. Both were charged with having pursued game with intent to kill in violation of the game law. They pleaded not guilty. Then Potter was charged with having had three birds in his possession. He pleaded not guilty. The cases were continued to Monday, Aug. 30. The prosecution was conducted by Game Warden Penney, of the Association, and Attorney F. W. Tillinghast.

Mr. Randolph told the officials that if he believed the game laws would be enforced he would be pleased to join the Association, and would contribute to its funds as liberally as anyone now in the organization. The Association's officials will endeavor to satisfy him that they mean to enforce the laws.—*Providence, R I., Journal, Aug.* 22

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Celebrated Case of Illegal Chickens.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 28.—We have had something of a *cause celebré* in illegal prairie chickens here this week, in which one or more sportsmen and club members, a well-known restaurant keeper and our new warden, Harry Loveday, all figured in conjunction. The facts of the case are these: On Aug. 7 Mr. C. S. Wilcox, of Chicago, a member of the Diana Shooting Club, the Audubon Club, etc , and well known in Chicago sporting circles, went to Kinsley's restaurant with a friend and ordered what is during the months of July and August technically known as "owl." This "owl" was served in the German department of the restaurant, which is under the charge of William Werner. The latter afterward stated that the "owl" was served without his knowledge. Soon after eating this bird, Mr. Wilcox repaired to the billiard hall of Mr. W. P. Mussey at 106 Madison street. Here he met Mr. Bob Clark, manager of Kinsley's restaurant, and to him remarked, in the presence of others, that he had just been to Kinsley's, and had eaten the toughest prairie chicken he had ever eaten in his life. In some way word of this came to the ears of Warden Loveday, who caused the arrest of the steward of the restaurant. The case came up for trial before Justice Prindiville on Wednesday morning of this week, in spite of Mr. Wilcox's repeated later assertions that he would not appear as a witness in this case. He was, however, brought into court by subpœna, and came represented by an attorney. When asked if on such and such a date he had been served with prairie chicken at Kinsley's, he refused to answer, on the ground that he might thus incriminate himself. The justice explained to him that he would not be incriminating himself at all, but Mr. Wilcox still declined to answer, whereupon the justice fined him $5 for contempt of court. Asked if his companion, Mr. B. Dicks, was at the same time served prairie chicken, Mr. Wilcox again declined to answer and was again fined $5 for contempt of court. It was not, however, necessary to collect these fines, for at this juncture Mr. Werner, representing the restaurant, stated that he was tired of the whole business, and was willing to plead guilty. He was thereupon fined $10 and costs. Mr. Werner afterward in some wrath remarked that it is the sportsmen who eat most of the illegal game. This case has attracted much comment so much that perhaps further comment than a mere statement of the facts would be unnecessary here.

This Sheriff Shot Illegal Chickens.

Mr. Charles E. Johnson, Sheriff of Peoria county, Ill., is an officer of the law, and he is fully acquainted with the provisions of the law. Yet early in the month of August this man, unworthy to be called an officer of the law or representative of the people, was unable to restrain his impulse to go chicken hunting. He did so, and was successful in killing a few birds. Word of this came to Warden Loveday, who at once caused the arrest of Sheriff Johnson. He was tried on Aug. 17, in his own county, and fined $15 and costs. This is one of the most singular cases of game law violations yet to be recorded The illegal work was done right in the neighborhood where lives President Fahnestock, of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. We have yet to hear of a single conviction obtained this season through the efforts of this body, although we are told that protective work is soon to be taken up by the Association. It would seem that there are some conspicuous heathen very near at home in Peoria. Warden Loveday cannot be complimented too highly upon his determination in going after and bringing to justice this unworthy sheriff, this executive of the law, this officer who is himself a criminal. Peoria county cannot too quickly rid itself of the slur which will remain upon its reputation so long as such a man remains in office.

Caught by the Law.

At Eau Claire, Wis., Aug. 23, a prominent citizen by the name of Asigal Wyman was tried and convicted of killing three prairie chickens on Aug. 8. He was fined $10.

Seizure of Game.

Members of the Neligh Gun Club, of Nebraska, last week boarded a passenger train and took from the express car something like 300 prairie chickens, which were billed through to Chicago. The birds were shipped from Clearwater, Neb. Legal proceedings will be at once instituted against the express company, and efforts will be made to locate the market shooters. Three-fourths of the birds were not half-grown. If this action of the Neligh Gun Club be treason, let us have the more of it.

Mixed Bag.

A hunting party of Helena, Mont., composed of Judge Henderson Smith, E. S. French, R. P. Barden and Fred. Naegle, last week went out hunting and made the mixed bag of two prairie chickens, two tame chickens, four rattlesnakes and a mule. There is no pent-up Utica in Montana.

Awakening Sentiment.

There is a curious awakening going all through the West in game law matters, as I have earlier mentioned, and newspapers all over the West continue to publish statements of arrests of game law violators, of encouragement for the wardens, and of condemnation of those who break the game laws. So far as I am able to determine from such reports received at this office, I am inclined to think that no State is more advanced than Minnesota in matters of game protection. A great deal of news comes in concerning the work of Agent Fullerton, of Minnesota The latter reports that he has 100 deputy wardens in the field this month, and he claims that there is no wholesale violation of the chicken law going on. He says that in Detroit and Anoka counties, once the scenes of continued illegal shooting, there is now next to nothing done in violation of the chicken law, so active have been the local deputies. Agent Fullerton says that it is a shame that the State of North Dakota opens its chicken season so early. He thinks the date should be Sept. 15. This also is the belief of every conservative shooter who knows anything about chicken shooting. If all our Western States stuck to Sept. 15 as opening day, and if all our wardens could enforce that law, there would be abundance of magnificent sport, and we should have a magnificent game bird assured to us forever.

Act of a Would-be Warden.

A rather odd case in game law matters came up at Minneapolis this week. Agent Fullerton had been asked to appoint Dr. Hedderly, of Minneapolis, as a deputy game warden, the latter coming highly recommended by many friends as the right man for the place. Mr. Fullerton made out a deputy's commission for Dr. Hedderly, and was about to mail it to him, when he received word from Deputy Warden Coffin, of Hennepin county, stating that he had just arrested Dr. Hedderly for shooting illegal chickens in Anoka county!

Warden Hedderly, let me introduce to you Sheriff Johnson, of Peoria county, Ill. It gives me pleasure to see gentlemen like you acquainted with each other.

An Indiana Protest.

Complaint is made in the *Review*, of Elkhart, Ind., that quail and ducks are already being killed near Goshen, in that State. On the editorial page of the paper there is the following statement, not an ignoble one to be seen on the editorial page of any paper: "Were there no law, humanity should come to the rescue of these young birds, scarcely half-grown and totally unfit for use, and without apology we say no one but a vandal will indulge in their destruction."

Arkansas Warning.

Many shooters of the State of Arkansas have announced their intention of going prairie chicken hunting on Sept. 1. This was the old opening date, but as the local press of the State is now announcing, there is a close season of five years on prairie chickens in the State of Arkansas, dating from 1893, so that it will be illegal to shoot this bird until Sept. 1, 1898.

Where to go for Chickens.

As has been earlier stated, the general tone of reports from Minnesota, North and South Dakota is to the effect that chickens will be more abundant this fall than they have been before for years. I am still inclined to think that the upper part of North Dakota will be as safe a country to go to as any, but am reluctant to give specific answer to many inquiries which have come in here, because no one can tell until after the season opens what the shooting will actually prove at any given point. The following letter, received from Carrington, N. D., is specific in its nature and may be of interest to readers of FOREST AND STREAM: "If you or any party from your section are contemplating a hunt into the Northwest this fall, will state I have had considerable experience hunting in the Northwest, and am acquainted with some of the best goose, duck and chicken fields to be found, and will render any assistance desired in locating parties thereon. Any information as to hotels, livery, game, etc., will be freely given on application.

"J. E. GALEHOUSE, JR.,
"Deputy State Game Warden."

News From the Shooting Fields.

The season opened in North Dakota, Aug. 20 On Aug. 21 the following dispatch was sent to the *Times*, of Minneapolis:

"Devil's Lake, N. D , Aug 21.—The game season opened here to-day, and before daylight the noise caused by shooting resembled the Fourth of July. It was not necessary to go

outside of the city, as a number of sloughs in the outskirts were literally covered with ducks. The market to-day is flooded with ducks and prairie chickens."

The Jamestown, N. D., *Capital* prints the following local chicken news in its issue of Aug. 21. It may be of service to many Eastern men who think they should be able to get off the cars anywhere in North Dakota, and at once fall to work shooting at innumerable coveys of chickens

"If all the hunters who left Jamestown Thursday night and yesterday morning had met with good luck there would probably be few chickens left in Stutsman county, but the majority of those who left so full of hope, promising untold quantities of birds to less fortunate friends compelled to remain at home, returned last night weary and dejected, with few chickens to show for their day's hunt. Chickens they unanimously report scarce and very wild, showing they had been hunted before the season opened. Ducks are plentiful, but the ponds are so full of water and the grass so high that it is next to impossible to get them after they are shot.

"Only two of what might really be called good bags were reported last night The list was headed by Ald Kuhn, Frank Taylor and Frank Dallair, who got sixty-one chickens, eleven ducks and about a bushel of snipe. They secured most of their game southeast of Wimbledon. John Clarke and D. E. Hughes follow next with forty-one birds secured near the city, at no time more than seven miles distant.

"Superintendent Wilson and Pierce Blewett hunted about three hours in the vicinity of Hobart, in Barnes county, and brought in a nice bunch of chickens.

"Mayor Fuller and Chief Mahony went out about 5 o'clock last evening and got seven chickens and one duck before darkness came on.

"M. L. Parker and Alex Gilfillan got eleven birds before dinner, and Chas. Klaus and Lou Niemeyer report a killing of sixteen birds.

"Geo. Game, H. B. Wood and E S. Rose managed to get a good early start, and by attending strictly to business got eleven birds.

"County Treasurer Halstead and Night Patrolman Cadieux hunted in the vicinity of Pingree and bagged eleven. They only run across two coveys, and were following up one of these in a tree claim when stopped by the owner.

"F. F. Montgomery, Dorm. Baldwin, William Hotchkiss and John Eddy traveled about forty miles—and got back.

"Among those who hunted in the early morning and came back empty-handed, or nearly so, were Alderman Durkee, who couldn't find the birds; Auditor Vennum and N. P. Agent Spurling, who got one chicken, and Chet. Hodge and Dan Sacho, who got a duck and one chicken."

The agent of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad at Hazel Run, 140 miles west of St. Paul, telegraphs on Aug. 26 that the chicken shooting there will be good, and the sloughs are full of local ducks I think fair sport could be had in lower Minnesota on this line, or that of the Milwaukee & St. Paul, anywhere about 100 miles west of St. Paul.

It is still too early to give authentic news from Minn., whose opening day is Sept. 1. Wisconsin also opens her season Sept. 1, and there will be fair shooting in the lower part of that State, although the sooner has been much abroad in the land. Illinois, wisest of all these States, opens her chicken season Sept. 15, and in spite of the illegal shooting, will still be able to show in the cool days of the fall a few scattered coveys of big, strong, brown-backed birds, such as any sportsman may be proud to bring to bag.

It appears that the iniquitous side-hunt is not yet abolished in the land. At Sioux Falls, S. D., two companies of chicken hunters, fifteen on each side, have been organized to have a grand side-hunt on Aug. 31. The programme is a butchery, a banquet and a ball. The captains of the misguided men who are to assist in this unsportsmanlike proceeding are Messrs. F. P. Roberts and W. P. Saunders.

At Tacoma, Wash., on Aug. 18, A. Berens was arrested by Warden Kielmeyer for shooting quail out of season, and was fined $10 and costs. August is a sweet time of year for shooting quail.

Stanley county, S. D., last week decided to offer a bounty of $5 per scalp on gray wolves. These animals are coming out of the bad lands and destroying the young cattle on the Missouri River ranges.

Genesee county, Mich., has this year, since May 1, paid out on sparrow bounties $1,227.14. This accounts for 61,357 English sparrows. Yet there are others.

Personal.

Mr. F. C. Selous, an Englishman of considerable fame as a big game hunter, calls in Chicago this week on his way west to Wyoming. Mr. Selous hunted for twenty-three years in Africa, and killed a great many elephants, lions and other big game. He states that he killed 111 elephants in three years. This was some twenty-five years ago. Mr. Selous regrets that there are none of the American buffalo left. There were a few others ahead of him.

Mr. E. C. Carter, assistant engineer of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, leaves on Sept. 3 for a big game trip on the middle fork of the White River, Colorado. He takes with him a full battery of guns and a few caissons of ammunition. Mr. Carter has mildly lost a bear and believes that the best outfit with which to go in search of him is a big gun with a big bullet and a whole lot of Curtis and Harvey powder.

Mr. John F. Eberhart, of this city, a sportsman who has traveled in many remote regions of the country, is just back from a trip to the Rainy Lake country, where he had good fishing and saw abundance of deer.

Mr. H. S. Canfield is a sportsman and newspaper man whom I was fortunate enough to meet at San Antonio, Tex., so long ago as 1890. Mr. Canfield afterward joined the large staff of newspaper correspondents located at Washington, D. C. Then he did a year of newspaper work in New York. Now he is located in Chicago, and is doing some of the best special stuff our dailies here are getting. He strolled into the FOREST AND STREAM office this week, and we have about concluded we will go hunting somewhere together this fall if we have luck. San Antonio papers will please copy.

By the way, what has come over the spirit of the dream in San Antonio? Why do we hear nothing from Oscar Guessaz, Joe George or other representatives of the great undrowned and unhung contingent loose in the prickly star State? It would'st seem something might happen whereby shooters of the North could again get word from these irrepressibles. It would give me pleasure to announce a relief expedition sent out from San Antonio for the purpose of rescuing Mr. Canfield from his perilous position in the ice fields of the North.

No Guns for the National Park.

It is now contrary to regulations to carry any sort of firearms, sealed or unsealed, within the limits of the Yellowstone National Park. Orders to this effect were issued by the new superintendent, Col. Young, on Aug. 23. It is thought that these regulations will work a hardship on hunting parties bound for the Jackson's Hole country, who have been in the habit of going in via the National Park. Col. Young states that it was customary for some persons to remove the seal from their guns after they got away from the beaten trails, and that he intends to have no more of this sort of thing Tourists will be willing to have their firearms taken away if it can be establi hed that the poachers can all be caught and treated in the same manner.

Iowa Hunting.

Mr. O. B. Johnson, of Orion, Ill., writes me the following letter of inquiry: "Would you kindly inform me where I can find good chicken shooting in Iowa, within 200 miles of Rock Island, Ill.; also if I could find any ducks there about the first two weeks in September? Would I find such game in Tama county, Ia.?" I cannot kindly inform anybody where he has a cinch on good chicken shooting in Iowa or anywhere else, but Mr. Johnson ought to find fair chicken and duck shooting in the neighborhood of Ruthven, Ia. There are still some birds left in northwestern Iowa. In Tama county there might be a few prairie chickens, but I do not think that country so good as other parts of that State E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago

Rhode Island Association.

PROVIDENCE, R I., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A hammer-head shark 10ft. in length was captured a short distance off Matunick Beach a few days ago by Mr. G. N. Browning.

David B. Manchester caught a white eel off Wickford a few days ago, a variety rarely found in these waters

At the meeting of the Rhode Island Game and Fish Association held a few days ago many new and influential names were added to the large list of members, and renewed interest in the protection of birds and fish in this State was shown. Every member pledges himself to observe the law relating to birds and fish, and with the means at the disposal of the Association all others will be visited with the extreme penalty of the law in case of violation. Vigilant and active special constables have been appointed under the provisions of the charter of the Association in different sections of the State, and any violators will be rapidly detected and punished.

The Association voted unanimously to protect all song and insectivorous birds, as well as game birds, and will prosecute vigorously any violations of the law in this direction. They hope to abate the nuisance of those who, armed with guns, go forth to shoot at every bird that may come within range, and also to commit other depredations if opportunity offers. The pursuit of song birds by this class, mostly for the feathers, has been so continuous and destructive that it has become impossible for the farmer to raise crops without the use of poisons to destroy insects, which were formerly kept in check by the birds.

In the course of the discussion it was stated that in the neighboring State of Massachusetts a law has recently been enacted prohibiting the sale of parts of birds for ornament, and the wearer is said to be liable to arrest. The Audubon Society has been organized, whose members pledge themselves to protect song and insectivorous birds, and to wear no ornaments made from their plumage. The Rhode Island Association counts on the assistance of these members in their efforts to protect this class of birds.

Within a few weeks, Representative Lacy from Iowa introduced a bill in Congress to enlarge the scope of the Fish Commission so as to include birds, and providing that the Commission shall extend its jurisdiction so as to provide for the propagation and distribution of game and other wild birds of the United States. Under this bill it is expected that the different States will supplement national legislation in regulating and protecting after the birds are introduced. It is the intention of the Rhode Island Association to ask the Legislature at its next session to take action in the same direction, so as to have the Fish Commission of this State include all birds in their jurisdiction. United efforts of all lovers of birds cannot fail of success, and it is believed the day is not far distant when the farmers' and the true sportsmen's interests will be mutual. W. H. M.

A "Snipe Hunt" which Worked the Other Way.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your note in this week's issue about the snipe hunt trick prompts me to send you this amusing story, which is told in a current *Tallahasseean:*

St. Teresa has been the scene of many successful "snipe hunts"; that is, successful for the projectors, but awfully destructive to the patience of the "victim." They had one down there a few nights ago, however, that took a turn somewhat out of the ordinary rut. The reports that have reached this city state that J. S. Winthrop and State Attorney George W. Walker, of this city, and Hon. Flavius T. Christie, of Miccosukie, were the leaders of the party, and Thomas J. Hogan, of this city, was the victim selected "to hold the bag." Hogan was considered an especially good man for the part he was to act in the sport, for the reason that he only recently moved here from Memphis, Tenn, and the party never dreamed that "snipe hunting" was practiced in that far-off inland city, but the sequel shows they had reckoned far too recklessly. A torch was secured and the party set out up the beach, each member inventing and pouring into the willing ears of the "victim" miraculous stories of fabulous numbers of snipe that were frequently attracted in the way they proposed and made captives in "the bag." When they had reached a lonely spot, far off from the hotel, the torch was lighted and the "victim" stationed on the beach to "hold the bag." All the others started off toward the hotel "to drive the snipe." Hogan would not agree to hold the bag alone unless they would drive from the other direction. This they finally agreed to do, and all set out that way. As soon as they were far enough away they made a circuit around the "bag holder" and returned to the hotel through as vexing a piece of scrub woods as mortal ever trod. But the fun was worth it, so they thought. But imagine their surprise to find Hogan sitting in the parlor of the hotel, when they reached there, complacently holding his bag. When they left him he stuck his torch in the ground so it would continue to burn, and leisurely returned to the hotel in ample time to prepare the guests for giving the crowd the horse laugh when they returned.

New York Grouse Season.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Although sick and unable to get out for nearly a month past, I am able to write, by virtue of the kindly offices of some of my local FOREST AND STREAM friends, that a great many ruffed grouse are to be found in neighboring covers. The birds, however, are small and immature, and do not afford the sport they will later on. As expressed in these columns last year, I am fully convinced that the grouse season should not open prior to Sept. 15. I hope to get afield soon, and will then be able to report more definitely in regard to the grouse and woodcock supply, and where it may be found. M. CHILL.

Black Game and Capercailzie.

SHELDON, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a recent letter from a trapper in Sweden saying that he will be able to deliver in October both black game and capercailzie in New York at 32 kro. and 40 kro. each. To encourage the importation of these peerless game birds I would on application give full particulars and place intending purchasers in direct correspondence with this Swedish gentleman.

N. P. LEACH.

[The Swedish crown is 26.8 cents, so the prices would be approximately $9 and $11.]

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

A SUNDAY FISHING STORY.

GREENVILLE, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your paper of Aug. 21 the article headed "Sunday Fishing" recalls to my mind an incident which happened some twenty years ago, and which goes far to prove that fish seem to be hungrier and more greedy for the bait on the day set apart for divine worship than on the other days of the week.

The Judge, Mac and myself (the humble son of the Judge) had heard for some time tales of marvelous trout the habitants of Indian Pond—a sheet of water on the other side of Squaw Mountain, eighteen miles distant, to which the only approach was directly through the woods—there being no road or blazed line to the same. The only person who had fished this pond in those days was our regular guide, Levi, a French Canadian, who never tired of dilating on the size and beauty of the fish in this pond, and who always compared unfavorably any large fish we might take in the well fished waters of this vicinity with the trout in these inaccessible waters.

We were all ardent fishermen in those days, and were more able to endure fatigue for the delight of feeling the thrill of a big fish on light tackle than we are to-day, and the reiterated accounts of the big fish in the far distant pond had their effect. We determined to take some of those fish and to cast our flies on those waters which had never been fished before except by Levi, who had caught what fish he needed for baiting his traps in the winter time, when he hunted on Squaw Mountain.

Accordingly, we started on Friday morning, early, with great anticipations. The day was overcast and the rain began to fall shortly after we had progressed. Over windfalls and through the forest primeval we laboriously made our way through swamps made more swampy by the rain, through underbrush which at every movement added to the downpour of moisture upon our unprotected shoulders. It is needless to write of the hardships of this journey, or of the condition in which we reached that b autiful lake which nestled in the mountains, surrounded on all sides by the hills, but we arrived there footsore and weary, tatters and rags, as the daylight was b coming dusk, and it was dark before we had built our bough camp and finished our meal of fried pork and potatoes.

The next morning after breakfast—menu same as the night before—we set to work to build a raft—a matter of a couple of hours' work, and once launched we prepared for the slaughter. But the fish didn't rise, and although tried with fly and bait assiduously, refused to be allured, much to the mortification of our guide. After whipping every corner of the pond, we returned to camp as darkness came on, disgusted and disappointed, without having had a sight of the much-lauded huge trout.

The next morning, Sunday, was the time for our return to civilization. The day was beautiful, and in order to more easily strike our trail, we determined to start from the other side of the pond. The Judge and Mac had taken apart their rods and were ready for the journey back. Probably because of natural disinclination to do any work before it was absolutely necessary, I had my 7oz. Leonard jointed and rigged as I had used it the day before, intending to disjoint it on the way over the pond. We had not progressed more than a few yards from shore when a splash made by a huge fish attracted our attention. It was the work of a moment for me to make a cast in the direction of where the fish rose. The Judge and Mac both protested, requesting the sinner to remember the day, but such a rise overcame all scruples. As the raft stowly neared the spot where the trout rose another cast was made, and with a sudden rush the hungry fish had taken the tail fly and the reel sung as he made a wild rush for freedom. This was interesting to the man at the other end of the rod, but the Judge and Mac still protested and begged the wicked one to remember the day and refrain. How that fish did play, And when it was finally brought to net what exclamations of wonder on his size. Another cast was made, a flash of silver and gold and the reel whizzed and the rod bent, and again the fight was on. A sudden murmur from Mac, "I can't stand this if it is Sunday!" and the Judge's protest, 'Don't you sacrifice your principles, even though the boy does catch a few fish." But Mac paid no attention to the admonition, and with fingers trembling with excitement was busily engaged in putting his rod together, and at the first cast had hooked a monster. The Judge began to look interested, and when at the next cast another 3-pounder rose, heaved a sigh of resignation

and got his rod out with alacrity and was soon trying to believe he had miscalculated the day of the week, and was catching them as fast as he could cast. What fish! Moosehead and vicinity have produced large trout, but never was such a string of fish caught which ran so uniformly large in size as these. We took twenty-one trout that day, averaging a trifle over 3lbs. each, the largest tipping the scales at 5½lbs.

I have not the space to write of our journey out and how we got lost, and how Mac climbed to the heights of a tall spruce to get the lay of the land; nor of how we were obliged to wear our rubber coats when we reached the settlement to cover the remains of our clothing, which literally had been torn from us by the bushes and undergrowth; nor of the envy with which our fish were regarded by the village fisherman, Ivory, the keeper of the hotel, who had been fishing every day for years, but who had never seen such fish as these.

Levi has long since gone to his account. The Judge is now an old man, and his fishing days are over, while Mac and I are rapidly passing the middle age period, and business cares and responsibilities prevent the devotion of time to the gentle art as in those days; but although it may be unorthodox to say it, we do believe that trout will rise to the fly with singular avidity on the seventh day of the week, and that the catch on Indian Pond many years ago beats the record in this vicinity.

T. N., Jr

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

LIII.—Harry Prichard.

Two Prichard brothers, Tom and Harry, came from England and started to make and repair fishing tackle in Fulton street, New York, so long ago that the nearest date I can fix for it is the one so dear to our childhood: "Once upon a time." They are not recorded in the Chinese "Book of the Lily," which was written at the beginning of all things, and so must have come to New York after that period; but it was very long ago. The little shop upstairs was kept busy by anglers who knew of their skill, and also by some of the large fishing tackle houses, which found it more convenient than to send small jobs by express to their factories; and so the brothers found plenty of work to their hands while they lived.

The little shop was a place where one might drop in at any time and feel sure of meeting some of the old-time anglers of the city, and the talk would run on the nearby trout streams, rods, ferrules, flies, the prospect of a run of weakfish, the tides, the last big catch of sheepshead at the wreck of the Black Warrior, and such other things as are discussed where anglers most do congregate. There is no such place in New York city now, and never will be until an anglers' club is formed. I meet anglers occasionally in the different fishing tackle emporiums, but they are there on business and not for social talk, as was the case at Prichard's. We needed such a place then and we need a club now.

Of Tom Pritchard I knew little; he was the eldest, wore gray muttonchop whiskers and attended to business; therefore, as Dame Juliana Berners says, "I write the less of him." When I first knew Harry, some thirty years ago, he must have been a boy of about fifty years old, as convivial as opportunity offered and always ready to tell a story, the impediment in his speech increasing as he neared the climax, when his jaws would work but refuse to deliver a sound until he pressed his fists into his hips and yelled the finale, and this added point to all his yarns. As he put it: "I can s-s-s sing and I can w-w-whistle, but I'm a s-s-sinner if I can t t-talk." Frank Endicott once made Harry this proposition: "If you can't talk, don't try; you're too old to learn new tricks. When you've got a fishing yarn to spin, just sing the introduction and descriptive part, and when you get to the last of it—where we are all willing to strain our credulity to believe you—just 'whistle o'er the lave o' it,' as the Scotch song goes. This will be a great relief to you, and will leave much veracity to your credit with all of us."

Harry was the man who was fishing for black bass on Greenwood Lake when a drunken "guide" tried to bail out the perforated bait car which hung overboard, as has been related, but he had amplified the story with detail and climax until we enjoyed it as something of which we had never heard. But this is a digression.

"N-now Hi'll tell you a t-t-true s-s-story, an' Hi don't c-care hif you b-b-believe hit or not. You halways puts m-me down for l-l-lyin', hanyway, an' Hi d-d-do' know has hits hany use to t-t-tell you hanythink m-m-more, you wouldn't b-b-believe me, hanyway."

"Go on, Harry," said Endicott, "we always believe you when we are sure you are telling a truthful yarn, and we, as brothers of the angle, realize the fact that there is an angler's license as well as a poet's. Please unfold this truthful yarn; it will place a great balance to your credit."

"Harry," said I, "the trouble with you is your excessive modesty. You evidently never expected me to believe that you killed a 40ft. shark on a 16oz. rod while fishing for small fish in the waters of India, but your glowing account of your four hours' fight with the monster after it had dragged you from the boat, and how you reeled in and gave line while treading water, bore the stamp of authenticity. Then, too, your reeling the great fish in and getting on its back, drowning it by pulling off your boots and jamming them into two of the gill openings, suffocating the fish with hands and feet in the other gill slits while you awaited death when the shark sank, is in memory as distinct as when you told it. I do not doubt the slightest detail, and have often rejoiced at your opportune rescue by the native fishermen, and your restoration to your regiment in Her Majesty's service. Please don't think that we entertain doubts of the truthfulness of your stories, even if such doubts sometimes cross your own mind."

"T-t-that's good! You think Hi don't halways b-b-b-believe my hown s-s-stories. P'r'aps Hi don't b-believe 'em hev'ry time; hall Hi ask is for you to b-b-b-believe 'em."

"Let me explain," said I, "the funny man of the press has done much to injure the veracity of the angler. He has gone so far as to brand a palpable lie as a 'fish story,' thereby throwing discredit upon our guild. In his ignorance that a whale is not a fish he, in his skepticism, goes back many centuries, but now, Harry, let me go beyond the latter-day reporter, who has exhausted his wit upon the appetite of the goat, the disturbing influence of the mother-in-law, and the wholly ficticious accounts of the wealth of the plumber and the ice-man, into the question of the truthfulness of the fisherman. Is he less given to exaggeration than his brother who handles the gun? Is he more unworthy of belief than men who engage in other forms of sport or of business? I'll answer my own questions by saying that he is not, and in proof of this will point to the fact that I have even believed some of your stories."

"I move the previous question," said Mr. Endicott, "all this talk that Mather has shot off is irrelevant and not at all to the point. If Harry has a story to tell it should take precedence of all. Go on, Harry, and tell your story. I'll agree to believe a third of it and Mr. Scott and Fred will believe the other two-thirds. In that way the whole story will be believed without injuring our capacity for believing any stories that others present may inflict on us. Let her go!"

"Well, this here ain't much of a s-s-story, an' I don't care w-w-whether you b-b-believe or not, cause it's as true as I sit 'ere on this stool, an' that's no lie. Y' see hi was a-fishin' for p-p-pickerel up hon Greenwood Lake, hall by my lonesome, han I was a ketchin' s-s-small ones right fast han a keepin' c-c-count by sayin' that m-m-makes nine han' this un's t-t-ten, in that kind o' way ha 'avin' fun—."

"Hold on, Harry," said Endicott, "we want more detail. How big were these small pickerel, and what bait were you using?"

"Hi was b-b-baitin' with live minners, or k-k-killes has they calls 'em hin the salt-water. Hi hain't got h-h-hany of 'em left to prove they was my b-b-bait, but Hi'll hask you to t-t-take my word for 'em. The p-p-pickerel was a-r-r-r-runnin' hextra small that d-d-day, han' the first s-s-singular thing that struck me was their r-r-regular size, han' I m-m-measured 'em. Hi'm a s-s-sinner hif they wasn't hall just heleven an' a harf h-h-hinches long to a fraction; and I sez to mys-s-self, sez Hi, this here's hall one s-s-school, hall hout o' one litter, but they're b-b-big henuff to take 'ome,' so Hi fishes on."

"How many did you get on this remarkable day?" asked Mr. Scott.

"Hi'm a c-c-comin' to that hif you'll gi' me a c-c-chance. Y' see, Hi was hout for three days' f-f-fishin', an' Hi wanted to keep my f-f-fish halive till I left for 'ome; so Hi 'ad a fish car halongside, han' the p-p-pickerel were dropped into that as fast as Hi p-p-pulled 'em in. They was a-bitin' f-f-fast, an' about s-s-sundown Hi thought the car must be p-p-putty full, for Hi had counted f-f-forty-three, an' hi'd quit. One m-m-more took hold, han' has 'e was a-kickin' hon the bottom of the boat Hi takes a look in the c-c-car, han' what do you think Hi s-s-see?"

"Well, Harry," said Endicott, "as I have followed the story, I should say that you must have seen forty-three pickerel in a mass and nothing more, because you have not mentioned taking in snapping turtles and other monsters. What else could you have seen? There's nothing remarkable in your yarn so far, that you should preface it, as you did, with the remark that we might not believe it. As far as I am concerned, I am willing to believe not only the third, to which I agreed, but the whole story as well. What did you see?"

"N-n-n nothing!"

"But," said Mr. Scott, "you put the fish in the car; where were they?"

"Hin the b-b-boat. There was a slat hoff the b-b-bottom of that c-c-car, han' Hi'd been a-c-c-catchin' the same p-p-pickerel hall day, han' 'e———"

Harry's vocal organs gave out. We gravely shook hands, remarked upon the state of the weather and left him trying to finish the story.

We heard much of Harry's wonderful fly-casting about this time, and Mr. Endicott assured me that he had seen him cast wonderful distances in private, but had no knowledge of the number of feet cast because the distance was not measured. There had been no casting tournaments in the vicinity of New York city and only a few in the State, some of which I had seen, but the New York State Sportsmen's Association, called, I believe, the "Association for the Protection of Fish and Game," was to hold its annual meeting at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, in June, 1881, and after some days of trap-shooting, rifle and pistol shooting, there was to be a grand anglers' tournament, to include several classes of salmon, trout and bass casting, and I had been asked by President Abel Crook to superintend it. In those days, and for some years later, it was the rule to allow the shorter rods 5ft. of distance for each foot that their rod was shorter than the longest. In the salmon casting Reuben Wood, Ira Wood and Frank P. Denison all used the same rod, 17ft. 1in., and Harry used a rod 15ft. 3in. Harry actually cast 91ft., but his allowance of 9ft. 10in. made his record 100ft. 10in. Reuben cast 110ft., Ira 101ft. and Denison 94ft. Under the rule Harry won third over Denison. This rule of allowance was abolished by the National Rod and Reel Association a few years later, it being held that a man should use the rod which suited him best and stand by its actual record.

The absurdity of the allowance for short rods was shown in the trout contest, where Hier, 67½ft.; Endicott, 58ft.; Bryan, 45ft., and Elmendorf, 57ft., won the first five prizes in the order named, delicacy and accuracy adding some points, over J. S. Plumb and Major W. Holberton, who both scored 64ft. The judges reported Holberton perfect in style and accuracy, Bryan poor, Elmendorf fair, Endicott excellent, and Plumb good; yet Hier, with a 10ft. 10in. rod, won first over Holberton, whose rod measured 11ft. 6in., and was most perfect in delicacy and accuracy. It took us about three years to kill this absurd rule and make a man stand by his chosen rod and what he could do with it. The "amateurs," or those who had never won a prize, having had an innings, the veterans locked horns again with trout rods. In this contest Prichard cast 74ft. with a rod 11ft. 3in., but was beaten by Rube Wood by a foot with a rod 14in. shorter.

Several years of study of fly-casting tournaments lead me to believe that in distance casting there is a proper length of rod for every man, and that no fly rod should exceed 10½ft. A tall, long-armed man has no advantage over a short one, a strong man over a weak man, nor can a man cast further if elevated 10ft. above the water than if on its level. Because there are men who do not believe these statements, I am disposed to give my reasons for the faith that is in me, and then, if they choose, they can state their side of the case, and let it go to the jury.

My 10½ft. rod was a short one fifteen years ago. Now the average rod, in America, is shorter, because our tournaments, now unfortunately discontinued, developed the fact that longer rods did no better work; and if Major Holberton should choose a single-handed rod for distance casting to-day, it would no doubt be fully 2ft. shorter than the 11ft. 6in. which he used in 1881. In support of my second assertion, I will state the fact that poor little Thomas L. Prichard, nephew of Harry, about 5ft. 3in., weighing about 100lbs., and dying with consumption, made a good record in our Harlem Mere contest, in October, 1884, against the powerful 6-footer Reuben Leonard, who used to lay out his fly away beyond the rest and scoop the first prize. Some philosopher has recorded the fact that "the longest pole knocks the persimmons;" but "young Tom" Prichard was short of body and of arm, and his "pole" did not vary much from that wielded by the stalwart Leonard. I can't give the details, for they are in storage now, but if any fellow believes that casting a fly a long distance requires merely strength because many of the men who have achieved reputation in that line are strong, and challenges my statement, I will dig out the facts of that only contest where that poor dying boy, small and weak, made a record against athletes. He died some six months afterward.

My third proposition may not be so susceptible of proof, but while a man may throw a stone further from a housetop, he cannot cast a fly from it as far as if he stood in a boat at the level of the water. The conditions are different. The stone has weight, the fly has none. The stone receives its impulse from the hand, while the fly gets it from the spring of a rod which impels a line to continue its wave motion after it has dropped on the water, and to lay out a delicate gut leader of many feet after it is at rest. Draw your right hand over your left shoulder, with your body cast your elbow toward an objective point and then let your forearm unfold and then your wrist. You then get an idea of how the last third of the line and the leader reaches out after the elastic tip of the rod has done its work.

Like poor Joe, in "Bleak House," "I didn't go for to do it," but my confounded pen has a way of getting the ink in its "nibs" and before I know it I must follow the blaze back to the trail. If I can hark back correctly, this story was to be about Harry Prichard, but some thoughts on fly-casting tournaments led me astray; or rather, my pen went that way.

The Washington Gun Club, of Brooklyn, were to have a picnic, with games, at Lake Hopatcong, in the northern part of New Jersey, some forty miles from New York city, and I was an invited guest and judged the boat races and the fly-casting in the morning. Harry had prepared to spend the afternoon in fishing, and so we left the party, fished all the afternoon and took a late train home. At the Coney Island tournament Harry showed us a new mode of casting a fly, which was barred from practice by the rules of the State Association, which required the line to be retrieved after each cast, the makers of the rule holding that if a man should cast more line than he could lift from the water and put behind him for another cast it should not be counted. Harry's new mode was well known in England, but new to us. It consisted of reeling off some 60 or 80ft. of line in the water, and then by successive whipping, without apparent advancement, the line would roll out like a wave and the flies would be straightened out in good shape. The advantage of this cast is apparent when there are trees or other obstacles in the rear, which would prevent the line from being thrown behind. Harry taught me how to make this cast, but 40ft. was the best I could do at it; enough, however, for ordinary angling.

"Harry," said I, "such a commotion as this cast makes in the water at your feet would scare the trout away."

"That's j-j-just where you're w-w-wrong, me boy. The more s-s-splashin' you m-mak' the m-more hit brings the t-t-trout to see what's hup. When you goes a s-s-skitterin' for p-pike d-don't you s-splash in your b-bait han' make a fuss a s-s-skitterin' it hon the s-surface?"

"Yes, that's all right for pike and pickerel, but I've been taught to keep as still as possible when fishing for trout. I've even read of men who dropped their flies on the water as lightly as a thistle-down falls; but outside of books we never find such casting. I know some of the best fly-casters in the world—men who, in the tournaments and on trout streams, are marvels in casting delicately and accurately—but they can't do the thistle-down act. Ordinarily we lay the line out on the water, the middle striking first and the rest following and going beyond, making a ripple on perfectly still water, but which is hidden if there is a slight ripple."

"C-can't you m-m-make your flies 'light on the water f-f-first?"

"Yes, at 40ft. or less, but that's trick casting and of no use in fishing, for the line must come down on the water just after the flies do, and it makes as much disturbance of the surface as if cast in the regular way. It is done by making a high cast in the air and then checking the line with the rod; it merely serves to astonish those who have never seen it done."

"Now that's j-j-just the c-case with a line s-s-splashin' in the w-water, no m-matter hif you're a-fishin' for p-pike or trout. So long as you d-don't make hany noise in the b-boat or hon the b-bank, hits all right."

While I am not prepared to endorse Harry's theory, I must say that he took sixteen black bass to my fourteen that afternoon, and we were using the same fly, from different sides of the boat. Once, to prove his theory, he took a 5-cent nickel from his pocket, threw it into the lake some 30ft. away, then put his fly on the same spot and hooked a bass a moment later. Some months after this affair the late Francis Endicott and I were in our favorite *café* comparing the merits of cranberry sauce and currant jelly when served with venison chops. We seldom agreed upon any subject, and we did not upon this important one. We only agreed that it was pleasant to dine together, that Mrs. Vianest could cook a grouse better than a *chef* in New York, make a chicory salad with such a delicacy of garlic that the *chapon* could be eaten without alienating all our friends, and that a rib chop from a fat deer was the choicest bit of venison that roamed the woods, even if the old-time hunters fed it to their dogs or left it in the woods, while they wrapped the "saddle" in the skin and took it home. We had each put an elegant polish on the rib of our fourth chop when I started in on a fish story, and it was that which is related above.

Frank listened as he put the last bit of jelly on the last chop, and after placing the combination where he thought

t would best serve mankind, leisurely toyed with his napkin and said: "Yes, I knew Harry Prichard well. He was a good angler because he was a successful one. As you say his theories seemed to be queer, but his practice appeared to bear them out. I have fished for trout with him on Long Island and he slushed his line around in the water just as you describe it, but he caught his share."

"That's all very well," I rejoined, "but when a man tries to overturn all your beliefs and all the traditions of angling, I am disposed to listen to him, but expect him to prove his assertions. I can't take his *ipse dixit* with only the evidence of one half day's fishing with him, as proof positive that the more splashing you make in the water the more trout you attract to your flies. No, sir! One swallow may make a summer boarder think that he has struck the ideal fishing place, but I can't swallow all of Harry's fishing theories. I was taught to 'fish fine and far off,' and it will take much time and argument to make me adopt another course. One afternoon with Prichard can't disturb the teachings of a lifetime, even if he did happen to take more fish than I."

Mr. Endicott had finished his chop, and looking sadly over the last bone, said: "Fred, Harry Prichard in life was a good angler, if a noisy one. He had most of the qualities which Izaak Walton ascribed to a good angler, patience, perseverance and a love of nature in all her moods. Harry Prichard had all of these traits, and, Fred, my boy, you have them also; but Harry Prichard was honest and truthful, and I very much wish that you resembled him in these, as well as in the others."

FRED. MATHER.

A MINNESOTA CENTER.

ALEXANDRIA, Minn.—The hotel at Geneva Beach closed on Sept. 1 with the end of the outing and fishing season. I inclose a reduced township map of the vicinity, which will be a curiosity to those who have never seen the like. Within its limits are over 200 lakes which fairly swarm with game fish, including both kinds of black bass, rock bass, wall-eyed pike, pickerel, great northern pike, which run above 20lbs., and are usually classed as muscalonge, ring perch, croppies, two kinds of sunfish, bullheads and whitefish. The latter are taken only in nets. In my lifelong experience of fifty years as an angler I have never seen such redundant catches as are made in these waters. At an off hand estimate, 3,000 fish, chiefly large-mouth bass, with a fair percentage of small-mouths have been taken here by our guests since June 1. The principal bait used is live frog, and the methods of angling are still-fishing and casting. The average weight of bass brought in has been 2lbs.; none over 5lbs. Sometimes fish will bite in one lake and not in another on the same day, so that parties going out together will have varied luck. Last week two gentlemen from Kansas City brought in 100 black bass, averaging 2lbs. They were caught in Lake Ida. None of the other lakes gave returns that day worth mentioning. These gentlemen kept their boatman busy taking off fish from their hooks; first one and then the other. Not only were the big fish in schools, but hosts of fine individual fish, presumably of this year's batching, congregated in the vicinity. Swarms of minnows were observed, which perhaps served to attract them. At all events, such a catch is phenomenal in August, when most ponds are in "bloom." I have not observed the bloom in any of these waters.

Croppies are in great abundance and of large size in these Douglas county lakes, and afford daily pastime of a most exhilarating character to old gentlemen and boating parties of ladies, who never fail to bring in a goodly number. Croppies have been taking the hook without intermission from May to the end of August. Wall-eyed pike are in evidence. One young lady, Miss Grace Smith, a banker's daughter, of Ottawa, Kan., with her father and mother in the party, brought home from Victoria Lake four wall-eyed pike on Aug. 20 which weighed from 5 to 9¼lbs. Farmers take whitefish by the barrel in the fall, after harvesting is over. As the State law prohibits the sale of black bass, fish are something of a treat to those who don't go fishing themselves. One can hardly present a more acceptable present to friends than a box of black bass fresh caught.

Our hotel at Geneva Beach has been the recipient of 311 guests this season, representing thirteen States from Maine to Colorado. Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois and Minnesota have the largest representation. Chickens and ducks are flying. Ducks are constantly trading between the lakes. I expect James M. Green and Seymour Cunningham, of Washington, D. C., here any day after Sept. 1. Sportsmen can get what they want at the Letson House, in Alexandria. The proprietor is a director of the State Board of Agriculture, and a sportsman as well as a breeder of fine sheep and thoroughbred horses. I think he will be able to put sportsmen on to any game within reach. We have fine weather here up to Nov. 20. C. HALLOCK.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is the record of our last contest. Please note the fact that Mr. Goodsell cast the fly 110ft. This is the direct result of the visit we received from Mr. W. D. Mansfield, of San Francisco, Cal.

	Long distance fly, feet.	Distance and acc'y, per cent.	Accuracy and del'cy, per cent.	Bait casting, per cent.
W. H. Babcock	79	76	82⅔	....
C. H. Chadwick	65	68	.....	79
L. F. Crosby	...	79⅓	81¾	86²⁵
B. W. Goodsell	110	89⅓	82½	75¹⁵
E. D. Letterman	...	82⅓	71½	84¹⁵
C. A. Lippincott	78	84	87¼	91
C. G. Ludlow	80	91	91⁵₁₂	78³⁵
G. A. Murrell	75	85⅓	82¾	91⁴⁵
F. N. Peet	98	90⅓	93¹₈	....
J. E. Strong	79	86	87⁵₁₂	89
M. W. Smith	...	81⅓	85⁵₆	95
H. G. Hascall	...	84⅔	.....	93¹₁₅

Holders of medals: Long distance fly, Goodsell; distance and accuracy, Ludlow; accuracy and delicacy, Peet; bait casting, M. D. Smith.

Cayuga Lake Fishing.

ITHACA, N. Y., Aug. 28.—Fishing at this end of Cayuga Lake has been decidedly "flat, stale and unprofitable" of late. At Union Springs, however, where all good anglers go, perch fishing has been phenomenal, large catches being almost daily reported. Pickerel have lately been running, and some especially fine ones have been taken. Probably Union Springs has furnished more satisfactory angling thus far this season than any other point along the lake.

M. CHILL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Kentucky Anglers.

CHICAGO, Aug. 28.—Advices from Frankfort, Ky., state that the local Kingfishers, Messrs. Chas. Furr, S. R. Smith, Frank Stagg and Edmond Rodman, have returned from a month's trip in the North. Messrs. George L. Payne and Frank Cannon will return this week. They report good success and a fine time.

The Cuvier Club, of Covington, Ky., met last Thursday for the purpose of incorporating as a working body, with powers to break up illegal fishing in the Licking River.

Indiana Streams.

State Fish Commissioner Sweeney, of Indiana, has this week started a campaign against the strawboard and paper mills, which have been polluting Indiana streams. He will proceed first against the Elton and Albany Strawboard companies on the Mississinewa River, and if he can obtain proper evidence will then go after divers other companies.

The upper Kankakee River, of Indiana, has this summer been offering exceptionally fine fishing. Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, has been down a number of times and had fine sport with the small-mouth bass. On different days he took twenty-two, sixteen, seventeen, etc., to say nothing of a lot of pickerel. This was at Maksawba Club. At the same grounds Harry Booth took twenty-five small-mouth bass in one day.

Wisconsin Waters.

There are three camps of fishermen from Dayton, O., located on the Manitowish chain of Wisconsin, and all report fine success. Julius Wehner, fishing on Presque Isle Lake, on one day took twenty-one bass, one of 4½lbs. The next day he caught three, weighing 4½lbs. each. In Muscallonge Lake he took five bass weighing 18lbs.

Mr. J. C. Hahne, also of Dayton, O. is in camp on Pike Lake, west of Fifield, Wis. He reports the finest fishing that could be asked, a number of muscallonge weighing from 8 to 15lbs., and one weighing 25lbs.

Messrs. Porter and Shepard, of Dayton, O., who are also fishing at Pike Lake, Wis., on Thursday last shipped home to Dayton 100lbs. of muscallonge. I hope that these gentlemen carefully looked up the Wisconsin law, which I find forbids the shipping of any fish whatever, and only allows 20lbs., or two fish to be taken out of the State in personal charge. Other Dayton men in camp at Pike Lake, Wis., are E. S. Reynolds, Harry Loy and B. E. Mead. I trust each of these gentlemen will at least carefully read a copy of the *Game Laws in Brief* before rushing into print with the story of his illegal shipments of fish.

Colorado Fish.

There is a great circus out in Colorado over the fish law, which cuts off the supplies of the hotels and restaurants that profess to receive fish from private ponds. Commissioner Swan has arranged a plan by which all growers of trout may ship to market. Each merchant must send to the Commissioner a duplicate of the shipping bill, showing the amount of fish shipped and the names of the consignees. All such fish are to be shipped in uniform packages, and each package to be registered. In this way it is thought there will be no covert breaking of the law.

Utah Trout.

At Deseret, Utah, on Aug. 23, Deputy Warden F. H. Rudy arrested J. Burton, J. J. Acomb, Wm. Leader and J. M. Wood for seining trout in the Jordan River. It would appear, indeed, that Jordan is a hard road to travel.

Washington Warden.

Mr. Little, of Aberdeen, Wash., has been appointed by Gov. Rogers as State Fish Commissioner, succeeding Mr. James Crawford.

Minnesota Muscallonge.

Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, will next week join Mr. Martin Whitcomb, of Minneapolis, for a trip to Park Rapids, Minn. They will go to Sand Lake, famous as the home of the "gray-spotted" muscallonge. They will, without doubt, reach magnificent fishing and should also find some wildfowl shooting before their return.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Potomac Bass.

DR GEORGE W. MASSAMORE, assistant game warden, has just made an inspection of the bass-fishing grounds in the Potomac River.

Before the passage of the tri-State protective law the pot-fishermen were doing all they could to exterminate the game fish in their efforts to make profitable catches. Dr. Massamore finds a great change in the conditions. On Wednesday, Aug. 4, he started in a boat on the Potomac, twenty miles above Hancock, Md., and came slowly down the river to Harper's Ferry, reaching that point late Thursday afternoon of this week. On the trip he interviewed fifteen deputy wardens, all of whom said that the stringent law passed in the three States bordering on the river had proved effective. The people along the route had obeyed the law and no seining had been done or trot-lines used.

Many fishing parties from Pennsylvania have visited the banks of the Potomac, but they were invariably met by deputy wardens, who advised them of the new laws, and nets and trot-lines were discarded by the visitors, who found plenty of sport in fishing with rod and reel while the water was clear.

Dr. Massamore and Dr. W. S. Harban, of the Blue Ridge and Woodmont clubs, took a day's trial at the fish in the river below Shepherdstown. They caught thirty bass. The largest, weighing 4¼lbs., was caught by Dr. Harban. The largest Dr. Massamore caught was 2¼lbs. The general run of the fish was from 2 to 3lbs. The largest fish caught so far weighed 5¼lbs.

All along the route the information was that the bass were more numerous than in previous years.

An attendant of a fishing club said he caught from 400 to 500 small bass in the canal while fishing for bait minnows. The bass were put promptly back into the water. In netting minnows many large-mouth bass were caught. Dr. Massamore interpreted this to mean that this species of bass, as well as the small-mouth game bass, are increasing under the protective laws.

The canal waters also taught another lesson. In it were numbers of small bass. These, running up to 6in. in length, were of this year's spawn. Warden Massamore concludes that the bass find the canal waters suited for spawning, and that this adds another argument for the protection of these fish in the canal.

Some of the old attendants, and the oldest fishermen, advised the Maryland representative of the Game and Fish Protective Association that the fish were multiplying rapidly under the new law, and they predicted that the Potomac River would in a few years, be the river of rivers for fishermen.

MAINE TRIPS.

BOSTON, Aug. 28.—Fishing trips are the popular thing in Maine, and growing more and more so. If a merchant from Boston goes to Maine to see his trade, his clients, his friends or his relatives, he is pretty sure to be taken on a fishing trip somewhere, and fortunate is the visitor to that State who meets with the right sort; he is pretty sure of good fishing and a good time. Indeed, the boys are now laughing at a fellow drummer, who went down into Maine last week to see his sweetheart, and went on a fishing trip with her brothers. He got a good ducking and no fish. But somewhere at a taxidermist's he bought a stuffed trout of gigantic proportions, with the impression conveyed that he caught the fish. But the boys want to know how the hide had time to become so dry.

Mr. Alfred Kimball has just returned from a trip to Maine, ostensibly to look after his lumber trade. His shippers, F. M. Totman and H. E Totman, of Fairfield, took him on a fishing trip. They went to a pond in Albion, and had great sport with white perch, and doubtless a bass or two. To Mr. Kimball the sport was new, but all the more pleasing. Their guide, McIntire, proved to be a jewel that had not been contaminated by extra fees. He worked for their interests untiringly, first, last and all the time.

Mr. W. S. Bennett has recently returned from a bass fishing trip to the ponds in Winthrop, Monmouth and Readfield, Me. He is pleased with most of these ponds, and remarks that the bass, pickerel or perch fisherman can find many most desirable points for fishing at nearly all of the above waters.

The September fly-fishermen, for trout, are getting ready for the Maine waters. Perhaps the first movement in that direction will not be as great as usual, many outings being put off till the last week in September and first week in October, when a taste of trout fishing and deer hunting can both be enjoyed legally. SPECIAL.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 28.—Never within the past nineteen years has weakfishing on the beach direct, as well as in the bays and rivers, been excelled. While we usually get a run during September and October along the beach, thus early are they in, and taking the hook freely from the piers and the beach. Sixty-five fine fish were taken last night from the Asbury Park pier in little more than two hours, running large in size and in fine condition, I caught several of 4lbs. During the next two months the fishing should be all that the angler could wish for, as there is but one pound net with single pocket fishing in the vicinity, whereas in former years the ocean has been strung full of three and four-pocket nets. Bluefish are also abundant, taking bait and squid freely; every day now some are taken from each pier. In consequence, the market line men are happy, as they are reaping a rich harvest in consequence of the absence of the pound nets. Barnegat is alive with fish. Capt. Sears, an old-timer on the bay, told me last night he took during the past week several 7 and 9lb. weakfish in the bay; this is encouragement of a high degree and something rather unusual. I have arranged for an extended trip down the coast the coming month and hope to meet with some of the big fellows. As mentioned in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, the movements of the kingfish have been most peculiar, owing to the numerous storms doubtless. I find through correspondence that the bays to the north are alive with them and taking the hook readily. There is a matter I have spent considerable time and taken great pains investigating in relation to the kingfish, namely, their period of spawning. The past three years I have taken them from early June to late in September heavy with spawn. When and where is their period and place of spawning? Who of FOREST AND STREAM's readers can answer? It would be a gratification to know. LEONARD HULIT.

The Arkansas Pearl Industry.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A new industry is developing in this country. It promises to rival Ceylon as a pearl fishery. The pearls are taken from the ordinary fresh-water mussels. At Bald Knob a company has been formed, and has leased the lakes and is using a dredge boat. They wash the mud as well as open the mussels, the theory being that the dead mussels shed their pearls in the lake. They have found some very fine pearls. An inmate of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at this place went to some stream near here, which he prudently keeps secret, and got pearls which yielded him $600. He has got his discharge and gone into the business. While on Cache River fishing, some ten days ago, with Judge Stebbins, we found the negroes all working the bars. They had a number of small pearls, but no valuable ones. The Judge found quite a large one, but it was defective on one side. Still, when set in a ring it made a very pretty piece of jewelry.

The president of one of the banks here has a beautiful pink pearl as large as a large buckshot, that came out of a lake on his place. The craze is not equal to the Klondike, but it will be pushed till it is seen what there is in it.

From present indications, unless the Legislature establishes a close season on mussels they will soon be extinct in this State. J. M. ROSE.

Fell into a Yellowstone Geyser.

LAKE HOTEL, Yellowstone Park, Aug. 25.—George Ernshaw, of Philadelphia, while walking into one of the pools in the rear of the Fountain Hotel yesterday, tripped on a stick and fell backward into one of the bottomless boiling geysers. He struck a ledge under 5ft. of water, and was slipping off its cone when he grasped a pole overhanging the edge of the pool, and with the assistance of those nearby was rescued. He was badly burned.

Dolly Vardens.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 23.—Some friends of mine have just returned from a fishing excursion up near the Oregon line, and report great sport. One of the party landed a Dolly Varden weighing 14¼lbs.; another was caught weighing 12lbs., and several from 6 to 10lbs. Good fishing that, eh? P.

Fishing in Princess Bay.

Princess Bay, Staten Island, N. Y., Aug. 26.—The fishing here is excellent—the best it has been for five or six years. Anybody can go out and bring in thirty to one hundred weakfish, besides lots of sea porgies, snappers (young bluefish), and oftentimes bluefish weighing from 2 to 4lbs. which will give a man a good tussle and sometimes carry away his tackle.

A. L. H.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Sept. 7.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's Champion Stake, Morris, Man.
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—XII.

The remarks on pointing in previous papers should make clear that any attempt to train a dog to stanchness before he has had some experience on birds is wasted effort. There is no arbitrary juncture at which to begin the training to stanchness. The circumstances and judgment of the trainer must be the sole guides in the matter. However, it may be said that in a general way, when the dog has learned to readily distinguish the scent of birds, and can locate them more or less readily, the trainer may begin to teach proper stanchness.

It is a mistake to permit the dog to become habitually riotous. While such may add to his enthusiasm and industry, it makes a great deal of unnecessary, extra labor in schooling him.

Again, the dog's disposition should be taken into consideration. If he is timorous and shows indecision, he should be permitted to have much more freedom than if headstrong and riotous.

As remarked before, the dog, in time, learns methods of capture by drawing and pointing which admirably serve his own purpose. The trainer purposes to so control the dog's efforts that they will serve the purpose of the shooter. His first efforts to establish stanchness will have no perceptible effects on the dog's manner of work. He will be quite as riotous, and likely will recognise the trainer as a disturbing, obstructive element and will seek to evade him accordingly, although still working out his own plans. But perseverance on the part of the trainer will gradually bring the dog to submission.

A timid dog, or even one of an ordinary, mild disposition, may require gentle schooling, gradually inducting him into what is required. By experience and the ob ervation of the application of means to ends, dogs of a deferential disposition may readily accept working to the gun, instead of working independently for their own pleasure and profit. However the case may be, the trainer should note it and govern the schooling accordingly. His judgment should determine whether mildness or severity are required. This juncture will try his patience, persistence and art.

The headstrong, riotous dog, which never ceases so long as there is a hope of flushing or chasing, generally needs punishment to make him properly stanch. Kindness should be observed at all other times

He is, perhaps, so desperately intent on the pursuit that a few whippings do not serve to check him in the least, though they may make him wary of his trainer. He may be quite as riotous when punished, and also he may refuse to come near his trainer when ordered to come in. In such case, put a check cord on him, and also if need be a spike collar. When he rushes on the birds the trainer then has a means to hold him directly in check. This part should not be done two violently, nor overdone.

Remember that a dog can be broken from pursuing anything. The same method employed to break him from pursuing sheep, rabbits, chickens, etc., will break him from pursuing birds. The purpose is to maintain his interest in the pursuit of birds, but at the same time have a heedful consideration of the purposes of his trainer. With the punishment properly applied as to time and quantity he will draw on the birds, but will be fearful of flushing them. If he is punished so much that the pursuit either ceases to be a pleasure to him or seems to him to be a forbidden act, he refuses to draw to the birds and avoids them. He is then what is technically termed a blinker. If the trainer has been so unfortunate as to bring this about, he has much more to overcome than before he began the training at first. He is absolutely powerless to teach anything further till the dog voluntarily resumes hunting, which may be a matter of days or weeks, even if the most liberal opportunities are offered When a dog has acquired the habit of blinking it is better to put him in other hands. His teacher is so associated with birds and painfulness, that it requires a long time for his memory and confidence to properly readjust to the desired conditions, all of which goes to show the need of careful judgment in teaching.

When the dog will show a hesitancy as he draws near the birds, the trainer should impress on him the need of great caution. He affects the greatest caution in his own manner, and every motion forward, deliberately taken, expresses the greatest concern to avoid flushing. He keeps his eye constantly on the dog, and his slightest movement forward is instantly checked, either by raising the hand and looking sternly at him, or by giving him a word of caution; if he break in in spite of all this effort on the part of the trainer, the whip should be applied accordingly as he needs it, always keeping in mind that more than is needed may bring on disaster—that is, blinking.

If the birds flush and fly away, the trainer should give no thought to them. The dog should be taken to the place where he should have remained, and there kept till his purpose to pursue is entirely given up.

The great obstruction to correct training at this juncture, is that the average amateur trainer is far keener to shoot and kill than the dog is to pursue. The trainer is excited, shoots, breaks shot, and then riotously attempts to control the dog—the last act of all, instead of it being his first act, and giving it, moreover, undivided attention. He is then really teaching the dog bad tricks. He adds to the dog's excitement, sets a bad example which the dog is naturally ready to copy, and adds greatly to the task of training.

The dog is readily sympathetic in such matters. If the trainer will start out quickly and excitedly in an open field when there is no game birds near, the dog will charge eagerly and excitedly about, looking keenly for the object he imagines is to be pursued. If the trainer, when on game, cannot control himself, he cannot expect to control his dog; nor should the dog be given a beating for what the trainer led him into.

Some dogs may take to pointing quite readily. If the instinct is strongly developed and the dog is of a deferential disposition, stanchness may be established with very little effort. With such dogs the trainer should avoid insisting on more stanchness than is necessary. If they are rigidly required to stand stanchly they may point too far away from their birds, or may stand stanchly after the birds have run away from the point, or may acquire a general over-cautiousness which is more harmful and annoying than would be more decision and accuracy, even if some errors resulted therefrom.

Taking pointers as a class, they point much more readily than setters, and have the instinct more uniformly present one dog with another. They are also much easier taught to back, and indeed they sometimes will back in preference to pointing if running with a confident, resolute competitor. It is a very faulty trait in competition, since the resolute dog is making all the showing as a finder, though his competitor if working alone, might show equal or greater ability.

The matter of teaching a dog stanchness on point is generally a work of weeks before it is properly completed. He not only must learn that he is not to flush the bird, but he must have the experience necessary to learn the shooter's purpose, and how to so direct his effort as best to subserve the interests of the gun. If the dog is rattle-headed, or naturally idiotic, or entirely deficient in any love for his trainer, he may never get past the perfunctory stage. The matter of brains and good intention are quite as important factors on his part as they are on the part of his teacher.

Bernard Waters.

FIELD TRIALS AND FIELD TRIAL JUDGES.—IV.

In our last paper on this subject the need of keeping the dogs and handlers on a consecutive course was touched upon. In laying out a course for a certain heat, it must not only be laid out with reference to giving the two dogs immediataly concerned a good consecutive course, but it must be with a view to giving such course and at the same time giving it with reference to other courses for other dogs.

Field trial clubs rent their grounds, and have a certain defined territory in which they have all the needed rights. Generally, the grounds are ample for the needed purpose; but it does not require much thought to perceive that if they were worked irregularly back and forth, or the choice parts worked out first, that either the dogs which run later would have to cross courses already worked out and where the birds consequently were disturbed or scattered or driven out, or they would have to work on the poorest remaining ground. The judge, therefore, must approximately apportion his ground to be used for the day's competition so that each brace will have a trial on unworked ground, and the choice and bad parts of the ground be equitably divided so that the brace will have chances as near alike as intelligent effort will make possible. With all this effort there will be many features of the competition which the judge must take into account and which will need to be adjusted by himself. For instance, one dog in one heat might point three bevies within 100yds.; he receives the encomiums of the spectators. Another dog might work intelligently and industriously throughout his heat and not find a bird; in one case the fine showing was due to the accidental advantage that there were three bevies to point, and in the other that there were no birds at all. All these things the green judge has to learn. The trained judge has them at his fingers' ends.

Besides thus laying out the courses for each beat, he must keep the handlers and dogs going to take the best working advantage of the course without any sudden turnings here and there, or any indecision which results in a general letting down of effort. The next greatest affliction in the way of a judge who is intent on being everywhere at the same time, right or wrong, is the one who has no idea of going anywhere. He doesn't know where to go; he is weak and indecisive, and the competition lags and drags in consequence. A man who is judging, yet who doesn't quite know what is to be judged or how it is to be done, would best stay elsewhere than in the judge's saddle.

By keeping his course planned out a half mile or mile ahead, or still further if need be, the competent judge will avoid pocketing the trials in big fields surrounded with wire fences, or between swamps, or on the banks of a river, or wherever there is a possibility of doing so. He takes bridges, fords, gateways, so that they all come in proper sequence in the course, if he plans aright; if he doesn't, he may use half the time riding back over ground to adjust his thoughtlessness, his oversight and his incompetency.

He, if he is skillful, directs the wagons containing the waiting dogs to be sent to a designated place, where he forecasts that the heat will end, there to await its ending; and he makes his estimates so accurately that the course, the time and the opportunities, as he has combined and planned them, make a successful trial between the two dogs in the heat. He knows that to attain like or better results he will have to use more ground with less opportunities from working it in the late morning and midday hours than he will either in morning or evening, owing to the difference in temperature, scenting conditions and habits of the birds. He makes his estimates so skillfully as to time, opportunities and area of ground as he has planned them, that he generally makes a successful trial of each brace of dogs, and has some definite data on which to form his conclusions. He keeps in mind what each individual dog does from heat to heat, so that he may accurately know which dogs to reject and which to retain. He has also a fairly accurate knowledge of the relative merits of the good ones kept in the competition. If he is alert, competent, and attentive to his duties, there is no question in his mind as to the direction to be taken, the place to await the ending of a heat, the time approximately at which certain dogs will be called to compete; nor is there any rul ing on any part of the competition but what he can answer promptly and accurately.

Every few minutes there will be something or other submitted to him to rule upon, and if he is incompetent he cannot conceal it. His indecision makes itself manifest, and if he rules wrong his error makes it still more manifest. If he rules so as to mar the equity of the competition—which he can easily do—he provokes dissatisfaction. The more incompetent he is the more ruling he will be called on to do, for his own errors beget troubles and disarrangements.

The would-be judge may be bravely impartial and promptly energetic when talking informally over imaginary trials in his circle of friends around the fireside, but when confronted with men who are sternly in earnest and each party thinks he or they are right, the matter has an entirely different aspect. Many a man is a moral coward under such circumstances, and shows pitiful weakness and indecision. He is then in a constant state of unpleasant apprehension, and feels not only that he doesn't know just what should be done, but that there are many eyes on him keenly observing that he doesn't know what to do and that they know he knows that he doesn't know. After a judge's first trial is over he confesses that he knew very little about it in a useful, practical way when he began. The ready judgment, which as a spectator who saw but little but ventured on great conclusions, is from him gone forever. He knows that a man at the rear never can form any just conclusions excepting as between the very best and the worst dogs; ones whose general class qualities are so widely distinct that a close watching of details is unnecessary. A man who is but a few yards behind the judges will lose much of the work; for a horseman passing in front of him will obscure and hide a large field, and in cover, 2 or 3yds. to the rear makes a great difference in what one can see of the dogs' work and what one cannot see. The green judge, with his furious riding out of place; his entire ignorance of planning a course; his change of mind with every passing circumstance; his close attention to irrelevant details or incidents of the heat; his unskillfulness in bringing out the best effort of the dogs and the general hitching and lack of coördination, mark the green judge before he is well started. When he has run a series through, he doesn't know which dogs are the best; for, as he has run them in a broken, fussy way, they have all run much alike. He has managed to keep the dogs broken up in their work, and managed to keep himself largely out of place by galloping more or less furiously after such dog as disappeared for a moment from sight, this act being much to the alarm of the dog's handler, who knows that a dog trained to range to a man on horseback will cast still further away under such circumstances, and generally much wider than he will range to a man afoot.

Brunswick Fur Club.

Roxbury, Mass.—It has been deemed advisable to change the date of the coming foxhound field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club from the week of Oct. 24 to that of Oct. 17. The Derby will be run on Tuesday, Oct. 19, and the All-Age Stake on the three following days. Interest in these trials is widespread and the outlook for a week of splendid sport was never better. Further particulars will be given in the Forest and Stream at an early date, and the secretary will be glad to answer inquiries at any time.

Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Under date of Aug. 21 Mr. Thomas Johnson writes us as follows: "I enclose a clipping from to day's Winnipeg *Free Press*, from which you will note the Western Canada Kennel Club intend holding trials again this year. 'The entries for the field trials of the Western Canada Kennel Club are coming in rapidly, and that the trials will be a success now only depends on the will of the clerk of the weather. Some doubt is held as to whether birds are sufficiently plentiful at the Glenlea grounds, where the trials were at first to have been held, and it may be found necessary to change to La Salle, where good accommodation can be had and always plenty of birds. The committee are now investigating the different grounds, and will be in a position to announce their selection definitely early in the week. Mr. Frank Richards, the well known American handler, has kindly consented to act as judge. Dogs winning a first or second place are eligible to compete for the valuable champion cup of the Northwest Field Trials' Club to be run for at Morris in the week commencing Sept. 6. A capital chance for the Irish setter men to show the capabilities of their dogs is in the fact that in these trials the Irish Setter Club of America offer a special prize of $25 for the Irish setter first winning first or second place in any club's stakes. As the Western Canada's trials come first this season, the Irish setter men should make a good try for the coveted prize. A meeting of all interested will be held at the Clarendon Hotel on Monday next at 8:30 P. M. Entries close Thursday, Aug. 26, and may be made on application to W. H. Thompson, Hon. Secretary, Customs House, Winnipeg.' Although this club is amateur in the best sense of the term, its membership is composed of the most influential men we have here, and sterling sportsmen. It was thought that the Northwestern Club should not recognize them in its champion event, but we decided we were out for the encouragement and development of field dogs, and we should offer all the encouragement in our power to such organizations, as we feel that to such clubs—who are the primary of semi-professional clubs—and where we shall eventually draw members who will supersede those who are always willing for new blood to take a hand in keeping up the strength of more matured field trial organizations."

A meeting of the American Spaniel Club was held on Friday, Aug. 20, at No. 13 West Eighteenth street, New York. Upon motion the action of the executive committee of July 16, 1897, in suspending absolutely Messrs. R. Toon and C. Thomas from membership in the club, was approved; and, further, the executive committee was directed to call the attention of the secretary of the American Kennel Club to certain violations of the rules by the said Toon and Thomas, and to request him to proceed in the matter. The executive committee was authorized, in the event of the American Kennel Club changing the terms of the various classes, to alter the terms of the Spaniel Club's classifications so as to conform to the A. K. C. requirements. The question of the definition of the term "parti-colored spaniels" was discussed, and the executive committee was requested to define this term.

With his letter advising us of the changed date of the

Brunswick Fur Club's trials (to week of Oct. 17), Mr. Turpin says: "Your readers who attended the early beagle trials of the A. B. C. will be interested to hear of the death of my Belle Ross, winner of first prizes in '90 and '91. She was a charming companion both at home and in the field, and her sweet voice will be sadly missed in the fall hunting."

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

THE BOON OF THE WHEEL.

BICYCLE riding is considered mostly as being a pleasure, exhilarating and wholesome, it is true, but nevertheless a pleasure which serves only to while away the present moment. Not a few people look upon it as a capricious fad, one which holds its devotees by the force of novelty or spectacular display or ill-regulated taste for the unconventional.

Those who ride the wheel know that, besides the immediate pleasure of the moment, it imparts beneficent healthful effects which are permanent. The office man, whose brain is a-weary from mental toiling with words and figures, finds an immediate relief in the wholesome change which the wheel affords in new and fresh scenes of changing landscapes; and pure air is an added benefit. The man whose sedentary life in office or home brings on a thousand little bodily ills, and a few great ones, the commonest of which is that degeneration of the organism politely termed "getting stout," but in reality a fatty degeneration of the organism—though many people believe that the accumulation of fat is a sign of vigorous health—owes a lifelong gratitude to the bicycle. The fat person is always thick of wind, easily fatigued, disinclined to exertion and lacking in stamina. All the symptoms indicate that physical exercise is necessary. There is no medical treatment which is a cure for it. Anti-fat nostrums are a delusion and a fraud, A special diet may afford partial relief, but, the cause still remaining, the fatty habit continues.

To fat people the bicycle is a friend whose loyalty never falters. By regular riding the fat is quickly worked off, all the muscles of the body are hardened and strengthened, all the organs are made healthy and vigorous, the appetite becomes regular and keen, and sweet, wholesome sleep takes the place of the wearisome restlessness of the night, or of the insomnia which is so laden with disaster if permitted long to hold sway.

The fat man, short of wind and heavy of foot, finds after a short period of regular riding that he has recovered his elasticity and lightness of movement; his wind is equal to any reasonably active exertion, and with the absence of fat many bodily discomforts disappear. With a sound and active body come a clear, normal mind.

A sedentary life may not produce fatty degeneration in all men, but it is certain to have its ill effects nevertheless. There may be a general constitutional degeneration, though nothing may be distinctly specific. Irritableness, peevishness, pessimistic standards or unhappy apprehensiveness are common traits of the man who has an active brain in an idle body. He cannot ride a wheel and have dyspepsia or blues if he lead an otherwise sensible life. Setting forth on his wheel, he is independent of all other forms of transportation, whether it be of horse, steam or electricity. He can, in a short time, shift the scene from brick walls and city streets to the most secluded scenes of hill and valley bedecked with nature's verdure.

But to gain the benefits of bicycling, it must be conducted with reasonable regularity as to time, and good judgment as to its practice. To ride once a week, or every day of one week and none of the next two or three weeks, cannot be of much physical benefit. It may give some pleasure, but the bodily training and invigoration are not thereby attained.

Women, in particular, ride with bad judgment until such times as they have had several unpleasant experiences from over-exertion. On an all-day ride, they rush in the beginning and become greatly wearied long before the end of the run, or they rush a long hill and arrive at its top blown and tired where, if they had taken it with sensible deliberation and steadiness, they would reach its top without distress or weariness. The wheel is one of the greatest benefactors if used aright; its abuse may result in harm, as may the abuse of every other good thing in life.

Care of a Wheel.

ON returning from a ride the wheel should always be cleaned. If mud has collected on the frame or wheels, it should be wiped off with a moist sponge and thoroughly dried with a soft piece of cloth. It is well to keep a woolen cloth or a partly worn soft towel for this purpose only. The bright parts should be frequently rubbed off with a piece of chamois skin, and occasionally, when needed, with putz-pomade. The sprocket wheels and chain should be kept free from dirt and grit by frequent cleaning with a stiff brush and then wiped off with a dry cloth. Oil the chain with any good lubricant—"3-in-1" is excellent—and see that it works into all the joints of the chain; revolve the rear wheel rapidly for a few seconds, and wipe all the superfluous oil from the surface of the chain, and finally apply stick graphite lightly to inside of chain, spreading it by revolving the rear wheel.

The bearings and hubs should be oiled once a week, or at the end of every 100 miles of riding. The oiling should be thoroughly done, and the wheels revolved in order to properly spread the oil, and all the superfluous oil should be rubbed off the exposed parts. After oiling, the oil caps on wheel hubs should be carefully closed, to prevent dust from forcing its way into the bearing. If, when lubricating your wheel, any oil should happen to drop on your rubber tires, wipe it off at once to prevent their being injured by its action. Keep your tires properly inflated. The most satisfactory results will be secured from tires that when pinched with thumb and fingers yields just enough to give the idea of slight elasticity. After inflating tires do not screw on caps or valves too tight; turn them to the full extent of the thread, but no further; extreme tightening will wear the rubber and cause a leak. As to punctures of the tires, they can be best cared for by the professional repair man, by whom, when it is possible, they should be treated.

Before starting out for a ride, carefully examine the nuts on the axles, seat post, saddle and handlebars, to see that they are all in place and tight. If through carelessness you run into a stone wall or fence, or tumble into a ditch, and do damage to your wheel, do not blame the manufacturer or make cursory remarks about the mechanism of your cycle.

Don't lend your wheel.

Yachting.

The racing and measurement rules of the Yach Racing Union of Long Island Sound (the Seawanhaka rule, with allowance tables) can be had of Thompson & Co, 55 Dey street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

The handbook of "Yacht Flag Etiquette" can be had of Rehm & Co., 157 Fulton street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

YACHT RACING FIXTURES 1897.

THE following list of fixtures has been compiled from many different sources, some of them not official, and it may contain some errors. We shall be glad to have notice of corrections and additions.

Races of the Sound Y. R. U. are marked with the letter S; those of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. with the letter M:

SEPTEMBER.

1. Royal Nova Scotia, open, handicap, Halifax.
M 2-3-4. Duxbury, Davenport cup, special races for second class, Plymouth Bay.
4-5-6. Buffalo, cruise, Lake Erie.
S 4. Seawanhaka Cor., fall race, schooners and 43, 36, 25, 20 and 15ft. classes.
M 4. Savin Hill, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
4. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Roy. Canadian, 1st and 37ft. classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
4. American, 3d club, Newburyport.
4. Beverly, 4th open sweeps, Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 14th cham., Cohasset.
4-5. Cor. San Francisco, outside cruise, Drake's Bay, San Francisco
4. Larchmont, 51ft. and smaller classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Royal Nova Scotia, knockabout class, Halifax.
6. Larchmont, fall regatta, all classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
6. New York, Y. R. A. annual, New York Bay.
6. Fall River, club, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Cor. Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Gravesend Bay, special, New York Bay.
6. Pacific, annual, San Francisco Bay.
M 6. Lynn, Lynn Bay.
S 6. Norwalk, annual, all classes of catboats.
6. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 15th cham., Cohasset.
6. Taunton, 2d cham., Taunton, Mass.
6. Beverly, 3d open, Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
6. American, sweepstakes, skiffs, Newburyport.
7. Roy. Canadian, Prince of Wales' cup, all classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
7. Absequan, Cricket and 15ft. classes, Atlantic City, Absecon Bay.
9. Miramichi, Watt cup, Newcastle, N. B.
9. Cor. San Francisco, interclub regatta, San Francisco,
10. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
M 11. Chelsea, Boston Harbor.
M 11. Y. R. A. rendezvous, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 11. Riverside, fall race, 43, 36, 30 and 25ft. classes, and 30 and 25ft. classes of cabin catboats.
11. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
11. Roy. Canadian, skiff class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
11. Beverly, 5th cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
11. Burgoss, cham., sail-off, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
11. Columbia, annual, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
11. Larchmont, schooners (Larchmont cup) and smaller classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
11-12. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Marin Islands, San Francisco.
S 18. American, fall regatta for all classes.
18 Queen City, 22ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21. Absequan, open, Atlantic City.
25-26. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Dillon's Point, San Francisco.
25. Buffalo, closing cruise, Lake Erie.
25. American, closing race, Newburyport.

OCTOBER.

9. Miramichi, Gould cup, Chatham, N. B.
9-10. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Corinthian Cove, San Francisco.
16. Cor. San Francisco, closing day, San Francisco.
17. Cor. San Francisco squadron, cruise, San Francisco.

AS THE conditions now stand, all yacht clubs, in the United States or abroad, are at liberty to file challenges with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. up to Sept. 18. On that date the club may select any one of the challenges which may best suit its wishes. If no challenges are received by that time, the first one received later takes priority of all others. There is little doubt that the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. will challenge again, but we should prefer to see some new club in the fight next year, in order to make the contest more interesting. A challenge from a British club would, in this respect, be preferable to one from this side of the St. Lawrence. It is reported this week that C. F. Adams, 2d, who has just sold his fast Rooster to Melbourne McDowell, will build next year, and that a challenge will be sent from the Quincy Y. C. Mr. Adams, now Mayor of Quincy, Mass., is a member of the Quincy Y. C.

The International Races.

AS matters now are in yachting, the up-to-date racing machine, whether of 90ft l.w.l. or 20ft. racing length must be accepted for just what she is, and judged accordingly. If she serves the one definite end of providing sport for the moment under existing conditions and of keeping alive to a certain extent the interest in yacht racing; it matters little what else she is or is not; whether she demonstrates a new and useful principle in naval architecture, or whether she only proves over again the familiar fact that extreme speed alone under "plain and simple rules" always produces an extreme type of craft of limited usefulness. To the great body of intelligent and progressive yachtsmen it would be gratifying in the extreme to feel that the construction of a new and successful yacht, such as Vigilant, Defender, Meteor II., Niagara, and downward to the little fellows, Ethelwynn, El Heirie and the two Glencairns, meant a substantial gain to the whole sport of yachting, and beyond that to the noble science of naval architecture; that a material step had been made in naval science. That this is far from being the case is only too plain; speaking generally, the increase of speed that has undeniably been attained within the past five years is due in part to the discovery of a new method of evading the measurement of the loadwaterline and in part to the mechanical tricks of hanging a bigger lump of lead lower down than ever before, or of carrying a bigger ballast crew further out to windward. The improvement of form in this time has been very slight, and accompanied by serious drawbacks in the lessening of internal room; the improvements in construction may in the main be classed as quite as small, the very great reduction of weight operating to seriously shorten the life of the vessel.

It is too late now for vain regrets that timely steps were not taken six years ago to protect the comparatively good and useful yachts of the day from the invasion of the fin-keel, and for the present, at least, there is nothing but to recognize that the racing of machines, even in limited numbers, is better than no racing at all, in keeping alive a general and popular interest in yachting as a national sport. That much should, and might be, done for the correction of existing evils, is becoming more and more apparent every year, and we hope that some positive step may be made this season. For the present, however, we have but the racing machine, and that in the very smallest class but one; and it may be worth while to look at the latest and fastest examples of the type, the competitors in the late series of international races.

Now that the destiny of the cup for the present year is decided, the excitement over, and the yachts practically set aside on the shelves of yachting history, most yachtsmen are ready to forget them and to turn to some new sensation; but it would be a great pity if the infinite labor of the designers and the liberal expenditure of money on both sides served no better purpose than the mere four days of racing. However distant the results may be from the abstract standard of an ideal yacht, it is not to be supposed that so much skill and intelligence as the designers of Glencairn and Momo have displayed are to be entirly lost to yachting.

Before considering the present challenger and defender, it will be interesting to look back at their predecessors of 1895 and 1896. The first challenger, Spruce IIII., was an excellent representative of a type long established in England. While, perhaps, not the fastest of the home class in that year, she was fully qualified as a fair representative, an up to-date craft, built for the American challenge by one of the successful designers and builders of the class, and for a yachtsman who had grown up in the half-rater class, and who had sailed in it persistently year after year with considerable success. The first defender, Ethelwynn, was produced in a hurry to meet the exigencies of the case, an experiment in that the class was entirely unknown here, and she was sailed by a crew unused to the size and type. In length and sail area the two were close together, both being of low power, the ratio of the square root of the sail area to the L.W.L. being about 1.00. Spruce was of greater displacement, and considerably heavier in construction; but Ethelwynn was very strongly and heavily built as compared with the winner of this year, though so much smaller She had a strong keel, her planking was thicker and her frames larger than those of Glencairn II, and her hollow mast was of the same diameter, though intended for less than one-half of the sail area Though light as compared with existing small boats, her rig and fittings were nearly as heavy as those of Glencairn II. Spruce IIII. was of heavy construction, with an outside oak keel, heavy oak tabernacle, and an abundance of wood throughout; her rig also, in spite of the bamboo spars, was heavy. The two had somewhat similar sail plans, both jib-headers; but while Spruce had the so-called English lug rig, with a long yard, Ethelwynn had the simple leg-o'-mutton rig, with pole mast. Spruce had a reefing batten and hand gear, while Ethelwynn had not. Neither boat was designed for a ballast crew, Mr. Brand, though a very tall man, was not particularly heavy, and his paid hand was stoutly built, but of moderate weight. One of Ethelwynn's crew, the helmsman, was well under the asssumed weight. Her best work was done in strong breezes with a crew of two very light men, if we remember, under 140lbs. each; and from this performance in the last two races, we have no hesitation in saying that with the same handling in the whole series, she was capable of winning three straight races,

Both of the contestants in 1895, in spite of some difference in beam, were of much the same type, with moderately full lines forward, but still with V-sections and a V-waterline forward. The two competitors of 1896 were of a very different type. Though they differed materially from each other, they both showed plainly their relationship and common origin in the scow type as developed in the general racing of the class in the previous season. The common point of resemblance lay in the use of a very full waterline and level lines, especially forward, thus materially increasing the length of useful waterline when the boat was heeled to an extreme angle; this degree of heel being reached deliberately by placing the crew to leeward in light winds.

Apart from this basic principle, the starting point of Mr. Crane in El Heirie and Mr. Duggan in Glencairn I., and marking the two as distinct from all previous boats of the class, there were material points of difference. In El Heirie, Mr. Crane, with but the one boat to experiment with, wisely enough adhered to the accepted elements of the preceding year—about equal L.W.L. and square root of sail area. In Glencairn I., however, Mr. Duggan was able to profit by a series of experiments begun early in the fall and pushed as soon as the boats could be launched in the spring, the result being that he abandoned the V-section of the old boats, condensing his l.w.l. to 12ft. 6in.; and at the same time he proved that he could successfully carry the extra area of sail, a total of nearly 300sq. ft., to which he was entitled. As compared with El Heirie, Glencairn I. was about 1ft. 9in. shorter on the measured l.w.l., with 9in. more extreme beam, and some 50sq. ft. more of sail. While both were of good construction and quite strong, Glencairn, though much larger in body, was the lighter, with a single skin and no keel; she was also lighter in spars and rigging. The displacements were not widely apart, neither carried any ballast other than a moderately heavy plate board.

Next to the disparity in L.W.L. and sail area, the great point of difference lay in the depth and contents of the hulls. El Heirie showed her relationship to the scow type in her low freeboard and absolutely straight sheer line, with parallel deck lines, square transom and shovel nose. Glencairn I., on the other hand, disguised her scow features by a good freeboard and lively sheer, a conventional deck line sweeping in from the point of greatest breadth to the stem and transom, the latter being fairly near to the usual shape; her bow was very full, but the appearance when afloat was not materially different from other modern small craft. Neither yacht had a bowsprit, and each had a shoal watertight cockpit draining into the well. El Heirie had the ordinary gaff mainsail and a jib set on a club; Glencairn I. had a gunter mainsail, jib headed and set on a long yard, the same rig as Spruce IIII., but with different details. While each was heeled to her working angle by the crew to leeward in light weather, and each carried sail in a breeze by the hard hiking of the crew, neither was designed specially to profit by a heavy crew. Mr. Crane and his brother, who together sailed El Heirie, are both of no more than the average weight, and Mr. Duggan and Mr. Shearwood, of Glencairn I., are also about the average; each crew came about to the assumed limit of 300lbs.

This time there were three straight races, Glencairn I. winning each day and taking the cup to Canada. This contest was very interesting from the fact that Mr. Crane and Mr. Duggan was each working independently on the same idea, and that a new one in designing; the success of El Heirie in the trial races, out of a fleet of twenty-nine yachts, showed how cleverly her designer had handled the question; but he had not attempted at the same time to experiment in the direction of greatly increased power. Mr. Duggan, on the other hand, instead of designing but one yacht, began practically with the form and power of Ethelwynn early in the winter, and after studying the whole subject in the course of a number of designs, came to the conclusion quite early in the season, that with a certain new form of hull the measured L.W.L. might be materially shortened with no loss of power or fine lines; and also that this nominally shorter hull might be made to carry the larger sail area to which its decrease of L.W.L. entitled it.

The very early date at which Mr. Duggan began his designing, the completion of the boats during the winter and their readiness by the time the weather was fit for racing, and the thorough preliminary trials, beginning on May 9 and continuing through a series of sixteen races, in which he was represented by no less than seven yachts fighting against those of other designers, altogether resulted in a course of evolution probably unprecedented in yachting; it not only left Spruce IIII. and Ethelwynn very far behind, but in the important factor of power, at least, placed the

challenging yacht very far ahead of the best of the new defending fleet, large as it was.

It was this superiority in power, more than anything else, the big rig of Glencairn I., and her designer's ability to handle it perfectly, that took the cup to Canada, but it brought about another result, in that Mr. Duggan himself was one of the first to recognize the extreme to which sail as compared to length had been forced in the course of his experiments, and to suggest the placing of a limit to a competition which, already unwholesome, must become worse rather better if left unrestricted.

The carrying out of this suggestion by the limitation of the sail area to 500sq. ft. in the new 20ft. class, in which the challenge of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was finally made, together with the remarkable success of the later Duggan 15-footers Sothis, Anita and Glencairn I. against the best American boats, El Heirie, Riverside and Vesper, materially simplified the problem for 1897. The question of power, the controlling factor in 1896, was entirely eliminated; in spite of much silly nonsense that has been written about the extreme limits of variation of L.W.L. and sail in this class and under the Seawanhaka rule, it was practically settled that all designers would work as closly as they possibly dared to the maximum sail limit, 500sq. ft. with its corresponding l.w.l. of 17ft. 6in. Further than this while a wide diversity of types have been seen in the class this year, from the extreme scow Skate to the conventional waterlines of Asthore, and the full-bodied Duggan boats, it has happened that both Glencairn II. and Momo have the same midship section, practically identical with Glencairn I.

The two, Momo and Glencairn II., are remarkable alike for their close resemblance in some important points and their wide divergence in others. In length and sail area there is a small difference, some 9in. more length for Momo and an excess of 33sq. ft. of sail for Glencairn; this is probably due to causes beyond the control of the designers. There is always a possibility, one might almost say a certainty, that these lightly-built boats will change their keel contour in the course of some weeks of sailing, and this may result in a material lengthening of the measured L.W.L., owing to the very flat angle between the water and the line of keel at each end. Then, too, there is a certain variation to be looked for between the calculated weight and the actual weight after some period of immersion; and the best trim is only to be found by steady trial, possibly calling for a little longer or shorter L W.L. than that in the design. There is also the weight of centerboard, several different ones being usually tried. While Glencairn II. came out just within the allowed 17ft. 6in. l.w.l., with the heavy board for which she was designed, Momo, in final racing trim in fresh water, proved to be so much longer and so near the limit that her heavy, bronze board could not be used, and she was obliged to carry a much lighter one of steel plate. With all the final difference, however, it is probable that the two designers started out with the same L.W.L., sail area and displacement.

The midship sections, as already stated, are also practically the same, both closely resembling that of Glencairn I. In the case of Glencairn II., Mr. Duggan had already experimented with various modifications of an enlarged section of Glencairn I., with a variation in beam from 7 to 9ft., with accompanying variations in the round of the bilge, flare of the topsides, etc. The final result in Glencairn II. was a section of 8ft. beam, very similar to the original one. In the two boats designed by him, Al Anka and Momo, Mr. Crane kept quite close to the section of Glencairn I.; so that the resemblance between the challenger and defender as finally selected was remarkably close. In Momo the turn of the bilge was a little longer and easier and the topsides flared a little more, these characteristics not being confined to the middle body alone, but extending throughout the boat.

Though so similar in many respects, there were some material points of difference; in the first place, Glencairn II. had a full 2in. more freeboard from end to end than Momo, with a little more sheer, and while the bow of Momo was abruptly snubbed in, that of Glencairn was carried out fair until the two deck lines met at the stemhead. This made some difference in the over all lengths of hull which altogether amounted to over 2ft. 6in., and with the added freeboard and the extra crown to the deck made the hull of Glencairn very much larger and more buoyant in a sea than that of Momo. In their arrangement both were open below, without bulkheads, but Glencairn's cockpit, about 6×4ft., was also open, the only floor being of slats laid on the timbers and cross floors a few inches above the garboards. There were at the mast several plank floors about 10in. deep and without limber holes, which acted as bulkheads in confining to the bow any water which once found its way there, as through the hole made in the first race.

Momo, like El Heirie and Glencairn I., had a watertight cockpit—a mere depression of the deck to hold sails, the boat being practically flush-decked, like the extreme scows, and with no place for the crew except in a reclining position that is very fatiguing when long continued. It is almost absurd to speak at all of ease and comfort on these small racing machines, but there are degrees of discomfort, and the man on Momo, with a wide crowned deck at some little distance above the water, is better off than the man on Skate, with a flat, flush deck that is practically awash when not standing on edge. Similarly, with added depth of hull and a deep cockpit, as in Glencairn II., there is an occasional opportunity to bend the knees by taking the ordinary sitting position.

The sail plans of the two boats presented an interesting contrast, the differences in nominal rig that appeared in the two former races no longer existed, both yachts had the conventional gaff mainsail, with throat and peak halyards. The proportions of the two sail plans were, however, radically different. That of Glencairn was of about the normal proportions for the sloop rig, rather long on the base and of moderate height; Momo, on the other hand, had a very short base and much greater height, the gaff being longer by 3ft. and peaked higher. This cut of rig is distinctly of advantage in light weather, where a little air may be caught aloft; and also in racing on narrow waters surrounded by trees and high ground, where the wind is broken by banks and trees. It was well known to American canoeists fifteen years ago, having been imported from the Thames, where it was developed by Mr. E. B. Tredwen, one of the most successful racing canoeists of the day. In the heavily ballasted Pearl canoes, sailing on the narrow Thames with trees on each side, the rig proved very successful; but it was speedily abandoned after trial on New York Bay and the St. Lawrence River, being replaced by a much lower and longer rig.

Within the past two years the same shape of rig has been developed on the Boston knockabouts, and it has proved superior to the ordinary rig. The reasons for this are so plain that the experience in the knockabouts does not of necessity offer reliable grounds for the general adoption of the rig. In the modern knockabout, a purely racing craft, the original cruising restriction of no bowsprit is still retained, the C. E. being thus thrown very far aft in a sail plan of the ordinary proportions. At the same time the deadwoods fore and aft have been ruthlessly cut away until the lateral plane is really that of a fin-keel. With this short lateral plane and a sail plan whose C. E. is abnormally far aft, the boats are unmanageable; as a matter of necessity, the after sail has been cut off to make the boats steer, and in order to make up the allowed area, the height of the sail plan has been materially increased. In this way the C. E. of the narrow and lofty sail triangle is brought into a reasonable relation to the C.L.R. of the short deep fin. At the same time, the knockabouts, with 3,500lbs. of lead in the bulb, 21ft. l.w.l. and 7 to 8ft. beam, have only the same sail area, 500sq. ft., as the 20-footers, thus having ample power to counterbalance any elevation of the weight of rig.

We cannot say how strongly Mr. Crane, with all of his Boston experience, has been influenced by this evidence from the knockabouts, which as far as it goes has been all one way, the narrow and high rigs on several other Herreshoff boats have placed them all ahead of his new Fly with a broad and low rig this season; it would seem, however, that he has accepted this result on its face. It is still a matter of opinion whether one rig, and if so which, has any advantage over the other when not specially favored by unusual conditions, as just instanced, but for the 20ft. class in the present races we believe that the rig of Glencairn II. is decidedly superior to that of Momo. These races were to be sailed on quite open waters; the surrounding shores were low, and the winds, especially the prevailing W. and S.W., had a clear sweep. The great over all length which was optional if not absolutely desirable for other reasons, and which might be supplemented with a bowsprit, made it possible to distribute the sail so as to obtain a proper balance of centers without excessive height; and on the other hand, with the large sail plans carried and the absence of depth and fixed ballast, it was most desirable to reduce the height of the top weights.

Until it is proven that there is an advantage *per se* in the narrow and lofty as compared with the broad and low rig, in open waters and free from arbitrary restrictions, it would seem that the moderate proportions of Glencairn's sail plan were better than the extreme of Momo's. Against the decided lowering of weights in the one, there was only the possibility of catching a current aloft in a drifting match for the other.

In the first two contests, as already shown, there was no attempt to design for a ballast crew, the most that was done was to endeavor to fit the displacement and dimensions to the two men who were decided on for the crew. In the case of Spruce IIII., Mr. Brand had the young sailor man who had already been in his employ for several seasons; Ethelwynn's owner invited a friend, a skillful helmsman, but a lightweight, to sail with him; the Crane brothers, both of only average weights, sailed together in El Heirie as a matter of course, and similarly Mr. Duggan took with him in Glencairn I. his old companion in scores of paddling and sailing races, Mr. Shearwood.

In the new 20-footers, however, the crew was from the first considered in a new light, as so much shifting ballast; this consideration having much influence on the design. Mr. Duggan, of course, sailed his own boat and kept his old mate, Mr. Shearwood, with him, but in selecting the third man, for mainsheet, he chose a heavy-weight, Mr. Paton, of 240lbs.; at the same time an old yachtsman and good all-round sportsman, who worked his passage well in all the races of the season. Mr. Crane, while also starting out to sail himself in the boat of his design, started by picking out two of the heaviest of his friends, old football men, who were also good sailors. Both Al Anka and Momo were designed to carry the weight of Messrs. Stackpole and Shaw to windward. Under the letter of the rule and its previous construction, this was perfectly proper and permissible; but the picking of men for weight above all other qualifications introduced a new and certainly a most undesirable principle in the 15 and 20ft. classes.

A great deal has been said about the unusual weather in which the races were sailed and its effect upon the result, and some have gone so far as to attribute the defeat of Momo solely to the accident of abnormal weather. This is very far indeed from being the case, as a closer examination of the races will disclose. The weather was unusual and very different from the light weather which has prevailed in most of the races of the 15ft. class in two seasons at Oyster Bay, as well as on Lake St. Louis. At the same time, it was not so much that three out of the four races were sailed in a chance storm as that the whole season, on the coast and on the St. Lawrence, has been marked by much rain, cool weather, and generally strong breezes. It very often happens that after a blow of several days there follows a prolonged calm; but on the Saturday and Sunday after the last race there was still plenty of wind about Lake St. Louis. From the general tenor of the criticisms on the weather, it might be inferred that Mr. Crane had designed a light weather boat for the average racing conditions, and that Mr. Duggan had designed a heavy weather boat for exceptional conditions which he was lucky enough to realize. This is by no means the true state of the case. No one knows better than Mr. Duggan the average light weather conditions which prevail on Lake St. Louis. He last year won both there and at Oyster Bay in a boat of exceptionally high power. There was nothing to induce him to go in for a heavy weather boat this year, and, as a matter of fact, Glencairn II. was designed to have much less power than Avoca, the latter, after several races in exceptionally heavy weather, showing more power than her designer considered necessary. The trial races of the class were sailed in very light weather, and showed Glencairn to be the fastest of a fleet that had sailed through the season in all sorts of weather.

Glencairn is in every sense a high-powered light weather boat, intended for the average conditions of Long Island Sound and Lake St. Louis, as shown in many seasons of racing. The difference between her and Momo, as nearly as we can estimate it from such sources of information as have been available, is this. Both designers started out with the same intention, of producing first of all a light weather boat, but Mr. Crane, while under-estimating the value of heavy weather qualities in case of an exceptional day or two, over-estimated the value of certain light weather features, such as low freeboard, short overhangs, and lofty rig.

The value of low freeboard in racing has been an open question for the past three years, and many have believed that there was a material gain in speed from the total absence of freeboard and sheer in such craft as Question and Skate. That this was largely Mr. Crane's belief last year was shown in El Heirie, with a comparatively low freeboard and no sheer. While being by no means positive in the matter, in the absence of direct proof, we have still believed and hoped that the advantages, even in extreme racing, were on the side of the conventional yacht form, with moderate freeboard, shipshape and sightly sheer, and good ends, as opposed to the "Barndoor" type of rectangular flat slab. In the 15ft. class last year the scows were represented by Willada and Hope, the yacht form by Glencairn I., and the compromise by El Heirie. In the new 20ft. class, the scows are represented by Skate and Keneu, the yacht form by Glencairn II. and her six sisters, and the intermediate type by Momo. Momo is decidedly further from the scow and nearer to the yacht than El Heirie, but so far as the hull goes, it is through, the predominance of the scow features, the lower freeboard and blunt fore end, that she is termed a light weather boat in comparison with Glencairn II.

Whether or no Mr. Crane was right in his estimates of the necessity of certain heavy weather features and of their disadvantages in such weather as might confidently be expected, it must be admitted that he has dealt successfully with the problem of design from a purely light weather standpoint, and that he has been in very hard luck in striking a succession of reefing breezes. Momo has proved herself a very fast boat in light weather, and might, under different conditions, have made a much better showing. At the same time, after watching the trial races of both fleets, at Oyster Bay and later on Lake St. Louis, and all of the final cup races, we doubt very much whether Momo would have taken more than two out of five races in any wind heavy and steady enough to carry the boats over the course at a speed of five knots. In the first race, in which the course was sailed in less than this speed, we are of the opinion that if Glencairn had crossed the line even with Momo without accident, it would have been seconds either way at the finish. The work of Glencairn in strong breezes has distracted attention from her performances in light weather; but taking her work in the trial races, and at times in the cup races, and giving due weight to the splendid handling which turned a defeat into victory in the last race, we doubt whether the real result of the races, the possession of the Seawanhaka international cup for the coming year, has been seriously affected by the presence of heavy rather than light weather.

There is one lesson of the races which should not be overlooked or buried under any plea of exceptional weather; even in this racing class, the majority of the races both on the Sound and the St. Lawrence being in light weather, the boat with moderate freeboard, sheer and bulk of body has beaten the extreme slab, and the former in turn has been beaten by a boat of still more wholesome design.

The present races have brought to the surface one point which has thus far been passed over by all parties by common consent, though its importance has been recognized from the first by many. The possibilities of a purely ballast crew under the existing method of measuring with a nominal weight of 150lbs. for each member of the crew have been discussed since the first arrangements were begun for the races of 1895, but thus far no action has been taken. The matter is a difficult one to deal with, and the general feeling has been that in the 15ft. class it would not pay to carry a very heavy man, as he would almost of necessity be unfitted for the work of handling light sails; this work requiring an exceptionally active man, and one whose weight when forward would disturb the trim as little as possible. This was all very well in the 15ft. class, no very heavy men appeared in the crews; but in going to a larger size the factors of the problem were somewhat changed. The value of the whole crew as mere shifting ballast became greater, there was more room for the big man to work than on the 15-footer, and there was allowed an extra man, presumably a heavy-weight, who, while tending main sheet, could shift fore and aft and thus balance the weight of the man who was working about the deck. It was just as true as ever that the work of setting light canvas, to say nothing about the matter of walking in safety on a 5-16in. deck, required a light and active man; but some skippers at least considered the weight to windward as of greater value than the extra dexterity about the deck.

The matter was brought to an issue by the withdrawal of Mr. Crane from his own boat in order to make way for a stranger of greater weight in a heavy weather race. While this is in itself no violation of the letter of the rule, it is at the same time in that doubtful category of things which, while not directly prohibited, may be done just once before they are made the subject of restrictive legislation, as was the case with Vigilant's ballast crew in 1893. There is no question of Mr. Crane's legal right to make this substitution, but we regard it as most unfortunate that the final decision of the question should have been forced in this way, and really to no good purpose. This is one of those open questions which may and always should be discussed and decided in the abstract and out of the racing season, and which, if forced to the front by one side or the other in concrete form during the races, is almost certain to provoke ill-feeling.

The members of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. since they first challenged in 1895, have shown a spirit that is conspicuous even among the highest class of sportsmen for a rigid observance of the spirit of the rules, without referring to the letter. In the course of two seasons of hot racing, and of long discussions between the two clubs over details, they have shown every desire to keep these contests on the highest possible plane. There is no denying that the substitution of an outside man for mere purposes of ballast has awakened a great deal of feeling on their part against the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

Another question of a somewhat similar nature, but not so serious, had already arisen over the claim by Mr. Crane of the right to name two helmsmen for Momo. This, too, is more a matter of usage than of law, and it is not necessary to argue it now from its strictly legal aspect. The main points are that it was contrary to the general usage of yacht racing, that it had not been done before in the races for the Seawanhaka cup, and that to recognize it now would be to establish a precedent that might give trouble in the future. Though this point, we believe, was not advanced by the Canadians, it is plain that in races as hard and tedious as these sometimes have proved, the boat equipped with two good helmsmen to relieve one another would be at a decided advantage over one in which only one man was accustomed to the steering.

Perhaps the fairest way to consider these two allied questions is to look first at the ordinary customs of yacht racing and then at the possibilities which would be opened by the full recognition of Momo's two claims. The ordinary usage in yacht racing, and especially in the previous races for this cup, is that one man shall steer a yacht through a race, and that the crew shall be made up of the same persons as nearly as possible in each race; as a rule it is in every way desirable that one good man perfectly familiar with the boat shall have the helm, and that he shall have under him men whom he knows well and who are familiar with their several duties. There is usually nothing to prevent another from taking the helm for a short time, or in the event of injury to the helmsman, and it is of course often necessary to take a substitute for an absent member of the crew.

In the 20ft. racing, however, the conditions are somewhat different from those which maintain through the racing fleet at large, or even in the ordinary small classes. There is a very strong temptation to pick men for their weight above all other considerations; in fact, as the case now is, a man of under 150lbs., even though a good helmsman or hand, might as well make up his mind that there is no berth for him in the winning boats of the class, and that he must be content perforce to sit on the stringpiece and watch the racing. Of course, such a personality as that of Mr. Duggan must always be worth more than any weight of mere beef in a boat; but it is plain to see that, unless some restriction is placed, next year's boats will be manned, like Skate, by men who are big and heavy, as well as good yachtsmen. There are none too many now who are capable of doing such work as Mr. Crane or Mr. Duggan have done this year, of designing, superintending, working up and finally sailing a racing 20-footer, and the number of these who are also heavy enough to qualify as valuable ballast is very much smaller.

The man of average weight cannot be left ashore entirely after he has designed and worked up the boat; he must be carried, but his deficiency as ballast must be made up if possible. If it be conceded that two helmsmen may be named and the crew changed at will, the result under the strain of international competition is perfectly evident. In the first place, the owner or designer who desires to sail in his boat will find a pair of heavy men, one of whom is a good helmsman, and who will be formally named as such, with the owner. The two will change places at the stick at will, the lighter one doing the deck work and sail handling. If one happens to be specially good at a start and the other more skilled in taking a boat to windward, so much the better. With this crew the boat is fitted for heavy weather, but she has, we will suppose, the additional option of changing her crew at will, so a couple of skillful lightweights are picked out, to be carried in light weather, the heavy men taking a rest ashore. This may be considered an extreme view of the case, but such action would be quite legitimate under the two claims made by Momo, and in the present type of boat

it would probably pay in nearly all cases. If one side were thus provided with two helmsmen and a double crew, the other would be compelled to go to the same extreme. It is almost certain that the two questions will be brought up by the present holders of the cup with a view to a definite understanding of the existing rules, and, if necessary, to further restrictive legislation. Looking at the matter in the abstract, and with due regard to the best interests of the sport, most yachtsmen will agree with us that it is in every way desirable that each yacht shall be steered by one man and manned by one regular crew, and that the present premium on mere weight of crew be removed.

The first race, of Aug. 14, offered a most conspicuous instance of the hasty and superficial judgment of even old and expert yachtsmen. When looked at carefully in all its aspects, the victory of Momo was a very simple matter, meaning little at all. On her part she had shown up excellently in light weather, her mainsail was in perfect shape and there was no question, though she had nothing close beside her, that she was pointing and footing and working out well to windward; off the wind her speed was still more perceptible. That Glencairn was in trouble was no fault of hers, it was but the chance of war, and by all yachting usage Momo had scored one of the necessary three races, though it is most probable that Mr. Crane would have declined to take it. The work of the whole day, as far as she was concerned, was such as to encourage her crew and to send them off in Monday's race in the best possible spirits.

Beyond this the race showed nothing as to the relative merits of the two boats. On the side of Glencairn, it was known after the race, though not in detail during its progress, that her tiller had fouled and finally broken; that she had run wild and fouled a markboat; that she had a hole in her side, below the water on one tack, and that her new rudder failed to steer her. Added to all this, Mr. Duggan crosssd the line with the certainty that his boat was disqualified, and that the best he could do would be to make a show at racing for the benefit of the many interested spectators. That Glencairn was beaten two minutes in two miles under such conditions meant nothing at all. What was of far more importance in the eyes of those who really cared to see, was that in the last leg over the same distance a couple of hours later, after her helmsman and crew had recovered from the confusion of the breakdown and foul, she made better time than Momo by 36s. Of course the two were far apart, Momo was in no way pushed, and the conditions varied a little; but still there was plenty to show that the boats were not materially different in such weather.

The one fact that seemed to strike everyone was that Momo had beaten Glencairn nearly four minutes in the first round; no one seemed to attach any importance at all to the really important fact that Momo had made but 25 seconds in the entire third round. Subsequent events corroborated the fact that Momo is faster off the wind than Glencairn, though not to the extent indicated in this first race of 30 seconds to the mile; but all we have seen of the two, first and last, goes to show that to windward, in any sort of a working breeze, Glencairn will make up a part of this gain, and that the rest will be lost in superior handling on Glencairn.

The effect of this race on the experts of the press was very amusing. The cup was already safely back at Oyster Bay, Mr. Duggan was on the verge of nervous prostration as the result of his defeat, and w uld probably break down before Monday's start, and all was over but the shouting. Even among the yachtsmen of both sides this same hasty judgment was visible; some of the St. Lawrence men were ready to bid a long farewell to the cup without waiting for Monday, and some of the visitors were correspondingly elated. A look at the hole in Glencairn's side, at the two parts of her tiller with half of a broken bolt in each, and at Mr. Duggan, coolly and unconcernedly at work as soon as the boat was hauled out cutting off the fore part of the rudder and riveting up the edge, showed just how much the whole business amounted to as a reliable measure of the merits of the two boats.

The published comments since the race are quite as wide of the mark; one journal proclaims editorially that Glencairn II. is only a copy of Momo, designed from the descriptions of the latter prematurely published during the early races; another authority denounces Momo as a mere enlargement of El Heirie, and accuses Mr. Crane of ignoring the lessons learned last year. Very few of the accounts which we have read do equal justice to the two clever amateurs who have pitted their wits against each other for the second time.

A New Knockabout Class.

THE Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. has just issued the following circular:

NEW ONE-DESIGN RACING CLASS.

During the past few years there has been developed in Boston and its vicinity a very large class of boats known as knockabouts, which combine highly satisfactory cruising qualities with high speed and absolute safety. While several designers are represented, the restrictions governing their design and construction are such that the boats are very even in speed and the racing has consequently been very keen and exciting. The Herreshoff one-design 30ft. special class has also been conspicuously successful for two years and the interest in racing in this class is keener this year than last, which tends to prove that the "one-design" idea is well calculated to arouse interest in the sport. Impressed with the experience in these classes, several members have decided to construct knockabout boats for next season's racing, all from one design and by one builder, and they are anxious that the number constructed shall be as large as possible, both for the effect upon racing and to reduce the cost.

Several builders have been invited to submit designs, and the purpose of this circular is to invite all who may be interested in the matter to meet at the Oyster Bay club house on Saturday, Sept. 4 (the day of the autumn race), at 8 o'clock in the evening, when designs will be submitted and the details fully discussed, with the view of placing an early order for as many boats as practicable. It is hoped that from ten to fifteen will be ordered, and in that event the cost should be very moderate.

The boats will be 21ft. on the waterline, will have a cabin and cockpit, each about 8ft. in length, and will be well adapted for cruising as well as for racing.

Believing that the establishment of this class will especially contribute to the success of racing in our own waters at Oyster Bay, the race committee will encourage it by the giving of frequent races, and desire to aid in the movement in every practicable way, and will be glad to furnish any additional information in their possession to any who may be interested.

Western Yachting.

MINNESOTA INTERLAKE CONTESTS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 28.—The annual interlake contests between the Minnetonka and White Bear fleets offer interesting features this week. As a result of the trial races on Minnetonka, the three boats chosen to send to White Bear for the championship races were: Wizard, sloop; Gladrene, one-rater; and Tartar, cat. After the departure of these boats for White Bear, interest in the races between remaining boats at Minnetonka fell off.

On Aug. 26 the interlake regatta sailed on White Bear Lake was a frolic for the yachtsmen of the White Bear club, who won everything in sight excepting the cat race, where the redoubtable Tartar carried off the only victory for the Minnetonka Y. C. The boats and crews were as follows:

First Class Sloops—Wizard, Minnetonka, Capt. Alf. Pillsbury; W. D. Morse, Dan Raymond, R. P. Woodworth, John Pillsbury, Frank Morse. Akela, White Bear, Capt. Milton Griggs; P. C Gotzain, Eugene Ramaley, F. M. Douglas, Don Bunn, C. H. McGill. Both of these boats were designed by Peterson, of Minnetonka, and built in his shop at Excelsior.

Catboats—Tartar, Minnetonka, Capt. Wm. Peet; Campbell, Sweeney, C. L. Mendel, D. W. Knowlton, David Tenney, Willie Rolph. Aurelia, White Bear. Capt. J. M. Welch; Archie McLaren, Sidney Dean, W. H. Yardley, Sam Bunn, Lance Bement.

One-raters—Gladrene, Minnetonka, Capt. F. J. Hopkins; W. G. Gale, Gale Merrick, Sidney Wolcott. Witch. White Bear, Capt. Fred R. Bigelow; H. Van Vleck, T. L. Wann.

The regatta committee in charge is composed of Tracy Lyons and L. P. Ordway for White Bear, and C. B. Eustis for Minnetonka. These gentlemen have full charge of the races, and in all matters their decisions will be absolutely final.

The dimensions of the six competing boats are as follows:

	Sail area. sq. ft.	L W L	Length over all.	Beam.
Akela	698.3	22ft. 11in.	36ft. 4in.	9ft. 4in.
Wizard	704	22ft. 9in.	38ft. 7in.	8ft. 7in.
Aurelia	679.07	22ft. 9in.	31ft.	9ft 6in.
Tartar	565	22ft. 10in.	32ft.	8ft. 6in.
Witch	347 41	17ft. 2in.	23ft.	7ft.
Gladrene	348	17ft. 10in.	25ft. 6in.	7ft.

The following was the sailing time:

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Akela	2 04 43	Wizard	2 06 34

FIRST CLASS CATS.

Tartar	2 15 20	Aurelia	2 15 25

ONE RATERS.

Witch	1 51 38	Gladrene	1 56 42

On the following day, Aug. 25, the White Bear men clinched their victory by decisively beating the Minnetonka boats in each one of the events, sloop, cat and one-rater, the following being the time:

SLOOPS

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Akela	2 25 00	4 06 39	1 41 39	1 32 29
Wizard	2 25 00	4 14 07	1 49 07	1 39 39
CATS.				
Aurelia	2 20 00	4 16 42	1 56 42	1 45 47
Tartar	2 20 00	4 20 56	2 00 56	1 43 57
ONE RATERS				
Witch	2 30 00	4 01 16	1 31 16	1 31 16
Gladrene	2 30 00	4 03 20	1 33 29	1 33 29

A big banquet was given the defeated yachtsmen by their victors, and the White Bear men showed themselves as well able to entertain their guests as to sail their yachts. Some sixty-odd gentlemen sat at table.

THE FELKER CHALLENGE CUP.

In 1885 Mr. C. W. Felker, of Oshkosh, Wis., made donation of a challenge cup to be sailed for annually by Lake Winnebago yachts as a perpetual challenge cup. This year the deed of gift was amended by Mr. Felker in such way that hereafter the competition shall be open to all yachts of the United States. Minerva, of Fond Du Lac, has won the cup three different years. During the last twelve years winners of this cup in the annual regatta have been as follows:

Aug. 29, 1885—Cutter yacht Hattie.
July 17, 1886—Sloop Pinafore
July 30, 1887—Sloop Carrie Morgan.
July 28, 1888—Sloop Minerva
Aug. 9. 1889—Sloop Minerva.
July 25, 1890—Sloop Marguerite.
July 25, 1891—Sloop Carrie Morgan.
July 16 and 29, 1892—Sloop Carrie Morgan.
Aug. 29, 1893—Sloop Marguerite.
July 28, 1894—Sloop Minerva.
Aug. 10, 1895—Sloop Nirvana.
Sept. 12, 1896—Sloop Corona.
Aug. 21, 1897—Sloop Corona.

MATCH BETWEEN FOX LAKE AND DELAVAN.

Early in September there will be a match race sailed for a cup trophy, between the winning boats of the season respectively for Fox Lake, Illinois and Delavan Lake, Wisconsin. This is in 1-raters, and will bring together Mabelle, cup winner for 1897 at Fox Lake, and El Capitan, leader in the Delavan races. The race between these will be sailed on the course customary at Delavan Lake. Mabelle was modeled and built by Mr. Albert Church Bower, of Waukegan, and is owned by the Bald Eagle Club of Fox Lake. Theodore Poekel, of Racine, designed and built El Capitan for her present owner, Mr. F. D. Montgomery. The race will be for a $100 cup.

COLUMBIA Y. C. OF CHICAGO.

At the club regatta of Columbia Y. C., Aug. 21, following was the time in the different classes:

CLASS A.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vanenna	2 20 20	4 28 18	2 17 58	2 17 58
Charlotte R.	2 08 15	Withdrew.		
CLASS B				
Blade	2 06 20	4 47 30	2 41 10	2 41 10
Genevieve	2 07 50	5 25 00	3 17 10	3 16 16
CLASS C.				
Wizard	2 10 20	5 54 12	3 42 52	3 42 52
Arline	2 06 20	Disabled.		
Myrine	2 07 05	Did not finish.		
CLASS D				
Atlantic	2 11 20	3 45 15	1 33 55	1 33 55
B	2 11 30	4 08 50	1 57 20	1 50 13
Microte	2 13 05	3 45 35	1 32 30	1 28 40
Vanity	2 12 05	3 50 25	1 37 40	. .. ..
Atom	2 11 40	Capsized.		
Arrow	2 12 03	3 49 50	. .. ..	. .. ..

Blade and Vanenna are fin-keels, both designed by Myers, and interest always arises when they sail together, Vanenna giving Blade a goodly time allowance. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Vigilant and Navahoe.

THE regular racing of the 30-footers at Newport for two seasons promises to develop into a permanent and organized system of racing about this summer resort which, though long known as a great yachting center, has seen comparatively little racing apart from the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. The racing owners, mostly in the 30ft. class, have organized an association, and races were given last season. They have recently arranged for a special match, for a $250 subscription cup, between Vigilant and Navahoe, to be sailed on Saturday, Sept. 4. The race is in the hands of Messrs. H. B. Duryea, R. N. Ellis and Woodbury Kane, who have announced the following conditions: Start, at 11 A. M., upon a range between two marks flying an American yacht ensign. One gun, start. Yachts to pass from the northward to the southward in starting and from the southward to the northward in finishing.

No. 1—Warning signal, a blast of the whistle of fifteen seconds duration will be given and a white flag, with the number upon it, denoting the course as numbered below, will be hoisted.

No. 2—11:05 A. M., preparatory whistle blown and white flag with letter G thereupon hoisted.

No. 3—11:10 A. M., start. Whistle blown and blue flag hoisted.

Should the condition of weather render expedient the postponement of the start, code flag B will be hoisted, and subsequently the warning signal will be given, only upon the even hours and half hours.

Should it be deemed advisable, the committee may declare the race finished with the completion of one or more rounds, in which case the hoisting of code flag B will indicate that the race is to be terminated with the round then being sailed.

RECALL SIGNALS.

1. Navahoe.
2. Vigilant.

MARKS.

Mark 1—At the northwesterly end of starting line.
Mark 2—At the southeasterly end of starting line.
Mark 3—Narragansett Pier Life-Saving Station bearing west, distant 1¼ miles. Whale Rock Light bearing northeast by north, distant ⅛ mile.
Mark 4—Beaver Tail Light bearing northeast by north; distant 1⅝ miles. Brenton's Reef Lightship bearing east, distant 1⅞ miles.
Mark 5—Brenton's Reef Lightship bearing northwest by north, distant 1⅝ miles.

COURSES.

No. 1—From a starting line around mark No. 4, thence around mark No. 5, thence to starting line around mark No. 1; all marks to be left to port. Yachts must keep to the westward of Brenton's Reef Lightship and the Butter Ball Bell Buoy, both going and returning. Three times around.

No. 2—From starting line around mark No. 5, thence around mark No. 4, thence to starting line and around mark No. 1; all marks must be left to starboard. Yachts must keep to the westward of Brenton's Reef Lightship and the Butter Ball Bell Buoy, both going and returning. Three times around.

From the starting line around Beaver Tail Bell Buoy, leaving it to port; thence around Brenton's Reef Lightship thence around Beaver Tail Bell Buoy, leaving it to starboard; thence to starting line and around mark No. 1, leaving it to port. Three times around.

No. 4—From starting line around mark No. 3, thence around mark No. 5, thence around mark No. 1, leaving all marks to port, keeping to eastward of Beaver Tail Bell Buoy and westward of Brenton's Reef Lightship, both going and coming. Three times around.

No. 5—From starting line around mark No. 5, thence around mark No. 3, thence around mark No. 1, leaving all marks to starboard, keeping to westward of Brenton's Reef Lightship and eastward of Beaver Tail Bell buoy, both going and coming. Three times around.

No. 6—From starting line around Beaver Tail Bell Buoy, thence around mark No. 5, thence starting line and around mark No. 1, leaving all marks to port, and keeping to the westward of Butter Ball Bell Buoy. Three times around.

No. 7—From starting line around mark No. 5, thence around Beaver Tail Bell Buoy, thence to starting line and around mark No. 1, leaving all marks to starboard, and keeping to the westward of Butter Ball Bell Buoy. Three times around.

New York Y. R. A. Regatta.

THE New York Yacht Racing Association will hold its ninth annual regatta on Monday, Sept. 6, open to yachts of the following clubs, constituting the Association: Audubon, Hudson River, Newark, Bayonne, New Jersey A. C., Pavonia, Columbia, Jersey City, Tappan Zee, Yonkers Corinthian, New York A. C., Yonkers, Gravesend Bay, Kill von Kull, Tower Ridge, Greenville and Nyack Boating Association.

The conditions are:

Only boats numbered according to Article II. of the by-laws of the N. Y. Y. R. A. may compete, and all boats appearing with association numbers or Y. R. U. of Long Island Sound up will be timed, even though no previous notice is sent in. But those desiring to participate are requested to send in notice to secretary of committee early, in order to facilitate the work of the judges.

The turning marks or buoys of all courses are to left on port hand in turning.

Course 1—From start line to and around Craven Shoal Buoy (black and red horizontal stripes), located E N.E. distance ¾ mile from Hoffman Island; thence to and around Swash Channel (red) Bell Buoy, located 1¼ miles N.W., ⅝ W. from Romer Shoal Light; thence to starting line. (Once around is 11 miles. See classification list for how many times it is to be sailed over.)

Course 2—From start line to and around Black Can Buoy No. 13, located ¾ of a mile S. by E. from Fort Tompkins; thence to and around Black Can Buoy No. 11, located about ¼ of a mile E.N.E from Swinburne Island; thence to start line. (Once around is 7 miles; see classification list for how many times it is to be sailed over.)

Course 3—From start line to and around a mark designated by a red and white flag placed about 150ft. west of the end of the Government Dock, situated at the southern limits of the Fort Hamilton slope; thence to and around the moored Street Department scow, located about half-way between Coney Island Point and Ulmer Park, thence to start line. (Should scow be removed a red and white flag mark will be placed there. Once around is 3⅛ miles; see classification list for how many times to sail over course.)

The classes and courses are:

Schooners—Class A, all schooners 40ft. and over.—Twice over Course 1 (22 miles). Start Signal, white flag.

Cabin Sloops and Cutters—Twice over Course 1 (22 miles).—Class B, all 62ft. and over 53ft.; Class C, all 53ft. and over 45ft.; Class D, all 45ft. and over 38ft.; Class E, all 38ft. and over 32ft.; Class F, all 32ft. and over 27ft.

Class G, all 27ft. and under; Class H, all yawl-rigged yachts. Three times over Course 2 (21 miles).

Open Jib and Mainsail—Three times over Course 2 (21 miles).—Class 1, all 32ft. and over 27ft.; Class 2, all 27ft. and over 23ft.

Class 3, all 23ft. and under, twice over Course 2 (14 miles).

Cabin Cat-Rigged—Class 4, all over 23ft., three times over Course 2 (21 miles). Class 5, all 23ft. and under, twice over Course 2 (14 miles).

Open Cat-Rigged and Half-Raters—Class 6, all 32ft. and over 27ft., and Class 7, all 27ft. and over 23ft., three times over Course 2 (21 miles).

Class 8, all 23ft. and over 20ft., and Class 9, all 20ft. and over 17ft., twice over Course 2 (14 miles).

Class 10, all 17ft. and under, and Class 11, all half-raters, three times over Course 3 (10 miles).

Hobe Sound Y. C.

HOBE SOUND, Fla., Aug. 18.—The fifth race of the Hobe Sound Y. C.'s prize series was sailed to-day. The wind was light from the S.E., and the time was slow. Sprogie outfooted and outpointed everything in her class, but lost first place on time allowance.

Juanita went over the course alone in the second class, but was disqualified. Her skipper evidently didn't know port from starboard, for he passed every buoy wrong, and finally wound up by tying a knot in the starting line. He said he didn't tie any knot in any line, for some one had taken down the starting line and he could not find it.

FIRST CLASS.

Start, 2:33:	1st round.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	Points
Wenonah	0 41 23	0 43 00	1 24 28	1 11 42	3
Sprogie	0 37 27	0 39 35	1 17 02	1 17 02	2
Francis	0 49 32	0 47 10	1 36 42	1 25 42	1

SECOND CLASS.

Start, 2:30:	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected	Points
Juanita	3 22 58	0 52 58	Disqualified.	

Beverly Y. C. 255th Race.

MARION—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 21.

THE 255th race, that for the Van Renssalaer cup and for the cup presented by gentlemen of Marion for the best boat of other rig than that winning Van Renssalaer cup, was sailed at Marion at 11 A. M. on Aug. 21. Wind N.W. at start, shifting to a reefing sou'wester.

Judges—David Rice and W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Course, 8 3-5 miles.

Agnostic did not sail course.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Capelin, B.Y.C., W. E. C Eustis	19.02	1 32 47	1 16 06
Thordis, B.Y.C., T. B. Wales	25.11	1 33 26	1 25 32
Royal Blue, B.Y.C., C. S. Dennison	21.00	1 33 46	1 33 46
Dorothy, B.Y.C., Bruce Clark	23.00	1 36 51	1 24 09
Opossum, B.Y.C., R. W. Emmons	18.02	1 34 40	1 17 36
Robin Hood, B.Y.C., A. S. Hardy	21.03	1 34 45	1 34 15
Micaboo, B.Y.C., J. S. & R. E. Harding	21.00	1 37 44	1 37 44
Edith, B.Y.C., R. W. Baker	21.00	1 37 12	1 27 12
Heiress, B.Y.C., G. G. Amory	17.06	1 36 16	1 17 06
Klondike, Mon. Beach, C. C Hanley	26.00	1 37 25	1 23 36
Nobska, Mon Beach, W. H. Winship	22.03	1 33 50	1 25 16
Sylph, Mon. Beach, A. W. Rice	17.04	1 40 26	1 25 55
Alma, Mon Beach, R. Bigelow		1 42 20	
Kalama, B.Y.C., D. Rice	26 00	1 31 26	1 26 22
Maori, B.Y.C., C. Brewer	21.00	1 42 39	1 28 22
Agnostic, Osterville, D. Crosby	21.10	1 36 43	1 25 21
Imp, B.Y.C., G. B. Dabney	15 05	1 50 58	1 27 43
Kantaka, B.Y.C., A. Winsor	21.00	Did not finish.	
Grilse, B.Y.C., W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	Did not finish.	
Helen, Marion, W. W. Swam	12.09	Did not finish.	
Esta, Osterville, W. Crosby	26.00	1 44 37	1 35 48
Mavella, Onset, H. E. Stevenson	21.06	Did not finish.	
Waskite, B.Y.C., W B. Scofield	12.09	Did not finish.	

Van Renssalaer cup won by Capelin, that given by gentlemen of Marion won by Thordis.

The 256th race for cups presented by gentlemen of Marion Second open race was sailed at Marion on afternoon of Aug. 21; wind a reefing sou'wester, but Capelin and the cruisers and Thordis did not reef. The rest had to.

Capelin again came to the front. She is a very fast and able little boat.

Courses; 9 1-5 miles for cruising and second class; 6 1-2 miles for third and fourth classes; 6 9-10 miles for fifth class. Weather: Wind S.W.—a reefing breeze. Judges: W. Lloyd Jeffries and D. Rice.

CRUISING CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Robin Hood, B.Y.C., A. S. Hardy	21.03	1 31 08	1 31 28
Micaboo, B.Y.C., J. S. & R. E. Harding	21.00	1 37 49	1 37 49
Kantaka, B.Y.C., A. W. Winsor, Jr.	21.08	1 37 50	1 37 50
Edith, B.Y.C., R. M. Baker	21.00	1 39 50	1 34 50

SECOND CLASS—CATS.

Thordis, B.Y.C., T. B. Wales	26.00	1 29 30	1 19 32
Flight, Marion Y. C., Dr. Counselmay	28.00	1 31 32	1 25 27
Kalama, B.Y.C., D. Rice	26.00	1 36 57	1 26 56
Mist, B.Y.C., G. H. Lyman	25.11	1 43 29	1 32 59

THIRD CLASS—CATS.

*Agnostic, Osterville Y. C., D Crosby	21.10	2 05 25	1 55 53
Melro, B.Y.C., W. L. Whittemore	18.00	2 06 33	1 52 33
Nobska, B.Y.C., W. H. Winship	22.03	Gave up.	

SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS.

Dorothy, B.Y.C., B. Clark	23.05	1 05 10	0 52 21
Alma, Mon. Beach Y. C., R. Bigelow	20.0	about 1 10 14	

* Did not sail course.

THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.

Maori, B.Y.C., C. Brewer	21.00	1 14 30	1 07 25
Klondike, Mon. Beach, C. C Hanley	20.00	Capsized.	

FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

Capelin, B.Y.C., W. E. C. Eustis	19.03	1 08 40	0 56 04
Heiress, B.Y.C., G. G. Amory	19.00	1 11 22	0 58 23
Opossum, B.Y.C., R. W. Emmons	19.00	1 17 45	1 04 55
Blue Fish, B.Y.C., Hardy & Crane, Jr.	19.0	Did not finish	
Maori, B.Y.C., C. Brewer	19.00	1 14 30	1 02 00

FOURTH CLASS—CATS.

Howard, B.Y.C., H O. Miller	18.00	1 19 38	1 05 43
Elsa, B.Y.C., C S. Sargent	18.01	1 21 45	1 08 01
Cinch, B.Y.C., H. Parker	18.01	1 22 25	1 08 41
Daisy, B.Y.C., H. Stockton	18.03	1 22 47	1 09 01
Hope, B.Y.C., J. H. Ellis	17.11	Withdrew.	

FIFTH CLASS—CATS.

Imp, B.Y.C., G. B. Dabney	14.05	2 27 42	1 16 42
Vif, B.Y.C., A. Winsor, Jr.	14.04	2 29 58	1 18 53
Helen, Marion, W. W. Swan	15 00	1 42 27	1 30 43
Lara, B.Y.C., —. Washburn	15.00	Not timed.	
Dory, Marion		Not timed.	

Winners: Cruising class, Robin Hood first, Edith second; second class cats, Thordis first, Flight second; third class sloops, Maori; third class cats, Melro first, Elsa second; fourth class sloops, Capelin first, Heiress second; fifth class cats, Imp first, Vif second; second class sloops, Dorothy.

Ogden Goelet.

MR. OGDEN GOELET, of New York and Newport, an old member of the New York Y. C., died on board of his new steam yacht Mayflower, at Cowes on Aug. 27. Mr. Goelet, who was about fifty-one years of age, had been in delicate health for some time past; in fact it was partly on account of his health that he has spent so much of his time afloat for years past. At the same time, the news of his death was most unexpected by yachtsmen.

Mr. Goelet built the cruising schooner Norseman in 1881, at Poillon's in Brooklyn, and shortly after joined the New York Y.C. The following letter from him is most interesting, as from it originated a series of races which has become historic:

No. 425 FIFTH AVENUE, Feb. 1, 1882.

Charles A. Morton, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C.:

DEAR SIR—I beg to offer the following prizes:

One $1,000 cup, to be sailed for by the schooners of the New York Y. C.

One $500 cup, to be sailed for by the sloops of the New York Y. C.

These prizes to be competed for at Newport on the same day during the month of August next, and at any date during that month which may be selected by the flag officers. The course to be decided by the regatta committee. The race to be sailed under their supervision, according to the rules of the club, and with time allowance. Very respectfully,

OGDEN GOELET.

This offer has been repeated every year down to the present time. After using Norseman for many years, she was sold and renamed Alsacienne by her new owner, Mr. Goelet retaining the old name. He then had under charter for several seasons the English steam yacht White Ladye, surrendering her this summer to take possession of the magnificent new Mayflower, which Mr. Watson has just completed to his order. He had spent a few weeks on this yacht about Cowes and the other English ports, and was just preparing to sail for New York. The body will be embalmed and brought to this country on the Mayflower.

Mr. Goelet always gave liberally to yachting, and did much of late years to encourage the Mediterranean racing. He was part owner in the 54-linear rater Samphire.

Pewaukee Y. C.—Pabst Cup.

PEWAUKEE, WIS.

Saturday, Aug. 21.

SEVENTEEN yachts got away in the start of the Pabst challenge cup regatta sailed on Pine Lake to-day. The Pewaukee Y. C.—the challenging party—had five, and the Pine Lake Y. C. twelve yachts in the race.

The start was made at 2:35 P. M. in a light S.W. wind that, after the yachts had completed the first round, failed entirely, and, as the course was not completed within the two hours time limit, the executive committee declared the race off, and set Saturday, Aug. 28, as the date for resailing it.

ERNEST E. WHITE.

American Y. C. Open Regatta.

NEWBURYPORT.

Tuesday, Aug. 17.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES.

THE annual open regatta of the American Y. C. of Newburyport, was sailed on Aug. 19 in a two-reef breeze from the west, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Reynard, D. N. Rodigrass	24.00	2 10 13	1 41 11
Climax, M. F. Kelly	25.06	2 19 16	1 47 44
Little Peter, H. Moebs	24.05	Disabled.	

SECOND CLASS

Privateer, A H Schaaf	21.00	2 10 06	1 34 07
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	23.00	2 15 09	1 41 40
Early Dawn, S. E. Doherty	23.03	2 26 50	1 52 47
Bonanza		Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS.

Arab III., W. F. Scott	19.11	1 31 29	1 00 39
Allison, Fowle and Hutchins	19.03	1 36 29	1 04 51
Raccoon, G. G. Dow	19.11	1 39 03	1 08 38
Spurt, J. Walsh	18.03	1 47 05	1 14 49
Sue		Did not finish.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Fantassy, W Allerton	16.01	1 39 54	1 05 07
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.06	1 44 09	1 09 24
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.10	1 48 15	1 13 21
Demon, W. D. Silsbee		Disabled.	
Coot, F. J. Dugno		Did not finish.	

DORY CLASS.

Victor, J. M Perkins		1 01 06	
Tobasco, H. H. Wiggan		1 02 57	
Alice, J. H. Thurston		1 04 41	
Daniels, M H T. Welkey		1 01 12	
Trilby, F. Marshall		1 04 24	
T B. Reed, T Huse		1 04 30	
Coot, A. Dyer		1 06 36	
Oceana W. O Adams		1 08 44	
Stella, O. Pearson		1 08 57	
Ethel, R. H. Pritchard		0 27 51	

WHITEHALL CLASS

Jalma, J. Cote		1 08 56	
Crackejack, G. E. Vivian		1 10 15	
Emily, A A. Cote		1 13 05	

Victor was protested for leaving a buoy on the wrong side; not allowed.

A protest against Circe for shifting ballast was referred to the Y. R. A.

The judges were: B. G. Davis, C. E. Stone, N. D. Rodigrass, A. W. B. Foster, E. J. Powers, D. F. Carver, and J. Bertram.

Little Peter broke her tiller when leading, and withdrew; Demon broke her centerboard; Jalma was disqualified for failing to give way when on port tack.

Horseshoe Harbor Annual Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND

Saturday, Aug. 14.

Y. R. U. RULES.

THE Horseshoe Harbor Club, of Larchmont Manor, held its annual sailing regatta on Aug. 14, the race being sailed in a strong S.W. breeze. The course was a 5-mile triangle, from off Horseshoe Harbor, around the buoy off Whortleberry Island, then around the buoy off the N.E. end of Execution Reef and home, sailed three times by the larger and twice by the smaller yachts. The times were:

SLOOPS—36FT CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Surprise, J. Baird	34.68	2 10 40	2 10 40
Acushla, W. Hanan	34.04	2 17 20	2 16 24

SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.

Pyxie, W. E. Eldridge	26.53	2 27 55	2 27 55
Skimmaug, C. D. Mallory	25.00	2 21 00	2 21 05

SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.

Keneu, M. H. Clark	19.46	1 33 55	1 33 55

15FT. CLASS.

Yola, C. D. Mallory	15.00	1 59 55	1 59 55
Paprika, J. S. D Nereson	15.00	1 48 20	1 48 20
Fiddler, Nelson Vulte	14.60	2 19 35	2 17 32
Trilby, R. Tyson	15.00	1 54 30	1 54 30

CABIN CATS—20FT. CLASS.

Onaway, S. C. Pirie	26.25	2 41 39	2 41 39

CABIN CATS—25FT CLASS

Qui Vive, G. A. Freeth	25.00	2 40 39	2 40 50
Presto, M. P. Hatfield	23.48	2 50 20	2 47 07
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.30	2 53 35	2 49 43
Harrietta III., Robert Jacobs	21.90	2 45 40	2 38 17
Themis, W Fisher	21.15	Not timed.	

OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Fedora, C. P Read	22.68	2 07 15	
E. Z Sloat, Hoyt & Perkins	22.30	1 53 00	
Angora, A. V. Smith	21.53	2 00 50	
Anglesea, L. G Spence	21.53	Did not finish.	
Gaviota, G W. Wallace	21.11	2 01 00	
Punch, H B Clark	20.50	2 01 15	
Zelica, H. A. Sherman	20.29	Not timed.	

OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.

Minnetonka, A B. Allee	19.85	1 59 15	1 59 15
Ione, C. M. Bird	19.68	2 11 00	2 10 36
Starling, F Delevante	19.60	Did not finish.	
Willie B, F. S. Ray	18.27	Did not finish.	
Irving H, E. Cromwell	17.00	Did not finish.	
Caprice, F. F. Proctor	15.54	Did not finish.	

BOYS' BOATS—14FT. AND UNDER.

Lark, P. J. Kane	13.75	Did not finish.	
Cora, T. J S. Flint	12.50	2 44 25	2 44 25
Dodge, H. Stevenson	11.45	Did not finish.	

E Z Sloat was protested for fouling a mark.

Burgess Y. C., Postponed Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE open race of the Burgess Y. C., postponed from Aug. 2, was sailed on Aug. 11, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Asahi, E V. R. Thayer	28.10	1 39 47	1 39 47
Little Peter, H. Moebs	24.05	1 42 46	1 39 52
Emma C., P. Coupal	27.06	1 42 20	1 41 40

SECOND OPEN CLASS.

Burgess, Frank Burgess		Did not finish.	

SECOND CABIN CLASS.

Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	21.09	1 36 45	1 35 01
Nettie, W. Burgess	23.11	1 37 16	1 37 16
Clara, W. D Turner	23.11	1 42 52	1 42 52

KNOCKABOUTS

Cockatoo, C. S Eaton			1 38 47
Mongoose, A D. Irving			1 39 40
Gosling, F. O North			1 39 41
Fly, W O. Gay			1 41 53
Hazard, H. M. Sears			1 42 39
Sally III., L. F. Percival		Disabled.	

The winners: Asahi and Little Peter, $10; Privateer $15, and Nettie $10; Cockatoo $15, and Mongoose $10.

On Aug. 19 the club sailed its third championship regatta, the times being:

CLASS A

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sassacus, A. W Erickson	18.06	1 31 51	1 34 51
Faith, W. H. Chamberlain	17.04	1 37 09	1 35 46

CLASS C.

Oriole, C Hovey	16 00	1 19 33	
Dove, F. G. Macomber	16 00	1 27 05	
Peewee, F. J. Eustes	16.00	1 24 36	
Bobolink	16.00	1 23 28	

HANDICAP CLASS

	Elapsed.	Allowance.	Corrected.
Ben My Chree, W. A. Stewart	1 58 51		1 58 51
Petrel, E. Remich	2 05 23	0 06 00	1 59 23
Swordfish, E Lindsey	Did not finish.		
Lucile, W. Jackson	1 47 25	0 01 00	1 46 28
Bee, F. G. Macomber	Did not finish.		

East Gloucester Y. C. Open Regatta.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Friday, Aug. 13.

AS A a part of the general festivities of "Gloucester Day," the East Gloucester Y. C. sailed an open regatta on Aug. 13, under the Mass. Y. R. A. rules. There was a fresh west wind, some of the boats carrying a single reef. The times were:

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ida J., F. Peckham	1 40 00	1 11 17
Asahi, E. D. R. Thayer	1 42 51	1 14 36
Harbinger, F W. Bache	1 45 33	1 16 36
Little Peter, H. Moebs	1 49 54	1 17 11
Elfreda, B. T. Hall	1 46 38	1 18 28

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Privateer, A. D. Schaff	1 52 52	1 16 53
Nettie, Walter Burgess	1 53 40	1 20 23
Clara, W. D. Turner	1 59 27	1 26 10
Judith, W. D. Pigeon	2 00 57	1 27 10
Ariel, A. W. Gosbeck	2 10 32	1 30 24
Torment, Pomeroy Bros	2 07 03	1 31 44
Skedaddle, Merchant	2 05 51	1 30 57
Mavis, Brooks	2 10 23	1 32 48

KNOCKABOUTS.

Gosling, North & Clark	1 32 50
Cockatoo, G. S. Eaton	1 34 31
Fly, W. O. Gay	1 35 22
Mongoose, A. D. Irving, Jr.	1 33 19
Sally III., F Percival	1 38 20
Bonita, J. G. Stacey	1 43 02
Teutonic, L. J. Jansen	Did not finish.

THIRD CLASS.

Arab, W. M. Stott	1 32 06	1 05 08
Tuton, H. G. Knowles	1 45 45	1 18 20
Luna, S E. Hildreth	1 50 19	1 20 30
Hustler, W. Bowler	2 02 59	1 33 35

FOURTH CLASS

Fantasy, Williams & Allerton	1 39 04	1 08 48
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	1 45 12	1 15 13
Brownie, H Wheeler	1 49 03	1 16 43
Hoodoo, T Wheeler	1 49 11	1 26 41
Witch, J. H. Higgins	2 08 40	1 35 55

On Aug. 14, the same fleet raced at Squam in a moderate southerly wind. The first class yachts Little Peter, Ida J. and Harbinger mistook an outside boat with a flag for one of the markboats, and were disqualified for sailing a short course. Little Peter was disabled for a time by the fall of her throat halyard block. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gossip, L. Bent	28.11	2 25 06	1 56 56

SECOND CLASS

Privateer, A E Schaaf	21.09	2 23 28	1 47 29

SECOND OPEN.

Burgess, W. Burgess	21.00	2 06 50	1 29 51
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	21.09	2 23 28	1 47 29
Magnolia	Disabled		
Burgess	Disqualified.		

THIRD CLASS

Vamoose, Benner & Patten	19.11	1 31 10	1 04 12
Arab, W. F Scott	19.11	1 31 56	1 04 28
Alison, Fowle & Hutchins	19 03	1 41 52	1 14 11
Luna, S. D Hildreth	17 05	1 49 39	1 19 50
Leuton, H B. Knowles	19.08	1 50 14	1 22 49
Hector, Shattuck	18.08	1 58 50	1 30 11
Vamoose	Disqualified.		

FOURTH CLASS

Circe, Pigeon	16.06	1 36 09	1 05 10
Fantasy, Allerton	16.11	1 36 51	1 06 25
Brownie, H. Wheeler	15.05	1 45 36	1 11 35
Demon	16.11	1 43 27	1 13 01
Ruth, B. Griffin	15.02	1 49 01	1 16 12
Izeop, H. Haskell	14.06	2 01 47	1 27 44
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.10	1 59 30	1 28 57

DORY CLASS

Tobasco, H Wiggin	15.04	1 54 15	1 21 38
Naoma, Sargent	17 10	1 53 02	1 23 44
Oceanus, W O. Adams	17.07	1 56 14	1 26 38
H B., F. Brown	17.00	2 06 39	1 26 13
Anita, C. Cunningham	16.02	2 08 44	1 37 17
Gertrude, J. Whittemore	15.11	2 09 41	1 27 43
Folly, Woodbury	16.00	2 09 54	1 33 13

SIXTH CLASS.

Little Comrade, L. Haskell	12.06	2 09 45	1 32 29
Erena, Duguo	12.08	2 09 42	1 33 40
Midget, Cole	12.08	2 10 52	1 33 33
Shamrock, J. O. Reilly	13.08	2 18 25	1 43 19

Corinthian Y. C.—Championship Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 14.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed its second championship race on Aug. 14 in a fresh S.E. breeze, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Asahi, E. V. R. Thayer		1 42 21	1 42 21

SECOND CLASS.

Nettie, Walter Burgess	27.06	1 52 38	1 51 21
Clara, W. D. Turner	28.09	1 56 05	1 56 05

THIRD CLASS.

Hoodlum, Higginson & Boardman		1 42 38	1 42 38

FOURTH CLASS.

Koorali, R. C. Robbins		1 13 00	1 13 00

KNOCKABOUTS.

Hazard, H. M. Sears	21.00	2 16 45	
Sally III, D. C. Percival, Jr.	21.00	2 19 00	
Mongoose, J Erving	21.00	2 19 45	
Fly, W. O. Gay	21.00	2 20 00	
Cockatoo, C. S Eaton	21.00	2 20 10	
Gosling, F O. North	21.00	2 21 12	
Jenny Wrenn, F. E. Peabody	21.00	2 25 35	

CLASS A.

Rowenia, W. H. Rothwell		1 55 30	1 52 30
Eugenia, I. S. Palmer		1 56 04	1 54 04
Lillian, H E. Whitney		2 02 40	1 58 40
Elmira, M. Bartlett		2 02 18	2 00 18
Susie, J F. Cole		2 02 48	2 02 48
Vagrant, W. A. Harvey		2 09 0	2 03 20
Geisha, C. W. Jaynes		2 10 35	2 06 05
Indra, P. P. Sharpers		2 09 00	2 07 00
Delphine, C. M Barker		Withdrew.	

CLASS C.

Mayona, C O. Stearns		1 14 45	1 14 45
Maid, E Paine		1 15 37	1 15 37
Dorothy, F Brewster		1 15 38	1 15 38
Comet, A. A. Lawrence		1 17 00	1 16 30
Verona, C. B. Tucker		1 19 30	1 19 00

Forty-Six Foot Class, Special Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY

Monday, Aug. 23.

ON her way home from the New York Y. C. cruise, Wasp put in at Marblehead, now the home of three of her old mates in the former 46ft. l.w.l class, Gloriana, Barbara and Milicete. A special match was made and sailed on Aug. 23, the course being 16 miles to windward and return, from off Marblehead around the can buoy off the Londoners. There was a fresh N.E. wind and plenty of sea all the way. The four were started in the old way, crossing the line:

Wasp	11 15 10	Gloriana	11 16 56
Barbara	11 15 56	Milicete	11 16 21

Wasp housed her topmast, but sent it aloft again after a time when off Eastern Point. The windward mark was turned:

Wasp	2 30 49	Gloriana	2 55 30
Barbara	2 40 20	Milicete	3 08 10

The run in was made under spinakers, the final times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wasp	11 15 40	5 18 11	6 03 11	6 03 11
Barbara	11 15 55	5 35 00	6 20 00	6 16 40
Gloriana	11 16 56	5 54 06	6 39 06	6 37 36
Milicete	11 16 21	6 05 19	6 51 49	6 48 37

The 30ft. Class.

THROUGHOUT the month the racing of the 30ft. class has kept up steadily at Newport, and with results varying sufficiently to keep alive the interest in the class. On Aug. 10 a sweepstakes race was sailed in a S.E. wind over an 8-mile triangular cour e, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	5 19 15	2 04 15
Carolina, P Jones	5 20 30	2 05 32
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	5 21 45	2 06 45
Mai, O. G. Jennings	5 21 49	2 06 49
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	5 23 58	2 08 58

The race of Aug. 11, over the same triangle and in a light S.E. wind which finally freshened from the west, resulted:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 27 10	2 17 10
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	5 28 09	2 18 09
Wa Wa J A. Stillman	5 28 48	2 18 48
Mai, O G. Jennings	5 33 37	2 23 37
Esperanza. A. S. Van Winkle	5 35 45	2 25 45
Carolina, P. Jones	5 37 10	2 27 10

The Jamestown course was sailed on Aug. 12, the wind being from N.W. to S.W. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	4 43 45	1 46 45
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	4 43 59	1 46 59
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	4 44 12	1 47 12
Carolina, P. Jones	4 44 58	1 47 58
Dorothy II., H P Whitney	4 45 14	1 48 14
Mai, O. G. Jennings	4 47 15	1 50 15

The Dyers Island course was sailed on Aug. 13, in a fresh S.W. wind. The times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B Duryea	5 34 24	2 18 24
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	5 36 02	2 20 02
Puck, E D. Morgan	5 38 36	2 22 36
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	5 42 24	2 26 24
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	5 43 30	2 27 30
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	5 44 13	2 28 13
Mai, O. G. Jennings	5 45 12	2 29 12

The Dyers Island course was again selected on Aug. 14, the wind being south, for the race for the Belmont cups offered at the time of the New York Y. C. cruise. Before the start Veda fouled Hera and put her bowsprit through the latter's side, disabling her. The times were:

	Limit.	Corrected.
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	5 32 10	2 32 10
Vaquero III , H. B Duryea	5 33 11	2 33 11
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	5 36 32	2 36 32
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman,	5 38 19	2 38 19
Carolina, P. Jones	5 39 10	2 39 10
Puck, E. D Morgan	5 40 20	2 40 20
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	5 41 17	2 41 17
Mai, O. C. Jennings	5 45 21	2 45 21

On Aug. 17, a race over a triangular course was sailed in a strong west wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones	5 03 20	1 43 20
Dorothy, II., H. P. Whitney	5 03 52	1 43 52
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	5 04 12	1 44 12
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 04 32	1 44 32
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	5 10 30	1 50 30

The race of Aug. 18 was for a cup offered by Mr. R. N. Ellis, of Hera. The triangular course was sailed, starting in a S.W. wind, which shifted to the east. Hera lost a little at the finish through the presence of a steam yacht in the course, and Carolina again won, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones	2 31 13
Hera, R. N. Ellis	3 31 32
Dorothy II , H. P. Whitney	2 34 06
Puck. E. D Morgan	2 36 03
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	2 36 20
Mai. O. G. Jennings	2 37 48
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	2 38 15
Vaquero III . H. B. Duryea	2 38 56
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	Did not finish.

The race of Aug. 19 was sailed in a light S. wind and fog. The triangular course was sailed. Hera was well up at the finish, but missed the line in the fog. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy II , H. P. Whitney	6 13 07	3 03 01
Hera, R. N. Ellis	6 13 14	3 03 14
Carolina, P. Jones	6 16 58	3 06 58
Musme, J. M. McDonough	6 18 07	3 08 07
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	6 19 20	3 09 20
Esperanza, A S Van Winkle	6 19 30	3 09 30
Mai, O G. Jennings	6 20 41	3 10 41
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	Did not finish.	
Puck, E. D. Morgan	Did not finish.	

The race of Aug. 20 was for a cup offered by Mr. C. Vanderbilt, Jr., who chose the Brig Ledge course, 25 miles, the wind being strong N.W. Vaquero finished first, but was disqualified for fouling Wa Wa and Esperanza; the times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, J. A Stillman	5 39 42	2 42 42
Dorothy II , H. P Whitney	5 42 52	2 45 52
Carolina, P. Jones	5 44 20	2 47 20
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 44 40	2 47 40
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	5 44 58	2 47 58
Mai O G Jennings	5 48 30	2 47 58
Musme, J M McDonough	5 50 02	2 53 02
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	Did not finish.	
Puck, E. D. Morgan	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 23 the fleet sailed over the Dyers Island course for the cup given by Mr. A. S. Van Winkle, owner of Esperanza. The wind was N.E. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B Duryea	6 01 04	2 39 04
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	6 02 18	2 40 18
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	6 03 07	2 41 07
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	6 04 40	2 42 40
Carolina, P. Jones	6 05 06	2 43 06
Puck. E. D. Morgan	6 05 14	2 43 14
Musme, J M. McDonough	6 06 27	2 44 27
Hera, R N Ellis	6 05 41	2 44 41
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	6 07 42	2 45 42
Mai, O. G. Jennings	Did not finish.	

The race of Aug. 24 was for a cup offered by Mr. Henry Walters, of the steam yacht Narada. The course was a triangle, sailed in a strong N.W. breeze and heavy sea. Before the start Puck was in collision with the steam launch Beatrice, knocking a hole through her side. Hera fouled another yacht and withdrew. Vaquero broke the jaws of her gaff. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy II., H P. Whitney	5 18 44	1 56 44
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	5 19 20	1 57 20
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	5 19 37	1 57 37
Wa Wa J. A Stillman	5 20 31	1 58 31
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 22 57	2 00 57
Musme, J M. McDonough	5 24 27	2 02 27
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 26 21	2 04 21
Hera, R. N. Ellis	Did not finish.	
Vaquero III , H. B Duryea	Did not finish.	
Mai, O. G. Jennings	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 25 a race was sailed for a cup offered by Mrs. E. D. Morgan, the wind being light from the south. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Puck, E. D. Morgan	6 49 40	3 49 40
Hera, R. N. Ellis	6 52 49	3 52 49
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	6 53 50	3 53 50
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	6 53 58	3 53 58
Musme, J. M Macdonough	7 00 01	4 00 01
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	7 00 03	4 00 03
Carolina, P. Jones	7 01 09	4 01 09
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	Did not finish.	
Mai, O. G. Jennings	Did not finish.	
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	Did not finish.	

The race of Aug. 26 was a sweepstakes, started with a S.W. wind over the Dyers Island course. The wind shifted to W. and made the race a reach both ways. Mai, when in second place on the return, took the ground on Rhode Island and had to be towed off. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, J A Stillman	5 58 02	2 18 02
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	5 58 58	2 18 58
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	6 00 45	2 20 45
Carolina, P Jones	6 03 10	2 23 10
Musme, J M. McDonough	6 03 28	2 23 28
Hera, R N. Ellis	6 03 43	2 23 43
Esperanza, A R. Van Winkle	Did not finish.	
Mai, O. G. Jennings	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 27 a race was sailed for a cup offered by Mr. E. D. Morgan, owner of Puck. The wind was S.W. and the course was out to Bishops Rock, then around a buoy off Beavertail and back the same way. Hera led over the course, with Vaquero second, the latter lost some time by grounding off Mackerel Cove. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis	6 19 09	3 19 09
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	6 22 44	3 22 44
Puck, E D. Morgan	6 23 47	3 23 47
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	6 26 31	3 26 31
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	6 28 45	3 28 45
Musme, J M. McDonough	Did not finish.	
Dorothy II., J. P. Whitney	Did not finish.	
Mai, O. G. Jennings	Did not finish.	
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	Did not finish.	

The prize on Aug. 28 was a cup offered by Mr. James Stillman, Sr., one round only of the 8-mile triangle being sailed in a light wind. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 49 19	1 34 19
Puck, E. D. Morgan	4 52 07	1 37 07
Hera, R. N. Ellis	4 56 16	1 41 10
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	4 07 04	1 42 04
Musme, J. M. McDonough	4 58 19	1 43 19
Vaquero III., H. B Duryea	4 58 42	1 43 42
Dorothy II , H. P. Whitney	5 00 03	1 45 04
Mai, O G. Jennings	5 07 28	1 52 28
Wa Wa, J A. Stillman	5 08 14	1 53 14

Esperanza protested Puck for fouling.

Huguenot Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 21.

Y. R. U. RULES.

THE Huguenot Y. C., of New Rochelle, sailed its third annual regatta on Aug. 21, with a good fleet of starters and in a fresh S.W. breeze. The race was a lively one throughout, but the most exciting incident occurred just after the start. Mr. Arthur Iselin was present in his 15-footer, Hope, a younger sister of Question, one of the narrow boats with a flat deck and no freeboard, there being but a small well for the sails. With him, as crew, was a lady, Miss Elizabeth Emmett, of New Rochelle, who by good luck is an expert swimmer. While balancing on the weather deck edge, the boat being heeled to a strong angle, Miss Emmett fell over to windward. Seeing the accident, Mr. Nelson Vulte, who was steering his 15-footer Fiddler, leaped overboard to help Miss Emmett. She asked him whether he was in the race, and on receiving an affirmative reply, told him to go back to his boat, as she could take care of herself. She swam about, declining aid from other boats, until she was picked up by her own ship, which withdrew from the race in order that she might go ashore for dry clothing. Mr. Vulte joined his boat, but came in for a late finish. The start was timed.

Preparatory 1:45; 1:50, Acushla, Eurybia, Coya, Sunrise; 1:55, Houri, Onaway, Wahneta, Kit, Skimmaug, Priscilla; 2:00, Keneu, Shark, Idea, Win or Lose, Punch, Rob Roy, Adele, Bogie; 2:05, Trilby, Yola, Sora, Dorothy, Fiddler, Hope, Narrioch, Cleophe, Willie B.

The first round was timed:

Kit	2 32 00	Edwena	2 49 05
Skimmaug	2 35 30	Yola	2 50 23
Onaway	2 37 20	Adele	2 51 20
Houri	2 37 40	Rob Roy	2 51 35
Keneu	2 38 15	Bogie	2 51 40
Shark	2 38 50	Sora	2 52 33
Idea	2 40 50	Dorothy	2 55 30
Wahneta	2 41 00	Narrioch	2 57 10
Priscilla	2 42 40	Willie B	2 57 45
Win or Lose	2 44 00	Fiddler	3 01 30
Punch	2 44 15	Acushla	3 01 50
Presto	2 44 20	Surprise	3 02 20
Trilby	2 48 30		

The second round was timed:

Kit	3 06 10	Trilby	3 30 00
Eurybia	3 11 23	Yola	3 34 52
Skimmaug	3 11 39	Rob Roy	3 37 57
Shark	3 17 03	Sora	3 38 41
Houri	3 17 30	Adele	3 38 56
Onaway	3 18 04	Narrioch	3 42 54
Coya	3 20 27	Fiddler	3 53 57
Idea	3 20 28	Willie B	3 54 56
Priscilla	3 24 11	Dorothy	4 00 47
Wahneta	3 25 05	Surprise	4 14 58
Win or Lose	3 25 58	Acushla	4 15 13
Punch	3 27 20		

Coya lost her topmast and her class was called at the end of this round. Keneu lost her mast while leading her class in the last round. The final times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS—43FT. CLASS.			
Eurybia, C. Pryer	40.02	1 21 23	1 21 23
Coya, F. J Grace	36.00	1 30 27	1 26 38
SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.			
Surprise, J. D. Baird	34.68	2 24 58	2 24 58
Acushla, H. W. Hanan	34.04	2 25 13	2 24 20
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.			
Wahneta, Aldrich Henry	24.60	1 30 05	1 30 05
Skimmaug, C. D. Mallory	24.87	1 16 39	1 15 59
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS—OPEN.			
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr	22.99	1 22 30	1 21 19
Priscilla, F. W. Boyer	24.00	1 29 11	1 29 11
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
Keneu, M H. Clark	20.00	Disabled.	
Bogie, H. C. Ward	20.00	Did not finish.	
Idea, W. H. Jennings	20.00	1 20 38	1 20 38
Shark, Hoyt & Rouse	19.96	1 17 03	1 17 03
SLOOPS—15FT. CLASS.			
Trilby, G. G. Tyson	15.00	1 25 00	1 25 00
Yola, C. D. Mallory	15.00	1 29 52	1 29 52
Fiddler, Nelson Vulte	14.60	1 48 57	1 48 00
Hope, A. Iselin		Withdrew.	
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.			
Onaway, C. S Pirie	26.35	1 23 04	1 20 17
Kit, T. J. Dunne	29.18	1 11 10	1 11 10
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Rob Roy, C. Whann	21.42	1 37 57	1 35 10
Presto, M. E Hatfield	23.48	Did not finish.	
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.30	1 25 57	1 25 57
OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Edwina, J. N. Gould	21.44	Did not finish.	
Punch, M. H. Clark	20.50	1 27 20	1 26 35
Adele, W. Goetelius	22.00	1 38 57	1 38 56
OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.			
Dorothy, J E. Sanborn	19.67	1 55 47	1 55 47
Willie B., F. S. Ray	18.27	1 49 36	1 47 19
Cleophe, D E Denby	16.00	Withdrew.	
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr	19.65	1 33 41	1 33 41
Narrioch, A. L. Townsend	18.11	1 37 54	1 35 16

The winners were: Eurybia, Acushla, Skimmaug, Houri, Shark, Trilby, Kit, Win or Lose, Punch, Sora.

Adele protests Punch for fouling a mark. The regatta committee included Messrs. E. B. Hart, Jr., R. T. Badgley, and Howard Horton.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed its second race of the handicap series on Aug. 14 in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Arbutus, Hall & Merritt	2 07 10	2 07 10
Vexer, W. H. Shaw	2 10 07	2 10 07
Princeps, J. L. Whiton, Jr	2 10 12	2 10 12
Supero, C. H Alden	2 32 36	2 17 36
Tantrum, Whittemore & Johnson	2 26 15	2 21 15
Dorothy, F F Crane	2 26 25	2 21 25
Stella Manning, E. B. Glover	2 34 15	2 24 15
Evelyn, Dr. H. A Jones	2 29 37	2 29 37
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw	2 34 05	2 34 08
Thisbee, H. W. Robbins	Withdrew.	
Toot, A. J. Cavanagh	Withdrew.	
Don, E. C Pierce	Withdrew	
Elsie, G. M. Keating	Withdrew.	
Helen, R. W. Sawtell	Withdrew	
Kitty, J. A. Evans	Withdrew.	
Alice, T. A. Walters	Withdrew.	
Scylla, G H. Holden	Withdrew.	
Jennette, C. E. White	Withdrew.	

The club arranged a series of three open races, which were sailed on Aug. 19, 20 and 21. The first day brought a calm, only two classes finishing, as follows:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
THIRD CLASS.		
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	3 24 50	2 57 52
Tacoma, Prior & Goodspeed	3 30 30	3 03 08
Omene, W. P. Barker	3 35 52	3 08 54
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	3 37 14	3 09 28
Sphinx, A. Keith	3 39 06	3 10 52
Enigma, G. F. Maybury	3 40 05	3 10 52
FOURTH CLASS.		
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	3 24 29	3 54 13

A special resail was arranged for Saturday at 10 A. M., for the classes which did not make a race.

On Friday there was a reefing breeze from the west, a fine race resulting. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Little Peter, H. Moebs	24.05	1 14 10	0 48 00
Addie, R. C. Nickerson	25.03	1 16 14	0 58 48
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	27.06	1 15 26	0 51 50
Beatrice, J Cavanaugh	24.11	1 19 21	0 53 39
Redskin, J. L. Sturtevant	18.11	1 24 12	1 01 40
SECOND CLASS.			
Muriel, H. N. Nute	24.11	1 13 34	0 46 56
Privateer, A E Schaaf	21 00	1 18 17	0 49 30
Future, W. T. Whitman	21.09	1 27 15	0 58 28
SECOND OPEN CLASS.			
Hoodlum, Higginson & Roardman	23.11	1 11 31	0 44 53
Princeps, J. L Whitton	20.06	1 27 30	0 57 21
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Hazard, H M Sears		1 08 20	
Gosling Clark & North		1 08 31	
Mongoose, A. D. Irving		1 09 16	
Fly, W. O. Gay		1 09 40	
Sally III., L. S. Percival		1 09 40	
Cockatoo, C. S Eaton		1 10 10	
Jacobin, T. E. Jacobs		1 11 25	
THIRD CLASS.			
Rooster, Adams Bros	19.03	1 07 16	0 39 35
Wrinkle, S. N Small	19.11	1 08 53	0 41 55
Tacoma, Prior & Goodspeed	19.06	1 09 21	0 41 56
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	19.11	1 09 00	0 42 02
Omeme, W. P Barker	19.11	1 09 38	0 42 40
Nancy Hanks, P W. Maglathlin	19.02	1 12 52	0 45 06
Arab		Withdrew.	
Perhaps		Withdrew.	
Sphinx		Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Vitesse, C. D. Mower	15.10	1 15 02	0 43 07
Fantasy, W. Allerton	16.11	1 15 07	0 44 41
Winnetuxet, W. T Porter	16.00	1 23 47	0 52 06
Tantrum, F. S Johnson	14.11	1 30 17	0 56 02
Ripple		Dismasted.	

The resail of the first race took place on Saturday morning in a light but freshening N.W. wind. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Ida J , F. E. Beckman	23.04	2 07 57	1 39 14
Little Peter, H. Moebs	24.05	2 16 18	1 43 36
Harbinger, W. F and C. F. Bache	28.01	2 15 16	1 46 19
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	24.11	2 18 40	1 46 31
Redskin, J. L Sturtevant	28.11	Withdrew.	
SECOND CABIN CLASS.			
Muriel, H. N. Nute	23.11	2 10 14	1 36 57
Vexer, W. H. Shaw	21.00	2 22 21	1 45 22
Early Dawn, J. Doherty	23.03	2 20 58	1 46 53
SECOND OPEN CLASS.			
Hoodlum, Higginson and Boardman	23 11	1 54 46	1 21 29
Romance, L. Sears		Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Mongoose, A. D. Erving, Jr		1 12 49	
Cockatoo. C. S. Eaton		1 13 04	
Hazard, H. M Sears		1 15 30	
Sally III . L. S. Percival		1 17 24	
Fly, W. O. Gay		1 17 48	
Gosling, North and Clark		Withdrew.	

Gosling fouled her fin in the grass and withdrew. The afternoon race was sailed in a single-reef breeze from the west, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Little Peter. H. Moebs	24.05	1 46 48	1 13 55
Harbinger, W. F. & C. F. Bache	28.01	1 52.50	1 23 53
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	24.11	2 01 14	1 29 05
Redskin, J. L. Sturtevant	28.11	2 07 57	1 39 47
SECOND OPEN CLASS.			
Hoodlum, Boardman & Higginson	23.11	1 53 07	1 19 50
Romance, L. Sears	22.00	2 11 53	1 38 24
Princeps, J. L. Whiton	20.06	2 23 15	2 45 24
SECOND CABIN CLASS.			
Muriel, H. N. Nute	23.11	1 57 52	1 24 35
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	21.09	2 03 23	1 27 25
Early Dawn, J. Doherty	23.03	2 09 35	1 35 30
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Fly, W. O. Gay	21.00	1 17 33	
Cockatoo, C. S Eaton	21.00	1 17 47	
Mongoose, A. D Erving, Jr	21.00	1 18 05	
Hazard, H M. Sears	21.00	1 18 57	
Sally III., L. S. Percival	21.00	1 18 57	
THIRD CLASS.			
Arab, W. F. Scott	19.11	1 17 00	0 50 03
Wrinkle, S. N. Small	19.11	1 17 20	0 50 23
Tacoma, Prior & Goodspeed	19.10	1 17 26	0 50 23
Omeme, W. P. Barker	19.11	1 18 30	0 51 32
Rooster, Adams Brothers	19.05	1 19 26	0 51 45
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	19.02	1 20 40	0 52 54
Yohoo, E. K. Horton	19.11	1 23 46	0 56 48
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon		Disabled.	
Sphinx		Withdrew.	
Pioneer		Withdrew.	
Perhaps		Withdrew.	
Zoe		Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Vitesse, C. D. Mower	15.10	1 20 25	0 48 30
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.11	1 25 14	0 54 41
Fantasy, W. Allerton	16.11	1 25 33	0 54 57
Winnetuxet, W. T. Porter	16.00	1 32 51	1 02 25
Hector, T. Hallett	16.06	Withdrew.	
HANDICAP CLASS.			
Helen, R. E. Sawtelle		1 26 41	1 16 41
Kitty, J. A Evans		1 38 40	1 18 40
Stella Manning, E. B. Glover		1 29 24	1 19 24
Thisbe, H. W Robbins		1 28 44	1 21 44
Elsia, G. M. Keating		1 40 10	1 25 10
Ida J., C. C. Collins		1 32 53	1 27 53

Westhampton Country Club Annual Regatta.

WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L. I.

Saturday, Aug. 14.

THE Westhampton Country Club sailed its annual regatta, open to all members of the South Side yacht clubs, on Aug. 14, the course being a 10-mile triangle. The wind was fresh from N.W. at the start, but moderated throughout the race to a light breeze at the finish. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A.				
Bess	3 05 00	5 21 03	2 16 03	2 16 03
Niad	3 05 00	5 22 33	2 17 33	2 16 27
CLASS B.				
Thetis	3 08 00	4 57 05	1 49 05	1 48 28
Tyche	3 08 00	4 56 20	1 48 20	1 48 08
Isolda	3 08 00	4 55 13	1 47 13	1 47 13
CLASS C.				
Halcyon	3 11 00	5 04 55	1 52 55	1 52 34
Cecelia	3 11 00	5 00 26	1 49 26	1 47 41
Namonia	3 11 00	5 01 00	1 50 00	1 50 00
Mazie	3 11 00	5 02 58	1 51 58	1 51 05
Lorona	3 11 00	5 06 46	1 55 46	1 56 11
CLASS D				
Oolah	3 14 00	5 06 57	1 52 57	1 52 57
Defender	3 14 00	5 15 22	2 12 02	1 58 16
Wyvern	3 14 00	5 08 14	1 54 14	1 51 36

In Class A the Bess won, with Niad second; Class B, Isolda first, with Tyche second and Thetis third; Class C, Cecelia first, and Pauline and Namonia tied for second place; Class D, Wyvern first, Oolah second, and Defender third.

Niad protested Bess, Mazie protested Cecelia, and Defender protested Wyvern; no protests being upheld.

Canarsie Y. C. Officers' Cups.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.

Sunday, Aug. 22.

ON Aug. 22 the Canarsie Y. C. held a race for open catboats in two classes, 20ft. and 18ft., the prize for the former being a cup offered by Com. C. F. Herx; and for the latter one offered by Vice-Com. F. Maier. The course was a 10-mile triangle and the times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
20FT. CLASS.		
Tam O'Shanter, C. Nelson	2 06 41	2 04 15
Lottie, D. J. Brindsley	2 04 28	2 04 28
Comet, J. Dunoeff	Withdrew.	
The Caddie, E. Karr	Withdrew.	
18FT. CLASS.		
So So, D. J. Brindsley, Jr.	2 11 36	2 11 36
Meteor, C. F. Herx	2 10 23	2 10 21

Corinthian Fleet of New Rochelle.

THE special race of the Corinthian Fleet of New Rochelle on Aug. 25 was a failure, only Vencedor and Shark being present to start. The 20-rater Jessica went in to make a race for Vencedor, and of course was badly beaten. There was a fresh S.W. wind and some sea. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.			
Vencedor, H. M. Gillig		3 18 15	3 18 15
Jessica, J. M. MacDonough		3 46 00	3 46 00
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
Shark, Rouse and Hoyt	20.00	2 09 58	2 09 58

YACHTING NEWS NOTES

The Huntington Y. C. annual regatta, set for Aug. 28, was postponed indefinitely on account of the lack of wind.

A special race of the Larchmont Y. C. will be sailed on Saturday, Sept. 4, open to yachts in the 51ft., 30ft. and 25ft. classes. The fall regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. will be sailed on Monday (Labor Day), Sept. 6. The preparatory signal for the start will be made at 11:30 A. M. sharp, on both days. The judges' steamer, Luckenback, will leave the club house at 10:30 A. M. each day, and will carry a limited number of members. Tickets (at $1 each) can be had upon application to the regatta committee at Larchmont. Trains leave Grand Central stations at 9:02 A. M.

Bedouin, cutter, J. Murray Mitchell, has been chartered through Tams & Lemoine to John F. Adam, S. C. Y. C. Varuna, schr., has been chartered through the same firm to R. C. H. Brock, of Philadelphia.

Alcedo II., steam yacht, George Washington Childs Drexel, arrived at St. George's, Bermuda, from New York, on Aug. 6, with a part of her coal on fire. The bunkers were emptied with difficulty, on account of the intense heat, and an air space was built around the boilers. The yacht sailed on Aug. 10 and reached Southampton on Aug. 25.

Fleur de Lys, schr., George Lord Day, arrived at New York on Aug. 19 from Southampton, with her owner on board, after a passage of thirty-one days. On Aug. 16 a seaman, Hans Carlsen, thirty-four years of age, was washed from the bowsprit and drowned.

Messrs. Theodore C. Zerega and George A. Cormack, who have been cruising with Mr. R. S. Palmer since last spring on board Yampa, schr., returned to New York a short time since by steamer. Yampa is still about the Channel with Mr. Palmer on board.

Canoeing.

A Power Canoe.

ONE of the novelties of the late A. C. A. meet was a power canoe designed and built by J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., who was present with her. This little craft is built from the moulds of an ordinary 16×30 canoe, but built up about 2in. deeper and carried out aft into a neat counter, her length over all being 18ft. The engine is a Wolverine, Jr., using naphtha, about 10 gallons being carried in a tank in the bow. The cockpit seats two persons comfortably, one forward and one abaft the engine, which is amidships. The weight is about 500lbs., along each side is fitted a wide mahogany wearing strip, the under side of which is hollowed so as to give a hold for the fingers, the boat being thus lifted by four men. She runs very smoothly and makes from 6 to 7 miles per hour. She seems to be not only a curiosity, but a very interesting and serviceable little craft.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
G. O. Shields	New York city	——
Wm. E. Renwick	Brooklyn, N. Y.	——
Arthur H. Wood	Trenton, N. J.	——
Walter F. Smith	Trenton, N. J.	——
Mrs. M. T. Bennett	Bensonhurst, N. Y.	——
Mrs. C. W. Lansing	Plattsburgh, N. Y.	——
Mrs. Edward S. Towne	Holyoke, Mass.	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 22.—The following scores were made by the members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at their range to day, Four Mile House, Reading Road. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target. The final contest for the gold medal, presented to this Association to be shot for by the members, took place to day, resulting in Mr. Wm. Hasenzahl as the winner. Three were tied, having won it four times, and in the fifth round the above gentleman won. He was followed very closely by Mr. Trounstine, he being but two points behind. Mr. Hasenzahl is one of our best shooters, and he feels "very much prouded" over the result of the match, which was shot under handicap rules. The above medal was kindly presented to this Association by Mr. W. Milton Farrow.

Gindele.																					
10	9	7	10	8	10	8	10	7	8	87	10	10	7	8	8	10	9	10	6	10—88	
10	7	10	10	8	9	9	8	7	8—86		9	9	10	8	10	7	8	9	8	8—85	
Payne.																					
8	6	7	10	10	9	9	8	8	10—85		9	7	6	7	9	9	8	10	9	8—82	
7	8	7	6	7	9	9	8	9	8—78		8	9	6	9	6	7	5	9	8	9—76	
Trounstine.																					
10	6	6	6	9	10	9	5	7	5—73		6	8	7	5	10	5	5	7	10	7—70	
9	4	9	10	4	10	3	7	5	7—68		6	7	6	5	9	6	7	10	4	7—67	
Strickmier.																					
5	7	5	6	6	7	9	10	9	8—72		10	1	8	6	7	10	6	9	8	6—71	
9	5	6	5	10	6	9	4	5	6—65		5	8	1	8	6	6	4	9	9	5—61	
Nestler.																					
8	6	8	8	10	10	10	6	10	8—84		8	8	9	8	9	8	8	8	10	6—82	
9	9	7	10	9	8	7	6	7	9—81		10	7	8	7	9	8	9	7	5	10—80	
Uckotter.																					
8	9	7	6	6	6	7	1	8	9—67		10	4	6	9	8	3	5	6	6	5—62	
6	8	1	6	7	5	7	4	10	6—60		9	4	7	6	6	5	7	3	9	3—59	
Topf.																					
9	5	9	5	10	7	6	6	7	8—72		6	7	6	5	4	9	3	6	8	10—64	
10	5	6	4	4	7	6	4	8	6—63		8	5	9	4	3	6	7	4	8	4—58	
Lux.																					
9	7	5	8	8	5	7	10	3	8—70		7	6	4	8	6	5	4	8	8	8—65	
8	6	5	6	1	6	6	7	6	8—59		6	3	6	7	4	8	1	10	8	6—59	
Hasenzahl.																					
8	9	9	9	6	6	7	8	8	10—80		8	10	8	7	5	9	6	10	7	8—78	
10	5	9	4	9	5	10	10	8	6—76		7	6	8	6	8	7	8	7	8	10—75	
Drube.																					
8	8	9	9	8	7	8	8	9	7—81		10	7	7	5	8	9	4	8	7	9—74	
7	9	8	8	6	4	9	10	7	5—73		7	5	7	6	4	9	5	8	10	6—67	

Self-Loading Pistol.

MAUSER, the famous German small arm maker, has invented a self-loading pistol on the principle of the Maxim gun. The *Engineering Magazine* says that "the general arrangement of the arm is that of the modern magazine guns, on a smaller scale, the principal difference being in the sliding breech-block and firing mechanism, the force of the recoil throwing the block back and at the same time compressing a long spiral spring, which returns it after the cartridge has been fed upward. So long as the trigger is drawn back the firing continues, while, if the trigger be released, the weapon remains loaded and cocked, ready for action upon the next pull of the finger. The cartridges are fastened together in charges of ten, which can be very quickly loaded into the magazine. The pistol is also made for twenty cartridges at a loading. The rapidity of fire is, of course, the great point, and, it is stated, eighty shots a minute can be successfully fired. No attempt is made to cool the barrel, as is done in the Maxim gun, but no ill effects appear from this omission. A ten-shot pistol of this type was fired 2,200 times as rapidly as possible, without being cooled or cleaned, and operated perfectly without apparent injury, while no appreciable wear upon the parts was visible after 10,000 shots."

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CALUMET HEIGHTS, Ind., Aug. 22.—Rifle contest.

Class A, 200yds., standard American target, off-hand:

Davis	4414333455—36	Patterson	0170252731—28
Harlan	2459354542—44	Schmidt	6132367544—41

Class B, 100yds., .22cal., off-hand:

Mrs Chamberlain	3332984377—42	Marshall	4232276133—37
Young	2200022100— 9	Schmidt	6543377444—47

PATTI.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 6.—MARION, N. J.—Annual Labor Day tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. A. R. Strader, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-10.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's annual tournament.

Sept. 8-9.—TERRE HAUTE, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Terre Haute Gun Club.

Sept. 11-12.————, La.—Tournament of the Many and Robeline Gun Clubs.

Sept. 14-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. Merchandise and amateurs.

Sept. 14-16.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Capital Gun Club. S. C. Quimby, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club. State and open events. Chas. E. Morrison, Sec'y.

Sept. 21-23.—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Co.

Sept. 22-24.—WATSON'S PARK, Chicago, Ill.—Tournament at live birds and targets. Programmes ready about Sept. 1. Write to John Watson, Station R, Chicago.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-Oct. 1.—PASSAIC, N. J.—Annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at Clifton racetrack. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. Main event on last day is at 25 live birds, $25 birds extra; handicap; $500 guaranteed to three high guns. W. H. Huck, Sec'y, Rutherford, N. J.

Oct. 4-5.—WARWICK, N. Y.—First annual tournament of the Warwick Gun Club. Open to all. Targets. $50 average money to four high guns in all programme events. John M. Servin, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 22-23.—HUNTINGTON, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club.

Oct. 29-30.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Tournament of the Itasca Gun Club. Dr. W. P. Brown, Sec'y.

The Elliott-Budd Match.

THE championship contest for the Du Pont trophy was shot on the grounds of the Eau Claire Gun Club, Eau Claire, Wis. The match began at 2 o'clock P. M., on Aug. 28. Mr. John Watson, of Chicago, was referee, and he conducted his office flawlessly. A number of the Eau Claire Gun Club's members were present to assist, and there was also present quite a number of spectators, ladies and gentlemen.

The grounds were well equipped for shooting purposes. The weather, however, favored high scores. The afternoon was warm, a mild breeze blew toward the score, and the sun shone clear and bright. The birds were quite a good lot, far better than the high scores would seem to indicate. There was a soft bird now and then, but they averaged up well; and once in a while there would crop out a fast bird, the kill of which would evoke the applause of the audience. But it was a most difficult juncture for a bird to become really hard, for with two such masters of the gun at the score, it was rarely that a bird could get far before it was killed.

The city of Eau Claire has a population of 18,000, and its lumber interests are something enormous. It has fine residential districts, homes up to date in architecture and land landscape, and there is a wealth of trees scattered through the town. The resident sportsmen were generous in the bountiful courtesy extended to the visitors. All were taken on drives through the city, Messrs. Budd, Watson and your reporter being especially favored by a ride behind Mr. Ralph Rust's fast pair of steppers. Mr. Eddie Bingham represented the Du Pont Co.'s interests at the contest.

Both men went to the score with methodical deliberation, and yet with resolution. Elliott lost his seventh bird, and then stuck to his opponent tenaciously, who seemed determined to hold the advantage he had gained. Budd got as far as his forty-seventh bird without a miss. This bird, hard hit, died out of bounds. When he lost his fifty-fifty and sixty-first birds, it was apparent then that he could not win if Elliott held his wonderful form. The latter was shooting with perfect confidence, and his judgment and precision were marvelous. On the last 50 birds he clearly outclassed Budd, though the latter shot gamely to the finish. Both men used their second barrels freely, no chances being taken with any birds which seemed to have any life at all.

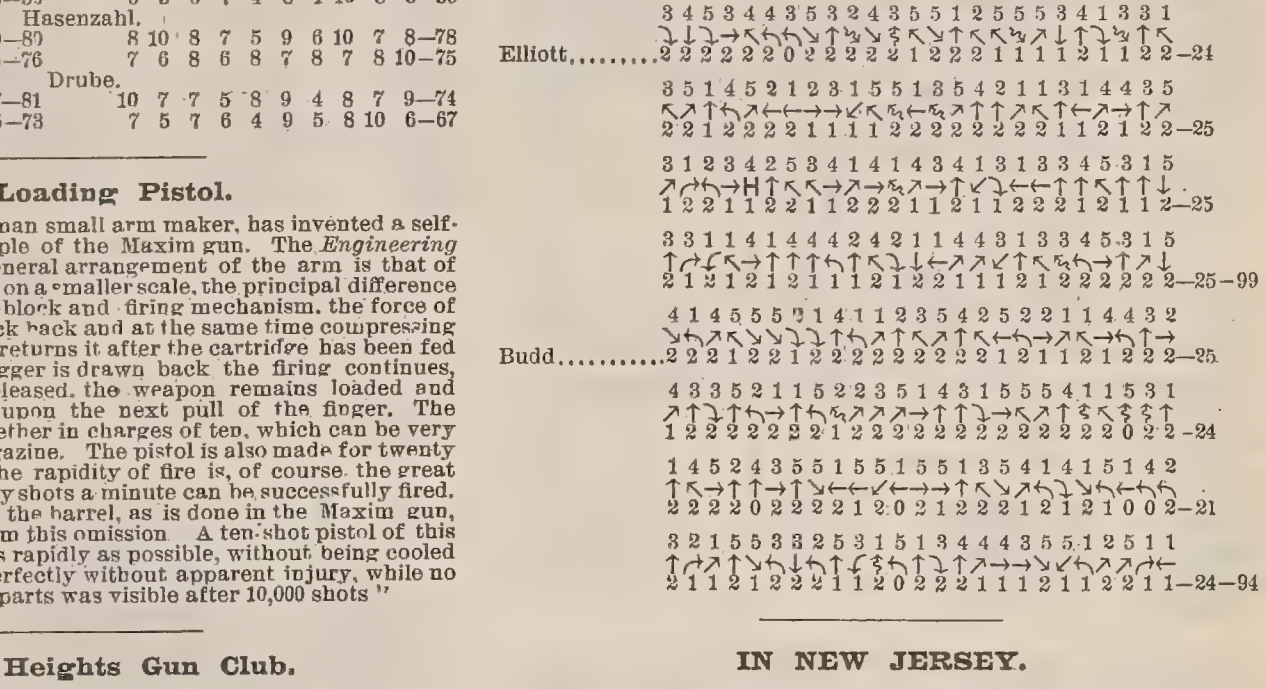
The contest was conducted with the most punctilious fairness, and no sportsmen in the world are deserving of more praise for their care in this respect and for their gentlemanly conduct in all matters pertaining to the match than are the sportsmen of Eau Claire.

Some unpleasant circumstances preceded the shoot. Mr. Budd, who arranged for the contest to take place on the Eau Claire grounds, and this, I am informed, with Mr. Elliott's sanction, conceded that the gate receipts, if any there were, should go to the club. Mr. Elliott objected to the arrangement some days previous to the shoot and after his arrival, and informed the club that he would not shoot unless he had half the gate receipts. Everybody was in uncertainty until near the last minute as to whether he would shoot or not, he being undecided, and no doubt a great many spectators remained away on account of the common rumor circulating to the effect that there would be no contest. Such an afterthought should never have been broached in connection with an event that is so fully covered by written conditions to which both parties had assented when the match was made, and which did not contemplate a matter of gate receipts.

All in all, it was a contest worth seeing, and it is doubtful if Elliott's performance could be equaled by any shooter in America under the same conditions.

Elliott killed 99, Budd 94.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



IN NEW JERSEY.

SHOOTING AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Aug. 27.—The shoot for the Monmouth cup was held at Elkwood Park Long Branch, to-day. Phil Daly, Jr., won the cup, his being the only straight score. Four men tied for second place with 14 each, and Fred Hoey withdrew on the sixth round, after missing 2 birds. The conditions were: 15 birds, 50yds. boundary, $15 entry, three moneys. A number of sweeps were also shot, the scores of which follow:

Event No. 1, Monmouth cup race: Daly (29) 15, Gagnon (26) 14, Templeton (30) 14, Welch (30) 14, Dolan (29) 14.

Shoot-off for second: Ballard 10, Templeton 10, Gagnon 10, Dolan 9, Murphy 9.

No. 2, miss-and-out: Hoey 3, Dolan 3, Daly 2, Welch 1.

No. 3, same: Dolan 9, Welch 9, Daly 8, Templeton 8, Hoey 5.

No. 4, match, 6 birds $10 a side: Dr. Gagnon 5, Fred Hoey 4.

Aug. 28.—The principal event to-day was the shoot for the Pennsylvania Club cup, which was won by Fred Hoey with a straight score, after an exciting race with Ballard, Murphy and Welch. Doland and Toland withdrew; the former on his 16th round, after killing 13 birds, and the latter on his 15th round, with 11 kills. After the cup race, some sweepstake shooting was indulged in as follows: No. 2, 10 birds, $10 entry; No. 3, miss-and-out, $5; No. 4, 10 birds, $25; Nos. 5 and 6, 10 birds, $5; Nos. 7, 8 and 9, miss-and-out, one barrel only, $10. The scores:

	No. 1, Pennsylvania Club cup shoot.	No. 2.	No. 3.
F Hoey (28)	1222222222122222222222222—25	2222112222—10	1210 —3
B Ballard (28)	2222221122222220212221—24	2112122222—10	211212—6
E G Murphy (30)	1211122221220222122212222—24	2122112022— 9	122111—6
R Welch (30)	2221222222222202111222 2—24	222110w — 5	112121—6
P Daly, Jr (29)	1202220021222122222222222—22	2222222222—10	1110 —3
G S Gagnon (26)	1112112111011011012211101—21	1111222212—10	111212—6
Capt Money (28)	1220101121112110122112012—21	0211110122— 8	10 —1
Y Dolan (29)	2122221222202200w —13	2202222200— 7	212222—6
E Toland (27)	2200122102222102w —11	0220211222w— 7	222222—6

	No. 4.	No. 5.
E G Murphy (35)	2212222222—10	2212121202— 9
Y Dolan (35)	222220202w	2222222222—10
J S Gagnon (35)	1121111222—10	2210111120— 8
F Hoey (35)	2112222w	.....

	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.
E G Murphy (35)	0112111112— 9	11111—5	0 —0	11—2
Y Dolan (35)	2012221121— 9	11110—4	10—1	10—1
J S Gagnon (35)	2121211121— 10	110 —2	11—2	10—1
P Daly, Jr (35)	12212022w	0 —0	11—2	10—1

A Great Match at Long Branch.

Aug. 25.—What was probably the most exciting live-bird match ever held in this vicinity, was shot to-day on the grounds of the Hollywood Gun Club at Long Branch. The match was at 50 birds, $2 entry; $3 to first, $2 to second. Three of the four shooters, Dr. Gagnon, Edgar Murphy and Fred Hoey tied with 45 kills each, while Phil Daly, Jr., the other contestant, finished but two birds in the rear. Dr. Gagnon led at the 25 mark, and at the 49th round he had 45 kills to his credit. Murphy had finished his score with 45, Hoey had 44 and another bird, and Daly had 43 and another bird. It looked, therefore, at this stage of the game, like a Gagnon victory; but the doctor's 50th bird, an incomer, escaped. Hoey then killed his 50th bird, making the match a three-cornered tie. As no agreement relative to ties had been made, the match was not shot off. Murphy's best run was 21, Dr. Gagnon's, 27; Hoey's, 23; and Daly's, 24. Dr. Gagnon and Phil Daly had large handicaps; the former standing at 25yds., and the latter at 20yds. Murphy and Hoey shot from the 30yds. mark. The score:

E G Murphy (30)	2212221 1 2212222202222 2222222222222222222 2222 2 222222	—45
Dr G Gagnon (25)	2221 2 2202222222122 2 222221222 2221222222222222222020	—45
F Hoey (30)	222222222222022222 2 2222022222022222222222222222222223	—45
P Daly, Jr (30)	2222022222222222122202 2 2022222221221222222222222220	—43

Cook County League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 29.—Cook County League shot to-day. Four clubs qualified. Scores: Garfield—A Class 139, B Class 127. Eureka—A Class 129, B Class 119. Calumet Heights—B Class 131, C Class 96. Garden City—B Class 119. Weather windy, air hazy. Next League shoot Garfield grounds, Sept. 11. Garfield A Class team leads season average at date.

E. HOUGH.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Western Traps.

CALUMET HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 29.—The fire in the woods near Calumet Heights club on Aug. 15, as mentioned in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, broke up the sport of shooting for the day, though small actual damage was done to the club property. On Aug. 22 the weather was good, and there was good attendance, sixty-six persons being present, a number of members riding out from the city on their bicycles over the hard sandy beach. The following are the scores of the last two shooting days:

No. 1, club shoot:

Class A.

Lamphere	1011111110111111101111111—22
Young	0010011100101001011101100—11
Metcalfe	1011101000110111111110100—16
Knowles	1011101011001101111010011—16

Class B.

Norcom	0110111101001101111011011—17
Greeley	1111010110101101010110111—17

Class C.

Harlan	1111111011110101011030111—18
Carson	0000110110110100111100101—13
Davis	1010101010011100101111111—16

No 2, 10 targets: Greeley 5, Carson 9, Norcom 7, Harlan 6, Young 2, Metcalfe 8, Lamph re 2, Davis 5.

May 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	15	10	10	10	25	Targets:	25	15	10	10	10	25
Paterson	24	13	6	8	7	22	Carson	15	..	..	..	..	..
Lamphere	23	13	6	..	..	..	Schmidt	17	12	10	4	5	23
Booth	16	14	8	..	..	..	Harlan	15	14	10	5	5	..
Young	24	10	7	..	..	22	Chamberlain	16	11	..	..	..	..
Houston	19	13	4	7	6	19	Davis	10	..	..	..	..	..
Metcalfe	17	11	6	9	4	21	Black	..	6	3	5	..	..
Morgan	18	12	8	..	3	..	Norris	..	12	7	7	..	..
Norcom	20	12	10	10	6	23	Ferguson	..	..	..	10	5	22
Greeley	19	..	5	7	..	..							

No. 7, 10 live birds:

Knowles (32)	1212121212—10	Marshall (30)	1121111111—10
Paterson (32)	1122•11111— 9	Metcalfe (30)	1112•22111— 9
Lamphere (32)	2•11122202— 8	Carson (30)	0022112021— 6
Houston (32)	11 2112101— 9	Carlisle (30)	1211222102— 9
Norcom (32)	0221111221— 9	Harlan (27)	1111212221—10
Ferguson (32)	01101•1120— 6	Dougherty (27)	0112112000— 6
Booth (32)	1111111212—10	Schmidt (27)	1••1212112— 8
Morgan (32)	2122001202— 7		

No. 8, 10 live birds: Knowles 7, Paterson 9, Lamphere 8, Houston 9, Norcom 8, Ferguson 7, Booth 9, Morgan 6, Marshall 8, Metcalfe 8, Carson 9.

No. 9, 5 live birds: Marshall 4, Booth 5, Houston 3, Norcom 4, Metcalfe 5, Paterson 5, Morgan 3.

AT KANSAS CITY.

At Kansas City, Aug. 24, the Pastime Gun Club held its August medal shoot at live birds, with the following results:

A Lincoln	2111112112101 22—14	Reno	1012222212212 22—14
Livingston	1200110110100 12— 9	Mallory	1012212222111 22—14
J L Beiderman	0121211212211 12—14	Higdon	0011022010010 10— 7

The Metropolitan Gun Club held its regular target shoot in Kansas City, Kan. The following scores were made out of a possible 25: Bryant 24, Rooney 22, Bruce 21, Wing 19, Smock 16, Gregory 14, Larson 14, Laidlaw 14, Estep 13.

The Kansas City Gun Club made the following scores at its weekly shoot, Aug. 15:

Halliwell	2122211211211 12—15	F J Smith	1000012212212 12—11
Fletcher	1211211212211—15	R Jarrett	0110000110212— 8
Glasner	1221122021211 1—14	Beeman	1210100111212 1—12
Curtice	2222222222022 22—14	Von Quast	2111202011211—11
Longfellow	2211112112010 20—12	Walden	1121011011020 1—10
Hubbard	1212122010101 212 12		

AT ST. PAUL.

The St Paul Rod and Gun Club drew a good attendance at its tournament Aug. 23. Many were present from adjoining States, and the entries ran as high as forty six. Twenty-five men shot out the programme. High average men for the day were in the following order;

One, J P. Burkhard; 2, H. Hirschy; 3 L. V. Rodecker and York; 4, Doring and E. Novotry; 5. Wild Rice and Bennett; 6, Parker; 7, Holt; 8, Murray; 9, Wallace; 10, Daily; 11, Miner; 12, Faber; 13, McAndrews; 14, Elton; 15, Merry; 16, Short; 17, Danz; 18, Trix; 19, Baldwin; 20, Wright; 21, Fon.

The main event of the day was the championship contest for the silver cup presented by the Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association. The cup was won by John Pfister, of St. Paul, who scored 23 out of 25, unknown angles.

AT OMAHA.

Scores at the weekly shoot of the Omaha Gun Club Aug. 21 were as follows in the club shoot, and in the team race between Omaha and Council Bluffs:

Squirrel	1111111111000 1101010—14	Ekalb	1111011111011 1111111—18
Nason	1100001101 000101111—11	Parmelee	1110111101111 1111111—18
Randleit	1010111111111 1101111—17	Smead	0110111101111 1111101—16
Johannes	1001101111111 0111111—16	Townsend	1111100111111 1110111—16
Saulsbury	1010111011101 1111111—16	Kenyon	0010110010110 1110001—10
Dickey	0011100010001 1101011 11	Searles	1111011111111 1111111—19
Loomis	1111110110111 1111111—18		

Match race, 25 targets:

Omaha.

Jahannes	1110111111111 0101011111111—21
Ekalb	1010111001110 1101111111111—20
Smead	1111111111110 1111111111101—23
Squirrel	1111111110001 1010101111111—19
Parmelee	1111111111111 1111111111111—25—108

Council Bluffs.

Crabell	1110111111111 1111111111101—23
West	1111111110111 0111011101110—20
Randlett	1111111111111 1111101111111—24
Hardin	1111111111010 0111111111110—21
Beres'im	1110111111110 1111111111—23—111

AT DULUTH.

Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., held its third medal contest Aug 20. The two scratch men, Wojeck and Nelson, complain that the handicaps are entirely too liberal, Wojeck failing to win with the fine score of 24 out of 25. The following was the record:

Lengthy	19+6—25	Field	20+3—23
Wojeck	—24	Nelson	—22
Greener	21+2—23	Duchess	18+4—22
Bowstring	17+6—23	Warren	20+1—21
Loud	21+2—23	Ben	12+6—18

At the conclusion of the medal shoot several special events were shot off. The first, at 25 birds, was won by Lengthy with a score of 22 Warren was second with 21. Event No. 2, at 10 birds, was a tie between Wojeck and Greener with 9 each. Finn won the next event, 10 straight. The final event, at 10 birds, was a tie between Wojeck and Nelson, with 9 birds each.

AT MINNEAPOLIS.

At Minneapolis, Minn, Aug. 19, the Minneapolis Gun Club had a fine attendance of shooters and spectators, scores in regular events being as follows:

Club badges, 10 singles and 5 pairs:

A Richter	1111101101	10 11 11 10 11—16
Whitcomb	1111111011	10 10 01 11 10—15
Ensign	1111011101	10 11 10 10 00—13
Bush	1111101111	10 10 10 11 01—15
Marshall	1011111101	11 11 10 10 10—15
Mrs Shattuck	0101111110	00 10 11 11 10—13
Biffton	1111010001	10 00 10 01 11—14
Fox	1011110001	00 10 00 11 11—11
Eastman	0110110010	01 00 01 00 00— 7
Miss Bader	0110011011	00 01 10 10 10—10
L E Parker	1000011010	11 00 10 10 10— 9
Parsons	1111110010	00 11 10 00 10—11
Gonnella	1011010011	01 10 10 10 00—10
Paegel	1111101110	10 00 10 10 00—12
Sulley	0100001111	10 10 10 10 10—10
Parker	0111110011	11 11 11 10 10—15
Baker	1010000110	10 00 10 01 10— 8
Johnston	0111101101	00 10 00 11 11—11
Stokes	1111101111	00 11 00 10 10—13
McQueen	1111011111	11 10 10 10 10—15
Noslin	1101100001	10 10 10 10 10—10
O'Brien	0100001101	10 11 10 10 00— 9
Shattuck	1111111111	10 11 10 10 10—15
Nelson	1011100010	11 10 10 00 10—10
Neely	1110110111	11 10 10 10 10—14
Mrs Johnston	1101101111	01 10 10 10 10—13
Reed	1100111101	01 01 10 11 11—13
Novotny	0111111111	11 11 11 11 10—18
Billy	1100010001	00 10 00 10 10— 6

Shattuck won senior badge; Neely won junior badge; Mrs Johnston won amateur badge.

Schlitz diamond badge, 25, unknown angles:

Biffton	1100111110110010100100100—13
Bush	1111111111111011111011111—23
Ensign	1111111111000100101111111—19
Mrs Shattuck	1110101001111110011111111—19
Parker	0110111110111111110101010—18
McQueen	1110111111101111111111111—23
F A Richter	1111111111111010111101111—22
Whitcomb	1111011001010101011011111—19
Reed	1111111110111111011111111—23
Novotny	1110111111110011010111110—19
Johnston	1110101001111100111111001—17
Mrs Johnston	1111010001001011111111011—17
Neely	1011000011111111101111111—19
Sully	0101100001111111110100001—14
Stokes	1111101100111111111111111—22
L E Parker	0101111111100111100101001—16
Billie	0111101101110100000011100—13
Nelson	1111111111111100101101110—21
Miss Bader	0000001011010011010100011—10
Noslen	0000100101101100111010110—12
O'Brien	0001100111010000101000101—10
Shattuck	1111111010111111111110111—22
Marshall	0111101001110111111111111—20
Fitzgerald	0000000000000010000111000— 4
Fox	0011111111110111101110001—18
Hall	0101010010101010111000010—11
Eastman	1001000010110101000011110—11
Parsons	1110101110010101000111110—15
Paegel	1111111111011101101010011—19
Baker	0000000111101100100011111—12
Hays	1110001111010110011111101—17
Rod	1101011110111111010101110—18
Wright	0110011111010100111111100—16

Bush and McQueen tied for badge. Bush had to leave before the shoot was finished.

Val Blatz diamond badge, 15, known angles:

Eastman	1010001010010011— 6	Fox	1111110111101011—12
Bert	1101011110111100—10	Nelson	0011000010111100— 6
Parker	0100111000101110— 7	O'Brien	0001001100100000— 3
Baker	1100100110 0111— 9	Johnston	1100001000010001— 5
Reed	1110101111111111—13	Mrs Johnston	0111111001111110—11
Novotny	1111100111001111—11	Shattuck	1111111110010011—11
Paegel	1111011100110011—11	Stoakes	1011011011111111—12
F A Richter	1111001001011 10 — 9	Sully	0101101000100000— 5
Whitcomb	1010101101011111—13	Neely	1111001111111111—13
L E Parker	0111100010101111— 9	Mrs Tarbell	1110000101001 00— 6
Parsons	0111101010011111—10	Billie	1100110C0011000— 6
Mrs Shattuck	1111111111111111—15	Nelson	1000011100001 01— 6
Ensign	0100111110111101—10	Miss Bader	1011110000000000— 5
Marshall	1111110011111101—12	Burton	0000101001001 00— 4
McQueen	0111011101111110—11	Miss Gray	1101011110011111—11

Mrs. Shattuck won badge.

AT SEDALIA.

Sedalia Gun Club, of Missouri, held a little shoot Aug. 21. Scores, 15 birds: John Linabary 6, McClure 10, Roberts 9, Kerr 9, C Linabary 12, C. O'Connell 2, Letts 14, Lucy 12, Kinzie 6 and Raymond 5 Ten birds: Linabary 5, McClure 7, Roberts 6, Kerr 2, C. Linabary 9, Joe Roe 9, Letts 7, Lucy 5, Kinzie 8.

A special shoot between Letts and C. Linabary, 15 birds, resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 12 to 11.

A second 10-bird match resulted: Allspaugh 4, Raymond 0, C. Linabary 9, Lucy 7, McClure 5, Letts 9, Roberts 4, Kinzie 4.

AT LINCOLN.

Lincoln Gun Club, of Nebraska, held its club shoot Aug. 19. Scores, 20 targets: Dr. Eaton 18, Randall 18, Dales 12, Clyde 18, Hagan 15, Troyer 14, Simpkins 16, Bain 12, Carmony 10, Latshaw 18.

AT PEORIA.

Peoria Gun Club, of Peoria, Ill., held its annual meeting Aug. 24 for the purpose of electing officers and transacting other business.

Arrangements were also made for the *Herald* trophy shoot, Sept. 10. A large entry list is expected and fully 1,000 live birds will be used in the matches. The officers elected were as follows: G. N. Portman, president; A. N. Keith, vice-president; W. E. Weber, secretary and treasurer; Board of Directors, J. J. Campbell, J. M. Brown, W. Bordeaux, M. E. Wilson, E Giles; E. Giles, captain of the range.

CLUB SCORES IN DIFFERENT STATES.

At Winterset, Ia., a live bird shoot was held Wednesday of last week. Scores, at 10 live birds, three events:

Davisson	0021020211—6	1201101011—7	0100111 10—4
Stolley	0120012001—5	0020010211—5	1201020 0 —4
Bevington	2022012111—8	1021201122—8	11111221 —8
Goshorn	1110212010—7	1212101012—8	22110001 - 5
Ely	0201001000—4	... .	.....
Embree	0100222101—6	0202000 0 —2	.....
Pratt	0002111 1 —5	.....	.....

Shoot-off: Bevington 1, Goshorn 0, Stolley 0, Davisson 0.

The Recreation Gun Club, of Tomahawk, Wis., held a shoot Aug. 20. Scores, 25 targets: Dr. Dodd 22, A. J. Olson 15, A Howen 15, A. Zastrow 12, R. C. Thielman 11, A. M. Pride 9

At Aitkin, Minn., Doc Spalding, the County Treasurer, won the last club shoot with 22 out of 25 targets.

Pontiac Gun Club, of Illinois, held its weekly shoot last Thursday. Scores, 25 targets, unknown angles:

M. Lommatsch 19, H. Lommatsch 18, Priestman 18, Brinkman 17, Gleason 17, Talbott 16, Stroud 15, Dr. Daly 13, Opperman 12, Kavanaugh 12

At Lexington, Ky, the U. S. Gun Club, composed of post office employes, held its weekly shoot Aug 21 at Loudon Park. Frank Reynolds won the annual club championship trophy, this being his third win in the competition. In a sweep at 25 birds the following scores were made:

Frank Reynolds 22, Joe Coyle 20, Irving Forbing, of Mt. Vernon, O., 19.

At Watertown, Wis, a live-bird shoot was held Aug. 22, with the following scores:

John Bullock	1010001111	C H Gardner	1111010011
Adolf Scheck	0000001101	H Krahmer	1110111100
William Will	0101000010	R Woelffer	0110110010
Hubert Springer	1101100010	W Bittner	1010011111
August Hein	0110011000		

At Calumet Lake, Aug. 22, A. B. Schlavek defeated J. Devorak 22 to 19 at 25 targets, unknown angles, unknown traps.

COMING EVENTS.

Terre Haute Gun Club, of Indiana, has out a neat programme of its second annual tournament, Sept. 8-9. Teams are expected from Indianapolis, Ft. Wayne, Logansport, Brazil, Crawfordsville, Indiana Mineral Springs, Kokomo, Lafayette, Petersburg, Peru and New Albany.

The Capital Gun Club, of Des Moines, Ia, will hold an amateur tournament at Des Moines during State fair week, Sept. 14, 15 and 16. There are ten target events on the programme daily at 15 targets, and special high average prizes are offered daily. W. E. Kessler is the manager of the shoot.

A personal letter from Mr. Elliott states that he has no word from Mr. Grimm in regard to the challenge for the Cast Iron badge, although forty-nine days have elapsed since issuance of the challenge.

E HOUGH,

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Arkansas Championship.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 27.—Shooting matters are rather quiet in Hot Springs; in fact there has been no trap-shooting done there since the tournament last February This is why John J. Sumpter, Jr., has been virtually off the shooting map, though the other day he blossomed forth in another rôle. At the present time, a very important and close series of ball games are being played between teams representing Little Rock and Hot Springs. The Hot Springs club had the misfortune to have some of its players crippled by accident, and was compelled to fill their position with some local amateurs. Sumpter, who at one time was a crack college player, was prevailed on to fill the gap. The game was closely contested, but Sumpter did nothing to distinguish himself except to fan out every time he came to the bat and to make an error on one of the two chances he had in the field. In the ninth inning he had another turn at the bat. The score at that time being a tie and two out. John had already made two ineffectual attempts to locate the ball, and looked in a fair way to duplicate his past performance, when the opposing pitcher evidently became over confident and handed him an easy one. This he met squarely on the trade mark, and sent it sailing far out into the deer pen where it was lost in the shrubbery, while John made the circuit of the bases with what proved to be the winning run. The final score of the game being Hot Spring 5, Little Rock 4.

That night, of course, John owned the town, as he did when he killed 25 straight in the Eastman Hotel handicap last winter, and won first all alone; he is the pride of all the sport-loving people of the Vapor City.

The race for the individual championship of the State occurred on the local club grounds to day, the contestants being George W. Clements, of Pine Bluff, and H. C. Conner, of this city. The latter, it will be remembered, won the trophy in open competition at the recent State tournament at Pine Bluff, and under the conditions governing it is subject to challenge every sixty days. Clements was the first to avail himself of the opportunity, and to-day's match was the outcome.

The race was close and interesting from start to finish, and eventually resulted in a win for the Pine Bluff man by 1 bird, the final score being 44 to 43.

Conner was the first to miss, as he lost his 7th—by no means a hard one. Clements followed suit on his 10th, a similar one, and a little later lost his 16th. Conner evened up matters when he lost his 21st, but Clements lost his 22d and 24th in rapid succession. These were extremely acute and difficult left quarterers that dropped with a perplexing rapidity. At the end of the first string of 25 the score stood: Conner 23, Clements 21.

Conner started his last string of 25 rather poorly, missing his 1st, almost a straightaway, and then his 5th, which once more made the race a tie. From then up to the 40th round they kept along neck and neck. Conner now lost his 41st and 44th, and of course, virtually the race. Clements broke the first 20 straight in his final string, but lost his 46th and 49th. This, however, landed him a winner by 1 bird, as Conner also lost his 45th.

The conditions of the match were 50 targets, unknown angles, challenger to put up $10 against the trophy, winner to take money and trophy, loser to pay for the targets.

Clements	1111111110111110111110101—21	
	1111111111111111111101101—23	44
Conner	1111110111111111111101111—23	
	0111011111111110110111101—20	—43

Thibault and Fletcher also shot 50 targets each, their score to count against that of Conner and Clements. The price of the targets being involved in this. This resulted in a tie, as Fletcher scored 44 and Thibault 43. The tie was shot off in the next 15-bird sweep, Conner and Clements then winning by 29 to 27.

All the trophies belonging to the Association are at present in the possession of the Pine Bluff club. A very creditable showing for a club that two years ago was scarcely on the map. The club being composed almost entirely of young men, no doubt will remain a factor in State events for a long time to come.

There were a number of sweeps shot before and after the race, the scores made in these are shown in the table appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Conner	14	14	14	14	15	13	15	14	11	..	13	150	137	91.3
Clements	14	13	14	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	68	90.6
Fletcher	12	14	12	14	13	12	13	12	14	15	14	165	145	87.8
Woodson	13	13	..	14	13	11	14	13	14	12	..	135	117	86.6
Pemberton	12	12	14	11	12	12	14	12	14	15	15	165	143	86.6
Thibault	13	13	9	14	14	11	13	14	15	14	13	165	143	86.6
Dickinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	30	26	86.6
Reaves	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	30	25	83.3
Miles	..	..	11	14	14	12	14	13	13	8	11	135	110	81.4
Irwin	11	11	..	9	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	75	59	78.6
Wade	9	14	10	10	10	13	12	..	..	..	..	105	78	74.2
Forster	12	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	32	71.1
Nichols	..	..	8	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	31	68.8

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 22.—Inclosed are scores of the Eureka Gun Club shoot of Aug. 21, at targets, club rules:

Stannard	1111111111—10	Goodrich	1111111101— 9
Steck	1111110011— 8	Waters	1111111001— 8
Vetter	1100011110— 6	Adams	0011111110— 7

No. 2:

Stannard	0110111010111 11—11	Adams	1101111111111 01—12
Steck	1111110111111 11—14	Cromwell	0001110011111 11— 9
Vetter	0111101111111 10—12	Rehm	1101111010110 11—11
Goodrich	1101111010111 011—12	Blumenschein	1001100110111 11—10
Walters	1111111101110 00—11		

No. 3:

Stannard	0111011011111 11111111		—17
Steck	1101111111110 11110110		—16
Vetter	1010110010110 10111111		—13
Walters	1010101111110 11011100 1111		—18
Adams	1111111011111 01010101		—16
Cromwell	1101011110010 01111110		—13
Rehm	1111011110100 11111011		—15
Blumenschein	1010111100110 01111001		—12
J L Jones	1111010111000 01011110		—12
Welley	0011010011100 10100900		— 8

No. 4:

Stannard	0110111110111 11—12	Rehm	0110101101101 01— 9
Steck	1111001111111 11—13	Blumenschein	1001100101010 10— 7
Vetter	0111111010101 10—10	J L Jones	0111110101010 11—10
Goodrich	1111101110101 11—12	Welley	0110001011000 00— 5
Walters	0110111101011 11—11	Bunoff	1000010010001 10— 5
Adams	1011100010011 11— 9	Neta	1111110000010 00— 7
Cornwell	1101101000111 11—11	Dr Morton	1000100010100 10— 5

Shoot for the trophy:

Class A.

Stannard	1111100011111 1011101111111—20
Steck	1100101101011 0110111111011—18
Adams	0111111111001 0101011011101—18
Goodrich	1111101111111 1111111111111—24
Antoin	1110101111111 1111011010111—20
Cunningham	1111111011111 1111111110101—22

Class B.

Cornwell	0110010011111 1111010010111—16
Prechett	1110001011101 0100011000010 0—11
Rehm	1110111011111 1111111000110—19
J L Jones	1111111 0111101101110—19
Dr Morton	1001101010100 0010010000— 9

Class C.

Bunoff	0001100101011 1011111101110—15
Walters	0010100101011 1111110100 0—13
Neta	0000001001000 0010000000000— 3
Blumenschein	1110101000111 1110001111011—16
Welley	0100010000010 0001110010 10— 8
Brown	0011110111100 1111110110 0—17
Stone	1110011110111 1100011111111—19

Portsmouth Interstate.

MANAGER ELMER E. SHANER sends us the programme of the Interstate Association tournament at Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 15 and 16. By way of preface, we are told that Portsmouth, the only seaport, is a busy little city of 10,000 inhabitants, situated midway between Boston and Portland on the main line of the Boston & Maine Railroad, Eastern Division, and is also connected with the Southern and Western Division of the railroad. Situated on the banks of the beautiful Piscataqua, opposite the Navy Yard, it has a harbor unrivaled along the coast. The location is admirable; the scenery and drives magnificent. Colonial in style, it charms all newcomers with its quaint old mansions and quiet streets, while elegant modern residences are also plenty, and the people hospitable, genial, and fond of sports.

The gun club organized a few years ago is composed of genuine lovers of trap-shooting, and the welcome extended to all visiting sportsmen is cordial and sincere. The bicycle park will be used for the tournament in preference to the regular shooting ground, as being more convenient and easier of access. The club is desirous of doing everything in its power to make certain the success of the tournament, and feel no doubt that a visit to the quaint old city itself will alone repay the visitors. Headquarters for sportsmen during the tournament will be the Langdon House, Vaughn street; $2 per day.

All matches at bluerocks. On each day seven matches at 15 birds, $1 entrance, and three at 20 birds, $1 50 entrance.

All purses will be divided by the Rose system into four moneys at the ratio of 5, 4, 3, 2. Price of targets included in all events. Shooters may enter for price of targets (2 cents) in any of the events. Guns and ammunition forwarded to Hoyt & Dow, Congress street, will be cared for and delivered at the shooting grounds free of charge.

Shooting will commence at 9:30 A. M., sharp, each day. Further information relative to the tournament will be cheerfully furnished by W. I. Philbrick, Sec'y, Portsmouth, N. H.

St. Paul Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 22.—We take pleasure in extending to the shooting fraternity throughout the Northwest a cordial invitation to shoot with us on Sept. 7, 8 and 9, at the State Fair Grounds during fair week. It has been demonstrated that an amateur shoot will bring together a larger aggregation of sportsmen than could be obtained otherwise. We have adopted the 2 and 4yds handicap system which we hope will meet with approval. Bluerocks will be used in all events. First and second days matches at 10, 15 and 20 targets with $1, $1.50 and $2 entrances. Third day three-men team shoot and State diamond badge event, 50 bluerocks, $6 50 entrance, with a valuable list of merchandise average prizes added.

Ten and 12-bore guns 16yds. rise in first event each day. Winner of first money handicapped 2yds. in next event, 20yds. limit. Price of targets included in entrance money.

High guns take choice in average prizes. All events at unknown angles except pair shooting. American Association revised rules with above exceptions.

H. C. LAWRENCE, Sec'y.

In the Land of Maple Sugar.

THE INTERSTATE AT MONTPELIER, VT.

FOR some reason or other, either because it is the last tournament that we have attended, or because everything has turned out just as we expected, the Interstate Association's tournament at Montpelier, Vt., Aug. 25-26, seems to us to have been a most extraordinarily pleasant and successful shoot The home club (the Montpelier Gun Club) is more than satisfied with the result of its efforts; Manager Shaner, on behalf of the Interstate Association, assures us that he never had a pleasanter task upon his hands than the running of this shoot; the visitors, without a single exception, were most favorably impressed with everything that went to make this one of the best tournaments of the season of 1897.

In our columns of "Drivers and Twisters" during the past few weeks, we have claimed many things for the Vermont Interstate: it is, therefore, naturally somewhat of a pleasure to note that the shoot itself more than justified every claim we made. Had the weather for the thirty-six hours prior to the opening of the tournament been a little more favorable, the number of entries would have been materially increased. As it was, however, the entries were sufficiently numerous to make the cashier do some lively hustling to keep even with the game.

THE STEAMBOAT SQUAD.

The "steamboat squad" that came from New York was a solid delegation. The crowd consisted of nine men from New York and vicinity, an addition of one being made when the boat train from Albany on Tuesday morning, Aug. 24, reached Sandy Hill, N Y. The party that left New York on the steamer Adirondack, Aug. 23 was as follows: Capt A. W. Money of the American E C. & Schultze Powder Co., Lim'd; Ed. Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand W-A Powder Co; H. P. Collins, of the Du Pont Powder Co.; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M C Co.; Ferd Van Dyke and J H. Cameron, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; John J Hallowell, late of Tucson, Ariz., but now a resident of the State of Pennsylvania at Bethayres, near Philadelphia; M A. Beers, one of the crack shots of the Bridgeport (Conn.) Gun Club and the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

When this party left New York rain had just commenced to fall; it fell all night, and kept on falling with a delightful persistency all day on the 24th. When the boat train for Lake George arrived at Sandy Hill it was just about as gloomy and wet as one could imagine, but Guy R. Clark was on hand and joined the party, making No. 10 in the squad. The mountains that surround Lake George, and which help to make it one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, were wrapped in clouds that gave no hope of better things for that day. It was a case of stay under cover or get wet, and consequently the trip, which should have been most delightful, became rather tedious.

Burlington, Vt., the scene of the Interstate Association's tournament in Vermont one year ago, was reached about 5 P. M., the crowd being met on its arrival by Jim Denning, secretary of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, and by two other members of the same club—Messrs. W. L. Stone and E. E. Morgan. The party put up for the night at the Hotel Burlington, where it was the guest of Mr. Stone, the vice-president, we believe, of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club. Several of the party had made the hotel their headquarters during the shoot of 1896, and Mr. Delaney, the proprietor of the hotel, had evidently not forgotten them, judging from the warmth of his greeting. Leaving Burlington at 7:30 A. M. on Wednesday, Aug 25, the party reached Montpelier and the shooting grounds in time to commence the programme at 10 A. M. prompt. It may be of interest to mention that on this trip to Montpelier from New York three steamers and five trains were required to cover the 350 miles or so between New York and Montpelier!

THE MONTPELIER GUN CLUB.

The Montpelier Gun Club is composed of a set of live members who, when they undertake anything, apparently don't do things by halves. It has grounds about two and a half miles from the city, with a little depot called The Shoot, located on the suburban line of steam cars that run between Montpelier and Barre. A path leads to the grounds from this depot, a little backwater of the Winooski River being crossed by means of a suspension bridge, light, but strong, and of novel construction. The total distance between the depot and the grounds may be about 200yds., not more A small, but conveniently constructed club house, accommodates the members at their club shoots, but on this occasion the tent of the Interstate Association was erected to furnish additional accommodation for the members and their guests.

The grounds and the traps face about northeast, but the background is a poor one, resembling in some degree that at Oil City, Pa. As Fred Gilbert said about that one, so it may be said about the one at Montpelier; "There's none of that nasty blue sky to bother one." Still the grass grown hills in front, and the woods to the right, were not quite so destructive to averages as they threatened to be at first sight. Of course, so many events being at known traps and angles had much to do with the good totals rolled up by some of the shooters.

When it came to unknown angles, there was nothing soft about them. Under the charge of Stillman Lawrence, the chief trapper, and a dandy at the business, the targets were lined up and down the screens, straightaways being so rare as to almost scare one when they did show up. The targets were thrown fully 50yds., so it can easily be imagined that it was not easy shooting. In speaking about the unknown angles after the shoot was over, Manager Shaner expressed himself as follows: "I never saw a harder lot of unknown angles thrown from any set of traps during my career as manager of the Association."

The poor background, with a few isolated trees in the middle distance, made the work of the referee uncommonly severe, as the closest attention was necessary in order to accurately decide losses and breaks. Yet Henry Kelton managed to stand up and give his decisions during the whole of the two days of the shoot without a really solid kick being registered against him during that time. So good was his work, and so readily did the shooters appreciate this fact, that Mr. Kelton was warmly congratulated by several of the visitors at the close of the shoot. Referees like Mr Kelton are mighty scarce, and the Montpelier Gun Club should look to it that Mr. Kelton does not jump the game when next it holds a shoot.

THE OFFICIALS.

We have mentioned Messrs. Kelton and Lawrence as having contributed largely to the success of the shoot. But there were others, of course, who also did their share to make things O K. Among the number were Messrs. G. B. Walton, secretary of the club; J. G. Brown, Dr. H A Fiske, etc. All these gentlemen were untiring in their efforts to make things run smoothly and to entertain the club's visitors. In the cashier's office, Mr. A. G. Eaton, cashier of one of Montpelier's banks, ran things by himself and covered everything in his department in a manner that surprised us, as we know what it is to handle entries and make payments in a crowd of forty or more shooters

On the blackboard the scores were chalked up by Harry M. Graves, the manifold scores being in charge of J. G. Walton, a member of the Sherbrooke (Can.) Gun Club and a cousin of Secretary Walton of the home club. Ned Wheatley was the puller, and he caught on to the work he had to do with ease. Pulling, blackboard work and manifold scoring were satisfactorily provided for by the home club.

Another official, also a member of the club, must not be forgotten; this was W. E. Stoddard, the caterer, who provided lunch and trimmings of a temperance nature in a tent that was well patronized during the shoot.

LOCAL MEN SHOT WELL.

It is always a source of pleasure to note that local men shot well to the front in any tournament On this occasion both F. A. Standish and C O. Barrett, both members of the local gun club did very well; Standish was one of the kingpins on the first day, while Barrett, barring a break in event No 9, was away up on the second day. Standish's work was remarkable on the first day, but the strain was too much for him, and he fell down on the second; two days' continued shooting, with the practice work on the afternoon of Aug 24, which was done in heavy rain, putting a heavy strain on a man who shoots at the most but one day a week, and then only 100 shots or so. Barrett is an old campaigner and shot far better on the second day than on the first He lost 5 targets in event No. 9, and those 5 targets would have landed him in third place.

THOSE WHO WERE PRESENT.

Among the visitors besides those referred to above as the "steamboat squad," were: Ben. H Norton, of the Hazard Powder Company; Col. A G. Courtney and E D. Fulford, of the Remington Arms Company; O. R. Dickey, of the Parker Gun Company; B Leroy Woodward, of Campello, Mass.; E B. Wadsworth (Puck), of Boston, Mass.; E A. Worthen, C E. Worthen, W. S. Phelps, J. S. Denning and E E. Morgan, members of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, of Burlington Vt.; J. G Walton, C D. White, T. M. Craig and J. F Markell, of Sherbrooke, Can.; A. W Westover, Sutton Junction, Can.; E C. Ellsworth, of Cambridge, Vt., a gentleman whose initials would hardly lead one to suppose that he was the representative at this tournament of the Gold Dust Powder Company; R Ward, St Albans; B A. Eastman, W. H Eastman, Houghton, Griffin and Reynolds, all of the Barre, Vt., Gun Club; Hawkins, of Calais; Pudsey, of Shelburne etc.

The home club was out in force: G. B. Walton (Stub), Barrett Standish, Brown, W. A Briggs, C. H Ferrin and his son, W G Ferrin, a good shot for a sixteen-year-old; Stoddard, D. M Shepard, C E. Towne, A. A. Stratton, Dr. Fiske; a total of eleven shooters in all.

We must now leave it to the separate reports for each day, together with the tables of scores and general averages, to tell the balance of the story, outside of a few notes that will bring this article to a close.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The general average table shows a hot fight for first place, Dickey coming out on top, as usual, but by a very narrow margin, 2 targets out of 330 shot at separating him from Leroy and Banks, who tied for the next two positions. Puck, who shot steadily on both days of the shoot, was just 3 targets short of an average of 90 per cent., but won fourth place. Fulford and Barrett tied for fifth and sixth places, Van Dyke pulling up into seventh place by dint of his good shooting on the second day. Standish felt the strain of the pace on the first day and dropped down on the second, but landed in eighth place. Hallowell just beat out U. M. C. for ninth place, 1 target separating them. C. E Worthen and Beers were the others who broke better than 80 per cent Twenty shooters shot through the entire two days' programme, their records being as follows:

	First day.	Second day.	Total.	Shot at.	Av.
Dickey	166	147	313	330	94.8
Leroy	166	145	311	330	94.2
Banks	163	148	311	330	94.2
Puck	156	138	294	330	89
Fulford	162	131	293	330	88.7
Barrett	152	141	293	330	88.7
Van Dyke	151	141	292	330	88.4
Standish	161	125	289	330	87.5
Hallowell	149	135	284	330	86
U M C	147	136	283	330	85.7
Worthen	136	132	268	330	81.2
Beers	145	121	266	330	80.6
Money	141	122	263	330	76.6
Brown	136	126	262	330	79.3
Courtney	133	128	261	330	79
Morgan	128	115	243	330	73.6
Stub	117	119	236	330	71.5
Collins	121	109	230	330	69.6
Phelps	107	115	222	330	67.2
Briggs	95	99	194	330	58.7



THE CROWD AT MONTPELIER.

First Day, Aug. 25.

After the unpropitious weather of the previous thirty-six hours, everybody expected that to-day would be all right. The weather bureau guessed so, and managed to save its reputation by the skin of its teeth. Early, very early, in the morning the sun came out, but not liking the looks of things, turned back again. While the "steamboat squad" was on its way to Montpelier, the sun came out again and cheered us all up. From that time until night closed, it was alternately cloudy and bright, with an occasional sprinkle that fell from clouds heavily charged with water. The evening closed with a sunset that augurs well for the morrow.

The feature of the day was the record made by F. A. Standish, a member of the local gun club, and a resident of Montpelier. We remember Mr. Standish very well from his shooting at the Burlington Interstate just one year ago At that tournament he shot well at times, but at others he dropped back again into a novice's gait. But this year and to-day, he astonished everybody by his showing at the traps. Starting off with a straight in the first event, he lost three out of 20 in the next event. He then struck a streak that looked certain to carry him away up to the top, breaking 102 out of the next 105, giving him a total of 134 out of 140 shot at. In the ninth event he lost 4, but picked up again with a 19 out of 20 in the last event. He thus finished with an average of 95.7 for 175 targets shot at, and held third place in the daily averages.

Dickey and Leroy both shot too well for any of the others to catch up to them, although both had a stern chase during the greater part of the day with Standish in the lead. They tied for first average with 166 breaks out of 175, an average of 94 8. Banks landed fourth, one target behind Standish, Fulford taking fifth place with a single break less than Banks's total. Their averages were 93.1 and 92.5, respectively. Fulford's comparatively poor start of 44 out of the first 50 handicapped him rather heavily, but he made his usual strong finish

Of the others, Puck was a fraction less than two breaks below 90 per cent., while Barrett and Van Dyke tied with 86.8 per cent. Neither of these two men shot anywhere near up to their form, Van Dyke's average being due entirely to his ill health and the fatigue caused by the trip from New York in damp and chilly weather.

The average entry list for the ten events was 33 8, a most satisfactory showing. Had it not been for the late start in the morning (which, by the way, was due to the courtesy of the home club, who wished to accommodate the New York contingent) this number of entries would have been increased by additional shooters in Nos. 9 and 10. It is, however, rather hard to get away from the grounds, trains running only every hour, so several shooters drew out their entrances and left so as to get back home in time for supper

During the day a total of 5,940 bluerocks were trapped in the ten events on the programme. The traps, Elmer Shaner's pets, worked a little rough at first, owing to their having been out all the day previous in the heavy rain, when 2,300 targets were thrown in practice shooting. A broken arm on one of the traps, too, delayed the game while a new trap was being placed in position. The life of a bluerock expert trap, when cared for as Manager Shaner cares for his, may be judged by the fact that this is only the second broken arm that has happened to his traps in four years of service! Once the traps got well started to-day, everything went on smoothly and without a hitch.

The table below shows the angles and the number of targets in each event, and also gives the relative positions of the shooters in order of merit:

SCORES OF AUG. 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Angles:	K	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U	K			
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Ave.
Dickey	15	20	14	17	13	19	15	18	15	20	175	166	94.8
Leroy	14	20	14	20	15	16	14	20	13	20	175	166	94.8
Standish	15	17	15	20	14	20	14	19	11	19	175	164	93.7
Banks	14	20	14	20	12	17	14	18	14	20	175	163	93.1
Fulford	14	17	13	20	15	17	14	20	14	18	175	162	92.5
Puck	15	19	13	14	12	18	12	19	13	17	175	156	89.1
Barrett	12	19	13	19	14	18	14	15	11	17	175	154	86.8
Van Dyke	12	15	12	18	11	18	14	18	14	19	175	151	86.2
Hallowell	11	16	13	18	14	18	13	19	12	15	175	149	85.2
U M C	13	18	10	14	11	17	15	19	12	18	175	147	84
Beers	8	14	14	16	14	19	15	17	12	16	175	145	82.8
Money	14	17	12	15	13	16	13	17	10	14	175	141	80.5
Worthen	12	19	11	15	10	14	12	19	10	14	175	136	77.7
Brown	12	16	11	18	11	16	14	13	9	16	175	135	77.7
Shepard	9	14	12	17	14	16	15	14	10	13	175	134	76.5
Courtney	12	17	7	17	13	12	10	18	13	14	175	133	76
Ferrin	11	17	8	15	8	16	10	18	14	16	175	133	76
Morgan	14	15	11	13	11	11	13	12	10	18	175	128	73.1
Fiske	12	13	9	15	7	15	10	17	12	17	175	127	72.5
Collins	11	14	12	13	11	11	13	14	10	12	175	121	69.1
Stub	9	13	10	14	8	14	6	16	12	15	175	117	66.6
Phelps	10	10	9	15	5	16	9	14	9	10	175	107	61.1
Briggs	9	17	9	8	8	11	2	13	6	12	175	95	54.2
Griffin	10	18	13	18	14	19	10	16	..	..	140	118	84.2
White	12	14	6	12	9	10	8	15	..	..	140	86	61.4
Norton	8	14	12	..	11	14	10	11	12	..	135	92	68.1
Craig	11	13	10	16	9	16	..	15	..	..	125	90	72
Westover	11	16	6	10	10	15	..	10	..	..	125	78	62.4
W H Eastman	12	17	13	19	13	15	10	..	..	..	120	99	82.5
B A Eastman	14	14	13	..	11	15	12	16	..	..	120	95	79.1
Towne	12	16	11	13	13	17	11	..	..	..	120	93	77.5
Ellsworth	12	14	10	..	10	16	9	14	..	..	120	85	70.8
Markell	12	15	11	..	8	14	..	13	..	..	105	73	69.5
Ward	10	17	10	..	..	15	..	18	..	12	95	72	75.7
Clark	4	10	9	..	..	..	9	13	..	..	85	45	52.9
J G Walton	13	..	10	..	13	..	12	..	..	..	60	48	80
Cameron	5	10	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	55	25	45.5
Horsington	6	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	21	42
Houghton	13	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	35	26	74.2
Stoddard	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	35	26	74.2
Stratton	10	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	35	19	54.2
Lowe	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	13	....
W G Ferrin	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	11	....
Ehle	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	11	....
Taylor	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	80
E A Worthen	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	53.3
Smith	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	7	46.6
Thomas	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6	40
Entries	48	40	36	29	34	37	32	34	24	24	333.	Average	33.8.

Second Day, Aug. 26.

A lovely day was dealt out to us to day. The sun was warm, and as soon as the heavy dew that fell during the night had been dried up by the rays of the sun everything was perfect, both overhead and underfoot.

An early start was made with the programme. The previous evening we had smiled when Mr Shaner said he would start at 9 prompt, but start he did, right on the dot. This gave shooters who wanted to get away early a chance to shoot out the programme and catch an early train. The first six events were disposed of before a stop of half an hour for lunch was made The next three events were soon disposed of, and the handicap, with thirty two entries did not take long. Four extras were shot: 20 targets, known angles, $2; 25 targets, expert rule, $2.50; 10 pairs, $2; 15 targets, reversed order, $2. In the expert rule event Dickey took first money with 24; Van Dyke and Hallowell divided second with 22; Money and Banks split third money with 21, Barrett and Standish taking fourth on 21. Six other entries didn't get a place. In the pairs, Banks and Barrett divided first on 15 each; the targets from Nos. 2 and 3 in this event were puzzlers; if you took No. 2 first, you couldn't see No. 3 easily; if you took No. 3 first, it was a case of "Where's No. 2?" The reversed order event with seven entries was a good example of the beauties of the "old system," all extras, except the 20 known angles, being divided on that plan. Barrett took first alone with 14; Money, Dickey, Hallowell and Standish, divided second with 13; Banks scooped third alone on 12, and drew out more than his entrance, while the 13s got back about 80 cents each out of the $2 they put in.

First average for the day was hotly contested. Banks won it finally by one target, breaking 15 straight in No. 9 to Dickey's 14. Leroy was third, very close up. Van Dyke and Barrett tied for fourth and fifth places with an average of 90.9 each. Puck again showed up well with 89 per cent. to his credit.

The entries for the day held up remarkably well The total number of entries for the nine programme events, outside of the handicap race, was 254, an average of 28 2 This number brought the average number of entries for the two days, nineteen events altogether, to a fraction over thirty-one for each event. Without having any data to hand, we would say that this total compares more than favorably with any Interstate shoot held this season.

A total of 6,302 targets were thrown during the day, making the total for the two days and the practice afternoon just 14,542 targets, an excellent showing. The traps worked as well as ever, and an enjoyable day's shooting was brought to a close by a ride back to Montpelier in a carryall, furnished free of charge by the Montpelier Gun Club.

The story of to-day's shoot will be found in the following table:

SCORES OF AUG. 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			
Angles:	K	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U			
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Ave.
Banks	14	19	15	18	14	19	15	19	15	155	148	95.4
Dickey	15	20	12	19	14	20	15	18	14	155	147	94.8
Leroy	13	18	15	19	14	18	15	19	14	155	145	93.5
Van Dyke	13	20	14	16	14	19	14	17	14	155	141	90.9
Barrett	15	19	15	17	12	19	15	19	10	155	141	90.9
Puck	11	17	15	20	12	18	15	20	10	155	138	89
U M C	14	17	10	17	14	19	13	17	15	155	136	87.7
Hallowell	13	19	12	19	12	17	13	18	12	155	135	87
Worthen	11	16	14	17	13	17	11	18	15	155	132	85.1
W H Eastman	13	16	14	16	14	18	13	16	11	155	131	84.5
Fulford	13	19	13	17	13	17	12	16	11	155	131	84.5
Courtney	12	16	13	18	14	16	12	14	13	155	128	82.5
Brown	14	16	12	16	14	16	11	15	12	155	126	81.2
Standish	12	15	14	17	12	15	14	14	12	155	125	80.6
Money	11	17	8	20	11	16	11	16	12	155	122	78.6
Beers	12	16	12	16	11	19	11	13	11	155	121	78
Stub	9	16	13	19	12	14	11	14	11	155	119	76.7
Griffin	13	18	13	15	10	16	12	10	10	155	117	75.4
Phelps	13	15	9	13	10	17	11	17	9	155	115	74.1
Morgan	11	12	10	19	9	16	11	15	12	155	115	74.1
Collins	10	16	10	13	4	17	8	17	14	155	109	70.3
Briggs	11	15	7	9	11	13	10	16	7	155	99	63.8
Norton	6	12	8	12	8	12	8	7	10	155	83	53.5
Clark	8	11	7	14	8	16	..	13	12	140	89	63.5
Ward	14	15	..	17	..	15	..	15	..	105	76	72.3
B A Eastman	11	14	11	..	11	..	11	..	13	95	71	74.7
Taylor	15	17	11	..	13	..	..	..	11	80	64	80
Reynolds	..	16	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	55	41	74.5
Ellsworth	11	17	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	37	74
Stoddard	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	9	35	26	74.2
Ferrin	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	23	65.7
Cameron	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	11	..	35	23	65.7
Shepard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	35	21	60
Beck	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	..	..	35	17	48.5
Belknap	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	..	..	35	16	45.7
Smith	6	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	30	11	36.6
Towne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	11	73.3
Pudsey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	7	46.6
Hawkins	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	15	6	40
Entries	30	30	28	27	30	28	24	27	30	254.	Average	28.2

THE HANDICAP EVENT.

This event, the last on the programme, had thirty-two entries. The conditions were: 25 targets, handicap 25 to 33, $2.50 entrance, known angles, $30 added by the club, five moneys, Rose system. Fulford ran 25 straight, but had lots of company in first place when all the handicaps were shot out. Below are the totals, the score furnished us not showing each man's handicap allowance. Fulford had 1 extra target allowed him, but he didn't need it.

First place, with a highest possible of 25, was held by Fulford 25, Money 23+2=25, Beers 22+3=25, Courtney 23+2=25, Collins and Brown (each) 20+5=25, Ward 22+3=25, B. A. Eastman 20+5=25, Towne 22+3=25, Pudsey 21+4=25, W. G. Ferrin 19+6=25.

The 24s were: Van Dyke (scratch) Hallowell 22+2, Leroy (scratch), Puck 23+1, C. E. Worthen 20+4, W. H Eastman 20+4, W. E. Stoddard 18+6=24.

The 23s: Banks (scratch), Barrett 22+1, Standish 20+3, Morgan 18+5, Fiske 20+3

The 22s: Dickey (scratch), Clark 18+4.

The 21s: U. M. C. 19+2, Stub 15+6, Cameron 17+4.

Those who got out of the money, just three out of thirty-two, were: Briggs 15+5=20, Norton 13+5=18, and Stratton 14+4=18.

NOTES.

Ed Taylor was taken sick on the trip to Montpelier, the damp weather having a bad effect on him. He managed to shoot in the first event on the first day, but after that had to retire to the hotel, where he tried to get himself in trim for the second day. On that day, ill as he was, he wouldn't give in, but put his gun together and rolled up a straight 15 in the first event.

On the first day's programme U. M. C. beat out Captain Money by 6 targets, and he didn't let the Captain forget that fact during the evening. The result was the wager of a hat on the next day's scores. U. M. C. won again, and this time by 136 to 122. He will get a hat a size or two larger than usual.

Dickey with his Parker and Leroy with his L. C. Smith, both of them using E. C. powder, managed as usual to get to the top of the heap and carry off first honors for the Bay State. Dickey won first general average, breaking 94.8 per cent. each day. Leroy broke 94.8 on the first day and 93.5 on the second day. Neither of them lost many targets either! Dickey lost 17 in two days out of 330, Leroy losing just 2 more

Ferd Van Dyke's work on the first day was most disappointing to all. He was far from well, the wet weather having given him some trouble. On the second day he shot at times in his old brilliant style, pounding out 20 straight in No. 2.

F. A. Standish's work has been mentioned elsewhere. He shot a most remarkable gait on the first day, and made the visiting experts hold their breath many a time, while they rooted for a straight for him. A total of 134 out of 140 shot at, shows that he got more than one straight in the eight events. He lost three targets in No. 2 event, but made two 20s, one 19, two 15s and two 14s in the other seven events. In No. 9 he dropped to 11 out of 15, but pulled himself together in No. 10, and ran 19 out of 20. He thus finished with 164 out of 175, an average of 93.7.

C. O. Barrett is Montpelier's most reliable shot. Barrett has been shooting for many years, and has always held well up to the front. He shoots quick and in good time, but does not snap his birds by any means. He centers them though, and that's what tells after all.

E. A. Worthen, who was last year the president of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, and who probably holds the same position this year, was accompanied by his son, C. E. Worthen, who shot along through the programme and made some good scores. We believe the Messrs. Worthen are related to our friend, Barney Worthen, of the Palmetto Gun Club, Charleston, S. C. If so, there is no wonder they can shoot, for that gift runs in the blood frequently, and Barney's about as warm as they make them anywhere in this country.

Jim Denning, of Burlington, came along as a rooter for the men of his club. He rooted also for us in a way that helped materially when we needed that last target occasionally. Yet that "last target" got away once or twice, notwithstanding Jim's best efforts.

Ben Norton and Guy Clark shot a series of matches in the sweeps on the second day, just to give them a little amusement. Clark did not come out second best, but Norton laid the blame of the whole matter on a certain prominent hoodoo, yclept rabbit foot. Ben is popular in Vermont and made lots of friends for Blue Ribbon.

A. A. Stratton, a member of the home club, is an expert amateur photographer. On the first day he photographed a group of the shooters, making one of the clearest and best negatives of the kind we have ever had the pleasure of looking at.

Referee Harry Kelton can look back upon his work at the Montpelier Interstate with pleasure and satisfaction. He was earnest and painstaking, using good judgment in his decisions, and favoring no one.

R. Ward, of St. Albans, Vt., joined the party from Burlington on the morning of Aug. 25. He was picked out of the crowd by a couple of euchre sharps, who tried to catch him on the "poker bet" game. Mr. Ward reads the papers and knows better than to be caught, but he played euchre all the same. Hence the sharps lost much valuable time and some little temper. It may be some satisfaction to him to know that those gentlemen did not waste the whole week, as we saw them make what we believe was rather more than a fair share of expense money on four sevens against a couple of ace high straights on the morning of Aug. 28.

Stillman Lawrence, the head trapper of the Montpelier Gun Club, is a man over seventy years old, at a guess. He and two of his sons took charge of three traps during the shoot. When the interval for lunch was announced on the second day, father and two sons set off across lots at a fast trot, and kept trotting until out of sight up the hill. Not one man in ten of those who witnessed the spurt could have equalled the gait of "the father of nineteen children." Mr. Lawrence is in a class by himself in more ways than one.

The Sherbrooke (P. Q.) Gun Club sent a delegation of four men to this shoot—Messrs. J. G. Walton, White, Craig and Markell. Sherbrooke can, and does, give good shoots on her own account, and gets plenty of support from Canadian and the frontier gun clubs on the United States side of the border.

The day after the shoot we asked Secretary Walton how he and the club felt in regard to the Rose system. He replied somewhat in these words: "We are more than satisfied with it, and feel sure that had we used the old system for dividing purses, our entries would not have kept up to the figure they did. The bulk of the money would have gone into the hands of too few shooters. The cashier's book shows that the money was distributed around."

While on the trip from Caldwell, N. Y., to Burlington, Vt., the eyes of the bachelors of the "steamboat squad" were gladdened by the presence of a blue-eyed member of the gentler sex. She was promptly christened "The Lady of the Lake," and was popularly supposed to be a mascot of the highest quality.

The suspension bridge which spanned a body of water that lay between the railroad track and the shooting grounds was remarkably light in appearance, but was strong enough to support the weight of Col Courtney without danger of collapse. We caught the Colonel with our camera while he posed in the middle of the bridge, standing in the attitude of Liberty Enlightening the World. In his upstretched hand he held a Remington sign, the insignia of his office. After the capacity of the bridge for weight carrying had been tested in this severe manner, it was named the "Bridge of Size."

H. P. Du Pont Collins was as much at home in Vermont as in the land of terrapin and canvasbacks. His good nature was unvarying, and if he didn't break every target, it was always his fault, not that of the gun or powder. His example might well be followed by others we wot of.

M. A. Beers, of Bridgeport, Conn., was not in form, and was bothered somewhat by his gun, which refused to cock occasionally. At times he shot in form good enough to please anybody, but as a rule he was clean off, and his work at Montpelier cannot hold a candle to what he can do at home

W. L. Stone, of Burlington, Vt., was one of the delegation from the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club that met the "steamboat squad" on its arrival in Burlington. He conducted the squad to the Hotel Burlington, and took upon himself the rôle of host without giving us a moment's warning.

Members of both the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club and the Montpelier Gun Club assured us that they would support well an Interstate tournament in their State in 1898, if the Association thought fit to hold one in Vermont next season. The Association has done much to help on trap shooting in Vermont, and the members of the above clubs are disposed to feel very kindly toward the organization. Applications for tournaments are in order at any time, but they will not be acted upon until the Association's annual meeting early next December.

FOREST AND STREAM has many friends up in Vermont and in the Province of Quebec. So many kind words were spoken to us by residents of those portions of the continent of North America that we are bound to be on hand in 1898 if there is a tournament up there, and if we are still in harness. EDWARD BANKS

Waterville Tournament.

WATERVILLE, Me., Aug. 24.—I enclose complete scores of the shooters who took part in the annual tournament of the gun clubs of Maine, held under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club in this city Aug. 18 and 19, also an account of the organization of the Maine State Shooting Association, which may be of interest to your readers.

The largest number of shotgun experts ever assembled in Maine began breaking targets on the grounds of the Waterville Gun Club Wednesday. Teams were present from Portland, Bath, Richmond, Gardiner, Lewiston and Waterville, there being over fifty entries in several of the different events. The only out of the State crack who was there was Leroy, of Massachusetts, who shot in his usual good form.

The wind was high all through the shooting and cut down the scores badly. The greatest interest for the day of course centered in the team match in which seven teams competed. Portland entered two teams. The result of the team match follows:

Waterville.		Gardiner.	
Wyman	43	Files	35
Honesty	42	Libby	39
Getchell	43	Harrington	31
Green	47	Whitmore	44
Preble	41—216	Douglass	34—183
Portland.		**Bath.**	
Adams	40	Thompson	33
Randall	43	Bates	42
Neal	37	Merrill	43
Arthur	48	Jones	36
Wilkes	40—208	Lord	39—193
Lewiston.		**Portland No. 2.**	
Hunnewell	45	Dennis	38
Cobb	38	Mayberry	24
Berry	41	Williams	35
Merrow	42	Darton	47
Herbert	39—205	Gray	34—178
		Richmond.	
Henry	26	Rowe	34
Webber	41	Ray	42—174
R F Cobb	31		

The club was favored again Thursday by beautiful weather, and the crowd of shooters was as large as on Wednesday. There were over fifty men facing the traps in many of the events on both days—a record never made before at a shoot in Maine.

The visitors professed themselves delighted with their treatment at the hands of the home club, and declared they were coming to the State tournament to be held here another year.

The big event of the day of course, was the match for the individual championship of Maine, held last year by Major W. E. Reid, of this city. This was at 50 birds per man, and occupied several hours to work it off.

There were four members of the Waterville team in the first squad to face the traps in this event, and on the first string of 25 birds they broke 24 apiece. Dr. Rowe, of Richmond, broke 25 straight, while G. R. Hunnewell of Lewiston, missed but one bird in his first 25, and that because his "safety" was not shoved into position. Arthur Randall, of Portland, pulled out 23 out of his first 25, and followed it up in his second string by breaking 25 straight, winning the championship. It is a well deserved honor, as Mr. Randall is one of the best shots in Maine, having already won several cups offered for high gun at various shoots throughout the State. His victory was a decidedly popular one

Major Reid broke 46 out of 50, the same number that won him the championship last year. He was suffering from indisposition, and showed good pluck in doing so well as he did.

Scores were made in the individual championship event, showing the number each man broke out of a possible 50: Wyman 44, Honesty 46, Preble 45, Libby 44, Green 44, Davison 37, Adams 40, Arthur 48, Neal 44, Wilkes 44, Thompson 42, Darlton 46, G. W. Cobb 40, Herbert 39, Rowe 43, Ray 44, Hunnewell 46, Greenwood 24, Mayberry 40, Dennis 43, Williams 44, Bates 42, Jones 38, Harrington 36, Lord 8, Gold Dust 44, W. Getchell 34, Parsons 31, Merrill 32, Corson 32, Blake 38, Connor 31, Howes 34, Webber 38 Honey 26, Coombs 34, P. F. Cobb 39, Stobie 42, C. Getchell 37, Thayer 33, Barton 33, Soule 25, Shaw 37.

The shooters didn't bother to get away on the early train on Thursday, the most of them staying to shoot the programme out.

The shooting was fully as fast and of as good quality as it was on Wednesday, and a larger crowd of people from the city were up on the hill to see the fun.

One of the most interesting events of the afternoon was the special contest for five prizes not included in the programme list of merchandise prizes. The first of these was a Winchester .38-55 rifle, offered by Hanson, Weber & Dunham, and that stayed at home, being won by Chester Getchell with 21 out of a possible 25. Arthur Randall carried off the shell case offered by the same firm as a second prize. Leroy, of Massachusetts got the lamp; Wesley Getchell, of this city, won a can of E. C. powder, and the clock went to Williams, of Portland.

The visitors were very much pleased with Waterville, and many of them took occasion to say to members of the local club that they would surely be on hand for next summer's tournament.

The shooters who remained in the city after the close of the second day's programme of the State tournament met at Preble's studio in the evening to take steps looking toward the organization of an association to have a general oversight over trap shooting matters in general in Maine and for such incidental purposes as will tend to furnish better sport for the shotgun lovers of the State.

The plan of forming such an association was first broached in a letter written to the secretary of the local club by Mr. S. B. Adams, of the Portland Club, some time ago, in which he suggested some of the advantages of such an association, and that a move be made toward forming it while the shooters were here at the tournament.

The meeting was organized by the choice of Mr. Adams as chairman and E. T. Wyman as secretary. The chairman briefly outlined the purposes of the proposed organization, and on motion of Mr. Neal, of Portland, it was voted to form an association of Maine gun clubs. It was also voted that the officers of the Association should consist of a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer and an executive committee consisting of the above officers, ex officio, and a member each from the clubs not represented by any one to the three offices named before

Major W. E. Reid placed in nomination for president the name of George E. Thompson, of Bath, characterizing Mr. Thompson as one of the leading sportsmen of Maine, interested in the best manner in trap-shooting and kindred sport. Mr. Thompson was elected by acclamation and accepted the office in a neat speech, pledging his best efforts to the success of the Association, and counseling the members to each take a particular interest in the organization. E. T. Wyman was chosen secretary and treasurer, and G. R. Hunnewell, of So. Danville, vice president. S. W. Whitmore, of Gardiner, was made a member of the executive committee from the Gardiner club, and E. P. Neal from the Portland club. It was voted to name the organization The Maine State Shooting Association.

Following are the full scores of all the shooters:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	10	15	50	10	15	10	25	15	15	25	10	15	50	10	15	10	25	15	15	25
Wyman	9	15	43	8	10	..	20	14	14	15	8	13	44	9	14	9	22	12	13	17
W Getchell	8	10	43	5	..	3	17	..	..	..	8	13	34	..	..	..	..	..	13	17
Preble	9	..	41	9	5	8	21	13	13	22	10	13	45	9	12	7	18	13	11	20
Green	10	13	47	10	11	6	22	13	12	20	7	14	44	8	13	9	21	13	15	17
Honesty	10	11	42	8	8	7	23	14	14	23	10	12	46	8	12	10	19	11	11	21
C Getchell	9	13	..	..	10	9	..	10	..	..	9	..	37	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Gold Dust	8	13	..	8	12	9	25	11	14	24	9	11	44	5	..	..	17	..	..	..
G Blake	6	10	..	..	..	7	..	..	11	..	7	11	38	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Howes	6	..	..	7	11	4	..	11	..	..	6	12	34	..	..	..	17	..	..	..
S F Berry	9	..	41	..	..	8	..	..	12	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stobie	9	12	..	8	11	7	21	11	12	..	6	10	42	9	..	..	14	..	..	..
Greenwood	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	34	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Adams	8	10	40	9	11	10	21	13	11	21	4	9	41	9	13	7	21	13	11	18
Neal	10	13	37	8	..	10	..	13	14	23	10	12	44	9	11	9	20	..	..	..
Wilkes	9	14	40	8	12	6	22	14	13	24	8	12	44	7	..	..	22	..	..	..
Arthur	8	14	48	8	15	9	25	11	15	21	9	13	48	10	14	10	25	10	15	21
Williams	8	10	35	7	9	10	19	9	14	19	5	13	44	10	..	..	24	..	12	20
Mayberry	6	9	24	8	9	7	16	..	..	..	8	10	40	..	2	6	20	..	10	..
Le Roy	9	15	..	7	15	10	22	14	14	21	10	14	..	8	13	8	23	14	11	21
Fisher	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Randall	6	15	43	9	11	10	21	13	13	14	24	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Darton	8	14	47	9	15	9	20	12	14	21	9	15	46	10	13	10	23	11	14	17
Dennis	9	11	38	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	43	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Davison	8	10	..	..	..	7	20	11	13	16	7	9	37	7	..	7	..	..	..	..
Merrow	8	11	42	12	..	21	21	12	13	19	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herbert	8	12	39	..	..	..	..	..	14	24	..	..	39	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ray	10	10	42	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	12	..	44	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Libby	..	..	39	9	7	5	18	13	14	18	9	11	44	9	..	..	20	..	..	10
Thompson	6	14	33	8	9	9	16	13	..	17	8	13	42	10	8	8	17	12	14	17
Bates	8	11	42	7	10	4	16	13	19	9	11	..	42	7	..	..	16	..	..	18
Barton	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	33	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Files	8	10	35	..	9	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	9	10	36	4	11	10	17	8	13	19	7	13	38	..	..	..	20	..	..	18
Whitmore	6	9	44	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harrington	7	8	31	7	10	7	19	11	13	21	10	10	36	..	..	..	22	..	..	..
Douglass	6	10	34	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Hunting'n	4	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L Huntington	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Merrill	8	11	43	8	11	9	21	14	14	22	9	11	32	6	7	9	22	10	14	16
Lord	10	10	39	7	..	6	18	9	12	20	9	11	28	8	8	..	20	..	13	..
Furber	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rowe	8	11	34	8	8	..	18	..	..	22	8	13	42	7	..	..	18	..	..	15
Honey	7	11	26	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	36	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
P F Cobb	5	8	31	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	39	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shaw	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	37	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gray	7	9	34	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hunnewell	7	15	45	..	..	..	23	..	14	24	9	15	46	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G W Cobb	7	12	38	..	..	..	..	..	14	24	5	7	40	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Parsons	..	..	..	8	14	..	12	21	..	..	8	11	34	7	..	..	..	21	..	..
Corson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	6	13	32	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Connor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	31	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Webber	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	38	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coombs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	34	..	..	12	20	..	..	..
Thayer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	33	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Soule	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Prescott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	21	14	13	22	..

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Aug. 28.—This being the last shooting day of the Haverhill Gun Club before the State shoot of Wednesday next, it was naturally thought that members would be desirous of a little practice in order to be in condition for work on that day. The result, however, was the same as on most of the regular practice days so far this summer—a few on hand, a large majority absent.

Below I hand you the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	20	10	20	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	10
George	9	7	8	17	7	15	2	11	11	8	6	10	9	5
Stevens	8	7	8	16	9	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Webster	8	6	6	13	4	16	5	9	8	6	8	9	4	7
Miller	5	8	7	15	6	13	6	12	8	8	8	9	5	7
Leighton	..	..	..	13	6	17	4	11	11	6	6	..	..	..
Dr Stansfield	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	2

Events 1, 2, 4, 6 and 12 were known traps and angles; events 3, 7, 8, 9 and 13 were known traps, unknown angles; events 5, 10 and 11 known angles, reverse pull, and event 14 at 5 pairs.

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Mount Kisco vs. Transits.

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 26.—On Aug. 21 there was a match shoot at Mount Kisco between the Mount Kisco Rod and Gun Club and the Transit Rod and Gun Club, of New York city.

The members of the Mount Kisco Club did everthing possible to give the visitors a good time, and the New Yorkers came home feeling that they had had a most enjoyable day. After the captains of the two clubs had spent about one minute in discussing rules, etc., the shoot began and moved without a single hitch or kick of any sort. The scores follow below:

Transit Rod and Gun Club.

Thompson	0101111111101111010010011010—20	
Loomis	0100111110101101111010100110111—19	
Cone	1011011001111111011011111110111—24	
Vonder Bosch	1111111010110101010011111101000—19	
E Wood	1110001111O.0111111011111001111—22	
Voss	1101011101101111010011011111111—22	
Maloney	1011011111110110101111111101000—21	—146

Mount Kisco Rod and Gun Club

F E Wood	1011101111111101101010000111110—21	
Halpin	1110111111101111111111111101111—27	
Gray	1011001110111111010110011101111—21	
Betti	1011011111111111111010101110110—23	
Diehl	1011111011111111010111111010100—22	
Carpenter	1111111110101011011011111111111—26	
Fowler	0011111111001111011111111101011—23	163

H. B. LOOMIS, Sec'y

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. D. M., Bradford, Me.—My two-year-old pointer bitch seems to be all in good health, except that on her neck she was troubled for six or eight weeks with what I call boils. They come to a head and break with a bloody, mattery discharge. I have been giving a spoonful of sulphur once a day for the past week. Ans. Apply equal parts of zinc and Ichthyol ointment and give compound sulphur tablets. (Weyeth's or Park Davis's.)

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Virginia Hot Springs.

(From Town Topics.)

AFTER a brief visit to Virginia Hot Springs, I am quite prepared to believe the wonders that are told concerning that picturesque region. Even the tale of a grinning darkey, who informed me that a cripple of years' standing had that morning, after a brief course of the baths, "frowed away his crutches," did not sound a bit improbable. Aside from the curative qualities of the Springs, which are famous, I believe, the world over, the region itself should, I think, serve as an invitation to invalids to forget their bodily woes and stimulate the healthy into a new enjoyment of life. I have traveled far and witnessed much impressive scenery in my time, but the lofty Virginia hills contain an element of grandeur and beauty that is as invigorating to the senses as the rarefied air to be found at their summit.

I have always maintained that the most gratifying human condition is to be found in a combination of civilization and the wilderness; in a tempering, so to speak, of the beauties of nature with the comforts of home. It is like a pleasant page from an extremely agreeable fairy tale to climb 2,500ft. up the sides of giant hills in the railroad train that runs from Covington to the Springs and find a luxurious modern hotel perched amid a nest of even taller hills that go towering up for 1,500ft. more. The recreations of the place are of a kind to harmonize with the scenery. There are well trained horses to ride and drive. There are golfing grounds for admirers of that pastime. There is a well-built casino, where an excellent orchestra discourses dance music in the evenings. Then, when one turns away from these artificial attractions, there is the endless panorama of the mountains, with their variegated coloring and majesty of outline, forming a picture quite charming enough to compensate the traveler for the all-night journey from New York.

I noticed at the Springs an apparent scarcity of invalids. This, I suppose, is due to the fact that it is impossible to remain an invalid long after testing the efficacy of these waters. Three generations of people, I am told, have testified to it, and as many more will doubtless follow their example. The treatment of the worn-out and debilitated consists in a combination of baths and administration of the mineral waters, though as a resting place for people afflicted with no mental or physical ills at all I do not exactly see how the Springs could be improved upon. The New Homestead, as the aforesaid mountain hotel is called, is a gem of its kind; the scenery, as I have hinted, would enrapture any artist in the land, and the waters seduce the decrepit into indulgence in athletics. No wonder the Virginia Hot Springs are growing more and more popular with people of fashion, and no wonder the officials of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway are inclined to boast of their beautiful garden in the Virginia hills. In their place I should do the same thing.—*Adv.*

Tour to Gettysburg, Luray and Washington.

THE Pennsylvania R. R. Co. has arranged for a most delightful seven-day tour to the Gettysburg Battlefield, Caverns of Luray, and Washington, to leave New York Sept 9. It will be in charge of one of the company's tourist agents, and will cover an intensely interesting section of the upper South. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the trip throughout. Round-trip rate, including all necessary expenses during the entire time absent, $27 from New York, $26 from Trenton, and $24 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Good Chicken Shooting

will be found at numerous points along the Northern Pacific Railway this fall notwithstanding the heavy summer rains. Present advices are to the effect that in the vicinity of Fergus Falls, Perham, Detroit, Sauk Centre and Little Falls, in Minnesota; and Wahpeton, Pembina and Valley City, North Dakota, chickens will be a good crop. At Aitkin, Little Falls, Perham and Detroit, partridges will be plentiful. Ducks will be found in large numbers all along the line. Season opens Sept. 1. Chas. S. Free, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Olive Green

and Royal Red are the colors of the new "Florida Limited" being built by the Pullman Company for the Florida Short Line, Pennsylvania, Southern, Florida Central, and Peninsular & Florida East Coast Line. This train will commence service between New York and St Augustine early in January and will be operated upon the most perfect schedule ever announced from New York to the Royal Palms. The Limited will be composed exclusively of Pullman latest dining, drawing-room, sleeping, compartment and observation cars. Full particulars call on New York office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

CURLY CHIEF.

A FEW days ago there died in Oklahoma, full of years, a good man whose name will be familiar to some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. This was Curly Chief, the chief of the Kit-ke-hahki tribe of the Pawnee nation.

Curly Chief was one of the famous "Seven Brothers" of the Kit-ke-hahki tribe, and by his bravery, shrewdness and rare common sense, very early took a prominent place in the councils of the nation. Brave to the utmost limit of daring when bravery was needed, he was as wise as brave, and as kindly and gentle as wise. Those who have slept in his lodge, and eaten of his food, and listened to his stirring war tales of the olden times, or to his accounts of the marvelous doings of the Indian priests in the buffalo days, will not easily forget the time spent with him. He was loved and venerated by the Pawnees, and respected by all who knew him.

It was Curly Chief who told the story of the first coming to the Pawnee territory of the white man sent out by a Government far to the eastward, to make a treaty with the Pawnees, and to get permission for the whites to pass through their country.

To win the Pawnees' good-will, this man had brought with him many presents, such as blankets, guns, flint and steel and knives. When he had told the Pawnees the purpose for which he had come, the chief pondered for a time and then spoke, saying that the Pawnees required none of these things which had been brought to them. He said: "We have our buffalo and our corn. These things the Spirit Father gave us, and they are all that we require. Look at this robe. This keeps me warm in winter. I need no blanket."

The white men had brought with them some cattle, and the chief of the Pawnees said: "Lead out a heifer on the prairie." They did so, and the chief, stepping near, shot her through behind the shoulders with his stone-pointed arrow, and she fell down dead. The chief turned to the white man and said to him: "Will not my arrow kill? I do not need your guns." Then, with his stone knife, he cut off a piece of fat meat, and when he had done this, he said: "Why should I take your knives? The Spirit Father has given me something to cut with."

Then he took fire-sticks and kindled a fire and roasted his meat, and while it was cooking he spoke again, and said: "You see, my friend, the Spirit Father has given us all that we need—buffalo for food and clothing; corn to eat with our dried meat; bows, arrows, knives and hoes; all the tools that we need for living, for cultivating the ground, or for killing meat. We do not want your presents, and we do not want you to come into our country. Go back to your own."

But in time a treaty was made between the Pawnees and the Government, by which permission was given to the whites to pass through the land, and swiftly following the permission came changes.

At the time of his death Curly Chief was over seventy years of age, so that his memory went back to a time when indeed the wild Pawnee hunted free and uncontrolled. To him it must have seemed but as yesterday when the buffalo blackened the plains, and when the joys of a successful warpath were the keenest pleasures that he knew. His memory went back to those early days before emigration had cut deep roads across the plains, or ever the route to Taos was laid out, or the Santa Fé trail opened. He had seen all those marvelous changes which have taken place west of the Missouri River during the last two generations, and had beheld his people, once free wanderers over the whole broad land, curtailed little by little of their liberty, and now at last made citizens of the United States.

We who are civilized people, who live esssentially as our fathers lived, who are accustomed to new ideas, to new discoveries, to the swift march of modern progress, cannot comprehend what such changes as they experienced meant to these simple people. New methods were constantly shown to them, new ideas continually thrust upon them; and so rapidly did these changes succeed one anther that they merely confused the savage, who comprehended them not at all. For every human mind the process of adjustment to new conditions is deliberate, and above all others the primitive man is conservative and slow to change.

Thus in the span of life of this man were wrought tribal changes, new modes of living, altered surroundings and conditions, such transformations as usually come to a race only in the slow succession of generations. With this Indian of the West it was as if centuries had intervened between his childhood and his age.

In Curly Chief's earlier life the rare white men seen by the Pawnees were wandering trappers, who came to-day and to-morrow were gone, or who took an Indian wife and remained to become a part of the tribe. Much later he witnessed the rush of emigration to California, and the building of the forts for the troops. Then he saw his people restrained—gathered together and kept on a reservation, and later still he sent out his young men in the service of the Government to fight against the hostile Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapahoe. Following that, he beheld the extermination of the buffalo, their replacement by cattle, and the settling up of the country.

Then came the removal of the Pawnees to the Indian Territory, their decimation by wasting illness, and later by the operation of the severalty act they were forced into citizenship, and thus destroyed as a tribe and as a nation.

All these things Curly Chief had witnessed, and it is not difficult to imagine something of the deep and hopeless sadness with which he must have beheld the decadence of his people and their change from a condition of limitless freedom and of absolute mastership of the soil to that of a mere remnant, overwhelmed, broken and lost among the hordes of an alien race.

THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

THE old project has been revived of transferring the United States Fish Commission to the control of the Agricultural Department. The scheme, we need not say, does not originate with the friends of the Commission, who are best informed as to its work in the past and most sincerely concerned for its future; for the change would be one which could not fail seriously to affect the character of the Commission, and to detract from its efficiency and public benefit.

As now constituted, the Commission is an independent and non-political institution. Congress made it so in the beginning, at the earnest insistence of Professor Baird, who saw in such independence, freedom from political control and direct accountability to Congress, the only possible conditions under which the great work it was to undertake could be accomplished most economically and most efficiently. The history of the Commission from the initiative under his direction has justified most abundantly Professor Baird's wisdom and foresight in this. The Commission has accomplished a work of vast magnitude; it has been of invaluable service to the country, increasing the yield of the fishery resources by millions of dollars, and it has done this and done it so well, for one reason because absolutely free to do the best work in the best way and with the best men, without political interference.

To take from the Commission its independence would be to make wreck of so much of its usefulness as lies in its long-standing immunity from interference and outside dictation. To put it into the Department of Agriculture would completely and disastrously change this very essential condition of good work. This in itself is a consideration sufficient to forbid the carrying out of any such project.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SITUATION.

THE fishcultural interests of Pennsylvania have been menaced by the failure of a legislative appropriation for carrying on the work; but there is reason for hope that the required funds may be forthcoming for tiding over the most important interests. As told in our angling columns, there will be a convention in Harrisburg on Wednesday of next week to take action upon the suggestion made by Gov. Hastings, that the fish protective societies of the State should advance the funds for use as required, upon the understanding that the Legislature shall refund the money at the next session.

GREEN TURTLE EGGS.

THAT Florida man told of in our correspondence to-day who instead of making into an omelet the green turtle eggs he had taken on the beach, kept them until they developed into infant turtles and then committed them to the sea, set an example which might well be followed by all Florida turtle eggers. Indeed, to some such practice must the State come if it is to preserve its important and valuable green turtle resources.

The Florida green turtle fisheries in the past have been worth many thousands of dollars annually, but of recent years the catch has decreased with alarming rapidity, until now the pursuit is becoming unproductive and profitless. An investigation recently made by the United States Fish Commission elicited almost universal testimony to this effect.

In Tampa Bay and tributary waters, where in 1890 the fishery was important, the turtles have been killed off and it no longer pays to follow the fishery. The same story comes from Cedar Keys, Key West, Biscayne Bay and other points: over fishing, depleted supply, diminished catch and deserted breeding grounds. The turtle, Key West people complain, no longer deposits its eggs on the Key, but has been driven by the eggers to distant and inaccessible keys; and this has ruined the egging industry. The industry is one which deserves to be ruined, for it is ruinous in itself; from the very nature of the case it could not be otherwise.

The nesting time of the green turtle in Florida extends from April to July. Coming ashore on the sandy beach, the turtle selects a spot above high-water mark, digs with its flippers a hole in the sand one or two feet deep, deposits from one hundred to two hundred eggs, covers them over, and then smoothing the surface to conceal the nest, returns to the deep. In a few weeks the eggs hatch and the young take to the water. The mother turtle visits the shore two or three times in a season, and thus lays from three hundred to six hundred eggs a year.

Bears and men hunt out the turtle nests and take the eggs. The bear is a dumb brute and knows no better; but man can be taught, though it may take time to teach the lesson. Robbing turtle nests of their eggs is in the effect precisely like robbing birds' nests or taking trout from the spawning beds; if the eggs are destroyed, the stock of mature birds and fish and turtles must fail. With the turtle as with other species, the eggs are in themselves, as food or commercial products, of such little value in comparison with the grown turtles, that it is simply inconsiderate and wasteful folly to take them. There is no sentiment about this; it is only a question of the conservation and profitable using of a great natural resource. Florida turtle egging should be numbered among the lost arts.

GUIDES AND GUNS IN THE YELLOWSTONE.

THERE is a misunderstanding on the part of the public regarding Colonel Young's order respecting the carrying of arms in Yellowstone Park by hunters who are going into the territory south of the Park for big game. The order simply provides that hunting parties going through the Park shall carry sealed arms and provide themselves with a registered guide. Any guide of good reputation on registering at Fort Yellowstone, Mammoth Hot Springs, will be authorized by Colonel Young to conduct hunting parties through the Park, where their objective point is the Teton country, Jackson Lake or contiguous territories beyond the boundaries of the Park.

There are some fourteen reliable guides who have already registered and are in position to conduct hunting parties through the Park to the hunting grounds referred to. The order will therefore in no manner interfere with hunting parties who may desire to make this trip during the fall months. In fact, Col. Young states that he will go even further, and in case of responsible parties who desire to go through the Park to meet their guides or pack train, will furnish a small escort thoroughly familiar with the roads and trails to accompany each party to the south, east or west boundary line, according to their destination.

Why "lynx-eyed," when we mean acute of vision? Is the lynx so much further and clearer and sharper-eyed than other wild creatures that it should be the proverbial paragon of sight? We would like to hear from Antler, Corporal Lot Warfield, Lew Wilmot, and some of the other authorities.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE ANGEL OF THE GUARD.

THE names selected for places throughout much of Spanish America are taken from the calendar of saints or other religious authority without much reference, as a general thing, to any local appropriateness. Sometimes one can perceive a strained relation between the name and the place. On the east side of the Peninsula of Lower California, at or near the 29th parallel of north latitude, is a secure and extensive harbor, called the Port of the Angels. This harbor, which at the present day has few angels left, faces northeast, and its entrance is protected by a chain of islands about three leagues distant from the inner shore, while seven or eight leagues beyond lies a mountainous land-mass, stretching forty-five miles from northwest to southeast, somewhat west of the center of the Gulf. This large island was perhaps regarded as a sentinel outpost to ward off storms from the quiet waters within, and was called for that reason "The Angel of the Guard."

For many months I had been trying to visit this island at the invitation of an old friend of mine, who had found interesting antiquarian remains there. In March last past I finally succeeded in making time enough for a short voyage, and while certain circumstances conspired to render my examination imperfect and my expedition a partial or total failure (as the reader may choose to think it), yet I have decided to translate into ordinary English a few notes taken during the trip in the hope that some future inquirer may find guidance. This, indeed, may be the first halting steps toward great discoveries of buried cities and records that rival the Chaldæan tablets. Is it not written in the chronicles of stream and forest how on the nettle of a rough experience may bloom the flower of the fairest luck?

The theory formed by my friend Don José about the Angel of the Guard (or Guarda Island, as it is called for short), from personal observation and reading, was somewhat as follows: A long time ago geologic conditions were changed by a catastrophe. (The "catastrophe" offers to some geologists the same resources that the universal solvent gave to the ancient chemists.) Previous to this "catastrophe" the Colorado River had washed the shores of the island, and its fresh waters had, somewhat exceptionally, begotten a humid climate and varied flora. At this time the Aztecs, who had previously landed in New York, had halted in their wanderings on this spot and constructed fortified roads, stone houses and sepulchral monuments. They had also left a coin, which he, Don José, had found and given to the American Consul, a coin with an inscription variously pronounced to be Greek, Hebrew and hieroglyphic. This medal opens up vistas not only in the history of metallic money, but in the ethnological relations of the Aztecs that will be tempting to specialists, but perhaps misleading for amateurs.

After the "catastrophe" the Aztecs, deserting the now arid island, moved south, while later certain cunning and secretive Jesuits probably found fertile spots and precious mines, which they hid in silence. The theory seemed to me improbable, but my friend had gathered some interesting facts and we decided to follow them up.

Starting from Guaymas on the sloop Ometepec of 23.91 tons register on March 12, we landed at the Port of the Angels on the morning of the 17th. The distance between the two points in a straight line is 160 miles, and the Ometepec is a good sailer, but the moods of the Gulf of California are wayward and sometimes provoking. From about the month of October to the early part of April the prevailing winds come from the northwest. These are varied by occasional "terrales" or land breezes, when you are near the coast, and also by light, variable breezes, with frequent dead calms. The northwesters at times take on a character of great violence, blowing from two to eight days continuously. These winds are called "collas," and raise short seas of considerable height. When the "colla" blows all small sailing ships run before it for the nearest shelter. For the rest of the year breezes from the opposite quarter prevail, but during a portion of this time, that is, from July to September, the storms known as "chubascos" may come at any moment. These are not cyclones such as lately devastated Altata and La Paz, but sudden and formidable blasts, striking like a gunshot and ending in a few hours.

The gulf, then, has possibilities of delay and disaster lurking around it at all seasons, and when you consider the extreme economy, in the way of ancient cordage and wounded spars with which the smaller boats are rigged, you are surprised that the percentage of wrecks is not even more considerable. As a matter of fact the little brown crews count many good seamen, though a man of Northern birth is forced to look with suspicion on a race of sailors who call a gafftopsail an "escandalosa."

The run from Guaymas gave me a chance to learn several interesting things from my friendly companions. Three points of interest in the natural history of the rattlesnake were brought out.

An intelligent fellow passenger told me of the method used by the "churea," or road runner, to capture the snake.

The "churea" is a bird common in our southwest, with long legs and a sharp beak, as large, perhaps, in the body as a meadow lark, but standing much higher, and trusting almost entirely to its speedy legs, rarely flying.

The "churea" in its rambles, frequently finds the rattlesnake asleep. He then looks about for a "cholla" cactus, and plucking sections of this plant, which seem like vegetable sausages surrounded by needle-like thorns with small but efficient barbs, he builds a wall of these around his unconscious victim. When the wall is done, the churea hops lightly over and deals the snake a vicious peck in the head. The snake, lashing about in confusion, impales himself on the cactus, first on this side and then on that, while the bird continues his attacks on the head, until the reptile is killed and dinner is ready.

Reputable observers told me that they had seen this performance, though I confess I had never heard of it before.

The captain then said that it was a matter of common belief that when the rattlesnake went to drink he took out his poison bags and laid them on top of a clean stone, restoring them to their natural place after his thirst was satisfied. If, however, while he was drinking, any intruder should steal or remove the bags, the snake on his return would break himself to pieces in despair. No one professed to have seen this curious performance, and indeed no one claimed to have seen the rattlesnake drinking. I rather think that when you find the snake slaking his thirst the poison will be found on a clean stone near by.

An old and rather pointless tale that seems of Indian origin was told by an old sailor from Guayaquil. Two rattlesnakes near Esmeralda in Venezuela were together, when one of them was killed. The survivor at once searched for and found an herb which would restore his comrade to life. He was carrying this back when, for some reason, his attention was diverted, he dropped his burden and the herb was picked up by a countryman who found that the plant had the strange property of breaking open padlocks. Fernando, who told about this, said he had frequently seen the herb break open padlocks, but he had never been able to find another plant like it.

Many other interesting things were told me on this voyage; for instance, about the musical fish who swims under the strip between San Blas and Mazatlan, giving free concerts as he goes; about wonderful wrecks and rescues; about the sharks of two kinds, tiburones and the still more terrible tintoreras, who infest these waters to such a degree that no native dares to go in swimming. But I must pass these over, and touch lightly on the "bufeo." Don José, who first urged this expedition, told me that among other terrors of the deep the bufeo took a high rank; that he was a local monster who grew to a length of 12ft. or more, had blow-holes, a horn and large teeth, and that he would attack canoes and eat men. I prepared my camera for this animal, but never saw one. I did, however, succeed in depriving him of some of his terrors. The bufeo has no horn, and his ferocity is not well proven. He is a large marine animal of the porpoise kind, with two blow-holes in his head, and probably identical with the species that the sailors call blackfish. So much for careful inquiry and comparison.

On March 17, then, the Ometepec cast anchor in the Port of the Angels, and we went ashore. There is a storehouse on the beach, and one or two other houses, while seven miles inland, up a broad, sandy valley, at Las Flores, curled the smoke of the hacienda, the mill and leaching works of the San Juan mine, while the mine itself lays ten or twelve miles further over the range.

Don José urged me to rest five or six days at Las Flores before going further, but my time was too short for that. I found and engaged a flat-bottomed, sloop-rigged boat—the only conveyance I could get—about 30 or 35ft. long, capable of carrying four or five tons, and made arrangements for a captain and two men to get the boat—which had been hauled up and was not yet fully rigged—in trim so as to start for Guarda Island the next night. Then I rode on to Las Flores to get water casks and make other needful preparations.

The people at Las Flores proved to be of the very elect—friendly, hospitable and helpful, past finding out. Mr. Richard Daggett, the manager of the mining enterprise, universally known as El Dick, not only entertained me, but he gave me a man from his leaching tanks who knew something of the island and proved to be my main reliance; fitted me out with tools and water kegs, and then, after supper, when the next day's plans were cut out and the work was over, I got out of him some stirring incidents in his earlier seafaring career, and one of these episodes I will give you now:

The bark Eden, of 312 tons register, but carrying 500 tons of cargo, was bound from Tien-Tsin, the port of Pekin, to Hong Kong, laden with beans. In leaving Tien-Tsin it was necessary to beat for a long distance down the Gulf of Pechili, and it was particularly desirable to reach the islands strung across the mouth of the gulf in daylight because the navigation is then much less perilous. Mr. Daggett, who was mate of the bark, noticed that she shipped a good deal of water plunging into head seas, but thought little of that at first. He was impressed, however, with the belief that the boat rolled and staggered in an unusual way, and finally decided to call the captain. The captain sent him forward to summon the Malay crew, and for some reason he took his way along the lee side of the ship, where there was already a good deal of water, rather than the comparatively dry, weather side. About amidships he tumbled over the chain hatch. This is an iron cover, weighing several hundred pounds, which should close the chain-hold, a vertical wooden box reaching to the bottom of the ship between the mainmast and the main hatch, and meant for stowing the chain cables when the anchors are not in use. The hatch had worked off, however, and the water shipped over the bows had rushed in until there were 9ft. of water in the hold.

Mr. Daggett at once reported to the captain so as not to frighten the Malays, and they too, working for the most part under water, managed to stow the cable over again and put on the hatch.

Then the crew was called, but when they found that the ship was full of water they decided that the vessel was lost anyhow and that they would take no further trouble in the matter. The captain and the mate therefore provided themselves with whips, as the occasion demanded, and placing themselves one on each side, watched over and inspired the efforts of the Malays until the ship was comparatively dry.

Then they squared away southward, but after a day or two of warm weather the wet beans began to swell to such an extent as to threaten to burst the decks. The hatches had to be taken off and the spoiled cargo gradually shoveled out until, on their arrival at Hong Kong, there was only about enough of the load left to show the nature of their misfortune.

Early in the morning of March 18 I left Las Flores for the beach and put in the day in necessary preparations—buying provisions, filling my ten water kegs, ballasting our crank vessel, getting a license from the proper official and other details of the kind. Toward midday Pancho Zuñiga, who had been lent to me by Mr. Daggett, came in and helped, and later on a drunken Indian arrived with a note from Don José, who could not join me, recommending him as a good tracker of ancient and abandoned trails. This Indian, Timoteo, had lost one hand in dynamiting fish. It was surprising to learn of the number of fatalities and maimings that had been caused by this custom. The people along the beach are such poor fishermen that they live in the midst of plenty without a fish to eat. There is not even a fish line for sale at the local store. Occasionally they harpoon a turtle and occasionally they throw a cartridge, but to catch fish in a legitimate way is quite beyond them, altogether too much work.

At about 7 o'clock in the evening the pango (for that is the name for these flat-bottomed craft), after several attempts to start, had collected her full complement of freight and passengers, including the captain and two men, the drunken Indian, Pancho and myself, and we raised the anchor and tacked out of the harbor. At about midnight we passed the harbor islands and bore off with a free sheet for the south point of Guarda, with a strong northwest wind.

The boat leaked a good deal, enough in fact to wet most of our chattels, and was difficult to pump, because the pump was in the middle and the water was swashing from one side to the other, according to the tack we were on, but shortly after sunrise we rounded the point and slid into a calm on the east side of Guarda Island. The shallow water near the land was beautifully clear, and fish and turtles could be seen now and then in the depths while whales were spouting placidly in the distance. The captain went off in a dory with his harpoon, and after a great many attempts captured two female turtles. These were the ordinary green turtles called "tortuga," or locally "cahuama," for the "caret" (pronounced by the Mexicans "carré"), with the valuable shell, is found further south. We killed one turtle, or rather we cut it up, for the poor thing seemed to retain its vitality for an unreasonable time, and boiled the eggs. There were about 300 eggs (I counted sixty and estimated the rest), and after they were boiled in salt water they could be eaten by a hungry man, but they had a flat, oily taste of little interest, and we started in to cook some of the meat.

A turtle has no meat on its upper shell, though it does have some dark green fat called callipash (from "Carapacho") by epicures, which some people profess to like. On its lower shell the turtle has some yellow fat called callipee and about an inch of meat. This meat with the flippers, especially the front flippers (for the hind ones are small), and a rather inferior liver constitute the edible parts of the turtle. It is certainly not bad provided the animal be fat, but I fancy that it requires all sorts of fanciful condiments if it is to merit high praise. The most curious part of the turtle's anatomy is the heart. This reptilian organ has but three valves in place of the four which mammals possess, but on opening a turtle you find that each valve has the shape and apparent function of a separate heart. One is about 2½in. long and the other two say 1½in. long each in a turtle whose upper shell measures 30in. in length.

In the afternoon, as the calm continued and the tidal currents, engendered by a daily rise and fall of some 12ft., were drifting us backward, we cast anchor and I went ashore. I climbed a volcanic scrap-heap of a hill some 200ft. high and saw upward of twenty piles of rough rocks dotted around like bunches of irregular haycocks. Most of these piles were on the ridge overlooking the sea, though some were on the landward slope near the tops, and none of them seemed to exceed 3ft. in height.

These were the first traces of aboriginal work I had met, and will be further described later on.

Toward night, as the tide turned, we raised our anchor and started north. A short distance ahead of us lay an islet called *Corral de las Víboras*, or Rattlesnakes' Enclosure, which at low tide is almost connected by a rocky bar with Guarda Island, about a mile away.

This islet consists of a rough square of lofty hills with a harbor on the west side nearly inclosed by great curving dykes of boulders, absolutely secure, for boats small enough to get in, from seas raised by any wind. Late at night we succeeded in pulling slowly around the islet—arousing on our way a band of sea-lions who barked at us and rattled noisily on the stony beach—and cast anchor in the quiet lagoon.

H. G. DULOG.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE CHESTNUT RIDGE

And Along Its Foot.—V.

THOMAS ASHE, an English tourist, in the year 1806 visited what was then our western country. In the month of October in that year he crossed the Allegheny mountain range on his way westward. He traveled alone, on horseback, and proceeded to Pittsburg by the road built by the army under General Forbes in 1758. This road was for half a century or more the great thoroughfare between the East and the West through Pennsylvania. When somewhere in the Chestnut Ridge region he had some strange experiences. Upon his return to England, Mr. Ashe published a volume descriptive of his tour, valuable in a way, though his sad addiction to drawing the long bow casts a shadow upon many of his statements. His book has become somewhat rare; my copy is the Newburyport reprint, 1808.

Charmed by the delightsomeness of the way, this gentleman dallied along and was overtaken by nightfall on the mountains, where he was obliged to remain until morning, although "wolves, panthers, and tiger-cats were at hand" to devour him. It was here in the solitude of the mountain top that he witnessed a remarkable exhibition of celestial fireworks. "The heavenly vault," he says, "appeared to be all on fire; not exhibiting the stream or character of the aurora borealis, but an immensity vivid and clear, through which the stars, detached from the firmament, traversed in eccentric directions, followed by trains of light of diversified magnitude and brightness. Many meteors rose majestically out of the horizon, and having gradually attained an elevation of 30°, suddenly burst, and descended to the earth in a shower of brilliant sparks or glittering gems. This splendid phenomenon was succeeded by a multitude of shooting-stars and balls and columns of fire, which, after assuming a variety of forms, vertical, spiral, and circular, vanished in slight flashes of lightning, and left the sky in its usual appearance and serenity." I venture to say that the like of this has never been seen by any other mortal. I can only add as a corollary to this wonderful account, that our traveler elsewhere in his book informs us that whiskey on the Pennsylvania border was then to be had for two shillings a gallon, and no doubt a pint flask was regarded as indispensable in a journey across the Alleghenies.

The next morning Mr. Ashe descended the mountain, and having reached an inn where he found "the landlady civil and the husband sober," he determined to remain a day or two to recuperate after his wonderful night upon the mountain. While here he borrowed a gun and sauntered out into the forest. In the course of his woodland ramble he sud-

denly came upon a huge bear. The creature fell from a tree not twenty yards distant, and at once rose upon his hind feet. "He was in the act of looking up to the branch from which he had slipped," writes Ashe, "when I fired, and lodged a ball in his groin. He staggered, and leaned up against a tree; but, recovering a little from the pain and surprise, he deliberately stooped and picked up a quantity of clean leaves, which, with the greatest precaution, he stuffed into the wound, and this stopped the flow of blood." This was certainly a surprising surgical operation. Ashe was about to fire again, but his heart relented at this conduct on the part of the bear. The animal made no demonstration whatever against his enemy, quite unlike what might have been expected; but, attempting to climb the tree again, the blood rushed forth afresh, and he fell to the ground, uttered a deep groan, and immediately expired. "He was a very large animal," says Ashe; "his tusks being 5in. long, and his paw 15 by 5in."

The most famous town on the line of the road between Carlisle and Pittsburg is Ligonier. A fort was built here by General Forbes, and named Fort Ligonier, in honor of Sir John Ligonier, afterwards Lord Enniskillen, one of the heroes of Blenheim, Ramilies, and Malplaquet. The place was fiercely assailed by a body of French and Indians under De Vetri, in October, 1758, in retaliation of the premature and disastrous attempt by Major Grant upon the French at Fort Duquesne a short time previously. The attack was unsuccessful, and the enemy was beaten off with severe loss. Nearly five years later, the fort was repeatedly assailed by the savages in the uprising known as Pontiac's war, but never with success. Even during the dark days of the Revolution the fort was maintained here; so that the little town of Ligonier has a stirring history behind it.

Three or four miles north of Ligonier, on the crest of the Chestnut Ridge, near the public road between that town and Derry, on the Pennsylvania R. R., is a tract of land once the property of the famous but unfortunate Gen. Arthur St. Clair. When I first knew the place, nearly forty years ago, it had the appearance of having been long abandoned, and the clearing was in an advanced stage of the way to its former wilderness condition. Gen. St. Clair had filled many and high positions, both civil and military. He was with Amherst at the taking of Louisburg; was a lieutenant under Wolfe, at Quebec; was a major-general and one of Washington's most trusted friends in the Revolution; was appointed Governor of the Northwest Territory in 1788; was general-in-chief of the United States Army, and was most miserably defeated by the Indians near the Wabash in November, 1791. This was the end of his public career. His star hastened to its setting. St. Clair's defeat was the most calamitous that the white men have ever received from the Indians. All his former services and successes seemed forgotten in a moment, and only reproaches and taunts were to be his future portion. Scurrilous songs were sung all through the Western country, perpetuating his humiliation.

"'Twas November the fo-urth, in the year of 'Ninety-one,
We had a sore en-ga-ge-ment near to Fort Jefferson;
St. Clair was our com-man-di er, which may remembered be,
For there we lost nine hundred men in the Western Terri-to-ree."

St. Clair withdrew from the public gaze as far as possible, and sought seclusion in the loveliness of the Chestnut Ridge. As if to complete the crushing ruin of the man, his wife became a raving maniac and his son the oppressor of the fallen hero, his father. It was a sad ending of an adventurous and useful life, and may be read in Frank Cowan's "Southwestern Pennsylvania in Song and Story." St. Clair died in the year 1818, and is buried in the cemetery at Greensburg, where his grave is marked by an unostentatious monument. Truly, "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

Only a few miles distant from the St. Clair tract is a cavern in the side of the Ridge, which is called the Bear Cave. It is called by this name, I suppose, on the principle that the man called a certain box his "tool chest," because it never had any tools in it. I never heard of any bears being found in or about the Bear Cave. But it is famous in that region, and is every year visited by curiosity seekers. It is scarcely a cave at all, but only a vast crevice or series of crevices, opening out one from another, and forming a labyrinth that would have puzzled Theseus himself. Parties are reported to have penetrated this great fissure to the distance of a quarter of a mile without reaching the end. In a little book, "The Valley of the Conemaugh," published over thirty years ago, the author sums up his description of the Bear Cave in these words: "There have been many stories circulated in that vicinity about spacious apartments, magnificent with natural decorations, of beautiful altars, and columns, and other wonderful formations that have been discovered in this cavern, but upon our visit we saw nothing of the kind—nothing in the main but a long, tortuous maze with blackened walls and uneven floors; dark, yawning chasms that seemed to have no bottom, and gloomy side passages into which if one should wander he might never return."

There is a legend that once upon a time a party of Indians ran a white man into this cavern. The entrance was then only a narrow opening under a rock. The white man did not seem to be awed, and one of the Indians attempted to crawl in after him. But the man had a keen-edged dagger which he at once plunged into the neck of the savage, killing him instantly. He then took him by the shoulders and drew him into the cave. Another Indian, seeing how easily his comrade had entered, followed his example, and received a severe wound. He withdrew, yelling. The rest knew better than to make any further attempts of that kind, but sat down at the door of the cave, determined to starve their victim out. But the man, following the course of a small stream of water, which in wet weather flows through the cave, found an exit and made his escape, leaving his enemies awaiting him a mile away. This is fiction doubtless; but in real life it has been paralleled in part by the heroism of Mrs. Merrill, of Kentucky, as we may read in Howe's "Great West," who killed, with an axe, five Indians that crept in one after another through a hole they had cut in the door of her cabin. Truth sometimes outdoes fiction

T. J. CHAPMAN.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

FOREST AND STREAM is fair, clean and good all the way through; but you will pardon me if I say that now and then I go down into my trunk and bring up an old copy of FOREST AND STREAM and look longingly at the picture on the first page, and then look at the picture as it is now printed, and shake my head and feel sad. I would not give the knowledge that I have received in FOREST AND STREAM of the geography of the Northwestern States for all that the paper has cost me.

GILMAN K. BALL.

OLD TIMES ON THE TRINCHARA RANGE.

In Two Parts—Part One.

IN the early seventies, when the Indian who lived near Camp Supply, I. T., felt the need of a little recreation, he would saddle his best horse, and in the company of a few kindred spirits slip out west toward the Rockies, without going through the ceremony of bidding adieu to the agent, and give the Texans, Americans, Mexicans and Ute Indians a little touch-up and a gentle reminder of old times by running them around, killing a few men, stealing horses, and occasionally basking in the smiles of the Mexican women, who were not proof against their winning ways and the good greenbacks of Uncle Sam with which, strange to say, they were sometimes liberally provided. A wild Cheyene is a man, gentle reader, in every sense of the word, seldom pious from a white man's standpoint, but still more seldom a fool.

We, Don Gordo Jones and I, were camped on the Jimmy Hunt Cañon, in Los Ammas county, Col., at an outside ranch owned by Thomas A. Perley and myself. Don Gordo was as big as Falstaff, and as jolly. He had been a hunting companion of Kit Carson, and was as good a man as I ever saw for a frontier chum. He would swear like a pirate, but somehow it didn't sound wicked when Jones swore. With his bright blue eyes and long hair and flowing white beard, he always reminded me of an old lion. He lived on San Francisco Creek, where it joins the Purgatoire; and I used to hire him for companionship—for he wouldn't work much. God bless him. He is long gone over the divide, but his memory is still green in the hearts of the men that loved him.

We were pretending to take care of the cattle that belonged to Perley and me, and really were having a very nice time hunting and riding around after mavericks, and we always played seven-up after each meal to see who should wash the dishes. I generally washed them, for Don Gordo was an artist with cards, but we both enjoyed it.

We had as a partner in our joys a dog, curly-tailed, blue-bodied and white-headed, with blue ears. He was a kind of a cross between—well, I guess it was just a cross between two dogs. He looked like a sausage on four legs, but generally ran on three, and I never saw a respectable sausage do that. His name was Perro (pronounced Paro, and meaning just "He-dog" in Mexican). He belonged to Mrs. Virginia Jones, wife of Don Gordo. Mrs. Virginia was one of the ugliest-looking old Greasers that I ever saw, but she was a good woman, kind, hospitable and virtuous, and Jones loved her, but he didn't like Perro, and Perro would follow him like Mary's little lamb.

I have often seen a broad grin overspread Mrs. J.'s leathery visage when Don Gordo started from home on an expedition—and they were many—and she would say, *Cuidado su Padrecito perro mio*—("Take care of your little father, my dog").

Then Gordo would shake his fist at Perro and hurl an imprecation at the "Mexican cur," while Perro would sit at a respectful distance looking wise, with one ear cocked up, and watching Gordo, with his head turned sidewise. But the minute Jones started the dog would, too, and he would make camp promptly when we began to unsaddle.

But all bright things must end, and we were awakened one night at about 2 A. M. by the trampling of a horse at the door. Jones rose up in his blankets, pointed a Sharp's .50cal. rifle at the door, and cheerfully inquired:

"Who's there?"

"It's me, Sol Mays, boss," said an unmistakably African voice. "I has a letter for Mr. Dick."

In five minutes Sol's horse was eating corn out of a *morale* (Mexican, nosebag), and he himself was before the fire eating a big chunk of beefsteak and some sour dough bread, and drinking coffee blacker than it ought to be for any one who had even a suspicion of nerves or anything frailer than a cast iron stomach. Then, while he was eating, I read Lew's letter:

DEAR DICK—The Indians from the east have broke loose again and are south of the Ratons. They will be this side of the mountains soon. They are killing men and raising hell generally. Look out for them. Yours, J. W. LEWELING.

I read it to Jones, whose early book education had been neglected, but who was a professor when it came to anything that was needed on the frontier, such as hunting, trapping, fighting, or running away discreetly. He smiled a gentle smile, and said that he wasn't going to follow Lew's advice and look outdoors for 'em just that minute, for it was very dark, and he "didn't want to find an Injun nohow."

"What are you doing down here, Sol?" asked Jones.

"I come down to get Boss Lew's horses and take 'em to him, and I think he is so worked up he will put 'em under his bed."

It was evident that Solomon was not much pleased with the expedition and was disposed to be mildly sarcastic.

"There is good grass down in Lew's pasture here, and if I was him I'd leave 'em here, instead of taking them up to Trinidad and starving 'em to death," said Jones.

"No," said Sol, "I'll do just as the boss told me to. I am goin' to get 'em to-night and start back." And suiting the action to the word, he began to gird up his loins by re-strapping the belt that answered for suspenders and a pistol belt. I put a loaf of bread, a big chunk of boiled meat and some salt in a flour sack and gave him some matches; and in a moment I heard the horse grunt and start as he mounted and prodded it with his big Mexican spurs.

I replenished the fire and Jones rolled a cigarette. "What had we better do, Jones?" said I, for I knew he was a general, while I was a private in business like this.

"My idea is to put all our horses to-morrow in the cañon where Sol is going to take Lew's from, all but our two horses to ride; and go up to the home ranch by way of the Picketwire Cañon."

Picketwire is American for Purgatoire in Mexican. It is a cañon 2,000ft. deep, with a small river in it, and plains Indians don't like to fool around in deep, rough places.

So the next morning at daybreak we got the horses and put them in the little deep cañon pasture which Lew's horses had just vacated. Then we stopped up the gap and started gaily for camp, to get grub and go home.

When we had ridden about a mile from the house, which was below us in a shallow cañon, Jones stopped his horse with a sharp jerk on the bridle, and said: "They have got our house." I looked and saw a big smoke pour up at the *jacal* (pole-house) where we lived.

"Is it Indians?"

"I guess so," said Jones, "and I ain't goin' to see."

We headed, without a word, for the going-down place into the Purgatoire Cañon, and—went. For the next hour I was busy sending my willing pony down steep places, through between big rocks, down, down, down, till at last we were at the bottom of the Purgatoire with Jones and his little dog, and not a bite to eat and no breakfast. I rode all day and Jones wouldn't let me kill a calf; he said that the Indians would hear us if we shot off again; and told me that if I got too hungry we would eat the dog. The dog seemed cheerful and trotted along behind and I grew awfully hollow. Jones was fat and I believe could have existed on his own tallow for a week. He tormented me by telling how good dinner would taste on the morrow. When it got dark we had to camp, for the trail up the Purgatoire cannot be followed with any comfort in the night. At daybreak I woke up. My stomach felt awful. Jones was asleep. I got my horse. Looked all around to see that there was no one in sight, and then shot a calf that was inspecting us, with a small bunch of Texas cattle about 100yds. away. Jones jumped up and swore when he saw what I had done. We saddled our horses, cut off a hindquarter and some ribs from the calf, and rode an hour as fast as we could. Then we got under a ledge of rocks and built a fire of dry sticks; and how I did eat burnt calf's ribs, and chunks of meat scorched a little in the fire. After cooking the rest after a fashion, we went on to the going-up place, which was about five miles from the ranch, hid here till night, went up a fearful path and sneaked in home in the dark, and found ten men well armed and forted up. We ate and slept the sleep of the just, and were safe; but the outside ranch which we had left was gone, burned by Indians, so I thought. I had packed everything out before we left, however, and hid it up the cañon in a little cave; and so I didn't feel very bad at all, except about the stove which I had left in the house. Don Gordo went home the next day to San Francisco Creek, to take his family up to the settlement on Purgatoire, and I rested.

W. J. DIXON.

Natural History.

THE WAYS OF SNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days since a friend gave me a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM, and the several articles in it concerning snakes interested me very much. Having been born and raised in a "snaky" locality, where game and fish and birds abounded, and the hand of remorseless man had scarcely began to despoil the beauties of nature, my opportunities for observing the habits and antics of the lower animal life were extensive, and a decided penchant in that direction made me the more willing and anxious to improve such occasions.

I have seen numbers of blacksnakes in all kinds and sizes of trees, but never yet have I seen one either going up or coming down. So far as I am able to judge they have three motives for climbing trees One is to get into a hole for the purpose of hibernation; there can be no doubt of this as I have found them in hollow trees cut down in midwinter. The next is for the purpose of "shedding." By crawling through the various forks and branches they are enabled to rub and loosen the skin so that it more readily comes off. I have seen dozens of snake sheds hanging in trees to one anywhere else The shed is a curiosity, covering the snake entirely, even its eyeballs, being a perfect transparent mould of the snake. The old saying, "As blind as a snake during dog days," thus had its origin and is absolutely true as regards blacksnakes.

The next and meanest and commonest incentive to their climbing is their weakness for feasting on the eggs and young of birds; and the old ones, too—if they can catch them. Undoubtedly, they are the greatest known enemy to birds—not only to those which nest in trees, but those which nest on the ground, such as prairie chickens, quail, larks, etc. The bad boy isn't in it with a blacksnake.

It was no rare occurrence to see them in all parts of barns—from the basement to the haymow. They have one redeeming feature, and that is, they make it hot for rats and mice.

For this reason there are few farmers who would molest a "barn blacksnake." The rodents give him a wide berth, and he can and does go everywhere they do—follows them into their holes and swallows them unceremoniously.

Some years ago I was living in a large, two-story frame house—a rather old one. Several swallows had built nests up under the projecting roof of the gable. One morning there was a great disturbance and excitement among them. An investigation revealed the presence of a large blacksnake, which, with head and part of its body projecting from a crack in the weather-boarding, was making heroic efforts to reach a nest. A long cane fishing pole was hastily procured, a fishhook tied to its end, and the snake was promptly snaked out and down and dispatched, to the great relief of the little birds. It was mysterious how he got there, and still more so how he knew the nests were there.

I once owned an intelligent shepherd dog, and he was an inveterate deadly enemy to snakes of all kinds. He was the only dog I ever saw that would make a special business of hunting and killing snakes. The probable cause of it was that he had been bitten several times by rattlers, and suffered severely under the best treatment I could give him. On one occasion I was riding along a fenced railroad track. The weeds had not been cut, and it was an ideal snake paradise. I heard Shep give several long, peculiar barks, and at once knew he had found a snake It was raining at the time, and I was loth to get down; but thinking it might be a rattler, I hurriedly hitched my horse, jumped the fence, and discovered Shep going around and around a large blacksnake, which was in a cone-coil, very much like the bygone beehives made out of straw twisted into a rope. His head was following Shep around. It was quite evident that the dog was trying to get the snake to make a strike, when he would pounce upon and kill it. He had learned this from experience. Said I, "Take him, Shep," and he instantly grabbed him. When he pulled it away, a live rabbit, about half grown, was discovered thickly covered with slime from nose to the middle of body. It was unhurt, and after making several efforts, got on its feet and skipped. In the meantime Shep was shaking the snake, making it pop almost as loud as a whip cracker, and shook two more rabbits out of it as large as, and no doubt of the same family as the other.

This was the first time I ever knew how a snake swallows

a rabbit. I do not yet know how the rabbits are got into the cone-coil uninjured. (Obviously these three were in it at the same time.) It is quite plain that the snake adjusts its coil to hold the animal tight, in an upright position. Its head is then put down from the top, on the inside, and the rabbits "slimed" with its tongue. To see the relative size of a half-grown rabbit and the snake's head and mouth one would think the act impossible. The snake then gets its mouth over the rabbit's nose and by pressing down, and at the same time forcing the rabbit up with the coil, the feat is accomplished. The rabbit is smothered to death at the beginning. The act is aptly illustrated by grasping a vial in one hand and forcing a small rubber nipple over its neck with the other. It could not be done in any other way.

The "glass snakes" sometimes spoken of were very common at that time, and were called "jint" (joint) snakes by the negroes, who said that if the broken pieces were put together they would grow.

Another very rare and beautiful snake, of a light green color, very slender and effeminate, was occasionally seen running through and over the tops of bushes and small trees where they were in clumps. It's the most agile of the snake tribe, and travels thus with amazing swiftness, going rapidly from one limb to another, which were as far apart as half the length of its body. They are usually 2 to 2½ft. long. I have never seen one on the ground.

While hunting wild strawberries I once came near a brownish-colored snake, known as the "prairie snake." It attracted my attention by a peculiar singing, hissing noise, in response to which twenty or twenty-five little snakes, about 5in. long, came from all directions and went down her mouth one after another in an incredibly short time, when she "pulled her freight" for high grass.

Many years ago a neighbor of mine saw a hawk quickly descend to the ground and rise up with a rather small snake in its claws. The snake was wriggling violently, and within a short time succeeded in wrapping itself around the hawk and interfering with the action of its wings, when both fell to the ground and were killed by him.

By the way, what has become of the "forked-tail hawk"? I haven't seen one for over thirty years. They were plentiful at that time, and subsisted entirely on snakes. Are there any now anywhere?

Another. Rattlesnakes and blacksnakes are implacable enemies, and, contrary to what one would invariably believe, the blacksnake always comes out victorious. It has been my fortune to witness two encounters between them. In both instances the rattlesnake was in a coil, and the blacksnake was going around him like the shepherd dog, and at a safe distance. Just as soon as the rattlesnake struck and uncoiled the blacksnake was upon him, and, commencing at his neck, rapidly encircled and crushed him to death. The act in both cases was almost instantaneous, and the blacksnake left his dead enemy almost as quick.

G. R. MORRIS.

MONTANA.

MORAL SENSE UNDER A SEARCHLIGHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I do not think your correspondent, N. D. Elting, reasons from a sound basis while discussing the moral sense of brutes. Is it fair to assume that brutes lack moral sense because they commit sins against man, or the property of man? Would it not be far more logical to leave man out of the question and study brutes by themselves? In such a study, if it was found that brutes conducted themselves toward each other in a manner indicating a moral sense, why not give them the benefit of the doubt?

Your correspondent assumes that man is morally responsible and that brutes are morally irresponsible. Man, I suppose, is responsible to man, not to brute. Why not brute responsible to brute, and not to man?

Take the case of the mouse. Your correspondent writes: "Shall we say it was conscious of the sin of thieving?" The question, to my mind, is not one of consciousness, but of the ability of the mouse to sin against man. Mankind reasons after this fashion:

The mouse steals from the farmer's crops corn and wheat, which is a sin punishable by death. The farmer steals from nature's crops the fruit and nuts of the mouse, which is not a sin because the victim is not human.

A man goes into the Rocky Mountains. He is waylaid, slaughtered and devoured by a grizzly. That is positive proof that the bear lacks moral sense.

Another man goes into the mountains and slaughters and devours a beautiful gazelle. But that don't count.

Passing through the city, I saw a savage bull dog rush out and fasten to the throat of a bird dog. The crowd gathered, and the bull dog's jaws were pried apart and the victim released. The bull, with eyes the color of the blood that dripped from his jaws, started homeward. Just before he reached his master's gate, another bird dog met him on the sidewalk. The dogs put their noses together for a moment, wagged their tails, and separated.

Why didn't the savage bull fall upon this bird dog? Simply for the reason that they were neighbors, and the fierce brute was under a moral obligation to keep the peace with his neighbors.

"Oh!" I hear someone exclaim, "Why then did he attack the first bird dog, if he possesses a moral sense?"

Well, I am willing that his acts be judged by the acts of human beings, and I will stand by the verdict.

Nations fasten to each other's throats, and the press of each country urges on the conflict. Even the man in the pulpit eulogizes the heroism of the murderers on his side.

Poor Cuba has a bull dog at her throat, and two shameless administrations of this free country have not had enough moral sense to pry apart the jaws of the fierce brute. I will put these things in the scale opposite the bull dog.

During the thirteen years that I have lived in the woods I have seen evidence enough to convince the most skeptical that all wild things possess a moral sense. From my notes I glean the following:

A song sparrow, every spring and fall, takes possession of my cabin dooryard. He is a tyrant and a fighter, and other birds, from catbirds down, are afraid of him. If birds come into the yard while he is eating, he threatens them in a low, fierce, muttering tone for awhile, then darts at the nearest and the dooryard is filled with feathers.

One of my chickadees came home with a broken leg and I expected the sparrow would make short work of him. To my surprise, the fierce little fighter, after driving all other birds away, hopped about the wounded chickadee, talking all the time in an undertone, without a harsh note. The chickadee seemed unconcerned, and from that first day until the sparrow left in migration the two were the best of friends.

The same sparrow returned one spring and brought with him a male linnet, a bird that does not visit my dooryard. As usual with most birds, they arrived a week before the females. The song sparrow immediately preëmpted the dooryard and drove away every bird but the linnet. A week later the female sparrow arrived and with her was the mate to the linnet. The two linnets were allowed the freedom of the dooryard. They were invited guests and respected as such. They had become acquainted with the sparrows down South. Were told of a dooryard full of hemp seed and invited to return with their new friends and see for themselves.

If the actions of this little sparrow do not denote a moral sense, what do they denote? HERMIT.

GLOUCESTER, Aug. 25.

BELLEVUE, Ia., Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having been a more or less constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM during the past six or seven years, I have noted with interest the various arguments *pro* and *con* concerning the dog and other lower animals as compared with man—the higher animal. And while pleased with the very able manner in which the many friends of the lower animals have sustained their cause, I have been pained to observe that there is a certain point at which, with few exceptions, they deflect from the straight line of legitimate reasoning, and cheerfully assign to the higher animal (their own species—man) a something which they as cheerfully deny to all other species.

An incident first—then we shall proceed. The writer once owned a small mongrel dog—part Italian greyhound—known as Ab-Sid. He was an exceedingly intelligent animal, capable of doing many of the things which we call "tricks," and seemed to understand nearly everything said to him. I will take one incident in his career as especially appropriate in illustrating my point. Having purchased a tame black rabbit as a pet, I at once proceeded to establish, if possible, friendly relations between Ab Sid and the newcomer. Although the dog was a persistent hunter of wild rabbits, I experienced not the slightest difficulty in making him understand that the black rabbit was an exception to the rule; in fact, I simply told him so at the outset, and never was obliged to reprimand him for any exhibited hostility to the new pet. They soon became excellent friends, and woe to the cur that attempted to interfere with the rabbit, for Ab-Sid considered himself the latter's especial champion. Nevertheless Ab-Sid was jealous of the rabbit, and at the same time detested crackers as food—until after the occurrence which I am about to relate. Being desirous of ascertaining what the rabbit preferred to eat, outside of green stuffs, I one day brought to my office a small sack of crackers, and before giving them to the rabbit, offered one to the dog, which he promptly refused, as was his custom. I then gave a handful of the crackers to the rabbit, which he proceeded to munch with great satisfaction. Upon this Ab-Sid, who had been an interested spectator, arose, walked over to where the rabbit was eating, pushed him away from the heap of crackers and hurriedly gulped down every one of them himself. He then sneaked off to the furthest and darkest corner of the room, with head and tail hanging, and the most sheepish expression on his face that I ever saw a dog wear. He knew he had done wrong, and without a word of reproval from me. The dog's actions most certainly evidenced a moral conscientiousness, a capability of understanding the fact that in depriving the rabbit of the crackers which had been given him and converting them to his own (the dog's) use he had committed a despicable act, of which he was heartily ashamed afterward.

While the higher forms of mankind are undeniably far superior in scope of intellect to the most intelligent of the lower animals, it is quite as certain that there are species of the human race having a considerably lesser amount of intelligence and moral responsibility than the higher animals of the so-called brute creation. Man has made unto himself religions, and from them and his heavens arrogantly excludes all but himself. In accord with the divine inimitable laws of nature, there must be a something in all things which does not perish, but exists forever in some form or state; nothing altogether passes away and is gone. In man, call this something which lives forever a soul if you like; what can the soul be but the mind, that fountainhead of reasoning which governs every action? And do not the dog, the horse, the elephant, the monkey, reason the same as man, with the only difference of their having been endowed by nature with a lesser capacity than man? Then, possessing every attribute of the higher animal—man, why deny to them the blessed immortality so freely granted by that mysterious and omnipotent law of nature which rules the universe, and granted by that Power, not alone to them, but to the smallest plant that grows upon the hillside?

CLARKE HELME LOOMIS.

Albinos.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Mr. J. M. Smith recently shot an albino red squirrel, that proved upon examination to be a most perfect specimen of albinism. In size and general characteristics, barring color, which was snow-white, it was a pure type of the red squirrel.

In the northwestern part of the city a white robin has been repeatedly seen of late.

Last spring I observed an albino English sparrow. The little chap, impudent and pugnacious as his less conspicuous comrades, was hustling with might and main, at the head of a rebellious horde of his fellows, in quest of a breakfast.

M. CHILL.

A Coot in a Fix.

BOSTON, Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice article by Ralph Stewart in recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, regarding a mudhen which was disabled by a mussel clinging to its beak. On Oct. 14, 1884, I shot a coot in precisely the same condition. The lower mandible was almost severed, and the bird was nearly exhausted. This occurred in Fox Lakes, Ill. I have still the skin of the coot in my collection, also the shells of the bivalve.

C. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

A Tremendous Alligator.

FERGUSON, Berkeley County, S. C., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. H. D. Swarts, of Scranton, Pa., shot an alligator on the Santee River, in South Carolina, last Tuesday, that measured over 18ft. in length.

W. H. JACKSON.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full-page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

A NIGHT ON A TEXAS RANCH.

IT was a warm still night in the middle of August, we had just finished supper at the ranch. Mike was at the back of the house with the only lantern that was in working order, washing up the plates and cups, and I was smoking my pipe on the gallery steps. It was so dark that every now and then I had to blow the smoke through my nose no make sure that my pipe was alight.

Four or five hounds were lying about, occasionally giving notice of their presence by groaning as they turned over to rest the other side, or thumping on the gallery floor as they went for an unusually energetic flea.

The silence was intense; now and then a screech owl wailed in the distance, or a frog in the little creek started to clear his throat, but as a rule even the crickets were too lazy to chirp, and the fireflies only flashed their tiny lamps at long intervals.

One could just make out the dark outlines of the steep brush-covered hills that enclosed our narrow valley, and the black mass of the thicket below the small field that faced the house—a thicket of shin oak and black haw, and almost every other kind of brush that is hard to get through—a tangle of briars and vines so dense, that in the descriptive language of the country "you couldn't stick a butcher knife into it."

Suddenly the silence was broken. From somewhere in the center of the thicket rose the long, lonesome cry of a hound that has discovered something interesting, and needs assistance. I recognize old Brenda's voice, and before the echoes have died away down the valley, the hounds on the gallery are falling over each other down the steps. They scamper across the little field, crash through the old rail fence at the lower end of it, and for a few seconds there is silence. Then old Brenda uplifts her mournful voice again; Bachelor's deep roar trembles through the woods; Rummager, Sultan and Duchess own to the line; Mike comes running out with the lantern, and we stand listening eagerly as one musical voice after the other takes up the chorus, while the hounds crash about through the tangled brush.

Presently we hear little Duchess, halfway up the hillside. The others are with her in a moment; the loose rocks rattle down as they work their way to the top, and in another instant the whole pack in full cry is tearing away to the eastward.

It is no use to think of following them across so rough a country on a dark night like this, so all we can do is to stand listening intently and praying that they may "tree" whatever they are after within hearing distance of the house. They would stay half the night at the tree, and the moon will be up in an hour or so; surely nothing that can climb will stay on the ground in front of them for long at the pace they are going.

Away they race for about half a mile and turn slightly to the north, the music dying to a low murmur as they sink into each of the numerous steep gullies, that run into the north branch of the creek, and rising louder and clearer as they drive across the higher ground.

We go through the house and sit on the fence at the back. Although we can see nothing we know just where they are and what they are doing.

Little Duchess, the fastest hound in the pack, is sweeping along about 50yds. in the lead; then come Bachelor, Rummager and Sultan pretty well together, while the ancient Brenda toils along in the rear, making more noise than any of them.

Now they are over a mile away, among the post oaks on the Divide, and we can only just hear them; if they cross the ridge it is doubtful if we shall see them again before morning. Fainter and fainter their voices fade away in the distance, and at last we hear them no more.

Mike, who has been intensely excited, utters a terse monosyllable expressive of disgust, and we light up fresh pipes and speculate as to what they can be after. If it is a wolf they are as likely as not to leave the country; it can't be a deer, because old Brenda is much too knowing to run one 20yds. unless it is a cripple and she is told to do so.

Listen! Yes, there is Duchess again, and presently we hear the others. They have gone right round the head of the creek and are coming back toward us on the other side of it.

Nearer and nearer they come, and now something is evidently coming down the steep hillside on the west of the house. We can even hear it panting and the slight rattle it makes as it gets through the fence. The hounds are not far behind, and come tearing down the hill and across the field, and directly they are all at fault for a moment in the same thicket that they started from.

We are on the gallery again now, and expect every moment to hear the fierce baying that proclaims that the "varmint," whatever it is, has climbed a tree.

But the end is not yet; the hounds are evidently unable to find out which way their chase has gone and crash noisily about through the thicket, giving tongue now and again in an undecided sort of way. At last old Brenda, using the experience gained in many a long run, works out the line, and in another moment they are off again, clambering up the hill in exactly the same place where they climbed it when they first started.

Once on top they race along with a burst of melody for 100yds. or so and then wheel around and come tearing back again, down the hill and on to a little, open, flat close to the house, covered with a dense growth of broom weed. Here they scatter and circle for an instant, and then there is a loud roar followed by a yell of distress from Bachelor, and then all five of the hounds are baying furiously.

Mike bustles out with the lantern and I stop to grab the

carbine from its corner and hurry after him, losing both my worn-out slippers on the way.

"What have they got, Mike?"

"Sure it's a calf I think, sor," says Mike, who is nevertheless standing at a very respectable distance from the little group that is surging about among the weeds.

I take the lantern from him and this is what I see: Standing with his back arched and his head low, facing first this way and then that, and sometimes making three or four springs at the nearest of his foes, is a large bob-tailed cat or lynx. With his ears tucked back close to his skull and every hair on his body erect, his wicked eyes shining green in the light of the lantern, he is an awkward looking customer enough and is really about the size of a small calf.

Whoo hoop! At the well-known cheer the hounds all dash in on him at once. He fights grimly and grandly and perfectly silently; with every move he makes he scores one of the dogs with tooth or claw. Three times he breaks loose from them all, but they are not to be denied, and at last they get him over on his back and with the claws of both forefeet firmly fixed in poor Rummager's nose, and a big piece of one of Sultan's long ears in his mouth, he gives up the battle. The hounds are too tired to worry and quarrel over his remains, but panting and exhausted they lie down by his side and the fun is over. H. L.

AN ADIRONDACK DEER HUNT.

AT Wa-wa-yanda camp, situated on a beautiful spot of the shores of Indian Lake, there were grouped about the camp-fire one clear evening in late summer the inmates of the camp, enthusiastically discussing a trip back into the wilderness for deer that had been proposed and finally decided upon. The start had been set for the morrow, and all the preparations had already been made.

Our party consisted of five, including our guide: Hank, a good woodsman and old camper; Harry W., inexperienced, but plucky and willing to learn; my brother, myself and our guide Brown, who rejoiced in the sobriquet of "Comical."

The next morning dawned clear and lovely. The waters of the lake, ruffled by the light morning breeze, flashed and shimmered like hammered silver as the golden shafts of the sun-god glanced from its bosom. The start was quickly accomplished, and soon the white tents faded in the distance as sinewy arms sent the light skiffs bounding joyously forward. On we went past stately groves of spruce and hemlock, whose dark needles had turned to burnished gold at the touch of the rising sun; past clumps of bright-leaved birch, and poplar that sighed and murmured softly to us as we passed; past a little island and an emerald marsh, over which two white-headed eagles circled with graceful sweep of wings, till at length the high banks of the Lake Louie "carry" came into view and we knew that five miles had been left behind.

A short "carry" brought us to the outlet of Lake Louie. We followed this a short distance and then sped on over the lake itself. Louie Lake is a roughly circular sheet of water and affords good fishing for lake trout. It is also good hunting territory, one of its inlets being a noted stream for night hunting. Having pulled across this lake our travel by water was at an end. The boats were unloaded, beached and concealed in the brush, then the packs were shouldered and we set out over the long trail to Pillsbury Pond. The setting sun beheld five weary sons of Nimrod, welcome gladly the small clearing in which stood the old log cabin that was to be our home during our stay.

That night there were no volunteers for jacking and soon, after the turning-in pipes, the camp was wrapped in slumber.

The following morning the camp was astir early. My brother and Hank thought they would go over to the Cedar Lakes and see what the prospects were for deer in Beaver Pond, a small sheet of water situated very close to Upper Cedar Lake. They soon departed, and Harry and the writer determined to try a little fishing. Our piscatorial efforts were, however, only rewarded by the capture of a small trout and numerous chub, and we soon quit it, disappointed. As the shadows were lengthening, Hank and my brother came into camp. They reported numerous deer sign in Beaver Pond, but as the water lilies were cropped off everywhere along the shores of Pillsbury, we decided to hunt there a few nights at least. That night the moon shone serenely in the sky and night hunting was out of the question.

The following day we all went over to the Cedars. These three bodies of water are very pretty mountain lakes, set in among the hills of hemlock, spruce, beech and basswood, and occasional patches of gorgeous mountain ash, and they afford good trout fishing in the spring, besides being in close proximity to two excellent hunting ponds. The others decided to stay at the lake and spin yarns with an acquaintance that was camping there, but I took my rod and tried for the rainbow-hued denizens of the Cedar River. Using a coachman and scarlet-ibis, I killed about a dozen average fish and then returned to the lake. The scarcity of the trout was due to the extreme lowness of the water, for, under favorable conditions, the lower waters of the Cedar River afford splendid sport in the spring and early summer. When I got back to the lake I found that Hank and Brown had already departed for Pillsbury, while my brother had volunteered to stay with our acquaintance, who was ill; so Harry and I started back to camp. I had doubts of our ability to reach the trail before twilight, and greater ones of our ability to follow a trail that we had passed over but once in the dark. We found the trail after a little delay and started over the mile that separated us from Pillsbury Pond. By the time we were half-way over it, it grew so dark that I could barely distinguish the outline of Harry two paces behind; worse yet, it began to rain, and the prospects of spending an exceedingly disagreeable night in the woods seemed excellent. Time and again we got off the trail, and as many times regained it. How we ever reached the pond is still a mystery to us both, but reach it we did. We were a thankful pair of mortals when we got to camp, and that night I registered a vow never to attempt to go over an unknown trail again at nightfall.

The following day it rained heavily and we whiled the hours away with whist and euchre. That night I was awakened by the report of a rifle just without the cabin, then came a pause and a second shot. Straightaway Hank's voice came through the darkness: "I guess that settled him." Later I ascertained that "him" was a Canadian porcupine that had invaded the dining tent and finally succeeded in upsetting a pile of tin plates. This had proved too much for the nerves of Harry and Hank, and they had sallied forth, with the aforesaid result.

Next morning dawned clear and balmy, as though Dame Nature was trying to atone for her desolate appearance of the day before by donning her loveliest garb. Each of the millions of raindrops sparkled like a diamond as the golden showers from Apollo's chariot fell upon them, and the air was laden with the odor of the balsam.

After breakfast was over, Harry and I started to go over to the Cedars to bring my brother, but we met him midway on the trail between Pillsbury and the Middle Cedar.

That afternoon three of us took the rifles, and at 4:30 started to take positions for a sunset shoot. Hank took a station at a part of the pond called the Narrows; my brother chose one of the islands at the mouth of a deep bay; while the writer chose his stand far up it. Pulling up to the head, where a small brook ran in, I ran the skiff ashore. After I had remained there some time my evil genius prompted me to move lower down, and, acting upon the impulse, I went down about 100yds. Drawing up into the rushes I waited in silence, while only the harsh rattle of the kingfisher and the metallic *quauk!* of the great blue heron broke the stillness. Suddenly my eye caught two red objects moving along the border of a little marsh at the extreme head of the bay, about 180yds. distant. To say that I was disgusted would but faintly express my feelings, for had I not moved they would have been less than 100yds. away. Knowing that there was no danger of their seeing me, and that the wind was also in my favor, I watched them for some time. I soon perceived, however, that they would not feed up closer because the marsh did not extend far, and consequently prepared for action. My arm was a .38-40 Winchester belonging to Harry, which I had never shot. As the weapon came up the sights blurred badly, so I lowered it again. Again it was raised and lowered, but at the third trial I pulled. When the smoke drifted away only one of the red forms appeared, and I thought the other was down. Quickly covering the other, I shot. Again and again, and still again, the rifle spoke, till finally, at the fourth shot the deer sprang into the brush and vanished. Upon paddling up I discovered that the other had also escaped unscathed, and then sadly turned the bow toward camp, whither I arrived in due time. It was somewhat of a balm to my wounded pride when I later discovered that a .38-40 cartridge would not "hold up" 180yds, though it was an inexcusable lack of knowledge on my part.

That night Brown and my brother went out, and returned about 3 A. M. They reported that they had got a shot, but were not certain that they had killed it. The following morning we made search, and found a medium doe lying dead on the shore, shot through the heart. The circumstances attending the killing were peculiar enough to merit mention. They had come upon the deer swimming the pond; my brother fired both barrels, extinguishing the jack by the concussion, the first charge passing through the ears, the second missing entirely. Now was Brown's opportunity, and he was equal to the emergency. Throwing up his repeater, and guided by the sound alone, he shot six times by guess, as he put it. One of them chanced to strike just back of the foreshoulder, and dropped her dead in her tracks.

The following day, Brown and Hank left for the Cedars to hunt Beaver Pond, and the rest of us lay around camp, smoking and talking till late in the afternoon; then we again took stands, but no deer came in. That night was clear, and the moon shone too brightly for successful hunting; though my brother and Harry circled the pond, putting out three, but being unable to get a shot.

The ensuing day was rainy, and noon brought Brown and Hank back from Beaver Pond, bringing the head of a fine five-point buck that they had secured by a sunset shot the day before. The antlers were as symmetrical a pair as I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. The evening passed quickly and pleasantly away, till at length pipes were knocked out, blankets unrolled, and all was still, save the gentle breathing of the sleeps and the mournful hooting of an owl.

My brother and Brown had planned a trip to Mud Lake, and as the day was fair on the morrow they left, while the remainder of the party spent most of the day in exploring the borders of the pond. Later, when the sable hordes of night had arisen and engulfed the hills in shadows, Harry and I started on a hunt. As we passed up the outlet, the writer was deeply impressed by the weirdness of the scene. The peaceful, calm night, preternaturally so it almost seemed; the still, majestic forest, with its border of tamarack hoary with their festoons of long, gray moss; the old stumps about which the pale mist curled and twined lovingly, making them appear like wraiths in the jacklight; the surface of the lake, cold, dark and treacherous, save where some wandering beam of the now-rising moon stole through the surrounding foliage, and, by its gentle radiance, mellowed and beautified; the skiff, with the dark, motionless figure in the bow, that glided silently along as might well the grim Ferryman of the Styx; all contributed to the wild beauty of the night. Soon the moon rose above the crest of the trees and made successful hunting impossible. However, we persevered and put out two while going up the pond. There we went ashore and built a fire and had a pipe, while Harry afterward fell into a doze. When I aroused him the serenity of the night had passed away and nature was in a sterner mood. A strong wind had sprung up and was soughing mournfully through the treetops, while a dark bank of clouds was rising rapidly in the west. Hastily shoving off, we started for camp, but the storm overtook us before half the distance had been traversed. With my hat brim pulled down low over my eyes to keep out the driving rain, I was driving the skiff slowly forward in the teeth of the storm when suddenly the sharp report of Harry's rifle rang out. Peering ahead, I saw the head and shoulders of a deer rushing toward the shore, and Harry's rifle spoke twice more. Dropping the paddle and catching up my own arm, I joined in the chorus, but in vain; the quarry escaped scatheless.

Brown and my brother got back to camp the next day. They had seen no deer, but reported seeing some large trout. Brown had hooked a fine fish, using my light tackle on a cub pole, but lost it through the parting of the leader.

Next morning we broke camp and turned our faces homeward. The trip to Lake Louie, with lightened loads and a down grade, was soon over. A halt at McCormack's, where the party was photographed, then we launched the skiffs and pulled down the lake. We passed over the "carry" and rowed down Indian Lake in the soft light of the waning day as the sun sank slowly behind Snowy Mountain until, at last, we reached camp as the hazy twilight was clothing the hills in purple and the white mist was rising from the water in curling billows.

That night, as we lay in the tent watching the fragrant wreaths curl upward in graceful curves, we talked the hunt over in low tones till, at length, silence crept over the camp, while the weird cry of the loon echoed over the lake and the dying embers of the camp-fire flared, flickered and sank into ashes. EURUS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Expensive Birds.

At Webster City, Ia., on Aug. 26, L. A. McMurray, president of the leading bank of the city, was caught early one morning having a half dozen nice prairie chickens fixed up for breakfast. He said they were given to him by a friend, whose name he would not disclose. This gameness on his part was, at least, commendable, but it cost him $20 a bird to settle up with the law for having the birds in his possession, or $120 in all. It would have been cheaper to have left these birds in possession of the State of Iowa, which owned them.

At Fremont, Neb., last week, Frank Hepperly, of Madison, Neb., was arrested for killing eleven prairie chickens. It cost him $5 per bird, with costs—$70 in all. It would have been cheaper and more respectable to have left the birds in the possession of the State of Nebraska, which owned them.

Where to Get Chicken Shooting.

Thus far I have no reason to change my earlier belief that upper Minnesota and upper North Dakota would prove about as good fields as any for the chicken shooters this season. The law opened last Wednesday in Minnesota, and today that State is alive with chicken shooters from all parts of the Union, as is also North Dakota. Advices from St. Paul mention very favorably upper North Dakota points along the Great Northern Railway, especially St. Vincent, Pembina, Warren, Stephen and Northcote. Grove City and Willmar, lower down and in Minnesota, are said to be good. On the Northern Pacific, between Barnesville and Fargo, the crop is reported good. Glenwood, on the Soo road, is named favorably. If I felt I had to have a lot of chickens and not a few, I believe I would get up well to the north, say as high as Pembina, and then work on west. Of course, this means sharp-tail grouse country too. Little Falls, Fergus Falls, Sauk Center, Detroit and Perham, all in Minnesota, are spoken of as fair points for chickens this fall.

At Aberdeen, S. D., I think the chicken shooting cannot be remarkable, for a local paper states with some interest that three shooters of that city, B. C. Yorks, F. W. Harragin and J. J. Deertz bagged twenty birds "in a few hours one evening," which fact they are not likely "soon to forget."

As to chicken shooting in Nebraska, a well posted newspaper in Omaha gives the good advice to keep off the main lines of the railroads, and to hunt out the small towns far out on the new branch lines. The northern branches of the Omaha line are thought to be about the best, and the following list of towns is prepared for shooters intending to go into Nebraska: Randolph, Hartington, Norfolk, Ponca, Wakefield, all on the Omaha road; Neligh, O'Neill, Merriman and Hardy, on the Elkhorn; Lexington, North Platte and Gottenburg on the U. P., and towns well up on the Billings branch of the C., B. & Q.

In the Indian Nations considerable chicken hunting is done in spite of the law forbidding non-residents to hunt there, or rather the old military regulations, now almost obsolete. It is better to go to the Nations as the guest of some local rancher or other citizen, though no trouble would be apt to arise over the Indian regulations, under which at one time a man was as likely as not to lose his outfit if he got caught by the troops. Blue Jacket, I. T., is reported to be about as good a place as any. This is on the M., K. & T. Ry. Big bags have been made there. I am somewhat at a loss, however, to understand one report from that place, printed in two different papers, of the same individual, described differently as a "saddlery drummer," and a "grocery salesman," who lately killed, in the neighborhood of Blue Jacket, "100 quail in less than an hour, making some very difficult double shots." This drummer, salesman, or whoever he was, is reported to have come from Kansas City. Methinks that either he or someone else lied copiously, else his double shots must have been at flocks sitting on the ground. Is there a saddlery or grocery traveling man known in Kansas City who is in the habit of making difficult double shots on the ground, to the extent of 100 quail in one hour? Or is my friend the daily reporter just dreaming again in the bliss of his evening pipe?

Opening Day.

The eagerness with which shooters look for opening day all over the country may be seen by a dispatch from Necedah, Wis., which says that over 100 shooters, from different parts of the country, were in that town the night before opening day, waiting for the dawn of the season. The chicken's life is fairly to be called an extra hazardous risk.

Ducks.

Opening day for ducks and chickens both is Sept. 1 in Wisconsin, and there was a tide of shooting traffic over that State the last two days of August. The duck marshes around Green Bay, the Winneconne, Poygan, Butte des Morts and Horicon marshes were crowded with shooters. As a rule, good bags obtained, and the earlier and general prophecy of a good shooting season seems more than borne out by the abundance of wildfowl. Of course, the Wisconsin shooting on wildfowl has been thus far confined to the local ducks, or those which for the most part bred on the marshes of the State.

Ducks are now in abundance at Dawson and Valley City, N. D, though the chicken shooting there is reported not so very good. At Crookston, Aitkin, Brainerd, Fergus Falls, Perham, Detroit, Battle Lake and other points of the upper part of Minnesota, ducks are to be seen in such local abundance that the fall season promises very well indeed.

In Illinois.

The Shullsburg *Pick and Gad* publishes for its readers the misleading and dangerous statement that the Illinois chicken law opens Sept. 1. Several papers in lower Illinois have given out this same advice, and much illegal hunting has been the result. I have been told that around De Kalb and Pontiac this has been the case to a great extent. Col. C. E. Felton, of this city, says that he is going to try for a few chickens at Pontiac when the law opens, but he thinks there has been but little illegal shooting there.

In Ohio.

At Middletown, O., a new gun club was organized lately, the members this week got their first conviction against a violator of the game law in the instances of John Clark,

Frank Bush and Ben Davidson, who were arrested for killing doves, thrushes and other song birds.

In Michigan.

Last week, at Harvard, Mich., Charles Barton liberated a dozen and a half of Mongolian pheasants, about half grown, the first he has turned down from his stock. He has been having fair success at raising the birds.

In Minnesota.

Local papers of Minnesota, notably those at Duluth, state that the big game of the State, moose and deer, are doing well, and are bound to be very abundant when the season opens. In Itasca county, the moose and deer are reported so numerous that the the farmers have been obliged to sit up at night to protect their gardens. This I do not doubt. I have known a great many men, sometimes very good men, from the city who were out on fishing trips, who have felt obliged to sit up nearly all night, armed with a rifle and a headlight, to prevent the deer from climbing into their boats and assailing them. I expect it is pretty dangerous out there about this time.

In Colorado.

Judge Wm. Thomas, of Chicago, is just back from Routt county, Col , a district very famous for its big game. and he reports that the Indians are destroying game in most disastrous fashion in Routt and Rio Blanco counties, not far from Meeker. He saw many piles of deer hides The Indian is aware that the best buckskin comes from summer hides.

In Wisconsin.

At Phillips, Wis., Aug. 28, Vincent Folgart, of Chicago, nineteen years of age, was accidentally killed while hunting at night. The young man was the son of Andrew Folgart, of Chicago. and had recently come to Phillips

At Prairie du Chien, Wis., some disgruntled person cut down the orchard of the local deputy warden. The act was one of so-called revenge upon the warden for making arrests. At Eau Claire the deputy warden has been fired at by sooners.

In Montana.

L H. Parker, of the Murphy Cattle Co., near Billings, has begun the establishment of a big kennel of wolfing hounds, to be used in the work of ridding the range of the wolves which destroy so much young live stock. He expects to spend $3 000 in getting his dogs together He will use the best he can find of greyhounds, stag hounds, foxhounds and Russian wolfhounds.

Personal.

Mr. F. B. Huntington, traveling auditor of the Wisconsin Central line, called at the FOREST AND STREAM office this week Mr. Huntington is an old member of the FOREST AND STREAM family, so old that he is known as Grandpa in canoe meets and other sporting gatherings. Yet he is on the right side of thirty, and a hustler. E. HOUGH.

1266 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

MY FIRST DEER, AND HOW I LOST IT.

If the game laws in this southern part of Florida were as well observed as they are in other States, game of all kinds, from quail to deer, would be much more abundant than it is. However, they are not all killed, as it is the purpose of this article to show. My friend D , like the writer, is very fond of hunting, especially deer and turkey. Nothing pleases him better than to take a day off on Saturdays from cultivating his orange and lemon grove, or vegetable patch, and going after a deer, many a one of which has he brought home. He was homesteading a tract of pine and oak land of 160 acres in a good hunting country, and when I first met him in 1886, was living alone. He being instrumental in finding me a homestead of the same size, and within a mile and a half of his own, it is needless to say with so many sympathies in common, we were often together. D hated cooking and I liked it, so he would get me to cook breakfast, while he tended some choice trees in the grove of ten acres.

When out after game, his favorite method was still-hunting, no dogs by day, nor lanterns by night for him; possessed of wonderful sight, he could spot a deer by the mere quivering of an ear when nothing else was visible in the thick bushes. Many a time has he pointed one out to me when I could distinguish nothing but a clump of palmetto bushes, until there was a perceptible movement.

One evening, soon after our mid-day meal (it was a Saturday for D was too conscientious to leave his work any other day, or to hunt on Sunday), we started out together for a favorite spot, situated between two lakes, with a small stream running between, a fine feeding ground for the game. I took up a stand under a large pine tree and awaited developments. D. decided to go on further to the branch (small stream) to listen for turkey calls. It was nearly sundown, and there is very little twilight in this latitude after the sun has dropped below the trees, for the timber is so thick that it is impossible to see the sun actually set as one sees it over the ocean. Well, it was getting dusk and I was straining my eyes into the gathering gloom to catch a sight of anything moving, when out from a clump of bay bushes bordering the lake on my right and about 200yds. off I saw three deer cautiously feeding and coming toward me. How my heart thumped at the prospect of getting a fair shot. I had a .32 Remington, D.'s favorite piece. In my excitement I took off my large hat, and this attracted their attention, and two of them, both does, bounded off. Not so their escort, the buck. he ran a little way, then turned and faced me sideways; a beautiful shot for steady nerves; but I was rattled, most decidedly rattled, for raising the rifle on my knee while sitting, to the level of my face, and pulling the trigger I was struck all of a heap, as the saying is, at seeing that buck bounding off with his scut high in air as though nothing had happened worth mentioning, and I was left lamenting my hard fate. While engaged in kicking myself (figuratively speaking) D came back, and I had to insist that the rifle was dirty and threw high, etc. So that was how I lost my first deer, but there is a sequel to it, but that is another story, which, with the editor's permission, shall be told in another issue. SQUIRE.

Those Rhode Island Chicken Partridges.

PHILIP S. RANDOLPH of Philadelphia, a summer resident of Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island, who was detected sneaking into the woods after chicken partridges in August, was, on trial, found guilty, and paid fines and costs amounting to $107. The case was managed by the Rhode Island Game Association.

MAINE MOOSE AND HUNTERS.

KINEO, Sept. 15.—It becomes apparent that the bolt among sportsmen accustomed to do their fall hunting in this State, will be heavy, and that before the open season is many days old that scores of Americans, with American guides, will be camping on the trails of New Brunswick moose, which are reported very plenty. And this because sportsmen do not care to hunt on snowshoes or be toted out of the woods on sleds, as one must who would hunt in Maine after Nov. 1. This result of our abbreviated moose season has been feared from the first and worst fears bid fair to be realized. Here at Kineo, not a dozen guides are looking forward to a fall trip in this State, while at this time last year good guides were at a premium.

Among the well known sportsmen who are going across the line for the first time are noted: W. T. Jenkins, Frank Decker, M. L. Pratt, E. C. Grew, of Boston; G. A. Worth, Messers. Minton and Grinnell, New York city; Gustav Heyrs, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John T. Gardner, Brookline, Mass.; F. S. Arnold, Philadelphia; J. B. Brainard, East Orland, Me.; and W. S. Miller, of Bangor. All of these gentlemen have hunted in this State for many years. With one or two exceptions they are going into the Restigouche region and will push up that river as far as the Kedgwick.

Last week in the Dover, Me., Municipal Court were tried four cases of violation of the game laws. G A Worth, of New York city, was found guilty of having venison in his possession during September, 1896, and fined $40 and costs. An appeal was taken to February next He was convicted on the testimoney of a trapper of unsavory reputation, who just previous had been arraigned and pleaded guilty to killing a deer and trapping beaver in violation of the law. H F. Gillette, of Chicago, and Mr. Worth, were tried and acquitted of a charge of killing a deer last week north of Moosehead Lake. The trapper in question, Arthur S. Cross, keeper of Lawlers camps on Allegash Lake, has acquired notoriety as informer on a large number of sportsmen, and many of his charges have proved false. In his cases mittemus was suspended and he was ordered out of the woods.

In the case of the students who are under bonds for killing a cow moose last July at Caucomgomoc Lake, it is announced that Sept. 6, a capias will be issued and an officer sent into the woods to bring them into court. It will be remembered that the boys, Walter G Merritt, of Danbury, Conn., and Stanton W. A Forseman, of Williamsport, Pa., are under $1 000 bonds, and failed to appear in court on August, the date of their adjourned hearing. County Attorney Hayes, of Foxcroft, believing they are about to leave, the State asks for the capias. QUINSIGAMOND.

THE JACKSON'S HOLE ELK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please permit me to say a word in behalf of Mr. Joshua Adams, who is keeping a band of elk on his ranch in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. I know Mr Adams, and can testify that he is a law-abiding citizen. Whatever the right or wrong of this particular case may be, I am confident that his intent in this matter was strictly honest During hard winters in that country, the yearling elks do die in great numbers. During my visit to Jackson's Hole, some years ago, I saw hundreds of skeletons of elk that had died from starvation the winter before. They had come down in great bands, and had tried to raid the hay stacks of the few ranchers then in the Hole; but they were fenced off, because the ranchers needed the hay for cattle.

There was very little hay cut in the Hole in those days, and what was cut was wild. Now, long irrigating ditches have been taken out, and plenty of red-top and timothy are grown. I am confident from what I learned long before any one took any interest in enforcing the game laws in northwestern Wyoming, that for every elk that Mr. Adams retained for his own use he saved a score for the wilds.

I do not mean to excuse anyone for violating the law, but permit me to say that the root of the trapping of the big game, like elk, is found in the East among the most influential of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM—among the owners of big game preserves, who are in haste to accumulate stock. Kill the market for live mammals and none will be trapped. When Mr. Adams says he did not intend to ship these animals, I believe him. He is a straightforward man. But even if he had wished to ship them, the real criminal worthy of denunciation and contempt would have been the consignee.

I have no personal interest in this matter. I have no hope, I am sorry to say, of ever seeing Jackson's Hole again, and Mr. Adams never did me a favor, that I should write this from gratitude. I write it simply to defend a square man, and because I know that the game laws are at worst as well enforced in Jackson's Hole as they are in the Adirondacks. JOHN R. SPEARS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.

HUNTING RIFLE CALIBERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time since, in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, there was much discussion anent the best rifle for big game. I apprehend this matter will again have to be aired ere long. I have for years stood firmly for my faithful .45-90 for use on all our American large game. My fealty to this arm, however, received a considerable loosening last year upon reading Mr. Chanler's account of the execution of the Mannlicher rifle on the largest African game. Here was a very small bore weapon (.31 cal., I believe), with a light bullet and a decidedly light weight powder charge, smashing and paralyzing the most resistant animals in a manner superior to the big double express cannon, with its 6 to 8 drams of black powder This opened my eyes, and watching the reports written by reliable sportsmen, such as Mr Roosevelt and Mr. Hough in this country, as to the killing power of our .30 cal. smokeless rifles, I am convinced that big bores and heavy charges are doomed.

Sickness in my family has prevented my testing my newly-purchased .30 30 this year on game; but my friend M., a very experienced hunter and expert rifleman, has recently returned from his annual hunt, and is a total convert to the new rifle, which he took along with misgivings as to its stopping power. He, of course, used the soft-nosed bullet, and states that the killing power of this when used on deer far surpassed that of any 90 or 100 grain charge of black powder that he ever used; while for accuracy, flatness of trajectory, freedom from smoke and recoil, lightness of weight, etc., this little weapon is unequaled.

My ideal rifle at present, at least an ideal that can be realized, is the .30-30 Winchester take down with shotgun butt, Lyman bead sight, the ivory bead being much reduced in diameter, and Lyman long sight. Leave the regular rear sight that is furnished with the rifle in its slot, but file away the 200yds. leaf, and turn the 100yds. and the 300yds. leaves down flat on the barrel, to be used for twilight shooting; also file off all sharp angles of this sight, to avoid injury to hand in grasping the rifle.

I consider it a desideratum also to have a compartment in the butt for a jointed rod, for one is very liable to lose or break a detached rod. And right here I wish to emphasize the ever present necessity of a rod for this or any other rifle-shooting smokeless powder. It will not do to put off cleaning until to-morrow if used to-day, otherwise the sportsman will soon have that abomination on his hands—a pitted barrel. Benzine will soften the residue, so that a little effort soon cleans the barrel. A good lubricant is then to be applied. Hitherto I have ridiculed the idea of an "all-around" rifle for game; but with its short range and long range cartridges, this weapon ought to approximate the ideal. I hope we shall soon have unbiased reports on the effects of this little rifle on moose and the larger varieties of bears. I feel sure they will be favorable. ROEEL.

VIRGINIA'S GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A game item or two from "ole Varginny" I thought might not be amiss to your many readers. Strange it is that we have no pheasants to speak of on this side of the Blue Ridge. Further east, in the Flat Woods, there are some few, but not to the extent you find this gamy bird in the Northern States.

Squirrels are always an average crop in this section. The forests are all hard wood; oak, hickory and chestnut predominating.

The partridge is destined to be the coming game bird of Virginia. The Legislature of last year very wisely enacted a law prohibiting the killing of this delicious bird for two years, and consequently they have become quite numerous, and when they come in" next year it will be rare sport indeed to gun for partridges.

Then we have the rabbit, that rare bit upon which our colored citizen delights to feast, and its name is legion. Indeed this is a "crap" that rarely fails. The season is soon upon us, too, during which Br'er Rabbit has "to have legs and use legs" if he wants to escape, even for a short while, the heartless gunner and his rapacious beagle.

Along the foothills of the Blue ridge, in the Ragged Mountains and the Monticello Mountains, we find plenty of wild turkeys, and it takes a more than an ordinary shot to be a successful turkey hunter.

There are a few deer along this side of the Blue Ridge, but they don't take kindly to a civilization that brings with it Winchester repeating rifles and long-winded hounds. South of the James River, in Buckingham county particularly, where there are wide stretches of timber lands, there is said to be a good many, as also farther east, toward Tidewater, Va., they are said to be plentiful.

The game laws are not very strictly observed in this State, more's the pity. The laws are not as strict as they should be, and need revising and made more general.

Pennsylvania's Legislature, at their session this year, passed a model game law, and one which other States might copy with credit to themselves, and make every true sportsman proud that he had laws for the protection of game that could be enforced and that meant just what they said.

JAMES H. FERGUSON.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Aug. 30.

The Prairie Chickens.

SHELDON, Ia., Sept. 1.—The hunting season has fairly opened, and it looks like old times to see the trains loaded with sportsmen bound for various points in Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota.

Coming up from Omaha on the train to day I counted seventeen sportsmen, and judging by the sounds emanating from the baggage car, they were well provided with dogs. Chickens are unusually plentiful in all four States, though as the season opened in South Dakota on Aug. 15, that State must be pretty well shot over by this time. I learned of several good bags being shot in the vicinity of Armour and Plankington, a section in which I had a very satisfactory hunt last year, and in the neighborhood of Redfield and Frankford birds are reported as being in great number, all along the line as far as Gettysburg.

Nebraska has (or had) plenty of chickens along the line of the F. E. & M. V. R. R., from Neligh as far west as Gordon. Some illegal shooting was done in this section, but a few timely arrests seem to have put a stop to it. On the Hartington, Bloomfield and Creighton branches of the same road (northeast Nebraska) chickens are very plentiful; southwestern Nebraska also reports plenty of birds along the "High line," west of Holdrege, and also along the Union Pacific from Kearney to North Platte

The northwestern part of Iowa, and southwestern portion of Minnesota, also has a good many coveys in spots; though considerable illegal shooting is reported from the vicinity of Worthington and Heron Lake birds are still plentiful there.

My own chicken shooting will be confined to two or three days this season, and I shall then go with my wife to Kabekona Camp, Cass county, Minn., where we expect to put in a few weeks shooting ruffed grouse and ducks, and also to have a try at the new muskalunge and bass waters. I will let you know the results of the trip later on, and also send you some pictures if the camera works. W. R. HALL.

A Tennessee Preserve Opportunity.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn.—In looking over a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM I was very much interested in the accounts of game preserves. Not many years ago the deer and turkey were found here in large numbers. Where are they to day? gone, never to return. Now this locality would be an ideal spot for a game preserve. There are hundreds of acres of land here on the plateau that are fit for nothing else, and which could be purchased for a reasonable figure. There is scarcely any winter here, and this would be another advantage. Our climate and water are excellent, and no better place for invalids could be found. Our scenery is magnificent. All in all this could be made one of the best shooting parks in the country. L. M. STARRING.

When the Leaves Fall.

YOU ask about my outing. No, I do not go in summer Summer camping in the Ozarks is not sport, but martyrdom Mosquitoes are bad, ticks worse, and jiggers jiggers are unspeakable. Summer is good enough for the fishermen, poo

souls, but I can't potter around the same stream day after day with a fishpole.

When the leaves fall, I break loose. A frosty morning, a good pair of moccasins, a heavy, small-bore rifle, ten cartridges and a ration in the wallet; a long day of silent, easy stalking through strange forest, one or two fair shots, some uncertainty as to the whereabouts of camp at twilight; roaring backlogs before the lean-to at night. *Voilà! C'est moi!*

H. K.

Connecticut Game.

HADDAM, Conn., Sept. 1.—From observation and reports, quail and partridge are going to be quite plenty in this section the coming open season, which begins Oct 15 instead of the 1st, as formerly, and closes Dec. 15 instead of Jan. 1, as heretofore; for which I am heartily glad, and hope the law will be strictly observed.

As for rail, I don't see how there can be many, for if they come to their usual haunts along the river they will find no wild oats, their usual feeding grounds having been three times swept clean by rushing freshets during the summer.

A.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it.

THE OLD COLONY CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sixth annual dinner and meeting of the Old Colony Club at the Vineyard Sound House, Falmouth Heights, on Saturday, Aug. 20, was an interesting occasion.

In the business meeting preceding the dinner, about one hundred members participated, Mr. Joseph Jefferson presiding. The old officers were re-elected: Joseph Jefferson, President: Gerard C Tobey, Charles P. Horton and John S. Bleakie, Vice-Presidents; Charles F. Chamberlayne, Secretary, and Geo W. Jones, Treasurer. The executive committee was unanimously re-elected, with the substitution of Charles H Jones, of Falmouth, and Henry C Thacher, of Yarmouth, for Herbert S. Carruth and Major S B Phinney, resigned An address to the Selectmen of the Buzzard's Bay town recommending to their consideration Chapter 254 of the acts of 1897 relating to the prevention of forest fires, largely procured by the efforts of the club, was adopted.

The guest of honor at the dinner, a regulation Rhode Island clambake, was Capt. Edward R. Ashley, Esq, of Acushnot, who, as one of the committee on Inland Fisheries and Game of the Legislature of 1897, rendered great service to the fisheries of Buzzard's Bay.

In introducing him, President Jefferson, who presided in his usual sparkling manner, after thanking him for his services to the cause, proceeded to say: "The worthy captain has just told me that it is useless to expect of him a speech, but that if he were walking the quarter deck of a ship he would know where he was. Now, that is where he greatly differs from myself. When I am walking the quarter deck of a ship I do not in the least know where I am. I am reminded of what once occurred to me. I was crossing the Atlantic. The weather was dreadful. Capt. Ashley knows what that means. I was trying to guide myself along the deck and incidentally to aid others In this mission I ran across a lady lying prostrated on the deck, evidently sorely troubled with that dreadful disease, seasickness. I said to her: 'Madam, may I bring you anything to relieve you?'

"She looked at me and feebly said: 'I beg you will not mention it. Will you also kindly excuse me, sir?'

"I then said to her: 'But is there nothing I can do for you?'

"'No, sir,' said she, in the same tone; 'please go away.'

"'But, madam,' I said, 'you are evidently suffering. Can I do nothing to help you?'

"'I wish,' said she, 'that you would go away. I am not fit to see any one. I am not fit to speak to any one.'

"'I am sorry, madam,' I persisted, 'that I can be of so little service. Can I do nothing for your poor husband, the gentleman whose head I see in your lap?'

"'Oh!' said she, 'that is not my husband. I do not in the least know who he is.'

"Capt. Ashley, whom we all delight to honor for his valiant work in the Legislature," continued Mr. Jefferson, "tells me that when he started in life he had but a single suit of clothes to his name. Lucky man! I think I may safely say that I myself started in life with considerably less."

Capt. Ashley, on arising to respond to the many pleasant things said of him, was greeted with three enthusiastic cheers. He was not, he said, prepared to make a speech. He was not rigged for it. When he had gone to the Legislature last winter he had done what he did not for the benefit of any club, or for the good of any set of men whatever, but because he felt it his duty to his constituents and to the Commonwealth to do so. Under the same circumstances he would do the same thing again.

Hon. District Attorney Robert O. Harris, the next speaker, after applauding the valuable work of the club, of which he was a member, took occasion to say that, as a result of their efforts, the fishing in Buzzard's Bay had vastly improved; of which fact he gave several personal experiences of excellent fishing he had had for bluefish near his own house at North Falmouth.

Gerald C. Tobey, Esq., and John S. Bleakie, vice presidents, spoke briefly of the actual work of the club during the last year in antagonizing and defeating a bill licensing porgy steamers; a bill permitting Gosnold citizens to set pounds; the bill to permit free scallop catching in Buzzard's Bay.

The next speaker, Charles F. Chamberlayne, Esq, the reëlected secretary of the club, was cordially received. At the conclusion of his remarks the club rose and cheered the secretary, and voted that the thanks of the club be extended the address and that he be requested to transmit the same to the press of Boston, Brockton and Cape Cod, as a correct expression of the sentiments and objects of the club. Mr. Chamberlayne spoke substantially as follows:

"Your secretary is accorded so many other opportunities of addressing the club as make it hardly fitting for me to address you, were it not possible that a word as to the mission of the club might be of interest to the many new members who have lately joined our ranks.

"Allow me first to thank you for reëlecting me your secretary. It is an honor which I esteem, and one which brings with it duties which have never proved to me other than a pleasure. I fancy this feeling is due to the fact that the work of the club means something; that it is an organization with an object. As we meet year by year at these annual gatherings, in ever-increasing numbers and enthusiasm, the peculiar value of the occasion to us is not that we may again greet our distinguished president, or meet each other; or eat an excellent dinner, or admire Mr. Lawrence's tasteful decorations, pleasant as all these things are. We recognize as the essential significance of our meeting, that it emphasizes, so far as our influence extends, to our Buzzard's Bay communities, our renewed devotion to certain principles of conduct which we regard and therefore commend to them as most essential to their legitimate growth and development. We insist, and to-day renew our allegiance to the proposition that these Buzzard's Bay communities present immense, almost unlimited, capabilities for legitimate development not only along the lines of material prosperity, but as to those more subtle and intangible elements of our life which delight the eye and feed the soul. In this spirit we seek suitably to mark and preserve the historical local landmarks of our ancient history, and have been instrumental in the creation of the 'Old Colony Commission' created for that purpose. We endeavor to secure, so far as possible, the preservation of our magnificent forest stretches, to the increased beauty of our highways, the improvement of our climate, and the chance to delve into the shady recesses where nature still reserves her choicest charms for those who seek her wisely. To this end we have this year, with the especial assistance of our vice-president, Col Charles P. Horton, been of use in securing the best statute for the prevention of forest fires ever placed upon the statute books of Massachusetts.

"It is strictly in accordance with these ideas of the public interest that we should insist, as we most emphatically do, that certain of the other bounties of nature are property in the preservation of which the entire community is interested and should protect and preserve for the present and future benefit of all its people. This club is necessarily an organized protest against a wanton, short sighted destruction, for the benefit of a few of natural advantages which, properly husbanded, might enrich the lives of the entire community. We demand that the great natural spawning ground of Buzzard's Bay should be preserved alike from the local pound owner or the porgy pirates of Tiverton, Rhode Island, as each seeks, though in somewhat different ways, to monopolize for his personal benefit what the Almighty apparently designed for mankind Our success in this connection is written down plainly in the fact that Buzzard's Bay at this moment, alone of all the beautiful inlets of the Atlantic coast, is absolutely protected, in perfect equality to every one, and with special privileges to none, for such a common use by the general public as insures the greatest possible usefulness consistent with maintaining the supply.

"Objects such as those do not easily admit of misrepresentation. As an organization, so far as known to me, we have no friends but the friends of our cause; we have no enemies but the enemies of our cause, We advance no one's political aspirations. We honor no man except as we esteem his work in those directions, and we welcome every man to our membership who will aid our objects, whatever his color, religion, wealth or views on silver or the tariff.

"Upon this statement of faith and exhibition of works, we earnestly solicit the continued and increased coöperation of all persons, whether permanent or temporarily resident, in these communities. We are entitled to the support of all who believe as we do. The adequate realization of our objects would mean not only an increase of value to every acre of ground and an increased enjoyment for every life on these shores, but would assist to make this section of the State the ideal place of residence which it is capable of being made. It would even go further. Such a result would assist, in no small measure by the exhibition of its demonstrated benefit to emphasize (as already is being done as to our fisheries) the fact that a wise preservation of the bounties of nature is as invariably beneficial as the opposite policy overreaches and defeats itself. Such an end would be no insignificant contribution to the general good, and the opportunity of cooperating in attaining it is a privilege.

"The practical thing to do at present is to increase our membership. The more rapidly this is done, the greater the progress which can be made Every new member means a broadening of the influence which is needed for the work; and, while the club's finances seem in excellent condition, such an increased membership would result in more equitable distribution of the financial burden to the relief of the undue proportion which certain of our members are at present carrying. The process is very simple Send to or see an officer member of the club and send the names to the secretary. If any choice is to be had where all are welcome, I imagine that a public-spirited townsman who does not go fishing much is the ideal member.

"It is too early to relax our vigilance regarding Buzzard's Bay. So long as the profits of catching other people's fish continue so great, we must be prepared to defend these waters. But the club looks forward with impatience to being permitted to use more of its money and thought in the attainment of its other objects, and with confidence that each of our members and the club as a whole do its full share, while the responsibility is with us, toward the best development and enrichment of this section of the commonwealth."

Among the guests invited by the club were most of the selectmen of the Buzzard's Bay towns. The first speakers, on the relation of the towns to the Buzzard's Bay fisheries, was the stanch friend of the fisheries, Hon. George I. Briggs, chairman of the Selectmen of Bourne.

Mr. Briggs expressed the opinion that the prosperity of the Buzzard's Bay towns was inseparably connected with the preservation of the fisheries, and therefore, it was, in his judgment, not only justifiable, but necessary that the towns in their corporate capacity should raise and appropriate money for the defense of these fisheries. He therefore respectfully suggested that the Old Colony Club consider the propriety of securing such legislation, as might enable towns legally to appropriate money for that purpose. As for Bourne, it unanimously had this year placed $500 from the proceeds of its herring fishery at the disposal of the selectmen for defense of its fishery rights, and it was prepared to do the same thing in future. He strongly urged a similar course upon the attention of the other towns. John H. Howland, chairman of Selectmen of Fairhaven, and George H Palmer, of New Bedford; James L Col., chairman of Selectmen of Mattapoisett; Benj F Gibbs, chairman of Selectmen of Wareham, and Joshua C Robinson, of Falmouth, spoke of the interest of their respective towns in the preservation of the fisheries.

Among the other speakers were Rev. N H Chamberlain, upon the preservation of historical spots; Col. A M. Ferris, of Newton; Edward H Burgess, of the Boatmen's Association; Walter Rapp, of Brockton, and Horace S. Crowell, of Boston.

CHAS. F. CHAMBERLAYNE, Sec'y.

SUMMER TARPON FISHING

Two Days with the Tarpon at Aransas Pass, Tex.

HAVING for years had a desire to try my hand on the tarpon or "silver king," I concluded on Aug 9 that I would make the effort.

Leaving Little Rock on Monday afternoon, the 9th ult., over the Iron Mountain Railroad to Texarkana, I caught the Cotton Belt train to Waco, where a night's rest is given, and the Aransas Pass Railroad early the next morning starts for Rockport, Tex., where you arrive in time for late supper. The following morning our party, which had now grown quite large, left Rockport on the mail boat, in command of Capt. Sam Grey, for Tarpon City, at the head of Mustang Island, where we were welcomed by the landlord of the Ingleside Hotel, Capt. Hatfield, and just in time for dinner after a beautiful sail of about fifteen miles.

Here we found quite a number of sportsmen lying around enjoying the cool breezes off the Gulf of Mexico Among them were J. S. Ingram, of Pine Bluff, the champion tarpon fisherman of the season, having seventy-six tarpon to his credit already this season (and, by the way, he expects to make it an even 100 and then quit); Byron Houston and Mr. Maverick, of San Antonio; J. A. Edison, of Tyler, Tex., and W. C. Conner, ex-Mayor of Dallas, Tex, and a number of others made up as jolly a lot of fishermen as one would care to meet.

Having been provided with a tarpon reel and some hooks, I selected a bamboo cane rod that had been cut down to about 8ft. and mounted with guides and a good tip. I had my reel lashed to it, and after attaching my hook I was ready for the fray, not, however, without some misgivings as to the strength of my line, but had been used. Mr. Ingram suggested that I could buy at the little store for 15 cents a cotton line that would fill the bill, so I at once availed myself of such an investment; and it was a good thing I did, as my experience will show. Going to the wharf, I hired a boatman for $2 per day and bait. All being ready, I took my seat in a comfortable chair in the rear of the boat, facing the stern, and my boatman put on a live mullet and we were off for the pass, some 150yds. distant. Paying out some 100ft of line from the rear of the boat we slowly pulled out in the pass. It was but a short time until the pass was filled with tarpon fishermen, and steadily they rowed up and down and across the channel The tide going out made a good current. In a few moments Mr. Conner, of Dallas, Tex, had a strike and a great fish, like a flash of lightning, cleared the water with the big hook fast in his gills, and then again and again he showed his beautiful shape clear of the water, and a loud cheer went up for the lucky fisherman, who after about an hour's hard work landed him safely on the beach, and the first tarpon for the afternoon was killed. Next a Mr. Sarazen, of Sherman, Tex., took a beauty and landed it in fine shape. All this time I had been an admiring spectator and wishing for my time to come, when I felt a tug at my line and I instantly gave a vigorous strike, and out came another tarpon, clearing the water fully 6ft., shaking his head to dislodge the hook from his jaws, and down only a moment until he was out again, and when he struck the water again he made a bee line for the Gulf of Mexico. I put on my brake, and that through my inexperience was too much for my line, and to my disgust it parted, and away went my first tarpon, leaving me feeling very cheap; but nothing was left but to try again. So putting on my 15 cent cotton line I was soon ready, but save a strike or two I failed to hook another and went back to the hotel feeling sore at having had my chance and lost it. I was restless and nervous and wanted to go out by moonlight and try to catch another, but the more experienced fishermen assured me that I would get a chance on the morrow. I had only arranged to spend a couple of days and one had gone, and I feared the mail boat would go back to Rockport the next day before I could land my tarpon. However, the next morning I was up bright and early, all anxious for another strike, having seen those big silver beauties in their wild leaps in the air all night in my sleep.

Starting out next day with a strong determination to land a tarpon, I was soon out in the pass. In a short time I had a strike and hooked a fish, but it did not come out of the water, and we knew almost positively that it was not a tarpon because it did not show itself, and yet it fought like a tiger; what could it be—stingaree, jewfish or what? After working with him for thirty minutes I told my boatman to pull for the beach, and under a tight strain we led him toward the shore. Before arriving there I was surprised and disgusted too to find that I had a shark hard and fast. I wished I did not have him, but there was only one way to get rid of him, and that was to land the ugly thing, which I did, and was glad to get him off. We went right back into the channel and I soon had a strike right, and instantly a royal fish jumped high out of the water, and again and again did he jump to rid himself of the steel. I had him pretty subdued to all intent, and after the third jump he started for the Gulf; but by this time I had gained some pointers on the handling of this great fish, and when he made his grand rush I put on the brake and had the boatman row up on him, gathering in the line, inch by inch, and after a constant fight of one and one half hours we reached the shore with the boat, and I jumped out on the beach, hauling the beautiful fish up to within reach of the boatman with his gaff, but the fish turned and he missed his chance, and as he wallowed and fought in the surf, the hook lost its hold, and my second tarpon swam away. My friend Edson had just landed one at the same place, and he can tell you how badly I felt. I felt that now I surely would have to go back without my tarpon, but after a little encouragement from Edson I took to the boat again, and another shark was the result. Two sharks taken in one forenoon. I went in to dinner with a heavy heart and found much sympathy, as everybody wanted to see me get one tarpon out on the land.

Although the boat had not arrived, I had made up my mind to wait for the boat the next day, as a tarpon I must have. Swallowing my dinner and getting a new boatman (having worn out my boy of the morning), I started again

for the pass, and after passing the point about 150yds. I ran into a school of tarpon and I didn't do a thing to one of them but put him out on the sand in less than an hour; he measured 4ft. 6in., and I landed him where everyone could see the fight and my first victory over the tarpon. Meanwhile the mail boat sped on its way back to Rockport and off I went for another; after a pull of a mile I hooked another tarpon, and after a beautiful fight he too was landed high and dry on the sands. Two in one afternoon was almost too good, but there they were, the last 5ft. 8in. in length. Now I was happy indeed, and I pulled off to the pass, where the other members of my party were cruising around. First one and then another would get a strike and a fight and off they would go to land their fish on the beach. Everyone congratulated me and many said: "Are you not glad you remained?" I was very much pleased and elated, but quietly going home that evening I passed over the favorite ground of Champion Ingram, as the boatman told me, when I struck and hooked the fourth tarpon that day. I played him as carefully as I knew how, as he was a large one, and at last I got him to the beach. I jumped from the boat, still holding him tight for the boatman to gaff him, but he made a strike, and missing, struck him again, breaking my line in two places, thus liberating the fish, making the second one for the day lost after getting them almost on dry sand. I found I had done a good, hard day's work that day, however, and was more contented and satisfied with myself, and rested well that night, except that the vision of leaping tarpon remained with me all night.

I had lots of company, too, that day, for several of the party had each landed their fish, and we had a very happy party that evening, talking over the events of the day. Next day a number like myself were to leave for home, and Capt. Grey agreed to take us to Rockport by moonlight; so we put in the day at the same place, and some half-dozen fine fish were taken in the afternoon, the wind being unfavorable in the forenoon until the tide began to run out. I saw no less than four boats going ashore at one time that afternoon with a fish in tow. I had my luck the day before, I suppose, for, although I had two good strikes, I failed to hook; but late that evening I struck a very heavy fish, which, like the first one I hooked, took 150ft. of line and my hook to the Gulf with him, although after breaking loose he jumped out and said "Good-by" with the hook and line hanging to him. I said "Good-by, old boy; I've had a good time, anyway."

The season for tarpon fishing ends Dec. 1. During the present season, up and including Aug. 14, 290 tarpon have been taken with rod and reel. The best months for tarpon fishing are June, September and October. Last season's catch was 400, landed only with rod and reel; tarpon landed with hand lines not included in this record. J. S. Ingram, of Pine Bluff, Ark., holds the championship, having seventy-six to his credit in fifty days. Last season he landed fifty-five tarpon in thirty days' fishing. The largest fish so far caught is 6ft. 11in.; the second 6ft. 10in.

The largest catch in a single day was fifteen tarpon, on May 31, by seven anglers, and June 12 five anglers also caught fifteen. The largest catch by any one angler in one day waa six. This record, without fear of contradiction, pronounces Aransas Pass the greatest tarpon ground now known.

The cool breezes of the Gulf add much to the comfort of the angler who sleeps under cover at night. If you have never tried tarpon fishing, take a few days off and go to the head of Mustang Island and try it. JOS. IRWIN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Camp Forest and Stream Eighth Annual.

CAMP FOREST AND STREAM, Walworth county, Wis., July 21.—This year, J. B. H. and I went to Mukwonago again. It is true, we have to ride some six miles further by going to Mukwonago than we would if we went to Troy Center; but we have always been going to Mukwonago, and so we probably always shall. I think if J. B. H. and I were starting for South Africa we would go by way of Mukwonago, such is the force of conservatism, at least with J. B. H. At any rate, we had our usual hurry to get into camp before dark, which is one of the pleasantest features of our yearly trip. Should we go in to Lulu Lake, on Mr. J. A. Schwartz's farm, by way of Troy Center, we would arrive there at so unseemly and early an hour in the afternoon, that pitching camp and getting supper would be a most easy, orderly and prosaic affair.

This time our start from Chicago was made during the hot week of 1897, and on Saturday at that, when suffering humanity was hurrying out of town in droves. Everybody was hot and hurried and anxious except J. B. H. and myself. We knew just where we were going, and what we were going to do, so we had no cause to worry. We watched the surging crowds back of the train gates at the Wisconsin Central depot with more of pity than anything else, they seemed so hurried and troubled, as city people always are. J. B. H. has no hurry nor trouble in his makeup, so he was placid, and pitied the crowd.

The wave of the summer exodus spent itself gradually against Gray's Lake, Rockefeller, Lake Villa, Antioch, Silver Lake, Burlington, Beulah, so that after a time our train became less inhabited and more habitable. And lo! to make all things pleasant for the Forest and Stream eighth annual camp, the sky lost its brazen heat and became overcast with clouds before Antioch was passed. A big sigh of relief went up from the crowd as the blessed rain came down, and as it became evident that the hot season was broken. "Let it rain," said J. B. H., "even if we have to go into camp wet to-night."

And we nearly did have a wet camp. At Mukwonago the rain had ceased, but the clouds were ominous. We hurried neighbor Dillenbeck along with our light wagon, and soon were rolling over the gravel roads of this pleasant country on our way to our old camping ground. "If the FOREST AND STREAM luck holds," said J. B. H., "we'll get our tent up before it rains." And the luck held, although the delayed arrival of our train—due to the rush of summer traffic—made us dangerously late that evening. It was sundown when we drove into Mr. Schwartz's yard and made our annual salutation, and the woods were dark and dripping when we made our way back through the country to the little lake which we call our own. Here we hurriedly piled our camp luggage and said good-bye to our driver, who left us to what seemed a cheerless evening.

But not cheerless under any circumstances could be this first evening in our camp. We made merry of the rain. We spread down the hay for our bed and got the tent over it swiftly, and after that all was well. The tent pins went down in the dark, almost in the very holes they made last year. The blankets came out in order, the grocery box divulged store of good things, and knowing by long routine what each was expected to do, we rapidly got things into their regular and pre-ordained condition. While I finished the storing of the outfit under cover, J. B. H. got a little blaze started around the upright of our little gun barrel stove, and betimes I heard a sizzling other than that of rain in a hot frying pan. When we stopped at Mr. Schwartz's barn for our hay there was a fat young pigeon on a beam in the mow, and Mr. Schwartz tossed it down to us, saying he wished we would clean out all the pigeons, as he did not want them. It was this squab that was making the sizzling I heard. For though J. B. H. is seventy-five years of age and deliberate in some things, he is passing swift at dressing and cooking a bird, a squirrel or a fish. Soon, on top of a box, in the half light of the fire and our torch light, we were eating our first supper in camp, in the rain it is true, but none the less in the sunshine of content. Back of us rose the white front of our tent, which is too little for a dining hall. We were assured of shelter and the coffee was very good. As to the squab, I should say its sizzling arose not from the frying-pan, but the little gridiron, which is a big portion of our cooking concern. Never was any squab better. And never was any night better than that, under the patter of the rain, away from the heat of the city, to the quiet and the cool and the calm of Camp Forest and Stream, in which all things make to peace and comfort. Some few camp fires I have seen, in different corners of the land, but there is no camp for J. B. H. or me just like this one we have made together yearly now for nearly a decade.

The next morning was Sunday, and we do not fish on Sunday; so we had a long, quiet day to spend, a day both bright and cool, for the weather had for our pleasure now mended until we could ask no more. We put up our other little tent and equipped it as our storehouse, and thus gradually completed our housekeeping arrangements. J. B. H. found his spring as cold as ever, and duly set in upon his annual task of cleaning it out and walling it up with clean white stones. Our table we set up again under our old oak tree, and into the nail holes of last year (for when we go away we burn up all rubbish and pull out all nails) I drove the nails which during the tenure of the eighth annual are to hold respectively and in the order named from left to right, and at the height of a man's easy reach, the strip of bacon, the dish towel, the hand towel, the soap, the comb, the torch. The two little axes go into the tree trunk just northeast of the bacon, for here is where we first struck them in when we discovered this land. In Camp Forest and Stream things go not at sixes and sevens. No axe is left lying around, no dishrag is ever misplaced. Decently and in order, and with prompt deliberation, so moveth the world here. No new notches, no new nail holes, are to be tolerated. And when J. B. H. found that his fireplace had since his last departure been desecrated by some wandering camper, who had passed a time upon the spot which was ours by all the rights of conquest, it was pleasing to see the vast contempt with which he threw down the hill the bricks with which the ignorant camper had sought to construct a fireplace. Two rows of stones, well set, inside of these two side logs of 3in. diameter each, the tiny gun-barrel stove with its all-convenient rings; such is the fireplace established by J. B. H. A hat full of hickory bark and solid dry wood broken from a standing tree suffices him for a full meal of elaborate cookery. The ashes you could carry in your hand. This I know, for when I sought for ashes in which to bake a fish, after we had been three days in camp, J. B. H. had no ashes to offer at his fireplace. (So we used sand, and the fish was good.)

I have spoken of the suspicion with which J. B. H. regarded our aluminum frying-pans and our device of the gun barrel stove, both of which are accepted by him as indispensable parts of our equipment. This year I had two new things for the outfit, a refrigerator basket and a Colclesser tomahawk, the former made by a Baltimore firm and the latter by the men who made Nessmuk's hatchets. The basket is a success, being made of tin covered with felt, the whole again covered with wood fibre. There is an air space in the lid, and the latter is hinged in the middle and detachable. Inside the basket is a watertight compartment for ice. Thus one can have an ice box in camp at will, and can use it for a lunch basket or an express package at will, provided that, in the latter capacity, he wishes to send some fish to friends. This basket, which I advanced proudly and with confidence, J. B. H. viewed very coldly, remarking that it cast discredit upon our spring, which heretofore had been found adequate to all demands of cold storage. The little hatchet (it weighs just 16oz.) he examined with more interest, and tried it on a hard snag with credit. Sometimes I find him using it furtively, which I consider a great compliment. But, for my own part, I think a 16oz. axe too light for anything but light summer camping, such as ours. I think 2lbs. quite light enough for a real camp axe.

J. B. H. is an old-time squirrel hunter, raised back in Ole Virginny, and in his day was, I think, the best rifle shot I ever saw. Nowadays he reverts, and I often see him out hunting squirrel nests. If there be a squirrel in an entire wood, he is sure to find out his whereabouts, and this amusement seems to please as much as anything. We used to go fishing for bass, bait casting, and made a great many very heavy catches in these waters, but this sport, with its constant work at the reel, no longer seems to suit him, so we have lost interest in it for the time.

One day we paddled about a certain cove we know, and casting frog, I got three strikes, but the weedless hook proved also fishless, much to our disgust, so we quit and came away. On two different evenings we found the fly-rod a good accessory, and using coachman and gray drake flies we got each time eight fish, rock bass, strawberry bass, to say nothing of three black bass, which we thought tasted much better than if they had been caught on frog. Twice we have taken the little .22 rifle and killed a mess of Mr. Schwartz's troublesome pigeons, picking them out quietly from under the eaves of the barn. Once we went five miles overland on a grand *chasse au* frog to a certain prolific pond we wot of, and here we killed with the rifle above three dozen vast bull-frogs, whose athletic hindlegs overstocked us so much that we had to give away part of them to friends who are cottaging not far away. Another day we hunted up our croppy bar, out in the middle of the lake, a secret known of but Billy Tuohy and ourselves, and though we do not find the fishing here so good as usual, owing to the lateness in the season, we caught one day fourteen, another day nine, another three, and again twenty-six, out of which latter great draft we apportioned baskets of fishes for friends. These croppies are so big and fat that we patronize them now to the exclusion of the black bass, which are not nearly so good to eat. For brook trout we have thus far made no quest, though we know where we can get a few. We know where we can go and get some big bass, too, but we are not sure that we want them. J. B. H. says he has caught his share of big bass, but doesn't quite think he has had quite his *pro rata* of fat croppies. We get up at about 6 or 7 o'clock each morning, and work hard all day, going to bed at 10 or 11 at night. We have to work to make a living here, for the game and fish do not grow on trees, but we always manage to get all we want when we want it. I tell J. B. H. I can take him a little further north up the railroad, where we can catch a lot of muscallonge and wall-eyes every day, but to this he will not hear, for he says we could not use the fish if we caught them. There has never been an ounce of meat wasted in Camp Forest and Stream. Yet out of all the countries I have seen, I really do not know of a pleasanter one than this hardwood lake country of lower Wisconsin for a quiet, restful camping out trip. If I did find a better country, I would still have the task of convincing J. B. H. that it was better, and that I fear would be quite hopeless. Here we have set our house, nor is it likely that any mansions of this earth will tempt us further. Our little lake is very quiet. There are no voices of persons in our woods. Our spring is cool and clean. This is the sweet place in the year. We wish as much might happen for each and everyone.

J. B. H. and I do not favor frills. Our outfit is not large nor elaborate, though we are ready to investigate any new thing purporting to be good. We believe in aluminum frying pans, in wire broilers, in the gun-barrel stove, in the toothed-ring fish scaler, in the canvas water pail, perhaps also in the little axe and the tin-lined basket. As yet we have found no camp lantern in which we can believe better than our 5-cent tin torch with the big round wick. This light has thus far never failed us. It does not blow out, it makes a good circle of illumination, and it casts no shadows of tubes and wires and handles. Moreover, when we are done with it, we can pour the oil out of it, wipe it dry and throw it into the pack bag, where it neither breaks nor takes up much room. If any man knows of a better camp light, J. B. H. will look into it, but I doubt if he will approve. For my part, while I admit the torch will do to light up the camp while we are cooking supper after a long and late trip somewhere, I cannot approve of it as a lamp for writing purposes, inside a tent or out. This, however, is irrelevant, for in camp no man ought to write. He should sit on the log and look in the fire and listen to the screech owl. We have a most excellent little screech owl, who lives in a hollow oak about 50ft. from our fireplace. Each night about 10 o'clock he comes out and complains about our disturbing him.

This afternoon J. B. H. and a young lady boarder who lives at Mr. Schwartz's went out hunting together, leaving me to keep camp. They have just come in, bringing with them a young blue heron (the lesser bittern). J. B. H. says he is going to cook it for supper. Then we can tell whether or not it is good to eat.* E. HOUGH.

* P. S.—It was.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE fall rush of American anglers to Canada is just now in full swing, and the water in most of our trout lakes and streams is almost all that can be desired, being cold for the season at the surface, and only moderately high.

Mr. Eugene McCarthy has gone to the Metabetchouan for ouananiche, and to the Belle Riviere for trout. Messrs. R. R. McCormick and W. J. F. McCormick, of Florida, are camped at Lac à Moise on the Triton Tract, and will remain thereabouts to the end of the month. Mr. H. E. Wanamaker, of Syracuse, is bound for the same lake. Mr. A. N. Cheney and Mr. W. F. Rathbone are dividing their time between Lac des Passes, Lake Moise and Lake Batiscan. The latest information from the party reports the killing of a 4½lb. trout in Lac des Passes by Mr. Cheney. Mr. G. H. Squires, of New York, has just got back to the club house at Triton from a visit to Lake des Passes and Lake Batiscan, where he got fish of over 6lbs. in weight. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Andrews, of Syracuse, are in their own camp on Lake Batiscan, the headwaters of the river of that name, and one of the prettiest lakes that it is possible to imagine, being nine miles long, oval in shape, and completely hemmed in by lofty mountains. During a recent visit to the Triton Tract, I saw a number of caribou both on Lake Batiscan and Lac des Passes. Mrs. Andrews was the fortunate killer of two caribou on Lake Batiscan last year, and brought her rifle again with her into camp. Among others who have passed through here this week on their way to Lake Batiscan are Messrs. Eugene Petit, Douglas E. Petit, William Nottingham and George A. Roff, all of Syracuse. They are to be followed in a day or two by Mr. George E. Hart, superintendent of the Waterbury Watch Company, and by Col. Charles E. Turner, formerly of Waterbury and now Consul-General for the United States at Ottawa, who has lately enjoyed magnificent bass fishing in Thirty-one Mile Lake, in the Gatineau district.

Mr. Brewer, of Springfield, president of the Amabalish Fish and Game Club, whose club house is on the Metabetchouan River, passed through here the other day on his way to his fishing preserve. He is accompanied by Mrs. Brewer, and reports that, in addition to the gentlemen anglers now on the club limits, there are no less than eleven ladies at the club house.

The river Jeannotte, the discharge of Lake Edward, is again the center of attraction to numbers of enthusiastic anglers who enjoy fighting there the large red-bellied fish of the latter end of the season. From the Jacques Cartier, the Moise and the Montmorenci rivers come splendid reports of large fish in reasonable quantities.

Ouananiche fishing is particularly good just now, especially in the lower parts of the Metabetchouan River. Anglers have not much time, however, in which to wage a campaign against the fresh-water salmon of Lake St. John, as the close season for the fish commences on Sept. 15.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 31.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

LIV.—E. R. Wilbur.

THE last part of the summer of 1880 found me gathering fishing statistics under direction of the United States Fish Commission for the census of that year; my assignment being from the mouth of the Connecticut River to Sandy Hook, and including Long Island. While stopping at Sayville I called on Mr. Wilbur, whom I had long known, and it was arranged that we should chum for bluefish the next day. Mrs. Mather was with me and was delighted at the prospect, because she had taken many bluefish while trolling from a sailboat, and she listened to my glowing account of chumming and of how superior it was to trolling, with great interest, but before the day was over she differed with me and declared in favor of sailing.

Sayville is on the Great South Bay, which is about fifty miles long and some five miles across at its greatest width. It is a shallow bay, but famous for its fishing, fowling, oysters and crabs. The fish are weakfish, bluefish, kingfish, porgies, flounders, sheepshead, sea bass, and, occasionally, a few Spanish mackerel are taken, while Sayville, which is near the eastern end of the bay, is only a mile or two from the famous oyster beds of Blue Point, and sends thousands of bushels to market which become "blue points" when they reach the great city. It is an ideal place in which to live.

We had clams and other bait for bottom fish if the bluefish were not running our way, but we lacked that essential of the chummer—a lot of menhaden, or mossbunkers, as they are sometimes called. In the party were two of Mr. Wilbur's nephews—sharp-eyed boys of fourteen to sixteen—and they kept a sharp lookout ahead as we cruised about, looking for bait. Soon one called: "There's a basket at the masthead," and we were brought up alongside the boat and laid in a supply of the needful fish. In Great South Bay a bushel basket at the masthead means bait to sell, and saves both time and trouble.

In order to give anglers who live far from the sea coast a clear idea of bluefishing, let me say: The bluefish is related to the mackerel tribe, grows to a weight of 18lbs., is swift, strong, and the most destructive fish that I know of. The late Prof. Baird called them "animated chopping machines," for they kill for sport after they are gorged, biting pieces from the menhaden which they cannot swallow. The only thing they seem to fear is a school of porpoises. The menhaden is one of the herring tribe, short, deep and fat; it is seldom eaten, but is taken by thousands of tons each year for its oil, the refuse being dried and mixed with phosphate rock for fertilizing purposes.

As we anchored in a channel near Fire Island Inlet, Mr. Wilbur said: "Chumming for bluefish is a new form of taking them. Scott, in his 'Fishing in American Waters,' in the edition of 1875, does not mention it, except for striped bass, and he was an all-round salt-water angler. The first mention that I find in print of chumming for bluefish is by Mr. R. B. Roosevelt, in 'Fish Hatching and Fish Catching,' published last year" (1879).

"Why," I remarked, "I supposed that it was an old method, but I have little knowledge of salt-water angling. Martin B. Brown, the official printer for New York city, and I went down to Manasquam Inlet, New Jersey, in 1876, when I was with the old Aquarium at Thirty-fifth street and Broadway, and Martin taught me how to chum for bluefish, but just as we got started and had each taken a fish of about 4lbs. from a school which had driven thousands of menhaden on shore, a school of porpoises appeared and served the bluefish as they had the menhaden. The bluefish which did not escape on the flanks of the charging porpoises, or by diving under them, were driven on shore in terror, and the beach was a sight of flopping fish. Martin and I forgot our fishing to wonder at the spectacle. The natives spread the word, and men, women and children with baskets, carts and wagons lined the beach within an hour and harvested the crop. There was no more fishing for us, and we went home by the first train, gathering up enough fish to send to friends. That was a memorable incident, but not much bluefishing. Like the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, 'it was magnificent, but not war,' nor chumming."

All this talk went on to the tune of the chop-chop-chop of the boatman's heavy knife, as he cut a few menhaden into mince meat and scraped the pieces overboard, to float off toward the inlet on the ebb tide to tole the bluefish our way.

"You see," said Mr. Wilbur to the ladies, "that when these small bits of fish fall on the water they sink a few inches as they are carried out by the tide; but there is an oily 'slick' on the surface and that carries the scent for miles, and if a school of bluefish strike it they follow it up, and so we get them to come to our anchorage. If they come to us it will be in a school of thousands, for the bluefish travel only in that way. A few years ago some fishermen noticed that when they sighted a flock of gulls feeding they not only found that they were gathering the crumbs from the feast of bluefish on menhaden, but that as the oily slick drifted off it enticed other schools of bluefish, and so they evolved the sport of chumming; and in the fisherman's vocabulary 'chum' is the name of minced menhaden thrown overboard to attract bluefish."

"A century or more ago," I said, "men chopped fish up to bait pools, or swims, but the fish so used were not oily and did not make a 'slick' on the water. Therefore, what they did was merely ground baiting and not chumming; and in fact, I think that the bluefish is the only fish which can be induced to follow a scent for a mile or more, although striped bass will trace it for quite a distance."

Our boatman had taken a slice from each side of a menhaden, cutting about the middle and slicing along the backbone to the tail, and these were laid aside for baits while the remainder of the fish, head and all, was hashed into chum and a little at a time thrown into the water. Since that day a bait mill has been put on the market and this relieves both fish and anglers from the noise of the chopping board and produces better chum.

Some of our party used hand-lines and others rod and reel, the latter affording better sport. The hooks were on a foot length of either brass or piano wire, for the teeth of a bluefish will cut the best gimp snell as easily as if it was an ordinary fish line. Their cutting capacity is such as to ruin a purse or a pound net in a few minutes, and they will snap at and cut a man's hand badly with their saw-like teeth.

After a while one of the party had a strike, and then it was lively work until the tide turned. One lady hooked the anchor rope and called: "Oh, I've got a shark; help!" And she did not join in the laugh when her catch was made apparent, merely remarking: "It's too bad, I thought I had the biggest fish in the bay, I believe I did have a big one until that rope got in the way. I wish we could fish without an anchor rope."

Only those who have taken bluefish by chumming know what a fierce rush they make when hooked. There is no stopping to think it over nor running off slowly until it is certain that there is a hook with a line attachment in that last bit of menhaden, but it snatches the bait and is off like a rocket, making the reel hum like a locust. No fear of checking the rush too suddenly if the tackle is good, and if it isn't it would be wise to stay at home, for the mouth of this fish is hard and its jaws are strong. The savage snap which it gave the bait sank the hook well in, and if the line is kept taut the fish seldom shakes the hook loose, and more seldom does it tear out.

When we troll for this fish with a sail boat going not over five or six miles an hour we use heavy cotton lines to avoid cutting the hands, and have a stall on the first finger of each hand, either of rubber or woolen, and the speed of the boat, added to the strike of a fish, makes a "chug" that would tear the hook clear from many other kinds of fish; but the bluefish stands it, and is hauled in by main strength, and is shaken from the hook with great regard to its dentition. This is fine sport, but inferior to chumming.

In trolling there are various devices used to represent natural bait. Most of these are called squids, because they shine as they rush through the water, much as the naked mollusk, whose name they bear, flashes through the brine. There are squids of lead cast around a long-shanked hook especially made for the purpose, and from 3 to 6in. long; these are scraped when they get dull. Then there are red flannel attachments to lead squids; squids of bone, round or flat; of mother-of-pearl, flat and spoon-shaped; red bone for Spanish mackerel, and hollow wooden squids, which open to allow a piece of menhaden to be placed inside, to attract bluefish by scent as well as by sight. An eel-skin drawn over a long piece of lead is an old-time lure not much used now; but there is little choice among all these devices, for a bluefish will snap at any bright, moving thing if trailed 80 or 100ft. behind a sail boat, no matter if the fish is gorged to repletion. Its mission is to slay for the sake of slaying, and it fulfills it to the letter. Most animals cease to kill when hunger is satisfied, but a mink and a bluefish never stop as long as there is a living thing in sight. They kill for sport as a terrier kills rats, but they destroy their own food in their savage onslaughts, while what the terrier kills is not his food.

After the turn of the tide there was time for luncheon, and to review the incidents of the day. The school of fish which came in the inlet and attacked our bait was not large in numbers nor in size, but the day was a perfect one for angling, the breeze being light and the sun not too much in evidence.

As it was but little past mid-day when the tide turned and the bluefish left the bay, we decided that it was too soon to sail for home and that we would try bottom fishing for anything that wished to sample such bait as we had to offer, and the clams were brought out to try their powers of attraction.

A variety of fish sampled our clams and were welcomed on board the yacht and assigned quarters with the bluefish. Under ordinary circumstances the porgies and flounders would not have associated with the cannibal bluefish, but at that time the savage blues were very peaceable, contact with civilized man had evidently had its influence and they were quiet.

Mr. Wilbur said that the inlet channel was not the best place for bottom fish, because they did not stop long in the swift current but scattered over the bay in search of the food which lives in more quiet waters.

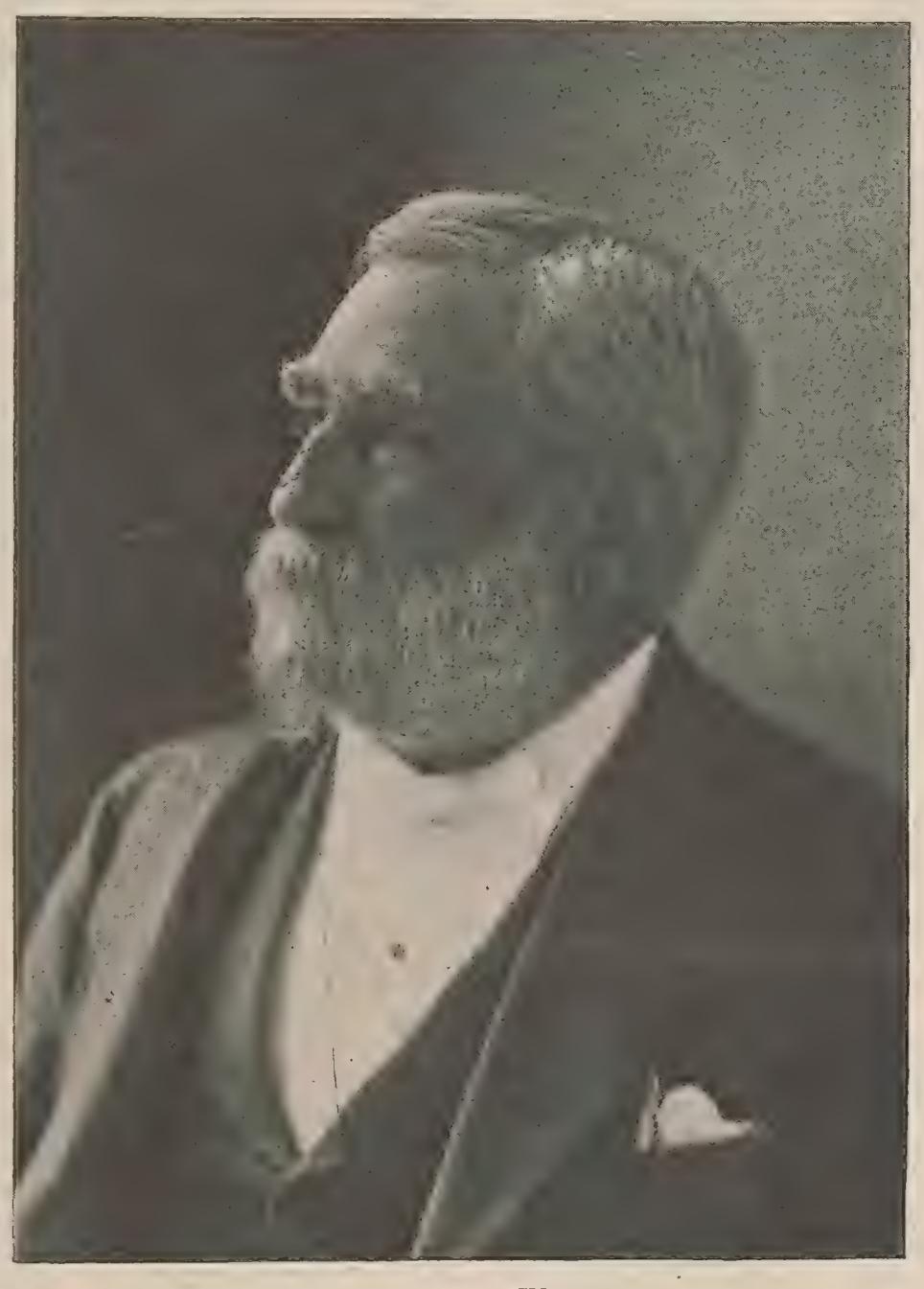
"Where is the best place in the bay for sheepshead and other fish which feed more or less on the bottom?" I asked.

My host considered a moment, and replied: "The cinder beds are probably as good as any, if not the best. They lie near Point of Woods, opposite the fish factories, and are not real cinders, as many suppose from the name; but the bottom is a hard, gravelly one, on which for centuries the tube-worms have built their dwellings, and have cemented patches of gravel together in a manner that appears like a cinder when an angler's hook gets hold of a piece, as it is very apt to do, and brings it to light covered with more or less mud. The more recent of these crooked tubes contain living worms, on which many fishes feed when they catch them with their heads out."

Here was a chance to exhibit a little technical knowledge which had been picked up somewhere, and I said: "From the way these tubes twist and lock into each other the scientists call them *Serpula contortuplicata*. They fasten to and weight down scallops so that it is difficult for that mollusk to swim. As the worm grows it lengthens its tube, and they always fasten it to rocks, shells or other hard substances, and a mass of old tubes might easily suggest a cinder. I should think that hooks would get fast in the masses very often."

"They do, and it is very annoying. Sometimes the piece is too heavy to lift and then something must break, either hook, snell or cinder; but the beds are such good feeding grounds for many fishes that one is willing to risk losing some tackle on such good feeding grounds. Perhaps we will try the beds some day."

As we parted at the landing we all agreed that the day had been a most enjoyable one every way. We had fish enough, but not so many as to be a burden, and for one I was glad of the chance to practice chumming for bluefish in a more complete manner than on the day when I first tried it with Martin B. Brown on the New Jersey coast. There was not enough of that to write up, and I never fished with him again.



E. R. WILBUR.
From a photograph in 1897.

Mr. Wilbur was one of the early members of the Blooming Grove Park Association, which has an extensive game preserve, with many lakes and miles of trout streams, in Pike county, Pa., and served terms as president and secretary of the Association. During his term of office I met him there to select the site for a trout hatchery. We traveled about a good part of a day and found several excellent locations, from which we chose one after much deliberation, and trout breeding has been carried on there each year since with great success.

When the National Rod and Reel Association was formed, in 1882, for the purpose of holding fly-casting tournaments on Harlem Mere, Central Park, New York city, Mr. Wilbur joined it, and while he did not compete in the contests, he was always ready to act as judge or referee. At the first dinner of the Association, held in the Metropolitan Hotel, Mr. Wilbur made some remarks about a very old salmon which Mr. E. G. Blackford had kindly sent to the dinner, and told us that it bore the marks of a very old fish, and had been caught in the Delaware River, a most unusual catch. Mr. Wilbur thought the fish a stray one from the Connecticut, for the Delaware River was not known as a salmon river, although every few years a salmon was taken in it. Quite a discussion followed about salmon rivers and stray salmon, in which I took no part, but, like the Irishman's owl which he sold for a parrot, "didn't talk, but kept up a divil av a-thinkin'," and it resulted in my repeating former recommendations to Professor Baird, then the United States Fish Commissioner, to make the Hudson a salmon river, and he sent me eggs to begin the experiment that winter. By his remarks at that dinner, Mr. Wilbur unconsciously stimulated a thought which resulted in stocking the Hudson with salmon—an experiment which has been partially successful, and only lacked proper support and appreciation by the State authorities to have made the Hudson a self-sustaining salmon river to-day.

Mr. Wilbur was a member of Company A, 7th Regiment, New York National Guard, so far back as when the drill room was over a stable in University place. He went with the regiment to Washington on their memorable march to the Capitol in April, 1861, as a non-commissioned officer. There they were quartered for a while in the Capitol building, and among Mr. Wilbur's reminiscences of the time is an address by President Lincoln to the troops camped in the Senate chamber. Near the end of his time of service he was sent from Washington with dispatches to Col. Smith, a recruiting officer at Albany, whence he returned to the 7th Regiment Armory, then over Tompkins Market, in this city, where he remained with a part of his regiment during the draft riot. I have mentioned these facts because

we were much interested in some autographs which Mr. Wilbur showed us, as carefully cherished mementoes of those exciting days. Among the signatures most highly prized were those of Col. Lefferts, Gen. Butler and Col. Drake de Kay, whose autograph became so well known during the war; these were attached to the orders carried by Mr. Wilbur, and setting forth that he was in the service of the Government and was to be accorded free transportation and subsistence. Another prized relic is a two-page letter from Major Anderson to Mr. Wilbur, written from Fort Sumter, and dated a day or two before the fort was fired on.

The launching of FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Charles Hallock in 1873, naturally attracted the attention of a sportsman like Mr. Wilbur; and when Mr. Hallock offered a few shares in the new journal—which had a most phenomenal run in what was then a vacant field—he bought some of the stock, and when Mr. Hallock decided to retire from the management of the paper, he and a few others bought the whole plant, and he is now the treasurer of the company. FRED MATHER.

[See announcement in our advertising pages of the publication of "Men I Have Fished With" in book form.]

HARRY PRITCHARD.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have already sent to your company my order for Mr. Fred Mather's book. It seems to me that he has fished with more men than any person I ever knew of, and his memory as to the occurrences during his trips is simply marvelous. If his stock of recollections should happen to run out—and as to that there are no present indications—I would suggest that he should write another series of articles, entitled "Men Whom I Have Not Fished With."

I have always insisted that I could write a book, which would be to some extent readable, on black bass, which I have fished for, more or less, during the last fifty years; and this book would contain two chapters, the first being a short one, and entitled "What I Know About Black Bass," and the next being a long one, entitled "What I Do not Know About Black Bass."

One of the best articles written by Mr. Mather is the one on Harry Pritchard, and I regret that he was not present with Pritchard when he visited the Beaverkill a few years before his death. There was a large number of anglers at Murdock's when Pritchard put in an appearance, none of whom seemed to know him, and all of whom were disposed to enjoy a little fun at his expense on account of his hesitancy in speech, but when Harry Pritchard proposed to fish up stream instead of down there was a huge guffaw.

At that time the Beaverkill had suffered from one or two severe freshets, and the ordinary angler was rarely able to take more than 6 or 8lbs. of trout. Pritchard, in his early life, had been employed to catch fish on an estate in Ireland, and had there learned the merits of fishing up stream. Pritchard carried on this occasion a creel which would contain 15 or 18lbs. of trout, and every night when he came in his creel was full of large trout.

I regret that Mr. Mather never met on his fishing expeditions that remarkable trio of anglers, Judge Fitch, of Catskill; William Adams, of New York, and John Smedburgh, of Prattsville, and I may possibly one of these days write an article for FOREST AND STREAM in regard to them.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

NEAR PARADISE.

GLORIETA, New Mexico, Aug. 17.—For the past two weeks we have been fishing for the black-spotted mountain trout along the line of the Santa Fé Railroad, and our great expectations have been more than realized. Just think of two anglers capturing over 400 trout in one day. We played our trout until we had extracted full measure of a game fight from each one, then unhooked our captives and allowed them to return to their lovely habitat, for we were only angling for the pure sport, and a dozen small trout answered all purposes for food. This great catch was made in Cow Creek, a stream which can be reached in a three hours' drive from Glorieta, New Mexico. Over a dozen good streams, swarming with trout, can be reached in a drive of from three to seven hours from Glorieta, which is a small station on the line of the Santa Fé Railroad. We are camping at present on the Pecos River, on the south side of Glorieta Mountain.

The southern spurs of the Rocky Mountains extends some distance down into New Mexico, and every gorge and cañon contains its trout stream. The Pecos River is a fine stream to fish in, being just right for wading, with a current which flows at the rate of about seven miles an hour; it heads up seventy miles above Glorieta, and flows southeast through New Mexico and the northern portion of Texas, emptying into the Rio Grande. This river waters thousands of farms throughout the entire Pecos River Valley, a distance of over 500 miles. The upper waters of the Pecos are full of trout, while the lower waters contain small-mouth black bass.

When the waters are clear the fishing is very good, but it has rained every afternoon for the past week, and the waters have been very roilly, and the trout will not rise well in muddy water. These mountain trout are very cunning, and the largest ones will not rise to a fly until almost dark, but between the hours of 5 and 7 P. M. I have hooked some very large fish, and they are very game fighters. I took three trout from one pool just before dark one evening, whose combined weight was 8lbs.

The Pecos River flows over a rocky bed, amid towering ledges of solid rock, then through a beautiful meadow, and when the water is right one can fill a basket with trout from almost any of the pools.

This is a great country for sunshine and rain. Every morning the sun shines bright, and every afternoon, as regular as can be, it rains for an hour or more. The air is very clear and pure; we can hang a trout or a piece of meat in the sun for a day, and it will keep for a year, so pure is the air. The variety of fruits, grains and grasses grown in New Mexico is really surprising. Apples, grapes, nectarines, plums, peaches, apricots and pears grow in great profusion, and the flavor of all the fruit grown in New Mexico is far superior to that grown in California.

The natives live in the river valleys, and each family seems to own a herd of goats and sheep. They drink the goats' milk, make butter from it, and eat both sheep and goats. The Spanish language is largely spoken by the "Mexicans," who are mostly descendants from Indians.

Every night it is cool enough to sleep comfortably under two blankets, not a mosquito or black fly to annoy, and the grand mountain ranges reaching away, far as the eye can see; sky blue as indigo. This is as near paradise as one can get and yet remain upon this planet.

EDWARD G. TAYLOR.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Best Tarpon Grounds on Earth.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 28.—I presume that without doubt the finest tarpon fishing in the world is to be found at Aransas Pass, near Rockport, Tex., that now famous sporting ground to which attention was first called in FOREST AND STREAM. To-day I am in position to give some interesting details of this tarpon fishing, by courtesy of Mr. Joseph Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., who has just returned from that country. Mr. Irwin says: "I can't imagine why people who really want to catch tarpon go to Florida, where they have to wait so long for a strike, while at Aransas Pass, Mr. Galbreth, of the Cotton Belt railroad, got nineteen strikes in one day. I wish you would go there and try it yourself, for it is the finest sport with rod and reel imaginable." Mr. Irwin is good enough to prepare a little story of his experience at Aransas Pass, which I send you.

Aransas Pass Tarpon Record.

Following is the record of tarpon landed with rod and reel at Aransas Pass, Tex., head of Mustang Island, from April 10 to Aug. 14, 1897, inclusive:

J. S. Ingram	Arkansas	76
William Kellehor	Texas	35
C. H. Booth	Texas	21
A. W. Houston	Texas	12
Bryan Heard	Texas	18
Dr. R. M. Smith	Colorado	9
Thos. H. Franklin	Texas	7
C. C. Higgins	Texas	6
J. E. Cotter	Texas	6
Dr. H. C. Black	Texas	5
S. T. Weyman	Georgia	5
W. D Jenkins	Texas	5
B. S McLure	W. Virginia	4
Dr. H H. Frothingham	Illinois	5
Perry J. Lewis	Texas	4
W. C. Bradbury	Colorado	4
H. M. Garwood	Texas	5
Bryan Houston	Texas	5
W. Y Sedam	Texas	3
J. A L. Waddell	Missouri	3
J. T. Mason	Colorado	3
Gus A Kampmann	Texas	3
Jos. Irwin	Arkansas	2
E. H. R. Green	Texas	2
John Parker	Texas	2
H. J. Morgan	Missouri	2
John Abbott	Georgia	2
George Brock	Georgia	2
H F. Speer	Texas	2
J A. Edson	Texas	2
Louis Sarazan	Texas	3
E. U. Smith	China	1
John A. Sea	Missouri	1
W. A Pickering	Missouri	1
Mrs. H. H. Frothingham	Illinois	1
J. S. Lockwood	Texas	1
S. M. Dodd	Missouri	1
I. H Lionberger	Missouri	1
E Barrett	Colorado	1
Howard Bland	Texas	1
A. W. Houston, Jr.	Texas	1
John Miller	Texas	1
W. C. Conner	Texas	1
J. M. Boykin	Texas	1
R W. Waddell	Colorado	1
Master Everett Waddell	Missouri	1
Master Leonard Waddell	Missouri	1
Mrs. J. A. L. Waddell	Missouri	1
G. W. Jalonick	Texas	1
Capt. W. L. Staniforth	British Royal Navy	1
P. L. Richardson	Texas	1
H. Henke	Texas	1
S. G. Warner	Texas	1
L. G. Denman	Texas	1
Judge R R. Gaines	Texas	1
W. T. Johns	England	1
W. P. Hardwick	Texas	1
E. D. Robbins	Connecticut	1
Total		290

DISTRIBUTION.

Month of April, 1897	3
Month of May, 1897	52
Month of June, 189	115
Month of July, 1897	86
Fourteen days in August, 1897	34
Total	290

IN CONNECTICUT WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

HAVING told you during the open season that trout were unusually plenty in this section, there remains only to be said that owing to the abundance of water in the streams during the entire summer, the fry and young trout have had good protection from their merciless foe, the voracious and persistent water snakes, which, during low stages of water, when the trout have been forced to huddle in the shallow pools, can and do gather them in very rapidly; so it seems to me that the season has been very favorable for the growth of young trout, and I hope the 12,000 fry I helped to plant have got a good start, and in a few years will afford sport for some good fellow. The perpetuity of trout in our streams depends upon the stock being replenished, as surely as the farmer's crop of potatoes depends upon his planting the seed at the proper time. If you want trout, plant and protect them, and they will yield a harvest.

I once told you of hooking a black bass "as big as a shad," and losing him by the parting of my leader; well, I caught him this summer, or one very much like him. Trolling with live minnow, and having out about 200ft. of line, I had telegraphic communication that something was at the other end, and after a short wait and a strike, discovered I had him hooked; when to shake the hook loose, or to show me what he was, or to see who was at the other end of the line, or for some other reason best known to himself, he came out of the water fully 2ft., and he looked very large. My son (who thinks he is quite a fisherman) and the man pulling the boat both began with their advice and exclamations of "Look out!" "Give him more line!" etc., etc., until I quietly inquired, "Who is catching this fish?" and on being assured that I was, I suggested to the boatman to pull his boat out into the lake away from the lily-pads, and to the other fellow that he "lay low" and see the fight. Well, I got him, and three hours after he was killed he weighed plump 4½lbs. of small-mouth bass.

This would not be much of a story to tell of the Wisconsin and other Western lakes, but you must bear in mind that this is a very small State, and you will see the bass is fully up to the relative proportion. A.

HADDAM, Conn.

MORE FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

THE long, cold, dreary winter days were of the past, spring time had come and gone and vacation days were at hand. Professor B. was happy, his plans for pleasure afield with rod and gun were now to be realized. It would be several weeks before the shooting season was open, but in the meantime, there were certain deep holes in a little prairie stream, to be investigated for pickerel and other members of the finny tribe. Monday dawned, a splendid day for fishing.

After a hasty breakfast, the Professor decided that he would take his setter, Polly, along, as the exercise would help to harden her muscles, which, from her being chained up so long, must be decidedly soft. And then Polly was getting too fleshy for the chicken hunting, in which she would soon be expected to take a leading rôle.

Frank, the fourteen-year-old fishing companion of the Professor, soon put in appearance, and, Professor, boy and dog, set off up the creek in the direction of the pickerel holes. It might be well to state, that the Professor's choice of a fourteen-year-old boy for his companion, was for the reason that Frank, besides being a genial companion, always performed the unpleasant task of securing minnows and frogs for bait.

Noon time found the trio about four miles from home, rather hot and tired and with but few fish. It was decided that they would take their lunch in the shade of the willow hedge, and then after a couple of hours' rest turn homeward. Polly, tired with chasing rabbits, digging for squirrels, and other canine amusements, had already found a comfortable resting place some rods away from the hedge, beside a stack of new hay. The two hours for rest and lunch were soon passed, and the Professor announced it time to go home Stringing their fish on a forked willow twig they were ready for the homeward journey. The Professor whistled for Polly, waited a few minutes, then whistled again and again, but no Polly appeared. "Come Polly, come Polly," called the Professor, and whistled again This time a distressed whine sounded from the stack, and Frank and the Professor went in that direction to ascertain the source of Polly's apparent trouble. Nestled down in the hay close to the stack, was Polly, busily lapping two little black and white puppies. The Professor was thunderstruck, he had not had the least intimation that Polly was maternally inclined. Polly looked up with a pleased expression in her brown eyes, and wagged her tail as the Professor at last found voice and gave vent to his feelings in lamentations at his ill-luck in acquiring such an increase at such an inopportune time and place. Frank was as much pleased as Polly. "How in the name of Cæsar am I going to get the pups home?" exclaimed the Professor. Many plans were suggested and in turn rejected, until Frank finally said: "Tie 'em up in your handkerchief, as you and pa did the fish and flowers that Sunday, when Mrs. K. went to smell the flowers, and spilled the fish out on the ground and then hollered so loud."

So the handkerchief was again brought into use to carry the new-born pups, while Polly trotted along keeping an anxious eye on the handkerchief and its precious burden.

The fishing party with its odd assortment of fish and pups, reached home in due time. The story of the Professor's luck at fishing spread swiftly through the village, and it was many a day before the Professor heard the last of his "catch of pups." JOHN C. BRIGGS.

NEVADA, Ia.

NEW JERSEY'S SEA FISHING.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Sept. 1.—The acme of perfection of surf fishing at present is ours; never has the sport attained the magnitude of the past ten days. Bluefish and weakfish are in the surf in multitudes and are taking the hook ravenously, and as if to suit all conditions of men, day fishing for the blues and night fishing for the weakfish is the order of affairs.

A visit to either of our piers any night now is a rare sight. The staid jurist, the eloquent divine, the up-to-date angler with all the paraphernalia that goes to make his outfit complete, as well as the less pretentious hand-line man, all in eager pursuit of the finny tribe, go to make a picture never to be forgotten, and long until after midnight is the battle waged. What though lines tangle, and an occasional thump from a heavy sinker reminds the one not thoroughly alert of his laxity, still all goes on as merrily as a marriage bell, and great good humor is the order of the day.

The exceptionally good fishing in Barnegat calls trainloads of anglers to that point daily; in consequence the yacht men are happy and the bait men have their hands full to supply the demands. I would advise all parties going there to provide themselves with a liberal supply, as there is always an uncertainty in procuring the shedder crab, which is far and away the best all-around bait for those waters. Of course, when bass trolling around the sedges is practiced the blood worm, or white worm, as it is sometimes termed, is the proper article; still, the finest bass I have ever taken there have been on the shedder crab; but in this there are as many opinions as there are men.

In answer to many inquiries in relation to snapper fishing, I will say the season is a trifle early yet, although they are with us in abundance. They are yet very small; two weeks will find them much improved in size and condition. The growth of the snapper, which is the young of the bluefish, is simply marvelous. They will nearly or quite double their size each succeeding two weeks, from Aug. 15 to Oct 15, which is something that can be said of no other variety with which I am familiar. Partaking thus early of the nature of his progenitor, he is very nomadic, and in strong tidal waters a chum is frequently necessary to successfully effect his capture. The following method I have found very effective: chop or mash five or six good-sized menhaden, enclose in a coarse muslin or burlap bag and hang over the side of the boat, occasionally squeezing or shaking the same; the exuding oil creates a slick on the water which will be followed up by the snapper no matter how great the distance, and once they are around the boat the sport at once begins, provided the proper bait is used, which should be the spearing.

And now, as to tackle: I use a very light rod 6½ft. long, lancewood stock and split bamboo tip, a very small multiplying reel, and the finest procurable linen line; to a 2-0 Carlisle hook I attach a 6in. section of hair wire ending with a swivel into which the line is fastened; for a float I secure two bottle corks, cement the ends together, passing a strip of bamboo through, leaving about 1in. of same projecting at either end, then with a very sharp knife and sandpaper I reduce the diameter to about the size of an ordinary lead-pencil; this will carry the split shot sinker and offer little resistance when the strike is made. LEONARD HULIT.

PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The last Legislature adjourned without making any appropriation to enable the Fish Commission to carry on its work for the next two years. This omission is supposed to have been an oversight and not intentional.

In consequence of the omission, Gov. Hastings recommends that a convention of fish protective associations be held to assist in raising $25,000 for the Fish Commission's work, and that this sum be subscribed in shares of $500, payable to the treasurer of the Fish Commission in semi-annual installments $125, on the understanding that the next Legislature refund the money. The Governor and a number of the members of the Legislature express the opinion that there will be no doubt that the money will be so appropriated.

The convention will be held in the Board of Trade rooms, Harrisburg, Wednesday afternoon and evening, Sept. 15, at 2 and 8 o'clock.

The Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, through its executive committee, has subscribed $500 (or one share of stock) from its treasury—all its income outside of its necessary expenses—toward the fund of $25,000; but it is felt that much more than this should be done through the Association. Therefore the executive committee has determined to endeavor to raise at least $1,500 more by subscription through its members and friends, or $2,000 in all.

It is unnecessary to point out the great injury which would result to the cuse of fishculture, if the work of the Fish Commission should be brought to a standstill for two years, for lack of funds. The prominence of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association in fishcultural and fish protective work, renders it desirable that it should take a leading place in the contribution of funds.

The following are the propositions of the executive committee:

First—That if $500 is advanced or subscribed, it shall be receipted for on the regular blanks prepared by the State Attorney General, on the understanding that not more than $125 be called for with the subscription; $125 about Jan. 1, and $125 every six months thereafter until the whole has been paid. The receipt each time being signed by the Fish Commission's treasurer.

Second—That if $250 be subscribed, it may be under the same conditions as above, except that each installment shall only be $62 50.

Third—That any other sum that may be subscribed be turned over to Mr. Alfred Hand, the treasurer of the Association, who will issue a receipt in the name of the Association, keep a record of the same, and when the Legislature makes the expected appropriation, refund the same to the subscriber. The aggregate amount subscribed will be turned over to the treasurer of the Fish Commission in the proportion of $125 to the share every six months, in accordance with proposition one.

Fourth—That subscriptions of less than $50 be paid to Mr. Hand in a lump sum. That amounts over $50 be paid in such installments and on such dates as may be fixed on by the subscriber, with the proviso that the first payment shall be within a few days after subscription, and the others before Jan. 1 and June 1 in each year. This proviso is made because when subscriptions amounting to $500 have been received, a share will be taken by the treasurer of the Fish Protective Association, and it would be embarrassing to Mr. Hand not to be able to make payment thereon when the semi-annual installments are due.

The treasurer is Mr. Alfred Hand, 204 Walnut place, Philadelphia.

HOWARD A. CHASE,
Chairman of the Executive Committee.
E. HAGERT,
President Penna Fish Protective Asso.
W. E. MEEHAN,
Chairman Convention Committee.

TROUTING ON THE MADAWASKA.

EDMUNDSTON, N. B., Aug. 26.—Dr. Camber, of Woodstock, being called here on professional services, concluded to put in two days after trout with two objects in view, to have the fun of catching and to take some home to wife and friends.

Hiring a team, we left here at 6 o'clock in the morning. A big frost of the night before made our heavy overcoats a necessity, as the morning was cold. Perhaps this was the reason why Jack, our driver, hurried his horse so much, and verified the old saying, less haste more speed.

The horse dropping into a walk, Jack raised his whip, and the animal gave a quick spring, breaking the whiffletree, clearing itself from the wagon instantly, and running away into the woods, leaving us sitting in the wagon alongside the road. After a laugh at the ridiculous position we were in, we caught the horse, mended the harness with a few strings, and tied the tugs to a solid part of the wagon. Then on we went once more, reaching our destination without further mishap. Here we engaged a man with his boat, and after getting rods rigged and stuff on board, we embarked on the smoothly flowing waters of the Madawaska.

Drifting down with the current, casting as we went, securing one here and another there, we soon had enough for dinner. When we reached a good place in the stream for fish and a nice place on shore to cook and take lunch, we landed and prepared a good dinner, which we all enjoyed thoroughly. Then we set to fishing again until we had descended the river two more miles, where our tent was pitched. A good supply of dry grass was laid down and covered with fir boughs, making a bed that was very comfortable. With a good fire in front, the river at our side, and having had a day's fishing such as the Doctor had never experienced before, we felt very well contented. At 9 we turned into the blankets, with three over us. I slept like a log. The Doctor was disturbed during the night by some small animal, probably a rabbit, hopping on his feet and breast; he jumped and the animal did the same.

At daylight (which means 4 o'clock), breakfast over and things packed, we went on down, getting trout every few casts. At 10:30 we stopped at the mouth of a brook, had dinner, paid our man and sent him back. We fished the mouth of the brook, catching many of 1lb. Here we remained till 5, when our team came along, as previously ordered. Counting up our catch we found that we had sixty-three, besides what we had eaten. Eighteen of them would average 1lb.; the rest were all good pan fish. I call it a very poor catch for this river, but the Doctor was delighted, as it was the best fishing of his life. This river is noted for its large trout during the month of September, varying in size from 2 to 7lbs. Anyone desiring this sport can have their fill at this season. The close time begins the 1st of October. S. J. RAYMOND.

FISHING IN GRAND LAKE.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, Me., Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The salmon fishing this season has been exceedingly good in Grand Lake. This water has not been known to very many, for the reason that it has never been advertised; and most do not wish to have it known, because it is very easy of access and the fishing good, and for this reason they think the lake would soon be flooded with men, and the result would be no fish after a few years. But this would not be the case. Our fish are on the increase, and there are so many lakes behind Grand and so many spawning beds, that the number of fish will be kept nearly uniform.

Grand Lake is situated in Washington county, about thirty-two miles from Calais, on the West Branch of the St Croix River. It is twelve miles long and some seven miles broad, dotted with beautiful islands and indented with deep coves and beautiful points. The water is exceedingly clear, the bottom being easily seen in 18ft. of water. It is surrounded by one of the most beautiful forests of nature that one could imagine.

There are no houses except the little village of Grand Lake Stream, which is situated at the outlet and a few camps situated at different places around the lake.

Our season began this year on May 4, and each year as soon as the ice leaves. The salmon weigh from 3 to 6lbs., and are very plenty and gamy. The catches for one man average from five to thirty-five salmon, and for a canoe to come in without any is a thing almost unknown. Mr. J. Weeks, of Boston, and his friend, Mr. Frank Austin, took 750 square-tailed trout in one day, weighing from ½ to 2½lbs. H. G. Pitman, Boston, took 105lbs. in one day this season, but as our law is 25lbs, he had to put them back after he had weighed them. C. E. Roberts, Boston, took out 24lbs. of lake trout, and there were several taken weighing from 10 to 20lbs. each.

In fishing in Grand Lake everybody uses canoes, and the sportsman faces the guide while fishing so he can have a fair view of the fish when it comes out of water When the season first opens we catch them by trolling; then in June and July the fly-fishing is excellent.

In coming to Grand Lake, you leave Boston in the evening, come by the Boston & Maine and Maine Central R. R. to Winn, thence by stage sixteen miles to Luck Lake, where your guide will meet you and convey you to quarters, either at some of the camps or the boarding houses in the village, a distance of twenty-six miles; which place you will reach the next evening, or in about twenty four hours.

It is natural for all of us to stretch fish stories, but if you do not credit this, come next spring and try for yourself and then you will say I have not magnified it enough.

J. T. MERRILL, Registered Guide.

ON THE FLORIDA SHORE.

SUMMER HAVEN, Fla., via St. Augustine, Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For twenty-five days we have had southwesterly winds and frequent showers, with resultant low tides. The anglers, therefore, have not had the fishing looked for in August. No bass at the surf at all, and only one moderate catch at the inlet. Mr. William Vertien landed twenty-two small bass, 2 to 3lbs. each, on the ebb of Aug. 5, at our oyster boats here. On Aug. 10 Judge J. C. Vertien and Messrs. John J., William and J. C. Vertien, Jr., made a fine catch of bass up the river; some ran up to 6, 7 and 8lbs.; about twenty-five in all. These are our anglers. They fish for sport, with light jointless bamboo rods, with reels, moderate sinker and shrimp bait. If you have been to Summer Haven, you know Sam, and when Sam can not catch shrimp you and I need not cast our nets. Capt George Cable, of Drayton Island, is another angler who made several catches of small bass, and landed two good ones at the inlet that were said to weigh 10 or 12lbs. each. He also caught a bad cramp in the surf; it took four pretty girls, a man and a boy to land him and rub life into him. He knew when to catch a cramp.

Mr. George R. Morse put twenty-five turtle eggs in a box of sand on his veranda; in seventy days they hatched. He intends to put them in the ocean in a day or so, and I venture to say that they are the only green turtles that hatched on five miles of beach. It is a sin; not less than thirty nests have been robbed this season.

Mr. David Spence, is our great sheepshead angler, a patient and successful one he is too. He lands some every day, and once brought in forty-one last week.

Aug 16 Mr. Morse, Mr. Harrison and Jack Harrison caught 150 sheepshead (some small bass among them) in the afternoon ebb tide.

Aug. 11, there was a flight of brown backs (dowitchers), summers and grass birds. Two of us killed fifty-eight by 8:30 A. M.; our shells gave out and we had all the birds the community could use, so we quit; but the birds flew all day and 100 would be a low estimate of our bag, if we'd stayed. Aug. 14 the writer killed thirty-five, twenty of them wille's. Aug. 16 there was another flight—no one out. Aug 21 the writer killed thirty-five again.

The shooting is done over decoys stuck in a small flat or pond, selected as being near average line of flight, and lasts about three hours of flood tide. For the writer it stirs up old recollections of days on Scituate Pond and on the flats back of Monument Beach, between Nauset Lights and Chatham, Cape Cod. Life here has compensations; come down and share them a while. CAPTAIN.

Throw Back the Fingerlings.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note Columbia's letter in last number of FOREST AND STREAM. All we can do is to educate the "rising generation," as well as a good many of those who think they are fully risen, to throw back the fingerlings! One of the greatest causes of the scarcity of trout in our New England brooks is the persistent catching and basketing of the yearlings, from 2 to 4in. long, for the sake of making a record, or bragging on "the count." I ask the boys if they would expect to raise "spring chickens" if they ate all the eggs; at which they simply "grin."

I tell them that the trout must be allowed to grow, so that some of them will have a chance to spawn, if they expect to keep the brooks stocked, and I hope I am making progress with some of them; but it has got to be pounded in persistently, and this is one of the cases where "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." W. VON W.

FLORIDA SUMMER INCIDENTS.

A NEGRO fisherman at the Lake landing one day this week was scaling a fish. After finishing the job he chucked the fish in the lake to wash the scales off when a moccasin bit one of his fingers. A doctor cut the finger open and the fisherman is now waiting for the cut to heal. He didn't suffer any from the poison of the snake.—*Leesburg Commercial.*

Raleigh Flowers has quite a curiosity in the shape of a six-legged rain frog. The third pair of legs is midway between the fore and hind limbs, rather on the side of the stomach and quite small and undeveloped, while the natural rear limbs are normal. The strange little animal has been preserved in alcohol.—*Palatka Advertiser.*

About eighteen months ago Albert Reynolds drove in a buggy to South End to fish. Taking his horse out, he left the buggy on the beach while he wandered off in search of fish. He was gone some time, and upon his return the buggy had disappeared, and he never got any trace of it. The mystery of its disappearance was solved the other day by a crew in a small boat who were dragging the bottom for the body of Wallace Maxwell. The grapple caught on to one of the wheels of the buggy and pulled off the hub. It is supposed the buggy was backed into the surf by the wind the day it was lost, and the shifting sands soon embedded it.—*Nassau County Star.*

The assertion that the bite of a rattlesnake will not prove fatal to a hog, if fat, is untrue, as Mr. A. C. Johnson, a farmer of this county, can testify. He tells us that a few days ago he heard his pigs making a demonstration peculiar to their kind when disturbed, and thinking a dog or other animal was among the herd, he approached to drive it off. As he drew near he saw a large rattler strike one of the hogs and then crawl away. He shot the snake, which measured 6ft. in length, and supporting, as an ornament to his caudal appendage, an even dozen rattles. As a result of the row between the snake and the hogs, two of the latter, one of which was a very fine, fat brood sow, died in an hour after being bitten.—*Suwannee Leader.*

A waterspout in all its terrible magnificence and grandeur, was seen Monday afternoon by Messrs. R. Don McLeod, Sr., Nat R. Walker, Tom Benton and the *Breeze* editor. The party had been fishing along the edges of Gull Island, and seeing a dark, dangerous-looking cloud rising, had started back to the mouth of Spring Creek. When about half-way out in the bay they were struck by a small squall, and looking off to the westward they saw the waterspout whirling around at a lively rate about a half mile away. The clouds seemed to bend down and catch the water as it was carried around and upward by the whirlwind. The phenomena is awfully grand, and is interesting to behold, in spite of its dangerous character. The general course of the wind was almost directly from the waterspout to our boat, and we were all figuring hastily on the best course to pursue in case of a capsize, when the spout veered off southward to the Gulf, passing directly over the spot where we had been fishing, and left us to pursue our course undisturbed.—*Crawfordville East Coast Breeze.*

Mr. W. F. Wilson, who lives out on the Middleburgh road, brought to the *Spring* office on Thursday the account of an attack made by a tiger on his son, Berrian Wilson, and Mr. T. C. Smith, teacher of the New Hope school, on last Tuesday night. They were going from the home of Mr. James Conway to Mr. Wilson's, and when they reached Bradley's Creek the tiger rushed up to the side of the road and growled at them. He then left the road, but circled around and came back to it some distance in advance of them, and lay down by a log not more than 4ft. from the road, and afterward he made another attack on them, appearing this time very near to them and gnashing his teeth at them, as if in an effort to get hold of them; but Mr. Smith understood something of the nature of the animal, and bravely faced him, which is probably all that saved them. They then hurried on to the house and aroused several of the neighbors, who secured their guns and dogs and went in search of his tigership. He was not found, however, as they could not get the dogs to trail him, though his tracks were found very clearly imprinted on the sand. Mr. Wilson requests us to extend an invitation to any who have dogs to go out and take an extended hunt for the animal, and says that it shall not cost them anything while out there, as he is very anxious to rid the community of this dangerous creature.—*Green Cove Spring.*

THE BLACK BASS.

(From the Chicago Record.)

The black bass shot from his rocky nook
In the beech tree's somber shade,
And he struck at the gayly spangled hook,
And the bamboo bent and swayed;
And it's oh! the joy and the heart of it,
And the throb of the spirits high,
And the whirling line and the pole's incline
And the lusty fight ere the prize is mine.
Who is there can picture a part of it
When the black bass takes the fly?

The black bass flashed like a meteor
Straight out where the far depths were,
And I eagerly watched and waited for
The check of the reel's wild 'whir-r!"
And it's oh! the lust and the life of it,
And the straining of hand and eye,
And the frantic fight, and the test of might,
And the pitiless rapture and keen delight,
When the black bass takes the fly.

The black bass, wearied, and worn, and done,
Came in at the wind of the reel,
And the fight was won as it must be won
When a good man feathers the steel;
And it's oh! the satisfied peace of it,
And the gentle, triumphant sigh,
And the pipe's sweet smoke by the shading oak—
My patron saint, thy love I invoke;
Preserve my luck—with increase of it—
When the black bass takes the fly.

Little Bobby—"Ananias was killed, wasn't he, pop?" Little Bobby's Father—"Yes, Bobby." Little Bobby—"For lying, wasn't it?" Little Bobby's Father—"Yes, Bobby." Little Bobby (after a long pause)—"How big did he say the biggest one was he caught?"—*Unknown Exchange.*

Boston Fishermen.

BOSTON, Sept. 4.—The fall fly fishermen are beginning to be anxious, and are off, or soon will be. Mr. F. S Dexter and Mrs. Dexter are booked for Kennebago, as usual. Miss Ada Sherma, of Boston, their guest, has made a good trout record, according to the papers. H. W. Smalley, of South Framingham, writes a friend here that his trip to Seven Ponds was not very satisfactory, by reason of too much rain and high water. But he came back to Kennebago, and fished Kennebago Stream as well, with remarkably good success. He took twenty-four trout, the united weight of which was 60lbs. He landed two trout on one cast, weighing 3 and 4lbs. respectively; a very hard cast to beat.

Mr. Frank F. Dodge is out from his camp at Lake Bahio, Nova Scotia. It has already been mentioned that he went down there recently, with Mrs. Dodge, for the purpose of bringing home his two boys, who have been spending their vacation there. But, like getting the children safely to the circus and back, it often takes both parents, two aunts and their Sabbath school teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge both went fishing and caught trout, the madam leading the catch with the largest, as it should be. The boys caught something like 180 trout during their trip, taking no more than they required for their camp table. On the last day Mr. Dodge and his son were fishing near each other when the father struck a trout. Immediately the hooked fish became entangled in the boy's line, when the father directed him to ease up on his rod till the fish was landed. This done, the attempt to untangle the son's line was made, when it was found to be fast to something, and it proved to be a handsome trout weighing nearly 2lbs., the best catch of the day. Mr. Dodge and his boys are delighted with Lake Bahio, and will take the first opportunity to be there again.

SPECIAL.

Boiled Octopus.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA correspondent writes that being on a cruise and going ashore to wait for the weather to moderate, "I found an old Indian camped waiting for it to calm down. He was boiling a piece of devilfish (octopus) that he had taken from the rocks with a gaff. He offered me some and said it was very good. I felt rather dubious about it, but tried a small piece out of curiosity, and finally made a hearty meal of it. After the arm is skinned it looks very much like a parsnip. After dinner, in passing his canoe I saw some queer-looking things wiggling in the bottom which turned out to be some more of the arms, and though they had been cut off for hours they were still alive."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 4.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y, Danbury.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

THE CONTINENTAL FIELD TRIALS.

THE open stakes of the third annual field trials of the Continental Field Trials Club, were run at Morris, Man., beginning Sept. 1. It was demonstrated during the trials that the great overflow of the Red River last Spring, had seriously affected the chicken crop. The prairie in and about Morris, which is so high above the river at the present time as seeming to be forever safe from inundation, was some feet under water in places, and the streets of Morris were then navigated in skiffs. On the adjacent sections of prairie which were so high as to be above the overflow, there was also found to be dearth of chickens. The trials, moreover, were not supported with entries to the extent that they deserved, consequently the club had to face a deficit, a small one it is true, but a deficit, nevertheless. On the whole it was not encouraging.

Mr. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburg, famous as a field trial judge, attended to the judicial part of the trials without any assistance—a most arduous task. His awards were pleasantly accepted. Mrs. Bell accompanied and drove for him, managing the horse and carriage with the skill of a trained reinsman.

There were few visitors, the Canadian sportsmen manifesting no interest whatever, save that shown by Mr. G. B Borradaile, of Winnipeg, who was present in person throughout. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Draper and Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, of Toledo, and Miss L. Cavileer, of Pemlina, N. D., were present part of the time to witness the competition. Owing to the scarcity of birds, the trials were uninteresting to witness, and unsatisfactory as a competition.

Nearly all the dogs were in the pink of physical condition. Mr. Rose, in particular, won much praise for the extraordinary good condition of his dogs.

The weather was so hot and dry that only the most enduring dogs could run even a short time without great distress or being so blown that a shortened range resulted. Frequent watering was a necessity. With few birds to reward so much effort, the wonder is that the dogs sustained their interest and industry as well as they did.

The puppies were an excellent lot, but needed more experience.

The Blue Ribbon Stake.

This stake was formerly called the Derby. There were nine starters in it. The quality of the competitors was higher than the average, and several of them showed that they had superior material in them which only needed experience to develop properly.

This stake was for setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896. Entries closed May 15 with $10 forfeit; $5 additional forfeit payable July 15, and $5 to start. The purse was $650, of which $125 went to first, $100 to second, $75 to third and $50 to fourth.

Following is the order of drawing and other information:

W. N. Kerr's b., w. and t. English setter dog Count Edwards (Count Eric—Ann), Geo. Richards, handler, with Dr. M. F. Rogers's b., w. and t. setter bitch Pearl R. (Sam Gross—Donnashey), D. E. Rose, handler.

Del Monte Kennels' o. and w. English setter bitch Minnie's Girl (Antonio—Minnie T.), Frank Richards, handler, with Dr. L. C. Bacon's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Alice K. (Anto Gladstone—Speckle Gown), R. L. Alexander, handler.

Dr J. R. Daniel's l. and w. pointer dog Sam's Beau (Plain Sam—Dolly Dee II.), Geo. Richards, handler, with John Myers' l. and w. pointer dog Chisholm (Von Gull—Croxie R.), D. E. Rose, handler.

Tobasco Kennels' b. and w. setter bitch Hurstbourne Joel (Tony Boy—Bonnie Belle II.), S J. McCartney, handler, with Wm. Elliott's l. and w. pointer dog Doctor Tassie (Hal Pointer—Kent's Star), Geo. Richards, handler.

J. J. Odum's b., w. and t. English setter dog Sport McA. (Tony Boy—Blue), D. E. Rose, handler.

First was won handily by Pearl R. She was the only competitor which showed ability to work properly on birds under general conditions. Her point work was by far the most finished and accurate, and she worked her birds with greater skill. Her range was but moderately wide, though she beat out her ground with judgment.

All the other winners showed rawness in their bird work. Some would point under certain combinations of circumstances, others could road and locate under favorable conditions, and none were reliably stanch. While there was good quality in the puppies, there was a general lack of discipline in their performance on birds, as was to be expected so early in the season.

Sport McA., second prize winner, was the widest ranger of all, and he showed remarkable stamina. He did not work at all times to the gun, and his point work and stanchness were most uncertain. Had he had the finish which will come with more training and experience, he would easily have been first in the take.

Doctor Tassie, third, displayed some excellent ranging ability, which was not well sustained, and his finding and pointing were very erroneous.

Minnie's Girl, fourth, was closely pressed by several others, and her place came to her chiefly not because of the meritorious work she had done, but because she had done less undesirable work than several others. She has a labored way of galloping, and her locating is awkwardly done. Her range, too, was poorly sustained.

Wednesday.

The weather was clear, and though there was a cool morning and evening, the day was warm. The dogs which ran nearest the midday hours had much the most difficult work. Birds were scarce, and consequently the trial was a punishing one in the way of hard work

COUNT EDWARDS AND PEARL R. were cast off at 7:45. Pearl roaded nicely down wind in flax, pointed the bevy nicely and did a clever piece of work. She was diligent and displayed good judgment. Her range in this heat was but moderately wide. Count pottered on the footscent of sparrows, and also frittered away much much time on gophers. His range was narrow, excepting a few irregular casts he made without much purpose. Up at 8:31.

MINNIE'S GIRL AND ALICE K. began at 8:34. Alice pointed a single in grass, but her handler seemed to think there was no bird. The bitch went on and the bird flushed. Alice next stopped to a point on a bevy, at the same time flushed wild Sent on. Minnie made game. Alice pointed a single. She moved on and flushed. Several other birds flushed about her. Minnie was pointing in the meantime. Alice was handled very unskilfully. Minnie ranged wide, but beat out her ground with poor judgment. Alice worked diligently, but her range was only moderately fair in width. Up at 9.

SAM'S BEAU AND CHISHOLM started at 9:02. Both went fast and worked well. Each had a dashing way of going. Chisholm in the latter part of the heat was going quite plainly the wider and covered the most ground. Their bird work was ragged, the errors seeming to be from inexperience. Beau flushed some birds, and next Chisholm flushed a single bird and pointed one. Both made game, but found nothing. Chisholm flushed a single, and Beau was somewhat unsteady. Next Beau pointed three birds well. The heat ended at 9:51. Both maintained their speed well to the finish. They showed a high class of natural ability.

HURSTBOURNE JOEL AND DOCTOR TASSIE were cast off at 10:00. Joel wasted much time on false scents. Doctor ranged wide and fast, used his nose constantly, and ranged well to the gun. He flushed a single. The temperature had become very warm, and birds were difficult to find, and difficult to point when found. Aside from the matter of finding and pointing, Doctor made a very superior showing. Joel ranged narrow and covered but a moderate area of ground.

SPORT McA ran alone, beginning at 10:50; down 36 minutes. He ranged well, and he showed good ability in his work on birds, though, as was to be expected so early in the season, his work was lacking in finish. He failed to locate some marked birds on which he was worked, and pointed some others, making a good find and point on a bevy. His range was fairly good, and his capabilities were very much above the average. The temperature was very warm.

This ended the forenoon's work, and the party went to town for lunch. Work was resumed about the middle of the afternoon. Birds were extremely scarce.

Second Round.

Seven were kept in in this round.

PEARL R. AND MINNIE'S GIRL were started at 3:16. Minnie roaded nicely to a point on a bevy. Pearl at the same time was making game, but she failed to locate before Minnie had the point on the birds. Up at 4:01. Pearl stayed out better at her work, and her range was more skillfully conducted. In this respect she made an excellent competition. Minnie's showing was the better on the single opportunity available, which was largely a matter of accident, when such diligent seeking as Pearl applied herself to was without any finding of birds. The scarcity of birds made severe work for the best dogs. Minnie shortened her range toward the end of the heat, and showed signs of fatigue.

CHISHOLM AND DOCTOR TASSIE were cast off at 4:02 and ran till 4:37. Doctor ranged wide and fast and with excellent judgment, using his nose constantly and keeping his mind on his work. Chisholm lessened his efforts gradually, and was ranging comparatively close in toward the end of the heat, though he went fast and wide in the beginning. Doctor made two good points on birds, Chisholm made one.

ALICE K. AND SPORT McA. started at 4:41. Sport made an excellent display of wide ranging conducted with good judgment, though the scarcity of birds prevented him from making the showing on them which his industry deserved. Sport made a point to which nothing was found; Alice refused to back. Sport roaded nicely to a point on a single bird; Alice crowded up too close and the bird flushed. Alice made a point; nothing found. Up at 5:30. Alice at best had but a moderate range, though she covered her ground in a methodical manner. She gradually contracted her range till, at the end of the heat, she was working close to her handler.

SAM'S BEAU had a bye and was run alone, beginning at 5:32; down 50 minutes. He flushed a single in wheat, and the two remaining birds flushed wild. Next he pointed a single bird well, and was steady to shot. He worked diligently, ranged wide most of the time, and showed excellent judgment in beating out his ground.

Thursday.

The weather was pleasant and a warm, stiff breeze blew steadily. Mosquitoes were less troublesome. Birds were difficult to find. The work of the Derby competitors was decidedly inferior. Nearly all the dogs ran in bad form, and either made bad blunders or misbehaved on birds.

Third Round.

Six dogs were kept in in this round.

SPORT McA. AND DOCTOR TASSIE were cast off at 7:23. Sport flushed a bevy. He chased twice. Doctor flushed twice. Sport was drawing on a bevy when Doctor swung in ahead and pointed it. Doctor made several flushes in succession, then pointed a single nicely. Up at 7:52. Doctor was not ranging up to his performance of the previous day. He was careless in his bird work. Sport was ranging fast and wide, but he was very uncertain in his point work. He showed merit, but he needs more discipline.

PEARL R. AND SAM'S BEAU started at 8. Pearl flushed a single excusably down wind, then flushed another up wind. Beau flushed some scattered birds. Pearl, ranging nicely about 300yds. away, pointed a single bird nicely, going to it with nose well up, and holding her point stanchly till her handler went to her. She was steady to shot. Up at 8:35. Both started slow. Beau loafed through the first part of the heat. He seemed to have lost interest in the search. Pearl was going wide in the last part of the heat, and her last find and point were perfect pieces of work.

MINNIE'S GIRL AND CHISHOLM began at 8:38. The heat was a succession of blunders on birds. Each was not properly steady to wing. Minnie made two points out of the numerous opportunities afforded. She was tired toward the close of the heat and showed signs of quitting. Chisholm was going far the wider, but with no judgment.

Final.

PEARL R. AND SPORT McA. were started at 9:20 and they ran 19 minutes. Sport flushed a single, and Pearl pointed on footscent some moments afterward. Sport ranged wide and fast. Pearl's range was but moderately fair, yet she worked with better judgment and observed proper consideration of the gun.

The Excelsior Stake.

This stake was formerly called the All-Age Stake, and was for setters and pointers which had never won first in an All-Age Stake in any recognized field trial in America. There were three prizes, namely, $125 to first, $100 to second, and $75 to third. Entries closed Aug. 1, with $10 entrance and $10 additional to start.

There were nine starters, drawn as follows:

Edward Gray's b., w. and t. English setter dog Count Robert (Count Eric—Ann), Geo. Richards, handler, with Hobart Ames's b, w and t. English setter bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler.

Eldred Kennels' b., w. and t. English setter dog Tony Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.), D. E. Rose, handler, with A. C. Reed's b. and t. English setter bitch Swab (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), owner, handler.

F. W. Dunham's lem. and w. pointer dog Elgin's Dash (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno), D. E. Rose handler, with Edw. A. Burdette's b., w. and t. English setter dog Cincinnatus Pride (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie), George Richards, handler.

Edward A. Burdette's b. and w. English setter bitch Anne of Abbottsford (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl), George Richards, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. English setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Bettie B.), Frank Richards, handler.

S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. English setter dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), D. E. Rose, handler.

Anne of Abbottsford, first, displayed a superior dashing range, good judgment in conducting it, and her work on birds, though necessarily limited in consequence of the scarcity of birds, was of a good class. She made an excellent showing considering the poor opportunities.

Elgin's Dash also had a wide range, and was also commendably industrious. He worked with much spirit and he repeated his heats with unimpaired endurance. He showed rawness and lack of experience in his point work. With more experience he should be a first-class performer.

Christina ran an even, pretty race. She divided third with Sam T. Her showing was far superior to that of Sam. She had excelled him incomparably in the quality of her work on birds, and in the precision of her work also. She did not fiddle on false scents and false point as he did, nor follow her competitors, and she beat out her ground with more uniformity and with better judgment. Sam, on his showing, was better dropped out of the running after the second round. All that gave him any standing in the awards was his find in his heat with Christina, and her shortening of range from being blown toward the close of the same heat. As to the class of work he was not in it at all compared to her.

First Round.

When the Derby was concluded on Thursday the All-Age stake was immediately begun.

COUNT ROBERT AND CHRISTINA were started at 9:42, Christina was much the faster and she had a very useful, wide range. Her manner of working to the gun was good. She found and pointed a bevy nicely. Count false pointed several times, and he had but moderate speed and range. The heat ended at 11:10.

The party went to town to lunch. The afternoon was a wearisome search to no purpose. Many dogs were worked almost to a standstill with only nine chickens, one small bevy of seven and two old birds, as a reward for the work. There was a stiff, warm wind blowing, and whether the weather conditions were unfavorable, or whether the dogs were unfortunate, not a point was made on the few birds

found in the miles of ground worked over during the afternoon. The running determined nothing whatever beyond the matter of endurance in a general way, for there was such a difference between the weather conditions of the heats that they were affected accordingly.

ELGIN'S DASH AND CINCINNATUS PRIDE were cast off at 3:05. They ran 53 minutes. Pride, toward the last of the heat, run under a broiling sun, though there was a good breeze above the grass, showed an inclination to quit. Dash ran wide and fast but used little judgment in beating out his ground. He, too, was quite ready to quit before the heat ended.

ANNE OF ABBOTTSFORD AND SAM T started at 4:04. Anne flushed a bevy, and Sam flushed two. Anne flushed a single and was not steady. Sam false-pointed. Anne was the better ranger. Both had all the work they cared for when the heat ended. Up at 4:58.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP, the bye dog, was cast off at 5:09. He made an excusable flush on an old bird. He pointed very steadily two different times, making game and pointing repeatedly on the last occasion, but nothing was found. He quartered his ground very regularly, to and fro, across wind, beating it out unnecessarily close, and his range was much shorter at 6:14, when he was ordered up, than it was in the beginning.

This ended a most unsatisfactory day's work.

Friday.

An early start was made, so that the dogs would have the benefit of the early hours, the best of an unfavorable morning. There was a stiff south wind, but it was warm, and the sun shone clear and hot most of the time. Birds were scarce, so much so that nothing definite could be determined as to the ability of the competitors in pointing and locating.

All the work was inconclusive excepting the dogs' range, pace and judgment. Each heat so far as birds were concerned was much like every other. The dogs were cast off; they worked more or less diligently over broad areas; the sun shone hot; there was a glamour of heat over the shining grass, and—no birds.

All the dogs were taken into the second round, as was very proper to do, the first one being inconclusive. Owing to the scarcity of birds, it was impossible to make it otherwise.

Second Round.

COUNT ROBERT AND TONY GALE were cast off at 6:56. Count's work on birds showed inaccuracy and indecision. Tony also pointed inaccurately. His range was but moderate and was poorly planned. Count ranged both wide and narrow as the humor seized him. Up at 7:27.

CHRISTINA AND SWAB began at 7:29. Swab's roading and pointing work were inaccurate and very ordinary in quality at their best. Both ranged diligently, though Swab was given a lot of coaching and urging to keep her at a reasonably wide range. Christina showed the best range and judgment. Up at 7:56.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND CINCINNATUS PRIDE started at 8:01. Zip pointed a bevy and was backed. The sky had become temporarily cloudy, and the weather was cooler for the time being. Zip, going across wind, flushed. Both ranged wide. Zip did not range with the best of judgment. Pride was a good deal blown at the end of the heat. Up at 8:31.

ELGIN'S DASH AND SAM T. began at 8:37. Sam did not range independently much of the time. He either followed Dash or played satellite to him. Dash made a flush. Next he pointed, roaded on, but failed to locate. The bird flushed wild. Sam had no method in his ranging. He went at it hit or miss. A bevy was seen to flush near Dash, but a depression in the prairie hid him from view for the moment. Dash showed rawness in his work on birds. His range was wide, his speed high, and he exercised good judgment in beating out his ground. Up at 9:10.

ANNE OF ABBOTTSFORD began her bye at 9:14. She immediately began ranging wide, and with judgment. At the end of a long cast, she pointed a bevy, and held her point stanchly till her handler walked to her. She then ranged wide, and made some excellent searching for birds, which was without any reward in the way of finding. Up at 9:40.

Third Round.

Six dogs were kept in, of which Count Robert, Swab and Sam T. could have been left out without any injustice being done. The competition should have been settled without further running, or at least it was only necessary to run first and second together to conform technically to the rules. There were no birds, the weather was hot; the dogs had shown their full capacity as rangers, and also gave such display of bird sense as they possessed. Nothing whatever could be demonstrated by further running, excepting which dog would quit first; and as they had not run equal lengths of time, nor in the same hours, the matter of quitting first was of no value as a test.

COUNT ROBERT AND SWAB started at 9:45. Robert chased. He next made a point; nothing found. Up at 10:05. Robert ranged wide in the first of the heat. There was nothing high-class in their work, and they displayed no more ability than they were already known to possess.

CHRISTINA AND SAM T. were cast off at 10:09. Sam found and pointed a bevy well and Christina backed well. Both were steady to shot. The weather was now very dry and warm. There was no moisture on the ground or in the wind. Both ranged well. Near the end of the heat Christina shortened her range a great deal and was hot and blown. Sam was going well. Christina flushed a single excusably.

ELGIN'S DASH AND ANNE OF ABBOTTSFORD began at 10:30 and ran till 10:50. Just what was to be determined was difficult to perceive. It was impossible to secure any work on birds, and Anne had previously shown she could beat the pointer in bird work, and was quite his equal in range and speed, with better judgment displayed generally. Both were ranging narrower at the end of the heat, Anne being a good deal blown and distressed. She showed an inclination to quit once or twice, but on being watered resumed work.

This heat ended the running.

Danbury Show.

THE sixteenth annual bench show of the Danbury Agricultural Society will be held at Danbury, Conn, Oct. 4. Mr. James Mortimer is to act as judge, and Mr. Oldham, of New York, as superintendent, and Spratts Patent are to bench and feed. Exhibitors are assured of an up-to-date show. The New England R. R. and the Adams Express Co. have offices on the grounds, which is a great convenience. Entries will close Sept. 27, with G. M. Rundle, Secretary, Danbury.

CONTINENTAL FIELD TRIALS.

Northwest Stake.

BROWN'S VALLEY, Minn., Aug. 25.—The Minnesota Derby of the Continental Field Trials Club (amateur event) began this morning. It had four starters, as follows: F. A. Bush's liver pointer bitch Bird with L. C. Bacon's black, white and tan setter bitch Alice K., and J. E. Mill's red Irish setter dog Jack with S. A. Smart's black, white and tan setter bitch Queen Esther S.

The weather was clear and bright, with a cool breeze blowing from the south. While the sun shone with warmth, the breeze tempered it so it was not oppressive to the dogs, and the competition could have been continued throughout the day.

W. S. Bell, of Pittsburg, Pa, judged.

There was a large attendance at the trials, which at times pressed too closely upon the judges and handlers, but was good-humored, and the best of feeling prevailed. Among those present were: Prof. E H. Osthaus, Toledo, O.; C. E. Dickey, E. D. Brown, Minneapolis; S. A. Smart, L. C. Bacon, St. Paul; Mr. and Mrs, W. S. Bell, Pittsburg; J. M. Taylor, New York; E. F. B. Hayman, Chicago; Messrs. Alexander, Campbell, Kelly, Bush, Mohr and Mills.

A late start was made, owing to the drawing not taking place until the morning of the start. The grounds are situated in South Dakota, in the reservation, and are nicely adapted for trials, but unfortunately the game law is a dead letter, the Legislature having failed to place a penalty in the enactment, which makes it without force, and the over-anxious and game law violators have taken advantage of this, the chickens are shot out, though the season is not yet open. After a pleasant drive of about two miles the first brace was put down at 8:45.

BIRD—ALICE K. were put down in prairie and worked north toward stubble after a run of fully half an hour. Alice K. wheeled to a point; moved on to locate; pointed again and again moved to locate—good work on her part. She again just established her point when Bird, across wind, flushed an outlying chicken when the bevy flushed; both dogs steady. Dogs sent in direction of the flushed birds; Alice K. found and pointed. Bird, getting too close, flushed. Dogs ordered up at 9:25.

JACK—QUEEN ESTHER S. started at 9:39 and ran until 10:27. Jack got into the middle of a very large bevy which flushed, Queen Esther not being near. Birds were followed, both failing to take advantage of opportunities. A turn was now made toward town, a bird flushing wild, when the dogs were ordered up, and the first brace of the All-Age stake were put down and ran from 10:30 until 11:16, after which adjournment was had for dinner. During the noon recess the Brown's Valley Gun Club held a shoot at bluerocks. At 2:30 a start was made after an hour's drive due west, the first brace in the second series was put down in grass and worked south.

ALICE K.—JACK started at 3:51. Soon a single bird flushed wild; Alice K. coming up caught scent, pointed, moved on to locate and cast off across wind. After a short run in stubble Jack flushed two birds. He then circled around and coming up wind flushed the remainder of the bevy; and following in direction of birds Jack again flushed two of the scattered birds steady to wing. He next pointed where birds had flushed. Alice K., coming up, caught scent and roaded to a flush. Ordered up at 4:22.

BIRD—QUEEN ESTHER S. down at 4:24. Queen Esther started well and soon wheeled on scent when she roaded to a point on a bevy. The birds were not followed. Both narrowed their range, Bird nosing continually. Ordered up at 4:52. Two brace of the All Age stake were put down to give the Derby dogs a rest until the following day.

Thursday.

The weather was clear and bright, a strong wind blowing from the north. A start was made about six miles south of Brown's Valley. Alice K. and Queen Esther S were put down in stubble at 8 o'clock and ran until 8:09 to comply with rule of first and second having run together. The judge then announced the winners: Alice K. first, Queen Esther S. second, Jack third.

Alice K., the winner, is a very quick, merry worker, going with a high head, deciding very quickly on scent; her work is clean and accurate, with good pace and range maintained throughout.

Queen Esther S. has good natural qualities, at times showing timidity. She has good pace and range and with more age and experience will make a better showing.

The first brace of the All-Age dogs were put down at the conclusion of the first series in the Derby.

QUEEN VIC—SILKY B. started at 10:30 and ran until 11:16. Queen Vic pointed; nothing found. Just before they were ordered up Silky B. pointed, and Queen Vic, brought up to back, passed in ahead to a flush. Queen Vic was best in pace and range and remained out better at her work. Silky B. was narrow in range and looked to handler too much for orders, coming in and thus wasting time and energy.

Returning to town for dinner, a start was not made until 2:30, during which time a shoot was given at the grounds of the Brown's Valley Gun Club.

CLARKE'S MAJOR—NELLTONIO were cast off at 4:54. Major ran about 50yds and pointed, but failed to locate, as nothing was raised to his point. After he cast about and passed on, a chicken was flushed by the teams near the place. A run of fully half an hour with nothing found, when Major up wind flushed two chickens; he circled about and flushed another and stopped to flush. The handler coming up, flushed a remaining bird. Nelltonio was best in pace and range, maintaining both throughout. Up at 5:49.

BELLE NOBLE—KELLY'S SHOT were cast off at 5:52. Belle started at a clipping pace and was soon on point, held for Shot to be brought up, which was too long; the birds evidently ran away, as nothing was raised to the point. Shot narrowed his range and was running lame when ordered up at 6:50. The party returned to town.

Thursday morning, at the conclusion of the Derby, the All-Age stake was resumed.

BELLE—CLARKE'S DUKE started at 8:18. Both started well. Duke soon narrowed his range and returned to his handler frequently. After running half an hour Duke up wind flushed one bird when a bevy rose a few paces to the left; he was steady to wing. Following scattered birds, Belle pointed steady to wing and shot. Belle made best competition yet seen, and if she sustains herself she will be close to the first place. Duke's performance was ordinary, though at times he ranged well and wide. Up at 9:05.

ALICE K—FANNY MAY started at 9:07. Alice K., the winner of the Derby, started well, in fact, improved over her previous performance, and soon pointed a bevy, which were flushed, but not followed. Fanny May ran a poor race, being fat and out of condition. Up at 9:39.

DUKE III.—MOLLY PITCHER ran from 9:42 until 10:32 without finding. There is nothing in their performance to entitle them to further consideration.

MONK'S DASH—a bye—started at 10:34, ranged well and hunted out his ground, maintaining his pace throughout. Across wind he flushed a chicken, dropping to flush. Up at 11:16.

A drive of five miles brought the party to town for dinner. At the hotel the second series was announced as follows: Nelltonio with Belle; Bell Noble with Clarke's Duke; Silky B. with Alice K.; Queen's Vic with Monk's Dash.

NELLTONIO—BELLE were cast off at 3:20. Nelltonio flushed two birds in standing grain; the course was changed toward the north, with wind favorable. Nelltonio flushed a bevy in stubble. Belle sustained herself, staying out at her work. Nothing more was found. Up at 3:57.

BELLE NOBLE—CLARKE'S DUKE started 4:01 in large stubble. After a long run Duke pointed, Belle Noble backing. A large bevy was flushed. On scattered birds, Belle pointed two singles and Duke one, Belle going best and ranging widest. Up at 4:57.

SILKY B.—ALICE K. started 4:57. Alice K. ran in improved form; in fact, every time down she improved, and will make a position well up in the stake if she maintains her pace; she is a cheerful worker. Up at 5:47.

QUEEN VIC—MONK'S DASH started in stubble at 5:50. After a run of almost an hour, in which nothing was found, the dogs were ordered up at 6:47 with nothing to their credit for further consideration in the competition. This ended the work for the day.

Friday.

The dogs taken into the third series were Belle with Belle Noble, and Alice K. with Clarke's Duke.

BELLE—BELLE NOBLE were cast off at 8:07 in open prairie and worked toward stubble. Belle Noble, in stubble, flushed a chicken, dropping to flush. Three more flushed. Belle, coming up, caught sight of Belle Noble and drew to a back. Dogs ordered on, when she drew to a point on a remaining chicken. Ordered up at 8:47. A move was now made into other territory, more favorable ground, and with wind more favorable.

ALICE K.—CLARKE'S DUKE started at 9:03 in grass and worked into stubble. Duke pointed and Alice backed. Nothing found. Ordered on, Alice, ranging well in edge of prairie, hesitated a moment, when Duke coming in across wind flushed a single bird. A short run and ordered up at 9:27, Alice having the best of the competition.

The judge announced he wanted Belle with Alice K., allowing the handler twenty minutes' rest for Alice K. before going down in the final heat. He elected to start her at once, which was wise, as she did not exhibit any distress.

BELLE—ALICE K. started at 9:35 and ran until 9:50 in grass and stubble. Belle ranged out in fine form, hunting her ground independently and maintaining her former class of work throughout. Alice K. ranged well and wide; at times trailed Belle some.

The judge announced the awards: Belle first, Alice K. second, Belle Noble third, Clarke's Duke fourth.

The grounds are well situated, but a lack of chickens made the task a very difficult one for the judge, but he came out of the difficulty. Belle, the winner of first and the cup, is a black, white and tan setter bitch, heavily marked, a consistent performer throughout, and hunting out her ground with a purpose, was properly placed first. She is a bitch of much merit. Alice K., no doubt, with age and experience will be heard from later; she is remarkably quick and stylish, and busy every minute, deserving her honors.

Summary—All-Age.

E. D. Brown's liver and white setter bitch Queen Vic (Antonio—Nellie Bly) with Mohr Bros. black and white setter bitch Silky B. (Jeff Brown—Jip).

O. B. Clarke's lemon and white pointer dog Clarke's Major (Hansom Duke—Clarke's Gypsy) with C. E. Dickey's black, white and tan setter bitch Nelltonio (Antonio—Nellie F.).

C. M. Griggs's black, white and tan setter bitch Belle Noble (Click Noble—Georgia) with J. J. Kelly's liver and white pointer dog Kelly's Shot (Hansom Duke—Clarke's Gypsy).

O. B. Clarke's liver and white pointer dog Clarke's Duke (Duke of Richmond—Inez Kent) with C. M. Griggs's black, white and tan setter bitch Belle (Gladstone's Boy—Belle of Gladstone).

L. C. Bacon's black, white and tan setter bitch Alice K. (Anto Gladstone—Speckle Gown) with C L. Campbell's liver, white and tan setter bitch Fanny May (MacD.—Countess Noble).

Arthur Devonspike's black, white and tan setter dog Duke III. (Bon Bein—Elle Vitz) with L. C. Bacon's black, white and tan setter bitch Molly Pitcher (Antonia—Florence Gladstone).

W. H. Vittimo's black, white and tan setter dog Monk's Dash (Doc Quinn—Minnesota) a bye.

Summary—Derby.

L. C. Bacon's black, white and tan setter bitch Alice K., whelped Jan. 5, 1896 (Anto Gladstone—Speckle Gown), with F. G. Bush's liver pointer bitch Bird, whelped March 5, 1896 (Don Fishel—Basset Bird).

S. A. Smart's black, white and tan setter bitch Queen Esther S, whelped July 31, 1896 (Yound Llewellyn Hurd—Sally Kreiger), with J. E. Mills's red Irish setter dog Jack, whelped March 5, 1896 (Slick—I Forget).

The Honest Scot and the Queen.

THE queen was once informed by the manager of her Shaw farm that one Elliott, a Scottish farmer, was a breeder of superior collie dogs, and she expressed a wish to possess one. Accordingly, Mr Elliott forwarded two beautiful dogs, and her majesty was so enraptured with them that she gave orders that the next time he came to the farm he should immediatly be taken to the castle.

Mr. Elliott was somewhat uneasy as to how he should comport himself in the presence of royalty, and the manager spent considerable time in putting him through his facings. At last the fateful day arrived, and he was ushered into the presence of the queen.

Her majesty shook hands with him, and said: "Oh, Mr. Elliott, I have to thank you for the two beautiful collies you sent me!"

And to this gracious remark Mr. Elliott replied. "Touts, touts, wumman! haud yer tongue! What's the maitter o' a pair o' do-gs between you and me?"

DOGS AND THE S. F. P. C. A.

WE take from our esteemed contemporary *Our Animal Friends*, the organ of the S. F. P. C. A. in this city, the opinion of the court in a case recently decided, in which was involved the constitutionality of the law giving into the hands of the Society the licensing of dogs and the destruction of such dogs as are not licensed. The cases before the court were actions brought against the Mohawk and Hudson River Humane Society:

The Cases Before the Court.

FREDERICK FOX, Plaintiff, *v.* THE MOHAWK AND HUDSON RIVER HUMANE SOCIETY, Defendant.

MELVINE L. EVANS, Plaintiff, *v.* THE MOHAWK AND HUDSON RIVER HUMANE SOCIETY, Defendant.

(Supreme Court, Albany Trial Term, June, 1897.)

The two above-entitled actions were respectively brought by the owners of certain dogs within the corporate limits of the city of Albany who ask in their complaints that Chapter 448 of the Laws of 1896 be adjudged unconstitutional and void and that the defendant, its officers and agents, be restrained from destroying the plaintiffs' dogs.

By Section 1 of Chapter 448 of the Laws of 1896, it was provided that: "Every person who owns or harbors one or more dogs within the corporate limits of any city having a population of more than 20,000 and less than 800,000, where a duly incorporated society exists, or may hereafter exist, for the prevention of cruelty to animals, except in the city of Buffalo, shall procure a yearly license for each animal, paying the sum of $1 for each one."

The act further provides that the dog so licensed shall have a collar about its neck with a metal tag attached thereto bearing the number of the license. Such tag is to be supplied to the owner with the certificate of license. Dogs not licensed pursuant to the provisions of the act shall be seized, and if not redeemed within forty-eight hours may be destroyed or otherwise disposed of at the discretion of the society empowered and authorized to carry out the provisions of the act.

Any person claiming any dog seized under the provision of the act, on proving ownership, shall be entitled to resume possession on payment of $2.

The act further provides that the societies referred to are empowered and authorized to carry out the provisions of the act and to issue licenses and renewals and collect fees, "which fees are to be used by such society toward defraying the cost of carrying out the provisions of this act, and maintaining a shelter for lost, strayed or homeless animals, and for its own purposes." The act also provides that any person who shall hinder, molest or interfere with any officer or agent of such society while in the performance of any duty enjoined by the act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

The plaintiffs claim the act to be unconstitutional for the following reasons:

1. It takes property without due process of law and without just compensation, in violation of Article 5, Section 1, of the Constitution of the United States, and Article 1, Section 6, of the Constitution of the State of New York.
2. It is an unauthorized exercise of the power of taxation.
3. It permits irresponsible persons without any badge of authority other than that employed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to invade the residence or home of a citizen, and in case a person hinders, molests or interferes with any officer or agent of such society while in the performance of his duty, subjects such person to criminal liability.
4. It is a special city law, and has not been submitted to any municipal authority for approval.
5. It is a local act within the meaning of Article 3, Section 16, of the Constitution of the State of New York, and the subject is not expressed in the title as thereby required.

Opinions of the Court.

I.—DOGS AS PROPERTY.

CHASE, J.—Although the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of New York provide that a person shall not be deprived of his property without due process of law, and that private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation, yet all the States of the Union recognize and exercise a certain power known as the police power of the State, to preserve and promote public safety and welfare. Police power is exercised by the Legislatures of the several States, and the Legislature determines when the public safety and welfare requires its exercise. Unless the Legislature, under pretense that it is essential to the public safety and welfare, arbitrarily exercises such police power the courts will not interfere with or restrain the carrying out of the provisions of such statutes.

The first question for determination in this case is whether Chapter 448 of the Laws of 1896 is a proper exercise of the police power of this State.

In this State dogs are recognized as property, and an action will lie for their conversion or injury. At common law the crime of larceny could not be committed by feloniously taking and carrying away a dog. Mullaly v. People of the State of New York, 86 N. Y. 365.

The United States Supreme Court very recently decided the case of Sentell v. New Orleans & Carrollton Railroad Company, 17 Sup Ct. Rep., being an action to recover for injuries to a dog in the State of Louisiana. The opinion of Mr. Justice Brown in discussing the nature of dogs and the right of the several States to pass statutes relating to dogs is so complete and accords so fully with my own views on the subjects discussed, that I quote from the same at length:

"The very fact that they are without the protection of the criminal laws shows that property in dogs is of an imperfect or qualified nature, and that they stand, as it were, between animals *ferœ naturæ*, in which, until killed or subdued, there is no property, and domestic animals, in which the right of property is perfect and complete. They are not considered as being upon the same plane with horses, cattle, sheep, and other domesticated animals, but rather in the category of cats, monkeys, parrots, singing birds, and similar animals kept for pleasure, curiosity or caprice. They have no intrinsic value, by which we understand a value common to all dogs as such, and independent of the particular breed or individual. Unlike other domestic animals, they are useful neither as beasts of burden, for draft (except to a limited extent), nor for food. They are peculiar in the fact that they differ among themselves more widely than any other class of animals, and can hardly be said to have a characteristic common to the entire race. While the higher breeds rank among the noblest representatives of the animal kingdom, and are justly esteemed for their intelligence, sagacity, fidelity, watchfulness, affection, and above all, for their natural companionship with man, others are afflicted with such serious infirmities of temper as to be little better than a public nuisance. All are more or less subject to attacks of hydrophobic madness.

As it is practically impossible by statute to distinguish between the different breeds, or between the valuable and the worthless, such legislation as has been enacted upon the subject, though nominally including the whole canine race, is really directed against the latter class and is based upon the theory that the owner of a really valuable dog will feel sufficient interest in him to comply with any reasonable regulation designed to distinguish him from the common herd. Acting upon the principle that there is but a qualified property in them, and that, while private interests require that the valuable ones shall be protected, public interests demand that the worthless shall be exterminated, they have, from time immemorial, been considered as holding their lives at the will of the Legislature and properly falling within the police powers of the several States. See cases cited in opinion. * * * Even if it were assumed that dogs are property in the fullest sense of the word, they would still be subject to the police power of the State, and might be destroyed or otherwise dealt with, as in the judgment of the Legislature is necessary for the protection of its citizens. That a State, in a *bona fide* exercise of its police power, may interfere with private property, and even order its destruction, is as well settled as any legislative power can be which has for its objects the welfare and comfort of the citizen. See cases cited in opinion. * * * Although dogs are ordinarily harmless, they preserve some of their hereditary wolfish instincts, which occasionally break forth in the destruction of sheep and other helpless animals. Others, too small to attack these animals, are simply vicious, noisy and pestilent. As their depredations are often committed at night, it is usually impossible to identify the dog or to fix the liability upon the owner, who, moreover, is likely to be pecuniarily irresponsible. In short, the damages are usually such as are beyond the reach of judicial process, and legislation of a drastic nature is necessary to protect persons and property from destruction and annoyance. Such legislation is clearly within the police power of the State. It ordinarily takes the form of a license tax, and the identification of the dog by a collar and tag upon which the name of the owner is sometimes required to be engraved, but other remedies are not uncommon. * * *"

As early as 1789 the Legislature of this State passed an act taxing dogs and providing that any person might kill a dog when found chasing sheep. From 1789 down to this time statutes have been passed from time to time relating to dogs and providing that dogs should be taxed, and also providing that dogs should be killed without notice to the owner when found chasing sheep, and at other times as provided in different acts See Chapter 22, Laws of 1789, and various other laws, from time to time, including the present "county law."

These statutes have been generally acquiesced in as a proper exercise of the police power of the State, and such exercise of power for more than 100 years is strong argument in favor of the right of the Legislature to exercise such power without violating the constitution. If the first contention of the plaintiffs is right, it would require the courts to hold that the Legislature referred to, and which has been acquiesced in during our entire history as a State, is unconstitutional and void. I cannot so hold. The right of the State in the interest of public safety and welfare to destroy property of trifling or little value, has been frequently recognized by our courts. The person whose property is destroyed is, in the theory of the law, compensated by sharing in the general benefits which the destruction is calculated to secure. Health Department *v.* Rectory, etc., 145 N. Y. 32; Lowton *v.* Steele, 119 id. 226; People *v.* West, 106 id. 293; People *v.* Havnor, 149 id. 195.

II.—DOG LICENSE NOT A TAX.

The purpose of the act is not to secure a revenue, but to prevent the running at large of ownerless dogs which have no provision made for their support, and which may become dangerous to the public by reason of their not having proper care and attention. The evidence shows that there are a large number of dogs on the public streets of the cities of this State that are or may become dangerous to human life. Payment of a license fee and the purchase of a tag as provided by the act is a condition precedent to the right to own or harbor a dog. In the absence of the compliance with this condition the dog is liable to be seized and, after a certain interval of time, destroyed as provided by the act. No provision whatever is made in the act for the collection of the license fee.

Where the general purpose of the act is not the raising of a revenue, but the regulation of a business or the restriction of the right to keep an animal that may become dangerous to the public and no provision is made for the enforcement of the collection of the license fee, but simply prohibiting the conduct of such business or the keeping of such animals unless the license fee is paid, the amount so to be paid is not a tax and is not governed by the provisions of the Constitution of the State relating to the imposition of taxes. Trustees of Exempt Firemen's Fund *v.* Roome, 93 N. Y. 313: People ex rel. Einsfield *v.* Murray, 149 id. 367; People *v.* Fire Association of Philadelphia, 92 id. 311.

III.—SOCIETIES FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AS AGENTS OF THE POLICE POWER OF THE STATE.

Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals or children are recognized in the general statutes of this State. They exercise certain public duties, and the service they perform is in part a public service.

The officers and agents of all duly incorporated societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals or children are declared to be peace officers within the provisions of Section 154 of the Code of Civil Procedure. Penal Code, Section 668.

Any agent or officer of any such society may arrest without warrant and bring before the court or magistrate having jurisdiction any person offending against any of the provisions of title 16 of the Penal Code.

Any person who shall interfere with or obstruct any such officer or agent in the discharge of his duties is guilty of a misdemeanor. Penal Code, Section 668.

The right of the Legislature to devote license fees to the benefit of a society having public duties, and which can be properly described as a subordinate governmental agency, has been recently upheld by our Court of Appeals. Trustees of Exempt Firemen's Fund *v.* Roome, 93 N. Y. 313. See Board of Underwriters *v.* Whipple & Co., 2 App. Div. 361.

THE ACT IS GENERAL: NOT LOCAL OR PRIVATE.

Section 2 of Article 12 of the Constitution provides: "All cities are classified according to the latest State enumeration, as from time to time made, as follows: The first class includes all cities having a population of 250,000 or more; the second class, all cities having a population of 50,000 and less than 250,000; the third class all other cities. Laws relating to the property, affairs of government of cities and the several departments thereof are divided into general and special city laws; general city laws are those which relate to all cities of one or more classes; special city laws are those which relate to a single city or to less than all the cities of a class. Special city laws shall not be passed except in conformity with the provisions of this section. * * *"

The act under consideration embraces all cities of the second class and part of the cities of the first and third classes. It does not relate to a single city or to less than all the cities of a class. It is neither a general or special city law, for the reason that it does not relate to the property, affairs of government of cities, or of the several departments thereof. People ex rel. Hobach *v.* Sheriff, 13 Misc. Rep. 587; People ex rel. Einsfield *v.* Murray, 149 N. Y. 367; People *v.* Havnor, 149 id. 195.

Article 3, Section 16, of the State Constitution, provides: "No private or local bill which may be passed by the Legislature shall embrace more than one subject, and that shall be expressed in the title."

The Court of Appeals, in construing Chapter 554 of the Laws of 1881, relating to all incorporated cities containing 100,000 inhabitants or upward, uses this language: "A law relating to particular persons or things as a class was said to be general; while one relating to particular persons or things of a class was deemed local and private. The act of 1881 relates to a class, and applies to it as such, and not to the selected or particular elements of which it is composed. The class consists of every county in the State having within its boundaries a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and territory beyond the city limits mapped into streets and avenues. How many such counties there are now, or may be in future, we do not know, and it is not material that we should. Whether many or few, the law operates upon them all alike and reaches them, not by a separate selection of one or more, but through the general class of which they are individual elements. The force of the law of 1881 is not localized in Kings county and confined to its territory. By its terms it applies equally to every other county which may prove to be within the constituted class."

In the matter of Church, 92 N. Y. 1, again the Court of Appeals, construing Chapter 449 of the laws of 1885, relating to all cities containing more than 500,000 inhabitants, uses this language: "Neither is the act a local or private one within the meaning of the section referred to. Such was the decision of this court in the matter of the N. Y. El. R. R. Co., 70 N. Y. 327, and in the matter of Church, 92 id. 1. This act is general in its terms, applying to all cities in the State, of a certain class, and to every corporation carrying on a business requiring the use of electrical wires or conductors in such cities. That the number of such cities is limited or restricted does not make the bill a private or local one, within the constitutional meaning and intent of these words, was expressly decided in the cases referred to." People ex rel. N. Y. Elec. Lines Co. *v.* Squire, 107 N. Y. 593.

The act under consideration is general in its nature. It relates to particular cities as a class. It does not relate alone to people residing in cities having a population of more than 20,000 and less than 800,000, except in the city of Buffalo. It relates to all people generally owning or harboring dogs in specified cities as a class. The exception of the city of Buffalo does not affect the character of the act. People *v.* Havnor, 149 N. Y. 195; People ex rel. Hobach *v.* Sheriff, 13 Misc. Rep. 587; People ex rel. Clauson *v.* Plank Road Co., 86 N. Y. 1.

All the objections raised to the act by the plaintiffs have, in my judgment, been substantially passed upon by the courts in this State adversely to the claim of the plaintiffs. The complaint of the plaintiff in each case is dismissed, with costs.

Complaint dismissed, with costs.

Dogs of the Day.—I.

THE barking of "Chief," the pet dog of Hook and Ladder Company No. 14, in East 125th street, angered and astonished the sleeping firemen about 4 o'clock this morning The man on house duty tried to quiet him, but could not. Capt. Terpery called down the chute in pretty strong language to silence the animal, but nothing could be done. The dog whined and barked till the man on duty went to the stall of Paddy, the old fire-horse of fifteen years' service, with whom Chief slept. Then the cause of the dog's unusual clamor was clear. The horse was covered with sweat and was trembling.

Dr. Myers, the superintendent of horses at the training stable, was summoned, and he treated Paddy for colic, while Chief licked the horse. Paddy was too old to recover. He died at 7 o'clock, and the dog howled over his body, following it to the street when it was removed. As the children came out, they gathered around, too, for they liked the old horse because he ate sugar out of their hands. The firemen let the dog howl; they understood.—*New York Evening Post.*

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. Norvin T. Harris, of St. Mathews. Ky., has returned from his wanderings in Europe and Africa.

The mosquitoes in parts of Manitoba have been so numerous, that they fairly swarm about men, horses and dogs, and probably other animals which have blood to let.

Mr. Frank Richards said that sometimes his dogs, when on point, would have a blond color from the mosquitoes which covered their surfaces. They were very active even in the midday hours. Horses were sometimes driven to desperation from the torture inflicted by these hungry pests.

I am a pretty regular reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and there is no paper with the same "tone" in the field. May it continue to be a source of pleasure and guidance to sportsmen for years to come.

J. K. ADAMS.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

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GOOD WHEELS AND LUCKY RIDERS.

THE life of a good wheel is long or short, accordingly as the rider may make it; either the one or the other, by careful treatment or otherwise.

Careful treatment does not necessarily imply that the rider is to pick out only smooth and easy routes on days of sun shine; it does require that he ride his wheel with watchful care and good judgment. Two riders with equally good wheels may ride together over the same routes and one will harm his wheel more or less, while the other will go through without complaint or mishap. The one rides thoughtlessly, passing over stones, regardless of whether they are loose or firm, sharp or smooth, and on lumpy or seamy ground he goes straight ahead, regardless of the jolts and strains to which he subjects his wheel. He sits heavily, pounding it with his weight as if he were an inert mass instead of riding lightly and with becoming skill, and relieving the shocks thereby.

Greater force is necessary to pedal in careless riding, as in overcoming the obstructions or going over the rougher ground, the effort must be much greater than in riding when one avoids them. Sometimes the utmost power of the rider is necessary to force the wheel out of places which could easily have been avoided. There are thus constantly recurring heavy strains, and the intense straining and rough usage are all against the long life of the wheel. From such rough treatment wheels will become warped, or spokes bent or broken, the chain and sprocket will be worn out long before their time, and the repair shop will become prosperous from the careless rider's inefficiency.

In heedless riding, accidents will happen which result in broken wheels outright when the rider uses his feet alone. The best rider uses both head and feet. He scans the road carefully ahead, picks out the smoothest going, deftly passes

rocks, broken glass and other harmful things; and when on a path which has its little side hills and miniature hills and valleys, he rides so as to take every advantage, and avoid unnecessary shocks and strain.

And yet the careless rider seeks causes outside of himself. The careful rider is considered lucky; the many little accidents of himself are attributed to his ill-luck. The many visits to the repair shop are credited to the inferiority of the wheel. No wheel, be it ever so well built, if badly ridden and subjected to collisions with one thing or another, will remain sound. Though a wonderfully perfect mechanism, it will succumb quickly to ill-usage. It becomes old when it should be new, in the hands of the rider who rides only with his feet.

Although so airy and fragile in appearance, so delicately beautiful in its lines, and so powerful within proper limits, yet it quickly yields to the mastery of stupidity or carelessness. It is truly wonderful that it carries such great weights at all, yet there are riders who give no more thought to its considerate use than they would to the use of a hand-car.

Besides careless riding, there may be all the ills of neglect. Bearings are not oiled, and there results all the evils of rapid wear and laborious effort in riding; loose or broken spokes are left unmended, and the wheel twists out of true and becomes weaker; nuts are allowed to become loose, straining the mechanism and jeopardizing the rider's neck; and rust, sand and mud are permitted to contribute a supplementary harm to the owner's own carelessness or indolence. And yet the careless and indolent rider is prone to think that his vigilant brethren have better luck or better wheels. Let him use his wheel with care and intelligence, and he will find that luck is generally associated with those qualities.

Russia, by the way, has only recently developed into a cycling country. Up to February of the present year ladies were not allowed to ride on the streets of St. Petersburg, and without riders of the fair sex we can well imagine the sport would never reach its full bloom and development.

What would the Boulevard or the Coney Island Cycle Path be without the pretty girls!

Russia, too, is behind the times in requiring a license from riders. When applying for this license the cyclist must attach a photograph of himself, so that in case of an infraction of the bicycle ordinance he may the more easily be apprehended

One of the seventeen regulations each rider is forced to obey expressly forbids riding "without a coat or such a costume as would attract special attention." Bloomers are nowhere mentioned in the regulations, from which we are in doubt whether to infer that they are still unknown in Russia or that the latter part of the shirt sleeves section covers the case. The number of registered wheels in St. Petersburg is 7,000.

Permanently Humped.—"Our landlady had to lower the dining-tables three inches." "Why did she do that?" "Nearly all the boarders are scorchers."—*The Indianapolis Journal.*

Yachting.

The racing and measurement rules of the Yach Racing Union of Long Island Sound (the Seawanhaka rule, with allowance tables) can be had of Thompson & Co., 55 Dey street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

The handbook of "Yacht Flag Etiquette" can be had of Rehm & Co., 157 Fulton street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

YACHT RACING FIXTURES 1897.

The following list of fixtures has been compiled from many different sources, some of them not official, and it may contain some errors. We shall be glad to have notice of corrections and additions.

Races of the Sound Y. R. U. are marked with the letter S; those of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. with the letter M:

SEPTEMBER.

M 11. Chelsea, Boston Harbor.
M 11. Y. R. A. rendezvous, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 11. Riverside, fall race, 43, 36, 30 and 25ft. classes, and 30 and 25ft. classes of cabin catboats.
11 Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
11. Roy. Canadian, skiff class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
11. Beverly, 5th cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
11. Burgoss, cham., sail-off, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
11. Columbia, annual, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
11. Larchmont, schooners (Larchmont cup) and smaller classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
11-12. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Marin Islands, San Francisco.
S 18. American, fall regatta for all classes.
18 Queen City, 22ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21. Absequan, open, Atlantic City.
24-26. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Dillon's Point, San Francisco.
25. Buffalo, closing cruise, Lake Erie.
25. American, closing race, Newburyport.

OCTOBER.

9. Miramichi, Gould cup, Chatham, N. B.
9-10. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Corinthian Cove, San Francisco.
16. Cor. San Francisco, closing day, San Francisco.
17. Cor. San Francisco squadron, cruise, San Francisco.

Mr. Charles F. Adams 2d has declared that he will not challenge for the Seawanhaka cup next year, nor build for the trial races should an American club challenge, his business preventing him from giving the necessary time to the work.

The annual regatta of the New York Y. R. A. on Monday was a failure, there being no wind in the Lower Bay. Only a few yachts had finished at a late hour, and no official returns were ready at the time of going to press.

Mayflower, steam yacht, sailed from Southampton on Sept. 4, bearing the body of her late owner, Ogden Goelet. The family came to New York by one of the liners.

By order of Com. J. Pierpont Morgan, N. Y. Y. C., the following has been issued by Fleet Capt. J. Beavor-Webb:

"On the day of the funeral of the late Capt. Ogden Goelet, of which notice will be given by the daily press, the club burgee will be displayed at half-mast from colors until sunset at the club house, at all stations and by all yachts in commission.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the death of a valued correspondent and old friend, Capt. Henry E. Bayly, which took place at his home in Exmouth, Eng., on Aug. 25. No particulars have reached us, but Capt. Bayly, who was well advanced in years, had been ill for a long time.

About thirty yachtsmen were present on Saturday evening at the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. house at Oyster Bay, to discuss the proposed new knockabout class. Mr. D. LeRoy Dresser, of the race committee, who has been busy for some time in perfecting the scheme, acted as chairman, and explained the details. Preliminary sketches and estimates had been requested of several designers and builders, and W. B. Stearns, of Marblehead, was represented by a very complete design, the lines, construction and accommodation, and sail plan, accompanied by a handsome model. Messrs. Gardner & Cox sent in a sketch of a sheer and sail plan, with an estimate by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. Mr. Stearns's design was very similar to that published in the Forest and Stream of Jan. 23-30, 1897, but with less draft and a small metal centerboard below the floor; the dimensions being: Over all, 33ft.; l.w.l., 21ft; beam, 7ft. 8in.; draft, 4ft., with board, 7ft. The sail area, mainsil and jib, about 550sq ft., with 3,300lbs. in keel. The estimates showed that the yacht could be built for about $800, finished in excellent shape, and it was voted to accept Mr. Stearns's bid. Some small changes will be necessary; the house will be enlarged to give at least 8ft. length and 5ft. headroom. Eleven members put down their names on the list at once, and it is expected that at least fifteen yachts will be ordered. Regular races will be sailed by the class next season.



GOSLING.—Designed by Geo Lawley for Messrs. F. A. North and L. M. Clark, 1897.

Gosling.

The knockabout Gosling is thus far the most successful yacht of the class, the official record being as follows:

Cock Robin	225	4	2	..	1	$50\frac{1}{4}$
Gosling	1000	22	6	6	4	45^{5}_{11}
Cockatoo	600	15	3	5	2	40
Fly	850	23	7	1	4	36^{22}_{23}
Mongoose	575	18	2	6	3	31^{17}_{18}
Hazard	545	21	2	4	5	25
Sally III	300	22	2	..	4	13^{7}_{11}
Jacobin	50	13	..	1	..	3^{11}_{13}

When the victorious Cock Robin was winning everything last year, Messrs. F. A. North and L. M. Clark went to Lawley & Son for a boat to race against her, the result being Bopeep, designed by George Lawley. While not good enough to beat Cock Robin, Bopeep proved herself easily the next best boat of the class last year. This season the same gentlemen placed another order with the Lawleys for a new boat, finally named Gosling, also designed by George Lawley. As the photo shows, she is a very handsome craft, with nothing of the freak about her. She has at least proved that Cock Robin is not invincible, and she has defeated the four new Herreshoff knockabouts of this season.

The New Measurement Formula.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Answering Sextant, in your issue of Aug. 21. Third: "The subject of classification is entirely distinct from the subject of measurement." An absolutely perfect measurement formula would equalize all yachts and so make classification an optional matter of convenience; because the measurement rules are imperfect, we classify in order to avoid gross differences. Our difficulties are decreased by a subdivision.

First Head. (*a*) "A measurement rule is intended to encourage the development of a safe, roomy, speedy and easily handled boat." Sextant admits that this has been the object of many of the rules heretofore made by various yacht clubs, from which yachts have been built. The writer, in conversation with many yachtsmen, has repeatedly heard this opinion expressed. The yachting press, almost without exception, in discussing past, present and future rules, takes the ground as above stated as of the first importance.

The reason for the unfortunate experience of all rules heretofore made has been that they have followed Sextant's advice, as given under the discussion of paragraph (*b*), in which he says that certain things can be secured "by making a supplementary regulation stating in plain terms how much breadth, draught, cubic contents, displacement of hull, etc., are deemed inseparable for a given L.W.L." Sextant says there are certain strong objections to the plan of using a single formula, but gives none of them.

Sextant says that "if these were entirely new problems to be solved, it is inconceivable that any engineer would solve them by the application of the same formula." The primary purpose of all yacht designing is supposed to be to develop forms from which lessons having a commercial value can be drawn. This purpose is directly served by a strict application of (*a*); since the larger the hull and the smaller the sail plan, the greater can be the carrying capacity of a merchant vessel, and the smaller her crew. The very elements which in a yacht tend to produce room and ease of handling tend in a merchant vessel to produce large carrying capacity and small crew. Sextant must produce cogent reasons to overcome so universal an experience and establish what appears to be his contention that the only purpose of a measurement rule is to produce speed.

(*b*) "To equalize the chances of winning prizes between boats of different types and characteristics." The writer does not clearly understand what Sextant intends to convey, each sentence being so long and so involved, and so contradictory apparently, that it is difficult to ascertain what is meant. The assumption of the writer is that every boat possesses, either absolutely or in the mind of its owner or designer, some meritorious feature; and since speed is not the only element to be considered, the endeavor should be made to consider all of the meritorious features possessed by yachts. This cannot be done without equalizing the opportunities of the boats for winning prizes. It is by no means apparent why the utilization of speed factors should be taxed, because it is absolutely certain that none of them are independent of the lines of the design. If the purpose of a measurement rule is simply to develop a hull with the greatest possible speed, then the only rule which is defensible, is one which takes cognizance simply of the propelling power, *i. e.*, the sail area; and yachts should be classified simply by a sail area, an arbitrary amount of sail being fixed for each class, and no time allowance being given. Sail area is not in the least a factor in the speed that comes from length. The writer would like to see arguments produced to show that it is. Taking the contrary view, the only limitation upon sail area is the righting moment of the hull in connection with its ballast.

(*d*) "To leave owner and designer absolutely free to produce anything they please." It is not considered that this is repugnant to (*a*) at all. The designer may produce a very undesirable boat, and if he does everybody will soon know it, and nobody will repeat that form of experiment, which is precisely the thing to be desired, to know what we cannot do, as well as what we can. There is no objection to the modification of (*d*) suggested by Sextant, provided it be not subsequently amplified so as to produce bad results.

Fourth Head. Taking up the specific objections made by Sextant to the formula, it might be well first of all to explain to Sextant what the formula actually does, since it is very evident from some of his objections that he does not know. The formula assumes the L.W.L. as a basis, which is increased by a certain percentage according as certain factors are greater or less, and the extreme of variation is such as to make less than a 15 per cent. variation in the correction. See (4).

(1) The universal experience heretofore of rules supplemental to the measurement formula giving arbitrary limits to certain factors has been bad.

(2) The writer has already emphasized the fact that speed alone is not the prime object. It is admitted that cubic size of hull is detrimental to speed. It is also admitted that ir gives additional room. The amount of room necessary to insure safety and internal accommodation is one that must be fixed, at least in the second element, by the owner. The formula expressly does not credit excessive size as equivalent to speed, but credits it as being a desirable quality in a yacht.

(3) It is true that the formula does give topsides and deck house equal credit with immersed body. It is a mistaken assumption to say that they are not desirable. See last week's Forest and Stream, where the editor comments on the fact that those of the small raters with good freeboard and large above water bodies are still in use as desirable

pleasure boats, while the boats with small freeboard and light displacement are of no present value. The writer's own experience in heavy weather in boats of light displacement with good freeboard goes to prove the great additional seaworthiness given thereby. In the smaller yachts there would be undoubtedly a tendency to run to large hulls, and this is a good thing as above explained. In the larger yachts there would be absolutely no object in excessive topsides because of the resistance they would offer to the wind, and their uselessness as affording additional internal accommodation which is not needed.

(4) The type of rule expressly prohibits the building of a racing machine. Take for example two of the boats given in the list published on July 31, Canopus and Akista; both with about the same sail area, and one with double the cube and more than double the accommodations of the other; one far more seaworthy than the other and much more easily handled, though a very much larger boat. The effect of the rule is to bear more heavily on the very small boat with big sail area than on the big boat with small sail area. In the case of Canopus, the increase of the racing length due to the large sail area and very small hull amounts to 5 6ft. or about 19 per cent. In the other case the increase amounts to 10 per cent. These two are used simply on account of the great difference in hull size and the small difference in sail area, and they represent probably the extreme that could be done in the way of beating the rule.

(5) This objection falls to the ground in view of (*a*).

(6) This is distinctly wrong. That designer wins who produces the best lines on the biggest hull with the smallest sail area; that is, who produces the best all around boat, and this is inevitable.

(7) This objection falls to the ground on account of (*a*).

(8) As already explained, there is in the smaller classes of boats a decided advantage to be gained by increasing the size of the hull above water in the way of a more serviceable boat. The building of a light displacement fin-keel with monstrous topsides and unlimited draft would, from the points of view of the writer, be very interesting, because the ratio of surface in the topsides to sail area would be such as to offer a serious retarding influence to the hull; the discomfort attendant upon excessive draft would soon limit that, and a few such boats would prove a desirable lesson to those men who think that designing consists in beating the rule by an exaggeration of untaxed elements instead of by an adherence to principles that are or should be well established and known to every designer of reputation.

Finally, since the rule is based upon a modification of L.W.L., the scheme of time allowance heretofore used could be used with the new rule. We know that it is not correct either theoretically or practically; but it is a sufficiently close approximation to serve the purpose until the elements of a measurement formula have been so well determined that its form will not probably be subject to change. Then the question of the exact relation between L.W.L. and its coefficients and absolute speeds can be taken up and finally determined.

Taking into account the experience of the past few years in racing, where first special classes were produced and then completely wiped out because boats were produced simply for speed, which killed the racing except in particular classes, thus causing the abandonment of special classes, the acknowledgment that their establishment was a mistake, and finally the creation of special classes again in order to secure entries because no boats would enter against those boats built solely for speed; and on the other hand, taking into account the experience in Massachusetts Bay, and in the racing for the Seawanhaka international cup, where it was found necessary to place restrictions on the sail area of yachts of certain classes in order to get racing of any kind, or in order to produce boats which would have some value other than as racing machines, and we have the present measurement rule thoroughly discredited. We also have, by reference to this experience, already discredited all rules which arbitrarily limit any one dimension of a boat. The only logical way to get a roomy boat is by putting a premium on room. The only logical way to keep down excessive rigs is by taxing the rig; and so the only logical rule is one which takes into account the cube of a hull and sail area. Custom and convenience indicate the desirability of using in addition the L.W.L. The writer is much pleased that Sextant apparently acquiesces in the desirability of using plans to determine elements from, and of determining the L.W.L. from the plans measured when the yacht is heeled to her sailing angle. The concrete case stated has been answered in the foregoing, and the influence of the rule has been stated in the table already published, the two together making a complete answer to the question.

Vigilant and Navahoe.

THE special match of the Newport Yacht Racing Association between Vigilant and Navahoe for a $250 cup was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 4, off Newport, the course being a triangle of 12¾ nautical miles, from off Rose Island, around a mark off Brenton's Reef lightship, and a mark off Beaver Tail. The steam yacht Sultana, J. R. Drexel, carried the committee, Messrs. H. B. Duryea, Woodbury Kane and R. N. Ellis. Navahoe was sailed by Capt. Aubrey Crocker, with Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cass Canfield, Miss Helen Benedict, W. B. Duncan, E. D. Morgan and H. P. Whitney. Vigilant was sailed by Capt. Miskell; Mr. H. F. Lippett being on board with Mr. and Mrs. Chubb. Both yachts carried club topsails, and Vigilant allowed Navahoe 2m. 58s.

The start was made from the gun at 12:10, the wind being N.E. and very light. Vigilant led over the line by about a quarter of a minute, with spinaker boom to starboard; she gained a little at the start, but both were moving very slowly. They jibed over when off Castle Hill, and a little later they lost the wind. Before the first mark was reached the wind came in light from S.E., finding Navahoe in the better berth; then it shifted to S.W. and freshened, holding in that quarter to the finish. The first mark was timed:

Navahoe.....1 59 04 Vigilant.....2 00 49

On the second leg, a reach to Beaver Tail mark, Vigilant gained, the times being:

Navahoe.....2 17 37 Vigilant.....2 18 35

They started home with spinakers to starboard, and in the middle of the leg Vigilant passed Navahoe, the first round being timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Lead.
Vigilant	3 01 48	2 51 48	0 00 52
Navahoe	3 02 30	2 52 40	

They now had a beat out over the first leg, Vigilant still improving her position, the Brenton's Reef mark being timed:

Vigilant.....3 39 58 Navahoe.....3 41 20

On the three mile run across to the second mark Vigilant added 1m. 34s., the turn being timed:

Vigilant.....3 58 10 Navahoe.....4 00 12

Vigilant set spinaker to port, while Navahoe tried hers to starboard on the run in. The finish of the second round was timed:

		Gain.	Lead.
Vigilant	4 45 22	0 03 30	0 04 22
Navahoe	4 49 42		

In jibing at the mark Vigilant fouled it with her boom end. By this time there was a moderate breeze and some sea, Vigilant made very little on the windward leg, the times at the first mark being:

Vigilant.....5 19 22 Navahoe.....5 23 40

Vigilant picked up once more on the reach, the second mark being timed:

Vigilant.....5 38 07 Navahoe.....5 44 14

Navahoe handled her spinaker more smartly than in the previous round, and set it to port, gaining 2m. 19s. in the 5-mile leg. The final times were:

Start 12:10:	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vigilant	6 21 52	6 11 52	6 11 52
Navahoe	6 25 40	6 15 40	6 12 42

After the race Mr. Chubb notified the committee that Vigilant had fouled a mark and Mr. Carroll put in a protest, Vigilant being disqualified by the committee. A number of steam yachts and many small craft were out to follow the race and much interest was excited over it.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 4.

SPECIAL REGATTA.

THERE was very little wind on the Sound last Saturday, and the races of the Larchmont Y. C. were sailed in slow time. Only one round was sailed, the times being:

CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	4 53 10	4 53 10
Vencedor, H. M. Gillig	47.64	4 55 51	4 54 00
CATS—30FT. CLASS.			
Kit, T. J. Dunne, Jr.	29.18	4 19 12	4 19 12
Dorothy	28.61	Did not start.	
CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Qui Vive	25.00	5 01 54	5 01 54
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.75	4 27 18	4 22 24
Presto	23.48	5 01 05	4 55 51
Anglesea	21.53	4 34 13	4 25 26
Naida	24.98	Did not start.	
Harrietta III.	21.20	Did not start.	

The winners were: Syce, Kit (a walkover) and Win or Lose.

FALL REGATTA.

Monday, Sept. 6.

The annual fall regatta was sailed on Labor Day, and also in very poor weather; the start was made at 11:30 in a sailing breeze from S.W., but it fell light within the first hour; toward the end it came in N.W. Two rounds were sailed. Colonia had no competitor. The 30ft. class had a new starter, the Herreshoff fin-keel Anoatok, recently purchased by Oswald Sanderson, former owner of Pype. She is an improved Handsel, a boat designed for cruising and racing, wider and abler than the special 30-footers. She defeated Acushla and Surprise very easily. Only two 20-footers started—Shark and Keneu. Shark had a long lead in the light breeze of the first round, and Keneu withdrew. The rounds were timed. First round:

Vaquero I	1 49 10	Hera	3 18 58
Houri	1 49 49	Presto	3 22 22
Shark	1 51 27	Acushla	3 24 42
Kit	1 55 32	Sora	3 28 41
Onaway	2 28 35	Harrietta III.	3 30 09
Dosoris	2 40 59	Qui Vive	3 30 41
Win or Lose	2 41 25	Starling	3 30 59
Skimmaug	2 54 42	Minnetonka	3 31 18
Syce	3 01 42	Dorothy	3 33 47
Vencedor	3 04 03	Ione	3 36 52
Priscilla	3 12 08	Vorant II	3 37 29
Anoatok	3 13 02	Pawnee	3 43 20
Colonia	3 14 08	Amos	3 43 56
Norota	3 17 44	Goblin	3 48 07
Musme	3 18 31	Surprise	4 02 32

Second round:

Kit	4 03 05	Syce	5 31 30
Vaquero I.	4 11 33	Ione	5 35 23
Shark	4 13 12	Minnetonka	5 39 30
Houri	4 13 17	Vencedor	5 41 00
Onaway	4 26 43	Norota	5 52 55
Dosoris II.	4 34 57	Amos	5 54 16
Win or Lose	4 45 03	Anoatok	5 59 09
Presto	5 17 15	Hera	6 04 00
Sora	5 19 27	Acushla	6 07 39
Harrietta III.	5 22 25	Musme	6 14 46
Dorothy	5 24 19	Colonia	6 23 54
Starling	5 28 04		

The final times were:

SCHOONERS—95FT. CLASS.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	6 48 54	6 48 54
CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.			
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	5 51 30	5 51 30
Vencedor, H. M. Gillig	47.64	6 01 00	5 57 13
CUTTERS AND YAWLS—42FT. CLASS.			
Pawnee, F. Alexandre	42.50	Did not finish.	
Norota, D. B. Burnham	41.64	6 07 55	6 07 55
SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.			
Acushla, A. G Hanan	34.06	6 17 39	6 16 28
Surprise, J. Baird	34.68	Did not finish.	
Anoatok, O Sanderson	33.47	6 09 09	6 07 45
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson		Did not finish.	
SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.			
Goblin, C M. Whitman	28.11	Did not finish.	
Kite, G. M. Barretto	28.45	Did not finish.	
SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS—SPECIAL.			
Hera, R. N Ellis	30.00	6 09 00	6 09 00
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.00	6 19 46	6 19 46
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.			
Priscilla, F. W. Boyer	24.52	Did not finish.	
Houri, E. B Hart, Jr.	22.99	4 13 17	4 09 35
Skimmaug, C. D. Mallory		Did not finish.	
Vaquero I., W. G. Brokaw		4 11 33	4 07 51
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
Keneu, M. M. Clark	20.00	Did not finish.	
Shark, C. S. Hoyt	20.00	4 08 12	4 08 12
Fiddler, N. Kulte	20.00	Did not finish.	
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.			
Onaway, C. S Pirie	26.48	4 16 43	4 12 42
Kit, F. G. Dunne	29.18	3 53 05	3 52 43
Dosoris II., G. P. Vail	29.55	4 24 59	4 24 59
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS			
Harrietta III., Robert Jacob	21.90	5 07 25	5 07 25
Qui Vive, G. H. Freeth	25.00	Did not finish.	
Win or Lose, J S. Appleby	23.75	4 30 03	4 27 55
Presto, M. E Hatfield	21.92	5 00 45	4 59 46
OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.			
Starling, E. D. Levamte	19.60	5 08 04	5 07 37
Dorothy, J E. Sanborn	19.67	5 04 19	5 04 05
Ione, C. W. Bird	19.68	5 15 25	5 14 58
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr.	19.65	4 59 27	4 59 00
Amos, C. E Silkworth	19.70	5 34 16	5 34 02
Minnetonka, A B. Alley	19.85	5 19 30	5 19 30

The winners are: Colonia (sail over), Syce, Norota, Anoatok, Hera, Vaquero I., Shark, Kit, Win or Lose and Sora.

On Sept. 11 the race for the Larchmont schooner cup of 1897 will be sailed, also special races of the 51ft. and 20ft. classes.

Beverly Y. C.

THIRD CORINTHIAN RACE.

Saturday, Aug. 7.

THE first report of this race was mailed but failed to reach us, we print it now for the sake of the complete record.

This was the 252d race, third Corinthian, off the club house.

Cruising and second class sailed 11¼ miles, third and fourth sailed 8¼, and fifth class 5½. Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries. Wind N.E. at start, then a calm, then a good S.W. breeze.

Edith won in the cruising, for the first time they did not tie her up. Opossum, Melro, Daisy and Imp won firsts in other classes. Royal Blue, Thordis, Howard and Heiress won second prizes. Edith, Daisy, Opossum, Thordis and Imp score one for pennant. Royal Blue, Thordis, Howard and Heiress score one-half.

CRUISING CLASS.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edith, C. M. Baker	21.00	2 28 30	. .. ..
Royal Blue, C. S. Dennison	21.00	2 29 25	. .. ..
Robin Hood, C. H. Jones	21.03	2 51 58	2 31 28
Kantaka, A. Winsor	21.00	2 34 48	. .. ..
SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
Thordis, T. B. Wales	26.00	2 32 30	2 20 19
Kalama, David Rice	26.00	2 35 15	2 23 04
Melro, D. L. Whittemore	20.03	2 35 40	2 15 33
May King, D. L. Whittemore	25.09	2 36 45	2 24 16
Bernice, J. S. Young, Jr.	25.05	2 37 20	2 24 27
Anonyma, Vice-Com. Dabney	24.09	2 43 03	2 29 34
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Daisy, Howard Stockton	18.03	2 44 05	2 26 14
Howard, H. O. Miller	18.01	2 44 22	2 26 18
Cinch, H. Parker	18.01	2 45 04	2 27 00
Hope, J. H. Ellis	17.11	2 49 58	2 30 56
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Opossum, R. W. Emmons	19.00	2 27 58	2 11 10
Heiress, George G. Amory	19.00	2 25 35	2 18 47
Capelin, W. E. C. Eustis	19.02	2 36 48	2 19 19
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	2 37 40	2 20 52
Blue Fish, A. S. Hardy & J. Crane, Jr.	19.00	2 40 15	2 23 27
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Imp, G. B. Dabney	14.05	1 56 00	1 40 23
Hebe, J. Parkinson, Jr.	14.09	2 00 13	1 41 59

Plymouth Y. C. Open Regatta.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 28.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES.

THE Plymouth Y. C. sailed an open regatta, the last of the South Shore circuit of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., on Aug. 28, in a very variable wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Little Peter, H. Moebs	24.05	1 49 15	1 19 48
Addie, R. C. Nickerson	25.03	1 49 03	1 20 26
Eclipse, H. H. Sears	26.08	1 53 12	1 25 54
Beatrice, J. Cavanaugh	24.11	1 56 11	1 27 15
City of Chicago, I. F. Crosby	25.10	Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Privateer, A E Schaff	21.09	1 59 05	1 26 42
Ishtar, A. Beale	21.00	2 03 20	1 30 03
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	23.10	2 06 38	1 36 25
Arawak, L. D. Baker	23.02	2 07 28	1 36 52
Future, W. H. Whitman	21.09	2 12 32	1 40 09
THIRD CLASS.			
Rooster, Adams Brothers	19.03	1 56 33	1 22 58
Wrinkle, S. N. Small	19.11	2 00 54	1 26 13
Tacoma, Prior & Goodspeed	19.10	2 01 57	1 26 20
Arab III., W. F. Scott	19.11	2 05 12	1 30 31
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathin	19.02	2 10 01	1 34 19
Fanny D., M. McDowell	19.10	2 14 50	1 40 03
Hustler, A. E. Turner	18.11	2 19 00	1 42 56
Edith, H. Ernst	19.00	2 22 51	1 46 55
FOURTH CLASS.			
Demon, G. D. Silsbee	16.11	2 04 45	1 25 37
Attila, A. O. Higgins	14.02	2 11 45	1 27 51
Ideal, C. F. Bradford	17.09	2 13 43	1 35 48
Winnetuxet, W. T. Porter	16.11	2 15 31	1 46 23
Trouble, T. Diamond	17.09	2 27 23	1 49 35
Fedora, H. Hunt	16.08	2 31 48	1 52 15
SPRITSAILS.			
Maj D. Drew	15.10	2 27 10	1 46 08
E. B. Weston, Symmes	16.11	2 29 30	1 50 22
Solitaire, Baker	17.08	2 29 00	1 51 05
Yankee, Walker	16.04	2 31 26	1 51 18
Thelma, Blank	15.02	2 36 22	1 54 07
Belle, Clark	15.00	Did not finish.	
Skin Jack, Ransom	15.06	Did not finish.	

Squam Handicap Race.

SQUAM, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 28.

A HANDICAP race—the handicaps based on the records of the yachts for the season—was sailed at Squam on Aug 28 in a variable breeze, from light to moderate, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.	
Coot, Duguo	1 54 50
Luna, Hildreth	1 56 19
Circe, Pigeon	1 56 55
Ruth, Griffin	1 58 14
Brownie, Wheeler	2 02 30
Tzcop, Haskell	2 03 55
Donis, Proctor	2 10 28
Hector, Shattuck	2 14 07
Spruce IIII., Butler	2 29 25
SECOND CLASS.	
H. B., Brown	2 10 20
Oceanus, Adams	2 11 22
Anita, Cunningham	2 17 32
Gertrude, Whittemore	2 21 35
Tobasco, Wiggan	2 22 50
Folly, Woodbury	2 24 22
Kalula	2 37 47
Magnolia	2 37 47
Olly	2 39 08
THIRD CLASS.	
Erena, Duguo	2 27 00
Midget, Norwood	2 27 26
Little Comrade, Haskell	2 32 25
Shamrock, O'Reilly	2 49 45
Thelma, Gardiner	2 59 30

Spruce IIII., of international fame, was entered by Paul Butler, with Miss Ames as crew.

Seawanhaka C. Y. C. Fall Race.

CENTER ISLAND—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 4.

SOUND Y. R. U. RULES.

THE Seawahaka Corinthian Y. C. sailed its fall race on Sept. 4 in light weather. A start was made at 1:30 in a very light southerly breeze, some of the yachts from across the Sound failing to make the harbor in time. Acushla was towed in by the committee boat, and she and Surprise started at 2:07, the latter having waited for her. They sailed the Sound triangular course, while the smaller yachts sailed the Shippan course, only one round being sailed. The fleet drifted nearly across the Sound, and then the breeze freshened, making quite an interesting race over the reach of the second leg and the beat home. Paprika carried away her peak halyard block after turning the second mark and was towed in. The times were:

SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Acushla, H. W. Hanan	34.06	5 36 07	3 29 07
Surprise, J. D. Baird	34.55	5 51 38	3 44 38
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.			
Secret, H. Townsend	24.79	5 49 03	4 14 03
Priscilla, F. W. Boyer	25.00	6 04 47	4 29 47
Nameless, R. C. Wetmore	23.70	6 00 25	4 25 25
Skimmaug, C. D. Mallory		5 46 30	4 11 30
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
Skate, Irving Cox	20.00	5 38 32	4 03 32
Shark, Rouse & Hoyt	20.00	5 26 13	3 51 13
Vagary, Barclay Ward	20.00	5 54 10	4 19 10
YAWLS—20FT. CLASS.			
Alice, G. G. Fry	19.66	Not timed.	
SLOOPS—15FT. CLASS.			
Yola, C. D. Mallory	15.00	6 10 20	4 35 20
Paprika, Stevens Bros.	15.00	Disabled.	

The winners were: Acushla, Skimmaug, Shark, Alice and Yola.

Pabst Cup.

PEWAUKEE, WIS.
Saturday, Aug. 28.

THE yacht Avers, of the Pine Lake Y. C., owned by Com. Rob. Nunnemacher, and sailed by Herman Nunnemacher, of that club, won out in the Pabst challenge cup regatta, sailed over the Pine Lake Y. C.'s course this afternoon. Avers was the winner of the Pabst trophy last year. This will give the cup to the Pine Lake Y. C. for another year, as it is too late in the season for another regatta to take place before Sept. 15.

The race as a whole was a very pretty affair, though the loss of the wind on the second round took away a good deal of the snap that was evident early in the event.

The wind was light and puffy from the south, and the start was north from Koch's Landing.

The preparatory gun was fired at 2:30, and the starting signal five minutes later. All the boats were hovering as near the starting buoy as possible, and, with the exception of Sirrocco, Friar and Kite, all got across the line within the five minutes' interval allowed after the second gun fired.

Mistral, Idle Hour, Lorraine, Sophia, Avers and Kismet was the order at the start, and the run to the first buoy was very pretty. The yachts hung together well, but after turning the first buoy they were more scattered.

It was Avers' wind, and from the position of sixth at the start she worked up to first before she had entered on the second leg of the course. She was neatly handled, and with her sail area, nearly twice as great as any of the others, she easily outsailed them, as she needed but a zephyr to make her forge ahead.

The boats finished the first round in the following order:

	Elapsed.
Avers, R. Nunnemacher, P. L. Y. C.	0 41 41
Mistral, J. E. Friend, P. L. Y. C.	0 51 45
Lorraine, Schiller & Bausch, P. Y. C.	0 52 36
Idle Hour, R. E. Giljohann, P. Y. C.	0 52 40
Sophia, W. H. Meyer, P. Y. C.	0 54 31
Sirrocco, Wallber Bros., P. Y. C.	0 50 36
Kismet, A. A. L. Smith, P. L. Y. C.	0 54 02
Henrietta, Geo. Brumder, P. L. Y. C.	0 54 40
Frances, J. C. Wersen, P. L. Y. C.	0 56 30
Friar, B. Skidmore, Jr., P. L. Y. C.	0 53 28
Nancris, Fred Rietbrock, P. L. Y. C.	0 54 53
Leona, Udo Dorestan, P. L. Y. C.	0 57 51
Kite, Poppert and Peckler, P. Y. C.	0 59 54
Allida, Vogel Syndicate, P. L. Y. C.	1 02 02
Ducky Daddles, Winkler Bros., P. L. Y. C.	1 04 09

The second time around was much the same as the first. Avers continued leading, followed by Mistral, Kismet and three Pewaukee boats in a bunch, and had not the wind failed on the beat south and the run back to the finishing stake, the Pewaukee Y. C. would undoubtedly have been victorious.

Sirrocco, sailed by Fred. Wallber, finished second on corrected time. She was thirteenth to get away, but the good judgment of her skipper made up the time lost at the start, and had the wind been a trifle heavier, it would have compelled Avers to reef, and in that event Sirrocco would have unquestionably won out, as she is a heavy weather boat.

Lorraine also did some good work. She was sailed by A. S. Hathaway in the absence of her owners, Messrs. Schiller & Bauch, who are East on business.

Most of the yachts were cleverly handled, but a number of them lost several minutes by being caught and detained in an eddy off Minnemacher Island. On the last round, Kite, Henrietta, Allida and Ducky Daddles dropped out. The rest finished as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Avers	2 36 93	4 06 41	1 30 23	1 31 41
Sirrocco	2 40 00	4 18 54	1 38 54	1 36 41
Mistral	2 35 39	4 14 29	1 38 50	1 36 49
Idle Hour	2 35 51	4 16 41	1 40 50	1 39 05
Kinnet	2 26 59	4 06 45	1 47 20	1 41 27
Lorraine	2 35 48	4 22 40	1 46 52	1 44 51
Frear	2 40 00	4 31 32	1 51 32	1 44 53
Nancris	2 39 07	4 27 25	1 48 25	1 46 43
Sophia	2 25 54	4 26 45	1 50 51	1 46 46
Francis	2 36 31	4 31 23	1 54 53	1 52 34
Leona	2 38 16	4 45 23	2 07 13	2 01 37

Judges—J. H. Van Dyke, O. L. C.; Geo. M. Conway, P. Y. C.; O. C. Hansen, P. L. Y. C. Timekeepers—D. E. Murphy, O. L. C.; A. G. Miller, P. Y. C.; W. H. Graw, P. L. Y. C.

ERNEST E. WHITE.

Corinthian Y. C., 116th Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.
Saturday, Aug. 28.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed its third championship race on Aug. 28 in a light south wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A.		
Wanissa	1 52 45	1 52 45
Rowena, R. H. Rothwell	1 57 37	1 55 07
Clara, W. D. Turner	1 57 00	1 57 00
Eugenia, I. S. Palmer	2 00 15	1 58 15
Susie, J. F. Cole	1 59 50	1 59 50
Lillian, H. E. Whitney	2 15 47	2 11 47
Geisha, C. W. Jaynes	2 33 32	2 24 32
Indra	2 37 35	2 30 35
CLASS C.		
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	1 28 50	1 27 28
Ruth, R. B. Wiggin	1 36 05	1 30 35
Comet, A. A. Lawrence	1 36 10	1 34 10
Water Lily, F. C. Lyman	1 31 50	1 31 50
KNOCKABOUTS.		
Mongoose, A. D. Irving, Jr.		1 53 10
Gosling, Clark & North		1 57 05
Fly, W. O. Gay		1 53 25
Cockatoo, C. S. Eaton		2 00 00
Cock Robin, C. H. W. Foster		2 01 35
Sally III., D. C. Percival, Jr.		2 02 35
Hazard, H. M. Sears		2 14 00
Jenny Wren, F. D. Peabody		2 15 00

Rooster.

THE yacht Rooster has been sold. Charles F. Adams 2d, of Quincy, parted company with her Saturday at Plymouth after she had added another victory to the many that have made her the peer of the third class.

Melbourne McDowell was the purchaser, and he bought her principally to defend the Davenport cup, which is to be raced for next week.

It was just after the finish of the Plymouth race yesterday, when the little Rooster was tied up to the float, that Mr. McDowell shot Fanny D. up alongside and said to Mr. Adams: "I'll take her at that figure."

"All right," replied the latter, and almost before the yachtsmen standing around realized it, Rooster was being towed behind Fanny D. across Plymouth Bay to Duxbury.

As the little prize-winner pulled out from the wharf, George Adams stepped out on the piazza of the yacht club house to get one last look at her, and waving his hand, said affectionately, "Good-by, my sweetheart."

Charley Adams will sail Rooster in the first cup race next Thursday, this being one of the stipulations in the sale.

Rooster was built in 1895 from designs by J. R. Purdon and Mr. Adams. She is a fast boat, but many yachtsmen give as much credit to the crew as to the boat for the record she has attained, and say that Rooster without the Adams boys will be like a jug without a handle.—*Boston Globe, Aug. 29.*

The Thirty-footers at Newport.

A NEW method of racing in heats was started on Aug. 30, four pairs of the 30-footers starting, the first at 2:55, and the others at intervals of 5m. The wind was S.W., and the Dyers Island course was sailed, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
FIRST PAIR.		
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 44 16	2 49 16
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	5 47 06	2 52 06
SECOND PAIR.		
Musme, J. M. McDonough	5 47 57	2 57 47
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	5 59 05	2 59 05
THIRD PAIR.		
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	5 58 44	2 53 44
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	Did not finish.	
FOURTH PAIR.		
Hera, R. N. Ellis	6 10 11	3 00 11
Mai. O. G. Jennings	Did not finish.	

The winners of the four pairs sailed off on Aug. 31, the course being to Hope Island and return. The start was made in a light N. wind, shifting and finally dropping, so that the final sail-off was postponed. The pairs were Vaquero and Carolina and Dorothy and Musme, Hera having no competitor. The result was:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
FIRST PAIR.		
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	3 16 10	4 16 10
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	3 19 15	4 19 15
SECOND PAIR.		
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	3 14 08	4 09 08
Musme, J. M. McDonough	3 16 38	4 11 38

The winners of the two days were Vaquero, Dorothy and Hera.

The series was postponed on Sept. 1 to make way for a special race for the cup offered by Mrs. H. B. Duryea. The Dyers Island course was sailed in a fresh S.W. wind. Veda was manned by professionals, Captains Harry and Clayton Haff and Capt. Barry. The times were:

	Finish	Elapsed.
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	5 36 44	2 36 44
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 37 13	2 37 13
Carolina, P. Jones	5 38 50	2 38 50
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	5 39 44	2 39 44
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	5 40 50	2 40 50
Musme, J. M. McDonough	5 41 18	2 41 18
Mai. O. G. Jennings	5 41 49	2 41 49
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 42 17	2 42 17
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	5 42 52	2 42 52

On Sept. 2 Vaquero and Hera sailed off. Dorothy going in with the rest of the class for a sweepstakes. The wind was light S.E., and the Brig Ledge course was selected for the series sail-off, the sweepstake being over the triangular course. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
SERIES.		
Hera, R. N. Ellis	7 43 32	4 25 32
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	Did not finish.	
SWEEPSTAKES		
Puck, E. D. Morgan	6 14 50	2 46 50
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	6 15 51	2 47 51
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	6 19 40	2 51 40
Musme, J. M. McDonough	6 20 06	2 52 06
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	6 20 26	2 52 36
Mai. O. G. Jennings	6 22 22	2 54 22
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	Did not finish.	

Kingston Y. C. Open Regatta.

KINGSTON, MASS.
Friday, Aug. 27.
MASS. Y. R. A. RULES.

THE annual open regatta of the Kingston Y. C. on Aug. 28 was a great success. The wind was light, but still strong enough to make a good race, and there was a large fleet of starters. The times were:

	Length.	Finish.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Little Peter, H. Moebs	24.05	1 55 25	0 55 47
Addie, R. C. Nickerson	25.03	1 16 42	0 57 37
Eclipse, H. H. Sears	26.03	1 17 42	0 59 15
City of Chicago, I. F. Crosby	25.10	1 19 45	1 01 03
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	24.11	1 21 32	1 02 15
SECOND CLASS.			
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	21.09	1 13 47	0 52 12
Arawak, L. D. Baker	23.04	1 19 31	0 59 11
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	23.10	1 19 37	0 59 35
Ishtar, A. Beal	21.00	1 24 04	1 01 53
Future, W. T. Whitman		Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS			
Rooster, Adams Bros.	19.03	1 14 54	0 50 30
Tacoma, Prior & Goodspeed	19.10	1 17 52	0 54 41
Arab III., W. F. Scott	19.11	1 19 13	0 56 00
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	19 02	1 20 37	0 56 43
Wrinkle, S. N. Small	19.11	1 20 31	0 57 24
Fanny D., M. McDowell	19.10	1 21 31	0 58 20
Scamper, S. S. Winsor	19.11	1 22 46	0 59 39
Hustler, A. E. Turner	18.11	1 24 43	1 00 41
FOURTH CLASS			
Attila, A. O. Higgins	14.02	0 56 03	0 36 20
Ideal, C. F. Bradford	17.09	0 56 16	0 38 28
Fedora, Wadsworth	16.08	0 57 27	0 39 52
Winnetuxet, W. T. Porter	16.11	0 59 15	0 41 51
Puzzle, M. Smith	16.04	1 03 02	0 45 12
Dolphin, N. Morton	16.07	1 40 00	0 46 22
CLASS A			
Yankee, Walker	16.04	0 56 04	0 38 14
Skipjack, Ransom	15.06	0 57 02	0 38 32
Solitaire, Baker	17.08	0 56 16	0 39 25
Maj. D., Drew	15.10	0 58 03	0 39 49
Natalia, Jones	16.11	0 58 16	0 40 52
E. B. Weston, Symmes	16.11	0 58 47	0 41 23
Tom Jeff, Richards	16.02	0 59 42	0 41 44
Freak, Wabum	17.10	1 06 18	0 48 58
Belle, Clark	16.00	1 09 40	0 51 34
SPLASHERS A.			
No Name, Bailey		1 05 09	
Rosey, Ransom		1 06 10	
Ormond, Ormond		1 08 52	
SPLASHERS B.			
Rob, Ford		1 21 15	
Bab, Bailey		1 21 17	
Buss, Adams		Mistook the mark.	
No Name, J. Ormond		Did not finish.	

Gravesend Bay Y. C.—Handicap Race.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.
Saturday, Aug. 28.

THE Gravesend Bay Y. C. sailed a very successful handicap race on Aug. 28, the times being:

	Finish.
SLOOPS.	
Start, 2:37:00:	
Kelpie (allows)	5 04 17
Carrie Van Voorhees (4m.)	5 07 08
Susie (10m.)	5 17 05
Nemo (9m.)	5 17 46
Sea Gull (12m.)	5 19 51
Gael (9m.)	5 34 55
Start, 2:42:00: CABIN CATS CLASS.	
Louise (allows)	5 04 22
Acron (8m.)	5 19 20
OPEN CATS.	
Martha M (allows)	3 58 10
Sis (2m.)	4 02 31
Priscilla (2m.)	4 02 55
Baby (1½m.)	3 59 46
Ariel (1m.)	4 06 30

The winners were Carrie Van Voorhees, Louise and Martha M.

Quincy Y. C. Third Handicap Race.

QUINCY, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.
Saturday, Aug. 28.
MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed its third handicap race on Aug. 28 in a light and variable wind; the times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tantrum, Robbins	3 01 12	2 46 12
Thisbe, Whittemore	2 55 24	2 49 36
Princips, Whiton	2 52 02	2 52 02

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE story of the W. C. A. meet, by our Western correspondent, gives a picture of a sort of summer vacation life that is utterly foreign to canoeing and all similar healthy and wholesome sports. It has, no doubt, attractions for many, but it is most unfortunate that a sport like canoeing, with all its possibilities for pleasant, wholesome and invigorating outdoor life, should be made a mere sideshow to a summer hotel. There must still be a few canoeists of the old sort in the West who are capable of organizing a real camping meet or a cruising meet, and if the sport is ever to be rescued from its present condition the work must be commenced very soon.

The W. C. A. Meet.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 19.—Nothing further transpired last week to give the character of an active canoe meet to the camp of the W. C. A. Two members, Messrs. S. C. Hanks (Nancy Hanks) and H. M. Curtis, both of Madison, came into camp Sunday morning, having ridden over on their wheels from Janesville, some twenty-four miles distant. They were on a little bicycle tour, and dropped into the camp as part of that diversion. In this instance may perhaps be seen one of the influences which have so tended to cut into the sport of canoeing in the West. The insidious bicycle is so easy, so cheap and so pleasant. Bobby Lamp, of Madison, did not again appear, but Mr. J. D. McWorther, of Milwaukee, came out for a couple of days. On Sunday, Mr. N. B. Cook, who had for two days been feeling ill, concluded to break camp and return to his home. Mr. Dickens, canoe Avis, also left for home, and the FOREST AND STREAM representative followed suit, there seeming no further prospect of a bit of news. Vice-Com. Holmes and Rear-Com. Merrill remained with the Madison men to hold the fort for yet a day or so, and grumbled loudly at the secession of the departing ones.

Of all the branches of sport in which there is occasion to do reporting during the year, I like canoeing better than any. It is such a clean, such a beautiful, and such a purely amateur sport that it has a fascination distinctly *sui generis*. Yet of all the lines of sport met with during the year, none is so poorly represented as this. Instead of two dozen active boats, we had here only half a dozen. Instead of a big and lively camp, we had a very small (though very lively) one. It is too bad, but there is no use trying further to hope against hope. The reasons are not known, and do not matter; but the facts do not point to any large meet of the W. C. A. next year, if indeed there shall be any at all. We need better times, more money, more leisure, more something.

But if the majority of the members choose to go to one place or another, to camp in one hotel yard or another, it is really no one's business but their own. It was openly admitted by the Mahn-a-wauk men who made this year's meet, that they did not expect very many tents, and were out simply for a pleasant little vacation camp, with some idleness, and not too much work attached to it. If taxed with the summer hotel or summer girl idea, they each and all, like little men, admitted the soft impeachment, and didn't care who knew it.

LIFE AT A SUMMER RESORT.

For a man who really has a wish to get near to nature and not to get next to a summer hotel and its appurtenances, there can be few more miserable experiences than to be forced to go into prison for even a single week at one of the big caravanseries which line all the larger lakes for the first 150 miles out of every great city such as Chicago. Of course, we who were encamped had not so much to dread, but could sit afar and watch the prisoners walk their daily treadmill. At times we could even, to a certain extent, join in the procession of the miserable ones, who thought they were doing the correct thing at having a good time. The whole business made a very nice little study in human nature, and perhaps it may not, after all, be entirely outside the province of news matter to speak of this in some measure as it really was, so we may have a notion of what a canoe meet in a hotel yard really is.

We will suppose our tents to be pitched upon the bluff a little back from the water, somewhat hidden from the public view by their sheltered position under the forest trees. A path runs along the edge of the bank, in front of the camp and in this path the jolly mariners, after the labors of the day or evening or morning are over, and after the boats are made safe at their dock, at once make plans for conquest. This they call "setting the trap." At the foot of the flagpole the Association cannon is planted, a long line running back to a spot near the tents, where it is not visibly connected with any given canoeist. This arranged, the trap is "baited," for this purpose an orchestra of guitar, mandolin and banjo being employed. (No names may be used in such descriptions, but it will do to say that the music is very good.) After the trap is set and baited, it may be that some one sees a boat pass by beyond the dock, the flutter of white garments visible from its thwarts. "Hello, girls!" sings out some graceless soul. Most undignified and improper is such an accosting without introduction, and greatly to be deplored. Yet it is not of record that in any single instance has such a salute been resented. The wave of a handkerchief and the merry answering shout is the surety in every case that the greeting is acknowledged and appreciated. It has gone abroad in the land that the canoeists are peculiar in their manners, but not at all dreadful. As the boat passes by the water front, the members of the orchestra may step to the brink with the glance of connoisseurs. If the occupants of the craft fulfil expectations, they are kindly and sweetly

asked either to come ashore at once or to call at their first convenience.

Perhaps before this has been concluded there is a hurried call from one side, "Look out! Something comin'." Then all step back to the rear of the trap. It may be that careful inspection inclines the members not to spring the trap. If the group of summer girls approaching along the path offer exceptionally attractive appearance, it is concluded that the trap must be sprung. As they approach the flag staff and step over the line which runs back from it, a proper and decent interval is allowed them and then the cannon is sprung. Of course the loud report causes much screaming and confusion. Really this would seem a most rude and distressful thing to do; but witness how the sailorman disarms all such accusation! At once, upon the screaming and commotion caused by the rude cannon shot, there falls upon the air strains of music of so bewitching a quality that no summer girl, even though she were of the haughtiest, even though she were of the homeliest, could by any possibility be able to resist its spell! The confused group again assembles, stands looking, trembling, as do a number of fawns frightened at a rifle shot. Behind them is noise and terror, ahead of them is safety, safety announced by soft music, entrancing, alluring, comforting. How, under circumstances such as these, can any woman, any summer girl for an instant hesitate? "Hello, girls," croons some dulcet voice from up the hill. And silently, at first slowly, then with more eager and following footsteps, they start toward safety, start toward that point from which emanate sweet music and alluring smiles. No introductions are ever necessary. The girls who are at these summer hotels are not there to trifle. It is a stern necessity for each to accumulate at an early date a man, a good-looking and gentlemanly and musical and sailing and ice cream-buying man, if that be possible. What is it that one wishes? Is not the conclusion easily to be foreseen? When this group of summer girls separates the name of no one of them is known, but the hotel of each is accurately charted. Then the trap is set again.

In common with all exalted souls, I have more than often been compelled to deplore the popular tendency to the use of slang words and phrases. Yet, it must be admitted with an equal candor, I have also, as must every other exalted soul, at times been compelled to feel the exceeding aptness and nicety of many phrases which are to be classified only as slang. Without these expressions, indeed, the English language were not what it now is as an organ for the expression of human thoughts and human emotions. Of all the slang expressions I ever heard, I think the word "rubber neck" is the rudest and most unspeakably common and impossible of any. (This I am advised is derived from the verb "to rubber; to stretch, to gaze, to gawp, to stare, to evince an unnecessary and unseemly curiosity in all immediately contiguous events, circumstances or happenings"). For many moons I have been hearing this expression, though in ignorance of its real significance. Thus, an acquaintance of mine, a very vulgar fellow who hasn't got a thing but money, met me the other day, he carrying his hand in a sling. He told me he had a broken thumb, and naturally I asked him how it happened. He then explained that while out riding on his wheel he had seen a vision go flittering by in the opposite direction, said vision being of such character as to evoke interest upon his part. "I turned round to rubber after it, and down I went," said he. From this I later gathered that he had turned about to stare at a passing lady, and so had fallen from his wheel.

I had still further insight into the use of this expression while observing the members of our camp watching their trap upon the bank of Delavan Lake. When a lot of small boys would come along the path and stare up at the camp, very often I heard some voice or the other calling out, "Oh, rubber, would you bounce!" Again, I heard certain other parties described as "rubbering around." At first this word was very appalling to me, but soon I grew familiar with its face, and so came to admire it, as a phrase without which life at a summer resort could never ever be adequately described. At a summer resort you rubber, he, she or it rubbers; we, you and they rubber, and also everybody rubbers. It doesn't mean anything. In the city you would fall dead rather than stare at a lady. At a summer resort she would fall dead if you didn't; so you do. All the groups of summer girls who passed the canoe camps rubbered and were rubbered at. All the occupants of passing boats were rubbered at and in return rubbered. When we walked down to the hotel for breakfast, luncheon or dinner, we all rubbered at the girls in the hammocks, on the porches on the lawn; and they all rubbered in return. At the hotel tables everybody rubbered at everybody else when they came into the door or rose to go out. This is part of the game. It is a necessity that at a summer resort all persons rubber, else they would not know what was going on. You go to a summer resort to see what is going on.

THE DUTIES OF A DAY.

It is perhaps due to this acknowledged elasticity of vision (or shall one more properly say, of neck?) that another custom of summer resorting has taken its rise. By this I refer to the constant changing of one's apparel, which is part of the duties of the day for either man, woman or summer girl. By no means shall one see the same summer person in the same clothing from day to day, even from meal to meal. When we had arisen and made our toilets in the morning at the camp, we all went down to the hotel for breakfast, but immediately after breakfast we changed our collars, our neckties and those portions of our apparel immediately contiguous to the collar and tie. We dared not, feeling as we did that much depended upon us, allow it to be said that we wore the same hose twice in succession; and as to caps, it was a disgrace to wear one over half a day. For collars we for the most part wore the high, split-ended affairs we call the "Charley boy" collar, because that is the most uncomfortable kind of collar a man can put on, and when you go to a summer resort you want to be as uncomfortable as possible. As we sat at the table we saw all the other fellows wearing this same sort of collar, and looking rather unhappy. Most of the young men had longish hair and cherished sunburn, and each young man had at least one summer girl, the latter always looking perfectly cool, no matter what was the temperature, and as smooth and well laundered as though just taken out of a box.

During the day the guests at a summer hotel dress up four or five or six times, and when not so occupied sit around in the hammocks or on the chairs or on the docks, each looking as pretty as possible, and each doing all in power to give his or her best points a chance. A few carry books, and some affect other means of passing the time, but this is not serious, and is, indeed, only pretense. The one real and actual calling of each and all is to "rubber." After "rubbering" around on the greensward, on the docks, on the boats, on the verandas, on the stairways, all day long, and having a very bad time, it comes to be night. Then everybody dresses up again all over, *cap à pie*, and starts out for the discomforts of the evening. Some play euchre or whist, and are very miserable, and some dance the lancers, or the gay quadrille, at the bi-weekly hop, which is one of the cruelties of a summer resort. Again, there may be a game of tenpins. This latter, like everything else at a summer resort, is *en grand tenue*, which is to say, with flounce and frill, and plenty of starch. I saw one such game in company with a friend, one evening at our summer resort. There were two sides chosen up by the two lady captains (each of whom was chosen captain for her wide assortment of gowns). Each captain chose her lady assistants in the order of her approbation of their gowns. All starched and ruffled and beribboned, they made a long row down either side of the alley, all very correct and very wretched. The captain of one side, I remember very well; for her costume of stiff marseilles skirt and tight satin waist was very becoming to her stately figure, and about as bad for the game as anything could have been. I can not forget the elegant grace and solemn dignity with which she beckoned to each lady in turn to come forward and go through the formalities of the game. It was like dancing a minuet, and I felt my blood run cold. Of course, these ladies couldn't roll ten pins for a cent, and nobody ever said they could. This is only a description of the customs of a summer resort. They made no attempt to roll ten pins. Each lady, some with timidity, some with self-consciousness, some with dignity and *aplomb*, took the nasty ten pin ball in her two hands and cast it daintily forth from her. Each sought to do this attractively. Some smiled, a few squealed, and all felt that they were doing their duty. When by any chance the ball remained on the platform for a brief space, or when by extreme stress or fortune it happened to hit a ten pin at the other end of the short alley, it was a treat to see the attempt to be dignified and not to blush or to look self-conscious! When you play ten pins at a summer resort it is not etiquette to show any emotion. The game is a sort of solemn ceremony. In the progress of this game it is bad form to rubber at anything but the costumes of the ladies upon the opposite side of the alley. Yet, as I noted with some interest in my studies of the inhabitants of this institution, it is not regarded as bad form for masculine persons not engaged in the game, to come up behind the solemn lines of victims and rubber at them.

At a summer resort nobody ever goes fishing, because how can he if he has to be changing his clothes all the time? Men are hired to do the fishing, and when they catch any fish the string is solemnly carried up to the photographer and photographed. This is business. We had no time to fish ourselves, because we were busy changing our clothes when we were not watching the trap; but once we saw a string of fish, and are therefore prepared to say that at this lake the fish are not all merely photographic ones. Indeed, through a very pleasant acquaintance a few of us formed with Carrie, the colored cook, we were able to secure some nice wall-eyed pike from an ice barrel, and ate them at our camp. I never heard of anybody catching any fish at a summer resort, but you can see plenty of photographs of fish, and this is much better, because a photograph of a fish is far cleaner than the fish itself. It is rude to go fishing, anyhow, and sunburn so obtained is apt to be too violent. The sort acquired in a hammock is far more becoming and more generally popular.

FURTHER CUSTOMS.

There are cottages and hotels and camps strung all around any good summer resort lake, and such we found to be the case about ours. After dinner, and after we had all changed our clothes again, we would get the orchestra together and start out to visit cottages and hotels. From Woodlawn to the Log Cabin Hotel, we had the entire coast charted and sounded and buoyed, so that even in case the moon was becalmed behind a cloud, we could nearly always get to the hotel or cottage we wanted to reach. If perchance one passed a recumbent figure in a hammock it was not considered unseemly to sing out the watchword of "Hello, girls!" No offense was ever taken at this, nor is ever taken at a summer hotel. If it happened that one party of summer people failed to keep an appointment to meet and sing and trip the light fantastic toe over the tent ropes, it was really not far on to another party equally adorable and more accessible. All was gay and cheerful. The summer girl who was forsaken turned blithely to the next man and was as pleased with him. Ah! if life could always go on thus, ephemeral, gay, unheeding of the morrow! At such a spot one sees the ephemera itself, that spirit of life and death, soulless, unthinking, willing to die so that it may live one day. Folding its gauzy wings, this beautiful, tender, transient, evanescent, fickle creature sits now upon this leaf, then on that, above you as you walk these shady paths. Even so this flitting and evading summer girl whom one sees to-day comes to-morrow to her death. She rolls up into the form of a mere cashier, clerk, typewriter; or worse yet, perhaps, into a young woman of fashion and wealth. She rubbers no more. Her day is done. These ephemeræ, who shall condemn them, who shall smile at them. Rather let us suffer them to rubber through their brief day of light and joy.

He, she or it rubbers, you rubbers, we rubber. We gather at the table of some little hotel which we have found tucked away under a corner of the shore. Here is a very goddess of summer girl, one which should really be adopted as the totem of the W. C. A., so trim, so tall, so firm, and yet so willowy is she, of teeth and smile so dazzling, of eye alike so laughing or demure. About this divinity gather all the younger sailor men. The sound of music arises and the sailor men sing melodies calculated to melt a heart more of stone than that of the divinity. Said divinity edges away from her chaperon and grows engrossed with handsome sailor man whose shirt is a perfect dream. The chaperon grows uneasy at last and calls attention of the divinity to the fact that her "steady" is getting sulky. "Let him alone," says the divinity, "I can square him in a minute." The 'steady" grows morose at witnessing the wiles of the sailor man, and at last arises and goes to seek solace elsewhere. The divinity of course does not see this. Close observer advises her that "one of her staff is getting away." Divinity says that is all right, and that presently she will go after him. Only she doesn't. He comes back by himself, and is received so sweetly that he wonders where he is or has been, anyhow. *Da capo.* Repeat softly. Do it all over again. Encore. Thus you have an evening on the lake. The next day (for party calls must be made within two days at the lake) everybody calls on everybody, and the above scene is repeated. Nobody knows anybody's real name. We called on all the really nice cottagers about the lake, but we did not use cards, and there is blissful ignorance on both sides. We were always making some call or other, and it was very trying work to be so constantly forced to change one's attire. Let no man think that canoeing is an easy sport. Those who engage in it must possess a certain durability of constitution and a power of withstanding fatigue. The canoeist should have a hand of iron in a glove of velvet, and a neck of rubber in a collar of severest starch. Any canoeist should, if convenient, have a canoe; but it is not imperative. He should have many bicycle hose and shirts; oh, dear! If he can sing and play he is so much the better off.

That is to say, such are the qualifications for the young summer resort canoeist (not including the older and more dignified members who remain in camp). If that is all canoeing is to be, at Ballast or at Delavan, our members do not need any further qualifications.

It is far to the pine woods, and life there is different. Canoeing is a dress parade sport anyhow, the most picturesque of all sports, the most beautiful. The dash and gallantry and daring of it go straight to the heart of womankind. Against the skipper of one of these small ships let no man, even the best of "steadies," attempt to compete. Who shall say that there are not temptations at the summer resort places for the owners of these craft which always carry one to fortune and to smiles?

For my part, I shall no longer attempt to say what is or what is not good for the growth of the W. C. A. I know very well that these same men who touch the light guitar at midnight all along the shores of Delavan can sail an A class canoe in half a gale, and they are not afraid of anything that walks or floats. They could swing a meet up in the pine woods, far from the summer girl, just as well as anybody, if they wanted to. But do they want to? That is a questio which it is their right to answer for themselves. If they think they want to try one meet up in the pine country where they are alone in their own camp, we may or we may not have to record an interesting and somewhat different story. If they prefer to make their annual camp a little jolly vacation near at home, where they can enjoy themselves less sternly, where they can for the time join the cloud of the ephemeræ, it is very likely that the story of their meets, if truthfully told, would read much like the above.

Thus it seems hardly likely that we shall see another meet at an inland lake. If the next meet goes to Ballast, it will not gather any showing much more impressive. At Mullet Lake there was no gathering. At Charlevoix we might have had no more than we had at Delavan. It is much a question what or where the next meet will be. As for the jolly fellows who made the meet this year, they did with their might what their hands found to do, and cultivated resorting and resorters because there was nothing else to do. Had other members turned out, we could have had more sailing and less "resorting." But there were several who said that they would not mind trying a meet further away from the towns and hotels. A few thought they might like to try the small tents, and not the big ones, for a change. No one of them claimed that this meet was a typical or good canoe camp, but they turned it into a summer vacation trip, and so enjoyed it for what it was worth upon the only possible or practical basis at hand. Even if we can have no better or no different meet from this, let us have the meet again next year. These problems sometimes solve themselves, and let us hope the problem of the W. C. A. will be solved, and find at the end a good body of hearty and hardy fresh water sailors. This Association is too good to go by the board. There is too much fun at a canoe camp for any one who has ever been there to tolerate for a moment the thought that there are to be no more of them. Let us have a full turnout next year, no matter where the meet may go. If we can discover a few trout or bass there, or find some new sailing waters, very well. If we must pursue the summer girl, very well. To an impartial view, however, it would certainly seem that a series of meets at or near summer resorts has not, during the past few years, been productive of growth and development in the W. C. A. in the least consonant with its merits and deserts. It will take individual hustling now for a time, quite as much as Association activity, if we are to see success perch on the burgee of the setting sun.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The British Canoe Association Meet.

WE reproduce from the *Field* the following report of the recent meet of the British Canoe Association meet; a cruising meet on Lough Derg, Ireland. It was written by Mr. Alfred E. Wale, Rear-Com., B. C. A.:

Camp I. (July 10 to July 14), Athlone, was held in the beautiful grounds of the Ranelagh School, by permission of the principal, Mr Baile, a gentleman whose many kindnesses the Association will not soon forget. After the very careful preparations which had been made by our vice-commodore, Mr. Percy Nisbet, it was disappointing for him to find only ten members and five craft present at the opening of the meet. They were Vestal II., canoe yawl, Messrs. Nisbet and Prosser; Vestal I., canoe yawl, Mr. Fair; Spruce, canoe yawl, Mr. Kipling; Jub-Jub, canoe yawl, Messrs. Crawford and Huston, and one of the Mermaids with the four Messrs. Froggarty on board. From this camp some most delightful day cruises were made on Lough Ree, a mile or so up river, and at Ballyglass Regatta, a splendid silver bowl, kindly presented by the Lough Ree Yacht Club, was won by Vestal II., after a desperately close finish with Spruce, only 5sec. separating them.

Camp II. (July 14 to July 15), Clonmacnoise.—A very pleasant twelve-mile sail (in which the canoes were accompanied by the usual fleet of yachts, raters, steamboats and houseboats), and tents were pitched by the ruins of the Seven Churches, by kind permission of Mr. Charlton. On the following morning these interesting antiquities were examined, and the canoes got under way. After a dead peg of fifteen miles to windward, they arrived at

Camp III. (July 15 to July 16), near Banagher, on the property of Major Bernard. On the following day a move was made down river on to

Camp IV. (July 16 to July 19), Portumna, at the entrance to Lough Derg. Here the B. C. A. spent a most enjoyable time, and again received the greatest hospitality, not only from their many friends on other craft, but from the inhabitants of this town. By this time Messrs. Thorp had joined them with the Vita, a very pretty cruising canoe yawl. By request of the Lough Derg Y. C., who were holding a regatta, two races were sailed, and some handsome prizes won by Spruce I. and Vestal II. Tents were struck on Saturday, and all the sailing fleet and steamers left for

Camp V. (July 19 to July 27), Dromineer.—The 15 miles cruise hither was made the subject of two distinct races, one for yachts and another for canoes, etc. After a long and almost windless peg, the latter was won by Spruce, Jub-Jub being second. Here the numbers were increased by the arrival of the two Messrs. Clayton, Oliver and Gibson, with two of the Penarth 18-footers, Watermouse and Waitangi, and Mr. Wale with the cruising canoe Solitaire. An incident which greatly tickled the natives was that on hearing of Solitaire's arrival at Nenagh Station, 7 miles off, her skipper, on a borrowed bicycle, rode thither, and, after putting the canoe on her wheels and the bicycle in the well, walked off with her. Three miles from camp she was tied on behind a friendly car, and, after a smart trot, the procession arrived at Dromineer, amidst the cheers and laughter of the crowd. The week that followed was a busy one indeed. Regattas were the order of the day; dinners and impromptu smoking concerts the order of the night. The weather, up till now perfect, suddenly changed, and race after race was sailed in heavy wind and rain and a sea that would not have felt small in the English Channel.

On Sunday, July 20, two of the members, representing the B. C. A., accepted the kind invitation of Mr. Lloyd Vaughan to camp near his bungalow, about seven miles up the lake, and were most hospitably entertained by him. They returned next day with the message that he had two valuable prizes to be sailed for by them. Monday and Tuesday were spent in cruising on the lake, fishing and other amusements. On Wednesday the B. C. A. men competed in one of the Lough Derg Y. C. races, but without success, there being a smart fleet of cutters on the lake. Among the other races of this memorable week in which the B. C. A. were invited to compete were, first, the Shannon Development Cup, eighteen starters; this was very nearly won by the Watermouse. A race for prizes presented by the L. D. Y. C., Spruce won, Vestal second; a race for prizes presented by the L. D. C. Y. C. (winners' names mislaid); an impromptu race for cash prizes given by the L. D. Boat Club. This was very kindly arranged by them in order to give a sudden influx of visitors the chance of seeing the B. C. A. fleet under sail; Jub-Jub first. A yacht race for prizes presented by the B. C. A., and a sprit-sail race for fishermen, ditto. This was the most exciting one of all, and most of the open craft came back half full of water.

Saturday, the day appointed for the Lough Erne Challenge Cup race, turned out so wet and stormy that the committee decided to suspend the condition requiring men to take on board the whole of their camping outfit. After a very punishing race in heavy wind and sea, the cup was won by Mr. Kipling with the Spruce. In the evening the usual sports were held. These were not improved by a

steady rain, and oilskins were already on when the "oily" race was called. The tug-of-war between B C. A. and Irish yachtsmen resulted in a hard-won victory for the former. Unfortunately the colored fires, etc., ordered for this occasion, did not arrive in time, and the day concluded with the annual dinner at Burgess's Hotel.

CAMP VI. (July 27 to July 29), Bushey Island, Mount Shannon (by kind permission of Mr. George).—About midday on Tuesday the fleet left Dromineer for this camp in the face of a hard breeze and a really heavy sea. The 18-footers reported taking it over green, and the Vita, good little craft as she is, but loaded down with stores, soon had to turn back. Solitaire, starting an hour after the others, had a rather lonely jaunt, but took no longer over the journey. By dark the tents were pitched and all hands comfortable for the night.

On the following day the Mount Shannon regatta took place, and included two races for the the B. C. A. The first one, for a really handsome silver cup, given by the L. D. Y. C., was won by Solitaire, much to her skipper's surprise, as she only carried 47sq. ft. of sail. The second, for a prize most kindly given by Lord Dunalley, was won by Watermouse (Messrs. Clayton). Both races were sailed in a very heavy wind and tolerable sea, and were very fast indeed.

On Thursday all hands left (literally left, for we were getting few) for the last rendezvous of all. A glorious reach across Mount Shannon Bay, a long, close haul between the mountains of the lower and more beautiful portion of the lake, and leaving it at last, we once more came into the river. Here our tents were pitched (for the last time) beneath some grand old beeches on the estate of Mr. Parker.

Camp VII. (July 29 to Aug. 4), Ballyvalley, Killaloe.—This was the prettiest spot of all, and yet an air of sadness hung about the camp. Was it the sense of impending dissolution, the shadow of Brian Boru's old fort, or the attractions of the Shannon View Hotel that drew our members thither in the evening, I cannot tell; but, anyhow, we had some very pleasant reunions with old friends and new at Killaloe. Several of us went in for fly fishing. There is a celebrated evening rise of trout on the rapids there, yet, though the river seemed to boil with fish, and the air was thick with stonefiies, only one good trout was taken among a dozen rods; this fell, or rather rose, to the writer.

On Sunday, Aug. 1, by kind invitation of Mr. Twiss, the members lunched with him at Mrs. Enright's hotel at Castleconnell. The seven-mile journey down the river was done in three of the fishermen's cots, which were very smartly handled on the rapids, and at night the meet concluded officially with a farewell dinner given by Mr. P. Nisbet.

Looking backward on this glorious cruise, I do not hesitate to pronounce it the best step ever taken by the B. C. A. Not only has it resulted in a large accession of members, and set the Association on its legs financially, but it has established and justified the reasons for its very existence.

It is a thousand pities that the muster of men and craft were so poor; those who could have come and did not, missed a chance of a lifetime; but, what between the Jubilee, business, illness, and the R. C. C. races, doubtless many who were really anxious to come, could not. Mention of racing compels me to point out a most satisfactory feature of this cruise, viz., that from first to last, there was not a single capsize or accident to man or craft; and yet, many of the races were held in water infinitely rougher and bigger than anything I have seen at Burnham. Lough Derg is thirty miles long by fourteen wide. Comment will doubtless be made on the large amount of racing done at a cruising meet, but this was simply due to the overwhelming kindness of our Irish yachting friends. They had prizes waiting for us wherever we went, and how or why should we refuse to sail for them?

To the many who befriended the Association, its members return their sincerest thanks. Among so many it is hard to particularize, but mention must be made of Major Bernard, Lord Dunalley, Mr. Baile, Capt. Minchin, Mr. Parker, Mr. Twiss, Mr. Lloyd Vaughan, and Mr. Parker Hutchinson, all of whom spared no trouble or expense to make us welcome.

In conclusion, may I point out to those who only race, that in canoeing cruises such as the above, they have one of the grandest amusements in the world, and that by coöperating with those who attend them, they will do more to revive the sport we love than by building any number of fearful and wonderful racing machines.

Amendments to A. C. A. Racing Rules.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find a suggestion regarding paddling canoes, which please publish in your paper for two weeks, as required by the A. C. A. rules:

Paddling Canoes—A canoe to compete in any paddling races of the A. C. A. must be sharp at both ends, no counter stern or transome end, and must come within the prescribed limits as follows: Maximum length, 16ft.; maximum width, 28in.; maximum depth, 10in. amidship; not less than 45lbs. in weight. Measurements to be taken same as in sailing canoes. (This shall not in any way conflict with the rules governing sailing or decked paddling canoes.) The same rule to apply in open sailing canoes. C. V. SCHUYLER.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Geo. B. Montgomery	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo C. C.
W. Morse Wilson	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo C. C.
John L. Wayland	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo C. C.
Guilford W. Francis	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo C. C.
C. T. Wilson	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo C. C.
Harry R. Ford	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo C. C.
Joseph A. Conway	Troy, N. Y.	——
M G. Henry	Erie, Pa.	Erie Y. C.
H. A. Ross	Pittsburg, Pa.	Duquesne C. C.
B. Dangerfield, Jr.	Pittsburg, Pa.	Duquesne C. C.
Sanford B. Evans	Allegheny, Pa.	Duquesne C. C.
Frank W. Shepard	Pittsburg, Pa.	Duquesne C. C.
Geo. R. Graham	Harrisburg, Pa	Duquesne C. C.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Mrs. C. V. Schuyler	Brooklyn, N. Y.	——
Mrs. J. W. Sparrow	Toronto, Can.	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

San Francisco Shots.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first Sunday's shoot of the fall festival of the California Schuetzen Club was held yesterday at Schuetzen Park. A good attendance was had. The shoot will be completed next Sunday, so I will send no partial scores. The Schuetzen Park shoot had no effect upon the attendance at the Columbia Club at Shell Mound. While this club highly prizes the fine target rifle, still most of its members rather prefer other weapons. Just now a herculean competition is in progress for the military medal offered by the club.

Ed Hovey has been and is still in the lead, but during the last few shoots Bushnell has made rapid strides to the front. From fourth in the race he has gained so that he is now one of the highest, using E. Jacobsen's second total of 473 in ten scores, out of a possible 500. He is now within 3 points of Hovey's best, 476. The high men on the Glindemann medal now are: Hovey 476, Bushnell 473, Jacobsen 473, F. O. Young 471, J E. Gorman 459 and C. F. Waltham 455.

Yesterday's scores:

Rifle, re-entry matches, open to all comers, 209yds, Columbia target, F. H Bushnell rifle medal and cash prizes, three-shot scores: F. O. Young, 10, 13; A. H. Pape, 11, 11, 12, 12; Dr. L. O Rodgers, 18, 19.

William Glindemann military medal and cash prizes, ten shots, Creedmoor count: F. H Bushnell, 48, 48, 48; Ed. Hovey, 47, 47; F. O. Young, 47, 46; J E Gorman, 47, 46.

F O. Young rifle record medal and cash prizes, ten-shot scores: Dr. L O. Rodgers 49, A. Hintermann 112.

Cash prizes on flags, inch centers made during month: Bushnell medal—Pape 4, Young 2. Glindemann medal—Bushnell 4, Young 2

Pistol, re-entry matches, open to all comers, 50yds, Columbia target, Gordon Blanding pistol medal and cash prizes, 3 shot scores: J. E Gorman, 7, 3, 9, 9; C M. Daiss, 7, 7, 9, 9; F. O. Young, 8, 10, 13.

Diamond pistol record medal and cash prizes, 10-shot scores: F. O. Young 51.

Howard Carr any revolver medal and cash prizes, 6-shot scores: F. O. Young, 26, 31, 37; A. B Dorrell, 45, 47.

Achille Roos rifle medal, ladies' trophies and cash prizes, 5-shot scores: A. B. Dorrell, 11, 11; Dr. L. O. Rodgers 14, Mrs. M. J. White 26.

ROEEL.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 11-12.————, La.—Tournament of the Many and Robeline Gun Clubs.

Sept 14-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. Merchandise and amateurs.

Sept. 14-16.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Capital Gun Club. S. C. Quimby, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club. State and open events. Chas. E Morrison, Sec'y.

Sept. 21-23.—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Co.

Sept. 22-24.—WATSON'S PARK, Chicago, Ill.—Tournament at live birds and targets. Programmes ready about Sept. 1. Write to John Watson, Station R, Chicago.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-Oct. 1.—PASSAIC, N J.—Annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at Clifton racetrack. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. Main event on last day is at 25 live birds, $25 birds extra, handicap; $500 guaranteed to three high guns. W. H Huck, Sec'y, Rutherford, N. J.

Oct. 4-5.—WARWICK, N. Y.—First annual tournament of the Warwick Gun Club Open to all. Targets. $50 average money to four high guns in all programme events John M. Servin, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 19-22.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Four days' tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 22-23.—HUNTINGTON, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club.

Oct. 29-30.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Tournament of the Itasca Gun Club. Dr. W. P. Brown, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

On Aug. 28 the New Haven Gun Club held a handicap shoot on its grounds. The occasion was not an ordinary one, as the following item from the New Haven *Register*, of Aug. 29, will testify: 'The New Haven Gun Club held a handicap shoot yesterday afternoon at their new range. C. B Bristol, the oldest member of the club, was, by a preconcerted arrangement, the winner in the first event. After his victory Judge Callahan called his attention with well chosen remarks, and in behalf of the club presented Mr. Bristol with an elegant gold-headed cane, on which was inscribed: 'C. B Bristol, Aug. 28, 1897,' it being Mr. Bristol's seventieth birthday. The recipient was taken completely by surprise, but briefly responded by saying that money can buy almost any article of merchandise, but true friendship is not bought with either silver or gold. The cane is a fitting testimonial of the high esteem in which Mr. Bristol is held by his fellow members of the club." We have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Bristol many times, but we wish that fate had been propitious enough to have permitted our being on hand to congratulate "the father of the club" more fittingly than we can do in cold type. As we remember Mr. Bristol's shooting there was not much need of any "preconcerted arrangement" to insure his winning first place, he is nearly always there or thereabouts, even if he does hustle all the time to make things run smoothly.

Jim Elliott's victory over Charlie Budd gives him two championship emblems and titles; he has won the *Star* cup and the Du Pont trophy. The cast iron badge alone remains, and it would seem that that, too, belongs to him by virtue of forfeiture, Charlie Grimm not having paid any attention to the challenge issued by Elliott at the same time, and in the same letter, that he challenged for the two trophies above mentioned. There may be something back of this silence on the part of Grimm, but what it is we cannot guess, and our correspondent who reported the Budd-Elliott match at Eau Claire, Wis., gives us no clew. Not having a copy of the conditions governing challenges for this trophy, we would hazard the statement that the non acceptance of a challenge for the cast iron medal necessarily carries with it the forfeiture of all right to the medal and to whatever title goes along with the emblem. If we are wrong on this point, will some one who is familiar with the conditions kindly correct us.

New Jerseymen must work hard to make the State shoot, Sept. 25-Oct. 1, a big success It is so long since Jersey had a State shoot—the last one being held in 1884—that it should be a matter of pride to make this one something worth talking about. This tournament is practically the "first annual of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association," and special efforts have been made by that organization to get out a programme that will attract shooters to the Clifton race track on the above dates. Clifton is so close to Passaic, N. J., that the grounds are easy of access for all Jerseymen and for all those who may sojourn temporarily or otherwise in the city of New York and its suburbs. We shall probably have more to say on this point next week, after we have returned to the busy haunts, etc.

The 1897 season at the Hollywood grounds was brought to a close on Saturday last, Sept. 4. R A. Welch, of the Riverton Gun Club, was the winner in the main event with a score of 24 out of 25. The Elkwood Park traps will now be the place where all the trap shooting around Long Branch will be done. The winter season at Elkwood Park will probably be as interesting as the summer season has been.

The ample club house, well warmed and well lighted, makes shooting during the winter just about as pleasant as in the summer months. The birds, too, are always so much better in winter than in summer that most people will gladly put up with a little discomfort as regards the weather so long as the birds are good ones.

The *American Field* has been "making news" again In its issue of Aug 28 it reprints an item from the Brooklyn, N. Y., *Eagle* of Sunday, Aug. 22, which told how several members of the Brooklyn Gun Club traveled to Secaucus, N J., the previous day to see George Piercy shoot a match with Henry Heflich, of the North Hudson Rod and Gun Club The match between Piercy and Heflich took place on Friday, Aug. 6, and the full score appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 14

The Hazelwood Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., has issued the programme of its shoots for the season of 1897-98. Elsewhere, under the head of "Programmes," we give a review of what it offers for the amusement of its members during the fall, winter and spring.

At the recent tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club League, the Mallard Gun Club, of Hamilton, Can., won the league trophy for 5-men teams by scoring 235 out of 250, to 231 scored by the Hespeler team, and 232 scored by the Guelph team. This victory gives the trophy to the Mallards for good and all, as they have won it two years in succession. The league's shoot was a big success, and some of the scores made ran quite high. The scores show how close a race it was.

Drivers and Twisters are rather scarce in the northern portion of the State of New York; at least we have found them so during the past week or two. As a matter of fact, when we are casting for bass or splashing through a swamp that looks decidedly "woodcocky," Drivers and Twisters of a literary nature are about the last thing we want to think about.

There were many inquiries for Jack Fanning at the Interstate shoot at Montpelier, Vt., Aug. 25-26. We have found out where he was on those dates. He was showing the Canadians how to shoot, attending the tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club League, at Waterloo, Ont., Aug. 26-27. Jack showed up well, and made Gold Dust proud.

Fen Cooper, of Mahaney City, Pa., and Fred Coleman, of Pine Valley—same State—are matched to shoot on the Lavelle Fair Grounds, Sept. 16. The men will shoot this race under Schuylkill county rules, 21yds. rise, 60yds. boundary, one barrel only, gun below the elbow. Cooper shoots at 50 birds, Coleman at 52.

In another portion of these columns we give a brief synopsis of the programme issued for the Interstate Association's tournament at Portsmouth N. H., Sept. 15-16.

SEPT. 4. EDWARD BANKS.

Paid Men at Tournaments.

A COMMUNICATION FROM INDIANAPOLIS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For two or three years past gun clubs here and there have barred professional and paid shooters from participation in their tournaments The wisdom of so doing, and its probable effect upon trap-shooting interests, have been quite fully discussed in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM

Comes now the Cleveland Target Company, per Paul North, and, having read the handwriting on the wall, it gravely informs an anxious public that about a year hence, ten months, to be exact, it will do what others have been doing for years And thereupon FOREST AND STREAM denominates it as "Paul North's scheme," and wonders what the trap shooting readers will have to say.

Speaking for myself, and probably for others who shoot for sport and pay their own expenses, I want to ask what the Cleveland Target Company has done for the good of our cause, that its tardy accentance of these old ideas should give new or added importance to the subject?

True, it has held tournaments notable for a large attendance attracted by big added money, for the benefit of the class it now proposes to bar, and by free targets and fake handicaps to beguile the other class which, next summer, it will kindly take under its protecting wings.

Tournaments by gun clubs are necessary to their existence, in that they serve to stimulate local and neighboring interest in the sport, and the profits of such meetings help to pay fixed expenses and provide improved or permanent paraphernalia The manufacturer of trap-shooting supplies who invades this field, solely for commercial purposes, and unmindful of the harm done to gun clubs, is not deserving of our support.

The record of the Cleveland Target Company, per Paul North, hardly justifies the trap editor's notion that its recent announcement, made for trade reasons, would be of special significance to his readers, unless it be to the shooters for revenue only, who will view it as throwing one more dornick in the rocky road they must travel.

ROYAL ROBINSON.

THE TRAP EDITOR'S REPLY.

Mr. Robinson finds fault with us, and with the Cleveland Target Company, in the communication which is given above. "The Cleveland Target Company per Paul North" (as Mr. Robinson seems to prefer to put it), is well able to take care of itself, and the quality of the Cleveland tournaments of past years is so well known that nothing need be said about them. But, while on the subject, we might add that Mr. Robinson's ideas about these gatherings do not coincide in the slightest with our "notions."

The true reason for Mr. Robinson's communication seems to lie in an apparent misconception of what we wrote regarding Mr. North's letter, which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM some weeks ago. Not having a copy of the issue in which the offending article appeared within reach just now, we are loath to believe that we credited Paul North with originating the "scheme" for barring professionals, as Mr. Robinson would have us believe we did. A full quotation of the context would, we fully believe, have set Mr. Robinson's mind at rest on that point.

In reply to the last paragraph of Mr. Robinson's letter, we would say: "The record of the Cleveland Target Company, per Paul North," does justify "the trap editor's notion that its recent announcement," is "of special significance to his readers" We are daring enough to prophesy that ten months hence, we will be able to make a note that "the recent tournament at Cleveland was one of the greatest gatherings of the amateur trap shooters of this country ever gotten together" Such is our belief in the efficacy of "Paul North's scheme" for the programme of the Cleveland shoot in June, 1898! The scheme is of great significance to the amateur trap-shooters of the United States. It means a great big shoot, with big money, and with no one but amateurs to fight for it.

PROFITS DERIVED FROM TOURNAMENTS.

There is one other paragraph in Mr. Robinson's letter which it seems advisable to touch upon; we refer to the one which speaks of "the profits of such meetings" as helping "to pay fixed expenses and provide improved or permanent paraphernalia." FOREST AND STREAM'S stand in this matter has always been that clubs ought not to try to *make money* for such purposes, unless it advertises a tournament for just such charitable purposes as building a new club house, putting in a new and improved set of traps, or something of a like nature. All expenses attending a tournament can be cleared, with a balance in hand from the receipts after all bills have been paid, if 1½ cents per target be charged. Of course, added money alters the conditions, it being thoroughly well understood by all shooters that added money is raised by increasing the price of the targets. But where there is nothing offered to visiting shooters, other than an opportunity to meet a lot of shooters and spend the day in sweepstake shooting, we scarcely like the idea of making them pay more than their share of the expenses of running the shoots, in order to put a good round sum into the treasury of the club, simply "to pay fixed expenses, etc" It looks too much like asking a body of men to come to a dinner, charging them $5 per plate, but giving them only a $2.50 dinner, in order that you might buy a silver set of knives and forks for the next dinner.

We know that this idea of ours may seem too radical to meet with general approval, and we would like to hear something from the other side.

Hazelwood Gun Club, of Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG Pa., Aug. 28.—A long list of events was decided to day on the grounds of the Hazelwood Gun Club. Among the shooters was J. L. 147 Winston, of the Austin Powder Co. Sparrows, targets and pigeons were trapped in the twelve events given below Nos. 1 and 2 were at 15 sparrows, $3, two high guns; No. 3 was the contest for the club championship medal at sparrows; No. 3 at 25 targets, $5, one high gun; No. 5 was a $2 miss-and out at pigeons; Nos. 6 and 7, $3 miss-and-outs at pigeons; Nos. 8-11, $1 miss-and-outs at sparrows; No. 12, $2 miss-and-out at sparrows. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Sparrows, pigeons or targets:	15	15	25	25	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W S King	14	14	..	..	2	1	9	3	3	3	4	3
147	14	14	..	21	0	3	9	3	3	1	5	9
McPherson	10	..	..	..	2	3	1	4	0	2	..	..
*Strong	8	8	..	..	6	3	2	0	0	1	..	..
*Crossland	8	15	21	17	5	0	9	..	1	3	0	10
*Atwood	..	5	..	..	6	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Burchfield	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bessemer	..	..	..	22	0	2	10	..	..	..	..	..
Brockman	..	..	..	..	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..

* In No. 1 Strong and Crossland only shot at 10 sparrows; in No. 2 Strong and Atwood only shot at 10 sparrows.

SMOKE.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We would like to claim dates through your paper for a four days' tournament, to be held at the Baltimore Shooting Association grounds, Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 19, 20, 21 and 22—two days targets and two days live birds; $150 added per day on target events, and $200 added and $500 guaranteed for the Maryland handicap, 25 birds, $75, handicap from 26 to 33yds.

THE BALTIMORE SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.
(Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.)

Programmes.

THE PORTSMOUTH INTERSTATE.

The programme for the Portsmouth, N. H., Gun Club's Interstate tournament contains ten events—seven of them at 15 targets, and three at 20 targets. Of the 15-target races, six are at known angles, with an entrance fee of $1; the other 15-target event is at unknown angles and is $1 50 entrance. The three 20-target events are at unknown angles, with entrance fees of $1.50. The programme for both days is precisely similar.

Targets will be charged for at the rate of 2 cents each, and anybody who wants to do so can enter for the price of targets only. The Rose system of dividing purses will be used, with ratio points of 5, 4, and 3 to 2—that is, four moneys in all events. Guns and ammunition may be forwarded in care of Hoyt & Dow, Congress street, Portsmouth, N H., and will be delivered at the grounds free of charge.

Headquarters for sportsmen during the shoot will be at the Langdon House, where a rate of $2 a day will be made for shooters. The tournament will be held at the Portsmouth Bicycle Park, situated on Newcastle avenue. Barges will be at the depot and hotel to convey shooters to the grounds. Mr. W. I. Philbrick, secretary of the club, will give any additional information.

HAZELWOOD GUN CLUB.

The "Pigeon programme for the season of 1897-98," issued by the Hazelwood Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., is a good one, and shows very plainly that this club, although a young one, is in the hands of the right kind of management. Mr. Jno. N. Crossland is both president and manager, and he is ably seconded by his assistant manager, Brother Bill McCrickart. The vice-presidency is held by Jno. G. Messner; J. C. Node is treasurer, while the secretaryship is filled by J. C. Lowry.

The main feature on the programme is the monthly contest for the championship diamond and gold medal, presented by the president, Mr. Crossland. This medal is to be awarded as follows: At the close of the season, the shooter making the highest average in five of the seven diamond gold medal monthly events, will be awarded the Jno. N. Crossland handicap championship diamond gold medal, valued at $100, emblematic of the live pigeon championship of western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and eastern Ohio. The contest is at 20 pigeons, $15, birds extra, four high guns, *not class shooting*, handicap rise, handicaps ranging from 28 to 30½yds., all contestants being handicapped by Mr. Crossland.

The dates for the seven shoots for this medal are Oct. 14, Nov. 18, Dec. 16, Jan. 13, Feb 17, March 17 and April 14. On these dates a regular programme of events will be shot as follows:

No. 1, Hazelwood introductory sweepstake, 7 pigeons, $7, birds extra, 28yds. rise, four high guns.

No. 2, Dr. E. J. Stilley sweepstake, 10 birds, $7, birds extra, 30yds. rise, four high guns.

No. 3 is the Crossland handicap for the diamond medal above referred to.

No. 4, Bogardus sweepstake, 5 pairs of pigeons, $7, birds extra, 25yds. rise, four high guns.

No. 5, Consolation handicap, 10 birds, $7, birds extra, four high guns, winners of money handicapped 1yd. extra.

No. 6, miss-and-out, $5, birds extra, 28yds. rise.

The above programme should make the monthly shoots of the Hazelwood Gun Club popular gatherings. To reach the grounds from the city of Pittsburg, take the McKeesport electric car of the Second avenue line at the corner of Market street and Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, direct to the grounds.

In addition to the above tournaments, sweepstake and practice shooting, open to all, will take place Oct. 8 and 22, Nov. 5 and 26, Dec. 3 and 24, Jan. 7 and 28, Feb. 4 and 25, March 4 and 25, and April 8.

NEW JERSEY STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

In our next issue we expect to be able to give a full review of the programme issued for the annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at Clifton race track, Passaic, N. J., Sept. 28-Oct. 1.

For members of the State Association there will be four trophy contests, two at targets and two at live birds. The target trophies will be for the individual championship and for the three-men team championship of the State; the live-bird trophies will be for similar championship at live birds. There will also be a special programme of State events at targets.

The open programme on each of the two target days, Sept. 28-29, will be found to be quite interesting to those who like to shoot at targets, while on the live-bird days, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, the visitors from outside the State will find that they have been well looked after. Oct. 1 in particular is a good day for anybody who can hit a pigeon. The Jersey Special Handicap, 25 birds, $25, birds extra, handicap rise, $500 guaranteed to the three high guns, all surplus added, will certainly attract a large number of shooters. New Jersey herself is strong in live-bird shooters, so that $500 is really only a small guarantee. Still "all surplus added" covers everything. It will be found, we think, that the method of dividing the surplus will recommend itself strongly to shooters. There is something novel in it, although the main idea is cribbed from the Interstate Association's plan for dividing the moneys in the Grand American Handicap.

Buffalo Team Shoots.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—The first of the Bison Gun Club's midsummer tournaments was highly successful. From out of town were: Rolla O. Heikes and E. Rikes, from Canton, O Others are: C. Lane, G. Borst, E. F. Hammond and Dr. Miller. Heikes missed only 3 targets out of 130 shot at, including doubles. Here are scores:

Event No. 11 was at 15 singles and 5 pairs; Event No. 14 was a walking match:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	25	10	15	10
Kirkover	11	20	14	17	15	19	14	19	14	19	19	6	15	10
Lane	13	16	14	20	12	19	15	19	14	17	16	..	..	..
Foxie	11	15	13	18	13	13	13	16	9	14	16	1	10	..
Hammond	14	19	15	19	13	17	12	19	15	19	22	8	..	..
Borst	13	18	13	16	14	17	11	17	13	11	..	..	..	..
Warren	15	18	11	18	14	17	11	15	10	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	13	11	13	14	13	15	9	13	10	16	20	6	..	8
Norris	13	16	12	19	14	18	10	15	12	18	17	..	..	..
E C B	10	13	12	15	9	15	9	13	8	17	15	4	11	..
Wheeler	12	13	..	15	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Walberg	..	..	..	..	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mack	..	..	..	..	13	16	8	10	10	15	..	..	..	..
Heikes	..	..	..	..	15	20	14	20	14	19	25	..	..	..
Chas B	..	..	..	..	14	16	13	13	12	14	23	1	..	..
Rikes	..	..	..	..	11	..	11	15	7	..	..	..	..	..
Mignerey	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	13	..	..	..	..	..
Danser	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cooper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	10	10	8
Bauman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	16	6	13	6

Sept. 2.—The first team shoot for the championship of Buffalo occurred on the grounds of the Bison Gun Club, Walden avenue and City Line. The Audubon, Cazenovia and Bison gun clubs were represented each by five men, and each shooter had 25 targets. The teams and scores were:

Audubon Gun Club.

Chas S Burkhardt	21	E C Burkhardt	18
G McArthur	21	L Warren	22—103
B Talsma	21		

Bison Gun Club.

F Wheeler	22	G Cooper	21
G Zoeller	21	E Bauman	20—102
W Foxie	18		

Cazenovia Gun Club.

Beck	20	Heinold	20
Stevens	20	Mignerney	18— 98
G Waltz	20		

The Audubon Gun Club won by one target, a remarkably good showing. The next team shoot will be held on the Audubon grounds, Sept. 11.

After the match there was a class shoot, in which the scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	20	25	15	15	5p.	Targets:	15	20	25	15	15	5p.
Charles B	10	17	..	11	14	8	Kinner	6	13	17	6	..	..
Cooper	13	15	21	..	..	..	Beck	12	..	..	11	11	..
E C B	12	13	11	11	10	4	Stevens	13	..	..	11	..	..
Dauser	11	..	..	..	..	..	Ditten	9	16	19	9	8	..
Zoeller	12	14	21	..	..	..	Warren	..	16	..	12	12	..
Mignerney	12	..	..	..	..	..	Waltz	..	19	..	13	7	..
Foxie	12	17	18	9	9	7	Bauman	..	18	20	12	9	6
Mack	10	17	16	..	..	..	Hager	..	..	12	..	..	..
Wheeler	15	17	22	13	..	..	Heinold	..	..	..	12	10	..
McArthur	14	14	..	10	..	..	Connor	..	..	..	..	10	..
Talsma	13	17	..	..	..	..							

G. Zoeller won the Class A badge and Mack the Class B badge. The count was made in Class C.

Kinner, Mack, Wheeler and Foxie shot a match, 15 birds each, and all killed straight.

Shooting and Banqueting at Dayton.

(Correspondence of the FOREST AND STREAM.)

DAYTON, Ohio, Aug. 30.—For two years, teams of twelve men each, representing the Buckeye Gun Club, of this city, and the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, have been shooting friendly matches simply for the price of the birds. Conditions: 12-men team from each club, 50 targets each man, known traps, unknown angles, American Association rules.

The first race was shot here in April 1896, won by the Buckeyes. Second race shot at Indianapolis, and won by the Limited Gun Club's team. The odd match was shot here to-day, and was won by the Buckeye team by the score 483 to 465.

The Indianapolis visitors arrived here at 9:18 this morning, and were met at the depot by Buckeye Club officials and reception committee, with tally-ho four-in-hand for a rapid ride to the Buckeye Club range, quite near the city; a beautifully rolling piece of ground, bordered by a grove that gave just shade enough to make steady light.

A very brief time was given to exchange of greetings, unpacking guns and shells, and otherwise preparing for the contests of the day. The cards called for three sweeps for practice before dinner.

Dr. L. C. Adams, referee; David McCutcheon, score keeper.

First match, 15 birds each, known traps, unknown angles, $1.50 entrance, eighteen entries, four moneys: Tripp 13, Beck 13, Cooper 14, Mumma 14, Schwind 14, Griffiths 11, McDonald 12, Protzman 12, Wildhack 15, Britton 14, Comstock 12, Wroe 13, Robinson 9, Kiefaber 10, Kimberlain 8, Hearsey 7, Marrott 7, Gentle 9

W. A. Wildhack, of Indianapolis, the only straight score, received hearty applause and first money, $7.55; second money, $5.65, divided by the 14s, Cooper, Mumma, Schwind and Britton; third money, $3.80, divided by the 13s, Tripp, Beck and Wroe; fourth money, $1.90, divided by the 12s, McDonald, Protzman and Comstock.

Second match, 10 birds, $1 entrance, twenty two entries, three moneys: Mumma 5, Comstock 8, Tripp 8, Protzman 5, Cooper 9, Leutzinger 8, Schwind 7, Wroe 5, Britton 9, Griffiths 6, McDonald 9, Beck 9, Robinson 8, Wildhack 9, Kiefaber 6, Miller 7, Kimberlain 5, Hearsey 7, Marrott 7, Gentle 5, Griffith 7, Stark 10.

Billy Stark, 10 straight, first money, $9; second and third moneys divided.

Third match, 10 birds, $1 entrance, sixteen entries, three moneys: Schwind 8, Stark 10, Britton 10, Beck 7, Cooper 9, McDonald 8, Mumma 9, Tripp 9, Robinson 9, Griffith 9, Protzman 6, Kiefaber 6, Goodhue 7, Miller 5, Adams 7.

Britton and Stark, each 10 straight, divided first money, $6; second and third divided.

A tally-ho ride into the city for dinner was next in order, and the teams returned to the grounds at 1:30, where a fine crowd of ladies and gentlemen were quietly enjoying the cool of the club house porches waiting for the contest of the afternoon.

First was a 10-bird match for practice, $1 entrance, eighteen entries. Leutzinger referee: McDonald 10, Raymond 8, Schwind 7, Marrott 6, Adams 7, Cooper 6, Stark 8, Wildhack 8, Griffith 7, Comstock 8, Tripp 10, Beck 9, Britton 10, Wroe 7, Heikes 7, Craig 7, Mumma 8, Curphey 7, Gentle 1, Raymond 8, Marrott 5, Cooper 9, Griffiths 8, Schwind 8.

THE TEAM RACE.

L D. Leutzinger, of Council Bluffs, Ia., was agreed upon as referee; H. T. Hearsey, of Indianapolis, and O P. Eby, of Dayton, judges; John M. Curphey, scorer. Raymond, of the Buckeyes, was the first man at the scratch, and next came Britton, of the Limited, and thus the teams alternated in shooting the four squads of six men each.

The first round each man shot at 15 birds, second round 15, third round 20, thus making the 50 birds for each man.

BUCKEYE GUN CLUB TEAM SCORE.

C Raymond	111011110101111	111111101101101	11110110111111101110—40
Z Craig	111111101111111	111111110111111	11111011111111111111—47
W H Stark	110101101111111	111111101101111	10101111101111111110—40
A Mumma	011101111111111	111111111011101	01111111011111001100—40
H Protzman	011111110111101	111110111111110	00111111101111011111—41
C H Miller	100111110011110	111011011111110	10110000101111000000—30
J Makley	111601001110100	111011011110111	11100111111111101110—36
Dr L Adams	111001101111001	111011011111110	11101111101110110111—38
Al Wroe	111111011111110	111011111110011	10110100011111111111—40
M Schwind	111111111010111	111111101011111	11111111111111111111—46
S McDonald	110111111101111	101111111101111	01110101111111101111—42
R O Heikes	111111111111100	101111111111111	11101111100110111111—43

Buckeye team total, 483.

LIMITED CLUB TEAM SCORE.

Dr O F Britton	111111111111011	111111111101011	11111111111111110111—46
E H Tripp	111111111111111	111110101111111	10011110111111111011—44
R Robinson	101111111111110	100111110110001	11011111111110111010—38
H A Comstock	111111110010111	111110001110011	11101111111111111111—41
T Gentle	110100010000000	000100010100001	01010011010100100010—17
S C Griffiths	010001010101111	011111110111111	10111111111111110001—37
Kimberlain	111101110110110	010011101111110	01110111011011110111—36
G J Marrott	010000100101001	100111011101001	10011011011111011011—28
H T Hearsey	110111111111111	110111111011111	11111110111101111111—44
J W Cooper	111101111111111	011011111111111	11101111111011111100 43
W Wildhack	111111110111111	111111111111111	11111111111011010111—46
G C Beck	100111111111111	111111111111101	01111110111111111111—45

Limited team total 465.

The Buckeye team was declared winner by 18 points. Upon announcement of the result, Royal Robinson, of the visiting team, proposed three cheers for the Buckeyes, and the range and surrounding grove rang with huzzas. Dr. Adams, of the local team, called for three cheers for the Limited Gun Club and the team, and the hearty response evened up the social feeling that prevailed.

The match had occupied about two hours time, and at 5 o'clock the officials and teams boarded the tally-ho for a merry ride into the city, jollied along the streets as the result of the shoot became known.

THE BANQUET.

As the Indiana team were to start for home at 8:45 P. M, the banquet room at the Beckel House was thrown open to the local team and the visitors shortly after 6 o'clock, thirty covers being laid.

President Charles W. Raymond, of the Buckeye Gun Club, as toastmaster, occupied the seat at the head of the table, and President George J Marrott, of the Limited Gun Club, sat at the opposite end of the beautifully decorated table, and all enjoyed the feast.

Those who responded to toasts were Judge O. B. Brown, George J. Marrott, Dr. Geo. Goodline, Royal Robinson and Dr. Kimberlin. Dr. L. C. Adams recited in darkey dialect "An Ailment from Yankee Land."

The banquet proved a delightful wind-up for the contest, and pleasures of the day. Good-byes were exchanged with promises for another race between the teams before many months. It is probable that the Buckeye Club *en masse*, will go to Indianapolis for the next match, and members will take their wives and young people to witness and enjoy the sport.

Pawtuxet Hunters' Handicap.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Aug. 28.—The Pawtuxet Gun Club held its fourth shoot for the merchandise prizes, called the Hunters' Handicap, today. The attendance was good, but the scores, owing to the high wind, were rather low. Conditions, Class A, 25 unknown; Class B, 25 known:

Class A.

Sheldon	00110011111101111111111111 —20
Bain (2)	01011111110111111101110111100—20
Root (2)	10011011101111101011111001—19
Mooney (2)	01101111111111111111001100100—19
Corey	01111111101111000111010111 —18
Greene	11010101110111001000010111 —15
Arnold (2)	00010101100111101011000010—12
Hawkins (2)	1111011100w
Crandall (2)	0001010101w

Class B.

Buxton (2)	10100010111101011000101011l—15
Repeater	10100001111011000101111101 —14
Thunell (2)	10001010010101100000100010—10

Fifth shoot, Hunter handicap, Class A, 25 unknown; Class B, 25 known;

Class A.

Sheldon	10111110111111111101111111 —22
Bain	00100101010011010111101011O —14
Root	11101110011011111111100110—20
Greene	0100100000000010100Ow
Corey	10101111101111111000010101 —16
Mooney	10001110000010010011011111O—13
Hawkins	11000010010111101101011101l—16
Arnold	01010011000111101101111111l—18

Class B.

Thoene	11111101111110010111111101 —20
Armstrong	10110111111110101101111111. —20
Repeater	11010101010000111010011101 —12
Thunell	01100100001000110010101011—12
Buxton	00011101111101110111100011l—18
Mathewson	11010100110011011011l0011 —15
Blackmer	01010000011100011001001011 —10
Munsey	00000000000011000010000000 — 3
Hallet	01000001100100100100100000 — 7

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., Aug. 31.—Event No. 1, 10 targets. Conditions: Unknown angles, five traps, practice.

Thornton	0101100101—5	Richard	1100111111—8
Sears	1101010111—7	Doyle	0111101010—6
Hatfield	1100001111—6	Palmer	1101000011—5
Sherwood	1110111010—7	Reath	1110111100—7
Francis	0100100011—4	Braxton	1001111111—8
Martin	1110110011—7	Kelly	1011111001—7
Stipp	1011111011—8	Durham	1000011000—3

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles, 5 traps, medal shoot:

Doyle (11)	01110111001000011011110000—24
Sears (11)	10110001110001101011110011—26
Thornton (19)	01110001101001101100000011—31
Hatfield (9)	11011111110111011111111111—31
Reath (8)	10101000101100001101w. —17
Richard (15)	11111110101000111111111111—35
Braxtan (3)	11111111001011010111111111—23
Kelly (11)	11111111110111011000011111—30
Palmer (9)	11110100011100101010w. —20
Francis (10)	11001100100100000001001111—21
Durham (8)	00010001010101000000001000—14

No 4, shoot-off of tie, same conditions as No. 3.

Hatfield (9)	11001001101110101100100111—24
Sears (11)	10101011101101010010011101—25
Kelly (11)	00001111111011111001110111—28
Richard (15)	11110101011101111110111001—33

Ties again shot off at 10 targets each man, resulting: Richard 9, Sears 7, Kelly 5. Richard won medal.

No 5, 50 targets, unknown angles, five traps; match race for expenses:

Stipp	11001111110110111111111111111111101111010110011011—40
Sherwood	11100010111101111111111111111111111111111111100011—42

First 25 for each man counted without allowance in the medal match, but were very much "shy."

This was the first shooting on our new grounds, which are fine. Traps and trappers below ground level, and shooters face the north. We shoot every Tuesday afternoon and visitors are always welcome.

SHERWOOD, Sec'y.

St. Louis Fourth Annual.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The King's Smokeless Gun Club, of East St. Louis, Ill., will give their fourth annual fall tournament for amateurs either on last week of September, during Knights of Pythias encampment or first week in October, during fair week, as in both events the twenty-two railroads entering here will make reduced rates. We will state exact dates within a few days.

The shoot will be under management of Jack Parker, of Detroit, and all 20-target events will consist of $5 added money. In addition, merchandise will be given as prizes. There will be four 20 target and four 10-target events each day. All targets thrown from magautrap, and three traps, Seargent system. For programme send to me at 205 Union Station.

JOHN M. TRENDLEY.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Cresson Springs.

A PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged to run an early autumn tour from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Harrisburg and intermediate points to Cresson Springs, Pa., on Friday, Sept. 10.

Round trip tickets, good going only on Sept. 10 on trains indicated below, or any train arriving in Philadelphia before 10:25 A. M., and thence on special train; and good returning on regular trains until Sept. 15, including also one full day's board at the magnificent Mountain House, will be sold at the following rates:

	Rate.	Train leaves.
New York	$9 50	7:55 A. M.
Newark	9 50	8:25 "
Elizabeth	9 50	8:06 "
New Brunswick	9 00	8:31 "
Phillipsburgh, N. J	9 50	8:00 "
Trenton	8 50	9:23 "
Wilmington	8 50	9:33 "
Philadelphia	8 00	10:25 "
Harrisburg	6 00	1:20 P. M.
Washington	8 00	7:50 A. M.
Baltimore	8 00	8:50 "

Proportionate rates from other points.

Passengers from Baltimore and Washington will use regular train arriving Cresson 3:50 P. M.

To persons remaining at Cresson for a longer period than one day a special reduction in hotel rates will be given.

For tickets or additional information consult ticket agents.—*Adv.*

Cresson.

WHAT is the most beautiful mountain resort in the world? Cresson!

Where is the purest water in the world? At Cresson!

Where is the air so delightful that it is a pleasure to live in just in order to breathe it? At Cresson!

Where are the most romantic forest walks, charming mountain drives and greatest variety of mineral waters to be found? At Cresson!

Where are there no mosquitoes? At Cresson!

Where is there no malaria? At Cresson!

Where are historic associations, magnificent mountain views, church privileges, tennis, golf and bicycling all to be found? At Cresson!

Where is there music every day, "and Sunday, too"? At Cresson!

Where is there an artificial beach of pure white sand and a room full of swings, all under shelter, where children may play in rainy weather? At Cresson!

Where can a business man spend Sunday with his family on the mountain tops, and yet be at his desk on Monday morning? At Cresson!

Where is Cresson? On the Summit of the Allegheny Mountains, just west of Altoona Horse Shoe Curve and Allegrippus, on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Which is the most delightful month to spend in the mountains? September.

Where can it best be spent? At Cresson!—*Adv.*

Good Chicken Shooting

will be found at numerous points along the Northern Pacific Railway this fall, notwithstanding the heavy summer rains. Present advices are to the effect that in the vicinity of Fergus Falls, Perham, Detroit, Sauk Centre and Little Falls, in Minnesota; and Wahpeton, Pembina and Valley City, North Dakota, chickens will be a good crop. At Aitkin, Little Falls, Perham and Detroit, partridges will be plentiful. Ducks will be found in large numbers all along the line. Season opens Sept. 1. Chas. S. Free, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Shoes of Just the Right Sort.

SOME time ago our contributor, John Kennedy, mentioned incidentally his hunting boots, which he claimed to be pretty near perfection. When we asked him where he got them he replied that they came from M. A Smith & Son, of Philadelphia, who were then, as now, advertising in FOREST AND STREAM.—*Adv.*

New Orleans, Mexico and California.

REACHED from New York via Pennsylvania & Southern Railway, offering the most perfect service to New Orleans, Mexico and the Pacific coast. Tourist car the year round from Washington to San Francisco. New York office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

Florida and the South.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY, the most direct route. Operating double daily service. New York to Florida and the South year round. The only line operating dining car service in the South. New York office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

WANTED—To submit plans and specifications of an improved steam house-boat to a responsible gun club wishing to go South for hunting season. State what price you would be willing to pay per day for best of hotel accommodations. A. B. C., care of FOREST AND STREAM, —*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

VOL. XLVIX.—No. 12. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the Forest and Stream. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any address which may be furnished us for that purpose.

I am happy to know that this unsportsmanlike habit of catching to count is now deemed more honored in the breach than in the observance, thanks to the admonitions of the public press and the better education of the present generation of anglers. George Dawson.

A BETTER WAY.

WE print a suggestion coming from the Tennessee mountains that a certain tract of country there, which is highly desirable for game preserve purposes and can be had at a cheap figure, should be taken up by a club for private use. There is a better way. Such tracts of wild land in Tennessee and elsewhere might well be acquired by the State and set apart as permanent possessions of the people. Why should all the good hunting country on this continent pass into private control? It is true that for the most part we have let lawlessness and wanton waste run their course and work their curse, until there is, as a rule, not much game-stocked territory left to convert into public hunting preserves. But there is vastly more remaining to-day than there will be five years hence; and the time to undertake the permanent keeping of this territory is now. The sportsmen of Tennessee will be doing the graceful thing for themselves and for the generations of sportsmen who are coming after them, if they shall persuade the Legislature to set about this reservation of available wild lands for public use. There are good precedents. In 1895 the Michigan Legislature enacted:

That all that part of Lake Erie lying adjacent to the surveyed lands of Monroe and Wayne counties and any submerged lands within the surveyed lines of said counties and connected with Lake Erie and Detroit River, providing such surveyed lands are owned by the State of Michigan, shall be and hereby are set apart and dedicated for a public shooting or hunting ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people of the State of Michigan, for a distance extending one mile into said Lake Erie, the eastern line of the submerged lands and waters hereby reserved being one mile distant from the surveyed lines of the east side of said counties and parallel thereto: Provided, that this reservation and dedication shall not interfere with, or detract from, any rights or privileges as to fishing now enjoyed by any person or the public.

New York has noble possessions in the Adirondacks and the Catskills, set apart by constitutional mandate, now enjoyed every year by thousands of her citizens, and destined for the perpetual enjoyment of succeeding generations. Minnesota has her public parks, Ontario hers; why not Tennessee her own as well?

As a rule, in such affairs we are not much concerned for posterity; the general sentiment is as that of the man who did not see why he should do anything for posterity, since posterity had never done anything for him. The truth is, however, that in doing wisely for those who are to follow us we are doing not less wisely for ourselves. In other words, if we do something for posterity, posterity surely does something for us. As with the individual, well-planned and well-directed liberality expands and ennobles the nature of the giver, and as one in providing for the future of his family finds in that provision his own present and abiding satisfaction, so a town, a county, a State, may gain the reward of enhanced civic pride and stimulated public spirit through its consciousness of a generous policy for the future. No man, no community, no commonwealth, can live for to-day alone, not even with respect to the resources of the streams and the woodlands. We are bound to have regard for the rights of others in the future; to bequeath to them not wantonly and hopelessly impaired the stores of nature's bounty which it is ours to enjoy. The whole duty of man in this matter of game and fish protection is summed up in the remark made by a father who in advocating a law for the protection of deer in the North Woods said, referring to his infant boy: "I want him when a man to have as good hunting as I have had myself." If that were the governing motive with individuals and communities, who can question that the practical results of such a policy would prove as beneficent for the present as for the future?

THE CHICKEN ON THE PUPPY'S NECK.

ONE way to cure a puppy of killing chickens is to tie about his neck the chicken he has done to death and compel him to wear it as a token of disgrace, until the ignominy, of which a dog may be acutely conscious, shall have wrought in him repentance and a change of heart. The plan works admirably with the puppy, but that is because he is only a dog and lacks human sense. If he knew as much as a man he would make headlong for the nearest studio to have himself and the hen photographed.

That is what the score fisherman does. When he has caught as many as he can lug alone or with the guide's assistance, he poses before the camera, and then if any doubter refuses to believe his fish story, he triumphantly produces the photograph to prove that he was as mighty a fish-killer as claimed. Next to the astonishing satisfaction some fishermen find in killing for count, is this astonishing custom of having themselves photographed *in flagrante delictu*, as it were.

The ennobling influences of field sports are much talked of and written about, and correctly so. One of the ennobling elements in the sports of shooting and fishing is a willingness to stop when one has taken his fair share. But there is nothing elevating in the bloodthirsty gluttony of the "fish-hog" or "game-hog"—detestable names for detestable beasts. On the contrary, the indulgence of bestial proclivities in this direction degrades. The brute who kills a bushel of fish to be dumped on the bank, or a midsummer deer to rot in the woods, comes home not a nobler but a coarser man than he went out.

There are anglers and there is angling. Fishing for count is not angling, nor are such fishermen anglers. Is it not high time that the distinctions were more clearly realized and the lines more sharply drawn and discriminatingly observed; and that the fisherman who has himself photographed with his fish and then consigns them to the compost heap were relegated in public estimation to the limbo of the puppy with the hen about its neck?

SNAP SHOTS.

From Arkansas comes a tragic tale of robbery and love wild turkey hunting and fate. Will Dalton, of Hoxie, was under indictment for robbing Sam Mattox. But that Will on his part had no hard feeling against Sam was shown by his marrying Sam's daughter. In keeping with all precedents, this should have adjusted family differences and disposed of the indictment, as in the "Arkansas Idyl" sung by Nessmuk, the feud of the Likenses and the Simmonses was ended when Yancey led Martha to the altar:

"The tribe of Simmons all came up—the Likenses were there,
The neighbors swore they ne'er before had seen a bride so fair,
Ma'am Likens, primed with applejack, went halting through a reel,
While Granny Simmons in her chair kept time with toe and heel.
They smoked the fragrant cob of peace, they drank their toddy hot;
They swore an everlasting truce and sealed it on the spot."

There was no such happy ending of the Hoxie affair; the indictment still held, and the case was to have come up at the current term of court. But other fate was in store for Will Dalton. The other day he went into the woods hunting for squirrels and wild turkeys. A small boy went with him. The small boy came back, but Dalton did not return. He had been attacked by wolves and devoured, boots, clothes, gun and all. That was the story told by the boy. The dispatch adds that Dalton's widow is wearing mourning. Let us trust that she may be comforted, for one of these days her husband will grow homesick and restore himself to her.

In India the destruction of human life by wild animals continues with little abatement, as shown by the Government statistics collected annually. The figures for 1896 have just been published; they show that 295 persons were killed by tigers, leopards, and other beasts of prey, and 1,869 died from the effects of serpent bites. Addison has a quaint fable of the lion and the man: "The man walking up with that noble animal showed him, in the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion. Upon which the lion said very justly: We lions are none of us painters, else we could show a hundred men killed by lions for one lion killed by a man."

However the conflict may have fared between man and animals in other lands, there is on our own continent no creature that could make the boast of the lion in the fable. Of bear, wolves, panthers and venomous snakes, more have been killed by man than have slain human kind. The savage American with his crude weapons could cope with his animal foes; and equipped with perfected modern arms civilized man is as secure of life and limb in the haunts of wild beasts as in city streets and home life. We hear of the perils of hunting, but a New York physician was recently killed playing blind-man's-bluff, and wives are solicitous for their sportsmen husbands, while a woman died the other day from the effects of a bargain-counter crush. Provided no indictment is hanging over him, the average wild-turkey hunter, even in a wolf country, is what insurance men would class as a good risk.

Writing from Kentucky, Hayseed asks advice as to how he may stop the illegal hunting which is destroying the game supply. If Hayseed can discover one other citizen like-minded with himself, and they two a third, a beginning will have been made. A combination of the citizens of a town or a county in an association pledged to observe the laws themselves, and to uphold the enforcement of the law as to others, will accomplish wonders, and in default of a warden system, is the only way open. An individual is practically powerless; he cannot stand out alone against his neighbors; whereas the union of few or many, banded together for the purpose of enforcing the game laws, relieves each member of an unwelcome share of responsibility and commands respect and deference. Let some attorney—if himself a sportsman so much the better—be engaged as the counsel of the association; give him the evidence of law-breaking; let him in his official capacity bring the suits and conduct the cases. By prompt and vigorous action show that there is an earnest determination that the game laws shall be respected and obeyed. This is one way; it has worked well elsewhere, it will in Kentucky. We have sent Hayseed a copy of suitable constitution for a protection club, and will gladly supply any others who may wish them.

President Gavitt, of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, has done well to call a special meeting for Oct. 14 to arrange for an earlier convention day than the usual one in January. There is no good reason why the annual work of the Association should not be put under way in ample season to undertake its application to the Legislature in the beginning of the session. We publish President Gavitt's call on another page; every sportsmen's club in the State of New York should be represented at the October gathering. The Association is concerned for the good of all; it can secure that good only by the active participation and coöperation of all. The membership ought to be doubled; and it would be if sportsmen generally realized the strength of union.

In this latitude, and the breeding habits of ruffed grouse being as they are, an open partridge season beginning Aug. 16 is entirely too early. The year's birds are then immature, and not conditioned. The opening day should be set much later.

The Canadian correspondent who writes of the destruction of song bird eggs, evidently misunderstood the recent suggestion in these columns that the way to protect native birds' eggs by tariff would be to admit eggs free, thus permitting foreign eggs to compete with the American-laid product. To state the principle of such a system was not to advocate its adoption. Moreover, the sale of eggs "for mere fanciful purposes," the existence of which traffic we questioned, does not include the egg gathering for "scientific purposes," since the tariff act particularly exempts that industry from prohibition. The remedy for song bird egg destruction by collectors is to be found in a more adequate enforcement of the laws already on the statute books.

From many quarters and points widely separated come reports of an abounding stock of quail this season. The birds nested under favorable conditions and the food supply has been generous. The quail shooting of 1897 promises to be all that one might wish for. He is wise who makes provision for "getting away" when the season shall come.

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE.

From the FOREST AND STREAM'S *Special Correspondent.*

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP ISLANDER, Skaguay Bay, Alaska, Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are anchored at Skaguay Bay, on the east side of Chilcoot Inlet and five or six miles from Dyea, at the upper end of the inlet and foot of the pass of the same name. Precipitous, rocky hills and low mountains, none of them apparently over 2,500 or 3,000ft. high rise from the inlet on both sides, and on one of the tallest there is a fine glacier.

In front is the infant town of Skaguay, the port of entry for the White Pass. Picture a level plain half a mile wide between enflanking hills that gradually come closer together at the north as the pass narrows behind, and on the beach and scattered among the trees beyond an army of tents, with here and there a frame or log house half completed. This is the town, and lots 50×100ft. already command a good price.

The plain is formed from gravel and sand that a small glacial stream has brought down from the mountain beyond. It has a perfectly square edge at right angles with the bay, and at any stage of the tide (which has a rise here of 18ft.) boats ground long before dry land is reached and one has to jump over and wade ashore. At anchor in the bay are half a dozen steam vessels discharging freight and horses, and most of these have carried passengers also.

Last night, soon after reaching this point, we went ashore and walked in two and one-half miles on the trail. We found the road in excellent condition, and things in general had a prosperous and business-like appearance.

There is plenty of food for man and beast. Wagons are being used on this end of the trail, and freights are 1 cent a pound for the first five miles—that distance the road is level and dry, the sandy soil drawing easily. After that there is an ascent of 2,600ft. in thirteen miles, and the conditions are not so good.

However, there are no serious difficulties to be surmounted, and the only complaints we hear are from a few men who have no horses. Yesterday a man came back who had packed 175lbs. per animal across to the lakes, on mules, making the round-trip in four days.

The timber in the Pass is very much like that in the Adirondacks—for instance, if cottonwood be substituted for poplar. Some of the cottonwoods are 3ft. in diameter.

There is fine spruce timber and a great deal of balsam. I also noted beach and yellow birch.

For game, there are said to be a great many goats on the mountains facing the water. They are only killed to bait traps, as their skins have no commercial value, and their meat is not cared for. There are no deer here on the mainland, and no moose, caribou or sheep on this side the range. Bears are very abundant, particularly the common black bear.

I had a talk with Mr. P. A Smith, Inspector of Customs for the District of Alaska, about the bears. He is a good sportsman and a capable officer. In the last three years, among other game, he has killed fifteen bears. He shoots a .38-55 repeater, and in no case fired more than four shots to kill his bear. On the average it only required two shots to accomplish his purpose. Mr. Smith aims at the neck, whenever possible, and thinks this the best shot for bear.

The brown bears, he says, are pretty tough customers. He knows personally of three men who have been killed by them recently. At Burners Bay, just below this place, two prospectors loaned their rifle to an Indian one day, and shortly afterward one of them passed an old she-bear, which attacked him without any provocation, and in their defenseless condition made short work of her victim. His mangled remains were taken to Juneau.

Still more recently an Indian was killed on Admiralty Island. His little boy was discovered alone in a canoe, crying for the father, who had been gone a long time, and who at that moment was cold in death beside the dead carcass of one of these giant bears. He had shot the bear at short range with his old Hudson's Bay musket, but had been unable to check its charge in time.

Mr. Smith said that these bears are alike fearless of man and firearms. A friend of his shot at one and missed, as was discovered afterward, but the bear charged him just the same, and was only killed by a lucky shot in the brain at shortest kind of range.

The Indians get quite a number of hides, but all have the bullet mark in the top of the back, showing that they shoot them from trees when the bear comes down some favorite runway to a stream in search of salmon.

Captain, or Inspector Harper, of the Canadian Mounted Police, is aboard this vessel. He has a very fine double Lee-Metford rifle. The gun is a hammerless automatic ejector, weighing 9lbs., and beautifully engraved and finished. It shoots the regular .303 English ammunition, which is a strong charge, and one that holds up remarkably well. Judging from shots fired over the water, its trajectory is superior to the U. S. Army cartridge. It is certainly away ahead of the .30 30 smokeless.

Tappon Adney, whose name is familiar to readers of FOREST AND STREAM, is here as correspondent for *Harper's Weekly*. In Juneau we each bought some strychnine for foxes, and hope to get some good furs this winter.

All goes well so far; and the prospects are bright.

J. B. BURNHAM.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE ANGEL OF THE GUARD.

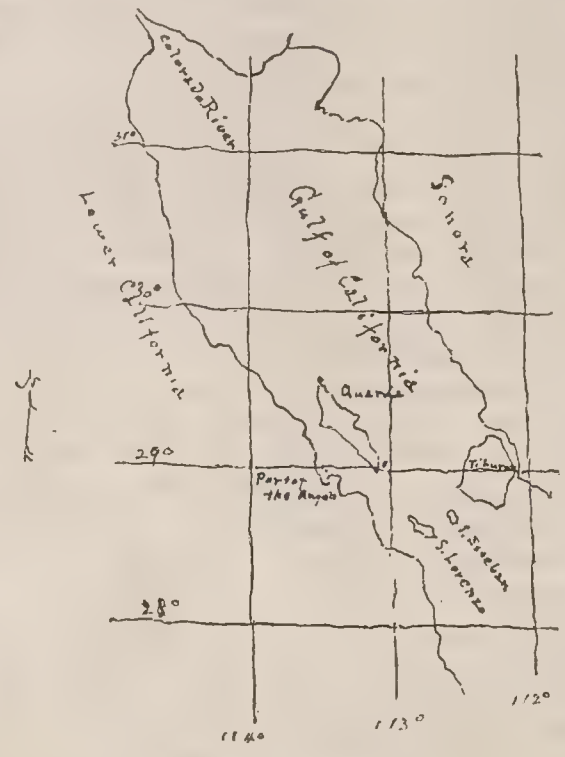
(Continued from page 202.)

THE next morning the wind was again strong from the northwest, and, as our boat could make only leeway against a head wind, we decided to take advantage of the occasion to haul her down and stop some of the abundant leaks.

Before breakfast I started out to the river side of the lagoon with Pancho to get a load of oysters. We soon found the bed, and loaded the dory with a kind of oyster quite different from the excellent Yaqui River oysters you get at Guaymas. The oysters at the corral had an indented shell something like a scallop shell, and had a bitter, disagreeable taste when raw; but they were very good when roasted or stewed.

Very large, coarse oysters are found further up the coast of Guarda Island, and at one place Pancho tells me that there is a deposit of fossil oyster shells, many of which are 2ft. long. Besides these varieties, living and extinct, you meet on the beaches frequent examples of the "concha nacre" (pronounced nacker, as in English) or pearl oyster.

This species, besides giving the only valuable kind of



GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

pearls, is almost the sole source of mother-of-pearl, the shells having a beautiful luster both inside and out. The pearl fisheries are at present suspended by Government decree, but many romantic stories are told about the discoveries of "placeres," as the beds of these oysters are called, and Pancho said that twenty years ago his father found a placer on Guarda Island from which he collected 18lbs. of pearls, which were sold to a Guaymas merchant for $16,000.

There were many things here new and strange to me, though no doubt familiar to naturalists. One was a starfish with twenty-three fingers. At first I thought that some "sport" or accident might have caused this unusual number of fingers to sprout on the ordinary starfish, but as I found several more instances of the twenty-three-fingered animal, I became convinced that this was not the work of chance.

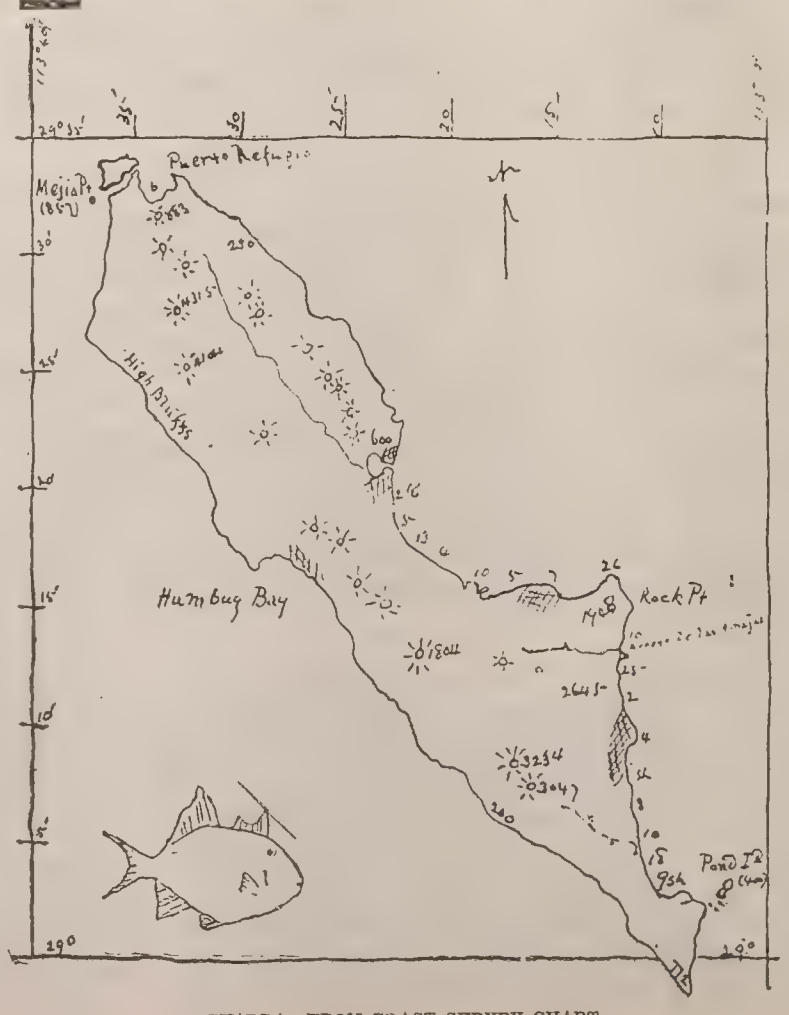
On the boulder points we saw several dabs of seaweed among the rocks, which Pancho said were the nests of gulls. These birds, however, had not yet begun laying.

On these spits were also relics of some old sealers' camps.

Hunting for oil, though not a very profitable trade, is sometimes extensively carried on. Oil brings at present from 50 to 60 cents a gallon (Mexican money), and is got from several sources.

Young pelicans afford a large supply of oil. These are caught in great numbers on the breeding grounds when they are as large as hens, but unable to fly, and are then largely composed of oil.

Then a good deal of oil is got from turtles, which are



GUARDA—FROM COAST SURVEY CHART.

harpooned and cut in two, when each half is tried out over the fire in its own shell.

The liver of the shark is another source of supply, and is very rich in oil, though the rest of the fish gives none at all.

The principal resource, however, is the seal. The hunt-



STONE CIRCLES IN FLAT BETWEEN RIDGES

ers invade the hauling grounds and try to shoot whatever seals they can on land. When the animals take to the water it is necessary to shoot them in the head to get them at all, for they are very tenacious of life under these circumstances. The males alone are sought, and principally the larger males, some of which yield exceptionally, as much as forty gallons of oil, while many others will not give a gallon a piece.

In the afternoon the wind changed, and we sailed over to Guarda and carried on our researches.

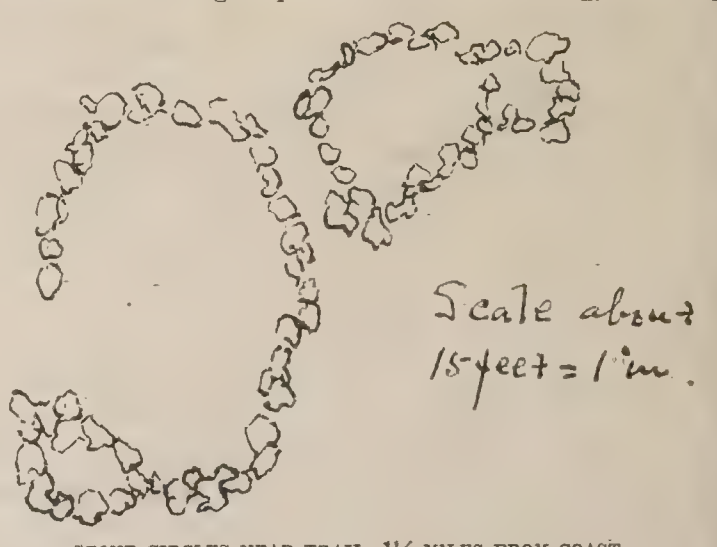
Pancho and I landed in a small bay, where an ancient trail led over the foot of a boulder-covered hill. It was traced very distinctly for a few yards and then was lost in the flat that stretched up the coast.

We followed northward parallel to the beach for two miles and a half over flat country, old mussel, clam and oyster beds and cobble-strewn stretches, then the shoulder of a hill, ending a long ridge of high land, came right down to the sea, and over this the trail was again well marked, climbing perhaps 150yds. on the south side and winding down as far on the north.

From the crest of this hill I took some pictures of the country north and west, and then photographed Pancho in the distance, standing amid some stone piles like those I had formerly found, and examples of which were seen on or near the summits of the ridges for a mile back from the sea.

The boys in our absence had caught two fine fish they called bacocos, which proved good to eat.

We made a long trip inland next morning, scanning



STONE CIRCLES NEAR TRAIL, 1½ MILES FROM COAST.

every visible locality with the glass for traces of antiquity. This part of the interior had no remains of man's work, but we saw indications of old beaches and beds of shells that seemed to show that the coast here had been somewhat elevated in a time that, in a geological sense, could be called recent.

We found no fresh water, nor trace of any, nor did we see any sign of four-legged thing except the iguanas, which were common. These lizards, which are said to feed solely on vegetables, must endure a tough and scanty diet in this place.

When we got back to the boat about noon Pancho was visibly anxious. The wind was hauling to the northwest, with a rising sea, and we went aboard at once and made sail for our little harbor, reaching there in a heavy roll and a hard blow.

In order to employ the afternoon profitably, I set out over the islet with the captain to visit the "lobera" or hauling ground of the seals. We climbed down to the beach about a quarter of a mile away from the "lobera," and wormed ourselves through the rocks until I got a good view of the animals, some 150yds. distant.

Partly through a desire to test seal meat, and partly in hopes of getting a good skin, I fired at a small seal, and the whole herd (variously estimated by the captain at 200, and by me at fifty seals) took the water with a great noise. I could see no result to my shot, and as I had fired at the chest, while the captain now told me it was "head shot or no seal," I supposed that I had failed to score. On getting nearer, however, we found a victim lying on the stones. I was struck by the unfitness of my disposition for a sportsman's career, for while I feel chagrined to miss a fair shot, I am almost always filled with regret and pity when I succeed, and this instance was no exception. The herd stayed bravely around in the breakers, howling their sorrow and indignation, and I quite sympathized with them. I tried to take a photograph that would show the masses of yellow bodies lying in the wave as it heaved up, but I only got the heads and necks that were above the water.

We skinned our seal and took some meat, and then



Cardon or Thistle Cactus. Guarda, looking north and west from trail on top of hill. Looking east from north dyke of Corral de las Viboras.

Cabrillos. Sealions near Lobera. Timoleo by stone piles on hill. Hernando.

THE ANGEL OF THE GUARD.

went back to the boat. It was singular to see how carefully seals choose a rough and stony spot for a hauling ground.

Just behind this beach lay a little sandy flat, fenced on three sides with steep hills, but not a track or sign of a seal was found there. They love the rough stones, and the rougher, it would seem, the more they love them. Since I am treating this subject, I will say now that the seal meat was soaked over night in salt water, boiled once a little, and a second time a good deal, and served with mustard. It was very dark, like the flesh of the porpoise, and tasted just like boiled beef. But not one of my Mexicans, who, with the exception of my good Pancho, were always feeding and always hungry, would consent to taste seal meat. It offended their finer sensibilities.

At night the wind rose to a tempest, and the surf thundered on our protecting dyke. It was evident that a classic "colla" had set in, and that we were prisoners as long as it lasted.

In fact, it was not until the third day that the embargo was raised, and I had ample time meanwhile to peer into the crannies of the Corral de las Viboras. We found in one place a torpid rattlesnake, which we killed and measured. The snakes on the islet are uniformly of small size, though they are said to be very poisonous. This one, though he had nine rattles, was but 28in. long and 1in. in diameter. He was of a very light *café au lait* color, with a diamond pattern until within 1½in. of the rattles, when the markings were reduced to alternate bands of black and white.

The snakes on Guarda Island, on the contrary, are very large, and one immense fellow was skinned and stuffed for the Columbian Exposition, at Chicago.

Along the shores and in the lagoons are very plentiful coralline, or spongy growths called "riscos," which give the Mexicans quantities of pure lime.

One further observation was made which may have an interest. We found on the top of the cliffs, two ospreys' nests. One had two eggs in it; the other had two young birds, one of which had already succumbed to the storm. These ospreys seem to have been hatched nearly two months earlier than our Northern birds.

I braced myself carefully and tried to get a picture of this nest, but the gale was so strong that the camera quivered like a violin string, and the photograph makes you dizzy to look at.

Finally we got away from our enforced seclusion at the corral, and spent the next three days in hard work on Guarda.

Among the hills near the shore where I first landed I found a few examples of circles of rough stones, usually on the edge of some small flat between the ridges. I had heard that there was a collection of such circles, numbering about 150, in the neighborhood on a red mountain. The mountains were all red, but neither my somewhat worthless Indian nor Pancho nor I could find this collection in our limited time, and so we set out to follow up the fragments of the trail and find out whither it led.

Starting west from the hill which had been the terminus of our previous expedition, we found unmistakable pieces of trail, whose age was sometimes indicated by dwarfed but ancient trees and shrubs growing in the very middle, marked distinctly on the more difficult ground and invisible in smoother places, stretching inland some four or five miles.

At a point near the trail and a mile and a half from the coast were two inclosures of stone; one of which was the largest I encountered, the longer axis measuring 24ft. I made both a plan and a photograph of these inclosures. The picture will show their general appearance, but the larger inclosure is foreshortened and the plate does not bring out properly the small inclosures which, in these instances and in many others, are joined on to the larger structures.

A quarter of a mile beyond this place the trail dipped into a rocky arroyo, now entirely dry, but which seemed to have been roughly cleaned out for a water hole in time past.

A mile further on lies a barren mesa, which is fairly crowded in one part with these small inclosures and the rough stone piles we have before noticed.

We penetrated inland several miles beyond this and got extensive views of the country, but we lost the trail completely a mile and a half beyond the monuments on the mesa and thereafter saw no sign of human handiwork.

Some digging below the stone piles showed that the surface had not been disturbed, and that the boulders and "caliche," or cement formation, were in place. This, as far it goes, tends to show that the stone piles did not mark graves. In my haste I neglected to dig into the stone inclosures, and I greatly regret this oversight. In the North we frequently meet circles of stones on the prairie which had been used formerly to hold down the edges of an Indian lodge. The inclosures here do not seem to me fitted for that; first, many of these figures are not circles, but oblong; then, most of them do not exceed 6ft. in diameter; and in any event the small adjoining circles would seem to be useless for a lodge.

The entire area on the southern portion of Guarda in which we found signs of genuinely ancient work was not more than seven or eight miles long by four miles broad at the broadest part, perhaps as great a comparative area as the district called by old New Yorkers Greenwich Village was to the whole surface of Manhattan Island. The remains we found consisted solely in disconnected portions of an old trail and in stone heaps and rough circles, and the use or intention of the last two classes of monuments is very obscure.

There is nothing to indicate that average rainfall or other climatic conditions have varied appreciably in the Gulf of California in historic times, or for many centuries past. In some localities year after year goes by without rain. Don José tells me that in an experience of sixteen years he has only known of two rainstorms at Santa Marta, near the Port of the Angels. To be sure, one of these storms was a heavy one, and a good part of the little mining town, which was built upon the foundation of a high barometer, was swept, tramway and all, some six miles down the mountain into the sea.

A rainfall so precarious would afford no permanent supply of fresh water on the southern part of Guarda Island. There is certainly no such supply there now, and the localities within the previously inhabited zone are absolutely dry, and, except for a few cactus and other thirsty shrubs, a desert.

The population must have been migratory and occasional. A few miserable families of fishing Indians might come over from either mainland in rainy years to cross the bar to the Corral de las Viboras at low tide and feast on seals or oysters, returning after each expedition to the nearest water hole, following on from pool to pool as the supplies dried up, and leaving the island when these reservoirs were exhausted. The stone heaps may have been used in some instances for wind-breaks by men on look-out, or they may have had some religious significance. They do not seem to be burial monuments over interments, and they certainly were ill-adapted and absurdly placed for any military use.

The stone inclosures may possibly mark sites of former dwellings or fulfill some funerary or superstitious purpose. Comparative ethnologists could perhaps form a reliable opinion on these subjects, but even an amateur is justified in saying that these relics mark only transitory sojourns of a scanty and degraded race.

While our boat was lying off the coast here, the boys caught a fish called a "mero," weighing 20 or 25lbs., shaped like a jewfish, with small spots on a dark ground. We also had several of the common "cabrillas," which weighed 6 or 7lbs. apiece, and were marked similarly to the "mero." A large fish called a "tortoava," said to be our sea bass, wriggled free from the harpoon, but we got a little fiend of a fish called a "peje puerco" or sometimes a "trigger fish." The front dorsal fin of the "peje puerco" has two prominent bony spines in it. The longer one, nearer the head, can hardly be depressed, even by the use of great force, but if you put your finger on the other spine it falls at once and brings with it the obstinate spine in front, folding the entire fin like a fan.

After we had gone over the portion of the island already described, we took advantage of a calm night and pulled and drifted up the coast some ten miles above our first landing.

This brought us a mile or two south of an arroyo called the "arroyo de las tinajas," that is, of the water holes.

Don José had found some pools far up this cañon in former years, and I wished to examine them. Setting out early in the morning with Pancho and the Indian I soon reached the narrow bed of the gully, and we went up this to the crest of the ridge which formed its water-shed.

The former water holes, about three miles from the beach, were entirely dry, even when deepened a couple of feet by digging, and the doves which used to haunt this valley were gone. We did, however, see some bees, which Pancho said must have been blown to the coast since his last visit five or six years ago, and, a mile or two above the dry water holes, we found a hollow in the rock which had caught some passing cloud and wrung from it about fifty gallons of delicious water. Above this all was volcanic slide rock and jagged ridge.

This arroyo gives a fine geologic section. About half way up to the top, going from the sea, you pass out of stratified rocks into the granite core of the island, which sinks again a couple of miles beyond and gives place to shales and conglomerates which are again overlaid in the highest regions by a thin coating of volcanic products.

In the deep sands of the gully several plants were found which do not grow on the barren hills and mesa. There were sixteen "taco" or fan palms by count, most of them about 3ft. high, but some of more considerable dimensions, also a plant which Pancho told me was wild tobacco. Iguanas rattled among the brush and pebbles; a large owl fluttered out of a dim nook, and a great blackish bird called an "aguilon," said to carry off lambs and calves, was trying hard to escape the attacks of a small raven, but of mammalian life there was not a trace, and I incline to think that there is not even a mouse or a ground rat on Guarda.

A variety of cactus called "cardon" or thistle cactus here reaches a great size. In the picture I made to show the character of these growths, the more prominent cactus is to be sure a "cardon," but in this instance it only fills the office of the "foreground plant." The larger cactus in the distance can be gauged by the 6ft. man who stands alongside.

Another very singular cactus, called the "cirio," I saw later on near the San Juan mine. This plant, which grows at times 30ft. high, is found only at an elevation of several thousand feet above the sea, and in but one or two localities. It has a smooth bark, something like a birch tree, with a multitude of little feathery branches, somewhat thorny, on every side, and when I saw it had tufts of yellow, flowering shoots on top.

My camera was not at hand when the "cirio" was met, but I got a piece of an old negative which shows a group of these cactus, somewhat out of focus, and may serve to illustrate their habit.

When we had finished exploring the "arroyo of the water-holes," I found on my return to the boat that our water supply was about two-thirds gone. It was practically impossible to renew the supply from the scanty pool far up the mountain. Even good men would have found the task very serious, and my men were born tired and had improved this natural aptitude by long practice.

To continue north with the impending threat of another northwester would probably have sent us back in a few days waterless and with nothing gained.

With regret I was forced to order a return to the Port of the Angels by the southern route, leaving the northern part of Guarda unvisited. I am told that on this northern part, aside from abundant traces of sealers and fishermen, there are remains of a graded road 30ft. wide, besides a

cave and some skeletons, among which a Spanish peseta was found.

Ancient roads and monuments are apt to shrink before the camera and the measuring tape, but doubtless there are traces of earlier occupation on the northern part of the island, though these traces would seem to be much more modern than the signs of savage life found further south.

Turning back through the calm of the night, and with the swing of the ebbing tide, we managed to get off the south point of Guarda by noon the next day, and here, sure enough, we found a northwester waiting for us; not a storm, fortunately, but a stiff breeze that was able to shove along even our dull craft at a 4 or 5 knot gait. By night we had crossed the "whale channel," which separates Guarda from the islands of the port, and, beating up the coast, we ran into the harbor and dropped anchor at sunrise the next morning.

That night was spent with my good friends at Las Flores, and I had the fortune to find a tramp sailboat about to leave—two days later—for the great French mines of Santa Rosalia, whence I could return by steamer to Guaymas, and thence on to the "land of the superior dollar."

This little 5-ton sloop again found a strong northwester awaiting it outside the harbor. Little by little the wind increased and the sails diminished, until finally we took in all the regular canvas, and, hoisting a small awning for a square sail, made fine progress.

There were fifteen souls, counting women, children and one dog, on this vessel, besides a good deal of freight, and sleeping room was scarce. Indeed, throughout my trip it was striking to see how, in spite of a scanty population in a desert land, there was always a crowd at the points where sleep or travel was desired.

It was the genial captain of this boat, however, who gave me the information I wish to speak of. Don Pablo Rodriguez, during his long residence on the Gulf, had found many interesting things. On one occasion he had discovered a skeleton with a Spanish letter by it, which was deciphered in spite of its age, and proved to contain nothing of modern interest. At another time he had found a skeleton in a cave, and near it lay a small roll of rawhide, cut narrow and wound around itself like a strap. On this roll there seemed to be an inscription in strange characters, and Don Pablo tried to soften the material by soaking it five or six minutes in water. Unfortuately this treatment was inadequate, and the old rawhide broke in pieces as soon as an effort was made to unroll it.

If this were in reality an aboriginal relic it would be of an almost unique description, and I am strongly in hopes that Don Pablo may hereafter find another example of such work.

This, then, is the net result of the expedition, recounted dryly and briefly, though perhaps too long even so; but it would be hard to give any idea of the charm of the early morning with the great islands Tiburon, San Esteban, San Lorezzo and Guarda, rising blue out of the bosom of the Gulf, with their more distant peaks like islets or vast ships hull down, seeming to float separate from the parent masses, while lazy whales sport in the distance; and even the barren desolation of the lofty ridges seems to offer a stern defense to the harbors they shelter, and you feel as you cast anchor in the Port of the Angels that whatever storms may breed in the northern ranges or force their way from the fickle Pacific across the mountain barrier, the harbor can rest secure from eastern tempests, fenced as it is by the towering ramparts of the Angel of the Guard.

Dr. Franceselic, a learned botanist of this place, tells me, after seeing the print, that the cirio is a rare species of *Fouguiera*. The ocatillo is a common species of the same genus. The Gardens at Kew still lack the cirio, and are eager to get it, etc., etc. Indeed, Franceselic interested himself so far as to get the address of people at the San Juan mine to send for specimens. H. G. Dulog.

New York State Association.

Lyons, N. Y., Sept. 8.—*To Members of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game:* Agreeably to Section 5, Article VII. of the Constitution of this Association, there will be a meeting of the executive committee thereof, Thursday, Oct. 14, 1897, at 1 o'clock P. M., at the Yates Hotel in the city of Syracuse.

All clubs are requested to send a delegate to this meeting, as under the constitution the executive committee shall consist of such delegates.

This meeting is called for the purpose of deciding the advisability of making the call for the annual meeting of the Association earlier than January next; also for the transaction of such other business as may come before the committee.

So many requests have been made in relation to a change in holding our annual meeting that I feel it highly important that the matter have prompt consideration.

The committee on by-laws and also the joint committee on reorganization of protection and trap shooting branches are requested to meet with us at that time.

W. S. Gavitt, President.

The Kentucky Quail Supply.

Mayfield, Ky., Sept. 10.—Quail are quite plentiful here now, and the season promises to afford fine sport. They are more abundant than they have been for many years, and doubtless the number would have been far greater had it not been for the harvesting machines, which destroyed so many eggs.

On my farm of only 160 acres I estimate the number of birds at 200, and they seem to be just as numerous in other portions of the country.

There is more or less illegal shooting here every year, and if something is not done to prevent it the only game bird we have will soon be extinct.

A few years ago the wild turkey roamed our forests, but now he is rarely seen, and is so wary that it is almost impossible to approach him. Last year I spent three days in the woods before I secured one for my Thanksgiving dinner. The few ducks we have here in the spring are pounced upon regardless of season. Now, I wish Forest and Stream would advise us the best way to stop this unlawful shooting.

Hayseed.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

OLD TIMES ON THE TRINCHARA RANGE.

In Two Parts—Part Two.

Perhaps you remember how Don Gordo Jones and I went home by way of a deep cañon to what was called the Home Ranch. There were ten men there, my partner—Perley, and nine cowboys who were waiting for the round up to commence. They did not know when it would be, but as they were all under pay, and had lots of beef, bread and coffee, several old packs of cards, some month-old newspapers, and just enough interest in the Indian news that they heard occasionally to keep them amused and on the lookout all the time for something unexpected, they were quite contented.

I had the pleasure of doing a good share of the cooking in some Dutch ovens and a few frying-pans in a big fireplace. I would rather cook than guard horses or herd them, and had chosen my job voluntarily. My stove, you will remember, was down to the outside ranch, and about a wagonload of things were hid among the rocks. I thought that even if the jacal had been burnt down, the stove might not be damaged much; and so I told Perley that one of us ought to go down and get the things. He offered to go and let me go out with the round-up if it started; but I knew he did not want to, and I had got a little sick of cooking, so I saddled up the only work horse there was at home, and concluded I'd slip down there in the night, get another horse and come back in the night with the load in the wagon which was down there. The boys had teased me so much about my home-run up through the cañon that I did not want to ask any one to go with me, and so a little after dark I sneaked off alone to regain my lost reputation.

After a very poky ride of twenty miles or so, during which I saw quite a number of things which didn't look nice, but which turned out to be cattle, stumps or great big nothings, I came near the edge of the Jim Hunt Cañon; and dismounting and picketing my horse in the cedars, I sneaked down to the house, to find it unharmed. I afterward found that Sol Mays had come past the ranch the morning he got Lew's horses, had stopped, but couldn't get into the house, and so had built a fire to cook by; he hadn't put it out entirely, and after he left the wind had risen and blown some fire into my big woodpile of cedar and pinon. We had seen the smoke and thought it was the house. There was nothing else damaged; and so I went down to where the horses were in the deep little cañon, and turning old Chumhead, the work horse, down with the rest, I camped for the night without a fire and tried to sleep, but couldn't. I wished then that I had not been so touchy and had got one of the boys to go with me. The night was long. I had my saddle blanket, and was cold; but at last toward morning went to sleep, and slept till late. After cooking some breakfast over a few dry sticks, the next thing was to catch Chumhead and another horse down in the cañon; that took some time, and by the time the wagon was got down to the house and the load in, it was about dark. Just as the sun set I pulled for home.

That wagon made more noise than I ever heard one make before or since. The country looks different in the night, and I occasionally lost the trail. About 12 o'clock there came a heavy fog, and I stopped on the edge of a deep cañon several miles off the road to the crossing place.

Unhitching the horses, and taking them down the steep bank to water, and picketing them after that to the wagon wheels, I ate some cold grub and made a bed under the wagon with lots of blankets and turned in. After sleeping several hours, I was awakened by an awful yell, and before I was well awake I was out from under the wagon with gun in hand. I thought the Indians had found me sure, and that all I could do was to get one or two of them before they got me. But I couldn't see anything; and soon I heard another blood-chilling, long-drawn howl about 200yds. down the cañon, and in about ten minutes another from the same animal further down, each time answered by its mate that was traveling a parallel course, but about a mile or so distant on a cedar ridge. It was a pair of mountain lions, or cougars, traveling. I got cold, for there was a misty rain, and I had been steaming hot in bed, so I crept in again and slept till light. When I took the horses to water, I saw the track of the great cat. If anyone tells you that a mountain lion don't scream it's a mistake, for I have heard them, and it isn't nice when you are alone in the dark.

Hitching up, I soon found the trail, and landed at the home ranch in an hour or so. The boys had come very near coming after me when they found out I had gone alone, and were glad to see me and the stove. Perley seemed more pleased that the confounded pole house hadn't burnt down, and I wasn't talked to any more about my home run up the cañon.

In a few days the Indian scare was about over, and we had word to meet the round-up the next Monday at Jones's Ranch, on the San Francisco Creek. Perley wanted all the horses brought up to the home ranch. Jim Hunt and I started one morning to go down and get them. Jim was one of the cowboys, and some of his brother's horses were with ours; I had been taking care of them, so off we went at daybreak. Chumhead was my mount, and we made good time. When we got down to the cañon pasture we found that four of the horses had broken out and strayed off. I told Jim to take the horses and start for home, and I would hunt the rest. Away he went, while I like a fool did not change horses, but went on hunting the strays on old Chumhead—I hunted till almost dark and then gave up and started for home on my tired horse.

When I had gone about ten miles from home I dismounted in a little valley and let old Chum stand for a few minutes. The valley was the bed of a stream when there were rains, and where I crossed the rock was bare, comparatively flat and about 20yds. wide. I was on the flat rock, with the horse just behind me, and just as I was ready to mount again, I at last saw the Indians that I had not been trying to find. They were riding single file, coming from the east parallel with the cañon, on the ridge right in front of me, and not over 150yds. or less away. They were on thin, woolly-looking ponies, riding in single file. They were so near that I could see their profiles by the sunset glow—big noses, thin faces, long hair; ugly, murderous-looking men; a quiver full of arrows on every one's back, with the feathered ends above their shoulders, and rifles crosswise before them on the saddle. They rode like ghosts, without a word, and I thought of several things. I was afraid my horse would whinny, but he was so tired he stood still, and I don't think he heard or saw them. I had made up my mind that if he did, and the Indians came down to investigate, I'd slip off back into the cedars and let them have Chum if they wanted him. But they went on down into a pocket straight west toward the Purgatoire Cañon. That is, they rode down into a bay of upland with a cañon of 1,000ft. deep on each side of them and one of 3,000ft. in front. After they had passed well out of sight I started again for home and got there well into the night.

Jim had come in early with all the horses, having found the strays on the road home.

Two days after that the same Indians were seen on the other side of the Purgatoire on Van Bremer's range, and were stopped by some men on a round-up. They said that they were good Indians and were only just going out to steal some horses from the Utes, so they were let go. I asked Don Gordo how they had crossed the cañon and he said he knew a trail down into the cañon in the bottom of that pocket. I found it after a long search the next winter when I was hunting, and have packed several deer out of the cañon by it on a horse. I think it was very fortunate that I did not meet them, for if I had I would not have been here writing this.

We went on the round-up and had a pretty good time, especially when a skunk danced on old Jim Wilcox twice in one night when he was in bed. I'll tell all about the round-up some other time. Good night.

W. J. Dixon.

IN APACHE LAND.

New York, Sept, 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For a long time I have wondered what has become of the large number of wild pigeons which twenty or twenty-five years ago were so abundant that they frequently cast shadows upon the earth, and were seen like clouds passing under the rays of the sun during the spring and autumn seasons in many of our Northern and Middle States. I am now in receipt of a newspaper clipping, taken from an El Paso paper, which states that these birds have at last been found in great numbers in the northwestern part of Chihuahua, Mexico, not far from the terminus of the Rio Grande, Sierra Madre & Pacific Railroad—in the forests of the Sierra Madre Mountains.

This is of particular interest to me, for last winter it was my privilege to take a most delightful trip through this region of country, that lasted six weeks. On the morning of Jan. 13 I left El Paso in company with a few others, all of us mounted on good horses, for an extensive journey through this region. We were well equipped with camping outfit, and our commissary was sufficiently stored with provisions to last at least two months. Besides these necessaries, we were well armed with Winchesters, and for close work our revolvers were of such a pattern and size as to make us a pretty formidable party either for Apaches, bear or mountain lion.

Our first few days' experience was tedious, traveling through a sandy desert; but as we worked our way toward the southwest, in the course of a few days we had entered a new country, a new world, as it were, which became exceedingly attractive and interesting; while the further we continued our journey southward and westward the more beautiful it became, until finally we found ourselves entranced by the charms of a wonderland.

I shall hardly be able to describe to you, at this time, my experiences in the cañons, getting lost in the forest, the great tree growth of pine and oak, well fitted for the abiding places of that wildwood bird, which report states has now been seen in such large numbers. I question whether there is a better hunting ground to-day in the world for certain kinds of game than can be found in the Degollado Lands in Western Chihuahua. It is through this section that Gen. Crook pursued the indomitable Apache Indian Chief, Gerinomo; and it has only been in the past week or ten days that reports have been made through the New York papers of finding the body of the "Apache Kid," a son of the Chief Gerinomo, which was discovered in a lonely spot in the Sierra Madre Mountains, quite near this locality—bleaching in the sun. This Kid was a terror, and his death will virtually wipe out any further alarm as regards the desperate Apaches.

The land I have referred to was for many years the roaming ground for these Indians, and a place of such perfect security that only in recent years have people been found bold enough to lift the veil that has screened it from the outer world, while now it is only a question of a short time when the treasures hidden in its hills and the fruits of its rich and beautiful valleys will be advertised to the world. These things so useful and enjoyable to man, with a climate unequalled, will all add their share in making this part of the country a new Eden and a land of great promise.

Geo. Rowland.

Natural History.

SONG BIRD EGGS.

Dunnville, Ont., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A paragraph evidently crept unawares or unconsidered into the editorial columns of Forest and Stream of Aug 28, for your valuable paper could not and would not knowingly advocate what that paragraph implies. It says:

> The destruction of the song birds of this continent by the sale of their eggs for mere fanciful purposes is quite as fanciful as are the purposes. The entire proposition is fanciful, fantastic and fallacious. If there were any such traffic in song bird eggs, the true way to protect American laid eggs would be to admit foreign eggs free, and so lower the price and discourage the native industry. To shut out foreign eggs, on the contrary, would mean a lessened supply, with consequently higher prices and a stronger stimulus to nest-robbing activities.

Surely this is Dingleyism run mad or carried to the pettiest, meanest end. Such a course would encourage the destruction of the eggs of the very birds which spend a large part of the year in the United States to gladden the hearts of thousands of American citizens, yet because their instinct carries them north to procreate their species, they must be punished by having their nests robbed and the eggs trafficked in by dealers who pander to the depraved tastes of boy collectors, who think of the eggs about as scientifically as they do of their marbles.

Why you call the traffic "fanciful and fallacious" I cannot understand, for it is a well known fact that there are scores of

dealers in the United States who issue regularly price lists of the eggs they have to sell, and ask for exchanges and lots to purchase. These dealers, too, deal with foreign dealers, whose price lists are also being constantly sent to this country, and more, many of these dealers send collectors to the breeding grounds on purpose to collect bird's eggs for sale. In fact, there is a low, mean trade going on all the time at the expense of the poor birds, and not alone to them, but also to the farmers and fruit growers of this great agricultural continent. You still doubt, then let me tell you of one little incident which occurred on the Canadian side, opposite Buffalo, a short time ago.

A so-called scientific observer, a member of the Buffalo Ornithological Society and a leader in the same, was noticed by one of the game wardens a year or two ago to be collecting eggs—he had no permit, so was reasoned with and asked to desist. This was done more than once, until this season when he was caught *in flagrante delictu* and brought before the police magistrate. He had in his possession six cigar-boxes full of small eggs of different kinds, among them fifty-four of the spotted sandpiper, a number of warbler's eggs, bluebirds, etc. He urged that they were collected for scientific purposes and that on that account he should not be interfered with. What scientific purposes, I ask, could be served by this noble-hearted scientist in taking fifty-four eggs of one common species, and that year after year? or in taking bluebirds' eggs, unless in the latter case to see if the eggs were smaller, now that the bird is so scarce? It is evident this scientist had collected these eggs for the few cents there were in them. I am sorry to say the magistrate let him off on suspended sentence, but such offenders may rest assured that in the future if they are caught they will receive the severest penalty of the law. This man had a number of assistants; for instance, two would drag a long rope over a field and two or three would follow and notice where a bird left its nest—noble and scientific occupation! "Fanciful and fallacious!" Why, it is not long since FOREST AND STREAM reported that no less than $100,000 worth of birds' eggs were collected by the lighthouse keepers and others on the Carillon Islands, and asking that the abominable practice be stopped. It is high time that the public sentiment of this great continent were cultivated by the press and otherwise, against the so-called scientific collecting of the eggs and skins of our native birds, the former chiefly for boys to play with, and the latter for millinery purposes or to fill cases of mounted birds to adorn barrooms, etc. PRO BONO PUBLICO.

The Ways of Snakes.

SAN ANGELO, Texas, Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was reminded a few days since of the discussion carried on in FOREST AND STREAM some time ago, as to whether or not rattlesnakes swallowed their young, by meeting with Mr. H. C. Baumann and Mr. A. C. Honig, both thoroughly reliable ranchmen of this county, who informed me that they had on that day killed a rattler, and on cutting it open they found within it twenty-three young snakes, measuring about 8in. in length, and having the imprint or indication of two rattles on their tails.

They aver that they saw the snake before it discovered them, that it was in an open space, and they know that the young snakes were not swallowed after they discovered the old one. The young snakes appeared quite active, but did not have the appearance of having been exposed to the elements; and they were both decidedly of the opinion that they had not yet been born, notwithstanding their extraordinarily perfect development.

I remember once, when a boy, seeing seventy-two young ones taken from a rattler, all alive and active, but they were not more than 3in. in length. I do not now remember which side had the best of it in the discussion referred to, but I don't think any one reported ever having seen any swallowed or found within the old snake as large as these I here report; therefore, I thought it worth reporting.

I was very particular in interrogating them as to the length, and they were both quite positive that they could not have been less than 8in. MILTON MAYS.

[There seems to be good evidence that the mother snakes do offer a refuge to their frightened young within the body. Entirely competent observers have testified to witnessing the "swallowing" of their young by the mother snakes, and their testimony cannot be ignored or dismissed as an error of observation. The belief that the mother in time of danger receives the young into her throat or belly is a very ancient one among many peoples, both civilized and savage.]

Pinnated Grouse in Trees.

GENESEO, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having noted your remarks in regard to pinnated grouse not taking to trees as their cousins do, and Mr. Hough's correction of same, lest an error creep into the records, I wish, in turn, to correct Mr. Hough.

Pinnated grouse do not roost in trees, but roost in the long slough grass along the bottoms or burrow in the snow when the snow is deep enough for that purpose. They fly into the trees on still, frosty mornings, as I have often seen them do in the long ago, when these birds were more abundant in this section. Now, will someone who has been a closer observer than I have been, tell us if they went to the trees after buds, as the sharp-tail and ruffed grouse do, or did they fly up there to get a better view of that celebrated artist J. Frost?

I, too, have shot (at) them with a rifle. Finding them too wild to get within range of the Belgian musket I wielded in those days, I borrowed a rifle of a neighbor and went after them. I distinctly remember standing behind a huge tree and loading and firing at grouse in the adjacent trees nearly all of one forenoon, but the grouse kept right on communing with nature. I had not yet learned the trick of firing at the lower bird in order that the falling bird might not frighten away those beneath, but as no birds fell, I escaped the consequences of ignorance. E. P. JAQUES.

The Sense of Smell.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Assuming the good faith of Shaganoss, I must tell him that the marvelous powers of discriminating between differing smells, shown by Julia Brace, a deaf-blind girl, educated at the American Asylum for the Deaf, in Hartford, Conn., are as well substantiated as that there was such a deaf-blind person as Laura Bridgeman; having been carefully noted and described by the principal of that institution, and specially examined and reported on by the famous Dr. Samuel G. Howe, the rescuer of Laura Bridgeman, and head of the famous Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston, Mass.

But to be critically exact, the challenge of Shaganoss, awakens in my memory a suspicion that it is not distinctly affirmed that Julia did actually assort the clothing of her fellow pupils, but the firm conviction of the staff of the institution was expressed that she could do so. I can probably establish exactly what was said on this point by a long search through old papers if the exact point is deemed of sufficent importance, but being quite certain that she could smell at a dozen or more persons, and then select their gloves from a pile, and that James Mitchell (the first deaf-blind person whose case was scientifically studied, and who died about 1830) recognized all his acquaintances by their smells, and even formed his opinions of them by that sense, seems sufficent in showing the extreme sensitiveness of this sense when properly trained.

As the "soap" troubles Shaganoss not a little, I can give my own testimony on that point, within my own personal knowledge, for I have seen Helen Keller pick up a perfectly clean handkerchief, and other clothing, that was in the pile from the wash, put it to her nose and drop it, finding by the smell that it was not her own, and Helen is less distinguished in the matter of sense of smell than most of the deaf-blind are. I would remark, however, that if Shaganoss undertakes to investigate the sense of smell in the deaf-blind, he must remember that some of this class have no sense of smell whatever, the sense, and taste, having been destroyed, or greatly impaired, by the disease that ruined their sight and hearing. W. WADE.

What Did It?

NORTH CHELMSFORD, Mass., Sept. 11.—A pair of chimney swifts occupied my neighbor's chimney as a summer residence this year, the nest being located low down in one of the flues, and resting on the damper grate of an open fireplace. All through the summer, the loquacious twitter of the birds and their offspring was distinctly, and sometimes unpleasantly, audible.

A few days since, however, it ceased entirely. Investigation disclosed that the mother bird and her young ones were dead in the nest, and, strange to relate, the eyes of each had been plucked out. What visual enemy could have reached them in their secluded retreat? CORPORAL.

[Might not the eyes have been eaten out by ants after the birds were dead?]

What Tidings of the Captive Caribou?

Editor Forest and Stream:

About three years ago there was an account of the capture of a baby caribou at Moro Corners, Me., followed by several reports during a year or so of its welfare. Some doubts were expressed of its surviving long in captivity, and I think I express the wishes of others as well as my own in hoping to hear of its later history. DUNBAR HILL.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full-page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.

IN Capt. Kennedy's interesting book, "Sports and Adventures in Newfoundland," there is a spirited description of a conflict between two caribou stags, which the captain witnessed, in company with his guide, a friend, and a number of interested hinds that grouped themselves around the party, apparently to see fair play. They were in the midst of a heavy snow squall at the time, and the captain describes this wild and unusual scene as extremely exciting and picturesque. The fight was soon ended by the death of both stags by the rifles of the captain and his companion.

In the fall of 1891, while hunting caribou in Newfoundland, accompanied by my friend, Col. Cecil Clay, and his son, we happened to have in our employ two of the guides, Richard Lebuffe and Joe Busky, who were with Capt. Kennedy on that occasion, and on our expressing a wish to visit the locality of the battle, they offered to pilot us to the very spot, which was on Wolf Hill, some five miles from our camp on the big marsh, so we agreed to make the trip the following morning, and in order to make an early start concluded to retire early; before doing so I made the following preparations for a good breakfast, knowing we should have a long, hard day before us: I selected half a dozen fat loin venison chops which I placed in my wire gridiron, together with a few thin slices of bacon, the whole well seasoned. I then measured out a liberal amount of coffee into our coffee-pot, and after a last pipe crept into our sleeping bags. At the first signs of day we were up and making ready for breakfast. Lebuffe, our head guide, brought a kettle of boiling water. Col. Clay made a big dish of Indian meal bannocks, while I made the coffee and broiled the chops. These important matters attended to, we left camp with our guides, Richard Lebuffe, Joe Bushy and Martin Williams. After crossing French Woman's Creek, on the opposite side of the marsh, we separated so as to cover more ground. The colonel and his son wished to bring in a stag they had killed the day before, while Lebuffe and I intended hunting toward the summit of Wolf Hill.

As we were in the midst of good caribou ground, we went slowly, carefully scanning the ground ahead of us. As we were crossing a small marsh I called my guide's attention to a gray stone at the upper end of the marsh, telling him how much it resembled a caribou; just then the stone jumped quickly to its feet, and to our surprise the supposed stone turned out to be a handsome yearling stag. Not getting our wind, it did not seem to be the least bit afraid, but pranced about, evidently curious to make out what kind of creatures we were. First it would walk slowly up to within 50yds., or even less, then with a snort dash away 100 or more. What a chance for the colonel and his camera had he only been with us. I could have easily made venison of his prancing lordship, and very good venison he would have made, too, but we did not need it, so let it go, though it was an easy and tempting shot.

After fording another rapid and difficult stream we found ourselves at the foot of Wolf Hill, which, after a short rest, we began to climb. Though the October nights in Newfoundland are freezing cold, the days, when clear, are exceedingly hot, and we were pretty well blown and heated before reaching the top. When near the spot where Capt. Kennedy witnessed the combat between the big stags, my guide held up his hand warningly and dropped back into the bushes. "I see deer," he whispered. The natives of Newfoundland always speak of caribou as deer. Sure enough, less than half a mile to our right were four or five caribou feeding rapidly up the hill; but before we could overtake them they disappeared in the thick brush and we resumed our climb. After half an hour's stiff work we reached the summit tired and hot, so we stretched ourselves out on the moss and enjoyed a refreshing pipe.

The wind blew a gale from the west which was strongly in our favor, as it would prevent any deer in front of us getting our scent. While carefully scanning the ground ahead of us with my glass, I made out a small herd of caribou some 600yds. in our front; how handsome they looked with their white necks glistening in the sun! After watching them a while to make sure of their direction we started on a run to head them off, ducking low down so as to keep out of sight.

But to our great disappointment, when we reached the spot where we expected to find them, they were nowhere to be seen. And to our surprise and disgust, a few minutes later we saw them feeding calmly near the spot we had just left. They had—from no fault of ours—doubled back on their tracks and given us the slip. But such are the disappointments the deerstalker must make up his mind to bear. We followed them sadly, and somewhat discouraged at our bad luck. Suddenly Lebuffe, who was a little ahead of me, dropped behind a big rock, beckoning to me as he did so. "There are deer ahead of us," he whispered, his face all ablaze with excitement as he pointed them out. Sure enough, about 200yds. to our front, among the straggling bushes and feeding toward us, were three hinds and a fine young stag. When within about 150yds. they became suspicious and turned sharply off. Knowing this was my only chance, I aimed carefully at the stag and fired a quartering shot into his short ribs. At the report of the .40-65 Winchester he dropped stone dead with his legs spread out in spread-eagle fashion, not a kick or a struggle. The other three were not a bit alarmed, but walked up to the dead stag, smelled of him, evidently wondering why he acted so queer. I am quite certain I could have killed them all, but I had no excuse for the slaughter. While Lebuffe went to work butchering and skinning our prize, I busied myself making a rough sketch of the scene. While at work a great big, innocent-looking doe, with only one antler, came up and almost walked over me. Suddenly she got our wind, and with a loud snort dashed off like a racehorse.

The view we had from the crest of Wolf Hill was superb. Sheffield Pond, a bright blue gem of a lake, nestled at our feet, entirely surrounded by virgin forest; far away to the south the purple hills at the head of Hall's Bay lay bathed in the warm sunlight toward the northwest. The queer and picturesque formations known as the "Topsails" stood out in bold relief, while in every direction ponds, lakes and streams glistened in the bright sun; a perfect paradise for caribou, and all these waters swarmed with speckled trout which had never had a fly cast over them. By the time Lebuffe had completed his work, we had another caribou feed up to within easy shot of us. It went off badly scared but unharmed. We did not shoot, though sorely tempted. We ate a hurried bite of lunch and then started back for camp. On our way home we saw twelve more caribou, and had we had any good excuse could have easily killed at least three of them, but I had killed all my license allowed and venison was plenty in camp, so we resisted temptation and returned without further incident to our comfortable tent on the marsh, where we soon consoled ourselves with a hearty supper of venison steak and frying-pan bread. The colonel and his son soon joined us; they reported having seen thirty-five caribou during the day's tramp.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

HACKENSACK, Sept. 6.

ZIGZAG EXPERIENCES.—I.

THE New England sportsman, when planning for a day out with gun and dog in the stubble for the swift flying quail, or along the wooded hillsides for the peer of American game birds, the lordly grouse, or along the sluggish brook, that winds its sinuous course through alder runs, for the erratic woodcock, makes an elastic programme, having learned in the school of experience that it is the unexpected that often happens.

An unlooked-for experience frequently overturns his plans, a difficult or peculiar shot may surprise him in its result, and when a certainty seemed inevitable a humiliating failure is often his only reward. What is planned as a pleasant adventure may end in disappointment, and that of an untoward beginning may have a very pleasant ending.

These ins-and outs, these ups-and-downs, for the want of more expressive terms, I call zigzag experiences.

Under this caption I will briefly relate, from time to time, some of my personal experiences, and those of others to which I was a party. Some of these were pathetic, some marvelous, and some ludicrous. With one of the latter I begin the narration.

It occurred some few years since in the town of Charlton, one of the three towns of Worcester county that Hallock, some twenty years ago, thought of sufficient importance to be pointed out to sportsmen, in his "Sportsman's Gazetteer," as a good place for "quail, ruffed grouse, woodcock, etc."

Time, in his zigzag flight, has marked his changes here as elsewhere. A growing army of shooters has made sad havoc with the birds, many of the best covers of former times have been destroyed by the woodsmen's axe, and to others the "No Trespass" signs forbid an entrance.

Being invited to spend a few days in November at the Holmes Farm at Dresser Hill, of Revolutionary and subsequent fame and a good place for birds, a trio sauntered forth in the clear crisp, and bracing morning air—Erford, Charley, and the writer—hold! a quintette, for Shot and Doc, two as good setters as ever pointed a bird, were also of the party.

We journeyed to the north and west, and covered quite an extent of country, making some nice clean kills and some scandalous misses.

We added to our game bags in the McIntyre cover, and after marking it out, started for another cover nearly a mile away. To get there, we had to pass a very promising cover of considerable extent, which was posted with an abundanc of no trespass signs

The highway runs along one side of this beautiful chestnut woods, and on the other side of the road is a sloping hillside overgrown with scrub oak and an occasional dwarf pine. Turning a bend in the highway we saw, at a considerable distance, the old farmer who owned the posted land coming toward us with a yoke of oxen and a wagon. He was described to me as a cantankerous old man, who found no pleasure in life, or if qualified pleasure he found at all, it was in trying to make others as unhappy as he could.

Charley said I had better keep along in the road, and while the hillside was rather an unpromising place for birds, that he and Erford would take the dogs and work it out, and that if they started any birds which they failed to get, I might get a shot as they crossed the road to the woods.

Soon after they left me I saw the farmer, and accosted him with: "A pleasant afternoon, sir!"

"Wa-al, pleasant or not pleasant, I don't want you huntin' on my land. See them signs?"

"Why, my dear sir, you have a most excellent piece of woods there, and I would not think of harming it by walking through it," was my reply as I walked along.

Some little distance beyond the timber growth terminated in an open pasture, and turning round to see what had become of the farmer and his team, I saw them turning into the woods. As I turned about to pursue my way, I noticed an apple tree in the pasture not far from the woods, and instantly a partridge took flight from under it. As quick as thought I covered him and fired in the line of his flight; but seeing no bird fall, nor a single feather fluttering down the wind, concluded that I had scored a clean miss.

Breaking open my gun to replace the shell fired, judge of my surprise to see four more take wing and plunge into the cover before I could complete the act. Not an unusual experience to be sure, but mighty exasperating.

Soon the boys were at my side inquiring what I had shot at. Being told the story, Erford volunteered to go back and importune the farmer to let them and their guest put in a few hours in his woods. In the meantime Charley and I were to try and get some of the birds while negotiations were pending, even if driven off later, which it was thought we certainly should be.

We had not been long in the cover before Charley's dog pointed, and a plump bird fell to his gun, and but a short time thereafter I added another to my score.

We soon encountered Erford and the farmer, who finally gave his consent, much to their surprise, as they said later. Night came, and we returned to Dresser Hill after a day of rare enjoyment and success.

The following Christmas, our former friend and his wife were importuned to visit a married daughter in a city some little distance away, and the young people of the household took advantage of their absence to have a Christmas party of the young people of the town at the old homestead. After the Virginia Reel, money musk, apples, cider, and pumpkin pie, stories and good natured banter was the order during intermission.

"Well, Charley," said the farmer's son, "who is your friend from Worcester shooting partridges for now?"

"What do you mean?" said Charley.

"Why, don't you remember the day that Erford got father to let you fellows shoot up in the Chestnut woods? Well, just before Erford got up to father, your friend shot a partridge, that came tumbling down through the treetops and fell at his feet. He picked it up and put it in his pocket and thought he might get another, and so he let you fellows go on and hunt!" GEO. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

NEW JERSEY SEASONS.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Gov. Griggs, who is a fine shot both with rifle and scatter gun, and a good, all-round sportsman, recently delivered a very able address before the Bar Association on Legislation and Legislators, in which he scored the bucolic law makers severely, but very, very justly, we think.

What is the matter with our sportsmen of this State that they should allow the present game law to remain on the statute book for two years? The laws make the open season for snipe March and April, when the birds are mating or traveling north; then September, when there isn't any in all the State; then closed for the remainder of the year.

And the squirrel law, how abominable is that? Open September, then closed until Nov. 10. In September the rodents are only half grown, and in November they are in their holes, most of them. A friend of mine, an ardent sportsman, a good brush shot and a believer in good game laws, thought he would try the bushy tails for one day in Jersey. He started the first day of the season, Sept. 1, but he says he will never again draw a gun on a squirrel in Jersey in September, or at least not until the latter part of the month. He brought to bag five grays, all females and all in milk. Upon shooting into a nest, a little fellow dropped out whose eyes were not yet open; and he heard another one squealing in the nest. It was early in the day, but he shouldered his gun and came home, a sad and repentant sportsman.

This may be an exceptional year, when squirrels are so late in maturing; but, in the name of all that is rational, why make October a close month—the very month of all months of the year dear to sportsmen? The squirrels are ripe, so are the nuts, and the nimble creatures are bounding from limb to limb, laying in their winter stock. They are in their prime and delicious in broil or pie. It may be advisable to close this glorious month of crimson and gold for quail and hare, but nothing else.

"We don't like (and have often said so in your paper) the open season for woodcock in July, those hot, sultry days, when the swamps are reeking with malaria, and lively with snakes and Jersey's billions of blood-sucking mosquitoes. But we know of one man, a resident of Monclair, who watches most intently the Trenton law-makers every year in order to prevent the passage of any law that will stop his few days at the longbills in July. It is but a short distance from his house to their breeding places, and he claims that unless he gets a crack at them at that time, he gets none the whole year, as they are not found near his domicile in the fall; and yet he claims to be a consistent sportsman.

Why, one October woodcock is worth a half dozen of the tender, half-grown squealers of July, and it takes one of quick eye and steady nerve to stop one as with shrill whistle he towers above the scarlet maple or twists around the golden-hued oak copse. With what satisfaction a true sportsman gathers such a bird; and as he smoothes down its full-plumaged breast, and with the eye of experience weighs it in his hand, ere he consigns it to his game pocket, he says to himself: "I am not ashamed of that shot or its result."

How different in July. He goes out with his 10-gauge or 12 even, and with 1oz. of No. 12 or mustard seed shot lets drive at the little weakling through the thick leaves in the direction he last saw it, and then lets the dog do the rest. What kind of a show does the bird have? And if Mr. Sportsman stays out in the swamp all day, with the mosquitoes and flies and the heat, what condition is he or his dog in at the end of the day? Perchance half of his young birds have spoilt in his game pockets to be thrown away. But he had great sport, Bah!

I see that the State Sportsmen's Association has opened its eyes recently from its long sleep, and it proposes not only to have a big tournament the latter part of this month, but to take some active measures in regard to the protection of game. That is supposed to be the object of the Association, at least that is part of its name; but in years back, like the same body of men in New York State, has run more to shoots at the traps and a good time than bothering with game laws. I hope the Sportsmen's Association of Jersey in their conclave, will seriously consider the sad condition of the laws in this State, and give us something sensible and worthy the men of brain as well as nerve, who we know are prominent in that body. I wonder that some of your able writers have not had something long ere this to say in this matter of vital interest to Sportsman; and I hope this hasty note may stir them up, though I know that I tread on the corns of some of the July and spring shooters. JACOBSTAFF.

THE BRANDRETH PRESERVE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received, but only recently, a letter from you dated May 22, mentioning your proposed fourth annual report on American game preserves, and asking information concerning my private park, with special reference to the fish and game.

Complying with your request, I will say that I have strictly preserved about 30,000 acres of land in Townships 5 and 6, of Totten & Crossfield's purchase, Hamilton county, N. Y., which is situated on Lake Mohegan, Lake Sumner (now Lake Tuscarora) and Lake Shedd (now Lake Sagamore), and some fifteen to twenty miles of brook trout streams. For five or six years past I have stocked two of these lakes with brook trout and lake trout; and two or three years ago put in 4,000 or 5,000 landlocked salmon, and a few frost fish taken out of an adjacent lake.

I have fine mesh, heavy wire screen nettings across the outlets of Sumner Lake and Shedd Lake, and Lake Mohegan, which preclude the egress and ingress of fish.

I find that in Lake Mohegan the brook trout fishing is improved, and this summer, for the first time, landlocked salmon have been caught, one, I believe, weighing about 2lbs.

I find that the brook trout fishing in Shedd Lake and the outlet has become very much better the last year, notwithstanding the fact that this lake has black bass in it. The past spring over eighty black bass, some of them weighing 2½ and 3lbs., were caught in Shedd Lake one morning. I have so far failed to ascertain whether the frostfish have increased or not.

I permit no illegal fishing in my preserve, and I limit the catch of any one person to twenty-five fish.

Regarding the increase of the deer, I can speak with authority, and say that since I have preserved this property the deer have increased very materially. On one of these lakes as many as thirty-one deer during the early part of July have been seen at one time; and at Shedd Lake the deer go down close to the camp and eat up the beet tops and carrots out of the garden. In fact, I do not think there has been a single day this past summer that one or more deer have not been seen on the carries between the lakes I mention, and frequently many more than that number.

I do not see any difference in the partridges; there are some seasons when they seem to be more plentiful, and others when they are scarce.

It is impossible to give anything like an estimate of the deer on my property about Shedd and Sumner lakes. All I can say is, that I do not believe there is a spot in the Adirondacks where there are as many to the acre as on my preserve.

I have noticed a decrease in the bear signs, and no panther track or wolf track has been seen in years in my neighborhood. W. WEST DURANT.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTWEST.

HERETOFORE the writer from Texas has bragged about the game, gone into ecstacies anent the fishing, and has generalized about the health-giving ozone. But this year your correspondent desires to call the attention of the sportsmen's world to the market-hunter-tight game law which is now in full force and effect. To be sure, there is a lot of kicking going on, because the law prohibits the shipment, handling or carrying of game, not only out of, but within the State, and the man who hunts solely for big bags will find his occupation gone, for he can't take his game with him. This will necessarily confine game-killers to the appetites of their party, and thus will people be gradually brought to the realization that an outing can be enjoyed without the wholesale killing. It was intended to prohibit the shipment of ducks and geese, as well as other game, but the proprietor of the Moody-Canvasback rice culture preserve in Galveston spent a few bones, and had the ducks and geese excepted from the law, so that the anglomaniac epicure of Boston and New York can again regale himself with the toothsome canvasback and the succulent redhead that will be shipped from Lake Surprise every week.

Mongolian Pheasants.

Messrs. Albert and Ed Steves, Gus Critzer, of San Antonio; Wagenfuehr and Simons, of New Braunfels, together have about 100 Mongolian or Chinese pheasants which will be turned loose in the spring. The birds are protected for five years and the coming crop will add largely to the game supply of this country.

Capt. Dick Woods, who, with Col. Sam Allen, owns St. Joseph Island, say that the quail are fairly taking the island. These gentlemen are of the open hearted species, and invite sportsmen to their choice preserve.

All along the line of the Aransas Pass Railway quail are more plentiful than for years. At Alice, on the Skidmore branch of this road, deer are very plentiful, and at Mathis, on the Nueces River, turkey abound. From the car window one can see 100 jackrabbits at a glance. The country seems to be fairly alive with game of all kinds.

The Beeville people also report a large crop of deer, turkey, quail and other game. Likewise there is splendid fishing in the fresh-water streams of the neighborhood.

Every trap shot of this country knows Mr. C. Tiblier, of San Diego, Tex., not only on account of his excellent marksmanship, but also on account of that barn-door largesse of the heart which is not common in this world. He lives in San Diego, and told the writer that game is very plentiful in his bailiwick.

Max Luther, of Corpus Christi, wants the shooting world to know that the wildfowl shooting on Mustang Island will be the best ever known this winter. He knows several fresh water ponds on the island which are the watering places of thousands of ducks and geese.

A Good Shot.

Before the toot of the locomotive was heard in San Antonio, there lived a man by the name of Stouts, whose people were not distinguished by reason of the presence of their names on the tax rolls of San Antonio de Bexar; but who, on the contrary, enjoyed a kind of a river bank notoriety. They were lazy, and fishermen of the long cane-pole variety, and whose members daily enjoyed a sleepy sojourn on the San Antonio River in quest of bass. One day one of the longest, biggest-footed representatives of that angling aggregation hied himself to the muddy bank, and swishing a long Japanese bamboo through the foliage of an overhanging pecan tree, managed to plunk his live minnow in the middle of the stream. Falling backward from the effort, this denizen basked in the sunshine for hours, his legs in the water until the great toe of one foot only was visible from the opposite bank, his body, too, being hidden from view by the flag that grew on the shore.

It seems that a lot of young ladies, late in the afternoon, came on the opposite side. They were armed with a small-caliber rifle and up-to date ammunition, and they were looking for turtles. They saw some, fired at them, and then the great toe of our individual was seen to wiggle in the gloaming, and thinking it was a turtle the youthful sportswomen took a few shots at it. For a while all went well with the sleeping hobo, save the occasional plunk of a small-caliber bullet in the water, which he mistook for the gulp of a fish. But then all things have an end. So did our hobo's sleep. A bullet better directed than the others perforated the great toe thereof, and then there came a commotion such as had not been heard on the banks of the placid San Antonio since Jim Bowie put a bullet in Santa Anna's wooden leg. With a roar the owner of the perforated toe fled incontinently. A suit followed, which was promptly hushed by the lady marksman's papa with a handful of shining shekels.

TEXAS FIELD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

More Distinguished Sooners.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 4.—We are getting them on the lists. In addition to the distinguished sooners last week mentioned as having been brought to book for violations of the law, I have this week to add the name of Mr Lee Mitchell, of Noble, Ill., who was on Aug. 28 fined $100 and costs for shipping quail and prairie chickens out of the State, his shipments being made to Cincinnati. There are two very interesting features attached to this case. The first is that this arrest was the first one ever made in Richland county that was followed by a conviction, although there have been more than 1,000 chickens shipped out of the town of Noble alone already this season. The second and especially noticeable fact is, that Mr. Lee Mitchell is no less a personage than a Justice of the Peace, and therefore sworn to enforce and uphold the laws of the State which is unfortunate enough to claim him as a citizen. What his offenses in the past may have been we may leave to the imagination of the reader. His final conviction of willful violation of the law is due to the effective work of deputy warden J. E. Slocum, who has been at work also around Fairfield, in Wayne county. Warden Slocum has secured twenty-nine different convictions during his short season this summer, and he has about broken up the soonerism of the very soon community which lives in Wayne and Richland counties. Justice Mitchell was tried before Justice Gunn, at Olney, Ill., who soaked him $10 for each bird. This is the kind of a repeating Gunn to have.

So now we have a sheriff, a justice of the peace and a would-be warden, all within two weeks tried and convicted for breaking the laws which they are supposed to enforce.

Justice Mitchell, this is Sheriff Johnson, of Peoria. I am glad to make you acquainted. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you both Dr. Hedderly, of Minneapolis, somewhat of your sort, though he was not quite appointed game warden. I hope you will like the place.

Word to the Wise.

Mr. John G. Smith, many terms president of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, gives the following little instances of the "Word to the Wise":

"One man that I had out caught a fellow shooting prairie chickens. He paid well for his sport, and has concluded that he will let the chickens alone till after Sept. 1. W. W. Titus is at Whittemore, in this county, with his dogs. He sent me word that some fellows from that town were after the chickens, but that he could not catch them. I dropped him a card to let him know that I would have two men there to look after the boys. Mr. Titus lost the card, some one found it, as hunting ceased at once. I saw Mr. Titus yesterday, and he told me that he was satisfied that no more shooting would be done in August."

Work of Illinois Warden.

Warden Loveday tells me that he has at date appointed 244 deputies in different parts of the State, and that during this week alone these deputies have turned in, from various sections of the State, reports of eighty-one convictions; this summary covering not over 20 per cent. of the entire force of deputies, most of whom are yet to be heard from. Warden Loveday has seized thirty dozen illegal chickens in Chicago and four dozen illegal woodcock. He got nineteen dozen illegal chickens this week on South Water street, and got evidence against a restaurant man who was caught selling chicken out of season. This man he does not yet want mentioned, as he is going after him again a little bit harder. He has, best of all this news, secured a case against a South Water street firm—O. P. Emerson & Co.—the trial to come up Tuesday, Sept. 7, before Justice Prindiville. Mr. Loveday tells me that he finds the game dealers receive illicit game nicely done up in butter firkins and shipped as "Fresh Country Butter," the packages coming in with clean cheesecloth sticking obtrusively out from under the edge of the firkin, just as though it were butter and not birds.

Minnesota Airtight.

Minnesota is foremost in the spread of the doctrine of decency. From the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* of Aug. 29 I take the synopsis of the test case brought to see whether or not the State wardens would be upheld in destroying nets and weapons belonging to illegal shooters:

"RED WING, Minn., Aug. 28.—Judge Williston filed a decision to-day finding for the defendant in the case of H. Saupe and B. Wagner against B F. Seiz, whereby he sustains the validity of the section of the State game and fish law under which is authorized the seizure and destruction of property used illegally in fishing or hunting. Last summer Seiz, as deputy game warden, arrested Saupe and Wagner on a charge of illegal fishing and confiscated and destroyed a net used by them. Saupe and Wagner sued Seiz to recover the value of the net, claiming that the law which authorized its seizure and confiscation was unconstitutional. Judge Williston holds that the law is constitutional, being only a legitimate exercise of police power; that the plaintiffs are not entitled to the relief demanded nor to any relief whatever, and that the defendant is entitled to judgment and the action is dismissed."

Fresh News From the Chicken Fields.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 10.—The general report of abundance of prairie chickens in Minnesota and Dakota is only partially true. In lower Minnesota it is not true at all. In upper Minnesota the shooting is better. In all flat lands, and over much of the prairie country, the crop is poor. There are more birds in rough and hilly regions, and more especially in country partially timbered. Not only the sharp-tailed grouse, but also the pinnated, has this year, more than ever, been found in timbered sections; and some shooters predict a change of habits in the prairie chicken in this respect, the result of continual hunting in the open.

At Bird Island, lower Minnesota, some chickens are reported, but no abundance. At Atwater, lower Minnesota, the crop was below expectation. At Graceville, a much exploited point, the results were bad. The Merrill brothers, of Milwaukee, hunted here, and saw only twenty three birds, bagging sixteen. Disappointed, they at once pulled on up to North Dakota, near the Turtle Mountains. Near Hutchinson, Glencoe, Stuart and other points west of here in lower Minnesota, but meager bags have been made, and it is certain that the crop was poor.

Upon the other hand, the shooting has been much better in Ottertail county, in Clay county and other sections further north in Minnesota, one bag of 120 in two days to four guns having been made, the top bag yet heard of for Minnesota this year.

At Morris, Man., as I am advised by Mr. B. Waters, the chickens are scarce, only 100 seen in the course of an entire field trial.

At Fargo, N. D., so shooters interviewed here to-day advise me, the chickens are gone. The Red River Valley has no sport to offer near there. In the sandhills, a day's journey south of Fargo, upon the contrary, the shooting at chickens was good in opening week

At Dawson, N. D., the chickens were not disturbed, and the shooting is fair.

At Webster, S. D., the chicken crop is reported good.

To any non-residents unacquainted in Minnesota, I would advise for chickens to go to Ottertail county, and to go quick.

But ducks are plentiful, although the estimate of the chicken crop was quite too large, it has not been large enough on the duck crop. Not for ten years have there been so many of ducks all over Minnesota at this season. They have bred in thousands in countless sloughs, swales, water-holes and new-made lakes. All shooters now back from trips in this State agree that the duck crop is an immense one.

The prairie chicken is a departing bird. We should not expect ever again to see what we once called "good shooting" at these birds.

Yet there are chickens enough in some sections to offer reasonable sport.

Ducks are not yet shot out over the lake-dotted prairies of the Northwest to so great an extent that a trip will not offer big reward in sport.

FOREST AND STREAM will have, in due course, a *resumé* of the season's prospects and results in Minnesota and the Dakotas. Early next week I am to meet State Warden Bowers, of North Dakota, and have a small shoot and a big talk with him. Then I am to have a small shoot and a big talk with Executive Agent Fullerton, of Minnesota. Both these gentlemen are in town to-day. There is plenty of news from the shooting fields to be had in this interesting corner of the land, where shooting and protection are beginning to try to walk hand in hand together. There is not time to catch FOREST AND STREAM this week with more than a fraction of this.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Takes Their Heads Off.

OROVILLE, Okanogan County, Wash., Aug. 29.—Our grouse season opened for shooting the 15th inst. That is according to law, but in reality it has never been closed unless it is near some of the large towns. There they may pay some attention to the law, but here on the reservation miners and prospectors begin killing as soon as the grouse come down from their winter quarters, and the result is there are very few to kill this fall

It is the same with deer. Two years ago the country around Mount Bonaparte was thought to be the best place to find big game. Last week some Indians came to the mill and wanted some grub They had been out four days, and had been clear around Mount Bonaparte, and had not seen a deer nor killed a grouse.

I went out a few evenings ago and after three hours' hunting with a good dog I got three nice young grouse. They were the first I have shot at since last fall. I had to use my telescope rifle, as my eyes are changed so much that I can no longer use open sights. However, I did not score a miss; I took the heads off from each, and whenever I cannot do that well with our modern appliances it will be a sorry day for

LEW WILMOT.

Pennsylvania Quail Whistles.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Sept. 8.—The indications are that we are going to have lots of quail this fall. While driving through the country this summer they could be heard whistling on every side.

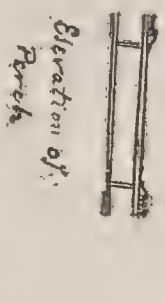
E. E. W.

A BOAT AND BOAT-WAGON.

In a country like this, where ponds and lakes are plentiful and good boats are scarce, it is often convenient for the angler to have a light boat of his own, and to have also some means of transporting it readily from place to place.

With a view to meeting these indications I had built the nicest fishing boat I have ever seen. It is 16ft. long, 42in. beam, canvas-covered, with cedar ribs and planking, and has a cane seat in the stern. It weighs about 125lbs. It is steady enough to stand up and walk around in, yet so well modeled and finely finished outside that it is a very easy boat to row, It has been universally admired by those who have seen it, and has been a constant source of comfort to me during the three seasons that it has been in use. It cost $65, and I do not believe anything better or better-looking can be made for the money.

To carry this boat from place to place I had made a boat wagon, which, so far as I know, is original in design. This wagon consists essentially of two well seasoned spruce boards, 14ft. long and 8in. wide, fastened together in the shape of a letter A, and mounted on a pair of wheels and axle. The axle crosses the boards at such a point that the boat when loaded is almost balanced, the front end of the load being a little heavier than the hind end. The boat is immediately supported bottom side up by two perches, of a height sufficient to clear it entirely from the boards and axle, and is held in position by a cleat on each end of each perch, and by straps passing from one of these cleats to the other over the bottom of the boat. Thus mounted, it is obvious that the jar produced by jolting over rocks and other inequalities in the road is distributed along the elastic boards instead of being transmitted directly to the boat, as would be the case if the load rested immediately on the axle. The perches and cleats are well padded to prevent the gunwales of the boat from being rubbed by the slight motion between them and the cleat. The boat wagon and its load is fastened to the rear axle of the riding wagon or buckboard by straps which pass underneath staples in the front of the boat wagon. At this point the spring boards are reinforced by a transverse cleat. The details of this arrangement may be seen from the accompanying diagrams and photographs.



F. T. BUNKER, M.D.

MAINE.

Middlesex Association.

THE annual meeting of the Game and Fish Protective and Propagating Association of Union, Somerset and Middlesex counties, N. J , was held last week in Plainfield. The Association is in a flourishing condition, in spite of many drawbacks, and during the year twenty-five active members have been added to the membership roll, in addition to a large number of land holders.

The report of the finance committee showed a balance of $82 95 on hand. The committee on game laws reported no material change having been made by the last Legislature. The committee on slander, to whom had been referred the matter of suing certain farmers for slanderous attacks upon the Association, reported the matter laid over for the present.

A number of land-owners were accepted as members, and the following committee was appointed to secure the names of the land-owners and to post their grounds: F. Day, R. H. McCullough, Henry Haurand, W. H. Carman, of Dunellen, and J. J. Goff.

Votes of thanks were tendered to the retiring officers and to Counsellor William Newcorn, for their work, and to W. H. Carman, of Dunellen, Dr. Nelson, of Newmarket, and Percy C. Ohl, for liberating a dozen quail each on the grounds of the Association. Thanks were also extended Peter Weaver for aiding the officers in protecting game on the preserves of the Association at Greenbrook, and to the *Courier-News* and *Press* for their notices and good-will during the past year. The secretary was instructed to send a letter of condolence to the family of Edward W. Hawes, of Newark, a member of the Association, who died a short time ago.

The election of officers and directors resulted as follows: President, John J. Goff; Vice-President, James Stamfield; Secretary, Henry Haurand; Treasurer, R. H. McCullough; Counsel, William Newcorn. Board of Directors: F. Day, W. H. Carman, Andrew Lutkins, J. J. Goff, Henry Haurand, George Fielding, R. H. McCullough, Louis Van Dyke, August A. Warden.

The report of the secretary, which was read and accepted with thanks, showed that there were forty-eight active members and forty-three land-owners on the roll, making a total membership of ninety-three. In the early part of the year ten dozen quail were liberated on the game preserves by the Association in addition to a dozen each by W. H. Carman, of Dunellen, and Dr. Nelson, of New Market. It was intended to liberate 100 rabbits, but only two dozen could be secured. These were liberated at various points and have done well, reports show that notwithstanding the loss suffered by the floods and vermin game is plentiful on the preserves, and the prospects are that the members will have plenty of good sport the coming season. Two hundred rabbits for next season have been ordered.

Besides the regular preserves of the Association at New Market, Feltville and Warrenville, the secretary reported that there were a number of private preserves controlled by the Association, some of which have been stocked by their owners, while others are used as breeding grounds. No shooting is allowed on the latter. The Rothcap farm along Greenbrook and the Percy Ohl farm is included in this list.

Contrary to the efforts of the Association, no changes in the game laws were made by the last Legislature. The Association's committee consisted of Percy C. Ohl and Secretary Haurand, and their efforts were recorded by the Legislative Committee on Game and Fisheries, which consisted of Messrs. Scovel, Litteret, Hutchinson, Wilder, Stokes and Hopkins, and to them many thanks are due. The game laws in this section are particularly well observed, and the game warden and his deputies find nothing to do.

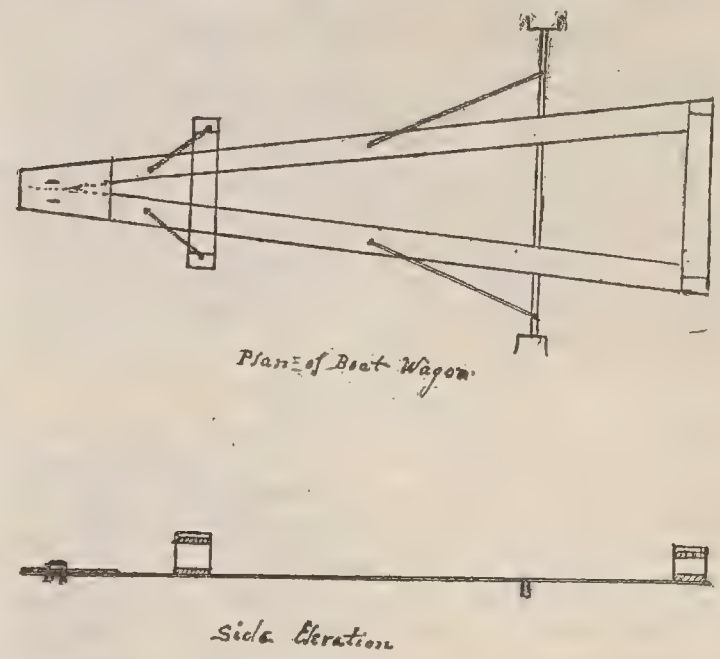
The secretary reported that he had received for initiation fees and dues $219. The expenditures had been $136.05, leaving a balance of $82.95 on hand. A tribute of respect was paid by him to the family of Edward W. Hawes, of Newark, a member of the association, who died early in the summer, and in conclusion he expressed his hope that all members may have much fine sport the coming season.

The Way of the Transgressor.

Sometimes it's Hard.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I copy the following from the columns of our local evening paper, the *Haverhill Gazette:* "Harry W. Spaulding, of this city, pleaded guilty to killing a calf moose when arraigned before Judge Durgin in the Dover, Me., Municipal Court, Wednesday, and paid a fine of $100 and costs, which the judge imposed.

"Last September a party composed of W. W. Spaulding and Harry W. Spaulding (his son), with George Leath, Frank Defoe and Amos Thibido as guides, left Kineo for Allegash Lake via. Mud Pond Carry.



"On Oct. 3, while one of the guides was paddling, Harry ran across a cow moose with a bull calf. Spaulding was sitting in the bow and first fired a shot at the cow and then shot the calf. It is not known whether he killed the cow, but one was found not far from the spot dead a few days after. The guides used a part of the calf for food. The charge of killing the cow was not pressed."

Mr. Spaulding is not a member of our club, I am happy to say.

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas. Haverhill Gun Club.

And then Again not so Hard.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Milton Yetter, president of the East Stroudsburg National Bank, and Chas. Warman, superintendent of the glass manufactory at Stroudsburg, were convicted yesterday of illegal fishing and each fined $100 and costs, the full penalty. Their defense was that the lessee of the land had invited them to fish.

After the decision, Messrs. Yetter and Warner caused the arrest of Charles Peters, Charles Dolan and Richard Miller for the same offense, and they have been held for trial. A peculiar part of the affair is that half the fines go to the informer, and though Messrs. Yetter and Warman were fined $100 each, they will receive back $150 for furnishing the information for the arrest of the other three.

W.

And Sometimes it's Harder.

A decision handed down by Judge Williston in the district court at Red Wing, Minn., fully sustains the new rule of the Game and Fish Commission, looking to the confiscation of guns and ammunition found in the hands of sportsmen who are hunting out of season. Last spring the game warden at Red Wing seized a large lot of nets and seines in the river near Red Wing, and the owner of them brought suit to recover possession, claiming that the State had no right to confiscate his property. He admitted the right to arrest him and impose a fine if guilt were proved, but insisted that his nets were his property and that the State had no right to take them. The case was fought very earnestly by the State, and Judge Williston has decided in the State's favor. He lays down the broad principle that the State has the right, as a police regulation, to enact laws looking to the confiscation of all property of this sort, whether nets or seines, or guns and ammunition, and that the courts have no right to grant redress to any party caught red-handed in a violation of the fish and game laws and fined in a court of record. This decision has braced up the general office in St. Paul, and made Executive Agent Fullerton very proud indeed of the fifteen handsome guns which his deputies have taken hold of since Aug. 1.

Florida Protective Clubs.

THE Marion County Game Protective Association offers a reward for evidence sufficient to convict any person or persons found shooting, or otherwise destroying deer, quail or wild turkey during the close season. The penalty affixed by law is $25 for each quail, $25 for each wild turkey, $50 for each deer shot out of season.

The illegal shooting of quail close to the town limits of Titusville has been reported, and will lead to an investigation by members of the Titusville Gun Club, which, it is hoped, will bring the offenders within the pale of the law.

Dr. Webb's Hunting Party.

YELLOWSTONE LAKE, Wyo., Sept. 9.—Dr. Seward Webb, of New York, and a party, including his two brothers, have arrived here *en route* to the Jackson Hole country on a month's hunting trip. There they will be met by Gen. Coppinger, Sir Ross Price, of London, and a number of army men. It will be the largest hunting party ever seen in this section of the country, comprising about 100 men. They will have a couple of hundred mules and horses with which to pack provisions.

The Sportsmen's Exposition of 1898.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The next Exposition of the Sportsmen's Association will be held at the Madison Square Garden, March 12 to 19, 1898. At a very early date we shall give all further particulars.

J. A. H. DRESSEL, Sec'y-Treas.

Lenox Fish and Game Protective Association.

LENOX, Mass.—At the annual meeting of the Lenox Fish and Game Protective Association, held at the Lenox Club on Monday, Aug. 9, the following officers were elected to serve for one year: President, S. Howland Robbins; Vice President, D. W. Bishop, Jr.; Sec'y-Treas., Clinton G. Gilmore. Executive Committee: F. A. Schermerhorn, Hon. Wm. C. Whitney, W. D. Sloane, John I. Kane, John S. Barnes, John E Parsons, W. D. Curtis, J. W. Burden, John E. Alexandre, Isaac Newton, G. G. Haven, Morris K. Jessup, John Sloane, Charles Lanier, David Lydig, Anson Phelps Stokes.

It is earnestly requested that the residents of Lenox assist in enforcing the game laws of the State.

CLINTON G. GILMORE, Sec'y.

Chesuncook Fish and Game.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 9.—I should feel lost without my copy of the FOREST AND STREAM, which reaches us on Friday evening. I have been into my camp on Chesuncook Lake twice this season. In June we had excellent fishing; as an evidence of the same I have a 4½lb mounted square tail before me as I write. Our five largest weighed 20⅜lbs. You can form an idea of how plenty the deer are in that locality when I state that on June 26 I counted twenty-one deer in my clearing at one time. We also saw several moose upon that trip Quite a large party of us leave here Oct. 5, and expect to remain about three weeks. F. L. SHAW

In a Palace Car.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 7 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* A party of gentlemen have bought of the Worcester Excursion Car Co. the well known palace car Yellowstone, in which they will make a four week's trip to northern Minnesota and Dakota for prairie chickens, duck and goose shooting. The party will leave here about Sept. 22. This will be a most delightful trip at the most delightful season of the year. If any readers of your valuable paper should like to join this party a limited number could be accommodated, either ladies or gentlemen, if application be made at once to A. B F. Kinney, Worcester, Mass. A. B. F. KINNEY.

Use for the English Sparrow.

I AM glad to see they have found a use for the English sparrows. They serve them up at Manhattan Beach as Philadelphia reed bird. Unfortunately they do not resemble those delicate little bird excepting in size; and are wretchedly dry and bitter—fried corks would answer just as well.

W. H.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

LV.—James L. Vallotton.

ONE day last winter I met Mr. Vallotton on the street in New York, and as he spoke kindly of my sketches I ventured to say: "I've been thinking of writing up our trip to Pasque Island and will do it unless you make a serious objection. I will take pleasure in recalling those days, as I did in the days themselves. Now, don't say no, because I want to do it."

"My dear boy," said he, he was ten years my senior and therefore had a right to call me a boy; "my dear boy, I would have no objection to your writing up that trip only there's nothing to write about; not the slightest thing of interest occurred that I remember, and I fear the story will be flat. However, that's your affair, so go ahead if you can make a yarn of it"

With this in mind I wrote him on Aug. 28 at the Union League Club, where he had made his home since 1888, asking for the date of our fishing trip. The letter was returned in an envelope of the club with a note, saying: "Mr. Vallotton was taken to St. Luke's Hospital three weeks ago and died on Monday last, Aug. 30; his funeral will be held at the hospital on Thursday." The letter reached me on Friday evening.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Vallotton at the angling tournaments in Central Park, in which he took great interest, especially in the contests in "heavy bass casting," usually acting as judge or referee. He was the treasurer of the National Rod and Reel Association and I the secretary, therefore we were often brought into contact after the tournaments. One day, about a dozen years ago, he asked me to fish for striped bass with him at the Pasque Island Club, of which he was a member and for some years had been its president. Here was a chance to see and take part in the capture of big bass of 10 to 50lbs. in the waters of Martha's Vineyard, Naushon, Nashawana, Pasque, Cuttyhunk and Penikese were all familiar names of the Elizabeth Islands which separate Buzzard's Bay from Vineyard Sound, and I had read much of the fishing there. I did not decline the invitation, and joined my host at the comfortable club house.

It was Monday night, and before retiring the members present drew for stands for the next day. There were about fifteen stands around the island and these were drawn for each night, the highest number taking first choice, and so on. Mr. Vallotton drew only once, as he intended to stay with the novice and be his mentor. The stands were not near together, and thus his being with me was a necessity, for while I was an adept at bobbing for eels, bottom fishing, chumming and trolling for salt water fish, skittering for pike and fly-fishing for trout and black bass, I had never used a free-running, multiplying reel to cast from in actual fishing. I had seen it done in the tournaments, and my friend Frank Endicott had given me some lessons, yet I had not attained the art, which seems to be more difficult than to cast the fly.

A stiff rod, not exceeding 9ft., is used. A 2oz. bait of lobster tail, or a slice of menhaden, is the bait. The latter is reeled up to about 2ft. of the tip, and with a sidelong sweep it is sent into the surf a hundred or more feet away. It looks so easy when done by an expert, like Mr. Vallotton, that the beginner is surprised at his failure. His free-running reel has overrun, "back-lashed," and his bait is suddenly checked in its flight. The reel is on top of the rod and must be checked by the thumb of the rod hand, and in a nice difference between too much checking and not enough lies the secret of bass casting. My trials had been on land with a 2oz. lead sinker, which gave less resistance to the air than the bait. I could not do it, and Mr. Vallotton cast for me all the first morning, while I watched the process.

The stands are built on prominent rocks, with iron stanchions firmly let into them, and on top is a semicircular rail of iron pipe about waist high, to allow the angler to cast without fear of falling. These are often reached by plank bridges stretching from rock to rock. If the sea is rough, the angler is clad in oilskins, and looks out that he is not washed away.

We fished the rising and the falling tide faithfully and did not get a strike. We tried it for five days with the same result. From seven to eleven men fished the different stands on Pasque Island that week, and only one bass was taken, a small one of 6lbs

On Friday night Mr. Valloton said: "There seems to be no use in trying; the bass are not here. I regret very much that I should have selected such an unfortunate time, for I wanted to see you take a good fish."

I assured him that I had enjoyed the trip, and thanked him for it; that I was enough of a fisherman to know that no man could tell when there was going to be an off week, but that I had learned much about casting from the reel which might be of use on some future occasion.

"As to-morrow is our last day," said he, "and there have been no bass taken of any consequence at Cuttyhunk and the other clubs, with no prospect of any better fishing for some days, I can assure you some of the best bottom fishing for tautog and sea bass on the coast. They are always with us in great numbers, and are ever hungry. Would you like it?"

"Yes; it beats no fishing all to pieces, if it is not the highest form of angling. There was a time—when I was younger and had only just learned to take a trout or bass with a fly—that I turned up my nose at all bait fishing, especially of the bottom kind, and compared it to dragging the East River for dead bodies, but that is a state of mind that often comes to young fly-fishers. You remember that Dr. Bethune, in speaking of fishing with the worm, in fresh waters, said: 'My hands have long been washed of the nasty things.' Well, I thought so at one time, but, while I like to take a fish with a fly, my philosophy says if they will not have it in any of its varied and artistic forms, then offer them what you think they want."

"That's my philosophy exactly," said my friend, "we've fished faithfully for five days for the grandest game fish in the world, not excepting the salmon, and they are either not in our waters or are not in need of menhaden or lobster tails, so I will tell the steward to order baits for bottom fishing to-morrow."

And so we went out and anchored in one of those tideways between the islands, which are curiously called "holes" by the natives, and fished in the swift water with drop lines, heavy sinkers and clam bait. If the striped bass were absent, the sea bass, tautog or blackfish, and other kinds were present in great numbers, and had appetites for clams that were surprising. There is a little fish which is always found where the tautog is and which is soundly hated by all salt-water anglers. It can remove a bait without letting the man at the other end of the line know it, and he only finds that his bait is gone when he has waited awhile for the bite which does not come, and then pulls up to find that he has been fishing with a bare hook. It is rare that one of these nibblers is hooked, but Mr. Vallotton brought up a large one, fully 6in. long. He fastened it to a line, with a piece of cork to float it, and for half an hour played with the gulls, snatching it away when they were about to seize it, until finally one gull got a grip on it and tore it loose.

This to me was very amusing, for it was done so seriously. Mr. Vallotton was one of the most dignified of gentlemen; stately in manner, careful and precise of speech, and always so carefully groomed that a speck of dust would avoid him if it could. He was one of those trim, elegant old gentlemen who can be seen by the score any afternoon on Fifth avenue, and who are more plentiful in New York than in any other American city, and therefore I was amused to see him play with the gulls. Evidently he thought it as good sport as bottom fishing, which he stopped in order to tease the gulls. And I don't know but it was as good, or better. The fish bit so fast and were so surely hooked that it was poor sport to haul them in as fast as one could bait and throw out. It lacked that uncertainty—those mingled sensations of hope for a strike and fear of loss, which is the charm of angling.

"Can you tell me," said he, when he resumed fishing, "of what possible use these little nibblers are?"

"Certainly; they serve many useful purposes, as all living things do. They take your bait, and as you provide enough to cover this expected loss the clamming industry is encouraged. They enlarge the vocabulary of the market-fisher, who invents choice epithets for them, and so our language is enriched. They, in common with some other fishes, have several names which sharpen our wits to remember; for instance, about New York, where the Dutch settled, they are known as the bergall; along the Connecticut shore the fish is a cunner; further east it bears the Indian name of chogset, until we reach Cape Ann, where the fish attains its extreme size of 10in., and appears on the table under the name of blue perch. In its turn it serves as food for larger fishes, and is of great service to an angler who tires of fishing and wishes to have sport with the gulls."

"Is that all?"

"All that I can think of at present. If more time for thought could be allowed, I might find more good in the little bait-stealer, which seldom exceeds 5in. in length about New York, and is considered as a pest of the first water."

"Well," said he, "you've made out such a good case for the little nuisance that I'll send down some more clams for it to nibble on; we have plenty, as the steward said he had ordered 200 to be opened, and there are a great number left."

He had hardly lowered his line, when there was a violent tug on it, which drew it through his fingers so rapidly as to scorch them, for he held it loosely. He grasped it firmly, and declined all assistance, saying: "It must be a 20ft. shark, if not a whale; but it must come in." As it neared the surface, I saw that he had a big "barn door" skate, one of the largest and smoothest of our skates; and I got hold of its tail and swung it in the boat, where it flopped around until I killed it with an oar, for it was too large to go into the clam baskets, which had been brought to hold the other fish and keep them from spattering us.

"Now," said my friend, "since you gave such a good character to the little cunner, perhaps you may speak a good word for this misshapen thing."

"I can, and am glad to do it. The skates are good food; not of the first-class like salmon, striped bass, shad or others, but they are better than weakfish, and equal to many others that go to the markets; yet there is a senseless prejudice against them. They are common in the markets of Europe and I've eaten them there, but you can't get our fishermen to try them because their grandfathers didn't eat them, and tons of good food are thrown away every day through prejudice."

The old gentleman looked the fish over and then said: "Pardon me, but are you serious in this matter? Is this sea monster really good to eat?"

"I am serious, and if you will have it cooked at the club and will taste it, after I do, you will find that it is of real value as food. Mr. Blackford has eaten it, and it was this fish which, more than anything else, led to the founding of the Ichthyophagous Club, which was organized to overcome prejudice by sampling all living things which came from the water."

"But," said he, "there appears to be but little meat on so broad a fish. After you take off its wings there seems to be nothing left of it"

"The wings," I replied, "are really great broad fins, which it uses like wings, and flies in the water as a bird does in the air, and these are the edible part of the fish."

The result of this talk was that we had the fins of the skate fried, and induced some ladies at the club to try them. All pronounced the skate very fair, and I've been curious to know if any of them ever tried it again, or if their curiosity was satisfied. None of the boatmen, nor the fishermen along our coast, will eat this fish. They destroy tons of it every day, and people in our large cities are looking for cheap and wholesome food. Such is the effect of blind, unreasoning prejudice, which follows a beaten track and dares not sample a skate, sea-robin or toadfish, partly because they are not handsome, but mainly because some one told them that these fishes are "not good to eat."

When we had fished to our satisfaction, and wearied of pulling in fish which seemed to be anxious to be caught, we went ashore. The half-bushel clam baskets were full of good sea bass and blackfish, which the steward would use in some way; but how many there might be we never knew.

Several times after this I dined with Mr. Vallotton at the Union League Club, and he always spoke of the time when we ate the skate. I think he regarded it as one looks back upon some daring deed from which he has escaped unharmed.

A friend who is a member of the Union League Club, and who only knew Mr. Vallotton slightly, says: "He spent much of his time in the library and was never known to have been engaged in any business. His rooms at the club were richly furnished and contained many valuable paintings. He had no very intimate friends, but was always pleasant and agreeable."

That describes him well. He was a most agreeable man to all men, but one who never seemed to unbend from his formal manner under any circumstances. He was a man whom you might know for years, but with whom you would never be intimate. Yet he was not a cold man despite his dignified and ceremonial manner, which one soon learned to know was not assumed.

James L Vallotton was born in Savannah, Ga., in 1823, and his mother brought him to New York after his father died, about 1840. His mother died in 1860 and then he married a daughter of Robert Sheills, who left him a comfortable income. She died in 1875, and from that time Mr. Vallotton devoted his spare time to angling.

He was as fastidious about his fishing tackle as he was about all other personal matters. His reels must be sent to the maker to be looked over and oiled, and the rods must be tested at the beginning of each season, while all last year's lines were discarded for fear that there might be a chafe on a rock, or some weakness which might cause the loss of the very large bass which he might possibly hook.

He took many large bass, and the record of them is on the books of the Pasque Island Club, but there are so many miles between those books and my den that I can't attempt to give the weight of his biggest fish, but I do remember how his eye brightened as he told of fighting a 35lb. fish.

In rounding up this sketch of a gentleman angler, I wish to record my belief that angling for big striped bass in the ocean surf, as practiced by the anglers who compose the bassing clubs of the Elizabeth Islands, is a sport not a whit inferior to salmon fishing. FRED MATHER.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Sept. 4 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* The casting tournament held to-day was the last one of the season. These were the scores made:

	Long Distance Fly, Ft	Distance and Acc'y. Per C't.	Acc'y and Delicacy, Per C't.	Bait Casting, Per C't.
W. T. Church	...	....	....	85 2/5
B. W. Goodsell	104	83	89 6/5	94 4/5
E. D. Letterman	61	....	....	95 1/5
C. A. Lippincott	...	89	91 1/3	89 2/5
C. G. Ludlow	85	78	8 2/3	85 2/5
G. A. Murrell	95	81 2/3	8 1/2	91 4/5
F. N. Peet	105	90 2/3	91 1/2	77 2/5
J. E Strong	78	....	....	....
H. G. Hascall	...	....	....	89 1/5
M. D. Smith	73	....	....	86 1/5

Holders of medals: Long distance fly, F. N. Peet; distance and accuracy, F. N Peet; accuracy and delicacy, F. N. Peet; bait casting, E. D. Letterman

A Cumberland Catfish.

AUG 27.—A Barbourville, Ky., correspondent records the capture of a yellow catfish which tipped the scales at 42½lbs. and measured 4ft. in length. It was taken from the river at Barbourville, Ky., about sixty miles above the Cumberland Falls. The lucky sportsmen were Will Hinkle, Capt. McDaniel and James Sewell.

Bluefish at Fire Island Inlet.

BLUEFISHING has been good for the past week at Fire Island Inlet of Great South Bay, Long Island. Boats going out from Babylon, Bayshore and Sayville have made fine catches. The fish run large. The sport should hold for some time yet.

CAMP FOREST AND STREAM, EIGHTH ANNUAL.—II.

An Astral Body.

WE read now and then of that rather vague and indefinite quantity known as an astral body, but it is not of record that many persons have ever seen such a thing. In Camp Forest and Stream all things come true, and it was there that for the first and only time I saw an astral body—as it chanced, that of my own self. Now, a great many men are puzzled over questions of mental philosophy, and indeed, the more mental philosophy one studies, the more he becomes mixed on questions such as those of consciousness, of identity, of the ego, etc., etc., so that after one has studied quite a long while he has lost his confidence in about everything, and is therefore almost fit to write a book, or found a school in something or other. If we want to be happy, the best way is not to found schools or write books and things, but to just go on living. If you do that, and let the sun and the air have charge of you, you will amount to about as much, and get about as far along in the questions about astral bodies and that sort of thing. This I know, because in Camp Forest and Stream we mostly don't think very much, but just live; yet it was there that I saw my astral body, a thing which in earlier times I had not thought about very much, but which at the time was not bothering me in the least.

It happened this way. I was down at the spring for water, while J. B. H. was up on top of the hill watching a fire of hickory bark burn down low enough so that he could broil a fish. It was about 7 o'clock in the evening, and the sun, which is obliging enough to set always just across our lake from us, so that we can have a good view as we sit at table under our big hand-made oak tree, was casting a very intense glow upon the glassy surface of our lake. After I had dipped up my pail full of water from the little spring, I turned and started up the hill, which is very long and steep, J. B. H. and myself always camping at its very top, by reason of the excellence of the view and the freedom from mosquitoes thus afforded. As I was slowly walking up the face of this sharp bluff, I saw distinctly my shadow, clear and black, traveling along at my feet, as any decent shadow should. This shadow was short and sharp, plainly visible against the dried blue grass sod of the hill. There was no mistaking the fact that it was my shadow, for no one else was there except myself. What was my surprise, then, when by chance I cast my eyes on ahead up the hill (I always did so look up ahead, so as to see J. B. H. sitting over the fire; it was such a comfortable sight), what was my surprise, I say, to see, traveling on up the hill far ahead of me, a second, far longer and much fainter shadow, which imitated every movement that I made, and slipped on across the wall of the trees which lined the side of the ascent, and crossed the top of the blue grass hill long before I myself had gotten there! This shadow moved with perfect ease and freedom up the hill, though I myself was no little put to it for breath, such is the steepness of the pitch at that point. Thus we three, I myself, and my shadow and my astral body, walked up the hill together, myself no doubt the most surprised of the three, for my proper shadow said not a word, nor is it of record that astral bodies are ever surprised at anything that happens, they are so very well bred. Well, I set down the water pail and told J. B. H. that I had seen a haunt, or else I was called, or anyhow I had seen my astral body and therefore broken a record; for, of course, as soon as I got to the top of the hill, and began to talk to J. B. H., the astral body discreetly withdrew. They are very shy. J. B. H. was not startled beyond taking another chew of tobacco, and presently he pointed out to me the strong sheet of reflected light thrown up from the mirror of our lake by the flaming sun which was sinking upon the other side. He explained to me, in very plain fashion, that my double shadow was made, one-half by the rays of the sun and the other by its reflected rays, the latter being longer and fainter for reasons plainly to be seen. This explanation he evidently expected would prove conclusive, so I did not urge the matter, though still confident that what I really saw was my own astral body floating up the hill and across the screen of trees.

How to Kill a Catfish.

One day J. B. H. and Mr. Schwartz's lady boarder and I were out fishing for croppies on our own private croppy bar, which at last we had found again (we can't always find it without a long hunt), and we wanted croppies badly that day, since Mr. Schwartz said he would like a mess for his family. We only got about a dozen and a half of the right size to suit us, and along toward the close of our engagement the croppies ceased to bite as in all propriety they should have done, and J. B. H. actually disgraced the enterprise by catching a bullhead, a coarse, fat, aggressive fish, which appropriated the best place in the boat and smiled derisively at us.

"If I had a broom straw I would kill you, Mr. Fish," said J. B. H., confidently, as he repelled the advances of the bullhead with his foot. I did not know what was the burden of this dream on the part of J. B. H., though usually he is able to substantiate things pretty well. Yet I pointed out that, although Camp Forest and Stream contained about all the estential ingredients of a camp, it boasted no store-made broom, so we would probably have to kill the bullhead with the axe.

The difficulty of killing a bullhead is well known. You may tread him under heel, yea, may crush him to earth, but he will rise again, being in this respect different from a plug hat, or a great many other things. As I have earlier remarked, you may break, you may shatter the bullhead if you will, but the sand of the bullhead will linger there still. They were made for the uses of adversity, and you shall find no single other fish that swims more fit to survive without the refining influences of a game preserve. Knowing all these things as I did, of course, it was with feelings of some surprise that I saw J. B. H., immediately upon our landing at our shore, busy himself with the search for a long, stiff, blue grass stem, which should, in so far as possible, bear resemblance to a broom straw; it being agreed that our camp broom, constructed as it was of a bunch of crooked boughs, would afford no straw suitable for this purpose, whatever it should be.

At length J. B. H. found a good stiff stem of grass, and began his operations on the sturdy fish, whose equanimity was in no wise lessened. At first he thought there should be in the center of this bullhead's forehead, and midway between the eyes, a tiny hole about the size of the grass stem, but in this his memory was at fault. So he took his knife and gently cut the skin at that point. Lo! below the skin was a little depression, into which the grass stem followed readily. It progressed on and back for a space of 2 or 3in., at which point a strange thing occurred. The bullhead which, ordinarily, would have wriggled, and twisted, and gasped, and died like a turtle in its stout reluctance to yield up the spark of life, at once gave a single gasp, a single shiver, and lay absolutely still and dead!

"You can kill a 40lb. catfish that way," said J. B. H., "and it seems to be practically painless. The straw touches the spinal cord, and death is instantaneous."

We cut off the head of our dead bullhead, and there at the very point where the head is joined to the spine, at what represents the *medulla oblongata* in catfishdom, I suppose, there was visible the stem of grass which had killed the hardy fish so painlessly and quickly. J. B. H. told me that he had used this way of killing catfish before, but so far as I know, it is something rather new to the public. At least, I have never heard of it before.

Eye Glasses and Rifle Shooting.

In his younger days, as I have said, J. B. H. was a famous rifle shot, and with the old squirrel rifle there were not many who surpassed him, I imagine. As he is now in his seventy-sixth year, it is natural to suppose that for some time he has laid aside the rifle. It chanced that we had in camp a little .22 rifle, for frogs and the like, and this weapon we used when carrying out Mr. Schwartz's admonition to kill off all pigeons we found around his barns. When we went up to the house to take our neighbors some fish, or to lay in a stock of bread or eggs, we would take along the little gun and kill us a pigeon or so. This rifle, I soon found, needed great care in its handling, as it was sighted in such a way that its point-blank was about 50yds. To strike a pigeon in the head, one would need to hold about on his knees; and it is a very uncertain matter, when you see a pigeon sitting on a barn, just where his knees are. It was my regular practice to miss about as many birds as I hit with this gun, and this I plainly saw annoyed J. B. H. very much, though he was too polite to say anything. At last, one day when we were going to have company and needed four pigeons, and only had one secured, I fired four shots and only got one bird. "Blamed if I don't believe I can shoot better than that myself," said J. B. H., with sheer disgust overpowering his politeness. So I gave him the gun, with a quit claim to a pigeon I had missed, a fair shot of not over 28yds, the bird sitting on the ridge of the barn and in a strong light. J. B. H. went up to the side of the building near which we stood, and after carefully settling his spectacles upon his nose, took a deliberate sight, after the fashion of the rifleman whose creed is that meat should follow every shot. And verily, at the crack of the beastly little rifle the bird tumbled from the ridgepole, shot through the neck! "I saw you were shooting high," said J. B. H, calmly. After which I let him carry the gun when we went after pigeons.

One day we were down at Eagle Lake, some few miles away, getting bread and calling on cottagers, when a good-sized rainstorm came up. We had an hour's pull up through a winding, weed-grown channel between the two lakes, and it was too late in the day to wait if we wanted to get to camp that night. There were three of us, the lady boarder at Schwartz's happening to need transportation home from the lower lake that evening. Yet to the three fell only two mackintoshes, this leaving me in shirt sleeves, and a very pretty bicycle cap by which I have been wont to set much store. When we were half through the channel the rain let go all hands and came down in a sheet. It was very cold on my back for the rest of the half hour or so, and both J. B. H. and the lady boarder got very wet in spite of their mackintoshes. The boarder bemoaned the fact that she could not get home across the woods in time for supper, and when invited to eat supper with us, expressed open disbelief in the power of any human being to cook supper in that rain. It was a rainy evening in camp, the worst affliction that can befall the camper, and the one which proves whether or not he is the real article or simply an imitation.

What we did was to get supper just the same, and to eat it and enjoy it more than almost any meal we had on the trip. Methinks the lady boarder will long boast of this adventure, such as might go into story-books of impossible fiction, but which in this case really came to pass. When you see the magician pull the rabbit out of a hat it looks difficult, but really it is easy. Of course all woodsmen know it was easy for us to pull the rabbit out of the hat in this case. The rain was very heavy, and we had no means of cooking except in the open air; but we had mackintoshes now to keep us dry, and we had rubber boots. All about us grew big oaks, some of which had dependent, dried limbs, cured on the tree, so that the bark and sap wood had all rotted off, leaving only the hard seasoned heart. A few of these limbs, not soggy from a soaking on the ground, we broke from the trees, and from them split out some splinters of dry wood. With these we built up a cob house, and over this yet another house of heavier dry fagots, and over this we spread a covering of bark and boughs. Then J. B. H. so vigorously fanned with his drab straw hat that ere long the tiny flickering flame began to gain confidence in spite of the dribble of rain, which sizzled at the edge of the fuel. At last it crept up and into the heavier sticks and dried them, and beset them into giving flame. After that we piled on little logs cut from a lean tree we had pushed over, so our fire held its own in spite of the rain, J. B. H., a tall and flapping figure in gum coat, moving calmly as ever about the evening fire, though it was far too large and hot to be an ideal cooking fire. We boiled coffee, holding out the coffeepot at length upon a stick, and not daring to let the flame burn down. Here, too, at a corner less ardent than the rest, J. B. H.—who is an excellent cook—executed a pan of bacon and eggs in his best style. Meantime I had found yet another form into which I could turn the Protean tent. I pinned the edges of the front to the edges of the fly, and stretched them both out sideways as far as they would go, thus forming a wide extension to our tent, so that its interior looked roughly like that of a lounge or tepee, with its single pole, however, to remind us that it was a tent. Of course our beds, built up high of hay over a tarpaulin, were dry, and came down well to the front of the tent. So we sat on the beds of blankets and spread our table on the ground under the addition made the fly and the flaps. Here, flat on the grass, our little 5 cent torch flared and flamed and smoked sturdily, and confirmed our belief that it is the best camp lamp we shall ever find; for the rain could not quench it, the wind could not blow it out, neither did it cast more shadow than it gave light. Our lamp lit up the entire interior of our extemporized lodge, showing all things therein to be dry and defiant of the storm. From the grocery box, of course, we had this evening sought forth all the especially delectable boxes and cans and jars and bottles, and so we spread as good a supper on the ground inside our lodge as we could have had if we had been eating at our table, some 20ft. distant and very wet and dripping in the downpour. We scoffed at the rain and were happy, not failing to laugh as we set the lady boarder across the fields on her way home, to tell at the farmhouse a wonderful story of cookery done out of doors and in the rain, and of an old gentleman, past three score years and ten, who murmured not at all, but was peaceful and happy though the rain pelted him, and the smoke got in his eyes, and the fire followed him about when he wished to fry the bacon. But this caused me no wonder at all, for I had learned long ago that J. B. H. was a thoroughbred, ready to take things as they come.

As to the fishing, we did nothing very startling this year. The bass troubled us not at all, and we had no records which we sought to make. We would fish a while for croppies, the best fish for the table (we caught them up to 1¼lbs. and 2lbs., the fattest and best croppies I have ever seen), and after we had enough of these for ourselves and Mr. Schwartz, we would go into camp and rest awhile. In the evening we continued to take the fly-rod, and fish for small fishes along the shore in front of our spring, where they jumped very lustily every night. Each time we would take half a dozen or a dozen of rock bass, black bass or the big strawberry bass, the latter the best fighters for their weight of any fish in the lake, and the readiest to strike the fly in the evening. We caught six or seven black bass in all on the fly in this way, using the gray drake and the coachman; but as we had no need for these bass, and preferred to eat croppies, we always put them back again. The little lake seemed to be full of bass fry this year, and if all goes well, there should be better bass fishing there in a few years. A party of men across the lake from us caught one pickerel weighing 15¼lbs., but we did not fish for pickerel, or indeed see or hear of any other. We made no hard work of our fun, but lay about camp and ate things and made lemonade (J. B. H. always insists that one lemon is enough for a pail of lemonade, if the water comes from a good spring; he says he learned this when he was a boy, and lemons cost 6¼ cents apiece); and when night came we sat by the fire till toward midnight, and talked over things which happen in this world, or ought to happen, or could happen if they tried. To me the world is not always a very good sort of world, possibly because I drink too much coffee sometimes and get a touch of dyspepsia; but to J. B. H., whether he has dyspepsia or not, the world has always seemed a good and wise one, well ordered and meant for the happiness and improvement of those beings now dwelling upon it. Over these things we argue far into the night. Yet never have I altered the sweetness of his belief that this is a good world; good, though it sometimes rains at supper time. And though we talk till the fire falls in and scarcely leaves us light enough so that we can find our way into the blankets, we finish always by agreeing that the very best place in all the world for us is the little camp, with the little fire and the little tent, on the high hill by the side of the little lake. "Boy, there are still waters," says J. B. H. It may be. At least, I have another coffee stick in my medicine bundle now, and we look forward now to the ninth annual; myself not without interest, for I have wondered why it is that J. B. H. and the still lake smile at each other so understandingly, why it is that they both accept the world and remain so peaceful and unfretted. If only I could have caught and questioned that astral body which slipped away over the top of the hill!

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Some Reflections, and More Food for Same.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 4.—Mr. John G. Smith, of Algona, Ia., has some reflections to offer upon the recent statement in these columns in regard to the number of fish taken in some of our Wisconsin lakes by certain parties during the present season. First I shall give Mr. Smith's reflections, and then give him some more food for some more reflections. In his letter Mr. Smith says:

"In your letter to the FOREST AND STREAM of the 28th inst. you say that the wife of a lumber dealer has caught seventy-five muscallonge this summer, and that her guide, a man named Rouleau, has in the same time caught ninety-seven muscallonge. Now, suppose these fish weighed 10lbs. each, the amount would be 1,720lbs. As I understand the law in Wisconsin, no person can take over two fish out of the State. And I hardly see how they can eat so many fish. You also write in the same letter that two men caught 100 bass in one day, one of which weighed 5½lbs. Are these people fishing for the market? How long will our fish last if they are destroyed as you state in your letter? It seems to me that it is time to give the fish a chance. Our game has been destroyed by people that have nothing else to do, and we shall soon be without fish in the lakes and streams."

These reflections are timely enough. I have often wondered that we have any fish left in those wonderful Wisconsin waters, which have been so harried for the past decade. The most wonderful of the catches made in that country were never recorded, and it is perhaps well they never were. They happened in those early days, about a dozen years ago, when many of the muscallonge waters were just opened by the railroads, when many unscrupulous men caught ton after ton of muscallonge and made no use whatever of them, lacking even the humanity to return to the water the fish they could not use. I have earlier mentioned parties who left heaps of fish to rot on the shores of the lakes of Wisconsin, and I have years ago reported instances where fish were buried in the sand to hide them. I have before now given the name of parties who were driven out of the woods later on by residents who, untutorted as they were, would not tolerate such butchery any longer. Since those days there has been a very great change, but even yet the number of fish taken in the upper Wisconsin waters is something fairly unpleasant to think about. Were it the general custom to return to the water such fish as were not wanted, this continuous drain on the waters would not amount to so much, but very often no thought is had about this, the sole desire being to make and prove a record. In the case of Mrs. Williams I do not know what disposition was made of the fish, which were taken through a considerable term of fishing. They were probably not sold, though they might perhaps have been had this been desired. There is a busy little lumber town at Star Lake, and the husky hands there could eat a lot of fish in a summer if the angler cared to so dispose of them by gift or sale. It may be that these fish were returned to the water when not needed, I cannot say.

In the case of some of the Dayton, O., anglers to whom attention was called last week, the fish were not returned to the water. The *Inter-Ocean*, of Chicago, has the following interview with the Ohio party:

"G. E. Shepherd, D. G. Porter, A. H. Reeder, R. G. Craighead, D. E. Meed, Harry Loy, E. H. Bunstine, and Ed Reynolds, all of Dayton, O., have been stopping at J. E. Feeley's hotel on Round Lake, reached by a twenty-two mile ride from Fifield station.

"These gentlemen were in Chicago last Saturday, and Mr. Shepherd, as spokesman of the crowd, said: 'One of our party landed a large muscallunge, early upon our arrival, so we fished Round Lake afterward, and were successful. There are muscallonge, Oswego bass and wall-eyed pike in the two lakes.

"We caught ten muscallonge that weighed 203lbs. Mr, Reeder landed the heaviest, it weighing 26½lbs. Dr. Porter and Mr. Craighead each caught one weighing 25lbs.

"We used a No. 9 Skinner spoon, and seldom had bait. We fished in pairs, Dr. Porter and I leading the list for the greatest number of muscallonge, having caught seventy-five.

"We shipped seventeen boxes to our families and friends."

These fish that were shipped were subtracted permanently. I adduce the weights rather to show the catch than to call attention to the violation of the law, the provisions of which may or may not have been known to the Ohio men who wanted to remember their friends.

Yet another instance of heavy fishing in Wisconsin appears in the columns of a local paper of East St. Louis this week, which mentions the catch made by Messrs "Leek and Wies, of this city; Dr. G A. McMullen and Clark McAdams, of Alton." These gentlemen caught bass, pike and pickerel "to the tune of about 1,000lbs., 400lbs. of which was distributed in East St. Louis." I do not cite this as another instance of law breaking, but only to show the amount of fish taken, so that we may have more food for reflection.

Better Methods.

Out in Minnesota the muscallonge have not yet been fished quite so hard as in Wisconsin. When Mr. H. G. McCartney first told me that he had established his Minnesota place, Kabekona Camp, I called to his knowledge the disastrous results of the former fishing policy in the muscallonge waters in Wisconsin, and begged him to use all his influence to make it the custom at his place to return to the water at once all 'lunge not needed for food or for especial trophies. He said that he would do this, and I am told by many gentlemen who have been there (not that I wish to claim the least credit for that fact) that at Kabekona waters the anglers have, almost without exception, made a practice of putting back the fish they could not use. Of course, the keeper of a hotel cannot dictate to his guests, but it is pleasant to know that the guests at the camp have needed no dictation on this point. I have at hand a recent letter from this camp, written in duplicate to Mr. Geo. W. Davis and Mr. August Hirth, of this city, which will show a little about the angling possibilities of new waters in the pine country of our middle West. The letter is written by F D. Heffron. The Mr. Raisbeck mentioned is from New York city. The communication reads:

"AUG. 14, 1897.—This finds George Raisbeck and myself after ten days' sojourn at Camp Kabekona. We have had a delightful time and good success fishing, having taken over 900 game fish, including bass, pike, pickerel and six fine muscallonge. Kabekona is all that has been said for it, beautifully situated on Woman Lake, commanding a magnificent view. The appointments are first-class in every particular, and our treatment has been very courteous and most satisfactory. Mr. McCartney certainly deserves much credit for having established such a fine place for sportsmen. We heartily recommend it to any who may wish the very best place for fishing and shooting we have ever visited. We have fished on fourteen different lakes, none of which are more than seven miles from the camp. Yesterday was our best day's catch, scoring 313 bass. To-day we leave for a little trip to Leech and Bemidji lakes."

I append scores in detail of the above two anglers, as prepared by the camp keeper, also those of other anglers.

"Fred. D. Heffron and George A. Raisbeck arrived Tuesday, Aug. 3. Fished a little while Tuesday evening; Wednesday, 4th—100 bass, pike, pickerel; Thursday, 5th—A. M., 12 bass and pike, 2 bass 4½lbs., 1 4lbs., 1 3lbs.; P. M., 23 bass and pike; Friday, 6th—126 bass, pike and pickerel, 1 muscallonge 25lbs.; Saturday, 7th—32 fish, 2 muscallonge 25lbs. each, 1 muscallonge 12lbs.; Sunday, 8th—82 fish, 1 muscallonge 17lbs.; Monday, 9th—57 fish, 1 muscallonge 14lbs.; Tuesday, 10th—Broke camp; Wednesday, 11th—101 fish; Thursday, 12th—30 fish; Friday, 13th—313 bass. These fish were all returned to the water except a few for eating. This is a correct account of fish caught by the above gentlemen in Woman and other lakes around camp. J. C. ASHTON."

Yet other records are: "Eight people here. Their catch yesterday was as follows (three did not fish): Johnson Bros., 148 bass; Gentry and Taylor, 170 bass; Thompson, 70 bass. They did not have frogs or would have caught a third more. Monday, Aug. 23—Gentry and Taylor, 96 bass yesterday, average 2½lbs.; lots of them 4lbs. and over in Hunter Lake. CLARK."

Now if Mr. Smith will take out his pencil and go over the reports in these columns in the last two or three weeks of FOREST AND STREAM, he will find that he has added a good many tons of bass and muscallonge to the total he has already figured out. He may further add the scores of the unnoted anglers, in the unnoted waters, in the unnoted weeks and months of the whole season, the unnoted destruction as well as the unnoted though growing percentage of fish returned to the waters by the anglers who did not want to wantonly destroy them. About how many tons has Mr. Smith figured all this to be, working upward and outward from the known data at hand? Neither he nor I would dare to face the total of rod and reel fishing alone if we had it at hand. It is something enormous, no doubt. It cannot last, no doubt. I bear always in mind the statement made to me years ago by A. Booth, the big fish packer, and which I have often reiterated here, that if it were not for the restocking of the Great Lakes by the State governments there would be no market fishing in the Great Lakes to-day, because the fish would all be caught. Yet these great inland seas would seem to be impossible of such diminution in fish life. How about the smaller lakes, rich though they be in game fish? Mr. Smith will not need, as he concludes, to read his answer in the stars. He will be able to read it ten years hence in the angling records, which will then be dwindling. The game records, as he says, have dwindled from year to year. The fish will last much longer than the game. If the anglers will put back what they do not need the fish will last forever. If we would use our game and our game fish as we do our hens, we would have fish and game forever. Is this asking too much, that we respect a prairie chicken as much as a yellow pullet, and a muscallonge as much as a speckled hen?

The Other Side of the Picture.

So much for one picture, the side showing the wonderful natural abundance of the fish supply in certain favored parts of the country. For the other side, for the other picture, for the obverse of this flattering front, bear in mind always the story of the market fisher of the Great Lakes, and paste in the hat always the following chance newspaper clipping, which I take from the columns of the Salina *Press*, of Salina, Utah:

"Salina fishermen have put away their rods and reels, and have given up all thoughts of angling. They are a disgusted lot of fellows. A few years ago Salina Creek was alive with trout; now not a fish is in the stream. Lost Creek used to be an angler's paradise; it, too, no longer furnishes sport to any one. When unscrupulous parties discovered that they could obtain money easily from the capture and sale of mountain trout they gave no regard to law, but began a war of extermination. Traps, nets and explosives have been freely used in all our streams, and now they have become exhausted. A few years hence a mountain trout in southern Utah will indeed be a curiosity."

The new Illinois fish law regulating the size of marketable fish was put in force for the first time known in the State last week at Momence, when J. D. White, known as "Turkey" White, was arrested, charged with shipping a box of undersized bass to Chicago.

The War in Wisconsin.

It is a pretty fight that is going on up at Lake Winnebago, Wis., between the market fishers and the better elements. Much has been printed in FOREST AND STREAM over this little hotbed of protective work. The wardens have been assaulted, shot at, nearly crippled by the fishermen at times, but have still held to their work. The law has been defied and depised by the market men, and they have banded together to break it, not only in part but in whole, with what color of success as has been shown. Just as the Tolleston Gun Club, of Chicago, has been the greatest example in America of the coming preserve system with all the vicious attacks which are sure to be made upon it and which are sure eventually to fail, so has the little band of sportsmen at Lake Winnebago—unnamed, but not unorganized—in Wisconsin, given us the best idea of the coming fight between greed and seemly restraint in matters of the use of the fish supply of the country. The better men of the country, both in Chicago and about Winnebago, uphold the doctrine of restraint and conservation, as against the thoughtless waste and destruction of the old and unbridled ways. One of the best little editorials on protection I have seen for a long time outside of the sporting press was printed last week in the *Menasha Breeze*, of Menasha, Wis., and it has the further merit of summing up the whole fight situation so well that it may be offered in full:

"The fishermen of Lake Winnebago are as relentless of purpose, and as incorrigible as to discipline, as were ever the Sioux under their old chief, Sitting Bull. Personal defiers of the law they invoked its aid to secure the fish and game law of '95 declared unconstitutional. They waged war upon the State in the courts, and fought its deputies upon the water. They won, but the victory was a bootless one, as the next Legislature passed a similar law of a yet more stringent character. For some time many of the fishermen have tried to completely ignore this last legislative enactment, but the deputy game wardens have been pretty active, and many arrests have been made and convictions secured. Now the fishermen have once more decided to resort to legal warfare and fight the matter in the courts. They are circulating a subscription paper in the endeavor to raise money to send an attorney to Madison. Where they got the 'sinews of war' for their long fight before is a mystery, but they did, and there is no reason to doubt their success in securing funds on this occasion. The Lake Winnebago fishermen are about the shortest-sighted people on earth. What benefit will accrue to them if they do succeed in having the present game law knocked out? Before they will have made enough money to pay their attorney fees, the Legislature will meet again and pass another one. They will then have lost what little public sympathy they still possess, and future legislation would certainly not be to their advantage. There are also other things to consider. Game laws are passed to protect the game. If there was no danger of Lake Winnebago being fished out, the State would certainly make no endeavor to restrict fishing. If the fishermen were allowed to have their way in the matter they would be the class in the end to suffer. In a few short years their vocation would be gone. If the fishermen would only sit down and consider these things from an unprejudiced standpoint, it might save them lots of trouble and they would be money ahead. On the base of their previous record, however, it is doubtful if they will." E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Locating Sea Fish.

KNOWLEDGE of the habitat of deep sea fish can only be obtained by feeling the bottom with repeated and laborious soundings, aided by that intuition which enables an experienced person to determine where they are by the color of the water and the configuration of the land Codfish and some other species can be traced in part by following the bait fish upon which they feed and which appear upon the surface and in the bays and estuaries at certain seasons. Sea fowl, seals, porpoises and hump backed whales are of great assistance to the investigator, indicating by their own presence the presence of other fish. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Bass in the Bay of Quinte.

I KNOW that there are good fishing grounds in Lake Champlain, and the fishing ground of the future will possibly be Georgian Bay, but to-day there is no finer fishing ground for black bass on this continent than the Bay of Quinte from Sept. 1 until the middle of October.

Mr. MacPherson, son-in-law of John Roach, took quite a large number of bass last year at Northport weighing from 4lbs. to 5lbs. 2oz., and I have taken many bass weighing 4½lbs., which is the highest that I have ever seen taken in the Bay. Trenton and Northport are the points of attack. C.

Bass at Plymouth Rock.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Sept. 12.—The bass fishing about here has been fairly good during the summer, a number of 4 and 5-pounders having been taken from Billington Sea by different parties. The prize fish of the season, however, was a small-mouth black bass taken Sept. 10 by Mr. Lyman Ward from Darby Pond, weighing 5lbs. 14oz. C. C. HOOD.

The New Jersey Coast.

WARETOWN, N. J., Sept. 5.—Mr. T. L. Hagston, of Mass., and Mr. J. B. Hagston, of New York, are spending a few days at the Bay View House, bass fishing. Their catch has been twenty-two one day, and twenty-four next.

J. H. BIRDSALL.

The fishing holds good at Asbury Park, Barnegat, and all along the Jersey coast. It is the salt-water anglers' opportunity of a lifetime.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 4.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y, Danbury.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

THE MANITOBA TRIALS.

THE trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club were run on chickens at Morris, Man., commencing on Sept. 6. Hot weather and scarcity of chickens affected the trials unfavorably, as in the previous week. So far as trials on chickens is concerned it was very fragmentary and inadequate. As between the range, speed, judgment and industry of the better dogs as compared to the poorer, it was an easy matter to decide, but as between the best dogs, one with another, in their work on chickens, the data was too meager for satisfactory conclusions. Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, famous as a breeder, owner and amateur trainer of setters and pointers, and a contributor also to the sporting literature of America, judged alone. He managed and decided the competition very well under the unfavorable circumstances. He proceeded with more deliberation than most judges, which in the excessively hot weather was rather an advantage than otherwise.

There were but few visitors in attendance: Mr. and Mrs. Bell, of Pittsburg, and from Winnipeg were the following: Messrs. Wm. Whyte, Gen. Supt. of the Canadian Pacific R. R., J. A. M. Aikens, J. A. K. Drury, C. Girdlestone, E. J. Bennett and M. Christie.

The Amateur Stake.

There were nine entered to start, two of which failed to appear. The order of running was therefore different from the order of drawing.

Hal, first, is a good-looking pointer, and on his work was easily the best dog in the stake. He ranged a useful width, had no idling tricks, neither frittering away time on false scents nor pottering in his bird work, and withal he worked pleasingly to the gun. He used his nose when ranging, carried himself well and showed accuracy, precision and stanchness on point work.

Ortolan, second, had a wide range, good judgment in conducting it and she carried herself well. She had no good opportunity on birds, and little of any kind owing to their scarcity. She, however, was always searching with attention and showed signs of being a good worker.

Duke's Rush and Swab divided third and fourth. The former had a good range, though he beat out his ground very irregularly, sometimes going wide, sometimes nearby, yet he was constantly at work, and he showed useful capabilities on birds, though he made some errors on them. His efforts were well sustained from start to finish. Swab had medium range, as a whole, and she had quite fair success in finding birds, but her manner of locating was inferior, and she made errors when they seemed easily avoidable.

The class of the dogs in stake, as a whole, was much superior to the average amateur stake, and in some respects it compared very well with the open events.

Mr. Archibald made his *debut* as a field trial handler in this stake and he showed remarkable aptitude. He handled his dogs quietly, kept on the course properly and attended nicely to his own affairs.

Owing to the scarcity of birds, the test was necessarily not so thorough on them as could be desired.

Following is the order of drawing:

Chimo Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Ortolan (Orlando—Atalanta), C. F. Archibald, handler, with A. C. Reed's b. and w. setter bitch Ella Wheeler (Ponto—Swab), owner, handler.

A. C. Reed's b. and t. setter bitch Swab (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), owner, handler, with Chimo Kennels' o. and w. setter dog Larry Noble (Ezra Noble—Cornelia G.), C. F. Archibald, handler.

Winnipeg Kennels' liv. and w. setter dog Duke's Rush (Duke of Manitoba—Cam Sing), W. C. Lee, handler, with Chimo Kennels' b. and w. setter dog Prince Rupert (Larry Noble—Atalanta), C. F. Archibald, handler.

E. J. Bennett's b. and w. pointer bitch Tannis (Rector—Minnie) with F. G. Simpson's b., w. and t. setter bitch Miss Brandon (Gladiator II.—Cam Sing). This brace failed to appear.

W. Whyte's liv. and w. pointer dog Hal (Yacht—Pansy), G. B. Borradaile, handler.

This stake was for all setters and pointers, the property of amateurs residing in Canada. Dogs which had won first place in any field trials of any previous year, or whose owners have trained for money, are barred. All dogs to be handled by owners or other amateurs. Prize, a handsome silver cup, presented by the patron of the club, his Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. There were three places—first, second and third.

Monday.

A cool, moist wind blew from the east, and as compared with the previous week there were improved conditions in every way for better competition. In the forenoon more success rewarded the efforts of the dogs in seeking, though birds were far from plentiful. The day was clear and comfortable. Few birds were found in the afternoon.

First Round.

ORTOLAN AND ELLA WHEELER started at 7:46. Ella pointed uncertainly, then moved on, and two birds were flushed near by afterward. Ortolan flushed a bevy down wind on a wheat stubble. Up at 8:27. Ortolan was a very good ranger, and he ranged with sound judgment. Ella's range and pace were ordinary.

SWAB AND LARRY NOBLE were cast off at 8:33. Larry ranged wide, so wide indeed that he was much of the time beyond bounds, and showed imperfect interest to the gun. He found and pointed a bevy. Swab joined in the point, as a

single bird of the bevy flushed. Swab pointed a single. Up at 9:25. Swab had a narrow range, which was much reduced in the latter part of the heat.

DUKE'S RUSH AND PRINCE RUPERT were cast off at 9:30. Down 58 minutes. Prince ranged wide, and with good judgment. He had a pleasing way of going. Toward the last of the heat he was ranging less widely. Rush kept diligently at work from start to finish, and he covered a useful area of ground, though his range was less than Prince's. He has a short, choppy stride, but as he works well within his powers, he does not run himself down quickly. Only one bird was found in this heat. It flushed wild before anything definite could be gained from it.

Tannis and Miss Brandon, next in order, did not arrive, so the bye dog was next run.

HAL, the bye, was run with a setter for a running mate, which flushed a bevy, and on the scattered birds Hal made two good points and showed a very superior order of ability in roading, locating and pointing accurately. He ranged well and with judgment, although at the end of the heat he was narrower in his casts. Up at 11:05. Down 35 minutes.

Second Round.

Six were kept in the competition.

ORTOLAN AND SWAB started at 4:23. Swab pointed. Nothing found. Swab next made two flushes. Up at 4:59. Ortolan ranged well. Swab's range was medium.

LARRY NOBLE AND DUKE'S RUSH began at 5:13. Duke flushed a single up wind. Next he pointed a single well. Neither dog worked out the ground properly, each casting wide in the prairie, giving little heed to the stubble, near the edge of which were the best opportunities. Several birds were flushed by the wagons. Larry ranged too wide. Duke made quite a good showing in diligence and ranging, barring the matter of judgment already mentioned. Up at 5:45.

PRINCE RUPERT AND HAL began at 5:53. Hal was going across wind on the stubble when two birds flushed wild ahead of him; as he went nearer, another flushed wild; he caught scent a moment afterward, and dropped to a point on the rest of the bevy. Up at 6:08. Hal ranged well, and he showed knowledge and skill in his point work.

Third Round.

ORTOLAN AND DUKE'S RUSH ran 19 minutes, beginning at 6:21. No birds were found. Both ranged wide and fast, Ortolan the better.

ORTOLAN AND SWAB were started at 6:47, and ran till 7:08. No birds found. Ortolan was much the better ranger, though Swab was sustaining her work well, and her seeking was well sustained.

The Derby.

There were eleven starters. They were drawn as follows:

Tabasco Kennels' lem. and w. setter bitch Tabasco Butterfly (Antonio—Minnie T.), S. J. McCartney, handler, with J. J. Odum's b., w. and t. setter dog Sport McA. (Tony Boy—Blue May), D. E. Rose, handler.

R. J. Myers's lem. and w. pointer dog Chisholm (Von Gull—Croxie), D. E. Rose, handler, with Tabasco Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Hurstbourne Joel (Tony Boy—Bonnie Bell II.), S. J. McCartney, handler.

Dr. J. R. Daniels's lem. and w. pointer dog Sam's Beau (Plain Sam—Dolly D. II.), Geo. Richards, handler, with E. McKenney's b., w. and t. setter dog Val's Mark (Val Lit—Cam Sing), owner, handler.

T. A. Montgomery's lem. and w. pointer bitch Giovanna (Ightfield Lonsdale—Ightfield Bunty), owner, handler, with Dr. M. F. Rogers's b., w. and t. setter bitch Pearl R. (Sam Gross—Donnashey), D. E. Rose, handler.

E. McKenny's b., w. and t. setter dog Val's Dexter (Val Lit—Can Sing), owner, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' o. and w. setter bitch Minnie's Girl (Antonio—Minnie T.), F. Richards, handler.

Wm. Elliott's lem. and w. pointer dog Doctor Tassie (Hal Pointer—Kent's Star), a bye, Geo. Richards, handler.

The Derby was for pointers and setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896. Purse $225, divided into $100, $75 and $50; first, second and third, respectively.

Pearl R. won first. She captured the honors more through a consistent performance and good attention to the gun than through any specially notable superiority.

Sam's Beau, second, made a good competition, some of his work being commendable indeed, but he did not sustain his range well and was not always reliably steady on birds.

Sport McA., third, showed better capabilities than any competitor in the stake, but he marred his chances by working out of bounds, and he was not at all times reliable in his bird work. His endurance was notably good, and in speed and ability to beat out his ground he had no superior in the competition. Had he observed the gun better he would have been higher.

Tuesday.

Some slight signs of rain in the early morning soon disappeared. The weather was very warm and hardly a breath of air stirred. The afternoon was sweltering hot. The dogs needed water frequently. They were worked in the open prairie more than on any other day of either trial, and more birds were found in consequence. Still the work on birds as a whole was inferior.

First Round.

TOBASCO BUTTERFLY AND SPORT MCA. started at 7:02. Sport flushed twice, once excusably on mowed ground, once on the prairie. Sport pointed; nothing found. Both ranged lawlessly out of bounds, and the handlers had great difficulty in keeping to the course. The judge, however, did not permit himself to be stampeded in the least. Butterfly was steady, ranged wide, but was without judgment. She found no birds. Up at 7:49.

CHISHOLM AND HURSTBOURNE JOEL started at 7:56. Down 47 minutes. No birds found. They ran a poor heat in every particular.

SAM'S BEAU AND GIOVANNA were to run next, but the latter being in season, Val's Mark was substituted. They began at 8:51. Giovanna flushed a bevy and both chased. Next, Beau flushed a single and pointed a single. Each then flushed twice. Beau pointed two birds in the prairie. He was then steadying nicely to his work. Mark about 200yds. away at the same time pointed; nothing found. Next Beau pointed a bevy skillfully. Sent on, he drew accurately to a point on a bevy; Mark refused to back, and went in ahead and flushed. He stopped then and pointed. Some birds were flushed to the point. Next, he flushed a single. Up at 9:40. Beau was much the better ranger. He beat out his ground with judgment after he steadied down to work.

PEARL R. AND GIOVANNA were cast off at 9:45. Pearl pointed a single. Sent on, she pointed; nothing found; Giovanna backed. Up at 10:19. Pearl ranged the better, though Giovanna had good speed and range.

VAL'S DEXTER AND MINNIE'S GIRL ran a very poor heat. They beat about in a narrow area. Their work on birds was poor. Down 40 minutes, beginning at 10:21.

DOCTOR TASSIE, the bye, was started at 11:11. He flushed two birds, moved on and flushed some more. Next he flushed a single. He ranged well at good speed, and hunted well apparently, but his work on birds was poor. Up at 11:39.

The afternoon was so oppressively hot a late start was made.

Second Round.

Eight dogs were kept in the second round.

SPORT MCA. AND SAM'S BEAU were cast off at 4:36.



NABOB AND INDIA.

Sport took very wide casts, too wide for proper work, and being out of bounds so much hurt his chances. He showed extraordinary endurance under the hot sun. His speed and range were sustained throughout. With more experience and schooling he will make one of the finest of performers, if he fulfills his present high promise. He found and pointed a bevy well, the birds being scattered somewhat in the long grass and, therefore, difficult to locate accurately. It was sweltering hot to those in the wagons, and still hotter in the long grass. Sport was about 200yds. away when he pointed. He behaved nicely. It was a very good piece of work. Beau ranged moderately well and kept diligently at work. He found no birds. Up at 5:07.

VAL'S MARK AND PEARL R. began at 5:10. Pearl flushed a single, then roaded on and made a flush which seemed in a way excusable. Next she made a point to which nothing was found. Mark's range was very moderate. Pearl was the better in every respect. Up at 5:34.

DR. TASSIE AND CHISHOLM started at 5:46. Chisholm won after starting, practically quit working. He was ordered up at 5:58. Doctor ran well, but found no birds. His range, pace and judgment were fairly good, but he performed poorly on birds when he had opportunities. He was ordered up at 6:06.

BUTTERFLY AND GIOVANNA ran 20 minutes, beginning at 6:07. The latter ranged close and with no interest in the work. Butterfly ranged merrily, but showed greenness. She flushed a single and chased it energetically.

Final.

SAM'S BEAU AND PEARL R. were started at 6:32. Pearl made a point on two birds. In some long grass each made a flush. Each had fallen off some in ranging, though the evening had become cooler. Down 27 minutes.

The All-Age Stake.

There were nine starters in this stake, drawn to run as follows:

E. A. Burdette's b., w. and t. setter dog Cincinnatus Pride (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie), Geo. Richards, handler, with Jubilee Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Dodo III. (Orlando—Atalanta), G. B. Borradaile, handler.

E. A. Burdette's b. and w. setter bitch Ann of Abbottsford (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl), Geo. Richards, handler, with Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. setter bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler.

Chimo Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Ortolan (Orlando Atalanta), C. F. Archibald, handler, with T. P. Jones's b., w. and t. setter dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), D. E. Rose, handler.

Ed. Gray's b., w. and t. setter dog Count Robert (Count Eric—Ann), George Richards, handler, with F. W. Dunham's l. and w. pointer dog Elgin's Dash (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno), D. E. Rose, handler.

Chimo Kennels' b. and w. setter dog Prince Rupert (Larry Noble—Atalanta), a bye, C. F. Archibald, handler.

This stake was for all setters and pointers which had not won an All-Age Stake in any previous year. Purse $250, of which $125 went to first, $75 to second and $50 to third. The fees were $5 to enter, and $10 additional to start.

First was won by Hurstbourne Zip. He ran in much improved form as compared with his form of the previous week, and he was lucky besides in finding birds in each heat and under favorable conditions to make a good showing.

Ortolan, second, is a most pleasing worker. Her range is good without being extremely wide. However, it is quite wide enough. Her point work, what there was of it, was clean and good. She carried herself in a spirited manner.

Ann of Abbottsford made an ordinary competition in point work and steadiness. She ranged very wide, though in her first heat, going down wind, she ranged with poor judgment. On the whole, her performance was without any special marks of superiority, though she showed excellent capabilities.

Cincinnatus Pride had made a good showing when compared with Ann, and I thought he should have divided third with her, or even have had all of third. However, the honors were very even between them.

Wednesday.

A passing thunderstorm cooled the air for a time in the early morning, but the heat soon asserted itself, and the weather was about the same as on the previous day, though there was a fairly stiff breeze blowing from the southeast. The afternoon was so warm that a very late start was made. The hotel thermometer, on the shady side of the house, registered 92° when a start was made. Birds were scarce all day.

CINCINNATUS PRIDE AND DODO III. started at 7:40. Down 1 hour and 4 minutes. Both ranged wide, Pride too wide at times. Only one bird was found, and no work was done on it. Up at 8:44.

ANN OF ABBOTTSFORD AND CHRISTINA began at 8:51. Down 45 minutes. Ann pointed a single. Sent on. Ann pointed a single, and Christina coming up, flushed it. The heat was run down wind. Both ranged industriously, with poor judgment; Ann was the wider ranger.

ORTOLAN AND HURSTBOURNE ZIP ran 28 minutes. Down at 9:43. Both dogs ranged well. Zip pointed, roaded on hesitatingly up wind and pointed the bevy. The weather was hot and the birds lazy. They flew but a short distance to some brush and grass. Zip made three points on singles. There was very little merit in the work, as the birds were marked close and the dogs coached to them. Zip flushed a single. Ortolan pointed one. Zip ranged better than in any of his previous heats of these trials. Ortolan also ranged well.

COUNT ROBERT AND ELGIN'S DASH started at 10:19. Down 37 minutes. Both took wide casts. No birds found.

PRINCE RUPERT, the bye, was run with Alberta Joe for a short time. Prince was run 18 minutes, beginning at 11:00. His range was middling. No birds were found. It was then very hot and unfavorable for work.

Second Round.

Eight dogs were continued in the running. The work in this round was very unsatisfactory and inconclusive owing to the great scarcity of birds.

CINCINNATUS PRIDE AND CHRISTINA started at 5:41. Pride took long casts, too long for best ranging. On his second cast he pointed a bevy about 300yds. away. One of the birds flushed wild. He moved on and the rest flushed. Christina ranged pleasingly, covering a middling area up ground, but she lessened her range a great deal toward the last of the heat. She found no birds, which was an excusable circumstance. Up at 6:05.

ANN OF ABBOTTSFORD AND DODO III. began at 6:13. Ann made game; a single flushed about 100yds. ahead. Ann ranged wide. Dodo had a fairly good range. Up at 6:35

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND COUNT ROBERT started at 6:42. Each made a point; nothing found. Zip ranged well, though his range was not quite so wide as it should be. Count ranged very wide at times. He needs more experience. Up at 7:00.

ORTOLON AND ELGIN'S DASH were run 9 minutes without finding, beginning at 7:01.

Thursday.

The weather was clear and bracing. A cool west wind, which veered toward the north from time to time, blew stiffly. Birds were found in fair numbers as compared with the previous days, though they still were all too scarce. The improved conditions made better work.

Third Round.

There were six dogs in this round.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND ANN OF ABBOTSFORD ran 20 minutes, starting at 6:51. Ann was going very wide in her casting. She found and pointed several hundred yards away, moved on, and the birds flushed. Next both dogs roaded about on the foot-scent. Zip was contracting his ranging, but the scent of birds stimulated him to greater exertion and he ranged better. Next Zip pointed a bevy. Both were steady to shot. Up at 7:01.

CINCINNATUS PRIDE AND ORTOLAN started at 7:14. Pride pointed a bevy nicely, finding it by diligent searching. Ortolan next found and pointed some birds well. Down 31 minutes. Pride ranged very wide and used poor judgment in working his ground. Ortolan ranged nicely and beat out her ground with fair judgment.

DODO III. AND ELGIN'S DASH started at 7:48. The former went very wide in her ranging. Dash ran without any apparent purpose or judgment, though he kept busily going. He frittered away time occasionally on false scents.

Fourth Round.

ANN OF ABBOTTSFORD AND ORTOLAN ran 13 minutes. They started at 8:25. Both pointed and made game. An old bird was flushed down wind of the place they pointed after they had gone on. Ann flushed and chased a single.

This ended the stake.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 13.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Ann of Abbottsford won Northwestern Champion Stake.

B. WATERS.

Nabob and India.

THE two pointers in the spirited field scene which we publish this week are Nabob and India, bred by the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel, owned by that sterling sportsman Mr. Edward Dexter, of Buzzard's Bay, Mass. Both pointers have been conspicuous in field trial competition and their names are therefore familiar to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The bitch India, we regret, died last winter. She was highly prized. The excellence of the picture stamps it at once as being from the brush of the talented artist, Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus.

American Kennel Club.

NEW YORK Sept. 6.—The regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club will be held at the office of the club, No. 55 Liberty street, New York, on Thursday, Sept. 23, 1897, at 2 P. M.

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

Monongahela Derby.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—The entry for the third annual Derby of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association closed with 13 nominations: 8 English setters and 5 pointers, all whelped in 1896. This is the list:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

MACK NOBLE—Dr. W. B. Tasher's b., w. and t. dog (Tom Boy II.—Flora Noble).

LITTLE DORRIT—Beazell & Gladden's b., w. and t. bitch (Whyte B.—Dolly Varden).

FLY WINDEM—A. B. Ferguson's b., w. and t. bitch (Ruby's Max—Fly Wun Lung).

LADY B.—M. Bumgartner's b., w. and t. bitch (Rodfield—Florence Gladstone).

MINTO—Fox & Blythe Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Tony's Gale—May B.).

MARDERA—Fox & Blythe Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch (Dion C.—Hopeful).

WINKS—J. T. Crawford's b., w. and t. dog (Joe—Dot C.).

SHAN—William Harrison's b., w. and t. dog (Joe—Dot C).

POINTERS.

NELLIE WILSON—Dr. J. R. Daniel's l. and w. bitch (Plain Sam—Dolly Dee II.).

SAM'S BANG—Dr. J. R. Daniel's b. and w. dog (Plain Sam—Dolly Dee II.).

KITTY DEAN—Monongahela Kennels' b. and w. bitch (Plain Sam—Belle of Lancaster).

GOLDEN ROD—Dr. H. D. Danford's o. and w. bitch (Jingo—Rosa De Hessen).

KENT'S VIC—W. S. Coulson's b. and w. bitch (Kent's Priam—Belle Fauster).

S. B. CUMMINGS, Sec'y.

Brunswick Fur Club.

ROXBURY, Mass.—The committee on field trial grounds has selected Barre, Mass., as the place for holding the coming field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club. Headquarters will be made at the Hotel Barre. The hotel is heated with steam, lighted by electricity, and is within easy walking distance of the hunting grounds. The rates will be $1 50 per day for those who carry a lunch to the field; $2 for those who take dinner at the hotel.

Mrs. N. Q Pope has presented the club with a beautiful silver cup in memory of her late husband, who was at one time president of the club, and always an enthusiastic and generous patron of the field trials. This handsome prize will be known as the Norton Q. Pope Memorial Cup, and will be awarded annually to the hound showing the best combined trailing, speed and driving.

The club now owns three cups that are awarded annually, and held for one year by the winners. Silver medals will also be given the first prize winners in the various classes. Entries for the Derby will close at Hotel Barre on Oct. 18; for the All-Age stake on Oct. 19 at the same place.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh, secretary of the American Kennel Club, has returned from his trip to the Pacific Coast, where he was sent to investigate certain charges against members of the A. K. C. that have been made public in the columns of the sportsmen's press. The A. K. C was desirous of seeing whether any action on its part was necessary under the circumstances. Mr. Vredenburgh will make his report in full to the A. K. C, at its meeting on July 23. In view of that fact, he is naturally unwilling to give out any information for publication at this date. He expresses himself, however, as charmed with the treatment he received from all those whom he met during his stay on the Coast, and thoroughly satisfied with the result of his trip.

Mr. W. W. Brown announces in our advertising columns that his well known beagle Ch. Buckshot is for sale.

AT the dinner at the Hotel Cecil, which wound up the International Library Congress in London, Sir William Howorth, M. P. for Salford, told of another dinner at which he had figured in the capacity of author. He is the author of a bulky work on the Mongols, and shortly after its appearance had to take a young lady in to dinner. She expressed great delight at the prospect of sitting by him. Sir William was charmed, and asked the reason. "Oh," said his fair neighbor, "you are just the person to tell me what to do for my little dog's injured leg." In blank surprise, Sir William suggested that there must be some mistake; he knew nothing about dogs. It was the girl's turn to be surprised, and she exclaimed, "Why, I was told that you had written four volumes upon mongrels!"—*New York Evening Post.*

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

WIGGLES AND WOBBLES.

THERE is a wheel in the affairs of men, which taken at $13.29 leads on to misfortune and undying expense.

A rusty bicycle is a sure sign of indolence or neglect on the part of the owner, and a disregard of commercial values.

Many different ways have been devised to stop suddenly, though by far the best advice is to avoid the occasion for it. One writer in the L. A. W. *Bulletin,* recommends that the rider lift the wheel up in front, remaining in place till he reaches the ground in a sitting posture, still grasping the handle bars of the rearing wheel. He does not mention the effect it has on parts, or what to do for punctures made in them by cut glass, or what is the best way to stop in a mud-puddle. As a mere matter of sudden stopping, the method described would be a success, but a still more positive method would be to run down a cellar-way.

Little drops of water,
  Little grains of sand,
Make the ugly rust spots
  Which we scour by hand,
And the little tick-tacks,
  With their points like fire,
Bring us flabby windfalls
  When they prick our tire.

If you find that you can go with ease at a pace which distresses your companion, go slower. Do not make your pleasure his or her pain. When you are determined to dictate to the whole company, go slower. When your expenses are greater than your receipts, borrow a wheel—it is cheaper than to buy. A friend who will lend a bicycle out-Damon's and out-Pythiases the world.

CONSTANT READER, Milwaukee—*Ans.* A good polish for the frame is boot-blacking, though some riders prefer stove-polish A file and sand-paper will remove rust spots. To make tires puncture-proof, take rosin, 5lbs; beeswax, 2lbs.; white lead, 10lbs.; plaster-of-paris, 3lbs.; oil sufficient to mix. Fill the inner cavity of the tire with this mixture, and punctures will not deflate it.

What the railroads have done for civilization was possible only because they were better roads than all others. The best roads always have the most traffic, which means that more people know of them, more people use them, and all commercial interests with which they come in touch are many times enhanced by their beneficent effects. Whether one is near or far from market is not so much a matter of distance as of time. The farmer who is forced to use bad roads cannot succeed in the present keen competition to supply the world with food. THE IDLER.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

Copies of the FOREST AND STREAM *race report blanks, for recording and reporting races, will be sent to all clubs requesting them.*

The racing and measurement rules of the Yach Racing Union of Long Island Sound (the Seawanhaka rule, with allowance tables) can be had of Thompson & Co, 55 Dey street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

The handbook of "Yacht Flag Etiquette" can be had of Rehm & Co., 157 Fulton street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

YACHT RACING FIXTURES 1897.

THE following list of fixtures has been compiled from many different sources, some of them not official, and it may contain some errors. We shall be glad to have notice of corrections and additions.
Races of the Sound Y. R. U. are marked with the letter S; those of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. with the letter M:

SEPTEMBER.

S 18. American, fall regatta for all classes.
18. Queen City, 22ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21. Absequan, open, Atlantic City.
25-26. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Dillon's Point, San Francisco.
25. Buffalo, closing cruise, Lake Erie.
25. American, closing race, Newburyport.

OCTOBER.

9. Miramichi, Gould cup, Chatham, N. B.
9-10. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Corinthian Cove, San Francisco.
16. Cor. San Francisco, closing day, San Francisco.
17. Cor. San Francisco squadron, cruise, San Francisco.

IT is stated on authority that in the race of Sept. 4 off Newport no protest was made by Navaho, but that Vigilant was declared by the committee to be disqualified upon the declaration of her owner that she had fouled a mark; no other course being possible.

DURING the present month a series of private races will be sailed between the Herreshoff fin-keel Anoatok, Mr. Oswald Sanderson, and the centerboard Acushla, Messrs. Hanan, of the late 34ft. special class.

MESSRS DURYEA, Whitney, Morgan and other owners of the 30-footers are now consulting with the Herreshoffs over the establishment of a similar limited class of about 51ft. racing length.

THE owners of the Herreshoff knockabouts, Cock Robin and Cockatoo, Messrs. Foster and Eaton, have exchanged boats. Mr. Eaton was the original owner of Cock Robin, and built the new boat to keep at the head of the class this year. The two will meet in the series of the Knockabout Association off Marblehead, on Sept. 16, 17, 18, open to all yachts of the class.

Massachusetts Y. R. A.

THE Massachusetts Y. R. A. has about brought to an end another successful season, and in a short time it must take up the question of further changes and amendments to its rules. The operation of the rules during the present season is discussed as follows by Mr. W. E. Robinson in the Boston *Globe:*

The call for the October meeting of the Yacht Racing Association will soon be issued, and in view of the fact that if any changes in the measurement and classification rules are to be made they must be made at this meeting, the yachtsmen interested in the Association and its racing are discussing the matter and offering suggestions.

So far as the writer can learn, the present rule of measurement gives general satisfaction to the racing yachtsmen, and there seems to be no reason for changing it. The abolition of the tax on overhang is producing a boat much longer over all than the old ones, but since the new one is larger, "more of a boat," as the practical yachtsman says, the present rule can hardly be deemed other than a good one. Extra length and extra size mean also of necessity extra strength in construction, as well as more room on board generally, so that the rule of "waterline with crew on board" has still further recommendations to continuance.

There is, however, a growing feeling among the yachtsmen that a change in the classification is needed, and that a return to the old class limits of 18, 21, 25 and 30ft. is desirable from almost every point of view.

It was very frankly admitted by those advocating last year's change to 17, 20, 24 and 29ft. to suit the new rule of measurement, that such classification was but a necessary expedient to keep the boats in the same classes in which they had been racing the previous season, and to prevent confusion. This year, however, the same argument does not hold good for the retention of the present classification, for new boats have been built to the class limits, and the old ones which might drop into a lower class with a raising of the limit would only add interest to the sport.

If the classification were raised 1ft. all around it would follow as a matter of course that the Association must extend the time for the abolition of time allowance. This would be no more than justice to this year's boats, which would have to meet new boats 1ft. longer, while at the same time it would still keep several of the old boats in the racing which would otherwise be hopelessly handicapped.

On the broad ground of the advancement of the racing standard of the Association, the proposed return to the old classification has much to recommend it. It brings again into the field the once popular 21 and 30ft. classes; it comes nearer the classification of clubs not now in the Association, but which would find in the change an additional reason for joining; it closely approaches the classification of the Sound Y. R. U., with which the Massachusetts Association is working for a national association, and it gives a promise of permanence which cannot but inspire confidence in intending builders. Coupled with the re-establishment of the fifth class of 15ft. sailing length, it would be a progressive step in direct line with the Association's previous efforts.

About the only objection that can be urged, seems to be the old one that Handsel and the other 30-footers will thus be let into the first class; but in this connection a little plain talk may not be amiss.

No one who has followed closely the Association's formation and growth will deny that Handsel and the others were barred from the class so that Harbinger and other boats not up to the 30ft. limit might have a chance. That such action was wise at the time the subsequent racing has proved, but with Harbinger outclassed, even by the boats of her size, and Ashumet and Handsel owned in clubs which are members of the Association, the reason for barring them is no longer a valid one, and they should be given a chance at the Association's racings.

But put alone on the broader ground of a proper re-establishment of the 30ft. class, and an effort to revive some of the best racing that Massachusetts Bay has ever seen, the raising of the limit from 29 to 30ft. deserves earnest and serious consideration, and the writer but voices the sentiment of prominent racing men in urging this as well as the general change.

Lynn Y. C. Open Race.

LYNN—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, Sept 6.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES

IN spite of light and fluky weather, the open race of the Lynn Y. C. on Sept. 6 was a success, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	28.04	2 11 29	2 10 56
Emma C., P. A Coupal	27.06	2 13 11	2 11 51
Elfreda, B. T. Hall	28.11	2 14 29	2 14 29
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	24.11	2 19 50	2 15 51
Little Peter, H. Moebs	24.05	2 21 11	2 16 38
Asahi, E. V. R. Thayer	28.10	2 21 12	2 21 07
Redskin, J. S. Sturtevant	28.11	3 56 06	3 56 06
Barnade, E. H. Clapp		Did not finish.	
SECOND OPEN CLASS.			
Snipe II., Boardman Bros	21.02	2 35 15	2 31 47
Romance, L. Sears	23.09	2 34 53	2 34 41
Burgess, F. Burgess		Did not finish.	
Idno, C. W. Wilson		Did not finish.	
SECOND CABIN CLASS.			
Muriel, H. N Nute	23.11	2 29 35	2 29 35
Giralda, G E Hills	23.11	2 30 35	2 31 25
Rex, J. B. Farrell	23.05	2 32 39	2 32 03
Clara, W. H Turner	23.11	2 34 14	2 34 14
Privateer, A E. Schaaf	21.09	2 38 54	2 36 12
Whisper, W. H. Stimpson	20.02	2 45 31	2 40 38
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Gosling, Clark & North	21.00	2 32 15	. .. ..
Mongoose, A. D. Erving, Jr	21.00	2 33 35	. .. ..
Fly, W. O. Gay	21.00	2 35 08	. .. ..
Hazard, H. M. Sears	21.00	2 40 55	. .. ..
Cockatoo, C. S. Eaton	21.00	Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Vamoose, Benner & Patten	19.11	2 32 38	2 32 38
Omeme, W. P. Barker	19.11	2 33 54	2 33 54
Arab, W. F. Scott	19.11	2 37 00	2 37 00
Yahoo, K Horton	19.11	2 39 24	2 39 24
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	19.11	2 39 52	2 39 52
Al Anka, C. H. Crane	19.11	2 43 05	2 43 05
Demon		Did not finish.	
Harriet		Did not finish.	
Zoe		Did not finish.	
Wrinkle		Did not finish.	
Jag		Did not finish.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Vitesse, C. D. Mower	15.10	2 45 45	2 43 39
Glide, G. D. Silsbee	15.05	2 49 56	2 47 09
Fantasy, W. Allerton	16.11	2 49 36	2 49 36
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.10	2 52 25	2 52 16
Ripple		Did not finish.	
Imp		Did not finish.	

The winners of Association championships for the year are: First class, Ida J.; second open class, Hoodlum; second cabin class, Muriel; third class, Rooster; fourth class, Vitesse; knockabouts, Gosling.

The Thirty-Foot Class.

THE final race of the pair racing series was sailed on Sept. 3 between Hera and Dorothy, the Dyers Island course being sailed in a strong N.E. wind, the first leg being thus to windward. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy II., H P. Whitney	1 28 52	2 21 52
Hera, R. N. Ellis	1 34 22	2 27 22

This makes Dorothy the winner of the series. On the same day a special race was sailed for a prize of $100 offered by the Newport Y. R. A., over the same course, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H B Duryea	6 17 56	2 30 56
Wa Wa, J A Stillman	6 18 17	2 31 17
Puck, E D. Morgan	6 20 15	2 33 15
Hera, R. N. Ellis	6 20 31	2 33 31
Carolina, P. Jones	6 20 46	2 33 46
Dorothy II., H P. Whitney	6 20 58	2 33 58
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	6 21 32	2 34 32
Mai, O G. Jennings	Did not finish.	
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	Did not finish.	

On Sept. 5 a private match was sailed between Mr. Foxhall Keene, in Dorothy II., assisted by H. B. Duryea and H. P. Whitney; and Reginald Brooks, in Wa Wa, assisted by J. A. Stillman, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., and H. P. Harriman. The Jamestown triangle was sailed in a strong S.W. wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy II., F. P. Keene	5 21 12	1 46 12
Wa Wa, R. Brooks	5 22 26	1 47 26

The Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal and Dorval, holder of the Seawanhaka International Cup for the year 1898, announces that it will receive challenges for the cup in the 20ft. racing length class, and that, under the new amendment to the declaration of trust, the club will hold until Sept. 18 all challenges received before making a choice. If no challenge be received prior to that date, the first received after it must be accepted.

Corinthian Y. C. Cruise.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, celebrated the Labor Day holidays by a cruise of three days, the following yachts taking part:

Steam yachts—Penelope, Chelotah, Sally, Gyda, Viola, Noria, Helen. Schooners—Adrienne, Puritan, Frolic, America, Rusalka, Loyal and Ianthe. Cutters—King Philip, Saladin, Crystal, Ashumet, Hiawatha, Edith, Mildred, Nebula, Barbara, Indra, Lassie, Phyllis, Jessie, Lillian, Vidofner, Nettie, Brenda, Lurline. Yawls—Micca and Al Hawa. Knockabouts—Cock Robin, Geisha, Vagrant, Eugenia, Wanasa, Sue, Armoret, Rowena, Sally III., Maia, Mayona, Alert and Jennie Wren.

Under the management of the regatta committee, including C. Edgar Finney, chairman; George W. Mansfield, sec'y, and Messrs. D. C. Percival, Jr., Harman Parker and W. B. Stearns, three races were sailed. The first day, Saturday, Sept. 4, was devoted to a racing run from Marblehead to Gloucester, starting at 2:30. The most interesting feature of the race was the presence of the schooners America and Puritan, both so intimately connected with the America's cup. With these two were the schooners Frolic and Rusala, the latter a modern Lawley boat. America beat Puritan by 1m. 59s. actual time. In the second class, Ashumet won first and a leg for the Commodore's cup, with Saladin second. In the third class, Wanasa won first and a leg for the Commodore's cup, with Nettie second. In the fourth class Cock Robin won, with Sally III. second.

On Sept. 5 the fleet raced across from Gloucester to Hull, twenty-five miles, with a light and moderate S.W. wind. The winners were:

First class—America, leg for commodore's cup.

Second class—Mildred first prize and leg for cup; Crystal second prize.

Third class—Rowena first prize and leg for cup; Eugenia second prize.

Fourth class—Sally III. first prize and leg for cup; Cock Robin second prize.

Frolic protested America for putting her about when on starboard tack.

The final run to Marblehead was made on Sept. 6 in a fresh N.W. breeze, the times of the schooners being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Puritan	3 21 25	3 21 35
America	3 23 49	3 23 49
Adrienne	3 34 26	3 29 26
Rusalka	3 47 03	3 32 03
Frolic	4 22 35	4 00 35

In the second class Chrystal won, with Saladin second; in the third class India won, with Brenda second; in the fourth class Mayona won, with Maia second.

The record of the three days stood: Schooners, America, Adrienne and Puritan; second class, Ashumet, Mildred and Crystal; third class, Wanasa, Rowena and Indra; fourth class, Cock Robin, Sally III. and Mayona.

The sail-off took place on Sept. 11, America and Puritan sailing even, both allowing time to Adrienne. America lost her topmast, but won from Puritan by 5m. 7s. elapsed time:

SCHOONERS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
America, Butler Ames	2 53 43	2 53 43
Adrienne, H. P. Smith	3 03 30	2 55 30
Puritan, H. P. Dennison	2 58 50	2 58 50

SECOND CLASS CUTTERS.

Mildred, Gordon Dexter	1 51 53	1 51 53
Crystal, E. T. Bigelow	1 55 07	1 51 37

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Rowena, R. H. Rothwell	1 52 10	1 52 10
Wanasa, W. Boyson	Withdrew.	
Indra, P. P. Sharples	Withdrew.	

Winthrop Y. C. Championship Race.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 4.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed its championship race, postponed from Aug. 14, on Sept. 4, in a very light S.E. wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Corrected.
Almira, L. S. Meston	
Hyperion, G. E. Leighton	Withdrew

SECOND CLASS.

Whisper, W. H. Stimpson	0 53 47
Myrtle, Wm. W. Latchie	0 56 36
Alma, C. A. Heney	0 58 07
Alert, J. R. Hodder	0 59 01

FOURTH CLASS.

Della, W. I. Kelley	0 42 47
Unknown, A. A. Martin	0 44 50
Eva, S. H. Freeman	0 47 51
Scat, Horace Waite	Withdrew.

The last championship race was sailed on Sept. 11 in a reefing N.E. breeze, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nettie, Walter Burgess	28.10	1 11 17	0 46 55
Whisper, W. H. Stimpson	20.02	1 15 35	0 48 52
Myrtle, W. D. McLetchie	20.01	1 16 00	0 50 12
Alert, J. R. Hodder	23.06	1 15 10	0 51 31
Erycina, E. A. Cook	23.09	1 15 10	0 51 34
Alma, C. A. Heney	23.08	1 15 17	0 51 46

FOURTH CLASS.

Scat, H. Waite		1 00 09	. . ..

Whisper protests Nettie on measurement.

Cohassett Y. C.—Special Race.

COHASSETT, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 3.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES.

THE Cohassett Y. C. held a special race for the knockabouts on Sept. 3, the course being from outside the harbor, off Brush Island, to the lightship, thence to the Harding's Ledge Buoy and home, 12¼ miles. The wind varied between N. and E., of moderate force. The race was for two classes, without allowance and under handicap; the times being:

FIRST RACE.

Start, 1:40:	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cock Robin, C. H. W. Foster	4 06 08	2 26 08
Sally III., L. S. Percival	4 06 41	2 26 41
Hazard, H. M. Sears	4 06 48	2 26 48
Cockatoo, C. S. Eaton	4 07 23	2 27 23
Mongoose, A. D. Irving, Jr.	4 10 44	2 30 44

SECOND RACE—HANDICAP CLASS.

Start, 1:45:		
Tautog, J. F. Moors	4 15 22	2 30 22
Water Lily, C. F. Lyman	4 22 22	2 36 22
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	4 24 38	2 37 38
Nabob, S. P. Bremer	4 27 17	2 39 17
Dorothy, F. Brewster	4 28 55	2 40 55
Comet, J. S. Lawrence	Did not finish.	

Handicaps—Tautog allows Water Lily 1m., Mayona 2m., Dorothy 3m., Nabob 3m., Comet 4m.

The judges were F. H. Pratt, chairman; Hugh D. Montgomery, Ralph B. Williams, Alanson Bigelow, Jr., Daniel B. Tower and Arthur D. Higgin.

After the race the yachts sailed over to Marblehead.

Gosling was on hand, ready to start, but through a mistake her owner, who came down by train, missed her, and only found her and reached the line after the start.

Savin Hill Y. C. Open Race.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 4.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES.

THE Savin Hill Y. C. sailed its last open race of the season on Sept. 4 in a light easterly breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	28.04	1 37 52	1 09 09
Emma C., Peter A. Coupal	27.06	1 43 37	1 14 07
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	24.11	1 52 57	1 20 51
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.04	1 53 04	1 24 07

KNOCKABOUTS

Mongoose, A. D. Erving, Jr.	21.00	1 51 59	. .. ..
Gosling, Norah & Clark	21.00	1 52 40	. .. ..
Hazard, Herbert M. Sears	21.00	1 54 52	. .. ..
Cockatoo, C. S. Eaton	21.00	1 55 14	. .. ..
Fly, W. O. Gay	21.00	1 55 55	. .. ..

SECOND CLASS.

Muriel, H. N. Nute		1 17 23	0 54 05
Giralda, Geo. E. Hills		1 22 38	0 59 20
Clara, Wm. D. Turner	Withdrew.		

THIRD CLASS.

Al Anka, C. H. Crane	19.11	1 15 50	0 48 52
Vamoose, Benner & Patten	19.11	1 18 37	0 51 39
Yahoo, K. H. Orton	19.11	1 21 18	0 54 20
Omene, W. P. Barker	19.11	1 21 41	0 54 43
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	19.11	1 24 28	0 58 00
Pioneer, H. W. Crane	19.11	1 26 24	0 59 44
Arab II., W. F. Scott	19.11	Withdrew.	
Enigma, G. F. Maybury	18.03	Withdrew.	
May R., N. C. Robinson	19.10	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Vitesse, Chas. D. Mower	15.10	1 19 51	0 47 56
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.06	1 22 15	0 51 42
Fantasy, W. Allerton	16.11	1 23 09	0 52 43
Ripple, C. B. Pear	16.07	1 23 12	0 55 20
Glide, G. D. Silsbee	15.06	1 27 52	0 55 29
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.08	1 28 32	0 57 36

Al Anka, in this her first race after her trip to fresh water, won very easily. Fantasy protests Vitesse and Alpine for crowding at a mark.

The regatta committee included S. N. Small, George E. Silsbee, A. A. Swallow, A. B. Howland.

Hull Y. C. Open Regatta.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 11.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES

THE Hull Y. C. had the honor of closing the racing of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. for 1897 with its open regatta of Sept. 11, sailed in a fresh N.E. breeze, with heavy squalls. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	29.09	3 00 07	2 19 06
Ashumet		Withdrew.	
Fancy		Withdrew.	

FIRST CLASS

Elfreda, B. T. Hall	25.11	3 34 07	2 50 52
Little Peter		Withdrew.	
Asahi		Withdrew.	

KNOCKABOUTS

Hazard, H. M. Sears	21.00	1 15 02	1 15 02
Fly, W. S. Gay	21.00	1 15 56	1 15 56
Mongoose, A. D. Erving, Jr.	21.00	1 17 12	1 17 12
Sally III., L. S. Percival	21.00	1 20 36	1 20 36
Cockatoo, C. H. W. Foster	21.00	1 20 52	1 20 52
Gosling		Disabled.	

THIRD CLASS

Al Anka, C. H. Crane	19.11	1 28 33	1 01 35
Tacoma, Prior & Goodspeed	19.10	1 29 44	1 02 41
Arab, W. F. Scott	19.11	1 37 45	1 10 50
Wrinkle, S. N. Small	19.11	1 38 14	1 11 16
Omeme, W. P. Barker	19.11	1 38 41	1 11 50
Vamoose		Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	16.11	1 46 59	1 16 33
Glide, G. D. Silsby	16.03	1 49 18	1 17 58
Ripple, J. F. Small		Withdrew.	

Gosling protests Sally and Mongoose, and Mongoose protests Fly. Gosling was disabled and withdrew.

Riverside Y. C., Special Race.

RIVERSIDE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 11.

SOUND Y. R. U. RULES.

THE Riverside Y. C. sailed a special race on Sept. 11 in a variable and fluky wind, the times being:

36FT. CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	33.10	2 59 43	2 57 58
Anoatok, O'Sanderson	33 97	2 34 51	2 33 17
Acushla, Hanan Bros.	34.08	2 23 27	2 21 58

30FT CLASS

Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.09	2 33 07	2 33 07
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	2 31 24	2 31 24

25FT. CLASS.

Vaquero I., W. G. Brokaw		1 48 54	1 48 54

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

Carita, Shepard & Rogers	27.14	Did not finish.	
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	26.45	2 53 45	2 48 33

CABIN CATS—25FT CLASS.

Uarda, H. Gordon	24.92	3 02 53	3 02 42
Dandy, C. B. Scudder	24.92	3 07 44	3 07 33
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	24.80	3 01 43	2 58 34
Presto, H. R. Hatfield	21.90	Did not finish.	

15FT CLASS

Trilby, G. G. Tyson	15.00	2 54 42	2 54 42
Yola, C. D. Mallory	15.00	2 33 00	2 33 00

Burgess Y. C. Club Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 4.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed a club race on Sept. 4 in a light east wind, the times being:

CLASS A.

	Length.	Elapsed.
Sassacus, A. W. Erickson	19.00	1 07 48
Faith, W. H. Chamberlain	17.03	1 08 02
Pointer, B. C. Melzard	17.02	Withdrew.

HANDICAP CLASS

Ben My Chree, W. H. Stuart, Jr.	15.00	1 12 24
Naytoe, A. C. Usher	18.04	1 15 18
Bee, F. G. Malcomber		1 41 25

CLASS C

Bobolink, Allen Appleton	16.00	1 22 40
Pee Wee, F. I. Eustis	16.00	1 26 21
Dove, F. G. Malcomber	16.00	1 29 18
Oriole, Chandler Hovey	16.00	1 29 35
Starling, W. B. Stearns	16.00	Withdrew.

Victoria Y. C. Brigger Cup.

HAMILTON—BURLINGTON BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 4.

THE Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton, sailed a race for the Brigger cup, open to the 22ft. class, on Sept. 4, the course being 15 miles, in a light N.E. wind. The 20-footer Bonshaw, sailed by her designer and owner, Com. Jarvis, easily defeated all the old boats of 22ft. measurement. The times were:

Start 2:30:	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bonshaw	5 13 01	2 43 01
Scallawag	5 28 30	2 58 30
Koko	5 37 12	3 07 12
I'll Away	6 03 00	3 33 00
Midget	6 05 00	3 35 00
Rosemaryn	Did not finish.	

Cohasset Y. C. Championship Races.

COHASSET, MASS.

Sept. 4-6.

THE fourteenth race of the series for the 15ft. class of the Cohasset Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 4 in a variable S.E. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.
T. B. Reed, Thomas Huse	1 50 00
Jap, Bouve & Pegram	2 24 10
Swallow, John Richardson	2 27 40
Blink, F. H. Pratt	2 28 50
Delta, R. B. Williams	2 31 00
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	2 32 30
Bee, A. Bigelow, Jr	2 32 40

Two races, the fifteenth and sixteenth, were sailed on Sept. 6, the wind being still light and fluky from the west. The times were:

MORNING RACE.

	Elapsed.
Delta, R. B. Williams	2 21 29
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	2 21 50
Swallow, J. Richardson	2 22 04
Jap, Bouve & Pegram	2 23 19
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	2 24 34
Blink, F. H. Pratt	2 30 28
Honey, C. H. Cousens	2 30 52

AFTERNOON RACE.

Swallow, J. Richardson	2 28 05
Blink, F. H. Pratt	2 28 17
Bee, J. Bigelow, Jr	2 28 29
Jap, Bouve & Pegram	2 36 33
Delta, R. B. Williams	2 50 40

The last race of the season was sailed on Sept. 11, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Swallow, J. Richardson	1 10 51
Blink, F. H. Pratt	1 11 08
Bee, A. Bigelow, Jr	1 12 05
Delta, R. B. Williams	1 12 19

Swallow thus wins the championship cup.

New Rochelle Y. C.—Ladies' Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 4.

THE New Rochelle Y. C. sailed a ladies' regatta on Sept. 4 in a moderate S.W. wind, the times being;

43FT. CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Banshee, H. C. Doscher	43.50	1 25 29	1 23 53
Iola, C. P. Towers	47.17	1 39 51	1 39 51

36FT. CLASS.

Olga, C. Buchanan	31.76	1 25 51	1 22 38
Waneta, J. B. Fallert	40.33	1 27 11	1 27 11

30FT. CLASS.

Twilight, E. Lambden	29.85	1 34 06	1 34 06
Bingo, W. A. Bavier	25.10	1 41 08	1 36 43

CABIN CATBOATS

Grace, John Lambden	22.46	1 36 47	1 36 47

OPEN CATBOATS.

Marguerite, P. A. Meyrowitz	22.00	1 47 07	1 47 07

Iola lost her topmast early in the race.

Bunker Hill Y. C.—Annual Regatta.

BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 4.

THE Bunker Hill Y. C. sailed its 29th annual regatta on Sept. 4, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mistral, F. M. Williams	1 08 30	0 52 0½
Mist, A. H. Merrill	1 08 15	0 53 55½
Clara, C. H. Bowman	1 24 00	1 06 10
Dexter, E. H. Harrington	1 26 30	1 09 54
Scotia, J. Eads	1 26 00	1 09 58
Miad, Hogan & Harrington	1 31 00	1 13 48½
Eva, W. Downes	Disabled.	
Gladys, J. Harvie	Protested.	

THIRD CLASS.

Marion, E. J. Hinckley	1 32 30	. .. ..
Sprite, P. J. Henchey	1 52 40	. .. ..
Sea Fox, P. Aberlay	1 57 30	. .. ..

The judges were: S. B. Badger, J. E. Hayes, H. B. Martin, S. Heintzelman and D. Mansan.

Larchmont Y. C.—Schooner Cup.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 11.

THE $500 schooner cup, of the Larchmont Y. C., for 1897, brought out only two starters, Emerald having gone out of commission during the week. The wind was light and fluky and the racing in all classes was unsatisfactory. The times were:

SCHOONERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	6 17 32	6 17 32
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.67	6 36 58	6 23 56

CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS

Syce, F. M. Hoyt	59.86	5 42 19	5 42 19
Vencedor, H. M. Gillig	48.37	Withdrew.	

SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.

Goblin, C. M. Whitman	28.11	4 21 45	4 21 45
Kite, Adee Bros.	28.45	4 36 23	4 36 04

SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.

Shark, Rouse & Hoyt	20.00	4 05 19	4 05 19
Wave, L. de L. Barber	20.00	Did not finish.	

Columbia Y. C. Race.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, Sept. 4.

THE Columbia Y. C. sailed the third of its series of five weekly races on Sept. 4, in a moderate S.E. breeze. The times were:

CLASS B

	Start	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Blade	2 10 30	3 05 55	0 55 25	0 55 25
Atalanta	2 10 30	3 16 42	1 06 12	1 03 52
Wizard	2 11 05	3 16 56	1 05 51	1 03 23

CLASS C.

Vanity	2 10 50	3 19 22	1 08 33	1 07 37
Myrine	2 12 40	3 25 46	1 13 06	1 13 06

CLASS D.

Microbe	2 11 45	3 20 45	1 09 00	1 04 42
Weasel	2 12 05	3 24 40	1 12 35	1 09 16
Atom	2 12 45	3 26 10	1 13 25	1 11 51
B	2 10 10	3 24 30	1 14 20	1 13 05
Syndicate	2 10 31	Disabled.		

Chippewa Bay Y. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Richard Eggleston, called Dick for short, he of the Lincoln National Bank of your city, recently returned from his vacation, spent, as usual, at his villa on one of the Thousand Islands. He brought and placed upon his desk two valuable prizes won by him during his vacation. One a sterling silver cup, offered by the proprietor of the Thousand Island House for catboats; the other a large and very handsome cup of sterling silver, called the Bell trophy, given by the Chippewa Y. C., open to all comers, sailed off the club house at Chippewa.

It was won by R. Eggleston's sloop Florence, sailed by himself, with other members of the club, in a hard blow—a two-reefed breeze. he called it—in which one boat was overturned, one split her mainsail, and another carried away her peak halyards; but Florence came in with colors flying.

He also showed a handsome pennant as a prize, won for something which we have forgotten. J.

Sachem's Head Y. C. Regatta.

SACHEM'S HEAD, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, Sept. 6.

THE first annual regatta of the Sachem's Head Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 6, and proved a grand success. The skies were clear and wind fairly steady from the S.W. There were eighteen entries, divided into five classes. The starting guns were fired from the Viola, her owner. Mr. C. H. Wayland, acting as judge, assisted by Mr. Harry Camp, of Brooklyn, and Mr. Robert Seward, of New York. The work on the part of the judge and his assistants was perfect, and it is safe to say that no regatta was ever conducted with less friction than this maiden sail of the S. H. Y. C.

The battle royal was between the famous Stony Creek catboats Libbie and Tigress, and among the sloops of Class C, in which there were nine entries.

The club course No. 1 was sailed, as follows: Course 1—From starting line at mouth of Sachem's Head Harbor to markboat 150ft. south of Goose Rock Buoy; thence to markboat ⅛ mile north of Goose Island; thence to markboat 150ft. south of Indian Reef Buoy; thence to markboat at Goose Rock Buoy, and thence to and across starting line, which is also the finish line, 9⅝ nautical miles. The times are as follows:

CLASS A.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dare Devil	11 53 08	1 45 09	1 52 01	. .. ..
CLASS B				
Sachem	11 58 21	1 56 15	1 57 54	1 57 54
No Name	11 59 24	2 05 15	2 05 51	2 04 14
CLASS C.				
Sweetheart	12 04 39	2 07 34	2 02 55	2 00 42
Wasp	12 03 33	2 08 09	2 04 33	1 58 44
Caroline	12 04 45	2 13 11	2 08 26	2 05 34
Sayonora	12 05 24	2 16 29	2 11 05	2 11 05
Helene	12 03 45	2 16 46	2 13 01	2 07 40
Spindrift	12 03 21	2 18 10	2 14 49	2 10 24
Eva B	12 03 35	2 19 00	2 15 25	2 10 32
Petal	12 03 22	2 19 58	2 16 36	2 07 11
Kütchen	12 04 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS D.				
Libbie	12 10 19	1 49 20	1 39 01	1 39 01
Tigress	12 09 45	1 56 49	1 48 04	1 42 23
Poem	12 08 36	2 03 50	1 55 14	1 52 25
CLASS E				
Kydart	12 08 12	2 06 32	1 58 20	1 58 20
Die Hexe	12 08 25	2 08 14	1 59 49	1 55 36

In class A Dare Devil wins, having sailed the course with no competition. It is to her credit that she added to the interest of the occasion by sailing the course as though she had a competitor at her heels.

In class B Sachem wins. It is to be noted that the elapsed time of this fast little sloop was close to the best made over the course.

In class C Wasp wins on corrected time, Sweetheart having beaten her on elapsed time. Sweetheart takes second prize in this class.

In class D Lillie wins, and has the distinction of having made the best time over the course.

In class E Die Hexe wins on corrected time, Kydart having beaten her on elapsed time.

Duxbury Y. C.—Open Race—Davenport Cup.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Sept. 2, 3, 4.

THE postponed race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed successfully on Sept. 2 in a light breeze. The race in third class was for the Davenport cup. The times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Little Peter, H. Moebs	24.05	. .. ..	. .. ..
SECOND CLASS.			
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	21.09	1 14 44	0 53 09
Fanny D., M. MacDowell	20.00	1 29 21	1 06 44
THIRD CLASS.			
Rooster, M. MacDowell	19.03	1 11 23	0 47 39
Arab, W. F. Scott	19.11	1 15 43	0 52 38
Wrinkle, S. U Small	19.11	1 17 19	0 53 31
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	19.11	1 17 34	0 53 46
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	19.02	1 21 49	0 58 01
Tacoma		Did not finish.	
Prior		Did not finish.	
Goodspeed		Did not finish.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Attila, A. O. Higgins	14.02	1 25 28	0 56 12
Yankee, E. A. Walker	16.07	1 25 19	0 58 51
Ideal, C. F. Bradford	17 08	1 34 20	1 09 03
Dolphin, M. Morton	16.07	1 42 53	1 16 25
Fedora, C. Hunt	16.08	1 53 08	1 16 46
CLASS A.			
Major D., C. H. Drew	15.10	1 33 17	1 05 56
Aphrodite, J. Brewster	17.03	1 32 39	1 06 55
E. B. Weston, I. Simons	16.11	1 34 28	1 08 24
Alice B., J. F Low	16.00	1 40 00	1 12 51
Tom Jeff, G. Richards	16.02	1 48 22	1 21 25

The second race for the Davenport cup was sailed on Sept. 3 in a fresh N.E. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rooster, M MacDowell	1 54 09	1 06 41
Wrinkle, S. M. Small	1 58 06	1 11 55
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	2 00 32	1 12 56
Arab, W. S. Scott	2 01 18	1 15 02

The final race was sailed on Sept. 4 in a light breeze, Rooster again winning.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rooster, M. MacDowell	1 17 38	0 53 54
Wrinkle, S. M Smith	1 22 10	0 59 03
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	1 29 31	1 05 43
Tacoma, Prior & Goodspeed	1 29 52	1 06 41

As told last week, Rooster was recently purchased by Mr. MacDowell especially for this series of races.

Rochester Y. C. Handicap Race.

CHARLOTTE—LAKE ONTARIO.

Monday, Sept. 6.

LAKE Y. R. U. RULES.

THE Rochester Y. C. sailed a race under a sealed handicap on Sept. 6, the handicappers being Norman Compton and T. B. Pritchard. The wind was light and fluky, and fell to a calm in the second round. Iris led through the first round, with Majel second, and Veritas third; but the fourth yacht, Kelpie, finally caught a light breeze and finished well in the lead. The times were:

	Start.	First round.	Finish.	Corrected
Kelpie	10 00 44	12 14 31	6 05 12	7 41 12
Iris	10 00 42	12 05 37	6 10 44	8 10 44
Dragon	10 00 30	12 16 48	7 51 00	9 21 00
Majel	10 02 00	12 09 48	7 56 30	9 26 30
Nox	10 00 56	12 15 24	8 14 40	10 14 40
Nixye	10 00 25	12 20 03	8 31 00	10 21 00
Pedro	10 00 53	12 21 04	9 05 00	10 55 00
Veritas	10 03 13	12 13 46	Withdrew.	
Zanita	10 00 09	12 14 39	Withdrew.	
Althea	10 00 18	12 16 55	Withdrew.	
Carita	10 01 16	12 17 02	Withdrew.	
Facile	10 01 30	12 20 53	Withdrew.	
Queela	10 00 15	12 33 40	Withdrew.	
Soubrette	10 00 59	2 43 30	Withdrew.	
Weno	10 01 15	.. .. ..	Withdrew.	
SPECIAL CLASS.				
Chic	10 05 20	.. .. ..	12 27 19	2 22 19
Xingra	10 05 21	.. .. ..	Withdrew.	
Olga	10 05 40	.. .. ..	Withdrew.	
It	10 05 55	.. .. ..	12 52 30	. .. ..
Slider	10 06 15	.. .. ..	2 50 00	. .. ..
Kodak	10 06 25	.. .. ..	Withdrew.	

Pewaukee Y. C.

PEWAUKEE LAKE.

Sept. 4-6.

WITH the regatta of Sept. 11 the Pewaukee Y. C. will close a season of most successful regattas. At a special meeting of the yacht club, held at Lakeside, Monday, Sept. 6, at 4 P. M., it was decided to again challenge the Pine Lake Y. C. to sail another regatta for the celebrated Pabst trophy. Of course the event cannot take place this year, but this will give the Pewaukee Y. C. the first opportunity to capture that cup next season.

A communication from the Rev. S. S Smyth, of the St. John's Military Academy, of Delafield, requesting the Pewaukee Y. C. to assume charge of the proposed rowing regatta on Pewaukee Lake next spring, was referred to a committee appointed by Com. W. C. Clark.

Last Saturday's regatta was one of the prettiest of the weekly races that has taken place on Pewaukee Lake for a number of weeks. The wind was brisk from the southeast, which enabled the boats to go over the course with the least possible number of tacks. Idle Hour, owned and sailed by R. E. Giljohann, lowered the club's four-mile record of 43m. 58s., made by her in the regatta of July 3, by 55s. Good sailing was the feature of the day.

The times were:

CLASS A.

	Elapsed.
Idle Hour, R. E. Giljohann	0 43 03
Sirrocco, Wallber Bros.	0 46 12
Carmela, S. P. Fachutar	0 47 50
Lorraine, Schiller & Bauch	0 48 08
Lottie, L. G. Monkwell	0 49 03
CLASS B.	
Aida, A. C. Zinn	0 49 53
Sophia, W. H. Meyers	0 50 16

Judges: A. G. Muller, Jr., S. C. Morris and Dr. C. E. Winternuite.

On Labor Day, two very pretty regattas were sailed over the club's course. In the morning event, Kite, owned by Poppert & Peckler, was disabled before she had completed the first round. Idle Hour parted her throat halyards, and Carmela broke her jib stay, and Lottie got in the lee of the woods, and all were forced to retire on the last leg.

MORNING RACE—CLASS A.

Start, 10:35:	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tempest	12 13 09	1 38 09
Lottie	12 13 32	1 38 32
Lorraine	12 17 05	1 42 05
CLASS B.		
Aida	12 17 04	1 42 04
Sophia	12 20 32	1 45 32

Judges—D. C. Wilson, E. F Wallber, N. H. McGregor. Timekeepers—A. G. Miller and S. A. Morris.

The wind had fallen considerable by the time the boats were ready for the start in the afternoon, still there was enough to make the event close and exciting:

CLASS A.

Start, 2:35:	Finish.	Elapsed.
Idle Hour	3 32 19	0 57 19
Lottie	3 32 34	0 57 34
Lorraine	3 33 27	0 58 27
Tempest	3 34 14	0 59 14
Sirrocco	3 37 37	1 02 37
Carmela	3 38 45	1 03 45
CLASS B.		
Aida	3 42 02	1 07 02
Sophia	3 42 08	1 07 08

ERNEST E. WHITE.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake. Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

WE have within the past three weeks published very complete reports of the annual meets of the three great canoeing associations, the American, the Western and the British. These reports must be accepted as reflecting to a certain extent the condition of canoeing at the present time, a condition which all friends of the sport must admit, however reluctantly, is very far from satisfactory. The sport has been established in England for full thirty years, and nearly as long in this country; it has been in high favor at times, it has profited by the hard and earnest work of many enthusiastic devotees, many canoe clubs have been founded throughout this country and Europe as well as in Australia, and three large associations have been formed and successfully carried on for years.

The meet of the American Canoe Association can hardly be set down as a great success either in attendance or racing, but at the same time there is nothing particularly discouraging in it. The business depression that has so long prevailed, the golf craze and the bicycle craze, have probably much to answer for in cutting down the attendance. At the same time there were enough present, nearly 200 in all, to make a lively and pleasant camp; none the less pleasant as a canoe camp from the fact that some of the outside attractions of previous meets, hotel dances, outdoor theatricals, and expeditions to outside points were absent. The camp was eminently a camp of campers, in camping dress, and depending on themselves for amusement and occupation. No doubt some would vote it slow, and it was by no means up to-date in the quantity and quality of its after-dark amusements as compared with some former meets; but it was a camp at which canoeists could enjoy themselves with very little interruption from foreign elements.

There were in camp some sixty canoes, the common open canoe being in the majority, and the members were on the water a good deal. All hands lived in tents; there was no attempt at camp cookery, but the mess tent was a plain and camp-like institution, with very good cooking and an absence of all stiffness and formality. While there were a good many outside visitors during the day, mere sightseers who came in small parties to inspect the camp, there was no general invasion of over-dressed hotel people, such as has proved a serious nuisance at times. Within the camp there was none of the over-dressing that has always been such a sore grievance of those canoeists who never come to a meet—and sometimes of those who do. The general arrangements were very well carried out this year, and it was possible to reach the camp easily and promptly and to secure all ordinary conveniences in the way of mess, camp floor etc.

There is no denying that the racing was not what it should be. A very long programme was laid out, and many of the events were run off after a fashion, but there were very few contestants, the total list of entries and lists of starters in each particular race being small. Some of the races amounted to mere perfunctory affairs, with no real competition, and might as well have been omitted.

The present programme gives full opportunity to every class of canoeist, from the crack sailing man down to the novice, and in all kinds of canoes. The young canoeist who comes to camp with an ordinary open paddling canoe can find races enough to make his stay interesting. The trouble is not with the rules or the programme, but with the men, they evidently do not care to race. Even of the few who make a show of racing there are some who go about it in a slipshod manner, bringing to camp a canoe in poor condition and without a name, taking no trouble to file a formal entry, and showing no particular interest.

It is no wonder that there is so little interest in the trophy and unlimited sailing, as the successful canoe in this work must be a fearful and wonderful machine, comparatively costly, only to be obtained by hard work on the part of her owner, and of no use whatever except for a few days racing at the meet.

Mab represents the highest point yet reached by the sailing machine, she is the work of one of the few men who are really up in the design and construction of this class of craft. Mr. Gilbert, who designed and built Mab, is first of all a very clever mechanic, an expert in fine woodwork; he is also an enthusiast in his love for small craft, and thoroughly familiar with the canoe and its larger sister, the St. Lawrence River sailing skiff. Mr. Archbald, the owner of Mab, is an expert canoe sailor, perfectly at home on a long sliding seat and familiar with every detail of a racing canoe. The new boat is the result of the united efforts of these two men, just as the beautiful Vesper canoes were produced by Mr. Paul Butler with the aid of a very expert builder.

There was a time when a man who was not himself a mechanic, but merely a good canoeist, could go to one of several builders and purchase a first-class canoe fully fitted, but such is no longer the case. There is no longer enough demand for the extreme racing canoe—a boat of high cost, and to be used only for a few races at the meet, being stowed away for the rest of the year—to induce the average builder to improve on his designs; and when at long intervals he is called on for an up-to-date boat, he is entirely unprepared to fill the order, and in view of the special nature of the work he would lose money if he did build. A man who wants a canoe to-day to meet or beat Mab must depend mainly upon himself for the design and the planning of fittings; and unless he is thoroughly familiar with the practical details of design and construction, in addition to being an expert handler, he cannot hope to win.

Assuming that a man is thus qualified, and that he is prepared to spend a great deal of time and money on a new racing canoe, there is very little inducement to do so. In his home club, at New York, Lowell, Springfield or Rochester, he will find no racing at all through the season, or, at the most, only a few old boats against which to test and work up his new one. When he finally gets to the meet, intending to start in the trophy, unlimited, and two or three more races, he finds no one in his own class to meet him, and has virtually a sailover.

Up to last season the Vesper canoes were good enough for anything afloat, and there was no inducement to Mr. Butler to build a new canoe. The models of Bee, Wasp, Fly and Bug, from three to six years old, were by no means up-to-date; but by dint of improvements in centerboards, seats and rudders, and of their always excellent rigs, they were still clearly superior to anything then afloat. The construction of Mab, only a few weeks prior to the meet, saw the old boats laid on the shelf; in spite of all attempts to modernize them, they were at a marked disadvantage beside her lighter and smaller hull, and its special fitness for carrying a large deck seat. This year Mr. Butler was not present at the meet; it is doubtful whether he will continue, under present conditions, to build new canoes, and there is evidently no one else in the States to take his place. Whether or no Mab will race next year without some certainty of a competitor is also uncertain.

The only possible remedy that we can see for this state of affairs, and we are by no means certain that it is not too late for even this to be effective, is the one-design canoe. It is just possible that if a start were made with a standard design for a good 16 by 30 racing canoe of modern design and fittings, but less extreme than Mab, that enough men might build to give a little new life to racing at the meets, and also at home throughout the season. Failing this, we see no chance ahead for any revival of canoe racing.

The passing of the racing is to be regretted for many reasons. Both under sail and paddle it is a noble sport, with all the exhilaration and excitement of yachting, making even greater demands on the skill of the canoeist, and by reason of the small cost and the convenience of carriage of the boats, within the reach of those of very limited means. As long as a first-class racing canoe could be bought of the builder for about $150, and the owner of such a craft could find plenty of racing at home as well as at the meets, and could use the canoe at will for an afternoon paddle or a week's cruise, canoeing was an ideal sport.

As one of the prime reasons for the annual meet, and one of its great attractions to the average non-racing canoeist, the racing is almost indispensable to the continued success of the Association.

All things considered, the outlook for American canoeing and for the A. C. A. is decidedly better than it was a few years back. The sport has had to contend with the rivalry of newer ones, with the bicycle and golf; the continued business depression has acted to reduce the club membership and to keep men from camp; and the management, or mismanagement, of the meets themselves at times, with an unruly and noisy minority in command, has driven away many who could ill be spared. There is little doubt that, having held its own so long in the face of these and other hindrances, a period of renewed prosperity is before the Association. For several successive years it has been blessed with officers who have been both able and energetic, who have turned a heavy debt into a material balance in bank; who have greatly improved the transportation and other arrangements, and who, most difficult task of all, have had the pluck to act firmly and effectively upon the first outbreak in camp of the Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay spirit, to the marked improvement of the camp as a place of temporary residence for sober and decent canoeists.

The experience of several successive meets stands as an ample guarantee to all who are in doubt about joining the Association or who, being old members, are in doubt about the expediency of attending the meet. There is every reason to expect a well-located and well-arranged camp, with good transportation and mess, all reasonable luxuries in the way of camp floors, etc.; and a very pleasant and congenial company of canoeists. It is not to be expected that one coming back to a meet after an absence of years will find all of his old associates and the same familiar surroundings; but there is no reason at all, as far as the Association and its meets are concerned, why old members should not keep up their active connection, spending a week or two in camp, finding many old friends and making some new ones; and, though they may feel a little natural resentment at finding themselves back-numbers in the racing where once they were the leaders, there will still be plenty of good fellowship and hearty out-door fun and amusement.

The report which our Western correspondent sends of the Western Canoe Association is, we believe, in no way overdrawn, the story is much the same, unfortunately, from year to year, of a poorly selected camp site, a very small attendance, an absence of canoeists and canoeing, to say nothing of racing, and a predominance of foreign and discordant elements, out of all harmony with the true spirit of camping and canoeing. It is perhaps too much to expect that men in ordinary business, tied down to a fixed roof and a spring bed for fifty weeks of the year, will care to plunge at once into the roughest camp life for the remaining brief period, the transition both ways is entirely too sudden and abrupt to be pleasant. At the same time there is a happy mean between the unbroken wilderness and the social desert of the summer hotel lawn; a camp of tents with no permanent buildings, within reasonable steaming distance of a railroad, but not in the suburbs of a little town; where men can meet in the free communion of the woods and sky. The American Canoe Association was born and cradled on a hotel lawn, and at times it has returned, to its sorrow, to similar localities for its annual meet. but its strength has been drawn from the more isolated camps where towns and hotels were not forced too obtrusively upon the canoeists who wished to avoid them. Stony Lake, Grindstone Island, Bow-Arrow, Jessup's Neck, are the places dearest to the old members and most closely associated with the prosperity of the Association. There has always been in the A. C. A. a movement in favor of the "backyard" meet, to favor some local interest at the expense of the Association, and of the hotel-lawn meet, for those tender spirits who cannot be happy more than two miles from a Troy laundry, and these elements have at times forced the Association into experiments that have proved failures; but the general desire now seems to be for a comparatively isolated location—at least distant from hotels—provided that the local transportation is adequate.

The Western Canoe Association has had the same experience, but in it the feeling for the hotel and summer resort has been stronger, and has almost invariably prevailed; with what results, is now too painfully apparent. Whether any change is now possible, we are unable to say; almost any change from existing conditions must inevitably be for the better. If there are still a score or a dozen of real canoeists in the Association, it might be worth their while to combine and work for an experiment in a new line—a meeting in the woods, far from all hotels and other sideshows, planned to attract only canoeists. The attendance could not well be much smaller than it is at present, or the general interest in the business of the Association less; it is just possible that some good might come before it is too late.

The British Canoe Association is, in its organization and its relations, quite different from the two American associations. Though modeled on the same general plan—that originally worked out by the American Canoe Association—it has never secured a recognized position as the one governing body of British canoeing; on the contrary, it has from the first divided this honor with a local canoe club.

As the oldest canoe club, and one that has always labored for the interests of canoeing in all its branches, the Royal Canoe Club, of London, long ago secured recognition throughout Great Britain as the governing power in the sport—in fact, through a membership distributed over the kingdoms, and at times through the establishment of branches, it has to a great extent exercised the functions of a national instead of a local body.

When the B. C. A. was organized, as a matter of course as a national association superior to all clubs, it failed to receive the hearty support of all the members of the R. C. C.; the scheme of organization failed to provide for the regulation of canoe racing, and it has happened that the management of this important branch of the sport has ever since remained in the hands of the great parent club.

With all its slovenly and faulty legislation, it must be admitted that the attempt of the American Canoe Association to establish uniform rules and to regulate canoe racing, has worked successfully for eighteen years; at least as successfully as the same work would have been done by any club. To fulfill its true functions and to maintain its proper position, the British Canoe Association should control and encourage racing in the same manner; but this it has never attempted. Leaving the racing under the old management, that of the Royal C. C., it has devoted its efforts solely to the banding together of canoeists and the holding of an annual meet. While racing has never been entirely absent at these meets, it has never attained any great importance; it has been merely an incident of the camp, as this year. In the American Canoe Association, on the other hand, until a recent period, the races have been the most prominent feature of the meets, attracting many as competitors and affording amusement to all present. After all is said against the racing machine as displacing the old canoe and contributing to the neglect of cruising and camping, it must still be admitted that the racing has made a central point about which each of the many successful meets has hinged.

For one reason or another the British Canoe Association, well officered and strong in its *personnel*, with the hearty support of many good canoeists and experienced cruisers, has failed to attain such a membership in point of numbers as one might expect, and to attract canoeists to its meets.

These, as a rule, have been successful in bringing together a representative gathering of practical canoeists and small boat men at some picturesque and attractive locality, the social features of the camp being always pleasant. At the same time the attendance has been small, the racing has amounted to very little, and even that little has been by craft not strictly canoes; and the camps have always been in close touch with home comforts in the shape of carpets, pianos and such undesirable luxuries.

The present meet was an experiment in a new direction, from which much was to be expected, a real cruising meet, sailing each day or so to a new spot, but the craft were not canoes, though the men were good canoeists, and the number of men and boats was lamentably small.

It is a good many years now since we first recognized in the then novel sailing canoe (what has since chrystalized into the 16×30 decked canoe), a craft possessing many charms and many possibilities peculiar to itself. In the course of some thirty years conditions have changed greatly, the canoe-yawl, the 15-footer, the small power launch and the knockabout have all come in as rivals with the original canoe for the favor of the novice, the single-hander and the Corinthian of moderate means. At the same time we believe that there is still a wide field for the canoe and for canoeing, a field still worth working by each of the three associations.

As matters now are, there is no use of quibbling over an inch or two of beam or minor details of fittings; the one great point is to unite all who are animated by a common love for personal work on the water in small craft. Personally we believe that more can still be done by direct encouragement of paddleable craft of not over 30in. beam than by extending the field to take in a mixed fleet of wider and heavier craft; but this is a mere detail. The great thing is to secure the co-operation of all users of small craft.

In this work racing must play an important part, and good racing rules are an absolute necessity. These can only be had and held by constant attention and labor on the part of the officers and committees, and by interest on the part of racing men and owners. No rule is so good that it cannot be improved, and even though perfect for the time, conditions may arise at any moment which may demand material changes. Constant scrutiny and supervision of the rules in their practical working and careful, deliberate and methodical discussion and legislation, are essential to the maintenance of the rules, and these, even in the American Canoe Association, have too often been neglected in favor of hasty, incomplete and generally imperfect legislation.

Even more important than the racing is the annual meet itself, an assembly of gentlemen, living in tents as far distant as the needed facility of quick transportation will admit from cities and summer hotels, and finding amusement in clean, healthful outdoor sport. To make the necessary financial success of such a camp from year to year, assuring good transportation facilities, good mess and camp service of all kinds, the number present should run up to 200 at least. With that many in camp, a fair proportion of racing men may be expected, each man can find a group of associates to suit his special tastes, and there is a variety of amusement for all. The officers, too, feel that their work has amounted to something, which is not the case when elaborate arrangements, involving much labor and time, are availed of by less than a dozen people.

THE notice which we publish this week tells that the annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association will be held in Brooklyn on Oct. 16. This is about three weeks earlier than usual, but in some respects the change of date is better; as a rule the weather in November is unpleasant and stormy. Last year at Toronto the first snowstorm of the season greeted the canoeists. In the middle of October there is a much better prospect of good weather, a very desirable accompaniment to the meeting, as the following day is always devoted to the entertainment of the visitors. The only objection is that the official reports as a rule are delayed to the last possible moment, and there is difficulty in getting them all by the middle of November. As, however, all the present officers retire by Oct. 1, and as the business of the Divisions and the Association was really over last month, there should be no difficulty in preparing the reports in time. It is in every way desirable that all reports should be presented and considered at the annual meeting in order that the exact condition of the Association in membership and finances shall be known to the committee. There is no good reason why a simple Division report, for instance, should not be ready before midwinter.

In the matter of new legislation, there is really very little to be done; the Association is now running admirably so far as its administrative machinery is concerned, the Board of Governors has proved a success in regulating the finances, which should be in quite a satisfactory condition; there is apparently no change necessary in regard to it or to the general association and Division government, as laid down in the constitution and by-laws.

Several proposals have been made for the amendment of the racing rules, and two or three points need to be cleared up, but there is no need for any important or radical change. The rules in the main are very satisfactory, the great trouble is that men will not build and race under them.

As to their amendment, there is no other canoeing or yachting body in the world that we are familiar with, which has such an admirable system for amending and perfecting its racing rules. As laid down in the by-laws, it is the duty of the regatta committee, the last act before vacating its office after a year of experience in making up the programme and managing the races, to present a full report of the practical operation of the rules, the details of the racing, and of such changes as are desirable in the opinion of the committee. In addition to this, the committee must include in the report all proposals for changes made by members. This report must be made public to all members of the Association through the official organs, at least two weeks prior to the amendments being voted upon by the executive committee.

In this way the valuable experience of the retiring committee, fresh from its work at the meet, is available for the amendment of the rules; every member of the Association has a right to offer amendments, and the committee has the charge and supervision of such amendments, thus knowing exactly what changes are contemplated.

The one defect in this scheme is that the provisions of the by-laws and racing rules are habitually disregarded; sometimes the regatta committee puts in no report at all, sometimes a mere perfunctory statement of races and winners; such amendments as are published are, as already instanced this year, mere crude suggestions that must be carefully put in shape by some one before they can be submitted to the committee for a vote. Some amendments, instead of being sent to the committee in season for advance publication, are presented to the executive committee during the meeting, so that they cannot be carefully discussed and voted upon, but must be submitted during the winter to a mail vote, without the necessary discussion and deliberation of a meeting.

In order to be voted upon at the meeting of Oct. 16, all amendments must be published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 2, and consequently must reach us at the very latest by the morning of Sept. 28. The time is short, but if the retiring regatta committee is really desirous of astonishing the entire Association and of bringing credit to itself by the thorough completion of its work, it is still possible to prepare such a report as the by-laws call for, setting forth the important details of the late races, the questions which have arisen, the conclusions of the committee upon the condition of the racing at the present time, and its recommendations of changes. These recommendations, with any received from members, should be carefully written out, in the English language, and in the exact phraseology in which they should appear in the rules.

Whether good or bad in themselves, most of the suggestions for the amendment of the rules are absolutely worthless on account of their vague and indefinite form; if a man is desirous that a rule should be amended, the least he can do before occupying the time of a very busy meeting is to take the A. C. A. book and turn to the rule, writing out in carefully chosen language the exact idea which he has in his mind. The probabilities are that he will find some difficulty in doing this in a way that will conflict with no other provisions of the rule; but if he cannot do it, there is no reason why he should expect others to do so. It is an easy matter to say offhand that a rule is bad and should be changed; it is a very difficult matter to embody this idea definitely and clearly in an amendment that shall harmonize with the remainder of the rule. The result of the usual hasty and careless method of voting on mere crude suggestions is very plainly visible in Rule I of the Racing Regulations, as it stands to-day, as well as in the several suggestions thus far made for its amendment by the executive committee.

A. C. A. Board of Governors.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THERE will be a meeting of the Board of Governors of the American Canoe Association at the Clarendon Hotel, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 16, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Members of the board are requested to attend. ROBERT J. WILKIN, Pres.

C. V. WINNE, Rec.

"Canoe Cruising and Camping" is the title of a new work by Perry D. Frazer, published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. It contains more common sense to the square inch than any work we have ever seen. The author's advice, if followed, will insure any canoeist or camper a royal outing. It is well written and ably illustrated. It tells the novice what to take for camp use, for clothing and for sport. It is intensely practical. Price $1.—*Breeder and Sportsman.*

The Amendment of the Racing Rules.

WE have spoken elsewhere of the amendment of the racing rules, a matter which is now in the hands of the regatta committee and which must shortly pass to the executive committee. The present Rule I., defining, measuring and limiting canoes, was framed many years ago when canoeing was in a very different condition. In the interval it has been chopped and patched from year to year until it is mere makeshift, incomplete, contradictory and confusing.

So far as we can see, there is no demand at present for any material change of the rule; but it is very necessary that it shall be made more definite and explicit, especially as concerns the canoes entering in paddling races, whether manned by one man, two, four or more. In order to secure a proper amendment of the rule in the very short time remaining before the legal date of publication, we have attempted to recast it in a more definite and accurate shape, as follows:

RULE I. DEFINITION.—A canoe to compete in any race in the American Canoe Association must be sharp at both ends, with no counterstern or transom, and must come within the limits prescribed for its class.

MEASUREMENT.—The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the foreside of the stem and the after side of the stern. The beam shall be taken at the widest part, wherever found, and shall not include the beading, provided that it does not exceed 1½in. in depth; if the beading exceeds this depth, it shall be measured as part of the beam. The word beam shall mean the breadth, formed by the fair lines of the boat; and the beam at and near the waterline shall bear a reasonable proportion to the beam at the gunwale. The draft shall be measured at the deepest point, wherever found. The depth shall be measured from the inside of the garboard next the keel to the lower side of a straight-edge laid across the gunwales or to a similar height in a decked canoe. The sail area shall be measured by dividing into triangles in the usual manner, the sail being stretched taut and flat on a level surface.

DIMENSIONS.—SAILING—To be eligible to sailing races a canoe must comply with the following limitations: The length shall be limited to a maximum of 16ft., with an accompanying maximum beam of 30in. For each full inch of decrease in length the beam may be increased by ⅛in. The draft shall not exceed 10in. There shall be no limit to the weight or drop of the centerboard, but when hauled up it must not project below the keel. *A canoe without a centerboard may carry a keel 3in. deep outside of the garboards and weighing not more than 36lbs.*; a centerboard canoe may carry a keel not exceeding 1¼in. The keel-band shall not exceed ¼in. inch in thickness, and shall be included in the measurement of depth of keel. Lee-boards may be carried by a canoe not having a centerboard. The sail area shall be limited to 130sq. ft.

To be eligible to the "cruising canoe" class, a canoe shall comply with the above limitations, and in addition shall be fitted with a well not less than 16in. wide for a length of 3ft. 6in.; with a sleeping space of 6ft., of which at least 5ft. shall be clear; and the sails shall be fitted to lower and furl. The regatta committee shall have power to rule out any canoe which, in their opinion, does not conform to the spirit of these restrictions.

PADDLING—To be eligible to the paddling races, canoes must be within the following limits:

One and Two Men (Single and Tandem)—Maximum length, 16ft.; minimum beam, 30in.; minimum depth 12in.; minimum weight, 50lbs.

Four Men—Maximum length, 20ft.; minimum beam, 30in.; minimum depth, 12in.; minimum weight, 70lbs.

War Canoes—Maximum length, 35ft.; minimum beam, —?; minimum depth, —?; minimum weight, —?; maximum crew, 15 men.

We invite, on the part of all who are or should be interested in the races of the Association, a comparison of the above with the rule as it now appears in the Year Book. We have attempted to embody the same ideas in a little different form and clearer language, with no material changes. The phrase in italics, limiting the depth of keel, may well be omitted now, the same point being covered by the limitation of draft. It is just possible that some recognition of the fin-keel and the weighted centerboard should appear in the rule, but we have not attempted to take up this new point.

Those portions of the rule which apply more particularly to canoes in the paddling races have been extended to cover new conditions, the introduction of four-men crews and war canoes; they are substantially in accord with the rather vague suggestions set forth recently by the committee of the Northern Division. The only open point, we believe, is the limit of weight, we have inserted 50lbs. as the minimum for the single and tandem canoes, a mean between the limit set several years ago as the weight of the average good service canoe of the open Canadian type and a proposal now made to lower the limit. We have taken the proposal of the special committee for the weight of four-men canoes, and we have left blank spaces for the limits of beam, depth and weight of war canoes, which should be filled in, if only for the sake of consistency.

It is quite possible that the above proposal is capable of amendment, either in mere phraseology and detail or in new and material additions. We shall be very glad to have further suggestions and criticism, in order that the amendment may be submitted in the best possible shape to the regatta committee in season to be embodied in the annual report and voted upon by the executive committee.

The following proposal to amend the racing rules has been sent us for publication by Thos. Hale, Jr.:

To amend racing regulations, Rule V., 2d paragraph: After the words "and the year expressed in four figures thereon," to omit the words "and the five best flags at the disposal of the regatta committee shall be given to the first five record men, provided ten or more finish; if less than ten finish, a prize shall only be given to each two, or fraction of two finishing."; and to insert the words "and the first five men finishing, or fraction thereof, shall receive prizes."

As now printed in the Year Book, the latter portion of Rule V. is badly jumbled up; we would point out that a rearrangement is desirable, the paragraphing, at least, being changed.

In the amendment offered by Mr. Schuyler, as printed last week, the limits should read "maximum length, 16ft.; *minimum* width, 28in; *minimum* depth, 10in. amidships; not less than 45lbs. weight.

A. C. A. Executive Committee.

To the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association:

THE annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association will be held at the Clarendon Hotel (Fulton, Washington and Johnson streets), Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday, Oct. 16.

The meeting will be called to order at 10 o'clock, A. M.

FRANK L. DUNNELL, Com. Elect.

By C. V. SCHUYLER, Sec'y-Treas. Elect.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Miss Libbie Pearsall	Toronto, Can	——

EASTERN DIVISION—ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

Mr. Louis P. Drake	Auburndale, Mass	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

A Rare Feat.

MR. ADOLPH TOEPPERWEIN, a young man who has practiced trick shooting with the rifle for some years, performed a feat on Aug. 12 at San Antonio that has not been equaled anywhere in the civilized world. On a former occasion Mr. Toepperwein broke 955 clay disks 2½in. in diameter out of 1,000 shots fired. The disks were tossed in the air by hand to a height varying from 20 to 30ft., at a distance of 10 or 15ft. from the shooter, he using two .22cal. Winchester rifles, old-fashioned black powder ammunition. On Aug. 22, however, this young trick rifleman totally eclipsed his former achievement and broke 979 targets and the world's record. He shot two rifles alternately until the 200th shot, when he accidentally broke the front sight off one, and finished the remaining 800 with one rifle, that at times became so hot as to almost preclude any possibility of handling. Out of the first 500 targets he missed but 11. He shot the fifth 100 without a miss, and the lowest number of hits out of any 100 was 95. He made runs of 117, 107, 106 and 141. After the shooting was over, Mr. Toepperwein regaled the spectators with exhibition shooting at coins of various denominations, hitting such small objects as nickels marbles, etc.

Mr. Louis Henermann, president of the Texas Baseball League, officiated as official scorer, and his affidavit certifying to the truth and correctness of same is before your correspondent. Summary:

First 100 disks shot at	98	Sixth 100 disks shot at	98
Second 100 disks shot at	95	Seventh 100 disks shot at	96
Third 100 disks shot at	99	Eighth 100 targets shot at	99
Fourth 100 disks shot at	97	Ninth 100 targets shot at	97
Fifth 100 disks shot at	100	Tenth 100 disks shot at	98—979

O. C. GUESSAZ.

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO, Sept. 5.—A strong wind blew from left to right across the range to-day, while the light was poor. The rifle scores made to-day were as below, Harlan winning in the A class, Mrs Marshall in Class B:

A class, 200yds.:

Schmidt	5	5	5	1	9	5	0	3	7	1—41
Booth	1	1	2	3	0	1	2	2	3	6—21
Harlan	6	3	1	5	2	3	7	6	1	8—42
Norcom	0	2	10	3	4	2	2	5	2	1—31
Houston	5	1	0	1	1	3	5	1	2	7—26
Davis	5	7	4	1	1	1	3	5	3	4 34

B class, ladies' medal, 100yds.:

Mrs. Marshall	3	3	3	5	3	6	3	7	9	3—45
Mrs Schmidt	4	4	3	4	2	4	3	5	3	6—38

PATERSON.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 21-23.—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Co.

Sept. 22-24.—WATSON'S PARK, Chicago, Ill.—Tournament at live birds and targets. Programmes ready about Sept. 1. Write to John Watson, Station R, Chicago.

Sept. 23.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association for the benefit of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association. 100-target handicap for the "Charlestown pig."

Sept. 24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Elliott-Gilbert match for the *Star* cup. Match commences at 2 P. M.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-Oct. 1.—PASSAIC, N. J.—Annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at Clifton racetrack. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. Main event on last day is at 25 live birds, $25 birds extra, handicap; $500 guaranteed to three high guns. W. H. Huck, Sec'y, Rutherford, N. J.

Oct. 4-5.—WARWICK, N. Y.—First annual tournament of the Warwick Gun Club. Open to all. Targets. $50 average money to four high guns in all programme events. John M. Servin, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 19-21.—DAYTON, Ia.—Second annual tournament of the Dayton Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds. "Cannot divide with professionals or manufacturers' agents."

Oct. 19-22.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Four days' tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. $500 added money. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 22-23.—HUNTINGTON, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club.

Oct. 26-28.—COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia.—Tournament under the auspices of W. D. Hardin, F. S. Crabill and C. B. Randlett. $300 added. Programmes later.

Oct. 29-30.—GRAND RAPIDS, Minn.—Tournament of the Itasca Gun Club. Dr. W. P. Brown, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

C. W. Dudley won the cartridge case put up for competition on Saturday last, Sept. 11, on the grounds of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club. Dudley broke 24 out of 25 making his score a highest possible by breaking 1 out of his allowance of 2 extra targets to shoot at. He tied with Carl von Lengerke (3), F. A. Thompson (4) and Banks (0), all of whom made highest possibles. On the shoot-off under similar conditions, he again broke 24 out of 25, winning easily. Dudley is shooting his single Francotte very strongly just now, and is likely to be a factor in the next race for the Recreation cup at Hackensack, N. J., early in October.

In regard to the Jersey Handicap, the big live-bird event set for the last day (Oct. 1) of the Jersey State shoot, W. H. Huck, secretary of the State Sportsmen's Association, Rutherford, N. J., writes as follows: "The Jersey Handicap, 25 live birds, $25, birds extra, not class shooting; handicaps 26 to 32yds.; $500 guaranteed by the Association; *all surplus added*. Entries for the Jersey Handicap, accompanied by a forfeit of $10 may be made to W. H. Huck, Sec'y, Rutherford, N. J., or will be received at cashier's office up to 6 P. M. Sept. 30. Nobody barred."

The Dayton, Ia., Gun Club will hold its second annual tournament Oct. 19-21. The first two days will be devoted to targets, the last day to live birds. The announcement states: "Cannot divide with professionals or manufacturers' agents."

The Elliott-Grimm cast iron-badge embroglio is still somewhat of a mystery. Our Western correspondent, Mr. Hough, has unearthed a copy of the conditions under which the said badge is held. As told in his Western trap notes in this issue, one of the conditions of challenge for this badge is that the forfeit must be put up in the hands of the *American Field*. Of this fact Mr. Elliott was ignorant, so deposited his forfeit with FOREST AND STREAM on July 8, in whose hands it remained until Sept. 11, when a check for the $50 was mailed to him at his request. Is this violation of the conditions, then, the reason why Mr. Grimm has kept silent? We hardly think so, for Mr. Grimm is too good a sportsman and too good a fellow, to seek to hold a trophy like the cast iron badge by virtue of such an insignificant breach in the conditions governing challenges for the same. We believe that he would, had he been free-handed, have notified Elliott of his mistake. Who then is back of this thing? Charlie Grimm must surely realize that this silence on his part has given rise to much talk among trap-shooters, and that the bulk of this talk has been by no means favorable to him. Another question that naturally crops up is this: Was the *American Field* itself ignorant of the condition requiring that the said forfeit money should have been deposited in its hands? Or was it silent for cause?

L. H. Fogarty, of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., was one of the members of the club's team that journeyed to Freehold, N. J., to meet a team of the local gun club on Friday last, Sept. 10. The Freeholders treated the Endeavors most hospitably, and Mr. Fogarty asks us to publish the following acknowledgment of such treatment: "As one of the visiting team members of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, to Freehold on Sept. 10, I must thank the Freehold Gun Club for the magnificent entertainment extended to our team by that club from the arrival of the team in Freehold. The "buss" to the banquet table, the Shrewsbury salts, the oyster pie, and the etceteras they entertained us with can never be effaced from the record of congenial trap-shooting. Mr. Davis handled the affair with consummate skill, and though he may offer an excuse for not knowing that the time-table of the Central Railroad of New Jersey was changed the day previous, that excuse need not be offered, as the beautiful ride from Freehold to Matteawan, some eleven or thirteen miles, in the effulgence of the full September moon, more than paid for the few hours' delay in getting back to New York. The Freehold shooters probably used Mr. Davis's lame excuse for not keeping us there all night! The day was the hottest of the season, and they warmed us well by 17 birds, and, children, there was a 'hot time that night.'"

Billy Wolstencroft seems to have a sort of first mortgage upon Austin cups. On Labor Day, 1896, he shot for a cup on the Endeavor Gun Club's grounds, donated by John L. Winston's firm of employers, the Austin Powder Company. He didn't win it that time, but he took it away from Dutchy Smith, the winner, a few weeks later, and held it until, according to the conditions attached to challenges for the cup, it became his property. On Labor Day, Sept. 6, 1897, he again came to Marion after another Austin cup, which was advertised to be shot for under similar conditions, viz.: Expert rules, 100 targets per man. He broke 90 out of his 100 and walked away with the trophy. Noel Money and 147 scored 87 each; Ferd Van Dyke 85. Good shooting all around, but Billy's skill with his new Greener and Schultze powder is at present almost unapproachable. He's bad medicine just now, that's a fact. Billy says that the new gun is the twin brother of the one he handled so effectively about ten years ago; and adds that he feels just like a twin brother to the Billy Wolstencroft of that era. He shoots like one, anyhow.

The programme for the Schmelzer tournament at Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 14-16, arrived too late for us to make any comment upon its contents prior to the commencement of the shoot. The cover states that the shoot will be "A grand reunion of amateur trap shooters; $1,200 in merchandise prizes; twenty-seven events; $12 pays your entrance fee for the three days' contest." Professionals and manufacturers' agents are barred from competing for the prizes, but can shoot along for the price of the targets. The price of the targets is not specified, but judging from the entrance fees, it looks like 3 cents for targets; probably, however, this rate would be reduced to one who could not compete for prizes. Shooters will be divided into three classes, A, B and C. Class A men will shoot from the 18yds. mark at unknown traps and angles; Class B at known traps, but unknown angles, from the 16yds. mark; Class C men will shoot at everything known from the 14yds. mark. It will be really interesting to see how this plunder shoot, pure and simple, turns out. There are five prizes in each event, one for each class of ties. Ties for first prize shoot off at the original number of targets; all other ties are decided miss-and-out.

There will be an all day shoot at Wellington, Mass., on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, for the benefit of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association. The chief feature on the programme is the 100 target handicap for the "Charlestown pig," handicaps 100 to 125 targets, entrance $3. Optional sweep of $1 on each 25 targets; known traps and angles. This "pig" requires some explanation, and we feel that we are qualified to offer same, having an interest in that article (which, by the way, is of brass), to the extent of one quarter of a dollar. The pig is hollow, and is built somewhat on the plan of a nickel-in-the-slot machine; that is to say, it has a slot, but is built for quarters only. When we saw it last it was in the hands of Capt. E. B. Wadsworth (Puck) in a car on the suburban line, from Montpelier to Barre, Vt. At a rough guess, the "pig" will hold probably $30 or $40—maybe more—and, as we understand it, it is now filled with quarters (for nothing less and nothing more passed through the slot), and is ready to be disposed of as per programme issued for the shoot.

On Monday of this week, Sept. 13, we had the pleasure of meeting Barney Worthen, of Charleston, S. C. Barney dropped into Von Lengerke & Detmold's store about 11 o'clock on the above date, and that's how we came to run across him. There are few, if any, better shots than Barney when it is day and when targets are being thrown. And judging from what we learned, it is his day pretty often just now. On Aug. 29 last he broke 122 out of 125, and in a strong cross wind at that; but Barney is quite capable of such a feat; witness his shooting at Savannah, Ga., on both days of the Interstate Association's tournament last May. He expects to leave for home on Wednesday of this week.

In our report of the trip of the New York contingent to the Montpelier, Vt., Interstate tournament, Aug. 25-26, we made an error in stating that the members of that contingent were the guests of Mr. W. L. Stone during their stay in Burlington, Vt., on the night of the 24th. We made that statement on the strength of the information given us when we went to settle accounts at the Hotel Burlington office on the morning of Aug. 25: "All bills have been paid by Mr. Stone." Mr. Stone, since reading our report of the shoot, has hastened to write us to the effect that he settled the bills, not as an individual, but on behalf of the Lakeside Rod and Gun Club, of Burlington, which organization constituted itself the host of the visitors on this occasion. We take this, our first opportunity, to acknowledge the courtesy of the club in this matter.

The *Arms and Explosives Magazine* of Aug. 2, a publication issued in Great Britain, contains a copy of the British Government's explosives report for 1896. Some interesting information is given in the article in regard to a series of samples of American smokeless powder, supplied by Mr. R. W. S. Griffith for the information of the department: "Four of these powders, viz., American E. C., Hazard, Du Pont and Kings, closely resemble well-known English powders, consisting in greater part of nitrocellulose, mainly of the soluble variety, with the addition of some nitrate of barium and potassium." The report also contains details of the results of tests made with these powders.

We are going to have some trap shooting in this locality before the hunting season sets in in earnest. The New Jersey State shoot, Sept. 28-Oct. 1; the Warwick, N. Y., Gun Club's shoot, Oct. 4-5; the Newburgh annual fall tournament, Oct. 6-8, and the Baltimore Shooting Association's four days' shoot, Oct. 19-22, make up a list that is not to be despised in these dull times. The Baltimore shoot, two days targets, $150 added each day, and two days live birds, $300 added, a total of $500 added money, with $500 guaranteed in the Maryland Handicap, 25 birds, $25, handicaps 26 to 31yds., should draw the boys together from many points a few hundreds of miles apart.

The Interstate Association closes its season for 1897 this week, with the tournament at Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 15-16. On Saturday last, Sept. 11, we had a short talk with Manager Shaner, and he told us that this season had been the most successful in the history of the Association. The Grand American Handicap opened the ball in March with 135 starters out of 146 entries. Then came the seven target tournaments at Baltimore, Md.; Richmond, Va.; Savannah, Ga.; Mobile, Ala.; New Haven, Conn.; Lewiston, Me., and Montpelier, Vt., respectively. The curtain will be rung down at the conclusion of the eighth, on the evening of Sept. 16, at Portsmouth, N. H.

Our absence from the city for a couple of weeks, and the persistency with which correspondents will mail matter for publication personally, have caused delay in the publication of certain news matter; while other items have reached this office too late to be of any use, owing to their having gone chasing us around the northern part of this State. May we request our correspondents once more to mail *all* matter for publication to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. It will reach our desk all right, and if we are absent will be attended to by our understudy.

Mr. C. W. Wisner, Vice President of the Warwick, N. Y., Gun Club, called on us on Monday of this week, Sept. 13. Mr. Wisner had with him a dummy of the programme which his club proposes to issue for its two days' shoot, Oct. 4-5. All that it would be fair to say at present is that it looks very much as if there was going to be a good time for shooters at Warwick on the above dates. Among other things, there is the sum of $50 to be divided as average money among the four or five high guns. All targets are to be charged for at the rate of 2 cents each. Warwick is an exceedingly pretty place, and shooters from a distance could not spend Sunday, Oct. 3 (the Sunday following the New Jersey State shoot), more pleasantly than in wandering around Warwick and viewing its many points of historic interest. Warwick is about one hour and fifty minutes' run from New York on the Erie R. R., so that it is easy enough to get to. It is also a very simple matter to get from Warwick to Newburgh, N. Y., where the shoot commences on Oct. 6; twenty-eight miles on the Erie R. R. is all that intervenes between the two places. The New Jersey State shoot, the Warwick shoot and the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's annual fall tournament thus make up a nice little circuit for the fag end of a season.

A Chicago sporting publication has been telling its readers that there is a strong probability of the Interstate Association holding its Grand American Handicap for 1898 in Chicago. Surely in this case the wish is father to the thought, for we are assured on the best authority that the Grand American Handicap for 1898 will be held in the vicinity of New York, and, as usual, the week following the annual Sportsmen's Association Exposition in Madison Square Garden next March. The actual dates for the big event, and the place chosen for holding the shoot, will be made public in a few days.

The Rhode Island Trap Shooting Association, of Providence, R. I., and the Pawtuxet, R. I., Gun Club, have the right ideas for keeping up interest in trap-shooting in the localities named. Team races between clubs do more to keep the members alive than any number of prizes offered for monthly or weekly competitions. As a result of the contests that have taken place this season between the two organizations named above, several embryo crackerjacks have been discovered, some of whom will undoubtedly we heard from at future tournaments.

W. L. Gardner, of Norwalk, O., is one of those good shots from the Buckeye State who occasionally drop around this way and find time to break a few targets in their spare hours. Mr. Gardner has been doing some good shooting recently, and is booked to shoot a 50-target race with Carl von Lengerke on Saturday afternoon next, Sept. 18, at the Endeavor Gun Club's grounds, Marion, N. J. A good programme of events to suit everybody's fancy will be arranged, a full afternoon's sport being aimed at by the management of the Endeavor Gun Club.

Hon. Tom. A. Marshall, Mayor of Keithsburg, Ill., and winner of the Grand American Handicap last March, dropped into the city on Monday of this week, and shook hands all round. When we asked him if was coming again next March, he replied: "Sure. And there'll be others, too. I suppose it's about settled where it's going to be, isn't it? I was in hopes that we might have it out in Chicago next year, but if it's not to be so, I'll be on hand in time to answer to my name when I'm called to the score."

The Hunter Arms Company, of Fulton, N. Y., has sent us one of its catalogues (second edition) for 1897. It is very neatly gotten up and has plenty in it to interest men fond of the gun. Pages 18 and 19 are devoted entirely to nitro powders, rules being given for loading the same. These rules are based on practical tests made in the firm's own gallery, and will be found both interesting and useful to those who like to load their own shells.

The solidity of the firm of Laflin & Rand cannot be doubted when it becomes generally known that it has recently allowed "Old Reliable" Ed Taylor to start upon his twenty-second consecutive year in its employ! Any firm that can stand twenty one years of uninterrupted intercourse with Ed Taylor, and all the bumps and abrasions incident thereto, must indeed be founded upon something like bed rock. The twenty-second year commenced on Aug. 10 last.

We are in receipt of an invitation to attend a "melon feast of the Glenwood Gun Club, of Newburgh, N. Y., Sept. 16." The Glenwood Gun Club is a young organization, but numbers quite a large body of active shooters among its members. It has a splendid background, throwing targets from a magautrap right against the sky. Trolleys direct from the city run past the entrance to the grounds, within two minutes' walk of the club house.

Now that blackbirds can be secured easily, why wouldn't it be a good thing for Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau to get up a programme of events such as 7-, 10- and 15-bird races, with moderate entrance fees, just to let all the boys have a chance to try their hands at small game? We believe that such a programme would produce a good attendance, and make no charge for the suggestion.

Local papers are talking about a series of three matches that are to be shot in the near future with Grimm and Elliott as principals. All such talk is nonsense; Grimm and Elliott are not matched to shoot any races at all. Both Elliott and Mr. Rice have drawn down their forfeits, the net results of their respective efforts being *nil*.

The signature of some official of the gun club, generally the secretary, is always considered sufficient guarantee for the correctness of the scores sent in. In looking over some scores received a few days ago, we encountered the following foot note ("not for publication, but merely a statement of facts"): "These are true copies of original score sheets. We never 'doctor' our scores."

Messrs. W. D. Hardin, F. S. Crabill and C. B. Randlett, of Council Bluffs, Ia., will hold a tournament Oct. 26, 27 and 28. There will be added money to the extent of $300 for the boys to fight for; but what "boys," we can't say, as programmes are not out just yet.

According to a newspaper item mailed us from out West, Grimm and Gilbert have met at Algona, Ia., during the last week of August, in a race at 100 live birds per man, $100 a side. Gilbert won by 94 to 93.

Here's a new spelling of the word "magautrap," and it's a terror! In its report of the State championship team shoot at Cleveland, O., held the latter part of August, the Cleveland *Recorder* informs us that "morger traps" were used.

Fred Gilbert is after new honors. He has challenged Elliott for the Kansas City *Star* cup, and the match will come off on Friday, Sept. 24, 2 P. M., in Kansas City.

On Wednesday of this week, Sept. 15, the Bristol, Conn., Gun Club "will give an all-day shoot, and one of its famous barbecue dinners."

The regular monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club will be held at the Crescent Oval on Sept. 22, Wednesday of next week.

SEPT. 14. EDWARD BANKS.

Parker Gun Club on Labor Day.

MERIDEN, Conn., Sept. 6.—Below are the scores made at the Labor Day shoot given by the Parker Gun Club. The weather was extremely hot, and several other attractions no doubt kept many from participating in the shoot, although we had a very good number, and some very fair shooting was done, as the scores show for themselves:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	30	15	15	5p	10	15	15	
W F Parker	13	15	13	16	10	12	18	14	28	10	14	5	8	13	..	
Jno R Hull	14	13	13	15	12	12	14	12	24	12	13	6	6	13	11	
E L Post	12	9	12	17	14	12	19	13	25	13	14	8	7	13	13	
S A Tucker	12	11	13	16	14	12	20	15	26	14	14	..	..	13	..	
O R Dickey	14	13	14	19	13	14	20	15	28	10	14	10	8	..	..	
Puck	12	13	12	19	13	12	18	14	28	12	12	6	4	13	..	
E L Avery	12	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	5	..	..	..	
J M Taylor	10	10	..	..	12	..	..	10	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	
A F Rockwell	12	11	13	17	14	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
C B Bristol	10	13	12	17	14	10	17	10	23	10	..	..	..	..	..	
M A Beers	11	11	12	13	12	10	17	12	22	10	14	..	..	..	..	
J B Savage	14	8	12	16	13	10	19	13	26	12	14	5	7	14	..	
H J Mills	13	13	14	14	12	13	16	12	27	10	13	6	..	..	..	
M H Clark	12	9	13	16	12	10	18	12	23	11	..	..	..	..	..	
H O Whitney	13	14	12	16	14	13	17	12	24	7	14	6	12	..	..	
B W Claridge	14	14	15	17	10	11	17	9	27	11	13	9	7	14	13	
U M C	9	12	11	15	12	13	13	10	20	..	13	..	..	..	..	
R C Root	14	11	12	17	11	11	16	9	21	10	9	6	6	7	..	
E H Peaney	10	10	9	12	11	11	15	10	20	9	..	..	..	..	..	
H L Edgarton	12	9	12	14	10	15	15	7	..	10	13	..	..	..	11	
H J Merritt	12	11	12	16	10	11	15	13	20	11	13	6	6	12	12	
Coats	10	11	9	10	11	12	10	8	20	10	..	5	7	8	7	
A W Du Bray	12	8	12	14	11	7	..	12	..	8	..	6	..	9	..	
Jordon	13	11	12	8	13	12	13	..	15	7	8	8	5	11	..	
Meriman	..	..	10	..	8	11	..	12	23	7	8	7	6	..	..	
Hart	..	..	..	12	7	13	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Davis	..	..	..	11	..	8	..	5	9	..	..	5	..	..	..	
Ockford	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	11	26	10	..	5	..	..	..	
Lyon	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	6	6	..	..	

E. A. SMITH, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Sept. 1.—The regular bi-weekly shoot for the silver tea service donated by the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., was decided this afternoon on the club's grounds, Noel Money winning a heat for the trophy. Scores were:

Fifty targets, handicap allowance, unknown angles:

Van Dyke	11111111011111111111110111111111010111111111111111	—46
	111	— 3—49
Morfey*	10111111010111100110110111111101111111111111111111	—42
Wright	11111110111111011111111101111011111111110111111111	0—44
	111111	— 6—50
Money	11011111111111111111110111111101101111111111111111	—46
	1111	— 4—50
James*	11111010110111001111101101111111111101010110111101	11—39
	10	— 1—40
Taylor*	11111111111111011111110101111000111101111111111110	—42
Hexamer*	11110100010100011101111110111111111111111111111011	011—38
Huck	11111111111111011101111111101111111111101111111111	—46
	1111	— 4—50
Matzen*	11001111111101001111111101111111110111011001111101	—39

* Did not shoot out their allowances.

Shoot-off at 25 targets:

Money	1111111111111111110111111—24
Wright	1111111101111101111101111—22
Huck	01110101w

Practice sweeps were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*15*	*10*	*25*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	Targets:	*15*	*10*	*25*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*
Hyde	15	6	23	..	..	..	..	Huck	13	9	..	9	8		..
Money	13	10	17	8	9	10	15	Matzen	..	6	14	..	..	..	..
Wright	11	8	14	..	..	9	13	Van Dyke	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Morfey	14	9	16	..	..	9	14	Taylor	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Hexamer	11	5	12	8	9	8	..								

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Sept. 6.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, held a holiday shoot to-day at targets, by way of celebrating Labor Day. Thirteen events, all at 10 targets, were decided. The styles of shooting were: Nos. 1, 4, 7 and 10 at known angles; Nos. 2, 5, 8, 11 and 13 at unknown angles; Nos. 3, 6, 9 and 12 at reversed order. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Wheaton	9	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wambold	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winans	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Fleming	6	8	7	..	4	5	6	5	4	6	5	6	6
J Fleming	..	..	..	8	9	5	8	8	7	8	7	7	6	9
Dr Cummins	..	..	..	..	7	8	8	10	8	3	9	7	..	..
J H Cummings	..	..	..	..	6	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rich	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	4	7	..	..	..
Jewell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	..	..	6	9	..
Backus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	4	7	6	6
Sinnock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	9	9	5	
Tarlton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Kugler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Koenig	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

LABOR DAY AT MARION.

Sept. 6.—The annual Labor Day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club was held to-day. The main event was the race for the Austin cup, 100 targets per man, expert rule, 147 handicap system prevailing. This handicap is worked as follows: The high man's figures set the highest possible; all those below him are allowed to shoot at as many extra targets as constitute the difference between their respective totals. For instance, Wolstencroft broke 90 and Capt. Money 82; Capt. Money's allowance was, therefore, 8 extra targets; he broke these and thus tied in the first round. Wolstencroft won the cup strictly on his merits, defeating sixteen competitors. The totals, together with the handicaps, shoot-offs, etc, are as below:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Allowance.		Shoot off at 25 targets.	Allowance.
W H Wolstencroft	..	..	..	90	.....	—90	23	.....
N E Money	..	..	..	87	111	—90	20	110
147	..	..	..	87	111	—90	18	10
F Van Dyke	..	..	..	85	11111	—90	20	110
Capt Money	..	..	..	82	11111111	—90	18	11110
J J Hallowell	..	..	..	82	11110		..	.....
W M Stanbrough	..	..	..	70	.....		..	.....
Dr De Wolf	..	..	..	70	.....		..	.....
Seeley	..	..	62	..	.....		..	.....
T Morfey	..	..	46	..	.....		..	.....
Dr Williams	..	36	..	..	.....		..	.....
Platt Adams	..	35	..	..	.....		..	.....
H S Welles	17	..	..	..	.....		..	.....
G H Piercy	17	..	..	..	.....		..	.....
L H Fogarty	17	..	..	..	.....		..	.....
W L Gardner	16	..	..	..	.....		..	.....

The above table shows how the shooters dropped out; some at the end of the first 25; some when 50 targets had been shot at; and so on. The scores of the allowances are given in detail. It will be noticed that in the shoot-off, Noel Money, Van Dyke and Capt. Money each lost their last target, when the breaking of that target would have tied Wolstencroft.

A series of 15-target events, unknown angles, 13 in all, were decided during the day, a total of about 7,000 targets being thrown from the two sets of traps. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Fogarty	15	14	14	12	15	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Williams	14	12	11	..	13	..	15	..	12	13	12	8	..
Gardner	13	11	8	12	12	13	13	11	14	11	14	14	13
G Piercy	13	14	14	14	14	14	15	14	..	12	14	10	14
Dudley	14	14	14	14	13	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mulvaney	8	10	8	..	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
147	14	14	..	..	11	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	13
Taylor	13	13	..	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Dyke	13	..	15	..	15	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Hallowell	13	15	12	15	15	13	13	15	15	13	13	13	15
Welles	..	13	13	9	14	12	13	11	..	..	..	..	..
Stansborough	..	14	13	14	13	13	14	13	14	14	13	12	..
Dustin	..	..	9	12	10	11	11	..	..	..	11	..	12	11
Riley	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L Piercy	..	..	..	10	13	13	..	13	..	..	..	13	12
N E Money	..	..	..	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Capt Money	..	..	..	14	15	13	12	13	13	12	9	9	12
Sealey	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12
Dr De Wolff	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	12	14	10	..	10	..
T Morfey	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	9	13	12	15	13
Platt Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	13	14	11	..
Wolstencroft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	13	..	..
Blauvelt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	12	7	..	
Fletcher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	11
Saunders	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	11
Althauss	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Woodruff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12

FREEHOLD DEFEATS THE ENDEAVORS.

Sept 10.—Owing to very short notice, the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, was unable to get together more than six men for the return match with the Freehold (N. J.) Gun Club. The two Piercys, father and son, and Ed Taylor were among the notable absentees. The match took place on the grounds of the Freehold Gun Club to-day, the Endeavor's representatives leaving Jersey City on the 11:30 train. On their arrival in Freehold they were met by Messrs. Henry Davies and J Laird, delegates from the home club, who conducted the visitors to a restaurant, where a dinner was set before them, the visitors' money being refused at the cashier's desk. This hospitable treatment was a fair sample of what they received at the hands of their hosts during their stay in Freehold; a stay that was prolonged rather more than usual, owing to the change in the time table, that took place to-day, being overlooked. This neglect necessitated a drive by moonlight to Matawan, where a train was boarded.

The teams of six men shot at 50 targets per man, 300 to the team. Freehold scored 249, an average of 83 per cent. The Endeavors' average was 77.3, or 232 breaks out of 300. The score for the series of three matches stands one and one, each club having won on its own grounds. The rubber will be shot on neutral grounds at some near date. Scores follow:

Freehold Gun Club.

D Hesse	11011111111101111111111101111101011011011111111111	—43
Hance	11111101011110011111111101111101111011111111111111	—43
J Van Dyke	11010111111011111111111111111111111111111101111011	—42
Snyder	11111111111001111110101111011111111111111101111010	—42
Curtis	01110101100100111111111111111111101100111111111111	—40
Hall	11111101011111111111010110111101010101111110111110	—39—249

Endeavor Gun Club.

147 Winston	11111011111011111111111111111111111111111111101101111	—46
J v Lengerke	11011011111111111111101111111001111011111111111101	—43
V Billings	10110011110111101111111011100111111111011111111001	—39
H Swan	11111111111001010110011101111111111001011001011	—36
H Fogarty	11011010101111110111010101111101011000111100111110	—34
R Strader	01110111001100101111001111110100101111111011011110	—34—232

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Aug. 28.—The Pennsylvania Club cup was the main feature on the programme to-day at Elkwood Park This event was at 25 live birds, $25, handicap, cup and 40 per cent. of the purse to the winner; 30 per cent. to second and 20 per cent. to the third; ties at 5 birds.

Fred Hoey won with a clean score, taking the cup and $90 as a reward for his good work. Welch, Murphy and Ballard all tied for second and third moneys with 24 out of 25, each man losing 1 bird dead out of bounds. The three agreed to divide the money, drawing down $37.50 apiece. The scores were:

Fred Hoey (28)	2222222222212222222222222—25
R A Welch (30)	2221222222212222202112222—24
E G Murphy (30)	1211222221202222222122222—24
B Ballard (28)	2222 2211222221220212 221—24
Capt Money (28)	1220102121112210122112021—21
Dr Gagnon (26)	1112112111011011011221101—21
P Daly (29)	1202220011222122222222222—22
H Yale Dolan (22)	2112 2122220220 0
E Toland (27)	1200122102222 10

In a 10-bird race Hoey (29), Gagnon (26), Daly (29) and Ballard (28), all tied with 10 straight. On the shoot-off Hoey and Gagnon divided.

A $5 miss-and-out was productive of a long contest. At the end of the eighth round six out of the original nine starters were left in. Toland (27) was the first to drop out, losing his 9th bird. Gagnon (26) was the next to fall out, but his time did not come until he had scored 16 straight, his 17th bird getting away from him. Then Yale Dolan (29) dropped his 18th, Edgar Murphy (30) following suit in the nineteenth round. This left Welch (29) and Ballard (28) to divide the purse, each having clean scores of 19.

Sept. 3.—The Oakland Handicap, scheduled for to-day at Elkwood Park, was won by Edgar Murphy. Murphy, however, did not have an easy thing of it, as he was tied for first money and the cup by Welch and Daly. Each man had scored 19 out of 20. They shot off miss-and out, Daly losing his 4th bird and Welch his 9th. Murphy thus won the cup with a total score of 28 out of 29 from the 30yd. mark. Scores were:

		Ties.
Winston (30)	122•22010•22222•2222—15	
Welch (30)	2211211•2221•2211222—19	111121220
Daly (29)	2222122221222222220202—19	222•
Hoey (29)	•2211122111111•22221—18	
Patten (26)	2022221•021121201222•2—16	
Murphy (30)	202•2222222222222222—19	12222122 2
White (27)	0102222211211221110 0 -16	

Sept. 4.—R. A. Welch was the winner to day in the main event at Elkwood. He won the Labor Day handicap with 24 out of 25 from the 30yds mark. Walter Patten (26) and Edgar Murphy (30) tied for second money, Patten winning by scoring 5 straight. Scores in this event were:

Welch (30)	2221212122212122222202221 1—24
Patten (26)	1•2122221120112120 2•21222 22
Hoey (30)	2•2221120021•2122•2011101 -18
Daly (29)	0120221220222•12222221 0•22—19
Murphy (30)	1222110212221102222 2•1222 —22

In a race at 10 birds, $10, Murphy won first money with a straight score. Four men tied for second money, viz., Daly (29), Patten (26), Welch (31) and Hoey (30), each having scored 9. On the shoot off, miss-and-out, Daly won in the 9th round. Patten lost his 9th, Welch his 8th, and Hoey his 3d.

Sept. 6.—Two big races were scheduled for to-day (Labor Day) at Elkwood Park. The first was the Holiday Handicap, at 20 pigeons; the second, "The Labor," a mixed event, 8 pigeons and 12 blackbirds. The Holiday Handicap was won by Bland Ballard, after a long struggle with Welch and Daly. Each man scored 20 straight as a starter; they then shot off at series of 4 birds. Daly (23) lost his 11th pigeon in the ties, Welch (30) going out in the next round. Ballard scored his 12th tie bird, making his run 32 straight, and won the cup In "The Labor," Daly (29) scored 20 straight alone. Scores in the Holiday Handicap were:

Holiday Handicap, 20 birds, $20; three moneys, 50, 30 and 10 per cent. Ties at 4 birds:

		Ties.
E G Murphy (35)	2211222221021212 —15	.....
R A Welch (35)	1212221222221212122—20	221122112 20
W R Patten (26)	12222111 2220221 —14	.....
Phil Daly, Jr. (29)	2221•222222 211222222—20	12211222120
Bland Ballard (28)	2121221222•222122212 20	2222222211222
J E Jones (28)	22 2022222202202 —12	.....
Fred Hoey (29)	2111120122222220 —13	.....

In "The Labor," 8 pigeons and 12 blackbirds, scores were:

	Pigeons.	Black-birds.	T'l.		Pigeons.	Black-birds.	T'l.
P Daly, Jr (29)	8	12	20	E G Murphy (30)	8	6	14
R A Welch (30)	8	11	19	W R Patten (26)	6	6	12
P Morris (25)	6	8	14	Fred Hoey (29)	7	6	13

Sept 7.—The six-handed match shot to-day on the Elkwood Park grounds was sufficiently close to be entirely interesting. Edgar Murphy, the winner, and P. Daly, the runner-up, both did some excellent work. Murphy ran 42 straight before he missed, but he then lost his 43d and 46th birds. Daly ran 39 straight, but lost his 40th and 41st birds, going out with 48, tying Murphy. On the shoot-off at 10 birds, Murphy won with 9 to 7. Bradley also shot well, scoring 46, and running 46 out of the last 27 shot at. The stakes were $10 per man, second to save his stake. Scores in detail follow:

		Ties.
Edgar Murphy (30)	2222222222222222222222222—25	
	2221222222212212220220202223—23—48	2202212222—9
P Daly, Jr (28)	2222252221222222222222222—25	
	2222212222222202 2222222—23—48	2220222002—7
D J Bradley (28)	0221101212212121221122012—22	
	2211112221122222220212212—24—46	
Fred Hoey (28)	0122221221221011021102 12—21	
	2112222202212110 —14—35	
R A Welch (30)	2022202220011202102000w.	
W R Patten (26)	0201120221002211000w.	

NORTH HUDSON GUN CLUB.

Sept. 6.—To-day being Labor Day, the scores given below were made on the Secaucus Polo Grounds by members of the North Hudson Gun Club. No. 1 was at 25 targets; No. 2 at 12 live birds. Scores follow:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
H Thourot	1111010011101011011C01001—15	1000•2201000— 5
G Little	0000C0000C00C00	001120000111— 6
H Heflich	1011C0011111101111101111—19	011101121223—10
M F Porter	1011100111110011011111101—18	1001010C00001— 4
H Engelbrecht	1111010000000010000101000— 8	1020000012200— 4
R Apuach	0101IC011001101100110001 -13	011010102101— 7
L Schillinger	0100011010100100611000100— 9	1200011102100— 7
A Greenleaf		1012111101111—10

LOUIS F. SCHILLINGER, Sec'y.

WALSRODE GUN CLUB.

Sept. 6.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Walsrode Gun Club Among the events on the programme was a prize shoot at 50 targets per man, known traps and angles $1 entrance. There were two prizes, viz., first prize of 100 loaded shells, and second prize, 50 loaded shells, donated by Henry Rheinhardt. The club also gave each member 50 targets and 50 shells free of charge. The first prize was won by Robert Baar, the second by Jacob Alexander. There was no happier man on the grounds than our friend Jac, when he beat out *our* "lit le sure shot" He is thinking of shooting a race shortly with the said little sure shot. The club will have a big shoot on Nov. 2, and all the members intend to be right in it.

The scores in to day's events were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Even's:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	25	50	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	25	50	10	10
Angles:	K	K	K	K	K	K	U	Angles:	K	K	K	K	K	K	U
Baar	6	8	7	19	43	4	6	Young	..	..	7	..	18	..	4	..
Perment	10	9	8	..	41	4	4	Dreher	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Young	5	5	5	..	..	..	..	Coerper	..	..	..	9	12	..	1	..
Ludecke	6	9	8	16	38	..	..	Farrelly	..	..	..	..	19	32	..	..
Pidgeon	2	8	1	8	20	..	..	Kienle	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Alexander	7	5	9	19	42	4	5	Reinhardt	..	..	..	..	11	..	6	..
I Schilling	5	5	5	16	20	3	3	Mueller	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	0
G V Buskirk	8	6	..	13	..	..	..	Hehrsdoerfer	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	2
I Frank	..	3	9	9	23	5	5									

WHITE FELT WAD.

We have received a copy of the programme for the three days' tournament to be held at Watson's Park, Chicago Sept. 22–24. The programme for each day is as follows: Live birds: 7 birds, $3.50, three moneys; 10 birds, $5, three moneys, or over nine entries, four moneys; 15 birds, $10, four moneys. To the purse in this last event will be added 20 per cent. of the net purses in the first two events. The last event on the live-bird programme will be a miss-and-out, $2. Birds will be trapped at 20 cents each in this event, but will be charged for at the rate of 25 cents each in the first three contests, the price of the birds being included in the entrance fee. A full target programme will also be shot off each day in addition to the live bird programme. The schedule of events calls for 155 targets, at an average entry fee of 10 cents per target. Targets will be thrown at known and at unknown angles All ties in all events will be divided. Black powder is barred, but all guns shoot from the same mark.

Programme for New Jersey's State Shoot.

THE programme for the tournament to be held at Clifton race-track, near Passaic, N. J., Sept 28-Oct. 1, under the auspices of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, is now ready for those who want to look at it. If you have not received one, write to the secretary of the Association, W. H. Huck, Rutherford, N. J., and get one, or else, do the next best thing, read FOREST AND STREAM'S brief synopsis of the good things in store for shooters on the above dates.

THE STATE EVENTS.

There are two distinct schedules of events for each of the first three days, State events and open events. For residents of the State of New Jersey, who are also members of the State Association, or members of clubs that are members of the Association, there are four trophy contests, viz: No. 1, the individual championship of the State at targets, 25 targets, unknown angles, $2.50 entrance; the trophy for the winner is a handsome cup presented by the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co, Limited; No. 2, the three men team championship of the State at targets, 25 targets per man, 75 to the team, $7 50 entrance per team, unknown angles. The trophy is a cup donated by Mr. Reed, proprietor of Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City; the individual championship of the State at live birds, 15 live birds per man, $7.50 entrance, birds included. The medal emblematic of this championship is now held by W. Fred. Quimby, of New York, who will reap the benefit that is derived from the net purse; No 4, the three-men team championship of the State at live birds, birds included; by a peculiar slip the number of birds per man has been omitted from the programme. The conditions call for 10 birds per man, or 30 to the team. The trophy emblematic of this championship is now held by the Jersey City Heights Gun Club.

On the target days, Sept. 28-29, there are other events open only to members of the Association. On each day there is a 25-target event for valuable merchandise prizes. There are also two 15-target events each day, $1.50 entrance, and a 20-target event, $2 entrance, with $20 added to the purse.

The above completes the programme for the State events.

THE OPEN-TO-ALL PROGRAMME.

On the first two days—the target days—there is a full line of events on the open set of traps. Nos. 1 and 4 on the programme are 15-target events, $1 50 entrance; Nos 2, 5, 7 and 8 are 20-target events, $2 entrance, $10 added to each purse; Nos. 3 and 6 are 25-target events, $2.50 entrance, $20 added to each purse. This makes a total of $80 a day in added money.

On the third day, Sept. 30, the State events at live birds will probably occupy one set of traps for the greater part of the day. Another set of traps will be provided for open events, and the programme for this set is as follows:

Phœnix Introductory: 7 birds, $7, birds included, 4 moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10, high guns, not class shooting.

Clifton Sweepstakes: 10 birds, $10 entrance, birds included, high guns, not class shooting. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received. This is fully explained in the programme. It will be sufficient to state that it is high guns, not class shooting.

Passaic Sweepstakes: 10 birds, $10 entrance, birds included, high guns, not class shooting The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries, as in the Clifton sweepstakes.

On the last day there is but one event for decision: The Jersey Handicap, 25 live birds, $25, birds extra, $500 guaranteed to the three high guns. All surplus will be added, and will be divided after the manner in which the Interstate Association divides the surplus in its Grand American Handicap. Provision is made on that basis for all entries up to fifty; should there be more than fifty entries, the surplus derived from all entries over that number will be added to the $500 already guaranteed to the three high guns. We like this plan very much, and we think that a careful perusal of the details of such a division of moneys will recommend itself very strongly to all who like to shoot in such races. Entries accompanied by $10 forfeit should be mailed to W. H. Huck, Rutherford, N. J., or may be made up to 6 P. M. on Sept. 30 at the cashier's office on the grounds. Post entries may be made on payment of $5 extra up to the conclusion of the second round. Two sets of traps will be used for this event.

All purses in the target events will be divided under the Rose system. In 15 target events there will be four moneys, with ratio points of 6, 4, and 3 to 2. In 20 and 25-target events there will be five moneys, with ratio points of 8, 5, 4, and 3 to 2.

The full list of merchandise prizes could not be gotten ready for the programme, but it will be distributed freely at the grounds, and an effort will be made to place a list in every shooter's hands

It is really impossible with the space at our disposal, to tell how to reach the grounds; but we can assure everybody that it is not a hard matter to get to Clifton race-track at all hours of the day. Shells should be shipped in care of Colin R. Wise, Passaic, N. J., who will see that they reach the grounds safely. There is ample hotel accommodation at Passaic and nearby cities, while the run to New York can be made in 40 minutes. For the accommodation of shooters, the Erie R. R. will stop several trains, specified in the programme, within a few minutes' walk of the traps. A conveyance will be on hand at that point to carry guns and shells to the grounds free of charge.

Feeling the inadequacy of this notice, we strongly recommend all who intend coming to the Jersey State shoot, to write at once to the secretary of the Association, Mr. W. H. Huck, for a programme.

ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Sept. 4.—To-day's regular club shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was well attended. Gus Grieff scored a double win by taking first prize in Class A in the club shoot, and winning outright the Bennett cup Dr. O'Brien won in Class B in the club shoot Scores:

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

G E Greiff (A)	11101101111111111111111111	—23
F A Thompson (A)	01111001111001111101011011	—17
P Adams (A)	00110101111001101011101111	—16
W H Thompson (A)	1110111111111100	
J Gaughen	11111110101001110	
D Deacon (A)	1111111100101110	
Dr O'Brien (B)	11010111101111111101111100	—19

Bennett cup shoot, handicap allowances:

G Greiff (A)	00111111101111111111111111	—22
P Adams (A)	11011001110111011111111110	—19
J Gaughen (A)	01110011101110101111111011	—18
F A Thompson (A)	01111100111010110000111	—17
Dr O'Brien (B)	11110001110111111011001011	—19
D Deacon (A)	11111110110111101101 01	
W H Thompson (A)	01111111011110110	
R E Leedy (B)	1101111110101000	

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Sept. 11.—The regular weekly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club was well attended, notwithstanding the extremely hot weather A special feature of these weekly gatherings at Union Course, Brooklyn, is the prize handicap event at 25 targets per man This week the chief prize was a cartridge case to hold 100 shells. The winner to-day was C. W. Dudley, who shot a great gait, overcoming the hoodoo that has hitherto spoiled his efforts at the magautrap of the Brooklyn Club. Among the visitors was W. L. Gardner, of Norwalk, O., a gentleman who has had but a short career at the traps, but who bids fair to give some of the Buckeye crackerjacks a good deal of trouble in the near future when it comes to breaking bluerock targets Below are the scores made in the main event:

C W Dudley (2)	01111111111111111111111101	—25
E Banks (0)	11111111111111111111111	—25
C von Lengerke (3)	11111111101111110111011111111	—25
F A Thompson (4)	11110111101111101111111011111	—25
W L Gardner (0)	11111111111111111011111	—24
L T Williams (3)	11111111101111011111011111001	—23
J S S Remsen (0)	11110111111111011111110111	—22
C C Beveridge (3)	11110111101101111101111100	—21
*Dr Littlefield	11011101110111111111111100	—20
*E A Althus	11101111111011110111110011	—20

* Did not shoot their allowance, having no chance to win.

On the shoot-off, under similar conditions, Dudley broke 21, Banks 21, Von Lengerke 17, and F. A. Thompson 16. Thus Dudley won without any trouble.

Dr. W. P. Brown, secretary of the Itasca Gun Club, Grand Rapids, Minn., writes us as follows: "Some time since, I mailed you a postal card stating that 'There will be a hot time in Grand Rapids, Itasca county, on Oct. 29-30, 1897.' I now wish to state that the Itasca Gun Club will hold its first annual tournament on the above named dates. We will try and give to the sportsmen that attend a royal good time, not only at the tournament, which has a goodly number of prizes offered, as well as a large amount of added money; but after the second day's sport is over, those who are anxious to kill a deer or moose will have an excellent opportunity to do so, as our new law allows the killing of antlered moose or caribou from Nov. 5-10, 1897. Any person desiring any information relative to the shoot, or to the hunting and fishing in Itasca county, or in any of the surrounding country, may obtain the same upon addressing the Secretary, Itasca Gun Club, Grand Rapids, Minnesota."

St. Paul Twentieth Annual.

First Day.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 7.—In the wide amphitheater of the basin-like valley at the fair grounds between the twin cities, lit by a blazing sun and swept by warm though energetic gusts of wind, the St. Paul Gun Club to-day began the twentieth annual tournament of its long and honorable life as one of the representative shooting bodies of the West. All around the club house, at the rim of the flat, hot valley, there surged, as each year there surges, the multifold life of the annual Minnesota harvest festival, the State fair, which brings so many thousands together from the various corners of the Northwest. This annual fair is something taken soberly by the hardy, brown men who make up the attendance, and perhaps the festival of harvest time has an import not caught by those who have not lived through the short, blazing summer, and faced the long and icy winter of the Northwest. Each year the twin cities, those two wonderful cities, which are the taking-off place for the jump across the plains, hold open house for the men who have stacked their wheat and want a little playtime. Each year the carnival is held for out dweller and inlander. And each year the gun club holds its tournament as one of the expected features of the fair.

The tournament this year had rather more than the usual flabby interest which goes with the typical trap shoot, the best of which is usually the least interesting, because each is like all others The item of "professionals barred" at least left room for discussion, which is to say, it offered an item of news. The shoot was one, therefore, at which one saw strange faces, heard new names. If there is anything better than this kind of a shoot, it is more of them.

To-day twenty eight men out of forty who might be classed as tournament possibilities shot straight through the programme for the day, thus making a showing not at all bad for amateurs. With the scattering entries of the few who went in for one or two events, the entire list of shooters present ran over fifty. Among those who, for one reason or another, did not finish the ten events, were Messrs. McHale, Schaefer, Kennedy, Wells, Opsal, Novotny, Brown, Barnes, Walker, Walz, Baldwin and Jewell. Some of these were assisting in the management, some were late and obliged to go away early by reason of business duties. Some quit because they thought they couldn't shoot well enough. Among these one of the stand-bys, Mayor H. B Jewell, of Wabasha, who came to the shoot with a brand new gun whose curves he finally concluded he had not yet mastered sufficiently well to enable him to hazard his chance of re-election as mayor by going on record with scores below the Wabasha standard of excellence. Mayor Jewell suppressed his scores, packed his gun, and hurriedly started home to square it with his constituents

High average for the three days was the honor most coveted and a pretty race for the prize, a model '97 Winchester shotgun, was witnessed, the top score, 136 out of 150, being made by a new man, Martenson, of Britt, Ia., a boyish-looking youth from the land of coon and chickens. The secretary of the club, Mr. H. C. Lawrence (Catamaran), ran second; Mr. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, third; Mr. C. E. Robbins, the hot shot from Fargo, N D., fourth. A list of twenty odd average prizes was offered for the high guns.

The conditions of special note were the Rose system, four moneys, 10 and 12-gauges to start at 16yds, each day, winner of first in any event to fall back 2yds. in next, and a double winner to fall back 4yds., no handicap exceeding 20yds. All events except at doubles were unknown angles. Bluerock targets were shot and two sets of traps were at hand, though the second set was not much used. The running of the shoot was on the whole good, though the records were split into three different books, the most desired of which was always sure to be absent, so that full reference scores were unobtainable even by the secretary himself. A record book and three sheets of carbon would have made the shoot a joy forever, but as I said, we don't want too much uniformity when we are looking for news.

Among the visitors from some distance should be mentioned Mr. Royal Robinson, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, who will go a long way to attend an amateur shoot. Mr. Robinson's name I mention with joy and pride, as he is the only man I have ever been able to discover who thinks the way I do, to wit: that trap-shooting should be a sport and not a business. We are going to elevate her about the same time the Cherry sisters elevate the stage.

As the columns of FOREST AND STREAM have shown, Minnesota leads the Union for its lady shooters, by which term is not meant merely dear creatures who can pose, squeal and pull a trigger, but ladies who can go into the firing line at a tournament and more than hold their own. Mrs. Day, of Duluth, was not here, but Mrs Shattuck, of Minneapolis, shot in a few events very creditably. Mrs. Shattuck will go in for the State medal competition on the last day, and is not without a show for it. In the club competition in the Minneapolis Gun Club she won one of the season prizes and came within reaching distance of winning all three of them.

The distribution of the regulars of to-day is as follows: St. Paul, Holt, Hirschy, Ramaley, Monk, Wallace, Bennett, Daly, York, Catamaran, Burk; Minneapolis, Shattuck; Duluth, Nelson and Finn; Indianapolis, Robinson; Park Rapids, Minn., Taber and Cram; Bismarck, N. D., O'Shaughnessy; Fargo, C. E. Robbins; Columbus, Wis., Derring; Osage, Ia., Petit and Colby; Meckling, S. D., Spatz and Taylor; St. Louis, Clark; Britt, Ia, Martenson; Kingsley, Ia., Higgins; Crookston, Cowing.

Following are the scores of those who shot through the day's programme, with total for each:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Holt	10	13	8	19	12	16	7	12	15	10	122
Hirschy	7	14	8	17	11	13	10	11	17	14	122
Nelson	7	9	9	13	13	14	7	13	14	13	112
R Robinson	8	10	9	12	13	16	0	10	16	12	112
Ramaley	7	13	9	17	11	15	7	12	17	9	117
Monk	6	9	6	17	9	17	6	5	14	9	98
Taber	8	7	8	15	12	17	9	11	13	13	113
George	6	10	6	17	11	15	8	13	13	10	109
Cram	7	13	8	18	13	13	8	13	15	14	122
Wallace	9	11	6	16	9	15	5	11	13	13	114
Bennett	8	14	7	17	9	17	5	12	17	11	117
O'Shaughnessy	7	10	8	16	10	15	9	9	12	9	121
Robbins	9	13	10	18	13	14	8	14	17	12	128
Daly	7	8	8	13	12	12	7	8	11	12	98
Derring	8	12	10	13	13	17	8	13	16	13	125
York	8	10	9	19	10	14	7	13	15	13	119
Catamaran	10	11	9	18	14	17	8	12	19	14	132
Pettit	7	12	9	17	13	20	8	12	20	11	129
Colby	9	7	6	19	12	19	8	12	15	12	119
Spatz	10	10	9	18	10	14	7	10	14	11	113
Taylor	6	12	8	17	13	16	8	12	16	14	122
Clark	5	9	8	16	14	19	7	11	16	11	116
Martenson	9	14	10	18	11	18	10	14	18	14	136
Higgins	4	7	4	10	9	14	7	10	16	11	92
Finn	4	10	8	15	13	19	10	13	18	7	117
Burk	8	13	7	18	13	17	10	14	13	12	125
Shattuck	7	13	8	20	12	17	9	11	19	13	129
Cowing	6	11	9	18	10	17	7	13	12	11	113

Second Day.

The weather continued hot, and the wind, coming from behind the score, whipped around the ends of the buildings in a way that made the targets dodge and dip in most erratic ways. The targets were thrown low and hard, and the shooting was by no means easy. The regulars held up remarkably well, twenty-two out of the twenty-eight finishing the programme. Martenson, the Iowa boy, fell 5 birds behind his score of the day previous, though he still went out 3 birds to the good of Lawrence (Catamaran), who pounded away steadily all day and was evidently out to close the gap and win the average. Derring, the Columbus, Wis., man, climbed up into third place, and Pettit took fourth on the two days' total. Young Hirschy, the obliging cashier, found time to shoot, and ran up into fifth place. Several new shooters took a hand at one time or another, so that, all counted, the number of guns actually engaged at the shoot is a large one.

Among the spectators were three deaf mutes, whom we may suppose to have been the happiest individuals there. One of these, Mr. Chas. Thompson, of St. Paul, is a wealthy man and a shooter. He shot in a number of events and shot very well. The puller watches his motions closely, and seemed never to balk him. A slight distension of the cheeks and a faint and inarticulate sound are the only other signs by which his intention of calling "pull" can be determined.

Two lady shooters were at the score to-day, Mrs. Johnson, of Minneapolis Gun Club, and Mrs. Murray, of Stillwater. The latter shot in only one event. Mrs. Johnson received much applause when she stepped from the score with 14 out of 15 to her credit. She shoots very calmly, with immobile features, and apparently with no nervousness whatever. Her position is very good, and her time on the targets even and prompt, few at the score breaking their birds closer in than she Mrs. Murray was handicapped by a strange gun, obviously too crooked for her, yet her performance was very good, 11 out of 15.

The perils of trap shooting were shown in the instance of Mr. Royal Robinson, who, while approaching the score, was accosted by a red-headed and cross-eyed boy, who offered him a "lucky stone." Immediately after this Mr Robinson's gun got out of order, and he was obliged to lay it aside. Borrowing another, he had shot it but a few times before the fore end fell off, and refused to stay on any more while in his hands. Beware red-top boys, unless of known vintage and of ocular rectitude.

Following are the scores of the regulars to-day, with total of each for the two days:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Martenson	10	10	18	9	12	20	9	14	19	10	267
Catamaran	10	13	18	10	12	16	9	14	16	13	264
Derring	7	14	17	7	12	18	8	15	20	14	257
Pettit	9	13	14	10	10	19	5	13	18	15	255
Hirschy	9	15	17	8	15	18	9	12	17	12	254
Shattuck	8	13	17	5	15	17	9	13	15	12	253
Robbins	9	14	17	6	14	14	8	11	17	13	251
Cram	5	15	18	6	11	18	7	12	15	10	249
Taylor	9	14	16	9	10	14	9	11	18	14	246
Burk	9	9	14	10	13	16	8	13	15	11	243
Bennett	9	13	18	7	12	16	8	10	18	12	240
Clark	9	12	15	9	11	17	10	14	15	10	238
Ramaley	9	13	17	9	14	16	5	11	15	10	237
York	7	11	16	8	12	17	8	13	15	11	237
Baldwin	7	11	9	7	11	17	9	12	16	13	336
Taber	9	14	12	8	11	15	7	12	17	15	231
Holt	10	11	16	5	12	14	7	10	11	10	228
Finn	7	12	17	6	10	16	8	10	12	12	227
Colby	7	11	14	7	11	15	7	11	14	10	226
Wallace	6	12	16	6	9	13	6	6	17	10	209
Walker	5	9	10	8	13	12	9	9	14	9	205
Monk	4	7	10	6	11	14	8	7	14	12	191

Third Day.

The morning was hot and bright, but at about 3 in the afternoon there came one of the sudden changes in weather of which the Northwest makes a specialty. A stiff bank of clouds came up in the west, and the thermometer dropped swiftly till the whole crowd was a shiver. Ladies put on the coats of their escorts, and the men hunted up their sweaters. At 6 o'clock heavy rain began to fall, and the tournament was brought to an untimely suspension As there seemed plenty of time, there was some delay after the close of the open programme, so that it was late when the first shooter went to the score in the State event for the individual championship, at 26 singles and 12 pairs. By the time the singles were run off the light began to fail. Each shooter was directed to shoot 3 pairs down, and as this progressed the background grew very bad. In the second call of this order rain began to fall, but when it temporarily ceased shooting was resumed. In the third call the end came, and a black rainstorm broke over the grounds, ending the light and the shoot, so that all that was left was a hurrying and bedraggled mass of humanity struggling for place on the cars. The fair grounds were crowded, and the finish of the day was far from pleasant.

This untimely happening made it necessary to carry the State diamond badge over to another day, and the ticklish question arose as to what was just in the premises, as of course the conditions were harder this evening than they would be in the morning of the next day. It was finally agreed to begin the shooting at the middle of the doubles, thus throwing away that part of the third round of 3 pairs which had already been completed. This may work something of a hardship on Dr. H. W. Spratley, who had 12 out of the 18 scored in his doubles, and who was thus forced to throw away 4 out of his last 6, he having scored 3, 5 and 4 respectively in his three rounds. Shattuck, who left the singles with 23—2 behind Dr. Spratley—held him even in the doubles, also scoring 12 out of the 18, and also sacrificing 4 out of his last 6 by virtue of the shoot down. Thompson, the deaf mute, though 4 birds back of the leader in the singles, was high man in the doubles with 13, and was unfortunate enough to lose 5 out of his last 6 by the carry-over. Mr. C. E. Roobins, of Fargo, N. D., was chosen as referee for this event.

Taber, of Park Rapids, won the diamond badge last year, and as he takes the entrance money of this year, it is worth just $100 to him. He courteously paid the entrance fees of the three lady shooters, Mesdames Shattuck, Johnson and Murray, who did by no means the poorest work, even in the doubles. Their shooting at different times during the day was watched with the greatest interest by a very large assemblage that packed the platform and lined the rails. In the badge shoot, Taber, winner last year, and Trent, winner of the year before, fell back of the average, going out of the singles tied on 19.

MARTENSON WINS THE AVERAGE.

Young Martensen, of Britt, Ia., who comes from near the homes of Fred Gilbert and Charlie Grimm, and whom the shooters laughingly dubbed "The Terrible Swede," proved too fast for the field, and held his lead in the contest for the three days' high average. Lawrence (Catamaran, of St Paul) pounded along doggedly, but could not close better than 13 birds back, at second place. The other place-holders changed, Hirschy, of St. Paul, running up into third, and Shattuck, of Minneapolis, pulling into fourth. Derring, of Columbus, Wis., made a grand spurt in the homestretch, with the record run of the entire tournament, scoring 49 out of his last 50; but this only landed him fifth, and 19 birds behind Martenson. There were 20 finishers in the programme, the day's list being 28, 22, 20, a very creditable and plucky showing indeed for an amateur shoot. Indeed it is unlikely that a very large number of the cracks and sure-thing men would have cared to plug along through, after they found themselves 50 or 75 birds behind the procession.

Two special programme events were shot which evoked additional interest, a race at 10 singles and 5 doubles, in which Mrs. Shattuck got into the ties for second place, and a team race, 25 singles, three-men teams, locality open, $15 added money. In this race the three lady shooters, Mrs. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, Mrs. Johnson, of Minneapolis, and Mrs. Murray, of Stillwater, entered as a team, finishing with a total of 40, within touch at least of two other teams, who scored 42.

Following are the scores of the day, those of the regular programme shooters showing also the total of each shooter for the three days, out of 331 targets shot at:

						Broke.
Martenson	10	15	18	13	18	341
Catamaran	8	12	17	11	16	328
Hirschy	10	13	17	14	19	327
Shattuck	8	14	17	14	17	323
Derring	9	11	17	11	17	322
Pettit	7	12	15	11	18	318
Cram	9	7	18	15	15	313
Robbins	8	11	15	11	17	323
Bennett	8	16	15	13	18	310
Taylor	7	14	18	11	14	310
York	9	18	13	14	17	308
Ramaley	9	10	20	13	14	305
Clark	6	11	17	12	16	300
Burk	9	8	12	11	12	295
Taber	7	12	16	12	14	292
Baldwin	5	12	12	12	16	291
Finn	10	12	14	16	15	290
Holt	9	10	9	12	14	282
Wallace	6	14	17	13	15	274
Monk	6	10	12	17	16	252

Ten singles and 5 pairs, $2:

Hirschy	17	Weiland	13
Trent	17	Walker	13
Bennett	16	Paegel	13
York	16	Derring	12
Baldwin	16	Cram	12
Mrs Shattuck	16	Burk	12
George	15	Monk	11
Edwards	15	Spratley	11
Martenson	15	Wallace	10
Shattuck	14	Cowing	10
Ramaley	14	Hamilton	10
Markham	14	Hoch	9
Taber	13	G W B	8

Team shoot, 3-men teams, 75 targets, $6 per team:

Pettit	18	Monk	18
Kabo	19	Wallace	19
Churchill	21—58	Kennedy	15—52
York	19	Edwards	13
Shattuck	21	Ramaley	21
Derring	18—58	Walker	18—52
Spratley	19	Baldwin	19
Murray	17	Burke	17
Taber	21—57	Taylor	16—52
Martenson	17	Paegel	16
Robbins	16	Johnston	14
Trent	21—54	Richter	12—42
Catamaran	20	G W B	11
Hirschy	20	Peterson	15
Bennett	13—53	Troeh	16—42
Mrs Shattuck	16		
Mrs Johnson	13		
Mrs Murray	11—40		

State championship diamond badge event, 50 bluerocks, entrance $6.50, 26 singles and 12 pairs.

1. Diamond badge for one year, and proceeds of same at next annual tournament, 1898.

(Score unfinished, given for singles only.)

Spratley	25	Mrs Shattuck	19
Shattuck	23	Mandigo	19
Kennedy	23	Novotny	18
Upham	22	Mrs Murray	18
Ramaley	21	Block	17
Thompson	21	Cram	17
Hirschy	20	Peterson	17
Walker	20	Burkhard	16
Taber	19	Mrs Johnston	15
Trent	19	McClure	14

Fourth Day.

Rain fell in the early morning, but the weather cleared, so that shooting was resumed in the State diamond badge shoot. As was predicted by many, trouble ensued over the arrangement of the evening before, by which the scores of the last round of 3 pairs were nullified, and the event proved a hardship to the man who apparently had the badge in hand at the close of yesterday. Dr. Spratley had his score of 5 out of 6, in his last round, cut off, and this lost him the medal. This morning he could not gather, and got only 6 out of his 12 birds, 3 out of his last 6, so that he made only 13 total in the doubles, and went out with 38. Shattuck, who was 2 behind Spratley in the singles, gained 3 birds on him in the doubles, and so won the badge with the score of 39. J. P. Upham, the boy shooter, made the best record in the doubles for this morning, 9 out of 12, but this landed him only 37, tied with Mandigo. Next to these was M. F. Kennedy, who ran out with 36.

Shattuck and Manderson, main winners, both used L. C. Smith guns, and the former shot Du Pont powder. Manderson's load not learned.

The club threw 22,000 targets, which at 3 cents, left a good margin over the $575 added. The officers of the club did faithful and efficient work, and are entitled to the thanks of the shooters, although there were regrets, not always concealed in the bosoms of the latter, at seeing all that money made by the management and not divided out among the shooters, to whom the earth and the fullness thereof would naturally seem to belong.

Following are the completed scores in the diamond badge shoot for the individual State championship:

	At 26 Singles.	At 12 Pairs.	T'l.		At 26 Singles.	At 12 Pairs.	T'l.
Shattuck	23	16	39	Walker	20	14	34
Spratley	25	13	38	Ramaley	21	13	34
Mandigo	19	18	37	Thompson	21	13	34
Upham	22	15	37	Hirschy	20	13	33
Kennedy	23	13	36	Cram	17	13	30
Novotny	18	17	35	Burkhardt	16	13	29
Taber	19	15	34	Peterson	17	8	25

Following are the officers of the St. Paul Gun Club: M. F. Kennedy, President; Dr. L W. Lyon, Vice-President; H. C. Lawrence, Secretary; W. L Perkins, Jr., Treasurer; Paul Gotzian, T. L. Wann, B. F. Schurmeier, Directors.

E. HOUGH.

Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League.

THE fifth tournament of the Philadelphia Trap Shooters' League was held on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, near Holmesburg Junction, Sept. 4. There was an excellent attendance, ten clubs being represented by 6-men teams, and one club by a 4-men team, a showing that it would be hard to equal in any other city in the States About 7,000 targets were thrown during the day, two sets of traps being in constant use.

There were several visitors from "outside"; Capt. A W. Money, of the American E. C. and Schultze Powder Co., Ltd.; Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand W-A Powder Co; A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Co; J L. Winston (147), of the Austin Powder Co.; Hood Waters, of Baltimore; I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J.; John Shaaber, of Reading, Pa.; etc.

W. H. W. (the initials under which Billy Wolstencroft shoots) and 147 (the talismanic title of J. L Winston) figured very prominently in the averages for the day. Wolstencroft lost only 11 out of 175 shot at, an average of 93.7 per cent., while Winston shot at 180 targets, losing only 12, an average of 93.3. John J. Hallowell, Hood Waters, Harry Thurman and Capt Money each shot at 240 targets and made averages respectively as follows: 91, 90, 89 and 88.

The team race was productive of some very good scoring. This race was a handicap affair, the Keystone Shooting League and the Independent Gun Club teams being scratch, while the other teams were allowed extra targets to shoot at. Points are scored according to the number of teams that compete, each club being credited with a number of points equal to the number of teams that it defeats. In case of a tie, as was the case with the Keystones and the Penn Gun Club, which tied for seventh place, each team takes half the points, or in the case above cited, 3½ points. At present the standing of the clubs is as follows:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	Total.
Florists'	8	5	7	6	9	35
Frankford	2	4	8	9	10	33
Penn	9	7	3	7	3½	29½
Wayne	0	1	10	10	8	29
Independent	10	10	2	½	5	27½
Roxborough	5½	6	5	4	7	27½
Silver Lake	7	8	6	5	1	27
Southwark	4	0	9	8	0	21
University	1	9	4	2	0	16
Glenwillow	5½	3	0	3	2	13½
Forest	3	2	1	½	6	12½
Keystone	0	0	0	0	3½	3½

Scores in the team race were as below, the Frankford Gun Club's total of 163 being reduced to 150, the highest possible:

Frankford Gun Club (195)—Betson 29, Bourne 26, Swartz 26, Redifer 28, Butts 27, Cameron 27—163

Florists' Gun Club (165)—Hallowell 25, S. P. Life 24, Cartledge 27, Smith 25, Burton 24, Anderson 23—148.

Wayne Gun Club (221)—McMichael 32, Daly 25, Soistman 29, Kane 19, McConnell 19, Green 22—146.

Roxborough Gun Club (184)—Pepper 20, McFalls 23, Giles 24, Free 22, Gilmour 24, Blundin 27—140.

Forest Gun Club (221)—Hothersall 27, Worthington 29, Baum 17, Bender 22, Riotte 21, Morrison 20—136.

Independent Gun Club (150)—W. H. W. 25, Landis 24, Ridge 22, Shaaber 24, Wilson 15 Thurman 24—134.

Keystone Shooting League (150)—W. Stevenson 22, Ross 20, I. Wolstencroft 24, J. Wolstencroft 23, Henry 20, Longnecker 21—130.

Penn Gun Club (161)—J. Yost 18, Higginbotham 25, T. Smith 21, Ritter 22, F. Gross 21, P Yost 23—130.

Glenwillow Gun Club (205)—Stumm 27, Butler 20, Weinman 24, Whitehouse 11, Winkler 26, Cowan 20—128.

Silver Lake Gun Club (164) Vincent 26, Hahn 23, Numbers 17, Woodstager 20, Smith 16, Lane 24—126.

University Gun Club (188)—Paul 18, Kane 17, Steel 21, Singer 21—77.

The University Gun Club had only four representatives, so shot at 128 targets instead of the regular allowance of 188 for six men.

Where an allowance of extra targets is allowed to a team, that number of targets is divided by 6, each man on the team shooting at an equal number. But where, as in the case of (*inter alia*) the Frankford team, there was a remainder of 3 targets after a division by 6 had been made, the three first men on the team shot at an extra target each.

PENN.

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., Sept. 7.—The club's shoot this afternoon was marked by the decision of two matches. The first was between Stipp and Braxtan, 50 targets per man, expert rules, for the price of the targets. Stipp won by 2 targets, breaking 44 to 42. The second match was between Sherwood and Thompson, which resulted in favor of Sherwood by 23 to 18.

Three practice events were also decided as follows:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles: Stipp 23, Sherwood 20, Thompson 17, Thornton 15, Norton 15, Palmer 8.

No 2, same conditions: Sherwood 20, Thompson 16, Palmer 11, Thornton 10, Martin 9, Norton 8.

No 3, 10 pairs: Braxtan 14, Thompson 9.

Scores in the individual matches follow:

Braxtan.....1110111111011111111011101111111111111110101110—42

Stipp.....1111111111111110101101111110011111111111111110111111—44

Sherwood and Thompson also shot a race at 25 targets, the result being in favor of Sherwood, as below:

Sherwood.....1111111111111111111110110—23

Thompson.....1110101111010111010101111—18

Next week will see a race between Stipp and Thompson on one side and Braxtan and Sherwood on the other. Conditions: 100 targets per man, five traps, unknown angles, for $15 per side. Stipp and Thompson will also shoot for same sum, same conditions against a team of three men, Sears, Richard and Hatfield. All growing out of a challenge issued by Stipp and Thompson to any two men in this county.

SHERWOOD, Sec'y.

Rhode Island Trap-Shooters.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 2.—The second challenge of the Pawtuxet Gun Club for the pennant successively held by the Rhode Island Trap shooting Association against all comers, was shot to-day on the grounds of the latter club, and was won by a close margin of five birds by the Rhode Island Association team. The contest was the sharpest and most interesting of all the matches yet. The contest was anybody's until the last man shot out his string. The Pawtuxet team are to be congratulated for their persistent and courageous determination to win back the much-desired pennant. They have challenged the Rhode Island Club again, and if the terms of agreement can be so construed as to allow their challenge to be accepted this month, the Rhode Island Club will be pleased to grant it, and the match will probably take place the last Thursday of this month Appended is the summary of the score:

Conditions: 25 known and 25 unknown angles:

Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Asso.	Kn'wn angles.	Unkn'wn angles.	Total.	Pawtuxet Gun Club.	Kn'wn angles.	Unkn'wn angles.	Total.
F I Greener	20	21	41	W Sheldon	20	23	43
R C Root	21	20	41	F L Corey	21	19	40
S Winslow	21	16	37	A Hawkins	19	17	36
P Randell	16	19	35	H W Bain	17	15	32
E Whitaker	16	17	33—187	S Greene Jr.	16	13	29—183

J. F. RUSSELL, Sec'y R. I. T. S. A.

Parker's Seventh Annual Tournament.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 12.—Parker's seventh annual tournament was not so well attended as some of its predecessors. It seems impossible to get together nowadays one of the old-time gatherings. In the spring of '91, at a shoot given here, the entries in some of the events reached 103. This shows that some of the best tournaments have been held right here in Detroit, but at that time tournaments were not nearly so numerous as they are now.

While the attendance at this shoot was not large, those who were present had a very pleasant time, and were at no great expense. The programme was not such as to draw shooters from any great distance, there being no added money. However, there were some very handsome and valuable prizes, consisting principally of ammunition, trophies, and articles useful to the sportsmen; so that the fortunate ones were well repaid for their trip.

The local shooters endeavored in every way to make it pleasant and agreeable.

On Wednesday night all the visiting shooters were given a yacht ride on Com. Scotten's stanch and handsome little steam yacht Wanda The trip lasted from 7:30 until 12, and as the yacht is capable of doing 14 knots an hour, some idea of the distance covered can be gained. The trip was down the Detroit River, clear into Lake Erie. A perfectly clear atmosphere and a full moon added much to the pleasure of the trip.

CONDITIONS.

The shoot was held on the Pastime Gun Club's ground, a beautiful level strip of ground with ample facilities for accommodating any number of shooters. The background was very good; of course, there may be some who do not agree with us. There were a few trees on the bank of the Detroit River that offered an excuse for some who had just missed a straightaway, though perhaps not a very plausible one.

There were two sets of traps in position arranged on the Sergeant system. These were empires and that kind of targets were used. It will be generally understood that the 21yds. rise style of shooting was after Jack Parker's idea—plenty hard. Perhaps some will recall the efforts of the experts to bankrupt Jack several years ago, when he paid a fixed amount for a place.

THE TALENT AND OTHERS.

There were present Milt Lindsley, his wife, Wanda, and Harry King, of Cincinnati, representing the King's Powder Co. and Peters Cartridge Co.; R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O, taking care of the Winchester interest and shooting E C.; Jack Fanning, formerly of San Francisco, but now of Batavia, N. Y., Gold Dust's hustling and popular representative; Harvey McMurchy, of Syracuse, who so ably takes care of the Smith gun and its interest; also C. D. Hagerman, of Wymore, Neb.; Thomas Graham, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Elmer Apperson, of Kokomo, Ind.; J L Head, of Peru, Ind.; W. H. Osmun, Pontiac; D. Carpenter, Battle Creek; C. H. Clark, Wyandotte.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

Seven men shot through the entire programme for the four days, and it follows naturally that Heikes, who led the procession each day, is on top in this respect also. Thereby he adds a little more jewelry to his collection, as an elegant gold button goes with the honor. Fanning is second with the good average 91.2, but only two birds ahead of Graham, who has 90.9. There was a great strugle between this pair for second position. Renick won a button similar to that of Heikes'; this was given to the amateur making the best average in all events, but shooting for merchandise only.

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.	4th Day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	168	167	173	168	720	676	93.8
Fanning	163	161	168	162	720	657	91.2
Graham	156	165	167	167	720	655	90.9
McMurchy	146	155	149	162	720	612	85
Wood	140	158	144	131	720	573	79.5
Renick	142	137	143	141	720	563	78.1
King	121	142	122	116	720	501	69.5

First Day, Tuesday, Sept. 7.

The opening day of the tournament was really all the management could desire, though the attendance was rather light. The principal event of the day was the two-men team race. The scores made by the different teams was a matter of much comment, as well as a surprise to the contestants. Just think of 82 out of 100 winning first, with a combination like Heikes and McMurchy to go against. Then, too, this pair had to be content with second place, as Sailor Sharkey (Fanning) and Graham beat them out one bird. Heikes and Fanning scored 45 each, but their respective running mates scored 37 and 36. By Graham beating McMurchy a bird, Fanning and Graham get a suit of clothes each.

The score in the team race was as follows: Fanning 45, Graham 37—82. Heikes 45, McMurchy 36—81. Corbett 42, Fox 37—79. Parker 43, Wood 34—77. Osmun 43, Scollen 32—75. Head 40, Dewitt 33—73. Renick 36, King 32—68. Clark 34, Milton 31—65. Tuttle 32, Klein 31—63. Quandt 29, Fullbaum 28—57.

The high average for the day was made by Heikes, 93.3; Fanning is next with 90.5. Then comes two amateurs, Graham 86.6 and Head 85.5.

Twenty-six shooters in all participating, and their respective scores and averages are shown in the table appended. No. 5 is the team race; it is not customary to include such events in the general average, but at this tournament one has to compete in all events to be eligible for average money, and that is why we have included this event in computing our averages.

FIRST DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	20	50	15	25	20			
Heikes	15	12	20	19	45	15	23	19	180	168	93.3
Fanning	13	13	18	19	45	14	23	19	180	163	90.5
Graham	13	13	18	20	37	14	25	16	180	156	86.6
Head	14	11	17	17	40	15	21	19	180	154	85.5
McMurchy	13	11	19	15	36	14	21	17	180	146	81.1
Parker	10	10	17	14	43	12	21	15	180	142	78.8
Renick	11	9	18	18	36	13	20	17	180	142	78.8
Wood	14	14	17	18	34	12	18	13	180	140	77.7
Milton	13	14	18	15	31	14	18	17	180	140	77.7
Dewitt	14	14	17	15	33	13	17	16	180	139	77.2
Fleischer	11	10	16	15	33	14	22	16	180	137	76.1
King	12	11	19	9	32	11	17	10	180	121	67.2
Cooper	10	10	10	10	32	14	12	10	180	108	60
Osmun	..	..	..	..	43	..	18	18	95	79	83.1
Corbett	..	..	..	..	42	..	21	14	95	77	81
Fox	..	..	..	..	37	..	23	16	95	76	80
Cox	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	25	19	76
Clark	11	11	18	12	34	10	..	..	135	96	71.1
Roche	..	..	..	..	35	..	15	..	75	50	66.6
Scotten	..	..	15	12	32	6	17	18	150	100	66.6
Klein	..	..	..	14	31	10	17	..	110	72	65.4
Quandt	7	10	16	13	29	13	..	..	135	88	65.1
Tuttle	..	..	..	..	32	..	..	..	50	32	64
Fullbaum	10	9	14	8	28	..	..	..	110	69	62.7
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	45	25	55.5
Slotts	..	..	..	..	13	..	15	..	75	...	....

Second Day, Wednesday, Sept. 8.

The feature of to-day's programme was the 50-bird race for the handsome Gillman & Barnes medal. The conditions governing this event are 50 targets, 21yds. rise, use of both barrels. This proved to be quite a contest, and was eventually won by Graham on the great score of 47 out of 50. This is very likely the record on this kind of shooting, and it is safe to predict that it will be a long time before it is equaled or excelled. Graham was in great form in this event; he ran his first 24 straight and then dropped his 25th. Then again he lost his 50th target in his last string of 25. McMurchy was also in evidence in this event, as he scored 46.

Heikes again leads in the average for the day with 1 less than on the previous day, though his average for this day is more creditable, as 50 of these targets were 21yds. rise. Then, too, his average is somewhat greater, as he scored 19 out of 20 in two extra sweeps, one of which was a double event at 5 pair. He has one run to his credit of over 70 straight, as he scored 79 out of his last 80, including the extras above-mentioned. Graham shot in elegant form throughout, and is second with 91.6. Fanning is third with 91.1, and Wood is fourth with 87.7.

The weather was bright and clear, but unusually warm for this latitude at this season of the year.

Thirty-six shooters participated, a number somewhat greater than yesterday. The following names do not appear in the table, as they shot only in one event or failed to make an average of 55 per cent.: Wanda, Anspack, Genecke, Lyman Kemp, Tuttle, Esper, Johnson, Cady, Eron and Stoll.

The programme for to-day was precisely like that of the previous day, with the exception that the 50-bird event was shot under different conditions, a mention of which has been made above.

SECOND DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	15	13	19	17	43	15	25	20	180	167	92.7
Graham	15	13	17	18	47	14	24	17	180	165	91.6
Fanning	14	14	20	19	41	13	24	19	180	164	91..
Wood	13	14	17	16	43	15	25	15	180	158	87.
McMurchy	12	13	13	15	46	13	21	17	180	155	86.6
Head	15	12	19	15	40	11	18	14	180	144	80
King	12	13	16	16	34	13	20	18	180	142	78.8
Renick	14	7	19	20	35	11	19	12	180	137	76.1
Fleischer	13	10	17	15	34	12	21	14	180	136	75.5
Lindsley	6	11	16	13	35	11	20	14	180	126	70
Apperson	12	11	16	13	30	10	13	12	180	117	65
Parker	10	7	16	10	26	10	11	13	180	103	57.2
Hotblat	..	..	19	18	..	13	21	14	100	85	85
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	60	50	83.3
Marks	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	60	49	81.2
Corbett	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	23	60	49	81.2
Vallade	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	19	40	33	81.2
Klein	..	..	17	..	..	13	19	15	80	64	80
Cox	12	14	17	10	..	..	24	13	115	90	78.2
Dewitt	11	5	17	15	w	15	17	14	120	94	72.3
Clark	12	8	17	14	29	..	..	..	120	80	66.6
Cooper	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	23	11	60	40	66.6
Mercier	..	..	..	..	..	24	13	18	15	110	70	63.7
Cicotte	..	..	..	..	30	9	16	14	110	69	62.7
Cavonaugh	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	..	40	24	60
Boyd	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	45	26	57.7

Third Day, Sept. 9.

Heikes not only maintained the pace he has set all along, but even cut out a faster clip to-day. In the van, of course, but look at that percentage, 96.1 for 180 shot at. Fanning is second with 93.3, while Graham is third with 92.7. Then comes Schwind with 87.2. The 50-bird event was a handicap event, with extra allowance of birds to shoot at. First prize in this event was a diamond watch charm, donated by the King's Powder Co. Here Heikes was again very much in evidence, as was Graham, also a scratch man. Each of these scored 48, a total greater than any one else could reach, even with their extra allowance of targets. This is one of the few instances where a scratch man won out in a handicap. Fanning, also scratch, scored 47; Fleicher scored 46, and 1 of his 2 extra allowance, which made him 47. Schwind broke 44, and 3 extra ones, so he had a total of 47, too. The tie between Heikes and Graham was not shot off, as Heikes very generously relinquished his claims to the trophy.

The weather was red hot, as the natives here put it. Linen suits and fans were about the proper thing to-day. Quite a number of shooters other than those whose names appear in the table below participated. The following took part in but one event, or failed to make an average of 55 per cent.: Lorenz, Miller, Loranger, Shaw, Clark, Hayes, Bryan, Cooper, Schroeder, Apperson, Wolff, Roche, Slotts, Wanda and Doran.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	20	50	15	25	20			
Heikes	15	14	19	20	48	15	23	19	180	173	96.1
Fanning	15	12	19	19	47	15	23	18	180	168	93.3
Graham	15	12	20	17	48	14	22	19	180	167	92.7
Schwind	15	11	20	15	44	14	20	18	180	157	87.2
Dewitt	11	12	18	18	42	13	19	17	180	150	83.3
McMurchy	13	14	19	17	40	15	20	11	180	149	82.7
Wood	12	10	18	16	38	13	19	18	180	144	80
Renick	14	12	19	15	36	10	21	16	180	143	79.4
Lamerond	13	7	17	13	29	10	19	15	180	123	68.3
King	13	12	17	12	30	10	16	12	180	122	67.7
Pierce	10	8	7	15	38	13	13	9	180	113	62.7
Fleischer	..	..	..	..	46	..	17	20	95	83	87.3
Marks	..	..	..	..	..	13	21	18	60	52	86.6
Gay	..	..	..	..	39	15	20	17	110	93	84.5
Osmun	..	..	..	..	40	..	..	19	70	59	84.2
Corbett	12	10	17	16	..	..	..	..	70	55	78.5
Lindsley	13	11	15	11	36	12	17	..	160	128	78.1
Brady	..	..	..	..	37	13	16	20	110	86	78.1
Scotten	..	..	..	..	35	13	20	17	110	85	77.2
Fox	..	..	..	..	37	13	17	17	110	84	76.3
Cox	13	8	15	..	..	..	..	..	50	36	72
Boyd	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	15	45	32	71.1
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	..	40	28	70
Webb	..	..	..	..	39	12	13	12	110	76	69
Klein	..	..	..	..	34	..	14	9	95	57	60
Chamberlain	..	..	..	..	29	9	..	..	65	38	58.4

Fourth Day, Sept. 10.

The shoot to-day was similar in many respects to that of the previous days, the programme being identically the same; while the weather was, if anything, a little more sultry. As usual, Heikes also was high average. The 50 bird event was a handicap affair, though only one of distance, the scratch man shooting from the 21yds. mark. Therefore, Heikes's score of 46 in this event, which landed him in the duck boat, is really better than it looks on paper. Graham, too, shot well in this event, but lost his last bird, when it appeared to be not a very hard one and when there was no 45. Corbett, with 44, won a half case of hair restorer, as did Marks, who scored 43. There were ten prizes in this event; the principal ones are those mentioned above.

Heikes had high average, closely followed by Graham, who was second, a bird behind Heikes. McMurchy and Fanning tied for third place, McMurchy running the last 45 straight, though the table shows the last 60 straight. He, however, made that 15 straight in the sixth event before he shot his last string of 25 in the fifth event.

The aggregate number of shooters participating to-day was twenty-nine. Bryan and T. Cavanaugh shot in but one event. The other Cavanaugh, whose name appears in the table is a thirteen-year-old boy, who handles a gun very well for a boy of his age.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	20	50	15	25	20			
Heikes	13	12	20	18	46	15	25	19	180	168	93.3
Graham	14	14	18	19	45	14	24	19	180	167	92.7
McMurchy	15	14	18	17	38	15	25	20	180	162	90
Fanning	15	14	19	18	41	15	21	19	180	162	90
Corbett	9	10	19	13	44	12	23	15	180	145	80.5
Renick	13	12	13	12	39	15	20	17	180	141	78.3
Wood	11	10	17	12	31	10	24	16	180	131	72.7
Lindsley	10	7	13	8	34	12	19	14	180	117	65
King	10	7	13	10	23	10	17	16	180	116	64.4
Fleischer	..	..	..	..	40	15	20	20	110	95	86.3
Mercier	..	..	..	..	42	13	22	16	110	93	85.4
Marker	13	11	17	15	43	15	18	..	160	132	82.5
Cox	13	13	18	14	..	14	18	15	130	105	80
Damon	12	10	19	13	..	..	..	..	70	54	77.1
Johnson	10	..	19	13	..	..	..	..	55	42	76.3
Klein	12	10	..	..	39	..	..	..	80	61	76.2
Cavanaugh	..	..	..	..	..	10	19	..	40	29	70.2
Schwind	..	..	..	..	30	13	20	14	110	77	70
Smith	11	10	15	14	32	..	15	17	165	114	69.9
Brady	..	..	..	..	34	9	..	14	85	57	67
Clark	14	8	12	12	32	..	..	..	120	80	66.6
Scotten	12	11	14	10	36	9	13	..	160	105	65.6
Carpenter	12	11	..	..	30	..	19	11	125	83	66.4
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	11	60	38	63.3
Lyman	..	..	..	..	..	7	17	13	60	37	61.6
Morris	..	..	..	..	8	29	..	14	..	90	51	56.6
Daniels	..	..	..	..	22	11	16	..	90	49	54.4

North Milwaukee Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, Wis, Sept. 4 —Below find scores of a team shoot at live birds, held on our grounds, among the members of our club this afternoon. The birds were a fine lot and unusually good flyers. The conditions were: Six men a side, 15 birds per man, 30yds. rise. The contest was very exciting from start to finish; the winning team scored 81, while their opponents scored 77. At the conclusion of the match, there not being enough birds for another score, the losing team challenged the winning team to shoot a match at bluerocks The challenge was promptly accepted, and 10 targets per man was agreed upon, at known traps and known angles This match was also very exciting, being very close. It was finished with honors in favor of the former losing team, thus dividing honors for the afternoon's shoot:

Live Birds.

O Brussock 122212111221222—15	J Valeer....•12112•22211220—12
S M DuVal..1121022211121•2—13	Slaybough..222202222122212—14
W Eagan...211•02122102112—12	J Fahey ...0222•211•220222—11
T Barnes...1111112112111121—15	F Meixner .2222222222222222—15
F Van Ells .11122220•222122—13	J F Wulf...1121220•0221222—12
A Werdner.2220222221221•21—13—81	F J Farber.2212221112•2202—13—77

Targets.

O Brussock.....0111111111— 9	J Valeer.....0111111111— 9
S M Du Val.....1111100011— 7	J H Slaybough..1111111101— 9
W Egan.....1011111011— 8	J Fahey.....1110101110— 7
T Barnes.....1111111111—10	F Meixner.....1111111111—10
F Van Ells.....1111110111— 9	J F Wulf.....1111111001— 8
A Weldner.....1001111111— 8—51	F J Farber.....1111111111—10—53

S. M. DUVAL, Sec'y N. M. G. C.

Massachusetts Association.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Sept. 4.—The third shoot, series '97 and '98, of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, was given on the grounds of the Haverhill Gun Club, in this city Wednesday, Sept. 1.

The day was all that could be desired, and the attendance was a fairly good one, though not what had been anticipated. Nearly forty shooters participated in the shoot at some time during the day, although some of them were a trifle late for the whole programme. The first contingent of shooters from out of town arrived at the grounds by 9:30 A. M. and at 10 o'clock, as had been announced, shooting commenced.

The programme called for 240 targets, and it was shot straight through, and two or three extra events as well, besides those on the card.

At 1 o'clock a bountiful lunch was served by caterer Currier beneath the shade of a tent pitched on the club grounds, which was heartily appreciated by the hungry sportsmen, and then the work of smashing the asphalts was resumed.

Herewith I hand you the events in tabulated form, and the scores made:

Regular programme:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	20
Angles:	K	K	U	U	R	K	U	U	K	K
Bickford	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Noone	4	8	7	9	8	15	13	9	7	14
Puck	9	10	4	8	8	13	11	7	8	16
Dickey	9	10	6	10	10	13	13	10	10	19
Leroy	10	10	10	9	10	15	15	10	8	19
Herbert	6	10	10	8	10	14	15	8	10	18
Osborne	8	6	9	6	7	10	11	6	5	15
Tozier	5	8	7	5	9	5	12	7	5	13
F J Blake	4	2	4	4	5	7	4	4	6	9
E P Blake	4	7	6	7	4	12	9	4	6	13
Leighton	7	9	10	4	6	8	8	8	7	19
D S Short	3	8	4	2	6	..	..	4	3	..
Miller	..	10	9	9	7	14	14	6	9	15
Henderson	..	9	9	9	9	14	14	9	9	16
Webster	..	6	7	5	6	13	10	3	5	14
Gardella	..	6	5	6	5	4	5	4	4	14
Ed George	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	9	6	18
Fernald	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	4	7	16
Bailey	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	4	6	11
Marble	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	3	13
Langley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	14
Healy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	9
Burton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	17
Wright	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	..
Stevens	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	17
Howe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	13
Allison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	18
Longmore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	13
H Taff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9
Dan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Fletcher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Wyman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
C E George	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	

Extra:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	20	20	10	10	10	10
Angles:	U	U	K	U	R	K	U	K	K	K	K
Noone	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Puck	9	10	13	9	11	17	17	..	..	..	..
Dickey	10	13	14	15	12	18	20	..	..	..	..
Leroy	9	12	13	15	15	18	17	..	..	..	..
Herbert	8	14	14	15	12	16	18	..	..	..	..
Allison	8	14	13	13	12	20	16	..	..	..	..
Osborne	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Tozier	5	10	..	7	4	..	..	4	..	..	..
Stevens	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Howe	7	8	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Langley	8	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E P Blake	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ed George	9	6	11	11	11	14	..	9	..	..	..
Burton	6	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Webster	5	9	12	11	9	13	12	7	6	2	3
Fletcher	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F J Blake	5	9	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	3	7
E B Short	5	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bailey	4	8	8	8	9	..	..	7	7	..	..
Longmore	4	7	10	11	..	..	12	8	..	..	..
Leighton	5	9	12	11	10	..	14	..	..	..	..
Healey	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Taff	5	9	7	9	..	..	16	..	..	..	..
Wyman	5	8	6	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
C E George	2	8	8	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Gardella	6	9	12	10	10	..	..	5	..	..	..
Fernald	..	..	11	4	..	..	..	8	7	5	1
Miller	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Sprague	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	..	..	..
Hilliard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	3	7
Scribner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	7	5
D S Short	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	6	6

The chief features of interest were in the three-men team race, 10 birds per man; and the individual race at 20 birds, for prizes given by the M. S. S. A.

The scores for the former were as follows:

Boston Shooting Association—Dickey 10, Herbert 10, Leroy 8; total, 28.

Haverhill Gun Club—Stevens 9, Miller 9, Ed George 6; total, 24.

Hingham Gun Club—Henderson 9, Allison 8, Howe 4; total 21.

East Boston Gun Club—H. Taff 7, Bailey 6, Longmore 4; total 17.

In the individual match Dickey and Leroy, of the Boston Club, and Leighton, of the Haverhill Gun Club, tied with a score of 19 out of 20.

The three high guns for the day were Leroy first, Dickey second, Herbert third.

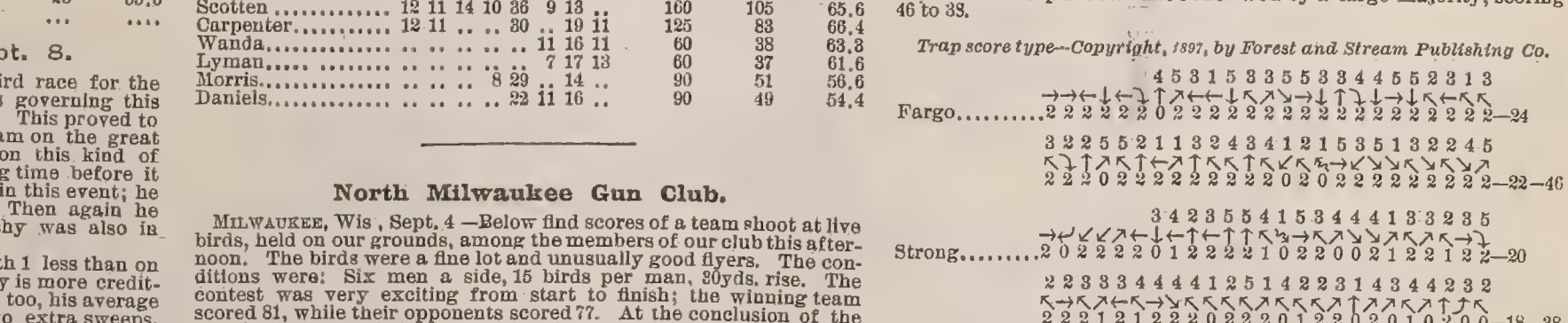
	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Leroy	230	215	93.48	Herbert	230	206	89.57
Dickey	230	212	92.17				

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas. Haverhill G. C.

Match at Cresson Springs.

MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Cresson Springs, Cresson, Pa., Sept. 4.—Below are the scores of a live-bird race shot to day on the grounds of the Cresson Springs Golf and Gun Club between Mr. B. F. Jones Jr., and Mr. C. S. Guthrie, both of Pittsburg, Pa. This was the wind up of our annual handicap shoot. Mr. Jones won by a large majority, scoring 46 to 38.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



J. P. MCWILLIAMS, Sec'y C. S. G. and G. C.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 1.—At the regular weekly shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club held this afternoon, Messrs. E. C. Meyer, L. V. Byer and Dr. Weller took part in two live-bird sweeps. The first was at 15 birds, $5, two moneys; the second at 10 birds, $3. Below are the scores, showing the flight of each bird:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.		
L V Byer	0 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 0 1—13	2 1 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 1— 9
E C Meyer	2 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—14	2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2—10
Dr Weller	0 1 1 2 1 2 2 0 1 0 2 1 1 1 2—12	2 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—

DE WITT.

Western Traps.

ELLIOTT TAKES DOWN HIS MONEY.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept 4.—J. A. R. Elliott called at this office this week, and states that he will take down at this date the money deposited in the hands of FOREST AND STREAM—$50—to bind a match with C. M. Grimm for the Cast-Iron badge. He says that he has waited beyond the thirty days' accepting time named in the conditions, and also up to the sixty days' shooting time specified, and that he may now claim the badge as forfeited by Grimm.

Having looked up the conditions of the Cast-Iron badge contests, I find them to read as follows:

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CAST-IRON BADGE.

"We, the pigeon shooters of America, hereby agree to put into a purse $25 each man and shoot at 100 live birds per man for the championship of America under the following conditions:

"First—That the shooters who enter this contest subscribe and pay for a badge to be known as the Cast-Iron championship badge of America, said badge to be of no great intrinsic value, but simply emblematic of the American championship.

"Second—The winner of this badge shall be subject to challenge and shall shoot, when challenged, within sixty days from date of said challenge, or forfeit the badge to the man so challenging.

"Third—The man challenging for this badge shall forward to the *American Field*, together with his challenge, as forfeit, the sum of $50, as evidence of his sincerity, and the holder of the badge shall either cover the forfeit and accept the challenge within thirty days or forfeit the badge to the challenger.

"Fourth—The American Shooting Association's revised rules shall govern all contests for this championship, except that no gun larger than a 12-bore shall be used, and the rise shall be 30yds. for all guns

"Fifth—Each contest for this championship shall be shot at 100 live birds per man, for $100 a side, the holder of the badge to name date and place within thirty days after being challenged, and the match to be shot between the hours of 1 o'clock P. M. and 6 o'clock P M.

"Sixth—This badge shall never become the personal property of any man, but shall be subject to challenge as long as America holds together.

"Seventh—In case this badge is challenged for by a resident of any other country than America, the stake to be shot for shall be $500 instead of $100.

"Eighth—The first contest for this medal and championship shall take place at Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill., on Thursday 15, 1894, commencing at 10 o'clock."

I pointed out to Mr. Elliott that he had failed to comply with one condition of the contest for this badge, namely: that requiring the money to be put up in the hands of the *American Field*. He said that this was something which had escaped his memory, as he had not seen the conditions for some time. He added, however, that since he had seen them in full, he would not submit himself to compete in any such "narrow, contracted a competition." "No money of mine shall ever go up in the hands of that paper," said Mr. Elliott, "and if that is the ground on which Mr. Grim fails to answer my challenge, he can keep the cast-iron badge and be cast-iron welcome to it I for one will not recognize a contest or a so-called championship emblem which has not the first principle of an open competition about it. It is necessary these days that the strings be taken off of such things, or they don't go among the shooters. You may say for me that I will not shoot under any such conditions, and that the badge may go where it likes so far as I am concerned. I presume this is why Mr. Grim would not answer my challenge. I never could understand it before. I will go after any kind of a championship emblem in sight but that one."

BUCKEYE-LIMITED, AT DAYTON.

The third inter urban contest between the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O., and the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., was shot at Dayton, O., Aug. 31, the race resulting in a defeat for the visiting team, 483 to 465; the conditions being 50 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles, no emblem being up, and no money except the price of the birds. In the first of these pleasant contests, the Buckeyes won on their own grounds, April, 1896. The next race was won by the Limited men at Indianapolis, New Year's Day, 1897. The third event goes to show the Dayton men at least the stronger on their own grounds. A fine time was enjoyed at Dayton by the visitors, the local men entertaining the Hoosiers at a grand banquet.

WEEK'S TRAPS AT CHICAGO.

In its club shoot to-day, Sept 4, Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, shot all its events on the magautrap, their expert traps having all been stolen from the grounds about a week ago by parties unknown but much desired This sort of "unknown traps" is something the club men don't like, and they will gladly pay anybody who will tell them how to find where they are. The divers performances upon the magautrap are specified below. The attendance was small, many members being now absent shooting in Indiana, Dakota or Minnesota. Stannard, Glover and Morgan were absent, shooting on the Douglas Gun Club team in the *Shooting and Fishing* cup contest. About 1,100 targets were thrown. Following are scores made to-day:

AT OMAHA.

Following were the scores at the weekly shoot of the Omaha, Neb., Gun Club Aug 28:

Squirrel	11011001111111101011—15	Johannis	01C01011010110011010 -11
Randlett	11101111111111111111—19	Smead	11111101111011101111—17
Brucker	01111111111111110000—15	Dickey	00110111111111111110—16
Klondike	10000010101110101111—11	Bates	11101111011011110101—15
Townsend	11111011111111110101—17	Parmelee	01111101111011111111—17

Match shoot between Omaha and Council Bluffs at 25 targets:

Omaha.

Townsend	11110111111111111111101011—22
Smead	10111111111111011111111111—23
Loomis	11100111101111111111111011—21
Blake	11100111111111111011101111—21—87

Council Bluffs.

Crabill	11111101111111111111111111—24
Randlett	11111111111111111111011110—23
Hardin	11111101111111111101111101—22
Beresheim	11111101111111011111111101—22—91

The Du Pont Gun Club, of Omaha made the following scores at its shoot Aug. 30

The Du Pont Gun Club shoot Monday at the grounds was an interesting one. Brucker made the record of the day with 25 straight in a match shoot. These were the scores in the regular club events.

Twenty-five targets: Brucker 20, Beachcomber 21, Salsbury 22, Curtis 20, Townsend 20

Twenty-five targets: Fogg 23, Brewer 22, Young 21, McLeary 15, Humphrey 4, McDonald 11.

Twenty-five targets: Watt 18, Salisbury 21, Dvorak 17, Young 21, McDonald 20.

Teams made up of Ray and Townsend shot what was going to be a 25-bird match, but were tied up to the 3?d bird, and the match was postponed for conclusion at the next shoot

COUNCIL BLUFFS GUN CLUB.

Council Bluffs Gun Club, of Council Bluffs, Ia , made the following scores at its weekly shoot last Thursday:

Randlett (0) 19, Crabill (0) 22, Beresheim (0) 24, Heinrichs (0) 18, Hardin (0) 21, Oliver (0) 11, Hart (11) 19, Stewart (9) 17, Beno (2) 18, Zimmerli (6) 23, Mather (10) 17, Kingsbury (4) 23.

The score of the regular club shoot follows: Crabill 17, Randlett 15, Beno 10, Beresheim 18, Oliver 7, West 16, Kingsbury 16, Heinrichs 14, Zimmerli 12, Hardin 17.

EAST END, TOLEDO.

The East End Gun Club, of Toledo, O., held its regular shoot Monday, with the following results: First event, 25 birds: Hess 18, Eiben 15, Specht 18, W. Jennings 23, Birdsall 20, Stein 16, Norduff 19, Gardner 17, B. Jennings 20, McCullough 18, Arnds 15 Second event, 25 birds: Specht 12, Hess 22, King 12, W. Jennings 22, B. Jennings 21, Eiben 19, King 12, Norduff 22, Gardner 19, Birdsall 22, Arnds 8, Volk 23.

PLUNDER ON THE RANGE.

On the range in Texas the "merchandise" idea has arrived all right, as witness the following scores at the last shoot of the Burnet Gun Club, of Texas, at Burnet, Aug 26:

G. Munn 13, wins sack of flour. Johnson 16, wins pair of pants. Proctor 17, wins $10 cash purse. Kinkead 13, wins fifty loaded shells. Harrell 11, wins silk handkerchief. Breazeale 13, wins $1 worth of coffee. Hubbard 13, wins box of fine cigars. Darby, Sr., 11, wins subscription to Burnet *Bee*. Moode 4, wins 50 cents worth cabbage leaf cigars. Grove 1, wins one box toilet soap (booby prize). S. Munn 14, wins one pair fine shoes. Galloway 7, wins pocket knife. Boggess 9, wins 50lbs of ice. Darby, Jr., 16, wins fine hat.

The last named, Darby, Jr., is a small boy, not over fourteen years old, weighs 69lbs., is 43in. high, and is one of the best shots in the club.

AT KEOKUK.

At Keokuk, Ia , the Blue Rock Gun Club held its monthly shoot Aug. 30, scores as below:

Five birds: Schwiete 4, Johnson 4, Downing 3, Goins 3, C. Woodbury 2.

Ten birds: Schwiete 8, Goins 8, C. Woodbury 6, Downing 6, Johnson 5. In the shoot-off at 5 birds: Schwiete 5, Goins 4.

Sept. 4.—At the last weekly shoot of Calumet Heights Club the attendance was fifty-six. By evening over 1,500 targets had been shot. The wind came in strong toward the score, so that the flights were erratic, though good scores were made in spite of the unfavorable conditions. On Chicago Day, Oct. 9, there will be a big extra prize shoot, live birds and targets, at the grounds of this big active organization Suitable valuable prizes will be put in competition. Following are the scores of Aug 29:

Medal shoot was at 25 targets, unknown angles: Turtle won in class A, Norcom in class B, and Harlan in class C:

Class A.

Paterson	11101111111111010111111111—22
Lamphere	01111101111111011111111111—22
Young	11011111111111110110110111—21
Metcalfe	11001111110011010101100010—15
Turtle	11101011111111111111111111—23
Booth	11110111111111111111011001—21
Knowles	11110011111111101111101010—19

Class B.

Norcom	11111111100111011111111111—22
Marshall	10110111111011111100111111—20

Class C.

Harlan	11101100110111111111111111—21
Schmidt	10100111111001111111110110—18
Davis	01000100110100101101011101—12

Two team races were also shot, the second being really the shoot-off of the tie in the first race. Lamphere's team finally won with 85 to 79, after both teams had made far better scores in the original match. Scores, 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Lamphere's team—Lamphere 24, Norcom 22, Metcalfe 21, Marshall 18, Chamberlain 18—103.

Paterson's team—Paterson 23, Knowles 22, Young 21, Harlan 19, Schmidt 18—103.

Shoot-off: Lamphere's team—Lamphere 19, Chamberlain 19, Norcom 17, Marshall 15, Metcalfe 15—85.

Paterson's team—Paterson 20, Knowles 17, Young 16, Schmidt 14, Harlan 12—79. (Although no note accompanies these totals, we conclude that the shoot-off was at 20 targets per man. F. and S.)

A match at 50 targets per man, unknown angles, was also shot with the following result, Metcalfe being allowed 5 misses as breaks: Lamphere 47, Paterson 45, Metcalfe 39+5—44.

In another event of a like nature, with Metcalfe allowed 7 misses as breaks, the following scores were made: Paterson 44, Metcalfe 35+7—42, Schmidt 40, Chamberlain 27, Young 20 out of 25.

Sweeps were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	10	10	15	Targets:	15	10	10	15
Paterson	9	9	8	10	Harlan	11	10	6	10
Metcalfe	14	8	6	13	Schmidt	8	7	4	8
Norcom	8	6	7	11	Lamphere	..	7	9	..
Young	11	6	5	..	Knowles	..	..	4	12
Booth	15	8	..	..	Davis	..	..	..	5
Marshall	10	9	3	12					

Nos. 1 and 2 were at unknown angles; No. 3 at 5 pairs, unknown traps and angles; No. 4, simple shooting

The members of the Calumet Heights Club remaining at the club's grounds on the 6th inst (being Labor Day) had a few matches at the traps, in which low man paid for targets and other things.

The following scores were made, and in the case of Metcalfe in first event three dead birds were added to score, and in second event two dead birds were added. The shooting of Houston and Paterson was at scratch.

Thirty singles, expert rules, and 10 pairs:

Houston	11111	01111	00111	11101	11011	00111—23
	10 10	10 00	11 10	10 11	11 00	—11—34
Paterson	01001	01110	11011	10111	11111	11110—22
	10 11	10 10	11 01	10 11	10 10	—13—35
Metcalfe	01110	11011	10010	10111	10110	01000—17
	10 11	10 11	11 10	11 11	01	16—33

Fifteen singles, expert rules, and 5 pairs:

Paterson (0)	10111	11111	10111	11 11 11 10 11	—22
Metcalfe (2)	01010	11111	01001	01 10 01 00 11	—14+2—16
Houston (0)	11101	01110	01011	11 10 10 01 00	—15

GETTING READY FOR THE CONTEST.

Preparatory to contest for the *Shooting and Fishing* cup, which was held Sept. 4, between the Garfield and Douglas gun clubs, both of Chicago, the team representing the Garfield Gun Club in a practice shoot held on their grounds the 1st inst., the following scores were made at 30 single targets from five unknown traps, known angles, one man up, and 10 pairs from three center traps:

	Singles.	Doubles.		Singles.	Doubles.
R Kuss	24	17—41	A C Paterson	23	16—39
T P Hicks	24	16—40	Dr S Shaw	25	9—34—196
E E Neal	28	14—42			

Making a total of 196 out of a possible 250, or a percentage of 78.40 per cent. for the team Out of the 26 targets missed in the singles, 14 were thrown from No. 1 trap It was a moderately low, swift bird, and was largely overshot. The substitutes on the team were:

	Singles.	Doubles.	T'l.		Singles.	Doubles.	T'l.
C P Richards	18	10	28	Mr Stickles	18	12	30

Other substitutes failed to show up. In another practice shoot at doubles Kuss broke 26 out of 15 pair; Hicks, 23 out of 15 pair; Neal, 22 out of 15 pair; Paterson, 17 out of 10 pair; Shaw, 17 out of 10 pair.

GARFIELD-DOUGLAS FOR THE CUP.

Sept. 4.—The contest for the *Shooting and Fishing* cup, held by the Garfield Gun Club, and challenged for by the Douglas Gun Club, of Chicago, was shot to-day on the grounds of the latter club, at La Vergne, a suburb of Chicago. Garfield Club retained the cup, with the score of 189, beating Douglas rather decisively This winning score of Garfield Club is precisely the same as that by which Garfield lost the cup to Eureka in 1893. At that time the "East" scored 241 against 227 by the "West." In the Illinois State competition, Eureka Club, shooting Heikes, Paterson, Von Lengerke, McDonald and Bingham, made 198 total. The Garfield team *personnel* at that contest was Coppernol, Richards, Teft, Hicks and S. Palmer, who scored the same as Shaw, Paterson, Hicks, Kuss and Neal did to-day. Following are the scores of to-day's race:

Garfield Gun Club.

E E Neal	11101111111111111011111111111011—27
	11 10 00 10 11 10 11 10 11 11 —14—41
R Kuss	11101101011101101111011101110111—22
	10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 —18—40
T P Hicks	00011010111111000111011111111—21
	11 11 11 11 11 10 11 01 10 11 —17—38
A C Paterson	11111111011011011111010101111—24
	11 10 00 01 10 11 11 01 11 10 —13—37
Dr Shaw	11001011011111100101111011001l—20
	11 10 11 00 10 11 00 10 11 11 —13—33—189

Douglas Gun Club.

F P Stannard	11111110111110111101111101111—26
	11 10 00 11 00 11 10 10 11 10 —12—38
W R Morgan	01011111111011011101010111101—22
	11 11 00 11 11 11 10 11 10 10 —15—37
J Glover	10011111101000111011011110111—21
	10 10 11 10 10 01 00 10 11 11 —12—33
J Church	01101101111010101101001011001—18
	11 01 10 10 10 10 10 00 11 10 —11—29
M J Eich	10111100110111100010001100l111—18
	10 01 10 00 00 11 11 10 10 10 —10—28—165

GARFIELD MEDAL.

At the regular medal contest to-day (Sept. 4) members of Garfield Club made the following records at 25 targets, unknown angles:

C P Richards	10111001111111111101110101—19
T Hicks	11101011101110011111111111—20
Dr Shaw	11010111111101111111111111—22
R Kuss	11111111111101111111111111—24
E E Neal	11111111111111111111110101—23
A C Patti	00001011111110101111101—17
O von Lengerke	11101101101111101111100111—19

GARDEN CITY HANDICAP.

To-day (Sept. 4) Garden City Gun Club went further on with the season records in the club handicap shoot for the gold watch season prize. It is likely this may be the last shoot of the season, as some of the members are leaving for points outside the city; for instance, Mr. H. Levi, who goes this week to Aberdeen, S. D., for a chicken shoot. In to-day's shooting the feature was the work of Mr John Amberg, who scored 13 out of 15 targets, calling pull while his gun was still open, and closing gun after calling. Following were the scores of to-day:

Watch handicap, 25 targets, unknown angles: J. Ruble (18) 23, J. Amberg (15) 23, Goldsmith (14) 20, A. Smith (15) 18, Hutchinson (15) 15, H. Levi (14) 12.

Fifteen targets, unknown angles, gun below elbow until target is in the air: J. Amberg 13, Helleman 11, Ludlow 9, Ford 9, Bosh 8, Levi 8, Hutchinson 6, Goldsmith 5, A. Smith 4, Clark 4.

CICERO GUN CLUB.

To-day, Sept. 4, Cicero Gun Club had but a small attendance, many members being out of the city. Only three men qualified for the medal shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles: Knott 20, Lowrey 19, Barnard 15.

CLUB MEETING.

The semi-annual meeting of the Calumet Heights Club was held on evening of Sept. 1 at the Briggs' House, Chicago, for the transaction of general business. President Harlan presided. One important matter was fully discussed which related to question as to whether the keeper should be on an adequate salary as steward, and club furnish everything necessary for dining room, also targets, birds, etc., for shooters, and club receive the profits, or continue as at present with keeper on a nominal salary, furnishing meals, keep targets, cigars, shells, etc., he receiving profits by the sale of same. The Board of Directors were empowered to investigate and act to the best interests of the club.

WAUKEGAN SHOOT.

Waukegan Gun Club, of Illinois, held the opening shoot on its new grounds, pulling off a very pleasant little affair, among others the following scores being made, all at 10 birds:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
CHoffman	9	..	..	6	8	..	10	9	Clarke	..	5	4	..	..	7	8	..
Barton	9	..	..	7	..	8	3	2	Lyon	..	5	8	..	..	8	4	..
Doe	9	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	Bassett	..	5	7	..	..	5	..	..
Kennedy	7	7	..	8	5	..	6	6	Bullock	..	..	..	6	8	..	7	7	6
Chase	3	4	5	..	1	5	9	6	Dowe	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	..
Bangs	6	..	..	6	6	..	2	..	Graves	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	5	7
J Hoffman	..	9	8	..	..	9	7	7									

LONG LAKE SHOOT.

Long Lake Gun Club, of Long Lake, Ill., will hold a rattling good little shoot Sept. 12-13, and a few of the Chicago Club shooters will go up for the tournament and stay over to have a try at some ducks. A good programme is out. M. J. Furlong is secretary. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky., Sept. 3.—The scores given in tabulated form below were made on the grounds of the Paducah Gun Club, at La Belle Park, yesterday and to-day. Nos. 1-4 were shot yesterday; Nos. 5-14 to-day.

Of the fourteen events, Nos 1, 5 and 6 were at 10 targets, $1 entrance, two moneys; No. 2 was 25 targets, $2 entrance; Nos. 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance, two moneys; Nos. 3, 4, 7, 8 and 9 were all at live birds, as follows: No. 3, 15 birds, $5; Nos. 4 and 7, 5 birds, $2; No. 8, 10 birds, $2, two moneys: No. 9, 4 birds, $1.50, two moneys. All ties divided.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets or live birds:	10	25	15	5	10	10	5	10	4	10	10	10	10	10
J M Lang	6	16	11	1	..	..	..	..	3	5	7	8	..	8
H G Thompson	9	21	14	1	7	8	5	7	..	9	7	7	..	..
F Heyer	7	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Robertson	5	21	13	5	5	5	5	7	4	8	8	9	10	10
W D Thompson	7	18	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J T Page	7	..	13	4	5	..	5	9	3	8	7	7	..	..
J B Duncan	8	23	14	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Schmidt	6	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Whittemore	5	10	9	2	7	4	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
C J Meredith	7	16	..	4	7	8	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
N V Boddie	3	..	13	5	..	..	5	9	3	2	4	3	..	..
M Ingram	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W L Hale	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W E Cochran	7	17	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
B J Lewis	2	18	11	4	..	7	2	8	1	3	..	..	..	..
C W Voigt	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Robertson	..	..	8	5	..	..	2	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
W E Smith	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A G Cargill	..	..	10	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Balase	..	..	..	3	4	..	5	..	2	6	..	..	..	..
Ingram	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
M Reynolds	..	..	..	3	8	9	3	7	..	5	7	8	9	5
Dr Nemore	..	..	..	4	2	5	4	3	3	7	8	..	..	..
Burnett	..	..	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	6
Dr Richards	..	..	..	..	..	3	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Piper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	..	6	..	..
Bailey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	6	7	3	..
Rawleigh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	9	8	10
Winston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3	3	..
Mercer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Fowler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Chittwood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Tagg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Wilkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

J. P., Alabama.—We do not know where you could get bloodhounds. None are being advertised now.

C. C M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Can you tell me what to use to dry up a pointer's teats? Ans.—Camphorated oil Your druggist can supply it.

G. M., Wharton, Tex.—As I am a regular reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, and in order to settle a controversy, will you please publish in your paper of the next issue the weight of the largest tarpon caught of which you have a record? Ans.—The largest tarpon known to have been taken with rod and reel was the one captured by Mrs. Geo. T. Stagg, caught at Ft Myers, Fla., weighing 205lbs. This was the fish shown in FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit at the World's Fair. Senator Quay took, at St. Lucie, Fla., on Aug. 17, 1896, a tarpon weighing 265lbs.; we understand that it was taken with hand-line.

VON W.—Please give me a list of all the names given to the pin-tail duck. Is the sprig-tail the same? Ans. The list of "all the names" is somewhat extensive. Trumbull, in "Names and Portraits of Birds," notes for various localities: Gray duck, pied gray duck (for full-plumaged male), gray widgeon, sea widgeon, pin-tail, split-tail, sprig-tail (shortened to sprig), spike-tail, pike tail, picket-tail, pheasant duck or pheasant, sea pheasant, water pheasant, smee, smees, smethe, long-neck, sprig tailed widgeon, widgeon, kite tailed widgeon, winter duck, cracker, spreet-tail, pile-start, pigeon-tail sharp-tail, ladybird and harlan (Great Britain). From which it appears that the pin-tail and the sprig-tail are the same and many more.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A New Through Passenger Route for Colorado, Utah and California.

THE Chicago *Times-Herald* of Aug. 27 says that on Sept. 12 the new traffic alliance between the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway goes into effect, and on that date the former will send its first Denver sleeper out of Chicago. This will be attached to its regular night train for Omaha, and will be delivered there to the Rock Island. On Oct 2 the tourist car route over these two lines, the Colorado Midland and Southern Pacific, will be inaugurated. Tourist cars will be run once a week between Chicago and San Francisco For further details regarding this new route call on or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., M. & St. P. Ry., 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Good Chicken Shooting

will be found at numerous points along the Northern Pacific Railway this fall, notwithstanding the heavy summer rains. Present advices are to the effect that in the vicinity of Fergus Falls, Perham, Detroit, Sauk Center and Little falls, in Minnesota; and Wahpeton, Pembina and Valley City, North Dakota, chickens will be a good crop. At Aitkin, Little Falls, Perham and Detroit, partridges will be plentiful. Ducks will be found in large numbers all along the line. Season opens Sept. 1. Chas. S. Free, Gen Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

The Johnson Sleeping Bag.

THE sleeping bag is growing in favor among campers as its merits are becoming better known. A new bag of decided merit has just been put on the market by Messrs. Henry C. Squires & Son, and a description of it will be found on the back cover page of this issue. The Johnson sleeping bag is so made that it can be well aired and well sunned; and this is of course a very decided advantage.—*Adv.*

A Dare County Opportunity

for a sporting club site or farming enterprise is advertised to day by Mr. A. W. Simpson, of Buxton, in the famous wildfowling and fishing county of Dare, North Carolina.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the Forest and Stream. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any address which may be furnished us for that purpose.

I read an anecdote the other day of Dr. Beale, the Bishop of Durham, which seems to me full of good sense. When writing one of his important works he was asked when it would be finished. He replied with great good humor and perfect sincerity: "Oh, I will undertake to take hold of that and push it to an accomplishment as rapidly as possible after the fly-fishing season is over."

Henry Russell.

THE GENEROUS STORE.

WHAT a generous store of reading is contained in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM every week—surely the best and most acceptable ever put into print for sportsmen readers. The fund of experience, observation, fact, fancy and opinion comes from every quarter of the great continent, and reflects multifarious phases of field life. Many a word written and spoken and a growing host of readers attest the appreciation in which the paper is held. Now, as for many years past, the FOREST AND STREAM is the accepted representative of the field sportsmanship of America and its interests.

THE FOULING OF MARKS IN YACHT RACING.

The recent fouling of a mark by Vigilant, and the consequent loss of an important race, has brought out numerous comments upon what is called a "technical" foul, which to many minds is supposed to be a devious device of yachting theorists, and opposed to the true interests of sport. The *Marine Journal* takes the following view of the matter:

In the recent race off Newport Vigilant beat Navahoe fifty seconds. Unfortunately, the old International cup defender's boom when jibing struck one of the buoys which marked the course, and enabled the owner of Navahoe—the losing boat—to claim a foul and thereby be awarded the race in conformity to yacht racing rules. In a contest like this, however, sailed for the purpose of seeing how two of the first built Herreshoff flyers held their own, would it not have been more sportsmanlike for the owner of Navahoe to have withdrawn his protest after the owner of Vigilant had acknowledged his foul, as it did not make a second's difference in Vigilant's favor, or that minute measure of time against Navahoe? Every yachtsman knows that Navahoe won the race, while being fully aware that Vigilant proved herself the fastest boat. This is as unsatisfactory a race, though on a much smaller scale, as that between Defender and Valkyrie III.

This is very pretty in theory, but it is not, and never can be, yacht racing. The racing rules of all clubs are most definite and peremptory on this point, stating that a yacht must go fairly over the course without touching a mark in any way. Every racing man knows this rule, and presumably has it in mind, with the penalty of disqualification hanging over him, all the time he is sailing. He knows that, unless in close quarters and pocketed by other yachts, he can avoid all danger of the penalty by making a fair wide turn of each mark. If he prefers to shave close and so save a few seconds over a more cautious opponent, he has a perfect right to take the risk; but he has no right to cry about "technical" fouls if by an error of judgment or by some unforeseen accident he should touch the mark.

It would certainly be most unjust to the man who has sailed the course fairly, keeping well clear of every mark and losing some time, however little, thereby, if all his pains went for nothing, and his opponent was allowed the privilege of disregarding the rules and shaving each mark, with the penalty suspended in case of a "technical" failure.

A little reflection will show that there must be some penalty for touching a mark however slightly, otherwise collisions with marks and markboats would be the rule in racing instead of the exception. Thus far, too, no other penalty than absolute disqualification has been devised; and harsh as this may seem, it is inevitable. It is not possible to place a time penalty on fouling; so many seconds for touching the flag on a mark, so many for hitting the markboat herself, so many for capsizing her, and so many for sinking her and drowning those on board. Yacht racing has not yet reached this stage of advancement, and for a time at least there seems no alternative but to enforce the rule of instant self-disqualification on touching, to the slightest degree, any part of a mark; of course, unless forced by another yacht.

The enforcement of this rule sometimes works to the disappointment of all parties, as in the late races for the Seawanhaka cup, where Glencairn was disqualified beyond all remedy by her fouling of the mark at the line. Every one wanted to see a race—Momo's men had no desire to score even a single race in such a way; but there was absolutely nothing to be done. As soon as she touched the mark, Glencairn was out of the race by all yachting law and precedent, and Momo could only sail the course alone and score one if she finished it within the time limit. The action of Glencairn's skipper under the circumstances was most praiseworthy. Rather than spoil the whole day and disappoint the many people interested, he continued over the course, though with the knowledge that under no possible contingency could he be officially recognized as in the race.

A similar mishap occurred the year before to Mr. Duggan in sailing Sothis, at Ogdensburgh, the boats were moving very slowly, with barely steerage way; Sothis had passed the mark, a light skiff, when a slight scend of the sea threw the latter out and she struck Sothis. The foul was not seen by the committee, but was reported by Mr. Duggan on the finish of the race and it was generally recognized that Sothis was disqualified. The only contention in the matter was between Mr. Duggan and the second man, Mr. Butler: the latter declining to take the handsome $300 cup, and Mr. Duggan insisting he should do so.

From all accounts, Vigilant's mishap seems to be partly hard luck, she would have gone clear save for an unexpected jibing of the boom, but such is often the case. A man may make all his calculations to turn the mark at a safe distance and they may be upset by a strain of tide, a drop in the wind, or a scend of the sea that throws boat and mark together in an unlooked-for manner. At the same time it is obviously impossible to make allowances in such case, only one line can be drawn, either the boat goes clear of the mark or she touches it. Why she touches it (unless forced by another boat) or how much, cannot be considered; each yacht must stand by her own accidents in this as in other details of racing.

In international races the question of fouling and disqualification is a most important one. All hands are out to see a race; a failure and resail is in every way regretable; neither party wishes to score a point by default. At the same time there exists no possible provision by which yachts can be recalled and a race restarted after a foul, either of a mark or of one yacht by another. At the time of the famous Valkyrie-Defender collision no end of sentimental twaddle was indulged in, even by yachtsmen, about "technical" fouls and the possibility of the recall of both yachts by the regatta committee. Such an action would have been utterly contrary to law and without precedent, and would have been universally condemned by yachtsmen. In such a contingency, of a foul of any kind at the start, as in the case of Valkyrie and Defender, and of Glencairn in the late races, the only party free to act is the other yacht; she may if she choses lie to or withdraw as soon as she perceives that her opponent is disabled or disqualified, the two making a new start later on. At the same time such action is purely voluntary; there is nothing, either in the law or the ethics of yacht racing which would compel a yacht to withdraw merely on account of the disqualification or disabling of her opponent.

Even among practical yachtsmen there exists a peculiar idea that a yacht is at liberty to start more than once in a race, and instances are not uncommon where such a practice has been recognized by race committees. A yacht makes a start and bumps into a markboat, whereupon she deliberately comes about and tries again. Such a practice is absurd and entirely prohibited by the rules; if a yacht fouls a mark on the line she is out of the race, and unless there are grounds for doubt as to the responsibility being shared by another yacht, she has no right to continue over the course.

The talk in the case of Vigilant has been confined entirely to outside parties; the principals, one and all, treated the incident in a business-like manner; Mr. Chubb reported to the race committee that Vigilant had fouled a mark of the course, and the committee thereupon declared her disqualified, and awarded the prize to the next yacht which completed the course in accordance with the rules.

PREACHING MURDER.

RECENT atrocious murders in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and elsewhere, have provoked extended discussion of the prevalence of village hoodlumism, the increasing impatience of restraint among young men, and the alarming growth of lawlessness and disorder so characteristic of many New England neighborhoods. A new and startling light is thrown upon the demoralization by the utterances of anarchistic journals, notably a Boston publication, *Fiber and Fabric*, and the Providence *Evening Telegram*. Both are moved to comment upon the recent murders of game wardens in a manner which, if not actually commending the deeds of the murderers, nevertheless excuses and makes light of them. "One or two men," says the *Telegram*, in an editorial which we quote elsewhere, "are already in New England prisons for the offense, and a very small part of the population of their States look upon them as great sinners." Nobody considers breaking the game laws a crime, it explains, and "what wonder then that the violator saves himself at the cost perhaps of the warden's life."

This is preaching murder, pure and simple; and we submit to students of New England lawlessness that such journalistic incitements to murder are more significant than the murders themselves of the extent to which the demoralization has progressed.

SNAP SHOTS.

Dr. Geo. W. Massamore, the very efficient Deputy Game Warden of Maryland, presents some facts concerning the pollution of the Potomac River, which should have the immediate attention of the Legislatures of Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland. It has always been the custom in this country for tannery, mill and factory projectors to conduct their enterprises without the slightest heed to public rights in the waters; and while individuals following this custom may not be blamed perhaps, the community itself is at fault for having permitted the ruin of its natural resources. It is taking us a long time to get beyond the prodigal backwoods, frontier settlement disregard of economy in such affairs; and in many cases it is now unfortunately too late to repair the ruin which has been wrought. There is a better way to treat a fish-producing river than to turn it into a sewer.

If the United States went to war a whole regiment might be enlisted from the Maine licensed guides, and a capital body of men it would be too. More than eleven hundred of them are now enrolled; and the Commissioners tell us that the guide question is gradually settling itself; little opposition has been manifested except in two or three localities; and even there it has not amounted to so much in actual strength as in newspaper reports of it. The Commissioners believe that the system will very materially benefit the cause of protection.

The Paris Exposition of 1900 will have classes for exhibits of sporting arms, products of the chase, fishing tackle and products and pisiculture. The United States should be represented by some of our fishing tackle; in that line we compare favorably with any country on earth.

This is proving a great year for salt-water fishing all along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida. Fishing in the Indian River waters of Florida is said to be improved, owing to the opening of the inlets along the lower East Coast; and tarpon are found there in increasing numbers.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DOWN IN MAINE.

As another shooting season approaches, the usual question of where to go is probably causing many an annual woods visitor much anxiety, not unmixed with a certain enjoyment which the selection of the location for a camp or cruise always bring.

Last fall I made a cruise of two weeks which ought to afford all the variety of canoeing, camping and big game hunting that any reasonable person could ask for, and for the benefit of any whose vacation time is limited, yet who wish to cover considerable territory without extremely hard work, this is written.

The trip can be nicely made in two weeks from Moosehead Lake, and could be done in two weeks from Boston if there was a good pitch of water in the rivers. The scenery is grand, the fishing fair, and big game very plentiful. There is only one portage—that from Round Pond into Allagash Lake—and that is over a good road. A number of side trips could be made from this cruise to grounds where splendid shooting could be had, particularly into Shallow Lake for ducks and deer, and up the Allagash Inlet to Desolation for moose. There is also another section—a splendid big game region—which can be reached from Allagash or Chamberlain lakes, and which is seldom visited, as it is supposed to be almost inaccessible. A carry of two miles over an extremely blind and crooked trail took us to a dead-water that lead back into this section nine miles further back. We did not have time to make the nine-mile canoe trip, but saw an abundance of moose sign about the dead-water, and there was no evidence that the trail had been used for years. Our address for the last two weeks of October will probably be at the head of this dead-water.

Our party consisted of Frank E. Wolfe, myself and my little English setter, Gypsey Belle II. This was Frank's first experience in the New England forests, and I judged from the curiosity which Gypsey excited that she was the first setter to visit the Allagash. She was guessed at everything from a spaniel to a shepherd, but that she was a deer dog of some kind no one doubted.

We left Boston at 9 P. M. over the popular B. & M.; arrived at Bangor soon after daylight, stopped there just long enough to get breakfast, and were off for Moosehead. At Oldtown several members of the Penobscot tribe boarded the train with axes, yokes and paddles, and it began to look as if we were really getting among good people. We found them very interesting and willing to give us much valuable information about the section of country we were headed for. At Greenville we took the steamer for Kineo, where we arrived at noon, after an enjoyable sail up the lake. On the way up we arranged to take with us one of the Indians who came up on the train with us. This was John B. Mitchell, who is known among his people—and among his friends—as "Johnny Bear." At Kineo we had time to get dinner and buy our supplies before the boat left for Northeast Carry. At Kineo Johnny engaged as our second guide his partner, "Old Joe Aus'n." Whether his name was Austin or Orsen or something else we could never make out. He spelled it X. Pronounce it to suit yourself.

From Northeast Carry we had our canoes and duffle driven over to Luce's, on the West Branch; and dropping down to the mouth of the Lobster we made our first camp, twenty-one hours from Boston. This first camp convinced us that our trip was to be a most delightful one, and that conclusion was arrived at after enjoying our first meal in camp, followed by a "big smoke." The pleasure of a trip into this country depends so largely upon the guides that I feel obliged to give you a slight pen picture of the two men on whom we were dependent for almost everything for the next two weeks. Most every chronicler of a fishing or shooting trip writes of having the "best guide in Maine," and I can fully appreciate the feeling which prompts him to such a declaration. We probably did not have the "best guide in Maine," because there is probably no such guide there, but we certainly did have a combination that could hardly be improved upon—don't seem as though it could.

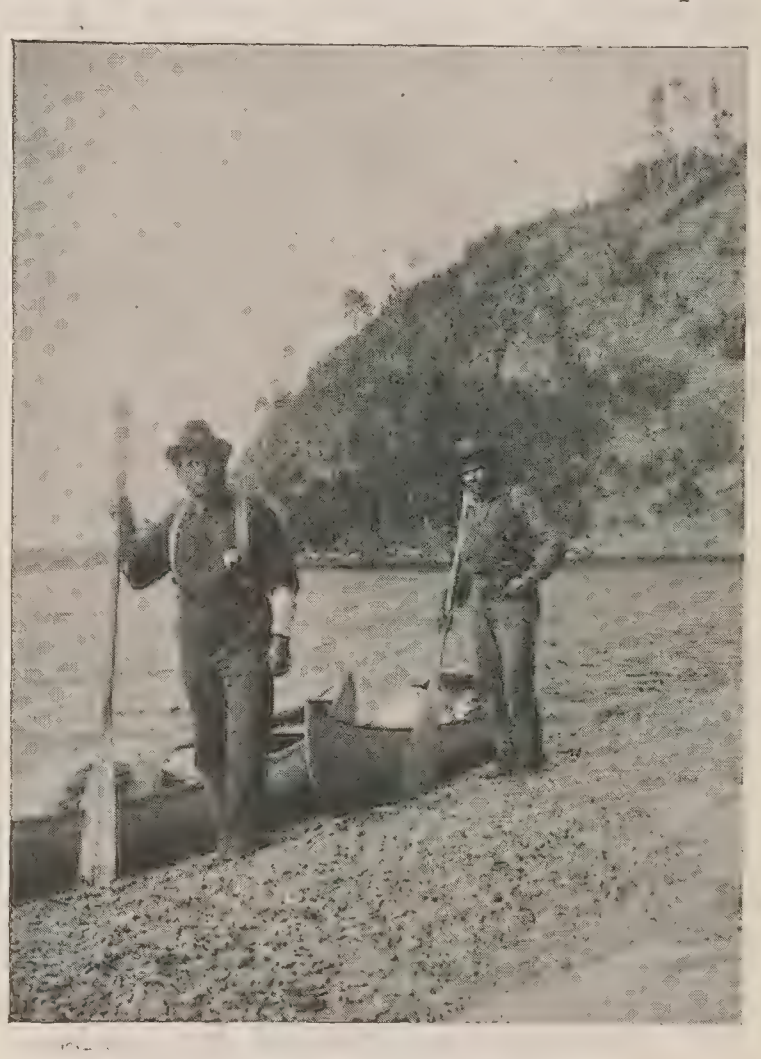
I feel rather diffident about writing anything of John Mitchell, but I trust that what I say of him will be interpreted in the spirit in which it is written.

Johnny Bear, as he apparently preferred to be called, is a middle aged, compactly built man, with a remarkably strong face, on which is truthfully stamped uprightness. He not only speaks English, but speaks it well, and is seldom at a loss for just the right word. He is a remarkably well posted man, and talks entertainingly on any subject which a man has any business to talk about in the woods. I didn't try him on theosophy or the nebular hypothesis, being a little rusty on them myself; but he did give me some interesting points on political economy, as practiced in the government of his tribe. Where I feel most at liberty to speak of Johnny, is in regard to his skill as a cook; and I could cover that subject the quickest by saying that he is the best outdoor cook I ever saw. There are plenty of men who can fry potatoes, boil a pot of tea, or even broil a bird, trout or a rib of venison over an open fire; but when you find a man who can turn out of a tin oven, three times per day for two weeks, a pan of biscuits of the most delicious brown, and light as feathers, then you have found a man who is a cook "for fair." Johnny Bear did this in spite of wind, rain or wet wood, without so much as the suspicion of a failure, and his stewed tomatoes and Kosombo were simply revelations in the possibilities of gastronomic research. Kosombo! I have but to close my eyes to smell the delicious aroma of that *pot-pouri* even now.

"Old Joe," is an Indian, from the way he fries potatoes to the style of wearing his belt; next to being an Indian he is a hunter. He has had little to do with white people, having made his living by hunting and trapping until within a few years, and consequently is a little backward about expressing himself in English—when he has nothing to say—but he has no difficulty in carrying on a conversation when he has something to say to you. Not being able to read, Joe is dependent on the Penobscot folk-lore for his stock of general knowledge, and he proved a perfect mine of information on such matters as the meaning of the Indian names for the lakes and rivers, etc. Joe told us of being at Chamberlain Lake with his father forty years ago, and he has lived in the woods a great part of every year since. Small wonder then that there is little to be known of the woods which Joe does not know. Both of these men are splendid canoemen, and willing to undertake cheerfully anything you may suggest, and another strong point in their favor is that neither of them uses any liquor. They never tired of answering our numerous questions, and when one was asked which they could not answer, they never hesitated to come out flat-footed and say "I don't know."

We broke camp early the next morning and paddled down the majestic West Branch, past round-domed Kokodjo, stopping a few minutes at the Moosehorn and Ragmuff to try for trout, but failed to raise any. We lunched on Big Island, then down the Horse Race, through the Fox Hole, over Pine Stream Falls, and so on into Chesuncook. From the shore of the lake we had our first view of Katahdin and the Sourdnehunks, and our last of civilization. From the head of Chesuncook we entered the Umbazooksus Stream, turned to the left up the Cauquomgomic and reached the first falls in the late afternoon. Here was the most beautiful camping spot we saw on the whole trip. At the upper end of the short carry around the falls is a small, level plat of sward that seemed as if made on purpose for a camp site. The series of three falls is extremely picturesque, and the pools are ideal trout pools. The afternoon had grown quite cold and the trout rose sluggishly, but frequently enough to show that on a favorable day they would yield fine sport. We had the usual "big smoke" around the camp-fire that night, but the music of the falls so successfully essayed the part of "The Sandran" that we rolled up in our blankets early, and were soon in sonorous rivalry with Joe and Johnny in "calling moose."

We awoke to a glorious morning, and while Johnny was getting the breakfast we exposed a few plates and visited the little cove, to find where several deer and a moose had been down to drink and feed during the night. How big that first moose track did look! After breakfast we put in above the falls and paddled up the winding stream, reaching the horserace, where we made camp about 3 P. M. Every stream in this country has its horserace. The banks of the Cauquomgomic are heavily wooded, the current, except in a few places, is slow, and the trip up was very enjoyable. We saw a few wood ducks and many tracks, but no big game. After making camp, we toted a part of our stuff up to Cauquomgomic Lake, and left it there, covered with a rubber blanket. On the return trip Gypsey found the first partridge seen on the trip, and we had a "broiled bird" for supper. Our camp was on a high bluff overlooking the river, and having plenty of time and the prospect being for another cold night, Joe made a wigwam out of the big tent, while Johnny showed us what he called a good cooking fire. As Old Joe said, "All hot, no smoke." We made a picture of the camp, with the fire in the foreground, and the smoke from it is barely discernible, though Johnny was baking biscuit, stewing tomatoes, frying flippers, and broiling a bird at the time. While this was in progress, Frank and I took a plunge in the river, followed by a brisk toweling, and were then ready to forcibly demonstrate our appreciation of Johnny's cooking.



JOHNNY BEAR AND OLD JOE AUS'N.

The morning showed signs of rain, and we made an early start; the guides poling up in the canoes, Frank, Gypsey and I over the trail to the lake. It soon began to rain, and arriving at the lake we made a lean-to of bark from the dam, and under this waited for the canoes.

From this lake we entered Round Pond stream, and here saw the first signs of lumbering. Swampers had cleared the trees and brush from the banks of the stream, and the result of their work was anything but pleasing. When we came to the meadows there was any quantity of deer and moose sign. The banks were all cut up with their tracks, and the lilypads had been nipped off, and in some cases the roots torn up for miles at a stretch. Some of this had been done by muskrats, some by deer, and much of it by moose. The guides showed us very quickly how to distinguish the work of each animal. I thought of this when reading the recent interesting articles on deer and lilypads in Forest and Stream. When old Joe tells me that moose eat lilypads as well as deer, I am prepared to believe it implicitly.

We passed a place where the stream broadened out into a sort of shallow pond almost entirely covered with reeds and rushes, and here was quite a large camp with several ladies in the party. Why any sane man should camp in such a place, with nothing but grass and rushes in sight, I could not understand; particularly when having ladies along, for the gentler sex set great store by pleasant surroundings. I asked Johnny about this. He smiled significantly, and said: "Oh! I guess it's getting pretty near the 1st of October."

We crossed Round Pond in the rain, and finding the camp at the mouth of Poland Stream occupied by a party of night fish peddlers we made camp a short distance up the carry to Allagash. I think these fellows were fish-peddlers, as they had a nice new tin horn under their canoe and a nice new lantern with a big bright reflector. Possibly this was a headlight off some stray locomotive; it was nearly big enough.

Everything was drenched, and we looked forward to a very disagreeable night. After the tents were up Joe started off into the woods with his axe, and Frank and I tried the trout below the Poland Stream Falls. They were pretty small, and we soon gave it up and returned to camp to find that Joe had completely carpeted our tent, bough-bed and all, with huge sheets of birch bark, laid inner side (dry side) up, and we were as dry as could be.

The next day we carried over into Allagash, all doubling the route twice. We each made up what we considered was a back-breaking load while the guides washed the dishes, then we watched Joe make up what he called a "Mohawk pack." First he spread out the large tent, on top of that the smaller one, then their two bags of clothing, a sack of canned goods, a wooden tub holding about a half bushel of provisions of various kinds, and several packages that lay handy. Then he began to roll up the tent, first from one side, then from the opposite, and when he had folded in the ends and given it a final roll, he had the ends of the tent ropes sticking out of the bundle at just the right places for tying the whole securely. It was a work of art, particularly the rolling and folding He took his axe and cut some broad pack straps from a handy cedar, arranged one for his chest, another for his forehead, swung the Mohawk on to his broad shoulders, picked up a sack of potatoes in one hand, the bag of flour in the other, and struck out for Allagash. We found him there with the tents up when we got there.

In the little cove to the right of where the carry comes out on Allagash we had the first and best fly-fishing of the trip. The padole up the lake to the mouth of the Allagash stream was delightful. The lake is somewhat in the shape of a square with rounded corners, the shores are densely wooded and the water is clear and cool We camped opposite the pinnacles and spent several days in exploring the now famous cave and prospecting up the Allagash inlet. The cave is a mighty poor thing as caves go, in fact it is not a cave at all, but a series of enormous seams running from the top of the east pinnacle down into the mountain for several hundred feet, and is as damp and dirty as one could wish. I spent a part of two days there making flashlights of the different recesses, and spent the two weeks following my return in bed as a consequence. However, it is a wonderful freak of nature, and well worth a visit, at least my visit there was worth considerable to my physician.

We went several miles up the inlet and saw many fresh signs of beaver, deer and moose, in fact we started two moose and several deer were paddling through the alder grounds. There are large trout in the stream, and it is said to contain salmon, but this we were unable to verify. This camp we left with reluctance and dropped down the Allagash River to Chamberlain Lake. While walking around a bit of bad water we came upon a freshly built beaver dam. It looked to be quite loosely put together, but it held water all right. We tried to get up to a meadow which this dam overflowed in hopes of getting a sight of the animals and their houses, but were unable to do so.

When we first started out, the guides asked many questions about Gypsey, and it was plain to be seen that they had their suspicions about her. One day Old Joe called her down to the bank, where fresh deer tracks were as thick as hair, and pointing to the tracks he tried to interest Gypsey in them, but she only wagged her tail, and paid no more attention to them than any well-behaved setter would. This apparently convinced Joe that she wasn't a deer dog, whatever else she might be. Just before reaching our camping place, a mile above Chamberlain Lake, we flushed a partridge, which lit in a birch sprout beside the river. I took up my gun, and as the canoe was passing knocked him out. Now don't throw up your hands; it's no pot shot to kill a bird from a canoe that is dodging the rocks down the swift water of Allagash, even if he is sitting on the limb of a swaying birch, and my conscience did not trouble me a little bit. Gypsey was in the rear canoe, and when told to fetch she went overboard, and when she came back across the river, wading and swimming, with a big cock partridge's wings covering both her eyes, the Indians were greatly pleased. We could not stop for her in the swift water, but she was at the landing to meet us, and that partridge went into the kettle with a pair of black ducks and a couple of his near relatives in short order. I think that this was the greatest kettle of Kosombo Johnny turned out on the entire trip. I never could understand where he got the curry.

While we were making camp, Joe said he heard a moose up on the ridge, and after supper we went out to try to call him out. We had not gone a quarter of a mile from camp and Johnny had made but a few calls when we heard one coming. He came into the water, but a cow, which he had left in the woods, called him back again, and we thought our fun was over.

Frank and Joe had drifted up into a little cove and were watching a buck feeding, when we heard another moose coming. We whistled to the other canoe, but could not attract their attention owing to the noise of a little waterfall near them, so we pushed off and started across the stream to get a good look at the new-comer. I asked Johnny if this was not the same moose, but he said not, that this was a larger one. He came down the bank with a crash, and slumped into the water with as much noise as a yoke of steers would make. When the others saw us start across stream they followed, and we all got quite close to the beast before he scented us and plowed his way across the bog with loud grunts. Frank and Joe continued down the river to make another call and Johnny and I returned to camp, reaching there at 8:30, having had an easy chance to kill two moose. I thought this very remarkable, but Johnny said a good moose caller could call out a moose any time, day or night, if there was an unmated one in the vicinity, and before the trip was ended I could well believe it. Joe called several times down near the lake but got no response.

While skirting the western shore of Chamberlain Lake we saw our only caribou, and got up within easy shooting distance of him. He was feeding, and moved about with quick nervous steps, very unlike any other animal we saw. When about two miles north of Ellis Brook we ran into a school of trout, jumping in all directions We tried them with all colors and sizes of flies, but could only raise one of them. They were splendid fish, from 2 to 4lbs. in weight. Several broke water quite near the canoes, so we got a good idea of their size. They were extremely tantalizing.

From Chamberlain we turned up Mud Pond stream and camped on the western shore of the pond. In the morning

we carried into Umbazooksus, and were once more in Penobscot water. On Umbazooksus stream we met a large party of lumbermen going in with supplies, and about half way down the stream we passed quite a large camp. There were signs—unmistakable signs—of moose in this vicinity. We stopped for dinner nearly opposite this camp and ran into a brood of partridges in some birch sprouts, and here Gypsey was able to get in some fine work, much to the edification of the guides, and we easily secured the foundation for another big kettle of Kosombo. Down the stream we started many bunches of plover and some yellow legs.

From Mud Pond to Chesuncook the country is very uninteresting, although game was plentiful, and we were glad when we struck the Cauquomgomic stream again, completing the circle. We camped that night at Pine Stream Falls, and the following morning continued up the west branch, with a few stops for fishing. A young gentleman from Philadelphia passed us as we were loading, and a short distance above the falls a tremendous bull moose waded across the river right in front of his canoe. We slept that night on the same bed of boughs we had used on our first night out. We reached the northeast carry just in time to miss the Sunday steamer, and put into Moosehead, paddling part way down to Kineo, when a heavy storm nearly swamped us and we were compelled to make camp.

Frank and I were drenched with the spray which came in over the bows, and having on our last change of underclothing, we hung them about the fire to dry while we took a swim in the lake. Three days before we had an inch of snow and ice formed in the water-pail a quarter of an inch thick, but our cold spray bath of an hour or more had so reduced our temperatures that the lake seemed quite comfortable. Johnny thought the wind would die down about midnight, and suggested a start at 3 A.M., but at 3 there was quite a heavy sea running and we did not get started till 5. This night we were kept awake more by deer about the tents than on any night of the trip. They stamped and whistled all night long. We reached Kineo in time to get dinner and climb the mountain before the boat left for Greenville and home.

C. Harry Morse.

Boston, Mass.



WOODS COOKERY.



AN IDEAL CAMPING PLACE.

From Amateur Photos by C. Harry Morse.

THE CHESTNUT RIDGE

And Along Its Foot.—VI.

At the eastern base of the Chestnut Ridge, on the edge of the broad interval between that upland and the parallel range of the Laurel Hill, there stood, fifty years ago and more, an old-fashioned tavern known in my early years as "Meanor's." It was a typical roadside inn, one of many that stood along the line of the old Northern turnpike, whose swinging signboard was the promise of rest and refreshment to man and beast. I remember the house well and the weeks of a pleasant summer I spent there in the halcyon days of Franklin Pierce. The turnpike road, wide, smooth and sandy, lay along in front of the hostlery, and wound like a broad gray ribbon up the side of the Ridge until it disappeared among the trees. Across the road was a large barn, and beyond, stretching in the direction of the Conemaugh, were wide, sloping fields, where the sheep nibbled the grass or reposed in the heat of the day in the shade of the trees. Pleasant is it to abide among the sheepfolds, "to hear the bleatings of the flocks."

Any one seeing this old turnpike now, neglected, reduced in many places to the width and condition of a mere township road, cannot conceive what it was like in the days of long ago. Then a constant succession of wheeled vehicles of every description, of horsemen and pedestrians, moved along this famous highway. At stated periods the gaudily painted and gilded stage coach—the Pioneer or the Good Intent—dashed by with its spanking team of four horses, with their jingling harness, its Jehu sitting up aloft, cracking his long whip or occasionally winding his bugle, whose notes lingered musically among the hills and trees. Looking back now it seems like a dream of fairyland.

But Linden saw another sight. It was not always summer and sunshine on the Allegheny ridges. Whatever may be the fact now, formerly the snows came early and fell deep. The wagons proceeded with difficulty or ceased business altogether. The stage-coach labored along through the snow, the passengers happy to make three or four miles an hour. Sometimes it was necessary to discard wheels altogether and mount the body of the coach upon runners. It then became for the time a great sleigh, none the less pleasant to ride in.

I remember that when Louis Kossuth passed through our country about the end of the year 1851, the snow was so deep that he was obliged to cross the Allegheny ridges in a sleigh. When he reached our town we all gathered in the street and about the hotel, and by dint of yelling and shouting attested our admiration of the great Magyar. Many years afterward in a book, "Red, White and Black," by Mme. Pulzsky, one of Kossuth's retinue, I saw that we were characterized as "a lot of Irish," whose enthusiasm was anything but agreeable to the distinguished strangers. This was a little mortifying when I recalled how many hours I had stood around in the snow waiting for a chance to demonstrate my good-will.

Like De Quincey, "I dally with my subject, because, to myself, the remembrance of those times is profoundly interesting."

One December day, fifty years ago or so, there was a very heavy snowfall on the ridge. From early dawn the flakes had fallen softly, softly but persistently, until now the landscape was covered with a thick, fleecy mantle of snow. Occasionally gusts of wind had rushed across the scene, gathering up the snow from the exposed points and laying it down in the hollows and more sheltered spots, until in places the drifts were 3 or 4ft. deep. It promised to be a rough night. Along in the afternoon a solitary pedestrian descended the Ridge, picking his way through the drifts, glad enough at last to find a refuge at the inn. He was a young fellow, tall, active, handsome, except for a restlessness in his eyes that made him not altogether pleasant to look at. Before advancing into the room he cast a quick glance around, and then apparently satisfied, he walked up to the bar and asked for a glass of brandy.

"Lots of snow," said the landlord, handing out the bottle. "Yes, indeed," replied the stranger. "Must be hard walking," remarked the landlord. "Very," answered the other. "I was trying to make my way down to Nineveh," he continued, "but I guess I shall have to give it up. Can I stay here to-night?" "Yes; we have room for you," replied the landlord. The young man unbuttoned his coat, pushed back his hat from his brow, and seated himself by the fire, but in such a position that he could see everything in the room.

The snow continued to fall. Half an hour later, amid a great outcry on the part of the driver, and a fierce struggle on the part of the horses, the stage-coach that should by that time have been in Blairsville, pulled into the wagon-yard in front of the inn. At the first sound, the young man sprang to his feet and hastened to the window. The stage door was opened, and the occupants, six or eight ladies and gentlemen, got out. The young man scanned them closely, and when they entered the room, he hung about the door leading to the back premises of the tavern. He was evidently not at his ease in his inn. The coach was effectually "stuck" for the present. The horses were bestowed in the barn, and the passengers became unwilling guests for the night. But there was no help for it. And they might easily have been worse accommodated. As the evening closed in, after supper, it was proposed to have a dance. A violin and bow hung on a nail behind the bar.

"Here is a fiddle," said the landlord, "if anybody can play." A very short inquiry revealed the fact that the strange young man could manipulate the bow. The tables were carried out of the dining-room, the chairs shoved against the wall; the young man, who seemed to have a predilection for the back door, stationed himself near that point; the violin was tuned up, the people chose their partners, the fiddle sang out its cheerful notes, and the frolic proceeded. The fiddler was an admirable performer and caller of the figures, and soon made himself quite a favorite among the dancers. Several sets had been danced, when a halt was called; the ladies sought their chairs, and the gentlemen the bar. It was in this lull that a heavy step was heard at the door, as of some one stamping the snow from his feet; a moment later the door opened, and a burly form entered the bar-room.

"Why, how do, Sheriff?" cried the landlord, as he recognized the new-comer. "How are you, Dave?" he replied, shaking the snow from his coat and sending a swift glance through the company at the same time. "A thimbleful of whiskey," he said, and the bottle and glass were pushed across the bar.

"A bad night to be out, Sheriff," remarked the landlord. "Yes;" said the other. "After a horsethief;" he added, in a confidential tone. "Had traces of him up the hill, and thought he might be in here."

"Nobody has come here with a horse to-day," said the landlord. "No," answered the Sheriff. "The horse was sold in Blairsville, and the thief left this morning afoot." "Aha!" exclaimed the other. "What kind of a looking man was he?" "A young, good-looking, black-eyed fellow, I was told," replied the Sheriff. "Why, there was a young fellow like that came here this afternoon," said the landlord. "He was playing the fiddle for the dancers a few minutes ago. I guess he is in the dining-room now." "I'll look in," said the Sheriff, and he did; but no young man was to be seen.

"Where's the fiddler?" cried the landlord. But nobody knew. "He must have gone out," said the landlord. But nobody had noticed. They were all interested now. "Turn out, everybody, and help," cried the Sheriff; and the men, donning their hats and great coats, turned out of doors to look for the missing fiddler.

"Get the lantern, Dave, and let us search the barn," said the Sheriff. The wind was blowing and drifting. The barn was duly searched from top to bottom, but no fugitive was found. "Look in the stage-coach." The stage-coach was examined, but nobody was hidden in that. "Now the wash house." The wash house was also explored, but it was tenantless as the stage-coach.

"Bless me! where's my horse?" cried the Sheriff. "Why, where is your horse?" exclaimed the landlord, by way of answer. "I tied him right there, in the shelter of the wash house," said the Sheriff.

Sure enough! where was the sheriff's horse?

When the officer's step was heard at the door, the young fellow was on the alert; when the landlord uttered the word "Sheriff," he slipped noiselessly out of the back door, and before the Sheriff had disposed of his thimbleful of whiskey, the young fellow had untied the animal, leaped upon its back, and was plunging through the snow toward the east. No vestige of his flight remained upon the ground, and nobody had any idea in what direction he had gone. It was dark and stormy, and nothing could be done.

A week afterward the Sheriff's horse was found in Johnstown, in possession of an honest old Conemaugh township farmer, who was boasting what a bargain he had got: a good horse, saddle and bridle, all for $50. In the meantime the young man had left for parts unknown and no trace of him could be found.

T. J. Chapman.

Pittsburg, Pa.

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—XI.

A Winter Hunt at the Summit of the Rockies.

With the Wolfhounds.

In the year of 1896 the State of Montana paid $8,000 bounty on gray wolves alone. These animals are a menace to the live stock industry and have been pursued relentlessly for years, but in spite of this seem to be numerous as ever in some parts of the State. Joe Kipp told us that he had killed a great many with his pack of hounds, not far from his ranch, and he was anxious to give McChesney and myself a taste of the sport of wolf-coursing. Billy Kipp volunteered to take us out, and after one day of rest we three made a start with a half dozen of the best dogs of the pack, great shaggy yellow hounds of decidedly useful look. Some of these dogs were monsters, and were scarred all over in token of their work with the big and dangerous grays of these plains than which a dog can meet few more dangerous antagonists.

We rode something like forty miles or more that day and jumped four coyotes and one antelope, none of the game close enough to enable us to sight the dogs, which scattered wildly about, crazy to run, but showing the usual sight-hound's inability to get sighted. We saw no gray wolves at all, and indeed were not on their main range, which was properly about twenty-five miles to the north of us. We had not time to take two days for a wolf hunt, though I presume we should have had some fun. One of our dogs followed off the antelope and we did not see her till we got home that night. Nothing of great interest transpired during the day, though a touch of excitement was for a time threatened by a little accident with my mount, a typical cow pony of some dignity of character. Riding along across the prairie, a loose knot at the side of the bit fell apart and let down one side of the bridle rein. As I leaned forward to fasten it up again the horse threw up his head and began to go a bit, and the others not knowing that anything was wrong, he broke away in front and bolted across the country in spite of all I could do, refusing to be guided by the touch of the rein, as all cow horses are taught, and refusing also to be circled with any kind of a pull. At last he went crazy at the unusual situation, and taking the bit well into his mouth bolted off on a career

of his own, in which I could no more stop him than I could have stopped a locomotive. Seeing I could not do anything by getting hold of the side of the headstall, and was only tiring myself trying to check him, I sat down and began to ride it out, urging the runaway as hard as I could across a certain muddy flat which lay below a risky hill down which he had run at full speed. I knew he could not last forever on that sort of going, but he did pretty well for a mile or so until Billy Kipp, realizing what was up, pushed his horse into the race, and after a good little run swung up by my side and caught the horse by the broken side of the bridle, which had been all the time quite beyond my reach. There was some sport to this little ride, for all in all I think that was the worst country I ever rode over, and where the snow was not melted away it was extremely dangerous, being literally honeycombed with badger holes, of which I have never seen so many at any part of the plains. It is astonishing how careful and expert the cow horses are at evading these holes, and of course the way to ride is to pay no attention to the holes, but to trust it all to the horse. Where a hole is covered with the snow, neither horse nor man can guard against it. Billy cautioned me against riding too fast across snow-covered country, and said he had often had falls in such riding. Ordinarily, however, the cowboys of that region cut loose, snow or no snow, and take their chances. They told me that Billy Kipp was about the best cow-puncher on the reservation. I am promised a visit from Joe Kipp and Billy some time this fall, when they come in with a train of cattle, and I hope they will bring my cow horse along, so I can give him a turn down the Boulevard, where the badger holes are not so thick.

Plans for a Goat Hunt.

Our party was now somewhat scattered, Schultz at his ranch, Billy Jackson gone home, and the rest of us at Joe Kipp's ranch, near the railroad, where we had a good visit with Bear Chief, who came in to call on us. Time was getting short, and I was very uneasy about being away from home so long; but word came in that there was to be a council of the Indians at which we must be present. Schultz was, moreover, much troubled over the fact that McChesney had not yet killed a head of game, and urged him to make one more try, going into the mountains nearer the summit and by way of the railroad a little further to the west. Here he was sure he could get a goat and perhaps a sheep. McChesney was due at home, in Troy, N. Y., but wired home and learned that he could strain things and be out four or at most five days more. So we hurriedly made it up that we would all make a rush trip after goats near the summit, it seeming a shame to leave when we were so close to success in getting a specimen of this rare animal, and that, too, during the winter season, when it is more difficult to get one even under legal surroundings. The result of it all was that we threw together a light outfit, and at midnight pulled out for the mountain again, taking the west-bound train, which happened to be delayed some hours. It was morning when we reached the summit of the range, at the little station called Summit, where we went in order to pick up Joe Kearney, a guide better acquainted than any of us, except Boak, with that part of the mountain. Scott, the trapper who was to have gone with our party for the whole trip, was away on his trapping line, and was not expected back for some time; but Kearney was in and was willing to go with us. We stopped at the section house for breakfast, that being the only hotel and the only house, with one or two exceptions. Here there was a very cross woman in charge, who didn't seem to care whether we lived or died, so reckless and so wretched was her cooking, and so proud and disdainful her demeanor. Out in Montana women are scarcer than they are in some other places in the world, so they at times get awfully stuck on themselves, they say. Anyhow, this woman was clearly above our class, and wanted us to know she realized it. Poor Schultz had to bear the brunt of things, and when he came to buy a few supplies of her she robbed him to the queen's taste and he didn't dare chirp. The dialogue was something like this:

Woman—"Lessee, 13lbs. of beef at ten cents is a dollar ninety, aint it?"

Schultz—"Yessem."

"An 4lbs. o' sugar at ten cents is ninety cents."

"Yessem."

"An' 20lbs. o' flour at five cents is a dollar fifty, uh?"

"Yessem," said Schultz. Then she soaked him in making change and left him with sweat on his forehead. Oh! that was an awful woman!

We intended to hunt, of course, on the reservation, which, so nearly as we could trace the line, was on that side of the mountains on which the waters ran to the east. This would have left our hunting grounds only eight or ten miles from us, perhaps, had it been possible to cross the ridge of mountains which lay between us and the place where we expected to get at our game. Kearney, however, declared that it would be impossible to get over this ridge, easy as it looked to us from a distance, because the whole front of the mountains was a sheet of ice, and the climb was far steeper than it appeared. He said the best way would be to go down the west side of the slope and ascend Ole Creek by a gradual rise until we got near its headwaters and could then cross the summit to the places we wanted to get at, some bold, bare mountains where the goats were most apt to be found. This would take us into a point which was far on ahead of us when we were in on the Upper Two Medicine country, and which we could not have reached from there at that season of the year. Schultz was not familiar with this country, but Boak had been across it, and Kearney knew it well.

How to March and Camp in Winter.

We now were getting things down to a hard-pan hunting basis. We had no team to haul supplies, and could not take any pack animal along. It was necessary that we carry absolutely all our supplies on our own backs. We could not even take a tent, and were forced to face the weather with only such shelter as we could make in the woods with our own hands. Of blankets we could not take full supply, and of grub we could take only a limited amount, of course, as a man cannot pack much more than about 40lbs. or so in this mountain work on showshoes; or at least only a hardened mountain man can do much better than that. McChesney had never carried a pack on the trail, so Schultz cut him down to a light load, dividing his sleeping bag and allowing him but the scantiest of personal plunder. We all well knew that a pack which starts light grows heavy on the trail. There were now five in our party, Boak also going with us, and showing himself a singularly plucky man for one so handicapped by age and infirmity. One of the pleasantest memories of the trip is that which I have of Boak in camp our first evening on the goat trail. He had gotten into camp very tired with his pack and his snowshoes, but still alive enough to sing. He laid aside his hat, and the steady fall of the snow had still further whitened his rumpled hair. He had gone to the creek to get some water, and managed to break through the ice and get wet. As he stood up to his waist in the snow as he scrambled up the bank, and swore melodiously and fluently, he made a unique and striking figure.

We made a long, long march the first day out, and before we went into camp we were favored enough of fortune to see our first game, a big white nanny goat and a kid, which stood high above us on some rocks about a quarter of a mile away, and looked down at us rather unconcernedly, as though they did not care much one way or the other about us, though finally they turned away and slowly walked up over the crest of rocks and disappeared. This sight of game, the first goats McChesney or I had ever seen, put us in good spirits, and at supper we talked of what would happen when we got up into our hunting grounds and had followed this rare white game into its final fastnesses in the heart of the Rockies. Boak and Schultz freely offered bets that McChesney and I would both kill goats, and I took a little wager with him, hoping I should surely lose, though I knew the time was very short for us to make our hunt. We spent our first night up near the head of Ole Creek, under a brush shanty which we built at some expense of labor, but which proved to be good enough for tired men to sleep under. The night was naturally a trifle cold, somewhere around zero I presume, though the snow had softened a little during the day and made the shoeing none of the best. By morning the crust had hardened again, and we pushed on up into the mountains with less trouble. It was now getting toward the spring season, and the Chinook blew at times, so that the shoeing was execrable with the close-webbed shoes. Kearney had his home-made "bear paw" shoes along, and he did very well with them. How on earth he ever managed to navigate in his rig of full length rubber hip boots was more than I could see, but he said the snow always wet him through in any other rig. Indeed, he got wet anyhow, for in this work one is under the snow now and then as well as on top of it. The nice pictures you see in the magazines about fellows skimming daintily along on top of the snow without mussing themselves up in the least are studies made for the most part in the atelier of the artist and not in the workshop of nature. Everybody got wet, everybody got tired, and everybody but Boak got hot and testy, as hunters often do in camp, though they never do in stories.

Snow-Slides.

In the morning of our second day after goats, we crossed two trails of interest: one the trail of a mountain lion, and one the trail of a snow-slide. Shep, our dog, firmly declined to run the lion trail, which was no surprise to me, for he had once refused to run a lynx trail for me over on the Two Medicine country. He was a cheerful dog, but a good deal of a bluff as a lion-killer, much to our disgust. As to the snow-slide, it looked nasty enough, and Kearney comforted us by remarking that it was just getting to be the season when the slides would begin to run. We saw long, bare spaces on each mountain side about us, where the rocks, trees and earth had been torn out in long grooves, miles in length, by the ripping slides of the heavy snows. I presume there are few actual dangers in the mountain worse than the snow-slides, and I have noticed that all mountain men are very respectful in speaking of them. There is no animal in the Rockies which a man needs to really dread, and he need fear little what may befall him, even in the winter time, if he goes to his work properly fitted for it; but the snow-slide is something against which one cannot guard, which gives no warning; which leaves no possibility of escape, and which is certain death, in almost every instance to the man who is caught by it. As we got further into the steep and sharp-faced mountains where we expected to find our goats, we saw more and more "dead-snow" slides—great heaps of snow, sometimes thrown into lumps and balls as large as a house, and lying perhaps half-way across the creek bottoms, into which the mass had rushed in its wild flight. Sometimes the snow comes down so deep, that it runs up on a tree trunk like so much water in a wave. Then, as the main body of snow rushes on down, the surface sinks with the wave, leaving the mark a score or two score feet above one's head as he looks up the tree trunk. This wave of snow may roll clear across the valley at the foot of the mountain side, and dash far up the side of the opposite mountain, then to settle back and subside like agitated waters, at last becoming quiet. Rocks and trees go with such a slide, and there is no escape from it if one is unlucky enough to be near it.

In our country the slides seemed to have been started for the most part by the melting of the snow on the bare, black rocks at the rims of the peaks. The water trickling down under the snow would finally start a little of it to sinking, settling, and then to sliding, and what began in little, ended in large slips of the heavy covering of snow which lies over these mountains—a covering whose immensity is something which is not expressed in simple figures. One needs to see a valley full of a snow-slide in order to appreciate it at its real worth. We had such a little affair just about a quarter of a mile from where we were camped. When we looked at a few of these things, and studied the bold and icy peaks, which crowded in around us in this wild corner of the world, we were almost ready to concur with the mountain men, who said that we were now having a touch of about as hard hunting as any game of the mountains could offer.

Habits of the Mountain Goat.

It was on March 28, I believe, that we first got into the ridges where we were to hunt, and on that day McChesney went with Kearney up into some stiff country which promised well for goats. When you hunt sheep in winter you want open and bare country where the grass can be reached, but the goats seem to prefer to winter on the roughest, barest, iciest rocks they can find. A goat is a natural blame fool, and so it always sticks its white hide against a black rock whenever it can, so that a hunter can see it a couple of miles. If it would keep on the snow it would be far more difficult to detect. The goat seems to pick out these rocks because they carry a few spears of dried grasses and an occasional bunch of the short, dry moss on which it feeds. Both the goat and the sheep will eat pine top browse, and the first goat tracks we saw were among the forest trees at the foot of a high scarp of rocks, to which the animals retired after feeding. It is the habit of the mountain Billy, when resting, to lie out on a rock about 1,000ft. out in the air somewhere and waggle his whiskers in content while he stares on down the mountain side in search of any possible enemy. He never seems to care about what is going on above him, for usually there isn't any above. Indeed, he is not built for looking up, but for looking down. His head is set on the middle of his front, like a buffalo's, and if he wants to look up-hill he has to sit down to do it. If the hunter gets up close to him, he does not seem to be much afraid of either the man or his dog, if he happens to have one along. The trappers usually take along dogs on their winter trips, but no old hunter or trapper will ever let a dog go after a goat. The big, white, stupid animal which lies or squats out there on the rocks, apparently indifferent of its fate and too lazy to move, is quick as lightning with its head and neck, though so tired in its legs. It never takes trouble to run from a dog, but waits till it comes up, and then with a rake of its long, black, needle-pointed horns impales the dog at once. The hunter then shoots the goat, and afterward anathematizes himself for doing it. The flesh he will not touch, and the hide he cannot sell. Therefore, the tone of the mountain hunter in speaking of the white goat is one of amusement and contempt. He thinks it the most stupid and worthless of all animals, and cannot see why anybody should take the trouble to kill it. He says, what is obviously true, that all there is to goat hunting is the climbing. If you are game enough to get up to where the goats are, you can easily kill them if you care to. For the mountain sheep the hunter has far more respect. He prizes it as a grand game animal in every way, cunning, swift and wild, good in the chase and good in camp after the chase. One must climb for the sheep, too, but we had found that he need not climb in country so forbidding and dangerous as this which was now pointed out to us as the winter home of this curious, white-robed freak of the mountains, which we wanted to interview upon his own doorsill.

Troubles of Winter Climbing.

As we separated for our hunt I took a look at the wild peak on which McChesney and Kearney were to hunt, and mentally concluded they would have their work cut out for them that day if they got to the country which was described as most likely to produce game. But soon all thought of my companions was lost in concern over the immediate surroundings into which Schultz and I were plunged. We passed on beyond the peak which was to be hunted by the others, and tried the ascent of the next mountain beyond, which seemed to be fairly easy in its approaches. We went up for an hour or so over timbered country, much of the time on our hands and knees, for the shoes would not hold on so steep grades. Sometimes the crust would hold us up for a time, but as the sun began to strike our side of the mountains the snow softened, and our ascent became threefold more difficult. We did not walk, but wallowed, plunging in up to our waists, sometimes lying panting for some minutes before we could get out and go ahead. All the time we wormed on around the side of the mountain as we went up, and at length we struck a place where a big snow-slide had come down, and where the masses of snow lay in a huge jagged frozen stairway. Up over this winter causeway we clambered joyfully a long way, taking off our snowshoes and climbing from lump to lump of the frozen snow. I could not help thinking of the persistence of man, the hunting animal. We had no business at all to be in there hunting these animals at that season of the year, yet here we were, climbing right over the top of the terrors of the Rockies, the snow-slides, and all for a shot at an animal which we couldn't eat if we got it. Yet it should be observed that, so far as any danger from snow-slides is concerned, the safest place one can get is on top of a "dead" slide, for there will not be a second slide where the snow has once slipped.

Our frozen slide lasted us till we got a good big start up our mountain, reaching a point from which we could see a vast panorama of white peaks all about us. On ahead lay a wild-looking region into which it did not seem any human being could ever penetrate, so cold and forbidding were the high bare peaks. Into this wild country our side cañon led, but we were not to venture so far away from our camp, which, rude as it was, was a very interesting place at that time. We attempted only to get up to the top of our peak, cross it, and then descend to camp upon the opposite side. We thought we might find some goat country up on top of our mountain.

We were not, however, destined to make the summit of our peak. Our snow-slide led us up a long way, and then we forsook it and tried a long, bare slope which took us within 200yds. of the upper rim rock. Here we left the open slope, where the snow was underlaid with sheer ice, and got over to the timber again, for Schultz said the snow might start down that smooth slope any moment if we went plunging around out there. Very often our feet would touch and slip on the ice that underlaid the snow. But when we got the timber we found the ascent so steep that we could not make it, the snow not being hard enough to support us without the shoes and the pitch being too steep to get up with them. We wallowed around for a while and balled up, and finally sunk down in the snow to rest, as we had done a hundred times before during the climb to where we were. Our resting place was directly below a big rock and a little clump of trees which grew above it on the mountain side. Just beyond this rose the sharp rock face which we wanted to get over. Along the face of this, in the warming sun which shone fiercely down upon the flashing sheet of white and the face of the black rocks above it, we could see tiny trills of water running where the direct rays had reached the ice and snow of the crest. Schultz did not miss the situation in any detail, and at last said: "I'm dead leery of this place, here. We'd better get down out of here as quick as we can. She's liable to turn loose any minute."

Now I do not like to get within a couple of hundred yards of anything I want and then turn back from it, and so perhaps was influenced more by impulse than by judg

ment when I declined to take Schultz's view of the case. I told him we were so near the top that we ought to go over now sure, and pointed out to him that it was surely safer up above the snow-slides than it was below them. Moreover, I explained to him that I had had a few thousands added to my life insurance before I came on this trip, and maybe it would be a good thing for my folks if the snow-slide did catch me, as a live newspaper man never is worth much anyhow. At this Schultz grieved openly, saying that his folks had no one to look to but himself, and that he had no life insurance; so he thought we'd better go down. "Go down," said Schultz, "Go up," said I; and so we had it. And as we argued, blamed if she didn't let go, just up above us at the foot of the rock, and sent a little slide rippling and shuffling and rolling right down by us, the edge of the roll spreading well about as it widened below the big rock under which we lay upon the snow! This made each more determined in his position, Schultz that it was safer below, I that it must surely be safer up stairs above such little avalanches as that we had just seen. At last Schultz said he'd like to do anything on earth to oblige me, so with a sort of good-bye-vain-world look on his face he left the cover of the rock and started up the pitch above us. And then she turned loose on the other side, and this time the roll of the snow spread well up to our knees as we stood on the shoes above the rock. Schultz made a few plunges and wallows, and I saw we could not make it further except by plunging through the snow and not getting over it. A few more plunges, and Schultz said it could not be done, so we turned back, and chanced all sorts of snow-slips getting down over the face up which we had come, though I presume that this was really the sensible thing to do. We were both tired and wet, not talkative when we got to the camp, which Boak had fixed up, but that worthy soon set us right with a cup of tea and a bite of beef and beans.

McChesney and Kearney had a climb very much like ours, but with a shade more of success. They found that there were really goats wintering in this country, and struck the trail of eight or ten goats, finding where they had been rooting around in the snow under the short pine trees. They saw only one goat, a big Billy, which was calmly threading his way down the sharp rocks below them, some 300yds. distant. They tried to head him off and get a shot, and counted on getting him surely; but the same fatality which had attended McChesney all through the trip stayed with him still. The goat, instead of coming on up the ravine where he was expected, turned up a side coulee, and got above and away from the hunters while they were waiting for him to appear. This was too bad, for it did seem as though the coveted head ought to fall to Mac at last; and we were all sorry enough that the old goat had for once in a way showed a little cunning, and gone away from danger instead of into it, as sometimes they are about as apt to do as to try to escape.

Damp Night in Camp

That night we were all very wet, the damp quality of the snow making itself felt in this rolling and plunging about in it all day as we were forced to do in the climbing. Kearney was wet to the waist in spite of his rubber boots. McChesney's buckskin-topped rubbers were soaked like so much brown paper. My socks were getting a little tender from frequent dryings at a hot fire, and showed thin places through which the snow found ways. As I had no tops to my rubbers, and as the snow was now too wet to keep out in that way, I went to work and sewed some canvas tops to my rubbers, having by good fortune found a sail needle and bit of string in my war bag. This rig I found to be all right, and by wrapping my legs well in the wide canvas tops and lashing the whole with thongs, I found I had a very comfortable and dry footgear, soft and fit for shoeing and yet impervious to wet snow.

We had had a warm day, a sort of Chinook, and that night it came on to storm in a most threatening way; first a heavy, blinding snow, then a change which turned it into rain. This was really serious. The lean-to we had made of boughs for the night's camp was all well enough for snow or wind, but it could not turn rain. If our blankets got wet we were in trouble, for the warm storm was sure to be followed by a cold one, and to lie out in winter with wet blankets and wet clothes would be more than any of us cared to do. There was no escaping the situation as it was, however, for we had nothing to make a roof of except our snowshoes, and they leak in a heavy rain. McChesney was philosophical, Schultz a trifle gloomy, Kearney cheerful, and Boak openly hilarious. "All you want to have is faith," said Boak; "it ain't goin' to rain very much." Nor in point of fact did it, though it rained enough to start our roof to dripping; and the action of the fire on the damp snow kept up a pretty constant dribble over us all night long, or until the threatening change in the weather reached us.

Again After Goats.

The next morning was anything but mild. A terrible black storm settled down in the mountains and swept over our heads as we lay in camp, the wind roaring through the trees in anything but comforting fashion. We were twenty miles from a cover; it was getting very cold and very black in the mountains, and worst of all, we hadn't got that goat, and only had part of a day to get him. At least, McChesney said he would have to start back that afternoon at latest, though he wanted just one more try up there where they had seen the billy the day before. Bad enough was the prospect when we turned out of our cheerless bivouac and started out on our cheerless hunt. The wind, cold enough at the foot of the peak, was cutting in its intensity as we got up higher, and blew the flying rift of icy powder almost into the skin whenever we were obliged to face it. Yet once more we found fresh goat trails, though once more we failed to find goats. The storm shut in worse and worse, so that we could not hunt. If we had had a good day, we should have killed McChesney's head that day, for we knew we were close to the game, but as it was, the weather was too thick to see anything, and all knew it was useless to try to get a shot, for the game could smell further than we could see. Moreover, the goats that had been feeding low down among the trees at the timber line had now taken fright at something and gone up to the high rocks. We thought possibly they had been troubled by the mountain lions, whose fresh tracks, made the previous night, covered the ide of the mountain where we hunted. We saw a great eal of lion sign in there, but could do nothing with the og.

A little after noon we all rounded up and concluded to give up the attempt to hunt, McChesney finally admitting his fate and accepting it like a very game sportsman. He was sorry he had killed nothing, but this was his limit, and he had to get back to the railroad and start East as quickly now as possible. Therefore, at late afternoon of that day he and Schultz left us and pulled out for home; nor have I seen McChesney since, though I hear from him often by letter, he always wanting to try that winter trip over again.

Short Rations.

We were now again nearly out of grub, and Schultz promised to come back at once and meet us with more meat and flour as soon as he had taken McChesney to the railroad. I had still a couple of days available before the council at the agency, it being now Tuesday, and the council date being set for Saturday following. I decided to use these last days in trying to get my goat, and next week I shall tell, in the last chapter of this long series, whether or not I did get him. I remember very distinctly that I felt very gloomy when McChesney and Schultz turned down the trail on their long walk toward home. It was cold in camp, and we had no decent shelter for such weather. We were nearly out of food, the beef being all gone except some scraps. We had a little sugar and plenty of tea, but outside of this we had nothing but a little bag of flour, and investigation proved that this had no baking powder in it. We had been baking bannocks, or "dough-gods," as Boak called them, mixing up flour and water with salt and cooking the whole in the frying-pan, which made almost our only cooking utensil. At our last meal before our companions left us we had little to eat but dough-gods and tea, and thereafter it seemed we were to have nothing else until Schultz with the relief expedition got back to camp again. I am not especially fond of tea, and I don't like dough-gods as a steady diet, but in the winter and on a mountain hunt almost anything tastes good. Attempting to eat my portion of this hard bread, I had the misfortune to break off a tooth, and was assailed with a most abominable toothache, one of the worst things that can strike a man when he is in the wilderness, where help or mitigation is impossible. As I sat on the browse bed under the rude roof of our bough house, hungry, but with small prospect of anything to eat, with the cold wind screaming in the tree-tops and with my companions vanishing down the trail in the thickening light of the storm, it did seem to me for the time that maybe I hadn't lost any goat after all, and I wondered if I was really having a good time.

But then came Boak, with his steady cheerfulness and his watchword about having faith. He told me to tie up my aching face, and he put on another pot of tea, and then, with a rough kindness which I shall never forget if I live to be 100 years of age, he came around to where I was sitting humped up, and pulled off my shoes and hunted up a dry pair of stockings, and told me to lie down on the blankets and holler if I wanted to, but to have faith.

"I'll bet you any kind of money you kill a goat to-morrow," said Boak. "We're in now to where they are, an' you've got to git him."

Kearney, a very quiet man, and, as I had occasion to observe, a very good man in the mountains or about the camp, when asked what he thought was the probability of getting a goat, was, as usual, non-committal. Maybe we would get one, maybe not; but he thought the goats near our camp had now been disturbed, so that it would be harder to get them. If I could stand it to move camp a little further up, in between the two high peaks which appeared across the flat just over beyond us, he thought we would be sure of a goat, provided any were wintering on those peaks, as he thought very likely there were. If we stayed where we were we might get a goat, anyhow, but the chances were not so good. So, badly as we felt at our poor circumstances, we three remnants of the party pulled out and up that evening, and, tired well-nigh to the limit of endurance, made camp again still nearer to what we took to be the home of the animal we wanted. It was another night under a bough shelter, with no tent, with not even proper food now, and one of us with a malady which bid fair to prevent his hunting on the morrow. We were not enthusiastically happy when we went into the blankets that night, and for my part, I slept but little. When the fire was high, I dreamed of places where it was warm and comfortable, and when it had fallen low again, I dreamed that I was frozen and quite beyond all human aid. This, however, was nothing but a dream.

E. Hough.

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Natural History.

THE SENSE OF DIRECTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent Shaganoss has aroused me to a sense of my duty as I see it. He has advanced a theory in relation to direction which I believe is full of error, because his conclusions are based on false premises. I trust he will not deem me guilty of egotism, if I claim the ability to correct some of his conclusions by pointing out his false premises. His interesting paper, "The Wild Animal Instinct of Direction," contains a word that affects me as a red rag affects a bull. I refer to that equivocal, worn-out word, instinct. As applied to the lives of wild animals, it is such an elusive, meaningless term, that it seems a pity it should be used so often by writers on natural history. The word instinct savors of the supernatural, and was invented in ancient times to separate man from the brute, when the lower animals were supposed to lack reason. The word heredity is a far better word, for it renders intelligible all of fact that the word instinct implies, without resorting to imagination and the supernatural.

I can meet your correspondent on common ground in his theory that wild animals possess the power of direction. I am a firm believer in the sixth sense, the *sense of direction*. Your correspondent, if I understand him correctly, believes that an animal, blindfolded and carried to a distance, would, in most cases, strike a bee line for home through the instinct of direction. I can neither understand or entertain such an idea. An occurrence of that kind would have to be classed with the miracles. The sense of direction, as I know it, does not imply a supernatural power.

I believe that most animals possess the power to strike a bee line for home, after wandering for days through field or forest, not by the aid of a blind instinct, but through a sense of direction. The ability to keep the direction of home in mind, to never lose bearings whatever the surrounding conditions. But the animal must not be handicapped by the loss of sight or any other sense. I claim that the sense of direction is dependent on the other senses, just as these senses are dependent on each other.

Man possesses the sense of direction in a marked degree. This I know from my own experience. I can tramp through a strange forest day after day and never lose my bearings. It is a sort of woodcraft that practice fosters. The sense of direction, for the most part, acts secretly and we are not aware the we are under its influence unless our attention is attracted to results or surrounding conditions.

Eleven years ago, when Magnolia Swamp was unknown to me, I wandered, or rather pushed my way, through its dense shrubbery from daylight till twilight in search of magnolia blossoms. It was a rainy day, but I did not lose my bearings. As a fact, I did not think of direction more than two or three times during the day. After I retired that night my mind was engaged for some time in recalling the peculiar features of this strange swamp (the only swamp in the New England States where the *Magnolia glauca* grows in a wild state) I found that I could recall a great amount of detail that had escaped my notice during my wanderings. This was no new experience, for I had often studied the phenomenon of the sense of direction after a day in the forest. In recalling this day's work my memory brought out a mass of detail relating to the appearance of clumps and shrubbery, the direction taken when searching for new clumps, distances, etc., details that did not engage my thoughts at the time. Unknown to me, these minor things were registered on the brain. Through these involuntary impressions sense of direction is made possible. If the sportsman, after a day in the field or forest, will do some deep thinking, he will be surprised to find that he can make a fair map of his day's sport and bring to mind many minor details unthought-of before.

It will now be understood that my sense of direction controls movement, or, to state the idea fairly, it is the province of the sense of sight to see, of hearing to hear, of feeling to feel and of the sense of direction to direct. All directed movements are registered on the brain and are of great assistance in defining bearings and locality. The untrained mind cannot separate movement from the five senses. If a waterfall is heard and approached, then hearing directs the footsteps. If an object is seen and approached, then sight is the motive power, and so with the other senses. The error in this reasoning is evident when we learn that these senses have no connection with the muscles that control motion. We may see an object, but to approach it depends upon the will. The will may act directly upon the motor muscles, or it may register or express its desire and the motor muscles will perform the work while will may be otherwise occupied. It is the capacity of the motor centers to intelligently perform the work parceled out by the will, which I claim constitutes the sense of direction. In the simple act of walking will is seldom in proof. We walk automatically, but at the same time there is an intelligent control over the direction of our footsteps. What is this but the sense of direction?

You may move to a strange city. Your business office may be a long distance from your residence. At first you employ a guide, but after a time you become familiar with the various streets, and act as your own guide. Later you may leave your doorstep engaged in a brown study and reach your office without a thought of a street, or knowledge of anything but the matter in your mind. Unknown to you, sight pointed out the landmarks, and the sense of direction did the rest.

The sense of direction, as I understand it, is the power that controls movement when will is not employed.

The writers and lecturers on "Body and Mind" are all agreed on one point—that there are motor centers outside the brain that may act independently of the will while obeying its orders. On this theory I base the sixth sense, because it is impossible to explain intelligent movement by any other mode of reasoning.

I believe that wild animals possess the sense of direction to a degree that makes some of their acts appear to us to enter the domain of the supernatural. The circumstances which surround their lives necessitate the cultivation of a sense of direction. It is the evolution of a want.

I have given my ideas of a sixth sense for what they are worth, and now refer the whole question to the readers of Forest and Stream, knowing that it will receive intelligent consideration.

I hope I have made my meaning plain. I have endeavored to do so without making use of hair-splitting technical terms.

Now, if Shaganoss will give me his impartial attention I really think that I can convince him that some of his conclusions are wrong because his premises are false. He concludes that birds are endowed with a supernatural gift, which he calls "instinct of direction," because of the mystery of migration. He writes:

"That the migratory birds, when the time comes for migration, do not have to stop and think which way they will go. They just get up and go. They may be frightened and become confused, as by being frequently shot at, but once 'beyond the danger line,' their instincts regain control, and they will resume their journey in a direct line for their ultimate destination, and that, too, without stopping to think which is the right way."

If this were true. If birds could launch themselves into the air and go South without thought, and if turned aside miraculously regain their course without a thought as to the right way, then indeed would I be forced to admit the supernatural, to acknowledge that the days of miracles were not past, but I should be a miserable being the rest of my days. It would upset all my preconceived ideas of Dame Nature and her laws.

Really, friend Shaganoss, before we resort to miracles to explain migration, would it not be well turn to natural laws—laws that are explained by intelligent thought ought to decide such questions.

I have ever found the birds as intelligent in relation to the needs of their lives as we are to our lives. Migration is not an exception to the rule.

If man migrates he does so intelligently. Why not grant to birds the same faculty?

For the sake of illustration we will take the swallows, birds known to all, and describe their method of migration.

Remember, that the old birds have been South, that they know the way and do not doubt their ability to pilot the young birds to the new home. They also know, from experience, the perils and hardships of a long flight while battling with wind and weather. Full well they know that young birds, just out of the nest, would not last a day's flight if raw and untrained. So they intelligently proceed to train the young birds into a suitable condition. Early in the morning, after the young are fed, they are marshaled along the wires and fences and drilled in the art of flying. At first they fly in small squads, just a family group, but later they gather into companies and practice until the companies are massed in one grand army corps. When the young birds are thoroughly drilled, that is, are hard of muscle and capable of keeping their place in the ranks, to touch elbows, as it were, the old birds are ready to lead the way South. To avoid straggling the departure is made in the night.

Up to this point we see no indications of instinct. The acts of the swallows are as intelligent as would be the acts of human beings under like circumstances. If a general had raw recruits to deal with he would drill them just as the swallows drill their raw recruits.

Perhaps the maneuvers of swallows gave mankind the idea of military tactics.

When we consider the journey of these birds South, why should we claim that their acts are guided by a supernatural power? Why not allow intelligence in flight as well as in preparing for flight?

We can readily understand how the old birds, that have made several journeys and must be familiar with all the landmarks, may make the journey without the aid of a supernatural power.

We must remember that the sense of sight in birds is developed to a degree unknown to mankind. It often happens that I startle a ruffed grouse from its perch in the night. In such case it hurls itself through the shrubbery with amazing speed. When I think of the keenness of sight that enables this bird to avoid twigs and limbs, I know that my sight is nothing but blindness in comparison.

Some birds fly high, and the earth is like a map beneath them, with a well-defined line between land and water. Birds that are familiar with the route ought to experience no difficulty in finding the way. Even the limited sight of man would serve unless handicapped by a dark, stormy night.

Young birds left to themselves will not go South. Young robins often get left in this vicinity. They are birds of the last brood usually; the parent birds are killed before the young learn to associate with the flocks in the neighborhood. They stay through the winter because they have no knowledge of the South and no guide to lead the way. Ducks hatched under hens from wild eggs will not go South. I once lived near a farmer that hatched out six black ducks. The farmer did not feed them, and they lived through the summer on a trout brook. In winter they huddled into a fence corner under some shrubbery. They had no instinct to send them South, although their flight feathers were perfect; but they possessed intelligence enough to seek the cattle tie-up for warmth whenever they found the door open.

Shaganoss assumes this instinct of direction in the honey bee, because it returns to its hive in a "bee line" after hours of wayward flight. He seems to infer that the bee, the pigeon, and some variety of ducks, rise and circle in the air to leave landmarks "out of sight," so that this remarkable instinct may work more freely. Would it not be well to apply natural laws to these cases? Suppose we infer that these animals rise and circle to find familiar landmarks, just as a human being would act if he had the power of flight and had lost his way. Human beings climb trees, when lost, to look for landmarks. Why should we deny to bees and birds the very methods we make use of whenever the occasion requires?

As to bees, I do not know that they circle to find landmarks. After years spent in hunting, or "lining bees," as we called the sport in Maine, I can speak with no uncertain knowledge. The power to circle in search of landmarks is limited. If a bee is carried too far from its hive, beyond its power to circle and find landmarks, it is lost and never returns to the hive. I have proved this time after time. The carrier pigeon's power to circle is a most remarkable feature, but nevertheless it has its limit. Pigeons that are used for long distance flight are trained over the whole distance in short flights, so the bird may become familiar with landmarks.

Our cats and dogs that return to us when carried sightless to a distance, may return through the sense of smell. Cape Ann fishermen tell me that dogs scent the land fifty miles at sea. If we grant to animals the power of observation which we possess, and then take into consideration their keen sense of smell, we can account for many things that seem mysterious. However, dogs and cats are lost every day in the week.

Again, Shaganoss infers that man has lost this instinct of direction from the interesting fact that he sometimes gets his points of the compass mixed. I will not split hairs with him on this matter, but will let science dispose of it if possible. Science tells us that every object we behold—in fact, every conscious experience or observation—is photographed on the brain, and remains while there is life. Now Shaganoss is carrying around on his brain a picture of that lake with the points of the compass all wrong. As it was his first visit to the scene, the picture on his brain was forcibly impressed, all subsequent pictures are dim in comparison. When memory is connected with that lake, the first picture stands out in bold relief. If he is on the spot and is hurriedly called upon for any point of the compass, that first picture on his brain mixes him all up.

Old people recall events that took place in youth, while they cannot remember recent events. I suppose the reason for this peculiarity of memory is because the picture impressed on the brain in youth, when the faculties are perfect, are brighter than the pictures impressed by faculties dimmed by old age. First impressions are always the strongest, and it is almost impossible to oust them through impressions that are less emphatic.

Shaganoss is not alone in his mixed points. I know a section of a stream where the sun rises in the west and sets in the east; I can swear to it. HERMIT.

GLOUCESTER, Mass.

Brutes' Moral Sense.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I DID not think by expressing the opinion that brutes have no moral sense, that I would stir up so much argument against my proposition. I decline to argue the subject further, being unwilling to tax the patience of an indulgent editor. Whether or not it could be ascertained that brutes have moral sense, it matters little to us. However, a belief of it—as I said—would tend to make man more cruel to them. I must say I am unable to see the force of my opponents' arguments, but if their logic is accepted by others, they are quite at liberty to rest in their belief.

As to some of the emotions of brutes, we can be certain they are exactly analogous to those of man, such as anger, revenge, love, and evidently jealousy; but as to the emotion of pride, such as man feels, we can only suppose exists. What we call the exhibition of pride in the strut of the turkey, the prance of the horse, or the crow of the cock, may be the consequence of exultation—exaltation of spirits.

N. T. ELTING.

Wild Pigeons in Nebraska.

LAST week, while driving through a grove along the banks of the Nemaha River, in Johnson county, Neb., about eight miles from Burr, near Cook, I saw a flock of from seventy-five to a hundred of the wild passenger pigeons, the first seen for twenty years. W. F. R.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full-page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

A SQUIRREL HUNT IN SOUTHAMPTON.

ON Aug. 26 I left Richmond on the 8:50 P. M. train for Emporia, a pretty little town about sixty-five miles from Richmond, situated on the Meherrin River in Greensville county, Va. At Petersburg I was joined by Mr. Dabney, who was also seeking sport in the way of squirrel shooting. We were to join Capt. J. R Lifsey, of the Atlantic Coast Line, and Mr Barnett, M. C. B of South Rocky Mt., N. C., shops, at Emporia, Va; and our point of sport was about fifteen miles southeast on Meherrin River, squirrel shooting. This is one of the best places for squirrels in the State, and no one living is more fond of the gun and rod than Capt. Lifsey and his genial companion, Mr. Barnett. Mr. Dabney and myself were being royally cared for, and at 10:44 P. M. we reached Emporia on time. We found Capt. Lifsey on hand, and waited until 2:20 A. M. for Mr. Barnett, who was expected on the north-bound train. The time soon slipped quickly by, for the Captain was telling us some good stories about our hunting grounds, and about the number of squirrels we expected to kill. Our intention was to spend five or six days shooting squirrels.

We made an early start for the gum swamps, and after traveling three or four hours arrived in camp. The day was warm and bright, and we were agreeably surprised upon arriving at camp to find quite a gay turnout of old Southampton's beaux and belles, and the old folk with the little ones, at a lovely green, shady nook, situated on a pretty bass stream called the Goose Pond. We were to have a big squirrel muddle—such as the Southampton farmer and hunter know how to prepare. I had never before been treated to an entertainment like this, and was at a loss at first to know the right thing to do; but felt free after seeing so many pleasant people; and the welcome they were extending us made me feel at home, for they were the most polite and hospitable people I ever met.

The Captain called my attention to a very fine bass lying in a boat which had just been brought to anchor near our place where the muddle was being prepared, and asked me if I saw any difference between it and a chub. After examining the fish I told him I saw no difference, for the people here called this fish a chub when it was really a small-mouth bass. Several hauls were made with a seine, and all the fish of different varieties one would care to see were brought to shore.

We were to have a fish fry also. I began to think that these good people intended to kill us with kindness before we could level our guns at some squirrels. Hunters were continually coming in with three and four and sometimes a half-dozen squirrels; while three or four men were kept busy preparing the fish, others were dressing the game, and some were bringing in watermelons that would make an Afro-American smile with joy. Finally at 2 o'clock everything was in beautiful shape. The tables were set for a multitude, and about eighty of the best people in old Southampton county sat down to dinner. To see the delicacies piled on the tables which were brought by private conveyance, together with the big squirrel muddle and fish fry combined, made one think of the little fancy that lingered once in a certain poet's mind that "the tables they groaned with the weight of the feast." I believe every one felt hungry, and I know that every one appreciated that dinner, and when it was over all seemed to have enjoyed themselves immensely.

The sun was fast bidding the day adieu, and slowly the crowd dispersed after wishing us much pleasure and success. In a moment every hunter was donning his hunting coat and getting a supply of shells for an hour's squirrel hunt before dark, for when it gets dark in the swamps it is darkness sure enough. The Captain and myself went in one direction to some scaly-bark trees; Mr. Barnett and one of the guides went another way, and Mr. Dabney and the other guide pursued another place to find the squirrels cutting scaly-barks. We had not been long in the swamp before the Captain found two up one tree. I killed one and he the other. We then flushed a flock of wild turkeys and tried to get shots at them, but they were too shy to allow us to get near enough. The Captain was anxious for me to get a shot; he did not care much to get one himself, for he has killed a good many and I had my first turkey to kill. Darkness found us all at camp, and only twelve squirrels had tumbled to the racket. We would have killed more, but owing to the lateness of the hour and so much shooting during the day by parties shoot ing squirrels for the muddle, that the little scaly-bark rodent had sought a hiding place and failed to show himself freely.

After supper, as we were seated outside the camp door with good cigars, the story-tellers entertained us. One of the guides gave us a very graphic account of a young lawyer's first effort at oratory before a county jury. He grew quite dramatic at times and his gestures were real amusing. I was so fatigued I soon fell asleep and came near falling out of my seat once or twice. The Captain was lively and looked cheerful, for he loves a good story.

Early in the morning we started before breakfast to get a shot at the turkeys we had flushed the evening before. At sunrise we were busy calling turkeys and one old hen responded, but she was so cunning we could not fool her, and we failed to get a shot at turkeys. We soon started for a large scaly-bark tree, which stood not far from camp, and while approaching we could hear the squirrels cutting scaly-barks. They saw us before reaching the tree and quickly stopped cutting to hide behind a limb or branch of the tree. Mr. Barnett saw one and shot it, and at the report of his gun the whole tree appeared to be alive with squirrels. It was load and shoot as quick as you can! We killed eight, and some three or four made their escape. I believe I killed the first squirrel and the shot was quite a good one, so much so that I received a very nice compliment from the genial Captain, who was standing near by watching the excitement. One old squirrel which was cut down in the early firing proved to be quite shot-proof. After it had been shot out of a tall tree, and had fallen to earth with a thump enough to break it up, a dog chewed on it awhile and the Captain struck it a heavy blow back of the head. Well, after getting to camp and pulling the squirrels out of our coat pockets, the old fellow was just getting his right mind back again, for he came near biting off two of my fingers. A quick jerk saved me from having a sore hand. I thought we would have to try the axe on him, but another stroke finished him entirely. There are some of the toughest squirrels in these swamps I ever saw. If you have not a strong shooting gun and shot of good size you will not be in it at all. I saw some almost shot in two trying to climb trees.

After breakfast we had a deer hunt, but, unfortunately, we did not jump any, but came upon a flock of wild turkeys, and Mr. Turner, one of the guides, killed one with his Winchester rifle. We reached camp about 2 o'clock, and after a good rest went after squirrels again, and many were killed. Mr. Barnett made two fine shots, and likewise Mr. Dabney made a good score with his 14 bore. The Captain could reach them in any tree at almost any distance. I have seen him shoot squirrels out of trees from a distance that looked almost unreasonable for a gun to kill so far, but such is the glory of having a good shooting gun. The Captain is a fine all-round sportsman and an ideal hand with a gun.

Monday another deer hunt was made, and Mr. Turner killed a very fine one. A great many squirrels were brought also. Tuesday, after a good hunt, we broke camp and came home. Every one was more than pleased with his outing. After summing up the total game secured during this hunt, we find we killed ninety-eight squirrels, one deer and one wild turkey. A. P.

MANCHESTER, Va.

Directions for Making a Squirrel Muddle.

By request A. P. sends us the recipe for a squirrel muddle, given him by Capt. Lifsey, as follows:

A muddle of forty squirrels should be cooked in a four-gallon pot, or the size of pot to be governed by the quantity of squirrels, say one gallon for every ten squirrels.

The pot should be filled one-half or two-thirds full of water and brought to a boil. Then put in the squirrels cut in small pieces (say into six parts), and keep boiling in clear water, adding water whenever it gets low, so as to keep the squirrels well covered while boiling. They should be allowed to boil until they are quite cooked, then add salt and pepper to suit the taste. Red pepper in pods is best, one pod generally to every ten squirrels. If not salt enough, it can be seasoned to suit individual taste when served. After the salt and pepper have been put in, add corn and tomatoes (a quart of each). Young corn cut from the ears (roast ears) in season are preferable, but canned corn will do.

After the corn and tomatoes, a teacupful of fried meat grease to each gallon of muddle should be added; the grease from a Virginia-cured side makes the best flavoring. The muddle should then be cooked until thoroughly done, being continually stirred while cooking.

Before the pot is taken off the fire, the water should be allowed to boil own enough to bring the muddle to the proper thickness, so that when taken off it can be eaten with spoons.

It generally takes from one and a half to two hours to prepare a squirrel muddle; and when well cooked it will be found a rare dish.

The word muddle comes from the continual stirring while it is being cooked and the appearance of the dish after it is cooked. J. R. L.

TAKING STOCK FOR A MOOSE HUNT.

WITH a week's supplies, I drove twelve miles to the river, where Tom was to meet me with his canoe. Tom is the guide who is going with the party for whom we are now cruising, and he is a good one. We started up the swift-running river, the water clear as crystal. Many points of beauty meet the eye as the canoe is poled up stream, the water fighting hard every inch of the way. We made thirteen miles, which is a big day's work up this stream; pitched the tent and had supper, which was greatly added to by a lot of fine trout taken on the way.

Supper over and the things snugged up, Tom says: "Guess we'll talk to the moose a little." Getting a piece of birch bark to suit his purpose, he rolled it in the shape of a horn, and soon the mountains and valleys for a mile around were echoing the sounds. Being tired with our day's exertions, we were soon in the land of dreams and forgetfulness.

Something awoke me. Hearing a noise as though a large animal was slowly walking along thoroughly aroused me, and giving Tom a nudge we listened. Carefully undoing the strings of the tent we peered out. 'Twas so dark nothing could be seen, and fearing it was a bear which might carry off our grub outside the tent, I threw back the flap, making a noise, when we distinctly heard the footfalls of a large animal moving away. Our provisions were brought inside and we were soon asleep again, not waking till daylight. On going out and looking around we found that a small tree had been uprooted, and there in the clear earth were two footprints of a moose which had been so close that he could have put his nose on the tent, as perhaps he had,

This is counted too early in the season to call, and we did not expect him to pay any attention to us, but he came either from our calling or just by chance.

We went up stream and reached Mud Lake. Paddling quietly along close to one shore, keeping a watch, we soon had our patience rewarded by seeing a noble moose, with a great head of horns, walking in toward the lake on an old lumber road. Coming to a cleared place on the bank, he stopped; taking a good, long, steady look at us, slowly turned and, in no hurry, moved again into the woods. We cruised many small lakes and ponds, finding plenty of fresh signs of moose and caribou, and on their banks beaver have their homes. We put in eight days of this, and although we were up at daybreak, it seemed that night came too quickly.

Going back down stream reminded me of our boyhood days, when we would pull our sleds up to the top of the big hill in the winter for the fun of sliding down. Just so here. Places where it took us an hour to climb up we would fairly fly down in five minutes. The ride down is nice, but going up is slow. Mr. Miles, the civil engineer who has come across country locating the line for the new railroad spoken of in a previous article, reports wonderful abundance of moose in some parts of the intended road. There is plenty of them, but it takes work with skilled men to capture this lordly animal of the forests.

There are a few places easy to get to from here. Some can be reached in one day where caribou and deer are plenty, where the languid city man, who can hardly muster health sufficient to attend to business at present, would come for a month or two, he would surprise himself and friends on going back a brand new man, as full of life and vigor as the natives, who never have breathed other than the pure air from these their native forests.

A. J. Raymond.

Edmundston, N. B., Aug. 17.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

News from the Chicken Fields.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 11.—No reason as yet appears to make one doubt the general accuracy of last week's forecast on the chicken crop of this section. I have conversed with or heard from many more parties who have returned from shooting trips, and almost without exception they report results far below their expectations.

At Grand Rapids, Wis., 100 shooters went out on opening day, but all reported the shooting very poor, the coveys being broken up and mostly old birds remaining. This, of course, means that the sooner was there and got the cream of the sport.

At Hancock, Wis., very fair shooting was had on opening day by a few shooters, the birds all being the sharp-tailed grouse, not the simon pure chicken.

At Palmyra, Wis, there is a "farmers' trust," a league formed for the purpose of stopping non-resident shooting in that vicinity. On opening day two Milwaukee shooters—Judge Malloy and P. Barth—killed thirty-six birds in the league's territory, in defiance of the alliance. Are we to suppose that the Judge's title was really earned at bench or bar?

The numbers of shooters are so great, and the supply of birds after all so limited, that a bit of country which has a supply of birds does not last long after it is once located. Very often it does not last so long as the first day of the season. Thus, at Brown's Valley, Minn., where the field trials were held, there was an abundance of birds last July, and everybody supposed that there would be plenty left for the runnings. Such proved to be very far from the facts. In some way the farmers got the notion that the field trials meant an onslaught of city shooters with no intention except to use their dogs in determining who could kill the most chickens, and this thought sat ill with the local mind. The farmers determined to forestall the invasion, and they did so pretty effectually, wiping up the birds over all that part of the country some days before the date of the trials. So I am advised by Mr. S. A. Smart, of the Great Northern Railroad, local secretary of the Continental Field Trials Club.

A splendid sporting region once lay all about the famous Kandiyohi Lake country, west of these cities, both for duck and chickens. Especially good for chickens was the strip some forty or fifty miles wide, straight west, out toward Hutchinson, Glencoe, etc. This country is now reported shot out, especially at all points near the railroads. Yet at Wilmer, not far from the Kandiyohi lakes, chicken shooting was good last week. Mr. Carrington Phelps and myself contemplated a wagon trip out over this strip of country, between the two lines of railroad; and we thought that by taking the middle of the strip, away from the towns, we should get good shooting, though we had never yet had opportunity of putting this to the test. It is certain that this fall, such a trip would afford all kinds of shooting at ducks, for the whole State of Minnesota is this fall full of local ducks.

I hear again that Bird Island is good for ducks in abundance, and also some chickens. This is in lower Minnesota, and the gist of opinion now is that stated last week, that the legal season for chickens in lower Minnesota has been a failure.

At and near and west of Larimore, N. D., there are some birds, and again it appears that upper Minnesota and Dakota were the best sections of the Northwest this fall. At Pembino, N. D, Prof. Edmund Osthaus, Mr. Clarence Draper and Mr. Ned Cavalier, of the field trials party at Morris, Man., had very fair sport at chickens. They got thirty-seven in one day, and all the ducks they cared for.

Near Pembina is a large marsh, which is worth taking into account. Here Mr. W. S. Bell and Maj. J. M. Taylor had very fine sport at snipe, getting eighty yellow-legs and jacks. I am disposed to think Pembina has been about as good a place as any this fall.

Mr. C. E. Robbins, of Fargo, very well posted on game matters, says one had to go west and south of that point to get any shooting. The Ed. Bowers and Clint. Smith party, who camped out in the sandhills west of Sheldon, got over 200 birds.

At a point near Montevideo, in Chippewa county, Minn., the chickens are still fairly numerous, according to the reports of a machinery salesman, who lately drove across a good strip of that country.

Near Hawley, in Clay county, Minn., the shooting at chickens has been good.

In Ottertail county, Minn., the chickens have been on hand in numbers above the average, and that is one of the best sections to head for, though it has been much shot over for years. Above Fergus Falls the birds have been fairly plentiful. Near Tintah Junction there should be sport, according to the report of the local warden.

It was in Clay county that one of the largest bags was made last week, 203 birds in two days. This was done by Messrs. W. B. Douglas, of Moorhead; R. D. F. Polk, G. B. C. Evans, Hon. Henry Feig and Dr. F. Shipman, all of St. Paul. They divided into three parties the first day, and came in with fifty-two, thirty-seven and eighteen birds, respectively.

Lake Park, Becker county, Minn., once very good, has now been shot out by marketmen.

White Earth Indian Reservation, once very good, has been shot by sooners of the Indians and breeds, who sell to the trader, who ships to market.

Deputy Warden J. A. Jones, of Ottertail county, Minn., reports one bag last week of eighty-two chickens to three guns in two days, and another of 120 chickens in three days to three guns, all by St. Paul men.

Executive Agent S. F. Fullerton and Judge Orr went out together on opening day for a whirl at the chickens. They got twenty-four.

An Important Case.

An important case in game protection matters has just come up in the State of Minnesota, indeed, probably the most important in its bearings ever fought in the Commonwealth. It is the old case of the Indian over again. It is the policy of the State Game Commission to concede that the Indians have the right by treaty to kill and consume game on their own reservation without control by the State, but that as soon as they or their game shall be found off the reservation, the State may assume control. Indeed, any other interpretation of the law would leave the law itself practically a nullity. Already much game is killed off the reservation, carried into the reservation and shipped thence to market under cover of the Indian rights. Some time ago Agent Fullerton seized such a shipment, 630 chickens and 420 partridges, and now he and his associates have been sued on this account by Mrs. Julia Selkirk, Indian trader for the White Earth Reservation. Attorney T. E. Byrnes, of St. Paul, who is employed by the Game Commission, is much interested in this case, and thinks he can win it. Much depends on this, and if the Indian lady wins, it may be expected that the keen game dealers of St. Paul and Chicago both will not be slow to take advantage of it until they are finally knocked out.

Interstate Work.

Warden Fullerton, of Minnesota, is a deputy warden for Warden Bowers, of North Dakota, and *vice versa*.

When Warden Bowers learns of a shipment of game made into Minnesota he notifies Deputy Fullerton, and the latter seizes the game. The State's Attorney of Minnesota has held that a State can thus follow its own property from one State to another—even from North Dakota to New York. This novel principle is yet new, but its significance may be seen.

Comity.

Let it be understood that there is perfect understanding and perfect comity between the game dealers of the Twin Cities and the game dealers of Chicago. Each knows the issue every time, and they help each other. Game dealer Cobb, the head of the craft in the Northwest, knows perfectly what is going on in South Water street, Chicago. Dealer Cobb does not quite agree with those who think South Water street is not handling illicit game with continuous regularity, swiftness and despatch.

Nearly Lost the Law.

Minnesota nearly lost her game law the past season. A determined lobby—backed by Cobb, Turner and the Le Claire brothers (Baltimore Packing Co.), and led by a woman lobbyist—fought the bill in whole and part. They sought to cut off the appropriation, and for the time did succeed in cutting off the right of the Game Commission to hire an attorney. The fight for decency was led by Mr. W. B. Douglas, of Moorhead, chairman of the game committee in the House, and by Sam Hansen of the Senate committee. These made so good a fight that the law was restored and preserved as it now is, one of the models of the Union in game law. In token of the appreciation of such yeoman services, the sportsmen of Minnesota have made each of these gentlemen a present of a high grade shotgun, each to select his own make. Sam Hansen chose a Greener, and will in due course receive this from the works. Mr. Douglas chose a Parker, and this gun I saw at the wholesale house which ordered it. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship, $250 grade, perfect in every particular and beautifully engraved, the gold plate bearing the inscription: "To Mr. Douglas, from the Sportsmen of Minnesota." A few of us went down with Mr. Douglas, Agent Fullerton acting as presentation man, when Mr. Douglas first saw this gift. He was naturally pleased, after the fashion of an infant with a new red wagon. The success of the men concerned in this fight in the Legislature, not the least of whom was Mr. Fullerton himself, was indeed matter for mutual felicitations.

Minnesota Sooner Convictions.

There were thirty-nine convictions secured against sooners in Minnesota during the month of August, or at least, that number have been turned in by the deputy wardens. This showing is a fine one. Deputy Warden Stephens, of Detroit, has been one of the most successful, and his name is becoming a terror in his part of the State.

Non-Resident Licenses.

Minnesota has a non-resident license as against North Dakota and Wisconsin, which have non-resident license laws upon their statute books, and in several instances already the license has been collected from Wisconsin men who have come into Minnesota to shoot. The game wardens of these contiguous States are of much assistance to each other. Thus, when Warden Bowers, of North Dakota, was here this week visiting Warden Fullerton, they learned by chance that Deputy Warden Blanchard, of Moorhead, Minn., has lately been in the habit of issuing permits to certain favored friends in North Dakota who wished to cross the line and shoot in Minnesota. This will be stopped at once. These permits have been issued to Geo. Dobell, of Fargo, and of course without authority.

It Will be Enforced.

As was stated last week, some fifty non-resident licenses have been issued in North Dakota this fall, probably much more than that when all the counties are heard from. Last winter there was a penalty clause attached to the non-resident act, and the man who does not settle when he is approached by the warden is very apt to wish he had. This law is being enforced strictly, and there is no getting around it. To those who have asked whether or not this North Dakota license can or will be collected, I would say: Yes, it can be and will be. Intending shooters may bear this in mind.

Dr. J. E. Hinkins and A. A. Paterson, both of Chicago, have just returned from Pontiac, Livingston county, Ill, where they have been spending two and one-half days with Victor Emery and Hal Oppermann, chicken shooting; they found plenty of birds, but the hunting was hard on account of the intense heat. The dogs worked faithfully, but with difficulty, as the ground was very dry, and there was no available water except that which was carried on the wagon. The number of chickens killed were twenty-six on the 15th inst., twenty-three on the 16th and seventeen on the 17th, or sixty-six in all. The territory covered was about fifteen to eighteen miles each day. While hunting chicken they ran across numerous bunches of quail, many of which were only half grown apparently; all bids fair to good quail shooting after Oct. 1.

Attempted Evasions.

Recently Warden Bowers caused the arrest, near Castleton, N. D., of a Mr. Leslie, of Ft. Dodge, Ia., and a Mr. Hallock, of New York city. Each of these loosened $25 from his person.

A more widely known instance occurred in the case of young Horace Lowry, son of the St. Paul street car magnate, and his three friends, who were found near Carrington, S. D., a little over a week ago shooting with resident licenses which cost only 50 cents apiece. Warden Bowers told them he would have to take them to town unless they wanted to purchase a higher grade sort of license. They dug up $100 between them.

Another Party.

Mr. Fred M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Wis., with Messrs. W. R. Cox and F. Deane, of Chicago, have gone for a five weeks' trip to the Jackson's Hole region after big game.

A Warden Murdered.

A dispatch of Sept. 3 from Denver, Colo., reports the murder of Warden W. B. Wilcox, whose body was found near where he had planned to arrest a party of eleven men who have been butchering game in the Williams Basin all summer. The warden had been shot in the head and his body left lying in the woods.

A rumor was current a short time ago that certain malcontents near Detroit, in Minnesota, had planned to shoot Warden Stephens, who had become hated by illegal hunters and fishers on account of his fearless work in his office. It was even reported that he had been killed. At last accounts, however, he was very much alive.

More Chicken News.

Fargo, N. D., Sept. 16.—Still further confirmation is at hand of the belief expressed in Forest and Stream since the opening of the season, that the early reports of abundance of chickens in Minnesota and Dakota were unwarranted. I have traveled half across the State of North Dakota and have found no reliable chicken country and have heard of none. A few bags have been made near Fargo, mostly along the southwest branch of the N. P., in the hilly region and nearly as far south as Lisbon, S. D. This I believe to be the best chicken country in North Dakota this year, unless that near Pembina be excepted.

There are a few birds in Minnesota not far from Fargo. This week three Fargo shooters, Charles and Art Bowers and Elmer Bellmeyer, made a hunt of one day about ten miles from Moorhead and bagged thirty-one birds. This is one of the best bags made this season near Fargo.

To-morrow I expect to meet Mr. S. F. Fullerton, State Warden for Minnesota, at Campbell, Minn., for a try after chickens; of which more in due time.

The Ducks are a Reality.

The chicken crop has been mostly a myth, but the ducks are a reality. At this moment there is not time to write at any length of the trip in North Dakota with State Warden Geo E Bowers, but I will say to all who are planning a fall trip, that it will be far more than worth the $25 license fee to have a shoot in this State this fall. The ducks are to be found in thousands. I have never seen so many birds in any part of the United States. The crop is the best for many years. Guides and sportsmen say this is because of the license law, which last year cut off an enormous amount of shooting.

Caught the Deputy.

Deputy Milt Crary, of Crary, N. D., a town near Devil's Lake, sometime ago arrested a young man for killing a few ducks ahead of the season. A little while ago, after the season had opened, this same deputy was arrested at the instigation of this young man, under the charge of shooting without a license. He claims now that he had sent in the money for his license, and that the auditor had not forwarded same to him. More than this, Crary made the bad break of pleading not guilty, and taking the position that he was going to test the law. This novel case of one of his deputies undertaking to test the law under which he was working, was too much for Warden Bowers, who read the riot act to Crary. The latter is now trying to square himself with the warden, the law, and his fellow-townsmen all at once.

Fairly Correct.

The following forecast of the chicken and duck crop was made Aug. 27 by the Northern Pacific R. R., based upon reports of station agents, the best source of information then at hand. I am inclined to believe, from what I have learned during a brief stay in the Northwest this week and last, that the predictions were fairly correct, though of course each day changes the status of the chicken crop. It is now late to plan a chicken trip, but as to the ducks it may be depended upon that not for many years has there been such a supply. I can personally say that no man who goes to Dawson, N. D., this fall will be disappointed. The list of points follows:

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

Poor—In vicinity of Crookston, Aitkin and Brainerd, Minn., and at Forest River, Jamestown and Dawson, N. D.

Fair—In vicinity of Little Falls and Battle Lake, Minn.

Good—In vicinity of Sauk Center, Fergus Falls, Perham and Detroit, Minn., and at Wahpeton, Valley City and Pembina, N. D.

GROUSE OR PARTRIDGES.

Good—At Little Falls, Perham, Aitkin and Detroit, Minn.

DUCKS.

Good—At nearly all points. Especially at Brainerd, Aitkin, Battle Lake, Fergus Falls, Perham, Detroit and Crookston, Minn., and at Dawson and Valley City, N. D.

E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Land and the Game Supply.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial in last issue, entitled "A Better Way," is a shot mighty near the truth. There is no good reason "why we should allow all the good hunting country on this continent to pass into private control." Unfortunately, however, most of it has so passed, and your point is well taken when you say "the time to undertake the permanent keeping of this territory is *now*." Why not go further?

All the laws wisest legislators can formulate, the best efforts of the most disinterested associations, even the acknowledged power of such a publication as yours, cannot, under existing conditions, save the wild things of earth and air and water. Where are the vast herds of buffalo whose footsteps once shook the Western plains? Are the elk, deer and antelope to be seen where they once were? Even our prairie chicken—isn't he surely doomed?

Mark the trail of the pioneer, the home-hunter; you will find it all over our vast country. When he comes, the wild life goes before him. Far from the center of culture and civilization; far from school house and church; far from markets so necessary to his material wellfare; far from improving intercourse with his fellows, cheap land has led him on. Does he prefer this lonely life of toil and deprivation? Not a bit of it. Stern necessity and nothing else has driven him away from the haunts of man, and scattered him, so to speak, far and wide.

Man is essentially a land animal. Without land he cannot exist. Close to every busy community there is land in abundance held out of use Yet, the very existence of such communities gives a greatly increased, and increasing, value to all neighboring land. Here arises the speculative value of land, and it is held out of use, or out of full use, in expectation of a rise.

Thus the man with nothing in the world but his ability to labor, coupled with the possession of a more or less rude outfit, is forced to seek those remote sections where land is cheap or can be had for nothing, and when he comes the wild life goes.

Were we upon a basis of equity and justice with respect to land; did our laws but recognize that the land was the free gift of the creator to all his people, then human beings would not be driven to live in the haunts and after the manner of wild things, the lower forms of life would have ample room and opportunity to grow, wax fat and multiply, disturbed only by the occasional visit of some wandering Nimrod on health or pleasure bent.

As time rolls on, private ownership of land in this country will tend to fence in bird, beast and fish, just as it has already done in England, and the mere possession of gun and dog will draw upon the owner the surveillance of "my lord's" gamekeeper. ROBERT W. SCOTT.

PHILADELPHIA.

Notes from Boston.

BOSTON, Sept. 18.—Mr. A. E. Mills tells me of excellent shooting on Prince Edward Island. His boyhood home is there, and he spent his vacation there, having just returned to business in Boston. As soon as he reached home his father told him that there were flocks and flocks of upland plover in the old hay field, full-grown and not very shy. The old shotgun, long since lain by, was got out the night beforehand, and at daylight Mr. Mills was tramping over the stubble fields of his early recollections. He heard the plover and crept carefully along, as much in ambush as possible, till a good flight went over him, almost too near. The old gun brought down four at the first shot. Reloaded, the flight was back again, with more birds. Mr. Mills went home to breakfast much pleased. He says that duck shooting in the same neighborhood promises to be excellent. A number of flocks were by him sighted, and the local gunners believe they are very plenty.

The partridge season has opened in this State, and will open in Maine on Monday, the 20th. Here the shooters have made some very fair bags. Gardy Ames and Ben Goodwin were out in Reading on the opening day and got seven ruffed grouse. They are crack shots and noted for their success in partridge shooting. They found the birds unusually shy, with the leaves thick, making shooting difficult. E. M. Gillam and F. W. Hallowell were out in the same town on the morning of the opening day. Mr. Gillam's dogs pointed about twenty birds, but when flushed they invariably took for the brush, or back in an unexpected direction. The hunters were obliged to leave the sport and go to Boston on business without a bird to show. They will soon give the shy fellows another try.

A gentleman, much interested in dogs and bird shooting, just in from an extended trip in New Hampshire and Vermont, says that game is scarce in nearly every section he visited. The common explanation is that the young birds—possibly the eggs—were destroyed by the stress of wet and chilly weather in the spring and early summer.

Smelting off the shore, all along from the Cape to Saco Bay, is a popular sport just now. Hook and line is the favored tackle, since there is a law against any sort of netting. Shrimp are used for bait, and to take three or four dozen for breakfast any morning is the common thing with almost any sportsman so situated that can easily reach any sort of a favorable tidewater creek or inlet. E. A. Dow, of Woburn, has taken a good string for a number of mornings lately. He owns a yacht and plenty of boats, and fishes off the harbor here. SPECIAL.

Oakland Game and Fish Protective Association.

OAKLAND, N. J., Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The snaring of ruffed grouse in the Ramapo and Campgaw mountains, and the spearing of fish in the Ramapo River and at the head of Pompton Pond during the last few years, has increased so much that the shooting and fishing has been almost entirely ruined.

A meeting was called on Sept. 14 at Oakland, and the Oakland Game and Fish Protective Association formed, with the following officers: President, John Lloyd; Vice-President, E D. Page; Treasurer, A. Van Houten; Secretary, Noel Money.

At the meeting it was resolved that the Association shall give $10 to any one furnishing evidence to convict any person of snaring partridges, trapping or ferreting rabbits, spearing fish illegally or shooting quail, ruffed grouse or rabbits out of season.

The appointment of Mr. John Lewis as deputy game warden has been asked for by the Association, and we expect that it will take only a few convictions to put an end to the partridge snaring and spearing.

NOEL E. MONEY, Sec'y.

Preaching Murder.

Editorial in the Providence (R. I) Evening Telegram, Sept. 9.

So good a man as the editor of *Fiber and Fabric*, a Boston trade paper, seems to think killing game wardens is not much of a crime. In his paper last week Mr. Wade, who probably never killed an animal of any sort in his life, for that would not be sport for him, refers to the killing of a game warden and asks why he was killed. "Simply," he says, "because no human being, even though he were worth millions, has exclusive right to wild game. Game keepers have always been roughly handled and always will be, therefore wise men are never game keepers. A man may herd a million sheep and no one will ever assassinate him, for the reason that sheep are property, and game is not property. America has gained thousands of good citizens who left their native heath because they had thrashed a game keeper and were identified"

Since that was published there has been another murder of the same kind. One or two men are already in New England prisons for the offense, and a very small part of the population of their States look upon them as great sinners. The fact is the enforcement of game laws is bound to bring trouble. Once in a while a man who is caught openly violating the law, like the Philadelphian at Naragansett Pier is caught and let off with a sentence which means nothing to him, not even disgrace. But usually the crime of killing game in violation of law goes unpunished. Respect for all law is diminished as it is by the farce of unenforced prohibition. The game warden in the pursuit of his official duty runs up against a man whose reverence for the statute book has been gradually lessened, and if the man sees State prison staring him in the face, for a crime which nobody considers a crime, what wonder he saves himself at the cost, perhaps, of the warden's life. It is wicked, but it is one of our recently imported fashions which is responsible for it. Better farms and homes than great game preserves.

The Bowley's Quarter Pheasants.

A STATEMENT having been given out that the Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club, of Maryland, would set trap-guns to protect its pheasants, President Nathaniel E. Janney writes to the Baltimore *Sun* in denial: "To relieve the Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club from the false position in which it has been placed by a statement, in the form of an interview, in the *Sun* of the 13th instant, as to means to be resorted to for the protection of English pheasants on the property owned by the club in Middle River Neck, I beg to say the club has no intention, and has never had a thought of resorting to such un-American means as trap-guns and savage dogs for obtaining protection of its property. The only protection asked is that of the law and the good-will of our neighbors. If these fail us, we will abandon the raising of these fine game birds.

"To be obliged to do this would be mortifying after years passed in overcoming difficulties in the way of successful breeding and render useless a plant perfected by time and much expense, to say nothing of the loss to the farmers of the State and the general public of the benefits of the free distribution, annually, through the Maryland Game Protective Association, of pheasant eggs for breeding purposes, under the existing agreement, toward the gradual stocking of the entire State without cost.

"We have proved by results that we can successfully breed these magnificent birds. Our failure has been in the ability to protect them from destruction by night marauders on our land, notwithstanding we have been well seconded in this particular by the Maryland Game Protective Association.

"The common prejudice against a preserve could hardly apply in our case because of the existing agreement with the State Game Association to share with the citizens of the State the results of our work."

Opening Day in Massachusetts.

FITCHBURG, Mass.—Everyone in town who owned a gun cleaned it up, and loaded some shells, and everyone who owned a dog gave him a good "licking" Tuesday night; and on Sept. 15, about 5 A. M., the several sporting outfits moved out of town to where the birds had been marked in the various likely covers. It turned out a glorious day, but the leaves are too thick yet for comfort, and the birds that were bagged were earned. Messrs. Fields, Kimball and Cutter killed thirteen partridges and one woodcock; Messrs. Cummings and Wallace, nine partridges and three woodcock; Prof. Curley and E L. Herson, four partridges and one woodcock; the Putnams, father and son, two partridges; and Messrs. Crocker and Colony, five partridges. I was out myself with Mr. I. O Converse, and we scored four woodcock and two partridges. So you see we have got some birds up here; but, after all, what do the birds amount to in numbers? It's the sport, the woods, the old clothes and the dogs. If I had a picture to go with this letter, of Mr Converse's black pointer, Lu, backed by my Gordon setter, Rex, in a cover of white birches, you'd all buy a dog to see him do the same thing. They stood on a woodcock; it was a picture that a sportsman cherishes through the season, and—well, we got the woodcock, and of course that is important. Why don't someone start a series of "Dogs I Have Shot With?" We would all like to read them up this way, and of course, there are others. NOX ALL.

Maryland Game Wardens.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Sept. 17.—Upon the recommendation of Game Warden Norris, Governor Lowndes has commissioned the following deputy game wardens in Maryland:

Baltimore county—B. L. Stansfield, B. H. D. Bull, Augustus Bruehl, Joseph Plummer, Charles T. Bevan.

Washington county—Samuel Pennel.

Worcester county—Wm. S. Dennis.

Carroll county—Frank J. Devilbiss.

Anne Arundel—Robert H. Chaney.

Harford county—D. P. Hollingsworth, Charles E. Wiggers, Walter P. Reckord, Brinton F. Warner, Joseph B. Hoskins.

Frederick county—Charles H. Birely.

For any work on outdoor sports send direct to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., who are the largest publishers and importers of such books in America. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

Quail in Nebraska.

BURR, Otoe County, Neb., Sept. 11 —Have been traveling out from Burr over the country for the past few weeks, and prior thereto I was engaged through eastern Kansas. I never saw so many quail as I have in the past two months. I have found one or two coveys in the road in every draw or depression (what we used to call a swale in New York State), and every day I start a flock or two of prairie chickens out of the road.

Here is a note from the Kansas City *Star* of Sept. 5:

"Wedged fast in the cowcatcher of the big engine which pulled the Union Pacific train from the West into the Union depot this morning was a full grown quail, which had attempted to cross the track of the engine while it was rushing across the plains at the rate of forty miles an hour. 'I have never before seen so many quail in Kansas at this season of the year,' said the grimy engineer, as his attention was called to the engine's catch. 'We pass through great coveys of them every morning,' and it is no unusual thing for us to knock out half a dozen or more between Lawrence and Kansas City. It is not often, however, that they remain on the pilot.'" W. F. R.

New Haven Association.

NEW HAVEN, Conn , Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A number of New Haven sportsmen have decided to join hands in a vigorous attempt to enforce the game laws. For years there have been only occasional attempts, many of them half-hearted, made to enforce the laws, and they have been broken by almost every one except those who were gentlemen enough to realize that the laws were intended to give every one an equal chance at the game We have formed an organization known as the New Haven County Game and Fish Protective Association, and every man is in it to stay. We have offered a reward of $25, subject to reasonable restrictions, for evidence which will convict, and we are going to put every case that comes up through to the bitter end. We expect to have the end bitter for the poacher, but if we do get it ourselves it will only be a dose of quinine to stimulate us to work harder. CHARLES G. MORRIS, Sec'y.

An Adirondack Game Warden Murder.

WHITEHALL, N. Y., Sept. 18.—William Jackson, a deputy sheriff of Schroon Lake, was killed last night near Paradox Lake while trying to arrest three brothers named Lajoie, charged with violating the game laws. Jackson's body was also mutilated with an axe.

Sept 20 —Frank Lajoie, the murderer of Deputy Sheriff William Jackson, was captured by a volunteer force of several young men from Schroon Lake, near Whitney's Clearing, Paradox Lake, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. Lajoie went to his mother's house about noon for something to eat. He was exhausted and said he would give himself up. He offered no resistance. Lajoie and his two brothers, who are held as witnesses, will be taken to the county jail at Elizabethtown.

Sportsmen's Exposition.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* The secretary-treasurer of the National Sportsmen's Association has left for the West to close contracts for special features for the coming Exposition, to be held March 12 to 19, both days inclusive, at Madison Square Garden, New York city.

J. A. H. DRESSEL, Sec'y-Treas.

A Quebec Moose Opportunity.

THERE is an opportunity for one person to join a Quebec moose hunting expedition. One of the members (guide and canoe engaged) has been obliged to abandon the trip, thus making room for another. The start will be Sept. 27. Further particulars at this office.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Green Mountain Gyascutus.

SPORTSMEN who are intending to visit Vermont next month for the purpose of hunting deer, will do well to provide themselves with weapons suitable to cope with more formidable game. For to say nothing of the ferocious bears, lynxes and porcupines with which our forests abound, there is the more terrible gyascutus, which, though the fact is not generally known, is still to be found roaming our mountain sides as frequently as the mastodon the wilds of Alaska. This singular beast is briefly described in the Century Dictionary as follows: "An animal said to be of tremendous size and to have both legs on one side of the body much shorter than on the other, so as to be able to keep its balance in feeding on the side of a very steep mountain."

A writer of the last century, whose name is not given but quite probably that veracious chronicler, the Rev. Hugh Peters, thus writes of it: "A most monstrous and wonderful strange Beast hath his habitation on the declivities of these mountains, to traverse which he is singularly well adapted, the foreleg and hinder leg of one side being so much longer than those of the other side that he standeth or lyeth at ease on very steep places, and also moveth very swiftly thereon. He cannot turn himself about, but goeth ever in one direction, except as he goeth backward, which he can do with great speed upon occasion. His head, which hath an ornament of sharp antlers, is carried loftily, and the eyes being set outward and backward, he seeth as well behind as before, and for means of attack and defense in the rear, he is provided with an exceedingly muscular tail, which hath a sharp horn at its end, said to be enormous, but as to that I know not, for I have not seen this wondrous Beast, but only his tracks, as great as those of an ox, and in like manner divided, but with claws at the end. His stature is above that of a horse, and he is of a fierce and implacable temper, as is denoted by the wounds wantonly inflicted on the trees both by his cruel antlers and his waspish Tail."

The visiting sportsman is as likely to fall in with the gyascutus in the fortresses of the Green Mountains as to find here such herds of deer and gangs of bears as are reported by some journals, therefore it may be well for him to bring along a rifle of large caliber and a stout hunting knife, or a hatchet of the G. W. pattern, wherewith to defend himself from the backward charge of the beast. It is evident that the gyascutus may be more safely approached on either side than at either end, but this may not be considered sportsmanlike.

AWAHSOOSE.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

OUR CAMPING GROUND.

THERE is a spot where plumy pines
O'erhang the sylvan banks of Otter,
Where pigeons feed among the vines
That hang above the limpid water.
There wood-ducks build in hollow trees,
And herns among the matted sedges,
While, drifting on the summer breeze,
Float satin clouds with silver edges.

'Tis there the bluejay hides her nest
In thickest shade of drooping beeches,
The fish-hawk, statue-like in rest,
Stands guard o'er glassy pools and reaches.
The trout beneath the grassy brink
Looks out for shipwrecked flies and midges,
The red deer comes in search of drink,
From laurel brake and woodland ridges.

And on the stream a birch canoe
Floats like a freshly fallen feather—
A fairy thing, that will not do
For broader seas or stormy weather.
The sides no thicker than the shell
Of Ole Bull's Cremona fiddle—
The man who rides it will do well
To part his scalplock in the middle.

Beneath a hemlock grim and dark,
Where shrub and vine are intertwining,
Our shanty stands, well roofed with bark,
On which the cheerful blaze is shining.
The smoke ascends in spiral wreath,
With upward curve the sparks are trending,
The coffee kettle sings beneath
Where smoke and sparks and leaves are blending.

Upon the whole this life is well:
Our lines are cast in pleasant places.
And it is better not to dwell
On missing forms and vanished faces.
They have their rest beyond our bourn;—
We miss the old familiar voices.
We will remember—will not mourn:
The heart is poor that ne'er rejoices.

We had our day of youth and May,
We may have grown a trifle sober;
But life may reach a wintry day,
And we are only in October.
Then here's a round to every hound
That ran his deer by hill or hollow,
And every man who watched the ground
From Barber Rock to Furman fallow.

—*Nessmuk, in "Forest Runes."*

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

George W. Sears (Nessmuk).

JUPITER PLUVIUS! How it did rain! We had seen it coming while at supper, and I said to my companion, Hon. James Geddes, of Syracuse, N. Y., "Jim, we must deepen the ditch around this tent or be drowned out. That's an angry sky, and the sun is only just down, yet it is dark as midnight. It's no ordinary shower that is promised us."

"That's so," replied the Hon. Jim, "and we've got to do it right quick, too. It's lucky that the land falls away so much from our tent; we will not have to dig far to have complete drainage."

We went at it with case knives and tin plates, and finished widening and deepening the ditch on the back and sides of our wall tent—the front needed no ditch—when the first wind which precedes such a storm began to roar in the treetops, and in a few minutes the advance guard of St. Swithin began letting great drops resound through the forest. We felt secure; wind could not harm us unless it felled a tree across our tent, and as it was to be a camp for a week or more I had avoided all old and partially dead trees whose roots might also be partly dead, and before the rain beat the wind down we were inside, the door-flap buttoned and a candle lighted. I had prepared for the light by getting one of the flat "fungi" ("funguses," I want to call 'em, and only use the Latin plural to show my learning), and by dropping some melted candle on this and quickly standing the cold end in it, there was a candlestick. We had just got comfortably down on our blankets when the storm burst in all its fury. "Jim Geddes," said I, "you made an offensive remark to me before this storm got under way. We will have no quarrel over it because you intended no offense, and only a fool takes offense where none was intended, but when you reconsider your words you will see wherein you were wrong."

"Well, I'm surprised! Tell me all about it. We don't want to fight in this little 10×12 tent when all nature is engaged in a combat outside. There! Did you notice how quick that clap o' thunder followed the flash? That hit near us; but go on and tell me what it was that I said that has injured your feelings? I never thought you were so thin-skinned."

I looked at the surprise pictured on his honest, good-natured face, and said: "While I make no claim to being thin-skinned, I don't care to have my knowledge of woodcraft credited to accident. I selected this camp-site and put up the tent while you were taking trout for supper, and when the storm was in sight, you said: 'It's lucky that the land falls away so much from our tent.' Now, my dear Jim, luck was not in it at any stage of this game. That's the trouble. The word 'luck' sort o' soured on my stomach, and I couldn't digest it. Do you get my meaning?"

"I've got it," said Mr. Geddes, "and I still maintain that your skin is too thin to make a woman's glove. Just listen to that rain! Did you ever hear anything come down harder? Hark! What was that?"

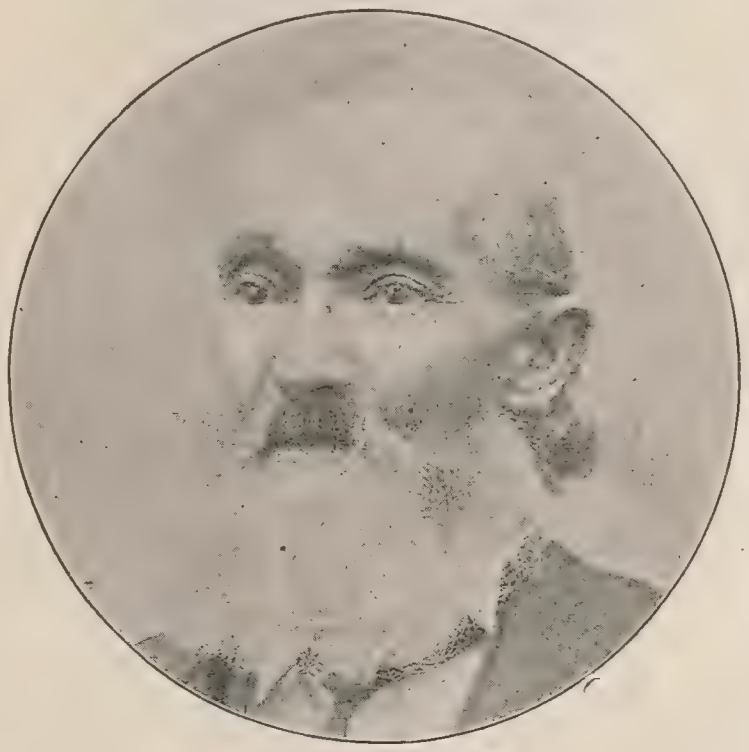
"Oh, I don't know! Some echo of thunder in the mountains, for here in the Adirondacks the sounds of a storm will appal one not accustomed to mountain echoes."

"Hush! There it is again!"

We listened. Then came an unmistakable: "*Da Whoop!*"

"Somebody down at the landing," said Jim, "and he must be quite damp."

We left all our clothing, except our shoes, in the tent and went down to the lake to learn what sort of man might be abroad in a storm like this. The wind had subsided, but the rain still came in torrents. We called, and a man said something which was drowned by the roar of the rain in the woods and on the lake. The next flash of lightning revealed a man waist-deep in water holding to the side of a canoe. He was about 20ft. away and I rushed in and led him to the landing, which was a small opening in the bushes. After we had pulled his canoe well ashore we led him to the tent, which was easily seen by its light, for a candle shows up well through canvas on a dark night, and then we looked him over. He was a little man, about 5ft. nothing; about fifty years old, but one of those thin, wiry fellows without an ounce of fat, who look as old at forty as they do a score of years later. He was chilled in his wet clothing while we were aglow, and we got him stripped and under the blankets as soon as possible and gave him such restoratives as we had Divested of clothing he was nearly as big as a pound of soap after a hard day's washing, and until he became warm he



GEORGE W. SEARS (NESSMUK).
From the portrait in "Forest Runes."

had merely answered questions as to the things in his boat. He did not want them brought up. They could get no wetter. We questioned him no further and awaited the pleasure of our guest to begin the conversation.

Finally he said: "It's lucky for me that I saw the light in your tent. I had lost my paddle and the wind was making a plaything of my canoe. When I saw the light I jumped overboard to swim and drag the canoe, but I couldn't find a landing and was wading about when you came."

"Were you going up or down the lake?" asked Geddes.

"Neither, I'd been fishing on the other side and started to come across, to where I left some duffle, when the storm caught me."

I caught the word "duffle," which I had never heard until I had read Nessmuk's articles in FOREST AND STREAM, and I knew that he traveled in a canoe and camped alone, a very economical way of enjoying life, and a delightful one if we add a companion, to those who can care for themselves in the woods. So, without much chance of error, I said: "If I should hazard a guess, it would be that you are a Pennsylvania man, who goes alone when he goes at all, writes up what he sees, thinks or imagines that he sees or thinks, and signs himself 'Nessmuk.'"

"That's a bulls-eye guess, how did you make it?"

"Well, partly because you called your camp stores 'duffle' and partly because you travel alone in a toy canoe, and again because you are built to sail in chopping bowl. And let me introduce my friend, Mr. Geddes, of Syracuse, and myself. My name is Mather, at present I am the fishery editor of FOREST AND STREAM, and have written for it from its first number, last year I was with the Adirondack survey as ichthyologist and wrote up our trip and discoveries. I also wrote a series of sketches headed: 'Trouting on the Bigosh.'"

"Yes," said our guest, "I've known of Mr. Geddes at the sportsmen's conventions. What did you say your name was, Murphy?"

"Correct; you have a good ear and a good memory. My family is descended from King Brian Boroimhe, who defeated the Norsemen in 1014 near Dublin, and whose name has been corrupted into Brian Boru and then into Murphy, just as your family name, Sears, became shortened from Seersucker, the fabric of linen and silk, to its present form. There was no need to retain the last part of the name, because it was known of all men."

The rescued man raised himself on his elbow and said: "You've got it straight, Fred, and now, let up, as the rain has done, and I will make a fire and dry my clothes."

We opened the tent, for the rain had ceased, and only for the drip from the trees there was no sign of the terrible storm. The earth was damp, but the drainage was good, and a fire soon threw its heat into the tent as our guest dried his clothing in the smoke. I was glad to have a chance to study him at close range. You may read what a man writes, but he only shows you the side he cares to have you see, the dress parade side, so to speak, or you may meet him daily for years and your vision will get no further; but camp with him a week when provisions are low and weather is bad, and if there is only one hog's bristle on his back that bristle it will be erect and assert itself. Permit me to leave old Nessmuk to dry his clothes while I go into executive session and moralize on camp companions; I do so want to write it that I hope a few readers will glance over it.

We are so built that few men are really *persona grata* to us. They may seem so in everyday intercourse where the mask of civilization is worn and they diplomatically pose as friends until the winds of adversity blow upon us, when they know us no longer. That is the average man of whom some one has said: "The more I know of man the more I think of dogs."

In the morning we all had dry clothing, and started out after breakfast to fish in our two boats. Nessmuk had a little frail canoe, while ours was of the regular Adirondack pattern and weighed about 80lbs. But the rod that our friend proceeded to join up was a wonder; it had originally been one of those four-piece abominations which are called "trunk rods," with joints shortened to allow the thing to be carried in a trunk. Originally it had been about 10ft. 8in. long, now it was 7ft. 6in., without a regular taper and too stiff to cast a fly. "What do you call that thing?" asked Geddes, as he picked up the rod and looked it over critically.

"That's a trout rod made after my own ideas, and it just suits me to a T. It's a good ash and lancewood rod cut down as I ordered."

I handled the rod and said: "It's elegant; the finest thing I ever saw. I didn't quite understand it at first, but just look it over carefully, Jim, and you will see that a canal driver can whale his mules to the queen's taste with that. You came up by the Black River Canal, didn't you?"

"I'll show you what it is for when we get where the fish are, and it will beat your long, limber-go-shiftless split-bamboos and give 'em ten in the game. There too willowy, too limber, too esthetic, too costly, and to high-toned to cruise in the Nipper; but just wait."

We waited, and towed the Nipper until we got to where its skipper thought its paddle had drifted in the storm. He found it on shore, and then, with a light breeze, just enough to make a ripple, we drifted and began to fish. We watched the old man. He had a reel and a gut leader on his line, and soon said: "Lend me a couple of flies, I have lost mine." We stocked him up, and began taking trout freely. I was busy replacing a fly, when Geddes whispered: "Look at old Nessmuk, he never tried to cast a fly before."

I looked. He was standing in his canoe, balancing himself as it rocked, trying to get out his line, which would sometimes fall 10ft. from the boat and sometimes in his boat. He saw our flies go out 30 and 40ft., and saw the trout rise and strike, to be reeled in. He thought he could do it, but had to own up. He paddled alongside, and said: "I never tried this rod with flies before, and it doesn't seem to work. There are no angleworms in the Adirondacks, and I think I'll have to ask you for some trout fins and livers for bait."

We tossed a couple of small trout into his canoe, and he removed the flies, put on some bare hooks, baited them, and began fishing. Geddes said: "The old fellow is a bait fisher and nothing else. He would have drifted off by himself if he had bait, but we drifted with him, and he had to own up. He said that his rod was not a fly rod. That's most certain, but it's dollars to doughnuts that he couldn't get a fly out with either of our rods. I'll ask him to try it."

"No, Jim," I said, "don't do it. It would only embarrass him, and make him feel uncomfortable. He is a first class woodsman, and has made the mistake of trying to cast a fly with a rod which cannot cast one, and he has tried it before two experts and failed."

"You're right," said the great-hearted Geddes; "he's a good old fellow in his way, and we don't wish to make him uncomfortable. He's 'bit off more'n he can chaw,' as the saying goes, and we will turn our backs and not see it. He's not only using bait, but see the little twig he has tied on his line as a float. That's the last evidence of primitive methods."

Nessmuk took a few trout, and before noon we went back to our camp and had a grand woods dinner of hard tack, bean soup with salt pork and fried trout. If I had never been within 1,000 miles of New York I would say: "The dinner exceeded the wildest dreams of Delmonico," for the man of Nessmukian type thinks that there is only one place to eat in New York, and somehow gets the idea that good cooking and service culminate under one roof. I can show him quiet, out-of-the-way places—but we have strayed from the camp on the Fulton chain of lakes.

When dinner was to be cooked Nessmuk shone as a bright particular star. He took charge, hustled around and did all the work, while we looked on. He cleaned the fish, washed and boiled the beans, while Geddes and I lay off, chatted and slept, Jim's last remarks being: "He's a mighty good man in camp."

A year later I wrote Nessmuk about the rod that he used that day, and under date of May, 1884, he described it as follows: "It was 10ft. 8in. long when I bought it, and it was in four pieces. I had the butt shortened to a handle, the other joints cut down 4, 5, and the top to 4in., but I think that if the rod is not as symmetrical as some others, it will snatch a trout or a bass bald-headed if I once hook him."

He was right. The only trouble in sight was to get the lure placed in attractive shape before the trout, and we voted him a pot-fisher. He left us after dinner and went back up the lake to his duffle. I think he preferred to be alone in the woods, although he wrote me under date of May 27, 1884, as follows:

"When you saw my rod you made fun of it, but it just suits me. It is not expensive, and if I smash it—Bismillah!—it is well. Can you meet me on the Tiadatton next month? Take your eye and throw it along the map of Pennsylvania. On the upper waters of the Susquehanna you will find a perfect maze of mountain streams, and there are 18,799 of them not large enough to find a place on the map. With all these springs and rills, cold as ice and little known of man, wherein you may camp without let or hindrance, cut timber, catch trout, smoke, sleep, laze and loaf, and no man shall say you nay. Among the affluents you may reckon the Sinnemahoning and Big Pine Creek. Big Pine Creek is the Tiadatton, and Tiadatton is Tuscarora for River of Pines. See? Now, the Tiadatton is not the Bigosh, although, by gosh, its a mighty good Bigosh, and is my Bigosh. Down the Tiadatton I am going in my new boat, the Bucktail, and

'My camp-fire shall
Glisten and shine
To the low alto song of the evergreen pine.'

"The Bucktail will be known of men before October. Only this, and nothing more. One old woodsman to another, a trifling letter, but sent off-hand. Couldn't you cut me off somewhere this summer?"

That's a true Nessmukian letter and shows how good-naturedly he took our chaffing. The "Bigosh" was an allusion to my sketches: "Trouting on the Bigosh." A few days after sending the above letter he sent me a deer's tail and wrote:

"Here's the Bucktail's burgee. Hail her when you meet her. 'Da-Whoop!' Shall I tell you how the original owner of this tail passed me on the very top of Bald Hill and how neatly I cut him down with the old muzzle-loader? No, I forbear! He did pass me, without a scratch, made a rattling race, was watered at 'long rifle' and squelched by an army musket; twelve buckshot and a bare-footed boy. I was glad to save a fore quarter, my hound and—the tail."

It was not convenient to meet him on the Tiadatton that year, but later I ran into his camp on the Fulton Chain, and I would have known it was Nessmuk's camp if I had not heard that he was ahead of me. A little tent of very light duck, which was just big enough for a small man to crawl into, was his shelter. A gum blanket and a woolen one were his bed, with no leaves nor balsam boughs under it, and a frying-pan, small tin pail to serve as a camp kettle, another containing salt pork for frying, a tin box of hard tack or pilot bread, and a coffee-pot was all that was in sight, and all made of the lightest materials and just sufficient for one man. I gave his war cry; "Da-Whoop!" and soon he came paddling around a point and landed. After salutation I looked over his boat and outfit.

And such a boat! He had been experimenting in boat building with the sole idea of reducing weight, which he had to pack over the Adirondack carries, where the portages vary from a few yards to three miles or more. The Nipper was very light, too light for most men, it weighed about 25lbs. The Bucktail, which I never saw, he told me weighed 19lbs., and now I beheld the Sairy Gamp, so named he said: "Because she never took water." This latter creation of the Nessmukian brain and hand was, as I remember it, about 8½ft, long and weighed between 10 and 11lbs. These figures are from memory, my volumes of FOREST AND STREAM are boxed and in storage and I am writing at a distance. This boat formed part of the exhibit of FOREST AND STREAM at the World's Fair, being loaned for the occasion by the National Museum of Washington, where it has been deposited.

In the boat lay the little double-bitted axe which he devised and which bears his name when made to-day, a two-piece bait rod, about 8ft. long without a reel, the line tied to the end of the rod, boy fashion, and a few trout.

"I was just thinking of coming in to get dinner when I heard your hail, and I want you to stop and fish with me this afternoon. Oh, you needn't bother to count the trout, I've got some more dressed and in a tin pail in a cool spring, never fear about that."

He had read my thought correctly, and his statement that he had a base of supplies in the woods decided the question. I was alone in a boat hired from a "camp" for the sole purpose of getting on the trail of Nessmuk, and I would stay. I went for dry wood while he went for his stores. We got up an excellent dinner. Having but one frying-pan, he roasted the trout in the ashes, first wrapping them in a wet newspaper and putting a piece of pork inside of each fish. He brought out several pairs of giant frogs' legs and fried them in the pan.

"The trout'll take longer to cook," said he, "and we'll eat the frogs first while the coffee's boiling, and then we'll try a few trout, not too many, because I've got a few ribs of mountain mutton to top off with."

I began to feel that I had underrated the resources of this old woodsman when I mentally counted the trout in his boat and thought there was about enough for one, and he was not expecting company. It was late in June and the law forbade the killing of deer for many weeks to come. He had no rifle nor gun of any kind, and I knew he would not subject himself to suspicion by bringing a gun into the woods at that time of year, so I said: "The mutton is probably from farmer Dunning's flock; he has many head roaming these hills."

"Well, yes," said the old man, "I met Alvah yesterday and he gave me quite a bit of a fore-quarter; in fact, all I would take, for he said he had more than he could keep fresh and was glad to find some one who wanted it and could keep his mouth shut. What made you think of Alvah Dunning?"

"Merely this. I took dinner with the old man yesterday and he had a bit of 'mountain mutton' and I know, and so do all other men in this region, that old Alvah lives in these woods the year round and believes that he has a right to kill a deer to supply his needs. I would not partake of venison out of season at any table in the woods except that of Alvah Dunning, and I would enter a complaint against any other man who had venison in June, if I knew it. But the old trapper does not kill for sport and firmly believes that these woods belong to him by virtue of a residence in them of over half a century."

"That's my opinion," replied Nessmuk, "he will never exterminate the deer by taking an odd one out of season, and the people here know it, but the law cannot make a distinction between him and the so-called sportsman, who would come into the woods and kill 100 deer, to brag of, and leave them to rot."

The fried frogs and the baked trout had preceded the "mutton" chops, and all had gone where they would do the most good to two hungry woodsmen. We lay in the shade and slept; for what is so good as a nap after a meal? And then there is little use in fishing for any fish in midday. The camp was well placed on a point on the north side of the lake, where the summer breezes from most points of the compass kept it free from black flies and mosquitoes. Nessmuk had that knowledge of all those little things which enable a man to be comfortable where others would be miserable—things hardly worth mentioning, but which separate comfort from discomfort, and which only a thoughtful, observant man would ever learn.

I fished with him that afternoon, and he took me to a spring hole where trout were plenty and we had good sport; he fishing with venison for bait within 10ft. of the boat, and I using the fly where it did not interfere with him. He was the same old "snatch 'em in" pot-fisher, and enjoyed it; but he loved the woods and their solitude, and was perfectly able to take care of himself in them alone, with either rod or gun. He was bright, poetic and witty. His volume of "Forest Runes," published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., contains some of the most vigorous, manly verse in the English language. That is a very broad statement, but it is a deliberate one. The same company has also published a little book entitled "Woodcraft," by Nessmuk, and he was entirely competent to write upon the subject.

Nessmuk was one of those self-reliant men, who are the only ones who ever make good woodsmen. He was jolly, generous and convivial. He may have been a good shoemaker; of this I know nothing; but he was a good handler of light canoes, into which I would never trust my life, and I have crossed Broadway at Fourteenth street and eaten "goulash" in a Hungarian restaurant. I merely mention these things to show that I can take desperate chances if necessary.

After the events recorded in this more or less veracious sketch, old Nessmuk came down the Hudson River, camping all the way, until he reached New York city, when he beached the Sairy Gamp and pitched his tent in Central Park, procured wood from some source and proceeded to cook his supper. A gray-coated park policeman, who is generally known as a "sparrow cop," ran him in, and he spent the night in a cell at a police station.

What if his neighbors say that he was idle and preferred loafing in the woods to doing anything else? That is nothing to me; I enjoyed his society, which, if he had been thrifty, would never have come my way. I only know that I would like to meet him in the woods and on the streams



NESSMUK.
From "Woodcraft."

again. I don't know his neighbors, and don't want to know them. The little village of Wellsboro, Pa., has undoubtedly produced many more "substantial" men than George W. Sears, but never a more intellectual one. Like Edgar A. Poe, his neighbors, in Harlem, cannot understand why people make pilgrimages to his cottage. To them Poe was only a poor victim of an appetite, and this outweighs all his other qualities.

Some day a delver in poetic lore will dig up some nuggets from Nessmuk, and the wonder will be that we never heard of this man before. I think that I have presented over a dozen copies of "Forest Runes" to friends who would appreciate them, and then I have had from him many verses not intended for publication, which I have greatly enjoyed.

Mr. Sears died on May 1, 1890, aged sixty-nine. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM showed their regard for him by a testimonial fund by which a handsome memorial bronze, designed by Mr. Geo. T. Brewster, was provided for his monument in the village cemetery of Wellsboro.

FRED MATHER.

[The Central Park camping incident, while told with substantial correctness, was of much earlier date.]

PENNSLYVANIA COMMISSION.

AT the convention of fish protective associations at Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 15, to devise means for carrying on the work of the Fish Commission, there were present Gov. Hastings; S. B. Stillwell, of Scranton; James A. Dale, York; W. E. Meehan, Howard A. Chase, William P. Thompson, E. H. Frishmuth, Warren G. Sellers, William H. Green, Charles Wetherill and Dr. Bushrod W. James, all of Philadelphia; Col. H. C. Trexler and Lewis L. Roney, Allentown; John Price Wetherill, Bethlehem; Dr. Frank Monroe, Chester; John P. Austin and J. A. Smith, Renovo; W. O. Soult, Lewistown; Dr. W. B. Shaner, Pottstown, and others.

Col. Trexler presided, with Mr. W. G. Sellers secretary. Gov. Hastings addressed the meeting as follows:

"I desire to say to you with reference to the purpose of your assembling here to-day that an emergency has come upon us which must be met by the people of the Commonwealth who are interested in the continuance of the hatcheries of the State and the propagation of our food and game fish. The appropriation usually made by the Legislature for the propagation of fish was lost purely by accident. I took the trouble to make a careful examination into the matter, and I beg to assure you and the people of the State that it was simply an accident—an oversight—and we are now confronted with this emergency.

"We have four hatcheries in the State to-day. Two of these hatcheries are at Corry and Allentown, and I am informed by the president of the Commission that we have brood fish of the value of at least $40,000, and we have no money that we can get from the State to even sustain those brood fish, to say nothing of continuing the hatcheries at Erie and at Bristol. Now, my judgment is that the people of this Commonwealth are too patriotic to permit those fish to be lost and our fisheries interests in this State to collapse for a period of two years. I believe that if this matter is properly presented to the people of the State, that we can have by voluntary contribution as much money as will be reasonably necessary to continue our hatcheries and to continue the work that this Commission is now performing so industriously and so intelligently.

"I am informed by the President of the Fish Commission that if $20,000 is raised, that that would meet the emergency that is now before us; it will require about $10,000 for each of the two years. I will say to you—not as the Chief Executive of the State, but as a citizen, as your fellow-citizen—that my judgment is that the next Legislature will probably refund this money. I cannot give you any assurance of it whatever, and whoever makes any subscription to this $20,000 that we propose to raise will have to make it without any guarantee from me or from the Fish Commision, and no promise of the return of this money has been made either by myself or the Fish Commission, but I would suggest to you that a proper presentation of this matter be made to the people of the State, and that it be spread broadcast through the newspapers, and that personal appeals should be made to any of our fellow-citizens who are interested in the continuance of the propagation of fish.

"When we come to look at it, it would take only forty gentlemen who would give $500 apiece to help us out, I am not only willing to be one of the forty, but I now authorize your secretary to take my subscription for this amount; and I will say to you further, that I am authorized by the Attorney General of this State to make a subscription in his behalf for the same purpose, for $500. That will leave but $19,000 to raise.

"If you will permit me to suggest to you, I presume that it would be wise to prepare the memorial to the people of the State and let it have the weight and influence of the Fish Commission and all other organizations in the State that are interested in the propagation of fish. Do not confine your subscriptions to $500, but take what the good people of the Commonwealth can give to you, whatever the amount may be, and in whatever manner I can help you, either as an individual or as the Executive of the State, I am ready to be commanded by you; I am ready to help you in every possible way, and I have no doubt—I have not the least doubt—that when this matter is fairly presented to the people of the State you will have the $20,000 without much trouble.

"I desire to thank you most cordially, both as the Executive of the State and as your fellow-citizen, for this very patriotic effort upon your part to save the fisheries interests of the State."

Mr. Meehan showed that fish to the value of $60,000 would be destroyed if the Commission's work should not be continued; the value of the fish in the Corry and Allentown hatcheries he put at $40,000.

Pledges were received from various associations and clubs reaching the aggregate of over $11,000. All money is to be sent to Henry Demuth, of Lancaster, the Treasurer of the State Fish Commission.

It appeared from statements of delegates that many clubs had not been together during the summer, and that they would contribute to the fund during the fall. Dr. Bushrod W. James, of Philadelphia, made a motion, which was adopted, instructing the secretary to urge upon all clubs and associations prompt action.

Mr. Austin, of Renovo, suggesteed that a form of receipt be prepared which would make reimbursement by the Legislature an easy matter.

Dr. Dale's motion for the appointment of a committee of five to draft bills for the consideration of the fishermen of the State before the next session of the Legislature was adopted. On motion of Dr. Dale the drafting of a proper form of receipt for subscriptions was referred to the committee on memorial.

Mr. Thompson, of Philadelphia, suggested that each club and association should appoint a trustee for this fund, to whom all money should be payable.

The question of legislation for the fishery interests of the State was discussed at some length. Mr. Sellers, of Philadelphia, outlined a plan for the organization of fishculture associations, which will act in harmony with the State Fish Protective Association. He thought in this way more effective work can be accomplished in securing necessary legislation. Mr. Chase indorsed what was said by Mr. Sellers regarding club membership. He stated that the Fish Protective Association has a handsome permanent fund, which is used in practical work.

Mr. Sellers said one idea of the consolidation of the various fishing clubs in a central organization like the State Fish Protective Association is to interest all in fishculture, and to have annual conventions alternately in Harrisburg and Philadelphia, meeting here during the sessions of the Legislature.

Mr. Thompson suggested that the organization of clubs would also result in the more intelligent propagation of fish, in that the availability of streams for the propagation of certain fish would then be considered.

Mr. Smith, of Renovo, took the same view, and it was generally agreed by the convention that united work on the part of societies and clubs interested in fishculture would result in better things. A State league of clubs was the central thought.

The question of private fishing clubs—those that control leased streams—being affiliated with the State Fish Protective Association was discussed somewhat. Several delegates related incidents showing that these private clubs are doing great good, and that they are, in a general way, helping along the work of all engaged in promoting the fishery interests of the State. Local associations, it was remarked by a half-dozen delegates, are necessary to secure effective legislation in the enactment of a proper general law.

Dr. James presented very clearly the idea that there must be unity of action and harmony. He said there could be no general law until some concessions are made and the various elements in all the counties are brought together.

Dr. Dale, of the State Fish Commission, thought it would be well to have a committee to prepare a general law or laws and refer them to the various clubs for revision and amendment, so that when the Legislature meets the bill can be presented with something like harmonious support. Mr. Meehan spoke in the same vein and asserted that there would always be bitter opposition to too drastic a bill.

Mr. Charles Wetherill said the calling together of the sportsmen of the State to consider these matters by the State Fish Commission was a compliment to the sportsmen, and the steps to be taken ought to be taken very carefully. He thought that the arrangements for raising the fund necessary having been completed, an adjourned meeting should be held, when the subject of legislation could be more carefully considered.

On motion of Mr. Thompson, of Philadelphia, it was declared to be the sense of the convention that all associations of the State should have full membership and affiliation with the State Fish Protective Association, with the view of assisting in the enactment of proper laws.

Mr. Meehan read a paper on the relations between the State Fish Commission and commercial fishermen. He suggested that if the commercial fishermen on the Susquehanna and elsewhere were to send strong and reasonable delegations to discuss the matter with the Fish Commission some understanding could be arrived at which would be satisfactory all around. He suggested, in conclusion, that "it is time that the strained relations which exist between the Commission and the commercial fishermen be replaced by good feeling and hearty, unanimous, cooperation for the increase of the food fishes of the State, to the profit alike of the people, the fishermen and the Commonwealth."

The chair appointed the following committees: On Memorial and Other Papers, Wm. E. Meehan, Philadelphia;

John Price Wetherill, South Bethlehem; H. A. Chase, Philadelphia; Dr. Monroe, Chester, and Attorney-General McCormick. To Draft Laws, James A. Dale, York; John A. Smith, Renovo; Wm. E. Meehan and M. G. Sellers, Philadelphia, and L. L. Roney, Allentown.

WILD TROUT SPAWN, METHODS OF COLLECTION AND UTILITY.

A paper read by Commissioner J. W. Titcomb, of Vermont, before the American Fisheries Society.

THE method of securing an ample supply of wild brook trout spawn is so easy in localities where the parent fish abound, and so little has been said about this feature of trout culture, that I make bold to give my experience in this work.

Perhaps I should apologize for describing in an article before this Society a method of fishing of ancient origin which has for many years been applied by fishculturists to the capture of trout, fontinalis and anadromous fishes, but I have never seen this method written up in detail as modified for the capture of trout, and it seems a necessary part of a chapter on trout culture under the title on which I have written. I have reference to the first method I shall describe for the capture of the parent fish.

It is well known to all fishculturists that trout vary in their habits of spawning, or, rather, in their selection of spawning grounds. While brook trout in brooks almost invariably ascend to some point beyond their natural abode, or into some spring brook tributary to the main stream, it is not always the case that brook trout in lakes and ponds seek the tributary streams for their spawning grounds. It has been my experience that brook trout living in ponds quite as frequently spawn in them as in some tributary stream, even if the latter apparently affords good spawning grounds. In Vermont the earliest run of trout begin to spawn about the middle of September, although they have begun to seek suitable spawning beds at least a month earlier. It is, therefore, necessary for the fishculturist to guard against the ascent of the fish long before he is ready to trap them if he is looking for stream spawners. This is accomplished by the use of a weir stretched across the stream where the trap is to be located, as early as the middle of August. As this weir can be used as the upper side of the proposed trap later in the season, it is desirable to construct it with that object in view.

Location.—The location of a trap should be made at a point where it is least likely to be inundated or washed out by freshets, which would allow the escape of many fish when they are most likely to be running in greatest numbers. A point on the stream near its mouth is advised, or at some place below any possible spawning bed, but not near enough to the outlet to be affected by back water from the pond. It is desirable to have a slight fall of water at the entrance to the trap. In order to avoid washouts, the selection of a point where the channel is broad is preferable. The slats of the weir occupying about four-fifths of the natural waterway will act as a barrier to raise the water above its natural level, more or less.

Construction.—The trap is a V-shaped inclosure described by the mathematical term, "re entering polygon," made of slats varying in dimensions with the size of the stream and the force of the current. I used slats 1in. square, planed on two sides, driven into the bed of the brook vertically, about ½in. apart, and nailed to horizontal timbers or hewn logs. This framework of horizontal timbers consists of one course laid at water level and a parallel course at the extreme height of the weir. The general idea of such a trap is the same as the pound net, there being an opening of 4 or 5in. in the angle of the V. A gate can be arranged in the entrance with a lever reaching to some point obscured from the view of the entrapped fish, which can be lowered whenever the trap is approached for inspection. This method of trapping trout is not new, but requires more precautions than for the capture of other fish less active and gamy, and a few words of caution to the inexperienced may be desirable. Build your trap to resist the greatest freshet the stream is liable to develop. The run of trout at such times will be greatest. Be careful to get a foundation that will not be undermined by the constant washing of the current between the slats. It is usually best to entirely surround the sides of a trap with slats rather than to depend upon the natural embankments. It is not necessary to use narrow slats for the sides of the trap, as no water passes through them, and the only object is to secure an inclosure from which fish can be easily dipped out. For a stream 6ft. wide I should build an inclosure about 6ft. square, the V extending into the inclosure about 3ft.

In many localities it will be found possible to dig side ditches above the trap and inclosures, at right angles with the stream, in order to convey surplus water away from the trap, and lessen the danger of washout or inundation. The bottom of such ditches should be considerably above low water mark to carry off surplus high water.

A convenient place for the pens is just above the trap, so that the trout can be dipped from the latter into the former. They are constructed of the same material of which the trap is made, the upper side of the trap inclosure being used as the lower side or end of a series of pens. These should be made in shape and size to suit the location and number of fish expected to be captured, and the same precautions should be taken with them as with the trap to guard against washouts. In many instances, the bed of the brook is hard gravel and stones of large size, preventing the driving of the slats into it. In such cases it is desirable to make an apron at the base of the slat-work, upon which the water will fall as it passes through them, and prevent washing out of holes underneath the slats. This apron can be made of boards as an artificial bottom to the trap or pens, but a cheaper and quite as serviceable method is to place evergreen boughs or green underbrush at the base of the slat-work, covering the same with crushed stone or small stones from the bed of the brook, and then with coarse gravel. This feature of construction is very important. If there is a hole in the trap or pens large enough for trout to escape, they will surely do so. In fact, they will dig out under the slat-work if not properly guarded against. It is well to have planks extending over the trap and pens, on which one can conveniently stand to dip out the fish. Adjacent to the trap and pens, a rough board shanty can be constructed, or a tent can be temporarily used. There will be many stormy and cold days, however, and I advise having a shanty with facilities for heating it, and with a bunk where the attendant can sleep. Add to this equipment a reflecting lantern. Field stations of this description are usually some distance from habitation, and the ordinary comforts of camp life should be available to insure good work of the spawn taker.

I have described one of the field stations operated by the U. S. Fish Commission in Vermont. The cost of such a station equipped for work will vary from $30 to $100, according to facilities for obtaining materials of construction, etc. At this station the first run of trout occurred on Sunday, Aug. 23, when 1,650 trout ascended the brook during a rainstorm. Few trout were caught after this date until Sunday, Sept. 6, when about 1,000 more were taken. On Sept. 11 my records show that 3,335 trout had thus been taken. The fish continued to run in schools every rainy day, with a few stragglers every day until the end of the month. Oct. 15 some of the slats to the trap were removed after 7,138 trout had been captured. There is no other tributary to the pond where these trout could run, except in the wet season. In the latter part of September it was discovered that a large number of trout were ascending a "dry brook," so called, in large numbers. At the request of the owners of the pond, these trout were not disturbed, although it is doubtful whether their spawn would ever amount to anything deposited in such a stream. The discovery was occasioned by the fact that the trout had stopped running in the stream in which the trap was located, the inference being that they had learned of their danger and sought new spawning grounds. Whether such is the actual case, cannot be decided until after another season's work. The pond from which these trout ascended into the trap is an ordinary mill-pond of about forty acres, used to float logs into a mill, and with no screen at its outlet. The trout average about five to the pound, and the females of this size yield an average of 560 eggs. About 1,000,000 eggs were taken here, a part of which were eyed in a tent supplied with water from an adjacent spring, a part being transported to the St. Johnsbury station as soon as stripped. In connection with a collecting station distant from the hatchery, it is advisable to have a few troughs set up for eyeing the eggs before transportation, if suitable water can be obtained for the purpose. The natural brook water is ordinarily of low temperature, and too full of sediment to warrant using it for such temporary work. If an adjacent spring is available, troughs can be set up in a tent or shanty, and the eggs thus eyed in from thirty to forty days before the most severe winter weather sets in. For this work I use deep troughs, and stack the trays ten deep. The first stripping of eggs occurred Sept. 26, when 66,000 were taken. The second and largest stripping occurred Oct. 7, when nearly 500,000 eggs were taken, and the trout had all been stripped and liberated on Nov. 7. During the season only eighteen trout died. The cost of operating this stating during the season, including team hire and transportation of eggs to St. Johnsbury station, was $256 83, exclusive of services of one regular station employee two months. This cost included the cost of construction of trap and shanty, some of which would not enter into the expense of another season. For this privilege of taking trout liberal returns are made to the waters in fry.

Lake and Pond Spawners—The method of taking trout from spawning beds in ponds differs materially from the method just described. The following is a description of a field station and methods of operation where the trout spawn in the lake:

One of the first important features is to have suitable retaining pens in the lake, where the trout will be undisturbed and secure from poachers. I am describing a station at a lake of 1,500 acres area, subject to high winds and rough water.

The first year that collections were made at this station a breakwater was constructed of lumber and stones as a partial shelter to the retaining crates, the latter being anchored in shallow water and weighted to the bottom so that they could be approached by a walk from the shore, where a small tent had been erected in which to strip fish. The crates were always a source of annoyance for fear they would be robbed or broken up by high winds. The fishing was conducted in calm weather, day and night, and the stripping in stormy weather. Lake or pond spawners usually deposit their spawn later in the season than the brook spawners, and the weather is inclement for outdoor work, such as stripping trout. As a result, the percentage of eggs eyed at this station was not what it should have been. The following season a boat house was constructed with retaining pens within it, and of sufficient size to give ample room for spawn taking operations. In this house a stove was set up, and thus the work of taking spawn could proceed without discomfort during the most severe weather of November and December. Of the eggs taken at this station last season, 97 per cent. were successfully eyed.

The feature about the boat house to be considered in connection with the work, aside from the comfort of the employees, is the method of building retaining space for the brood fish. Two piers were constructed about 6ft. wide by 24ft long, and laid parallel to each other 8ft. apart. The material for the piers consisted of water-soaked logs taken from the lake, with the addition of a few trees cut near by. The logs were piled crib fashion, fastened with drift bolts and filled with large stones. The two piers were tied together at each end by stringers of logs, and constituted the foundation upon which the boat house was built. The space between the two piers, or the inlet to the boat house, was occupied by four crates, each 6ft. long by 4ft. wide by 4ft. deep. The log piers are not at all water-tight, only large stones being used to sink them, and with the 8ft. opening at the sea end of the boat house, furnish ample opportunity for aeration of the water in the most calm periods. To guard against heaving by ice, which freezes 2ft. thick on the lake, the outside of the cob piers was covered with planks fastened vertically, but sloping out in the form of a battered wall, so that the ice cannot get a hold on the piers sufficiently to move them. The planking should not extend but a few inches below low water level, or it might interfere with the aeration of water in the crates. The trout were thus free from poachers, and also from the prying eyes of curious people. It may be remarked here that wild trout should not be disturbed in confinement any more than is absolutely necessary. Between 400 and 500 fish were retained at a time, one crate always being kept empty for use in transferring unripe fish.

Methods of Capture—The implements used in the capture of lake spawners consist of spacious but easy-running boats, tooth-nets, dip-nets and jack-lights. I erroneously designate as "tooth"-nets, gill-nets of a mesh too small to gill the fish.

The above described station was equipped with one each 100ft. and 200ft. gill nets of 1¾in. mesh (⅞in. knot to knot) and 6ft. deep, colored blue. Fishing was conducted day and night, or when the weather was favorable, lee shores being selected if the wind blew, it being necessary to have the water calm enough so that the fish could be seen upon their beds. The dip-nets resemble large landing nets, the hoop or net frame being 15 to 20in. in diameter, made of ⅛in. gaspipe, and the net being 2ft. deep, of as coarse a mesh as the size of fish to be dipped will permit without gilling them. It should be of rather fine thread and barked or colored blue. The latter color is best for work at night. After a fisherman has had experience with dip-nets, he will have his own ideas about the style of net, dimensions, etc.; but the general description given above will hold good with all. The technical description of a dip-net for ordering from the manufacturers is as follows: "52 meshes round, 28in. long, 1¾in. mesh, 16-6 cable, barked, with twine strung through the top 5ft. long."

I have tried several forms of dip-net frames, and finally settled upon the ½in. gaspipe as the best for lightness, strength and durability combined with cheapness. A better, but more expensive net frame, can be made by the same method that pitchforks are made, only continuing the process by drawing the tines of the fork around until they complete the arc of a circle. This form of net frame has the advantage of being strong, light and more slender than the gaspipe for rapid work under the water. The handles of the dip-nets should be of light and strong material, and I have found nothing equal to the bamboo for them, using 8 or 10ft. from the butts of fishing poles.

The jacklights are an important feature of this work, the larger part of which is done at night. The one I use is a gallon can fastened to a gaspipe standard so that it can be raised or lowered, also revolved in the arc of a quarter circle. To this can is attached a supply pipe to conduct kerosene oil from the can to a perforated burner suspended over the water. This conductor has a globe valve in it to regulate the supply of oil. The conductor is ¼in. gaspipe about 12in. long. The burner is ½in. gaspipe 6in. long, with cap at the end. The perforations in the burner are $\frac{1}{32}$in. in diameter, and should not exceed twenty in number. The burner is made of larger pipe than the conductor to it, as a convenience in winding asbestos wicking, which is loosely wound upon it and fastened with fine wire. Cotton batting or bagging can be used for this purpose, but is not as good. The burner when wound with asbestos resembles in shape a bobbin of cotton. A shade is necessary to protect the fishermen from the heat and glare of the light, and for convenience should be detachable. Galvanized sheet-iron is good for this purpose. For night fishing the light is suspended over the bow of the boat, the standard being screwed into a cast-iron foot, which latter is attached to the boat by means of a lag screw. The same method of fishing is employed whether by day or night, the jacklight being the only additional feature at night. The gill-net is then thrown around the spawning bed, the fishing boat is run inside, and a man with a dip net stands in the bow ready to dip the fish. He directs the guidance of the boat, which is propelled by one oarsman. The fish are easily seen on their beds in from 1 to 5ft. of water, and remain undisturbed until the dip-net approaches them. If they lie facing the net, they can be easily picked up. Sometimes a pair can be taken together. When several are on the same bed, those that are frightened away invariably start directly for deep water. In their sudden plunge they run against the gill-net, are caught by their jaws, and in their struggles wind up in the net. The cork floats of the net are painted white to facilitate seeing them at this stage, and the fish thus caught is easily taken by holding the dip-net under it and then shaking out the gill-net. The sport is exciting, and fishermen forget the time of night, even if the thermometer registers far below freezing point. This method of fishing with dip-nets was first employed in taking the lake trout (*S. namaycush*), and has been in vogue in New Hampshire for several years, the use of the gill-net not being required. It required much urging and practical illustration before the spawn-takers would believe that brook trout could be dipped up in the same manner. As fast as dipped up, the fish are put into tanks of water and kept in the boat until forty or fifty trout are captured.

Common sugar barrels will do for tanks. Seines can be used to advantage if the spawning grounds are smooth enough; but the majority of them are not. It has been my experience that the dipping process is less expensive than seining even on smooth grounds. The fish run best the first part of the night, and night fishing is conducted from dark until midnight. The spawning season of brook trout varies the same as it does with those spawning in streams, and is apparently affected by the height of the water. The first fish captured in the lake last season were taken Oct. 29, 1896. The last ones were taken Dec. 2, after which time the lake was frozen over. The trout could be seen at work on the beds long after the ice closed over the lake, and, in fact, until after Jan. 1, 1897.

The total number of trout taken with dip-nets was 1,457; average weight of each fish, a little over a pound. The number of males exceeded the number of females in the proportion of two to one. This has been the experience in the work of three seasons. The first stripping occurred Nov. 6, and the last Dec. 11. Total num- of females stripped, 362; total take of eggs, about 500,000. The eggs were eyed in a shanty fed by springs near the lake, three troughs of trays in stacks being used for the purpose. As a matter of information, twenty-nine female trout, stripped of spawn at this field station Nov. 26, 1896, were measured and weighed and the number of eggs yielded by each recorded. The girth, as given in the following table, was taken before the trout were stripped and with a scale which might not be regarded as entirely accurate, but approximately so. Some of these trout had apparently dropped part of their eggs before being captured:

Length in inches.	Girth in inches.	Weight lbs.	Weight ozs.	No of Eggs.
13	7	1		1,394
18	7½	2	6	2,665
10	7½		6½	492
11½	6½		8	615
17	11	2	1	2,563
17½	11	1	14½	2,358
8½	4		3	130
12½	7¼		11½	1,312
12½	7		10	820
11½	6¼		8	410
11½	6		8	615
10½	5½		6½	308
12	7		9½	820
16½	9	1	10½	923
11	6		8	615
13	6¾		11½	1,025
17	10	2	1	2,665
13	6½		11½	923
11½	6¼		11½	820
12	6		10	718
16	9½	1	9	1,845
10	5¾		6¼	656
16	10	1	14½	1,948
16¾	10½	1	12	2,563
14½	8	1	2½	1,845
13¾	7¾		14	1,074
16	8¾	1	8	1,845
17	10¼	2		2,665
15	9¾	1	8	1,948
Total for 29 trout....		31	6¾	38,580

The average weight of fish taken throughout the season will exceed that deduced from the above table, the males averaging in weight much more than the females. There is a very marked difference in the size of eggs of brook trout taken from different waters, and the size of the eggs does not depend upon the size of the fish. The variations in size of eggs taken at three field stations last season were in the proportions of 34, 41 and 42 to the square inch, respectively. The eggs numbering 34 and 42 to the square inch were taken from fish averaging five to the pound, while the eggs 41 to the square inch were taken from trout averaging over a pound each.

I will not discuss the subject now, but I believe that after successful field stations like those I operate have become permanently established, it will be advantageous to study the conditions surrounding the spawning grounds of each and see if the eggs do not require different conditions of water supply in artificial work, such as volume of water to each trough, etc., to produce the best results.

Utility.—In the collection of brook trout I have always borne in mind that eggs can be purchased at very low prices, after they have been brought to the eyed stage; in fact, it is difficult to attempt to compete with the commercial fishculturist in the cost of wild trout eggs laid down in the hatchery as eyed eggs, because the cost of eggs thus collected should not exceed the cost of the eggs of the domesticated trout, either being figured as eyed ova laid down in troughs where they are to be hatched; otherwise it would be expedient to buy eggs already eyed. There are some advantages about having the eggs of wild trout. The latter, if in suitable waters, would naturally be stronger fish than the inbred fish of the commercial hatchery. In answer to this argument, the commercial fishculturist will tell you that he frequently makes exchanges of eggs and fish and uses many precautions to keep up his stock of hardy fish. As a rule, the eggs of domesticated trout will eye and hatch a larger percentage than wild trout. Much depends, however, upon the facilities for taking the eggs of the latter, which means also the methods of taking the fish and retaining them until stripped. The lowest price I have been quoted by commercial fishculturists for eyed ova of brook trout is $0.70 per M. in lots of a million or more. To this price must be added expressage on the eggs to hatchery where they are to be propagated. To sum it up into one sentence, the utility of collecting wild trout spawn depends upon whether the cost of eggs thus collected is less than the cost of purchased eggs. Another point to be considered, is whether the spawn deposited naturally would yield a large percentage of fry.

I have mentioned a so-called "dry brook," in which the trout congregated in large numbers at one of my stations. One month before these fish ascended it, I personally examined it. It was then apparently a surface drain fed by a slight seepage of water from the muddy soil along its banks, but practically dry. I decided that it would be impossible for trout to ascend it, even during rain storms, and still believe that no spawn deposited in it would ever mature. I have visited several ponds where the trout cannot possibly ascend the feeding brooks until high water. When they do succeed in making the ascent, they have no time to prepare their beds, but must return to the lake in from twelve to twenty-four hours. The results from eggs naturally deposited in such places is practically valueless. In the case of lake spawners, the same spawning grounds where I operated were being cleaned by later spawning trout for a month after I discontinued my collections. The eggs of the fish I took, if deposited naturally, would have been eaten by the later comers or by the suckers and minnows which follow after them.

Many private clubs have well-stocked ponds and a man to look after them, and yet purchase eggs for restocking. The utility of saving the spawn going to waste in such places needs no further argument. The cost of wild trout eggs will vary, as a matter of course, and I have not found suitable or what I call paying stations without trying several which were afterward abandoned. I have not written this article to encourge competition with the commercial trout culturist, but to encourage a larger production of trout with the means available in State Commissions or private preserves. I am unable to say whether the collections made in this way are less expensive than carrying a stock of brood fish, as in vogue at State hatcheries and institutions of a similar character, but this method can be used to advantage as an auxiliary to such institutions.

POLLUTION OF THE POTOMAC RIVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The pollution of the water in the Potomac River, by pulp mills and tanneries, is a serious matter, that threatens the destruction of the black bass, the king fish of our fresh water streams, that affords healthful recreation to thousands, and supplies a most delicious article of food. But worse still, if these unsanitary conditions are allowed to continue, epidemics of typhoid fever and kindred diseases are sure to follow, endangering the lives of the citizens living along the river. Duri g my recent official visit of inspection along the Potomac the question of protection and propagation was almost overshadowed by the polluted condition of the river, and the indignation of the people against allowing pulp mills and tanneries to run their refuse into the river. From Piedmont to Cumberland, the water is very much discolored on account of the refuse from the tanneries at Piedmont. The color of the water is dark brown, and the odor emitted is very disagreeable. Bass fishing in this part of the river is a thing of the past, which fact is deplored by the residents.

Cumberland, the Queen City of Western Maryland, gets her water supply from the Potomac. This water is not fit for bathing and ordinary household uses, much less for drinking. I believe the authorities of Cumberland have gone to the Courts asking for an injunction, restraining the proprietors of certain manufacturing establishments from allowing impurities to run into the river. This is a move in the right direction, but, the proper thing to do will be to go before the Legislature next January and have a law enacted that will permanently abolish these abuses so far as Maryland is concerned. Then follow this up by going before the Legislature of West Virginia, the year following, and have that State pass a similar law for the Potomac River. Then the water will return to its pure, clear, sparkling, natural condition, and Cumberland will have as pure water as any city in the land.

From Cumberland to the South Branch the water was very much discolored; the tanneries at Paw Paw, W. Va., no doubt, assisting materially in the discoloration. It is an undeniable fact that bass are rarely caught in this stretch of the Potomac, the water being too impure for them to inhabit that part of the river. The water in the South Branch being pure, the conditions are better below where the North and South Branches unite; but the brownish color from the water in the North Branch may be seen as far down as Hancock. After leaving Hancock the water becomes clearer, improving gradually, and soon becomes clear. This condition continues until the pulp mills at Harper's Ferry are reached. These mills run all their refuse into the river; the chips and shavings float down and cling to the rocks, gravel beds and tufts of grass, driving the bass from their favorite haunts. The coloring matter in these chips and shavings is extracted by soaking in the water, so that the discoloration is quite perceptible; but, fortunately, the pure water from the Shenandoah, that empties into the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, neutralizes this impurity. From Harper's Ferry to Little Falls, near Washington, there are neither tanneries nor pulp mills, and it is here, and from Harper's Ferry to Hancock, that the best fishing is found. Along this distance of 150 miles of the romantic and picturesque Potomac, one of the finest natural bass streams in America, hundreds of the disciples of Sir Izaak Walton may be seen every day during the open bass season, whiling away the hours in healthful, manly sport, forgetting the cares of business and the anxieties of this busy world Hours pass like so many minutes. One's appetite takes on such a sharp edge that a cold lunch at midday is relished more than a swell dinner at a fine restaurant. When the club house, farm house or camp is reached at night, supper is hardly disposed of before Morpheus takes possession, and the ten hours of nature's greatest restorer—sweet sleep—that follow, rest the mind more than a dozen nights of broken, restless sleep at home. The sensation of a strike fills the angler's soul with joy, and landing a 3 or 4-pounder after a vigorous fight of five or ten minutes (such as bass only make)—well, I will not attempt to explain a "feller's feelin'"—you know how it is yourself, if you have ever landed one.

The Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association did a great work in bringing about legislation on the part of Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia for the protection of bass in the Potomac. The laws are vigorously and satisfactorily enforced. Transferring 15,000 bass from the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was another splendid scheme of the Association, that was made so successful by the great liberality of the Washington anglers. The Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association stands ready to continue the good work of protecting the bass in the Potomac—the anglers' paradise of Maryland.

Is it not a very serious matter to contemplate the possibility that unless the pollution of the Potomac is dealt with summarily, all the bass will disappear? Washington, the capital of this the greatest nation on earth, is supplied with drinking water from the Potomac, and the health of her citizens endangered. The impurities in the water are not so great as far down as Washington as they are higher up, but the conditions are bound to grow worse, unless the polluting substances that run into the river are stopped. Is it not a shame that the health of the citizens of a great city, the capital of a great republic, is menaced by the condition of the water they drink? I am told that this matter was brought before the last Congress, and a committee was appointed to see what power Congress has in the premises. If it is found that Congress has no jurisdiction in the matter, on account of the sovereign rights of Maryland and West Virginia, then let us hope that the United States Government will use her influence with the Legislatures of Maryland and West Virginia in securing legislation that will prohibit polluting the water in the Potomac. This will give the citizens of Washington an abundant supply of pure water, and the Potomac will become one of the greatest bass streams in America, that can never be depleted by legitimate angling.

GEO. W. MASSAMORE.

SEA MULLETS ON THE HOOK.

A GREAT catch of sea mullets is noted off the coast of North Carolina. These delicious fish made their appearance in Bogue Sound and adjacent waters on Sept. 3, and on that and the following day hundreds of barrels were netted by the crews of fishing vessels. Two hundred barrels were caught at Rice Path, 200 barrels at Bogue Chapel, 100 barrels at Bogue Inlet, 180 barrels at Brown's Inlet, and 200 barrels in the waters around Swansboro, all in Carteret county. The crews lost lots of their fish, spoiled from not having salt on hand.

Later on the mullets worked their way up Pamlico Sound into the Neuse River at New Berne, and a big school struck in at the Government dock, where the watchman and a friend happened to be fishing with hook and line, and greatly to their surprise began to bite freely. In a very short time they lifted out 190 of them, which measured from 5 to 10in. in length, and although subsequent attempts have repeatedly been made to catch them with bait, none have been seen or caught.

The episode is altogether phenomenal. The sea mullets are strictly pelagic fish, altogether different from the shore mullets, which are so generally utilized as bait by our anglers in Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, and are very toothsome and sweet. Only once before have they been known to appear in these waters in like manner. Indeed, they very seldom come into the land from the deep sea. Holbrook mentions a visitation of sea mullets in the Apalachicola River in September, 1871. Whenever they do strike into shoal water they prove to be bold biters, and will take shrimp, crab or cut-fish bait. Jordan classifies the two species as *Menticirrus albinus* and *M. littoralis*. They are nearly related to our Northern kingfish (*M. nebulosus*).

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Triton Club Trout Fishing.

MESSRS. CHENEY and Rathbone have returned from their fishing trip to the Triton Tract in Quebec. Mr. Cheney writes: "I think I had the best trout fishing I ever had in my life. We caught thirty five trout in Moise Lake weighing 117¼lbs.; Rathbone twelve of 44¼lbs, and I twenty-three of 73¾lbs. Ten of mine weighed 45½lbs., and ten of R.'s 41lbs. Twenty-five weighed 101¼lbs. We killed but thirty-four, one 2lb. fish I returned alive to the water, as we killed only what we could eat in camp, and as we got out of pork our four men and ourselves ate a good many trout. We saw seven caribou, but did not have a gun with us."

Men I Have Fished With.

MR. MATHER'S delightful sketches are soon to appear in book form. See announcement on another page, and register your name for a copy.

Death of Clarence M. Teller.

His many sportsmen friends will be pained to learn of the death of Clarence M. Teller, of Baltimore, which occurred on Sept. 13, under tragic circumstances thus related by the Baltimore *Sun*:

"Mr. Teller, was found dead shortly before 9 o'clock yesterday morning in a clump of bushes, near a little stream, on the Franklin road, about three miles northeast of Catonsville. The discovery was made by John Groot, who was one of a searching party which had been looking for Mr. Teller all of Monday night.

"Early Monday morning Mr. Teller left his home, telling his wife that he was going into the country to catch minnows, which he used for bait when fishing. He had made an appointment with Mr. Robert Grist to go fishing at Lake Roland Monday afternoon.

"When darkness set in and Mr. Teller had not returned home, his wife became alarmed. A number of friends started out in search of him, but not the slightest trace of his whereabouts could be found until Mr. Groot came across his fishing net and a small tin pail beside the stream.

"It was thought by the searching party that Mr. Teller had fallen into the stream and had been drowned, and the stream was dragged. Mr. Groot walked about 50ft. from the stream toward the woods, and there, beside a small sapling which had been cut down by Mr. Teller, lay the body. In Mr. Teller's right hand was tightly grasped a small saw, which had been used to cut down the sapling. He had been dead about twenty-four hours. A jury of inquest was summoned, it being made up of those who took part in the searching party. A verdict was rendered that Mr. Teller had died of heart disease."

Mr. Teller was born in Westchester county, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1826. He had lived long in Baltimore. He was one of the organizers of the Monroe (N. Y.) Ducking Club; he was well known in sportsmen's circles, and was a life-long subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM from the beginning of the paper in the early seventies.

Basswood Bass for Count Fishermen.

THE Toronto *Saturday Night* has some pertinent suggestions about the depletion of the Muskoka and other waters by score fishermen:

"The guides realize what is happening. They have seen the slaughterers at work day after day, week after week for years on Rosseau and Joseph lakes, until now bass are scarce there and people have to go out of the way for good fishing. But what can a guide do? Unless he will take his patrons to a place where they can haul fish out with both hands and make as fine a showing in a photograph as did some rival crowd, then he gets a black mark and other guides are preferred. To maintain his reputation and gain a livelihood, he is compelled to assist in the work of exterminating black bass, although his good sense rebels against it. I know as well as anybody how hard it is to quit fishing when you have caught the half-dozen that are really needed in the camp or cottage, but I know, too, that the real sportsman when he finds himself cut off from civilization, unable to make use of 100 fish, yet surrounded by shoals of them, will at once set himself the task of avoiding rather than capturing the average fish. He uses all his skill to elude the bass of 2lbs. and under, and tries for 5 or 6-pounders. He makes it a test of craft to do this.

"The hotel keepers in Muskoka should get some nice bass made out of basswood, for use in photographs. They could be of all sizes, and, by rearrangement, would look like different fish in each picture. There was a time when the fisherman lied about his catch, but now he produces a photograph; and perhaps it would have been as well had he continued to lie instead of becoming a slaughterer. His tall yarns were not believed, nor did they injure any one but himself; whereas his greed in catching canoe-loads of bass merely to use them in a photograph is injurious to the interests of all. There are, I believe, regulations that would, if enforced, prohibit, the wholesale destruction of bass, and in the interests of Muskoka's future as one of the finest pleasure resorts on the continent, something effectual should be devised and applied."

Little, but Everyone Counts—for a Fine.

HUDSON CENTER, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Von W. strikes the keynote in his article of Sept. 1 when he advocates throwing back the fingerlings. But my experience leads me to believe that our laws are violated oftener by men than by boys. It seems to be a mania with some to boast of the number of trout they have caught.

A short time ago I was on the cars on my way from Concord to Manchester, N. H. A man came into the smoker with his rod and trout basket. I entered into conversation with him (he was a man nearly sixty years old). He told me that his catch consisted of forty-odd trout. I convinced him that it was necessary for me to look his fish over; among them I found twenty-two small trout with their heads cut off. I arrested him and took him off the train at Manchester. I cut off the head of a larger trout, and by matching that to the smaller ones convicted him. His sentence was $40 and costs.

Our brook trout fishing has been about on an average this last season. The brooks have been full to overflowing all summer. We are anticipating fine fishing next season.

Landlocked salmon fishing has never been better. Black bass fishing has also been excellent. To-morrow, the 15th, the opening season commences on most of our game. The foliage was never so thick at this season of the year as at the present time. Deer are very plenty in the northern part of the State, with a fair sprinkling all over the State right up to the Massachusetts line. The law was repealed last winter that prohibited the use of ferrets, so that ferrets may be used lawfully in hunting the small gray rabbit. From what we can learn, there will be an average supply of ruffed grouse; woodcock never more plenty.

N. W.

Fishing on Tomahawk Lake.

MR. B. W. Sherman and wife, of Chicago, have just returned from their lodge on Tomahawk Lake, Wis., where they have been since July 1. On Aug. 31 Mr. Sherman landed two 'lunge's weighing 7 and 11lbs. On Sept. 6 Mrs. Sherman, after getting three alongside of the boat and losing them, landed one weighing 17lbs. On Sept 7 Mr. Sherman landed a 21-pounder; Mrs. Sherman landed, the same day, one weighing 21½lbs. and a 4lb. pike.

Mr. Sherman tells me that at no time since July 1 has the 'lunge fishing been so good as the time above mentioned.

A gentleman, whose name could not be obtained, landed a 39lb. 'lunge in Squaw Lake last week.

PATTI.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 4.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y, Danbury.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

MY DOGS.

My dogs and I have had our day, and the night has come to us all, first bringing rest and everlasting sleep to them one after another, then to me only the darkness of night, while the sun still warms me, the breath of summer is in my nostrils, and the sound of diurnal creatures' voices and movements is in my ears. I cannot undertake to say whether the dogs or I have the best of it, but only know that I have many pleasant memories of them which they may or may not have of me.

Most of these old friends and comrades lie here before me under the green turf of a narrow patch of brush intervale, between a great buttressed elm and an old butternut, each with a rude stone at his head, bearing his age and the date of his death. At least there were such inscriptions but the earliest may be weathered to illegibility.

This is a pleasant place to lie on a summer day with the brook bubbling over the pebbles and sending back its song in faint reverberation from the depths of its hidden passage beneath the rocks, the south wind whispering in the heavens overhead, a wood pewee singing its slow, drowsy song, a flicker lazily hammering a dead branch of the elm, and now and then a wandering bumble bee droning in and out of hearing.

It is a pleasant place for dogs to sleep, or a man to dream in, as I realize sitting between the buttresses of the elm, with the voices of breeze, brook, bird and bee lulling me to dreamy memories of my dogs.

I have an impression that the Society of Friends, to which our family belonged, bore tacit testimony against keeping an animal, which perhaps was considered useless, or worse, merely ornamental and taking to vanity, for in my early childhood no dog has slept at our house, nor do I remember seeing them at the homes of but few of the Friends whom we visited.

Our neighbor, Friend Wheeler, had a fat and very shaggy old black and white dog named Trusty, so staid of demeanor and so constant in attendance at First and Fifth day meetings with his master, that it seemed to me he must be a birthright member among Friends, though the strangely contrasted colors of his coat were quite "out of plainness." He, lying at his master's feet and enduring as quietly as any of us, the largest silent meeting, was the only one of his race that I ever saw there.

My first intimate acquaintance with a dog began when I was about ten years old, and my eldest brother, who was many years my senior, bought a puppy at weaning age. When he went to get her at McNeil's Ferry, he took me with him. To me it was like a journey into a far country, passing along strange roads, by the dwellings of unknown inhabitants, and coming at last to the lake, which awed me with its greatness, so near me and stretching away northward to the sky and to unguessed mysteries beyond the blue rims of lake and sky, where shining sails arose or sank. The ferry-boat, propelled by horse-power, came wallowing across from the further shore, where the spires of Essex shone, and there was a bustle of arrival, and again of departure.

My brother left me to the contemplation of these strange scenes while he went for the puppy, with which he presently returned, and leaving her in my charge went away again on some affair of his own in the neighborhood. She was a cunning little formless bunch of brindle and white, and charmed me at sight. I was too much absorbed in watching her untrained gambols and in bringing her back from perilous explorations of the roadway to the safety of the sidewalk to note for a while how time sped, or to feel lonesome, till the shadows shortened to noon and I felt internal indications of the hour, and began to realize that I was a very small boy, very much alone in a strange neighborhood. Then there came to my ears from some outbuildings not far off, the angry baying of a dog, which I doubted not was the puppy's mother coming in search of her stolen baby, nor that she would hesitate to tear a small boy to pieces if she found one in possession of it. I might leave the puppy and fly for my life, but I felt that it would be dishonorable to prove unfaithful to my charge. The paling of a beautiful garden ran close beside me, but I could not get the puppy over it, much less myself. There was not a soul in sight to help, for every one had gone to dinner but the puppy and I, and how I wished that we had. There seemed but one way of saving both, and I hesitated but a moment to adopt it.

Clasping the puppy tightly in my arms, I fled as fast as my legs would carry me to the great house to which the garden belonged, and bolted in at the first door I came to without the ceremony of knocking. I found myself in the presence of two or three ladies, who must have been greatly surprised at the sudden appearance of a scared little boy and a puppy, but they received us very kindly, and gave us food and assurance of safety, and then took me through the greenhouse, where I remember there was a fig tree in bearing, and I was taken to the garden, which with its profusion of those rare flowers was the wonder and admiration of the countryside. Under the guardianship of the owner, Mr. McNeil, who treated us with great consideration, I wandered with my smaller companion in my arms, feasting my eyes on the beauties of the place till my long-lost brother returned and somehow found me, and magnanimously forgave me for running away from him. I was thankful enough when we were in the wagon and whirling away from the dangerous precincts, which I was glad to quit in spite of their wonders and rich beauties. The winsome puppy conquered the anti-canine prejudices of our family at sight, and immediately became a great favorite. She was named Juno, and except for an occasional youthful indiscretion such as killing a fowl or chewing up a shoe, she never did aught unworthy of her great name. She was called a bull terrier by her breeder, who no doubt believed her to be of that breed, and there was no one to contradict him in a community all unlearned in dog lore. She was considerably above medium size, her color brindle with white breast and feet, her eyes clear and kindly, the undershot of her jaw just enough to give a spice of sauciness to her intelligent countenance, which had no expression of ferocity, nor had she, as I remember, a single characteristic of the bull terrier, save indomitable courage.

She developed an especial fondness for gingersnaps and hickory nuts, and the clatter of one or the cracking of the other always awakened her liveliest interest. She got the notion that she must have a pillow of some sort when she slept, and when lying in the house would rest her head on the lower round of a chair. If the chair was moved she would still hold up her head, waiting for it to be replaced. She was a vigilant watch dog, but never meddled with any one who kept his hands off our belongings. One day our neighbor, the doctor, came to borrow a spade, and there being no man about to get it for him, he began searching the hallways for it. Juno followed him wherever he went, and when he found the spade and took it, she laid hold of his trousers leg and held him until he dropped the tool, when she at once chased him. She had a numerous progeny, but left none worthy to fill her place. When not having lived out more than half the allotted years of a dog, she passed into whatever hereafter is allotted to these most faithful and affectionate friends of man. There were many days of mourning in our house when her life ceased to be a part of ours, and her memory is fondly cherished by the two members of our family who have fifty years outlived her.

ROWLAND E ROBINSON.

THE NORTHWESTERN TRIALS.

THE champion stake of the Northwestern Field Trials Club was run on Thursday afternoon and Friday forenoon, Sept. 9–10. There were fourteen starters, all famous dogs, and so well known that the particulars concerning owners, handlers, etc., are unnecessary here. Many of them were given in the report of the trials of the previous two weeks.

The conditions in part were favorable for good work. That is, the weather was all that could be desired. The conditions in respect to birds and competition on them were very unfavorable. Birds were scarce and, therefore, there was great difficulty in testing pointing and locating.

Messrs Thomas Johnson and B. Waters judged. Most of the competitors were satisfied with the judging. In fact, they were pleased to say it was well done.

Ann of Abbottsford, a winner in the previous trials, and heretofore described in that connection, won after a most thorough contest. Her honors were not won cheaply. The last heat, between her and Ortolan, would be a most punishing one to the average dog, but they went through it without the slightest distress or lessening of effort. Ann made a most excellent showing, as is more fully mentioned in the report of the final heat.

Following is the order of drawing: Tick's Kid with Ortolan. Elgin's Dash with Prince Rupert. Dodo III. with Hurstbourne Zip. Sam's Beau with Christina. Swab with Tony Gale. Ann of Abbottsford with Pearl R. Sam T. with Sport McA.

Sam's Beau was bitten in the leg and lamed after he was entered. Sam T. was suffering from a badly injured eye and was withdrawn. This necessitated changing the order of running.

The prize was a silver cup and a diploma. The conditions were that a dog to be eligible must have been a first or second prize winner in a recognized field trial. No entrance fee.

First Round.

TICK'S KID AND ORTOLAN were started at 1:32. No birds were found in the forty-seven minutes they ran. Ortolan was far the better ranger. As the ground was very unfavorable, part of it mowed, part being stubble, and the rest known to be without birds, the judges considered it an unfinished heat and took both dogs in the next round for further trial.

ELGIN'S DASH AND PRINCE RUPERT ran thirty minutes, beginning at 2:22. No birds were found. Prince ranged irregularly. Dash ranged with poor judgment and pottered betimes, though he showed good speed.

DODO III. AND HURSTBOURNE ZIP started at 2:56. Dodo pointed a single and Zip backed. Dodo flushed a single. Zip made a point and a flush on single birds. Zip at times frittered away effort on false scent. Both ranged middling well. Up at 3:36.

CHRISTINA AND SWAB started at 3:45. Down 27 minutes. Their range was middling and about alike. No birds found. They classed better than ordinary.

ANN OF ABBOTTSFORD AND SPORT MCA. began at 4:14. Sport, some distance away, flushed and chased. He was wild and lawless. Ann roaded and pointed well some running birds. Sport made a poor point on a single. He, much of the time, ranged out of bounds heedless of the gun. Ann showed good judgment in beating out her ground. Up at 4:34.

TONY GALE AND PEARL R. were cast off at 4:39. Tony pointed a single; Pearl backed. Sent on. Tony pointed; Pearl backed unsteadily, then went in ahead. Nothing found. Next, Pearl pointed an old bird well. Gale drew and pointed on a sparrow. He wasted time now and then, stopping on gophers and other trifles. Pearl ranged well, though showing a frivolous behaviour at times. Gale ranged with inferior judgment. Up at 5:07.

Second Round.

Eight dogs were retained in the running, some of which were continued because their trials had not been satisfactorily complete in the first round, some because they were considered better than others. It will thus be noted that the retaining of dogs in the second round did not necessarily imply that they were all better than some left out; it implied only that they had not had so complete a trial as the judges desired that they should have. This will probably set some people right, who thought they knew a thing or two more than the judges did about the matter.

TICK'S KID AND DODO III. started at 5:21. They ran 7 minutes, ranging close and idling. Dodo was not well.

ORTOLAN AND HURSTBOURNE ZIP were cast off at 5:30. Ortolan made a point to which nothing was found. Next she found and pointed a bevy. It was quite a good piece of work. She far outranged and outworked Zip, so much so that he was hopelessly out of it. Down 17 minutes.

ANN OF ABBOTTSFORD AND CHRISTINA were cast off at 6:01. Ann roaded and pointed an old bird, which was lying very close, and which puzzled her not a little to locate. Christina roaded and pointed, but did not have the birds accurately located. As her handler walked up to her he flushed two birds. Up at 6:24. Ann showed much the better range and judgment. Christina ranged well and made a good showing, but was distinctly outclassed.

SWAB AND PEARL R. started at 6:25 and ran 17 minutes. Swab flushed a single. Pearl was the better ranger, and showed a higher class form of work.

Third Round.

Three dogs were in this round, of which one was Pearl R.

Friday.

The weather was clear, cool and pleasant, an ideal morning for field trial competition. Ann and Pearl were to run together, but Pearl did not appear, though the judges waited 48 minutes for her.

Final.

ANN OF ABBOTTSFORD AND ORTOLAN.—This heat was most thoroughly contested, and was an extraordinary exhibition of range and endurance. It was truly an admirable finish, and sustained well the purposes of the stake. The dogs were cast off at 9:09, and the course was up wind in open prairie. Each dog at once started vigorously, and they worked with perfect independence of each other. Ortolan found and pointed a single bird well, and was steady to shot. Next Ortolan made a most vigorous chase after a jack rabbit, but it did not in the least exhaust her; for she kept on seeking birds without any lessening of pace or range. At the same time Ann pointed and chased the bird when it flushed. At this stage the heat was in favor of Ortolan. By strict attention to her work and doing it well, Ann redeemed her chances later. Ann came back and dropped near where she had pointed; as her handler walked up to her he flushed a bird. Sent on. Ann, by beating out a lot of ground, found and pointed a bevy well. She was steady to shot. They were both ranging out well. Ortolano pointed. Ann coming in about 50yds. ahead and to one side, pointed independently. Ortolan left her point, took a short cast, took the scent again and drew straight up wind to flush on a single. Sent on, Ann went on and located the rest of the birds 50 or 60yds. ahead. Ortolan was completely outworked on these birds. Sent on. Birds were very difficult to find, and in their eager search both dogs were casting wider and wider. Neither wasted any time on gophers or small birds. They ranged intelligently and were much alike as to range and speed, but Ann had greater ability in finding. Sometimes they were fully a mile away, though it was the opinion of some that they were two miles away. Ann, coming in from a long cast, pointed and held her point stanchly till her handler went up to her. She had a bevy to her point, and the heat here ended. Time, 10:39. Down 1 hour and 30 minutes. It was one of the very best heats ever run in a field trial on chickens, and, so far as it is within my knowledge, it is the best one run on chickens, considering the equality of speed and range, the great area of ground covered, and the energetic searching displayed from start to finish. It required unlimited pluck to run under the discouraging condition of a dearth of birds. Few dogs have the heart to work so continuously with so little reward for their efforts. Many dogs will work when they can find with a reasonable degree of effort. Few will work when so many miles of prairie must needs be covered to show any results in finding. It was a great race and an admirable finish to a champion stake. On point Ann was lacking in style, but not in purpose. When the heat ended both dogs were going vigorously, and showed no intention of quitting. Both handlers and dogs were applauded generously at the conclusion.

Dogs of the Day.—II.

THERE is a new member of the life guards at Windsor Park Beach. He does not draw a salary nor does he wear any man's collar.

To be sure, the law compels him to own a small tag with a number on it, but it is locked up in a box, for neither dog catcher nor policeman would lay his unhallowed hands on Sir Cæsar, the life-saver. He is a splendid St. Bernard, belonging to Capt. Billie Johnson, the famous oarsman and swimmer, who is on duty day and night to rescue the imperilled bathers at Windsor Park Beach.

Cæsar is now regularly installed as a member of the life-saving crew, having finished the preliminary training. Far out into the lake he can carry the heavy life-line in his powerful jaws, for his fat gives him marvellous buoyancy and his great strength the finest propelling power. His legs are as strong as a lion's and as tireless as the flippers of a seal. He has learned to plunge out to the side of an exhausted swimmer and by a rapid maneuver face the shore and wait for the drowning man to clutch, and then paddle with all speed to the shore. Capt. Billie has taken infinite pains to teach him this trick, as untrained animals, in their eagerness to save, are apt to grasp a drowning man and force him under water with their heavy paws.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Dogs of the Day.—III.

STRANGE dogs create such a disturbance in the Central Park menagerie that every effort is made to keep them out. The animals in the cages are made nervous and restless by them. It was knowledge of this that caused head keeper Shannon to run to the Arsenal for his gun this morning when he saw a small dog in the lion house. The dog was running about, and had apparently been there all night.

The dog was not large, but it was plucky; and when it awoke this morning it ran straight to the hippopotamus cage and barked at Caliph, the big hippo. That animal swung its head around close to the edge of the cage and the dog ran away. When Shannon opened the door the dog ran past him and toward the rabbit pen. He barked at the rabbits until he had frightened them half to death. Then Shannon came back with his gun. The dog saw him and ran at him, but the keeper fired and the dog rolled over dead.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

As a testimonial of appreciation and approval, the Western Canada Kennel Club presented a gold locket to Mr. Frank Richards for his courtesy in judging their amateur trials at Lasalle, Manitoba, recently. One side of it bore his monogram, the other an inscription commemorative of the event. It was valuable in itself, and still more valuable to Mr. Richards, from its pleasant associations.

The recent trials in Manitoba have fully demonstrated that the dates in the last of August and early September are too early. The weather then is too hot, much of the grain is uncut, and the birds, having sufficient food in the open prairie, have not settled down to any fixed habitat with reference to a food supply in the grain fields. There is, of course, at a later date, the disadvantage of a diminished supply of birds caused by the shooting, but this could be guarded against by securing control of a large section of chicken country and preserving it.

Mr. Edward Dexter, patron of the Northwestern Field Trials Club, has donated a $200 cup for the club's next champion stake. This should excite the keenest competition, as it is one of the most valuable trophies, if not quite the most valuable, ever offered for field trial competition.

The *St. Louis Republic* reports the death of Towser, a tramp dog, famous in the city of East St. Louis. Towser, though of mature years and large experience, died a drunkard's death. He made his haunts mostly around the great East St. Louis railroad yards, and in his way besought beer of the railroad men, and saloon keepers thereabouts and he was not averse to a dram of whiskey now and then when he "felt so dispoged," *à la Sairy Gamp*. He refused water quietly but firmly, and so he lived a drunkard's life till a few days ago, when, being drunker than usual, he toddled athwart the course of a switch engine and was cut in two. His sudden cutting off in the prime of his pleasure should be a warning to all dogs of bibulous habits.

Sir Everett Millais, Bart., died Sept. 9, at Littleton House, Shepperton, England. Death was caused by inflammation of the lungs. He was well known as a writer on kennel subjects. "Rational Breeding" and "Two Problems of Reproduction," are his best known works. At one time he was a member of the Kennel Club.

Volume XVI. of the Greyhound Stud Book, published by Horace Cox, "Field" office, London, contains the addresses of coursing secretaries, judges, slippers, etc., coursing fixtures, of '97 and '98, pedigrees of winning greyhounds, review of the coursing season, registrations, winners of the Waterloo cup, purse and plate, portraits of celebrated coursers, and a vast amount of other information pertaining to coursers and coursing. It is invaluable to all who desire to be up to date in coursing matters.

In our advertising columns the Eastern Field Trials Club calls attention to its All-Age and Subscription Stakes for setters and pointers. Entries positively close on Oct. 1. The judges are Messrs. Arthur Merriman and S. C. Bradley.

Those who contemplate showing their dogs at the bench show of the Danbury Agricultural Society should bear in mind that the entries close on Sept. 27. G M. Rundle, Sec'y, Danbury, Conn.

The Huber Buffalo Herd.

DURAND, Wis., Sept. 12.—Albert and Charles Huber, living a few miles south of this city, have a herd of about twenty-five full-blooded bison and some eighteen crossed bulls and heifers. About six years ago they were hunting in the western part of North Dakota, and captured alive three young bison, a bull and two cows, and these they brought to their farm here. The animals grew and thrived amazingly, and are pastured in an inclosure of about 400 acres running down to the valley of Rose Creek, where they have ample room and shelter.

Experiments were made early with crossed breeds, and it has now been found that the cross is very successful, the half breeds combining the docility of the domestic animals with the endurance and large size of the bison. They are also very fine fur producers, and grow to maturity in less time than domestic cattle. The flesh of crossed animals is very palatable, and the fur has all the qualities of that of the bison, and is softer and more silky. The crossed bloods can stand far more exposure in winter than can the native cow. The Hubers believe they have a fortune in their herd if they can continue its increase a few years longer.—*New York Sun.*

The Ways of Snakes.

A FEW weeks ago I went into a woods with my rifle to look for a squirrel, and the first thing that attracted my attention was a blacksnake, about 15ft. high on an oak tree. The tree trunk was nearly 18in. in diameter and free of limbs and knots for something like 50ft. The top, however, was broken out, leaving a small stub of dead wood among the green limbs. The snake had evidently been up there after something to eat in the shape of young squirrels, mice or birds. Whether he found anything or not, he was now coming down very leisurely, and seemingly with as much ease and safety as he would crawl on the ground. I noticed that his body lapped back and forth across the tree trunk a distance of probably 12in., and evidently that was the secret of his being able to hold on. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Good Words About Some Good Things.

Since Nov. 20, 1896, I have been living in a board cabin in the mountains of Polk county, Ark., engaged with three partners in trying to develop some rose quartz (supposed to be) gold mining claims, which will be my excuse for my long silence, but my family in Topeka forwarded the FOREST AND STREAM to my nearest post office, fourteen miles away, and you cannot imagine what a welcome visitor it was, and as a roll of four at a time was usually sent me by my family, it furnished us each one, and there was no other business before us on Sundays but to read the FOREST AND STREAM and to discuss the merits of its most excellent pages. W. F. R.

I HAVE been up the country fishing, about 1,500 miles, in Wisconsin during the summer, and bought single copies. I did not read a paper of any kind for three weeks (was between heaven and earth, you see), and then ransacked the news stands at Baraboo, Wis.; the Union Depot, Chicago; Union Depot, Kansas City, and all over Dallas, Tex., for back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, I finally found them at a place in Dallas, and bought all they had. E. R. EMERY.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirabl

A PERILOUS RIDE.

An Allegheny Mountain Camp-fire Story.

ONE day last October, in the course of a wheeling tour amid the Alleghenies, I found myself in the Chipmunk Field, one of those new districts in the oil country, which, despite all efforts to prevent overproduction, are continually being discovered and developed. The Chipmunk is a small creek flowing down a rapidly descending valley to the Allegheny River, at its head, not over eight miles from Bradford, the metropolis of the oil regions, yet up to last year wholly undeveloped. Oil was struck there twenty years ago, rich, too, but the well was bought up by shrewd operators, and reported a "dry hole, which prevented development until last year, when a "gusher" was struck, and before the operators in Bradford "got on to it" sufficiently to buy and plug it, the news leaked out, and there was a perfect stampede to the new field.

When I was there the boom was new. Looking up the valley, you saw little but great black derricks above the little village of board shanties that had sprung up in a day.

Engaging lodging for the night at McCaffrey's, the only plastered house in the place, and stabling my wheel under an apple tree in the front yard, I went for a stroll up the valley. Passing the Chipmunk Emporium, the Gasser Saloon and Bijou Café (the latter closed and bearing on its door the striking legend: "Dry Hole; ask the Sheriff"), I came to a shanty that bore this sign in letters so large as to cover the entire front.

GUSHER CIGAR FACTORY.
Manufacturers of
THE CHIPMUNK GUSHER CIGAR.
Wholesale and Retail.

I asked the proprietor if I might take a snap shot of it. "Cert," said he.

Just as I pressed the button a thick voice cried from the Gusher Saloon, diagonally across the way: "Hi, Bill, here's a wheelin' dude takin' picters. Come an' hev your'n took."

"Mine too," chorused several more. "And the dawgs," piped another voice; and so it happened that very soon four representative citizens of Chipmunk, with three dogs—a bull, a mastiff and a cross between the two—were looking into the muzzle of my camera.

Wandering on, with eyes and ears open, I came soon to a section where many wells were in operation. It seemed a sort of portico of Hades; Dante's approach to the inferno might have been copied from it. A vile odor of gas filled the air. Crude oil, green colored, ill-smelling, floated on the roadside pools and glided serpent-like over the bosom of a little brook trickling down to join the Chipmunk. In many cases the grass and weeds for rods around the well had been killed by an overflow of the vile stuff. In places stand pipes, fed by gas from the wells, emitted a roaring flame, while the creaking and groaning of the pumping machinery sounded like the wailing of lost souls.

The pumps are quite primitive, being composed in most cases of a huge wooden beam working on a pivot fixed in an upright, one end of the beam being attached to the pump piston in the well, the other moved by a small steam engine. Sometimes this engine is placed in a central house and works several pumps by means of rods extending across wide fields, like an octopus's arms.

Having walked, I suppose, two miles up the valley, I grew fatigued, and threw myself under a spreading oak to rest. I had nearly fallen asleep when there arose down the valley such a rattling and thumping that I was wide awake in an instant, feeling sure that something out of the ordinary was coming, and soon I espied a very peculiar vehicle of funereal aspect approaching—a heavy wagon with covered box painted black, and drawn by two ancient, lop-eared horses. A little, weazened old man with a quizzical expression on his hatchet-shaped face, filled the driver's seat.

"Good day," said I.

"G'd day," said he, pulling up.

"How far to Colegrove?" I queried.

"About a mile," says he; "I'm a-goin' there; jump in."

An odd smile stole over his face as he spoke, but disregarding it, I 'jumped in" with alacrity.

"I never saw a well shot," I remarked, by way of opening conversation.

"I hev," he replied, with decision.

"It must be an exciting and dangerous business," I continued.

"Wal, now, it is, and then agen, it ain't I hev known torpedo shooters die with their boots on, but a right smart chance of 'em dies in their beds like or'nary folks. There was Bill Wirt Sykes, now, shot more wells than any man in the oil country; but he got picked up at last, Bill did—an' they couldn't find pieces enough to hold a funeral over."

"How was it?" I asked.

"Well, you see, Bill was engaged to shoot No. 6, over in Wildcat Run. No. 6 was a gasser, an' when Bill let the fust ca'tridge down she only sunk about 500ft. an' then begun to rise. You see, the gas had got a 150lb. pressure under her, an' was a-hoistin' her, anchor an' all.

"'My God, boys, scatter,' ses Bill, 'she's comin' up.' Everybody got but Bill, he stood by to catch her as she came up, because if she shot up out of that hole and fell back she was bound to explode an' wreck everything. Well, Bill caught her all right, an' went to set her down on the pile; but somehow he fouled the anchor, or set her down too hard, or the anchor slid off and hit another ca'tridge—nobody knows exactly how it was—all we knew was, there was a slap in our faces, an' nothin' but a hole in the ground where, a minute before, had stood a 90ft. derrick, an engine house, two horses an' wagon, 150 quarts o' nitro glycerine, an' Bill Wirt Sykes. As I was sayin', we couldn't find pieces enough of Bill to hold a funeral."

"How very exciting," said I.

"Agin take me—I've shot a thousan' wells an' never an' accident. Fact, or it is Bill's time had come, an' when a man's time's called he's a goin', no matter whether he's drivin' a glycerine cart or playin' the dude roun' wimmin in a tennis court."

"Of course," said I. "Who is greater than his fate. But what is a glycerine cart?"

"Why, don't you know?" he replied. "Wal, I'll tell you. It takes from 100 to 150 quarts o' glycerine to shoot a well, an' if it's within two days' drive of the works, the stuff's always taken there in a covered wagon with a team. Pretty risky business? Well, a little. Still there was Abe Glacken followed it twenty years without an accident; then he had a pretty bad one."

"What was it?" I asked, as my companion paused.

"Wal, Abe had two horses that he allers drove to his cart—Pete an' Satan, a white an' a black. Some folks say a white horse fer luck an' some say a black. Reasons Abe, 'I'll hev both, an' sure to hit it.' Wal, for twenty years Pete an' Satan plodded over the mountain steddy an' reliable as the sun an' moon. But one onlucky day in the Devil's Elbow on Shirley Mountain, Driftwood Creek roarin' 400ft. below, a swarm o' bees follerin' their queen lighted on Pete's neck, an' what with his plungin' and snortin' soon began to sting both horses pretty bad. You couldn't expect flesh an' blood to stan' that, and for the first time Pete an' Satan bolted. As luck would have it, old Doc Killam from town, with his nigger driver and span, was in the crook of the Elbow. For nigh twenty years Doc had kept the undertakers busy, an' now his time was come. The boy heard the racket above, an' reined his outfit jist as near the edge of the precipice as he dared. Abe saw the trick, an' drew in to the mountain wall close as he dared, hopin' to pass; but 'twant to be—his off fore-wheel hit a protrudin' rock jist as he got abreast of the Doc: there was a crash, and a second one enough sight bigger, an' then all there was left was about five square rods of broken rock piled in the road an' rushin' down into Driftwood. No, sir. They didn't git a shred of anybody—Doc, the nigger, Abe, four horses—jist went into thin air."

The road grew rougher and rougher as we advanced. Hollows, mud puddles, ruts, stumps, and protruding roots obstructed it. In places attempts had been made to repair it by dumping stone in the hollows, but without much success. Over these the wagon rattled and bumped, my companion meantime whistling a merry tune.

"Someone said a well was to be shot up the valley this afternoon," I remarked after a time.

"Yes," said he, "I'm on my way there with the stuff now."

Well, my heart nearly stopped beating.

"Heavens, man! You don't mean to say you've got 150 quarts of nitro-glycerine in this box, do you?" I cried as soon as I could speak.

"That's the cold fact, squire," said he, nonchalantly.

I gave one leap from that box, and I didn't stop running till I was safe beside my wheel under the apple tree in McCaffrey's front yard. CHARLES BURR TODD.

THE annual report of the Long Island R R. Co. notes that the influence of the bicycle in building up suburban resorts and encouraging the building of good roads has been very marked during the past year. Many towns are building macadam roads, and in the near future Long Island will have a perfect system of highways. The results are seen in the great popularity of Long Island for bicycle tours and in the large numbers of wheels handled on the trains. During this season more than 100,000 wheels will have been carried as baggage. The railroad invites this business, and has organized a special department to supervise generally the needs of cyclists and to aid and encourage the building of good roads and cycle paths.

An Administration of Herb Tea.

THE Prince of a small German State, reports a German paper, whose ambition it was to do the grand, if only on a small scale, had invited a number of gentlemen to go on a deer-stalking expedition. Everything promised well. The weather was superb, and the company was in the best of spirits, when the head forester approached the petty monarch, and, lifting his green cap, said in faltering tones: "Your Highness, there can be no hunting to-day." "Why not?" was the stern rejoinder. "Alas! your Highness, one of the stags took a fright at the sight of so many people and has escaped into the adjoining territory, and the other stag has been ill since yesterday. But your Highness must not be angry—it is most likely nothing worse than a bad cold. We have given it some herb tea and hope to get it on its legs again in a few day."

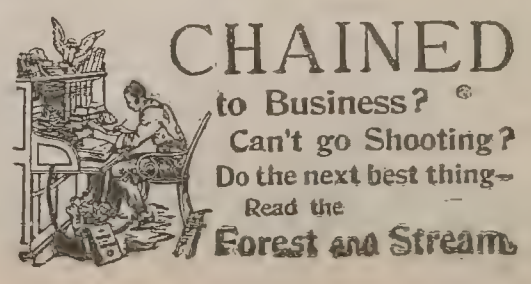
Rifle and Man.

A WRITER in No. 10 of the present volume of this paper takes me to task for saying "A man should hit a running deer within a circle whose diameter is the width of the deer's body, and at any distance his gun will shoot accurately." He did not quote all I said on that point. Furthermore, he must know there are exceptions to all rules. Not long ago I said "two men might meet in the woods and exchange guns to their mutual advantage." Now, after I add the opinion that a medium-sized man can hit a running deer in the forest twice with a .38-40-24in. barreled Winchester, to once with a .50-95-26in. barreled Winchester. I will give my case to the jury. G. W. CONNINGHAM.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsmen for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.



THE story may be old, but it is worth repeating. It concerns the native Florida hog, known as the razorback. A resident was taking a visiting friend out driving one day and showing him the sights, when they came across a hog rubbing himself up against a telegraph pole.

"What do you call that animal?" inquired the friend, never having seen one of the like before.

"Why, that is a 'razorback'—a Florida hog," was the reply.

"Yes, but what is he doing rubbing against the pole?" was asked.

"Oh, he's merely stropping himself," replied the Floridian. —*Florida Citizen.*

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

Copies of the FOREST AND STREAM *race report blanks, for recording and reporting races, will be sent to all clubs requesting them.*

YACHT RACING FIXTURES 1897.

THE following list of fixtures has been compiled from many different sources, some of them not official, and it may contain some errors. We shall be glad to have notice of corrections and additions.

Races of the Sound Y. R. U. are marked with the letter S; those of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. with the letter M:

SEPTEMBER.

25-26. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Dillon's Point, San Francisco.
25. Buffalo, closing cruise, Lake Erie.
25. American, closing race, Newburyport.

OCTOBER.

9. Miramichi, Gould cup, Chatham, N. B.
9-10. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Corinthian Cove, San Francisco.
16. Cor. San Francisco, closing day, San Francisco.
17. Cor. San Francisco squadron, cruise, San Franc'sco.

THE period for the acceptance of challenges without preference to priority for the Seawanhaka International Cup closed on Saturday last. A challenge has been received from the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., and it is reported that one has also been received from an English yacht club in behalf of Mr. J. Arthur Brand.

THERE is a promise of good sport next season in the news that the new class of restricted 51-footers is really true, and that a number of these yachts will be built and raced, just as the 30-footers have been for two years. The new yachts will be within the regular limits of the 51ft. class, but special restrictions will be imposed with a view of producing something better than the extreme racing machine. In model, they will show a positive S-section, like Colonia, Vigilant and Gloriana, in place of the fin; and there will be 6ft. of headroom under the carlins of a flush deck. The sail plans will be moderate, and there will be limitations compelling each yacht to carry a *bona fide* cruising outfit in the races, with skylights and hatches in place. The rules will be such as to produce a yacht on board of which the owner can live while racing, to prevent outbuilding in a single season, and to make it possible to race without the often useless labor of stripping.

The Herreshoff Mfg. Co. will probably build seven—all of one design—like the 30-footers, but the class will be open to other designs. It is probable that seven to ten yachts will be built for 1898.

The class will sail all the spring races about New York, then go to Newport for continued racing through the season, and will take part in the New York Y. C. cruise.

The present yachts of the 51ft. class—Syce, Kestrel and Vencedor—will, of course, meet the new boats in some races.

DURING the summer the special committee on organization appointed at the conference of yachtsmen last May has been steadily at work, and the result of its labors is now ready for sending out to the different clubs for approval or suggestion. The committee has drawn up articles of association for the proposed body, and also racing rules, with the exception of a measurement and classification rule, toward which, as decided at the meeting, nothing definite has yet been done. The papers will be sent out and a meeting will be called some time next month, at which it is hoped that a permanent plan of organization will be adopted and officers elected.

IN going out of its special field to discuss yachting matters, the *Amateur Athlete* gets very much over its head, as follows:

The ingenuousness of the average Canadian is something wonderful to behold. He has a manner of reasoning that would puzzle a Schopenhauer to divine. Now that Our Lady of the Snows, or poetic words to that effect, has succeeded in retaining her grip on the Seawanhaka cup, she calmly announces that precedence in challenging next year will be given to anyone and everyone but United States yachtsmen, and all because we failed to win back our trophy last month! Why not try this argument in connection with challenges leveled against us for possession of the America's Cup? Would it not be all right to tell Lord Dunraven and the rest of his clan that the Ahkoond of Swat would have first call on the Cup, and after that the Fiji Islands' claim would be considered? We have tried but once to get back the Seawanhaka cup, and yet we are now classed away down the line by the august Canucks. England, on the other hand—or other side, rather—has been trying from time immemorial to get back her coveted mug, and yet we do not turn aside in disdain; in fact, we are just looking for that sort of trouble all the time. There is but one inference to be drawn from Canada's action regarding the Seawanhaka cup. She's afraid.

This is not only utter trash, but it is untrue in every particular; the new stipulation concerning the reception of challenges originated, if we remember, with the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.; at any rate, the two clubs were in perfect agreement as to the necessity for a change. No preference is given to any nation or club, the arrangement is simply that the holder of the cup may select at will from all challenges received within the first thirty days after the final race, thus putting clubs at a distance on the same footing as those near at hand. The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has already put in its challenge within the thirty days, and is anxious to try again for the cup, but many of the members are quite willing to see the preference given to a trans-Atlantic challenger, believing that it will increase the interest in the contests for the cup and make it more thoroughly international.

The New Measurement Formula.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to the new measurement formula proposed in FOREST AND STREAM of July 31, I agree to first, second and third of the preliminary as stated, and as qualified in the issue of Sept. 11. Concerning the consideration of the measurement rule:

First—A measurement rule is intended to encourage the development of a safe, roomy, speedy, easily handled boat, and I agree that this is desirable theoretically, but believe it to have been proven impracticable by experience heretofore obtained, and suggest instead that the honest and manly way for yacht owners and yacht designers to do is to acknowledge that racing boats are built only for racing, which is really what is done, and would therefore modify "a" so as read:

(a) To determine whether or not a yacht belongs in a certain racing class.
(b) Admitted.
(c) Admitted.
(d) Admitted.

Second—"What elements of the yacht should be considered if the suggestion of 'a' is taken into consideration?" The only element that should be considered, in my opinion, is that of sail area.

All measurement rules are used to determine a factor of relative size from which the allowance of time from the larger to the smaller yacht is calculated; the only rational element in such a measurement then, is sail area, because sails propel the yacht through the action of the wind, and all other elements retard its motion, and in their sum form the resistance. This subject is treated by Sextant in the issue of Aug. 21 in part and illustrates one of the principal fallacies when he says: "In the speed that comes from length, sail area is an important and inseparable factor." If any speed comes in such a way it would be possible by obtaining sufficient length to obtain unlimited speed, for if any speed at all comes from length there should be no limit to that speed if the length is unlimited. Speed is the result of the action of the wind on the sails overcoming the resistance of the hull to motion through or over the water, and the fact in regard to resistance is that length is only a minor consideration. The facts, as deduced by thousands of tank experiments, are that the resistance offered to the passage of the yacht through the water are:

(1) The frictional resistance of the immersed surface (skin friction).

(2) The resistance of the particles of water to displacement as evidenced (a) by the formation and maintenance of waves, (b) by the tendency to produce a partial vacuum wherever angles exist, except at the entrance.

The skin friction of a clean-painted surface at a speed of 10 knots for a length of 12ft. is 0.75lbs. per square foot, and for a length of from 300 to 600ft. and at the same speed, is 0.60lbs. per square foot; therefore, this resistance is practically independent of length. The wave-making resistance cannot be expressed by any formula for dissimilar types, but for similar types we know that at speeds of yacht and model related to one another as the square root of the length the wave-making resistance varies as the displacement, and in this the element of length only comes in to determine relative speed, but the principal factor is displacement. It may be said that the hull resists the tendency to motion produced by the sails, with a resistance to motion astern, to motion forward, and to motion sideways; the resistance to motion in either a forward or a backward direction is about the same. The resistance to lateral motion is vastly greater than either of them, and is determined by the character of the lateral plane.

In a familiar way, we know that the old style of shallow sloop that creates a great deal of disturbance in traveling through the water, makes a great deal of leeway; that the coasting vessels with a large lateral plane, but with rounded ends, also makes much leeway; and that the fin-keel with a sufficient lateral plane, or the centerboard yacht with a very large centerboard, make but little leeway, and in the matter of leeway length has absolutely no function to perform. The tank experiments show that in a given hull the increases in wave resistance with increases of speed are not uniform, but advance in a series of jumps. In all of these experiments the actual waterline length between extreme points of the waterline is measured, but in all of the measurement rules a waterline length is measured, which is not the actual length of the yacht, which bears a different proportion to the actual length of the yacht for every different angle of heel, which proportion is different in every yacht, for the same angle of heel, except where they are all made from the same model, and as a consequence, if the comparison were made by lengths, it must fail absolutely because of the fact that the lengths are not the same, but are constantly varying. That there is a discoverable relation between length, sail area and speed is further disproved by the actual performance of certain yachts.

Glencairn and Momo using	33ft. w.l...	500sq. ft.	...11 knots.
Thirty-footers using	.....42ft. w.l...	1,000sq. ft.	...13 knots.
Dorothy using	.....31ft. w.l...	975sq. ft.	...13 knots.
Defender using	.....95ft. w.l...	10,000sq. ft.	...16 knots.

There is, however, something of a relation between sail area and speed of yachts of a similar type. I should say that if sail area is the only element producing speed, it should rationally be the only element considered in measuring speed.

Third—"The element should be derived from the designers of the yacht, certified to by the designer and builder, and filed with the measurer of the club as club property." Admitted.

As a corollary to the suggestion of using sail area, I would add that in my opinion all time allowance should be abolished. (1) Because experiment has proved that with wind as a motive power, the strength of the wind and wave resistance varies so within small areas as to make any theorizing impracticable.

(2) Because our present time allowance tables are based on assumptions, which I have proven absolutely false.

If we established classes of 225, 500, 750, 1,000, 1,500, 2,500, 3,500, 5,000 and 10,000sq ft. of sail area, and permit only races between yachts of the same cl ss, we would have soon a mass of data as to efficiency of sail form and hull that would be positive so far as anything can be in which the personal equation of the helmsman is so great.

We, of course, know that some so-called designers will go to extremes, but the experiments thus made will teach a useful lesson, and at the end of a season's racing the intelligent designers will have a mass of data from which positive lessons of great value can be drawn. C.

Ogden Goelet.

THE steam yacht Mayflower arrived at Newport on Sept. 15 after a voyage of eleven days from Cowes, bearing the body of her late owner, Ogden Goelet. The funeral services were held on the following afternoon on board the yacht in Newport Harbor. The next day the yacht crossed the bay to Wickford, where the body was carried ashore in the launch and transferred to a special train. With the family were Capt. Jones, of the yacht, and some of the crew. The body was taken to Woodlawn Cemetery, near New York, being carried from the train to the receiving vault by ten men from the yacht's crew. By special orders the burgees of the New York and Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs were half-masted on all club houses and yachts on the day of the funeral.

American Y. C., Open Regatta.

MILTON POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 18.

SOUND Y. R. U. RULES.

THE last race of the Sound Y. R. U. for 1897 was that of the American Y. C. on Sept. 18, sailed off the club station, Milton Point, in a light southerly breeze and clear weather. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.			
Norota, D. B Burnham	41.64	3 11 15	3 11 15
Pontiac, H. Hanlein, Jr	40.07	Did not finish.	
Eurybia, Charles Pryer	40.02	Did not finish.	
SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.			
Olga, C. P. Buchanan	34.76	Did not finish.	
Acushla, A G. Hanan	34.04	3 02 22	3 01 36
Vorant II, G G Tyson	34.00	4 04 00	4 03 14
Viking, C. S Miller	34.82	Did not finish.	
Surprise, J. D. Baird	34.68	Did not finish.	
Anoatok, Oswald Sanderson		3 19 10	.. .. ..
SLOOPS—30FT. (SPECIAL).			
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	3 19 51	3 19 51
Carolina, P. Jones	30.00	3 12 04	3 12 04
Musme, J. M. MacDonough	30 00	Did not finish.	
SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.			
Kite, Adee Bros		4 17 50	4 17 50
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.			
Ola, F. W Smedley	23.05	Did not finish.	
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr	22.99	3 20 18	3 17 48
Vaquero W. G. Brokaw	22 09	Did not finish.	
SLOOPS—15FT. CLASS.			
Trilby, G. G. Tyson	15.00	4 06 28	4 06 28
Mist, C. F. Wolff	15.00	4 29 13	4 29 13
Fiddler, Nelson Vulte	14.06	4 31 23	4 30 01
CABIN CATS—25FT CLASS.			
Qui Vive, G A. Freeth	25 00	Did not finish.	
Uarda, H. K Gordon	24.64	3 56 49	3 56 12
Win or Lose, J S. Appleby	23 03	3 49 40	3 46 54
Nameless, W L Flanagan	20 00	Did not finish.	
OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Anglesea, L G. Spence	21.53	4 07 20	4 07 20
P. K. Pidgeon, D. P. Harrington	20.92	4 02 07	4 00 56
Brant, J. C Varian	21.20	4 14 50	4 14 15
OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.			
Dorothy, J. E Sanborn	19 57	4 16 50	4 15 22
Frankie, W. F. Wilson	20.00	Did not finish.	
Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	19 85	4 08 45	4 08 19
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr	19.65	4 01 52	4 00 59
Starling, E De Levante	19.60	Did not finish.	
Gosbird, R H. Nevins	18.20	4 28 50	4 24 39
OPEN CATS—15FT. CLASS.			
Caprice, F. F. Proctor, Jr	14.10	Did not finish.	
Skip, Oliver Adams	13.12	4 38 06	4 38 06
YAWLS—20FT. CLASS.			
Zahra, W. H. Browning	19.66	Did not finish.	
Alice, G. G. Fry	19.65	4 32 02	4 32 02

The winners were: Norota, Acushla, Carolina, Kite, Houri, Trilby, Win or Lose, P. K. Pidgeon, Alice.

Columbia Y. C.—Open Regatta.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, Sept. 11.

THE Columbia Y. C sailed its annual open regatta on Sept. 11 in a fresh N.E. wind, a very good race resulting. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS 1—SCHOONERS.				
Toxteth	2 04 15	4 44 01	2 39 46	2 37 48
Mistral	2 05 58	4 30 32	2 24 34	2 24 34
CLASS 2.				
Siren	2 04 18	4 13 15	2 08 57	2 08 57
Charlotte	2 02 22	4 41 50	2 39 28	2 37 41
Frolic	2 03 03	No finish.		
CLASS 3.				
Hattie B	2 05 00	4 59 15	2 54 45	2 54 45
Blade	2 04 30	4 31 40	2 27 10	2 22 47
Peri	2 06 09	4 54 01	2 47 55	2 46 24
Genevieve	2 05 46	Disabled.		
CLASS 4.				
Wizard	2 14 51	3 42 30	1 27 39	1 27 39
Arcadia	2 13 34	Disabled.		
Bonnie	2 13 50	3 44 48	1 30 58	1 22 33
Arline	2 15 00	3 41 40	1 26 40	1 26 13
Agnes	2 13 17	4 19 50	2 06 33	1 59 04
CLASS 5.				
Weasel	2 15 00	3 59 58	1 44 58	1 41 35
B	2 11 13	Disabled.		
Microbe	2 12 24	3 35 01	1 32 37	1 29 00
Checkwis	2 15 00	4 12 02	1 57 02	1 48 02

Mistral wins the Steffens cup, held by Toxteth; either yacht winning it again will hold it. She also wins the new cup offered by Messrs Lawrence and Kimbark, to be won three times in succession, or four in all. Siren wins the Hennig cup, and Blade the Berg shield.

The judges were: Com F. W. Morgan, Com. Geo. Warrington and John McConnell. Joseph Ruff, timekeeper; George W. Rogers, assistant.

The Thirty-Footers at Newport.

THE race of Sept. 14 was marked by a collision between Wa Wa and Veda, in which the latter lost her mast. There was a fresh N.W. wind, and the Hope Island course was sailed, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	5 39 50	2 30 50
Vaquero III, H B Duryea	5 39 51	2 30 51
Dorothy II., H P. Whitney	5 40 02	2 31 02
Wa Wa, J A. Stillman	Did not finish.	
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	Disabled.	

On Sept. 15 the Dyers Island course was sailed in a S.W. wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	5 46 41	2 30 41
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	5 48 12	2 32 12
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 49 11	2 33 11

On Sept. 18 the course was out to Brenton's Reef Lightship and return, in a fresh S.E. wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	4 30 59	1 09 59
Vaquero III, H. B Duryea	4 31 45	1 10 45
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	4 32 51	1 11 51
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	4 33 04	1 12 04

Knickerbocker Y. C. Ladies' Day.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 11.

SOUND Y. R. U. RULES.

THE Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed a ladies' race on Sept. 11, in a very light S.E. wind, followed by a squall, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
51FT. CLASS.		
Moccasin, S. H. Mason, Jr	2 50 50	2 59 50
SPECIAL MIXED CLASS.		
Nautilus, J. McCue	2 33 10	2 33 10
Whim, J. G. Honey	2 37 10	2 38 05
25FT. OPEN CATS.		
Melita, O H. Shellboy	2 41 12	2 41 07
Kite, R. & M. Goddard	2 43 09	2 42 12
20FT CATS		
Violet, A. S. Wiemers	2 51 16	2 51 16

THE racing season at Larchmont will end with the three races on Sept. 22, 25 and 29 for the 51ft. and 36ft. classes. In the former Syce will be matched against Vencedor, and in the latter Acushla will meet Anoatok. The races promise to be very interesting.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE annual mess dinner of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Sept. 18 at the Oyster Bay club house, about fifty members and guests being present. The principal guest was Mr. W. B Stearns, of Marblehead, who has been in New York for some days in connection with the new one-design class. Com. Rouse was absent in the West, and Signal Officer W. G. Ulsoeffer occupied the head of the table. During the evening the new class was discussed and the plans and model examined. Mr. Dresser announced that already twenty members had enrolled their names in the class, and that no more would be admitted after Oct. 1. Mr. Stearns made some remarks on the subject of the new class and similar existing classes. Mr. Wetmore announced that a challenge had been sent to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for the Seawanhaka cup, naming the 25ft. class. He also announced that in the event of the challenge being accepted a syndicate was ready to build two boats, and that Mr. C. H. Crane would design a boat and return to New York in April to prepare and race her. Mr. Crane's plans were made last winter to go abroad this fall in order to continue the study of naval architecture at Glasgow, and during the summer he had fully decided not to continue in the racing for the cup in 1898, whether successful or otherwise this year. His experience in designing and racing for two seasons in the 15ft. and 20ft. classes is too valuable to be dispensed with, and he has promised to take an active part again next year. Measurer Hyslop offered a motion, which was unanimously carried, thanking Mr. Crane for his work in attempting to recapture the cup this year.

The new class has awakened the interest of yachtsmen within and without the club, and promises to give good sport, not for next season alone, but for several years, as the conditions prohibit any immediate outbuilding. The exact details have not been fully arranged with Mr. Stearns, but the boats will be substantially as already described. The specifications call for a good quality of work throughout, making a fast, serviceable and durable yacht. While elaborate finish and specially costly details have been avoided in order to keep the cost as low as possible, nothing has been sacrificed in the way of essentials. All the boats will be built from the same moulds and as nearly alike as possible in every detail, and the ownership will be decided by lot.

With the present week the Oyster Bay club house closes, after a very successful season, the town house, at 19 East Twenty-second street, will be opened about the first of next month.

Beverly Y. C.—257th, 258th, 259th Regattas.

257TH RACE—4TH OPEN SWEEPS—CLUB HOUSE.

Sept. 4.

COURSES: 11¼ miles for second cruiser classes; 8½ miles for third and fourth classes; 5½ miles for fifth class. Wind: N.E.; light; calm at times. Judge: W. Lloyd Jeffries.

The day opened so calm that boats from Falmouth, etc., had to be towed up by steam yachts and launches, or they would not have got there in time. There was the usual crowd of members and ladies and children of their families at the club house to see the race.

For the first time, out of a very large number of races in the bay, one class—the second cats—failed to make a race in the time limit, and it was postponed to Sept. 10. Thordis crossed the line 2m. and 41s. too late.

Capelin started finely, as usual, outpointing and outreaching whole class; she, however, parted her peak halyards and lost six minutes in repairing them, and then found herself lost in a calm spot, while Opossum had a good breeze.

Thordis was protested by Kalama for a foul when the latter had right of way.

The cruising class has been a great success; these two races of Sept. 4 and 6 are the first where the whole eight were able to start.

It is said that the Seawanhaka Corinthian, Hull and Eastern clubs are already getting to build large classes of this type for 1898.

CRUISING CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Royal Blue, C. S. Dennison, B.Y.C.	4 26 20	4 07 07
Eina, John Parkinson, B.Y.C.	4 27 47	4 08 14
Edith, C. M. Baker, B.Y.C.	4 27 35	4 08 02
Micaboo, J. S. & C. R. Harding, B.Y.C.	4 32 35	4 13 02
Kantaka, A. Winsor, B.Y.C.	4 33 01	4 14 14
Nulma, A. C. Harrison, B.Y.C.	4 34 41	4 24 58
Robin Hood, A. H. Hardy, B.Y.C.	4 50 15	4 13 13
Mariposa, R. C. Denner, B.Y.C.	4 57 59	4 18 26
SECOND CLASS—CATS.		
Thordis, T. B. Wales, B.Y.C.	4 08 07	. .. ..
May King, D. L. Whittemore, B.Y.C.	4 43 48	. .. ..
Kalama, David Rice, B.Y.C.	4 18 30	. .. ..
Anonyma, Vice-Com. Dabney, B.Y.C.	Not timed.	
Mist, G. H. Lyman, B.Y.C.	Not timed.	

This class did not finish in time limit, Thordis being 2m. 41s. too late.

THIRD CLASS—CATS.

Melro, D. L. Whittemore, B.Y.C.	1 33 15	1 18 03
Allesoy, Steward McLeod Onset, B.Y.C.	1 42 05	1 28 55
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.		
Capelin, W. E. C. Eustis, B.Y.C.	2 24 48	2 08 14
Opossum, R. W. Emmons, B.Y.C.	2 29 10	2 11 52
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B.Y.C.	2 34 16	2 17 28
Bluefish, J. Crane, Jr., and A. H. Hardy, B.Y.C.	Gave up.	
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.		
Daisy, H. Stockton, B.Y.C.	2 53 25	2 35 34
Elsa, C. S. Sargent, B.Y.C.	3 50 03	2 33 12
Hope, J. C. Ellis, B.Y.C.	3 02 20	2 44 11
Howard, H. O. Muller, B.Y.C.	3 06 18	2 48 11
Playmate, Howard Sargent, B.Y.C.	3 57 27	2 36 12
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.		
Lara, A. B. Washburn, B.Y.C.	1 50 45	1 35 49
Laurel, F. Burgess, B.Y.C.	1 52 18	1 36 01
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr., B.Y.C.	2 03 39	1 47 55
Imp, G. B. Dabney, B.Y.C.	2 05 05	1 49 38

Prize Winners: Cruising class, Royal Blue first, Edith second, Eina third; second class, cats, Thordis first, May King second; third class, cats, Melro first; fourth class, sloops, Capelin first, Opossum second; fourth class, cats, Elsa first, Daisy second, Howard third; fifth class, cats, Lara first, Laurel second.

Thordis protested. Royal Blue, Thordis (if not ruled out on protest), Melro, Capelin, Daisy and Lara score for pennant; Eina, May King, Opossum, Elsa and Laurel score one-half.

258TH REGATTA. THIRD OPEN.

This race was sailed Sept. 6, in a light sou'wester, from the club house.

Judges—F. Ellicot Cabot, Geo. P. Gardner and W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Courses—11¼ miles for cruisers and second class; 8 3-5 miles for third and fourth classes; 5½ miles for fifth class. Plenty of windward work.

CRUISER CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Royal Blue, C. S. Dennison, B.Y.C.	21.00	2 38 00	2 19 05
Eina, John Parkinson, B.Y.C.	21.00	2 39 17	2 20 22
Edith, C. M. Baker, B.Y.C.	21.00	2 42 26	2 23 41
Kantaka, A. Winsor, B.Y.C.	21.06	2 44 17	2 26 23
Micaboo, J. S. & C. R. Harding, B.Y.C.	21.00	2 45 18	2 26 07
Nulma, A. C. Harrison, B.Y.C.	21.00	2 47 29	2 28 34
Robin Hood, A. H. Hardy, B.Y.C.	21.04	2 54 23	2 35 48
Mariposa, R. C. Donner, B.Y.C.	21.00	2 56 52	2 37 59
SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
Thordis, T. B. Wales, B.Y.C.	26.00	2 31 32	2 19 21
May King, D. L. Whittemore, B.Y.C.	26.00	2 42 57	2 30 46
Kalama, David Rice, B.Y.C.	26.00	2 46 58	2 34 47
Mist, G. H. Lyman, B.Y.C.	25.01	Gave up.	
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Agnostic, D. Crosby, Osterville	21.10	1 48 17	1 34 58
Melro, D. L. Whittemore, B.Y.C.	20.03	1 50 10	1 34 56
Allison, Stewart McLeod	22.00	2 08 50	1 52 30
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Alma, A. R. Bigelow, Mon. Beach	21.09	1 51 01	1 37 25
Dorothy, Bruce Clark, B.Y.C.	23.03	1 51 55	1 39 57
Klondike, C. C. Hanley, Monument	22.00	Gave up.	
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Elsa, C. S. Sargent, B.Y.C.	19.00	2 06 41	1 49 41
Daisy, Howard Stockton, B.Y.C.	18.03	2 13 46	1 55 42
Howard, H. O. Muller, B.Y.C.	18.01	2 20 19	2 02 02
Cinch, Howard Parker, B.Y.C.	18.01	2 23 17	2 05 00
Hope, J. R. Ellis, B.Y.C.	17.11	2 25 40	2 07 08
Squall, Dudley Hart, Onset	16.11	2 29 00	2 08 57
Playmate, Howard Sargent, B.Y.C.	18.01	2 44 51	2 25 37
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Opossum, R. W. Emmons, B.Y.C.	19.00	1 55 46	1 38 46
Heiress, G. G. Amory, B.Y.C.	19.00	1 57 33	1 40 33
Capelin, W. E. C. Eustis, B.Y.C.	19.02	2 00 30	1 43 53
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B.Y.C.	19.00	2 02 31	1 45 34
Blue Fish, R. S. Hardy & J. Crane, Jr., B.Y.C.	19.00	2 10 34	1 53 24
Fin, Howard Stockton, B.Y.C.	17.06	2 14 24	1 55 37
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Lara, A. B. Washburn, B.Y.C.	15.00	1 48 47	1 33 51
Vif, A. Winsor Jr., B.Y.C.	14.04	1 56 50	1 41 06
Hebe, John Parkinson, Jr., B.Y.C.	15.00	1 57 26	1 45 24
Imp, G. B. Dabney, B.Y.C.	14.05	1 58 13	1 42 36
Laurel, Frank Burgess, B.Y.C.	15.00	2 00 20	1 45 24
Tashmo, J. Kenny, Onset	15.00	1 57 36	1 42 41

Winners of Prizes: Cruiser class, Royal Blue first, Eina second. Edith third; class two, *Thordis first, May King second; class three, cats, Melro first; class three, sloops, Alma first; class four, cats, Elsa first, Daisy second, Howard third; class five, cats, Lara first, Vif second, Imp third; class six, Opossum first, Heiress second, Capelin third.

* Subject to protest.

259TH REGATTA—FIFTH CORINTHIAN.

The 259th regatta, fifth Corinthian, was sailed Sept. 11 in a N.E. breeze. It was a moderate breeze at the start, but increased greatly in force and blew hard soon after.

Boats carried whole sail during the race, but reefed before sailing home. May King, while near the home line and a little ahead of Thordis, parted her peak halyards. Howard broke her gaff and withdrew.

Cruisers and second class cats, 8 miles; third and fourth classes, 8½ miles; fifth class, 5½ miles. Wind: Strong N.E. Judges: G. P. Gardner, F. E. Cabot, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

CRUISERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edith, C. M. Baker	21.00	1 39 42	2 16 15
Robin Hood, A. H. Hardy	21.04	1 40 44	2 27 38
Royal Blue, C. S. Dennison	21.00	1 41 17	2 27 50
Kantaka, A. Winsor	21.06	1 43 40	1 30 45
Eina, J. Parkinson	21.00	1 46 29	1 33 02
SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
Thordis, T. B. Wales	26.00	1 42 23	1 33 43
Kalama, D. Rice	26.00	1 43 18	1 34 38
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr	25.09	1 44 29	1 35 36
May King, D. L. Whittemore	26.00	Disabled.	
*Gmynote, W. E. C. Eustis	26.00		

* Went wrong side of buoy at finish.

FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

Capelin, W. E. C. Eustis	19.02	1 51 06	1 34 31
Opossum, R. W. Emmons	19.00	1 53 52	1 37 04
Heiress, Geo. G. Amory	19.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Elsa, C. S. Sargent	19.00	2 12 47	1 55 59
Daisy, Howard Stockton	18.03	Withdrew.	
Howard, H. O. Muller	18.01	Withdrew.	
Playmate, H. Sargent	19.00	Withdrew.	
Hope, J. C. Ellis	17.11	Withdrew.	
Cinch, H. Parker	18.01	Withdrew.	
Squall, D. Hart	16.11	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Lara, A. B. Washburn	15.00	1 17 40	1 02 03
Imp, Geo. B. Dabney	14.05	1 16 29	1 01 27
Vif, A. Winsor	14.04	Withdrew.	
Laurel, F. Burgess	15.00	Withdrew.	

Prize winners: Cruiser class, Edith first, Robin Hood second; second class, cats, Thordis first, Kalama second; fourth class, sloops, Capelin first; fourth class, cats, Elsa first; fifth class, cats, Lara first.

Edith, Thordis, Capelin, Elsa and Lara count 1 for pennant.

Robin Hood and Kalama count ½.

Pewaukee Y. C.

PEWAUKEE LAKE.

Saturday, Sept. 11.

THE last regatta of the Pewaukee Y. C.'s 1897 season was sailed on Sept. 11 over the regular 4-mile triangular course. There were but four yachts out, but as they are the swiftest of the club's fleet, the affair was doubly interesting for that reason. The wind was of a light and puffy variety, from the northeast. The preparatory gun was fired at 2:30, and the starting signal five minutes later. The start was very pretty, and all of the boats got across the line within fifteen seconds after the last gun was fired.

Lorraine led, and Idle Hour, Sirrocco and Christine followed, almost lapping each other. The start was to the west and in the run before the wind to the first buoy Idle Hour had the best of it, and was the first to get away on the second leg of the course. Lorraine, however, soon overhauled her on the beat to windward in making for the buoy opposite the Waukesha Beach, and rounded it fully a half-minute ahead of Idle Hour. The times were:

CLASS A.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lorraine, Schiller & Bauch	3 32 25	0 57 25
Idle Hour, R. E. Giljohan	3 33 23	0 58 23
Sirrocco, Wallber Bros	3 35 29	1 00 29
Christine, Gen. Louis Aner	3 36 21	1 03 21

Time of start, 2:35 P. M. Winners: Lorraine, Class A.

Judges—Andrew Nelson, C. E. Wintermute. Timekeeper, A. G. Miller, Jr.

Lorraine, having won the greatest number of the Class A events, was awarded the Pewaukee Y. C. 1897 Class A pennant.

Aida, winner of the club's '96 pennant, was awarded the Class B '97 pennant, as she won out in the greatest number of Class B regattas this season. ERNEST E. WHITE.

Cohasset Y. C. Special Race.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 18

THE Cohasset 15 footers sailed a special race on Sept. 18 for a $50 cup presented by Ralph Williams, owner of Delta. The race, sailed in a good S.E. breeze, was quite exciting, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Swallow, John Richardson	1 51 32
Blink, F. H. Pratt	1 51 40
Bee, A. Bigelow, Jr	1 52 30
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	1 57 04
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	1 57 12
Jap, Bouve & Pegram	1 58 07
Mungo, L. D. Willcutt	1 59 10

East Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 18.

THE third pennant race of the East Gloucester Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 18 in a light S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Corrected.
Luna, S. E. Davis	1 08 48
Torment, Pomroy Bros	1 09 13
Tempest, Mr. Pinkham	1 15 07
Witch, I. H. Higgins	1 15 30
Hoodoo, Mr. Wheeler	1 16 20
Skeedaddle, Mr. Merchant	1 18 14

Luna, Brownie and Skeedaddle each hold a leg and will sail off for the pennant.

Knockabout Association Sweepstakes.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Thursday, Sept. 16.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES.

THE Knockabout Association, of Massachusetts Bay, held a series of three sweepstake races last week for the knockabouts, sailing in two classes, without allowance and handicap.

The latter class included the cruising boats. On the first day, Sept. 16, the wind was light S.E. at the start, but freshened considerably and raised some sea. The course was from Buoy 1 off Marblehead Neck to an outer mark 2½ miles S.E., thence to Pig Rocks Bell Buoy, and return over the same course; a beat to the outer mark, a reach to the Pigs and back, and a run home.

The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mongoose, A. D. Erving, Jr.	4 32 45	. .. ..
Fly, W. O. Gay	4 34 04	. .. ..
Gosling, North & Clark	4 35 40	. .. ..
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	4 35 43	. .. ..
Cockatoo, C. H. W. Foster	4 36 19	. .. ..
Sally III., L. S. Percival	4 43 56	. .. ..
Hazard, H. M. Sears	4 43 56	. .. ..
HANDICAP CLASS.		
Comet, J. S. Lawrence	4 56 30	4 53 30
Dorothy, F. Brewster	4 56 05	4 54 05
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	4 55 23	4 54 23
Tautog, J. F. Moors	4 55 30	4 55 30

Judge, H. H. Buck, Eastern Y. C.

Friday, Sept. 17.

The course was changed by the substitution of Half Way Rock for the Pigs. There was a light north wind and an old sea, making uneven conditions. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	2 14 50	. .. ..
Cockatoo, C. H. W. Foster	2 15 55	. .. ..
Mongoose, A. D. Erving, Jr.	2 17 31	. .. ..
Fly, W. O. Gay	2 18 01	. .. ..
Gosling, North & Clark	2 18 41	. .. ..
Sally III., L. S. Percival	2 21 42	. .. ..
Hazard, H. M. Sears	2 23 43	. .. ..
HANDICAP CLASS.		
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	2 29 05	2 28 05
Tautog, F. J. Moors	2 34 05	2 34 05
Comet, J. S. Lawrence	2 40 00	2 37 00
Dorothy, Frank Brewster	2 39 05	2 37 05
Carl, Dr. J. Payson Tucker	2 44 27	2 41 57

Judge, Herman Parker, Eastern Y. C.

Saturday, Sept. 18.

The same course as on Thursday was sailed, the wind being light S.E. but freshening; however, it was very variable and resulted in various flukes. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mongoose, A. D. Erving, Jr.	1 51 57	. .. ..
Fly, W. O. Gay	1 53 58	. .. ..
Hazard, H. M. Sears	2 02 27	. .. ..
Gosling, North & Clark	2 08 31	. .. ..
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	2 09 19	. .. ..
Sally III., L. S. Percival	Withdrew.	
HANDICAP CLASS.		
Tautog, F. J. Moors	2 00 24	2 00 24
Comet, J. S. Lawrence	2 04 52	2 01 52
Mayona, C. S. Stearns	2 13 44	2 12 44
Dorothy, Frank Brewster	2 16 29	2 14 29
Carina, J. Payson Tucker	2 19 25	2 17 25
Carl, Dr. Clark	Withdrew.	

Judge, Henry Taggard, Knockabout Association.

Mongoose was designed by B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston.

Dorchester Y. C. Ladies' Day.

DORCHESTER—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 18.

A PART of the programme of the Dorchester Y. C. for its Ladies' Day, Sept. 18, was a handicap race, sailed in a very light breeze, and resulting as follows:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Muriel, H. N. Nute	1 55 46	1 52 46
Wrinkle, S. N. Small	1 59 46	1 54 46
Hobo, T. W. King	2 11 00	2 12 00
Box, J. O. Gray	2 25 19	2 15 19
Tedesco, W. B. Pear	2 28 10	2 19 10
Hector, Dr. Theo Hallett	2 30 49	2 22 49
Izel, J. E. Preston	2 40 15	2 25 15
Dorothy Q., Quincy Tucker	2 41 10	2 26 40
Transit, Nute & Lundburg	2 43 00	2 28 00
Cycla, Cook & Alden	2 54 04	2 39 04
Hawk	Not timed.	
Madge	Not timed.	
Al Hawna	Not timed.	
Sue	Not timed.	
Lydia Adams	Not timed.	
Athena	Not timed.	
Brit	Not timed.	
Melrose	Not timed.	
Iola	Not timed.	
Velma	Not timed.	

The judges were: Messrs. Coolidge, Barnard, Charles L. Nute, Parker H. Kemble and John F. Small.

Eastern Y. C. Handicap Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 18.

THE Eastern Y. C. sailed a handicap race on Sept. 18 with fifteen yachts starting. The wind was light S.E., but shifted at the last of the first leg to S.W., favoring some of the boats at the expense of others. The times were:

SECOND CLASS—SCHOONERS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hope Leslie, Lawrence Minot	5 50 05	5 45 05
Rusalka, J. A. Stetson	6 01 14	5 47 14
Adrienne, H. P. Smith	6 33 53	6 38 53
Virgilda, Sumner Myrick	Withdrew.	
Frolic, H. H. White	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS—CUTTERS.		
Barbara, C. H. W. Foster	5 42 52	5 30 52
Queen Mab, N. L. Francis	5 52 30	5 52 30
Chiquita, A. Hemenway	6 28 02	5 53 02
Alga, A. Geiger, Jr.	6 37 22	6 08 32
Mystery, Roger Upton	6 33 52	6 05 52
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.		
Saladin, Loud Bros.	4 25 05	4 16 05
Katonah, Oakes Ames 2d	4 29 01	4 25 01
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	4 29 25	4 29 01
Tom Boy, W. S. H. Lothrop	4 58 08	4 43 08
Asahi, E. V. R. Thayer	Withdrew.	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A series of two out of three matches was recently sailed at Gloucester by the 15-footer Spruce IIII., now owned by Paul Butler, and the dory Tabasco, owned by Harry Wiggin. Spruce IIII. won the first two races.

Mr. Thos. McKean, of Philadelphia, has ordered of Cramp & Sons, a steam yacht 213ft. over all, 178ft. 8in. l.w.l., and 23ft. 3in. beam. She is to be completed by next April.

The Atlantic Y. C. is going ahead rapidly with the work of locating itself anew at Sea Gate, the new villa colony on Norton's Point. The financial plans have been perfected, and the plans for a new and much larger house are now under consideration. By the opening of the next season, the club will be fully installed in one of the finest club stations on the coast.

In our different descriptions of the Montreal 20-footers, we omitted to mention that they were rigged with a fine Manilla cordage, specially made for them by the Consumer's Cordage Co., of Montreal. The company, on the demand being made, interested itself in the matter, and produced a grade of 3-strand manilla in the small sizes that proved very satisfactory.

The yougsters of Lake St Louis, whose older brothers have raced this year and last in the 20ft. and 15ft. classes, are preparing to take their turn in due time at international racing. The following is from the Montreal *Gazette:*

On Saturday, Sept. 4, races took place between the above two clubs for a silver challenge cup won last year by Lachine. The race started from opposite the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Dorval, and was a beat to windward, the best two out of three to be the winner. Valeria, owned by George H. H. Eadie, was an easy winner. Defender, owned by Harry Davison, Lachine, was very fast, but Valeria walked by her. Six boats started, but only three finished. The thanks of both clubs are due to Mr. W. A. C. Hamilton, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., who acted as judge. The times were as follows: First race started at 3:27—Jubilee, G. Eadie, sailed by Lawrence Norris; Defender, H. Davison, finish 3:39:45; Queen, G. Eadie, did not finish; Valeria, G. Eadie, finish 3:37:20; Vaseline, Harry Norris, disabled; Goldbug, Hamilton Gordon, disabled; Valeria won by 2m. 25s. Second race started at 3:51:30—Defender did not finish; Valeria touched Defender, 4:02:31. Third race—Defender won; Valeria did not finish. Fourth race—Valeria won; Defender disabled. Valeria, Dorval, wins cup.

No yacht was better known in her day about the Sound than the old Arrow, "Kirby's Arrow," the sloop. For some years past little has been seen of her. Lately she has been laid up Bay Ridge, but after being sold at auction she has started life anew on the Delaware, as told by the Philadelphi *Ledger:* "The Abe Townsend Y. C. started on its annual cruise early this morning in the sloop yacht Arrow, a recent purchase of the organization. The craft was laden with provisions, and the casual observer was impressed with the fact that the commissary department had not been neglected. The Arrow is a trim looking sloop, 65ft. over all, with 21ft. beam and 6ft. draft. The club purchased her at an assignee's sale in New York recently, and by their enterprise added another craft with a history to the local fleet. The sloop has been a Cape May cup winner, and while being used for cruising purposes in Eastern waters during the past ten years many a skipper has been obliged to read her name on the stern, for she has speed as well as providing comfort. For a sloop of her size she carries a very large spread of sail, her spinaker boom being 55ft. in length, while her balloon jib would be considered large for a craft of greater dimensions. Her underdeck plan, perhaps, furnishes more room than any sloop of her size in this vicinity. Her previous owner had so planned the allowed space that over a score of persons can be comfortably accommodated. The staterooms are so arranged on either side of the yacht that they can be closed, and only accessible from the main cabin. She is finished in mahogany, this valuable wood being liberally used in the companionway. The culinary department of the Arrow has been deftly arranged and fitted with all the modern appliances. Refrigerators are on either side of the sloop, with capacity for a ton of ice. Oil and junk lockers have their place abaft of the forecastle, and in fact every niche under deck is utilized in a manner reflecting great forethought on the mind of the designer. The yacht is fitted with a binnacle on deck and one suspended in the cabin, in order that the owner may lie in his berth and still be able to ascertain at a glance the course being sailed. The lines of the Arrow are strikingly beautiful, and with her large sail area she will likely give some of the prominent racing craft in this locality an occasional brush."

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake. Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

BARELY a month ago canoeists were deeply exercised over different questions connected with racing; but now that the time has come for action there seems to be a total lack of interest in the very important matter of the amendment of the rules. Thus far no comments have reached us on the proposals published last week. But a short time is left before the annual meeting, and if anything is to be accomplished then, canoeists must bestir themselves.

Ianthe C. C. Regatta.

THE annual regatta of the Ianthe C. C. will be held at Newark on Saturday, Sept. 25, and all canoeists are invited to attend. Trains leave Chambers street for Woodside at 1:50, 3:15, 4:22, 5:00, 5:22, 5:52, 6:22, 7:30, and return at frequent intervals.

The regatta committee have arranged the following programme of events:

1. Sailing, handicap.
2. Paddling, any canoe.
3. Paddling, open canoes, single blades.
4. Paddling, tandem, open canoes, single blades.
5. Paddling, tail-end, open canoes, single blades.
6. Paddling, decked sailing canoes.
7. Paddling, Club fours.

The usual supper will be served the visiting canoeists, and a smoker will be held in the evening.

Rushton's Canoes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your report of the A. C. A. meet, in the issue of Aug. 28, in speaking of the new sailing canoes, you say "A third, designed and built by J. H. Rushton, was owned by C. W. Lansing." I did not have that honor. I neither designed nor built her and do not even know who did. Shortly before the meet Mr. Lansing shipped this canoe to me to be varnished and fitted out. It was found necessary to replank her, all but the sheer strake, and this I did. The centerboard and rudder were furnished by Mr. Butler, the rigs by Hemmenway, some other fittings were furnished by me—taken from my regular stock goods. Will you not kindly make this correction? J. H. RUSHTON.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Charles C. Hubbell	Hoboken, N. J	——
Wm. F. Adam	New York, N. Y	——
Louis Leroy, M.D	Newark, N. J	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL TOURNAMENT.

ON Sunday and Monday next, Sept. 26-27, the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York city, will hold its twenty-third annual tournament. The big event will take place in Henry J. Bookman's Cypress Hill Park, Brooklyn. The programme announces that "All riflemen and lovers of this sport are cordially invited to participate."

To get to the park there are alternative routes: Take Union Elevated direct from Brooklyn Bridge, or Fulton, Grand or Twenty third street ferries to Ridgewood; thence by Cypress Hill trolley to the park. Shooting commences at 9 A. M. on Sept. 26, and opens on Sept. 27 also at 9 A. M., closing at 6 P. M.

The shooting committee is composed as follows: H. D. Muller, chairman; G. Zimmerman, Ignatz Martin, Dr C. Grosch, C G Zettler, J. Begrow. B Zettler is shooting master, and G. Schurman, secretary. The ladies' committee is made up as follows: C. J. Watson, chairman; J. Guenther and W. Soll.

The three main contests will be on the ring target, the bulls-eye target and the target of honor. In these competitions, over $500 in cash will be distributed as prizes. There will also be special contests as follows: On the special 25-ring target, 3 shots free, only one ticket allowed; prize, a fine trophy presented by Zettler Bros. On the judges' target, open to judges only; prizes, two fine gold lockets presented by the club. On the ladies' target of honor, open only to the ladies of the club members; prizes presented by the club.

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 12.—The following scores were made to-day on the range of the Calumet Heights Gun Club. Metcalfe won the medal in Class A, and Booth the medal in Class B, in the men's contest. Mrs. Schmidt had no competitor in the contest for the ladies' medal, but won with the good total of 42 points.

Medal shoot, 200yds.:

Metcalfe	8221106955—30	Norcom	1335253342—31
Schmidt	2521133141—23	Chamberlain	0711080413—25
Whitman	0031000020— 6	Booth	2822334533—35
Harlan	0431258335—35		

Ladies' shoot, 100yds.:

Mrs Schmidt.....4443366048—42

PATTI.

A Rhode Island Shot.

MAJOR RANSOM, of the Warren Artillery, in competition for the veteran's badge, made a clean score of 25 at the 200yds. range a few days ago. He previously made a score of 24, making a total of 49. This is the first score of 49 at 200yds. to go on record in the State. The total of 20 shots fired at the same time was as follows: 25, 22, 22, 23; total 92 Lieut Sparks, of the Warren Artillery, last November exceeded this score by 1 point, his score being 21, 25, 23, 24; total 93, but unfortunately being shot out of season, no record could be made of it. Major Ransom's score is the largest official score ever made in the State at 200yds.—*Providence Journal.*

A Creditable Record.

ON Saturday, Sept. 11, Mr. Robert Hoffman, of Pittsburg, improved his former score of 114 at 200yds. muzzle rest, by 1 point. Mr. Hoffman used a .32-40 Ballard, and U. M C. shells loaded with Du Pont powder and his own moulded bullet He made the following score with 10 successive shots: 11 12 12 12 11 12 12 12 10 11—115.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Professionals and paid shooters barred. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-Oct. 1.—PASSAIC, N. J.—Annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at Clifton racetrack. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. Main event on last day is at 25 live birds, $25 birds extra, handicap; $500 guaranteed to three high guns. W. H. Huck, Sec'y, Rutherford, N. J.

Sept. 30-Oct. 1.—ALTON, Ill.—Tournament of the Piasa Gun Club at Douglas Park. Targets. Under the management of Jack Park.

Oct. 4-5.—WARWICK, N. Y.—First annual tournament of the Warwick Gun Club. Open to all. Targets. $50 average money to four high guns in all programme events John M Servin, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Sixth contest for the *Recreation* cup. E. A. Jackson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 19-21.—DAYTON, Ia.—Second annual tournament of the Dayton Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds. "Cannot divide with professionals or manufacturers' agents"

Oct. 19-22.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Four days' tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. $500 added money. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 22-23.—HUNTINGTON, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club.

Oct. 26-28.—COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia.—Tournament under the auspices of W. D. Hardin, F. S. Crabill and C. B. Randlett, $300 added. Programmes later.

Oct. 29-30.—GRAND RAPIDS, Minn.—Tournament of the Itasca Gun Club. Dr. W. P. Brown, Sec'y.

1898.

March 22-24.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

At Rutherford, N. J., on Wednesday of last week, Sept. 15, Captain Money said to us: "Why don't you say something nowadays about 'dropping for place'?" Our answer did not take much thought: "The fact is, Captain Money, we've not taken part in or attended any tournament this season where the old system has been in use, except at Auburn, N. Y., where it was used on the two sets of traps set apart for the 'Wolves' and the 'Lambs.' Personally we saw no dropping for place' at that shoot; and no one has said anything to us about the subject for several months." "Well," said Captain Money, "I'll tell you of an instance that occurred quite recently at a shoot which I attended. I won't mention any names, but the parties interested will know that I speak facts. I was standing near the scorer, and heard him tell a man who was standing by: 'Go and tell —— to drop a bird; tell him that I said so' There was a balk just then; a target had been broken by the trap, or a trap had gone wrong, so the messenger went up to the party designated by the scorer and gave him the message. The party spoken to looked around to catch the scorer's eye, but he caught mine instead. I put up my hand and said: 'Don't you do it: we know the message that has been sent to you, and who sent it; but don't you dare to drop this target.' The target was not dropped. Of course, I don't know whether he would have 'dropped for place' or not; but there were two people present who evidently thought he would have done so, viz: the scorer and his messenger. The matter caused quite a little talk, and 'dropping for place' came in for a whole lot of approbrious epithets" We have to thank Capt. Money for giving us this strong argument in favor of the Rose system, where the more targets you lose, the less money you receive. As we have repeatedly pointed out, the only case—so far as we can find out—in which combinations, pooling and dropping for place can pay under the Rose system, is where something like the following occurs: 15 targets, $1 50 entrance. Several men have shot, but 13 is high; the last squad has to shoot Two men are straight up to the last round; one agrees to drop a target and pool issues; he drops into the 14 hole, and cuts out a lot of (say) 11s, making each point more valuable. Anyone with any practical knowledge of tournament shooting will agree with us that this instance, or similar ones, will occur so seldom, that it is scarcely worth anyone's while to watch for such a chance. We shall be glad if someone—we don't care who—will give us instances where crookedness pays under the Rose system, quoting examples that differ from the above.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., announces its "third annual interstate tournament," Sept. 28-29. The programme for the first day consists of four 20-target events, $3 50 entrance, and a 100-target race for the Grand Hotel cup, emblematic of the amateur championship of Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois. Entrance $2, with an optional sweep of $2.50 on each 25 targets. This cup is to be held subject to the following conditions: 100 targets, unknown angles. Each party to deposit $10 with the secretary at time of challenge and acceptance, and $10 more on or before date of match. Challenged party must accept within ten days and name time and place, which must be within thirty days of date of acceptance. On the second day there will be four 20 target events, $2.50 entrance, a different style of shooting being used in each event, viz: No. 1, known angles; No 2, unknown angles; No. 3, reversed order; No 4, expert rules. Event No. 5 will be at 3 pairs, known angles. No. 6 will be a two men team race, 50 targets per man, $6 per team. The shooter who makes the best average in the first five events will have his net entrance money for those events refunded to him. Targets will be charged for at the rate of 2 cents each. 10-gauges, black powder, professionals and paid shooters barred. On the first day all purses will be divided under the Rose system, with ratio points of 5, 4, 3 and 2 to 1. On the second day all purses will be divided under the old system, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The following note closes the programme: "Shooters who are barred from the sweeps, and those who do not feel strong enough for the competition, may shoot and pay for targets only. They will be just as welcome and receive the same attention as those who put up their money."

From an item in a New York daily of Monday, Sept. 20, we learn that a serious, if not fatal, accident occurred on Saturday afternoon last, at Garnerville, N. Y., while the local gun club's members were holding a live-bird shoot. Below we give the story as it appeared; anyone who is acquainted with live-bird shooting will see that it is rather involved. There is one thing clear, however, and that is, that at least two of the shooters present were violating one of the most important rules in trap-shooting, viz., The shooter shall not load his gun until he is at the score. The item runs thus: "John Allison, superintendent of stables, live stock, etc., of the Rockland Print Works in Garnerville, with several other members of the club, was standing outside the range, between the platform and the traps, watching Mr Samuel Winterson shoot. Mr. Winterson with his last shot, wounded his bird and started walking toward the traps to get it, removing the old shells from his gun and replacing them with new ones as he walked along. When the lock sprung, closing the gun, one of the barrels exploded, the full contents of the shell striking Mr Allison, who stood within a few feet of it, in the hip, making a very dangerous if not mortal wound. Mr. Allison at the time had his gun in hand awaiting his turn at the traps, and when he was wounded dropped it as he fell beside Mr. Fred Taylor, who is assistant manager of the works. Allison's gun struck the ground on the tops of the barrels, both barrels exploding, the contents all passing within 3in. of Mr. Taylor's head Drs. Laird and Hasbrouck were summoned to attend Allison, and they say that his life may possibly be saved, but he may be obliged to lose the leg."

In another portion of the trap columns of this issue will be found a note of great interest to the vast majority of the trap-shooting readers of FOREST AND STREAM. We refer to the communication from Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, informing us that the Grand American Handicap tournament will be held March 22-24, 1898, at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J. All doubt, therefore, as to where this, the greatest live-bird event of 1898, is to be held, is thus set at rest. The facilities for handling a big crowd at Elkwood are so far beyond those of any other place that we are satisfied the Interstate Association has made no mistake. Those who took part in the event of 1897 will be the best advertising medium for next year's event; those who were there know just what there is at Elkwood, and the Grand American Handicap of 1898 will show the effects of this knowledge by an increased number of entries There were 146 entries this year, with 135 starters; what number of entries will there be in 1898?

A. W. du Bray and S. A. Tucker were in the city recently. We saw Du Bray, but we did not see Tucker, so can't say anything about the latter, except from hearsay, and we regret to learn through that channel that the "new corduroy shooting coat" is not wearing so well as the old one did. About Du Bray we cannot say anything very pleasant; he had an appointment with us which he didn't keep. Still he has apologized, and in the following terms, his letter being dated from Hotel Rennert, Baltimore, Sept. 16: "You will pardon my having skipped out so unceremoniously, and what is worse, my not having notified you of it sooner. But really our engagement for the time escaped me, until it was too late to make amends. However, there will be another day I trust, and then I will give myself the pleasure of looking you up and squaring myself with the formidable etc."

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association now has a membership of seventeen clubs in good standing, in addition to several individual memberships. This is a good showing for an association that has had such a hard road to travel while making its way back from oblivion into the world. The programmes for the Association's tournament at Clifton race track, Passaic, N J., are now spread pretty widely broadcast through this section of the country, and those who have received them, or who have read our synopsis of the same in last week's issue, can readily see that the Association is most thoroughly alive in every respect. There has been very little time to prepare for this tournament, but the management of the Association has done wonders. Its efforts are bound to be crowned with success. The traps will be ready for practice work by noon on Monday, Sept. 27.

We have been told that some people object to the charge of 3 cents for targets in all events scheduled for the New Jersey State shoot at Clifton race track, Sept. 28 Oct. 1. Why there should be any objection, we cannot say. The Association adds $100 a day in cash, and also announces a merchandise event each day. It must be remembered, too, that all the proceeds of this tournament will go into the (at present) almost empty treasury of the Association; and will be applied next year in endeavoring to secure better game legislation for the State, something of which it is sadly in need. Sentiment may go a long way in this matter, but money goes a great deal further. It is a sure thing that if the State Association does not move in this matter of better game legislation, no one else will; and it is another sure thing that the Association cannot make a move unless it possesses the sinews of war, popularly known as the wherewithal.

Bravo, Tucson! John J. Hallowell, late of Tucson, Ariz., but now of Bethayres, Pa., we salute and congratulate you on your magnificent run of 154 straight, made with Hazard's Blue Ribbon, on the second day of the Portsmouth, N. H., Interstate shoot, Sept. 16. Only the other day we made a note of Charlie Young's score of 151 straight, made July 30, on the grounds of the Springfield, O., Gun Club, and referred at the same time to Capt. Bartlett's run of 151 straight made at Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1895. Since Hallowell's arrival in the East he has been doing a lot of shooting, and the practice he has had has brought him rapidly to the front. His friends in Tucson will rejoice at his success.

Next week will find us busy at Clifton race track, Passaic, N. J., where the trap-shooters of New Jersey will meet their friends from neighboring States. The week following Warwick, N. Y., and Newburgh, N. Y., twenty-eight miles apart, will be the center of attraction of target and live-bird shooters around here.

The New Utrecht Gun Club will open its live-bird season for 1897-98 on Saturday next, Sept. 25 These semi-monthly gatherings will be held at Woodlawn, L. I., as usual.

The Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., announces a target shoot on its grounds at Wissinoming, Pa., Saturday next, Sept. 25. The programme is an interesting one, including sweeps and a team race open to all. Both the Rose and the old system will be used in the division of purses, while in some events two 10-target events, entrance $1 those breaking 10 will receive $2 each; the 9s, 8s and 7s will also receive respectively $1.50, $1 and 50 cents each. The team race will be started about 2 o'clock. The conditions: five men from any organized gun club to compose a team. 25 targets thrown from a magautrap per man, no handicap. Entrance free. If six to nine entries $5 to first team, $3 to second and $2 to third. If more than nine entries, $5, $4, $3 and $2 to the four highest teams. An optional sweep of 50 cents will be shot on the 25 targets. The following is pleasant reading: "Please notice that this tournament will be given by the Florists' Gun Club for pleasure and not for profit. We give away three purses and guarantee two others. We throw targets free in the team match which is the same as added money. We have the prettiest shooting grounds in the State. Will you come?" A. B. Cartledge, 1514 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, is the secretary of the club. Shooting will commence on the arrival of the 9:52 A. M. train from the Pennsylvania (Broad street) Station.

From Ravenna, O., comes the following item, which shows that Mingo, otherwise John A. Flick, still retains his skill in breaking targets: "The last shoot for the Portage county championship cup donated by the E. C. Powder Company, and the handicap gold badge, was held on the grounds of the Ravenna Gun Club Tuesday last, Sept. 14. The cup was won for the sixth time by John A. Flick, of Ravenna, and the badge by Frank Spiers, of Atwater. Flick's score of 46 is considered good, as these shoots have always been held at difficult angles and flights, Sergeant system. These prizes are now the individual property of the winners. After the regular events some doubles were shot, Flick breaking 20 straight. These shoots have been the best ever held in Portage county, and the E C people have the satisfaction of knowing that their powder won the cup donated so generously by them, although under the rules any make of powder was allowed."

W S Brown, 520-522 Wood street, Pittsburg, Pa., the proprietor of the gun store where Old Hoss holds out in the Smoky City, has issued a pamphlet containing the latest revision of the A S A trap-shooting rules, a synopsis of the game laws of the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, and hints on how to form a gun club, a blank constitution and by-laws etc. The booklet is a good form of advertising, and the information contained in it will be found of interest to many shooters. We cannot say, without referring to *Game Laws in Brief*, the standard authority on such questions, whether the game seasons, open and close, are correctly given or not, but we suppose that Old Hoss, who undoubtedly has had a finger in this pie, has tried to be as accurate as he usually is in other matters. His nickname of "Old Statistics" has been thoroughly well earned.

Here's a good story on Charlie Floyd, one of the most popular shooters around New York, but one whose time for shooting is sadly curtailed by his duty to his employers: A couple of winters or so ago Charlie was hunting ducks way down on the Delaware Bay. Geese were such rare visitors to the blinds, that when Charlie knocked one down he thought of nothing else but securing that goose. It fell in shallow water, but being only winged made rapid progress for the other side of the open water. Not having a dog, Charlie went in after it, gun in hand. After a short time the gun seemed in the way, so Charlie *laid it down*. Then the water began to get deeper, and, ice-cold as it was, he started to swim after that goose. To make the story short and to get to the point: The goose got away, and an expensive Greener is still at the bottom of Delaware Bay.

From Sherwood, Md., comes the following: "The Sherwood Gun Club is the title of a new trap-shooting organization which has been formed at Sherwood, on the Northern Central Ry. The club will shoot only at clay pigeons, and its traps will shortly be set in a large field which has been secured for the purpose. The organization, which starts out with about twenty-five members, is governed by an executive board consisting of the regular officers and one member at large. This board is made up as follows: Pres., C. S. Abell; Vice-Pres., F Smith; Sec'y, B C Howard; Treas., A C. Nelson; Member Executive Board, O F. Lackey. Shooting will begin in about a week, and the board will shortly designate the regular shooting days."

On Saturday afternoon last, Sept. 18, 1897, Jack Winston shot a couple of 100-target races, expert rules, with a certain party, and lost both matches. The scores were low, because Jack wanted to throw the targets as far and as low as the A. S. A. rules would permit. The shoot, also, took place on the Endeavor Gun Club's grounds, at Marion, N. J., and that signifies something when it comes to comparing scores. What we want to get at is the following: After the races had been concluded, an inspection of the scores showed the following: First race—76 to 72, defeated by 4 targets. Second race—80 to 73, defeated by 7 targets; 4 and 7 are 11. Who will say now that 147 is not a fitting title for John L. W.?

We regret to have to announce the extremely sudden death of Mrs. Paul North of Cleveland, O. Her death, which took place on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 16, was caused by heart failure, from which Mrs. North has long been a sufferer. On the day above mentioned Mrs. North retired to her room about 3 P. M., with the intention of taking a nap, leaving instructions with the servant to call her at 5:30. Her death was not discovered until the return of her husband, Paul North, from the office of the Cleveland Target Company, although efforts had been made by her young son to awaken her at the hour set, 5:30 P. M. Mrs North had only just returned to Cleveland from a two months' vacation with her family in Marquette, Mich.

The King's Smokeless Gun Club, of East St Louis, Ill., advertises its "first annual Interstate amateur shoot, and fourth annual fall tournament," Oct. 7-8, under the joint management of Jack Parker, of Detroit, Mich., and Jack Trendley, of East St. Louis. In addition to a long list of merchandise prizes for both days' programme, the club adds money in several events. In connection with the programme, J. M. Trendley writes us: "Please note that the twenty-two railroads entering East St. Louis will make reduced rates, owing to the fall festivities and the St Louis fair, which takes place the week of the shoot; and also on account of the parade of the Veiled Prophets, which will take place Tuesday, Oct. 5."

On Thursday of this week, Sept 23, at 2 P M, there will be a couple of individual matches at Marion, N. J. One will be a return match between W L. Gardiner, of Norwalk, O., and Carl von Lengerke, 50 targets per man, unknown angles. The other match will be between John 147 L. Winston, and a nominee of Uncle Al Heritage's. The conditions of this match, which is set for 2 o'clock sharp, are 100 targets, expert rules; and 100 targets, unknown angles, total score to count. The stakes may be termed "plunder," viz.: a dinner for ten at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City; a Dunlap hat and a pair of shoes!

Mr. E. C. Eaton, treasurer of the Montreal Gun Club, made a new record in the regular monthly shoot of his club on Saturday, Sept. 11. The club shoot is at 10 known angles and 10 unknown angles, and Messrs. Eaton and Aubin tied for the Class A badge with 20 straight: on the shoot off at 5 targets, Mr. Eaton broke his 5, but Mr Aubin lost his 2d and 4th. Mr. Eaton's 25 straight is likely to be a "bogey score" for some weeks to come. Mr. D. J. Kearney won in Class A with 16 breaks, none of his classmates being anywhere near him.

The Riverton, N. J., Gun Club will hold a strictly invitation live-bird shoot Oct 15-16. On Oct. 15 the main event will be the second "Ralli shoot," limited to twenty entries, 20 birds per man, $20 entrance. This event will be shot in two squads. On Saturday, Oct. 16, the main event will be a 60 bird handicap, $50. Entries close Oct. 6, and must be accompanied by $10 forfeit. This match will be started, unless otherwise announced, on the arrival of the 10:30 A. M. train from Philadelphia.

In our last issue, under the head of "In New Jersey," we credited Noel Money with winning a heat for the Boiling Springs Gun Club's silver service at the semi-monthly shoot, held Sept. 1. As Captain Money was the winner, Noel Money not taking part in the shoot, the Captain now wants to know whether the mistake was the result of an accident, or of collusion between Noel Money and the trap editor.

There can be no two opinions as to the action of the Interstate Association in making arrangements for holding its Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park next March Chicago could undoubtedly take care of the shoot and the participants very satisfactorily, but there is only one spot on this side of the Alleghenies that is suitable for such a shoot, and that is Elkwood Park.

Tom Keller put in a day or two in this city last week, but jumped out again to make a short trip in the interests of his firms, the King Powder Company and the Peters Cartridge Company We did not see Tom while he was here, but we learn from a reliable source that he has not fallen away at all, in spite of the hot weather and the hard licks he has been putting in while on his last trip.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Redbank, N. J., will pay a visit, with a 10-men team, to the Bergen County Gun Club, at Hackensack, N J., on Friday of this week, Sept. 24. The Riversides are able to get together a strong team, but the Bergen County Gun Club can generally reckon on the support of its members, and should be able to give the visitors a tough argument.

Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association, tells us that: "After I've managed the New Jersey State shoot at Clifton race track, Passaic, Sept. 28-Oct. 1, I'm going to take a rest. I've arranged for a hunting trip, and self and 'Our Jim Denny's' dog Rupert, the dog he gave me at Oil City, will make it interesting for ruffed grouse and quail on that trip."

The men from Bellefontaine, O., won pretty nearly everything in sight at the big shoot and picnic at Brush Lake, Sept. 8. According to a local exchange, the team race was close and exciting. Bellefontaine and Columbus tied with 107 breaks each, Urbana's team being third with 100. Plain City, Mechanicsburg and Springfield also entered teams. Owing to the lateness of the hour when the team race was concluded, the shooting off of the tie was postponed until the annual picnic and shoot that will be held as usual in 1898. The Bellefontaine team was composed as follows: George Leidigh, A. Dushane, Gil Courter, C Bime', H Lee and Bob Bailey.

Dr. Hudson, of this city, a member of both the Emerald Gun Club and the New York German Gun Club is shooting exceedingly well for a man who has as little practice on live birds as the worthy doctor avails himself of. At the regular monthly shoot of the New York German Gun Club on Wednesday last, Sept. 15, the doctor scored every bird he shot at save one.

Wednesday, Oct. 13, is the date set by the Bergen County Gun Club for the sixth (and last but one) shoot for the Recreation cup. The shoot will be held, of course, on the club's grounds, Hackensack, N. J. The conditions are 50 known and 50 unknown angles.

The Piasa Gun Club, of Alton, Ill., will hold a target tournament Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at Douglas Park. The shoot will be managed by Jack Parker, the popular representative of the King Powder Company and the Peters Cartridge Company.

The regular monthly handicap shoot for the E. C. cup will take place at Hackensack, N J., Saturday next, Sept. 25, on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club.

SEPT. 21. EDWARD BANKS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Sept. 15.—The regular semi monthly shoot for the silver tea service donated by the Boiling Springs Gun Club, took place this afternoon on the club's grounds, Rutherford, N. J. There were eleven competitors in the main event. Banks winning a heat for the service, after a tie with Chris Wright. The latter shooter, although he has only one win for the service, has been very much in evidence in all the contests to date, having been in about every tie that has occurred. In the last shoot he tied with Capt. Money, but was shot out after a good struggle Ed. Taylor shot a good race, scoring 45 out of his 50; he was unfortunate enough to lose his first allowance target, when he needed all 5 to make a highest possible. Winston shot strongly, scoring 23 out of each 25; his total of 46 out of 50 was not enough, however, as his allowance of 2 extras would not permit of his making a highest possible. He did not, therefore, shoot out his allowance. In fact Wright, Taylor and Banks were the only ones who shot out their allowances, none of the others having a chance for highest possible. The handicaps were from 2 (scratch) to 10. This trophy has now been shot for six times. Van Dyke has two wins; Capt. Money, Chris Wright, Frank Hall and Banks have one win each. Scores in this event were as below:

C Wright (6)	1111111101111111101111111111111111101111111111101101	
	111101	—45—50
E Banks (2)	1111111111111111111111111111101111111101111111111111	—48
	11	—2—50
E Taylor (5)	1111111101111111111011111111011111111111101111101111	—45
	01111	—4—49
147 (2)	1111110111111111111101111010111111111111111111111111	—46
Beveridge (6)	1111111011111101011110101111011101110111111101111110	—40
Capt Money (4)	1011110111011101110101011101100111111111111111111111	—40
B James (10)	1011011011111111111011110111010111111010101111110110	—38
Hexamer (10)	0110111101111111001110110100011111010111101111101	—36
T Thomas (4)	0111001101111101000101011110011001111101111111110	—34
Matzen (10)	1011101100111111111011101110001110010110010111111	—34
J Hildreth (10)	0011010000110100011110110011111111111011101101111 01	—32

Shoot-off, 25 targets, proportionate allowances:

Banks (1)	1011111111111111111101101111—23
Wright (3)	1111010111111101101111010w

Several other events were shot off, three of them being at unknown angles:

No. 1, 15 targets: Taylor, 15; Wright, Money and Banks, 14; 147, 10; Hildreth, 9.

No. 2, same; Wright and Winston, 15; Money, 14; Beveridge, 13; Banks, 11; Taylor, 10.

No. 3; 25 targets: 147, 23; Banks, 22; Wright and Thomas, 21; Money and Beveridge, 20

Two other events, one at expert rules and the other at 10 pairs, were shot with the results given in detail below:

Twenty-five targets, expert rules:

147	11111 10111 11111 11111 01111—23
Taylor	01101 10111 11111 11111 11111—22
Banks	11111 11001 11111 11111 11101—22
Beveridge	01111 01111 11110 11111 11101—21
Money	11011 01011 11011 10111 10111—19
Wright	00100 11111 10101 11111 11111—19
Palmer	11111 11001 11100 11000 01000—14
Matzen	01100 00101 00101 01111 10110—13
Hexamer	11111 10000 01011 01110 01000—13
Hildreth	10011 00010 01010 10101 11000—11
Thomas	01100 01100 11110 11010 w —

Ten pairs:

Banks	11 11 11 01 11 10 11 11 10 01—16
147	10 11 10 11 10 11 11 10 11 10—15
Money	10 11 01 00 11 10 11 11 11 10—14
Beveridge	00 11 11 10 11 01 11 11 10 10—14
Wright	10 11 10 10 01 10 00 10 11 01—11
Palmer	00 10 11 10 11 01 10 10 10 00—10
Matzen	00 00 11 10 11 10 10 10 10 00— 9
Thomas	11 10 00 10 01 10 00 11 00 00— 8
Hildreth	10 00 00 00 11 10 00 10 10 01— 7

Several miss-and-outs were also shot to close the afternoon. In these events for the first target all stood at No. 5 and shot at No 1; the next target was shot at from No. 1 score, the target being thrown from No. 5 trap, and so on. Both barrels were allowed. Chris Wright covered himself with glory in these events.

EDWARD BANKS.

PIGEON SHOOTING AT PLAINFIELD.

Sept. 16.—A group of Plainfield business men and others who are fond of a day's outing at the traps had a little shoot in the country near that New Jersey city to-day. The pigeons were a lot of fast and strong country birds, and proved altogether too good for the majority of the shooters. The prizes were two live geese. The last thing seen of Dutchy was a rear view, as he disappeared in the direction of Plainfield with the largest goose under his arm. The scores in the 7-bird event for the geese were:

Dutchy Smith (28)	1111121—7	Sunderman (28)	2002120—4
C Lister (26)	2111120—6	Adelman (26)	1111000—4
Tom Keller (28)	1201102—5	McCullough (26)	0102201—4
Scott Terry (28)	1102202—5	Pearson (26)	0002011—3
Reed (26)	1021012—5	Worth (26)	0020200—2
Codington (23)	0121022—5	Hourand (26)	0100000—1
W Terry (28)	1101002—4	Blatz (26)	00w

BREAKING TARGETS AT MARION.

Sept. 18.—A series of matches, with sweepstakes attached, attracted a moderate crowd of shooters and spectators to the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club at Marion this afternoon. The matches were two in number: One between Carl von Lengerke and W. L Gardiner, the latter of Norwalk, O.; and one between J. (147) L. Winston and E. Banks. Both were at 100 targets per man, but that between Von Lengerke and Gardiner was at unknown angles, while the match between 147 and Banks was at expert rules, one man up. In match No. 1 Gardiner was to have allowed his opponent 8 extra targets to shoot at in addition to the 100, but Carl did not need his allowance. The pair were tied at the end of the first 25 with 20 each. The second 25 saw Gardiner 1 in the lead; the third 25 resulted in a gain of 1 for Von Lengerke, the two being thus once more a tie, with only 25 more to shoot at. In the last 25 Carl broke 23 while Gardiner fell away badly in his shooting, losing the match by a substantial majority.

The above match was supposed to have been started at 1:30 P M., but business kept both the contestants away until quite an hour later The result was that Winston and Banks, who started in at 1 P. M. to shoot 100 targets, expert rules, for a Dunlap hat and the targets, were able to make a double header, and shoot two matches in place of one. Prior to starting the match, both agreed to have the bluerock traps throw the bluerock targets as far and as low as the A. S. A. would permit. This made the shooting very hard, the Endeavor Gun Club's grounds being notorious around here for hard shooting under any conditions No. 5 was an especially low and hard target, and 147 found it a perfect hoodoo; he only broke it twice out of the first twenty times he shot at it. Winston was not shooting up to his form; as he put it, he felt too good to do good shooting. Anyway, he was very slow and dusted lots of targets. The results of the two matches were wins for Banks, who thus holds a cinch on two Dunlap hats, fall styles Under the original conditions Winston was to have allowed Banks 5 extra targets to shoot at, or 105 in all to his 100; the allowance, however, was not needed in either match. The match was refereed by A. R. Strader, secretary of the Endeavor Gun Club; the same gentleman acting as master of the indicator. Jim Hildreth, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, who was suffering from a maimed foot, owing to his having stubbed his toe the night previous in a Turkish bath, acted as score-keeper. Scores in these two matches were as below:

First match:		
Banks	01111 11111 01011 11111 11111—22	
	10011 10111 10101 11111 01110—18	
	11101 10011 10111 11111 11111—21	
	11011 01001 10101 11101 11000—15—76	
147	10111 01111 11011 11110 10111—20	
	00011 01111 01101 11110 01110—16	
	11001 11110 11101 11101 10110—18	
	01011 10011 00111 11011 11111—18—72	
Second match:		
Banks	10111 01001 01111 11111 11111—20	
	11100 11111 10111 11111 11011—21	
	11111 01011 11111 01001 11011—19	
	10111 10111 11101 10111 11101—20—80	
147	11000 11110 11011 00111 10101—16	
	01011 11011 10011 10111 10011—18	
	11011 11011 11110 11101 11011—20	
	11001 10111 11111 10010 11111—19—73	

The scores in the 100-target race between Carl von Lengerke and W. L. Gardiner were as below:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Total.
Carl von Lengerke	20	20	20	23	83
W L Gardiner	20	21	19	17	77

A team race, three men to a team, 25 targets per man, unknown angles, was another feature of the afternoon. This affair resulted in a tie on 66 each. Scores:

Banks's Team.		Gardiner's Team.	
F Sinnock	23	Gardiner	25
Capt Money	22	147	24
E Banks	21—66	C von Lengerke	17—66

The tie was shot, Gardiner's team going to pieces in the failing light and having, therefore, to settle for 300 targets. Scores in the second race were:

Banks's Team.		Gardiner's Team.	
Banks	24	147	23
Sinnock	22	Gardiner	10
Money	18—64	C von Lengerke	10—53

Sweepstake scores were as below, all events being at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	20	25	25	25	Targets:	15	15	20	25	25	25
Gardiner	..	..	16	21	20	19	Hildreth	12	12	12	16	14	19
147	14	14	19	22	22	23	Fletcher	11	10	17	19	..	20
C V L	..	..	16	19	20	20	Cummings	11	4	..	17	14	..
Banks	..	13	20	23	20	22	Strader	13	..	16	21	20	19
Sinnock	11	13	16	21	17	21	Althus	..	..	20	14	17	16
Capt Money	..	..	18	20	22	21	Jones	..	..	..	19	..	..

Western Traps.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB

Sept. 18.—The Garfield Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot on its grounds this afternoon. There was a fairly good attendance, considering the fact that the 15th comes in this week, and that this is the time most of our Illinois shooters are away chicken shooting.

This month winds up the regular shoots for the season of 1897, and some good scores are being made and hard work done by some few who rival each other for the yearly medal. In some instances there is but 1 or 2 birds difference on the ten best scores of the season, and there is no certainty who the winners are as yet. Following are the scores of this week's shoot:

Medal shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Stickle	0111111111110111110111101—21
Richards	1110101101111101111010111—19
Shaw	1111111111111111111101111—24
De Maus	1111000110110110100001101—14
Hicks	1111111101110111101100111—20
Russell	1001111010111111111110001—17
Slocum	0011100000000000100000100— 5
Workman	1101101110011010000110110—14
Wiley	0011010001010011111100111—14
Fish	1110101111011111111110110—20
E S Graham	1111110111010111111011111—21
Thatcher	0011001010010110011100010—11
Neal	100w
Patterson	1111011100111011001100111—17

Sweeps were shot as below: Nos. 1, 2 and 3, unknown angles; No. 4, snipe shooting; No. 5, reversed order; No. 6, 10 singles and 5 pairs. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	20	Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	20
Richards	9	6	11	8	8	14	E S Graham	12	8	..	..	5	..
Shaw	13	8	12	7	8	14	Stickle	9	8	13	4	7	15
Hicks	12	10	12	..	7	18	Wiley	12	6	13	..	6	15
Russell	6	6	..	..	5	12	Fish	8	8	13	..	5	15
Slocum	5	2	..	..	..	..	Thatcher	3	8	..	..	..	..
Workman	4	7	..	..	..	..	Demaris	..	7	..	..	..	..
Neal	12	9	15	9	6	12	Patterson	..	..	11	..	..	..

CICERO GUN CLUB.

Sept 18.—The following are scores of members of Cicero Gun Club, of Oak Park, Ill., who attended the grounds to-day. The attendance was light and the poor scores of the participants were largely due to the strong wind from the left quarter across the traps, making the flight of the targets very erratic.

Twenty-five targets, known traps, unknown angles.

Trophy Contest.

Banks	1101011011000101010111101—15
Knott	1001011100001100000110010—10
Barnard	0100011001000010110000000— 7
Dr Matthews	0011111011111101100111100—17
Lowry	0110110110111111100010101—16

AT WATSON'S PARK.

Sept. 15.—Below are the scores made at the Audubon Gun Club's weekly shoot, held to-day at Watson's Park:

Foss	2110211201211111—13+2—15
Rice	0222020200102200— 7+3—10
C E Felton	1200021100
Hollester	0011102110211 12—11+2—13
J Amberg	1022121 0113220—12+2—14
H H Frothingham	1100220202222212—11+0—11

The following scores were made in practice:

Rice	1221102100011221200020111200000—18
Hollester	2111212011101211111101200120—24

Sept. 18.—F. P Stannard and R. Kuss, 100 targets, unknown angles, known traps; $25 a side, loser to pay for birds:

F P Stannard	1111101111101111111101111010011111111111111111111—44
	1111111111111111111111111111100111111111111111111—48—92
R Kuss	0011111111101110100101111111101111111111111111110—41
	1101110111011111111011111010111111111101101111111—42—83

The following scores were also made: Adams shot at 100, broke 78; Vetter shot at 50, broke 37; Moran shot at 50, broke 21; W. S annard shot at 25, broke 21; F. P. Stannard shot at 25, broke 21; Goodrich shot at 25, broke 17.

COOK COUNTY TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

The Cook County Trap-Shooters' League will hold its seventh contest on the grounds of the Eureka Gun Club, corner Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue, Saturday, Sept. 25th, 1897, at 1 P. M. The grounds will be open for all those wishing to attend at 10 o'clock A. M., and the regular programme of sweeps will be indulged in.

The Grand American Handicap of 1898.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Contracts have been signed between the Interstate Association and Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau for the holding of the Grand American Handicap tournament of 1898 at Elkwood Park, March 22, 23 and 24. The requirements of the Grand American Handicap are such as to demand the securing of the best shooting grounds obtainable for the holding of the event. The Elkwood Park grounds have been so fully described in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, that it is hardly necessary to state they are unequaled in this or any other country.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

West Lebanon Gun Club.

WEST LEBANON, N. H., Sept. 14.—The West Lebanon Gun Club held its third annual shoot to-day The attendance was small, owing to many of its members being unable to leave their business to attend the shoot, consequently the events were cut short. Following are the scores, all events being at known traps and angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5		Events:	1	2	3	4	5	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Broke.	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Broke.
Clapp	4	4	3	7	1	19	Bailey	6	6	8	8	6	34
Hoffman	4	5	1	3	7	20	Young	..	3	4	6	5	18
Briere	6	2	5	6	..	19	Batchelder	4	9	7	7	7	34
Baker	1	5	6	8	6	26	Carter	..	0	1	6	..	13

NAP. BRIERE, Sec'y.

The Schmelzer Tournament.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 17.—The fourth annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. succeeded in accomplishing the object of its promoter: that of bringing together a lot of amateurs, as well as inducing that class of shooters to attend which one never meets at the open-to-all shoots. There were plenty of this class present, and among them were a number who had never attended a tournament before, and others who had been shooting at the trap less than a year. Bringing out this class must stamp the tournament a success. It is safe to assert that some of the shooters who get their first experience at this tournament will be seen at other shoots next season, while the successful ones will return home with renewed enthusiasm. Their success, too, will be the cause of interesting others in the sport in their particular locality. This was the object of holding this tournament.

CONDITIONS AND HANDICAP.

One of the conditions in the programme specified that no shooter could win more than one first prize on any one day. On the face of it this rule appears straight, as it prevents the more skillful from winning all the principal prizes, and naturally protects the weaker shooters. Theoretically, it looks very good; but practically, it was a failure. Not that it failed to protect the weaker shots, but that it induced, or rather compelled shooters to drop for place—something which the programme emphatically stated would not be tolerated. This time, however, it was either 'drop" or remain out of the shoot for the balance of the day. Time and again the last target was dropped, as to tie for first after you had already won one would shut the shooter out. The system was wrong this time. For this reason no averages have been computed, as they would signify nothing under these conditions.

The shooters were divided up into three classes, A, B and C class. The A class shooters were required to shoot from three unknown traps, unknown angles, 18yds. rise. This was changed after the second day to known traps, unknown angles, at 18yds. B class shot known traps, unknown angles, 16yds.; while C class shot from known traps, known angles, 14yds. rise. If a shooter was found too fast for the class he was in he was advanced. Some few were advanced from C to B, but only one (Reust) to A.

The tournament was held at Fairmount Park, where all previous ones were held. Three sets of traps were run, one of these was arranged on the Sergeant system, and the other two after the old style of five. Perfection targets were used.

PRINCIPALS AND PARTICIPANTS.

The following is a list of the visiting shooters: F. M. Frick, C. V. Renick and N. C. Ewing, Oke Grove, Mo: H. Klio, Williamstown, Kan.; Dr. J B Hungate, Weeping Water, Neb.; E. A. Burton and J. A. Shaw, Murray, Neb.; C. L Funk, Pueblo, Col.; F. N. Cockrill, Platt City, Mo.; Dr. S Redman, W. S. Robinson, D. Davis and A. J. Williams, Cockrell, Mo.; C. E. McGee, F. W. Tryman and W. D. Moulder, Easton, Kan.; E. E. Hargrove, Sutton, Neb.; Dr. J. M. Hamme, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.; Tom Blackwell, Dr. E. A Lee, Ed. L. White and J. E. White, Odessa, Mo; J. N. Akard and Young, Fairplay, Mo.; A. L Bennett and wife, Emporia, Kan.; W. S Allen, Raymore, Mo.; Jas. Thomas, W H. Allen and Huck, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; L. Pruitt and L. H Bruner, Homewood, Kan.; Sumner Hale, Purden, Mo: B Johnson, Leloup, Kan.; S. W. Tatum, St. Joe, Mo.; F. P Hollenback, Zarah, Kan; F. C. Reust, Frankfort, Kan; E. A. Farris, Hall Summit, Kan.; J. C. Farris, Randolph, Mo.; B. O Running, Airy Lou Hardt and Hyde, Atchison, Kan.; J. W Sexton, Leavenworth, Kan.; Frank Hodges, Will Lemon, J. C. Carpenter, W. R Walker, Lou Thiele and R. E. Walker, Olathe Kan.; Dr. C. B. Clapp and L. L. Wayland (Woodson), Moberly, Mo.

First Day, Sept. 14.

While I have put all the events scheduled for this day in the table, this is not really the way they were shot, as only three events were finished on this day and two others begun. Much valuable time was lost in making a start and more in classifying the shooters, and then it is a much more difficult matter to keep new shooters in their proper place, and there were a lot of this class present.

The first event was a 10 target race, no entrance fee Dave Elliott won the kodak, which was first prize; Burton second, Ewing third, Davis fourth and Funk fifth. In the second event Hale won first, a Colt rifle; Funk second, Akard third, Burton fourth and Bennett fifth. No. 3: Blackwell first, a Syracuse hammerless gun; Redman second, Reust third, Gregory fourth and Funk fifth. No. 4: Gottlieb first, an Ideal loading machine; Bullock second, Wright third, Croweater fourth and Lee fifth. No. 5, Gottlieb first, 500 Peters shells, loaded with King's Smokeless; W. S. Allen second, McNu third, Hamme fourth, and Herman fifth. No 6 was a miss-and-out; Herman broke 27 straight and took first, a Spencer repeater; Bullock second, Sweet third, Hickman fourth, and Simms fifth. No 7 was also a miss-and-out; Palmer won the wading pants on 21 straight. W. S. Allen second, Bennett third, Sexton fourth, Cornett fifth. A Baxter camping outfit was first prize in No. 8. This went to Shaw; D. Elliott second, Reust third, Burton fourth, and Cornett fifth. A tent was first prize in No. 9. W. S. Allen got this, McNee second, Cornet third, Funk fourth, and Shaw fifth. Nos. 6 and 7 being miss-and outs, are not shown in the table below, though we have numbered them in this order. Bruce, Harrison, Herron, Arnds, Branhall, Richards, Hintche, Moore and Bottem shot only in one event.

CLASS A.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	10	15	Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	10	15
Gottlieb	7	14	17	10	15	8	13	Erhardt	..	10	15	..	..	..	..
Fanning	7	13	17	9	10	9	15	Sexton	..	12	14	9	..	9	14
Cornett	8	12	19	10	13	6	13								

CLASS B

Funk	6	14	15	9	14	7	12	Scott	8	12	11	..	13	9	14
Herman	8	13	18	9	11	9	13	Rickmers	..	11	..	..	15	8	13
Sweet	7	10	18	7	9	8	14	Palmer	..	..	..	..	12	8	13
Bennett	9	11	19	9	12	10	14	Woodson	..	..	..	..	13	8	13
Hale	8	15	18	10	13	10	12	Hodges	..	..	..	..	..	8	13
Wright	9	14	18	8	9	8	8	Running	..	..	..	..	..	7	12
D Elliott	10	12	..	..	..	9	10	Norton	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Reust	..	14	17	10	14	8	12								

CLASS C.

Hungate	6	12	18	7	11	6	10	Davis	7	13	14	..	..	..	..
Simms	8	15	13	8	13	7	11	Williams	2	8	9	..	..	..	..
Bates	4	14	14	7	12	6	12	Klio	4	8	15	..	..	..	..
Hamme	10	10	15	6	12	6	10	Hairgrove	9	12	15	..	..	..	..
Croweater	8	12	12	7	13	8	8	Huck	..	..	..	..	..	8	11
Bryant	7	12	18	8	13	5	10	Hickman	..	12	16	..	..	..	15
Bullock	7	9	17	9	15	10	15	W H Allen	..	..	..	..	..	6	14
McNee	10	10	15	8	13	9	14	Blackwell	..	..	..	9	13	9	13
Akard	10	13	18	9	14	9	15	W S Allen	..	..	..	..	14	10	15
Shaw	10	13	19	10	12	10	11	Park	..	11	15	7	..	..	..
Burton	9	12	18	9	14	7	14	Leach	8	..	..	8	..	..	..
N Jarrett	8	13	17	10	12	10	12	Sonnochein	6	4	..	..	..	..	..
Lee	8	10	16	8	13	9	..	R Jarrett	7	11	..	..	..	..	..
Bruns, Jr	7	14	16	9	13	8	12	Thomas	..	13	18	..	..	..	..
Frick	7	10	14	..	12	8	12	McGee	..	13	15	..	..	..	..
Kelly	8	10	..	6	12	9	12	Jones	..	7	18	..	..	..	..
Young	7	12	9	7	..	10	13	Edwards	..	7	..	6	..	..	..
Gregory	8	10	16	7	..	5	15	Tatum	..	13	..	..	..	9	12
McCurdy	6	12	10	7	..	9	11	Hollenbock	..	9	17	10	..	..	..
Robinson	..	11	17	7	12	9	8	Redman	..	..	18	9	..	..	..
Pruitt	..	10	18	9	10	8	15	Carpenter	..	..	..	..	..	8	12
Cockrell	..	..	12	8	11	8	8	Markle	..	..	..	..	..	4	8
Farris	7	14	17	8	14	..	..	Lemon	..	..	..	..	..	8	12
Ostertag	6	12	16	8	..	..	..	Templeton	..	..	..	..	..	7	14
Vaughn	8	12	14	..	..	..	..	Frenkas	..	..	..	..	..	8	12
Bruns, Sr	8	11	15	..	..	..	..	Bills	..	..	..	..	..	8	11
Ewing	8	9	13	9	7	..	..	Cords	..	..	..	..	..	7	9
White	8	10	16	8	..	7	..	Dickinson	..	..	..	..	..	6	6
Tryman	6	11	11	6	..	..	..								

Second Day, Sept. 15.

Things moved along much smoother to day, and a good number of events were shot off; no less than twelve events being disposed of, though the tie in many remained undecided.

The first event was a free for all, no entrance fee, Reust won first, a fine cigar case; Hodges second, Woodson third, Thomas fourth and N. Jarrett fifth. Hickman won the corduroy hunting suit, first prize in No. 2; Running second, R. Jarrett third, Rickmers fourth and Woodson fifth. Half a keg of Hazard Blue Ribbon is what Hodges got for first in No. 3; Gottlieb second, Swope third, Young fourth and McNee fifth.

Blackwell won a clock, first prize in No. 4; Hickman second, Thomas third, N. Jarrett fourth and Wright fifth. Shaw won the Winchester trap gun in No. 5; W. S. Allen second, Reust third, Swope fourth and N. Jarrett fifth. A clock is what Reust got for first in event No. 6; Young second, Rickmers third, Scott fourth and Hodges fifth. Sexton was on top in event No 7, and got the Smith hammerless gun; Cornett second, Thomas third, N. Jarrett fourth and Burton fifth. Young got the silverware in the eighth; Funk second, Hodges third, Hill fourth, Gregory fifth. Lee landed the Lefever gun that he was anxious to secure, the first prize in No. 9; Hungate second, Erhardt third, Shaw fourth.

Part of these events were shot on Wednesday and part on Thursday. The weather was sultry and threatening. The attendance was good and everything ran smoothly. There were a number of shooters who participated in but one event, among them the following: Yowell, Linn, Houck, Marston, Hollenback, Snell, Tatum, D Elliott, Brucker, Bills, Dickinson, Bruns, Sr., Bottem, Beohr and Mrs. Bennett.

CLASS A.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	25	25	20	20	15	20
Gottlieb	10	14	14	22	21	18	18	11	18
Fanning	8	12	13	21	..	19	18	15	16
Sexton	..	11	7	20	19	16	19	12	15
Cornett	..	15	14	23	16	15	18	12	15
Erhardt	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	17

CLASS B.

Funk	10	15	14	20	24	18	12	15	19
Reust	10	13	15	25	23	20	16	11	18
Palmer	9	13	14	19	20	15	18	10	16
Wright	9	12	12	21	19	17	16	14	14
Woodson	8	11	11	22	18	16	17	9	18
Herman	9	12	14	21	22	18	15	12	16
Rickmers	6	12	13	20	23	18	15	11	17
Scott	9	8	13	21	21	17	13	11	13
Hodges	9	14	15	24	23	16	18	13	16
Sweet	..	12	12	22	18	16	15	11	15
Hale	7	14	13	21	18	..	..	..	..
Running	..	14	12	22	..	..	..	..	..
Simms	6	12	14	19	..	..	..	..	..
Norton	..	14	13	21	..	15	..	..	..
Bennett	8	..	..	..	24	..	19	..	15

CLASS C.

Bryant	9	11	13	22	23	8	14	14	16
Gregory	8	13	14	15	20	11	14	11	13
N Jarrett	6	12	12	22	21	17	16	12	17
Akard	8	14	14	25	24	15	13	11	15
Young	7	14	12	15	22	19	12	15	19
Bates	7	12	8	22	16	13	12	9	16
Hamme	8	14	13	20	22	11	14	12	13
Hungate	6	12	13	22	24	16	19	13	18
Thomas	7	14	13	23	23	19	17	12	..
Frinkas	5	10	14	20	18	16	..	..	..
Robinson	9	9	9	16	14	7	..	..	..
W S Allen	9	13	14	23	24	18	..	..	..
McNee	8	..	11	23	22	16	16	11	16
Cockrell	7	..	10	16	..	..	15	..	16
Thiele	5	10	14	17	18	4	13	..	..
Lemon	8	12	14	19	22	11	..	..	..
Carpenter	5	10	10	21	19	13	..	..	..
W R Walker	9	12	8	19	20	..	..	..	..
R E Walker	6	9	10	20	..	..	..	..	..
McCurdy	6	11	11	18	22	16	..	..	..
Blackwell	..	14	14	25	..	..	17	11	18
Hickman	..	15	13	24	25	19	12	..	..
Swope	..	..	13	20	22	..	15	16	..
Kelly	10	11	12	22	21	17	..	..	..
Pruitt	9	12	11	20	19	..	..	..	..
Bruns	..	12	15	..	..	..	11	..	..
Lee	8	..	13	..	20	..	15	12	19
Bullock	8	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shaw	9	..	..	..	25	..	..	..	16
Burton	8	9	..	..	..	..	15	..	15
Markle	6	9	..	22	..	..	..	..	..
R Garrett	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	16
Ewing	8	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bramhall	..	6	9	15	18	..	..	..	..
Cords	..	10	12	22	..	..	..	..	..
Bruns, Jr	..	12	15	..	..	..	11	..	..
W H Allen	..	11	13	21	..	..	..	..	..
Hyde	..	14	13	22	..	..	..	..	..
Croweater	..	13	13	16	..	..	..	..	..
Hubbard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	16
Barker	..	..	..	12	17	..	..	..	..
Frick	..	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
W B Thomas	..	..	14	..	19	..	..	..	..
Lilly	..	..	10	..	17	..	..	..	..

Third Day, Sept. 16.

The morning of the third day of the shoot opened up very gloomily. There was a nasty rain falling, and a drop in the temperature of about 30°. Those who had been complaining of the heat were now shivering with cold, and later on when the sun came out were eager to reap the benefit of its rays. There was a big day's programme to be disposed of, and with the gloomy prospects in the morning, it looked very much as though it would be impossible to finish it. The disagreeable weather, however, had cut down the attendance considerably. Those who were present had come to shoot, and paid no attention to the driving rain nor the disagreeable conditions under foot. The events were run off with great rapidity, and as it cleared up after dinner, it was possible to finish all the events, as well as decide all ties.

First prize in No. 1, a lawn swing, was won by Funk; Palmer second, Bruns, Jr., third, Hodges fourth and Burton fifth. Hungate won the hunting suit, first prize in No. 2; Sexton second, Funk third, Lee fourth and Reust fifth. Hamme got a Marlin rifle as first prize in No 3; Palmer second, Hill third, Wright fourth, Lee fifth. Rickmers won a Kosmic rod, the chief prize in No. 4; Funk second, Erhardt third, Gregory fourth, Bryant fifth. In No. 5, the Smith & Wesson revolver were to Hickman, Hungate got second, Palmer third, Erhardt fourth and Hodges fifth. An Ithaca hammerless was won by N. Jarrett in No. 6, Hill second, Cockrell third, Woodson fourth and Herman fifth. First prize, an antique oak cigar box, in the 7th event went to Cornett, Cockrell second, Lee third, Bennett fourth and Gregory fifth. The prizes in No. 8 consisted of five lamps. The finest went to Wright, Bryant second, Gottlieb third, N. Jarrett fourth and Cornett fifth. In the final event Burton won first, a Remington ejector gun; Young second, Woodson third, Palmer fourth and N. Jarrett fifth.

A CLASS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	15	15	20	25
Gottlieb	10	10	14	8	15	15	14	18	24
Sexton	10	9	13	9	12	14	13	17	21
Cornell	9	8	12	5	11	11	15	16	13
Reust	10	6	12	7	10	7	14	17	21
Fanning	..	10	12	9	10	12	13	13	22
Erhardt	..	6	12	8	12	13	15	15	22

B CLASS.

Herman	9	8	11	7	12	11	11	18	25
Sweet	7	6	10	7	10	15	13	14	21
Rickmers	7	8	14	10	12	13	14	13	..
Funk	10	10	14	9	15	15	14	19	24
Palmer	9	6	14	8	13	12	13	16	22
Woodson	7	8	12	8	11	12	9	14	23
Hickman	10	8	15	8	15	14	13	..	18
Wright	10	..	12	6	11	14	15	20	23
Hodges	7	..	..	9	11	14	12	15	23
Bennett	10	..	..	6	..	12	12	..	17

C CLASS.

Hungate	10	10	10	8	14	12	10	15	17
Hill	8	7	13	7	11	14	11	17	23
Bryant	7	7	13	6	14	13	12	19	21
N Jarrett	9	8	13	8	12	15	12	17	21
Gregory	8	6	13	7	10	11	11	15	19
Lee	8	7	11	8	9	13	13	..	..
Bruns, Jr	5	7	..	..	..	19	6	..	15
McNee	7	..	13	..	11	12	..	..	..
Cockrell	..	8	..	..	8	13	14	14	22
Shaw	9	8	..	..	..	14	..	..	23
Swope	8	..	13	..	13	..	13	..	..
Tryman	..	..	11	6	9	10	10	..	..
Hamme	..	..	15	..	12	12	..	..	20
Akard	..	..	..	..	12	..	7	16	18
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	24
Bates	..	..	8	..	11	9	..	..	..
Thiele	..	..	8	8	..	..	13	..	..
Burton	6	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	25
Tatum	..	8	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Elkers	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Duck	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..

These shot in only one event: Villians, Bruns, Sr., Norton, Scott, Blackwell, Dennis.

NOTES

J. S. Fanning, the Gold Dust powder representative, was the only trade representative present. Sharkey shot right along, but for birds only, though just as hard as if there was a good round sum at stake, Jack did lots of good missionary work.

Ed Hickman started in Class C, but after one day he was advanced to B, and here he shot equally as well If the shoot had lasted a day longer Ed would have gone into A. Ed is a first-class live-bird shot, but makes no pretensions on targets; yet there is no reason why he should not do equally as well with the saucers. Ed's name appears quite frequently among the winners.

C. L. Funk shot a very steady gait throughout, and was also fortunate in the few sweeps that were shot. He landed a 13 and a 15 alone. He has made wonderful strides since I first met him at the midwinter last January.

Gottlieb made one run of 43 straight, while the handicap of three unknown traps, unknown angles, 18yds. rise, was imposed on the A class men.

Airy Lou Hardt, as usual, was the life of the shoot. Lou never cares about his scores, but is out for a good time, and endeavors to make it enjoyable for all. Such people always add much to the pleasure of a shoot.

Funk is authority for the statement that there will be $2,500 added money shoot at Cripple Creek, Col., in October, under the auspices of the Intermountain Association. It has not been definitely settled yet whether it will be an open shoot or confined to members of the Association only.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Trap Around Buffalo.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 11.—The regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was well attended. Event No. 3 in the table given below was the badge shoot. In Class A, C. S. Burkhardt and L. W. Bennett were tied for the badge; on the shoot-off, Burkhardt won. R. H Hebbard won in Class B, and Dr. Sauer in Class C. Nos. 6 and 8 were at 5 pairs. The team shoot, for the club championship of the city, was won by the Audubons with 108 out of 125 shot at. Cazenova Gun Club defeated the Bisons for second place by 95 to 91. Scores in to day's shoot were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	15	20	10	15	10	Targets:	10	15	25	15	20	10	15	10
C S Burkhardt	10	13	23	12	17	7	12	8	R Hebbard	..	..	20	8	20	5	..	4
Norris	9	14	18	13	17	6	13	..	J O'Brien	..	..	18	14	16	4	..	4
E C Burkhardt	9	14	21	13	18	9	15	5	Wheeler	..	..	19	12	9	..	..	..
Hammond	8	12	23	15	18	..	..	..	E Burrows	..	..	18	15	..	..	..	..
L Bennett	10	12	23	12	17	8	11	..	Mack	..	..	17	9	..	..	..	..
B Tolsma	9	..	23	13	..	..	..	..	H Waltz	..	..	10	11	..	..	..	..
G Zoeller	8	14	18	13	18	6	14	7	J Beck	..	..	22	11	..	6	13	7
Swiveler	..	..	13	20	9	13	..	12	W Heinold	..	..	18	14	..	7	12	..
J J Reid	..	10	10	11	13	6	..	..	Jacobs	..	..	21	..	17	..	13	..
C H Werlin	..	..	19	9	14	5	..	..	W R Eaton	..	..	18	..	16	..	10	..
Dead Eye	..	..	13	9	..	..	..	..	E Sauer	..	..	18	..	10	5	10	8
J Kennedy	..	..	15	9	14	5	..	4	W C H	..	..	24	..	..	..	..	..
									J B	..	..	21	..	..	..	10	..

Team shoot for city championship:

Audubon.		Cazenovia.		Bisons.	
C S Burkhardt	23	Waltz	10	Werlin	19
Norris	18	J Beck	22	Mack	17
E C Burkhardt	21	Heinold	18	Wheeler	19
Hammond	23	W C H	24	Zoeller	18
Bennett	23—108	J B	21—95	E B	18—91

CAZENOVIA GUN CLUB.

Sept. 15.—The regular weekly shoot of the Cazenovia Gun Club was held this afternoon. The best shooting was done by E. C Burkhardt and Geo. P. McArthur, both members of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo The Audubon Gun Club again won the club championship of the city with 108 to the Bison's 88 and Cazenovia's 84. Below are the totals made in to-day's events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	15	15
Mose	5	12	10	12	11	..	..	J J Reid	..	11	9	8	16	13	9
Zoeller	9	13	12	12	21	..	..	J A Kerew	..	12	8	10	16	..	1
Main St	2	8	7	..	..	8	8	R H Hibbard	..	8	9	7	12	7	5
J Beck	9	13	8	..	18	15	13	Waltz	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Talsman	8	..	11	..	22	12	..	Dancer	..	13	7	..	21	..	..
Cannon	8	..	11	9	15	..	7	W Heinhold	..	10	10	..	13	..	..
McArthur	7	9	8	13	23	12	..	Norris	..	..	8	10	20	14	10
C Burkhardt	11	14	12	12	21	14	13	E B	..	..	12	..	19	..	..
Mack	9	7	13	13	16	..	..	Warren	..	..	12	14	20	..	13
E Burkhardt	12	10	11	11	23	13	12	Wheeler	..	..	..	14	18	..	..
Foxie	..	..	11	12	9	14	12	..							

BISON GUN CLUB.

Sept. 16.—Below are the scores made to-day at the grounds of the Bison Gun Club, Walden avenue and City Line, Buffalo:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	10	10	15	Targets:	10	15	25	10	10	15
Zoeller	8	11	18	6	..	..	Hager	9	..	16	..	..	..
Bauman	8	14	19	8	7	15	Foxie	9	11	18	..	..	7
Wilson	..	..	15	..	..	..	Vine	..	..	14	..	..	..
Estes	..	9	13	7	6	..	Beebe	..	7	11	..	..	9
Cooper	7	12	14	6	9	..	Kreason	..	7	..	6	4	11
Mack	5	9	18	4	6	11	Wheeler	..	..	18	..	..	..

Zoeller and Bauman tied for A badge; Hager won Class B badge, and Beebe won Class C badge.

The next team shoot for the championship of Buffalo will be held on the Bison's grounds Sept. 23.

Trap in Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R I., Sept. 15 —The Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association's team was victorious to day on the club's grounds in a three cornered contest with the Pawtuxet and Centerdale gun clubs. This was a State club shoot, open to all, for a bluerock expert trap, donated by the Cleveland Target Company The shooting throughout was poor but close, as the Rhode Island team finished only six points ahead in a score of 250 targets shot at by each team. Messrs. Corey and Sheldon headed the shooting for the Pawtuxets; Remington and McCormack for the Centerdales, and Root and Greener for the Rhode Islands.

A special 100 bird race was also shot, and was won by R. C. Root, with a score of 87, F. L Corey 83, W. H. Smith 81, and F. I. Greener 78. This was a sort of a feeler for the contest which is to take place next Thursday for championship title and a silver cup offered by the Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association, open to all residents of the State. This cup is not subject to challenge, but becomes the property of the winner, who holds the title for the year 1897. There will be other prizes offered beside the cup. A large attendance is expected and the best shooting of the season anticipated.

Summary of the team shoot:

R. I. Association Team		Pawtuxet Gun Club.		Centerdale Gun Club.	
R C Root	41	W H Smith	33	J Collins	5
E C Whitaker	28	F Arnold	31	W F Reiner	24
F I Greener	41	H W Bain	26	G T Naylor	27
P H Veteran	32	A Hawkins	29	J McMormack	28
Amos Arnold	31—173	F L Corey	43—167	H Remington	34—138

Conditions: Five-man team, 50 birds to a man; 25 known and 25 unknown angles.

J. F. RUSSELL, Sec'y.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Sept. 18.—Herewith I hand you scores made today at the regular weekly practice shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	20	20	10	20	10	20	20	10
Angles:	K	K	K	U	R	R	K	K	U	U	K	K	U	R	R	R
Orne	3	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bryan	5	10	10	10	6	9	16	9	15	15	10	13	10	16	13	4
Miller	5	7	9	9	7	5	16	7	13	15	6	16	9	15	14	..
Leighton	..	6	10	7	7	7	15	9	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens	..	..	..	8	9	8	16	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ab

Indiana Trap-Shooters' League.

THE TERRE HAUTE TOURNAMENT.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Sept. 11.—The two days' tournament of the Indiana Trap Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Terre Haute Gun Club, was a successful one in every way. Everything went like clockwork. The boys who had the hard and thankless jobs of scorer, referee, puller, cashier, etc., knew their business and attended to it. A magautrap was used for throwing targets, and a goodly number of targets were thrown. Some of them seemed too hard for Paul North but still he seemed to like it.

The visiting shooters were: Tripp, Tack, Partington, Beck, Parry and Lawrence, Indianapolis; Voris and Stilwell, Crawfordsville; Smith, Postner and Davis, Paris, Ill.; Joab and Murphy, Brazil; Morgan, Chicago, a member of the Eureka Gun Club; Deitrick, Waveland; Carter and Wm. and Joe Buffo, Clinton; Green, Marshall, Ill.; Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co.; Ralph Trimble and R. S. Waddell, of the Du Pont Powder Co.; and Mackie, of the King Powder Co.

When the president called a recess for lunch on the second day, Mackie and Trimble misunderstood him and thought there would be no more shooting, and as they both had a great deal of business to attend to, they took advantage of the afternoon and so missed a great deal of the fun, much to the regret of all concerned. As will be seen in the scores below, the five high guns on the first day were Trimble, Partington, Stone, Tack and Tripp.

One of the features of the second day was the shooting of Sheriff Seeburger. It was his second appearance before the traps. He missed his first bird and then broke 19 straight. He purchased his shells from Tetzel, and as Tetzel is inclined to be careless, the boys all think there was no shot in the first shell!

First Day, Sept. 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Birds:	10	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	20	15	20	Broke:
Tripp	10	12	14	17	14	14	21	14	12	16	13	19	176
Tack	6	11	14	18	13	13	21	13	15	18	15	20	177
Partington	9	14	14	18	15	14	22	13	12	18	13	17	179
Trimble	9	14	13	18	13	14	23	15	13	17	13	19	181
Stone	8	12	13	17	14	14	24	14	15	19	10	18	178
Deitrick	5	13	14	17	11	13	23	12	15	19	14	16	175
Nuekom	8	13	9	18	12	11	20	14	12	14	10	20	161
Mackie	8	14	11	18	12	11	22	10	13	16	..	..	...
Mitchell	6	11	..	16	10	..	..	12	13	16	11	19	...
Lawrence	7	9	14	18	14	14	24	11	15	15	..	..	...
Parry	7	8	14	18	13	15	23	14	14	18	13	15	172
Cromwell	7	9	9	..	13	11	..	7	11	..	12	9	...
Voris	7	11	13	15	12	12	20	13	12	16	9	..	...
Stillwell	7	9	9	17	6	12	..	11	12	12	13	16	...
Beck	10	12	11	18	14	11	19	13	13	16	12	17	166
Tetzel	..	..	..	17	12	15	24	14	12	16	13	18	...
Bindley	..	..	..	16	12	15	..	12	11	15	10	18	...
Morgan	4	7	5	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	...
Bement	9	9	..	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Davis	7	13	..	13	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	...
Murphy	6	10	9	11	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	...
Carter	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Stewart	6	10	7	18	12	11	20	..	..	..	..	..	...
Joab	8	9	..	..	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
North	9	10	11	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Smith	..	13	..	..	12	13	20	14	..	19	..	..	...
Postner	..	..	..	..	12	9	..	9	8	..	..	..	...
Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	17	13	..	...
G P	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	12	..	..	...

Second Day, Sept. 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Birds:	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Nuekom	9	8	12	9	8	9	7	8	8	9	9	7	8
Mitchell	..	..	5	12	7	8	9	8	6	7	9	7	..
Tetzel	..	..	..	13	6	8	9	9	9	8	8	9	8
Stone	7	9	12	10	8	8	9	9	8	8	9	9	8
Deitrick	9	10	15	10	6	10	9	10	8	10	9	8	8
Mackie	10	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Trimble	..	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wallace	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Buffo	..	..	..	3	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bindley	..	..	..	9	7	9	8	9	9	10	10	10	7
B Buffo	..	..	..	7	6	..	9	10	8	8	6	9	5
Bement	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	6	8	8	5	10
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	8	9	9	10	8
Stuckwist	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	..	..	..	..
Seeburger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10

The following team races were shot for price of birds, 15-bird races:

Stone	11	Nuekom	14
Tetzel	15—26	Deitrick	15—29
Mackie	13		
Trimble	14—27		

Team race, 25 birds:

Stone	25	Mackie	23
Buffo	18—43	Trimble	25—48
Nuekom	22	Tetzel	22
Deitrick	23—45	Mitchell	18—40

Match, 25 birds: Mitchell 24, Stone 18.
Match, 15 birds: Pierson 9, Cooper 14.
Match, 25 birds: Nuekom 21, Mitchell 19.

BRUCE COOPER, Sec'y.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 12.—Following are scores of regular weekly contest held to-day by the Calumet Heights club. The day was very warm and with scarcely any breeze, which accounts for the fair shooting shown by the scores. The early morning found most of the shooters on their way to the river, where the ducks were flying, small bags were made by all. The total killed by noon was thirty-two, most of which were blue-wing teal, with some few wood ducks. It is expected that good shooting will be had by the club members early this fall, as the marsh and water are in excellent condition.

Class A.

Lamphere	1111111111011101111111111—23
Young	1010111111101111101111101111—21
Booth	0111111111011111111111111—23
Metcalf	1111101111101111001111101—20

Class B.

Norcom	1110001111111101111011111—20

Class C.

Schmidt	0101011100111100100101101—14
Harlan	1111111010001101101110101—17
Chamberlain	1111110111111100101110011 19

Lamphere won the medal in Class A on the shoot-off. Norcom won in Class B, and Chamberlain in Class C.

Six sweeps were also shot. No. 1 was at known traps, unknown angles; Nos. 2 and 6 at unknown traps and angles; Nos. 4, 5 and 6 at 5 pairs, unknown traps and angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	10	10	10	15	Targets:	15	15	10	10	10	15
Harlan	15	11	4	1	..	9	Young	12	10	..	..	..	..
Metcalfe	13	9	6	7	8	12	Norcom	9	9	5	4	7	6
Booth	6	12	..	..	..	..	Chamberlain	13	..	4	..	..	..
Schmidt	12	4	..	..	..	..							

PATTI

Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 10.—The 100-target handicap race shot to-day on the grounds of the Iroquois Rifle Club had seven entries. This contest was the last but one of the series, so extra interest attached to the results. Russell, with 20 extra targets, and Bennett, who was allowed 25 extras, tied with 90 each, Born, a scratch man, was next with 84, Hofmeister (2 allowance) came forth with 83. Motz was not in his usual form, and could do no better than score 80 out of his 100. Below are the scores in detail:

Russell (20)	1110111111111111111111011010110111101101111101001—40
	1111101111011011110110000111111001101110101111000—34
	1110111111101111011 —16—90
Bennett (25)	0111111111111111010111110110001111000111111101100—37
	0111111101111011010011111100111001111000101101011—35
	1110111111100101000111111 —18—90
Born (0)	1111111011110111100111111111111111111101111111111—45
	0111111111101110111100011110111111011111111111010—39—84
Hofmeister (2)	1111011111111111011111010111110100111111100010111111—38
	1111101111111111101100111110111111111111111110111011—43
	11 — 2—83
Motz (0)	1110111111111111101111111010111110111011111110011—42
	1110011011111101101111011111111101010110110111—38—80
Wood (*)	0010110101111011011011011011001101011001001110011—30
	1010111101.011111111111111111111110(0111111011001—40
	0110101011 — 5—75
Daniels (25)	0000001010100111000101110101100011011111101101011—27
	1111011111001100011001011011110100001011011111011—31
	0110110111100101111110110 —17—75

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 13.—The sixth contest of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League was held Saturday, Sept. 11, on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club. While the attendance was good, the shoot was not as well patronized as was the last contest. This was probably due to the fact that many members are away chicken shooting. The interest was most intense, and considerable guessing was indulged in by the participants on the final results of the season's shooting, which will end within a month.

The sky was overcast the greater part of the day, and a strong wind blew across the traps from the left quarter. The flight of targets was somewhat erratic, and the shooting of some of the participants as well; though, considering these disadvantages to large scores, the results show up in a very favorable manner. The best scores of the day were by Kuss and Old Hoss Stannard, each going out with only one miss, both breaking their targets clear and good. These scores were followed by quite a number of 22 out of 25, and it is strange to say, out of the many scores shot, that not one made a 23.

The next and last team shoot of the league will be held on the grounds of the Eureka Gun Club, corner Vincennes and Seventy-ninth street, Chicago, on Sept. 25.

This will end the league's shooting for the year, except the handicap shoot, which will come off shortly thereafter. Those eligible to contest in this event are the five making the highest scores in each class of each club during the season.

Following are the scores of the team race:

Class A—Garfield Gun Club.

R Kuss	1110111111111111111111111—24
E Neal	1111101111111111111101101—22
Dr Shaw	1111101111110101111111111—22
A C Paterson	1101111111101011111111111—22
Fehrman	0111110111111101111111111—22
Wiley	0111111111111101111111110 -22—134

Eureka Gun Club.

F C Stannard	1101111111111111111111111—24
Goodrich	1101111111111111111101110—22
A W Adams	0111101111101111011111111—21
Steck	1110111101111111111011101—21
Prickett	0110101010101101101111101—16
Cornwall	0110001011111111111110000 -16—120

Class B—Garfield Gun Club.

Von Lengerke	1111011111111010111111011—21
T E Graham	1111111111101111101001011—21
Fish	1111001111111111001111111—21
Richards	1111001111011111111011011—20
Hicks	1111111101111100111011111—21
Stickles	1111110111010111010100111—18—122

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

Lamphere	1111111101110101011111111—21
Turtle	1111110111011111110101111—21
Metcalfe	1111110111111100111011101—20
Ferguson	1110111010010111101111—19
Booth	1010111011010010111111111—18
Houston	1100111111010011111111011—19 118

Garden City Gun Club.

Ruble	1101111111110111111111011—22
F E Adams	1111111111011001111110111—21
Goldsmith	1111011111111111011010101—20
Hellman	1010101011101111111111110—18
A Smith	1111111001.101010101000—15
Levi	0001111100.00.011001111011—14—110

Class C—Cicero Gun Club.

Gaetter	0111111101101111111111110—21
Matthews	1011101110111110110101111—19
W Chusman	1010110111111011101011111—18
Knott	0110101111111010.0001111—16
A Chusman	1111101001111000011111011—16
Lowrey	1101101111011001010110011—16—106

Garfield Gun Club (one man short).

E S Graham	1111111011010011110101101—18
Thatcher	0101101111010111001110.100—15
Comley	0011110111101101011110100—16
S Palmer	1000010000100000.0100011000— 6
Russell	1101110110111111001010111—18— 73

Calumet Heights Gun Club (two men short).

Norcom	0011101111101111011100111—18
Black	1101101011010100 1110111—16
Young	0110110101100111110110000—14
Harlan	1001110000110011010011011—12— 60

Eureka Gun Club (five men short).

H B Morgan	0110111001000011100000110 — 11

Class D—Cicero Gun Club (four men short).

Banks	0111001011101111010101101—16
Barnard	0011110000100001010000000— 7— 23

A. C. PATTERSON

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., Sept. 13.—On Sept. 13 a team race between Stipp and Thompson on one side, and Hatfield Sears and Richard on the other, was decided on the grounds of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. Conditions: 100 targets per man, 5 traps, unknown angles, for $15 a side and was won by the raw recruits, who "did themselves proud" on this occasion, while Thompson was in poor form. Scores appended. This race grew out of a challenge by Stipp and Thompson to any two men in Lawrence county to shoot them such a match. Braxton and Sherwood will try to entertain them about Sept. 21, same stakes and conditions:

Hatfield	1011111100011111111111111—21
Stipp	1111011111111111111111111—24
Sears	1110111110011111010111000 - 16
Richard	000.00110.1101011111111101—16
Thompson	0111101111101011101100110—17
Hatfield	1111101101100011000111101—16
Stipp	1111111110111101110111111—22
Sears	0110111101111110111111110—20
Richard	1110111000111110000010111—20
Thompson	1111100111101111111010110—19
Hatfield	1101111011100111101001111—18
Stipp	1101111 1111101111111111—23
Sears	1110101101.011111111001011—18
Richard	1011111010110101010111111—17
Thompson	1101111101111111111011110—20
Hatfield	0110C0011110111111101011—17
Stipp	0111110010111110111010110—18
Sears	1011100011111011111101101—18
Richard	1011111011100101100111111—18
Thompson	1101111011111111111111000 -19

Summary:	1st 25.	2d 25	3d 25.	4th 25.	Individual Total.
Stipp	24	22	23	18	87
Thompson	17	19	20	19	75—162
Hatfield	21	16	18	17	72
Sears	16	20	18	18	72
Richard	16	16	17	18	67—211

SHERWOOD, Sec'y.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Sept. 13.—Below are the scores made in the two last shoots of the Hunters' Handicap series. Next Saturday Sept. 18, will see the finish of this series. The finish will be interesting, as the two leaders in Class A, Root and Sheldon, are tied with 87 breaks out of 100 targets shot at. Each has a chance to improve upon a score of 20, the best four scores out of eight shoots to count for prizes. In Class B, Armstrong cannot lose the first prize, but second and third prizes in each class are still in doubt, four or five men being pretty well bunched for these honors.

Sept 4.—Hunters' Handicap

Class A, 25 targets, unknown angles:

S D Greene, Jr (0)	1101010011111111111111101 —20
F Corey (0)	1111111011111001110100110 —18
F Arnold (2)	0011101110001111101.11011011—18
F Geaves (2)	1100001010100011100111101 —11

Class B, 25 targets, known angles:

Armstrong (0)	1111100110111111111111101 —21
Thoene (0)	1103011000111101111000110 —14
Buxton (2)	0100C01001110.0010111010111—14
Repeater (0)	1111011100010010100100101 - 13

Sept 11.—Hunters' handicap.

Class A, 25 targets, unknown angles:

R C Root (2)	1111101100.0111111111011111—22
W H Sheldon (0)	0111110101101010111111111 —20
F Arnold (2)	1101110011011011111011111—20
W Mooney (2)	1001111110100111111 0.11101 -19
H W Bain (2)	1011011101111110 010101111—19
S D Green, Jr. (0)	1010110100011111011111110 —18
F Corey (0)	0011000111.0010110011111 —15

Class B, 25 targets, known angles:

Buxton (2)	1110011011100010101101000—15
J Armstrong (0)	0011110100001010010110011 —12
Repeater (0)	0111010110000111011000010 —12
Peck	1000001000100101101000110 — 9

Thoene also shot and broke 8.

PAWTUXET.

ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Sept 18.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the New Utrecht Gun Club on the Dyker Meadow grounds.

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

D Deacon (A)	01111	11111	01001	01111	11111		- 20
P Adams (A)	10011	11100	11110	11111	11101		—19
P E George (A)	01110	10011	00001	11110	11110	11	—17
C C Fleet (B)	00010	00001	10111	11100	00100		—10
Dr O'Brien (B)	00010	01000	01000	10110	01011		— 9

Prize gun shoot, 25 targets, handicap allowances:

P Adams (3)	11100	01011	01111	11111	11100	101	—20
P E George (5)	01110	10011	00001	11110	11110	11111	—20
D Deacon (2)	00110	10100	10111	11011	01011		—15
C C Fleet (7)	11100	11011	10101	10010	11000	100	—15
Dr O'Brien (6)	11000	10111	10111	10001	00111		—13

Fleet, O'Brien and Deacon having no chance to win did not shoot up allowance. No classes in this shoot, each man having his allowance according to work done during 1897.

Tie for gun:

P Adams (3)	01101	11110	11101	11010	01011	011	—19
P E George (5)	11001	10111	11010	01000	01010	11101	—17

This Winchester repeater (shotgun) was presented by one of our members for competition, and will become the property of the one having the first three wins. Live bird season will open at Woodlawn Saturday next, Sept. 25.

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Sept 15.—Dr. Hudson won the badge to-day in the regular monthly shoot of the New York German Gun Club. Below are the scores:

Club badge shoot, 10 live birds, 28yds. rise:

Seven Points—Handicap.

Dr Hudson ..... •211112121—9 Eugene Doeinck ..... •0111•2112—7

Six and One-Half Points.

John Schlicht ..... 2011111120—8 Peter Garms, Jr. ..... 1220•01000—4

Six Points.

Henry Thornford ..... 0220202211—7 J P Dannefelser ..... 0112•11020—6
Aug Schmitt ..... 1011023002—6 Fred Sauter ..... 0200021•20—4

Five and One-Half Points.

Fred Kronsberg ..... 2201021020—6 Aug Lucas ..... 111•020•01—5

Five Points.

Ph Moersch ..... 0210222112—8 Henry Meisenholder ..... 2010120100—5
Michael Bondon ..... •010012122—6

Four and One-Half Points.

Charles Horney ..... 1021001110—6 John Boesenecker ..... 001002101•—4
Charles Voehringer ..... 00011110•1—5 Jacob Bissinger ..... 0002001000—2

Glenwood Gun Club, of Newburgh, N. Y.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Sept. 16.—The "melon feast" of the Glenwood Gun Club, held to-day, was well attended. Some 200 persons visited the club's grounds and partook of the watermelons, muskmelons, steamed clams, etc., that were only waiting to be attacked. About 2,000 targets were thrown during the day, the main event being a 25-target handicap for three woodcock, donated by John Brewster, of Coldenham, N. Y. As will be seen by the following score, C. Hoppenstadt won the woodcock:

C Hoppenstadt (3)	1011001111111111111011111111 —24
H Wyatt (3)	1101110111111111111101110111 —24
L Henderson (3)	1111111110111011001111111111 —24
W M Stanbrough (0)	1110111111111111111111110 —23
C Bingham ( )	1110111111101101111110111011 —23
A Dickson (2)	1111110111101111010111111011 —23
Neaf Apgar (0)	0110110111111111111111111 —22
T Rhodes (3)	1111111010111011111011111000 —21
G D Carr (7)	1111101110011001001101110110001 —20
J J E Harrison (10)	0011110001010010111110111010010011—20
S Lewis (5)	1100101011101110101110001111 —19
R Hobbs (7)	0100101111100010010010100011101 —16
W May (7)	0000000111100001010100011010 1100 —12

In the first shoot-off of the ties on 24, at 10 birds, Hoppenstadt and Wyatt broke 9 to Henderson's 8. In the second shoot-off, Hoppenstadt won by 7 to 6.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

F. M., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—There is no game law in Alaska.

C. B. M., Hubbard, Tex.—Please tell me what is the matter with my dog and what to do for him. He has a cough, and tries to vomit; does not seem to want anything to eat, just lies around. Ans. Apply tincture of iodine to outside of throat. Give a sixth of a grain of sulphate of morphine three times a day.

WANTER-KNOW, Philadelphia.—Please tell me if Grimm has replied to Elliott's challenge for the cast iron medal. Ans. So far as we are aware of Grimm has taken no notice of Elliott's challenge, although Elliott deposited $50 in the hands of FOREST AND STREAM to make the match. In our issue of Sept 18, page 240, under the head of "Western Trap," you will find the conditions governing the cast-iron medal, and other matter from the pen of our Chicago correspondent, Mr. Hough, touching upon this question.

INQUIRER.—Will you kindly answer in your next number as to when hammerless guns were first put on the market? Ans. We cannot give the exact date, because we don't believe that anybody knows. Greener, in his book, "The Gun and its Development," mentions Daw's 'central fire hammerless gun," and says that it is supposed to have been introduced by Mr. Daw about 1862. Green's hammerless gun, patented 1866, is said by Mr. Greener in the same work, to have been "one of the first English central fire hammerless guns."

A. F. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—Can you give me the scores made by Gilbert in the first contest for the E. C. championship cup? The shoot took place at Guttenburg, N. J., I believe. Also the scores made by Gilbert and Heikes in the two matches they have shot for this trophy since Gilbert first won it? Ans. In our issue of Aug. 21 of this year, page 159, you will find the full scores made in the first championship contest at Guttenburg, N. J. On Aug. 20, 1898, at John Watson's grounds, Heikes won by 138 to 130, as follows: Unknown angles, 48 to 47; expert rules, 45 to 44; pairs, 40 to 39. On July 31 of this year, at Dayton, O., Gilbert beat Heikes by 142 to 136, as follows: Unknown angles, 48 to 47; expert rules, 48 to 44; pairs, 46 to 45.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Interstate Fair at Trenton, Sept. 27, 28, 29 30, and Oct. 1.

THE great Interstate Fair at Trenton grows more extensive and important each recurring year, and the exhibition to be held on Sept. 27, 28, 29, 30, and Oct 1 promises to be unusually comprehensive and attractive. Every department will be replete with interesting and instructive displays. The blooded stock exhibit will be particularly fine, and the daily programme of races contains the speediest classes obtainable. Circus acts of rare merit and daring, and vaudeville entertainments of all kinds will be presented.

The large purses offered in the manifold exhibits and contests insure unusual efforts in the endeavor to prove superiority in the various departments.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, as is its yearly custom, will sell excursion tickets on this occasion at greatly reduced rates from stations within a wide radius, and special trains over the New York, Belvidere and Amboy divisions will be run through to the grounds. The tracks of this company run direct to the Fair grounds, thus avoiding street-car transfer, and are the only ones within three miles. The management of the Fair has put forth extraordinary efforts to make this year's exhibition the greatest ever given.—*Adv.*

A New Through Passenger Route for Colorado Utah and California.

THE Chicago *Times-Herald* of Aug. 27 says that on Sept. 12 the new traffic alliance between the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway goes into effect, and on that date the former will send its first Denver sleeper out of Chicago. This will be attached to its regular night train for Omaha, and will be delivered there to the Rock Island. On Oct. 2 the tourist car route over these two lines, the Colorado Midland and Southern Pacific, will be inaugurated. Tourist cars will be run once a week between Chicago and San Francisco. For further details regarding this new route call on or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., M. & St. P. Ry., 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Sir Walter Scott is most interesting in his character of a sportsman. He looked on field sports with the eye of a poet, ever on the watch for picturesque effects. The blackcock springing from the thicket, the salmon leaping from the pool, the glossy-necked mallard rising from the reedy moss, all lent additional touches of color to the scene before him and filled his mind with images which enriched both his poetry and his prose. It is to be observed that in none of his novels does he ever give a description of any field sport, pure and simple, and wholly for its own sake. It is always coupled with a picture, sometimes highly finished, sometimes a mere sketch, consisting only of a few strokes, but in each case serving to remind us that our sportsman is an artist, and that he neither shoots nor angles merely for the sake of killing so many birds or landing so many fish, but for the sake also of all the surroundings of the sport.

Spectator.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

IN our next issue will be given the seventh of the series of half-tone reproductions of Audubon's famous bird portraits, from the rare first edition. It will be of the Shoveller Duck. The list of plates already printed and to come includes:

THE BLACK DUCK, Sept. 26, 1896.
THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN, Oct. 24.
THE CANVASBACK DUCK, Nov. 21.
THE WILLOW PTARMIGAN, Dec. 19.
THE AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER, Feb. 27, 1897.
THE REDHEAD DUCK, July 10.
THE SHOVELLER DUCK, Oct. 9.
THE PURPLE SANDPIPER.

THE WEST WIND'S JOURNEY.

IT has traveled a long way—the west wind—and has seen many lands and many peoples. When it first reached our shores, the timbered mountains of Washington or British Columbia, it carried a heavy load, tons upon tons of water, which it had gathered while it crossed that wide expanse of ocean misnamed Pacific. And yet, notwithstanding the weight of its burden, it flew along merrily, now high, now low, sometimes dragging with it huge masses of heaped-up, snowy cloudbank, or again whistling through the rigging of some majestic ship, raising a turmoil on the ocean's surface, scattering the spray from the wave crests far ahead of the hurrying billows, and bearing the helpless sea gulls, fulmars and petrels away to leeward. But after it had traversed some thousands of miles of sea, it tired of this sport, and looked forward to more varied scenes.

When the land was reached and it struck the mountains of the coast, it dropped at once a part of the load it had been carrying and the lower lands were drenched with rain, while the peaks of the mountains became white with snow, which grew thinner and thinner down the mountain side, until at last it was hidden in the timber. The wind whistled through the valleys and among the great trees, and twisted off the tops of some of the tallest, and overthrew others, some of them long since dead, and whose hold upon the rocky soil had been weakened by years of decay. It tossed the branches of all, and rocked the nests on which the mother bird sat to keep her precious eggs from being thrown out, yet with all its force it could not penetrate deep into the heart of the forest, and here there were little lakes and sheltered pools, whose surface it could not roughen and whose dwellers it could not disturb.

Over these mountains of the coast the wind hurried without stopping. Often before it had tried its strength on their forests, and it knew well that it had no power to level them to the ground. It could break a few branches, ruffle the coats of bear and wolf, and perhaps snatch a few locks from the shaggy fleece of the white goat, but the giant forests of the coasts could defy it.

At a gentler pace it slipped down the eastern slope of the ranges and out over the heated plain, gray with sage, the home of the long-tailed grouse and gray, long-eared hares, big and little, of coyote, and here and there of deer; trodden, too, by range cattle and horses as wild as the creatures native to the soil. Here, too, there are farms now and then, deep hidden in the great cracks in the dry soil through which flow mighty rivers, always bearing their burden toward the sea. The wind mounted higher over these plains, and traveled more slowly, yet it blew briskly, stirring the stems of the short bunch grass with a quivering motion, bowing the tasseled blossoms on the sage-brush and greasewood, and sometimes taking up little clouds of dust, which it twisted into little funnel-shaped whirlwinds which walked quickly over the plains. When it came to a little pine-clad butte it sighed softly among the branches of the trees and tossed the twigs swinging the Clark's crows and the woodpeckers up and down so that they have to hold on tight.

And now it comes to another mountain range, up the western slope of which it moves with an ever increasing speed, and when it reaches the top it is blowing a gale. Here it meets cold gray rocks, and wide barren plateaus where no grass grows, and great fields of snow and ice, and when it reaches these it is chilled and forms somber gray clouds, and again lets fall a part of the moisture which it carries, whitening anew the rocks and the dust-laden snow-banks, adding to the thickness of the glaciers, and filling bank full the streams which flow down the slopes toward the Atlantic. Whirling down through the small timber of the mountain slopes it hurries on over the bare plain across the ranges where once the buffalo blackened the prairie and now the cattle feed, pushing fiercely against the lodge where the Indian camps by the stream, boring the fields of the white man's grain, scattering the hay in his fields, and humming a monotonous air on his telegraph wires.

And now it has reached the land of houses and farms of thick settlements, and all know the pranks that the west wind plays there.

THE NATIONAL YACHTING UNION.

THROUGHOUT the past summer the special committee of yachtsmen appointed at the May conference in New York has been steadily at work, and the result of its labors is seen in the proposed articles of association and sailing rules made public this week. As now arranged, these articles and rules will be in the hands of the clubs and boat associations for over a month, at the end of which period a general meeting of delegates will be held in New York for the purpose of formally organizing a national association for the promotion of yachting and yacht racing.

The necessity for such an organization has existed for many years; the FOREST AND STREAM has long recognized it, and has labored for its establishment; the scheme has found earnest advocates among individual yachtsmen, but the prevailing lack of harmony and clashing of petty interests among the clubs locally and the different yachting centers have proved insurmountable barriers.

Within the last three or four years a material change has taken place. The clubs in each of several localities have fallen into the way of working harmoniously together, and finally have united in the establishment of local associations whose rules are generally recognized. A further step has more recently been taken in the establishment of intimate relations between these different associations; and so far has this gone that the final step—the formation of a national union—seems now easily possible.

It is not to be denied that there are difficulties—and serious ones, too—that must be dealt with before the union can become a permanent success. It is no easy matter to deal with the necessary parties to such a scheme—the local associations, the clubs, large and small, and detached or affiliated with the associations, and the individual yachtsmen. The first steps must be few and simple, and largely experimental, leaving it to the future to develop and perfect the entire plan.

The work thus far has been carried on in accordance with this idea; it is not proposed to start with a complete and extensive scheme of organization, government and rules, but to form an organization which will enlist the interests and sympathies of clubs and individuals, leading them to work together harmoniously at the serious task of improving the general conditions of yachting. The experience gained in the local work of the different associations promises similarly good results in the more ambitious experiment, the work being largely in the hands of those who have been most prominent in the formation and management of the local associations.

SNAP SHOTS.

Anent the Jackson's Hole elk case, Secretary E. K. Whitehead of the Colorado Humane Society has written a letter expressing his opinion that the Wyoming statute which forbids the taking of live elk should not be held to apply here, nor in other cases when the game is "prevented from starvation." His notion is that laws are not intended to be applied impartially as they stand, but that their application is to be in each individual case as it comes up purely a matter of discretion. It is not made clear who is to exercise this discretion, but the implication is that, as in the Adams elk case, the man who breaks the law is to be his own legal adviser, judge and jury. Under the present constitution of the social organization, sheriffs, game wardens, prosecuting attorneys and courts are accorded no such discretion; their oaths of office require them to enforce the laws without discrimination against all violators. Mr. Whitehead's plan carried to its logical development would supersede the existing system of the executive machinery of the law and disorganize society. The letter of the Denver Humane Society officer is, as the game warden murder-advocating editorial of the Providence *Telegram*, quoted last week, chiefly significant as an indication of the growing disregard for law. When those who affect to be leaders and teachers preach defiance of the statutes, what can be expected of the classes who are accustomed to follow their guidance?

The law which Mr. Whitehead quotes respecting abandoned animals is not pertinent; there is a well-recognized distinction between wild and domestic animals as to their legal standing; this particular statute was never intended to apply and does not apply to wild game. There is, on the contrary, in Wyoming a specific law forbidding the capture of elk alive; that law, under pretext of pity for the game, Mr. Adams violated by the capture of a band of elk; and has continued to violate by holding the game in possesssion after its release has been demanded by the game warden. If by reason of the complacent acquiescence of the authorities he is permitted to retain the game, there is no good reason why every other ranchman who has a pull and a corral should not follow suit. With the snowfall in Wyoming next winter, we may look for an emotional surge of pity which shall land a thousand rescued elk behind corral bars, and Eastern agents may be trusted to find game preserve markets for them.

The most important enterprise open to the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game is to secure the repeal of Section 249 of the game law, which keeps open the game market throughout the year; and this subject is one which well may have attention at the executive committee meeting of the Association in Syracuse this month. It is a significant circumstance that since the enactment of that section such an official as a State game protector has been unknown in New York city. Under existing conditions the best intentioned protector could accomplish nothing. The law is an effectual shield for illicit game dealing. So long as Section 249 shall remain in force the shipment of snared birds and of birds killed out of season will give business to the express lines from country to city.

In our Chicago and the West correspondence this week comes the gratifying news that by official intervention of the authorities at Washington, the market hunting so long carried on in Minnesota under shield of assumed Indians' rights, will be stopped. This settles another one of the many perplexing problems encountered by protectors of game protection in their dealings with the Indians and the hunting privileges claimed by the Indians under their treaties. We congratulate Agent Fullerton upon the successful issue of his recourse to Washington.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ALASKA AND THE YUKON.

A Trip Through the Interior.

ANACONDA, Colo.—At the age of fifteen I commenced hunting, trapping and prospecting in Western Colorado. In those days bear, lion, and other fur-bearing animals were plentiful, and deer and elk could be found in bands of thousands. During the last two or three years the fur-bearing animals have been nearly all trapped, and other game has become correspondingly scarce. Having heard of the abundance of all kinds of large game in Alaska, an irresistible desire seized me to try my luck there, and accordingly I commenced looking about for a congenial companion.

Silos Meadows is a young man about 26 years of age; has had considerable experience in hunting, trapping, prospecting, etc., and as I had been acquainted with him for about nine years, and knew him to have plenty of grit and determination, I felt certain that he would not be one to turn back when difficulties were encountered.

I had decided to start from New Castle, Colo., May 1, and about three days before the appointed time I approached "Scy" on the subject. After considering the matter for a couple of days he fell in with the idea, and on the third day everything was in readiness.

We left New Castle on the night of May 1, and reached Seattle on the 4th. Here we took the steamer Alki, which left Seattle May 7, and touched at Tacoma, Port Townsend, and Victoria, B.C., for cargo and passengers. We left Victoria on the 8th, and coasted through numerous straits and channels, past fifty snow-clad peaks, rocky cliffs and heavily-timbered shores. On the night of the 10th we reached Mary's Island off the southeast coast of Alaska, just over the Canadian boundary. Here the U. S. customs inspectors came aboard and accompanied us to Juneau. On the 11th we touched at Fort Wrangel, a government post inhabited principally by Indians. Leaving Fort Wrangel, we sailed through Dry Strait into Prince Frederick Sound. Here we passed many large glaciers and icebergs, and saw numbers of whales and hair seals. We passed through Stephen's Passage at night and landed at Juneau May 12.

Juneau is the largest town in Alaska, and contains about 2,500 inhabitants, including natives. It is situated in a basin surrounded on the north and east sides by high mountains, and on the southwest by salt water. Here we outfitted for the trip through the interior, our supplies consisting of 1,500lbs. of grub and about 500lbs. of bedding, clothing, ammunition, etc., making a total of 2,000lbs.

On the night of the 13th we went aboard a small steamer called the Chehalis, en route to Dyea, 100 miles from Juneau by water. On the way we encountered heavy winds and rough seas, and on the morning of the 14th we ran into the harbor at Chilcat, where we cast anchor and laid over about fifteen hours. At 4 A.M. on the 15th we weighed anchor and resumed our course to Dyea, which we reached at 7 30 A.M.

There are but few docks in Alaska, and freight and passengers are usually landed by Indians, in canoes hewed out of large cedar logs, some of which are capable of carrying 10 tons.

We cast anchor three miles from shore, the whistle was blown as a signal, and immediately the Indians came out in their canoes and landed ourselves and outfit without mishap.

After cooking breakfast we secured our Indian packers, who loaded our goods into a canoe and towed it up the Dyea River to the head of canoe navigation—a distance of six miles. We camped here for the night between two large glaciers, one on each side of the river. On the 16th the Indians commenced packing our outfit up to Sheep Camp, so called on account of the numbers of mountain sheep killed in the vicinity. This camp is at timber line and seven miles above our previous stopping place. Here it is necessary to remain until everything is packed to the summit of Chilcoot Pass, a distance of four miles, and piled there in readiness for the trip down to Lake Linderman.

We worked between the hours of 1 A.M. and 8 A.M., while the snow was crusted. At this time of the year the sun shines for about eighteen hours a day and the nights are not dark.

While at Sheep Camp I killed my first Alaskan bear. Three of them came up the creek at different times, and as they had to pass between the camp and the glaciers, which were about 200 yards away, they were certain to afford a shot. I killed two of them, and thus secured our first supply of fresh meat—a very acceptable change from "sow bosom." My rifle was a .45-70 Winchester, with Lyman rear and ivory bead front sight, and proved to be a match for anything that we encountered.

Here all of the Indians black their faces, paint red around their eyes, and rub a coat of grease over all, in order to prevent sunburn and snow blindness, so we did the same.

The Chilcat Indians are probably the finest packers in the world. They have never had horses like the Indians of this country, and from childhood up they are trained to paddle canoes and pack heavy loads on their backs. The different tribes here are known as the Chilcats, Kliukets and Sticks. A strong Indian is known as a "skookum Injun," and will pack 200lbs. from Dyea to Lake Linderman, a distance of twenty-six miles, and make the trip in three days. The heaviest load ever packed over the trail by one man was 250lbs., and the immense strength and endurance required for such a feat may be realized, when it is stated that a "skookum" white man will only pack 50 or 75lbs. over Chilcoot Pass. I carried a sled and a whip saw, weighing together about 50lbs., to the summit, and it was quite enough. The last mile is so steep, that it is easier to carry a 40lb. sled than to pull it.

On May 21 we had nearly all of our outfit piled upon the summit, and on the 22d we broke camp and carried up the remainder. Here we paid the Indians for their services, at the rate of $10 per 100lbs. They charge $4 per 100lbs. for packing from here to Lake Linderman, the headwaters of the Lewis River, a distance of nine miles, but we decided to do that ourselves.

We loaded our sled with 800lbs. and started down to the lake, and had made about a mile when the snow became so soft that it was impossible to proceed further until next morning. There was no bare ground in sight, and no wood within five miles one way and seven the other, so we selected a large lava rock from which the snow had blown off as our resting place, unloaded, and made our bed on top. Now this rock was never intended by nature as a resting-place for humans. It was honeycombed and covered with little projections like inverted icicles, and as Meadows is rather bony, and has protuberances on his anatomy somewhat similar to the rock, he failed to realize that sweet slumber which we both deserved. I was not much fleshier than Meadows; but was so tired that I could have slept on almost anything.

We estimated the snow on these mountains to be from 20 to 250ft. deep—to say nothing of the glaciers, which are hundreds of feet thick. We got started at 4 A.M. on the 23d, and the snow being well crusted, we traveled to within a mile of Lake Linderman. Here the sleighing played out, and we made our camp at timber line on the northern side of the pass. At 9 P.M. we started back to the summit for another load, arriving at 1 A.M. on the 24th. We loaded up and got back to camp at 7 A.M., and after breakfast I picked up my Stevens .25 cal. pocket rifle and went up a bare hillside where I had seen some ptarmigan flying about. I soon knocked over enough to make a good pot pie, and putting them in a camp kettle filled it with water and hung it over a good fire, after which we went to bed. At 6 P.M. we got up, and found the birds well done. I then seasoned them with dried onions and dried potatoes that we had brought along for the purpose, and allowed them to boil thirty minutes longer, when we buckled in, and as the work had developed gorgeous appetites we soon disposed of the entire kettleful.

At 10 P.M on the 24th we started back to the summit for the remainder of our outfit, and reached camp with it at 5 A.M. on the 25th. On the 26th we commenced packing from camp to Lake Linderman, and on the 29th had our outfit piled and our tent pitched on the shores of the lake.

The ice commenced to break on May 28, and by June 3 the lake was open. We cut logs for our boat June 1, and on the 2d we built a sawpit and commenced to whip saw lumber. In two days and a-half we cut 200ft., then packed it down to camp and planed it. We commenced to build the boat on the 7th, making it 21ft. in length, 4ft. beam, and 24in. in depth; large enough for two to use in pretty rough water. We finished on the 10th, and next day rigged up a jib sail, launched our craft, and steered for the foot of Lake Linderman. The wind was blowing a gale and the lake was very rough. We camped for the night at the outlet, and next day we portaged our goods three quarters of a mile to Lake Bennett. We then let our boat down the river with a rope to the head of the rapids, where we hauled it out, skidded it about 200 yards, put it back into the river, and ran down to Lake Bennett. Here we loaded up and set sail to cross the lake. The wind was blowing hard and the lake was very rough, but we made about fifteen miles and camped for the night. On the 13th we again set sail, and headed for the foot of the lake; the wind being in our favor we reached our destination about noon and landed.

The connecting waters between Lake Bennett and Tagish Lake are about three miles long and quite shallow. They are known as Caribou Crossing, owing to the quantities of these animals which cross here in the spring and fall. We put in the remainder of the day hunting, and although we saw numbers of caribou, moose and bear tracks, we did not kill anything. Here is the commencement of the big game country, and next morning before starting we heard the wolves howling everywhere.

On the 14th we loaded up and went down the river to Tagish Lake, which was dead calm, something very unusual. We had to cross what is known as Windy Arm, about twenty miles wide, and of course were obliged to resort to the oars. This body of water is the most dangerous of all the lakes, and prospectors going down frequently have to lay over here for several days. The wind is always a side one, and as the boats are not usually provided with keels or centerboards there is great danger of drifting ashore. Tagish Lake is a curious one, and in shape is like the letter U with a range of high mountains in the middle. No white men know the length of this lake. The Indians claim that it is a four days' journey with a canoe up Takou arm and a two days' one up the other arm. As they travel from forty to seventy-miles a day this would make the arms 160 to 300 and 80 to 150 miles long, respectively.

We camped at the Tagish House, a village of Stick Indians, situated on the connecting waters between Tagish Lake and Lake Marsh, 180 miles from Juneau. It is a rendezvous for all the Indians in the vicinity, who gather here in the summer, hold councils of war and have ghost dances, and feasts, and cremate the bodies of the dead chiefs, who are thereby sent to the happy hunting grounds.

Here the country opens out into a wide valley bordered by hills covered with bunch grass, and is a great place for game and fish.

The principal varieties of large game are moose, caribou, mountain sheep, goats, many species of bear, wolves and wolverines, but none of our well known deer or elk. Water fowl are plentiful, and the beauty of it is a person can go nearly anywhere in a boat.

The principal varieties of fish are salmon-trout, grayling or Arctic trout and pike. The Indians catch large quantities in traps made of willows.

On June 15 we crossed Lake Marsh—twenty miles—and camped for the night on the Lewis River. On the 16th we descended the Lewis to Grand Cañon, and after investigating ran through it. The river above is from 300 to 400ft. wide, but through the cañon for a distance of a mile it narrows to 90ft. This was the swiftest piece of water that we tackled, and most people haul their boats over the top by means of a windlass which is left there. At the foot of the river the White Horse rapids commence. They are three miles long and we ran all but 200yds, which is almost impassable. Strangers going into this country sometimes do not know where the bad places are until it is too late. Few people ever get through these rapids alive if they attempt to run them; no less than thirteen were drowned here last summer.

This is as far as the salmon ever get, 2,335 miles above the mouth of the Yukon. We laid over here a couple of days and went hunting, getting a moose and two bears. This would have been sufficient to last us all summer if we could keep it, but the weather being warm we gave the greater portion to the Indians. Between here and Forty Mile it would be no trouble to kill a moose or bear at any time.

On the 19th we went on down to Lake Lebarge, twenty-eight miles. On the morning of the 20th we rose early, expecting to make a good run, but as there was no wind we had to buckle down to the oars. Occasionally a breeze would come up and we would hoist the sail, thereby getting a few minutes' rest. After twelve hours of this work we crossed the lake, thirty-three miles, and on the 21st continued on down to the mouth of the Hootalinqua River. This river is very large and enters from the east. About 200 miles up it is Lake Teslin, 126 miles in length.

On the 22d we went on down to the mouth of the Big Salmon River, where there is a tribe of natives known as the Salmon River Indians. They were the most savage ones we had seen so far, and despite the fact that they could not speak a word of English, I managed to do some trading with them by means of signs. They had some old muzzleloading rifles and also used bows and arrows.

About forty miles below here the Little Salmon River enters from the east. This is the country for bear. If some of the Eastern sports who are anxious to run up against a big bruin would take a trip to the Salmon Rivers they would not fail to be accommodated. These rivers are great streams for salmon, and the bears travel many miles to fatten on them In a day's journey up or down either of these streams one can see from ten to twenty. They are of many species, the most ferocious being the Mount St. Elias grizzly. He is exceptionally bold and will give nothing the road. The Indians will not fish nor hunt up some of the streams in salmon season, and when I asked them the reason, they replied that "Sometimes Injun kill big bear; plenty times big bear kill Injun." They kill a great many black and brown bears, but I have never known an Indian in the interior to have a Mount St Elias grizzly's hide.

Between the Little Salmon River and Five Finger Rapids the country again opens out into a wide valley, and the river is very crooked.

The Rapids are 451 miles from Juneau, and derive their name from five columns of rock which stand in a row across the river. This is a nasty piece of water and most travelers portage around, but we ran it. Five miles below are the Rink Rapids, but they are not so dangerous, and are nearly always run with a boat. Beyond these there are no rapids worth mentioning; all is plain sailing to the mouth of the Yukon, and large river steamers could run the entire distance of 2,100 miles. Above this point the current is about seven miles an hour, and below it six as far as Circle City. To the junction of the Lewis and Pella the river is very wide and contains many islands—the breeding place of thousands of geese and ducks.

From the Hootalinqua River to the Pella there is a volcanic ash deposit from 1 to 2ft. thick, which underlies the top soil about 1ft. and is deposited like snow. The Indians tell of many volcanoes in this district from three to five days' journey back from the river. The junction of the Lewis and Pella rivers forms the Yukon, which is 2,050 miles in length.

There are two trading posts here, and the two steamers which navigate the river to this point each make one trip a year. One hundred and ten miles below the White River enters from the west. This stream derives its name from the milky color of the water, which carries quantities of white volcanic ash in suspension. The Indians give many interesting accounts of a high mountain at the head of this river, and also of a large lake The mountain is said to throw up fire and smoke, and is doubtless the cause of the volcanic ash.

Eleven miles farther down the Stuart River enters, also from the east. The country up this river is celebrated for its moose, which are believed to be the largest in the world—the bulls frequently weighing from 1,500 to 1,600lbs. On this stretch of the river we made a run of 200 miles in thirty hours, only going ashore to cook our meals.

Thirty miles below Stuart River we passed Sixty-Mile Post, and forty miles below this the Claundyke River enters from the east. Unlike the White River, its waters are clear and shallow, and are a favorite resort for salmon.

We landed at Forty Mile Post on June 28, having traveled 750 miles since leaving Juneau. Here we left our large boat and procured a smaller one: 21ft. long and 28in. beam, made especially for poling up streams. On July 1 we started up Forty Mile River, towing and poling our boat. On the 4th, as we were towing our boat, I happened to glance up the hillside across the river, and there was a big bald faced grizzly looking down at us, so I started after him, having previously arranged a code of signals, which Meadows was to give with his hat in case the bear started to travel. A motion to the right or left meant that the bear was moving in the direction indicated; up or down signified up hill or down hill; holding the hat still, in same place yet; waving the hat, within gunshot. When I crossed the river and commenced the ascent of the mountain, I lost sight of bruin, but from Meadows's signals I knew he was traveling to the right, and followed accordingly. Finally a wave of the hat indicated that I was within gunshot, so I kept a sharp lookout. Soon I sighted him walking over a ridge about 200yds. away and looking back, from which I inferred that he had seen me first. I let him go over the ridge, then made a careful sneak to the top, and saw him cross a little ravine about 100yds. away. I let drive as he was walking from me quartering and hit him in the flank. This started him running from me toward a narrow strip of spruce timber, but before he reached it I fired three or four times more, then sat down and waited until he emerged from the other side, when I sent in another one. At this he turned around and started right back, so I awaited his return. He soon passed through the timber and headed right for me, so I commenced to shoot, but still he came on until within 50ft., when he turned sideways, and at that instant a shot broke his neck, and he rolled over. He was as close as I cared to have him come, and I was greatly relieved when he tumbled. Upon examination I found six bullet holes in his body, but only one had gone through—the one in the neck, I think that when he turned he had had enough of it and intended to retreat. I skinned him and packed the hide down to the boat, then went back and brought down a load of meat to last ourselves and dogs until we could kill a moose or an arctic reindeer. This was our Fourth of July celebration in Alaska.

The bear here do not come out of their holes until May, and the fur is prime until July. In the fall it is of little or no value on account of shedding so late in the season. One hundred and fifty miles up Forty Mile is a great game country. Here the Indians are known as the Ketchum-Stocks and Tanannas. Arctic reindeer can sometimes be seen in bands of thousands. They do not scatter like the deer and elk of Colorado, and if they are found at all, they are in great herds. Although not more than half the size of the woodland caribou of the Lewis River and British Columbia, they have enormous feet, and both the males and females have very large antlers, sometimes with as many as fifty points. They are found on the bald hills, above timber, which here consists principally of spruce, Norway pine, birch and willows. These only grow along the streams at an altitude of 2,000ft., or less, until the Arctic Circle is reached, north of which there is none. During our trip we kept a record of the thermometer readings, and the warmest was 80° above. The summer weather here is probably the finest in the world—neither too hot nor too cold—the temperature ranging between 50° and 80°. The sun is only down from two to four hours of the day, from the middle of May to the

middle of July. In the winter, the darkness is greatly modified by the Northern lights, which are nearly always visible. The cold during these months is intense, the thermometer frequently falling to 75° below zero.

We hunted, prospected and explored up the Forty Mile River from July 1 until Aug. 17, when we returned to Forty Mile Post, which is situated on a point of land between the river of that name, and the Yukon. The town contains about 175 log cabins, which are chinked with moss, and are practically airtight. In the top is a ventilator, by means of which the temperature can be regulated. The logs are hewed on top and bottom, and a thick layer of long, fine moss is placed over each course of logs, forming a bed for the succeeding course. A heavy layer is piled upon the roof, and then covered with dirt. Inside the cabin, a small rock furnace is frequently built, with a piece of sheet iron over the top. Upon this the cooking is done, and just before retiring a good fire is started, heating the rocks of the furnace, which retain their warmth all night.

There are hundreds of half-starved dogs here so closely resembling the wolf that it is often difficult to detect the difference. If a door is left open for an instant they will rush inside and steal the first portable article they can lay hold of, whether it be a can of corned beef or a bag of nails. When they get it outside they will investigate it and if not edible it is abandoned. The howling of wolves is nothing to the dismal sounds they emit, and a stranger at first is unable to obtain much sleep. These dogs are used for freighting in winter and packing in summer. From eight to ten dogs are fastened to two Yukon sleds weighing from 30 to 50lbs. each, and together capable of carrying a load of 2,000lbs. When a steep hill is encountered one sled is hauled up at a time. A large dog will carry 50lbs. on his back. We left the small boat at Forty Mile and taking the big one again continued on down the Yukon to Circle City, a distance of 250 miles. Here we ended a cruise of 1,250 miles in a rowboat.

Circle City is situated on the west bank of the river within the Yukon Flats. It contains about 150 log cabins, two stores, several saloons, two restaurants, a bakery, tin shop, etc. It derives its name from being close to the Arctic Circle. At this place the river is seven miles in width and contains many islands. Here on Sept. 7 we went aboard the steamer bound for the mouth of the river. Eighty miles below we passed Fort Yukon, an old trading post situated at the junction of the Yukon and Porcupine rivers, and within the Arctic Circle. We were now passing through the Yukon Flats, 400 miles in length and 200 in width. The river is from twelve to fifteen miles wide and studded with islands. Here is the breeding place of countless numbers of geese and ducks, and if a mess of young geese is wanted, all that is necessary is to take a club, go over to one of the islands and kill as many as are required.

In the spring, when the ice is breaking up, great jams occur and the river overflows the flats for miles.

The steamers which navigate the Yukon are always piloted by Indians, as they are more familiar with the channels than the whites.

About 450 miles below Fort Yukon the Tananna River enters from the west. It is a large stream, four miles wide at its mouth, and, like many others, its source is unknown.

A man by the name of Battles has a trading post here and a small steamer, with which he navigates the river for 400 or 500 miles and trades with the Indians, who are known as the Tanannas. About 200 miles below Cockran has a trading post, and just below this the Koiukuk River enters from the north. Here is an Indian village called Niulatta.

The next large river is the Anvick, which comes in from the north, and here we saw the first Esquimaux—the most degraded class of people on the face of the earth. They are filthy and lazy beyond description. Their principal food is fish, for there is no game here in summer—the Arctic reindeer being always back from the river.

Just above here is a Catholic mission, where there are from sixty to seventy young Indians attending school, most of whom can read, write and sing. This mission has done a great deal of good for the natives.

Just below, on the Esquimaux side, is a Russian mission, established forty-three years ago, and which does not appear to have accomplished much; for it was here that we saw the lowest and filthiest Indians in all our travels. When they bury their dead they hew some slabs and make a box about 3ft. long, 1ft. deep and 18in. wide, double up the bodies, cram them into the box, tie a slab of wood over the top with grass, and set the box up on four stakes about 2ft. above the ground. These graveyards are right among the villages, and as the custom is nearly universal among the Esquimaux, the smell in summer time can be better imagined than described.

The Chilcats, Sticks, Yukons, Tanannas and other tribes burn the bodies of their dead and all that belonged to them, then gather up the bones, gun barrel, spoon, knife and whatever is left, make a pile of them, cut a little bundle of wood, place a pair of blankets alongside and cover the whole with a piece of canvas or a moose skin, tent fashion, when the deceased is supposed to be properly equipped for the happy hunting grounds. Many of these graveyards can be seen on the little hills along the Yukon River.

At the Russian mission we saw an old-fashioned 3in. smooth-bore cannon about 2½ft. long, dated 1744. It was fastened into a log, and I suppose was used to bluff the Indians with forty-three years ago.

From here to the mouth of the river, northerly to Point Barrow and southeasterly to Cook's Inlet, there is no timber nor brush of any kind; nothing but grass and moss. The only fuel is the driftwood which comes down the Yukon and lodges on the shore.

Just below here is the Indian village of Annaruska, where the Alaska Commercial Company winter their boats, the steamers Arctic and Yukon. They run them up a slough about three miles from the river in order to avoid the ice which comes down in the spring.

At Annaruska the river begins to widen out again, and at its mouth, 200 miles below, it is from 80 to 100 miles wide. Here we saw swan, geese, brant, duck and other water fowl by the millions.

On Sept. 15 we landed at St. Michael's Island in the Bering Sea, eighty miles north of the mouth of the Yukon River. The river boats have to run this eighty miles of open sea, as the water is too shallow to admit of the navigation of ocean steamers.

The Alaska Commercial Co. and the Northern Trading Co. have their warehouses here, and the ocean steamers leave their supplies to be taken up the Yukon the following season in the river boats.

On the island are many lakes and sloughs, and good sport can be had with rod and gun.

The trip of 1,500 miles from Circle City to St. Michael's Island can now be made in a rowboat in from twenty to twenty-five days. On Oct. 3 we went aboard the Alaska Commercial Co.'s steamer Bertha, the last one to leave for San Francisco. Nearly all boats that do not intend to winter in this country leave the Bering Sea before Oct. 1. On the 8th we touched at Ounalaska Island, a beautiful little place, with a magnificent harbor. Unfortunately there is no timber. All of the hills near the coast are covered with grass, and at an altitude exceeding 400 or 500ft. above sea level are capped with perpetual snow. There are numerous lakes abounding in beautiful trout, and on the coast is good cod-fishing. The United States Government has stocked the island with reindeer, which have become very tame. One of the principal features of the island is a large, active volcano, and just across Olga Pass is Ackatan, with smoke issuing from his crater and his base covered with a large glacier.

Ounalaska is one of the Aleutian group of islands, and the natives are known as the Alleute Indians. Their principal occupation is fishing and hunting sea otter.

Both the Alaska Commercial Co. and the North American Commercial Co. have warehouses here. The Government has a coaling station and maintains a gunboat or two. After leaving the island we steamed through Olga Pass and entered the Pacific Ocean, bound for San Francisco. We made the entire distance without sighting land and reached our destination on Oct. 22, after a voyage of eighteen days on the Bertha.

JOHN BARRETT.

COLORADO, 1896.

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—XII.

A Winter Hunt at the Summit of the Rockies.

Luck and Faith.

BEHOLD the virtue of Boak's doctrine of faith! Or shall we rather say, behold yet another instance of the FOREST AND STREAM luck? The very first morning after our companions had left us the malignant storms all broke away, and the face of the sky shone forth, new washed and innocent as that of a babe, too young and sweet for guile. The sun shone with untroubled beam upon the dazzling mountain tops, and all the world was fair. At last we had a hunting day, one of the few with which we were blessed during the trip. We turned out of our brush shanty and made a speedy breakfast of flour, water and tea, and though the fare was rude, we all felt a certain lightness of heart at the change in the weather. The pain in my face, however, continued so bad that I had not much heart for a hunt; so I told Kearney to take my rifle and go up on the mountain above us to prospect a little for game. He was to shoot a goat if he got the chance, but in any case to come back to camp by noon and report what he found by way of sign, so that if I was then able to go out we could both go directly to the place where he thought we could start the game. Ordinarily this would be rather a poor arrangement, because it necessitated a double climb for Kearney and broke his day's hunt in the middle; but this was the best we could do, and at any rate all is well that ends well.

After Kearney left for the climb to the upper regions, Boak and I made ourselves as comfortable as we could in camp. Boak kept me entertained with chapters out of his own long life in the wilder West. Boak's father, Theodore Boak, was a Forty-niner, and in 1850 discovered the famous Yankee tunnel, out of which free gold fairly by the bucketful was taken, the owner becoming wealthy in a short time. Theodore Boak eventually sold out and came back East to live, and his family now live at Adel, Ia.; the town, by the way, which was originally the home of Judge S. H. Greene, now of Portland, Ore., and a valued contributor to FOREST AND STREAM. Crosby Boak, my whilom companion, had too much of the Western fever in his blood to remain in so quiet a country as that of Iowa, and the great strikes of the Alder Gulch diggings of Montana found him on hand. At that time he was assaulted and injured by a drunken desperado, and in return for a certain punishment which he took into his own hands to inflict upon the assailant, he was on the point of being lynched by a few enthusiastic disciples of law and order. The leader of this lynching bee was a man named Curly, and in proof of the fact that even the great West is a very small country, I may state that a few years ago this same man Curly, now posing as sheriff of a certain town in lower Montana, came up into the Blackfoot country at the head of a posse in search of a party of train robbers (in whose arrest, further by the way, Billy Jackson figured prominently). During this little pursuit, Curly called at the cabin of Boak and made inquiry about the refugees, and so for the first time in many years these two men met again. Meantime times and customs had changed, but it is not of record that Boak was very hospitable or courteous to the man who once tried to hang him without process of law—and who came mighty near doing it.

During our little visit together in camp, Boak further continued my education in the diamond hitch and in the science of packing as it was once practiced by the old *cargadores* of California in the big pack trains of the old days. There are few more finished artists with the rope than he, and I consider that I have had a good tutor. We made little bundles of rags and manufactured a miniature saddle with cinch and lash, in default of the real thing and of a horse of proper size. Boak told me that I would get out of practice unless I kept it up, and that I ought to practice on a real horse; so after I got back home I got me a real horse—a woolly one, about 1ft. long—and now from time to time I pack him with bags of smoking tobacco, just to keep my hand in in case I ever have to tackle the White Pass of the Klondike trail. This horse is always hitched at the top of my desk and is always ready to start.

The Game is Located.

But meantime we were wondering what luck Kearney was having up on the mountain, from which came no sound of rifle shot. The morning wore away, and at last, just about noon, we saw Kearney come slipping down the trail he had made going up. With a non-committal look on his face he came into camp, set down his rifle and kicked off his shoes, presently saying:

"Goats up there, all right. Half a dozen of them."

We asked him if he had shot, and he said that he had, and had fired twice at a goat he had seen low down in the timber, wounding it very badly, so that he thought it could not go far. He had only followed this trail a short distance, seeing that the crippled goat was bleeding very heavily, but had come on down to tell me about the state of things. He said that he had found the trail of two big goats going straight up the peak above the timber where he had hunted, and knew that they were standing around up there not far from where he was, and that they would not go far away, because he had not gone up on their trail to frighten them. He thought I could get a shot without a great deal of trouble, if I was feeling able to make the climb.

At hearing this welcome news my malady seemed to lighten all at once and I no longer felt either pain or fatigue. Go? Of course I could go, and I told Kearney that had I but one leg, and that a wooden one, I should certainly get up the mountain some way.

We gulped down a few cups of hot tea, and made a hurried lunch of the staff of life without anything else, Kearney not stopping in camp over half an hour, though he must have been tired after a climb so hard as that he had just made. We did our best going up the mountain, scrambling and wallowing where we could not walk, but hurrying on up breathlessly, lest we should lose what we thought to be an excellent opportunity. In a little over an hour and a half we got to where Kearney had shot his goat. He said he had fired at it as it faced him, about 125yds. away, and hit it somewhere through the chest, though not full enough to stop it. It had gone off through the trees, and he did not get to see it again. This was the first time the little rifle had failed to stop within a short distance any animal hit by it, but Kearney told me a goat was a very hard animal to stop. He said that it was their invariable practice to go out to the steepest rocks when once wounded, and there to lie down when they could go no further, sometimes plunging off over the rocks in their death struggle, apparently moved by the impulse to get as far away as possible from the pursuer. Precisely this course seemed to have been adopted by Kearney's goat. We followed the trail, red with regular spurts of blood, for over a quarter of a mile in all, finding spots where the animal had struggled to get up over snowbanks, and where it had stopped to rest; yet though it seemed that it must have dropped at any moment, we could see its trail winding on below and beyond down to the ragged black rocks, but nowhere could we see the shaggy heap of white which should have marked the trail's ending.

I concluded that we should find this goat later just as well, and that it would be best to go on up at once after the others, whose trail, plain and deep as though dug out by a team of horses, lay before us, heading straight up to the most inaccessible part of the peak that lay still above us. This peak was, in its features, much like those on which our earlier hunting had been done. The timber grew densely about the base and sides, and the top rose up bare and rocky, swept by the full force of the winds and offering a front part of icy snow, part of actual ice and part of naked and uninviting rocks. Kearney said that the goats would go on up to these rocks and there lie down in the sun to rest. He said that we must get above them, and showed me that he thought it was possible to do this by keeping well off to the right and coming up over the top of the peak above and back of them. He thought that if we got to the top we should be within sight of the game, for it was very likely that these white climbers would not stop till they got pretty well to the top, where the rocks were nearly bare and where the sun shone full. Thus we quickly determined upon our campaign.

The Climbing of the Peak.

Before us, after we had gone to the limit of our ability on the shoes, lay a long, sloping ridge of white and hard-packed snow, dazzlingly bright and almost as hard as ice. We toiled on up this long reach of smooth footing for several hundred yards, keeping in view the trail of the goats somewhat to our left as we went up. At length the trail turned sharply off to the left and disappeared around the mountain in the direction of some jagged heaps of rocks which jutted out of the mountain side well up toward the summit. Here we could not follow without the certainty of alarming the game, so we kept on our course, now very cautiously and in silence so far as possible. We were now high up in the air above our camp and many hundred feet above the timber, only a few scattered cedars sticking out of the snow among the rocks. The face of the ascent became too icy to hold our feet, so we now began the slow and ticklish work of cutting footholds into the face of the ice-bed as we went up. It was so steep now that as we worked at the bank we were not standing up at all, but leaning against the face of the bank, hanging on with feet and hands and body the best we could, and progressing very slowly, a single upward step at the time, as we were able to secure the foothold.

Kearney was on ahead, or rather above me, a few feet and was carrying my rifle, the only one in camp, after the usual fashion, slung over his shoulder with a thong, the gun being of course in its case so that it would not be rendered useless by the snow. I gave Kearney the gun to carry for the first and only time, as he was so much better than I was in this mountain work, and I was feeling rather badly that day. We did not yet think we were close enough to the game to require me to take the gun. I was worming my way on up carefully below Kearney, not looking up very much at the moment, but taking heed about my footing, when all at once I ran into view of Kearney's legs, which were stationary above me on the ice bank! Just at this instant, and without my ever lifting my eyes up to see what was the matter with his legs, I again cast my eyes off to the left, in the direction where we thought we should eventually see our game. Then I saw a very strange, curious sort of thing, such as never in my life had I seen before.

The Finding of the Goat.

Just in sight, and in full relief against the white carpet of icy snow which covered a rough projection of rock jutting out from the mountain side a few yards above us and about 60 or 75yds. to our left, there lay two odd-looking black sticks, curving back, and spreading apart but a little at the ends. Such sharp and shiny sticks I had never seen before, and knew that none such belonged up there upon the high mountain side. I have a notion that something was about to flash across my mind, but didn't have time, for now a still more curious thing happened. The sticks moved! They disappeared. Then, just the instant afterward, there came into view the same sticks, attached to a big white shaggy head, which dragged a long beard across the snow as it turned sidewise and lazily looked down the mountain.

At once I saw that the goat had not sighted us, and that it was lying upon its side, or at least, the side of its neck, with the back turned toward us, was flat upon the top of the rock, where presumably the goat was lying basking in the sun. How on earth it could help seeing us or hearing us or smelling us seemed too hard to answer, for as we leaned there against the bank it seemed we could have reached out a hand and touched it, it looked so large and plain. The wind was not quite right for the goat to scent us, and as we were white with the snow in which we had been rolling for hours, we perhaps made but a dim blot at best upon the face of the slope as we laid there motionless.

I reached up my hand to Kearney, and saw the rifle begin slowly to slip off his shoulder and come down to me. Then, just as I touched the stock, the horns and the head again disappeared!

We waited for a moment, I meantime rapidly getting off the cover of the rifle, but the head did not show again for the moment. It was no use grieving or getting rattled, so we both kept quiet. "Is he gone?" I whispered to Kearney, and he said, "Yes, on around the edge of the peak. Come on up, and maybe we'll see him before he gets off the top."

We did not yet start on up. I balanced the rifle and tried the sights, seeing that the front sight still had on its coating of black from the smoking I had given it. The glare of the sun was frightful at this point, and I wanted to be sure of the sight before I tried a shot. "Gracious, but this light is bad!" I whispered to Kearney. "Just try it." I passed the rifle up to him, and he looked through the sights. "Pretty bright," he murmured. "Wonder if I can see the sights through the smoked glasses?" I thought, and I tried a look through them, but found the rifle barrel a blank, the front sight having vanished.

And then, as we lay thus against the slope of snow, I with my feet in the last hole below me, and my knee and elbow braced against the bank, there ensued still another strange and wonderful thing. Out on the jutting point of rock where the black sticks had been, there uprose slowly, deliberately, a great white, shaggy, ghostly, fierce-looking thing, with long beard now fully in sight and hanging down. The goat was not gone! He was right there before us, looking, like the born idiot that he was, not at us, but straight down the mountain on his own trail, where he seemed to think he would see something of interest after a while.

This was the first goat I had ever seen close up, and I am willing to say it was an odd-looking apparition. Everything was so silent that it seemed something like my dream when I killed my first ram. The whole scene was one of icy calm in all its surroundings, with no rustle of bough or twitter of bird or flutter of leaf. The goat, after rising into his squatting, dog-like attitude, did not move, but stared on steadily down as though he were an image carven from the ice and snow, of which he was fit citizen. All the machinery of the world seemed on the instant to go slow. My heart beat slow, in time to the sluggish movement of the creature out there on the rock. I saw that the shot could not be made with the smoked glasses on, so I pushed the bow of the spectacles down on my nose. Somehow the glare did not now trouble so much. The shot was an easy one, full at the shoulder and not over 75yds., and I cut loose as soon as the dark bead lost itself midway in the fluff of white. The wicked ring of the nitro load cracked out, and, as though struck down by a mighty hammer, the vast white body fell flat on its rocky perch. The little rifle had again been true.

Kearney and I had not time to exchange the hurried word of joy when there was a struggle a movement on the rock where the goat had sunk out of sight. It rose again, and in one grand leap went out and off and over and down, full out in the air! The body was half over in its first somersault at the moment when it disappeared from our view, shooting on down into the void below!

"Good God!" exclaimed Kearney, "his horns will be ruined! I wouldn't have had that happen for $100!"

It appeared we should be lucky if we ever got a hair of our goat, from the way things looked at last sight of it, but this was yet to be proved. We were now within 200ft. of the very tip-top of our peak, and on one side the descent was 1,000ft. straight down. If the goat struck that face of the mountain, it was useless to look for him at the top, though we might find his bones at the bottom if we were lucky and had time to go around for them at the foot. But in order to strike this face, it would be necessary for the body to fall first upon a rim of snowbank which lay above the sharp side of the cliff. If we saw no trace of the fall here, so Kearney explained to me as we began to carefully descend our icy house roof, we might know that the goat had not gone on down the mountain, but had lodged on some rock shelf above. Although it was only about 75yds. to where the goat was hit, we thought it would be impossible to get over to that ledge, as between us and that lay a series of sharp and jagged edges over which we could not crawl. Well indeed does the white ghost of the mountains choose his home!

The Mountains in Winter.

I shall make it short by saying that it took us an hour and a half to get to the body of our dead goat. Indeed, I never did get to it at all, for Kearney told me to stay behind when we came to the last few score yards of ascent over the ragged shelves or rocks somewhere upon which we knew the body was lying. I lay here upon the face of the slope, hanging on to a gnarled cedar, and looking out straight from the face of the mountain over a magnificent and stirring scene. Far below me in the lessening world, so far that the vast masses of matted snow looked like the snowballs of children, lay the débris of a great snow-slide which had started somewhere below us on the mountain side. On beyond, across the valley, the sides of the mountains were scarred and ribboned with slides. All over the strange world of this wild winter country there was absolute calm, absolute silence, and absolute light. The sky bore scarce a cloud. The flood of radiance was something unspeakable. Alone, and for the moment purposeless as I was while I waited, I felt to the full the grandeur of a situation such as I had never known before. And again I realized that the interpretation of the message of the mountains was one of repulse and not of invitation. The feeling was that man was not wanted there. It is not a comfortable hunt this for the white goat in winter. You intrude. There is no welcoming smile of nature. Indeed, neither is there a frown nor an open censure. But there is a superb and icy indifference to your presence which makes you feel that you, ignoble, have been found in the private *penetralia* of nobility, indeed, and that without the invitation of a look or sign.

After a time I heard the faint shouts of Kearney far above me, and soon he rolled down over the edge of the cliff the naked carcass of my goat. Then I wormed my way back again around the collar of snow above the bare face of the sheer cut slope and met Kearney, who came from above. He said he was glad I had not come up with him to the goat, for we could never have gotten back the way he went up. He had skinned the goat on a narrow little ledge where the body had lodged, and had then gone on, up and forward the best he could, coming out near to the place, after all, where we had killed the animal. As he called this down to me from his place above me on the mountain side, he gave a kick to the big white bundle he was carrying, and there came rolling down to my feet the hide, head and horns of my first mountain goat!

I took it up and shook out the hide at full length, matted full of snow as it was. It was beautifully white, pure white, not yellow or dirty, as these hides become after the snow has gone and the animals have to live upon rock and dirt and not pure and stainless snow. I stroked out the long beard and admired the sharp, curved black sticks, which I had first seen lying motionless on the rock shelf. Kearney now told me, when we had time to stop and talk things over, that he had seen the head of the goat as it lay there asleep in the sun before I noticed it, but that he dared not make any move or say anything lest it should alarm the animal. He renewed his expressions of disgust at the general fool character of the goat, which he said was the stupidest creature that runs the hills. But, stupid or no stupid, I felt extremely proud over this trophy when I found it well in hand. Indeed, I think I valued it more at the time than I did my bighorn.

As in the case of the first bighorn, the bullet struck in the shoulder, but from the position of the animal, ranged forward and up, passing out at the side of the neck after going through the shoulder. The shot was fatal, and the struggle of the goat as it went over the cliff was but a death effort. Both Kearney and I felt full confidence in the .30-30.

We started on down the mountain now, and as we slid down Kearney asked me, "How's your toothache?" Toothache? I had forgotten I had one. It is a fact, that from the time we started up on the hot trail after the goats the pain left me, nor did it return to any great extent during the remainder of the hunt.

The Relief Expedition Absent.

Boak, openly delirious with joy when he saw us coming in with the hide, pointed out all our happenings as proof of the excellence of his doctrine of faith. That night, a very happy trio in spite of our poor surroundings, we ate supper with content. We had tea, and we had flour and water. Digging around in the packs, we found a scrap or so of bacon, and a bit of beef trimmed off from the last steak we had cooked, in all perhaps as much meat as would fill a teacup a quarter full. It tasted very good indeed to us, and we put in a pleasant evening in camp, hoping that in the morning Appekunny (Schultz) would be in with the relief stores, though just how Appekunny was going to catch up with us on our long trail up into the mountains we did not stop to figure out. In this we were not as wise as Appekunny himself, for in point of fact he never came at all! Later on he told us that he had concluded he would stay at the reservation and get things ready for the council, he supposing that we would come on out of the mountains when we had nothing more to eat! He thought, in a rather optimistic way, that we might get a fool hen or something or other to eat. But it came about that we saw no grouse at all on this hunt, and nothing that would do for food. Goat was something which neither Boak nor Kearney would think of eating; though Boak told me, with a certain plaintiveness, that one time he had a partner who went to town and got drunk and spent all their earnings, so that he had to live six weeks on prairie dog. But, though he might eat prairie dog, he never would eat goat.

In the morning we were a little bit troubled by seeing the dog Shep, which had accompanied McChesney and Schultz out to the railroad, came into camp a little after breakfast time. We thought that of course Schultz would then soon be in camp, but though we waited for some time and went back a way down the trail, no sign of him appeared. Boak feared that something had happened to Schultz on the trail, else the dog would not have left him, but of this the dog could tell us nothing, and we did not guess then what was really the case, that Schultz had not stopped at the station, but had boarded the train with McChesney and gone on in home with him, leaving the dog to shift for himself, and leaving us without any supply train to support us in the rear. Had we known this, it would have saved us many a weary mile, for from where we now were it was much nearer to get to the railroad at Midvale than to retrace our long trail over the divide and down Ole Creek to Bear Creek station on the west slope of the mountains. But we feared that if we went out this way we might miss Schultz as he came in for us, or might perhaps be abandoning him helpless on the trail behind us, neither of which things would be right to do. So we determined to pull on back that day over the trail we had made company in; but we resolved first to take a run up the mountain to see if we could get Kearney's crippled goat, or get a sight of a certain big billy he had seen come down during our absence on the mountain, and stand for a long time on the rim of rock above the valley, in spite of all his efforts to scare it on up the mountain to where we were above it. He said this goat had stood and looked at him as though it had a big contempt for him, and didn't intend to move on till he got ready. Pondering again on the idiocy of this animal, we concluded that this goat would likely remain down low among the trees, feeding, and would perhaps not have gone up the mountain the next morning, in which case we might get a shot at it without climbing very high. We thought we would make this one little hunt more while we waited for Schultz, hoping that then we could make the short trip out to Midvale and not the long one back down the Ole Creek route.

The Luck Still Holds.

Making the story again brief as may be, Kearney and myself, after our miserable breakfast of dough and tea, went on up the mountain and caught up the trail of his crippled goat. Following this, we at last came upon fresh sign, and soon were trailing another goat, which we think was the one Boak saw the evening previous. This trail did not line out for the upper peaks, but wound around among the woods, the animal evidently pausing now and then, but not in the least alarmed. In less than an hour, though after rather desperate climbing over some bare rocks which overhung a sheer descent of some depth, we made out the line of the trail to be leading straight for a ridge of bare black rocks a few hundred yards ahead. As the sign was now very fresh, and as the sun was growing warm, we figured that the goat would hardly have passed this ridge of rocks, and might be lying out there sunning itself and engaged in the favorite goat occupation of looking down on the world. Kearney then told me to stop where I was, while he went around the head of the rock ridge and came down from above, we concluding that if the goat was started it could not then get above Kearney, but would come down the rocks and try to get around the mountain in the direction from which it had come. As it could not get down the face of the cliff above which we had just passed, it must come within range of me somewhere, as it tried to get away from Kearney. This plan I think would have worked perfectly had not the FOREST AND STREAM luck brought out a better one.

Kearney had not left me more than five minutes, and I had just got myself comfortably settled in a blind which I dug down into the snow, when I chanced to look up above, toward a little bunch of rocks which came into view under the lower boughs of the trees, when I sat down in the hole in the snow which I had kicked out with my feet. I had already gotten my rifle out of the case this time, and was ready for anything that might come past on either side, but I was not expecting what I really saw. There, framed in the black setting of a gap in the pine boughs, was the white head and front of a goat, staring straight down at me, not making a movement to get away, but apparently perfectly content to stop a while and see what I was doing! I am sure this goat must have seen me, for it was looking straight at me, and it was only about 140yds. away. It was lying with its front legs doubled under it, and with its head held stiffly out in front of it, as though it were lying there chewing the cud and not wanting to be bothered. A mountain sheep would have been out of that and over the hills by that time, but this mountain goat, bearded, shaggy and white as a ghost of the winter woods, sat there and calmly watched me to see what I was going to do about it.

What I did was to carefully pull the blackened front sight of the little rifle full in the middle of the shaggy chest of this fool animal. I was now beginning to have great confidence in this small-bore rifle, and I, of course, was sure I was going to kill this goat. The distance, I knew, need not matter, so I pestered not over the problem of altitude, but turned loose with the sights at 100yds. Held on the middle of an animal, this means you are good to hit with this gun anywhere from 50 up to 250yds., without any monkeying with the elevation. I knew the goat was mine the instant I touched the trigger, and at the sharp, shrieking, spiteful sound of the nitro load the goat, struck full in the chest, gave a big bound and went into the air, full upright on its hindlegs, exactly like a domestic billy about to charge! It was the most singular action I ever saw a wild game animal make, but with this eccentric creature all sorts of rules are off. To me it seems as though this goat sprang into that attitude as though to fight an adversary which it thought had assailed it.

For a moment the goat stood thus upright, and then I saw that it had half fallen, leaning against a little tree that was near it. Then it sank down out of sight at the foot of the tree, and an instant later slowly heaved itself into view again. Again I fired at it, this time hastily, and this time we think I shot low in the hurry of it. The goat, at least, now struggled out from under the tree and upon the face of the open slope which lay below it. It was trying to execute the last goat maneuver of jumping off some place out of reach. But it was too weak, and only succeeded in getting out from the trees and falling prone on the face of the slippery slope. Here again I fired at it, once, twice, rapidly, hitting it both times. At the last shot it relaxed all over and went sliding and bounding and rolling far down the face of the mountain, and dangerously near the edge of the cliff, over which had it plunged it must have been lost to us forever. Fortunately, it lodged against a tree trunk before it reached the edge, and here we at last got to it and skinned it. We found it another fine specimen, though the coat was not quite so silky white as that of the first one. Against the skin of the hindleg I cut out the flattened fragment of the bullet, which had passed lengthwise through the body from chest to thigh.

I now had all the goats I ever wanted, and I vowed to Kearney that I would never again shoot one of the fool things, no matter what might be the temptation, for that they did not have sense enough to make them a subject for sport. Kearney then told me that he had seen this goat lying there before I shot, and was trying to work his way back to me to show me the goat when he heard me shoot and saw the goat struck.

The Effects of Starvation.

From our position on this mountain now we could not get down without first getting up, and this meant a good stiff climb. Kearney was much slower than usual, and when we at last got up to where the going was easier, he sat down and admitted that he was about played out. He said that the food we had had, with no meat and nothing but dough, was not strong enough for him, since he was used to eating a great deal of meat during the winter. He admitted that he was pretty weak, and was glad we had now concluded our hunt. I asked him if he did not want to get the goat he had crippled the day before, and at last he said that he would make one more short try for it, giving me the rifle and the skin of the goat to take on down to camp. I therefore went on down and set Boak shouting again with joy, Kearney coming into camp pretty well used up about an hour later. He said he had trailed his cripple to a point above the cut face of the mountain, and had seen where it had lain down and bled, and apparently struggled over in a death effort. He could get no further down, nor was it possible to get up to it from below. Much as we all regretted it, we were therefore obliged to leave without getting this goat, which was undoubtedly killed.

The Homeward Trail.

It was high time we were leaving if we were to get out

at all. Schultz had not been heard from, and we were now almost at the end of even such supplies as we had. There was a craving for a solid meal of meat. The hard work of all this rough climbing was asking a great deal of us even had we been well fed. We were tired, grimy and hungry as we rounded up at the last meal of our last camp on the goat trail. Probably I will never go on the trail for goats again, and so I may look with equanimity on that which is past; but if I had to face a second trip as hungry as this one, I am not sure I would care for any goat.

Boak cleaned up the heads and hides all he could while Kearney and I rested at the fire for a while before making up the packs for the trail out to the railroad. It was after noon when we started. I shall not say much of our long and weary snowshoe trail that day and night, lest readers may think I exaggerate or wish to pose. It is enough to say that it was midnight when we got into the section house at Bear Creek. I do not know how far we had shoed, probably between twenty and thirty miles, on top of the hunt Kearney and I had made that morning. We were under good, stiff packs, and we were weak from hunger. Boak, who is not fit for this business at his time of life and in his physical condition, more than once slowed up and gave out during the weary night work in the half light of the moonless sky, which hardly penetrated into the thick woods through which we traveled. We offered to divide his pack, but he swore he would carry it in or stay behind on the trail.

We could hardly have been called in very fine condition when we got to the railroad and knocked loudly on the door of the little section house which nestled under the foot of the black-clad mountain in the heart of the range of the divide. Luckily we had here a woman quite different from the one at the Summit station. She woke up smiling and said she would cook us a meal. And so she did, the best and biggest meal three men ever did devour, I reckon. Then we were comforted. Schultz, it appeared, had gone off on the train and never come back, so we had had a dozen miles or so of walk that day for nothing. Not that we cared, since now we were fallen upon great store of beef, pork, beans, bread, coffee, and even—will it be believed? of fresh eggs! For that very day the section house keeper had gotten in a case of fresh ranch eggs from some town east of us. After our rude and scanty fare back in the mountains, this sort of living seemed to us almost too good to be true.

Around the Reservation.

And so we came out the next morning by rail, leaving Kearney at his home at the Summit. I said good-bye to him with regret, for he was as cheerful and sturdy a fellow as I ever met in camp and a good hunter enough for anybody. When I got to Blackfoot I was almost ashamed to admit that I had had such good luck, right on top of McChesney's last bad luck, killing two more head of game while he was forced to go home without a single trophy. Yet such was the fortune of this singular trip, in which the luck certainly came my way if ever such a thing did happen. I had in reality hunted less than five days in all on account of storms and other delays during the trip, yet I had killed five fine specimens of the rarest and choicest of the big game of the Rockies, and had had the additional good fortune not to miss an animal out of all I shot at. Naturally I felt that I had far outclassed myself, and done much better than I should expect to do again.

As to the game resources of that section, I have seen enough of it to know that it is the best big game country I have ever seen. For sheep and goats I presume it has no equal available to-day. Our game, I need not repeat, was all killed on the reservation of the Blackfeet, to which we had come by invitation; yet this same privilege is open to all who go out with members of the tribe or the resident guides, Schultz and Jackson.

After another visit with hospitable Joe Kipp on April 2, I went over to the agency with Schultz to make my call on Maj. Steell, the agent. We met here a number of the leading men of the tribe, among these Eagle Ribs, Little Dog, Bear Chief and others, and here we met Billy Jackson for the first time since we had parted on the Two Medicine. He said that his rheumatism had been giving him a great deal of trouble, and he looked none too well at the time. I spent a pleasant and interesting day at the agency, watching the people who came in, as it was issue day, and the little settlement was full of the unusual sights incident to such occasions in the Indian lands. On the following day I attended the council of the chiefs which had been called on the occasion of my visit, so that the people might send back by me certain messages to their friend in the East who has since that time been chosen by them as the Father of the Tribe—a compliment which I think has been earned by no other white man at the hands of any Indian tribe. The impressions of all this unique and striking life of a tribe of men turning from the ways of the chase to the ways of civilization are things hardly pertinent to this story. The story itself, wandering as it is, does not serve to convey the actual keenness of the pleasures offered by a sojourn in surroundings so unusual and so striking. My winter trip to the Blackfoot country I shall long treasure as one of the very best I ever made, as well as the luckiest. Almost the sole regret we felt was that McChesney, who worked harder than myself, did not share in any of the good luck. Yet I know we shall touch upon no sore spot in his nature if we repeat that one should never take an umbrella to the mountains on a hunt, under penalty of pursuit by Ai-so-pom-stan, Pah-kûk-kus, and all the other evil spirits of the mountains.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

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Natural History.

HOW IDEAS ARE CONVEYED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been deeply interested in the papers on the intercommunication of the lower animals. The writers agree that in some way animals do communicate ideas to each other. I expected this unanimity when the subject was first started. The writers to FOREST AND STREAM are observers in Nature's domain, and with such an experience no other conclusion could be entertained.

In order to intelligently consider this subject, would it not be well to look into the methods employed by the human family in intercommunication? Perhaps it will help solve the problem which relates to the lower animals.

First, let us place man where he belongs in the animal kingdom. He is simply the highest in a series of animals. Highest in both mind and matter. I claim intelligence for all animal life, but confined to degrees. Mind and matter rise together. Simple intelligence requires simple matter. Progressive intelligence requires progressive matter. It is nature's law that the progression of mind and matter shall reach its limit in the human family. The highest form of intelligence is the human mind which dominates the human brain, and the human brain is the highest form of matter known to science. Every faculty possessed by man is inherent in the lower animals, restricted by their needs and surroundings.

Man does not inherit speech. It is acquired after birth, usually by long-continued effort in childhood. Speech is a collection of audible words. Words are the signs or symbols through which we convey ideas by sound. Sound is expressed by a combination of muscular acts, and is controlled by the muscles of articulation, of the larynx and of the respiratory organs, in speech. The child possesses the necessary muscles and organs, but cannot utter a word without a teacher. Every word, and the idea which it conveys, must be drilled into the youthful mind before speech is mastered.

A word is simply a sign. A particular word is not the arbitrary expression of a particular idea. The same idea can be expressed by another word in the same language or in a different language. The Englishman has an English word, the Frenchman a French word, the Russian a Russian word, and the native of Australia a guttural word. The same idea may be expressed by a word in each language, but each word will have its own peculiar sound, controlled or created by independent muscular action, so it is evident that sound of almost any kind may convey an idea.

By what rule of logic can we determine that the sounds uttered by animals do not express ideas?

One reason often advanced is that the sounds are repeated, but that is just what we say of a foreign language. The speech of a Chinaman, to the most of us, seems to be nothing but a jargon of repeated sounds. Our dogs can convey to our minds more ideas than we can receive from an unknown language, human though it may be. We should be careful not to make a mistake when we listen to the sounds of animals. It is just possible that we might detect a slight change in the tone; and even if we could not, it is possible that an animal belonging to the same family could. Within the last half hour I have had proof that animals understand each other, when my hearing is in fault.

A chickadee drove another from a box of hemp seed, that is on the table where I am writing. The disappointed bird flew into the door-yard uttering a series of cackling notes. No notice was taken of this cry by the various species of birds in the yard. Soon after a chickadee discovered a sparrow hawk and, to my ears, uttered the same series of notes. Instantly every bird scurried to cover. Two chipmunks and a red squirrel took the hint, and a mole that was engaged in carrying away seeds remained concealed for a long time. Such incidents, or similar ones, have been of common occurrence during the last twelve years, and yet I fail to detect the difference in the cries.

The crows have a language that is patterned, in part, after Morse's alphabet. Besides, the voice is subject to a great variety of changes. I can understand many words of this crow language, or at least, I put ideas to the words.

A crow watches the tide on the clam flats. When the flats are bare he returns to the woods and circles above the pine grove where the flocks are holding forth. His message is a string of caws, which he utters until he has made the circuit, when he drops into a tree. I think the cries could be interpreted: "Come, come, come," or "Clams, clams, clams." Without doubt the idea of clams is understood, for sentinels post themselves without delay on the hills from the grove to the clam flats. The sentinel near the flats, in a measured tone, calls three times: "Caw, caw, caw." I have translated this call, "All is well." This cry of safety is passed along the line until it reaches the pines, when the crows begin their flight. If a sentinel sees a man with a gun, he cries out in rapid voice "Kerr, kerr, kerr," which means: "Look out there." The crows do look out and stop in their flight until the danger is past. I believe it is possible, by careful study and observation, for man to master the crow language. We need not go to the jungles of Africa to study the language of the lower animals. We might commence with the dog. We already know that the dog's voice is capable of great change. It can be modulated to express fear or confidence, love or hate, joy or sorrow; in fact, it can express all the feelings known to mankind. Hearing, we understand. Would it not be folly to claim that dogs themselves do not understand the ideas they so readily convey to us? There is positive proof that dogs understand much of the human language. Necessarily they must acquire the sound of a word, and the idea which it conveys, from their association with man. We know this is true when we consider that the Esquimaux's dog acquires ideas from his master's uncouth language.

Science cannot cite us to a reason why the dog could not acquire human speech if he possessed the proper vocal organs. On the other hand, man, though he possesses the necessary vocal organs, cannot acquire speech without a teacher. The deaf-mute cannot utter a word, because he cannot hear the human voice. If animals are born deaf, they utter strange sounds, which proves that animal language is a fact, and that it must be acquired, just as human language is, from a teacher.

A cat that was reared in a greenhouse in this city, did not mew when hungry like other cats, but instead, uttered a loud, harsh, discordant cry. The owner of the greenhouse thought that there must be something the matter with its throat. I suggested that, perhaps, the trouble was the want of a mother's voice when a kitten. The proprietor took the hint, and put another cat in the greenhouse. The experiment was a success; the discordant cry was soon dropped for the orthodox mew of the cat language.

HERMIT.

GLOUCESTER, April 12.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

A SOUTH FLORIDA DEER.

IN a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM I told how I encountered, down in South Florida, my first deer, and how I missed it, promising at the same time to furnish your readers with the sequel.

Meeting my friend D. a few days ago, I showed him the former article, which, he was good enough to say, was "true to the life, and strongly indorsed every word of."

With regard to the unlawful killing of game out of season, he said: "It's a scandalous shame that the pot-hunters of the State (they are not sportsmen) won't leave the game alone until the season opens. Pretty soon there will not be enough left for breeding, and then the idiots will say, 'Who'd have thought it possible?' Why, Squire, this section a few years ago, when I first come here in '83, was a sportsman's paradise compared to what it is to-day; you could kill more game in a day then than you can see now in a week."

And it's true. I know of an old man, old enough to know better, who claims that he cannot eat pork or bacon, and has to have venison for his regular diet, and his boys (one of whom is about ready for the asylum) are brought up with the same ideas, and the consequence is that they kill deer and turkeys all through the year. The trouble is that no one will take the initiative in reporting these lawbreakers when caught in *flagrante delictu*, and if they did, the probability is that no local jury would convict. Provision of game wardens to report and prosecute, and the State to rigidly uphold such, seems to be the only remedy. An example made of some of the worst offenders would go a long way toward stopping this contemptible practice of close season hunting and killing.

When D. lived out on his homestead, which was prettily situated on the east side of a small lake called Grasmere, I used often to visit him and stay a few days at a time. Going out from town one evening toting a load of provisions, for I never went empty-handed, the Grasmere ranch was found tenantless, but upon making a tour of inspection and visiting the safe hung on the north side of the house, a fine, fat young gobbler, just freshly cooked and hardly cold, was found. I was tired and hungry after my long walk, and roast turkey seemed to be just the thing. I knew D. had gone off to put some of the bronze beauties to roost, so I said to myself: "The old boy will want some tea when he comes in, so I'll boil the kettle and have it ready." Soon the kettle boiled, and tea was made and put to draw; then quick footsteps were heard, and a voice from across the fence challenged: "Who's on my plantation?" "Only your old partner," I said, "tea's ready, and I'm as hungry as a tramp for some of that turkey." Soon we were deep into it, and our appetites, for the time being, appeased. With pipe and cigar going, after supper, we discussed the hunting prospects. D. said: "Well, I couldn't find those birds this evening; they've moved further along the creek from where they were in the morning when I bagged that gobbler off the roost; but I've seen some right fresh deer sign along the bay head, and to-morrow we'll go, and possibly bring one in." This suited my book down to the ground.

Next morning at breakfast we decided to do some necessary work in the lemon grove, and to get an early start after dinner.

We started off, he carrying his double breech-loader while I had my own favorite .32, a gun I would not part with to-day for twice its value if another could not he had like it. The .45 and .50cal. express rifles may be all very well for moose or bear up in Maine, or the Northwest, but down here a .32 or .38 Winchester repeater will give better results for all-around shooting, with a shotgun for quail, etc. After going some distance we decided to separate and to meet again at a given point if nothing turned up. This oak and rosemary scrub was drawn blank, it was rather too early, so we took things easily, and wandered homeward along a long bay head with a stream of water running through, connecting two lakes named Grassy and Surveyos. We separated again, D. crossing a foot log to the other side while I remained on this. It was a good feeding ground for both bird and beast, and a favorable location was soon found. D. would always give me the choice spots, and had not neglected to on this occasion.

Along toward sundown, getting somewhat weary of waiting, I suddenly heard a noise of splashing along the bay head to my right, and carefully gazing in that direction, saw a sight to gladden the heart of any true hunter. Standing in the water, stamping his feet to shake off his winged tormentors, the deer fly, and calmly pulling down and eating the young bay shoots, was one of the grandest specimens of deer it has ever been my good fortune to look upon. Close by were two does in attendance upon their lord and master. The only chance to get a good shot was to get down and crawl; so, regardless of snakes or other varmints, down on all fours I went, the gun carefully carried so as not to plug the muzzle. In this fashion I proceeded for several yards, until one of the does spotted me and made a break for safety, and the other followed suit;

but the buck, tossing his antlers (he had a fine head), seemed to ask what was the matter, and appeared undecided whether to follow or not, the young leaves and stems of the trees were so tender and good. Hesitate, and you're lost, is an old saying, but true; he hesitated too long and lost, for carefully sighting, with the previous experience fresh in my mind not to attract his attention, the rifle cracked and the buck jumped and fled out toward dry land. As he went the gun spoke again, and the deer disappeared behind a big pine tree. Rapidly following, I found the noble brute stretched out behind the tree—dead. My friend D. soon joined me, having heard the shot, and showed me how to disembowel the deer. One ball had gone through the lower part of the heart and another through the lungs, and he had run nearly 200yds. after the first shot. The antlers had four points on each and measured 17in. from tip to tip between points.

After some hard work (to cut this long story short) we got the buck home between us slung on a sapling (my shoulders ached for a week after), and skinned and hung him up for the night, and when weighed the next day the two hindquarters tipped the beam at 24 and 25lbs., and the forequarters at 21lbs. each; and that was some of the best venison I ever ate—or ever expect to. SQUIRE.

GETTING A BIG BUCK.

It had been so long since I had killed a deer, that when Fred Jones and Will Miller, up at Northwood, N. Y., two as hearty good woodsmen, as ever looked through sights at a tossing white flag on a beech ridge, came to ask me if I didn't suppose there might be a deer up at Moose River which I might find and get a shot at, I hoped there might be, and so away we went. I ought not to have done it. There was a sizable sort of chain, which should have been strong enough to keep me from going into the woods, fastened to one of my legs. I had taken two weeks of a three-weeks' vacation by riding from Brooklyn to Westfield, N. Y., on my bicycle, passing along Greenwood Lake, N. J., to Port Jervis, to Lackawaxen, Pa., to Honesdale, Pa., to Mount Pleasant, N. Y., through Binghamton, Elmira, Dansville, Batavia and Buffalo, pedaling over 500 miles on all sorts of roads, and in many kinds of weather. That trip should have satisfied me. But a rabbit cocked up to look at me in New Jersey, and I scared enough partridges on the road to make me think of bigger game, and, to my mind, more worthy of a hunter's pursuit up in the Adirondacks; and, as I said, away I went on Tuesday, Sept. 7, with three comrades: Will and Fred, and my brother Elgie.

We left Northwood at 3 o'clock in the morning on a buckboard with three pack baskets on behind and Will Light's black team hitched on before, and Light was driving. Will Light will be remembered by Bisby Lake hunters. He was a boss guide over there for years, and now runs the Hiawatha House at Northwood.

It is eighteen miles or so from Northwood to North Lake, where the buckboard left us shivering in a rain which had come up, and it was dismal.

Miller hadn't intended to go clear to the river with us, only to the lake, where he intended to go to work on a State job there, and had not brought his gun with him. But we talked him into coming, and so he took a .22cal. Stevens target pistol I had along and said he'd go and shoot chipmunks. We got a boat after some trouble and rowed up the lake to the landing. At the Canachagala trail it was pretty easy for all but Fred, who is big, and seemed to enjoy rowing as much as anybody one ever saw.

It wasn't easy for four miles thereafter. Fred, Will and I had packs—Will taking Elgie's, Elgie being merely a "sawed off kitten," as Will put it. The packs weighed about 40lbs each, and my rifle, a .45-90-300 repeater, added several pounds more to my outfit. Fred had a .38-40 repeater, and my brother a Remington single-shot rifle. The Remington used to be a .32cal. rim-fire, and was the weapon with which I killed my first deer. It now takes a .38 40 shell and shoots to "eat raw meat," as Herb Conklin said when he tried to swap a watch and a deerhound pup for it last year.

Fred's gun has a history, and looks it. It shoots thirteen times, and Fred says it shoots a lead bar and throws a brass tube at the breech when there is meat in sight. It has killed as many deer as any gun in the country. The blue enamel is mostly worn off, and the enamel has been replaced with deer tallow, till it would serve as a candle if the barrel was a wick. The target pistol also has a history. My father got it when he went up through Central America on a mule. His belt wore one side shiny, and it has looked lopsided ever since; but partridges, rabbits, woodchucks, squirrels, etc, have been killed with it, not to mention a few cats that had gone wild when kittens and lived in the brush, feeding on birds.

The way to Moose River was long and muddy. The water sloshed in our shoes and dribbled down our backs. I wore a bicycle suit, including cap. The cap was all right when it came to still-hunting, but I'd have given our chance at a deer for a broad-brimmed hat that day. We rowed across Canachagala Lake, and walked to the river and along the south side, which is trailless to the head of Canachagala stillwater, not having been able to borrow boats because a sportsmen's club objects to its members loaning boats. No matter, we got to the trail spite of briars, logs, brush heaps, spruce slashings and fallen branches, and after two miles of that stuff the four miles to the natural dam at the Plains was comparatively comfortable.

We ate that night scandalously, and built a fire and warmed our dry clothes from the packs and lay down to rest and to sleep happy as any hunters ever were.

Next day we hunted. Fred and Elgie went up through "the island." The island is a long strip of hardwood left when the pines were burned off years ago. Will and I went up the old logging road just below the dam. Fred and Elgie scared two deer off the island without seeing them, and they came my way just as Will got back into the woods hunting a red squirrel with his pistol. My rifle "did some hollerin'" and Will took it away from me when he came back, saying I was an unfit person to carry a real gun. He went off over the ridge where the deer had gone, and in fifteen minutes began to shoot slowly. He came back after a while with a dry doe about the size of a small dog dragging by one ear.

"That," he said, "is the way to do it!" Then he said the gun made so much smoke that he couldn't see to shoot, or he'd have had his two deer at once.

I hadn't any excuses to offer for missing a nice buck, and the camp was too small for me till the others got to sleep that night.

Fred took Elgie over to Balsam Lake next day and staid all night, taking my rifle because it held up better on a long shot than his .38-40, and Will and I went out again. We got separated and all of a sudden I heard a yell and a whoop half a mile away, and directly Will came closer and closer, and pretty soon he came in sight bounding over logs with his hat in one hand and the pistol in the other.

"Where (puff) the (phew!) thought ye'd (woof) got lost. My-y-y!"

Then I knew that I was regarded as something of a sheep which was liable to go astray, and seventeen times a day I had to say that I had my compass and prove it, to one or other of the boys, also matches. We'd get thirty rods from the river and one would ask, "Now, which way do you suppose camp is?" and when we got a mile back they thought if I could tell which way the river lay it was sufficient.

One day the others went up to Kemble's to get some stuff to eat. I was left in camp with strict injunctions to carry my compass in sight and to blaze a trail from the river if I left it.

I took Elgie's Remington and went up the old road almost to where I had seen the two deer, then turned off to the left and followed the hardwood ridge there for about a mile.

I had been practicing walking quietly while I had been there and had read Van Dyke's "Still Hunter" through while in camp, which, with previous experience, had put me on my feet, so to say, and in about half an hour I saw something white flashing around about fifteen rods away. It was a deer's tail shooing flies, and the deer was walking rather fast. There was no time to lose. The deer paused behind a tree quartering from me. I forgot that the .38-40 wasn't a smasher like the big gun which breaks a deer down if held high up on the hip. It didn't matter, though. I got four shots at the hip, the deer not running till I knocked a birch curl off over its back. Then it went fast for a dozen rods and stopped. I followed, thinking the beast had gone a quarter of a mile, anyhow, and ran slap on to a yearling lying at the roots of a tree. The yearling ran when I got about 15ft. from it, leaping from its bed when I caught its eye. I missed it. I put in another shell and went smashing along angry with myself and things in particular. I broke a branch as big as my wrist, crashed through a briar patch by the edge of the swamp at the foot of the ridge, and there, six or eight rods off down a lane of tree trunks, was the first deer I had seen. I shot, and saw something the like of which I never heard tell of. The deer arched its back and made four leaps straight into the air and came down with its hoofs so close together that my feet covered all the marks of each jump. Then away it went, I followed it as far as I could, not quite half a mile, found neither blood nor hair, and gave it up. The deer was running yet, 16 to 20ft. to the jump, and clearing 3ft. high balsams when they were in the animal's line of flight.

I went back and looked into the swamp where the little deer had disappeared, and toward which I had seen a small buck's tracks leading. I had gone perhaps fifteen rods to the swamp when I came to a little opening, where swale grass grew and a few raspberry briars showed the nipping of a deer's teeth. While I was looking at the briars and some tracks I heard a twig crack, and on looking up I saw a deer broadside to me and wrinkling his nose curiously, as if I wasn't exactly his kind of a boquet. He was about four rods off. I aimed carefully at his shoulder and fired. He turned and trotted away with his head down like a whipped dog's. I found blood, but it wasn't encouraging, for I had evidently hit the animal too far back—in the paunch somewhere. I left him, and as it was near dark went to camp.

"Well," Fred said, "I s'pose you've seen a dozen?"

"And drawed quarts of blood," Will added.

"And haven't got hide nor hair to show for it," Elgie put in.

And I felt sick and mean, saying to the boys that I'd seen three and shot seven times, whereupon they said things, and as the meat of the doe was nearly gone guessed that I ought to let somebody who could shoot take the gun on the day following. The next morning, however, I found my buck, a three-pointer still in the velvet, and dragged him to the river, and whooped and danced a while by way of exercise and jubilation.

That afternoon a party from Beecher's Camp (put up by Col. Beecher, a son of Henry Ward Beecher) came down, having been invited to come down by Fred. It sprinkled in the morning and it was 11 o'clock before they came down, then only two of the three and one guide came. Fred had explained what he wanted to do and they thought Fred was sort of notional.

Fred and John Jones (of Raquette Lake county, who is no relative of Fred's) beat up the island while we watched up at the head. The deer were liable to run away from us we thought, but kept a tolerable sort of lookout. I was down by the old road; thirty rods away, by a big rock, was another man, and so we stretched along to head the deer off. I heard Fred and John barking like dogs, and all at once I saw something that made me shiver. There was a pair of horns bigger than I'd ever seen before, and a patch of white just below it with two staring eyes between. I fetched up my gun with a jerk and the deer dissolved into a sort of wabbly brush heap; but coming closer, ten rods away he stopped. I had followed him with my gun, and aiming approximately at his white throat—all I could see of him—I fired and broke his off hind leg.

That may seem like a foolish proceeding to some folks, hitting 2ft. under, but this is how it happened. I've got three sights on my rifle—a Lyman front sight, an ordinary sight on the barrel and behind the hammer is a Lyman rear sight. I put up the rear sight and use all three when deer hunting. I'm liable to see all the front sight and half the barrel if I don't. I aimed low at the deer and hit where I aimed.

It was as if a man had come up behind him and laid a raw-hide whip across his flanks then, for he leaped mightily toward me, and at his second jump I fired again, at his third and fourth jumps I fired too, and he went out of sight.

There was a crash over the knoll in a little swamp fifteen rods away, and a tearing along as if some one were dragging a hemlock stub through the woods there. The silence that followed was sickening. I ran over and there was blood, on the leaves of the briars, on a log the animal had jumped over, and on the ground where it was mossy. I followed it a way then went back where I heard Fred yell.

Fred had a spruce branch about 3ft. long with a nub at the end, and he waved it around his head.

"No man," he said to John, "can shoot so fast and see the sights."

"Where's that big buck—did you get him, er hit him, er anything?" he said to me when I came up.

I showed the boys the blood and Fred threw the club away.

"He's yours, sure," they said, and I felt better. We tracked him, and pretty soon we came to him. He lurched up on to his trembling legs and made a plunge. I started to shoot, but Fred grabbed my rifle, while Will grabbed the deer's horns, and such horns. Will sat down 10ft away. A knife was put to the animal's curl at the base of his neck, and in a few moments the largest deer I ever saw was dead at my feet, and the boys were all congratulating me. I felt as if it must be a dream. Some of them had seen larger deer, but none of them had ever seen a finer pair of antlers taken from an Adirondack deer. They were massive rather than long, and very regular. At Northwood the hunters told me the horns were the heaviest that have come out of the woods on a pack during the past fifteen years. I had hit him four out of four times.

The rest of the trip I passed in sitting on a stump before the camp, looking at the big head. No more deer were killed that trip, but we had all the meat we could carry out.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK.

NEW BRUNSWICK GUIDES AND GAME.

DURING the past six months I have received so many letters of inquiry on the above head that my ingenuity has been taxed to the breaking point to answer them. I have, however, done all I could to supply the information asked for. With the kindness of FOREST AND STREAM I would like to make a few remarks that would, perhaps, in large measure, meet the points raised by these correspondents.

First, as to the game supply. I am satisfied from my own observation and otherwise that moose and caribou are far more numerous in this Province than in Maine or Nova Scotia, while as yet our deer supply, though increasing yearly, is not nearly equal to that of Maine. The forest of New Brunswick is still to all intents and purposes a virgin wilderness. For the past quarter of a century the number of sportsmen who have availed themselves of the magnificent hunting afforded in the autumn months could almost, in any given year, have been counted on the fingers of one's two hands. They have produced practically no effect whatever on the supply of moose and caribou. What has decimated the moose in past years has been their ruthless slaughter by loggers, wandering hunters and Indians in the deep snows of winter. Of late, however, public sentiment has been educated up to a just conception of the value of the big game interests of the Province, and a sharper lookout is being kept for these gentry. If our Legislature could only be prevailed upon to expend a fraction of the large amount annually devoted by that of Maine for the preservation of game, the illegal destruction of these animals would be reduced to a very small item indeed.

Now, as to the exact location of the best game regions of New Brunswick opinions differ. I have only explored a very small part of the vast interior, and will only speak of what I personally know or have gathered from reliable sources. Perhaps as convenient a mode of classification as any would be to take up each district in its turn.

CANNAN RIVER.—This locality is perhaps the most noted moose region in the Province. It lies close to the settlements, has been much hunted, but is still well supplied with both moose and caribou. The best way for the American sportsman to reach it is to proceed to St. John and thence up the Intercolonial to Apohaqui or Sussex, or else by the Washademoak boat, which tri-weekly runs from St. John to Cole's Island. A good man to write to for guides is S. E. MacDonald, Cherry Vale, Brunswick, Queens county. Two excellent guides, whom I can personally recommend, are Richard Cole, of Sussex, and Cyrus Kierstead, Fork Stream, Canaan, Queens county.

CAINS RIVER.—A very large section of country is comprised in this geographical term. Moose, caribou and bear are all abundant. Sportsmen going to this locality should come to Fredericton, and here take the Canada Eastern Railway for Zionville or Doaktown. William Chestnut or John A. Edwards, of Fredericton, will supply accurate information as to guides. I believe that Chipman Bartlett and Frank Bartlett, Mersereau's P. O., Blissfield, Northumberland county; Charles Beek, William and Alex. Storey, Doaktown, and James Logan, of Marysville, are reliable guides.

SOU-WEST MIRAMICHI.—The sportsman who wishes to hunt on this river and its branches should come to Fredericton, thence proceeding to Boiestown and up the river, or else up the Gibson Branch of the Canada Pacific Railway to Bristol, and thence across country to the Forks. The North Branch is a good moose country, and there is more than an even chance for success at Miramichi Lake, McKeil Bogan and Otter Brook, which lie within a few miles of each other, about fifteen miles below the Forks. I am not acquainted with any guides residing at the head of the river whom I should care to recommend. At the Boiestown end letters addressed to Edward Norred or Alex. McKay (Boiestown) will be promptly attended to. The lakes at the head of Rocky Brook and the Sisters are within easy striking distance of Boiestown, and moose and caribou are plentiful. In November, as soon as a good, tracking snow has formed, the visiting sportsman may locate at Duffy's Hotel, right in Boiestown, and enjoy excellent caribou hunting on the plains not more than five miles away, returning to the hotel every evening. Mr. Charles Duffy, who runs the hotel, or is run thereby, will supply all needed information on this point. Perhaps in this connection I might refer to the Little Sou-west Lake country, which is reached by way of Boiestown, though properly it belongs to the Nor-west system. Here is where the celebrated guide Henry Braithwaite has control of one of the finest hunting regions in the Province. Henry has so many scores of applications more than he can attend to that he will hardly thank me for any further advertising. However, his address is Stanley, York county, and fortunate is the man who can secure his services.

NOR-WEST MIRAMICHI.—The proper point of departure for big game expeditions on this river is Newcastle, on the Intercolonial Railway. Robert Armstrong, of that place, is fully acquainted with all the essential ingredients. The upper portion of the Nor-West is perhaps the best country for caribou in the Province. It is here that another noted guide, Arthur Pringle (of Stanley, York county), has his camps. Arthur has few, if any, superiors anywhere as a guide. His brother, Tom Pringle (also of Stanley), has lately branched out for himself and is a thoroughly reliable guide.

NEPISIGUIT RIVER.—The beautiful town of Bathurst, on the historic shores of Bay Chaleur, is the jumping-off place for all hunting parties on the headwaters of the Nepisiguit. Henry Bishop, the local postmaster, is the best man I know of to consult about guides. William Grey, Jr., and William

Bateman are excellent hunters, and Mr. Bishop is acquainted with other good men whom he is in position to engage on short notice. I think I would about as soon take my chances on the upper Nepisiguit for numerous and various animals of the game persuasion as any place on earth. Moose and caribou are abundant, deer are fairly numerous, and bears roam over the blueberry hills in September and beg to be taken into camp. There is fine trout fishing to be had on almost any of the rivers and many of the lakes of New Brunswick, but none of them can beat the Nepisiguit.

RESTIGOUCHE RIVER.—I am densely ignorant of the game features of this river, except that many American sportsmen are heading that way this fall, and that moose are said to be very plentiful on the Kedgwick, one of its branches. I know nothing about the guides in the locality, but I should think Albert Mott, M. P. P., of Campbellton though a lawyer and a politician, would reply to all inquiries in a truthful manner.

TOBIQUE RIVER —The lakes at the head of this beautiful river are well supplied with game of every sort. It is in all respects an ideal hunting and camping region. Mr. T. F. Allen, of the Tobique Salmon Club, Andover, Victoria county, will supply all required information. Some of the Indian guides at the mouth of the Tobique are first-class men. If white men are preferred, I can certify to Asa and Robert Maston, of Sisson Ridge, Victoria county, as being hunters of skill and experience.

MADAWASKA RIVER AND SQUATOOK LAKES.—Though I have written one or two guide-books about this noted fishing and hunting region, I know, if anything, even less about it than the Restigouche. I can conscientiously recommend S. J. Raymond, or Milton Dayton, of Edmundston, as being the proprietors of mental refrigerators from which the frozen truth can always be supplied.

It has been stated by one of the Bangor papers that a license fee of $20 is exacted from all Maine guides who came to hunt in New Brunswick. This is not the case Canada has no alien labor laws of any description, and the American guide engaged in this Province has precisely the same privileges as the local men. He is not obliged to take out a license. Of course, if he shoots a moose or caribou he is liable to the same fine that would apply to any other unlicensed individual.

It has also been stated that American sportsmen hunting in New Brunswick would not be allowed to take the heads of any game they might kill out of the Province in the green state, but that they would have to be mounted here before they could be shipped. There is no law, Dominion or Provincial, containing any such provision. There is a law prohibiting the shipping of game, but this does not apply to heads or other trophies, and has never been construed to refer to the case of sportsmen taking out the meat of game they had killed.

FOREST AND STREAM is seldom wide of the mark, even in the line of prophecy, where so much allowance must be made for windage. When it predicted that, owing to the restrictive charactor of the New York and Maine game laws, there would be an exodus of American sportsmen to the Provinces this fall, it hit the target very close to the middle. Local sportsmen are divided in sentiment as to the advisability of encouraging this invasion of canvasback foreigners, and fear that the game will become extinct. I do not share in this view, for it is only the thoroughbred that will come to New Brunswick for the second trip. It is no place for the tenderfoot. There are no hotels nor steamers on the big lakes—only the loon and the lean-to. FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, Sept. 11.

ZIGZAG EXPERIENCES.

II.—A Phantom Woodcock.

RISING high above its fellows, Mount Wachusett overlooks central and eastern Massachusetts, and nothing intervenes to break the vision to the Atlantic Ocean, which may be seen of a clear day more than fifty miles away.

Radiating from its sides like so many pulsating arteries instinct with life and running to all points of the compass, are several purling trout brooks, which reward the knowledge and skill of the angler with many a goodly creel of gamy trout.

Those flowing to the south and east, seeking light of the rising sun, join their forces and swell in volume, making the rivers known as the Quinapoxet and Stillriver, the confluence of which at Oakdale is the birthplace of the gentle Nashua. Along these brooks and adjacent hillsides are many excellent woodcock runs and coverts for ruffed grouse.

Mast grows in great abundance—blackberries, blueberries, grapes, chestnuts—and few sportsmen in the crisp days of autumn have better opportunities for enjoyment with gun and dog than those whose good fortune it is to know and pursue the wary game birds in these favorite haunts.

Boston is not a prohibition city, and yet singular as it may seem, she is seeking for more water. Already her scientific men and engineers are at work binding the waters of the Nashua near its source by a mighty dam, which is bound to take its place among the triumphs of engineering, and which is destined to be one of the wonders of the world.

Already our favorite woodcock ground at Sawyer's Mills is a thing of the past; but blotted out as it is, it will live long in memory as one of the best woodcock runs in which I ever fired a gun. Here the river recedes from a sloping hillside on the north and west and makes an intervale of some fifty or seventy-five acres in extent, which is overgrown with a dense growth of black alders.

The soil is that moist, black, light sandy marl that *Philohela minor* loves, and having natural protection from the vicissitudes of New England weather and the advantage of the sun's warmest rays in early spring, no better breeding grounds can be found.

Here it was in the callow days of youth that I shot and killed my first woodcock—the first bird that I ever fired a shot at on the wing. It was an unexpected, but most successful shot, and one that I will always remember with pleasure.

But that is another story.

It is of another occasion and another experience that I am to write. On this same ground, some years after, I had a very singular experience bordering on the marvelous.

In company with two friends we drove to a nearby farmhouse and put our team in the barn.

We were soon in our favorite haunt, which was now so dense in many places that to work it out thoroughly our progress was necessarily very slow. Many times the dogs could not be seen 20ft away, and often it was impossible to shoot when the bird was flushed.

We had made several snap shots, and were surprised, under such circumstances, to score some very creditable kills. My dog came to a stanch point but a few feet away, and, trying to get into a position where I could shoot with a fair prospect of success, the bird flushed, and without being able to get my gun to my shoulder I fired. Judge of my surprise to see feathers falling gently among the limbs, and working my way to the spot I found a wing as completely severed from the body as if done with a butcher's cleaver.

My dog trailed the bird a little distance and pointed where he secreted himself, under some dead brush and roots. Drawing him forth I found a wing gone, but not another shot had touched him.

My companions joining me soon after, we smoothed his plumage and admired his beauty. One of them suggested putting him out of misery at once in a humane manner, and taking from his pocket utility box a large, chisel-pointed sewing machine needle, he forced it into the base of the skull and then gave it a rotary motion. A few severe spasms, ending in gentle tremors, resulted, when he became limp in apparent death.

Depositing him in my game pocket, we separated and resumed the quest. Meeting again after the lapse of a couple of hours, we sat down for a little rest, when I felt a fluttering in my game pocket. Taking out one, two, three birds, stone dead, the fourth, my wingless bird, was as active as if the needle of my companion had never made an exploring expedition to the base of his brain. Companion No. 2 now had his innings.

"If you are going to kill a bird," said he, "there is but one sure way to do it, and that is this way," taking the bird and crushing its skull between his teeth. More spasms, tremors and twitchings resulted, and all again was quiet. Again we parted to meet again at the barn at 12 o'clock to eat our lunch and take a little midday rest.

I shot another brace, and arriving at the barn before my friends I noticed more evidence of life in my pocket, and thinking it must be one of the last lot of birds shot proceeded to investigate. Judge of my surprise when I found that it proceeded from my wingless friend. There, thought I, you may talk of the humane method and the sure method, I will kill the poor fellow as I have seen fanciers kill chickens, who make certain work of it by wringing their necks.

Grasping him firmly by his bill, I proceeded to wring him round and round until it seemed that there was not left an unbroken cervical vertebra in his neck and so I gave him another quietus. Returning all to pocket, I told my companions on arrival of my experience, whereat they marveled much, and said he must have borne a charmed life, and so he has since been known as the phantom woodcock.

We spent the afternoon in other covers, and added to our store; but more and more was I surprised on my return home to find evidence of life in that self-same bird, nor did it cease until his beauty for the table was destroyed by decapitation.

GEO. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Indian Market Hunters Stopped in Minnesota.

(Exclusive in FOREST AND STREAM.)

"ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 22.—*E. Hough:* Have just heard from our attorney, Byrnes. He has got the order signed in regard to the Indians. We think it is the best thing that ever happened for the game interests of Minnesota.

"SAM F. FULLERTON."

In the above brief telegram is embodied one of the most important bits of news that has ever occurred in the history of game protection. It means the culmination of careful plans which have been long meditated and quietly pursued by the hustling agent of the Minnesota Fish and Game Commission. This success was only possible after a visit to the President of the United States by the attorney of the Commission.

This is the first time the President has ever in the history of the United States interfered in a case of State game protection. Congratulations are due to Warden Fullerton, to the attorney, Mr. T. E. Byrnes, and to all concerned. It is not without a certain pride that FOREST AND STREAM may claim the honor of giving the first publication to this news.

I touched on this question last week in copy sent in from St. Paul under the head "An Important Case," taking up briefly the matter of game destruction by Indians who leave their reservation, kill game, bring it back to the reservation and sell it to the traders. It was then stated that the State Commission was about to take the ground that all game taken by Indians off their reservations would be followed and taken into control as part of the property of the State, as soon as was found again outside the reservation limits. It was then explained that so much game has been killed by all sorts of persons, and sold to the Indian traders for later shipment, that the entire law was in danger of practical nullification, the reservation being made a "fence" for enormous quantities of game, illegal and otherwise, all of which, under cover of this Indian exemption act, has been shipped fairly in train loads to the markets of the East.

Agent Fullerton has long been watching this drain upon the resources of the State, and has determined to stop it at any cost, seeing the inevitable result must otherwise soon be the extinction over large parts of the State of its most valuable game. As stated in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, he some time ago, through one of his deputies, seized a lot of this game (420 partridges, 630 prairie chickens) which had been shipped by Julia Selkirk, Indian trader at White Earth reservation. The latter sued for the recovery of this game, and so the whole question came into direct issue. As stated last week, Attorney Byrnes for the Commission, at once went into the archives and dug up the Indian treaty and looked into the precedents, and reported that he thought he could win the case. This, however, was not enough. The conditions remained the same. The markets were behind this illicit trade, and the law was sure to be broken again. It needed a decisive change in the conditions. The tap root of the evil needed to be cut off.

In his contest in this matter Agent Fullerton had a most valuable ally in the attorney who has so long been his competent and successful adviser. Mr. T. E. Byrnes, of St. Paul, "Tim" Byrnes as he is popularly called, is one of the powers in Minnesota politics, and though still a young man, one of such force that his name is likely to be heard of even more prominently in the future. It was determined to take advantage of Mr. Byrnes's acquaintance with authorities even higher than those of the State of Minnesota.

Last week I was in the office of Mr. Fullerton, in St. Paul, and there met again Mr. Byrnes. After a time Mr. Fullerton turned around to his desk and wrote a check and handed it to Mr. Byrnes, who folded it into some other papers, and after a while went out with us, carelessly slapping the folded papers on the rail of the stairway as we went down. In some way or other I felt that there was some news about that check, though of course it was not any business of mine to ask about it. Perhaps there is something in the stories of mental impressions. At any rate, pretty soon Mr. Fullerton came over and said to me in a low tone of voice:

"I have just given Byrnes a check to pay his expenses to Washington. He is going to see President McKinley, and try to get an order for the Indian Department to take action on this question of market shooting on and around the reservations of Minnesota. As it is, we have no game law if this thing can go on, of wagon-loads of game being taken in from all over the country, unloaded at the traders' stores, and then shipped out as special-privilege property. If we get this order signed, there will be an end to this Indian market shooting, and this hiding of game dealers and their men under the skirts of the Indian reservation. No Indian will be allowed thus, to bring game on the reservation. The business of market shooting at the reservations will be brought to a sudden close, and the Indian will be no better in the eye of the game laws than a white man, and a reservation no better than a white man's settlement. Reduced to that footing, we can handle this trade, and we can save tons of game each year."

When Mr. Fullerton told me this, of course I hoped that he and his attorney would meet success. Then I made him solemnly promise that no one should get on to this except FOREST AND STREAM, and that he would wire as soon as he learned of the result of Mr. Byrnes's trip to Washington.

This latter he has done, and so all sportsmen interested in the game resources of the grand State of Minnesota may now feel assured that they, and not the marketmen of Chicago and the Eastern cities, will have the benefit of many thousands of head of game each year which will no longer be stolen from the State. The figures of the destruction of grouse and chickens and ducks for the markets would be something appalling were they set out in black and white. Perhaps now the native game birds may slowly come back over large tracts from which they have recently practically disappeared, ground through the mills of one of the most insatiate agencies of the game trade now in existence in the West.

The benefit of this order from the President is something which may prove to be fairly incalculable. It solves one of the most serious questions of protection in Minnesota. It is a further proof, if such be needed, of the sagacity and energy of the agent of the commission of Minnesota, and it is a sure index of a still tighter drawing of the meshes of the law around those persons who have long fattened privately on public property.

We have long turned to Minnesota for examples of good work in protective matters, and we may now expect this State to become still more "airtight" in regard to the illegal handling of fish and game. The dealers are looking to Minnesota for much of their supplies, which they openly or covertly, brazenly or sneakingly, have so long been stealing from that State. Let them bestir themselves now, for much of their trade will meet immediate and extensive curtailment.

"Stop the sale of game," says FOREST AND STREAM.

"Stop the sale of game," says President McKinley.

It is stopping gradually all over the country.

Illinois Chicken Crop not Extra.

From all information obtainable, the chicken crop in Illinois is not extra, as indeed it could hardly be expected to be. The main wonder is that there should be any of these birds left in so old-settled a State. The best bag of which I personally have heard was that recorded last week of the Paterson party at Pontiac. No doubt many other bags were made at points lower down in the State, but while good shooting for a few days may have been had by a favored few in certain localities, one could hardly classify Illinois as a chicken State this year, or speak of good chicken shooting there with anything but surprise. At the famous old chicken grounds west of the city a hundred miles or so, there were a good many birds killed, and on the grounds of the Rising Sun farmers' league, there are no doubt very many birds left over for future breeding, but this is not country to which any hunter can be referred as open country. If he gets in by special virtue, it is good fortune. Lee county was once a great chicken region, and the birds hang on there yet astonishingly well. Without question, Illinois is one of the worst sooner States in the Union, especially in the lower part of the State, the theory of the residents being that the shooters of the big cities have not so much right to the birds as they themselves have. There is justification in this belief, perhaps, from their standpoint, though we of the cities don't see it just that way. While we have no great or regular shooting on chickens, it is only fair to say that the birds seem about as numerous this year as they were last. Really, we need a close season for a term of years again, to give the prairie chicken another chance to recover in numbers. Even yet we feel the beneficial effects of our last close term of three years, long ago as that was.

Wisconsin Chickens.

Wisconsin showed up unexpectedly well as a chicken country this season, and I presume more birds were killed there than in Illinois, though the latter has more country suitable as habitat for the bird. A little known feature about Wisconsin is that she has some rattling fine sharptail shooting, pretty well up in the State. I lived here in Chicago for five years before I ever heard of that. Try Hancock, on the Wisconsin Central. That was good this fall. What it may be next fall I should not like to guarantee, but it is worth remembering.

Long Trippers.

A great many men nowadays take long trips out into the remaining good shooting country, staying for a couple of weeks or more out in Minnesota, Dakota, etc. Thus, Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., writes me that on Oct. 5 he will be in Chicago with his special crew, the Saginaw Crowd, en route for Dawson, N. D., for a good hunt. Of this party I heard when at Dawson last week, and was told there that they are first to stop for a duck shoot, then to go on out to the Missouri bottoms for a deer hunt, then to come back and meet the goose flight at

Dawson later on. At Dawson we saw a few flocks of geese and cranes during our hunting two days last week, and the men there think the geese will soon begin to come in. A few geese breed in that country, but most of them come in from above somewhere, as do the cranes.

At Dawson last week were Mr. W. H. Tyng, of Chicago, and Mr. J. R. Moore, of New York city, both there for trips of some length. They go out each day, but do not shoot very long or very hard. Soon other parties will be there for stops of a week or more each, among these Mr. L. S. Pettitt, of Milwaukee, Mr. Strobridge, of the big lithograph house at Cincinnati, and Mr. C. H. Wilson, of Troy, N. Y. There is hardly a city of the land but holds some shooter who has been to Dawson or wants to go. It is wonder that the place is not shot out, but the contrary is true, as we have seen, and it appears altogether likely that the non-resident license will save the game there, if not for many, at least for the few who can afford it.

Farmers' Leagues.

A curious feature of the times in shooting matters is the springing up in different parts of the country of leagues of farmers against the city shooters. There is reason for all this, of course, and of course there is legal ground for it if the farmers so choose, though probably the farmers are too apt to generalize in their estimates of sportsmen. The big cranberry marsh near Palmyra, Wis., was this fall taken into care by the farmers owning the land there, and I mentioned last week the acts of Judge Mallory and Peter Barth, of Milwaukee, who shot there in spite of the farmers and killed some birds. Up a little further in the State, at Baraboo, the same sort of sentiment obtains among certain farming communities, as witness the following extract from the local paper, the *News*:

NOTICE TO HUNTERS

Owing to the destruction of timber and property caused by forest fires, originated in most cases by hunters, and owing also to the wanton and wholesale slaughter of game, both in and out of the legal hunting season, we the undersigned freeholders, hereby forbid all persons from hunting upon any lands owned or controlled by us, and persons found so trespassing will be prosecuted to the extent of the law. But this prohibition shall not apply to the farmers whose names are hereto appended: Jacob Cline, John Luce, Amos Plummer, George W. Harrison, F. O. Newell, J. J. Bick, Mrs. H. W. Parshall, B F Thomas, B. Battles, W. T. Loomis, A. H. Norton, A. Rinney, C. Caflisch, E. C. Green, John Wrightmyre, Charley Beardsley, S. H. Webster, Seth Andrews, Grant Francisco, Miner Brown, Norris Wilcox, Steve Burton, O. A Getchell, Q A. Loveland.

In Michigan also the movement of the farmers has taken hold, and the *Star*, of Niles, Mich., this week contains the following notice:

NOTICE TO HUNTERS.

We, the undersigned land-owners in Milton, Howard, Bertrand and Niles townships, in Cass and Berrien counties, do hereby give notice that hunting and trespassing upon our premises is strictly forbidden, and any person found so hunting or trespassing will be prosecuted to the extent of the law. E. S. Stewart, C. E. Reum, Wm. C. Reum, W. M. Woodford, P. V. Brunner, Chas. Morehouse, Fred Fowler, L. Roebeck, J. A. Curt, Y. L. Reum, D. C. Updike, E. Blowhard and H. K. Fritts.

Probably the record State in the North for farmers' leagues of this sort is Ohio. I take from the Canton *Repository*, of Canton, O., this record of yet another Ohio movement against city shooters: "An organization has been effected by farmers of portions of Plain, Lake, Nimishillen and Marlboro townships for mutual protection in the matter of preserving game. The meeting of the farmers was held at Tyro Hall school-house. A vigorous discussion was indulged in, and it was promptly decided that farmers should organize for the purpose of protecting themselves. It was stated that game can not be killed by farmers when they have time to do so, and that often their stock and the persons of themselves and children are endangered by reckless hunters. It was agreed that the law in regard to trespassing be enforced."

The most famous farmers' preserve in Illinois is the Rising Sun Game Park preserve, referred to earlier in this column, and fully written up in FOREST AND STREAM some years ago. This preserve is the cherished work of Mr. Valentine Hicks, an enthusiast on the subject of protection. His efforts have really preserved the chickens on a big strip of country, and when one stops to reflect that otherwise they would all have been killed long ago, it is a pretty hard matter to feel any regret that the league of sturdy farmers have put up the bars against legions of shooters from Chicago and other cities. Say what you like against this spirit on the part of the farmers, each such league as that set on foot by Valentine Hicks is a protective body and runs a game preserve, and therefore is to be regarded with a feeling far different from resentment.

Violations.

At Waupaca, Wis., Sept. 15, Deputy Warden Stout served papers on the National Express Company for illegal handling of game and fish, the offense being located at Fremont.

At Tacoma, Wash., on Sept. 16, M. E. Weix was fined $10 for selling grouse out of season. Stop the sale of game, Mr. Weix, it will be weixer for you.

At Caldwell, O., Sept. 6, Austin Miller was fined $25 for killing two quail out of season, and was sent to jail for non-payment of the fine.

The Game Regions of the Northwest.

Sept. 24.—The sporting traffic which sets in early in the fall is something of a magnitude not generally understood by those who do not make it a study. The railroads appreciate it and do all they can to increase it. Nearly every road running out into game country makes a regular yearly campaign of education in this regard, and compiles what data it can in regard to the best game localities along its line. This is usually obtained from the local agents at its points, and often this information is very valuable to persons looking up a place for a trip. While at St. Paul I inquired of the Great Northern Railway for such information as they could give me of their best sporting country, and received the appended list of localities, made up especially from their latest correspondence, for the use of FOREST AND STREAM. Inquiring sportsmen will do very well to preserve the list for reference or further investigation. While I do not suppose all station agents are finished sportsmen, a good many of them know what they are talking about, and a tip thus obtained may be of use this fall or next year. No gazetteer of sporting country can be accurate long at a time, for what is good country one year is perhaps not good the next; but these lists, with those published in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, cover the best of the grouse and wildfowl country of the entire Northwest, and among them one may pick out his locality and look it up more at leisure. The tables are as follows:

MINNESOTA GAME RESORTS.

Northcote—Ducks, prairie chickens.
St. Vincent—Ducks, prairie chickens, grouse, geese.
Appleton—Ducks, prairie chickens, geese.
Richmond—Ducks, prairie chickens, geese.
Morris—Ducks, Geese.
Stephen—Prairie chickens, geese.
Ruthton—Ducks, prairie chickens, geese.
Donnelly—Ducks, prairie chickens.
Fosston—Ducks, prairie chickens, grouse.
Brandon—Ducks, geese.
Osakis—Ducks.
Anoka—Ducks, prairie chickens.
West Union—Ducks, prairie chickens, geese.
Ashley—Ducks.
New London—Ducks, geese.
Atwater—Ducks, prairie chickens, geese.
Milaca—Ducks.
Bellingham—Ducks, geese.
Willmar—Ducks, prairie chickens, geese.
Cold Springs—Ducks.
Elbow Lake—Ducks, geese.
McIntosh—Prairie chickens.
Darwin—Ducks.
Menahga—Ducks, prairie chickens.
Thief River Falls—Prairie chickens, grouse.
Spicer—Ducks.
Hinckley—Grouse.
Dassel—Ducks.
Alexandria—Ducks.
Big Lake—Ducks.
Sauk Centre—Prairie chickens.

NORTH DAKOTA GAME RESORTS.

Leeds—Ducks, geese.
White Earth—Ducks.
Lakota—Ducks, geese.
Rugby Junction—Ducks, prairie chickens.
Larimore—Ducks, prairie chickens.
Michigan City—Ducks, geese, prairie chickens.
Wahpeton—Prairie chickens.
Church's Ferry—Ducks, prairie chickens.
Park River—Prairie chickens.
Neche—Prairie chickens.
Devil's Lake—Ducks, geese, prairie chickens.
St. John—Ducks, prairie chickens.
Portland—Prairie chickens.

SOUTH DAKOTA GAME RESORTS.

Putney—Ducks.

MONTANA GAME RESORTS.

Great Falls—Grouse, prairie chickens.
Cascade—Grouse, ducks.
Wolf Creek—Grouse, prairie chickens.
Libby Creek—Grouse, partridges.
Jennings—Grouse, partridges.
Kalispell—Grouse, prairie chickens.
Big Sandy—Prairie chickens.
Columbia Falls—Grouse, prairie chickens, partridges.
Blackfoot—(From grizzly bear down).

IDAHO GAME RESORTS.

Bonner's Ferry—Grouse, ducks, geese.

WASHINGTON GAME RESORTS.

Chester—Chickens.
Leavenworth—Grouse.
Wenatchee—Chickens, grouse, ducks, geese.
Marysville—Ducks.
Blaine—Grouse.

Albino Otter.

A dispatch from San Francisco dated Sept. 17, states that the schooner Rattler is in from the northern seas with twenty-five sea otter skins, one of which is a pure white one, the first ever known upon the coast. It is thought to be worth about $1,000. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

IN THE SHASTAS.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The other day Jim and I packed my speckled gray horse with camping things, and left my shack for the higher mountains. We intended to stay out for several days if necessary, and bring in a buck, a buck of some consequence in the world, with something on his ribs besides leather. We started about 6 o'clock in the morning of what proved one of our hottest July days. After climbing for two hours, we made camp on a small torrent, one mile and a half from our starting point.

Now it may seem foolish to rig up a pack horse to go a mile and a half from home and camp, but some folks know that a mile and a half up some mountains is not a thing to be sneezed at. We wanted to be on the ground selected during the best hours to hunt deer—at dusk and dawn. Having selected a spot for a camp, we unpacked the horse and turned him loose. I told Jim I would look around down the creek for sign and a way to hunt toward evening. Jim said he would go up creek a way. I crossed a gorge, and somehow, about 10 o'clock, I found myself on about the hottest and steepest ridge on the mountain side. I saw a mighty big deer, without horns, run over an opposite ridge, and I decided to go over and see whether it had any particular business there or not. It was a hard climb to get over to where the deer disappeared, and when I got there I was upon a narrow spur of granite, in the blazing sun—as barren a spot as ever was set up edgewise.

Two or three dwarf pines, some big, jagged ledges and a few clumps of scrub acorn bushes were down the steep mountain side to my left, 200yds. From behind one of the pines I could see that a deer's head protruded. I could not tell whether it was the head of a buck or a doe, but it seemed that of a small deer. There was no possible chance to get closer, as the deer was plainly watching me, and the hill was almost precipitous. A deer's head at 200yds. down hill is a small target for the best rifle shot and I fired at it, trusting to luck for a scratch, and I missed it. The head disappeared instantly and another appeared as a big fellow with horns jumped from one of the bushes. He was evidently confused at the report, and he hesitated just long enough for me to reload. As I raised the rifle he sprang forward, then turned to bound over a ledge of rock, and I took a snap-shot as he turned. He made his leap over the ledge, but the ball from my .38 took out a section of his vertebrae at the same instant, and he never jumped again. He went down the hill 100yds., but in a very undignified way indeed for an "antlered monarch of the waste" to go. He finally stopped in the gorge, and was gasping his last when I got there. There were five tines on each antler, yet in velvet, though the horns were hardened. He weighed about 150lbs. dressed, and there was an inch of tallow on his rump, and a liberal allowance upon his ribs and otherwheres. After dressing him, I took his head and horns and returned to "look for Jim." I found him in camp contemplating a smaller buck he had killed and hung in a tree. We had all the deer we wanted, but had to remain over night, as the speckled horse was a half mile below us, my deer was a mile above, and we were tired and hungry. We returned home next day with all the speckled horse wanted to tote. The camping part of our trip was a failure, but we were prepared to stay till we got a deer. RANSACKER.

THE JACKSON'S HOLE ELK.

From the Denver (Colo.) Republican, Sept. 18.

SECRETARY E. K. WHITEHEAD, of the Colorado Humane Society, has addressed a letter to Joshua A. Adams, of Jackson Hole, Wyo., stating the law relative to the crime of cruelty to animals and showing how it applies to wild animals as well.

Mr. Adams ran a herd of wild elk into a corral to feed them during the severe winter and he thus saved them from starvation. The FOREST AND STREAM, a sportsman's paper, attacked the Wyoming game warden severely for having neglected to require Mr. Adams to release the wild game unlawfully detained in a corral. The letter follows:

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 17.—*Mr. Joshua A. Adams, Jackson Hole, Wyo.:* Dear Sir—Some time ago the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., having its attention called to the elk question in which you are interested, and mistaking the location of the dispute, wrote to us in this State asking if some provision could not be made for feeding the elk since, as they supposed, they were on a State reservation.

This drew our attention to the controversy in FOREST AND STREAM in a way that would not otherwise have occurred. While FOREST AND STREAM is one of the best sportsman's papers, and while its editors seem to be actuated in most things by a much more kindly and humane spirit than many editors of kindred journals toward the creatures other than mankind, of which the world is full, in this case, assuming the facts to be as stated, they are certainly wrong.

It is true that game laws should be respected. It is true that no mere pretense of feeding starving wild animals should be permitted to serve as a pretext for their evasion. But, granting so much, when a man has actually prevented the starvation of wild animals, by providing them with food at his own expense, we are inclined to think that few humane and considerate people will question his right to control the animals his bounty has preserved from destruction. It is well enough to insist that officers of the law shall enforce the law as it stands. But human laws cannot be made to fit all cases, and when the literal and rigorous enforcement of any law in specific cases would be contrary to common sense and common humanity, courts ought to and do modify the application of the law. Moreover, officers are justified in refraining from pushing the enforcement of law when it is certain that, for the reason just given, the court itself would refuse to enforce it. Whatever may be said in criticism of this statement it is, nevertheless, true, and states a fact recognized and acted upon by all kinds of officers and courts in the administration of all the laws on the statute books.

The humane law of this State (that of Wyoming is identical, it being partly through the efforts of this society that it was passed) provides:

"Sec. 8. Any officer or agent of the Humane Society may lawfully take charge of any animal abandoned or neglected * * * may care and provide for such animal * * * and the expense of such care and provision shall be a charge against the owner of such animal * * *.

"Sec. 9. When said Humane Society shall provide neglected and abandoned animals with proper food, shelter and care, it may detain such animals until the expense of such food, shelter and care is paid, and shall have a lien upon such animals therefor."

Here is a recogniton, as least so far as private owners of animals are concerned, of the principle that he who supplies needy animals with food and drink for their own sakes, is entitled to be reimbursed, if need be, out of them. Why does not the same principle apply to starving wild animals whose owner is the State? Of course the provision that only representatives of the Humane Society shall have this authority, takes its exercise out of the hands of irresponsible or designing persons: and we are far from saying that every case which is claimed to be one of supplying food to starving wild animals should be considered, but that each case should be investigated and dealt with upon its merits.

Under the sweeping language of the statute I see no reason why you should not, by taking out a commission as an officer of the Humane Society, render such action, as is complained of in your case, entirely legal in the future. The statute says: "And animals neglected or abandoned * * *;" if wild elk are the property of the State, there is no reason why they should not be considered as "neglected and abandoned" when the State fails to provide food for them when starving, just as much as when the same thing happens to animals owned by individuals. Yours very truly,

E. K. WHITEHEAD, Sec'y.

Carrying Arms Through Yellowstone Park.

THERE seems to be a general misunderstanding on the part of the public regarding Col Young's recent order respecting the carrying of arms in Yellowstone Park by hunters who are going into the territory south of the Park for big game. The order simply provided that hunting parties going through the Park shall carry sealed arms and provide themselves with registered guides. Any guide of good reputation on registering at Fort Yellowstone, Mammoth Hot Springs, will be authorized to conduct hunting parties through the Park, where their objective point is the Teton country, Jackson Lake, or contiguous territory beyond the boundary of the Park. The order will, therefore, in no manner interfere with hunting parties who may desire to make this trip during the fall months. In fact, Col. Young, at Fort Yellowstone, states that he will even go further in case responsible parties who desire to go through the Park to meet their guides or pack trains, and will furnish a small escort thoroughly familiar with the roads and trails to accompany each party to the south, east or west boundary line according to their destination.

Golden Plover in Maryland.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While shooting beach birds at Ocean City, Md., last week (Sept. 16), I had the good fortune to bag a pair of golden plover. Are these not rare visitors to the surf bank? In an experience covering some twelve years beach-shooting, generally in the month of August, I have never seen such plover on the beach, and cannot, or rather did not, find a resident who positively asserted their presence at any time. So far as I know, the golden plover is not killed in this State even on the uplands, the "upland" plover (Bartram's sandpiper) being fairly plentiful. Both birds I killed were in full plumage and splendid condition. The one was killed from a buggy, the other stalked, though neither showed any symptoms of fear, and seemed to prefer running to flying. If any brother sportsman can give me information as to the rarity of this bird, either on the uplands or beaches of New Jersey or Maryland, it will be much appreciated. SAM'L J. FORT, M. D.

THE OPENING OF THE SEASON.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Sept. 22.—Never before in this section have the game laws of New Hampshire been so well enforced as during the past close season. Much credit is due the Hillsboro Game and Fish Protective Association. This Association not only preaches protection, but its members are active in practicing what they preach. Cloth posters of good size with the close time on different game, also offering a substantial reward for information of violation of the laws, are freely posted in conspicuous places, and certainly in this vicinity they are effective.

As usual our daily papers predicted a good supply of birds, and as usual such predictions remain to be verified. For my part I am sure the supply of birds about here is unusually small. I have hunted carefully over the best grounds I know and the result has been far from encouraging. I have killed a fair number, but they are very scarce and wild. I have found but one brood of six or seven. Nearly always it is a single old bird, occasionally two, and they get up a long distance ahead of both gun and dog, make very long flights and are very hard to find a second time. There is plenty of food with miles of good cover. Living as I am in the house where I was born close to fifty years ago, and hunting over the same grounds that I have for the past thirty years, I think I know something about the supply.

Twenty-five years ago a large majority, if not all, of our local hunters never so much as thought of shooting at a partridge on the wing, even when flushed within a few feet. Sitting shots on a tree or the ground were what was wanted, and then such shots were quite frequent. To-day, as Frank Forrester in his story of the "Warwick Woodlands," and speaking of things there after the death of his old friend Tom Draw, says, "Every man, boy and fool now owns a gun." In this section many of them are learning fast how to use it. One of my nearest neighbors, a young man, who previously to this season had killed but one grouse on the wing, now owns a cheap single-barrel breechloader, and the way in which he is knocking down some of our old and wary grouse, hunting without a dog, would take the conceit out of many a swell sportsman with his high-bred dog and elaborate outfit.

In a recent editorial of FOREST AND STREAM, rail shooting of to-day is compared with that of the past. So with our shooting here; what it has been it will never be again. Doubtless there will for years to come be some grouse in our covers; their wildness will be what will save them.

C. M. STARK.

P. S.—Since writing the above on the game supply I have heard from two of the best gunners who hunt about. One hunted all day without getting a bird, and the best score of the other was three birds. C. M. S.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITIONS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held at the offices of the Sportsmen's Association, 377-379 Broadway, the following resolution was offered and unanimously adopted:

"That the fourth annual Sportsmen's Exposition be held at the Madison Square Garden, New York city, from Jan. 13 to Jan. 22, 1898, both days inclusive, the Exposition to be known as the Sportsmen's Exposition and Bicycle Show, thereby making a special feature of bicycles, bicycle sundries, machinery, etc."

The National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers have officially announced that they will not hold or sanction any show before June 1, 1898. We having received a number of applications from manufacturers of bicycles and bicycle sundries for space, which shows a desire on the part of the trade to exhibit in New York, our Board feels justified in adding bicycles and bicycle sundries to their fourth annual exhibition.

The great success that has attended the former Sportsmen's Expositions, with the additional attraction of a bicycle show, will undoubtedly make the 1898 Exposition the most attractive ever held in the Madison Square Garden.

Inclosed find application blank and floor plan. Spaces will be allotted as applications are received. We call particular attention to the fact that the Exposition will be open from Jan. 13 to 22, making nine exhibition days.

THE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION,
Chas. Tatham, Pres.

Antonio Apache, the young Chiracahua Indian who recently went to the Canadian and northern Maine game country in the interests of the New England Sportsmen's Exhibition to be held in Mechanics' Building in March next, has just returned to Boston. His journeyings covered a distance of nearly 2,000 miles, and many of the Indian camps and settlements of New Brunswick and Canada were visited. Contracts were entered into which secure the personal attendance and services at the Mechanics' Building, next spring, of a number of Indian hunters, trappers and guides, several of them to be accompanied by their families, all clothed in the primitive and picturesque habiliments of the aborigines, and engaged in canoe building, trap making, and in the fashioning of the rude weapons of warfare and woodcraft which have, since the introduction of the white man's methods, become almost entirely extinct. Among the interesting specimens brought to Boston by Antonio Apache is a model of a primitive Indian tent, composed of birch bark, inclosed in a framework of saplings, open at the apex for light and air, and with a deer hide hanging over the entrance and serving as a door. There are also birch bark canoes as fashioned 200 years ago, and a great variety of traps for the capture of bear, otter and other animals, and a number of devices for the taking of game birds, all composed of saplings and logs, and rudely, yet effectively, contrived.

North Carolina Bay Birds.

L. R. WHITE writes from Carolla, Currituck county, N. C., that yellowlegs, plover and other beach game is found there this season in great supply. Carolla is reached by way of Norfolk and Virginia Beach, thence a drive of twenty miles to Currituck Inlet. Or one may go by Bennet's line of steamboats from Norfolk to a point within four miles of White's. In either case one should telegraph in advance (Currituck Inlet office) for team or steamer.

North Carolina Outlook.

HERTFORD, N. C., Sept. 20.—Game prospects for this section very good. Deer, quail and squirrel seem plentiful.

A. F. R.

NORTHWESTERN GAME MATTERS.

Mushroom Heroes.

HEROES in general are independent of all the laws of perspective in that the nearer we approach them the smaller they appear. The romantic glamour of the distance fades into nothingness when close scrutiny of them is possible. And heroes and mighty men are made in various ways; some self-made, others made by the eagerness of writers to produce a story properly sensational, which will sell readily or bring notoriety, to which manner of hero making is supplemented an aid, the credulity of the public. At least, so are many mighty hunters evolved from obscurity to renown.

It is misfortune enough to learn that many of the idols of our school days had a liberal percentage of sawdust filling. With what feeling of just pride did we read in the "First Reader" that Gen. Israel Putnam dashed down a flight of steps to escape from the pursuing Britishers. Surely it was a brave act as boys see such things. But when it is considered that he was badly scared; that he rode down beside the steps instead of on them, and that the steps were not more than a makeshift article at best, the deed was commonplace. There is not much valor in running away, nor is such act much of heroism.

While in Manitoba I had the pleasure of listening to words of value from the lips of Mr. Thomas Johnson, in respect to the game resources of the Northwest. To us of the States, British America is a vast region, made up largely of winter and unexplored country; in reality, it is a vast area, larger than the United States. A large part of the southern area is fertile and well adapted to agriculture. The sharptail grouse is found from Manitoba west to the Rocky Mountains, and north irregularly to the Arctic Circle. The giant moose has its habitat in the southern part of Canada, and in the far north the musk-ox and caribou are found in great numbers. Bears are fairly numerous in the mountainous districts of the West, the big, dangerous fellows, terrific in appearance, so destructive in battle, and so active in promoting the sale of ink and pencils, the kind which live after being shot full of holes crosswise and lengthwise, or at least which live long enough afterward to kill the hunter with one stroke of a mighty paw.

Speaking of bears, and of these same bears which have a Canadian habitat, reminds me of what I heard of the bear hunt of the Jerome Marble party which toured through that country a few years ago. It has also to do with heroes. They went west on the Canadian Pacific, and as a variety to the abundance of other sport, they determined to kill some bears. In due time they were on a bear hunt in the bear country. They had a half-breed who guided them, and who explains how the bear hunt was conducted. He placed a single hunter at each of several promising stands, while he with his dogs went into the cover to drive the bear toward them. This he did as planned, but no shot was fired. When he emerged he found that the party had held a council and had determined that the bear would come out at one certain stand, and as there was no use in anyone being at any other stand than the one the bear would choose to run through, they all determined to stand together and have a joint glory in slaying him. The bear ran through elsewhere. The guide's advice availed naught. They were so sure of the stand each time, and were all so well agreed in banding together, so that they might share the honors equally, that they shot no bear. It was an unselfishness rarely manifested. And yet the half-breed hunter would go in after the bear with nothing but a knife, and he has fought bears with that weapon alone. He has a great contempt for bears, and therefore the killing of one does not make the bear-killer a hero.

While the killing of the bear is the masterpiece of the tenderfoot, it is a commonplace incident of the professional hunter. So go many bear heroes, if they have been mistaken in the true inwardness of bear slaughter.

The land of the musk ox is another land full of dangers and terrors—a land where the dark days are very long and cold and full of hardship; where civilization is unknown, and wherein for a tenderfoot man to venture bespoke for him a brave turn for desperate adventure. To succeed in the journey, it was necessary that the man be physically strong, vigorous, untiring. There were the deep snows and fierce cold of the long Arctic winter; the difficulty of securing food, and no companionship save that of the wild Indians. It was a land which made heroes.

There have, nevertheless, been different kinds of heroes who have penetrated the wilderness far toward the Arctic Circle, and of these, one was Warburton Pike, who, with incredible hardship and misfit supplies, went into the very home of the musk ox and killed some of them, and in proof of his indomitable perseverance under such hardships, he brought out a skin of the musk ox. His trip lasted several months, and he nearly lost his life. He wrote a book about it. There are few men who would care to be so great a hero for a musk-ox skin. Considering the months of travel, the horrible tortures from flies and mosquitoes, the suffering from cold, the journeys through snow and ice, the suffering caused from insufficient food, the discouragements caused by discontented Indian guides, and the many weeks consumed in the quest, few men would care to undergo such labor and suffering even for two musk-ox skins. Now, when I read Mr. Pike's book, I thought that he had about the only musk-ox skin extant, and that to secure one was much like an expedition after the golden fleece, but while in Manitoba I learned that musk-ox skins are a regular article of commerce, and that the Hudson Bay trappers go forth into the wilderness after musk-ox and other skins with as much *sang froid* as a farmer goes forth in the morning to plant corn. Mr. Pike's story was simply the story of the tenderfoot, who, in the blissful confidence which is peculiar to the novice, went forth poorly equipped, with insufficient knowledge of woodcraft, and conducted the matter with all the crudity and inefficiency which are so common to the efforts of novices. His book recounts the dangers and hardships he encountered in a land where men set forth without a thought of the dangers and hardships he met, and if they were asked to write a book on the same dangers and hardships, it is safe to say they would know of none to write of. It is a strange land to strangers, but well known to its dwellers.

The whole northern country is not an unknown land to the professional trappers and hunters. The Hudson Bay Co. has many posts and supply stations in different parts of the Northwest, and it employs thousands of men. The route through the Peace River Region is said to be an excellent one to the Yukon. There is a water route all the way. The trappers and hunters have worked in that vast region through many decades. Gold is found in most of the streams from the southern part of western British America up to the Yukon.

There is great difficulty in prospecting, owing to the heavy growth of moss, which is often several inches in depth, and which so completely covers the ground that it is concealed from view. The flies and mosquitoes in summer are described as inflicting torture beyond the powers of words to describe. They swarm in clouds even in the daytime and completely cover an exposed spot of man or beast. The flies are ever hungry and unsatisfied. The torture they inflict is maddening. Strange as it seems to people whose ideas of the North are associated with snow, ice and severe cold, the summers are very hot, the thermometer often ranging in the 90's. The summers are short, however, and in winter no prospecting can be done. Although the gold of the Northwest has been known to many Canadians for many years, not many of them wanted it badly enough to face the hardships and privations necessarily encountered in securing it. Even gold may cost too much. Still, the digging of gold in that country is not entirely ignored.

Mr. G. B. Borradaile, secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, has been over a great deal of the Peace River and Makenzie River country; and along the banks of rivers where the different strata were exposed, gold signs were found frequently.

Trout for the Workmen.

The Canadian Pacific is building some new road in the western part of the Dominion, near the mountains, and so abundant are the trout in some of the mountain streams that but a few moments are required to catch enough for a meal. Mr. Thomas Johnson, who has traveled thousands of miles in that region in the past summer, told of an instance where at one camp a nearby stream contained trout in such abundance that enough for food purposes could be caught within 100 or 200yds. up or down stream near the camp. These nuggets of the fisherman are free to all comers, at present at least.

The Non-Resident License.

It has been held that a non-resident license law, in respect to the killing of game, had in it much that was selfish and little of the broad generosity which goes with sportsmanship. This would be true beyond question were each State well supplied with game, and therefore if each could reciprocally meet the obligations of sportsmanship as they pertain to the matter. But some States have been wasteful of the abundance of game within their borders, and stingy in measures of protection. Some of the people slaughtered to gratify a love for killing or for count, some slaughtered for market, some in moderation, but the sum total of unlicensed slaughter and neglected protection is the extermination or great decrease of game in certain sections. In discussing this phase of the subject with Mr. Bowers, Game Warden of North Dakota, he made the very good point that if it was selfish to adopt a non-resident game law, it was still more selfish on the part of sportsmen to leave their own State going to another State which had protected its game, and there kill to their satisfaction. In other words, the man who goes forth to kill game has his own selfish purpose in action, too. As a result of the North Dakota resident and non-resident license law, the ducks have bred and multiplied in North Dakota beyond anything known of a like kind within recent years. The license is a perfect bar to the swarms of non-resident shooters who invaded the State during the open season, though it admits such shooters as conform to the requirements of the license law. In this way the State is reimbursed in a measure for the expenses incurred in protecting the game, while permitting the non-resident to have the same shooting privileges as are conferred on residents by the laws of the State. The fact that the game has so wonderfully multiplied is a demonstration of the beneficence of the license required of residents and non-residents, and the fact that so many non-residents take out a license proves that they appreciate the privileges and gain thereby secured.

B. WATERS.

The Pennsylvania Game Seasons.

STEVENSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose clipping from a local paper, which please publish in FOREST AND STREAM for the edification of those who so strongly favored the present law. It is taken from the Tunkhannock *Republican:* "Under the new game law squirrels, pheasants and quail cannot be lawfully killed until Oct. 16, and from that time only until Dec. 15, inclusive. The change in the season for hunting squirrels is most obnoxious to sportsmen living in the rural districts, and is the united work of city game associations, who are making a vigorous effort to preserve game for their sport only. The only retaliation the farmer has in such case is to post notices which will keep that class of sportsmen off their premises when the season does open. When a game law of this kind is passed by the Legislature it simply becomes a matter of very little account among the country people, and therefore is violated in every direction, and who will prosecute? It is best to make game laws which best suit the sections in which the game lives, not to suit the cities in which the so-called sportsmen live. The greater trouble in this section has always been from sportsmen coming from the seat of those great game associations of great pretensions. We do not by any means recommend a violation of the game laws, but we do recommend that those who are responsible for the present laws be made to do their hunting among themselves, where the great and only benefit is to be derived from such laws."

Game, especially ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock, is reported plenty, but the law is a dead letter, and one-half the supply will be killed off by poachers before the season opens.

W. W. Mc.

New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

LYONS, N. Y., Sept. 8.—*To the Members of the Association:* Agreeably to Sec. 5, Article VII., of the constitution of this Association, there will be a meeting of the executive committee thereof, Thursday, Oct. 14, at 1 o'clock P. M., at the Yates Hotel, in the city of Syracuse. All clubs are requested to send a delegate to this meeting, as under the constitution the executive committee shall consist of such delegates.

The meeting is called for the purpose of deciding the advisability of making the call for the annual meeting of the Association earlier than January next; also for the transaction of such other business as may come before the committee. So many requests have been made in relation to a change in holding our annual meeting, that I feel it highly important that the matter have prompt consideration.

The committee on by-laws, and also the joint committee on reorganization of protection and trap-shooting branches, are requested to meet with us at that time. Respectfully,

ERNEST G. GOULD, Sec'y. W. S. GAVITT, Pres.

Iowa Prairie Chickens.

CHARLES CITY, Ia., Sept. 24.—Three hundred prairie chickens would be a fair count of these birds bagged by local gunners since Sept. 1, twenty-five, twenty six and seven being the best scores. Better results are always had here in October, when killing frosts expose their snug hiding places among the corn. VANE SIMMONDS.



BE READY.

How often has the game escaped because the hunter was not ready and failed to connect with his opportunity! He goes down to the spring for a pail of water, and leaves his rifle at the camp, when he hears a wheezy whistle, a crash in the underbrush, and a big black bear climbs up the bank and disappears unscathed. He is drifting down the stream in his birchen canoe, the gun is reposing in its case; the canoe sweeps silently around a bend, and the next moment the air is vocal with the frantic flight of ducks. He has just entered the forest, and is tramping along the trail ahead of the team, *en route* for the distant hunting ground; it is a task to carry the heavy rifle, and the weapon is lashed on top of the load; a big bull caribou appears in the path, makes a momentary pause, then breaks for cover and is lost forever.

Among my intimates I have sometimes been called O'd Gaspipe because when in the woods, either hunting or fishing, a loaded rifle was my inseparable companion. I have been carrying that rifle for fifteen years for the purpose, mainly, of getting one good, honest shot at a bear. The bear has never shown up yet, but some day he will show up, and when he does I shall be ready. But I will tell you of some of the opportunities that have not been lost simply because at any moment of day or night I could place my hand on the loaded rifle.

The cook and I were left in camp while the others were away calling moose. Now, I think the best thing for the human stomach on the earth is the cranberry, especially the low bush or bog cranberry. There was an island in the lake about a quarter of a mile from the camp where cranberries were abundant. I paddled over there in the dugout and soon picked half a pailful. As I shifted about from place to place I shifted the rifle too, so that it was always within my reach. Suddenly I heard a splash, looked up and saw a fine bull caribou swimming from an adjacent island toward the shore of the lake. Only his neck and head were above the water and he was swimming like a ghost, but he was not over 80yds. away. My second shot went through his neck, and I paddled out in the dugout and towed him ashore.

I was trout fishing with a friend in the month of September on one of the northern rivers of New Brunswick. That section of the country was too close to the settlements to give any promise of game; still, as the guides poled us up the stream one sunny afternoon toward a famous trout hole, I carried old Habeas Corpus across my knees and closely watched the changing vista of the shores. The Frenchman in the bow exclaimed: "Oh, luk at de d-e-e-r-e!" I stood up in the canoe and saw two big deer on the further side of a cove, about 300yds. away. The canoe was silently and swiftly poled ashore, and I crept behind a point of rocks that formed the outermost curve of the cove and brought me within a little over 200yds. of the game. I aimed at the biggest one, missed him, and the other deer leaped up the bank and disappeared. The second time I took the finest possible kind of a bead, and at the report of the rifle this deer also leaped up the bank and disappeared. There was something so abrupt and unceremonious about his departure that I was confident the bullet had found its mark. Yet we searched for him long and vainly, and then sadly resumed our journey up the stream. Two hours afterward, on returning to camp, we came down by another channel and found the deer lying in the water, as dead as a last year's almanac, about 150yds above the cove.

With a party of American friends I explored one autumn the upper waters of the Tobique. I was present in merely a sort of social and advisory way and confined myself to the camera while the visitors haunted the lakes and deadwaters in search of moose and caribou. I never meant to pull a trigger on the trip, still wherever the camera went there went Habeas Corpus also. One of the Indians and his little boy poled me up the "bogan" one morning to take a picture of a peculiar piece of stratified rock. We had reached a point about a mile from the camp when the boy in the bow stiffened in an attitude of cataleptic rigidity. I glanced to the right and there beheld, standing in the reeds and rushes, a young bull moose about 30ft. from the canoe. My first impulse was to take his picture, but I am not nearly so handy with the kodak as the rifle; I made a bungle of it, the moose turned like a flash, crashed through the alders, clambered up a rocky bluff and there he turned his head and looked us all over. I forgot all about the camera then and we gathered in the moose and towed him into camp. It was the only moose the party saw upon the entire trip.

I could enumerate various experiences to show the utility of taking along a load or two of buckshot when wing shooting in the brush, and show how the same is conducive to happiness and hash. But why multiply proofs of a self evident proposition. It is all summed up in an empty shell. Be ready!

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirabl

They May Know How to Ride, Though.

MONTREAL, Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed are exact copies of letters received by a bicycle firm here (spelling, punctuation and all). FERD EVANSON.

Dear Sir—Will you please send me a oiler one of those little oil olders on the top of the pattles on the cilinder it go in like a screw and I would like to have some robbers for the pattles and two little rivets for the seat the nunter of my wheel is —— I have as the agent about these think and he never send them please sand them as soon as possible

And Oblige —— ——

Dear Sir—Me have received your Crank Right.

I am very glad of it that Crank do very well everythings I will have you send me it and I send you the money like I send you that money. Your truly —— ——

P. S. wend you received my letter send me a post card to tell me you received the money I send you and will you tell me if you have any bicycle to sell cheep let me know I think I will do some bargane from you. I send you in that letter $1.30

An Important Game Seizure.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 28.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Game Warden Loveday has seized 1,500 illegal ruffed grouse found in possession of the Monarch Cold Storage Co., of Chicago. E. HOUGH.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

ANGLING NOTES.

Landlocked Salmon in Lake George.

A FEW weeks ago I announced in FOREST AND STREAM that a landlocked salmon, the first, had been taken in Lake Champlain as the result of stocking the streams flowing into the lake on the west side with fingerling salmon. Lake George and Lake Champlain had each a carload of fingerlings planted about the same time, in October, 1894, and I ventured to prophesy that other fish of this species would be taken in one or both lakes before the season closed. In the latter part of last August a landlocked salmon of 6lbs. was caught by Col. Mann, of New York, while trolling in deep water for lake trout near Anthony's Nose in Lake George. This fish came from a lot of fry hatched three years ago last spring, and planted the following fall as fingerlings, so it was little more than three years and six months from the time it burst the egg until it was caught, weighing 6lbs. This shows remarkable growth and proves that Lake George has rich food for salmon. For several years I hesitated about recommending to the late U. S. Fish Commissioner McDonald that Lake George be planted with salmon, and there were two reasons for this—one that the streams entering the lake were not large enough for big salmon to run up at spawning time, the other that I was not sure that the food in Lake George would prove suitable for them. The lack of spawning streams for big fish was not an insurmountable obstacle, as artificial propagation would have to be resorted to in any event to keep up the stock, and the food question was the only one to be considered. Lake George abounds in whitefish of two species, the big lake whitefish introduced by the late Prof. Baird, and the round whitefish or Adirondack "frost fish," native to the lake. Believing that young whitefish would prove as acceptable food for the salmon as the smelt found in Lake Champlain, I finally made the recommendation that the lake be stocked, and the work was begun in 1894 by planting something over 10,000 fingerling fish. The next plant was made in October, 1895, when 5,000 fingerlings were planted. All plants were made in streams at the southern and middle portions of the lake, while this fish was caught at the northern end of the lake, seventeen miles away from the stream where the nearest plant was made. The salmon caught in Lake Champlain earlier in the season was caught off the mouth of a stream where the fingerlings were planted, and its weight, 3½lbs., showed more than satisfactory growth; but a growth of 6lbs. in the same length of time would indicate that the young whitefish are as good, if not better food than the smelt, provided the salmon get smelt at all seasons of the year in Lake Champlain. There can be no question about the identity of the Lake George fish. When first hooked, it made straight for the surface and jumped from the water; and thereafter, until it was gaffed and boated, it continued to jump. At the first jump, the boatman employed by Col. Mann pronounced the fish a big black bass, but its color soon disproved this; and when it was killed, it was recognized for what it was, a salmon. Mr. Albert Clifton afterward saw the fish, and confirmed what it had already been declared. While Col. Mann must be credited with taking the first salmon from Lake George, I am of the opinion that another salmon was taken earlier in the season; but as it was not identified beyond a peradventure, and as its captor did not recognize it except as a fish, "not a trout, but somewhat like one, and jumping like a black bass," he missed his opportunity of recording his name as the pioneer salmon killer in that lake.

Hooks.

It is not a difficult matter for me to recall that when I was a small boy I thought there was no hook for trout fishing like the Kinsey or Kinzey—low point and wide between the point and shank. If I were to go fishing to-day with worms in some mountain stream I believe I could catch more trout on a Kinsey hook than any other; but I have not seen one in years, nor used one for more years still. For lifting trout out of the water as soon as they got the bait there was no hook like them, for the low point was easily taken by the fish, and that wide sweep as the hook bent from shank to barb was a fine field on which to arrange a worm with lots of wriggle to it, and no danger of choking the hook with the bait. When it came to a different style of fishing from lifting trout out of the water as it flowed between and under the alders, a different hook was demanded, for the low point and long wide sweep was as much of an objection in playing a fish fair as it was desirable in the yanking process. I took a course with the old Limerick, branched out with the Carlisle, the Aberdeen (I never did like a blued hook, and that is the way I used to get these two with their fine wire), the Chestertown (for bullheads—and if one wishes a bullhead hook it is the hook of hooks, as it cannot easily be swallowed to the fish's tail), until I educated myself up to the Sproat; and still I was not satisfied, nor are the hooks named all I tried and used. Finally I was introduced to the Dublin Limerick or O'Shaughnessy, and there I stopped for years, feeling as Uncle Thad Norris expressed himself, "Hold him tight, O'Shaughnessy; you are the greatest hook ever invented." In fact, for all-around fishing, I feel so still. When Mr. Pennell devised the Pennell Sneck hook he sent me some of them with wire thicker than I have ever been able to obtain since. For fly-fishing alone that was a great hook, and I sometimes think in heavy wire it is the greatest fly-hook made. It is not a good bait hook, as the point inclines so toward the shank that it chokes when baited.

Mr. Pennell improved on the Pennell-Sneck and produced the Pennell-Limerick, with or without a "turn-down" eye, and, all things considered, this is perhaps the perfect hook for fly-fishing, although I would not recommend it to bait-fishers, as it will choke when baited with a minnow; at least that has been my experience. With no other hook that I have used in fly-fishing is there the feeling of certainty that the fish rising to it is well hooked when struck. It actually seems to me that I feel the hook go home in the mouth of a big fish. Any way, something is communicated up the leader and over the line to my hand that seems to tell me I can put on all the strain the tackle will bear, secure in the feeling that the hook will hold, whatever else may give way.

Fishing very recently for trout, I found that the trout in one part of the lake had a fondness, apparently, for the Montreal to the exclusion of everything else, and in another part of the same lake the Parmachene-Belle was the favorite to the exclusion of the Montreal. It so happened that I had but one Montreal of proper size, and that was tied on a Pennell Limerick turn-down eye. All my Parmachene-Belles were tied on O'Shaughnessy hooks. I hooked seven big trout on the Montreal, and in every instance I was sure of my fish from the moment I felt the steel go into them, and every one was so securely hooked that there was no chance of escape except by parting the tackle; for the hook was so firmly imbedded in the fish's mouth that in nearly every case it had to be cut out with a knife. I caught more than seven other big trout on other styles of hooks, and never was I sure that my fish were well hooked until they were in the net. I mean that the hook had a secure hold, and in the majority of cases the fish were very slightly hooked. One trout made a break in shallow water Intent upon the break, I hastened there with the canoe and soon hooked the fish. Not until then did I discover that the fish was in a sort of pocket, with weeds and lilypads on every side, and I knew I must kill him in the pocket if at all, and I put on all the strain I dared, remarking that it was a case for heroic treatment, although I did not know how the fish was hooked. When I got the trout to the top of the water my fly seemed to be about 1in. outside of the fish's mouth, held only by a slight ligament. Exclaiming it was "now or never," I told the guide to try and net the trout as I swung it gently toward his end of the canoe. The net was extended as far as the arm would reach and very, very gingerly I led the fish to it, knowing that one more struggle would free him. As the net touched him he struggled and the fly came back to me, but the meshes were wrapped around a 5¼lbs. trout as the net was quickly lifted. This was perhaps an exceptional case, but several times the fly was free at the moment the fish was netted, and I was more than ever impressed with the penetration of the Pennell form of hook. The sureness of the Pennell-Sneck and the Pennell-Limerick hooks are about the same, as the line of draft in each is intended to be identical, and it conforms more nearly to the direction of the force applied in striking than in any other hook made. The long, straight taper of the point insures greater penetration and the hook swims better. As a matter of fact, every one of the trout caught on the Pennell hook was hooked on the lower jaw, or tongue. The shape of the bend is such that once hooked, the fish has little chance to "wear loose" through play in the bend.

There is nothing new in what I have written—for a few years ago I wrote much in the same strain—but I have lately been so impressed with the sureness of these hooks for big fish in fly-fishing that I simply reiterate it for the benefit of fellow-anglers who may have any doubts about the advisability of employing what may be a new form of hook. In large hooks it is a saving to use those with the turn-down eye, for when the gut becomes worn it can be quickly snipped off and the hook attached again.

Customs Duties in Canada.

Early in the summer I made mention in this column of a new order of things relating to the collection of customs duties on angling and shooting gear of sportsmen visiting Canada. It was that 30 per cent. of the valuation of the guns and tackle taken to Canada should be collected upon entering the Dominion, and upon returning to the United States 90 per cent. of the duty would be returned to the sportsman when he removed the dutiable articles. This order from the Customs Department has, I find on a recent visit to Canada, been amended, and while the duty is collected as before, the entire amount is refunded to the departing sportsman who removes the articles entered within three months from the time he first crosses the border into Canada.

Guides and Fish.

A man visiting strange waters for the first time must know something of the habits of fish he seeks at the various seasons, or be dependent upon some one who does (this some one being a guide or a friend), or else he must trust to luck, and trusting to luck is not a certain way of succeeding in fishing. It was my intention at this juncture to moralize a little on this subject, but instead I will tell the story I have in mind, and it will illustrate what I mean, that there are guides and guides just as there are waters and waters. In August I had occasion to go into the Adirondacks, and had but a few days comparatively to cover a good deal of territory. I took a photographer with me for the purpose of getting some photographs to be reproduced in a State report. First I wished a number of views of overflowed lands caused by a State dam upon which a matter of damages rested, and then a lot of views of a series of lakes, timber, etc. At first we needed but two guides with two boats, but as we began on the chain of lakes I employed a third guide to carry a pack with provisions. We reached the camp of the third guide about an hour before dark, and while I was going over a map with him the photographer and his guide went out to get some trout for supper, as our provisions consisted of bacon, bread and tea. The two men came in with one little trout. A few days later we had completed the chain of lakes and returned to that same camp just before 5 o'clock in the afternoon. I had some writing to do, clothes to change, etc., intending then to go on several miles to another camp by water, where I would be near a railroad station so I could get a train at 4 o'clock the next morning. The two visiting guides (I say visiting guides to distinguish them from the guide who kept the camp, although they were guides for that very region and lived less than a dozen miles away) and the photographer went out fishing as soon as we arrived. After they had gone I asked the camp keeper if they would get any trout for supper. "Perhaps." "You have doubts about it?" "Yes." Can you get trout enough for supper, provided I will stay here instead of going on to my destination?" "How many do you want?" "Three of ½lb each will do for me." "How much time will you give me?" "How much do you want?" "An hour." "All right. I will call you when I have written out my memoranda and shaved; if you have the trout I will stay, if not I will go on, for having had nothing but bread and butter to-day, I feel like a square meal after making several miles over trails." In an hour and ten minutes I called the guide (he had been fishing within earshot all the time and nearly all the time in sigh

from the camp) and he came in with four trout. I weighed two: one weighed 1¾lbs. and the other 1lb.; two others being about ½lb. each. The other two boats had two small trout of perhaps ¼lb. each. We remained at that camp for supper.

Credit for Stocking the Hudson.

Some months ago Mr. Charles Hallock sent me a note with a newspaper clipping in regard to who was entitled to credit for the suggestion to stock the Hudson River with salmon, and he has just reminded me that I still have the clipping, and that I have not used it in my notes. It was and is my intention to use the clipping in a paper giving the history of the Hudson as a salmon stream if ever I get the time to write it. I have collected all the facts obtainable about the early history of the Hudson from old Dutch records and colonial papers, and there will be no difficulty in showing beyond a peradventure that the Hudson River never contained salmon until they were planted in the river artificially within twenty years or such a matter. It is true that John, Earl of Dunmore, signed an act in February, 1771, "to prevent the taking and destroying of salmon in Hudson's River," but the language of the act shows that there were no such fish in the river: "Whereas, it is thought that the fish called salmon, which are very plenty in some of the Rivers and Lakes in this and neighboring colonies, were brought into Hudson's River, they would by spawning there, soon become numerous, to the great Advantage of the Public." In the same year, April 2, the Common Council of Albany passed a resolution as follows: "Resolved, by the board, that a letter be sent to William Penturp for to come down and agree with the Corporation if he can undertake to bring live salmons into Hudson's River." Who William Penturp may have been or where he was to come down from, there is apparently no record, but I imagine he was to come down from Lake Ontario or the northern part of the State, where the rivers did contain salmon, as laws for their protection (and for fishing) will show. One of the early laws protects salmon in Big Salmon River, Grass River, Racket River, St. Regis River, Wood and Fish Creeks. However, I did not intend to go into ancient history at this time.

Now to the clipping I have mentioned. It is from the Brooklyn *Union*, no date, as follows:

"SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

"Through the efforts of Mr. Charles Hallock, the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, the Hudson is soon to be stocked with salmon. The series of articles published by Mr. Hallock having called the attention of the U. S. Fishery Commission to the subject, that gentleman has received the following letter, to the effect that his request will be attended to:

"U. S. COMMISSION FISH AND FISHERIES, Washington, Nov. 14, 1873.—*Charles Hallock Esq.*—Dear Sir: I am perfectly willing to place a good lot of Sacramento salmon in the Hudson River. Seth Green has 250,000, and I will request him to dispose of a portion for that purpose, subject to your direction. Very truly yours,

SPRUCE F. BAIRD, Commissioner.

"This will be gratifying news to our New York sportsmen of the angle, and they owe Mr. Hallock thanks for his efforts to restore the game fish to the waters of the Hudson, where they once abounded."

Certainly Mr. Hallock should have credit as one of the pioneers in the movement to make the Hudson a salmon stream. This may seem to interfere with Mr. Mather's claim that he was the first to make the suggestion to Prof. Baird, but I do not think it does. The effort to stock the Hudson with California salmon was a flat failure, for none of the fish came back from the sea, and that has been the history to date of all attempt to stock the Atlantic rivers with the Pacific salmon. My recollection is that Mr. Mather had no faith in the Pacific salmon experiment, and the fish that he suggested to Prof. Baird for the Hudson was the Atlantic salmon, anyway that is the fish he means when he says he made the suggestion to Prof. Baird and hatched the first eggs for this purpose. The Atlantic salmon came back on schedule time from the sea from the time the first plant was made in 1882, and have been coming back continuously as they have been planted each year in the headwater streams; but as the Hudson still lacks fishways in its upper parts the fish cannot return to proper spawning grounds near where they have been planted.

It will be seen that Mr. Hallock, when editor of FOREST AND STREAM, made the suggestion to Prof. Baird that the Hudson be stocked with California Salmon, which was done, and that later Mr. Mather suggested that the Hudson be stocked with the Atlantic fish, and that the first experiment was a failure and the last a success, should not in any way detract from the credit due Mr. Hallock or lessen the credit due to Mr. Mather, both being pioneers and striving to accomplish the same result.

Spawning Season of Trout.

Early in August a letter was sent to me from a fisherman just after he had been fishing for brook trout. He thought the present close season for brook trout, which begins Sept. 1 and extends to April 15 following, should be changed, and the fishing should close legally on Aug. 15. The reason he gave for this was that of the trout he caught a great many were filled with spawn. If this reasoning should hold the fishing season would close before it opened. Because trout contains spawn the first half of the month of August it does not follow that they will deposit this spawn during the last half of the same month if they are not killed in the meantime. My correspondent ceased to fish after he had caught about three score of trout, as he did not think it right to catch fish in such condition. Just why his conscience pricked him at that particular juncture he does not state, but he could have quieted the pricking conscience had he known that the trout would not have spawned in any event before the first or second week of October in the section where he was fishing. Trout carry undeveloped spawn all summer, but do not deposit it until some time after the season closes legally for fishing. A. N. CHENEY.

Great South Bay.

LAST Tuesday I went on a fishing trip to the Great South Bay, in the vicinity of Fire Island. I found bluefishing fairly good, but bottom fishing very poor. The boatmen in the neighborhood of Babylon informed me that the bay was full of pound-nets, which made it dangerous to sail their small craft and also ruined all fishing.

It is high time that the officials of the towns along the bay should show more activity in preventing this pound-fishing if they want fishermen to patronize their citizens in the future

Next Tuesday I will start for the woods of Maine on a deer and moose hunt, and will report my luck to FOREST AND STREAM on my return. M. Q. GOOD.

FISH PROTECTION AND FISH PRODUCTION.

A paper read by Seymour Bower before the American Fisheries Society.

WHILE we must in the future, as in the past, depend upon scientific research to indicate the best methods of propagating and cultivating water life, yet many of the complex and intricate problems that spring from a consideration of fishery economics are of minor importance when compared with the practical and less difficult questions that arise. These minor considerations differentiate in endless ramifications, affording a broad and interesting field for the scientist and investigator. Water life, from its lowest forms up, is a mysterious maze of combinations and possibilities, involved in which are many paths that will never be explored and many secrets that will never be disclosed.

But though many of these intricate problems shall never be solved and the door to a perfect knowledge of the interrelations of water life shall remain forever barred, yet we are no worse off than the ignorant but thrifty husbandman, who, with the simple knowledge of when and how to sow and when and how to reap, secures almost as large a crop as though he understood to a nicety the combination and relation of every element and process of development.

The term "fish protection" is a deceptive generality that may mean much or little, but which is quite apt to lead the unthinking into the error of supposing that in order to carry the annual production of mature fish to the highest point, the privilege of catching them must be surrounded at every turn with nearly prohibitive restrictions; whereas, protection, in its truest sense, and in its true relation to production, seeks to provide an increase, not decrease, in the annual harvest of adults. The real problem, therefore, is to determine what measures shall be adopted to enable us to remove the largest possible number of mature fish from the waters each year without depleting them.

Fish life is surrounded, perhaps to a greater extent than any other form of animal, with natural enemies and dangers that imperil existence at every stage and every turn. Nature, of course, has provided for each some means of defense or escape; but there is incessant warfare and destruction from the moment the ova are laid—indeed, with many species, by far the greater part of the destruction is wrought during the ovum stage.

Each species is an enemy of all others, ofttimes of its own. The spawning grounds of every kind of fish are likewise the feeding grounds of others, the spawn itself constituting the food; and every kind of the larger species is either a fish destroyer or spawn destroyer, or both, at some stage of life.

Of course, this preying of one form of animal life upon another begins much lower down the scale; in fact, the abundance or scarcity of the highest forms, or ultimate product, is determined by the volume of the lowest or fundamental forms. But the building up process finally results in populating the waters with a variety of animals suitable in size, form and texture as food for man. These animals embrace many species, some of which are prized far more highly than others, but all are alike without value to mankind until caught, and the importance of any water as a source of food supply depends, not on the number of animals inhabiting it, but on the annual output of adults of the more highly prized species.

Opinions will vary as to the number or proportion of adults that may safely be removed each year, but no one will deny the proposition that all of the adults of any species might be caught out each year as fast as they come to full maturity, provided that a sufficient number of young of the same species were reintroduced each year to make the loss good. Through the medium of artificial propagation, which protects the ova that nature leaves unprotected, this compensation of young is entirely feasible with the shad, the salmon, trout, whitefish, pike-perch and some other species, provided always that the catching and killing of the young and immature fish is absolutely prevented.

Where artificial propagation is thus able to supplant natural propagation, thereby eliminating the latter from consideration, it is much better to catch off the adults as fast as they mature, and thus make way for succeeding crops or generations. When fish have matured, it is time, so to speak, to realize on the investment. They should then be converted into food, either for some other fish or for man. If allowed to remain, they defeat the very object for which they were created, namely, to be caught and utilized. The food which they consume by remaining should all be converted into increment by going to the young and growing fish, instead of being wasted on the adults merely to prolong their lives. When a female fish has matured and yielded a crop of ova to the saving process of artificial propagation, she has accomplished more in the way of reproduction than she could in hundreds of seasons under natural environments, and can, therefore, well be spared.

It is evident that restrictive measures need not apply to the adult fish, provided a sufficient number are available for artificial propagation, but as affecting the young and immature fish such measures should be of the most stringent character. The killing of young fish of the more valuable species is little short of criminal, and should be penalized in every possible way.

A little reflection must convince any one that natural propagation is entirely inadequate to keep the waters stocked to their limit if considerable inroads are made in the parent stock at any season of the year, and it is a vain hope to expect nature to recover and hold lost ground by nature's methods alone, unless the waters are closed absolutely and permanently.

It is true that the catching off of one kind of fish sometimes results in increased production of others, and without the aid of artificial propagation, but such increase cannot be relied upon as being permanent, and depletion is sure to follow if fishing is continued and no restitution is made through the agency of artificial propagation.

The history of fishing waters is replete with illustrations and examples to prove the proposition that the natural hatching percentage of many species is too insignificant to offset any considerable drain on the parent stock. How often we hear the remark, "There used to be mighty good fishing over in Smith Creek, or Jones Lake, but they are pretty well fished out now." Even our best trout streams, after having been stocked to their limit, sooner or later become depleted unless kept up by occasional contributions from the hatcheries, and this, too, notwithstanding that the fishing is limited to hook and line and the season is closed two-thirds of each year. The reason for this is that it is impossible to recoup from the fish taken in the open season, and equally impossible to protect from natural enemies the ova deposited in the closed season. The unripe spawn in the adult fish caught in the open season is hopelessly and irretrievably lost, while the ripe spawn deposited in the closed season is very largely so.

Natural propagation will never force a water to its highest productive limit, unless fishing is absolutely prohibited for an indefinite period. Fortunately, this course is not necessary, for while we cannot prevent more or less destruction of one kind or size of fish by another after they leave our hatcheries, we can and do save the enormous waste that occurs under natural conditions during the ova stage, and thus bring into existence immensely increased numbers of young fish.

To appreciate fully the significance and importance of artificial propagation as a factor in fishery problems, we must ever keep in mind this wonderful margin of gain over natural propagation.

Fishculturists and all who have carefully investigated the subject are unanimously agreed that the treatment and protection we extend to the ova multiplies hatching results 500 to 1,000 times, and some place the ratio much higher. Nor is this enormous disparity to be wondered at when we inquire into the conditions, and understand the dangers and perils to which spawn as deposited in nature is constantly exposed.

But, taking the most conservative estimate, 500, as a basis, and it will be seen that we produce as many fish from one pair of adults as nature does from 500, or that 1,000,000 ova artificially treated is equal to 500,000,000 on natural spawning beds. Or, to put it another way, 500 pairs of breeders must be allowed to reach their spawning beds and spawn undisturbed to accomplish what we are able to, simply by lifting a single pair from the same beds and submitting the ripe ova to the treatment and protection called artificial. While the ova on spawning beds has its uses in the economy of the waters, serving, as it does, as a source of food for other fish, yet, so far as reproductive results are concerned, 499 out of every 500 pairs may as well never spawn at all, provided always that the solitary remaining pair falls into the hands of a hatchery expert at the proper time. It will readily be seen, therefore, that compensation for the removal of adults is possible only when they are taken from spawning grounds, and absolutely impossible only when taken elsewhere.

It should not be inferred that an indiscriminate throwing down of the barriers to the capture of adult fish is advocated. Many species of fish guard their spawning beds and protect their ova and young from the ravages of natural enemies, performing functions that correspond with the parental care and solicitude of land animals, thus producing a large natural increase. These should be surrounded with all manner of safeguards and afforded the most ample protection during their breeding season.

But there are many species of fish whose ova yields readily to the methods of artificial propagation, that desert their spawning grounds the moment the spawn is cast, leaving the defenseless germs wholly uprotected, to be mercilessly destroyed by a hungry horde of spawn-eaters. Now, when fish of this class assemble in sufficient numbers at the proper time to permit the collection of enough spawn to recompense the annual capture of adults, or, in short, whenever and wherever it is possible and practical to make complete restitution, it is obvious that no restrictions are needed. Desirable species that shirk parental duties after throwing their ova should not be allowed to throw it; they should be headed off and forced to "cough up" in time to give the germs the treatment and protection that they deserve, instead of being allowed to go very largely to waste.

If all the salmon and all the shad that ascend our great rivers from the sea were allowed to reach their spawning grounds before being caught, the immense numbers of young that, by the grace of artificial propagation, it would then be practical to return, would soon restore the depleted waters to their virgin fruitfulness. Fishing would be concentrated to fewer points, but the aggregate annual production might thus be greatly increased, and maintained indefinitely. If these propositions are not true, then artificial propagation is a snare and a delusion, and should be discontinued.

It must not be inferred that any relaxation of the protection now afforded our trout streams is to be thought of. Circumstances alter cases. We are obliged, in Michigan waters at least, to close the spawning season for brook trout and leave reproduction to nature's wasteful methods, simply because the parent fish are distributed throughout innumerable spring tributaries, making it impossible to collect the ova in paying numbers at any one point. It is a matter of the keenest regret, however, that all of the wild trout of spawning age in Michigan waters cannot be assembled each spawning season, and their ova submitted to the multiplying process of artificial propagation. There would be no unfilled applications, no unstocked streams, for the immense production of fry each season would keep every stream stocked to its limit for all time to come.

But this, of course, is impossible; so the only alternative is to confine a stock of parent fish in ponds, simulating natural surroundings by providing an inflow of spring water over a gravel-bottomed raceway into which the gravid fish are enticed. But we do not allow the fish to spawn naturally, knowing as we do by actual trial, how meager the results would be. Nor should any fish of this class be allowed to spawn naturally, whenever it is feasible to take advantage of the saving economy of artificial methods.

The most effective methods of fish protection, then, must include protection of the ova. Protect the spawn as well as the immature fish, and there will be an abundant harvest of adults; and the universal recognition and application of this principle will greatly enhance the value of some of our most important fisheries. Protecting the adults from the hand of man, instead of catching them and protecting their ova from the ravages of natural enemies, is a striking example of "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung."

A Noble Rangeley Trout.

WE have been shown an outline drawing of a noble trout taken at the Upper Dam by Mr. Thomas Barbour, of Framingham, Mass. The fish was a genuine speckled trout, weighed 9lbs. 4oz., and was 28in. in length. It was taken Sept. 1 on a white tipped Montreal No. 2 fly, with a 4½oz. rod, and Mr. Barbour worked an hour and a half from strike to finish before he had the big fellow "reduced to possession."

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Fly-Casting Records.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 24.—Following table shows the individual season records of competing members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club:

	Total.	Long Distance Fly, Ft.	Distance and Acc'y, Per Cent.	Acc'y and Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
W. H. Babcock	.....	.....	.....	$89\frac{3}{10}$	.....
I. H. Bellows	$85\frac{127}{1920}$	87/8	$80\frac{1}{12}$	$86\frac{29}{32}$	$42\frac{2}{5}$
B. W. Goodsell	$88\frac{17}{240}$	$93\frac{1}{16}$	$88\frac{1}{2}$	$87\frac{173}{240}$	83
E. D. Letterman	.....	.....	.....	.....	$80\frac{33}{40}$
C. A. Lippincott	.....	.....	$87\frac{1}{24}$	$82\frac{11}{30}$	$87\frac{7}{40}$
C. G. Ludlow	$76\frac{1701}{1920}$	$74\frac{3}{4}$	$73\frac{3}{8}$	$80\frac{453}{480}$	$78\frac{19}{40}$
G. A. Murrell	$81\frac{123}{128}$	$78\frac{1}{2}$	75	$81\frac{31}{32}$	$92\frac{3}{8}$
H. A. Newkirk	.....	.....	$71\frac{11}{12}$	$77\frac{29}{96}$	$85\frac{37}{40}$
F. H. Peak	.....	.....	.....	.....	$95\frac{7}{10}$
F. N. Peet	$89\frac{35}{96}$	$93\frac{1}{4}$	88	$87\frac{23}{24}$	$88\frac{9}{20}$
H. G. Hascall	.....	.....	.....	.....	$84\frac{29}{40}$
M. D. Smith	.....	.....	.....	.....	$81\frac{1}{5}$
H. W. Perce	.....	.....	.....	.....	73 3/8

Holders of medals are: Long distance fly, F. N. Peet; distance and accuracy, B. W. Goodsell; accuracy and delicacy, W. H. Babcock; bait-casting; F. H. Peak.

Closing the Season.

On Sept. 11 the Chicago Fly-Casting Club held its last contest, a re-entry event, held to allow completion of season scores by members who had been absent at earlier contests. The day's records were as follows:

W. H. Babcock	....	....	$91\frac{1}{2}$ $93\frac{1}{2}$ $93\frac{1}{6}$	....	
I. H. Bellows	95 100	89 3/8 77 3/8	$85\frac{1}{3}$ $90\frac{2}{3}$	$95\frac{4}{5}$ $97\frac{2}{5}$	
C. A. Lippincott	83	85 3/8 90	$84\frac{5}{6}$ $78\frac{2}{3}$	$80\frac{4}{5}$ 97 $94\frac{4}{5}$	
G. A. Murrell	..	69 77	$88\frac{3}{4}$ $88\frac{1}{4}$	....	
H. A. Newkirk	..	$74\frac{2}{3}$ 71 $80\frac{2}{3}$ $79\frac{2}{3}$	$75\frac{5}{6}$ 81 $76\frac{1}{4}$ 78	90 $96\frac{3}{5}$ $81\frac{2}{5}$ $92\frac{4}{5}$	
F. H. Peak	..	....	....	$94\frac{4}{5}$ 96 $97\frac{1}{5}$ $93\frac{1}{5}$ 96 $97\frac{2}{5}$ $94\frac{3}{5}$ $96\frac{2}{5}$	
F. N. Peet	107	....	....	97	
J. E. Strong	85	....	....	....	
H. W. Perce	..	....	....	$74\frac{6}{5}$ $73\frac{4}{5}$	
M. D. Smith	..	....	....	$93\frac{1}{5}$	

The club weekly contests will be resumed May 15 next. Monthly club meets will be held during the winter season, the members meeting at little dinners as they did last year. At the first of these meetings, Oct. 15, the season prizes will be awarded as per above record. The record this year shows improvement over last year in casting. The club expects increase in membership before this time next year.

Minnesota Muscallunge.

Mr. R. B. Organ and wife are back from their visit to Minnesota, both looking well and happy. Mr. Organ, as I stated earlier, went up with Mr. M. Whitcomb, of Minneapolis to try the muscallunge fishing above Park Rapids. They were out about twenty miles from Park Rapids, on Man Trap Lake, in camp, and fished only three mornings and two evenings, yet they caught thirteen muscallunge of the prettiest sort Mr. Organ ever saw—the famous "gray-spotted" muscallonge peculiar to that region. The largest fish weighed 20lbs., two reaching that weight, and the smallest was 11lbs. The fish were beauties, and fighters from away back. Man Trap Lake has a little matter of 300 miles of shore line, and is the crookedest body of water on earth, so Mr. Organ thinks. It is in the heart of a great sporting country. Numbers of partridges were seen, but of course were not molested. More and more we hear of Minnesota as a sporting region. I have still more to say about it later in regard to moose.

Mr. Organ calls to my attention an article printed a while ago in FOREST AND STREAM complaining of the extortion in hotel charges and livery hire at Park Rapids. He says he cannot imagine how this idea got out. He found the Park Rapids hotel, the Great Northern, very comfortable and not extortionate at all. They paid 50 cents a day for boats, and $3 a day for a livery team with a driver. These rates are, if anything, below the usual pine woods schedule, especially the team hire. As to the hotel, it happened that while I was at St. Paul I met the owner of this hostlery, Mr. J. H. O'Neil, and was introduced to him by Warden Fullerton as being the right sort of people. I am sure he looked all right and acted all right, and didn't look in the least hungry himself. Neither Mr. Organ nor myself would hesitate about tackling Park Rapids the first minute we got a chance. I would rather live there than at my club, even though they may not have revolving round seats at Park Rapids.

Wonders of Wisconsin.

The wonders of Wisconsin as a fishing country are apparently inexhaustible, as I have occasion this week to remember through different reminders of the opening fishing season of the fall. My friend Mr. F. B. Huntington, traveling auditor of the Wisconsin Central R. R., has been out for a fishing trip at Pike, Turner and Round lakes, parts of the grand Fifield chain of waters, and he says the place is ideal, offering pike, 'lunge, ducks and partridge as one prefers. He took a 10lbs. 'lunge in less than ten minutes after he began to fish, and all had good luck. Of the party were Messrs. C. E. Wilson, W. S. Tarrant; W. O. Mumford, G. P. Joachim, S. G. Brown and Eddie Cooper.

From Eagle River, Wis., Mr. H. K. Frost writes me most enthusiastically about the sport at that point. He says that at his stopping place fourteen fish ('lunge) were taken in three weeks, the smallest weighing 19lbs., the largest 39lbs. (I give his weights). "The lucky anglers," says Mr. Frost, "were: F. B. Stone, Chicago, one; Joe Flanagan, Chicago, one; E. J. Wirtz, Chicago, four; Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Low, Chicago, one each; J. H. Thompson, Benton, Wis., one; H. Deardorff, Kansas City, Mo., one; Mrs. R. S. Johnson, Chicago, three; Mrs. S. M. Zimmerman, Muscatine, Ia., two.

"One bass weighing over 6lbs. was landed last week. Among the successful bass fishers are Messrs. Everett, Smith, Kennedy, of Chicago; Deardoff, of Kansas City; and Raum, of Peoria, Ill.

"The partridge season opened with a rush along the Eagle waters, D. F. Raum, of Peoria, Ill., being as yet the champion. Ducks are not very plentiful, the weather being too warm, but everyone tells me they are legion when the season grows colder."

Early in September General Passenger Agent James C. Pond, of the Wisconsin Central Lines, took up a party of friends to the Fifield lakes, and they had a great trip, all taking fish to the limit of desire. Among the party were Col. C. A. Ware, of St. Louis; Col. H. E. Thompson, of St. Louis, general passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific; B. Wilson, of Chicago; Frank Scott, ticket agent at the Auditorium, Chicago; Ban Johnson, president of the Western Baseball League; M. Lawrie, of Chicago, and G. K. Thompson, ticket agent of the Wisconsin Central, Chicago. The party had good luck with the rod and brought away plenty of fish.

Last week a big Milwaukee party returned after a week on Crab Lake and Manitowish chain, and report taking 250 bass, 150 pike and 33 muscallonge. The largest 'lunge weighed 18lbs. Among others were the following in this party: F. P. Eymen, commercial agent of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad; W. D. Cantillon, assistant division superintendent of the same road; Charles Thompson, contracting freight agent; Conductor Michael White, J. L. Beals, Houston O'Neill, W. B. Simpson and W. H. Simpson, of the Northwestern Fuel Co.

Ex-Judge Lorin C. Collins, of Chicago, and M. H. Talbot, of Indianapolis, Ind., have just returned, after two weeks' fishing in the vicinity of Minocqua, Wis. They took twelve muscallunge, ranging from 18 to 30lbs.; the largest, 47in., while not weighed, was thought to have run over 30lbs.

Numerous catches of small-mouth black bass were made in Tomahawk Lake, and some large pike. In two days they caught thirty small-mouths, running from 1 to 3½lbs., four of the catch weighing 15lbs. In Storm Lake they made good takes of bass and pike, two of the pike weighing 8 and 10lbs. When the latter was hooked it was a question for several minutes whether or not it was a muscallonge.

The gamiest muski' caught by Judge Collins weighed 22lbs., and it took thirty-five minutes to land him. During the fight it snowed quite hard and the wind came in gusts, making the whole affair interesting from a meteorological, as well as from a piscatorial standpoint.

The Largest Muscallonge.

The largest muscallonge of which I have word this season is one of 36lbs., taken at Kabekona Camp, Minn., unless I credit the indefinite statement made above by Mr. Frost for Eagle Waters, in regard to which I should like further details.

The Largest Trout.

The largest trout of which word has been noted is the mountain trout recently taken by Mr. C. Brown in the Gunnison River of Colorado, 12lbs. even weight. This fish was taken on a No. 6 Coachman. The trout measured 28in. in length and 20in. in circumference.

The Largest Whitefish.

The whitefish is not a game fish, but a certain interest attaches to the capture of a whitefish so heavy as 13½lbs., the weight of one taken by James McCann in his lake nets near Charlevoix, Mich. Of late years the biggest whitefish have never been taken below Lake Superior or the less fished waters of some of the upper and less known lakes, such as the Rainy Lake or Lake of the Woods series.

Violators.

Ten nets, 1,000ft. in all, were destroyed by fish wardens Seaman and Jorgensen at the mouth of the Upper Fox River this month.

At Kalamazoo, Mich., Warden Watkins secured conviction against James Munson for gill netting in Paw Paw Lake. James Donovan and Geo. McGuire were fined for using set lines at an earlier date. Warrants are out for Sam Parrott, Will Lacoine and five others.

Indiana Law Constitutional.

The new fish and game law of Indiana has had a test case, and has been decided constitutional by the Supreme Court of the State. The case was that of David Lewis, of Lake county, who was fined $75 for having in possession a gill net. Possession is, under the new law, held to be *prima facie* evidence of intent to violate the law. He was convicted in the Circuit Court, and took the case up. On Sept. 23 the Supreme Court handed down a decision confirming the decision of the lower court, and setting at rest all question of the constitutionality of the law. It is hard not to be allowed to fish with a net in this land of the free, and of course it does seem unconstitutional when we can't all do what we want to; yet, from now on, it looks as though Mr. Lewis would have to do as the rest of us do, and come down to plain worms and a sinker.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Boston Fishermen.

BOSTON, Sept. 25.—In less than a week from this date the open season on Maine deer will be on—Oct. 1. Preparations and expectations were never so great—all looking in that direction. Hundreds of gunners from Boston alone will visit that State. Some are to go early and others will wait until the leaves are off the trees, and others till snow comes for tracking. Mr. N. C. Manson, with a party of three, is off for Camp Leatherstocking, Richardson Lake. He will doubtless get a deer the first day out. E. Frank Lewis, of Lawrence, with two shooting friends, will leave for the Maine woods early this week. He goes to a camp in Lee, or rather an abandoned farm there. He says that he would rather take the picture of a buck than to shoot it, though doubtless the party will take a deer or two for camp use. A novel idea is used by him on his trips for camp beds. A few wool sacks are taken along. These are filled with straw, boughs or dried leaves, whichever happens to be the best and most available. Hence a good bed for every owner of a sack.

Still the smelt fishers are getting good sport all along the coast, with plenty of smelt, for those who know the grounds and have boats and boatmen, Codfishing also gives a good deal of satisfactory sport and outing to many Boston merchants who have not the time for long fishing trips. Mr. W. Dodd is the champion cod fisherman among the Boston stock brokers, and has made a number of large catches this season. Mr. Mathew Luce is a lover of codfishing, and spends considerable time at the sport. He has an excellent boatman, and fishes off Cohasset. He says that the season will soon be at its best, and he expects to make a good record. He fishes only for sport and recreation, and yet he has taken in all many thousand pounds of codfish. All the fish he takes are saved, and what he does not want for his own use go to gladden the hearts of his many friends.

The salmon fishermen are all at home from their rivers. Mr. D. H. Blanchard and his fishing friend, Keeler, are to be seen in Boston again, after several weeks on the Northeast Branch of the St. Marguerite. Mr. Blanchard took the biggest salmon this summer he has ever taken—38lbs.—the largest by a ½lb. that he has ever killed. But after all the fishing was poor, neither Mr. Blanchard nor his friends getting more than half the salmon they have generally taken. Too many nets in the river below are believed to be the cause of the poor fishing. Mr. Blanchard's idea is that under the Liberals about everybody has been allowed to put in nets. He hopes for a change for the better.

The coming Food Fair, opening in the Mechanics' Building early in October, is to have a genuine log cabin from Maine, with real live guides. The hunting resources of that State are to be well illustrated, and a deer fresh from the woods is promised for about every day. Venison and other game is to be served.

SPECIAL.

EARLY GRAYLING DAYS.

MR. MATHER'S sketch of Len Jewell, as among the interesting "Men I Have Fished With," calls up some memories of the past.

I knew Len Jewell in the 80s, having lived in Bay City at that time. Jewell boarded for a while at the old Campbell House, in which hostelry I yelled: "Front!" as I came to know him—not well, but in a way. Plain, reticent, preoccupied, he seemed to live alone in a world of his own. No one appeared to be on familiar terms with him, but all spoke well of, and respected him. He was a man who minded his own business, and evidently expected others to do the same.

Mr. Mather's mention of grayling fishing on the Au Sable reminds me. Early in the 70s I was in the employ of a lumber company whose operations were on that stream. My duties as scaler kept me at the "banking ground," or "rollway," where the logs were rolled from the sleds into the river.

I knew nothing of the fish in the streams of that section, having lived before then in the southern part of the State; but my love of fishing and fish led me to investigate, and I discovered the waters to be teeming with what the lumbermen called "Sable River trout."

Although this was in midwinter and the mercury was well down to zero, owing to its swift current and tortuous course the river never froze over, unless it happened that the channel became clogged or jammed with logs, in which case the anchor ice would pack around it and freeze, and in time cover the stream.

When I discovered these fish the question was how to get them, for I argued to myself that a few of those "trout" taken from that ice water would afford a much needed and desirable change from pork and beans, which constituted the principal diet of the shanty boys.

My first attempt to secure them was quite successful. I found in the swamps a long, light cedar pole, just the right proportions for my purpose. I then fastened a good-sized pickerel hook to the large end of it, and thus equipped crept carefully down to the water's edge, crawled out a third of the way across the river on a "wing jam," shaded my eyes with my hat and found I was right among them.

When I slipped my pole in the water, the "trout" moved slowly more to the other side (there were thousands of them), but after a few moments would return to the channel.

Lying on my stomach, with rod jammed well on the bottom to keep it steady, I bided my time. Soon a good-sized fish hovered a moment over the hook, a quick upward jerk, and he was impaled and landed. I stopped to examine my prize, and while I did not know then his true name, his long dorsal, clean cut, stylish markings and racy proportions proclaimed him to be of royal blood. I added several more to the string, dressed them, and on my cabin stove fried them in pork fat to a turn, and then and there ate my first grayling; how delicious they were to an appetite sharpened by out-door work, youth and perfect health?

The snatch-hook was a success, but I longed to feel one of those fish on a rod; so rigging up a slender cedar pole with line and hook and heavy sinker, and putting in my pocket a piece of fat pork for bait, I took my stand on a a bridge which spanned the stream a short distance above my camp.

Through the clear water I could see several good-sized fish working slowly up stream near the bottom, and throwing in the line, I let the bait down carefully to their noses, and waited, hardly daring to hope it would be taken. However, it soon disappeared. I struck and hooked my fish. Against the swift current he threw his strength, and gave me all the sport possible with such crude tackle. I took three good ones, quite enough for my larder that day, and drew upon the same source of supply for several weeks with varying success.

At that time there were countless thousands of grayling in the Au Sable. A few years after that, and while I was living in Bay City, FOREST AND STREAM made mention of Seth Green and a party going to Germany to secure grayling for hatching purposes. Before the party left, however, some gentlemen from New York were up in the Au Sable River country and discovered that my "trout" were the true grayling. Immediately following that announcement there was a pilgrimage of fishermen to that stream from all parts of the county. Large camping parties from Elmira and Binghamton went there, with the result that in two years the stream was nearly depopulated of grayling. One party alone shipped out 1,500lbs. of the beautiful fish, so that for years thereafter where they once seemed inexhaustible, good strings could only be secured at the mouths of tributaries and other quiet spots known only to a few.

The State passed a protection law, but too late to stop the slaughter.

I do not know what the situation is now, having long ago left those parts, but from friends of mine who fish there annually I learn that the fishing is reasonably good.

B. W. SPERRY.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Delaware River Bass.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, Pike County, Pa., Sept. 22.—This morning Mr. J. D. Jais, a guest at the High Falls Hotel, caught a bass in the Delaware River weighing 6lbs. 12oz., measuring 26in. in length. A great many large bass have been taken this summer. This beats the record.

PHILIP F. FULMER.

AMID THE SCENES OF BOYHOOD DAYS.

"Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?"

A FULL score years have passed since as a happy, barefoot boy I trudged the dusty streets of that quiet little village where once again I stand—a man, with a man's thoughts and a man's ambitions. And, as I seek to roll away the mists of years, there comes a picture of the boyhood days, and for a moment I see myself again the happy youngster, who roamed the woods and fields, knowing no cares and no burdens, light-hearted and gay. But the illusion slips away as quickly as it came, and with a sigh I turn to follow the narrow, grass-grown street to where it enters the picturesque old grove, at the foot of the hill; there used to be a well-worn path across the hill when I was a boy, but it is fenced in and boarded up now, and I go around by the road. Climbing the barred gate and entering the pasture, which is a sort of a prelude to the grove, I strike the old quarry road and am presently clambering down the precipitous walls of limestone which inclose the deep, dark pool where George and Les and Arth and Milt and the rest of us used to go in swimming in the old days. It looks just the same now as it always did—cool and inviting, and I am almost inclined to strip and take a plunge. But I resist the temptation, and making my exit from the quarry by an easier route, saunter on through the grove, listening to the chatter of the saucy squirrels, and watching the flitting of the robins, jays and "high-holers" from tree to tree. The birds and squirrels seem to recognize me; at least they are very friendly, although, to tell the truth, there was a time when the ancient army musket (my first gun) compelled them to keep a respectful distance.

A few minutes' walk and, leaving the more open grove, I enter thicker timber, where the young trees and underbrush have grown wild, almost obliterating the old wagon trail which, after interminable twistings and turnings, eventually comes out near the "swimmin'-hole" at the "big creek," where we boys used to go of Saturday afternoons and catch bullheads; there were occasions, too—events of our lives then—when one of us would catch a small grass pickerel. I well recollect the first one of these pickerel caught by myself; I promptly inserted two fingers in those vicious-looking jaws to remove the hook, and—well, the result was exceedingly painful.

A cottontail jumps up and bobs off down the path in front of me as I slowly pursue the old trail, and as I chuckle lightly at bunny's needless alarm he stops for a moment and whirls around to inspect me before proceeding, probably wondering in his own amazement, "What manner of thing is this?"

The sunlight shimmers through the arched and interlacing branches of the trees, which form a canopy overhead, and the air is pure and sweet—fragrant with a thousand perfumes of the woods and fields. Presently I arrive at the creek, and here, alas! as elsewhere, things have changed; the channel of the once familiar stream has been dredged out so that it is deeper and swifter, and its mossy banks are heaped with rock and dirt not yet disguised by the hand of nature. Withal there is little here to remind me of the haunts of my youth, and with a dull sense of disappointment I turn back.

Leaving the stream by another route, I emerge, after a few minutes' brisk walk, into the country road, and soon stand beside a little mound of earth in a lonely and deserted graveyard. There are not many new graves here, and this is not one of the newest; beneath the small expanse of sod there lies all that was mortal of a true friend of my youth. The flowers have grown wild, and the stone is broken and mossy with age, yet, like a sweet incense, there still lingers in my memory a recollection of kindly councils given by one of nature's noblemen. I doff my hat in reverence, and, leaving the mound again in the keeping of the flowers, the birds and the bees, am once more in the little village.

My next visit is to the little, time-scarred brick schoolhouse, where, under the guidance of good, old-fashioned, flogging "school masters," I had the mysteries of the "three Rs" duly instilled into me, and unlimited propensities for "devilment" partially (I speak advisedly) thrashed out of me. Here it was that I took my initiative steps in journalism by composing marvelous and hair-raising accounts of bear hunts and Indian massacres; my heroes were always dead shots and more than matches mentally, morally and physically for anything in animal or human shape which stalked the earth, while—needless to say—my heroines were invariably pinks of perfection in all respects.

There is the table at which sat in awful majesty several well-remembered pedagogues, and as I walk slowly down between the rows of battered old seats, I have no trouble in finding the ones occupied by myself at different periods of my youthful schoolroom career. There is one, and on its edge I can see some well-defined marks made while trying the cutting edge of a new jack-knife; and, unless my memory fails me, that identical performance wound up with a visit to the private audience chamber in company with the teacher and a tough twig.

But I leave the schoolroom and am out in the sunshine again in the big yard, where we boys used to play "one-old-cat," "goal" and "cross-tag." And, passing on out into the dusty street and through the little village, I wave a second sad good-bye to the scenes of boyhood. As I draw the curtain, the man is a man again and no more a child, but who would not live his youth once more, even if for but a few brief hours? CLARKE HELME LOOMIS.

"Men I Have Fished With."

IN a recent issue Mr. J. S. Van Cleef kindly suggested that I write up the men I haven't fished with. That would be a task, but if I undertook it I would probably begin with Judge Van Cleef himself, as one who has a great stock of angling lore as well as of law. But the Judge made another remark, and it was the latter which started me to write this. He said, speaking of me: "It seems to me he has fished with more men than any person I ever knew of."

Let us consider that remark. I have fished every year since 1840, with the exception of 1864. That gives fifty-six years of fishing of all kinds, and up to date I have written of exactly that number of men, an average of one to each year. That is not a great number, surely, and it is safe to say that Mr. Van Cleef has fished with ten times that number. This month I fished with two men, Mr. Jeremiah Sullivan, of Conroy's, and a regimental comrade, Mr. W. A. Clark, of Newark, N. J.; and during the summer I have fished with several more.

If Mr. Van Cleef will make a mathematical calculation of "Men I Have Fished With," he may readily believe that there are more than 1,000 of them, while I think that figure would not cover half of them. I hope these figures will not appal him, for in many cases there was no incident which is remembered or worth recording. Boyhood companions were very numerous, because we fished before school and after school and at other times, often in parties of half a dozen.

My work in fishculture brought me in contact with many noted anglers whom I never would have known but for that, and it was this work which gave me three opportunities for angling in Germany, and many in other places. If it had been my good fortune to have fished with Judge Van Cleef I would take pleasure in trying to sketch him, although such a man gives no quaint salient points to portray as others, like Port. Tyler, Billy Bishop, John Atwood, Antoine Gardapee, Alvah Dunning, Ned Buntline and others of that kind afford. My most difficult work has been on Francis Endicott, Col. Charles H. Raymond, Gen. Chester A. Arthur, Mr. E. R. Wilbur, and gentlemen of that kind. FRED MATHER.

Cayuga Lake Fishing.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Probably the finest catch of fish taken from Cayuga Lake in recent years was scored Sept. 22 by Charles E. Courtney, Cornell University's famous rowing coach, assisted by a few congenial friends from Ithaca and Union Springs. The magnificent score was made in the vicinity of Union Springs, and between 8 and 11 A. M. The catch consisted of muscallonge, pike and pickerel and weighed 81lbs. The three heaviest muscallonge weighed respectively: 16, 11 and 8lbs. Charley Carr, of Union Springs, took the 16lb. one, and Coach Courtney the 11lb. and 8lb. ones. The heaviest pike was listed at 5lbs.; the heaviest pickerel at 4lbs. And to make this little paragraph a complete history of one day's angling, it may be said—Mr. Courtney will vouch for the truth of the statement—that the largest fish seen on the trip was pulled to the surface, flirted his monstrous fins at the party, shook the steel from his mouth and was lost.

The fishing was done in that part of the lake given conspicuous mention by Mr. Mather in his charming chapters, "Men I Have Fished With." That particular part of Cayuga Lake has furnished, and is now furnishing, some notably fine muscallonge, pike, pickerel and bass fishing.

Union Springs, from whence this good angling may be quickly and conveniently reached, is on the Auburn division of the Lehigh Valley R. R. Bait, boat and all the other necessary furnishings which the sportsman angler may wish for are readily obtained. Everything considered, it holds out greater inducements to lovers of the gentle art than any other point along the lake, and in respect to muscallonge, pike and pickerel fishing it cannot be surpassed, if equaled, in central New York. At the Ithaca end of the lake some exceedingly fine creels of bass are being taken opposite the Esty Lookout. Good bass fishing may be counted upon for that locality until cold weather shakes the angler's hand. The high hook from that point is credited with twenty-two small-mouth bass as an afternoon's work. M. CHILL.

Iowa Bass Waters.

CHARLES CITY, Ia., Sept. 24.—The Shellrock and Cedar rivers in this county (Floyd), have produced more and larger specimens of black bass and wall-eyed pike this summer than in a great many years. One party of three brought in from the Shellrock 180lbs. of black bass, thirty-three of them averaging 3½lbs. a piece, the largest tipping the scales at 5¼lbs.

Sept. 20 a string of seven bass, weight 28lbs., taken from the Cedar near Floyd dam, was credited to H. W. McElroy and party. Four of these splendid bass averaged 5½lbs. a piece. Two thousand pounds would be a small estimate of the weights of black bass taken from a stretch of water no longer than two miles—along the Shellrock, since the middle of July.

Since July 22, a friend and I have caught fifty-two fish, weighing 181lbs. Forty-one of them were wall-eyed pike, weighing 159lbs., the seven largest, 50½lbs. The eleven pickerel ran much smaller, from 1½ to 3lbs. The score is the result of seventeen fishing excursions half-mile from town, two hours' trolling constituting one trip.

The Mill Company are repairing their dam here, and State Fish Warden Delevan has submitted plans to the company for a new fishway through this (at present) impassable barrier. No doubt the command will be complied with, as in years gone by; but to maintain a suitable runway is more than this or most corporations care to do, or will do.

VANE SIMMONDS

Long Island Salt-Water Fishing.

THE fishing in this vicinity has been exceptionally good all season. Last season was the poorest in the memory of the old fishermen hereabouts, and the fine sport which can now be had is fully appreciated by them and the salt-water fishermen generally.

Bluefish and weakfish have been so numerous that but little attention has been paid to the smaller fish: blackfish, fluke, porgies, etc. Striped bass, which have always been scarce here, are now caught daily in large numbers.

On last Friday, John O'Neil, of Sheepshead Bay, caught seventeen striped bass in a few hours' fishing. The largest of these tipped the scales at 7½lbs., and the balance weighed from 2 to 4lbs. each. On Saturday, W. J. Fox and T. F. Kane, of Brooklyn, captured a dozen in a short time. These few fish were all caught around the jetties off the Manhattan Hotel, on Manhattan Beach. They were caught by trolling with a spoon and blood-worm.

Boats and bait can be procured at Sheepshead Bay, from whence the fishing grounds are reached after a hard row of about an hour. It is not advisable to attempt this trip in rough weather, as it is an extremely dangerous place to fish.

On Sunday, W. J. Fox and one guest, aboard the sloop Sly Fox, caught sixty-two blackfish. Blackfish, fluke and porgies are caught in large numbers by those who do not care to make the long trip to the Manhattan, while that much-sought-for and game little fighter, the snapper, has done his share in providing sport for the fisherman.

G. F. DIEHL.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, Long Island, Sept. 27.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 4.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y, Danbury.
Nov. 23.—Metropolitan Kennel Club's second annual show, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials, Barre, Mass.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 2.—Hoosier Beagle Club's inaugural trials, Indiana.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials, Newton, N. C.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.
Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—XIII.

IF the dog be a successful finder of birds, it is necessary that he be able to locate their exact whereabout with reasonable quickness after he has caught the scent of them. The accomplishment of pointing stanchly is only useful accordingly as the dog is able to find the birds to point. It is clear that if he cannot find he cannot point usefully.

Generally speaking, setters and pointers follow the scent of birds in two ways, that is to say by the foot-scent and the body-scent, respectively. Colloquially speaking, the act of following the birds to find their exact whereabouts, is called "locating." It is clear that however stanch a dog may be on his point, he is very deficient if he is not skillful in the useful supplementary accomplishment of "locating."

In respect to proficiency in finding, dogs vary greatly. Some dogs trust to their speed and the consequent wide area of ground they can beat out to find birds, and pointing the birds fairly well when they come across them. They may have very inferior ability in following a scent, and yet when they find the birds under the right conditions for making a good point, they may do it well and make a good showing. Such dogs are generally overrated as performers, their wide range and high speed being accepted as indicative of high general ability. Such dogs are always poor finding dogs. Nor are they so few in numbers as one might think. The field trials in particular are a favorite haven for the wide and fast ranger whose heels are his greatest power.

But if a dog is a good ranger and is also skillful in picking up light scents and following them up till he locates the birds, he is the correct thing in the way of an assistant to the gun.

Locating by following the foot-scent is far inferior to locating by following the body-scent, and in respect to either method, there are good and poor performers. Superior intelligence and high functional powers of the organ of scent will enable a dog to make a good performance. On the other hand, if a dog be intelligent and his scenting powers imperfect or dull, or if his powers of scenting are very keen and his brain dull, he will be a poor performer.

Why two dogs, intelligent and possessing good noses, should vary so much in their methods of locating, the one by foot-scent, the other by body-scent, is not known. Men vary quite as much in their choice of methods when pursuing game, hence it may be that such method as was first employed, and being persisted in, became a habit. However, whether the dog followed his birds by body-scent or foot-scent, the trainer can do very little to improve on the dog's methods, although he can do much to mar them if he be injudiciously meddlesome or faulty in what he attempts to teach.

Dogs of high intelligence, but of ordinary powers of nose, sometimes perform skillfully, their excellent reasoning powers enabling them to circumvent the birds whose habits and devices in evading pursuit they have learned to a nicety.

Some dogs, of inferior range, distinguish themselves as successful finders from their ability to successfully locate birds whose trail they have come across, and which wider rangers might pass over unheeded. Also a narrow ranging dog—one skillful in locating—may use his nose constantly, thus recognizing every game scent within his compass. Many wide ranging dogs are running fast without using their noses or giving any heed to finding birds by any intelligent attention to the task of seeking. It is not at all easy for the novice to discriminate between the dog which is using his nose and one which is not, and indeed some sportsmen of wide experience seem to be without this faculty of discrimination. They observe the wide, dashing ranger and can only see in his efforts the purpose of finding birds. Some dogs will range wide and fast on bare ground, and on the same ground day after day, for the reason that they like to run for the sake of running. The dog which is really seeking birds will soon learn what ground contains birds and what does not, if he have the opportunity to beat out the ground a few times, and he will not waste any effort on ground which he knows contains no birds. The dog which beats out a large scope of ground, using his nose constantly, all else being equal, will find more birds than will the narrow ranger, but the reader will perceive that it is possible, and often it is really the case, that a narrow ranging dog may find more birds than his wider ranging companion.

The dog which follows by foot-scent locates much slower than does the one which locates by the body-scent. The former generally carries a low nose and trails along by the tracks. Some dogs follow along very accurately and with reasonable quickness, but most dogs which locate by foot-scent do so in a more or less uncertain and dilatory manner. They follow the trail of a single bird of a bevy, lose it, pick up another, and follow it, making a little gain each time, sometimes losing the trail entirely, sometimes following it so slowly that it becomes too cold for them to follow, and thus they lose the birds; and sometimes the dog which potters and picks out the trail track by track goes slower than the birds run, so that he is unable to catch up with them and press them so that they will run to cover. The dog which follows by foot-scent locates his birds with uncertainty of their whereabouts even when he is quite near them, and he consequently makes many flushes which the more skillful dog, he which locates by the body-scent, readily avoids.

The trainer should not tolerate any pottering on the foot-scent. Some dogs will potter around and around a tuft of grass or a growth of weeds where the scent is strong, and if they do road away they return repeatedly to where the scent is strongest. The dog should be encouraged to go on and follow the running birds. The habit of pottering on scent should not be tolerated. The dog should be prevented from pottering, if the trainer can possibly prevent it.

On the other hand, if the trainer is continually meddling with a dog which is roading well, striving to have the dog do the roading in the manner in which he thinks it should be done, he may succeed in marring or spoiling the dog's method, instead of improving it. When the dog is picking out the trail and is actually going ahead, it is best to leave the matter entirely to him. No theory of the trainer as to

where the birds have run should be set up against the efforts of the dog in roading. He must learn to locate by experience, and about all the trainer can do is to present the opportunity for the dog to exercise such powers as he has.

The dog which locates by body-scent carries a high nose, that is to say he is guided by the particles of scent floating in the air, though his nose may be only at such natural height as he commonly carries it. If the scent is faint, he casts quickly to and fro till the scent becomes strong enough to follow it, when he follows it with wonderful quickness and precision directly to the birds. When he becomes proficient from experience he makes but few flushes or errors of judgment.

The dog which roads by foot-scent, depending as he does on little matters of detail, is frequently at a loss to determine which is the back track and which is not; and it not infrequently happens that he follows the back track up wind. This error the more skillful seeker by body-scent rarely makes.

All dogs are not distinctly of one class or the other. Some govern their efforts by circumstances, and can road or draw skillfully, but in a general way the distinction will be found to hold good. The dog which draws and locates by the body-scent only needs experience to perfect him.

That the novice may the better understand the distinction between trailing the birds by foot-scent or body-scent, let it be assumed for the sake of illustration that a small flock of sheep is crossing a dry plain and that we desire to follow them. They have passed near us, but we do not know where they are. We find their tracks, but they being indistinct in places and lost in others, the trail is followed thus with difficulty. It is noted, however, that there is a perceptible line of dust along the trail, and by following this at high speed the flock may be quickly overtaken. The particles of dust in this case correspond to the particles of scent in the other, and the difficulty of following the tracks by sight would correspond to the like difficulty of following them by the sense of smell. There is sufficient analogy between the two to make the matter understood by the novice.

The puzzle peg and similar contrivances have been devised to make the dog carry a high nose and thus follow the birds by their body-scent, but all mechanical means are generally useless, and therefore it is better to permit the dog to seek after such manner as his nature prompts or permits.

THE A. K. C. MEETING.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at its office, 55 Liberty street, New York, Sept. 23.

There was an unusually good attendance, there being twenty-two delegates present.

Vice-President Edward Brooks presided.

There were present: Associate Members (A. C. Wilmerding, H. K. Bloodgood and G. W. H. Ritchie), American Fox Terrier Club (H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.), American Scottish Terrier Club (James L. Little), Boston Terrier Club (L. A. Burritt), Butterfly Bench Show Association (Dudley E. Waters), Collie Club of America (James Watson), Columbus Fanciers' Club (J. M. Taylor), Gordon Setter Club (James B. Blossom), Irish Setter Club (G. H. Thomson), Mascoutah Kennel Club (C. F. R. Drake), Metropolitan Kennel Club (G. M. Carnochan), National Beagle Club (H. F. Schellhass), New England Kennel Club (Edward Brooks), Pointer Club of America (George Jarvis), San Francisco Kennel Club (C. B. Knocker), Southern California Kennel (C. B. Bernheimer), American Dachshunde Club (Dr. C. Motschenbacher), Pacific Fox Terrier Club (B. Waters), M. A. A. C. Rod and Gun Club (W. F. Hobbie), American Spaniel Club (Marcel A. Viti).

The reading of the minutes of the last meeting was dispensed with. The secretary's quarterly report was accepted and placed on file. The treasurer's report was as follows: Balance on hand to Jan. 1, 1897, $3,256 97. Receipts from all sources to date: $7,030.61. Total: $10,287.58. Disbursements from Jan. 1, 1897: $6,557.83. Balance on hand: $3,729.75. The report of the executive board stands as published in the *Gazette*. The stud book committee decided that giving a kennel prefix to a dog already registered is an alteration of the dog's name, such as is prohibited by the rules, and the committee decided that it was not allowable. The club confirmed this ruling. The following clubs were admitted to membership: California Collie Club, Cocker Spaniel Club of California, Pointer Club, of California, Pacific Mastiff Club, Rhode Island Kennel Club and Bull Terrier Club of America.

Applications for kennel names were granted as follows: Highland View, to George N. Clemson; Providence, to Harry J. Bascom; Trenton, to H. T. Cousins; Banner, to H. E. Smyth.

The St. Bernard Club of America, having disbanded, was dropped from the roll.

Mr. G. M. Carnochan was elected chairman of the membership committee.

The matter of the six months notice given by the Canadian Kennel Club, in respect to the cancellation of the recent agreement, was taken up and the cancellation was accepted and the six months notice was waived. It was moved that the secretary be directed to write to the Canadian executive committee informing them that they will be held responsible for penalties incurred by the Toronto Kennel Club in their catalogue, if any exist.

A communication was read from the Spaniel Club notifying the A. K. C. of the suspension of Messrs. R. Toon and George Thomas for dishonorable practices in connection with bench shows.

It was voted that the deposits of $25 which had been forfeited by such clubs as had violated the rules, should be applied to the credit of said clubs as deposit for claims for dates for shows of 1898. In case a club did not hold a show, the $25 was forfeited finally.

The type-written proceedings of the Pacific Advisory Board, concerning the St. Bernard Club, of California, vs. Payne, and the report of the Pacific Advisory Board, were referred to the Executive Board.

It was voted that "it is the sense of this meeting that where a dog is disqualified for not complying with the conditions of the class in which he is shown, that does not disqualify him for competing for specials offered in its breed to which he may be eligible."

The vice-president issued notice of suspension against Messrs. Toon and Thomas, the same to remain in force until the charges preferred against them by the American Spaniel Club can be heard by the Executive Board.

The Victoria Kennel Club was elected to membership.

The matter of showing the dog Osceola Chimmie under the name of Chimmie was referred to the Executive Board, as was also the matter of the notice of John T. Cameron, of the failure of the Kentucky Kennel Club to pay him a prize won at the club's show.

The amended classification is as follows:

1. The puppy class shall be for all dogs over six months and under twelve months of age, and no entry can be made of one under six months, or whose date of birth is unknown.

2. The novice class shall be for all dogs never having won a first prize at any recognized show, wins in the puppy classes excepted.

3. The junior class shall be for all dogs never having won four first prizes at any recognized show, wins in the puppy and novice classes excepted.

4. The senior class shall be for all dogs having won four or more first prizes at any recognized show, wins in the puppy and novice classes excepted. In entering a dog in the senior class, it is necessary to specify on the entry blank a sufficient number of first prize winnings, giving name and year of show, to entitle it to compete in such class, until such time as it has won in a senior class, after which, one senior win shall be sufficient. These wins must be published in the catalogue.

5. The free-for-all class shall be for all dogs of any age over six months. No prize winner shall be debarred from competing.

6. All shows offering cash prizes for three of the above classes, from any one breed, one of which must be the free-for-all class, shall be empowered to provide for that breed a winners' class for the dogs which have won the first prizes in said classes, and the winner of three first prizes in such winners' classes will thereby become a champion of record, and be so registered by the American Kennel Club. No class winner can be withdrawn from competition in the winners' class. No entry fee shall be charged for exhibits in the winners' class.

"A dog that has already won one or more firsts in the challenge class shall retain these wins to his credit toward becoming champion of record, the remaining qualifying wins to be gained in the winners' class."

7. The miscellaneous class shall be open to all dogs of established breeds for which no regular class has been provided in the premium list. Entries in this class must specify the breed of the exhibit. Failure to comply with this condition shall disqualify the dog and cancel the award.

XIII. In estimating the number of prizes a dog has won, no award received by it, on or after the date of closing the entries shall be counted.

The following is the amended rule concerning the cancellation of wins:

XXII. The secretary of the American Kennel Club must cancel all wins, when he has satisfied himself that these rules have been violated by the exhibitor, in the following instances:

When an entry has been made after the advertised date of closing of entries.

When a dog has not been registered or listed.

When a dog has been entered in the name of an agent only.

When a dog has been pronounced deaf by competent authority.

When a puppy is entered, being under six months of age, or as date of birth unknown.

When a dog is entered in the novice class, having previously won a first prize.

When a dog is entered in the junior class, having previously won four or more first prizes.

When a dog is entered in the senior class, having won less than four first prizes.

When a dog is entered in the senior class, and the necessary first wins are not specified as to place and year of such wins.

When a dog is entered in the miscellaneous class and the breed is not specified or recognized.

When a dog, by authority of its owner, is led into the judging ring by, or is in charge of, a person not in good standing.

When a dog is entered by an owner or his agent, if either is not in good standing.

Alabama Field Trials Club.

THE Alabama Field Trials Club held a meeting on the evening of Sept. 1. There were eleven members present, and the following were elected to membership: L. Hardage, Madison; Harris Toney, Swancott; C. L. Smallwood, Tuskaloosa; William H. Hundley, Greenbrier, and Howard Smith and F. M. Stich, C. E. Meglemery, J. T. D. May and Charlie Bower, Birmingham. The date for the next trials is Feb. 8, and they will be run on the club's preserve at Madison, Ala. Entries to Derby and All-Age Stakes close on Jan. 8. Entrance $2.50, and $2.50 additional to start. A cup valued at $50 was donated by members of the club. This is a trophy for competition in the club's new stake, the Alabama Champion Stake. Dogs owned in Alabama are eligible, regardless of age or previous winnings. Entrance free. A silver cup, the gift of Mr. John Rosentihl, will be awarded to the best puppy born in 1897. The puppies must be handled by owners or other amateurs. The name of owner or winner will be engraved on the cup. Annual dues were reduced from $5 to $2.50, and the initiation fee was abolished. Madison is located on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, midway between Decatur and Huntsville. Both trains from the south on Louisville & Nashville Railroad make close connection with the Memphis & Charleston going and coming from Madison. The grounds (over 10,000 acres) are well stocked with birds, very open, level and in every way unsurpassed for field trial purposes. Rates will be $1.50 per day, including noon lunch on the trial grounds. Saddle horses $1 per day; team and driver $2 per day. Any inquiry addressed to Mr. F. G. Hertzler, Madison, Ala., in regard to grounds, birds, accommodations, horses, teams, etc., will have prompt attention.

The following rules of the club are commended to the attention of those who contemplate entering dogs: Pointers and setters will run together. Dogs eligible must be the property of amateurs residing in Alabama. Dogs having won first place (in Derby or All-Age Stake) at any recognized field trials prior to the running of these trials, or whose owner may have handled for money in public field trials, are barred. All dogs to be handled by owner or other amateur, who must be a resident of Alabama.

Death of Thomas Stone.

CONCERNING the death of Thomas Stone, Mr. Thomas Johnson writes feelingly to us as follows:

"WINNIPEG, Sept. 20.—It is only a short time ago I had to write you of the death of the patron of the Northwestern Field Trials Club, Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, and now I am pained to tell you that he who had been our president for the past five years passed away yesterday.

"To me this is a most affecting loss. Born within a few miles of each other, and near the same age, meeting again years after parting, thousands of miles from our native land, and both adopting the great Canadian Northwest as our future home, we had tastes in common, and more pronounced in everything appertaining to manly sports. Stone was a man in millions, fully 6ft. tall, weighing over 200lbs., a veritable gladiator and a perfect picture of physical manhood. He held 'championships' for all kinds of feats of strength and agility, and was a great lover of dogs, having bred and owned some of the most noted greyhounds England ever had, besides having at different times many notable pointers and setters.

"He was a genial, whole-souled, sympathetic fellow; brave to a fault, manly before all men, yet endowed with the fine sensibilities of a woman. We were friends in the truest sense the word implies; so you will conceive that the loss to our club is great, but to myself immeasurably greater."

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In respect to the rabbit incident at Liverpool, which afforded grounds for the prosecution of Capt. Hargreaves and his kennel man Hudson by the R. S. P. C. A., Hudson was fined 10s. and costs, Capt. Hargeaves £3 fine and £5 4s. 6d. costs. The offense consisted in using a rabbit in the show ring to attract the attention of Capt. Hargreaves's St. Bernards. A string was tied to the rabbit's hindleg, by which it was pulled back after being thrown out into the ring. The magistrate ruled that to exhibit the rabbit in that manner was an act of cruelty, but the fine was imposed for the cruelty inflicted by tying a string to the rabbit and jerking it back.

We are informed by Mr. L. O. Seidel, secretary, that the Central Beagle Club's trials will be held at Rice's Landing, Pa.

Mr. G. V. Young, secretary-treasurer, writes us as follows: "The third annual meet of the Dixie Red Fox Club, to be held at Waverly, Miss., Nov. 1, is postponed until Nov. 29, owing to the uncertainty of frost and the quarantine regulations."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MASSACHUSETTS, Danvers, Mass.—My pointer bitch, six years old, was bred once, four years ago. About sixty days after she came in season. She is very restless, as if she was going to have puppies. Her teats are inflamed with more or less milk. She goes poking around trying to crawl under doorsteps, and is very uneasy. Can you recommend any relief? Ans. First give a purgative, then half a grain of the extract of belladona three times a day. Bathe the teats with hot water morning and evening, and if necessary milk them sufficiently to relieve the pressure.

Yachting.

YACHT RACING FIXTURES 1897.

THE following list of fixtures has been compiled from many different sources, some of them not official, and it may contain some errors. We shall be glad to have notice of corrections and additions.

Races of the Sound Y. R. U. are marked with the letter S; those of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. with the letter M:

OCTOBER.

9. Miramichi, Gould cup, Chatham, N. B.
9-10. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Corinthian Cove, San Francisco.
16. Cor. San Francisco, closing day, San Francisco.
17. Cor. San Francisco squadron, cruise, San Franc'sco.

"Yacht Architecture."

DIXON KEMP.

WITH the third edition of "Yacht Architecture," the series of standard works for which yachtsmen the world over are indebted to Mr. Dixon Kemp, may be said to have reached its majority; this book, just issued, marking the twenty-first year since the publication of the introductory volume. The first book, the large quarto, "Yacht Designing," came at an important time, when the professional yacht designer was just making a place for himself in England and assuming the work previously delegated to the yacht builder. Mr. Kemp's clear and thorough presentation of the principles of designing, illustrated by the designs, then a comparative rarity, of successful yachts, did much to interest and to instruct yachtsmen, and to foster the study of designing both by builders and amateurs.

Two years later, in 1878, he launched another book, "Yacht and Boat Sailing," an octavo volume of moderate thickness, but treating most comprehensively the subjects of practical seamanship and yacht racing, and describing in detail small craft of all kinds from the canoe to the 10-tonner. From that date onward the larger size was abandoned, the successive editions of "Yacht and Boat Sailing" down to the current one (eighth) have been of the same nominal size, though greatly increased in thickness.

When the time came for a new edition of "Yacht Designing" in 1885, the title was changed to the more comprehensive one of "Yacht Architecture," and the size was changed to that of the later work. The successive editions of these two works, 11×7in. in height and breadth, fill a length of 32in. on a book shelf, and "Yacht and Boat Sailing" in its eighth edition and "Yacht Architecture" in its third, each measures 4½in. in thickness. While there is much in each volume relating to the principles of both designing and handling that is practically unchanged from year to year, those parts relating to practice, the designs of yachts, are constantly changing, old designs being of necessity dropped from each successive edition to make room for new ones.

While there are occasional craft, such as the once-famous Kriemhilda and Vanessa and the more modern Minerva, which will always stand out as models of naval architecture, the rapid changes of rule and fashion that serve to make a new boat famous in her first year, now hurry her out of the way after a couple of seasons to make room for some greater novelty. In this manner both books are constantly changing, new designs taking the place of old.

The care and thoroughness which made the second edition of "Yacht Architecture" so valuable have left but little room for improvement in that part relating to the principles of designing. On this subject, Mr. Kemp says in his preface: "In publishing the first edition of 'Yacht Architecture,' in 1885, I was able to state that the knowledge of the scientific principles on which yacht designing is based had been considerably extended since the publication of my large work, 'Yacht Designing,' in 1876. This can also be said of the period between 1885 and 1897, and, no doubt, the present generation of yachtsmen and those interested in yachts have a much more exact knowledge of the science of naval architecture than their predecessors had, owing to their having studied the numerous works published on the subject. It cannot, however, be claimed that any great discovery has been made since 1887 which has thrown new light on the science; notwithstanding, yacht designing and constructing have undergone great development in all their branches."

As they now stand, the chapters on Displacement, Buoyancy, Stability, Lateral Resistance, Sail-carrying Power, Steering, Resistance, etc., present to the student of yacht designing the latest knowledge on these subjects, and combine in a compact and convenient form a mass of useful information that otherwise could only be had by reference to many authorities that are not readily accessible.

While the theoretical portion of the work has been improved and extended, the principal additions are in what may be called the practical portion, the designs. The already extensive collection in the former edition has been materially extended, among the additions being such well-known racers as Isolde, the Fife 64ft. l.r. cutter, Lord Dunraven's Audrey, Stephanie, Kismet, Edie, Tatters, Wenonah, Dusky Queen, Norman, Heartsease and Anetta. Most of these, of course, are of the fin-keel type, pure racing machines, with the most limited accommodation and headroom, though with rather less draft than similar American craft.

That portion of the work relating to power propulsion is now very complete, covering the latest developments in engines, boilers and propellers, as well as the hulls. Cruising craft of different sizes and rigs also occupy a prominent place. One of the most valuable, as well as the most interesting, features of the work is the large collection of plates and cuts descriptive of yacht construction and fittings. This includes some large colored plates, in which every detail is clearly shown. Wood, composite and steel construction are fully illustrated by sections of well-known yachts. A special

chapter on "Yacht Architecture in Germany" describes the great progress made in recent years; designs of some of the later German yachts are also given.

Whether dealing with the more abstruse theories of design or the every-day methods of the shipyard and boat shop, Mr. Kemp's treatment of the subject is always direct and practical, and the book is quite as well adapted to the amateur and the working builder as to those of greater experience and education.

Numbered Names.

As a matter of legal right a very wide latitude must certainly be allowed to the owner of a yacht in naming his craft; a name may be as trite, commonplace and meaningless as many really are, and yet, provided it is not already in use, it is in one sense no one's business but the owner's. At the same time it must be admitted that as a matter of general interest and the common good, a yachtsman is under some public obligations in naming his new yacht. Of course, the first questions are those of the moral right and of good taste, an owner who has selected for his new yacht a new name or one not in present use, has a moral right to its sole and undisputed use, and may justly resent the subsequent appropriation of the name by a fellow yachtsman, though such a practice is by no means unknown. Similarly, an owner who has made famous such a name as Puritan, Volunteer, Vigilant or Defender, may object to having it bestowed promiscuously on freaks, cruising tubs, hay barges, tugboats and similar craft. The first owner of a name has a moral right to its sole use, at least within the area of the vessel's service.

If the owner has certain rights he at the same time is under certain responsibilities in selecting a name. In the case of a racing yacht, at least, she does not belong to him alone, but to his clubs and to the racing system of which they are a part. The least he can do is to select a name which will fully and definitely identify the yacht in the minds of yachtsmen. The doubling up of names, with or without numerals, is a nuisance to all parties, especially to those concerned in the management of races. The *Field* comments as follows on the adontion of the custom in this country, something which as yet has not gone very far:

It will be noted that the British fashion of putting Roman numerals after a yacht's name, to denote the number an owner has built of the same name, has taken on over the other side of the water. We believe it was introduced in this country in connection with the series of Dragons built by Mr. F. C. Hill about ten years ago. The fashion has now been introduced into steam yachting, and although it may be only an innocent sort of whim in the case of small yachts, it is likely to cause confusion in delivering letters to the owners of cruising yachts. The name of the original yacht can be changed, of course, but there does not appear to be any reason left for adding II., III. or IV., as the case may be, to the yachts which follow. Years ago it was a common practice for an owner to build a succession of yachts of the same name, and among these many will remember Capt. Whitbread's Queens, Lord Alfred Paget's Violets, Mr. Kirby's Violets, etc. We think most of these retained their original names to the last. Indeed, the rage for changing the names of yachts is of quite recent origin, and, of course, the practice has grown because yachts now so frequently change hands. In the early days of yachting an owner generally stuck to a vessel he had built as long as he lived, but owners come and go now faster than the moon changes.

The Dragon series is a case in point; these three yachts cover a most interesting stage of development, the production of a new and admirable type on the first adoption of the old rating rule, and the changes which paved the way to the fin-keel. Each of the three was a very successful boat, almost as notable and interesting as their sister ships from Mr. Will Fife's board, Clara and Minerva; but while the history and identity of the latter is clear and distinct, the identities of Dragon I., Dragon II., Dragon III., are completely mixed, and further complication follows the subsequent changes of name to Molly and Idalia. The same is true of the three Valkyries and five Spruces; the histories and the identities of the various boats, interesting as they are, must always be in an inextricable tangle, except to their original owners.

There is a good deal to be thankful for, so far as American yachting history is concerned, that there is only one America, one Mischief, one Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer, Vigilant and Defender.

The Larchmont Matches.

THE first two of the series of races for the 51ft. and 36ft. classes for special cups offered by Com. Postley, of the Larchmont Y. C. were sailed last week, Syce, in the 51ft. class, and Acushla, in the 36ft. class, winning both races, so that a third was not necessary. On Sept. 22 there was a fresh nor'easter blowing, with of course a lively sea on the Sound. The first leg of the course was the three miles to the Hempstead mark, then four miles to windward to the east mark in the Sound, and four miles to the line. The starters were: Syce, sailed by her owner, F. M. Hoyt; Vencedor, sailed by J. F. Lovejoy, and the 36-footers Acushla, Wilmer Hanan; Anoatok, Oswald Sanderson, and Vorant II. With Mr Sanderson were Com. Jarvis, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., and Mr. N. D. Lawton. Colonia was under way, as well as the steam yacht Sagamore. The 51-footers started at 12:05, and the 36-footers at 12:10. Vencedor was over within 15s., Syce being a little later, but to windward. She carried no topsail, but a baby jibtopsail. The 36-footers made a smart and even start, Acushla carrying whole sail and the others each having a single reef. Syce very soon led Vencedor in the reaching, and Anoatok passed Acushla to windward just after the two came on the wind at the Hempstead mark; but Acushla regained her lead. The mark was timed:

Syce	1 07 34	Acushla	1 24 23
Vencedor	1 16 45	Vorant II.	1 40 00
Anoatok	1 23 36		

With spinakers to starboard they ran to the line, and the first round was timed:

Syce	1 40 03	Anoatok	1 58 55
Vencedor	1 49 40	Acushla	1 59 05
Vorant	Withdrew.		

The reach across to Hempstead showed a hot fight between Acushla and Anoatok, but when on the wind again the former gained very rapidly. The times at the East mark were:

Syce	2 40 35	Acushla	3 45 50
Vencedor	3 02 03	Anoatok	3 18 29

Spinakers were set again and they ran to the finish, being timed:

Syce	3 11 03	Acushla	3 15 30
Vencedor	3 26 15	Anoatok	3 18 29

The final times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
51FT. CLASS.			
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	3 06 06	3 06 06
Vencedor, H. M. Gillig	47.64	3 21 15	3 17 28
36FT. CLASS.			
Acushla, Hanan Brothers	34.04	3 40 28	3 40 23
Anoatok, O. Sanderson	33.97	3 45 24	. .. ..
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	34.00	Did not finish.	

The preparatory signal for the second race was given at noon on Sept. 25 with a light S.S.W. wind and smooth water, the threatened cyclone—of which a taste was met with on Wednesday—having given place to fine warm weather. A good start was made by all the boats, the signals being at 12:05 and 12:10. Vencedor and Acushla, as on Wednesday, led their classes. The wind was so light that the 36ft. class sailed but one round, the 51-footers sailing two. The times of the rounds were:

	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Home Mark.	Finish.
Syce	12 44 09	2 34 46	2 59 46	5 38 00
Vencedor	12 46 16	3 14 27	3 41 49	Not timed.
Acushla	12 51 17	2 57 52	3 25 08	. .. ..
Anoatok	12 54 11	3 01 59	3 36 44	. .. ..
Vorant II	12 54 39	3 13 08	3 42 26	. .. ..

	Length.	Elapsed.
51FT CLASS.		
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	5 33 00
Vencedor, H. M. Gillig	47.67	Not timed.
36FT. CLASS.		
Acushla, W. Hanan	34.04	3 15 08
Anoatok, O. Sanderson	33.97	3 26 44
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	34.00	3 32 26

Syce and Acushla win the cups.

Western Yachts.

FOX LAKE Y. C.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 24.—The final race was sailed Sept. 19 between Mabelle, winning boat of the Fox Lake (Ill.) fleet, and El Capitan the season's winner in the regattas of the Delavan Lake Y. C., of Wisconsin, the event coming off on Delavan waters. Rough weather was met both days of the sailing, and the last contest was finished in a gale not much short of that which tore the deck off El Capitan the day previous. Mabelle was well sailed, and proved a puzzle for the Delavanites, who saw her make the best time ever sailed around the Delavan course. Mabelle had never previously equalled her record of Sept. 19, which broke the local record one minute flat. El Capitan was sailed by Capt. Philo King, Mabelle by Capt. Frank L. Grannis, whose crew was Messrs. R. Douglas, O. Ware, W. Bower, C. Murray and Dr. Flegler. Mabelle belongs to Bald Eagle Y. C., of Fox Lake. This probably will close the season of interlake racing. Time in the final race was: Mabelle, 1.04.00; El Capitan, 1.17 00.

COLUMBIA Y. C. WATER FETE.

The Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, held a carnival last week, all the fleet turning out decorated, the following boats being in the harbor about the club boat-house: Toxteth, Com. Baker; Siren, G. W. Pearce; Charlotte R., C. M. Smalley; Weasel, William Hennessy; Genevieve, Robert Haves; Wizard, J. Ingersoll; Atalanta, Robert Young; R., F. Porter; Skate, Wightman; Blade, Com. Ramsdell; Allie T., W. H. Thompson; Pathfinder, Com. F. W. Morgan, and Vixen, Com. Bowles.

The prizes for the open regatta were distributed to the winners. The schooner Mistral received the Steffens cup, and the Lawrence and Kimbark schooner cup. Siren got the Hennig cup, and Microbe the Farwell cup, both time prizes. The Hyman-Berg shield went to Peri, and other cups for the race went to Siren, Blade and Microbe.

On Sept. 23 Weasel and Microbe, of Columbia Y. C., indulged in a little private contest, sailing over the course from Van Buren street gap in the Government pier to the Chicago avenue Waterworks Crib and return. The boats got off to a good start, Weasel rounding the Crib first and running home winner by 10m.; time, 1:47:00. Weasel is owned by W. H. Hennessey, Microbe by Rosing & Thorn.

E. HOUGH.

The Proposed National Association.

THE following circular has been sent out this week, accompanied by the proposed articles of association and sailing rules. There is every prospect that the end of this month will witness the birth of a strong and permanent union of American yacht clubs:

To the Yacht Associations and Clubs of the United States and Canada:

Pursuant to a resolution adopted at a conference of the representatives of the yacht associations and clubs of the United States and Canada, held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in the city of New York, on Saturday, May 1, 1897, we, the undersigned, a committee appointed by the chairman of the said conference, hereby give you notice in accordance with said resolution, that we have prepared articles of association and sailing rules, omitting from the latter the measurement and classification rules, and other rules, dependent thereon, copies of which are hereto annexed and which we forward to you herewith for the purpose specified in said resolution of having same submitted to the different clubs represented at said meeting and such other clubs as it has been deemed advisable by this committee to furnish with copies of such articles of association and racing rules, in order and for the purpose of having the same reported back to this committee and having such associations and clubs appoint and instruct delegates as to the action or position they desire to take with respect to the same, at a meeting, which we hereby notify you, will be held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in the city of New York, on Saturday, Oct. 30, 1897, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon; which meeting we hereby call for the purpose specified in and as directed by said resolution.

NEWBURY D. LAWTON,
AEMELIUS JARVIS,
LOUIS M. CLARK,
ALANSON J. PRIME,
JAMES M. MACDONOUGH,
OSWALD SANDERSON,
FRANK BOWNE JONES,
} *Special Committee.*

Dated Sept. 25, 1897.

The Massachusetts Y. R. A. Meeting.

THE Massachusetts Y. R. A. has a very wise provision for a meeting in October for the consideration and adoption of amendments to the rules; in good season for the early placing of orders for new boats. Secretary Bliss has sent out the following notice to the delegates:

The October meeting of this Association will be called on Thursday, Oct. 21, 1897 (notice of which will be sent you later), at which meeting amendments to the by-laws and racing rules should be made; and as our rules require that "the notice of such meeting shall have contained the proposed amendments in full," it will be necessary for you to have such amendments in the hands of the secretary, to be inserted in notice, at least one week before the meeting.

The aim of this Association is to improve and perfect its rules, and each delegate should present this matter to his club at its next regular meeting, and also confer personally with racing men with regard to any changes which might be beneficial to yacht racing.

Prominent among ideas which have been advanced are the increasing of the class limits 1ft.; to establish 15ft. and 35ft. classes; to subdivide the third class into cabin and open boats, and as to postponing the abolishment of time allowance, etc., etc., all of which should be presented to your club, and you should come to the meeting prepared to vote as your club may have instructed you.

This is businesslike and very much to the point; if owners, delegates and clubs will do their part in suggesting and discussing proposals for the improvement of the rules, much may be accomplished; and that in time to be utilized next season.

Winning Flags.

ONE excellent feature of modern racing is the growing importance of continuous records as compared with individual prizes; the competition in many cases being out of all proportion to the intrinsic value of the prizes. This is particularly the case in the different racing associations, such as the Lake Y. R. A. and the Massachusetts Y. R. A.; the cash prizes are generally small, but every yacht in the fleet is racing for a place on the official record. The Lake Y. R. A. has for some years past awarded flags of different colors for first, second and third places in its races; the competition for these flags being far keener than it would be for such cash prizes as the association could afford. The Massachusetts Y. R. A. preserves an official record of every race and every yacht, from which is compiled the official average. At the end of the season a bronze medal and a pennant are given to the yacht having the highest percentage in each class, and a diploma is given to the yacht winning the highest percentage in all the classes. At the end of the season there is published in pamphlet form the official records of every race and of every class, showing the relative work of each yacht in the fleet. In most of the races the prizes are in cash, and small in amount, but there is a strong and healthy rivalry for a place on the record.

In other localities, where the matter has not yet been reduced to a system, the English custom of flying a winning flag, the owner's burgee, for each race, is becoming more popular every year.

It is unfortunately the case that very valuable prizes do not attract entries, as instanced this year in the case of the Goelet cups and the Larchmont schooner cup; and, on the other hand, where there is really a spirit of rivalry between owners, as in the 30ft. class and the Boston classes, there is good racing for comparatively small prizes in cash or cups. With this evidence before them, it is to the interest of the associations and clubs to encourage as far as possible the fashion of racing for records.

One essential of this system is the flying of winning flags as an evidence of victory; and this usage should be encouraged, but at the same time it must be regulated by laws, or it will soon fall a victim of abuse. *The Yachtsman*, in a late issue, discusses the English usage as follows:

From time to time the custom of flying winning flags for prizes other than firsts has engaged attention, but no definite rule or recommendation has been made by the Yacht Racing Association on the subject. This seems a pity, for winning flags are the only emblems whereby the general public can be made aware of the successes of a yacht, and it is certainly delusive to find one craft flying say twenty flags, of which perhaps only two or three represent firsts, while another in the same class may boast only fifteen, ten of which may be for firsts. It is now the custom, too, to fly flags for third prizes; and, no doubt, where a fourth prize is given, it would be held to carry a flag with it. A few years ago this custom did not exist, and we think that some steps should be taken to alter it, for it is calculated to rob a time-honored privilege of much of its value.

Suggestions have been made that flags denoting second and third prizes should be of different shapes from that of the firsts, or that the different values of the flags should be denoted by separating each lot by some fancy flag. This certainly would be better than the present indiscriminate habit of flying all together, and perhaps it would be well to allow no yacht to fly a flag for a second prize unless there were at least five starters in a race, nor a third prize flag unless there were seven. If the Y. R. A. intends to undertake the registration of racing flags, it might also at the same time consider this question.

There are in the above several suggestions which are worthy of the attention of American associations and clubs, as it is desirable that every encouragement be given to this inexpensive and valuable stimulus to yacht racing. Should the proposed national association become a reality this fall, as we earnestly hope it may, it cannot do better than to take up at once the entire flag question, assuming the task of formally registering racing flags; in fact, all private signals, even of cruising owners, and of establishing a definite system of recording prize positions in races and indicating them by means of winning flags. There has been for some time a demand on the part of yachtsmen for some official registration of private signals, but this is hardly a matter that the Government can be expected to burden itself with, and none of the existing associations or clubs possess the requisite jurisdiction. Such work, however, is well within the functions of a national association.

The same is true of records and winning flags, while some associations have attempted to deal with the matter, one uniform system, such as can best be established and maintained by a national union of all associations and clubs, will be in every way superior. It is hardly necessary now to discuss the details, but there should be some standard symbols for first, second and third place; and some limitations, such as suggested by *The Yachtsman*, of a minimum number of starters as requisite to the award of such places.

The Speed of Yachts.

THE present year has witnessed some exceptionally high speeds on the part of small yachts in this country, both on salt and fresh water. The following observations on the speed of large yachts are contributed to the *Field* by Mrs. Wynham Fitzherbert, of the Royal Dorset Y. C.:

I note that in referring to the fast sailed race between Aurora and Bona round the Shambles Lightship, at the Royal Dorset Y. C. regatta, on Aug. 21, mention is made of the memorable duel between Satanita and Britannia in 1894 over the same course. On comparing the speeds of the yachts on the two occasions they prove to be very similar. In 1894 Satanita covered the 31 miles in 2h. 32m. 35s., and Britannia in 2h. 37m. 8s., while at the late regatta Meteor took 2h. 35m. 45s.; Aurora 2h. 35m. 50s.; and Bona 2h. 44m. 35s. to complete the same course. Satanita's rate of sailing works out at 12.19 knots per hour; Meteor's at 11.94 knots, Aurora's at 11.93 knots, Britannia's at 11.82 knots, and Sona's at 11.30 knots. In 1894 the sea was worse, but the wind was not quite so heavy; Satanita and Britannia carrying jibheaders over reefed mainsails, whereas this year the yachts with housed topmasts had all they could stagger under.

In 1894, the wind being E. by N., the yachts could not fetch No. 1 markboat, one and a quarter miles from the committee boat, but had to make two tacks in the first round and one tack in the second round to weather it, so that more water was sailed through on the occasion of the 1894 race than in the last. Although a high rate of speed is attained by large yachts while racing in a strong wind, races in which this point of sailing alone is exemplified, are unsatisfactory as tests of all round capabilities, and it is unfortunate that the formation of Weymouth Bay is such as to preclude the outside markboats from remaining safely in position when a heavy blow occurs from any point between S.S.W. and E.N.E. Sailing committees of clubs situated on the landlocked waters of the Solent are luckily spared the markboat anxiety, for well-known buoys and lightships furnish them with all they require, whatever may be the state of the weather. Less fortunately situated committes are liable to be confronted at the last minute with the necessity of substituting an inferior course for that intended, owing to the sudden collapse of one of the necessary turning points.

Massachusetts Y. R. A., 1897.

THE Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association has just closed a remarkably successful season, especially considering the condition of business and that this is but the second year of the Association. The standing of the leading yachts has been very thoroughly summed up by the Boston *Globe*, as follows:

With a view to comparing the work of the boats in the several Y. R. A. classes to somewhat better advantage than can be done with the table of Association averages, the *Globe* presents a series of "cross" tables, showing how many times each boat has beaten or has been beaten by every other boat in its class.

Similar tables have been presented in the knockabout class for several years past, and also in the year in which the Alpha won the championship in the 21ft. class; but this is the first attempt to give them in all the Association classes. It is believed that they will be of as much interest as the tables previously published, and that, taken in connection with the tables of Association averages, they will show the relative standing as well as the records of the racing boats better than in any other way. The knockabout table will be published later. No table is given in the second open class for the reason that Hoodlum's win has been so pronounced as to make the table of much less interest than the others.

The tables are not strictly from official figures, since formal reports of some of the races have not yet reached Sec'y Bliss, but they are compiled from the best available sources, and are not likely to be materially changed by later reports or the settlement of a few protests still pending. Errors are likely to creep into even the most carefully prepared tables, but the writer craves the indulgence of the yachtsmen in that respect, and trusts that if errors are found his attention will be called to them, and that they will be considered as purely clerical and not from lack of good intention to do justice to every boat making a record for itself in the season's racing.

Only those boats which have secured a place in the Association average tables are given a place in the "cross" tables, except in the case of Beatrice in the first class, where several prizes were lost through failure to have an official measurement within the required time. The work of the boat has, however, been so interesting as compared with her old competitors that she is included in this table, though not officially appearing as a prize winner in the Association records.

In the third class Allison, Yahoo and Nancy Hanks are dropping from the "cross" table, because their racing has had little effect on the standing of the other boats. All these have, with one exception, been beaten by all the other boats in their respective series, and no change in the result would be made by including them, save in the case of Cleopatra, when the win of the series by Yahoo would put Cleopatra below Vamoose. This has been discounted in the table, however, and the tie broken which would otherwise exist.

In the "cross" tables a boat's wins over other boats are shown in the horizontal lines, and her losses to other boats in the vertical ones. Read across for wins and down for losses.

It is a notable fact in comparing the "cross" with the Association average tables, that in no case is the place of first boat in the Association table changed by the results in the other. Several changes are, however, found in the ranking of the other boats, and they are interesting ones, as showing that room for improvement exists in the Y. R. A. method of percentages. In the "cross" tables the boats are ranked on the number of series lost and won. In case of tie on numbers, the winning or losing of the series with each other is the basis of decision.

In the first class under this system Emma C. and Little Peter change places, the former having won five out of the seven series, while Little Peter has won but four. Harbinger also goes above Asahi and Elfreda, while Elfreda goes above Asahi. The table in the first class is as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Ida J.	Emma C.	Little Peter.	Addie.	Harbinger.	Elfreda.	Asahi.	Beatrice.
Ida J.	..	6	5	3	7	7	2	8
Emma C.	2	..	5	1	6	6	2	9
Little Peter.	3	3	..	6	3	9	6	10
Addie	1	3	1	..	3	2	1	7
Harbinger.	0	1	3	0	..	5	0	4
Elfreda	0	2	3	1	1	..	4	4
Asahi	0	0	1	1	1	2	..	1
Beatrice	2	2	2	0	3	3	1	..

The table in the second cabin class shows no change in the position of the four leading boats. Harolde, however, steps above Yankee, and Whisper above both of them. Muriel's win of every series is by such a good margin as to leave no doubt of her championship. The table is as follows:

SECOND CABIN CLASS.

	Muriel.	Privateer.	Rex.	Nettie.	Whisper.	Harolde.	Yankee.
Muriel	..	10	6	8	5	1	4
Privateer	6	..	6	10	6	5	6
Rex	4	5	..	5	5	1	4
Nettie	2	2	3	..	3	2	2
Whisper	1	1	2	1	..	1	3
Harolde	0	0	0	0	0	..	1
Yankee	2	1	3	2	1	0	..

In the third class, a very interesting comparison can be made. The order of the boats is materially changed, except in the case of Rooster, which wins six out of her series, and ties the one with Al Anka. What would otherwise be a tie between Vamoose and Cleopatra, their own series with each other being also a tie, is broken by Yahoo's win over Cleopatra previously mentioned. The table:

THIRD CLASS.

	Rooster.	Al Anka.	Arab III.	Wrinkle.	Vamoose.	Cleopatra.	Omeme.	Tacoma.
Rooster	..	1	10	13	2	11	5	6
Al Anka	1	..	3	4	2	2	3	1
Arab III	3	2	..	10	2	7	5	5
Wrinkle	2	0	7	..	3	9	7	5
Vamoose	1	2	6	4	..	3	3	1
Cleopatra	0	2	6	5	3	..	3	1
Omeme	1	3	7	5	4	5	..	1
Tacoma	1	0	4	3	2	2	6	..

In the fourth class there is no change in the positions of the leaders. Vitesse wins all of her series, and Fantasy all but one. Both have done excellent work, and are a credit to their owners, who in both cases are the designers and builders as well as owners. The table:

FOURTH CLASS.

	Vitesse.	Fantasy.	Alpine.	Circe.	Gnome	Glide.	Ripple
Vitesse	..	14	12	9	4	10	8
Fantasy	5	..	9	10	5	9	10
Alpine	4	8	..	6	5	7	8
Circe	2	4	5	..	3	4	3
Gnome	2	0	1	2	..	2	2
Glide	0	2	1	2	1	..	3
Ripple	1	1	1	1	2	1	..

The foregoing tables, taken in connection with the Y. R. A. tables given elsewhere, show that the championships have been fairly won in each class under any possible system of figuring. The Association is to be congratulated on the fact, as well as the owners of the boats themselves. Here's to the health of the winners, and a wish for better luck next season to the losers.

The following tables of the racing percentages and averages of the boats of the Y. R. A. fleet are from the official figures of Sec'y Bliss, and are subject to change only in the decisions on several protests now pending before the Association's executive committee.

FIRST CLASS.

	Tl. pct.	Start.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Ass'n av.
Ida J.	800	12	6	4	..	.662/3
Little Peter	1400	24	11	5	2	.581/3
Emma C.	600	13	3	4	4	.462/13
Addie	450	9	2	4	2	.45
Asahi	250	8	1	2	2	.25
Harbinger	275	11	1	2	3	.25
Elfreda	250	14	2	2	2	.25

SECOND OPEN CLASS.

Hoodlum	1200	13	12	..	..	.924/13
Snipe II.	400	6	2	4	..	.40
Romance	275	10	..	5	1	.2.1/2

SECOND CABIN CLASS.

Muriel	1250	18	9	7	..	.64/9
Privateer	1150	27	13	8	2	.6422/27
Rex	500	12	3	1	6	.41/3
Nettie	300	13	1	3	2	.231/13
Yankee	175	7	1	1	1	.171/2
Harolde	75	4	..	..	3	.071/2
Whisper	50	7	..	..	2	.05

THIRD CLASS.

Rooster	1175	16	11	1	1	.737/16
Arab	1025	26	6	5	7	.391/26
Vamoose	425	11	3	2	1	.287/11
Al Anka	375	7	3	1	3	.371/2
Omeme	475	17	3	3	1	.2716/17
Wrinkle	525	20	1	7	3	.2/4
Cleopatra	425	17	2	3	3	.25
Tacoma	225	8	..	3	3	.221/2
Allison	200	7	..	2	4	.20
Yahoo	150	6	1	..	2	.15
Nancy Hanks	150	11	1	1	..	.137/11

FOURTH CLASS.

Vitesse	1525	20	13	3	3	.761/4
Fantasy	1200	24	6	7	6	.50
Alpine	650	18	3	5	4	.391/9
Circe	400	14	1	5	2	.254/7
Ripple	100	10	1	..	..	.10
Glide	100	2	..	2	..	.10
Gnome	75	6	..	1	1	.071/2

KNOCKABOUT CLASS.

Gosling	1200	16	7	8	4	.462/13
Mongoose	850	23	4	7	4	.3225/23
Fly	950	27	7	2	6	.255/27
Cock Robin	325	5	3	..	1	.321/2
Cockatoo	600	20	3	5	2	.20
Hazard	675	26	3	4	7	.2525/26
Sally III	325	24	2	1	3	.1313/24
Jacobin	50	13	..	1	..	.0311/13

Niagara II.

ON April 5 Howard Gould, owner of Niagara, signed the contract for the new steam yacht which had been talked of during the past winter, the builders being the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., of Wilmington, Del. The new yacht, which will be named Niagara II., will be of steel, bark-rigged, with twin screws, and is to be delivered by April 15, 1898, the contract speed being 14 knots. The dimensions are: Length over all, 270ft; l.w.l., 245ft.; beam, 36ft.; depth of hold from spar deck, 28ft.; depth of hold from main deck, 20ft.; freeboard amidship, 13ft; at bow, 18ft.; tonnage, 1,900. The hull will have a double bottom and three decks, and the vessel will be built to the requirements of Lloyds and the American Association. The engines will be triple expansion, cylinders 18, 28 and 45×30in., with three Scotch boilers of 160lbs. pressure. Capt. W. G. Shackford, formerly of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., who has been for some years in command of the steam yacht Atalanta, will have charge of the construction and will command the yacht. The arrangement of the deck and interior is described as follows: On the upper or spar deck, there will be a continuous house of steel 100ft. long by 16ft. wide. This will be covered with mahogany or teak.

In the forward part of this house will be the chart room, which will contain duplicate steam steering gear to be used in bad weather; and connecting with this room are the captain's quarters, which are spacious and very comfortable. The social hall, 32ft. by the full width of the house, follows aft, this to contain settees or seats, as may be determined upon; while adjoining will be the smoking room. 12×16ft; a passageway from it along the engine space on the port side, which is to be glass-inclosed, leads to Mr. Gould's room on this deck, of the same size as the smoking room. From the owner's quarters the observation room, which is in the extreme after-end of the deck house, is reached. This room is believed to be new in steam yachts, and it will be used by the Niagara's people particularly in rough weather. The sides are to be of glass, and the ends rounded, but will not meet, the after entrance being hung with heavy curtains, while the roof of the house will extend a short distance over it and be neatly finished. From the after end of the deck house to the taffrail there is a space of 45ft. The bridge, from which the yacht will be steered except in boisterous weather, will extend from the forward end of the chart room, aft to the smoke stack. The woods with which to finish the interior of the house and fittings, are matters for future consideration. None of the crew will ever be found on the upper deck, except when on duty. From both the forward and after ends of the social hall will be broad stairways, the former leading to the staterooms on the main deck—all accommodations being forward—and the latter to the library, which opens into the dining saloon.

The library is on the starboard side of the yacht, 22×12ft. The after end of this room is fitted as a large armory, and will be inclosed with glass. The dining room is 24ft. long by 36ft. wide, the full width of the vessel, and with the other handsome furniture will contain a piano, while a fireplace of exquisite and appropriate design will add much to the spacious and cosy apartment. Domes in the sides of the social hall, ingeniously concealed from view within, will give sufficient light and additional ventilation to the dining saloon, and at the same time will permit of very effective and artistically arranged electric lights. From a door on the starboard side of the dining saloon Mr. Gould's suite is entered, including a bedroom, 16×16ft.; a dressing room, 7×10ft., and a bath room 5×10ft. On the port side, directly opposite, is the largest guest's suite on the yacht, the three rooms being similar in size to those of the owner. The finish and fittings of these six rooms will be rich and handsome and determined upon later. There will be no thoroughfare in these suites. Four staterooms, each with a private bath, are forward, one a doctor's room, a photograph room and a brushing room, together with linen and other lockers. The occupants of these rooms will use the stairway leading from the social hall to the upper deck.

Going back to the library, there will be found opposite it on the port side a large butler's pantry; two kitchens, which are connecting, one for the owner and guests and the other for the officers and crew; a laundry, a "hospital room" and a room for a valet. The quarters for the officers and crew are aft on this deck, and particularly commodious. They will have a recreation space of 40ft. by 36ft., which will be lighted and ventilated from large, square port holes, hooked back from above, thus giving them really a shaded, open deck. There will be about fifty all told in the ship's company. The stairway from the social hall will continue to the lower deck, where there will be found three more guests' rooms, a hall for the servants to meet in, rooms for the maids, together with trunk and general storage rooms. All of these are large, and will be appropriately finished and fitted. The plumbing work is to be of the most modern description, and simple as is possible in its workings. Hot and cold fresh and salt water will be found in all bathrooms, as will be such other conveniences as are required. The yacht will be lighted throughout by electricity, two dynamos being supplied, together with a large storage battery, which will be found extremely useful and convenient. The Niagara will carry eight boats: one steam launch of 15ft., one naphtha launch of 24ft., two gigs, two dinghys and two lifeboats.—*American Shipbuilder.*

The Seawanhaka Cup.

AT last advices, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was awaiting the confirmation by letter of a telegraphic challenge from J. Arthur Brand, presumably through the Minima Y. C., the club which Mr. Brand represented in 1895. Until this letter is received, no action will be taken.

Riverside Y. C.

STILL another one-design class is proposed for the Riverside Y. C. of sailing dories, 17ft. over all, 13ft. on keel and 4ft. beam, with leg-o'-mutton mainsail and a jib. It is expected that a fleet of these boats can be built at a cost not to exceed $50 each. They will be named after salt-water fish.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The second supplement to Lloyd's Yacht Register has just been issued, containing the alterations and additions up to Aug. 31.

The Long Island Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Joseph A. Goldbacher; Vice-Com., John Essman; Rear-Com., Charles McManus; Rec. Sec'y, Charles Olmesdahl; Cor. Sec'y, Charles Williams; Fin. Sec'y, William L. Drummond; Treas., Frederick Schwanenflugel; Meas., Wm. B. Richards; Steward, Charles Weydig; Sergeant-at-arms, Frederick Berger; Board of Directors: Theodore Meyer, A. Schrader, C. Weydig and C. Olmesdahl; Regatta Committee: E. Euchart, J. Ameen and C. Williams; Finance Committee: C. Olmesdahl and J. Ameen.

The Gas Engine and Power Co. and C. L. Seabury & Co., consolidated, have enlarged their storage basins, at Morris Heights, by a basin 250ft. long, with 16ft. of water at low tide, and yachts are rapidly availing themselves of the facilities thus offered. Among those already laid up are the steam yachts Hiawatha II., Lorna, Tide II., Alga, Reva, Anita, Tillie, Nada, Margaret, Reposo, Linta and Alcina; and the cutters Enterprise and Sparetime. Margaret and Linta will have new Seabury boilers during the winter; Alga is being thoroughly overhauled, her deck house extended 10ft. aft, a large bridge added and the steering gear shifted to it, and she will also have a new Seabury boiler. Mr. Fleischman will fit out Hiawatha II. in February for to cruise to Bermuda and the West Indies, and Alga may also fit out for a cruise to the South.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. Carpenter, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Regatta Committee Report.

TWO weeks from the date of this issue the annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association will be held in New York. It is especially provided, both in the by-laws and the racing regulations, that all amendments to the latter shall be presented to the committee by the regatta committee, as part of "a full report" of the committee's work. This provision was adopted years ago for at least one good and sufficient reason—that most of the proposals for amendment are in a crude and incomplete form, making it necessary that they shall be properly worded and arranged previous to the meeting, where there is always much business to be transacted in a limited time. The reason for the provision of at least two weeks publication is, of course, obvious.

This year, in particular, a report from the regatta committee is specially desirable. Several important points in connection with the rules came up at the meet, all of them interesting to the members of the Association; and various proposals have been made for the amendment of the rules. The regatta committee alone is fully cognizant of these matters, and to it alone the members must look for information. Unfortunately no report has been received up to the time of going to press, and we understand that none has been prepared. Several amendments have been informally published in the FOREST AND STREAM, the Official Organ of the Association, and it will probably be ruled that such publication, even in the absence of the official report of the regatta committee, makes the proposals eligible for consideration by the executive committee, but it is to be regretted that the regular mode of procedure has not been followed.

A. C. A. Amendments.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you please publish the following proposals for the amendment of the A. C. A. Constitution and Racing Regulations:

Amend Art. VI., Sec. 4, to read as follows:

"Board of Governors.—Each Division in its proper turn at its annual meeting shall elect in the same manner as their regular officers, one member of that division to serve on the board of governors of the Association for a term of four years, or until his successor is elected. The commodore shall be a member *ex officio*."

Insert in Sec. 5 after the words "board of governors" "to have general control of the funds and finances of the Association."

I would also offer the following suggestions for amending Rule L.: "That the minimum depth of open canoes be 11in., and in any race of open canoes where sails are used, the area of same shall be limited to 40sq.ft., no seat allowed to project beyond the gunwale, and no rudder to be used."

G. P. DOUGLASS.

A. C. A. Membership Competition.

THE Commodore and Secretary-Treasurer of the A. C. A. offer an open Canadian paddling canoe, with single blade paddles, as a first prize, also a pair of single blade or double blade paddles, at the option of the winner, as a second prize, to the members securing, before the opening of the 1898 meet, the largest and next largest number of new (active) members, respectively, to the American Canoe Association.

The presentation of prizes will take place at the meet. The re-election of ex-members will not count in this competition. By sending a postal card to the Purser of your division, application blanks will be mailed to you.

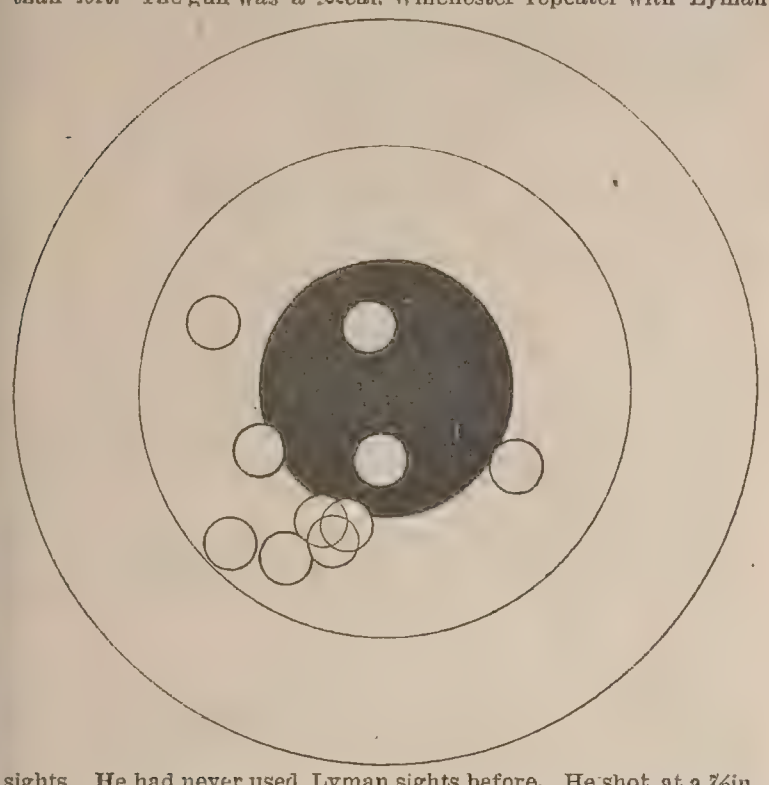
FRANK L. DUNNELL, Commodore.
C. V. SCHUYLER, Secretary-Treasurer.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

A Veteran's Score.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich., May 30.—Here is what seems to me a phenomenal performance when the shooter's age is considered:

Living in an adjoining county is an old gentleman who has been a hunter, trapper and guide nearly all his life. The other day he came to town, strolled around awhile calling on his friends and finally visited Pilbeam's shooting gallery, and did the remarkable shooting about which I am going to tell you. The range is a few inches less than 40ft. The gun was a .22cal. Winchester repeater with Lyman



sights. He had never used Lyman sights before. He shot at a ⅞in. bullseye, off-hand, standing clear of everything, without glasses, and out of 10 consecutive shots made the remarkable score of 92 out of a possible 100. There were two clean bullseyes and eight in the first ring outside the bullseye counting 9 each. This would be creditable shooting for any of us young fellows, but the remarkable thing is Mr. Whipple, the shooter, was born in March, 1800, and is therefore nearly two months over ninety-seven years old. Mr. W. went to California in 1828 and has spent nearly the whole of his life in the West. He has in his possession now a hatchet which has accompanied him on four round trips over the Rocky Mountains. He has had some thrilling experiences.

I enclose a copy of the pattern of his shots as near as we could copy them. Perhaps this will draw out some other old shooters.

M. C.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 28-Oct. 1.—PASSAIC, N. J.—Annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at Clifton racetrack. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. Main event on last day is at 25 live birds, $25 birds extra, handicap; $500 guaranteed to three high guns. W. H. Huck, Sec'y, Rutherford, N. J.

Sept. 30-Oct. 1.—ALTON, Ill.—Tournament of the Piasa Gun Club at Douglas Park. Targets. Under the management of Jack Park.

Oct. 4-5.—WARWICK, N. Y.—First annual tournament of the Warwick Gun Club. Open to all. Targets. $50 average money to four high guns in all programme events. John M Servin, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 12-14.—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Company.

Oct. 13.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Sixth contest for the Recreation cup. E. A. Jackson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 19-21.—DAYTON, Ia.—Second annual tournament of the Dayton Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds. "Cannot divide with professionals or manufacturers' agents."

Oct. 19-22.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Four days' tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. $500 added money. Geo. L Harrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 22-23.—HUNTINGTON, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club.

Oct. 26-28.—COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia.—Tournament under the auspices of W. D. Hardin, F. S. Crabill and C. B. Randlett. $300 added. Programmes later.

Oct. 27-29.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Amateur tournament at the Des Moines Gun Club's park. $300 added. W. R Milner, Manager.

Oct. 29-30.—GRAND RAPIDS, Minn.—Tournament of the Itasca Gun Club. Dr. W. P. Brown, Sec'y.

1898.

March 22-24.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The *American Field* takes us gently to task for wondering why it was silent when it should have known, if anyone did, that Elliott had not complied with the conditions governing challenges for the cast-iron badge, when he deposited his forfeit in the hands of FOREST AND STREAM. This is what it says in its last issue: "Why does the gentleman connect the *American Field* with the matter? We did not issue the challenge; we are not Mr. Grimm's backer; we have no interest in the matter one way or the other, except to give the news to our patrons. Our business is not that of arranging shooting matches between individuals; we are publishing a paper for the sportsmen of the country, and we find it keeps us pretty busy to give all the news of the day, without bothering with matters that do not particularly concern us, or stopping to find fault with what some of our cotemporaries do or do not do. Our friend should not lose sight of the fact that Charlie Grimm—not the *American Field*—holds the medal emblematic of the champion live-bird shot of America, and that he is quite able to defend it without any assistance from us; and that in trying to blame us for the challenger's shortcomings he goes a long way out of his road." We still think that it would have been a good item of news for the shooting public, in fact, would have been an interesting part of "all the news of the day" to have informed the wondering public why Charlie Grimm was silent. We do not wonder at the disclaimer; that is only a natural consequence of the unpleasant atmosphere at present surrounding the cast-iron badge and the cast-iron championship.

The programme for the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., has come to hand. The tournament takes place next week, Oct. 6–8; the first two days are at targets; the last day at live birds. The programme calls for 185 targets each day at an average entrance fee of 10 cents per target; all events are at unknown angles. The division of moneys will be under the Rose system, three moneys, under twelve entries; four moneys, twelve entries or over. There are ten events each day, three 15 and seven 20-target events. For the live-bird day there are three events scheduled: No. 1, 5 birds, $5; No. 2, 7 birds, $7; No. 3, 10 birds, $10. All purses at live birds will be divided under the old system. For the target shooters the club will divide $50 into six moneys—$13, $11, $8, $7, $6 and $5, to go to the shooters making the highest averages on targets on both days. The programme says: "Ties divided unless otherwise agreed." We think this is a mistake. Average money should always go to the high guns, not class shooting; this does away with any chance of dropping for place. Two sets of traps under the control of Gil, the boss trapper, will be in readiness on the morning of Oct. 6. As Newburgh is so near Warwick, N.Y., where there is a two day's shoot on Oct. 4–5, the boys should find no difficulty in putting in a good week at the traps. It is just twenty-eight miles from Warwick to Newburgh over the Erie Railroad.

R. E. B., of Greenville, Pa., writes us, under date of Sept. 26, as follows: "The Greenville Gun Club, a member of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun Club League, has arranged an extensive programme for the especial purpose of entertaining the amateur shooters; and by so doing hopes to merit the approval of all lovers of the trap and gun. It has been claimed by many shooters in this section that an amateur shoot could not be successfully conducted, but from the many applications received for programmes and particulars of the tournament, the attendance promises to be the largest of any shoot held in this section. The programme contains ten events. Besides the regular division of money, the two high guns in each event will receive handsome merchandise prizes, donated by the citizens of this city. The last event will be a Winchester gun handicap. The gun is an 1897 model. All professionals and paid experts are barred from the sweepstakes, but may shoot for birds and display goods. Come to Greenville with your shooting clothes on Wednesday, Oct. 6."

The programme for the Warwick (N. Y.) tournament, Oct. 4–5, calls for 205 targets each day, with a total entrance fee of $15.50 for all day. Both known and unknown angles will be thrown in the ten events on each day's schedule. Following is a list of the events: Nos. 1, 4 and 10 are at 20 targets, unknown angles, $1.50 entrance; Nos. 2, 6 and 9, 15 targets, known angles, $1; Nos. 3, 5, 7 and 8, 25 targets, unknown angles, $2 entrance. Fifty dollars will be given, divided as follows: $15.50, $13.50, $11.50 and $9.50 to the shooters making the best averages on both days on targets. Ties divided unless otherwise agreed. Moneys will be divided as follows: Entries of twelve and under, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Entries over twelve, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Targets 2 cents each. Warwick, N. Y., is a lovely place, and there are many good reasons why a shooter can spend Sunday there as pleasantly as any place around here. As the shoot commences at 9 o'clock sharp Monday morning, it will be almost necessary for those who want to try for the average money to be on the spot early.

Mr. D. Alfred De Pas, of New Orleans, is now up North and is stopping near this city. Mr. De Pas has not done much trap-shooting, but he went along with the boys to see the team race between the Bergen County Gun Club and the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., at Hackensack, on Friday last, Sept. 24. He was an interested spectator, but the snipey look of the Hackensack meadows caught his eye more than the flying targets. He thought about the prairies down in Louisiana where the snipe are now getting fat and are wondering when "that man De Pas will come along with his gun" and hustle them around. Although there are plenty of quail in Louisiana, it is rather a strange fact to note that last season was about the first in which he did anything to Bob White. His hobby has been, and is, snipe and duck shooting.

Van Dyke has been doing some good shooting recently. At the Portsmouth, N. H. Interstate shoot, Sept. 15-16, he came pretty near to being high man. On the second day he started off with a 12 out of 15; then he ran three 15s and two 20s straight, making altogether a run of just 101 straight. At the shoot at Hackensack, N. J., on Friday afternoon, Sept. 24, when the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., sent a team of ten men to face the Bergen County Gun Club's team, Van was again well to the front. In the team race he broke 22 out of his first 25; he then ran the next 25 straight, adding another 20 straight in a sweep immediately after the main event. His run was something like 60 straight, and on hard targets at that.

On Saturday morning last, Sept. 25, we had the pleasure of greeting Mr. H. Hawkins, of the E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., Limited, who had arrived that morning from England on the steamer Paris. Mr. Hawkins, who comes from Eyeworth, Hampshire, England, will locate in Oakland at the factory. He expects to enjoy American life, especially as he says his first experiences on American soil were quite pleasant. First impressions go a long way, so it is perhaps just as well that Mr. Hawkins did not land on Thursday afternoon last.

The Sportsmen's Association has changed the dates for its annual Exposition from March to Jan. 13-22. This brings it two months ahead of the Grand American Handicap, instead of one week, as in previous years. The Exposition this year will make a specialty of bicycles, in addition to the usual grand display of fine guns, sporting goods of all kinds, and trophies. This will add much to the popularity of a show that has already attracted more than a usual amount of popularity in a short time.

Mr. J. M. Browning, one of the Browning brothers, of Ogden, Utah the inventors of the Winchester repeating shotgun, is in the East on business. His last trip here was during the Sportsmen's Exposition, last March, and, if we remember aright, he took part in the Grand American Handicap. Mr. Browning was a member of the Utah team that rolled up such a large total in the team race at live birds between that State and Montana early in the spring. He expects to make quite a stay in this city and its vicinity before leaving for Utah again.

Tod Sloan, the well-known jockey, is a new member of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, and from the way he handles his gun he bids fair to rival his heavier brother of the pigskin, Snapper Garrison, when it comes to shooting live birds. There was only one 10-straight in the club race, but Tod Sloan was one of the 9s. In a 5-bird sweep, shot after the club race, he scored his 5 birds in good style.

Elsewhere we give a reply to Mr. Grimm's letter, which appeared in the columns of our Western cotemporary of Sept. 25. A perusal of that reply will show that everything was just as we expected. It looks, however, as if Grimm had not done himself any good by going into type. So long as he kept silence, one could do nothing but guess. Now that he has spoken, there is no doubt as to his motive in keeping silence.

The return match between the Bergen County Gun Club and the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., will take place on Friday week, Oct. 8, on the grounds at Red Bank. The Bergen County team will leave for Red Bank on the 10 o'clock train, Pennsylvania Railroad, reaching Red Bank at 11:20. The Riverside Gun Club intends to make this team race the occasion for an all-day shoot at targets.

We regret to learn that E. A. Jackson, secretary of the Bergen County Gun Club, Hackensack, N. J., met with a serious accident on Saturday afternoon last. A shell in his gun burst at the base, we are told, and the result was an explosion that may cause the loss of his right eye. We have received no official report of the case to date, and sincerely hope that Mr. Jackson's injuries may not prove anything like as serious as they are reported to be.

The New Haven, Conn., Gun Club has issued a neat little programme for Thursday, Oct. 7; $15 is added by the club, $9 in a 20-target event, and $6 in a 15-target event. Four moneys in all events, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Shooting commences at 9:30 A. M. The New Haven gatherings are always enjoyable, hence we regret that this fixture clashes with the date chosen for the Newburgh, N. Y., tournament.

On Thursday, Sept. 23, E. C. Burkhardt and F. G. Wheeler, both of Buffalo, N. Y., shot a 100-target race on the Bison Gun Club's grounds. Burkhardt won easily with the excellent total of 96 to 89; he ran 48 straight before losing a target. The targets were bluerocks and were thrown from the club's magautrap. Both contestants used 3⅛drs. Hazard's Blue Ribbon, with 1¼oz. No. 7½ shot in U. M. C. Nitro shells.

H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass., was in this city on Tuesday last, Sept. 21, on his way East from Lakewood, N. Y. It will not be very long before he is making his way South again, to spend the winter in Florida, looking after the bicycle departments of the hotels on the great East Coast System. Gil may show up this week at Passaic, N. J.

In a race at 15 live birds in Allentown, Pa., the other day, F. C. won first money alone on 15 straight. James Timmons, of Morristown, N. J., Gosner and Hohn tied for second money on 14 each. J. D. Arthur and John Rehrig tied for third money with 13 each. Frank Class could do no better than score 11 out of his 15. There were eleven competitors.

The W. J. Healey Hardware Co. writes us from Mitchell, S. D., under date Sept 15, as follows: "Owing to a misunderstanding as to the dates of the Sioux Falls tournament and the South Dakota State Fair, we are obliged again to postpone our shooting tournament until Oct. 12-14. This date is final, and our programmes will be out in a few days, when we will be pleased to forward copy."

Fred Gilbert has been bicycling lately and met with an accident which put him on his back. Fred's challenge for the *Star* trophy had already been made and the date fixed by Elliott; but at Gilbert's request, Elliott postponed the shoot until Oct. 8, when the pair will meet at Kansas City, Mo., at 2 P. M.

What a relief it is to see two such truly great shots as Elliott and Gilbert make a match in about ten lines of type! If anybody really wants to shoot, it doesn't take long for him to make a match; provided, of course, that he doesn't mind traveling 200 or 300 miles to shoot it.

The Des Moines, Ia., Gun Club's park will be the scene of an amateur shooting tournament, Oct. 27-29; $300 will be added to the purses, and the tournament will be managed by Mr. W. R. Milner, who will gladly answer all questions regarding the tournament.

The scores of the Interstate Association did not reach us until too late for last week's issue. We mention this fact as some sort of an excuse to our Eastern friends for apparent neglect.

Western Traps.

JOHN WATSON'S TOURNAMENT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 24.—John Watson's early fall tournament was planned by that veteran possibly with the intent of raising the public opinion regarding live birds as trapped usually at this season of the year. The shooters were not expected to attend in any great numbers at this particularly unfortunate date, when so many are growing tired of trap-shooting and turning to the fields for fun. None the less a very good turnout resulted, about a dozen and a half taking turns at the traps. About 700 or more birds were shot daily, and perhaps 1,500 targets on the best day. The birds came up to the expectation, as they generally do at the old park, and everything moved along nicely, as things have a way of doing there. Among the shooters were E. H. Tripp, of Indianapolis; Frank Parmelee, of Omaha; Dr. Morris, Mr. Troop and R. B. Page, of Dixon, Ill.; Chas. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia.; Geo. Klehm, of Arlington Heights, Ill.; Capt. Andy Meaders and Mr. Ellison, of Nashville, Tenn.; Aug. Kolanczicke, of Mendota, Ill.; Geo. Roll, of Blue Island; Geo. A. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y.; S. A. Tucker of the Parker gun; F. H Hollister, of Chicago; E. S. Rice, general agent for the Du Pont Powder, and many others from Chicago and vicinity. On the first day an effort was made to occupy the target traps, but it is always difficult to hold attention to this sort of shooting at this particular place, where the specialty is live birds. By noon of the second day practically all the shooters were about the live-bird score, watching or taking a hand in some stiff sweeps or interesting miss-and-outs. The live-bird rules were A. S. A. revised, with some modification, through use of parts of the Illinois State rules, more especially as to boundary, which was the Illinois horseshoe. Moneys went 50, 30 and 20 in three-moneys events, and on proportionate scale in larger entries, birds in, 25 cents a bird, except call birds and extras, which went at 20 cents. Straights were not the commonest things in the world, even in the short sweeps, and many hopes were dashed well on to close of events where the shooter felt sure of running out and getting rich. On the second day attention was divided between Amberg, Von Lengerke, Dr. Shaw, Klehm, Grimm and Parmelee, each of whom raised hopes and let them down with cheerful inconstancy. Good lunches were provided, as usual, at the club rooms on the grounds, and, all in all, the little tournament passed off very pleasantly, seeming more like a friendly club shoot than a gory battle for supremacy. Following are the scores:

SCORES OF SEPT. 22.

No. 1, 7 birds, $3.50, three moneys:

C Grimm	2022223—6	L C Willard	2120122—6
E S Rice	22•1012—5	W R Elliston	1001202—4
G Roel	2222222—7	R B Page	1212110—6
Parmelee	1221122—7	S E Young	11•0100—3
Meaders	2201021—5	Dick	2200222—5

No. 2, 10 birds, $5, four moneys:

Grimm	2222222222—10	Roll	22222222•2— 9
Rice	2111202220— 8	Young	121•012012— 7
Page	22212•2211— 9	Elliston	2222222022— 9
Meaders	2221220012— 8	Hollister	1111111212—10
Willard	1172211122—10	Barto	1111212222—10
Parmelee	2221211221—10	Simonetti	1000100111— 5

No. 3, 15 birds, $10, four moneys:

C Grimm	222222222220202—13	Roll	2221222112l•222—14
E S Rice	111111101100220—11	Parmelee	0221212210•12121—12
R B Page	010110122201101—10	Mosher	222222202•22122—13
B Barto	021122112112•21—13	Elliston	222?222022120?—12
Meaders	112222220211212—14	Hollister	1110210121212212—13
Willard	1212211222111201—14	Heaton	2222?2222122220—14

No. 4, miss-and-out, $2:

C Grimm	2222222	Mosher	2210
L C Willard	210	Roll	210
Parmelee	20	Young	12220
Page	220	Elliston	2222220
Kolanczik	2221222		

No. 5, same as above:

Grimm	0	Mosher	222222
Parmelee	212211	Roll	21120
Kolanczik	221122	Heaton	12120
Elliston	222210		

No. 6, same as above:

Grimm	0	Kolanczik	20
Heaton	122	Parmelee	0
Willard	222	Roll	20

TARGET SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	20	15	12	15	Targets:	10	15	20	15	12	15
Tucker	8	14	19	15	..	..	Throop	8	8	..	..	..	..
Goodrich	9	12	..	13	7	13	Ruble	10	13	20	14	..	15
Dr Shaw	10	15	16	11	..	..	Heaton	..	13	17	11	9	14
L Willard	9	13	20	9	11	..	Grimm	..	14	18	13	8	15
Simmonetti	7	12	..	10	..	..	Meaders	..	13	17	8	..	..
Dr Morris	8	11	..	..	..	..	Parmelee	..	14	20	9	..	12
Kolanczik	7	13	14	..	..	..	Elliston	..	10	..	..	..	..
Tripp	9	13	15	9	10	13	Roll	9	14	19	12	8	15
Hollister	8	14	18	10	..	13	Barto	..	13	..	8	..	..

No. 1 was at unknown angles, $1, three moneys; No. 2, 15 targets, expert rules, $1.50, four moneys; No. 3, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2, five moneys; No. 4, same as No. 2; No. 5, 6 pairs, $1.50, three moneys; No. 6, 15 targets, $1.50, unknown angles, four moneys.

SCORES OF SEPT. 23.

No. 1, 7 live birds, $3.50, three moneys:

C Grimm	2222112—7	F Parmelee	1222222—7
Kolanczik	2020002—3	Hollister	0012111—5
E S Rice	0112220—5	Mosher	2222221—7
Tucker	2012111—6	L C Willard	2101211—6
G Roll	2221222—7		

No 2, 10 birds, $5, three moneys:

Grimm	2112121110— 9	Mosher	12202110•2— 7
Parmelee	1220122220— 8	Roll	2211121222—10
Rice	1102•2101— 7	Willard	1121111211—10
Hollister	2201121•21— 8	Kolanczik	2202212102— 8

No. 3, 15 birds, $10, four moneys:

Grimm	2120212222122200—11	Klehm	0112122221121102—13
Rice	0211•1020210212—10	Kolanczik	222•2222222222222—14
Parmelee	2222212221122202—14	Hollister	1101022111121120—12
Roll	2221212?101022—13	Houston	1121000?22121•2—10
Willard	1121221122221220—14	O von Lengerke	22222•222202•22—12
Heaton	2221202022002212—11	Dr Shaw	2202222202222222—13
Mosher	2121220210212210—12	J H Amberg	2212222222?2•202—13

Miss-and-outs were shot as follows:

No. 1:

Willard	0	222112222	Grimm	212220	0
Roll	12120	211121121	Houston	110	.....
Kolanczik	2220	22222220	Hollister	110	.....
Klehm	1122121	.....	Heaton	2222222	0
Parmelee	10	22112220	Shaw	1222220	.....

In a 25-target race, $2 entrance, the following scores were made: Ruble 24, Grimm, Tucker and Shaw 23, Hollister 22, Willard and Heaton 21, Roll 19, Parmelee and Kolanczik 16.

SCORES OF SEPT. 24.

Miss-and-outs, $2 entrance, were shot as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No 3.	No. 4.
Parmelee	2111121221	21111212212	2121	2112112
Roll	1122212112	22112221210	0	10
Grimm	2222121110	12212222222	1111	11220
Willard	.....	2210	0	1112111
Kolanczik	.....	.....	2220	.....
Heaton	.....	.....	....	1121210

	No 5.	No. 6.	No 7.
Heaton	1112212122212212	10	211
Willard	2222122122122110	121210	0
Parmelee	2221112221122223	22112222	20
Grimm	1222212222227120	12221221	222
Roll	2222111122122220	.....	...
A S Kleinman	.....	12121210	110

Three races were also shot to-day between Messrs. Goodrich and Smith; each race was for $5 a side, loser to pay for the birds; Goodrich shooting at 9 birds to Smith's 10. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Goodrich	011011011 —6	221211222 —9	212212202 —8
Smith	000021100 —4	2111102012—8	1102201012—7

COOK COUNTY LEAGUE.

The last shoot of the season was held on Eureka Club grounds by the Cook County League to-day, Sept. 24, and it was a red-hot trap event, with a big turnout, some fifty shooters, made up of the flower of the army in Chicago, being on hand. Five clubs, Eureka, Garfield, Calumet Heights, Garden City and Cicero, had teams or parts of teams present. Eureka turned out 16 men, two teams and a part; Garfield 14 men, two teams and a part; Calumet Heights 13, two teams and one man; Cicero 7, one team and a man; Garden City had only two men on hand, but one of them, Ruble, tied with 25 on top score of the day. In this score he was tied by Kuss, of Garfield, the sturdy shooter who has been keeping up so strong a gait throughout the season. Much interest lay in the run between Ruble and Kuss, because they were only one bird apart on the totals in the "majority of contests," or best four scores out of seven, for which a special prize is given.

On the season totals the individual winner is J. A. Ruble, of Garden

City Club, with 168 out of 175 targets shot at in the various events of seven different meets throughout the summer. A very good showing, indeed, for regularity. R. Kuss, of Garfield, was close up to him with a total of 165

Last year the method pursued in the team contests was to designate the *personnel* of the teams before they entered the contests. This year a different course was pursued, the six highest scores in each class being selected after the close of each contest. This makes the matter of figuring out the different winning teams a matter too long and complicated for covering at the late hour of night at which the closing scores of to-day were at hand for arrangement. It is, however, practically certain that the Garfield A Class team has won high average. It will be a near thing between the B Class teams of Eureka and Calumet Heights clubs. The issue in C Class teams is still in doubt.

Following are the team scores of the interclub contest to-day, arranged to show the teams of each club represented.

Teams of six men, 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Class A—Garfield.

Kuss	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hicks	1111111111111111011101111—23
Neal	1101111110111111111111111—23
Paterson	1111111101111111111011111—23
Fehrman	1011111111111111111111011—23
E S Graham	1111111101110111111111111—23—140

Eureka.

W R Morgan	1111011111111111111111111—24
F Stannard	1101111111111111011111111—23
Glover	1101111111111101111111111—23
Steck	1111101111101111111111111—23
Airey	1111111101101111111111111—23
A W Adams	1101111110111111101111111—22—138

Class B—Garfield.

Wiley	1111111111011111111111011—23
O von Lengerke	1111110001111111111011111—21
Richards	1111011011111111011111111—22
Dr Shaw	1111111111110011(0101111—20
T E Graham	0111111101101111110011111—20
Stickles	0111011111101110011110111—19—125

Eureka.

W D Stannard	1101111111101111111111011—22
Rehm	1111101111111111001011111—21
Lord	1111111011111111101011111—21
Prickett	0101111111111111101011110—20
Goodrich	1101111101111011111111100—20
J L Jones	1111111000001110111111111—19—123

Calumet Heights.

Lamphere	0101110101111111111111111—21
Turtle	1111111101111101011011111—21
Greeley	1011111011011110111111110—20
Metcalfe	1111110000011111111011111—19
Houston	1000111011111101111011111—19
Ferguson	1101111111101111001111111—21—121

Class C—Calumet Heights.

Schmidt	1100111101101101111111111—20
Harlan	1101001111011011111111110 -19
Whitmore	0111111010111111001101 10—18
Norcom	1110110111101111111001001—18
Black	1110100110011111001110101- 16
J M Morgan	0000010111001110101111010—13—104

Class D—Cicero

W Cheesman	1110111111111101010110110—19
Knott	1111011110110111111111111- 22
Lowrey	1111010101101011011111110—18
Matthews	1100101011100111111101011—17
Goetter	1111111100101110011100011 - 17
Barnard	1101011101010101000100000—11—104

The following teams were short-handed:

Garden City - Four Men Short.

Ruble	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hulman	1111101111111011111111101—22

Eureka—Two Men Short.

H B Morgan	0111111100100000010011101—13
C W Carson	1110110001000110111110100—14
Cornwall	1101110110111010111110010 -17
Waters	0111111111101111000111011—19

Garfield—Four Men Short.

Fish	1111101011001111111101010—18
Russell	1011001C0000111111111110110—15

Calumet Heights—Five Men Short.

Boedker	1011110110011000C00010100—11

LEAGUE INDIVIDUAL TOTALS.

Following is a table showing the scores made by each member of the Cook County League in the several shoots of the season in which he participated, and his total season percentage. This is the record of the organization, as it was given at the close of last year's shooting in the report of FOREST AND STREAM:

Garfield Club.

Class.	May 22.	June 19.	July 17.	Aug. 14.	Aug. 28.	Sept. 11.	Sept. 25.	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Stickles	..	..	..	16	21	18	19	100	74	74
Wigley	..	..	..	18	22	22	23	100	85	85
A C Paterson B	28	22	21	..	21	22	23	150	132	88
Dr S Shaw B	23	23	21	18	17	22	20	175	144	82.20
F Cappernoll B	21	21	21	16	17	..	..	125	96	76.80
R Kuss A	22	21	25	21	24	24	25	175	165	91.28
E E Neal B	19	23	23	..	24	22	23	150	129	86
A W Fehrman B	22	18	22	22	18	22	23	175	147	86
T P Hicks A	..	17	..	19	22	21	23	125	104	83.20
C P Richards B	17	21	18	20	21	20	22	175	139	79.42
T Graham B	21	21	17	22	21	21	20	175	143	81.71
O von Lengerke B	23	16	..	21	22	21	21	150	124	82.67
M L Bowers C	24	24	16	15	..	..	..	100	79	79
F Pilz D	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	17	68
Dr F Liddy B	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	16	64
C Steiger	15	..	..	12	..	..	..	50	27	56
Silas Palmer C	..	14	..	18	..	6	..	75	38	50.66
D Russell D	..	9	..	14	..	18	15	100	47	47
F M Fish C	..	..	21	20	24	21	18	125	104	83.20
E S Graham C	..	..	21	22	23	18	23	125	107	85.40
R K Thatcher D	..	..	15	..	..	15	..	50	30	60
T Eaton	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	25	9	36
C E Comley C	..	..	..	..	19	15	..	50	35	70
H Tifft B	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	25	21	84
Demerest D	.	..	..	..	12	13	..	50	25	50
Dr M Meek D	..	..	..	22	..	.	..	25	22	88
Smead	..	..	..	11	16	..	..	50	27	56

Calumet Heights.

R A Turtle C	20	16	22	14	22	21	21	175	136	77.71
W Metcalfe B	17	13	15	19	19	20	19	175	122	69.71
J S Houston B	23	22	18	16	24	19	19	175	141	80.57
P D Norcom C	19	22	17	19	18	18	18	175	131	74.28
S M Booth A	20	21	18	13	22	18	..	150	112	74 66
H A Boedker B	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	11	75	37 49.33
A C Black D	19	9	17	..	..	16	16	125	77	61.60
S H Greeley C	17	20	13	14	..	..	20	125	84	67.22
H A Furguson B	21	24	20	20	23	19	21	175	148	84.57
G H Knowles B	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	15	60
Sam Young B	21	21	21	16	16	14	..	150	112	74.67
Geo E Marshall C	16	16	22	..	11	..	..	100	65	65
A T Whitman C	19	11	..	..	..	..	18	75	48	64
G C Lamphere A	..	24	22	21	21	21	21	150	130	80.66
W E Schmidt	..	18	15	14	15	..	20	125	82	65.60
A W Harlan D	..	15	19	8	15	12	19	150	88	58.66
C C Chamberlain D	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	25	13	52
L L Davis D	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	25	11	44
J A Morgan D	..	..	..	..	15	..	13	50	28	56

Eureka Gun Club.

W R Morgan A	17	..	..	15	..	..	24	75	56	74.67
L Goodrich B	20	..	20	22	20	22	20	150	124	82.66
F P Stannard A	24	..	21	22	20	24	23	150	134	89.33
E M Steck A	22	23	24	20	22	21	23	175	155	88.57
A W Adams B	21	..	..	20	18	21	22	125	102	81.60
Dr R B Miller B	18	..	..	..	20	..	..	50	38	76
W F Reber	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	18	72
F F Spreyne C	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	21	84
C W Carson C	20	..	..	15	14	..	14	100	63	63
H B Morgan D	..	18	..	..	..	11	13	75	42	56
John Glover B	..	23	24	..	..	..	23	75	70	93.33
F H Lord	..	..	25	..	20	..	21	75	66	88
C C Hess	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	25	21	84
H W Cornwall	..	..	21	..	19	16	17	100	73	73
W B Cunningham	..	..	19	9	17	..	..	75	45	60
G W Prickett	..	..	18	..	20	16	20	100	74	74
J L Jones	..	..	18	..	15	..	19	75	52	69.33
A C Borroff	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	25	13	52
J E Hinkins D	..	..	..	..	22	..	..	25	22	88
W D Stannard B	..	..	..	..	22	..	22	50	44	88
A W Morton D	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	25	21	84
H Shaw D	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	25	21	84
G Airey D	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	25	23	92
J Rehn	..	..	..	..	20	..	21	50	41	82
O J Buck C	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	25	20	80
Dr C E Morton D	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	25	18	72
A A Walters	..	..	18	..	..	..	19	50	37	74

Garden City Gun Club.

John A Rubel A	23	25	23	25	25	22	25	175	168	96
H Levi D	12	..	15	20	16	14	..	125	77	61.60
Charles Antoine B	21	..	23	..	22	..	..	75	66	88
F E Adams A	..	..	24	..	..	21	..	50	45	90
J P Halligan B	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	25	20	80
J F Southard D	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	25	16	64
McHie	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	25	15	60
M Goldsmith C	..	..	13	19	18	20	..	100	70	70
O C Kemp B	..	..	..	..	23	..	..	25	23	92
Al Hellman D	..	..	..	15	21	18	22	100	76	76
J M Parker, Jr C	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	25	14	56
Al L Smith	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	25	15	60

Cicero Gun Club.

Dr A A Matthews D	16	..	..	20	..	19	17	100	72	72
J R Lawlor C	13	..	13	14	20	..	..	100	60	60
S P Goetter D	16	..	..	21	14	21	17	125	89	71.20
F G Barnard D	13	12	..	18	18	7	11	150	79	52.67
A Cheesman D	17	..	18	13	..	16	..	100	64	64
M J Lowrey C	16	..	20	..	..	16	18	100	70	70
E B Knott C	12	..	13	14	22	16	22	150	99	66
Billing	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	15	60
E E Fox D	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	17	68
W H Barmame D	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	15	60
W E Cheesman D	18	..	17	17	..	18	19	125	89	71.60
E Will D	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	17	68
A F Banks D	..	..	..	18	..	16	11	75	45	60
F I Cooper C	..	..	..	22	15	..	..	50	37	74

Following are scores of sweeps shot by members of the Cook County League on the magautrap at the meet to-day, this shooting progressing at another part of the ample grounds of Eureka Gun Club, while the League was going on at the regular score of five traps:

No. 1. 10 targets: Dr. Shaw 10, Ruble 10, Kuss 9, F. E. Graham 9, H. B. Morgan 9, Goodrich 7

No. 2, same: Glover 10, Wright 7. Houston 7, Rehm 8, Goetter 6, Fehrman 6, Vetter 6, J. L. Jones 3, Richards 8. Schmidt 9.

No 3, 15 targets: Kuss 14, Shaw 8, H. B. Morgan 8, Boedker 1, T. Stannard 13, Wright 13, Vetter 8, Houston 11.

No. 4, 20 targets: Matthews 14, Lowrey 13, Barnard 12, Goetter 17, Lamphere 14, Rehm 18.

No. 5, 15 targets: Vetter 7, J. L. Jones 9, Russell 11, Ferguson 8, Fehrman 13, Fish 9, Wiley 13. Richards 13. Russell 8

No 6, 10 targets: Glover 8, Ferguson 4. Wright 7, Airey 7, Fehrman 9. O. von Lengerke 9, Matthews 6, Metcalfe 5, C. S. Smith 6, Rehm 7, Heilman 5, Wiley 7, Richards 4, Hicks 7, Morgan 7, Jones 7, Stannard 9, Shaw 5, Houston 7, Banks 2, C. Grimm 8.

No. 7, same: Walters 4, Harvey 1, Rehm 7, J A. Morgan 6, Prickett 6, Kuss 9, Glover 7, Ferguson 8, C. Grimm 10, Harlan 9, Fish 7, J. L. Jones 5, C. S. Smith 6, Vetter 8, Richards 7, H. B. Morgan 5.

CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB.

Calumet Heights Club, of Chicago, held its usual weekly shoot on its grounds the 19th inst. The attendance, including members and their families, numbered thirty-eight persons. The early morning was spent on the river and marsh, which affords some little duck shooting at this time of the year. The latter part of the morning was employed in live-bird shooting by a few members. After dinner followed the target contests. Some 200 live birds were also shot at, and 645 targets thrown. There was a very strong wind from the lake in the face of the traps, which sent the asphalts high in the air; most of those missed the wind would carry back, even to a point behind the shooting score or stand. Notwithstanding these contrary elements, some fair scores were made, as follows: Houston winning in Class A. Norcom in Class B, and Schmidt in Class C after a shoot-off with Chamberlain.

Class A.

Houston	1110111111101111111101110—21
Metcalfe	1110011110111111111111010—20
Wescott	0100001000100001110011110—10

Class B.

Norcom	1111111111111111100011111—22

Class C.

Harlan	1111011101111100001110101—18
Schmidt	0011111011011001111111111—19
Chamberlain	1111011110010101011111111—19

Sweeps were also shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	10	10	25	30	Targets:	15	15	10	10	25	30
Houston	11	13	7	5	22	19	Schmidt	..	11	..	..	..	..
Norcom	13	7	4	8	21	..	Chamberlain	..	11	9	4	..	..
Metcalfe	12	13	5	6	19	19	Hunt	..	4	2	..	..	..
Harlan	9	11	7	6	..	..							

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at unknown traps and angles; No. 4 at 5 pairs, unknown traps and angles; No. 5, unknown angles; No. 6, at 15 pairs, unknown traps and angles.

Live-bird scores were:

Houston	1211112112212120212121102011211202102111200202222O—40
Norcom	0220022000120111011102010001012102222012222212122121—34
Metcalfe	1●●12111101000211221111021210111221120●0101220111111—28

PATERSON.

AT KANSAS CITY.

At the last regular medal meet of the Metropolitan Gun Club, of Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 19, Dave Elliott won the A Class medal with 24 out of 25 targets, N. Jarrett taking the B Class medal with 23. Harvey McMurchy was in town at the time, and he got tangled up with the strong boy, Chris Gottlieb, of Western fame as a shooter, the two shooting a friendly race at 25 live birds. Gottlieb won with a score of 25 straight, McMurchy scoring 22. This reminds one of the time Bennett, of Kansas City, came up to Chicago and beat one of our shooters here the way Gottlieb beat Mac. The injured party in that case remarked, with some justice: "Beat him! How could I beat him, when he killed 'em all?" Following were the scores in the medal target event:

Dave Elliott	1111111111111101111111111—24
R L Baker	0000110001011101110110111—14
J P Vaughn	0101101111011010001101111—16
L Scott	1110111111011111111111011—22
H H Gregory	0101111111011111111101111101—20
J W McCurdy	1101111100111111011101101—19
N Jarrett	1110111111111111111111101—23
C J Mustion	0110011110011001101101110—15
Chris Gottlieb	1111111101111011111111011—22
H McMurchy	1111111111111111111010110—22

MARINETTE SHOOT.

The following scores of the Marinette Rod and Gun Club, of Marinette, Wis., live-bird shoot of Sept. 6 were promptly forwarded, but personally addressed, and so did not reach attention as business mail until some days after they reached FOREST AND STREAM's office at Chicago. Mr. John E. Dafter was very kind to score the flights in FOREST AND STREAM's trap type, and he adds the following notes in regard to the pleasant little event:

"The weather was perfect, just cool enough to make the birds fly, and the birds—a fine lot—only three of them failing to get off at the pull of the trap. A good breeze was blowing from the east, making most of the shots left-quartering. Three traps were used, plans of same being kindly furnished us by C. M. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia. Too much praise cannot be said in behalf of these traps. They are simply perfect. The shooting was done in blocks of five, one man up, unknown traps. The score shows considerable difference in the number of birds shot at, but as it was purely a club shoot, the members merely shot at as many as they wished to. The score doesn't figure up very high, but most of those shooting have never been in anything of the kind before and it was a new thing to them. Our club is young, but growing, and in time we trust we will be able to furnish better scores. We propose having another live-bird shoot Thanksgiving Day. Ducks are flying now, and until late in the fall more attention is paid them than anything else. Next year we trust we will be in condition to have a State tournament here."

Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J E Dafter	2 2 2 1 ● 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 1	—13
G I Scofield	● 0 2 0 0 1 0 2 2 2 0 0 2 0 1	— 7
S B Sanderson	1 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 2 0 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 1	—17
T S Arthur	1 2 2 0 1 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 ●	—12
W H T Smith	1 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 0 2	— 8
Mrs S B Sanderson	1 0 1 2 ● 0 1 0 2 0	— 5
H Meredith	0 0 1 0 2 1 2 0 1 0	— 5
J A Cook	0 0 2 0 2 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 2 0 2	— 7
E Beyer	0 0 0 0 1 0 2 0 1 0	— 3
H Prescott	1 0 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 2	— 7
D G Bothwell	1 2 0 1 2 1 1 2 ● 0 2 0 0 1 2 1 ● 2 1 2	—14
J H McLaughlin	0 ● 0 0 0	— 0
J F Edwards	2 1 0 ● 1	— 3
Culnan	0 0 0 1 0	— 1
Johnston	0 1 2 0 0	— 2
Chas Corbin	0 0 2 2 2	— 3

OUT IN THE COW COUNTRY.

The Douglas *Budget*, of Douglas, Wyoming, pays some attention to the tournament which will be given by the Douglas Gun Club Oct. 12, making the following comment, which shows that trap-shooting is not unknown even in the far lands of the cattle range:

"It is expected that the shotgun artists of Casper will come down in force and attempt to recover the trophy won by our boys recently, in that city, although no definite notification has been received from them as yet. A live bird shoot for $15 or $20 entrance money each—three prizes, to be divided among high guns—is being arranged, which ought to bring some of the crack shots of Chadron and Cheyenne. A match shoot has also been arranged between four of the best shots of the local club, which will prove a drawing card. Messrs. Jesurun and Rice shoot Messrs. Morton and Rimington, for $50 a side, 20 birds to the man. This will be a close race. Bluerock events will be made up during the day, to suit all comers."

ELLIOTT-GILBERT.

Some interest is evinced over the coming race between Jim Elliott and Fred Gilbert at Kansas City, Oct 8. Much sympathy is expressed to-day in Chicago with Mr. Gilbert, whose father died yesterday at his home at Spirit Lake, Ia., after a short illness. The news came very suddenly to Fred, and was a shock to him. I have often heard him speak very highly of his father, who appears to have been taken into his confidence in many ways of intimacy. The elder Gilbert was one of the pioneers of Iowa, and was engaged in trading with the Indians and trappers in the early days of that State.

GOODRICH SMITH.

F. M. Smith and L. M. Goodrich, both of Chicago, on the termination of tournament at Watson's Park, Sept. 24, shot a race for $10 and the price of the birds. Smith shooting at 30 birds and Goodrich at 27. The latter killed 24 out of his 27 and won by one bird.

PISTAKEE SHOOT.

There will be a two days' target shoot Oct. 2-3, given by the Pistakee Gun Club, at Ben Billings's place, Pistakee Bay, Fox Lake, Ill. Open to all.

TRAP NOTE.

From the nature of a loud wail emanating from the vicinity of the Masonic Temple, Chicago, last week, methinks that about six or eight toes of somebody's No. 10 or 12 foot have been rudely stepped on by a few facts printed in last week's FOREST AND STREAM about the Grimm-Elliott fiasco. The owner of the toes will please accept polite apologies to those, them, him or it; though, really, it would seem that they, those, he or it, ought not to leave so many toes exposed in the public highway.

E HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 23.—The individual championship contest for a silver cup and the title of '97, took place to-day under the auspices of the R. I. Trap-Shooting Association on its grounds in Johnston, and resulted in bringing out all of the crack shots in the State. The wind and weather were anything but pleasant. Showers and a strong wind blew direct against the shooters, making the targets quite erratic in their flight, and poor scores were the result.

This ends one of the most prosperous seasons of trap-shooting by this club, and next year will be looked forward to for even better prospects.

The conditions for the contest to enter were: Each man to shoot at 50 known targets and 50 unknown targets, entrance free, winner of the event entitled to championship honors and a silver cup suitably engraved, for the year 1897. Below is a summary of the event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
R C Root	22	20	22	18—82	H Remington	18	20	18	15—71
F I Greener	16	19	16	17—68	P H Randell	12	9	16	15—52
C M Melvin	21	15	12	15—63	F Arnold	16	21	13	18—68
E C Whitaker	14	16	15	15—60	N Reiner	12	15	11	13—51
W H Sheldon	21	20	17	19—77	W H Crandell	14	14	15	12—55
H W Bain	21	16	16	18—71	J Armstrong, Jr.	11	12	16	11—50
H M Hetlin	16	19	18	18—71	J F Rossie	9	12	w	
F S Corey	18	19	15	17—69	J A Hopkins	12	8	w	
S F Wilson	19	19	16	18—72	W Richards	11	18	w	
A Aronald	15	15	15	11—56	A Babingtoff	17	w		

Events 1 and 2 were at known angles. Events 3 and 4 were at unknown angles.

J. F. RUSSELL, Sec'y.

Norwich Defeats Oxford.

SHERBURNE, N. Y., Sept. 22.—Below is a report of the team race between the Norwich and Oxford Gun clubs, which took place yesterday. This race was the shoot-off of the tie which occurred at Oxford when the same teams met two weeks ago. The scores yesterday show a win for Norwich by five breaks. Scores:

Norwich: Frank Conley 19, Postmaster Jones 17, Sim Sheff 15, Frank Coy 14, N. B. Bonney 14, Wm. Slater 14, John Hynes 13, M. Harvey 12, B. L. Crandall 10, W. M. White 9—138.

Oxford: L. Coville 14, Geo. Stratton 13, Wm. Gilman 13, Chas Dodge 15, A. L. Brewster 15, Ed. Stafford 16, Wm. Dedrick 13, F. H. Fitz 10, Martin Ryan 12, Gilbert Sanford 12—133.

These clubs will meet again in the very near future. In the above match each man shot at 20 targets.

D. G.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Sept. 25.—Only four members put in an appearance this afternoon at the regular weekly practice shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. Below you will find scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	10	10
Webster	9	8	6	15	8	7	4	3	5
Stevens	8	9	7	17	7	8	..	..	..
Tuck	2	3	3	6	4	2	6	4	3
Fernald	..	..	4	7	5	..	3	1	5

Event No. 1 was at known traps and angles; Events Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 at known traps, unknown angles; Event No. 6 known angles, reverse pull; Events Nos. 7 and 8 at 5 pairs, and No. 9 a "snipe" shoot.

GEO. F. STEVENS, See'y-Treas.

When this issue of FOREST AND STREAM goes to press, the tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at Passaic, N. J, will be well under way. This tournament is an important one to Jerseymen. It is the first State tournament held since 1884. From that year the old Association went to sleep, waking up for a moment or two at intervals, until it finally closed its eyes in 1890 or thereabouts. Early in the spring of this year a movement was set on foot by FOREST AND STREAM to wake it up or to form a new Association. That movement was successful, although the efforts to amalgamate the old Association and the new, a scheme that never was favored by FOREST AND STREAM, brought about complications and muddles that took much time and thought to circumvent. When it went to sleep in 1884 there were about thirteen clubs members of the old Association, the New Jersey State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game The new Association, the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, has the names of eighteen clubs upon its roster, and has a constitution and by-laws that are up to date in every particular. It starts on its career in such shape that it ought to be at the top of the heap in a few years.

Authorized by Grimm.

HIS REASONS FOR SILENCE MADE PUBLIC.

For some weeks past we have requested Mr. Grimm to make public his reasons for ignoring Elliott's challenge for the cast iron badge. It took Mr. Grimm some time to make up his mind to accede to that request, and naturally—for not one of his reasons is worthy of a man who claims a championship. No wonder he was silent.

But now that he has, in a decidedly personal letter, made such defense of his conduct as was possible, it is due our readers that we should consider that defense.

After reading through the letter we find three reasons for silence and two reasons for not wanting to shoot Elliott. Two of his reasons for silence were that he had been bass fishing and corn husking; the other is treated of later. His reasons for not wanting to shoot Elliott were: (i.), "I will say right here that I have not been looking for any shooting matches lately;" and (ii.), "I do not think that midsummer, when the birds are nesting and in poor feather, is the best time to shoot live-bird matches in championship events."

TO RAISE THE STATUS OF THE CAST IRON BADGE.

In the second paragraph of his letter Mr. Grimm writes: "It is not so very long since Mr. Banks wanted to have t e cast-iron medal and the Kansas City *Star* cup welded together. But that cannot be done just at present, for I think it a proper idea to have one trophy without a string tied to it, and I believe the cast iron medal is the only medal of that kind, because the *American Field* wing-shot cup is now owned by an individual and not open for competition. It is very evident that Mr Banks does not know the circumstances in this case, or Mr. Elliott, as well as I do, or he would not wonder at my silence, or why Mr. Elliott and myself do not shoot."

It is quite true that we did suggest welding the two trophies together, and the suggestion was made with the idea of giving the cast-iron badge some intrinsic value as a championship emblem The history of the badge itself shows just how much value it has as such: In November, 1894, some four or five champions or would-be champions got together in Chicago, agreed to shoot for $50 a corner, one money, 100 birds per man, for a badge of no financial value whatever, and then drew into the net a few more shooters to make the shoot of some note in point of numbers at least. In less than seventy-two hours from the time of drawing up the articles of agreement in a private room in the American *Field* office, and with practically no publication of the conditions of the race, and with no due notice of such an event being given to any other shooters in the country, this great championship shoot—the contest for the cast-iron championship of the United States—was shot off, and George Kleinman declared the winner. The other competitors were: Brewer, Carver, Grimm, Elliott, Bingham, R. S. Mott (Robin) and C. W. Budd. If such conditions as the above are all that are necessary to constitute a championship, why shouldn't there be any quantity of champions supplied at three days' notice? It wouldn't cost much to turn out a dozen champions by a stated date. The stakes might be nominal; entries limited; $1 the maximum price of the championship emblem, and the cost of birds put down to bottom prices. No conditions apparently (if we follow the precedent established above) would have to be made public prior to the shooting of the event. Let us have a fluid-steel medal championship, a spittoon championship, and a host of similar titles to fight for.

The last part of the paragraph quoted above is rather superfluous. We no longer wonder at Mr. Grimm's silence, or "why Mr. Elliott and myself do not shoot," now that we are acquainted with Mr. Grimm's version of what he terms "the circumstances in this case."

NOT LOOKING FOR MATCHES.

"I will say right here that I have not been looking for any shooting matches lately, and when a man really wishes a shooting match nowadays he is liable to get one very quickly."

Here's the pith of the whole matter. In the above sentence, quoted from his letter, Mr Grimm leaves the public but one inference, viz: that he does not want to shoot, and is willing to take advantage of a very trivial error in the form of Elliott's challenge, in order that he may retain his championship honors without a contest.

"I do not think that the midsummer, when the birds are nesting and in poor feather is the best time to shoot live-bird matches in championship events."

Mr. Grimm has a perfect right to his opinion on that point, and, as a matter of fact, we agree with him to a certain extent. But neither Mr. Grimm nor ourselves can expect everybody to think as we do, and a challenged party has only a limited time in which to defend his trophy. With the cast iron badge the limit is sixty days. Elliott deposited his forfeit with FOREST AND STREAM on July 8. This gave Grimm until Sept. 5. Now, suppose Grimm had let the matter go by for thirty days, say until Aug. 7, but had then written Elliott of his error, or made his reasons for not accepting the challenge public. The match could then have taken place, after a new challenge, somewhere about the second week of October, taking into account delays in mailing, etc. The second week of October is not midsummer by any means; but then—"I have not been looking for any shooting matches lately."

When Mr. Grimm further on in his letter refers to a 25-bird race shot in Kansas City in April last, when four men out of twelve killed 25 straight, and everybody in the event got in for the money, he confirms us in our opinion of Kansas City shooters as a rule; there are lots of excellent shots there, and one of them is particularly skillful.

There is another point that Mr. Grimm seems to have overlooked in decrying championship contests on midsummer birds: It is the same for all. Another champion might say that he didn't like to shoot at midwinter birds, when the pigeons are heavily clad with feathers and hard to bring down. What the holder of a trophy thinks as regards weather and quality of birds is of little value when somebody else challenges him to shoot within a given time. It is then a case of shoot, forfeit or squizzle; sometimes it's a squizzle!

ELLIOTT MAKES NO CLAIM.

Passing on to another portion of Mr. Grimm's letter, we find the following paragraph: "Now, to return to the cast-iron medal. Mr. Elliott helped make the rules governing that emblem, and he alone cannot amend them, just at present. Also, if Mr. Elliott really thought he had any claim to the medal, he would make a loud noise about it; he knows how to halloo as well as Mr. Banks. I am truly sorry that Mr Banks should think that I would be silent if I had any reason for saying anything; also, I am sorry he should think that I would not give up like a gentleman if I had forfeited, for I will do so yet if I do forfeit."

If Mr. Grimm will read over once more the interview our Western correspondent had with Elliott on this point, he will see that Elliott makes no claim for the cast-iron badge, having become aware of his error in posting his forfeit with FOREST AND STREAM in preference to depositing it with our Western cotemporary. As to our opinion of Mr. Grimm and his silence under the circumstances, that has by now been well defined in these columns. We still think, and always shall think, that Mr. Grimm took refuge behind a remarkably small bush in order to protect his championship emblem and his title.

The latter part of the paragraph is best answered by quoting what we wrote on the point in our issue of Sept. 11: "Jim Elliott's victory over Charlie Budd gives him two championship emblems and titles: he has won the *Star* cup and the Du Pont trophy. The cast-iron badge alone remains, and it would seem that that, too, belongs to him by virtue of forfeiture, Charlie Grimm not having paid any attention to the challenge issued by Elliott at the same time, and in the same letter, that he challenged for the two trophies above mentioned. There may be something back of this silence on the part of Grimm, but what it is we cannot guess, and our correspondent who reported the Budd-Elliott match at Eau Claire, Wis., gives us no clew. Not having a copy of the conditions governing challenges for this trophy, we would hazard the statement that the non acceptance of a challenge for the cast-iron medal necessarily carries with it the forfeiture of all right to the medal, and to whatever title goes along with the emblem. If we are wrong on this point, will some one who is familiar with the conditions kindly correct us."

ONLY ONE MISTAKE.

Proceeding with Grimm's epistle: "Mr. Banks says, 'Mr. Grimm is too good a sportsman and too good a fellow to seek to hold a trophy like the cast-iron badge by virtue of such an insignificant breach in the conditions governing challenges for the same;' and he intimates that I should have notified Mr. Elliott of his mistake. Well, if I should undertake to notify Mr. Elliott of all his mistakes, I might be kept very busy, as much so, perhaps, as Mr. Banks is in notifying me from time to time of my mistakes. I am sorry to have made a bad impression among the shooters by keeping silent. But a great many of our shooters and champions are making a very bad impression by saying too much, even without the aid of other people."

We have never suggested that Mr. Grimm should do anything more than we imagine any sportsman would have done; that is, notify Elliott of his *one* blunder. We are sorry, too, that Mr. Grimm has made a bad impression by his silence; and we regret to inform him that he has undoubtedly made that bad impression worse by permitting the "signed"), to appear in print. It is nothing more than an open confession that he took advantage of an error in the terms of a challenge, in order that he might not have to defend his trophy and possibly lose his title.

MORE REASONS FOR SILENCE.

Mr. Grimm goes on to state that "there were several other reasons for my silence." So far as we can see, he gives three, two of which do not seem at all pertinent or endowed with any strength. (i.), "It is disgusting to hear people say too much, or to have others saying too much for them." (ii.), "Another good reason for my silence was that I was off bass fishing." Both the above reasons may be dismissed without further comment.

The third reason is, however, most decidedly *apropos*, and confirms what we have written above. This is the reason, also in Grimm's own words (if the letter is his own production): "I consider it a very good reason for keeping silent, when a man who helped to make the rules governing the championship of America, and who pledged himself to them and shot under them, will not comply with those rules in issuing a challenge; and that is why I have not taken any trouble to answer his challenge."

What is Mr. Grimm driving at? He knows that no championship could be claimed unless the conditions of challenge were observed. Does he mean us to infer that Elliott was afraid of him, and purposely made the error in posting his forfeit with FOREST AND STREAM? Does anybody think that Elliott is afraid to shoot a match with Grimm for the cast-iron badge? The reason given is absolutely no pertinent reason at all.

The remainder of Mr. Grimm's long letter is of no particular interest, as it wanders from the subject, being chiefly concerned with small personalities which are aimed at other individuals as well as ourselves, but which do not apply to the case under discussion.

The closing paragraph is, however, worth reproducing:

NOT A NEWSPAPER WRITER.

"In conclusion I will say, Mr. Banks seemed to think it necessary for me to say something, and I have done so, and have given him the facts. My business is farming and stock-raising, not newspaper writing; therefore I will quit that diversion right here. But I will pick up my gun from time to time, so as to be in good form should it become necessary. I hope this will quiet the newspaper talk and self-advertising business. I will now pick up my old corn-husker once more, and I hope this time in peace, unless some one comes along who means business."

For a man whose "business is farming and stock-raising, not newspaper writing," Mr. Grimm makes quite a fair attempt at the latter business in this letter signed "Charles M. Grimm."

IN NEW JERSEY.

MATCHES AT MARION.

Sept. 23.—A series of matches was brought off at the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club, Marion, N. J., this afternoon. Ordinary human beings would have stayed indoors and kept dry, but it has to rain very hard before trap-shooters will quit; so, despite the raw northeast wind and constant rain, all the matches scheduled for decision were brought off. There were about a couple of dozen spectators, too; among them Captain A. W Money, Ferd Van Dyke, Dr. Hunt, Joe Kehoe, Seeley, etc. It seemed strange to see Captain Money and Ferd Van Dyke at a shoot without guns, but the weather was so bad that they very wisely left theirs behind.

The first match was the 200-target race between 147 and Al Heritage's nominee, 100 targets, expert rules, and 100 targets, unknown angles, total score to count. The stakes were a dinner for ten at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City; a Dunlap hat and a pair of shoes; loser to pay for the targets. The targets were thrown about as far as the club's bluerock expert traps would throw them, and all were thrown low, with the exception of No. 5, which was quite high in comparison with the others. W. L. Gardiner, of Norwalk, O., was chosen referee, and to his credit be it said that he never flinched from his duty, sitting out in the rain without a murmur, or anything else to protect him save an umbrella; and that wasn't much protection from the rain that came right in his face, driven by the northeast wind that at times rose to the dignity of quite a strong breeze. Mr. Gardiner's refereeing was never once called in question, and that means a great deal, for the light was so bad that it was often extremely hard to see the targets. Carl von Lengerke worked the indicator, five gun wads, and dealt out the traps without fear or favor. Billy, the club's puller and major-domo, pulled the traps, while Ferd Van Dyke marked down the scores, and smiled when the 0s came thick and fast. Toward the close of the match, when the second 50 at unknown angles were being shot, the referee also grew quite hilarious over the numerous ciphers that rolled in. He did not laugh quite so loudly, nor so strongly, when his turn came. It is true that the scores, particularly in the unknown angles, do look ridiculous; they certainly should have been much higher. But the conditions were severe, the match being shot thus: First, the 100 targets, expert rules, were disposed of, each shooter having to walk from the club house to the score for every series of 5 targets; before this part of the match was half over, they were wet through and decidedly chilly; then came the unknown angles, the whole 100 targets being shot at without a break or a rest, 147 cooling off his gun with a bucket of water. When all these things are considered, added to the bad light, fast targets, hard angles, and a driving rain in the face of the shooters, it will be seen that there is some cause to plead extenuating circumstances. The result of the match was in favor of Heritage's nominee by a satisfactory margin, 147 inviting the party to partake of his hospitality at Taylor's Hotel the same evening.

Carl von Lengerke and W. L. Gardiner in their 50-target, unknown angles, double act, were next on the programme. Carl's run of 16 straight in the first 25, and Gardiner's repeated failures in the second half, were chiefly responsible for the result of 39 to 35 in favor of the Jerseyman Mr. Gardiner's friends out in Ohio will probably wonder what he was doing. If they had been present they would have, perhaps, wondered how he broke so many under the conditions.

The third match was between Heritage and 147, the stakes being cigars for the dinner party The Jersey southpaw lost the cigars; the bad light, fast targets and the heavy rain on his glasses were too big a handicap, even with his allowance of 5 extra targets to shoot at.

A fourth match was made and shot, the conditions being as follows: Gardiner and 147 vs. Carl von Lengerke and Banks, 100 targets per man, unknown angles. The Lengerke-Banks combination won easily, but the victory was entirely owing to the excellent shooting done by Von Lengerke, who shot a remarkable race under the circumstances. Ordinarily Carl shoots in slow time, but to-day he shot quickly and pulverized his targets before they got any start on him. His score is really very much better than it looks on paper, being actually little short of miraculous.

The detailed scores of the chief races were as below:

One hundred targets, expert rules.

Banks	01110	10011	00111	11111	11111	—19
	11111	11011	10111	10111	11011	—21
	11101	10011	11111	11111	11111	—22
	10101	11111	01111	10101	10110	—18 - 80
147	10111	00101	11110	01111	11001	—17
	10111	C0111	10101	10011	11111	—18
	10011	11010	11011	11111	11111	—20
	10101	00011	11100	11101	00101	—15—70

100 targets, unknown angles:

Banks .....11111100111111111111111111101111111111111010110111—44
11111111010100011101110110111011010110111001111101—35—79
147 .....11111110111111101101111111111011111110111111011011111 43
11111111111111110000110110111010100111111101110111—38—81

Grand total: Banks, 159; 147, 151.

Fifty targets, unknown angles:

C von Lengerke..10010111111111111111101011110111011011111100111O—33
W L Gardiner ....01011101111101111011101010111110001011010110111111—35

Heritage vs. 147, Heritage shooting at 30 targets to 147's 25:

147 .....10011011111001011011110 —16
Heritage.....10000100010010110101001011101l—14

Match: Carl von Lengerke and Banks versus Gardiner and 147; 100 targets per man, unknown angles:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Total.
Von Lengerke	22	22	23	16	83
Banks	21	16	18	18	73—156
147	20	17	16	22	75
Gardiner	18	18	17	16	69—144

BERGEN COUNTY WINS FROM RIVERSIDE.

Sept. 24.—The Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., sent a 10-men team to visit the Bergen County Gun Club at Hackensack, N. J., this afternoon. The conditions of the race were 50 targets per man, unknown angles. After the heavy rain and persistent northeasterly wind of the previous day, the clear, bright sky and soft southwest wind of to-day were quite a treat. Everything looked favorable for high scores, but with a few exceptions on each side, the results were disappointing. The home team won by 18 breaks, not a large number when it is considered that 500 targets were shot by each team. Taking the teams man for man, it looks upon paper as if the Bergen County was much the stronger of the two. But the last five men on the team were clean off in their shooting, both Ed. Taylor and F. Sinnock being physically unfit for the work they had in hand

The race was shot in squads of six, three men from each team, 25 targets per man at a clip. The result of the first round was in favor of the Bergen County Club with 198 breaks against 191, a lead of 7. The second round resulted also in favor of the home team with 203 breaks against 192, an additional 11 to the good. The high score in the first round was 23; this was made by N. E. Money and W. Watts, both teams thus dividing this honor. The second round also saw honors divided in this line, Ferd Van Dyke and Oscar Hesse, the president of the Walsrode Powder Company in this company, both scoring 25 straight. Watts, of the Riversides, was again well to the fore with a 24, Fogarty and Banks scoring similar totals for their team. Noel Money and Capt. Money both shot good scores, materially helping with their totals of 44 and 43 respectively, to make the victory more binding. The detailed scores follow:

Bergen County Gun Club.

F Van Dyke..11101101111101111111111111111111111111111111—47
E Banks.....11111110111111001111111111111111111111011111111111—46
N E Money...11111011111111111111011111100111111111101101111111—44
Capt Money..11011111011111101111011111011101111111011111111111—43
B Fogarty....01101111011111111100011111111111111111111111111111—43
G H Piercy..,11111011111111111011010111111101101031101110100111—38
L Piercy.....11001111011011010111111111111011101111110110101100—37
Ed Taylor....10111011110 01001101110001111110100111111110111110—35
R Snyder.....11111001100110111101111111111001001011110111010110—35
F Sinnock....11001111111010101111010101010111110110101110101100—33 -401

Riverside Gun Club.

W Watts.... 10111111111111011111111011111111111111111111111111—47
O Hesse.....11101011111110111101111111111111111111111111111111—46
E M Cooper..10111100011101110110111110011111111110111111111111—40
John Cooper11111111111000111101111010100111001101111111110111—38
H C Maps...10110101111111101101111111100111111100101111111010—33
H White....10111111011010110111011111101111011101001011101—36
W S Burtis..11101001111110011111001101011111111111101101101010l—36
H Marryott..01011111111111111011000110111011010010010111011111—35
J Cooper, Jr 10011110111011111111110100010010111100011011110—34
H D Hance..10111110101111000010111000101101111110111110101011—33—383

An optional sweep was shot on each 25, the following shooters also entering the sweep and shooting along to fill out the last squad:

C C Beveridge....11011101111111001101110111111101111111111101011111—41
J Hildreth.....11011111100111100111110001110111011011011111111111—38
147.....01011111101101110011011010110001100100011001101—29
Toplitz .....11000111010101001110110000101111101001111103101100—28

INDEPENDENT GUN CLUB, OF NORTH PLAINFIELD.

Sept. 24.—The members of the Independent Gun Club, of North Plainfield, had a most enjoyable shoot this afternoon. The regular club handicap shoot, 15 live birds per man, excited a great deal of interest. Keller, Reed, Darby and Coddington divided the chief honors, Keller scoring all of his birds.

Club handicap, 15 live birds per man:

Coddington (26)	222121112220120—13	H Hamand(26)	.1120•1002222221—11
C A Reed (26)	.201221111122111—14	Sunderman (26)	.200120012111022—10
D L Darby (23)	.022101121212112—13	W Terry (28)	....0202101212 — 7
T H Keller (28)	.212121121221122—15	S Terry (28)	....2110121122 — 9
C Lister (26)	....00121222001222—11		

TARGETS.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Coddirgton	1111110111 — 9	1111111110— 9	0011101110— 6
Reed	0101000000 — 2	0100111010— 5	1110111100— 7
Darby	0111100011— 6	1111101100— 7	1111111101— 9
Keller	1111111111—10	1111111111—10	1111110101— 8
Hamand	1101110101— 7	0110000111— 5	1111101111— 9
Lester	.....	0110111111— 8	1110101111— 6
Stephenson	.....	1001000111— 5	1111101111— 9
Sunderman	.....	.....	1111011101— 8
Wheeler	.....	.....	1111110111— 9
Smalley	.....	.....	1111110101— 8
S Terry	.....	.....	1111111111—10

CLIMAX GUN CLUB.

Sept. 22.—Below are the scores made to-day at Plainfield, N. J., by members of the Climax Gun Club, of that city:

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowances:

C Smith (0)	11101111111111110100111111	—21
T H Keller (0)	11111111111111111111111101	—24
Swody (6)	00101011101011110011110110011111	—20
Lister (10)	11101010001010100110111111010011110	—21
D Darby (5)	11111011111101111111011011111110	—25
A Woodruff (2)	00110101111101100101110l100	—16
J Goodman (7)	11011110011111010111010110111011	—24
R Manning (1)	11110111101111111111110011	—22
Brantingham (1)	11011001111111111111110010	—20

A team race between Keller and Brantingham on one team, and Smith and Manning on the other, resulted in a win for Tom's team by one break, as follows:

Keller's team:

Keller.....11111101101011011111101—19
Brantingham.....11111111000011111111101110—19—38

Smith's team:

C Smith.....10110011111011101011101l1—18
Manning.....11110110011101110111111011—19—37

D. DARBY, Sec'y.

E. C CUP SHOOT AT HACKENSACK.

Sept 25.—The regular monthly shoot for the E. C. cup at the Bergen County Gun Club's grounds took place this afternoon. The shoot is a handicap affair, with an allowance of extra targets to shoot at. The totals made were:

*Dudley (6)	11111111101110011011011001—18	
	11111111111111111110111110—23—	41
*Taylor (5)	11111000111101110111101l1—19	
	11111011110010111011010—17—	36
*Toplitz (15)	11001000001010111010010000—10	
	00111101101111001011110000—15—	25
*Stern (15)	00110001111111110101101l0—16	
	11001101111100101111111010—17—	33
Capt Money (3)	11111111110111111111111101—23	
	11101110111111111111111l—23—46+3—49	
Adams (8)	10111111111111111011101010l—21	
	10110111100101110010110l1—16—37+5—42	
N E Money (2)	11111111101111101111111111—23	
	11111111111111011111011l1—23—46+2—48	
*Blakeslee (15)	11010011001011010010001l0—11	
	10000010101111100100110l1—13—	24
Combes (10)	11111111101111111111111110—23	
	11101110010110111110111l1—19—42+7—49	
Beveridge	11111111111111101101101l0—21 Withdrew	
*Blauvelt (13)	11110101001111001111101011—17	
	01011010111101100000001111—13—	30
*De Wolf (5)	11110111110110101111111101—20	
	11111111101111111111111100—22—	42
*Warner (11)	11110101111111001101101l0—17	
	10110011111011111001110l0—17—	34
Jackson	...111111101110w	

* Did not shoot handicap allowance.

Tie for E. C. cup:

Capt Money (26).....11111110111011111111111111 —24
Combes (30) .....11111111011111000000l110101111—21

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	15	Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	15
Ed Taylor	8	10	8	9	..	..	Blauvelt	6	9	6	8	..	..
Beveridge	9	6	7	7	..	12	De Wolf	10	9	9	9	22	..
Adams	8	8	5	6	17	..	Blakeslee	4	8	5	6	..	..
Capt Money	8	9	8	8	22	13	Combes	8	7	9	8	18	10
Dudley	5	6	7	8	..	..	Reymond	..	8	..	7	..	14
L Piercy	8	10	7	..	..	..	Warner	..	9	9	..	17	13
Toplitz	5	8	6	8	..	..	N E Money	..	..	..	..	22	..
Stern	7	6	..	6	..	..							

Sherburne Gun Club.

SHERBURNE, N. Y., Sept. 21.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Sherburne Gun Club. No. 2 was for a silver cup, Simons winning with 9 out of 10. All events were at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
B Simons	6	9	5	7	6	8	7	8	P Atkins	4	6	3	7	5	6	4	6
F Shepard	5	4	4	6	4	7	4	6	Padilford	8	8	7	8	8	9	10	9
F Smith	5	8	10	9	7	6	8	7	George	6	8	7	9	..	..	..	..
Parmitor	7	8	6	9	10	8	7	8									

D. GEORGE.

Auburn Gun Club, of Maine.

AUBURN, Me., Sept. 18.—Below are the scores made at the last shoot of our gun club. We think them very good for greenhorns, this being our first season at the trap:

Ashley.....11100111000100111101011l1—16
Barker.....10110101111111001101101l1—18
Conner.....11110111010110010110101l1—17
Fletcher.....11111101111011111111110101—21
White.....10011001011001111111111110—17
Cushman.....11100011101111110110111l1—19
Hamilton.....00100001011010010010000000— 7
Francis.....10011010011100101101110001—14

ASHLEY.

The next shoot of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League will be held Saturday, Oct. 2, on the Roxborough Gun Club's grounds, Shawmont avenue, Roxborough, Philadelphia, Pa. In connection with this tournament, the Roxborough Gun Club will hold an all day shoot, commencing at 10 A. M. The programme will consist of ten 10-target events, 50 cents entrance each; six 10-target events, 75 cents entrance in each, and four 15-target events, $1 entrance. The grounds are easy of access from Philadelphia, trains on the Pennsylvania, Schuylkill Valley branch, or on the Reading, running frequently close to the grounds.

The Portsmouth Interstate.

THE last target tournament on the Interstate Association's schedule for 1897 was brought to a close at Portsmouth, N. H., on Sept. 16. The weather had been very favorable for the tournament, and everything seemed to have passed off very pleasantly. As a matter of record making for the year, the last day of the shoot was a most thorough success. On that date Van Dyke started in and made a run of 101 straight, using his new model Winchester repeating shotgun, and Winchester Leader shells loaded with W-A powder. Then came Jno J. Hallowell's big run of 154 straight right on top of Van Dyke's; Hallowell shot Hazard's Blue Ribbon in U. M. C. Smokeless shells; we do not remember what gun Tucson shoots. On the first day Puck went off like a three year-old, breaking 71 straight before dropping 1. Puck shoots a Parker gun, E. C. powder and U. S. Rapid shells. We are told by Manager Shaner that the shooting was not easy; in fact, the background was not good in certain places.

Miss Maggie Kirkwood (Misskay), of the Boston Gun Club, was the heroine of the day. The fact that she landed in eighth place for the day's averages shows what she can do. This is what Mr. Shaner writes us about her shooting: "The shooting of Misskay was much admired. She is easy and graceful and shoots in admirable time. She can make a whole lot of the experts 'tired,' and if she ever shoots a race with any or all of the other lady shots, she will carry my money. I'd go broke on her beating them." Misskay's records on the home grounds, at Wellington, Mass., are enviable ones, and reflect great credit on her pluck and skill.

On the first day the attendance was very good, forty-five shooters being present. On the second day the attendance was not nearly so good, a parade of uniformed Order of Odd Fellows, and a free clam bake and band concert proved too strong an attraction for the home talent. One of the pleasant features of the tournament was a moonlight drive of fifteen miles around the ocean front, which was enjoyed by twenty members of the Portsmouth Gun Club on the evening of Sept. 15

The shoot ran smoothly from beginning to end, and over 9,000 targets were trapped altogether. The officials were: Casnier, Robert Dunk; referee, W J. Puilbrick; blackboard scorer, Ira D. Newick; manifold scorer, William Kehoe; puller, Master Ray Philbrick. The tournament was held in the Bicycle park, about six minutes' drive by stage from the hotels.

Among the neighboring clubs represented were the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club, Boston Gun Club, Boston Shooting Association, Exeter Gun Club, Kittery and Cape Neddick clubs.

Those from a distance, many of whom may be classed as experts, were: Capt. J. A. H Dressel and U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Company; Ferd Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; H. P. Du Pont Collins, from Baltimore, Md., representing the Du Pont Powder Company; B H. Norton, of New York, of the Hazard Powder Company; W. F. Parker, a member of the firm of Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn.; O. R. Dickey, E B. Wadsworth (Puck) and B. Leroy Woodward, of Boston, Dickey also representing Parker Bros.; John J. Hallowell, of Bethayres, Pa., etc.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The unlucky number of thirteen men shot through the programme of twenty events, ten on each day. Hallowell, by reason of his big run on the second day, came within 3 points of tying Leroy for first place. Leroy's shooting, however, was steady on both days, and his position as first on the list was thoroughly well deserved. W. F. Parker shot a great gait, too, on both days of the tournament, landing in third place for general average with a percentage of 93. Van Dyke, like Hallowell, made solid gains on the second day, owing to a big run of 101. He finished 1 target ahead of Dickey, their respective percentages being 92.1 and 91.8.

In the table given below, showing how the thirteen men finished in order of merit, it is worth noting that the first five men on the list, Leroy, Hallowell, Parker, Van Dyke and Dickey, made the following excellent record: Shot at 1,650, broke 1,537; average 93.1.

	1st day.	2d day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Leroy	157	156	330	313	94.7
Hallowell	147	163	330	310	92.9
Parker	153	154	330	307	93
Van Dyke	148	156	330	304	92.1
Dickey	152	151	330	303	91.8
Puck	153	136	330	289	87.5
U M C	139	146	330	285	86.3
Darton	140	139	330	279	84.5
Noone	128	144	330	272	82.4
Frizzell	128	131	330	259	78.4
Collins	121	132	330	253	76 6
W Newick	120	125	330	245	74.2
Norton	95	99	330	195	59

The scores for each day follow, the tables showing the order of merit for such shooters as shot at the same number of targets:

SCORES OF SEPT. 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
B Leroy	13	14	20	14	15	20	13	14	19	15	165	157	95.1
W F Parker	13	14	19	13	15	17	15	15	19	13	165	153	92.7
Puck	15	15	20	15	13	17	14	14	17	13	165	153	92.7
O R Dickey	14	11	18	15	14	20	15	14	19	12	165	152	92.1
F Van Dyke	14	14	18	13	14	16	14	13	17	15	165	148	89.7
J J Hallowell	14	12	17	13	15	20	13	13	19	11	165	147	89
Misskay	13	13	18	15	13	19	12	13	18	12	165	146	88.8
Darton	12	14	17	12	14	18	11	14	18	10	165	140	84.8
U M C	12	13	17	12	12	18	12	13	18	12	165	139	84.2
Frizzell	11	9	15	11	11	17	10	13	16	15	165	128	77.5
Noone	12	13	14	11	12	12	13	12	15	14	165	128	77.5
Bryan	11	10	19	12	9	17	13	11	15	11	165	128	77.5
H P Collins	10	11	18	9	12	13	13	10	14	11	165	121	73.3
W Newick	12	13	16	13	6	17	11	9	11	12	165	120	72.7
Horace	8	8	15	13	9	18	11	12	15	11	165	120	72.7
Laighton	9	11	15	12	9	12	8	12	16	13	165	117	70.9
B H Norton	8	9	14	10	8	10	11	3	12	10	165	95	57.5
Miller	13	11	16	12	10	17	10	11	14	..	150	114	76
Eastman	14	13	16	13	13	14	12	12	..	9	145	116	80
Manson	11	9	17	9	10	14	9	9	..	7	145	96	66.2
George	..	13	15	12	10	15	13	11	15	..	135	104	77
Stevens	14	12	19	12	12	16	10	11	..	..	150	106	81.5
Staniels	11	11	17	..	..	18	11	10	17	..	120	95	79.1
Brigham	..	..	13	9	11	17	10	9	11	..	120	80	66.6
Bowker	..	..	..	10	10	15	11	11	12	12	115	81	70.4
Adams	10	11	15	12	13	16	..	..	..	..	100	77	77
Tilton	13	8	16	14	10	15	..	..	..	..	100	76	76
Arthur	8	13	13	12	11	11	..	..	..	..	100	68	68
Merwin	..	..	..	..	7	7	11	9	10	4	100	48	48
R Winn	..	..	15	10	9	..	13	..	13	..	85	60	70.5
S White	..	..	..	6	..	9	7	..	9	7	85	38	44.7
Brown	5	8	..	9	..	..	5	..	..	9	75	36	48
Chisholm	..	..	17	15	12	16	..	..	..	..	70	60	85.7
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	10	14	..	70	49	70
Fernald	..	..	..	4	..	16	10	14	..	..	65	44	67.6
S D Winn	..	..	..	..	6	6	9	8	..	..	65	29	44 6
Beckford	..	10	..	12	7	..	5	..	..	..	60	34	56.6
Mitchell	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	..	10	..	55	33	60
Goodwin	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	11	..	..	50	36	72
A White	..	..	..	8	..	..	11	..	..	11	45	30	66.6
Brown	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	45	22	48.8
H Philbrick	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	35	19	54.2
Joy	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	2	..	..	35	15	42.8
Weston	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	23	76.6
W Philbrick	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	30	17	56.6

SCORES OF SEPT. 16.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Hallowell	14	14	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	165	163	98.7
Van Dyke	12	15	20	15	15	20	14	13	18	14	165	156	94.5
Leroy	14	14	20	14	14	19	14	15	19	13	165	156	94.5
Parker	13	13	19	14	14	19	14	14	19	15	165	154	93.3
Dickey	14	13	17	13	14	17	14	15	19	15	165	151	91.5
U M C	13	14	20	14	15	16	12	13	18	11	165	146	88.8
Noone	11	14	19	12	14	19	13	14	16	12	165	144	87.2
Darton	14	13	17	12	13	15	15	13	16	11	165	139	84.2
Puck	11	10	16	12	14	18	11	13	18	13	165	136	82.4
Collins	10	15	18	11	14	17	8	12	16	11	165	132	80
Frizzell	11	13	16	12	11	17	9	12	16	14	165	131	79.3
W Newick	8	12	15	13	12	17	9	10	16	13	165	125	75.7
Norton	8	9	16	9	10	11	8	10	10	8	165	99	60
Prince	..	..	..	..	13	16	12	13	19	14	100	87	87
Eastman	11	11	13	13	13	16	..	..	..	..	100	77	77
Staniels	11	8	17	13	12	16	..	..	..	..	100	77	77
Weston	10	9	..	..	14	..	9	8	..	..	75	50	66.6
Brown	..	7	..	13	8	..	8	..	..	7	75	43	57.3
R Winn	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	10	13	..	70	48	68.5
Goodwin	..	..	..	..	14	19	..	12	..	8	65	53	81.5
W Philbrick	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	12	19	10	65	49	75.3
Bowker	13	8	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	36	72
Bickford	10	..	..	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	45	34	75.5
H Newick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	35	19	54.2
Stimpson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	5	35	17	48.5
H Philbrick	..	..	..	10	..	..	9	..	..	..	30	19	63.3
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	15	100
Tilton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	12	80

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Sept. 18.—To-day saw the finish of the Hunter's Handicap series of eight shoots for merchandise prizes. The close was not a very glorious one, as the two leaders in the race for the Class A prizes, who were tied for first place, failed to improve upon a 20 standing to their credit The conditions were the best four scores to count. This left Messrs. Root and Sheldon still tied. The tie was shot off at 15 targets per man. Mr. Root refusing to take any allowance; the result of the shoot off was a win fer Sheldon with 11 breaks against 9. Although the scores look low, they are really not so bad as they look, for the targets were thrown very far, several being picked up 75yds. from the traps. Below are the scores made in the shoot for the Hunter's Handicap held this afternoon:

Class A, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Greene (0)	1011001111111111111101101	—20
Sheldon (0)	1110111100100101111111111	—19
Root (2)	1011110111101111001101001	—19
Staniels (0)	1011101011111 10011100111	—17
Mooney (2)	1111101010011100101110101010	—17
Arnold (2)	1110000101111101101010010111	—16
Corey (0)	0010111011001111110100011	—15
Crandall (0)	1101101010001001101100110	—13
Hawkins (0)	0100111001110010000011100	—11
Bain (0)	0001101101010011 0010	

Class B, 25 targets, known angles:

Armstrong	0111111101111110101111100	—19
Thoene	1010001011111111110111010	—17
Peck	1000000001101011000001011	— 9

Messrs. Sheldon, Root and Corey also shot a race at 50 targets, unknown angles, the scores being as follows:

Sheldon	11111101111111111101111111110111001001010111111111—42
Root	01011111011111111101010111011111011101110111001110 10—37
Corey	0110 11111110111111011010001011101100111111010000111—33

Under the conditions of the Hunter's Handicap for the merchandise prizes the best four scores of the eight shoots decided the winner. There were four prizes in Class A and three prizes in Class B. The former class shot at unknown angles and the latter at known angles. This arrangement proved quite popular with the boys. The winners and their scores were as below:

Class A.

W H Sheldon	23	22	22	20—87	First prize.
R C Root	23	22	22	20—87	Second prize.
S D Greene, Jr	20	20	20	18—78	Third prize.
F L Corey	20	20	18	18—76	Fourth prize.

Class B.

J Armstrong, Jr	21	20	19	18—78	First prize.
W Thoene	20	17	15	14—66	Second prize.
G E Buxton	18	15	15	14—63	Third prize.

This practically closes the shooting of the club until next spring, with the exception of Thanksgiving and Christmas. PAWTUXET.

Washington Gun Club's Introductory.

WASHINGTON, Pa., Sept. 18.—The newly organized Washington Gun Club held its introductory tournament to-day on the Oak Grove grounds. Shooting commenced at 9 A. M., and was kept up until 5 P. M. The result of the shoot was a pleasant day's sport for all present. Targets were thrown from a magautrap. The programme for the day was as follows: No. 1, 10 targets, $1; Nos. 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 11 and 12, 15 targets, $1.50; No 4, 10 singles and 5 pairs, $2; No 8, 5 pairs, $1.50; No. 10, 20 targets, $2. An extra event was shot as a starter to warm up with, the scores for the 10 targets being as below: W. S. King 10; A. H. King 8, McPherson, Duffy, and Kochendarfer, 7; Cundall 6, Bessemer 5; Alford 3; McCutcheon 1.

The results of the programme events are given below, all purses being divided under the old system, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

No. 4 was at 10 singles and 5 pairs. In the singles, A. H. King and Kokey broke 10 each; W. S. King, Alford and Bessemer broke 7; and J. B. Duffy broke 6. Below are the scores made on the 5 pairs, and also the scores in No. 8, which was at 5 pairs also:

	No. 4.	No. 8.
A H King	11 01 10 11 11— 8	11 00 11 11 10— 7
Kokey	11 10 11 11 10— 8	11 11 11 00 10— 7
Bessemer	11 01 11 11 10— 8	11 11 10 11 10— 8
W S King	11 11 10 11 00— 7	
Alford	01 10 10 00 11— 5	11 11 11 11 11—10
Duffy	01 11 10 10 01— 6	11 11 11 01 01— 8

Below are the records for the day:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
A H King	190	149	Kockey	260	208
Alford	260	147	Hosack	180	108
McPherson	160	140	McCutchen	120	43
Dr Cundel	215	154	Johnson	95	76
Bessemer	205	144	J Robb	65	46
W S King	205	148	Cartwright	20	9
J B Duffey	225	144			

Scores of all events shot at, with the exception of Nos. 4 and 8, were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	10	10	10
A H King	8	14	12	10	10	13	13	19	10	15	..	..	..	..
Alford	6	8	7	9	8	10	12	12	5	8	8	7	9	5
McPherson	6	13	10	12	11	13	9	13	4	14	8	..	..	..
Dr Cundall	5	13	9	10	12	11	15	17	13	14	13	6	8	8
Bessemer	6	12	12	10	11	13	13	13	12	13	6	..	..	..
W S King	6	11	10	13	14	13	11	16	10	12	11	..	..	..
J B Duffey	5	8	8	9	11	13	12	14	9	14	12	7	4	..
Kockendoffer	6	13	10	13	10	11	11	16	13	11	9	8	9	10
Hosack	4	10	10	12	10	8	10	..	10	11	7	7	4	5
McCutchen	1	5	4	8	8	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	17	12	12	12	..	..	..
J Robb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	11	13	..	..
Cartwright	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	5

No. 17, match, 25 targets, between Kockendoffer and Alford, $5 a side:

Kockey	1101101111111111111010011 1—20
Alford	0101010111000110010111100—13

H. T. MACKEY.

Chatham F. and G. Protective Association.

CHATHAM, Mass., Sept. 18.—The members of the Chatham Fish and Game Protective Association who attended the bi-monthly shoot today spent one of the most enjoyable afternoons in the history of the club. There were ten entries for the club handicap, for which three handsome prizes had been provided. The first prize, a silver mounted flask, was captured by H. D. Ogden; second, 100 Smokeless shells, was won by W H. Larison, and third was tied for by E. L. Phillips and R. B. Budd. Mr. Budd winning in the shoot-off.

It is the intention of the club to hold an open merchandise shoot sometime during the fall. Keep your eyes open for this.

The scores for Saturday's shoot are as follows:

Handicap prize sweep, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Phillips (0)	0111111101111111111011111 —22
Dawson (13)	0100000011000001001110001011001011000—14
Ward (13)	1100011010000101000110011111111010000 0—18
Geoffrey (2)	1101111101111011110101101 —19
Larison (3)	1001111000100011001010000011111011 —19
Elder (9)	1101101011011101111111111 —22
Budd (2)	0101000011000001110011110000000100011 —14
Plum (13)	1010110111111011111110111001 —20
Page (2)	1111100010101101111111001101000111110 —24
Ogden (12)	

No. 1, 10 targets, known traps, unknown angles, 25 cents entrance, birds extra, three moneys: Phillips 10, Ward 8, Geoffrey 10, Larison 6, Elder 9, Budd 7, Page 6, Plum 10, Kirkpatrick 5, Green 4, Hopping 2

No. 2, same over again: Phillips 8, Ward 6, Geoffrey 8, Larison 8, Elder 8, Budd 9, Page 7, Plum 7, Kirkpatrick 5, Green 5.

No. 3, same conditions: Phillips 10, Dawson 7, Ward 3, Geoffrey 9, Larison 7, Elder 10, Budd 9, Page 7, Ogden 9. R. B. BUDD.

ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Sept. 25.—The New Utrecht Gun Club opened its live-bird season at the Woodlawn, L. I. Grounds this afternoon. In the club shoot Furgueson and Meyer tied in Class A, but did not shoot; Sykes won in Class B, and E. G. Frost in Class C. A 5-bird sweep was also shot. Scores in these events were as below:

	Club shoot.	Sweep.
C Furgueson, Jr (A)	2220222222— 9	22222—5
C M Meyer (A)	2212211012— 9	11212—5
Wm Rail (A)	2202200 — 4	0210
W F Sykes (B)	2122122223—10	11122—5
M Van Brunt (B)	01102 2220— 7	2102
A A Hegeman (B)	0020220 — 3	0120
E G Frost (C)	1202122010— 7	0021
E Lohman (C)	0210022 — 4	....
D Lohman (C)	0100000 — 1	....

The Bristol Gun Club's Barbecue.

BRISTOL, Conn., Sept. 15.—The all-day shoot, with the barbecue dinner, given to-day by the Bristol Gun Club, proved a success, although there were not as many shooters present as we expected to have. For dinner we gave them roast lamb, fried sweetcorn, boiled sweet and Irish potatoes, bread, butter and coffee. It would have done you good to have seen those New Haven shooters keep sending up their plates for more, and we had a plenty. Below are the scores, all at known angles except No. 7, that being unknown traps and angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	10	15	20	15	10	10	10
Bristol	9	12	18	14	17	13	4	12	14	13	..	9	..
Potter	13	13	20	14	17	12	7	13	17	12	10	7	9
Cowee	13	10	19	10	18	11	4	11	12	13	9	6	..
Hull	10	12	18	14	17	15	6	14	18	12	8	7	8
Edgerton	12	10	17	9	14	12	..	11	17	7	6	..	..
Whitney	9	13	15	13	19	15	6	14	12	13	4	9	9
Gaines	9	8	10	10	13	..	4	11	12	9	6	5	..
Stevens	13	11	17	11	17	13	5	11	16	13	7	..	..
Savage	14	13	17	13	17	14	10	12	18	13	8	9	7
Mills	11	13	16	12	16	12	6	11	15	14	8	9	7
Kelley	10	12	17	15	18	12	..	14	15	..	4	..	..
Longdon	12	13	16	10	16	13	8	14	..	14	10	..	..
Redfield	8	7	11	8	..	6	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Reggiorri	10	14	16	11	..	13	3	10	..	10	3	..	..
Bassett	9	14	13	12	..	11	..	13	..	11	6	8	..
Hubbinger	11	8	..	10	13	13	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Callahan	12	14	19	12	16	11	9	13	17	12	7	9	10
R ckwell	..	..	17	14	18	15	9	14	15	15	9	9	..
Ockford	..	..	..	8	15	9	8	8	15	10	..	..	..
Hart	9	..	..	9	11	7	..	12	..	..	9	6	..
Penn	8	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moran	..	8	..	7	..	..	..	9	..	..	6	..	..
Burwell	..	..	..	12	8	..	9	..	..	8	..	..	..
Manross	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	8	15	..	..	..	..
Large	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	10	..	..	..

H. J. MILLS.

Montreal Wins the League Shoot.

WE have received the following account of the league shoot held Saturday, Sept. 18, in which the Montreal Gun Club's team defeated the Sherbrooke team:

The Montreal team defeated the Sherbrookes on Saturday, Sept. 18, and retains the league championship trophy. The weather was not favorable for good scores, a high and fluky wind at times making the birds very difficult. Eight individual events in addition to the team match were shot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Walton, Sherbrooke	8	4	5	6	..	4	3	..
Craig, Sherbrooke	4	4	6	8	..	8	8	4
White, Sherbrooke	5	6	7	6	7	8	6	..
Foss, Sherbrooke	8	4	2	..	4	5	7	4
Thompson, Sherbrooke	8	7	8	4	6	7	7	6
W Haigh, Montreal	6	4	6	7	..	8	..	..
Walley, Sherbrooke	6	7	5	..	..	5	..	..
Candlish, Montreal	6	5	5	..	..	5	..	..
Eaton, Montreal	9	6	8	..	..	9	5	..
Cameron, Montreal	8	4	5	8	..	..	..	..
Huston, Westmount	..	..	4	..	..	..	4	..
Robertson, Montreal	..	..	6	7	4	..	..	..
Aubin, Montreal	..	..	8	5	7	7	10	5
Bray, Sherbrooke	..	..	..	6	5	7	7	6
Westover, Sutton	..	..	..	5	5	7	7	9
Galbraith, Westmount	..	..	..	6	..	6	..	..
Hansen, Westmount	..	..	..	5	..	3	6	..
Wootton, Montreal	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	..
Black, Westmount	..	..	..	..	7	..	5	..

LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Sherbrooke vs. Montreal. Conditions: Five men per team, each man shooting at 20 birds thrown from five traps, American Association rules. Referee, Mr. A. W. Westover, of Sutton. Scorers, Messrs. R. B. Hutchison, Montreal, and C. H. Foss, Sherbrooke:

Montreal.		Sherbrooke.	
W Haigh	13	T M Craig	12
E C Eaton	14	N Bray	16
W F Robertson	13	J G Walton	7
C Auoin	17	W White	15
H H Wootton	15—72	Thompson	12—62

Trap Around Buffalo.

WITH THE BISON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 23.—The fourth of a series of shoots for the championship of Buffalo was held to-day on the Bison grounds, Walden avenue and City Line, and was participated in by teams from the Bison, Cazenovia and Audubon clubs. The Bisons won to-day by 6 birds. The Audubons have the first three contests to their credit. Each man shot at 25 birds, and scores were:

Bison Gun Club.		Cazenovia Gun Club.		Audubon Gun Club.	
Wheeler	22	Stevens	22	McArthur	19
Foxie	22	Beck	19	E C B	25
Mack	19	S Winter	20	S B Charles	20
Zoeller	23	McCarney	21	Norris	21
Estes	23—109	Alderman	21—103	Warren	18—103

A special match was shot between F. G. Wheeler and E. C. Burkhardt, 100 targets each. The score was: Wheeler 89, Burkhardt 96.

The following scores were made in the other events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	10	25	15	Targets:	10	15	10	25	15
Mack	4	7	9	..	13	Stevens	5	12	9	..	13
S Winter	8	14	9	..	10	Beck	8	10	10	..	11
E C B	7	9	9	..	13	Norris	..	14	10	..	14
C S B	8	14	8	..	13	Warren	..	14	9	..	..
Wheeler	7	13	7	..	15	McCarney	..	..	10	21	9
Buckley	1	..	..	..	..	Zoeller	8	..	6	..	..
Wilkinson	6	5	..	..	..	Bauman	..	..	10	..	15
Foxie	10	11	9	..	12	Behle	..	7	6	22	13
Collins	2	..	..	..	..	Cannon	..	..	..	..	5
Salesman	6	7	4	13	10	Alderman	8	11	8	..	..
Estes	8	11	8	..	12	McArthur	9	12	9	..	10
Hager	8	11	10	20	..						

E. C. Burkhardt won Class A badge in the club shoot with 25 straight. Hager won Class B with 20, and Behle Class C with 22.

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., Sept. 22.—No. 1, 100 targets, five traps, unknown angles A. S. A. rules, entrance $15 per team:

Thompson	1111111111101111111011111	—23
	1101110011111011011110011	—18
	1111111111111111111011110	—23
	1110111111111011110111111	—21—85
Stipp	1111111101110011011101111	—20
	1111100111101101011111101	—19
	1111101111001101011110110	—18
	1110111111111011110110111	—21—78
Braxtan	1011111100110111111111000	—18
	1011111111001001111101110	—18
	1111111111111101101111111	—23
	1111111111111111101011101	—22—81
Sherwood	1111010111111101110110110	—19
	1001111111101111111110111	—21
	1111110011110111110111111	—21
	1110101111101111111001111	—20—81

RECAPITULATION.

Stipp	78	Braxtan	81
Thompson	85—163	Sherwood	81—162

The targets were thrown very low and swift and at extreme angles, so the scores are much more creditable than they appear on paper.

SHERWOOD, Sec'y.

Oxford vs. Norwich.

NORWICH, N. Y. Sept. 21.—Inclosed find score of team match between Norwich and Oxford clubs; 20 bluerocks at 16yds rise:

Norwich.		Oxford.	
Coy	1101110110100110111 1—14	Covill	1011011011111010110—14

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1897.

VOL. XLVIX.—No. 15. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

IN this issue is given the seventh of the series of half-tone reproductions of Audubon's famous bird portraits, from the rare first edition. It is of the Shoveller Duck; and is noteworthy as one of the most animated of the wildfowl pictures left us by the great artist. The plate illustrates one admirable characteristic of Audubon's work, its truthfulness to nature, living nature. His portraits are the delineation of birds as he saw them in the woods, on the marshes, in the air. In all the hundreds of plates never a one suggests the stuffed specimen; all are instinct with life, whether the study be of action or of repose. To his bird paintings Audubon communicated that absorbing love of the gladness and living joy of nature which controlled his life. Ornithology as represented in his great work is not the museum classification of the closet naturalist; it is the bird world of song and color and motion.

OCTOBER.

EVERY season has in it that which is beautiful and useful, though the mawkish mind may be always able to find something of a gruesome turn and not to its liking.

The springtime has come, the poet of prose or verse tunes his lay in glad strains, and all is high lights and glad imagery. Summer comes, and again joyous pæans arise in praise of nature, the bountiful, the beautiful, the eternal. The autumn comes, and the songs change. There are those who see the natural fruition in nature, a beneficent provision for her earthly children, and there are again those who see only the lugubrious signs of a year which is dying.

The sad October days, indeed! The days when the air is cool and bracing; when the golden, dreamy light of Indian summer, softened by its tinge of haze, illuminates an earth laden with fruits and foods, all in glorious coloring; when the north wind and the south wind alternate in the gentlest of comings, the one feebly struggling to get possession of the earth, the other reluctant to yield.

The sad October days, indeed, when the squirrels are merrily flitting from tree to tree, gathering in a winter stock, and whose speed and nimbleness and cunning tax to the utmost the skill of the hunter who pursues them fairly; when the ruffed grouse, proud in his full beauty of color and vigorous strength, plump of form and strong of wing, can take his shadowy flights through the densest thickets, wherein but few of the sons of men can cope with him in fair warfare; when the quail glean the fields and woods for the best foods, full of the courage which comes from the strength and self-confidence defying pursuit, whether it be from the setter or pointer whose beauty of color rivals that of his prey, or whether it be from the hunter in the full panoply of his craft; when the rabbit races with a dash born of contempt for the pursuers whose bugle notes make the woodlands full of a new melody, or, if it be on the plains where the long-legged jackrabbit makes his home, the scene is changed to one of silent flight and swift, fierce, silent pursuit.

And the cooler waters, with their silvery yet darker glintings, hold denizens which are stronger and more daring, ones fiercer in their pursuit of prey and more desperate in the warfare which they make either to gain possession or to avoid being possessed. Whether the sportsman take in hand either gun or rod, he will find the offering of the October days a matter for gratitude and not for reviling.

And if he, the sportsman or the man, or if she, the sportswoman or the woman, wish to forsake the places of bricks and mortar, of struggle never-ceasing and of turmoil of wheels and bells, what season is better than the October season for pitching one's tent in a setting of autumn tints, mellow light and pure air? In days when nature is preparing for a rest from her labors; when, at every hand, tree or field bears the bounteous product of her fruitful efforts; days which are cool and bracing, making the chest expand and the spirits rise; days when the nostrils are conscious of inhaling an exhilarating stimulus and the pulse are accelerated of their own volition; days when there is a spontaneous impulse to seek the woods or fields or waters in quest of fur, feather or fish, as did man's progenitors of the primordial days of life.

In the October days are the bountiful and the beautiful, all the promises of the springtime and the summer time fulfilled. There is store in plenty for the winter there, sport for him who loves the best that land and water can offer, and all in the richest coloring of the year, and all these the October days offer freely to man.

SNAP SHOTS.

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson makes an ingenious and quite practicable suggestion that special strains of domestic fowl should be developed for plumage adapted to use on hats, to take the place of song bird decoration. The barnyard fowl now contributes largely as it always has to woman's headgear, but the notion of developing by selection a plumage particularly designed to catch woman's fancy is original and happy. Why not go a step further, and following the example set by ostrich farmers, domesticate and breed for its plumes the egret itself? The bird is readily tamed and takes to domesticity; we have published accounts of tame egrets in Honduras and Nicaragua; the commercial rewards certainly are sufficient to repay the enterprising Yankee who shall establish an egret farm.

An extraordinary game decision is reported from Virginia. Because of the destruction of quail in the severe winter of 1895–6, the Legislature in 1896 enacted a law forbidding entirely the killing of quail for two years, which included this present autumn. With a view, we are told, of testing the constitutionality of the law, a citizen recently went quail shooting, and when prosecuted made defense that the two-years close time was an unwarrantable restriction of his rights and privileges as a citizen and landowner. The court sustained him in the contention. Owing to the fact that the Commonwealth was a party to it, the case is not appealable to a higher court, and the decision will stand. This leaves Virginia without a quail law, although it may be assumed that the Legislature will enact a law when it shall assemble in December.

What particular advantage there may be in a Virginia game law, however, does not appear, if the principle established by this decision shall hold; for precisely the same authority, and no other, which empowers the provision of a two-years close time empowers an annual close season. If there is no warrant for the one, there can be none for the other; if a two-years close season invades private rights, so, too, does a close season of nine months in the year; if the one is overthrown by the courts on the ground of unconstitutionality, so also must the other be held repugnant to the Constitution. In short, if the ruling of this lower court shall hold good, Virginia may say good-bye to game protection; and if Virginia, other States, too.

The fact is that the decision is bad law. No principle of jurisprudence is more firmly established than the right of a State to legislate for the protection of game, and to exercise its jurisdiction even to the point of an absolute prohibition of the taking of game for any period it may be judicious to prescribe. Said Mr. Justice White, of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Geer vs. the State of Connecticut, the italics ours:

> While the fundamental principles upon which the common property in game rests have undergone no change, the development of free institutions has led to the recognition of the fact that the power or control lodged in the State, resulting from this common ownership, is to be exercised like all other powers of government, as a trust for the benefit of the people, and not as a prerogative for the advantage of the Government as distinct from the people *or for the benefit of private individuals as distinguished from the public good.* Therefore, for the purpose of exercising this power the State, as held by this court in Martin v. Waddell (16 Pet., 410), represents its people, and the ownership is that of the people in their united sovereignty. The common ownership and the resulting responsibility in the State is thus stated in a well-considered opinion of the Supreme Court of California: "The wild game within a State belongs to the people in their collective capacity. It is not the subject of private ownership except in so far as the people may elect to make it so; *and they may, if they see fit, absolutely prohibit the taking of it,* or traffic and commerce in it, if it is deemed necessary for the protection or preservation of the public good."

The close term extending over a period of years is a common and familiar feature of game protection in the several States; there are now in force numerous laws of this tenor, by which in the West buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, female deer and other species of large game are given immunity, and in the East deer, quail, imported pheasants and other species have been protected and are now, for such periods as may be considered expedient to insure the recovery of a depleted indigenous supply or establishing of a new species. Whether or no every long term is conducive to the advantages sought may be questioned, but we are not aware that the point has ever before been raised of the authority of the State to enact and enforce such laws; nor do we doubt that if the Virginia case were one which could be reviewed by the higher courts the decision would be reversed.

There is a deal of wisdom in the contention made by Dr. James in his paper before the American Fishery Society, that neighboring States should have uniform laws for the protection of fish. Without concert of action on the part of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, the Delaware River cannot be made to yield its most fruitful supply of fishery resources; and so of numerous other waters subject to the control of several States. But however desirable national laws might be for such waters, it is outside the province of Congress to legislate respecting them, and the attainment of uniform laws must be sought in State legislatures.

This is the third paper we have published from the proceedings of the recent Detroit meeting of the American Fisheries Society. They have been taken from a copy of the report of the meeting furnished to us by a member, our application to the secretary for a copy having been met by the response that the society had voted to restrict the report exclusively to the members. This is decidedly an error on the part of the society. If its papers and discussions have any practical worth in fishculture and fish protection they should be given the widest possible publicity, and the society should welcome the offices of a journal like FOREST AND STREAM, in presenting these papers to thousands who would otherwise never hear of them. The American Fishery Society is and should be educational in its aims. It is made up of men who are in the public service. Publicity for its proceedings should be sought, and no light-hid-under-a-bushel policy resorted to.

Julius Delmotti, of Somerville, N. J., has been the unconscious recipient of much sympathy within the past few days because of his harsh fate as a victim of the stringent enforcement of the Jersey game law. Delmotti's case as reported in the newspapers is this: He is an honest hard working man, who has been care-taker of the place of William Van Buren, a New York business man, who lives in the summer at Mount Bethel, on the Watchung Mountain, in New Jersey. Moved by a love of pet birds, and all unknowing of any statute to the contrary, Delmotti caged five robins as pets. When advised that this was contrary to the law, he immediately set them free; but the relentless game protector haled him before a justice, and despite his protestations that he had erred unwittingly, and had set the birds free of his own volition immediately upon being apprised of the law, he was fined the full penalty of $20 each and costs, and in default of the payment of $107 was put into jail, there to remain one day for $1, until the crime should be expiated. He would be an unfeeling man indeed, who could read this recital without indignation, and it is certain that the enforcement of the letter of the New Jersey law in such a way would excite only repugnance to the statute. It was a case, one might say, where the justice should have exercised his discretion of imposing a fine for one bird only, or of suspending sentence; the law would have been vindicated and no injustice wrought.

The cold truth, however, is that any sympathy expended upon Delmotti has been misplaced and wasted, unless he may be pitied for having trusted to the bad advice and council with which Van Buren misled and victimized him. When Deputy Game Protector Ten Eyck found that the Italian, with the usual weakness of people of that race, had been trapping birds, and proposed to prosecute him, Van Buren announced that he would take care of him, and the two set in to defy the law. Both Van Buren and Delmotti were sued. They secured counsel and made their fight. Van Buren shook off his responsibility and was acquitted, and Delmotti was convicted and fined. The case was appealed and Delmotti gave bail for his appeal, but his bondsmen subsequently surrendered him, and he is now in jail. He is not there for a term of 107 days, since the game law provides that the imprisonment for violation of the fish and game acts shall not exceed ninety days, nor did his offense lie in keeping the robins as pets, since there is no prohibition of that in the New Jersey law. As has been said already, if it had not been for Van Buren's part, and for Delmotti's having injudiciously taken Van Buren's advice, the Italian would probably never have seen the inside of the county jail.

AUDUBON'S PORTRAIT OF THE SHOVELLER DUCK.



Natural History.

THE SHOVELLER DUCK.

(*Anas clypeata*, Linn.)

From "Audubon's Ornithological Biography."

The Creoles, of Louisiana, are well acquainted with this species, under the name of *Micoine*, the etymology of which I am unable to trace. In that country it arrives, both from the westward and from the eastern inland districts, along with the blue-winged teal, or at the commencement of autumn. It associates with that species, to which, as well as to the green-winged, the mallard, the dusky duck and the gadwall, I should consider it very nearly allied, notwithstanding the peculiar expansion of its bill. The shovellers remain in the lower parts of Louisiana during the whole of the winter, and depart, along with the blue-wings, between the end of April and the middle of May. There, in early spring, they resort chiefly to ponds, where they feed on grasses and their seeds, as well as at times a small kind of onion, the bulbs of which they pull up from the moist grounds on their margins. This may, perhaps, to some seem strange, but I have long since made up my mind to learn from nature, and believe what is, rather than what philosophers imagine ought to be. Having fed through the night, they collect toward dawn into large bands and betake themselves to the margins of sand bars on the Mississippi, where they spend the greater part of the day. At other times I have found them swimming or wading along the muddy margins of ponds and streams, immersing the head and part of the neck, while alternately moving the bill to either side, in the manner of the roseate spoonbill, sifting as it were the contents of the soft mud or water, and ejecting the substances unfit for food. Repeated inspection of the stomach has shown me that the shoveller is not more nice as to the quality of its food than the mallard or any other of the duck tribe, for I have found in it leeches, small fishes, large ground-worms and snails. They never, however, I believe, feed by semi-immersion, like the mallards and teals; nor do they dive unless hard pressed, or when in a sportive mood, when they will dash for a moment beneath the surface.

This species is generally considered scarce in the United States, and I believe it is so, for, although many pass northward and breed in the fur countries, a greater number spend the summer months in the Texas and the districts further westward. It is, however, abundant on the streams of the Rocky Mountains, as well as on the tributaries of the Columbia River, where it was frequently observed by Dr. Townsend during summer.

We have no ducks in the United States whose plumage is more changeable than that of the male of this beautiful species. While the female is sitting on her eggs, he undergoes a moult, after which he appears mottled, and seems as if inclined to assume the garb of his partner. From this period, the beginning of July, until late in November very few finely-colored males are to be seen, and only such as have not mated that season, in which case they do not moult until the beginning of winter, as if to be the sooner ready to associate with females on the approach of the next breeding season.

In the Carolinas, this species, though found during winter in the rice fields, is not abundant; more than three or four being seldom seen together. In our Central and Eastern districts they are rather rare, and a male in full dress is not to be obtained without difficulty, although I have seen some in the markets of New York and Philadelphia.

The shoveller walks prettily, and I have often admired its movements in the puddles formed by heavy dashes of rain in our Southern corn-fields, where I have found it in company with the wood duck, the mallard and the pin-tail. Its flight resembles that of the blue-winged teal; and in tenderness as well as in flavor, it rivals, as an article of food, that beautiful bird. No sportsman who is a judge, will ever pass a shoveller to shoot a canvasback. It is rarely, however, found on salt-water, and that only when compelled to resort thither.

In the beginning of May, when I was in Texas, I found shovellers breeding in considerable numbers. The males had already left the females, and were seen on the sand-bars of the Bay of Galveston up to the River San Jacinto, but none of my party discovered the nest. During the autumn, they are to be seen on the waters adjoining the Ohio, and generally in ponds in company with the bald pate or American widgeon, when they become very fat, and afford delicious eating. At this time I have been often much pleased, when on perceiving a flock of eight or nine of these ducks, probably members of a single family, and cautiously approaching them while they were busily engaged in searching for food, with their heads and necks immersed, I have obtained several of them at the first shot, and as the survivors flew off, have succeeded in procuring one or two more. On such occasions, they rise almost perpendicularly to the height of 15 or 20ft, and then fly off in a direct course in the manner of mallards.

DO SNAKES CARE FOR THEIR YOUNG?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our non-venomous snakes are all oviparous, and I have never seen, read or heard of their evincing any care of either their young or their eggs. But our venomous snakes bring forth the young alive. The little ones are often found near their mothers, and stories have been told that, on the approach of danger, the mother will open her mouth and the young will run inside. Naturalists, however, entirely discredit the story, and in fact the general attitude of all our venomous snakes on the approach of danger, is that the danger is all to the other party. Their "Monroe Doctrine" seems to be neither to seek nor to avoid a fight. And, generally, they—like the Guard at Waterloo—even permit the other fellow to fire first. That is where they make a mistake.

But, among the "snakes I've met," I have found a single instance of a behavior so different that I can only account for it on the supposition that the snake was a female with young.

It was in September, 1858, on the emigrant trail along the south side of the Platte River, in Nebraska. I was returning from Utah with a company of engineer troops, and was shooting ducks along the river bank late in the afternoon, some distance behind the command. I had suddenly realized that I must hurry to be able to reach camp before dark, when my pony came upon a very large rattlesnake lying across our path in the high thick grass. When we were within some 12 or 15ft. the snake ran slowly off to the right, giving me a good view of it. It was about the largest I had ever seen, and I decided to kill it and get its rattles, so I watched closely to see where it stopped. The grass soon hid it, but the shaking of the high grasses showed it still going for such a distance—some 80 to 100ft.—that I feared I would not be able to find it, and I hesitated if I should lose the time necessary to hunt. But the desire to get the rattles prevailed, and I dismounted and picketed my pony, and began to prepare my gun to kill it. I had a muzzle-loader with the right barrel empty. I did not wish to waste shot, and I decided to blow its head off with a heavy paper wad, so I put a charge of powder in the right barrel, and, resting the butt on the ground, began to roll up carefully a heavy wad, using both hands. Suddenly I heard the snake begin to rattle, and I saw by the shaking grass that it was coming rapidly back to me. Before I could get the wad ready I saw that I did not have time to ram it down and cap before it would reach me. So I had to drop the wad, and picking up gun in my left hand I began to feel for a cap in my right vest pocket.

By the time I could get the cap the snake was so near that I began to motion at it with the gun in my left hand, as if to strike it, so as to make it stop long enough for me to get the cap on. This had the desired effect. The snake stopped within 6ft. of me It did not coil, but with body contracted and head and tail erect its rattle sang as I never heard one before or since. I quickly capped, and holding the gun as a pistol, by the small of the stock in my right hand. I slowly advanced the muzzle to about a foot from its head and fired the blank powder in its face. It did not tear the head, but it blinded, and the snake rolled over and writhed and twisted in all sorts of mixed contortions. I watched for a chance, and with butt of my gun came down on its back, breaking the spine. The rest was easy. I was disappointed and surprised to find only ten rattles and a button. I have seen as many on snakes less than two-thirds as large. This would indicate that the snake was a female, as females are usually larger than males of the same age.

It did not occur to me at the time to search in the grass for young ones, which I have ever since regretted. For I have always believed that it was the maternal instinct which, first, led this snake to go off slowly, to such a distance, to lead the intruder away from her young, as the female quail will do; and, second, to return to defend them, when she saw me stopping right where she had left them, and both the going off and the coming back are equally and utterly unlike a big rattlesnake's normal behavior. Jack Hildigo.

Graytown, Nicaraugua.

CHANTICLEER VS. EGRET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few years ago, through the medium of this far-reaching paper, it was my lot to call attention to the possibility of breeding fur animals for profit. I have heard of quite a number of fur farms that have sprung up since, and to some extent in consequence of my article.

I would now like to call attention to another chance for small capital and large enterprise. We are all in sympathy with the movement and endeavors of the Audubon Society. The thousands of good folk enrolled as members are doing good work, but so far they have not accomplished a certain object that is of great importance, and one which has received exceptional attention—viz., arresting the extermination of the plumed egrets.

The case is briefly this: Each egret bears a bunch of plumes worth more than its weight in gold; there is no danger in going after the birds; little capital is required for the expedition, and its character is such as to commend it to a certain class. The commercial demand for these plumes continues, and in my opinion there are but two things that can save the birds that bear them:

First—A complete cessation of the demand, which I see not the slightest reason for anticipating.

Second—The discovery of a cheaper substitute. It is well known that the discovery that silk would felt saved the beavers from extermination this century, and I venture to predict that whoever invents a substitute for heron plumes, will not only save the birds but will make a fortune.

There is good reason to believe that those skilled in the handling of celluloid have experimented much but fruitlessly in the attempt to produce a celluloid plume. I think there is a simp'er though a slower solution of the question. It is this: Develop a breed of barn fowls that shall grow plumes.

This suggestion may provoke a laugh from some, but not from those who know the boundless plasticity of our barn fowl in the hands of a skillful breeder. When we remember that breeding has produced a fowl with tail feathers 18ft. long—has produced one whose head and neck bear no feathers at all—has produced another whose head is smothered with long feathers—and has already produced one whose every feather is a silky plume, we find it not difficult to believe that a breed might be made with plumy tail, the more so since several varieties seem to stand ready for development in the desired direction.

Pure white Dorkings and the silky fowls offer a good groundwork for the breeder to start on. It is no uncommon thing to see a white Dorking whose hackle and tail coverts are so meager in the web and so open in texture as to be quite plumose. These peculiarities could be seized on and developed by judicious breeding with a rapidity that would surprise any one unacquainted with such matters, and the question solved.

Finally, it should not be forgotten that no great outlay is required. The fowls would continue equally good and profitable for table use, so that the increased value of the feathers would be an item of clear profit.

Ernest Seton Thompson.

123 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

Regular meetings of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, on Tuesday evenings, Oct. 12 and 26, at 8 o'clock.

Oct. 12—Frank M. Chapman, "The Mammals Found Within Fifty Miles of New York City."

Oct. 26—J. A. Allen, "The Origin of the Migration of Birds."

Walter W. Granger, Sec'y.

Amer. Museum of Nat. History.

Buffalo in the Yellowstone Park.

Col. S. B. M. Young, acting superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, in his annual report estimates the number of buffalo in the park at twenty-four. He says he has consulted with the superintendent of the National Zoölogical Park, as to the advisability of corraling them in the park with a view of their preservation and increase, but that the idea has been abandoned, as adult animals die under even slight restraint. Colonel Young estimates $250,000 as necessary for next year's improvements in the park.

The Sportsman Tourist.

PACK-BASKET, RIFLE AND ROD.

Part I.

"The natural life in the woods, the strong day's work,
The blazing fire at night, the sweet taste of supper, the talk, and the
Bed of hemlock boughs." —*Whitman.*

It came at last, the long-anticipated day, when the fetters of business were snapped and commercial problems were left for other brains to solve. Farewell, for a blessed season, to the sounds of brawling traffic, to newspapers, politics and all the ignominious details of our watch-consulting and train-catching existence! Away to the land of the trout and deer, to the forest camp and the cedar boat!

The Adirondack air was like wine, as my friend L. and I stepped from the train at Spring Cove on that fair August morning on our way to Blue Mountain. The St. Regis River glimmered in the sun, the tamaracks were ablaze with jewels of dew, the tall spruces rose like spires against the sky, and the great hills towered in majesty above us, making a picture which I doubt not will be recalled with a mixture of pleasure and regret on winter nights in the future.

It was an encouraging thing to see deer tracks in the moist margin of the road as we drove to the hotel, and when after a four-mile drive through the woods we arrived at the quaint old log hostelry, it was a solid satisfaction to shake hands once more with the burly and jovial proprietor, Darwin Day, and to see the picturesque figure of our guide, Will Martin, standing, rifle in hand, framed, as it were, in the doorway. The day was given up to unpacking our duffle, laying plans for the morrow and targeting our rifles to see if they or ourselves had lost accuracy during a long period of enforced inactivity. Our objective point was Lake McCavanaugh, four miles distant, near the shore of which Camp Saint's Rest was awaiting our occupancy.

To provide for the comfort and internal wants of three hungry men who plan to make a protracted stay in the woods involves some physical exertion at the outset, and I wouldn't like to say just how much the pack-baskets weighed which we shouldered next day; but if the packs were heavy our hearts were light, and as "the labor we delight in physics pain," we waved a cheerful adieu to our friends and soon crossed the threshold of the forest.

I believe it is John Burroughs who speaks of "the ground-loving foot," and the phrase is a significant one. Certainly, to one who for months has walked on granite and bluestone, there are few things more grateful than to get his feet on the grand old earth. Moreover, a clean forest trail is the most delightful of all paths, and we would have been blind to the beautiful and picturesque if we had not enjoyed the tramp from Blue Mountain to Lake McCavanaugh. The brown streak winds around the precipitous sides of the mountain through a noble forest of maple, ash and yellow birch, avoiding huge, moss-covered boulders, crossing little fern-lined brooks of ice-cold water, and deer trails leading down from the hills above, threading its way through wild, selected spots where the spruces grow thick among the ledges, and the close-cropped "witch-hopple" bushes show that the deer have wintered here; leading us up onto the high ridge above the lake, glimpses of which we get through the balsams and hemlocks as it shimmers in the sunlight far below; and descending at last into the sunny valley where nestles the snug little log camp, just as we three left it almost a year since.

Standing in the door of this sylvan lodge, hearing the sound of the little brook as it sang among the ferns, smelling the fragrance of the balsams and feeling the freedom and the restfulness which are the gifts of the mighty forest, I could readily believe that in some such spot the king of poets must have stood when he said: "This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods, I better brook than flourishing, peopled towns."

It is astonishing what a hold a simple camp of logs and bark may get upon our affections, and how vastly superior to the most luxurious homes its rough exterior and homely appointments may sometimes seem. Why is it that a man is compelled to live in a house costing $5,000 or $10,000 when a $50 house suits him so much better? Whoever solves this problem and provides a remedy for this unfortunate state of affairs will become the patron saint of all hunters and fishermen.

We have a cast-iron rule that, barring salt pork, no meat shall be brought in from the hotel, and that the woods and waters must supply our needs in this direction. Therefore Martin and I took the rods and started for the lake to win our dinner. The deep gutturals of the frogs among the lilypads suggested that if the trout failed to rise we would still have our feast; and so it turned out. The trout disdained our flies, but the frogs seemed to regard an ibis or an oriole with favor, and fifteen big fellows were soon sprawling in the boat. And such frogs! None of your sputtering, scurrying sort, but huge, bellowing batrachians, half as big as a muskrat. I wonder if people really know how much fun there is in catching frogs with a fly. I have seen fishermen turn up their noses at the thought of descending to so low a level, but, later on I have seen these same fishermen so absorbed in the pursuit of this unique game that they forgot to come in to dinner. The "frog chorus," which at the time of our arrival at McCavanaugh would have made a Yale crowd turn green with envy, became gradually fainter during our stay, and finally ceased as entirely as I have known it to do on the Manhattan Field when Princeton kicked a winning goal. We dined royally that afternoon, and thenceforth there was never a day when we were not at least one meal ahead in our supply of fish, flesh or fowl.

Before dark a big balsam was felled, its bushy top was reduced to a great aromatic pile of fine browse, and the bunks were filled a foot deep with it, shingled on, ends up. The man who has never yet slept on a properly made bed of balsam tips has yet to experience the keenest luxury of repose.

We failed to get a shot on the lake at dusk, and jacking having become a lost art under the recent law, we decided to try a moonlight hunt, a species of "shining for deer" which Albany legislation will have difficulty in preventing. A mile below us, on Stony Brook, was a small clearing

where some old lumber camps had been burned. Several big deer trails led to it, and the ground was literally hashed up with tracks. It looked as if a herd of deer had been spending the summer there. Martin, L. and I reached this spot at dark, and seating ourselves on some charred logs awaited developments, of which there were several. First came the punkies, something less than a million of them; but a liberal application of tar-oil on our hands and faces stopped their fun. Then a pair of "saw-file" owls discovered us, and flitted about, squeaking their disapproval of our presence. A hedgehog wheezed and grunted in the raspberry bushes; then there came a sharp rustle in the thicket, and the child-like scream of a rabbit proclaimed a nocturnal tragedy, in which a fox was probably the heavy villain. Finally the moon, which had been struggling through the clouds on the horizon, shone out in sudden splendor, and the whole face of nature changed. The inky brook became a stream of silver, the charred logs and stumps of the old lumber camp assumed strange fantastic shapes, and the gloom of the forest gave place to a subdued glory, which softened the rugged outlines of the hills and bathed the hemlocks and spruces in its gentle flood. Surely it could not have been intended that men should sleep on such a night as that!

Our admiration of moonlight effects was interrupted by a cracking of twigs on the other side of the brook, a sound which every still-hunter knows, and which makes his blood leap. But just as we were expecting to see a deer come into the open, a succession of loud snorts informed us only too plainly that his antlered majesty had winded us and would never show himself. He made noise enough for a whole herd of deer, blowing holes in the atmosphere and smashing around in the brush until, as Martin said, it sounded as if there were "half a dozen Frenchmen in there clearing up land." Convinced that such a racket would drive all the deer in the vicinity to another county, we started up the trail for camp.

The natives in the Adirondacks have a way of utilizing old wood roads wherever they can, to save the trouble of cutting out trails; and as these roads are almost invariably on the lowest land, and only intended for use in the winter, when everything is frozen solid, they make the worst possible trails for the hunter, being boggy, overgrown with bushes, and full of low stumps and exposed roots. Bad at any time, their general cussedness is best realized at night. The Stony Brook trail is no exception to this rule, and when we got back to camp, after midnight, covered with numerous concentric layers of mud, and with a few square inches of skin missing from our legs, we decided that it was violating the spirit of the law to attempt to kill deer with the moon for a jack—especially on Stony Brook. Besides we didn't need a deer anyway. That night I dreamed of falling out of the top of a hemlock tree and being impaled on the sharp stubs of a dead spruce, which sank with me out of sight in the soft ooze of an Adirondack wood road.

Just before daylight I woke Martin, and we went down to the lake to see if anything was stirring. It was still too dark for me to see distinctly, and when Martin, pointing to the further shore, said, "There's a deer over in the cove," I could not at first make it out, although I had always prided myself on my eyesight. I presume, however, that as Martin is partly nocturnal in his habits, he can see all right in night. We got carefully into the boat and headed for a point toward which the deer was feeding. Every time its head was raised we were motionless, and when it was lowered again the boat seemed to make noiseless leaps toward the shore. It was as pretty a piece of paddling as I ever expect to see. As we neared the dusky figure of the deer I found myself getting

"Wild with all the fierce commotion
And the rapture of the hunting."

Suddenly the deer lifted its head, craned its neck toward us, and then looked toward the woods. A slight shake of the boat admonished me that there was no time to lose, and, holding just back of the shoulder, I "unhitched." With a mighty bound the deer cleared the bushes skirting the shore and disappeared before I could get in another shot. "That's our meat," said Martin, and when I expressed some doubts, "You'll see," was the laconic response. We landed, and entering the swamp found "our meat" within 30yds. of the water, stone dead. I was very sorry to find that it was a doe, but my disappointment was tempered by the fact that she was dry and had no fawns dependent upon her. It was also a satisfaction to find that the lead had been placed exactly where I had intended, and there was considerable comfort in having the meat supply assured so early in the game.

At 5:15 the deer was hanging in front of the camp, and while Martin was preparing to celebrate the occasion with a breakfast of liver and onions I put the seventh notch on the stock of the good old Marlin.

The camera was brought into play, and the first deer of the season was made a matter of record. The camera is indeed a most valuable adjunct to the camp outfit, enabling one to bring the woods and waters home with him, so to speak; giving to many a wild spot, where the foot of man has never trod, "a local habitation and a name"; furnishing endless themes for conversation and reminiscence, and incidentally revealing some of the facts and secrets of the wilderness to skeptical friends, whose experience of the woods consists of viewing it from the porches of the big hotels.

In another paper I shall attempt to give a further account of our adventures and successes, hoping it may give to others as much enjoyment as their articles in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM confer upon me.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

PASSAIC, N. J.

"Uncle Lisha's Outing,"

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THE NATIVE AMERICAN HUNTER.

I.—Buffalo Killing by the Cheyennes.

As told by White Hawk.

IN presenting an account of the methods by which the Primitive American Hunter captured the animals on which he lived, and of the ceremonial which often accompanied this capture, some introduction is needed. At best it is difficult for the civilized person to comprehend how the savage exists, but when this savage is the man of the Stone Age, the task of putting one's self in his place becomes doubly hard.

The American of the Western plains was, as a rule, a meat-eater, and depended for subsistence on the flesh of the wild animals who shared with him the country which he inhabited. These animals furnished him food, clothing, shelter, and, in large measure, the implements which he used in the vocations of his daily life. Unless he captured them, and in sufficient numbers, death by starvation must be his lot. Something of the difficulties that the Primitive Indian had to face I have endeavored to show in my book, entitled "The Story of the Indian," from which a few paragraphs may be quoted:

"It is difficult for us who dwell among the civilized surroundings of this age, to realize how severe was the struggle for existence of primitive man in America; what the condition of the Indian was in the days before the white man had come, bringing with him firearms which kill at a distance, and horses which can overtake the buffalo. To comprehend this we must stop and think, trying to move ourselves some centuries back to the time of the stone age, when the people, wholly without knowledge of metal, slew with weapons made of flint the wild beasts on which they subsisted, and moved from place to place on foot, carrying their simple possessions on their backs or on the dog travois.

"In those days the securing of daily food must have been a difficult matter for many tribes, and the laying up of provisions for the future doubly hard. The great beasts, so easily slaughtered by the rifle or even by the iron-headed arrow, shot into them at close range by a mounted man, must have been well-nigh invulnerable to the stone-headed arrow. The tough, thick hide, covered with a close mat of fur, presents resistance to the keen edge of a modern knife, and could have been pierced only by the best arrows of that day shot at very short range; and if the careful hunter crept close enough to drive the blunt-headed shaft deep into the body, the great best, irritated by the prick of the puny dart, instead of running away, might turn to fight the one who had injured it. Often, no doubt, the man kept out of sight and shot arrow after arrow into it, for there was no sound to alarm it, and it could not tell whence the hurt came; but let the animal learn the cause of this pain and the man was in great danger, for a wounded buffalo was a terrible antagonist, swift of foot, resistless in power, only to be avoided by the exercise of that cunning which has ever given man the mastery over the brute. In that age of stone the contest between wild man and wild beast was not an unequal one. The beast was the stronger, the quicker, the better armed of the two. Man's advantage lay altogether in his intelligence.

"Long before the time of the bow and arrows, there must have been a day when for these men—the ancestors of the Indians whom we know—the capture of such a great animal as the buffalo was an impossibility, a thing altogether beyond their power to compass, and not to be contemplated; a time when the food of the people consisted of the fruits of the earth and the small animals, those which are so numerous, so timid, and so lacking in craft and wariness, that even feeble man, armed only with his club—the first weapon—could circumvent them. In some of the tribes there still persist traditions of those earliest times, when arms—the bow and arrow, the shield and lance—were unknown, and many of the practices of those ancient times have endured even to the present day.

"Since his armament was so inefficient as to make the capture of game at all times uncertain, and since the effort to secure it was often attended with danger, it must early have occurred to the Indians to devise, for capturing food in quantity, some method which should be more certain and more safe than the bow and arrow. The problem was long pondered over, and the first steps toward solving it, no doubt, took the direction of improving the traps and snares which they employed for the capture of the smaller animals; and the evolution of the pen with the extended wings, into which the buffalo or antelope were brought and captured whole herds at a time, was slow. On the other hand, in those early, as in more modern, days, the Indian's whole study was the animals among which he lived. Constantly engaged in watching them, and trying to learn how they would act under particular conditions, he knew their habits better than he knew anything else. Long before the traps, so successfully used, were devised, he must have known of the existence in buffalo and antelope of that curiosity which made the trap feasible, and which, to the animals, proved so self-destructive."

In different books that I have published on the Indian I have described some of the methods by which some tribes of Indians captured their game, but in these papers I shall refer only to some of the ways of the Cheyennes, a tribe whose migrations brought them less than 225 years ago to the plains of the West and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. What their original starting point was is not well determined, though the investigations of Mooney and others show that they came from some point east of the Mississippi River.

This is the way in which the old men tell us that the buffalo were captured in ancient times, the narrator being White Hawk. It is to be remembered that the evolution of these different devices was no doubt slow, and that no memory of this process would remain among the Indians. Tradition would tell them that at different periods in the tribal history different methods of capture were employed. This being the extent of their knowledge, it is very natural that they should attribute the devising of improved methods to dreams—in other words, to supernatural assistance or advice. Like most primitive peoples the Indians are firm believers in dreams. Like the prophets of old, they often received in sleep suggestions from supernatural sources—were warned in a dream. Such visions—the Indian says—are sent us to tell us what is going to happen, and the advice which they convey must be obeyed.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

White Hawk's Relation.

In those days the arrow point was made of stone. There were birds, and so they got feathers for their arrows so that they would fly straight. Men were out from the camp all the time looking for food. When any of these men found a herd of buffalo, twenty or thirty or forty, they would come back to the camp and report to the chief. Then all who had bows and arrows would get ready, and go with these men to near where the buffalo were, and would form a big circle as far off as possible from the buffalo, but entirely surrounding them. The side of the circle to the leeward of the buffalo and the two other sides across the wind were formed first. The windward side was formed last. Then the people would begin to close in on the buffalo, until, as the circle grew smaller, the people would be closer together. When the buffaloes began to smell the people, they would run away; but those toward whom they ran would would yell and toss their robes, and the buffalo would turn, looking for another place, and from being always turned back they were soon running in a circle. When the people got pretty close, all those who had strong arms to pull the bow and who could shoot straightest and the most active young men would charge in among the buffalo and begin shooting their arrows at them, while the buffalo were running round in a circle, not trying to break through the line of the people. The old men say that sometimes they would kill a whole herd in this way, none of them breaking out. At times a few would break out and get away, but often they killed them all.

The people had dogs, and when buffalo were skinned and cut up they packed meat on their dogs, and then every man, woman and child able to walk would carry a pack to camp. They left nothing behind, but carried everything in. Even the bones were carried in, and the entrails, for buffalo were hard to get and were only had occasionally, so nothing was wasted or left.

Later, after they had learned to surround the buffalo in this way, some old man was told in a dream of another and better way. That he should take the wing of some large bird, perhaps an eagle and perhaps some other big bird, and that the people should take their lodges up on to the prairie and pitch them in a circle, leaving an opening at one side. When the buffalo were close, two old men, each carrying one of these large wings, should go out toward the buffalo and wave the wings in the air, beckoning to the animals, and that these would come toward them. They did this, and as the buffalo came toward them, the men moved away and the buffalo followed, and so the men led them right into the circle of the lodges, where the people killed them all. The buffalo seem to be gentle and would not run, but would stand about, waiting to be killed.

In later times, another man had a dream about this. His dream said to him: "You shall take your people and have them make a large pen out of wood and brush, with a gap in one side, and a chute with diverging wings running out half a mile into the prairie, a solid fence which shall hide the people from the buffalo. Then you shall take certain young men of the camp and go out with them on to the prairie and you can bring the buffalo into this pen."

The man had the people build the pen and the wings as he had been told, and took his young men and told them what to do and went out and led the buffalo into the pen without any trouble. After that they could always go out and bring them.

Before they set out to bring the buffalo, the old man told his young men to strip naked down to their moccasins, and to paint their faces, arms, legs and bodies red all over with red dirt. The medicine man and another old man, each carrying a wing, went before the painted men singing their mysterious songs. The painted young men were divided into two equal parties, and followed these two old men, behind them and outside of them, on either side. When the old men got near the buffalo, they beckoned to them with the wings, and soon the buffalo began to come toward them. When they began to come, the old men walked toward the chute in front of the buffalo, and on either side of them, but a long way off, walked the two parties of painted young men. The young men did not sing, but if at any time the buffalo tried to turn aside from following the old men, in either direction the young men held their hands up to heaven and waved them in a certain way, and the buffalo turned back. When the old men had led the buffalo in between the wings, the opening into the chute was filled by the medicine man's companion and by the two parties of painted men who stood on either side of him in the gap, and all sung. The young men who had been chosen to do the killing had been hidden behind the walls of the chute, and after the buffalo had passed them they climbed over this fence and followed them, hurrying them into the pen. While they did the killing, the painted men stood there at the gap of the chute, and kept on singing until all were killed.

When the buffalo that were following the two men who called them with the wings, got near the gap into the pen, the medicine man walked a little to one side of the entrance into the pen, still singing and waving his wing toward the entrance, and the buffalo walked right in. Then, while the young men walked up and formed a line in the entrance, the medicine man walked along the fence, and outside of it around the pen to the back opposite the entrance He stood at the back of the pen and sung his mysterious songs all the time while they were killing the buffalo, and when they were through killing he sat down on the ground and stayed there till they had finished the skinning and cutting up and had taken the meat all home to camp.

The best pieces of the meat were selected for the men who called the buffalo, and the painted men had the privilege of going into the pen and selecting for themselves the next best portions of the meat.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

A MOOSE HUNT IN THE SOU'WEST.

The starting place of nearly all fishing expeditions that have for their objective point the famous salmon pools of the Sou'west Miramichi is known as Hayes's Bar. Boiestown is the nearest railway station. It would be entirely feasible for the fisherman to have his canoes and men meet him at Boiestown, but this would mean that the guides, who reside at the Bar, must drop down the river nine miles or so and then fight the rapid current for an equal distance before the journey up the river has been fairly begun. Nearly every one prefers to save time by driving up from Boiestown. The skill and strength required on the part of the guides to stem the current of this swift-flowing stream will not fail to command the admiration of the lowest orders of human intelligence to be found even among those who claim the name of sportsmen. Yet the native of the Bar picks up his long spruce pole, vaults into his canoe, and resumes his everlasting battle with the river with a light heart. He knows the name of every rock and ripple from the Bar to the Forks, and just how to thread his devious course through the rocky shoals and foaming rapids. He can tell you within a yard of where the salmon lie in different kinds of weather and at different times of the year. He has lived upon the river ever since he was a boy. He has speared the salmon pools by torchlight and been chased by the wardens since he grew to the stature of man, and he will continue to spear and be chased, despite all the laws that men may devise. He is poor; he has a large and ever-increasing family; his employment, save when the lumber season calls him to the woods, is of an intermittent sort, and he feels that the river belonged to his father's father and now belong to him.

But lawless though the native of the Bar may be, according to the dictum of those who sit in the seats of the mighty and make the laws for him; thinly veiled though his contempt may be for the wandering evangelist, or "sky pilot," as he calls him, who ever and anon makes a feeble attack upon the forces of evil intrenched at the Bar; quick though he is to resent all injuries, real or imaginary, by resorting to his fists, those who employ him on the river will find his manners mild and his honesty beyond dispute.

Many times in the years that have run like the river have I embarked at the Bar to try my luck with rod and reel, but on Aug. 25 last my friend Arthur Shute and I were not on piscatorial pleasures bent. We had only a single trout rod upon which we relied to lend an agreeable variety to the larder. The real object of the expedition was moose, for be it known that when your correspondent was fishing on the upper waters of the Sou'west in the early days of summer, divers and sundry moose, doubtless pursued by the flies and heat, had revealed themselves to us on the shores of Miramichi Lake. I decided to revisit the lake as soon as the season opened and order up moose steak and onions. It would take about three days to pole the loaded canoes the distance of forty miles from Hayesville to the outlet of the lake, and in case of rain or freshet perhaps four or five. The balance of the time could be profitably consumed in locating camp and looking up the "sign."

Now, certain men who were wise in the lore of moose warned us not to put our faith in Miramichi Lake. They said that the moose that we saw there in July would be conspicuously elsewhere in September, that they would have ceased to frolic among the lilypads and would have betaken themselves to the hardwood ridges, that they would be heading north; in fact, that Miramichi Lake was not a popular resort for moose anyway. We decided, however, to proceed to Miramichi Lake and ascertain the frozen fact for ourselves.

Well, the episodal itinerary of our voyage up the river were not of special note. The weather was ideal all the time except the night that we were snugly housed at Burnt Hill, when it rained very hard and the river rose a foot. There were one or two occasions for "invidious apprehension," when the canoes hung poised on the brink of the swirling rapids of Slate Island and seemed half disposed to return to Hayesville. There was just one thing that happened on that trip up the river that was so peculiar and so impossible to believe that I desire to have it here set down in honest print, so that when I am good and old I may read it over again and perhaps be persuaded to fully believe it myself.

We were camped that afternoon at the mouth of McKeil Brook, where is one of the three great salmon pools of the river. Two men were up the brook fishing. Arthur and I were laying around loose on the bank communing with nature and Myrtle Navy plug. A big horned owl slid across the stream on noiseless wing and lit on the limb of an old rampike, or at any rate a middle-aged rampike, within 5yds. of the tent. He sat there blinking solemnly at us and otherwise acted in a very oblivious manner. I reached for the shotgun, but on fishing the ammunition out of my venerable valise found that the river had gone into the valise and the shells would not go into the gun. Now, my friend Arthur is a youngish man of a very optimistic turn of mind. He remarked to me that it had been revealed to him that he could catch that owl. He arose and seized the trout rod, made a running noose in the line, let out about 40ft. of string and prepared for business. It seemed to me as a perfectly unbiased spectator in the front row of seats that I would be safe in betting a year's salary on the owl.

Even the most intimate friends of Arthur will admit that he is not an artist with a trout rod. Howbeit, the first cast he made for the owl was marvelous for the eccentricity of the event. The noose settled fairly and squarely over the head and around the neck of the owl, and one of life's concentrated moments was forthwith ushered in. A nebulous mass of claws and feathers, surmounted by two disks of flame, shot upward from the limb, and the line hissed through the reel as though a 20lb. salmon was in tow. Arthur was surprised, but hung firmly to the rod. The owl went straight up at first, but soon the pressure of the line upon his neck seemed to hamper his steering apparatus, and he began to describe a bewildering series of parabolic revolutions overhead. He kept a full head of steam on his propellers all the time, now losing his balance and lurching heavily to the ground, and then, as the pressure of the line slackened, pulling himself together for a more determined fight. At last his gyrations caused him to encircle the rampike with the line, and also one of the upper limbs thereof. Here he seemed in imminent danger of being hanged, whereupon Arthur ascended the tree, took off his vest and threw it over the owl, brought him down safely, and the noble bird is now an object of much interest to poultry fanciers in the city of Fredericton.

On the following day we poled up to Lake Brook, the outlet of Miramichi Lake. We decided not to camp at the lake itself, as being too contiguous to the game, but to pitch our tent at the mouth of the brook. It is about three miles as the nighthawk flies from this point to the lake, and the brook is navigable for canoes the entire distance. After you ascend the brook a mile or so it assumes the form of a long, winding deadwater, where the deer-grass and pond-lilies are abundant, and where, in the month of July last, the sight of moose or caribou by fishing parties was a matter of almost daily experience. The lake itself is three miles long, and nearly a mile in greatest width. It has a beach of pure white sand at the eastern end and a clean, pebbly bottom, and is one of the most beautiful of the numberless woodland lakes of the Province of New Brunswick.

In the afternoon we cautiously explored the brook for sign. The result was disappointing. A few fresh trails of moose were found at the upper end of the deadwater, but a careful examination convinced us that they were produced by a cow moose and her two calves. Bear signs were numerous. Whether from this or some other cause, it was evident that the moose had for the most part deserted their summer haunts. We did not go clear to the lake, but stopped at a place known as the Gueggas, where the waters of the brook tumble boisterously through a rocky defile hardly 5ft. wide, making a descent of at least 6ft. in a distance of 15 or 20yds. It is a wild-looking place to take a canoe, but the Hayesville men had no fear of it whatever. While the tenderfoot contingent stood on a big rock at the foot of the rapid one of the men, Bob McCoy, poled his canoe single-handed up as well as down the Gueggas just to show how easily it could be done. There is said to be no previous record, however, in the annals of the Bar, of the ascent of the Gueggas ever having been made by a single polesman. The usual method is to haul the canoe up from rock to rock.

Monday and Tuesday were devoted to a careful exploration of the lake and all its inlets. An occasional moose or caribou track of recent date was found, and once we heard the peculiar bark or cough that forms the only vocal sound ever uttered by the caribou. It was too early in the season to call for moose with any hope of success, and it looked as if we might prowl around the lake for many days and not see a decent pair of horns except by the merest accident.

Next day was Sept. 1, and though somewhat subdued over the absence of game at the lake, we felt a degree of thankfulness that we had been spared the sight of a big moose before the arrival of the legal hunting season. From this time forth, our quest of game was attended by a righteous sense of duty. In the meantime some fine hauls of trout were made at Half-Moon Cove, on the main river. Just where the river caroms off an uncompromising bluff and bends abruptly to the north, a cold, clear mountain brook pours in, whose mouth is concealed by a riotous tangle of alders. At and below the mouth of the brook, the river seemed to be fairly alive with jumping trout. They hardly deigned to notice the fly at first, but as the declining sun threw the forest shadows further and further across the pool, they began to rise in earnest. In less than two hours' fishing, eight dozen trout, averaging ½lb. in weight, and occasionally reaching 1½lbs., were taken. The entire catch was cleaned and carefully smoked by the cook. A week later their flavor was hardly to be distinguished from that of newly-taken fish.

It was on the occasion of our second visit to the cove that the crisis of the expedition was reached and passed. Our trip had been an unmitigated success in every sense but one. There was still the aching void for moose. On the morning of the 2d we poled up the river again to interview the speckled inmates of the cove. The sun was shining brightly, and only a faint suspicion of mist curled upward from the surface of the water. As the canoes approached the cove a large bull moose was discerned crossing the river between 200 and 300yds. ahead. Precisely what happened then I have been vainly endeavoring to recall ever since. I can recall some of the salient features, but not all. I remember that I thought the moose was 300yds. away, that I shoved the sights of the Martini up to that figure, that the first shot plowed up the water beyond the moose, and then I shoved them down again. The second shot hit the moose and he stopped and faced us for an instant, then turned about and made for the same bank from which he had emerged. I remember that Arthur, in the other canoe, fired several shots, and that I fired about the same number; that the men were distributing the English language around in a very reckless way; that they were trying to hold the canoes steady for us to shoot, and at the same time poling for dear life to overtake the moose; that the moose by this time had reached the further shore and was endeavoring to ascend the bank, and I seem to remember that a number of people, whose identity is lost in the limbo of forgotten things, kept making remarks like these:

"Boys, he's done for! He can't git up the bank!"

"No, he ain't! The bank's too steep. He's just lookin' for a place to git up!"

"Now, give it to him! I'll hold the canoe!"

(Bang.) (Bang.)

"That's the stuff! That last shot fetched him!"

"No, it didn't! Shove her over! Shove her over! Look, he's swimmin' up the shore!"

"Keep back, Bob, or you'll git the top of your head blowed off!"

"Boys, were goin' to lose him. He ain't hurt a mite! Shove her over now, quick!"

(Bang.) (Bang.)

"Look! Look! He can't git up! He's our moose, sure."

"No, he ain't! He's only lookin' for a landin'!"

"Oh, give it to him now, boys! He'll be in the bushes in a minute!"

"Say, lemme out of this cussed canoe!"

This last classical observation emanated from the undersigned. I jumped into the river waist-deep in order to get a standing shot, and then discovered that I had no ammunition. I shouted to Arthur for a cartridge. That precocious youth had been calmly smoking a corncob pipe through all the disturbance and banging away at the moose at every opportunity. It was his first experience, and he acted like a seasoned veteran. He tossed me a cartridge, which I fired, and am inclined to think it did the moose no good. At any rate, he immediately dropped with a splash in the water, and when we reached him he was floating with the current. He was a four-year-old bull, very large for his age. His horns had a spread of 40in. He was towed down stream about a quarter of a mile to a little grassy island that offered a convenient landing place, and there hauled ashore by the united muscle of the party. Five Martini bullets had passed clear through the animal, all well centered, and any one of which would doubtless have finished him! We hung the meat up at the camp and smoked it all that day and night. The next day we made a rapid run down river to the railway station at Boiestown and brought the entire outfit to Fredericton. And so it was that the wise men were justified of their wisdom, but the chosen people got the moose.

Frank H. Risteen.

Fredericton, N B, Sept. 10.

A TRAMP AND A CAMP.

As we had camped on the Upper Chateaugay Lake in the Adirondacks several vacations in succession, a change was wanted in 1896; and after talk, it was agreed between Clark and myself that we should make a circuitous trip into the woods, starting from the old camp, and after wandering seventy-five or 100 miles, returning in a circle, like the lost man, to the point whence we had set out. Arrangements were accordingly made with our guide. The camping outfit was gotten ready, and when the wished for day arrived, we left the city for the upper Chateaugay, where we spent the first night in the pleasant hotel on Indian Point.

Leaving the Point next day, we took the Ragged Lake trail leading west over Hardwood Hill and Ragged Lake Mountain, Martin, our guide carrying the boat on his shoulders, and Clark and myself each with a well-filled pack-basket and our rods and rifle. The trail was a good one, but it was mostly up hill or down; and our loads, to which we had not yet become accustomed, compelled us to stop frequently to rest. One rest was a long one. For almost without warning the sun went out of sight, the forest became dark, and rain began to fall. We leaned one end of the boat against a tree, and scurried under it, luggage and all. Here we staid until the rain was over. But the stop was not without interest, for such a storm in the dense forest was something novel. The brightness of the morning had quickly given place to a deep gloom, pierced at short intervals by sharp flashes of lightning which almost blinded us as they came, and as they passed away left the gloom more intense than before. The rain first pattered, and then poured on the roof of our little house; but we were snugly housed, and kept quite dry while we watched the play of the lights and shades among the trees.

Just before sundown Ragged Lake was reached, a long and narrow sheet of water about five miles west from Indian Point. In a few minutes the boat was launched, the luggage loaded in, and we were off up the lake to the proposed camping place. But before it was reached another storm appeared over the mountains, and it was evident that to prepare a camp that night would be wet and unpleasant business. Seeing a column of smoke curling from the trees at a point on the west shore, we rowed across, and had the good luck of being welcomed by some campers that had room enough and to spare. It rained all the evening and most of the night, but we were in comfortable quarters, and after a hearty supper chatted around the fire until bed-time.

Next morning the sun rose bright and clear, and the day was a beautiful one. Of course the trout were first to claim our attention. All day long we fished for them—at the head of the lake, foot of the lake, and middle of the lake; also up the principal inlet and down the outlet. But our string was small—just about enough for supper. The following day, however, the fishing was better. Going far up the inlet, some cold spring pools were found that proved to be well stocked. The trout were good-sized, too, the best ones weighing nearly a pound each.

But fishing was only part of our proposed sport The rifle was brought along for the purpose of shooting a deer. As hounding and stalking were out of the question, there was no feasible method left but jacking. This was adopted. And each evening found us floating about the head of the lake, the inlet, and small ponds above, anxiously watching and waiting for deer. But in vain was the watching. Deer were heard, but not seen. They didn't even come near enough to give us the buck fever. If we shivered at all, 'twas only with the cold.

Sunday came; that quiet, peaceful, restful day in the woods. Early in the morning Martin left to make a trip to Indian Point for the purpose of rep'enishing the larder. Four of us were left, Clark and myself and the Rev. Mr. T. and his son, the proprietors of the camp. During a morning stroll beside the lake some blueberries were found by a couple of the party, who thinking they would go well for dinner, picked a quart of them. As the day was very pleasant the dinner table was set outside of the shanty in a clump of birches. The berries were dished out by an impartial hand, each being served a half pint, which he sweetened and creamed to his taste. For, thanks to a club house down the lake, we had cream for dinner that day. Right delicious were those berries. And we young sprouts dipped our tin spoons into them and ate them down with the baked potatoes, speckled trout and brown bread. But not so the Rev. T. He allowed that he was not accustomed to "mix things," and that he always "saved the best of the wine till the last of of the feast." When ours were all gone, therefore, his well-rounded dish still sat before him ready to serve his purpose of topping out a hearty meal. The substantials finally put away, he lifts the dish of berries from the table and draws back a little to enjoy his dessert. But as he takes the first spoonful, ye living birches, what do we behold? With as wry a face as ever toper made, and with words as strong as would well become a clergyman even in the forest wilds, those berries, dish, spoon and all, go flying over his head and rolling down the mossy bank, even into the lake. Alas, for his dessert! our sugar-bowl and salt-cellar were just alike—two paper bags sitting in the middle of the table.

Monday morning found us again on the move; this time for Plumadore Pond, by way of Round Pond and Salmon River. The carry of several miles to the latter pond was easily made before noon. Here lunch was eaten. Then across to the outlet, down which we paddled in a few minutes into the river. It was our intention to spend the night at Wine Shanty, a landing pretty well up the river, where there was a short carry to Plumadore. But we had not gone far up the river when some green cedars were encountered, felled by malicious hands directly across the stream.

These continued at short intervals for several miles. So close together were the obstructions that we would scarcely get under way in the free water, after cutting through one, before another would be in sight. Thus the afternoon was spent in heavy work, instead of easy rowing and fishing; and darkness overtook us still chopping our passage. The jack was lighted, however, and placed in the bow. But finally the stretches of open water began to grow longer, and the snags smaller and less difficult. Our hopes of making Wine Shanty for the night really began to brighten. But as the boat swung around a bend, the jack shone upon a pile of logs and brush across the stream a few rods ahead, that appeared the largest and most difficult of all. So we at once landed and prepared an open camp for the night. Soon after supper we stretched ourselves before the fire upon beds of balsam boughs, which, after the hard day's work, seemed downy indeed. For a few moments we watched the stars twinkling through the foliage and then fell asleep; only to be awakened, however, at about 4 o'clock in the morning by rain falling in our faces. The camp was at once abandoned. And hurrying into the boat, without breakfast, we again pushed up the Salmon. What was our chagrin, upon reaching the huge snag that had blocked our way the night before, to find that the logs and brush were not in the water at all, but were piled high upon the bank, while the stream, with a sharp turn to the right, stretched away in open water, with the cosy Wine Shanty only ten rods distant.

From this landing a carry of a little over a mile brought us to Plumadore Pond, where we expected to camp for a week or more.

This is a beautiful sheet of water about three-quarters of a mile by a mile and a quarter in size, nestled away among the mountains that rise on all sides in green-capped terraces from its very shores. Its trout are of the red-meated variety, and we found them large and gamy, most of them running at about 1lb. in weight, with frequently a 2-pounder and now and then even a 3-pounder to add variety and zest to the sport. It was truly a pleasure to catch them. No fingerlings to bother. No brush to crawl through or logs to climb over. Not even was the humble worm required, but sitting quietly in the boat guided by a master of the oar, we cast the fly upon the rippling waters while the noble fish came to their breakfast and also to ours. The early morning was their favorite time to feed. In the middle of the day, even with an ideal ripple, one would scarcely get a rise, but just after daybreak they were ready for sport.

One beautiful morning while casting on the pond I enjoyed a sight that I had never seen before, except in a chromo. Some 10yds. of line were out and the drop fly was dangling in the air about 1ft. from the surface, when a 2lb. trout leaped from the water about 15in. to the right, and coming over in a graceful curve, took the fly as it hung in the air, and disappeared again about as far to the left. For a moment he seemed suspended between water and sky, and his dark-brown back, his rich cream belly and golden sides, made a charming sight under the mellow light of the morning sun. In fifteen minutes he came to the net, but during that time he put up a fight that was worthy of his first brilliant dash.

While we rejoiced in the fishing day after day, our hunting was not so successful. Each night one or the other of us with Martin floated about the pond in search of deer, and each night the hunters returned to camp with the same old story. While always present, the deer displayed wonderful tact in keeping just out of range.

All too soon the day came to turn our steps homeward. Between the pond and the Upper Chateaugay Lake, where we had first taken the trail, there was a long carry and a six-mile paddle down the South Inlet. On the way we would naturally spend a night at the "springs," a name given to a widening of the inlet at a point where there are numerous springs, about six miles up from the lake.

Rising early in the morning on the day of our departure, we whipped the pond diligently, and procured a handsome mess of trout to carry home, to gladden the hearts of our friends. By 10 o'clock the luggage was packed, and we set out on the last tramp. At noon we stopped for an hour's rest and enjoyed a cold lunch; then on again, with occasional short rests to the "springs," which were reached a little before sundown. To our delight, we found that deer were coming in here, and we indulged the thought that still it was possible to capture one of the noble fellows. A hot supper was gotten ready and eaten, and we were soon sitting about the camp-fire discussing the prospects of the night's hunt. So swiftly did the minutes run into hours, that before we were aware it was 9 o'clock—a time somewhat later than that set for beginning the hunt. It was my turn under the jack; so leaving pard to keep lonely vigil in the open camp, Martin and I started for the boat at the foot of the "springs."

Somehow in the last tramp the door to the jack had been lost, and we found ourselves at the boat with no door. This would not do, so Martin whipped out his red bandanna, folded it twice, and tied it to the jack in front of the opening. It made the best door that old jack ever had. In a few minutes we were quietly running up "the springs." But alas! too late! A deer had gotten there ahead of us, had passed down through the "springs" and gone to the bank on the east side. Without the usual warning he bounded away into the woods as the boat glided by. But with the hope that another might come, we paddled to a point halfway up the "springs" and stopped in the shadow of the timber on the west bank, for the moon, being a little beyond the new, was half-way down toward the western horizon. From this on it was a waiting game. Our boat didn't move for four long hours, and only the strange sounds of night in the forest kept us awake. The wind sighed through the pine tops; the rabbits scurried along the shore; the muskrats sozzled in the water. Now and then a lonely owl hooted from his distant perch, and a whippoorwill piped his note in a shrub near by. Truly, it seemed as if we were the "Wills" that were being "whipped."

But the scene changed. It was after 1 o'clock in the morning. The moon had set. Only a few stars peered through the drifting clouds. Suddenly the heavy steps of an animal moving swiftly were heard at the head of the "springs." He soon struck the water, and with splashing feet came directly toward us. The boat moved up to meet him, and as the red bandanna swung to one side the jack revealed the outlines of a noble buck. In a moment his eyes caught the light. He stopped, and with head erect and every muscle tense, gazed at the unusual sight. Martin, to whom the seconds were now minutes, thinking that his "sport" was a trifle slow, whispered eagerly: "Shoot, shoot." The sharp crack of the rifle answered his urgent command. And the deer, with one last leap, fell dead in front of the boat.

The next morning deer's heart was served in camp for breakfast. We all ate heartily. But by 8 o'clock the boat was again in the water and we were paddling down through the alders that interlock their tops over the winding south inlet.

ROBE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A MINNESOTA CHICKEN SHOOT.

IT is a peculiar thing about upper Minnesota and Dakota, that every time you want to go anywhere you have to sit up all night. When you are in New York or Chicago, or St. Paul or Minneapolis, you can start out at night or get in at morning; but if you travel out in that country, you start at midnight and you get there at midnight, no matter where you go or how you come. I figured for a long time over this with the Chief, who was out in that country at the same time, and we concluded that this funny state of affairs was one of the drawbacks of that region; and the only reason St. Paul and Minneapolis have grown to be such big cities, is because the railroads favored them by locating them at that point on the time card where the trains start and get in at evening or morning. This, we are sure, was discrimination of the rankest sort, and in contravention of the inter-State commerce laws, under which any town should be granted its inalienable right to have its trains start mornings and evenings, and not at midnight's unholy hour.

When we all arrived at Fargo after our Dakota duck shoot, we were sleepy and tired, for we had been obliged to take the train at 2 A. M. at Dawson. I noticed that Mr. Bowers was not eager to go out snipe shooting as I suggested, and somehow the Chief had changed his plans. He now said that he could not stop to take the chicken shoot with me that we had arranged; so he shook me at Fargo and went on to New York, sinking into a deep silence, which makes me fear he may be making up some of his lost sleep. On my part, I had promised to meet State Warden Fullerton, of Minnesota, for a chicken shoot at Campbell, Minn., and of course I did not want to make any changes in plans. The usual hitch in train time ensued, and I found that I should have to lie at Fargo from 7 A. M. till 10:30 P. M., before I could catch a Great Northern train south out of Fargo over the Breckenridge division. So I put in the day very pleasantly with my Fargo friends, and with regret said good-bye to Mr. Bowers that night. Then I got on the train, and promptly went to sleep.

I had enjoyed a pleasant little nap, as I thought, when the conductor came along and asked for my ticket—a brand new conductor whom I did not recognize. He looked at the ticket and calmly told me that we had passed Campbell about five miles back, and that he couldn't stop the train and back up for me. Here was a pretty kettle, for I supposed Mr. Fullerton would be waiting to meet me at Campbell. Luckily that midnight business now came in handy. All the trains run at midnight up there, so pretty soon another train would be coming along, going the other way. I got off about a dozen miles or so down the road, at Tintah Junction, and after a wait of an hour in a depot full of fighting hobos, who were returning from the harvest fields, I at length arrived, about 2 A. M., again at the little town of Campbell.

Terminal Facilities.

No Mr. Fullerton appeared, and I was at a loss to know what to do, when I saw a man with a lantern, and accosted him at random. He asked my name, and so it developed that this was Mr. J. H. Jones, the deputy warden in that county, who was to take out our party to his farm and give us a shoot as his guests. Mr. Jones had had a hard time of it also, for he had expected us all a day earlier, and he had driven over and waited for us two different times till this uncanny hour of the night. This day he had received a telegram from Mr. Fullerton from quite another city, saying that he had been called away and could not get there on time. So I was left alone at midnight, abandoned by all my friends in a strange land. In such a case only one thing remains to be done, and that is to make new friends. At once I told Mr. Jones that we would have that chicken hunt anyhow, for I never had been known to go back on a shooting trip in all my life. I referred with pity to the Chief, at that hour no doubt sleeping the sleep of tired innocence somewhere on the trail to New York, and allowed that Mr. Fullerton didn't know what he was going to miss. So then we hunted up the hotel.

The hotel at Campbell, Minn., is run by a widow and her redheaded boy, and they go to bed at 8 o'clock and die till the next morning at 9 o'clock. If it had not been for Mr. Jones, who was acquainted there, I should have had to sleep on the platform that night. With difficulty he broke into the hotel, and I took possession of the bed which he had reserved for me. In the morning we had the worst breakfast ever was on land or sea; but soon thereafter we were trundling out over the hard prairie roads behind a pair of good horses, and likewise behind a pack of rattling good chicken dogs, which ranged in the good old-fashioned way, on both sides of our course as we crossed the wide stubble fields and stretches of unbroken prairie.

The Ancient Lake.

My friend, Mr. Phelps, tells me that in the neighborhood of Campbell we are upon the edge of that prehistoric body of water known as Lake Agassiz, which once upon a time occupied all of what is now known as the valley of the Red River of the North. In this neighborhood one is close to such points as Fergus Falls, Tintah Junction, Campbell, Breckenridge, and he hears of Ten-Mile Lake, Lake Christian, etc. As we drove on over these wide, flat prairies that morning my companion pointed out to me that beyond us, and beyond his farm, which was some eight miles away, there rose a rim of rough, low hills, from which a great view could be had of the surrounding level country. From this farm, I was told, the town of Campbell could be plainly seen across the prairies, and of a clear day even the town of Breckenridge, some eighteen miles away. Probably most of the dwellers in that country have not heard of, or remembered the story of this ancient lake, and do not realize that the land, apparently flat, really slopes gently up to the rim of this great lake bottom, this wonderfully rich valley of the Red, whose soil is so deep and black. When this odd old lake had filled its mission, and had gone into other fields of activity, as all earthly things must one day do, its waters drained off through the narrow, deep, dinky little channel of the Red River, but here and there there were lakes left, disconnected from the river, and even the head of the river does not reach back so far as what was once the ultimate edge of the valley at its southern end.

Somewhere to the east of us lay the divide which sends the Mississippi waters to the south instead of the north, dividing the muscallonge from the great northern pike, the redfish of the South from the whitefish of the North. All over this uncovered lake bottom the soil is so rich that the prairie grasses have grown deep and strong, and after them the wheat has come, standing tall and sturdy, so that by wheat alone man has held his own here, selling that for fire, house, clothing, everything. Meantime man has disputed with the prairie chicken the ownership of this wide valley land, which to-day is the best chicken country left in Minnesota, and perhaps in the entire West. As yet the chicken crop has not yielded, though its numbers are growing less. Still these wide reaches of untroubled grass hold the nests of the big brown fowl of the West, and still man's stubble fields are poached upon by these birds, which know also that wheat is good to eat. The heaviest bags of which I got any knowledge this fall were made not far from this same locality. This may be remembered for next year.

My new friend, Mr. Jones and I did not worry much about geology as we rode on over these wide green and yellow flats, but we kept our eyes on the operations of our chicken dogs, a liver-colored pointer and a lemon and white setter. The latter belonged to a friend of Mr. Jones, a Mr. Roberts, and I must say that had I had proper transportation facilities I should probably have stolen this dog, for she was a mighty good one. All the morning long she kept out ahead, from 200yds. to a quarter a mile, never stopping her steady and methodical gallop, and quartering the fields as handsomely as though worked by automatic machinery. The pointer was a bit jealous and did not do so well, his eyes being always fixed in envy upon his handsome running mate. Yet far as they both ran and careful as was their every motion at the faintest suspicion of a bird, we found nothing for nearly two hours. Then we put up wild two birds on a piece of stubble. These we marked down on grass, and when the first went up it hardly got well started till it fell, as badly shot up as Marco Bozzaris in the fourth reader. Another bird rose wild out of the grass, and marking this we put it up, and Mr. Jones killed it with his second barrel as it rose in front of him. After that we found nothing for a long time, until about 11 o'clock we saw the setter drop into a handsome point on a piece of grass some 300yds. ahead of us. Unfortunately the dog Brownie also saw her, and at once concluded to steal her point. This he did by means of flushing the bird, an old hen, with a wild run over in its direction. Yet again the two got a flush between them a little later, but this bird we marked and I got it as it rose strongly from a hard field road in which it was running ahead of the dogs. Then we drove over to Mr. Jones's farm, he not very enthusiastic over the morning's sport, and I by this time so sleepy that I did not much care for anything in the way of sport.

To Mr. Jones's surprise, he found waiting him at his house two gentlemen from St. Paul, Mr. J. M. Smith and Mr. F. B. Brace, who had come out for a little shoot. After dinner we all went out together, and as by this time I had caught a little nap by way of equalizing the time cards of all these railroads in that country, I felt keen enough for the fun. This time our luck changed, and before we had gone a quarter of a mile from the house we began to find birds. We now had a third dog along, Blucher, a black pointer, and between the three we covered a wide strip of country. I shall not weary readers by any detailed description of the sport, for at chicken shooting the sport is all pretty much alike. We found the birds well grown, and had full proof of the fact that they had been protected in this part of the country, as Mr. Jones had said they had been. The coveys, except those which he knew had been shot into, were full and strong, and though it was now only just past the middle of September, we found some of them quite able to take care of themselves. At best, however, this big grouse is but a helpless bird in that environment which he has chosen for himself, of flat open country, with no cover offering concealment of his flight. Those birds which we did not kill we could easily mark down, so that escape was all too difficult for them. One by one, in twos and threes and fours they began to come into our buggy boxes, until we approached the dignity of near two dozen. Some of the shooting was at long range, and offered good fun enough, though in the short range work the sport was handicapped by there being so many guns. The dogs did their work beautifully, Mr. Jones having been wise enough to tie up the city dogs of the visitors, and take out country trained rolling stock of his own and his neighbors. These dogs were in part of his own breaking, and I must say that as a dog handler and as a field shot there are few who have any business with Deputy Warden Jones. I fancy that it was his gun which was responsible for a good share of our bag.

How the Chicken Hides.

Along toward dusk in the evening we began to find birds everywhere, the cool of the evening seeming to start them moving all at once. It was nearly dark when we marked down a covey on a bit of stubble and followed them up. As we drove on and pulled up the horses near where we expected to see the dogs point, we stopped nearly in the middle of the covey, which rose so close to the horses' heads that we did not care to fire. We saw that these birds were young and not very wild, and were not surprised to see them pitch again on the same stubble field, not 300yds. away. As we walked toward them, a single bird that had tarried behind the others rose in front of me, and I killed it. Then we went on after the rest. We walked quite beyond the spot where we thought the birds had dropped, but to our surprise no bird arose, and we thought they must have run. Finally Mr. Jones called attention to the actions of the setter, which was just stiffening into a point some 20yds. back of us. We two turned back and killed this bird as it rose, about the same time that the others killed a bird just beyond us. Then we tried to find the bird we had killed, which had fallen fairly cut to pieces; but as it was growing dark we could not at once pick it up. I tramped all around over the place where we thought it had dropped, and was joined by both Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, the three of us covering what seemed to be every inch of the ground. Meantime

the dogs all showed signs of birds right among us, and at last, several minutes after we had begun our tramping there, out went the whole of the covey from under our very heels, where it would have seemed simply impossible for them to have lain so long without discovery! We cut down four birds out of the rise, doubling on more than one of them, of course, and all being empty when two more birds rose from under our noses and sailed off unsaluted. Then a still stranger thing happened. We only picked up two of the last birds killed, and we all, four men and three dogs, hunted for half an hour in the dark and never did find three of the birds, which must have been killed quite instantly, as they were young birds and the fire was close and accurate. The dogs seemed to think that their day's work was done, and none of them being trained to retrieve, they simply quit when it got dark and refused to hunt dead for us. Much as we regretted it, we had to go away and leave three nice young birds on the stubble unfound. This little incident was fairly a puzzle to us, familiar as we were with the habits of these birds, and it shows well enough the main reliance of the prairie chicken for protection, that of protective coloration. Once in the air, there is no disguising of itself possible for this bird, but many a dog treads close to where it lies and never gets a notion of its presence.

No Future for the Chicken.

We killed that day in all twenty-nine chickens, losing three, but still having a bag rightly to be called a fine one. We had a fine afternoon's sport, as we take it; though it cannot be said that we saw any great body of birds, for we killed a very large per cent. of all the birds we saw or shot at. This is what chicken hunting is to-day, not the old time sport when it was no trouble at all to bag twice as many to the single gun. As to the number of guns, the bag would no doubt have been practically the same had any two of them been out instead of four. A couple of dozen birds to a pair of guns is a good bag these days, and ought to be good enough. I really do not know of very many places in Minnesota where so good a bag as that could have been counted upon in the middle of September. Mr. Jones thought the law would be better if it opened the season Sept. 15. All of us agreed that the date of Aug. 20 means absolute extinction for the prairie chicken. It is too eagerly hunted nowadays by great numbers of shooters, and it is too defenseless for us to hope that it will ever regain much of its former abundance. A noble bird it certainly is, and worthy of a better fate than slaughter at a time when it flies like an owl, and can hardly keep its head out of the grass for more than a couple of hundred yards. Even as we saw this bird, wilder, and more wary and more powerful, sometimes flying to a distance of a mile or more, the chance was 100 to ten against the bird in favor of the gun. I like a day now and then after chickens, and love the air of the wide fields of the prairie lands; but of the sport of shooting these birds I would soon tire, for it would seem too much a certainty to be a pleasure. For the experience of going out and hunting them for a week steadily in a country where they were abundant, I should not now care in the least. October is the best time to have fun with them, for then they have a little fun with you once in a while.

Good Work.

I will say for Mr. Jones that he has done his work well indeed in his part of the State, and kept the birds from the sooners. He wanted very much to have Mr. Fullerton see this with his own eyes. We found some coveys, such as that found last in the evening, which had never heard the sound of a gun before. There are many strips of good chicken country where the sound of the gun is all too familiar to the chicken, from the middle of July till snow falls in the winter. In spite of all that the best protection can do, I do not believe that this bird can be kept from extinction as a game bird worth counting upon. I shall next summer view with very great reservations any early statements to the effect that the chickens are going to be abundant at any place, no matter what part of the country. I do not believe that the chicken is destined to survive in any numbers of consequence. Each season there will be a scrambling rush for the chosen locality, a few days of hurried and deadly shooting at what is left unshot by the sooners; then there will be a hiatus, of poor bags and of discouraging reports from parties who expected to get big shooting and failed to do so. As a bird to offer steady material for fall shooting, I think the chicken will henceforth be a failure. If we are to try our guns and break our dogs, we shall have to fall back on the quail and the ruffed grouse—birds which are more tenacious, and more cunning in their choice of a home. I read and hear of many good bags of chickens made at one place or another—different points of the Northwest—but this does not mean anything as to the permanent supply of the birds upon the country. In the old days we never heard of any big bags at all, because there was no news in a bag. Now we learn of such shooting with interest, forgetting the many shooters who went out this fall and had no luck at all, but came back disappointed.

I had only this one day with Mr. Jones, who entertained me very nicely, putting me in the place of one of those fortunate ones who wanted a bit of chicken shooting this fall and got it. It was a touch of the old times to see the good chicken dogs at work, and to hear the burst of wing of the big birds and to see the feathers floating off on the slant wind of the prairies. As such it was a pleasure, though nowadays it is hard to go chicken hunting without feeling a little bit sad over it—the change is so apparent from the earlier days. But one thing is sure: if this bird can be kept alive in numbers sufficient to make it a factor in our Western sports, it will be done by the work of such men as the wardens of this Northwestern country and their able deputies. It has been my good fortune to see some of the work of these wardens on the ground in the hottest battlegrounds of protective work in the entire West, and I come away with nothing but confidence in them and admiration for them and their success. If they do not win, it will not be their fault. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Mississippi Quail.

BLUE MOUNTAIN, Miss.—The crop of quail is good. The dry weather was favorable to them. Some are full grown and some cannot fly yet. There are very few squirrels, there being no mast for them. Turkeys are few and far between.

S. N. A.

A TIGER HUNT IN COSTA RICA.

Big preparations were being made for our Christmas dinner of roast pig with apple-sauce, venison chops and other dishes, and it was impossible to escape the odors from time to time wafted in fragrant breezes from the outside kitchen. All the doors and windows were of course wide open, because in Costa Rica we do not know what winter is, and there is hardly any change in climate the year round. As I was sitting at my desk, thinking of all the good things for dinner, one of my men comes hurrying up with gun over shoulder and dog at heel, to tell me that he has that very morning and not a half hour before, seen a tiger pass through the bottom of the farm and enter the bush about a mile from the house. He had seen the tiger carrying a young one in its mouth. Would I get my dogs and gun and hunt her? Well, yes, I would, and pretty quickly, too.

My neighbor, Mr. S., was easily induced to join the party, also a friend of his who was staying with him. So in all we were a party of four, including the man who had seen the tiger. Mr. S. had a repeating shotgun, his German friend a rifle which would not go off, our guide a double-barreled shotgun, and myself a .44 rifle. It took us about three-quarters of an hour to reach the edge of the forest, where the tiger had been seen. Here the dogs became very excitable, taking the fresh trail with spirit. No one who has not hunted in a tropical forest can realize how hard it is to make one's way through the bush; it is a matter of patience and machete work. Our German friend concluded to sit himself down on a log and await developments, while the rest of us followed after the dogs. We supposed the old tiger would not travel far, and this proved to be a good guess. What with the barking of the dogs and the noise we made cutting the way with our machetes, the old tiger must have been badly frightened.

At about this time we heard our German friend, whom we had left on the log, calling us at a great rate, and, as we made a circle back, could hear him calling, "I hear the tiger!" and there he sat on the same log, with his old rifle that would not go off cocked, and looking pretty expectant. We all listened, and sure enough, we could hear a crying and spitting about 75yds. off in the bush. We followed up the sound till we came to a snarl of old tree trunk and vines. We cut away the vines as best we could with our machetes, and there, squeezed up as close as he could get to a big tree root was a young tiger, scratching and spitting away at a great rate, and doing it well, too! I crawled in and grabbed him by the back of the neck.

There were no signs of the old tiger; she must have been too scared to stay and see what was going on. Our German was very mad when told that his gun would not shoot, and in fact, threw the gun down on the ground and said that he would be blowed if he would carry it home; and so a peon was sent out for it. I took the little tiger home with me and kept him some time, but the facts are that the cook overfed him, and he died from the effects.

We all enjoyed our Christmas dinner that day, including the little tiger, who had his share.

A week later we had a calf killed by a jaguar, but that is a different story. They are all cowardly, and will not show fight to a man unless badly wounded. The black panther is also found here, but is quite rare; on the other hand, the jaguar is common enough.

This country is rich in game, and should be better known.

FRED S. LYMAN.

HACIENDA LA COLOMBIANA, Costa Rica, Central America.

THE JACKSON'S HOLE ELK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is a very fortunate thing that the FOREST AND STREAM expressed its views on this matter so plainly, and brought it before the public notice so promptly; and there is no doubt that this highly-esteemed medium is thoroughly sincere in the view it takes of the matter, which is now open for discussion, and which should interest everyone, and be entered into with a determination to suggest some plan to protect the elk from the fate of the noble buffalo, almost extinction.

The writer is equally in favor of enforcing the game laws to the letter, as these laws are supposed to be made by men who thoroughly understand the habits of the animal and study its protection. But every sportsman knows (many of them much better than those who write the laws) that many of the game laws and conditions in a number of States are positively ridiculous. A very serious condition is going far to fast aid in the final extermination of the elk. The great inroads of civilization over the prairies and through the West soon thinned the buffalo out to an alarming extent; but this was due largely to wanton slaughter, when every cowboy would ride his mustang to one side of an advancing herd and empty his revolver into the poor beasts as fast as he could load and fire, leaving dozens of dead and wounded animals on the plains to rot or be eaten by the wolves.

An entirely different and more serious condition the elk have now to contend with, and one that will have to be considered with great importance in framing a law for their protection in the future, notwithstanding the remarks of other old residents of Jackson's Hole, who (when they were told in explanation that Joshua Adams had taken pity, corraled and fed some of the starving elk), stated that it was unnecessary, that the elk thrived in Jackson's Hole long before Adams settled there.

I am acquainted with Mr. Adams and with Mr. H. K. Glidden, the manager of Moose Head Ranch. They are hard workers, very energetic and very successful, which accounts for the jealous remarks of their less successful neighbors. Let it be understood that I am not upholding Mr. Adams for violating the law, if he has done so. The very remarks of these narrow-minded old settlers proves the very point that is so disastrous to the elk. It is just this fact, that before Mr. Adams and dozens of other settlers came into the elk country and fenced off all the best feeding grounds in the beautiful valleys for their cattle, that the elk did thrive. They are obliged to come down from the mountains in consequence of the heavy snows and seek their food in the valleys, to find their winter feeding ground nature made for them fenced off for the benefit of cattle and for the starvation of themselves. This condition does not only exist in Jackson's Hole nor in Wyoming alone, but in nearly all the best Elk countries. In my business I am in touch with all the guides and hunters of Montana and other States, and the same story comes forward in the following heartrending words: "Elk died of starvation by thousands last winter, valleys being mostly fenced off for cattle." One man writes that he found nearly 200 one morning in with the cattle stealing hay from the large stacks. Many were so weak with hunger they could scarcely stand.

With all due respect to the game laws, it seems, under such conditions, the laws of humanity would be uppermost in any good man's mind, and no one would blame Mr. Adams or any other man to open the bars, take in the starving elk and feed them. It would seem that even if they were furnished to public or private gardens and preserves it would be much preferable to the present and what appears a much worse future condition.

WM. W. HART.

NEW YORK.

VERMONT COVERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After thoroughly beating through many of my favorite covers with Bruce M., I am more and more convinced that this is an off year for game birds in this section of our country. We have not found half a dozen young ruffed grouse and very few old birds, which we have allowed to go unshot at, preserving them for seed. In many of the woodcock coverts we did not find a single bird; in others one and two birds, all old birds.

In company with Homer Lovering, Esq., of East Berkshire, Vt., we visited a new ground where he was sure that we would find a few brace of woodcock. We arrived at this cover in a heavy rainstorm and saw signs enough to convince us that there were birds there. The next pleasant day, Sept. 18, we took along the colored wing-shot, Tom Anderson, and again visited this ground. We inquired of a nearby resident if there were any woodcock in his vicinity. "Oh, yes," he replied, "there are some hollow stubs over in that lot where they breed, and my brother got seven or eight one day." Thanking him for the information we passed on, and remarked that we were not after that kind of woodcock. We could write an interesting tale of the few hours' sport that we had that afternoon, but for the fact that the grippe has left us so enervated that we have not energy enough left to tell the truth in full detail; though it does make us snicker when we think about our two companions shooting the same instant at the same woodcock, and hear Homer sing out, "I hit him; he's my bird!" "All right," says the redoutable Tom, blowing the smoke out of his gun, and turning the white of an eye in our direction, "you can have the bird, and done take the glory too." Tom gathered in the next bird, which we kicked out from under Bruce's nose. Then they began to make remarks about our empty pockets, etc.; and it again makes us snicker when we think how the "old gentleman" went in, and snapped every other bird before H. or Tom could raise their guns. "It's the old hound that is the surest trailer"; on him nail your flag for sure victory nearly every time.

These were flight birds, and we took them all away with us. That evening, a nice little supper with our genial host put us in good humor for our ten-mile drive home.

Yes, Awahsoose, gyascuti were formerly quite common here in northern Vermont, and when the cars first began to run in our county, many a night gyascutus's shriek set numerous hairs upon end and the cold shivers up and down many a spinal column. There is now living in this village the son of a man who said that he would go "clear over to Plattsburgh" to see even the skin of a tornado that had done so much damage in the woods about there. In hunting the gyascutus the hunter should bear in mind that this animal has the power to eject a wad with great force and accuracy, even around a corner.

Our club offers a reward to whosoever in this State, outside of the county of Essex, kills by fair, legitimate still hunting, a deer with horns, and $10 a pound for the rump steak if it has a turnip's flavor. Out of some forty more or less deer that have been seen during the past summer in this section the writer has traced them down to a single pair, a buck and doe, that have been roaming about the county among the farmers' cattle, creating a great deal of talk and excitement among the rural inhabitants. If either is shot it's ten to one that it will be the doe that will be potted.

STANSTEAD.

SHELDON, Vt., Sept. 25.

BAGS.

IN the course of last year there appeared in a sporting contemporary Lord de Grey's wonderful record of game killed from 1867 to 1895. In yet another journal the present Kaiser William's record up to May, 1896, was published. Comparison, of course, is out of the question, but in placing the Emperor's figures by the side of the Earl's, we realize what a marvelous shot the latter gentleman is; for the Emperor is no mean sportsman, and yet his figures look very mean when placed side by side with those of the heir to the Marquisate of Ripon.

Of pheasants the Kaiser has disposed of 7,387, to the Earl's 111,190; 407 partridges are all the Emperor can put forward, while the earl's score is 89,401; the imperial record of grouse has apparently not been kept, 47,468 are Lord de Grey's figures; of rabbits the Kaiser has shot 638; Lord de Grey killed 300 more in the course of 1893 alone; during his career he has disposed of 26,747. Hares are the Emperor's strong point. He has shot 11,466, and even Lord de Grey can only point to two and a half times as many; 2,735 snipe have fallen to the unerring aim of the Earl, and he has shot 2,077 woodcock to the Kaiser's two. The fifty-six wild ducks shot by the Emperor compare but poorly with the 1,393 that the Earl has killed; but the Imperial record of red deer is 738, while that of the Earl is 381. One thousand, five hundred and twenty-four large wild boars and 181 small boars appear in the Emperor's list, against ninety-seven pigs in the Earl's; but while the latter can point to twelve buffalo, eleven tigers, two rhinoceros and 8,424 various beasts, the Emperor can quote but one whale and 559 different sorts of game—at least in this country, but at home he can boast of seventeen foxes. Altogether the imperial bag shows 25,376 head of game, while Earl de Grey's contains 316,699.

The King of Naples in a sporting tour through Austria disposed of 51,058 head of game in the year 1793 alone—shooting twenty times as many foxes as the Emperor has done in all his sporting career. Exactly 100 years later Earl de Grey disposed of 19,135 head of game, but no foxes, in the same time. In view of the fact that some 3,000 head of game were bagged in one day at the Marquess of Ripon's moor at Stutton last year, the great record of the Duke of Rutland, who in one day in the October of Waterloo year killed 125 head of game, does not look a very formidable bag for five hours' shooting, although early in the century it was considered to be a prodigiously fine achievement and worthy to be quoted with the forty-one and one-half brace of partridges that Lord Kingston shot at Heydon on Sept. 1, 1810, between sunrise and sunset, thereby winning a considerable wager. For wagers to be made on "bags" was quite a common thing early in the century. In

1811, for instance, a Mr. Clark, of Wollingham, Suffolk, made a bet of 50 guineas that he would kill and bag 47 shots out of 50; as a matter of fact, he killed 59 birds in 60 shots. It is also recorded about this time that a gamekeeper in the employ of Sir H. Mildmay, for a considerable wager, "hit a cricket ball, with common shot, twelve times successively, between the wickets, bowled by Harris, one of the sharpest bowlers of the Hambledon Club." Can it be possible that the expression "bagging a brace" when a batsman retires the second time from the wicket with a nought to his discredit arose from this conjunction of gun and cricket-ball?—*London Standard.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

War at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 2.—Yesterday was the date originally set for the public auction sale of a large lot of confiscated game by State Warden Loveday, but after deliberation the latter determined not to put the game upon the market at just this time, when the opening of the season for the general sale of game will bring down the prices with a run. The bulk of this game was taken from the Monarch Cold Storage Co., which delivered up 1,500 grouse at one time, on last Saturday afternoon. Other dealers, commission firms or cold storage companies who have contributed lately to the property of the State in Mr. Loveday's hands are Lalley & Sweeny, A. M. Lynch, A. L. Brown, F. M. Smith & Co. and others, who have for the most part been tackled because they found themselves unable to resist the temptation to handle prairie chickens and grouse ahead of the season, as a great many of their neighbors have been doing. Most of these men are taking their medicine all right, with exception of Mr. Sweeny, of Lalley & Sweeny, who objects to being fined or interrupted, and threatens to do and cause to be done all sorts of things, the least of which is the uncovering of a system of favoritism to which he darkly alludes. He threatens to expose, undo and make evident all kinds of persons and things, unless the warden agrees not to "persist." The assurance of the average game dealer on South Water street is something Homeric. The whole business system of the street is so honeycombed with the commercial dishonesty of years that the continuous violation of the law is looked upon as a matter of course, and its disturbance regarded with resentment. If Warden Loveday is able to go straight through South Water street from front to back and rip it wide open and show its condition of moral decay and business degeneration, he will do a work which will put him at once at the head of the game protectors of this country, and make him one of its most talked-of men. That would be a work well worth a man's while. It would be an honorable calling, to break up this dishonorable pursuit.

War at Koshkonong.

Grim-visaged war has shown its front at Koshkonong Lake, Wis., the most famous canvasback country of this part of the West. This time it is the market hunters again. The members of the Blackhawk Club of sportsmen, who have grounds upon the lake shore, have long been regarded with anything but favor by those who in their selfishness and love of fair play want the whole thing for themselves. Under the lead of a certain Milwaukee "hero" these malcontents, or soreheads, whichever title prove most accurate, have organized a hundred strong to fight the Blackhawk Club men. Meseems the fight will be mostly of the balloon ascension order, mostly operated by hot air.

War at Tolleston.

The fight goes on still upon the lands of the devoted Tolleston Club, on the southern edge of this city. Last Friday the old-time threat of blowing up the Tolleston Club's dam was carried into effect, and the drainage of the club marsh has been going on since then, much to their damage. It is not yet decided what will be the course of the club in regard to the rebuilding of the dam, but heretofore it has always been the policy of the club to meet such efforts with a quieted and dignified but none the less firm and steady course of persistence in its regular lines.

War in Utah.

The White River Utes are this week getting ready for one of their big game round-ups, regardless of the past and of the warnings of the white men interested in preventing the certain butchery of large amounts of game. The Indians say that their ancient right was to kill all the game they wanted to, and they are going to keep on doing that still. They claim that their treaty rights also allow them to do this, and disregard all talk of the abrogation of such rights. The agency authorities are doing all they can to keep the hunters on their reservation, and the officers of the law in Utah and Colorado are trying to aid in heading off the outbreak from the reservation into the game country, where there may be a clash between the reds and whites.

Organizing.

Warden Sharp, of Utah, is trying to effect an interstate alliance with Warden Swan, of Colorado, the working plans to be perfected at a little convention of wardens and deputies to be held at Salt Lake City. Wardens Sharp and Swan will both go to Price, Utah, and to Ft. Duchesne, to interview the military authorities about the Indian circle hunts. A mutual understanding between wardens of States so nearly identified cannot fail to be of value.

The State of Kansas is to have an organization for the purpose of game protection, or rather at this writing perhaps has such, since the call was for a meeting to be held at Wichita, Kan., Oct. 1. The initiative was taken by the Wichita Fish and Game Club, which asks a general meeting for the organization of a State sportsmen's association. One observes with pleasure the fact that the moving club is not the "rod and gun" club of some town, and, therefore, has no savor of trap-shooting attached to the "State's sportsmen's" body. It is a curious fact of history that most rod and gun clubs have nothing to do with the rod, and that very many State sportsmen's associations have little to do beyond trap-shooting. Wichita has lately been showing much good fruit from the hard work of the State Warden, Dr. Shults.

Soaked.

A few more cases of soakings come to hand this week. At Spokane, Wash., Rev. Evan P. Hughes, pastor of the Congregational Church of Hillsboro, paid fine for killing illegal birds. Let him not be cast down over this, for he has good company.

At Salt Lake, Utah, last week, J. F. Ehbert was fined $8 for killing ducks and snipe out of season.

On the train bound east overland in North Dakota last week were two gentlemen of Oxford, O., their names C. Widerman and Fred. Carmeier. On the same train was a pleasant sort of man with whom they scraped acquaintance without much trouble, and him they advised that they had just had fine shooting at a point in North Dakota out beyond Jamestown, and that they had been altogether too shrewd for the State Game Warden, and had not taken out any non-resident licenses. They didn't believe in such a license, anyhow, and thought it defrauded them of many of their inalienable rights. And then the pleasant stranger introduced himself and his star as the State Game Warden, Mr. George E. Bowers. They reluctantly separated themselves from fifty of their inalienable dollars and went on back home. They regret their predisposition to converse with strangers.

Warden Bowers, of North Dakota, writes me that the non-residents are coming in very fast out in his country now, and he is having his hands full in watching a good many widely separated points for persons who try to evade the license law.

Migrations of Game.

Owing to dryness of the country in parts of central Illinois, the quail are making quite an extensive migration to the South this week, and have appeared in numbers at many towns in the lower part of the State. This migration of the quail in Illinois and Missouri is something to which I have often called attention before, and it is one of the odd but well-recognized facts regarding the wild game of those regions.

A big movement of gray squirrels is going on up in Wisconsin just now, and at Baraboo, Wis., last week, the squirrels had appeared in hundreds. This is the first squirrel migration seen at that point in eight years, and one of the largest ever noted. The local paper calls attention to the fact that it is only the gray squirrels which migrate, and says that the fox squirrels remain in the country where they were born and reared. The migration is expected to last about two weeks in passing a given district, and no one knows how far to the South the little animals will go. The last two years have been very good squirrel years in lower Wisconsin, as I can personally testify. What will be the next two years no one can tell, as sometimes one of these big movements will clean out the squirrels over a large strip of country for quite a time.

Migrations of Sportsmen.

The twenty-fourth annual trip of the Jerome Marble hunting party of Worcester, Mass., in the hunting car Yellowstone, is now in progress in Minnesota and Dakota. Following are the names of those who accompany Mr. Marble: A. W. Gifford, Arthur E. Gifford, Mrs. A. B. F. Kinney, V. D. Kenerson and wife, Lester Kenerson, Worcester; T. L. Sturtevant and wife, L. H. Sturtevant, Miss L A. Putnam, Quincy; W. E. Harmon and Miss Helen S. Griffiths, Lexington; John M. Johnson and G. Pearce, Norwich, Conn.; Lewis Eddy, Dorchester.

Mr. J. J. Gokey, of Dawson, N. D., writes me as follows regarding shooting parties at his town: "Mr. Chas. Raymond and son, of Chicago, are here for a hunt. They only intended to stay one week, but the shooting is so good they will make it two weeks. Mr. Eddy and party of eight, from Boston, will be here Oct. 5 for a hunt and have asked me to take charge of the party. The northern birds are just beginning to come in, and it makes fine mixed shooting, ducks and geese."

Mr. Gokey adds a little story of a happening in the goose pits last week, when he had out a tenderfoot who had never before shot at geese: "A big bunch of geese was coming in," says Gokey, "and when I gave the order to shoot I saw this young man jump up, when the geese were right over him, and let off both barrels in the air, and then he began to yell. I got out of my blind and went over to him, and found him white as a ghost and trembling. I hardly blamed him for yelling. I got two geese out of the flock as they came in, and one of these, a 12½lb. honker, dropped right on top of him as he had his gun in the air and struck him on the chest, knocking the gun out of his hands and nearly scaring him to death. He roared so you could have heard him a mile."

Gokey says a good many fine bags of canvasbacks have been made, and that the shooting is as good all round as could be asked by anybody.

Messrs. W. P. Hilliard, E. C. Copelin and G. E Marshall, of Chicago, are just back from a hunting trip, where they were in camp some eight miles north of Herman, Grant county, Minn., about 200 miles above St. Paul. They had a team, driver and cook, and were out two weeks, killing in all above 700 ducks, one day killing seventy birds. They had the finest shooting any of them had ever known, and say that the sloughs all over that region were simply alive with ducks. They shipped 500 birds to St. Paul—for what purpose is not known. What to do with so large a number of birds as such a hunt produces is one of the problems of the hunt. The ducks killed were teal, spoonbills, mallards, redheads, and a few canvas.

Where to Go.

M. E. W., of Peoria, Ill., writes as below in search of information about ducking country:

"Will you kindly inform me through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM where I can get good or fair duck shooting this fall, and how far from Peoria, Ill., and the expense of the place, best time to go, whether you can get decoys at the place or not?"

The answer to the above may be found herewith in the news of the Chicago hunters or in the report by Mr. Gokey, at Dawson, N. D. The points thus mentioned are only a few of a great many which are this season extraordinarily good in the Northwest. As to detailed information about prices, etc., it is not always easy to get this for each and every point. The Chicago party took portable boats (Kankakee model) in with them. At Dawson one can depend upon getting boats, decoys, dogs, and any material he may need, from shells on up. The regular charge there for a guide, team, wagon, boat and decoys is $5 per day. There will be many points closer home than Dawson this fall, and points even in Illinois, where the duck shooting will be fair, though hardly approaching that of the banner point in this banner year for wildfowl in the further Northwest. It is too early to speak with with any accuracy about shooting points in this State or in Wisconsin. If one can take the North Dakota trip it is time to start at once.

Chickens.

The largest bag of chickens made in Illinois this fall, so far as I have known, was made by Victory Emery and Hal Opperman, near Pontiac, Sept. 20, forty-seven birds. Most of the shooting was in the cornfields, and in one such field nineteen birds were killed. The habits of the chickens have undergone change in Illinois with the change in the environment. The chickens take to the corn as they used to resort to the grass in the early days.

Manitoba Geese.

Mr. Thomas Johnson writes me from Winnipeg that his friend Mr. George Manson, of Shoal Lake, wrote him on Sept. 23 about some good goose country near his home:

"We have a strange thing here, south of the lake, about six miles from town, between Shoal Lake and Raven Lake, every fall for the past five years Large flocks of wild geese congregate about the same place and are really a pest to the farmers. They are there now in great numbers."

A Washington Game Country.

Word of a good game region in far away Washington comes from Mr. William Nelson, at Spokane, Wash., to his friend Mr. L. P. Good, of Chicago, who is kind enough to send the matter to FOREST AND STREAM.

"I left here with my family and team on July 12," says Mr. Nelson, "and drove to a small lake thirty-five miles from here, called Fish Lake, and camped there that night and the next day and night to rest my team a little. At the end of the fourth day I found Priest Lake, a beauty, twenty miles long by twelve miles wide at the center, but the lake is only three miles wide taking the average. Here I got a little 'jim crow' steamer, the only one up there, to take us up to the head of the lake. The best time the steamer can make is four miles an hour, but we finally got there and made our permanent camp for the whole six weeks on the lake. On Monday I started out to get some venison for my own use, but came back without even seeing one, but there was plenty of tracks. On Tuesday morning I took my boat and started after trout, and was having fine sport when I heard the water splash behind me, and on looking around what should I see but two full-sized deer, a buck and doe, standing in the lake up to their knees drinking and fighting flies. I picked up my oars and rowed back to camp, and I couldn't relish my breakfast for thinking what a fool I was for not putting a gun in the boat before I started.

"After dinner that day, I took a stroll over to a beaver dam about half mile from camp, and walked around it, and by doing so I saw the trails made by the deer when they came in to feed. Early next morning I then took my .38 55 and started. After walking about half-mile, I sat down behind a big pine tree and waited; but did not have long to wait, for in less than fifteen minutes I heard the brush crack. I looked sharp in the direction, but could see nothing; then in a moment I heard the brush crack again, and still I could not see anything. So I raised to my feet to look again, and in doing this I stepped on a twig and it cracked, and this no sooner done than up went the head of a fine deer about 125yds. in front of me. I waited until she gave me a broadsider, and then cut loose for her just behind the shoulder. She dropped, and then jumped up to run again as I supposed, so I sent another bullet after her, and down she went again. Now, what do you think? I had not only killed one, but two! I ran to bleed the last one, thinking that it was the first one shot twice; but after I had bled this one, I looked back and saw the grass move, so went there and found that I had two dead deer instead of one. I had not seen the second one until after I had killed the first one. I was sorry for this for I did not want so much venison at once; but I got the two out and dressed them, and by hard work succeeded in giving half of one away and we used the other one and a half by being very good to my two bird dogs, and then it is no trouble to keep meat up there ten days by putting it into sacks and hanging it in a tree out of the sun. It needs two sacks to keep the flies away from it, for they will sting through one. I first put it into a cotton sack and then the cotton sack into a gunny sack, and that is too much for the flies to sting through.

"I had been at the lake less than a week and had trout, grouse and venison. What more did I want? I thought that I would put in a few days catching trout and salt them down for my next winter's fish, and so I did. I soon caught and put down 100lbs., all I cared to bring home. Then what I was to do was the question. After our venison was getting low I thought I would go over to another meadow about two miles from camp and kill a caribou, but they are too slick for me. While I could see plenty of tracks, I never could get near enough to see the great reindeer, for he was too cunning and could scent a man too far. So I had to give up that, but not until I had worked very hard.

"On the whole, I had a very delightful trip, and it did me lots of good, and I only wish that you could have been with me. When I tell you that it is no more trouble to kill a deer up there around Priest Lake than for a farmer to go out and kill a sheep, I am telling you the truth; and as to taking trout out of that lake, it is too easy, and the strangest thing about it is that the trout are all of one size. They are from 1¼lbs. to 1¾lbs., and take the fly very wickedly, jumping above it and then turning down; and then comes the fun, as they fight from start to finish, often jumping their full length out of the water six to ten times before you can land them. After we had been there about four weeks, I thought that we needed some more fresh meat, so I went after another deer, but by this time they had quit my first meadow, from the fact of our being so close, dogs barking, our shooting, etc. I went up on the side of a small mountain and waited on a trail one afternoon, and after being there for about an hour and not seeing anything, I started to cross a small ravine, and jumped only thirteen in one bunch. They were lying down in the shade. I picked out a large buck and pulled the trigger, but still he went on. I gave him another, and this time he fell, but only to get up and go on again. I still kept pumping lead into him until I had hit him twelve times before I killed him, the last shot breaking his neck. I could not have shot so many times only I was on one side of the ravine and he on the other, so he could not get away. He was a very large deer and I was forced to cut him up before I could get him out. This was the last deer I tried to get. If you will join me up there next summer I will guarantee that you will have the sport of your life. Think of the good it does a business man to get away from the cares of life for a month or two. I was gone about seven weeks and had a bully time from start to finish."

Hurt by a Grizzly.

On last week Alexander Tolman, of Marion, near Pocatello, Idaho, while out hunting near the head of Rock Creek, was unlucky enough to meet a she grizzly with cubs, and he wounded the mother. The bear charged him and struck him over the head, then bit him savagely and mangled him in a fearful manner before she left him lying unconscious,

He crawled a quarter of a mile before he was observed, and is now lying at the point of death. He was bitten almost into pieces by the beast, which he had enraged by wounding it in the head. The story comes by despatch from Pocatello to a Chicago daily. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

JUST one month of the legal season in this Province has elapsed, and already a good many of the big game hunters have returned from the wilds.

The party consisting of Carl Pickhardt, Dr. A. Caille and Dr. F. Krug, with their three Maine guides, Vince McKenney, John Francis and Michael Francis, reached Fredericton yesterday from the Gueggas lakes on Little Sou'west waters. They had been out just three weeks, and brought back the heads of three moose and three caribou. The moose heads were all good specimens, measuring respectively, 54, 48 and 46in. Mr. Pickhardt was warm in his praise of the country, also of the .30 30 Winchester.

Prof. Waite, of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, has returned from his trip on the Nor'west with Arthur Pringle. He shot one moose and two caribou. One of the caribou had exceptionally fine antlers. The Professor reports that he saw altogether on the trip thirteen moose and fourteen caribou.

Fred Harris, H. F. Hunter and Ralph Johnson, of Boston, emerged a few days ago from the Cains River region. They got no moose, but bagged a bear and lynx, and narrowly escaped taking in another bear.

Lieut. Hincks, of the Royal Berks Regiment, spent his vacation of two weeks on the Nepisiguit River. He shot two fine bull caribou.

John Bodkin, of Kingsclear, a veteran English sportsman, is back from a four weeks' tour of Cains River and the sou'-west. He brought in two caribou; no moose.

Henry Allen, a guide from Maine, formerly a resident of this Province, two weeks ago conducted a party of Lawrence, Mass., sportsmen into the Little River district. The party is still in the woods. They have sent out the carcass of a very large moose.

The gentleman who went out with Tom Pringle on the nor'west would have slain a fine moose, but at the time the moose arrived omitted the formality of loading his rifle.

George H. Warrington, Cincinnati, and J. Henderson, New Haven, have returned from Miramichi Lake. They had no callers with them and failed to connect with a moose. Mr. Henderson is coming again in November and will try the Dungarvon.

Local sportsmen have had more than usual luck with deer up to the present date. Among the fortunate are Duncan Glasier, George Hoeg, Wm. Walker, George Worth, and Percy and John Powys.

There is still some doubt as to whether the prohibition against the export of the "carcass or part thereof" of big game from Canada applies to the shipment of the green head. Some of the customs officers construe the section in one way and some in the other. The matter has been referred to the Department at Ottawa, who have not, as far as I can learn, yet rendered a decision. Mr. S. L. Crosby, the well-known Bangor taxidermist, says if the export of green heads is prohibited, he is coming to Fredericton to set up a branch establishment. FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 1.

A Virginia Test Case.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A recent decision has been made in this State with reference to the game law of the State, which is perhaps of interest to sportsmen all over the country.

Owing to the unusual severity of the winter of 1892–93, the number of birds (quail) was materially lessened, and the next Legislature thereafter passed, very wisely, a stringent game law prohibiting the killing of quail for two seasons after the passage of the act. The time limit of this act expires on Jan. 1, 1898.

In a section of the State where quail are now reported to be very plentiful, a test case was made. A prominent sportsman shot a bird on his own land. He was promptly taken before a justice of the peace and was fined $10. An appeal was taken to the county court. The court promptly discharged the accused, holding that the law is repugnant to the constitution of Virginia, in so far as it undertook to prohibit a man from shooting birds on his land—for two years—this being an unreasonable restriction of a citizen's right.

Prominent legal talent was displayed on both sides.

This judicial decision is of serious import to those sportsmen of the State who have long been striving for the increased protection of game, which, otherwise, will soon disappear. D. H. LEAKE.

EAST LAKE, Va., Sept. 29.

Illinois Association.

PEORIA, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the first regular meeting of the Illinois State Sportsman's Association, the president announced the following gentlemen as the Law Committee for the term of 1897-98: R. S. Mott, chairman, 108 La Salle street, Chicago; S. M. Booth, 36 La Salle street, Chicago; Daniel Raum, 413 Y. M. C. A. Building, Peoria.

Board of Directors as follows: G. N. Portman, chairman, 120 N. Adams street, Peoria; C. J. Sammis, Peoria; William Ohl, Peoria; Charles Bartson, Peoria; R. D. Clarke, Peoria.

Roll call showed the following present: President H. H. Fahnestock, G. N. Portman, C. J. Sammis, William Ohl, Charles Bartson, R. D. Clarke and G. F. Simmons. The Board of Directors and officers held quite a lengthy discussion as to the best means of keeping up the interest of the Association, and to ask the assistance of the sporting papers in their behalf.

The secretary was instructed to prepare a circular letter to send out to the clubs, urging them to join the Association, and assist in every way to make the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association one of the best it has ever had. G. F. SIMMONS, Sec'y-Treas.

Deer Plentiful in Muskoka.

TORONTO, Sept. 11—"The prospects for deer this fall are very promising," said Deputy Game Warden Lawrence, of Muskoka this morning. 'There never was such a good outlook. Never before have so many deer been seen at this time in the year." The Ontario Government is anticipating a large increase in the number of hunters in the region, and has decided to increase the staff of officials in the district.

Golden Plover at Barnegat.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to query of Sam'l J. Fort M. D., of Elliot City, Md. in the last issue of your valuable paper, would say that I shot a golden plover on the beach near Barnegat Bay inlet, on Sept. 20, 1897. The bird seemed very tired and was undoubtedly traveling south. I had the bird mounted.

ALBERT SCHOVERLING.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

THEY OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN.

THERE seems to be a propensity in men to tell of what they have done. Fishermen talk of the fish they have caught, the sport they have had; hunters of the game they have shot, and the difficult shots they have made; scholars of the books they have read; mathematicians of the problems they have solved; and so on through the whole range of human occupation and human pleasure.

But no fisherman tells of the fish he didn't catch, of the sport he didn't have; no hunter of the game he didn't shoot, of the difficult shots he didn't make; no scholar of the books he hasn't read; no mathematician of the problems he hasn't solved. All our "tales told by the camp fire" may be indexed in Virgil's line, "All of which I saw, much of which I was."

I heard a fellow tell of shooting at a goose at 212yds., measured with a tape line, and shooting her square in the eye, with a muzzle-loading rifle, and swear he aimed at her eye. I'd have believed him if he hadn't put on the 12yds., or if he'd have made it 225yds. But that twelve has an air of exactitude that arouses one's incredulity. Just 36ft., you know.

I heard another tell of shooting two pheasants and a woodcock at one shot from a rifle with a single ball. Here the woodcock caused me to be a doubting Thomas. I'd have believed him if he'd left the woodcock out

Last summer I heard of a fellow catching a 4lb. black bass, a 6lb. catfish, a 5lb. carp, and a big turtle, on a gang of hooks, at one and the same haul, with a Japanese cane pole and without a reel. I'd have believed this, for I'm very credulous of fishing stories; but three things were in the way—he didn't give the weight of the turtle, he didn't tell what kind of a line he had, and he was so careful to tell us that he had no reel.

And so I might go on telling such things by the hour, but I don't want to do it. Life is too short, and your readers might think that I was drawing on my fancy for my facts. Let me tell you of a few things that I've failed to do, of a few shots I haven't made, and maybe somebody will join in in the same vein, and by and by you'll have a history of events of which we can only say, "They ought to have been."

Years ago, when a boy, I shot a muzzle-loading rifle, and was a good shot, too. One day I was out in the woods and saw a sitting rabbit not 20ft. away, pulled on his eye with a dead rest, the gun cracked and the rabbit ran as if he were scared to death. I had not touched hide nor hair of him. Why? I don't know; never did know.

Another time with the same gun and a friend who has long since "passed into the shadow," I was out after squirrels. We had several each, and were on our way home, when my friends remarked: "It's your shot, and yonder's a crow's nest. I've often got a squirrel by shooting through a crow's nest; try that one."

I glanced through the sights, the ball went true to its aim and passed through the nest, but no squirrel sprang from it. I've always thought I ought to have had that squirrel, that he ought to have been there, but he wasn't, nothing only an abandoned crow's neet, dead twigs, dried leaves, dust, ashes, disappointed hopes. Many a time since, when thinking over some visionary scheme, I have abandoned it as only another old crow's nest, which didn't need the waste of a shot to tell me that there was no squirrel in it I was riding through the woods one day, not so many years ago, a Winchester lying across the pommel of my saddle, a .38 Winchester, with which both before and since I've broken glass balls from a trap, twenty straight, when a deer came bounding along, a five-spike buck, and stopped not 30yds. away, with its left side toward me. I think it didn't see me. I took up the gun, held my finger against the trigger to shut off its click as I cocked the weapon, aimed fair behind the shoulder, as easy a shot as man ever had. The gun cracked and the deer ran off untouched. He should have been shot through the heart. Buck fever? Oh, no; I don't get it. I've killed too many deer even to feel joyous over seeing one. Why did I miss? Call up the "Angel of the Odd" and interrogate him; maybe he can tell you; I cannot.

Early one morning in Missouri I was riding along a road over what had been a prairie, when at some distance ahead I heard the peculiar call of the prairie chicken, and presently came on them sitting on the rails of a worm fence. I had a .32 6in. Smith & Wesson revolver, one of the old pattern rim-fire long with square handle, "to go at a touch." I have it yet, and have often before and since the time in question fired its six bullets into a percussion-cap box at 30yds. I drew the pistol and fired at not more than 20ft at the head of one of the birds, and missed. I discharged all the rounds in the weapon at that same bird, and the last shot fired at its body, but not a feather of the bird was touched. Who can account for such a thing? I can't.

Hunting quail once, "Bob Whites," you know, before breech-loaders had become common, I was using a 10-bore muzzle-loader, an excellent gun, well loaded, for I had loaded it myself, with 3½dr. powder and 1½oz. of No. 8 shot in each barrel. A large flock sprung up, in open ground; I pulled on them with the right and then the left, and not a quail fell. Why did I miss them? I killed others that day, far more difficult shots, but not one out of that flock fell at those two shots.

Only last season a gray squirrel sat on a limb not 20ft. high, and barked at me until I brought a Stevens' rifle to bear on him, a .25-bore, and he not 50ft. away. How could I miss him? The gun went off and so did the squirrel. I had not touched a hair of him. I don't know why I missed, and it will not do with me to say "Oh, you're a bad shot," because I know, and my friends know, that it is not the case.

Two or three years ago the wild geese were flying very low; I tried at the leader of a "drove" with a shotgun loaded with BB's, two barrels, in still air, and not a quill floated down the wind, not a single "hauk" to tell that my load had gone within many feet of the birds. There was no misjudging of distance, nor of the speed of their flight. I had simply missed, and that's all.

I could go on, page after page, of these experiences, but what's the use? Have others had similar things happen them? I guess so, but they don't tell them. Most men think there's nothing wonderful in a miss. But the man who knows that he can shoot, that the shot was "dead easy," and so on, not only thinks, but is willing to swear, that a miss is a wonderful thing. Why shouldn't he? He knows his gun, his ammunition, his distance, himself—and yet he has missed. Why shouldn't he think it wonderful?

Fishing—I'm not a fisherman—never was—and yet I distinctly remember working hard all day on the banks of a trout stream years and years ago, and while my brother caught many, yet not a single speckled beauty rewarded my efforts. I never caught a trout in my life, and "my days are in the sere, the yellow leaf." I'm too old and too heavy to tramp along the streams, and that will be another of the things that ought to have been. We used to fish for chubs and suckers and sunfish and little mudcats when I was a boy, along in the '50s and early '60s, and I was never a success. Fish would always take my brother's hook in preference to mine, though he had baited them both.

Once I remember he had been fishing alone, and on his return told me of a wonderful chub that he'd seen in a deep hole and had tried to catch, but had failed, and proposed that we go together next day and try to get this monster chub, which he averred must weigh at least 50lbs. Boys see things through magnifying glasses, you know. Next day we went. I can see that hole now, in my mind's eye, its clear waters, its grassy banks, but never more can I see it in fact, for it doesn't exist. It was formerly the tailrace of an old mill. The mill has been torn down, the race and the tailrace have been filled up, and where that "big hole" was, an embankment of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. is, and the wheels of commerce run above the banks on which we lay that day and fished for the monster chub. My brother caught several big ones—about 6in. long, but they looked big then—but they neglected my hook, as usual, and as I looked listlessly down the stream I saw a big bumblebee light on a thistle's purple flower. I went down and got the bumblebee, put it on my hook, and "threw in." There was a rush, a swirl of the waters, as I jerked out the monster chub, and there was a sudden plunge as the hook lost its hold, and the monster chub was lost to me forever. 'You had him," said my brother; "but what bait had you?" "A bumblebee," I replied, "but I don't believe that fish weighs 50lbs."

"Yes, he does, and more too," was the reply; "why, if he didn't your hook would have held him. But I'm going off to get a bumblebee."

I lay on the grass and waited, for the excitement was gone. I knew that the monster chub was not for me. My brother returned with his bumblebee, and as he baited his hook I remarked: "Now, don't try to jerk that fish out at once, give a smart pull, to make sure your hook's well caught, and then you can get him, maybe."

"If he takes my hook I'll get him," was the answer, "if I'm strong enough to pull him out. But I never knew a fish to refuse nice, fat fish worms and bite at a bumblebee. Who told you about the bumblebee?"

"Nobody told me," said I, "I just saw that one I used light on the thistle and concluded I'd try him for bait."

My brother's hook struck the water, but the bee did not sink, as mine had, and he drew it back and again threw it in, suddenly an enormous fish form appeared, the bee vanished between a huge pair of capacious jaws, a giant tail twinkled for a moment in the air as the monster chub headed for his favorite haunts at the bottom. I heard the swish of the line as my brother struck, the peculiar sound of a large body drawn forcibly and quickly from deep water, and the monster chub lay on the grass at our feet, the victim of my brother's arts. I can see that fish yet, the biggest chub that I ever saw, he measured 16in. from tip of nose to tip of tail, and when cleaned for the table he weighed just 2lbs. I can hear our boyish expressions of delight as we surveyed his magnificent proportions, for there was never any jealousy between us, the triumph of one was that of the other; and it is so yet, thank God, though our hairs are turning gray, and we are, to say the least, elderly men. But the monster chub, I always thought, should have been mine. Don't you think so? AMATEUR.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Delaware River Bass.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM Mr. Philip F. Fulmer records a bass—presumably a black bass—caught in the Delaware River by Mr. J. D. Jais, at Dingman's Ferry, Pike county, Pa., which weighed 6lbs. 12oz. So far the statement seems good and the bass was a good one; but when he says that the fish measured 26in., it seems to be a long one for the weight. As I know, big—and consequently old—black bass, they do not grow much in length, but increase greatly in depth and thickness; in fact, take on Aldermanic proportions. I should think 20in. sufficient for a fish of that weight, measuring it as anglers do, "over all," which is really incorrect, because the caudal fin has no more right to be included in the length of a fish's body than the dorsal and anal fins have to be reckoned in its depth. All scientists measure the length of a fish only as far as its body extends, and that is the correct way, because the tail fin is not entitled to be included in the length any more than the other fins are part of its depth—but anglers have always so measured fish and probably always will so measure them.

Taking Mr. Fulmer's measure of 26in., as an angler's measure of caudal fin and all, it seems to me that a 26in. black bass should weigh about 15lbs., that is, if it was as well-fed, deep, and had the breadth of beam of the average big black bass. Perhaps the figures are wrong; perhaps my notions of weight and proportions are wrong. Who can say? KEGO-E-KAY.

Are Salt-Water Angler's Selfish?

JUST why it is that salt-water fishermen are so quiet in reporting success. I have often wondered. I sometimes think there is something in the idea I once heard Prof. Baird advance, that constant association with salt-water fishing makes a man reticent on his success from selfish motives.

H.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

LVII.—Thaddeus Norris.

When I bought a farm near Honeoye Falls, Monroe county, N. Y., in 1868, to begin raising trout, I also bought a book entitled: "American Fish Culture," which was published in that year by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, and the author was Thaddeus Norris. Just who he might be, or what he might know of the subject, I did not know, but it was the first publication of its kind that I had heard of, and I bought it. It has little value to the fishculturist to-day, but it gave all that was then known about breeding trout, salmon, oysters and other things, and yet I had much to learn. I do not think he said so in the book, but at that time he had gone into trout breeding at Bloomsbury, N. J., had tried it a year or two and sold out to Dr. J. H. Slack, who ran the place until he died, some five or six years later.

In September, 1873 I was called to Washington to consult with Prof. Baird, the United States Fish Commissioner, and there I met Mr. Norris, and we struck up a friendship which lasted until he died. I was then forty and he was sixty-two. He was a lovable old man whom many people called Uncle Thad, and I soon dropped into the habit of so addressing him. Business over, he said: "Freddy, I'm going down to Betterton to fish for perch, and I'd like to have you go with me. Will you do it?"

"Where's Betterton?"

"I think there is a previous question before the House. Let us finish one at a time. The question is: Will you go?"

"Yes."

"Well, now that we have settled that, the next thing is to take up your question. Betterton is in Kent county, Md., and is a paradise for the angler who is contented to fish for white perch. It is not on the map, has no post-office, and therefore we can rest assured that we can't be called home by the demands of either family or business. There is no village of Betterton, only a few scattered farmhouses, and unless I am greatly mistaken it is a place that would just suit such a quiet, easy-going fellow as I take you to be."

"No railroad whistles, umbrella menders, steamboat nor church bells to destroy a morning nap?"

"Nothing of the kind, my boy, the place is on the eastern shore. At the upper end of Chesapeake Bay is the confluence of the Susquehanna, Northeast, Elk and Sassafras rivers, all within sight, and a grand sight it is over the upper end of the bay, and Betterton is about a mile below the mouth of the Sassafras. So much for geography. Anything else?"

"Not a thing. You've asked me to go to Betterton with you and I am your guest. I haven't the slightest curiosity how we are to get there, whether we walk, row, sail or swim. I did not bring any fishing tackle, but can easily get what will be needed for white perch. I suppose none of them weigh over 100lbs."

"No, there is a law which limits their size, but you'll find 'em up to the limit. Come up and stop with me in Philadelphia to-night and give no thought to fishing tackle or other thing, we will talk fish until bed-time and possibly dream of them before morning."

That night one of the most lovable of men spread his heart wide open and captivated me. When I was a young man I was fond of the society of some older ones, and I say "some" advisedly, now that I have had my hair bleached and am posing as a blonde, a condition which I insist is not due to "peroxide," or any other preparation, but has been brought about solely by Anno Domini, which you can't buy ina drug store. I find that I like boys, that is, if they are the kind of boys which I like. There's just as much difference in boys as there is in dogs: some wouldn't have you like 'em under any circumstances, and as for old men, they are boys who have been boiled down and all their traits intensified. A disagreeable boy will grow into ——. Pardon me, we were going fishing.

We took an Ericsson steamer somewhere above Chestnut street, Philadelphia, about 4 P. M., and went through the canal from Delaware City to Chesapeake City, down the Elk River and into the bay, reaching Betterton at the uncomfortable hour of 4 A. M. Neither of us grumbled, we made light of having to turn out at that time; and now, while writing this sketch, nearly a quarter of a century later, and with an experience as much riper, it seems to me that "Uncle Thad" and I had the one common trait of accepting whatever came to us without grumbling.

As old Nessmuk said, "Bismillah, it is well!" Others say, "Kismet, it is fate!" And in these sayings lie all the philosophy contained in that scriptural warning which says that it is "no use to kick against the pricks." Resignation to the inevitable has preserved my life where others have died. Norris had the same turn of thought, and as we walked up from the landing to the house where we were to stop, he said: "The only thing I prefer to getting out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning is sitting up all night."

I remarked that I would prefer sitting up two nights; but we had not far to walk. Our host, Mr. Thomas Crew, was astir, as is the custom of farmers and dwellers in the country, and we entered his hospitable home, lay down and had our sleep out, because Crew said the tide would be about right four hours later. About 8 o'clock we had finished breakfast and were sailing away to the perch grounds, some two miles distant, with young Jim Crew as captain as well as crew. There were some other boats there, and more came later, making eleven in all, and about fifty anglers. As we anchored, Jim pulled out a half-bushel basket of peaches, and such peaches! I realized that we were right where peaches grow in both quantity and excellence. The tide ran from two to three miles an hour that day, the ebb being strongest. The average depth of the water was 30ft. We used 9ft. bass rods, with multiplying reels and a dipsy of 2oz "Dipsy," in the Philadelphia language, means a piece of wire to keep two hooks on short snells apart, and a sinker hangs at proper depth below. It is said to be a corruption of "deep sea," but I never heard it east of New York, and rarely then, although the thing is sometimes used about New York Harbor, and called a "spreader." We used shedder crab and angleworms, the former being plenty and the latter scarce, owing to the lightness and dryness of the soil. Some of the anglers used clams and shrimp.

Our largest perch that day weighed 18oz., the average was perhaps less than half that weight. Capt Jim did not fish, and we two filled three peach baskets with such good measure that they ran over. Perhaps we counted them, but I don't remember. From conversation with the men in other boats we estimated the catch of the entire party that day at 6,000 white perch, besides a few other fishes, and Jim said it was not a very good day for perch.

Filled to overflowing with humor, Uncle Thad was as charming a man as one could wish for on a month's trip. His specialty was the songs of the plantation darky and stories of him in a most perfect dialect. He was past middle



THADDEUS NORRIS.

age and not strong nor active, but bright as a button. His "American Angler's Book" was the first good American book on angling. It treated of native fishes and methods of fishing, while all other fishing books up to that time were rehashes of English publications. It was first published by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia, in 1864, who printed two editions. Of the last, Porter & Coates bought 699 copies in 1865, with all the plates and issued an edition with their imprint. This was a volume of 692 pages, and the only edition I have. The latter firm printed editions in 1881, 1886 and 1891, each being of 250 copies. In the last three editions there is an excellent obituary notice, written by his friend Mr. Joseph B. Townsend. My volume is well thumbed, for I still delight in the quaint stories in which he embodies information, especially in those charming pages which he calls "Dies Piscatoriæ" If any man is entitled to be called 'The American Walton" it is Thaddeus Norris. His book may not be read by scholars who regard Walton as an English classic to be studied by non-anglers as a choice bit of literature, but it can be read with pleasure by anyone who appreciates clean humor, even if he cares nothing about fishing. Some years ago it was proposed that I should edit "The American Angler's Book," but business forbid. I am indebted for many of the above facts and dates to Mr. J. B. Townsend, Jr., of Philadelphia.

The winter of 1875–76 I spent at Lexington, Va., quartered in the Military Institute, together with my assistant, Mr. Wm. F. Page, now a well known fishculturist; and I ran down to Richmond and met Uncle Thad by appointment, and tried to get him to go to Lynchburg to fish for pike with my friend Capt Jack Yeatman, of that city, who was an excellent angler, and had a rod that I wanted Norris to see. It was a natural bamboo, carefully smoothed inside where the partitions had been, and the line was run through the inside of the cane. "This," said Capt. Jack, "puts the strain on all points, instead of a few, where the rings are." This idea has been put on the market since, but I have a notion that it is very hard on lines. Time did not permit Mr. Norris to go there. He arranged with me to go to Philadelphia in the spring, and try to build an aquarium for the Centennial Exposition. I went, tried, and failed for want of financial support.

That summer it was my custom to visit Uncle Thad in his home on Logan square every Tuesday evening, and we would go up into his workshop where the justly celebrated "Norris split-bamboo rods" were made, and often talk until "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal." If we talked of fishing, it was not of perch catching at Betterton, but of grander sport. We had both fished, but not in unison, with Dan Fitzhugh, of grayling memory, and our thoughts turned to that royal and generous angler. We would repeat some of Dan's stories; Uncle Thad would slap his knee and laugh until the tears came, and say: "Dan was a glo-o o-rious fell-low!" and then we gave a few moments of meditation to Dan.

In his "American Fishes," 1888, Prof. G. Brown Goode says, writing of the white perch: "In a single paragraph Mr. Norris, who, making no professions of scientific skill, has been one of our best observers of fishes, has given almost the only reliable information which has ever been collected regarding this species."

It so happened that the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences met at the corner of Logan square and Race street every Tuesday night, and we would often get a tip from Prof. Cope if the talk was to be about a lot of prehistoric fishes, mammals and birds, in a densely scientific manner in which we had no interest whatever, or whether the discourse was to be upon the fishes of to-day. In the latter case we often spent a profitable hour on many evenings.

I recall one of these meetings when a freshly killed fish was on the table and was to be the subject of the lecture. It was a salt water fish, which is not caught by anglers and is never in the markets. It is about 1ft. long, heavy-bodied and triangular, the back being the apex; it has a greenish color, a body like jelly, and is covered with a thick skin on which are many tuberculous or spiny plates.

"What kind of a fish is that, Fred?"

"Well, Uncle Thad, that is a lumpsucker or lumpfish. Notice its build. It is so weak behind that it can't swim much, but see its ventral fins how they are modified into a sucking disk on its breast, whereby it can hold fast on a rock and let the tide bring food to its mouth."

"Don't you wish that you were that kind of a sucker? What did you say its name was?"

"Lump-sucker or lumpfish on our coast. In England it is called sea-owl, cock-padle, and it doesn't seem to mind what they call it, at least it never resents these names. That's all I know about the fish."

"Then you don't know what these musty old scientifs call this queer-looking beast?"

"Oh, yes; they call it *Cyclopterus lumpus*. I didn't knowyou were after that."

"Lumpus, lumpus; and they call the tomcod *Microgadus tomcodus*, and one species of catfish *Ameiurus catus*. Now, honestly, my boy, don't you think we can make as good Latin as that? Well, well, it is lumpy, sure enough; but lumpus! Let's go back to the workshop and digest the scientific information we have obtained here to-night. If we get more at one sitting we may not be able to assimilate it, and may not be able to retain what we have learned."

There were banjos in those days. They are rare now. They have put frets on them and made them merely guitars with a calf-skin head, on which can be played operatic music, but not real banjo music, which in these degenerate days is called "rag time." Just as negro minstrelsy has decayed, because of the abandonment of the "plantation" darky, so has our national instrument been evoluted into a nondescript thing which has lost its individuality. Possibly this is because the abolition of slavery has divested the negro of a certain interest as a character to be sketched.

Uncle Thad's banjo had a serious fracture in the cranium. Mine was in a trunk in storage, but he had to have it got out in order to properly recite the mishaps of "Johnny Booker," "Uncle Gabriel," and other epics. Our national instrument had no frets upon it, nor additional strings to play difficult marches and operas; in fact, it was a banjo, and not a hybrid guitar and mandolin; and was just suited to the simple plantation melodies. Bless you, they can't play "ragtime" on what is called a banjo to-day. As I write I glance at my old-timer on the wall—which is always kept strung—and it brings back the night when Uncle Thad took it and sung:

"In eighteen hundred an' twenty-nine
I hung my banjo on a vine,
De banjo dropped upon de groun',
An' banjos grew up all aroun'."

Or:

"Ole Massa an' Missus promise me
Dat w'en dey'd die dey'd set me free,
But now dey bofe am dead an' gone
An' lef' ole Sambo hoein' de cawn."

One night after the old man had finished 'Dandy Jim," I said: "Uncle Thad, once I attended a dance down in Texas and was greatly interested in the orchestra, which consisted of only two pieces—a fiddle and a boot; both were good in their way, and if the dancers missed the fiddle when conversation was loudest, the boot heel gave them the correct time. I have noticed that in your enthusiasm you have emphasized

certain crescendo passages with your heel, which might offend any musical ear which was trying to sleep on the floor below."

"I think you are right in this matter," he said, "where the orchestra consists of a banjo and a boot, the latter should subordinate its tones or be abolished entirely. Perhaps the banjo should be hung up until next Tuesday night and I'll tell you how Fish Commissioner Reeder, of this State, had his nose sunburned. Do you know H J. Reeder?"

"Very well. Met him when his father was Governor of Kansas, and since that time he has been a fish commissioner and I have met him frequently and have had much correspondence with him. We've all had our noses burned, blistered and peeled by the sun. Was Reeder's nose an exception in any way?"

"No," said the veteran angler, "it was as susceptible to the influence of the sun as a Maryland peach, and that's the point. I made some verses on it to an original meter, I'll read 'em:

'The shades of night were falling fast.'"

"Yes, that is original, and grand! How on earth did you ever come to think in that direction?"

"Never mind about the applause until the curtain is about to descend, and please do not interrupt again until this lyric is finished."

"Go on!"

"The shades of night were falling fast."

"Yes, you remarked that before, the window shades were being pulled down."

"As o'er the Bel. Del. Road there passed
A sun-burned nose, with face attached,
That had been to the South dispatched
For catfish!

"'Neath forehead high and yaller hair
Was a Grecian nose and complexion fair,
A bright blue eye and curled up lash,
And he ever kept shouting through his mustache:
'Oh, catfish!'

"'Oh, don't go out,' quoth Howard, 'stop!
It's awful hot where the white-caps hop;
You'll burn your nose on the upper side,'
But the ghastly fisherman still replied:
'More catfish!'

"The boat at length came up to land,
With a sun-burned nose, a line cut hand,
And a barrel of fish bought for a price;
Says the nose-burned man, 'they're remarkably nice,
Fresh catfish!'

"Now, young man, be warned by me,
If ever again you go to sea,
Bear this painful burn in mind
And leave your tender nose behind,
For catfish!"

Tears as big as goose eggs came to my eyes as I grasped the poet's hand, and asked his pardon if the ceiling below should fall on account of my tears; I'm so easily affected. When he handed me the paper I pocketed the poem in order to give it to an appreciative world, which his modesty forbade him to do.

The workshop of Uncle Thad, I love to call him so, differed from that of the rod-maker of to-day. The latter has his ferrules drawn by an expert, who perhaps draws tubes for microscopes and telescopes; and they fit throughout the whole length, and never throw apart. In Uncle Thad's day, and he was abreast of the times in rod-making, if not ahead of it, he made his ferrules by hand and brazed them, afterward smoothing them with flat files, grinding them together with emery powder and oil, and then burnished them in a lathe.

I handled many of his rods, and wanted one. I feared to tell him so, because the notion might occur to him to give me one; so I had a friend buy a rod for me, and I used it several years, its value increasing each season, until it was stolen from me in a car while returning from a fishing trip.

If I had used that rod until it was "superannuated" it would be in an honored place on my wall in company with a pair of buffalo horns from the only buffalo I ever killed, a pair of snowshoes worn in Wisconsin in 1856, a banjo made by my own hands, and a sword which I wore in the early 60s, which was "Held by the Enemy," as the title of a play goes, for over a quarter of a century.

In the day on which things happen they are merely incidents which are not forgotten, but laid aside as trifles. Half a century later, or even half of that, they assume an importance which is surprising. An instance of this is my reminiscence of perch fishing at Betterton. There was nothing of importance to record; but the lapse of time serves to figure "Uncle Thad" Norris in a strong light, and to bring up the man so that I can attempt to sketch him in a manner that will interest people who never knew him. The photograph which is here reproduced was apparently made from a painting of Mr. Norris when he was nearing middle age, and is the only one I have been able to get.

Thaddeus Norris was born near Warrenton, Fauquier county, Va., in 1811, and moved to Philadelphia about 1835, where he resided until his death, which occurred on April 11, 1877. A widow, two sons and two daughters survived him.

An incident occurred which illustrates his dry humor. We were looking at some fish in the tanks at the Centennial Exposition, when a noisy sort of fellow introduced himself to Mr. Norris as "a brother of the angle," and after a long recital of his exploits, said: "Yes, Mr. Norris, I'm the boss fisherman of western Pennsylvania, and I can catch more fish than any one I ever met."

"I am always pleased to meet a thorough angler," said Uncle Thad, very seriously. "I suppose you fish with the fly?"

"Always, Mr. Norris; always."

"Always rig the line properly with a float and sinker?"

"Oh, yes, always use the float and sinker."

"That's right; I see that you are really an expert angler, and I am glad to know you."

Mr. Norris never smiled, nor did his eye change when it met mine, and the man suspected nothing. After the man departed Uncle Thad said: "I often meet such men, and I sized him up for a man who knew nothing of fly-fishing and would need a float and sinker if he tried to cast a fly."

Genial Uncle Thad! When I read of his death the words came upon me "like the falling of a great oak in the stillness of the woods."

FRED MATHER.

UNIFORM PROTECTION OF FOOD FISH.

A paper read by Dr. Bushrod W. James, of Philadelphia, before the American Fisheries Society.

THE extended superficial area of the United States, with its waterways permeating far into the interior, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, warrants the protection of these streams to prevent the annihilation of the fish, as well as for their extended propagation and growth, as very great values may be obtained in a few years by the operation of judicious and well-considered legal enactments for the protection of the streams in which the fish are placed when very young, and for clearing and keeping clear these streams from all devices which tend to the capture of the fish before they have had opportunity of spawning in the waters which they frequent.

Most of the States into which streams enter from the ocean have already passed laws looking to this need, and New Jersey and Pennsylvania, being border States of the Delaware River, many years ago entered into a compact to protect the stream in this manner, and keep it an open waterway or highway, and as a result the money value of the fish caught in that river is increasing annually many thousands of dollars. The Susquehanna, which passes through Maryland and into Pennsylvania, has not as yet received the ample protective laws needed, and the result is that the money value of the food taken in the way of fish from that stream has been at a standstill for years and, in fact, has been diminishing in value.

The Delaware River rises well up in the interior of the State of New York, so that we have the States of Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York all interested in this valuable waterway. What is said of this Eastern stream might be said of Western rivers flowing into the Pacific Ocean, and we might likewise add the great aqueous artery of the continent, the Mississippi, and its branches, which, no doubt, might contain many million dollars' worth more of food fish than they now do; and yet, each State having the right to make fish protective laws, might find the laws quite annulled by other States through whose borders the streams pass, the more northern States being at the mercy of those far down the river whose laws are not enforced, and where money can be made by catching food fish in great numbers for the market, to their probable annihilation in a few years.

We could hardly expect in the rapidly flowing streams of the mountain regions of the far West to successfully protect a very great variety of the food fish, but even those should be thoroughly protected by adequate statutes by the Legislatures of the States through which these mountain streams run. Many lakes, however, occur in some of these States, even in the mountain sections. These should be protected, and not only that, but they should be stocked with the best varieties of edible fish, and of the kind that will not destroy their companions.

This condition of things existing in almost every State of the Union, it will readily be seen how great the need is for uniform laws for food protection throughout the entire country.

I would here urge that this national society, composed of Fish Commissioners and members from the various States all over the country, consider well this subject of legislative action to this end.

The resolution we adopted last year, aiming at the harmonious action of each State with its neighbor in the interests of general propagation and protection, was in the right direction, and any action from that committee should be supplemented by a general support on the part of the American Fisheries Society.

I do not mean to exclude the interests of the Great Lakes during the past few years for propagation purposes, and with partially good results; but they can never carry out the full intent of those who have the general good of the community at stake in this matter of supplying a most valuable and delectable form of diet for the towns and cities where a market can be had for this form of food.

Good laws should be enacted all along the Great Lake bordering States, and they should be thoroughly enforced and a rigid observance of them continually maintained; and under no circumstances should the small fish be caught before they are of a size to have spawned at least once.

By this method an amply sufficient supply of growing fish would constantly fill the waters of the Great Lakes along our northern border. Canada should unite with the United States at all points to help fill the lakes along her shores, and by this mutual action her revenue from this one source alone would be greatly increased, as well as that of our own States

Nothing but good can be obtained from a uniform, harmonious protection maintaining all interests in this way. In this age the depredating, contentious, "grasp-all-you-can" principle should be relegated to oblivion, and unity of purpose will redound to the mutual advantage of all parties living along the borders of these great international highways and receptacles for food fish supplies. Kindness and mutual reciprocity usually work to the advantage and interest of all parties concerned; and in this matter, if in no other article of commerce, we should aim to obtain these uniform concessions on the part of all States and countries adjoining each other.

In regard to uniformity of laws for the streams running into the interior of the country from the large sea, lake or gulf areas, I believe that the United States Government should formulate a protective plan of extending not only over the commercial end of the streams, but that laws protecting the tributary divisions of those streams should be passed, and the enactments kept fully operative. I maintain that there is strong ground for governmental supervision of these waterways, inasmuch as the local laws of one individual State cannot be enforced in the adjacent commonwealths; and the great difficulty which has existed, and which it is almost impossible to overcome, as to how these various State enactments can be made entirely harmonious and uniform, it seems quite a necessity to resort to the method of Interstate protection by national enactment, and especially over all the national waterways.

I would like to impress this point still more forcibly from another standpoint, and that is that it is the duty of the Government to do all in its power to advance the interests of the citizens of the United States and enact laws which will be for their general good, and add to the prosperity of the country. The addition of many million dollars' worth of food in this shape to the country is certainly not only laudable, but it is quite important for the Government to provide this increase of provisions, and the increased value which would thereby be secured.

These laws should be enacted at a very early day likewise, because of the reckless impoverishment which is going on all over the country, in this, as well as in various directions, such as forestry interests and the valuable land grants which the government and the people have so lavishly turned into the hands of reckless speculators.

It is not too late to reform this matter, and measures should at once be instituted for the uniform codification and adoption of the best laws that can be thought out and worked out upon this interesting, important and urgent question.

THE MAINE TROUT SEASON.

BOSTON, Oct. 2.—The Maine fishing season has closed, and on the whole it has been a most remarkable one, with much high water and consequent good sport, holding out remarkably late. Still the month of September was poor in most waters, barring a few of the more distant and inaccessible lakes and streams. Small trout were freely taken on the fly late in August and early in September on the more distant waters of the Rangeleys and Aroostook county. But later in September—and in fact up to the close—the fishing was very poor. Mr. J. D. Kinsley is out from his fall trip to the Rangeleys. He found the fishing generally poor, with many a sportsman scarcely getting a fish. Still Mr. Parish, of Connecticut, had most remarkable luck at the Upper Dam, landing a trout of 9½lbs. late in September, and a landlocked salmon of 9lbs., both on the fly. The fish were taken from the pool. Mr. Michael H. Curley is out from quite an extended tour of the Rangeley waters, where he found the fishing rather slim, except at Kennebago, where he had good sport with small trout.

A later report from the Upper Dam is handed me by a gentleman who does not care to have his name mentioned, doubtless because he was there and really got hold of a big fellow, "at least 2ft. long;" but alas for the leader! It parted at the first great strain of the big trout, and he is left there to breed.

RECORD OF THE LAST THREE DAYS OF THE SEASON OF 1897, AT UPPER DAM, ME

Sept. 28—Caught by S. C. Pease.	One trout weighing 5lbs.	2oz.
Sept. 28—Caught by S. C. Pease.	One trout weighing 5lbs.	7oz.
Sept. 29—Caught by J. C. Dougherty	One trout weighing 7lbs	6oz.
Sept. 29—Caught by W. J. Farquar	One trout weighing 6lbs.	1oz.
Sept. 29—Caught by A. G. Frost	One trout weighing 4lbs.	3oz.
Sept. 29—Caught by J. C. Dougherty	One trout weighing 6lbs.	
Sept. 30—Caught by J. C. Dougherty	One trout weighing 5lbs.	12oz.
Sept. 30—Caught by J. C. Dougherty	One trout weighing 4lbs.	8oz.
Sept. 30—Caught by J. Lynch.	One trout weighing 3lbs.	6oz.
Sept. 30—Caught by R. A. Parish.	One trout weighing 3lbs.	4oz.
Sept. 30—Caught by R. A. Parish.	One trout weighing 8lbs.	12oz.

A total weight of 62½lbs. in three days, by six fly-fishermen; average weight, 5lbs. 3oz.

Mr. Parish seems to have carried off the pennant for the season of 1897. He is greatly charmed with the Pool at the Upper Dam, and well he may be, for where in the wide world could another such a record have been made? It is all the more remarkable when it is considered that this wonderful pool is reached in only one day from Boston, since the opening of the Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes Railroad, or in a day and a night from New York.

But the crack of the rifle is sounding in that section now, and the fish rods are put away. Mr. W. S. Bemis is out from that region with the first deer of the season, to come to Boston. I understand that he took it in the vicinity of Billy Soule's Camp, Cupsuptic Lake. He was absent from Boston only three days; going in Sept. 30, via. Rumford Falls and Bemis, and hunting Oct. 1, and home again Oct. 2.

A report from Bangor says that the woods above that part of the State were full of hunters on the night of Sept. 30, and that they commenced operations a 12 o'clock. I have not yet seen any deer from that section, though doubtless they will be here early this week. The new law has cut up and cut down the moose-hunting season, commencing Oct. 15, and closing Dec 1. The hunters will all be on the ground on the opening date. If the moose are not located beforehand, then I don't understand hunters.

Reports from Farmington and that region are not so pleasing. The hunting season has opened with plenty of game and hunters still more plenty. But one has made the old mistake; taken his friend for a deer and shot him dead, according to the daily papers.

SPECIAL

NOTES FROM HEMLOCK LAKE.

MADAME and I are on our annual vacation at Comfort Cove Cottage, Hemlock Lake, N. Y., and we are more than ever convinced that September is the month of all in the twelve for real restful comfort at the Lake.

Having in middle life taken to the wheel as a sensible and healthful means of locomotion, we were entirely independent of horses and wagons and made our sixteen miles in excellent form, while our supplies were delivered free of expense at the barn opposite our cottage.

Our daily routine would not interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, being simply what all who have spent two weeks at a cottage by the lake have experienced, but there have been a few side issues that possibly may prove worth noting, being perhaps a little out of the ordinary.

All along the east side of the lake is an excellent road. In many places it is dug out of the steep banks and skirts the water's edge; again it winds through the woodland, shady and cool, but always in sight of the water. Every day we would cross to the barn take to our wheels and spin down this delightful highway. The precipitous nature of the shore prevents cultivation, and the hills are clothed with virgin forest clear to their tops. Grouse are abundant, and as we speed noiselessly along we never fail to get up from two to half a dozen in a four mile ride. In my palmiest schooling days I never got so near these wary birds as in my rides along this road. Often I come on them feeding in the ditch, and it is interesting to watch them eye the strange machine stealing up on them before they break into flight. Again they will be seen dusting themselves in the middle of the track, and one can make quite a study of their form and color before discovery. All this suggests that knowing the tendency of the grouse to frequent wooded highways, won't some inventive genius arrange a scatter gun to carry on the handle bars, worked by the teeth perhaps, that will fill the air with shot and down the innocent bird before he knows an enemy is approaching?

I have often heard of squirrels swimming lakes and streams, but never until the other day did I see it myself. I was rowing down to the lumber camp after milk, when I saw something bobbing along in the water behind me. At first I thought it was a muskrat, but discovering my mistake stopped rowing and watched the little fellow make for the shore; he swam very swiftly, and as he leaped on the bank I saw it was a large gray squirrel; he paused on a log, looked

back coyly at me, flirted his tail in adieu and disappeared in the wood.

In going down the road one evening just before sunset I saw an exemplification of Mr. Hough's astral body. I was wheeling along a portion of the road cut out of the side hill and open to the lake. The sun was nearly down, its slanting beams flooding the water with glory. Glancing to my right, I saw clearly defined on the steep bank two shadowy wheelmen, one above the other, pedaling along beside me. I called to my wife, and being assured that she saw the same phenomena, I thought of E. Hough and theosophy, and —bosh!

We have been very fortunate this year in having for neighbors in a deserted cottage but a gunshot away, a gentleman and his two sons, who are fishermen "from 'way back." They bring us daily, pickerel, pike-perch and bass until we are surfeited, and we send home fine fellows, and get the reputation of being what we are not. One lovely day just after dinner we shut the doors and mounting our wheels struck out into the country, over roads we had never traveled. It seemed like spinning through fairyland. Nor was the idea dispelled when we came to the great, comfortable farmhouse of a cousin, where a warm welcome and a splendid supper awaited us. Here we tarried all night, and in the morning wheeled over to another cousin's, a veritable Sir Roger de Coverly, eighty two years of age, of whom I hope to write some time—whose yards, although thronged with picturesque hop-pickers and the whole household busy as bees, still had time to sit down with his hospitable wife and bid us welcome. We were at the cottage again at 4 P. M., vowing this little side issue the pleasantest of all.

The Rochester Water-Works people have acquired a large amount of shore rights at Hemlock Lake, but a great many cottages still remain. So long as visitors to these cottages comply with the simple requirements of the water-works people, none of which are beyond the pale of decency and cleanliness, no one will be interfered with. The company have broken up the excursion, hotel and picnic business, and that seems to be all they desire. So for a quiet outing your correspondent sincerely hopes that Hemlock Lake may be his Mecca for many years. H W. D. L.

Comfort Cove Cottage, Hemlock Lake, N. Y, Sept., 1897.

MEMORIES OF THE MERRIMAC VALLEY.

Charlestown, N. H., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of your correspondents, a few weeks since, speaks of catching some fine trout in a brook long since supposed to be depopulated, within fifteen or twenty miles of Boston, and it has recalled to me memories of some such brooks, not quite so near, perhaps, which had good trout in them fifty years ago, but which were known only to a few, and the secret of which was jealously guarded. They were in the towns of Tewksbury, Billerica and Wilmington, and were affluents of the Merrimac River, in former days one of the most fertile streams of any in New England for all the varieties of the *Salmonidæ*. These brooks were known to a few old anglers in Lowell, when I went there in 1841, fresh from the New Hampshire trout streams, but I never could find out just where they were.

Robert Butcher, a skilled English angler, who has charge of the finishing department of the Merrimac Print Works; Chas. Leighton, the overseer of the packing room, and Grosvenor Buttrick, commonly called Grove, one of the master mechanics in the Lowell machine shop, knew them and used to get some good trout out of them every season, but the youngsters were never let into the secret of the locality.

I remember Leighton bringing home a 3lb. trout one day, which he said he caught in a brook in Pepperell, Mass., which emptied into the Nashua River, and that into the Merrimac, and this brings me back to my statement of the wonderful fertility of the Merrimac River and all its tributaries, in all the varieties of the trout and salmon family. All these streams come direct from the granite hills of New Hampshire, and are usually as limpid and clear as crystal, and while within my recollection the salmon went freely up the river until they came to the dam at Lowell, for I have eaten salmon at Lowell caught in the Merrimac the same morning—all the tributaries and feeders were full of trout, which were to be taken at the very mouths of the brooks where they discharged into the river. Here on the Connecticut the case is different. The long, broad stretches of "intervale" or meadow land next the river make the brooks still and sluggish when they are reached, and I have never found it worth while to fish a brook clean down, but on the Merrimac the last few rods are often a set of rapids, and I have taken the biggest trout of the day in such a rapid the very last thing.

As I said, "we youngsters" were never initiated into the homes of "the big fellows"; but during my six years' residence in Lowell, I found a few small brooks quite near at hand, where I could get small trout every spring, though I usually reserved my fun for my annual fortnight's vacation, the last of May or the first of June, when I came up home and spent most of my time on my old tramping grounds.

In 1848 I went down to help build the new city of Lawrence, and I found one brook "right in the limits" (where it is all built over now), and still another down on the Haverhill road, the north side of the river. I remember one day's outing from Lowell up into the town of Litchfield, N. H., just over the State line, to what has always been celebrated as "the Brickyard brook."

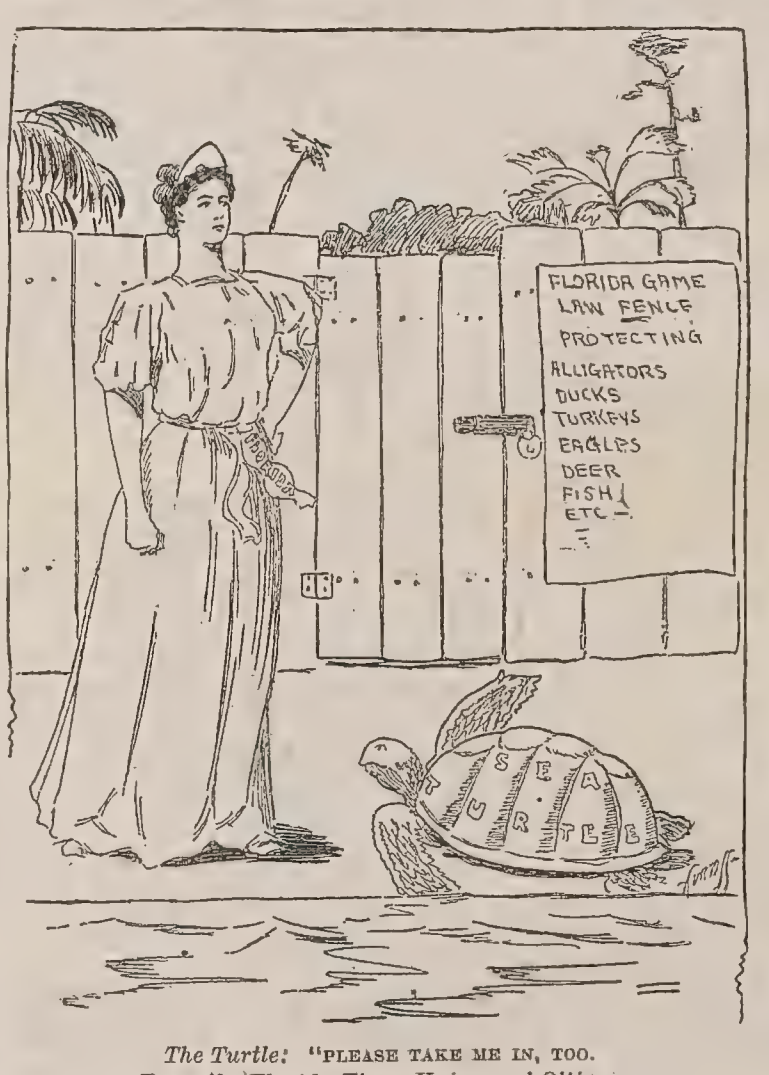
In a sketch of "A Day on Bear Brook," a few weeks since, I spoke of some of my Lowell friends coming up to Hookset, N. H., and having great success, and as it happened the chances and changes of life planted me for a few years in Manchester, N. H., in 1858, and it was not long before I made the acquaintance of a number of good brooks in the immediate vicinity of that growing and thriving city. My first visit to one of them, the Bowman Brook, not three miles from the city, I well remember. It was a warm Saturday afternoon in early May, and after hitching our horse to the woodshed of an outlying district schoolhouse, my companion and guide and I struck the brook, which dove under the road within a few yards. My first cast was into the fall which the brook made into a culvert under the road, and was instantly rewarded by a trout a foot long, greatly to the astonishment of my companion, who was used to fishing in deep holes and quiet waters. We followed up the brook through an overflowed meadow, where we could sometimes only trace the channel by the little bushes which grew on the proper banks, and before nightfall I had a very nice basket. I afterward fished the same brook down from the same point with good success, and found three or four more good brooks in the immediate vicinity of the city, one of which, the Dawah, I often visited a dozen years later in company with your correspondent, Mr. W. W. Colburn, of Springfield, Mass., then the principal of the High School at Manchester.

Then came the troublous times of the war, and I did not have much cance for angling; but there was a time when there was a coal famine in New England, and the large manufacturing concern of which I was manager had to burn wood under their boilers, and I was obliged to go out into the country every spring to inspect lots of wood which had been cut the previous winter and piled where it lay. These trips took me up the valley of the Piscataquog, a tributary which falls into the Merrimac at West Manchester, through the towns of Goffstown, Weare, Dearing and New Boston, as far as Francestown and Lyndeborough, and I always started early and took my fishing tackle and a lunch along, so as to get in a full day's work of some kind. I found plenty of trout streams and plenty of trout in them, and I think the Hon. John M. Parker, of Goffstown, ex-State Senator, member of the Council, etc., etc, will recall one memorable day on the headwaters of the Piscataquog, when he took the main stream up into Weare, while I followed up a branch into Lyndeborough, and both of us filled our baskets. We had several other good days together on other branches of the stream.

In '65 I left Manchester for some years, returning in '71, and then Mr. Colburn and I "took to water" together, and still later my youngest son, Rob, came in as a pupil, and he afterward joined me in several trips up to Plymouth and Waterville. I will not take up time in further enumeration. Whittier made "Babboosac Brook," not far west of Manchester, famous in the "Bridal of Penacook," and I will only say that the Valley of the Merrimac, as I have known it, and as it may be again by careful stocking, is one of the finest natural trout regions in New England. Von W.

FLORIDIAN AND TURTLE.

Forest and Stream reasons well when it declares that our wholesale destruction of turtle eggs must cease or the "ocean hen" will soon be unknown along the Florida coast. But it mistakes the name of the beast. The green turtle is only found in Florida waters during the winter, and does not habitually trust its eggs to our sand. The loggerhead and hawksbill or turnback are our familiar varieties. And the slaughter is not confined to their eggs. The layers themselves are butchered for a dish of soup, and the greater part of the huge carcass is wasted. What can be done?



The Turtle: "PLEASE TAKE ME IN, TOO.
From the Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

The private owners of Cumberland Island, on the Georgia coast, forbid the slaughter of the turtle, and leave a reasonable percentage of the eggs to hatch. If so much should be done on the Government reservations along the coast, great good might be accomplished. And the State could easily supplement the work if more should be needed. For two months the turtle is helpless, and the butcher exerts neither labor nor skill. The flesh is not so delicate as that of its smaller brother, the green turtle, but as the latter disappears the sauces make up the difference between the two.

Our Florida turtles are of great value as a food supply, but if man joins the bear and the hog to destroy their nests, their day is not long in the earth or on the sea.—*Florida Times-Union and Citizen.*

The Furlough Lake Trespass Case.

The case against Hiram and Aaron Graham for fishing trespass on Furlough Lake, on Mr. George J. Gould's preserve in the Catskills, was decided last week. The defense made the claim that as Furlough Lake had been stocked by the State, it was open to the public for fishing, but the plaintiff showed in rebuttal that the waters could not be reached except by trespass upon Mr. Gould's lands surrounding the lake. The jury found for the plaintiff in 6 cents damages.



The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 23.—Metropolitan Kennel Club's second annual show, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials, Barre, Mass.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 2.—Hoosier Beagle Club's inaugural trials, Indiana.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials, Newton, N. C.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.
Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—XIV.

To the novice, the manner in which a dog conducted his ranging would seem to be a simple matter, one which was deserving of but little consideration. It would seem that a dog would only need to gallop out and search for birds and, so that he kept on galloping, nothing more was required. In practice he will find that a dog may be a good galloper and, even in a section of country containing an abundance of birds, he may succeed in finding but few. Heels require brains and nose to supplement them.

The best ranger is the one which beats out the ground on both sides of the shooter, crossing from right to left and from left to right with intelligent regularity, governing his course by the nature of the ground. Let us assume that he is seeking quail. Bare or unpromising ground, such as plowed ground, closely grazed pasture land, etc., he skirts or avoids. In a favorable section of country the dog beats out the ground on the right and left of his handler, but with no strict observance of a regular range. He governs his efforts by the circumstances of the bird's habitat. He ranges from one likely place to another, and he skirts along at all times the stretches which in his judgment are the most promising for concealment to the birds. If birds are plentiful, he beats out a much less area than when they are scarce. He knows what is good feeding ground and the best time for finding them on it.

In the chicken country, that is, on the broad prairie, where there is but little difference of surface apparent to the untrained eye, the dog may not need to exercise so much good judgment in beating out his ground as he needs in seeking quail, but it is a mistake to assume that he does not need to range with good judgment nevertheless. The prairie has its undulations, its little watersheds, with their irregular network of coarser grasses, much coarser and of ranker growth than the grasses of the higher ground, and these places are the favorite haunts of the birds during the warm hours of the day. In the morning and evening, the favorite times of food seeking, they are to be found on the higher ground, where the growth is shorter and insect life more abundant, and in season on the grain fields.

Of two chicken dogs of equal ability in everything but knowledge of the bird's habits and habitat and judgment in ranging, both running together and each covering as wide a range as the other, the one with the better knowledge and judgment will find many more birds than his fellow.

The successful finder notes all the different conditions which are favorable or unfavorable to his seeking, and takes every advantage which may be of use in making a find; the other runs as fast and as wide, but over all parts of the prairie alike. The wise dog ranges much wider where birds are scarce than where they are plentiful.

Some chicken dogs, naturally intelligent and wise from long experience, rarely beat out a wheat stubble across and back; they skirt along the edge, going clear around it, using their noses carefully every moment of the time. If birds have gone in to feed, or, having fed, have run out into the grass, the dog is sure to cross the trail. Catching scent, it is but the work of a moment for him to follow it up and locate the birds. A skillful dog, after catching scent, will go to his birds with a quickness and directness which seem marvelous to those who have been accustomed to shoot over dogs of mediocre ability. Yet it has been shown in a prior paper that a dog may range well and still find but few birds; and this may be the result of functional dullness of the nose as an organ of scent, or from inattention to the practical use of it, though the dog may seem to beat out his ground with an earnest purpose to find.

To sum up as to what constitutes ideal ranging, the dog must possess a high order of intelligence. Before he can range in the best manner he must have had sufficient experience to learn what sections the birds prefer for a habitat, their habits and the peculiar devices they exercise to evade pursuit. Without such knowledge he may, apparently, range well, but he simply runs till he comes across birds. In a way, it is precisely the same knowledge that the shooter must also possess. Of two shooters, the one knowing what habitat the birds would seek and also knowing their habits, the other not knowing anything of these, no explanation is needed as to which would be the most successful. The intelligence which the shooter must exercise to make the gun a success, the dog must similarly exercise in behalf of his nose. The range should be bounded by the peculiarities of the section worked, and also, as to its width, should not be too wide with reference to the gun. The ground should be worked out with reasonable thoroughness; and as to that, what might be a thorough working of the ground by one dog might not be at all so when done by another, thus a dog with a very keen nose, which would command a wide scope, would thoroughly beat out a certain section in a manner which would be impossible for a dog with a dull nose to copy and do thoroughly. Whether the dog's range be wide or narrow, he should always adjust it with reference to the whereabouts and purposes of the gun.

In a close country he should not range so as to be out of sight any appreciable length of time, nor should he range too far on the prairie. If the dog is out of sight the shooter cannot know what he is doing, and if he points he is difficult to find; if he points a mile away on the prairie it is more of labor than of pleasure to go so far for a shot. In ranging at his best, the dog should take an easy, ranging gallop, one that he can maintain several hours in succession, or all day if he have the endurance. A dog which trots all day a few yards away from the shooter is but little better than no dog so far as quail and chicken shooting is concerned, and the one which runs furiously, extended to his utmost, for thirty minutes or an hour, then quits from exhaustion or from having enough, is no better, and in fact is not so good. When a dog is going at his utmost, it rarely happens that he is using his nose, and still rarer is it that he can use it if he tries, for from the great exertion and labored breathing which follows, the scenting powers are impaired for the time being and the dog is then said to be "off his nose." The same phenomena are exhibited by some dogs when they are greatly fatigued. They make many flushes and false-point frequently.

The general circumstances of good ranging now being

touched upon, the common variations of it and from it will next be considered. Nearly every dog has his own peculiar manner of ranging, and there are few indeed which have not some faults which are habitual, and many have a manner which is entirely faulty. No dog can perform in a manner higher than his intelligence will permit.

Having the knowledge of the habits of birds, and the ability to work out scents, the dog of inferior range will often excel the dog whose range is wide and superior in appearance. However, it is self-evident that of two dogs seeking for birds, the one which ranges wider than the other will have the more chances of finding them; and yet the wider ranger, if he is without the requisite knowledge aforementioned, may not be able to find more than a fraction of the birds in the area he works in. Here again comes in the distinction of finding birds and coming across them. The wide-ranging dog which trusts entirely to his heels, instead of to his heels and head, can run through a good bird country and make very few finds. This will explain why some wide-ranging dogs are so unsuccessful, while dogs of a lesser range succeed in finding better.

The most common examples of bad ranging are those wherein the dog takes his casts, be they long or short, out in any direction he first starts in, generally up or across wind, then turning and coming back directly to his handler on the same line on which he went out. On the return he in most instances uses his eyes to see where the shooter is and hurries straight to him. Thus in going out he may use his nose, but returning he does not attempt to use it, and if he did it would be wasted effort to use it on the ground which he has but just run over. Some dogs return to the shooter on their trail with almost perfect accuracy. A particularly annoying feature of this exceedingly faulty manner of ranging is where the dog habitually takes a cast in a straight line ahead of the shooter in the course in which he will walk. More then half of such dog's time and effort is wasted, for it takes him as long to return as it does to go out, and the ground, being worked in straight lines which cover so little of it, may appear to be worthless for hunting purposes when in fact they may contain birds in plenty. A dog which goes and returns in the same line seldom shows any intelligence in selecting his ground. He knows no difference between the best and the worst. He may point birds when he comes across them, as is sure to happen sooner or later in a bird country, for even the shooter will come across birds and walk up a bevy now and then.

As to such habit of ranging, the trainer can do but little to correct it. He can prevent the dog coming quite in as some will do, or from coming quite close in to heel to be ordered out again, and this by cracking the whip at him and ordering him to go on. If need be, he can stop him by receiving him with some earnest cuts of the whip if he comes within reach of it. If he learns that he will be received in such a hostile manner, he will stay away from his handler, which is some gain. If he should be a sulky brute in addition to being stupid in his ranging, he may quit work and loaf surlily, but it is not much loss, for casting out and in on the same lines is next to not casting at all.

If the dog have not "bird sense," that is to say, if he have not the intelligence and skill which go with correct methods of seeking, the trainer can do little for him in the way of improvement. As before remarked, the trainer cannot supply the brains which nature omitted If a dog is a fool or erratic or naturally inefficient, he is likely to show its effects all his life, though in some cases experience and maturity make great improvement.

Another faulty manner of ranging is that wherein the dog, instead of turning onward and crossing well in front of his handler, turns back on the course, crossing behind his handler, and then perhaps crossing in front and taking a cast on again on the side he left but a moment before. Then there is the dog which beats out his ground entirely on one side of his handler. If called in and sent out on the unworked ground, he in a few moments is back on his favorite ground again, and there remains. Some dogs have the very annoying habit of working behind the shooter with more or less persistency and frequency. Some dogs work close, then take a very long cast without much purpose to it, return and settle into a narrow range till they feel inclined to take another long cast. Some dogs stay far out all the time, leaving the ground near the shooter practically unworked. Some dogs are industrious and never for a moment cease using their noses; others never for a moment use their noses till they flush the birds.

The wind is an important factor in ranging. All dogs work best when the shooter is going up wind. The dog can then beat across wind to and fro, and in his turns he can turn up wind, thus nearly always having the wind of the birds which are within the range of his nose. If the shooter is going down wind, the dog, though he can beat across wind as before, must turn down wind at the end of his casts, or, turning up wind, he crosses back over the ground he has already worked, making thus a loop at the end of his casts. Some dogs, when the shooter turns down wind, lose all ideas of intelligent range and go as it happens, though they may range well up wind. The shooter going across wind makes the most trying course for the dog to range to, for then if he range across the shooter he must go straight up or down wind. The wise dog—one of good sense and good experience—will range well to the gun whether the shooter's course is up, down or across wind, for he casts out far enough so that he has a good fling and works to the best advantage.

Quartering, as artificially enforced, is where the dog crosses to and fro in front of the shooter on parallel lines, and covers a strip of ground such as his speed will permit while keeping in front of the shooter. It is apparent that if he made his casts too wide, the shooter would walk faster than the dog could cut out his parallels. In this country, where the habitat of the birds is so irregular and where there is so much barren ground mixed in with what is fertile, and where intelligent effort is so much superior to set forms, the strict quartering part of ranging is not taught nor desired. In sections where the birds may be plentiful when sought by a dog ranging on his judgment, they would appear to be very scarce when sought by a dog which hunted in parallel lines across his handler's course.

The Brunswick Fur Club.

THE secretary of the club, Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass, has issued the following invitation in a folder giving all necessary information, as follows:

The Brunswick Fur Club cordially invites you to take part in its ninth annual field trials, to be held at Barre, Mass, during the week of Oct. 17.

Barre is on the Central Massachusetts Railroad. Sportsmen passing through Boston will take the cars at the Union Station.

The club headquarters will be at Hotel Barre, where the rates will be $1.50 per day for those who take a luncheon to the field; $2.00 per day for those who take dinner at the hotel. The trials will be judged by Messrs. S. B. Mills, Needham, Mass.; Stephen Decatur, Portsmouth, N. H.; Eugene Brooks, Vernon, Vt.; A. B. McGregor, Middleton, Mass.; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass.

The Derby, open to all hounds whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896, will be run on Tuesday, Oct. 19. Entries close on Monday evening, Oct. 18. Fee to start, $2.00.

The All Age Stake will be run on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-22. Entries close on Tuesday evening Oct. 19. Fee to start, $3.00

The winner of the Derby will hold the R. D. Perry cup for one year, and receive the club medal. The winner of the All-Age Stake will hold the *American Field* Cup for one year, and receive the club medal. The Norton Q. Pope memorial cup will be awarded to the hound showing the best combined trailing, speed and driving, in the All Age Stake, and will be held for one year. Silver Medals, donated by members of the club will be given to the first prize winners in the Hunting, speed and driving, trailing and endurance classes of the All-Age Stake. In addition to these special prizes, field trial certificates will be given to every hound winning a place in the Derby or the several classes of the All-Age Stake.

The trails are open to the world. All sportsmen will be heartily welcomed.

FIELD TRIALS AND FIELD TRIAL JUDGES—V.

THE mistakes, qualifications and labors of judges having been dwelt upon at some length in prior papers setting forth mostly what shouldn't be done, the manner in which a judge should conduct a trial will now be explained, and thus bring the matter to a conclusion.

First of all, the judge should never waver in his determination to be the judge. If there is any exhibition of a lack of self-confidence, it will be instantly detected by the competitors. They will chaff each other, one loudly proclaiming the excellence of his own dog and pointing out the defects of others in the competition, while the other handlers in turn retort in kind; and while ostensibly talking to each other they are talking at the judge.

A judge who is at all timorous, whether in respect to confidence in himself when assuming responsibility, or in respect to his proper knowledge of his subject, would better never accept the position at all. He will have the rules to enforce in conducting the competition and innumerable details to rule upon which are not governed by any written rules, but which in their settlement require good sense, a knowledge of usage in such matters, and a firmness of character It is one of the peculiarities of life that timidity invites attack, and competitors are seldom backward to make what capital is possible from the judge's timidity or inefficiency. A "kick" is made on one ground or another, much to the disturbance of the judge's peace of mind and confusion of purpose.

The dogs being drawn to run, sufficient information has been given in preceding papers as to the proper manner of conducting the course and the selection of one which will give each brace a reasonably good part of the grounds, etc. Regardless of the time limit which some clubs deem necessary to adopt as a sop to competitors, the judge should run the dogs till he has reached something like a definite conclusion as to which dogs are meritorious enough to take into the second series. Some judges seem to interpret the thirty-minute limit as restricting the heat to thirty minutes, neither more nor less, whereas it is intended as a minimum, and the judge can run longer than the thirty minutes at his discretion.

It will now and then happen that, from a brace running in the midday hours, or from running through a section where there are no birds, the judge cannot satisfactorily determine the quality of the dogs. If he runs them on and on, he will run them to a standstill, and if he is running the dogs on ground where there are no birds and running in the midday hours, he knows that he is not giving them a fair trial as compared with other dogs which ran under more favorable conditions of time and birds; so he orders them up and takes them into the second series on the ground that they should have a further trial. Other dogs are brought into this series for superiority shown, therefore the judge can make up his second series of dogs which have shown superiority and ones which have not had a satisfactory trial as to ground, birds and time of day. Often it happens that under favorable conditions the unfinished heats can be determined in a few moments when the dogs have the desired opportunity to show what class of work they are capable of doing. On the other hand, dogs which have shown palpable inferiority should not be taken into the second series. It is a mistake on the part of a judge to take dogs into a higher series as a sop to the owners or as a bid for popularity with them, or as a way to placate those who are known to be kickers. There is only one true way to do the thing properly, and that is to do what is right without fear or favor of any one. If any owner later asks for information as to why a decision was made, it is well to give him the desired information; if he then seizes it as a ground for his kick, the better way then is to ask the kicker what he is going to do about it.

In taking dogs into the second series, the ones the judge rates as superior, he should be careful to select on the class of their work and not on any detail of work alone. For instance, an inferior might point three bevies within 300yds. inside of five minutes after starting, and the whole affair, aside from the mere act of pointing, might be an accident. That is, there were three bevies close together, which the dog couldn't help but find, whether he was seeking or not, and, on the other hand, a dog of high-class merit might have poor success in finding in a section of ground where there were very few birds. And yet to read that one dog found three bevies and the other found nine would on the bald statement indicate everything in favor of the dog which found. Thus it is always well to note whether work comes from accidental circumstance or from meritorious effort. A dog which is taken up into the higher series on the class of his work, will always repeat well. One taken in on the record of the details may repeat and may not, just as it happens. A judge who cannot judge of class will never be an accurate judge. Where a class is recognized everything works to a natural and definite conclusion. Where it is ignored, there is often the pitiful and ludicrous spectacle of a pottering, low class dog competing for first or winning first when there are high class dogs left in the stake.

When the final rounds are being run, it is particularly unwise to take in inferior dogs as a complimentary sop to owners, for the reason that such dogs may be lucky in abundance of opportunities, and thus may make a great showing from the accident of having such greater opportunities; then the judge finds himself in the embarrassing position of having dogs on his hands which he cannot drop without still further running of them.

Generally there are three or four dogs which are close competitors, or if there is one distinctly alone in merit for first, there are several which are close in merit for the other places. If the competition is handled skillfully, everything works to a natural and definite climax; if the judge, either from want of knowledge or a desire to please the gallery, runs the dogs by the natural climax, that is to say, if he runs them by the point where the competition is naturally concluded, the whole aspect changes. The accidents of time of day, favorable or unfavorable grounds and presence or absence of birds come into play, and the judge becomes confused. His decisions then are very much after the style of hit or miss.

The dogs in each series should be run long enough so that there is definite data established in making the selections of the best dogs. If the dogs are run exactly thirty minutes in each heat, the judge may not know much more about the relative superiority or inferiority of the dogs than he did before he began.

In conducting the trial he should know what to do, and, knowing it, he should insist on having it done. If he doesn't know, the best he can do is to drift along to some sort of a lucky or unlucky ending.

When he is judging, he should go along calmly 10 or 15yds. behind the handlers in the open, closer in the thickets, and under no circumstances of frantic calls of point should he permit himself to gallop furiously here and there. And yet this is a trick some judges, and new ones in particular, are much given to. Keep the handlers together. If they will separate, keep with the one who keeps the directed course. Let the other one go off by himself if he chooses to do so. If he cannot keep his dog to the course, it is an open confession that his dog is not broken, and as such he should suffer the penalty. When an order is given, no back talk should be tolerated. Judging dogs is not accomplished by debating matters with the handlers.

When a man reaches the point where he can judge correctly, fearlessly, and with the one test of what is right and just, it doesn't matter whether he is a pointer or a setter man.

ABOUT FUN.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Sept 11 appeared a contribution from H. L entitled "A Night in Texas," in which the correspondent fairly revels in the spectacle of a "bob cat as big as a calf" being chased to the death by a half-dozen hounds, who—after a "grim, and grand, and perfectly silent fight," at the termination of which, the cat, "on his back, and with the claws of both forefeet firmly fixed in poor Rummager's nose, and a big piece of one of Sultan's long ears in his mouth, gives up the battle"—are "too tired to worry and quarrel over his remains; but panting and exhausted, they lie down by his side, and the fun is over." Fun! That's the word that staggers me. Just where the laugh comes in I have, so far, been unable to determine; but I presume it must have been excruciatingly funny to those who witnessed the incident.

It was apparently the same kind of fun the savages used to enjoy when their scalped victims amused them with their agonizing cries while the merciless flames enwrapt their writhing forms; the same kind of fun—only more so—that the untaught urchin enjoys as he plucks the wings—then the legs—one by one, and finally the head, from a tiny house-fly; and much the same kind that makes the gore bepuddled bull ring and kindred amusements interesting—but is not the class of fun, I think I am free to say, that is mostly appreciated by the majority of gentle minded folks who make up the population of this enlightened country to-day.

Now, don't set me down as an uninformed tenderfoot, although I may be tender hearted—and not ashamed of it—for I am in a position to realize as much as any one the necessity of ridding a new country, for economical reasons, of the "varmint" which infest it; but it seems to me deplorable that any member of the great FOREST AND STREAM family should turn to the account of sport an accidental run of the hounds with its natural consequences and call it "fun"

If we who are constantly making such earnest efforts to imbue into the hearts of our fellow men the soul-satisfying love of nature and her creatures, are to attain satisfactory results, it will be largely by the power of example; but such examples as this can never have aught but the opposite effect to that we so much desire.

It is bad enough to kill at all for sport; in fact, I personally don't consider it at all requisite that blood be spilled that the enjoyment of a day in my own beloved native mountains—far beyond Texas—be perfect. But if life must be taken, let it be with all possible mercy and no gloating over the death struggle. That has always been a sad moment to me and one I would wish to forget.

Brethren, be gentle. The more gentle you are, the more you'll find that your life, while

> * * * "Exempt from public haunt
> Finds tongues in trees,
> Sermons in stones,
> Books in the running brooks
> And good in everything"

LOUIS BENSON AKIN.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In regard to the prospects of the E. F. T. C., Mr. S. C. Bradley, the secretary, writes us that "the members of the Eastern Field Trials Club are making a great effort to have their Members' Stake a big one and a good one. Four special prizes have been offered, and a silver cup has been subscribed for to be presented to the winner. One of the special prizes is to be a painting by Prof. Osthaus, which that genial sportsman and artist kindly offers to the first dog. That the stake will be a success is already assured, as in the neighborhood of twelve dogs have been promised as starters, with the chances in favor of three or four more additional, as all members have not been heard from as yet."

Under date of Sept. 28, the Canadian Kennel Club has issued the following circular letter:

"As you are doubtless aware, the Canadian Kennel Club at its annual meeting held on Sept. 9 last, decided to annul at the end of the required six months the agreement lately made with the American Kennel Club. The A. K. C. has waived its claim to this six months notice and has agreed to cancel the agreement immediately. This being the case the business of the Canadian Kennel Club will be at once resumed and registrations accepted from this date. The club looks for your support and trusts that the future will see the Canadian Kennel Club a strong national organization, combining the kennel interests of the whole wide Dominion."

H. B. DONOVAN.

Mr. H. B. Donovan, Secretary of the Canadian Kennel Club, by order of the president, has notified members that a meeting of the executive committee will be held at Queen's Hotel, Oct. 12, at 8 P. M.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 12-14.—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Company.

Oct. 13.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Sixth contest for the Recreation cup. E. A. Jackson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 19-20.—CHEROKEE, Ia.—First annual tournament of the Cherokee Gun Club. For amateurs only. Added money. A. W. Luehrs, Sec'y.

Oct. 19-21.—DAYTON, Ia.—Second annual tournament of the Dayton Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds. "Cannot divide with professionals or manufacturers' agents."

Oct. 19-22.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Four days' tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. $500 added money. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 22-23.—HUNTINGTON, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club.

Oct. 26-28.—COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia.—Tournament under the auspices of W. D. Hardin, F. S. Crabill and C. B. Randlett. $300 added. Programmes later.

Oct. 27-29.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Amateur tournament at the Des Moines Gun Club's park. $300 added. W. R Milner, Manager.

Oct. 29-30.—GRAND RAPIDS, Minn.—Tournament of the Itasca Gun Club. Dr. W. P. Brown, Sec'y.

1898.

March 22-24.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

On Saturday evening last, Oct. 2, Capt. J. A. H. Dressel invited a few friends to dine with him at the new café—La Rochelle—corner of Seventy-fifth street and Columbus avenue, New York. The occasion was the opening of this front-rank café and restaurant by Mr. Haan, a friend of Capt. Dressel's, and a member of the Sportsmen's Association. Among the guests were: A. S. Williams, the well known press agent of Madison Square Garden; Capt. Money, Noel E. Money and H. Hawkins, of the E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co., Bridgeport, Conn.; Rolla O. Heikes, Dayton, O., representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; John J. Hallowell, Bethayres, Pa.; Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa.; B. Leroy Woodward, Campello, Mass., now with the Remington Arms Co.; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y., also with the same company; Ed Taylor (of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co.), late of Cincinnati, but now, we are glad to say, of Jersey City, N. J.; C. C. Beveridge, of Fremont, Neb., but for some months past a resident of Newark, N. J., and the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM in an unofficial capacity. The dinner began at 8 and did not end until close upon 11 o'clock. During the three hours the *cuisine* of Mr. Haan's new venture underwent a thorough and satisfactory overhauling, interspersed with some beautiful selections from the Hungarian band that will perform there nightly.

Live blackbirds from five Mott traps on a windy day are quite a revelation. They have a variety of flight that is puzzling, sometimes skimming low over the ground, while at other times they tower like a black duck. They can change their course, too, so rapidly that anybody is liable to get fooled on them. Several hundreds were trapped at Elkwood Park on Saturday last, Oct. 2, and they caused ciphers to spring up on the score sheet far too rapidly for some people's conceit. Leander Campbell, the man in charge of the pigeon and blackbird coops at Elkwood Park, has a couple of thousands or so under his care now, and promises to be able to supply them until the new year comes in. Daly & Chanfrau also promise to hold a blackbird shoot once a week until the above date, and should the days chosen prove anything like Saturday last, barring the rain early in the morning, there should be a good attendance at these shoots, if ample notice is given. The sport is far less expensive than pigeon shooting, and has many features that recommend it strongly in preference to that branch of sport. Some of the features are: Absolute absence of sitters; no incomers; plethora of twisters, etc. It must be remembered, though, that wind is just as necessary to make the sport extra as it is in pigeon shooting.

Something delightfully novel in the way of live-bird shooting is suggested in the following item clipped from the *American Field* of Oct. 2: "An interesting live-bird match has been arranged to take place at the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 9. The contestants will be Theodore Baron, the secretary of the club, and W. H. Sanders, and the conditions call for 50 birds each, unknown angles, for $25 a side. The match will be decided immediately after the club shoot." Live birds at unknown angles is just what we have been looking for. It does away with the monotony of handicapping by distance; the experts could be made to shoot at unknown angles, while the poor novice could be relegated to live birds at known angles. The chief beauty of unknown angles is that it does away with all chance of collusion between the bird, the trap and the shooter. And what a weight of responsibility it takes off the pigeon's mind! It would no longer have to decide upon its course when leaving the trap. How would it do to suggest in regard to a certain trophy, that the challenger must shoot at live birds, unknown angles, while the holder shoots at live birds, known angles? Surely this would insure some recognition of a challenge, whether technically incorrect or not.

The Carteret Club formally opened its new grounds at Garden City, L. I., on Saturday last, Oct. 2. There was a good attendance and some good shooting. In view of the fact that this was the club's opening day, it was really most appropriate that the popular president of the club, George Work, should win the first trophy offered for competition on the new grounds. It is doubtful whether any other win could have been as enthusiastically received, for Mr. Work has probably more friends among his fellow-clubmen than any other shooter now before the New York public. The grounds are said to be very fast, and to be perfect in their appointments; most of the credit is due to the efforts of Walter W. Watrous, who has been considerably aided in his work, we understand, by Geo. S. McAlpin. The high wind on Saturday gave the shooters a taste of what they may expect when the northwest winds of winter sweep over Hempstead plain where the club house and grounds are located. The shooting grounds are under the control of a Mr. Mott, brother of George Mott, who so ably looks after the shooting interests at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I.

The Baltimore Shooting Association's programme for its shoot, Oct. 19-22, is a good one, and full of interest. One hundred and fifty dollars a day is added to the purses in the target events. On Friday, Oct. 22, the Association announces the Maryland Handicap, 25 birds, $25, birds extra, high guns. Five hundred dollars guaranteed, and *$200 added* by the Association, or $700 in all, to go to the four high guns; $230 to first, $210 to second, $140 to third, and $70 to fourth. All surplus will be added, and will be divided among the other shooters after the fashion adopted by the Interstate Association for its Grand American Handicaps. This event should be a very good one indeed, as there is enough money in the purse to draw shooters to Baltimore for this one event alone. The programme is noticed in full elsewhere in these columns. It should be noted specially that in all target events the purses will be divided under the old system, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; in all live bird events, it will be a case of high guns all the time.

The Piasa Gun Club, of Alton, Ill., seems to have had a most successful shoot last week. The Alton *Republican* of Thursday, Sept. 30, says of the company present: "Of this company were Jack Parker, the famous athlete and manager of tournaments, from Detroit, Mich., who manages this shoot, representing the Peters Cartridge Co; Chas. Grimm, of Spirit Lake, Ia., the holder of the famous 'cast-iron medal;' S. A. Tucker, the traveling representative of the Parker Gun Co.; James Barr, of Louisiana, Mo.; C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., and traveling representative McMurchy, of the L. C. Smith Gun Co.; Ed. Rutledge, John Todd and James Landes, of Winchester.' The true worth of the cast-iron medal is apparently properly recognized in Alton.

John Shaaber, of Reading, Pa., was in New York to day. Mr. Shaaber was laying in a stock of material for shooting this winter, and was also talking about the Pennsylvania State shoot next year. This tournament will be held early in the spring, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. The dates chosen will probably be the week following the Grand American Handicap, viz., March 29-April 1. This seems a good idea, as many from the West and from the extreme East will be on here at that time; and most of them would remain over for a few days, if Pennsylvania's State shoot was available as an excuse.

Since it has been settled that Elkwood Park will be the scene of next year's Grand American Handicap we have heard nothing but commendation of the Interstate Association's action in this matter. From what we can hear, and from letters we have received, it begins to look as if the labors of the handicapping committee will be added to next March, when it comes to apportioning distances to the entries for this event. Last year there were 146 entries and 135 starters; next year there will be —?

Carl von Lengerke shot his score in the Jersey Handicap last week under most disadvantageous conditions. His elder brother, Justus, had entered him for the race over night without notifying Carl. It being the last day for snipe shooting in New Jersey (although, by the way, it is just about the best season for that sport!), Carl got up early and tramped the meadows in search of some of the long bills. He found some, and got to the store rather late and well fagged out. His gun was at home, but he got that, and went over to Passaic and tried to get into the "three high guns" class. With such a start for the day, it is little wonder that he did not land there; still, he was in the 23 hole until the last gasp.

Charlie Hebbard, late of the Empire Target Co., has left his home in New Jersey, and his business location with Fred Quimby in New York city, and has betaken himself to a spot about twelve miles from St. Louis, Mo. Charlie has not gone alone, his wife and family having accompanied him. The fact of the matter is, we shall soon hear of Hebbard in connection with a new target—"the White Flier"—a special feature of which will be a white ring instead of a yellow one. Charlie has left many friends behind him, but he is not unacquainted in the South, for it was in Knoxville, Tenn., we believe, that he first started in the target business.

The Cherokee, Ia., Gun Club will hold its first annual target tournament Oct. 19-20. The dates first selected were Oct. 27-28, but as these dates conflicted with those chosen by the Council Bluffs Gun Club, the ones first above mentioned have been finally decided upon. This tournament is "for amateurs only." The club will add some money, over $100 in cash having been raised by Sept. 30. We understand that the shooters in the vicinity of Cherokee have promised their support, in which case the local club should have a good shoot.

B. Leroy Woodward, of Campello, Mass., has joined the ranks of expert professionals. He is now a full-fledged exponent of the art of shooting the Remington gun to the front. "Leroy," as he has come to be known by shooters throughout the entire country, is a rattling good shot, quick and accurate, pulverizing his targets in excellent time. His duties for the above-named firm commenced on Monday of this week, Oct. 4. He has many friends among the trap shooters, and every one of them will watch his career with interest.

While riding from Clifton race track to Passaic, N. J., on a trolley car last Thursday evening, D. A. Upson was our companion. Mr. Upson interested us by the deprecating manner in which he referred to his live-bird shooting. "I can't shoot live birds," said he. Yet on the second day after he made that remark, he went down to Garden City, L. I., to the Carteret Club's opening shoot, and scored 28 out of 30 shot at. And the birds, we are told, were as fast as any ever trapped! His mark was 31yds.

C. C. Beveridge, of Newark, N. J., and Hank White were the blackbird champions at Elkwood Park on Saturday last, Oct. 2. Beveridge may be only an 82 or 84 per cent. man on targets, but he's all there when it comes to blackbirds in a gale of wind. We know some people who found the figure 0 creeping into their scores far too frequently for their entire satisfaction. And all this time Hank White and Beveridge were fighting it out for first place.

The programme for the tenth annuual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 11-14, contains contests for both shotgun and riflemen. In the "clay" target events, all purses will be divided under the Rose system. The trap-shooting grounds are located at Howard Station, P. V. & C. R. R., and can be reached easily either by trolley cars or by steam cars. The headquarters and indoor rifle range of the club is at 1717 Jane street, Pittsburg, Pa.

D. A. Upson has arrived on the scene from his home in Cleveland. Since his arrival here he has done some shooting, both at targets and at live birds. One afternoon at the Jersey State shoot last week, he sprung the old chestnut that he was "going to give up shooting." Rolla Heikes, Tom Keller, Noel Money and one or two more fell from their chairs when they heard Upson's solemn statement.

We are glad to be able to report that the injury to Mr. E. A. Jackson's eye, reported in Drivers and Twisters of our last issue, is not liable to prove as serious as it was at first thought it would prove to be. Although Mr Jackson will have to be careful about exposing his eye for some time, the doctor in attendance expresses himself as satisfied that he will not lose the sight of injured eye, his right one, by the way.

Jack Fanning, the Gold Dust representative, has gotten back to the East again after a brief trip to Western points, and to Chicago in particular. Fanning tells us that trap-shooting is booming in the Windy City, and that much interest has been taken in the sport this season. A study of the weekly reports we have had from that city during the past year, will show that Fanning's estimate of the case is about right.

Ferd. Van Dyke has challenged Justus von Lengerke for the cup emblematic of the championship of New Jersey at targets, so Justus will have to defend his title to the cup before this month is out. The race, which will be at 50 targets, unknown angles, should be well worth seeing, for both men are capable of doing very good work, particularly when under pressure.

The return match between the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., and the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., will take place at Red Bank, Friday of this week, Oct. 8. The visitors will travel to Red Bank by the 10 A. M. train over the Pennsylvania R. R., N. Y. & Long Branch division. A schedule of events to suit all shooters will be arranged by the home club.

Wednesday, Oct. 13, is the date set for the sixth contest for the Recreation cup at Hackensack, N. J. This race is always productive of a good entry list, and although there is going to be a lot of shooting in the vicinity of New York this month, the Bergen County Gun Club can safely expect a good crowd on the above date.

J. A. H. Dressel, president of the Interstate Association; John L. Lequin, its secretary, and Irby Bennett, chairman of the Association's executive committee, were all interested spectators at the Jersey State shoot last Thursday afternoon. They seemed to be relieved of a great burden now that it is settled that the Grand American Handicap for 1898 is going to be held for the third successive year at Elkwood Park.

George Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Company and Hollenbeck gun, was one of the entries in the Jersey Handicap last week. George pointed his gun all right, every time but once, a driver in the 17th round getting the best of him. To score 24 out of 25 and get nothing was hard luck, but George was not alone in this respect.

The headquarters of the Cobweb Gun Club, of New York, have been removed to McKeon's Hotel, 2314 Third avenue. The club held its first monthly meeting after a disbandment of four months, on Monday evening last, Oct. 4. The regular monthly shoots at live birds for the fall and winter season will commence on Thursday next, Oct. 7, and will be held on the first Thursday of every month until the season closes next spring.

Elliott ought to challenge Grimm once more for the cast-iron badge. But in doing so he must not forget to comply with all the conditions surrounding challenges for that trophy; most particular, too, should he be to see that his forfeit is deposited with our Western contemporary, in order that no one's feelings may be hurt.

On Thursday of next week, Oct. 14, there will be a live-bird shoot at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., where Boyle Bros. will trap some of their best birds for the boys to shoot at. Several shooters have already signified their intention of being present on the above date, so a good shoot should be a certainty.

At the Limited Gun Club's tournament, held in Indianapolis Ind., Sept. 28, Whitney M. Thompson, of Lafayette, won the championship cup with 91 out of 100. There were over twenty entries, among them Ed Rike, Beck, Tripp, Dietrich, Parry, Corbett, Link, Stillwell, Stone, Wallace, etc.

The Riverton Gun Club's invitation shoot, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, promises to equal any of its predecessors. The programme issued for the occasion is an interesting one.

At the Piasa Gun Club's tournament, held in Alton, Ill., last week first average for the day was won by Frank Black, of Kirkwood, Ill., an amateur, with 319 breaks out of 350 shot at. S. A. Tucker and C. M. Grimm were second and third with 317 and 316 breaks respectively.

The Baltimore shoot, Oct. 19-22, practically closes the target season for 1897 in this section of the country. Of course there will always be plenty of club shoots going on, but no tournaments of any kind are scheduled for the East until the Grand American Handicap of 1898.

H. P. Du Pont Collins was to have been on hand at the Clifton race track last week. At the last moment, however, he had to disappoint us, sending his regrets. His absence was caused, we are sorry to say, by the sudden and serious illness of Mrs. Collins.

The chief feature of interest this week is the Gilbert-Elliott match at Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 8, for the title attached to the Kansas City *Star* cup. The general opinion here seems to be that Elliott will win, but that he will find the Spirit Lake shooter a hard nut to crack.

The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., of Chicopee Falls, Mass, has recently issued an interesting circular on reboring and small-bore cartridges. Any one interested in small bores can obtain a copy of this pamphlet by addressing that firm.

The position on the staff of the American *Field* vacated by Major Taylor has been accepted by W. R. Hobart. Mr. Hobart will look after his paper's interest in the shooting line in the vicinity of New York city.

The Brooklyn, N. Y. Gun Club will hold its regular monthly shoot next Saturday afternoon. Special attractions are promised to those who attend these popular gatherings at Union Course, Brooklyn.

D. A. Upson is located at Elkwood Park for a portion of this week. Phil Daly, Jr., and the Cleveland crackerjack are going to try conclusions at live birds over the Elkwood traps.

There is going to be a hot time this week at Warwick and Newburgh, N. Y. Some of the best in the land will be there, and some targets will be broken.

Mr. Willard Shiner, of Towanda, Pa., announces a live-bird tournament at Towanda on Oct. 14. Mr. Shiner will manage the shoot.

OCT. 5. EDWARD BANKS.

Around Buffalo.

MERCHANDISE PRIZES AT AUDUBON PARK.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 30.—The annual merchandise shoot of the Audubon Gun Club attracted many prominent trap-shooters to Audubon Park to-day. The weather was all that could be desired. In addition to the sixty members present there was a strong delegation from the other gun clubs of the city. Mr. Garbe, manager of the hotel on the grounds, had made every preparation for the entertainment of his guests, and his efforts were well rewarded.

In the merchandise shoot only members could compete for the prizes donated by members. The first seven events were open to all. In these events there were six merchandise prizes for best scores. The following were the winners: First, F. D. Kelsey; second, E. F. Hammond; third, A. Forrester; fourth, R Stacy; fifth, C. S. Burkhardt; sixth, H. D Kirkover. No. 8 and No. 9 events were merchandise races in which all contestants received a prize. Kelsey again appeared for high honors, dividing with E. W. Smith, while A. Forrester and C. S. Burkhardt finished a close second.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*50*	
C S Burkhardt	9	14	17	14	10	9	15	12	46	
Hanks	5	14	17	14	10	8	13	12	42	
E C Burkhardt	6	13	15	11	12	7	11	10	39	
Geo Zoeller	6	13	17	10	10	10	15	12	44	
F D Kelsey	9	14	18	14	14	8	15	10	48	
Geisdorfer	10	14	14	13	..	..	..	12	42	
Swiveller	7	9	12	9	6	10	10	11	41	
Hammond	9	15	17	15	14	9	14	13	41	
Floss	8	10	13	10	11	8	11	10	38	
Gerhardt	4	10	12	9	..	..	..	6	31	
Talsma	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	12	45	
Louis Fries	5	10	14	8	12	6	15	12	40	
Kirkover	9	12	17	14	11	9	13	13	39	
Rider	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	8	23	
McArthur	9	11	14	9	13	9	11	12	41	
Chas Oehmig	7	13	13	14	9	8	14	11	38	
L Erb	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	12	40	
Schwartz	7	13	12	9	10	7	9	7	25	
E Reinecke	8	11	9	13	15	..	..	12	28	
A Forrester	10	14	17	14	14	10	12	15	46	
Stacey	8	13	18	14	14	9	13	12	38	
Dr Daniels	5	11	11	..	..	..	..	7	42	
L Cannon	6	11	11	7	12	7	8	7	23	
Norris	7	15	15	12	12	7	14	12	39	
R H Hebbard	6	6	11	11	9	8	8	10	39	
Hines	8	12	13	11	..	8	..	13	45	
Hoyt	6	8	9	7	8	7	..	7	33	
Stewart	3	11	10	6	8	6	..	11	28	
Hurley	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	
Foxie	6	12	12	11	12	8	14	..	..	
Wheeler	8	12	16	10	12	10	13	..	..	
Mack	8	11	14	11	..	10	10	..	..	
McCarney	6	7	14	11	..	10	..	14	41	
Storey	6	12	13	12	..	7	..	14	36	
Saleman	6	3	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Cooper	5	8	13	..	..	9	..	..	..	
A C Heinold	8	14	17	9	..	9	..	14	43	
E R	..	..	..	10	..	8	..	..	..	
Reid	..	..	..	10	8	..	..	..	30	
Dunbar	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	..	
Dr Sauer	..	..	..	..	6	4	..	..	37	
J A Kennedy	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	37	
E Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	48	
Jacobs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	36	
Downs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	37	
G W Brandle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	31	
Dr Poole	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	15	
H Middaugh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	38	
W R Eaton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	43	

AUDUBON'S WEEKLY SHOOT.

Oct. 2.—The fifth shoot of the series for the championship of Buffalo between teams of five men from the local clubs took place at Audubon Park this afternoon. The Audubons scored 99 out of a possible 125, the Cazenovias were second with 87 and the Bisons last with 81. The heavy wind interfered with the shooters.

In the badge shoot of the Audubons E. C. Burkhardt carried off first honors in A class. George Zoeller led in B and U. E. Story beat out the field for the C class badge.

One of the features of the day's shoot was a match race for a loving cup presented by an unknown to be shot for by Messrs Reid, Hebard, Kennedy and Storey. Mr. Hebard captured the trophy.

In the table below, No. 3 is the badge shoot, Nos. 6 and 7 being at 5 pairs. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*25*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*25*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*
A Forrester	7	10	18	11	9	5	6	J A Kennedy	..	8	11	8	6	..	..
E Burkhardt	2	11	20	9	10	6	5	R H Hebard	..	11	14	8	9	6	3
L W Bennett	9	10	18	13	13	6	..	L Cannon	..	..	16	8	..	8	..
C Burkhardt	8	13	19	13	13	8	8	W R Eaton	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Estes	8	8	12	13	10	4	..	J E Lodge	..	..	14	..	..	5	..
Fox	5	14	14	8	..	..	..	E B	..	..	17	..	12	..	5
U E Storey	2	..	19	..	3	..	..	A J Braden	..	..	16	..	..	5	4
B Tolsma	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	J Beck	..	13	18	10	..	8	6
Mack	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	Johnson	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Norris	..	15	21	11	..	..	..	J B	..	..	20	..	..	..	..
J J Reid	..	10	15	5	7	2	5	Bill Kny	..	..	..	..	..	8	4
Geo Zoeller	..	10	17	10	..	6	..	McCarney	..	..	15	..	..	..	5

Trap at Harper's Ferry.

HARPER'S FERRY, W. Va., Sept. 28.—During the late unpleasantness there was much burning of powder going on about this historic town, but since 1865 the tournament held here by Drs. Stotler and Fort, Sept. 28, has been the first of anything like file firing, and it brought out a large number of interested spectators to see the experts smash ashphalts. A handsome and valuable silver cup, presented by the E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., brought out twelve entries, and resulted in as pretty a race as one would ever see. The conditions were 25 targets, with a handicap of from 1 to 10 targets; all ties shot at the original number and handicap.

Drawbaugh, of Shenandoah Junction, W. Va., with a handicap of 1; Bellmeyer, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., with a handicap of 3; and Smith, of Frederick, Md., at scratch, tied on 23; the second tie saw Drawbaugh out with 23, Bellmeyer and Smith again tying, on 24; the third tie resulted in a well-earned victory for Smith with 23, to Bellmeyer's 22. Smith is a comparatively new shot, but a good one, his youth and physique carrying him along to best the handicap of 9 extra targets of his opponent, whose age and poor health proved a heavier handicap than the extra targets could overcome.

The features of interest next to this race were the handsome exhibits of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., consisting of a case showing a full line of its shells, wads and primers, and a repeating shotgun for the use of anyone who wanted a gun; there was also plenty of E. C. literature and loaded shells, backed up by the glib tongue of Dr. Stotler, who is an enthusiast on the above subjects. The traps threw fairly well, and everyone had a good time.

Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*
Haddox	11	10	9	14	11	21	13	8	11	13	11	16	9
Smith	13	14	11	13	14	23	15	13	14	12	12	20	6
Hobbs	13	15	12	13	11	17	8	13	11	15	15	18	7
Drawbaugh	11	11	..	13	..	23	..	11	11	12	13	..	9
Miller	12	13	12	12	14	21	..	13	14	12	14	..	..
Bellmeyer	12	12	..	..	..	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Pentz	9	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	11	11	13	..	6
Bishop	..	9	..	10	..	18	..	..	12	..	12	..	..
Spencer	..	6	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spickler	..	..	..	11	11	22	11	..	11	..	8	..	..
Winters	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	8	8	9	10	..	..
Cavalier	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Gatrell	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	10	..	..	..
Munnis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	..
Brunswick	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jayne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..

VISITOR.

Piasa Gun Club's Tournament.

ALTON, Ill., Oct. 1.—I send you herewith the official scores made at the first annual tournament of the Piasa Gun Club, held in this city Sept. 30 and Oct. 1. There were, as you will perceive, over sixty shooters present during the two days, and more than 12,000 targets were thrown. Moneys were divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., with first, second and third moneys for high average for the two days. In addition, there were more than 100 prizes of merchandise donated by local business men, making eight prizes to each event, with several specials. The event altogether is pronounced by the professionals to have been the best given this year in Illinois, and the Alton club is justly proud of this record.

The contest among the old shots was very close, the high average going to Frank Black, an amateur of Kirkwood, Ill., on 319 kills out of 350 shot at. S. A. Tucker, of the Parker Gun Company, got second high money on 317 birds, and Chas. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., won third on 316. Besides the shooting of the leaders, however, there was much interest in the development of new material by the home club, some of the men who made good scores—namely, Schiess, Adams, Kauffmann and Riehl—having never before shot over the traps.

SCORES OF SEPT. 30.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	25	15	20	15	25	Broke.
Howell	5	10	17	14	12	19	13	15	11	16	133
Grimm	6	12	14	12	13	21	15	20	15	23	151
Lane	7	11	14	11	11	18	10	15	13	16	127
Kelly	9	14	19	14	13	20	13	15	10	16	143
Parker	8	13	17	10	13	23	14	17	13	22	149
Jilson	7	10	20	13	11	21	11	13	11	19	136
St Claire	8	11	15	13	12	14	8	..	..	..	81
Thompson	9	14	18	14	11	25	11	18	14	23	157
Seely	6	11	14	9	10	24	11	14	9	17	125
Schiess	8	14	18	9	10	24	11	17	12	16	139
Tucker	9	13	18	12	14	20	12	19	14	21	152
Dotterway	6	12	12	5	8	22	9	..	..	..	64
Connor	6	14	19	13	14	24	12	18	13	22	155
Herschy	9	12	16	12	12	22	11	18	13	19	144
Forend	10	11	20	13	12	22	11	16	11	21	137
Nold	8	14	18	14	15	20	13	15	14	22	153
Kessler	5	8	10	13	9	..	13	..	..	..	58
Gilbert	..	11	14	7	11	21	12	11	10	..	97
Black	9	12	19	15	13	24	15	16	11	25	159
Macquaid	8	7	15	12	12	..	11	16	..	..	81
Taylor	..	..	..	..	13	21	8	..	..	..	42
Fink	..	13	15	11	11	..	11	13	..	..	74
Todd	..	8	..	11	9	..	12	..	..	..	40
Landes	..	12	12	..	9	..	10	..	..	..	43
Scott	..	6	7	..	8	..	11	..	..	..	32
Barre	9	10	15	13	13	12	9	..	14	..	95
Rutledge	7	11	12	9	10	23	11	14	8	..	105
Magill	..	12	18	11	8	18	13	14	10	22	120
Jones	..	..	..	10	..	..	10	..	..	..	20
Beall	5	12	..	..	10	..	10	17	9	..	63
Adams	..	12	..	11	..	..	14	..	12	..	49
Carroll	7	13	16	10	10	..	12	..	..	..	68
Craig	..	8	18	11	8	22	9	15	13	20	124
Riehl	8	9	..	8	..	..	11	..	..	..	36
Buck	5	13	13	8	13	..	10	..	11	..	73
Rockridge	7	10	9	7	14	16	..	..	..	..	63
Gaskins	5	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	14
Kauffmann	9	10	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	38
Lewis	7	12	17	12	12	21	..	..	..	..	81
Sidney	6	13	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	27
Pfeiffer	9	12	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	41
Colt	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Harding	..	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25
Squires	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	7
Edwards	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	9
Grigsby	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	13

SCORES OF OCT. 1.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	25	15	20	15	25	Broke.
Grimm	9	14	19	14	15	24	13	20	13	24	165
Howell	10	13	19	13	13	20	13	15	12	21	139
Kelley	8	13	19	14	14	24	15	16	15	23	161
Seely	6	11	17	11	14	20	11	16	15	20	141
Herschy	9	15	17	14	15	23	15	19	14	23	164
Black	9	14	19	13	15	22	15	16	14	23	160
Connor	9	12	20	12	14	25	13	18	14	18	155
Forend	8	13	18	12	12	24	13	16	14	..	120
Nold	6	14	..	12	14	21	9	18	10	22	126
Lane	8	13	15	11	11	23	13	19	14	24	143
Carroll	5	13	14	13	12	17	12	17	14	..	117
Dotterway	8	14	17	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	57
Todd	7	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	26
Rutledge	3	13	7	12	10	21	9	14	8	..	96
Magill	8	12	15	11	12	19	12	16	..	..	105
Landes	8	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	30
Craig	7	15	16	11	14	19	..	..	..	..	82
Riehl	7	9	13	11	..	..	10	..	10	24	84
Gilbert	3	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	27
Jones	10	15	18	14	14	20	12	14	..	..	117
St Claire	6	11	..	13	13	..	13	15	..	..	71
Ruckridge	6	13	..	11	..	..	11	..	..	..	41
Lewis	5	14	16	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	56
Fink	9	12	..	12	14	..	13	18	13	21	112
Barre	7	14	17	14	8	..	12	19	10	..	101
Adams	8	11	14	..	12	..	15	..	11	..	71
Spencer	7	14	18	10	..	19	..	..	..	..	68
Schiess	9	13	17	10	13	17	10	14	11	19	133
Sidney	6	7	..	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	30
Grigsby	4	11	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	25
Tucker	9	15	19	13	15	25	14	18	14	23	165
Parker	10	12	15	15	9	23	13	15	12	20	144
Butler	3	..	..	6	9	..	2	..	7	16	43
Thompson	5	13	19	12	13	22	12	17	11	22	146
Buck	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Stocker	6	11	18	9	8	23	11	17	13	21	137
Lenbarth	6	13	18	12	12	19	14	17	13	23	147
Mack	7	10	17	14	12	..	11	15	14	..	100
Beall	..	10	17	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	39
McMurchy	..	14	19	14	15	21	13	19	15	24	154
Rawlings	..	3	..	7	..	..	8	..	..	..	18
Graham	..	8	..	8	..	..	..	..	4	..	20
Jilson	..	..	16	12	..	..	..	17	..	17	62
Kauffmann	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	16
Case	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	6
Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	..	8	30
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	8
Harper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	13
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	19	12	21	65
Clarke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	23

F. C. RIEHL.

Indiana Trap-Shooters' League.

PLANS FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

PERU, Ind., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While the trap-shooting season in Indiana is not by any means drawing to an abrupt close, there being yet two tournaments to be given by league clubs: the Greensburg, of Greensburg, and Erie, of Huntington, both of which promise to be as good as have been given in the State (outside, of course, the first annual, which had unusual attractions), and there yet being plenty of time for one or two clubs to claim dates before cold weather, yet I cannot refrain from saying that the season has indeed been a successful one and very gratifying to the promoters of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League. It has proved entirely satisfactory to those clubs which have become members of the League, and which have given tournaments under its sanction. True, some of the tournaments have not been extremely large affairs, but the attendance has in all cases been sufficient to warrant the shooting out of the programme. Where the attendance has not been large, I think it was due to a combination of circumstances, such as too frequent tournaments in the same vicinity; extremely warm weather, or open tournaments where the professionals were allowed to compete upon an equal footing, which has been clearly demonstrated is not conducive to a large attendance in this State.

However, not the least gratifying condition of affairs which now prevails in Indiana is the extremely harmonious feeling which seems to pervade the League clubs and trap-shooters of the State in general. Every shooter one meets has nothing but praise for his own State and the shooters. Chancing to meet several weeks since one of the most prominent shooters of Indiana, Mr. Joseph Blistain, of the Lafayette Club, he offered a suggestion which the more thought I give it the more I feel it should be given to our friends of the League. Mr. Blistain's suggestion was as follows: "Now that everyone feels good over the splendid season now drawing to a close let's do something on Thanksgiving Day to properly close such a season, and let that something be a tournament at some League club's grounds, that will live through the winter in the memory of every man that attends, and keep alive the harmonious feeling now prevailing and make everyone anxious for the opening of the season in the spring of 1898. As this will be during the game season, let every shooter send to the club giving this tournament some kind of game of his own killing, and have a grand dinner at the club house during the progress of the day's shooting. This would not partake in the slightest of those game-destroying affairs like side hunts for points, and the dinner could be served at a nominal cost to each shooter who attends."

Of course, there are not many clubs in the League who are prepared to entertain a crowd at dinner, but the Limited Club, of Indianapolis, is, and so is the Indiana Mineral Springs Club, though not so easy of access as the Limited. Fred Erb, of the Lafayette Club, when spoken to about it says: "You bet I'm in, and let's give a reward to the man sending in the most hawks."

While I have not interviewed any of the shooters in regard to this tournament, and do not know that either of the clubs mentioned would undertake its management. I would be pleased to receive suggestions from any League member through the columns of this journal. J. L. HEAD, Pres. Ind. Trap-Shooters' League.

ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Oct. 2.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the New Utrecht Gun Club in the regular semi-monthly club shoot, and in the prize gun shoot. In the club shoot P. E George was the winner in Class A, Dr. O'Brien winning in Class B. For the prize gun contest, Donley Deacon put on his shooting clothes and broke 25 out of 26, winning easily. Scores in detail:

Club shoot, 25 targets, handicap allowance:

P E George (A)	0110101110110011111111011111—20
C Dudley (A)	0101111111011111101111010 —19
D Deacon (A)	1110011110111101011111011 —19
W H Thompson (A)	0101110110001111101110011 —16
F A Thompson (A)	0111110101000101110011111 —16
D C Bennett (A)	1110101011000101110001111 —15
Dr O'Brien (B)	0111110011110111111110101 —19
C C Fleet (B)	0000000110001000011000000011— 7
Toplitz*	1110101100101101011111011 —17

Prize gun shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles, allowance handicap:

Deacon (2)	1111111011111111111111111—25
Dudley (0)	1111101111111111011011111 —22
D C Bennett (3)	1011111111111111011011110 —21
W H Thompson (3)	0111111110011111110110111 —20
*Toplitz	1100100111111011111100111 —18
J Gaughen (2)	1111011011011011011110010 —17
C Fleet (7)	1011110110101110010101101 —16
Dr O'Brien (6)	0011101110100011110110101 —15
F A Thompson (3)	0111011101000010001111001 —13
P E George (5)	1101000001011011010010001 —11

*Guest.

As Deacon had a straight score after using one bird of his handicap, and there was no ceance of a tie, no other handicaps were shot off.

Four 10-target sweeps, all at unknown angles, were shot with the following results:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Dudley	7	10	7	9	F A Thompson	7	8	4	9
Gaughen	6	6	6	9	O'Brien	..	..	7	6
Bennett	8	8	..	..	Deacon	..	..	8	..
Toplitz	4	8	9	6	W H Thompson	..	..	6	8
Fleet	6	4	..	..	George	..	..	7	..

Twenty-five target match for price of targets:

J Gaughen	1110111111111111011111111—23
F A Thompson	0101111011110110011111100—17

Same:

Gaughen	0110111101101101101101101—17
Thompson	1100110110011111100011100—16

G. E POOL, Sec'y.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—Inclosed please find score of Hell Gate Gun Club. The shoot was very well represented, and never since the day of their existence have the members made such good scores. Most of them never shot over the traps till they joined this club. The birds were a fair lot of flyers; only two or three had to be put up by the rope:

		Points.
J H Voss (28)	12012 1121— 9	7
J Himmelsbach (28)	•222110011— 7	5½
Joseph Newman (26)	2121022100— 7	4
Edward Payntar (25)	2021122112— 9	7
John Link (26)	2211212021— 9	4½
E Doeinck (30)	2111121122—10	7
C Weber (28)	2210122021— 8	6
L T Muench (28)	0221011012— 7	6½
C Wigger (guest)	00•1120010— 4	..
C Metz (28)	111212110•— 8	5½
William Sands (28)	0222202222— 8	7
Ch Lang (28)	2112210012— 8	5
C Steffens (28)	1111112112—10	6
Ph Wallach (28)	2121021222— 9	7
H Foerster (28)	2122101121— 9	6
C Rabenstein (28)	1111220120— 8	5
Fr Gun (26)	01121•1200— 6	4
John Kreeb (28)	2112101111— 9	5½
F Trostel (28)	1220201022— 7	7
A Knodel (28)	1100002100— 4	4½
George K Breit (26)	2112101122— 9	4
R Regan (28)	0112201202— 7	5
L Stelzle (28)	1121201221— 9	5
E Marquart (26)	2001100211— 6	4½
E Petersen (28)	1121102112— 9	5½
John Schlicht (28)	1012111122— 9	6
M H Smith (28)	111010100•— 5	6
F W Richter (28)	C011001010— 4	4½
C Schaefer (28)	2201111101— 8	5½
J Kessler (28)	0220021002— 5	5

E. DOEINCK, Sec'y.

CARTERET CLUB.

Oct. 2.—The Carteret Club celebrated the opening of its new grounds at Garden City, L. I., to-day, by holding a big shoot at live birds. There was a good attendance of shooters, and some excellent birds were supplied for the occasion. The main event was the contest for the silver trophy donated for competition by Stewart M. Brice, the son of Senator Brice. This contest brought out twenty-two shooters, most of them well-known to the public. The cup was finally won by George Work, president of the club, with 23 kills out of 25. He was tied for first and second money by D. A. Upson, of Cleveland, O., a guest of the club. Mr. Upson not being a member of Carteret, was not entitled to shoot for the trophy, hence the valuable souvenir of the opening day fell to Mr. Work. J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn (28), George McAlpin (31) and J. Seaver Page (28) were tied for third money, with 22 kills each. The conditions were:

George Work (30)	1202222220222222222222222—23
D A Upson (31)	0222222222222222222220222—23
J S Remsen (28)	0220222222222222222222220—22
G S McAlpin (31)	2022220222222222222222202—22
W S Brokaw (29)	2222222222200022222222222—22
J Seaver Page (28)	2201221012222222222222012—22
L T Duryea (30)	2012122222222222220202220—21
F P Magoun (25)	0222222222211022222221110 —21
Capt A W Money (29)	2222202020222222222220 —17
Col Butler (28)	2212222201210222222O —17
C M Chapin (28)	022221220112220 —11
J P Knapp (30)	2022222222222222 — 12
G B Magoun (27)	00222222222210 —10
H B Scott (29)	0222002222220 — 8
E F Toland (29)	0202222212022222O —12
W Smith (28)	10212022210 — 8
D Bacon (27)	1222002220020 — 8
A T Sullivan (26)	1110222010 — 7
W A H Stafford (28)	1020112200 — 7
F W Duryea (27)	10120200 — 4
T D Hooper (28)	2200222222220O30 —11
N E Money (29)	2002 00 — 3

A 5-bird sweep was also shot, Knapp, Remsen, Scott and Upson dividing with 5 straight. Scores in this event were:

Handicap sweepstakes, 5 birds, $5:

J P Knapp (30)	12222—5	Col Butler (28)	1120 —3
W G Brokaw (29)	22220—4	J Seaver Page (29)	020 —1
H B Scott (29)	22222—5	Capt A W Money (29)	2011 —3
J S Remsen (28)	23122—5	G S M Alpin (31)	120 —2
D A Upson (31)	22222—5	L T Duryea (30)	210 —2
S B Magoun (27)	12220—4	E F Toland (29)	102 —2
W W Smith (28)	22120—4	F P Magoun (25)	1010 —2
D Bacon (27)	1120 —3	F W Duryea (27)	1000 —1
W A H Stafford (28)	0222 —3	A T Sullivan (26)	2010 —2
C M Chapin (28)	02210—3	N E Money (29)	02 —1

Van Dyke Challenges Von Lengerke.

CLIFTON RACETRACK, Passaic, N. J., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith hand you $10 (ten dollars) as required by the conditions governing challenges for the cup emblematic of the individual championship of the State of New Jersey at targets; and do hereby challenge Justus von Lengerke for that cup now held by him.

F. V. VAN DYKE.

[Ten dollars forfeit received as above.]

Western Traps.

COOK COUNTY LEAGUE PRIZES.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 2.—Careful study of the scores of the Cook County League shows that the award of individual season prizes will be as follows:

Winnings A Class in majority four contests in Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, 1897: J. A. Ruble, Garden City, 100%, Monon R. R. ticket; R. Kuss, Garfield, 98%, 10lbs. E. C. powder; F. P. Stannard, Eureka, 93%, 10lbs. Schultze powder; E. M. Steck, Eureka, 92%, subscription FOREST AND STREAM; G. C. Lamphere, Calumet Heights, 88%, 100 Peters shells; T. P. Hicks, Garfield, 85%, subscription *Sportsman's Review;* S. M. Booth, Calumet Heights, 81%, subscription *Western Field and Stream.*

B Class percentages in majority four contests: E. E. Neal, Garfield, 92%, Colt's revolver; A. C. Paterson, Garfield, 90%, 10lb. drum E. C. powder; Dr. S. Shaw, Garfield, 89%; H. A. Ferguson, Calumet Heights, 89%, and A. W. Fehrman, Garfield, 89%, tie for 10lb drum Schultze powder; J. S. Houston, Calumet Heights, 88%, subscription *American Field;* C. P. Richards, Garfield, 85%, and T. Graham, Garfield, 85%, tie for 100 Peters shells; L. H. Goodrich, Eureka, 84%, and A. W. Adams, Eureka, 84%, tie for subscription *Sportsman's Review;* S. E. Young, Calumet Heights, 82%, subscription *Western Field and Stream.*

Class C: E. S. Graham, Garfield, one 25lb. can coffee; O. von Lengerke, Garfield, 10lbs. E. C. powder; F. M. Fish, Garfield, 10lbs. Schultze powder; M. E. Bowers, Garfield, one year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM; P. D. Norcom, Calumet Heights, 100 Peters shells; C. Sticklin, Garfield, one subscription to *Sportsman's Review;* S. A. Gruby, Calumet Heights, one subscription to *Western Field and Stream.*

Class D: R. A. Turtle, Calumet Heights, $5 cash; A. Hellenan, Garden City, 10lbs. E. C. powder; S. P. Goethe, Cicero, 10lbs. Schultze powder; A. Matthews and W. Chusman, Cicero, each one year's subscription to *Outing;* A. W. Harlan and A. C. Black, Calumet Heights, each 100 Peters shells; H. Levi, Garden City, one subscription to *Sportsman's Review;* A. Chusman, Cicero, one subscription to *Recreation.*

Unclassified: Wiley, Garfield, 84 per cent.; W. Schmidt, Calumet Heights, 68 per cent.; W. H. Cornwall, Eureka, 73 per cent.; E. Prickett, Eureka, 74 per cent.

The Calumet Heights Club, of Chicago, held their regular weekly contest at the traps on its grounds Sept. 25. The attendance, though large, was represented very modestly at the score, as many of the members present contented themselves by remaining on the marsh and river hunting ducks, of which some few were bagged. The air was clear and the sun bright. A heavy wind blew in the face of the traps from the north, which made the targets run high and hard. The sand from the beach blowing in the eyes of the shooters made it doubly difficult. Following are the scores:

Medal contest, 25 targets:

Class A.

Metcalfe	1011111011011100110111011—18
Booth	1010011011111001111000011—15

Class B.

Norcom	1010100100100011111010101—13

Class C.

Chamberlain	1011101011001101001111011—16
Schmidt	1110111111111101111111101—22

THE CAST-IRON BADGE.

In a personal letter to me, written last week and before he had seen FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 2, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott had the following to say in regard to the cast-iron badge:

"It is about time now to unmask that cast iron badge trophy, and if you desire to do so I will make you acquainted with one fact which Mr. Grimm is well aware of: I did not help to buy that badge or take any part in making the rules concerning it. In fact, I would have nothing to do with it at the time, and protested that a handful of shooters had no right to plan a championship of America one day and go out and shoot it the next day."

Mr. Elliott adds that he means to "let them sweat" over this now. In this he will be upheld by a majority of the shooters of the country, as the belief seems general that he wanted to shoot and meant to shoot. The sympathy of American sportsmen is usually with the man who is willing to get right to work, and is not anxious over his conditions or his explanations. A little shooting is better than a lot of talk. A shooting match is a contest in which there is a winner, and in which it is no disgrace to be beaten. A talking match is one which never joins an issue nor declares a winner, and in which it is no credit to be upon either side.

LIMITED GUN CLUB.

Whitney Thompson, of Lafayette, Ind., won first with 91 out of the total 100 targets in events counting on the championship cup average at the tournament of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, this week.

The Limited Gun Club will give a three days' tournament at live birds Dec. 7, 8 and 9. The first day's shooting will be at sparrows. The second day will be pigeons, high guns. The third day will witness a handicap at 25 pigeons. The entrance fee will be $25, birds extra. There are already forty entries. This shoot, if successful, will be made an annual event.

GALESBURG WINS.

In the fourth tournament of the Western Illinois Trap-Shooters' League, held at Kewanee, Sept. 28, Galesburg team won first, Kewanee second, Neponset third. Galesburg thus wins the League trophy for the season, having taken first three times.

DAYTON-URBANA OFF.

The team contest between the Buckeye Club, of Dayton, O., and the Urbana Gun Club, same State, shot the first race of three team races, eight-men teams, 25 birds, with the result of a tie score, 164 out of the 200. The Buckeyes wanted to go to Springfield for the second match of the series, but the Urbanaites wish the race shot at their city. The difference of opinion about this may break up the series. Two cups, one for the team and one for the individual winner, were in competition.

EAST END.

East End Gun Club, of Toledo, O., at its regular club shoot on Sept. 27 made the following scores:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	2d 25.		1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.
Jennings	22	19	20	Specht	20	23	20
I W Gardner	22	20	21	Hess	22	18	20
F W Birdsall	22	21	..	Volk	17	21	23
Herring	22	..	21	Ritchey	..	18	16
McCullough	18	14	..	N Gardner	..	16	..
J Arnds	17	15	17	W Gardner	..	16	..
G Eiben	17	18	20				

SEDALIA SHOOT.

At the monthly medal shoot of the Sedalia, Mo., Gun Club the following scores were made, Sept. 25:

C. Y. Lawrence 22, G. A. Sturges 22, Joe Roe 22, Jasper Tyndall 19, W. J. Letts 19, G. C. McClure 19, F. Raymond 19, L. Ilgenfritz 18, W. W. Kerr 17, J. A. Stacy 10, J. C. Palmer 9.

Ties shot, and Lawrence won in 22 hole, Tyndall in 19. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

IN NEW JERSEY.

ELKWOOD PARK'S BLACKBIRDS.

Oct. 2.—Messrs. Daly and Chanfrau, managers of the Elkwood Park shooting grounds, announced a blackbird shoot for to-day, with sweeps at popular prices. The early morning was so threatening that only a small attendance was registered. A strong northeasterly gale drove the blackbirds from the traps in a fashion calculated to make scores run low. The No. 3 set of traps was used, the wind being thus in favor of left-quartering drivers. Only one incomer was recorded during the whole shoot. The birds flew like black streaks, and lucky was the man who did not draw "a little she one," as Dad Applegate, Elmer's father, termed them. Beveridge and Hank White did the best shooting of the day, as will be seen from the following scores.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 5 were at 10 blackbirds, $2.50, birds included; No. 4, at 5 pairs, $2, birds included. Nos. 6, 7 and 8 were $1 miss-and outs, re-entry in the first round. In No. 6, Daly re-entered; in No. 7, Hallowell, Banks, Daly and Applegate re entered; in No. 8, Beveridge and Hallowell re entered. The scores in the table of these three events naturally show the results of these re-entries:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Blackbirds:	10	10	10	10	10			
Beveridge (27)	8	5	7	5	8	7	3	0
Hallowell (27)	9	8	4	2	8	2	1	1
Banks (27)	5	6	5	2	3	6	1	5
Daly (28)	9	5	6	4	7	0	1	1
Applegate (27)	9	8	6	2	8	6	7	1
Patten (25)	..	5	9	4	7	1	2	2
Marryott (26)	..	..	6	4	..	5	6	3
White (27)	..	..	..	5	7	6	7	6

John Wright, the moving spirit of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club, announces that his club will hold a shoot on Thursday, Oct. 28. In addition to sweepstakes, John will provide merchandise prizes and a free lunch.

The New Jersey State Shoot.

It was a capital idea of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association to hold a tournament this fall, notwithstanding the short time at its disposal for making preparations for the same. Of course the time was too short for anything like a big tournament to result from its efforts; but a start has been made in the right direction, and with the experience gained at this tournament there should be something good in line for 1898.

New Jersey has not had a State shoot since 1889; a clerical error made it 1884 in our last issue. It was in 1889 that the New Jersey State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game gave its last tournament. The previous one, if we make no mistake, took place in 1884. There is plenty of material in New Jersey for a good State shoot, but the location chosen this year was hardly favorable for drawing it out. The location was forced upon the Association by reason of the shortness of notice; two months is not enough in which to prepare for a big shoot and get a large crowd together Clifton race track is an excellent spot for a shoot but it is so large that even fifty shooters make no appearance; and in so large a space there is little of the geniality that attaches to a shoot held upon club grounds of a medium size Then, again, Passaic is rather out of the way for a large portion of the State. There are plenty of ways of getting there, but none of them bring a shooter to the ground much before 10 in the morning, and that makes a late hour to start at this time of the year. But under the circumstances the Association cannot be blamed for choosing Clifton race track; it was either Clifton or nothing at all for 1897.

THE ATTENDANCE DISAPPOINTING.

The number of shooters present was disappointing to say the least. Where were all the Jerseymen? We could name over a couple of score whom we confidently expected to be on hand, but they have all to be marked missing. The absence of some may be put down to the difficulty they would have encountered in trying to get to Clifton, but the absence of others cannot be attributed to the same cause. Hard times and lots of shooting at home must be given as the cause, we suppose. Anyway they didn't come and give the revivified association a good send off We regret also to find that some little friction still exists between Jersey clubs and this friction, small as it is, must be overcome and perfect harmony restored before Jersey will be able to boast of an organization equal to those of her sister States, New York and Pennsylvania.

On the open set of traps there was some good shooting, and a fair number of outsiders were gathered together; but still we expected more, and can only account for the comparatively small attendance by attributing it to lack of advertising caused by lack of time in which to do the same. The weather was simply perfect, except on the first day, Sept. 28, when the thermometer in the early hours was down toward the freezing mark. After that, however, more delightful early fall weather could not have been made to order. The sun grew a trifle hot toward midday on each of the succeeding days, but that could be undergone with pleasure at this season of the year.

THREE SETS OF TRAPS WERE USED.

Three sets of traps were used, three traps to each set, Sergeant system. This was the first time we have had the pleasure of shooting over a set of traps under this system, so it is proper to give our ideas upon it. We can safely say that it was the general opinion of all, even of those who objected to it at first, that it is the best system for shooting unknown angle events ever devised Mr. Sergeant, we believe, recommends three traps set a yard apart. We found that 4ft. apart made it easier for the trappers to work the traps, and did away with all danger of their being hurt while filling traps. The extra foot apart, too, does not add much to the increased difficulty of shooting under this style, as compared with one trap, unknown angles. The shooting is certainly harder than with five expert traps, the angles one gets when standing at Nos 1 and 5 being often extremely acute, even when thrown within regulation limits. This style of shooting is, indeed, the magautrap made harder; it is shot in the same way, the shooters standing in a segment of a circle, whose diameter is 16yds., with the middle trap as its center.

The traps used were bluerock expert, and both empires and bluerocks were trapped from them. The background was none of the best. Too many trees got in the way, while the fact that one stood uphill from the screen, made the chances of a sky background for any target rather poor. The fall tints also in the weeds and trees made it often very hard to locate the flying targets. Low left quarterers from No. 1 got away far too often, while the same may be said of sharp right-quarterers from No. 5. Still it was most interesting shooting, and many and loud were the favorable comments made upon the method of trapping targets under the Sergeant system. Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association, who managed this shoot, and who should be an authority on the question, was quite enthusiastic over it The scores show that the shooting was hard; nothing tells the tale better than the scores, particularly when it is stated that there was practically no wind at all, except for a few hours on the opening day.

THE OFFICIALS.

The shoot was under the management of Elmer Shaner, and of course he made it go when he got the boys together. He took charge of the two sets of traps on which the State and the open events respectively were decided. A third set of traps had been placed in position at the last moment in order that those who desired it could get some shooting for the price of targets only. This set of traps was under the direction of Treasurer Ike Terrill, but he had an easy time of it as a rule, very few shooters caring to shoot "for birds only."

The cashier's office was in charge of J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, assisted by Mr. Jones, of Passaic. These two gentlemen had no trouble in taking care of the shooters and paying them their money. Messrs. Moss, Muller and Jewel were the pullers, while John Rock, the janitor of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, acted as squad hustler for the open events. Mr. Rock's intimate acquaintance with the majority of the shooters present made him an invaluable assistant. At the State set of traps, H.E.Taylor, son of Old Reliable Taylor, an expert bicyclist, looked after the hustling of the squads, and incidentally gave some exhibitions of trick riding in the large betting hall whenever the boys could seduce him from his labors. The trappers were local hands, and, though new at the business, they soon settled down and trapped like veterans. Speaking of traps, it is worth mentioning that we very seldom remember being at a shoot where there was less bother with the traps. Be it noted that they were loaned by the Interstate Association for the occasion, and were the same traps that have thrown so many targets at the Interstate shoots during the past three or four years.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The tables of general averages for a State shoot. In the State events only nine men shot through the entire programme of 200 shots, team race and trophy events counted in. On the open set of traps fifteen men shot through. The averages made in these two programmes were as below:

STATE EVENTS.

	1st Day.	2d Day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
F V Van Dyke	84	90	200	174	87
Capt Money	87	83	200	170	85
F Hyde	86	84	200	170	85
E A Geoffroy	89	81	200	170	85
Chris Wright	87	77	200	164	82
C R Wise	83	81	200	164	82
B B Fogarty	77	87	200	164	82
Dutchy	80	84	200	164	82
T H Keller	79	82	200	161	80.5

OPEN EVENTS.

	1st Day.	2d Day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	149	148	3 0	297	92.8
Banks	144	147	320	291	90.9
Glover	147	140	320	287	89.6
Dickey	143	143	320	286	89.3
147	138	142	320	280	87.4
Fulford	137	142	320	279	87.1
Parker	138	140	320	278	86.8
Fanning	143	125	320	278	86.8
Leroy	140	133	320	273	85.3
Geoffroy	137	135	320	272	85
Hawkins	130	140	320	270	84.3
Hallowell	129	136	320	265	82.8
Capt Money	129	133	320	262	81.8
U M C	131	123	320	254	79.3
Wright	137	114	320	251	78.4

First Day, Sept. 28.

There was a decided touch of frost in the air this morning. Overcoats and heavy sweaters were at a premium, but most of the boys came well provided. It was not until midday that the sun's strength made itself felt; but when it did get in its work, it soon grew hot enough for a midsummer day. The mosquitoes were out in force, but they were so busy getting warmed up after the chilly night, that they seemed to entirely forget what appears usually to be their one object in life. This was somewhat strange, but not unpleasant

The poor background soon made itself felt when shooting was once started. Scores fell down, and several couldn't make out where they were shooting. The light on the State events set of traps was better than on the open set, but that was not saying much. Somehow or other, it seemed impossible to get the targets up high enough to have a sky background, unless they were thrown like skyrockets So they were kept down to about regulation height, and straights were scarce. In No. 1, open, there was not a single 15 straight. In No 2, 19 was high in a 20-target event; in No. 3, 25 targets, four 24s were tied for first place. Three 15s were made in No. 4, but only one 20 was made in No. 5. In No. 6, Glover was the solitary 25, three 24s being in second place. In Nos 7 and 8, there were respectively two and three straight scores This speaks for itself when one considers the caliber of the shooters present. Heikes was in first place for the day, with 11 targets lost out of 160 shot at; Glover came next with 13 lost, Banks was third, while Fanning and Dickey tied for fourth and fifth places.

On the State programme the chief event was the individual championship of the State at targets. Colin Wise and Justus von Lengerke tied for the trophy on 24 each out of 25; on the shoot off, Von Lengerke won the cup. In the merchandise event, No. 5 in the table, Frank Hall, who shoots under the name of Hyde, won the Smith gun presented by Capt. Money by making 25 straight. Geoffroy was alone in the second class of ties with 24. Geoffroy also won first average in the State events, with Capt. Money in second place.

OPEN EVENTS, SEPT. 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	20	20			
R O Heikes	14	19	22	14	19	24	18	19	160	149	93.1
S Glover	12	18	22	15	18	25	19	18	160	147	91.9
E Banks	14	13	20	13	19	22	20	17	160	144	90
O R Dickey	12	18	24	12	20	23	19	15	160	143	89.3
J S Fanning	14	17	24	15	16	24	16	17	160	143	89.3
B Leroy	14	19	21	14	18	21	16	17	160	140	87.5
W F Parker	11	19	19	13	19	23	18	16	160	138	86.2
147	12	17	24	12	17	22	17	17	160	138	86.2
E D Fulford	13	17	23	12	15	18	20	20	160	137	85.6
E A Geoffroy	13	14	21	15	17	24	15	18	160	137	85.6
Chris Wright	11	18	21	13	18	21	18	17	160	137	85.6
U M C	13	18	21	11	15	22	15	16	160	131	81.8
J M Hawkins	13	15	21	11	16	19	17	18	160	130	81.2
Capt Money	12	16	20	14	16	18	17	16	160	129	80.6
J J Hallowell	14	15	19	13	15	23	15	15	160	129	80.6
R H Breintnall	12	14	20	10	12	17	15	13	160	113	70.6
J S S Remsen	..	15	24	14	16	22	17	18	145	126	86.9
F Van Dyke	..	17	21	..	17	22	18	17	120	112	86.1
N E Money	..	..	..	19	12	17	18	16	20	110	93	70.7
J Hildreth	..	15	19	11	13	20	17	..	125	95	76
F Hyde	11	17	21	13	18	22	..	..	120	102	85
J von Lengerke	11	19	23	14	16	..	..	..	115	83	72.1
C F Dudley	..	14	19	..	15	23	15	..	110	86	78.1
A C Combs	..	..	..	..	13	13	19	16	17	100	78	78
B B Fogarty	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	70	61	87.1
Toolitz	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..	45	14	31.1
T H Keller	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	40	30	75
T W Morfey	..	..	20	9	..	..	..	..	..	40	29	72.5
Hy Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	40	25	62.5
W M Sanders	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	40	23	57.5
W M Stanbrough	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	27	77.1
W W Huck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	20	17	85
T Dukes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	16	80
T Lane	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	20	15	75
Hyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	20	12	60
J Jelleme	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	20	8	40
Bowes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	20	6	30
Dutchy	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	73.3
C C Beveridge	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	73 3
W Sigler	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	53.3

STATE EVENTS, SEPT. 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	25	20	25			
E A Geoffroy	13	13	22	17	24	100	89	89
Capt Money	11	12	22	19	23	100	87	89
Chris Wright	12	10	23	19	23	100	87	87
J von Lengerke	11	12	21	18	21	100	86	86
F Hyde	12	12	21	16	25	100	86	86
F V Van Dyke	13	15	21	17	18	100	84	84
C R Wise	12	9	24	17	21	100	83	83
Dutchy	13	7	18	19	23	100	80	80
T H Keller	12	11	21	13	22	100	79	79
B B Fogarty	13	13	13	16	22	100	77	77
R H Breintnall	14	8	19	14	21	100	76	76
T W Morfey	7	12	18	13	18	100	68	68
F Sinnock	9	8	19	13	15	100	64	64
N E Money	..	11	15	15	21	85	62	72.9
Ed Taylor	15	15	..	17	20	75	67	89.3
W Sigler	11	12	..	18	21	75	62	82.6
C C Beveridge	12	12	..	15	17	75	56	74.6
J Doty	9	11	..	12	19	75	51	68
G E Greiff	13	..	18	..	21	65	52	80
W M Sanders	..	..	17	13	..	45	30	84.4
Heyer	..	..	..	11	15	45	26	57.7
T Lane	..	..	..	14	10	45	24	53 3
W H Huck	11	..	..	..	23	40	24	85
Al Heritage	..	9	..	..	18	40	27	67.5
B James	11	..	..	..	14	40	25	62.2
J Jelleme	..	..	..	..	21	25	21	84
Coman	..	..	..	..	16	25	16	64
Capt Hall	..	..	..	..	11	25	11	44

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT TARGETS

There were sixteen entries for the Individual Championship at targets Of this number, two, Colin Wise, of Passaic, and Justus von Lengerke, of Orange, tied with 24 each. Wise, the first man to the score, broke his 24 in fine form, but lost on the shoot-off. The scores in detail follow:

C R Wise.....111111111111111111111110—24
T H Keller.....101110111111111010111111—21
F V Van Dyke.....111110111101111011111110—21
T W Morfey.....110011111011110111101011—18
F Sinnock.....110111111111101101111001—19
F Hyde.....111101110111111011101111—21
R H Brientnall.....101011110111111010111110—19
J von Lengerke.....111111111111111111110111—24
Capt Money.....111111001111111111110111—22
E A Geoffroy.....111111011101111101111111—22
B B Fogarty.....001001110001001011110010—13
N Money.....010001011111001111110101—15
W M Sanders.....110011011011011101011—17
Dutchy.....000011110011111111101111—18
G E Greiff.....111011110111101110011010—18
C Wright.....111111101111111111111110—23

On the shoot-off at 10 targets, Von Lengerke won with 10 to 8.

Second Day, Sept. 29.

After a warm night, shooters knew not what to expect on the race track. It was, in fact, a very warm day, and the heat was at times—particularly between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M.—almost unbearable without some shelter from the sun's rays. Not a breath of air was stirring, and had there been a better background, scores would have ruled quite high. On the open set of traps, straights were as scarce to-day as yesterday. In each of the 15-target events there was only one straight—Fulford and Geoffroy, respectively. In No. 2, Hawkins and Van Dyke rapped out 20 straight; 147 made 25 straight in No. 3, there being two 24s in second place. In Nos. 5 and 8 there were two 20s, but in No. 7 there was only one, while Van Dyke was alone in No 6 with a 25 straight.

Heikes won first average with 12 targets lost, Banks being second with 13 losses to his name, 6 of them in one event. Dickey was third, with 147 and Fulford tied for fourth and fifth places. Fulford's 15 straight in the first event on this day, added to his run of over 40 straight on the previous evening, made the best run of consecutive breaks for this tournament.

On the State set of traps, the team race and the contest for the Blenderman cup occupied the bulk of the attention of the shooters. The Blenderman cup was given by Jake Blenderman on the condition that it should be awarded to the individual high score in the team race. As it turned out eight tied for the trophy on 22 each. As the conditions called for a shoot-off at 50 targets per man, this gave added interest to the destination of the handsome trophy. Van Dyke, Geoffroy, Sinnock, Keller, Dutchy, Schorty, Carl von Bengerke and Palmer, the men in the tie, accordingly shot of the tie. The scores were as follows:

Van Dyke and Geoffroy 46, Sinnock 45, Keller, Dutchy, Schorty and Von Lengerke 42, Palmer 32.

Thus Van Dyke and Geoffroy had to shoot off once more. This shoot-off resulted in an easy win for Van Dyke, the scores standing: Van Dyke 47, Geoffroy 39.

In the team race the Climax team came out first, as will be seen by referring to the scores given below:

OPEN EVENTS, SEPT 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot. at.	Broke	Av.
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	20	20			
Heikes	14	19	21	14	20	23	17	20	160	148	92.5
Banks	14	19	24	14	14	23	19	20	160	147	91.8
Dickey	13	18	23	14	18	22	20	15	160	143	89.3
Fulford	15	19	21	14	18	22	15	18	160	142	88.7
147	14	17	25	12	19	22	18	15	160	142	88.7
Glover	13	19	21	12	20	24	15	16	160	140	87.5
Parker	12	18	19	13	19	23	17	19	160	140	87.5
Hawkins	14	20	19	13	18	22	15	19	160	140	87.5
Hallowell	14	16	20	13	19	23	16	15	160	136	85
Fanning	13	15	22	12	17	24	17	15	160	135	84.3
Geoffroy	13	16	19	15	15	20	18	19	160	135	84.3
Leroy	10	17	22	13	17	21	15	18	160	133	83.1
Capt Money	10	18	22	12	16	21	19	15	160	133	83.1
Hyde	13	13	20	13	16	24	17	15	160	131	81.8
Malone	11	18	22	9	17	18	17	18	160	130	81.2
U M C	9	16	20	10	15	23	17	13	160	123	76.8
Wright	10	11	19	11	16	16	17	14	160	114	71.2
Van Dyke	..	20	24	..	16	25	18	17	130	120	92.3
Lindzey	..	9	14	10	19	..	16	18	120	86	71.6
Fogarty	12	16	20	..	18	19	..	..	105	85	80.9
Althaus	..	..	13	17	11	..	7	..	80	48	60
Dutchy	13	19	..	11	18	..	..	..	70	61	87.1
Beveridge	10	..	..	12	..	..	13	18	70	53	75.7
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	17	23	19	..	65	59	90.7
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	8	..	65	39	60
Kennedy	..	..	18	12	17	..	..	..	..	60	47	78.3
Sinnock	..	..	..	..	14	18	..	19	..	55	51	93.7
N Money	..	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	34	75.5
Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	..	..	45	25	55.5
Morfey	..	..	..	..	10	16	..	..	..	35	26	74.2
Gallagher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	20	15	75
Manning	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	15	9	60

STATE EVENTS, SEPT. 30.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	25	20	15			
Van Dyke	15	14	22	17	22	100	90	90
Fogarty	12	13	22	18	22	100	87	87
Ed Taylor	11	15	21	17	20	100	84	84
F Hyde	12	14	21	17	20	100	84	84
Dutchy	13	14	22	17	18	100	84	84
Capt Money	10	13	21	18	21	100	83	83
Keller	12	11	22	19	18	100	82	82
Wise	12	14	20	13	21	100	81	81
Geoffroy	12	11	22	19	17	100	81	81
Wright	13	9	19	14	22	100	77	77
Dustin	11	11	16	17	17	100	72	72
N Money	..	13	20	17	25	85	75	88.2
C von Lengerke	..	13	22	16	22	85	73	85.8
Palmer	..	13	22	17	20	85	72	84.7
Lindzey	..	11	20	15	21	85	67	78.8
Beveridge	11	13	18	18	..	75	60	80
Bowes	..	9	..	12	12	60	33	55
Sinnock	..	..	22	..	20	50	42	84
Darby	..	..	18	13	..	45	31	68.8
Huck	10	..	..	..	19	40	29	72.5
Jelleme	..	8	19	..	..	40	29	67.5
Abbott	..	9	16	..	..	40	25	62.5
Heldich	..	11	11	..	..	40	22	55
Thourot	..	9	11	..	..	40	20	50
Porter	..	2	17	..	..	40	19	47.5
Morfey	..	..	..	..	18	25	18	72
Manning	..	..	14	..	..	25	14	56
Woodruff	..	..	..	16	..	20	16	80
Heritage	..	6	..	..	..	15	6	40

THREE-MEN TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP AT TARGETS.

Eight teams were entered for the team championship at targets. The Climax 750lb team won with 66 breaks out of 75 shot at. The team was made up as follows: T. H. Keller, captain, 230lbs.; L. H Schortemeier (Schorty) 268lbs; C. Dutchy Smith, 242lbs. Boiling Springs No. 2 was second with 63, the Endeavors being third with 61. Scores were as below:

Passaic Gun Club.		Endeavor Gun Club.	
J Jelleme	19	C Von Lengerke	22
S Palmer	22	E Taylor	21
B Abbott	16—57	C C Beveridge	18—61
Boiling Springs Gun Club—No. 1.		**Climax Gun Club—No 2.**	
Capt Money	21	R Manning	14
N Money	20	D Darby	18
Chris Wright	19—60	J G Lindzey	20—52
Boiling Springs Gun Club—No. 2.		**South Side Gun Club**	
C R Wise	20	F Sinnock	22
F Hyde	21	J S Duston	16
F Van Dyke	22—63	E A Geoffroy	22—60
Climax Gun Club—No. 1		**North Hudson Gun Club.**	
T H Keller	22	H M Hefleck	11
C Smith	22	Thourout	11
L H Schortemeier	22—66	Porter	17—39

Third Day, Sept. 30.

The third day of the New Jersey State shoot was blessed with as fine weather as had prevailed on the first two days. In fact, the weather was too fine for really good live-bird shooting. The sun was as warm as in August, and scarcely a breath of air was stirring at any time of the day. The result was, of course, comparatively easy shooting and consequent high scores. Some really good work was done by Morfey, Van Dyke, Noel Money, etc. Morfey won the Individual State championship with 22 straight, and Noel Money was only one behind him. Hank White, a veteran from Little Silver, also ran a fast heat for the championship.

A late start was made on this day, it being nearly 11 o'clock before the first gun was fired, still a total of 943 were trapped.

STATE EVENTS, SEPT. 30.

The two events on the programme for State shooters were the individual championship and the three-men team championship. The first was shot for under the following conditions: 15 birds per man, all at 18yds.; winner to take badge; all money in the purse to go to the last winner.

T. W. Morfey, of Lyndhurst; Noel Money, of Oakland, and Hank White, of Little Silver, tied for the trophy on 15 straight. They shot off, miss-and-out, Morfey winning with 22 straight; Noel Money lost his 21st bird, and White his 6th. White's one-barrel work was remarkable; 17 out of the 19 birds scored to him did not need the second barrel. The scores in this event were as below, 517 birds being trapped in the State events:

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT LIVE BIRDS.

		Ties.
Count	220121212	
Capt Money	22120•1	
Morfey	2222222222222222—15	2222222
White	111211111111112—15	11110
Keller	•2222222•	
Henry	2222022112	
Schorty	22•22220	
Greiff	02221210	
Van Dyke	0222221222	
Sigler	2122111121112•	
Green	221012111	
Wise	2202212202	
Woodruff	121121210	
Hyde	2021222?1	
Murray	2 0121112	
Duston	1011121	
Cannon	211211120	
Erb	•212110	
Young	200011	
Castle	111111101	
Hassinger	21•20122	
Geoffroy	110110	
Daly, Jr	2222222?02	
J von L	2120221211	
Dutchy	0222222211	
N E Money	2221222222222222—15	2222220

Morfey won with 22 straight.

THREE-MEN TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP.

Nine teams were entered for this event, the conditions of which were as below: three men to a team, 10 birds per man, winning club to take trophy. All money in the purse to go to the club winning the trophy at the last shoot

The Lyndhurst team won with 29 out of 30, but their title to the cup and first place was protested. (This protest is treated of elswhere.) Three teams were tied for second with 28 each, and shot off for first honors in case the protest against the Lyndhurst Club was sustained. These three clubs were the East Side, of Newark, and the Boiling Springs, of Rutherford, No. 1 and No. 2. The East Side and Boiling Springs No. 1 are still a tie, darkness putting an end to shooting at the end of the second round of ties. Scores were:

Lyndhurst Shooting Association.		Climax G. C.	
T W Morfey	2222222222—10	A Woodruff	1112112222—10
P Daly, Jr	2221222122—10	T H Keller	2222222022— 9
F Class	2221220222— 9—29	Dutchy	11112001
Boiling Springs No. 1.		**Newark G. C.**	
N E Money	2222222222—10	S Castle	121110
F Van Dyke	2222222222—10	J Erb	021212
Capt Money	1212•1112•— 8—28	W H Green	012021

East Side G. C.		Jersey City Heights G. C.	
K Henry	2222222222—10	Capt Jones	20212
H Hassinger	2211222222—10	W Sigler	1120
Schorty	0222022220— 8—28	J von Lengerke	22211
Boiling Springs No, 2.		**Passaic City G. C.**	
C R Wise	22112 212'—10	B Abbott	1212020
F Hall	2021212222— 9	J Coman	2121012
G E Greiff	2221220222 — 9—28	Count	1222201
Paterson Social R and G. C.			
G Hopper	122222	E Morgan	020012
C Wright	212221		

Ties on 28 at 3 birds per man:

East Side G. C.			Boiling Springs No. 1.		
Henry	222—3	122—3	N Money	222—3	222 3
Hassinger	222—3	212—3	Van Dyke	222—3	222—3
Schorty	222—3	222—3	Capt Money	212—3	221—3
Boiling Springs No. 2.					
Wise	212—3	0	Greiff	222—3	2
Hall	222—3	2			

OPEN EVENTS, SEPT. 30.

On the open set of traps three events were pulled off, two of them programme events, the other a miss-and-out. Owing to the late start in the morning the Passaic sweepstakes, 10 birds, $10, high guns, No. 3 on the programme, was dropped out. The scores in all three events decided were as below, 416 birds being trapped on this set of traps:

No. 1, Phœnix Introductory, 7 birds, $7, birds included, high guns:

Henry	2221212—7	Capt Money	2112211—7
Van Dyke	2212222—7	Heikes	2222221—7
Hawkins	2122211—7	147	122220
Malone	1021121	Hyde	0112
Cannon	2011112	Murray	01122
Morfey	22220	Wood	2202212
Hassinger	0221121	Dickey	1102222
Count	1011111	Fanning	21212 2—7
Erb	12020	Jones	2122221—7
Castle	1221111—7	Cahrs	0111101
Young	1111221—7	Grundy	2 21222—7
Hallowell	2112121—7	Glover	2111222 7
Fogarty	101121	Wise	112 212—7
Duston	1111121—7	Doty	11122 2 7
White	1111121—7	Geoffroy	1211212—7
Fulford	2212221—7	N Money	222220

No. 2, Clifton Sweepstakes, 10 birds, $10, birds included; the number of moneys (high guns) determined by number of entries. (Note—As there were twenty seven entries the number of moneys were nine, as follows: 22, 18, 14, 11, 10, 8, 7, 5 and 5 per cent.).

Nine men killed their 10 straight and divided the money up into nine equal portions. Scores were:

Fanning	1122212121—10	Capt Money	1211221212— 9
Van Dyke	1212122222—10	Mosher	2222102220— 8
A Doty	2212222222—10	Murray	122'0110
Zwirlein	1111111111—10	Hyde	22120
Dr Hudson	1111211112—10	Hallowell	11120
Heikes	1222222222—10	Young	21110
Wood	1212212212—10	Morfey	22220
Geoffroy	2222222212—10	Wise	0221
Daly, Jr.	2222222212—10	Wright	1110
Fulford	2121110221— 9	Hood	2020
Henry	2122222202— 9	Hawkins	0
Cannon	1120211122 - 9	Malone	0
Duston	1121122120— 9	J von L	0
Timmons	2222220202— 9		

On the open set of traps proceedings were brought to a close with a $5 miss-and-out. This event had sixteen entries, five men dividing the pot on 9 straight, it being too dark to shoot any later. Scores were:

Wright	2222221222	Capt Money	2212'2220
Fulford	2222221122	Geoffroy	22120
Malone	2111112212	Cannon	2210
Duston	1112212121	Hawkins	2210
Wood	2112211122	Daly, Jr.	211w
Hopper	1222212220	Wise	111w
Doty	2222222110	Jones	0
Zwirlein	1112122220	Murray	0

TARGET SHOOTING.

A match between J. 147 L. Winston and Banks having been arranged the night before between Winston and a few friends of his opponent, a special set of 5-target traps was placed in position at the extreme lower end of the track. The conditions were 200 targets per man; 100 at unknown angles and 100 at expert rule, total score to count. O. R. Dickey was referee; J. M. Hawkins worked the indicator; J. Jewell pulling the traps. By some mistake, the five traps were placed only 3yds. apart instead of 5yds.; this, of course, made the shooting easier than under regulation rules. Still the background of trees, with fall plumage on them somewhat counteracted the effects of the error in placing the traps and fixing the screen. The 100 unknown angles, walk-around, were shot first; the expert rules coming last. Scores were:

Unknown angles:

Banks....11111111111111111110111111111111111111111011101111—47
11111110111111101111111111111111101111111110111111110—45—92

Expert rules:

	11111	11111	11111	01111	11111—24
	10111	11011	11111	11111	11111—23
	11111	11111	10111	11111	11110—23
	11111	11101	10111	11111	11111—23—93—185

Unknown angles:

147.....11111101111111110111011101111111111101111110101111 1—43
10011111011101111110101101000111110111110111111111— 39—82

Expert rules:

	11111	01101	11111	11100	11111—21
	11111	11010	11111	11101	10011—20
	11011	11010	01111	11101	11111—20
	11111	11111	11111	01011	11110—22—83—165

Fourth Day, Oct. 1.

The first day of October was a perfect one for spectators at a shooting match, but it was by no means one of the best to make the birds fly. In fact, the weather on both the live-bird days of this shoot was entirely against good birds. Still the pigeons cannot be called poor in quality. Although we did not have much of an opportunity of judging of the class of birds supplied for this shoot, Manager Shaner and others who were well qualified to speak on this point, assured us that they were really a good lot of birds; of course, they hadn't a particle of breeze to help them in their flight, and the sun was so hot that if a trap was not pulled very shortly after a bird had been put in it, the confinement in such a small space had its effect, and some of the birds were slow to start. There were, however, lots of good ones, and the boys who drew these found a cipher or two creeping into the scores.

With all the live-bird shooters that Jersey can boast of, it just shows the condition of things in a trap shooting line in this State when we point out that there were only nineteen entries in the Jersey Handicap, or one less than was required to fill the guarantee of $500 to the three high guns. Of this number eleven were from Jersey, and six of the eleven were furnished by Paterson and Newark! Paterson, indeed, came out of the race very well. Chris. Wright, who is just now shooting in his very best form (and that's pretty good form, too), and A. Doty, a new name to most of the readers of trap reports in these columns, both from Paterson, helped Rolla Heikes to cut up the $500 guaranteed to the three high guns.

Seven men fell into the 24-hole. E. D. Fulford was one of the unfortunates, his 24th bird falling dead out of bounds. E. D. seems to be playing in the hardest of hard luck just now, particularly in the matter of live-bird sweeps. Young Hayes, of Newark, another new man at tournaments, was also in the same boat with Fulford, his bird, hard hit with the first barrel, going out of bounds wobbling. So far as we are aware, this is Hayes's first appearance in an open tournament, so his performance must be classed as above par. The full scores, which appear below in detail, with FOREST AND STREAM's trap-score type showing the flight of each bird, are able to tell the rest of the story of the Jersey handicap; we must, however, call attention to the work of W. Canon, the one-armed expert from Newark, N. J., who scored 23 out of 25, 18 of them with his first barrel:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

R O Heikes (30), Dayton, O.....↗↘↗→↙↘↑→↗↗←↗↓↗→↗→↑↖↓→↗↖↑→ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

C Wright (29), Paterson, N J....↘↑→→↙→←↘↖↑↙→↗→↗↗↖↴↑→→←→↓↖ 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2—25

A Doty (28), Paterson, N J....↗↑↖→→↙→↗↖↗←↖→→↗→↴↴↓↗↑←↗←↙ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—25

E D Fulford (30), Utica, N Y.....↘↗→↓↘↑↴↗↗↑↗←↗↴←↗←↗→↑↑↑←↗↖ 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 ● 2—24

F Van Dyke (30), Dayton, N J.....↗↑→↴↙↙↗↖↖↘↑↗←↙←→↑→→→→←↓→↘ 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

B Allaire (30), Louisville, Ky...↗↗↘→↓→→↖↑↖←↖→↴↖↗↑↴↑↑→↗→↖↗ 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

J S Fanning (30), San Francisco,..↖←↖↴↘↙↗↘↖↗↑↖←↑↗↑→→↴↖↗↗↑↗→ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

O R Dickey (30), Boston, Mass....↗↴↘↴↑←↑↙↖↗↙↗↗→↗←↑←↑↑↑↖←↑↖ 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1—24

Geo A Mosher (28), Syracuse, N Y...↴↘←↑↗↑↓↘↗↗←↗↙↙←↖↑↑↖←↖→↘↑↘ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1—24

W H Hayes (27), Newark, N J....↑↘→←↙↘↓→↗↙↙↙↙↴→→↑↗↑↑↗↗↴↘→ 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 1—24

N E Money (29), Oakland, N J....↗→↓↓↗↘↑↑→↗↙↙→→↘↓↘↗→↑↑↗→←→ 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 ● ● 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2—23

J J Hallowell (28), Bethayres, Pa...↖↴↑↑↙↓↖↗↑↗↗↗↴↗↗↑→←←↖↗→↖ 2 2 1 1 1 1 ● 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 2—23

Jas Timmons (28), Morristown, N J.↗↗→↘↗↖↖↘↗→←↓↙↑→↘→↕↕←↗→↙↗↘ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 ● 2—23

W Canon (26), Newark, N J.....→→↖↑→↗↑↖→↑↗→↑→←↗↰↴←↘↰↴↗←↗ 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 0 2 2 1 1—23

Capt Money (29), Oakland, N J....→→↘↗↘→↖↴↗↑↴↗←↖→↘↙↖←↗←↗↙↗↙ 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 ● 0 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 0—22

D A Wood (30), Cleveland, O ....↖↴↗←↑↘→↗↗↗←↴↙←↗↗↙↓↖↗↑↓→→↙ 2 2 2 2 ● 2 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 0—21

C von Lengerke (28), Jersey City. ↓↑↗↘←↙↖↖↖←↘←↙↗←←↘↴↓↖↗↗↓↗ 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 2—21

Grundy (27) Paterson, N J....↴↗↖↘←↓↙↘↴↗↓↗↗↗↗←↑←↑↗↖↗↖↝↶ 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 ● 0—19

J S Duston (28) Newark, N J.....↴→↑↗ 0 1 2 0 w

A 25-bird race between Capt. Money and Hallowell resulted in a tie, both parties killing all their birds. Any one looking at the scores will at once conclude that the birds were very easy, but this is not actually the case, for we are told that there were many good ones in the bunch of 50 birds trapped in this match. As a matter of fact, both men were shooting in their very best form, and it would have taken something more than ordinary in the way of a pigeon for one to have gotten away from this pair. The scores were:

Money .....11222212112212212221121 12211—25
Hallowell. 11111122221121121221221 2212- 25

Two $5 miss-and-outs were also shot. The results in these races were briefly as below:

No 1: Wood, Fulford and Duston 12; Capt. Money 11, N. Money 9, Fanning and Wright 5, Hallowell 2, P Jay and Hofler, 1; Canon 0.

No. 2: Wood, Allaire and Hallowell, 14; N Money 11, Fulford and Grundy, 0.

NOTES.

The Jersey State shoot cannot be classed as a thorough success. It was a nice shoot, but nothing like what Jersey ought to get up. There is an apathy among the trap-shooters of this State that must be corrected, or the State Association will find it a hard matter to get along.

It was quite like old times to have Dutchy Smith and Tom Keller laying themselves out to amuse the boys. When this pair tries to make fun for the crowd, there's never much doubt as to the outcome of their efforts.

With all due respect to our many good friends in this Association, we must say that the barring of Jack Brewer on the first live-bird day was a great mistake. The programme said positively in two places at least, that the shoot was "open to all." In one of these places it stated, "Bars no one, but welcomes all." There was no saving clause, reserving the right to refuse any entry, such as appears in the programme gotten out for the Grand American Handicap. This being the case, we reiterate the statement that we think the action of the executive committee in this matter was most unfortunate, to say the least.

Tom Morfey did not shoot in the Jersey Handicap, but he was at the grounds while the event was being shot. During the morning he found time to make a match with C. C. Beveridge at 100 targets, expert rules, and succeeded in losing the same with the $5 attached to it. The scores were; Beveridge 60 out of 75; Morfey retired with 50 out of 75.

Many of the old-timers were on hand at this shoot. Uncle Billy Sigler, Uncle Billy Hughes, Uncle Al Heritage, Asa Whitehead, Charlie Hedden, Sam Castle and others being among the number. Of the above Messrs. Heritage, Sigler and Castle took part in the events on the programme.

Phil Daly, Jr., was on hand the third day, and had something to say in regard to the Grand American Handicap of 1898. Mr. Daly feels satisfied that the number of entries next year will run close up to the 200 mark, and we feel very much inclined to take his view of the case. Certainly Elkwood Park is the ideal place for holding a live-bird shoot, hail, rain, snow or shine. Many improvements have been made at the grounds since last March, and those who took part in the last Grand American Handicap will, if they try again next year, find that Daly & Chanfrau, managers of the grounds, have performed the difficult feat of improving upon perfection.

Another unfortunate incident connected with the Jersey State shoot was the protest entered against the handing over of the team trophy at live birds to the Lyndhurst Shooting Association's team. The executive committee will test the merits of the protest, unless previously withdrawn, at its next meeting to be held within a few days. Things like this mar a tournament more than anything else, doing away with the general idea of good fellowship that ought to pervade all such gatherings.

Dutchy Smith said a good thing after losing a bird in one of the events on the third day. He fired both barrels at the bird, palpably hitting it hard with the second barrel. As he left the score a bystander said to him: "What did you do to that bird, Dutchy, to make it shiver so?" Quick as a flash came back the reply: "Soaked him with chilled shot, of course!" From all of which it will be gathered that Charlie Smith's popularity is well merited.

Colin R. Wise had hard luck in losing his last target in the individual championship race at targets on the first day of the shoot. Mr. Wise had run 24 straight, and only needed the last one, but—it got away. After effects showed that he needed that last target badly, as Justus von Lengerke tied his score of 24, and outshot him in the shoot-off. Immediately after the result of the shoot-off had been announced, Ferd Van Dyke handed us a written challenge, accompanied by a deposit of $10, challenging the winner, J. von Lengerke. The conditions under which the match will be shot are: 50 targets, unknown angles. All contests for this trophy must be held within the State of New Jersey, and within thirty days from the receipt of the challenge by "either of the parties authorized to receive the same." Thus the match will be shot some time before Oct. 28.

147 was in bad luck and out of form at this shoot. He had lots of grit, however, and found time to make and shoot a few matches during the week. He shot well in the programme events on the second day, and only went to pieces in the last event, just when he seemed to have a good chance for being right at the top. Dickey also found this event his Jonah one, too, for he dropped 5 targets in it, after starting in for the 20 targets tied for first average for the day with Rolla Heikes.

"The big Swede," as Tom Keller calls Rolla, landed in first place both days. He was shooting his new model '97 Winchester, and found he missed "Old Betsy" once or twice, when he drew some of those low and sharp left-quarterers from No. 1 trap as a starter in an event. Rolla says, however, that when he gets used to the new gun he'll not do a thing to live birds. Judging from his work on these articles on both live-bird days, he seems to be getting pretty well used to it even thus early in the game.

J. M. Hawkins, of Baltimore, shot targets very well on the second day, but the seventh event was fatal to his chances for a higher position than eighth on the list for the day. Event No. 3 on the same day was also another bad one for his average.

Jake Blenderman, of 100 West street, New York, an hotel shooters know well, donated a handsome ice-water set as a prize at this tournament. The conditions under which this trophy was shot for were of Jake's own choosing, and were as follows: "To go to the highest individual score in the 3-men team race for championship at targets. In case of a tie, the trophy to be shot for at 50 targets per man." This made quite an interesting race. Eight men tied on 22 out of 25: Van Dyke, Geoffroy, Sinnock, Keller, Dutchy, Schorty, Carl von Lengerke and Steve Palmer. On the first shoot-off Van Dyke and Geoffroy tied again. The second shoot-off resulted in an easy win for Ferd, whose success was most loudly applauded, the win being a very popular one. Ferd was shooting his new model Winchester, '97 model, and W. A. powder in Leader shells.

That was quite a race for the individual championship at live birds. Hank White, Noel Money and Tom Morfey tied for the badge with 15 straight. White soon dropped out of the tie, but Noel Money made Morfey kill 7 more, in addition to the 15 already shot, before losing a bird and also the badge. Morfey shot very well on this day, scoring every bird he shot at in the State events, a total of 32 straight.

The background for targets was a trying one for the shooters; so what must it have been for the eyes of the referees? Still, there were really fewer kicks at decisions than would naturally have been expected under the circumstances. Under the most favorable conditions no man can see everything, and the conditions at Clifton, although the best obtainable for this shoot, could never be classed as favorable for good refereeing.

The 750lb. sauerkraut team, as the boys termed the Climax Gun Club's No. 1 team in the three-men team race for State championship, caused lots of fun when posing for their photos before an amateur camera. Front and back views were taken, but the camera had to be 50ft. away to get in all three members of the team. Tom Keller with his 230lbs. was the baby of the team, while Schorty overtopped Dutchy by a head. The team won the trophy with a score of 66 out of 75, each man making 22.

The shoot was most wonderfully favored in the matter of weather. Although chilly in the extreme during the early morning hours of Thursday, Sept 23, for the balance of the shoot nothing better could be asked than the weather dealt out to the Association by the local weather clerk. Umbrellas were at a premium, but they were not needed to keep off rain; they were used as sunshades.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Baltimore Programme.

THE Baltimore Shooting Association has gotten out the programme for its fourth annual tournament, Oct. 19–22. A total of $500 will be added in cash to the purses. Of the above sum $150 per day will be added to both days' programme of target events, the first two days being devoted exclusively to target shooting. The remaining sum of $200 will be added to a guaranteed purse of $500, the total of $700 going to the four high guns in the Maryland Handicap, an event which takes place on Oct. 22, and which is more particularly mentioned later.

The shoot will be held at the Association's grounds, Pimlico road, where all similar events under the auspices of this Association have been held for the past few years.

THE TARGET EVENTS.

The programme of target events for the first day is as follows: Five events of 15 targets each, $1.50, with $12.50 added to each purse; five events of 20 targets each, $2, with $17.50 added to each purse. The second day's programme is precisely similar in every respect. All moneys in these events will be divided under the old system, with four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

LIVE BIRD EVENTS.

The last two days of this shoot will be devoted to live-bird shooting. On Oct. 21 there will be three events, as follows:

No. 1, Suburban Introductory, 7 birds, $7, birds included. Four moneys, high guns, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent; 30yds. everybody.

No. 2, Baltimore Sweepstakes, 10 birds, $10, birds included. Four moneys, high guns, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; 30yds. rise.

No. 3, the B. S. A. Handicap, 10 birds, $10, birds extra. Handicaps, 26 to 33yds. High guns. If twenty entries or less, four moneys; from twenty to twenty five, five moneys; from twenty-five to thirty, six moneys; from thirty to thirty-five, seven moneys; from thirty-five to forty, eight moneys.

For the second day the Maryland Handicap is scheduled. This event is at 25 birds, $25, birds extra, high guns. Handicaps, 26 to 33yds; $500 guaranteed by the Baltimore Shooting Association; all surplus added. Also $200 added by the Association. Open to all. The following is the way in which the purses will be divided:

The $500 guaranteed, and $200 added by the Association, is to go to the four high guns. First, $280; second, $210; third, $140; and fourth $70.

Should there be more than thirty and not exceeding forty entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $700 will be divided 20, 18, 17, 16, 15 and 14 per cent. to the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth highest guns.

Should there be more than forty and not exceeding fifty entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $700 will be divided 13, 13, 12, 12, 11, 11, 10, 10 and 8 per cent. to fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth highest guns.

Should there be more than fifty entries, all surplus over and above $1,450 (that is, fifty entries at $25 each) will be added to the sum $700 guaranteed to the four high guns, and will be divided proportionately between them at the rate of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Briefly summing the foregoing, it will be noted that the purse will be divided in accordance with the number of entries received. It is not possible for fifth money to exceed fourth, and the moneys would seem divided in such manner as to be just to all.

It will be specially noted that in all the live-bird events the purses go to the high guns, and that class shooting is done away with.

A FEW NOTES.

All guns and shells sent in care of the A. G. Alford Sporting Goods Company, 120 East Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., will be cared for and sent up to the grounds. The same company will also have on sale at the grounds a full line of first-class hand-loaded shells.

Shooting commences at 9 A. M. prompt each day.

The Carrollton Hotel will, as usual, be the shooters' headquarters during the tournament.

Any further information in regard to this tournament may be obtained by addressing the secretary of the Association, Mr. George L. Harrison, 120 East Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., Sept 28.—No. 1, 50 pairs, three traps, known angles, match race, entrance $5 each:

Stipp.

10 10 10 10 11 10 00 00 11 10 01 11 11 11 10 10 10 01 00 11 10 11 00 11 00
11 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 10 10 10 10 10 10 11 10 11 11 11
Total..... 67

Braxtan.

11 10 11 11 10 11 01 10 01 00 10 10 11 11 11 10 11 00 11 11 01 01 10 11 11
11 10 11 11 10 11 11 00 00 10 11 11 10 00 10 10 11 01 11 10 10 11 10 10 10
Total..... 67

Result a tie, which will be decided next week.

No 2, 20 targets, five traps, unknown angles:

Thompson	11101101111111011111—17	Kelly	10100101111011001111—13
Sherwood	11111111111111111111—20	Thornton	10110001111000100001— 9
Sears	11110100111101101011—14	Stipp	11111101101111111101—17

No. 3, 10 targets, 5 traps, unknown angles:

Kelly	1001000111— 5	Braxton	1111110111— 9
Sherwood	1111101111— 8	Sears	0101011100— 5
Thompson	1111100111— 8	Stipp	1111111111—10

No 4, team shoot, 10 targets per man, unknown angles, 5 traps; entrance, price of targets:

Stipp	1111111110— 9	Sherwood	1110110111— 8
Thompson	1111111111—10	Braxtan	1111111111—10
Kelly	1110111111— 9	Sears	0101101111— 7
Hatfield	0100110101— 5—33	Palmer	1111010000— 5—30

SHERWOOD, Sec'y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Newburgh Defeats the 10th Regiment.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Sept. 24.—The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association shot a race to-day with the 10th Regiment team, allowing them 2 points per man on each range, and finally beating them out by 20 points. Scores were:

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Haviland	4543444414—40	4 45554545—44	84
Higginson	5434445 44—41	2554105443—36	77
Harrison	4414040445 33	3445454454—42	75
Odell	2444434431—35	4353445514—40	75
Sneed	4400444444—38	354' 443245—42	74
Stansbrough	4413434414—38	4514145514—43	81
Scott	3454354'44—41	543 354555—43	84
Coleman	4434534444 39—299	5445545552—44—334	83 633

10th Regiment.

Jas Wood	4543444224—38	4243452023—29	67
W H Maher	45414 4441—41	4154410234—34	75
D W Jagger	244 434454 39	0244254324 32	71
W H Barton, Jr.	4544551454—44	4 03442435—33	77
F W Fullerton	4414444433—38	4412332150—31	69
J R Mathews	345'443433—35	2253335541—35	70
W A May	4154345 3 3—41	4245450445—38	79
S P Higney	3444334341—36 312	2415333154—37—269	73—581

DAVID BROWN, Pres't.

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO Ill., Sept. 27.—Below are the scores made Sept. 19 and 26 by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club on the club's ranges. Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt made a clean sweep on both occasions:

Medal contest, 200yds.:

	Sept 19.	Sept 26
Schmidt	42 6 5 3 4 35	3 4 6 5 5 63—42
Metcalfe	0123701532—24	13 6 4 13 24—34
Norcom	0201300030—11	1112174021—20

Ladies' medal contest, 100yds:

	Sept 19.	Sept 29.
Mrs Schmidt	5410313243—32	3737575384—50
Mrs Chamberlain	4705420000—23	3533351047—40
Mrs Marshall		3033469934—43

PATERSON.

San Francisco Riflemen.

San Francisco, Sept. 27.—Shell Mound range was crowded with riflemen yesterday. The marksmen of the Columbia Club devoted their attention to their all comers' medals, and the German clubs to bullseye shooting. The feature of the day was Ernest Jacobson's clean score of 50 with a Sharp's military rifle. This was made in the Columbia Club's contest for the military medal. This is a re-entry match, best ten scores of ten shots during the year to win. At present the contestants stand: E. Hovey 477, E. Jacobson 477, F. O. Young 475, F. H Bushnell 475, J. E Gorman 466. A. H. Pape has entered the race, making 47 and 49 yesterday. This match is shot on the Columbia target, and only shots in the true 8in. circle count bullseyes.

Our marksmen are more and more convinced of the superiority of the large bullseye over the small one. The eye is less strained, and as a consequence the shooting is more agreeable and more accurate.

Scores for the day:

Rifle re entry matches, open to all comers, 200yds., Columbia target, F. H Bushnell rifle medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: F. O. Young, 9, 11, 12, 12.

William Glindemann military medal and cash prizes, 10 shots, Creedmoor count: E. Jacobson, 50, 47; A. H. Pape, 49, 47; F. H. Bushnell, 48, 47; F. O. Young, 48, 47, 47; E. Hovey, 47, 46.

Cash prizes on flags, inch centers made during month: F. O. Young 4, A. H. Pape 2.

Pistol, re-entry matches, open to all comers. 50yds., Columbia target. Gordon Blanding pistol medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: A. B. Dorrell, 9, 10; F. O. Young, 8, 12.

Howard Carr any revolver medal and cash prizes, 6-shot scores: A. B. Dorrell, 24, 29, 32; C. Roberts 32.

Achille Roos .22 rifle medal, ladies' trophies and cash prizes, 5-shot scores: A. B. Dorrell, 7. 9, 11; Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 13, 15; Mrs. M J. White, 13, 18; E A. Goddard, 26.

Cash prizes on flags, inch centers made during month, Blanding flags: Young 2, Dorrell 2, Gorman 1. Small rifle: Dorrell 20, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 7, Mrs. M. J. White 2, Jacobson 1.

BULLSEYES.

There was a large attendance of German sharpshooters on the range contesting for cash prizes and monthly medals Their scores were up to the average and afforded the shooters considerable sport. The regular bullseye contests of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein and the Germania Schuetzen Club resulted in the following securing cash prizes, as decided by the machine that is used to measure the disks, together with the points and the order of the winnings:

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein: 1, F. Koch, 147 points; 2, E H. Goetze, 180; 3. Hy P. Schuster, 232; 4, O. Lemcke, 282; 5, L. Bendel, 441; 6, H M. Wreden, 497; 7, A. H. Pape, 582; 8, J. Tiedemann, 603; 9, Wm Glindemann. 615; 10, J. C. Waller, 629; 11, C. F. Rust, 742; 12, C. Thierbach, 750; 13, H. H. Burfeind, 753; 14, John Utschig, 828; 15. L. Haake, 895; 16. N. Abrens, 988; 17, John DeWitt, 1,053; 18, R. Stettin, 1,132; 19, Wm. Ehrenpfort, 1,295; 20. D. B. Faktor. 1,546.

Germania Schuetzen Club: 1. Bendel, 137; 2, D. B. Faktor, 212; 3, F. P. Schuster, 216; 4, J. Utschig, 315; 5, E C Rust, 319; 6, C. Thierbach, 491; 7, N Ahrens, 496; 8, D. Saalfield, 597; 9, W. Morken, 649. Roeel.

Yachting.

YACHT RACING FIXTURES 1897.

The following list of fixtures has been compiled from many different sources, some of them not official, and it may contain some errors. We shall be glad to have notice of corrections and additions.

Races of the Sound Y. R. U. are marked with the letter S; those of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. with the letter M:

OCTOBER.

9. Miramichi, Gould cup, Chatham, N. B.
9-10. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Corinthian Cove, San Francisco.
16. Cor. San Francisco, closing day, San Francisco.
17. Cor. San Francisco squadron, cruise, San Franc'sco.

The Proposed Yacht Racing Association.

As stated in the announcement published last week, the meeting for the purpose of organizing a national yachting association will be held in New York on Saturday, Oct. 30. The general plan of the proposed organization is set forth in the following, which has been sent out with the accompanying racing rules, to all clubs in the United States and Canada.

Proposed articles of Association of the Yacht Racing Association of North America.

ARTICLE I.

Name.—The name of this organization shall be the Yacht Racing Association of North America.

ARTICLE II.

Objects.—The objects of the Association shall be to encourage yacht racing and promote the adoption of uniform racing rules throughout the United States and Canada, but no association, union or club shall be bound by any action of this Association until it has ratified such action.

ARTICLE III.

Organization.—Any yacht club in North America, having a regular membership of over one hundred, and over fifteen yachts of 15ft. racing measurement or upward, enrolled in their fleet, or any association or union of yacht clubs, shall be eligible for membership in the Association.

ARTICLE IV.

Representation.—Each association, union or club shall be entitled to be represented in this Association as follows:

1. Each local association or union belonging to this Association, shall be entitled to choose from the delegates from the clubs of which it consists, representatives to this Association, the number of such representatives to be determined as follows:

(a) One representative for each club having 100 members, and one representative in addition for each additional 200 members.

(b) Each club belonging to this Association, but not connected with any local association or union, shall be entitled to choose from its members one representative for 100 members, and one representative in addition for each additional 200 members.

ARTICLE V.

Management.—The affairs of the Association shall be managed by a council consisting of fifteen representatives, who shall be elected annually by the Association at the annual meeting, and shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected, and shall have power to fill vacancies in their number.

ARTICLE VI.

Duties of Council.—It shall be the duty of the Council to consider and act upon application for membership in the Association, to appoint special officers and committees, to frame racing rules for submission to the Association, and to determine and settle all difficulties and disputes relating to yacht racing which may be referred to them for decision, and, further, to take such steps as they may consider necessary and expedient to carry into effect the objects and purposes of the Association.

The Council shall elect a chairman, a secretary and a treasurer.

The chairman may call special meetings of the Council whenever necessary, and shall do so upon the requisition in writing of five members, in which case five days' notice must be given of such meeting.

The Council shall meet at such times and places as they may consider expedient.

Five representatives shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Council.

ARTICLE VII.

Meetings.—There shall be an annual meeting of the Association, at such place as the Council shall determine, on the first Saturday of October in each year. The Council may call special meetings of the Association whenever they may consider it necessary.

Fifteen representatives shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Association.

Ten days' notice, in writing, of a meeting shall be given to each representative.

At any general meeting of the Association voting shall be allowed by proxy.

ARTICLE VIII.

Subscription.—The expenses of the Association shall be apportioned and assessed among the associations, unions and clubs as may be determined by the Council, but no assessment to exceed $2 a representative shall be levied in any one year.

ARTICLE IX.

Amendments.—Amendments to these articles may be adopted at any meeting of the Association by a two-thirds vote of those present in person or by proxy, provided that the proposed amendment in full shall be contained in the notice of the meeting.

Racing Rules.

MANAGEMENT.

All races and all yachts sailing therein shall be under the control and direction of the race committee of the club giving the race. All matters shall be subject to their approval and control, and all questions and disputes which may arise shall be decided by them. Their decisions shall be based upon these rules, and shall be final, unless, upon the application of the parties interested, or for other reasons, they choose to refer the questions at issue to the Council of the Association. Such reference shall be final.

No member of the Council or of any race committee shall take part in the decision of any question in which he is directly interested.

A member of a race committee who is the owner of a yacht sailing in a race shall not act upon the committee in the management of such race.

APPLICATION.

Yachts shall be amenable to the rules from the time the preparatory signal is made until the finish of the race.

OWNERSHIP.

No two yachts owned wholly or in part by the same person shall compete in the same class.

ENTRIES.

All entries shall be made in writing, and shall be signed by the owner or his representative, giving the name of the yacht, class, racing length and racing number.

Entries shall be filed in the manner prescribed by the club under whose auspices the race is sailed.

INSTRUCTIONS.

1. The owner of each yacht entered for a race shall, at the time of the entry, or as soon thereafter as possible, be supplied with written or printed instructions as to the conditions of the race and the courses to be sailed.

2. The race committee may change the courses or amend the instructions, provided notice of such change is given to the owner of each yacht before the preparatory signal is made.

3. In the absence of the owner, the delivery of instructions to any person on board his yacht shall be sufficient.

SAILS.

1. The following sails may be carried:

On Schooners: Mainsail, foresail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib, jib-topsail, working main and fore gaff-topsail, main topmast staysail and spinaker.

On Sloops and Cutters: Mainsail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib, jib-topsail, working gaff-topsail and spinaker.

On Yawls: The same as on sloops and cutters, with mizzen and mizzen-staysail.

On Catboats: Mainsail.

2. Light sails may set over working sails.

3. No extra spars, booming-out or whisker poles, except a spinaker boom, shall be used.

4. A working main or fore gaff-topsail must be jib-headed and must not extend above the truck or beyond the end of the gaff. A spinaker must be triangular, and must not extend above the truck or beyond the outer end of the spinaker boom.

FITTINGS, WATER AND BALLAST.

1. Floors shall be kept down, and bulkheads and doors left standing. Galley fixtures and fittings shall be kept on board in their proper places, and one serviceable anchor and cable shall be carried.

2. Trimming by dead weight shall not be allowed, and neither water nor ballast shall be taken in or discharged.

PRIVATE SIGNALS AND NUMBERS.

The owner's private signal shall be carried at the main peak, and the racing number shall be placed above the reef points, at an equal distance from the luff and leach, on each side of the mainsail.

POSTPONEMENT.

The race committee may postpone a race, should unfavorable weather make a postponement advisable.

A race postponed or resailed shall be considered a new race.

TIME AT FINISH AND START.

1. All starts shall be flying, and shall be "time" or "one-gun" starts, as may be specified in the instructions.

2. In time starts an interval shall be allowed for crossing the line, and the time of each yacht shall be taken when the point marked by the foremast in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls crosses the starting line. A yacht crossing the line after the starting interval shall be timed as having crossed at its expiration.

3. In one-gun starts each yacht shall be timed from the starting signal.

4. The time of finish of each yacht shall be taken when the point marked by the foremast in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls crosses the finish line.

5. In any start, if the point marked by the foremast in schooners, and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls, has crossed the line before the signal for the start in her class is made, she must return and re-cross the line.

A yacht so returning, or one working into position from the wrong side of the line after the first starting signal has been made, must keep clear of, and give way to, all yachts in the race.

PROPULSION.

1. No means of propulsion other than sails shall be employed.

2. Manual power only shall be used in working a yacht.

MARKS.

1. A mark is a vessel, boat, buoy or other object used to indicate the course, and is not a mark until the starting signal has been given, and does not involve any question of sea room.

2. If the courses are not found as stated in the instructions, or should any stake-boat, buoy or other mark be absent or moved from its proper position during a race, the race may be resailed or not, at the option of the race committee.

ANCHORING.

A yacht may come to anchor, but must weigh anchor again and not slip. A yacht shall not warp or kedge, or make fast to any buoy, stage, pier, vessel or other object, except for purposes specified in Rule —

RUNNING AGROUND AND FOULING.

A yacht running aground or fouling a buoy, pier, vessel or other object, may use her anchors, warps, boats, etc., to get clear, but may not receive any assistance, except from vessel fouled. Any anchor, warp or boat so used must be taken on board again before continuing the race.

ACCIDENTS.

Every yacht shall render all possible assistance to any vessel or person in peril, and if in the judgment of the race committee she shall thereby have impaired her chance of winning, they may order the race to be resailed between such yacht and the winner in her class.

SOUNDING.

No other means of sounding than the hand lead and line shall be employed.

RIGHT OF WAY.

When one yacht is approaching another yacht so as to involve a risk of fouling, one of them shall keep clear of the other as follows:

1. Maneuvering for a Start.—In maneuvering for a start, up to the time of the starting signal, where two or more yachts with the wind on the same side are standing toward the line, and the weather yacht has the wind freer than the yacht to leeward, the leeward yacht shall have the right to hold her course.

2. On Different Points of Sailing.—A yacht free shall keep clear of one close hauled.

3. On the same Point of Sailing with the Wind on Opposite Sides.—When both yachts are close-hauled, or both free, or both have the wind aft and on opposite sides, the yacht with the wind on the port side shall keep clear.

A yacht is deemed to have the wind on the side opposite to that on which she is carrying her main boom.

4. On the Same Point of Sailing with the Wind on the Same Side.—When both yachts are free or have the wind aft and on the same side, the yacht to the windward shall keep clear.

5. Wind Aft.—A yacht with the wind aft shall keep clear of a yacht on any other point of sailing.

6. Overtaking.—An overtaking yacht shall, in every case, as long as an overlap exists, keep clear of the yacht which is being overtaken, except as specified in Sec. 13.

7. Definition of Overlap.—An overlap is established when an overtaking yacht has no longer a free choice of which side she will pass, and continues to exist as long as the leeward yacht by luffing, or the weather yacht by bearing away, is in danger of fouling.

8. Altering Course.—When of two yachts one is obliged to keep clear, the other shall not alter her course so as to involve risk of fouling.

9. Luffing.—A yacht may luff as she pleases in order to prevent another from passing her to windward, provided she begins to luff before an overlap is established.

10. Bearing Away.—A yacht shall not bear away out of her course so as to hinder another in passing to leeward.

11. Rights on New Courses.—A yacht shall not be entitled to her rights on a new course until she has filled away.

12. Converging Close-Hauled.—When two yachts, both close-hauled on the same tack, are converging by reason of the leeward yacht holding a better wind, and neither can claim the rights of a yacht being overtaken, then the yacht to leeward shall keep clear.

13. Passing and Rounding Marks.—If an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them without tacking are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark.

A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark, after the latter has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.

14. Obstruction to Sea Room.—When a yacht is approaching a shore, shoal, rock, vessel or other dangerous obstruction, and cannot go clear by altering her course without fouling another yacht, then the latter shall on being hailed by the former at once give room; and in case one yacht is forced to tack or bear away in order to give room, the other shall also tack or bear away, as the case may be, at as nearly the same time as is possible without danger of fouling; but should such obstruction be a designated mark in the course, a yacht shall not force another to tack under the provisions of this rule.

DISQUALIFICATION.

Every yacht must go fairly around the course, and must not touch any mark, but shall not be disqualified if wrongfully compelled to do so by another.

If a yacht, in consequence of her neglect of these rules, shall foul another yacht, or compel another yacht to foul any yacht, mark or obstruction, or to run aground, she shall be disqualified and the owner shall pay all damages.

The race committee may, without a protest, disqualify any yacht, should it come to their knowledge that she has committed a breach of these rules.

PROTESTS.

1. Notice of intention to protest that a yacht has violated these rules may be given during a race by displaying flag B of the signal code, and keeping such flag flying until answered by the race committee with the answering pennant.

2. Protests must be filed in writing with the race committee before 6 o'clock P. M. of the day succeeding the race, exclusive of Sundays, and must be signed by the owner or his representative.

3. If through protest the measurement of a yacht be called in question, the race committee shall direct the measurer to remeasure such yacht, and the result as reported by him shall be final. The usual fee for measuring shall be collected from the owner, if the measurement be found wrong; and from the person protesting if the measurement be found right.

While the scheme thus outlined is less elaborate than some that have been proposed, and while it by no means covers all of what we consider the proper functions of such a national yachting body, at the same time it covers the immediate essentials, and it is sufficiently moderate to avoid the objections of even those who can see in such a movement nothing but a trick of the many smaller clubs to exert undue power over the few large ones. As distinctly but rather inopportunely stated in the second article, no body is to be bound by the rules of the Association until it has distinctly accepted such rules. However necessary such a statement may be, its direct connection with the objects of the associations named in the same section, is not quite clear.

One very important point in the establishment of a new organization of any kind is the name. Changes of constitution, by-laws and rules must come in time in all organizations, however carefully the original work may be done, but changes of name are always undesirable; this much, at least, should be done properly at the start.

The name proposed, "Yacht Racing Association of North America," may be strictly correct, but it is open to several objections. In its form it is clumsy and unwieldy; there is too much of it to be used in full, and if abbreviated to the mere initials, as is usually done, it comes in conflict with half a dozen smaller Y. R. As. already in existence. In Great Britain no such objection exists, the simple letters Y. R. A. stand for the one governing body in British yachting; in this country, however, we have the Lake Y. R. A., the Massachusetts Y. R. A., the Interlake, Northwestern and other

naller bodies with similar initials. For this reason it ould seem desirable to start the new and more important ganization on a little different basis, with a name that hall mark it distinctively from all the subordinate associaons and unions.

The correct name must embody three ideas: union, yachtsen, North America; and in some direct and simple form hat is easily indicated by initials, such as the American anoe Association (A. C. A.) and the League of American Wheelmen (L. A. W.). Taking the first idea, union, either f three words, "union," "association" or "league," will onvey the meaning; and there is little to choose between hem as to the fine shades of meaning. Of the three, "assolation" is the least desirable, being already in such general se in the same connection.

The second idea, indicating the sport or the persons interested, is in the form of "Yacht Racing" in the title already roposed. While racing must always be the *raison d'etre* or such an organization, it is not the only one by ny means. The sport of yachting at large, certainly f more importance than yacht racing alone, is quite apable of profiting by the assistance of a national ody devoted to its interests; and there is no reason, even hough at the present time it may be inclined to go no furher, why the new organization should distinctly limit its xertions to yacht racing. Such a word as "Yachting" ould be more compreh ensive, and quite as accurate.

ONAWA, OF LAKE MINNETONKA.
Owned by Messrs. H. J. and W. C. Burton.

The word "American" has, in common use, two different meanings; in its broader sense, as used in the title, "American Canoe Association," it covers the continent of North America, embracing Canada and the United States alike. It was adopted on the organization of the A. C. A. in 1880 by representatives of both nations, and has been in general use ever since without any question arising as to whether it related more directly to one than to the other. At the same time the word is also used in a much more restricted sense to apply to the United States alone, as in the "League of American Wheelmen," which organization is confined wholly to the United States, and has a counterpart, though entirely distinct, in the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. So far as this side of the line is concerned, there would probably be no objection to the term "American," as briefer and better than "North American"; we cannot answer for the feeling on the part of Canadian yachtsmen, but the experience in canoeing indicates that there are no serious grounds for objection.

Without attempting any final suggestion, we would point out the desirability of some brief and compact title, such as "American Yachting League" (A. Y. L.), or one of similar form. It is certainly important that the organization should start with a good title, and we do not consider the one now proposed as at all satisfactory.

The scheme of organization is very simple, with merely a council of fifteen and but three officers, chairman, secretary and treasurer. The general provisions as to representation, meetings, voting, etc., are in accordance with general usage in such associations. The date of the annual meeting, the first Saturday in October, is rather early, the last Saturday would be better, as there will, presumably, be a good deal to do between the end of the active racing, some time in September, and the date of the meeting; all the routine of reports and the proposals for amendment of rules coming at that time.

The action of the original conference is well known; after much discussion it was decided to take no action whatever prior to final organization in the matter of measurement and classification rules; and in accordance with this the special committee on racing rules has dealt only with the general rules relating to the management of races and the racing "rules of the road." Very few changes have been made from the existing practice in the majority of clubs, the most important being the provision that a buoy or boat does not become a mark until the starting (not the preparatory) signal is given; with which is offered a modification of the new rule governing maneuvering for the line. In other respects there is nothing in the rules which alters the general practice on yacht racing.

Onawa.

FOR the past two seasons the 20-footer Onawa has not been raced, but during the present season she has been in commission on Lake Minnetonka, Mr. H. J. Burton and his son, Ward C. Burton, sailing her for pleasure and exercise. Being thoroughly familiar with the yacht after long practice, they have taken special pleasure in developing her highest speed under favorable conditions; and in this they have been aided by the fact that the courses on Lake Minnetonka, where there is neither tide nor current, are accurately surveyed on the ice, and marked by piles driven down immovably. The distances are thus fixed beyond question, and it is only a matter of careful and reliable timing between marks. The accompanying cut, from an amateur photo recently taken, shows Onawa, with Messrs. Burton and Miss Burton on board. The yacht was originally very lightly built, but she is still sound and strong and capable of hard service, such as she is frequently put to when the weather permits, merely for the sake of the excitement of sailing. She is 26ft. 9in. over all, about 20ft. l.w.l., 6ft. 4in. beam, and carries but 400sq. ft. of sail, thus making her racing length close to 20ft. The following account of one of her trials is from the Minneapolis *Morning Times* of Aug. 17; she has equaled this time on other occasions:

The velocity attained by Onawa on Lake Minnetonka is believed to exceed any record yet made by vessels under 100ft. in length, propelled by sails alone.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock P. M. last Friday, the velocity of the wind in this vicinity was twenty-two to twenty-six miles per hour, according to the observations of the United States Weather Bureau. The larger boats were close-reefed, and not all of them succeeded even in getting to windward in the trial of the Minnetonka Y. C. for selecting a representative for the White Bear races.

Onawa was sent out under full racing sail to windward as far as Big Island, in order to return with the wind on the starboard quarter, and made the trip four times. On one run she left the steamer Saucy Kate far behind, going apparently twice as fast as the steamer. The best time made from the Excelsior-Wayzata buoy, near Big Island, to the club house dock, on inside channel was 2m. 10s.

George W. Cooley, who surveyed the M. Y. C. course, states the distance between the two points as 2,990ft., just about one-half of a nautical mile, and .57 of a statute mile. This would make the speed at the rate of 16 statute miles per hour, or 13 nautical miles, somewhat better than the best speed recorded even of the 90ft. Defender.

The Boston Knockabouts.

THE following interesting summary of the season's racing of the knockabout class of Massachusetts Bay is the work of Mr. W. E. Robinson, of the Boston *Globe*. We can speak from experience in similar work of the labor involved in the compilation and comparison of such records:

KNOCKABOUT RECORDS—TABLE 1.

	Starts.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	Av.
Gosling	26	7	8	4	1	1	0	.453
Mongoose	23	4	7	5	1	0	0	.380
Fly	27	7	3	5	5	1	2	.361
Cock Robin	5	3	0	1	0	1	0	.325
Cockatoo	20	3	4	2	6	1	1	.275
Hazard	26	3	4	7	4	6	1	.259
Sally III	23	2	1	3	5	5	3	.141
Jacobin	13	0	1	0	2	1	1	.038

KNOCKABOUT RECORDS—TABLE II.

	Gosling.	Fly.	Mongoose.	Cock Robin.	Cockatoo.	Hazard.	Sally III.	Jacobin.
Gosling	..	16	11	2	9	15	16	11
Fly	9	..	12	0	11	12	14	10
Mongoose	9	9	..	1	11	12	13	7
Cock Robin	2	3	4	..	2	4	4	1
Cockatoo	9	7	6	1	..	9	11	7
Hazard	8	12	10	1	9	..	15	9
Sally III	5	7	6	1	5	6	..	11
Jacobin	1	3	3	0	0	3	1	..

In no class in or around Boston has there been such steady and interesting racing as that between the 21ft. knockabouts, nor is there a class in which the boats have been so evenly matched or in which it has been so hard to pick a winner. There have been thirty-six races—club, open or sweepstakes—during the season, in which the boats of the class could enter, and but two of them were on a conflicting date.

The fact that five of the racing fleet entered and sailed in thirty or more of these races speaks volumes for the persistency of their owners, the sport which the racing afforded, and the possibility of a win at any time. The racing is also a high tribute to what can be accomplished in a "restricted" class, where a boat is not necessarily "outbuilt" every year, and where the cost is moderate and the racing strictly corinthian.

Nor does there seem to be any prospect of the interest in the class dying out. The results of the season's racing are not so conclusive in the matter of the superiority of one boat over another as to discourage an owner from continuing next year with this season's boat, while at the same time there is already talk of new boats by men both in and out of the present racing contingent.

Taken all around, the class is proving itself an extremely valuable one from almost any standpoint, and deserves encouragement in every possible way,

In presenting the records of the season's racing, the *Globe* has, however, taken only those races which counted for the Y. R. A. championship. It was this championship which was the main prize in the class, and races which did not count for it were deemed by many of the owners as merely side issues to the main question. In fact, several starts were made which would not have been had the races been championship ones. A comparison of the entire racing season is a very interesting one, but a comparison on a Y. R. A. basis is but simple justice to boats speciallly competing for that championship.

In table No. 1 is shown the number of times a boat has started and the places she secured. No boat is credited with a place unless defeating a competitor. In table No. 2 is shown the number of times each boat has beaten or has been beaten by every other boat in the fleet. Read it across the columns for wins and down the columns for losses. There have been twenty-nine races which counted for Y. R. A. championships.

Jenny Wren is not included in the tables, since she only started in four races and was last each time. So far as the writer could ascertain there are no protests pending except that at Hull, Sept. 11, and they will not affect the standing of the boats, whichever way they may be decided. The positions in that race are therefore credited as the boats finished. The decision of the protests would make but minor changes.

A look at table No. 1 shows that Fly has the "sportiest" record of the lot with 27 starts. Gosling and Hazard are a close second with 26 each, and then come Mongoose and Sally III with 23 each. Cockatoo has been raced with commendable persistency, but Cock Robin has been raced so little in championship races as to make her record an unsatisfactory one for championship comparison.

The boats are ranked in table No. 1 according to their Y. R. A. averages. Cock Robin's total percentage is divided by 10 as required under Association rules, the requirement being made to insure starts in at least ten races by boats really out for the championship.

In table No. 2, however, the boats, with the exception of Cock Robin, are ranked on the basis of series with other boats, won, lost or tied. The writer believes this to be the fairer way of the two, and as more likely to show the boat's relative abilities. The exception is made in Cock Robin's case for the reason that she has started in so few races as to make almost impossible a fair comparison with boats racing five times as often. She is therefore left in the same position between the winning and losing divisions of the fleet to which she is entitled by her Y. R. A. average, and her wins and losses can show for whatever they may be worth.

Gosling takes first place by reason of having won five series, lost none and tied two. Fly comes second with four won, two lost and one tied, while Mongoose is third with four won and three lost. It is a close fit between Fly and Mongoose, but since the former has won her series with the latter she is entitled to precedence.

The question of place between Cockatoo and Hazard is also a close one. They are tied in series lost and won, also in their series with each other, but in proportion to her number of starts—and she has started a sufficient number of times to entitle her to her full rank in the tables—Cockatoo shows a little ahead.

In brief, the results of the tables are: Gosling wins from Mongoose, Fly, Hazard, Sally III. and Jacobin, and ties Cock Robin and Cockatoo. Fly wins from Mongoose, Cockatoo, Sally III. and Jacobin, loses to Gosling and Cock Robin and ties Hazard. Mongoose wins from Cockatoo, Hazard, Sally III. and Jacobin, and loses to Gosling, Fly and Cock Robin. Cockatoo and Hazard win only from Sally III. and Jacobin, while Sally wins only from Jacobin. Jacobin has not been raced with that persistency characteristic of her owner's course in past seasons, but has at times shown much better speed than her low place in the table would indicate.

But after all the careful tabulation of the results of the season's racing, the question may be fairly asked—do the records and tables in this case actually show which is the fastest boat of the fleet, and is the matter of superiority decisively settled?

And in reply the writer would answer that, in his opinion, "no." The records indeed show what has been done in the

season's racing, but they cannot show conditions of wind and weather, nor can they tell how much of that undoubted factor, "luck," has entered into the problem. So for an answer to the question of actual superiority, recourse must be had to the races themselves.

When the Y. R. A. season closed, on Sept. 11, there was a very general impression that Gosling was the best all-around boat of the fleet and that she deserved the championship she had won. That impression has not changed so far as the championship is concerned, and yet it must be conceded that Mongoose was giving her a close race for first place when the season closed, and in view of the entire season's racing, both in and out of the Y. R. A. races, it may be still an open question as between the two.

The question of superiority should not, however, be considered as settled by the sweepstake races of the Knockabout Association, sailed after the close of the Y. R. A. season. Mongoose beat Gosling in all three races, but it must be remembered that all three were sailed practically in two divisions, with Gosling in one and Mongoose in the other. Gosling's owner had planned to stop racing with the close of the Y. R. A. season, but as it was desired to "try out" Cock Robin in the hands of her original owner, Gosling entered the races and made a win from Mr. Eaton's boat her sp ial effort.

A series of races between Gosling and Mongoose would help settle the question, but since this is impossible at thi late date, the fairest way seems to be to let the matter res on the facts as shown. Gosling has the championship, but Mongoose has given her a close rub.

The margin of superiority between any two boats of the entire fleet is, in fact, a very small one. It might, indeed, and often has been wiped out by a poor start or a bit of bad luck. The boat which secured the best start in the races has sometimes been the winner on that advantage alone. It is these uncertain features of the races which have helped make it interesting, and which have so divided the wins as to keep every one guessing.

With wind, weather, the start and luck all entering into the problem, who, then, can give a decided answer?

There is a way, however, by which one feature of the racing can, to a certain extent, be eliminated. With a fleet so closely matched as this one, there is always a temptation to "split tacks" and go looking for a better chance. The yachtsmen who have been racing the 21-footers at Newport had a try at the problem of eliminating this chance by racing the boats in pairs, as is done in other kinds of sport. Just how satisfactory was the result does not fully appear, but at least one race of this kind would not be a bad experiment to try next season. Toward the close of the season it might furnish a basis for accurate comparison not otherwise to be obtained, and might help answer the question which is now puzzling "all hands and the cook."

But there is one question which was asked early in the season, to which an answer can confidently be given. "Can Cock Robin be beaten?" has been answered in the affirmative. The position that she is still the fastest boat in the fleet is hardly a tenable one in view of the racing, and yet she is so close to the fastest that the chances before mentioned would either give her a win or bar her from it. She can be beaten, but not all the time, nor possibly even the most of the time. There is every encouragement for her owner to race her next season for all she is worth, and see just where she stands.

It is also apparent that the new boats are closer to Cock Robin than the boats of last year, and that an advance has been made all along the line. Still it is not the new Herreshoff boats which rank Cock Robin in the table, and more than one yachtsman will be found to say that the Bristol designer's first knockabout was a lucky hit, on which he will have hard work to improve. Yet it is a very close thing all around, and its closeness is what make it valuable. There is no reason why the success of the class should not be continued.

Capt. Henry E. Bayly.

THIS veteran yachtsman, whose name is familiar to our readers in connection with many designs, died recently at his home in Exmouth, England, at the age of sixty-eight years. He entered the British army at an early age, and when stationed at Plymouth began his yachting career; after several years of service in the West Indies, he was transferred to Canada in 1851, spending nearly twelve years there, during part of which time he served in the Royal Canadian Rifles. Always an ardent yachtsman, he took up the pursuit of designing at a time, nearly fifty years ago, when comparatively few yachtsmen concerned themselves with anything more than the owning or sailing of a vessel. As long ago as 1856, when home on leave, he designed the 15-tonner Ethel, remarkable in that day for having a lead keel of nearly two tons. Being home again at Plymouth in 1862, he picked up a sailing boat of the Itchen type—Blossom—and finding her defective in many ways set about rebuilding her, renaming her Coral. When he finally returned permanently to England in 1865 he took the new-old boat in hand again and rebuilt her entirely, making practically a new craft of his own design; the work being done by Bulley, a builder, of Shaldon. As became a Devon man, Capt. Bayly was a staunch admirer of the old Devon sea-dogs, and over the new yacht Buccaneer he hoisted as a racing flag a red scull and crossbones on a black ground. In later years, long after Buccaneer had passed out of the yacht list, her owner still clung to the names suggestive of Drake and Raleigh and the Spanish Main; "Boucanier," merely another spelling, "Piccaroon," "Scourge," etc.

For over a dozen years Buccaneer brought pleasure and credit to her designer, defeating from the start such famous cutters of the day as Quiver, Folly, Dudu and Queen. In 1871 she was taken in hand again, to fit her to meet newer yachts. She was hipped and about half a ton of lead added to her keel, the alterations making her good enough to defeat the then new Ildegonda, 15-tonner. Five years later sh was lengthened to keep her up to the new yachts. Her local fame as a sea boat was such that when offered for sale in 1878 she found purchasers in some Dartmouth pilots, who built up her bulwarks and used her for years in their business.

In 1882 Capt. Bayly designed the 3-tonner Spankadillo, a very fine example of the narrow lead-mine, and raced her for some years, also using her for cruising. When the narrow boats passed away, he designed the 2½-rater Jack O'Lanthorne, quite a successful craft, though increasing illhealth was each year keeping her owner more and more on shore. For several years he had done very little sailing, but he was still able until quite recently to follow his other favorite pastime of golf, to which he was devoted for many years. Though purely an amateur designer, he turned out, altogether, some sixty designs, building from many of them for himself while others were for his friends. Of late years this work has been one of his chief amusements, in default of sailing and racing.

Capt. Bayly was not only a keen and devoted lover of yachting, but he was a thorough sportsman in his love of fair play and his broad sympathies with sport for its own sake and apart from mere personal or patriotic preferences. It was not the mere fact of winning, but the character of the contest which gave it a value to him. A thorough Englishman, and doubly proud of England and Devon, he at the same time held the most kindly feelings not only toward Canada, but toward the United States, looking upon the three as but one great nation. His broad and liberal views extended to yachting, in which field he was ready to recognize merit without regard to nationality. His death makes another gap in the rapidly-decreasing list of old-time yachtsmen who sailed year after year in one craft in those days when it was not necessary to build a new yacht every year.

The Larchmont Races.

THE two successive wins of Syce and Acushla settled the ownership of the commodore's cups in the 51ft. and 36ft. classes, but in the latter class there was a sweepstakes of $100 per boat, calling for a final race on Sept. 29. The wind was light, between south and southwest, and the weather fair. Acushla led over the line at 1:05, and led in the reach to Parsonage Point, but Anaotok passed her when on the wind and led at Hempstead, the times being:

Anoatok	3 41 21	Vorant II	4 39 00
Acushla	3 48 11		

The wind fell and left Vorant II. to leeward of the mark in a tideway. It was a slow drift home, the times being:

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Acushla, Hanan Bros.	33.97	5 25 29	5 20 29
Anoatok, Oswald Sanderson	N. M.	5 26 22	5 21 22
Vorant II, Geo. G. Tyson	34.00	5 40 15	5 35 15

The Thirty-Footers at Newport.

TWO special races were sailed at Newport on Sept. 29-30, Messrs. H. B. Duryea and A. S. Van Winkle having made up a private match. Mr. Duryea's Vaquero III. being laid up, he borrowed Dorothy II. from Mr. Whitney. The race of Sept. 29 was over the Dyers Island course in a light S.W. wind, the times being: Start, 2:45:

Dorothy II	6 44 22	Esperanza	6 55 57

On Sept. 30 the Beaver Tail and Bishop's Rock course was sailed in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being: Start, 2:25:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy II	4 34 09	2 09 09
Esperanza	4 39 37	2 14 37

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Sodus Bay Y. C., of Sodus Bay, New York, has celebrated its fourth season by opening a handsome new club house on the bay, a large reception being held on Sept. 16. The club has elected the following officers for 1898: Com., Spencer Meade, Elmira, N. Y.; Vice-Com., F. W. Chamberlain, Lyons, N. Y.; Fleet Captain, W. W. Cook, Sodus Point, N. Y.; Sec'y-Treas., W. L. Kendall, Sodus Point, N. Y.; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. F. Nutter, Newark, N. Y.; Fleet Chaplain, Rev. D. W. Kavonaugh, Lyons, N. Y.; Meas., C. H. Hill, Sodus Point, N. Y. The club is in a prosperous condition, and growing rapidly.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. Carpenter, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Canoe Rigs.

IT is a long time since anything in the way of a novelty has been seen in the sail plans of American canoes, the two-sail rig with relatively large mizen being universal. In England a different condition of affairs prevails, the sloop and the cat rig being found side by side with the American or "bafter" rig. The *Field* in its recent issues discusses the question of rig as follows:

However settled or determined the question of form of hull may be, or appear to be, in relation to the competitive sailing of canoes, the question of the fastest rig is as open and evergreen as it was twenty years ago. There is probably a confirmed belief among the leading canoe sailors that the sloop rig, so long as it can be effectively handled, is the masterpiece for racing; and this has been fully proved by the season's racing so far. But there have been conditions of wind and water this season when the sloop-rigged canoes could not be efficiently sailed, when, indeed, they were only jilled along under closely reduced sail, while the ketch-rigged canoes were sailing under whole sail. There are times, also, when the sloop takes the bit in her teeth and runs wild.

Now that the autumn racing in the south is taking place on the confined waters of Teddington reach, the tendency appears to be toward single sail rig; possibly this is only because under such rig Dragon has shown remarkable speed around that course; and it may be quite the case that the whole "allowed-area" placed in one sail is a more effective driver where the wind is found in ever-shifting puffs, seldom true in direction or force for more than a few seconds at a time. But for keeping command of the boat, for maneuvering for a start, or for intricate sailing in a crowd, the single sail rig is the least effective, and the most worthy of suspicion as to its possible tricks, of any rig yet put on to a canoe.

Should the races in October fall to the sloop rig or to the single sail, it probably will not bring the question any nearer to a settlement. There will always be the loophole of "if it had not been for so and such," the fluke of wind, the rowboat getting in the way. We, therefore, expect to see some interesting, if not some funny, performances with the single-sail canoes. On the other hand, there is an open question as to the value of the ketch rig in a snorting blow, that is, of the nearly evenly divided rig, not the large main and miniature mizen rig. It has sailed to victory on nearly every such occasion; it is acknowledged as the most masterly rig, and is undoubtedly the most handy cruising rig, both on confined and on open waters. But we have yet to see what may be the true value—possibly the superiority—of the sloop rig for racing on craft sufficiently stout to be able to carry such a rig effectively in a squally blow.

We wrote a little time back on the much debated question of whether the sloop rig is really better than the single sail rig for racing, especially as to racing on confined waters, such as Teddington Reach; the matter is as open as ever, except in the case of the racing-machine canoe, where the sloop rig simply could not be handled in squally or very shifty winds. To work a sloop single-handed with best effect, it is quite necessary to belay the main sheet; and even then there are more than enough lines to be worked in relation to the fore sail for both one's hands, and the helm must occasionally look after itself.

In these circumstances, it will soon become evident to those who actually try the rig on a canoe, that she must be sufficiently stable to allow of the main sheet to remain cleated through any puff or squall; and the balance of helm against sail centers must be very neatly adjusted, or the helm must be clutched while work is being done to the head sail. Such points as these were very amply tested in the new Nautilus (cruising class canoe) under sloop rig on Saturday and Sunday last, in a breeze varying from light wind to actually heavy bursts, strong enough in the bursts to capsize some of the canoes and a "half-rater." The main sheet of Nautilus was kept fast on all points of sailing, and though the foresail was eased off to the puffs, and indeed, reduced by rolling up to small area, she suffered many regular "knockdowns," but as before ascertained, she never goes quite flat; and always is under command, but then, she has a weighted centerplate. The rig she was using was only a patchwork trial rig, scarcely fit to judge performance by, but it showed conclusively that in going to windward she was vastly improved over the ketch rig—*i. e.*, the main and mizen ordinary canoe rig, but also that in running under sloop rig she was slower than on previous trials with the same canoes in company. Probably, however, this was because the sail area set in her jury sloop rig was some 20sq. ft. less area than is her ketch rig.

This canoe was built with main and mizen rig, or ketch, for cruising and general pleasure sailing, but she has all the fittings for sloop rig, to be fitted if it be found advantageous for racing on confined waters. Possibly so stiff a boat might successfully carry her whole rating allowance of sail in one single sail for racing, but luckily for the endurance of the class as a useful general purpose class, the class definition prohibits the use of any spar over the length of the "rating length" adopted by the particular craft. The rating sail area of 143ft. only allows 13ft. as extreme length of L.W.L. or of any spar, and it will be found rather difficult, on a series of 13ft. spars, mast and all, to get one sail of 143ft. of effective nature, and reduceable in workmanlike manner for variations of wind force, etc. On the whole, no doubt, the "racing" canoe, unlimited as to spars, has great advantage in being able thereby to put all her cloth into one garment, but the past season's experience is that the most successful all-round are the two-sail canoes.

The A. C. A. Racing Rules.

KINGSTON, Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The question of altering the racing regulations, which will come before the executive committee on Oct. 16, is a very important one, but the apparent indifference of the racing men, as indicated by their non-appearance in your columns, may be easily explained. The proposed changes are nearly all in reference to the paddling races, and are of no particular interest to the sailing men; the paddling, this year, was practically all done by the Northern Division members; the Northern Division has decided what changes it considers necessary and, having made its formal proposal to the regatta committee, its members are content to wait the action of the executive.

There was some difficulty experienced by the regatta committee this year in construing the rules, as applied to paddling canoes. This increased the feeling of dissatisfaction with the present regulations which already existed among the racing men of this Division, and the result was that at the annual meeting of the Division a special committee was appointed to look into the matter and propose such changes as they considered best. The committee was composed of men from Toronto, Ottawa, Peterboro and Kingston, who have competed in A. C. A. races, who have had long experience both with the single and double blade, and whose recommendations ought to be worthy of consideration.

When this committee met the members had two objects in view: To increase the interest in racing in the A. C. A. and to encourage a practical, usable canoe, instead of the racing machine, which has been too much in evidence for some years. With these objects in view, they formulated the proposal which has already appeared in your issue of Aug. 28. It was intended that these clauses should be inserted in the Racing Regulations to govern paddling races only. Your proposal is so nearly identical with ours that either one would answer the purpose, and the only other is that published by Mr Schuyler; the dimensions he asks for are the same as those which were in force ten or twelve years ago, except that the minimum of weight was then 40lbs. This amendment would be an improvement on the present rules, because it is definite and concise, but if the intention is to increase the number of entries at the A. C. A. meets, I do not think it would be of any use. Very few men care to bring two canoes to camp, and a boat of this size is of no use except for racing in. In small, quiet streams, a 10in. canoe may be all right, but where the water is at all rough more depth is necessary, and, of course, the same may be said of the beam.

I am sure the executive committee will give this important matter the careful consideration which it deserves.

R. EASTON BURNS, Vice-Com., N. D. A. C. A.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. D., New York.—Kindly let me know if chipmunks are allowed to be shot in the States of New York and New Jersey. Ans. Yes.

H. R., Bay Shore.—Has a person a legal right to pursue and kill wed footed wildfowl on the Great South Bay from a sailboat while sailing during the open season? On page 46 of the *Game Laws in Brief*, "Special Long Island Law," I can find nothing prohibiting shooting from sailboats web-footed wildfowl in the Great South Bay. Ans. The law does not forbid it.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Upper South.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE last of the early autumn tours to the historic Upper South via the Pennsylvania Railroad, will leave New York and Philadelphia, Tuesday, Oct. 12.

This tour covers a period of eleven days during the height of the season, when the autumn foliage is most beautiful, and includes the battlefield of Gettysburg, picturesque Blue Mountain, Luray Caverns, the Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, the cities of Richmond and Washington and Mt Vernon.

The round trip rate, including all necessary expenses, is $35 from New York, $63 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

The tour will be in charge of one of the company's tourist agents. He will be assisted by an experienced lady as chaperon, whose especial charge will be ladies unaccompanied by male escort.

Special train of parlor cars will be provided for the exclusive use of the party, in which the entire round trip from New York is made

For detailed itinerary apply to Ticket Agents or to Tourist Agent, 1,196 Broadway, New York, or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Knights of the Golden Eagle Parade, Trenton, Oct. 12, 1897.

FOR this event the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on the United Railroads of New Jersey Division at the very low rate of 1½ cents per mile (minimum rate, 25 cents).

Tickets good only on above-mentioned date.—*Adv.*

New York Day Nashville Exposition.

THE Southern Railway, in connection with the Pennsylvania, is the popular route between New York and Nashville, via Washington and thence through Asheville, N. C., the "Land of the Sky," Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, etc. Special low rates are made from New York to Nashville and return. For full particulars call or address New York office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the Forest and Stream. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any address which may be furnished us for that purpose.

There is the Fussy Angler a great bore; of course you will shun him. The "Snob" Angler, who speaks confidently and knowingly on a slight capital of skill or experience. The Greedy, Pushing Angler, who rushes ahead and half fishes the water, leaving those who follow in doubt as to whether he has fished a pool or rift carefully, or slurred it over in his haste to reach some well-known place down the stream before his companions. The company of these, the quiet, careful angler will avoid. Thad Norris.

THE ONE-MAN POWER.

THE management of the business affairs of a field trial or kennel club is distinctly different from the management of the affairs of concerns founded on a strictly business consideration. The former, for management, is almost entirely dependent on the voluntary efforts of its members; the latter has its different interests in charge of paid men, whose special duty it is to devote their time, skill and energy to the furtherance of the concern's welfare. Each man has his duty and authority well defined.

The club depends largely on volunteer service. Of the members of a club, generally a few will be enthusiastic enough to work actively for the club's interest a part of the time, while there are but few cases in which more than one man will attend to club labors all the time.

Aside from paying their dues, the majority of the members do nothing in the club's interest. One would imagine that the man who so freely and gratuitously did the work for the club's good would be praised by his fellows for his enthusiasm, and esteemed by them for his services. But herein comes a curious phase of human nature. Few of the grievances, real or imaginary, which disturb the harmony of kennel or field trial clubs, are made up of such jealousies, heartburnings and unkind feeling as is the grievance which has its source in the necessity of the case, the one-man power.

The members who do nothing, are often disposed to view the acts of the one active man as a usurpation of authority; the ones who assist part of the time, view them as coming from a superofficious meddler who should first consult others of equal authority before he acted; while the outside world, finding that there is but one really active member who attends to its business and gives vitality to the club, looks upon it as a club dominated by one-man power.

And yet the history of all successful and well managed bench show and field trial clubs, indicate that the clubs' affairs were conducted by one man mostly, sometimes two or three, rarely more. Too often they have been the object of petty jealousies and peevish backbitings from fellow members, who envied them their honors yet who shirked the labors by which the honors were won.

The impracticable, who had a theory evolved from observation at a distance, was disgruntled if opposed in its exercise by the one-man power whose experience had taught him what was useful and what was not. The man, member or otherwise, who had an axe to grind was unfriendly to a certainty if he was opposed in his purpose. Drones, who sought office for the sake of prestige and position, were not in favor with the one-man power, who had his club's interests really at heart, and by opposing such he might evoke unfriendliness.

While making many friends, the one-man power was certain in time to have its enemies.

The true value of the one-man power, the sterling article which has for its object the common good of the club, is never fully learned nor fully appreciated till the one-man power retires and ceases to act. Things which before seemed very easily done because they were done by another, now assume an importance which they never before possessed. There is a certain amount of grinding drudgery connected with every institution, be it great or small, and yet it all seems to be a light affair when some one else does the drudging. Sometimes when the one-man power stops, all stops.

Every organization which has any part in the world's activities must be operative. If it is apathetic or inoperative, it is civilly dead and inconsequential. The one-man power is often the only power which keeps his organization in touch with the rest of the world. It may be that in some few instances the power has been abused, but if so they are few indeed. Let the one-man power have more consideration. If he makes a mistake do not let it overwhelm the thousand good deeds he has done. Instead of jealousy and silent disapproval, give him just praise and encouragement. Lend him a helping hand and share his labors, and if any one objects to the one-man power, he can make it a two-man power by turning to and dividing the labor and the responsibility of effort.

THE WAY TO DO IT IS TO DO IT.

IN the days immediately after the protracted unpleasantness between the States there were many grave problems confronting the people, not the least of which was the resumption of specie payment. There were theories innumerable as to the best way to compass it, nearly all of which were based on some makeshift expedient which was juggled into the appearance of the genuine article of resumption. Horace Greeley, with that breadth of grasp and directness of speech peculiar to him, solved the problem and struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the people when he raised the cry that "the way to resume is to resume." Resumption could only be accomplished by direct, material effort; wordy speculations and visionary schemings accomplished nothing. When specie payment, the indication of a sound currency, was established, it was done in the way indicated by Horace Greeley, and in no other way than that could it have been done.

In a similar way there are theories of game protection, whereby the game birds and animals are to be preserved in some vague manner which involves no material outlay or effort by the theorists or others directly interested, and of these fallacious theories, this talking without action, none is more in favor with the theorists than the one of shifting the burden of game protection from the States—to which it properly belongs—to the nation at large, which has no direct concern in it, inasmuch as the game is the property of the State, and the State, therefore, has ample power to protect it if it is so disposed.

Paraphrasing Horace Greeley's words, the way to protect the game is to protect it. The forming of clubs which pass vigorous and lengthy resolutions; the resolutions themselves which recite in stereotyped phrases year by year that violations of the game laws are increasing and that the total destruction of the game is imminent; that the song birds are being rapidly exterminated; and that, therefore, it be recommended that somebody or other do the material work of protection, and that then be it moved that we adjourn, do not protect.

While the theorists have been making their annual or semi-annual set orations on the theme that some one should do something, some States have demonstrated that the way to protect their game is to protect it, and this without blare of trumpet or strident "be-it-resolveds."

The States of North Dakota and Minnesota are conspicuous as examples of what can be done to protect the game by doing something material to protect it. First the people of those States in their wisdom passed proper game laws which are not a dead letter, but such as are made vigorously operative by establishing the needed legal machinery for their enforcement. And how did these States accomplish so much to conserve their own game interests? The taking of game beyond their boundaries was made an unlawful act, thus stopping that ruinous drain on the supply, the shipments to the markets of the great cities. Game wardens in sufficient numbers and with proper legal powers, were appointed to see that the law should be everywhere enforced. So watchful and zealous are they that it is extremely difficult for any one to take birds out of those States, be they ever so cunningly concealed in trunk, or package falsely marked, or in fearless openness, as many can sorrowfully testify who have tried it. Every man who shoots is restricted to the killing of a certain reasonable number, and anything over that number is illegal. North Dakota requires that non-resident shooters shall take out a license, for which a fee of $25 is exacted, while Minnesota throws open her doors freely to all law-abiding shooters who come from States which exact no license fee.

The local wardens in Minnesota are under the supervision of State Warden Fullerton, while those in North Dakota are under the supervision of State Warden Bowers. Both are energetic and efficient. The under wardens are required to be active and zealous in the performance of their duty. The chief wardens of the two States coöperate with each other in suppressing violators or bringing them to justice. All praise is due them for their success.

Thus by directly watching and preventing the shipment of game; by arresting and punishing offenders; and by cooperating with each other, the States of North Dakota and Minnesota protect their game by protecting it. The people of other States can protect theirs in precisely the same manner, and in no other manner.

The people of a State must make their own laws to protect their game, and then provide ways and means for their enforcement. Proper laws and good wardens will protect to a certainty; theories will not protect in the least. There is a distinction between talking about what should be done and doing it.

SNAP SHOTS.

Governor Bloxham, of Florida, has issued a call for an international fishery congress, to assemble at Tampa on Jan. 19, for the purpose of "devising means and formulating methods to save from total extinction many varieties of valuable food fish." In his invitation, Governor Bloxham commends the words of the Hon. T. T. Wright, who says:

> The water farms of the United States, oceans, lakes and rivers, are neglected, and but half developed. Let us turn on them the searchlight of science to reveal their treasures and possibilities, and thereby increase openings for new fields of labor and a larger supply of food for mankind.

And the expressed hope of the promoters of the congress is that its proceedings may stimulate anew the interest in fishculture and wise fishery methods. Governor Bloxham has sent invitations to the Governors of other States, and all fish commissioners in this country and abroad. It is understood that the United States Fish Commission will coöperate. Through Secretary Sherman, invitations have been extended to Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austro-Hungary, Greece, Sweden and Norway, Belgium, Holland, China, Japan, Mexico and the South American governments, to be represented by their fishery reports. It is manifest that the promoters of the Tampa Congress are making their plans on a gener ous scale.

William A. Stiles, editor of *Garden and Forest*, and one of the Park Commissioners of New York city, died on Tuesday of last week, Oct. 5, in his sixty-first year. By his lamented death the community has lost a citizen and public officer of the highest type. Possessed of a keen appreciation of the beautiful in nature, and ever zealous for its preservation from the assaults of vandalism, Mr. Stiles devoted himself to the championship of the public parks with an enthusiasm which never flagged. In his alertness, thorough understanding of the situation, and unwearied opposition, one set of schemers after another, who have sought to convert the parks of this city to their own selfish purposes, found an obstacle they could not overcome. The people of New York will hold in grateful memory the public services of William A. Stiles.

A Virginia correspondent tells us in a note, given in another column, that the recent decision by a county judge declaring unconstitutional the two-years close time quail law will have application only in the county of Mecklenburg, and will not affect the Commonwealth at large. The Attorney-General has given a counter opinion upholding the law. For Virginia then there will be no quail shooting in 1897, except in Mecklenburg county, and so the curious condition will prevail that the citizens of this one county will enjoy "constitutional" immunities and privileges denied elsewhere. Reports of the bird supply show that the actual result of the two-years close time has been to restore the stock most generously. Quail are found in their former abundance. With another favorable winter the stock will be a generous one in 1898.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UP AMONG THE BALSAM FIRS.

Upward, ever upward, over the broken rock, over the rotten logs, sometimes wading against the rush of the current in the little stream, sometimes clinging by finger ends and "toe holt" along the smooth face of the storm-worn cliffs, but always upward, always further on. The peak looked only a short hour's journey from below, yet it was still on up and the sun hung only an hour above the rim of the world. A tall cliff bars the way, one of those smooth walls of rock that reaches away up into the fog wreaths. Here the little creek comes tumbling out of a notch in the top and fades into a film of spray, just a wisp of a water veil away up there 70ft. above our heads, yet there is a pool below, right among the jagged rocks we have just climbed over, and the little creek tumbles merrily on from this quiet pool just as though it started there, instead of from the glaciers up above where it tumbles over the moss-stained cliff—or is it copper stain?

Surely that moss is not all moss, some of it is the green stain of copper. The prospecting hammer rings its metallic clink, clink, against the face of the cliff. "How's that for good looking rock?" Half copper! Soon a cedar stake is secured among the rocks and there is writing in lead pencil on the smooth wood. "I, the undersigned, this day claim, by right of discovery and location, 1,500 lineal feet along the course of this glacier lode." That is what the stake means—a notice that we have a claim there where the falls are in the wild mountain glen.

The problem of the cliff still confronts us, for we have a notion we will see what mineral is hidden there among the rough peaks above the thick timber.

Off come the heavy shoes, off with coat, hat, packsack, belt and pistol. Our work is cut out for the next 100ft. and the coil of rope and the stout Alpine stick with its iron-shod point and its curved steel hook is all the load we need—that is, the man who goes ahead needs no more.

Soon a figure moves up and along the smooth face of the cliff, clinging like a big beetle, a grip with the finger ends, a bit of hold with the bare feet, a reach and a swing with the steel hook of the Alpine staff for a grip in some little crack.

Slowly up and across the sunlit rocks, slowly over the moss patches and the copper stain, upward and on toward a ragged cleft that splits down into the rock and offers a good road to the top. Sixty, seventy feet above the waiting partners below, who know better than to shout or offer advice to the climber, for they well know that a look over his shoulder, a sudden shifting of weight, any little miscalculation on the part of the figure there against the cliff, may mean a plunge down, a sickening, killing fall into the mass of broken rocks at the foot of the cliff where the pool nestles. The climber has a steady head and good muscle and slowly creeps along, face to the rocks, upward, onward, and at last stands in the cleft.

The coil of rope is unslung. Look out! It unwinds its twisting length downward, and the partners make a packsack fast. The climber takes a turn over a spur of rock, and the second figure climbs the sheer face of rock hand-over-hand, up the stout line, until two figures stand in the cleft of rock. They haul away, and a packsack swings, sways, rolls and bumps along up over the rock until it, too, enters the notch. Soon all the outfit is bunched there together, and the third figure swings against the painted cliff, and he too, enters the cleft.

Packs are slung, the rope coiled, and on they go, these three partners, climbing on up to the top through the split in the rocks.

A juniper grows at the rim, and through this they swing on up into the full light of the yellow sun, just dipping below the rim of the world.

All around rise more cliffs, on all sides save one. At their feet a little lake where the brook is born; a little lake as black as tar; a lake that goes down into the very heart of the world, and whose shores are grim, smoke-stained, blackened and burned cliffs that tower 1,000ft. above its placid surface. Sometime in the long ago this mountain burned and smoked, and red fires bubbled where the little black lake is. Burned and simmered with the blue flames of sulphur; sent forth fumes of copper and arsenic; fretted and lashed its molten rocks against the crater until, weakened, it broke, and the red hot rocks ran in liquid stream down over the mountain side where the partners climbed up.

That was long ago, and one only know it happened because the sign of it all is in the stone record of the eternal mountains.

Now there is a carpet of moss, thick and soft, up there where the hot rocks ran down the mountain's side. Tall balsam firs fight the mountain storms, fight always for life. They twist their clinging roots into the crannies of the rocks, growing stronger, holding firmer, and putting out more branches that are thick with needles. The mountain gales twist them, tear at the limbs, gnarl them into a mass of burls and lumps, stunt their trunks and help the ice and snow to continually battle against them.

The big brown bear reaches up with his claws and tears the bark to ribbons. The big blue mountain grouse crouches among their thickly matted branches and hoots by the hour in his slow and melancholy way. The hunter or prospector lops off their "feathers" for his bed, yet the tree lives on until some spring day the snows and ice that have slowly melted under the warming sun let loose and start down the mountain, roaring screaming, booming like a thousand demons, crushing the rocks into bits. The poor old balsam stands in the path of the roaring mass, it touches the tree, goes on and buries it, slides on down into the thick timber far below, and when it is gone the fir is gone too, and there is only a smooth strip of desolation for the mountain winds to rush over.

We read these things in the signs up there while we were camped on the crater rim. For water we had to melt a bit of glacier instead of using that from the black little lake that was full of copper and of arsenic, and the snow water had none of these when it froze and helped to build the glacier.

We made a quick camp that night there by the ice that is forever moving down the hill, little by little, and we dragged many limbs from the balsam firs over close to the particular patch of moss we had spread our blankets over. It was cold and we had no shelter, only our blankets that we had packed those weary miles in our packsacks. That is how we came to stand watch and watch through a beautiful night and keep a big fire burning among the rocks that had been strangers to fire for ages.

At 11 o'clock it was my turn to sit there awake and see that the fire crackled merrily while the others slept. Such a night I fear will not come to my lot again, but I will always remember the quiet beauty of that one.

When I turned my back to the fire and got the glow of it out of my eyes, I could see the cold, white snows of other peaks glimmering in the moonlight, and to see them the better I climbed a bit of rocky spur, 30ft. or so in height. What a view was spread out in the steely moonlight!

Seven ranges, one over the other, ran their rocky, ragged length from east to west, beginning across the valley that fell away into the blue shadows below me, one range showing its snow-crested peak line above the next nearest until seven were in sight before they met the lower edge of the Northern Lights glimmering in the sky—a background for a grand and rough picture.

Below in the valley mists were creeping silently upward, filling the trees with a damp veil, bringing the blue shadow line always higher, until soon they filled the valley with a great silver river of fog, that the moon burnished into snowy white.

A low murmur of rushing water droned up from below, so faint and far away that at times it was like the gentle summer air among the pines. It was a long way down to the bottom of the valley, and I knew the river that made the noise roared very loud, for I had caught fine trout in its icy waters.

There was an indescribable stillness there among the rocks and the balsams that night, and all the noises from below were faint, yet very distinct. Once I heard a gray wolf howl, and it made me feel creepy, it was so doleful and so full of a wild fierceness, for all it was so far away.

Later I caught a disappointed yell from a hunting cougar that had perhaps missed his kill among the jack pines and tangle of the old slide where the deer fed, half way down the mountain.

I stood there with pipe aglow and my blanket wrapped about me, Indian fashion, until the fire got burned down to a red and steady glow, then came back and stood again, listening, looking at that grand living picture from a point of vantage 10,000ft. in the air, right among the topmost pinnacles of the highest peak in the range. Never, in many trips, have I gazed on so calm and peaceful a scene, so beautiful a picture as old nature threw on her magic screen that night among the peaks, after a hard and dangerous climb that lasted all day and ended in finding a copper mine.

The next morning when the last man on watch saw the gray come into the sky, the valley and the peaks were all buried under the clouds, and soon a wild gale rushed among the peaks and tore at the balsam firs that were scattered among the rocks and a summer storm was on. Through the rift of fog in the early morning we saw a big bear trundle his bulk over the moss beds, nosing about for wild onions while the fog left a tiny ball of dew on each hair along his back.

El Comancho,

A STRING OF BEADS.

I had but slight idea of what a lumbering district was like, for though twenty years had passed since I first waved a red flag at a disappearing antelope, this was my first trip to the big woods.

The first thing that excited my wonder on leaving the train at Aitkin was the badly-splintered sidewalks. Aitkin was not then a very ancient burg, but its sidewalks had the appearance of having been worn for a century at least. The planks were worn and splintered like the back step of a set of target traps that have been used for years, by the fellow who fell short, to paste a 30in. circle on, in proving his gun in error and not himself. In fact, they looked as if they had withstood a long siege, where shotguns and No. 7 shot were used. Not wishing to brand myself as a tenderfoot, I asked no questions but wondered, in a vague sort of way, as to the cause.

A few days later, with the acumen of a Sherlock Holmes, I solved the riddle. A log raft came down the Mississippi, and when I saw the drivers swarming about the streets in their spiked shoes, I soon guessed what was the matter with the walks.

The first man I scraped an acquaintance with was Geo. Rice, the veteran agent of the Northern Pacific R. R. Co. at Aitkin. Mr. Rice proved to be an enthusiast on the game question, and volunteered to show me fur, fin and feathers in any quantity required if I would only wait a few days, until a press of business was "rounded up," so that he could take a vacation of a few days.

The interim of waiting was filled in by daily excursions to nearby lakes and streams.

My first trip was to Deer Wood, where a fishing lodge was kept by some parties whose names I have forgotten. The fishing was fairly good, but with no demand for my catch I soon tired of that. My second trip was south to the cluster of lakes that are strung like beads along the thread of Mud River. Just why this stream should be called Mud River was hard for me to determine, for clearer, purer water never bubbled over more golden sands than lined its course from bead to bead.

There was Bay, Farm Island, Pine, Hickory, Spirit, Wild Rice, Mud, and Hanging Kettle lakes, all strung on a thread fifty miles in length, and then dropped into the great wood in such manner that the first and last bead were only about six miles apart. All of these lakes except Wild Rice, which, as its name signifies, is overgrown with wild rice, were clear, pure and deep. The margins of these lakes varied from the wide sandy beach to a bold, rocky and precipitous shore, with now and then a fringe of rushes, where lurked the pickerel and bass, and where the woodduck reared her young and whiled away the summer days.

There were occasional rice bays, too, where, late in the evenings, hundreds of woodducks collected to feed on the wild rice. In summer or early autumn there are very few ducks, except woodducks, in that region; but late in October, when the mallard comes down from the North, I have seen them collect in these rice bays and lakes in countless thousands.

The bays are unapproachable except by boat, as wild rice is the origin of floating bogs, the stems floating on the surface of the water and collecting other vegetable matter until a sod is formed. This floating sod sometimes extends far out over deep water, and to break through it, with 20ft. of water underneath, means the knocking of a prop from under the great Republic, by disappearing for ever.

Farm Island is rather the most beautiful on the string, though I felt with the fellow who was besieged by feminine beauty that "'t were easy here to make a choice were the other fair charmers away." In this lake is an island of some sixty acres of very rich soil.

The foliage on the island is often green long after the surrounding woods have taken on the tints of autumn, the warmth of the water holding jack frost in check to a later date. The Indians had, in the long ago, taken advantage of this immunity from early frosts and cleared patches on the island on which to raise corn and other vegetables; but the government, seeing this, has removed them to other localities where no such opportunities for self-support offered, their clearings have grown up to weeds, and the long boxes that cover the graves of their buried dead are rotting away beneath the pines.

From this cultivation by the Indians the lake gets its name of Farm Island.

On one of my rambles in the woods I had occasion to stop at a farmhouse for dinner one day.

The house was situated on Mud River, between Hickory and Spirit lakes; Hickory being some 200yds. to the west of the house, and Spirit a like distance to the east. The dinner proving satisfactory, I began negotiations for a week's board, which resulted in the young lady who had served the dinner calling her father, who was at work somewhere about the place.

I was soon introduced to Mr. Ben Lamere, and in answer to my request for a week's board he said, "Sure," and the preliminaries being arranged, the conversation turned to hunting, and I was soon apprised, incidentally of course, of the fact that Ben Lamere was the great deer hunter of that section.

Many and lurid were the tales of deer, bear and moose hunting old Ben told me that autumn afternoon as we sat beneath the primeval oaks before his door.

The Lamere place was finely located for a headquarters from which one could hunt, fish and dream the time away, and I improved it to the utmost while opportunity offered.

The following day I went to Aitkin for my outfit and also brought back lumber for a boat. This boat when finished proved to be the handiest ducking boat I ever owned, and cost the splendid sum of $1.60.

Leaving instructions at Aitkin for Mr. Rice to notify me when he got ready for our proposed hunt, I devoted myself to such pleasures as were within my own resources.

My first trip after locating at Lamere's was to one of the rice bays after wood ducks, but as an hour's work of an evening supplied the demand for several days, I had much time for fishing and exploring. Exploring places that are conveniently near to comfortable quarters is one of my strong points, and here I had ample scope. An hour's walk in the woods would take me to lonely dells where I could easily imagine no human foot had ever pressed its yielding moss before; an hour with the paddle would give me the choice of three beautiful lakes, and two hours would give me the choice of two more, Wild Rice, where I went for ducks, and Farm Island, where I went to "moon" about its shaded and rocky coves and islands, or drift upon its bosom when the wind was still.

The latter was very irregular in shape, having some twelve or fifteen miles of shore line, though only about three miles from land to land in the longest reach. It had large bays and small bays, and long, narrow cover extending far back between the wooded hills. Beside Farm Island there was one other small island in the lake. This island reared itself suddenly up out of the lake to a height of 30ft. or more, and its diameter did not exceed 60yds. either way. Its shores were very abrupt except at the south end, where there was a sand spit which made a convenient landing.

On one side trees grew out from among the rocks and hung far over the water. Under the shade of these trees I have passed many a pleasant hour lying on the clean washed boulders and listening to the lap, lap, of the waves when the wind was light, or the heavy swish, swish when it was strong.

I had been at Lamere's but a short time when rumors of bears began to be rife. Old Ben urged the feasibility of my hunting the oak ridges with a gun and shooting some of them, but the sly coquettes, the lakes, had me in tow, and I dallied with them, though fully determined to stroll out some day and shoot a few bears.

The rumors of bears, however, which were vague and uncertain at first, grew stronger and ever stronger, with living witnesses to testify as to the truth of them. At last the climax came that swept me into the bear column. I had stayed at the house one day to write some letters, and was still engaged with them when a boy dashed into the house with the information that his dog had treed a bear and was then watching him a couple of hundred yards up the road.

The boy and his sister were on their way to school, the girl being some distance in advance, when a bear suddenly appeared in the road between them. They had a dog with them which charged the bear on sight, and the bear had taken to a tree; the boy then returned for his Uncle Ben and his rifle, while the girl ran on to the schoolhouse for safety.

In one minute after this announcement three heavily-armed men were running up the road at top speed—*i. e.*, Ben Lamere, with his .45-60 rifle; a neighbor who had called in, with a .40-82, and myself, with my 10lb., 10 gauge Parker, loaded with 6drs. of black powder and twelve buckshot suitable to its choke in either barrel. The boy and myself, being the best sprinters, arrived at the tree first; but bear and dog were gone, and a diligent search failed to find any trace of either. Being powerless to do more, we returned to the house, and my first bear hunt was at an end; but the seeds of a mad ambition were sown, and I resolved to kill a bear.

No sooner was it noised abroad that I had set my sight for bear than I began to get advice from all corners as to how to proceed. The methods of procedure were as numerous as the advisers. One told me I would find it very tame sport, as shooting bears was like going into a pig pen and shooting domestic hogs. Another one told me if I should find a she bear with cubs, I must charge the cubs with a savage yell and they would tree, and the old bear would return for them, when I would be sure to get all three. Still another gray-bearded nimrod, who had grown stoop-shouldered from carrying a rifle and had never been known to kill anything larger than a chipmunk, told me the best way to do was to catch one of the cubs and twist its tail until it squealed, and when the old one charged, open-mouthed, to insert the muzzle of my gun between her teeth and fire both

barrels at once, and then run away while she was spitting out the shot.

Thanking them all for their well-meant and innocent chaffing, and taking old Ben's advice as to where to look for the game, I made up my mind to kill the bear in whatever way seemed advisable when I found him.

The first week of bear hunting was a failure, for, outside of finding a couple of rotten logs that had been torn in pieces by bears in search of grubs, and one track in the mud where one had crossed a small run, I saw no sign of a bear. The outlook was rather discouraging, but loafing in the woods or other where with a gun has agreed with my disposition from the long ago, when I used to carry a crooked stick and fondly imagine it was a gun, up through the varying stages of horse-pistol, smooth-bore rifle, musket, single-barrel muzzleloading shotgun, ditto breechloading, to the acme—a double-barrel Parker ducking gun.

Thus it was that I persevered—despite the facts which leaked out concerning the success, or want of it, of other bear hunters in that locality—to the grand *finale*.

One afternoon I took the boat and paddled over to the east end of Spirit Lake, some three miles from the house, and leaving it, started across the divide on foot toward Hanging Kettle.

The divide between the lakes is a high ridge covered with oak, and a likely place for bears, which follow the oak ridges in search of acorns.

Along the west shore of the Hanging Kettle is a road which leads from Aitkin to the settlements to the southeast. I had wandered down as far as this road without seeing anything, when I met a boy who lived a little farther down the lake.

Broaching the subject of bears to him, he was all excitement in an instant, and said he had seen three the day before. To my eager query "Where?" he answered, "In the oaks on the ridge just above the east end of Spirit Lake." I had just come from there, but bringing the interview to a speedy close, I sidled off in that direction.

For two hours I searched through the oaks, cautiously scanning every suspicious object, and listening intently to every sound without result, and finally sat down to rest on a log that had fallen across an old logging road. The road had been in disuse for several years, and had grown up to weeds. On either side of where I sat was a dense growth of underbrush, while the large trees formed an arch overhead which shut out the rays of the sun.

How long I sat on that log, or what lands I traveled, or what adventure I experienced I do not now know; but I was brought back from pursuit of the imaginary to the real, by a crackling in the bushes down toward the lake on my right. As I listened the crackling became plainer. That something was approaching through the underbrush there was no doubt; but what?

There were domestic cattle running at large in the wood, and in the distance I could hear the tinkle of a bell, and a horrible fear seized me lest the author of the crackling develop into a cow.

It did not seem like a noise made by a cow, however, but more like a dog sniffing this way and that through the dry underbrush. I had done my best to make myself believe it was a bear, with but indifferent success, when the crackling ceased about 20yds. to the right of the road.

Listening intently, I could detect no sound, and the seconds began to drag like the footsteps of a weary hunter crossing a marsh with twenty fat mallards on his back. I waited some time for a renewal of the sound without hearing anything, and then started down the road in the direction of where I had last heard it.

I had not proceeded 10ft., looking sharply into the underbrush at the right, when my attention was turned up the road by a snort and a commotion in the weeds just ahead and the next instant a long, black something, resembling an arrow in its flight, shot across the road and into the woods, followed immediately by two more. Though the glimpse I got was of the flash and gone variety, I had seen enough to know they were bear, and that they had seen all they wanted to of me and were gone. Remembering what one man had told me about yelling at the cubs, and knowing of nothing else to do, I tore into the bushes and yelled till the dead limbs fell from the nearby trees. But all in vain, for I could hear the bear crash through the brush like a whole herd of horned cattle, their feet thumping the ground like a bass drum until the sounds died in the distance, leaving me alone there in the wilderness with my dead-hopes of ever killing a bear.

An examination proved that the cessation of the crackling occurred when the three bears came to a cow-path. They had then followed the cow-path to its intersection with the road, and had turned down the road toward where I was sitting on the log. The weeds in the old road had concealed the bear from me, and I was probably up and moving before they came out to the road and looking intently in another direction for them; anyhow they made good their escape and I was left to mourn.

From where I had met the bears it was only about 200yds. down a steep hill to where I had left the boat, and my thoughts were tinged with sadness as I reflected what a triumphal home-coming it would have been with those three bears aboard.

The Lamere's were much excited over my adventure, and old Ben told me I had probably come nearer to killing a bear than many men who had spent their lives in the woods. And thus it was I finally came to look upon my bear hunting experience as a grand success. E. P. JAQUES.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In Apache Land.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In connection with the article that appeared in your issue of the 18th inst. with the above heading, I thought the inclosed, taken from the New York *Evening Sun* of the 1st inst., might be interesting to some of your readers:

The completion of the Rio Grande, Sierra Madre & Pacific Railroad brings within easy reach of travelers the adobe town Cases Grandes, in Chihuahua, Mexico, built 400 years ago by the Aztecs. Remains of the palace of Rex Ferdinando, the last of the Indian Kings, and those of a convent built by the Spaniards in the seventeenth century, are among the interesting relics of the Aztec decadence. Another showpiece is the aqueduct which serves to irrigate the land in the vicinity of the town. Stone forts, 900ft. above the town, are yet in comparative preservation. But the ancient cemetery is remarkable for its dimensions, which are forty miles long and six miles wide. Thousands of mounds, from 3 to 5ft. high and conical, are scattered throughout the city of the dead, which is 125 miles from El Paso, Tex. R.

Natural History.

LOCKED DEER HORNS.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you herewith a photograph of locked deer horns that I found in possession of Dan Divine, an old settler on Clear Lake, Wis., during the recent camp of the Kingfishers at Presque Isle Lake, closely contiguous. Divine had found the horns during one of his scouts through the forests near his cabin by the lake.

The photo imperfectly shows the absolutely unyielding lock, interlaced and firm, of stock and prong, one within the other. It is not partial, but complete in each antler of both deer, showing the tremendous energy exerted by the animals as they came together and struggled in mortal combat. A close examination showed that nothing less than



LOCKED DEER HORNS.
Photo by Sam'l R. Smith.

axe or saw could part the horns that, yielding to the crash of onslaught, had each bent to pass the opposing member and then sprang into natural position behind and within its antagonist. Grasping one of the prongs and shaking vigorously developed no losseness in the lock, but an embrace rigid and firm as if the whole were one piece.

Placing the horns on a snow sled, the photo was taken by Dr. Elliott, of Lodi, O. In the background are shown the waters of Clear Lake, famous for pike and muskaling. Old Dan has lived by the lake eight years, and, though forty miles from the nearest doctor, has raised a family of eight healthy and fine-looking half-breed children—the mother an Indian of full blood. SAM'L R. SMITH.

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

AS THE maples and chestnuts assume their gala robes, there is an unusual flutter and excitement among the birds. Eager notes come from the trees and hedges and from the grass and thickets along the byways and open recesses of the woods. Finches and sparrows and kinglets and swallows begin to gather in small groups, which are daily augmented by fresh arrivals. The half dozen become a dozen, twenty, a hundred, and sometimes swell into thousands. They cover the branches of trees and rise like tiny black clouds from councils held in open pastures; they hold informal meetings on telegraph wires, along the roadsides, on the roofs of barns and sheds, and out among the apple and cherry trees. They are eager, noisy, impetuous, and each seems anxious to add his mite to the general stock of information. There are reminiscences of former journeys to be related; of perils escaped, of delightful stopping-places, and of places to be avoided, and the leaders listen with heads cocked on one side, and judiciously sift and digest the vast amount of advice and information poured into their ears.

Presently long columns of lithe, dark-vestured swallows rise into the air and move away toward the South, and they are soon followed by finches and sparrows and kinglets. As the companies move away, the clear, sharp commands of leaders may be heard closing up lines of stragglers or giving directions as to the route.

Among the deeper recesses of the woods the thrushes flock silently and disappear. We scarcely realize their departure until they are gone. One day we hear the clear, flute-like notes among the shadows of the trees, the next, their haunts are strangely silent. And it is only by this silence that we know our sweet, shy friends are on their way to their southern homes.

Down in the meadows the bobolinks have already flocked and gone, and one by one the other small birds form their columns and move away. As we wander through the now quiet woods we have a strong, almost uncontrollable impulse to follow them. The silence of the woods, where there was so much song and life, is more depressing to us than the increasing cold and frequent premonitions of snow; and were it not for the occasional appearance of a squirrel we should be almost tempted to forsake the woods ourselves.

Little by little the red and gold of the maples change to a dull, uniform brown, and at last we notice a large, silent bird, high up in the air. It is a hawk going south, and marks the close of the season. F. H. S.

PEACE DALE, Rhode Island.

Birds in Predicaments.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several of your correspondents have, in recent numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, related cases which have come under their observation of animals or birds having been accidentally entrapped or captured in some singular manner. Recently a friend of mine had an experience of this kind which is worth relating. While driving along a country road which crossed a small brook he heard the familiar cries of a chicken in the direst trouble, and, pulling up his horse, looked around for the cause of the disturbance.

At first he could not locate it, but presently discovered a hen, evidently in great distress and calling loudly for help, standing in the brook where the water was 4 or 5in. deep. He went down to the spot to investigate, and as soon as Biddy saw him coming she plainly recognized a deliverer, and ceasing her cries and struggles, allowed herself to be taken up without resistance, when it was found that a turtle had hold of one of her feet. She would probably have been dragged into deeper water and drowned had not some one come to her rescue.

On another occasion I found a song sparrow entrapped where it must have met a lingering death but for friendly help. While driving in the country, where one of those detestable wire fences bounded the road on one side, I saw a small bird hanging by one leg to the upper strand of the fence, motionless and apparently dead. I stopped my horse to have a better look, and saw the gleam of a bright eye which plainly belonged to no lifeless object. As I approached the little thing began feebly to flutter its wings, but could not do much more. On examination, I found that in alighting upon the twisted wire it had got one of its toes between the two strands, where the inserted barb holds them apart for half an inch or so, and on trying to fly away found it was fast. The foot was badly wrenched, but I carefully released the imprisoned toe, and had the satisfaction of seeing the little bird take wing after resting for a few moments, somewhat crippled, but otherwise all right. I presume nature is kind to the wild things, which have only her to depend upon.

I remember once when I was a boy hunting squirrels in the woods of eastern Indiana, I espied one upon a sloping tree but a short distance away, and was aiming at it, when over the sights of the rifle I saw that a forefoot was gone, but the stump seemed (and I could see it quite plainly) as nicely healed over as if amputation had been performed by a skillful surgeon. It had probably been taken off by a ball from some other sportsman's rifle.

I am glad to remember that boy as I was, when I saw that my game had but three feet I would not shoot, but lowered my gun and walked resolutely away from temptation.

LEXDEN.

Song Birds and the Law in Georgia.

IT was with much pleasure that I received this week a letter from Hon. Mel Branch, stating that in accordance with my article of last week on the legal protection that should be given bull bats and some other birds, that he would introduce such laws in the next Georgia Legislature. He asks me to classify and enumerate the Georgia birds; which with the help of my ornithological friend, Dr. Truitland Cleckley, I now do. The present Georgia law, which I give, is a positive invitation to gunners to kill during certain portions of the year insectivorous and singing birds! "It shall be unlawful to kill any wild turkey, pheasant, snipe, partridge or any insectivorous or singing bird, except English sparrows, crows, larks, rice birds and wheat birds in the State, between March 15 and Nov. 1, and it shall be unlawful to kill any dove between March 15 and Aug. 15." This law puts a mocking bird on a parity with a partridge and invites the slaughter of them both between Nov. 1 and March 15.

The useful birds and the song birds, which I should protect through all the twelve months are these: Turkey vulture, black vulture or carrion crow, cuckoo or rain crow, woodpeckers, blue birds, fly catchers, blue jay, orchard oriole, buntings, nonpareil, martins, swallows, vivoes or hanging birds, warblers, mocking birds, nut hatchers, chickadees, gnat catchers, bull bats or night hawks, whippoorwill, chuckwills widow, yellow hammer.

The present law enumerates the game birds and is a fairly good law possibly for their protection. This list is partridge, snipe, wild turkey, pheasant and doves. The dove law might be better if extended to Sept. 15. For doves raise two broods per season. Some nest as late as August and the young are not fully fledged till about Aug. 15.

The following birds are considered detrimental to the public good and should not be included in protective laws: English sparrows, crows, rice birds, wheat birds, hawks, owls, kingfishers, herons or cranes, king birds, jackdaws, shrikes or butcher birds, cat birds, fig eaters or crested fly catchers, sapsucker.

I should like to put in a good word in this list for the catbird, for his quiet, subdued songs are very sweet; but he is under the ban in more ways than one.

No one expects that a law could put a total stop to the killing of insect-eating birds. But as with the game bird law when first introduced, it would have some effect, and that effect would be cumulative with succeeding years. Without a game warden, who is an important personage in many States, we cannot expect very many arrests and convictions. But good laws enlighten public opinion and public opinion of itself aids in their enforcement.—*N. L. Willett, in Augusta Chronicle.*

Shooting Casualties.

TROY, N. Y., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Judging from the reports in the daily papers for the past week or two, this season's crop of "shot-by-mistake" victims promises to be a fairly large one. Some of the cases reported, were it not for the fact that they were attended with loss of life or serious bodily injury, would be really funny.

For instance, a few days ago on the Beaver River, in the Adirondacks, one hunter shot another, mistaking him for a deer; and the following excuse is given as the cause of the shooting: The shooter had heard or read that at this season of the year the deer are in the blue coat, and as his comrade wore a blue coat—navy blue, I learn the color was—he, the shooter, took it for granted that his victim must of course be a deer. At last reports the man in the blue coat was in a Utica hospital in a dying condition, the man who shot him remaining in the woods, presumably looking for another deer in the blue coat. The papers, however, say that he was too nervous to accompany the party out—a case of buck ague perhaps.

On the night of the 6th inst., near Hudson, N. Y., a man named Yougonson, while out coon hunting, was fatally shot by a companion who mistook him for a coon. Yougonson died the next day from the effects of the injuries received.

How in the name of the seven wonders a man could mistake another for a raccoon surpasses understanding. A navy-blue deer is bad enough, but mistaking a man for an animal scarcely larger than a house cat is a blunder worse than crime.

The papers of this morning report a fatal shooting case at Tuckahoe, N. Y., where a fur cap was mistaken for a woodchuck. Unfortunately the head of the owner of the cap happened to be in it at the time when the shooting occurred, and thus another was added to the long list of fool accidents.

I imagine that if a few of these careless shooters found their way into the penitentiary each year there would soon be a decided falling off in the number of so-called shooting accidents. A mighty good rule to observe is, when you shoot be sure you know what you are shooting at. S.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

There are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full-page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

THE NATIVE AMERICAN HUNTER.

II.—THE LIE THAT CAME TRUE.

It was more than forty years ago. Sun's Road was a young man eighteen or twenty years old, big enough to have a sweetheart, and there was a girl in the camp that he greatly wished to please. He had been to war several times and had counted some *coups*, and once he had given his body to the enemy*; but he had lived. He was ambitious, and wanted to do more great things, to make the people talk about him, to be successful always, to become a great man.

The Cheyennes were camped on the South Platte, a big village of near 200 lodges. It was late in the fall, and all had their new lodges, white and clean. The camp looked nice. The buffalo had all gone away. None were to be found. The people were starving. They had eaten all their food, and now they were eating their dogs, and most of these were already gone.

It happened one day that two boys, each the son of a chief, had killed each an antelope and taken it to his father's lodge; and these were cooked and the chiefs called together to feast. There was not enough food to allow them to call any other people beside the chiefs. After these chiefs had eaten, they talked of the suffering of the people and tried to think what could be done to help them. After a time one of the chiefs came out of the lodge and walked through the camp, calling out to the people. He said: "Listen, listen, you people; we will all stay here in this camp." This he called out again and again. After a time Sun's Road heard his name called. The old man shouted: "Sun's Road, Sun's Road, the chief wants you to go to his lodge. He wants you to go out to look for buffalo." Then he heard another young man, Red Coyote, called in the same way.

Sun's Road went to the chief's lodge. They told him to sit down by the door, and gave him a little piece of antelope meat to eat. After he had eaten the piece of meat, the chief said to him: "We want you to go to-night across the river on to the other side, and you will go to where the pile of bones is, where we had the fight with the Pawnees. On the other side of that hill the country is level for a long way. Look over that country and see if you can see any buffalo, and come back and let us know what you have seen. If you see no buffalo do not go any further. Come back from there." This pile of bones was a fortification of buffalo bones built on the top of a very high hill by some Pawnees who, many years before, had been surrounded then by the Cheyennes.

Sun's Road started on his journey. When he got to the river he took off his leggings and moccasins, and waded across. It was cold, for by this time it was pretty late in the night. On the other side, he put on his leggings and moccasins again and walked on north. After he had walked a long way, and it was beginning to get toward morning, he felt tired, and thought he would rest for a little while. He looked about for a place to lie down, and pretty soon he found a little bunch of brush behind a small bank, and decided that he would unbelt his robe, and lie down and sleep for a little while. He did so, but he had not slept long when his feet got cold and woke him, and when he raised his head he saw that it was beginning to get day. He said to himself: "Why, I must not stay here longer. I am out looking for buffalo for people who are starving. I must not lie here." So he rose and tied up his waist and started on.

He walked on and on, and at length he saw the high hill and on it the pile of bones. As he went on, it came nearer and nearer, and he walked up it until he was close to the pile of bones. Then he stopped, for he was afraid. He was afraid that when he looked over the hill he would see nothing. He wanted to make a great man of himself and to take back the news that he had seen buffalo, so that his name would be talked about among the people, and that they would all say that he was smart and was lucky. He was so afraid that he would see nothing when he looked over the hill that he stopped. He said to himself: "If I should not see anything and go back, they will all hear of it, and my girl will hear of it. They will not think much of me. If I could only see plenty of buffalo, what a great man I should be!"

He went on, and when he reached the top of the hill and looked over, there, down below him, he saw thirty bulls and a calf. He looked at them and said: "Those are bulls. They are not much, but something." He looked another way, and presently he saw one bull, and then two, and others, scattered—in all five or six. He said again: "These are not many, but they would be some help to the people." A little to his right and down the hill was a point of the bluff that hid some part of the country beyond, and he went down there, just a few steps, to see what was over that way. When he got there he looked out into a very pretty, level basin, with a stream running through it. He said to himself: "This is a pretty place, a good place for buffalo; there ought to be a great many of them here." At first he could see none, but he kept on looking, and at last he saw far off a few—a very few—perhaps ten or fifteen, cows.

For a long time he stood there, thinking what he should tell the chiefs when he got back to the camp. He said to himself: "If I go back and tell them just what I have seen it will be nothing. Now, I want to make a great man of myself, and I am going to tell them a lie. Yes, I shall have to tell them a lie. I shall tell them that when I looked over the hill I saw those thirty bulls with one calf, and that beyond I saw many buffalo—hundreds. I know it is a lie, but I shall have to tell it." Then he turned about and went back.

He traveled fast, walking and trotting, and sometimes running, for he wished to get back to the camp before night. It was late in the afternoon when he came to the river, waded across it and reached the camp. He went into his father's lodge and sat down. His father was at work making a whetstone; he looked up at his son and said: "Ha, you have got back." Then he turned to his wife and said: "Give our son something to eat." His mother was cooking a little dog, the last one that they had, and she gave Sun's Road a piece of it and he ate. Then he took off his moccasins, went over to his bed and lay down, covered himself with his robe and went to sleep. He did not speak and he made no report to the chiefs. There were some children playing in the lodge and making a little noise, and his father said to them: "Go out. You will wake my son. He is tired and has gone to sleep."

Sun's Road slept only for a short time, for the lie that he was going to tell troubled him. Pretty soon he heard one of the old chiefs coming—old Double Head. He could hear him coming, coughing and grunting, and he knew who it was by the sound. The chief entered the lodge and sat down and asked Sun's Road's father if his son had returned. The father said: "Yes, he is asleep." He filled the pipe and Double Head smoked. Sun's Road lay still. In a few minutes he heard another old man coming toward the lodge, grunting. He knew who it was—White Cow. He came in, sat down, asked the same question and smoked.

White Cow called to Sun's Road: "Nephew, get up now and tell us what you saw. We are starving."

Sun's Road rolled over, pulled the robe from his head, raised himself on his elbow and said: "I went to the hill of the Pile of Bones, and right over beyond the bones on the other side of the hill I saw thirty bulls and a calf. Just below them, as I looked over, I saw many buffalo."

The old men stood up and went out. Soon he heard them crying out through the camp to all the people: "Sun's Road has got in. On the other side of the pile of bones he saw thirty bulls and a calf, and just below this he saw many buffalo. Gather in your horses; get them up; women sharpen your knives; men whet your arrow points; tie up your horses, and early in the morning we will go after buffalo. The camp will stay here. All will go on horseback." Sun's Road was frightened, but it was too late now to be sorry for what he had done.

Next morning, just at break of day, before it was light, all the people were out. The old crier was shouting out: "Saddle your horses! Make ready to start! Men, women and all!"

Soon all were saddled and they crossed the river and went on. The chiefs rode first, and every one was behind them; no one rode ahead of them. They went pretty fast, for all were eager to get to where the buffalo were.

Pretty soon they came in sight of the pile of bones. Sun's Road could hear the old chiefs talking and saying to each other: "There are the bones; soon we will be there at the buffalo." All the time he was thinking of the lie that he had told, and remembering that there were only a few buffalo, while he had said that there were many.

When they reached the foot of the hill close to the bones, the chiefs stopped, and everyone behind them stopped, too. All the chiefs got off their horses and sat down in a row and filled the pipe and began to smoke. Soon Sun's Road heard one of them call out: "Sun's Road! Sun's Road! Go up to the pile of bones and see if you can see your buffalo now. Let us know if they are there." Then Sun's Road was frightened; his heart was beating so fast that it almost choked him. He did not know what to do. He did not move.

Soon old Standing Water, another chief, called out sharply: "Sun's Road, my nephew, go to the pile of bones and see if you can see those buffalo. Come back and tell us what you see."

Then Sun's Road started and rode up toward the pile of bones. Just as he did so, a crow flew over him and began to call, *Ca, Ca, Ca*. He kept riding on, his heart beating fast; but as he rode he held up his hands toward the crow and prayed. "Ah, Crow," said he, "take pity on me and fetch the buffalo." He held his hands up higher, and prayed to the Great Spirit: "Oh, *He amma wihio*, you are the one who made the buffalo. Take pity on me. You know what I need." Then he rode up to the top of the hill.

The moment his head got to where he could see over the hill, he looked and there he saw the thirty bulls and the calf; they had hardly moved at all. Then he went on a step further, so that he could see beyond them, and the place that he had seen the day before was just full of buffalo. Again he held up his hands to heaven, and said: "Oh, Crow! Oh, *He amma wihio*, you have made my words true. The lie that I told you have made come true."

He turned and rode down the hill toward the chiefs. Before he had reached them, one of them called to him to come right to the middle of the line where they were sitting, and when he had come near they told him to get off his horse, and called some one to take the horse and lead it off to one side. They told a young man to bring a buffalo chip, and he brought one and put it down on the ground before the old chief, Standing Water, and then went away. The chief placed the chip on the ground in front of him, about the length of his arm distant from his knees. Then he filled a pipe. Sun's Road still stood out in front of the line in the sight of all the people. He was still badly frightened, for he did not know what they were going to do. He was young, and did not as yet know of the ceremonies.

When the pipe was filled, the old chief lighted it and pointed the stem to the east, to the north, to the west and to the south; then up to the sky, and then down to the ground. Then he rested the bowl of the pipe on the buffalo chip and said: "Sun's Road, come here." When he had come close, the chief said: "Take hold of this pipe and take five draws." The old man held the pipe, and so did Sun's Road, until he had drawn on the pipe five times. Then said the chief: "Now do you hold the pipe," and Sun's Road held it, while the old man took his hands away. Then he said: "Sun's Road, pass your hand all down the stem and over the pipe, and then rub your hands over your face and head, and over your arms and body and legs. Then hand me the pipe." Sun's Road did as he was bade. Then the old man put his hand on the buffalo chip and said to Sun's Road:

"Hŏ tū'a nī vōm?" (Did you see bulls?) and Sun's Road answered:

"Nau vōm." (I saw them.) The old man pulled in the chip a little way toward him.

"Did you see cows?"

"I saw them." The chief moved the chip a little further toward him.

"Did you see two-year-olds?"

"I saw them." He moved the chip a little further toward him.

"Did you see yearlings?"

"I saw them."

"Did you see small calves?"

"I saw them."

After each answer the chip was moved nearer to the chief, and when all these questions had been answered it was close to his body. Then Standing Water lifted up his hands to heaven, and thanked *He amma wihio* for all his goodness to the people.

Then Standing Water cleaned out the pipe, emptying the ashes on the chip in four piles, and left them there. He put his pipe in its sheath, and said to the people: "Now let none of you people go round to the left and pass in front of this chip (between it and the camp). Back off and all come around behind it (on the side toward the buffalo). If you pass in front of it, this might make the buffalo all go away." All the people went around it, as they had been ordered.

The chiefs mounted and all rode up on the ridge, and all saw the buffalo. The chiefs said: "Now here we will divide into two parties. Let half go the right and half to the left. The chiefs will go straight down from here. Let one party go around below the buffalo, and the other party on the upper side. When you get to your places, make your charges all at the same time."

Sun's Road watched where his girl was riding, and when he saw that she went to the right he went that way, too, and she saw him on his fine horse. They charged down on the buffalo and he rode close to a fat cow and killed it.

The people killed plenty of buffalo and took much meat back to camp and ate, and all were happy.

A day or two afterward some one who was out saw the buffalo quite close and coming toward the river. They went out and made another killing. Two or three days later they began to come down to the river and then to cross the river and to feed in the hills about camp. The people stayed in this camp for a long time and killed many buffalo and made plenty of robes.

George Bird Grinnell.

* The adventure referred to here will be related at another time.

THE EVOLUTION OF A SPORTSMAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nineteen years ago this very month of September, an ancient musket, scratched and battered by years of service, rusted through the negligence of its successive owners, and kept thus far from dissolution by divers nails, screws and twists of wire, passed into the possession of a farmer's apprentice. Memory cannot recall all the circumstances of that transaction, but treasure upon treasure was added to the original offer, until, like the merchant in the parable, the boy sold everything to gain this pearl of great price. When at last the actual transfer of property took place joy was unconfined and aspiration beheld nothing beyond. Weeks of bombardment attested the faithful effort to bring breech, sight and object into effective collocation. Stumps, posts, bottles, cans and escaping birds marked the advance of the tireless nimrod. The farmer's wife, startled by a white apparition stealing around the corner of the house to shoot a roosting partridge, the involuntary acrobatics of the old cat, stumbled over in the mad rush for a shot at a low-flying duck, the pale face of a companion who heard one charge whistle past his ear, are as fresh as yesterday. Surely a lenient Providence guards reckless mortals. The gun came to an end almost as suddenly as the one-horse shay, but the boy pulled through safely. For fifteen years a solitary grouse occupied the place of honor—the first and only success amid a dreary fusilade of crazy shots.

In the fall of 1892 a clergyman inherited a Colt breech-loader. It was a handsome gun and a famous shooter, but the recollection of that first campaign and its single trophy furnished no incentive to further effort. The gun might have gone into an undeserved obscurity, had not a refractory liver invested it with unsuspected medicinal virtue. "You are built for outdoor life," said the doctor; "get out on the hills and into the woods." "I have a gun," replied the minister. "Good! Use it!" That prescription settled my fate. Let those who inveigh against clerical sportsmen reserve their choicest censure for these heretical doctors who preach the gospel of red corpuscles and even advocate masculinity in preachers. What justification have these fellows in their baneful work of keeping us young? Still, we must obey them or they order us to stop work. I remember the look of utter astonishment that settled on the face of the first parishioner I met when he penetrated the disguise of cap, boots and hunting coat and found a minister—his minister! It was not the strangeness of a gun, for he had handled one sixty years. It was rather the unexpected association of theology and gunpowder.

"Well, well, pastor," said my old friend who sits in the second pew from the front; "that's a han'sum gun, but I didn't know you keered about shootin'."

"Doctor's medicine," I replied. "Good enough for anybody. I'd like to go with you."

I had not scandalized him, and thus encouraged I pressed on to meet a friend who had promised to locate some birds. That first shot! Whir-r-r-r—straightaway, a diminishing patch of brown. Bang!—a clear kill! Scientific shooting, indeed. I laughed at my amazed companion, but it was perfectly clear to me. The boy had become a man. The training of the schools, the ball field and tennis courts had developed mental balance, accurate judgment, and control of nerve. An alluring prospect opened before me. At least a dozen birds should grace my table and regale invited friends. Vain hope, born but to die. Never was a triumph more fleeting, nor expectation more completely crushed. That shot must have been fired backward, for there followed the most convincing proof that my eye had not lost its obliquity of vision nor my left hand its gyratory motion. Day after day revealed my absolute dependence on the meat market. The flight of a grouse would set every nerve on the jump or cause temporary paralysis of every muscle. When at last the gun was fired, the shot would be so utterly meaningless that I would catechise myself to see if I was sure of my mental

faculties. The jump of a rabbit into the brush would be followed by an ounce of shot, hurled at some unoffending tree 20ft. away. Long shots, near shots, cross shots, straight shots, impossible shots, incredible misses—the result was the same. There stands the record, matchless, grotesque. Two seasons, fifteen years, two birds.

The true sportsman soon learns a lesson, which, rightly understood, would correct the tendency of some to disparage sport on the ground of its drudgery or its brutality. The lesson is that while the actual securing of game is an incentive and a fitting climax, it is, after all, but a small part of hunting. As I look across the study to my guns and recall the camp life of the past three years, the indescribable fascination of mountain, forest and stream, the wealth of suggestion drawn from nature's treasury, the friendships formed with manly men, I can but rejoice that I learned some lessons well and from the start. There, for instance, was the gun. Some poor shots are forever berating their gun, slandering it outrageously, if not inflicting actual violence upon it. If my 12-bore had been a new gun, such giving the benefit of the doubt to the gunner might have passed, but it had an excellent record. Often after an exasperating miss I would hold it on an inanimate object. True as a die and a perfect pattern. The gun shot just where I aimed it, without any boomerang antics to offset my lack of skill. "Never mind," I would say; "it is my fault. Kick me as much as you want to." Then there was the lesson of needless killing. I left the discussion of the larger question of taking animal life to those kind-hearted people whose arguments would have greater weight if the remonstrants would first adopt a strictly vegetarian diet. There are many birds and animals in the fields and woods that not only do no special harm, but they serve no useful purpose as food. Practical immunity has made them quite tame, and it requires little if any skill to shoot them. I learned to regard these as companions and friends rather than game. I studied their appearance and habits, learned and compared their notes and cries, and left many a tidbit for their meal. The woods also took on a deeper meaning. I began to see visions and hear voices The eye became stronger and clearer. The glory of the autumnal foliage; the interplay of lights and shadows; the variety of berries, bark and moss; the answering flash or deep shadows of the brook; the gray rocks and fallen trees, were an unceasing delight. The spirit of the wood seemed to whisper in the stirring leaves; to laugh in the running water; to moan and sob in the rising storm. Again all would be silent, and in the silence there would come peace and rest. What man who has learned to love the woods has not yielded to the spell of that absolute calm when there seemed to exist in all the universe but two beings—himself and God? The taking of game for food, the uncertainty and excitement of the quest, the matching of wit against instinct, skill and pleasure in handling a reliable gun, are all indispensable to hunting, but they are not all. Music, beauty, health, exhilaration, solitude, communion, comradeship, these are the greater part, and until the service of gun and rod in introducing the sportsman to these rich but all too rare experiences is learned by actual experience, the hold which hunting and fishing have upon manly men will not be understood, much less appreciated.

Such was my introduction, such the meager results as regards game, and such my progress in the spirit if not the skill of hunting. The gun secured an honored place near my desk, and the thought of what it might yet accomplish led to a complete revolution in my vacation plans. If the narrative of subsequent experiences and impressions will afford any entertainment to the readers, it shall be given, for next to hunting is the pleasure of "talking it over."

PENOBSCOTT.

SOME TEXAS DEER HUNTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been a regular reader of FOREST AND STREAM, getting it from local newsdealers for the last fifteen years, and have often promised myself that I would some day give to its many appreciative readers and brother sportsmen (for I, too, was born with the instinct) some of my earlier experiences in Texas with the Nessmuks of that day and time, having emigrated from Tennessee to Texas with my father's family when a youth in the winter of 1849-50 I have had the pleasure of the acquaintance of such noted deer hunters as Murphy, Phelps, the Wrenns and a host of others; men who could look at a deer's track and almost tell you what the deer was thinking about when he made it

Often have I seen Wash. Wrenn, who is now, alas "resting under the shade of the trees on the other side," when the hounds would be bothered trying to work out a cold trail where the deer had been feeding, dismount, hand his bridle reins to some one of the party, find the tracks, be it in the dry baked soil of Scaley Bark Glade or on the rocky and barren hillside, work out the trail and give the hounds a fresh start.

And there was Uncle Jimmie Simmons, my ideal of a deer stalker, who knew exactly at what hour the deer would be feeding, and whose boast was that he never saw a deer running when hunting, until after he had fired his gun; in other words, no deer was so watchful that Uncle Jimmie's keen eye didn't see it before he was detected by the deer. Like Nessmuk, he preferred hunting by himself; though, being my father's nearest neighbor, and observing my proclivities in that direction, he has often taken me with him (he a man past fifty, and I a boy of only ten or twelve), and kept me in the woods with him all day, apparently enjoying my companionship as much as he would that of an experienced hunter of his own age. Be assured there was no game of ball or marbles so attractive that I wouldn't abandon on the instant to go with him into the woods.

What hunting those forests of east Texas, bordering on the Sabine, Angelina and Neches rivers, afforded! Ah, but it was the sportsman's paradise indeed! In the rivers and creeks were beaver and otter; bear, wild cat and coon in the swamps and canebrakes, and deer and turkey everywhere; besides, in the winter, mallards by the millions.

On such occasions Uncle Jimmie would never lose an opportunity to instruct me in woodcraft and the ways of wild game and how to stalk them, and to what part of their anatomy to direct the fatal bullet. Like most hunters, he was fond of his pipe, and his invariable rule was when he first discovered a deer (which, as before stated, he always did before the deer saw him) to get to the windward of it, even if he had to describe a half-circle to do it, then light his pipe and stalk it at his leisure.

"Never get in a hurry or allow yourself to become excited," he would say, "for be assured the deer will never become frightened as long as you advance only when his head is down, and keep to the leeward."

He has long since been summoned to the far-away "hunting ground;" but I imagine that I can see him now as he leisurely advances up the pathway that led down to my father's spring, from which both families were supplied with water, with his old flintlock rifle, with rear sight shaded with a piece of tin bent over it, and old Beave, his "slow track," with yellow hide, bob-tail and prominent dew-claws at his heels. Again can I see that smile and hear that ever-pleasant and welcome voice calling at the gate: "Milton, get your gun and come along, I've got the salt and biscuits."

How my little heart would bound with delight, and how I would dart like a fawn to my mother's side to ask permission to go. And, oh! the delight of the hunt. Yes, it all comes back. I can see it all. It is true it is only a memory and a vision, but it is a pleasant memory and a delightful vision; yea, to me a heavenly one.

I only started out to say that I may hereafter write up some of those old frontiersmen and memories, for they belong to the craft and should not be withheld.

MILTON MAYS

[We trust that our correspondent will tell us something of these old-timers. They deserve a writing up in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.]

WITH GOKEY, OF DAWSON.

LAST week I spoke of a little hunt which my friend, the Chief, from New York, and myself, intended taking out in North Dakota with State Game Warden Bowers and his friend, Deputy Warden Gokey, of Dawson. We took the hunt and had one of the pleasantest little experiences either of us has known for a long time. We left St. Paul on the evening of Monday, via Northern Pacific, and taking up Mr. Bowers at Fargo, N. D., where he lives, we spent the rest of the night on board the train conversing about all those things which come up to the minds of children out of school. It was daybreak when we reached Dawson, and soon thereafter we were introduced to one of the most celebrated and justly famous citizens of the great State of North Dakota, Gokey, of Dawson.

In appearance we found Gokey to be strictly weird, about medium height, but with long black hair hanging on his shoulders. His garb was of corduroy, his hat no derby, but the soft covering of the plains. His manner was that of the genuine West. In two minutes we were all acquainted, and in four we had our plans for the hunt completed.

Gokey, of Dawson, has done more to make his State famous than any politician within its borders. He is known all over his own State, and, moreover, in every other State of the Union. He has friends by the score among the best and wealthiest sportsmen of America. Not to know Gokey is to argue oneself unknown, and that is why the Chief and I went out to see him.

Gokey, of Dawson, was once upon a time a New Englander, and his parents wanted to make a business man out of him, but he was always sneaking off to go hunting, so they gave it up. Some score or more of years ago he resolved to come West, where he could breathe deeper and oftener and under less restraint. He reached Dakota in the buffalo days. He knew the antelope before they were gone. He will tell you that even to-day he believes that he can take you, inside of four days, to a place in the unknown Dakota lands, where you may see a buffalo, a real live wild buffalo. But he does not state for publication where this place may be found.

When Gokey located, years ago, in the little prairie town of Dawson, he faced the problem of making a living just as the rest of us have to face it under one condition or another. In the little towns of the West the channels of trade run in miniature, and perhaps a single one does not offer a living of itself. In the cities each man does one thing, or part of it, but on the prairies he is obliged to do many things.

Gokey, of Dawson, is above all things a hunter, yet not a market hunter, and not a butcher. He takes out parties into the best duck and goose country of Dakota. This season is short, of course, and for the rest of the year Gokey does many things. He is deputy game warden, and a rattling good one. He is justice of the peace, of course, for the most prominent citizen is always elected to be justice of the peace in a Western town. He says that not since the first year of his arrival in Dakota has he been without holding an office of some kind. Also, he is a harness maker, and a very good one. He repairs guns and all sorts of firearms. He loads shells, and sells supplies for guns. More than that, he is a professional photographer, and makes some very sweet pictures of Dakota babies. Not content with this, he is also a dentist. He pulls teeth after a painless method which he advertises. When the patient tells him that he has been hurt, Gokey, of Dawson, apologizes, and tells him that he forgot to rub on that painless stuff, and offers to put the tooth back and do it over again. I asked him where he was graduated as a dentist, and he said he just picked it up. Not yet done is the catalogue of Gokey, of Dawson. He is leader of the town band, and plays the clarinet with exactness and confidence. I have an obscure notion that his painless method of dentistry is in some way connected with the clarinet, though of this I am not sure. Gokey, of Dawson, is a musician, a scientist, a philosopher, a business man, a jurist, a corking fine duck shot, and the very best fellow in the world. No one ever saw him out of humor. Day or night, he is always with a laugh upon his lips. He will not wear rubber boots, but goes into the water, no matter what the weather, in old shoes and trousers direct. Yet he was never known to shiver; he never had rheumatism, and he is never sick. He can break a dog, handle a gun, or pole a boat with the best of them. I nearly forgot to add that he is the town barber, and he shaves and cuts hair as well as he shoots ducks. No man ever knew him who did not love and admire him. There is only one of him in the entire State of North Dakota, and if you see him once you are bound to go back and see him again.

Picture to yourself Gokey, of Dawson, engaged at his work, or more properly speaking, at his works. I do not say that he can try a case at law and shave a man at one and the same time, but suppose this doubtful situation is not offered him. Suppose that he has merely to make a set of harness while he is trying a case, or to load some shells after he has given the band the regular lesson in Sousa's marches (which they really play). Suppose that he merely has to shave a man, after he has fixed up a broken gun, or something of that sort, and is then about to make a picture of a Norske infant. You approach Gokey so employed, and mention to him the possibility of a little hunt. Presto! You find the real business, the real preferences of the man. He continues the law case. He postpones the parents of the Norske infant. He lets the harness wait, and tarries not at all to evoke sweet notes upon the clarinet. In four minutes Gokey, of Dawson, has his two rough-looking but speedy horses hitched up to his light covered wagon. His dogs, rough-coated but old-headed, trail out behind. On a little two-wheeled cart of his own invention a duck boat travels on behind the light wagon. His useful gun, his well-worn coat and suit are in evidence. Gokey, of Dawson, is no longer jurist, barber, artist, merchant. He is in every shining, happy lineament Gokey the hunter, unapproachable in his chosen craft.

It is thus that I would lovingly picture him, nor can I suggest greater happiness for any person, whatsoever be his condition, than at some day thus to see Gokey, of Dawson, and to think that he is to be head of an expedition out over the big gray plains, where the air is sweet and keen, and where the blue sky has long, dark traceries drawn across it by the wavering flights of the fowl.

We had two days at Dawson; Warden Bowers, the Chief and myself, and though we had had no sleep the previous night on the train, but had visited and talked like schoolgirls till the gray of dawn, we lost no moment getting off for our hunt. On this first day Gokey determined to take us only about six or seven miles out of town, to the Dead Buffalo Lake, near the old Sibley battle ground. On the way out he and Warden Bowers told us all sorts of cock-and-bull stories about the numbers of ducks we should see (all local ducks, of course), and to this I listened politely, as one used to many such stories which had never found fulfillment. Here let me apologize. The stories in this case more than came true.

At the head of the Dead Buffalo Lake there is a narrow strip of water separating it from a smaller lake above, and between this little sheltered basin and the wide, deep water where the wild celery grows, there is a more or less constant flight of ducks. We put out our team and hastened quietly as we could down to this fly-way, seeking not to alarm the birds till we had taken our stand on the ridge between the lakes, where the rushes grow much higher than a man's head and run out almost entirely across the narrow channel. One of the dogs ran on ahead of us, and even before we could run over to the pass, there arose an enormous black cloud of ducks, which began to stream over the pass and to spread out over the big lake below.

Hot Times on the Pass.

Each of us had his pockets full of shells, and before we had deployed as skirmishers across the pass the pockets began to empty. The ducks came in a constant stream, without intermission for many minutes, nearly all of them low and almost in our faces, and with that velocity of flight seen nowhere except on a duck pass. The four of us with shouts and calls and eager vociferations of "Mark! mark! mark!" poured in such fire as we could. Mr. Bowers cut down his first two birds after his regular style, and Gokey, wading out into the middle of the channel, began to fold up birds with the smoothness of the oldtime shot. I came near stopping my own gun to watch the sport of duck shooting on the pass, which I consider to be one of the most difficult and exciting forms of shooting. High up in the air the passing bird would suddenly close up, its head falling back, and come down like a stone with an excellent great splash. For the Chief, I can say he was diligent, and often I saw him cut down his duck, sometimes dropping it at his feet as he stood on the dry ground. Both the Chief and myself were raw at first on the pass, but after the flurry we got down to it and shot with our average of badness I suppose. All of us killed ducks, many ducks, so many and in such mingled fashion that for a time no one could tell whose duck it was that fell out of the flight under the pattering fusillade. The retrievers were busy wading and swimming, and we, too, at times paused to pick up a bird or so. In half an hour the flight slackened, and we stopped to take account. Many of our birds fell back of us in the water, and unless killed stone dead such birds were as good as lost; for they would dive and disappear as soon as they got to the water. We could see that many of our ducks were canvasbacks and redheads. I shall make it short by saying that the first hurried flight did not last long, and that during the day, which came off very hot, the birds did not move much, Gokey very wisely declining to go out and stir them up, as he said that would drive them off their feeding beds and cause them to leave the lake. The evening was still, and the birds did not move as we had expected. Moreover, we were most of us tired and sleepy, and not disposed to kill everything in sight. After we had picked up our dead and found such of the cripples as we could, we had somewhere between thirty and forty ducks, I believe, nearly a dozen and a half of which were fine fat canvasbacks and redheads. This we voted plenty good enough for us.

Not so Gokey. Both he and Bowers declared we had seen no shooting at all. They held conference, and soon announced that on the following day we must be prepared for a long ride. We were to go to the famous Chase Pass, about twenty-four miles northeast of Dawson, and to see what both these gentlemen declared to be the best flight of ducks in the whole country.

Dreams Realized.

Here again I am obliged to say that the representations held out did not begin to equal the reality. The Chief and myself have traveled a little in this big country of America, and have seen ducks all the way from British America to Mexico, yet never, even on the Gulf coast of Texas, did we ever see so many ducks, such comfortable, obliging ducks, and ducks so accessible and incessant. It was a wonderful sight of wildfowl, one of those sights which make the unthinking say that there are "just as many ducks now as there ever were." Gokey said this was always a great place for ducks, but that this year the birds were more numerous than for many years previous, thanks to high water and to the license law, which cut off the non-resident market shooting and reduced that of game hogs who knew no moderation. Gokey said that up to the past two years it was a daily sight at Dawson

station to see the entire platform lined with ducks waiting for the train to bear them out of the State. He said that in warm weather it was no unusual thing to see two or three wagon loads of spoiled ducks hauled out into the country and dumped into a coulee. He seemed to take comfort in the hope of better things. Both he and Warden Bowers are assured of the wisdom of the non-resident act, whatever the non-resident himself may think about it. I think both the Chief and myself would be disposed now to say that if a shooter can in anyway afford it, it would pay him better to pay his $25 in North Dakota, where he can get some shooting and where the birds are not being destroyed in such quantities for the markets, than to go to some more liberal but more illy-stocked State for a sporting trip. I know this license law has stopped much shooting and cut off much non-resident travel to North Dakota, for the gun stores of St. Paul and Minneapolis complain that it has hurt their trade with sportsmen who outfit for shooting trips to the Northwest. Even the railroads don't like the law, for it lessens their traffic. The ducks, however, are to be congratulated upon it, and so are those whose fate enables them to get a look in at one of the greatest remaining sporting grounds of America.

Home of the Wildfowl.

It was 11:45 in the morning when our long ride over the easy prairies came to a pause at the famous Chase Pass. From the high ridge which rims in this valley we looked down and saw two great lakes, each reaching away four or five miles from the point of view, each perhaps half a mile or more across. Between these two bodies of clear water there stretched a high ridge of hard, dry ground, apparently a quarter of a mile across from water to water, and about 40ft. above the surface of the water at the summit of the ridge. There was a light wind moving, and the water was rippled and moving, so that we could see no ducks at first. As we drove down nearer to the bank we caught sight of thousands of black, bobbing figures, all over the whole face of the waters. In shore, and now not over a few hundreds of yards from us, there rested upon the bars literally a black mass of ducks, thousands upon thousands. This is not the enthusiasm of a man who has never seen many birds before, but is the literal and calm truth. I never in my life have seen so great a body of wildfowl at one time. Soon the birds began to soar up and circle blackly about, and in time the air was dark with a countless multitude of circling, twisting and turning fowl, each bunch with a different direction from the others. It was enough to drive one crazy.

Neither Bowers nor Gokey showed any signs of losing his mind, though I feared for the Chief. For my own part, I have a vague recollection that I stood upon one foot while the team was being turned out and the deliberate preparations made for the hunt.

"Take plenty of shells." was about all the advice Warden Bowers had to offer. "You'll need them all, for you won't kill every shot."

So we took each a back load and hurried off to the pass over which the birds were streaming. We had been told that on this pass, no matter what the weather, the ducks fly all day long. This we did not believe, but set down as "agi'n natur'." Yet we found it true this day at least, though the morning started in very fair and warm.

We found that a series of pits had been dug along the ridge, a few feet below the summit, deep enough so that the shooter would be concealed when he crouched down. In these pits we saw many old shells, but these were weather-beaten, and showed to be those of last year. We were the first to shoot on this wonderful pass in the wonderful duck year of 1897.

The Battle.

Gokey took the furthest pit, Bowers next to him, then myself, then the Chief, who thus was furthest to the left as he faced to the west, from which direction the first flight came. We hurried under many passing flocks as we trotted into the firing line, and as soon as we got located each began to shoot. The ducks were most accommodating, and came to us at first in a vast mass, out of which it was next to impossible to pick out any individual birds. The speed of the flight was terrific, and the hiss of the wings cutting low and close or whispering high overhead was never absent from the ear. Nor was there absent the steady cracking of the guns. Gokey's regular double report, mingled with the cornsheller activity of Bowers's repeating Winchester smote my ear on the right, while nearby on the left the sharp crack of the Chief's little 12-gauge sounded incessantly. Not one shot out of four landed its game, but, none the less, there was a series of heavy thumps all about us, more especially to the right of the firing line, where the two Dakota men were in action.

After a while we had a little let up and I looked over to see how the Chief was getting along. I then had about a dozen ducks piled up in my pit, most of them belonging to Bowers, I presume, but when I approached the Chief he was sitting with his head in his hand, gloomily looking down at a hen spoonbill which he had chased into the grass and killed with a stick.

Couldn't Land.

"What's the matter, Chief?" I asked him, kindly and like a perfect gentleman.

"The truth is," said he, sadly, as he looked up from the hen spoonbill, "I can't land on 'em. Now, I've been holding for the solar plexus of about 4,000 individual ducks that have sashayed across here, but I can't seem to land on 'em. When I lead they—don't misunderstand me—they duck, as it were. They ain't there. How about that? Are these things too good for everybody? How did you fellows happen to get any? Did you shoot into the flock, and hit another flock?"

Duck Delirium.

I explained to the Chief that I got ducks by watching closely where Mr. Bowers was shooting, and then shooting into the same flock with him. He regretted that he was so far out of the way of this sort of assistance that he could not avail himself of anybody's skill but his own, and he hadn't any. (The Chief is good over decoys, but this was his first day on a redhot fast pass, and he met the customary difficulty in shooting before the birds were over on the next lake.)

The Chief and I then concluded to visit a while, and we shot together out of his pit for a few rounds. By this time the birds had begun to come back from the east, and now the fun grew yet more fast and furious. The flocks would start from the eastern lake high up in the air. "Mark east!" would come the warning down the line, and each man would get below the level of the ridge. As the birds approached the high ground they would drop rapidly, and come over the pass parallel with the ground and very low. They would roll over the top of the little ridge beyond us, dip down into the coulee across our front, disappear for a moment, and then come surging and boiling and whistling up in a long, swift, feathery wave over the crest of our breastworks, hissing almost into our faces as they swept on out toward the water. Never was such an exciting situation in the world!

Never in all my life did I see such shooting. It was a glimpse, a glance, and then a swift wheel to get a fair shot at a disappearing bunch almost over the edge of the reeds which lined the water's edge behind us. Sometimes the ducks flew almost into our faces. Often we dodged down to escape what seemed an imminent danger of losing a hat or a head. Twice I shot ducks ahead of me which fell 30ft. behind me. Once I had a fat duck come crushing into the pit beside me, and once I dropped a teal against the bank of my pit. A more perfect embodiment of a hot corner on ducks never existed. It was almost bewildering in its tension. It was a delirium of ducks.

The Chief and I shot from his pit together, and after a time we both began to improve, coaching each other on the lead as the different flocks came by. I could see that he was stopping his gun when he fired, and holding about six feet ahead on birds where he should have led twenty. I could see the line of his smoke cut in apparently a dozen feet behind the bird which he thought he was leading almost too much. He did an equal service by me, and soon we began to acquire the lead, a distance which seemed utterly absurd at first. The pile of birds at out pit began to grow. At lunch time the Chief had become a finished performer on the pass. A very nice looking farmer lady came out with a very nice looking lunch, and as she drove up, the Chief and I rose and cut out four ducks from a passing flock, just to show the lady how it was done. Alas for me! I fell down on my next chance, but the chief killed a pair out the next flight over. Then, as we gathered at the reed bed for luncheon, he cut down a high single, and a moment later yet another. I saw a glance of triumph come into his eye. He had caught the knack of it.

At lunch we paused now and then to kill, or try to kill, the ducks which continued to pour over. Mr. Bowers told me that he and some friends once killed fourteen ducks at that same spot, while they were eating lunch one day. I think we dropped half a dozen or so before we had cleaned up the lunch. A bountiful and well-cooked one it was, and to have it thus brought down warm from the farmhouse was the last touch of comfort on this dry, comfortable, and absolutely ideal fly-way. A good part of our lunch was made up of four grouse, which we had picked up along the road; almost the only grouse we saw in this part of the country, where they are very scarce this year.

Amenities on the Duck Pass.

After our lunch we resumed position in the skirmish line, minus Gokey, who had a headache and did not shoot for a while. It was an old story with Gokey, and it did not take him long to kill the twenty-five birds which make the limit *per diem* for a shooter in the State of North Dakota. With the Chief and myself it was different. We got a good deal bigger run for our money than anybody else, because we shot worse. It now began to be a struggle of courtesy between us all. "I never touched that bird; it's yours, my friend," I would say to the Chief. "Your bird, sir," he would reply, with equal courtesy; and so we would argue over it. Bowers and I nearly scared the Chief to death by covertly piling up a lot of our birds in front of his pit, and then proceeding to count them before him. We made it out to be twenty-nine birds, and the warden told him it would cost him $400!

It would seem that one should soon kill his limit on a flight like this, and so he can, even though he be new at the sport of pass shooting—the hardest shooting in the world, and not to be compared with the easy work of shooting over decoys. Yet I have noticed that even the best shots will spoil 100 shells to pick up twenty-five ducks on a pass like this, and it takes a little while to shoot 100 shells, especially after the first flurry is over and one steadies down and behaves like a shooter, picking his shots and taking care. We had shot a little over a couple of hours before we thought it best to rectify our rough counts of individual bags and to go after the birds which had fallen dead back of us in the reeds. Bowers and I went over the crest of the ridge to look for some birds we had killed on the hard ground, and while we were there we saw the prettiest bit of shooting done on the trip.

The Chief was then alone in the pit over which the main flight was passing, and he had his eye on the birds. He took toll out of everything that crossed. Five times we saw him rise and fire at flocks and small bodies of birds, and each time he got meat. Once he killed all three of three ducks that went over down wind, high and fast—a handsome bit of work. Twice he dropped his double out, and out of five accepted chances he did not miss a shot. It was good enough fun to sit and watch this, and Bowers and I both concluded we had no more advice to offer him. When we got to his pit we found him radiant, and hugging to his bosom the light 12-gauge with which he was now thoroughly infatuated. He expressed himself as for once absolutely satisfied with the world. "Did you see me deflate that last un?" he asked, cheerfully.

When we picked up our birds we found that, counting a half-dozen birds we had given the farmer's wife, we had our limit, or so near it that we did not care to go closer—ninety-eight birds in all. Thereupon came up human nature, as the Chief and I both realized. It was the first day we had had outdoors with a gun for a long time, and the best chance to kill a lot of ducks either of us had ever had in all his life. I confess that my personal wish was to kill some more. I wanted to try just one or two shots more. I wanted to see if I could kill a double out of the flock just heading for us. I wanted—well, I admit I wanted to go ahead and shoot a lot. But this we did not do, and after we saw the awful pile of game we had when we got it together, every one of us was mighty glad we had killed no more, even the question of the law aside. All of these birds, except those eaten by ourselves, were taken to Fargo and there disposed of, Mr. Bowers and myself laboring faithfully till we had them all given away. It is sure we killed enough. How many we could have killed had we all shot all day long as steadily as possible, I should not like to say. I believe we could easily have fired from 500 to 600 shells apiece, and have killed perhaps one-fourth or more of that number of birds apiece. But what a butchery that would have been, for even our one party. What a butchery it would be for many parties, taken for not one day, but for many days. I never had the lesson of moderation more forcibly impressed upon me. It was not at first pleasant, I admit, and I vaguely found the customary excuses for doing what I wanted to do, just as human nature always finds such excuses; but once the temptation was overcome we each of us felt happy. We are each ready to say that the killing of twenty-five ducks on a red-hot pass is fun enough for one day for any man, and that the law is a good one and should stand and be respected. This limit is one which should be set in every gentlemen's shooting club all over the land. It is enough. It is at the moment hard to realize it, but it is enough. Stop at twenty-five, and you feel bad at the time, but good after a while.

So we went away long before evening, while a cold storm was blowing up, and while over the greatest duck pass of the Northwest the long black streamers of the flight were growing thick and thicker. Into the night, over roads made softer by a drizzling rain, we drove, reaching town late, but very well contented. And so ended our day with Gokey, of Dawson, whom we voted a man in whom alike truth and skill abode. We left him with genuine regret, for we had sat at his board and eaten there of duck cooked as one finds it not from Dan to Beersheba, for Mrs. Gokey can cook as well as her versatile husband can shoot. When the Chief and I go out after our winter's meat next year, it is more than likely that we shall endeavor to have that occur in the company of Gokey, of Dawson. And betimes a load is shifted from my mind. Many men in the course of a year write and ask me where they can find shooting. In human nature, this means not a little shooting, but a lot of a shooting. I can answer truthfully: Go to Gokey, of Dawson. There are no chickens there this year, and there may be very few next year, as indeed there may not then be so many ducks; but if the duck shooting then is one-half what we know it was this fall, it is absolutely certain that the visiting shooter will be more than satisfied.

It Protects.

The main body of non-resident shooters will not be at Dawson until about Oct. 1, when the goose season begins. Then the special cars and the special parties will begin to flock in, and Gokey will be busy all the time, as well as all the other guides. If you go thither, Gokey will take you out shooting. He will shave you, play to you or take your picture. He will try you if you break the law. He will put one-third of your $25 in his pocket, and don't you forget it; and if you kick will arrest you and try you before himself, and levy on your stuff if you don't pay.

Protection is beginning to protect out in the far Northwest, but it does not by any means follow that the end of the world has come, or that all the fun and all the shooting must come to an end. If you think that, look at the Dawson *Register* a week from now, or ask the opinion of Gokey, first citizen of North Dakota.

I call Gokey thus deliberately. Warden Bowers is an old friend of mine, and a square man. He can throw Gokey in a fair wrestling match, as he proved many times on this trip. But can he shave Gokey, play to him, picture him or try him, all at once? I trow not. There is but one Gokey, and he lives at Dawson. E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.—I.

There is scarcely a sportsman who has shot any considerable amount of game, who has not at least one curious shot to his credit, perhaps scores of them. For a great many years I have hunted our different varieties of game more or less every season, and have both made and witnessed many singular shots, and have been mixed up in not a few odd incidents.

One of the first curious shots that I remember occurred many years ago. My companion and I, with the help of a cur dog, were working out an alder run just at the foot of a steep, well-wooded side hill. We had gone but a short distance when the dog flushed a rabbit, and at once gave chase up the run. When about 100yds. above us, he put up a grouse that came down past us at lightning speed, but as I always took all such chances, I threw the old gun well ahead and cut loose. The bird kept right on, and I was greatly surprised to hear my companion, who stood a few yards to one side, exclaim: "What a wonderful shot. That beats anything I ever saw." Just then I was still more surprised to hear a bird come fluttering in its death struggle down the opposite bank.

I at once grasped the situation, and knew that I had unwittingly killed it on the ground; but my companion thought that I had actually stopped the thunderbolt, as it disappeared from his sight just as I fired; and he was so loud in praise of my wonderful shooting that out of regard for his feelings I never said a word, and until now the true version of the affair has never been told.

I was not at that time a very good shot, but I had an almost overpowering ambition to become one, and in my almost entire ignorance of the customary practice of sportsmen under such circumstances, I actually thought that the next best thing was to have the reputation of being one; and I assure you that in this respect, I gained vastly more by the fluke than I did in the next two years by good shooting. After I became passably proficient in the art, I was made acquainted with a goodly number of the crack shots of the day; and it is perhaps needless to say that in associating with them, I soon learned that a reputation on paper will not "cut ice" when you come to the scratch.

In my youthful days I dearly loved to hunt rabbits, as our American hares are called. One long-legged fellow had escaped us several times, always taking refuge in a hole under some rocks where we could not dig him out nor reach him with a stick. Finally we became quite interested and determined to have him, so one day I took position within fair shooting distance and in plain sight of the hole, while my companion and the dog proceeded to hunt him up. I kept a good lookout, but somehow my eyes wandered for an instant, and when I again looked at the hole I caught a fleeting glimpse of our friend as he was disappearing in its mouth. I walked to the hole and was awaiting my com-

panion, when I heard a smothered squeal from the rabbit, and immediately after there was quite a rustling down in the hole. Thinking that our fleet friend was coming out, I retreated backward in order to be at the proper distance when he should show himself. I had gone but a few yards when he slowly crawled out of the hole with a mink on his back that had its teeth fast in the poor rabbit's neck. Without stopping to think I took a hasty aim and fired at the struggling mass, and killed them both so dead that they hardly gave a dying kick.

As these notes are partly a record of confessions of what I now believe to have been not just up to the mark, viewed from the standpoint of ethics of the field, I may as well get the burden of that mink skin off my mind.

Our storekeeper was rather close-fisted, and always tried his best to drive a good bargain; and just previous to the shot recorded above he had bought of me a prime mink skin that I had learned was worth $2, but he had given me for it only $1.50. Of course this rankled, and came forcibly to mind when I was skinning this one. Not only thoughts of the trade bothered me, but I was much put out to find this skin, otherwise a good one, to be so full of shot holes that it was nearly worthless. I cured it, however, and took it down to the store one evening when the proprietor, after glancing at it, offered me, as he said, the usual price, $1.50, which I took without a banter. When he sold his peltry this skin only brought 25 cents, and he came down on me for the balance; but I declined to respond, and thus I made an enemy for life. Of course I now realize the turpitude of this transaction, and sincerely hope that in view of my youth and inexperience no part of it will be laid up against me.

Once, when hunting rabbits in a large swamp, I placed my companion near a little run that entered the swamp and took my station at a similar run some 50yds. below in plain sight of him. The dog soon had one going, and after a turn or two in the swamp the rabbit made straight for my companion. I saw him as the chase came nearer brace up and with a tighter grip on the old gun he raised it nearly to his shoulder, and with one foot advanced, his body bent forward, stood there ready for the fray. When he caught sight of the quarry he deliberately drew a bead on him and pulled the trigger, then stood still for a few seconds, then, dropping his gun, bounded through the brush at his best speed, meantime yelling for the dog at the top of his voice. Thinking that the rabbit was only wounded, I hastened to him and was greatly surprised to meet him coming out of the brush with the rabbit in one hand and a grouse in the other, both stone dead; of course he knew nothing of the grouse until he heard it fluttering, and even then he did not realize just how matters stood until he arrived on the spot; but that evening, when we gathered around the big stove at the store, he not only saw the partridge all the time, but quietly waited until the rabbit was in line, as he had only a single-barreled gun and wanted them both. Of course I had to back up his statement, although I am now sorry that I did so, as I have since learned that it is very unsportsmanlike to vary in the least from the cold facts and literal truth when telling or vouching for any performance afield.

While upon the rabbit question I may as well tell about the one that Cud shot out of a tree. His full name was Henry Caldwell, but every one called him Cud. He was about one-half farmer and one-half shoemaker, and all a jolly good fellow, with a pat story or anecdote for every occasion. Cud loved to hunt and was usually afield once or twice a week as soon as his farmwork for the fall was done. One morning as I was starting for the big swamp to have a rabbit hunt I met a young friend who wished to go with me, and as an inducement for me to consent he said that his folks had a cat to dispose of, and that he would take it in a bag and when we came to a good place we would let it out and give Milo a run. This suited me, as Milo was an excellent cat dog, and between us we had about cleared our section of country from that pest of the forest, the common house cat run wild. Just before we arrived at the big pasture, our chosen coursing ground, a rabbit jumped close to us and after a few leaps squatted under a small bush. I was about to let him have it when Tommy, my companion, begged for a shot, and I handed him the gun and gave him instruction how to use it. Resting it over a big stone he blazed away, and greatly to his delight killed the rabbit.

Milo came in at the report of the gun, and as we were nearly to the pasture I kept him at heel. Some ten rods from the fence stood a big white oak tree, nearly 4ft. through, with not a limb for more than 20ft., when there was a dead branch about 6in. in diameter that stuck straight out about 4ft., where it was broken off. Making for this tree, I held Milo while Tommy laid down his rabbit, and letting the dog have a sniff at the cat he took the bag about 30yds. away, and shaking out the cat, whacked her with the bag, giving her a good send-off, when I slipped Milo, who went for her for all he was worth. But our fun was short-lived, for the blamed cat just took a half circle at her best gait and came back to the tree, and went up it about 1½in. ahead of the dog, and never stopped until she reached the dead limb, when she crawled out nearly to the end of it, and curled up and watched the dog, who was barking his very best. Tommy came back disgusted, and proposed to go and find some stones and pelt her off; but I said, 'No, it is cruel to throw stones at a cat; let us go back the proper distance. A charge of shot always fetches them." So we went to a clump of hazlewood bushes some 40yds. away, and I was just ready to fire when I saw Cud running toward the tree. Laying down the gun, we crouched under the bushes and awaited events. Milo had kept up his barking, which had attracted Cud, who made for the tree, expecting to find a squirrel. When he arrived within about 40yds. he spied the cat, and as quick as a flash the old gun came to his shoulder and he blazed away. The cat sprang more than 10ft. from the tree, and as she struck the ground she pulled just the best she was able with Milo about a rod behind her, also putting in his best licks and gaining at every jump, and as they went into a little hollow I saw the cat go into the air some 4 or 5ft., and as I knew what that meant, I turned to see what Cud was up to. He was loading his gun, and as soon as he had returned the ramrod he started toward the tree, and as his eye fell on Tommy's rabbit he dropped his gun, and grabbing the rabbit he pulled out his jack-knife and cut its throat. This performance almost retched me, but I somehow managed to hold in, but I had to grip Tommy by the windpipe and hold on or he would have spoiled the fun. How that boy did laugh when I let up on him after Cud had gone, in fact I was not far behind him, and both of us was very near hysterics. To see Cud as he looked at his prize and then at the big tree, shaking his head as his eye rested on the dead limb, and then to see him walk around the tree and again shake his head as he again inspected the rabbit, was about as much as poor, weak human nature could stand.

That evening, at the store, when Cud came in and casually remarked that he never knew until to-day that rabbits could climb trees, I had to take Tommy by the collar and lead him out into the fresh air, and so I lost the remainder of the story, but I often heard it afterward, with the facts in the case just as I have told them, for Cud was always truthful, but he had not seen the cat after he fired, and he thought it was a rabbit, and he said that the fool dog was afraid of the gun. I had sworn Tommy to profound secrecy and I never lisped a word, all of which I now know to have been very wrong, as I have long been convinced that many of the "facts in natural history," as well as in other cases, are learned by the scientist from Cud and his representatives throughout the land, who will prove to you that rabbits do climb trees, or some other "fact" equally absurd.

SHADOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Minnesota Indians and Game.

(*Special interview.*)

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 9.—I have interviewed by mail State Executive Agent S. F. Fullerton, of Minnesota, so supplementing recent personal talk with him upon the subject of the order from the authorities at Washington, restricting the shipments of game from Indian reservations in Minnesota, and to day am in receipt of his opinions in regard to the effect of the order. His letter reads in part as follows:

"I have taken a trip to both the Indian reservations, that is, the Red Lake and the White Earth. I wanted to see how they felt in regard to the order that was issued from Washington. Was at Detroit, where our friend Davis lives, the man we have had so much trouble with. Some of the people there take the ground that Indian Commissioner Jones has exceeded his authority, and has no right to issue such an order, but they will obey it just the same, as the Commissioner is very much in earnest about the matter. The last words he said to Mr. Byrnes, our attorney, when he left Washington, was that if that was not strong enough he would make it just as strong as the Commission wanted it, which is very gratifying indeed to us. If necessary we will have the president revoke the treaties in regard to the Indians, so far as shooting is concerned, and that will surely settle all controversy.

"We have a case coming up in our Supreme Court that has a great bearing on this same question. Mr. Stephens, our warden at Detroit, found in the possession of a Mr. Lacy two prairie chickens on Aug. 28, this year. He seized them and arrested Mr. Lacy. The judge fined Lacy $10 for each bird. He immediately appealed to the Court Commissioner of Becker county for a writ of *habeas corpus*. The case was heard and the Commissioner discharged him from custody, he claiming that the game was killed on the White Earth Indian Reservation. The Sheriff of Becker county immediately appealed to the Supreme Court, and it comes up on the 5th inst., when the court convenes. We are almost certain of winning this case, and of course it is in line with all the others that are pending. You will remember making mention in FOREST AND STREAM of a case that came before the Minnesota Board of Pardons, in which we caught two Indians from the Fond du Lac Reservation with two saddles of venison in their possession in the village of Carlton, in Carlton county. They claimed that they had shot the deer on the reservation and could sell it if they wanted to. We arrested them and put them in jail. They made application, through the District Attorney, Mr. Stringer, for a pardon. Our Attorney-General, Mr. Childs, and Chief Justice Start, of the Supreme Court, are members of the Board of Pardons. They both looked into the matter very carefully, and decided that an Indian had no more rights than a white man and would have to submit to the police regulations of the State the same as a white man. Of course it is very gratifying, on the eve of the trial in the Supreme Court, to know that we have the best legal talent in the State, viz., the Attorney-General and Chief Justice, on our side; so we have no fears of not winning our Indian cases, and we think by this time next year the vexed question of what the rights of the Indians are in regard to game will be settled for all time to come.

"They are just changing Indian agents on the Reservation, and of course we could not get anything very definite out of the ones in power. Mr. Allen, the present agent, has never been very friendly to game protection, judging by his actions, as I have written him several times, and he has never even answered my letters. Of course he will have a chance to reflect now, as he will be an 'ex' in a very short time, and Mr. Sutherland, of Detroit, will take his place, who, we expect, will make the Indians obey the laws of the State. Of course he can do nothing less than to follow the instructions of the Indian Commissioner in regard to his recent order.

"You ask me what we think of the order, as a Commission, and I will say that nothing has ever happened in Minnesota, in our judgment, that comes anywhere near being as good as this. You have no idea, living in Chicago, how much game is marketed by Indian traders. The poor Indian gets little or no benefit from it. He simply does the hard work of hunting, and sells his venison for from 2 to 4 cents per pound and his partridges and ducks at from 5 to 10 cents apiece, the trader making all there is in it. We think that in the interest of the Indian, Commissioner Jones's order is a splendid thing, as well as in the interests of the game of the State at large.

"I have just had a letter from the State Game Warden of North Dakota, Mr. Bowers, giving myself and deputies authority to seize all game coming from North Dakota, whether going through Minnesota to another State or stopping in our State. I am awaiting the same authority from Wisconsin and South Dakota and also from some of the States further west. You can see at a glance what a splendid thing, with co-operation, this will be, if we can only get it in good working order. It will absolutely shut off the shipment of game out of any of these States if we can get all the State game wardens interested."

All the News from South Water Street.

I have to-day had a long personal interview with State Warden H. W. Loveday, of Illinois, and have his opinions in regard to the game market of Chicago. Mr. Loveday says that he has now appointed 246 deputies at different parts of the State, and he has had reports of over 400 cases tried under the game laws this season, to say nothing of many reports not yet turned in by deputies. This is a good showing for out-of-town work, but it appears that on South Water street also Mr. Loveday has really been doing som business, and that in a way to give the average game dealer a genuine and sincere touch of *Weltschmertz*, as we say in Chicago. Since Oct. 1 he has tried nineteen city cases and will be busy the rest of the month, usually having two cases each day, one in the morning and in the afternoon. The large majority of these cases are for illegal shipping of game. Warden Loveday says he has taken game from almost every dealer on South Water street. Some of the dealers have pointed out for him packages of illegal game which they did not want to receive, and some packages he has seized contrary to the intention of the dealers. He claims that some of the heaviest dealers have observed the law, or at least have turned over to him boxes of game which came to hand before the opening of the season. (We may doubt, as I think Mr. Loveday does, that they have advised him of each and every package of illegal game received, but each lot so turned over to the warden is that much of a discouragement to the country shipper of contraband game.) In all, the warden has seized about 4,000 to 4,500 head of illegal birds in good order, to say nothing of many partially spoiled birds, only portions of which could be saved, this usually the breasts, which were salted down and sold at about half the price of a good bird. Were there nothing more to be said about the work than the above, it would be a very fair showing.

Mr. Loveday says that he is sorry the newspapers got wind so soon of his seizure of the game of the Monarch Cold Storage Co., 1,500 partridges, for otherwise he might have gotten the name of the shipper of these birds, which came from some party in Minnesota, whose name was never learned, the cold storage outfit claiming not to know the shipper. This being the case, all the warden could do was to take the game, which, under the law, he sold at auction. All these birds went last week to New York, at $4.50 per dozen. This made quite a neat little sum for the warden, who gets the whole amount, not being forced to divide with the school fund as he does on fines. Thus it may be seen that, while this sale clause in the law is in some of its bearings a very vicious and dangerous one (as I have pointed out in the celebrated, or rather infamous, Kewanee case), it certainly is a very good one for the encouragement of the warden, who otherwise would have rather slim picking for a living. With nothing but the fines to depend upon no warden could afford the job and administer the duties of his office honestly. By means of the confiscation clause, a good active warden on this dishonest game street of ours can make himself comfortable, and make a lot of crooked dealers very uncomfortable. I think I violate no confidence when I mention that Mr. Loveday told me that the office, with these confiscation moneys and all, would be good for about $3,000 a year, but that he would not make so much out of it, as he was forced to spend a great deal out of his own pocket in traveling expenses. He has no State fund to use, and personally thinks that the office should have a salary and an appropriation behind it, so that the warden can have proper tools with which to work. There is certainly much reason for complaint about the present game law, which was accepted by the game dealers' lobby because it was well nigh fatally weak in its executive clauses. It is not beyond hope that we shall have a better game law yet in this State before many years.

Loot of the West.

Warden Loveday uncovers one rather staggering item of the possibilities of the confiscation clause of our game law. He has been advised that he cannot hope to win in a fight against the big cold storage companies unless he can show that they are holding Illinois game, or game from other States, which was put in storage illegally. His lawyer advises him not to try under the present law to assail these big fences for having in possession train loads of game, merely on the ground that they have it in possession. It is necessary to specify, to prove title, to trace the game indisputably before attempting to break open these repositories. It seems that no one is ignorant of the fact that this game is held here over the legal season, and indeed Warden Loveday says that he and his agents, after inspecting some of these big houses, that in three concerns there were piled up over $135,000 worth of game! He saw whole rooms full of venison hams. He saw untold thousands of dozens of game birds, lying here iced up, waiting for the demand of a trade whose dimensions are really known to but very few. All this vast amount of game is held with perfect calmness by the dealers, who know, or think they know, that they cannot be held to account under the present law. Warden Loveday may be following legal advice when he refrains from going after this game, but if I was in his place, even at the risk of getting a legal licking, I should certainly have to go after that little pile. I see no reason, under the law, why the warden may not as legally and as legitimately get rich out of this game as the game dealers themselves. In fact I would rather see the warden have this money. Should he try for it and fail, he will meantime have so stirred up the question of game protection, of which the bulk of the public remains in the densest ignorance, that thenceforth the matter of enforcing the law would be a far different and far easier task. It would please me to see Warden Loveday get that $135,000 worth of game at least tied up in the courts, so that the dealers could not rush it out to the Eastern markets. Let them carry it, so tied up, for a few years, paying interest and insurance on it, and putting up a good stiff bond for it besides! Methinks we should then have some fun and some news. If Warden Loveday will go after that $135,000, he can't any more than lose it, and he can make a reputation if he loses, a fortune if he wins.

Figures.

The figures of the game trade are very large ones, and not much understood. Thus, at the beginning of the open selling season on the street, F. M. Smith, one of the big dealers here, opened the doors of his cold storage rooms, and sent to New York at one shipment, 2,000 *dozen* quail! His books opened (for the legal season only) to the warden, show that he puts down daily 200, 300, 400 *dozen* quail. He is on. dealer only. This is one city only. That is where the game goes. The industry is an enormous one. It has reaped the woods and fields and streams of the West one after another. It has reaped, but none has planted for the harvest. It has been the pillage of an army of invasion, ruthless, barbarous, destroying, defiant, taking all and leaving nothing for pay except contempt and laughter. And this the American people suffers after its indifferent fashion. The one comfort lies in the fact that, though the American people is slow to act upon suspicion that anyone is imposing upon it, it acts swiftly and sternly when it once begins. Hasten that time for our odoriferous thoroughfare!

Devices of the Dealers.

There is a regular system in the conduct of the illegal business on South Water street, and the concert and interdependence of the men engaged in the business are perfect. Every dealer on the street knows what to do, and when one way of smuggling is detected another is taken up. Thus, when he first went to work on the street this fall, Warden Loveday gave it out that he did not intend to bother so much about shipments of game which came by express to private parties, and not for the purposes of sale. He preferred to devote his time to the better paying work of watching shipments to the hotels, restaurants and game dealers. Boxes shipped from shooters to themselves or their friends at home here in Chicago were allowed to slip through, and the warden allowed this to be understood. Note the result: In less than a week he and his men began to see an unusual number of boxes coming to "Mrs. So-and-so," or "Miss So-and-so." After the mysterious "Miss" name would be the address of some dealer, or sometimes the box would be addressed to a "blind" address, and handled twice here in the city as a matter of precaution. After Mr. Loveday began to see feathers sticking out of a box now and then, and to feel how heavy some of the boxes were, he concluded that too many "Misses" were in evidence, and he began to seize the boxes. The whole street had caught on, and the word had been passed that this was the latest way to evade the warden and the law.

After the warden broke up the "Miss" business, there was a sudden lull in receipts of game here at the depots. Inquiry developed the fact that the shippers were ordering their express packages to come, not direct by rail over the roads running into Chicago from the game fields of Dakota and Minnesota, but only so far as Milwaukee, where they were transferred and sent down by boat, over the Goodrich line of steamers. It was known that the warden had no men watching at the steamer dock for illegal game, though he had four men under salary at different railroad depots watching the express companies. A little visit to the Goodrich docks one morning developed several boxes and barrels that were promptly seized.

I have already mentioned the fact that for a time early in the season the dealers got a great deal of game shipped in butter tubs, labeled as "fresh butter," and apparently packed as such, with the nice edge of the cheesecloth ostentatiously sticking out from under the rim. A great many "sooner" chickens were seized in this way. Lately the warden got so he could tell these packages pretty well, for sometimes the country shipper would use an oldish tub, one a little more weather-beaten than a butter shipper would be apt to use. Then a large influx of "fresh eggs" fell upon the market. The warden one day saw some feathers sticking out of an egg crate, and thinking perhaps some of the chickens had hatched, as they very often do in South Water street eggs, he opened the box to set free the young fowls. He found a layer of eggs on top and the rest of the box was full of half-grown prairie chickens! The express companies gave Mr. Loveday permission to examine all suspected packages, and many is the little device of the canny dealer which he has thus uncovered

The Inference.

Such are some of the ways the game comes into Chicago before and after the legal shipping season. Now, let us see about the real case as to the hold-over privileges of these big storage companies which carry it. At the end of one season, Feb. 6, I reported that a train-load of game was shipped from Chicago to the East. It is stated regularly by the dealers that they do not hold over any game here after the close of the selling season, but ship it all out as soon as the selling season ends. Very well; let us suppose they do. But comes Warden Loveday, and with his own eyes sees in three storage houses here this fall, before the season opened, over $135,000 worth of game. How did it all legally get in there? Is it not all plain enough that, in spite of all that is done or can be done, the illegal game is pouring into this market all the year round, open season here or not, non-export laws observed or not, legal or illegal as the game may be here or in the State in which it was killed? Is this not self-apparent? If it be so morally certain, is it not legally possible to show, in some way, that this game is held here contrary to the Illinois law, one of the most glaring violations of the laws of the land that ever went unpunished?

We are having on trial here now a man charged with wife murder, charged with having burned up and destroyed all evidence of his crime, having burned up the *corpus delicti* till nothing but some questionable fragments remained. Yet the methods of modern justice confidently hope to prove this man guilty, or to prove him innocent, even with the *corpus delicti* gone forever. Here, in heaps on South Water street, is *corpus delicti*, proof absolute, testimony and evidence in tons. Is there no legal way of establishing guilt or innocence of these men, when evidence is so near and so abundant? The thought that we cannot do this is an admission that we have no government, that we have no law in Illinois. Is it true that we cannot punish our murderers? Is it true that we cannot confine our burglars? Is it true that we cannot imprison our thieves? If we cannot do these things, we have no law. We are not yet a society. We are still unorganized. We still are savages.

Some of the Cases.

Among other cases now on hand, Warden Loveday has that of "Turkey" White, of Momence, who shipped two boxes of illegal game to Chicago, and thoughtlessly left a letter in the box with the game. He will be tried at Kankakee. The agent of the express company will be on hand to testify.

A. M. Lynch & Co., Chicago, arrested last week for handling illegal game, took a continuance. The case comes up Oct. 13.

Doussangs, a restaurant on Wabash avenue, Chicago, will be tried next Monday. T. J. Fellows, of 2026 Wabash avenue, for some time openly advertised on his bill of fare, and in his windows, illegal quail and chickens. Warden Loveday and his attorney, Mr. Exline, both called and had a meal of these "sooner" birds. "Have you been well served?" asked the proprietor as they rose to go. They allowed they had been. "Then come and try us again," said Mr Fellows. "All right," said Mr. Exline, "we *will* try you." And he did! Thirty dollars and costs.

The Monroe Restaurant, on Monroe street, this city, has been selling "sooner" chickens as "owls," a very foolish thing to do one would think. The case against them was clear, and they will be convicted without doubt.

Deputy Phil. Goetter, who watches suburbs near the city on the west side, has had arrested five young Sunday bird-shooters, who were out having a *fête champetre*, with four kegs of beer and some shotguns last Sunday. They had a number of robins, larks, jays, etc. Their guns were confiscated, and warrants are out for the men for non-appearance at the court for trial. Their names are: Henry Stine, 1252 Twenty-second street; John Moran, 522 California avenue; John Black, 1250 California avenue; Frank Rich, 171 Twentieth street, and Frank Micks, 171 Twentieth street.

George Airey, who is deputy for Morgan Park and Blue Island region of the suburbs, lately arrested the engineer of the Oxford building, this city, a Frenchman, whose name is not at hand, accusing him with killing song birds. He promised to appear for trial, but did not do so, and was fined $60. A writ was issued for him, and he was told he would have to loosen or languish. He loosened.

Local Weakness.

Above are the most prominent features of the work of game protection up to date as applying to the warden's work, more especially in Chicago. Of course, this is outside the question of the sooner shooting all over the game regions of the State. Of this a great deal went on, without doubt, and of course all this ought to be stopped; but I want to close this long resumé of the Illinois season in protection by showing some of the reasons why it is difficult to stop it all at once, no matter how good or how bad a warden may be. It is the old case of local timidity, the resident ready to complain under cover, but not ready to testify in court. The following correspondence from the warden's office covers this part of the situation very pointedly, and it may prove interesting reading to a great many country residents who have some chicken shooting, and who want a special and secret interposition of Providence in order that it may be preserved for them without effort of their own. The letter from Mr. Cusson is from De Kalb, earlier mentioned as one of the points where the residents had taken it into their own hands to set the chicken date, making their own construction of the law. Mr Cusson' letter reads:

"DEKALB, Ill., Sept. 9—*Mr H. W. Loveday, State Game Warden, Chicago, Ill.:* Dear Sir—Pot-hunters and law breakers have had their way here this season, and when Sept. 15 comes they can well afford to stay at home and laugh at those who go in quest of birds, for they have been shooting chickens since July 1. They have dared the law, defied arrest and invited prosecution, but nothing has been done. Our local warden is discouraged by the refusal of your assistance, and complains that he is not even favored with a reply to his letters.

"Even the farmers complain of the slaughter that has been going on and wonder if there is a law why some one with full power cannot appear during the scene of destruction and put a stop to it. In view of these facts, with the experience of the last two seasons, we may with certainty look for the full extermination of our game birds and chickens. Yours very truly, J. S. CUSSON."

To this Warden Loveday made the following pertinent reply:

"*Sept.* 10.—DEAR SIR: Yours of the 9th inst. duly received and contents noted; in reply, permit me to say that complaints have come to me from your county—more than from any other of the one hundred and more counties in the State—relative to the unlawful hunting of prohibited game birds and fowl; but when I call upon the citizens of DeKalb county for proof in the shape of evidence against the offenders, it is not forthcoming—either the parties complaining do not have the evidence, or from financial, political or social considerations they will not, or at least do not, disclose it.

"Parties from your county have offered to furnish the evidence of the killing of *one bird*, for the purpose of making a *test* case to go to the Supreme Court, if a fine should be imposed in the Justice Court, and in the Circuit Court; the fine in such case would be not less than $5, nor more than $25.

"The expense attending such a proceeding would amount to several hundred dollars, which I would be compelled to pay; and, as you are aware, or should be, that I receive no salary as game warden, it seems to me that you must recognize the folly of such a course.

"If, as your letter, and other complaints, would imply, prairie chickens have been slaughtered by the hundreds, perhaps thousands, and people should come forward with the evidence showing the extent of the slaughter, the names and places of residence of the offenders, and approximately the number and kind of fowl killed by each, and then if my appointee at DeKalb fails to prosecute I will take the matter up, provided I find that your State's attorney is willing and ready to put forth his best efforts to vindicate the law, as that same law says he shall. But if, as I have been informed by some of your citizens, he is a violator of the law himself, or advises or encourages others to disregard it, you will readily see how futile my efforts must be in attempting to obtain a fair presentation of the case in court if he, the highest law officer in the county, is in opposition to the law which he finds on our statute books, and in the enforcement of which he is, therein, directed to assist me.

"The law has been tested several times in the appellate and supreme courts; with a fair presentation of the case to any judge, I should have no misgivings as to the outcome; but, according to the information given out by your own people (which, by the way, may do your State's attorney great injustice) it would seem eminently proper that, if any additional test cases are to be made, the prosecution should be inaugurated and carried on by the friends of the law, and not by its enemies.

"My appointee at your place is a gentleman of your own selection, and has just as complete right and power to prosecute as I have; and he should receive the same moral and financial support as would be accorded me by all true sportmen and loyal citizens; and as pot-hunters and game-law breakers are odious to all true sportsmen and gentlemen, I should like to see De Kalb Co.'s citizens give a much better account of her.

"My duties in preventing the receipt of and traffic in game keeps me busy from 5 in the morning until 7 or 8 at night, and am obliged to depend on my appointees to look after the country, and some of them are doing nobly.

"If the farmers, law-abiding citizens, and sportsmen will allow personal considerations to control them, and if they will persist in withholding evidence that would lead to the conviction of many persons, possibly some members of the best families, but insist on trying a cooked-up case, for the killing of *one bird*, they alone will be to blame for the extermination of the game birds."

Illinois Game Crop.

From all accounts obtainable, chiefly from the reports of deputy wardens at different parts of the State, it would appear that the game birds of Illinois are not yet all gone nor are their species threatend with extinction. The prairie chicken has done about as well here as in States further to the West. Mr. Loveday in his talk with me said that in Bureau, Wanye, Henry, Clay and Kankakee counties the chickens were abundant this year. In two days' shoot in Henry county, he bagged 70 birds himself, a bag greater than I have heard of to one gun in any part of the West this fall. Mr. Loveday will go out quail shooting in Wayne county with Gov. Tanner on the first of the quail season, and expects to show the Governor that there is still some game in Illinois. Gov. Tanner is a very fair field shot, and is fond of the sport of the gun and dog. This is a thing to be thankful for, since a sporting Governor is something we have not had for a long time. Perhaps the sportsman spirit in high places may become fashionable yet, and then we may expect results different from those of the past.

Marsh Burning.

All over the West we have been having a very dry season, the droughty area being very large and very seriously affected. The marshes of the Kankakee have been like tinder, and wide and destructive fires have been raging along the Kankakee in Indiana the past week. In these marsh fires the peaty sod burns down several feet deep at times, making vast holes in which the vegetation is absolutely destroyed for a long time. This cuts off the duck feed, but opens up the heavy rice and reed beds so that the water stands in ponds. Much property was destroyed by these marsh fires the past week, and the farmers were out in force fighting fire for days at a time.

Dakota Chicken Country.

Mr. Th. Gjerdrum, of Mayville, N. D., writes me, and gives some information which may well be filed away for future reference by readers of FOREST AND STREAM, who next fall will want to know where to go chicken shooting. I wish to thank Mr. Gjerdrum very much for the information. He says:

"I notice your remarks on prairie chicken shooting in this country and also that you have been very close to this vicinity, at Fargo, N. D., from where you did some shooting with game warden Bowers. In this connection allow me to say that if ever you come round here again it should afford me great pleasure indeed to arrange a trip and find some birds for you, if I could manage to get away. I was out the latter part of August for six days, and our party (three guns) got all the birds we could handle and take care of, and I thought birds were quite plentiful. If you will look at the Great Northern Railway's maps main line out west of Grand Forks, you will find Larimore. From there south runs a branch to Breckenridge. The second station from Larimore is Northwood, and that is my starting place for chickens. I was fifty miles straight west of Northwood, where the country is sparsely settled and the ground densely covered with grass. Here is the place where you find the grouse, but then we call chickens and grouse the same thing out here. We had so much fun over the dogs and grouse that we did not molest the ducks at all, although we carried one of the Mullins 'Get There' duck boats along."

The Saginaw Crowd.

The Saginaw crowd this year is not really a Saginaw crowd, but it is a good crowd and a jolly one none the less. The special car W. B. Mershon rolled into Chicago over the Michigan Central Tuesday morning, this week, and left that evening over the Wisconsin Central. As stated earlier in these columns, the party will shoot at Dawson, N. D., for a part of a week, then go further west to the Bad Lands in Montana for a deer hunt, with a very good possibility of getting a silver-tip or so. Then they will return and shoot geese at Dawson for a few days, and get back through here in about two weeks or so from now. It was my very good fortune to dine on the car with these gentlemen this time, and so far as I can see, the old car is about as good as it was when we went trout fishing with it last spring. It is admirably equipped for a hunting trip, with tents, boats, sleeping bags, full supplies for camping, and everything that heart could desire on a modern *fin de siècle* hunt. The party this year is made up as follows: Mr W. B. Mershon, Lord High Janitorius, of Saginaw; Mr. W. A. Avery, of Detroit; Mr. A. P. Bigelow, of New York city; Mr. H. P. Dain and Dr. P. H. Mason, of Peekskill, N. Y.; Mr. W. D. Schultz, of Zanesville, Ohio. Each and every one of this hearty contingent was able to eat a square meal when checked up at Chicago, and every one was looking as if he was glad to be alive. It was rather tough luck to have to climb down off the car when the trail rolled out. We should hear of a big story about a week or so from now.

From the South.

Any man from the South is welcome at the FOREST AND STREAM office, and the only trouble is that too few of them come. To-day I am in receipt of a telegram from Tom Divine, of Memphis, running to effect that he will jar the city by landing against the south edge of it about noon to-morrow. He comes just too late to meet here a friend from his own section of the country, Coahoma (Major Dabney, of Clarksdale, Miss.), who has been up North attending the Waterways convention at Davenport. Major Dabney is the Government engineer in charge of levee work in the Delta country of Mississippi. He says that the redoubtable bear hunter, Capt. Bobo, still gets his bear every now and then, and remains as hearty as ever and as full of hunt. He tells me also of a bit of country where a friend of his, who lives in New Orleans, has been still-hunting bears with a good deal of success, shooting three thus in one day. This was indeed good fortune, for in that dense cane country it is rare indeed that the still hunter gets to see a bear.

Coahoma is a lover of snakes, as all men know, but I am glad to state that he did not, at least while here in the city, carry about his customary pocketful of rattlers and copperheads in order to prove his assertion that the bite of such a snake is very mild, and indeed distinctly tonic in its effects. The truth is that Coahoma has in his work in the Delta bottoms grown so familiar with the face of the alleged venemous reptiles, that he has first endured, then pitied, then embraced. I care not what others may think, but when I see a yellow-headed snake with a green eye and a stub tail, give me a 10ft. pole or give me death. Yet, outwardly, Coahoma evinces no sign of his preferences for snakes as friends, being very tall and rugged and with a normal eye. You would not think, to look at him, that he habitually checked his package of pet snakes at the depot or hotel when going out to dine, and that in doing his surveying along the levees he uses a chain made of highly educated moccasins with their teeth all in. He says that he fancies this sort of a surveyor's chain more than an iron or steel

one, owing to the fact that it never has to be watched to keep it from getting rusty, it being, indeed, practically waterproof.

Club Wins.

In the cases brought against members of Horicon shooting clubs in Wisconsin, for putting a man off the grounds of the club, the club members have won, the prosecuting attorney entering *nolle pros* in the cases this week, Oct. 5, at Juneau, Wis.

Western Quail.

From all sources of information at hand, it is thought that the ensuing quail season will be a good one so far as the birds are concerned, for they have done well this year over a large section of country in Illinois and Indiana, but it is feared that the prolonged season of dry weather will make hunting rather disappointing, as in such dry times the dogs cannot do much with the birds. We need rain very much. Yet last spring, all over the West, the waters were so universally high as to attract general comment. On the whole, the season has been much above the average in abundance of game.

It is a fact very well worth record that the quail has lately come into lower Minnesota in most surprising numbers. From the latitude of St Paul south, and even somewht above that line, the birds have this year and last been so numerous as to offer far better sport than the chickens. The Bob White is to day one of the regularly considered factors in a Minnesota day. E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

THE SEASON ABOUT BUFFALO.

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 10.—Fishermen have been enjoying the most wonderful perch fishing of which there is any record. Lewiston has carried off the palm, though many other places have been almost as good. Some rods have taken 1,000 fish in a day. This is the more remarkable, as fishing up to Sept. 15 was poor, much below the average; black bass have been particularly scarce, owing probably to the fact that they have been systematically caught while still guarding their nests, the law permitting this unfortunately. Pike, perch and mascalonge have also been taken in less numbers than formerly, but the pike fishing is improving every day, as the water grows colder and the fish get more on the feed. One peculiarity has been noted as to the Lewiston perch; as a rule the lake perch are large, but of poor flavor compared with the smaller perch taken in the Niagara River; but at Lewiston, the fish are both large and of excellent flavor. Lewiston, it may be remarked, is a few miles below the falls.

Several Buffalo men are very keen disciples of Isaac Walton; among those that are proverbially lucky are Messrs. G. J. Bowen, Thos. Carter, Ed. C. Randall, Geo. Blirstain, Edward Kimer and Joseph Gresz. Some affect one branch of the art, and some another, while a few are sufficiently catholic in taste to indulge indiscriminately in any fishing that happens to be in season.

Owing to the wealth of electric power available in this region, trolly lines have multiplied in a marvelous manner of late; so it has come to pass that one can go anywhere by electric line, and all the neighboring towns are connected by bands of steel. This has had a very disastrous effect upon the shooting, and it would appear as though the days of the ruffed grouse and woodcock are numbered in this part of the country. There are any number of crack shots in Buffalo, and they own an imposing array of well-bred pointers and setters; yet bags have been extremely light so far. Very few cock were shot last month. It is said, however, that on the Indian reservation, some fifty miles out on the B. & S. W. R. R., there are often plenty of birds. A few snipe have been picked up at Derby, seventeen miles from the city; but they are less numerous than in former seasons, though that is easily accounted for by the long dry spell from which western New York has suffered. The land is too dry and thirsty for Master Gallinago.

Over in Ontario there are plenty of birds, but the Canadian authorities enforce the $25 license laws with great strictness so that few men shoot across the line. Later on there should be some good shooting at Bufflehead and Old Squaw, a few miles up the lake, but only those that are past masters at early rising are likely to have much luck. The names of a few of those that have had more or less success so far are as follows: Messrs. William H. Jaeger, Dr. Gilroy, Jacob P. Fisher, Dr. E. Erb, Dr. Fisher, George P. McArthur, Charles Geisdofer and U. E. Story. St. Croix.

Game in Central New York.

Rome, N. Y., Oct. 9.—If a wild goose can live to the age of 100 years, and if a wild duck can fly at the rate of 100 miles an hour, then I no longer wonder how it was that so many of them gave me the go-by when in my boyhood days I was banging away at them with a flint-lock gun.

Very few edible ducks ever alight in the Adirondacks, there being no wild rice to call them down. Of shelldrakes and other fish ducks, innumerable numbers sometimes stop over for a rest on the way to their breeding ground in far-off Labrador, or it may be to the shores of the Klondike, where from this out it may be they will be laying golden eggs in nests of eider down, feasting on young salmon, crawfish, wild celery and brook trout. Their ducklings should bring their weight in the precious dust, which so many are now gathering in their dreams. "Go West, young man."

I am just in from a long drive, scaling the hilltops which environ the grave of the illustrious Baron Steuben. Had I been out for game, I could have called in an immense Canadian owl, five squirrels and a fine lot of yellow-hammers. I have them all marked down, and as soon as the nutting season rolls around I intend to retrace my tracks and will surely have my weather-eye peeled for the owl, his pinions yielding most gorgeous plumes for the wings of some of our salmon flies. Later on our ears may once more be delighted with the sweet *angelus* of the bluejay, the bird which the great naturalist Audubon declared to be the most beautiful of all the feathered tribe. Robins are on the increase, but where are the bluebird and the bobolink? Stuffed it may be and tettering on the hat of some bonnie lassie.

Gray squirrels will probably soon be on the jump, where they will come from will be best known to themselves. So far as I can learn, there has not been a black one seen in all central New York in years. Will some clever nimrod kindly advise us as to where they are "living at"?

Mac.

PHEASANTS FOR VIRGINIA.

Charlottesville, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed correspondence in regard to the introduction of the Mongolian pheasant into Virginia may be of interest to your many readers. W. O. Watson, of this place, is the prime mover, and an enthusiast on the possibilities of stocking our forests with this fine game bird. True sportsmen everywhere will hail with delight this move, with fond hopes for its success. The work of introduction is under the management of the Charlottesville Gun Club.

James H. Ferguson.

The following letters written to Mr. W. O. Watson are of interest:

Corvallis, Ore.—The Mongolian (rechristened "Denny") pheasant was brought to this country by Judge O. N. Denny, the United States Minister to China, and through vigorous protection by the State for ten years they increased to such an extent that the whole of the Willamette Valley is full of them. Being a beautiful bird, very gamy, cunning and very much sought after in the markets, they are continually hunted by sportsmen from all over the world from the time the season opens till it closes, but still they withstand all of this and become more plentiful every year. There is nothing equal to them on American soil. Edwin Stone.

Salem, Ore.—The Mongolian pheasant multiplies very fast, hatching two and sometimes three broods in a season; and they are, without doubt, the finest game bird in the United States. F. A. Turner, County Clerk.

Office State Fish and Game Protector, Portland, Ore.—I do not think the Mongolian pheasant has a superior as a game bird anywhere on the face of the earth, and in my opinion, is superior and of more value as such than all of our native birds combined. Under separate cover I send you a copy of my third and fourth annual reports, in which you will find a full description of the Mongolian pheasant.

Hollister D. McGuire, Game Protector.

Oregon State Board of Agriculture, Salem, Ore.—I have lived in Oregon for the past twelve years and I do considerable shooting, and I believe the Mongolian or Chinese pheasant is the king of birds for upland shooting, for several reasons. They are very gamy and it takes a good dog and some work to get them—they are well able to take care of themselves—but the best feature of all is that after they have been planted thoroughly once they will not be killed out, and if they should be thinned out to any considerable extent, if protected for a few years they will be as numerous as ever. We have a game law here, but it is not enforced, and yet we have plenty of the birds every year.

C. D. Gabrilson, Sec'y State Board of Agriculture.

Office Ohio State Fish and Game Commissioner, Athens, O.—I would state that we are having the greatest success in propagating the Mongolian pheasant. We furnished more than 2,000 eggs this year to private parties, and from reports they have done reasonably well. We have a pheasantry maintained by this State at Van Wert, O., and we have hatched about 3,000 of these birds this year, and we are in the act of distributing them now. Of course we could not send the birds or eggs out of the State.

L. H. Reutinger, Chief Game Warden.

Board of Fish Commissioners, State of California, San Francisco, Cal.—Your favor of Aug. 28 is at hand. We are introducing the Mongolian pheasant into this State, and have a contract for 400 pairs to be delivered this fall. We consider them a very valuable game bird.

A. G. Fletcher, Clerk of the Board.

Bridgetown, Va.—Replying to your favor of the 28th instant referring to the desirability of introducing the Mongolian pheasant into this State, I beg to say: The attempt is well worth making, and will eventually be successful if undertaken by a practical, patient and sport-loving person.

I have been in correspondence with the fish and game commissioners of some of the New England States where they claim to have been successful beyond their most sanguine hopes, and I find they are well satisfied with the result of their experiments.

I am not now the fish commissioner of the State, but my interest in developing her resources in every way is unabated, and I am ready to attempt any reasonable project looking to the State's material welfare, or to add to her attractions for the tourists. I would be glad to co operate with you, should you decide to try the experiment.

John I. Williams, Jr.

THE VIRGINIA QUAIL LAW.

Warrentown, Va., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a Virginian very much interested in the protection of game, I want to thank you for your editorial in your issue of Oct. 9 upon the decision with reference to the game law in Virginia. I am glad to say, however, that so far as known, the decision referred to has been given by but one judge, to wit: the County Court judge of Mecklenburg county. This decision, therefore, is binding only in that county. As you will see from the inclosed clipping, taken from the Richmond *Dispatch* of recent date, the Attorney General for the State of Virginia is of opinion that the law referred to is constitutional, and he refers to the same case that you quote in your editorial, to wit: Greer vs. State of Connecticut, 161 U. S., 519.

I have been doing what I can in this county to have game protected. The Commonwealth's attorney has written an article warning violators of the law, and I am glad to say that the birds are increasing; and if the law can be enforced, it will be but a short time before we again have a plentiful supply. C. M. White.

The opinion of Attorney-General Scott is given in the Richmond *Dispatch*, which says:

Knowing that thousands of people are interested in this subject, and realizing the importance of having the questions raised passed upon by high authority, we asked the opinion of the Attorney-General of the State, with the result following:

Commonwealth of Virginia, Attorney-General's Office, Richmond, Va., Oct. 7.—*To the Editor of the Dispatch:* Chap. 148, p. 175, Acts 1895-96, entitled, "An Act to Prevent the Extermination of Partridges and Quail in the State of Virginia," provides that it shall be unlawful for any person to kill or capture any partridges or quail in the State of Virginia for the period of two years, or to offer for sale or buy any partridges or quail so unlawfully killed or captured in said State within the aforesaid period, and fixes the penalty for violation a fine of $10 for each offense, and imprisonment until the fine is paid.

The operation of Sec. 2079, Code of 1887, and any special game law so far as it relates to this particular game and in conflict with this act, is suspended.

The above act was approved Jan. 27, 1896, and was in force from its passage.

It is my opinion that the above act is constitutional and binding authority upon the people of the whole State.

To hunt and kill game is a boon or privilege granted either expressly or impliedly by the sovereign authority, not a right inherent in each individual, and consequently nothing is taken away from the individual when he is denied the privilege of hunting and killing game. The ownership of the sovereign authority is in trust for all the people of the State, and hence it is the duty of the Legislature to enact such laws as will best preserve the subject of the trust and secure its beneficial use in the future to the people of the State. The question of individual enjoyment is one of public policy and not of private right. The ruling of Judge Homes is binding authority only within his county, and does not affect any other county in the State. It is against the law to hunt or shoot partridges or quail in Henrico county until Jan. 27, 1898, and the people of the county should see that the law is obeyed.

Mr. Justice White, in "Greer vs. State of Connecticut," 161 U. S., 519 to 544, discusses this question and cites many authorities. R. Carter Scott.

The New York Venison Possession Season.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to your letter of the 7th as to what course would be pursued by this department relative to the conflicting law regarding the killing of deer and possession of venison, would say that the only way out of the matter is for people to cease killing in time to dispose of their venison before Nov. 16, as the season closes the 15th for killing. The law of 1895, see Section 40, Chapter 974, provide that wild deer may be killed from Aug. 16 to Oct. 31, both inclusive, and that it was lawful to possess venison up to and including Nov. 10, see Section 41 of same act. The amendment of Section 40 by the law of 1897 changed the open season for killing deer, making it Aug. 15 to Nov. 15, both inclusive, but the persons interested in this change did not look ahead to see the importance of amending Section 41 which related to the possession, therefore, Section 41, laws of 1895, is in force, but the wording of said section is such that it may be considered lawful to possess venison up to and including the 15th, the last day for killing, but no longer.

The open season for hunting deer is now three months, which is considered to be too long by all who take an interest in the preservation of the deer of our forests, and it is the intent of this department to ask the press generally to call the attention of the public to the law as it exists and warn people that they must not load up with venison at the last moment, thinking that there is the usual ten days to dispose of it as in former years, as the protector will be instructed that with the close of the season for killing, viz.: Nov. 15, the law will be enforced as to the possession of venison. J. Warren Pond, Chief Protector.

In Nova Scotia.

Fredericton, N. B., Oct. 2.—Mr. Fred J. Talcott, of Providence, R. I., arrived yesterday from Blissfield, Miramichi, where he has been hunting with the veteran moosecaller George Fowler, who is eighty-one years of age. Mr. Talcott says he had a fair chance to shoot his moose, but a combination of circumstances prevented the event from taking place.

Mr. William Barnes, of St. John, who was out in the Bear River region with John McEwan as a guide, shot a four-year-old moose one day last week. Mr. James Buckler, of Dalhousie, also bagged his moose there. William Ellis, of Digby, after an absence of six days from home, has returned from Lake Jolly, N. S., with a fine specimen of a bull moose.

Mr. J. W. Burdick, general passenger agent of the Delaware & Hudson Railway, has been hunting with two friends—Samuel Hopkins and G. W. Wright, of New York—near Brookfield, N. S. The party secured three moose, the heads of which were shipped to Sumner L. Crosby, the Bangor taxidermist.

Four American sportsmen—Benjamin, David; Daniel and Edmund Allen—were arrested on the 23d at Yarmouth, N. S., on the charge of hunting without a license. The information in the case was laid by Charles R. Kelly, agent of the Nova Scotia Game and Inland Fisheries Protection Society of Halifax. Mr. Kelly did not wish to make the offenders pay the fine, and agreed to take the amount of the license and costs.

A Virginia Game Country.

In their handbook of Mecklenburg county, say the supervisors' report for 1897: "Owing to our extensive uncultivated fields, dense forests and large streams, the county is well stocked with wild game. The wild turkey is here in its native heather Partridges or quail are in every field. Of late years deer have become numerous in some sections of the county, while the old hare, squirrel, opossum, coon, fox otter and beaver furnish food and sport for the huntsman. In winter, along the chief water courses wild ducks and geese are in endless profusion. Various kinds of fish are found in all the streams."

North Carolina Quail.

Garfield, N. C., Oct. 4.—In this part of North Carolina we will have better quail shooting this fall than we have had for the past five years, thanks to the favorable weather we had for the quail to raise their young. I have made special inquiry all through this vicinity, and everybody reports more quail than we have had for years. Yesterday I rode to our Kirk plantation, distance one mile, and saw five large coveys of quail along the road. Several droves of wild turkeys have been seen. Wild ducks are also commencing to come up Dutch Creek. A. H. Grof.

Wads.

Wads are cut by machinery. Sheets of prepared cardboard or felt are fed to the machines, and sets of punches with cutting edges punch out the wads very rapidly. Another machine does the lubricating.

Vermont Deer and Scenery.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have just returned from a hurried trip to Rutland county, Vt. The people are said to be quite divided on the subject of the present deer law. Some farmers, whose crops have suffered, and some sportsmen, are glad of the present opportunity to kill. Others wish the law had not been changed. Therefore the hunting in that section does not seem largely successful. I heard of a few deer being secured in Mendon, a mountain town near Rutland, and of two or three being wounded in another town, but these escaped. Reports say that in Mt. Tabor, an Italian woodchopper was killed by a shot in the head from a small caliber, long range rifle in the hands of some unknown sportsman at a distance; and also, that in an adjoining town a hunter was killed by a comrade through the old mistake of taking him for a deer.

Large tracts of forest are being bought and denuded of softwood for the pulp industry. Some mountain brooks that afforded good trout fishing when I was a boy are now mere brooklets, owing to the cutting off of wood and timber.

Vermont scenery is now magnificent in autumn foliage, and will abundantly repay the lover of nature for a trip. Though less in number, the lakes and ponds rival those of the Adirondacks, and the cultivated portions of hillside and valley give pleasing variety to the scene. *En route* from Bennington, with its fine history and battle monument, to Rutland, at the foot of Killington, one sees the unusual sight of two rivers flowing out of the same pond in opposite directions—the Batten-Kill southerly, and the Otter Creek northward to Lake Champlain. JUVENAL.

Lands for the Adirondack State Park.

ALBANY, Oct. 4.—The State Forest Preserve Board has purchased of W. W. Durant, of New York city, 23,872 acres of Adirondack land in township six, Hamilton county, which embraces a portion of Raquette Lake. This land is of the best timbered property in the woods, and is considered a valuable addition to the State's holdings within the boundaries of the Adirondack State Park. The purchase price has not yet been made public, but it is understood to have been $7 an acre.

Connecticut Wardens.

SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Pot hunters have been at work openly breaking the game laws of the State of Connecticut, in this town, also in the neighboring towns of Wilton, New Canaan, Darien etc., arrests have been made in Darien, we are informed, but in Wilton, New Canaan and Norwalk birds are shot openly at all times, Sundays included. Can the FOREST AND STREAM enlighten the writer as to the necessary steps to be taken to have a good and efficient game warden appointed in places mentioned? SPORTSMAN.

Michigan Quail and Drought.

SAGINAW, Mich., Oct. 4.—There are a good many quail being found by the boys here, but the dogs cannot work, as it is too dry and hot. We have had no rain for weeks, besides the leaves are not off from the trees at all, and a good many of the coveys are not half grown. Really Nov. 1 is early enough for the opening of the hunting season in Michigan. M.

New Jersey's System in Operation.

THIS is the business-like report of New Jersey game law enforcement for August and September:

To the Honorable, the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of the State of New Jersey:

The record of prosecutions since the date of my last report is as follows:

Deputy Hill—John Luke, trespass; fined $25 and the costs; appealed.
Warden Dunham—Jimmie Ricca, possession of a rabbit; fined $20 and the costs.
Warden Dare—Joseph Gandy, killing dove; fined $20 and the costs.
Warden Pierson—John Paget, killing dove; fined $20 and the costs.
Warden Dare—John Woodlin, killing quail; fined $20 and the costs.
Warden Pierson—Howard Woodlin, killing thrush; fined $20 and the costs.
Warden Wise—Jacob Rice, netting fish; fined $50 and the costs.
Warden Ricardo—Carl Schultz, possession of robins; fined $40 and the costs.
Deputy Stewart—Paul Farkush, possession of robins; fined $20 and the costs.
Deputy Stewart—Edward Geiger, possession of robins; acquitted.
Warden Muller—Joseph B. Reitz, possession of robins; case not disposed of.
Warden Brown—F. T. Nau, Sunday gunning; left the State.
Warden Wise—Charles F. Shaw, Jr., killing king bird; fined $20 and the costs.
Warden Newell—John Powell, Sunday gunning; fined $20 and the costs; appealed.
Deputy Hill—John Luke, maintaining setlines; ordered discontinued.
Protector Shriner—Alonzo Low, William Hagar and William Gardner, netting fish; acquitted; appealed.
Warden Hendershott—Henry Domady, netting fish; case not disposed of.
Warden Wise—William Hall, killing insectivorous bird; fined $20 and the costs.
Warden Gutheridge—Jacob Weindel, killing thrush; fined $20 and the costs.
Warden Gutheridge—Thomas Jackson, killing snipe; thirty days in jail in default of fine.
Wardens Riley and Kerr—William Polhurst, taking bass under size; fined $20 and the costs.
Deputy Stewart—George Kopasko, possession of robin; fined $20 and the costs.
Deputy Stewart—Joseph Forsman, possession of robin; fined $20 and the costs.
Warden Hendershott—Jacob Morris, Joshua Shay, Alonzo Depue, Alfred Elliott, Allen Morris, Harry Bensley and Charles Bensley, shad fishing on Sunday; fined $100 and the costs.
Warden Brown—John Herder and Wesley Herder, netting fish; sentence suspended on payment of costs.
Warden Schneider—Robert Thurlow and George Thurlow, netting fish; committed to jail in default of fine.
Warden Mathis—Robert W. Scott, Sunday gunning; fined $20 and the costs.
Deputy Ten Eyck—Julius Delmotti, possession of robins; fined $100 and the costs; appealed.
Deputy Ten Eyck—George Van Buren, possession of robins; acquitted.
Wardens Tooker and Dunham—James Zazelli, possession of squirrels; sentence suspended on payment of costs.
Wardens Tooker and Dunham—Alonzo Juhi, Sunday gunning; fined $20 and the costs.
Wardens Tooker and Dunham—Anton Rosario, Sunday gunning; fined $20 and the costs.
Wardens Tooker and Dunham—John Rocco, Sunday gunning; sentence suspended on payment of costs.
Mr. D. M. Buckalew—Frank Gosling, killing reed bird out of season; fined $20 and the costs.
Warden Huston—Antonio Mazzione, killing robin; fined $20 and the costs.
Warden Wescoat—Louis A. Fermuth, killing quail; fined $20 and the costs.
Warden Hilton—Josi Tonsi, Sunday gunning; sentence suspended on payment of costs.
Warden Brown—Robert Schrafft, Sunday gunning; fined $20 and the costs.

I also desire to report the receipt of the following sums of money:

Warden Dare—Conviction of John Paget and Joseph Gandy, $13.33.
Deputy Vanderhoven—Conviction of Frank Oclipo and Mattho Poulon, $13 33.
Deputy Stewart—Conviction of Paul Farkush, $6.67.
Warden Ricardo—Conviction of Carl Schultz, $13.34.
Warden Wise—Conviction of Charles T. Shaw, Jr., $6.66.
Warden Dare—Conviction of John and Howard Woodlin, $13.33.
Warden Wise—Conviction of William Hall, $6.66.
Warden Gutheridge—Conviction of Jacob Weindel, $6.66.
Warden Riley—Conviction of William Polhurst, $6.66.
Deputy Stewart—Conviction of George Kopasko, $6.66.
Warden Wise—Conviction of Jacob Rice, $6.66.
Deputy Stewart—Conviction of Joseph Forsman, $6.66.
Warden Hendershott—Conviction of Jacob Morris *et al*, $33 33.
Warden Dunham—Conviction of Jas. Ricca, $6.67.
Warden Mathis—Conviction of R. W. Scott, $6.67.
Warden Huston—Conviction of Antonio Mazziore, $6. 67.
Warden Pierson—Conviction of Sidney Baker, $6 67.
Mr. D. M. Buckalew—Conviction of Frank Gosling, $6.67.
Warden Brown—Conviction of Robert Schrafft, $6.67.
Warden Westcoat—Conviction of L. A. Fermuth, $6.67.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

CHARLES A. SHRINER, Fish and Game Protector.

PATERSON, N. J., Sept. 30.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

MY BEST CATCH.

IT is now more than twenty years since the first trout rose to my fly, and I am indebted to Salmo Fontinalis and his family for more unmixed joy than I can credit to almost any other one source. He has given me many a delightful day, many a pleasant remembrance, and has fully earned my heartfelt affection. But the pleasantest recollections are not of the days when trout would rise to every cast, and at any fly, and one must stop fishing from sheer shame at such slaughter; but rather of the times when it took many casts and much care to stir a fish, when finally one would rise short and settle back, when one must go further down stream, or sit behind the bushes, waiting for him to forget his fright; and, finally, when the carefully planted fly would bring him up in earnest, when the tip would quiver in response to the quick strike, and the final reward would be earned only by much patience and care.

John Stuart Mill, if I remember my college course aright, said that the true value of anything depended upon two elements, viz.: "Value in use and difficulty of attainment." Good as the trout is on the table, his greatest charm to me is his shyness, uncertainty and capriciousness. If one could at any time catch all the trout he wanted, if the few days of glorious success were not separated by many of hard work and small results, would any of us care much for trout fishing? I think not.

But to-day I have to tell of an ideal day and an ideal catch—one of those red-letter days which are the hope of youth and the happy recollection of age. Such a day as comes but rarely, and fortunately so, for its frequent repetition would deprive the sport of its chief charm. This day, which in results far surpassed all my feeble efforts in the past, and which, I sadly admit, will probably far exceed any that I can reasonably hope for in the future, brought far the best catch of trout I have ever made, far the best I have ever seen, and one that, with all due modesty, I offer as the champion score made in reasonably civilized waters, under similar conditions, within the last few years, and within equal time. If anyone has done better within these limitations I congratulate him most heartily, and only hope that he may be moved to publish his experience and let me read the story.

Toward the end of August the big trout gather together from the waters of Munising Bay and the adjacent parts of Lake Superior, and assemble near the mouth of the Anna River, probably for the purpose of spawning in the stream. They are in large numbers and of large average size, but are the most freaky, uncertain and capricious fish that it has been my lot to see. One who fishes for them must make up his mind to unlimited patience, and to regular and unremitting attendance, for he may be perfectly certain that, if he abandons the effort for a single day, perhaps even a single hour, those abominable trout will select that particular time for gratifying their appetites, and will then be ready for another long spell of fasting and reject his best and most skillfully presented lures.

During the past three years I have spent my vacations at Munising, and most of the time in tempting these particular trout. Many good catches I have had, with many more days when the most diligent efforts brought little or no success. This year also brought me to those waters and several days were spent in the same way, with barely tolerable results. My companions had become openly doubtful and disgusted, and I myself had begun to fear that the rapid growth of the new City of Munising had driven the trout from their usual haunts, at least to a great extent.

Aug. 24 and 25 were days of bright sun, a strong northerly wind, and very poor fishing. Our party had arranged to spend Thursday in an excursion down the new railroad, proposing to fish a certain alleged lake somewhere on the line, of which no one seemed to know very much. I was to go with them, so, early on the morning of Aug. 26, put my second best rod into the boat, left my landing net at home, and rowed my wife and boy three miles to the city, where our party assembled. The wind had changed over night and was now a fresh breeze from the south, and the day was cloudy and threatening. All the way down I mentally discussed the advisability of abandoning a place where I was sure there were fish, to go wandering after strange lakes that nobody knew anything about, and finally told the party that they could go without me, and I would try the Anna again. I was derided and hooted at, but stuck to my resolution, and just at 8 o'clock, solitary and alone, dropped anchor and let the boat drift toward my favorite spot.

During previous days the trout seemed to greatly favor the dark Montreal fly, so I had two of these flies on my 6ft. leader, backed by 40yds. of No. F. luster-finish silk line, and a 7oz. split-bamboo rod—not my best one, but a nicely finished cheap rod with a good action. I anchored in shallow water quite near shore, and the ground within reach was tried thoroughly without result. Then 20ft. of line were paid out, and the same process and results repeated. Twenty feet more anchor line brought my boat within 50ft. of two patches of weeds, with a channel between, and about 6ft. of water around them. The flies dropped just at the edge of the channel, and were drawn a foot or two, when there was a mighty rush and splash, a flash of gold, crimson and silver, a quick jerk of the right hand, the indescribable jar that tells of a well-set hook, and the rod was bending double under the rush of a splendid trout. The reel screamed to his first wild efforts for liberty, but rod and hand were working together in harmony, and the runs soon became shorter, the pressure less; then there were short dashes under the boat and away which were easily checked, and finally the great trout lay on his side completely exhausted. He was slowly brought alongside, the hook seen to be well fixed, the leader carefully grasped in the left hand, and a quick lift brought him into the boat—over 2½lbs., and a beautiful and perfect specimen.

The line was again lengthened, and the flies dropped near the old spot. Another rush and strike instantly followed, and ten minutes of hard work produced the twin brother of the first one. He was duly landed and admired; another cast was made and another huge fellow hooked, and so on for nearly two hours big fish rose at practically every cast, were hooked, played and landed. Every trout took the fly with a rush, was well and deeply hooked, and not a fish was lost nor a rise missed.

A little before 10 o'clock I was just about to recover my line for another cast, and the rod was well back over my shoulder, when the biggest fish of the day rose with a tremendous surge. Instinctively my hand went back and the strike told, but the poor rod gave a startling crack. The fish fought splendidly, but was played and landed without great difficulty, and a careful examination of the rod disclosed no break, but I knew that something was very wrong. This, however, was the last really big fish taken, and the rod still struck, played and landed a number of smaller fish, but just at 11 a ½lb. fish rose awkwardly, and at the strike my second joint snapped short close to the ferrule of the butt. By this time I was pretty well exhausted and not sorry for good reason to rest, so pulled in the ½-pounder "endways" with the line, landed, and started for a rod repairer and something to eat. It was well into the afternoon before the damage was repaired and fishing resumed, and then the rise was over, and I took only a half dozen or so small fish, none exceeding ½lb.

I selected out and gave away nine of the little fish and took home the rest of the catch, weighing, measuring and photographing them after they had been several hours out of the water, and the total left then proved to be as follows: One fish, 19in. long, weight 3¼lbs.; three fish, 18in. long, weight 2¾lbs. each; one fish, 17½in. long, weight 2¼lbs.; one fish, 16¾in. long, weight 2lbs.; two fish, weight 1½lbs. each; two fish, weight 1lb. each; two fish, weight ¾lb. each; three fish, weight ½lb. each; seven fish, averaging weight ¼lb. each.

Total, twenty-two fish, weighing 25lbs. The enclosed photograph gives a tolerable idea of the catch, although it unfortunately cuts off the tails of the larger fish and leaves out some of the little ones entirely, and the carpenter's square in the center furnishes a scale for estimating their size. It may be interesting to know that only two of these trout took the tail fly while twenty-nine took the dropper, though the two flies were exactly similar.

Now, looking back on this eventful day I almost regret it. Never can I reasonably hope to do so well again, and all my future laurels will be blighted under the shadow of the past and greater triumph. Yet I would not repeat the day if I could. Such things should not be made too common, and in fact my success was too easy and too great. Fortune poured me out her sweets until I was cloyed with them, and I fear the edge of my appetite is permanently blunted. Alas! that man should be so made that only pursuit gives pleasure and attainment brings satiety.

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

CLEVELAND, O.

THE ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been asked by some of my friends, who have just returned from a short visit to the above park, to give you a short account of their trip to that region, which has already been mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM's notes on the game preserves of the country.

This excursion came about in this way: Mr. E. J. Chamberlin, the superintendent of the Ottawa, Amprior & Parry's Sound Railroad, is an old chum and companion of Mr. B. H. Murray, the veteran conductor on the Vermont Central Railroad, who resides here, and for twenty years has made his tri weekly trips to and from St. Albans to this place, and told him to invite a party of his friends to come up and see the new road and look at the Algonquin Park, through which it runs.

Accordingly on Sept. 16 a party composed of Mr. Murray, Mr. William R. Sheldon, station agent and ticket master, with his father, Mr. Henry Sheldon, of Windsor, Vt., Mr. C. H. Bradford and Dr. N. G. Brooks, of this place; Mr. Lyman Brooks, of Keene, N. H., and Mr. Charles Skinner, of Waltham, Mass. Leaving here at 11:25 P. M. by Vermont Central Railroad, the party reached Ottawa by noon on the 17th, and thence by the O., A. & P. S. Railway to Madawaska, which they reached that night, and arrived at Caché Lake, in the park, at 11 Saturday morning. They enjoyed the ride through the heavily timbered country, of pine, birch and cedar, studded with lakes and streams, and found the park itself to be about one-half water area. Here at Caché Lake they stopped at a camp used by the engineers while building the railroad, and fished here and in other lakes and the Madawaska River until Tuesday noon. They report the fishing as "beyond description," and brought home with them over 100lbs. of trout for distribution among their friends, of which the writer enjoyed a 3lb. sample!

The trout were of two varieties, the gray trout of Canada, similar to the togue of Maine, and a very dark trout with a forked tail, which they took from the Madawaska River, the flesh very deep colored, and much resembling my recollections of *Salmo oquassa*.

Besides the trout they brought home, they consumed a great many in camp, so that they think they must have caught nearly 200lbs. It being close time, they took no firearms with them, but saw no end of deer sign and one bear track. Moose was reported as plenty. All their fishing was done with live bait, but the trout are said to rise freely to the fly in May, when the writer hopes to be able to join the party next year. The size of the Algonquin Park is about 1,200,000 acres, second only to the Yellowstone Park, and besides the moose and deer, contains bears, wolves, ruffed and spruce grouse.

While in camp the party were in charge of Mr. George J. Root, C.E., of Ottawa, one of the engineers who had built the road, and desire to express the great obligations they are under to him, and to say that any party who can secure his guidance in the future need feel no anxiety as to the results.

Mr. Root also provided them with a capital cook, a Scotchman, but known all over that country as "Darky Plaunt," one of the old railroad employees also. They found the Park Rangers hospitable and agreeable, and speak in the highest terms of the treatment received at their hands.

After three delightful days, in which they did not fish half the time, as the fish were so plenty that they had all they wanted, the party left the lake on Tuesday, Sept. 21, about 12 M., and by 7 were safely lodged at the Grand Union Hotel, Ottawa. That evening and the next morning they spent taking in the Canadian Central Fair, leaving Ottawa at 3 P. M. and reaching home at 5 Thursday morning.

Mr. Chambers, and your other Canadian correspondents, would be rejoiced at the delight they all express with their excursion, and with the aspect of the country generally, which was a *terra incognita* to some of them, and as well of the hospitable treatment they received from every one with whom they came in contact.

They were particularly struck with the exhibition of horned cattle at the fair, who, they say, "looked as if they had been groomed and their horns polished till they shone, for the occasion!" The sheep, also, were greatly admired, and one of the party says he never saw so fine a display of fruit and vegetables. Taking it all in all, they had a most successful and delightful trip, and think the columns of FOREST AND STREAM the most suitable medium in which to express their gratitude to their Canadian hosts. VON W.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Oct. 4.



MY BEST CATCH.

Amateur Photo by A. St. J. Newberry.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

LVIII.—Hon. James Geddes.

WHEN I sketched Nessmuk, alias George W. Sears, a short time ago, he introduced himself into a camp where Mr. James Geddes, of Syracuse, N. Y., and I were secure from a most violent storm, and we took him in out of the wet and brought him to life. That was not my first fishing trip with Mr. Geddes, and I had known him for many years at the N. Y. State Sportsmen's tournaments and at the State fairs, but we never became really intimate until we found ourselves as superintendents in the Agricultural Department of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876; he of the mowers and reapers, horses and live stock, and I of the aquaria. We were both hampered by a man in authority, and could do little except through him, and such friends of his as we mistrusted paid him a commission. The red-tape was formidable. I resigned, but Mr. Geddes fought it out. The great acres of grain were ripe for the trial of reapers, and no horses could be had. He got them, however, by some of the plainest kind of talk, which was music to my ear.

Late in April Mr. Geddes asked me if I knew of any trout streams that were within easy reach from Philadelphia. I did not. But Mr. Norris said, "You may get a few trout in Monroe county. Take the morning train and go to Stroudsburg, just beyond the Delaware Water Gap, and get Johnson to drive you out to Jake Wilkins', it's only fifteen miles, and you'll get there at night. I'll give you letters to both; you'll stop with Wilkins all night, and he'll show you the stream in the morning." We went, on a two days' trip which included only one-half day's fishing.

Said I, "Mr. Norris says we must wade the stream or not fish it at all, for it is fringed with bushes. Do you use waders?"

"No," he said; "I have no waders, and I don't like them. They're clumsy things, and in a swift mountain stream such as we are going to a man with wading trousers on is apt to slip and find himself in the water. Rubber wading stockings and heavy shoes are a nuisance, also, for a man stews in them. I'm not fond of wading, but if I've got to do it I'll get some woolen stockings and a pair of old shoes, and go in that way; but I will not promise to go in over knee-deep. I tell you, Fred, it isn't right to wade deep in a cold stream on a warm day, with the sun shining on your head."

Up to then we had "mistered" each other, but from the time we planned our trout campaign we dropped that formal custom. I answered, "You have said just what I would have said if you had asked the question. I hate rubber clothing of all kinds. I'd sooner get my clothing wet from the outside than to stew in perspiration which cannot escape. Let's go down town this afternoon and get stockings and such things as we need, and start in the morning."

Jake Wilkins couldn't read, but one of his daughters read our introductory note, and he said: "So-o, you vas frents by Mr. Norris. Den you shall be velcome. I co gill some shickens, already."

"Don't kill any chickens for us, Mr. Wilkins," said Geddes; "we never eat them. Just give us what you have in the house and were going to have for your own supper."

"Vell, ve cot some mush and milik, und some pork mit beans, oof dot was all ride for you."

"That's all right; and the same for breakfast and a noon lunch. We love pork and beans." Afterward Jim said to me: "These Pennsylvania Dutchmen will kill a chicken and put it in the pot half an hour afterward. I wouldn't touch it with a 10ft. pole unless the animal heat was entirely gone before it is cooked, and I'm sure you wouldn't."

"I'd have to be hard up to eat it; but his layout is good enough—better than I expected in this wilderness. He's a good old fellow, if I'm not mistaken."

The family gathered at the table. With Mrs. Wilkins and two girls, who might have been twins, of eighteen or twenty years, the family could muster eleven at table, and one who took its rations in lacteal form. Dad Wilkins, the children called him dad, said grace in a brief manner, and the business began. The table was not conducted on the lines of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," but no doubt Holmes would have enjoyed it.

"Say, dad, I want some more mush in this milk." "Vell, bass oop your blate." "I do' want no mush; gimme some beans. Put on more." "Shonny, you geep schtill w'en de shentleman's vas here oder I schlaf you on de kopf." "Mom, gimme some more sugar in this tea," and so it went. Poor Jake Wilkins and his wife tried to instil company manners into the younger Wilkinses, but it wouldn't work. They knew just what they wanted, and they went for it. Two strange outsiders were not going to deprive them of mush, beans nor sugar—not if they could help it; and they did get all that they went for.

The children had some American schoolmates, and had not followed their parents dialect in speaking English, and the twins entertained us with several songs which surprised us. One was: "When this Cruel War is Over," and could only have been brought to the mountains by some Union soldier, for it was hardly more than a dozen years old. They had old songs from across the water and entertained us until time for bed.

Men who never think of bed before midnight may turn in at 9 P. M., because there is nothing else to do, but sleep at that hour is to them another thing. Jim and I turned in with two boys, the boys in the middle. They snored a little, but they rolled and kicked without waking up. I think I would as soon sleep with a threshing machine as with the boy next me. The kitchen and dining room were combined; then the boys, the girls, Dad and Mom, each had a room. From the latter great waves of sound rolled up. Possibly Dad was sleeping on his back with his mouth wide open and his nasal valves fluttering, but if the shingles on the roof did not vibrate in unison with the snores of either "Dad" or "Mom," and cause the roof to leak during the next wet spell, then I'm no prophet.

An early breakfast and a half-mile walk brought us to the mountain brook, and a winding brawling brook it was. The great boulders and the washed banks were evidence that at times it was a mountain torrent. We agreed that it was wide enough to fish side by side, and the rocks were so plenty, and there were piles of gravel at intervals that there was no necessity to wade nor to cast a fly, for one dropped on the water could be let down as far as we wished. Our rods were split bamboo, with appropriate click reels, and each of us had a creel on the left shoulder and a short-handled landing net. The only thing we differed on was the selection of flies for the first trial, he choosing the light Reuben-Wood and a silver-dun, saying: "On a day like this when there are heavy clouds I think the chances are best with light-colored flies."

"That is good for a combination of light flies, and I will follow it so far as to put on a coachman, but for a second fly will use a darker one, say a ginger-hackle."

We tried the smaller pools, and took a few trout under 6in., which we carefully unhooked and let go.

"I noticed that you wet your hands before you unhooked that little trout," said Mr. Geddes. "What did you do that for?"

"That is one of the first things that a fishculturist learns to do. A wet hand will not remove the slime from a fish, but a dry one will, and if the slime is removed fungus grows and the fish dies."

"That's something new to me," he said. "How does fungus kill the fish?"

"By making a sore where it can get a foothold, and the roots of the fungus destroy the skin. If you want a fish to live after you've handled it, always wet your hands before you touch it. You may lift a trout carefully from the water, dry it in a towel, and it will swim away. In a few days it will have a bloom, looking like that of a plum, upon it, and then the cottonny growth appears, and in a week or ten days the trout is dead. I've seen a dead trout with the finger and thumb marks all eaten into by great sores, and—That's a good one, it will do to basket."

"Yes, and you've got the mate to it. What fly did it take?"

"The coachman. And yours?"

"The Reub-Wood, the tail fly."

"The coachman was my hand fly, and I have a notion that any tail fly is presented to a trout in better shape than the other flies, and if I find a fly that the trout like on a certain day, I take off all others. I never want to take two fish at a time and have them jerk different ways, and perhaps break the leader. I'll take off the hackle now and put the coachman below, and fish with only one."

Our fish were of about 4oz. each, and well matched in shape and color. The pool was larger than the others, but we got no more from it. Then there was a series of rapids with no pools for a long way, and then we came to a place where for nearly a mile we must wade. The brook wound about and there were occasional fallen trees, heaps of driftwood and other places where a trout could hide, feed and not have to exercise too violently to keep its place. This was evidently the favorite pool that Mr. Norris had described, for it was only in occasional spots that a man on the bank could drop a fly in the water, and from those it would be difficult to land a fish. The water was cold, but not deep. We could distinguish the shallow portions by the ripples, and about 2ft. was the deepest we got into, a few inches above the knee. In this pool we took some fine trout and lost a few flies among the drift stuff. The sun was near meridian when Geddes yelled, sat down on a rock and yelled more. I found that he had a cramp in one leg, and it was all in knots, for he was a large, well-built man, muscular as an athlete, and handsome in face and figure. I rubbed away on the calf of his leg as hard as I could, while he kept saying: "Harder, harder." When the muscular spasms ceased he said: "Don't you think we've had sport enough? How many trout have we got?"

A show-down resulted in thirty-one trout, none of which would weigh less than ¼lb. When we reached Philadelphia the lot weighed 11½lbs., or an average of 6oz, a very good morning's work.

We would fish no more, but find a good spot for luncheon and go back to Jake Wilkins'. There was no road on either side of the stream, not even a trail, but we worked our way up through the woods, and reached the house about 3 P.M., drove to the railroad, and fortunately caught a train which landed us in Philadelphia before midnight.

Going down on the train Geddes said: "Now, we've got the trout, what will we do with them?"

"Take enough out to the American restaurant, in the Exposition grounds, for two breakfasts for us and a possible guest or two, and send the rest around to Uncle Thad Norris."

"Well," said he, "I had laid out the breakfasts in my mind, but was troubled about the rest. I figured that we could use about 5lbs. at two breakfasts if we had some help, which will not be hard to get; but the remainder bothered me. Norris is just the man to appreciate them. I met him in your office one day, and he's a fine old man."

"That's from your limited point of view. I tell you, Jim Geddes, that Uncle Thad is a grand old man, and if he could have been with us you and he would have been lifelong friends. Let's sort out the trout here on the cars, and you take our portion to the grounds to-morrow and I will send the remainder to Mr. Norris in the morning with our cards; but be sure you don't rob Uncle Thad."

There was no need to set a breakfast time, for we took our breakfasts in that café regularly at 10 A. M., six days in the week. At our first trout breakfast an incident occurred which we never forgot to refer to in after years. The waiter had just brought the oysters and informed us that the trout would be ready in a few minutes, when the following scene occurred. The bar of the café was plainly visible from where we sat, and at that hour the place was quiet. The barkeeper was polishing his glasses and preparing for the expected trade when in came a lank old hayseed, who had evidently been bitten by the worm of the still many times the night before. He reminded me of those verses of Eugene Field's, in one of which he celebrates the clink of the ice in the pitcher which the hall-boy brings up in the morning, only this yokel could never have seen any poetry in it, because he wasn't Eugene Field.

The particular verse of the poem, which seems applicable to the rural dipsomaniac before us, is:

"Notably fond of music, I dote on a sweeter tone
Than ever the harp has uttered, or ever the lute has known.
When I wake at five in the morning with a feeling in my head
Suggestive of mild excesses, before I retired to bed;
When a small but fierce volcano vexes me sore inside,
And my throat and mouth are furred with a fur that seemeth a buffalo hide,
How gracious those dews of solace that over my senses fall
At the clink of the ice in the pitcher, the boy brings up the hall!"

No doubt this old fellow felt all this, but it was not "the clink of the ice" he was seeking. He was after a "hair of the dog that bit him," and we heard him ask: "How much do you tax fur whiskey?"

"Fifteen cents," sententiously, while the polishing of glasses went on.

There was a moment of silence, and then: "That's what they tax all about here. I can get lots of it up in Pike county, Pa., fur 5 cents."

The man behind the bar gave the subject but little thought before he said: "Then why don't you go there and get it?"

The rustic recognized that as a business proposition, and, planking his money down, merely said: "Gimme some."

The bar glasses in those days were large, for I am told that there is a fashion in these things as in others; and the rural toper took the bottle, which went "glug, glug," until the fluid actually rounded up on top of the dry glass. Then he grasped it, but was restrained by the bar-man, who shouted, "Hold on!" and turning to a pile of empty cigar boxes, tore off the picture of a woman and said, "There's a chromo goes with that drink!" At one of our fly-casting tournaments I induced Geddes to tell that story to the Rev. Mr. Ziegenfuss, who had a keen sense of humor; and often when they were in the boat as judges, Mr. Ziegenfuss would say: "There's a chromo goes with that cast!"

Mr. Geddes was widely known, not only throughout the State of New York, but wherever scientific agriculture is practiced. He was born at the Geddes homestead near Camillus, N. Y., in 1831, and received a liberal education. He learned civil engineering under his father, who did that work for the Syracuse & Oswego Railroad. When twenty-two years of age he married Miss Frances Terry, of Geddes, and assumed the direction of the widely-known Geddes farm, which was famous as a model of high farming. At the time of his death, at his home in Syracuse, N. Y., in 1887, he was president of the New York State Agricultural Society.

Mr. Geddes spent eight winters in Florida and one in Cali-

fornia trying to recover from an attack of pneumonia, and he often urged me to go to Florida and fish with him. Once he wrote me: "Come down here and try the fishing, if only for a month. We can't give you salmon nor trout, but can give you some other good fishing. How I would like to have old Nessmuk and you here together, and hear each of you tell the story of that rainy night on the Fulton Chain and of the fishing next day. If you and he get fighting over the proper kind of fishing rod, I assure you I would referee the fight with strict impartiality."

I replied that it was impossible for me to get off in the winter, when the hatching of salmon, trout and tomcods was going on; but I would write to Nessmuk and try to get him to go, for he could make shoes in Florida as well as in Pennsylvania.

In 1882, and again the next year, Mr. Geddes was elected a member of the State Legislature, where he watched all bills that affected fish, game or agriculture, having been appointed on the committees on game laws, State prisons and charities. He was the highest type of a sportsman, but being of a high type of manhood he could not be otherwise. He could not tolerate the game hog nor anything that savored of him, and he was frank to the point of bluntness when offended. He was a most companionable man with men who could be companionable.

When he formed the Ragged Lake Club, to put up a club house and hatchery on the lake of that name in the northern Adirondacks, I planned the hatchery and met him at North Creek when he was on his way from Albany to Malone. "What are you doing in this desolate place?" he asked.

"Don't mention it here; I am studying the effect of sawdust in the river from this place to Mechanicville. I want to see where the eddies deposit it, and how. But I go up and down and take a few trout with the fly, or an occasional pike with a spoon or a minnow, and they take me for an ardent angler who does not know of better places to fish than these almost barren waters."

"That's a good idea. We may want some such information before the fish and game committee this winter, and I'll make a note of it This dumping of sawdust into the streams smothers the trout spawn, and it should be stopped."

"There's another point," said I, "and one which the angler would naturally overlook, which the fishculturist knows, but which no writer has published, and it is that pine or hemlock sawdust need not cover trout eggs in order to kill them, for water containing an infusion of fresh pine or hemlock is a poison to trout eggs or to trout fry, if it hatches in such water. Livingston Stone charred his troughs to burn out the turpentine some twenty years ago, but now we coat them with asphalt or coal tar, with better results, and get a smooth trough"

"How does the raw wood in the trough affect the fish?"

"It puffs out the yolk-sac with water, in which the microscope shows loose blood corpuscles to be floating around, and the swollen sac has a peculiar bluish cast, and in the hatcheries this is vulgarly known as 'blue-belly,' and a baby trout so afflicted was never know to live long enough to take food. But I did not meet you here to give you a lecture on fishculture, but to talk on any other subject or to take a trout in Thirteenth Brook or a pike in the river"

"What are the chances? I don't know this place well."

"In Thirteenth Brook you may fish several miles up to the pond of the same number, and you may get a whole lot of fingerlings which you would not kill, with a chance of half a dozen 4oz. trout. Yesterday, between here and the hotel at North River, I hooked a pike while skittering with a spoon. That pike took away my spoon for which I had paid $1, currency of the United States, and also a foot of gimp, all of which is my property. Mark me, it is not the value of the goods which disturbs me, but it is the principle of the thing. As a legislator you will concede that I have the right to cast a bit of bright metal into the river, and that I retain ownership in that metal as long as I have a string tied to it by which it may be recovered, and if a fish attacks and carries off my property it is a felony. It is my belief that a big, and therefore dangerous, pike, weighing a ton, or less, did, with felonious intent, rob me of personal goods worth $1."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to try to replevin my property, try to have his corpus, if I can get it; and I want you to stop here a day and help me."

We took the stage to the little hamlet called North River, some six miles above. I was stopping there, and I rigged my friend out with a rod and a trolling rig, for I always carry a lot of tackle that I seldom need, but is so handy if you do happen to want it; and we fished that river back to North Creek that day, casting our spoons into the pools and trolling them, but the big pike did not show up. We took six small ones, none over 3lbs., and a big sucker, which was hooked in the back. The pool where I lost the spoon was fished faithfully, with no result.

We hired a man to drive us back, and we spent the night at Roblee's. Early to bed and early to rise is the rule in all country hotels, yet the men who keep them do not seem to be healthier, wealthier, nor wiser than other men I said to my friend: "This house will be closed before ten, and we'll have to retire early. That means getting up early, and we can fish this six-mile stretch after breakfast and come back with the stage. I don't care anything about that pike, but I do want to recover my property. He's sporting that spoon-hook up and down the river as an ornament, doing the grand at my expense, and I don't like it He may want another to wear on the other side of his nose, and if you'll fish with me the chances of arresting him will be doubled."

"All right. I'm not going to sit here and wait for the stage when there is fishing, either good or bad, to be done. We had some good exercise and a little sport with the pickerel yesterday."

"Pardon me, but we have learned to call those white-spotted fish pike, no matter whether big or little, and to reserve the name of pickerel for the greenish-yellow fellows which have a more or less distinct black net-work on their sides. The fish we caught were true pike."

"Correct. I'm glad you mentioned it. I knew the distinction, but it comes hard to change names. In western New York, where I was born and have always lived, both these fish are termed pickerel, and the name of pike is confined to one of the perch family, variously called wall-eyed pike, yellow pike, glass-eye, etc., and it comes natural for me to use these names, which I learned in boyhood, although I know better. Always call me down when I need it, for we are the fellows who must try to educate the people in not only a uniform name for each fish, but the proper one, also."

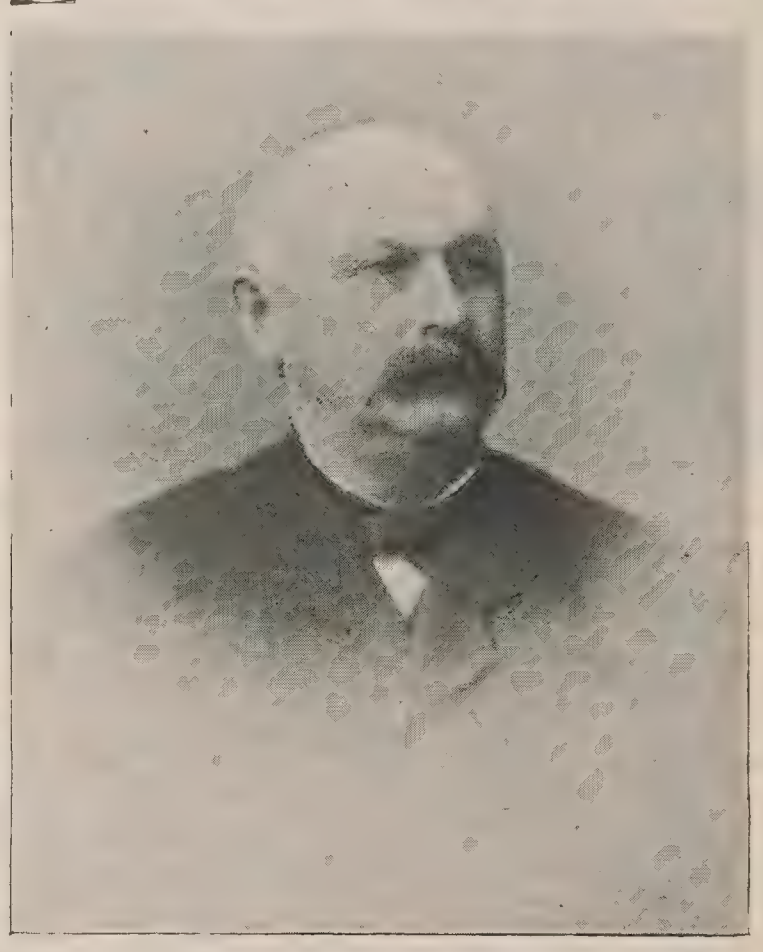
Here was a chance to do good, and I replied: "Then get your Onondago Fishing club to protest against the name of 'Oswego bass' for one of the black basses. It is a black bass of the species big-mouth, yet New York law says: 'Black or Oswego bass.' Get the absurd name of California trout replaced by rainbow trout, and straighten the kinks out of all the absurd names now on the statute books, as far as they relate to birds and fishes."

He thought a moment, then said: "That would be a desirable thing to do, but it would make trouble when some ignorant fisherman was on the witness stand. He would swear that an Oswego bass was not a black bass. How do you suppose these names got so mixed?"

"Seth Green had much to do with it. He was a noted sportsman, and was in the fishcultural field soon after Dr. Garlick and Mr. Ainsworth, and people thought he must be an authority on fishes because he bred them. He caught his first big-mouthed black bass near Oswego, on Lake Ontario, and named it from the place, although the fish originally ranged from Dakota to western New York and south to Florida. Seth got eggs of the rainbow trout from two places in California, and christened them the California brook trout and the California mountain trout, but there was no real difference in them."*

In the morning we had breakfast early and started for my pike. It was my pike, because he was wearing jewelry which belonged to me, and as far as I knew, he was not any other fellow's pike. The river was low and swift. Great rocks and gravel beds were frequent, and we took three pike before we came to the pool where I had previously struck a pike and lost a spoon.

We both cast, and Geddes called: "I've got him!" I reeled up and ran over to see the fight—and it was a fight. A great fault with many anglers is to get excited when another has a fight on hand, and to shout advice to him. I have been annoyed by this so much that I never say a word if the man who has the fish hooked is an expert, unless I see some danger of rock or drift which is not visible from where



HON. JAMES GEDDES.

he stands. This pool had some large rocks but no piles of drift wood. I stood beside Geddes and watched the contest without remark. He gave line when forced to do it, or smash his tackle, and kept a taut line on the fish all the time. Just how long the fight was we did not know, for neither of us was cold-blooded enough to put a watch on it. It seemed an hour, it may have been ten minutes, when a tired pike was reeled up and towed on a sand-bar, sporting my jewelry in his nose.

"There's your spoon," said Jim, "and I've lost a day trying to recover it for you; but the fun I've had wipes out the score. How much will he weigh?"

"I don't know. You mark what you think he weighs on one side of this card and I'll mark on the other. The one who comes nearest pays for the cigars."

Jim marked 9¾lbs. and I put down 10½lbs.

Jim won—the fish weighed exactly 8lbs.

FRED MATHER.

* In 1883 I imported eggs of the brown trout from Germany, and gave some to Seth Green for fear of accident. The fish is common to all the cold waters of Europe, but unfortunately I told Seth that they came from Germany, and he sent out their progeny as "German trout," a name that survives in some places to-day, and at the Caledonia hatchery I have even heard them called "Dutchmen" by the employees.

On A Cuban Sugar Plantation.

MAINE.—In the 60s I was engineer on one of those Cuban sugar estates, which at that time were fortunes for the owners. One day I called one of my firemen, and ordered him to take a large flat basket such as was used to gather the bogasso for fuel; we went to one of the deep holes that never run dry, and the slave walked into the creek and stirred up the mud. Then slipping the basket under the fish, he would throw them on the bank, and I would put them in a bag. Soon my boy struck a large one, which was darting around the roots of the trees under the bank, and holding on to the roots with its mouth, as he explained in an eager voice. However, after tiring it he got a firm hold and threw out a large spotted snake, as large as my wrist, at my feet. I left instanter, and so did my colored helper. That fish we did not eat.

The small fish called "behaccos" were sweet and firm, and resembled the salt-water cunners. L. MCLELLAN.

Flycasting Record 112ft.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 11.—At the annual tournament of the San Francisco Fly Casting Club, Walter D. Mansfield, the champion long distance caster, who broke all existing records a few months ago by a cast of 111½ft., again broke the world's record yesterday, held by himself, increasing his cast by 6in.

The American Fisheries Society.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note what you say about the reports of the American Fisheries Society and its policy of restricting their issue to members only. I agree with you that to be of value "in fishculture and fish protection they should be given the widest possible publicity." But, there is another side to the shield.

If the policy of wide distribution was adopted there would be no reports to distribute. All that a member gets for his $3 dues, paid annually, is his report, and as an old member of the Society I opposed a free distribution for the above reason. A few members of the Society travel long distances at their own expense to attend the meetings and listen to the papers which are read and to the discussions which follow them. Others, who cannot find time or means to attend, prepare papers to be read, or pay their annual dues to help on the good work.

The Society is poor. Many years there was not enough revenue from its members, the only source it has, to pay for the printing of the report, and a reference to some back numbers will show a line in the financial statement which reads: "Due Treasurer, $——."

I speak by the card when I say that dozens of wealthy men have asked for copies of the report, but would not join the Society and help support it. I have been besieged for copies, both in person and by letter during the years when I was an officer of the Society, but always replied with a suggestion that the applicant could help the Society and get its reports regularly by becoming a member.

To quote your words again: "The American Fisheries Society is and should be educational in its aims." From a few fishculturists who organized it in 1872 for the purpose of a trades union to regulate the price of trout eggs, it jumped away from that purpose and never entertained it. It assumed a broader scope, and became an educational institution which deserved greater encouragement than it ever received. To your statement that "it is made up of men who are in public service," I would invite an inspection of the list of members which is published in each report. It is true that the list of officers of the Society shows many names who are in the service of their States as Fish Commissioners or fishculturists, and these men usually attend the meetings as a matter of interest to themselves and to their States, but they do not comprise the bulk of membership in the Society. Writing without access to a list, I doubt if State or Government officials form one fourth of its members.

For reasons which I have given, I approve the action of the Society in restricting its reports to members, but would approve sending them to journals which will make extracts and let the world know that such a society exists; and if they, the people, want its reports they should join the Society in such numbers that it could afford to reduce its annual dues. KEGO E-KAY.

The Pennsylvania Association.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia, Sept. 27.—At the convention of citizens and fish protective associations held in Harrisburg, Sept. 15, to devise ways and means to maintain the work of the Fish Commission, about $11,000 were subscribed. This is less than one-half the sum desired, and it has been decided to make a further appeal to the citizens of the State, with the understanding that the next Legislature will be asked to refund the money to the subscribers. It is confidently expected and believed that the sense of justice, and the practical and disinterested work that the Fish Commissioners are doing will induce the next Legislature to make an appropriation for this purpose.

The brood fish, the property of the State in the care of the Commission, are worth not less than $45,000. All of this will be lost to the State unless relief is given as proposed.

Advances may be made on the following basis:

First—Advances of $500 or more may be paid in quarterly installments; one-quarter at time of subscription, one-quarter Jan. 1, 1898, one-quarter June 1, 1898, and the last quarter Dec. 1, 1898.

Second—Advances of from $100 to $500 can be made on the same terms and conditions.

Third—Advances of less than $100 it is desired should be made, one-half at time of subscription and one-half on June 1, 1898, or all at time of subscription.

The Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association has subscribed $500 from its treasury, and desires, in fact is pledged to raise $2,500 additional from its members and friends, a part of which has already been subscribed.

Subscriptions and remittances should be sent to Alfred Hand, Treasurer, 204, Walnut place, Philadelphia, who will issue a proper receipt therefor.

The sum of $25,000 will enable the Fish Commission to preserve the brood fish and other property of the State for the years 1897 and 1898, and also moderately to continue the propagation and distribution of food and game fish to the inhabitants of the State. Since June 1, '97, the Commission has preserved the property without aid from the State or others; but inasmuch as the Commissioners are unsalaried officers, they should be immediately relieved in their disinterested work.

HOWARD A. CHASE, Chairman Executive Committee.
MARION G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

"Uncle Lisha's Outing,"

By Rowland E. Robinson, is now ready in an attractively bound volume of 308 pages, the twenty-four chapters recounting the homely adventures of those Danvis Folks with whom FOREST AND STREAM readers are so well acquainted. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, $1.25, by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

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THE "PAINTED FISH."

A SHORT time ago I was examining some coal deposits in eastern Colombia. It was a rough country, and after the manner of foreigners from the North, I was making remarks about the things that served as food in that isolated place. I employed a great, big, good-natured colored woman as cook, who came three miles each morning in time to get breakfast, and who was really distressed at my opinions of the resources of the country. She did her best, but that was not much, though she could not help it. She was always clean, however, and that was a great deal, more in fact than she ever realized.

One day she said, "If we could get you a 'painted fish' (*Piscado pintado*) you would be pleased."

They described a fish that reminded me very much of a large trout; never having heard of any such thing in tropical waters, I gave orders that one should be secured for me. I was told that they would not take the hook, but that when the water was low and clear, numbers of them could be seen lying along the banks of the river, and that it was then easy to spear them from the shore.

For a few days there was no success, though the man I sent insisted that he had seen them jumping out of the water toward evening, but as the river was high he could not get any. Some days later a boy caught one. He immediately brought it to camp, and there was no denying that it looked like a trout, though quite different from any species with which I was acquainted, and it will probably prove to be a Hoplochiton.

The upper part was dark brown with indistinct mottlings, the colors shading much darker on the head. Along the sides the brown became lighter and gradually turned to a dirty white on the belly, and the mottlings on the back faded out along the sides leaving small indistinct red and yellow irregular dots and blotches, some of which were oblong. They were clearer along the center of the fish and were entirely lost along its lower portions.

The tail and dorsal fin were indistinctly blotched like the upper parts of the fish, the pectoral fins were edged with a light muddy brown, and the adipose fin was pronounced and rather large.

Generally the appearance of the fish was as if some taxidermist had taken a fine appearing brook trout and flattened it a little till it had something the shape of a perch, and had then filled up along the sides to make it look heavy like a trout, and in doing this had blurred the colors and drawn out the spots a little, and then, to make it look more natural, had covered the fish with a dull varnish, and toned it all down to such an extent that the original colors could scarcely be seen.

My good old cook said that I would like a painted fish, and so I did, excepting that I felt somewhat guilty, and would much rather have preserved it for a specimen; but this seemed impossible, and in fact, I had but little choice in the matter, because while I was called away to examine some specimens of coal that were brought in just then, the fish was cleaned and cooked, and after that there was nothing to do but eat it.

The weight was perhaps 4lbs., and the fish was a substantial addition to the dinner of four men. It was very fat; the flesh was solid and quite pink, almost the color of fresh canned salmon, and it had a rich, gamy flavor that was certainly very agreeable.

The exact spot where this fish was taken is in the Rio Rancheria at a point about fifty miles back of the city of Rio Hacha, near the mouth of the Rio Cerrojon, in Colombia

These rivers flow through a broad, deep valley, between ranges of high mountains. At the point where the fish was taken the climate is very hot, and the valley but little above sea level; just such water as we have at numerous places in our Southern States, where this fish, if introduced, would probably become an important acquisition to the food supply, as the natives claim that it grows to 10 and even 20lbs., and they all spoke of the specimen that was secured for me as a very small one and scarcely worth cooking. It may be well to remember, however, that the Spanish American always allows a liberal size to anything he may attempt to describe.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS

A TRIBUTE TO NESSMUK.

THE following letter expresses such a genuine appreciation of Nessmuk that, with the writer's consent, it is given here that others may share with Mr. Mather its reading:

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Sept. 26.—*Dear Mr. Mather:* I have just finished your article on Nessmuk, in FOREST AND STREAM, which has just reached me off here in the woods, and I roll over on my blankets to thank you for a new edition to the literature of that good and great man.

Good—Because he could enjoy nature in its own haunts, and alone, even though he got "took" by the "sparrow cop" for camping in Central Park. (I only wonder that any captain could have locked him up instead of taking him to his home and heart.)

I hold that no bad man could so live. He would have died of shame or fled to the thickets of sin, lost in some city.

Great—Because he has cheered many a man's heart in its sorrow (mine, among others), and caused the smile to wreath around the lips which had drawn into those lines which betoken inward tears; and anon he has caused the tears to start by the wonderful eloquence of those songs of the woods which only Nessmuk could write

I have known him these many years, and yet I never saw him. He was one of those whom you would picture as you hang upon and reread the words that flowed from his pen. And as I lay here on this quiet Sunday with the broad expanse of the lake stretching out before the open fly of my tent, I seemed to hear the "Da-whoop," and to see the shadowy form of the Major fleeing to the rescue of a shipwrecked brother of the wood and stream. It was a touch of nature in nature's home.

I do not know that you were ever here in this old colonial town, and if not, you cannot appreciate its wondrous charms. Though settled since 1620, when our Pilgrim forefathers set foot on the seaside boulder (also a pilgrim on the great ship Ice) a short journey of three or four miles puts you in the woods—not primeval forest, by a long shot, but still woods—which are dotted with lakes and ponds, most of which are framed in green boughs and sandy shores, where the bass doth love to jump and a few trout still live.

With my 16ft. Saranac canoe I can carry to the most of the ponds, for you know they will float in a heavy dew, and if I can't get bass I can pot-fish for perch, and more than that I can get health and vigor.

But I think you must be weary of my riff-raff, so I will shut up, and, as the after-dinner orator says, "Once more I thank you."

FRANK C. BATES.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 23.—Metropolitan Kennel Club's second annual show, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials, Barre, Mass.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 2.—Hoosier Beagle Club's inaugural trials, Indiana.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials, Newton, N. C.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.
Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—XV.

BACKING, backsetting and backstanding are terms which denote the act of standing rigidly, as a properly trained dog does when he observes that his fellow is pointing. The backing dog assumes much the same attitude when backing that he does when pointing, though in most instances there is less rigidity and intensity in it. But however spirited and intense may be a dog's attitude when he has the enthusiasm of youth and the irrepressible fondness for pursuing birds, in time his backing attitude becomes less spirited and more perfunctory. He learns that its purposes, as enforced by the trainer, are to repress him; to keep him out of the way of the pointing dog; to set him apart, for the time being, as a useless factor in the sport. The act of backing, which the dog naturally began with a purpose, he persists in from education; but the spirit which he showed in it when he had a purpose to dash in and kill, is absent when he backs merely as a perfunctory act.

Many years ago the writer evoked a lengthy public discussion by publishing and maintaining that the act of backing was not instinctive, but was an act resulting from intelligent observation. It was maintained, as against the theory of intelligence, that the dog, first pointing the birds instinctively that a man might shoot them, also backed instinctively so that he would not interfere with the dog which was pointing. In support of this contention, the fact that young puppies would back each other in the kennel yard, when pointing and chasing sparrows and other small birds, was adduced as positive proof of the instinctive origin of the act of backing. In fact, so much was ascribed to instinct by way of explaining the dog's acts, that one had reason to wonder why the dog has brains at all, and having them, why he uses them so little.

There are many acts which young puppies learn very readily on opportunity. They have an instinctive impulse to pursue their prey, and in methods of successful pursuit they are astonishingly precocious. The puppy, seeing a sparrow on the ground hopping about, runs at full speed to seize it; it flies and he gives full chase, sometimes giving tongue merrily. He after a few failures soon learns, if he has any sense, that the bird can fly, and that in open pursuit of it, wherein he trusts solely to his heels, a capture is impossible. He soon learns further, that by sneaking quietly up on the birds his chances of getting within a better striking distance are many times increased.

In drawing on the little birds by sight, the puppy employs much the same strategic efforts that, in his more mature and serious efforts in seeking game birds, he employs in his efforts to capture by the use of his nose. The one is the crude effort of inexperience; the other is the skillful effort which comes from practice and knowledge, though both are from the original instinctive impulse to seek birds for food. In the pursuit of fur, the setter or pointer draws on, say the rabbit, in much the same manner that he does on birds, but with less caution. When the rabbit is jumped, the dog pursues hotly, giving tongue merrily the while. On birds he is silent, as he needs must be; on fur he gives tongue. In his individual attempts he has now been considered.

Let us consider him now as he works with his fellows. He prefers to work with one or more of his kind. He prefers to hunt in packs. The joint efforts are far more certain of success than are the efforts of the lone individual. Thus, dogs, wild or domestic, prefer to hunt with each other. They learn to coördinate their efforts in a masterly manner to accomplish the common purpose to capture. The timber wolf, hunting in twos or more, if need be, takes distinct parts in the struggle to capture. One or two will make a sham attack on a cow, while another one seizes and kills her momentarily unguarded calf. Coyotes will station themselves with excellent judgment in such a manner that as one pursues the running antelope it passes by the others in turn, and each in turn then relieves the pursuer in the running, so that the antelope is running constantly against a relay of wolves.

The greyhound in pursuing animals as swift or swifter than itself, prefers to run in company, and they invariably learn to "run cunning;" that is to say, when one goes forward at full speed to press the fleeing jack rabbit or antelope, etc., his fellow is running less swiftly behind; but the moment the prey is turned, the hindmost greyhound dashes forward at top speed across the angle thus formed, and, to effect another turn, he presses his prey to the utmost. Every time a turn is made, the prey runs on two sides of the triangle, while the hindmost dog runs on but one. This is a sufficient advantage in favor of the dogs to result in the end in their success.

The country dog, whenever it is possible, has some neighboring dog with which he is on friendly terms, and which he always takes with him on his prowling expeditions through the woods and fields. If they learn that such self-hunting is forbidden, they sneak away in the most silent manner, taking a time for their leaving when they are free from observation. If they approach a brush pile where there is a probability of springing a rabbit, do they go to it together? They never hunt that way after they become educated. One goes forward to jump the rabbit, while the other takes a position to seize it if he can; or, failing that, he may intercept or turn it with advantage toward his companion. At least, the rabbit does not escape unobserved, as sometimes happens when green dogs are in pursuit.

All the acts of dogs when hunting together have a direct reference to the common purpose, the capture. These acts are acquired by experience. That they are sometimes learned very quickly proves none the less that they are from experience, and that in no other way can they be acquired. Thus the pointer or setter puppies take distinct parts in pursuit for the common advantage in their effort at making a successful capture. Hence, when one puppy draws stealthily and closely on the birds, pointing them, and the other puppy stealthily draws behind or to one side, the latter is seeking for a position to make a more successful effort if his leader should fail when he makes his final spring to capture. "But," say those who hold that the act is instinctive, "we have seen puppies back each other in their warfare on sparrows the first time one of their number pointed." It does not follow that the first time the owner or others saw the point in the kennel yard, that such was the first point. There might have been dozens that they never saw. When the puppies surround a barnyard fowl, on an evil day for the latter, the success of backing and running cunning are palpably in evidence.

It should be kept in mind that birds are not the sole prey of the setter or pointer. Rabbits he pursues with greater delight and fierceness, and his unaided efforts to catch birds are similar to those he employs in catching rabbits. One dog goes forward to spring the game; the other uses his best judgment to secure a position where he can either seize the prey or turn it to his fellow. It is in method analogous to the running cunning of the greyhound, and yet none of these acts have any reference to a man with a gun, although it is still held by some writers that the act of pointing is instinctive and has reference to the success of a man with a gun, notwithstanding that the dog will point if there is no man present, or present with or without a gun.

That the act of backing has a direct reference to the capture of prey, is conclusively proven by the fact that an intelligent dog, even when most thoroughly trained, will refuse to back a dog which false points to an unreasonable extent. He learns that the acts which commonly indicate the presence and the pursuit of game are false, and as there is nothing to be pursued or captured so there is no need for preparation to seize or pursue.

The trainer, in perfecting the act, simply takes this natural inclination of the dog to assist his leader, and so disciplines it that the dog makes the stop, the back, when he sees his leader pointing. Thus the act which the hindmost dog naturally used for interfering to the best advantage, the trainer perverts and so cultivates that the dog is not permitted to interfere at all.

The dog theoretically is trained to stand wherever he may be at the moment he catches sight of the pointing dog, but in practice his natural impulse is so great to be in a commanding position when the game springs, that most dogs will gallop up to within a few yards of the pointing dog, and constant care is necessary to maintain the proper degree of stanchness, there being a constant tendency to break its requirements.

While there is a certain uniformity in the natural proclivity of dogs to point as a means of securing their prey with greater certainty, there is far from being the same uniformity in the proclivity to back. The point has a direct reference to the seizure of the prey, and the pointing dog, therefore, has a direct interest in the effort. The backing dog is suppressing his own inclination, and is taking a subordinate and less profitable position, for if the pointing dog be successful in his effort, he may eat the prey without a division of it with his companion.

In practical field work the only material advantage of backing is that it prevents interference with the pointing dog. In such instance as a man owns but one dog and shoots alone, it is not of the slightest importance whether his dog will back or not. But when his dog hunts with another, it is of great importance that he should back. Nothing will so thoroughly spoil all sport as a dog which, refusing to back, either goes ahead and steals the point or flushes the birds. Some good dogs behave very badly when working with a dog which will not back. They will not submit to have their points stolen, and either go ahead and flush to prevent any point at all, or behave so resentfully or jealously that the standard of work is seriously lowered. Backing well and stanchly is an accomplishment which puts a needed finish to the performance of a dog which works in company, and besides being pleasing to the eye adds to the pleasure of the shooter and the success of the gun. When a dog is pointing no other dog should be permitted to interfere with him. All efforts at capture then appertain to the shooter.

Until a dog has learned the purposes of pointing, he exhibits no inclination to back. He has but imperfect opportunities to learn its purposes. As in actual field work, the pointing dog is never voluntarily permitted to flush if the shooter can prevent it; there is not, to the unschooled dog, the ocular evidence of the pointing dog's intention that there would be if he were working alone with his fellow; nor is there the need of backing when dogs work to the gun that there is when they work alone, this, of course, from the dog's point of view. Out of a certain number of dogs, a few will learn to back readily, most of them will need to be taught, and others will refuse to back at all. It is an act which the dog cannot be forced to do if he refuses. The only substitute is to teach him to stop to order or signal promptly, so that when he goes toward the pointing dog he may be dropped; or if he is particularly self-willed, he may be whipped every time he runs in on a pointing dog, and in time he will learn that a pointing dog is something to be avoided. Thus, if he cannot be taught to back, he can be broken from running in. There are some things which he cannot be forced to do, but there is no act which he cannot be broken from doing.

If the dog have an intense inclination to steal the point it is better to work him with a check cord, and punish him with the whip every time that he runs in and flushes. If there are several opportunities to secure points on scattered birds, tie him to a tree where he can see his brace mate point. If he howls and struggles punish him till he desists. He must be disciplined to self-restraint, and it is a waste of time to trust to his sense of propriety to attain it. If the dog is timid and lacking in confidence, quite a different policy must be adopted. The dog must be treated kindly and induced into the accomplishment by plenty of opportunity and showing him kindly and gently. As the trainer goes forward to flush he discourages the dog from following, forcing him to remain back, giving his attention to the dogs specially, and not to the birds. At this stage a serious disadvantage to the amateur trainer is his irrepressible inclination to shoot first and train afterward, whereas properly it should be the reverse.

It is better to have an old, steady dog when schooling the puppies to back. When he points, attract the attention of the puppy with as little noise as may be, have him see the pointing dog, and then with exaggerated caution of movement impress on him how grave is the moment and the event. When the pointing dog engages his interest, walk forward to flush. If the puppy attempt to follow, caution him; do everything slowly and cautiously. The puppy will catch the seriousness of the matter. If he attempt to follow further, take him back. He must understand that he is not to go forward when his mate is pointing. After the birds are flushed and a kill is made, the puppy will observe the purpose of all the acts, and if he have any powers of discrimination, he will learn to take his proper part whether on point or back. It is necessary sometimes to repeat the lesson through many days or weeks. He may seem to have no interest in backing, and suddenly some day he will be astonished by unexpectedly coming upon his mate on point, and may instantly back well. It is a branch in which the trainer must use tact and patience. Nothing is gained by hurry, nor is anything gained by punishing a dog in an attempt to make him back. Punishment will deter him from running in on a pointing dog, but it will not make him back. However, by persistently attempting to enforce the act, the cases which will result in total failure will be few; on the other hand, the cases which will result in failure if but a half-hearted fitful attempt is made will be many. The only art in this is persistency, good common sense, patience and a knowledge of what is correct for the dog to do. Let the trainer always keep in mind that if the dog does not know what the trainer wants done, it is impossible that he should do it. If he does not understand his trainer the latter should endeavor to improve his methods of communicating knowledge.

The faults that the trainer should avoid in teaching retrieving are too much eagerness to shoot the birds, thus neglecting the backing dog; too much hurry and impatience; attempting to teach backing before the dog has had proper opportunities to learn the significance of a point; inattention to proper details or attending to them in a manner which results in slovenly performance, and trying to force an arbitrary method on all dogs alike.

A Trespassing Dog Case.

THE Appellate Division of the Rhode Island Supreme Court gives the following opinion in the case of Wm. M. Harris Jr., vs. W. D. Eaton:

May 5, 1897, ROGERS, J. The plaintiff demurs to defendant's plea of justification in an action of trespass for killing the plaintiff's dog while trespassing on the close of the defendant's master.

The following are substantially the allegations set out with great minuteness in the defendant's plea: For more than two years prior to the time of the killing the plaintiff's dog had been constantly and repeatedly in the habit of trespassing on the close of one A. M. Eaton, and had there chased and killed certain fowls and animals, and had been driven off said close while killing said fowls, and at other times while trespassing on said close being fired at by said A. M. Eaton or by others his servants or agents; yet, nevertheless, the said plaintiff, after having been so notified of the killing of said fowls and that his said dog had been fired at while so trespassing, and after having been requested and told by the said A. M. Eaton to keep his dog chained or shut up and off of the said close or he, the said dog, would be shot, refused and neglected so to do, but, on the contrary, continued and has continued down to the time when, etc., to allow his said dog to run at large and to trespass constantly on the close of the said A. M. Eaton. And when said dog was killed he was again trespassing upon the said close, with the knowledge of the said plaintiff, at the time and soon after eight rabbits had been killed on the said close of said A. M. Eaton, by some dog or dogs or other animal or animals to the defendant unknown, and the defendant had reason to believe and did believe that said plaintiff's dog had taken part in killing said rabbits, whereupon he, acting as the agent of said A. M. Eaton, and with knowledge of the premises, and with knowledge thereof by the plaintiff, who nevertheless was then and there allowing his said dog to run at large and to continue to trespass upon said close, fired at said dogs and other dogs then and there trespassing on said close, with a gun loaded with gunpowder and bird shot, not for the purpose or with the intent of killing said dog, but to frighten him and drive him off of said close, and by chance the said dog was struck in some vital spot and died in consequence thereof.

Analyzed and stripped of its verbiage, the plea resolves itself into this, that the plaintiff's dog was trespassing on the close of the defendant's master, under more or less aggravating circumstances, and that the defendant, as agent for his master, fired a shotgun, not with the intent of killing said dog but to scare him and to drive him off of said close, and by chance the said dog was struck by said defendant's shot in some vital spot and died in consequence thereof.

We fail to see how a voluntary act committed by the defendant, which he was under no obligation to do and which resulted in injury to the plaintiff, even if it produced effects not intended or foreseen, can justify such injury; though the lack of evil intent might mitigate the damages, if anything more than compensatory damages are claimed. Williams, C. J., in Vincent vs. Stinehour, 7 Vt., 62, 66, lays down the rule thus: "When a person is doing a voluntary act, which he is under no obligation to do, he is held answerable for any injury which may happen to another, either by carelessness or accident." See also Wright vs. Clark, 50 Vt. 130, 135; Underwood vs. Hewson, 1 Str. 596.

Though the plea alleges the dog was shot merely by chance, the purpose and intent being to frighten him away and not to kill him, yet, whatever the intent, did any of the circumstances set up in the plea, by way of inducement or otherwise, justify a killing? We think not. Pub. Laws R. I., cap. III, define the legal status of a licensed dog. An unlicensed dog going at large has no apparent protection under the law, and any person may kill him, Sec. 13. So a licensed dog, not having on a collar with the owner's or keeper's name distinctly marked thereon, may be killed any where outside of his owner's, or keeper's enclosure, Sec. 4, and any person may kill any dog that may suddenly assault him, or any person of his family or in his company, while the person so assaulted is out of the enclosure of the owner or keeper of the dog, Sec. 6. Spaight vs. McGovern, 16 R. I. 658. Any person likewise may kill any dog found out of the enclosure of its owner or keeper, worrying wounding or killing any neat cattle, sheep, lamb, horse, hog or fowl, not the property of the owner, Sec. 6, and any officer charged with the service of an execution in a suit against the owner of a dog for a second recovery of damages committed by such dog, shall kill the offending dog as commanded in such execution, Sec. 3. In Sec. 7 of said cap. III is a provision for making complaint to a justice or clerk of a district court wherein, after certain proceedings, authority may be obtained for killing objectionable dogs. Said cap. III makes a licensed dog property and the subject of larceny, and makes the owner of any dog liable for the damage he may do. Defendant's special plea nowhere brings the plaintiff's dog within the provisions of said cap. III authorizing any one other than his master to kill him.

Neither the fact that the plaintiff's dog was a trespasser on A. M. Eaton's close, nor that he had previously committed depredations to property there, would afford justification for killing him, for Mr. Eaton could recover reparation for such injuries. In Brent vs. Kimball, 60, 111, 211, 213, the court says: "Appellee does not pretend, in his evidence, that the dog, at the time of the killing, was doing any mischief to person or property, but claims, more, it seems, upon suspicion than knowledge, that the dog had previously destroyed his hens' nest or eggs. If the dog had a vicious habit, and appellant had previous notice of it, an action would lie against him for the damages done by his dog. But it does not follow that the party injured may justify the killing of the dog for that reason, any more than he could the killing of a breachy animal breaking into his corn." In this State no notice of the viciousness of his dog would have been necessary before bringing an action for damages done by the dog. Neither is it any justification that the plaintiff had been notified that his dog was in the habit of trespassing and had been shot at by Mr. Eaton or was going to be shot at by him if again found trespassing. Notice would be sufficient to justify under the statutes of some States, but not of this, for complaint to a justice or clerk of a district court should have been resorted to and the required proceedings had, to justify killing the dog.

There are decisions in various States that one may defend and protect his property from dogs, and, when necessary for that purpose, to kill the dog. Anderson vs. Smith, 7 Ill. App. 354; Lipe vs. Blackwelder, 25 Ill. Aps. 119; Ten Hopen vs. Walker, 96 Mich. 236, and Livermore vs. Bachelder, 141 Mass. 179. In the latter case, which was tort for killing the plaintiff's dog, it appeared that said dog came upon the defendant's premises and there killed and maimed hens of the defendant, which were in his henhouse or shed. The dogs were driven away, and, in about fifteen minutes afterward, came again upon the defendant's premises, and were running toward the same shed and henhouse of the defendant, when the defendant, having reasonable cause to believe that the dogs were proceeding to maim and kill other of his hens in said shed and henhouse, shot and killed the plaintiff's dog. The court held that killing the dog was not in law justifiable, for to justify the killing, the defendant should have shown, not only that he had reasonable cause to believe that the dog was proceeding to maim and kill his hens, but also that he had reasonable cause to believe that it was necessary to kill the dog in order to prevent him from killing the hens.

The plea nowhere shows that the plaintiff's dog when killed was worrying, wounding or killing any of the animals mentioned in said cap. III., Sec. 6, or that the defendant had reasonable cause to believe that it was necessary to kill the dog in order to protect his property other than the animals mentioned in said Sec. 6.

In our opinion the defendant's special plea in bar sets up no sufficient cause in justification of killing the plaintiff's dog, and demurrer thereto is sustained and case remitted to the Common Pleas Division for further proceedings.

Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association All-Age Entries.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—The entry list for the third annual All-Age Stake of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association closed with twenty-four nominations, fifteen English setters and nine pointers, being an increase of five over last year.

Full particulars containing directions for reaching the grounds will be forwarded for publication next week.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

SPOT CASH—H. K. Devereux's b., w. and t. dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).

LORETTA—H. K. Beattie's b., w. and t. bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Rill Ray).

ROD'S PELL—J. S. Robb, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch (Rodfield—Opal).

BIRD—R. S. D. Hartrick's b., w. and t. bitch (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl).

LITTLE DORRIT—Beazell & Gladden's b., w. and t. bitch (Whyte B.—Dolly Varden).

WINKS—J. T. Crawford's b., w. and t. dog (Joe—Dot C.).

KLONDYKE—G. O. Smith's b., w. and t. dog (Gladstone's Boy—Speckle Gown).

TONY'S RUBY—Wm. Cummings's (agt.) o. and w. bitch (Antonio—Ruby's Girl).

CAROLINE—Fox & Blythe Kennels' l. and w. bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

FORZANDO—Fox & Blythe Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

TEDDY M.—Albert Millaf's b., w. and t. dog (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

DAUPHIN—Albert Millar's b., w. and t. dog (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

ROD'S BOY—King Graphic Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Roderigo—Lany Gladstone).

BARON CINCINNATUS—T. J. McCoy's b., w. and t. dog (Dow R.—Nattinatis).

POINTERS.

VIRGINIA—H. K. Devereux's l. and w. bitch (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot).

JINGO'S JOY—Monongahela Kennels' l. and w. bitch (Jingo—Pearl's Dot).

STRICTLY BUSINESS—J. L. Craven's b. and w. bitch (Kent's Priam—Belle Fansher).

SPECKLE LAD—H. L. Christy's b. and w. dog (Lad of Rush—Black Wonder's Pride).

NABOB—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

DON—Thomas Harriott's lem. and w. dog (Doc—Rachel).

SCOTT C.—G. A. Wilson's l. and w. dog (—— — ——).

PAT J.—Ganter & McDonald's l. and w. dog (Dash Ranger, Jr.—Patti M. II.).

RUSH—Frank Kruse's l. and w. dog (Rush of Lad—Spotty Ale).

ALBERT'S SHOT—S. W. Carey, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog (Beau Brummel—Albert's Phœbe).

S. B. CUMMINGS, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

CAPT. A. C. WADDELL, Manager of the Del Monte Kennels, is making a stay of several weeks in the East. Owing to the quarantine regulations in Mississippi, his stay has been prolonged beyond his intention. He reports ill-luck in his kennel, a number of choice puppies dying and thereby reducing needed materials for Derby and field use. However, the kennels seem to have a plucky determination to try again.

Mr. H. B. Donovan, secretary-treasurer, informs us that as the result of the Canadian Kennel Club's ballot, the following list of officers has been elected: President, G. B. Sweetnam, Toronto; First Vice-President, R. McEwen, Byron; Sec'y-Treasurer, H. B. Donovan, Toronto. Vice Presidents: Leslie Gault, Montreal; Fred T. Miller, Trenton, Ont.; W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont.; G. B. Bruce, Calgary, N. W. T. Executive Committee: C. A. Stone, Dr. A. F. Webster, A. Boultbee and J. G. Kent, Toronto; A. F. Gault and J. A. Pitt, Montreal; Rev. Thos. Geoghegan, Hamilton; T. A. Carson, Kingston; F. M. Gowans, Cobourg; Dr. J. S. Niven, London; R. G. Steacy, Brockville; H. P. Thomas, Belleville.

At a meeting of the New England Kennel Club held at the club house at Braintree Oct. 7, the following officers were elected: President, Samuel Hammond; Vice President, Oliver Ames; Secretary, James L. Little (re-elected); Treasurer, Andrew B. Cobb (re-elected).

The Metropolitan Kennel Club's second annual dog show will be held in the old 13th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, Nov. 24 to 27 Thanksgiving Day week.

Premium lists are now in the printer's hands and will be ready for distribution in a few days.

An office will be secured in Brooklyn and announced as early as possible. For the present, applications for premium lists and other communications can be addressed to James Mortimer, Superintendent, Hempstead, L. I.

Yachting.

THE following, printed in the New York dailies of Oct. 12, marks the formal opening of the silly season in yachting. There is no "President of the Defender Syndicate" and no "French Yacht Club," and even if it were proposed to race Defender abroad next season it is extremely unlikely that official notice would be given long in advance:

CANNES, Monday.—It is announced here that the president of the Defender syndicate has notified the French Yacht Club that the American yacht Defender, which defeated Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie III. in the last series of races for the America's cup, will take part in the next Cannes regatta—that of the early part of 1898.

THERE is something decidedly un American in the idea of any wholesome restrictions in yachting. The prevailing sentiment from the earliest days of the sport has been in favor of "plain and simple rules," such as would encourage the production of racing machines with immense sail plans, manned by unlimited crews, and held up by shifting ballast. Every movement for salutary limitations to sail area, crews or ballast has been opposed by the great body of American yachtsmen, and its supporters have been derided as cranks, Anglomaniacs, rocking-chair sailors and mischievous characters in general. No matter what intrinsic merit it might have, a proposal for the restriction of extreme features has always been met with a storm of patriotic objections and abuse of its advocates. The Seawanhaka rule, of length and sail area, is a notable instance; but others are found long before the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was in existence, and the same spirit is alive to-day, though fortunately it has lost much of its old-time strength.

The result of this national policy of letting everything go, with no attempt at judicious and timely legislation to meet developments in design and construction, and alterations in the conditions of yachting, are only too plainly visible to-day in the total extinction of the racing yacht, as seen in the 90ft. schooner class, with Colonia sailing alone; in the 90ft. cutter class, with Defender rusting at her moorings and Vigilant and Navahoe under cruising rigs, and in the smaller cutter classes, in which Queen Mab, Wasp and Syce have no competitors.

The necessity for timely restrictions on extreme draft, on light and costly construction, and on the cutting down of displacement have been plainly pointed out year by year, and many proposals have been made for remedying existing and growing evils, but all without avail up to the present time.

It is evident, however, that public opinion in yachting is now swinging to the other extreme, and that restricted classes will be the order of the day for some time at least. The 30ft. restricted class having proved successful, and the 51ft. unlimited class the reverse, a new 51ft. restricted class is now under way for next season, under limitations which promise to give what yachtsmen have long professed to want, but which they have taken no action whatever to obtain by the judicious amendment of the regular measurement rules. Now the work is to be done by means of special legislation.

The 21ft. knockabout class in Boston having proved successful alongside of other unlimited classes, a 25ft. class under similar restrictions is promised for next season. The new Seawanhaka restricted class, of 21ft. l.w.l., has already taken definite shape, with twenty-five yachts ordered and applications for ten more refused; and now some neighboring clubs are working on a similar idea.

The American Y. C., of Milton Point, has invited designs for a yacht of moderate proportions, of about 25ft. l.w.l., 38ft. over all, 8 to 9ft. beam, 5ft. or so of draft, and 800sq. ft. of sail in mainsail and jib. A head room of 6ft. is insisted on, with a fairly large cabin and a cockpit about 7ft. long. While the class may not be restricted to a single design, it is probable that one design will be selected and a number of yachts built from it at once, such restrictions being adopted as will prevent the outbuilding of this standard design by later designers. The class will give a larger yacht than the Seawanhaka, but at nearly double the cost.

The one-design idea is finding equal favor in other parts of the country, in all sizes from 15ft upward, and it is probable that classes of this kind, under some stringent restrictions even if not limited to a standard design, will be plentiful next year, with material benefit to yacht racing and yachting in general.

There is much to be thankful for in this new turn of affairs; in the first place, it offers to men of moderate means, and even to those who can afford to spend liberally in first cost, but cannot build a Syce or a Wasp every year, a chance to race at a comparatively moderate expense, and in yachts that are useful for other purposes than racing and salable at a fair price after their first season. In this way it is likely to work to the immediate benefit of yachting in providing good sport throughout the whole of 1898 and for several successive seasons at least.

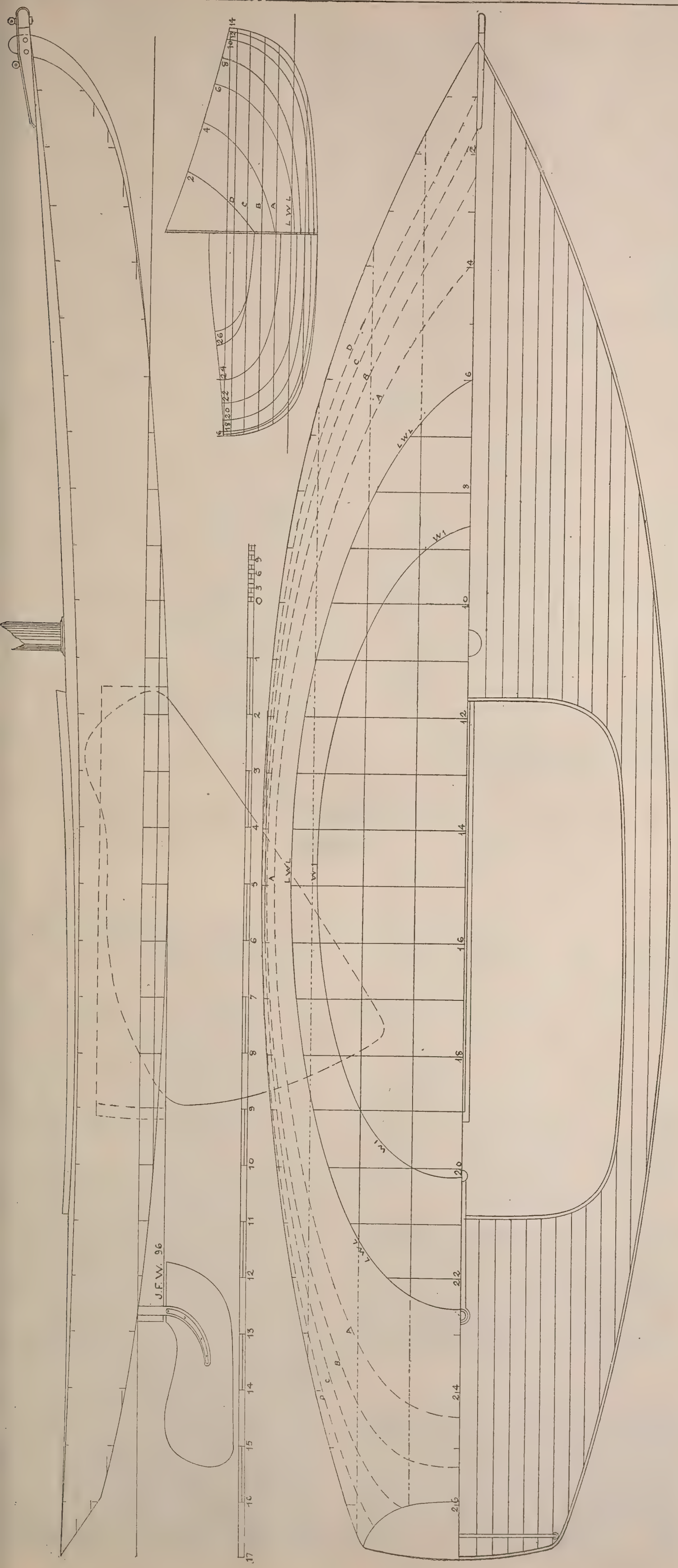
What is of even more importance, however, is the value of the experiment as a much-needed demonstration of the absolute necessity for thorough restrictive legislation to govern all the regular classes. It is greatly to be regretted that the new restricted classes have no relation to each other or to existing classes, and only tend to increase the customary chaos of yachting. The 51ft. class will probably fall in with established limits, but the 30ft. class conflicts with two regular classes and the new Seawanhaka and American classes will do the same. As the regular classes now stand, it is impossible to adapt restricted classes to their limits, and for a time at least there must be more or less confusion and clashing.

Had the clubs and yachtsmen at large been awake in time to the necessity of restrictions on design and construction in the regular class rules, it would have been possible long before this to have adopted a new formula and some supplementary restrictions to which the new restricted classes might comply; or which would even have made the creation of restricted special classes unnecessary.

The best that can be hoped now is that the lesson may not be lost, and that in the near future a radically new rule may be adopted, one designed to produce not merely the fastest possible yacht, but a fast yacht of general good qualities in place of the present racing machine.

THE *Yachtsman* has made a very liberal and sportsmanlike offer of prizes for trial races and also for subsequent races of the class if Mr. Brand's challenge should be endorsed by his club and accepted by the Canadians. It is only by the construction and thorough trial of a fleet that one yacht good enough for international racing can be produced.

THE Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has met with extraordinary suc-



cess thus far in its new one-design class. The contract has been closed with Mr. Stearns for twenty-five yachts, the price being $775 each; and the committee has declined ten more requests to join the class.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

In spite of some positive statements that the Royal St. St. Lawrence Y. C. has accepted the challenge of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. for next year, such is not the case, nothing having yet been decided. The Minima Y. C. has cabled to Montreal an indorsement of Mr. Brand's notice of challenge, but no letter has been received, and no action taken by the holders of the cup. A statement that is apparently untrue and very unfair to Mr. Brand has been in circulation in the Canadian papers, to the effect that the Minima Y. C. has refused to indorse him as a challenger on account of his numerous frivolous protests in 1895. The *Yachting World* is quoted by the papers in question as their authority, but it has said nothing of the kind.

The *Yachtsman* of Sept. 30, just to hand, discusses the matter as follows:

The courtesy of the Royal St. Lawrence and Seawanhaka yacht clubs in giving an opportunity to English yachtsmen to challenge for the Seawanhaka International Cup has met with a response from Mr. J. A. Brand, who telegraphed a challenge at the eleventh hour. Mr. Brand was invited through Mr. H. King Sturdee (his representative in the last races that he sailed for the cup) to send a challenge, and, there being no time to waste in making arrangements, he wired as follows: "Secretary, St. Lawrence Y. C., Canada. —Challenge Seawanhaka cup, subject Minima backing with syndicate.—Brand." Nothing so far has been settled with regard to backing the challenge, but we feel sure that the Minima Y. C. will sustain its sporting reputation by going into the affair in no half-hearted way.

It must be remembered that the challenging boat will meet a defender of the very first water, and that the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. will probably build another fleet of "Duggan" boats, of which the best will be selected to defend the cup. Therefore, if Mr. Brand is to have a fair chance of success, a fleet should be built here from which a champion may be selected.

But our measurement rule is by no means adapted to the type of craft suitable to these races, and so it will be necessary to provide special inducements for the building of as large a number as possible.

As we have said, the Minima Y. C. has not yet taken any action in the matter, and Mr. Brand is busily engaged in trying to form a syndicate, but if the club will take the matter up, so that a fair number of boats will be built, we are prepared to offer valuable prizes, not only for the trial races, but for subsequent racing among the rejected boats. This is only a suggestion at the moment, subject to modification at the wish of the club. Of this we are certain, that Mr. Brand will go out on a wild goose chase unless he has very strong support at home; and, even given that support, his task will not be easy, for our Canadian friends have conclusively proved their merits alike as sailors, builders and designers, and they have the advantage also of thoroughly knowing their own waters.

Provided things go smoothly with the challenge, there remains the very important question of size. Mr. Brand would like to challenge with a 15-footer, Seawanhaka measurement, but this may not meet with the approval of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. At the same time, although the size seems disproportionate to the interest attaching to such a contest, the Canadians will no doubt bear in mind that our rule is so opposed to the type of craft required that a larger size would prove a very severe tax on the challenger.

The *Yachting World* of Oct. 1 states that Mr. Brand was awaiting a reply from the R. St. L. Y. C. and would not lay the matter before the Minima Y. C. until such a reply was received. As far as the telegram from Mr. Brand is concerned it hardly demands a reply, and probably none will be sent by the R. St. L. Y. C.; in the natural order of things the club would await a formal confirmation of the telegraphic challenge from Mr. Brand or his club. The same paper states that Mr. Brand wished to build either a 24-footer or a 30-footer by the linear rating rule.

Problem.

The sloop Problem was designed for his own use by Com. John F. Wright, of the Indiana Yacht and Boating Club, of Wawasee, Ind., who has sailed her successfully for the past two seasons. She has proved not only fast in racing, but particularly able and comfortable for so small a craft in general pleasure sailing. Her dimensions are: 27ft. over all, 17ft. 6in. l.w.l. with crew of four; beam 7ft. 3in., draft 7½in., sail area 404sq. ft. She is strongly built, with keel of yellow poplar, stem of red elm, frames, bent, of red elm, ⅝×⅞in., spaced 6in., planking 7-16in. white oak.

The centerboard is of ¼in. steel plate, weighing 244lbs. It is lifted by a detached lever, working on the upper edge of the trunk, which is shod with ⅛in. strap iron to take the wear. Holes ½in. diameter and 6in. apart are drilled in the plate and two pins are used, shifted from hole to hole and one serving as the fulcrum for the lever. The board may be raised or lowered from 6 to 12 at a time by one hand alone. The rudder is of 3-16in. steel plate, weighing 60lbs. No ballast is carried, but the yacht has proved very stiff.

Beverly Y. C. Sail-Off.

The sail-off for the second class of the Beverly Y. C., which race on Sept. 4 did not finish within the time limit, and for the cruising class, to decide the awarding of the championship pennant, was sailed at the club house on Sept. 18. There was almost a calm at the start, all the boats being handicapped. The wind was then light and fluky until near the close, when a light S.W. breeze set in, which enabled the boats to finish within the time limit. The times were as follows:

SECOND CLASS.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Thordis, J. B. Wales	3 44 15	3 32 04
May King, D. L. Whittemore	3 44 55	3 32 44
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	Did not finish.	

CRUISING CLASS.

Royal Blue, C. S. Dennison	3 50 17	. . . .
Robin Hood, R. S. Hardy	3 54 24	. . . .

Judge, A. H. Hardy. Thordis wins in second class and Royal Blue wins pennant in cruising class.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. are the largest publishers and importers in America of Books on Outdoor Sports. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

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SAIL PLAN—RACING SLOOP PROBLEM.

Cruising on the West Coast.

HAVING spent a part of the past winter cruising along the west coast of Florida with varied experiences, a few items relative to that locality as a cruising ground, may be of interest to would-be cruisers and fishermen.

Beginning with the Anclote Keys on the north, there is, with one or two exceptions, an almost unbroken chain of small islands extending parallel to the coast, almost to Cape Sable, a distance of some 250 miles.

Inside of this natural breakwater is an ideal cruising ground for small craft, the equal of which cannot be found anywhere else in America.

Here the smallest mosquito boat can cruise in perfect safety, and each winter finds a goodly number of enthusiastic yachtsmen from the North, with their tiny craft, ever ready to try conclusions with any newcomer who may turn up.

These inside waters are very shoal, and centerboard boats under 20ft. are the rule. Craft drawing more than 2ft. of water are placed at a great disadvantage, and a keel or fin-keel would be wholly impractical.

Scattered along this coast are numerous winter-resort towns, many of which boast thriving yacht clubs, and numerous regattas are held through the winter season, each town sending its fastest boats to contest for the handsome trophies offered. In addition to these regattas, some of the clubs hold weekly races, the score being kept, and at the end of the season the yacht having the greatest number of points takes the prize.

Among others, the Tarpon Springs Y. C. may be said to be the most enterprising, and to have the largest membership of any club on the coast, and, without exception, the fastest yachts on the Gulf coast.

Some phenomenal records were made by boats of this club during the past winter; in one case a 15-footer entered the 30ft. class in the Tampa Bay races and took the hundred-dollar prize.

But it was about cruising that I started to write, not to boom local yacht clubs.

For "inside" cruising on this coast, a 25 or 30ft. yawl-rigged cabin sharpie, drawing about 18in. of water, is the proper thing for a party of two or three.

Such a craft can be chartered at most any of the larger coast towns at very reasonable figures.

In fact a party can get such a craft, with or without skipper, at Tampa, Punta Gorda or Fort Meyers, for a month's cruise, that will give a man such a vacation and sea appetite as he will remember (with longings for its repetition) ever after.

If he wants to try his hand at tarpon fishing, with some deer and turkey hunting and plenty of sailing thrown in, he cannot do better than to engage the services of Bill Rue, Fort Meyers, Fla., with his 30ft. cabin Jigger; a more genial, jolly and thoroughly competent fisherman, boatman and hunter it has never been my fortune to meet.

He understands tarpon fishing from A to Z, and probably no one knows the game region bordering on the Everglades better than he.

To secure him, however, it would be necessary to make the engagement months in advance.

For an exclusive water trip, with no side trips inland for game, a light double gun for beach-birds will be all that is necessary.

As to fishing tackle; much has already been written regarding Florida tackle. I will only add: take plenty of good long 18-thread tarpon lines, as sharks, jewfish, etc., often take more than their share.

For stores, among other things a liberal supply of canned goods, including condensed milk, are indispensable, the facilities for getting fresh meat, vegetables, milk, etc., being very inadequate. An awning for shelter from the noonday sun, and if a trip south of Charlotte Harbor is contemplated,



A FLORIDA CRUISER.

individual cheesecloth mosquito bars will be appreciated. We find it best in this latitude to do all cooking aboard the boat, and two or three small oil stoves of the Florence pattern, which with a can of kerosene exactly fit into their special box, answer every purpose.

If a party of two or three wish to go it alone, the nature of the coast is such that, if they understand boat sailing and are provided with a set of coast charts and a fair amount of horse sense, they can cruise the length of the Gulf Coast without any trouble or danger of mishap whatsoever. In regard to fishing grounds, there is nothing very tempting north of Tampa Bay. Supposing that the cruiser starts from Tampa, a half-day's sail brings him to Big Sarasota Bay. Excellent sport can be had at the passes leading into Big and Little Sarasota bays—particularly Little Sarasota Pass, where redfish, grouper, jack, sea-trout, lady-fish, mango-snappers, pompano, sheephead and numerous other kinds, may be taken in large numbers most any day, and a more beautiful and homelike stopping place than Webb's, on Little Sarasota Bay, we have yet to find on the whole Florida coast.

Leaving Little Sarasota Bay with its oysters, fishing and charming scenery behind, a short run brings us to Casey's Pass, and now for an outside run of seventeen miles down the beach to Stump Pass. A pleasant day and fair wind should be chosen for the little yawl to make this run, and sailing in at Stump Pass we are again on inside waters, not to leave them for nearly 100 miles.

The run down Lemon Bay and Gasparilla Sound finds us at Boca Grande and in Charlotte Harbor, home of the silver king and the best fishing ground on the Florida coast. Crossing Boca Grande, we are among a group of islands, the largest of which, Useppa, Mondongo and Patricio, were in years gone by rendezvous of Spanish pirates who infested the West Indies. These islands, with their high and thickly wooded promontories, seen from the water, are lovely beyond description.

Leaving these beauty spots, where one might linger a week, we next come to Pine Island Sound, which is that portion of Charlotte Harbor lying west of Pine Island, and we are in the heart of the tarpon grounds. Many were taken here at Captiva Pass the past winter, Captiva and the Caloosahatchie being the favorite grounds this season. Passing St. James City, on the south end of Pine Island, we turn to the southwest and running down San Carlos Bay, through Matanzas Pass, and we are in Estero Bay, a network of mangrove islands, the home of the mosquito, but we are prepared for him. Very pleasant cruising is this, in and out among these green islands, until Big Hickory Pass is reached. Here the cruiser, if he cares to collect sea shells, can get his fill of Panamas, moss-rosebuds, Chinese alphabets, angel-wings and hundreds of other varieties.

We must now make another outside run, past Naples to Little Marco Pass, and we are in the Ten Thousand Islands—once the home of prehistoric lake dwellers, whose shell mounds and fortifications are visible everywhere; now the dwelling place of the mosquito and old John Gomez, who this year celebrated his 116th birthday.

From Marco southward the country is uninteresting, being an endless succession of mangrove islands; and the average cruiser, unless he be of an exploring turn of mind, will probably turn back, lingering as long as time will allow at the various fishing grounds along the way, not neglecting to procure a sawfish's saw and the open jaw of a shark, with its double row of glistening teeth, as souvenirs; to say nothing of photographs of his first tarpon and a quantity of its silvery scales to distribute among friends in the frozen North.

November and December seem to be the best months for cruising, every day being perfect, and storms of rare occurrence. April is also a good month, and a much better time for tarpon fishing. Later than the middle of May the weather gets uncomfortably warm, insect pests omnipresent, and the cruiser had best pack his dunnage and get himself back to "God's country."

CAMERAMBLER.

A Successful "One-Design" Class.

How much may be accomplished in the way of keen racing and lively sport by a comparatively inexpensive restricted class is shown by the success which has attended the Cohasset Y. C. in the past two seasons. In the winter of 1895-6 this club established a one-design class, and over a dozen boats were built by James McIntyre. The design was that of Scarecrow, by W. P. Stephens, as published in the Forest and Stream, adapted to 15ft. racing length, rigged with mainsail and jib, but no bowsprit. For two seasons the class has provided regular racing every week, a club series of fifteen races being sailed this year. Incidentally, it has provided a very acceptable substitute for the previous mixed fleet of larger boats, of such varying sizes and rigs that no fair racing was possible. It has also served to open the way for a new fleet, of either one-design yachts or of uniform measurement, and of larger size. There are clubs by the dozen throughout the country which could well profit by a similar experiment. The Boston *Globe* gives the following summary of the class:

No more interesting racing for those participating in it, or for those interested in the performance of boats in the "one-design" classes, has been furnished than by the Cohasset "half-raters." These little 15-footers have been raced in all sorts of weather, and with a persistency which speaks volumes for the enthusiasm of their owners, as well as being in itself a proof of the sport which a "one-design" class can furnish. The wins have also been well split up, and the racing so close as to make the winning of the championship a matter of doubt until well toward the end of the season.

Fifteen championship races were sailed, and six of the ten boats in the class competed in fourteen of them. Another boat had eleven starts, two had six each and one had five. There were two races with nine starters, seven with eight starters, four with seven starters, one with six and one with four, an average of seven out of the ten boats right through the season. The times show that in many of the races the wins and places were a matter of seconds.

For the winning of the championship, the Y. R. A. system of percentage—100 for first place, 50 for second and 25 for third—was adopted by the association which has controlled the racing, and the result has been satisfactory. The *Globe* presents the tables of the racing in the class, by both the Y. R. A. and the "cross" tables. The rank of the three leading boats is the same by both tables. In the second table, Mermaid, Hoodoo and Jap tie on series lost and won, and also in their series with each other, so that it is a case of "even up" in that respect between them, and they are therefore ranked on their standing in the first table. In table No. 1, no boat is credited with a place unless she defeated a competitor. In table No. 2, read across for wins and down for losses.

Swallow's championship has been fairly won by any method of ranking, and her win for the second time is due largely to the fact that her owner has raced her for all she was worth, and that he was in earnest to win in every race sailed. She won all of her series with the other boats, and also won the race on Sept. 18, the last race of the season, for a cup offered by Ralph B. Williams, owner of Delta.

Her closest competitor has been Blink, which was only eight seconds behind in the race for the Williams cup. Blink has won all her series save that with Mermaid, and is close up in the matter of percentage.

Delta is a good third, losing only to Swallow and Blink.

What will be the future of the class is now a bit uncertain for some of the owners are talking 21ft. knockabouts, and will probably build them. They will wait, however, until it is seen whether or not the Knockabout Association is to make any change in its restrictions, and will then decide either for keel boats for that class or for centerboards much after the Buzzards Bay style.

COHASSET 15FT. CLASS—RECORD 1897—TABLE 1.

	Starts.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	Av.
Swallow	14	5	1	2	2	1	1	.439
Blink	14	2	7	1	2	1	..	.410
Delta	14	3	1	2	1	4	..	.286
Mermaid	14	2	2	3	2	..	1	.268
Jap	14	2	..	2	3	4	2	.178
Hoodoo	14	..	3	2	3	3	2	.143
Bee	11	1	..	2	1	1	2	.136
Mungo	6	..	1	..	..	..	2	.050
Honey	5	..	..	1	..	..	1	.025
Sea Gull	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	....

Mermaid, Jap, Bee, Mungo and Sea Gull each have one seventh place; Delta has one eighth place.

HALF-RATER RECORDS—TABLE 2.

	Swallow.	Blink.	Delta.	Mermaid.	Jap.	Hoodoo.	Bee.	Mungo.	Honey.	Sea Gull.
Swallow	..	7	7	8	8	8	8	4	2	6
Blink	5	..	10	9	9	9	4	5	5	5
Delta	6	3	..	7	8	7	5	5	3	5
Mermaid	6	4	6	..	7	7	8	3	4	6
Jap	5	4	5	7	..	7	6	5	4	6
Hoodoo	4	4	6	7	7	..	7	5	3	6
Bee	3	2	4	2	4	3	..	2	2	2
Mungo	1	0	1	2	1	1	2	..	0	2
Honey	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	..	1
Sea Gull	0	0	0	9	0	0	1	0	0	..

Western Yachts.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9.—There will be a meeting this ensuing week at either St. Paul or Minneapolis of the members of the local yachting clubs, both of Minnetonka and White Bear waters. The attempt will be made to organize the proposed Interstate Yachting Association, uniting in one body the yacht clubs more especially of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and perhaps including one or two other Western States. There is a very large yachting interest in the two States above named, and the races sailed each season would number high up in the hundreds. Much interest is taken in the latest things in design and rig, and in every way these Western yachtsmen are quite abreast with the times. They form a large body numerically, and it is thought that by bringing together the races of the many different inland lakes which cover this country a greater and more systematic advancement can be made by the followers of the sport. At the recent interlake races on White Bear, when the boats of the latter lakes defeated those from Minnetonka side, this question of an interstate body was taken up, but no decisive action was had. The White Bear (St. Paul) men favor it, but the Minnetonka (Minneapolis) sailors rather hold aloof, thinking that their own waters are wide enough for the season's sport. As a consolidation of the interests of the scattered Western racing interests, it would seem to be desirable that the organization should be formed. E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Beverly Y. C.—260th Race.

Sept. 18.

Course: 11¼ miles; wind, moderate S.W. Judges: A. H. Hardy, D. Rice, G. P. Gardiner.

CRUISERS—TO SAIL OFF TIE FOR PENNANT.

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Royal Blue, C S Dennison	21.00	5 00 17	3 40 17	3 40 17
Robin Hood, A. H. Hardy	21.04	5 01 24	3 41 24	3 41 28
SECOND CLASS—CATS SAIL OFF				
Thordis, T. B. Wales	26.00	5 09 15	3 44 15	3 32 04
May King, D. Wittemore	26.00	5 09 55	3 44 55	3 33 41
Anonyma, Dabney	25.09	Withdrew.		

Royal Blue wins pennant.

Thordis wins first prize and pennant.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Lasca, schooner, J. S. Watson, arrived at New York on Oct. 7 from Southampton, whence she sailed on Sept. 10. Lasca sailed from New York with Capt. Shelldrake in command, on Feb. 17, going first to Gibraltar, then to Algiers, Tunis, Malta, and other Mediterranean ports. She left Gibraltar late in June for England, and the next two months were spent about the English coast. This is Lasca's second trip abroad, her original owner, John E. Brooks, having made an extended European cruise in her.

Our attention has been called to the fact that the 20-footer Mary, the handsome Western boat that took part in the Seawanhaka trial races, was built by the Racine Yacht and Boat Works, of Racine Junction, Wis., and not by the builders mentioned in our reports of the races. We are glad to make this correction, as the yacht was a very creditable piece of work.

Eleanor, steam yacht, under charter to Col. Oliver H. Payne, arrived at New York on Oct. 5, after leaving Havre on Sept. 19 and Madeira on Sept. 24. She sailed from New York for Norway and European waters on June 19. Capt. W. G. Scott, who has had charge of the yacht since her construction was begun, is still in command. Very bad weather was encountered off the coast, and she was hove to for ten hours.

Nymph, the fastest of the centerboard 40-footers, designed by Mr. Burgess for F. W. Flint, and built by the Lawleys in 1888, has recently been sold through Manning's Agency to T. C. Zerega. Her racing spars have been reduced, and she has been thoroughly refitted. On Sept. 30 she sailed from New York for the Chesapeake for a cruise of a couple of months.

Nahma, steam yacht, Robert Goelet, has been delivered by the builders, G. L. Watson & Co., to her owner, and will shortly sail for America. Capt. Churchill will command her.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. Carpenter, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J Steadman Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association will be held at the Clarendon Hotel (Fulton, Washington and Johnson streets), Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday, Oct. 16. Com. Dunnell will call the meeting to order at 10 A. M. A dinner will be given in honor of the visiting canoeists in the evening.

The Sliding Gunter Rig.

New York, Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The exchange of ideas on all matters relating to sport, which goes on continually through your "weekly," even to the mechanical department of sport, is most useful and interesting, and I desire to add my small portion in regard to the sliding gunter rig for canoes.

The sliding gunter rig does not seem to be in favor in this country, largely because of the simplicity and serviceableness of the present bat's wing rig, which possesses many of the advantages of the sliding gunter, in that it gives a large sail area for the length of its spars, and also permits the lowering of all of its upper spars, thus reducing the weight of its top hamper.

Nevertheless, the sliding gunter may have some advantages. The only objection I ever saw against it being that when the topmast was hoisted it tended to sag to leeward unless, and possibly even if, made so tight that it did not run easily.

These defects I have overcome absolutely by having the topmast made to travel up and down the mast on a traveler consisting of a strip of wood of a T-shaped section screwed along the after length of the lower mast.

Of course, the base of the T is laid along the mast; in fact, sunk in part way, leaving the upper part or cross-piece flaring out, to be clasped by two pair of arms shaped like a C, which are attached to the topmast near its base. These replace the old traveling irons.

I believe some French yachts use something similar, but do not apply it to the complete sliding gunter.

This device never jams, holds the upper and lower masts as rigid as of one piece, and runs freely.

The weight of the traveler is trifling, and the traveler adds strength to the mast.

If any of your readers are interested in new canoe rigs, and have considered the sliding gunter, I recommend the use of this device. G. S.

A. C. A. Membership.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the Forest and Stream.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Arthur M. Reese	New York City	——
Samuel Raynor	Yonkers, N. Y.	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 3.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, range to day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target, Payne was high again on the King target with a score of 217. On the honor target Payne led with a score of 69. This was the day set for the 50-shot match between Old Santone, of San Antonio, Tex., and E D. Payne, of Cincinnati Mr. Drube refereed for Payne, whose scores are appended. A tricky wind blew all day and taxed the efforts of the boys to their utmost:

Standard Target.

Gindele	21	21	23	24	22	23	24	24	22	22	225
	22	23	23	20	20	22	18	22	25	24	219
	15	23	23	20	23	20	23	22	22	22	212
Payne	24	20	17	20	23	23	20	23	22	19	211
	25	17	23	20	18	19	19	23	24	21	209
	20	22	18	18	22	23	20	22	19	23	207
Nestler	18	22	21	21	23	24	22	17	25	25	216
	22	21	22	22	20	20	22	20	23	20	212
	18	20	22	23	22	22	20	19	23	23	212
*Hake	19	20	17	21	19	13	18	17	15	14	173
	20	17	12	10	10	23	9	21	18	15	155
	11	14	24	6	12	10	16	16	18	11	148
Trounstein	21	14	22	8	23	22	23	20	20	20	193
	23	18	13	20	22	22	18	19	15	16	190
	20	19	20	18	17	18	18	14	18	21	183
Roberts	20	19	21	21	23	23	19	24	15	23	208
	22	20	22	18	15	21	19	19	25	18	199
	20	20	23	18	22	19	20	15	19	21	197
Uckotter	25	23	18	19	7	16	4	17	14	16	159
	22	11	22	7	17	11	21	10	23	16	159
	20	9	3	19	20	13	13	18	20	15	150
Topf	18	15	15	8	18	22	17	14	24	19	170
	12	22	21	22	20	19	7	23	15	16	177
	21	17	18	5	11	23	19	20	19	22	175
Strickmeier	24	20	13	19	18	19	22	22	25	24	206
	12	17	21	16	25	24	19	16	15	19	195
	18	20	15	21	20	20	24	10	18	18	184
Lux	21	19	23	19	18	20	24	13	12	13	192
	11	1	12	16	15	15	15	12	15	21	133
	7	15	14	17	8	1	17	19	20	9	127

King target:

Gindele	21	21	16	19	21	22	24	22	20	22	208
Payne	24	21	22	22	21	23	16	21	24	23	217
Nestler	19	23	22	19	20	25	20	20	20	20	208
*Hake	17	21	18	13	21	17	20	16	9	18	170
Trounstein	21	12	17	19	17	22	17	14	15	16	170
Roberts	18	9	16	22	10	23	21	1	20	20	160
Uckotter	22	21	15	8	16	17	22	7	20	11	159
Topf	7	16	18	17	21	14	13	21	15	15	157
Strickmeier	21	14	19	25	14	22	23	21	21	19	199
Lux	13	1	11	15	13	13	20	11	19	20	136

Honor Target.

Gindele	24	22	23	69	Roberts	22 10 23—55
Payne	23	22	24	69	Uckotter	8 16 17—41
Nestler	22	20	20	62	Topf	17 17 17—51
*Hake	15	20	12	47	Strickmeier	19 18 19—56
Trounstein	19	17	23	63	Lux	11 15 15—41

*Military rifle

E. D. Payne's Match Scores.

17	20	19	21	24	19	21	21	20	14	196		21	20	19	18	23	20	19	19	17	16	192
24	21	22	22	21	23	16	21	24	23	217		24	20	17	20	23	23	20	23	22	19	211
25	21	17	23	22	21	22	18	16	17	235		Grand total										1,021

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Oct. 19-20.—Cherokee, Ia.—First annual tournament of the Cherokee Gun Club. For amateurs only. Added money. A. W. Luehrs, Sec'y.

Oct. 19-21.—Dayton, Ia.—Second annual tournament of the Dayton Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds. "Cannot divide with professionals or manufacturers' agents."

Oct. 19-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Four days' tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. $500 added money. Geo. L Harrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 22-23.—Huntington, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club.

Oct. 26-28.—Council Bluffs, Ia.—Tournament under the auspices of W. D. Hardin, F. S. Crabill and C. B. Randlett. $300 added. Programmes later.

Oct. 27-29.—Des Moines, Ia.—Amateur tournament at the Des Moines Gun Club's park. $300 added W. R Milner, Manager.

Oct. 29-30.—Grand Rapids, Minn.—Tournament of the Itasca Gun Club. Dr. W. P. Brown, Sec'y.

1898.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

About the meanest and most unwarranted remark in the line of newspaper criticism is contained in the following, clipped from the report of the New Jersey State shoot, published in *Shooting and Fishing* of Oct. 7: "The four days' meeting of this organization is now a thing of the past. The affair was not the success it should have been. Possibly the selection of the place where the meeting was held had something to do with it. The arrangements which led to the selection of the old racing track at Clifton, midway between Passaic and Paterson, had something to do with the outcome. It was a capital spot for those residing on the line of the Erie R. R; for all others, anything but good. Let me illustrate: Several members of the Midway Gun Club, of Matawan, a station on the Long Branch and Pennsylvania railroads, desired to take part in the big event of the meeting—the Jersey Handicap, this a live bird event and scheduled for the fourth day. They had to go to Newark; there take trolley, and the time of going from that city to Clifton occupied just two hours. This, with the hour and a half rail trip to Newark, made a journey three hours and a half. The selection was an unfortunate one, especially as other places on not so remote lines of travel could have been secured. As another illustration, I would mention that Maj J. M. Taylor and myself, having missed one day the 11 o'clock train, took the trolley line from Hoboken. It caused us regret, for it took us an hour and three quarters to reach our destination. We had on that ride to change cars four times, and pay a fare at each change. Possibly the fact that Sec'y W. H. Huck, of the Association, is an employee of the Erie R. R. had something to do with the choice made." The person who wrote that statement has long been identified with the shooting interests in and around New York, and has written many thousands of words during his career as a sporting reporter, but he never previously wrote anything much meaner than this attack upon the energetic secretary of the State Association. Its very meanness forbids one's laughing at its childishness.

H. S. Lippack, proprietor of Dexter Park, L. I., announces the "Dexter Park annual live-bird tournament." The date chosen for the tournament is Wednesday, Oct. 27. The shoot will be "open to amateurs only." Event No. 1 is at 5 birds, $3, birds extra at 25 cents each. No. 2 is at 5 birds, then miss-and-out, $3, birds extra at 25 cents each. No. 3 is at 15 birds, $10, birds included at 60 cents per pair. If ten entries, $15 added to the purse: if fifteen entries, $22 added; if twenty entries, $30 added; if twenty-five entries or more, $37 added. Handicap rise, with a limit of 25yds. Money divided, class shooting, as follows: Under twelve entries, three moneys—50, 30 and 20; twelve entries up to nineteen, four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10; twenty entries or more, five moneys—30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 The Dexter Park boundary will be used: this is a wire net, 18in. high, making a 50yds. boundary. Entries will close at the end of the first round in any event. A lot of specially selected strong birds will be provided for the occasion, according to the programme received. Mr. Lippack can furnish excellent birds, so it looks as if some good sport was in prospect for amateurs on Oct. 27.

Mr. J. E. Overholt, treasurer of the Hamilton, Can., Gun Club, writes us under date of Oct. 6 as follows: "At the annual meeting of the Hamilton Gun Club held last evening in the club's headquarters, the list of officers elected were as follows: President, James Crooks, vice-president, Dr. D T. Baxter; secretary, H. Graham; treasurer, J. E. Overholt; field captain, W. Langhorn; executive committee, Wm. Stroud, E. D. H. Mundell, John Smythe, M. E. Fletcher, E B. Wingate, Thomas Crooks, H Dynes, Capt. E V. Spencer. The club generally was never in a better financial condition. The members were unanimously in favor of holding a Grand Canadian Handicap at live birds, open to the world, $1,000 in prizes guaranteed, in January, 1898. Seven of the most successful tournaments ever held in Canada have taken place in Hamilton, and this fact assures us that we may expect an increased entry list when following in the footsteps of the Grand American Handicap. Full particulars will be given in our programmes, which will be issued without delay. For all further information address H. Graham, secretary, American Hotel, Hamilton, Ont."

Some time ago we received a letter from the northern part of one of the New England States, touching upon the condition of trap-shooting and the evil wrought the best interests of the sport by the paid experts. Such at least was the idea of our correspondent. For reasons that are not material just now, we returned the letter to our correspondent for him to reread, and to alter, if he saw fit, certain passages that seemed rather vague. We have not received the letter since returning it, so conclude that the writer of it was not sorry that it had been returned. There was one passage in it, however, that is too good to be lost, and we feel sure that our correspondent will forgive us for quoting it: "The paid experts are a set of men who have mistaken their vocation They should have been shoemakers; then, when they wanted a bristle, they would only have to reach around to their backs and pull one out!" As a joke, the idea is a rich one. But the richest part of all is this: If the amateur could shoot as well as the paid expert, he'd have just as many bristles on his back as the best of them.

Rolla Heikes is doing some wonderful shooting just now. During the two days at Warwick, N. Y., Oct. 4-5, he broke a total of 390 out of 410 shot at in the programme events. At Newburgh, N. Y., on the two following days, he broke 361 out of 370 shot at. This makes a grand total of 780 shot at, and 751 broken, a loss of just 29 targets. His average for the 780 targets was 96.2. This is a most remarkable record, for the targets at Newburgh were none of the easiest, the trappers lining them up and down the screen in great style. The background, however, is one of the best, and that makes a lot of difference, no matter how hard the targets are thrown. Rolla is shooting a new model '97 Winchester repeating shotgun, with 42 grains of E. C. powder in a Leader shell; Winchester factory-loaded ammunition.

George McAlpin is shooting in better form than ever. On Wednesday last, Oct. 6, he took part in the regular Wednesday afternoon's shoot at the Carteret Club's new grounds, Garden City, L I. He scored something like 75 or 80 straight on single birds, never losing a bird during the afternoon, save in the race at 3 pairs, when he lost the first bird of his first pair. He is shooting a gun recently built for him by Parker Bros , of Meriden, Conn., a gun that has taken the fancy of so many, and particularly of Capt. Money and Noel Money. Both the Captain and Noel have ordered facsimiles of McAlpin's gun McAlpin's load was Schultze powder in a Winchester V. L. & D. shell; the shells were loaded by Von Lengerke & Detmold.

We have challenged W. H. Wolstencroft, of Philadelphia, for the 147 trophy, and have deposited our forfeit with *Sporting Life*. We learn from Will Park that the date chosen by Mr. Wolstencroft is Oct. 23, a week from next Saturday. The conditions governing this trophy are as follows: "100 targets per man, unknown traps, known angles, one man up, open to the world; five traps with or without screens, as decided by holder, otherwise American Shooting Association rules; holder subject to challenge every thirty days; holder to name grounds, $10 to accompany challenge. Each man to put up a stake of $25 on grounds, and winner to take stake and trophy. Challenges must be accepted within fifteen days, and match shot within the thirty days. The trophy to become personal property of the one holding it one year against all comers."

Among the scores, we publish the complete records made this season by the Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C., and the Forest City Gun Club, of Savannah, Ga , in the series of seven team races shot between these two clubs for the handsome trophy donated by the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company, Limited. The records show that after some very close and interesting matches, the Savannah boys now hold the trophy by virtue of four wins to three. The victory was due to the unusually even shooting of the Forest City Club's members. Barney Worthen, of Charleston, however, is easily ahead with a great average in the individual records made in the seven matches.

Oscar Hesse, president of the Walsrode Co. in this country, is shooting his powder as well as ever, and that means more than some people might suppose, for Mr. Hesse has always been a first-rate shot on targets. He is at present one of the main stand-bys of the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., a club that can also boast another excellent shot in the person of W. Watts. Mr. Watts has broken 47 and 46 out of 50 in each of the last two matches shot between the above club and the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N J.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. are putting on the market a "brush gun" of their '97 model repeating shotgun. The gun has 26in. barrels and weight 6¾lbs. The magazine is constructed to hold four cartridges instead of five; this gives a total of five shots at the disposal of the shooters. Some people might need all five if they happened to fall in with a New Jersey cock grouse of mature age during the month of November! The gun handles very nicely indeed, the grip being small and easily grasped by the hand. The gun is 1⅝ at the comb, and 2½ at the heel; a rubber butt plate gives the stock a good finish.

On the second day of the Warwick (N. Y.) tournament, Oct. 5, the following wonderful bit of squad shooting was done by Squad No. 1. Heikes, Fulford, Hallowell, Leroy and Fanning constituted the squad. Events Nos. 7 and 8 were at 25 targets each, unknown angles, making practically one event of 50 targets, shot in series of 25 targets. The scores made for the 50 targets were: Heikes 49, Fulford 50, Hallowell 49, Leroy 46, Fanning 47, or a total of 241 out of 250—a squad average of 96 4 for the 250 targets. So far as we are aware of, this is about a world's record for the number of targets. If anybody knows of a better record, will he kindly give us all the facts connected with it?

On Thursday and Friday of this week, Oct. 14-15, the Fort Dodge (Iowa?—no State mentioned in the programme) Gun Club will hold a tournament at targets and live birds. The tournament is "open to the world; no man on earth barred." An interesting item in the programme is the following: "No dropping for place will be tolerated. Any one suspected of it will be placed in the first squad." The targets will be thrown from a magautrap, and will be charged for at the rate of 2 cents each.

Two familiar faces were much missed at the New Jersey State shoot two weeks ago. They belong to Milt and Wanda. It seems to us that the manufacture of King's Smokeless might have been delayed, rather than that we should have been deprived of the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Lindsley, both of whom have been identified with New Jersey trap-shooting for so many years. During the four days of the tournament we heard very many expressions of regret at the absence of Milt and Wanda.

Leroy Woodward has opened his career with the Remington Arms Company in the most auspicious style. He took a Remington gun out of stock on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 2, and shot it during the four days at Warwick, and Newburgh, N. Y At Warwick he broke 263 out of 410, an average of 88.5; at Newburgh he ran up to 346 out of 370, an average of 93 5. At times he shot in his most brilliant style, making some capital runs. He shoots E. C. in a U. M. C. Smokeless, factory-loaded.

Fulford is another Remington man who has been doing some good work during the last two weeks. At Clifton, N. J., on the second day he made a good record, and finished at Warwick with 380 out of 410 (tying Rolla Heikes for first average on the second day with 199 out of 205); at Newburgh, N. Y., he broke 348 out of 370; this made his average for the four days (780 targets) 93 3 per cent., or 728 breaks. Fulford shoots Schultze in U. M. C. factory-loaded Trap shells.

Justus von Lengerke pulled an 8-bore on us the other day when we entered his store. He had provocation enough. In our report of the New Jersey State shoot, open events, Sept. 28, we did him an injustice. His scores really show a total of 83 breaks out of 95 shot at, an average of 87.3 per cent. We credited him with 83 out of 115, 72.1 per cent.

John L. 147 Winston is going home shortly to his residence at Washington, Ind. Jack says that he is going home to take it out of the quail, and to get some well-earned rest from trap-shooting. Later in the year, or perhaps early in '98, he says he is coming back to the city of New York with blood in his eye and Austin powder in his shells. As a matter of fact, 147 is track-sore and needs a rest.

Tom Keller says that it's all very fine acting as ballast in a St. Lawrence skiff on Orange Lake, providing everything else is O K.; but when there's a man from Tucson, Ariz., a spot where they never see or take water, in the other boat, it's too big a handicap for Mr. O'Brien, no matter who his crew may be.

Fred Gilbert ought to be satisfied now. He has won the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of the United States at targets, and now holds the Kansas City *Star* cup, emblematic of one of the championships of the world at live birds. What more does he want? The cast-iron badge? Hardly! That belongs to Iowa, anyway.

Chris Wright and A. Doty, the two Paterson, N. J., men, who divided with Rolla Heikes the $500 guaranteed in the Jersey Handicap at the New Jersey State shoot on Oct. 1, shot Smith and Parker guns, respectively. Each man used 3¾drs. of American E. C. in Trap shells. Wright's shells were loaded by a local firm in Paterson, while Doty's were factory-loaded.

W. F. Parker, of the firm of Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., was at the Newburgh shoot last week. Mr. Parker's tired-egg-colored sombrero, with its cabalistic signs, covers a head that isn't a bit swelled, notwithstanding the rapid strides to the front rank made by its wearer during the past six montes. Mr. Parker is getting to be real bad medicine.

John J. Hallowell, of Bethayres, Pa., who may be termed "the find of '97," shot in splendid form on the second day at Newburgh, Oct. 7; he broke 174 out of 185 shot at, and on the first day broke 166 out of the same total. This made his grand total 340 out of 370, an average of 91.8 per cent. At Warwick he made an average of 88.5 for 410 targets shot at. Hallowell's load is Hazard's Blue Ribbon in U. M. C. Smokeless, factory-loaded. We believe he shoots a Smith gun, but are not sure on this point. Whatever gun it is, he points it right, and that's the main thing after all. Remember his 154 straight at the Portsmouth, N. H., interstate shoot, Sept. 16.

Sim Glover is another of the crackerjacks who made a good showing last week. Sim was shooting at his best, and that means a lot, for he can shoot in first-rate form when he is all right At Warwick he broke 286 out of 410, an average of 94.1. At Newburgh he broke 352 out of 370, an average of 95.1. This made his grand total for the 780 targets shot at, an average of 94.6. Sim shoots a Parker, with Schultze in U. M. C. shells.

This is a problem for those who go upon public form. If Fred Gilbert can beat Jim Elliott by one bird, and if Fred Gilbert can beat Charlie Grimm by one bird, what are the odds in favor of the cast-iron medal remaining in the State of Iowa? In asking this problem, we desire guessers to put aside all corn-husking, bass-fishing, stock-raising, or other similar occupations.

Ferd Van Dyke missed his train on Oct. 6 and failed to make connections in time for the first day at Newburgh. He came up on the second day and broke 175 out of 185 shot at, an average of 94.5. This average landed him in third place for the day. He shoots a new model '97 Winchester shotgun, W-A powder, in W. R. A. factory-loaded Leader shells.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, Oct. 12-13, the management of the Reedhurst Shooting Park, Erie, Pa., holds a tournament at targets, sparrows and pigeons, open to amateurs only. So far as we are aware, these grounds are new ones in the tournament line, but according to the programme, they are well equipped for the purpose.

J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., one of the best target shots that has grown up in this section during the past two years, is now busily engaged trying his hand at live birds on the Carteret Club's grounds. His début has been a most successful one, and Mr. Remsen bids fair to be a big factor in New York's crack pigeon-shooting circles before many months are gone.

W. H. Wolstencroft will act as coach for the University of Pennsylvania's team this season. What our friend Bill can't teach the U. P. boys isn't worth knowing. The team ought to make a good showing in the intercollegiate match this season. The grounds used by the University men are located at Fernwood, Pa.

S. A. Tucker has fled once more to Illinois and Iowa. He is at present engaged in visiting cities in those States, carrying with him his corduroy shooting jacket, and, of course, the Parker gun he is representing.

The Bison Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., will hold an all-day merchandise and sweepstake shoot on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25. Mr. Chas. H. Werlin, secretary of the club, tells us that his club will issue a programme shortly.

We have received no particulars from Kansas City, but we learn that Fred Gilbert defeated Jim Elliott for the Kansas City *Star* cup by 95 to 94. Evidently there was not much margin to go upon.

Oct. 11. Edward Banks.

Elliott and Gilbert.

THE "STAR" CUP.

In the race for the Kansas City *Star* cup, shot at Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 8, Gilbert defeated Elliott by one bird, scoring 95 to 94. We understand from private sources that Elliott actually killed 99 out of his 100, but lost five dead out of bounds. These two men will probably shoot again for the same trophy at Chicago on Nov. 30, Elliott apparently having challenged Gilbert immediately after the result of the above match.

THE DU PONT TROPHY.

Gilbert has challenged Elliott for the Du Pont trophy. The match will be shot at Kansas City, Oct. 22.

KANSAS CITY VS. CHICAGO.

Plans are being perfected for an intercity team race, ten or twenty men on a side, between Kansas City and Chicago. This race will probably be shot some time in December, the match taking place in Chicago. Elliott and Gilbert will also probably shoot another 100-bird match, $100 a side, at the same time and place.

Pigeon Shooting in Europe.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT AT ILIDZE.

The international meeting of Bosnia and Herzegovina began on Thursday, Sept. 23, at Ilidze. There was not a large number of shooters on hand, but the quality was very warm. Among the number were: Signor Guidicini, winner of the Grand Prix at Monte Carlo on three occasions; M Journu, also winner of the Grand Prix Monte Carlo; Mr Harding Cox, who took the Grand International Cup at the Gun Club, and winner of many prizes; Colonel Boswall-Preston, a good winner at Monte Carlo and elsewhere; Baron Raoul de Vriéres, who, among other prizes, took the Grand Prix de Paris this year; Sigs. Calari and Galetti, winner of the Championship at Monte Carlo, etc

The main event on the first day (Sept. 23) was the Inauguration du Stand, Grande Poule D'Essai; £40 and a trophy, added to a sweep of 20 francs. Signor Guidicini won first money and the trophy on 10 straight. A Turkish gentleman, Muhalisch by name, won second money with 9 out of 10; third money went to Baron de Vriéres with 8 out of 9.

On Friday, Sept. 24, the chief event was the following: Prix D'Ouverture. 3,000fr. and objet d'art, added to a sweepstakes of 50fr.; second, 750fr. and 25 per cent. of the entries; third, 500fr. and 20 per cent.; fourth, 250fr and 15 per cent.; six pigeons, two at 25, two at 26, two at 27 meters; ties at 28 meters.

The first prize in this event also went to Italy, Signor Randi winning the trophy and £120 with a run of 21 straight. Herr Yull missed his 21st bird, and took second money, £51; M. Journu lost his 20th bird, and had to be contented with third money, £26. Signor Galetti took fourth money, £15, with 14 out of 15, his 15th bird getting away from him. There were fifteen entries in this event.

Sept. 25 was the day set for the Prix Supplementaire. The story of this day's shooting is best told in the following extract from the London *Field* of Oct. 2:

"Saturday, Sept. 25.—This morning was devoted to a visit to the bazaars and workshops of Sarajevo, which are most picturesque and interesting. After lunch the competitions for the day commenced with the Prix Supplementaire, of 400 francs and a trophy comprising a handsome piece of Sarajevo inlaid metal work. The conditions of the prize were altered by the committee, who rearranged them on the basis of the 'class' pool; *i. e.*, the competitors are divided into three classes; the first class shoots standing at 29 meters, second class at 27 meters, and the third class at 25 meters. The prize was divided as follows: 200 francs, the trophy and 60 per cent of entries to the winner of the whole competition; the winners in the other two classes took 100 francs each, and 25 per cent. and 15 per cent, respectively, of the entrance fees, according to the number of birds killed by each. Col. Boswall-Preston, who was shooting very steadily, won the whole competition, and took 200 francs, the trophy and 60 per cent. of the entries. He used a gun by W. W. Greener. Sig. Ugo Gregorini was first in his class with 9 kills, and Sig. Galletti, with 6 kills, took premier honors in the first class. Other pools were won by Sigs. Guidicini and Pagha and Herr Yull."

Scores:

Prix supplementaire of 400fr. and trophy, added to a sweepstakes of 20fr.

M. First Class.

29..Signor Galletti (£6).....1111110 — 6

Signor Guidicini killed 5, M. Journu 4, Signor Calari 3 and Signor Raudi missed.

M. Second Class.

27..Col. Boswall-Preston (£15 and trophy).....1111111111—10

Signor Paglia killed 8, Baron de Vriéres and Baron Lünden 4, Beeirbeg and Gaoren 2, and MM. Harding Cox and Yuli missed.

M. Third Class.

25..Signor Gregorini (£7).....1111111110— 9

Grf. Török killed 2 and M. Jay 1.

The Prix de Mostar handicap was the chief feature of the card for Monday, Sept. 27. This event had a trophy and 3,000 francs added to the sweepstake. Italy once more, in the person of Signor Calari, came off victorious. The second, third and fourth moneys were divided between Baron de Lünden, Herr Yull and Herr Marsch.

Of the big event of the meeting, the Grand Prix d'Ilidze, the London *Field* has this to say:

"Wednesday, Sept. 29.—This was the opening day of the Grand Prix d Ilidze, and the following, at the close of the day's shooting, had killed all their birds: Mr. Harding Cox, Col. Boswall-Preston, Baron de Lünden, M Journu, Sigs. Guidicini, Calari and Gregorini, Counts Leiderkerke and Keglevich. The birds, which were a capital lot, were trapped by Roberts.

"Thursday, Sept. 31.—The Grand Prix d'Ilidze was concluded to-day. At the end of the twelfth round Baron de Lünden, Sigs. Guidicini, Calari and Gregorini, and Count Leiderkerke were the survivors. At this stage it was mutually agreed to divide the money, amounting to 1,125 sovs., and shoot off for the trophy, each of the five shooters receiving 225 sovs The ownership of the trophy was eventually left to Baron de Lünden and Sig. Guidicini, of whom the latter failed at the nineteenth bird, while his opponent killed, and Baron de Lünden thus secured the honors. There are seven days more shooting, and the meeting comes to a close on Thursday, the 7th inst."

Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 2.—The sixth monthly contest of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League was held to-day on the grounds of the Roxborough Gun Club, at Roxborough, Philadelphia. Eight teams were entered in the team race, notwithstanding the unfavorable outlook as regards weather at an early hour this morning. The Frankford team were high again this month with 152 to Roxborough's 145. The scores given below tell how the teams stood at the end of the match. This event is a handicap affair, each team being allowed a handicap of extra targets to shoot at. The number of extras allowed each team is shown in brackets after the name of the club. Scores:

Frankford Gun Club (194).

Betson	1101011111100111101111111110111011	—26
Swartz	1011011111010101111101111111111110	—27
Butts	0111010110111111111011111110011110	—24
Redifer	1111100011111110111011111101010	—24
W Bourne	1011011010110011101111111111111111	—25
Myers	1111111110011111111110110101011011	—26—152

Glenwillow Gun Club (215).

Weinman	1110111111010101111111001011111100	—27
J Cowan	0100011011111111100111111101111101111	—27
Winkler	1010100001101110011011010001001011111	—19
G Hopkins	0110110011011011010111111101111111011	—26
Stumm	0010011101111101011111111111110110011	—25
J Hopkins	1000110101001101011110100101001010110	—18—142

Roxborough Gun Club (190).

Blundin	1111101111111101101011111111111	—27
McFalls	0001111111111111111101011111101001	—25
Giles	1011111110101111011100111111011	—25
Taggert	1111111010111111101110010111101	—25
Gilmour	1111010111010111100011010011	—20
Pepper	1101001101111011101011111110111	—23—145

Florists' Gun Club (169).

Burton	1110011111111111111111001111110	—24
Bell	1110100011010111011111111110	—20
Jones	1011001011001110001011111101	—17
J P Life	1110111111111011111111110111	—25
Smith	0011110111111111111111110111	—23
Anderson	1111111110101011110111111111	—24—133

Wayne Gun Club (226).

Daley	1010101101111111011010101100111101101101	—25
McMichael	1111101110001111110111011011111101101	—29
Worthington	0101011011110111111011111101111101101	—29
Bender	0110010001111111110100110111001010111010	—23
Soistman	1111110100001000000000010001100110010	—14
Morrison	1011000100110100000010010100000101	—13—133

University Gun Club (202).

Freed	1111110010110110101111110100111110	—24
Singer	0111011000111110111010111101101011	—23
Kistler	1110111110011111101000110011101111	—24
Paul	0110011010011111011100110010100111	—20
Steel	0011000111101011110100111101110111	—21
Parrish	0101100010110001011100111111001101	—18—130

Independent Gun Club (157).

W H W	1111111111111111101111111111	—26
Ridge	1011111111111101111011111	—23
Longnecker	1100011111111111110010001	—18
Henry	1111110111111101111110011	—23
Whitcomb	1101101111101001011111111	—21
Thurman	1001111110111101111100101	—19—129

*Forest Gun Club (229).

Morgan	0110000011011010100101111001110011001100001	—20
Riotte	1011100000101011011101010010101101101	—21
Kane	1110110111011001111111111111101100101	—29
Scargle	1010111111111010110101011111000111000	—25
Green	1101101011111111111111001000001111110110	—28—123

* One man short.

Penn Gun Club (169).

J Yost	1111111011111110100011111010101	—22
Ritter	1110111101111111011111111011	—24
P Yost	1010111111101011101011111	—21
Gross	1111001000101011001000100100	—12
Jenkins	1011111111011111010111111111	—24
Smith	1101111011100010101110101111	—19—122

Silver Lake Gun Club (173).

Mink	1000000110101011111101111011110	—17
Woodstgr	1111111011001111111101111011111	—24
Smith	0101010001101011111010010011	—14
Stoffer	0000100100101000000110101011000	— 9
Apker	0011101111111111011100110101010	—20
Felix	1111110111101111111101111111	—25—109

A Pleasant Shoot at Sedalia.

Sedalia, Mo., Sept. 30.—The second annual tournament of the Sedalia Gun Club was held to-day. There was a nice attendance of shooters, and a pleasant shoot was the result. Cornett and Dr. Clapp divided first honors with an average of 93.5 each. Eaton was right after them with 91.6, Linn being in fourth place with 88.3. The club added $20; viz., $5 to the purses in Nos. 2, 6, 9 and 11. No. 11 was at 10 singles and 5 pairs, Cornett breaking straight, with Eaton and Clapp with 19 and 18 respectively. No. 7 was a merchandise shoot for three prizes. The purses were divided both under the Rose system and under the Jack Rabbit system, the latter system being used in Nos. 5 and 8. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			
Angles:	K	K	K	U	K	K	K	K	K	U	K			
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Linn	10	14	10	14	10	14	17	9	14	11	14	155	137	88.3
Revis	9	13	..	13	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Raymond	8	11	9	..	8	11	16	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Walker	8	14	9	12	10	13	9	8	11	9	15	155	118	76.1
Allen	8	13	10	12	..	14	13	8	9	11	12	145	110	75.8
Eaton	8	13	10	13	10	15	18	8	14	14	19	155	142	91.6
Cornett	10	15	8	14	9	15	19	8	12	15	20	155	145	93.5
Dr. Clapp	9	15	10	12	10	14	20	10	15	12	18	155	145	93.5
Tindall	7	11	9	12	8	12	13	9	13	11	9	155	114	73.5
Lindberg	7	8	9	10	8	7	16	4	8	10	13	155	100	64.5
Bennett	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Jackson	6	12	8	11	7	9	13	7	9	10	14	155	106	68.3
Hastings	9	14	9	13	8	14	18	8	12	13	16	155	134	86.4
Gould	7	..	10	11	7	11	17	8	12	14	15	140	112	80
Roe	8	11	9	12	7	12	17	8	14	14	17	155	129	83.2
Lemuel	6	..	7	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Fleming	7	..	..	..	7	..	..	7	10	..	..	...	...	....
Stacy	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	6	12	9	...	...	....
Roberts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	...	...	....
Dempsey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	...	...	....
Rogers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	...	...	....
Kuchoper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	...	...	....
Van Riper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	...	...	....

In a $1 miss-and-out, known angles, the scores were: Clapp 12, Eaton 11, Raymond 9, Tindall 6, Walker 5, Gould and Jackson 3, Linn 2, Roe 1, Allen, Cornett, Lindberg and Walker 0.

W. J. Letts, Sec'y.

Cobweb Gun Club.

New York, Oct. 7.—The opening monthly shoot of the Cobweb Gun Club was held to-day at Baychester. The day was beautiful and the attendance large. Instead of shooting in classes as we have been in the habit of doing, we decided to have one grand handicap of all classes from 26 to 30yds., and the winner to receive a valuable present from the club in honor of the occasion. The conditions were 5 birds per man, all ties to shoot at 3 extra birds, in case of tie on the 3 birds then miss-and-out to decide.

The principal feature of the handicap to-day was the shooting of Messrs. Cashau and Kerker, two men of class B, who downed all class A men, with Cashau the winner. Below is the score:

Club handicap, ties at 3 birds, then miss-and-out.

Wm Cashau (28)	22211	112	0111	J Regan (26)	20101	... .
Fred Kerker (28)	11122	221	0220	Charles Zorn (30)	20120	... .
O F McKeon (30)	11111	101	....	Daniel Brady (30)	20102	... .
F Hendricks (28)	21112	20	....	Dr George (26)	00220	... .
E Miller (30)	12111	020	....	G Thompson (26)	00220	... .
J Miller (30)	11101	...	....	A C Bage (26)	00002	... .

Other events were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
W Cashau (29)	1022210—5	121e0—3	22111222222022
P F McKeon (30)	1112e11—6	11211—5	11112220
J Regan (25)		00010—1	.....
Dr Geo Erff (25)		00000—0	.....
J Miller (30)		.....	12112222222010

Geo. W. Thompson, Jr., Sec'y.

The Newburgh Tournament.

LIKE all its predecessors, the Newburgh tournament of Oct. 6-8, 1897, was another pleasant gathering. Somehow or another there is always an enjoyable time in store for those who attend the Newburgh semi-annuals. We missed the familiar features of John T. Mascrott and V. D. Kenerson, of Worcester, Mass., while the Peekskill delegation was not on hand during the target days. Otherwise the crowd was much as usual, being chiefly composed of experts in the employ of some company or other. There were Rolla Heikes and Ferd. Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; E. D. Fulford and B. Leroy Woodward, of the Remington Arms Co.; J. S. Fanning, of the U. S. Gold Dust Powder Co.; T. H. Keller, King's Smokeless and Peters Cartridges being his specialties; Sim Glover, shooting a Parker gun and Schultze powder; J. 147 L. Winston, shooting his firm's "Load 147," loaded with Austin powder.

Among the others were John J. Hallowell, of Bethayres, Pa., who holds the record for 1897 of 154 straight made in a tournament; H. H. Levengston, of Saratoga, N. Y., a rattling good shot and one who loves to shoot; Neaf Apgar, now out of the sporting goods business, being proprietor of the Pine Point Club Hotel, Orange Lake, near Newburgh; C. C. Beveridge, Newark, N. J., an enthusiastic trap-shooter; John B. Rogers, of the Warwick Gun Club, etc. W. F. Parker, a member of the firm of Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., was another shooter who arrived late, but got close to the top all the same. Messrs. Andrews, Rose and Davidson were also on hand from Hampden; Count Lenone came from Passaic, N. J.; Perkins from Troy, Jack Halsted from Peekskill, while the Hutchings brothers were on hand both days, shooting in the majority of the programme events.

A continuance of the fine weather of the past two weeks was all in favor of the club. In fact it has gotten to be a sure thing that the days on which the Newburgh Gun Club holds its semi-annual tournaments will be fine. The woods and the mountains looked very beautiful indeed, when viewed from the club's grounds; the maples near the hotel showed up most brilliantly, particularly when the afternoon sun shone full upon them. The view from the grounds is always a lovely one, but on the two days of target shooting at this tournament we think it seemed even more beautiful than ever before.

The background at Newburgh is a good one, being practically all sky. This makes it easier to get on to the targets, even though Gil and his help in the pit do throw the targets all over the place. Straightaways at Newburgh are very scarce indeed, and the method of changing the angles adopted by the trappers is most confusing; angles are not changed every time and all the time; sometimes there will be three extreme right quarterers from one part, and then, just when one thinks the boy is never going to change the angle, the next target flies down the screen to the left; this makes it unknown angles in the truest sense of the word. Notwithstanding this system of throwing targets, some most extraordinary work was done by some of the experts present. Before giving the figures it must be thoroughly understood that the traps threw a hard bird, and threw them up to the 50yds. mark. Heikes went through the entire target programme on Oct 6-7, 370 targets in all, with only 9 lost targets; in addition to this he ran 25 straight in an extra event—New York State against "the World"—and 14 out of 15 in another extra. This made a total of 10 losses for 410 shot at; or putting it the other way, gave him a total of 400 breaks out of 410 shot at! If that isn't championship form we'd like to know what is!

The club donated $50 as average money, to go to the six high guns, $13, $11, $8, $7, $6 and $5 respectively. Heikes won first with 361 out of 370, 97.5 per cent.; Glover was second with 95.1; Fulford third with 94; Leroy fourth, with 93.5; Hallowell fifth, with 91 8, and Levengston sixth, with 90.5.

With so many experts present it was not to be wondered at that the number of entries "for birds only" grew rapidly as the target-shooting progressed. The only event in which everybody went straight, and where everybody met everybody else upon an equal footing, was in the dinner event, furnished by Jake Gedney at his hotel, 50 cents entrance, nobody barred. This event was most popular, and deservedly so, for Jake has a well-earned reputation for hospitality in this line that may be equaled, but which can never be beaten.

The story of the shoot and the results in the side matches are left to the scores given below to tell.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

	1st day.	2d day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
R O Heikes	180	181	370	361	97.5
S Glover	173	179	370	352	95.1
E D Fulford	175	173	370	348	94
B Leroy	174	172	370	346	93.5
J J Hallowell	166	174	370	340	91.8
H M Levengston	168	167	370	335	90.5
E Banks	163	163	370	331	89.4
J S Fanning	151	169	370	320	86.4
T H Keller	148	159	370	307	82.9
C C Beveridge	156	154	370	300	81

Below we give the results of the events shot on each day, together with the matches that were shot each day when the programme had been disposed of.

SCORES OF OCT. 6.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	15	19	18	15	20	20	19	15	19	20	185	180	97.2
Fulford	14	19	18	14	20	18	20	14	19	19	185	175	94.5
Leroy	13	18	19	13	19	19	19	14	20	20	185	174	91
Glover	15	18	16	15	18	18	20	15	19	19	185	173	93.5
Levengston	11	20	17	12	20	17	19	15	19	18	185	168	90.8
Hallowell	13	18	17	13	17	19	18	14	20	17	185	166	89.7
Banks	14	16	18	13	18	16	19	13	18	18	185	163	88.1
Apgar	14	14	16	13	19	16	18	13	19	20	185	162	87.5
Parker	12	18	17	15	17	15	18	14	17	17	185	160	86.4
Beveridge	12	18	15	14	16	16	18	14	16	17	185	156	84.3
Fanning	13	17	18	14	17	12	15	8	18	19	185	151	81.6
Keller	13	16	15	12	17	16	18	9	16	16	185	148	80
Hutchings	11	10	11	8	15	15	16	11	13	15	185	125	67.5
Rogers	6	8	11	8	12	12	10	8	12	11	185	93	50.9
Taylor	..	18	13	12	16	16	18	15	14	14	170	136	80
147	11	16	17	12	19	18	17	..	18	..	150	128	80
J H Hutchings	..	8	11	6	9	..	11	..	9	..	115	54	46.9
H C H	..	..	..	..	..	14	19	12	11	16	..	95	72	75.5
Stansbrough	8	16	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	30	54.5
Wood	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	..	13	..	..	50	38	76
Carroll	..	16	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	40	33	82.5
Cramer	..	15	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	40	29	72.5
Andrews	11	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	29	82.8
Mould	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	16	80

After the close of the programme the following matches were decided;

Fifty targets, expert rules:

Banks	11111	10101	11111	11111	11111—23
	11111	11111	10111	11111	10011—22—45
147	10111	10101	01111	11111	11111—21
	01111	11111	11111	11011	11110—22—43

Banks and Fanning vs. Leroy and Hallowell; 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Banks	10111111111111111111111011—23
Fanning	111 11110111111111111101—22—45
Leroy	11110101111101111111111—22
Hallowell	11111111111111100110011111—21—42

Banks vs. Hallowell, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Banks	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hallowell	11111111011111101011111101—21

SCORES OF OCT. 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	15	19	20	15	19	19	20	15	19	20	185	181	97.8
Glover	15	20	19	15	20	19	20	13	19	19	185	179	96.7
Van Dyke	14	19	19	15	20	18	19	14	17	20	185	175	94.5
Hallowell	15	17	20	15	18	19	19	14	19	18	185	174	94
Fulford	13	20	19	15	19	18	20	14	18	17	185	173	93.5
Leroy	14	19	19	10	20	20	18	14	19	18	185	171	92.4
Fanning	14	20	17	13	18	18	19	13	19	18	185	169	91.3
Banks	15	20	19	15	17	17	15	13	18	19	185	168	90.8
Levengston	14	15	17	14	19	19	17	15	18	19	185	167	90.2
Keller	12	17	16	14	19	17	16	12	19	17	185	159	85.9
Beveridge	9	15	16	13	17	19	17	13	18	17	185	154	83.2
Parker	..	18	17	13	19	16	16	15	19	19	170	152	89.4
Apgar	..	18	20	11	16	17	16	15	16	..	150	129	86
Taylor	..	16	19	11	16	17	14	12	..	16	150	121	80 6
A Hutchings	..	15	12	5	9	12	10	9	15	..	150	87	58
Andrews	..	..	20	11	17	15	16	..	19	16	135	114	84.4
Rogers	10	16	13	11	13	13	9	..	..	..	130	85	65.4
J H Hutchings	..	13	9	11	..	..	10	7	10	..	110	60	54.5
Dickson	..	14	18	..	18	18	18	..	..	..	100	86	86
Wood	..	14	..	..	..	..	18	13	16	18	95	79	83.1
Rose	..	..	..	9	6	10	..	..	9	12	95	46	48.4
Count	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	9	12	75	46	61.3
Davidson	..	..	..	6	..	15	..	..	11	13	75	45	60
Stanbrough	..	11	14	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	60	35	58.3
H C H	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	13	35	22	62.8
Perkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	20	12	60
Halsted	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	15	9	60

The following team races were shot this afternoon; No. 1, "The World against New York State:"

The World.

Heikes	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hallowell	1011111111111111111111111—24
Fanning	1101001111111111011111111—21
Leroy	1111101111110110011111011—20—90

New York State.

Banks	1111111111111110111111111—24
Fulford	1111111111101111101011111—22
Glover	1111111111101111011111011—22
Apgar	1111111101101111011110111—21—89

No. 2, Glover and Fulford vs. Hallowell and Banks; 25 targets, expert rules, one man up:

Fulford	11111	11111	01111	11111	11111—24
Glover	11011	11111	01111	11111	11111—23—47
Hallowell	11111	11111	11111	11011	11101—23
Banks	11111	11111	11101	10111	11111—23—46

Third Day, Oct. 8.

After the live-bird programme had been disposed of to-day, a couple of matches, expert rules, were decided. The scores in both the live-bird events and in the target matches are given below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Hallowell (28)	11221-5	2112221—7	2210221112— 9
G B Hutchings (28)	20222—4	1201022-5	2101101212— 8
J H Hutchings (25)	22201—4	0222012—5	2201202212— 8
Van Dyke (30)	22224—5	2222222—7	2122222022— 9
Heikes (30)	20221—4	2022202—5	2222222022— 9
Keller (28)	22220—4	2212222—7	2222222222—10
Fanning (29)	22222—5	2222220—6	.....
Perkins (28)	02222—4	2111221—7	1121111211—10
Count (28)	10201—3	1200010—3	0020111200— 5
Dickson (28)	.....	1102222—6	1121221111—10
H C H	.....	.....	2222002022— 7

No. 4, miss-and-out: Hallowell and Heikes 8, Fanning 7, Taylor 6 H. C. H. 5.

No. 5, miss-and-out: Taylor and Fanning 8, Heikes 7, Hallowell 6, Stebbins 4, H. C. H. 2, Rhodes and Keller 1.

No. 6, match, Stebbins and Hallowell vs. H. C. H. and Keller: Stebbins 9, Hallowell 9; total 18. H. C. H. 7, Keller 10; total 17.

Two matches at expert rules, 25 targets per man, were shot, Heikes and Van Dyke vs. Fanning and Hallowell.

No. 1: Heikes 20, Van Dyke 20; total 40. Hallowell 23, Fanning 18; total 41.

No. 2: Heikes 24, Van Dyke 23; total 47. Hallowell 22, Fanning 21; total 43.

EDWARD BANKS.

Tournament at Warwick, N. Y.

WARWICK, N. Y., Oct. 5.—The two days' tournament which took place here yesterday and to-day was not largely attended. The company was very warm, indeed, making up in quali y what it lacked in quantity. The weather was delightfully fine; in fact, pleasanter weather for target-shooting could not be had at this time of the year.

Some big records were made, the crackerjacks being in the best of trim, particularly on the last afternoon. A reference to the scores of Oct. 5 will show the following remarkable squad totals for the 50 targets shot at in Nos. 7 and 8. The squad ran thus: Heikes 49, Fulford 50, Hallowell 49, Leroy 46, Fanning 47. This shows a total of only 9 targets lost out of 250 shot at.

On the first day Glover led Heikes for high average by 6 targets, scoring 197 out of 205 shot at to Heikes's 191. On the second day Heikes wore Glover down, finishing with a run of something like 100 straight (including extras), and landed in first place for the two days by 4 targets. Fulford tied Heikes for first place on the day with 199 breaks out of 205 shot at, each man only letting 6 targets get away from him. Such work is remarkable under any conditions, no matter how easy the targets may be.

The results of each day's scores are given in the tables below:

SCORES OF OCT. 4.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Angles:	U	K	U	U	U	K	U	U	K	U			
Targets:	*20*	*15*	*25*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*25*	*25*	*15*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
S Glover	19	14	21	19	25	15	23	25	14	19	205	197	96
R O Heikes	20	3	24	19	24	13	23	23	15	17	205	191	93.1
J S Fanning	19	12	24	17	22	14	23	23	14	19	205	187	91.2
B Leroy	15	15	22	18	22	14	23	22	14	18	205	182	88.7
E D Fulford	15	15	22	18	22	15	21	24	13	16	205	181	88.2
W S Lines	18	10	21	18	22	14	24	21	13	18	205	179	87.3
J J Hallowell	13	14	23	16	21	12	25	23	14	17	205	178	86.8
147	15	13	21	15	21	15	24	21	12	13	205	170	82.9
J B Ogden	18	14	19	18	21	14	..	24	10	17	180	155	86.1
C W Wisner	..	..	10	17	..	..	..	16	..	..	15	85	58	68.2
F Dunning	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	23	12	...	80	68	85

Eight extras were also shot, the scores being as below (No 3 was at expert rules and No. 4 at 5 pairs):

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Angles:	U	U	E	P	U	U	U	U	Angles:	U	U	E	P	U	U	U	U
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	Targets:	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*
147	13	11	6	9	..	..	12	..	Heikes	13	7	8	10	14	14	15	
Fulford	15	15	8	7	9	14	14	15	Wilcox	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Lines	10	13	..	..	9	..	15	12	Conklin	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Fanning	11	13	..	..	..	..	15	..	Dunning	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	
Ogden	13	15	..	..	6	..	12	..	Glover	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	
Leroy	..	14	..	8	8	..	..	..	Wisner	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	
Hallowell	..	12	5	6	..	..	..	..									

SCORES OF OCT. 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Angles:	U	K	U	U	U	K	U	U	K	U			
Targets:	*20*	*15*	*25*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*25*	*25*	*15*	*25*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	19	14	24	20	25	13	24	25	15	20	205	199	97
Fulford	18	15	24	20	24	15	25	25	14	19	205	199	97
Fanning	18	15	24	20	25	15	23	24	15	18	205	197	96
Glover	19	14	21	19	24	13	24	25	12	18	205	189	92.1
Hallowell	18	15	21	19	20	12	24	25	14	17	205	185	90.2
Leroy	18	11	20	18	22	14	24	22	15	17	205	181	88.2
Keller	19	13	24	19	20	11	20	21	13	19	205	179	87.3
147	15	18	21	16	21	14	22	21	14	17	205	179	87.3
Lines	15	12	22	16	22	13	16	21	11	16	205	164	80
Ogden	15	13	20	17	11	12	18	22	11	14	205	153	74.6
Wisner	15	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	29	64.4

GENERAL AVERAGES.

In the list of general averages Heikes leads by virtue of his great finish. Glover, Fanning and Fulford finished in order named, each of them with an excellent average. Details below:

	1st day.	2d day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
R O Heikes	191	199	410	390	95.1
S Glover	197	189	410	386	94.1
J S Fanning	187	197	410	384	93.8
E D Fulford	181	199	410	380	92.6
B Leroy	182	181	410	363	88.5
J J Hallowell	178	185	410	263	88.5
147	170	179	410	349	85.1
W S Lines	179	164	410	343	83.6

Audubons Won Again.

BUFFALO, Oct. 6.—The sixth contest of the series for the championship of Buffalo, between teams of five men from the local clubs, took place at the Cazenovia grounds to-day. The Audubons won again, giving them five wins out of six. The scores were as follows:

Audubon Team.	Cazenovia Team.	Bison Team.
C S Burkhardt..23	Beck.....18	Cooper.....16
L G Northrup ..17	R Stacy.....19	Seigrist.....14
C J B.....22	F N Alderman..23	Wheeler.....15
Noris.....21	Heinold,.....18	C Werlin.....17
McCarney .....16—99	McCarty.....15—93	E Bauman.....21—83

A number of sweeps were shot after the team contest, in which Messrs. C. S. Burkhardt and F. N. Alderman carried away the honors and the money.

E. W. SMITH, Sec'y.

Western Traps.

BREAKS MINNEAPOLIS RECORD.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 9.—At the shoot of the Minneapolis (Minn.) Gun Club this week, Mrs. W. P. Shattuck made a run of 55 straight singles and scored 76 out of 80, a performance said to have broken the local club record for the past five years. In the shooting 20 birds were unknown angles, and in all the events the targets were thrown hard and far. The grounds were not thought easy for long runs, but the day was perfect for the performance—bright and calm, with no wind. Mrs. Shattuck uses an L. C. Smith gun, made according to her order to Harvey McMurchy, and shoots Du Pont powder in Leader shells. Among the fine records of the Northwestern ladies who have recently come to the front in shooting matters, this run of Mrs. Shattuck's is thought to be quite the best to date.

TRAP AT NEWTON, IOWA.

Below are the scores of a match race shot at Newton, Ia., Oct. 1, between the Palo Alto Gun Club, of Jasper county, and the Du Pont Gun Club, of Newton, the latter winning very handily. Considerable interest is springing up in this neighborhood in trap matters, and the scores are rapidly improving, so that a stiff little club is in immediate prospect. Scores:

Du Pont Team.

F Thompson	1011111100101011110111101—18
A C Gates	1110010101100001110111010—14
Bert Wing	1111001111100010110101111—17
Dr Palmer	1110010111111110101011100—17
M A Carrier	1111111100111111110010111—20
Will Carrier	0010010111100011101011111—15
J Thompson	1000001010001001101111000—10
J Bergman	1111100110011100000110100—12
Dr Kerr	0110111111111111111101101—21
Edw Geise	0101111101101111110010111—18—162

Palo Alto Team.

Will Snooks	0010111000111111110010111—16
J Guesford	0001100110000101100001001— 9
D Stanton	0010010111110011110110110—15
F Keller	1011000010101010101011110—13
G Selbers	0001110111010110000010101—12
J O'Roake	0011100001000010100111011—11
Will Peters	1111111000110110111010111—18
H Stanton	0101110010101011110101001—14
Geo Guesford	1000110110011100110001111—14
Geo Snooks	1010111111101010110000101—15—137

INDIANA LEAGUE.

The Trap-Shooters' League, of Indiana, has out a pleasing programme for the second annual tournament, which will be held at Huntington, Ind., Oct. 21-22, under the management of the Erie Gun Club. Experts, professionals and manufacturers' agents barred, except for price of birds.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

ON LONG ISLAND.

CARTERET CLUB.

Oct. 6.—To-day's shooting at the Carteret Club was marked by most wonderful shooting on the part of George McAlpin, who scored every bird he shot at during the day when shooting singles. In a race at 3 pairs he did lose one bird, the first of his first pair. Below are the scores:

No. 1, handicap, 5 birds, $5:

G Work (21).....110	WAHStafford (28)2222122222220—12
F P Magoun (25)..21222220	G S McAlpin (31)..2222222222222—13
W S Edey (28)....2222222	W W Watrous (27)2122122111121—13
J S S Remsen (28)..2222222212222—13	

No. 2, allowance handicap, 10 birds, $10 entrance; 27yds., one miss as no bird; 26yds. and forward, one miss as a kill; cup to winner:

Work (31).....11211221222120	Stafford (28)..21211221224122220—16
Magoun (25)..12210?012	McAlpin (31).2222222222222222—17
Edey (28).....012222220	Watrous (27).21112120
Remsen (28)..2022220	

No. 3, members' point cup, presented by Clarence H. Mackey, handicap rise 10 birds, allowances 27yds., one miss as no-bird, 26yds. forward, one miss as a kill, no allowances after ten rounds. The point cup, value $200, will become the property of the member who shall secure the greatest number of points throughout the season, Oct. 2, 1897, to May 30, 1898, inclusive, points to be counted as follows: 1 point for first place, ½ point for second place, and ¼ point for third place; with each point cup contest a $10 sweep will be shot; visitors may shoot in the sweepstakes; cup is for members only.

George Work (31)	20111110	— 6
F P Magoun (25)	1211020120	— 7
W S Edey (28)	1122220222	— 9
J S S Remsen (28)	1211112102	— 9
W W Watrous (27)	21112121211222212110	—19
W A H Stafford (26)	0212222222222201	—13
G S McAlpin (31)	12222212222222222222	—20

No. 4, 3 pairs, traps 2 and 4, 1 bird in each trap, $5; each shooter moves in 3yds. from his club handicap; McAlpin (28) 5, Work (28) 4, Edey (25) 2, Watrous (24) 2, Stafford (25) 3.

In two miss-and-outs that followed, McAlpin and Work divided the first with 18 each; the same pair divided the second with similar scores.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Oct. 9.—The scores given below were made this afternoon on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club. The high wind made the targets very erratic:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	Targets:	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*
Remsen	12	10	10	9	7	10	11	13	Wright	..	..	..	..	4	..	5	8
Smith	5	8	2	..	..	..	..	..	Hilmer	..	..	..	..	4	..	5	8
De Wolf	14	9	8	9	6	..	11	..	Paterson	..	..	..	..	6	..	9	9
Welles	7	..	8	6	3	7	8	9	Littlefield	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	7
Swan	..	..	..	4	4	7	14	10	Osterhout	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	..

No. 3 was at 10 pairs.

J. S. W.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Oct. 9.—The New Utrecht Gun Club held its semi-monthly live-bird shoot this afternoon on the club's grounds, Woodlawn, L. I. J. Gaughen was the winner in Class A; J. N. Meyer in Class B. Scores:

	Club shoot.	No. 1.	No 2.	No. 3.
J Gaughen (A-28)	1•22112222—9	...	22021—4	.....
C M Meyer (A-30)	2222200222—8	011—2	22•11—4	1•22222111—9
J N Meyer (B-28)	2001212222—8	•20—1	00222—3	1001222121—8
F Thompson (B-29)	1200112120—7	220—2	02•10—2	1122121201—9
P Adams (B-28)	112212•010—7	...	.....	.....
A Eddy (B-28)	20•1101102—6	...	.....	.....

No. 4, 3 pairs, loser to pay for birds: C. M. Meyer 6, F. A. Thompson 4.

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

West Chester vs. Florists.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Oct. 7.—Below are the scores made to-day in the team race between the West Chester Gun Club and the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, on the grounds of the former club. The home team won by 19 breaks, with 243 to 224. The first match was shot in Philadelphia, eleven men on a side, on Sept. 11. This match also resulted in a win for the Westchester men by 210 to 208. The Florists are the pleasantest set of men we have met on our grounds this year, and they have the best wishes of our club. Scores:

West Chester Gun Club.

Davis	1111110111111011111110110—21
Henry	0110111111110110111111001—19
Ferguson	1111111111111111111111111—25
Jackson	1100110110101100010000110—12
Sellers	1111110001101011111111111—20
Gill	1111010111100101010111101—17
Hoar	0111111111111111111011100—21
Ford	1101101110111110111111111—21
Regester	1111011110111010111111111—21
Comfort	1111111111111111101111101—23
Foulke	1000111011111111111111111—21
Lumis	1110111111111101110111111—22—243

Florists Gun Club.

Park	0111111100110101101111111—19
Ball	1101011111101010111011111—19
Bell	1101001111011011111010011—17
Jones	1111101101100110010111110—16
Craig	0011101110111101001111111—18
Reid	1111011000110011111111101—18
Harris	1010101100011101011101111—16
Colfleisch	1111111111111111111011100—22
Burton	1101111111011111111011011—21
Cartledge	0101111111101110111001101—18
McKaraher	1100101010011110110100111—15
Anderson	1111111111111111111111111—25—224

Seven sweeps, all 10-target events, and all at known angles, were shot during the day. Below are the scores in these events in tabulated form:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Henry	9	9	6	..	..	..	..	Cartledge	..	7	..	6	..	..	..
Anderson	..	10	6	10	10	9	10	Jones	..	3	8	6	6	7	..
Beeby	..	6	7	6	..	7	8	Harris	..	6	3	6	6	..	..
Gill	7	6	6	..	..	..	5	Life	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Burton	..	7	8	9	10	10	10	Lumis	6	9	..	8	..	..	..
Craig	..	7	..	5	4	..	..	Regester	..	8	8	9	9	..	..
Hoar	7	9	7	5	..	..	..	Foulke	..	..	8	6	10	9	8
Bell	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	Reid	..	..	9	9	10	8	5
Davis	8	9	9	8	8	7	8	Deim	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Comfort	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	Colfiech	..	..	5	9	..	..	..
Sellers	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	Ford	..	..	8	5	..	..	..
Ball	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	Morgan	..	..	8	..	7	4	7
McKaraher	..	9	7	7	7	..	..								

F. H. EACHUS, Sec'y.

Charleston versus Savannah.

INTERESTING SERIES OF TEAM RACES FOR THE E. C. CUP.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 5.—Below are given the summaries of the seven matches shot this summer between the Palmetto Gun Club, of this city, and the Forest City Gun Club, of Savannah, Ga. The trophy competed for was donated by the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., Ltd. This trophy is now held by the Savannah team, the Forest City men having won the deciding shoot after each club had three heats to its credit. Some of the races were exceedingly close, as will be seen by a reference to the scores. The conditions under which this series of races was held were as follows:

CONDITIONS.

First—Seven specified men to constitute a team; each and every man must be a *bona fide* member of the club he shoots for.

Second—In case that said specified men are not on the grounds when team shoot commences, then captain of team may substitute a man, but substitute must be a member of the club.

Third—The cup shall be shot for seven different times, on different dates.

Fourth—The club winning the highest number of contests shall be the absolute holder of the cup for that year.

Fifth—The team winning the cup shall put it up as a club championship cup to be shot for by its members, subject to challenge at all times.

Sixth—This cup to be contested for once a year by the Forest City Gun Club, of Savannah, Ga., and the Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C

Seventh—The club winning the cup this year shall next year put up the cup; the contesting team to put up its value in money.

Eighth—In the team contests each man shall shoot at 50 targets, known traps and unknown angles.

Ninth—In the shoots for the club championship after the cup is won by one club the contest shall be at 100 targets each, known traps and unknown angles.

First match—Charleston, S. C., June 6:

Charleston.		Savannah.	
Worthen	49	Jaugstetter	41
Whilden	47	Ulmer	40
Swan	43	J Rocker	38
Petermann	42	Ebberwine	37
Bicaise	41	La Motte	35
Costello	37	H Rocker	35
Post	33	Reidimann	30
Wohltmann	29—321	Lemcke	31—287

Second match, Savannah, Ga., June 13:

Charleston.		Savannah.	
Worthen	48	LaMotte	43
Petermann	42	Reidimann	42
Whilden	40	Campson	41
Swan	37	J Rocker	41
Wohltmann	34	Jaugstetter	38
Post	33	Wilson	37
Bicaise	30	Ulmer	37
Costello	27—291	Ebberwine	36—315

Third match, Charleston, S. C., June 28:

Charleston.		Savannah.	
Worthen	47	La Motte	46
Petermann	45	Woeltjen	44
Wohltmann	43	H Rocker	43
Bicaise	42	J Rocker	42
Jeffords	41	Jaugstetter	40
Swan	40	Wilson	40
Whilden	39	Reidimann	40
Heidt	31—328	Campson	34—339

Fourth match, Savannah, Ga,, July 11:

Charleston.		Savannah.	
Worthen	48	Jaugstetter	43
Petermann	44	J Rocker	40
Costello	39	Morgan	38
Jeffords	38	H Rocker	38
Swan	37	Reidimann	37
Whilden	35	La Motte	37
Steck	30	Wilson	37
Bicaise	29—300	Campson	33—303

Fifth match—Charleston, S. C., July 24:

Charleston.		Savannah.	
Worthen	47	J Rocker	46
Petermann	46	Reidimann	44
Swan	45	Morgan	42
Whilden	44	Woeltjen	40
Wohltmann	40	La Motte	40
Jeffords	33	Wilson	40
Costello	39	Jaugstetter	38
Post	32—331	H Rocker	30—320

Sixth match, Savannah, Ga., Aug. 8:

Charleston.		Savannah.	
Petermann	48	Jaugstetter	43
Worthen	45	Reidimann	43
Whilden	44	H Rocker	42
Jeffords	41	J Rocker	41
Post	40	Campson	40
Costello	39	Wilson	40
Wohltmann	39	La Motte	35
Swan	36—332	Woeltjen	31—315

Seventh match, Charleston, S. C., Aug. 29:

Charleston.		Savannah.	
Worthen	49	LaMotte	44
Petermann	47	Jaugstetter	44
Jeffords	41	Ulmer	42
Whilden	41	Reidimann	42
Rivers	40	H Rocker	42
Swan	40	J Rocker	40
Costello	39	Ebberwine	40
Wohltmann	35—332	Woeltjen	39—333

RESUMÉ.

No. 1 won by Charleston by 34. No. 2 won by Savannah by 24. No. 3 won by Savannah by 1. No. 4 won by Savannah by 3. No. 5 won by Charleston by 11. No. 6 won by Charleston by 17. No. 7 won by Savannah by 1.

Average percentage for Charleston, 79^{23}_{28}.

Average percentage for Savannah, 78^{16}_{28}.

Averages of Charleston team:	Shot at.	Broke.	P Ct.
Worthen	350	333	95.1
Petermann	350	314	91.1
Whilden	350	290	82.8
Swan	350	278	79.4
Jeffords	250	199	79.6
Rivers	40	50	80
Wohltmann	220	300	73.3
Costello	220	300	73.3
Bicaise	142	200	71
Post	138	200	69
Heidt	31	50	62
Steck	30	50	60

Averages of Savannah Team.	Shot at.	Broke.	P. Ct.
J Rocker	350	288	82.2
Jaugstetter	350	287	82
Reidimann	350	274	78.2
LaMotte	350	280	80
Morgan	100	80	80
Ulmer	150	119	79.3
Wilson	200	194	77.6
H Rocker	300	230	76.6
Lampson	200	148	74
Ebberwine	113	150	75.3
Lemcke	31	50	62

PALMETTO.

Keystone Shooting League.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 9.—The first of a series of five shoots to decide the live-bird championship of Philadelphia county, and also the target championship of the same county, was held to-day on the Keystone Shooting League's grounds, Holmesburg Junction. John Rothaker won a heat for the live-bird cup, Ross scoring a win for the target championship. The other five shoots will be held Oct. 16, 23, 30 and Nov. 9. Scores in to-day's events were:

	No 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
J Rothaker	2212222222—10	20122—4	01222—4	22102—4
J Wolstencroft	1•21122212— 9	12111—5	12121—5	11011—4
Ross	2122221022— 9	12220—4	21012—4	11010—3
W N Stevenson	1222122•02— 8	22220—4	212•0—3	01221—4
J H Wolstencroft	2211021222— 9	22020—3	22121—5	12112—5
Dart	0002202120— 5	.....	.....	.....
Henry	2222110212— 9	.....	.....	.....
J Vandergrift	0122211022— 8	21212—5	21021—4	21021—4
J Hack	01•0222022— 6	221	.....	.....
C Fitzgerald	0011111020— 6	11110—4	.....	.....
O Foster	1200020012— 5	1•121—4	.....	.....
I W Budd	.....	20222—4	21111—5	20222—4
W H Pack	.....	01110—3	....	.....
J Buck	.....	•111•—3	2112•—4	.....
Pierce	.....	.....	20221—4	12220—4

Three target sweeps were shot, as follows:

No. 1, cup contest, 25 targets, unknown angles: Ross 20, Hack and Henry, 19; W. N. Stevenson and J. H. Wolstencroft, 17; C. Fitzgerald 11.

No. 2, 15 targets: Foster, Ross and W. N. Stevenson, 13, Buck and I. W. Budd, 11; Vandergrift 10.

No. 3, same: Smith 15, W. N. Stevenson 14, Foster 12, Hack 11, Dart 8, Pack and Fitzgerald, 7.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BERGEN COUNTY TEAM WINS AT RED BANK.

Oct. 8.—The Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, could not get together more than seven men for its team in to-day's match with the Riverside Gun Club at Red Bank. With such a large membership roll as it possesses, it seems strange that the full number of ten men could not be secured. The day was very favorable for shooting targets. There was very little breeze, except occasional strong puffs while the team race was being shot. The sun was warm and bright; in fact, it was an ideal fall day. The background, however, was not by any means as good as we have seen. Too many trees in fall plumage hid the sky line, making the targets hard to locate, still scores ruled very fair, the targets not being thrown over 45yds.

The lack of a full team on the part of the visiting club was the more to be regretted since the home team had done everything to make the day an enjoyable one. A good lunch was provided free of charge, and every preparation had been made for a full day's sport. A change in the schedule of trains on the N. Y. & Long Branch R. R. (a change that only took place on Monday last, Oct. 5), caused lots of trouble to the visitors. It had been given out that the team would leave on the 10 A. M. train over the P. R. R., but when the members of the team attempted to make connections with that train at its supposed touching points, the attempt ended in a rank failure, the train having been taken off the schedule last Monday. The seven men representing the club, however, managed to get together at the Riverside Gun Club's grounds at about 2 P. M. Fogarty went around by way of Atlantic Highlands, using a steamboat, a train, a stage and a trolley car to cover the distance between New York and Red Bank. Beveridge and Sinnock joined the 11:30 train over the C. R. R. of N. J. at Elizabethport, while Capt. Money, Ed Taylor and the remaining member of the team, made connections with the 12:10 train over the P. R. R.

The team race was shot in squads of six men, 50 targets per man, three men from each team on a squad. The first squad was Phil Daly, Jr., Beveridge, Price, Billings, Mapps and Fogarty; No. 2 squad was: Oscar Hesse, Capt. Money, Ivins, Taylor, E. M. Cooper and Sinnock. Watts and Banks brought up the rear, four others shooting along to fill up the squad.

Watts was high man on either team, his 46 being made up of two 23s. The favorite total was 44, five men out of the fourteen on the two teams scoring that number of breaks—Taylor, Fogarty, Sinnock and Banks for the Bergen County team, and Oscar Hesse for the Riversides. Beveride broke 43 after getting a good start with a 23 in the first 25. The result of the race was a win for the Bergen County team by 16 targets, the scores standing 294 out of 350 to 278. The winning team's average was 84 per cent.; the Riverside's average was 79.4.

Of those who shot along with the last squad to fill up, Jas. Cooper and Marryott scored respectively 40 and 29 In the first half Capt. Money ran 25 straight, and added 23 to it in the last half, scoring 48 out of 50—but not for his team! Hank White tried 25 targets in the first half and broke 16, Beveridge taking his place in the last half and breaking 21.

Bergen County Gun Club.

Ed Taylor	11101101111111110111111111111111101110111111011111—44
Fogarty	11101111110111011111111111101111101111111111111110—44
F Sinnock	01111011111111111011111111101111101111111011111111—44
E Banks	11110110111111101101111111110101111111111111111111—44
C Beveridge	11111111111111101010111111100011111111110111011111—43
Capt Money	01111111111011011111011111111001110110111110001—39
C W Billings	10110011011010101100111111111101111101110100111111—36—294

Riverside Gun Club.

W Watts	11011111011111111111111111111111111011111111111101—46
O Hesse	01111101111101111001111111111111111111111111011111—44
E Price	11101111111010111111111111110100111111111111110111011—42
A L Ivins	11100101111110101111111111100011111110111111111010—39
E M Cooper	01111001101110110111011011101110111011111111101110—37
Mapps	11110011100101111001111111011111111101101010010111—36
P Daly, Jr.	11101110001110111111011100011111010101111110001 0—34—278

EDWARD BANKS.

JEANNETTE GUN CLUB.

Oct. 5.—The Jeannette Gun Club's monthly live-bird shoot held at Guttenburg race-track this afternoon was well attended. Chas. Steffens won in Class A, Robert Packard winning in Class B. Scores:

Class A, 28yds.:

Charles Steffens	2221111212—10	Jacob Vaghts	0010111211— 7
Herman Otten	0202121222— 8	Henry Reinkoff	1220012011— 7
C M Meyer	2222010122— 8	Charles Kroeger	0000211212— 6
William Brunie	2220111120— 8	Henry Karstens	2200011100— 5
John Hainhorst	2212001222— 8	Charles Offerman	0122100010— 5
Job Lott	0101120222— 7		

Class B, 25yds.:

Robert Packard	2121220112— 9	Herman Pape	0211211002— 7
Henry Gerdes	1221110220— 8	Charles Lohden	1022210110— 7
Henry Ehlers	2202221011— 8	Claus Bohling	1000201122— 6
John Rolfe	0211111101— 8	Philip Rothman	0011121000— 5
A C Fehrenbach	2210101011— 7	N C Crusius	0000000011— 2

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., Oct. 5.—No. 1, 25 targets, five traps, unknown angles; entrance, expenses:

Stipp	0111101110101111101101110—18
Sherwood	1111111011110101111111111—22
Mathieu	1010000110110101101101110—14
Richard	1111101110101111110011011—19

No. 2, 25 targets, five traps, unknown angles, medal shoot:

Sherwood (0)	1111011111110000001111101—17
Stipp(0)	1111111111111111111111011—24
Sears (8)	1110011100111001010011111—24
Durham (11)	0100001010010000110001111—21
Voris (14)	0010000110100111010000100—23
Mathieu (11)	0101100110010110110000100—22
Richard (8)	1111011100011111010110100—24
McDonald (15)	0010100001010010000100000—21
Thornton (11)	0000001001001001100000000—16

Stipp, Richard and Sears tied on 24, shot off at 15 targets: Stipp 14, Richard and Sears, allowed 5 each, 15. Tie decided on 10 targets: Richard 8, Sears 5 Richard got medal.

No. 3, 10 targets, five traps, unknown angles, entrance, expenses:

Stipp	1110111111—9	Sherwood	1111111010—8

No. 4, same:

Sherwood	1110111011—8	Stipp	0111011011—7
Mathieu	0100110111—6		

No. 5, 10 targets, five traps, unknown angles, entrance, practice:

McDonald	1111100011—7	Durham	1011111101—8
Mathieu	1100010001—4	Voris	0011000000—2
Thornton	0010001010—3		

No. 6, 10 targets, five traps, unknown angles, entrance, practice:

Mathieu	1111111010—8	Durham	0001101101—5
Sherwood	1111111101—9	Voris	0110011110—6

No. 7, 25 targets, five traps, unknown angles; entrance, expenses:

Stipp	1111111111111110011001110 —20
Richard (6)	1110111111000011111110101101 —21

No. 8, 20 targets, five traps, unknown angles:

Sears	0011101110101011000—11	Sherwood	0101111111110011111—16
Richard	0001011010110111111—13	Mathieu	1100111110011110111—15

SHERWOOD, Sec'y.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Oct. 2.—Below you will find scores made at the regular weekly practice shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club this afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	15	15	20	20	10	10	10
Angles:	K	K	U	U	U	R	K	U	K	U	K	K	U	U
Bryan	10	7	8	8	7	8	20	10	15	15	16	8	5	8
Miller	7	6	8	5	5	6	17	13	8	16	15	3	6	6
Leighton	7	5	6	9	9	9	18	11	14	..	..	..	..	..
Tuck	6	6	3	8	3	2	8	12	12	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	6	3	5	5	5	2	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Webster	..	..	..	..	6	3	18	11	7	16	12	6	6	7
Stevens	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	7	..	..	..
Fernald	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	5	6	6
Hilliard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	5	5

GEORGE F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 6.—The shooting season of the Omaha Gun Club closed on Oct. 2. Only members who have shot at 280 or more targets in the regular club shoots are eligible for prizes. Below is a list of the prize winners in order of merit:

	Shot at	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
F S Parmelee	300	272	90.6	W D Kenyon	340	271	79.9
F H Ekalb	400	379	86.1	W P McFarlane	440	344	78.2
G W Loomis	400	338	84.5	G F Brucker	280	219	78.2
W H S Hughes	280	233	83.2	J P Smead	280	218	77.8
C B Randlett	320	263	82.1	C E Johannes	300	213	71.0
W D Townsend	440	360	81.8	C E Bates	280	195	69.6
J C Plumber	300	241	80.3				

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

Penn Gun Club, of Morristown.

MORRISTOWN, Pa., Oct. 9.—The fifth annual tournament of the Penn Gun Club, of Morristown, Pa., was held to-day on the grounds of the club at Oakview Park. The attendance of shooters at these tournaments has always been very large, but this time, for some unknown reason, there was a noticeable absence of visiting marksmen. Arthur Jenkins, the inventor of the magautrap, was present and kept the trap in good order all day. For the events at known angles a set of experts were used.

147 Winston was among the visitors, and while he did not break all his targets, he got orders for several thousand shells. Twenty events were on the programme, sixteen of which were shot off. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	10	10	15	10	10
Landis	9	10	9	11	9	13	8	13	10	17	7	8	10	14	10	9
Derr	3	6	2	8	4	5	8	7	5	..	6	7	4	..	5	..
T V Smith	9	6	8	14	5	13	8	15	8	..	8	9	..	..	9	9
E Kirk	7	8	6	11	8	..	7	..	8	..	..	10	..	..	..	6
Dotterer	9	5	8	13	6	9	7	11	6	12	8	8	7	13	10	9
J R Yost	8	8	9	13	6	11	5	13	10	15	9	8	8	12	9	9
H Hitner	7	9	8	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Jenkins	8	9	..	13	8	13	5	13	..	..	7	..	7	8	7	6
Steinmetz	6	..	..	8	..	..	..	13	..	..	7	..	9	..	8	..
Cassel	5	..	7	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Franklin	..	..	..	..	8	..	9	10	9	..	..	8	6	..	6	8
Hodge	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Erb	..	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
147	..	..	..	12	9	11	8	12	8	18	10	9	9	14	10	..
F Henry	..	..	..	9	7	10	4	7	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Parsons	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	14	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
P W Yost	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	11	..	..	6	9	6	13	6	6
J Henry	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Gaylor	..	..	..	..	..	15	3	10	4	..	5	6	5	..	8	5
Ward	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	6	..	10	..	10	..	9	..	..
Park	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Torpez	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	10	13	8	8	8	12	..	7	
Gross	..	..	..	..	..	13	5	..	6	..	6	..	..	..	..	
Ford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	6	..	8	7		
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	

J. K.

Rosedale Gun Club.

TORONTO, Can., Oct. 6.—The annual meeting of the Rosedale Gun Club was held at the Granite Club on Friday evening, the 1st inst., when the appointment of officers for the ensuing season took place, resulting in the unanimous re election of the following gentlemen:

H. M. Pellatt, President; D. S. Barclay, Vice-President; D. L. Van Vlack, Captain; A. R Stell, Secretary. Mr. J. B. Miller having resigned the position of treasurer, Mr. W. H. Gooderham was elected to fill that office.

The meeting was very largely attended, all the members present feeling that in the establishment of the Rosedale Gun Club an opportunity is at last afforded men who are admirers of this class of sport, and who are opposed to shooting for cash prizes and sweepstakes, for enjoying a Saturday afternoon's recreation in a sociable and agreeable manner. The ensuing season is looked forward to with pleasant anticipation by the members, the captain having arranged for a number of friendly matches with outside clubs in Canada and the United States. There will also be club handicap matches for gold medals, three medals to be presented to each class.

The magautrap for artificial bird shooting, which the club has just purchased, is the only one of the kind in Canada, and serves to indicate that the equipment of the club will at all times be of the most modern style obtainable.

A. R. STEEL, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

W. G. F.—The regulations do not forbid hunting on the Government forest reserves.

W. S. B., New York.—Can you tell me the amount and name of powder and the shells used by Heikes and Van Dyke when shooting clay pigeons? Ans. Heikes uses 44grs. of American E. C.; Van Dyke uses 54grs. of Laflin & Rand's W-A. Both use the Leader shell.

A. K., Baltimore, Md.—Kindly let me know through the columns of your paper what were the scores in the Elliott and Budd match for the Du Pont trophy. Also please give date and place. Ans. The match took place Aug. 28 at Eau Claire, Wis. Scores were: Elliott 99 (losing his seventh bird), Budd 94.

HUGH LEADY, Montclair, N. J.—In a pigeon match, under Long Island rules, A bets B that a bird shot at and gathered is a dead bird. B says that it must show shot marks. Which is right? Ans. Under the rules governing the match, a bird that is gathered must, if challenged, show shot marks to be scored a dead bird.

H. A. B., Hamilton, Can.—1. Who holds the clay-pigeon championship of America at the present time? 2. Also, who holds the Schmelzer cup? Ans. 1. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia. 2. Heikes, Van Dyke and Charlie Young (the latter of Springfield, O.), tied for the Schmelzer cup last January at the San Antonio midwinter tournament. This tie has never been shot off.

TWO AMATEURS, Albany, N. Y.—A and B are shooting a match at live birds. A is at the score and calls "Pull!" with first asking, "Are you ready?" The puller is rattled and does not pull immediately. When the trap is opened and the bird flies out, A refuses to shoot on the ground that the trap was not pulled immediately after he had called "Pull!" How should the referee decide? Ans. We should say it was a no-bird.

NITRO, Lebanon, N. H.—For the benefit of the uninitiated, will you kindly state in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM which are the so-called dense powders, and which are those measuring bulk for bulk with black powder? Ans. Walsrode, W-A and Rifleite are some of the best known dense powders; Schultze, E. C., Du Pont, Hazard, King's Smokeless and Austin are all practically bulk for bulk with black powder. Gold Dust is a semi-dense powder.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

They Read "Forest and Stream."

REFERRING to the notice in the FOREST AND STREAM of the shooting party that was to leave here Sept. 25 in our palace car Yellowstone for a month's trip to Minnesota and Dakota for goose, duck and prairie chicken, etc, we did not care to take but twelve, but were compelled to take sixteen, and were obliged to positively refuse eight more whom we should have been very glad to have taken. I only mention this to show you that people who are interested in the best of sports read the best sportsman's paper published.

A. B. F. KINNEY.

Domesticated Trout.

THE merits of Mr. Livingston Stone's book on "Domesticated Trout" are indicated by a remark recently made by Mr. Ravenel, of the United States Fish Commission, in reference to passing the Civil Service examination in fishculture, that "if one learned all there was in 'Domesticated Trout,' he would pass the examination."

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DURING the hunting season (Oct. 1, 1897, to March 31, 1898), the Norfolk & Western Ry. Co. will take free and at owner's risk in baggage cars, the dogs of sportsmen or hunting parties, not exceeding one dog to each man. Owners must accompany dogs, and show tickets to agent or baggage agent that dogs may be properly way-billed to train baggageman. They must furnish chain, so that dogs may be securely fastened in baggage cars.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the Forest and Stream. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any person whose address may be furnished us for that purpose.

Writers upon ethics have sometimes discussed what they hold to be a paradox. The end of fox-hunting, they say, is presumably to catch the fox. Now, no one would risk his neck to catch a perfectly useless animal, and his real motive must, of course, be the exhilaration of the gallop. Yet it is equally true that the pleasure somehow vanishes if you suppose the fox to be absent. The riding across country would lose all its charm, if there were not a real animal and a bona fide attempt to catch him. The scientific results attainable in Nansen's case—the mapping of an utterly useless region—the incidental discovery of new forms, which may help to illustrate some points of natural history, have the same kind of value as the catching of the fox. In that sense, I admit a certain importance in providing one's self with a pretext, which takes the pursuit out of the category of mere amusement. Without it even so grand a sport as a journey to the North Pole would tend to lose its charm. Leslie Stephen.

SNAP SHOTS.

SENATOR TELLER'S bill to regulate interstate traffic in game contemplates action by Congress to prevent the shipment of elk, antelope, bison or mountain sheep out of Colorado, Wyoming or Utah, except in such quantities as may be permitted by the laws of those States. The measure is admirable in purpose, but is based upon an unsubstantial assumption respecting the jurisdiction of Congress in the matter. The preamble reads:

"*Whereas* By reason of the exclusive power of Congress to regulate interstate traffic the States are powerless to regulate or prohibit the transportation of said articles to other States, and the enactment of the following provisions will enable each State, by legislation, to protect the wild game within its own borders."

But Congress does not possess the exclusive power to regulate interstate traffic in game, nor are "the States powerless to prohibit the transportation of said articles to other States." Or, to put the first proposition more precisely, Congress has not the exclusive power to regulate the interstate traffic in game, since the State has the power to forbid its game becoming a subject of interstate traffic. Under the police power the State may limit or absolutely prohibit the export of game beyond its boundaries. This has been established by the United States Supreme Court in the case of Geer vs. State of Connecticut. Connecticut has a law forbidding the export of partridges. One Geer, a commission merchant, was prosecuted for violating the law. He set up as a defense that the statute was in conflict with that clause of the Constitution of the United States, which gives Congress the exclusive power to regulate interstate commerce; and he carried the case on appeal to Washington. The Supreme Court found against him in a decision which declared in most explicit language the right of the State to control the taking of game, and to prescribe the purposes for which it may be taken and the final disposition made of it. In particular, as the specific issue for determination, the court ruled that in the exercise of the police power, the State has ample authority to forbid the export of its game; and that where laws to this effect prevail the game cannot become legitimately a subject of interstate commerce, and therefore cannot come as an article of interstate commerce under the jurisdiction of Congress.

In short, in this decision, the Supreme Court has declared that Utah, Colorado and Wyoming have ample power to do, and that it is solely within their province to do, with respect to their game precisely what the preamble of Senator Teller's measure premises that they are powerless to do. More than this, if the regulation of the export game is, as the Supreme Court declares, a function of the individual States, it is not a function of Congress. This means that the problem of local game protection must be worked out at home by each State for itself, and not in Washington, however alluring may be the notion of Federal control.

It was our privilege to know a simple-hearted, ingenuous and kindly man, a sportsman who observed the golden rule in his daily life and not less scrupulously on the ducking marsh, a gentle man who knew no guile, whose life was placid, whose end was peace, and whose memory is blessed. For years this man harbored the hurt of a certain afternoon on Northern waters, when snugly ensconced in his blind for ducks, he saw another hunter take position near him, stealing his advantage, and wantonly and selfishly depriving him of any possible shot. The outrage rankled long afterward; it was the one blur in the pleasing retrospect of a sportsman's life. If the census-taker made note of these things, the statistics would show a thousand and one other men who are to-day cherishing a grudge against the fellow who stole their sport away in some such manner. It takes all sorts of men to make up the world, the rusher in ahead is one sort.

When a dog steals a point in a field trial he is penalized. What is justice for dog is justice for man; a Michigan genius—one of the Saginaw crowd, most likely—who has endured interference in duck shooting until patience has ceased to be a virtue, has had the wit to go to the Legislature for relief. Cheated of the ducks galore he has counted but has not gathered, this defender of the rights and liberties of duckers on their points has induced the People of the State of Michigan to enact, to wit:

That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to willfully scare or drive wild ducks or other wild water fowl, or cause the same to be done, from any person lawfully hunting the same on the public waters of that part of Lake Erie within the State of Michigan, for the purpose of depriving or attempting to deprive such person of any or all of his opportunities of shooting or hunting such wild ducks or other wild water fowl; and every person so offending, upon conviction, shall pay a penalty of $20 and costs of suit, which penalty shall be recovered by action brought by the prosecuting attorney of the county where the penalty is incurred, in the name of the People of the State of Michigan.

This is the season of the year when every one may be his own Columbus, and discover, if he will, a new world. It lies all about us in the northern latitudes, flaming in scarlet and crimson and gold. The wondrous pageant of the autumnal foliage is again unfolded; and happy indeed is he who may find the time—or make the time—for an October outing, to look upon a landscape which, however familiar the contours, is in its brilliant hues as a new and unfamiliar world.

The Vermont deer hunters report a shrinkage of the supply. Before the season opened the game was reported in myriads, but actual pursuit by ambitious seekers revealed that the Green Mountain deer have a way of going single and solitary, and not in herds and droves. The central and southern portions of the State are most plentifully stocked, but taking the whole range at large, a well-informed correspondent tells us, probably not thirty deer have been killed in the entire State.

The season has supplied a normal quota of incident and material for quip and story. The largest deer reported was killed at Middlesex, Washington county; its weight is given as 341lbs. The proud slayer was somewhat taken aback, however, when he discovered that it was a tame deer which a farmer had harbored with his cattle. A curious complication has arisen in one case. The law, contemplating the killing of males only, provides that "deer having horns" are legitimate game, and a Barnard hunter having brought down what was thought to be a spike-buck, found that he had killed a horned doe. A St. Johnsbury man laid low a fat steer, and a Lincoln hunter killed a calf. As was to be expected, the excited hunter who thought it was a deer when it was a man has played his part in the campaign, and distressing fatalities have resulted. One victim, himself a hunter, was clad in a sheepskin coat, and thus in a way brought his fate upon himself.

The Jackson's Hole elk case has been discussed so fully in these columns and our position respecting it is so well known, that there is less necessity of commenting upon Mr. Whitehead's letter than of taking care lest the topic be pursued beyond patience. Under the circumstances, we refer to what we have said already about the point at issue. Reduced to its simplest statement, the specific question is whether the Wyoming statute which forbids the capture of live elk was intended by the Legislature to be enforced against one person and not against another, or whether it should be enforced impartially with all alike. The more general consideration, as to which our correspondent dissents from our position, is that laws are enacted for the purpose of being executed, and that executive officers are charged with the duty of executing them; and that an official may not, at his own sweet will, refuse to enforce the law when it is being violated and he knows that it is being violated.

As to these principles, we hold that the game law does not differ from other laws, in that no one is to be accorded the privilege of determining at his own option whether or not he will obey any given law, for if one may at his option elect to disregard one law which appears to him to be unjust, another has equal right to violate some other law which does not suit him, and thus in the end we have disregard and contempt of all law. Nor may one refuse obedience to the statute on the ground that it imposes upon him some personal hardship or loss. The statutes are made for the public good, in which the individual may, under certain circumstances, find personal hardship, but the rule that the greatest good to the greatest number must prevail makes obligatory upon every citizen compliance with all the laws. Otherwise we should have an end of society. Despite Mr. Whitehead's protest that arguments are not carried to their logical conclusions—which we do not admit—the logical conclusions of this case are such as we do not shrink from and he cannot avoid.

The plea of humanity, concerning which we have heard so much in this case, and upon which Mr. Whitehead naturally puts so much stress, should not be permitted to befog the real issue. No man can claim for his defense a humanity of that sort which helps itself to the proceeds no more than one may claim honesty when he returns so much of a lost sum of money as he decides he will not pay to himself for having found it. It then is simply a commercial proposition. The plain fact here is that Adams has violated a specific Wyoming law by shutting up a band of wild elk. His offense would not be greater were he the most brutal man in Wyoming, nor is it any the less because he claims to be humane.

Mr. Whitehead ignores entirely, or evades by specious argument, the fact that if the State of Wyoming is indebted to Mr. Adams for food given to the elk, the Jackson ranchman has the same recourse in law that all other creditors have. No creditor under the law is at liberty to help himself at his own pleasure to his debtor's property, and the property of the State is no exception.

A meeting of the executive committee of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held in Syracuse on Thursday of last week, for the purpose of making provision for a convention date earlier than the present one. Dec. 9 was determined upon, and a call will be issued for that date. The sentiment which has been growing for a long time, that the protective feature of the Association should be divorced in name, as well as in fact, from the trap tournament activities, found expression in a proposed change to that effect in the constitution, and in a new name, the New York State Fish, Game and Forest Protective League. These innovations will be submitted for approval at the December meeting. The earlier date of meeting will prove of distinct advantage, and there can be no actual loss in the change of name, even to one hardly less cumbersome than the old title. Perhaps it will be permissible to refer to the organization as the New York Fish and Game League.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE NATIVE AMERICAN HUNTER.

III.—ANTELOPE CATCHING AMONG THE CHEYENNES.

As Told by White Bull.

When I was a young man more than forty years ago, my people had only a few guns. Then not many white men had come into the country, and we still took the animals on which we fed in the old ways that our people had always used. I have seen them catch the antelope in this old way, and now I will tell you how they did it.

When they were going to catch antelope there was always some one medicine man who told the people what they must do, and watched them to see that they did it. The man whom I saw do this was named Red Lodge. He always had his lodges painted red, and this is why he had that name. When the people needed antelope to eat or needed their skins for war shirts, and when the medicine was good, then Red Lodge made up his mind that antelope must be taken, and so he told the people what they must do.

In a broad flat they began to build a tight brush pen 8 or 10ft. high. On one side it was open, and from this opening lines of brush heaps about five steps apart stretched away on to the flat for 400 or 500yds., constantly becoming further and further apart. This made two wings, thus, <, but each stopped when it reached the fence of the pen. On the side of this pen opposite the open side from which the wing extended, the people dug a big hole in the ground, reaching from the end of one fence to the end of the other. The side of this hole toward the opening in the pen was straight, stretching from the end of one fence to the end of the other, and the other side was rounding—a part of a circle. They dug this hole about 5ft. deep and with sides straight up and down. On the rounding side of this hole they drove stakes in the ground and tied low bushes to them, but on the straight side they stuck bunches of grass in the ground, some of it standing up straight and some hanging over the edge of the pit so as to hide it. Outside of both the straight fences of the pen they dug trenches, which were deep enough for men and women and children to get into and to be hidden when they were lying down. After all this had been done, they made a good many clubs, and when they had been made, these clubs were put on the ground at each end of the pit close to the end of the high fence.

When all this was nearly finished, Red Lodge had his lodge prepared and cleaned up. The beds were taken out, all the people moved out and slept somewhere else. Only Red Lodge remained in his lodge. If the camp was new and the ground was not yet worn bare, and there were still left some roots of grass and of weeds on the floor of the lodge, the women cleaned all these away, so as to leave the ground bare. Then they gathered white sage and the floor of the lodge next to the walls was covered with these stems, the tops of the stems pointing toward the fire. From one of his sacred bundles Red Lodge took a good many antelope feet, which had been cut off at the pastern joint, and bent and dried so that they would stand upright on the ground. One of these feet was the right forefoot of a buck, the foot with which he pawed the ground. This pawing foot Red Lodge put down on the floor of the lodge about 3ft. from the wall and to the left of the door and so to the right of the lodge man's bed. The other feet were placed on the ground, standing on their soles in circles all about the fire, but these circles did not meet in front of the door. An opening about 3ft. wide was left opposite the door. There were four circles of these feet about the fire, one inside the other.

After the lodge had been fixed up, he went into it alone and made his medicine. No one knows what he did while he was there. For one day and one night he ate nothing, and all night long he sat in the lodge and sang. After he had made his medicine and was ready to call the antelope, he painted himself like an antelope. He painted his mouth black, his back red, his belly, legs, rump and face white, and painted red streaks across his upper breast. On each temple, and running down on his cheeks, he painted an antelope horn—black. Then he was ready, and he came out of his lodge, naked except for his breech-clout and moccasins. In his hand he held his own medicine pipe, which was painted red over bowl and stem. Now he walked to the opening in the pen where the wings come together, and there he stopped and filled his pipe. After he had filled his pipe and lighted it, he walked between the wings out onto the prairie, and sung his sacred songs and held his pipe up to the Great Spirit, and then out toward the prairie where the antelope live. Then he walked back, still singing, between the wings and through the pen until he had reached the edge of the pit, and there he rested the bowl of the pipe upon the ground. Four times he went backward and forward and sung his antelope songs. The fourth time, after he had touched the ground with the pipe bowl, he went around to the back of the pit, and placed his pipe on the ground there. The bowl was toward the pit, and the stem was leaning against a support, so that it pointed diagonally upward.

When he had placed the pipe on the ground, two young men who had already been told what to do, started out toward the prairie, one on the right and one on the left, following out the wings so as to come in behind the antelope, and all the people hid themselves in the trenches that were dug outside the high walls.

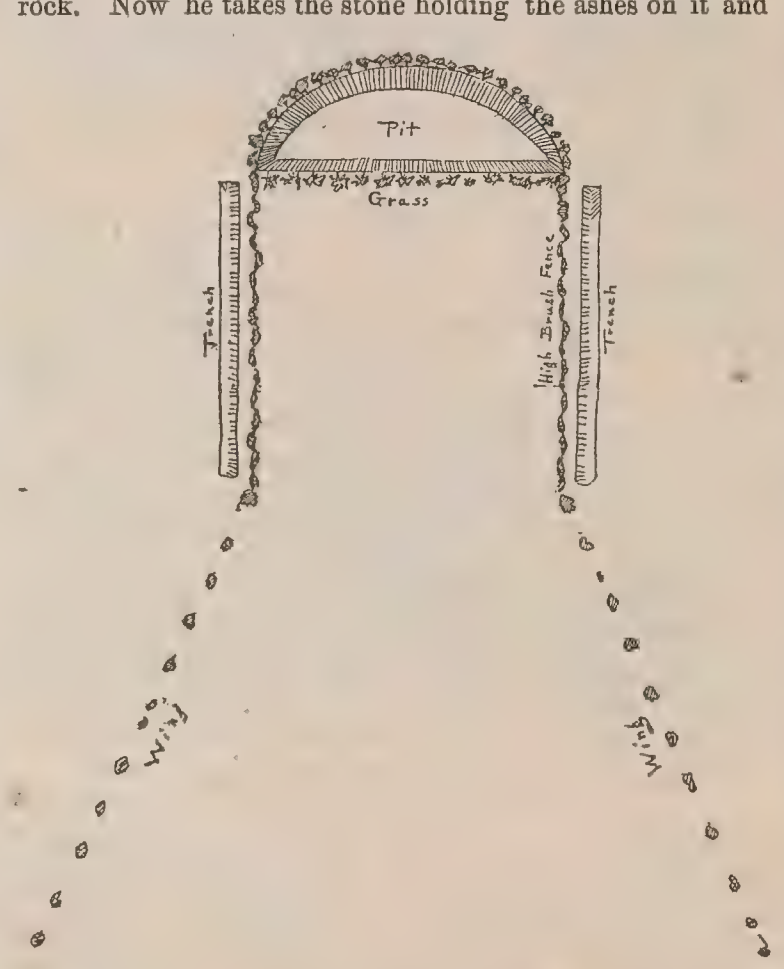
Now, after this, Red Lodge walked about in the pen and outside of it, holding in his hand a feather which he waved in the air, and as he walked and as he waved the feather, he was singing his sacred song.

After a little while, the young men which had been sent out discovered antelope coming, and when they saw them they gave a loud, high-pitched call, which can be heard a long way. This was the signal to the people that the antelope were coming. And when the people heard it everyone was glad. After the antelope had passed these young men they turned in and ran along behind them, keeping up this calling until the antelope were close to the pen, and had come between the wings. After the young men themselves got within the wings they began to call differently, and imitate the hooting of an owl.

As soon as the antelope have come to the opening of the pen, all the people who have been hidden in the trenches rush to the open side of the pen and close the opening by crowding into it. They run toward the antelope, and these are so scared and are going so fast that they cannot stop themselves, and they rush on and fall into the pit. Men and women alike then grasp the clubs, jump down into the pit and knock the antelope on the head. After all are dead the people climb out of the pit again.

Now Red Lodge goes around behind the pit and takes his pipe and fills it, and after he has filled it he sprinkles on top of the tobacco a little powdered buffalo dung. Then he goes away thirty or forty steps from the semicircular side of the pit, strikes his fire and lights his pipe. He looks about on the ground until he finds a small flat stone. This he picks up and takes with him. He goes around the pen, and entering the opening, goes close to the edge of the pit, places this little flat stone on the ground, sits down, and, resting the bowl of his pipe on the stone, he smokes there alone. No one smokes with him.

As he smokes he points the stem of his pipe at the antelope, trying to point at each one, and to give to each one a smoke. Then he smokes to the little flat stone. Then he gives four smokes to the direction from which the antelope came. After he has done all this then he smokes his pipe out. When he is about to begin to clean the pipe, he first points it in the direction from which the antelope came. Then he knocks out some of the ashes on the flat stone and again points the pipe toward where the antelope came from. He knocks out more ashes and points again, and so until he has pointed four times and knocked out all the ashes on the rock. Now he takes the stone holding the ashes on it and



INDIAN ANTELOPE PEN.

goes down through and across the pit to the other side, where he climbs out, holding the stone carefully, and going slowly, so as not to spill the ashes, and walks away a few steps, pours the ashes off the stone on to the ground in four places, and puts the stone down and leaves it.

After this has been done the people get into the pit and begin to cut up the antelope. First they pick out a young, fat antelope—one about two years old—fat and tender. That is taken out on to some high hill where everything can see it, and without being skinned, it is cut up into small pieces, and left there as food for the birds and for the wolves. It is a sacrifice.

After the killing is over and these ceremonies have been performed and the meat has been divided, the medicine man lets his lodge remain as it is over the next night. That night he cooks and calls in his friends, and they sit around the lodge behind the circles of antelope feet and eat. When the medicine man puts away these antelope feet he does it all alone. No one knows what he does.

If after the antelope have entered the pen and before they reach the pit they should by any chance turn back and get away without falling into the hole, it is certain that some one of the medicine man's family or relations will die.

This is the way, my friend, in which we made our living in old times. Then the animals which we ate were plenty and our *mai yū'n* (mysterious power) was strong. Now there is nothing to eat on the prairie. Those were happy days.

Geo. Bird Grinnell.

A STRING OF BEADS.—II.

(*Continued from page 303.*)

About this time word came from Rice that he was ready for that hunt, and I went to Aitkin, where, together with Rice and the baggage agent, I took the train for Kimberly, twelve miles east, on our way to Rice Lake No. 2.

There was only an Indian pack-trail leading through the woods from Kimberly to the lake, and taking nothing but our guns and ammunition we started for the lake on foot, intending to stop with a half-breed who lived on the bank of the lake.

As we stumbled along over fallen timber and floating bogs and through swamps, George kept me in a fever of excitement (?) over the great number of ducks we were sure to find when we got to the lake.

He talked encouragingly of our getting to the lake in time for the three of us to kill a hundred ducks yet that night. Of course I knew his expectations were highly exaggerated, being based principally on what he had heard of others doing, but I said nothing to discourage him; the confiding innocence of inexperience always did have a charm for me, and these two men were as innocent of what it took to kill and gather a hundred ducks as a new-born babe. Their talk of our returning to the railroad with fifty mallards each reminded me of an account I once read in some sporting paper of a man starting out one afternoon with his boat and fifty decoys to hunt ducks. In the course of that one afternoon he set out those fifty decoys at least half a dozen times, carrying them from pond to pond, where the water was too shallow to run his boat, together with 300 shells, his gun and, presumably, what ducks he killed, which ranged from forty to sixty at each pond. In addition to this, he found time to attach long lines to his decoys, by means of which he pulled them under water at intervals, in imitation of diving ducks, empty 300 shells and gather up, say, half that many ducks, many of which must have been cripples and hard to gather, and get home, fresh as a daisy, in time for an early supper, entirely unconscious of the fact that he had been far beyond the point of probability. I made a mental estimate of the hard work he must have done that afternoon, and concluded it would take me from four days to a week, and I flatter myself on standing as much grief as most of them, too. This man was no stranger to ducks and duck shooting either, as his writings proved; and I could only account for his wonderful feats by supposing he found it easy to sling things about with ink, and thus unconsciously overworked himself.

Mr. Rice was doing the same thing in his imagination, little dreaming what an awful burden even a dozen ducks apiece would be to return with through that swamp and tangle.

But I was not worrying about any burden of ducks, for I knew the northern flight had not set in yet, and that, having no boat, we stood but little chance of getting even one duck apiece out of a great rice lake.

I cared little for ducks. What I was after was a ramble in the wild, wild woods, and I got it, too, to my heart's content.

It was nearly sundown when we got to the lake, and dusk when we had skirted the north shore two miles to the Indian's cabin. He was a bachelor Indian and lived alone. His cabin was located in a beautiful spot in the forest where the underbrush had been cleared away and the trees neatly trimmed. The ground was carpeted with something very near to blue grass, though I believe it was not the genuine Kentucky article, but resembled it very closely where it was much tramped or closely cropped. We found the Indian, or half-breed, which he really was, at home, and he bade us a hearty welcome, giving us the freedom of his house and ground, while he prepared supper.

Our host regretted very much not having any game for supper; said there were no ducks on the lakes, as there were dozens of canoes out every day gathering wild rice, it being the midst of the Indian rice harvest.

This was discouraging to Mr. Rice and his baggageman, but their hopes revived on our host's assurance that we would find plenty of ducks by returning to Kimberly, by the way of Rice River, on the morrow. This we elected to do, and our prospective bag was soon back in the three-figure column.

An ideal place for a hunter's cabin was our host's home in the woods. Surrounded on all sides by a forest dotted with lakes and ponds; open, deep water lakes where fish innumerable abounded, and shallow, rush and rice lakes where, during the month of October, ducks congregate in swarms, staying, with a persistence founded on an abundant food supply, until the lakes were solidly frozen and there was no further hope of their getting at the wild rice on the bottom.

This particular rice lake (there are three dozen of them in Minnesota) would average five miles long by two wide. This large scope was an unbroken field of wild rice, standing about as thick as wheat in an ordinary wheat field in a good crop year. Estimating the crop from what I saw of it along the lake shore, I placed the average yield at from twenty to thirty bushels per acre.

All this vast amount of grain (with the exception of a few bushels, less than a hundred, gathered by the Indians) falls into the lake at the first frost.

The ducks that feed in the rice lakes do not spend the day there, but are up and off by sunrise, scattering among the open lakes and small ponds.

If the weather is fair, they begin to reappear again about sundown, and from that until dark the flight is continuous, ducks dropping, seemingly, through the arch of sky, and multiplying rapidly until their babble is sometimes deafening. In stormy weather the ducks appear earlier at the feeding lakes, and if very stormy often spend the entire day wheeling and circling in the wind above the rice beds.

The Indians, who are very indifferent duck hunters, have two methods of hunting them: one is to seek them out in their day haunts and pot them as they sit strung along a log in the sun; and the other is to conceal themselves in the rice beds and wait for the ducks to come to them. This is not the ordinary flight shooting of the sportsman, but pot shooting of a different stripe.

In this style of hunting the Indian takes advantage of the habit of ducks of always alighting in the openings in rice or rushes; covering themselves and their canoes near some opening, or beating down the rice and making one, if no suitable opening offers, so effectually by weaving rice stems over and around them, that should ducks alight within 10ft. of them they would not be discovered, they lie in wait for hours waiting for a chance sufficiently tempting to draw their fire.

Singles, pairs or scattered flocks they pay no attention to, but wait patiently till the opening in front of them is a wriggling mass of ducks, and then discharge their musket, loaded with about 2½drs. of powder and a couple of dozen BB shot, into the midst of them. Of course, a gun loaded thus is not very destructive, yet I heard of one fellow who killed twenty-one mallard at a single shot, having laid in his canoe for several days waiting for the chance.

Our host had not neglected his opportunities, and the walls of his neatly kept log house were lined with trophies of the chase.

I think this place resembled more nearly my boyhood's ideal of a hunter's home than any I have ever visited.

Early in the morning we were on our way down Rice River. Coming out, we followed the Indian trail, a mere footpath, but better than nothing; going back, we picked our own route, and oh! the difference was frightful to contemplate.

We crossed several floating bogs on our way, where it seemed like walking on a blanket suspended by the four corners, the bog bending and swaying beneath us, while the water bubbled up round our feet through the matting of roots and grass at every step. I carried a stick some 6ft. long to steady myself with, and also to feel for dangerous places.

At one place I stopped and run the stick down to see how deep the water was below; when I had run the stick down the length of it without striking anything solid, the

bog meantime, slowly settling beneath me until I was half-knee deep in water, I moved on without pandering further to my curiosity.

How deer manage to cross these bogs with their sharp hoofs is a mystery; yet they do, for the bogs are all striped and checked by their trails running in every direction. We were constantly getting into thick tangles of bushes, through which it was almost impossible to move, but we worried along somehow. Rice River seemed to be as devoid of ducks as the lake, for we saw none until near noon, when we finally discovered a flock of mallards in a bend of the river.

There was a large flock of them extending round the bend from our point of observation, and how much further we knew not. Making a detour, we crept out on to them with one wing of the flock on our right and the other on our left. The undergrowth on the point was very dense, and as we moved stealthily along we could see nothing, though we could hear the ducks quacking and splashing the water. At length I caught the glimmer of water ahead and the faint outline of ducks swimming about in it.

Halting, I told my companions to proceed, and when they got ready to give the signal, as I was going to shoot from where I was. The baggageman, working down on the left, soon announced his readiness for the fray, while George turned his battery to the right and began to adjust it. At this I drew bead at the glimmer of water ahead and waited the signal. When it came I fired both barrels in rapid succession, and then there was a scrambling for the open to see the effect of the shots. When I got to the point there were six mallards struggling in the water, while a seventh was just disappearing in the grass on the opposite shore. It chanced that in their death struggles the ducks worked apart, three to the right and three to the left, until some 12 or 15ft. divided them. At this juncture George and the baggageman came up from opposite directions, and seeing the situation, shouted with one accord, "I got three!"

This left me without any, yet I was not greatly grieved. As we stood on the margin of the river, beneath the overhanging trees, a small flock returned and hovered over the dead ones. True to the hunter's instinct, at the whistle of wings my gun flew to my shoulder, and selecting two birds, I "let go." My two companions did the same, with the result of each of them getting a bird, while I got "nary a feather." When it came to a division of the spoils they elected to take three ducks, leaving me the other two. This I declined to do, saying as I had killed no ducks I would carry no duck. Thus it was when we resumed our journey, they two were heavily laden, while I tripped away light as a maiden's dream of love.

The rest of the trip to Kimberly was one dreary monotony of stumbling over logs and bogs, and tearing through bramble thickets, relieved in one place by my running into a bunch of jacksnipe and frightening my companions into thinking I was crazy by rushing wildly about and shooting at nothing, as they thought. And later, after I had explained to them what I was shooting at by doubling up three twisters in succession, and causing grave doubts to enter their minds as to whether I was thoroughly deceived by the duck episode or not.

Half a mile from Kimberly we came in sight of the first farmhouse, which promised us great joy in the way of fresh milk and bread, an' ham 'n' eggs; but we were disappointed on arriving there to find the folks "not at home."

In Kimberly the same state of affairs prevailed, and we were compelled to wait at the station till the train came along and took us to Aitkin to a late supper.

Soon after returning to Lamers the northern flight of ducks set in, and I had some good shooting on the little rice lake. Though sixteen mallards was my largest bag, I am satisfied there were days when I might have bagged a hundred had occasion demanded it.

The month of October was put in waiting for the opening of the deer season, though I found it very pleasurable suspense loafing about the lakes and woods, taking an occasional nip at the ducks and another at the fish; yet when Nov. 1 did roll around I was all excitement.

E. P. JAQUES.

[TO BE CONCLUDED].

A HUNT NOT GENERALLY CHRONICLED.

It was this summer—1897—there's
Nothing stale about this tale,
Its moral only old,
Repeated here because we fear
The lesson has grown cold.

FOR weeks we had talked and planned about this hunt—some of us for a year. Last fall our guide found a new pond (there are several in the Adirondacks yet) whose shores and vicinity promised abundant game—deer sure and possibly bear. This gem of the wilderness was to be our "preserve." It was deep in the woods, yet easily accessible from our accustomed camp. Why should we not have fun? We did—but not exactly as anticipated. Great preparations were made. "Duffle" and ammunition in quantity, five rifles and three shotguns for four men and a guide. Then we packed into a one-horse lumber wagon, took a photo of the outfit, to insure a memento of the trip, and started. A few miles and we left the stage road for an old Adirondack lumber road. Everybody knows what that means—we walked. "Tree across the road!" "Cut it out!" Done. Onward—past a former camp, "where we got the big buck." Then, with everything, including men, piled in one little boat, the guide paddled a mile across a pond that has yielded us venison for years. We could almost smell it broiling over the fire. Appetite grew in proportion, for were we not going to repeat the experience? A half mile's heavy packing took everything to camp. After dinner the guide took the Captain and Scribe to the "preserve" and left them to watch for "sundown" and "sunrise" shots. We heard them before sundown. The big guns were far away, but the shot fell thick around us. X rays and Gatling guns in the forest? No, but a thunderstorm, such as only the Adirondacks can afford. We were dry under rubber blankets, the deer under forest trees.

The sun comes out—will the deer? It is growing dusk. Bang! goes the Captain's rifle. "Did he get him?" The answer is another bang. Then another gives the double negative. I hurry over. "Did you get him?" "I don't know; I shot where he was, but it was too dark to be certain of anything." "Well, let's make camp while we can see to do it." At the head of a little bay on my side the point a ledge rose 25ft. above the water. On the top we spread our blankets and made a good fire behind a large log. Hark! Across the bay the unmistakable sounds of deer in the water. It is not over fifteen minutes since the dusky shots at nearly 200yds., and now two or three deer are within 100yds. or less, but we cannot see them. "Night her solemn mantle spreads," etc. Either nature is sarcastic or the deer know a great deal—perhaps both. We have no jack, for the law says we mustn't; if the moon would only come out—but she doesn't. Never mind, we are with Nature, and she is loving, though sometimes coquettish with the sportsman. We dry our clothes wet while gathering firewood, eat our supper, and crawl under the blankets.

Hark! There are more deer in the pond. The fire blazes fitfully, but does not frighten them. Several times we even hear them on the knoll back of us, but the spruces are thick and the sight is dark.

What's that? Only the rain gently dropping in our faces. Did we enjoy that night? Yes, more than tongue or pen can tell. Released from the care and confusion of city life, there was a sense of wild freedom and of joy too great for sleep, while the many voices of the night all spoke of that kindly Providence which

"Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees."

Daylight comes—the deer have gone—we follow—to camp. The others have had no better luck. That afternoon the guide takes the "cowboy," who has hunted all over the West, who has killed antelopes at long range, mountain lions with small calibers, and "silver-tips" with small shot, to whom in fact this trip is only a side issue, to the "preserve." A .45-70 Winchester is planted on "watch rock" and behind that they watch and wait. Promptly at 6:30 a noble deer stands broadside at 40yds. Twice the battery on Gibraltar salutes, and then, having been sufficiently honored, the deer raises its flag in response and leaves—leaves also cover it from view.

The light was good—the sight was good—the nerve wasn't—buckfever!—the Scribe went after more rations. Fun ruled the camp. The deer heard and stood aloof. Distance lent enchantment. The Scribe returned, and still no deer. Much rain was against us. Much noise was in favor of the deer. The hunt was not productive of game. Hence this chronicle. However, other trips yielded both trout and venison—the home ranch was supplied. And yet he is but a poor sportsman whose reward consists mainly in well-filled bag or creel, and

"Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies."

JUVENAL.

Natural History.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

FORT SASKATCHEWAN, N. W. T., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The above is the name of the most northerly post of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. An old friend, Major Triesbach, is in command, and on visiting him today, I was permitted to read the report of Inspector Jarvis, who had been sent by the Canadian Government to the far North for purposes which will be found in his instructions. The portion, however, relating to game and fish will only be *apropos* in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, but which will show how alive the Canadian Government is to the preservation of game, even in what Eastern people imagine the inaccessible regions of the far North. He is instructed:

"You will get all possible information *re* the probable number of wood buffalo in the country, their location, and whether the act, *re* their preservation, is being strictly carried out. With this object in view, you will have to visit as many 'trading posts' as possible in the vicinity of the buffalo grounds. You will direct the attention of all traders and hunters you come across to the necessity of strictly obeying the game act, and you will explain to them the law on the subject. It is reported that beaver are decreasing rapidly, in a great measure owing to the indiscriminate killing of young and old. The number of skins of unborn musk-ox calves is rapidly increasing, and you will make full inquiries with a view to its prevention."

Inspector Jarvis left Fort Saskatchewan on Jan. 5, this year, with three dog trains of four dogs each, accompanied by Staff-Sergt. Hetherington, J. Tullion as guide and P. Lutit, Jr., as dog driver, for a long thousand-mile trip in the unsurveyed portion of the greater Northwest. This trip is interesting from the fact that it demonstrates that men can travel in the depth of winter over an area of country that many suppose to be as difficult as getting to the Klondyke via the Chilcoot Pass, and by the way, the route taken by Inspector Jarvis is the easy winter route to the Yukon gold fields, and, for that matter, the best and easiest summer route, too. Dawson City is only 1,370 miles from Edmonton, a town about twenty miles from Fort Saskatchewan. A railway is being built from Edmonton to Athabaska Landing, some ninety-six miles. When that is completed—and there is a good wagon road now—you can go in summer by water—all down stream—to the Yukon. The Government has sent out an expedition with a view of cutting a wagon road, so that this dreaded trip to the Yukon via mountain passes will in a short time have no terrors, for the reason that you need not take it, and in the very near future when you arrive at Edmonton you will see published: "Buy your tickets here by stage and rail route to the Klondyke!!!" or "This way for the steamer to the Klondyke!" And just let me say that if any readers of FOREST AND STREAM contemplate a trip that will afford good sport *en route*, and a grand possibility of their never going to the Yukon—for this reason—that the numerous streams on this route that flow into the Peace River from the rich Omenica country contain gold. Anyone who has $250 and a ticket to Edmonton can be outfitted at that point for a year for that amount, and if at the end of a year he does not return with the wealth of a Vanderbilt—yet this is among the possibilities—it is certain that he can make more money—if he will work—than he could in ten years in any Eastern portion of this continent. I am, however, rambling from my intention of telling your readers what Inspector Jarvis reported he saw and did when in the far North. That portion of his report concerning game reads:

Buffalo.

I have taken great pains in making as thorough inquiries as possible in connection with the buffalo, their habits, number and range. The range of a scattered band of about 300 is from Peace Point to Salt River, and from Salt River to within twenty miles of Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake. I met a Mr. Handbury, an English sportsman, who is on a hunting expedition. He had just returned from an unsuccessful buffalo hunt, but he saw fresh tracks and beds of about sixty buffalo. Mr. Handbury returns this year, but the fear of a $200 fine will hardly prevent his hunt. On Feb. 12 near the Great Slave River we found a poisoned coyote. We traced the tracks to the poisoned bait. We were also enabled to discover the party who had laid out the poison. At my first interview with the offender, John Trindle, he not knowing I was a police official, and mistook me for Mr. Warburton Pike, who had been hunting buffalo and musk-ox. He was much surprised on my return to find that I had laid information against him and would try him at Fort Smith. If it be the intention of the Government to protect these nearly (buffalo) extinct animals, it can only be done by placing officials on the spot. I have in the case of buffalo and other game impressed on all hunters and other interested persons the necessity of obeying the game act, and have left printed notices where practicable.

Bear.

I find that on the upper part of Peace River over 300 bears are killed annually for food, but being out of season their fur is of little or no value.

Beaver.

Beaver is decreasing all over the Northwest, but at Vermillion and Great Slave Lake this is said to be reversed, as the supply of skins is on the increase. I could find no truth in the report that kit beaver were sold at the same price as full grown ones, though hunters kill for food some young ones.

Water Fowl.

We camped at Lesser Slave Lake, which is well known from its excellent fishing and shooting. At the Hudson Bay post they kill for their employees every year at least 1,500 ducks, 500 geese, and 130,000 fish, which includes whitefish, lake trout, pike, pickerel, etc.

Musk-Ox.

Musk-ox range in the barren grounds north and east of the country I visited. They are quite numerous, but their range being so extensive it is impossible to estimate their numbers. Cows have been killed, and their skins, as well as the skins of their unborn offspring, sold at Fort McRae and along the Mackenzie at Providence, Good Hope and other places. The unborn fur being very handsome is in great demand, but the protection of musk-ox and other game in this district requires a resident guardian.

Inspector Jarvis gives besides an exhaustive report of the immense natural resources of the country. He tells of the different Indian tribes he visited: "Dogribs," "Slavies," "Salteauxs," "Caribou Eaters," "Chippeweyans," "Crees," "Yellow Knives," etc., and describes their peculiar habits. He mentions finding at a river near Fort Smith a fish, called there "l'incomme," resembling a large red salmon, but so strong in taste and smell and so oily that their dogs would not eat them, but the Chippeweyan Indians lived solely on this fish during the winter months. These Indians have no ambition and little knowledge of the outside world. As long as they have enough to fill themselves with they are happy. It was impossible to enter their houses in consequence of the stench caused by their eating the fish alluded to. They evidently like it, as moose and other game abound in the vicinity, which they hardly ever kill.

Fish.

He also gives an estimate of the quantity of fish put up for winter use, giving the different lakes they were taken from, the total being nearly 500,000.

Jarvis and his party got back to Fort Saskatchewan on April 15, after having traveled upward of 2,000 miles, and stopped and fined a number of people at different places for infringement of the laws of the country. This report dispels many illusions regarding this magnificent territory, so little known and understood, especially in the East. The illusion labored under is that it is a barren area, with about two months of spring, two months of fall and eight months of winter. I was in this district last May when vegetation and trees were in full leaf. I was also at Metaskewni on Oct. 4, this year, and saw children picking the second growth of wild strawberries on the prairies. Metaskewin is forty miles from Edmonton. There is no portion of the American continent—not excepting prolific Manitoba—that has bigger crops of wheat and other cereals than have been gathered this year in Edmonton district. I prognosticate that in a few years you will see this part of the world peopled with farmers, their market being the towns and cities that will spring up further north when its immense timber and mineral wealth begins to be developed. W. Cullen Bryant only anticipated time a few years, and had such a fertile country in his mind when he wrote:

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves,
Where yet shall roll a human sea.
The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet, and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form."

THOS. JOHNSON.

Snakes Oviparous and Ovoviviparous.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to refute a statement made by Jack Hildigo on page 283 of FOREST AND STREAM. He says: "Our non-venomous snakes are all oviparous," they is, they lay eggs, from which after a certain period the young emerge.

On the contrary, all of the many species of garter snakes (*Thamnophis*), the common water snakes (*Natrix*), and the small brown snakes (*Storeria*), are ovoviviparous, and bring forth living young, in the same manner as the venomous rattlesnake, copperhead and moccasin. That is, the young just before birth are covered merely with a delicate, slightly opaque membrane (not a tough, leathery skin), which is torn

open at the moment of oviposition, and the young are thus born alive, and not hatched from eggs.

I once had a large, common garter snake (*Thamnophis sirtalis*) in captivity, which in one night gave birth to twenty-seven active little baby snakes about 7½in. in length, colored and marked like their mother, only more brilliant. Another smaller individual produced thirteen snakelets at a birth. A water snake (*Natrix sipedon*) gave birth to thirty five young in one night, and a striped watersnake (*N. leberis*) became the happy mother of nine infant snakes.

The young of the blacksnake (*Bascanion constrictor*) hog-nosed snake, or spreading adder (*Heterodon*), and the king-snake and (so-called) milksnake (*Ophibolus*), are hatched from eggs. The eggs are laid in the ground or sand, or under heaps of dead and rotting leaves; and it requires days or weeks for them to hatch. The little snakes cut through the tough eggshell by means of an egg-tooth, which is afterward shed and lost.

As to snakes swallowing their young for protection, I have strong doubts. My late friend, Prof. Ed D. Cope, the keenest herpetologist of America, laughed at the idea, and said to me: "If the young snakes were swallowed by their mother they would be well protected, but would never see daylight again!" C. Few Seiss.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Georgia Bird Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In classifying and enumerating his list of birds of Georgia on legal protection, N. F. Willet, with the help of his ornithological friend, Dr. Truitland Cleckley, has listed the catbird, shrikes, fly-catchers, especially mentioning the kingbird, sap-suckers, owls and hawks as detrimental to the public good, and further states they should not be included in protective laws. Such birds as the catbird, shrikes, fly-catchers, sap-suckers, and some owls and hawks, should occupy their full share of protection in his list of birds, which he says should be protected through all the months of the year.

Through the careful examinations of our leading ornithologists, it has been demonstrated that the said birds are beneficial in relation to agriculture, and do more good than harm. The public good owe equal share in the protection of these, as well as other birds listed useful.

He states: "I should like to put in a good word in this list for the catbird, for his quiet, subdued songs are very sweet; but he is under the ban in more ways than one." Would not the words, "he ought to be under legal protection in more ways than one," sound more congenial and more to the credit of the catbird, for his credit we can hardly repay in the good he has honestly done and is doing.

He also says: "No one expects that a law could put a total stop to the killing of insectivorous birds." Would not some protective law do good in time, and could not the enthusiastic ornithologists of Georgia co-operate in forming a society, such as the Audubon Society, to work in harmony with the protective law, in the distribution of circulars and making appeals to them who know not the story of the birds.

Patience and good work with such would be rewarded in noticing the increasing number of insect birds, together with the decreasing number of noxious insects, as well as the total stop in the killing of insectivorous birds, while crops would yield much. Bird Student.

Squirrel Migration.

Charlottesville, Va., Oct. 7.—This item in regard to squirrels migrating was clipped from a late paper published at New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa., in southern Pennsylvania, and I thought it might be of some interest to your readers:

"Evidently the squirrels are migrating in large numbers. Where did they come from? They were scarce in this region last fall. Now they are seen almost any hour of the day along the public highways in many parts of this county. The nut and acorn crop is not plentiful, but they find the corn abundant, and are availing themselves of this means of subsistence. They are frequently found in the field, on the fences, about the barns and dwellings of our farmers, and seem to have lost much of their natural shyness. It is said that many have been drowned in attempting to swim the Susquehanna. Where are they going to? How do they know that food is plentier in other and distant woods? How are they mobilized, scattered as they were a few weeks ago? These are questions of interest to students of natural history."

J. H. F.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

There are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full-page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

NEBRASKA GAME INTERESTS.

Wymore, Neb., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have made a casual examination of the Nebraska game law passed by our Legislature last winter, and am of the opinion that Senator Gondring, who introduced the bill, was imposed upon by some one. The senator is a first-class lawyer and an honorable gentleman, but not a sportsman. The law has some of the ear marks of the market hunter. But if I am wrong in my first proposition I have no doubt that the law will be a dead letter, as all former laws on this subject have been, for the following reasons:

Take the subject of geese and ducks. The killing of geese and ducks is prohibited between the 1st day of May and the 1st day of September in each year. But the geese and ducks are not here between those dates, they come North early in March and do not come back until the middle of October. They have all passed on to the North before the 1st of May, and do not return until after the 1st day of September; so that this law is no protection to the ducks and geese while they are in Nebraska. I would suggest that we want a law that will prohibit the shooting of ducks and geese between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of October in each year. This would protect them in the spring, when they ought to be protected, and allow them to be killed in the fall when they are good for food.

There is another provision in regard to blinds, that provides, "And it shall also be unlawful for any person at any time of year to dig, build or construct any blind, hiding place or structure in the bed of any river, stream or lake with intent," etc. This is mere clap-trap. No person ever builds a blind in the bed of a river. They build them on sandbars and along the shore; and in a prosecution for a violation of this section the strict rules of the criminal procedure apply, and no person could be convicted under this section for digging a blind on a sandbar.

The chicken and quail law amounts to nothing. It provides a fine of $5 for each bird killed, but provides no adequate or systematic way of enforcing it. It is true that it makes it the duty of county attorneys, sheriffs, deputies and constables to enforce the law, but these are all elective officers. Any of these officers will serve a warrant, but they will not file complaints.

I would suggest that the only way that a game law can be enforced is to have a game warden for each county; and he must be appointed to the position.

Suppose we had this officer in each county and the law authorized him to have cards printed, and to furnish them to all the farmers, to post up on their farms, showing when the law did not permit the killing of game, and forbidding the killing of game on that farm. You have accomplished something; you have put the farmer in possession of a knowledge of the law; you have made him your ally; he wants to keep hunters off his farm. The farmer as a class are law-abiding and will help to enforce any good law. They would report any violation to the warden. The warden could then hunt up the evidence and prosecute the case, or the law might authorize the farmer to make arrests, and hunters would begin to have a little respect for him. He would not be "an old gray" in the eyes of the average pot-hunter, as he is now, but an officer of the law, and then the sportsman, when the open season came, could go out to the farmer and get his permission to hunt on his farm, and thus get his share of the game. Now it is all killed before the sportsman can go out, *i. e.*, before the open season.

The killing of prairie chickens began here on Sunday, the 11th day of July, this year. One hunter on that day found six coveys, and out of the largest of them killed six half-grown chickens. And the result was, that when the season opened on Sept. 1 there were no chickens left for the law-abiding sportsman to shoot.

The new law shortens the open season on quail to two months, viz., November and December; but no attention is paid to it, and it is in the months of January, February and March that the quail are killed. During the first half of the winter the cover is so high and dense that it protects the quail much better than the law. And the birds are generally found nearer the farmer's house, around the orchard and hedges, and he protects them. I believe we will never have adequate game protection in Nebraska until we post up the farmers and put them in position to enforce the law. And they, acting under the direction of an intelligent game warden, can do it.

Another bad feature of the new law is that it provides that "the corporate authorities of any county, city or village, within whose territorial jurisdiction such fine was recovered, and (when) collected shall pay to the complaining witness in such prosecution, out of the general fund of such county receiving such fine an amount equal to one-half of the fine actually collected," etc. Here we have that obnoxious feature of paid informers, which makes it almost impossible to convict for any violation of the law, and I believe that our courts would hold this section to be against public policy, unconstitutional and void. Besides, it gives city and village authorities the power to pay money out of the general fund of the county, which is certainly beyond the power of any Legislature. A. D. McCandless.

SPORTSMANSHIP MADE EASY.

Or the Cut and Dried of Good Manners Afield and Afloat.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In essaying a code of ethics for sportsmen, a free degree of candor is essential, independent of mincings, literary simpers, ornate aphorisms and wholesale laudations, to the end that I may have due credit conceded for my knowledge and philantrophy on the one hand, and on the other, that those who may be the beneficiaries will thereby have a code of ethics set before them in plain and simple directness, so that they may learn it as well as they may be able. I feel equal to the task, else I had never attempted it, though it is fitting, according to custom, to invite attention to one's own superlative modesty and coy unfitness for a literary venture, be the same great or small; but such remarks are never to be taken too seriously; if they are, they prove nothing against the author, though they do argue grave dullness in the reader. The fact that an author makes the plunge is proof of his own estimate of himself.

The sage rules which I unfold, amplifying and elucidating the etiquette of sportsmanship, are not addressed to the gentle reader; on the contrary, they are for the other fellow, whom we all so well know. We—you and I—have had our eye on him these many years. We have many times met him. We fully appreciate his crudeness and his selfishness, and we have a full knowledge of his methods. We will welcome any hints which will set him right as to his own deportment and consideration of the pleasure of others. Our fervid interest in his improvement has a live cause, since he has many times obstructed or spoiled our sport, disturbed our peace of mind, marred our temper or lessened our substance. What fellow more needs a strict code of etiquette than that dreadful other fellow? Nor need that other fellow take to himself any offense because this beneficent code is constructed for him. He should be glad that his misdoings are set before his nose, for anything which is offensive to the majority must necessarily evoke a law to restrict or abate it sooner or later. Moreover, in the meantime, the offender who has flaws in his etiquette will suffer more or less loss from them, though he may not be conscious of it. The sooner he corrects his ill traits, the sooner will his life's sphere widen, both in its material aspect and in the esteem bestowed on him by his friends, so that an erstwhile hog may evolve into a passable companion. Or the lack of consideration for others may be from inexperience.

When the subject has not been studied, or there is not the common sense to govern it, rules are very good substitutes within certain limits. Common sense being missing, a code of rules affords an intellectual trolley for the guidance of those through life whose common sense is absent, at the same time giving them the appearance of an intelligent exterior, if they but have the judgment to follow the code prepared for them. It is but a summation of compromises which are essential when one associates with his fellows.

Still, on the boundary line of what is mine and what is the other fellow's, there are innumerable opportunities for much marauding, for therein is a broad zone, an ethical no-man's-land, in which much is left to personal tact and sense of equity, since no rules can be framed to govern all circumstances and the peculiarities of the parties directly concerned. Much, then, depends on the nature of the occasion and the discretion which comes from a personal knowledge of the situation. Nevertheless, as the other fellow deals with the circumstances well or ill, so is his breeding or his nature determined. And yet we—who are not the other fellow—should be charitable and not censure him too severely for his shortcomings. Few of us gained our knowledge by intuition. Much of our knowledge came from the accident of opportunity. Much that we have yet to gain is absent because the opportunity to acquire it has not yet presented itself. Let us be charitable when it is so inexpensive.

General Principles.

As a general and permanent principle which is constant, the groundwork of the whole code is to look out for number one. Such is the colloquial manner of expressing a simple truth, which, when treated by the ethical scientist, is likely to be lost sight of in a fog of words. The code is in a manner a lubricant. In general it teaches us how to present an innocent and engaging front while our purposes are concealed, and yet progress well in the details.

Host and Guest.

As a general rule, a man becomes a guest because of the bond of friendship existing between invitor and invitee. However, there are other ways of securing an invitation. Invitations may be divided into three classes: The first comes voluntarily from the host; the second comes from a crafty manipulation of favoring circumstances by the would-be guest; the third is where one invites one's self.

Whether the invitation came unsought, or through engineering, or by force of arms, one should never for a moment forget that the host has no use for his home other than the pleasure and convenience of his guest; therefore, when the guest receives an invitation to come and stay and shoot, let him bring four or eight dogs; let them have the run of the house and jump in the beds with their muddy feet, and steam before the fire as they dry their wet coats, and let them fill the carpets with burrs, and let them steal into the pantry and kitchen to pilfer; also, it is no trouble for the servants to walk around them at every turn; and if the guest sees a single sign of annoyance, let him laugh in a far away manner and say, "Love me, love my dog." That jargon is supposed to cure all of good-fellowship ills and to put to shame any one who might dislike one's dogs, though it is possible that many times, if the truth were told when both dogs and man were a nuisance, the sufferer from their annoyances does not love either.

One should take special care, when he is a guest enjoying the privileges of shooting, that he under no circumstances takes any dog biscuits along for his dogs or any food at all. He should leave that requisite entirely for the host to provide. It shows a still more touching confidence if the guest arrives without any ammunition. Let him leave guns and gun implements scattered about the house as best suits his convenience. Give the miss-fires to the children to play with. Kick the home dog if he gets in the way or shows too much assurance, though it is best performed when the host or the children are out of sight.

Etiquette of the Field.

In now advising on etiquette, I recommend that the sportsman blow and boast of the superior excellence of his dog. No matter how important other matters may be, always let the excellence of his dog be the dominant topic. Keep up the theme of the dog's excellence about ninety days and then when he can talk no more, let him write a few dozen letters on the same topic. If he is a sensible man he will talk on any other subject with a great deal of tact; at least when the subject is threshed out he will dismiss it, take up a new one; that is, any subject but his dog. On that he is an uncompromising and interminable bore. Sometimes his affection for his dog is genuine; there are times when his affection gleams out of one corner of his eye while a hungry look for dollars gleams from the other.

Game Preservation.

The sportsman sometimes seems to think that the true solution of game preservation is his own personal opinions on the matter, and that the whole situation was created to fit such opinions. Often when at home surrounded by his friends he is an ardent game protector, and theoretically a scourge of all law-breakers—alone in the woods with a gun in his hand he is another fellow. By some fatuity, however, his ideas of game protection are such that if they were enforced he would get the most out of them and others the least. He preaches moderation when he promulgates his doctrine in the close season; when in the woods or fields for game the amount that he kills is measured only by his skill and opportunities. Still there are a noble few who are sincere and unselfish in their efforts to protect the game. Hence there are two classes, those who wish to preserve the game in the interest of all concerned, and those who wish to preserve it with a view to their own personal profit. There are those who believe that spring shooting is wrong, in words, shockingly wrong, yet in deed they will go forth in the springtime and shoot just the same as do the ones who do not think it wrong to do so; the former preaches as he doesn't practice, the latter practice and don't preach, so that in the summing up both do exactly alike. The fellow who shoots in the spring because he thinks it right to do so can never be convinced of his error by the others who in practice do as he does, and whose ideas of what is right are expressed in a frazzle of words which, though seeming to have a meaning, have none in fact.

Nothing is cheaper to maintain than a high moral principle, which one strenuously maintains with words while demanding that others furnish the necessary deeds. One maintains that it is wrong to shoot in the springtime, and yet he goes forth on occasion and shoots in the springtime. I have been told that the proper way to maintain right is for one to do right, so that he will be an exemplar in himself, give vitality to the cause which he espouses, and put courage in the hearts of those who need moral support to remain steadfast to it. In time, enough would rally around the banner of right to make a power which would make the right prevail.

"But," says the pro-con spring-shooter (against spring shooting in theory, and for it in practice). "if I do not shoo in the spring I will not get my share." You are right, Mr

Spring-shooter. You are justified in doing wrong rather than suffer any loss or deprivation. You don't own any share. No one does. When you shoot ducks you own what you have reduced to possession, nothing more. There is no fixed and determinate ownership in a share, as you fallaciously set it forth to cover your wrong-doing, but it serves as a colorable pretext for you to do wrong and justify it. Of course, there is a certain ratio of moral cowardice in doing a thing you know to be wrong, and then justifying it by showing that some one else does the same thing. Of course, you could justify any wrong-doing on the same line of argument, if there was no statute law or strong public opinion to hold you in check. Nevertheless, the public does not know all this, so you can pose both as an evangelist and a sinner, the latter being so informal and so well-explained that it doesn't count.

As to the Gun and Dog.

Borrow your friend's gun; borrow his dog—when you can. I am now communicating direct with you. Your friend may refuse you—what matter? He may be pained to let either gun or dog go, since they are costly, have required his daily care to keep in order, and have dear associations. Above all, either one is easily injured. So dear do they become that they seem to be degraded if they pass into the hands of anyone who does not prize them as highly, care for them as tenderly, and use them as skillfully as they deserve. But the gun and dog being borrowed, feel free to retrain the dog as you think he should be trained. Thrash him when you feel out of sorts, or when you miss a bird. Try some new loads in the gun, and do not be a bit squeamish about overloading it. If it is strained the loss falls upon your friend, the lender. Return gun and dog with the information that they are no good, and that you hope your friend will have better ones to lend next time.

As to the Fishrod, Flies, etc.

It is always much less trouble to borrow than to buy. Also, it is cheaper. Rods and flies, etc., cost more money when one buys them one's self than when the lender buys them. Borrow fishing tackle on the same general principle governing the like matter concerning the dog and gun, and if you break a tip or strain a joint either conceal it as much as possible or aver that it was so when you got it. Under no circumstances part with any money, nor even admit that you have had much of a favor conferred.

As to Camping.

When you are invited to share the pleasures of your friends' camping trip, set forth with the belief that all the conditions of camp life are to be the same as in your home life, with the one exception that there is a change of scene. All the drudgery of the camp is to be done by the host, for instance. One of the chief pleasures of camp life is that it tests a man's manhood and brings to him some of the prowess of his savage ancestors, whose stamina was as the hardy endurance of the oak, whose speed was as that of the antelope, and whose bravery and fearlessness were as those of the lion. Then there is the contrast of the plainness and personal hard work to enhance the return to home and the comforts of it by the contrast. Ah! but who wants to work in camp? The others, of course. Therefore, shirk the building of fires, carrying of water, the cleaning of fish, the washing of dishes, the cooking of dinners. Leave it all to the host or his friends. Were you invited indeed to be a guest that you might work? You have performed quite fully your part by consenting to be present. And if you are out of sorts, you are privileged to grumble and complain and object and make the others heartily wish that you were in Jericho. If the weather is bad, or the fish don't bite, or the mosquitoes are biting, make your companions know that you are peevish and sulky, and that you hold each one to blame and each one responsible for your ill success and your disappointment. You may have noticed that the next year after your trip you had no invitation to go camping, but of course that had no significance.

As to Deportment Afield and Afloat.

When you are fishing and shooting, there is no better time than then to hold a conversation. When your friend is fishing or shooting, he is so entirely unoccupied that it is quite a relief to him to listen to twaddle or silly stories, and it is well worth his while to take his dog and gun, buy a railroad ticket, ride on a long journey, all to give a little attention to sport and a lot to listening.

I used to wonder much at the taciturnity of the old hunters as I read of them when I was a boy, but I now better understand it. I do not think that they were truly disinclined to talk on meeting a tenderfoot, but rather that they feared to make a beginning lest the beginning should never have an ending.

All shooters know that the human voice frightens wild game, causing it to take flight quickly and spoiling the opportunity to canture, as all fishermen similarly know that it has the same effect on game fishes.

Always keep your gun loaded when you cross a fence, when you are riding in a wagon and when you are in camp. When you then fall over the fence the cartridge may not be entirely wasted when the gun is discharged. Still better success may await you if you fall into or out of the wagon, or if you drop your gun, or if the horses should run away. Your chances then to kill a dog, a horse or a man are infinitely better.

Take every shot that you possibly can, whether it is yours or not If any one should object, immediately grow quarrelsome. Your companion will hardly care to carry the matter further.

If fishing in a boat, throw your line over into your friend's water. If he has a strike, be prompt to cast where you saw it. Do not hesitate to cross your line over that of your friend. Flounder around in the boat every two minutes. The best time to do this is when your friend is extended in making a cast. When the anchor has been thrown over and just touched bottom, proclaim that you see a much better place and insist on pulling up the anchor again. Do this about twelve times an hour. This is a very pretty and delectable way to fish and it puts a charming variety into the sport. Throw the anchor over with a thundering splash. When you heave the anchor, heave it a long way. When you raise it, slam it into the boat. All these help to catch fish and make sport.

When carrying your gun, always carry it on your shoulder pointing at anyone following behind; or carry it resting on your arm, muzzle pointing forward at any one who may be in the lead.

If your companion is polite and requests you to take the shot, take it. Never consider whether you took the last one or the two last. Some sportsmen will not take any more than they are justly entitled to and will let the shot go rather than to be a hog by courtesy. But that is not right. Let your eyes gleam and take the shot, even if you are ashamed of it the next moment. The rules which apply so well to people we know, apply most fittingly to us as they see us.

The same rules which require that each one should be gentle and considerate to others in the ordinary conditions of life, and require that each one should shoulder his share of the burdens cheerfully and do his share well, are equally applicable to all alike in sport on field or stream, or in the limits of the camp. There are no special rules for deportment in an outing which differ from the rules governing the deportment of gentlemen and ladies at all other times. The details of an outing may differ from the details of home life, but the difference is one of surroundings—the people remain the same.

There is this to add: that many people, through the favoring conditions of home life, succeed admirably in concealing their real nature, and by fixed and long-continued habit under certain fixed conditions they become known as having a certain fixed character. They are simply habituated to do certain things under certain circumstances. A life in a groove is not all of life. A while in camp brings out a man's true character, and his every-day life, by such test, is often proved to be fictitious. ALCIBIADES DRYNOODLE.

THE JACKSON HOLE ELK.

DENVER, Col., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After reading your editorial criticism on what you allege to be in my letter to Mr. Adams, and after reading the letter itself again, I think there is nothing in it I ought to take back or even modify. I think most fair-minded people will look at it in about the same way. You do not criticise what I really said, for the most part, as much as what you assume that I said. If you wish to set up a man of straw, label him with my name, and do battle with him, it is no more than is often done by disputants who have a weak case. I do not wish to be harsh, but I object to being criticised for saying palpably absurd things which I did not say.

If the facts were that these elk would have starved to death if Mr. Adams had not fed them, it seems to me the authorities of Wyoming did the sensible and right thing in refusing to prosecute the man who saved their lives, and afterward kept some of them as a partial return for his outlay in preserving all of them from destruction, even in so doing he committed a technical violation of the letter of the law. You have no right to say that, in taking this position, we ally ourselves with those who seek to palliate the murder of game wardens, or any others whose attitude tends to the disregard of law. On the contrary, we are favoring such a reasonable and fair enforcement of the law, in cases where its literal and rigorous enforcement would work injustice, as tends to create and maintain respect for it and confidence in its beneficence, which in turn will surely create law-abiding sentiment and conduct just as certainly as a contrary course will produce a contrary result. Human laws are all makeshifts, the best we can do under the circumstances, sweeping in their terms, because in framing them few exceptions can be explicitly made. Their object is to prevent the wrong and conserve the right, and they are made as far as possible to fit the largest number of cases. Only in laws of such supreme importance as those which relate to the taking of human life, is an attempt made by legislators to provide explicitly for such considerations as intent, provocation, mitigation, etc., whereby we have such legal distinctions as differentiate the degrees of murder and manslaughter. But these same considerations exist in all cases where law has been violated, and since the Legislature has not provided for their recognition, it is not only the right of officers of the law in whose hands its enforcement is placed, but it is their duty, to take notice of them to the end that justice be done, which is the end of law. There is not a sheriff, a district-attorney, a grand jury, a judge, or any other officer who does not habitually and necessarily conform to this unwritten rule. If he did not, he would not be fit to hold his office, or any other office, because he would be lacking in good sense.

Now, if Mr. Adams' claim is true, this is exactly a case in point. If he had not fed them they would all have died, and could never have themselves furnished a target for the sportsman or helped to perpetuate their kind. If he had converted them all to his own use the game supply of Wyoming would not have suffered at all, and that number of animals would have been utilized instead of going to wanton destruction. As a matter of fact he kept only a part, and the rest went back to their forests to replenish the stock of game. From the standpoint of anyone who believes that the game laws should be so enfored as to secure their greatest benefit, and not, by a foolish and slavish conformity to the letter of the law, to defeat their object in whole or in part, ought Mr. Adams to be prosecuted or commended?

This leaves out altogether the question of humanity, the absolute right of dumb animals to food on their own account, and the duty of mankind to supply it when possible. This right is recognized by the law as superior to the right of property in them held by human beings. The only higher right is that of human necessity. It is idle quibbling to say that this recognition was not intended to apply to wild animals, for if it was not so intended it ought to have been. Moreover, you do not and cannot know whether it was so intended or not; if it was not so intended, it is equally true of any law that not all the variations of its application can possibly be in the mind of the legislator; and since it is the animal's rights which are in question, ownership, wild or domestic condition, or any other incidental circumstance has nothing to do with the case and is excluded by the language of the law. Do you mean to say that a deer which comes to my stacks in a starving condition has no absolute right to be fed, if I can do it, while a hog, for instance, has?

But to return to this question of humanity Under this principle it was necessary for these elk to be in danger of actual starvation, as it is claimed they were, to justify Mr. Adams in feeding them and afterwards recompensing himself from them. If they were suffering for want of food and not in actual peril of death, it was his duty to supply their necessities if he could; having done so he had a moral right, if not a legal one, to their control until he was paid. The law which, for prudence sake, restricts the legal exercise of this right to officers of the Humane Society, does not change the principle at all, or the duty of officers to recognize it in the administration of other laws on which it has a bearing. When persons not specifically authorized, but in good faith and actuated by the same motives as the law presupposes in the case of officers of the Humane Society, relieve the distress of suffering dumb creatures, it is a matter which officers not only may, but ought to, consider when action is urged or contemplated.

You may say such doctrine is subversive of law and order. Is the doctrine any more subversive than the practice which, as I have already said, prevails everywhere? If your contention were true, it would seem to me that the law and order which common sense and humanity are subversive of cannot be subverted too soon. As a matter of fact, it is directly in the interest of law and order, as has been already said, that such considerations are urged. Improperly applied or carried too far, they would, undoubtedly, be mischievous. So would almost any other principle of human conduct. There is no greater bugaboo than your "logical conclusion." Nobody ever carries anything to its "logical conclusion" except for the sake of argument.

It remains only to be said that every case must be judged by itself; so should this. If the fact appeared to be that the claim of starvation was only a pretext or subterfuge, then what is here said does not apply to this case. If you had taken that position alone I should have no chance to argue with you; but, except by implication and incidentally, you do not allege that in criticising my letter.

It is a foolhardy thing to engage in a controvery with an editor. It is all right for us of the FOREST AND STREAM family to squabble among ourselves, but to beard the Editor, that is rashness indeed. However, as far as these columns are concerned, you began it. I do not think your editorial was nearly as fair as it should have been; and the tone of contemptuous sarcasm which pervades it might well be absent from a discussion in which both sides are supposed to be seeking only the truth. E. K. WHITEHEAD,
Sec. Colorado Humane Society.

DOWN IN MAINE.

BOSTON, Oct. 16.—The hunting season is progressing finely, with most remarkable weather for October. Parties that have been in the Maine woods for two weeks report fine weather every day; warm and not a touch of rain. The leaves are falling rapidly, and begin to trouble the big-game hunters with their noise and rustling. For a few days still-hunting will be difficult. Mr. N. G. Manson is out from Camp Leatherstocking, Richardson Lake, with his two deer. He went into camp late in September with a party of four—his brother, Mr. Drew and Mr. Howlett. Mr. Manson is the only hunter of the party. He quietly told the others that they would have a deer on the 1st of October, the legal opening day. They were inclined to chaff a little, but recommended that he do so. "Oh, yes, get a deer, by all means; we shall need it for steak." On the evening of Sept. 30 Mr. Manson casually remarked to Oscar, the guide, that they would be up early and get that deer. Still the others were inclined to doubt him a little; did not believe that a deer was to be had without hard hunting. Daylight saw the hunters off, while the others were snoring. As good luck would have it, the morning was still and frosty. They went quietly up the Richardson Pond trail. "Sh.," from Oscar, as he pointed ahead. There was a handsome yearling doe. Mr. Manson is an excellent shot. One crack and beautiful creature was down; shot squarely through the shoulders. They dressed the meat as quickly as possible and tugged it back to camp. The other hunters were just out of bed. They could not believe that a deer had been secured so early, but finally allowed that they heard the shot, though believing it to be sheer bluff. Mr. Manson's second deer, a handsome buck, was obtained about as easily. With Oscar he wended his way up an old lumber trail for a mile or so. Sitting down on a log they watched awhile. Something moving was discerned about 40yds. away. It proved to be a pair of ears and antlers. The deer was feeding, with his head in the underbrush. He turned slightly and gave an excellent chance for a side shot, at which he fell dead in his tracks. Mr. J. Parker Whitney, with Mrs. Whitney, is in camp, and enjoying the hunting on the same lake as Mr. Manson. He is to remain for some time; it being his first trip to camp this season.

Mr. G. C. Tyler is out of the Maine woods, with a buck deer to his score. With his son, of nineteen years, and a friend or two, he hunted at Long Pond, near Jackman, on the Canadian Pacific. The point is reached from Long Pond station and an easy tramp through the woods. The young man was full of enthusiasm to get his first deer. The guides did their best for him, giving him one or two snap shots, neither of which was effectual. The party saw a great many deer, but shooting on the bound is difficult.

A party of Watertown, Mass., hunters came out of the Maine woods on Thursday. Messrs. Otis, Evans, Philbrook and ex-Senator Niles made up the party. They hunted in Holeb township, northern Somerset county. The deer they found abundant and they brought back seven as trophies. They are satisfied; and well they may be.

A great many deer are actually coming toward civilization over the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, notwithstanding the exaggeration of the facts put out by reports from those anxious to boom the railways. From reliable sources it seems that up to Oct. 12, 254 deer had been shipped over that road alone, with four caribou and three bears.

The Massachusetts open season on quail began Oct. 15. The weather was almost too hot, but the hunters were out in full force in many sections. It is almost too early for returns from them, but it is certain that in some sections quail are more abundant than usual. I have it from good authority that there are more quail in Essex county this season than ever before. Georgetown and Byfield are especially having a good many coveys of quail. But the local gunners are capable of taking care of about the whole of them, and they were out in full force Friday and Saturday. I saw a game warden yesterday from Plymouth county, and he says that quail are very plenty this year.

Partridges in Maine are reported to be most remarkably scarce. The deer hunters returned say that they have never seen so few. One party hunting deer in the vicinity of Richardson Lake saw but two partridges, though in the woods every day for two weeks. A year ago two or three a day was nothing unusual, hunting over the same ground. The extremely cold and rainy spring is believed to have destroyed the eggs and young birds. SPECIAL.

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REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.—II.

(*Continued from page 307.*)

One of my companions was presented with a rifle, long and unwieldly, but, as he said, an awful one to shoot. He was very proud of it and came over to show it to me, and proposed going out the next day, promising that he would not kill any game without my permission. The next morning he was on hand bright and early, and with Milo we started for the woods after squirrels or anything else that might show up. My companion was in the best of spirits, and boasted of the feats that he would perform in the way of knocking eyes out of squirrels, taking heads off of grouse, etc., until he had worked himself up to quite a state. The first game we flushed was a bluejay, and as she alighted on a limb some 50yds. away and presented a fair mark, I advised him to give her a try. Resting the rifle across a limb he took a long and deliberate aim and let go. The bird darted away uttering discordant squalls. When Joe turned to me with wide-open eyes exclaiming: "That beats all, did you hear that bird swear at Uncle Cale for giving me that gun?" "Yes, she certainly said Caleb, and her remarks sounded very much like swearing. You must have come very near her." "Yes; if she had not dodged just as I pulled I should have taken her head clean off." I did not gainsay this, as I was afraid that it might hurt his feelings if I told him that I had seen a twig fall at least 3ft. above the bird, and heard the thud of the ball as it struck a large tree some 4 or 5ft. to the left of the line. As this tree was in the direction in which we were going, I stopped near it to look for the mark of the ball, when greatly to our surprise we found a gray squirrel at its foot with a bullet hole squarely through the middle of its body and with the blood still trickling from the wound, so that there could be no question as to the manner of its death. Picking it up, I accused him of deliberately trying to deceive me by telling me that he was shooting at the jay when all the time he was drawing a bead on the squirrel, and then I soundly berated him for spoiling so much meat by shooting it through the loin, instead of knocking out the eye he had talked so much about. I said so much and in so serious a manner that he more than half believed that I was right, and when we got home he was completely converted, for he drew a bead on the squirrel at ten rods and killed him first fire and would have shot him through the head, but in the excitement he forgot to allow for the drop of the ball.

One day my companion shot a squirrel that lodged in the fork of the tree, nearly 50ft. from the ground. Although the tree was a very hard one to climb, he somehow shinned up it, and reaching the squirrel, was upon the point of dropping it to the ground when an inspiration seized him, and he took out his knife, and cutting off the tail, whittled a peg from a twig and pinned the tail fast in the fork, leaving 3 or 4in. of it in sight, and so natural did it look that I bade him hurry down for fear that I should give it a shot, and he might get hit. When we were some two miles from the place and nearly home, my companion discovered that he had lost his knife, and he remembered that he had stuck it in the tree when fixing that tail, and had forgotten to remove it when he came down, so we decided to go that way in a day or two and secure it, but it was nearly a week before we went.

When we arrived at the tree we noticed that the tail looked a little the worse for wear, and that there were quite a number of spots near it where the bark had been knocked off, which showed us that the joke had been a success. My companion went up the tree for his knife, but he did not find it, neither could we find it on the ground, so we came to the conclusion that some one in shooting at the tail had knocked the knife down and carried it off. But this was not the case, as I learned several weeks later.

It appeared that two hunters were in the vicinity when their dog ran a squirrel up this tree, and as they came up on the opposite side they did not see the tail, but one of them saw the squirrel and blazed away at it, knocking it off the limb; but, unseen by them, it caught on again, and slowly crawled almost to the top of the tree. In looking for him they discovered the tail, and thinking it to be their game lodged in the fork they gave it several shots; but as they could not dislodge it, one of them climbed up after it, and when he got there he found the knife, which he kept, and he also saw through the joke. But the worst of it was that this had happened just before we came upon the scene, and they had gone only a short distance when they saw us approaching the tree. They dodged behind a clump of brush to see us shoot at that tail; but when these heartless wretches saw what we were up to, instead of coming out and giving up the knife, they just lay there and watched the performance, and stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths so that we should not hear their ill-timed laughter. We never knew who they were, nor did anyone know who lost the knife; but we heard the tale and laughed at it with the rest, and the whole crowd, including ourselves, agreed that it was a first-class joke.

Once when hunting in this vicinity Milo called us to a tree, and as I saw the squirrel I pointed it out to my companion and bade him shoot it. Resting his gun against a tree, he took a good long aim and fired; but his nerves were not just right, as this was his first squirrel, and, as I expected, he missed him. But there was another one some 20ft. beyond this one, and the report of the gun, or perhaps the shot rattling around him, startled him, and he made a jump for another limb, and missing it, came tumbling down; but he never reached the ground, as Milo made a practice of catching every one that was shot over him, and this one shared the fate of many a brother that had gone before. I tried my best to convince my companion that he had killed his squirrel, but he grinned and shook his head. Then with a furtive glance into the tree, where he could see the one he had shot at still curled up in the fork of the limb, he continued to load his gun, and when all was ready tried again, and succeeded in bringing it down. "There," said he, "I've got him; but I made a bad miss the first time, and you can't load a fool squirrel that commits suicide on to me, for I know that I didn't touch him." I have always honored my companion for his behavior on this occasion, and I never see any one claim a shot that does not belong to him without thinking that he would feel much better, as well as retain the respect of his companions, would he but emulate the behavior of my friend!

I may as well take this opportunity to tell of a squirrel scrape that bothered me not a little at the time, and has always sat heavy on my conscience. I had quite a reputation as a squirrel hunter, and Milo and I had frequent invitations to go out after them with someone who loved the sport. One evening a stranger from the city came to my house and asked me to go with him the next day, and I promised to do so. The next morning we were in the woods before sunrise and had gone but a short distance when I saw a squirrel running on a limb. I blazed away at him and killed him, and was greatly surprised to see my companion throw up his gun and shoot after the squirrel had fallen at least 4ft., and was still more surprised to hear him claim the shot; but this was not all. Looking me squarely in the face with a patronizing smile, he said that, as I was a boy, of course I would naturally feel that I had also hit the squirrel, and in order that I should be perfectly satisfied we would flip a cent to see who should have it. This was entirely new to me. I had never witnessed quite so barefaced a transaction as the shooting and subsequent claim, and was at first dumbfounded; but by the time that he had finished his very fair proposition, astonishment had given way to amusement and I began to enjoy the situation, and readily agreed to the proposed arbitration.

The dispute as to who should have the game was also entirely new to me, as heretofore the only quarrels on this score that I had ever had were when I tried to make my companion take more than he thought was his proper share; in fact, squirrels were a drug with me—that is to say, dead ones were, and I could not comprehend why a man should demean himself in such a manner when he could have had for the asking the entire proceeds of the day's hunt, or he could have gone to the market and bought all the stock on hand for five cents a piece. These thoughts flashed through my mind, and then an inspiration seized me. I had for some time been possessed of one of the old-fashioned cents then in use that had a head on both sides. This I had occasionally used to beat the boys, but I am now pleased to know I never had recourse to this unless I thought the conduct of my antagonist justified the use of the double-header. As this was most emphatically a flagrant case of this nature, when he took a cent from his pocket I was ready for him, and as was the usual method in such cases, each flipped his cent in the air with heads to win. Of course I won, and I could plainly see he did not like it for a cent, but I put the game in my pocket, and we moved on.

Meantime I had been thinking it over, and I began to get mad, and just as Milo opened on one that he had treed an inspiration seized me. Now when this happens I am powerless except to obey the promptings of the inspiration, so you see that I am entirely blameless, let what will happen. Well, the genii that had me in their toils bade me pay this man off in his own coin, and as I had of my own free will wrung in a cold cent on him, I thought that if such things were sinful perhaps the whole business would go on record as only one item, and the chances were that the aforesaid genii would catch it instead of me, so I gave in without further struggle.

When we came to the tree where Milo was barking, instead of looking for the squirrel, I kept my eye on my companion, and when he raised his gun I brought mine into position, pointing it as nearly as I could guess in the same direction and blazed away as soon as he did, and then I claimed the shot. I could see that he was both surprised and disgusted, but the spell I was under rendered me callous to this. He again proposed an appeal to the Goddess of Liberty to arbitrate between us, and she was soon spinning in the air, and, it is perhaps needless to say, coming down right side up for me every time.

This performance was repeated, with slight variations, until I had five tails hanging out of my pockets, while he had not the ghost of a hair to show. He then said that he disliked hunting with a dog, and that he would try still-hunting; then he turned and soon disappeared, and I have never seen him since. Soon after he left me the "power" departed from me and I was in my normal condition, and found myself deeply regretting the whole business. Not that I was sorry for him or gave a thought to his feelings; his punishment was all right, but I grieved and still regret that his conduct should have inspired the aforesaid genii to force me to do such unsportsmanlike deeds.

There was one squirrel that knew more than I did, at least he always came out ahead when we met, and after this had happened several times I began to get interested, and resolved that I would have that tail if he ever showed up again. He lived at the corner of some heavy timber where there were hollow trees, one of which he would make before I could draw a bead on him.

I had for a companion one day a young fellow fully my equal in nearly all that pertains to the science of squirrel hunting, and on a few points he was ahead of me; but as squirrels were plentiful and we had quite a diversified experience, I flattered myself when our day was ended that I knew as much about the art as he did. There was one wrinkle that he showed me that I took to at once. Milo barked at a butternut tree, and just as we came up we saw a tail disappear in a hole in the tree some 15ft. from the ground. My companion said never a word, but leaning his gun against a tree took out his knife and, cutting a sapling the proper length, took from his pocket about a foot of fuse, such as is used when blasting rock, and tied it fast to the tip, then touching a match to it he stuck it in the hole, telling me to "give it to him" when he came out. Sure enough, in about five seconds he came out with a rush, and as he was getting away from there as fast he could scramble I "gave it to him" and brought him down. Of course, I did not let my companion know that this was my first experience with this method of operation, but at the same time I was deeply interested, and at once saw that my big corkscrew that was used to draw the game from the hollow trees could now take a rest, for here was something that would do the job much better, and I determined to test the new device upon the veteran previously mentioned, that had escaped me so many times by taking refuge where I could not reach him with the corkscrew.

The next morning I invested in a couple yards of fuse, and started out to interview the veteran in his home at the corner of the wood lot. Milo was soon calling to me, and as I hastened to him, I caught a glimpse of the old fellow as he whipped into a hole in the tree some 30ft. from the ground. Now, I had decided to take this squirrel alive, and carry him home to occupy a cage that had been vacant for some time; and for the purpose of capture and transportation, I had made and brought with me a stout bag about 2ft. long by 1ft. in width, with a puckering string at the open end to make all secure when I had bagged my game. I took this and the fuse and shinned up the tree until I came to the hole, when I cut off a piece of fuse, and lighting it, dropped it into the hole, for I had been there before, and knew that the hole went down instead of up; then, placing the open end of the bag over the hole, as calmly as I could I awaited events. I had not long to wait. There was soon a scratching down in the hollow, which rapidly came my way, then a struggle in the bag, a quick drawing of the strings and my captive was safe, and I put him in my pocket and began to descend the tree; but I had not gone 4ft. before there was more scratching and scrambling in the hole, and as I glanced up I saw the big old fellow that I thought was so safe in my pocket come out of that hole with a rush, and almost flying up to the top, he took a desperate leap for another tree and ran along the limb, and disappeared in the hole that was just above where the limb joined the tree. This was discouraging, and as I descended to the ground I felt anything but pleased at the result; but I soon braced up and resolved that I would have him, regardless of time, trouble or fuse; so I started for the tree with renewed hopes and courage, and was soon astride the limb just under the hole. As this one ran up instead of down, I had brought with me a long slender twig to which I tied a piece of fuse, and setting fire to it I ran it up as far as I could, then placing the bag in position I again calmly awaited events and listened for the scratching and scrambling of my victim. But not a sound did I hear except the sputtering and hissing of the fuse. I was getting impatient, when suddenly the bag was twitched from my grasp with a jerk and went sailing to the ground with the prospective tenant of my empty cage enveloped in its folds. No sooner did they strike the ground than the old fellow cleared himself from the bag, and springing up a nearby tree with a derisive wave of his tail he disappeared around the trunk, and I never saw him again; for he shook the dust of his long-time home from his feet and took his departure for more congenial quarters. Let us draw the curtain here, as I had nothing to say that would interest or edify the reader.

Shadow.

[To be continued.]

NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

Nearly all the American sportsmen who have been seeking the moose and caribou in New Brunswick this fall, and of whom any information has been received, have been very successful.

E F. Coburn and Dr. George B. Elliott, of Lawrence, Mass., who have been hunting on the upper waters of Little River, with W. H. Allen and Ed. Church, of Shirley, Maine, as guides, brought out two fine moose last week. One head measured 52in., the other 46. Mr. Allen has concluded to hunt altogether in New Brunswick henceforth. He is certainly a very reliable, energetic guide, whom I can recommend without reserve.

Mr. Allen seems also to be endowed with more than the ordinary amount of that mysterious quality known as luck. While on his way back to Little River last Monday, for the purpose of bringing out some moose meat which had been left behind, he came upon a large bull moose at Rideout Lake, only four miles from Mount Hope settlement. Mr. Allen succeeded in bringing down the moose and taking the entire carcass to St. John. The head of this moose measured 50in.

Messrs. W. F. Fowle and Gordon Parker, of Boston, who have been hunting in the region of the Crooked Deadwater with the veteran guide, Henry Braithwaite, emerged from the primeval last Wednesday. They shot three moose, one of them having a 55in. spread of antlers. Bronson Rumsey and George Blestein, of Buffalo, met Henry at Boiestown on the 8th, and have gone into the wilds for a trip of five weeks. The well-known hunter and trapper Jim Logan, is also with the party.

Mr. George F. Durgin, of Concord, N. H., had excellent luck on the Nepisiguit. He shot a moose, a bear and three caribou, besides missing a very large moose which came up in the darkness. Mr. Durgin says that there is no doubt about the Provinces being the coming place for good sport. The heads are being mounted by Mr. Crosby, of Bangor.

All the American hunters who have tried the Restigouche this fall speak very highly of the country. I have not received any details, further than that, Mr. G. A. Worth got a fine caribou, Mr. Rosengarten a moose, and General Hill two of the largest moose heads ever taken in that region. Most, if not all, of these heads were also shipped to Bangor.

Mr. Crosby writes me as follows: "I hear from the Tobique that a head spreading 69in. has been killed, and that it is coming to us. I believe the owners are Messrs. Bryant & Decatur, of Boston. Will give you exact measurements when I see the head. I am glad to say that at last everything in the shipping line has been fixed O. K., and we are receiving heads from the Provinces on every express. Many of my friends are having the best sport of their lives there. As I recommended them to New Brunswick, I am much pleased to have them so successful. If New Brunswick continues her policy, she will enrich herself many thousands of dollars annually from American sportsmen. I think your laws are framed about right."

Alonzo Davis, of McAdam Junction, invested in a new Winchester the other day. On the following day he surprised two bears in a beech tree and bagged them both.

While on a three days' partridge hunt at Bear Brook last week, your correspondent, finding signs of moose quite numerous, "called" one evening at Burpee Lake, with the result of bringing up a very large moose, but though the animal remained for nearly an hour grunting and prowling around us within easy shooting range, he refused to be coaxed out of the alder thicket in which he was concealed, and is still roaming the forest wilds. Such is life.

A letter has been received from Mr. John Bodkin, of Fredericton, who is hunting on the Nepisiguit, stating that on the afternoon of the 8th he shot a monster moose with a spread of horns of 66in. If this measurement is correct (and Mr. Bodkin is a gentleman whose statements can be fully relied upon), the record heretofore existing for Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia has been surpassed by at least 3in. Mr. Bodkin has the additional satisfaction of having called up this moose himself. Mr. B uses for moose hunting a double-barreled "composite" gun, such as are now made by several of the leading English manufacturers. It is a shotgun to all intents and purposes, but is rifled at the

muzzle for a distance of about 2in. It throws a heavy conical ball with accuracy up to a range of about 150yds., and, having 5drs. of powder behind the bullet, is a most formidable weapon for big game. Mr. Bodkin states that when he fired at the big moose the animal at once charged him, but was brought down with the second barrel. As soon as the head arrives in Fredericton the full particulars of measurement will be sent to FOREST AND STREAM. A pair of moose antlers passed through Venceboro the other day measuring 62½in. They came from the Restigouche region, but I could not learn the name of the owner.

Your correspondent had the pleasure to-day of gazing on the profile of the moose that fooled him at Burpee Lake last week. When coming out of the woods, I told Harry Allen of my experience with the animal. Mr. Allen and his hunting partner, Ed Church, promptly repaired to the spot, and bagged the moose two days later. The head, which measured 42in., would have been much wider, but one of the antlers had been greatly worn at the exterior points while in the velvet.

A hunting party consisting of George Jones, Cliff Price and Humphrey Davidson, returned last Thursday from the Canaan River. They brought out the carcass of a large bull moose, and also some sixty partridges. These birds are much less plentiful this year throughout the province than usual, which is attributed to the cold and wet spring having interfered with the hatching industry.

John Bruce, of Chicago, has concluded his hunting trip to the Bathurst Lakes. He had one Indian guide, and was encamped on the lakes twenty-four days. He shot a moose, a bear and three caribou.

E. S. White and brother, of Boston, reached Fredericton Saturday, Oct. 15, after a three weeks' cruise on the Nor'west. They had Arthur Pringle as guide, and brought out heads of four caribou and one fine moose, latter measuring 53in., and all its twenty five points perfect.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Are Goats Good to Eat?

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 16.—Mr. Ezra E. Howard, of Edgar, Neb., writes me interestingly on the subject of the edibility of the flesh of the mountain goat. I confess that I never tried to eat goat meat on my trip after goats, excepting a taste or two which I took of raw goat. I did not like it that way, and as all the other men said it was not fit to eat, we passed verdict on it without a fair trial, although we were very hungry at the time. Mr. Howard has the following to say of his experiences with Western big game:

"I have been much interested in reading your account of "Sheep and Snowshoes" and also of your trip after goats, as I have hunted the goats some in British Columbia, and in my opinion you made a big mistake when you did not try eating the goat meat.

"When I first hunted them I had heard the same stories about the flesh being strong and unfit to eat, but having tried all kinds, including the billies and nannies, I have found the meat good and sweet, with no bad taste, unless it has lain too long after killing.

"We packed a hindquarter down out of the mountains to the camp, where some of our party were who had not been out with us, and had not eaten any goat meat, and it passed readily for venison, and all enjoyed some good steaks of goat meat. I think that like our party, at first, most people have taken it for granted that the meat of the goat was bad, anyway, and never gave the goat a chance to redeem himself. Of course the goats that we killed were subjects of her Majesty the Queen, and may feed on a little different diet from a plain goat of the Republic, but I think they are about the same. We found them in all from the water's edge up to above timber line, and had no trouble to get close to them by moving slowly; they did not pay any attention to the sound of a gun unless they could see the flash, nor to a person moving unless he made a quick motion, when they were off like a flash.

"One day when turning around the corner of a large rock near a water pool, I came upon an old billy quietly chewing his cud not over 30ft. distant, and he looked at me, but never moved until I shot him. Again, I passed within a few yards of a nannie and her kid on a rock, and they did not seem to fear us, but remained there as long as we were in sight.

"A bunch of them will play like sheep when undisturbed, and I have watched them frequently from a distance, and one could almost be sure that they were a band of common sheep quietly feeding in some farmer's pasture

"One trip we had a dog with us that would sometimes, in spite of us, get after them, and they would show him a clean pair of heels, and I think never stopped to show fight, and so I am of the opinion that their fighting qualities that we have all heard so much about are a myth, as I have seen them under varying conditions, and singly and in bunches of eight or ten, and when feeding, playing, resting and travelling.

"They can climb, too, I want to tell you. Several of our party saw an old billy go up the steep face of a rock one day (and the rock was wet at that) where it hardly seemed possible that a squirrel could go, but he made it safely to the top, several hundred feet.

"What I have written is, as near as I can figure it, different from what I have read about the white goat, but it is just as I have seen it. Though it may be different from the observations of others, I am inclined to believe that some writers have taken the 'traditions of the elders' instead of their own experience, and if that is the case it will not be the first story about wild animals that I have found to fall down when out in the homes of these people of the forest and mountain.

"The more that I hunt and go among wild game the more I like the platform of FOREST AND STREAM, 'Prohibit the sale of game,' and add to it, 'probibit the game hog.' Not saying it boastingly, yet I do say that the last hunting trip I took to the far West in British Columbia I did not kill a single animal of any kind, as I had killed some of all the game that we saw, and so let the killing out to the men who had never killed any goats.

"Business has kept me pretty close at home for several years, but I expect to take a trip next year, Providence permitting."

The Duck Season.

The duck season in this part of the West will draw to a close within the next two or three weeks. It has thus far been reported as an unusually good one, although the extremely hot weather of the last few days in this part of the country has not been strictly consistent with good wildfowl shooting. The Northern birds are not down in this part of the country yet to any extent, although in Minnesota and Dakota the migration has already begun. On the Kankakee country, where most of our snipe shooting is done, but few snipe are yet reported. A cold wave is now on hand, and there may be a heavy flight of snipe in almost any day now.

The Big Game Season.

The big game season in Wisconsin and Minnesota is now nearly at hand, and the local papers over the country are beginning to take up the mooted questions of resident and non-resident licenses. State Warden Ellarson, of Wisconsin, has sent to the County Clerk of each county a form of application for resident deer hunting license. Some resident hunters have thought they could take out licenses in several counties, but Mr. Ellarson appends to his form of application an affidavit to the effect that the applicant has not and will not make application to any other County Clerk in the State of Wisconsin during the period governed by his application. Two coupons authorizing the transportation of two deer are attached to each license. The killing and handling of deer in Wisconsin will this fall be more carefully hedged about than ever before in the history of the State.

Minnesota Moose.

The opening of the close term in Minnesota will be an event of great importance to hundreds of hunters in the West and in the East. It is likely that Wisconsin will be passed over by many non-resident hunters who would be glad to kill a moose as well as to evade a license. The five days open season on moose in Minnesota will be a busy time. The woods dwellers of Upper Minnesota have not been so slow as to lose sight of the profitable occupation of guiding non-resident hunting parties. They have been sending out letters to such sportsmen as they could reach, and have generally given it out that moose and caribou are more abundant in Minnesota than ever were known before. This assertion is hardly accurate, although it is true that there are moose enough in Minnesota to certify its claim of being one of the greatest big game countries open to the sportsmen of the United States. The Duluth *News-Tribune* last month looked into this moose question, and in its comment deprecates too great an enthusiasm over the moose supply, which it thinks has been much cut down by illegal shooting. It goes on to say:

"The real facts are that owing to the close there are probably as many moose and other big game to be found as there were before the close went in effect If there had been no close on such game, it is probable that it would have been practically extinct now. All the same, the close has not been observed, either by the Indians that overrun the country, or by the white residents that are scattered through it. The only benefit that has been gained by the close of shooting on moose and caribou consist in the fact that city sportsmen have been deterred from hunting during the five years now at end.

"Some of the oldest hunters believe that the close on big game in this State ought to have been extended indefinitely, and that more rigorous measures than have been inaugurated to prevent the annual slaughter by Indians and whites in the country inhabited by such game. To be sure, the season is only five days long, and each hunter may kill only one moose, but if every hunter arranging to go in the woods this autumn with the expressed intention of killing a moose, should be successful in his mission, there would be mighty few of the big fellows left to furnish sport for next year."

Where to go for Moose.

I am advised by those who should know, that Warroad, Minn., will be a good point to keep in mind for a moose trip next month. The town is at the mouth of the Warroad River, on Lake of the Woods. It can be reached by stage from Stephen, Minn., or by boat from Rat Portage, Ont.

There are still a few moose left in the Roseau Swamp country on the line between Minnesota and Manitoba. East of there, and in fact over a great strip of country in upper Minnesota, there is moose ground of greater or less excellence. Out of Grand Rapids, Minn., at no great distance there is good country, and a number of moose will no doubt be killed. All through the Itasca country the moose have been known to be fairly abundant this year. Near Kabbekona Camp two moose were killed—illegally, of course—this month by Indians. The Indians have, of course, killed moose all over Minnesota regardless of game laws, whenever they liked to do so.

Where to go for Caribou.

I have a hot tip on caribou from a man who knows what he is talking about. He advises that one take boat by one of the Booth fishing steamers which ply along the north shore of Lake Superior, going into camp at Reservation River, hunting that country and the Pigeon River country. He would need a guide, of course, and would have to camp out. I am very sorry, but I do not know just now of any caribou or moose country where one can go hunting with all the comforts of home.

Michigan Deer.

At Alger, Mich., preparations are being made for a big lot of deer hunters from lower down in the State, and from outside of the State. It is said that although contrary to law, the use of dogs is very common in that neighborhood. Indeed, it is common over a great part of the deer country in Wisconsin and Michigan.

A Sporting Governor.

Governor John R. Tanner, of Illinois, arrived home this week from a camping and outing trip at DeBeque, Colo., much pleased with a successful hunt. Several deer were killed by the party, among whom were Messrs. J. W. Gates, President of the Illinois Steel Co., I. L. Elwood and John A. Drake.

Fox Hunt Barred.

One of the attractions proposed for the coming horse show at Chicago was a fox hunt, in which a live fox was to figure. The officers of the Illinois Humane Society have announced through their president, Mr. John G. Shortall, that no hunt after a live fox will be allowed to take place in the Coliseum. It is announced that if the gentlemen concerned in the horse show care to pursue an aniseed bag they may do so, but the line is drawn at a live fox.

Lion Kittens.

At Lincoln Park this week, three African lion kittens were born, all of which, at last accounts, were living and doing well. The mother, Nellie, is five years of age, and this is the second time she has been the mother of triplets, the family in each case proving one of the attractions of the park.

Ohio Quail.

The Ironton Gun Club, of Ironton, O., offers $5 for information leading to conviction of any party for illegal shooting of game. Quail are reported abundant around Ironton, and there has been some sooner shooting, the season not being open until Nov. 10. Austin Miller, of Caldwell, O., was fined $25 for shooting two quail out of season, and was sent to jail for non-payment.

Arkansas Club.

Mr. Joseph Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., has the following news about a little club recently formed in his city. The preserve is on country where I have shot, and where Mr. Irwin always takes Harvey McMurchy when he goes to Little Rock. I can testify it is good mallard ground. He remarks regarding this:

"The Prothro Hunting Club has been formed here at Little Rock. John M. Rose, President; J. W. Irwin, Vice-President; Dr. J. H. Lenow, Secretary and Treasurer. Capital stock, $2 500. We have leased the shooting on the Neimyer Marsh, part of which is 'Hough's Inferno.' It is now being rapidly fenced, and within ten days will be inclosed and posted. It is easy of access, being only four miles from town, and under proper protection will give our members fine mallard shooting next month, provided it rains before that time. Water is getting very scarce. Lakes were never lower than now. Quail and turkeys are reported plentiful, but are being killed at the water holes where they go to drink. Few deer have been killed so far this fall, it being too dry to hunt them. Forest fires are raging in many of the best grounds near us, which will drive them out."

Canada Game.

Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., has a word about the game prospect of his neighborhood, where the International field trials are held each year:

"Everything looks well for the trials; thirteen out of the fifteen entries to the Derby paid second forfeit and I think they will all start. The cup race will be interesting, I fancy. Birds are more plentiful than last year, I think. The weather has been very dry, but it looks like rain. Ducks are coming in, and I saw several wisps of from twelve to twenty snipe the other day; but unfortunately our snipe grounds are mostly dry. The water has gone down in Lake St. Clair over a foot in the last three weeks."

Pelicans In Wisconsin.

Mr. John E. Dafter, of Marinette, Wis., tells me about the recent killing in his vicinity of a pair of pelicans, a bird very rare in this latitude, though I have known of their being killed in Minnesota and Dakota. The pelican is not a pretty bird, nor does its countenance indicate any very great amount of intellect. Probably these birds wandered off into this far northern country because they got lost or forgot what they wanted to do. Mr. Dafter thus describes the incident:

"A week ago Saturday two of our younger sportsmen (Curtis Merryman and Ralph Van Clare) were loafing along the shore of Green Bay with their guns, about two miles south of this city. They were out after ducks, and while keeping their eyes peeled for some sure shot they took to be a flock of eight wild geese drop into the water about half a mile from shore. Securing a boat they started out, but after going some distance found that the birds were further away than they supposed, and returning got a sailboat and started again. Getting to windward of the flock they let the boat drift, and coming within range fired four barrels of No. 6 shot just as the birds rose. Two fell and the others flew by the boys, and to their astonishment they saw they were a species they had never seen. On picking up their game they found they had secured two very fine specimens of pelicans. The birds were exactly alike, pure white, tipped with black, a narrow V-shaped yellowish line about a ½in. wide extending across their back from wing to wing. The spread of their wings was 8ft. 4in. The boys are very jubilant over their prizes, and one of them has been mounted and placed in the high school museum. I have noticed in your paper of pelicans having been killed in this State before, but as far as I know none have ever been seen in this vicinity before."

Base Calumny.

By the way, hearing from Mr. Wells, who is a Canadian, reminds me of a base calumny upon his people which was recently perpetrated by Frank Butler, manager of Annie Oakley, who told me this when he was out here this summer with the Wild West. I am sure Frank will swear to it, and I leave it to Mr. Wells to refute and punish the refuted. Of course, in her rapid shooting during her exhibition work, Miss Oakley's guns occasionally get out of order and need attention by a good gunsmith. On one occasion, I think it was in Toronto, Mr. Butler took the guns to a gunsmith to get some repairing done to them, but he was told that it would be impossible for the gunsmith to do it just yet, as he "had three pairs of shoes to mend first!" At another town he came near having a bad time of it, for the gunsmith got the guns to pieces, but could not get them back together again. The time for the afternoon performance drew alarmingly near, and the workman sweated—not nearly so much as Mr. Butler did—and it was nearly 2 o'clock when he at last got the arms put together so they could be fired. He said he didn't want to do any more work on them, because he didn't think they were scientifically constructed. But yet a worse trouble occurred, in still another Canadian town (according to Mr. Butler). He took a gun, of course a hammerless, such as Miss Oakley uses altogether, to the local gun repairer, who looked it over carefully, and at last remarked: "Where's the hammers, have you lost them?" This is only hearsay, and I do not vouch for it, but is a good story, and if there is going to be any international complications over it, I submit it should be referred to Mr. Wells and Mr. Butler.

The Sale of Game.

The following postal card message was sent to a gentleman of this city by a resident of Pontiac, Ill., at which place, as I stated earlier in these columns, our friend, Col. C. E. Felton, of Chicago, planned to make his fall hunt, with the purpose of laying in his winter supply of meat:

"Oct. 6.—Friend P.: You wanted me to write and let you know when Col. C. E. Felton came to Pontiac to shoot chickens. He was here Monday, Oct. 4, and went out chicken shooting with Mr. Stroud and Mr. Morris. They were out all day and only got two chickens and one quail. I was out the day before they were and killed twenty-one chickens and twelve quail. Col. Felton did not kill a bird. Mr. Stroud got all."

Col. Felton has never been disposed to come out flat-footed

in favor of the FOREST AND STREAM platform: "Stop the sale of game." The reason for this now becomes quite obvious. Incidentally I would like to ask the Colonel if he knows of any reason why I should not at once challenge him for that 1,000-bird race about which we have been talking? E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

CONGRESS AND GAME EXPORT.

FOLLOWING is the text of the measure introduced in the Senate, during the last session, by Senator Teller, of Colorado. It was referred to the Committee on Forest Reservations and the Protection of Game.

Senate 2329.—A Bill to Regulate Interstate Traffic in Wild Game.

Whereas it is necessary to the preservation of wild game in the States hereinafter named that the interstate traffic in the hides and meat of the wild animals hereinafter mentioned be regulated and prohibited; and

Whereas by reason of the exclusive power of Congress to regulate interstate traffic the States are powerless to regulate or prohibit the transportation of said articles to other States, and the enactment of the following provisions will enable each State, by legislation, to protect the wild game within its own borders: Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That it shall be unlawful for any railroad company, express company, or other common carrier, or any of its agents, officers, or servants, to receive for shipment or to transport, or for any person or corporation to ship or to offer to any common carrier for shipment, from any place within the State of Colorado, the State of Wyoming, or the State of Utah, to any place without the same State, for market or for storage, any carcass, meat, hides, or horns of any deer, elk, antelope, bison, or Rocky Mountain sheep: *Provided*, That nothing herein contained shall prohibit the shipment of any such of the said articles and in such quantities as may be expressly authorized and permitted by the laws of the State in and from which the shipment is made, or the transportation of any of the said articles through any of the said States from one place to another without said States.

SEC. 2. That every person or corporation guilty of violating this Act shall, upon conviction, be fined in a sum not less than one hundred dollars nor more than one thousand dollars for each offense, or punished by imprisonment not less than one month nor more than one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

THE VIRGINIA LAW.

THE agent of the Southern Railway at Chase City, Va., reports that there are more birds in that section than have ever been known before, also that there are very good accommodations for sportsmen in the way of hotel, livery, dogs and guns.

Mr. W. D. Paxton, proprietor of the Mineral Hotel, is always ready to give any information, and expects to entertain a great many sportsmen this season in view of the fact that game is so plentiful. Chase City is in Mecklenburg county, where the two-year close term on quail has been declared void. It is one of the leading health resorts in Virginia, being crowded from May until the middle of October, and during the winter season has a very fair contingent of Northern people, who come here for the delightful climate and medicinal waters. It is on the Southern Railway, about ninety miles out from Richmond, on the Keysville branch.

W. H. L. NELME.

Our correspondent sends the text of the opinion rendered by Judge Homes in the partridge shooting case. The action was brought in a friendly way to test the constitutionality of the law.

Commonwealth of Virginia vs. G. H. Finch.

The defendant was convicted before a justice of the peace for having shot a partridge on — day of September, 1897.

The evidence proved beyond question that he did the act, but that it was done, as admitted, on his own premises. He appealed, and the case is here for decision, and the only question raised, is the act of assembly under which he was convicted constitutional? If not, the act is null and void.

The act is as follows: "1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia. That it shall be unlawful for any person to kill or capture any partridges (or quail) in the State of Virginia for the period of two years, or to offer for sale or buy any partridges (or quail) so unlawfully killed or captured in said State, within the aforesaid period."

"2. Any person violating this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined $10 for each offense, and imprisoned in jail until the fine be paid, but not exceeding thirty days.

"3. In the prosecution of a person for a violation of this act, proof of the possession of any such birds shall be prima facie evidence of guilt."

It is elementary law that the owner of the soil has a qualified property in the game upon his own land, which becomes absolutely his property, provided he will capture the same. It is not denied that the State can, under the police regulations, enact laws to preserve the game, so as to allow it to propagate, and to prevent the killing of game during certain seasons of the year, so as to give time for propagation. This is necessary and for the good of all, but can the State prohibit the owner of soil from killing game on his own land altogether, say for a period of two years, as provided by act above? If it can do so for two, why not ten or even fifty years, or take away from the owner of the soil the right altogether, to kill game, though on his own land, in which he has property rights, and that without due process of law or compensation made?

Now the United States Courts have held that an act need not be in direct violation of any part of the constitution to be unconstitutional, but that an act of assembly, which imposes an unreasonable, unnecessary and arbitrary restraint, is null and void, because unconstitutional. Such being the case, the question is, does the act above impose an unreasonable, unnecessary, and arbitrary restraint upon the owner in regard to his own property? (See Cooley Con. Line. 6th Edition, pages 206–7).

I think it does for the reason that it absolutely prohibits a man from taking game on his land for a period of two years, notwithstanding the fact that the said period is not necessary for the preservation and propagation of game, because the evidence discloses the fact that partridges are more abundant than they have been for years. If the act had provided that they should not be killed or captured during certain seasons of the year, so as to provide for the propagation and preservation of partridges. I should hold that the act was constitutional, but, inasmuch as it absolutely prohibits the killing of partridges for a period of two years, notwithstanding the fact that they are plentiful and abundant, I hold that the restraint imposed by said act, is unnecessary, unreasonable and arbitary, and, therefore, null and void.

Such being my opinion, I reverse the judgment of the justice of the peace. W. E. HOMES,

Judge County Court of Mecklenburg county.

[As stated last week, this decision applies only to Mecklenburg county. Elsewhere the close term is in force.]

Dough Birds and Pot-Pie.

WYMORE, Neb., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* No doubt you discovered from my letter in regard to grouse that I possess no scientific or natural history knowledge of game birds, except what little I have picked up in the field. I, therefore, make bold to ask you to tell me just what the birds described below are. And perhaps some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM can tell us what has become of them.

When I came to Nebraska, many years ago, I found, each spring and fall, great flocks of a migratory game bird called, by the natives, dough birds; they were also called prairie pigeons, and by some they were called jack curlew and gray curlew. I do not think they were an aquatic, or wading, bird; they were considerably larger than a jacksnipe or a plover, and larger and plumper than any curlew that I ever saw.

Their meat was light in color, and when skinned (the common way of dressing them) the meat was covered with a roll of fat that looked like dough, but in color resembled clean, fresh lard.

They were always in large flocks and frequented the high lands, and especially the newly-sown fields of grain, and they made the finest pot-pie in the world.

Speaking of pot-pie, I remember one day in the spring of 1882, when in company with my old friend and life-long companion in the field, Dr. H. A. Given, I had been out after dough birds, and we brought in thirty-two nice fat ones. We debated the question of whose wife could make the best pot-pie, and finally decided by drawing straws that the doctor's wife should make that particular pot-pie.

The next day at noon the pie was ready, and my wife and I repaired to the doctor's house to help eat it. The doctor's children have always called my wife Aunty Mac, and on that particular day Aunty Mac was complaining of not feeling very well, but the pot-pie was very tempting, and as she progressed with her dinner she felt much better, and the doctor's children have never ceased to wonder how much pot-pie Aunty Mac could eat when in good health.

The dough birds are all gone. I have not seen one in ten years. Aunty Mac still retains her appetite intact. Fred and Pearl, the doctor's children, are young folks now. The doctor's wife is the same good cook she always was. The doctor is old and fat. He still hunts some, and he told me confidentially just the other day that he could shoot just as well as he could twenty years ago. I had to turn my face away so he would not see me smile. It is wonderful how conceited a man gets when he gets old. Now, I am not a bit that way, and yet I can shoot just as good as I ever could, and only yesterday I knocked a squirrel out of a high tree with a .22cal. target rifle, and if there had been a half dozen of them I could have knocked them all out the same way.

A. D. MCCANDLESS.

[The dough bird, or doe-bird, is the Eskimo curlew (*Numenius borealis*), an upland species very fond of berries and grasshoppers, and frequently is found in the company of golden plover, migrating from the north at about the same time (see Trumbull's "Names and Portraits of Birds"). It is also called little curlew, and fute, names given by Mr. Hapgood in "Shore Birds." Dr. Carver records that the Bartram's sandpiper is commonly called prairie pigeon. We presume that the shooters of Nebraska were and are like those elsewhere in that they apply names loosely.]

Pennsylvania Small Game.

OSCEOLA MILLS, Pa., Oct. 3.—Small game of all kinds is going to be very plentiful this season. Gray and black squirrels are coming into town and running over our shade trees. Pheasants are seen every morning in town, and I know the woods are full of them, for I have had my puppy out several times and I see more pheasants this fall than I have for years, and good reports are coming from all over the several counties.

We are having some trouble keeping some "hogs" from killing game until Oct. 15, at which time all our game comes in except rabbits and deer. We (the Osceola Gun Club) have two good men hired to patrol the woods near town to prevent illegal hunting. We have a great many foreigners working in our mines, and they do not regard our laws very much. We are going to try to teach them a lesson. With three other members of our club, I am making ready to go for squirrels on the 15th, and we are building pretty high on what we expect. I will let the readers of the grand old paper know what luck we had, good or bad, as I enjoy reading what others have done. I will be slightly handicapped this fall, as my old setter was poisoned this summer, and all I have is a four-months-old puppy. Wishing all Pennsylvania sportsman success on the 15th inst., PLUMBER.

The Connecticut Season.

HAMDEN, Conn., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The shooting season opened here under unusually favorable conditions on the 15th. The woods were filled with ambitious sportsmen, and the continuous cracking of guns from daylight until dark sounded like a very noisy Fourth of July.

Partridges are not over plentiful, but quail are more numerous than they have been for years. While woodcock seem to be scarcer than usual, still, the experts prophesy that these birds will be found in greater numbers as the season advances.

I send inclosed clipping from the New Haven *Morning News:*

"The open season for field shooting commenced yesterday, and many city sportsmen were seen driving out to their favorite places for the quail, woodcock and partridge, which are said to be plentiful this year. Fair Haveners were well represented in the field, and among the good bags brought in were those of Dr. Hall and H. B. Ives. Dr. Hall's favorite ground is out North Guilford, and his bag consisted of three partridges and several gray squirrels. Mr. Ives drove out to North Haven quite early, but was back home in time for his 1 o'clock lunch. His bag contained fifteen grown quail and his entire shots made during the day were only five. His first three shots at three single birds were successful. The remaining two shots were directed at a bevy of thirteen quail. Eleven were bagged with the right barrel, while with the left the twelfth was secured. This unusual good shot was, of course, while the birds were clustered in the field ahead of the dog. Mr. Ives thinks this will answer for a marker for the boys this season."

While the manner in which Mr. Ives is reported to have secured his eleven quail may be perfectly legitimate, according to law, still, it seems to me (and I have heard the same opinion freely expressed by others), that, when viewed from the "true sportsman" standpoint, it was a rather unsportsmanlike way in which to secure a bag of game; especially by one who shoots over a well-broken dog.

WM. H. AVIS.

A South Carolina Resort.

SUMMERVILLE, S. C., noted as a popular resort for Northern tourists, offers to those who seek game and forest sports many advantages. Summerville is surrounded by historic grounds, where are recorded by Simms many revolutionary exploits, and it is just in these interesting swamps and woodlands that we find an abundance of game. On the banks of the Ashley, around the ruins of the old Dorchester church, and in every branch and swamp, are numbers of deer; and the distance from the Pine Forest Inn to these famous hunting grounds is only a matter of six to ten miles.

It sometimes happens that the slayer has never before killed a deer, and in such an instance the ceremony of initiation is very interesting. It is known as "bloodying," and the candidate is brought up and usually the youngest hunter in the party officiates. With the blood of the deer he makes on one check the letter D, and on the other the letter H, which signifies Deer Hunter. Across them follow the horizontal lines, which are traced across the forehead, while the perpendicular extends from the roots of the hair to the end of the nose.

Wild turkeys are plentiful in the sections where the deer abound, and very often while on a deer hunt a fine gobbler presents himself as a target. The country around Summerville is also full of foxes, and whenever the moon shines sufficiently bright, moonlight fox hunts are enjoyed. When the nights are dark, however, Reynard finds many inquisitive people, who delight at break of day to investigate his tracks and see where he has been perambulating, and end by bringing him to close account. What can be sweeter to the true sportsman on a brisk, frosty morning, than the echoing notes of the huntsman's horn among the pines?

The bird shooting in the neighborhood is also excellent. Partridges, doves and woodcock are in good numbers, and many fine bags are made during the season. Bird dogs and hounds are kept in Summerville, and can always be had by those who wish to enjoy the shooting.

Indiana Fishing and Shooting Points.

BLOOMFIELD.—Good fishing and shooting. Plenty of birds, squirrels and cottontails. Hotels good, $1 and $2 per day.

CEDAR LAKE.—Plenty of bass, perch and croppies. Bass are caught daily as heavy as 4 and 5lbs., and have been caught this season 6lbs. and over. Black mallards, teal and snipe abound. Hotel, Sigler House, $2 per day, including use of boat.

GOSPORT.—Abundance of catfish, bass, perch and German carp. Catfish have been caught weighing from 50 to 73lbs. by net, and as heavy as 25lbs. by line.

Quail more plentiful than for several years. A good hotel. Rates $1 and $2 per day. Dogs may be hired.

GREENCASTLE —Plenty of quail, rabbits and squirrels. Commercial Hotel, $1 and $1.50 per day.

IDAVILLE.—Good bass fishing in the Tippecanoe. Quail more plenty than ever before. Mr. Moorman, editor *Observer*, will give full information, find dogs, etc. Hotel, rates low.

PAOLI.—Good bass fishing; fish as heavy as 5lbs. have been taken. Streams were stocked a few years ago by the Government Fish Commission. Good shooting of quail, rabbits and squirrels.

Mineral Springs and other hotels, $2 to $1 per day. Guides and dogs can be supplied. Inquire of Agent Ham, at station.

REMINGTON.—Good shooting; quail, plover, chickens and rabbits.

SHELBY.—Good bass, pickerel and salmon (wall-eyed pike) fishing in the Kankakee at Water Valley, where boats are to let. Birds scarce owing to swamp being dry.

WEST BADEN AND FRENCH LICK.—Some bass fishing in Lost River and Lick Creek. Abundance of quail, rabbits and squirrels in the fields and woods. Hotels $2 per day.

All these points may be reached via the Monon Route.

Deer in Massachusetts.

GARDNER, Mass, Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday three deer were seen within a half mile of the center of the town. When first seen, the deer, a buck and two does, were feeding on a little knoll near the road. The report no sooner reached town than men with dogs and guns were after them. But although they were seen again, they were not shot.

For the past five years or more, deer have been seen every fall in this and the surrounding towns. Last fall, the carcass of a deer was reported to have been found which had been shot.

As I understand the law, it does not protect deer in this State except in Barnstable and Plymouth counties. It seems a pity that the law could not cover the whole State, as I understand it formerly did. H. E. R.

In the Adirondacks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Visiting accustomed haunts in Hamilton county during August and September I was impressed with the apparent increase of deer in that section of the Adirondacks. Their paths are deep-worn and show proof of frequent use. Feed is also abundant. The trout season was also good. But the hotels of that section had a poor season. Some of them lost money. Many guides were unemployed and compelled to seek work outside their calling. Some are for the new law, others against it. The practical effect of it is yet problematical. One thing grows more and more apparent each year: the State should hasten to acquire and to guard those forests; not alone the question of water supply but other sanitary considerations urge it. JUVENAL.

IN PIONEER DAYS.

THESE passages, from the private diary of a resident of Cleveland, O , have never before been printed. They have a doubled interest now as showing the wilderness conditions of Ohio and Michigan a half-century ago, when there were elk and wild turkeys and wolves:

Dec. 11, 1838.—Started to-day on the steamboat Gen. Anthony Wayne, in company with G. and a Canadian, on an elk hunt to Michigan. We arrived at Port Huron, situated at the junction of Black and St. Clair rivers, one mile below Lake Huron. The night of Oct. 13, after providing ourselves with a barrel of hard bread, 25lbs. of pork, an axe, frying-pan, three tin cups and a wooden pail, we engaged a team to take us and our baggage to the forks of the Black River, seventeen miles from its mouth. We stayed at the forks over night with one Mr. Waddam, a large landowner along the river and engaged in the lumber business; he took us to the edge of his woods, not far from the house, where he showed us five acres of heavy timber land inclosed by a high and strong rail fence, in which inclosure was a fine buck elk, given him by the Indians, also several deer of various ages. The elk was very fierce and continually tried to reach us by forcing the fence with his horns. He was a fine animal, and the largest buck deer looked like a fawn beside him.

The next day we had the man take our camp baggage on an ox sled, made of a crotched tree, one day's drive into the woods, as the way went over logs and through swales and swamps we found slow and tedious traveling, and were glad when night came, when we prepared for the night by making a good fire of dry pine wood and prepared our supper. It rained hard in the night, but fortunately our ammunition was found safe and dry in the morning, owing to unusual care taken.

The next day being clear and pleasant, we prepared for a permanent camp, choosing a pine grove near a swale. From pine trees we cut down we were three days in perfecting as snug a home as any hunter could desire. On the fourth day we commenced blazing our lines. When the rest of our party suggested that in the meantime I should go out and kill a deer; after hunting some time and seeing deer without getting a shot, I started back for camp. When traveling till evening and not finding it, I built a fire, made a kind of shelter of spruce brush and camped out for the night. The night was very cold, and from the novelty of my situation, prevented me from sleeping. I started early in the morning and soon came to a creek, which I followed down till noon, when, getting fatigued, I laid in an old Indian camp to rest myself. In a short time I heard some brush crack, when, getting up carefully and looking out of the camp, I discovered a doe elk feeding some four rods off among the thick bushes. I immediately put down another ball in my rifle, and resting it across the side pole of the camp, was just on the point of shooting when a motion in the bushes attracted my attention, and looking, I discovered a buck elk right in front of me and only some two rods off; my heart beat terribly and my body shook violently, but, steadying my nerves as much as possible, I took aim and fired at his head. He immediately fell, but before I could get to him he got up and was off. From the noise the elk made as they crashed off through the underbrush, I think there must have been quite a drove of them.

I did not follow them, but pursued my course down the creek till night, when I built a fire and camped. During the day I had seen several deer and many bear signs; partridges in numbers, and several deserted Indian camps, and in some of the camps I found birch bark mococks all with the bottoms burned out. Many elk horns hung up in them, and elk hair was all around where they had been dressing the skins. I opened a number of bags, hanging in the camp, containing several kinds of seeds, unknown to me. This, my second night, was colder than the first, and I suffered much; but by nestling close to the fire I managed to keep warm, though the sparks burned numerous holes through my clothes.

The next morning I started very early on my way down the creek. About 10 A. M. I saw some ducks, and succeeded in killing one, and shortly after killed two partridges, when, feeling I should have something to eat that night, I felt in quite good spirits. At 2 P. M. I came to where some trees had been cut down, and looking around I found a deadfall baited with a dead horse for wolves. I followed a kind of trail that led from it and soon came to a log house. The folks received me kindly, and gave me a good supper. They told me the nearest house was some ten miles off on the Black River. On giving them an account of where we were camped, they said it must be near the great Indian trail, and not more than three miles off. Next day one of them started with me, and I reached our camp at noon, when I found G. and the Canadian making preparations to leave, as they supposed I was killed.

Although game was plenty, the woods were so dry and thick we had poor success. With pork, hard bread, tea and game we fared well. But few Indians were in the neighborhood, most of them hunting on the Canada side. Occasionally a band passed by. One day two fine elk were killed within a mile of our camp by one of their hunters. Bear signs were numerous on all sides. One night a huge fellow passed within five rods of the camp as we marked by his track in the morning. Wolves were also plenty. I found one day the remains of an elk freshly killed by them; the antlers, among the largest I ever saw, I brought home to Cleveland. We found also in the woods and brought them into camp a pair of deer's horns that were fastened together, evidently when fighting. Four miles west of our camp was the great trail of the Saginaw and Chippewa Indians. It passes near a cranberry marsh of several thousand acres. Here the Indians go every season, make mococks of bark and take the berries down the Black River to Port Huron, where they sell them at $1 a bushel. Having very nearly eaten up our groceries and feeling quite satisfied with our expedition we packed up and started for Port Huron.

On our way down the river we stopped at Mr. Waddam's for the night. On inquiring after the old buck elk, his housekeeper said that a few days after we left, going up the river, it broke out of the inclosure, and seeing her through the window it dashed right through it after her, she barely escaping up the ladder to the garret of the log house. While there she screamed most lustily for Mr. Waddam, who got his rifle and shot the elk while in the house. Leaving the Canadian at Port Huron, I arrived at Cleveland by steamboat in restored health, with rifle, blankets, and the huge elk antlers killed by the wolves of Michigan.

Jan. 20, 1839.—Some hunters who had gone to Russia, Loraine county, O., deer hunting, wrote that deer were plenty and hunting never better. By stage, in twenty-four hours I was with them; but a crust coming on the snow that night, we devoted our time trapping turkeys. We made a number of pens, and made trails all through the woods leading to them. The squirrels and bluejays sprung our traps so often that we caught none, but I had the good luck to shoot eight very fine ones. The rest of the party getting discouraged, returned to Cleveland. The day they left I took one of the natives with me to make a visit to the old camp where we spent such a jolly good time two winters before. The day was cold and crust on the snow very hard, so we expected to see little, if any, game on the way. But in this we were mistaken, as we started several deer; had a number of shots, but secured none.

On reaching the old camp we found the puncheons and poles that helped to make it, all down, the deep snow well covering them as well as the brands of our camp fire, just as we left them. The tracks of wild turkeys were plenty in the snow right over the puncheons. Sad and gloomy thoughts came into my mind as I reviewed the well-known trees and other objects, and witnessed the wild desolation where a deep and solemn silence reigned. Here a happy party of us, in the springtime of our existence, spent a portion of the most pleasant period of our lives. All was life and animation; the noise of singing, laughing, talking and hooting made the woods resound. But now how different! The great change a short time had brought about of that merry company, a part were scattered over the earth, while one of them was gazing in melancholy silence on the ruins of the old deserted camp before him.

Returning next day, we went three miles into the woods near the Henrietta road, and made a large turkey pen, carried straw and corn to make trails to it. The next day, after going to our trap, we found a drove of turkeys, fifteen in all, had struck one of the trails and entered it. The door was down, but the birds had flown. The fact was the poles over the top of the pen being rather light, the turkeys, by constantly jumping against them, had finally parted them and escaped. On our way to the house crossed the tracks of seven deer; followed them till night; got two shots, but without hair, blood, or much less a deer. I left them, and when within a mile of the clearing saw two coons walking around the foot of a large tree; before I could shoot they crawled into a hole in the tree. On entering the house I informed my host, who, with axe and dogs, started immediately in pursuit. About midnight he returned with seven good coon skins, having captured them all in this single large tree; a good night's work, as they would average 30 cents each. Five coons is the most I have ever known to be cut from a tree before, and that was later in the season.

The next day A. visited our turkey pen. There being crust on the snow and it being really too late in the season for deer, I concluded to go for smaller game, squirrels and partridges being very abundant and in good condition. This having been a good year for shacks, by aid of one of the coon dogs, that was good at treeing, I managed to return at night with thirty squirrels and four partridges. I found A. returned before me with five fine turkeys. He in one of the turkey pens had found twelve birds, but on seeing him they fluttered around so that they commenced breaking out, when he began shooting at them in the pen, and succeeded in killing the five before the rest escaped. The snow leaving rapidly, we settled the next morning with Mr. A. for board and started for home on foot; the snow being out of the road, the horse was only able to draw the cutter and game.



WHERE'S MA-MA?

Drawn from a life photograph by Frank Farnsworth.

"Uncle Lisha's Outing,"

By Rowland E. Robinson, is now ready in an attractively bound volume of 308 pages, the twenty four chapters recounting the homely adventures of those Danvis Folks with whom FOREST AND STREAM readers are so well acquainted. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, $1.25, by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable,*

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

The current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

ANGLING NOTES.

A Correction.

In Forest and Stream of Oct. 2 I made note of the fact that the first landlocked salmon, or as I believe it should be called, ouananiche, had been caught in Lake George, and the gentleman entitled to the credit of being the first to catch one of these fish which have been planted in the lake only three years was Col. W. D. Mann, of New York city. About the time Forest and Stream appeared containing my note the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission received a letter from Judge Joseph M. Deuel, of New York city, announcing that he had caught a 6lbs. salmon in Lake George, and it was the first to be captured from the lake. The judge asked for a history of the planting of salmon in the lake, and as the correspondence came into my hands I replied, and asked if it was another fish from the one I had credited Col. Mann with catching.

I have just received a letter from Col. Mann from which I quote: "My friend Judge Deuel has shown me your letter of Oct. 6, which I have read with the greatest interest. It seems to me that if you can produce such fish in Lake George as the one caught people need not go to Canada for good sport, but will make our lake so popular that there will not be accommodations for the sportsmen who will go there. I do not know how the story got out that I caught the fish, but presume it was because Judge Deuel was my guest fishing with me from my launch. The judge is an ardent fisherman and will make big efforts next year, as I shall myself, to get another one of these salmon. I have killed a good many sea salmon in my time and other game fish. I never saw a fish altogether as beautiful as that one. He measured exactly 25in. in length and was exactly 6lbs. in weight. A sea salmon of that length would have weighed considerably more as you know. In other words, this salmon was to a sea salmon as a yacht to a freight ship. He was so strong as to jump twice out of the water with 3lbs. of lead. I hope you will be able to put many more of these fish into the lake this year. I doubt if there is any water on this continent better adapted to their culture than Lake George."

I was first notified by one of the State game protectors of the capture of the 6lb. salmon, and afterward he called upon me and confirmed his letter. The game protector and a Lake George newspaper gave credit for the capture to Col. Mann, and I am very glad to make the correction and credit Judge Deuel with taking the first salmon from the lake. The U. S. Fish Commissioner writes me that the salmon fingerlings for Lake George will be ready to start on their journey from Maine about Nov. 1.

"By One Man In One Day."

The words I have quoted for this sub-head are written under a half-tone cut, reproduced evidently from a photograph, which a friend sends to me. The picture itself is rather remarkable. From a pole, held up at either end by crossed oars, are suspended a lot of black bass, how many I cannot count accurately, but it is safe to say something over 100. At first glance it might seem to be the picture of a net fisherman's catch, but there is an air of prosperity about the two figures in the picture, apparently the man who committed the slaughter and his oarsman, which upon further reflection precludes this thought, and besides, net fishermen do not as a rule arrange their catches before the camera. There are three crossed fishing rods with reels in the middle ground, and this with the comfortable-looking building in the background, leads me to suppose that the picture is intended to be that of a real sportsman who with hook and line has in one day taken more black bass than he should have taken in a week's fishing, including Sunday. It is to be hoped that the prosperous-looking gentleman did not waste his fish, even if he had to sell them to dispose of them. It is because men who consider themselves sportsmen will catch and kill more black bass and other fish in one day than they have any moral right to kill, that I have been and am in favor of a law limiting the number of fish that can be killed in one day. There is always a howl about the doings of poachers who kill fish to fill an empty stomach or to procure the necessities of life, but when a well-to-do sportsman catches more fish in one day than some poachers would kill in ten days, it is a matter to be proud of apparently, and to be paraded before the public in a newspaper cut. Somewhere there are mounted, probably, four big speckled trout, or perhaps only the skins preserved. I do not know where the man lives, nor do I know his name for a certainty, though I hope to obtain it. I wonder if when this man exhibits the skins or stuffed fish he explains to his admiring friends that he caught the fish when he knew he could make no good use of them, and skinned them, taking the skins only away with him, and leaving the flesh to rot in a camp that I afterward occupied. He did not even have the decency to bury the evidence of his having violated the rules of the club whose preserves he was fishing. It is said that in camp a man will show exactly how he is constituted and what is in his composition, but perhaps this man, being alone, thought he could do as he pleased and no one would be the wiser. The desire to exhibit one's catch or to have it photographed is, I believe, responsible for the destruction of many splendid fish, and the sooner the States and Canada have a law regulating the number to be taken in one day by one man the better it will be for the future of fish supply. It is a good rule to observe: When you see a photograph of a lot of fish caught apparently to skin the water for exhibition purposes, avoid the place where the fish were caught when you desire to go fishing and get fish.

The Claret-Parson.

A correspondent asks me to give him the dressing of the claret-parson, and from his reference to trout fishing in the same connection, I assume that he means a trout fly. I know of no trout fly of that name. There is a salmon fly called the claret-parson, but I imagine it is not a standard fly, as I do not find it in the lists of English fly-dressers. It is, however, in Kelson's list, and he describes it as follows:

Tag—Gold twist and dark yellow silk.
Tail—A topping.
Butt—Black hare.
Body—Claret silk.
Ribs—Gold tinsel.
Hackle—A claret hackle.
Throat—A medium blue hackle.
Wings—Golden pheasant tail, swan dyed yellow, scarlet and blue gallina, widgeon, mallard and a topping.
Horns—Blue macaw.
Cheeks—Chatterer.
Head—Black wool.

It will be seen that this is a very elaborate fly in its dressing, and if one tries to tie it in ordinary trout fly sizes it will prove a difficult operation to get all the feathers in place.

"The Candlestick-Maker"

Some weeks ago, a gentleman asked me if there was a fly called the "candlestick-maker," and I told him that there was a salmon fly so called; but he did not ask for the dressing, and I did not give it, as I was away from my bureau of information. I will give it now from Kelson's list, as I noticed it when looking up the Parson:

Tag—Silver tinsel (oral)
Tail—Ibis and summer duck.
Body—Three layers of black silk, followed by black seal's fur.
Ribs—Silver tinsel.
Hackle—A dark, fiery brown from seal's fur.
Wings—Double jungle and two toppings.
Head—Black wool.

This is, Kelson says, one of the oldest standard salmon flies. Mrs. Marbury, in "Favorite Flies and their Histories," says: "The baker is one of three celebrated salmon flies, viz., the butcher, baker and candlestick-maker. The butcher is more used and better known than the other two."

Albino Bullhead.

An albino bullhead was captured in Lake Champlain a few days ago with hook and line, and was exhibited in a store in Port Henry, where it attracted considerable attention, as it was the only albino fish ever seen in that section of the country.

Perhaps the most curious albino that I ever saw among the fishes was a small-mouth black bass, and it was a partial albino. One side of its head only was white, and it made it a striking-looking fish and served a good turn besides. I was watching black bass at spawning time, and this particular bass had a brood of young, so it was an easy matter to keep track of it and determine the time that that particular fish watched over and brooded its young.

Trout and Salmon.

Dr. John D. Quackenbos, writing me from Sunapee Lake, N. H., says: "The Wentworth boys have already taken fifty-four brook trout and twenty-three ouananiche. Nets spread only two nights. The trout run from 1 to 5lbs. each, and are nearly all females. The ouananiche run from 6 to 14lbs. each, and are nearly all males."

At first glance it might seem that this would indicate that female trout and male salmon preceded the other sex of their respective species to prepare the spawning beds; but this does not follow, for male trout have been known to precede the females from a pond to the spawning stream more frequently than the reverse. The nets mentioned are set in the lake at the mouth of Pike Brook, on which the State hatchery is situated, and the fish were making their way into and up the stream some week or two before the actual spawning season, when they were stopped by the net and the hatchery men.

Recently I read the conclusions of a Scotch fish breeder after twenty-five years' experience, and he says that he believes that at least 75 per cent. of all salmon and trout eggs deposited naturally are destroyed at once. As an average of 95 per cent. or more of all eggs taken artificially are hatched into healthy fry, it can be seen what an improvement artificial methods are over nature's methods at the outset.

Fish Food.

Last May I quoted from a letter of Mr. Thomas Ford, a fish breeder in Lincolnshire, England, whose establishment, Manor Fishery, has been favorably known for many years on the other side of the water. In a more recent letter from Mr. Ford, he says: "I have tried rainbow trout for the first time this season, and have so far obtained almost perfect results. I put down 6,000 fry only in a pond about 15yds. by 5yds., and with rather an inadequate flow of water. The water is clear as crystal and the fish now (September) run from 2½ to 6in. in length. They would be larger, but the pond is overstocked. So far as I know, I have not lost fifty fish. I feed them twice a day only, and inclose a specimen of the food I am giving them. It is all meat and they eat it ravenously, and it seems to suit them better than it does *fario*. I will later write you more on the feeding question."

The specimen of food (marked No. 2, as it comes in various sizes from No. 0 up to No. 10, for fish from the fry stage when first taking food through the mouth, up to adults), has scarcely any odor, and is of a light brown color, and in particles looking for all the world like fine, granulated smoking tobacco. Mr. Ford says that it largely floats on the water, and it appears to be a most desirable form of fish food if the cost is not a bar to using it in large quantities.

Mr. Senior in Canada.

My friend, Mr. Wm. Senior, angling editor of the London *Field*, made a visit to Canada during the past season, made it so quietly that I was about to say a surreptitious visit, and disappointed a number of friends, who did not even know he was on this side of the water until he had returned.

Returning from the Restigouche, where I had been salmon fishing, Dr. Drummond told me in Montreal that Senior was over here. I told him that he was in error, for Senior had written me that he did not know whether it would be his good fortune to attend the British Association meeting, but if he did it would go hard with him if he did not meet me at my home and have some fishing with me.

Then Chambers wrote me from Quebec that the papers had announced that Senior was in Toronto, but I told Chambers that he was dreaming. Now I have convicted Red Spinner by the evidence of his own pen, for he writes in the *Field* of catching his first mascalonge in Canada. (A few words as to the spelling of the name of this fish, for I have been asked a score of times why I did not spell it some other way. I do not know how many years ago it was, but there was a time when the spelling of the name of the fish was agitated in the angling newspapers, for there are half a dozen different ways of spelling it; but Dr. Bean, speaking as the editor of U. S. Fish Commission publications, or as the icthyologist of the Commission, or both, said mascalonge, and I have adhered to it from that day to this, and propose to adhere to it as long as I write it, although the printer does not always let it stand as I write it.) I am very glad that he has had this experience, even if he sorely disappointed me by not advising me of his visit in advance. Having caught his first mascalonge, he is in a position to do me a great service. Mr. Alfred Jardine, who is the great pike fisherman of Great Britian, said in the *Gazette* (London) that when I wrote of the mascalonge, pike and pickerel, I evidently meant the same fish at different stages of growth. Now, if any other English angler should say that the pike and mascalonge are the same, I have only to say, ask Senior.

Without going into details, Mr. Senior says in his very interesting description of his fishing in the Province of Ontario: "The fish (mascalonge) is, in a word, the great pike (*Esox nobilion*), and it is to all intents and purposes possessed of the general characteristics of the Esocidax family. Our old friend *Esox lucius* occurs in Ontario waters, and the Indians call it Kenosha. While the pike proper is, however, common to both sides of the Atlantic, the mascalonge is confined to the basin of the St. Lawrence." In this latter statement Mr. Senior has been misinformed, for the mascalonge is found elsewhere, particularly in Wisconsin, generally called the Great Lakes region, and in New York and Kentucky, where it is called Kentucky pike. Its distribution is comparatively limited when the distribution of the pike is considered. Mr. Senior caught several mascalonge and departed from the usual method employed in their capture when he used a phantom minnow for a lure with light rod and line. I say usual method, for he says he found the use of the trolling spoon universal. While in Canada he learned of a mascalonge of 140lbs. in weight, the head of which was taken to England by a steamship line (who furnished the information) in a whisky cask. For years I have been on the trail of all the big fish I could hear about, but here is a bigger fellow than any I have been able to discover that sailed under the name of mascalonge. It is intimated in the article that Mr. Senior has had a try at our black bass, and I shall be curious to know how our fighting fish appealed to such an eminent and all around angler as Red Spinner.

Tadpoles as Bass Bait.

Driving in Columbia county a few days ago with a gentleman who is a devoted black bass fisherman, he said that if he could find twelve tadpoles he would be cock sure of catching twelve black bass with them, for of all the bass baits, minnows, frogs, crickets, crayfish, dobsons, grasshoppers, larvæ of darning needle, etc., etc., the tadpole was the surest bait all season where they could be obtained. This was a new black bass bait to me, and I wonder if it is used in other sections to any great extent, and with what success. I have mentioned in this paper that I found the best bait in the Delaware River to be young lamprey eels. In West Virginia, an old fisherman told me the bait for big black bass was a black lizard, and he procured some for me to my disgust. In the Potomac, a young bullhead is the best bass bait, and in other portions of this big country perhaps something else is the best bait; but if the tadpole should prove to be the universal best bait, thanks would be due to my Columbia county friend for the information.

A. N. Cheney.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Biggest Trout.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 6.—Mr. W. E. Warren, of Fox Lake, Wis., just back from a good trip to Colorado, left at this office a magnificent photograph of the record mountain trout, caught by Mr. Brown in the Gunnis n. This fish weighed 12lbs. even, and was a monster, though showing to be of symmetry and power. The photograph is one of the best fish pictures seen for a long time.

Where the Bass Don't Hide.

Messrs. C. E Anthony and Chas. Jernagin, of Chicago, are back from a two weebs' trip in Wisconsin, some twenty-five miles west of State Line. They did their fishing in Roche Lake, keeping only such fish as they needed to eat. In all the two caught over 1,000 bass. In four hours they caught 205 bass. and in two hours they took 137, according to the story. The fish ran about 1½lbs. average, and as the above figures mean that each fisherman must have landed a little more than one bass each two minutes for the two hours, I submit that the story is not at all a bad one. The sport, however, was hardly to be called good.

A party of Chicago gentlemen, including Messrs. John Branch, James Gormley, Charles Jenks, A. C. Paterson, Messrs. Taylor and Thompson, all of Chicago, are just back from Tomahawk Lake, Wis., where they had fair sport at muscallonge. The largest fish was taken by Mr. Branch, of the C. & N. W. Ry., a 'lunge weighing 21½lbs. Mr. Gormley had one weighing 18¾lbs., and a number of less weight—6½, 12½, 11, 13½lbs., etc.—were taken by others of the party. A good many black bass were found in a little inland lake near by, and in one of the thoroughfares Messrs. Taylor and Thompson caught ten striped bass one day.

Curiosities at the Minnesota Hatchery.

There are a number of interesting sights to be seen out at the State fish hatchery near St. Paul, Minn., and I enjoyed very much a little trip I had out there a while ago with the State executive agent, Mr. Sam F. Fullerton. One of the sights of the hatchery is the penfull of albino trout, something not to be seen in any other part of the world, in all probability. These trout, at first appearance, seem to be a school of goldfish, as one walks up to the edge of the compartment and looks in at them. They are over a foot long, and make a good big school of peculiar-looking creatures. The skin is a delicate pale color, but upon it may be seen clearly the red spots of the brook trout, the effect being that of a brilliant silvery fish, with decorations of carmine. All these albinoes are descended from one albino mother, whose offspring reproduce her coloration. When the eggs of this trout are fertilized by the melt of the brown trout, the result is a fish which is apparently a brown trout and which shows no albinism. There are few odder things in fishculture than these Minnesota albinoes.

Another pen at the hatchery contains a lot of hybrids of the brook trout and lake trout, weighing as high as 4½lbs.

and a very handsome fish. At one time the pen containing these trout was struck by lightning and twenty-seven of the fish, mostly large and fine specimens, were killed. I never before heard of the necessity of putting up a lightning rod to protect trout, but maybe these are not quite as quick as most wild trout are.

One of the pets of the hatchery is a big brook trout, 6½lbs. in weight, which is quite blind, and which allows its back to be scratched by persons properly introduced. The big lake trout are handsome fellows and are also obliging, allowing their backs to be scratched like so many contented pigs. The brown trout are very large, and we had a lot of fun feeding them. They know very well the hour at which they are to be fed, and about that time become as uneasy as the animals in a menagerie. When the food was thrown in to them they fell all over each other, dashing the water up into a spray, and going half out of water in their rush one over the other. There were brown trout in there which looked to weigh 8 or 10lbs. I never would tire watching the show of trout in these many pools at the hatchery, for even in captivity these brilliant and active fish appear spectacular, retaining much of their shyness and cleverness at hiding. We saw pen after pen full almost to overflowing, the grandest spectacle of live trout it was ever my fortune to witness. The fish are all in fine condition, as is indeed every variety of fish at the hatchery. The superintendent of the hatchery, Mr. W. H. Morgan, is a very skillful man at his business, having had many years of experience in the United States hatcheries. One of his discoveries for the treatment of fungus on the fish was that a salt bath is nearly always efficacious. Now, when a fish is observed to be dull, and to show the customary white growth which afflicts so many specimens in confinement, it is at once removed to the salt tanks and given a pickle which makes it gasp for the time, but feel good afterward. We saw many young fish which had been thus doctored or were in process of doctoring.

The Minnesota pike hatchery is said to be one of the very finest, perhaps absolutely the best, in the United States. It is a glass jar hatchery, such as that shown at the World's Fair, and has a capacity of 100,000,000 eggs! It grinds out a pile of wall-eyes in a year. Then we saw tanks and troughs and sluices and boxes full of millions of little perch and croppies, looking like wriggling silver when shoveled up in the hand net for our inspection. These are partly the salvage of the sloughs, where the very sensible work of seining out drying water holes has saved them for another day. No bass are now hatched at this hatchery, the room being devoted to other fishes, the young bass seined from the bayous being handled into other and better waters as taken. If the Commission ever is able to devote a steamer to this work, the salvage of small-mouth black bass can be made something enormous along the upper Mississippi River.

This year the Minnesota Commission has hatched out 750,000 trout, and next year it expects to put out twice as many. Its output for 1898 will probably embrace 1,500,000 trout, 100,000,000 wall-eyed pike, 500,000 black bass, 1,000,000 croppies, 1,000,000 perch. The work is progressing nobly, and the people of the State should realize their indebtedness to the enterprise.

The site of the Minnesota hatchery is one of the loveliest and most suitable that can be imagined. Along the Father of Waters, from some distance out from St. Paul, runs the majestic bluff which bounds the great river, this bluff at one point, Mound Park, being surmounted by the ancient graveyards of the former owners of the soil, whose burial mounds have been preserved and are now inclosed against further sacrilege. Following this grand bluff out a little further, one reaches a summit from which a splendid panorama of the river valley can be seen, far below and reaching far away. At the edge of this wide, green valley, and running back into the front of the high bluff and sheltered by its arm, runs a narrower valley or cove, across which flows a spring-fed stream which has been forced by the hand of man to expand and deploy into a myriad pools and reaches. The stream heads back right at the foot of the bluff. Here some moist ground was noted at points not actually marked by springs, and repeated borings at such points developed magnificent flowing springs. Iron pipes were sunk at the bottom of the pits made in clearing out the natural springs, and from each of these pipes an unfailing rush of cold water pours forth. It is apparently practicable to increase the water supply in this way to any desired extent, though the flow is now all that is wanted. From the springs the water is led down and into the meadow-like little valley through long flumes, then is expanded into the series of ponds needful in the hatchery. The people of the State of Minnesota have a treasure in this hatchery—a treasure of great natural beauty, to say nothing of its utility. A more charming corner of the world is rarely seen, and to visit it and peer over from the green edges of the pools at the myriad darting forms in the clear water is much like experiencing a dream of a trouting heaven.

The Minnesota State Game and Fish Commissioners received from the last Legislature an appropriation of $25,000, and during the past year turned in fines amounting to about $5,000. At the last statement of expenses, for the term ending Sept. 10, the Commission had expended this year $5,166.38. This covers wardens' salaries and legal expenses. It is very likely that the State has no bureau in its service which is on a better paying or more valuable footing.

Muscallonge Shed Their Teeth.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 9.—It is odd how little we sometimes know about things which are near about us, or odd how we sometimes think we know more than we do. I do not believe it will be needful to classify under the latter head the piece of information which has just come to hand in regard to some of the personal habits of the muscallonge. It has always been known by anglers for this big fish, that during a part of the summer it will not bite very freely. This time of laxness is commonly noted to be at the time of the "bloom" which appears on the waters, making them turgid and milky. It has always been supposed that this "bloom" was what kept the fish from biting. Now, is this really the case? Such is the question arising in the mind of my friend H. L. Stanton, of this city, and in the minds of several of his friends, and I may add also in my own.

The facts of this story are thus: Mr. Stanton, Mr. Frank Willard and their wives were in the week of Sept. 22 up at Squirrel Lake, Wis., on a muscallonge trip. The season was late, and the bloom, which is usually over by late July or August, was still on the water, so that they did not expect to get much 'lunge fishing, though they picked up a number of the fish now and then throughout the week. One day they were resting along shore, when they were approached by a canoe bearing a lumberman and a half-breed, bound across the lake. The two parties passed the time of day with each other, and the traveler asked them what luck they had had. When they told him that the fishing was poor, he said that he was not surprised, for that "over in Canada, we never used to think of fishing for 'lunge until after they were done shedding their teeth." At this the two anglers laughed heartily, thinking it a very good joke, and they laughed so much that the Canadian got angry and went away from them in some dudgeon. "Maybe you think a horse don't shed its hair, or a moose its horns, or a snake its skin," he said. "They all do, just the same, and so does a muscallonge shed its teeth, regularly every year, and while it is doing it it won't bite, of course, any more than a deer in the velvet will run, or a moulting bird move about much. If you don't believe it, I'll bet you $100 I can prove it right now, with the first 'lunge you take."

The lumberman went on across the lake and disappeared, and no one knows who he was. His words set Mr. Stanton and Mr. Willard to thinking. They had a few 'lunge up on the ice at their camp, and one by one they examined these. In every case the jaws were found to be red and much inflamed. The teeth were in no case all present, and in some cases were nearly all absent. The whole row of teeth along the side of the jaw could be rubbed out free from the jaw with a rake of the thumb-nail. The ends of the teeth were softened, as though about to decay or disintegrate, so that the tooth could be crumbled. The large teeth were loose in the sockets when found still in place, and very often the sockets were empty. One fish, weighing 17½lbs., was taken afterward. The guide said he would "try that tooth racket," and taking up the fish was able to scrape every remaining tooth out of its jaw by means of his thumb-nail. (This cannot be done with a 'lunge in the spring season, I know.) It was further noted that all the fish taken on this trip were very gaunt, having nothing at all in their stomachs. Yet these fish spawn very early in the spring, at the first breaking up of the ice. The big 'lunge mentioned was very thin, and was long and deep enough to have weighed 25lbs. had it been in fair condition. The same experiments were made with the pickerel that were caught, and it was discovered that they, too, had shed or partly shed their teeth, or had them loosened so that they could be scraped out of the mouth. It was noticed a great many times on the trip that 'lunge would be seen following the spoon along for some distance, but not striking, a practice quite contrary to their savage rush when in the biting season of spring or fall.

Mr. Stanton and his friends became very fully persuaded that their strange lumberman had known perfectly well what he was talking about, and they concluded that they had discovered, so far as their own earlier knowledge was concerned, a new fact in natural history. Neither of them, nor any angler I ever met, has ever heard anything about the muscallonge shedding its teeth, but it would be very hard to convince them now that the fish does not do so. Mr. Stanton sent over for me, and related the above tales at considerable length. There is no doubting their authenticity. Will Mr. Cheney or some other savant tell us how old this new discovery is, or if it is new, why no other man has ever learned of it? If this be ancient history, why have none of our anglers told us of it before? In this party were Mr. Stanton, Mr. Willard, Mr. McManus, three guides and two cooks, and none of them had ever guessed any such thing before. They all know it now.

Texas Tarpon.

Mr. Irwin sends me from Little Rock still further information about the fine tarpon fishing on the Texas Gulf Coast, his letter reading in part as below:

"W. D. Jenkins, the Government engineer of the work of getting deep water at Aransas Pass, is an expert tarpon fisherman, and whenever he finds, after landing a silver king, that his gills have not been injured, he punches a hole through the covering of the gills and attaches a silver tag to the fish, and turns him loose again. If the gills are injured, as the lungs of a man, the fish, even if liberated, would soon die or be caught and devoured by sharks.

"I had a very pleasant visit this morning from June Ingram, the champion of all the tarpon fishermen, who for this season has 102 tarpon to his credit, all landed with rod and reel. The last fifty he landed all but two upon the beach without the aid of gaff hook, which certainly is a great feat, as it gives the fish additional chances to get away, as many of them are brought to the beach but escape by the failure of the boatman to gaff them."

The Buffalo Will Bite.

In our early fishing days out in Iowa we never used to think of fishing for the buffalo fish with hook and line, and indeed had a large contempt for it as a fish in any capacity. I do not think I ever personally heard of its taking bait, until receiving to-day the advice from J. B. H., who has been out fishing along our old river, the Skunk, out in central Iowa. It seems that this once prolific stream has been netted and dynamited to death, so that it offers very little sport, but J. B. H. managed to get enough fish for camp use. He says: "I caught buffalo fish for the first time in my life with the hook. I got one of 3lbs., and for real game fighting and endurance, and for quick and long runs, it was fully the equal of any bass I have ever caught. I used angle-worms, but the funny way the buffalo had of biting was new to me. We fished in the deepest water in the middle of the day. They are slow biters like the suckers, but are a regular tornado when they feel the prick of the hook. This opens a new sport for me, I guess." E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Oct. 16.—The prevailing westerly winds the past fews days have greatly improved surf fishing. Bluefish and weakfish are again biting at all points, but the best catches of the week have been at Manasquan Inlet, where plaice and bluefish appear to be particularly abundant, the latter taking the squid freely.

Each season demonstrates that there is much to learn in relation to fish life. Never before have the bluefish been taken from the beach and piers at night in any quantity; this season that condition prevails, and the best catches have been made during the early evening, and occasional ones the entire night through. While the weakfish are not nearly as abundant as two weeks ago, still enough are being taken to hold the attention of the angler and keep the lines active.

Striped bass appear to have given us the "marble shoulder" entirely. While they are in the surf in abundance, as the net men make good catches whenever the sea is in good condition, none will take the hook. Why is this? Will some brother angler rise and explain? One evening recently when conditions seemed perfect, I fished faithfully for two hours and took nothing save an occasional weakfish at a point where bass were known to be, using every bait which experience suggested as being particularly good, and yet a small net was laid around the point and the first haul yielded seven good ones, the second one sixteen. They apparently require a trolling bait, something we are unable to offer except on rare occasions.

The New England whiting, or what is commonly termed the "frostfish," have put in appearance, although but few in number as yet; still we have the promise of them with us during the winter months, and they are a very agreeable acquisition, breaking the monotony of our usual long winter wait, as they take the hook freely until along in February, and are really a game fish. They never nibble, but take the hook with a rush, and make a most determined resistance; fully equaling, weight considered, the kingfish, whose praises as a game fighter has been sung for ages. I took several hundreds of them during the past winter, and I cheerfully recommend them as being entirely worthy of the angler's attention. A 3 or 4lb. fish puts up a most gallant fight, and with light tackle tests the angler's skill, as in the cold, fingers are apt to be numb and the hold on tackle more or less uncertain. LEONARD HULIT.

American Fisheries Society Proceedings.

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has been called to an item on the first page of your issue of Oct. 9, stating you had failed to receive a report of the proceedings of the American Fisheries Society, and commenting on the action of the society in restricting the distribution of the report to its members. While the society did so restrict the distribution, I knew it was not its intention to exclude the sporting press, and, therefore, immediately on its issue I had mailed to FOREST AND STREAM and other kindred publications a copy. If your copy was not received, it must have been through some fault of the mails. I know the copies mailed to some of the other papers were received, and I presumed you had received yours. There was no intention of denying FOREST AND STREAM a copy. I wish you would give this letter publication in order that neither the society or myself may be misunderstood in this matter. HERSCHEL WHITAKER.

Raritan River Fish and Game.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Oct. 15.—Striped bass and perch are biting nicely at bloodworm in the Raritan River anywhere from one to five miles above the Central Railroad bridge. Some yellow legs about yet, and a flock of teal was seen this week. K.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 8.—Rhode Island Poultry Association's show, Pawtuxet, R. I
Nov. 23.—Metropolitan Kennel Club's second annual show, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—National Beagle Club of America's eighth annual trials, Hempstead, L. I
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials, Barre, Mass.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 2.—Hoosier Beagle Club's inaugural trials, Indiana.
Nov. 8.—Missouri and Illinois Fox Hunters' Club's ninth annual meet, Salem, Mo.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Rice's Landing, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 10.—Western Massachusetts Fox Club's meet, Westfield, Mass.
Nov. 15.—National Fox Hunters' Association's fourth annual trials, Cynthiana, Ky.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials, Newton, N. C.
Dec. 6.—Texas Fox-Hunters' Association's meet, Hinson Springs, Tex.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.
Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal.
Jan. 24.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Tupelo, Miss.
Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala.

"SPORT" FROM THE STANDPOINT OF HUMANITY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May I point out to Mr. Louis Benson Akin (vide your issue of Oct. 9) that in deprecating the pleasure men derive from the killing of game, or the "fun" of seeing a pack of hounds, fight, chase, catch, fight or kill a wild animal, he proceeds entirely on sentimental grounds (I use the word in no invidious sense) and ignores practical observations and indisputable facts. Thus, I do not see how any killing of any animal, on any but strictly utilitarian grounds, can be anything but cruel, considered entirely in the abstract, and it should follow that any enjoying of any such killing can be nothing but an aggravation of cruelty. But strictly abstract considerations never have, and never will, govern society; compensations, or call them either contradictions or compromises if you prefer, invariably play most important parts, and logic stands a poor chance when human nature is arrayed against it.

Now, surely Mr. Akin knows many most humane men who are ardent sportsmen. I know men so tender-hearted that they will walk up a steep hill on a very hot day to spare the horse, who delight in "going out shooting." There is no man in America that I honor more for his exalted humanity than the Hon. Felix R. Brunot, a man who stayed in the extreme front at Gaines's Mills caring for the wounded, risking his life a hundred times, and who was finally taken prisoner while in pursuit of his duty, and who subsequently ventured into the camp of Capt. Jack (just after that scoundrel had murdered Gen. Canby) in his attempt to save the Modoc tribe from extinction by the United States forces. Such a man *must* be humane, there is no possibility of believing him anything else. Yet he was a most devoted sportsman, and lost his health (which has now resulted in his mental decay) in pursuit of "sport." There is no race on earth more humane than the English, yet they are the most ardent of sportsmen. Now, it is out of the question to say that the delights of such men are cruel. Logic may say so, abstractions may prove it; but their lives rise superior to mountains of other proofs.

And to be more specific, there certainly is "fun" (meaning enjoyment) in witnessing the gallant fight between a bob cat (wildcats we call them) and a pack of hounds. I have seen

but one, but I know that that one stirs my old blood yet when I remember it, and I don't think I am a cruel person either. Of course, after the fight is over and the cat killed, endless sympathy and pity is bestowed on Flute, Alf or Pick, for their lacerated ears, sides, legs, or bellies, but nobody pities the cat.

The explanation of this apparent contradiction of needless killing being enjoyed by the kindest-hearted of men, would seem to lie in the exhilaration sports give, the matching of wild cunning, speed or power, against the intelligence of man, whether that intelligence be displayed by man himself directly, or through his training of animals to assist him in his sports. Thus, as man's advantages grow, "sportsmanship" accords the game more chances. When I was a boy it was quite the proper thing to shoot birds sitting on a tree, our old muskets or even shotguns were slow affairs, loading was a long job, powder was costly, and altogether we had far less advantages over the birds than our successors with their muzzleloaders and prepared ammunition now have, and with these advantages the obligations seem to have been laid on the sportsmen of to-day to give the game a better chance; hence, as I understand it, birds must not be shot except on the wing, and squirrels must be shot through the head only (if a rifle is used).

Unquestionably Mr. Akin's appeal to us to "be gentle" is touching, and even proper, but those of us who, for many different reasons, are not sportsmen, must not "measure others' corn in our half bushel," and it is no less a duty to be tolerant of the pleasures enjoyed by others, regardless of whether we share or detest those enjoyments, than it is to be gentle, and in fact, that very gentleness imposes on those who would truly manifest it, the duty of extreme toleration of views and likes differing from our own. It is curious to observe in this connection how love of "sport" has grown with the advance of mankind. The savage hunts entirely for food or other utilitarian purposes, only the civilized man hunting for sport, and the more civilized man becomes, the more sportsmen follow sport for its own sake, for "fun."

Perhaps I ought to say, lest Mr. Akin misjudge me, that I am not a "sportsman" in the least degree. W. WADE.

OAKMONT, Pa., Oct. 11.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—XVI.

NOT the least of the obstructive troubles which embarrass the novice in his first training attempts is gun-shyness, as the dog's fear of the gun is commonly termed. The dog's fear of the gun is often the fault of the trainer. He proceeds to accustom the dog to the gun on a wrong theory. His own knowledge of the uses of it and the pursuit of birds is unconsciously made the standard by which to measure the puppy's knowledge. If the trainer would but think over the matter seriously, he would recall to mind that far back in the years when he was a boy he had much ignorance and many silly fears, knowing nothing of the manner of hunting birds, as, in fact, he knew but little about anything else. A gun he looked upon as an awesome engine, and when the day came in which his courage was somewhat uncertainly brought up to the point whereat he resolved on the desperate adventure of firing the gun, he took aim with a beating heart, closed his eyes, turned his head aside, and, a ghastly grin settling on his face, he pulled the trigger. The deed done, it was the boast of days to his less favored or less brave companions. And yet, keen as is the spirit of rivalry or emulation among boys in deeds of daring, there are some of them who have not the courage to use firearms. But the boys who shoot are generally taught the use of firearms and are gradually accustomed to their practice by sympathetic tutors. However, let us suppose that a boy has reached the age of seven or eight years without ever having seen or heard of a gun. Let us suppose further that his father suddenly resolves to accustom the boy to the report of the gun, so, with that purpose in view, he takes him into an open field; then, while the boy is 4 or 5yds. away chasing a butterfly, the father fires. The boy, as a matter of course, is terrorized and runs for home. The father shouts at him, runs after and catches him, jerks him back by his collar and whips him. He reloads, looks sternly at the boy and fires again. He sees a fierce flash, hears a frightful report and smells offensive gases. Absurd as such a method would be when applied to the boy, it is often the one pursued when giving a puppy his first lesson with the gun. Of course, everyone can readily perceive that such a method is absurd when it is pointed out, because everyone can understand how it would seem if applied to one's self; but this faulty method, absurd as it is, seems to find much favor, and its faults are overlooked till much harm is done. Most amateur trainers fail to consider that the puppy is absolutely ignorant as to the purposes of a gun, and that the same causes which terrorize the boy, and also some men, may have a similar effect in respect to the puppy. If the trainer would keep in mind that the puppy can learn only from experience, and keep also in mind that his own boyhood, with all its timidity, ignorance and immaturity, is the true standard by which to sympathetically understand the puppy, he would have few cases of gun-shyness, and would beside train much more intelligently and better. However, the harsh and inappropriate standard of mature knowledge and skill is commonly used instead of the foregoing.

Therefore, in most instances gun-shyness is the result of the trainer's own stupidity or thoughtlessness or lamentable lack of knowledge, and this without any reference to his mental capabilities. It is not necessary that a trainer or shooter be densely ignorant to make a gun-shy dog. Men of excellent sense concerning other matters, seem to think that a dog and gun were naturally made to be associated together, and that the dog should quite as readily take to an acquaintance with the gun as the man does to shooting it over the dog. Any shortcoming in the application of this faulty theory is ascribed in most instances to the dog's dereliction. It is rare, indeed, that the trainer considers himself the one to be blamed in the matter, though his impatience may be so dominant that he is wholly inconsiderate as to whether the dog has any comprehension of what he is required to do or whether he even has had any experience in it; if the dog fails in the required performance, anger and violence too often come in play instead of kindness and instruction.

Fear causes all kinds of shyness—gun-shyness, whip-shyness, handler-shyness and bird-shyness, the latter commonly called blinking. Whichever it may be, he avoids the one or the other because he is afraid. To punish a dog for his fears in no wise restores his confidence; on the contrary, it adds to his fears and confirms him in them. The fact that so many dogs are cured of gun-shyness is positive proof that they never would have been gun-shy had they been properly accustomed to the gun in the beginning, for it is a self-evident fact that if the dog can have his fears allayed and become accustomed to the gun after he once has acquired a fear of it, he could have become accustomed to it much more readily under proper management at the time when he had no fears at all. However, the trainer will have to face the problem some time either as the result of his own mistake, or through the mistake of others, and it is necessary that he should know the best method to effect a cure.

There is no arbitrary method by which a cure can be effected, nor is the intensity or mildness of the shyness any criterion to estimate the length of time required to effect a cure. Some apparently mild cases persist to a discouraging degree, while some very bad cases—under the right combination of circumstances—are cured readily.

Highly nervous and timid dogs are easily made gun-shy, and particularly so if the trainer has caused them to be shy of himself by punishment. When the dog is shy of his trainer any unusual acts of the latter are viewed with apprehension, and ones which otherwise would be passed unnoticed are considered alarming when the dog already is afraid.

Dogs manifest distinctly different ways of avoiding the gun; some run away entirely, either returning home or taking the opportunity to self hunt; some run to the first place which offers concealment, and tremblingly hide; some will lie down and curl up apathetically; others will go with the handler, but maintain a safe distance from him. Some will show terror at the mere sight of a gun and will frantically run away; others show alarm only when it is put to the shoulder as if to fire it, and others again fear only its report.

There are three prime requisites in the attempts to cure gun-shyness—the dog should not be permitted to run away; he should not be given to understand that the gun has any reference to him at all, and both of these the novice generally ignores, and every effort should be made to secure the dog's affection. No training which is accompanied by punishment can be practiced on the gun-shy dog. Let the trainer feed the dog, praise him and make a companion of him; when he has a deep love for his master and confidence in him, they will go far toward helping him to a cure.

To prevent the dog from running away, if he is so inclined, he should be taken into an inclosed yard from which he cannot escape. The precaution is unnecessary if he will not bolt. If he is afraid of the sight of a gun, a pistol of the old-fashioned kind, firing caps, and small enough to carry in the pocket, is best. The dog cannot see it, and is not anticipating trouble, as he does when the gun is in sight. The trainer should assume his careless air. The serious, portentious demeanor, such as the trainer assumes when he gives the puppy a thrashing, should be avoided. The puppy soon learns to interpret such demeanor correctly, and he becomes afraid in anticipation. Whether in field or yard, the lesson should not begin immediately. Make the whole affair as commonplace an incident as possible. To the end that it be an event more of pleasure than of pain, let the trainer have some pieces of meat to give him betimes; and a few gentle pats on the head and some kind words will not be amiss. After a time, when he is not too close by, and when he is not anticipating it, the trainer may snap a cap. Let me repeat that the trainer should not look at the dog at this juncture. He can note what the dog is doing without looking directly at him. If the dog, when he hears the report, scrutinizes the trainer closely and detects no purpose refering to himself, he may pass it by as of no importance. If he runs to a corner and curls up in it, he must be brought back kindly and deliberately, and the same course pursued as before.

If he will lie down, curling up closely, and so remaining in an apathetic state, it is better to put a check-cord and spike-collar on him, then when he lies down, give a few light jerks to disturb him and make him observant. The trainer can sit in a chair and snap caps for an hour or more every day till the dog becomes indifferent to the reports, when powder charges may be used. It is a peculiarity of animal nature, whether in man or dog, that he cannot remain in a state of perpetual fright. Let the cause of fright remain, the fright gradually decreases. Men become habituated to dangers, and indifference supersedes alarm. If the trainer have the time and patience, he can persist in the shooting day after day till the dog's fright has its natural decline and he becomes habituated to the noise.

If the dog is a bolter, he must be prevented from running away. Again the check-cord and spike-collar come into play. These do not allay his fears, nor do they possess any inherent property toward effecting a cure. They simply prevent or deter him from running away, and prevented he must be before a cure can be begun. Kindness, rewards and an unconcerned manner will gradually effect a cure.

If the dog have ordinary courage and sense, with some ardor for hunting, a cure is sometimes made in a moment. Lead him out on a long cord in a field where there are birds, and if one attracts his attention, shoot it, and let him capture it. If it is winged and will flutter he is all the more interested. If he can in any way be induced to chase a rabbit, and if the trainer then can shoot it ahead of him when he is in close pursuit, the cure nine times out of ten is affected then and there. The company of an old steady dog is more or less reassuring, whether he be a rabbit or squirrel dog. Indeed, if so all the better. Nothing so excites the spirit of the chase in a dog as to see or hear another dog in full cry pursuing a rabbit. If he has any fire in him, he is sure to join in the chase. When his mind is fully occupied with other things, the report of a gun has little effect upon him. However, a gun-shy dog should never be worked on game birds before he is thoroughly cured. If worked on them sooner, the chances are about ten to one that he becomes bird-shy and a blinker, in which event the time and labor necessary to correct the double fault is worth more than is the dog.

A method which is very successful is to place the dog's food in its regular place, then to shoot when he begins to eat. If he bolts into his kennel, the food is quietly removed and none given till the next meal time. The lesson is then repeated, and again the food is taken away if he bolts. In time his hunger will become so importunate that no danger will deter him from appeasing it. If this method is persisted in, he learns to associate the report with his meals, and looks forward to it with eager pleasure.

Again, dogs have been taken to grounds where a trap-shooting tournament was in progress, and being tied in a safe place nearby, have come to be heedless of the gun. This, in a way, is merely wearing out the dog's fright, as has already been treated upon.

There have been many bottles of ink consumed in writing on the heredity of gun-shyness, but most of the writers succeeded better in proving that they were not quite familiar with what constitutes heredity than that the dog's gun shyness was transmitted to him by his ancestors. That there are many dogs predisposed to gun-shyness I freely admit, but that one is born with the fault I do not believe. Dogs of a highly nervous and excitable temperament, with a mentality tending toward silliness, show alarm at any strange noises, whether they be from the gun or anything else. I have in mind a litter of fashionably bred idiots, with narrow skulls and sharp noses, which were about the most nervous and cowardly brutes that I ever saw. Anything unusual to their eyes or ears was sufficient to cause a panic and flight. I remember in particular one curled up in peaceful slumber on the carpet taking a rest by daylight. The clock on the mantel began to strike the hour, when the dog instantly bounded up and out of the window with extraordinary agility and quickness. The clock had hardly struck the second note before the dog had vanished. Such dogs are predisposed to gun-shyness just as they are predisposed to shyness of anything unusual which excites their fears. Inherited cowardice and nervousness would be the better terms for it.

BERNARD WATERS.

A Missing Rochester Dog.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Believing that all true sportsmen who love the dog, gun and field will be interested, I desire to say through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM that on Sept. 14 a black and white pointer dog belonging to John R. Fanning, of this city, was stolen, and after diligent inquiry in the city no trace of him has been found. The dog was a family pet aside from being well trained and well bred. Was eight and one-half years old, quite fat and rather loggy, and his head, which was formerly solid black, had grown quite gray about the face and eyes.

On account of his age and appearance, it is not at all probable in the judgment of myself and others that he was stolen by a fancier, but was evidently picked up by some one who knew his qualities, and has doubtless been shipped to some other place.

No response has been made to a number of advertisements offering a reward for his return, through the local papers, and I therefore believe that if the above facts are made known through your paper to sportsmen of this State and others, that it may serve to bring the thief to punishment, as I believe all true sportsmen will take an interest in aiding in the recovery of this valuable animal. Our local sportsmen, many of whom have used Bob, are greatly interested in the matter, and ask the aid of all to whose notice this matter may come. THOS. R. GRIFFITH

Western Massachusetts Fox Club.

WESTFIELD, Mass., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The committee having in charge the arrangements for the tenth annual hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club have decided upon Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 10 and 11, as the dates for the meet to be held in Westfield—as in the past six years.

The grounds selected for the hunt this season will practically be the same as last year's successful hunt—in and about the neighborhood of the upper and lower reservoirs in the northwestern section of this town and in town of Montgomery. The full details of this hunt have not as yet been decided upon, but will be no doubt the same as in former years. The first day will be devoted to hunting, followed in the evening by the usual banquet at the Gun Opera House. The second day will be enjoyed by hunting—probably in the same or adjoining neighborhood of the first day's hunt.

That this neighborhood is a rich field for sport of this nature, is acknowledged by all hunters who have participated in previous meets. This season many foxes have been reported by our local nimrods.

As is well known, the members of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club are always ready to welcome and extend the courtesies of the club to visiting members of the guild, and it is expected that an unusual number of fox-hunters will be present with us this season to enjoy this rare sport.

WORONOCO.

National Beagle Club.

A FIELD trial committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the A. K. C., 55 Liberty street, New York, Monday, Oct. 11. Members present: J. W. Appleton, chairman; H. F. Schellhass, John Bateman, James L. Kernochan, Geo. B. Post, Jr., A. Wright Post and Geo. W. Rogers.

The entries for the coming field trials, to be held at Hempstead, L. I., during the week beginning Oct. 25, are as follows:

Open Class A—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and under, that have not been placed first in any open class at any recognized field trials held in America: Wharton Beagles' Harkaway, H. S. Joslin's Trick, Franklin Field Trial Kennels' Belle Summers, Summers' Fly, and Sailor, William Saxby's Drive, Summerset Kennels' Garnet and Juno, A. J. Purrinton's Millard R., Hempstead Beagles' Pilgrim, Tyrant and Messinger.

Open Class B—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any open class at any recognized field trials held in America: S. N. A. Baldwin's Another, H. S Joslin's Cora J., Franklin Field Trial Kennels' Pinnie and Stump, Wm. Saxby's Bessie, E. C. Cook's Dixie R., Hempstead Beagles' Prudence and Tragedy, Waldingfield Beagles' Blue Belle.

Derby Class C—For dogs and bitches, 15in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896: Warton Beagles' Harkaway, N. A. Baldwin's Another and Lancer, H. S. Joslin's Cora J., Franklin Field Trial Kennels' Sailor and Maggie S., Wm. Saxby's Doubtful, Summerset Kennels' Hilma, Hempstead Beagles' Starlight and Tragedy.

The number of litter entries in the 1897 Futurity number thirteen, of which a large majority will fill at the trials.

An executive meeting of the club was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, Oct. 1. The members present were H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, George B. Post, Jr., John Bateman, G. Mifflin Wharton and Geo. W. Rogers. The following were placed in nomination, and to hold office during the year 1898: First Ticket: President, Geo. B. Post, Jr.; First Vice-President, Hermann F. Schellhass; Second Vice-President, Geo. W. Rogers; Third Vice-President, Jas. L. Kernochan; Secretary, G. Mifflin Wharton; Treasurer, G. Mifflin Wharton; Executive Committee: John Bateman, H. L. Kreuder, A. Wright Post; Judges: Geo. B. Post, Jr., W. S. Clark, Hermann F. Schellhass, Jas. W. Appleton, George F. Reed, Bradford S. Turpin; Delegate, Hermann F. Schellhass.

Second Ticket: President, Geo. B. Post, Jr.; First Vice-President, Hermann F. Schellhass; Second Vice-President, Jas. W. Appleton; Third Vice-President, Jas. L. Kernochan; Secretary, G. Mifflin Wharton; Treasurer, G. Mifflin Wharton; Executive Committee: A. Wright Post, Geo. W. Rogers, John Bateman; Delegate, Hermann F. Schellhass; Judges: George F. Reed, W. S. Clark, Hermann F. Schellhass, Geo. B. Post, Jr., Jas. W. Appleton, Bradford S. Turpin.

GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

The Metropolitan Kennel Club.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following gentlemen have consented to judge at the coming Brooklyn show:

Robert H. Burrows, St. Bernards; J. Blackburn Miller, Great Danes; H. W. Huntington, deerhounds, wolfhounds and greyhounds; Charles Heath, pointers; Dr. H. Clay Glover, English, Irish and Gordon setters; James L. Kernochan, English foxhounds and French bull dogs; Dr. S. J. Bradbury, field, cocker, clumber and Irish water spaniels; Winthrop Rutherford, fox terriers; J. W. Appleton, beagles; Charles D. Bernheimer, poodles; James Watson, collies, old English sheep dogs, Airedale, skye, Welsh, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmont and black and tan terriers.

Other specialty judges are yet to be heard from.

An excellent list of special prizes has already been liberally offered by the Fox Terrier Club, the Spaniel Club, the Pointer Club, Irish Setter Club, Gordon Setter Club, the Collie Club, National Greyhound Club, the Dachshund

Club, and the newly-organized Bull Terrier Club, which will be increased as soon as the secretaries of the other specialty clubs have been heard from.

These have been supplemented by offers from private sources: Jas. A. Caldwell, Jr., offers a silver cup, value $25, for the best American-bred wire-haired fox terrier exhibited by a member of the American Fox Terrier Club. G. W. H. Ritchie offers a loving cup, value $25, for the best American-bred wire-haired fox terrier owned and exhibited by a member of the Metropolitan Kennel Club. H. T. Foote offers a cup, value $25, for the best black and tan terrier. The American Fox Terrier Club Yankee stakes and Tomboy stakes of 1897 will be decided at this show.

Premium lists are now ready for distribution, and can be obtained by addressing James Mortimer, Superintendent, Room 48, Arbuckle Building, 367-373 Fulton street, Brooklyn. Entries close Friday, Nov. 12.

Central Beagle Club.

SHARPSBURG, Pa., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Central Beagle Club's field trial will be run at Rice's Landing, near the Monongahela River, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 9. The Monongahela Valley G. and F. P. Association has kindly allowed us the privilege of running our trials on its preserved grounds, which are well adapted to hold trials on.

The Fadas Hotel, at Rice's Landing, will be the headquarters. It is one mile from the trial grounds. Good livery accommodation to and from the ground can be had at a nominal cost. The Morgantown packet leaves the Pittsburg wharf at 3 o'clock every afternoon (except Sunday), reaching Rice's Landing about 6 o'clock next morning. Returning, the boat leaves Rice's Landing about 6 o'clock every evening.

The measuring and drawing of the dogs for the several classes will be done on the boat on the evening of Nov. 8, on the way to the trial grounds, and it is necessary that you and your dog be on this boat that all necessary arrangements shall be completed when the boat reaches headquarters. As the trials will be run on preserved ground, no shooting or hunting of any kind will be permitted (except to test the dogs for gun-shyness).

Rates from Pittsburg to Rice's Landing, with berth good for thirty days, $1.50; meals 40 cents extra. Dogs will be carried free on the boat. Hotel rates $1 per day.

The field trial committee has left nothing undone to make the trial one of the best ever run in this country. A good time may be expected by all who will attend these trials.

L. O. SEIDEL, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. George W. Rogers, secretary of the National Beagle Club of America, writes us that the club's trials promise to be very successful, and that the number of entries are greater than those of last year. Also that rabbits are reported plentiful around Hempstead, but to make the matter a certainty Mr. J. L. Kernochan will turn out twenty-five rabbits in the most favorable places. The good support accorded the club's stakes and the energy displayed will undoubtedly insure the success of the trials. It is a relatively inexpensive sport, the hunting of rabbits with beagles, and is more commonly available than is sport with the game birds, all of which should insure to it a permanency and constant growth. Premium lists and all necessary information may be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Geo. W. Rogers, 171 Broadway, New York.

There seems to be a belief, prevalent with a certain class of owners and breeders of dogs, that all purchasers which can be reached through advertising are professional in character, or at least have a business purpose in view. The fact that by far the greater number of purchasers buy dogs for their own personal gratification—the gratification of owning a well bred, handsome, companionable dog—seems to be forgotten or ignored. Every week, from parties who desire to purchase dogs, we have inquiries in respect to the name of parties who are breeders or owners of this or that breed. In our replies to such queries our advertisers are mentioned. The owners of such breeds as do not advertise inferentially do not breed dogs to sell, and it would be officious to send purchasers to them when they do not seek such notice. This week we have an inquiry from Mobile in respect to the name and address of some one who deals in all breeds of dogs From Rhode Island is another query for the address of some one who breeds harriers Not long since we had an inquiry concerning a breeder of Dalmatians; and concerning the breeders and owners of the more popular breeds we have constant inquiries. The man who advertises, and so informs the public of his wares, has the attention of the purchasing public; the man who has something to sell and who does not advertise, is unknown to purchasers.

Mr. Wm. H. Hammond, Thomasville, N. C., in our business columns, offers to train dogs. Fred Bassitt, Dracut, Mass., offers squirrel dog. Dr. Wm C. Johnson, Frederick, Md., offers Irish terriers. W. S. Lambert, New York, offers St. Bernard. Dr. John J Mills, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., wants squirrel dog. Bedford Kennels, New York, offers setters. J. G. Norris, Easton, Md., offers Chesapeake Bay dogs.

The Metropolitan Kennel Club offers an excellent premium list; by far the greater number of classes have $10, $5 and $3. Other clasees. $5 and $3

Wheeling.

PNEUMATIC TIRES AND HUBS.

THE pneumatic tire, while admirably fulfilling the purposes for which it is used, has some defects which count heavily against it, chief of which is that a sharp point or edge, whether of rock, glass or metal will puncture it and render it entirely useless until such time as the injury is mended. It also is liable to injury on block pavements by twisting or turning when it is in the recesses between the blocks, such twisting loosening it from the rim. A punctured tire, whether at a distance of one mile or fifty from home is a sore affliction to its owner. He generally has to face the problem of securing a means of transportation for a wheel where transportation is not to be had, or if had it is charged for according to the emergency and the possibilities of extortion. Mending the tire, as done by the amateur, is imperfect work and generally it lasts but a short time, and even when properly mended, the same dangers of a recurrence is ever present as before. On the other hand, a good pneumatic tire is the most perfect of mechanism whether considered from the standpoint of the rider who, riding smoothly and at ease, with a freedom from concussion or vibration, feels a happy exhilaration, or from the standpoint of the tax-payers, whose good roads are made better by the broad pneumatic tire, which adjusts itself with a nicety to the road's inequalities. With all these circumstances to consider, the makers would be very unwise to remove the guarantees which in the past have helped so much toward the rapid and universal adoption of the pneumatic tire. While there is no doubt but what the guarantee has been many times abused by unscrupulous persons on the one hand, there is no doubt but what it has contributed to the general popularity and use of the pneumatic tire beyond computation. The removal of the guarantee will freely open the way for the adoption of other and perhaps less meritorious mechanisms, which are designed to have all the merits of the pneumatic tire and none of its imperfections.

Already three or four inventions have come conspicuously into public notice, the purpose of whose inventions is to incorporate in the hub the pneumatic effects of the tire, substituting a solid rubber, non-puncturable tire for the latter, which, instead of being cemented to the rim, is held firmly in place by tongues and grooves, that the claim is made for it that it cannot slip, tear off or work loose, and its life ends only when it is materially worn out. A collateral mechanism is a pneumatic hub, a tube, the rubber part of which is well protected by steel thimbles, and a nickle steel frame is attached to it for the spokes. For it the claim is made that there is the least possible jarring or jolting, and that in running against serious obstructions, as a curbstone or ditch, as was done in a test of the mechanism, the pressure on the frame is equally divided on both pneumatic hubs, which spring and yield instead of jolting as do the pneumatic tires when the shock is so great that their resistance is overcome and the rim itself strikes the obstruction. It is claimed that besides making easier riding, by preventing severe shocks, it saves the frame and wheel from breakage.

Hands and Larger Hands.

Even physicians are not agreed as whether or not bicycling tends to enlarge the hands. It is claimed that two eminent English physicians aver that it does not do so. Dr. E B. Turner, one of them, is credited with saying that "any distortion of the kind would be impossible, unless in the case of a very delicate girl, under twenty, whose muscles were entirely deficient in tone." And he further says that he has himself ridden a wheel for fourteen years, and his hands are as small or smaller than they ever were. What inane trash! First of all the development of the hands from proper exercise is not "distortion." Second, the only method known to the athletic world, in respect to developing the body, is exercise. By exercise, the hands become larger, stronger and more useful. In bicycling, not only the hands but the feet, the legs, the arms grow larger from the work. The slavish toadying to a vain sentiment is unworthy any man, much more one who is supposed to have a higher manhood from culture and association.

The Records.

Michaels, the phenomenal little Welshman, has still further designs upon the records. His latest offer is to attempt to break the record of Cordang, the champion long-distance rider of Holland, whose recent record of 616 miles and 340yds. in twenty-four hours is a formidable mark to compete against. It is said that Cordang's pace makers had canvas shields so adjusted to the wheels that, following behind them, Cordang was protected from the wind.

Uneven Chains.

Says the L. A. W. *Bulletin:* "It sometimes happens that a bicycle chain does not run evenly, *i. e.*, it will be tight at one point and loose at others. This indicates that either the chain or sprocket wheels were improperly made or have worn unevenly. If the tightness occurs always at a certain part of each crank revolution, that would indicate that the fault is in the sprocket wheel rather than in the chain. If the chain is to blame, it will 'set up' whenever a certain part of it runs on to the teeth of the sprocket." All this evil can be brought on chain or sprocket wheel of a good machine by riding with the chain too tight, a not uncommon fault with riders whose experience should teach them better. With a tight chain, the irregular strain, a strain which is greatly intensified in hill-climbing, which comes from the irregular force applied first with one foot, then the other, strains a chain which is cramped in its action by being too tight. A chain, properly loose, will play evenly and freely. A neglected chain, worked with all the noise and friction of a dry-wood saw at work, will soon become impaired in the same manner. Care and common sense will save a wheel from many of the mystic ills to which it is subject.

Relative Speeds.

The man who figures and makes his facts because "figures will not lie" (when left to themselves), has shown that the bicycle is one of the swiftest of modern vehicles, and the swiftest one of all which is available for common, personal use. On the wheel, man is swifter than the horse at his highest speed, and for long distances over good roads, the horse is no competitor. The swimmer is the tortoise of the human species. In three minutes he swims 251yds. A man rowing would go about 834yds. in the same time A runner would cover about 1,270yds. Trotting horses would go about twice as fast as the runner, though some of the swiftest might cover 2,250yds. in three minutes One of the fastest bicyclers has covered about 2,840yds in three minutes. A running horse would cover about 3,080yds in the same time. The New York express once covered five miles in three minutes.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. Carpenter, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Annual Meeting of the Executive Committee.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., OCT. 16.

THE fifteenth annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association was held at the Clarendon Hotel, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Oct. 16, in weather that would have done credit to August. Last year's meeting, in Toronto, held five weeks later, was greeted by a snowstorm, and the meeting of 1895, in Rome, N. Y., was held in cold weather; but this year the day was uncomfortably hot and oppressive, and the continuous session, from 10:30 to 5:30, was very tiresome. The room in which the meeting was held was situated on the second floor, facing Fulton street, with the elevated railway close in front of the windows, the noise of passing trains and of the street traffic making it difficult to hear the speakers. In spite of these drawbacks, however, a great deal of business was transacted and the objects of the meeting very fully accomplished. The attendance, as will be noticed, was unusually large, there being but three absentees. The Northern Division, in particular, was better represented than it usually is at the meetings in the States.

The meeting was called to order by Com. Dunnell at 10:30 A. M., and the roll was called by Sec'y-Treas. Schuyler, as follows:

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell; Secretary-Treasurer, C. V. Schuyler; Librarian, W. P. Stephens.

Atlantic Division: Vice-Com. Thos. Hale, Jr., Rear-Com. F. M. Pinkney, Purser W. M. Carpenter, Executive Committee, F. C. Moore, G. P. Douglas.

Eastern Division: Vice-Com. L. S. Drake, Rear Com. R. H. Hammond, Purser F. J. Burrage, Executive Committee, P. C. Wiggins, Butler Ames, A. W. Dodd.

Central Division: Vice-Com. J. R. Stewart, Rear-Com. A. H. McNabb, Purser L. C. Woodworth, Executive Committee, H. C. Morse, F. G. Mather, T. H. Stryker.

Northern Division: Vice-Com. D'Arcy Scott, Rear-Com. G. A. Howell, Purser E. C. Woolsey, Executive Committee, J. McD. Mowatt.

All answered to their name except Rear-Com. Hammond, represented by L A. Hall, proxy; Butler Ames, no proxy; A. W. Dodd, per Raymond Appolonio, proxy; T. H. Stryker, no proxy; Rear-Com. Howell, per J. W. Sparrow, proxy; J McD. Mowat, no proxy. With but three absentees, this is, we believe, the largest attendance ever recorded at a meeting. The Board of Governors was also present: R. J. Wilkin, president; C. V. Winne, recorder; Paul Butler, J. N. McKendrick.

Com. Dunnell announced that the board of governors had decided that the number of representatives to which a division is entitled, one for each extra 100 or fraction thereof above the first 100, should be based upon the annual Division reports as published in the Year Book. We are not cognizant of when and how this decision was made, we have no recollection of it in the past, and it seems to us open to question on two grounds. In the first place, there appears to be no authority accorded to the board of governors to construe the constitution, unless a question is officially referred to the board by the executive committee. In the second place, the ruling itself is in error; by it the representatives of a division for 1898, for instance, are determined on the basis of the membership in September, 1896; or at least a year back. This certainly is not in accord with common sense. In the present case, as it unfortunately happens, no harm is done; instead of increasing, the membership has slightly fallen off within the past year, as shown by the division reports, so that under this ruling two of the divisions are each allowed one more member of the executive committee than would otherwise be the case. This is an advantage, as the total number on the Association executive committee—twenty-three—is none too large. Even if all were present—which is never the case—twenty-three men are none too many to represent properly the extensive and varied interests of the Association, to discuss thoroughly and apart from purely local considerations the many questions which arise at the meetings, and to poll an impartial vote.

Unless there should be a decided increase of membership in the near future, it may be advisable to increase the number of representatives allowed to each division. Under the ruling of the board, as above quoted, the representation for 1899 must be upon the basis of the membership in September, 1897, so that the executive committee will be reduced to nineteen. It is fairly safe to assume that there will be a moderate increase of membership next year; the present low figures are due in part to a general overhauling of the rolls, and the dropping of delinquents of long standing, the roll in each division being at the present time well cleared of such dead wood. With a prospect of better times throughout the country, and, if anything, of a slight reaction from the destructive competition of newer sports, canoeing should make a better showing than of late. As the membership stands on Oct. 1, 1897, an addition of eleven men to the Atlantic Division will entitle it to two in place of one representative on the executive committee; but one more member in the Central Division will entitle it to two, its present legal allowance being but one; with twelve more men the Eastern Division will be entitled to retain its present number of three, instead of dropping to two; and the Northern Division, which for several years has not been legally entitled to any representative other than its three officers, will, by the addition of two new members, become entitled to one member on the executive committee.

This matter of representatives has always been loosely and carelessly managed; divisions are allowed to elect members of the executive committee in excess of the legal allowance, "one member for each hundred or fraction thereof *beyond the first one hundred;*" and these illegally elected members have been recognized at the meetings both of the Association and the Division. There is no question that the basis of representation is too large rather than too small; as a matter of business the Division board might well number from five to seven instead of, as now, but three to five; this, however, is no excuse for the disregard of the plain provision of the constitution. This should be strictly lived up to, and if wrong amended at the earliest opportunity.

After the roll was called and the proxies presented and accepted, the minutes of the meeting held at camp on Aug. 18 were read and approved, also the minutes of the informal meeting of the members in camp in August, at which the announcement of the new officers was made. The report of the board of governors was then read by President Wilkin. Ex Com. McKendrick spoke in regard to the unfavorable financial showing of the year, asking whether the board had appropriated specific sums for the use of each committee. Mr. Winne raised the point that the board was not empowered to consider the reserve fund held by it in trust, but only to say what proportion of the estimated income for the year might be expended by the officers. President Wilkin stated that the board merely designated a certain percentage of the gross receipts of the year to be available for the officers in defraying the expenses of the Association, and that in view of the surplus already accumulated since the establishment of the board, it had just determined to allow the expenditure of 90 per cent., instead of 80 per cent., as thus far. Mr. McKendrick stated that at present no fixed sum was appointed for each committee, and that the experience of this year had been that though very careful estimates of the income had been made and the amounts apportioned thereby, that the income had finally proved to be less than estimated and the expenditures greater. He suggested that in the future the board of governors should make a specific appropriation for each committee. Mr. Winne again spoke, to the effect that the officers and the committees of each year had no right to count in any way upon the trust fund held

by the board, or to look for advances from it, as made this year; that the trust fund was separate and apart from the current funds at the disposal of the officers. He stated that the incoming Secretary-Treasurer should look to his own division for any small sum needed at the outset, provided that no balance were turned over from the preceding administration. Sec'y-Treas. Schuyler suggested that no money was due from the divisions before August, and at least none could be asked before January, when the new annual dues were collectible; also that some money might be needed for immediate expenses. President Wilkin urged that greater care was necessary on the part of the officers in making early and accurate estimates of receipts, and governing the expenditures; he also pointed out the need of better business management than had been the case at times in the past. He also spoke of the necessity of the Secretary-Treasurer managing his finances from the current funds, without relying on the trust fund to help him out.

Mr. Winne asked permission, on account of the heat (of the room), to remove his coat, which was granted.

The report of the retiring Secretary-Treasurer was then read, as follows:

Secretary-Treasurer's Report, 1896-7.

Receipts.

Board of Governors, advanced	$250 00
Atlantic Division	68 10
Central Division	83 10
Eastern Division	94 20
Northern Division	140 00
Postage on Year Book	50 93
Camp site committee	301 45
Year Book	386 50
Camp dues	169 00
Office expenses account	10 00
Camp site committee, 1896	11 04
Transportation account	163 48
	$1,727 77

Expenditures.

Office expenses	$83 36
General camp expenses	58 42
Camp surgeon	4 10
Signal officer—powder	6 50
Year Book	385 05
Postage on Year Book	56 68
Cruiser's guide	14 50
Camp site committee	509 75
Regatta committee	147 78
Transportation committee	384 50
Librarian, insurance on property	2 60
New flags	13 07
New membership book	5 40
Membership certificates, 500	16 50
Accounts, 1896	6 17
Balance	79
	$1,727 77

There are, to the best of my knowledge, no unpaid debts of the Association. There has been turned over to the Association the property stated in the camp site committee report, and also West Shore R. R. transportation of 1896, to the amount of $40. Uncollected Year Book postage, $5.75. Uncollected Year Book advertisements, $30. In looking through the membership and address books, I notice that the entries have not been kept up. I would suggest that the Association employ some one to do this work. I would also suggest that in replacing books from time to time, new books of sufficient size to obviate the need of microscopic penmanship be purchased.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

(Signed) JOHN R. BLAKE, Sec'y-Treas., 1896-7.

The financial statement in this report, the same as that in the report of the board of governors, shows an actual deficit for the year of $250, the amount advanced by the board of governors at the beginning of the year. Mr. McKendrick, the retiring commodore, asked permission to explain the report, stating that the officers and committees had acted to the best of their abilities in making estimates and regulating expenses, but had been disappointed in the attendance. He called attention to the Year Book, the best yet issued, and also to the excellent transportation, beginning the day before the meet opened, and at a considerable loss then and at the end of the meet, when the steamer was hired by parties for special trips, thus depriving the Association of an income that was fairly to be counted on in carrying them back from camp.

Owing to a misunderstanding, the report was not audited, but a motion was made by Vice-Com. Scott to accept the report subject to proper audit, seconded by Purser Burrage, and carried. A motion was made by Vice-Com. Drake and seconded by Vice-Com. Scott, to accept and place on file the report of the board of governors, previously read.

Though the condition of the finances as displayed by these two reports evoked considerable discussion, it was entirely of an amicable nature.

The report of the Librarian was then read, as follows, and accepted.

Librarian's Report.

To the Commodore and Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association.—Gentlemen: As the librarian of the Association, I have to report that the property intrusted to me has been properly cared for during the year. The flags were put in good repair and forwarded to the camp in August, as usual. It will be necessary to spend a small sum on their further repair after the wear and tear of this season, and I would suggest that authorization be given for this work so that it may be done during the winter. No additions have been made to the A. C. A. library during the past year. Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) W. P. STEPHENS, Librarian, A. C. A.

BAYONNE, N. J., Oct. 1.

Mr. McKendrick asked whether the Librarian had in his possession a complete set of the Association Year Books. Mr. Stephens stated that he had not, and that no provision had ever been made for a collection of any books by the Librarian, but that he would gladly attend to such a collection if members would send in books. Sec'y-Treas. Schuyler moved that the Librarian be authorized to have necessary repairs made to the A. C. A. flags. Seconded and carried.

The Division reports, as follows, were then read and formally accepted and placed on file, that of the Northern Division subject to official audit:

Division Reports.

Oct. 1, 1896 to Oct. 1, 1897.

Atlantic Division.

Receipts.

Balance from H. M. Dater	$284 62
Dues for 1893	1 00
Dues for 1897	189 00
Dues for 1896	15 00
Dues for 1895	2 00
Dues for 1894	1 00
Entrance fees	19 00
Sale of Code Books	1 30
Interest on bank account	5 00
	$517 92

Expenditures.

Thirty per cent. Division receipts	$68 10
Office expenses	50 22
Sundries—room at Astor House and expressage	3 30
Division cruise and meet	70 95
Postage on Year Book	15 90
Balance in bank	329 45
	$517 92

Membership.

Members, Oct. 1, 1896	237
Members new	19
Members reinstated	9
	265
Members resigned	4
Members died	2
Members dropped	70 — 76
Sept. 29, 1897, total membership	189

HARRY W. FLEISCHMANN, Purser.
Sept. 30, 1897.

Audited and found correct, Oct. 1, 1897.
(Signed) ALVIN S. FENIMORE,
MAURICE D. WILT.

Central Division.

Receipts.

Balance from Purser Geo. J. Keyes	$411 13
Interest on account	6 00
Dues for 1892	1 00
Dues for 1893	1 00
Dues for 1894	1 00
Dues for 1895	2 00
Dues for 1896	2 00
Dues for 1897	202 00
Initiation fees	68 00
	$694 13

Expenditures.

Central Division Trophy	$250 00
Sundry expressage and postage	7 41
Stamps	10 00
Printing and stationery	15 40
Sec'y Treas. J. R. Blake, 30 per cent. of receipts	83 10
Sec'y Treas J. R. Blake, postage on Year Books	14 65
Balance transferred to incoming Purser	313 57
	$694 13

Membership.

Members as per last report	172
New members	68
Reinstated	2
	242
Dropped for non-payment of dues	40
Deceased	2 — 42
Present membership	200

LAURENCE C. WOODWORTH, Purser.

Audited and found correct—
EDWARD D. TAITT,
ROBERT C. DODGE,
Committee appointed by Vice-Com. H. M. Stewart.
OCT. 7.

The report of the camp site committee was then read by Mr. Morse.

Eastern Division.

Receipts.

Balance from former purser	$238 16
Dues, 1896	6 00
Dues, 1897	288 00
Initiation fees	19 00
Total	$551 16

Membership.

Members, Nov. 5, 1896	326
New members, 1897	19
Reinstated	6 — 25
Total	351
Died	1
Resigned	11
Transferred	1
Dropped	50 — 63
Total membership, Oct. 1, 1897	288

Expenditures.

Stationery, printing and postage	$ 75 63
Postage, year book	20 35
Sundry office expenses	11 25
Subscription to FOREST AND STREAM	4 00
Transportation of War canoe to represent Eastern Division at general meet	31 98
Prizes for Division meet	43 6
Expenses of Division meet	$401 67
Less amount collected	249
Net expenses of Division meet	152 67
Thirty per cent. due A. C. A. Secretary-Treasurer	94 20
Balance Oct. 1, 1897	117 82
Total	$551 16

FRANCIS J. BURRAGE, Purser.

Audited and found correct.
F. R. KIMBALL, H. C. HOLT, } Auditors.
BOSTON, Sept. 29, 1897.

Northern Division.

OCT. 1, 1897.

Receipts.

Oct. 1, 1896, balance	$113 38
Initiation fees	44 00
Dues, 1897	76 00
Dues, previous years	20 00
	$ 53 38

Expenditures.

Printing (1896 account)	$7 50
Stamps	7 00
Printing	5 25
Freight and cartage	1 75
Expenses *re* war canoe	13 62
Expenses incurred in camp	12 15
Sundries	1 55
Repairing A. C. A. flag	3 00
Amount paid Secretary-Treasurer A. C. A.	140 00
Balance	61 56
	$253 33

Membership.

New members	23
Renewals	76 — 99
1896 membership	74
Gain	25

(Signed) F. H. MACNEE, Purser Northern Division.

Audited and found correct—
(Signed) W. C. KENT, A. C. A. No. 1996.
C. G. SHANNON, A. C. A. No. 2329.

Camp Site Committee Report, 1897.

CAMP GRINDSTONE, Aug. 26.—*John N. McKendrick, Com. A. C. A.*—My Dear Sir: As chairman of the camp site committee for 1897 I beg to present the following report:

Expenditures.

Material as per exhibit A, attached	$185 76
Labor as per exhibit B, attached	221.75
Decorations as per exhibit C, attached	22.02
Miscellaneous as per exhibit D	79 82
Total	$509.35

Receipts.

J. J. Delany, as per exhibit E, attached	$14 75
W. L. Delany, as per exhibit E, attached	3 90
From tent floors and labor, as per exhibit E, attached	282.80
Total	$301 45
Expenditures in excess of receipts	207.90
	$509.35

In view of the probability that the meet for 1898 will be held upon Grindstone Island or in that vicinity, the following property of the Association was stored with J. J. Delany for future use—see exhibit F: One commodore's tent, fly and poles; 1 secretary-treasurer's tent, fly and poles; 1 camp site committee's tent, fly and poles; 1 surgeon's tent, fly and poles; 8 floors for headquarters tents, 1 mess tent floor, 1 dock, 1896; 1 dock, 1897; 2 square tables, 1 long table, 1 post-office, 1 signal flag rack, 1 signal gun platform, 2 "Private Grounds" signs, 5 benches, 5 flag-poles and blocks, 3 barrel buoys, 2 megaphones, 1 carpenter's bench (without screw), 2 tournament wands, 1 bundle ⅝in. rope for buoys, 1 bundle No. 12 annealed wire, 4 boxes candles, 2 boxes tent pegs, 1 barber's chair, 57 lantern globes assorted colors, 72 lantern frames, 5 w. c. fixtures, 4 rolls toilet paper, ½ barrel copperas.

In addition to the Association property all of the tent floors belonging to the individual members (unless in charge of Mr. Delany by special arrangement) were brought to headquarters, snugly and securely piled up, subject to the owner's order and at his risk. All of which is respectfully submitted.

HENRY C. MORSE,
Chairman Camp Site Committee.

Mr. Stephens moved to accept the report with a vote of thanks to Mr. Morse, the chairman of the committee, for the very complete and detailed report of receipts and expenditures. Only the condensed report is here given, but a long supplementary report detailing every item accompanied it. The motion was seconded by Purser Carpenter and carried.

Pres. Wilkin spoke at length concerning the property reported by the committee as stored on Grindstone Island, asking how it was acquired, etc., and protesting against the Association owning any property. Mr. Morse and others explained that it in part included the old tent floors belonging to members personally, and that the portion belonging to the Association had practically no sale value on Grindstone Island, but might be of considerable use in the event of a meet next year in the same vicinity, that provision had been made for its storage and preservation at a very small sum, and for its removal to Stave Island if that site were selected, also that it could be sold to as good advantage in the spring as at the termination of the meet. Pres. Wilkin again objected to the Association owning any property, and a good deal of time was wasted to no particular purpose.

The report of the transportation committee was then read and accepted, as follows:

Transportation Committee Report—1897.

Receipts.

Passengers and duffle	$163 48
Balance	221 02
	$384 50

Expenditures.

Advertisement for steamer	$ 1 50
Scows for duffle, two days	9 00
Pastime, steamer, charter, seventeen days	374 00
	$384 50

In addition to the above receipts, there were further boat earnings, amounting to about $25, collected by the camp-site committee. The steamer was chartered for one day before the opening of the camp, and one day after the close. The first day, while being of considerable use to the management, was not a financial success, but the last day netted considerable profit to the Association. The receipts were reduced considerably through members chartering the steamer for trips later than the regular schedule time, and thus depriving the Association of earnings anticipated in carrying them to and from camp.

We believe that a less frequent service would be found satisfactory on all days except those when the members arrive in considerable numbers, and would suggest to our successors that, if it is found necessary to charter a steamer during the meet, the time schedule be so arranged that the A. C. A. steamer may be placed at the disposal of the regatta committee for certain portions of each day during the last week, and for charters for short trips of members of the Association in camp.

The details of the receipts from the steamer are as follows, for each day from Aug. 5 to 21 inclusive: $7, $10.30, $12.02, $3 45, $7.37, $5.95, $9.55, $12.35, $11.45, $6.60; $6.55, $16.60, $4.70, $25.15, $24.44. Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) R. EASTON BURNS, Chairman.
J. G. FRASER,
J. K. HAND.

Owing to the arrangements possible through the selection of Stave Island, it will probably be unnecessary to charter a special steamer next year, but it may not be out of place to discuss the transportation question now in direct connection with this report. It is certainly the case that the service was very good, all that could possibly be asked. In regard to the first day, the management was misled by notices from a number of members to the effect that they would need the steamer on that day, these members failing to materialize. The price paid for the steamer was high, $20 per day, with $2 extra for another hand; but after advertising and trying in every way, the committee and Com. McKendrick were able to find no suitable boat at less money. Considering the facilities afforded, if the expense of transportation cannot be materially reduced by securing a suitable steamer at a lower figure, then the price of passage should be increased. The fare this year was but 25 cents for the trip one way, of five miles, with a small charge for trunks and duffle. For good service under such exceptional conditions, and for a limited period, a higher price might well be charged, as this is no more than the fare on the various small steamers among the islands. A fare of 50 cents, or a dollar in all, for the trip to camp and return, would add little to the expense to each man, and no objection could be made to it. It has been proved by long and sad experience, that in default of such service as was given this year and last it usually costs from $3 to $6 and some loss of time to charter an outside boat for the trip each way. A fare of even $1 per trip is not too much for adequate service to and from camp, the average cost has been very much more. If men want a boat service that is both prompt and reliable, they must—and we believe most of them are willing to—pay a reasonable sum for it.

The experience of last year, as per report of the transportation committee, showed just such a deficit as has again been realized, and in view of it we consider that the executive would have been fully justified in advancing the fare from 25 cents to at least 50 cents.

It is plain that the steamer chartered at a comparatively high figure by the Association should be under its exclusive control, so that any money derived from special charters, etc., should go to the Association, instead of acting to decrease the normal revenue. A boat of the right kind could be kept in constant use, so far as she could be spared from the regular route, for carrying parties about the islands at night and for similar special service of the camp.

As to the reduction of the service from the basis of this and last year, as recommended, this would probably have little effect in reducing the cost of charter, as the boat could not be used to advantage for any outside service; when not running to camp she would be idle at her dock. It would probably be most economical to charter her for the fixed time for the exclusive use of the Association, under control of the transportation committee; and, when it appeared that she could be spared from regular trips, to use her for the regatta committee, to carry passengers for fare in following the races, or for short picnic trips. There are always plenty in camp who are ready to go for a trip in a steamer or launch, and some income might be derived in this way, when otherwise the boat would be running empty between town and camp.

Before adjourning for recess, at 12:30, Com. Dunnell announced the new committees, as follows: Regatta committee, Percy F. Hogan, Chairman; Raymond Appolonio, C. H. Williams; camp site committee, H. L. Quick, H. C. Morse; transportation committee, W. E. Barlow, C. V. Winne; auditing committee for report of board of governors, J. C. Mowbray, N. S. Hyatt.

Luncheon was served in the room and the meeting reconvened at 2 P. M. The following report of the regatta committee was read; on motion of Mr. Stephens, seconded by Mr. Morse, the official record of races being omitted in the reading:

Regatta Committee, Financial Report, 1897.

Expenses.

Launch, charter	$6 00
Prizes	137 50
Prizes, express	1 00
Rope for buoys	2 50
Cloth for buoys	78
	$147 78

After recording in detail the races of the meet, the report concluded: "In order to correct misstatements regarding the trophy race, the regatta committee beg to state that on the evening of Aug. 17 the trophy race was posted, to take place the next afternoon. At the stated time a strong puffy wind from the west was blowing, with a moderate sea running, and the weather was not considered by the regatta committee as unsuitable for moderately canvased canoes. But as only one contestant appeared at the starting line, the race was postponed to the next day, with the result as given above.

No protests were entered against the various rulings of the regatta committee. We wish to thank Commodore F. L. Dunnell for acting as clerk of the course.

The regatta committee beg to submit the following recommendations:

First—That the executive committee supply a suitable book in which all entries for the various races shall be made by the members; and the last half of the same book be ruled and headed suitably for the entry of the results of the various races.

Second—That the executive committee provide a small steam launch to be placed at the disposal of the regatta committee during the last week of the meet, in order to properly carry out the races and render assistance to contestants if necessary.

Third—That the unclassified sailing race be dropped from the programme.

Fourth—That open canoe sailing races be encouraged in future programmes, and that the regulations as to sail area and leeboards be made.

Fifth—That all the paddling races except the trophy race be made with a turn on account of the increased interest in the contests and the convenience of the contestants and officials.

Sixth—That the regulations regarding the paddling canoes be remodeled; and beg to submit the inclosed reports on the question, which have been published in the official organ. Respectfully submitted,

J. W. SPARROW, Chairman.
C. V. SCHUYLER.
H. D. MCVEAN.

The members of the committee reported verbally that they had not been able to agree among themselves as to the recommendation or condemnation of any of the proposals. On motion of Mr. Douglas, seconded by Purser Burrage, the report was accepted and filed.

The election of associate members was then taken up, and the following proposals considered: Mrs. M. T. Bennett, Mrs. C. W. Lansing, Mrs. E. S. Towne, Mrs. C. V. Schuyler, Mrs. J. W. Sparrow, Mrs. L. S. Drake and Miss Libbie Pearsall. In the case of two or three names there was no record of the formal seconding by a member of the executive committee, as required by the constitution, and a lengthy discussion followed. It was finally decided that all of the names were properly before the meeting, and as no objection was made to any, on motion of Mr. Morse, seconded by Mr. Mather, the Secretary-Treasurer was empowered to cast one ballot for all, and they were declared elected.

The question of a camp site for 1898 was then taken up and suggestions asked for. Vice-Com. Drake mentioned the wish of some of the Eastern Division for a meet on the Maine lakes, and suggested Moosehead Lake in particular; but the suggestion was not discussed. Lake Champlain and Lake George were each suggested, and Bow Arrow Point, the site of the 1887 camp, was discussed in detail. A letter was read from the proprietor of the Sagamore Hotel on Green Island, Lake George, commending the site and offering special inducements. A general discussion ensued as to the desirability of one of the two lakes on the one hand, and the St. Lawrence River on the other. The Eastern Division strongly favored Lake Champlain, with Lake George as the second choice; but the discussion disclosed a very strong feeling against both lakes and in favor of the St. Lawrence above all other named locations.

Mr. Mather stated that he had ascertained positively that the Forestry Commission of the State of New York had not purchased Grindstone Island, as reported during the summer. Mr. McKendrick read a long letter from Mr. Chaffee, of Stave Island, making a very liberal offer of the site and of special services in return for exclusive privileges of camp store, etc. The offer included the moving of the property stored on Grindstone Island, and special arrangements for removing the caterer's property so that he could conduct the mess as before. Mr. McKendrick spoke in glowing colors of the many advantages of the island. Mr. Stephens suggested that as the meet was under the management of the Atlantic Division this year, it might be well to hear from those who favored a site within the Division. Quite a number of Atlantic Division men were present by this time, but no suggestions were offered.

A motion was made by Mr. Douglas, seconded by Mr. Mather, that the meet be held on Stave Island or Grindstone. Mr. Hall moved to amend by substituting "Lake George" and Vice-Com. Drake seconded the motion. Com. Dunnell resigned the chair to Vice-Com. Hale, and spoke in favor of the St. Lawrence. The vote on the amendment had but five in the affirmative, and was lost. Mr. Douglas's motion was then voted on and carried by a large majority, thus deciding the matter in favor of Stave Island.

A contract was read, between the officers on one hand and G. O. Shields, publisher of Recreation, on the other, by which Mr. Shields agreed to publish the Year Book free of cost, Recreation being named as an official organ. The officers were authorized to sign the contract.

A motion was made by Sec'y-Treas. Schuyler, seconded by Mr. Hall, that the Division pursers be instructed to forward to the Secretary-Treasurer the complete list of new Division officers as soon as they were elected; carried.

The report of the regatta committee was then taken up. It was by this time quite late in the afternoon, and everyone was tired out by the heat and the continual noise. The report of the regatta committee, with the recommendations, was not offered for publication two weeks in advance, as it should have been, and the recommendations of the committee were heard for the first time when the report was read. The proposed changes of the rules, covering a number of conflicting suggestions, were merely read as printed in the FOREST AND STREAM at different times, the regatta committee declining to approve or condemn any of them. After all of the proposed changes were read by the Secretary, Mr. Stephens asked permission to speak on the amendment to Rule I, proposed by him in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 18, and explained that it was practically but a re-arrangement of the existing rule, putting it in a simpler and more perfect form, with the addition of some provisions to govern canoes in paddling races. He read the proposed rule, explaining that it was in four parts, the first defining a canoe, the second describing the method of measurement for all canoes, the third limiting canoes in the sailing races, the fourth limiting canoes in the paddling races. He suggested, as tending to prevent confusion and to expedite business, that the first three heads should be taken up and discussed and voted upon, after which the fourth head, embodying the new features covered by different proposals, should be discussed. A motion to adopt this portion of the amended rule was made by Mr. Mowbray and seconded by Mr. Douglas, being unanimously carried.

The fourth portion was then taken up, Mr. Stephens explaining that he was only responsible for the general form of the proposal, which was framed to embody the general intention of the various recommendations of the Northern Division special committee and others, and that as there was a difference in the dimensions proposed by different parties, the figures mentioned by him should be carefully discussed by those directly interested, the paddling men.

The portion of the rule relating to single and tandem canoes was first taken up, and a lively discussion ensued. Although the proposal was published a month in advance, it was quite evident that one or two who opposed it and threatened to overthrow the entire amendment were not familiar with it, and had no understanding of its intent and effect.

A motion was made that the amendment be not adopted, but was declared out of order. A further discussion disclosed that the objection to the section was based largely on desire to allow the use of racing shell canoes in the trophy paddling race.

Mr. Stephens stated that this was a totally separate question from that of the limitation of canoes in the regular paddling races, and suggested that the amendment be discussed and voted on as applying to all canoes but those in the trophy race, and that the latter question be discussed separately and on its merits later. This was agreed to, and the single and tandem section was again taken up. Vice-Com. Drake objected to the minimum limit of depth, 12in., as too great for a paddling canoe, stating that many of the canoes in the Eastern Division were but 10in. deep. Mr. Mowbray objected on behalf of the sailing canoes. Mr. Stephens stated that the figure was that proposed by the Northern Division, and the representatives of this division present spoke in favor of it as the standard depth of the Canadian open canoe. Vice-Com. Drake moved to amend by inserting 10in. for 12in., seconded by Purser Burrage; and after further discussion Mr. Stephens suggested a compromise on 11in. as originally proposed by Mr. Douglas, which was agreed to.

Mr. Douglas then pointed out that Mr. Stephens's proposals left no margin for slight discrepancies in measurement such as were necessary where 30in. beam was the maximum in the sailing races and the minimum in the paddling races, it being impossible to build to the exact 30in. Mr. Stephens accepted this suggestion, and it was agreed that it should be incorporated in the rule.

Vice-Com. Scott brought up the question of limit of weight, and suggested that as 50lbs, proposed by Mr. Stephens, was an average between the old limit of 55lbs. and the proposed one of 45lbs., it should be accepted; but with the proviso that a deficiency of weight to the extent of not over 5lbs. might be made up by ballast. This was agreed to without discussion, and on motion of Mr. Mowbray, seconded by Mr. Douglas, the section was finally adopted.

The next section, relating to canoes for crews of four, was quickly adopted, on Mr. Douglas's motion, without discussion.

The final section, relating to war canoes, brought forth combatants in battle array. Vice-Com. Drake objected to the proposed limits of size, especially to the length limit of 35ft., suggesting 30ft. as the approved length in the Eastern Division, where war canoe racing is very popular; and also objected to the limit of crew of fifteen men. Mr. Stephens explained that the amendment as framed by him merely incorporated the suggestions of the Northern Division, the only ones made, except that he himself had suggested the establishment of limits of beam, depth and weight as in harmony with the limits in the other classes and desirable to regulate building; that the amendment had been published for a full month in the FOREST AND STREAM, and that he had made special efforts to obtain criticism and suggestions from all interested parties, in order that the final discussion at the meeting might be as brief and concise as possible. The ensuing discussion between the representatives of the Eastern Division on the one hand and the Northern on the other became quite interesting; the former stood out for the 30ft. canoe, with a crew of nine, as the most practicable size for transportation to meets and regattas; and the latter upheld the 35ft. canoe, with a crew of fifteen, as representing extensive vested interests in the Northern Division. As the discussion progressed, abstract figures were dropped and the matter threatened to resolve itself into a very animated argument as to which party won the war canoe honors at the late meet. Even with this disturbing issue ruled out by the Commodore, the matter seemed at a deadlock between 30 and 35ft., as each side advanced excellent arguments and was not disposed to surrender. Vice-Com. Drake moved to amend the limits to 30ft. maximum length, 36in. minimum beam, 17in. minimum depth and 150lbs. minimum weight, maximum crew, nine men. After the deadlock had continued for some time, Mr. Douglas suggested that these limits be adopted, to apply to all new canoes, but that existing canoes be exempt. This solution of the difficulty was accepted and the amendment carried.

The question of the trophy paddling race was now taken up, and Vice-Com. Scott offered a motion that the rules as already adopted should govern canoes in the race for the paddling trophy, Mr. Douglas seconding. The discussion was very brief; on behalf of the racing shell, the following letters, sent to all of the committee, were presented:

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 8—Dear Sir.—According to the FOREST AND STREAM, our Canadian friends have again proposed penalizing the paddling canoe. Permit me to enter a protest against any such action. I think it is a great mistake they are making, for by limiting weight of canoe to not under 45lbs., they severely handicap the light weight paddler. For you well know that the heavier the paddler the heavier his canoe ought to be. And the heavier the paddler, the more brute strength he usually possesses. And the lighter the paddler, the less supply of brute strength is his usually. Why then penalize the light weight? For what advantage he has in weight he loses in brute strength. As well might one prescribe to bicycle racers that they shall ride racing wheels to weigh not less than 45lbs.; or to oarsmen and scullers that their racing shells shall not weigh less than 45lbs.; or in horse races that all sulkies shall not weigh less than 45lbs.; or that sprinters shall wear shoes on their feet to weigh not less than 45lbs.; or—but enough, I might go on *ad infinitum*.

By all means leave the question of weight of canoes alone. Prescribe length and width, but go no further. If a paddler has the stuff in him to systematically train and prepare himself for the trophy, he will also be enterprising enough to provide himself (or his club will) with the canoe best suited to his weight and purpose.

And as the dimensions of 16×30 have become the standard, why change them and necessitate every paddler procuring a new canoe? It would almost appear as if the change were suggested by and in the interest of canoe-builders.

The National Association of Amateur Oarsmen has no rule regarding weight of racing shells; neither has the Amateur Athletic Union rules as to weight of shoes of sprinters; nor has the League of American Wheelmen a rule regarding weight of racing wheels. And these organizations are, it must be admitted, purely amateur—especially the first two. And these same organizations, which have been in existence for years, and governed by men of brains and standing, have seen fit not to penalize any competitor as to weight of racing shoes, shells or wheels; why, then, should the American Canoe Association permit itself to be bamboozled in the interest (to all appearance) of canoe-builders?

It must be admitted, should these innovations be adopted, it will become mandatory for every racing paddler to procure a new canoe, the expense of which will make a grand total not to be sneezed at, and a very welcome addition to the income of the canoe builders; and the average paddler hasn't any more of this world's goods than he can conveniently take care of. In consequence, it would seem that the action to be taken in the premises should be that which will benefit the largest number of canoeists and not the canoe builders. And to benefit the largest number of canoeists the wisest course to pursue, it would seem to me, would be to leave the dimensions (which have become a standard, to wit: 16×30, with no limit of weight) severely alone. For, as stated above, no two paddlers weigh the same, and what will in weight benefit one will handicap the other; therefore, if I may be permitted to make a suggestion, would most emphatically suggest: Hands off! and leave well enough alone.

As this matter comes before the executive board, of which body you are a member, I believe, I would ask your good offices in the direction that no action be taken, and that the suggestions of our Canadian friends be given a quietus.

As you well know, paddling is not on too firm a basis, and ought to be fostered instead of being handicapped.

Our Canadian friends do not advocate a weight limit on the sailing canoe. Why do they discriminate? Why should the sailing canoe be exempt?

If it is a good thing for the paddler, why is it not equally as good for the sailing canoeist to limit his weight?

I do not write this from personal considerations, for I have retired from racing, and, in consequence, will not be affected financially, but in the interest of the sport in general.

W. C. NOACK.

DETROIT, Oct. 13.—Dear Sir—The question of placing weight limit upon the paddling canoes that will come before the meeting of your board of governors on Oct. 16, I think should be considered very thoroughly. I know of no amateur sport where any class of man is handicapped. It certainly is a handicap for a light man to go into a boat weighing 50lbs. when he can have one built that will fill every requirement weighing 25lbs. While a heavy man cannot make quite as good time in a heavy boat as he can in a light one, he is not handicapped to any such degree as a lightweight man. If a paddling canoe should be limited to 50lbs., why not limit a sailing canoe to 200lbs. or more, either weight being twice what is necessary. I can imagine the stir it would make if the executive committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen were to consider a rule making shells weigh twice the weight that they can be built. If a man enters for contestant he goes in training and gives up many pleasures; I cannot see why any handicap whatever should be placed upon them, and trust that when this matter comes up you will give it the attention it deserves, and believe that the best interests of the sport demand that a man should be allowed to build his boat within the restrictions for length and beam, and build as light as possible, as they are allowed to in all other sports. Why not bar silk sails and hollow spars? So many questions and comparisons might be made that it would be a waste of time to write them now. Trusting that this will be received favorably, I remain

WM. C. JUPP.

A little was said in the line of similar argument, but the opinion of the majority was clearly in favor of limiting the trophy race to service canoes. Vice-Com. Scott, who has several times contested for the trophy and who holds it now for the second time, spoke very strongly in favor of confining the racing, as far as possible, to such canoes as were owned and used by the great majority of paddlers. Mr. Stephens spoke of the practical experience of many years, which has failed to produce good competition and has brought to the meets many canoes of light and flimsy construction and calculated only to harm canoeing. Mr. Mowbray and others spoke in favor of the further encouragement of the racing shell and of the highest possible speed. The discussion was much less keen than on some of the previous questions, and Mr. Scott's motion was carried by a large majority.

Mr. Stephens called attention to the desirability of some official recognition of the steering fin now used on some canoes, and pointed out that as the rules will stand this is not affected by the limitations of keel in sailing canoes. He suggested, as the question of the admissibility of this device must come up sooner or later in a race, possibly leading to dispute and protest, it might be well to deal with it as far as possible in advance, and suggested the following resolution, which was moved by Vice-Com. Scott and seconded by Mr. Douglas: It is the sense of the executive committee that the use of a steering fin on a paddling canoe shall not be permitted. The resolution was carried. After Mr. Douglas's amendment concerning the board of governors was passed, his proposal to limit the sail area in open canoes to 40sq. ft., with no seat to project beyond the side of the canoe, and no rudder, was adopted.

The first of the racing regulations, as finally amended, reads as follows:

Rule I.

DEFINITION.

A canoe to compete in any race in the American Canoe Association must be sharp at both ends, with no counter-stern or transom, and must come within the limits prescribed for its class.

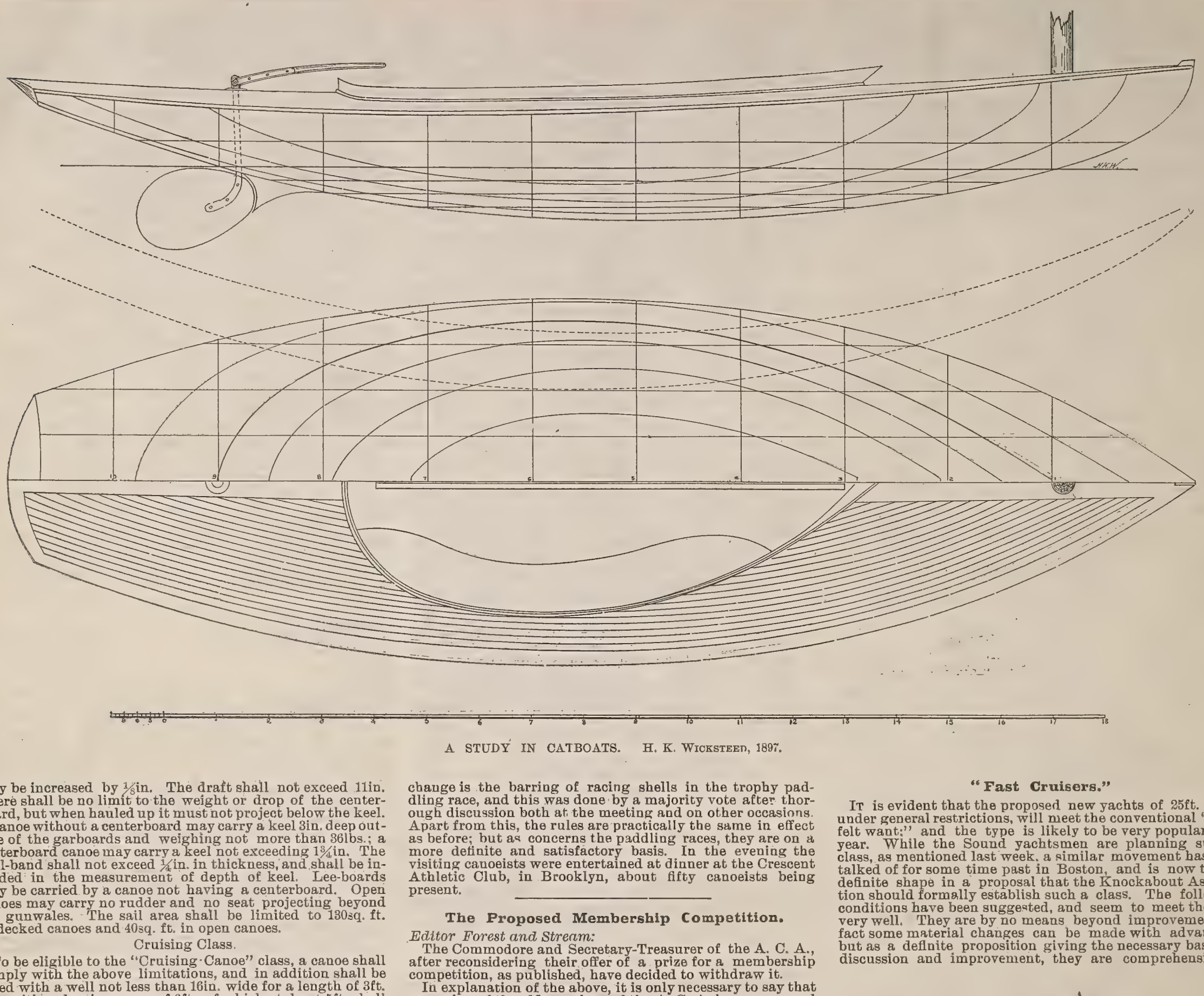
MEASUREMENT.

The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the foreside of the stem and the after side of the stern. The beam shall be taken at the widest part, wherever found, and shall not include the beading, provided that it does not exceed 1½in. in depth; if the beading exceeds this depth, it shall be measured as part of the beam. The word "beam" shall mean the breadth formed by the fair lines of the boat; and the beam at and near the waterline shall bear a reasonable proportion to the beam at the gunwale. A variation of not over ½in. shall be allowed in excess of the maximum beam in canoes in sailing races, and the same amount in deficiency of minimum beam in canoes in paddling races. The draft shall be measured at the deepest point, wherever found. The depth shall be measured from the inside of the garboard next the keel to the lower side of a straight-edge laid across the gunwales, or to a similar height in a decked canoe. The sail area shall be measured by dividing into triangles in the usual manner, the sail being stretched taut and flat on a level surface.

DIMENSIONS AND LIMITATIONS.

Sailing.

To be eligible to sailing races a canoe must comply with the following limitations: The length shall be limited to a maximum of 16ft., with an accompanying maximum beam of 30in. For each full inch of decrease in length the beam



A STUDY IN CATBOATS. H. K. Wicksteed, 1897.

may be increased by ⅛in. The draft shall not exceed 11in. There shall be no limit to the weight or drop of the centerboard, but when hauled up it must not project below the keel. A canoe without a centerboard may carry a keel 3in. deep outside of the garboards and weighing not more than 36lbs.; a centerboard canoe may carry a keel not exceeding 1¾in. The keel-band shall not exceed ¼in. in thickness, and shall be included in the measurement of depth of keel. Lee-boards may be carried by a canoe not having a centerboard. Open canoes may carry no rudder and no seat projecting beyond the gunwales. The sail area shall be limited to 130sq. ft. in decked canoes and 40sq. ft. in open canoes.

Cruising Class.

To be eligible to the "Cruising Canoe" class, a canoe shall comply with the above limitations, and in addition shall be fitted with a well not less than 16in. wide for a length of 3ft. 6in.; with a sleeping space of 6ft., of which at least 5ft. shall be clear; and the sails shall be fitted to lower and furl. The regatta committee shall have power to rule out any canoe which, in their opinion, does not conform to the spirit of these restrictions.

Paddling.

To be eligible to the paddling races, canoes must be within the following limits:

One and Two Men (Single and Tandem)—Maximum length, 16ft.; minimum beam, 30in.; minimum depth, 11in; minimum weight, 50lbs. A deficiency of weight to an amount not exceeding 5lbs. may be made up by ballast.

Four Men—Maximum length, 20ft.; minimum beam, 30in.; minimum depth, 12in.; minimum weight, 70lbs.

War Canoes—Maximum length, 30ft.; minimum beam, 36in.; minimum depth, 17in.; minimum weight, 120lbs; maximum crew, 9 men.

These limits shall not apply to war canoes built prior to Oct. 1, 1897.

The following amendment to the constitution, offered by Mr. Douglas and seconded by Mr. Stephens, was unanimously adopted: Article VI., Section 4—Board of Governors.—Each Division, in its proper turn at its annual meeting, shall elect, in the same manner as its regular officers, one member of that Division to serve on the board of governors of the Association for a term of four years, or until his successor is elected. The Commodore shall be a member *ex officio*. Also to insert in Section 5, same article, after "Board of Governors," the words "to have general control of the funds and finances of the Association." This amendment is merely clerical; the original amendment provided for the future establishment of a board of governors, the order of retiring for the first four years, etc. The new amendment provides for the perpetuation of the board by the election of a member each year.

The question of the date of the meet had been deferred until a calendar for 1898 could be obtained. It was now taken up, and after discussion Vice-Com. Hale moved that the meet of 1898 should begin on Friday, Aug. 5, and close on Friday, Aug. 19. It was finally decided that this date should stand unless a change should be recommended by the commodore.

Purser Burrage asked for definite instructions as to the sending of names of candidates for membership to the official organs, and it was decided that the names and official notices should be sent as usual to the Forest and Stream and also to Recreation. On motion of Mr. Douglas, seconded by Purser Burrage, the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the Commodore.

During the day the board of governors was in session. There were present at times during the meeting Messrs. Palmer, Hand, Hogan, Smythe, McVean, Thorne, Lansing, Dater, Quick, Shields, Dorland, Moser, Lawson.

The very full attendance on the part of the officers and representatives was gratifying and encouraging, showing a continued interest in the affairs of the Association. The business of the meeting was carried out successfully and all the work presented to the meeting was completed. As usual, the amendment of the racing rules was the most important and complicated part of the work; and, also as usual, there was a failure to present all the proposals in final working shape, and on the part of some members to familiarize themselves with the numerous points involved. There were, in consequence, delays and hitches while simple points were being explained or argued over; but in the end a very satisfactory result was attained. The only radical change is the barring of racing shells in the trophy paddling race, and this was done by a majority vote after thorough discussion both at the meeting and on other occasions. Apart from this, the rules are practically the same in effect as before; but as concerns the paddling races, they are on a more definite and satisfactory basis. In the evening the visiting canoeists were entertained at dinner at the Crescent Athletic Club, in Brooklyn, about fifty canoeists being present.

The Proposed Membership Competition.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Commodore and Secretary-Treasurer of the A. C. A., after reconsidering their offer of a prize for a membership competition, as published, have decided to withdraw it.

In explanation of the above, it is only necessary to say that a number of the old members of the A. C. A. have expressed their disapproval of the competition; so they have decided to withdraw their offer.

They trust this will not prevent all members of the A. C. A. from trying to induce all good canoeists and those interested in canoeing to join the A. C. A.

Frank L. Dunnell, Commodore.
C. V. Schuyler, Sec'y-Treas.

A. C. A. Membership.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the Forest and Stream.

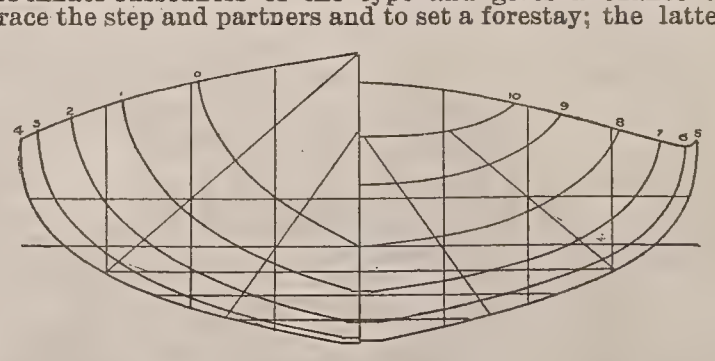
NORTHERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
John Harmer	Toronto	Toronto.
Geo. Walter Begg	Toronto	Toronto.
Richard J. Plaskett	Toronto	Toronto.

Yachting.

A Handy Catboat.

Cobourg, Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have never been in love with any of the genus *felix*, but the general interest in catboats has led me to my first attempt at a catboat design. The result seems to me at least symmetrical, and the modern overhanging bow serves to mitigate the innate cussedness of the type and gives a chance to brace the step and partners and to set a forestay; the latter



would probably be further improved by a strut near the jaws of the gaff. The dimensions are:

Length over all	23ft.
L.W.L.	16ft.
Beam	7ft.
Draft	1ft.
Freeboard	1ft.
Displacement	2,194lbs.
Sail area	336sq. ft.

H. K. Wicksteed.

[This little boat is very well adapted to the requirements of amateur builders. The construction of small craft of this class is very fully described in "Supplement to Small Yachts."]

"Fast Cruisers."

It is evident that the proposed new yachts of 25ft. l.w.l., under general restrictions, will meet the conventional "long-felt want;" and the type is likely to be very popular next year. While the Sound yachtsmen are planning such a class, as mentioned last week, a similar movement has been talked of for some time past in Boston, and is now taking definite shape in a proposal that the Knockabout Association should formally establish such a class. The following conditions have been suggested, and seem to meet the case very well. They are by no means beyond improvement; in fact some material changes can be made with advantage; but as a definite proposition giving the necessary basis for discussion and improvement, they are comprehensive in



scope and in a general way correct in detail. The limits of space do not permit of a detailed discussion this week, but we hope to go over the proposal later on. We shall be glad to have any comments from both Boston and New York yachtsmen who are interested in the proposed class.

Proposed rules and restrictions governing special 25ft. cruising knockabout class:

Definition.—The boats of this class are intended to be comfortable cruising vessels, of good accommodation and moderate sail area, the aim being to encourage racing in a seaworthy type of boat of moderate cost.

Length L.W.L.—The length on the l.w.l. not to exceed 25ft., to be measured with all fixtures and equipments, as specified, on board and in position, but without crew.

Beam L.W.L.—The greatest beam at l.w.l. to be not less than 8ft. nor more than 10ft. The measurer to mark the position of this point, by a small copper nail or other mark, 3in. above l.w.l.

Freeboard.—The freeboard not to be less than 26in. at lowest point.

Ballast.—Outside ballast to weigh not less than 5,500lbs. The measurer to be furnished with certificates from the designer and from the builder to this effect.

Centerboard.—The centerboard, if any, must be of wood, and not weighted more heavily than is necessary to sink it readily. The board must not come above the cabin floor.

Draft.—The draft for keel boat shall not exceed 6ft. For a centerboard boat the draft, exclusive of board, shall not be more than 4ft. 9in., nor less than 4ft. 3in., and board must be entirely housed when up.

Mast.—Forward side of mast at deck shall not be less than 6ft. from the forward end of waterline.

Deck.—To be wholly decked, except the space taken up by trunk, cockpit and hatches. The cockpit, if any, to be watertight, with scuppers draining outboard.

Cabin House.—The cabin house or trunk and fittings must be permanent, its inside length shall not be less than 10½ft. aft of mast, and inside width not less than 5ft. The cabin house shall not be less than 10in. high at the side and 6in. at the mast, unless the freeboard exceeds the requirements of the class, in which case such excess may be deducted from the height.

Cabin Floor.—The cabin floor shall be continuous for the length of cabin, with greatest width of at least 2ft. 4in. between opposite frames. The top of floor to be not less than 4f. in a keel boat, and 3½ft. in a centerboard boat, below the level of the underside of planksheer at any cross section.

Headroom.—The least vertical height, from any point on cabin floor to the underside of house beams, to be not less than 5ft. 9in. in a keel boat, and 5ft. 3in. in a centerboard boat, in the clear.

Fixtures.—The cabin to be at least 8ft. in length, and at each end to have substantial bulkheads of wood. To be furnished with lockers and permanent transoms or berths for the accommodation of two persons. The forecastle to have at least one folding berth. Each boat to have a suitable water closet, water tank, refrigerator and dish-locker.

Rudder.—The rudder shall extend below the water line to a point within 6in. of the greatest draft of the boat, and shall be hung against the sternpost the entire depth of the rudder.

Scantlings.—Frames not less than 1¼ × 1½in. to be spaced not more than 12in. on centers. Deck beams not less than 2sq. in., finished, to be spaced not more than 12in. on centers.

Beams of cabin house 1½sq. in., finished, to be spaced not more than 12in. on centers. Otherwise, the construction to have sufficient strength to insure seaworthiness.

Planking.—The planking to be single thickness, deck and hull 1in. finished. Planking of top of house to be not less than ¾in. thick finished. The outside of hull shall be planked with Southern long leaf pine; if planked with soft pine, mahogany, cedar or other soft wood, the finished thickness shall not be less than 1⅛in.

Sails.—The rig to be restricted to lower sails of not more than 800 sq. ft. of actual sail area, of which not more than 640 sq. ft. shall be in the mainsail. Storm sails may be substituted for working sails, and either a balloon jib or spinaker may be used.

Any unnecessary rounding or roaching of the edges of any sail, for the purpose of gaining said area, not to be allowed.

Spinaker Boom.—The length of spinaker boom, from outhaul attachment to center line of boat, in position in its gooseneck, as in use and swung out square, must not exceed 20ft.

Sail Area.—The sail area to be the area of the mainsail plus the area of forward triangle. No bowsprit or other device shall be allowed.

Equipment.—In addition to the fixtures, etc., before specified, the cruising equipment of each boat shall include the following, all of which must be on board when the boat is measured, and shall not be removed or used to change the trim for racing.

Two anchors, the total weight of which shall not be less than 100lbs.

Thirty fathoms of 1½in. cable, to be kept in the regular locker forward, and suitable windlass or capstan. Also 50 fathoms of 2½in. cable.

Water tanks of at least 30gal. capacity.

Stove and utensils for cooking for four persons.

Boathook, bucket, compass and binnacle, side and anchor lights, foghorn, pump properly rigged for immediate use.

One serviceable life preserver.

The cabin transoms or berths to be provided with cushions or mattresses and four pairs of blankets.

Crew.—The crew is limited to four persons, including the helmsman, who must be an amateur. Not more than two shall be professionals.

Time allowance.—There will be no time allowance.

The limits of freeboard, beam, planking, frames, dead wood, rudder, position of mast and amount of outside ballast shall not exclude any existing knockabout boats which otherwise come under the restrictions.

Hobe Sound Y. C.

HOBE SOUND, Fla.—The sixth of the H. S. Y. C. prize series of races was sailed last Saturday. The start was made in a strong northeaster, Wenonah and Sprogie carrying two reefs, and Frances three. The beat to the north buoy was a very even thing, but on the run south Wenonah shook both her reefs and was 3m. 10s. ahead at the buoy. The wind kept dropping, and Sprogie shook out her reefs just after jibing. Frances kept hers in, however, and steadily lost ground. The first round was:

Wenonah	0 32 26	Frances	0 43 55
Sprogie	0 33 15		

On the second round the wind settled down to a 12-mile breeze, and Sprogie made a good gain, finishing first, but going back to second place on time allowance. Second round:

Wenonah	0 30 10	Frances	0 36 55
Sprogie	0 28 45		

Two rounds:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.	Pts.
Wenonah	1 02 36	0 55 10	3
Sprogie	1 00 00	1 00 00	2
Frances	1 20 50	1 01 10	1

The points in the series now stand:

Gull	3	2	4	0	0—9
Frances	2	1	3	1	1—8
Wenonah	1	5	2	3	3—14
Sprogie	0	3	0	2	2—7
Wanda	0	4	1	0	0—5

As there are but three more races, only an accident can keep Wenonah from winning the series. Gull will be in all the rest of the races, and she and Frances still have a chance to win out.

In the second class, Juanita and Mary B. had a hard scrap for honors, but Juanita won out. Her skipper found "the line" this time.

	1st Round.	Pts
Juanita	0 45 30	2
Mary	0 46 50	1

H. D. MCVEAN, Sec'y.

Massachusetts Y. R. A.

THE October meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts will be held at the American House, on Thursday evening next, Oct. 21, at 7 o'clock. Proposed amendments to the laws and racing rules will be acted upon, and such other business as may be presented. The suggested changes in the by-laws are:

Article II. Objects.—Amend to read: "Yachts not over 36ft. racing length." The reading now is 30ft. sailing length.

Article XIII. Measurers.—Section 4. Amend to read: "He shall inspect at the request of any competing yacht, and may inspect, measure, or re-measure at his own discretion, any entered racing yacht, either previous to, or after any race, or by appointment, and should he find any infringement on the rules, he shall report the same to the judges."

Among the suggested changes in the racing rules are:

Rule VI. Racing Length.—Section 8. Amend by substituting the following: "Any racing yacht whose owner refuses or avoids an inspection or measurement of his yacht when so ordered by the judges or official measurer, shall be disqualified."

Rule VII. Classification.—Section 1 is amended by creating a 36ft. class, yachts not over 36ft. and over 30ft. R. L.

Rule X. Crew.—Section 1 sets the total number of persons allowed on board a yacht in the new 36ft. class at eight.

Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia.

SINCE its larger yachts have been laid up, the members of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, have been enjoying some good sport in the racing of small craft at the club station, Essington. The club has already some yachts of 15 to 20ft. racing length, and this year the steam yachts May, Mrs. Sarah Drexel Fell, and Enterprise, A. J. Cassatt, have each carried a new racing boat at their davits. Both boats were built by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co., the little May being designed by C. H. Crane, and Enterprise by W. P. Stephens. After several previous meetings, a special match was sailed on Oct. 7, May winning by 46s. Mr. E. P. Baugh, Jr., has offered a silver cup for a series of three races, this to count as one. The 15-footers Mae and So Long will also race.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 16.—The tenth annual tournament of Iroquois Rifle Club, held Oct. 11–14, was a decided success. All rifle shooting took place at the club's gallery range, any .22cal. rifle being permitted. The winners and scores made by them in the various matches follow:

Members' match: Each contestant fired 50 shots in 10 targets of 5 shots on the reduced Standard American target. The gold medal was won by Robt. F. Phillips (Old Rip) with a score of 457 out of a possible 500. The other scores made were: Al Hofmeister 438, Henry Sperling 433, A. Goldstrom 420, H. B Pierce 410, H L. Born 407, Wm. Langhorst 405, F. G. Broadhead 378, R. R. Bennett 374, Jno. Pifer 368, W. Riebling 360, B. Kestner 360, C. L. Gist 359, I Wood 344, D. Benjamin 338

In the All Comers' matches the results were as follows: Continuous Prize match, universal gallery target, 3 shots per target, the best 3 targets of each shooter to count; $100 in eighteen cash prizes, ranging from $30 to $1. Possible score 135.

L P Ittel	45 45 45—135	F C Mayer	45 42 41—128
R F Phillips	45 45 45—135	R Hoffman	44 42 41—127
Al Hofmeister	45 44 44—133	Aug Hofmeister	44 43 40—127
C P Mayer	44 44 44—132	Old Hoss No 2	43 41 41—125
A O Goldstrom	41 44 44—132	H L Born	42 41 41—124
H B Pierce	45 44 43—132	S W Hill	42 41 40—123
J Whiting	45 44 42—131	R Rham	42 41 40—123
H Sperling	44 43 42—129	J Bergmann	41 41 40—122
T H Ewing	45 43 41—129	I Wood	41 41 40—122

Expert Medal match, 5 shots each at the universal gallery and standard American targets, no re-entries, the winner receiving a handsome gold medal. The scores of the five leaders follow:

	Universal Target.	S. A. Target.	T'l.		Universal Target.	S. A. Target.	T'l.
A O Goldstrom	71	48	119	R F Phillips	68	44	112
L P Ittel	71	47	118	H Sperling	68	33	101
Al Hofmeister	71	46	117				

Hofmeister trophy match, 3 shots on a 3in. bullseye target, no re-entries, the best shot by machine measurement to count. A handsome trophy was presented to the winner of this match, Mr. C. P. Mayer, of the Bridgeville Rifle Club, by Mr. Al. Hofmeister. The leading scores made were: C P. Mayer, 8½ degrees; H. Sperling, 9 degrees; H. B. Pierce, 12 degrees; H. L. Born, 12½ degrees; J. Whiting, 14 degrees; L. P. Ittel, 18½ degrees; Aug. Hofmeister, 22 degrees.

A. C. L. HOFMEISTER, Sec'y.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO Oct 10.—The Columbia Club turned out in force today at Shell Mound Range for the October medal shoot. The weather was favorable. The hot fight for the possession of the military rifle continues. E. Jacobsen, however, made a spurt, gaining 3 points. He now has 480 in his best ten scores, Creedmoor count. He uses Sharp's regulation military rifle, .45cal.

The president, Dr. Rodgers, who has been high on the 10-shot record medal, improved his score 2 points, making 44 on the Columbia target.

J. E Gorman made a fine spurt in the revolver contest. He now has 263 points in ten 6 shot scores, Columbia target

Rifle, 200yds., Columbia target, class medals for members only, one 10-shot score:

Champion class—F O. Young 59.

First class—Ole Bremer 61, A. B. Dorrell 88.

Second class—J E. Gorman 81, G. M. Barley 106, M. J. White 118.

Third class—A. Hinterman 111, A. H. Cady 115, B. Jonas 121, Mrs. M. J White 178.

Rifle, re-entry matches, open to all comers. 200yds., Columbia target; F H. Bushnell rifle medal and cash prizes, 3 shot scores—A. H. Pape 9, O. A Bremer 10, F. O Young 15, A. B. Dorrell 15

William Glinderman military medal and cash prizes, 10 shots, Creedmoor count: F. O. Young 40, 48, 47; E. Jacobsen 49, 48, F. H. Bushnell 46, 46.

F. O. Young rifle medal and cash prizes, 10-shot scores: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 44, A. H. Pape 48, 49.

Pistol, 50yds., Columbia target, class medals, for members only, one 10-shot score:

Champion class—Dr. L. O. Rogers 42; F. O. Young 49, C. M. Daiss 54

First class—M. J. White 52, F. E. Mason 56.

Second class—Mrs. M. J. White 63, F. H. Bushnell 63, G. M, Barley 80.

Third class—A. Hinterman 64, C. Roberts 92, A. H. Cady 103, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 121.

Pistol re-entry matches, open to all comers, 50yds., Columbia target, Gordon Blanding pistol medal and cash prizes, three-shot scores: F. O Young, 8, 9, 12; C. M. Daiss, 8, 9; J. E. Gorman, 8, 13; F. H. Bushnell, 14.

Diamond pistol record medal and cash prizes, ten-shot scores: F. O. Young, 40, 44.

Howard Carr (any revolver) medal and cash prizes, six shot scores. J. E. Gorman. 23, 28, 28, 28; A. B. Dorrell, 25, 31, 32.

Achille Roos .22 rifle medal, ladies' trophies and cash prizes, five-shot scores: E. Jacobsen, 10; A. H. Cady, 11, 14; Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 13; A. B. Dorrell, 13, 15.

ROEEL.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Oct. 26-27.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Fall tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Targets. $75 added money. Committee: L. V Byer, L. McCord and Lyman Davis.

Oct. 26-28.—COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia.—Tournament under the auspices of W. D. Hardin, F. S. Crabill and C. B. Randlett. $300 added. Programmes later.

Oct. 27-29.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Amateur tournament at the Des Moines Gun Club's park. $300 added. W. R Milner, Manager.

Oct. 29-30.—GRAND RAPIDS, Minn.—Tournament of the Itasca Gun Club. Dr. W. P Brown, Sec'y.

Nov. 16-19.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Mr. W. E. Kessler. First two days, open to amateurs only; last two days, open to the world. Added prizes each day. Live birds on the afternoons of Nov. 17 and 19. For programmes address W. E. Kessler, 1105 Maple street, Des Moines, Ia.

Nov 25.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day tournament of the Bison Gun Club. Sweepstakes and merchandise events. C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.

1898.

Jan. 18-20.—HAMILTON, Ont.—Grand Canadian Handicap. Live birds; $1,000 guaranteed. For full information write secretary, H. Graham, American Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

March 22-24.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The departure of U. M. C. Thomas for a trip across the North Atlantic was marked by a very pleasant little episode on Friday night last, Oct. 15. On that evening Mr Thomas was tendered a dinner at Morello's, Twenty-ninth street, near Broadway, by a few of his friends. Among the number were Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C Company; Capt. A. W. Money and H. Hawkins, of the American E. C. and Schultze Powder Company (Limited); John L. Lequin and B. H Norton, of the Hazard Powder Company; E S. Lentilhon and H. Barry, of the Du Pont Powder Company; Secretary Higgins and Ed Taylor of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, and another. Mr. Thomas was accompanied by his son, U. M. C., Jr., a true chip of the old block. The party just numbered twelve, the unavoidable absence of Noel E. Money, being somewhat in the nature of a blessing for, had he been present, there would have been thirteen at table! The center of the table was graced by a magnificent mound of American Beauty roses, presented by Mr Thomas's friends. After the dinner had been disposed of, it turned out that everybody had some little memento for the guest of honor. The gifts were all extremely appropriate; at least Mr. Thomas was kind enough to say so. The following is a partial list: A meerschaum cigar-holder, an amber cigar-holder, some boxes of cigars, a briar pipe in a case, a silver cigarette case, a rabbit's foot mounted as a paper cutter with a mother of pearl blade, sample bottles of Mountain Dew and Bass's ale a corkscrew of unique design, a few cures for seasickness, and a thermometer with which to take his own temperature whenever he felt hot under the collar. The entire party then escorted him to the boat, the Campania. In his stateroom Mr. Thomas found another surprise awaiting him. Reclining on the lower berth was a beautiful floral baby, its head made of yellow chrysanthemums and its body of scarlet geraniums. Across its bosom were the letters "U. M. C." Taken all in all, it was a great send-off, and showed more plainly than mere words how real were the good wishes for a pleasant trip and a safe return that were showered upon U. M. C. on this occasion.

Tom Morfey is shooting in capital form just now. He seems to have regained the skill that won him so many matches in 1894 and '95. Up to Saturday last he had killed every bird he had shot at in the last 120 or so, losing only two or three of them dead out of bounds. On Wednesday, Oct. 13, at the New Utrecht Gun Club's grounds at Woodlawn, L. I., he scored 49 out of 50, with 1 dead out, besides running 10 straight in two 5-bird races. At Elkwood Park on the next day he scored every pigeon he shot at save in the sweeps at 3 pairs after the sun was down. In the blackbird sweeps he scored 48 out of 50 on really fast little birds, standing at the 25yd. mark. There is some talk of a match at 25 pairs between Morfey and Hank White, of Little Silver, N. J. This ought to make a very pretty race indeed, as Hank White is quite *au fait* at this style of shooting. Talking of matches at pairs: when pairs are shot at the Elkwood Park grounds, an opportunity is given the spectators of seeing some remarkably pretty work by the retrievers. Two dogs are used, and each takes his own bird without any dispute. This neat retrieving is due chiefly, we must say, to the wonderful sagacity of Milo, an Irish setter, who is under the most complete control, and who seems to know more about gathering pigeons than either the shooter, the dog handler or any of the spectators. There is something almost uncanny about the ease with which Milo understands exactly what is said to him.

Twenty-two years ago Louis Schortemeier was not quite so large as he is now. He had, however, as strong a liking for a gun as that he now possesses. It was no ejector, nor was it a hammerless gun that he caressed in 1875; it was not even a breechloader. It was just an old muzzleloader that never grumbled, although it kicked occasionally at the varying amounts of shot and powder it had to swallow sometimes. The above preamble leads us naturally to the following story: Schorty learned one day in 1875 that there was to be a shooting match somewhere in the vicinity of Red Bank, Little Silver, or some place near there; so he reached for his gun and went out with the intention of securing a potpie by knocking down a few of the escaping birds; in short, he became a bushwhacker. He placed himself favorably down wind, and laid as low as he could, for he was a husky lad even twenty-two years ago. For two mortal hours he waited, listening to the frequent bang! bang! of the guns at the shooting grounds; but never a bird came his way. Being sure that something was wrong, or that they were killing them all, he crept nearer and nearer, until he could see what was going on. It was the first shoot of the local gun club at Ligowski clay pigeons that had just been put upon the market!

Harvey McMurchy was in the city last week. He was looking as well as ever, and attributed his youthful appearance to the soft snap he has had for years, viz: the placing of the L. C. Smith gun on the market. McMurchy told us that he would be on hand at Baltimore this week, so we are looking forward to another meeting with Chief High Ball. And, by the way, when speaking with McMurchy, we touched upon the "Charlie and Mac" interview that appeared in the columns of our Western cotemporary, and which caused a little flutter in the trap-shooting experts' dovecote. It seems that this interview first saw light in a paper in Cincinnati, and purported to be an interview between a reporter of that paper and Messrs. C. E. Willard and Harvey McMurchy. Our Western cotemporary took the interview to be *bona fide*, as we understand it, and ran it in full. The funny thing about the matter is this: Harvey had not been in Cincinnati for some months prior to the publishing of the interview—in fact, he never was interviewed at all upon the subject.

All the shooters of Ohio, and a number from outside that State, know Mr R. S. Dupuy, of Ironton. The following item, therefore, from the Ironton (O.) *Daily Republican* of Oct. 6 will be of interest: "Mr. R. S Dupuy discovered this morning that a valuable gun had been stolen from the office of the tannery. It was taken some time between Saturday night and Tuesday night by a thief who broke through a window, then apparently got into the office by the use of a key. The gun is one of a design quite rare in this vicinity, and is worth $35. It is a Daly three-barreled gun, two shot barrels being of 12-gauge and a rifle barrel of 32-gauge. They are 28in barrels, with clover-leaf rear sight and a Rocky Mountain front sight of pure silver. The stock is considerably marred and scratched with usage and handling. The gun weighs 7lbs. 14oz. It was a highly-prized piece, and Mr. Dupuy will make considerable effort to recover it."

We learn from Secretary Huck, of the New Jersey State Association, that the protest against the Lyndhurst Shooting Association, winners of the championship cup for three men teams at live birds at the recent New Jersey State shoot, has been sustained; and that, further, the name of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association has been erased from the State Association's books. The matter, we understand, is not going to be allowed to rest here, the Lyndhurst Club stating that it will take the matter into the courts, and will ask for an injunction restraining the State Association from awarding the cup to either of the two teams (Boiling Springs No. 1 and the East Side of Newark) that were tied for second place.

The final contest for the Recreation cup at Hackensack, N. J. which will take place early in December, will be fraught with much interest to at least three persons: F. E. Sinnock, of Newark, N. J.; J. S. S Remsen, of Greater New York, and Banks, of the same city. Each of the three have now two wins to their credit; should either win the seventh and last contest the cup will become his property. But should any other shooter score a win for the cup, there ought to be an interesting shoot-off between the three above-named for final ownership of the trophy. The conditions are: 50 known angles and 50 unknown angles, seven contests, greatest number of wins to decide final ownership.

In speaking of the winner in the Riverton Gun Club's 60 bird rac on Saturday last, Oct. 16, the New York *Journal* says: "* * * an unknown, D. A. Wilson by name, surprised all by winning the event from the 29yds. mark, with a score of 59 out of a possible 60." Dennis A. Upson, of Cleveland, O., made his mark at Riverton at the last big shoot held by the Riverton Gun Club: if we remember aright, he was then shooting under the name of D. A. Williams. At the opening shoot of the Carteret Club at Garden City, L. I., on Oct. 2, just two weeks ago last Saturday, shooting under his own name, he divided the main event with George Work, each scoring 23 out of 25 on as fast and hard birds as ever left a trap. On that occasion Upson stood at the 31yds. mark, Work at the 30yds. mark. With such a recent record, it is hard to see how Upson could be classed as an unknown. No doubt his score of 59 out of a possible 60 was a surprise, but if anybody can do the trick at 29yds. it is Upson. And yet he says he can't shoot live birds. In our opinion, Mr Upson is a most decidedly dangerous man at either targets or live birds.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club announces a tournament at targets for Oct. 26-27. Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Seventy five dollars will be added to the purses. In all the purses there will be four moneys—35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. On the second day there will be a 5-men team race, 20 targets per man, $5 per team, the prize being $25 in cash. The magautrap will be used for throwing the targets in all the events. The entrance fees are at the rate of 10 cents per target, with targets extra at 2 cents each. There are five 15-target events and five 20-target events on the first day. On the second day the team race takes the place of one of the 15-target events. The tournament committee is composed as follows: L. V. Byer, L. McCord and L. Davis. Judging from other tournaments given by the Rochester Rod and Gun Club at this time of the year, this tournament ought to have a good attendance. Rochester has some excellent country to draw from; Buffalo alone can furnish one or two squads of more than average material; and stayers, at that.

Ed. Taylor was a guest at the opening shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn's target shooters on Saturday afternoon last. He only took along 100 shells and soon had nearly all of them emptied. When he was in this plight an expert rule race at 25 targets was called for. Ed wanted to get in it, so borrowed some 3dr. loads of E. C. powder and proceeded to pulverize his targets with due regularity. When the end of the twentieth round had arrived, he found that he was high with 18 out of 20, and only 5 more to shoot at. "This won't do," said he, "if I miss any more I may not be high; I'll use five W-A loads next time." He used them and broke all 5. "There," said he, "if I'd had twenty-five shells of our own powder, instead of only five, I'd have gone straight, and broken somebody's heart!"

Correspondents, when sending us matter for publication, should be careful to add the name of the State to that of the place for holding the tournament. It not infrequently happens that the promoters of a tournament forget to put the name of the State in the programme, thus making it a guessing match for us as to what State the place designated is located in. As we don't like to guess, we have generally to omit all reference to the shoot. A case in point is the live-bird shoot called the "Jefferson County Fair Association Handicap," $10, 25 birds, birds extra, $100 to be added by the Fair Association. The programme states that entries should be sent to J. T. Lloyd, but unfortunately omits all address. There are so many Jefferson counties in the United States that we have had to give up this conundrum.

One of those present at the Crescent's shoot on Saturday last was Charles A. Sykes, at one time secretary of the New Utrecht Gun Club. Mr. Sykes took part in some of the sweeps, but was using a load of powder altogether too light for target breaking purposes. This didn't seem to worry him much, however, as he is too full of his trip out West to bother about a few bluerocks getting away from him. He left on Sunday, we believe, for the far West, intending to stop for a week at the famous Horicon marsh, where he has been invited for some of the duck-shooting. He is also making for some lake with a name that is unpronounceable and unspellable as far as we are concerned: it ends something like 'bigosh!

Secretary Higgings, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., who is also secretary of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says that he knows more about powder when it is outside a gun than inside. He has expressed the determination, however, to have some private tuition on bluerocks, his avowed intention being to get even with Old Reliable Taylor, of the same company. Mr. Higgins is an adept with the billiard cue, and it is our opinion that any man who can play a good game of billiards or pool, can become a good shot with comparatively little trouble.

At the time of writing this there seems every prospect of a big four-handed match taking place shortly on the new grounds of the Carteret Club, at Garden City, L. I. The contestants will be R. A. Welch and Edgar Gibbs Murphy against Geo. S. McAlpin and L. T. Duryea. The conditions will be 100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, Carteret Club boundary, $1 000 a side. We saw Mr. Duryea on Monday morning of this week, and he told us that they were only waiting to hear from Mr Murphy; and that there was no doubt but that the match would be made. If made, he said that it would have to be shot some time before Nov. 6.

The Kansas City *Star* had a very good report of the Elliott-Gilbert match for the *Star* cup on Oct. 8. Mr. James Whitfield is the sporting editor of that paper, which accounts for the readable nature of the report, Mr. Whitfield being an enthusiast on shooting matters and understanding what he is writing about. The report was illustrated with a cut of Gilbert that we at first refused to believe was anything like him. It portrayed the Chief of Spirit Lake with his upper lip clothed with a growth of hair! Gilbert has raised a moustache since we saw him at Oil City, Pa., last June.

We are told that about 1,000 people witnessed the Elliott-Gilbert match at Kansas City, Mo., on Oct. 8. We can safely say that at no point this side of Pittsburg, Pa., could such a crowd, or anything like it, be gotten together to see a pigeon match. Years ago it could be done, but it would take something far above the ordinary to draw 500 together anywhere in the vicinity of New York. If the Kansas City figures are correct (and we have no reason to doubt them), exhibition matches on the square should be paying ventures in the Missouri city.

Jno. J. Hallowell, of Bethayres, Pa., is now installed as assistant to U. M. C. Thomas in the employ of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, at Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. Hallowell should make an able and popular assistant, as he possesses an individuality that enables him to make friends with ease, and, best of all, to hold them. Mr. Hallowell's connection with the U. M. C. Company dates from Oct. 12, 1897, when he left for Louisville, Ky., on his maiden trip for the company. He will descant on the merits of the U. M. C. goods at the tournament in Baltimore this week.

Cornelius Furgueson, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, tied with Morfey for first honors in the 50-bird race at Woodlawn, L. I., on Wednesday last, Oct. 13. Mr. Furgueson killed his first 24 straight, then slipped up on his 25th, but ran out with a straight score for the last 25. And the birds were not so easy after all. They were mixed, some slow and some exceptionally fast. When Louis Duryea, one of the very best amateur shots around this part of the country, cannot kill more than 46, the birds must not be classed as a poor lot.

Mr. John S. Wright, captain of the Brooklyn Gun Club, is making preparations for that club's shoot on Thursday, Oct. 28. Capt. Wright says that he is going to get out a programme that will please the boys. Among the attractions he will offer are some valuable merchandise prizes, liberal handicaps to weaker shots, and free lunch. The latter article, he adds, will have no connection with Sunday sandwiches.

Ben H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., was in the city last week, but left for other parts on Monday of this week in the interests of Blue Ribbon. Of course Mr. Norton had something to say about J. J. Hallowell and his run of 154 straight at the Portsmouth, N. H., tournament, Sept. 16. On that occasion—and in fact during the whole of the past summer—Mr Hallowell used Blue Ribbon. He still uses it.

Mr. W. E. Keesler, of Des Moines, Ia., writes us that he has selected Nov. 16-19 as the dates for his tournament. The first two days will be open to amateurs only; the last two days will be open to the world. Prizes will be added every day. Live birds will be shot on the afternoons of Nov. 17 and 19. Anybody who wants a programme should address Mr. Kessler at 1105 Maple street, Des Moines, Ia.

Rolla Heikes shot very well at the Riverton Gun Club's shoot on Friday last, Oct. 15. He won fourth money on 19 out of 20 in the second event, and second money in the 30 bird event with 28 out of 30. Rolla was placed on the 31yd. mark in the first-named event, on the 30yd. mark in the 30-bird event.

Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, came back to the city on Monday morning, Oct. 18, with a nice bag of woodcock, grouse and rabbits that had become acquainted with Justus up in Sullivan county, N. Y., at a recent date. They made a catchy display in the window of the store.

The match between W. H. Wolstencroft, the holder of the 147 trophy, and the party who has challenged him for that cup, will take place on Saturday of this week at the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, near Holmesburg Junction, Pa., on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The conditions are 100 targets, expert rules.

On Friday of this week, Oct. 22, Fred. Gilbert will shoot another match with Jim Elliott. This time the contest will be for the Du Pont trophy, now held by Elliott. The match will be shot in Kansas City, of course.

A Newburgh, N. Y., paper has the following item: "Messrs. Halstead and Pierce, of Peekskill; Eb Likely, of Highland Falls; H. C. Higginson and Charles M. Stebbins, of this city, all members of the West Newburgh Gun Club, are in the Adirondacks seeking game—quail, partridge, deer or bears. It matters not what it may be so long as they can draw a bead on it. They went to Plattsburg and entered the great North Woods from the extreme western point. They are expected home on Saturday." The party mentioned above has always been considered a dangerous one for any kind of game, whether with chips or without.

On Oct. 10 in five 15 target events and one 25-target event, 100 targets in all, Barney Worthen, of the Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C., broke 96 targets, finishing with a run of 54 staraight. The shoot took place on the grounds of the Palmetto Gun Club at Charleston.

G. M. C. Thomas has sailed for the Land of Taffy to see friends and relatives he left behind in Wales many years ago. U. M. C. sailed in the Campania on Saturday morning last, Oct. 16, and carried with him the best wishes of his numerous friends on this side of the Atlantic.

B. Leroy Woodward, of Campello, Mass., the representative of the Remington Arms Co., of Ilion, N. Y., passed through this city on Monday morning *en route* for Baltimore and her tournament.

"Well, I don't know," as the small boy says. How's this? McMurchy, Heikes, Van Dyke, Dickey, Glover, Fulford, Leroy, Hallowell, *et. alia*. Will the Baltimore shoot be a warm one?

Oct. 19. EDWARD BANKS.

Western Traps.

KANSAS CITY-CHICAGO INTERURBAN RACE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 16.—The team shoot between Kansas City and Chicago may be considered a practical certainty for the dates of Dec. 7-8 at Watson's Park, Chicago. On Oct 14 at Kansas City a committee was appointed, representative of the general meeting of shooters, such committee to form the nucleus of the team, and to push at once the work of selecting the full team of ten men. The members of this important committee are J. A. R. Elliott, J. B. Porter, Chris Gottlieb, Ed. Hickman, Col. Campbell and Frank J. Smith.

At the Chicago end of the line the final meeting of organization for the purpose of the interurban shoot was held on the afternoon of Oct. 13, the following gentlemen being present: E. S. Rice, W. P. Mussey, W. L. Shepard, C. Wilcox, George Roll, John Ruble, F. P. Stannard, A. W. Adams, R. B. Organ, Col. C. E. Felton, J. H. Robbins, Percy Stone, John Watson, Dr. Shaw, J. J. Smith, M. J. Eich, Ed. Steck, O. von Lengerke, C. P. Richards, W. R. Morgan, John Glover, Fred. Gilbert, Ed. Bingham, F. R. Bissell, H. N. Eason. The assembly was held at the office of Mr. E. S. Rice, agent of the Du Pont powder, he being in the chair, Mr. J. H. Robbins acting as secretary. The following committees were ratified as representing the shooters of Chicago in the plans for the interesting contest:

Reception.—W. L. Shepard, chairman; F. H. Lord, Ed. Bingham, C. B. Dicks, W. F. White, T. P. Hicks, Chas. Antoine, Hon. Jacob Rehn, Abner Price.

Entertainment.—Col. Chas. E. Felton, chairman; Dr. S. Shaw, R. B. Organ, J. H. Amberg, Lemuel C. Willard, Henry Ehlers, Geo. Kleinman, Abe Kleinman, Horace Foss, M. J. Eich, Col. Wm. H. Alberger.

Transportation.—F. H. Lord, chairman; W. F. White, E. H. Hughes, J. M. Gillespie, F. C. Donald, J. R. Griffeths.

Grounds.—John Watson, chairman; Dr. E. H. Frothingham, Edw. Steck, E. E. Neal, Oswald von Lengerke.

Advertising.—J. H. Robbins, chairman; W. Bruce Heffingwell, August Hirth, G. H. Mead, G. M. Holt, J. R. Griffeths.

Finance.—E. S. Rice, chairman; W. L. Shepard, J. H. Robbins, John Watson, C. P. Richards.

Press Committee.—E. Hough, FOREST AND STREAM; C. P. Richards, *American Field*; J. H. Robbins, *Sportsmen's Review*; H. T. Woodruff, *Times-Herald*; C. B. Whitford, *Chronicle*; Lew M. Houseman, *Inter-Ocean*; E. S. Sheridan, *Tribune*; H. E. Keough, *Journal*; R. L. Carney, *Dispatch*; H. P. Spalding, *Record*.

Printing and Badges.—C. P. Richards, chairman; W. D. Stoddard, W. R. Morgan, Ed. Bingham, Fred. Fish.

Ladies' Entertainment Committee.—Mrs. Dr. Carson, chairman; Mesdames S. Shaw, E. S. Rice, C. P. Richards, Ed. Bingham, R. B. Organ, J. H. Robbins, John Watson, J. H. Amberg, Miss Mary Watson.

Executive Committee.—E. S. Rice, chairman; W. L. Shepard, John Watson, C. P. Richards, Treasurer; Mrs. Dr. Carson, Col. Charles E. Felton, F. H. Lord, J. H. Robbins, Secretary; E. Hough.

Col. Felton moved that the Kansas City shooters be advised to the effect that the Chicago shooters preferred conditions similar to those obtaining in the earlier races between the two cities (10-men teams, 50 birds to the man). Mr. G. M. Walden, president for the Kansas City shooters, was so advised. On Col. Felton's motion the chairman of each committee was empowered to increase his committee as he saw fit. In the matter of the important question of selecting a team, it seemed best to follow the plan adopted at Kansas City in the last contest, and Mr. Mussey moved that the chair appoint three committeemen, not necessarily to be members of the team, they to chose five men to shoot on the team, and these five to chose the sixth man, these six the seventh, and so on until the team be filled. It was so ordered. The chair appointed for this committee, Mr. W. P. Mussey, Col. C. E. Felton, Mr. R. B. Organ.

In the matter of the date for the contest there was some discussion, it being desired that the Elliott-Gilbert race for the *Star* cup should be shot here at the same time of the Interurban meet. The sixty days' limit would make it necessary to shoot this before Dec. 7. It was finally decided, after motion by Mr. Organ, that the dates of Dec. 7-8 be submitted to the Kansas City men for the team contest. It was otherwise determined that the Elliott-Gilbert race for the cup should be shot Monday, Dec. 6, thus giving three days of interesting sport to the shooters of Chicago and their guests.

On Mr. Organ's motion it was resolved "That we entertain the Kansas City shooters and visiting friends." Some discussion ensued as to the best manner of doing this, the results of which plans may be passed upon by the Kansas City men when they shall have arrived here, although it was agreed that, try as they might, the shooters of Chicago could not surpass the hospitality extended them by the Kansas City men at their last meeting. Col. Felton requested that Mr. John Watson furnish the team committee such lists of the shooters of Chicago as he could from his books. The meeting adjourned on call after a very practical and businesslike session. Messrs. Whitfield, Gottlieb, Herman and Walden may feel sure that their suggestion in regard to the third team race between Kansas City and Chicago has borne speedy and promising fruit. Enough time will elapse to allow both cities to get their men in good trim, and the meeting should come at a time of year and at a place where the live-bird shooting will be a good game for the best of the boys. The event should be a highly pleasant one, and the gentlemen from Kansas City may feel sure that their Chicago brothers are entering into the spirit of the matter very heartily and with much expectation. Already the word has been passed that the place for each Chicago shooter from now until Dec. 1 is at Watson's Park.

There will be some speculation, of course, from now on in regard to the probable result of the Interurban team race. The general impression here seems to be that the Kansas City men will cheerfully wipe up the earth with the Chicago team, but we hope to be able to show ten men who will be fit to serve in this part of the entertainment committee. No matter who wins we will have a good time, and nothing in the world can prevent it. All the arrangements have been made by the Chicago shooters, of course subject to the convenience of the Kansas City shooters; but the latter men do not commonly worry much over conditions when there is a shoot in prospect, so that the above programme may be considered as practically certain to be pulled off in detail as above. At this writing all is in speculation as to the *personnel* of the Chicago team. We are going to do the best we can with the Kansas City Cowboys, but realize very fully that they are a hard proposition at the live-bird traps. There is no consideration in the contest beyond the price of the birds, but the race will be as hot as lies in the ability of these two cities to make it. The contest is the event of the trap season here, and will without doubt bring together many shooters not directly interested in the competition.

GILBERT INTERVIEWED.

When talked with on shooting matters, Fred Gilbert said in regard to his late victory over Mr. Elliott, that the birds seemed to him a strong lot, but that the wind in the Kansas City park was not so great as it sometimes is at Watson's Park in Chicago, so that perhaps the birds would not seem so fast. He said that the score was a tie at 92, but Elliott missing his 93d bird opened the gap of 1 bird which was the result at the close of the race. In regard to the shoot for the Du Pont trophy at Kansas City, Oct. 22, Gilbert very courteously admitted that he knew he was against a hard man, but modestly said that he would rather make it two straight for himself than one each for him and Elliott. Both he and all his friends expressed their satisfaction at the courteous way in which the late race was shot, and in which the spectators treated the visitors. Elliott, in shaking hands with the victor, remarked that it was the first time he had been defeated on his own ground since 1892.

COOK COUNTY LEAGUE.

At a meeting of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, held at Chicago, Oct. 15, 1897. President Adams presided. Roll-call showed three clubs present: Eureka, Garfield and Calumet Heights, a quorum of *bona fide* clubs. The meeting was held for the purpose of awarding individual prizes in the several classes and for establishing a handicap for those eligible to contest in the final handicap shoot. The prizes awarded in the majority of contests under the different classes have all been published exclusively in FOREST AND STREAM two weeks ago. Following are additional awards as determined:

LOWEST INDIVIDUALS

Lowest average, 49 per cent., Silas Palmer, 100 Peters loaded shells. Second lowest, C. W. Carson, 64 per cent., one sub. Gameland. Third lowest, G. E. Marshall, 65 per cent., one sub. Gameland.

PRIZES TO BE AWARDED IN HANDICAP CONTEST.

First, L. C. Smith ejector shotgun, 12ga.; second, one Remington ejector shotgun, 12ga.; third, one Winchester repeater shotgun, 12ga.; fourth, one gold medal; fifth, one Vom Hofe President reel; sixth, Upthegrove hunting coat; seventh, one 5lb. drum Gold Dust powder; eighth, ninth, tenth, one high grade bench closer each; eleventh, 100 Peters loaded shells; twelfth, one set B. G. I. cleaning implements; thirteenth, one year's subscription *Sportsman's Review*; fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, one subscription *Sports Afield* each; eighteenth, five dozen Jones's decoy anchors.

HANDICAP IN TARGETS.

Percentage of four best scores:

	Per cent.	Shot at.		Per cent.	Shot at.
J Ruble	100	25	R Kuss	93	26
E E Neal	93	26	F P Stannard	93	26
E M Stick	92	26	A C Paterson	90	26
H A Ferguson	89	27	A W Fehrman	89	27
E Graham	89	27	G C Lamphier	88	26
Dr S Shaw	89	26	J S Houston	88	27
O von Lengerke	87	26	R A Turtle	86	27
F M Fish	86	27	T Graham	85	27
L H Goodrich	85	27	T P Hicks	85	26
H Wiley	85	28	T P Richards	84	28
A W Adams	84	28	S Young	82	28
S M Booth	81	28	F Edgar	80	29
M E Bowers	79	27	P D Norcom	78	29
W Matcalf	77	29	A Hilman	76	29
I P Goetter	75	29	E B Knott	74	28
M J Lowrey	74	29	G W Pricket	74	29
C Stickles	74	29	W H Cornwall	73	29
W Cheesman	72	30	Dr A Mathews	72	30
S H Greeley	71	30	M Goldsmith	70	30
A C Black	68	30	A W Harlem	68	30
W E Schmidt	68	30	H Lavi	65	30
G E Marshall	65	30	H B Morgan	65	31
Dr C W Carson	64	31	A Cheesman	64	31
F G Barnard	61	31	D Russell	56	31
S Palmer	49	31			

No participant will be scored including the handicap more than the possible, 25 targets. Ties will be shot off at 25 targets with handicap, or be decided by those in tie between themselves. The contest will be held at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., on Oct 30, 1897, providing grounds can be obtained on that day, and will commence at 1 o'clock P. M. sharp.

EXTRA EVENT.

On termination of handicap contest a team race of four men per team chosen from those eligible for the handicap shoot for a prize of a set of five expert bluerock traps with pull. Each club will be allowed to enter one or more teams, and all shooters on teams shoot with the same handicap, as in the previous event.

NO TEAM WINNER RETURNED.

There will still be another meeting of the Cook County League at a date not yet determined, at which time there will be taken up the matter of team classification. There was not time at the last meeting to figure out all these team results, and it is a matter of fact that even at this date the winning club team of the League for the season of 1897 has not yet been officially announced. Three weeks ago, in FOREST AND STREAM, it was announced that Garfield A class team would without doubt be declared winner; and so far as is known at date, this prediction is the only thing settled for the team totals for the season.

CHICAGO, Oct. 19.—The Chicago team membership will be uncertain for a week or more. Practice is going on under the committee's inspection. At a meeting of the directors of the Cook County League this morning the League handicap shoot was decided to be high guns win, with no class shooting and no dropping for prizes.

E. HOUGH.

GILBERT ACCEPTS.

The following formal acceptance by Mr. Gilbert of Mr. Elliott's challenge for the *Star* cup has been to-day received at this office:

"CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—*Mr. E. Hough:* Dear Sir—I hereby accept Mr. J. A. R. Elliott's challenge to shoot me a match for Kansas City *Star* cup, and name Watson's Park, Chicago, Dec. 6, at 2 o'clock, as place and time for said contest. FRED GILBERT.

TOM MARSHALL SICK.

Tom Marshall, winner of the Grand American Handicap, is now at Clinton, Ia., at an infirmary, under treatment for an affection of the throat which has been giving him a great deal of trouble. Mr. Marshall is cheerful, as usual, but says the way the doctor goes after the bottom of his neck is no joke. He hopes to be out and quite recovered before long.

ROCKFORD SHOOT.

The Rockford Gun Club announces its diamond badge tournament at bluerocks to be held Oct. 19 at Rockford, Ill. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Shooting at Peoria.

PEORIA, Ill., Oct. 15.—The challenge shoot for the Peoria *Herald* trophy took place to-day on the grounds of the Peoria Gun Club. Mr. A. Heilman, the holder of the trophy, and Mr. A. E. Leisy, the challenger, were the contestants. The conditions were 25 birds per man, from five unknown traps. Mr. Heilman won by a score of 19 to 14. Mr. Leisy drew much the hardest birds. The birds were the best we have ever had, there being a strong wind from the southwest, causing nearly all the birds to be tailers with great speed. Both gentlemen made some remarkable kills with the second barrel.

Mr. Heilman was immediately challenged by Mr. Gus Walpert, of Spring Bay. Mr. Heilman accepted the challenge and set the date for Oct. 22, each contestant to shoot at 25 birds.

Another match will take place on the same day, after the trophy match, between Mr. A. E. Leisy, Mr. W. Bordeaux and Mr. Chas. Bartson for the championship of the Leisy Brewing Co. team. This will be a great race, as there is a great deal of rivalry between these shooters as to who is the best shot. I will say, I do not know of three more evenly matched men in the Peoria Gun Club.

Great interest is being manifested in shooting circles in Peoria since we have secured the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association meet for 1898. The dates for the next meet were set at the last meeting of the board of directors for June 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1898. We expect to hold the greatest meet the Association has ever held. Many inquiries are already coming in as to dates of the meet and applications for membership blanks. SIMMIE.

Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 10.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Palmetto Gun Club, of this city, in the regular weekly practice shoot of the club. Mr. Alston, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and Mr. McEachern, a prominent trap-shooter of Wilmington, N. C., were present as guests of the club. Mr. Alston shot through the sweeps, and as will be seen from the scores he was pointing his firm's gun pretty straight. Worthen was shooting in about the same old form, breaking 96 out of the 100 he shot at, and making a run of 54 straight. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*25*	Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*25*
B Worthen	14	14	14	14	15	25	Schowaker	8	7	10	13	11	13
G Peterman	11	15	14	12	15	24	Alston	..	..	11	13	15	13	20
Blake	3	6	2	10	8	11	L Bicaise	..	..	11	12	12	15	19
Wohltmann	12	8	12	5	10	..	G Steck	..	13	10	11	10	17
G Swan	11	14	11	10	11	20	Whilden	..	..	10	10	11	20
Pinckney	10	10	10	9	9	13							

W. E. P.

The Baltimore Tournament.

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 19.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The Baltimore tournament promises to be a notable one, chiefly on account of the number of cracks who are here. Heikes, Van Dyke, Leroy, Dickey, Glover, Fulford, Charlie Young, Hallowell, Keller, Billy Wolstencroft, G. W. Clay, of Pine Grove, Ky., and several other good shots are on hand. Everything has been done by the home club to make this shoot a success.

Hallowell reports that the Kentucky Gun Club's shoot last week was a dandy. Sam Hutchings won the championship of Kentucky; he tied with Bland, Ballard, Du Bray and Woodcock, of Danville, each killing 25 straight. On shoot-off Hutchings won with 15 more straight. Ballard lost his 14th, Woodcock his 9th and Du Bray his 8th bird. Hutchings used a Parker gun, Du Pont powder in U. M. C. shell. J. D. Gay, W. Clegg and Dr. Marsh scored 24 out of 25. Ballard won the championship last year. EDWARD BANKS.

Limited Gun Club's Scores.

First Day, Sept. 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9				
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Cup.*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Rike	17	17	18	19	18	20	15	17	18	88	180	159	88.3
Thompson	15	18	15	17	19	18	17	20	17	91	180	156	86.8
Beck	15	17	19	18	15	18	18	18	18	87	180	156	86.7
Parry	18	17	19	14	18	15	18	19	15	85	180	153	85
Griff	15	18	18	18	17	16	17	15	14	79	180	148	82.2
Corbett	13	13	19	18	14	18	18	17	17	84	180	147	81.6
Myers	14	14	18	18	17	18	17	16	14	82	180	146	81.1
Tillson	16	14	17	17	14	13	18	18	17	80	180	144	80
Tripp	17	14	16	15	16	18	14	15	17	80	180	142	78.9
Cooper	12	14	13	18	15	16	19	19	15	84	180	141	78.3
Link	14	14	16	17	16	14	17	17	15	79	180	140	77.8
Partington	15	12	13	13	17	18	16	17	15	83	180	136	75.6
Slow	13	17	15	11	16	18	14	16	13	77	180	133	73.9
Pattison	16	10	14	13	11	16	17	17	16	77	180	130	72.2
Mann	9	15	10	11	12	13	15	16	11	67	180	112	62.2
Wildhack	16	15	18	14	16	17	20	..	..	..	140	116	82.9
Wallace	..	16	18	16	19	16	18	20	15	88	160	138	86.2
Apperson	..	18	18	14	12	19	15	19	20	85	160	135	84.4
Stone	..	15	18	16	19	17	16	16	17	85	160	134	83.7
Stillwell	..	16	14	17	15	17	15	15	18	80	160	127	79.4
Dietrick	..	..	12	14	15	15	16	18	16	80	140	106	75.7
Voris	..	15	15	12	17	14	14	18	16	79	160	121	75.6
Frost	9	14	..	18	16	10	12	13	14	65	160	106	66.2
Robinson	14	..	..	..	..	15	15	17	19	18	84	120	98	81.7
Garland	..	..	15	14	17	11	11	18	14	71	140	100	71.4
Anson	..	..	14	..	13	16	14	17	14	74	120	88	73.3
Du Bray	..	..	..	15	12	14	7	13	16	62	120	77	64.2
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	15	15	12	71	100	71	71
Swift	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	14	15	11	67	100	67	67
Hearsey	..	..	..	..	..	16	11	12	12	15	66	100	66	66
Deschler	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	16	..	..	..	60	42	70
Weiss	5	6	9	10	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	120	58	48.3
Murphy	6	12	6	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	40	40
Herschy	12	13	12	..	..	..	..	14	15	..	..	100	66	66
Trap	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	13	..	..	40	30	75
T A G	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	11	..	..	40	21	52.5
Clark	16	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	32	80
Webb	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	18	45
Locey	..	11	7	8	12	9	11	13	..	..	..	140	71	50.7

* This is aggregate of scores in events 5 to 9, and count for Grand Hotel cup.

Second Day, Sept. 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5			
Angles:	K	U	R	E	D			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Shot at.	Av.	
Pruno	20	19	15	16	16	100	86	
Tripp	15	20	18	17	15	100	85	
Garland	19	14	19	15	14	100	84	
Wildhack	16	19	17	19	13	100	84	
Kalb	17	18	16	15	15	100	81	
DuBray	15	16	16	16	17	100	80	
Apperson	19	19	16	13	13	100	80	
Rike	19	19	14	12	14	100	78	
Cooper	19	15	15	15	13	100	77	
Robinson	19	13	16	13	13	100	74	
Beck	14	15	16	16	12	100	73	
Partington	16	12	17	16	12	100	73	
Parry	18	18	15	11	10	100	72	
Griff	14	16	..	10	16	80	70	
Happy	14	10	12	10	13	100	59	
Wallace	..	..	17	13	16	60	76.6	
Mark	..	..	13	11	11	60	58.3	
Link	16	14	..	..	..	40	75	
Johnson	..	..	14	..	9	..	40	57.5
Jack Snipe	..	..	..	..	16		20	80
Hearsey	..	..	..	..	11		20	55
Coyle	12	..	..	..	..		20	60
Dietrick	13	..	..	..	..		20	65

Team shoot, 50 targets per man, unknown angles:

Wallace	43	Beck	41
Apperson	45—88	Cooper	42—83
Corbett	41	Partington	39
Griff	45—86	Jack Snipe	42—81
Garland	43	Wildhack	39
Tripp	43—86	Parry	42—81
Pruno	45	Rike	42
Kalb	29—84	Robinson	37—79
Happy	30	Hearsey	32—62

Extra No. 1, 10 targets, three moneys: Garland 10, Wildhack 9, Rike 9, Wallace 8, Beck 8, Cooper 8, Dietrick 7, Kalb 7, Parry 7, Tripp 7, Craft 6, Griff 6.

Extra No. 2, 20 targets, three high guns: Cooper 20, Beck 19, Robinson 19, Wallace 19, Kalb 18, Rike 18, Wildhack 17, Tripp 17, Garland 16, Parry 14.

Extra No. 3, 20 targets, two high guns: Tripp 18, Garland 18, Cooper 15, Beck 15, Parry 15, Robinson 14.

Gilbert Won the "Star" Cup.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 8.—The Elliott-Gilbert match for the Kansas City *Star* cup took place this afternoon in the Exposition ball park. After a most exciting and close match Fred Gilbert was the winner with 95 to 94. The attendance of spectators was quite large, in the neighborhood of 1,000 persons entering the grounds to view the match.

John Watson, of Watson's Park, Chicago, was chosen referee, and it goes without saying that his decisions were accepted without a murmur. C. C. Herrmann was trap puller; C. P. Richards, of Chicago, and James Whitfield, of the Kansas City *Star*, acting as official scorers. The birds were an exceptionally good lot, having been selected from a lot of over 2,000 pigeons now in the loft of the Elliott Brothers at Washington Park.

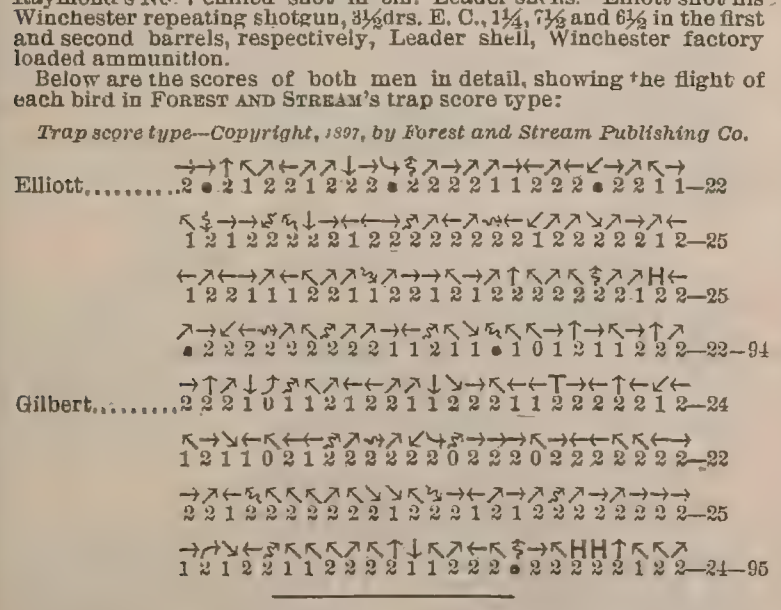
Elliott won the toss and went to the score first. He was also the first to lose, his 2d bird falling dead out of bounds. Gilbert lost his 5th and evened matters up. Elliott lost his 11th and 21st birds, both dead out, while Gilbert killed 24 out of his 25: thus at the end of the 25th round Gilbert was 2 birds in the lead. In the second 25 Elliott scored all his birds, while Gilbert lost his 30th, 39th and 43d birds, giving Elliott a lead of 1 at the half-way mark. In the third 25 both men scored all their birds, Elliott being still 1 in the lead at the three quarter pole. He then lost his 76th bird, dead out, and the score was a tie. With only 10 more birds to shoot at and the score still a tie, Elliott created a sensation by losing his 91st bird, another dead out of bounds. Then Gilbert lost his 92, also dead out, and there was great excitement, with the score again a tie and only 8 more to shoot at. The 93d round settled it, as Elliott lost his bird, while Gilbert killed out straight and won by 1 bird.

The long runs of the two men were; Gilbert, 48 and 24; Elliott, 54 and 14.

Gilbert shot his L. C. Smith gun, 3¾drs. of Du Pont Smokeless, 1¼ Raymond's No. 7 chilled shot in 3in. Leader shells. Elliott shot his Winchester repeating shotgun, 3½drs. E. C., 1¼, 7½ and 6½ in the first and second barrels, respectively, Leader shell, Winchester factory loaded ammunition.

Below are the scores of both men in detail, showing the flight of each bird in FOREST AND STREAM's trap score type:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., held his first open-to-all shoot at live birds for the winter season of 1897-8, on Friday of last week, Oct. 13. Zwirlein always manages to have on hand some of the fastest birds in the country, and a man has to shoot straight to kill Charlie's birds as they make for the fence that marks the boundary

IN NEW JERSEY.

CUP RACE AT HACKENSACK.

Oct. 13.—The sixth contest for the Recreation cup was decided this afternoon on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack. The weather was brilliant and warm, with not a breath of air stirring to make the flight of the targets erratic. The traps, however, were not in good working order, and the result was a variety of flights, particularly as to height, that made it necessary to keep everlastingly at it. E. G. Horton, although no longer a resident of Hackensack, was on hand to run the shoot; but his work was easy, the number of shoots, live-bird and targets, cutting down the attendance to a smaller pitch than ever before at similar gatherings of the club. The fact, too, that two men, Sinnock and Remsen, had each a couple of wins for the cup, with Banks credited with the other win; and with only one more shoot besides that of to-day to decide the absolute ownership of the cup, had unquestionably something to do with the scarcity of shooters.

Among those present were Rolla O. Heikes and Ferd Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. Neither of these two experts were eligible to compete for the cup but they were entitled to shoot along for second and third places, which paid respectively $5 and $2 for the $2 entrance fee. An optional sweep of $1 on each 25 targets was also open to all. Ferd Van Dyke was not in good health, and withdrew at the end of the 50th round to catch a train. Rolla Heikes, too, was suffering from a cold that he caught the other day when out fishing for striped bass with Col. Sanford of the W. R. A. Company. This cold was too much for Rolla and he lost more targets in this 100-target race than in any similar event in years. In short, those who shot along to-day, had the privilege of seeing Mr. Heikes make the lowest score he has been guilty of making since we have had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Among the spectators were Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand W. A Powder Company, and his Cincinnati friend, Mr. Clements.

The race was an interesting one by reason of the previous wins standing as they did. At one time it looked very much as if Sinnock was going to score another win. At the end of the 59th round he had a lead of 3 targets on Banks, his nearest opponent; but out of the last 41 he lost 11 to Banks's 2, ending 6 behind the latter's winning total of 93, a score that gave him his second win. There are thus three ties so far for the cup, with only the shoot in December to finish the series. Remsen shot an even gait, but was below his mark; he landed the $5 with a score of 89. Byrd began poorly, with 15 out of 19, but finished his string of 50 targets at known angles with a score of 46; to him belongs the honor of making the only 25 straight scored to-day. His 42 out of 50 at unknown angles just landed him in third place and earned his entrance fee. Sinnock broke 48 out of 50 at known angles, but in the unknown angles he dropped down to 39, an unexpected finish, and one hard to account for, as he was shooting in good time and centering his targets when he broke them. Beveridge looked like a surprise party; he lost 5 out of his first 15, and then pulled himself together, scoring 53 out of the next 60, thus being tied with Sinnock for second place at the end of the 75th round with 68 out of 75. His fourth string of 25 was fatal to his chances of a place, as he lost 6 targets and ended in a favorite hole with the popular number of 87 breaks, tying Sinnock and Heikes. Waters has not shot at a target for months; in fact, not since the time when he and his partner, Tom Keller, defeated the Van Dyke-Hildreth and Banks-Cameron combinations on these grounds last spring. He broke 41 out of each 50 targets, and at the end of the 75th round looked like making a much better total than he came out with. A 19 out of 25 in his last string pulled him down to 83. George Piercy, who has not been seen at the traps for some time, also, was away off and could not score more than 37 out of each 50.

The scores in detail were as below:

Recreation cup, 100 targets per man, 50 at known angles and 50 at unknown angles, $2 entrance, high gun scores a win for the cup; second high gun receives $5 from the club; third high gun saves his entrance fee. Optional sweep of $1 on each 25.

E Banks	11110111111111111111111111111111111110110101—46 11111101111111111111111111111011111111110111111111—47	—93
J S S Remsen	11110111111110111101111111111111111111111111011100—44 01111111111011111111111111111111111111111011011101111—45	—89
L H Byrd	11001111111111011011111111111111111111111111111—46 11110011111110101111011111101111111111111111011101—42	—88
F E Sinnock	11111111111111111111111011111111111111111111110—48 11111111101011110111110011010101111011111111101110—39	—87
C C Beveridge	11010101111011011111111111111111111111111111111—44 10111111111111111111111111011110011111111101100011—43	—87
R O Heikes	11111111111111111011101111100111111101111111011111—44 11101110011101111111011110111111111111111111011111—43	—87
B Waters	10101101111111100111111111111011111110011110111111—41 01111111110111111111101111011011100101111111011—41	—82
G H Piercy	00111000111101011101101111111111000111011111111—37 11111110011101100010110111011011011111011111111110—37	—74
F Van Dyke	11111111111111010111111111111111101010111011101111	—43
Al Heritage	10000100111010111100010000010100100000011110010001	—20
Jack	11101100001111101111011111	—18
Bass	00011011111101101111001111	—17
Ward	00110110111100101010101111	—15

A few sweepstakes, all at unknown angles, except No. 3, which was at expert rules, were also shot during the afternoon, the scores being as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	20	Targets:	10	10	10	10	20
Sinnock	8	10	9	9	13	Banks	..	7	8	10	19
Remsen	9	7	6	9	..	Piercy	..	..	..	4	16
Beveridge	8	7	10	6	..	Heikes	..	..	..	10	18
Byrd	9	4	..	8	14	Heritage	..	..	..	5	4
Waters	7	7	6	8	14	Van Dyke	..	..	..	8	..
Bass	4	6	..	9	..						

EDWARD BANKS.

ELKWOOD PARK.

Oct. 14.—A mixed programme of blackbird and pigeon events was issued for to-day. There was enough wind to make the blackbirds fly well, the result being that some excellent sport was obtained. Morfey and Daly both shot exceedingly well, while Marryott took first alone in the second event on 15 straight. Scores were:

No. 1, 10 blackbirds, $2.50: Morfey (25) 10, P. Daly (24) and F. Beale (20) 8, Green (23) 7, Banks (22) 6, Marryott (23) 5.

	No. 2, 15 blackbirds, $3.	No. 3, 25 blackbirds, $5.
Morfey (25)	212111101112002—12	(24)..201022221111010112212212 22—21
Banks (21)	011122001212222—12	(20)..202112112111222111120020 2—21
Beale (21)	211021010021100— 9	(20)..000101211001121111110101—17
Green (22)	002202120201120— 9	(21)..021011102112121102222 1002—19
Marryott (22)	112221211222112—15	(23)..012111222201010122001111 1—19
Daly (25)	122222222021012—13	(25)..122222221211212021112 2100—22
Patten		(20)..022000111200w

After the blackbird programme had been concluded, the following live-bird events were shot:

	No. 1, 10 birds.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Morfey (31)	2222221122—10	222	01 11 10—4	00 10 01—2	01 11 11—5
Patten (26)	2222222222—10	20	01 00	00 01	00 00
Green (28)	1202222220— 8	...	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. ..
Daly (30)	1111201020— 7	111	11 00 10—3	11 00 01—3	00 11
Beale (25)	0010120002— 4	...	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Banks (26)	01010w	...	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Seymour (28)		0	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Morris (25)		0	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Seymour*		220	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

* Re entry.

No. 2 was a $5 miss-and-out; Nos. 3, 4 and 5 were at 3 pairs, $2. The latter events were shot when the sun was away below the horizon.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Oct. 6.—The semi-monthly shoot for the silver tea-service donated by the Boiling Springs Gun Club, was held this afternoon, Huck scoring a win for the trophy. Scores are given in detail below:

Van Dyke	11101111111111111111111111111111101101111100111101111	—44
C Wright	11111011111011111111101111111111111111101001111111111—44 111	— 3—47
W H Huck	11111111111111111011101100111101111011111101111111—43 1111	— 4—47
*C Wise	01001111111111011110101100110111111110111111111110	—39
*B Abbott	01101000101001101001001111111111011111010101110111	—32
*James	01100000111111C011101111111110100100111111011111	—34
*Matzen	10010001111110110011111010001010111010111110101101	—31

* Wise, Abbott, James and Matzen did not shoot off their handicaps.

Shoot-off, 25 targets:

Wright	1111C0011011111101111101 1—19
Huck	1101111111111100111111111—22

Sweeps were shot, as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10
Wise	9	8	5	3	Van Dyke	9	8	5	10
Wright	9	9	8	8	Huck	8	8	8	8
Matzen	6	6	5	8	Abbott	4	8	5	4

HENRY HUCK, Sec'y.

Rolla Heikes is still with us, but he leaves for the West immediately upon the conclusion of the Maryland handicap at the Baltimore tournament this week. We shall probably not see him East again until the Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park next March.

Riverton's Big Shoot.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 15.—The first day of the Riverton Gun Club's big live-bird shoot was favored with very fine weather, so far as the spectators were concerned. To make really fast birds, a little more wind might have been desired. Still, the birds were a nice, clean lot, and on the old grounds, there were some that were too fast for the best of them.

The Ralli shoot was quite a feature on to-day's programme. As it has often been described in these columns, it is hardly necessary to do more than reiterate the statement that in this shoot the birds are all liberated from the center of a circle. The circle itself is divided into a certain number of divisions (say 10) by flags, which mark the boundary lines of each competitor's territory. All pigeons which fall within a certain section are counted to the gunner who is located in that section, whether he kills them himself or not. When 20 pigeons have been liberated, the shooters move around to the next sections; and this is done after each 20 birds have been liberated. This enables each man to try his hand at each point. Of course, the winning of such a sweep as this is largely a matter of luck. This year the event was won by Dr. Daniel Karsner, of Philadelphia, with 22. George McAlpin shot well up and scored 19, but had the fortune to see several birds that he had brought down, fall in his neighbor's territory. Last year he won the first Ralli shoot ever tried in this country. From a shooter's point of view, that match is not one to shoot often; but to spectators there is something more interesting in one of these shoots than in anything in the line of live-bird shooting, outside of an individual match between two top-notchers.

As will be noticed from the names in the scores given below, the company was decidedly warm, several prominent professionals being invited to take part in the shoot. The amateur class was also very warm, George McAlpin, R. A. Welch, Louis Duryea and others forming a strong combination.

Ralli shoot: Dr. Daniel Karsner 22, G. S. McAlpin 19, J. M. Hawkins 18, W. R. Ellison 4, Harry Ducker 14, Hazen Carstairs 13, Harvey McMurchy 12, W. Ferguson, Jr. 11, D. A. Wilson 10, and E. F. Toland 6.

The second event on the programme was as follows:

Handicap, 20 birds, $10 entrance, handicap and bird allowance, 40 per cent. to winner, 25 per cent. to second, 15 per cent. to third, and 10 per cent. to fourth:

T Douglas (29)	22222212222222222212—20
T H Keller (28)	02221212022122112022—17
Rolla O Heikes (31)	22222220.22222222222—19
H Thurman (28)	22222212222122010202—17
*Hazen Carstairs (26)	12010020100020w —10
S Turner (26)	200322100w — 5
J M Hawkins (28)	11120222020w — 9
D A Wilson (30)	20012222222122222122—18
Harvey McMurchy (30)	22211222212211212222—20
J Smith (30)	20222222222222222012—18
S Jacobs (26)	02122221211121120101—17
G S McAlpin (30)	22222222●222222222●—18
L T Duryea (30)	22022212222022 —11
D Phillips (30)	22120022220 — 9
O R Dickey (30)	22222212222222200 —13
Ferd Van Dyke (30)	2222010220 — 7
E Toland (27)	11211202111112O —13
Harry Ducker (28)	11111202222222222220—18
Dr Daniel Karsner (26)	12220021202 — 7
*S Dickson (26)	10112001121122221110—20
Clarence Dolan (28)	21220212220112 —11

* Dickson and Carstairs received 6 misses as no birds.

McMurchy, Dickson and Douglas divided the sweep with scores of 20 each, Dickson using up 5 of his allowance.

The third event was another handicap, 30 birds per man, $25 entrance; 10 birds to be shot on each ground. The money was divided 50, 25 and 15, with 10 per cent. to the club. Scores:

P Daly (27)	12210222211221222222220102220 —26
D Wilson (30)	22222●2●2●22222122●2●211222222—27
J Phillips (29)	22120222220221212222222222022—27
J Welch (30)	22222122222222211222222222222—30
H Ducker (28)	11012011211111100 —13
L T Duryea (30)	22212212212222222202212222021 02—27
T Douglas (30)	11111222122120211222112102022 2—27
C Dolan (28)	2000 — 1
R O Heikes (30)	22●22222022222222222222222222222—28
W Furguson, Jr. (26)	2●102●2●10222200020222200 3022—18
H McMurchy (31)	02102211220121222112212212212—27
O R Dickey (30)	●222●22220110 — 9

Second Day.

The 60-bird event was the main feature to day. This event called for $50 entrance, 20 birds on each grounds. Trophy and 50 per cent. to winner, 20 per cent. to second, 15 per cent. to third, and 5 per cent. to fourth. The winner was D. A. Upson (Wilson), of Cleveland, O., who was lightly handicapped at 29yds. He scored his first 54 birds, but lost his 55th, dead out of bounds. O. R. Dickey came next with 56. Welch, Douglas, Philips and Dolan shot off for third and fourth moneys, being tied on 55 each; Welch and Philips divided on the 9th round with 9 straight. Scores were:

L Welch (30)	12212122222222222222212222122 22—30 22202022222222222222212002202 2—25—55
L T Duryea (30)	12222122222211220222222212212 2—29 22221000220122121212220212 2211—25—54
T Douglas (29)	01121122121221222122210112012—27 21111122012121211120122111112—28—55
D Phillips (29)	22222012202101120222222112121—26 22221201122121221212222212 22222—29—55
D A Wilson (29)	22211222222222222222222 22222—30 22122212222222221212222022122 2—29—59
Clarence Dolan (27)	22201122011221121222121211121101—27 11221021122121212120121221112 2—28—55
Harvey Murchy (30)	22222212202222212022022011112—27 12211120112111112122202002122 2—26—53
Dickey (30)	22222212120112212202222222212 21—28 21202122222222220222222222222221—28—56

Iroquois Rifle Club's Tournament.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 15.—At the tenth annual tournament of Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburgh, the scores made in the trap-shooting part of the programme were as follows:

Oct. 12, Members' Match; Each contestant shot at 100 bluerocks in ten events of 10 singles each, known traps and known angles. Mr. H. L. Born won the gold medal, the score being as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
H L Born	8	10	8	10	8	9	8	7	10	7	85
Jas Motz	7	10	9	10	8	7	10	8	7	6	82
R R Bennett	8	10	9	8	7	9	7	9	7	8	82
H S Hartman	9	8	8	7	7	8	8	8	8	9	80
Al Hofmeister	8	10	9	5	8	10	7	8	7	6	78
A Colteryahn	8	6	7	8	9	8	6	9	7	8	76
D Daniels	10	7	8	9	7	6	6	8	6	7	74
A C Goldstrom	2	6	9	10	10	6	5	7	5	7	67
I Wood	6	4	5	6	8	7	7	6	7	7	63
J Smith	4	7	5	5	4	7	6	4	6	4	52

All-Comers' events, Oct. 14:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	10	10
Fleming	8	8	8	7	7	5	9	19	19	..	..
Old Hoss	9	9	10	9	8	9	7	23	19	4	5
Uncle John	9	8	7	8	9	9	8	20	23	10	10
Born	10	9	8	9	9	7	8	19	20	8	8
Slucker	8	6	7	9	10	8	8	17	22	7	8
Joe	7	9	5	9	7	9	8	19	14	..	..
Peters	..	..	..	..	7	7	10	19	18	7	6
Pills	..	..	..	..	8	6	2	17	20	7	7

A. C. L. HOFMEISTER, Sec'y.

Sherburne vs. Norwich.

SHERBURNE, N. Y., Oct 6.—A large crowd was present to-day to see the match between teams representing the Sherburne and the Norwich gun clubs. The weather was fine and an enjoyable time was had by all present. The match was closely contested, the Sherburne team winning by 7 breaks. The scores were:

Sherburne Gun Club: Paddleford 20, Brainard 17, Smith 16, Burlinson 15, Hall 14, Burlingham 14, Bonney 14, Shepard 11, Simmons 10—131.

Norwich Gun Club: Jones 18, Harvey 17, Lewis 13, Eastman 15, Hines 16, Case 13, Coy 10, Hadcock 9, White 8—124.

Oct 12.—A return match was shot to-day between the Sherburne and the Norwich teams. The Sherburne team won again, but this time by a score of 109 to 88, a lead of 21 breaks. Scores were:

Sherburne Gun Club: Paddleford 19, Hall 16, Simmons 16, Burlinson 13, Smith 13, Brainard 12, Shepard 11, Burlingham 9—109.

Norwich Gun Club: Jones 14, Bonney 13, Hinds 13, Sheff 12, Kinney 12, Case 10, Coy 8, Eastman 6—88.

D. GEORGE.

ON LONG ISLAND.

THE CUCKOOS AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.

Oct. 11—The first shoot of the season for the Cuckoos was held at Rockaway Beach to-day. There was a fair attendance of members, and some good scores were made. The club has economized in the matter of trapping targets, having put in three traps on the Sergeant system instead of the old five-trap plan. The working of the Sergeant system gave entire satisfaction.

The club shoot for this season is a handicap, 25 targets and upwards, an allowance of extra targets to shoot at being made to the weaker shots. A point is scored by a shooter for every break over 15, but no one can score more than 10 points in a shoot; that is, no one can break more than a highest possible of 25. At the end of the season the club will donate prizes as follows: To the shooter making the greatest number of points during the season, a gold medal; to the shooter making the next highest number of points, a $5 gold piece. Merchandise prizes will also be distributed among the other shooters in order of merit. To-day's scores were:

		Points.
Johnnie Jones (33)	0111101111011011011111111001001111 —24	9
Jos A Bourke (38)	1100100111110110011001011001011110111—23	8
Edw F Bourke (33)	1001110101111111001110000101011111 —21	6
Wm Wagner (38)	0010110101011001001011010110101011101110—21	
B B Fogarty (25)	1111110111011111101111100 —20	
F Coleman (33)	0000001111000111111011110003000000 —14	

Sweepstakes were shot during the day as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	10	10	15	10	25	15	10	5
C F Dudley	7	12	13	15	13	5	9	12	..	..	..	..	..
J Jennings	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Clifton	8	11	11	12	..	..	..	7	..	13	..	..	..
T Bassford	7	9	13	14	7	..	..	..	..	4	7	4	0
Geo E Jackson	8	11	13	15	13	..	8	11	..	..	..	3	3
B B Fogarty	7	11	15	12	13	..	..	14	..	24	14	..	..
F Coleman	3	3	3	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnny Jones	..	..	7	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5
E Bourke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	9	..	..
W Wagner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	..	..	..	..
J Gowdey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
J Tiernan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	9	..	..

In the fourth event B. B. Fogarty withdrew on his 16 birds. No 6 was 5 pairs.

J. W. H. FLEMING.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Oct. 13.—The 50-bird race at the New Utrecht Gun Club's live bird grounds, Woodlawn, L. I., did not have anything like the number of entries that had been expected. Six names were all that were posted up on the scoreboard when the race started. The birds were a mixed lot, some very fast, with none actually poor ones in the whole 300 trapped. But they had no wind to help them, the result being that Tom Morfey and Cornelius Furgueson, both of whom were shooting in perfect form, made very high scores. Morfey lost his 7th bird, dead out of bounds, and then scored his last 43 straight, going out with 49 out of 50. Furgueson ran 24 straight, but lost his 25th, an exceedingly hard bird to kill. His last 25 were all scored dead, so he ended with 49 and equaled Morfey's total. Both Furgueson and Morfey were on the 30yd. mark. Louis Duryea, another 30yds. man, scored 46, tallying 23 out each 25, two of his lost birds falling dead out of bounds. Chris. Meyer (30yds.) scored 22 in each series of 25, tying with G. B. Hutchings (28); the latter was shooting a Winchester repeating shotgun that was new to him, but he managed to score 26 out of his first 27, the lost bird falling dead out of bounds. J. N. Meyer, at the 28yds. mark, scored 22 and 21 out of the two series of 25 birds. Detailed scores follow:

Handicap, 50 birds, $25.		No. 1.	No. 2.
C Furgueson (30)	22222222222222222222222220—24 22222222222222222222222222—25—49	02222—4	22222—5
T W Morfey (30)	22222201121222122222222222—24 22222222212222122222222222—25—49	22222—5	22222—5
L T Duryea (30)	21222021221212222212022121—23 22202021211112121211222—23—46	....	.....
C M Meyer (30)	20221122210122202211211 2—22—44	21212—5	22223—5
G B Hutchings (28)	21112222211122222102 1221—24 12012101212212221002202 21—20—41	20212—4	21110—4
J N Meyer (28)	22122212121222201012202 2—22 21010212111221111012022 1—21—43	02202—3	2212 —4

ERIE GUN CLUB.

Oct. 13.—The Erie Gun Club's members met at Dexter Park this afternoon for the regular monthly live-bird shoot. The club event is at 7 live birds, but so good were the pigeons supplied for the occasion that not one of the twelve entries could score more than 12 birds. Scores:

Class A, 28yds.:			
Chas Platt	0211111—6	M J Elsasser	0111120—5
John Platt	1121201—6		
Class A, 28yds.:			
Henry Muller	0110122—5	H Blackly	1212002—5
H Jankowsky	0112220—5		
Class B, 27yds.:			
Fred Gref	2112210—6	Wm Roberts	2100001—3
Geo Fuchs	0010122—4	C H Luhrssen	0000221—3
Class C, 26yds.:			
J H Platt	0222122—6	H Degenhart	1000011—3

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

Oct. 15.—John Akhurst, who was placed on the 25yds. mark, was the only member of the Unknown Gun Club to kill straight in the club event this afternoon. This was the Unknown Gun Club's regular monthly shoot at live birds, and, as is the custom of the club, it was held at Dexter Park. Below are the scores:

J Akhurst (25)	1112112—7	H Knebel (26)	0210122—5
J B Voorhies (29)	2221102—6	Dr Moore (25)	2101101—5
E A Vroome (29)	1112110—6	R J Smith (25)	2121001—5
H Bremmermann (25)	2101111—6	J Bohling (26)	1110010—4
Dr Schwartz (28)	1010221—5	J Vogtts (25)	0021101—4
W E Skidmore (26)	0011112—5	J Henry (25)	0102101—4
W A Sands (26)	0202222—5	H A Ahrens (21)	1100110—4

CARTERET CLUB.

Oct. 15.—The regular weekly shoot of the Carteret Club was well attended. Among those present were Capt A. W. Money, Geo. S. McAlpin, W. G. Brokaw, C. M. Chapin, W. A. H. Stafford, etc. The last-named shooter was in great form, and won both cups put up for competition this afternoon. McAlpin also shot wonderfully well on the fast birds provided by Superintendent Mott, scoring 33 straight from the 32yds. mark in the opening event. The conditions of this event were as follows:

Handicap, 10 birds, $10; 29yds. and back, two misses out; 28 and 27yds., three misses out; 26yds. and forward, four misses out. Cup to winner:

W A H Stafford (26)	2222222222—10	W G Brokaw (29)	22•220 — 4
F W Duryea (27)	•222111212— 9	G S McAlpin (32)	2222222222—10
W W Smith (27)	021212•212— 8	Capt Money (25)	11•2122•21— 8
Chas Chapin (28)	22222•2121— 9	C H Robinson (25)	2210020220— 6

At the end of the 10th round all but Brokaw and Robinson were still in the race. Chapin dropped out on his 15th, Smith on the 16th, Duryea on the 17th. Stafford, McAlpin and Money divided the sweep on the 33d round, McAlpin went out on the 34th, and Money missed his 40th bird. Stafford won the cup with a score of 35 out of 40.

The next event on the programme was the Members' Cup Handicap, 29yds. and back, one miss out; 28yds., two misses; 27yds. and under, three misses. Stafford won again, after a prolonged struggle with Capt. Money and F. W. Duryea. The scores were:

Stafford (26)	2212222222212022222—17
Duryea (27)	2121122120112220 —14
Smith (27)	2•212210 — 6
Chapin (28)	110111211122• —11
Brokaw (29)	222222222•0 — 9
McAlpin (33)	22222 0• — 6
Money (28)	11112212•111112220—16
Robinson (26)	200220 — 3
Nelson (27)	0222122122210 —10

CRESCENT A. C., OF BROOKLYN.

Oct. 16.—The opening day at the Crescent Athletic Club's shooting grounds, at Bay Ridge, was set for to day. The afternoon was exceedingly pleasant, there being very little wind, comparatively, to bother the flight of the targets. We say "comparatively," for the Crescents' grounds overlook the upper bay and get all the wind that's going. The baseball field has been turned into a shooting park for the winter season, the traps facing nearly due east. While an ideal ground for live-bird shooting (something not permitted by the management of the club), the background is about as hard as one could find for target shooting. It is a particularly hard ground on beginners, every target requiring most careful attention to accurately gauge its flight, and also needing a mental calculation as to where to shoot that has to be done with a quickness that can only be gained by constant practice.

The club has placed in position a magautrap, and this machine was used to-day for the first time. Considering that Supt Kerr had not had any time to get acquainted with his new charge, the target-throwing by this machine was capital, although there were several balks at first, owing to the man who was running the trap speeding it too fast and not taking enough care about cracked targets. Toward the close of the afternoon's sport it ran very well, indeed, and the members and their guests who were present did some rapid-fire shooting that was rapid-fire in fact. The five expert traps, with their rope pull, have been left in position, and these were used when a variety of styles of shooting were wanted. For instance, the afternoon's programme was varied in this way: Nos. 1, 2, 6 and 7 were at unknown angles, magautrap; No. 3 was at 5 pairs thrown from the magautrap; No. 4 was at 10 pairs from the five traps, while No. 5 was at 25 targets, expert rules. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	10	20	25	25	15	Targets:	15	15	10	20	25	25	15
J S Remsen	11	11	3	9	19	17	9	Ed Taylor*	..	..	7	..	13	23	16	..
A R Fish	11	6	..	..	19	12	8	C A Sykes	..	..	..	..	..	19	4	..
E Banks*	13	13	6	20	21	23	..	T W Stake	..	..	..	..	..	18	17	9
A A Hegeman	7	5	..	8	15	16	6	H A Kryn	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	..

* Guests.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Oct. 16.—The semi-monthly target shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held this afternoon at the Dyker Meadow grounds. There was quite a large attendance, ten members being on hand to take part in the two main events, the club shoot and the prize gun event. M. Van Brunt, in class A, and C. C. Fleet, in class B, were the winners in their respective classes. The scores made in all the events shot off this afternoon were as below:

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles, handicap:

M Van Brunt (A)	1111111111111111110101011	—22
D C Bennett (A)	1111011101111111111011011	—21
F A Thompson (A)	1111110011111111000111111	—20
D Deacon (A)	0111111111000110111011111	—19
P Adams (A)	1100011110011111111011111	—19
P E George (A)	1010111101101101111101010	—19
W H Thompson (A)	1001111011000011010111010	—14
C C Fleet (B)	1001111C01101100101111001111	—17
P A Hageman (B)	1010001011000110110011011	—14
A Eddy (B)	1101011101010001101001011	—14
Dr O'Brien (B)	C011000100101011101101110	—13
*G B Toplitz	0011000110001001111101110	—13

* Guest.

Prize gun shoot:

D C Bennett	1101111111111101011011011111	—23
P E George	1110101011111001011111111110	—23
W H Thompson	0111111001111001110111111111	—22
J Gaughen	1101111111100111111111001011	—21
M Van Brunt	0101111111100111111110011011	—20
F A Thompson	0111110101001011111111011111	—20
P Adams	1001110011111011111110011111	—20
P A Hegeman	0011111011100110011100011101111	—19
D Deacon	1111100011111110000110111	—18
G B Toplitz	1010111000110110100001011	—13

Owing to darkness Bennett and George did not shoot off their tie.

Sweeps at 10 targets were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Deacon	7	6	8	..	..	Fleet	..	4	5	7	7
Adams	6	7	8	7	7	Hegeman	..	5	5	..	..
W H Thompson	8	9	8	..	..	Bennett	..	9	6	..	7
Gaughen	6	4	4	6	8	Toplitz	..	5	5	5	7
F A Thompson	6	8	6	5	4	M Van Brunt	..	7	7	8	10
Eddy	6	5	5	..	..	George	..	7	7	..	8

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

At East St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual amateur and fourth annual fall tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club, held on Thursday, Oct. 7, and Friday, Oct. 8, at East St. Louis, Ill., was the most successful shoot ever given under the auspices of this club. The only objectionable feature of the shoot was the grounds. Owing to the refusal of the owners of the baseball park to allow a hole to be dug for the magautrap, the club had to use other grounds, and could not get a location on the electric line, hence wagons had to be used for transportation. The shoot was under the ever-popular manager, Jack Parker, of Detroit; W. W. Dean, of East St. Louis, presided at cashier's desk. Jack Trendley was assistant to Mr. Parker, and was every place when needed. The entry list the first day was large, but fell off considerably on second day owing to the poor arrangements for getting to the grounds. Mr. Trendley wishes to say that at the big spring tournament these difficulties will be overcome, and shoot will be given on grounds on line of electric line.

The programme each day called for eight events, four of merchandise prizes, entrance 40 cents, and four of $5 added money each, 20 targets, entrance $2.

Scores of first day as follows:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Howell	16	16	20	19	17	17	12	19	Barbour	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Hurd	20	15	17	12	18	16	16	16	MrsGa'dn'r	..	..	12	13	13	..	12	14
Nold	20	16	18	17	20	17	17	16	Miss King	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	18
Schiess	14	14	19	13	17	14	10	18	MrsCorroy	..	..	7	..	10	..	..	..
Ross	20	18	18	11	19	17	11	16	Stroh	..	..	..	14	18	14	17	13
Mallinckr't	19	14	18	12	18	14	12	13	Mutual	..	..	..	14	..	15	14	13
Sergeant	20	18	19	16	20	18	20	19	La Page	..	..	..	..	16	..	15	12	19
Cabanne	16	14	19	14	12	13	16	20	Brown	..	..	..	..	9	18	14	11	15
Hershey	20	17	15	12	20	19	14	18	Collins	..	..	..	..	17	20	17	..	18
Jap	20	16	20	18	19	19	15	18	Fore-end	..	..	..	..	19	19	19	..	..
Kleisner	18	13	16	10	..	..	..	..	McFadden	..	..	..	..	15	12	15	..	13
Chapman	13	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	Selzner	..	..	..	..	17	17	13	18	18
D DeLorme	16	11	18	12	18	18	..	15	Dubois	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	6	..
Dotoway	17	14	18	14	17	13	..	..	J Gardner	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	15	..
Lewis	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Markle	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	10	..
Beale	16	..	18	14	..	..	..	..	Grigsby	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..
Hale	14	13	..	..	19	..	..	..	Skinney	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	12	17
Kessler	17	16	18	14	17	..	..	..	Davis	..	..	..	..	..	17	16	18	17
Corray	8	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	R Ross	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	11	..
Heile	16	12	15	10	17	..	..	..	Rockridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	13
Craig	..	15	17	14	19	17	..	..	Connor	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	17
Magill	..	10	14	11	17	14	..	..	Ferguson	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	13
Bradley	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	Traband	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
Buck	..	16	18	16	..	14	..	..	Dynamite	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
F DeLorme	..	..	20	..	17	..	19	15										

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10*
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	10
Jap	18	17	19	16	20	19	19	18	16	..
Howell	14	15	14	15	15	18	13	14	15	8
Sergeant	19	17	18	18	18	20	18	19	19	9
Woodson	13	17	14	18	17	19	17	18	14	..
Henchey	18	19	18	18	18	18	17	17	17	10
Hurd	16	20	19	17	20	16	18	17	16	..
Skinney	15	17	19	15	17	..	15	18	..	..
Buck	17	15	16	13	18	..	..	..	..	..
Craig	14	17	..	18	15	19	..	16	..	..
R Ross	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rockridge	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Traband	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dynamite	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Piasa	..	14	20	19	..	18	..	15	..	..
D De Lorme	..	14	18	15	..	..	..	..	..	8
Miss King	..	..	11	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Mrs Gardner	..	..	12	..	14	..	15	..	..	..
Burrows	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mutual	..	..	..	14	14	..	..	..	..	..
Scott	..	..	..	17	..	15	..	..	..	10
Wolfe	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
La Page	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	..	..	..
Stocker	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	16	..	7
Payner	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
J D Gardner	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Trendley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

* Event No. 10, 10 birds, 21yds. rise.

F. W. WILTON.

The Intercity Shoot at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 18.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* James Whitfield wires me to-day that the Kansas City team for the Chicago-Kansas City team match will not be completed until Wednesday. On that day J. A. R. Elliott, J. B. Porter, Chris Gottlieb, Ed. Hyndman, F. J. Smith and Col. Campbell, the six men selected to date, will present at a general meeting the names of the other four regulars, together with four or five substitutes. Andy Thomas, J. L. Porter, J. E. Riley, George Stockwell, J. H. Durkee and W. S. Hallowell will probably be named.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING.

North Milwaukee Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 10.—The North Milwaukee Gun Club held its monthly shoot at bluerocks yesterday. Owing to the previously arranged team match between members of the club, a good majority of the boys were on hand. Rain most always comes before sunshine, and Providence did not spare us. Two of our best shooters did not appear, and, as it happened, they belonged to the one side. So the team shoot was postponed, and the boys all took part in a 30 score of bluerocks, each killing out his average number. After enjoying the afternoon's sport, the boys concluded to be on hand to-day and have a live-bird shoot. This came off with very good success; the birds were a good lot, and out of the 300 birds 57 were straight away, 167 outgoers to the right, 9 outgoers to the left, 51 rightquarterers, 4 leftquarterers, 5 direct incomers, 5 incomers to the right and 2 incomers to the left. The scores are as follows:

THIRTY TARGETS—OCT. 9.

A C Nirnow	0101011110001110001111101001110—17
Jas Valeer	1111111111111100111101111011—26
E A Weidner	1111100011111110011111101111111—24
J Teaudt	0111111110110111011111001111101—23
L Soergel	1111111111111111100001111111111—26
H J Slaybaugh	1111111111110111111011111101111—27
Ed Rohn	0000101110110101111111010000110—17
F Meixner	1111111110111101111101111111111—27
Dr C J Lange	1111001100011101101011100111110—19
L Kidnay	1011110101111001101001100111111—20
A S Grootemaat	1100011111100100001111101000001—16
J E Farber	1111111111111111110101111111011—27
M Seely	0011111000111110110111111110011—21
F Falkner	1111111011101111111110111101101—25
Wm Eagan	1111111011101101110011111011001—22
S M Duval	1111100011001110011011000011111—18
A Brussock	1111111111111111011111101101101—26
T Barnes	1111111111111111111111000111111—27
Wm Abels	1101110111111111101111101110101—24
F Van Ells	1111110011101111011111111111111—26
L S Arnold	1111100100010111001011000011010—16
W R Davis	1011001101011000001011101110011—16
Alfred Fowle	0010110111000101111010111011110—18
Geo Hammer	1111111101111110011011011011111—24
J Leisenfeldt	1100011100111100011011111101101—19
Chas Quistoof	0000010010001110111100011111011—15
L R Stollburg	1110001111110111011011110110011—21
F Zautcke	1111111111110010111011111111101—25
G E Zautcke	0111101111111111011011100111111—24—636

LIVE BIRDS, OCT. 10.

J Traudt	2222•0112212021—12
L Kednay	2220201221201•22—11
J Farber	2212110221011•1—12
W Egan	2222•2222002212—12
W Abels	2122122211022O—13
A Brussock	2222222222•22222—14
F Van Ells	2222222220222222—14
E Weidner	2121220222201•222—13
M Seely	2221002•2212220•20—10
T Barnes	2111211l•121112—14
L Soergel	2222220221122022—13
J F Wulf	0221112•1220222—12
Grootem't	2220002202200?1— 9
Dr Lange	0•2222110220120—10
J Valeer	1100222112•2112—12
Slaybough	2222220202?•222—13
J Fahey	2202220202202222—12
F Meixner	2222222•2222222—14
F Falkner	2121122220•022201—12
S Du Val	1122022011201?012—12—244

S. M. DU VAL, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

E. E. H., Wheeling, W. Va.—I have just purchased a copy of *Game Laws in Brief*, and fail to find therein any mention made of the law relating to the killing of ruffed grouse in the State of Ohio. Ans. The only mention of ruffed grouse in the Ohio law is in Section 6964 (page 48 of the *Brief*), which forbids having in possession except between Nov. 10 and Dec. 15.

W. E. WARREN, Fox Lake, Wis.—I wish to take my wife and two little girls to the Southwest (Texas preferred) for the winter; don't want to go to a dude resort and must live cheap; am not a game hog, but would like a locality where I could get a few ducks and snipe and be within one or two days' drive of deer or antelope. Will some brother sportsman help me out? Ans. The combination can probably not be found. Both fowl and big game can be had out of Brownsville, Tex., but the accommodations are not good. Rockport, Tex., would be pleasant, but offers no deer and few snipe. Houston, Tex., would be good for snipe and ducks, and the Big Thicket of the Sabine still holds some big game. The upper Nueces River would afford mixed sport, but camping would be necessary. Gulf Coast points, such as Galveston, Corpus Christi, etc., have now the yellow fever scare. For the trip proposed, and barring the fever scare, Rockport would be about as good a point as any.

S. W., Franklin, Tenn.—There have been a good many dogs dying here of a malady unknown to any of us. One friend lost five setters that he kept in the kennel all the time. Another lost a Skye terrier that followed him about town, and I've lost a setter and a fox terrier that had the free range of my farm of several hundred acres. All were affected alike. First symptoms are sluggishness and refusal to eat, followed in a few hours with a high fever; mouth open all the time to breathe; a thick, brown, ropy saliva flecked with foam running freely from the mouth; eyes dry, but bright and intelligent; legs from knees down and ears cold and clammy; frequent lapping of water, but swallowing seldom and then with great pain. This is the only sign of pain they ever exhibit. The third day the flow of saliva ceased, and the fever left, but the dog is too weak to stand; mouth dry and parched; dog unable to swallow at all, followed in a few hours by death, seemingly painless. What is the matter with them? What remedy would you give? What is the best preventive? One dog taken fifteen days after the other. Ans. Without an autopsy it is impossible to say what the disease is. They were either poisoned or it must be some specific disease.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Gettysburg, Luray, Washington.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

OVER the battlefield of Gettysburg, through the picturesque Blue Mountains, via Hagerstown and Antietam, and down the beautiful and historic Shenandoah Valley to the unique Caverns of Luray; thence across the rolling hills of northern Virginia to Washington, is the route of this tour—a section of the country intensely interesting from both a historic and a scenic standpoint.

The tour will leave New York 8 A. M. and Philadelphia 12:20 P. M., Saturday, Oct. 23, in charge of one of the company's tourist agents, and will cover a period of seven days. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the trip throughout. Round trip tickets, covering all necessary expenses during the entire time absent, will be sold at the extremely low rate of $27 from New York, $26 from Trenton, $24 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents. Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or address George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. —*Adv.*

Dogs Free over Southern Railway.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you kindly announce through the columns of your paper that effective Oct. 15, 1897, and continuing until March 31, 1898, dogs of sportsmen and hunting parties will be transported free in baggage cars over the lines of the Southern Railway, when accompanied by owners or care-takers, and for further information regarding the hunting grounds to communicate with me.

ALEX. THWEAT, Eastern Passenger Agent.

271 BROADWAY, New York.

ABOUT Dec. 20 I expect to kill one of the largest and finest buffaloes in the United States, and dispose of the meat for the Christmas holidays. The head and hide will also be for sale. The purchaser of the head (whoever he may be) can have the privilege of killing the animal. The buffalo has been fattened upon his natural food (buffalo grass) and is fat and fine. His coat is in the best condition, and he has an exceedingly large and fine head. This is a chance to obtain some royal game that is now almost extinct; and those who wish to secure some should write well in advance. Address Chas. Payne, Box 913, Wichita, Kan.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1897. | VOL. XLIX.—No. 18. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the Forest and Stream. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any person whose address may be furnished us for that purpose.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION.

FISH protective associations and citizens are coming promptly to the aid of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission with money, now that the full significance of the Legislature's neglect to make the regular biennial appropriation to enable it to carry on its work is plainly understood. Undoubtedly a strong factor in arousing and sustaining the interest in the movement to raise funds by private subscription is the lively interest that Governor Hastings takes in the matter. It was he who urged the different fish protective associations to back the call of the Fish Commission and the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association for a convention, which was held at Harrisburg on the 15th of last month. It was he who headed the subscription list with $500. He has since, by his own personal solicitation, raised nearly $2,000, in addition to his own and the State Attorney-General's subscription, and he is still laboring. To date nearly $15,000 have been subscribed or pledged, enough to insure the continued existence of the Fish Commission, but not enough to enable it to carry on to the full capacity the work of the four large hatcheries.

The appropriation usually made the Pennsylvania Fish Commission by the Legislature is $45,000 for two years. With this comparatively small sum, from 100,000,000 to 160,000,000 fish were hatched and distributed annually, four hatching stations maintained, and the warden service sustained. The magnitude of this work may be better appreciated by the statement that from the money appropriated, a heavy rental must be paid for the Allentown and Bristol hatching stations—these not being owned by the State—and that all the white-fish eggs, the pike-perch eggs, the shad eggs, the black, rock and calico bass, and the yellow perch for distribution have to be purchased. For the shad eggs alone $10 a million have to be paid, and the black bass average 5 cents each.

When it was found that the Legislature had overlooked the usual appropriation to the Commission, the latter at once in connection with the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, with the advice of Governor Hastings, made a public statement of the situation, and the thousands of dollars which the State stood to lose by the destruction of the brood fish alone in the trout ponds, and announced the smallest sum with which the Erie, Corry, Allentown and Bristol hatcheries could be maintained in a reasonable condition of efficiency. This sum was fixed at from $20,000 to $25,000. Of this sum fish protective associations have pledged themselves to raise $11,000, and some $5,000 have besides been subscribed to date by individual citizens.

Through some misunderstanding, an impression has got abroad that subscriptions of less than $500 are not desired. The error of this cannot be too promptly corrected. Subscriptions of any amount are gratefully received. Every friend of fishculture and fish protection is earnestly begged to contribute according to his means, even though the sum be but $1. It might be explained that the next Legislature is to be asked to reimburse those who contribute the money now to the maintenance of the Fish Commission, and that the Governor, several State officials, and the most influential members of the Legislature and prominent politicians in both factions of the majority party, are pledged to use their influence to have this deficiency bill passed. Under these circumstances, while no pledge can be given that subscriptions will be returned by the State, there seems to be little doubt that they will be.

Large or small sums can be sent to Hon. Henry C. Demuth, treasurer of the Fish Commission, Lancaster, Pa.; Alfred Hand, treasurer of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, 204 Walnut place, Philadelphia; the treasurer of the Norristown Fish and Game Association, Norristown, Pa.; the treasurer of the Renovo Rod and Gun Club, Renovo, Pa.; the treasurer of the Delaware County Fish and Game Association, Chester, Pa.; the treasurer of the Pottstown Fish and Game Association, Pottstown; the treasurer of the Lehigh County Fish and Game Association, Allentown, or in fact, the treasurer of any fish and game protective association in the State. These associations and the Commission have a regular form of receipt which insures the return of the money in event of the Legislature passing a deficiency bill.

Persons who would like to subscribe should bear in mind that it is not necessary to give all they would wish at one payment. They may forward amounts from time to time in such amounts as they feel they can conveniently afford. It will be two years before the Legislature meets again, and expenses will be going on all the time.

MANSLAUGHTER

IN its general application to the mishaps of life, such as the maiming and killing of people and the injury to property and the loss of it, if undesigned, there is no term more abused than is the term accident. Nor is there any other which has more constant demands for its use. So many misfortunes, which are beyond human foresight, daily befall people, that the term and its implication are a necessity in expressing the nature of such happenings; but there are many other evil happenings, having their origin in the acts of men who are inexcusably ignorant, criminally careless, or recklessly disregardful of consequences to others, acts which are charitably cloaked with the excuse of accident. In any mishaps to the life, limb or property of the people, resulting from the careless acts of individuals, public opinion is prone to leniency of judgment in respect to the offenders, so long as no malicious or direct intent by them to perpetrate a wrong is apparent.

Of the calamities, miscalled accidents, the misuse of firearms is responsible for a large part. There is no other mechanism so dangerous when improperly used and so readily within the reach of all, permitted to be freely in the possession and use of the unskilled, ignorant and incompetent. No man is permitted by law to have charge of an engine unless he is properly educated and qualified in its use, and so with many other mechanisms which endanger life when exercised by the untrained. Legal or other restraints in respect to them are imposed, those which protect the public from incompetency or unfitness. But any man, be he wise or foolish, careful or reckless, competent or incompetent, may take a gun the first time he chooses to do so and go forth to exercise his pleasure in his own way in the use of it.

If he were dangerous to himself only, it would not be so serious, for then the calamity would fall on the cause of it; but the property and life of others are menaced by him, and others are generally the sufferers.

Thus, in the hunting season, it is not an uncommon event that a man is shot in the woods, and the offender makes the excuse that he thought the man was a deer. This is commonly accepted by the public as a good plea by way of relief to the offender from all legal responsibility.

No man can possibly mistake another man for a deer, for there are no two beings more dissimilar than they are. When a man is deer hunting in a country known to contain other hunters, to shoot at something moving in the woods, without knowing absolutely what the object is, is nothing short of criminal carelessness and recklessness.

An accident is something which cannot be foreseen by careful, ordinary foresight, and is generally extraneous in its interference, but anything harmful happening which can be avoided or prevented by reasonable care or foresight is not an accident.

The majority of the accidents with firearms are from criminal carelessness, recklessness or ignorance of their use. The death rate from such causes is becoming so great that it is a serious matter, and a check is necessary on the abuse of firearms which causes such deplorable "accidents." Public opinion should be more censorious, and legal restraint should be imposed if necessary.

Ignorance in the use of firearms is quite as offensive and inexcusable a plea as any other when misfortune is caused, for a man ignorant in their use has no justification to use them till he has the requisite knowledge. No man can plead ignorance as a just defense for killing, maiming or causing loss to others.

The acts of the reckless, ignorant and careless cast odium on the skillful sportsman, and deter many others from engaging in a sport so laden with unnecessary dangers. It is brought further into just disrepute with the property owners where the game abounds and where the hunting takes place. When men are roaming about who cannot distinguish between a man, cow, horse or deer till they have fired and killed one or the other, it is the part of good sense, of landowner and hunter, to object to the presence of such men. It is the part of all to insist on their responsibility for their acts.

It is high time that the accidents from the use of firearms by the careless, the ignorant and the malicious were called by their right names, and meted the punishments which are visited upon such harmful acts in other fields of society.

SNAP SHOTS.

IT is a familiar complaint which comes to us from a correspondent in central New York, who sets forth that as practically operative in his neighborhood the game laws serve to put a restraint upon good citizens while exercising no deterrent effect upon the "sooner." The result is that the law-abiding sportsman must sit helplessly by and see his chances of shooting when the season shall open ruined by his less conscientious fellow, who pots the game before the law is off. This, we repeat, is a familiar complaint; to state the case in one section is to picture a condition which prevails not only in central New York, but in most of the States of the Union.

It is not without a remedy. In New York, for instance, there is a large force of game protectors, who are charged with the special duty of bringing to book the out-of-season shooters. If they are derelict and conspicuous by their absence from the field of lawlessness, it is the province of the individual citizen, or rather of a number of individuals united for the purpose, to prompt the protectors to do their duty, by communicating directly with the chief protector. If the information is given anonymously, it will most probably accomplish nothing. If made by one who has the personal interest and courage to state facts and make himself responsible for the statements, the chief protector will be found eager and earnest in his effort to secure enforcement of the law. True, to make one's self an informer is not a pleasant duty; the average man rightly shrinks from it; he is not a detective, is reluctant to assume the responsibility of the affair, and loath to incur the enmity of those upon whom he could inform. But it is a condition which is practically inseparable from game protection that even the most vigilant and energetic and astute officials, and those who are most honest in intention and able in performance of their duty, must depend in a very considerable degree upon the co-operation of private citizens to give the information upon which to act. The very nature of their work is such—involving the policing of wide territories, and dealing with occurrences which cannot come within their personal purview—that they must have the co-operation of others. Under these circumstances it becomes the duty of every sportsman who may be cognizant of violations of the game laws, to give information to the authorities; not in the way of vague complaints of the laxity of protection, but in specific reports of specific offenses, with name, place and date; and not in the form of anonymous letters, of which the protectors always and everywhere have a sufficient stock already on hand, but over the real signature of a real person. The sooner we all realize that by doing each one his part a new order will prevail, the sooner shall we have the shooting preserved for the people, to be the common privilege of all, lawfully and in season.

In their campaign for a tariff provision to restrict importation of personal wearing apparel by passengers on the trans-Atlantic steamships, the tailors and dressmakers and clothing manufacturers presented an impressive array of statistics to prove the magnitude of such imports. Not less impressive and convincing would be the figures, if they could be obtained, showing the consumption of American game by the hundreds of thousands of passengers on these transportation lines. On all the ships of the first rank American game birds have place on the menus year in and year out, in season and out of season. The amounts of venison, quail, partridge, woodcock, snipe and plover thus consumed in the course of a year is enormous. New York is, of course, the great storehouse of supply, with Boston and other centers furnishing their quotos; but in reality the game comes from many quarters East and West, whence the steady stream flows into the cold-storage warehouses as the rivers to the sea which yet is never full. The expedient by which this ocean trade in game may be discouraged does not present itself. New York and Boston are, in all practical respects, wide-open game depots; and nothing stands in the way to prevent an unlimited traffic. This consumption of game on trans-Atlantic steamships must have a place in making up the count against the market as the most tremendous agency in the depletion of our covers; it accounts for the disposition of a considerable proportion of the stock.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE NATIVE AMERICAN HUNTER.

IV.—HOW THESE HUNTERS SUFFERED.

This is the story not of a hunting party, but of a war party. Yet these men made no war, and did much hunting, not because they wished to, but to keep themselves alive. The narrative gives a true notion of the endurance of the Indian in old times, and of the suffering that he often underwent. Such misfortunes as this party met with might happen to any group of men who set out to travel.

The events here related took place forty years ago last autumn—in 1857. The story was told me by White Bull.

This party started out from the mouth of Lodge Pole Creek, on the South Platte River. There were twenty-eight of them, all on foot, going to take horses. White Bull was the leader. They went into the Ute country, into the mountains. It was in the autumn, when the leaves were just beginning to fall, and in the mountains it had already begun to snow a little.

They went on up between the South Platte and the Arkansas, following up between the mountains until they got into South Park. There they found where some Utes had camped lately, and it looked as if they had been gone only a couple of days. It had snowed a little in the morning, so that the ground was covered, and they built up a war lodge, which was also a kind of fort, and thought that they would look about to see if they could find any trail, and then come back and sleep there. They did so.

The next morning they scattered out to go to all the high points, so as to see what they could discover. Two of the men found the Ute trail, where the lodges had moved along. They followed it on to the next creek, and found where the Utes had camped, two lodges of them. They had moved away that same morning. They had been there the same night that the Cheyennes had camped in the park. The two young men went back and reported what they had seen. It now began to snow.

When all had got in and had heard what these two had found, White Bull said to his young men: "I think we would better go on now to this Ute camp that we have found." They did so. Just a little way from the camp there was a projecting ledge of rock. It was still snowing hard, so under this ledge they built a fire and stayed there all night. It snowed all that night and all the next day and all the next night, but the next morning it cleared up. During all this time, from the day when they had entered the Park, they had had nothing to eat. They had been starving for four days.

That morning White Bull took his gun and went out to try to kill something to eat, a deer or some other animal. The snow was so deep that he did not go very far. He found no game, and pretty soon he went up on a hill and sat down there, and for some time he sang his war song, and then sang his medicine song, to try to bring something to help them. Nothing came, and he went back to the camp and went in under the rocks, where all were waiting for him. He said to them, "I can find nothing to kill, and it is my opinion that we would better try to go home. There is no game here, and we are likely to starve to death. If we go on further and find the camp of the enemy and take their horses, we cannot get home with them because the snow is so deep; therefore, we had better try to go home now." All agreed to this, and they started on the trail back toward their home, leaving this camp about the middle of the day. They traveled on for about half the afternoon, but the snow was so deep and the men got so tired, that White Bull said to them: "Now we are all tired out, and we are all getting wet in the snow; let us turn around and go back to our old camp, and take the chances that some game may come to us." They did this, and spent the night at their old camp.

Early in the morning White Bull went out and found a place where many cherry bushes grew. He cut a lot of the limbs of these bushes and brought them into the camp. Then he sent some of his young men out to get snow and melt it by the fire and told them that they must unplait their rawhide ropes; then he made a frame of the cherry brush, and with the strands of the lariat he made a snowshoe, and then they all made snowshoes and on these they started home.

They walked easily with the snowshoes, but they could not go very far in a day. All they had to eat was the buds of the rose bushes sticking up through the snow along the creek. They went on for eighteen days, eating nothing but such buds as they could gather. On the eighteenth night they camped at a place where a big pine tree had fallen and its limbs had broken off, and they built a fire against the trunk of this tree. After the fire had heated the log, two rabbits came out of the hollow in it. They caught them, cut them up and divided them, and ate them up, flesh, entrails, hides and all. From this time on they went without anything to eat for two days more. By this time they were out of the mountains and down close to the South Platte River. Here there was less snow than there had been higher up, and White Bull said to his young men: "Now we can walk better without these snowshoes. Let us throw them away." They took off their snowshoes and threw them away. Going on, the snow got less deep and they made a camp early, for they were very weak and tired. Then White Bull said to his young men: "Now, my friends, the snow is less deep and we are about starving to death, let the stronger ones take their guns and go out and see if they cannot kill something to eat." He went out himself, and only the weakest ones, those who could not walk, stayed in camp.

As White Bull was walking along, looking about to see what he could find, he heard something whistle. He looked about him, and presently he saw, not far off, one of his own men standing by a pine tree and beckoning him to come to him. White Bull went over to where the man was, and there, up in the tree where he pointed, was a great big porcupine. It was too high up to be reached, and they did not like to shoot, because that day they had seen in the snow signs where people had passed, but the tracks were not very fresh, for snow had fallen or blown into them. Still, there was danger that if they shot they might alarm these people.

They finally made up their minds that they must shoot the animal, and they did so. He fell down, turning over and over, and they opened and skinned him, and then the two men sat down and devoured the entrails raw. They took the carcass into camp and cut it into pieces—a piece for each man, telling them that they could cook it or eat it raw. Some cooked it, and some ate it raw.

The next day they started on again toward their home. The snow kept getting less deep, and now they could walk easily. White Bull said to his young men: "Now, there is not much snow, so all of you scatter out and see what you can kill, and we will all meet to-night at an appointed place." When they got to camp at night, one man had a wildcat, and two had turkeys. They skinned and ate these, and all felt better and as if they would get home. They told stories, and acted as if they had never been starving.

Next morning all got up early to start, and one young man went out a little way from the camp, and soon those in the camp heard the report of a gun, and then the young man came in dragging a wolf behind him. This made them a breakfast. The wolf was following the trail where the wildcat had been dragged along the day before.

All that day they traveled and killed nothing to eat. There was still a light snow on the ground, and they walked fast; but they got tired early and camped, and built a fire and lay down about it. Not far from the camp there was quite a little butte, and White Bull thought he would climb to the top of it and see if he could see anything. He climbed up there, and found that he could see Cherry Creek where it enters the Platte (where Denver now stands). As he sat there looking, he thought that he could see something moving far off, coming down toward the creek. It looked like a man on foot. He sat there and looked, and pretty soon he saw a herd of horses close to where the man had disappeared in the creek bottom. He went back to the camp and said to his young men, "I have made a discovery. I have seen a man and a herd of horses on Cherry Creek, where it enters the Platte. I think we would better start to-night, and travel there. It may be a camp where we can get something to eat."

They set out, and had only gone a little way, when they came to a place where there was a tree full of turkeys. It was not yet dark, and the turkeys were just flying up into the tree and lighting there. They began shooting with bows and arrows, and with guns, and killed nine turkeys. White Bull said, "We will not go further. We will go down onto this little creek and cook our turkeys, and eat them to-night. They went down to the water and camped, and skinned the turkeys and roasted and ate them, and all were happy and talked and sang.

At daylight they started again to go to where they had seen the man and horses. They traveled on, and got pretty close to the camp, when White Bull, who was ahead, saw a wagon. He stopped and waited, and when the others came up he said to them: "These must be white people; I see a wagon." He looked at all his people and saw that they looked like ghosts. Their eyes were sunk in and their cheeks hollow, and he thought that he would look at himself to see how he looked. He got out his mirror and looked at himself, and was almost scared when he saw his face, for he looked like a dead man. He said to his people: "If we go into the camp looking like this we will scare the people. They will think that a lot of dead persons have come to them. You can all see each other how you look. Let us all paint our faces, so that we will not look so queer." They did this, and went on down to the camp, and found it was a white man's camp, a man named Peiselle, who had married an Arapahoe woman. His wife is a relation of White Bull. This man had some cattle, and gave them a beef, and told them to kill it and to eat all they wanted to. They did so. The old man gave to each one of the Indians a blanket and a shirt, and each one gave to him a horse and five robes. They stayed here with him and borrowed two horses to ride, and sent two of the party to the village to bring back horses on which they could ride home. These men were gone four days and then returned, bringing back a horse for each man to ride, and also the horses that had been given to old man Peiselle. Also, many of the people came back with these young men to see their relations. This happened in 1857.

THE CHESTNUT RIDGE.

VII.—And Along Its Foot.

Dr Jackson, in his book, "The Mountain," has treated very thoroughly, and with characteristic humor, the Fauna of the Alleghenies. "The forms of this fauna," he says, "are not much diversified, and present a medium variety between the region north of the tree limit or isothermal zero, the line of perpetual ground frost, and the tropical zone of plants and animals."

In the great class of mammalia—he, of course, places man at the head of the list—the original or indigenous man, he remarks, has disappeared. But little trace of him remains outside the records of history. The humble tumuli here and there, that mark his final resting place, where, we may add, they have not been ransacked and ruined by his successor in search of "relics," and the occasional flint arrow heads and stone hatchets that are picked up by a race of curiosity hunters, faintly attest his former presence as the occupant of the soil.

Next in order descending from man is the quadrumana, or monkeys. Of these there are none indigenous on the Allegheny ranges. The nearest approach to this creature—and an approach so near that it would probably give great encouragement to a modern disciple of Darwin—is an animal which Jackson describes as having many points in common with the niam-niams; but it is of a different color, a rougher skin, and the caudal prolongation of the vertebral column has been abraded by an obstinate indulgence in the sitting posture, the animal being given much to contemplation and quietly beholding the flow of the river of time. Among its chief characteristics is a love of indolence and ease, being improvident and disposed to let things alone, with the exception of an occasional surveillance of the neighboring hen coops and sheep pens. "The great predominance of the bones and muscles of the face," he says, "the protrusion and magnitude of the jaws, constituting the prognathous muzzle, or countenance, which may be taken hold of, together with the extreme minuteness of the brain-box, or skull, would point rather to the Hylobates." He would recommend the missionary who would attempt to evangelize this variety, to provide himself with a sufficient number of steel-traps strong enough to hold a bear, and a supply of cat-o'-nine tails. Some of the animals once common on the Ridge have disappeared or grown few in number; but the creature here described may likely yet be found without difficulty.

Jackson speaks of the panther, the wildcat, the gray wolf and the elk as still in his day more or less common on the ranges of the Alleghenies in Pennsylvania, but I am inclined to think them all extinct at this date. A bear or a deer may possibly be met with at rare intervals, but all the larger wild animals have practically disappeared. When the Doctor wrote, the common red fox was found in plenty. "From the abundance of the red fox," he says, "he can be started at any time by hounds, and from his well-known habit of circling about his native den or thicket, and running for a great length of time in circumscribed spaces, the richest and rarest sport may be enjoyed by those who love the excitement of the fox hunt. Eight, twelve or twenty-four hours of effort on the part of the pack is required to fairly beat the red fox, ungorged and in good condition, the surface being equally propitious to both dog and fox." This animal may still be found occasionally, though he is not now greatly in evidence. The weasel, the skunk, who has been "smelled twenty miles at sea," the night prowling raccoon, the opossum, the squirrel, the prophetic ground hog and the rabbit, still exist in sufficient numbers to warrant the sportsman in hoping for a shot

About the same is the history of our native birds. Hawks of various kinds, owls, crows, partridges, pheasants, and other birds of many species are still to be found. A generation ago wild pigeons visited the Ridge country in vast flocks, and two generations ago wild turkeys were abundant. The latter bird is now practically extirpated. Dr. Warren, the State ornithologist, in his report on the "Birds of Pennsylvania," 1890, says that the wild turkey "is still found in small numbers in many wooded and thinly populated districts of the State." He adds, however, that some of the old residents believe that the so-called wild turkeys of the present are really domestic fowls that have wandered into the woods and returned to a wild state. This may be true. But formerly the wild turkey was abundant, and was depended upon by the settler as a sure resource for the larder.

Of the wild pigeon, Dr. Warren observes, "We never see large flights of pigeons anywhere in the State as in former years." This bird is still to be seen occasionally, but mostly in small numbers, and only as migrants. The flocks of wild pigeons thirty or forty years ago were sometimes reported as darkening the sky, and when they settled at night they broke down the branches of the trees over acres of ground with their weight. But they seem to be rapidly passing the way of the buffalo and the wild turkey. They were killed in great numbers with guns, traps and nets. Nature, however, has her revenges, and the wanton destruction of the poor birds has resulted in their scarcity. A favorite method of capturing them was by means of nets and decoy pigeons; these latter were of two kinds, flyers and stool pigeons; the stool pigeon was held by a string; the flyer had his eyes sewed shut and then he was thrown out. Of course, being blinded, he could only flutter about aimlessly and feebly. We trust that in sewing up the eyes of the poor victim his captors followed Walton's advice in sewing a frog to a hook—that they "used him as though they loved him."

The birds of Pennsylvania, as of everywhere else, are becoming noticeably few. The edicts of fashion are unsparing and cruel. It is to be hoped that a time will come before long when every woman who wishes to be thought well of will disdain to wear any part of a bird as a decoration. When that day comes, we may hope to save "the feeble remnant" of our feathered songsters from extinction.

To my mind, the crow is the gentleman among birds; always dressed in his shining suit of scholarly black, tiptoeing so daintily across the fields, or uttering his cheerful caw, caw, from the top of some tall tree, he is a reminiscence of the past and a reminder of our days of youth and innocence.

"Thou were not born for death, immortal bird!"

Opposite my bedroom window, and only thirty or forty rods away, is a high, wooded hill, what good old Gilbert White would call a "hanger," and on the summit of this hill in spring and fall bevies of crows are wont to gather, and many a morning the first sound that has met my waking senses has been the call of the crows from the far-off tree tops, softened into music by the distance. I love the crow; and I am glad that the law has again taken him within its embrace. May his days be long in the land!

On the other hand, I regret that my boyhood's friend, the owl, has been excommunicated. One of my very earliest recollections is of seeing an owl with great eyes blinking at me from the joist of an outbuilding. A few years later in life my best-loved book was the "Boys' Winter Book," by Thomas Miller; and it was introduced by a passage from Shakespeare, wherein the owl appealed strongly to my imagination:

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
'Tu-whit, tu-who.'"

I know of no sound in nature more weird or startling in its effect than the voice of the owl calling out in the darkness from the lonesome woods.

As a slight offset to the black eye that the poor owl has received at the hands of the law, I copy the following from Bingley's "Natural History," which shows that he has a better status in some countries than in this:

"The Mogul and Kalmuck Tartars pay almost divine honors to the white owl, for they attribute to it the preservation of Jenghis Khan, the founder of their empire. That prince, with a small army, happened to be surprised and put to flight by his enemies. Compelled to seek concealment in a coppice, an owl settled on the bush under which he was hidden. This circumstance induced his pursuers not to search there, since they supposed it impossible that that bird would perch where any man was concealed. The prince escaped; and thenceforth his countrymen held the white owl sacred, and every one wore a plume of feathers of this bird on his head. To this day the Kalmucks continue the custom on all their great festivals; and some of the tribes have an idol in the form of an owl, to which they fasten the real legs of the bird."

T. J. Chapman.

Pittsburg, Pa.

A STRING OF BEADS.—III.

LOADING all my shells with buckshot I sallied out on the morning of the 1st full of hope which did not materialize into deer, though I hunted hard all day, jumping two deer, but getting a glimpse of neither.

Returning by Little Rice Lake, which was now an open water lake, the rice stems having been beaten down by ducks, I saw a flock of several thousand mallards "milling," preparatory of their Southern flight. Slipping down to the lake shore I was some 200yds. from them, but from that on the lake was one solid mat of ducks. Holding well up, I fired two loads of twelve buckshot each into the lake. With the roar of a mighty torrent the ducks rose, leaving twelve of their number struggling in the water.

My ducking boat was still lying on the lake shore, and getting it I retrieve them as the spoil of my first day's deer hunt.

The next five or six days I put in tramping the woods in search without result. That there were plenty of deer in the woods I was well satisfied, but the ceaseless tramp without even getting a glimpse of one discouraged me.

Ben Lamere, whom I expected to easily excel, had got several in the meantime, but complained that still-hunting was a mere chance under such circumstances, and proposed a drive. This just suited me, and the arrangements were quickly made.

The party was to consist of Ben and his two sons, George and Ely, his brother Louis, and myself. Early next morning we were off for the grounds we intended to hunt. After the first day's hunting I had been carrying a Winchester rifle, but concluded a shotgun was better for a drive, and so left the rifle at home and took the Parker. In this I made a mistake, for I had got only about three-quarters of a mile from the house when two deer were sighted crossing a burn on the side of a hill some 400yds. away.

Old Ben opened fire on them, though it was evident he had little faith in shooting at a running deer at that distance, and after two ineffectual shots he gave it up, though the deer were still in plain sight running up the side of a hill.

It fell to Louis Lamere and myself to take the first stand. Directing us where and how to go to where two large lakes were divided by a couple of hundred yards of oak ridge, old Ben said he and the boys would wait an hour before starting in to drive the intervening woods.

Louis and I took separate routes in going to our respective stations, I going round to the east and he the west side of the ridge, taking our stations in such manner as to command the entire ridge. "It never rains but it pours." Before reaching my stand two more deer ran out on the top of a hill in front of me about 150yds. away and stopped to look. Too far for a shotgun; but what a splendid chance if I had only brought the rifle.

Having but meager time to reach my station I kept on regardless of the two deer. On arriving at the ridge I took my stand beside an old log, seating myself on a bunch of leaves and resting my arm and gun across it. I saw nothing of Louis, but supposed him to be at his station on the other side of the ridge.

I expected a long, tedious wait, but in this I was mistaken. I had not been in position to exceed ten minutes when I detected something moving down under the tameracs at the point of the ridge. This I soon made out to be two rows of four slender legs each twinkling over the moss in my direction while the owners of the legs were yet concealed from me by the low-hanging tamarac boughs. Deer sure enough, less than 100yds. away, and coming straight at me. I had only to push my gun slightly forward over the log and raise the breech to my shoulder and the deer were covered. When the deer arrived at the edge of the swamp they stopped to look. They proved to be a doe and a well-grown fawn. They were still nearly 50yds. away, and any one who ever used them know the pattern of a load of buckshot is very uncertain at 50yds. It seemed the better policy to wait for them to come still closer, but no sooner had I glanced at them across the barrels of my gun than the wild impulse to shoot regardless of consequences, which constitutes buck fever, seized me, and I pulled the trigger.

Both deer went down in a heap, the doe struck squarely in the center of the forehead, and the fawn with a broken neck. It was half an hour before the drivers arrived, when we dressed out and hung up the deer.

The next drive was through a thick tangle of underbrush, along a side hill which sloped down to a lake. Old Ben took this stand, bidding us to wait twenty minutes for him to get into position at the further end of the lake. Louis and the boys scattered along the top of the hill, and angled down through toward the upper end of the lake, while I went straight through parallel to it. I must have waited longer than the rest before starting, for I had gone but a short distance when I heard three shots ahead, and when I got to the meeting place I found Ben, Louis and the two boys engaged in dressing a deer. Ben said there were two of them; that he had killed this one at the first fire, and had shot twice more at the other; thought he had hit it, but had not examined for blood marks as yet.

Going to the spot pointed out by Ben as the place where he last saw the deer, I found tracks, and 20yds. further on the dead deer. Both shots had gone through him, and after a few bounds he had dropped dead.

On the opposite side of the hill we had just drove was another likely thicket, and we decided to drive it and go home. We took a different plan for this drive, Ben following along on the top of the hill, and I keeping along the bottom, while Louis and the boys kept through the center 100yds. or so behind. "It never rains but it pours." We had proceeded thus but a short distance, when the thrilling cry, "Watch! watch!" came from the drivers, and an instant later I got a glimpse of a deer coming angling down the hill toward me. Just above me was a tree that had been blown down by the wind, the trunk remaining on the stump and slanting to the ground.

From the course the deer was taking I thought he would come through a little opening just beyond this tree-top, and I planned to pot him there. But he fooled me, when just opposite the fallen tree the deer turned and came down the hill straight at me. Though I could tell the course he was taking very well, there was no chance to shoot for trees and bushes, till he came diving under the windfall within 10ft. of me. It was "touch and go" then, and when I pulled the trigger the deer's head was within 5ft. of the muzzle of my gun. Though the deer's head was blown to atoms his impetus carried him on down, and he struck my feet, which flew from under me, and I came down in a heap on my quivering victim.

There was some giggling when Ben and the rest of them arrived, and I explained my adventure.

We carried the deer over to where the other two were hanging, and then to make it more imposing, went and got the two I had killed in the morning and hung the whole five on one pole.

We tried driving several times after that one great day, but failed to get anything except one deer, which Louis killed while acting as driver.

The crying need of the hour was snow, and we loudly bewailed the adverse fortune which sent it not. So it was that when we rose one morning and found that about 8in. of the emb'em of purity had fallen during the night, there was great rejoicing at breakfast, for we anticipated great times that day.

Waiting to hear where the others were going, I took the unoccupied field after their choice was made, and started out, taking the Winchester, for I expected to empty the magazine at least three times at the fleeing possibilities. The storm had cleared away, the sky was clear and the breezes slumbered. Every twig and branch was a-glitter with frost. The display was grand, while

> "Round the glittering wonder bent
> The blue walls of the firmament,"

but I was not after scenery.

Before I got 300yds. from the house I struck a deer track which I followed through many devious windings, till I came to a place where deer tracks were so thick it was impossible to follow any particular track. From that on I went by random, occasionally following an individual till it was lost in a wilderness of other tracks.

When night came I had not sighted a single deer, though I found at least a half dozen smoking nests after the birds had flown. I had often heard that deer when lying down to rest would make a detour and lie down where they could watch their back tracks. The day's tramp proved to me that this is a fact, as I saw it verified in three successive places by their tracks and beds in the snow, though the same evidence proved they do not always do it. When I got home I found Louis had had the same luck as myself, but old Ben had blood on his boots when he returned.

Next morning I started out with a new purpose; I had proved one supposed myth to have a sure foundation; why not another? Somewhere I had read of a man tiring out and killing a strong, healthy buck in less than eight hours by walking steadily on his trail and keeping him moving. I would do the same. I had the good luck to jump a doe and two fawns early in the morning and took up the trail at once. The second time I jumped them they separated, one fawn leading off by himself. I concluded to follow this fawn, as it would likely be more easily tired out. The fawn soon turned and headed for the starting place. All day I followed that fawn round and round. Five times I followed him over the same trail. Three times he laid down and apparently had a good, long rest.

Twice I found where he had taken the back track for half a mile, turning off when he heard me coming. Each time I followed on to the turning point before discovering the trick. Several times I had trouble in following him, on account of a superabundance of tracks, but my quarry being on the jump I succeeded in tracing him. All this time I got sight of him but once as he flashed through an opening in the wood.

When he started in the morning his jumps averaged about 15ft., and I noted with pleasure when they were reduced to 12. This he kept up most of the day, but when I jumped him the last time it seemed to dawn on him that there was something on his track, and he started in a straight line for the far-away, and when I left the track at dusk he was clearing 18ft. at every bound.

There was much amusement at Lamere's that night when I told of my chase. Lest the man who walked down the buck might say I must be a poor walker, I hereby challenge him to a walking match from New York to San Francisco, he to pay all the expenses and I to harvest the glory, and he can satisfy himself as to that.

Now the fact is, I knew in the beginning that I could not tire out a deer, for I well knew that a deer in ten minutes' run could get far enough ahead to have an hour's rest before I arrived and be fresh for another race when I got there. But my chance for a shot was just as good in following his track as anywhere else, and I also had hopes that he, being only a fawn, might make some blunders and give me a shot.

I suppose the idea of walking down a deer came from the old theory that a man can tire out a dog. This theory or statement, which I took for granted from childhood up because some one said so, has no foundation in fact. Of course a man can tire out a dog if the dog be hunting and goes ten miles to the man's one; but let the man follow in the dog's footsteps and the dog would die of old age waiting for the man to get there, and so would a deer.

By this time the school had begun for the winter in the Lamere district, and the schoolmarm boarded with them, and we had high old times playing six-handed cinch. This added something to the pleasure of the hunt, but was fully offset by the schoolmarm's critical examination of my boots for blood when I returned empty-handed, and her supreme indifference when success had crowned my efforts.

The next time I started on a hunt it was with small expectations of success. There had been a slight thaw, however, and the snow was in excellent condition for tracking, its softened surface giving back no sound at the pressure of a foot. It was no trouble to strike a trail in those woods, the only trouble being to find a place where tracks were so few that an individual trail might be followed. Deer, like rabbits, seldom lie by near where they have spent the night capering and feeding about; but take each their separate way and lie by in some isolated place. This only applies to early winter, as when deep snows prevent their traveling they gather in yards to spend the winter. Circling a playground, where the snow was dotted by tracks like a sheepyard, I took an individual leading off and followed it. Here and there the trail wound, over hill and hollow and through swamp and thicket, till I began to think it would never stop. Finally the track turned into a ravine, up which I followed it a long distance, when it turned squarely up the bank. Cautiously I climbed the bank, expectant, though I know not why.

The first thing I saw on reaching the top of the embankment was a deer bobbing across a wide "slashing" in front of me. There was about ten acres of fallen timber, laid low by wind or fire, over which the deer had to go before reaching the standing timber beyond. There was also between me and the fleeing deer a thick bunch of poplars which the storm king had spared. These interfered greatly with my aim, their long, slender branchless boles covering more than half the space in front of me, but I opened fire. One, two, three, four, five, six times the crack of my rifle rang through the forest, and then the deer disappearing in the standing timber, I stopped the cannonade. I could see the splinters fly from the poplars as I fired, and I knew most of my shots had gone wrong. On examination I found where four of the bullets had passed through trees 4 to 6in. in diameter; this left two possibilities unaccounted for.

When I started on after the deer I had gone but a short distance when I became conscious of a deer lying half concealed behind a treetop and not 20yds. away. Knowing that if I stopped and turned to look at him he would be off in an instant, I kept on dropping the barrel of my rifle across my right arm and bringing it to bear on him, keeping on as if to pass him. When I got to a favorable point I stopped and raised the breech of the gun to my left shoulder. When I halted I could see the hair on the old fellow's neck rise and stand straight up, but he did not move. Raising my right arm I brought the rifle to a level, without taking the barrel in my hand or turning round, and aiming an inch below the butt of the horn, just between the eye and ear, pulled the trigger. With one mighty bound the deer landed in a heap 10ft. away and an adventurous life was closed.

He was much too large for me to hang whole, and so saddled him and hung the separate parts in the grove that had erstwhile intercepted my bullets.

When I started on again I took the track of the deer I had fired the six shots at, without any definite idea of what I was to accomplish by it. I had gone but a few hundred yards, when I almost stumbled over its carcass lying dead on the snow. One of the bullets had struck it in the flank and ranged through to the opposite shoulder. Death had apparently came to it in midair, for the carcass was lying full 20ft. from the last tracks in the snow.

As I was working with this deer I fell to wondering how it came to lie down without guarding its back track. Returning, I examined the ground and found the deer I had been trailing had not stopped in the windfall at all, but had crossed it and gone into the timber beyond. The two deer I did kill had each came from different directions and had laid down close together by a mere chance. "It never rains but it pours," and the trumps I held that night in the cinch game were a fright to see, and thus my outing ended in a blaze of glory.

E. P. JAQUES.

GENESEO, Ill.

Natural History.

MY FIRST GROUSE NEST.

LOWELL, Mass., Oct. 9.—A love of the woods, with their ever-beautiful and varying colors, the many sweet odors that delight the sense of smell, the weird music of the leaves in their never-ceasing quarrel with the winds, the matchless effect of light in the tracing of shadows, the ripple and gurgle of crystal waters, the many voices of animal, bird and insect life—all these furnished an irresistible charm, that like a magnet would cause me, away back in the early sixties when I was only a little boy of ten years, to wander off alone far into the big woods, sometimes miles from the settlement, much to the concern of my parents and friends of the family. Numerous and ingenious methods of punishment were tried without avail; but as I always turned up at night with cheerful regularity to receive advice and more solid arguments, it soon became on old story, and long before I reached my teens I was less worried about, while our family were ransacking all the old traditions and wondering if a visit from some friendly St. Francis Indians at our home just previous to my advent on this sphere had had anything to do with my bush-loving proclivities.

There came a beautiful day in spring, when the birds, tiring of winter's icy clasp, were bursting to greet a warmer sun; the grass on the sunny slopes was beginning to look green; along the little brooks the skunk cabbages were pushing up through the winter covering of springy ooze; and the birds, so long strangers, were back with us once again. The morning found a little boy absent from school, while the teacher, obeying instructions, took notes of the matter for sending to the head of our family, who received much sympathy and advice regarding the behavior of his oldest son. I was some two miles in back of the settlement peering under a clump of ground hemlock growing by the side of an old log, to discover what an old partridge was doing there. The bird had just taken flight and a nest was found filled with eggs, in fact, too many for counting, and what appeared to be a whole capful. Here, indeed, was a prize; not only did I want the eggs, but the mother of the prospective brood. Plans were immediately laid for her capture when again she returned to the nest.

A careful survey of the premises was taken and I departed, only to come back in about two or three hours to capture the grouse. During this short time visions of many grouse hatched out at home, kept and bred on a large scale, were mentally photographed on my mind, and Uncle Eben, who was a great bear and deer hunter, and used to trap sable, mink, otter and foxes, besides gathering wonderful quantities of spruce gum, would turn green with envy when he beheld my grouse farm. Uncle Eben also used to shoot many partridges, and he was ably assisted by Hunter, a small yellow cur of unknown breed. He had a sharp, yelping bark which, together with his tawny color, was noted as a wonderful dog in his day. Please note the color, none other was considered good for a partridge-treeing dog, as the birds refused to tree well, and be contented to stand with outstretched necks while being shot out, lowermost ones first, until the whole flock were killed. Hunter also was noted as a woodchuck dog, but as Uncle Eben had an enormous appetite that hankered for game early as July each year, Hunter did not have much time to hunt woodchucks or other varmints that made him smell too strong for company in the house.

With all my plans and details in mind, it is little wonder that, after hanging my little cap on a bush, and creeping along on hands and knees, which became wet from moisture

in the cold, damp moss that covered the ground beside the old log under the shadows of the firs and spruces. I realized that my heart was beating louder than usual. Silently and with great care, I crawled along until, nearing the end of the old log, when a halt was made, and after a sly peep over a depression in the top of the log, I was overjoyed to see that the grouse was back on the nest, and with her tail toward the end of the log, for which I was most carefully moving. How my heart did beat, and I wondered what was the matter with me. Years afterward, when buck ague spoiled my aim, I was admonished that an old complaint contracted when young had returned again. Slowly creeping over the soft, damp, moss, which gave no sound, I was able to peer cautiously around the end of the old log, and was pleased to see that the grouse had not changed its position.

Mentally calculating the distance and not daring to move nearer, with my knees drawn up under me for a sudden spring forward, a chubby fist grabbed grouse by the tail.

For the instant the worst seemed over. The consummation of my cherished plan was already in sight, and a yell of victory was welling up in my throat, only to be choked back by the villainous behavior of this terrified bird. I had heard my aunt, who had blessed us with many cousins, once say that a hen could scratch for a whole flock of chickens as easily as she could for one. I had often seen the little shallow holes left by the grouse that I had frightened away while dusting, and experienced a feeling akin to pity for the little partridges that depended on such a mother to scratch for them. But here in this bird was a marvel in the scratching line. Her wings were beating with wonderful rapidity, while her feet were moving like lightning. The eggs all came my way first, nearly blinding me, as I was lying prone on my stomach. They impartially distributed themselves, all broken, over my hair, and covered my face and neck, also my little colored jacket, which my mother had made for me out of an old balmoral skirt.

During this trying time I had kept a firm hold of the grouse's tail. Next came the fir and spruce needles, along with the dirt and litter under and around the nest, all adhering to my hair, face, neck and jacket, which were already sticky with broken eggs. Last of all, the tail, on which I all this time had maintained such a deathly grip, gave way, and the terrified bird struck out for cover with a speed I have never seen excelled during over thirty years' hunting her descendants. A few tail feathers were left in my hand, while my sleeve was full of broken eggs and dirt. I would instantly have exchanged places with the boy that drew the elephant in the lottery. The little brook that flowed down a gully near the old log was soon reached, handfuls of moss wrung out in the water played an important part toward making up my toilet, and soon all except my feelings were quite presentable

More than thirty years have come and gone, and when, during autumn, the woods are filled with the fragrant odors of the dying leaves, made beautiful in many colors like the dying dolphin by death, and a wily old grouse after a long hunt is cornered; and when flushed over a point before my old dog, and in terror breaks cover and starts for some place of safety, my mind will revert back to one of her ancestors that I will always have cause to remember.

Geo. W. Dearborn.

COON INSTINCT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two years ago this fall I became the fortunate possessor of an invitation to spend a couple of weeks at Lonaconing, Md., as the guest of Mr. R L. Sommerville, superintendent of the George's Creek Coal and Iron Co. Most of the time during my stay there was put in camping on the trail of the elusive wild turkey, but incidentally I tumbled on to a number of parts in nature new at least to me.

The most puzzling of these, so far as I was concerned, had to do with the behavior of a coon which the boys at the engine house of the mine had permanently retained for a pet. Through constant teasing from his earliest infancy there had been brought to the surface of this coon's character about all the satanic traits which a well-regulated coon could reasonably have been expected to develop. He would drink, fight, steal and upon occasion use bad language with great force. But his strong point was fighting. He would get up out of a sound sleep on a rainy night and "spoil" for a fight, if an animal with any number of feet from two up might come within reach of the steel chain by which his ambition was confined, and this, too, at the tender age of six months.

The engineer used to put on a pair of heavy buckskin gloves and "scrap" with him a few rounds every morning, just to keep him in training, you know. All this was not, I presume, so very remarkable for a coon, but what got me was his behavior when his sparring partner "fouled" him by getting hold of the fur on his throat. The instant this occurred he ceased operations with his front "hands" and clasped them tightly over his eyes, spreading the little "fingers" to completely cover and protect the lids and eyeballs. I puzzled long for an explanation of this apparently instinctive act. His foster parent, the engineer, who had adopted him when two weeks old, could not account for it; said he had always done so, right from the start. It has occurred to me that coons may have learned in the course of fights with those other night prowlers, the owls, that when you get a fellow's claws on your throat you are in a fair way to have your eyes picked out unless you cover them up real quick. This bit of practical experience, continued from generation to generation of coons and owls, might have developed the instinctive act of self-preservation so curiously brought out in the case of this little coon, reared under the refining influences of civilization.

I will confess it is with some trepidation that I hazard this guess, but I am in search of information, and this will do for an opener.

Will some one please shed some light on the subject?

R. L. Warner.

Boston, Mass.

New England Bluebirds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While driving near Dover, N. H., on Oct. 4, I saw a flock of about ten bluebirds. There may have been more in the fields on either side, but that was about the number in sight. As this bird has been very scarce in New England for the past two years, I thought this might be of interest.

Mark E. Noble.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

RAMRODS AND BIRD CAGES.

St. Augustine, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Louis Benson Akin preaches about "fun," in your issue of the 9th, and I like to see such sermons now and then. I am not ashamed to say that my feelings are always shocked when I read descriptions of Southern coon and 'possum hunts, because they are characterized by more brutality than any other kind of sport. The wary and frightened animal avoids a tree as long as possible, because he seems to know the danger of that last resort; but he is forced to it by the dogs, and then a member of the party climbs the tree and shakes him off, to fall among the dogs, and they all enjoy the "fun" as heartily as rowdies enjoy a dog-fight.

In the olden time, when flint-lock guns were loaded with ramrods, to which was prefixed a screw for drawing loads in certain cases, I was one of those thoughtless and heartless things called boys, and another specimen about as wild as the youthful Podgers, used to tell me about his squirrel hunts, and how, when one of them ran into his hole in a tree, he would climb the tree and thrust his ramrod down the hole and twist the screw into the little animal and draw him out and throw him down among the dogs. I suppose that I was bad enough, but that case of beastly cruelty made such an impression on me, that even to this day it will not down.

And here let me say that the sentence of Julius Delmotti, of Somerville, N. J., has not drawn a single sympathetic tear from my unfeeling eyes, because he is only one of a class who are utterly devoid of human feeling, and the brutality can only be driven out of them by legal process. His employer, by the way, is not entitled to any more respect than he, because he advised him to violate the law and then sneaked out when the consequences came round. Most of the bird fanciers are Italians, and they will cage up anything in their windows that wears a feather. I have even seen swallows penned up there to starve to death.

Anywhere through the country Italian loafers may be seen in summer, while the bobolinks and other singing birds are nesting, lying about the meadows with their trap cages, and the bright domestic bliss of hundreds of little songsters is cut short, and changed to a brief career of torture. This might all be stopped, but our noble legislators are too deeply absorbed in political schemes to give a moment's thought to such trifling matters, and the end of all this wretched brutality seems a long way off.

Didymus.

A New Mountain Sheep.

The proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington contain this description, by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of *Ovis nelsoni*, a new mountain sheep from the desert region of southern California:

Mountain sheep were found by the Death Valley Expedition in several of the desert ranges of southern California and southern Nevada, where ten specimens were secured by Mr. E. W. Nelson. They were killed in the northern continuation of the Funeral Mountains, locally known as the Grapevine Range. Compared with the well known Bighorn of the Rocky Mountains and Cascade-Sierra system, they are much paler in color, somewhat smaller in size, and have very much smaller molar teeth. Compared with *Ovis stonei* recently described by Dr. Allen, the contrast in color is even more marked; but the pattern seems to be the same, and the darkening of the under parts and legs is also a character of *stonei*. In the absence of necessary material for comparison it seems best to treat the new form as a full species.

The geographic range of the southern Bighorn is unknown, but it is probable that all of the sheep of the semi-barren desert ranges of Mexico and the southern United States, from Texas to California, belong to the present form.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that Mr. Nelson, who in northern Alaska discovered and named the northernmost American sheep (*Ovis dalli*), should also secure, in the Sonoran deserts of California, the southernmost representative of the group. In view of these facts, it seems peculiarly appropriate that the new sheep should perpetuate Mr. Nelson's name, which I take pleasure in bestowing upon it.

Ovis nelsoni, sp. nov.

Type from Grapevine Mountains, on boundary between California and Nevada, just south of latitude 37°. No. $\frac{223243}{40487}$, ♀ ad. U. S. Nat. Mus., Biological Survey Coll. Collected June 4, 1891, by E. W. Nelson. Original No. 942.

General Characters.—Apparently similar to *Ovis stonei* Allen in pattern of coloration, but much paler; rump patch small and completely divided on median line; tail short and slender; molar teeth very small

Color.—Upper parts, except rump patch, pale dingy brown; under parts and legs much darker, contrasting sharply with the white areas; inguinal region, hinder part of belly (narrowing to a point anteriorly some distance behind forelegs), inner aspect of thighs and posterior aspect of fore and hind legs, white.

Measurements (taken in flesh by collector).—Total length, 1,280; tail vertebræ, 100; hind foot, 360; height at shoulder, 830. In the dry skin the rump patch measures about 190 in breadth by 150 in length (from apparent base of tail).

A Fooled Kingfisher.

Windsor, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After reading "Birds in a Predicament," I venture to relate an incident that happened to a brother angler. During the latter part of August just past Mr. John G. Bayless, while fishing for bass below the dam at Mechanicsville, O., on Grand River, thinking his minnows needed airing removed the cage from the bucket and set them in the water near the dam. It happened to be nearly under "that old dry limb" which was soon occupied by Brer Kingfisher, who immediately sized them up, and no doubt thinking they were his proceeded to go up in the air to the proper height, when he closed his wings. The result was a scared lot of minnows and a very sorry bird. Mr. B. gently lifted him out and smoothed his ruffled feathers and set him going again. A. A. B.

Rabbits and Weasel.

Hyde Park, Mass.—I have a little story for the Forest and Stream family, if you think it worthy.

While at my summer home in Marion, Mass., last July, I was returning to the house by way of a narrow path through the woods, when I saw a half-grown rabbit coming at full speed down the hill toward me. Knowing their habits, I felt that he would not turn out if he could avoid it, and I stood astride of the path, putting my hands down as I would to catch a ball rolled toward me, and he ran right into them. I took him to the house and put him in a box, and returning to the place of capture I saw another rabbit running down the same path, away from me this time, and after him what appeared to be a red squirrel. They disappeared; but while I stood wondering at a squirrel chasing a rabbit, I saw them returning on the path. When they got within 10 or 12ft. of me, the squirrel jumped on the rabbit's back and caught him by the throat. I stepped quickly forward and picked up one animal in each hand, when I found the squirrel to be a two-thirds grown weasel. I took them both home, notwithstanding the unpleasant odor from the weasel, and putting the rabbit with the first one took the weasel outside and killed him. I later released the two rabbits. M. E. N.

Game Bag and Gun.

A MOOSE COUNTRY.

Campbellton, N. B.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you invite report of one's sport, I venture to submit the following memorandum. It was just what your brilliant correspondent, Mr. E Hough, would call a piece of "Forest and Stream luck!" with a *veni, vidi, vici* smack about it, thus: Sept. 1—which is our opening day in New Brunswick hereaway, left camp at 8:10 A. M. and at 9:15 A. M. (in one hour and five minutes) was smoking a pipe, seated on the back of my "first moose" and probably "first" knock-down of the season. The antlers had fifteen points, 4ft. 3in. across, main plate of antler 15in., height of antler 2ft. 11in.

What easy fun one thought moose hunting just then, but one had full and ample occasion subsequently to change that idea; for, oh, the cruel tramp in that eternal morass and never-ending quagmire, that shove along, push ahead, uphill, down dale, and daily so, until, on the following 18th, monarch No. 2 bowed his grand head, as did his predecessor, to one ball from a .30 40 U. S. A. Winchester. (I feel sure this will please Mr. Hooper, and hereby he will understand my vast gratitude to himself. The second head is somewhat larger and some say handsomer than the first. Since return here, both heads have been visited and inspected by crowds, and one has heard the epithets "dandies, noble, fine, terrible, exceptional, etc.," applied to them. No egoism this; not my fault what they say and think; one only listens and feels lucky and jolly, and withal so fully repaid for past struggles and tumbles in muck, mire and slush. The heads are to be mounted; and acting on the emphatic verdict of Mr. W., of near New York, a hunter of moose for the past seven years, and who considers that they are the two "finest heads" hitherto brought low on the Eastern coast of North America, it is my purpose to ask permission to expose them in the hunters' exhibition at New York.

I saw some forty animals—moose, caribou and deer—thirty-four of which were cows or does and so, of course, as "sacred" in the eyes of a sportsman as they are in those of a Brahmin!

Now perhaps some of your readers might like to know where this moose country is to be found. Well, then, I should advise them to apply to Mr. Thomas Downs of this town, Campbellton, a guide who knows the country thoroughly. Starting from here, you go some forty miles up the Restigouche River by scow or canoe, landing at the Restigouche Salmon Club's lodge at Red Bank; then a twelve-mile portage will bring you to the grounds, most easy to reach. Nearly all requisite provisions, butter, bread, flour, lard, eggs and vegetables are procurable at Mr. Wyer's farm, at the mouth of the Patapedia, which is three miles this side of Red Bank. The hunting ground is called the "Dead or Still Water." It is a sure find, a certain kill.

Now surely one or another will call one magnificently generous, being thus explicit; or a third may scent something disadvantageous being kept back, and so forth. Well, briefly, neither am I the former nor doing the latter, being bound next year for "pastures new"—forsooth for Alaska! Ah! for gold, another Throndiucker (vulgarly ycleped Klondyker—the Indian name being Thron-diuk, which means a river full of fish—this, by the way, and for those who wish to know what I didn't twenty-four hours ago). No—again one would be wrongly construed. Have not a Shakespeare by me—but did not Harry the Fifth, just before the battle of Agincourt, say to his coz, Westmoreland, something as follows:

"By love, I am not covetous for gold;
I care not who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive."

Well, then, for "gold" substitute "moose" if you will, and my confession will be understood. Eustice Hill.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.—III.

(*Continued from page 326.*)

We will now take one more squirrel hunt and then we will change the subject. The clerk in our village store was one of the most penurious and close-fisted fellows that I ever knew, and when he took his departure to start in business for himself in a neighboring village everyone appeared to be well pleased with the arrangement. The next fall the hunters in his village challenged those of a rival village near by for an old-fashioned squirrel hunt, the losers, of course, to pay the bills for a supper for both parties, and somehow they induced our penurious friend to take part in the hunt. As he well knew that I was lucky (as he chose to call it), he came up the night before the hunt to secure my services to show him and his companion where the squirrels were, adding that I need not take my gun, as they would attend to that part of the performance, and all that I would have to do would be to show them the squirrels and carry the game; and as the hunt was to be for two days, he would pay my expenses and give me 25 cents in cash.

While the man was talking I had been first amused and then a bit r'iled, and was on the point of interrupting him and telling him that I could not go, but just then he had arrived at the point where my gun was gone back on, and my dander began to rise, and I listened until he wound up with the alluring cash offer, when I was just as mad as I could be, and was about to pull the throttle wide open and go for him, when I was suddenly seized and overpowered by an inspiration. As I have previously recorded, when this happens it is of no use for me to try to escape the toils; struggle as I may, they only tighten and work their sweet will upon me regardless alike of my better feelings or resultant consequences to others, so when he sprung the 12½ cents a day upon me, the "power" had me fast and tight, and the result was that I eagerly accepted the munificent offer and bade him be on hand at daylight the next morning and I would show him such

squirrel hunting as he never saw. You see, the spirits which so cruelly worked their racket on poor, defenseless me, had ordered me to take this man into the wilderness and give him a fair sample of what 12½ cents would accomplish in the way of rocks and stumps, briers and brambles, swamps and bogs—but no squirrels.

All in vain were my earnest endeavors to save this man from the punishment marked out. The fiat had gone forth and perforce I, as the humble instrument of the avenging spirit, must obey. So when he and his friend put in an appearance the next morning before it was fairly light, I was ready, and getting into the wagon directed them to drive to the "big woods" some eight miles away. This locality was quite an extensive tract of primeval forest some eight or nine miles in length and three to five in breadth, and was well known for many miles around as a famous resort for squirrels, and they were there, too, in plenty, if one only knew where to look for them; but it was hard lines for the uninitiated, as nine-tenths of the tract was entirely desolate, so far as game of any description was concerned. I had left my dog at home, as he needed rest; and both my companions being totally unacquainted with even the rudiments of the science of squirrel hunting, they never thought of a dog until it was nearly night.

We arrived at our destination shortly after sunrise, and leaving the team at a farmhouse, made a break for the woods, all of us as fresh as daisies and full of animation at the prospect of sport. I soon learned from the conduct and conversation of my companions that neither of them had ever killed a squirrel and that a rest for the gun and a good, long aim were necessary adjunts to success, as they at once began practice on such birds as would hold still long enough, and after several baulks and two or three shots each I had a couple of bluejays to carry, when they decided that they were up to the mark and good and ready for the business of the day and ordered me to bring on the squirrels. Now, I was under instructions from the spirit whose slave I was, not to lead them to the haunts of the game, but, instead, to lead them a wild goose chase, and show them what the old, primeval forest was like; but when I found that the bushy tails would be safe, or very nearly so, I took the liberty to modify, or rather to change, the programme, and led them to a favorite corner where I had often had lots of sport. I must say, however, that the half-hour we stayed in that vicinity showed me more fun than I had supposed was possible to be found in so small a corner. Several squirrels showed themselves, but, although I waved my hat at them in token of amity when the Nimrods were crawling up to them, they would not hold still, and, although four or five shots were fired, I do not believe that a single squirrel had cause to regret our visit.

When we had exhausted the resources of this locality I led them, for the sake of variety, straight through a rather unpromising bit of swamp some twenty rods across, and as the opposite side was a capital place for blackberry parties we had still another change. Just beyond the briar patch was a small but very steep hill covered with a dense growth of tangled hemlocks. There was a cart path a short distance to our right that led around the hill; I had always followed this when going that way and I tried my best to do so on the present occasion, but it was no go, I was led by an irresistible power straight over the top of the hill, and the only consolation I got out of it was the satisfaction of treading ground that mortal foot had never pressed before, and of course the pleasure of giving my companions the most striking variety they had yet encountered. Then we had some more fun with the squirrels, and somehow between them they managed to kill one and shortly afterward another one was added to the score. This brightened things up a bit and helped them over the rough ground in much better style than had been apparent for the last hour or two; but the sun was getting low and the order was given to return to our team and I started in the proper direction; but that insatiate spirit seized me by the collar and in spite of my best efforts we came out into the open more than two miles from where we should have been, just as the sun was setting.

Although a mere boy, I had been the captain and guide of the expedition; but now that it was plain sailing, I fell to the rear and had an opportunity to study my companions. I had known from the start that their costume was not just the cheese for a squirrel party in the thorny thickets of the big woods; and I placidly saw by the way they glanced at each other that they now knew just as much about this part of the business as I did. Not only were their clothes in a demoralized condition, but their hands and faces unmistakably showed they had not heeded my oft-repeated injunction to look out for the thorns or briars, as the case might be. Our progress toward the house was exceedingly slow and laborious, the free and springy grace that had been so marked a feature of our advance in the morning was entirely lacking, but then there was no need to hurry now, as arrangements had been made for food and lodging at the farmhouse.

After a good supper our two squirrel hunters—as I suppose I must now call them—woke up a bit, and as two or three of the neighbors dropped in and began to talk squirrel, they seemed quite cheerful, and after listening to tales of the countless legions that thronged the woods in the opposite direction from that taken by us, they reconsidered the motion that had been passed for an early return in the morning, and decided that they would try it again and visit the Eldorado that had been pointed out to them. In the morning, although still lame and pretty generally used up, we took a fairly early start, and striking the woods turned in the opposite direction from our course on the previous day.

I was well acquainted with the favorite places in this locality, but somehow we failed to connect, and when we sat down to lunch we had but one head of game. My companions were discouraged, and during our meal they fully discussed the matter, attributing their luck, or rather the lack of it, to almost every reason except the right one. Our penurious friend was very positive in asserting that the game was much too wild for successful hunting. I could have told him that if he had not gone back on the old gun, he would have had opportunity to have seen this statement knocked sky high. Then when he said that they were hard to find, I could have told him of a little dog that would have had a word to say about this, or I could have told him when he bitterly complained of the rocks and brambles that I was not the sort of boy to strew his pathway with roses for 12½ cents a day. But I would not tell him what was the matter, nor would I agree with him, for that would be telling an untruth, and I could not do that, so I just kept quiet and enjoyed myself ruminating on this entirely new, to me, phase of my favorite sport. Had our parsimonious friend been alone in the case I should have been supremely happy, but his companion, the Doctor, had developed into a pretty good sort of a fellow, and my conscience rather smote me when I thought that he was sharing punishment which belonged solely to another.



HEAD OF A MAINE DEER.
Killed by Mr. F. L. Shaw, of Portland.

While musing thus, my companions had discussed the matter and arrived at the conclusion that we had better go home; so I was told to take a bee-line for the house, and I started in the proper direction, and partly for the reason that I had had about enough of it, and partly to comply with the mandate of the inexorable spirit, in whose power I was, who well knew that a straight course would intersect quite a swamp, as well as some pretty rough ground, I held my course, regardless of bog or briar, and in a short time we were at the house. The Doctor gave me a cordial invitation to be his guest at the hunt supper, which I thankfully accepted, as I was anxious to see what it was like as well as to meet the goodly array of hunters that would be there, so we took the direct road for headquarters, instead of going to my house. Our penurious friend was to keep me over night, while the Doctor was to send his team home with me in the morning.

Arriving at the village, my companions left me to shift for myself, while they retired to change their tattered clothes for something more presentable to wear to the supper. The first place I visited was the hotel, or tavern as it was then called, where the supper was to be given, and as the landlord had been hunting with me on several occasions, I was soon on the best of terms with the whole household, and had a capital opportunity to see what was going on. But the best fun was to watch the hunters as they came straggling in; there were nearly fifty on each side, and as each one arrived he would report to the judges and hand in his string of game; then he would join the crowd in the bar-room and in nearly every case proceed to explain why he had not brought in a larger bag. I stood near the door taking in the whole of it and thoroughly enjoying myself, when just at dusk the door opened and a young fellow stepped inside, and after glancing around the room beckoned to some one, who came to him, when he told him that he had just stolen a big bunch of squirrels from Tom Morley's wagon, and had hidden them, together with his own string, behind the shed. As they meandered through the crowd in the direction of the bar I started for behind the shed and soon found the two strings of squirrels, and for fear that some one might steal them, I took them in charge and put them in a safe place and started to find Tom Morley. He and I had enjoyed many a hunt together and were fast friends, and I was bound to see him righted. I had taken but a few steps when I met the Doctor, and at once gave him the details of the affair and asked his advice, as it was now too late to return the game to Tom, for he had discovered his loss and was making "Rome howl" just around the corner. The Doctor was quick-witted, and patting me on the head called me "good boy" and bade me take the game to his office, a short distance down the street, where we cut the string and packed them in a basket; then carrying the burden between us, we started for the hotel.

When we arrived upon the scene there was considerable going on; Tom had just whipped one of the opposing side and was loudly calling for another one to come on, when at the Doctor's instigation I went to him and whispered a few words in his ear which at once brought a change over his countenance, and with a wild whoop he caught me in his arms and swinging me on his shoulder started for the house, where we arrived just in time to see the Doctor, as coolly as he would have passed over a box of pills, hand the big basket to the judges, giving them the name of our penurious friend together with his own; but the most enjoyable part was to see the modest manner in which he received the storm of applause that followed the emptying of the basket on the table. There was a perfect uproar of stamping and clapping, which he modestly acknowledged with a graceful bow and a deprecatory wave of his hands, and then, amid hearty cries of "Well done, Doc," he came over to me, and taking me by the hand he hoisted me into a chair, and motioning for silence disclaimed nearly all the credit for the performance, and pointing to me called me his friend and guide, to whom the largest share of the honor was due, and when he solemnly averred that he should believe to his dying day that instead of taking them to the game I had in some mysterious manner brought the squirrels to them. The crowd cheered and stamped again until all was blue, and I was quite the hero of the evening. It is perhaps needless to say that I bore my honors in a becoming manner and thoroughly enjoyed myself, but there was one thing that troubled me. I had come to like the Doctor for his all-around good qualities, and the fact that I had led him such a wild scramble through the briars and brambles of the big woods rather put a damper upon my enjoyment, and I resolved that I would within a few days see him and make a clean breast of the whole business; but opportunity served sooner than I expected.

It appeared that our penurious friend, as soon as he found that his side was beaten, and that he would have to pay the bill for some one else as well as for himself, took his departure and did not return, thus saving one-half the bill, and as a result I was left out without a place to sleep, and was about to start for home, as I had not a cent to pay for my lodging. As I started to go, the Doctor came to me and asked if I had been paid, and as I shook my head he put his hand in his pocket and asked me how much I was to have. With a tone and manner intended to convey my appreciation of the munificent amount, I named the sum, when he raised his hands in the air and ejaculated: "Je-ru-sa-lem," then muttering to himself, "that settles his business," he dived down into his pocket again, and pulling out all the change he had—a little more than $3—he poured it into my hand and bade me stay at the hotel and he would pay the bill and send his team home with me in the morning. This broke me up, and I poured into his willing ear the entire tale of this man's conduct and the motive that led me to try and mete out to him at least a portion of the punishment I thought he deserved, and ended by trying to express my regret that he should have received any part of it. The Doctor was in ecstasies, and laughed until I was fearful that he would burst a blood vessel, but he finally sobered down, and placing his hand on my shoulder he told me that I was just the sort he was looking for and that we must be the best of friends, and declared that he would not have forgone one thorn or bramble of the punishment for untold gold, adding that I had done him inestimable service, for that sneak had very nearly roped him in to join him in a business transaction, but that this had settled that business forever. This removed the last bar to my complete happiness; in fact, it added not a little to my enjoyment, and I went to bed and slept the sleep that only comes to the innocent and good.

SHADOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Sportsmen's Exposition.

THERE is no longer a doubt about the ultimate success of the fourth annual Sportsmen's Exposition and bicycle show, to be held in January, at Madison Square Garden. At first there was a hesitancy on the part of some of the trade to take space, but the popular feeling was too strong to withstand, and as the leaders in both the sporting goods and cycle industries have taken advantage of securing good positions, many of the others have followed suit. It is too early now to announce the special features that will go to make this the greatest exposition that America has ever seen, but plans are being formulated that will be sure to attract the attention of the many thousands who are interested in out and in-door sports. The advent of the chainless wheel, the horseless carriage and the scores of other improvements in sporting goods and cycles will be sure to maintain their prestige against any of the beautiful spectacular effects that have of late been such prominent features of industrial expositions. The committee who have the exposition in charge are leaving nothing undone toward making it a success, and within a short time the special features will be announced. Applications for space and other information may be obtained at the office of the National Sportsmen's Association, 377 Broadway.

J. A. H. DRESSEL, Sec'y-Treas.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 23.—A number of inquiries are at hand in this office from gentlemen wishing to know where good deer country can be found this fall. The season is now practically at hand, and the tide of deer hunters is already well under way to the pine country of the North and Northwest. One railroad, on one evening this week, carried out sixty-seven deer hunters out of Chicago, all bound for Staples and Park Rapids, Minn. Many of them would go to Wisconsin, but for the license. A great many deer hunters have also gone to Deer River, Minn., on the Duluth, Superior & Western R. R. One party has gone to Cloquet, Minn. I think probably over 100 deer hunters have gone into Minnesota already over this one road alone from or through Chicago.

I am advised by a man just back from the Fifield country of Wisconsin that the deer are to be found in that neighborhood in great plenty this fall. Although of course not hunting, he saw a great deal of sign, and the local men said it would be no trouble to get plenty of deer in season. This is one of the safe points to reach, I think. Go to Fifield, on the Wisconsin Central, then wagon twenty-four miles east to Feeley's place, on the Fifield Chain. Bob Hurd, the game warden for the county, is a guide who is recommended.

Ellis Junction, on the C., M. & St. Paul Railroad, is now and has for years been in the heart of a splendid deer country. Take wagon at that point for the woods some twenty or thirty miles west. Guides will be needed. Another fine point on this road is Lena, Wis., where deer are this fall in good numbers This point is not far from Green Bay, and has hardwood and swamp country both. Take wagon at Lena and go fourteen miles west to Kelly Lake, where there is a small settlement and where a guide can be procured. This is a safe point for deer.

Ducks.

Mr. C. N. Souther, of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in this city, is just back from a little run up to the northern marshes about Horicon, and says that on the club marsh of Diana Club he saw more ducks than he ever did before. He made a nice little bag.

Mr. W. S. Milligan, tax commissioner, this city, is just back from a trip to Big Stone Lake, Minn., and is delighted with that region. He says the ducks were there simply in clouds, and he had never seen the like.

Mr. Chauncey M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., to-day passed through Chicago on his way home from a trip to the Devil's Lake country of North Dakota, where he has been three weeks shooting with Fred and Dick Merrill. They shot ducks, geese and chickens. The latter were scarce and wild, and the goose shooting was cut into by a lot of horseback hunters, who went all over the country and scared the geese out of their regular flyways. Ducks did not seem to decoy very well, but they had fine sport in blind shooting on points, calling in the ducks with the good old Illinois River duck call, with which instrument very few men are more expert than Mr. Powers, The latter is now on his way for a week or so at the Hennepin Club grounds of the Illinois River, to which club he belongs. The mallard shooting on those famous preserves should be very fine this fall if the water holds.

The Kankakee marsh is dried up and burning up this week, and we cannot hope for much shooting there. There is not water enough to hold even the snipe, and but few bags have been made of any consequence.

Mr. Smith, of the town of Niles, on the edge of Chicago, has just returned from South Dakota, and has talked to a friend, who has talked to me, not knowing that he was telling anything out of the way about Mr. Smith. He could not tell me Mr. Smith's initials, so I don't know which Mr. Smith it was. He tells my informant that he 'had to smuggle his game out of the State," but he brought home a lot of ducks, which he had salted down in barrels by the farmer's wife at the place where he stopped. He says these ducks were skinned and the breasts taken and slightly salted. They are described as tasting very well, perhaps all the better because they are stolen salts.

Mr. J. C. McDonald, a long time reader of Forest and Stream, asks for good open duck country in Wisconsin, where he can also get some grouse shooting. Can Mr. W. E. Warren, of Fox Lake, Wis., give us any information about his neck of woods as a place for a few ducks and a few grouse? I should think that one might locate somewhere in that region, and get all the shooting he would need for a little leisurely trip of a couple of weeks. Many of the best Wisconsin marshes are preserved, but not all of them. Part of the Butte des Morts and Poygan country is still open, and much of that country is still good at times in the fall flight, though usually better in the spring, when bluebills (legal game in that State in spring) are very often killed in hundreds. For upland shooting, a few grouse and a pleasant country, I think Berlin, Wis., would be a good place. Bab cock is another good point to keep in mind for a little fall woods hunt.

Colorado Game.

It is Mr. Warren, of Fox Lake, by the way, who writes me more fully about his Colorado trip, to which I referred last week. He thinks the big game of Colorado is not yet all gone, and remarks:

"I have been reading the 'sheep and snowshoe' articles. I have been through the mill in Colorado, and while out there this fall climbed into the sheep country four times and saw sheep three times. But for the stringent game laws would have brought out some fine trophies. Would have got a fine picture of three old rams and two ewes, but had foolishly left the camera in camp that day.

"Gunnerson county has the name of being shot out, but there's plenty of game there yet—I think at least 300 sheep in one locality in the West Elk Mountains. While I was there this fall a party of four caught 80lbs. of trout in a half day. Another man caught eight trout in one day that weighed 43lbs.; so you will readily see there are fish there yet. Colorado has a hot game and fish law, and is really trying to live up to it, all of which I was glad to see."

Big Missouri Preserve.

Despatches from St. Louis dated Oct. 19 describe one of the most interesting movements in preserve matters which have recently come up for chronicling, in the middle west. The news reads as follows.

"Deeds will be signed to-day completing the purchase of the last 780 acres of a 17,000-acre tract of land in Iron county, Missouri, that is designed to form one of the greatest game preserves in the United States.

The purchaser is the Mountain and Lake Hunting and Fishing Club, including in its membership many well-known men in St. Louis.

The tract selected for the purpose of the club is in the heart of the richest game regions in Missouri, in the beautiful Arcadia Valley, surrounded by the Ozark Mountains

The intention of the club is to present the preserve to the State at the expiration of fifty years, providing the plans of the club successfully carry out" E Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

Fredericton, N. B., Oct. 23.—The head of the large moose shot on the Nepisiguit by Mr. John Bodkin, and which was reported in the press as being a record head, reached Fredericton yesterday. It proves to be considerably under the measurement claimed for it, but is nevertheless a remarkably large and massive head. From tip to tip it measures 60¾in. Some idea of the kind of game country Mr. Bodkin was in may be formed from the fact that on the evening that Mr. B. called up this moose four other bulls responded to the call. Mr. B. now thinks that there is no such thing as an ideal rifle for all kinds of game. He says that his gun, which throws 1½oz. of lead, is just the right thing for moose, but when it comes to shooting bears at a range of from 200 to 300yds., of which animal he saw five on the trip, his weapon was inadequate, not having a sufficiently flat trajectory. In addition to this moose, the head of which will be sent to Mr. Crosby, of Bangor, for mounting, Mr. Bodkin shot two fine caribou.

The big moose head taken on the Tobique, referred to last week, though not 69in. beats the record for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Maine by a large majority. Mr. Crosby, of Banger, writes me: "The big head that came from the Tobique last week has an exact spread of 66in. It has twenty-eight points, and was killed by Stephen Decatur, of Portsmouth, N. H. This head is the widest spread we have ever handled."

At least half a dozen moose have been shot in New Brunswick this fall with spreads of 60in. or more. One of these was secured on Nictaux Lake, on the headwaters of the Tobique, by Chauncy P. Williams, of Albany, N. Y., who spent a month in that ideal game region in company with his friend, George R. Shaffer, of Troy, N. Y. They had as their guide George Armstrong, of Perth Centre, Victoria county, N. B., who is a thoroughly reliable man in every respect and a fine moose caller. Mr. Shaffer secured a moose with a horn measurement of 49in. Mr. Williams said he had never seen a fish and game country that equalled the Tobique, and that he fully intended to return next year. The party saw over twenty-five moose on the trip. Mr. Armstrong informs me that fourteen large heads have been secured on the Tobique this fall, and he saw two besides the one taken by Mr. Williams that measured over 60in. across the points. It is currently reported at Andover that a mammoth moose has been shot up river by Hon. John Costigan, of the Dominion parliament, the antlers measuring 70in. As a rule these reports of record heads cannot be relied upon; the figures show a marked tendency to shrink when brought in contact with the tape-line. It is a notable fact that while Mr. Costigan has been for a quarter of a century one of the most prominent of Canadian politicians, in his early days he was a professional hunter and trapper in New Brunswick. He still retains all his old-time love of the woods and spends a month or more every fall on the upper Tobique. It would seem that the moose heads taken on the Restigouche and the Tobique this year have distinctly out-classed those which have come from the Miramichi, though the latter is reckoned as one of the finest moose countries on earth.

American sportsmen are still arriving on nearly every train from the West, and most of the prominent guides have their dates filled until Jan. 1, when the season closes. There is no doubt that they will come next year in still greater numbers, as the hunting opportunities of the Province are becoming more widely known. Some of the Maine guides, dissatisfied with the short season in that State and attracted by the game reports from New Brunswick, are preparing to locate here permanently. Some are now prospecting on the Tobique, Restigouche and other streams; others are building hunting camps in readiness for business next season. It is not surprising that there is some local sentiment against non-resident guides coming into the Province and competing with the local men. In Maine no guide is allowed a license unless he has had previous residence of at least three months, and it is felt that Maine guides have no right to expect better treatment in New Bruswick than our own men receive in Maine. I do not think it probable that the Provincial Legislature will debar non-resident guides from coming in, but it is not unlikely that a license fee will be imposed.

Talking about big moose, I am reminded that Mr. James Turnbull, of Halifax (who is not unknown, I think, to the readers of Forest and Stream), has received a letter from the noted big-game hunter, Dal DuWeese, of Cañon City, Col., who last year hunted with Mr. Turnbull in the Northwest, giving an account of a very successful trip he has had in the Yukon region, Alaska. Mr. DuWeese shot three moose, one of them having a 69in. spread, nine mountain sheep, a grizzly bear and a mountain lion.

A few weeks ago Mr. Jerome Bradley, of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., with another gentleman, decided to try his luck on the Nepisiguit upon my recommendation. I have just received a letter from Mr. Bradley in which he says that the party had a most enjoyable and successful trip. They shot one moose, two caribou and two bears.

Guy Saunders and Archie Hale, of Woodstock, returned last Friday from the Tobique, bringing with them two moose and two caribou.

John Nelson, of Gibson, has returned from a very successful tour of the lakes in Queen's county. He brought home a fine moose head, also sixty-eight black ducks.

The returns are beginning to come in from the haunts of the goose and brant on the North Shore. James Rundle, Joseph Petrie and George Johnson, of Newcastle, remained about a week at Tabusintac Beach. They bagged over 100 sea fowl, chiefly brant.

A very sad and mysterious story comes from Newcastle concerning the disappearance of Mr. W. E. Anslow, editor of the Newcastle *Advocate* and one of the most widely known of Provincial journalists. He was on a partridge shooting expedition, in company with his son, at a point on the Sou-West Miramichi, twenty-four miles above Newcastle. The son left his father on a small island in the river while he went on some errand to a neighboring farmhouse. When he returned he could not find his father. This occurred on the 14th inst., since which time (though hundreds of men have been scouring the woods in the vicinity), no trace whatever has been discovered of the missing man. At first it was thought that Mr. Anslow was lost in the woods, latterly the prevailing opinion is that he was drowned while attempting to ford the river from the island to the mainland. Frank H. Risteen.

HARD LUCK.

New York, Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Report your luck for Forest and Stream" Nothing said as to any particular class of luck. Therefore I inclose a memorandum (made at the time) of a day's turkey hunting in the swamps of North Carolina. It may appeal to others who have not always been successful, viz :

Dies Iræ. (March 12, 1895.)

6:00 A. M.—Rain.
6:05 A. M.—Hunting boots badly burned last night; must wear the low ones. N. B.—The branches and slashes are knee-deep.
6:10 A. M.—Cold breakfast.
6:20 A. M.—Darky boy don't know the way to Wolfenden.
6:30 A. M.—Mud, rain, mud. Missed road three miles out.
8:00 A. M.—Seven miles out. Everything wet.
9:00 A. M.—Crossing branch, floating log gave way. Mud knee deep, water deeper.
10:00 A. M.—Nothing done. Right heel badly blistered.
10:15 A. M.—Drove to another lot of ridges. Smashed buggy; patched it up. Mud, rain. Roads awful.
12:00 M.—Gun only weighed 9¼lbs. at 8 A. M.; weighs about 19lbs. now. Rain. Swamps full. Only just able to hobble.
2:00 P. M.—Lunch; bread soaked, ham wet, pie uneatable, nothing to drink.
2:30 P. M.—Tobacco pouch soaked, matches wet.
3:00 P. M.—Nothing done. Drove to a third series of ridges. Rain heavy. Water in gun barrels. Safety catch for left lock seems out of order.
4:00 P. M.—Leather coat soaked through.
4:15 P. M —Tried a fourth series of ridges.
5:00 P. M.—Sighted an old gobbler across the branch and 150yds. away.
5:30 P. M.—Stalked him half an hour. Never got within 80yds. Lost him in the twilight. Heavy rain.
6:00 P. M —Back to buggy.
7:30 P. M.—Seven miles of mud and rain. Road well under water in the swamps Ran down another buggy in the dark.
8:10 P. M.—Too late for supper. Cold meat, bread and water.
8:20 P. M.—Mail late. Here at last. Anything for me? Yes, a cold Note (from further South). More rain. Much discouraged. A wretched day, and there are only a certain number of days in a lifetime. C. S. D.

THE VERMONT DEER.

Fisheries and Game Commissioner John W. Titcomb has taken pains to collect statistics of the deer killed in Vermont. Under date of Oct. 23, he writes us: "I see your last paper gives a very fair account of the deer question. The fact is that deer hunting in October without dogs is not what it is cracked up to be, and while our territory is not extensive, I do not think our deer will be exterminated. I was personally opposed to having an open season in any part of the State except Essex county.

"In order to inform myself as to the number of deer killed throughout the State, I issued postal cards to every postmaster in Vermont similar to the inclosed. I think that the reports which I have received cover about 90 per cent. of all deer killed from Oct. 1 to date. The following is a summary of the number of deer killed, by counties, from which you will see that there is a total of fifty-nine. Among this number may be included two or three does. One of the does had quite conspicuous horns, about the same as those on a yearling buck."

SUMMARY.

Addison county	1	Rutland county	15
Bennington county	5	Washington county	1
Caledonia county	5	Windham county	7
Chittenden county	1	Windsor county	15
Essex county	3		
Lamoille county	2	Total	59
Orleans county	3		

The Rutland *Herald* reviews the deer stocking and the 1897 hunting;

"Deer have never been exterminated in Essex county, but in other parts of the State they had grown more and more rare, and for many years not one was seen. The first move toward restocking the State was made in 1876, when the Legislature made a law giving absolute protection to deer for five years. That law has been renewed and in constant operation, until the 'open season' began with this month under a law made by the Legislature of 1896.

"It appears that the first deer brought to the State were a buck and two does released at Manchester in the spring of 1877 The work was done by Manchester men, and doubtless M. S. Colburn was prominent in it. All three animals, with one fawn, were reported living in the country a year later. Some Rutland men, the next spring, in 1878, bought and brought here twelve or thirteen deer for breeding purposes; but one died before and another after release, so that ten or eleven living animals were sent into the woods.

"This reintroduction of deer in the State was heartily welcomed by the public upon every hand, and the law protecting them was generally supported and obeyed, and the animals left unmolested. Finally the deer damaged crops a little here and there. The *Herald* has never been able to learn that the damage was anywhere of any sort of practical consequence, but it was enough to make a lot of talk about. Then people in Essex county wanted a right to hunt deer, and somehow or other—nobody seems to know how—the Legislature in 1896 made a law establishing an open season of a month in each year. The beginning of the open season came Oct. 1—and then the other side was heard.

"In the first place, it at once became apparent that the deer were generally regarded as public pets, in many cases particular animals had become special pets of individuals, and the shooting was resented. And the fear that the deer would be again exterminated made the feeling stronger ye..

From all sides comes a demand for the repeal of the law—the demand, voiced at the start by the *Herald*, is practically universal.

"Let us have the law repealed, by all means, but that cannot come at the moment, and let us now have the law obeyed. There is unquestionably a good deal of illegal killing going on. The *Herald* has a report that three dead does have been found in Mendon, shot by miscreants who did not dare to carry their carcasses out of the woods. No doubt does have been killed, and no doubt bucks are being killed illegally—by the use of salt and lights and the like.

"It would do a lot of good to have some of these lawbreakers hauled up and severely punished. But if legal killing alone is considered, the facts seem to show that the number of deer in the woods has been greatly overestimated. The animals reported killed since the first rush upon 'cossets' has been very small."

MARYLAND GAME INTERESTS.

STOCKTON, Md., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have had little to say of game or shooting since the beach birds were here, but now that the *honk* of the wild goose is borne along with the northeast gale, I feel that perhaps others would like to know of the fine prospects for fall shooting promised to us here. Shell ducks are already on the shoals in good numbers, and every day adds to the increasing bunches; this is at least two weeks earlier than usual, and as yet we have had no weather that could even be called cool. They are not much of a duck, although many here eat them, especially the colored population, but they fly swiftly, decoy nicely, and make very good shooting. I have seen no brant yet, but a few geese are dropping in.

Never in all my life have I seen the quail in such numbers; they are everywhere—in every field, in the woods, and in the thickets. In a 60-acre field joining my farm there are no less than five coveys—not divided bunches, but separate coveys of fifteen birds or more each. I am sorry to say that but little attention is paid here to game laws, and already quail are being shot by boys and irresponsible parties. These parties go, as they say, for squirrels (by the way, there is about one squirrel here for every five shooters), but shoot everything they can that flies or runs; all are meat to them. Then again our quail season does not open until Nov. 15, but the rabbit law is out on Nov. 1. Every rabbit shooter seems privileged to shoot at all the quail he finds, while the rest of us must keep our dogs chained and stay at home or follow the example of the others and go rabbit shooting for quail.

Why all our shooting does not commence on Nov. 1 is a mystery not only to me, but to all our local sportsmen. It seems to me that often but very little judgment is used in framing game laws. Some say, be your own game warden. This is nonsense, for no farmer is foolish enough to inform on a neighbor and gain his enmity for all time just on account of two or three quail. What we want here is a good warden, one who will do his duty and take an interest in the work. Woodcock are shot as soon as they come in the spring; ducks at any and all times, even the young black ducks are caught before they can fly, while quail and rabbits are good game as soon as the corn is cut. A few convictions would break this up, for many of the gunners are law-abiding men. The damage is mostly done by the idle and careless, and by boys. Then the others say, "If these fellows are going to kill the birds, I might as well have my share." With all this, I know of but one, perhaps two, game hogs in the whole section. I saw in FOREST AND STREAM last August, a note from an old gunner who had shot with numbers of other men, who said that in all his time he never saw anyone ready to stop when the game was flying. If he were here, he would find plenty who stop when they get enough for a meal or two. Very few here go ducking more than a few hours in the morning; they get two or three pair of ducks, and are back to late breakfast and their work. If you ask them, they will simply tell you that they came home because they had all they wanted. It is the same with quail and beach birds; those who live here rarely kill more than half-dozen or so of quail, or a dozen or two of beach birds. An hour or two of good shooting is all we ask, but then "there are others." By the way, we have another crop of game here, our oysters; they are the finest and fattest for years.

O. D. FOULKS.

SHOOTING IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 22.—Oct. 15, the opening day of the squirrel, hare and rabbit season, found a pretty numerous contingent of gunners afield, and had the weather conditions been more propitious, heavy scores would have been made in some directions. But summer heat—84° in the shade—prevailed, the woods were veritable tinder boxes, and foot pressure upon a leaf caused a crackling that could be heard at an amazing distance. With such conditions in its favor, the squirrel supply did not suffer extensively. The best score made upon that date, learned by the writer, consisted of ten squirrels to three guns. In the northern part of Tompkins and the southern part of Cayuga county, the squirrel supply has been reported as unusually large.

From all directions have come reports of a great deal of illegal squirrel shooting. This was the case prior to the opening day of '96, and it will prove the case next year, unless more vigorous protective measures are instituted, or a change in the date of opening occurs. This particular clause of the game law, so far as its practical enforcement applies to this sweep of central New York country, is a failure of a most pronounced type, to put the case mildly. It promotes disrespect for law, arouses widespread contempt for whatever of dignity may be supposed to belong to it—does this lack of enforcement.

It is not easy to dwell upon this particular phase of game law legislation without thinking that this date of Oct. 15 has been and must continue to be a mistake, as it is used upon the statute books. Either may we consider this date a mistake, or Aug. 16 the date of opening the woodcock and ruffed grouse season a mistake. The opening of the grouse season now finds the birds scarcely two-thirds grown and quite incapable of furnishing the sportsman a genuine measure of sport, and Oct. 15 finds the squirrel supply illegally shot to pieces. Would not a modification of these two extremes prove of greater benefit to the sportsmen in general? Making the opening date on woodcock, grouse, squirrels, hares and rabbits Sept. 15, for example, would confine the law-defier to a square issue. He would have no excuse for going afield in quest of one thing while really in search of another; or for going primarily for the purpose of shooting woodcock or grouse, and secondarily for the purpose of shooting squirrels or rabbits, as opportunity may present itself. This uniform date for opening the season on the various varieties of game, its advocates it would seem justly argue, may be accepted as removing the main incentive to transgress the law.

Certain it is that the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at its approaching convention, should give this matter of game seasons and their dates a careful consideration.

The woodcock supply has been distinctly unsatisfactory so far. The long-continued dry weather has resulted in causing the longbills to forsake their usual haunts, and all attempts to relocate them have been in the main unavailing. This is to be regretted, for, barring the rise of his majesty, the ruffed grouse, what is more inspiring than an October woodcock topping the alders with the glint of the sunshine caressing his plumage?

Grouse in plenty abound in the various well-known covers. Taking Ithaca as a base of operations, good shooting may be had upon these birds at West Danby, Newfield, Spencer Summit and Van Ettenville. A strip of cover something like a mile from the latter hamlet, in the direction of Ithaca, is fairly classed as a famous grouse and rabbit shelter. These places may be reached via the Lehigh Valley R. R. Going north on the Auburn division of the same system, one may profitably stop off at Lake Ridge or at points further north. This lake country should afford some brisk grouse shooting. Over in the land about Mecklenburg, reached from this city by carriage or stage, is usually located a neat little array of grouse, as that enthusiastic and jubilant friend of the FOREST AND STREAM family, Dr. Sears, of Trumansburg, N. Y., will tell you. Over on the Southern Central division of the Lehigh are Harford Mills, Richford and Peruville, inviting grouse centers. Then on the Cortland-Elmira line of the Lehigh comes Brookton, Freeville, East Homer (the home of the famed one armed wing shot, and a wonderfully prolific grouse section, one year with another), Truxton and several other stopping-off places, reaching well along up to picturesque Cazenovia, all of these localities being kindly regarded by the lovers of grouse shooting.

No flight of ducks yet, but Cayuga Lake is said to harbor a fine lot of these waterfowl.

M. CHILL.

MAINE'S ABOUNDING GAME.

I SEND you clipping of the Bangor, Me., *Whig and Courier* of Oct. 15. No one will dispute for a moment that Maine is the greatest State in the Union for big game:

Friday was a great day for game, the record of arrivals here of deer and caribou being double that of any of the fall and equaling any day last year.

The morning train from Greenville brought seven deer and a caribou. The latter was killed in the region around Moosehead Lake by C. M. Comstock, of Montville, Conn., and was the first caribou to be shot in this section of the State this year. W. L Corey and A. N. Merry, of Portland, each had two deer, and W. S. Quimby and F. A. Jennison, of Boston, had two. There were twenty six deer and a caribou on the noon trains which arrived here from Vanceboro and Houlton. Game Commissioner Carleton came down from a business trip up along the line, and left on the afternoon train for home.

From the B. & A. came G. E Stedman, of Oldtown with two deer; J. R. Clifford, of Woodfords, two deer and a caribou; Rev. B C. Wentworth, of Skowhegan, two deer; W. H. Abbott, of Waterville, two; P. E. Rice, of Bangor, one; W. W. Case, of Springfield, Mass., two; W. E. Shedd, H. C. Shedd and I. E. Shedd, of Waltham, Mass., four; F. B. Thompson, of Brooklyn, one, and J. L. Wyckoff, of Holyoke, Mass., two; Messrs. E. W. Anthony and W. B. Stillman, of Boston, came from Katahdin Iron Works with two deer, and M W. Davis, of Skowhegan, had one. Messrs. Geo. W. Kimball and S L. Hutchins, of Union, N. H., had three deer that they had killed in the region around Patten. E. K. Koehler, of New York, had two deer, which were shipped from Masardis.

The evening train from Greenville, brought thirty-one deer and one caribou, and the Houlton train fourteen deer.

Another moose was killed by a B. & A. train on Thursday night between Masardis and St. Croix. This makes three moose which have been killed by the cars during the past ten days.

On Monday thirty-three deer and a bear came to Bangor on the noon train from the Bangor & Aristook Railroad. The forenoon trains brought a number of deer, and the whole shipment for the day numbered about forty deer. A seizure of a box of partridges was made on the noon train from Bar Harbor.

Dr. H. L. Jewell, of Bangor, came down from West Sebois with a buck. Henry Walker, George W. Purinton, J R. Stewart, Jr., Walter Simonds and Geo. D. Pike, of Boston, brought a deer, killed in the region around Ashland. A. C. Musselle, of New York, had two deer from Patten, and G. A Dearborn, of Portland, had one from the station. There was a bear which was killed at Patten, which was going to Swan & Newton, of Boston. H. H Bryant, of Waterville; J. W. Cole, of Boston; W. H. Bryant, of Boston; A. F. Wingate and P. J. Anderson, of Hallowell, each had two deer which were killed at Stacyville.

B Fuller, of Dorchester, had a deer from Stacyville; Wm. Whitney, of Milo, brought down one from Norcross, and D. Cram, of Newport, had a deer from that station.

There were shipped from Schoodic two deer for F. A. Merriman, of Boston; two for W. H. Partridge, of Wellesley, Mass., and two for H. L Haddock, of Roxbury, Mass. Fred Castle and G. L Smith, of New York, were here with three deer, which were killed at Katahdin Iron Works. C. E. Mayers, of Portland, had two deer, which were killed at Norcross. O. D. Severance, of Boston, and Victor Smith, of New York, each had a deer killed in the region around Greenville.

I received a letter yesterday from East Orland, Me., stating that some hunters had a hunt after a large bear at Griggs Pond. They put six dogs on him. He whipped them all, killed one of them and made his escape. Unfortunately the hunters never got a shot at him.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

BOSTON, Oct. 23.—Reports of deer slain in Maine are simply enormous. If these reports are not exaggerated, the number is much greater than a year ago. The greatest number seems to be coming over the Bangor & Aroostook Railway, though the Maine Central is bringing a great many from the Rangeley and Dead River regions. State of Maine hunters are more numerous than ever. Walter Sutton and Dr. Brackett, of Lewiston, have just returned from the vicinity of Machias port, and up the famous Fletcher Brook, where a one-armed game warden was shot by a deer-dogger several years ago, and for which the latter is serving a life sentence in State prison. The hunters got two deer there and two at Second Pond. M. T. Keefe, of Boston, is just out of the Moosehead woods with a big buck deer. Sixteen deer have been killed by local sportsmen in the vicinity of Stratton since the opening of the season. On the Byron farm, near Bragg Corner, two deer have been coming out all summer to feed. These have fallen to local hunters. H. W. Gheeley, of Wintrop, has taken his two deer near Greenville. R. W. Moore, of Boston, has taken two near Sherman. A. Rose, of Boston, has taken his two deer near the Katahdin Iron Works. The last bulletin, at the Food Fair, in the Mechanics Building, records 574 deer over the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, with eight moose, nine caribou and nine bear up to Oct. 21

Mr. Bessee, of Boston, has just returned from a deer hunting trip to Bemis, Me. He was accompanied by his brother, who shot his deer. W. B. Shedd, of Boston, has recently returned from a very successful hunting trip in the vicinity of Mount Katahdin. He was accompanied by his son Irving. The young man shot a buck with "four snags" to his antlers. Together they got four deer, two bucks and two does, and a caribou. They are greatly charmed with Maine hunting.

Mr. C. H. Cook, of Boston, writes me in regard to the hunting trip of two young men, Fred Rydstrom and Harry E. Greenlaw, aged nineteen and twenty, young men in his store. They went in to Lake Moluncus and were gone about ten days. They had no guide and were very successful, each getting two deer and several partridges. They were very much pleased with the place. Each brought home a good-sized buck as a souvenir. This hunting trip is all the more remarkable when it is considered that two boys from a dry goods store, without previous experience, were able to get so much large game. Verily, every hunting region in the world must soon begin to pale before the wilds of Maine.

SPECIAL.

THE MENDOTA CLUB CASE.

MADISON, Wis., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed herewith I send you clipping from local paper relating to a test suit which the Mendota Club has commenced to determine their right, on lands controlled by them. These lands are located across Lake Mendota, one of the lakes on which Madison borders, and the club house and grounds are six miles distant, I shall be pleased to keep you further informed.

ROBT. M. LAMP.

The report reads:

Duck hunters who have been in the habit for some time past of running their boats into the bunches of grass and weeds which abound in the vicinity of the point where the Yahara River glides into Lake Mendota, on the north side of the lake, will await with interest and apprehension the outcome of a suit instituted by the Mendota Club against Otto Anderson, Jr., and John Niebuhr, for trespass on the grounds of the club. The case came up Saturday before Court Commissioner C. E. Buell on an application for an injunction to restrain them from future offenses in this line. On motion of the defendants, the hearing of the case was postponed until Monday, Oct. 25, and a temporary injunction was issued restraining them from trespassing in the precincts of which control is claimed by the club, pending the decision of the suit.

The Mendota Club owns and leases 700 or 800 acres adjoining the outlet of the Yahara, and lying on both sides of the stream. R. E. Replinger is president of the club, J. M. Thorp secretary, others of the twenty members being Hon. R. M. Bashford, A. B. Morris, E. M. Fuller, M. C. Clarke, Jerome D Clarke, F. K. Conover, A. A. Mayers, F. M. Wootton, A. G. Park. The club claims control not only of the solid ground included in the property it owns or leases, but also of the stream itself, for the distance its lands extend on either side, and of what is now a portion of the lake. It is stated that the old shore line, before the erection of a dam at the Robbins & Baltzell mill, was what is now a bar some distance from the border of the shore. After the erection of the dam the low ground inside this bar was flooded for some distance, but the plaintiffs, the club, claim that this fact in no way interferes with their rights, and that they control all the section inside the bar, and extending up the stream to within a short distance from the Brickson bridge, and east and west from the asylum grounds to the Six Mile Creek. Under decisions of the Wisconsin courts, sustained by the United States supreme court, they also claim control of the stream itself, so far as hunting and fishing are concerned, the question of navigability of the stream cutting no figure so far as these rights are concerned.

The club keeps watchmen employed to keep trespassers off their property, but say they have treated them with considerable leniency in the past. Members now say that they propose to enforce their rights.

The complaint in the case alleges that the defendants and other parties have at various times since 1893 gone upon their premises to shoot ducks, and that during the months of September and October, 1896 (when the lake was very low), went upon the dry land on their property for the same purpose; it is further alleged that on Sunday, Oct. 10, they declared to the president and other officers of the club that it was their purpose and intention to go upon the said premises whenever they saw fit, and to engage in shooting and hunting thereon, notwithstanding the warnings and protests of the plaintiff.

Virginia Game Grounds.

SURRY, Va., Oct. 18.—The open season for both deer and turkey is now at hand, and will remain open until '98 (see *Game Laws in Brief*). The past spring and summer were very dry, and in consequence the turkeys were not killed out as they are during the wet seasons, so large flocks of them are abundant this fall. Partridges are also very plentiful, and will be shot this season notwithstanding the law passed by our last Legislature. A test case of the law was recently made, and it was decided that persons owning or controlling lands had the right to shoot during the usual open season. An effort will also be made to shorten the open season, and repeal the present law.

Several deer have been killed already this season, and from all reports there seems to be a plenty of them for all hands to shoot at.

For the information of your readers (as I have read several letters of inquiry), I will give them an estimate of the cost of a trip to this section, and how to reach it. Board and sleeping accommodations can usually be had at some farmer's house for from $1.50 to $2 per day; and let me assure you that while you don't have all the comforts and luxuries of a city home, the farmers do all they can to make you enjoy yourself while with them. They don't want any game hogs or roughs, but gentlemen can always be accommodated. A guide will cost about $1 per day when needed; but as a general thing, the farmer will guide the sportsman and make no charge. The best route here, if you are in a hurry, is to take the New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk Railway, which connects at Old Point Comfort every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday with the Virginia Navigation Co.'s steamer Pocahontas, at 9 o'clock A. M., arriving here about 11:30 A. M. On your way up the river you cross Hampton Roads, made famous by the fight of the Monitor and Merrimac, and pass Newport News, the terminus of the C. & O. Railway, and where the great dry dock and ship-building plant is located.

A. B. G.

A New Hampshire Deer.

BERLIN, N. H., Oct. 21.—In Groveton, N. H., Oct. 15, Mr. John Manning shot and killed a buck deer that weighed 310lbs., and dressed 250lbs. The antlers had a spread of 24in.

T. L. W.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Rod and Gun Club of Massachusetts.

At a recent directors' meeting of the club sixteen applications for membership were presented. The treasurer reported a donation of $23.69 from the members of the Medford Shooting Club, for which the club offers its warmest thanks. The membership of the club (not including the above applications for membership) now numbers ninety-eight, and the treasurer reports the cash on hand $624.06, with no bills outstanding.

We quote from the secretary's report: "The last bulletin was dated March 22, but the secretary (to tell the truth) has been too busy to write bulletins. Every day has counted, however, and the future will be influenced much by the work of the past eight months.

"The whole State east of Worcester has been covered, largely on foot, and correspondents, places to stop at when in the field, and the most notorious poachers in the different towns have been located.

"The beginning of a system of 'underground communication' has been established, and we have already begun to make good use of it, so that we can quickly learn from reliable sources if any of the many poachers begin to get to work, in fact, three notorious ones have gone to work at their trades this summer for the first time in years.

"Several persons, but not many, found with guns in the woods during the summer have been sent home—and they all went.

"We had one complaint, in July, of quail shooting, which was well founded. It proved to be the work of a boy, and out of consideration for his father, a respected citizen of the town, the matter was dropped. The boy will probably do no more shooting out of season.

"In a postscript to the March bulletin, mention was made of illegal trout fishing; also of seining smelts. The club secured conviction in both cases. In the trout-fishing case the man was sent to jail, as he did not see fit to pay $20 fine and costs; and there is also another story connected with the case. He got off easy, and there was no more fishing in that locality until the law went off.

"In the smelt-seining business six persons were interested, and at the trial in Hingham were all convicted, being fined $50 each and costs. They were not satisfied, however, and appealed to the Superior Court in Plymouth, where they had what did (apparently) suit them, viz., $65 each, instead of the $50 at Hingham; and there wasn't a man on the smelt-spawning grounds all the rest of the season except our warden.

"We had hoped to stop the spearing of black bass on their spawning beds during the spring, but were not successful, though not from lack of endeavor. Better fortune next time.

"Several complaints of snaring came with the opening season, and at Burlington Charles A. and George H. Nichols were arrested on Sept. 22. The trial came off Sept. 28 at Woburn, and conviction and fine of $20 each followed. In almost every case there has been an interesting story, and this case was no exception.

"It was hard to have our warden kicking his heels impatiently in the bushes at Burlington waiting for his man to turn up, while the secretary was receiving notes and telephones every day from three other places; but he went as soon as he could to Dighton, and the trial of Everett Horton comes off next Tuesday for snaring. Your warden is now in another locality, and it is not the pleasantest thing in the world to lie in just one clump of bushes from daylight to dark, day after day; but if the snaring of our game can be stopped, it is worth much to us all, and far more than the money it costs to stop the business.

"Every week of the club's existence gives added testimony to the good use we could put another warden. And although the members have done nobly in furnishing money for the work in hand, yet again the secretary would ask the help of all to make our membership 200. With 200 members, the annual subscription of $10 will help give us the services of two wardens all the year, and extra help when needed. There are hundreds of sportsmen who would gladly help on a good work, and we are doing good work, and want to do more and better.

"The prospects for game this season seems more uncertain than usual. In some sections partridges have done well, particularly in portions of Essex, Middlesex and Worcester counties. In portions of the above and in the southern counties, they seem to be unusually scarce. Woodcock are hardly as plentiful as usual, though, of course, the flight birds will not be here for some time yet. Quail have, as a rule, done well, and there ought to be good shooting, particularly on the Cape, from all appearances."

HENRY J. THAYER, Sec'y.

Game Laws and Game Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is a well known fact that the enactment of the laws for the protection of game and fish do not necessarily accomplish such a purpose. On the contrary, they cause great annoyance to the class of our citizens, who are most desirous that the game should be protected. This is always the case when an otherwise good law is not enforced. For example, a law is enacted that partridges, ducks, squirrels etc., shall only be shot between certain dates. The sportsman who wishes to shoot for pleasure in a day's outing respects the law; he does not shoot game for sale, and is interested in conserving the supply, to the end that game shall be plenty. On the other hand, the "pot hunter" and "sooner," who will not hesitate to kill the last bird in a flock or covey, or the last squirrel in the woods, are at it early and late in the close season; and if the law forbidding such shooting is not enforced, it operates to give this scalawag a monopoly of the game, to the great injustice of people who wish to obey the law.

A game law not enforced is much worse than no law at all. It is of no effect for the very purpose for which it was enacted and it is demoralizing to the citizens of any community, who, seeing laws of the State openly violated with impunity, lose in a certain degree respect for all law.

This is now the situation generally in the State of New York. The laws for the protection of public game are good enough, and if they were enforced the game would be amply protected and would increase; but the trouble is that in many localities these laws are constantly violated by certain persons, who have no respect for the laws and are not apprehended or punished for such violation. It is useless to ask citizens to take notice of these matters locally, for they will not spend their time and money and incur the ill-will of the class of persons who violate these laws, in attempting to punish them. The game laws can only be enforced by State officers, who are independent of local influences, particularly local political influences. Unless we can have a largely increased force of game protectors, to thoroughly cover the State, the public game is doomed, and the time is very near when there will be no game in the State, except in private parks.

Let us have sufficient State game protectors to effectively guard every portion of the State, or change the game laws so that they shall only apply to public and private parks. Give decent citizens a fair show, instead of giving the "pot-hunter" and the "sooner" a monopoly of the game.

J. B. A.

My First Prairie Chicken.

LATHAM, Kans., Oct. 6.—It was a perfect frosty morning in October. Overhead the gloriously beautiful blue sky of "Sunny Kansas," underfoot the uncut grass of the prairie, on one side a good shot, in front, King, a setter dog. Suddenly the sharp words "the dog is drawing," and then out from the dead grass came five magnificent full-plumaged birds. A moment more and two of them—one to my companion and one to myself—fell on the sward. Whatever success I attain to in any way I do not expect ever to see a happier, richer moment than when I held in my hand that first chicken, the first one to my gun.

I have been over a good bit of the southern part of this State the past summer. Quail were very plentiful everywhere, especially in Sumner county. I was pitching to the stack one day near here when (you can judge my surprise), on raising a forkfull from a load just brought by the dump-rake, I saw a full-grown, able-bodied quail dart away from among the hay as only a quail can. I suppose she had got tangled in the hay in the windrow. The last quail I shot last season had been wounded previously just forward of the thigh; I should judge by striking against a barbed-wire fence. The wound was stuffed full of small gravel stones. I thought it a good case of bird surgery.

Last spring an acquaintance who had been on a trip down among the cattle ranges along the southern line of the State, spoke of seeing there some birds wholly new to him. They were fairly large, and part of them had long, forked tails. I could not think what they were, but on questioning him closer as to color, we concluded they were the long lost wild pigeon. I will investigate further if I can. PINE TREE.

Golden Plover near Chicago.

WEST PULLMAN, Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I must tell the readers of your paper of a day with golden plover within half a mile of the city limits. While sitting at my window trying to think of something to do I espied my friend Charlie coming with gun in hand and looking like business. I promptly joined him and we had barely passed the city limits when we saw a flock heading our way. I fired at the leader, missed, but scored one bird with left barrel. We marked them down, and one of us circled around them; they flushed, Charlie scoring one with first and two with the second barrel.

We got several stragglers and had just made up our mind to return home when a large flock was seen coming our way. They alighted some distance from us. Vick, another friend, who was with us but had no gun, circled around them and flushed, driving them straight toward us. I waited until they were well within range and scored three with first barrel and two with second, Charlie bringing one to bag at long range, a splendid shot. Total for the day: Charlie eleven plover and one rabbit, myself ten; a fair bag in this section, and enough for anyone. We shall try them again in the near future as they seem to be plenty.

Ducks are quite numerous on the Calumet marsh, but the army of shooters gives them little rest. The almost worthless mudhen is killed by the hundreds, especially on Sundays.

GUY H. STODDARD.

Rhode Island Gales and Ducks.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The late northerly and easterly gales which have prevailed during the past week or more have proved quite a blessing to the sportsmen along our southern shores, as it drove large flocks of ducks and other game inland and several good bags were secured in the district of Narragansett. Among the fortunate gunners was John Gardiner who in a few hours knocked over fourteen widgeons, besides other varieties of game.

The fishermen at Narragansett Pier are just now being favored with a phenomenally large run of bass and sea trout, and hauls of from 2,000 to 3,000lbs. of these fish are said to have recently been made.

Visiting hunters from this vicinity to the woods of Maine have been very numerous this fall. Those who have returned report satisfactory sport.

W. H. M.

Bears in Vermont.

MILTON, Vt.—Several of our Vermont deer hunters have met unexpectedly with bruin on their hunts and have killed some large specimens. The region known as Camel's Hump abounds with bears, which are fast reducing the farmers in that vicinity to a state of despair by their depredations on the flocks, one farmer having lost over fifty sheep. A party of eight returned here last week from the western part of Maine bringing eight deer, only one having horns. They reported deer very plentiful.

KENEWAH.

The Mongolian Pheasant in Texas.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have just organized the Grayson County Pheasantry and Game Protective Association at this place with forty charter members, and we intend to see that the game laws are not violated. We have also ordered sixty-eight Mongolian pheasants, which, with what we have, will give us seventy-five to start from. We expect by March, 1899 to be able to stock all the northern part of the county and a few in the territory.

LEVI LINGO.

North Carolina Game.

THURMAN, N. C.—I have just returned from hunting. It resulted in very good luck. I found all the squirrels you are looking for, and in my journey I saw all the quail a man wants, but the law is not off of them until Nov. 15. There is an abundance of fish in Neuse River, trout and others; people are catching all they want. I often see lots of turkeys in traveling through the woods; I think there are more than ever before: in fact the season has been in favor for them.

J. S. H.

DEATH OF DAVID FOLSOM.

DAVID FOLSOM, president of the H. & D. Folsom Arms Co., died at his home in this city on Wednesday, of last week, Oct. 21. Mr. Folsom had been out of health for some time, but his last illness was of short duration, and the news of his death came as a great surprise and shock to his host of friends.

Mr. Folsom was born in Auburn, N. H., fifty-six years ago, his father being John Folsom of that place. He was educated at Dartmouth College, and in 1861, immediately on leaving college, went to St. Louis to join his brother, Henry Folsom, who had established a business for the manufacture of arms a year previously. The firm was known as the H. & D. Folsom Arms Company. At different periods it had branches in Chicago, Memphis, New Orleans and New York. At present it has two establishments, one in this city and the other in New Orleans. It has been chiefly engaged in the manufacture of rifles for sporting purposes. Henry Folsom died about six years ago, and his son, Henry T. Folsom, took his place in the firm. David Folsom came to this city to conduct the affairs of the company more than twenty years ago. He was a man of many friendships, and held a high place in the esteem of the business community. At a special meeting of the New York Gun and Sporting Goods Trade, called Oct. 21, 1897, to do honor to the memory, of Mr. Folsom, the following resolution was passed:

Inasmuch as it has been the Divine will to remove from us our esteemed associate, DAVID FOLSOM, with whom our constant intercourse for fully a generation, had ripened acquaintance into a deep and lasting friendship;

Therefore, We desire to give expression to our sorrow, and to make record of the worthy name he has left among us.

His honorable career was recognized and deeply valued—courteous, straightforward and high-minded. His sterling character and upright example are a goodly heritage.

Resolved, That this expression of our sorrow be conveyed to the bereaved family, and that it be duly published.

Ducks on Long Island.

THE ducks have made their appearance in goodly numbers in the Great South Bay and other Long Island waters, and shooting is now to be had at many places convenient to New York city. We shall be glad to give inquirers specific information about desirable points to visit.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

LIX.—Prof. James W. Milner.

Fly-Fishing for Shad.

It's away back, almost a quarter of a century. I find that I am beginning to date things by fractions of centuries, a rather inexact but ponderous way of writing, which merely shows that I would write ponderously, if I could; but it was in 1873, or a year later, that Prof. Baird wanted me to help in the shad hatching, and I was to report to Mr. James W. Milner at Castleton, on the Hudson River, about ten miles below Albany. At the time Mr. Milner's fame had not reached me, and all the way down from Rochester, N. Y., I was wondering what manner of man he might be. Not that it mattered much, but a man's thought would naturally meander in that direction. When I reached Albany I had him figured up. He was sure to be a tall, slim young student who had studied fishculture in some college, and would of course make himself as disagreeable as possible to a practical man who was so unfortunate as to be under his orders. I would keep "a stiff upper lip," however that is done, and obey orders like a soldier, and if he did not know his business it was none of my affair.

At Castleton I was told that Mr. Milner had gone to interview some shad netters, but would be back soon. "There comes his boat now," said a man, and I saw the party land and go to the hotel. I recognized Milner at once, just the man I had fancied—tall, dark, and suffering from a complication of youth and importance. I introduced myself and presented my letter. He read it and said: "Oh, I'm not Milner; this is he." As the real Milner arose and grasped my hand I beheld a short, pleasant faced man of about thirty-three years, who was not in the least the man of my imagination. I was disappointed. Conscious of my own fishcultural ability, based on experience, I was prepared to serve under this man and obey his orders, only this and nothing more. I had disliked in advance without reason; but we do many things in that way. We were friends before we had known each other ten minutes, and nothing ever occured to break that friendship.

That year all the shad hatching was done at "Camp Green," on the west bank of the Hudson, some dozen miles below Albany, and in connection with the State work, which was under the immediate charge of Mr. Monroe A. Green. I went out with shad fry in cans or stayed in camp to help take eggs and hatch, as Milner ordered and the new work grew, for it was the first shad work of the U. S. F. C., and all was new to Milner and others, except to me and the State men; for I had been engaged with the latter the year before. Seth Green, the State superintendent, came down and had a dispute with his brother about hauling on certain tides and Milner referred to me. Seth had great prestige, based mainly on newspaper fame, but his brother had more practical knowledge, and I knew that he was right in saying that we could not make four hauls on a tide, and that we could not keep male shad penned up in the nets for four hours. Our first hauls were mostly of male shad, while the last haul of the tide often brought us many ripe females with many thousands of eggs, but not a "buck" to impregnate them with. A few nights with the netters was enough to show that we were right and Seth went off in a huff.

The next year we operated awhile on the Hudson and then, as the shad season opened on the Connecticut River, we shifted our quarters to South Hadley Falls, opposite Holyoke, Mass., and obtained more eggs. We were kept on the jump running young shad to Western rivers or at work with the hatching boxes, for we only knew the floating boxes then. There were Dr. T. H. Bean, Frank N. Clark, Orin Chase, and others, who have attained more or less fame, and we were kept on the go. It was early in June,

and my assistant, Charles F. Bell, whom I sketched in FOREST AND STREAM of March 6, and I had just returned from a long trip to Des Moines, Ia., and Milner proposed to send us out again that night. In those days we took from ten to fifteen cans, according to the length of the trip, in baggage cars, and one or both the men were busy all the time aerating the water, according to the temperature and other conditions, and when a rapid change of roads was to be made we took three cans, one between us and one in the outside hand and rushed them, often 100yds., to the next baggage car. As the cans held ten gallons of water, which, with the can, weighed about 80lbs., this was vigorous exercise. Therefore, when I said: "Mr. Milner, I don't want to go out to-night and I wish you would hire a man to go on a short trip with Bell, and I'll lay over until he comes back," he looked surprised.

"Please don't think that I'm kicking against being taken from the hatching work to jackass shad all over the continent, because I'm not. The jackassing of shad is part of the work of the fishculturist, and with as good an assistant as Bell, who is willing to do most of the work, and I am willing to accommodate him, we get along finely, but this time——"

"See here," said he, "I must interrupt you to object to the verb you use to describe the transportation of shad fry. Our efforts to make shad grow in waters where none grew before entitle us to be ranked with those benefactors of the human race who make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, and it seems that you are belittling your profession when you speak of the distribution of shad fry to distant waters as 'jackassing' them."

"Professor," said I, "from your point of view you are right, but if you will go out with me once and help grab three cans and run 500ft. with them at Albany, some more feet at Niagara Falls, a dozen rods at Detroit, and several more rods, perches and poles at the different stations where changes are made, you will begin to feel that you are really 'jackassing' shad, especially if you have lost a coat in one car, a hat in another, not to mention luncheons which went away on trains before you could get back to rescue them."

"That may be so," replied Mr. Milner, "yet I would not like to have your name for transporting shad become popular with the men." I had partly forgotten this incident until I visited the New York Aquarium a few weeks ago, and Dr. Bean recalled it, for the men got it.

I owe much to Prof. Milner for starting me right when I tried to get a knowledge of the first principles of ichthyology. When I bought a farm to raise trout on, I was an angler of more or less knowledge, and knew some fishes by sight just as the ordinary angler does, *i. e.*, I could distinguish a shad from a herring if adult, or a trout from a salmon, but could not tell another person how to do it; and I was staggered when Dr. Theodore Gill, the ichthyologist of the Smithsonian Institute, and of the U. S. Fish Commission, which were then under one head, said to me: "Mr. Mather, have you ever noticed any variation in the teeth on the vomer of trout?"

Just what a vomer might be I had not the slightest knowledge, for I met the name then for the first time, and I could, with the utmost confidence, assure Dr. Gill that I had never noticed any such variation as he had named. He then went on talking about the number of rays in the anal fins of the Pacific and Atlantic salmons, and I was in a mental fog as thick as ever gathered on the Banks of Newfoundland. A dictionary told me that a "vomer" was Latin for a plowshare, and that in anatomy there is a bone in the roof of the mouth which separates the nostrils, and is so called because it resembles that agricultural implement. I put my tongue in the roof of my mouth and felt the bone, opened the mouth of a trout and saw the teeth on that bone, not only on the vomer, but on the "crest," which crosses it in front. And thus ended my first lesson in the anatomy of fishes. I had learned enough to prove that I was densely ignorant. I would study. I would buy books, and I bought Frank Forester's "Fish and Fishing" and started in to learn all about the different black basses. There were half a dozen species described, and I fished and compared my fish with the descriptions until I was sure that I had not the mental capacity to understand and to identify them.

After Milner and I had reached the confidential stage of friendliness, I related all this, and he lifted a load from a befogged mind and restored confidence in its workings when he said: "Frank Forester was an Englishman of great literary ability, who was an up-to-date man in all that related to dogs and shooting. He may have known much of English fishes, but his American book on fishing was a mere literary rehash of English fishing books. He was a sportsman, pure and simple; but, after the fashion of his day, he thought it necessary to inject some fish lore in his book, and he took De Kay's 'Fishes of New York,' which was printed by the State in 1842, and followed it. De Kay's work was a grand one in its day, when little attention was paid to the study of fishes and reptiles by people who were not enthusiastic naturalists, and in your case the blind has been led by the blind. Get Gill's monograph on the black basses, where he reduces all the species to two, and you will have no trouble in identifying any black bass which comes to your hook." I di so, and all was clear; there was no more trying to decide which one of six was caught; it was only one of two plainly marked and easily-defined species. Then it was plain that the lack of capacity was not in the scholar, but wholly in the teacher. Gill's question showed me how ignorant I was, and Milner put me in the way of learning.

Once Milner said to me: "You are beginning at the wrong end to study. Drop all books on fishes, and buy Owen's 'Anatomy of Vertebrates,' Huxley's 'Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals,' and get a smattering of the principles on which all vertebrates are constructed and how the different classes have their skeletons modified to suit their environment."

"Are they all built on one general plan?"

"Yes, the skeleton of a frog differs little from yours, but there are so-called higher animals, mammals, like the whale, porpoise and seal, which differ much more; they have the same single bone in the upper arm, the two in the lower arm, the wrist and finger bones modified into fins, or in the sea turtle into flippers."

Thus was my study of fishes begun when I was forty years old, too old to ever more than catch up with the rear guard; but it was worth the study to know what the skirmishers were firing at, and a new world with new pleasures was opened.

Once a young reporter came to our shad hatching camp. Mr. Milner was absent and he interviewed me. A week passed and I had forgotten the incident when Mr. Milner produced a newspaper and said: "That is evidently your work, but while I appreciate the fun in it I don't think it reflects credit on the Fish Commission, and I wish you would not do it again."

I had only to read one paragraph to see that the editor had not vised the young man's notes. It said: "Shad fry are to be sent from the Connecticut to Brazil to stock the waters there. Gen. Cantharides, who made the Spanish fly from Brazil, came on the Peruvian bark Calisaya to take a shipment of fry on the return voyage. The bark had a deck-load of oil in bulk which shifted in a heavy sea and bent the hawse-pipes, and the vessel was disabled. Com. Belay, of the Swiss man-of-war Alpenstock, is to sail for Rio de Janeiro to-morrow, and has kindly offered to take the fish in order to help on the good work. The commodore's interest in the transportation of these young fish is so great that he has ordered fifty tons of ballast taken out lest the vessel should be top heavy. A Holyoke firm will also send the first consignment of artesian wells to Brazil by the Alpenstock, and no doubt further orders will follow."

"Now, I ask you in all seriousness if you think it proper to stuff a reporter like that?"

"My dear Mr. Milner," said I, "there was no stuffing about it. He took it as he would have taken in a strawberry short-cake. His innocence invited it and put temptation in my way. I'm not going through this world to keep up a struggle against temptation when it is so much easier to yield to it. That young man was a tempter, as much so as the original serpent was, and he led me astray."

Once I returned to Holyoke after a long trip to Des Moines, which I started to tell about and then ran off the track. "What do you want to stop over here for?" asked Mr. Milner.

"I'll answer by asking you a question. You've seen 'em taking shad with a fly every night from boats and even from the bridge, haven't you?"

"Yes, and you want to stop over to try and take a shad on a fly?"

"Not hard to guess, but that's the case. I've watched when I've been at work taking eggs, and although stories of fly-fishing for shad floated around our camp on the Hudson, they were not believed. Here we see it done every evening, and I want to try it." He wanted to do the same, and we sent out Bell in my place, with a green assistant.

There were shad in the Connecticut in those days, and they ascended the river in great numbers as far as the great dam of the Holyoke Water Power Co. Massachusetts and Connecticut quarreled about the taking of all the fish by the fishermen near the mouth of the river; the hatching was stopped, and the once famed Connecticut River shad have almost reached the point of scarcity accorded to angels' visits and hens' teeth. But that's another story.

Thomas Chalmers lived at South Hadley Falls, and was not only an expert shad angler but devised and made flies for the express purpose of alluring the succulent shad from the clear water of the river to the clear coal fire beneath the grill, where it was afterward made acquainted with creamery butter and the juice of the lemon. I had talked with Chalmers, at odd times, and had intimated that one shad taken by hand would be worth hundreds from the net. I could stop over and so despatched a boy with a note to Chalmers; and, to insure a prompt reply, showed him a half dollar which might become a portion of his assets if he returned with an answer within an hour. He won the coin, and Mr. Chalmers would have boat, rods, reels, flies, landing-net and all complete to entice the shad from its fluvial haunts.

From our place of observation, on a low point something like 200yds. below the bridge, we could see the shad angling going on while the fishermen were hauling the seine for us to get spawning fish. While they were hauling we were busy in getting the hatching boxes in place, washing spawning pans, etc., and there was not much to be seen. But when we were "on the road" we could watch the fishing while the shad fry were put up in cans for us and we had nothing to do until the wagons delivered the cans at the railroad, after 10 P. M. At such times we would watch the men and boys who fished from the bridge. As I remember it the bridge was about 30ft. high. Long hand-lines would be let down the river, and when a fish was hooked it would be landed on the *debris* at the foot of a pier and left to flop until dead, and then it was cautiously hauled up, for the dead fish was not apt to tear loose. It was interesting, but was not just the thing for us who were not suffering for shad on the table, but did hope to fight one on rod and reel. Just what the men in the boats were doing we could not see, but I have seen as high as fifty shad taken on the artificial fly in one evening from the bridge between Holyoke and South Hadley Falls. This statement is deliberately made because there has been so much skepticism about taking shad with the fly. Why it can't be done at other places is a question.

As we settled ourselves in the boat Milner said: "Mr. Chalmers, what is your theory about shad taking the fly here in such numbers, when they not only refuse it but decline all lures in other places? We know that they sometimes take a bait in other rivers, but it seems to be accidental. Many have been taken with worm bait from the long bridge across the Potomac at Washington, but not enough to induce men to angle for them as they do here."

"Well," said Chalmers, "I don't know. There are men who think that the shad try to surmount the dam until they get discouraged and then drop back below the rapids, where they gather in such numbers that in the act of breathing they take in the fly and are hooked."

"That theory is plausible," I remarked, "for the shad, like the salmon and other anadromous fishes, takes no food in fresh water, and we usually find their stomachs empty. Mr. Milner will remember that I called him from his tent very early one morning to examine the stomach of a shad which the men were cleaning for breakfast, and which was stuffed full. He put the contents of that stomach under the microscope in a hundred or more small lots and found nothing but rotten wood, and his theory was that this gravid fish, for it was a female, had an abnormal appetite, and had filled up on what was most convenient."

"Tell me how you come to fish for shad with a fly," said Mr. Milner.

"I opened a lot of stomachs of shad," said Chalmers, "and found in them a kind of miller which is only seen here about sundown, and I made a fly after it, and in 1871 I took over 1,000 shad with it. Of course, the marketing of so many shad by a man who had no nets attracted attention and they soon found me out, and that's the whole story."

"Chalmers," said I, "this fly-fishing for shad is unique. See the duffers on the bridge using hand lines 200ft. long with a fly on the end of it. It beats all my goin' a-fishin', and knocks out all my notions of fly-fishing. I've been used to casting a fly and watching it drop on the water somewhere in the vicinity of a trout's residence; but to lower a hand-line from a bridge and let a fly drift down among the fish—the seine seems to offer as much sport."

"That's all right," he replied, "but wait until you get a shad on a rod, maybe you'll find the difference."

There was no use in casting the fly, so we let it drift down and waited. Chalmers got a strike, and the fish went away gently as compared to the rush of a trout, and it was as gently checked, but the fight seemed tame as he reeled in and landed a 4lb. fish. Chalmers said, "They fight harder than you think they do." Then I had a strike, and with trouting instinct I struck and tore the hook loose. As I reeled in to see if the fly was still there, Chalmers said: "Fred tore the hook out of that shad's mouth. If you get a strike, Professor, just—" and Milner's rod bent and his reel sang as the morning stars may have done, although I don't remember hearing them. He checked the fish easily, reeled it in carefully and landed it. "There," said he, "that's the way to do it."

I was moved to ask: "Did either of you gentlemen ever use a fly for trout?"

"Never," said Milner, "I've used all kinds of bait for fresh-water fishes, but this is the first time that I ever fished with a fly or with a reel."

"I've taken trout with a fly," said Chalmers, who was a Scotchman, "but I had to learn not to strike when I found out that the shad, with its tender mouth, could be taken with the fly."

Soon I felt something like a nibble, such as bait-fishers get from minnows and other small fish; if, thought I, a fish will nibble and taste twice of a compound of hook, feathers and wool, all right. Then came a rush which made the reel sing, and I followed precedent and checked the fish slowly until it was safe to reel in, and by careful attention to its rushes and by yielding to them, I boated a 6lb. shad. We took several shad that night, and it was an experience that is not likely to be repeated by anglers of to-day. We were too busy in hatching and rushing out shad fry to repeat the fishing. A few shad were taken by men in the daytime, but about sundown seemed to be the favorite time.

Prof. Milner was born in Kingston, Ont., in January, 1841, and his parents moved to Chicago five years later. At the breaking out of the war he was in the university at Evanston and enlisted as a private in Battery A, 1st Illinois Light Artillery, and was never absent from his company during his three years of service. While a boy his intense study brought on nervous spasms, and these returned when he again began to study and work in the Chicago Post Office, and his father bought a farm near Waukegan, Ill., on his account. His work in natural history attracted the attention of Prof. Baird, who called him to Washington to help in the work of fishculture. He mapped the currents of Lake Michigan and studied the food and habits of the whitefish. Exposure to wet and cold in his enthusiasm sapped his vitality, and in 1879 he sought Colorado; but too late. In October he was taken back to Waukegan, where he died on Jan. 6, 1880, leaving a wife and two children.

Last March I wrote sketches of Mr. Almy and Pete, down on the Tangipahoa River, in Louisiana, where I was collecting the fishes of that region for Prof. Baird. There were two ten-gallon kegs and a box of them, and Mr. Milner was anxious to see the fish; so we went down into the basement of the Smithsonian Institution to give them a preliminary sorting, picking out those which we could readily classify and separating them. The South has many members of the sunfish tribe and the half-grown ones are often hard to place. He held a fish in his left hand and was talking about it, when one of the workmen said: "Mr. Milner, there's a snake for you in that box."

"Is there? What kind of a snake is it?" and he pushed the cover from the box and took hold of the snake, all the time looking at the fish and saying: "I think we'll have to lay this one aside for closer examination."

My heart was in my throat, for I saw what was in his other hand and I dared not speak. The snake coiled about his warm bare arm and seemed to like it. Finally, it seemed a very long time, he laid the fish down, and turned to look at his other prize. His eyes opened wide, he moved his hand slowly into the box, and as slowly let go the snake, removed his hand and replaced the cover. "Phew! Copperhead!" he said, "but what's the matter, you are pale as a ghost?"

"Yes, and I was pale long before you saw what you had in your hand. I held my breath until I was faint. I knew that if I alarmed you there was danger. I've often heard that no one ever recovered from the bite of a copperhead, or cotton mouth, as they call them down South.'

"Yes they have, but they are the most dangerous of our snakes because they give no warning, and it doesn't do to fool with them; but I did not alarm the fellow, and it liked my warm arm. A sudden move would have invited attack."

"Well," said I, "it's more than doubtful if I could have been so cool under the same circumstances."

"Oh, yes, you would, that's nothing."

"Just like him," said a man of his Battery, to whom I told the story some years ago, "he was as nervy a little man as you ever saw. Before Atlanta he stood at his post until there were hardly enough men in his battery to work a single gun. After the disastrous charge of the forlorn hope at Vicksburg, he was one of the volunteers to undertake the rescue of the wounded, a work of great fatigue and peril. He was offered a commission several times but declined it, saying he could serve just as well as a private. Oh, I tell you, it would take more than one snake to scare James W. Milner." And I believe he was right.

FRED MATHER.

The Albino Bullhead.

KEESEVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 21.—I noticed in your valuable paper of Oct. 23 about an albino bullhead being caught and on exhibition at Port Henry, N. Y. Allow me to correct the mistake. The albino bullhead was caught in Lake Champlain, near the mouth of the Au Sable River, about three miles from Keeseville. Mr. D. Burton and myself were fishing out of a boat with hook and line. Burton caught the albino fish, and I have it now on exhibition in the clothing store window of J. N. Atwood, Keeseville. There are a great many old fishermen here, and they all say they never saw anything of the kind before.

The fish is very pretty, which is saying a great deal for a bullhead; it is a golden white in color all over, and is as healthy and lively as a fish can be. EDW. MCALOON.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

AMID MICHIGAN PINES.

It was hot; it was dusty; it was noisy, and the city reeked of turmoil. The air staggered with its burden of smoke. Being two of the fortunate ones who can go away under such circumstances, the Cynic and I found ourselves ensconced one evening in the Pullman of a St. Paul train bound for Pembina Junction, Mich., where we were to change cars for Manistique. Morning found us at the junction, and by afternoon we were at Manistique, where we were met by Abe Hughes, one of the salt of the earth. From here one hour's trip over the Manistique & Northwestern R. R. brought us to the lumber pull-up on the Indian River, and then a four-mile drive through the woods ended at Hughes's Ranch.

Nestling snugly down in the heart of the woods, with the little clearing behind it and the sparkling lake at the foot of the slope in front, Abe Hughes's cosy little cabin smiles a cheering welcome to the weary city man whose good fourtune may have guided him to this most lovely of places.

We arrived there dusty and tired one beautirul evening in July, when the setting sun was tinging the surrounding treetops with a brilliant crimson. The lake scintillated in the soft reflected glow, each tiny wavelet reaching up to be kissed by it, and sinking back a sparkling gem. The dogs barked a noisy welcome as the tired horses stretched their necks down and sniffed the cool air, and from the picturesque log cabin at the top of the rise came the joyous sound of supper preparations. The whole presented a picture that will be ever dear to us, so peaceful, so full of beauty and promise of grand sport to come; and in this promise we were not deceived.

A few days after our arrival our chuck came in, tents, boats and grub, all in good shape, and a day later found us preparing to leave the hospitable environs of Hughes's ranch and strike into the forests and Land of the Lakes to the north. Abe's splendid team was requisitioned. With heavily loaded wagon and with Mrs. Abe's hearty "good-by" ringing out cheerfully, we started. A long drive it is, through the woods, and slow work, too, as here and there a tree is down, and the long unused "road" is rough and crooked, but the early afternoon found us eating our luncheon on the shores of Island Lake, a beautiful sheet of water in which are two good-sized islands. Here the woods are mostly red pine, with a sprinkling of hemlock and birch, and the ground is covered with the dry needles. We parted with Abe, much to our regret, as a better woodsman than he never raised a rifle or swung an axe. Deer signs were plenty, and the cry of the ever elusive loon mocked at us from the waters.

We made a quick portage with the canoe, crossing two other lakes to inspect the proposed camping ground. The day was warm, but a fresh breeze was blowing across the water, and as we sped silently along, the waves splashing against the bow, we felt as if we had reached freedom at last. No tedious clang of trolley car was here; no newsboy's piercing yell; no turmoil of the city's life—only the vast, silent life of the forest and the great, mysterious sighing of the breeze among the trees. Here and there a bass, fierce in the search for his prey, jumped clear of the water, and the splash sounded loud in the stillness. Across the lake two deer were nibbling at the grass and moss along the water's edge, every now and then casting suspicious glances in our direction.

We found the predetermined camping spot, and agreed that it was exactly the thing. Then commenced the labor of porting our chuck over, and by nightfall we were sitting by the fire eating supper, and enjoying to the full all the sweet sense of rest and quiet about us.

In this camp and its immediate vicinity, we spent four as delightful weeks as ever it has been my good fortune to know. All through our stay the bass were biting splendidly, and we never wanted for a good meal. In Island Lake the fishing was not so good. Here the pickerel monopolize things, and, while not as good eating as the bass, still they are very palatable. In this immediate region are five good lakes, all splendid fishing grounds, mostly clear of weeds, and all surrounded by magnificent woods.

Each day, as the sun was sending his rays slantingly across the water, the wary deer would "come in" and wade along the shores where their feeding grounds were. Just as we were breaking camp the ducks commenced to fly, and it was with deep regret that we realized we were leaving at the best time of the year.

We returned to Abe's—what a sweet sound the name has to those who know all that it stands for—and settled down for a few days more of happiness before we should return. But each day was so fruitful of enjoyment, that it promised even more for the morrow. Mrs. Abe's cooking was so enticing, the game was so plentiful and the fishing so excellent, that to leave seemed absolute sacrilege.

Hughes's cabin and clearing are situated in the center of a circle of lakes, to all of which are good trails and on all of which are boats. He and his wife have that happy faculty of being able to accommodate all that come in such a glorious way that once a guest of theirs one is sure to be again. Tell Abe what you want and he will show you where and how to get it. Near to his home are two good trout streams. Partridges nestle and brood on the shores of the neighboring lakes, and the deer tracks mingle with those of the mink and marten.

Big Bass Lake is a famous duck field, and here, too, the bass run well up to the 5 and 8lb mark, and the broad expanse of water furnishes a splendid sailing course for those nautically inclined.

The time slipped by so delightfully that a day's span seemed but an hour, and, ere we realized it, the moment had come when we must bid farewell to Abe and the good friends who had been so kind to us. Back we went to the "pull-up" on the river; from there to Manistique, and thence to Pembina, where connection is made with the C., M. & St. P. south-bound train; and that night the car wheels sang a requiem over the memory of the seven delightful weeks we had spent among the pines and the game. To the readers of Forest and Stream, to the true sportsmen and to the lover of nature, I can only say: "Go thou and do likewise."

F. B. Dickinson.

A Large Wall-Eyed Pike.

Bellevue, Ia., Oct. 18.—A wall-eyed pike weighing 6lbs. and 14oz. was captured yesterday afternoon at the south Government dam at this city, Charles Hyler being the lucky sportsman. The weight is vouched for by reliable witnesses, and the fish is the largest of its kind taken with hook and line here for several years.

Clarke Helme Loomis.

Poison in a Fish Hatchery.

Rutland, Vt., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The *Herald* of to-day reports the poisoning of fish in the hatchery of Mr. Silas L. Griffith, at Mt. Tabor, Vt.: "Thomas McMinn, who has charge of the hatchery, discovered early Saturday morning that during the night some one had poured 20 or 30lbs. of Paris green into the bulkhead of the stream which supplies the fish tanks with water. The stream was immediately cut off and an effort was made to save the fish in the tanks. There is a viaduct 100 rods long leading from a small mountain stream to the breeding tanks. Above the bulkhead the viaduct is uncovered and here the Paris green was dumped into the water. An overflow at the bulkhead carries water back into the stream, and a quantity of the poison had been washed into the stream, where four families obtained drinking water. These families were promptly notified of the danger.

"There are sixteen breeding tanks arranged in line between the viaduct and a small pond. The first of these tanks, of which seven were filled with trout, contained sixty-two fine specimens selected for breeding purposes. They ranged in weight from 2lbs. to 5lbs. All were dead but twelve when Mr. McMinn got there Saturday morning. These twelve were transferred to the pond. The second tank contained 500 ½lb. trout. The third tank contained 500 ¾lb. trout. In the fourth tank were 150 trout weighing from ¾lb. to 1lb. There were 1,500 smaller trout in the remaining tanks.

"The Paris green had been floating through these tanks into the pond for several hours, and the hope of saving the 2,700 trout was very slight. They were placed in the pond, however, and during Saturday and yesterday dead fish could be seen on the bottom of the pond. The poisoner could not reach the tanks containing about 10,000 fry and fingerlings, as they are supplied with water from another source. Mr. McMinn said Saturday that he had planned to begin this week to place 200,000 eggs in the hatchery. The latter had been enlarged and refitted, and as the breeding tanks contained a fine lot of fish, he was looking forward to a large crop of fry.

"It is understood that a large reward will be offered for the arrest and conviction of the parties who poisoned the trout, but Mount Tabor and Danby folks do not need any incentive to turn themselves into detectives. There is great excitement and indignation over the outrage. Mr. Griffith recently gave 5,000 fry to John W. Titcomb, president of the Fish and Game Commission, to be placed in the streams of the State, and he was planning to put trout into Otter Creek. This crime of poisoning trout, therefore, is an offense of more than local importance."

If the fish were poisoned as alleged, it was a cowardly and dastardly act, notwithstanding that something of the kind is to be reasonably expected from the condition of public sentiment in the community, it being there understood and believed that the fish were both captured and held by Mr. Griffith in violation of the laws of this State.

The inquiry I wish to make, however, in this connection is as to the effect of Paris green upon the fish when placed in running water, as this appears to have been from the article referred to. If you can give me any information upon the subject, or direct my attention to some source from which it can be obtained, it will be thankfully received.

Mc.

[There is no doubt that Paris green will kill fish if put into the water in sufficient amount.]

Mash-Kinoje and Winin-iche.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On page 330 Forest and Stream, Oct. 23, Mr. A. N. Cheney insists that he is going to continue to spell "mascalonge" that way. Now, I read Mr. Cheney's contributions religiously every week in the belief that he would "rather be right than President," and I would like to have him stop and listen just a minute. In the Ojibwa language "mash" means "strong," and "kinôje" means "pike." "Mash-kinôje" is the name that my Ojibwa guides have always applied to the *Esox nobilior* in my presence. They may call it all sorts of other names when my back is turned.

Concerning *Salmo salar* var. Sebago, Mr. Chambers has pretty well established the name "ouananiche," but the fish lives in a Montagnais Indian country and in Montagnais language "winin" means 'fat" and "iche" is a diminutive termination. "Winin-iche" signifies anything lean, and the salmon in question is certainly lank, if not lean, in comparison with other members of the *Salmonidæ*. I find it difficult to accept the nomenclature "ouananiche" of uncertain origin, when "winin-iche" is straight Indian.

Robert T. Morris.

New York.

Cayuga Lake Fishing.

Ithaca, N. Y., Oct. 22.—Some very satisfactory bass fishing has lately been enjoyed along the east shore of Cayuga Lake in the vicinity of the Esty Lookout. An October day, soft and sunshiny, passed at this point with its delightfully pleasant off-shore picture of rugged declivities and magnificent reaches of color in which the mellow tan of the hickories serve but to heighten the radiant crimson of the oaks, even if one were to return with an empty creel, is worthy of being cherished as one of the fine experiences of life. There is the slop of the waves against the boat, the occasional roar and rumpus of a passing train, twisting, snake-like, along at the water's edge, the harsh challenge of a crow afar off, the gracious canopy of blue above—never so deeply, richly blue as in October—the wavering haze of a typical Indian summer day tenanting the landscape, and—yes, there is the blithesome bass tugging at one's line in the buoyant waters.

No large bass have been taken, but they have furnished plenty of pleasure in the taking. Although the brethren of the angle, including that esteemed member, Mr. A. N. Cheney, may not sanction the use of common earthworms as bass bait, this has for days on these waters proved the most effective lure.

Reports have reached me from Union Springs, Kidder's Ferry and points further north, reporting some decidedly pleasurable bass, pickerel and pike angling. Good bass fishing may be expected to continue until cold weather virtually freezes the angler off from the water.

During the season of '96, fishermen at this end of the lake banked heavily upon the enormous supply of carp that was to develop in the waters hereabouts the present year. But, unexpectedly, the carp failed to put in an appearance. There is but small question of their presence in the head waters of the lake, but so far they have refused to take the most appetizing bait, as a rule. Many reasons have been advanced in explanation of the season which furnishes no carp to the carp-hungry, but the general sentiment seems to be that it is simply an off year with these mud-wallowers, and that next year the prince and the plebeian may alike daily dine on carp.

M. Chill.

Judge Guild's Rug.

Judge W. B. Guild, of Newark, who owns a handsome summer home at Avon, N. J., and is one of the best known amateur fishermen on the coast, recently caught a valuable Oriental rug valued at $100 while fishing near Belmar. The rug had evidently been lost overboard from a steamer. The Judge has had it cleaned. He has refused $50 for the catch.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 8.—Rhode Island Poultry Association's show, Pawtuxet, R. I.
Nov. 23.—Metropolitan Kennel Club's second annual show, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 2.—Hoosier Beagle Club's inaugural trials, Indiana.
Nov. 8.—Missouri and Illinois Fox-Hunters' Club's ninth annual meet, Salem, Mo.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Rice's Landing, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 10.—Western Massachusetts Fox Club's meet, Westfield, Mass.
Nov. 15.—National Fox Hunters' Association's fourth annual trials, Cynthiana, Ky.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 29.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Dec. 6.—Texas Fox-Hunters' Association's meet, Hinson Springs, Tex.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.
Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal.
Jan. 24.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Tupelo, Miss.
Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala.

FIELD TRIALS OF THE BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB.

The Brunswick Fur Club held its ninth annual field trials at Barre, Mass., Oct. 19-22. This club was the first to hold trials for foxhounds, and from a small beginning the meets have grown in importance each year, till they have become one of the most interesting events of the hunting season to all lovers of the foxhound. The entries at this year's trials were larger than those of last season, and the quality of the hounds was very high; but the hunting conditions were most unfavorable, and in consequence the sport, compared with that of last year, was dull and uninteresting. The ground throughout the week was very dry. Scent lay badly at all times, and it was almost impossible for the hounds to do any work a couple of hours after sunrise.

The majority of the judges, and many of the hunters were mounted, and the attempt to ride to hounds must be considered a success. The horsemen had a great advantage over the footmen, and saw more of the running than it was possible for unmounted men to see. It is probable that there will be a large field on horseback at next year's meet.

The judges were: Stephen Decatur, S. B. Mills, A. B. McGregor, W. A. Bragdon, E. L. Brooks, J. B. Miller, H. V. Conant and Bradford S. Turpin. They did a lot of hard work, and their awards were well received.

Among those present at the trials were: Dr. A. C. Heffenger, Stephen Decatur, W. A. Bragdon, Chas. P. Wendell, L. Pope, Jr., Portsmouth, N. H.; A. B. McGregor, Middleton, Mass.; John M. Goss, Newmarket, N. H.; O. F. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; E. O. Brown, Newton, Mass.; H. A. Follett, Miss Follett, J. B. Miller, Diamond Hill, R. I.; A. B. F. Kinney, Worcester, Mass.; E. L. Brooks, Vernon, Vt.; B. P. Williamson, Green Harbor, Mass.; Hollis White, Braintree, Mass.; L. H. Parsons, Philadelphia, Pa.; Geo. E. Carr, O. P. Thompson, Holliston, Mass.; S. B. Mills, Needham, Mass.; R. D. Perry, E. J. Hill, Phillipston, Mass.; P. J. Robinson, A. Chevalier, Chicopee Falls, Mass.; T. S. Winston, Apple Grove, Va.; R. S. Stebbins, Monson, Mass.; C. L. Wellington, Waltham, Mass.; C. E. Taylor, Woburn, Mass.; H. V. Conant, Dedham, Mass.; J. H. Gafney, Petersham, Mass.; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass.

Dan, the winner of highest honors, is a Walker hound, well built, with the best of legs and feet. He showed endurance and good hunting qualities, with an excellent nose, good voice, and fair speed.

Jonah II. is a racy-built, short-coated hound of the Virginia type, with great speed and a good nose.

Dot II. is an unusually good specimen of the native type of hound.

Shine is a tall, light-built July, while Vigilant is the best bench dog of the lot, and probably the only one that would get a place in a hot class.

Monday.

President Heffenger presided at a business meeting of the club on Monday evening. Lemuel Pope, Jr., Portsmouth, N. H.; Lewis H. Parsons, Philadelphia, Pa.; H. V. Conant, Dedham, Mass., were elected to membership.

The Norton Q. Pope Memorial cup was presented to the club. It is a large and handsome loving cup of silver with three stag-horn handles, and it is safe to say that no hunting club possesses a more beautiful trophy. The following resolutions were passed:

Whereas, An all-wise Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our esteemed fellow member, Norton Q. Pope, be it

Resolved, That in his death the Brunswick Fur Club and the hunting field in general, loses one of its truest friends and most earnest supporters. During his membership he held many offices from the Presidency down, and in his administration of them ever proved himself loyal to the best interests of the club.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the club and a copy transmitted to his widow.

The entries for the Derby were then made, and the meeting adjourned.

DERBY ENTRIES.

Vigilant—Dr. A. C. Heffenger's b., t. and w. dog (Big Strive—Grayback), 15mos. old, Walker strain.

Gamester—Dr. A. C. Heffenger's b., t. and w. dog (Brook—Primrose), 14mos. old, Kentucky-Maryland cross.

Satan—B. P. Williamson's b., w. and t. dog (Shine—Ruth), 17mos. old, July-Goodman cross.

Climber—B. P. Williamson's w. and lem. dog (Shine—Ruth), 17mos. old, July-Goodman cross.

Pelter—R. D. Perry's b., w. and t. dog (Dan—Flirt), 16mos. old, native strain.

Patch—R. D. Perry's b., w. and t. dog (Dan—Flirt), 16mos. old, native strain.

Song—L. H. Parson's b., w. and t. bitch (Songster—Annie Dance), 15mos. old, English-Wild Goose cross.

STUDENT—C. P. Wendell's b., w. and t. dog (Dock—Linda), 12mos. old, Walker strain.

Tuesday—The Derby.

The morning was clear and calm, but the ground was very dry, no rain having fallen for a couple of weeks or more, and scent lay badly. It was 6 o'clock when the party left headquarters, and a half hour later when the hounds were cast off at the well known starting point just back of the Rowell farmhouse, they went off well packed and were quickly lost to sight in the neighboring pines. Drawing these blank, they streamed out into a large pasture, where a cold track was found and slowly picked along. But it was too old to be carried, and the hounds were soon scattered. Satan and Climber worked back to the pines. Mr. Perry's hounds swung off to the right and the others trailed slowly to the west. Now and then one or another gave tongue, but the scent grew rapidly worse and all the hard work amounted to nothing. Several times the hounds packed up and drew new ground, but all in vain. They could not make a start, and no one was much surprised when some of them took to rabbiting. The master of hounds put an abrupt end to this, and again the dull hunt went on. Finally at 2 o'clock the horns were sounded and the hunt for the day was over.

It would be unjust to blame the hounds for this lack of sport. They, with one or two exceptions, were busy all the time, packed and barked well, and showed themselvss to be most promising youngsters. As no start had been made, it was deemed best to run the Derby hounds with the All-Age hounds on Wednesday, and continue to run the two classes together till the judges had decided upon the winners in the Derby.

The entries for the All-Age stake closed in the evening with twenty-six nominations.

ALL-AGE ENTRIES.

TRAVELER—J. U. Goss's b., w. and t. dog (Redstone—Nell), 3yrs. 6mos old, Kentucky strain.

TRAMP—J. U. Goss's b., w. and t. dog (Redstone—Nell), 3yrs. 6mos. old, Kentucky strain.

DAN—A. B. F. Kinney's b., w. and t. dog (Boston—Nell), 4yrs. 1 month old, Walker strain.

BUCK—A. B. F. Kinney's b., w. and t. dog (Logan—Aggie), 2yrs. 4mos. old, Pooler strain.

SLIDE BOY—R. D. Perry's tan dog (Yellow Boy—Fannie), 2yrs. 6mos old, Ohio strain.

CLINKER—R. D. Perry's b. and t. dog (Fox III.—Fannie), 7yrs. old, Avent strain

ORATOR—R. D. Perry's b., w. and t. dog, 4yrs. old, native strain.

DASH—C. P. Wendell's b , w. and t. dog (Dock—Snow Drop), 2yrs. 2mos old, Walker-English cross.

SIM—O. F. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog (Jake—Cricket), 4yrs. old, Walker strain.

BEN HUR—O. F. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog (Rock—Juliette), 2yrs. 3mos. old, Kentucky-July cross.

SHARPER—L. H. Parson's b., w. and t. dog (Clay—Sunmaid), 3yrs. 5mos. old, Goodman-July cross.

SHINE—B. P. Williamson's w. and lem. dog (Grant—Shiney), 3yrs. 10mos. old, July strain.

RUTH—B. P. Williamson's b., w. and t. bitch (Ben—Maud), 5yrs. 2mos. old, Goodman strain.

WALKER'S LOUIS—B. P. Williamson's b , w. and t. dog (Brewer—Mollie), 2yrs. 7mos. old, Walker strain.

ROB—W. K. Stebbin's tan dog, 4yrs. old, July strain.

JEFF—W. K. Stebbin's tan dog, 4yrs. old, July strain.

JONAH II.—T. S. Winston's t. and w. dog (Jonah—Lilly), 5yrs. old, Virginia strain.

TILDEN—T. S. Winston's b. and t. dog (Winkle—Lucy), 2yrs. old, Virginia strain.

NIP—T. S. Winston's b. and w. dog, 4yrs. old, Kentucky strain.

NED—P. J. Robinson's blue mottled dog, 6yrs. old, native strain.

DOT II.—C. L. Wellington's lem. and w. bitch (Hunter—Dot), 3yrs. 4mos. old, native strain.

VIGILANT—Dr. A. C. Heffenger's b., t. and w. dog (Big Strive—Grayback), 1yr. 3mos. old, Walker strain.

GAMESTER—Dr. A. C. Heffenger's b., t. and w. dog (Brook—Primrose), 1yr. 2mos. old, Kentucky-Maryland cross.

HUNTER—C. E. Taylor's w. and lem. dog, 4yrs. old, native strain.

SPORT—J. H. Gafney's w., b. and t. dog, 3yrs. old, native strain.

GOSS—J. H. Gafney's b. and t. dog, 4yrs. old, native strain.

Wednesday.

The hunting conditions were no better than they were on Tuesday. No dew had fallen, and a strong east wind made the day raw and disagreeable, and rendered it difficult to keep in with the hounds.

The programme for the day included an early start, and day was just breaking when the hunters left the hotel. The combined packs of All-Age and Derby entries numbered thirty hounds, and were cast off at 5:30 west of the reservoir, on the Petersham road. A fox must have ju t passed by, for the pack began to trail at once, and within ten minutes the game was afoot. Scent lay fairly well, and the fox was hustled along at a great clip for a few minutes. Clinker led the pack till the fox was lost in a dusty road about an hour after the jump. Tilden, Song, Vigilant, Jeff, Jonah II., Buck and Nip were close up during the race, and many other hounds were in, but well strung out. After the fox was lost most of the pack swung back toward Sherman Hill, and were soon broken up into various divisions, working a number of different trails. There was no lack of foxes. Buck soon had one running by himself and carried him through the thick cover in a workmanlike way. On the north side of the hill Sim, Vigilant, Traveler, Ben Hur, Dot II. and one or two others were pressing a fox toward the east. He led straight away and an hour later crossed the Burnshirt River not far from Williamsville. Here Sharper, Sim, Traveler, Climber and Ben Hur were close at his heels, but when he returned from making the next turn, Sim was in the lead, with Ben Hur and Traveler not far behind, and the rest nowhere. Sim was running in beautiful style and carried the fox away to the north, where he was either lost or driven to earth.

By 10 o'clock the driving for the day was over. Many of the hounds still kept at work, and a number of them trailed into the Thousand Acre Swamp, but though they seemed to have a good track, they failed to made a start.

The cold northeast wind was constantly gaining in power and the cloudy sky threatened rain, but, to the disappointment of the hunters, not a drop fell.

While the scent lay somewhat better than it did on Tuesday, yet the day, from a hunter's point of view, was a bad one for sport. With plenty of foxes and as fine a pack as ever ran in New England, it was a great disappointment to have such wretched hunting conditions.

Though the work for the day was unexciting and at times very dull, yet the judges were able to cut off the pack a number of times while the hounds were driving and gain many valuable points regarding the relative merits of the entries. At a meeting held in the afternoon it was decided to order out all the hounds on Thursday morning.

Thursday.

The day was even more unsuited for hunting than those which had preceded it. The east wind blew harder and the ground, if possible, was drier than before. Still, those who followed the chase had some sport to pay them for their trouble. Scent lay well in the swamps, and there were one or two bursts of sharp driving which gave the first real music of the week.

It was 5:55 when the pack was cast off at the Rowell farm. All the hounds were present except Dash, Hunter, Satan and Climber, who had not yet returned from yesterday's run. At the send-off the pack streamed through the pines and into the open fields, where a trail was found. It was carried with difficulty, and when the hounds swung up to the road all were ready to seek a more promising track, with the exception of Dot II. She led it off alone to the neighboring swamp, and when her tongue showed that the scent was better, most of the other hounds harked to her. Scent lay well in the lowlands, and it was not long before reynard was up. He made several turns in the swamp to the best music of the trials, and then finding the pace too hot, he headed for the open fields, where he easily got a lead over the hounds. After running for more than an hour, he succeeded in throwing off the pack in a clearing on the side of Sherman Hill. Song, Sharper, Vigilant and Dot, with others, tried to recover the line, but made a failure of it. Then, a quarter of an hour later, Goss came upon the track, and with scarcely a break in his tonguing drove the fox far to the westward and out of hearing. At noon he was still driving. This was as pretty a piece of work as ever was seen at a hound trial.

This was the principal run of the morning, but it was not the only one. Where foxes are so plenty, a pack becomes broken up sooner or later. Two or three other foxes were started. At 7:00, Shine, Rob and another hound were driving a fox in a swamp to the westward of Sherman Hill. Scent lay well there, and the game was driven so hard that he soon sought refuge under ground. While this was going on Clinker started a fox, and with Sim and Buck, drove him over the hill to the reservoir. There in the open fields scent refused to lie, and the fox was lost. Meantime Jonah II. was in full cry, and it was not long before Clinker harked to him, and later Sim joined in the race. These three fine hounds hustled the fox away to the southward. When the trio reached the old dam at the mill-pond, Jonah II. was well in the lead, with Sim second, and Clinker a couple of minutes in the rear. There was a slight check there, but Jonah, casting prettily, hit it off, and maintained his lead till the fox threw off the pack in the dusty road. He ran with great speed, and carried the trail beautifully over the open pastures.

The running to-day was the best of the week, and the judges had a number of chances to score the work of the hounds. At their meeting in the afternoon a number of the entries were spotted out, and the following hounds were ordered out for the last day's hunt: Traveler, Buck, Clinker, Dash, Sim, Ben Hur, Sharper, Shine, Rob, Jonah II., Nip, Dot II., Vigilant, Hunter and Goss.

The judges also made the awards in the Derby. These young hounds had now been run three days, and a careful consideration of the work which they had done resulted in giving first prize to Song, second to Vigilant and third to Satan.

SUMMARY.

BARRE, Mass., Oct. 19-21.—The Derby, open to all foxhounds whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896; entry fee $2; eight starters:

First—L. H. Parson's Song (Songster—Annie Dance).

Second—Dr. A. C. Heffenger's Vigilant (Big Strive—Grayback).

Third—B. P. Williamson's Satan (Shine—Ruth).

SPECIAL PRIZES.

The R. D. Perry cup and the club medal to Song.

In the evening, Mr. Perry described in a very interesting way his trip to Greenland the past summer with Lieut. Peary.

Friday.

The day was clear and cool, with an easterly wind. The ground was still dry, and no dew had fallen during the night. Scent lay badly, and what little sport there was was all over by 7:30 o'clock. It was the intention of the M. F. H. to cast off the pack for their final run at the Rowell farm, but before that point was reached the hounds were tugging eagerly at their leads, as they winded a trail near the road. It was decided to cast them off at that place, and at 5:30 they were loosed. It was still dark, and as they swept over the open fields it was difficult to distinguish one from another. At first the hounds trailed in two packs, but the scent was bad, and there were soon a number of stragglers. As usual, the hounds swung toward Sherman Hill, and as they neared their goal, a good track was found and the fox was quickly up. Running to the north, he was pressed by Clinker, Vigilant and Dot, with others close behind them. The chase then swept around Sherman Hill, and when next viewed Jonah was in the lead, running in beautiful form. Other hounds harked to the runners, and as the pack rushed along another fox was jumped and driven to the North by Clinker. The chase on Sherman Hill was meantime growing more interesting as the pack grew larger. The judges were able to score the hounds a number of times, as most of the work was in the open, and the circles made by the little vixen which led the chase were short ones. Jonah was seen in the lead and cast well and usually successfully, when there was a check. Dot II. also caught a turn or two. But unfortunately the fox was headed. The hounds overran, and before the line was recovered the fox was far away, with a comfortable lead over the pack. They did not again get on running terms with him. While this chase was on Shine ran on to a fox and went off with him to the westward, showing speed in his work and using his beautiful voice to the best advantage. This finished the work of the day. Though the hounds continued to hunt they could not make a start, and the rest of the morning was extremely dull.

The judges held a meeting in the afternoon and made the awards, as given below in the

SUMMARY.

BARRE, Mass., Oct. 20-22.—All-Age stake, open to all foxhounds; entry fee $3; twenty-six starters:

Hunting—1st, R. D. Perry's Clinker; 2d, O. F. Joslin's Sim; 3d, C. L. Wellington's Dot II.

Trailing—1st, C. L. Wellington's Dot II.; 2d, O. F. Joslin's Sim; 3d, J. H. Gafney's Goss.

Speed and Driving—1st, T. S. Winston's Jonah II.; 2d, R. D. Perry's Clinker; 3d, B. P. Williamson's Shine.

Endurance—1st, O. F. Joslin's Sim; 2d, Dr. A. C. Heffenger's Vigilante; 3d, T. S. Winston's Jonah II.

Tonguing—1st, B. P. Williamson's Shine; 2d, R. D. Perry's Clinker; 3d, O. F. Joslin's Sim.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

The *American Field* cup and highest general average medal, O. F. Joslin's Sim. The Norton Q. Pope memorial cup and O. F. Joslin's speed and driving medal, T. S. Winston's Jonah II.

Dr. A. C. Heffenger's hunting medal, R. D. Perry's Clinker.

Noel E. Money's trailing medal, C. L. Wellington's Dot II.

W. A. Bragdon's endurance medal, O. F. Joslin's Sim.

At the close of the trials Jonah II. was purchased by Mr. Perry, and Dash by Mr. Joslin. On Saturday morning the last of the hunters left for home. P. A. B.

Champion Patti Croxteth T. (10,128), whelped Dec. 28, 1886, died on Oct. 12, the cause of death being milk fever and difficult parturition. She was owned by Mr. A. B. Truman, of San Francisco, and was bred by Mr. C. M. Munhall. As a bench show competitor, she had an extraordinary list of winnings to her credit on the Pacific Coast, and she was also known in field trial competition.

WORMS IN PUPPIES.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been an amateur breeder of dogs in a sort of irregular way, and I have suffered great losses from death caused by worms in puppies. Early death is the fate of so many well-bred puppies that, after noting the immunity of the cur or native, from worms and disease in general, I have come to the conclusion that the modern well-bred dog has physically degenerated, and that even his mentality is of a lower order than that of his healthier though less pampered brother. As a matter of course, the breeders of such dogs as have pedigrees which include high-priced sires and dams, deny that their stock is more predisposed to disease than is any other. They strenuously maintain that, their stock being so costly, any losses are noted, while the losses of the cur or native from death, though equally as great, cause no comment. This seems to have a convincing tone to it, but is it true? Those who make that assertion know no more about the mortality of curs and well bred natives than do many others who have never thoroughly investigated the subject. As a matter of fact, curs and well-bred native dogs as a rule are healthy, vigorous of constitution, strong of body and reasonably free from disease. When they have disease, their constitution being vigorous, they have it in a milder form or throw it off entirely. The degenerated well-bred dogs succumb quickly to any severe disease, and if they recover, their recovery is but partial. Wrecked constitutions and feeble bodies often result from disease.

And yet there is no comparison between the care bestowed on the well-bred dog and that which is bestowed on the native; none, because it is all care for the well-bred and none for the native.

If we can prove beyond a reasonable doubt, from physical degeneration, caused by in-breeding to excess, or from excessive pampering and the unnatural conditions to which the dog is subjected in kennel life, or from both together, that the dog is physically degenerated, we here find a cause for the frequency of worms in puppies, for it is a well-known fact to us of the medical profession that worms attack only weaklings. In strong, vigorous puppies of good digestion worms cannot live. The worms themselves are digested.

Out of the thousands of puppies which are whelped every year, the mortality is remarkably great among the well-bred. Out of the thousands of degenerates, a few will survive, the conditions being favorable, and some moreover, though degenerate, will be sufficiently strong to live. If the owner of the fortunate ones has given them a dose or two of worm medicine he is quite satisfied that he did the right thing and saved the puppies' lives.

What I desire to show is, that the frequent occurrence of worms in well-bred puppies and the deaths which are apparently caused by them, come from general degeneration. The worms are only an incidental feature of the general trouble. The low vitality of the puppies gives the necessary conditions for the worms to thrive and destroy. They no doubt hasten the puppies' death once they infest them, but they never would have such opportunity were the puppies naturally vigorous.

When we find all well-bred setters and pointers so subject to attacks from worms and death during puppyhood, and when we find native setters and pointers, or ones not in-bred, so free from them, we must look elsewhere than in "blue blood" for the cause. Of course, even among the strongest families there will be found some weaklings, as among the weakest families there will be found some strong individuals.

The true remedy for worms in puppies is to breed healthy puppies, and then there will be no need of doses of santonine, areca nut, etc. In addition to worms might be mentioned the predisposition to distemper, chorea, epilepsy, and organic diseases manifested by puppies of the well-bred kind, but I wish to discourse of the commonest and worst evil from which they suffer, the attacks of worms. M. D.

Monongahela Valley Association Trials.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—The headquarters during the field trials will be at the Pogue House, Jefferson, Greene county, Pa., where the drawing will take place Monday night, Nov. 1, at 9 o'clock. Jefferson can be reached by railroad to Waynesburg or by boat to Rice's Landing. In going by rail present special-rate card to ticket agent at Union Station, which will entitle you to a round trip rate of $3. Card can be obtained of secretary. The trains leave on week days at 7:30 A. M. and 2:55 P. M., city time. There are no Sunday trains. Consult time tables, as a change of time may occur.

In going by boat purchase round trip ticket to Rice's Landing. The rate is $1.50 round trip—meals extra. There are two boats daily, one leaving at 9 A. M. and one at 3 P. M. during the week, and at 8 and 8:30 A. M. on Sundays. The boats leave the Monongahela wharf, between Wood and Smithfield streets.

Those who have dogs to run should go by rail if they leave on Monday, as the Monday boats will not reach Rice's Landing that day in time for the drawing.

Conveyances will be arranged for to meet both boats and trains to convey guests to Jefferson. Excellent accommodations can be secured at the Pogue and Parkinson houses at $1 per day.

Arrangements will be made by the secretary for wagons to carry dogs during the trials. Those wishing saddle horses or conveyances during the trials can have them secured by writing to the secretary, care the Pogue House, as he will leave for headquarters on Thursday, 28th.

The Pennsylvania Company has kindly instructed their baggage agents to convey all dogs to and from Waynesburg during the trials free of charge.

If special rate cards are desired they can be secured from Mr. W. S. Bell, 431 Wood street, after Oct 28.

S. B. CUMMINGS, Sec'y, 113 Wood street.

An Ecclesiastical Strain.

THE Dean of Rochester told this story at the English Church Congress: "A country clergyman went away for his holiday, and a benevolent neighbor, who had a curate, took his Sunday duties. After he had preached his first sermon, he remarked to the clerk in the vestry: 'I am sorry that I gave you such a short discourse, but the reason is that a dog got into my study and tore out several leaves.' The clerk gazed wistfully upon the speaker, and said: 'Oh, sir, do you think you could spare our parson a pup?'"

The annual meeting of the New England Beagle Club will be held at Oxford, Mass., in Bacon's Hotel, Nov. 1, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

GREENFIELD HILL, Conn., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Eastern field trials will be run at Newton, N. C., beginning with the Members' Stake, Saturday, Nov. 13, followed by the Derby, All-Age and Subscription Stake. Every effort will be made for the comfort of all in attendance. It is especially desired that all owners be present to see the running of their dogs. Rooms at the hotel and saddle horses can be had at reasonable rates. By writing me, I will engage for rooms and horses and teams, etc.

Passengers purchasing tickets for Newton over Southern System R. R., by paying full fare and taking certificate from agent, will be entitled to return free.

ALL-AGE STAKE.

Of the entries there are eleven pointers and twenty-one setters:

ELGIN DASH—F. W. Dunham's pointer dog (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno).

QUEEN OF MONOCACY—J. R. McSherry's pointer bitch (Kent's Boy—Sue Naso).

KENT OF GRACE—R. A. Johnson's pointer dog (King of Kent—Queen Grace).

VICTOR HUGO II.—Tyro Kennels' pointer dog (Mainstay—Jessica Dortch).

YOUNG RIP RAP—Charles B. Pineo's pointer dog (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

RIPPLE—H. S. Smith's pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

VON GULL—J. J. Odom's pointer dog (Kent Elgin—Fanny V. Croxteth).

OLD MARK—J. S. Fish's pointer dog (Lap of Pearl—Gracefull II.).

PRINCE GEORGE—Andrews & Davenport's pointer dog (Duke of Hessen—Lady Bessie).

CINCINNATUS PRIDE—Edward A. Burdett's setter dog (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie).

ANNIE OF ABBOTSFORD—Edward A. Burdett's setter bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl).

PIN MONEY—Charlottesville Kennels' setter bitch (Count Gladstone II.—Daisy Croft).

SHADOW—Charlottesville Kennels' setter bitch (Count Gladstone II.—Daisy Croft).

RUSH MARK—W. B. Meares's setter dog (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

MOLLIE B.—Dr. J. Spencer Brown's setter bitch (Roderigo—Lillian B.).

BRIGHTON TOBE—Dr. J. Spencer Brown's setter dog (C. Locksley—Liddesdale II.).

MONTCLAIR—Dr. J. Spencer Brown's setter dog (Rap—Lady Grace).

SAM T.—Del Monte Kennels' setter dog (Luke Roy—Bettie B.).

RODFIELD'S BOY—J. T. Mayfield's (Agt.) setter dog Rodfield—Sue Gladstone).

TONY'S GALE—Eldrid Kennels' setter dog (Antonio—Nellie G.).

ANTONIA—Eldrid Kennels' setter bitch (Antonio—Miss Nellie Y.).

VIVIAN—Eldrid Kennels' setter bitch (Gath's Mark—Gossip).

DAVE EARL—Fox & Blythe's setter dog (Count Gladstone—Dan's Lady).

SARAGOSSA BELLE—P. M. Essig's setter bitch (Gleam's Pink—Maud E.).

COUNT GLOSTER—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s setter dog (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl).

SARSFIELD—Geo. E. Gray's (agt.) setter dog (Rodfield—Opal).

HUSTBOURNE ZIP—D. E. Rose's (agt.) setter dog (Tony Boy—Dimple).

CHRISTINA—D. E. Rose's (agt.) setter bitch (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.).

WINKEE—S. D. Rippley's setter bitch (Count Gladstone II.—Tory P.).

TORY LUNA—Avent, Thayer & Duryea's setter bitch (——— — ———).

PECONIC—Avent, Thayer & Duryea's setter dog (Count Gladstone II.—Hester P.).

ELGENE—Avent, Thayer & Duryea's pointer bitch (——— — ———).

SUBSCRIPTION STAKE.

The Eastern Subscription Stake, open to all pointers and setters; subscription $50, payable Oct. 1. Each subscription entitles the bearer to start any dog he pleases, whether his property or not. It is transferable to any person not objectionable to the club. Conditions for running the stake: The first round will consist of a two-hour heat; afterward at the discretion of the judges. All entries must be filed at 9 P. M. on night previous to running of stake.

Owners of subscriptions as follows: J. J. Odom, Alabama; H. B. Ledbetter and George E. Gray (agt.), Missouri; P. Lorillard, Jr., New York; Fox & Blythe, Pennsylvania; Eldrid Kennels, New York; W. A. Wimsatt, District of Columbia; Del Monte Kennels, Mississippi; Charlottesville Kennels, Virginia; H. B. Duryea, Long Island; Edward A. Burdett, New York. S. C. BRADLEY, Sec'y-Treas.

U. S. F. T. WINTER DERBY.

SETTERS.

SPORT'S BELLE—H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. bitch (Marie's Sport—West Wind).

KING VICTOR—W. T. Hunter's b., w. and t. dog (Victor—Petrel).

SPOT'S GIRL—J. A. McLeod's lem. and w. bitch (Spot Cash—Nannie B.).

GLEAM—H. K. Deveraux's lem. and w. bitch (Spot Cash Mattie Berwyn).

PEARL R.—Dr. Rogers's b., w. and t. bitch (Sam Gross—Donna Inez).

SPORT McC.—J. J. Odom's b., w. and t. dog (Tony Boy—Blue).

NIMROD II.—D. E. Rose's (agt.) o. and w. dog (——— — ———).

GOLDEN ROD—W. H. Dye's o. and w. dog (Rodfield—Kate N.).

MISS MISCHIEF—R. Bangham's b., w, and t. bitch (Antonio—Patty).

DICK BLAND—W. G. Graham's b. and w. dog (Sam Gross—Madir Rogers).

VAL'S DEXTER—E. M. McKenney's b., w. and t. dog (Val Lit—Cam Ling).

ROMANCE—Avent, Thayer & Duryea's b., w. and t. dog (Topsy's Rod—Novelist).

ORLANDO'S GIRL—Avent, Thayer & Duryea's b., w. and t. bitch (Orlando—Dolly Wilson).

SAM T. II.—George Richards's b., w. and t. dog (Sam T.—Belle Gladstone).

WHY NOT—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog (Eugene T.—Miss Ruby).

WISE CHILD—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

MAIDEN MODESTY—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

LORETTE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b. and w. bitch (Loris—Rosalie).

LENA BELLE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch (Sam—Mamie B.).

TURNAVO—C. A. Sheldon's b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Laska).

LARISSA—Constance Parsons's b., w. and t. bitch (Antonio—Laska).

TORY SILAS—F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Luna).

TORY NOVEL—F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. bitch (Topsy's Rod—Novelist).

ALICE K.—L. C. Bacon's b., w. and t. bitch (Anto Gladstone—Speckle Gown).

MADERA—Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. bitch (Dion C.—Hopeful).

BELL—W. G. Brokaw's lem. and w. bitch (Edgemark—Bell).

TONY'S BEN—W. S. Thompson's b., w. and t. dog (Tony Boy—Bonnie Bell).

TOBASCO BUTTERFLY—Tobasco Kennels' lem. and w. bitch (Antonio—Minnie T.).

HURSTBOURNE JOEL—Tobasco Kennels' b. and w. bitch (Tony Boy—Bonnie Bell II.).

PIN FEATHER—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' w. and b. bitch (Harold Skimpole—Daisy Croft).

PIN TAIL—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' lem. and w. dog (Harold Skimpole—Daisy Croft).

MINNIE'S GIRL—Del Monte Kennels' o. and w. bitch (Antonio—Minnie T.).

LIBERTY—Del Monte Kennels' w. and b. bitch (Sam T.—Gath's Dora).

POINTERS.

SHOTMASTER—J. S. Crane's l. and w. dog (Chum II.—Bar Maid).

YOUNG JINGO—G. E. Gray's l. and w. dog (Jingo—Pearl's Dot).

JINGO'S SON—G. E. Gray's l. and w. dog (Jingo—Pearl's Dot).

SILENT—G. E. Gray's l. and w. dog (Jingo—Pearl's Dot).

YOUNG RIP RAP, JR.—G. E. Gray's b. and w. dog (Young Rip Rap—Castaway).

BOY OF HESSEN—Tobasco Kennels' b. and w. dog (Hessen Boy—Lady of Rush).

HAMP S.—H. Smith's l. and w. dog (Von Gull— ——).

CHISHOLM—Dr. Chisholm's l. and w. dog (Von Gull—Croxie).

TICKLE—George Eubanks's b. and w. bitch (Tick Boy—Ruffle).

GHOURKA—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. dog (Delhi—Selah).

BEGUM—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Queen III.).

SEPOY—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. dog (Rip Rap—Queen III.).

TICK BOY, JR.—Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. dog (Tick Boy—Jilt).

DEL MONTE—Del Monte Kennels' o. and w. bitch (Tick Boy—Lulu K.).

FURY—Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. bitch (Tick Boy—Topsy Kent).

COUNT M.—J. M. Avent's b. and w. dog (Choy Shock—Dime).

CHIC—Hawkeye Kennels' l. and w. bitch (Jingo—Ightfield Dove).

GREENBRIER ROSE—Greenbrier Kennels' b. and w. bitch (——— — ———).

DR. TASSIE—Wm. Elliot's l. and w. dog (Hal Pointer—Kent's Star).

WILD JOANNA—N. B. Nesbitt's l. and w. bitch (Jingo—Goldie Croxteth).

NUBBINS—N. B. Nesbitt's l. and w. dog (Jingo—Rooney Croxteth).

CLEG—N. B. Nesbitt's b. and w. dog (Jingo—Dolly Shaw).

LEEB—N. B. Nesbitt's l. and w. bitch (Jingo—Rose of Hessen).

SAM BOW—J. R. Daniels's l. and w. dog (Plain Sam—Dolly Dee II.).

MARK TAPLEY—J. M. Scudder's b. and w. dog (Rip Rap—Bel e of Ossian).

SUCIE—C. A. Cooledge's l. and w. bitch (Rexfast—Patty).

MONOCACY—J. R. McSherry's l. and w. dog (Springside Faust—Diana Kent).

GIRL—J. F. Shepley's b. and w. bitch (Leo—Belle).

FRILL—H. S. Smith's l. and w. bitch (Tick Boy—Ruffle).

DOCTOR—J. M. Avent's (agt.) l. and w. dog (——— — ———).

Continental Stakes.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allow me to call attention to the closing date of the Excelsior Stake (All-Age) of the Continental Field Trial Club's trials to be run at New Albany, Miss., which close Nov. 1. This is also the date for the payment of the second forfeit in the Blue Ribbon Stake (Derby).

The Continental trials, Jan. 17, are to be followed by the Champion Stake on the Monday following the conclusion of the Continental Club's trials. The Champion Stake is to be run on the New Albany grounds, which are conceded to be the best grounds in the South. These two events should draw a good attendance. I have advice from the locality surrounding New Albany which indicates that birds are reported very abundant. This will insure successful meetings. W. S. BELL.

The New England Kennel Club.

BROOKLINE, Mass., Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the executive committee of the New England Kennel Club, held Oct. 22, the following members of the club were elected to serve as the bench show committee for the fourteenth annual show of the club, to be held at Boston, February, 1898: James L. Little (chairman), Bulkeley Wells, T. Clarence Hollander, Samuel Hammond and Jean Grosvenor. JAMES L. LITTLE, Sec'y.

Canadian Kennel Club.

A MEETING of the executive committee was held in Toronto on Oct. 12, the president, Mr. G. B. Sweetnam, in the chair.

The following gentlemen were elected to the executive for the current year: Mr. T. A. Carson, Kingston; Mr. H. P. Thomas, Belleville; Dr. J. S Niven, London; Dr. Webster, Toronto; Rev. Thos. Geoghegan, Hamilton; Mr. F. M. Gowans, Cobourg; Mr J. G Kent, Toronto; Mr. C. A. Stone, Toronto; Mr. R. G. Steacy, Brockville; Mr J. A. Pitt, Montreal; Mr. A. F. Gault, Montreal; and Dr. Boultbee, Toronto.

The following officers had already been elected by acclamation: Pres., Mr. G. B. Sweetnam, Toronto; First Vice-Pres , R McEwen, Byron; Sec'y-Treas., H. B. Donovan, Toronto; Vice-Pres., Leslie Gault, Montreal; F. T. Miller, Trenton, Ont.; W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont.; G. B. Bruce, Calgary, N.W. T.

A communication from Mr. A. P. Vredenburg, Sec'y A. K. C., was read, which notified the club that the wins at Toronto of the greyhound Wild Rose and the bull terrier Nonpariel in challenge classes were cancelled, for failure to specify on entry forms sufficient wins to qualify for said classes. The deposit, $25, was declared forfeited for failure to publish in catalogue the proper win of the pointer Shotaway, and date of birth of the collie Rona, both having been correctly given on entry blanks by exhibitors.

The secretary was instructed to write the A. K. C. "that, without prejudice to our claim that we are not in any case liable to the forfeit of the $25 deposit, we would point out that no harm has been done any one by the errors, which have been merely clerical, and that we ask a reconsideration of the imposed penalty."

Metropolitan Kennel Club.

The club will open classes for any recognized breed of dogs not already classified in the premium list, provided there be not less than five entries of such breed. It will also make puppy classes for any breed should there be three or more entries; and will divide by sex and breed for which but one class has been made in the premium list, should there be not less than five entries of each sex.

The Pointer Club of America offers $5 for the best heavy-weight pointer dog, best heavy-weight pointer bitch, best light-weight pointer dog and best light-weight pointer bitch; open to members only. The Boston Terrier Club offers a club cup for the best Boston terrier, another for the best puppy, also one each for the best dog and best bitch entered in the open classes; open to members only. C. A. Lougest, Esq., offers a gold medal for the best bloodhound, under certain restrictions. An admirer of the old English mastiff offers $25, cash or plate, for the best mastiff. The Bull Dog Club of America offers a club medal each for the best American-bred bull dog and best American-bred bull bitch; open to members only.

Work is progressing very satisfactorily for the coming show. Premium lists have been sent to all known exhibitors; still the demand from new ones is continuous, which shows that interest is aroused and augurs well for success.

Mr. Perry Tiffany, New York, will judge bull terriers; Mr. Henry C. Beadleston, bull dogs; Mr. J. F. Holt, Boston terriers. JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

New England Beagle Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nominations to the New England Beagle Club's fifth annual field trials closed Oct. 15 with the largest entry ever yet received, as follows:

Class A—All-Age, dogs and bitches, 15 to 13in. in height: Franklin Field Trial Beagle Kennels' Belle Summers and Summers's Fly; William Saxby's Dime and Doubtful; John Helding's Lady Wedgwood; John Mullane's Prince; H S. Joslin's Trick; Howard Almy's Lewis and Miss Quinn; Geo. F. Reed's Scorcher and Driver; John G. Reed's Splitter; A. J. Purinton's Millard R.; A. D. Fisk's Phantom; Hempstead Beagles' Parson; A. Parry's Nellie Bly.

Class B—All Age, dogs and bitches, 13in. and under, in height: William Saxby's Bessie; Franklin Field Trial Beagle Kennels' Prinnie and Stump; George F. Reed's Snifter R; H. S. Joslin's Cora J.; Mrs. A. H. Morse's Ida Novice; A. Parry's Belle of Franklin.

Class C—Derby for dogs and bitches, 15 to 13in. in height: Franklin Field Trial Beagle Kennels' Summers's Sailor and Maggie S; William Saxby's Doubtful; Howard Almy's Buckellew and Blitz; John G. Reed's Splitter; N. A. Baldwin's Lancer; A. D. Fisk's Scamp; Hempstead Beagles' Parson.

Class D—Derby for dogs and bitches, 13in. and under, in height: H. S Joslin's Cora J.; E. C. Cook's Slouch; A. D. Fisk's Queenie. W. S. CLARK

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The following instance of sagacity is recounted in *Our Dogs:* Mr. Quirk, of Peel (Isle of man), sends us particulars of remarkable maternal sagacity in a collie bitch on the island. This bitch, who had her full liberty, was in the habit of having a litter of puppies about every six months, and as her owner did not care to rear any of them, the pups were as regularly drowned. On a recent occasion, however, the bitch, with the evident intention of defeating her owner in his practice of destroying her offspring, whelped away from home, where, her owner could not tell. The bitch went away for periods, returning home for her food. This went on for a fortnight or so, when the owner was determined to watch the bitch in her movements. He followed her, but the bitch returned. Again she was followed, but deliberately eluded the vigilance of her owner for two hours, when at length she was tracked to an old rabbit burrow in the hills. Here she was seen to enter, and on reaching it, situated in a secluded and sheltered spot, it was found that she had scratched the sandy hole sufficiently large in which to make a bed, and there the bitch had deposited her young. What followed our correspondent does not relate, but such strong maternal attachment to her offspring deserved rewarding, if only for the remarkable intelligence displayed for their preservation.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the American Spaniel Club, Messrs. R. P. Keasbey, S. J. Bradbury, H. K. Bloodgood and Marcel A. Viti being present, it was decided to offer at the Brooklyn Show, the St. Lawrence Trophy, for best brace of cocker spaniels, and the Field Spaniel

Trophy for best field spaniel, in addition to the prizes of $5 or a club tankard for best brace of Clumber or Irish water spaniels; $5 or club tankard for best brace of field spaniels; and $5 or club tankard for best brace of cocker spaniels.

The National Beagle Club's trials began on Monday, the 25th inst. under most unfavorable weather conditions. The Futurity Stake had five starters. Notwithstanding the bad weather, the competition was good. The annual meeting was held on Monday evening and the following list of officers was elected: President, George B. Post, Jr.; Vice President, Herrmann F. Schellhass; Second Vice-President, George W. Rogers; Third Vice-President, James L. Kernochan; Secretary-Treasurer, G. Mifflin Wharton. Additional executive committee, John Bateman H. L. Krueder and A. Wright Post. Official judges, George B Post, Jr., W. S. Clark, Herrmann F. Schellhass, James W. Appleton, George F. Reed and Bradford S. Turpin. Delegate, Herrmann F. Schellhass.

In our advertising columns this week Riverside Kennels, Riverside, Ind., announce that they will board dogs. H A. Estabrook, Fitchburg, Mass., offers pointers. W. E. Ritch, Bridgeport, Conn., offers broken setters Nettleton Pharmacy, Nettleton, Ark., offers setter puppies. Box 19, Lawyers' Club, New York, wishes to purchase a bull dog. W. P. Austin, Mansfield, Pa., offers pointers.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirabl

THE CHAINLESS BICYCLE.

THE expected has happened. The latest in the development of the wheel came before the public as a tried, approved and adopted mechanism on the 21st inst. It is now offered as the wheel of 1898, and is formally on the market. A number of the great firms of the United States, probably ten or twelve, will make it a leading style of their 1898 product. As one firm has quietly secured all the patents covering the chainless mechanism, the other makers using them will manufacture under the conditions of a license or royalty.

In all the essentials of frame, wheels, etc., and general appearance, the chainless bicycle does not differ materially from the chain wheel. The changed mechanism involves no new principle. Instead of a chain and sprocket wheels, a shaft and bevel gears are used to transmit the power. The shaft has a bevel-geared wheel at each end, one of which engages in the bevel gear of the sprocket wheel of the pedal shaft, the other in the bevel gear of the rear sprocket wheel.

While there have been rumors of the coming of the chainless wheel for some months, the makers did not feel warranted in presenting it to the public before it had been most thoroughly tested and perfected by exhaustive trials. To attain this end they have been experimenting with it and trying it during the past two years, with the result that they maintain it is the simplest, safest, cleanest and most durable wheel, in that the mechanism is the most economical and wears better than the chain. More specifically, it is claimed for it that it has no teeth or links to catch in the clothing, or other things; that it is much easier to keep clean; that every movement is immediate or positive, there being none of the lost motion or loose play as when a chain is used; that it will go faster and further with less effort on the part of the rider; that the driving mechanism is always thoroughly lubricated; that its driving mechanism is not affected by rain, sleet, mud, dust or weather; that its bevel gears improve with use while a chain deteriorates from the beginning of use, and that it saves repairs, work and money, and increases the safety and delight of the riders.

The four cog-wheels and shaft are inclosed in cases which protect them from weather, dust and wet, although why this cannot be done equally with the chain mechanism is not made clear.

The new wheel will weigh about 26¼lbs. for men's style, and ¼lb. more for women's style with the drop frame.

It is conceded that there is little more to accomplish in the way of novelty or improvement in the chain bicycle, hence one may infer that novelty is the chief characteristic of the new mechanism. It is claimed that there was a world of difficulty to contend with in making the bevel gears, since the spaces between the teeth and the teeth themselves must be perfectly alike, else there will not be perfect work; and to the great difficulty of making the bevel gearing, the makers feel warranted in charging the price asked—$125. And yet the theoretical knowledge of the principles involved in making geared wheels of all kinds, and the practical skill in their construction have been in existence for ages. They are in constant use throughout the mechanical world. The real reason for the high price is the novelty, the something that is new, to attract the buyers who are always ready to purchase something new and something different from everybody's else. After this class is satisfied, the makers will discover that they can make chainless wheels quite as cheap as they can the chain wheel. No doubt the last two years, so painstakingly devoted to perfecting the chainless wheel, were also devoted to waiting till the output of chain wheels became so great that a drop in prices was inevitable, and a novelty, one excluding competition, was desirable. The advent of lower prices, and the advent of the chainless wheel, is a striking trade coincidence. It is also strange that there should be such enormous difficulties and expense in making a bevel-geared wheel for a bicycle, when in mechanics it is not difficult at all.

Medical View of Bicycle Riding.

UNDER date of July 26, Consul Keenan sends to the State Department the following from Bremen:

At a meeting of the medical society in Berlin, January, 1896, Dr. Mendelssohn, professor in the university, read a paper on the medical view of bicycle riding, which was published in the *Deutsche Medical Wochenschrift*, No. 18, 1896. More recently it has appeared in the *Centralblatt für allegemeine Gesundheitspflege*, and it is now being discussed in the German press in general. The chief points of the paper were:

The advantages of wheel-riding may be inestimable, if practiced intelligently and with moderation, but harmful or absolutely dangerous if carried to excess or in cases where riding should be prohibited. The advantages accruing to riders are obvious, since the wheel affords exercise and recreation to the mentally overworked, and as an independent and inexpensive means of locomotion it is ideal. The danger of the wheel may consist of injuries from accident, inflammation of the knee-joint resulting from overwork, inflammation of both male and female pelvic organs resulting from pressure of the saddle, etc. Another danger is in the constant excessive exertion, which can produce an increased atomic and molecular change throughout the body, especially in the vital organs, to such a degree that a general weakening of the individual and especial susceptibility to infectious diseases may result. The tendency to catch cold is proved by experience to be great. The heart is subject to the greatest danger in cases of excessive cycle riding. A large number of sudden deaths have already been recorded, due to excessive strain on the heart.

Cases where wheeling should be prohibited are as follows: (1) Existing heart lesions, (2) arterial calsification, (3) albuminuria, (4) old age, and (5) childhood.

Cases where bicycling is beneficial are: (1) When excessive uric acid and gout exist, (2) in certain mild forms of chronic disturbances in the pelvic organs, which are thereby subjected to a certain degree of exercise, which has an effect similar to the gymnastics and massage of the Thur Brandt method; (3) when there are slight disturbances in the respiratary organs, except absolute lung dilatation.

It can be said that important points relating to the advisability of bicycling by girls and boys of certain temperament, as well as by certain neurotic women, are not observed in the foregoing remarks, but it must be conceded that the conclusions stated by Dr. Mendelssohn are true.

As to Expense.

BICYCLING is one of the most expensive or the least expensive of pleasures, accordingly as one makes it. Some riders will use a wheel a whole season with little or no outlay for repairs, since none are needed. Careless, heedless or reckless riders have frequent need of repairs, which adds to the expense. Some riders in their tours carry their lunches and observe the same economy that they practice at home; while others will patronize the best hotels, even if the tour be but for a day, and fritter away money at every turn. To blame the wheel for the rider's extravagant habits is to mistake cause for effect. Bicycling is the cheapest or the most expensive habit, whichever the bicyclist chooses to make it.

The Scorcher.

From the standpoint of those who enjoy sensible recreation and have a proper consideration for their own safety and the safety of others, the scorcher is justly considered an unmitigated nuisance and a dangerous menace. The scorcher, nine times out of ten, is pitifully egotistical, for out of his strained, set eyes, glaring out of a head carried lower than his seat, can be seen a look of inquiry as to whether the people he passes are admiring him quite as much as he deserves and as he admires himself. The whole class of scorchers who frequent the regular thoroughfares are detestable egotists, who would not scorch for a moment if there were no beholders or no possibilities of notoriety, yet some are far worse than others. They will ride within an inch of man or woman as they fly by without any sounding of warning bell, and enjoy the alarm they have caused. The more pinch-faced, narrow-chested and wheel-backed is the scorcher, the more is he given to pander to his morbid vanity, till the time comes when he believes he is a being of such superior swiftness and nerve, that he can even defy the bicycle policeman; and then when the latter is really in pursuit of him, the chicken heart, which was so brave in imperiling women and peaceful men, flutters and funks, and the invincible rider of fancy generally succumbs to the officer after a ride of a few blocks. If the scorcher would only smash his own wheel, or twist his own neck into proper place, or have his face properly reset in a collision, all would be well; but it is generally the innocent party who is the greatest sufferer. To his other weaknesses, the scorcher adds that of cowardice; for, the damage done, he generally forthwith runs away. The street scorcher is a combination of pitiful vanity, cowardice and malice.

About Chain Protectors.

Now that the chainless wheel has been presented for public acceptance, with the driving machinery protected thoroughly from wet, dirt, etc., the makers of chain wheels are bestirring themselves to provide a casing for the chain and sprocket wheel, an improvement which, so simple and so necessary, should have engaged their serious attention long since. The ordinary cases so far adopted are heavy cumbersome affairs, weighing about 5lbs. The latest device for protecting the chain is in the form of a rubber band, which incloses the chain except where it comes in contact with the sprocket wheels. No protector can be a success which does not protect both sprocket wheels and chain.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

THE subject of a new rule for the smaller classes has been under consideration by the British Y. R. A. for some time. The special committee appointed by the Council held a meeting on Oct. 14, at which it was decided to recommend the following rating formula:

$$\frac{L.+2\,B.+G.}{2}=\text{Rating},$$

the dimensions L., B. and G. being measured as at present. The class limits of 36ft., 30ft., 24ft. and 18ft. to become 33ft., 28ft., 23ft. and 18ft., to suit the altered rating values. A minimum limit of displacement (without crew) of 15cwt. for any yacht to be measured by the Y. R. A., was also adopted for recommendation.

THERE appeared to be some doubt as to the success of the proposed new 51ft. restricted class, the requisite number of subscribers not having yet come forward. Some such class as this is greatly needed, and we hope that the scheme may not fall through.

THE meeting on Oct. 30 in New York promises to result in the accomplishment of the object in view, the organization of a national yachting association. The general plan of organization has already been published in our columns, and this will no doubt be adhered to, but it is impossible to foretell what may be done in the way of details. As to the measurement rule, there is no definite proposition before the meeting for action.

THE interesting and valuable paper by Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson, U. S. N., on the construction of Defender, makes public for the first time many very important details of this wonderful yacht. The whole subject of aluminum in naval construction is dealt with most exhaustively by Assistant Constructor Hobson in the continuation of the paper.

APROPOS of the yarn about Defender racing in the Mediterranean, which, in spite of the plain tool marks of the international nautical fake mill, is being treated seriously by most American papers, the New York *Tribune* sums up the probabilities of the case in very practical and sensible shape. Who *would* race Defender in European waters, and why *should* anyone do so?

THE work of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. in the annual amendment of its rules was by no means as thorough and perfect as it might and should have been. The raising of the class limits and the recognition of a larger class were both necessary changes, but the former was almost defeated, and when finally passed, no action was taken to allow time to existing yachts in the new classes; a plain matter of justice. This omission necessitates a special meeting. The work of defining a cabin yacht, quite a responsible task, was left to the executive committee, instead of being carefully discussed by the Association. One change of the racing rules was made which might well have been left to the future; especially when really important matters were not settled for lack of time. The rule relating to two yachts converging was changed to give the right of way to the leeward instead of the windward yacht. There is no serious matter of right or wrong involved in this rule, and even if there were, it should not be changed unless in concert with other yachting bodies. The great point, to which all are now working, is to secure uniformity in rules and usage. The action of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. puts it at variance with established custom in yacht racing, and to no good purpose. If really good reasons can be advanced for the change, no doubt it could be made by all clubs together; but its mere adoption in advance by one club or association will tend to prevent this.

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE fifth general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers will take place in New York city, at 10 A. M., Thursday, Nov. 11. Through the courtesy of the president and managers of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the meetings will be held in the auditorium of No. 12 West Thirty-first street, the sessions continuing through Thursday and Friday, Nov. 11 and 12.

There will be a banquet at Delmonico's at 7 P. M., Friday, Nov. 12, to which members and their guests are cordially invited. Tickets, exclusive of wine, will be $5 each, and they can be obtained by applying to the secretary.

Notice is given that, in general, seats will not be reserved, and tickets must be presented. It is requested that members obtain tickets as early as practicable.

Members intending to propose candidates for membership are requested to notify the secretary, in order that the necessary blank forms of application may be forwarded and properly filled out.

LIST OF PAPERS TO BE READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS AND MARINE ENGINEERS AT ITS FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING.

Thursday, Nov. 11.

1. Watertight Bulkhead Doors; the "Long-Arm" System on the U. S. S. Chicago. By Wm. Barnum Cowles, Esq., member.
2. Regulations for Loading Vessels. By Lewis Nixon, Esq., member.
3. Torpedo-Boat Design. By Ass't Naval Constructor H. G. Gillmor, U. S. Navy, associate.
4. The Commerce of the Great Lakes. By C. E. Wheeler, Esq., member.
5. Progressive Trials of the Guardian. By Prof. C. H. Peabody, member.
6. An Experimental Study of the Influence of Surface upon the Performance of Screw Propellers; preliminary paper. By Prof. W. F. Durand, member.

Friday, Nov. 12.

7. Some Notes on the Speed Trials and Experience in Commission of our New Battleships. By Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. Navy, vice-president.
8. Performance of Scotch Boilers and their Durability under Forced Draught. By Edwin S. Cramp, Esq., member.
9. Use of Water-Ballast for Colliers in the Pacific Coast Trade. By Wm. P. Frear, Esq., member.
10. Estimated Weights of Machinery. By Prof. Geo. R. McDermott, member.
11. Navy Yard Expenses. By Naval Constructor W. J. Baxter, U. S. Navy, member.
12. Pneumatic Steering Gear as Applied to the U. S. Monitor Terror. By H. A. Spiller, Esq., member.

Massachusetts Y. R. A.

THE annual meeting of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. was held at the American House, Boston, with President Clark in the chair and twenty-two delegates present. The following classification was adopted finally, after the proposal to raise the class limits had been once voted down:

Class A—Cabin yachts, 35ft. maximum measurement.
Class B—Cabin yachts, 30ft. maximum measurement.
Class C—Open yachts, 25ft. maximum measurement.
Class D—Cabin yachts, 25ft. maximum measurement.
Class E—Open yachts, 21ft. maximum measurement.
Class J—Open yachts, 18ft. maximum measurement.
Class L—Open yachts, 15ft. maximum measurement.
Class K—Knockabouts, 21ft. under K. A. Rules.

All classes but Class K are measured on L.W.L. with crew on board. The 35ft. class is a new one. No action was taken toward defining a "cabin yacht," or to amend the existing prohibition of allowance after Dec. 31, 1897, so as to give time to yachts now in the new class, but under the new limits. Some minor changes were made in the racing rules and one very important change, the rule relating to two yachts converging being altered to give the right of way to the leeward instead of the windward yacht. The meeting voted to send three delegates to the New York meeting and in favor of joining the National Association. It was decided to hold another meeting within two weeks to consider the matter of allowance.

A special meeting of the Council of the Sound Y. R. A. was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Oct. 18, with President Cromwell in the chair. The proposed articles of association for the new association were presented by Mr. N. D. Lawton, and approved by the Council, which will be represented at the meeting of Oct. 30. The question of the number of races during the season was discussed.

Notes on the Yacht Defender and the Use of Aluminum in Marine Construction.

BY RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, ASSISTANT NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR, UNITED STATES NAVY.

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No craft in the annals of yachting centers about herself such features of general interest as the yacht Defender. Perhaps the greatest series of races in these annals is the one that represents in its sphere the great fact of modern times—the greatest fact, it may prove to be, of all time—the rise of the New World, a rise to greatness that has reached, and in some respects has passed the point of successful rivalry with the Old World.

Among the yachts connected with the series of races for the America's Cup, Defender is in many respects unique, standing head and shoulders above all the distinguished number.

The last races came at a time of high tide in yachting interest both abroad and in the United States, when rivalry was keenest and the evolution of the racing craft seemed to have reached its maximum. The determination to win back the lost trophy was made years in advance, and one can

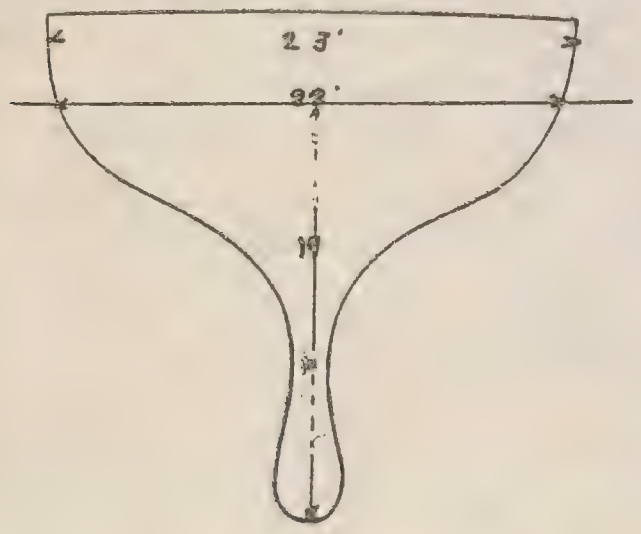


FIG.

trace the course of deliberate, scientific, tireless effort to this end, till at last it seemed, with great reason, that invincibility had been reached in Valkyrie III.

It was immediately recognized in America that the defense of the Cup could not be left to any yacht yet built; moreover, the time after challenge would be too short to permit experment. Valkyrie III was the successor to a dynasty that reached its climax of perfection before the challenge was sent; while the American champion might be expected to follow the line of its predecessors, and might be expected to be the climax of a sequence of representatives, yet there was but one chance of producing the climax.

The sense of danger aroused the American yachtsmen to the necessity of coöperation. Effort combined and centered upon producing a single craft. The order was placed with Herreshoff Bros., of Bristol, R. I., and cost and all other considerations were subordinated to the one object—speed. The yacht built must win.

It was natural, under these conditions, to expect boldness, for the builders, though sure in execution, have been characterized by boldness in design.

The shape this boldness took for realizing a maximum of power was along the line of weight distribution, for lowness of center of gravity, rather than along the line of maximum metacentric radii, or power of form. The advantage of excessive lowering of the center of gravity, instead of the raising of metacenter, becomes apparent, without further explanation, from reference to the fact that power of weight, determining the position of the center of gravity, does not incur, as does power of form, determining the position of the metacenter, the increase of head resistance and frictional resistance that sets in when the vessel heels or is in a seaway.

The method adopted for lowering the center of gravity consisted not only in placing a maximum weight of lead on the deep fin-keel, as found also in the challenger and other yachts, but also in reducing to a minimum the upper weights, the saved weight appearing in the form of additional lead on the keel, being equivalent in effect to a transference of weight downward through a great resistance.

The reduction or economy of weight, particularly of high weights, which thus constituted the characteristic feature of the yacht, places her construction alongside of marine construction in general, and of naval construction in particular, where weight of hull and fittings affects intimately the limit of the military qualities themselves.

This coincidence of purpose alone would make the yacht an interesting study for the naval architect, but the form the purpose took enhances the interest, makes it general and intense, for it adopted a new material—aluminum—which, from its extreme lightness, has been offering great hopes to the naval architect, but which, from its corrosion in salt-air and salt-water, has checked, if it has not effectually shattered these hopes. Moreover, the conditions were peculiarly such as to constitute a severe test of the virtues and failings of the new metal.

In view of this similarity of purpose with naval construction, particularly the bearing on torpedo-boat construction, and of the value of experiment with aluminum, the Navy Department directed an inspection of the yacht and a report on her "method of construction." This report is given in Part I. practically as it was made after inspection at Bristol just before the yacht left the builder's hands.

In August, 1896, more than a year afterward, a second inspection was made at New Rochelle, through the courtesy of C. Oliver Iselin, Esq., to determine the conditions of preservation and the conduct of the new material in the face of the deteriorating conditions of service. Since it is on the question of corrosion that the use of aluminum for marine purposes hinges, an effort was made to throw, if possible, some additional light upon the subject, particularly at the present time, when, notwithstanding the advantage it offers, aluminum has been unfavorably passed upon, both abroad and in this country, upon grounds that appear to be incomplete Samples of corrosion taken from Defender, also a sample of a corroded aluminum plate, together with a sample of the salt water in which, in a closed vessel, the corrosion took place, the latter furnished by Prof. A. H. Sabin, were sent to the chemist at the Navy Yard, New York, with directions for a qualitative and a quantitative analysis, with a view to determining the phenomena of corrosion in the particular case, the attacking agents, the soluble and insoluble products.

The value of an intimate knowledge of the phenomena is evident, serving as it would as a basis for research and experiment to find preventative preparations.

A sequence of heavy pressure in the chemical laboratory has prevented as yet the analyses, and effort to hasten them since the writer's detachment from the New York Navy Yard has been of no avail. Only an incomplete, preliminary analysis of the corrosion from Defender has been reported, an analysis so incomplete as to be of no material value.

It has therefore been decided to give in Part II. the result of the study of the subject of the adaptability of aluminum for marine construction, without the original data hoped for on the question of corrosion.

PART I.—THE METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION OF THE YACHT DEFENDER.

1.—Preliminary Description.

The boat was examined while afloat at anchor. Her general form is indicated in Figs. 1 and 3. Her approximate hull dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 122ft. 3in; length on l.w.l., 90ft; maximum beam, 23ft.; beam at l.w.l., 22ft; draft, extreme, 19ft.

The idea that gives the distinguishing feature to this advance type, as will be seen below, is the realization of extreme sail-carrying power from a great metacentric height, initial and under inclination, realized from the disposition of weights. Though realizing a high position of the metacenter from an elevated position of the center of buoyancy and long metacentric radius, the extreme is reached in the low position of the center of gravity.

The great metacentric height and consequent sail-carrying power is derived more from the element of weight than from the elements of form.

The method adopted in realizing the low position of the center of gravity is that of reduction in weight of hull and fittings and the addition of weight to the keel, weight being taken from the upper portions and added to the lowest point.

The method of realizing a reduction of high weights is the use of light materials, of light scantlings, with a light method of construction and fastenings.

The reduction of frictional resistance and of liability to deterioration are sought in the use of bronze, manganese bronze, for water-washed portions.

The features of the distinguishing methods thus identify the construction, in the objects sought, with the construction of vessels of war, particularly torpedo vessels and torpedo boats.

2. The Method of Construction.

Referring to the sketch of the midship section, Fig. 3, the construction is as follows:

1. THE SKELETON.—A steel angle, 4in. × 4in., closed to the angles of the waterlines, from ¼in. to ¾in. thick, forms the stem and binds the ends of the shell plating, with double riveting, rivets of bronze for the bronze plating, diameter ⅝in., and of aluminum for the aluminum plating, diameter ½in.

A bronze casting, 4in. deep by 20in. wide, of the form indicated in sketch, forms the keel. On its under side is attached the lead, shaped to the form indicated, secured by bronze tap bolts 8in. long by 1¼in. diameter. The bronze shell plating extends to cover the lead, reducing the frictional resistance, and giving additional support, securing to the lead by bronze taps 5in. long by ¾in. diameter.

The frames are steel angle bulbs made in two parts between the keel and topsides, strapped and riveted as indicated, spaced 20in. throughout, an angle being substituted for the bulb at the forward extremity, frame No. 1. They stop at the keel, which is spanned by floor plates of ¼in. bronze plating, 12in. high, secured to the frame on each side by five rivets of ⅝in. diameter. Alternate frames have in addition deepened floor plates, of 7-32in. steel, extending, as shown, to the angles uniting the frames at about one third their height from the keel. These angles are steel, 2in. × 2in. amidship, and 1¾in. × 1¾in. forward and aft. The frame angle bulbs are 1½in. × 2in. amidship. The following is their scantlings throughout, beginning forward: Frame No. 1 is an angle, as stated above; from frame No. 2 to frame No. 9 the angle bulbs are 2½in. × 1½in.; No. 10 is 2¾in × 1¾in; from No. 11 to No. 24 they are 3in. × 1¾in.; from No. 25 to No. 44 they are 3½in. × 2in.; from No. 45 to No. 58 they are 3in. × 1¾in; from No. 58 to stern they are 2½in. × 1½in. The dimensions for the bulb of the frame angle bulbs, 3½in. × 2in., are ⅞in. × 9-16in.

About 4½ft. above the steel angles that bind the two sides of the frames are wooden beams, 3¼in. × 1⅛in., secured to the frames, adding stiffness and forming support for the platform or lower deck.

The beams of the upper or main deck are aluminum angle bulbs, 5in. × 2in., spaced 40in., fitted to only alternate frames, the frames without beams ending without fittings under the deck stringers. The beam arms are secured to the frames against which they sit back to back by three rivets of ½in. diameter and by a single strip of aluminum plating 24in. long, 4in. wide and ⅜in. thick, forming a triangle with the frames and beam arm, secured by three rivets at each end of ½in. The two beams between which the mast is strapped are of steel, 4¼in. × 2¼in.

A bilge stringer, steel angle bulb, 3½in × 2in., extends throughout the entire length on each side, at the height indicated in the sketch. A corresponding inverted steel angle bulb, 3½in. × 2in., extends under the main deck beams in the position indicated in sketch along the whole length on each side about 4ft. from the central line.

The bilge stringer angle bulb and the inverted angle bulb under beams on each side are connected by fourteen struts made of iron piping, 1½in. amidships and 1¼in. forward and aft, spaced five frame spaces. These pipes have forgings welded in their ends and flattened to lie on the backs of the angle bulbs, to which they are secured by three rivets of ½in. diameter.

A deck stringer plate of aluminum, varying from 28in. to 24in. in width and 5-16in. thick, extends over the beams from end to end. On this stringer plate, along its outer edge, extends an aluminum angle bulb, 5in. × 2½in., which receives the upper edge of the shell plating and forms the upper ending of the hull at the sides. The deck beams are strapped in addition by diagonal plates of aluminum, ⅜in. thick, varying in width from 5in. aft to 7½in. forward, the four converging on the mast being 10in. wide. The length of these strapping plates and their disposition are indicated in sketch, Fig. 4.

Thus the skeleton consists of a steel angle stem, a bronze keel, with lead underneath, steel angle bulb frames, with floor plates of alternating heights, of bronze at the bottom and steel above the bronze, with steel angles binding the frames on the two sides, wooden deck beams for the lower deck, and aluminum angle bulbs for the main deck beams, fitted only to alternate frames, steel angle bulb bilge stringers, one on each side, inverted steel angle bulbs on under side of main deck beams, one on each side, two rows of inclined struts between bilge stringers and inverted angle bulbs under main deck beams, one row on each side, spaced every five frame spaces, aluminum deck stringers and angle bulbs at sides of main deck, and diagonal strapping fore and aft.

2. THE COVERINGS.—The shell plating is on the raised and sunken system, with liners behind frames under outside plating, secured to frames by a single row of rivets of ½in. diameter. All butt straps are double riveted.

Strake No. 1, covering the lead and overlapping the keel and lower part of frames, as indicated in sketch, Fig. 3, is an outer strake of manganese bronze, 5-16in. thick amidship, secured to the lead by bronze taps ¾in. diameter and 5in. long. The lap with strake No. 2 is secured by two rows of rivets of bronze ⅝in. diameter.

Strake No. 2 is an inner strake of 5-16in. manganese bronze. The lap with strake No. 3 is double riveted, ⅝in. bronze rivets.

Strake No. 3 is an outer strake of ¼in. manganese bronze. The lap with strake No. 4 is single riveted, ½in. bronze rivets.

Strake No. 4 is an inner strake of 7-32in. manganese bronze. The lap with strake No. 5 is single riveted, ½in. bronze rivets.

Strake No. 5 is an outer strake of 7-32in. manganese bronze. The lap with strake No. 6 is single riveted, ½in. bronze rivets.

Strake No. 6 is an inner strake of ¼in. manganese bronze. The lap with strake No. 7 is single riveted, ½in. bronze rivets. The L.W.L. falls on this strake near its upper edge, between the water line and the aluminum plate above.

Strake No. 7 is an outer strake of ¾in aluminum. The lap with strake No. 8 is single riveted, ½in. aluminum rivets.

Strake No. 8 is an inner strake of ¾in. aluminum. This strake is the highest. The upper edge secures to the back of the angle bulb, forming the top line. The lower ends of the strips securing beam arms, fall on the lower part of this strake.

The decks are of wood, 2¼in. thick for the main deck, and ⅞in. thick for the lower deck. Liners are fitted over the beams of the main deck between the strapping plates. The deck planks are secured to each other by horizontal nails, in addition to being secured to the beams. Around the mast a steel tie plate, 5ft. 3in. × 3ft. 4in. × ⅜in., secures the ends of the strapping plates and the four beams in the vicinity.

Thus, the coverings consist of manganese bronze for the water-washed portions of shell plating, and aluminum for the top sides, with wood for the decks, and steel for special plates.

3. FITTINGS.—The socket for stepping mast is made of steel angle bulb, 5in. × 2½in., bent to the form of a circle, with the ends welded and strapped. The flange, which is on the exterior, sits on a foundation plate of steel. The stepping is stiffened by a partial vertical keel or keelson, and by special floor plates on the frames adjacent, with angles 4in. × 4in. on one side and 2in. × 2in. on the other, with vertical angles 2in. × 2in.

The pin rails are of steel piping. The rigging on each side is secured to steel eye bolts attached to five chain plates, about 4½in. wide and ⅜in. thick, extending down to the lower deck, riveted to the shell plating.

The jibboom is guided by two main straps of bronze about 1ft. long with flanges at the ends, and by an additional narrow strap of simple bronze plating.

The fid is of aluminum, in the form of a yoke, which receives tie rods which are of one piece bent around the stem, and, passing through the ends of the yoke, are set up by nuts, which permit of an adjustable strain on the single jumper or martingale of steel wire secured to the stem a short distance above the water line. There is no lateral support of the jibboom.

The standing rigging and topping lifts are of light steel wire. Blocks are of Oregon pine or spruce, with straps and sheaves of aluminum. Cleats are of hard cast bronze. Eye bolts are of steel. The spars are of Oregon pine and spruce. The internal fittings are of light wood with minimum thickness. Partitions and partial bulkheads are of canvas, held by a light wood framing. The water-closet fittings are of aluminum, with small pump of aluminum. The bunks for the crew are of ½in. gas tube frames, 6ft. × 23in., covered with canvas, hinged lengthwise to the side, and folding or dropping down. They are three tiers deep, with about 20in. vertically between the bunks. They are secured in the horizontal position by straps from the reverse angle bulbs under the main deck beams.

Thus the fittings are of steel, bronze, aluminum or wood, according to the requirements.

3. CONCLUSIONS.—The method of construction as above described presents three prominent features, namely:

1. Simplicity and directness of construction.
2. The use of new materials and their combination with steel.

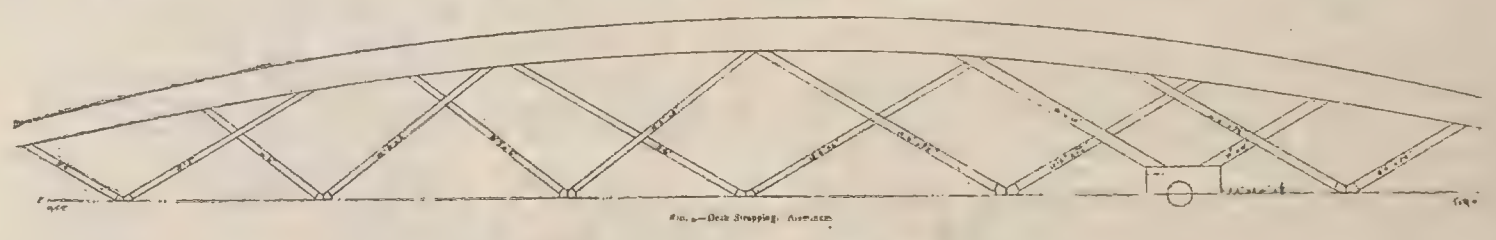


FIG. 4. ARRANGEMENT OF ALUMINUM DECK STRAPS.

3. Lightness of scantlings.

The complex nature of the forces to be resisted, the combination of pronounced twisting and a heavy thrust of mast with the usual forces, would lead to the expectation of complexity, whereas examinations show an entire absence of redundant parts, and even of parts found in usual construction.

The examination of the parts, in view of the forces to be resisted, shows a singular directness of purpose for each part or piece that enters the construction. These characteristics, simplicity and directness, are so evident from the sketch of the midship section that they need not be pointed out in detail. Notice should be taken, however, of the use of angle bulbs instead of simple angles or combinations of angles. The sectional moment of inertia being greater for the angle bulb, there is a gain in stiffness, or a saving in weight for the same stiffness. Notice should be taken also of the simplicity of fastenings, the economy of rivets.

Special attention should be given to the system of struts, which, though exceedingly light, give to the transverse section a girderlike nature hitherto unattempted afloat. Special attention should be called also to the disposition for insuring continuity of resistance in the main deck, to the longitudinal angle bulbs under the deck beams, and the combination of angle bulbs and wide deck stringers at the sides, but especially to the diagonal strapping which opposes itself directly to the twisting forces referred to above, note being taken also of the fastenings of deck planks to each other.

It may be added that the characteristics in question appear in full relief when the boat is conceived inclined under the great localized forces; when the parts are conceived distributing these forces and transmitting them to the resisting forces without, the structure will be seen to present remarkable stiffness of form, remarkable resistance to deformation, combined with the simplicity of structure described above.

In sum, the boat is an architectural departure, and is an interesting study for all architects. For the marine architect the study is of practical value, for the departure is along the line of his constant effort to realize a maximum of resistance to complex forces with the minimum of weight.

The realization of this main object, however, is not confined alone to the disposition of the material, but extends also, with even more marked characteristics, to the selection. The lightest strong metal known to architecture is used whereever characteristics other than weight do not prevent. The shell plating of the topsides, the main deck beams and strips securing them to the frames, the deck stringers and topside angle bulb, the deck strapping plates, and various fittings,

enumerated above, are of aluminum. The builders claim a gain or saving of ten tons over steel construction as used in the yacht Colonia of nearly similar build. The transfer of this weight from the topsides to the keel, through a vertical height of about 21ft., causes the distinguishing characteristic referred to at the beginning, that of a lowness of center of gravity which places this boat apart from all other products of marine construction.

This use of aluminum presents particular interest from the effort it represents to realize not only a gain in weight, as yet moderate in quantity when compared for simple strength with steel, but also the more pronounced advantage afforded by a more efficient disposition of metal, a section of greater inertia, and consequent greater stiffness, than can be realized with the smaller quantity of the heavier and stronger metal.

In addition, in view of service and deterioration which sets in from the surface, and which may be looked upon as penetrating readily a certain distance and then ceasing, the thicker plate of the lighter metal offers decided advantage over the thinner plate of the stronger metal, assuming equality of strength when first built. These features are important ones in maritime construction, particularly in naval construction.

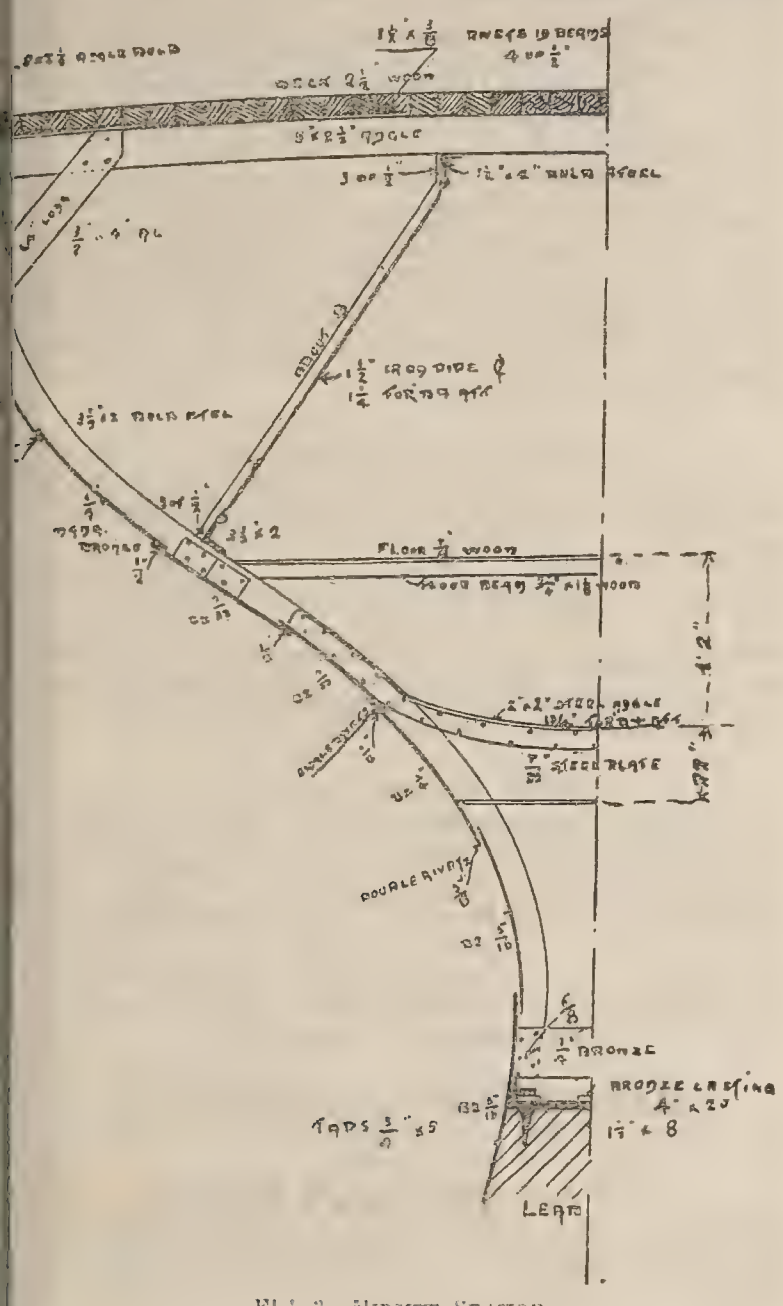


FIG. 3. MIDSHIP SECTION.

The last feature is of particular importance in torpedo-boat construction, which requires the use of plates of extreme thinness.

The advantage of taking weight from lower portions and putting it on the keel is less pronounced than for the case of the upper portions. Further, a special bronze alloy, stronger than steel, though heavier than aluminum, offers, when, polished, pronounced advantage over all painted or varnished surfaces, according to the experience of the builders, in smoothness of surface.

The water-washed portions of the shell plating are of manganese bronze, from which results of ultimate strength are realized about 12 per cent. in excess of the results of steel used for the same purpose. In view of the additional fact that the under water parts are for the most part on the compression side of the hogging girder, and will consequently be less called upon for resistance within tensile elasticity, and of the fact that bronze offers advantages in maintenance of smoothness, according to the builders, and decided advantages in resistance to deterioration, this feature is one of particular interest in naval construction, particularly in the case of torpedo boat construction, where deterioration is most injurious.

In sum, the construction of the boat seeks to realize the advantages offered by two materials that may be considered new, and presents for study all the interest that attaches to the experiment of these materials in the new field of hull construction.

But in seeking to realize the advantages of the new materials the builders have not lost sight of the advantages still offered by the old. For the frames and floor plates and for special fittings like the tie plates around the mast and the chain plates and, in general, the parts where the advantages offered by aluminum and bronze are less in evidence, and where special strength without special stiffness is desired, use is made of steel, with evident advantage. It should be noted that the lower parts of the floor plates, 12in. in height, which are liable to corroding effects of bilge water, are made of bronze.

In sum, the boat seeks to realize the advantages offered by all three of the materials, aluminum, special bronze and steel.

Though aluminum boats have been built abroad, and though bronze has been previously used by the builders in conjunction with steel on Vigilant, the combination of aluminum, bronze and steel has never been attempted. In material, as in architecture, the boat stands apart. But, further, simplicity and directness of construction and new materials and new combinations of materials are not the only characteristics of this remarkable boat.

An examination of the scantlings as described above, and as seen on the sketch of midship section, shows throughout a lightness that is remarkable when it is remembered that the boat is essentially a structural experiment on untrodden ground. This lightness of scantlings is most marked in the region of the mast. It is true that here are found the maximum dimensions of pieces, the heaviest scantlings of outside plating, that the two beams between which the mast passes are of steel instead of aluminum, that the deck strapping plates are increased in width, and that a special steel tie plate binds up the four beams, and the ends of the four strapping plates, but even with these special dispositions the provisions do not appear commensurate with the local strains, particularly on the weather side, that the structure will undergo by reason of the narrow spread of the stays, introducing an enormous thrust of the mast and crushing force between the sides due to the enormous spread of sail and the great height of the center of pressure. Notwithstanding the special provisions enumerated, it appears not improbable that a heavy wind, particularly if applied suddenly, will cause the structures in the region of the mast to spring, if not to give way, it being assumed that the mast is sufficiently robust not to give way beforehand. In view of the experimental nature of the boat, this feature of lightness, particularly in the region of the mast, is second in its striking nature only to the features described above, and offers an interesting field for the calculation of the strains to which the materials are liable to be subjected. This feature has not been included in the present examination of the "method of construction," but a summary investigation leads to the conclusion that the scantlings are such as to bid fair to afford a conclusive, if not crucial, test of the strength of the new materials.

But the test of strength is not the only test in store for the new materials; the test of endurance will also be conclusive. The materials are in a combination that will produce serious effects of galvanic action, if such action is liable to take place under the conditions of service. The aluminum and bronze are not only in contact with each other, but are both in contact with steel, and this contact is most intimate in the case of rivets passing through two or more different materials, as in the case of rivets between frames and shell plating. It is to be noted that methods have been used to obviate as far as possible the liability to this action, such, for instance, as the avoidance of the use of aluminum below the water, the use of bronze for the bottom of the floor plates where liable to be in contact with bilge water. The conditions of service will test the efficiency of these methods.

The test will extend to the use of bronze for the water-washed surfaces, to the extent of the advantage it offers for the resistance to deterioration and to fouling, and, if possible, it should be made to extend to finding the extent of the advantages it offers in frictional resistance, the increased smoothness compared with painted and varnished surfaces.

Thus, in sum, the Defender, while presenting a remarkable study of simplicity of construction and efficiency of distribution of materials, embodies two new materials in such light scantlings as to offer a test of their strength, and in such combination and disposition as to offer a severe test of their qualities of endurance, of resistance to deteriorating influences.

The objects throughout, that of realizing a maximum of strength, with a minimum of weight, particularly in the upper parts, of realizing a minimum of skin resistance, are identical with the objects in naval design, more particularly in torpedo boat design, while the methods adopted, the use of three materials, two of which are new, in a combination which seeks to realize the special advantages of each, and the means resorted to to prevent the bad effects liable to the combination, are all steps across the border at which torpedo boat construction has arrived into the fields beyond.

This interesting production has sought to realize the extreme of sailing advantages along the road that torpedo boat construction must follow in coming developments of hull construction, and the conditions are peculiarly favorable for its cutting away many of the obstacles and indicating what changes in direction are best for entering the new ground.

To realize the advantages of the experiment, investigation should extend to cover the behavior of the new materials under the tests of strength, during stress and after repeated stresses, and under the tests of endurance and resistance to deterioration.

Seawaren Land and Water Club.

THE Seawaren Land and Water Club held its last naphtha launch race for the season, over the 11-mile club course on Staten Island Sound, on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 23, for a handsome silver-mounted, cut-glass claret pitcher, presented by H. G. Seguine, as first prize, and a second prize presented by C. M. Cooper, chairman of the regatta committee. The first prize was won by Lispeth (30ft., 4 h-p.) Wm. M. Ballard; elapsed time, 1h. 21m.; corrected time, 1h. 9m. 30s. The second prize was won by Hazel (30ft., 6 h-p.) Mrs. H. G. Seguine; elapsed time, 1h. 20m. 50s.; corrected time, 1h. 11m.

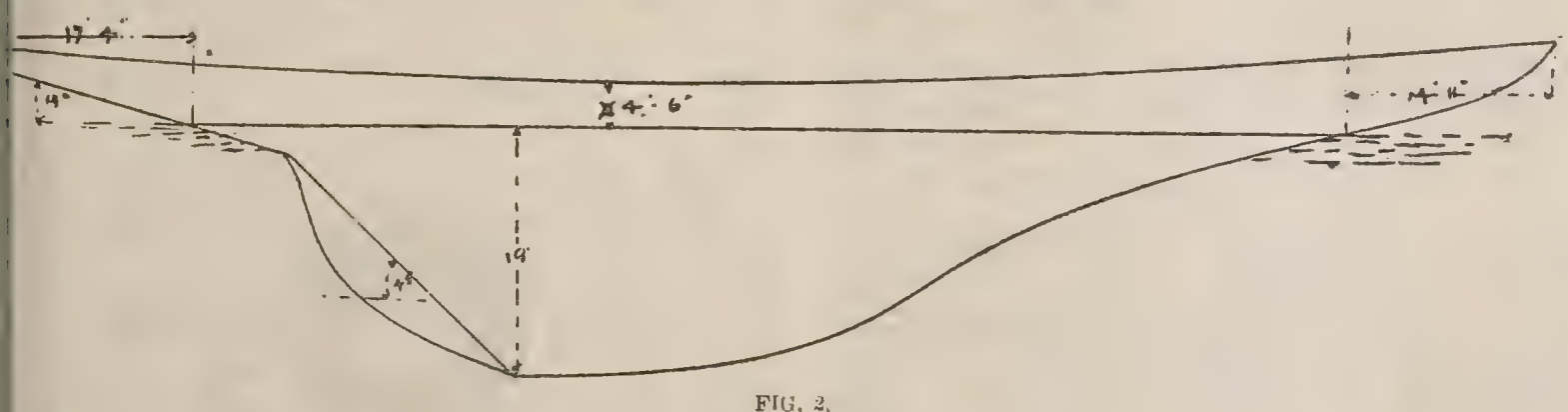


FIG. 2.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES

The Lawley & Son Co. has now under way a new Buzzard's Bay knockabout for Joshua Crane, Jr., from designs by B. B. Crowninshield. She will be 32ft. 4in. over all, 21ft. l.w.l., 9ft. 2in. extreme beam, 8ft. 8in. l.w.l. beam, 3ft. 5in. draft, with a knife centerboard housing in the keel. The construction will be specially light, with bent main keel 2½in. deep, steamed frames each in a single piece from wale to wale. Amanita, as she will be called, the name of a poisonous mushroom, will swing an English lug mainsail, made by Lapthorne & Ratsey; trying this in alternation with the ordinary gaff mainsail. She will be in all respects as much of a racing machine as the class restrictions will permit.

Capt. H. J. Copley, of Oshkosh, Wis., has in hand an order for a schooner for W. C. Reinig, of Fond du Lac, to be 65ft. over all, 45ft. l.w.l., 16ft. beam, and 4ft. 6in. draft, including an iron keel. Capt. Copley will also build for C. A. White, Fond du Lac, a 21ft. l.w.l. sloop of 9ft. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft, including an iron keel.

The steam yacht White Ladye, well known in this country through her several visits when under charter to the late Ogden Goelet, is offered for sale at auction by Messrs. Thompson & Campbell, in London, on Nov. 24. The firm has issued a most elaborate catalogue of the yacht, giving arrangement, plans and complete inventory.

A meeting of the New York Y. R. A. was held on Oct. 15 with Com. Prime in the chair. The report of the regatta committee on the Labor Day regatta was presented and accepted. The Jersey City Y. C. was dropped from membership and the Nyack Y. A. was elected. Capt. Joe Ellsworth was elected a delegate to the meeting of Oct. 30.

The Penatoquoit Cor. Y. C., of Bayshore, L. I., is preparing to establish a one-design class of skipjacks, from a design by C. G. Davis, to be 13ft. 6in. over all, 4ft. beam, with 144sq. ft. of sail. It is expected that eighteen boats will be built.

The Philadelphia Y. C. proposes to establish a one-design class of 20ft. yachts, and they will probably be built by Thomas Webber, from a design by C. G. Davis. The dimensions are: 26ft. over all, 17ft. l.w.l., 8ft. 6in. beam, 1ft. 2in. draft of hull, sail area 525sq. ft., with Tobin bronze board of 300lbs. weight. They will also carry an outside lead keel of 1,000lbs. The club has just secured from the U. S. Government a lease of six and one-half acres of land on Tinicum Island in the Delaware River, where it will establish a station, with railway, etc.

The fifth annual meeting of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association of Lake Ontario was held at Hamilton on Oct. 16 with Pres. World in the chair, the delegates being: G. R. Judd, J. H. Fearnside, R. H. Y. C; F. E. Walker, G. F. Birely, V. Y. C.; Messrs. Riley and Whinton, National Y. and S. C.; D. World, R. T. S. S. C. The Parkdale S. C was admitted to membership, with R. Osborne as delegate. The limit of membership for clubs eligible to the Association was made fifteen, instead of twenty. It was decided to extend the beam measurements in the different classes as follows: 20ft. class, not less than 5ft; 18ft. class, not less than 4½ft.; 16ft. class, not less than 4ft. This amendment not to be retroactive. It was decided to abolish allowance in the different classes. An amendment was passed providing that a skiff must not go out of her own class, except in cup races, when there will be a class allowance. A committee was appointed to arrange about a presentation to the president and secretary for their past services. The following officers were elected: F. E. Walker, Hamilton, pres.; G R. Judd, vice-pres.; L. J. Levy, sec'y-treas.; Executive Committee—G. R. Judd, G. F. Birely, R. T. Cuff, W. A. Watts, T. Riley. Pres. Walker donated a cup to be competed for annually by all classes. After the meeting the delegates were entertained to dinner at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Last week the yachting community suffered a loss through the death of Mr. T. B. C. West, who has been a most ardent yachtsman since he first took up the pastime twelve years ago. Among the many successful craft which Mr. West owned and raced, two stand out prominently—the 10-tonner Queen Mab and the 40 rater of the same name, and the almost phenomenal success achieved by this pair was only approached by the fine performances of his 40-tonner May. All his racing craft came from the board of Mr. G. L. Watson, and at the time of his death he owned the once famous cutter Vanduara, now known as the Madrigal, and which still looks a smart and modern craft, though it is seventeen years ago since she left the stocks. Mr. West was an active and liberal supporter of every movement connected with the improving of yacht racing, and, as a proof of his being a practical sailor, he held a master's certificate, and was the author of various charts.—*Field, Oct. 16.*

H. C. Wintringham, the yacht-designer, who has designed several large tugboats which have proved very successful, has in hand a new tug 162ft. long, 29ft. 4in. beam, and 19ft. 3in. depth, to be named Gypsum King.

On Oct. 18, the schooner Belle, owned by Edward Coles, of New York, while bound from Huntington Harbor for Bridgeport, about 11 P. M., struck some floating object and made water rapidly. With Capt. Fred Stillman and a seaman, was Mr. John Damers, of New York. The three launched the yacht's yawl just before the vessel sank, somewhere in the middle of the Sound between Eaton's Neck and Sheffield Island. As there was half a gale blowing, they had a very serious time of it before reaching South Norwalk at 5 A. M.

A special meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. was held on Oct. 19 at the Waldorf, with Com. George J. Gould in the chair. The report of the special committee was received, and plans were accepted for a large new club house, work on which will be commenced shortly on the club's new property at Sea Gate, Norton's Point.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association.

WITH the meeting of Oct. 16, the A. C. A. starts on its nineteenth year under conditions which are very plainly shown by our report of last week. While there is not the old-time enthusiasm for either the Association or for racing that its friends would like to see, at the same time it is on a very satisfactory financial basis and has an active and enthusiastic board of officers and a good working membership. The probabilities for the near future are that this membership will increase, and that the meets will continue with an attendance of at least 200 persons, and with a fair amount of general racing, but little keen competition for the principal prizes.

The question of site, in spite of all opposition, settled quietly down to the immediate vicinity of Grindstone; no other location was seriously considered. The Association has traveled about a great deal, it has tried both Lake George and Lake Champlain a number of times, and the general feeling is against a return to either place. The strongest advocates of the lakes this year were from the Eastern Division, on the score of convenience and expense to them; but the fact is, the Eastern Division has been conspicuous only by its absence at the Champlain meets planned specially for its benefit—even in its own particular year it mustered but a corporal's guard, and it sends more men to a meet on the St. Lawrence River than it does to Lake Champlain. The trip from Boston to Clayton is a tedious one for the Eastern men—not only expensive, but troublesome in the night changes of trains—but for the other three Divisions the St. Lawrence is far more convenient. Even the New York men find that the odds in time and expense between Clayton and Plattsburgh are not worth considering.

While there is quite a strong feeling against going repeatedly to the same spot or the same general locality, it has not manifested itself positively in the proposal of any new and promising location; this feeling, in connection with the turn of the Atlantic Division, has produced nothing more than a vague mention of Port Jefferson, on the Long Island shore, as a site for a second salt water meet; a place that is practically accessible only by canoe or special steamer, there being no regular rail or steamer communication worth speaking of. The proposal to discuss sites in the Atlantic Division met with no response.

The fact is that the site question has been reduced to very

narrow limits; Lake George, with its hotels on every hand, its hordes of professional tourists and its squally winds, offers few inducements, besides being so well known to many. Lake Champlain offers broader waters and better winds, with chances for the desired degree of seclusion and isolation, but the proximity of the Adirondack Mountains makes the climate damp and uncertain. The idea of a meet on salt water is approached with apprehension by every executive, after the successful failure at Jessup's Neck, it is felt to be a very risky experiment, as canoeing is to-day. Such a locality as Chesapeake Bay, however promising, is too far from the practical center of the Association. If there are other practicable localities as yet unknown, such as any of the inland lakes of New York, the sooner they are discovered and introduced to the attention of the Association the better.

The St. Lawrence River is likely to be the scene of the majority of A. C. A. meets in the future, but even there the advance of civilization has been strongly marked since the first Grindstone meet of 1884. The available localities are even now limited; and whatever the opinion may be as to the desirability or the reverse of a permanent camp site owned by the Association; and of the continuance of the avowed policy of the past, to have no permanent connection with any one locality or particular place, but to change each year; the requirements of common prudence indicate the desirability of speedily securing a site, if one be still available, that the Association can control positively for the future.

As between Grindstone and Stave Island, the real choice this year, we have frequently discussed the good and bad points of both. The camp site of 1889, on Stave Island, selected for the meet of 1898, was with one exception the worst on which an A. C. A. meet has ever been located. A different arrangement of the camp will be tried this coming year, and some of the old drawbacks, such as the absence of a camp dock and the long walk through the fields from the landing to the camp, will be removed. At the same time, speaking from our recollection of 1889, the location has other serious objections which cannot be remedied.

One of the most important pieces of work which comes before the annual meeting is the amendment of the racing rules; and this work can never be done at one meeting alone, much less in the two or three hours at most that can be spared for it out of a busy day. In order that the work shall be satisfactorily done, two things are necessary: In the first place, the racing men, or those interestsd in the racing rules must exert themselves in advance in studying the subject of amendments, in discussing it with others, and in framing amendments in exact and definite language. From the racing men, above all others, the suggestions for the amendment of the racing rules must come; and if they neglect the matter they can rightly find no fault with such action as may finally be taken.

In the second place, the proposals, as they come from different quarters, must be carefully considered and caucussed by some committee, being put in final shape and so presented as to be taken up, discussed and voted on in proper order. Unless this is done, the time of the executive committee is wasted in pointless and fruitless discussion.

The constitution of the Association designates as the proper persons for this task of preparing and presenting the amendments the retiring regatta committee, a body that is presumably, by virtue of a year's experience, fully competent to deal with all such matters. It has been contended at times that the incoming committee was the one to do this work, as it would be charged with the carrying out of the rules; but against this is the plain fact that the new committee has just been elected and seldom organizes before the executive committee meeting, its troubles (let us hope, its joys as well) are all before it, and unless it be composed of men who have previously held the same position, it has not the experience of the old committee.

The work of preparing the amendments being completed, the constitution further says that the report of the committee, embodying all changes and suggestions, shall be published in the official organs of the Association at least two weeks in advance of the meeting. It is then, on the basis of this publication, the duty of the members of the committee to make themselves familiar with all matters which will come before them for action, in order that discussion may be condensed to the main points and only the best action taken.

This year, as is almost invariably the case, nobody did anything in advance of the meeting. Such proposals for amendment as were made were nearly all in crude shape, and amounted to little more than mere suggestions, requiring careful work on the part of some one familiar with all the points involved before they could be submitted to the vote of the executive committee. A number of them were published well in advance, but apparently attracted no notice from those directly interested in them. The regatta committee declined to express any opinions, and simply dumped them down *en masse* on the executive committee. The only wonder, under the circumstances, is that any amendment was adopted, and that the entire undertaking was not a failure.

The limitation of war canoes proved to be a fruitful bone of contention, both parties apparently having a valid ground of argument. The proposal of the Northern Division, for a length limit of 35ft., was made public at the meet, and it should have been discussed by the advocates of the 30ft. limit during the intervening two months, and some amicable arrangement reached with the other side. Instead of this, no notice was taken of it until the afternoon of the meeting, when it was met with a hearty onslaught from the advocates of the 30ft. canoes. That a basis of compromise was finally reached after valuable time had been wasted, was due to the efforts of those not directly interested in the question, the commodore and others.

The one direct and specific proposal before the meeting for the amendment of Rule I. was published in the FOREST AND STREAM a month in advance, and special attention was then called to it, with a request for objections and discussion. In spite of this notice, it was quite evident that some who opposed it had never read it through and did not understand what they were arguing against.

The rule as it now stands seems to embody the gist of the sentiment expressed during the year as to amendments. The sailing canoe is still limited to 30in. extreme beam, as before, no proposal for the enlargement of this limit having been made. Canoes of less beam may enter the sailing races, as before, but none are likely to. A greater beam may be taken, in a specified ratio, by decreasing the length from 16ft.

In the paddling races no canoe of under 30in. beam (with ½in. allowed for variation in building) may enter, but canoes of over that beam may enter, as practically they could in the past in a certain case (if less than 16ft. length). Now any canoe not over 16ft. length and under 30in. beam may enter, but of course a man who elects to paddle a 33 or 36in. canoe against one of 30in. cannot expect to win much but hard work.

The most important of the various amendments was that restricting the trophy race to service canoes. The arguments against this were well set forth in the two letters published last week from Detroit, copies of which were sent in advance to every member of the committee. Some of these arguments, or rather insinuations, were in bad taste and unfounded in fact, but that has nothing to do with the case. Granting that the main arguments, as to the usage in sports at large, and rowing in particular, were well grounded, there is still another side to the question, with which the A. C. A. is directly concerned. It has for years given full scope to the wishes of the paddling racers, and has kept all limits off the canoes in the trophy race, and at times in other important races also. This has been done largelv in deference to the demands of the Northern Division, which has always led in the paddling, and which has claimed that the Association should recognize the racing shell paddling canoe, and establish records of times.

The result speaks for itself; the character of the competition, the attendance at the meets, the number of competitors and the nature of the racing machine itself, have all fallen far below what might have been expected. Some of the canoes produced for this competition have been the flimsiest of traps, fairly falling to pieces under working strain; the trophy has gone begging with but one contestant at the line; the men who have won it once have taken no interest in the Association or the camp at any time, and none in the trophy after their names were once on it. We can say without hesitation that the racing-shell canoe, after a full ten years or more of trial, has been a complete failure.

The new amendment by which the regular A. C. A. limits extend to the canoes in the trophy race is designed to encourage the entry of good service canoes. Like every other rule of racing it will be evaded to a certain extent, and it may even fail entirely of its purpose, as other good rules have; but on the other hand it will for a time at least give a fair fighting chance for the trophy to any good man in an honest service canoe, of not under 30in. beam nor under 45lbs. weight of hull with 5lbs. of ballast. It would certainly seem that under these restrictions there exists little inducement to build anything flimsy and unduly fragile, while the provision as to beam measurements tends to prevent a V-shaped shell.

The war canoe question has been settled by a compromise by which the length of new canoes is limited to 30ft., that of many existing ones in the Eastern Division, while the old 35ft. canoes in the Northern Division will still be free to enter. There is no special injustice in this, as it has been the custom to race together any and every size of so-called "war canoe" from 20ft. to 35ft., as occasion demanded. The strong rivalry of the Divisions awakened this year should lead to some good racing at Stave Island. It may be that there will be several of each size of canoe present, so that races between boats of the same length may be possible. For Association racing, at least, where facility of transportation counts for so much, the 30ft. canoe is by far preferable.

An English View of American Canoeing.

From the Field

WE are never surprised to see, but indeed always expect to see, the acme of common sense in the editorial writings in relation to canoeing in the American FOREST AND STREAM; and we personally know the editor as a practical canoeist and an expert naval architect. It is, therefore, with the greatest interest that we have overhauled his review of canoe racing in America for 1897, five columns in amount, in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 18. He gives valuable criticism on canoeing as it exists, he states the cause of its late down trending in plain words, and he forecasts distinctly that a period of renewed prosperity is before the American Canoe Association.

There are, however, many points in the FOREST AND STREAM article which are of the utmost importance to English canoemen, or at least to such of them as have the whole sport of canoeing at heart, rather than the personal conveniences of a small local group of canoemen, and we will mention those points. But, on the other hand, we are somewhat surprised that America, usually credited with go-ahead notions and prompt action toward improvement is actually lagging behind English action, and apparently about to plunge into another season, 1898, with admitted faults and no attempt made to remedy the evil.

We should have thought that, with the experience of the 1897 season's racing in England before them, the American legislative body would, at any rate, have placed on the agenda paper, for the meeting on Oct. 16, motions for the discussion of the question of the adoption of some scheme similar to the English two-class classifications, which have proved so successful in reviving canoe racing this season in England; but not a suggestion appears as yet to in any way check that devastating pestilence, the racing machine. The action taken in the Royal C. C., when experience showed beyond doubt that the racing machine was to a grave extent damaging the general prosperity of the sport, was most thoroughly fair to both sides; the racing machine was not to be killed, or even curtailed or limited in any way as to its classification rule; but it was henceforth to share the enjoyment of the racing, challenge cup and all, with a larger and more powerful class of useful canoe, which in its turn was to be carefully restricted and limited so as to prevent its harboring or encouraging a useless type of canoe racing machine nature. Now the racer and the cruiser thus put to sail together have so evenly divided the racing honors this season that those who have sensible heads can plainly see that it is no longer absolutely necessary to have a racing machine for the enjoyment of racing. They race together, and the first in wins first prize, and the second prize goes to the first canoe in of a different class to the first in. It so happens that a "cruiser" has thus far won a majority of the season's races, but a racer has won the important cup race.

The result of any change must be gradual where a sport is tackled at rather low ebb, but revival of canoe sailing is undoubtedly going on, and the entries for the autumn races, commencing to-day, show a marked increase, and the increase is nearly all on the large, useful canoe side. The Royal C. C.'s rules of classification for the two classes of canoes have been most carefully thought out, and as they at present stand, the one produces an out-and-out racing machine and the other, the cruising class, produces a comfortable, roomy canoe, capable of almost any work that a canoe can be put to in cruising, and at the same time a canoe equally successful at racing with the up-to-date machine, sailing level, that is, without any time allowance or silly handicapping, and after experience of the working of the rule, now thoroughly well tested, we are of opinion that there is not a word or dimension in the cruiser rule of classification which needs alteration or can be safely or usefully altered.

Turning now to the article in FOREST AND STREAM, the causes contributing to the late low-water state of canoe racing in America are ably set out, and after mentioning many side shows, such as golf, cycling and small-rater sailing, which have no doubt drawn men away, the article goes on to describe the unhealthy state to which canoe sailing itself has drifted, thus: "It is no wonder that there is so little interest in the trophy and the unlimited sailing races, as the successful canoe in this work must be a fearful and wonderful machine, comparatively costly, only to be obtained by hard work on the part of her owner, and of no use whatever except for a few days' racing at the most." Of course, that is exactly the case so long as there is only the racing machine class allowed in the competition, but if a carefully guarded class of cruising canoes were allowed to sail for the trophy, on a level footing, no time, no favor, with the machines, would not the entries and the interest immediately jump up, just as they have done in England? And one step further: if those races could once again be internationally contested, as in 1886 and 1887, would not the competitors and the campers be trebled from that cause alone? And once the ball of keen rivalry is set rolling anew it would take a lot of stopping.

But the rules of the two countries as to classification differ so widely in each class that there is absolutely no chance of any English canoeman putting himself exactly in the hole mentioned in the lines we quote above. We would not go the length of suggesting to America that she should exactly copy the Royal C. C. classification rules, though we doubt not it would have a grand effect toward the revival of her canoe sailing, and that it would at once open the door to further international racing; but we can easily go so far as to suggest that the Canadian canoe clubs, and which form a branch of the American association, should consider the matter, and if necessary adjourn the A. C. A. meeting on Oct. 16 for the further consideration of the classification question. The Canadian clubs would more properly follow the lead of their parent English club, and no doubt an application from Canada to remodel the classification would be successful and be accepted by the American divisions.

FOREST AND STREAM unfortunately holds the opinion that "the present A. C. A. rules in the main are very satisfactory; the great trouble is that men will not build and race under them." Well, the probability is that it is just the unsatisfactory state of the rules which puts men off building or racing in America as it did in England. The sailing canoe, if not built too small, crank and flimsy, and not too large, heavy and unportable, can completely furnish the acme of single-handed sailing; the canoe can safely do all the sailing cruising which a single-handed small yacht usually performs; and from the portable side of the question, she is far easier to transport, to house, and to move under manual labor; and, finally, her cost of production and maintenance is about half that of the small yacht or sailing boat.

In the modern cruising canoe it is easy to sail two people, and, if necessary, to carry camp gear for two; and further than this, two men can strip the boat of her gear and carry her any short distance, as is often requisite during a lengthy cruise. As to the canoe-yawl or the small yacht, the latter quality does not exist. The class gives a good all-round sailing canoe, almost as securely safeguarded as a "one-design one-class" rule could supply, but with freedom as to model and improvement of rig and fittings which that straight-jacket the "one-design" class prohibits.

British Canoe Association.

THE officers of the British Canoe Association, elected at the annual general meeting at the camp, Dromineer, Ireland, on July 26, are: Com., T. H. R. Bartley; Vice-Com., Ernest Kipling; Rear-Com., A. E. Wale; Hon. Sec'y-Treas., George Huntley, Redheugh Bridge Works, Gateshead-on-Tyne, Eng.; Hon. Auditor, R. M. Richardson. Three localities have been suggested for the 1898 meet—Kerrara Island, Oban, Scotland; Sneekemeer, Freesland, Holland; and Mulroy Bay, N. W. Ireland. Sneekemeer was the favorite in an informal voing in camp, but the final decision will be made by the general committee prior to March 31.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
William D. Cram	Haverhill, Mass	Pemigewasset.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 17.—Below are the scores made to-day at the regular weekly rifle contest of the Calumet Heights riflemen. The wind blew strongly from the left quarter and the sky was overcast. Scores:

Oct. 20:

Davis	2318256867—48	Paterson	2439525040—34
Norcom	0000021141— 9	Whitman	1506030961—34

On Oct. 3, with a clear sky and light wind, the following scores were made:

Men's contest, 200yds., off-hand.

Harlan	4	4	9	3	3	9	5	4	5	6—52
Booth	2	5	2	1	2	4	6	5	6	3—36
Davis	3	6	5	7	5	6	4	7	7	3—53
Hobbs	5	4	7	10	5	5	9	4	4	8—61
Schmidt	3	5	3	10	0	1	4	5	5	2—38
Norcom	0	2	8	2	2	7	4	1	3	1—30

Ten shots, 100yds., ladies' medal contest:

Mrs Schmidt ..... 3435353730—36

A. C. PATERSON.

Pittsburg Rifle Shot.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 23.—Inclosed you will find a target which was shot by Mr. Harry Sperling, it being the cleanest score made during the tournament at the recent Exposition here. Mr. Sperling shot exceedingly well, considering the disadvantage that he had: his rifle was accidentally let fall, which in some way injured the firing pin; and I venture to say that he would have given them all a good race had this accident not happened.

In the shoot-off between Phillips and Ingersoll of 25 shots—5 on each



MR. SPERLING'S SCORE: 10 10 10 10 10—50.

score—Mr. Phillips accidentally shot in the wrong target, making a dead center, but lost the shot and medal also, which you will see by his score.

I send you the following record of the shooting contest held for one week at my shooting gallery in the Pittsburg Exposition:

C P Mayer	100	100	100	100	100—500	W B Pierce	95	95	95	95	94—474
R F Phillips	100	100	100	100	99—499	Mr Lyon	96	95	94	94	93—472
F Ingersoll	100	100	100	100	99—499	Mr Stoner	93	93	93	93	92—464
H Sperling	99	98	97	97	97—488	Mr Calvert	96	94	91	91	90—462
Galbreath	97	97	96	96	96—482	Mr Dimling	93	92	92	92	91—460
DocEweng	97	97	96	96	95—481	W C Bedell	91	89	83	87	85—440
Capt Staib	96	95	95	95	94—475	L A Smith	87	84	81	81	77—410

Three very fine medals were awarded to the best marksmen making the best score out of a possible 500 points, under the following conditions: Off hand, distance 50ft., 22cal. rifle, any weight of rifle and trigger pull allowed, any sight except telescope sight permitted; the standard target used, 10 shots to a score, best five scores to a count

The first prize was given to C. P. Mayer. The second prize was a tie between Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Phillips. The third prize was given to Mr. H. Sperling. The tie for second was settled by shooting 25 shots apiece, the score being as follows:

Ingersoll.....48 47 49 46 49—239 Phillips.....38 49 50 50 50—237

J. F. SLAPNICK.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Gilbert-Elliott match for the Kansas City *Star* cup.

Nov. 6.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Seventh monthly contest of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Silver Lake Gun Club. Coaches meet cars from the city at Second and Mifflin.

Nov. 16-19.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Mr. W. E. Kessler. First two days, open to amateurs only; last two days, open to the world. Added prizes each day. Live birds on the afternoons of Nov. 17 and 19. For programmes address W. E. Kessler, 1105 Maple street, Des Moines, Ia.

Nov. 25.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day tournament of the Bison Gun Club. Sweepstakes and merchandise events. C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dec. 8-10.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. First day, sparrows; last two days, pigeons. Dec. 10. Grand Central handicap, 25 pigeons, $25, birds extra. Entries close Nov. 30, with a forfeit of $10; post entries, $30. Handicaps, 25 to 32yds. Royal Robinson, Sec'y

1898.

Jan. 18-20.—HAMILTON, Ont.—Grand Canadian Handicap. Live birds; $1,000 guaranteed. For full information write secretary, H. Graham, American Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

March 22-24.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Royal Robinson, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., writes us that his club will hold a live-bird tournament Dec. 8-10. On the first day there will be four events at 20 sparrows, entrance $6 in each event, including sparrows. Class shooting; 10 per cent. of the net purses to be paid as average money to the five high guns shooting through the four events, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Balance of each purse to be divided 35, 30, 25 and 15 per cent. On the second day there will be two events: No. 1, 7 birds, $7, birds included; No. 2, 10 birds, $10, birds included. Divisions of each purse will be to the five high guns, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Third day: the Grand Central Handicap, 25 pigeons, $25, birds extra, $10 payable on or before Nov. 30, post entries $30. Distance handicap 25 to 32yds. It matters very little whether the Limited Gun Club's tournaments are at targets, sparrows or pigeons. The boys know that the appointments at the club's grounds are just about perfect, and that those who attend the tournaments are well looked after by the members of the home club. Mr. Royal Robinson, too, is a hustler, and has a personality that helps a great deal when he undertakes the task of drawing shooters together. The shoot next December should be a lively one.

The exhibition given at Kansas City, Mo., on Friday last by Fred. Gilbert and Jim Elliott was a most remarkable one. A total of 249 out of 250 shot at, only 1 bird getting away (although 6 fell dead out of bounds) is something we are not likely to read about again for some years. Gilbert's pluck in plugging away when everything was going in favor of Elliott fully deserved the victory he won. Elliott was straight up to the 80th round, while Gilbert had 3 dead out of bounds. Still, Gilbert did not give up, and the unexpected happened. Elliott lost his 80th, following it up with two more losses, his 91st and 96th, both dead out of bounds. This made them a tie, as Gilbert was still killing them all. At the 100 mark they were tied with 97 each. The shoot off was most exciting. Both men killed straight up to the end of the 23d round. Then Elliott had the misfortune to see his 24th bird go out of bounds before falling. Gilbert killed his next 2 birds and won by 1 bird in a race of practically 125 birds per man. Who says that Gilbert has no nerve? Also, who says that he has no cups? The E. C. championship cup at targets; the Kansas City *Star* championship cup at live birds, and the Du Pont championship cup at live birds. Meanwhile the Cast-Iron badge and its honors remain "outer sight."

Last week we made a note in Drivers and Twisters concerning Mr. Higgins, the secretary of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., and his intentions of doing up Ed Taylor on targets. It now looks very much as if Mr. Higgins meant what he said when he made the declaration referred to. On Thursday last, Oct. 21, Mr. Higgins and Mr. Rasmus, the latter a member of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y. (of which club Mr. Higgins is also secretary), went down to Bay Ridge for a little practice at targets. They took Old Reliability along with them to act as a coach. Prior to commencing work, Mr. Taylor made the following speech: "Gentlemen, the targets are flying nicely; your guns and ammunition are of the best; the day is perfection. You will now break targets, or take to the water." A recent interview with Ed Taylor has elicited the fact that he does not believe either Mr. Higgins or Mr. Rasmus can swim, judging from the way they went after the targets. He also informed us that neither party will get any further coaching from him. It looks as if he was "skeered."

Arthur Bunn, proprietor of Bunn's Hotel, Singac, N. J., has the reputation of furnishing some of the fastest birds in the country. Although we have never been able to get to Singac when one of Bunn's handicaps was set for decision, we have heard a great deal about the class of birds provided. We have noticed also that percentages are never very high, even when the best shots stack up against the Singac birds. In connection with the above, we would say that Arthur Bunn announces a handicap, 25 birds, $10, birds extra, for Thursday of this week, Oct. 28. The hour set for commencing the event is 12 sharp. Trains leave Chambers street for Little Falls at 10:30 and noon; or shooters can take the trolleys from the Erie depot in Paterson direct to Singac.

A dispatch from New Haven to a city daily, dated Oct. 15, gives the following information in regard to the intercollegiate trophy: "The shoot to decide whether Yale or Princeton shall keep the intercollegiate trophy will be held this autumn at the grounds of the New Haven Gun Club, or at Baychester, N. Y., on a date yet to be decided. The trophy was offered on the condition that it should become the property of the college that first wins it three times. Yale and Princeton have each won it twice, and the place of the deciding shoot was left to Yale. Harvard has won it once. In this dual shoot each man on the team of five will shoot at 60 birds, instead of 30 as in the regular shoot. Preliminary practice for the trials to determine the make up of the Yale team will begin the first of next week."

Charleston, W. Va., is to have a shoot on Thursday of this week. The programme consists of ten 15-target events, $1 entrance, with three moneys under twelve entries; four moneys, twelve entries or more. There will also be an extra event at 25 targets, $1 entrance, with a Winchester repeating shotgun as the prize; it takes ten entries to fill this event. A handicap is attached to winning first money in any event. The programme states: "Winners of first money shoot from two known (?) traps, known angles, in next event." The shoot will be managed by Dr. John Bishop, of Charleston, and by J. L. Pentz and Dr. T. C. Stotler, of Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

C. C. Beveridge, the "dominie," shot like a crackerjack at the Brooklyn Gun Club last Saturday afternoon. He broke 25 straight in the club shoot, and then ran another 24 straight before he missed. A run of 49 straight on the grounds of that club, stamps the "dominie" as something rather warm.

The Baltimore Association's tournament, Oct. 19-22, was a pleasant gathering. Somehow these Baltimore shoots are always enjoyable; the grounds are not so very accessible, but once there, everything is very comfortable, and the Baltimoreans make you feel at home every time.

We heard of Old Hoss last week. It seems that the Flicker's Nest, Hoss's sanctum, is just the same as ever. When we saw it last it was full of curios and things; among the latter were several medals that Hoss won a few years ago when he, Jim Crow and Elmer Shaner were the crackerjacks of Pittsburg. Old Hoss has expressed his determination of being present at the next Grand American Handicap, and promises to be the first *bona fide* entry on the list. "I want to make a new record," said he; "I want to be the first to enter, the first to shoot and the first to be out of the race. If they'll let me shoot first, I can easily make the record, and it'll be a hard one to beat."

The seventh monthly shoot of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters League will be held Nov. 6, on the grounds of the Silver Lake Gun Club, Point House road and Pennsylvania R. R. Co. Two sets of expert traps will be used. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M.; team race at 2 P. M., sharp. The grounds can be reached from the Pennsylvania and the Reading railroad depots by taking Market street cars to Second; down Second to Mifflin, where coaches will convey shooters to the grounds. Coaches leave Second and Mifflin at 9:30, 10:30 and 11:30 A. M., and at 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M. The sweepstakes are open to all.

The programme for the Itasca Gun Club's tournament, Oct. 29-30, was received too late for us to give any extended notice of the same. From the list of merchandise prizes offered for competition, it looks as if the shoot ought to be a success, if "plunder" is any sort of a drawing card in the vicinity of Grand Rapids, Itasca county, Minn. Professionals being barred, the amateurs cannot have any kick coming if they don't all get that they want. The purses will be divided into four moneys under the Rose system.

The Glenwood Gun Club, of Newburgh, N. Y., is a lively young organization, and manages to throw a lot of targets nowadays. On Oct. 14 it held a shoot on its grounds, the main event being a handicap, the number of targets allowed ranging from 25 to 40. There were twenty-eight entries in this race, the prizes being merchandise. A total of twenty-eight shooters is something for any club to be proud of getting together as things are now. Jesse Rhodes, of Fishkill Landing, N. Y., led the band with 28 out of 33.

Another programme that arrived too late for any advance notices was the one prepared for the tournament of the Maple City Gun Club, Norwalk, O., Oct. 27-28. At this tournament the old percentage system of dividing purses will be used, and "droppers" will forfeit their entrance fees. All targets at this tournament will be thrown from a magautrap, and will consequently be bluerocks.

Noel E. Money, secretary of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company, Limited, sailed for England on Wednesday last, Oct. 20. He expects to be away until after Christmas, and will put in a good part of his time renewing his acquaintance with English partridges and pheasants; he will also manage to take a day or two now and then with the hounds. He is, in short, taking a well-earned vacation.

Harry Thurman and Vandergrift shot a tie race for the Keystone Shooting League's trophy on Saturday afternoon. On the shoot off Father Time won, Vandergrift failing on one of his five tie birds. The club shoot is at 10 birds. Among those who took part as guests of the club were Will King, Bessemer and McPherson, of Pittsburg, Pa. Between them they scored 28 out of 30 shot at, McPherson, who was far from well, dropping both the lost birds.

We learn from W. H. Huck, secretary of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, that the tie between the Boiling Springs Gun Club's No. 1 team and the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, will not be shot off this week, as originally announced. The postponement is made necessary by the absence of one of the members of the Boiling Springs Club (Noel E. Money) in Europe.

W. H. Wolstencroft, of the Keystone Shooting League, Holmesburg Junction, Pa., retains the title to the Austin expert rules cup won by him on Labor Day at Marion, N. J. The race on Saturday was a run away affair; Wolstencroft scored 83 to his opponent's 67. We won't say who his opponent was just at present.

Elmer Shaner and "Our Jim Denny's dog Rupert" are now out in the fields and woods making it warm for quail and ruffed grouse. It isn't often Elmer gets a chance to steal away from the Smoky City, but he does it as often as possible.

With four days in Baltimore last week, and one in Philadelphia, Drivers and Twisters are likely to be scarce this week. Not but what there were plenty at Baltimore; there were—and several of them got away. Likewise a few at the Keystone Shooting League's grounds on Saturday!

Rolla Heikes is certainly a wonder. He not only made high average on both of the target days, but he made a record of 71 out of 72 on the two live-bird days. On targets, it was Heikes first and the rest nowhere, when it came to figuring up the general averages.

The Brooklyn Gun Club's field day next Thursday, Oct. 28, promises to be a pleasant affair. John Wright says that everything will be done to make the boys have a good time; and when John says so—it goes.

U. M. C., Jr., is the title now worn by John J. Hallowell. The mantle of U. M. C. Thomas has been left in Mr. Hallowell's charge during Mr. Thomas's absence in Europe.

The regular monthly shoot for the E. C. cup will take place on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, Hackensack, N. J., Saturday next, Oct. 30, at 2 P. M.

U. M. C., Jr., is taking part in the tournament of the Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club this week. The dates of the shoot are Oct. 26-27.

OCT. 26. EDWARD BANKS.

Inter-Mountain Sportsmen's Association.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Colo., Oct. 18.—The first annual tournament of the Inter-Mountain Sportsmen's Association ended Saturday, Oct. 16. The tournament was held on the Cripple Creek Gun Club's ground, at Mt. Piska Park, which has an elevation of 9,918ft. above sea level. From this point you can get as good a view of the Rocky Mountain scenery as can be obtained anywhere; and also the wonderful gold fields of the district can be viewed with amazement.

We expected a large attendance, but were disappointed, as no State was represented except Colorado; and only a very poor attendance from it. Our Association includes Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri. We expected delegations of shooters from Ogden, Utah; Telluride, Colo.; and Leadville, Colo.; but owing to the snowstorm in the mountains they did not come. The grounds were fixed up in good shape through the untiring efforts of our committee, Messrs. Mason, Macaffree and Garrett, and everything moved along very smoothly, not excepting the bluerocks, which were thrown from a magautrap, and which were thrown hard.

First Day, Oct. 14.

The first day opened clear and pleasant, but with a strong breeze, which made the shooting hard. Funk and Mason were high in the average with 163 out of 180; West and Macaffree, with 160 out of 180. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12			
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*10*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*30*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Funk	9	13	18	8	7	19	15	15	9	8	14	28	180	163	90.5
Mason	9	14	17	10	10	17	14	14	9	9	12	29	180	163	90.5
West	9	14	18	9	8	17	15	13	9	6	15	27	180	160	88.8
Macaffree	8	15	19	8	8	17	13	15	10	7	14	26	180	160	88.8
Garrett	8	12	16	9	8	18	15	13	9	8	13	29	180	158	87.8
Cawthorn	8	10	17	6	10	17	14	14	9	9	11	24	180	149	82.8
Mathews	8	12	15	9	6	18	13	11	7	7	..	..	131	106	80.9
Pickett	5	7	15	..	..	17	14	11	..	..	..	..	95	79	80.2
Elliott	..	..	9	9	6	..	11	10	..	9	8	..	80	62	79.8
Wilcox	6	12	11	4	..	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	90	56	62.2
Deibert	8	7	8	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	36	57

Second Day, Oct. 15.

The second day was very cold and disagreeable, with wind all day and snow in the afternoon. Nine men shot the day's programme. Funk took the lead to-day on high average with 164 out of 175; Mason second with 162; Macaffree 161. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12			
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*30*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Funk	9	14	10	9	10	9	19	14	20	10	14	26	175	164	93.7
Mason	9	15	9	10	8	9	18	14	18	10	14	28	175	162	92.5
Macaffree	9	14	10	8	9	10	19	14	18	10	13	27	175	161	92.1
Garrett	8	13	10	9	8	9	19	10	17	9	15	26	175	153	87.4
Deibert	8	15	9	7	9	10	17	15	16	8	15	22	175	151	86.7
West	9	14	8	9	8	9	13	14	18	9	14	25	175	150	86.2
Mathews	7	13	6	9	9	8	15	13	19	8	14	25	175	146	83.4
Pickett	5	8	8	7	8	10	19	15	14	9	13	28	175	144	81.7
Cawthorn	10	11	6	8	8	9	14	11	16	8	14	25	175	140	80
Elliott	..	..	..	9	7	7	15	14	..	..	13	..	75	65	86.6

Third Day, Oct. 16.

The third day was a rough one, a heavy snow falling and blowing from the north, which hindered the shooters from making good scores. The snow fell all day and the air was very cold. Only six shooters reported on the grounds, although there were several new ones who came the night before, but thought the weather too bad to shoot. Funk and Mason tied again to-day with 131 each out of 145, Macaffree 130 out of 145, and Garrett 127 out of 145. Following are the scores for to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*20*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Funk	17	14	10	6	10	10	18	15	19	12	145	131	90.4
Mason	19	14	7	9	10	9	18	13	18	14	145	131	90.4
Macaffree	16	14	9	10	10	8	16	15	17	15	145	130	89.9
Garrett	19	15	10	10	9	7	19	10	18	10	145	127	87.7
Deibert	14	13	10	9	8	10	18	12	19	13	145	126	87
Cristy	13	14	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	55	42	76.2

The Association had a badge made of Cripple Creek gold, valued at $50, to be given to the shooter making high average for the three days' shoot. This was won by C. L. Funk, of Pueblo, who led by 2 birds. Mason, of Cripple Creek, was second. Taking all in all, the altitude, weather, and the way the targets were thrown, the scores made were very good, although there were but four men who shot through the entire programme. Following are the scores for the three days and averages:

	1st day.		2d day.		3d day.		Totals.		
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
C L Funk	180	163	175	164	145	131	500	458	91.6
W G Mason	180	163	175	162	145	131	500	456	91.2
D L Macaffree	180	160	175	161	145	130	500	451	90.2
J W Garrett	180	158	175	153	145	127	500	438	87.6

AN EXTRA EVENT.

After the programme was finished on the third day, Mason, Garrett and Frank shot a 100-bird match, winner taking the pot, loser paying for all birds. Following are the scores:

C L Funk.....1111111110111111101111111111111111011111110111111—46
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50—96

G W Garrett..1111111111101111111101111111111111111111011111111—46
1110111111111111111111111111111101111111111111111—48—94

W G Mason...1111111111101111101011111111111111111101111111101—46
1011111111111111111111111101111111101111111111101—46—92

CRIPPLE CREEK.

IN NEW JERSEY.

DAYTON VS. TRENTON.

Oct. 18.—In a recent match between ten men of the Trenton Gun Club and a similar number of the Dayton Gun Club, the Dayton team won by 24 targets. The match took place at Monmouth Junction on the grounds of the Dayton Gun Club. E. C. Hutchinson did the best work for Trenton team, breaking 25 out of the 30. F. Rose followed with 24, and Charles Allen with 23. C. McDonald and P. Emmons, of the Dayton, carried off the honors of breaking more than any shooter on either team, only missing 4.

Scores, Dayton vs. Trenton, 10-men teams, 30 targets per man:

Dayton Gun Club

C McDonald.....110111010111111111111111101111—26
G Snook.....001111111111101011101110111111—24
J Barkley.....100111011100011101111111001—21
Clinton.....110111001100010110111011101111—20
R Farr.....011000110101101111111110001100—18
Clinton.....110111001100011001011101110111011—19
F Van Dyke.....100001111111111101111101111111—24
P Emmons.....111111101111111111100110111111—26
J Emmons.....100100101111111010011111101101—20
J Blackwell.....011110100111111101111101111111—24—222

Trenton Gun Club.

E C Hutchinson.....111111111001111111111111100110—25
F Rose.....111111111111110001111001101111—24
C H Allen.....111111111101101010111011100111—23
J M Allen.....110011110110010111101010111111—21
W Wilson.....011000110111111101111011010111—21
C O Lutes.....101100110101100111111001110011—19
W T Taylor.....111110011110101011101001011100—19
H Bumbough.....001110011001011000111011100011—16
William Mickel.....100011110101110111110001001000—16
M Hicks.....010010010111010010001010011110—14—198

EAST SIDE GUN CLUB.

Oct. 21.—Below are the scores made to-day at the regular monthly shoot of the East Side Gun Club. The weather was all that could be desired and the attendance was large, several visitors being among the crowd. The birds were A No. 1, and the traps were in splendid working order. In fact, everything passed off in a most satisfactory manner. At the conclusion of the shoot an excellent collation was enjoyed at Henry Henry's hotel. Scores in the live bird events were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Waldman	1012000—3	1012212—6	.....
Hassinger	2011221—6	1022221—6	110
A R S	1002201—4	2122122—7	0
Henry	2111222—7	2222121—7	110
Thomas	0011001—3	2201110—5	.....
Bitz	1120102—5	2201101—5	.....
Fischer	1111102—6	.....	11110
Esau	1121012—6	1222120—6	111111
Bass	1101222—6	0100110—3	.....
Leuthausser	1101110—5	2201202—5	111111
Perment	1121122—7	.....	.....
Castle	1121111—7	1211121—7	111110
Hilfers	.....	0121110—5	.....

SECRETARY.

Trap at Towanda, Pa.

TOWANDA, Pa., Oct. 14.—The live bird shoot held to-day at Ward's Shooting Park, was a great success, nineteen shooters taking part in the programme events.

The shooters were: H. Ripley, G. B. Tracy, G. H. Pumpelly, W. W. Borden, Geo. Wood, Zim Strong, Chas. Baylor, Mr. Day, of the Owego Gun Club; Dick Browning, Will Worthing and Frank Allis, of Rome, Pa.; Will Terrell, Orwell, Pa.; John Hamer, Dushore, Pa.; Chas. Armstrong, Canton, Pa.; Al Budd, Troy, Pa.; Fisher and Nelson Welles, Wyalusing, Pa.; Del. Higgins, Sayre, Pa.; Frank Kerrick, Durrell, Pa.; Brooks Kerrick, Asylum, Pa.; also Frank Montayne, Geo. McCabe, Willard Shiner, Jay L. Ward, Towanda, Pa.

The grounds are located two and one-half miles south of Towanda, on the bank of the picturesque Towanda Creek. The weather was fine and everything in apple-pie order when the 11 A. M. train arrived with the sportsmen. Immediately an event was arranged, with Frank Montayne as referee. It is a regular chestnut to say that the birds were good ones, but the scores will show that they were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Shiner	02202—3	2220222—6	....	....
N Wells	02002—2	2200220—4	0	....
Budd	20202—3	0220200—3	20	0
Montanye	02222—4	0220022—4	0	20
F Welles	20022—3	2222202—6	2222	2222
Terrell	00020—1	0020022—4	0	....
Allis	00001—1	2000002—2	....	2220
Kerrick	02200—2	2222220—6	0	0
Armstrong	00020—1	0222220—5	0	....
Browning	20020—2	0220222—5	0	0
Ward	02020—2	2022202—5	....	....
Higgins	00002—1	0020000—1	2220	0
Tracy	22022—4	0020222—4	220	2222
G H P.	22022—4	0222220—5	0	0
Ripley	22220—4	2222220—6	2220	220
Hamer	22000—2	0020020—2	....	....
McCabe	22022—4	2020222—5	2222	220
Barden	22020—3	.....	....	....
Shores	00222—3	.....	....	0
J S	.....	2000222—4	....	0
Wood	.....	0000020—1	....	....
Day	.....	.....	20	0
F Kerrick	.....	.....	2220	....
Baylor	.....	.....	220	....

Nos. 3 and 4 were miss-and-outs.

J. L. WARD, WILLARD SHINER, } Committee.

Elliott's Challenge for the Du Pont Cup.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 25.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Elliott has challenged Gilbert for the Du Pont cup. The Kansas City men informally prefer the following schedule: Du Pont cup race, Chicago, Dec. 7; *Star* cup, Dec. 9; intercity team shoot, Dec. 10-11. This schedule is impossible, as the *Star* cup's time elapses on Dec. 7. Kansas City has listed fifty-six men for the inter-city team race; the committee meets at the Winconsin Club, Kansas City, on Wednesday evening to select twenty men out of the above fifty-six. The ten men to represent the city will be selected from the twenty just before a start is made for Chicago. A strong delegation is to come from Kansas City with the team.

E. HOUGH

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Baltimore Tournament.

THE tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Oct. 19-22, was not favored with the best of weather. The first day, it is true, everything was about perfect, so far as weather conditions go; but the second and third days, and the forenoon of the fourth day, were enough to discourage anybody but the most inveterate trap-shooter. As a result, the tournament was a disappointment in point of attendance. The Baltimore Shooting Association added $150 a day on each of the two target days, and then added $200 in cash to the purse in a 25-bird race on the fourth day; this made a total of $500 added money. Yet the largest entry in any one event on the first day was thirty; thirty-three was the sum total of all the shooters on the grounds. On the second day there were twenty-four entries in events 9 and 10, twenty-six being the number of shooters who took part in one or more of the events on the programme. In the Maryland Handicap, the 25-bird event on the fourth day, to which the Association, as stated above, added $200, there were only twenty-four entries, just four more than were necessary to fill the *guarantee* of $500. With the $200 added, this meant $700 among the four high guns.

The figures given above show plainly that the Association did not meet with anything like the support that its generosity deserved. It seems hard to explain this apparent apathy on the part of the shooters. Was it the fact that all purses in the target events were to be divided under the old system of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent? Or was it because they figured out that the game would be a hard one anyway, the list of crackerjacks who were likely to attend growing daily, particularly in the imagination of the local reporters, or of their informants? Prior to the opening of the shoot, they had about every shooter of renown as either in town or on his way to Baltimore. Jim Elliott, Charlie Grimm, Fred Gilbert and a host of others were ready to make things hot for the boys. Did this keep the nearby shooters away? As a matter of fact

THE COMPANY WAS HOT.

There were Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., and Ferd Van Dyke, of Dayton, N. J., the representatives of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn.; John J. Hallowell, now known among the boys as U. M. C. Jr., representing the U. M. C. Co. of Bridgeport, Conn.; W. F. Parker, a member of the firm of Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., and O. R. Dickey, a representative of that firm; E. D. Fulford and B Leroy Woodward, the latter from Campello, Mass., both of them shooting Remington guns; Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company, Limited; H. P. Collins, the Baltimore and Southern States representative of the Du Pont and Hazard Powder Companies; T. H. Keller, representing the King Powder Company and the Peters Cartridge Company; Harvey McMurchy, of the L. C. Smith gun; Jack Fanning, the representative of the U. S. Smokeless (Gold Dust) Powder Co.; Sim Glover, shooting a Parker gun and Schultze powder; J. L. Brewer, shooting a Francotte and Schultze well to the front on the first day at targets, and on the last day at live birds; etc.

There were others, too, who helped to make it warm; Charlie Young, of Springfield, O., was among the number. Hood Waters and Hawkins, of the home club, ably seconded by C. A. Macalester and Hobbs, did much to sustain Baltimore's reputation. Billy Wagner was on hand the first day, coming over from Washington, D. C., to show the boys that he had not yet forgotten how to break targets. W. Allison, a member of the Hingham (Mass.) Gun Club, and G. W. Clay, of the Hill Top Gun Club, of Austerlitz, Ky., were also among the number of those who shot along through the programme. Col. J. T. Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C., one of the most popular trap-shootors in the country, and Col. Thos. Martin, of Bluffton, S. C., a close second to Col. Anthony in the race for the popularity medal, both arrived too late to shoot through every event; but it is safe to say that from the moment they struck the grounds, about 1:30 P. M. on the first day, neither the one nor the other allowed a single opportunity to go by them, whether it was expert rules, reversed pull, or miss-and-outs. C. B. Hutchings, of Galveston, Tex., an enthusiastic shooter, arrived on the second day, but had the misfortune to break his gun, thus depriving him of the chance of showing what he could do in the Land of the Terrapin.

As spectators on the last two days of the shoot, two prominent figures were Captain J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Company, and Jno. L. Lequin, secretary of the Hazard Powder Company. Captain Dressel and Mr. Lequin are respectively the president and secretary of the Interstate Association. Additional arrivals for the last two days were Phil Daly, Jr., of Elkwood Park, and Walter Patten, of Pleasure Bay, N. J.; Messrs. Armstrong and Parke, names assumed by two prominent amateurs, were also on hand for the live birds. From Pittsburg, Pa., came J. E. Bessemer England, W. S. King and Sandy McPherson, otherwise S. H. Vandergrift.

ARRANGEMENTS WERE GOOD.

Jim Malone, manager of the Baltimore Shooting Association, has had enough experience to know just what is wanted in the way of arrangements for a large tourn ment. Two sets of traps were in position. No. 1 set was composed of five bluerock expert traps; this was the regular club set of traps, and all shooting at these traps was done under the shed roof that covers the platform. No. 2 set of traps was located on the far side of the club house; down the hill, in fact. This set was made up of three bluerock expert traps, set Sergeant system. As will be seen by a reference to the daily reports and daily scores, this set was a Jonah for most of the shooters. The background on both sets of traps was by no means good; there was far too little skyline and far too much of woods and barns to make it easy to get on to the targets. On the No. 1 set of traps targets were thrown both far and at varying angles, the targets looking smaller than usual; on the lower set, the targets were thrown at even greater variations as regards elevation, but they went far enough to please anybody. It was really hard shooting on No. 2 set, and very seldom have such low averages been made when such a warm crowd was present to shoot through the tournament.

THE OFFICIALS.

In the cashier's office, Mr. D. W. Brawner bore the brunt of everything. On the first day he was assisted by Mr. Stanley Baker, a gentleman who has had considerable experience in this line; on the second day, in place of Mr. Baker, who was unavoidably detained in the city, Du Pont Collins was Mr. Brawner's aide; on the last two days Will K. Park gave his time and energies to helping in the cashier's office, Mr. Collins being absent, owing to sickness in his family.

George Brown, better known to the Baltimore boys as "Brownie," was puller on No 1 set of traps, Bob Scharff taking charge of the scoring at this set; on No. 2 set Noah Walker had charge of the scoring, while L. Fix did the pulling. It is only fair to say that every official who was acting under Jim Malone's orders at this tournament did everything they had to do in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. The refereeing was in charge of so many different people, that it would take quite a list to mention them all. Mr. John Buck looked after the gate, and was courteous and obliging to all who had a right to enter the shooting grounds.

The story of the four days' shoot may now be told in sections, day by day:

GENERAL AVERAGES.

It is not hard to account for Rolla Heikes's position as head of the list of general averages. Gilbert holds the championship of the world at inanimate targets, it is true; and it is also true that he won it on his merits with a magnificent total that may not be surpassed for many years. But Rolla Heikes, with his new '97 model Winchester repeating shotgun is shooting so far ahead of all his competitors in the East, that it looks as if even Gilbert would have to saw wood if he met Rolla in open sweeps just now, if he wanted to keep on top. An average of over 93 per cent. for two days, in such weather, with such a background and such hard targets to go up against, is little short of phenomenal. Heikes's strongest point is his even shooting; he seldom, or never, we might say, makes a skip. Here in the East at least he is easily king of them all.

Fulford's great finish is characteristic of the man. He is shooting his Remington remarkably well. He has a good gun, and it fits him; and with it he is likely to do more than hold his own. To tie for first average on such a day as Wednesday was is no small feat, particularly when the scores of so many good men were away below him. Fulford can be proud of his position as second on the list for the two days.

Sim Glover shot into third place of the general averages by virtue of many a 15 straight. It almost seems as if Sim had a cinch on such things. A glance at his scores will show what he did on No. 1 set of traps, where the 15-target events were decided. He, of course, was shooting his Parker, and but for a couple of bad skips would almost certainly have taken second place.

Hood, a local man, who shoots under his first name, his surname being Waters, won fourth place by consistant shooting on both days. A loss of 7 targets in event No. 8 on the second day might easily have been materially reduced had he taken any ordinary care. Hood knows, none better, that he might have broken more had he tried to do so, instead of playing and calling "Pull!" in a falsetto voice that does not belong to him. His position as fourth on the list was received with an expression of good feeling by the other shooters, that plainly showed how popular "Hood" is with his fellows:

Dickey got off badly, but finished strongly, and ended only one behind Hood. Fanning and Banks were 7 targets behind Dickey, while Parker and Young were just at the 300 mark. Charlie Young was not shooting his gait, and the same may be said of a whole lot of others. G. W. Clay, a new face in the East, can break more targets out of 350 than he did at Baltimore; but, being a stranger, he had new conditions to buck up against, and the result was very often—lost bird.

The list of general averages follow:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
R O Heikes	164	163	350	327	93.4
E D Fulford	156	163	350	319	91.1
S Glover	159	158	350	317	90.5
W Hood	158	154	350	312	89.1
O R Dickey	153	158	350	311	88.8
J S Fanning	155	149	350	304	86.8
E Banks	153	151	350	304	86.8
W F Parker	145	155	350	300	85.7
J M Hawkins	154	146	350	300	85.7
C Young	144	155	350	299	85.4
G W Clay	147	148	350	295	84.2
W Allison	145	149	350	294	84
H McMurchy	140	153	350	293	83.7
F Van Dyke	147	144	350	291	83.1
B Leroy	147	142	350	289	82.5
J J Hallowell	142	142	350	284	81.1

First Day, Oct. 19.

The first day of the Baltimore tournament gave us a glorious example of early fall weather. There was enough snap in the air when we went out to the grounds to make light overcoats quite necessary for one's comfort. Given such fine weather, it was a wonder that more shooters did not show up. Thirty three made up the list for this day, the big majority of these being members of "the old guard." Col. J. T. Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C., and Col. Martin, of Bluffton, S. C., were unfortunate enough to arrive on a train that reached Baltimore four hours late. As a result of this dilitoriness on the part of the railroad (due to the quarantine conditions in the extreme South), these two gentlemen did not arrive on the grounds until after 1 P. M., at which hour the first eight events on the programme had been disposed of.

As stated earlier in this report, two sets of traps were used; one, the regular set of five bluerock expert traps of the club, the other set being the three-trap system devised by G. W. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo. The five trap set was No. 1; the three-trap set, No. 2. On No. 1, the 15 target events were decided, the 20s being shot over No. 2 set. It was hard shooting, and straights were scarce. Targets from No. 1 set went far and *looked* very small; from No. 2 set, they were thrown at all kinds of angles and elevations, while the background and the slope of the field in which the shooting was done, made it exceedingly difficult to gauge the flight of the targets. The walk from No. 5 position to No. 1 was an uphill climb of a decidedly heavy grade. Thus, at No. 1 score the shooter seemed to stand *above* the traps, while at No. 5 he was *below* them. The ground sloping downhill sharply from left to right, left-quartering targets appeared to have far less elevation than they really had; and, of course, right quartering targets, which had the ground falling away from them, appeared to be rising faster than they were. The dark background also kept everybody figuring, and straights were very scarce indeed, particularly on No. 2 set. On this set, the first 20 straight was made in event No. 6; Heikes followed suit in No. 8, Dickey getting them all in No. 10. In the five events shot on this set of traps there were 138 entries, yet only three straights were made! In the five 15-target events shot on No. 1 set of traps there were also 138 entries, yet only fourteen straight scores were recorded. Of this fourteen, Glover was responsible for four, Heikes and Hood making two each; thus, three men made eight out of the fourteen straights!

Heikes shot up to the front as usual, finishing with 11 lost out of 175, an average of 93.7; this was really great shooting when all the conditions are taken into consideration. Brewer shot very well, and landed in second place, just 4 targets behind Heikes. Glover and Hood both had a couple of poor scores, but finished third and fourth with averages of 90.8 and 90.3, respectively. Fulford was fifth, only two breaks below the 90 mark; Fanning, Hawkins, Dickey and Banks were bunched closely for the next four places. Scores follow:

SCORES OF OCT. 19.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Events:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
R O Heikes	15	19	14	19	14	19	13	20	15	16	175	164	93.7
J L Brewer	16	18	14	19	13	18	12	19	14	18	175	160	91.4
S Glover	15	14	15	19	15	16	15	19	13	18	175	159	90.8
W Hood	13	19	12	15	15	19	13	18	15	19	175	158	90.3
E D Fulford	13	19	11	17	14	17	14	19	15	17	175	156	89.1
J S Fanning	15	19	14	14	14	19	14	16	12	18	175	155	88.6
J M Hawkins	13	18	15	17	14	19	11	18	14	15	175	154	88
R O Dickey	13	16	13	19	11	19	13	15	14	20	175	153	87.4
E Banks	13	16	14	15	14	20	15	18	12	16	175	153	87.4
F Van Dyke	14	16	14	17	13	16	11	17	13	16	175	147	84
B Leroy	14	16	11	17	13	18	12	17	14	15	175	147	84
G W Clay	14	14	13	16	14	16	14	17	14	15	175	147	84
W F Parker	14	17	11	17	14	17	13	13	11	18	175	145	82.8
Allison	13	15	13	15	14	15	14	18	12	16	175	145	82.8
C Young	9	17	14	16	11	17	12	18	12	18	175	144	82.3
John J Hallowell	13	12	13	15	13	17	13	19	11	16	175	142	81.1
H McMurchy	13	16	13	15	11	18	13	17	10	14	175	140	80
C A Hayward	10	15	13	17	12	16	12	13	13	17	175	138	78.8
Smith	13	15	13	17	12	11	12	18	15	13	175	138	78.8
W Wagner	13	9	13	16	13	16	10	13	13	19	175	135	77.1
T H Keller	12	18	11	17	10	15	7	18	9	17	175	134	76.6
Hobbs	14	17	10	16	11	13	13	13	10	16	175	133	76
Nutting	12	9	12	12	12	11	14	12	10	13	175	117	66.8
H P Collins	14	13	12	13	9	8	12	15	8	11	175	115	65.7
H Ducker	..	..	..	17	12	15	13	15	11	15	125	98	78.4
Gent	..	10	14	12	11	16	12	..	12	..	120	87	72.5
Pentz	12	10	9	11	10	12	7	..	..	..	120	71	59.2
Bond	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	19	14	90	70	77.7
Hill	..	..	..	17	7	16	..	..	..	..	55	40	72.7
Col Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	35	29	82.8
Col Anthony	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	35	25	71.4
Watts	..	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	14	40
Wrightson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	15	10	66.6
Entries	25	27	27	28	28	29	28	25	30	28	Average 27.6.		

Total number of targets in the programme events was 4,830.

Two extras were shot after the programme had been finished. The results in these events were as below:

No. 1, 20 targets, unknown angles: Fulford and Banks 20; Leroy, Glover, Van Dyke and Hawkins, 19; Hood, Young, Hayward and Hobbs, 18; Dickey, Heikes, Fanning and Smith, 17; Clay and Martin, 16; Hallowell and Anthony, 15; Collins, 12.

No. 2, 25 targets, expert rules: Fanning, 23; Hood, Dickey, Heikes and Banks, 22; Van Dyke, 21; Martin, 20; Leroy, Fulford, Glover and Anthony, 19; Hayward and Hawkins, 18; Hallowell and Young, 17; Franklin, 13.

When the expert rule race was finished it was almost too dark to see a target. Fanning had to break his last 5 targets to win; and he did it.

Second Day, Oct. 20.

Rain started in to make itself felt about 10 P. M. on Oct. 19, and fell practically all day to-day. The wind, too, blew at times with the force of a fifteen-miles an hour breeze. It was coming from the eastward and blew right in the faces of the shooters, driving the rain in under the shed roof that covered the platform at No. 1 set of traps. This made it hard for anybody to shoot with precision, but was particularly severe on those who had to wear glasses. Heikes and Fulford were the bright stars of this day's shooting, tying for first and second averages with 163 breaks out of 175 shot at. Glover and Dickey tied for third and fourth places on 158 breaks out of the same number shot at. These four were the only ones to score over 90 per cent. Parker, Young and Hood shot well up, while McMurchy improved considerably upon his work of the previous day.

The unpromising weather conditions had much to do with the poor attendance, although the crackerjack nature of the majority of those on the grounds helped to keep the entry lists down to a low mark. Only twenty-six shooters took part in the ten programme events.

Owing to the rain at the start only No. 1 set of traps was used; No. 2 set was not worked until No. 4 event was called. During the day no less than eighteen straights were recorded in the 15-target events, Dickey making three of them, while Heikes, Glover and Fulford each had two. In the first 20-target event, which was shot on No. 1 set of traps, Heikes and Fulford each went straight. On the No. 2 set of traps, in the four 20-target events shot on this set, Fulford and McMurchy were the only men to make a straight 20, McMurchy just coming in with his straight in the last event. Fulford made a long run to-day, scoring nearly 80 straight in events 4-8. Scores follow:

SCORES OF OCT. 20.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
R O Heikes	13	20	13	19	13	19	15	17	15	19	175	163	93.1
E D Fulford	12	20	13	19	15	20	15	18	13	18	175	163	93.1
S Glover	13	17	15	17	14	18	15	18	14	17	175	158	90.2
O R Dickey	15	17	15	18	14	18	15	15	12	19	175	158	90.3
W F Parker	14	18	10	18	12	16	15	19	14	19	175	155	88.5
C Young	12	19	13	19	13	19	13	17	13	17	175	155	88.5
Hood	15	19	15	18	12	17	12	13	14	19	175	154	88
H McMurchy	11	17	14	19	15	18	14	14	11	20	175	153	87.4
E Banks	14	19	9	13	13	18	15	18	14	18	175	151	86.2
J S Fanning	11	19	13	16	14	14	13	18	13	13	173	149	85.1
W Allison	15	18	14	15	11	18	11	15	15	17	175	149	85.1
G W Clay	13	19	14	17	13	15	13	14	14	16	175	148	84.5
J M Hawkins	14	16	13	18	13	14	12	12	15	19	175	146	83.4
F Van Dyke	13	16	13	15	13	15	12	14	14	19	175	144	82.3
J J Hallowell	10	15	12	19	9	17	13	18	11	18	175	142	81.1
B Leroy	12	13	12	14	15	17	13	17	12	17	175	142	81.1
Capt Money	14	15	14	16	11	17	11	16	9	15	175	138	78.8
Col Martin	11	17	12	17	10	17	13	16	12	13	175	138	78.8
Col Anthony	14	13	12	14	9	13	14	14	14	11	175	128	73.1
C A Hayward	..	15	13	14	13	16	10	11	12	20	160	124	77.5
G B Hutchings	..	14	13	16	11	15	10	10	10	13	160	112	70
J L Brewer	13	16	13	18	12	17	13	..	..	..	120	102	85
T H Keller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	12	18	70	60	85.7
J L Pentz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	16	55	39	79
Dick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	35	28	80
Franklin	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11	55
Entries	20	22	22	23	22	22	23	23	24	24	Average 22.5.		

Total number of targets thrown in the programme events was 3,945.

Two extras, both at 20 targets, reversed pull, were shot after the programme had been finished. The wind, rain and extremely hard angles, added to a fast growing darkness, made the breaking of targets extremely difficult. In No. 1 Hawkins was high with 17; in No. 2, Col. Martin lost his first bird from No. 1 trap and then ran 19 straight. Scores:

No. 1: Hawkins 17, Heikes, Hood, Glover and Hutchings 16, Young, Fanning, Dickey and Hallowell 15, McMurchy, Banks, Bond and Anthony 14, Fulfurd, Allison and Keller 13, Hayward and Leroy 12, Martin 11, Money 9.

No. 2: Martin 19, Heikes and Hawkins 17, Glover and Fanning 16, Banks and Fulford 15, Allison and Hood 14, Young and Dickey 13, Hallowell and Hutchings 12, Anthony and Hayward 11, Money 10.

Third Day, Oct. 21.

This was a cold, dull day, without a ray of sunshine to make things look cheerful. It didn't rain, however, so we had something to be thankful for. The lack of a strong breeze to aid the birds was an unfortunate thing—for the birds at least. Some remarkably fine shooting was done by many of those present, but Captain Money was the head of all, with a run of 76 straight; his first miss for the day was made on the last bird he shot at. Rolla Heikes killed all his birds, 43 in number, while Bessemer, Armstrong, Hood, Glover, Dickey, McMurchy, Fanning, Van Dyke, Brewer, Fulford, etc., all did excellent shooting.

The programme consisted of three events, a 7-bird and two 10-bird, races. All events were "high guns to win." No. 1, the 7-bird event, $7 entrance, had twenty-four entries. This event was shot on No. 1 set of traps, while a miss-and-out was being decided on No. 2 set. Of the twenty-four entries, fifteen killed straight and divided the purse, each man drawing out $7.80 for his $7. Birds were included in the entrance money, and everybody stood at 30yds.

No. 2 was 10 birds, $10, birds included, 30yds. rise. This event also had twenty-four entries, ten men going straight; eight out of the ten had run straight in No. 1. The ten straights drew $16.80 each for the $10 they had paid into the purse.

No. 3 was another 10-bird race of the same kind, but it was also a handicap affair. Twenty-seven put in their $10 and thirteen out of the twenty-seven went straight. Of the above thirteen straights five men (Glover, Dickey, Money, Heikes and Hood) had helped to divide the purses in events Nos. 1 and 2. Straights in this event paid a fraction over $14.50 for an outlay of $10.

Although shooting did not commence until a comparatively late hour, it was kept up as long as anything like a bird could be seen leaving the traps. A total of over 1,000 birds were trapped during the day. It might not be out of place to note that the birds seemed to fly much better from No. 2 set of traps, the ones "down the hill," than from No. 1 set, which were placed on the plateau in front of the club house. In events 2 and 3 on the programme, the 10-bird events, the shooters shot in squads of six, each man shooting 5 birds on each set of traps. This permitted the running off of these events much more rapidly than if only one set of traps had been used; it also kept the shooters together, saved much "squad hustling," and was far less tedious to either watch or take part in, than the usual way of "1 bird and retire" until all had shot a bird. There is one objection, however, to this system, and that is "the luck of the draw;" one squad may get a crate of screamers, the next squad get a lot of duffers. In Nos. 2 and 3 the first 5 birds were shot on No. 1 set, the last 5 on No. 3. Scores follow:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
McMurchy	2211121—7	1121012111	(30)..1211112101
Hallowell	2112121—7	1120211202	(29)..2222112122—10
Brewer	1222222—7	2222122212—10	(32)..2222212010
Van Dyke	2222221—7	2222222222—10	(20)..2222022222
Fanning	1222122—7	1221211112—10	(30)..1202121222
Glover	2212212—7	2211112112—10	(30)..2221122222—10
Young	2222000	2102202212	(30)..2111211202
Fulford	2222122—7	1122012222	(30)..2221122221—10
Dickey	1211121—7	1121211111—10	(30)..1121211212—10
Hawkins	1122102	1110120022	(29)..1121220220
Martin	2212122—7	2021202212	(29)..1221111212—10
Anthony	0100111	1121111010	(28)..0110201211
Emerson	1120	.....	(18)..1021220122
Parke	0220221	2112221022	(30)..2121122122—10
Money	1 22222—7	1111121212—10	(30)..1211212111—10
McPherson	2221212—7	2022222222	(28)..2222222222—10
King	2220022	2222222222—10	(29)..1222220222
Bessemer	2222222—7	2212222021	(31)..2222222222—10
Heikes	2222222—7	2222222222—10	(30)..2222222222—10
Hayward	1221220	2222112011	(29)..1121210111
Hutchings	0000222	1102200222	(26)..1222110102
Armstrong	1121112—7	1221221011	(30)..1211111222—10
Hood	2121221—7	1222211122—10	(29)..2122212222—10
Wolstencroft	20	.....	.....
Edwards	.....	2022212222	.....
Simms	.....	2222222221—10	(28)..2222222222—10
Ducker	.....	.....	(28)..2121101210
J Hutchings	.....	.....	(26)..2222202212
Jamieson	.....	.....	(26)..0222221121

Miss-and-outs.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3
Armstrong	111122111212—12	.....	11111222221122—15
Money	111121111112—12	.....	211111111111112—15
Hawkins	220	.....	2212222110
Ducker	111110	.....	11222112221110
Martin	111111122221—12	1212211	20
Anthony	120	.....	12122211111120
Wolstencroft	111121220	.....	.....
Parke	12220	.....	0
Emerson	10	.....	.....
Jamieson	.....	0	.....
*Jamieson	.....	2222222	.....
Hutchings	.....	2222220	1110
Hayward	.....	110	10
Edwards	.....	2220	.....
Bonday	.....	2222212	.....
Fanning	.....	.....	220
King	.....	.....	2222122222122222—15
Bessemer	.....	.....	2222222222222222—15
McMurchy	.....	.....	1111111210
Heikes	.....	.....	2222222222222222—15
Dickey	.....	.....	12111110
Brewer	.....	.....	1122211222222210
Simms	.....	.....	222222220
Young	.....	.....	121111212122222—15
Fulford	.....	.....	22220
Johnson	.....	.....	20
Glover	.....	.....	2112122222212220
Hood	.....	.....	120
Parke*	.....	.....	221210

* Reëntry.

Another $5 miss-and-out resulted as follows: Martin and Jamieson 7, Fulford 6, and Money 5. (Note.—Money's loss in this miss and-out, which was the last event of the day, was his first miss; his run was 76 straight.)

Fourth Day, Oct. 22.

The morning of the fourth day of the shoot was dull and raw. Scarcely any breeze was on hand to aid the birds, but still there were some good hard ones trapped in the 25-bird race. Later in the day, that is toward 1 o'clock P. M., the sun came out, and the birds seemed to appreciate the change for the better in the weather. There were only twenty four entries in the big event; this made the purse one of $800, $700 of which was to go to the four high guns; the Association added $200 to the guaranteed purse it must be remembered. All surplus was to be added, but no provision was made in the programme as to how any surplus of over twenty and under thirty entries should be divided. It was finally agreed that the $100 derived from the four entries over twenty (the number necessary to fill the guarantee) should be divided 50, 30 and 20 to the 5th, 6th and 7th high guns.

Five men killed 25 straight, and according to the above agreement, these five men divided $750; this left $50 to be divided among the four 24s. The five straights were: J. L. Brewer (32), R. O. Heikes (30), C. A. Macalester (29), Hood (28) and W. S. King (29). The guns and loads of the above were as follows: Brewer—Francotte gun, 4drs. Schultze, 1¼oz. No. 7 shot, U. M. C. Trap shell. Heikes—Winchester repeating shotgun, '97 model, 44grs. E. C., W. R. A. Leader shell, factory-loaded ammunition. Macalester—Churchill gun, 51grs. Schultze, 1¼oz. of

7 and 6½ in U. M. C. Trap shells. King—Scott gun, 45grs. Du Pont, 1¼oz. 7½ and 7, W. R. A. Metal lined shell Hood—L C. Smith gun, 3½drs. Schultze, 1¼oz. No 7, U. M. C. Smokeless shell.

Of the four 24s, two at least had hard luck Jack Fanning lost a bird dead out of bounds that cost him some money, while Bessemer went along up to the 23d round before he lost a bird that put him out of the main portion of the purse. This bird of Bessemer's was a left-quartering incomer that he shot rather far back with his first barrel; his second barrel seemed to be both below and behind the bird, which went out of bounds only to fall dead about 20yds. behind the dead line. A little more care with that second barrel would have placed Bessemer among the 25s.

The full score, showing the flight of each bird, and also telling how the race progressed, is given below in detail:

Maryland Handicap, 25 birds, $25, birds extra, $500 guaranteed to the four high guns, and $200 added by the Baltimore Shooting Association, making a total purse of $700 guaranteed by the Association to the four high guns; all surplus added, and divided among the next high guns in certain ratios set forth in the programme. Handicaps to range from 33 to 26yds. Handicap Committee: Capt. A W. Money, C. A Macalester and Jacob Pentz. Referees: No 1 set, John J. Hallowell; No. 2 set, Harry Ducker.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J L Brewer (33)....2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—25

R O Heikes (30)....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 25

W S King (29) .....2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

C A Macalester (29)2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 -25

Hood (28).....2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

J S Fanning (30)....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 • 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

Bessemer (30).....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2—24

C Young (30).....1 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—24

Parke (30).....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2—24

O R Dickey (30)....2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 2 2 23

H McMurchy (30)..2 2 2 1 1 • 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 • 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2—23

Capt Money (30) ...2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 • 1 2 2 2 1 1 • 2 2—23

Col Martin (29) ....0 2 • 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1—23

S McPherson (28)..1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2— 3

Jamieson (27) .....2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

S Glover (30) .....2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 0 2 —18

E D Fulford (30)....1 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 — 13

Simms (28).....• 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 —13

Col Anthony (28)..1 • 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 2 —12

Will (26)..... 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 — 9

Armstrong (30) ... 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 — 8

P Daly, Jr. (30).....2 2 0 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 — 8

F Van Dyke (30)....2 2 2 2 • 2 • 1 2 0 — 7

W Batten (28).. ...2 2 0 • 2 2 0 — 4

A FEW MISS-AND-OUTS.

A few miss-and-outs were shot during the day, No 1 being shot prior to the commencement of the Maryland Handicap. The scores in these events follow:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Fulford	21221	.....	.....
Heikes	2 10	.....	.....
Martin	111211	2211112210	2211222212212210
Anthony	111111	12•	2212212212212211111
Fanning	211121	.....	.....
McMurchy	121211	.....	.....
Young	222221	.....	.....
Dickey	211221	.....	.....
Macalester	.....	1212222212	122220
Ducker	.....	1111222112	2122222221211221121
Parke	.....	2222122122	2222222222212211122
Armstrong	.....	111121120	1221122211122111210
Hood	.....	222212210	0
Money	.....	21121220	2211111112222112112
Simms	.....	222222•	.....
Jamieson	.....	1221220	2222120
*McPherson	.....	222220	.....
W S King	.....	220	.....
McPherson	.....	0	.....
*Hood	.....	.....	2222222220

* Re-entries.

Heikes was the only man out of the eight entries to drop a bird before the event was stopped in order to commence the main event No. 2 was divided between Macalester, Ducker and Parke. No. 3 was divided between Anthony, Money, Ducker and Parke.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

We are indebted to Messrs. Bob Scharff and Noah Walker, the scorers at No. 1 and No. 2 set of traps, respectively, during the Maryland handicap, for the full score of that event, showing the flight of each bird. FOREST AND STREAM's trap-score type is the best system yet devised for reporting live-bird contests, but had it not been for the courtesy of the two gentlemen above named we could not have given the story of the Maryland handicap in a nutshell as it appears in our columns this week.

Capt. Money made the great run of 76 straight in the live bird events shot on Oct 21. He lost his 77th bird, the last bird he shot at in the last miss-and-out, just when it looked as if he was going to make a clean score for the day.

Rolla Heikes "pumped" shot into the pigeons at Baltimore in a manner that made it quite apparent that his new gun, the '97 model, suited him to a T. On the first live-bird day he killed all he shot at—43 birds. In the miss-and out shot on the second live-bird day before the Maryland handicap was started, he lost his fourth bird; then he ran 25 straight in the big event. His score on live birds for the two days was 71 out of 72.

Col. Martin's was a new face at a tournament so far North as Baltimore The Colonel made many friends, and showed that "an old field shot," who gets next to no practice on targets and live birds, can pretty nearly hold his own with the best of them His best shooting was done in the last extra on the second target day. This was at 20 targets, reversed pull. Col. Martin missed his first target; he was standing at No 5 and failed on No. 1, like so many others we know of; then he ran the last 19 straight; 17 was the next highest total to his. On the evening of the first live-bird day he offered to make a small wager that there were not as many 25 straights in the Maryland Handicap as there were 27 straights in the three programme events on that day. As it happened, he would have lost, for five men made 25 straight in the Maryland Handicap, and just that number ran straight in all three events on the programme for the first live-bird day.

Col J. T. Anthony, Col. Martin's side partner, was greeted with evident delight by every shooter who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. If there is a more popular man in the trap-shooting world than Col. Anthony, we'd like some one to trot him out for inspection. As it was, those who were at Baltimore found that the two colonels were a good pair to draw to. And what they did to some of us "was a plenty!"

Jack Fanning says he has a hoodoo in 25-bird races just now. At Clifton, N. J., he ran 24 out of 25 in the Jersey Handicap, and didn't get a cent back out of his entrance money. Here at Baltimore he scored another 24, but got back $12.50 for his total. In both of the above cases he killed every bird, but lost 1 each time dead out o bounds.

The Maryland Handicap was started promptly at 11 o'clock; by 2:10 it was all over. That is to say that 489 birds, not including "no-birds," were trapped in ten minutes over three hours on two sets of traps

Charlie Young had bad luck in losing a bird early on in the Maryland Handicap. He stuck it out, however, and landed with 24, getting back a little more than one third of his entrance fee Parke ran straight up to the 22d round, but lost his bird in that round. He also finished with 24, and drew down $12.50 of his $32 50.

Jack Brewer had a close call for his straight in the big race. In the 23d round, he drew an incomer that towered slightly. He hit it with his first barrel, but not enough to stop it, and then apparently didn't do it any harm with his second barrel. For about a second or two Jack had heart failure, as the bird kept on for him and the deadline Suddenly it saw Jack's look of horror (so the boys say), and turned right round when almost over the deadline, and fell dead a moment later—"dead bird" In the 24th round Jack's nerves had not quite recovered, for he drew an outgoer to the left that kept on flying after both barrels had been fired; it looked as if it was a goner. Then it concluded to stop in bounds. Jack went out for it himself, and did the sneak act on hands and knees amid Indian warwhoops and cheers.

Hood got a nice mark, considering how well he shoots live birds and targets. His 28yds., however, was due to the fact that he has never shot in a big race before. His first essay may, therefore, be said to have been a good one.

Tom Keller was, as usual, the life of the shoot. His cry of "Pay de man!" was heard many a time and oft. It never failed to draw a smile, even when the victim had lost a bird that meant a good deal.

E. D. Fulford made the longest run on targets, scoring something like 80 straight on the second day E. D is shooting targets very well and always manages to get up somewhere near the top.

G. W. Clay, one of "the Clay Brothers," of Austerlitz Ky., was present at the Baltimore tournament last week. He shot through the target programme, but was unable to do himself or the Hill Top Gun Club justice. Being from Kentucky, Mr Clay is naturally all right, and made many new friends among those whom he met in Maryland. He shot well, but lost a target or two just when it would have done him much good.

EDWARD BANKS.

Western Traps.

GILBERT WINS THE DU PONT TROPHY

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 23.—Fred Gilbert, the innocent-looking Iowa boy, yesterday, for a second time this month, visited Kansas City, and for a second time defeated the most redoubtable shooter of that city and one of the most dangerous opponents whom at this time the entire country could have produced. Elliott has been in superb form this year, more especially this summer, and when he started out for a little fun with the boys, the knowing ones tipped him on form to beat the best of them. He has not disappointed his friends, nor do his scores in the last two events at Kansas City show that he is yet going out of form, or is becoming anything but a winning shooter so far as high scores are concerned. The only trouble about Jim Elliott in these races has been that his competitor was in just a shade better form than he, in a trifle better luck, perhaps—only a hair breadth the better this time—and so won by that narrow majority which means victory for one man, disappointment to another, and a rattling good spectacle of shooting to every witness of the event It is not likely we shall soon see again the record of so close a race as that of yesterday for the Du Pont trophy, a tie on 97 at the end of the 100, and 24-25 at the close of the 25 tie birds; totals of 124 and 125 out of the 125 each killed, 6 birds dead out of bounds between the two shooters, and only 1 bird out of 250 missed by the two guns in the entire race! Such shooting as that is more wonderful than any man except a good pigeon shot can appreciate. It betokens a steadiness of nerve a perfection of arms and ammunition, and a personal skill bordering on the marvelous Had such perfection been shown by but one of the men, it would not have seemed so wonderful, no matter which man it had been, but that two men should shoot practically the same race, in open and hot contest, where the energies and determination of each were wrought to so high a pitch, is as singular a thing as is apt to happen for a long day at the traps of any country. Mr Gilbert won, and it was not a hollow win His opponent deserves as much credit as himself. In such a race the chief credit is to have competed, as none would be quicker than Mr Gilbert to admit, and the victory was the toss of a straw either way.

Without having witnessed the race, it is not fair to say anything about its conditions. It will be guessed by every shooter, however, that the birds could not have been difficult, for no matter what the skill or who the shooter, 122 out of 125 is beyond championship form on stiff birds. The flight must have been duller than one would care to see, but the skill on even such birds was the same. Had the birds been tied fast, such scores would still be wonderful. It would be a good feat that very few men could kill so many with both barrels, even were the birds actually tied.

Only 1 bird was actually missed, Elliott's 80th bird, which was apparently unhurt Three each fell dead out of bounds in the race. Gilbert thus lost his 21st, 53d and 72d birds. Elliott started out in splendid style running 79 birds without a break in the utmost ease, and was picked for a winner under pull. He, however, met the fatality which may befall any shooter in this risky game of birds. He lost dead out his 80th, 91st and 96th birds, thus finishing tied with the Spirit Lake boy instead of beating him out, as it seemed sure he must. Then came the tie on 25, and Gilbert scored them all You can't beat a man when he scores them all. Jim had the hard luck to lose his 24th bird dead out of bounds, and though he killed his last bird clean, he thus went out one bird behind. What the excitement must have been along in the last stages of this phenomenal match only those who have seen close pigeon matches among the good ones can imagine. It was a race worth going many miles to see, and if these boys can do that again they can draw any kind of a crowd they want—even in Chicago, where shooting crowds are small. The hum of surprise which went over Chicago shooterdom this morning on learning the results was something more intense than has been known here for many moons over any shooting matter The reputation of neither man is injured yet by such races as these two have made, and the partisans of the one or the other have as yet no reason and no disposition to change their original beliefs. Only one thing would make the odds go in Gilbert's favor for the coming Chicago race for the *Star* cup—Dec. 6—and that would be the fatality which has always attended Elliott here, where he has rarely been at his best, and the fact that he was long considered practically invincible on his home grounds at Kansas City. At the latter spot Gilbert has succeeded in attaining his wish of making it "rather two straight than one each"! He has been to a shooting match, however, and he will be at another here on Dec 6. Neither of these men will quit, nor is it likely that either will keep on beating the other all the time, for the records of live bird shooting do not indicate that any man remains long in such form that he can be called the champion of them all. Gilbert has now in hand the *Star* cup, and the Du Pont trophy again, and appears to have a personal fondness for keeping one or both of these by his own fireside. The Cast-Iron badge he will hardly go after, for reasons which space is too valuable to mention. Both Gilbert and Elliott have gone a long way to the front this month in the estimation of the shooting public. They have got together like men and shot clean, workmanlike races for clean trophies, wasting no time about preliminaries, and using none but open and manly methods. This sort of thing raises the standard of trap-shooting, and we cannot have too much of it. The participants in yesterday's race will be welcome in Chicago and in every city of the land where shooters meet. Following are the scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co

Elliott.....2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 2 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2—22—97

Gilbert.....2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2—24

2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

1 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2—23

2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25—97

Tie:

Elliott.....1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 • 1—24

Gilbert.....1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—25

Long runs were: Gilbert 20, 31, 18 and 53, including the 25 in the ties; Elliott 79 and 10.

Later.—From a gentleman just returned from Kansas City I learn that the birds were held to be good ones, the flush ropes being used in only three instances.

During the race Elliott, though shooting in grand form, appeared to be just a shade nervous. He noticed things about the score, and once asked spectators to step back from the front of the score. He watched a free bird which hovered about the score. Once when his gun was at his face he lowered it to wait till the heads of some jockeys who were passing on the near by race track had passed out of line. These facts were cited to show that Elliott was nervous. The man who can kill 79 straight is in a pretty good sort of nervousness, it would seem. Yet the fact remains that in the last fifth of his race, when he was three birds in the lead, he let his man creep up on to the tie at the 100th bird

The utmost good feeling prevailed on both sides, and the race was pleasant throughout.

TRAP AT CHICAGO.

At Watson's Park the approaching Kansas City-Chicago festivities are stirring up a lot of shooters who have been allowing the spiders to build webs in their guns. Quite a little amount of practice shooting has been going on within the past week. The weather has been windy, and the birds have been hard Fred Gilbert says he has had some shooting at this park, the past week or so, as hard as any he has ever known The wind has prevailed from the east, and the birds have averaged right-quarterers To day a goodish little aggregation put in the afternoon at Watson's. Following are scores of the past few days:

Oct 19:

Gilbert	1211011222211212122211122—23
E S Rice	2020022110111222220221220—19
Bingham	122 12222111202211221112—21
Dr Shaw	1221•1101112012120111 —16
Claret	0112021210222222•0220220000—15
Johnson	0.0201011•12212.2•0120112—17
C E Felton	2221112111112022101121111 0—22
J P Watson	012•2222121121•2221122012 2—21
Huckins	1121022222222222222 —17
Goodrich	1112221121 —10

Oct. 20:

E S Rice	2110020 2111220112112102111201—23
Gilbert	1121•2221•2012 2221202222222223—26
Johnson	••1011021100•10 2••1•1•22 —13
Robbins	1112110202202 0002 1221022010 - 18
Felton	12112•220111112102 11 —17
Gillespie	2220111 — 6
Dr Frothingham	2201•2 — 4
Barnicle	000101 — 2
Goodrich	10111 — 4
Adams	10112 — 3

AUDUBON CLUB HANDICAP.

F R Bissell (28)	2•1•0012112221101—10+2—12
E S Rice (30)	1110121002121202—11+3—14
J H Amberg (28)	2111121222212•0 —14+2—15
C Morris (26)	2•0112211102111—13+1—15
C E Felton (27)	1102111111221111—14+2—15
J M Gillispie (30)	1211012211011•1—12+2—14
Dr Frothingham (30)	2022022220011 12—11+0—11
C B Dicks (28)	11•0011112121211—13+2—15
*Adams	2100020111111122 —11
*Hanson	1211012101122112 —13
*Dr Shaw	22111•011221211 —13

Ties on 15:

Amberg	0220122111112212—13+2—15
Morris	2022222122201 2—12+4—15
Felton	0221112111111•01—12+2—14
Dicks	2210212021032 12—12+2—14

Amberg and Morris shoot off their tie next month.

* Visitors.

Oct. 21:

F M Smith	1102•1•201• 0211012—13	F M Smith	0020121002201122 •1—12
L C Collar	1122121022221202 —13	Wiley	2122122022 — 9
Adams	2201122121110112 —13	Fish	2111•00010 — 5

Oct. 22:

Wright	2222222.2 2222 222 2222222 —25
Claret	0011102121002012120211010221120—20

Oct 23:

Goodrich	0202120201110121122202112 —19
Dr Shaw	1222101112•1212230222222222—22
Wright	2222220222302222221 2222222—22
Collar	2022.002•2 — 6
Adams	1101112212222212122211•122—23
Morgan	0•2102020 — 4
Richards	1•012 — 4
Roll	2210 02• 22 0 22 22222010—19
Emory	1211121222121111001 —17
Kuss	0120022122210121210 —15
Wiley	02 20101•2221020211 —13
Bain	2211022210122111120222221—21
Snow Bird	110 — 2
Gillespie	2 2110121012012111211111100—20
Ferguson	0212021021222210221220 —15
Goodrich	1110211112211111101112011 —22

NO TEAM YET.

The shooting committee in the inter-urban team race has not yet formulated any report or made up any conclusions in regard to the choice of men. It has not seriously gone to work yet in the process of sifting, but to-day announced that it would hardly be likely to come to any conclusion until late in November. This may be a matter of precaution on its part, but it will need to be mighty careful if the newspaper men do not get wind of its probable selections before that time. As yet, however, any announcement of a team for Chicago would be mere faking and founded only on guess work.

NO CLUB SHOOTS.

No regular club shoots were held in Chicago to-day, the season having been closed at the principal grounds. The weather has, however, been so fine to-day and for several days past that a few men may have wandered out to have an hour or so of individual sport at the traps, though no competitions have been on hand.

CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB.

At Calumet Heights Club the weekly shoots have been in progress, with more or less good attendance. The duck season has come on apace, and as many as four ducks having been reported as seen in the vicinity, the club has turned out to pursue them to the bitter end. On the train last Monday morning, I saw some of the members of this club just coming home. Sam Booth had three or four ducks and a nice looking bunch of jacksnipe, and Dick Turtle had two brace of mallards and a teal. The club has been well patronized, and the surroundings at this season are exceptionally pleasant. Following are the more important recent scores:

Oct 8.—Turtle won in Class A, Norcom in Class B, and Harlan in Class C. Scores:

Booth (A)	0101011011100111111111110 —18
Turtle (A)	1110110111111111111111111—23
Norcom (B)	1111111011111101111010111—21
Harlan (C)	1101101011111111111111111—22
Schmidt (C)	1001111011011111011111110—19
Davis (C)	1110011101011101101010101—16
Hobbs (C)	1111111111111111100111011—22
Wilde (C)	1011010100001011101000011—12

Oct. 9.—Only three men shot in the medal race to-day. Scores were:

Medal contest, 25 birds, unknown angles:

Houston (A)	1111001011111111111101110—20
Norcom (B)	1110111111011111101111111—22
Harlan (C)	1110110101111111111111111—22

Oct. 10.—Handicap at 50 targets for a silver cup. Allowance of misses as breaks Scores:

Lamph're	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111101111—49+ 6—55
Knowles	1101010001110011111111111101111110111101111111111111—40+10—50
Booth	0110101111111111101111111111011111101111101111110—43+10—53
Fergusson	1111111110110011101111111110111111111011101111111—42+10—52
Turtle	1010011101011110011111011001111011101111011111111—37+10—47
Young	1101101111111111111111001111111111001111111111011—43+10—53
Houston	1111110111111011111111111111111111111111101111110—44+10—54
Norcom	1001111110101110111111110101011111111101111101101—38+13—51
Boedker	0000111011111101110011101001100110101001110101111—31+19—50
Schmidt	1110000111111111101111110101011011011011011010—34+15—49
Marshall	1110111101111111011101111111111111101111011111111—44+14—58
Greely	1101111011111111111111111111111111111011110011111101—44+14—58
Harlan	0110110111011011111011111111111111011001111011111011—39+15—54
Davis	0001100101111111111111011010110110011011101100011—30+19—49
Hunt	0110000101111001101001110111111100111.0.1001011011—30+22—52

Shoot-off on tie:

Greely	1111030111100100011111100—15
Marshall	1101111111111101111001010—19

Same date, 10 live birds, season trophy contest. Won by Turtle on the shoot-off. Scores:

		Ties.
Knowles (32)	2111111111—10	1111•
Lamphere (32)	1124122121— 9	
Turtle (32)	2111212212—10	12222111211
Houston (32)	2222222212—10	11•

Booth (32)	1101111212— 9	
Norcom (32)	2222121122—10	21222•01
Marshall (30)	0102101112— 7	
Fergusson (32)	2220112101— 8	
Young (32)	1111012121— 9	
Boedker (30)	2101210111— 8	
Harlan (27)	2111111202— 9	
K Marks (27)	2201101221— 8	
Davis (27)	121112111•— 9	

Same date: Medal contest. Winners—Class A, Lamphere; Class B, Marshall; Class C, Harlan.

Lamphere (A)	111111111011111101110111 1—22
Young (A)	111101111001111111110111—21
Turtle (A)	011101111111111111010111011—21
Fergusson (A)	110111101101111011100011—18
Booth (A)	011101111111001111001111101—18
Houston (A)	011111111100111111111111—22
Norcom (B)	011011100000000111001001 1—11
Marshall (B)	010111111111100111101111 1—20
Boedker (B)	1011011 011110111000010111—15
Greely (B)	101011001011011011011101—16
Schmidt	111110101010010101101111—16
Harlan	110101110101111111011101 1—19
Davis	111011000100001100111001 10—12

Oct. 20.—The Calumet Heights Club held its regular weekly contest to-day, with a moderate attendance. There was an overcast sky and a very strong wind in the face of the traps; a straightaway target would soar skyward to a height of 75ft. and invariably be undershot. This fact accounts largely for the ordinary scores following.

Twenty-five targets, known traps, unknown angles; classified:

Paterson (A)	101110111011101111101111—20
Lamphere (A)	100111111001111010111101 1—18
Houston (A)	011101011110111011 011101—17
Booth (A)	111111111010101111111000—19
Greely (B)	111101111001100111111111—20
Norcom (B)	111101111111111101111111 1—23
Boedker (B)	001010111101101000010101—12
Davis (C)	100001011000000011100C000— 7

THE COOK CO LEAGUE E. C. CHALLENGE CUP

The following communication is at hand from Mr. A. C. Paterson, who has just challenged Mr. W. R Morgan for the E C. challenge cup, for a date not yet fixed. Mr. Morgan has accepted Mr. Paterson's challenge, and the date will soon be set for the race, which is anybody's event at this writing, as both men are in good fettle. Mr. Paterson is of the belief that, as the cup was put up originally for the shooters of Cook Co., it should be open only to those shooters, even in case of the disbandment of the League, which is a matter not yet in the least foregone. There is no talk yet which warrants the statement that the Cook Co. League will disband. The year has been one of very general satisfaction. Mr. Paterson says:

"CHICAGO, Oct. 23.—I notice an article published in this week's issue of the *American Field*, which relates to the challenge cup donated last year by the E. C. Powder Co. to the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, and which was shot for and won. The conditions at the time of donation were that the winner of the cup would be subject to challenge by any member of the League. The item now published as showing the conditions is, in one instance, to the effect that 'in the event of the disbandment of the League, the cup should be open to the challenge of any person in the State of Illinois.'

"It seems to me, as a member of three clubs of the League and a director of the League, that as the cup was donated to the League of Cook County, in event of the disbandment of the League (which is not, however, now evident or anticipated) the cup should be subject to challenge from any member in good standing of a club of Cook county, and not of the State of Illinois at large. A. C. PATERSON."

INDIANAPOLIS HANDICAP.

The date of the big Indianapolis live-bird handicap sweeps, set for Dec. 7 and 8, will probably be set forward to Dec. 9 and 10, in order to avoid conflict with the dates of the Kansas City Chicago team shoot. Many shooters are expected to go to Indianapolis from Chicago after the Carnival here.

IN TOWN.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby, of New York, is in town this week, feeling the pleasurable sensation of being in a real city for a while. He is doing fairly well. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Wolstencroft Still Holds the Cup.

THE shoot for the Austin cup at the Keystone Shooting League's grounds, Holmesburg Junction, Pa., Oct. 23, resulted in the easiest kind of a win for W. H. Wolstencroft, the holder, who broke 83 (and might have broken more had he needed them badly) to 67 on the part of the challenger. For the latter's score we have no excuse to offer. It is true that the light was bad; the targets thrown at varying heights and distances; the background puzzling; and that rain was falling, with a northeast wind blowing. But then it was the same for all, and Billy broke them, while the other didn't.

When watching or taking part in sweepstakes at expert rules, we have often seen a mistake made in pulling the traps, the same trap being pulled twice in the series of five. Under expert rules, one man up, a shooter is always sure of his last trap, if he has kept tab on the others which have been pulled. In our fourth series of five in this match the puller made a mistake on the last trap, pulling No. 5 when he should have pulled No. 4. Thoroughly astonished at getting a sharp left-quarterer when we were looking for a comparative straightaway, we hesitated, and then went after it, with a view to protecting ourselves in case we had made the error. After losing the target, we instantly made a claim for a balk, stating that as we had kept count, No. 4 should have been the trap, and not No. 5. An examination of the score showed that we were correct, and Referee Hallowell ordered "another target from No. 4 trap." As, however, some of those present thought that as we had fired, the result should be scored, we waived our claim and took a back seat. Our claim was based on the "balk." Rule 19, A. S. A., Section I., Subsection C., says: "If the contestant is interfered with, or balked, or there is other similar reason why it should be done, the referee may allow another target." Section 2 of the same rule says: "When the shooting is at known *angles*, he shall have another target from the same trap; but if the shooting is at unknown *angles*, he shall have another target from an unknown trap, to be decided from the indicator, except it be the last trap, when the shooter has the right to know which trap is to be sprung. In this case he shall have another target from the same trap." In quoting the above rules we have purposely italicised the word "angles;" our reason for doing so is that we have always construed this word as a misprint for "traps;" no other construction of the rule appears to us to be possible. Under the rules as above we have no hesitation in stating that (although we were an interested party) Mr Hallowell's decision of "another target from No. 4 trap" was quite correct.

Looking at it from a commonsense point of view, consider how a puller could rattle a man by pulling wrong traps, that is, by pulling the same trap twice in a series. Again, look at it another way: A puller could favor another shooter very much by pulling No. 5 trap more than once in the same series. We have, therefore, for the above reasons, always held that when a wrong trap has been pulled when shooting under expert rules, or for the matter of that under any other rules, it should be "another target, whether broken or lost." We are always open to conviction, and should like to hear from the other side.

Returning to the match itself, Wolstencroft made a capital run of 45 out of his second and third series of 25 targets each. He shot quite slowly, but probably his time was better under the circumstances than if he had shot faster. As for his opponent, he had no sort of time at all and, speaking feelingly, couldn't hit a barn. The match was capably refereed by John J. Hallowell. Scores follow, the order in which the traps were pulled being also given. (N. B.—Five gun wads were used as the indicator, being marked respectively with the numbers of the five traps. This indicator was worked by Harry Febiger of the Keystone League.)

	35421	5?413	51423	45321	41523
W H Wolstencroft	11101	11101	11011	10111	11101—20
	14352	32?41	41?32	13542	52413
	01111	10111	11111	11111	11111—23
	41325	1?534	15423	45231	45312
	10111	11111	11111	11111	01101—22
	54213	53421	35124	35412	3'452
	11101	01111	01111	10101	00101—17—82
	34152	31254	43251	135?5*	42531
E Banks	10011	01111	11101	01100	10010—15
	23145	12543	14253	45312	51312
	10110	11101	10011	10100	01100—14
	45312	1?534	41253	23451	12345
	10101	10111	11111	11011	01110—19
	25413	54312	13?54	34512	45123
	00111	00101	11111	11111	11101-19—67

* Disputed bird.

Wolstencroft lost No. 1 seven times; Nos. 2, 3 and 5 three times each; No. 4 twice. Banks lost Nos. 1 and 2 eight times each; No. 3 twice; No. 4 four times; No. 5 eleven times. EDWARD BANKS.

Jefferson County Fair Association Handicap.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., Oct. 21.—As an incentive to draw visitors to the fair, as well as to add to the attractions, the Fair Association hung up a purse of $100, to be used as added money in a shooting contest. This amount had been turned over to the local gun club with instructions to arrange such contests as would prove the most attractive. As the last tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association was held here, and was strictly a target shoot, it was decided to make this a live-bird shoot, a handicap event of 25 birds, $10 entrance, high guns, not class shooting; half the number of high guns as there were entries. There being sixteen entries this made eight moneys, as follows: $50, $45, $40, $35, $30, $25, $20 and $15; this made up the purse of $260.

As there were not any crackerjacks present, this was a hot contest among amateurs of the simon pure quality, with plenty of interest in the race, though it was expected that Speers and Coles, who took first and second money, would be near the top at the finish. These two tied on 22 and took $55. There was not a 21, so Pemberton, Williams and Lloyd, who scored 20, took third, fourth and fifth money, $105, which netted each $35. Pemberton started rather poorly, as he only scored 6 out of his first 10. Then he made a run of 13 straight, which was also the best run of the shoot. The loss of his 24th cost $5, for at this time it looked as if he had a cinch on third money. Williams also started badly, but finished strongly, killing his last 11 in good time. Larkin was the only one to score 19, which gave him sixth money, $25. Wells, with 18, got seventh, $10, while Clements and Mathews divide eighth, $15. Thus nine of the sixteen contestants got part of the purse.

The birds were only an ordinary lot, but this must be attributed more to the weather conditions than anything else. There was not a breath of air stirring, while it was extremely hot for October. Mr. Lloyd, the manager of the shoot, had secured the best birds that money could buy, and all of them were old, strong birds, but the elements affected their quality, and no one could guard against this. The shoot passed off very pleasantly, and, with the exception of one, everybody was satisfied with their handicap; and as the party referred to landed a winner, there seems little grounds for complaint. Taking it all in all, the handicap committee did its work very fairly and equitably.

The local club was well represented, for no less than eight of the entries were from the city. The out-of-town delegation was not very large, but the little town of Stuttgart had seven representatives entered, a very creditable showing for a club that has only recently been organized. This delegation consisted of E. Haynes, D. L. Cramer, Wm. Ritman, S. M. Savage, C. W. Sillen, W. D. Matthews and R. W. Larkin.

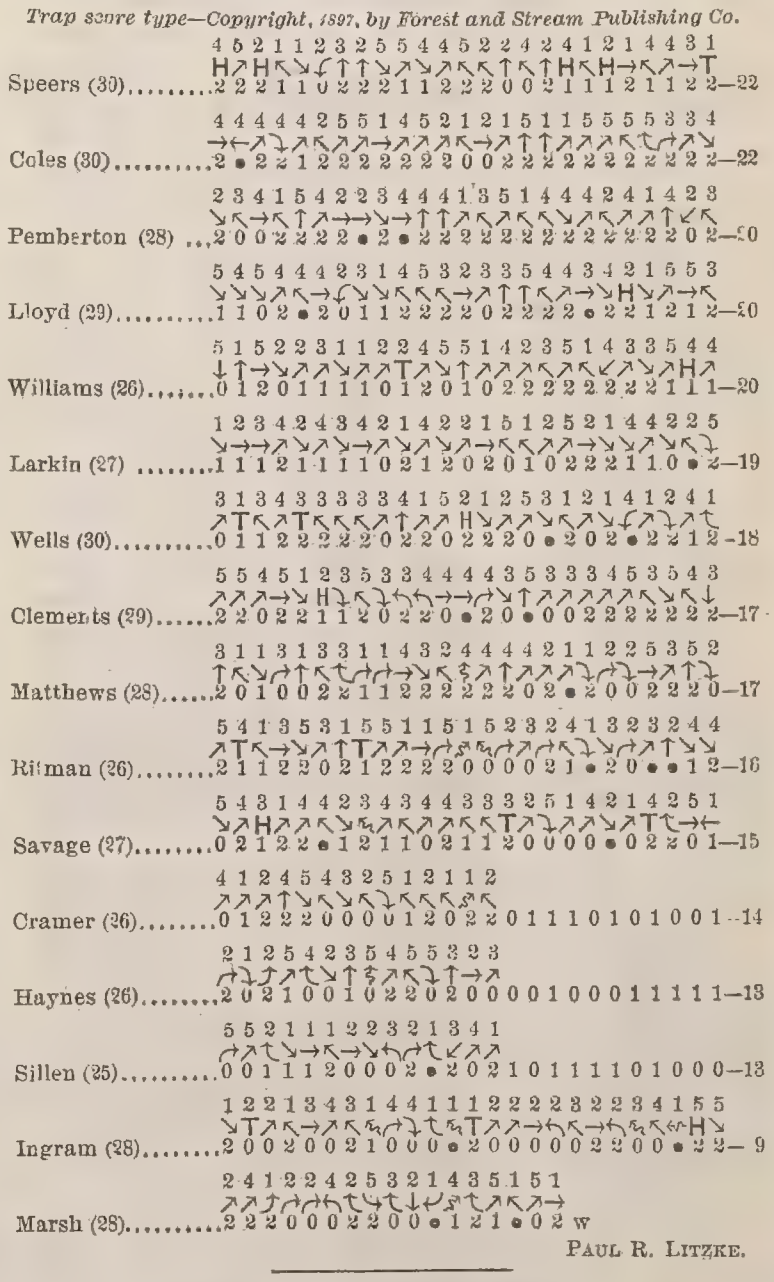
Little Rock had but a single representative, John M. Pemberton. John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, was entered, but by a peculiar combination of circumstances was prevented from being present. John intended to arrive on Wednesday evening, but was detained on official business. It was yet possible for him to get to Pine Bluff by leaving at 5 A. M. Thursday. But to reach Pine Bluff from Hot Springs necessitated two changes of cars. When he arrived at Mabrun he found the train on the main line two hours late. This precluded the possibility of making connection at Little Rock, and it was impossible for him to reach Pine Bluff before 6 P. M. Under these circumstances his entrance money was refunded. It looks very much as though this cost him $50, especially as he scored 24 out of 25 from the 33yds. mark on the day previous and 22 won first money here. True he would have been scratch man, but the handicap committee had treated him very fairly, placing him at 31yds. John is easily the best pigeon shot in the State.

The handicap committee consisted of J. T. Lloyd, E. A. Howell and J. B Speers. Mr. Harris was referee, while Mr. Howell, the club's efficient secretary, was official scorer. The appended score shows the number of the trap, the flight, and the result. Cramer, Haynes and Siller were delayed, as their train was late. When the others had finished they had shot only 14 birds each. At this point the shooting had to cease, as the races were due to begin. They shot their final birds between races, but at this time I was off getting something to eat, and for this reason failed to get the number of the trap or the flight of these final birds.

The Ingram whose name appears in the score is the champion tarpon catcher. He is the man who made the big record at Aransas Pass this summer. He is not quite as handy with the gun as with the rod, and frankly admits it.

Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



PAUL R. LITZKE.

Toms River and Neighbors.

TOMS RIVER N. J., Oct. 21.—The Toms River Gun Club held their regular monthly handicap shoot on the club grounds to-day. As usual, this shoot was well attended, a number being present from nearby towns.

Ten-bird handicap, Hurlingham rules, club members only:

E C Disbrow (26yds.)	2011010011—6	Robt I Hohman (25)	0102112110—7
J W Grover (26)	1201101211—8	C L Hohman (26)	0100011222—6
D C Brewer (23)	2120010011—6	J H Lake (25)	2111101012—8
T B Irons (25)	0022000210—4	C T Seaman (23)	0200001212—5
Geo C Van Hise (26)	2200012120—7	S C Applegate (23)	0020221102—6
Geo C Low (28)	2011112121—9	U S Grant (26)	0101010111—6

DAVID C. BREWER.

Charlie Floyd and G. E. Loeble, both members of the Emerald Gun Club, enjoyed a couple of days recently in Connecticut circumventing the ruffed grouse and quail of the Nutmeg State. Loeble is an enthusiastic hunter, and so is Floyd's pointer dog, Corbett. So enthusiastic are this pair, that they went out together almost before it was light on the second morning of this trip. Floyd was in bed at the time, being rather great at dozing. In one of his catnaps he heard the bang bang of both barrels of Loeble's gun. The rest of the story about the resemblance between guinea hens and hawks can best be learned from either of the three parties above named.

ON LONG ISLAND.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

Oct. 19.—The regular monthly live-bird shoot of the Emerald Gun Club was held at Dexter Park this afternoon. There were twenty four shooters on hand, but only two (Dr. Hudson and F. W. Place) were able to score their 10 birds. The birds were rather above the average, the wind, however, making the majority of them left-quarterers.

Club shoot, 10 live birds, handicap rise:

Dr Hudson (28)	1222112122—10	E Weiss (25)	2201020011— 6
J Fogarty (29)	2100101120— 6	W Sands (28)	22022•2222— 8
Dr Richter (25)	101201111•— 7	T Short (28)	2021201102— 7
H P Fessenden (28)	1011222002— 7	E J Clark (29)	2012111111— 9
J T Remsen (29)	2 0122•222— 8	O Brown (25)	22211•?211— 9
J H Hood (28)	021111•11•— 7	T Cody (25)	1201010000— 4
W Joergten (28)	1111012200— 7	C C Molenhauer (25)	1021222201— 8
E A Vroome (28)	2100211211— 8	Dr McFarland (25)	2222112101— 9
J K Brett (25)	2002100•?0— 3	W T Amend (28)	0222211021— 8
C Stutzle (25)	0012112220— ?	B Amend (28)	0000221120— 5
F Place (28)	1222211112—10	P Regan (25)	1021122•12— 8
J H Moore (28)	0012112212— 8	J Woelfel (28)	2101012120— 7

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.

Oct. 21.—The scores given below were made to-day by members of the Fountain Gun Club at its regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park. L. T. Duryea (30) and Adfur Eddy (28) were tied for first place on 9 out of 10. Scores:

L T Duryea (30)	1222221210—9	W R Allen (28)	2102111120—8
Adfur Eddy (28)	1211121101—9	William Lair (30)	0112220310—7
Dr Wynne (30)	2102110112—8	A C Livingston (28)	1221010110—7
W R Brixey (28)	0111111011—8	S Gigler (28)	022•001001—4
H Spratley (28)	1101220211—8		

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Oct. 23.—To-day was the date given for the semi-monthly live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club. Messrs. Furgueson and Gaughen tied in Class A for the third time; the tie will be shot off later. F. A. Thompson was the winner in Class B; E. Lohman in Class C. Scores:

	Class Shoot.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
C Furgueson (A-30)	2222222222—10	22202—4	22?22—5	2222222220— 9
J Gaughen (A-28)	2221112221—10	00112—3	11222—5	1•
W H Thompson (A-27)	1221?1•111— 9	.....	01012—2	.....
F A Thompson (B-29)	1222211221—10	22211—5	12220—4	21110
J E Jones (B-29)	0221222202— 8	22210—4	.....	2222212222—10
P Adams (B-28)	11•0122112— 8	21001—3	.....	.....
E Lohman (C-27)	0002201030— 3	.....	21101—4	.....

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Oct. 23.—The Brooklyn Gun Club held its regular shoot this afternoon. C. C. Beveridge was easily the winner in the main event, breaking 49 out of 50. Scores were:

C C Beveridge	1111111111111111•111111111111111111111111111111—49
W E Skidmore	1111101111101110110010111011111101011111011111—38
T Baron	0101111101111111111110111111111010111001?0111011—39
G Remsen	1111111011011111111103011101111111101111100111 01—40
J H Swan	1111011111110?0:0111111111?111101111111100111 01011—40

Sweeps were shot, as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	10	15	10	Targets:	15	10	15	10
Baron	10	7	..	8	Wright	10	6	10	7
Skidmore	11	9	14	5	G Remsen	..	10	9	9
Beveridge	14	8	13	8	Swan	..	..	10	7

SECRETARY.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

J. L S., Danbury, Conn.—Does the fish called the mullet inhabit the waters of the Mohawk and Hudson rivers? Ans. No.

C. M. GAGE, Huntingdon, Pa.—How long have you had your gun? And what is the maker's name? In regard to proportions of nitro powders to black, send to the Hunter Arms Company, Syracuse, N. Y., for one of its catalogues, which contains a table of such proportions.

S. H., New York City.—The gun you mention is manufactured by a reliable firm, which has a reputation for building good guns; its guns of the grade you mention are safe and reliable with suitable loads of nitro powder. You had better write to the firm; tell it what grade gun you are going to buy, and ask it to name the proper quantity of each nitro powder you may desire to use.

J. T., Montezuma, Ind.—Some few weeks ago I procured the *Game Laws in Brief* from you, to especially note the laws in this State. Last week some of our local shooters began to kill quail, and they say they are strictly in the right to do so, claiming the last Legislature changed the time, so that from Oct. 10 to Dec. 20 is the open season. If you can enlighten me on this subject I will be very thankful. Ans. The last Legislature did not change the quail season; it runs from Nov. 10 to Jan. 1.

L. H. S., St Paul.—The old technical classifications are more interesting than practically useful, as many of them are of obsolete usage. They run:

A covey of partridges.	A cast of hawks.
A nide of pheasants.	A trip of dottrell.
A wisp of snipe.	A swarm of bees.
A flight of doves or swallows.	A school of whales.
A muster of peacocks.	A shoal of herrings.
A siege of herons.	A herd of swine.
A building of rooks.	A skulk of foxes.
A brood of grouse.	A pack of wolves.
A plump of wild fowl.	A drove of oxen.
A stand of plovers.	A sounder of hogs.
A watch of nightinales.	A troop of monkeys.
A clattering of cloughs.	A pride of lions.
A herd or bunch of cattle.	A sleuth of bears.
A flock of geese.	A gang of elk.
A bevy of quails.	

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Like Winking in a Dark Closet.

MARLBOROUGH, Province Assiniboine, Canada, Oct. 13.—A common expression in the Northwest is, "What do you know?" Well, I know that we have killed a lot of Canada geese. That last night we got the first snowstorm (squaw winter), and many left. That I have found a hunting coat at last water and wind proof; no seam in shoulder, and when you are bundled up until you are like a cotton ball with the middle band of it as easy as a night shirt. The makers do not advertise in FOREST AND STREAM, and they are much like a man winking in a dark closet; *i. e.*, he knows what he is doing, but no one else. That we are to have more fun than a barrel of goats, and are going to take it all in. PINK EDGE.

Lincoln Park, Chicago,

ONE of the beauty spots of Chicago, is described in a most beautifully illustrated book of ninety-six pages, now being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. It is full of the finest half-tone pictures of one of Creation's most charming places of resort for citizens of the Great Republic. Every one who has ever visited the park will appreciate the souvenir, and for those who have not, it will be a revelation of what is to be seen in Chicago. It can only be procured by inclosing 25 cents in coin or postage stamps to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Savannah, Augusta and Florida.

THE Southern Railway offers the most magnificent service between New York and the resorts of Florida and the South. Its peerless Washington and Southwestern Limited leaves New York daily at 4.25 P. M., with through sleeping car service New York to Tampa; and the United States Fast Mail, 12:10 night, with through sleeping cars New York to Jacksonville.

For information regarding the South, call on or address Alex S. Thweatt, Eastern passenger agent, Southern Railway, 271 Broadway. —*Adv.*

Quail Shooting in Carolinas.

THE Southern Railway Passenger Department issued a circular to all agents making inquiries regarding game for the coming season.

The reports from all parts are that game is more plentiful now than it has been in many years.

Parties desiring information regarding the hunting ground of the South, will apply to Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent Southern Railway, 271 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS. $4 A YEAR 10 CTS A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1897. | VOL. XLIX.—No. 19 No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IN times past the pot-hunter was held up for the execration of those who were believers in sport pure and true. While there was then no efficient legal restraint governing his market-hunting purposes, there was a strong public sentiment against the killing of game as a regular business occupation. It was the common property of the people, and, by the industrial and capitalist classes, the men who worked and the men who planned and invested—it was considered a common property for their legitimate sport in the few days which could be spared by them from toil or business. The pursuit of game was their pleasure and recreation.

The pot-hunter was a man whom they considered as one who was looting the common property and means of recreation. Often he had no social or business standing, and as a class they were not of such personal attainments as would atone for any transgressions in respect to public opinion and property.

But gradually the loose and ineffective tenets of public opinion on matters pertaining to game protection took the more efficient form of more efficient statute law. One would naturally expect that the pot-hunter of the old school, he who shot not from wantonness but from motives of gain, he whose station in life made him indifferent to either financial, social or legal responsibilities, he whose one ambition was to make a living in the laziest, easiest and most thoughtless manner, would be the man of all men to break the modern game laws. His plea was the vulgar plea of killing for the pot. He pleads his necessities. He was, in his irresponsible way, endeavoring to make a living. He had no opportunity to study the nicer points of the subject, and no capacity for it. He was dealing in a simple way with the problem of making a living.

But keeping in view the denunciation of the pot-hunter by all true sportsmen, what can be said of a class of men, whose station, birth, fortune and associations in life are of the best, yet who deliberately and with premeditation violate the game laws in their letter and spirit, and who further violate the laws of humanity and common decency by the wantonness and cruelty of their acts? To some the term *noblesse cblige* seems to be meaningless. Rank, station, fortune and character are but means to a life of sham respectability. Let the orderly country gentleman visit the city wherein his doings will be unknown to his kith and kin, and his character undergoes a revolution. Let the city gentleman go into the country, and again on occasion there is a change.

There is a class which by habit, self-interest and the necessity of living up to an established character in a certain environment, lives much alike one day with another, but out of this environment, and the extraneous restraints of it being absent, they soon demonstrate that they have lived a false character if the proper occasion presents itself.

From Mr. E. Tinsley, Chief Game Warden of the Province of Ontario, comes a complaint to us against a young lawyer of Syracuse, N. Y., who is alleged to have killed two moose and numberless game birds in Ontario, in violation of the laws of the Province. The recountal of his shameful misdeeds was presented in the columns of a contemporary as the doings of an accomplished sportsman, a college graduate, with a shooting experience on two continents, a skillful hunter and a gentleman. Were terms ever more misused in the cant of him who seeks to make law-breaking and wanton killing deeds of high sportsmanship?

From Maine there comes to us a letter of hot protest against the wholesale destruction of big game by visiting sportsmen. A clipping was inclosed with it which relates a grewsome story. Information reached Hon. L. T. Carlton, chairman of the Board of Game and Fish Commissioners of Maine, that a party of sixty sportsmen from Ohio had been scattered about in camps near Jackman, and had been hunting there during three weeks. Game Warden C. C. Nichols was sent to investigate. He captured four large boxes of game, ready for shipment, immediately on his arrival. The report says that the ground around the camps he found covered with carcasses of deer, partridges, loons, hawks, etc., and that there were scores of partridges killed and thrown away lying about rotting. An examination of the rotting deer showed that the best parts only had been taken for use and the rest thrown away. In the other camps of the party the warden believed that the destruction and waste were quite as great.

It is regrettable indeed that there should be men who profess to be gentlemen and sportsmen, and who, while living up to the character at home, yet when abroad should be so prone to break the laws and identify themselves with sneaks, ruffians and law-breakers. There is no difference in principle between stealing from the public and stealing from the individual, although there is a vast difference in the courage required for the one act as compared with that of the other. The cowardly character chooses the course of least danger.

A gentleman is a gentleman at all times, and a sportsman is a gentleman. Neither is compatible in character with ruffianism and law-breaking. And the whole basic principle of conduct and sportsmanship is found in the Golden Rule, a rule equally forceful at home or abroad.

BULLET-PROOF HUNTING COATS.

THE Zeglen bullet-proof cloth, which has for some time past engaged a certain degree of official interest in army circles, was again submitted by its inventor to a number of tests against rifle and pistol bullets at the United States Armory, Springfield, Mass., last week.

As a whole, the cloth withstood the tests but partially, and thereby fell short of the inventor's claims for it, and his anticipations of its success.

The cloth's resisting powers were tested in three ways, namely, when suspended loosly as a curtain; when fastened by its four corners to a frame and stretched in it, and lastly, with a board backing. The rifles used in the test were the new .30 Springfield magazine rifle using the steel-jacketed bullet, and the old .45 Springfield using the soft bullet. At five hundred yards the cloth resisted the bullets successfully, though at three hundred yards it was a partial failure. At the latter distance, without the board backing, it was pierced several times by the steel-jacketed bullet, while the .45 bullet was only partially imbedded in it. With the board backing, it was not wholly pierced by the steel-jacketed bullet, but at the point of impact the board was shattered to such a degree that, on picking out the splinters, a hole was made through it. The .45 bullet, under the same conditions, rebounded from the cloth. Mr. Zeglen declared that this piece of cloth was imperfect from injuries received in former tests, and a new and lighter piece of cloth was substituted, with better results. It entirely resisted most of the bullets at fifty yards range, and none entirely pierced it. Yet in the tests in which it had a board backing, the shock of the bullet was so great that the board at the point of impact was shattered throughout its thickness, thus demonstrating that a powerful shock would be communicated to any solid backing of the cloth, which offered a resistance to the bullet.

In the tests against pistol bullets at twenty-five yards the cloth proved successful. The pistols used were the new .38 and the old .45 army revolvers. Placed on the chest of a dummy soldier, the cloth was but slightly penetrated by the .38 bullet, while the .45 was deeply imbedded in it. Tested with a board backing, it was not wholly pierced by the .38 bullet. Reinforced with the board backing, the .45 bullet rebounded from it. While the bullets thus failed to pierce the cloth, the tests demonstrated their powerful impact and the terrific shock consequent to it. The .38 bullet made a dent in the board an inch wide and two-tenths of an inch in depth, while the .45 demonstrated its greater momentum and greater shocking powers by making a dent one and five-tenth inches wide and three-tenths of an inch in depth at the point of impact.

Hence, while the cloth would shield a body from being pierced by a bullet, it would not prevent the terrific shock which the backing body would receive, one similar to the shock given by a hammer blow.

In devoting all his energies to perfecting his bullet-proof cloth for military use, Mr. Zeglen proves himself no student of the dangers of society in time of peace, and the consequent need for some such protection as he is endeavoring to perfect; for the growing horde of irresponsibles who cannot distinguish between a man and a deer once they are in the woods with a deadly weapon in hand, and the growing numbers of the didn't-know-it-was-loaded class, and the equally culpable class who do not think or who do not care, render an efficient safeguard a necessity.

The best safeguard would be to hold the offender legally responsible for his misdeeds. A gun in the hands of a man may be discharged by accident, but a death resulting from such discharge is no accident, for the reason that there is no justification for having the gun pointed at any one at any time.

Only a few days since the lives of two people, Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, Mass., the well known sportsman of national fame, and Miss Nellie Thomas, were gravely imperiled by the criminal carelessness of a salesman who was exhibiting a rifle to a customer in Mr. Kinney's store. The rifle was discharged, carelessly or accidentally, the bullet striking the edge of the showcase on which Mr. Kinney's arm rested, severely shocking his wrist, then barely missed his body, thence touched the young lady's jacket and barely missed her neck. While the accident might or might not have been prevented by proper care, there was absolutely no excuse for having the gun pointed toward people at any time.

Death or injury resulting from such carelessness is not death or injury resulting from accident. Calamities which result from neglect of common precautions, which are within common foresight, which have been earnestly inculcated by precepts for years, whose need has been demonstrated by tragedies innumerable, are not accidents.

The best bullet-proof protection in time of peace is a sound public opinion on these matters, reinforced if need be by legal penalties.

SNAP SHOTS.

France presents a curious anomaly in the practices of her farmers and sportsmen with respect to song and insectivorous birds. The French sportsman who pots little birds would excite ridicule and contempt in this country; it is the foreigner with French proclivity to make pot-pies of our small birds who taxes the vigilance of game wardens in the vicinity of American towns. On the other hand, the French were the first to have an intelligent appreciation of the value of the insectivorous species as aids and allies in agriculture; and bird protection was a feature of domestic economy in France at an early date. Interest in the subject is lively just now. An international congress for the protection of insectivorous birds will be held in the town of Aix, France, on the 9th of this month, under the management of the Ligne Ornithophile Française. The programme provides for discussion of these subjects: "(1) The scientific demonstration, with figures in support, of the injury done to international agriculture by the destruction of insectivorous birds, several species of which have already completely disappeared from certain regions. (2) The absolute prohibition, by special laws and severe penalties, of killing or capturing birds in large numbers where they alight in the course of their migrations. (3) To urge all the European governments to take measures and pass laws for the repression of poaching, or capture by traps, nets, and other devices, of all species of birds feeding on insects."

At a meeting of the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission last week, Mr. A. N. Cheney submitted newly compiled figures, showing the killing of deer in the Adirondacks for the year 1896. As in previous years, more deer were killed in 1896 by hounding than by night-hunting and still-hunting together; the ratios were three thousand four hundred and sixty-one by hounding, one thousand five hundred and ninety-nine by night-hunting, and one thousand two hundred and eighty-six by still-hunting, a total of six thousand four hundred and six. This exceeded by one thousand five hundred and six the total of four thousand nine hundred for 1895.

The American Express Company report that they shipped in 1896 six hundred and thirty-six carcasses, one hundred and thirty-nine saddles, one hundred heads, of a total weight of eighty thousand six hundred and fifty pounds. The National Express Company report that they shipped two hundred and thirteen carcasses. As they give no weights, we may estimate each carcass at one hundred and twenty-five pounds, or total of twenty-six thousand six hundred and twenty-five pounds, or grand total by the two companies of one hundred and seven thousand two hundred and seventy-five pounds. Of course the saddles are but a portion of the weights of the carcasses they represent, but here are one thousand and eighty-eight deer in 1896 as against eight hundred and seventy-four by the same companies in 1895. These shipments of deer by express are those of deer accompanied by their owners. The year 1897 will of course show no such numbers of deer killed, since the law now forbids both hounding and night hunting.

The Sportsman Tourist.

PACK-BASKET, RIFLE AND ROD.

Part II.

—"Wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men?
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy rest." —*Bryant.*

MORNING in the Adirondacks! A time which has its own peculiar charms, and a place where, by contrast, they may be most enjoyed. Instead of the steam-whistle, the call of the kingfisher by the lakeside; instead of the carpenter's hammer, the tapping of the woodpecker on the dead hemlock; instead of the rumble of traffic over granite streets, the whimper of the forest brook over its pebbly bed; instead of an atmosphere of dust and smoke, the exhilarating ether of the forest. The balsam bed is sweet, but the air outside of camp is sweeter still. It does one good to drink it, to bathe in it and to flood his system with it, while his mental machinery runs down and cools off.

L. and Martin were still asleep when I stepped out of doors, but the camp squirrel was awake, sitting on a limb and embroidering the edge of a piece of flapjack which he held in his paws. I took the Bristol rod and went down to the lake to see the sun—and the trout—rise. The water lay like a black mirror, save where the level border of lily-pads covered its surface. I paddled over to the west shore, and making fast to a snag, lighted the old briarwood and took an observation. There were other early risers besides myself. A big fish hawk rose from a rock and flapped lazily away to the upper air. A flock of ducks got up with a great clatter, and after taking a turn around the lake, as if to get their bearings, set out over the top of the forest for some other quiet bit of water which they knew of by instinct or experience. Among the hemlocks on the bluff above me some partridges left their roost, and the persistent screaming of several bluejays in the swamp near the inlet suggested that a deer was probably working back to the mountain. The rosy fingers of the morning touched the pond lilies and received their offering of incense; the sun shot his javelins over the top of Blue Mountain, and they pierced the shadows of thicket and glen. It seemed strange, and not altogether right, that I should be the only one to enjoy the things which were happening in this wild and beautiful place.

A swirl in the water near the lily-pads sent my thoughts flying in another direction and, casting there, I hooked and landed a half-pounder. Within a half-hour five other beautiful fellows, wearing colors as vivid as an Italian sunset, came into the boat. Then I stopped fishing, not because there were no more trout, but because I had enough for breakfast, and wanted that in a hurry. I found Martin building the fire, and before the last fish caught had been dead five minutes the sextette were sizzling in the frying-pan. If some of our urban friends, who do not like trout, could have breakfasted with us, they would have realized the difference between camp trout and the restaurant variety.

That day we had lady visitors, who had walked in four miles to pay their respects and bring us our mail. They brought a love offering, too, in the shape of some delicious mushrooms, great bunches that looked like snow-white coral, and which, when separated and fried in butter, made a gastronomic dainty that would have tempted an anchorite to forswear his faith. I wonder how many people have gone hungry in the woods with this toothsome and nutritious food close at hand. Verily the wilderness is a land flowing with milk and honey for those who know enough to "take the goods the gods provide."

We spent several days still-hunting in the mountains, and, in view of the multitude of signs, it is remarkable that we saw so few deer; but this was probably due largely to the denseness of the undergrowth, which prevented our seeing the deer before they heard or minded us. L. got one fair shot, and we had several glimpses of disappearing flags. But if we did not kill any more deer during our stay at Lake McCavanaugh we certainly derived profit and enjoyment from our mountain hunts. We explored some wild country and saw some things which are not always on exhibition; deer-beds on the tops of the mountains, scarred saplings where the bucks had rubbed the velvet from their antlers, the home of the eagle among the cliffs, and bear signs in abundance. On one occasion Martin, who was out with a shotgun after partridges, saw



CAMP SAINT'S REST.
Amateur photo by A. D. Risteen.

a fair sized bear on the side of the mountain above him, and within easy rifle range. I shall not attempt to quote Martin's remarks on the relative merits of rifles and shotguns in a country where there is big game.

We found a big hemlock on which a bear had left the marks of his claws, and the amplitude of his reach would have furnished the bear correspondent of the New York *Sun* with material for a thrilling tale.

The tendency of a man to travel in a circle was satisfactorily demonstrated to us. Martin had taken L. out hunting, and left him posted in a favorable spot half a mile from the lake. After sitting some time without seeing anything, L. started for camp, and after traveling some distance came around to the identical stump on which he had been sitting! Fortunately, he had a compass, and got back all right, but with very unsettled notions as to when the sun would be apt to rise next day.

Illness in his family called L. home a few days before we had intended to leave, and we broke camp with regret, but brought away with us enough pleasant recollections to carry us through the winter.

The next day Martin and I turned our attention to the Burnt Ground, a 1,200 acre tract over which fire swept a few years ago and which is now covered with a dense growth of weeds and bushes. There is something almost uncanny in this forest of dead and charred trees, and on a windy day it is full of strange noises; the creaking of dry joints, so to speak, the rattling of loose bark, and the occasional crash of a falling tree that has long been tottering on its weakened foundations. But it is a fine feeding ground for deer, and one cannot haunt it long without getting a shot. A faint trail leads part of the way through it, and late in the afternoon Martin and I seated ourselves on the further side of this weird hunting ground. No deer came my way, but just before dusk I heard three quick shots from Martin's .30-30. Two deer had come in together, and he fired at both, hitting at least one of them, as spots of blood on the bushes showed; but it was getting too dark to follow the signs, so we started for the hotel, realizing that to be caught in the Burnt Ground at night was no joke. Nevertheless, that is exactly what happened, and I hope I may never repeat the experience. In five minutes we were hopelessly off the trail, which is none too good in the daytime. There was nothing to do but crash our way out, through bushes and briars, over boulders and fallen trees, to the destruction of our clothes and the imminent danger of wounding our flesh or putting our eyes out on the sharp stubs of the dead timber. It was the first time I had ever found the stars of practical use, but we needed them that night. After an hour or more of the toughest scrambling a man is capable of, we struck the road, reaching home at 10 o'clock.

I suppose there are those who would say that this sort of thing "doesn't pay," and fail to understand how a man can voluntarily undergo such unnecessary hardships. One cynic has gone so far as to say that "in war, hunting and love, for one pleasure there are a hundred pains"; but I surmise that he would have made neither a good soldier, husband nor camp companion. Is it not true that the difficulties and misadventures of a forest outing are remembered with scarcely less pleasure than the successes and the hours of ease? Certainly they make a man resourceful and self-reliant, and often give him an insight into things which he would not otherwise have gained. For instance, if we had not stayed too late in the burnt ground that afternoon, I would not have had my first view of a flock of partridges going to roost. They came one after another at short intervals, to a low hemlock a few yards from where I sat, making very little noise in their flight and arrival, and hopping up from limb to limb like hens. As nearly as I could distinguish, each selected a separate perch close to the body of the tree, and on the side least exposed. When I left my stand they boomed off into the dusk, and I presume when they got together next day they held a debate as to the nature of the terrible forked animal that had so nearly invaded their sleeping apartments.

The last days of my vacation were to be spent on the St. Regis River, at the foot of the Sixteen-Mile Level. Leaving my very good friend Mr. R. and Martin to pilot the ladies and little folks to camp three miles away, I struck out for the river in the hope of taking trout enough for supper, by fishing up stream to camp. It was a perfect afternoon, and when I reached the falls and took in the wild surroundings, I thought I had never seen a lovelier spot. The water tumbled part way down over the ledges, and slid the rest of the way over a smooth incline of rock into a great foamy pool below. The wide, boulder-dotted expanse of the rapids further down glittered and sparkled in the sunlight, and here and there was a swirling eddy or a quiet pool, in which the sky and the shores were mirrored. A pair of little sand-pipers were dipping and running along the pebbly beach, and a blue-coated kingfisher "sounded his rattle along the fluvial street." It was a sight to rest the eye and delight the soul, and stir the angler's heart.

I had been warned that few trout had been taken by the party last in camp, and that they were not rising to the fly; but some one has said that any man can catch fish if he puts his heart on the hook. Mine was already there, but I also took the precaution to loop on to the leader a Montreal, a brown-hackle and a silver-doctor. The first cast at the top of the falls met with a quick response, and



CAMP SIXTEEN.
Amateur photo by A. D. Risteen.

a fair-sized trout came to the basket as the result of his call on the doctor. In the sluiceway of rock, where the water from above ran swift and smooth, another met the same fate; and as before, the silver-doctor was the Lorelei which lured the victim on to the rocks. It began to look like having trout for supper. Half a dozen more 8in. fish were flopping in the basket when I reached the level slide of water near the foot of the falls. Here the water, although not more than 7 or 8in. deep, ran so fiercely that it nearly swept me off the slippery incline; but the coveted position enabled me to lay the flies in one of those spots where, by some occult sort of revelation, the angler knows to a dead certainty a trout is lurking. He was there sure enough, and I caught a glimpse of a broad tail and a glint of red as he missed the lure at the first rush. The second cast was more successful, and the reel sang a falsetto as the fish rushed down stream. He was finally coaxed around into the quiet water of the big pool, but made a good fight; now boring for the bottom, now breaking the surface, and again making a desperate effort to reach a big boulder whose top showed above the water. I had no landing net, but the taut line finally wore him out, and he joined his smaller brothers in the basket. How much did he weigh? Something under a pound, I suppose; but you must remember that this fish didn't get away! If he had, I don't know what proportions he might have assumed in my imagination as time went on. Well, they kept coming, until they didn't have far to fall when



A BLUE MOUNTAIN DEER.
Amateur photo by A. D. Risteen.

slipped into the basket; thirty-three in all, and almost every one of them on the silver-doctor. That fly is now fast in the top of a dead cedar hanging over the river, and I wonder how many hungry winter birds will have a peck at the gaudy and delusive insect with a barbed sting in its tail. There were trout galore for supper, and for breakfast, too; and there was also the ineffable satisfaction of having taken fish when people said they couldn't be caught.

We stayed three days at Camp Sixteen. The weather was perfect, the spot an ideal one, and a more harmonious party never camped together. When Mr. and Mrs. W. Clark, of Moira, came to visit us our satisfaction was complete. There are few more enthusiastic or successful sportsmen than Mr. Clark, and his knowledge of the French Canadians and imitations of their dialect would delight the heart of Rowland Robinson. Mrs. Clark is also an ardent devotee of the rifle and rod, and has a fine buck to her credit this season. The ladies organized a cooking school, which, considering the material they had at hand, would have caused the laurels of Miss Parloa to wither and fade. Any man who thinks that women in camp are merely for ornamental purposes would change his mind if he could have seen two of our party cutting up a dead spruce for firewood with a cross-cut saw.

While I fished the rapids, Mr. R. and Martin hunted the Burnt Ground. Martin brought in one deer, but up to the time I left Mr. R. had failed to get a shot. Later on, however, he killed his legal quota—the just reward of patience and skillful hunting. Whether a deer possesses any sense of humor or not I am uncertain; but it is a fact that while Mr. R. and other guests of the hotel were scouring the mountains miles away for game, two or three deer came into the garden one night and ate a lot of Day's turnips. Whereupon he remarked that it was a little tough on him to board the hunters and the deer too.

Very early on the morning of the day I was to leave the woods Martin paddled me up the river for a farewell hunt. It was still dark when we left camp, and threatened rain. Not a breath was stirring, and the silence of the forest could almost be felt as we glided up the winding lane of black water. Martin's paddle was as noiseless as the wings of the belated owl that flitted past us, and once when rounding a bend we ran fairly into a flock of ducks before they knew they had company on the river.

Past grassy point and wooded slope, over long-leaved grasses that waved in the current, and fields of lily-pads that softly grated against the keel of the boat, we glided on and on. I was so absorbed in the charm and novelty of that early morning hour that I was hardly thinking of deer, when on turning a sharp curve in the river, we came into full view of a magnificent buck standing in the shallow water near the opposite bank, and looming up, in the uncertain light, like a gray horse. Martin and I saw him at the same instant, and I needed not the information and command: "There he is—shoot!" I have never had buck fever, and I didn't get it then, but I did have mental pyrotechnics, if I may be allowed to coin the expression. As nearly as I can remember, about forty things flashed through my mind in a second or two, and these were some of them: That's the sort of deer you've been looking for during the past five years; shoot him in the head! You lost a deer last year by hitting him in the body! This is your last chance this year! You've got to get him! You need that head in your dining-room! If you miss him your reputation is gone to— Take your time, and be quick about it! When the sights are— Crack! clinkerty clink; crack! clinkerty clink! No need to shoot again! He's down, and the placid river where he stood breaks into a geyser of water and mud.

When we got to him we found a prize indeed, "a regular old horse," as Martin is wont to say. In fact, our united efforts failed to get him into the boat, and Martin had to get overboard and tow him ashore before we could load him. The first shot went in one eye and out the other, and the second passed through his liver, as we found later on. The trip down the river was in the nature of a triumphal journey, and when we had the buck hanging up in the morning sunlight he looked bigger than ever He was in the "blue" coat, weighed 226lbs. and carried twelve points on his head. We got him out to the hotel in the afternoon and shipped his head to Saranac that night to be mounted.

So ended another delightful outing in the Adirondacks, and when I left the woods it was with the comforting sense of having gotten all that I went after, and, as usual, a great deal more.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

PASSAIC, N. J.

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THE KID.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is a boy up in the Adirondacks who is a woods lad; blue-eyed, agile, but quiet. His playground is the woodland, his games are played with wild creatures, and his toys are deadly weapons. He went to school at Northwood, N. Y., and ran away, sometimes to go swimming, or fishing, or "just 'cause I wanted to." "Just 'cause I wanted to" meant that he would rather sit on a log down on the flats, or up in Johnny Waghorn's swamp, where he could watch a red squirrel shuck hemlock cones or a partridge scratch for beechnuts, than sit on a bench at school and look at school books. His desk at school was notched by a knife, and pictures of birds and beasts were drawn all over it with pen and pencil. Clean places showing where the teacher had caused him to rub out some picture or writing. Once I found him reading a Second Reader stretched out on the dry leaves, like a picture-book boy, while he waited for a hawk on a stub ten rods away "to wake up."

We call him the Kid, but his mother has a much more musical name which she calls him by—a name which goes sailing off across the flats and tossing along the hillside at dinner time, or when he's wanted, and leading those who hear it to say to the boy: "Hay, Kid! Your Ma's callin' like blazes fur ye!" Whereupon the Kid makes his way homeward slowly, or quickly, according to the doings or thoughts at hand. I've been sitting beside the Kid away down on the flats, a good three-quarters of a mile from where he lives, listening to the way he'd say: "Goll! Wish I'd see a deer!" when that call would come shivering faintly across the level like any other breath of nature.

"That's mamma," he'd say, "let's go." One time, though, there was a flock of sheldrakes away up the creek, and they seemed to be coming down slowly. We heard the call and he looked over his shoulder at the sun.

"'Tain't nothin' but dinner!" he said, "let's wait." And we waited.

I used to take him hunting, but he takes me now; and if there is any argument as to which way a rabbit will circle, I follow his leading, because he knows. It seems just as though he had laid out the route with the rabbit the day before, to see the way he leads away after one of the beasts, cutting across from runway to runway and to the sides of ridges, and heading the fugitive off. He shoots, too. He was brought up on a rifle, and uses the shotgun only occasionally. He is a dead sure shot with the gun on a running animal, and often lands bullets where many cannot hit with shot. Among the men he is counted a good shot, and the rifle he uses in his hands is very accurate and drives bullets as near the center as any.

The Kid had a dog. Any one else would have killed the beast, as it was homely and foolish to every one; but someway when the Kid took the dog hunting, and where the boy went the dog did, the Kid got game.

"He-ah!" the Kid would say to the dog, "le's go hunting," and the dog would stand on his hindlegs and act in a way no real hunting dog would do. On the way to the woods the boy and dog would run races, and the boy was almost as fast as the dog. After a run the two would have a talk about "raggits" (Northern hares), and woodchucks, and "patridges," not to say "b'ar" and deer. What the Kid would do if he saw a bear is a question. When he saw a deer he missed, but so does every one occasionally.

The two went fishing together, and the way they yanked trout out of little brooks was a caution. When the trout let go the hook and went two or three rods back in the woods or brush the dog would find it.

The Kid would rather hunt rabbits than anything he had ever seen. I'd been out all one winter morning and half of the afternoon. A good hound had chased about after rabbits, but I'd failed to get any, and the dog finally jumped a fox and followed it into the next township. I started for home, several miles away. About half a mile from my house I met the Kid in a swamp any ordinary hunter would have jumped over. The Kid was sitting on a log and picking No. 7s out of the hair of a big white rabbit. Another rabbit was on the log beside him and the dog was eating the heart of the one the boy had in his hand. The Kid had come out half an hour before and got the two rabbits in the swamp.

"How'd you get 'em?" I asked.

"Jumped 'em," he said. "This un I just got. Seen 'em under them roots and the dog tried to eat 'im alive. The rabbit run and I give it to him. T'other one I just happened to get; seen 'im jump an' then I fixed 'im. Le's go up to Ole Edwin's."

One day half a dozen of us had been out on a 6in. snow and were coming past the same swamp. The Kid said he reckoned he'd go and get another rabbit, and turned down into the swamp. We heard that dog yip before the boy was out of sight, and then the Kid's gun smoked. The Kid joined us within eighty rods and had another rabbit.

"I told you so," he remarked.

Did you ever see one of those prophetic hunters? A man who would say the night before that he would kill something next day and then do it? Well, the Kid is one of that kind. He tells about his luck beforehand once in a while, says he feels it in his bones, and we always laugh at him, of course, because we're not like him, and he laughs, too—and kills his game.

No one could tell all about such a lad—how the birds talk to him and of the leaves that sing in his ears, nor of the thoughts he has when he shivers, as the dogs bark on a distant trail. But I guess that every one who has hunted or fished properly knows such a boy, and dreams about him sometimes. If he don't he ought to.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Pennsylvania Game.

EAST HICKORY, Pa., Oct. 28.—Small game in this section is quite plenty this season. Grouse are seen in the village nearly every day. A few days ago one killed itself by flying against a house; another flew into the saw-mill when it was running full blast.

Five miles above here a bear came out into a farmer's field and killed a calf, dragging it into the woods.

Bass fishing in the river has not been good this fall. Having had no rains, the river is very low and clear.

A trapper, who just came in, reports deer signs some ten miles east of here.

Our new game law, which prohibits the sale, has put a stop to market hunting, which has done so much toward making game scarce.

Do away with the market hunter, who hunts for the money there is in it, and in a few years we will have an abundance of small game.

PAPER SHELL.

Natural History.

THE INTRODUCTION OF EXOTIC SPECIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Readers of FOREST AND STREAM may remember an inquiry of mine some months ago as to the original prairie chickens of Martha's Vineyard and the numerous and most interesting communications which followed, not only in regard to the prairie chicken on Martha's Vineyard, but the general history of this most interesting game bird.

A gentleman who lives at Edgartown, on the Vineyard, and whose du ies cause him to take frequent drives over a good portion of the eastern part of the island, has lately given me his very interesting observations on the prairie chicken or "heath hen," as the old islanders call it. He not infr quently flushes individuals and sometimes coveys of these birds and distinctly recognizes the two varieties: the lighter and grayer colored one, the modern importation from the West; and the much more reddish or ruddy colored one, the aboriginal "heath hen" of the island. He says that he also sees the pheasants, which, he thinks, are increasing, and evidently bound to thrive in this locality.

I wish some one could give us full and reliable informa tion as to when the attempt was made to restock the island with prairie chickens, and by whom, and how many birds were liberated and from what source they were obtained.

This brings up the whole question not only of restocking depleted covers but of trans planting animal life of any kind, and especially of the great wisdom needed in managing any such experiment if it is to be done without injury to resident forms, and the danger of damage of this kind greater than the benefit sought. The striking instances of such damage recur at once, such as the introduction of the English rabbit into Australia, the mongoose into Jamaica, the English sparrow, the German carp and the gipsy moth into the United States, etc. But, I think, there is reason to believe that the introduction of any prolific form of life, animal or vegetable, into a regi n new to it is a very grave responsibility, and one that should not be taken without expert advice.

I could not help this reflection in connection with even so interesting a letter as that of S. H. Greene, in FOREST AND STREAM of May 22, describing the successful introduction of so many foreign song birds into Oregon. He tells of the successful work of a society for the introduction of foreign song birds into Oregon, which society in 1889 and 1892, imported 400 pairs of birds, comprising nineteen different sp cies. All these birds, and another importation received in 1893, were liberated in the vicinity of Portland, the expense to the society up to the last named date amounting to over $2,000. Special laws of the State protect these birds, and Mr. Greene reports "the most encouraging results."

Surely, if the sole result be to add to the singing birds of Oregon more songsters no one can fail to be pleased, but one cannot help a serious wonder whether among all these finches, starlings, thrushes, larks, etc, there are not some species which may in a new habitat multiply inordinately and in some way have a tendency to drive out the native birds of Oregon.

I do not know whether it was any special poverty of Oregon in the matter of native song birds that induced the formation of this society, but I do know that I should need to be very well assured that the importation would not be hostile to one single native songster in New England fields before I would consent to the liberation of those birds here Dearly as I love the nightingale I would rather still listen for him as I have done in England, or Germany, or Italy, than displease our humbler songsters. Perhaps there is not the slightest danger such as I have suggested, and that "laws restricting immigration" are as needless in regard to song birds as they seem to be futile in regard to human beings. But if so will not some of our leading students of birds reassure me.

One thing seems to be certain, that no end of irreparable blunders, often of the most serious kind, have been made through utter heedlessness in this matter of introducing to a region forms of life not native to it. Who of all the people who were a few years ago so eager to get into their waters the now loathed and detested German carp would not give a good deal if he could exterminate the species, at least in America? The English sparrow still has his friends and defenders I believe, and I will give him the full benefit of them and voice only my own great regret at his coming.

But the mention of Martha's Vineyard and the prairie chickens reminded me of Nantucket, and that recalled the testimony of several of my friends who in recent visits to the island have become aware of the nuisance which has come about through the multiplication of the prairie dogs, which some careless experimenter thought it would be a great scheme to liberate there. I understand that the little creatures have spread over a good part of the island, and that already their presence is a thing from which the inhabitants would be very glad to be relieved.

Not long ago there appeared in FOREST AND STREAM a summary of the twelfth annual report of the Wellington (New Zealand) Acclimatization Society, in which the steady decrease of the native birds of New Zealand was deplored, and it was stated that "great trouble is had on the island by farmers, poultry breeders and the society's aviary and fish ponds, from the depredations caused by the introduced ferrets and weasels. These vermin—introduced to destroy the rabbits and now protected for the benefit of the sheep growers—are rapidly increasing, and are likely to become a real pest."

Of course they will prove a pest. The history of Australia in these matters is, one would think, sufficiently convincing and at the same time melancholy.

It is pleasant to turn from this picture to that of the increase of native game in any part of our own country. It is certain that nearly all over the State of New Hampshire there are now signs of the return of the deer. In my native town of Boscowen, near Concord, deer have repeatedly been seen the past year, and I hear of them from many other parts of the State. Another item of interest is furnished me by Miss Crosby (Fly-Rod), viz: that the capercailzie which were liberated at New Sweden, Me., some time ago, and of which so much was hoped, have certainly been seen and have made a 'report of progress." Miss Crosby is informed that several times broods of young birds have been seen, and that the friends of the experiment are greatly rejoiced.

I do not know about the "black game" liberated at the same time with the capercailzie.

I confess to much interest in the introduction of capercailzie into Maine, where I have felt much confidence that it would thrive when once started, and where I hoped it would not harm our own native ruffed grouse.

Let me close with an appeal for information about the present condition of the game in the Corbin Park in New Hampshire, and the plans of the present owners in regard to the park. I am, of course, hoping that the park is to be maintained as a game preserve, but I hear an ugly rumor that this will not be done, and that in fact the elk are being sold off, and that soon the park, as such, will be a thing of the past.

C. H. AMES.

CURIOUS FREAK OF A MOOSE.

MR IGNATIUS SARGEANT, of Waltham, Mass, has just returned from Louis Ketchum's camp at the head of Nahmakauta Lake, where, with his wife and son, he has been spending several weeks. Mr. Sargeant is an ardent sportsman, but unfortunately crippled by paralysis so that he cannot walk This year he devised a novel way of getting around in the woods He had a guide, Manfred Priest, bring a horse from the settlements which was used to the woods, and take it around Passunduncook and Nahmakauta lakes to Ketchum's camp; then he could go in a canoe with Ketchum across the lake to carrying places, while Priest brought the horse around; then he could ride across the carry to where he could again take the canoe.

The party had been across to Pollywog, Wadleigh and the Musquash ponds, where Mr. Sargeant had been very successful, killing two deer from the canoe, while his son also shot two The party were returning, Mr. and Mrs. Sargeant and son being with Ketchum in the canoe, while Priest took the horse around to the carrying place. While crossing one of the ponds they heard some one in the woods shouting, and at first supposed it was some lumberman getting horses into the woods, but soon heard it was Priest shouting, "Bring a rifle! Bull moose!'

As the pond was flowed, the driftwood made landing impossible till they reached a regular landing, which took some time. Louis seized his Winchester and ran back and found Priest, but the moose had gone back. Louis took his track, but unfortunately started a cow moose and her calf, and they started the bull; and as Louis had his party to care for he could not follow. Mr Priest said that the first he knew the bull was following the horse. It several times came very close, when Priest got off and threw clubs at it When hit on the head it would throw up its head and snort, and as soon as Priest remounted, it would again follow the horse. It finally turned back just before Ketchum appeared.

Although a very singular thing, still this is not the only time a moose has been known to follow a horse. Only a few years ago one was shot by a boy in the town of Lowell, Me., while it was chasing a horse around in a pasture. In one case—and I think in both—the animals chased were mares.

* *

Crossing of the European Red Deer and the American Elk.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The October number of the *Century Magazine* contains a very interesting article on the Corbin game preserve, by Mr. G. P. Ferris, who makes one statement I would like to correct, namely, that so far as known, the American elk (*Cervus canadensis*) has never crossed with its European congener, the red deer (*Cervus elaphus*).

Various attempts have been made in Germany, where hunting and the propagation of game have been reduced almost to a science, to cross these two varieties, and one of these attempts at least has proved successful. The Duke of Pless, a great hunter and an enthusiastic sportsman, is one of the largest private forest owners in Germany. His domain contains many thousand acres of wild forest land in the mountains of Silesia, and is inhabited by great numbers of red and roe deer. The Duke conceived the idea of crossing these red deer with the American elk, and for this purpose imported a number of bull elk from this country. He introduced only bull elk into his preserve, as he was of the opinion that the bulls would be more likely to cross with the red deer if they had no cows of their own kind to associate with. I use the word preserve, although the domain of the Duke of Pless is not a game preserve in the accepted sense of the word, as the game is not held captive by any sort of fence or inclosure, nor is any special care taken of it, excepting that during protracted severe weather in winter, especially when a thick crust forms on the snow, food is placed where the deer congregate.

The red stag is considerably smaller than the bull elk, both as regards heighth and bulk of body, and in the size of the antlers. The antlers of the stag, however, are much more shapely, owing to the fact that while the prongs on the antlers of the elk are always set one above the other, the topmost prongs of the old stag form a "crown," as the German hunter calls it.

This crown gives the "royal" stag, as he is there called, a certain distinctive appearance of a monarch of the forest, which even the largest bull elk lacks. The idea of the Duke of Pless was that by "crossing" he could increase the size of the stag's antlers, but still retain their peculiar shape. In this he has been successful, as a number of stags have been shot in his forests whose antlers approached in size those of the elk, while the four upper prongs formed a distinctive crown. At the exhibition on antlers and roebuck horns which is now held annually in Berlin, the antlers of the "crossed" deer shown by the Duke of Pless were very much admired by all, and were without doubt the purest specimens in the exhibition, although they could win no prizes, as there was no special class for them. It is very encouraging to see that some of our wealthy men are establishing large game preserves, as these are the only means of saving the big game from entire extermination, although as yet the idea of a game preserve is not popular in this free country of ours, despite the warning of the last buffalo, which is ever before our eyes.

U. F. B.

"Uncle Lisha's Outing,"

By Rowland E. Robinson, is now ready in an attractively-bound volume of 308 pages, the twenty-four chapters recounting thehomely adventures of those Danvis Folks with whom FOREST AND STREAM readers are so well acquainted. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, $1.25, by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE WOODCOCK'S WINTER HOME.

IT is interesting and instructing to naturalist and sportsman to observe the habits of the different species of migratory game birds after the autumnal or winter flights have been made, and they have settled themselves down in their winter quarters.

Most of these after their arrival in their southern winter habitat frequent localities similar to those in which they have been bred further North, feed by daylight, and are just as easily come at for their destruction here as there. With the woodcock this is quite different. He finds when he arrives here an enrivonment so entirely different from the localities in which he has been reared, and the nature of this conduces to so great an extent to his safety and protection while among us, that some account of all this may not be uninteresting to our more northern brother sportsmen. These facts being known, it only remains with our northern sportsmen by the rigid enforcement of proper laws in the northern breeding ground for protection, to create a hope among all, that the continuance of the species will be long in the land.

The woodcock seems to prefer to all other localities for winter quarters, and to resort to in greater numbers than anywhere else, the alluvial lands of the lower Mississipi River.

From, and including portions of the State of Arkansas to the Gulf of Mexico, there lies on either side of the great river an alluvial bottom varying in width from twenty to sixty miles. This is connected in places with pine forests on the high lands running back in some localities hundreds of miles, and all forming the great forest belt of the southern United States.

These alluvial lands are covered everywhere more or less densely with an enormous growth of most of the trees found in the South. With the exception of the comparatively few plantations lying along the banks of the river and upon the bayous and lakes, where the land is high enough for cultivation, it is in reality an almost unbroken forest, for the extent of land cleared and under cultivation is small compared with that which is not.

All over this alluvial bottom are to be found growing on the higher and more open ridges, dense canebrakes, and where these do not occur, upon the lower lands are lakes, marshes, bayous, sloughs and ponds innumerable. Here are still abundant, bears and deer, some panthers and wolves, cats, otter, quite a number of beaver, and raccoons, and opossums without number. Of game birds, geese and turkeys and ducks are plentiful, and fish as the sands of the sea.

This country is not all nor always a swamp, by any means. When the floods recede, should there have been an overflow in the fall and winter, the land in a great deal of it becomes firm under foot, and then deer hunting with hound and horse can be enjoyed to perfection.

Into this locality, along all its extent, generally not until a black frost in December, one of the latest of our migrants, comes the woodcock. Almost without exception, he chooses for his quarters in daylight the densest canebrakes, in a growth a man can scarcely crawl through; it is often 20ft. high. Here he defies all-comers. Not until dusk does he sally out; and then the belated hunter, returning from an outing after deer or ducks, can see him against the after-glow of the departed sun, darting by like a bullet, and on his way to some nearby cottonfield marsh or lake shore, to feast and grow fat on earthworms until returning daylight shall drive him back to his canebrake.

I do not wish to be understood that this species in their winter quarters in the South confine themselves entirely to the lowlands, but that the greater number do. They are also found, not so abundantly, scattered throughout the uplands wherever suitable feeding and nesting places are found. Here, too, they take up their quarters in the canebrakes and briar thickets lying not far from the cottonfields, which seem to be their favorite feeding grounds. I knew of one gentleman in the State of Mississippi who kept a team of cockers for hunting them in the uplands, but he considered two and three brace a good bag for the day. On one occasion when I was out with a companion after partridges on the plantation of a neighbor, we followed some of the birds into a wood grown up with small cane and briars, and there came upon a larger number of woodcock than I have ever seen before or since. We succeeded in bagging fifteen brace before it became too dark to shoot, for we did not find them until quite late in the evening. Had we happened upon them earlier in the day the occasion would have been a memorable one, for we left numbers behind. Upon returning to the same place next day prepared to have it out with them, owing, I suppose, to a lowering of the temperature during the night, not a bird was to be found. All this occurred in Mississippi, near Natchez.

They are the same capricious birds in their winter quarters as further North, and except during the time of breeding and moulting, seem not to abide long anywhere. Of course, when there is a freeze they are compelled to leave, but they will often do so when there is no apparent cause for it, and often return in the same way. They are most probably influenced by some change of temperature, imperceptible to the human senses. The migratory habits of the bird are involved in a good deal of obscurity, as he never, to my knowledge, like his near congenor, Wilson's snipe, travels by daylight. He goes and comes by night, and, as remarked, in a very capricious way.

The largest numbers I have ever seen obtained at the South were killed at night on their feeding grounds, in the cotton rows of the alluvial lands, the shooter using a torch, carried by an attendant, and firing a squib-load of powder and No. 9 shot from a light gun, or preferably, an old-fashioned, smooth-bored, duelling pistol. The birds seem to be dazed by the light, and sit and stare at it until the shooter comes near enough to pot them on the ground.

The negroes in old times used to kill them, and perhaps do still, by going into the sugar cane and cotton fields at night in pairs, one carrying a torch and the other armed with a stiff cane stalk, stripped of all its leaves except a thick bunch at the end. As our readers all know, the habit of the bird when rising from the ground is to rise straight up before he goes off, and advantage was taken of this to whack him down with the cane as he rose from the ground.

In excuse for this poaching method, it may be said that when employed it was the only means of obtaining the birds where they were most numerous. The relatively small numbers bagged by these questionable methods bore but a small proportion to the unnumbered thousands all over the country which escaped.

Referring again to their unaccountable habits of changes of location, even on their winter habitat, I have observed that they make these changes as far South as I have studied them, in the neighborhood of Bayou Sara, La. I am inclined to believe that their furthest resort South, and probably their most important one, is the immense marsh country lying about the mouths of the great river, and west along the Louisiana coast. I am led to this belief from having been told by an officer of the U. S. army, that he had had fine woodcock shooting while stationed at one of the forts above the mouth of the river, at birds flying over the post at dusk on the way to their feeding grounds. The furthest West I have ever known the bird was here at San Antonio, where a solitary specimen was killed by a friend in the year 1882.

The food of the woodcock while at the South, I am led to believe, consists almost, if not entirely, of earthworms; for in the cotton and sugarcane fields these are very abundant, and the presence of the birds can always be detected by their innumerable borings for the worms.

Of the thousands that come South few are killed, their habits of feeding at night, and of selecting their quarters by day, being a protection to them. Were these conditions different, they would soon be exterminated.

In my opinion, there is no bird in America which approaches it as a delicacy for the table. When we get them here, they are full grown and in their best condition, and when properly served, to use the expression of Frank Forrester, are truly "a dish fit for the gods."

SAN ANTONIO, Tex. A. Y. WALTON.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.—IV.

(*Continued from page 345.*)

IN the morning after breakfast, instead of sending his man, the Doctor drove around himself. As I took my seat beside him he explained that he had made up his mind to become a squirrel hunter, and thereupon had decided to accompany me home if I would take the dog and give him his first lesson. He added, with a sly twinkle in his eye, that according to the best light upon the subject he could obtain, he had never been squirrel hunting in his life. I was only too glad to agree to this, and we soon had Milo and the old gun in the wagon, and in a short time we were in the best locality for our game that I knew.

The day passed all too quickly for me, as I had never met so genial and agreeable a companion, and although I have since been afield with many scores of good fellows, I have met very few who could equal him in all that goes to make up a perfect companion, and his superior I have yet to find. This is not the snap judgment of a boy, for the Doctor was my companion on many glorious days afield each season for more than twenty years, and so long as he lived there was never a word nor deed to weaken the ties that bound us together. I have ever blessed the day that brought me to know him.

Although passionately fond of squirrel and rabbit hunting, I had devoted much time and ammunition trying to become an expert wing-shot, and at the time I made the acquaintance of the Doctor I could shoot fairly well, and I invited him to come up and have a try at the birds with me. Taking Milo we drove to a tract of country that was a perfect network of alder runs and birch-covered knolls, with an occasional bit of swampy ground—a favorite resort for grouse and quail, as well as woodcock in their season. Milo was a first-class squirrel and rabbit dog, and I had so trained him that he was a very killing dog among the birds. Our method was simple, but effective. I would place the dog at the mouth of a run and bid him stay there, while I would go up the run some 10 to 20 rods, and taking my stand in a commanding position I would whistle to him, when he would beat up toward me; and in this way I often had lots of sport and bagged a goodly number of birds. Milo was also so well up in the new business that when beating the ground in front of me he would stop when he winded birds, and with wagging tail wait for me to go round and get a good position, when he would come on at the signal and nearly always give me a shot.

Now the Doctor had never even seen a bird shot on the wing, but as I had showed him that it was not necessary to have a rest when shooting, nor to take a long aim, he had so far profited by my instructions the first day we were out that he brought down several squirrels as well and quickly as I could have done, and at least two of them were on the move when he fired, so I had some confidence in his ability to bring down a bird, especially as he was perfectly cool and collected under fire and appeared to feel no concern as to the result.

Placing Milo at the mouth of a run I bade the Doctor go up about ten rods to a knoll while I went up on the opposite side a short distance above him, and took position where I could overlook him and get a shot should he miss. When all was ready I signaled Milo, and he soon had a grouse in the air, which flew past the Doctor, and I was never more pleased at anything of this nature than to see the Doctor coolly bring gun to shoulder and kill that bird stone dead. Gathering it in and heartily congratulating the Doctor, I again set Milo, and moving on up the run we took up favorable positions when the Doctor again brought down his bird in capital style. From that day, so long as he lived, he was ever a cool and most excellent shot. Although I had greatly the advantage of him in practice, it was a year before I was his equal in skill except in dense cover. He was a natural shot, and a very good one from the very start, and although I have had a large experience with beginners, I have met very few who could at all compare with him for coolness, natural ability and skill.

My friend Harrington, the artist, was also a natural shot. The first time I was afield with him was many years ago, when both of us were younger. Mr. Ray, one of my shooting companions, had for his guest Col. Odell—since well known as a sportsman—and he invited me to spend the afternoon with them among the grouse. We found the birds not very plentiful for those days, but managed to secure several, and I have a distinct recollection that Ray was quite jubilant over the fact that his friend the Colonel had beaten us both; but I never laid up anything against him; in fact, I have always enjoyed going out with a man who could keep up his end of the stick, and have ever considered that the next best thing to making a good shot myself is to see some one else do it. During our drive home I proposed to take them on the morrow to Holland, my favorite stamping ground, and promised to show them some sport. We invited Mr. Harrington to make the fourth man.

The next day, after a thirty miles' drive, before noon our team was hitched under the shed, near what was known as the "south ground." Ray had nagged me several times about my defeat of the previous day, and finally proposed that he and the Colonel should shoot against Harrington and myself for a wager. Harrington—always dead game—refused the match unless they would make it a basket instead of a bottle, and the matter was settled on this basis. When we came to the cover, which is quite an extensive one, Ray and the Colonel took the right-hand side, while Harrington and I took the left. We had gone but a few steps, when my dog pointed near the edge of a dense alder patch. I bade Harrington go around to an open space, and as soon as he was in position I put up the woodcock, which flew in the right direction, and he brought it down in great style. Then setting the breech of his gun on the ground, with one hand holding the muzzle, he took off his hat and fanned his face, and as I approached him exclaimed: "That is the first bird I ever shot on the wing, but it will not be the last one, and I will bet two baskets on it!" Just then we heard from the other party, four times in quick succession, and a second or two later we saw a grouse well up in the air, coming straight for us at the rate of about four miles a minute, more or less. As this was one of my favorite shots, I dropped him, when Harrington exclaimed: "That settles it, and I am only sorry that we have no more on the match."

Working out the remainder of our share of the ground, I placed my companion in a favorable position at every point, and took no shots myself that were going his way, and right well did he acquit himself, scoring but four or five misses during the whole trip; and to this day he is always cool and collected when under fire and is still an excellent shot.

I well remember one incident that greatly impressed me as a wonderful exhibition of self-possession under rather trying circumstances. We were working along a little brook, when the dog pointed a grouse in a small thicket just at the edge of a ledge of smooth rock that was covered with green moss, the ledge sloping down to the brook at about the same pitch as the roof of a house. I took position near the dog, while Harrington went round and came out at the upper side of the ledge, some 50yds. above. As he stepped on to the rock the moss loosened beneath his feet, and he started to slide down the ledge just as the grouse flushed, when, as coolly as though he had been standing on firm ground, he raised his gun, and although by this time he was under pretty good headway, covered the bird and pulled trigger, and grouse and man landed in the little brook almost at the same instant.

Now, don't imagine that because I have wandered from the telling of our match that we were beaten; not a bit of it. When we reached home on the third day we showed up a total of fifty-six birds, and thirty-four of them counted on our side. But I deeply regret to add that to this day we are still anxiously looking for that basket of Mumm.

Cases like those of the Doctor and Mr. Harrington are extremely rare. Not but that there are many who are natural shots, and at inanimate targets can do first class work almost from the start; but when the first bird rises before them their nerves will not stand the racket and attendant confusion; and it takes more or less time and practice before they can acquit themselves even fairly well when among the birds.

A gentleman came to my home one evening, and told me that he had heard so much about me from a mutual friend, that he had come all the way from New York on purpose to go shooting with me. I gave him a cordial invitation for the next day. In the morning he came over before breakfast, saying that he wished to practice a little. Loading his gun—this was in muzzle-loading days—he laid it on the ground, and taking a couple of apples, threw them in the air in opposite directions; then picking up the gun, he hit them both before they reached the ground. He also accomplished several other difficult feats, handling his gun with an easy grace and quickness that was remarkable. After watching him a while, I decided that although at this time I was a capital shot, he was my equal, if not superior.

Woodcock were very abundant in those days, and my dog was on point almost as soon as we reached the cover, when I placed him in a good position, and flushing the bird for him, was greatly surprised to see him miss a fair shot with both barrels. I said nothing, however. Soon we had another point, and again I sent the bird to him, but the result was the same. After two or three more trials, without ever touching a feather, he owned up that he had never shot a bird in his life, and wished me to shoot so that he could see how it was done. I was greatly surprised to see so good a shot as he had shown himself to be unable to bring down his birds, especially as I had given him fair shots, and I advised him to leave the hammers down and practice taking aim when we should start a bird. This he did, and was greatly pleased with the result upon the first trial; then he said that he found no trouble in getting on, and thought that he had mastered the science and could kill the next one. But it was of no use, for, although he tried it a number of times, he brought down only one bird during the day. I never saw him again, but often heard of him through my friend, and learned that by considerable practice he finally came out a fair shot on some days, but as a rule the birds usually had the best of it. The trouble with him was that his nerves would not stand the strain, and the noise of the bird and the excitement broke him up.

I have since met a number of persons who were troubled in the same manner, and have taken a hand at trying to teach a number of them how to do it, but have never succeeded in turning out anything above a moderately fair shot, and without exception all were unreliable when there was an unexpected rise, or anything came up a little out of the ordinary run. SHADOW.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

A DAY'S STALKING IN SCOTLAND.

PETER and I left the castle early in the morning of Sept. 16, and drove over to Ardverkie in the dog-cart. Crearer met us at the farm, and when all was in readiness we started for the hill. Crearer led the way, using his spyglass every now and then, and I rode just behind him on a sturdy little hill pony. Behind me came Peter and the gillies with the pack-horses.

Not long after leaving the farm, we sighted game to the left of us, but upon examining the herd with the glass, found it was made up of hinds, and very young stags who had not yet arrived at the dignity of more than four points on their antlers. We hastened on, and did not go far before Crearer halted and took an observation with his spyglass, and discovered three old stags to the right and in front of us. They were some distance off, and lay quietly in the heather on the side of a hill overlooking the valley we were in.

The gillies were now told when and where to meet us with the pack-horses, the Winchester was taken out of his case, and a few extra .40-75's in my pocket, I followed Crearer off over the moor. We commenced to walk diagonally toward the deer, taking advantage of all the small hills and corries to keep out of sight as much as possible. The wind was just about as it should be for the stalk, and we cautiously tramped along, once or twice flushing a covey of grouse that flew up with a rush and a whirr that seemed enough to startle every deer within half a-mile, to say nothing of the anxious stalker, until we came to a stream which came down the mountain and passed close by where the stags were lying. The little rivulet had worn a deep ditch for itself in the black, peaty loam of the moors, and made a splendid trench up which to advance upon our game. We were not long in turning it to account. Into the stream we went on hands and knees, and as quietly as we could we worked our way along through the ice-cold water and slimy loam, until within about eighty yards of the stags. We then crawled cautiously from the bed of the burn, wormed our way up to a small tussock of heather and waited. The deer were still placidly chewing the cud, and all we could see of them above the heather was their antlers, and now and then a head. We lay there in the purple heather and admired the beauty of the hills, tumbled and tossed together like great billows on the sea The morning sunshine played among the peaks and corries, and with the aid of the soft white clouds made continual changes of light and shade among the greens and purples and grays of bog, heather, and rock. Suddenly an old cock grouse began to crow his warning "goback! goback! goback!" and the best stag of the tree, a magnificent fellow in beautiful blue coat, raised his head, gazed intently down the glen, and before it was possible to draw a bead jumped to his feet and trotted off around a shoulder of the hill, followed by his two companions. It was exasperating, to say the least, but there was no time to be wasted in lamenting, so we quickly scrambled back to the valley of the burn and ran along parallel to the ridge the deer were on, hoping, as they were not very much disturbed, to catch them

Everything went smoothly until, on peeping over the ridge again, we had the pleasure of seeing the old patriarch with one of his pals just about to cross the next ridge. I was out of breath with the run and my hand was shaking like a leaf, so I held my fire, and devoted my attention to one of the three beasts that had remained behind. For a time this one fed along the ridge and we crawled nearer and nearer to him, and then, just as we were within range he lay down in the tall heather, and we could only see his ears and antlers and the top of his back. By this time it was pretty well on toward afternoon, and we were beginning to feel rather hungry. I decided to risk a shot at his back, and try to get in another as he got up if I missed the first. Just when I was going to shoot, however, I found that the beast had caught sight of one of our ponies about three miles off down in the valley, and after flattening himself down in the heather once or twice so that nothing was visible but his antlers, he finally got up, and without offering me anything but a shot at his rump, crawled into a sort of cleft in the hillside. There was only one way to get at him now, and that was to crawl and slide down the face of the long hill or ridge on which we were and work along until nearly opposite the cleft. This I decided to do, although the hillside was covered with moss and small round pebbles, which, if started, would roll down the hill in a small avalanche. By dint of good luck, however, and very careful crawling, I finally reached a position behind a boulder on the hillside, from where I could see the head and neck of the deer, about seventy yards off. I aimed at the upper part of his neck, and as I fired he jumped to his feet and I fired again. There was no need for the second shot, however, the .40-75 expansive bullet had done its work, and the lurcher was ready to prevent his escape. After a few unsteady steps he reeled down the hillside, and fell dead almost at my feet.

The proper thing to do now was to wait for the pack ponies, which Crearer had signalled to make their way to us. When they arrived we gralloched the stag, had the customary dram, "more blood," and, as the gillies strapped the venison to one of the ponies, we ate a sandwich and were ready again.

This time we went higher up, while the pack train went back to the valley, and before long were threading our way through a rocky pass in a thick mist. The hoarse challenge of a stag rang out on our left just after the mist shut down, but it was too thick to see anything but the ears of our ponies, and we carefully picked our way along until the mist lifted a bit. As soon as it was clear enough, Crearer got out the glass and searched the surrounding country, but failed to discover anything but a large herd of hinds. We were just turning around to retrace our steps when we saw a small herd of stags and hinds just rounding a shoulder of rock, and we at once started after them. When we were pretty near the spot where we had last seen them, the mist shut down as thick as ever and we dismounted, left the ponies with Peter and went forward on foot. We were crawling along on our hands and knees when Crearer, who was in front, suddenly stopped, flattened himself down to the ground, and tried to wriggle backward, at the same time keeping the lurcher quiet and motioning me to move forward. I had not crawled ten yards before, through a rift in the mist, I saw a herd of four or five splendid stags and a few hinds directly in front of me. They all seemed on the alert, and in a glance I singled out the biggest in the herd, a beauty, one with ten points. He dropped as I fired, and I took a snap shot at the others as they dashed off down the glen, but missed. The one that was down was still struggling to regain his feet, having been hit rather forward and

high, when another bullet quieted him, and we then gralloched him and dragged him down to the ponies and started for home. By actual weight he weighed about 196lbs., while the beast shot in the morning weighed 175lbs.; both were in good condition and had splendid heads. As Peter and I drove back to the castle in the dark, we felt that our first day in the forest had been a great success.

STORLAX.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Saginaw Crowd.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 28.—The special car W. B. Mershon, containing the Saginaw crowd, earlier specified in these columns as having departed for the Northwest on a hunting tour, reached Chicago last Saturday, after a very successful trip, as goes without saying in description of the doings of this redoubtable aggregation. Something of their character and their performances may be learned by the following note from Mr. J. J. Gokey, of Dawson, N. D., at which point the party stopped for a duck and goose shoot. Mr. Gokey says:

"The Saginaw crowd went home after having a good hunt and getting all the game they wanted. They are not game hogs, but gentlemen sportsmen, and they know when they get enough. Mr. W. A. Avery, of Detroit, and Mr. H. P. Dain had a little experience. They were out after a crippled duck in my boat, and they ran against a snag, and were going so fast that when they struck they tore a hole in the bottom of the boat, so large that it took three ducks to stop the leak when they got around to it. They were ducked in shallow water, but raised the boat to get ashore. They both said the water was mighty cold. Mr. Dain and his friend, Mr. W. P. Schultz, were goose shooting with me one afternoon, and I think they will say the geese were plentiful enough, for we got forty-two geese, though I don't know whether Mr. Schultz got his share or not. We have had some shooting here this fall, as you may see from the fact that I have loaded and sold 86,000 nitro shells this season.

"A great many shooters have been here at Dawson from all over the country. Last week the palace car Yellowstone, with Mr. Jerome Marble's party, was here with ten shooters, as below: Mr. and Mrs. Marble, of Worcester, Mass.; Mr. A. W. Gibbard and son, Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, Mr. and Mrs. V. D. Kennerson, all of Worcester; Mr. F. L. Sturtevant, wife and son, and Miss L. A. Putnam, of Quincy, Mass.; Mr. Lewis Eddy, of Dorchester; Mr. W. E Harman, of Lexington; Miss Helen S. Griffiths, of Lexington; Messrs. John M. Johnson and G. Pearce, of Norwich, Conn. All these had a fine time, and they got lots of game."

Colorado Utes Make Trouble.

Despatches of more or less inflammatory and probably inaccurate nature have been printed in Western papers this week since Oct. 26, touching upon an alleged Indian uprising in which the White River Utes are said to have fallen foul of the State game warden, with the result that firing ensued and that several Indians were killed. The first reports came in to the effect that Game Warden Wilcox attempted to arrest some of the Utes near Lily Park, Col., for violating the State game laws, and that he was fired upon by the Indians. His posse returned the fire, killing five Indians. The game warden, reinforced by several posses of officers and citizens, then pursued the Indians, who fled. The customary headlines about an "Indian uprising" were of course brought out. There is no doubt about the encounter, for it was known and announced some weeks ago that the warden would try to stop the big fall hunt of the Utes, and since then the Indians have been coming in over the line from their reservations in large numbers. They have never been any too amenable to discipline when it came to changing their plans in regard to their annual fall hunt on their old hunting grounds, and hence the resistance on this occasion. Of course the talk about an outbreak is of the customary sort, something very well known in the border country, where the grangers have a little hay which they could be induced to part with to the U. S. government for a consideration, in case it should seem necessary to send troops to the scene of impending disaster. Of course, the Governor of the State was telegraphed to send troops at once, but this he did not do. Gen. Otis, of the U. S. A., Department of Colorado, took the same view about ordering out troops from Ft. Duchesne, where some 110 men are stationed.

It was at first reported that several white men were killed in the mix up between the posse and the Indians, but this is denied in a despatch which was sent Gov. Richards by Deputy Sheriff Watson from Meeker, Col., Oct. 25.

To-day, Oct. 28, news comes from Rifle, Col., that Warden W. R. Wilcox has sent out by Boyd Vaughan, a Snake River Rancher, a despatch to the Governor dated Oct. 24, and also a letter to James Lyttle, warden at Meeker, which letter goes on to say:

BOYD VAUGHN'S RANCH, Oct. 24.—*James Lyttle, Game Warden, Meeker, Col.:* To day, with a party of twelve men, I tried to arrest a camp of Ute Indians. We used all patience, and they fired upon us and then we had to fight. On Snake River, five miles above Lilly Park, several Indians were killed and wounded.

I have riders to warn settlers in Lilly Park and elsewhere. The settlers are gathering at Vaughn's ranch and are much alarmed, and think you should turn out with what men you can to try and arrest the Utes. I believe that there were about sixty Utes in this camp, but late information shows at least 100 men, and some say 200. I have seen about forty, but they were at many places, and may retaliate; but if these Indians wish to, the settlers are entirely at their mercy. So you and the Sheriff of Rio Blanco county had better do what you can to protect the settlers. Yours respectfully, W. R. WILCOX.

Mr. Vaughan says that seven Utes were killed, but no whites; and this part of the long story seems not only very familiar, but very probable. Vaughan says an old squaw began the firing, and that the white men at once began firing into the camp, badly wounding several besides those shot fatally. Much indignation is expressed against the warden, who, it is claimed, should have known better than to try to arrest a whole camp of mountain Utes, numbering at least forty men. These Utes are undoubtedly bad men, and it is likely that they are about the worst game butchers on earth; but after all the facts are in—should it be possible that all the facts of a Western Indian uprising story ever could come in—we shall perhaps find that the Indians were not wholly to blame, or perhaps that they did not wholly understand what was wrong or what was wanted of them. They may yet retaliate on innocent settlers along the valleys of that region, but this is not likely. Should they so retaliate, they will probably be doing what they think is right. Should they not do so, they will perhaps go back home feeling that they have been grievously wronged and bitterly imposed upon. If in this case they resisted, it does not yet appear that they did so at the order of their responsible head, but only after the action of a woman had been answered by the law of firearms. Thus arise Indian troubles, when very often the Indians are not so deliberately mean and dangerous and misunderstanding as they are misunderstood and misrepresented. It will be well enough to wait till we have the other side of this, if there can ever be any other side in a case between Indians and white men. The chief drawback on the part of the Utes seems to be very likely the fact that they have no press agent, no associated press, and no stacks of hay ready to sell the army for a reasonable consideration.

Still Another Indian Trouble.

Yet another Indian difficulty over game-law matters comes from Minnesota in the dispatches of to-day from St. Paul. It is stated that a special telegram from Leech Lake reservation, in upper Minnesota, reports that a messenger had just arrived at the agency with news of a fight yesterday between some of the Indians and a game warden, two of the Indians engaging in the fight. It was stated that both these Indians and also the game warden were killed, and that an Indian woman was also killed. It would seem that modern advanced thought in regard to the sex has not missed the outlying Indian settlements, as witness this report and the one of the Ute squaw who began the last Colorado war. I have only this meager information at hand at this writing, and it is possible that this is a part of the same sort of thing in which two or three times there has been previously announced the death of Warden Stephens, of Detroit. It may very well be, however, that some trouble will ensue at the Minnesota reservations about the recent order issued by the Indian Department restricting the sale of game from Indian reservations. Leech Lake country is a great one for this game traffic, and if there has not something happened up there of serious nature, it may very likely occur almost any day, until the Indians get the correct situation into their minds. Brother Lo is not always easily defensible in his notions about game and the game supply. The Utes and Snakes have long been bad skin hunters, but the worst sort of Indian is the one who believes he has an inalienable right to hunt for the market the year round, as these Minnesota Indians have been doing. Indian hunting for Indian use never yet caused destruction of any local game supply. Indian hunting for white men's use will depopulate any game country on earth.

Season Dwindling.

Our shooting season for this part of the West seems to be dwindling, though it started out with promise. The weather has been splendid for anything but hunting or farming, the whole month of October for half a dozen Western States, having been gloriously clear and balmy. This has dried up the ponds and streams to a great extent, and has spoiled the shooting country over a wide area, beside retarding the south-bound flight of the wildfowl. Very few of the Northern birds have been reported as down in Minnesota yet, and we have had none of consequence in this part of the country, though the crop of local birds in Wisconsin was extraordinarily good. Low water and mild weather do not promise much for the Kankakee this fall, and we can expect very little shooting, except as a day or so at flight birds offers, there being no great body of good marsh anywhere in sight. A few scattering bags of snipe have been made, and these birds are coming well down. I should expect to hear of good shooting at ducks on all available waters of this region within a day or so now, for the blizzard of the past two days has reached not only Colorado, but parts of Dakota, and a colder wave is expected here soon. Under these conditions, we may get a few days fun at the lower Wisconsin grounds, those of upper Illinois and upper Indiana. Then attention will turn to the quail, of which there is a splendid crop in lower Illinois and Indiana. Nowadays we think nothing of a few hundred miles when we take into consideration the game supply of a given section. The Chicago shooters go over a wide strip of country. We hardly think of Illinois as a Southern State until we take down a map and see how far south it runs. Away down in Illinois, in that great corn country known as "Egypt," the conditions are practically Southern; and the abundance of game is almost Southern, quails especially being found there in great abundance. The lower third of this State and of Indiana, will be grand shooting fields this fall for upland game, though hardly for wildfowl.

Illinois Chickens.

It is an odd fact, and one hardly to be called widely known, that Illinois was this year about the best chicken country there was in the West. Of course, this is not true in any wide or general sense, but I mean to say that in Henry county, Ill., the bags of chickens made were larger than any of which I got track after a diligent hunt for the news out in Dakota and Minnesota. The birds were not disturbed very much on a certain narrow strip of country there, and the virtue of protection at once became evident. There is no trouble about having game, if a few simple problems in arithmetic be kept in mind, such as "One from one leaves naught," or "Naught from naught you can't." We used to do those things when we were boys, but we forget how to do them as we get older, it seems. The case in this part of Illinois was one which has not been infrequent in different parts of the West. The birds were shot out hard, and harried until they seemed not worth harrying any longer. Then they were passed over for a few years, in the belief that they were about exterminated. Then they were protected against indiscriminate shooting of illegal sort during their defenseless season. Gradually they changed their habits, learning new ways, such as taking to the cornfields for shelter and protection. In the course of years the local stock thus recuperated became full again, until its quality was again discovered. Next year we may not hear of quite so good a crop, but it is sure that the birds were not cleaned up there this year. The worst enemy of the game birds of this great and glorious land of the free is not the game hog, nor the market shooter, nor the farmer boy, nor any of those honorable agencies by which the game is ostensibly and customarily destroyed, but the most unfailing and relentless enemy is good old human nature. I have noticed large quantities of human nature hanging around the edge of a great many good chicken countries, and nearly always, by and by, there seemed to be, after a while, rather more human nature than prairie chickens left.

Warden Fullerton Assaulted.

There seems to be plenty of trouble over game law matters out in Minnesota this week. This time details come with the news, and it seems that it is the State game warden himself who has been assaulted this time. The dispatches read as follows:

"DULUTH, Minn., Oct. 28.—State Game Warden Sam Fullerton arrived here to-day from Detroit. While waiting at Detroit he saw a box addressed to a cold storage company at Chicago. Watching an opportunity, he opened it and found ninety-eight partridges in it. He attempted to seize it and was set upon by three expressmen and was kicked, beaten and choked. He declares that he will prosecute the express company to the fullest extent of the law."

This is about the only time that Warden Fullerton has, during the course of his work, been subjected to anything worse than threats and expostulations. He has once or twice come near to being fired upon, and has once been obliged to give up—under the cogent argument of the "drop," enforced by a shotgun in the hands of a fisherman—some illicit property he had seized. He has not before this suffered personal indignitiy at the hands of violators of the law, and perhaps the express company's agents did not know whom they were tackling. Mr. Fullerton will show them very conclusively about this part of it, and before he gets through with that particular outfit they will very much regret that they have taken the law into their own hands and committed the grave offense of resisting an officer in the course of his duties.

Texas and the Klondike.

It may be news to a good many Northern friends of Oscar Guessaz, the stalwart San Antonian, to learn that he will in the spring join the great army of enterprising men who are pushing on to the Arctic circle in the hope of finding fortune in the gold fields of the Klondike country. It seems much as I have said earlier, all the good men are going to Klondike, and we who stay behind are not much account. Mr. Guessaz writes me that his partner is to be Dick Ware, the U. S. Marshall of that district in Texas; a man who doesn't say much, but acts a heap. We will all wish them good luck, and the man who doesn't want to go along has something wrong about him. Mr. Guessaz leaves a good business behind him, but if he can scratch gravel in Alaska the way he can throw sand in Texas, he is all right.

For anyone wanting to get into the upper peninsula of Michigan, I would advise the vicinity of Iron Mountain, or better yet, Metropolitan. The latter is a terminus of a woods line, and last year was very good for deer. This is Chicago & Northwestern R. R. country. Each of the three lines mentioned hereinbefore can give full details about the game country along its lines. The Northwestern Road this fall got up a list of its game countries by means of inquiry among its station agents, and this list is offered FOREST AND STREAM for publication. I would advise that all these railroad lists of game points should be retained for reference the following year Of necessity they are not always exactly accurate, and the facts change in regard to local game supply from year to year; but these lists are approximately correct, and serve to land a man somewhere near the place where he wants to get, and he can do his own skirmishing when he gets that near. The Northwestern gazetteer covers many varieties of game beside deer, and is as follows:

ILLINOIS.

McHenry.—Ducks, geese, snipe. Prospects good. Hunting grounds, river one mile and lakes four to eight miles.

Richmond.—Ducks and rabbits. Fair prospect, November and December. Hunting grounds, two to four miles.

Ringwood.—Duck plentiful. Nine miles distant

Benton.—Snipe, ducks and geese. Good prospects November. Hunting grounds two miles distant.

WISCONSIN.

Ashland.—Ducks, partridges and deer plentiful. Grounds five to twenty miles away. Guides necessary and obtainable.

Monico Junction.—Deer and bear. Deer plentiful. Hunting grounds close to station. Guides can be obtained.

Manitowish.—Deer and ducks plentiful. About twenty lakes in vicinity with wild rice. Hunting grounds one to twenty miles distant.

McNaughton. Deer and partridge plentiful; some ducks. Hunting grounds three to twenty miles away.

Pelican Lake.—Deer, bear, ducks and partridges. Rice Lake, with wild rice for ducks. Deer most plentiful. Guides desirable and obtainable.

Pratt Junction.—Deer, bear, partridges, ducks geese; deer and ducks most plentiful. Rice Lake eight miles, Pelican one mile away, with wild rice for ducks. Guides obtainable.

Rhinelander.—Deer and partridge. Good prospects for deer. Hunting grounds anywhere outside of city limits. Guides, boats necessary and obtainable.

State Line.—Deer and ducks most plentiful. Duck hunting good in October Lake Bieux Desort supplied with wild rice for ducks Hunting grounds five to twelve miles distant. Guides desirable and can be obtained.

Summit Lake.—Deer, bear, partridges and ducks; deer and partridges most plentiful. A marsh about two miles from station, supplied with wild rice. Hunting grounds near.

Tomahawk Lake.—Deer, partridges, ducks; deer most plentiful. Hunting grounds nearby. Guides obtainable, desirable, but not absolutely necessary.

Favorable reports also received from Three Lakes, Hurley, Marathon City, Woodruff, Hatley, Hazelhurst Junction, Gillett, Elmhurst, Birnamwood, Little Chute, Marinette, Neenah, Wausau, Oconah, Norrie, Forest Junction, Embarrasss, Dane, Marshland, Midway, Necedah, Necedah Junction, Okee, Onalaska, Trempealeau, Waunakee, Calvary, Fond du Lac, Glenbeulah, Malone, Princeton, Rosendale, Fort Atkinson, Jefferson, Koshkonong, Milton Junction, Pleasant Prairie, Woodworth, Waukesha, Deerfield, Dousman, Green Lake, Pensaukee, Oshkosh.

MICHIGAN.

Wakefield.—Deer and partridges very plentiful. Hunting grounds two to four miles distant. Guides desirable and obtainable.

Robbins.—Deer and partridges; deer especially plentiful. Grounds about a half mile away. No guides.

Foster City.—Deer plentiful all around station. Guides not necessary.

Bessemer.—Deer and bear, some partridges Deer plentiful. Grounds about twenty miles distant, and guides necessary.

Swanzy.—Deer, partridges, ducks, spruce hens, etc. Deer and partridges especially plentiful. Grounds ten miles distant. Guides desirable.

Spalding.—Deer, partridges, ducks. Good deer hunting in November. All three kinds plentiful. Grounds ten to thirty miles distant, and guides not necessary.

Norway.—Deer, partridges and trout. Deer very plentiful. Grounds located three to twenty-five miles. Guides obtainable and desirable

Escanaba.—Deer, bear, rabbits and partridges. Deer and partridges especially plentiful. Fair sport with birds within a few miles; better ten to fifteen miles away. Guides not necessary.

Champion.—Deer, rabbits, partridges, ducks. Partridges very plentiful. Grounds eight to ten miles distant Guides not necessary.

Elmwood.—Deer, partridges, prairie chickens, rabbits. About twelve lakes, some of them supplied with wild rice. Deer and partridges most plentiful. Guides can be obtained.

Favorite reports also received from Crystal Falls, Amasa, Bagley, Loretto, Narenta, Metropolitan, Michigamme, Saunders, Daggett, Nadeau, Stager.

IOWA.

Delmar.—Prospect for prairie chickens good within three to four miles.

Moingona.—Prairie chickens, grouse, quail, rabbits and squirrels; the last three most plentiful within three miles radius.

Scranton.—Prairie chickens plentiful all through this vicinity.

Crescent.—Ducks, geese, quail, snipe; ducks and geese abundant. Lakes in the vicinity supplied with wild rice. Boats necessary for hunting on the lakes, but good hunting on the land.

Loveland.—Good prospects for ducks, geese, chickens, quail rab-

bits. Lake five miles distant supplied with wild rice. Boats, but not guides, necessary.

Missouri Valley.—Ducks, prairie chickens, quail plentiful; four to six miles.

Algona.—Prairie chickens abundant five miles away.

Schaller.—Prairie chickens, ducks and geese; ducks especially plentiful five to ten miles distant.

Laurens.—Ducks, geese, prairie chickens plentiful, two to ten miles.

Marathon.—Prairie chickens especially plentiful. Ducks in moderate quantities. Hunting grounds adjacent.

Favorable reports also received from Harcourt, Sioux Rapids, Gowrie, Dayton, Dakota City, Burt, Denison, Glidden, Grand Junction, Baldwin, Lyons, Onawa, Turin, Peterson.

Tracy—Ducks, prairie chickens, geese. Prospects for ducks especially good, and lakes within eight to ten miles supplied with wild rice for ducks.

Lake Benton.—Excellent prospects for ducks, geese, prairie chickens. Numerous lakes. Good duck shooting on Lake Benton, as well as surrounding lakes and towns.

Tyler.—Ducks abundant at Dead Coon Lake, eight miles north. Prairie chickens also plentiful. Guides not necessary.

Redwood Falls.—Ducks and prairie chickens abundant, four to fifteen miles. Guides and boats not necessary.

Morgan.—Good prospects for prairie chickens, ducks and geese, one to ten miles away.

New Ulm.—Prairie chickens and ducks especially plentiful, and lakes seven miles distant, supplied with wild rice.

St. Peter.—Prairie chickens and quail. Guides necessary and obtainable.

Favorable reports also received from Nicollet, Walnut Grove, Eagle Lake, Plainview, Essig, Claremont, Porter, Balaton, Kasota, Hankato, Smith's Hill, Owatonna, Douglass, Pine Island, Zumbrota.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Clark.—Ducks, prairie chickens and geese. Ducks most plentiful. Hunting grounds three miles distant.

Elrod.—Ducks, prairie chickens, geese plentiful surrounding the station and beyond.

Wolsey.—Ducks and chickens one to ten miles distant. Plenty of lakes and sloughs. Guides, but not boats, necessary and obtainable.

Watertown—Prairie chickens, ducks and geese abound on several lakes within two to twenty-five miles, supplied with wild rice.

Volga.—Prospects good for ducks, prairie chickens and geese, especially ducks, within two to twenty miles.

Harrold.—Ducks and rabbits plentiful, one to ten miles distant.

Groton.—Good prospects for ducks and chickens.

De Smet.—Ducks and chickens abundant within five to eight miles.

Dempster.—Ducks, geese, prairie chickens abundant within four to fifteen miles. Plenty of lakes.

Favorable reports also received from Crandon, Castlewood, Bruce, Brookings, Athol, Aurora, Wakonda, Pierre, Condo, Gettysburg, Iroquois, Aberdeen, Yankton, Wessington, Volin, Northville, Monroe, Miranda, Lebanon, Kranzburg, Huron, Houghton, Hecla, Goodwin, Frankfort, Faulkton, Estelline, Esmond, East Pierre, Blunt, Broadland.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Oakes.—Prospect for ducks best ever known. Chickens and geese found in very moderate quantities. Plenty of lakes and abundant grain feed Hunting grounds about five miles distant.

Ludden.—Ducks, prairie chickens and geese abundant. Wild rice on James River and several small lakes. Guides and boats necessary and obtainable. Chicken shooting is very fine here and in this vicinity.

Yellow Jack and the Tourists.

Dr. L. W. Cock, of San Marcos, Texas, writes me from New Orleans that he is stopping at the latter city for a while, and that his hotel is nearly empty, no travel going on at all in that section on account of the yellow fever. Galveston, Texas, according to the report of yet another friend, is also paralyzed in business and tourist traffic. The same is no doubt true of many Gulf points, and it is very likely that the widely advertised fever scare will keep a great many sportsmen tourists out of that region this winter, although the natural season for such travel is not yet at hand.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

NEW ENGLAND NOTES.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—Snaring and shooting partridges for the market are not done yet, not even in Massachusetts, where so much has been done for the enforcement of the statutes concerning fish and game, In the bottom of one of the wagons of a local express I saw, on Monday, more than fifty partridges. The express comes from the vicinity of Plymouth and Brockton. Not a bird appeared to have been shot, and yet all seemed to be fresh, as though recently taken. The Rod and Gun Club is after the snarers with several wardens. They have secured a number of convictions. I saw a bird the other day that had cost the snarer just $20.

Some good bags of partridges, woodcock and quail are being made in Hudson and north of that section. The other day four Boston gunners could stand the desire no longer; the flight of woodcock must be looked after. Procuring a team the night beforehand, they were off by 5 in the morning. Driving fifteen or twenty miles they came to the section they proposed to hunt; somewhere north of Peabody. Alas! a fire a few days before had burned the woodland all over, and there were no signs of birds, only smoking ruins. They did not even put out their dogs, but fed their horse and then drove a number of miles further to where they succeeded in getting a woodcock and a partridge. A few days before another Boston party of gunners secured eighteen birds—woodcock, quail and grouse—on the same ground. A gentleman writes me from Oxford county, Me., that there is not one partridge in the sections he has heard from where there were five last year. The Lewiston and Auburn gunners after partridges are returning empty-handed.

Messrs. I. S. Kelley, A. B. Kelley, A. T. Burbank, J. W. Carlton and Herbert Burbank have been into the Maine woods on a hunting trip. They secured three deer, and Mr. Burbank stayed behind the rest of the party with the full intention of securing a moose. Mr. I. S. Kelley had never been into the Maine woods after big game before. He is much pleased with his trip, though he did not secure a deer personally, getting only a couple of running shots. They went to Norcross, on the Bangor & Aroostook R. R., and from thence to Lake Pemadumcook, and to camps in that section. He mentions the shooting of a man who was gathering cranberries, by a New York sportsman who had never been in the woods before. The guide told the New Yorker to be careful, as there were cranberry pickers on the bog. But this caution did no good. The man stooping over was a deer or caribou to the inflamed imagination of the fellow who never ought to have been in the woods. The poor cranberry picker was wounded in the leg. The hunter gave himself up to the authorities, was brought out to Bangor, and put under heavy bonds to appear in court when wanted. At least ten cases of shooting men for big game in the Maine woods have already been reported—not many of them fatal, but bad enough.

Mr. Frank O. Hallowell, with a hunting friend or two, has been on a trip to the Maine woods after big game. They traveled a number of miles by canoe and on foot in the vicinity of Mount Katahdin; saw a great many deer, one of which they shot, but saw no moose. They might have killed a great many deer, but could not make any use of more than one. Transportation of big game would also have been almost impossible.

Mr. Heath, of Boston, has just returned from an extended hunting and fishing trip to Maine. With a friend he went into the woods above Moosehead Lake and up one of the celebrated hunting routes, going in before the close of the season on trout and remaining till the open season on moose. They found most remarkable trout fishing, claiming that they easily took five trout to one at the Rangeley waters, where Mr. Heath has fished many seasons. They saw 150 deer and took all they could use, which was only one or two. Nineteen moose they saw before Oct. 15, counting cows and all, but not a single bull moose did they see after the open season began. Mr. Heath feels certain that bull moose understand the game laws sufficiently to keep out of sight when they can legally be shot.

Now they are laughing at a Boston crack shot on coot and ducks. He claims that the sights of his rifle are wrong. On his Maine hunting trip, from which he has just returned, he did not get a deer, though having a number of good chances. He would shoot, but every time the deer up and away. At last the boys put him to a severe test. Two of them were out one day, one shooting a deer which they did not bring to camp that night. The next morning they were off to bring it in. They sent a couple of guides ahead with instructions. B. was invited to go along with the hunters; they "might see a deer." B. went with his rifle cocked. "Sh! There's a deer!" from one of them. "Where? Where?" whispered B. Quickly he saw it, and as quickly took aim and fired. The deer did not move. Again pump—bang! pump—bang! pump—bang! till the magazine of his rifle was empty. There stood the deer; hadn't moved a foot. The guides had heard of the dead one. B. was ruffled at first, but saw the joke, and, like the good fellow he is, joined in the laugh, then in the investigation to see how many shots had hit the dead deer. Only two had touched it, but the ground and the timber for a circumference of 8 or 10ft. around had suffered. B. will take lessons in shooting a rifle this winter.

SPECIAL.

A TWO WEEKS' HUNTING TRIP IN NORTHERN COLORADO.

IT was the first week in October that three of us started off to lay in our winter supply of meat. Our hunting grounds were to be west of the Rabbit Ear Range, near Steamboat Springs. The sixty miles' drive was made in two days. On the third day out we were on the hunting grounds, after a very difficult pull of a heavy wagon over an old, long-disused game road.

When we reached the end of this road, we found two outfits already camped there. They had done considerable hunting near their camp, and with good results. The six deer and four elk hanging up near their tents made our prospects bright.

But we thought that the country within a radius of four miles must have been already pretty well hunted, as these two outfits were old hunters and good walkers. Hence we decided to leave our wagon and most of our grub at the end of the game road and pack over some ten miles further west. We soon had our bedding, our provisions and cooking utensils packed, and leading our ponies we made the ten miles in about three hours. We pitched camp near a little stream which flowed into the Bear River, between two game trails and close to a much-frequented water hole. I say much frequented, for there were hundreds of fresh deer and elk tracks leading down from the range to it. This is always the kind of camp the Western hunter calls his ideal; for we had plenty of firewood, good shelter, lots of water, but the most important thing of all, plenty of fine feed for our ponies.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when we left camp for our first evening's shooting. We made our way across the nearest hill or "hog-back," as they say in the West, to a large, wide, long park. This park was lined on either side with heavy timber, and through the middle of it flowed a cool, clear stream. Just the place for elk to come into when once the sun had gone down behind the mountains. For so shy are elk and deer that while the sun shines they keep in the thickest part of the timber, but when once a shadow falls upon the openings (or "parks" in Western language) they come out for water and feed. Hence the best chance a hunter has is to sit down along the borders of these parks and wait for the game to come in sight.

Accordingly, we took our position some 200yds. from one good water hole, and about 100yds. from another, behind a clump of bushes, and awaited the game. We had been there not ten minutes, when four large bull elk came out of the timber to drink at the further hole. Our rifles rang together and an elk dropped. A second one was badly crippled as it ran. Leaving the dead one, we started on the trail of the cripple. This was easily followed; but it is proverbial that an elk will often "carry his weight in lead," and hence you may often follow a wounded one for many miles. After two miles, we decided to give up the chase, as it was getting dark, and we were some two hours' walk from camp.

Our next move was to dress our dead elk. While about half a mile from where we had killed it, what was our surprise to see one of its band coming back to find out what had made the noise of our rifle reports. We immediately dropped into the willows and crept on our stomachs; but the inquisitive elk saw its dead companion, and smelling its blood darted into the thicket. This was the last we saw of him. In half an hour we had our dead bull cleaned, and in two hours more, after groping about in the timber, falling over dead trees and getting stuck in the swamp (for it was very dark), we reached camp. For supper we had elk liver fried, and a fine breakfast of the elk tongue, roasted in the hot coals over night.

The next morning saw us up early, for we had a good half-day's work before us. We saddled the horses, and in an hour reached the dead elk. After quartering it, our hard work began. One who has jacked meat on a frightened horse can appreciate our task. We first tried the blindfold, but the horses smelt the blood. Then we tied the front feet up to the horn of the saddle. This worked beautifully, and we were soon "all aboard" for camp.

But what was our horror when we reached camp to find a fresh forest fire raging some five miles off, with the wind blowing toward us. Camp had to be moved, and that quickly, we decided; for a man must not be long in the West before he learns of the great danger and rapid flight of a forest fire. After a hasty meal, we jacked our horses with bedding, grub, meat, etc., and hit the trail as fast as we could for our wagon. Once there we were safe, as the fire was working away from us.

The country we had just left was full of elk, but the deer had gone lower down the range. In fact, our wagon camp was as good a place as any to hunt from. The next few days we spent hunting deer. There were few does up so high as we were, but there were plenty of bucks. And they were big, fat ones, too, as the running season had barely begun. Three bucks and an elk were all we could haul out, for our wagon was heavy and the road was rough. In fact, we had on about 1,600lbs., more than enough for two small horses to pull over a bad mountain road.

We left a little earlier than we had intended, owing to the warm weather's bad effect upon the meat, and to the fact that we had enough of a load. But before we went we had one day's grand trout fishing. All I have to say about trout is that if once the Eastern fisherman fishes in the West, he will never be satisfied with Eastern trout fishing again. "Go West, young fisherman," if you want to win laurels over the finny tribe.

F. B. W.

IN PIONEER DAYS.

(*Continued from page 329.*)

THESE passages, from the private diary of a resident of Cleveland, O., have never before been printed. They have a doubled interest now as showing the wilderness conditions of Ohio and Michigan a half-century ago, when there were elk and wild turkeys and wolves, and when the home conditions of the residents were more primitive than those which prevail to-day:

Nov. 24, 1841.—In company with L., on his first deer hunt, we left Cleveland at 8 A. M. for Russia, Lorain county, O. At 12 M. we reached Avon in a heavy, but unusually warm, rain, got dinner and reached Eleria just after dark. Inquiring the road to Oberlin, we started on, when a most terrible thunderstorm came on. The rain fell in torrents, the thunder and lightning were truly awful, equal to any summer storm we ever experienced. The night was horribly dark, we got completely drenched and the houses were far between; we were continually getting off the muddy, rough road, and our horse being hardly able to walk. L. was anxious to stop at the first house we came to, but I, insisting in keeping on, we took turns in leading the horse and feeling the way. In this way we kept on seven miles through the woods until we reached Oberlin at 11 P. M. We stopped at a kind of a tavern, when, after finding a man, we gave him half a dollar to thoroughly clean and rub down my horse. The landlord made us a large fire in the kitchen and while we were drying prepared our supper; and by 2 A. M. we found ourselves dry and in bed.

In the morning the ground was well covered with snow. We took our rifles and carpet bags and started west, intending to stop at the first house that would keep us. At the first house the folks were all sick, but at the second one, owned by one Mr. Smith, no objections were made, and we stopped. Smith's house was made of logs and was very old, it had two small rooms partially partitioned off below, and an upper loft, which was entered by a ladder. His family was composed of himself, wife and nine children; he was dreadfully poor and the accommodations we got corresponded with his poverty. Deer and turkeys were abundant in every direction. In the afternoon we started and soon secured a fine gobbler from quite a large drove, which served for a feast all around that night. The next morning we were up early, but a slight crust on the snow made hunting with success impossible. After a two days' hunt we came in at night gameless, though we had seen many deer and shot at long range several times. L. soon came in dragging on the ground the fore-quarters of a fawn which he said he had killed. On my expressing to him my surprise that he should have left the skin in the woods and dragged in that part of the deer, he wanted to know "what part he should have brought in." I told him of course the saddle. "Well," said he, "I'll know better next time when I kill a deer."

Toward the next evening, while following the edge of a black ash swail, I noticed something walking along some eight rods in front. Soon I made out three deer, a doe and two fawns. It being too dark to sight on my rifle, I pointed it toward the doe and fired. I distinctly heard her fall, making a loud crackling in the brush As I was less than a mile from Smith's, I returned for supper, and when the moon rose, took two of Smith's boys and went after my deer. We found her about twenty rods from where I had shot her, and drawing her to the house, we hung her up and dressed her, cutting out some choice pieces for the family breakfast. Our log house was well crammed with occupants this evening, Mrs. Smith's sister having come on a visit with her entire family of five children. One of the visitors, a young damsel of seventeen summers, was quite pretty and intelligent. L. and myself being very dry from eating a great many hickory nuts during the evening, kept Miss D. and Catherine S. quite busy in handing us teacups of water.

Fifth day, L., caring little for deer hunting and getting none, turned his attention to smaller fare, and to-night brought in a possum and fifteen squirrels. The squirrels Mrs. Smith served up as a stew in a large iron kettle, which, with a fat roast of venison from the live coals of a huge wood fire, made a meal all enjoyed, and there was enough to go several times around. After supper I walked two and a half miles to Oberlin, got my horse and buggy, and drove back to Smith's. After settling for our board and lodging at 75 cents a week, we drove three miles beyond Amherst, or seven miles in all, and put up for the night, Smith's house being quite too crowded for a much longer stay.

Smith was born in the Catskill Mountains, N. Y., was very tall and slim, some fifty years of age, and wore a very long beard. He was a most industrious man, working hard on his clearing all day, and making boots and shoes at night for his neighbors and family. He showed us a vest and other clothes he was married in thirty years ago.

Remaining at our new camp two days only, we returned to Smith's. We found the deer had about all left the locality, having been hunted out by hound-hunters. There is nothing so bad in the woods for the still-hunter as the Indian with his cur dogs and the white man with his bellowing hound. The deer soon leave the locality, and those few that remain become too wild for the most quiet hunter to approach within shot.

At Mr. Smith's we were well received, and that night we went with the daughter Catherine three miles on foot through the woods, across lots, to a "spelling school."

Sunday we took my buggy and went four miles to Podunk Swamp (Amherst) to church. After church we returned home, but stopped on invitation on the way and took dinner at the "nearest neighbor."

Monday morning Catherine wanted to visit her sister, who resided six miles off. I told her she could have my horse to ride in case she would saddle and bridle it, informing her in the meantime that it was entirely new work for the animal. The harness bridle was soon in place, and for saddle a small coon skin robe was improvised and kept in place with the circingle. She mounted like an expert and was soon off at a hard, long gallop, while L. and myself

took to the woods with our rifles. We saw two flocks of turkeys and several deer, but got not a single shot. Were "cut out" three times to-day. It is not safe to hunt in this neighborhood, for the most of these fellows will shoot on first sight at anything that moves.

At the last "cut out," feeling very much vexed, I stood still, not knowing exactly what to do, whether to continue to follow on the track or give it up, when suddenly off to my right I heard the report of a gun. Running over in that direction, I very suddenly came on the track of a deer on a keen jump. Noting blood on its track and knowing it had just been shot, and feeling mad that I had so often been "cut out" in following my deer, I sprang on the track and followed it some four miles on as rapid a rate as I could go, when getting tired, and thinking the hunter, whoever he was, would give it up by this time, I went along more moderately, seeing the deer often, but afraid to fire, for fear of the hunter hearing the report of my rifle. Night now coming on and failing to get a shot, I gave it up, and went back to Smith's house, telling him about my deer chase. The next morning, taking his rifle and strap, Smith went out and soon found the deer, dead. It was a fine, fat doe, shot through the hip with a very small ball, which glanced into the body. I told Smith he might have the deer, but kept the circumstances, as related, a secret from him.

During the remainder of the day I saw several flocks of turkeys, one drove of seven deer, and seven singly and in pairs; but secured only a fine hen turkey. Returning to Smith's, I found Catherine, safe from her ride and vainly endeavoring to put the big iron pot on the crane, filled to the brim with venison, squirrels and wheat dough, for "pot-pie," as she named it. Of course, my gallantry was not lacking; so jointly we soon had the coming dinner over the fire, hanging by the iron chain and hook crane.

Thursday we devoted to repairing several old turkey pens and making trails of straw to them, but our labor was all in vain, as shack was so abundant that the turkeys paid no attention to them.

Monday L. and myself took the woods together, proposing to hunt along the "big wind fall," which was now well filled up with second growth timber. We soon separated, and each in a short time struck a drove of deer. In the course of an hour they finally came together, making in all sixteen deer in one bunch. We then followed them in company until 3 P. M., when they all struck off in a southerly direction. I then proposed to L that we return to Smith's, as it would now take us until dark to reach his clearing. Getting out my compass I told L. the course to take when I branched off from him, having thereby a better chance to see game. I traveled very fast and ran a portion of the way, but notwithstanding I did not get to Smith's till after dark. We waited a long time for L before eating supper. After this a neighbor came in who asked where L. was. I told him I had left him some six miles in the woods and I rather thought he had gone on the Henrietta road and stopped. "Well," says he, "it is such a cold and cloudy night if he does not get out of the woods by 10 o'clock he is a dead man."

Being quite sure that he had stopped on the Henrietta road, I felt very little alarm about him. About 10, hearing a noise at the door, I went and opened it, when in tottered L., his clothes all torn and himself looking the picture of despair. In a faint voice he eagerly asked for some rum. "Quick, some rum!" I got the jug and poured him out full half a glass, which he drank off at once. Then setting a chair back from the fire for him, he sank into it exhausted. A supper was prepared, which he ate with a ravenous appetite; after this he gave a short account of himself. He said: that after leaving me he had kept on his course to Smith's, when he came across a large flock of turkeys, and followed them till nearly dark. Coming to the pen which I made, he was in a quandary whether to go out to the Henrietta road, a mile off, and stay, or go three miles through the woods to Smith's. Deciding on Smith's, he started, and when, getting half-way, as he supposed, he fell down and broke the glass of his compass. He then continued in the direction he thought right till he came back to the very spot he had started from an hour before. Getting frightened, he took another direction and traveled on with all the speed he could make. Soon he became very tired, fell down often in the snow, sat down every few minutes on the logs, so tired he could hardly draw his legs after him. It becoming a little lighter by the breaking away of the clouds, he thought he could see an opening in the woods, which he steered for, and which luckily proved to be Smith's clearings.

Next day his face and legs were badly, and it was several days before he could walk. In the morning, out of curiosity, I took his track and followed it for some two miles. The steps were very short, and the spots where he had sat down were very frequent. He had taken five complete circles, each one gaining ground toward the east. He worked always to the right (L. is left-handed), which fortunately was the reason for his reaching Smith's clearing.

I continued to hunt for a few days until L. was sufficiently recruited, when we left for Cleveland. We will always remember the pleasant evenings spent in the Smiths' log home. Although poor in this world's goods, they were always healthy and cheerful, always ready to aid with the small means at their command. At night Smith would bring out a big wooden bowl of choice hickory nuts, and while we cracked and ate and told stories he would pound away industriously at his leather. Catherine, who seemed to be the belle of the wilderness, often invited her nearest female friends from three to eight miles away to make a visit and stay over night, so L. had many opportunities to study female human nature.

About the last turkey we killed in the Russia region seemed so uncommonly large that we weighed it on reaching home, when to our surprise we found it weighed exactly 32lbs. It was very fat, and so large that in order to cook it in the stove we were obliged to cut it in two. Notwithstanding it was well roasted, it tasted so rank and strong that none of the family could eat it.

New Jersey Shooting.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Oct. 29.—Reports from all the game sections of Monmouth county are of the most encouraging order. This is particularly true of the quail supply; from every one the same reply comes: quail very abundant and well grown.

In consequence the shooter's heart is exceedingly glad, and already preparations are well under way. It is to be hoped that the system of posting, which was in vogue in many sections last year, will not confront us the coming season; for men who call themselves sportsmen to band together and have the owners of land consent to posting in order that the small cost of printing may be saved them, and thus bar their fellow-man from any share of the chase, while they (the sportsmen) have a clear field, flavors much of the game hog in a new guise.

Already the reports from Barnegat are good. Ducks and geese are dropping in, and some good bags have been made. Colder weather will undoubtedly improve the conditions, and we hope for a renewal of our old-time sport on these grounds.

LEONARD HULIT.

Number of Adirondack Deer Killed in 1896.

County	Night Hunting.	Hounding.	Still-Hunting.	Total.	Bucks.	Does.
Franklin	170	748	116	1,034	477	557
St. Lawrence	404	51	487	942	451	491
Warren	62	277	33	372	191	181
Lewis	77	434	61	572	269	303
Clinton	..	58	7	65	33	32
Fulton	4	38	12	54	26	28
Oneida	6	20	..	26	11	15
Washington	..	25	7	32	11	21
Saratoga	..	1	3	4	2	2
Hamilton	455	980	322	1,757	909	848
Essex	26	258	91	375	218	157
Herkimer	335	571	207	1,173	635	538
Total 1896	1,599	3,461	1,286	6,406	3,233	3,173
Total 1895	1,233	2,694	973	4,900	2,207	2,693
Increase over 1895	366	767	313	1,506	1,206	480

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

Drummond.

DRUMMOND is a dog, an Irish terrier of the bluest blood, his pedigree running back, I judge from its length, to the time of the Irish kings. He was given to me by Dr. Drummond, of Montreal, president of the St. Maurice Club, and the first few months of his life were spent at the club house, and it is more than likely that he there heard more or less about the big trout that are caught in Wayagamack Lake, and perhaps that turned his thoughts to fish and fishing rather than to vermin. He is a dog of action instead of a dreamer, for he was traveling with a friend of mine, a conductor of an express train, and being in the baggage car, the door of which was open, something outside attracted his attention and he slipped his collar and took a header out of the open door. My friend is not yet sure whether "the little red devil wished to find out how quickly a train could be stopped or was simply looking for trouble."

With a member of the family he went into a store possessing an overhead trolley or railroad for conveying cash to a central station. He took the deepest interest in the arrangement the moment he saw it, and when a cash-box came flying along the line he made one bound into the lap of a lady to whom he had never been introduced, another to the top of a show-case, and a third at the whizzing box. He missed the box, but he landed all right on the head of one of the shop-girls that had never done a thing to him, and before her scream died away he had tackled that trolley system from three different points of vantage.

The family say that his eyes are almost human, and I do not dispute it. That he is affectionate, intelligent, and brave as a big lion there can be but one opinion; but it is only lately that I have discovered that he has a literary turn, and that his specialty is angling literature. In my absence my mail is piled up on my desk until it overflows the desk, and then it is massed on a couch in the library. Drummond investigated the mail one day lately while I was away from home, and there were letters and packages and papers galore; some in wrappers and some with none. There was foreign mail and domestic mail, and apparently he examined it all, and selected two copies of FOREST AND STREAM, supposed to be securely rolled and wrapped in a brown paper wrapper He took off the wrapper and chewed up the Sea and River Fishing department of both papers. It may be said that this was all chance, and I would admit it if his attention had been devoted to this department in one paper only, but how does it happen that he extracted the fishing department from both papers? The Kennel department does not appear to have interested him in the least. At first I did not know but he was trying to get even with me for certain arguments I have had with him by chewing up my "Angling Notes," but I had no notes in that issue, and I must assume that he was simply trying to improve his mind. That Drummond is a dog of excellent judgment is proven by the fact that there were a number of other papers in the bunch relating more or less to angling, but there is no evidence that he did more than examine their titles, and then fairly devoured FOREST AND STREAM, as the best of the entire lot.

Fish Poisoning.

It was on a railroad train that I read a newspaper item about Otter Creek, in Tremont, being poisoned with Paris green, with the result that many brook trout were killed. I made a memorandum of the matter with the idea of having some experiments tried with fish and Paris green, to discover exactly what would happen under certain conditions. When, a little later, I went into FOREST AND STREAM office, one of the first questions the editor asked me was what I knew about killing fish with this poison, and I told him that up to that moment I had never poisoned fish with any kind of poison, and knew nothing about it. A few days later I was at home again, and when I went to market I met a friend and neighbor who said: "I saw those trout that were poisoned." A few questions brought out the fact that it could not have been Otter Creek that was poisoned, as my newspaper clipping stated. My friend said Mr. Silas L. Griffith, of Danby, Vt., had constructed some breeding ponds to establish a fish hatchery. The ponds were about 10×16ft. square and 2½ft. deep. These ponds were fed by a stream through a 3in. pipe. Instead of there being thousands of breeding trout killed there were just sixty-two, the trout running from 3 to 5lbs. in weight each, with smaller trout in other tanks. These were the trout that were killed, and I can better understand how it was possible for a miscreant to poison fish confined in small space, comparatively, than, as the newspaper said, poison a stream of the size of Otter Creek. My friend, Mr. Lapham, tells me that Mr. Griffith is a public-spirited man, who has done much for the town in which he lives, having given it a free library or something of that sort, and being interested in fish propagation, he proposed to establish a hatchery for breeding trout artificially. If the man or men who poisoned the water could be sent to jail for life, to reflect over the fact that in killing a lot of fine trout they endangered human life as well, it would be common-sense justice, if not common law justice.

Eaves-Dropper by Force of Circumstances.

One never hears his name mentioned in a public place by strangers, I imagine, without one's getting a start, even if one has never committed a crime and is not a fugitive from justice. Last Saturday morning when the gentleman in the Empire State Express from New York to Albany read the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 23, and commended Mr. Cheney's "Angling Notes" to the lady on his left, and approved most heartily of what Mr. Cheney said under the title "One Man in One Day" in the paper which he held in his hand, I doubt if he noticed that the gentleman on his right, in the next chair, quietly folded his tent, as it were, and fled to the smoking compartment of the car; but he fled just the same, because he was the Mr. Cheney who was being commended. At this safe distance I can take off my hat, make a profound bow, and thank the gentleman for the pleasant things he said about the writer of these notes.

Canadian Game Laws.

In a letter from my friend, Mr. F. W. G. Johnson, manager of the St. Catherine street branch of Molson's Bank in Montreal, relating his success on a shooting expedition from which he had just returned, he has something to say about other matters than killing deer and grouse. Mr. Johnson is a conservative sportsman and believes in moderation in all forms of sport, and is a strict observer of the fish and game laws.

He says: "We killed no trout, as it was near their spawning time, but we killed enough pike and chub to satisfy our hunger for fish. I saw near a trout spawning bed in one of the lakes fully a cord of birch bark piled up on the shore of the lake to be used as torches by the festive habitant in spearing the trout off the bed, to be salted for winter use. On the train coming in I saw in the express car a small fawn of 1897 crop, that would not weigh over 30 to 35lbs., judging from her looks. Poor little thing! Such is protection of fish and game in the province."

What Mr. Johnson says of a remote lake in Canada, is probably true to a greater or less extent of all waters containing fish in what we have come to term the backwoods. It is a difficult matter for the law to reach these remote lakes and stop the slaughter of fish at the breeding season The people who spear trout on their spawning beds for food have always done it if we could but know the truth of the matter, and they will continue to do so until they are caught in the act and have to pay the penalty, and that may stop the slaughter so far as the particular individual is concerned, but there will be others. These people look upon the fish as food that they are entitled to take at any time, and any law which chances to interfere with the slaughter they regard as an outrage and oppression. They never once consider that they are cutting off their ultimate food supply, such as it is, by killing spawning fish by wholesale. The food is at hand, and they take it and chance being caught. The transportation clause in the New York law was passed to prevent the extinction of the trout, because it was almost impossible with the small number of game protectors to cover the great woods regions, and detect violators of the law in this respect. When the men who netted trout almost with impunity in the remote streams and lakes, found their market cut off by the transportation clause, which forbids the carriage of trout by public carriers unless the fish are accompanied by their owners, a check was placed upon the destruction of the trout in these far away waters. To my amazement, I learned within the past two weeks while driving in Fulton county with a sportsman, who has the welfare of our fish and game at heart, that it is a common practice for men to drive from place to place in that region, and buy trout and birds and convey them by wagon to the summer hotels, and thus evade the law. What we need, and what Canada needs, is more fish and game protectors to enforce the laws, and to educate the people by a few convictions that fish and game must be left to breed unmolested. In some sections it requires several convictions to bring about a change of heart, and in others one conviction will suffice.

It is only fair to say of the enforcement of the fish and game laws in Canada, that a brother, writing me from his camp in Canada—not a fishing camp, by the way, but a mining camp—commends the vigilance of the Canadian game wardens. He was surprised to find the wardens so active, and he put it down to the fact that Canada realized the importance of protecting her fish and game as a "valuable mine, to be worked for revenue from her own and visiting sportsmen." In New York State we have practically one fish and game protector and forester to every two counties, and the men, however active they may be, cannot cover the territory in their charge and do it as it should be done.

I happen to know something of how these protectors are supervised by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, and if a man does not prove capable and competent he is removed without ceremony and another put in his place. If a man does good work he is retained, although he may not do all the work of detecting game violators in his district, simply because there is a limit to the powers of a man. If he does not do good work, and his reports are a pretty fair index of his energy in the prosecution of his duties, he is dismissed, no matter what influence may be brought to have him retained.

I travel over the State quite a bit and hear more or less of game and fish law violations that are not punished, and nine and nine-tenth times out of ten the people who tell me of the violations wish the offenders punished, but do not wish to give any evidence which will lead to their punishment. No one who has not engaged in a case of violating the game law can understand what convincing evidence must be forthcoming to convict in court. Sidewalk testimony and hearsay evidence, for some reason, will not convince a jury of the guilt of any man. The testimony must be given in court and under oath, and it must be specific, and even then it will not convince some juries. Apparently every one who knows anything about a bank burglary is willing to testify against the burglars, but when the crime is one of breaking a game law the witnesses have to be hauled to court by the scruff of the neck. The people, all of them at least, are not yet educated to the fact that both are crimes, the difference being in degree. There is so much to be said on this subject that it is better to stop before a simple note runs into a discourse.

Worn Salmon Flies.

It was at a New York club, and I was taking luncheon with my friend, Mr. Henry P. Wells, author of the "American Salmon Fisherman." We had arrived at coffee and cigars when I spoke of my experience with a salmon that rose short to a worn and bedraggled Jack Scott, and then refused several other flies of different patterns and different sizes only to rise again and take the original disreputable-looking Jack Scott. Mr. Wells said that his experience led him to believe that not over three or four types of flies were necessary to be successful in salmon fishing. Each type to be provided in different sizes. That when a fly became worn and tattered it was treasured above any new, bright fly, for when a fish rose short, and after resting refused other sizes of the same type, the worn and tattered fly was brought out and presented to the fish and, in a great majority of cases, it killed, when the new and perfect flies would not do the business.

Golden Trout at Sunapee.

A few days ago I wrote to a correspondent, who asked when the Sunapee trout spawned, that they spawned the last of October. My correspondent is a special State fish and game protector, and he desires to watch for the appearance of the fish which were planted in Lake George last year in November. I have not the date at hand, but I think I went to New Hampshire with the New York State fish car Nov. 3 or 4 and returned the 8th or 9th, and forty-two adult trout were planted the day the car returned to the State. Returning home after a few days' absence, I find a letter from Dr Quackenbos, dated at Sunapee Lake Oct 23. He has been watching for the trout to arrive on the shoals, where they spawn, and his letter fixes the date beyond question When the fish appear on the shoals they are caught by the hatching men with hook and line, or with nets, and confined in the cars in the stream below the hatchery until their eggs are taken. Dr Quackenbos's letter reads in part as follows:

"The aureolus charr appeared on the lighthouse shoal this morning. About 200 males came up from the deep water and spread themselves expectantly over the reef My little daughter Carrie promptly repaired to the sacred precincts with a washtub in her boat, the Day Dream and her first fish was a 6-pounder It would have done your soul good to see the child stand up to the rushes and *leaps* of that big charr, and finally bring him to net in exquisite style. No buck fever; no excitement; no giving slack I saw her take several others with a cast Skinner's fluted spoon No. 1. The only remark I heard her make was: 'This beats all the monkeys,' and she presented to the Fish Commission, with becoming pride, these first fruits of the October rise. One peculiarity I noted especially, viz., as soon as she struck the aureolus fish they leaped into the air and continued jumping after the manner of salmon. It required not a little nerve and skill to check the run of a large charr without splintering the rod."

Miss Carrie has my warmest congratulations, and I wish that I might have been there to see the battle royal and to take a part in it, too. I have never taken the Sunapee trout except in summer, and have never seen them leap when hooked, so the peculiarity is here noted for the first time. At the breeding season the golden trout is the most beautiful of the charrs, and to see one leap from the water in the sunlight is worth going far to see. That they fight well on the hook, with their big fins extended, I know from experience, and to all their other good qualities the leap being added, they are kingly fish on the hook. In another letter Dr. Quackenbos speaks of the work at the State hatchery, now in charge of two young men, Messrs James and Edwin Wentworth. Over 100 breeding landlocked salmon from 6 to 15lbs. each have been taken and placed in the breeding tank, and 125 brook trout from 1 to 5lbs. in weight. These young men, by honest attention to the business intrusted to them, have far exceeded the work of their predecessors in taking slack fish, and they are confident of taking 500 breeding golden trout, and there will naturally be a corresponding increase in the number of eggs laid down in the hatchery. The possibilities at Sunapee seem as great in the way of obtaining eggs of the best of the *Salmonidæ* that it has been matter for comment that the field has not been worked more vigorously. It is to be hoped that this is the turn of the tide. A. N. CHENEY.

MARYLAND TERRAPINS.

DR. GEO. W. MASSAMORE, secretary and treasurer of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association, sends us the following report of investigation of the Maryland diamond-back terrapin supply:

"I recently visited Crisfield, Somerset county, and spent several days investigating the causes that have made diamond-back terrapin so scarce in Maryland waters. More terrapins are shipped from Crisfield than from all other points in the State combined, I believe. At Crisfield are located the two largest terrapin ponds in the State, and perhaps the only ones of any size in Maryland. The impounding of terrapin is unquestionably doing more toward exterminating them than all other causes combined. Terrapins will not grow in confinement, or at least but very slowly; nor will they propagate. The largest terrapin dealer in this country is A. R. Riggin, Crisfield, whose pound at this time contains 20,000 diamond-back terrapins The sight was novel. I visited Mr. Riggin's pound just after the terrapins were fed. The scrambling after mashed hard crabs, upon which they were fed, was an interesting sight. The terrapins were so thick that they were crawling over each other; the pound was a moving mass that filled me with wonder and amazement. Think of 20,000 diamond back terrapins on the move at the same time, within an inclosure of about an acre. The time was low tide, affording a good view. The ditches, grass tussocks and mud puddles all seemed like a living, moving, conglomerate mass, struggling for life.

"The other pound in Crisfield is owned by A. L LaVallette, who is also an extensive dealer in diamond-back terrapins. Mr. LaVallette was the first man to introduce the impounding of terrapins as a business. The enterprise has, no doubt, proven profitable, and others have embarked in the same business. All terrapins caught near Crisfield are sold to these two dealers. Mr. LaVallette, I am told, has agents at different places in Maryland, who buy up terrapins for him. Mr. Riggin buys considerable of his stock in North Carolina. They are the exact counterpart of the Maryland terrapin, and it is claimed they are as fine in flavor. The pounds in which the terrapins are confined are inclosed with a tight board fence, 10ft. high, with wire screens across the openings where the water floods and ebbs in and out. The pounds are watched day and night by armed men to protect the terrapins from being stolen.

From all the information obtained during my stay in Crisfield, I am thoroughly convinced that the impounding of terrapins must necessarily result in their final extermination. It is a well established fact that terrapins will not propagate confined in pounds. Females lay from 12 to 20 eggs twice during the season for incubation. A fair estimate for each female would be 30 eggs. Take 20,000 female terrapins now held in confinement in the pounds at Crisfield (this number I am told is a modest estimate), and the result figures up the destruction of 600,000 young terrapins. These figures demonstrate very clearly the necessity for a strict enforcement of the laws against having in possession terrapins out of season.

"The impounding of terrapin is clearly a violation of the law, both of the general State law and the local laws of the several terrapin counties. The laws have been allowed to go by default, as had the game and fish laws, until the Game Warden, through his deputies has been rigidly enforcing them throughout the State during the past year. An enforcement of the laws at this time against parties who have thousands of terrapin impounded would be ruinous from a monetary standpoint. It would only be just to notify parties having terrapin impounded to get rid of their stock during the coming season, and at the same time inform them that after the expiration of the open season the laws will be strictly enforced. This will be my recommendation to the game warden, Mr. J. Olney Norris, and to the executive committee of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association.

"A new general law is much needed in this State, making the season for taking and having in possession diamond-back terrapins uniform. The State law permits taking terrapins from Nov 1 to April 1 The possession of terrapin at any other time is *prima facie* evidence of a violation of the law; penalty $5 to $10 for each terrapin. In Charles, Calvert and St. Mary's counties the open season is from Sept. 1 to May 1. Somerset, Oct. 1 to April 1. Penalty for having in possession terrapin at any other time from $5 to $25, varying in the different counties

"The State law is undoubtedly the best law, as five months (Nov. 1 to April 1) is long enough season for taking terrapins. It is hoped that all the counties having local laws that conflict with the State law, will agree to a uniform season. It will be better to repeal all laws and have a new one passed, making the season uniform, regulating the size of terrapins allowed to be caught the same in all counties, and imposing a uniform fine for violations of the law. The Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association will be glad to hear from parties throughout the terrapin districts of the State, giving their views on the subject, as the Association is anxious to assist in having a law passed that will redound to the best interests of all parties interested in the protection of diamond-back terrapins in Maryland waters."

THOMAS G. ALVORD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

HON. THOMAS G ALVORD, one of the oldest and most devoted disciples of Izaak Walton in New York State, died at his home in Syracuse Oct. 26, in his eighty-sixth year. He was widely known, and his excellent qualities of heart and mind, his genial, kindly nature and unassuming manner, endeared him to all who were fortunate enough to form his acquaintance.

His last public service was as vice-president of the Constitutional Convention three years ago. His record of fifteen terms in the Assembly is one that is rarely equalled. His activity in behalf of the salt interest earned for him the sobriquet of Old Salt.

For nearly four-score years Mr. Alvord devoted much of his leisure time to angling, and he was both proficient and successful in the art. He first began his piscatorial career in the waters of the Hudson River, nine miles above Albany, when young enough to be without great discretion, but old enough to hook a sunfish; and consequently came near, at one time, being drowned by falling from the dock into the water. His love for the sport followed him in his college life, and as frequently as possible he explored the waters of Long Island Sound for its blackfish, porgies, etc. He carried the taste with him to the Berkshire Hills, and in a sojourn of two years explored all of the trout streams and pickerel and bass ponds within a day's journey from Pittsfield, Mass. He divided his time for two years between Blackstone and his trout rod, on the edge and over the line between wilderness and semi-civilization at Keeseville, in Clinton county, N. Y.; and when a full fledged lawyer he had a right to stick out his sign, "Attorney-at-Law," there was quite often added at the bottom a temporary postscript: "P. S.—Gone fishing"

In 1852, Mr. Alvord, accompanied by his brother-in-law from Indiana, paid his first visit to the St. Lawrence River and the Thousand Islands, going to Alexandria Bay via Oswego. He was charmed with the river, and in after years passed a great deal of time there. In writing of his experience at the islands, Mr. Alvord once said: "I am a natural fisherman; given intensely, whenever opportunity permits, to entice and ensnare the cunning water dwellers. I have been a visitor to the St. Lawrence with but two exceptions (this was written in 1895) each returning season for over forty years, and during that period I have again and again traversed in its widest extent every nook and corner, islet and island, and mainland as well, every shoal and deep of the St. Lawrence from Chippewa on the north to the deep indentation at the head of Long or Wolfe Island, stretching up into Lake Ontario, called Reed's Bay. I have never been any day upon the water when my line has not been neglected for hours in order to drink in the invigorating and health-laden air, and the wondrous, indescribable beauty and sublimity of diversified island and encircling water. I generally captured all the fish I was entitled to, but, what was far better, I took in annually a load of health which has prolonged my life and made me retain the feelings of youth in spite of the increasing number of years added to my roll-call.

In an article which Mr. Alvord wrote two years ago, entitled, "The Men I Have Met Upon the Great River," he mentions the following as some of those with whom he came in contact during his visit to the Thousand Islands: Rev. Dr. Bethune, Seth Green, Hon. Roscoe Conkling, President Chester A. Arthur, Wm. J. Skinner, Gen. Benjamin F. Bruce, Franklin A. Alberger, Nathaniel S. Benton, Hon. E. Kirk Hart, R. H. Park, Hon. Wm Dewey, Hon. Wm. Butterfield, James Johnston, Col. W. W. Enos, Hon. Geo. E Yost, Hon. Chas. R. Skinner, Hon. Henry Spicer, Hon. Wm. M. Thomson, Hon. John D. Ellis, ex-Assemblymen Van Horn, Van Valkenburgh, Low, Burns, Duguid, Baker, Chickering, Congdon, Mooers, Kern, A. X Parker, and A. B. Hepburn; Hon. Warner Miller, Theodore S Faxton, A. D. Barber, Chief Judges Andrews and Ruger, Judges Calvin E. Pratt, Daniel Pratt, Geo. N. Kennedy, Charles Mason, Pardon C. Williams, Charles L Kennedy, Peter B McLennan, Homer A. Nelson, Jerome Fuller, and Judges Van Vorst and Smith, Charles G. Emery Rev. Dr. Reese, Rev. Dr. Calthrop, Hon David Gray Gen. Slocum, Gen. Gustavus Sniper, Gen. Davies, Gen. N. M. Curtis, Gen. Wylie, Wm. H Vanderbilt, Webster Wagner, Chris. Wolf, Messrs. Hicks and Selleck, Dr. J. G Holland, Hon James J Belden, Wm. C. Browning, E R. Holden, C H. and W B. Hayden, Geo. M. Pullman, Messrs. Wicks, Penn, Lee, Sprague, Grinnell, Haves, Van Wagonen, Bush, Scott, Morgan, Lovell, James Story, John H. Quimby, Chas. Gay, Wm. B Kirk, Lucius Moses and others.

Mr. Alvord at one time purchased Governor's Island, opposite Clayton, for $170, and it was subsequently sold to C. G. Emery for $5,000, and the former would cite this as an instance showing the increase in the value of property at the Thousand Islands during his acquaintance with them.

Two years ago last summer, while conversing with the writer of this article, Mr. Alvord said that he once captured three muskallonge in one day near Sabbath Day Point, St. Lawrence River, which weighed 35, 29 and 17lbs. respectively. He said he had caught large numbers of them at different times weighing from 17 to 35lbs. The largest muskallonge he ever caught weighed 40lbs. There were two of this size, one being taken in 1889 and the other about 1883. One of them measured 54in. in length. He said he once caught 312lbs. of fish in one day and 157 of them were black bass. When he first visited the St. Lawrence River the only hotel at Alexandria Bay was kept by Mr. Crossman, and the only island summer residence was a camp owned by Seth Green on what is now known as Manhattan Island. Mr Alvord was one of the charter members of the once famous Walton Club, the first organization of anglers formed for visiting the Adirondacks. W. E. WOLCOTT.

THE BANKERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THE people and ponies which live on the isolated sea beaches of eastern North Carolina are locally termed "bankers," though the term has a significance quite different from that of Wall street. Mr Hallock has procured for us, through an intelligent local school teacher, a very interesting description of them and their habits and industries, which will be new to most of our readers. The community of pious snuff-dippers which the correspondent describes afford a subject for contemplation.

"Bogue Banks," in Carteret county, N. C., comprise a strip of land between Bogue Inlet, opposite Swansboro, Onslow county, and Fort Macon, opposite Beaufort, Carteret county These banks are like all other banks lands on the seacoast, high and rolling, covered with immense forests of trees of various kinds, of which the pine and cedar are the most valuable. They are twenty-five miles long from inlet to inlet, owned by parties on the mainland, so said. They are from a half-mile to one and one half miles wide, abounding in various kinds of game, such as deer, coons, opossums, squirrels, rabbits, etc., but no foxes; and wild ducks are numerous in the ponds, of which there are many.

The Sound between the banks and main land is narrow and shallow in places, and abounds in geese, swans, a few, and ducks, brant, etc., plentifully. The redhead raft duck is most prominent or valuable. The Sound is filled with small islands, uninhabited save one, Long Island. On this lives one man only, with his chickens, ducks, hogs, etc. He is a Northern man, from New Jersey, he says. He has been living on this island for three or four years, all alone. Fish, clams, crabs, conchs, shrimp and oysters are in plenty all the year round, and are caught and shipped to the Northern markets by fish and clam hucksters. The citizens on these banks are all good, nice people, so far as they know how to be. Nearly all belong to the M. E Church, of which there are two, and two school houses also. The citizens live in two clusters five miles apart. They number 192. They are very sociable and kind, but almost entirely ignorant of things in the outside world, so to speak; have no education at all; not more than a dozen can read, and 75 per cent. don't know a letter in the book, as the saying is, although they have been having schools here for ages. They don't seem, or won't seem, to understand that education is useful. They won't allow their children to be corrected or taught right by a school teacher or preacher. They believe they know as much as you do and act accordingly, hence they are ignorant in many things. They fish, hunt and clam for a living. The women tend the gardens, corn and potato patches. They all go barefooted, women, men, children, and all, except in cold winter time; go to church and school barefooted, when they go at all. All use tobacco and snuff, the women and girls too. The smallest girls chew tobacco and smoke pipes. Out of the 190 persons here, there are two only, I think, who don't chew and smoke (both); one of these chews, and the other dips snuff. Their mode of living is simple. Bread and coffee are their principal diet twice a day; for dinner they have meat, clams, oysters, fish, etc., if they have them, and vegetables in season; if not, bread and coffee. Their mode of fishing is simple, also, with nets and seines. They use the plank skiff, from 12 to 20ft. long, to fish with, and a sharpie on the same order, only larger, to carry their fish and clams to market. The time to fish is all the year, but the principal time for making their money is in the fall, from September to Nov. 15 for mullets, and from December to April 15 for sea trout. Sometimes they fish outside in the ocean with seines and large sharp-ended boats called surf boats; this is done in October mostly. Their seines (for outside) are 1⅛in. mesh, about 200yds. long, generally. Inside (Sound), they use different sizes of meshes, from 1⅛ to 2¼in.; join several nets together, and go, as they call it, "snooks" all round.

The general lay of the banks is from east to west, twenty-five miles from Bogue to Beaufort inlets. I think this would be a great place for pleasure-seekers in the summer-time, and as it is very healthy and few insects to bother, I should not be surprised if in time Northern and Western tourists and pleasure-seekers would find eastern Carolina suited to their occasion and minds for rest, pleasure and recreation, especially Bogue Banks and vicinity. These good people have hogs, cattle and chickens, but no draught horses; what farming they do is with the hoe, except now and then one acts as horse to pull the plow, while another holds the plow handles. Tame Bank ponies roam over the islands and sounds extensively, and cattle by the hundreds are driven yearly on and off from the mainland for pasturage. Shooting sea loons is another sport; thousands of these large birds fly over here on their way north

in the spring, and the men and boys burn kegs of gunpowder shooting them. These lands are very fertile in the valleys and lowlands, and if cleared would produce good crops of corn, peas, potatoes, etc. There are lots of good pine timber and some cedar, dogwood, etc. These settlements are located some eight to fifteen miles westward of Bogue Inlet; no settlements on the east end till you reach Fort Macon, opposite Morehead City. A few fruit trees, plums and peaches thrive, but apples and pears don't seem to grow here much. They are now (June) catching clams to bed out for next winter's market. About 4,000 bushels are caught here in a month, selling now for 25 cents per bushel. If some pleasure-seekers want to see fun, we think they could see some by coming to Bogue Banks in the spring, summer or fall. G. W. WARD.

SWANSBORO, Onslow county, N. C.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Champion Fly-Caster.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 23.—*Field Sports*, of San Francisco, has the following to say in regard to the appearance and style of Mr. W. D. Mansfield in the open contest at Stow Lake, 'Frisco, Oct. 9, at which time Mr. Mansfield again broke all existing records—even his own astonishing one made at Chicago this summer. On this last occasion Mr. Mansfield cast 113ft., easily over his 111¼ft. record at Chicago. In the way of personal description, the journal above-mentioned says:

"The appearance of Dr. Lowry on the platform brought another round of applause and all watched his performance with marked interest, as it was known that in practice he had been on all sides of the record mark. He made the splendid cast of 109ft., beating all records except Mansfield's Chicago record and the one just made.

"In appearance and manner of casting, the Doctor is the very opposite of Mr. Mansfield. Tall and lithe, he takes his position erect and with but little swaying of the body, his casts are gracefully executed with the arm movement. To see the two men together one would certainly expect more from Lowry than from Mansfield, just as one sees more in the grace of his execution, but when it comes to such extremely long distances as these men are casting, Mansfield's manner is surely productive of the better results. Watching the two men carefully and noting the position of the rod at every stage, and just wherein and at what points of its carriage the force which brings forward the long line is applied, it is easy to see why the body movement becomes so great an assistance to Mansfield. Not only is the same force and full spring of the rod given by Mansfield that can be given by the arm movement alone, but in carrying his body forward this full tension of the rod is maintained, while the butt passes at least 6ft. forward from the point where it is first applied, getting the line well under way before the spring of the rod is allowed to do its work. While the butt of the rod is being brought forward by the sway of the body and the outstretched arm, the rod is sprung to its fullest, and the reaction can only begin when this forward movement ceases, leaving the full spring of the rod to act on the line after the line is well started on its forward course by the sway of the body. As we remarked before, it is by no means so graceful as the arm movement, but when it is considered from the standpoint of the laws of mechanics, it is plain to be seen that the same individual can attain greater distances by the body movement than otherwise."

Possibilities in Wisconsin Bass Fishing.

The possibilities in Wisconsin bass fishing in some of the wild pine woods lakes have been the subject of frequent comment in these columns. Recently I made mention of some heavy bass fishing done by Messrs. Chas. Jernagin and Chas. E. Anthony, of Chicago, and below I give more detailed information of other and later scores made by the same fishermen in different waters of that region, the facts being taken from a letter written to a friend in this city. The bass of Roche Lake are spoken of as being very gamy savage biters and hard fighters. No especial merit attaches to the scores from a sportsman's standpoint, though I have earlier remarked that all fish except a few were returned to the water. The dates and catches were as follows: Sept. 27, Lake Elma, 44 bass; Sept. 28, Palmer Lake, 15 large bass; Sept. 29, Lake George, 27 bass; Sept. 30, Roche Lake, 205 bass, from 1 to 2lbs. each, in four hours' fishing; Oct. 1, Roche Lake, 137 bass, in two hours' fishing; Oct. 2, Roche Lake, 89 bass; Oct. 3, Roche Lake, 70 bass; Oct. 4, Plum Lake, 38 large bass; Oct. 6, Plum Lake, 33 large bass.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, Oct. 29.—Sea and river fishing has been completely at a standstill during the past week. The heavy winds and seas have made fishing an impossibility. Yesterday, however, the wind shifting to the west, sent the plaice shoreward with a rush, and some good catches were made. If weather conditions continue good, we should have the best of our fishing now. While the blues may be counted on as "departed," still the weakfish and plaice should be with us at least two weeks yet; and at this period they are at their best, both on the line and table.

The cod has put in appearance, and is taking the hook at points to the north along the beach. This argues much for us. While he never can be classed as a game fish, still, to the enthusiastic angler who takes him on rod and reel when there is but little else to claim his attention, he is most welcome, and will he enthusiastically received so long as he favors us with his winter presence. LEONARD HULIT.

A Gogebic Bass.

BALLENTINE, Mich., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I caught the largest black bass here in Lake Gogebic on Oct. 18, weight 7½lbs., and I still have him in a live box. It is rumored around that there is a prize offered for the largest bass in this lake. Please kindly inform me if it is so.

FRANK H. WOODS.

[We are not advised of a reward out for large Gogebic bass. Most folks would consider the taking of a 7½lb. bass its own reward.]

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

New Publications.

"THE STORY OF THE COWBOY."*

"THE Story of the Cowboy," by E Hough, far exceeds in scope what is implied by its title. It is the story of the beginning, progress and decline of the vast cattle industry which had its place in the immensity of area bounded by the Mississippi River, the Gulf of Mexico, the Rocky Mountains and British America. It is a story of the unfenced plains, where free grass tempted the cattlemen to face hardship, privation, peril and sometimes death. The contrasts of the nomadic life of the range with all its peculiarity of effort and incident are graphically described and contrasted with the conventional life of the fixed domiciles of civilization. Through it all is skillfully interwoven the story of the cowboy. Stoically habituated to the dangers and hardships of range life, constant in his fidelity to his employer's interests, energetic, untiring, a master in his calling, undaunted by its labors or its perils, he was the man who made the wilderness produce food bountifully for the civilization of the world; the same civilization which first made the cowboy a possibility and which later caused his undoing; the surging, restless civilization which encroached more and more on the wilderness and ran metes and bounds where once all was free and open.

In "The Story of the Cowboy," Mr. Hough touches on all the lights and shades of ranch life, on the practical, the pathetic, the heroic, the silent fortitude, which were alike a requisite in the monotonous drudgery or the greatest perils. He begins by describing the abandoned trail, The Long Trail, and there is a poetic touch as he says of it: "It was like a long rope thrown idly on the ground, abandoned by the hand that used it. Its strands are unbraided and have fallen apart, lying loose and forgotten upon the sandy soil. The wind is blowing dust across these disconnected threads, and the grasses are seeking to cover them, and the waters have in places washed them quite away. The frayed ends are disappearing. Soon the entire cords will have disappeared. The Long Trail of the cattle range will then be but a memory. The braiding of a hundred minor pathways, the Long Trail lay like a vast rope connecting the cattle country of the South with that of the North. Lying loose or coiling, it ran for more than 2,000 miles along the eastern edge of the Rocky Mountains, sometimes close in at their feet, again hundreds of miles away across the hard tablelands or the well-flowered prairies."

The origin of the cattle industry is ascribed to the residents of Mexico, who, nomadic in their way of life, drifted into the country of the Rio Grande, where the long-horn flourished and multiplied many years ago before the American cattle industry—as a distinctly American institution—was known. Thence it spread. The ranch in the South—with its quaint customs, its simple manner of life, its open hospitality and heterogeneous specimens of life, whose etiquette demanded that no questions concerning their past life be asked of each other—is most interestingly described. The ranch in the North—distinct from the South in its setting of arid plains, rainless climate and severe winters, yet in a land bountiful in the yield of its fattening grasses—is no less fully treated. A chapter is devoted to the cowboy's outfit: his saddle, bridle, hat, gloves, "chaps" boots, pistol and rifle; and the demon which he called by the generic term "cow-horse," broncho or cayuse, is well deserving of the chapter devoted to him.

The description of the breaking of this demon of the range has a thrill of interest. After having been saddled by craft and force, "He feels his head 'turned loose.' He hears a long, keen yell from a dozen throats about him, answered by a similar shrill yell, not of fear but of confidence, above him from this creature which is crushing his back, breaking in his sides. All the hate, the terror, the rage, the fear, the viciousness, the courage of this undaunted wild beast now become blended into a mad, unreasoning rage. He has fought the wolves, this pony, and is afraid of nothing. He will unseat this demon above him; he will kill him as he did the wolves; he will trample him into the dirt of the plains. Down goes the pony's head and into the air he goes in a wild, serio-comic series of spectacular stiff-legged antics. His nose between his knees, he bounds from the ground with all four feet, and comes down again with all legs set and braced, only to go into the air again and again. He 'pitches a-plungin'"—that is, jumping forward as he bucks, perhaps going 600yds. before he stops from lack of wind. Or he may stand his ground and pitch He may go up and down, fore and aft, in turn, or he may pitch first on one side and then on the other, letting his shoulders alternately jerk up and droop down almost to the ground—a very nasty sort of thing to sit through. He may spring clear up into the air, and come down headed in the direction opposite to that he originally occupied, or he may pitch 'fence-cornered,' or in a zigzag line as he goes on, bounding like a great bull from corner to corner of his rail-fence course of flight." After the horse is acceptably broken for the cowboy, he is but little less than a wild horse for all others.

Marks and brands, their uses in establishing and protecting ownership; the advent of the thief who flourished by changing or blotting brands, or stealing the cattle outright; the growth of protective associations as a measure of defense; free grass and waterfronts; the drive and its privations, hardships and perils; the round-up whereby the property rights were determined or the crop of beef harvested; the terrible drifts and stampedes, with their wholesale destruction of life; the commonplace life of the ranch; the cowboy's manner of diversion; society in the cow country; the nester; the rustler; the fierce wars of the range and the rapid changes made by the building of the railroads, are all set forth in a masterly manner, one which could only be done by one who had shared in the cowboy's life by actual experience as has Mr. Hough. Through it all, the cowboy is portrayed as a hard-working member of mankind, and there are many protests against the injustice done the real cowboy by the fictitious cowboy of the sensational type, who always rode furiously in a gallop, and whose diversions were the imbibing of great quantities of firewater and the promiscuous shooting right and left, whether in bar-room or street. The volume is a most thorough analysis of the cattle industry, fully delineating its origin, growth and decline. No feature of it is left untouched, and it is all treated in the skillful manner so peculiar to Mr. Hough's writings. The railroads, which brought so great prosperity to the cowman by affording him a means of transportation, in time worked his downfall; for while they took his cattle to market they brought back the people who wanted small holdings for purposes of agriculture; and the little encroachments made at first increased into great waves of humanity, which took up the land under forms of law and wiped out the free grass forever. With the free grass of the plains went the free, wild rider, the cowboy. Mr. Hough writes of this understandingly, as one who knows of his own knowledge the perils, hardships, fatigues and uncertainties of the cowboy's life, and of the sterling manhood which was necessary first of all to make the cowboy eligible to the name; he writes sympathetically of him as a man who has been misrepresented, misunderstood, and denied the place and appreciation justly his due as a useful member of a great industry, one which none but the brave, the enduring and the industrious could follow. To his physical capabilities was added a high standard of professional and personal honor, one which impelled him to shirk neither work, nor danger, nor personal responsibility. The unwritten code of the plains, crude and simple yet necessary and sufficient, demanded that he be a man amongst men; a code whose keynote was that one man was equal to another, and that everyone should mind his own business; the dangers and labors of his vocation were to be faced calmly and stolidly as a matter of professional routine, but a personal affront brooked no delay in meeting it. It was a matter for prompt, special attention. A few excerpts as to the cowboy's personality, character, etc., will best serve to illustrate Mr. Hough's masterly grasp of his subject: "The story of the West is a story of the time of heroes. Of all those who appear large on the fading page of that day, none may claim greater stature than the chief figure of the cattle range. Cowboy, cattleman, cowpuncher, it matters not what name others have given him, he has remained himself. From the half-tropic to the half-arctic country he has ridden, his type, his costume, his characteristics practically unchanged, one of the most dominant and self-sufficient figures in the history of the land. He never dreamed that he was a hero, therefore perhaps he was one. He would scoff at monument or record, therefore perhaps he deserves them. Either chiseled or written record may distort if it merely extol. For this central figure of the cattle days, this early rider of the range, it is best to hope that he may not commonly be seen as thrown up commonly on the air in a mirage, huge, grotesque, fantastic, but that he may rather be viewed clearcut against the western sky, a glorious silhouette of the open air. Before many years have passed, the original of such a picture will have disappeared. We shall listen in vain for the jingle of his spurs, or the creak of his leather gear, or the whipping of his scarf-end on the wind. Tinkle and creak even now die away in the distance beyond. An explorer, a guide, a scout, a fighting man, he passed his way. . . . Certainly the man aspiring to the title of cowboy needed to have stern stuff in him He must be equal to the level of the rude conditions of the life, or he was soon forced out of the society of the craft. . . . . He who sought to ride by the side of this new man, this American cowboy, needed to have courage and constitution, a heart and a stomach not easily daunted, and a love for the hard ground and the open sky. There were many who were



The cowboy.

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* "THE STORY OF THE COWBOY," by E. Hough, author of the "Singing Mouse Stories," etc. Illustrated by William L. Wells and C. M. Russell. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1897. Cloth, 350pp.

fit so to ride. Of these the range asked no questions. If there had been trouble back in the 'States,' trouble with a man, a sweetheart, or a creditor, it was all one, for oblivion was the portion offered by the hard ground and the sky."

Throughout the work are bits descriptive of the cowboy's character, all contrary to the common belief in respect to him. For instance: "Not having much to do of an evening he goes to bed. It is supposed by some misguided souls, that when the so-called wild cowboys of a ranch have met at night, after the close of their exciting duties, the scene at the ranch house is one of rude hilarity and confusion. Really, quite the opposite of this is true. The interior of a ranch house of an evening offers rather a quiet and orderly appearance. Liquor is something rarely seen there, because it comes very rarely and does not last long when it comes. As a rule, the cowpuncher is rather a silent man, though not so silent as the melancholy sheep herder, who rarely endures the terrible monotony of his calling for more than seven years without becoming insane. A cowboy who is very 'mouthy' is not usually in high repute at a cow-camp, and one disposed to personal brilliance or sarcastic comment on the peculiarities of his fellow-men, is apt to meet with swift and effectual discouragement. Rude and unlettered though he be, and treating his companions with a rough and ready familiarity, the cowpuncher yet accords to his neighbor the right to live the life and go the gait which seems most pleasing to himself. One does not intrude upon the rights of others in the cow country, and he looks to it very promptly that no one shall intrude upon his. In the cow towns, or at the cow camps, one never hears the abusiveness or rude speech common to the older settlements. On the range, especially in the earlier days, if a man applied to another an epithet, which in the States would be taken as something to be endured or returned in kind, the result would have been the essential and immediate preparations for a funeral. * * *. Under all the ills of life the cowboy ''quits himself like a man,' that is his standard. There are some who ask for the gallop of the cowboy, and not the quiet trot; some who think his crudeness and his wildness should be made his distinguishing features. Rather let us say that his chief traits are his faithfulness and manliness. There is his standard—to be a 'square man.' If you called him a hero, he would not know what you meant."

In short, if the reader wishes to know of the real cowboy, the one who lived and had his pains and pleasures, his hopes and realities; the one of flesh and blood, instead of the distorted figure of romance, he will find him in "The Story of the Cowboy," with a store of information concerning the cattle industry of which he never before had even a hint.

The illustrations, like the text, are the product of actual knowledge, and are excellent in their portrayal of stirring scenes of the ranch. Mr. Russel, a cowboy, whose home is a Montana ranch, and whose skill with the brush is winning him much fame, has put some of his best efforts in the illustrations.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 8.—Rhode Island Poultry Association's show, Pawtuxet, R. I.
Nov. 23.—Metropolitan Kennel Club's second annual show, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Missouri and Illinois Fox-Hunters' Club's ninth annual meet, Salem, Mo.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Rice's Landing, Pa.
Nov. 10.—Western Massachusetts Fox Club's meet, Westfield, Mass.
Nov. 15.—National Fox Hunters' Association's fourth annual trials, Cynthiana, Ky.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 29.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Dec. 6.—Texas Fox-Hunters' Association's meet, Hinson Springs, Tex.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.
Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal.
Jan. 24.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Tupelo, Miss.
Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala.

PACKS OF HOUNDS IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

THE London *Field* annually presents its readers with a table showiug the packs of hounds, their masters, huntsmen, kennels, etc. The list generally appears about two or three weeks prior to the "opening day," the first Monday in November; it is of considerable interest, showing as it does the firm hold that fox hunting and other kindred branches of the sport have upon the people of the British Isles. This year the list appeared in the issue of Oct. 16, and from it I want to gather some material that may prove of interest to the hound men of this country.

Briefly summarized, there are 421 packs of hounds kept solely for hunting purposes in the British Isles. These packs are divided in the following manner: Staghounds 26; foxhounds 193; harriers 152; and beagles 50. The twenty-six packs of staghounds are made up of 1,262 hounds, an average of nearly fifty hounds to a pack.

Foxhounds are a prominent factor in hound figures. Of the 193 packs kept in the British Isles, 159 hunt in England and Wales; 10 in Scotland and 24 in Ireland. The 159 packs in England and Wales contain 11,838 hounds; the 10 packs in Scotland, 705 hounds; the 24 in Ireland, 1,763 hounds. The average number of hounds per pack in England and Wales is about thirty-seven or thirty-eight couples. Many packs, however, run above that number. For instance, the Blackmoor Vale, hunted by Mr. Merthyr Guest, has ninety couples on its list. The Badminton, hunted by the Marquis of Worcester, has seventy-five couples in its kennels, and these seventy-five couples, or 150 hounds, furnish material for hunting the Badminton country five days a week during the season. Other packs of considerable size are the Ledbury 65 couples, Belvoir 64 couples, Atherstone 63, Percy 62½, South and West Wiltshire 61, and Lord Fitzhardinge's 60. In Scotland, the Duke of Buccleugh's kennels contain 57 couples; in Ireland, the Meath hounds number 66 couples, the country hunted by them being given "nine days a fortnight and a bye day." The total number of foxhounds in the 193 packs given in the London *Field's* list is 14,306.

While there are many very large packs of foxhounds, there are also several small ones, all of which afford lots of hunting for their followers. The smallest pack in the list is Mr. T. Clennell's packs of seven couples, Mr. Clennell being both master and huntsman. The hunting days of this little pack are given as "uncertain." The Bewcastle hounds, a new pack this season, contains eight couples of hounds, the pack being hunted twice a week by Messrs. W. Routledge and J. Bell. This pack is "trencher fed"; that is, there are no regular kennels, hounds being gathered together the day previous to the hunting day. Another "trencher fed" pack is the Farndale, nine couples, hunted by Richardson Shaw under the direction of a committee. Another small pack that gives lots of sport is the Eskdale, nine couples, Mr. Thomas Dobson, master and huntsman.

In the Badminton *Magazine* last year there was an article from an able pen on the Staintondale hounds, a small pack that hunts a narrow strip of land along the rugged seacoast of Yorkshire from Whitby on the north to Flamborough Head (or thereabouts) on the south. Many good days on foot have I had with (then) trencher fed pack, in the years between 1875 and 1885. Living at the time in Scarborough, Yorkshire, before the Scarborough and Whitby railroad was in running order, we had many a long walk, necessitating a daylight start, if we wanted to meet the hounds before they were (literally) thrown off. The Falcon Inn, as I recall it, some eight or ten miles from Scarborough, was not too far for us to go on foot to meet the hounds by 10 o'clock in the morning. If we were lucky, and the hounds and their foxes—for there were plenty of foxes along the undercliff—made their way southwards to Hayburn Wyke or Cloughton Wyke, well and good; we would then have only about six miles to walk home in the dusk. At such times we'd get home in time for dinner at 7 P. M. But if the fox went the other way; well, then we'd be late for dinner, and pretty tired when we got home.

Still, I look back upon those days with the Staintondale, when Christopher Leadley was master and Tommie Harrison was huntsman, with the keenest delight. By the way, Tommie Harrison is still huntsman, but how old he is, I've no idea. The pack since I knew it has become rather dudish. A friend of mine, W. S. Tindall, is now the master, and the hounds are no longer trencher fed. Tommie does not have to go around on the afternoons prior to the hunting days and blow his horn near every farmhouse to call the hounds together. Neither are the hounds dismissed to their homes every evening after hunting is over. They go home together to their kennels now like the swell packs of the "grass country."

Of course, the country hunted by these hounds was no good for riding over. I very seldom remember seeing anybody mounted, except the master and Tommie, the latter on a $25 nag that could knock down half a stone wall and keep right on without a stumble. But as a rule Tommie would be off his horse as often as he was on it. Precipitous cliffs, with an undercliff like a bench, covered with blackthorn thickets, briers and rocks, great strongholds for the sturdy cliff foxes, don't make good ground for riding to hounds If a wanderer from Sir Harcourt Johnstone's territory happened to be found courting some fair Miss Reynard in Hayburn Wyke, then Tommie needed his horse to catch up with the hounds as they raced inland.

A very pretty sight was one often seen when the meet was near Cloughton or Hayburn Wyke. Standing on the edge of the cliff one could look down on the hounds as they drew the thorn thickets, Rake or Melody (twenty years ago, mind you,) giving tongue now and then. Watch the other hounds fly to them. Isn't that worth looking at? Now cast your eyes ahead to the "point," or headland that juts out and masks the end of this bay. Watch the paths that lead around it. Roger's Trod, for instance, a path half way up the face of the cliff, consecrated to the memory of a bold smuggler of early days. The man who first sees the little red rascal slipping away along one of those paths is a hero for the moment, even if he does wear knickerbockers and runs with hounds, instead of bestriding a $300 horse. Occasionally a fox is seen slipping around in the cover below. Eluding the hounds for a time, he takes to the cliff, jumping on a ledge where he can watch the hounds at his leisure and, probably, laugh at their efforts to puzzle out his line. I saw that happen once, in fact everybody out with the hounds, and who had stayed on the top of the cliff instead of following Tommie and his hounds, saw it. I remember how excited we got as the hounds gradually got the line straightened out and came out of the thicket on the trail of Master Fox. To reach his ledge the fox had taken two or three curious sidewise leaps, jumping from ledge to ledge. Then came the question: Would the hounds be able to oust the fox, which we saw by this time was getting quite uneasy, and which had apparently flattened himself out on the ledge? To make a long story short, one or two hounds that knew their business got so uncomfortably close to the fox that he made up his mind to fly. Down he went, apparently right in the midst of the hounds, which tumbled over themselves and him in their efforts to catch him. He slipped through them like an eel, got into the thicket again in a jiffy, and in less than five minutes came out again lower down and made all speed south, rounding the point and going to ground in a safe haven about a mile below. Such was part of the sport to be obtained with the Staintondale hounds twenty years ago. All of which goes to show, to my mind, that it is not necessary to have high-priced horses, twenty-five couples of hounds, level and clean-limbed, nor a grass country, to have good sport after the foxes of the Old Country

Returning to the list of packs of hounds for this season: The 152 packs of harriers (hounds kept for hare hunting) are divided as follows: 121 packs in England and Wales, 2 packs in Scotland and 29 packs in Ireland. The 121 packs in England and Wales contain 4,113 hounds; the 2 packs in Scotland 85 hounds; the 29 packs in Ireland 1,056 hounds. A total of 5,254 harriers are thus kept for the purpose of hunting the hare. Very often in certain sections of country where foxhounds seldom or never come, these packs give lots of fun after an outlying fox, and frequently account for them, too.

The British Isles have 50 packs of beagles that contain altogether 1,330 hounds. The hounds in these packs are described variously. Some are "pure beagles"; others "stud book beagles," "beagle harriers," "cross beagle and harrier," etc. Among the 50 packs of "beagles" are also 4 packs of pure Basset hounds: Delapre, 15 couples of Basset hounds; the Highworth (a new pack this season), 14 couples of 12in. Basset hounds; Mr Moss's pack, 14 couples of 12in. Basset hounds; the Walhampton pack, 16 couples of 12in. Basset hounds. In Ireland, the Scarteen beagles are described as 23in. pure Kerry beagles, black and tan. (Note: 23in. hounds seem large for beagles, but I note that the same pack seems to be also mentioned in the list of harriers in Ireland.)

A pack of beagles that I once took a little interest in is the pack known as the Trinity College, Cambridge, foot beagles, 16in. beagle-harriers. If anybody wanted a leg-stretcher over the Cambridgeshire fens, with their heavy holding ground and wide drains, he could always get it by following faithfully those 16in. hounds after a fen country hare. The hounds are hunted by an undergraduate master and undergraduate whips. The master was allowed to ride after them, so far as I can remember, but no one else, not even the whips. Now, 16in. hounds can run a little, and so can fen country hares.

From the figures given above, regarding the packs of different kinds of hounds, it will be seen that there are altogether 22,152 hounds kept in the British Isles for purposes of hunting either stags, foxes or hares. This is an enormous number, and one that will probably astonish many a fox-hunter of the United States. It may be noted, too, that of the above number, nearly 16,000 hounds belong to foxhound and harrier packs that are used for hunting purposes in England or Wales only. One can deduce from that fact that there is still some elbowroom left over there. One can also deduce the following comforting fact: Farmers and landowners cannot be very far apart in sympathy, since so many packs of hounds means just so much riding over the fields, and so much fence-breaking. Of course, the farmer gets some compensation in the ready sale of hay, oats and straw, to supply the needs of the horses kept for hunting purposes. A great factor, however, and one that is largely answerable for the continued popularity of all kinds of hunting with hounds, is the innate love of sport that is part and parcel of a farmer's character in the Old Country.

EDWARD BANKS.

WORCESTER FUR COMPANY'S MEET.

THE annual meet of the Worcester Fur Company was held on Oct. 26–27. Out of seven foxes started Tuesday, two were killed, John M. White, of Millbury, killing one at Cushing Swamp, the other succumbing to the skill of George R. Newton, of Worcester. The weather conditions were unfavorable for the sport, the weather being too dry, and therefore the dogs had great difficulty in trailing. However, up to 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning everything was going with dash and spirit, the dogs giving tongue melodiously in different directions, three different packs going on the hot trail of three foxes, and there were fully 100 eager hunters on the grounds, each willing to do his part if the opportunity offered. It was impossible to determine the exact number present, as they were scattered about over the grounds, but each one had several others in sight at all times, and they always knew where some of the hounds were at work. President John R. Thayer, O. M Ball, Webster Thayer, D. M. Earle, W. H. Sawyer, John M. White, J. E. Fuller and many others drove out in their own carriages, and others made use of the barges which left the Bay State House at 6 o'clock.

The dogs, some thirty in all, were started in at different points, some at Burncoat Hill, some at Greenhill, some at the south end of Bondhill, others at the east end of it, and some at Cushing Swamp.

A summary of the day is: The fox killed by Mr. Newton was started probably by B P. Williamson's dog Shine, and the trail was taken up by Buck and Dan, turned in by A. B. F. Kinney. Hard run, the fox passed near by the stands of Thayer, Webster and Knowles, but out of range of them. A fox chased by Wall's dog ran toward east ridge, where it escaped. Logan jumped a fox north of Shoemaker's, but lost it after a hard chase. Other foxes were started in the forenoon, but no one could determine where the chase began or ended. Some of the dogs undoubtedly behaved badly, notably one at the east end of Bond Hill when a hound gave tongue and ran a back track.

It was a day redounding to the credit of Southern hounds, as they were the ones which furnished the real sport, and the two foxes killed were chased by Southern hounds. Shine, a Georgia hound, owned by B P. Williamson, his Barre honors still fresh upon him, proved his merit by the skill with which he ran the fox from Bond Hill.

Logan proved himself a great dog, and where his voice was heard it was certain that he was after a fox. One of Mr. Thayer's dogs was severely cut by running into a wire fence. Members held the opinion that it would have added much to the success of the hunt if those who shot and missed would report truthfully, as it was only possible by full reports to discover what foxes were hunted and where and how they ran. There was a great deal of firing, but when the hunters were gathered the explanations of it were that there were bird hunters on the grounds, and yet there is no doubt but what much of the firing was done by the hunters. Mr. Bill was manfully frank in admitting that he shot at a fox and missed.

At 7:30 the members and guests were seated for the annual dinner, in the Bay State House. Over eighty persons were present.

The guests of the club were Mayor A. B. R Sprague, Rev. Dr. Almon Gunnison and Prof. E. Harlow Russell.

President Thayer had at his right Mayor Sprague, at whose right sat Prof. Russell. At the left of the president sat Rev. Dr. Gunnison. There were at the table also A B. F. Kinney, John T. May, E. S. Knowles, Hubert Clark, H. N. Kingsbury, O. M. Ball, L. F. Herrick and Ledyard Bill. There also were present: A A. Sibley, J. P Ashey, George Bancroft, F. W. Trask, George H. Waite. Dr. C. E. H. Higgins, F. E. Amsden, G E. Austin, L. D Kellogg, Fred L. Lee, James E. Fuller, W. R. Dean, B. P. Williamson, Frank T. Sirret, George F. Lyon, C. E. Perry, A. B. Fisher, Charles K. Pevey, Paul Wheeler, Arthur R. Taft, N. E. Mansfield, G. H Sargent, A. W. Walls, A. C. Moore, F. D. Houghton, C. A. Hutchinson, Dr. F. A. Hatch, C. Arthur Hanson, Herbert E. Kelly, H. W. Boardman, F. E. Allen, Charles S Bacon, Roland E. Howard, Harold L. Gulick, Clarence C. Dodge, Albert A. Barker, Charles I. Rice, A. G. Dodge, E. H. Cote, Capt. D M. Earle, S. C. Buckman, F. M. Lamb, D. S. Jackson, A. H Perry, William F. Hogg, Frank L. Dean, George F. Wall, Fred A. Mann, Charles F. Mann, E. W. Walls, Elmer D. Young, Henry H. Chase, C. W. Dodge, E. P. Bennett, C. B. Holden, E. T. Whitaker, William S. Perry, A. H. Henry, M. R. Watson, W. H. Haynes, R. W. Buffington, E. L. Buffington, J. H. Eldridge A. W. Hunt and Arthur Flagg.

President Thayer, before the speech-making began, suggested that the grounds for the next day's hunt be determined upon, and though the same ground was the popular choice, yet on the suggestion of Mr. Thayer, that if the same ground was selected John M. White, who exerted himself to the utmost in promoting the welfare of the club, and who, owing to poor health, would not be able to hunt on grounds other than the North grounds, the North grounds were selected.

President Thayer made a most pleasing speech, touching on the large number of good sportsmen present, the enthusiasm and interest manifested in the annual hunt and dinner, and the success of the day's sport and the general good-fellowship manifested. The annual gatherings were social functions in the main and not exclusively hunting. Their popularity was growing yearly from the circumstances mentioned. There were seventy-five members present at the dinner, where could seventy-five better be found? New members are acquired and the older ones stay in. Mayor A. B. R. Sprague, Rev. Dr. Almon Gunnison, A. B. F. Kinney, Mr. Way, Prof. E. Harlow Russell, Huber Clarke, Ledyard Bill, E. S. Knowlton, also made felicitous speeches.

The hunt of the second day was without any success so far as bagging a fox is concerned; but it was a success so far as delightful weather and good fellowship were concerned.

On Tuesday evening, twelve sportsmen signified their intention to participate in Wednesday's sport. The second day's attendance was so light, and the dogs so few, that there was serious intention to make the event for one day hereafter. A start was made about 6 o'clock, about twenty hunters proceeding at once to Bond Hill. The ground was so dry, that the hounds were thereby much handicapped. The first fox started was lost near the Locke place. The second afforded a good chase, the hounds following close up, making merry melody, but the fox was lost. John M. White's party succeeded in starting a fox early, but it, too, was lost. About 1:30, by common consent, the hunt was declared ended.

FIELD TRIALS OF THE NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB.

THE eighth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club began at Hempstead, N. Y., on Monday, Oct. 25, and were brought to a successful conclusion on the following Friday. The number of starters was the largest in the history of the club, and the quality of the beagles entered was excellent, especially in the 15in. All-Age class. Most of the winners are already well known, but among those previously unknown which are worthy of especial mention are Stump, Sailor, Lancer and Another. The work of all was good, that of Stump and Sailor being especially keen and dashing.

The judges were W. S. Clark and Bradford S. Turpin, and their awards seemed to be generally approved.

Among those present were Geo. B. Post, Jr., H. F. Schellhass, Jas. W. Appleton, Jas. L. Kernochan, G. Mifflin Wharton, Geo. W. Rogers, John Bateman, A. P. Vredenburgh, U. A. Baldwin, D. F. Summers, H. S. Joslin, G. Muss-Arnolt, H. A. Purinton, Wm. Saxby, A. D. Lewis, E. W. Hazelhurst, James Watson and a number of others.

Monday.

A strong northeast wind, with frequent showers, made the day a disagreeable and unpromising one for hunting. The judges measured the beagles in the morning and in the afternoon two braces in the Futurity were run.

The Futurity.

First Series.

There were five starters in this stake and they were drawn to run as follows: Wharton Beagles' maltese, w. and t. dog Harkaway (Harker—Haida), whelped June, '96; handler, G. Mifflin Wharton, with U. A. Baldwin's b., w. and t. dog Lancer (Spark R.—Ada B.), whelped June, '96; handler, owner.

Franklin Field Trial Kennels' w., b. and t. dog Summer's Sailor (Sailor—Summer's Fly), whelped March, '96; handler, D. F. Summers, with William Saxby's b., w. and t. dog Doubtful (Harker—Dime), whelped January, '96; handler, owner.

Franklin Field Trial Kennels' w. and t. bitch Maggie S. (Sailor—Lucy S.), whelped April, '96; handler, D. F. Summers, a bye.

HARKAWAY—LANCER.—Down at 1:45 near the Lewis farm. Lancer hunted with more judgment than Harkaway, but after the rabbit was up the work of neither was good. Scent was very catchy, and a drizzling rain added to the difficulties of the beagles and the discomfort of the spectators. Two rabbits were started. Up at 3:43.

SUMMERS' SAILOR—DOUBTFUL.—This brace was cast off at 3:43, and at once showed greater speed and more hunting ability than the first brace. A rabbit was forced from a small thicket into the open, and the ensuing chase was in plain view of the spectators. The rabbit kept on the plowed land, where the scent was bad, but nevertheless the race was an interesting one. Sailor was a little too fond of his own voice and cast wildly at times, but he had the keener nose of the pair and showed himself to be the better of the brace. Up at 4:45.

HARKAWAY—LANCER.—This brace was put down again on the rabbit which the preceding pair had been driving. The race was a good one and all in the open. Lancer outfooted his rival and was a trifle quicker on the turn. The last part of the race was a sight chase, the rabbit searching cover only a few feet in front of the pack. Up at 5:50.

Annual Meeting.

President Schellhass called the annual meeting to order at 8:30 in the smoking room of the hotel. Routine business was quickly disposed of, and then the Produce Stake committee reported an entry of nineteen bitches and fifty-eight puppies. The committee on revision of the Bergh standard asked more time, which was granted.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Geo. B. Post, Jr.; Vice-Presidents, H. F. Schellhass, Geo. W. Appleton, Jas. L. Kernochan; Secretary-Treasurer, G. Mifflin Wharton; executive committee, A. Wright Post, Geo. W. Rogers, John Bateman; official judges, Geo. B. Post, Jr., W. S. Clark, H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, Geo. F. Reed, Bradford S. Turpin; delegate to A. K. C., H. F. Schellhass. Adjourned.

A meeting of the field trial committee was then called, Mr. Appleton in the chair. All the entries filled except Wm. Saxby's Dime, Somerset Kennels' Garnet and Hempstead Beagle's Prudence. After the drawings were made the meeting adjourned.

Tuesday.

A clear, beautiful day. Scent, however, was bad. Rabbits were fairly plentiful, and the Futurity and Pack stakes were completed, and two braces in Class A were run.

MAGGIE S.—The bye was put down with Summers' Sailor at 7:25. Two rabbits were started, but scent lay so badly that neither could be driven any distance. Maggie took little interest in the chase, and failed to run in her true form. Sailor was easily the better. Up at 7:55.

Second Series.

DOUBTFUL—HARKAWAY.—Down at 7:58. The former did the better hunting, but the work of both was poor after the game was afoot. Scent was bad, and the race was a dull one. Up at 8:40.

DOUBTFUL—LANCER.—Down at 8:43. They ran a short race, in which Lancer showed himself the better, driving with more speed, and picking up the losses quicker than Doubtful. Up at 9:25.

SUMMERS' SAILOR—LANCER.—Sailor started a rabbit, and in the ensuing race showed a better nose than Lancer. He was also faster, but cast rather wildly on a loss. Down 45 minutes.

The judges then announced the winners: First, Summers' Sailor; second, Lancer; third, Doubtful; reserve, Harkaway. The value of the stake was $81.25; first prize, $32.50; second, $20.31; third, $8.12; to breeder of winner, D. F. Summers, $8.12; to N. B. C. $12.18.

Pack Stake.

This stake was open to all beagles 15in. and under, the *bona fide* property of party making entry at time of entry and starting class. There were four starters.

FRANKLIN FIELD TRIAL KENNELS PACK NO. 1.—Lucy S., Ringleader, Belle Summers and Pinnie constituted the pack which was hunted by Mr. Summers. There was a short run in which most of the work was done by Lucy and Belle. The other beagles ran shy of the briers and also showed inexperience in their work. Down 30 minutes.

N. A. BALDWIN'S PACK.—In this pack were Ada B., Lancer, Rocket and Another. Mr. Baldwin hunted them. They were under good control, harked to one another quickly and packed up well. They ran a sharp, snappy race in thick briers, working beautifully all the time. Down one hour.

HEMPSTEAD BEAGLES.—The pack was made up of Leader, Florist, Parson and Bashful, and was hunted by Mr. Kernochan. He had them under excellent control. After drawing many favorable places blank Bashful trailed to a start, and the others harking in drove to a loss in a plowed field. Down one hour.

FRANKLIN FIELD TRIAL KENNELS PACK NO. 2.—Summers' Fly, Summers' Sailor, Maggie S. and Stump, made up the pack which was hunted by Mr. Summers. Sailor started a rabbit that was driven for some time at a great pace. The beagles were running to kill, but they did not hark to one another readily, nor did they pack well. There was some fine individual work which, however, could not be credited in a pack stake. Down half an hour.

The judges awarded first prize to N. A. Baldwin's pack; second to Franklin Field Trial Kennels Pack No. 2; reserve to Hempstead Beagles.

Class A—15-13in.

First Series.

The drawing in this class resulted in running the ten starters as follows: Hempstead Beagles' b. and w. bitch Messenger (Monitor—Careful), handler, J. L. Kernochan, with Somerset Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Juno (Frank Forest—Somerset Kennel), handler, Geo. B. Post, Jr.

Franklin Field Trial Kennels' w. and t. bitch Summers' Fly (Clover—Lucy S.), handler, D. F. Summers, with A. J. Purinton's b., w. and t. dog Millard R. (Millard—Haida), handler, owner.

H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog Trick (Clyde—Lady Novice), handler, owner, with Franklin Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Summers' Sailor (Sailor—Summers' Fly), handler, D. F. Summers.

Hempstead Beagles' b. and t. dog Tyrant (imported from Eaton pack), handler, T. Gibson, with Wharton Beagles' maltese, w. and t. dog Harkaway (Harker—Haida), handler, G. M. Wharton.

Hempstead Beagles' tan dog Pilgrim (Royal Rock—Pastime), handler, J. L. Kernochan, with Franklin Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Belle Summers (Clover—Lucy S.), handler, D. F. Summers.

MESSENGER—JUNO.—This brace was put down at 3:05 in scrub oaks. A rabbit was soon started and driven prettily by Messenger. Juno refused to hark and took no part in the run. Down 50 minutes.

SUMMERS' FLY—MILLARD R.—This fine couple ran an even, pretty race in cover and open. There was little to choose between them. Scent lay well and the race was the best of the day. Down 30 minutes.

Mr. Kernochan entertained the club at dinner in the evening, and the occasion will long be pleasantly remembered by all who were present.

Wednesday.

The day was warm and clear—a poor one for hunting. Game was hard to find.

TRICK—SUMMERS' SAILOR.—This couple was cast off at 7:55 at the Ladenburg nursery. Game was abundant, but scent lay badly on the cultivated ground, and it was deemed best to return to the grounds south of the town. At 8:40 the beagles were cast off there, and a rabbit was found immediately. Trick was superior to his rival in nose and judgment, and his equal in speed. Up at 10:05.

TYRANT—HARKAWAY.—The former was a stylish, careful hunter, but tonguey. Harkaway outfooted him in a straight drive. Neither was thought good enough for the second series. Down 30 minutes.

PILGRIM—BELLE SUMMERS.—After a long hunt a small rabbit was put up. Belle drove him well, working with snap and energy. Pilgrim ran mute and hunted poorly. Down 2 hours and 20 minutes.

Second Series.

MILLARD R.—TRICK.—The former was handicapped by a sore foot, and hunted badly. After the game was up, however, he drove well. They ran a long chase in cover so thick that their work could not be seen. Drawn away to new ground, game could not be found; and at 3 o'clock they were ordered up, to go down again later.

SUMMERS' FLY—MESSENGER.—The former was the better starter and hunter, and drove well at a great pace. Messenger has a fine voice, and is a true, steady driver, but is not Fly's equal in all-around qualities. Up at 4:05, after an hour's run.

SUMMERS' SAILOR—BELLE SUMMERS.—This brace ran a beautiful race on a rabbit, which led away like a fox. They drove in dashing style, and the run was the best of the week. Belle was the better of the two. She caught most of the turns and was Sailor's equal in speed. Down 10 minutes.

MILLARD R.—TRICK.—In driving, these beagles were about equal, but in hunting, Trick was superior to Millard. Down 25 minutes.

Thursday.

This was the best hunting day of the week. In the morning plenty of rabbits were found, and the sport was enjoyable; but in the afternoon game was scarce, and the hunt was decidedly dull.

TRICK—BELLE SUMMERS.—They ran a fast, snappy race on a small rabbit, which barely escaped with his life. There was but little to choose between the rivals. Belle was a trifle quicker on the turn, and was judged to be the better. Down 45 minutes.

TRICK—SUMMERS' FLY.—Two rabbits were run, and Trick won easily. Down 40 minutes.

The judges gave first prize to Belle S., second to Trick, third to Summers' Fly and reserve to Messenger.

Class B—13in. and Under.

First Series.

This class was open to all beagles 13in. and under that had not been placed first at a recognized field trial. The first prize was $20 and the second $10. The eight starters were drawn to run as follows:

N. A. Baldwin's b., w. and t. bitch Another (Bugh—Scorcher), handler, owner, with H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. bitch Cora J. (Wanderer—Headlight), handler, owner.

E. C. Clark's b., w. and t. bitch Dixie R. (Rover—Dora), handler, H. S. Joslin, with Wm. Saxby's b., w. and t. bitch Bessie (Judge—Baby), handler, owner.

Hempstead Beagles' b., w. and t. bitch Tragedy (Royal Rock Brawler—Pastime), handler, T. Gibson, with Franklin Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Pinnie (Sailor—Minnie S.), handler, D. F. Summers.

Waldingfield Beagles' b., w. and t. bitch Blue Bell, handler, J. W. Appleton, with Franklin Field Trial Kennels' b., t. and blue ticked bitch Stump (Sailor—Minnie S.), handler, D. F. Summers.

ANOTHER—CORA J.—The former had it all her own way and drove her game to earth under a barn, Cora meantime hunting indifferently and refusing to hark. Down 35 minutes.

DIXIE R.—BESSIE.—This was another one-sided race. Dixie depended too much upon Bessie, and was content the greater part of the time to follow her mate and tongue lustily. Bessie ran at a great pace and drove fairly well. Down 45 minutes.

TRAGEDY—PINNIE.—This brace ran a small rabbit. Pinnie did all that was done, Tragedy taking but little interest in the chase. Down 40 minutes.

BLUE BELL—STUMP.—These "purple pups" were down for a half hour. Bell did nothing, but Stump drove in dashing style, showing good nose, great speed and excellent judgment in casting when at fault.

Second Series.

STUMP—ANOTHER.—This pair was down for nearly three hours and practically nothing was accomplished. Three small rabbits were started in briers so thick that the beagles could not hark to one another. Both hunted well, and Another showed a remarkably keen nose in trailing the leverets.

Friday.

Rain fell till about 11 o'clock, and the day was a decidedly disagreeable one for judges and handlers. The trials were finished at noon. Scent was none too good and rabbits were hard to find.

STUMP—ANOTHER.—This pair was run for twenty minutes on a rabbit which led a pretty chase through a grass field. Stump easily led, driving at great speed and catching the turns quickly.

ANOTHER—BESSIE.—Another trailed to a start and in driving was truer than Bessie and caught the turns quicker. In a straightaway run, however, Bessie easily out-footed her. Down 45 minutes.

The judges then awarded first prize to Stump, second to Another, reserve to Bessie.

Class C.—The Derby.

First Series.

This stake was open to all beagles whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896. The first prize was $25, second prize $12. The eight starters were drawn and ran as follows: Somerset Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Hilma (Pulboro Crafty—Cinderella), whelped July, 1896, handler, G. B. Post, Jr., with Franklin Field Trial Kennels' w., b. and t. dog Summers' Sailor (Sailor—Summers' Fly), whelped March, 1896, handler, D. F. Summers.

Franklin Field Trial Kennels' w. and t. bitch Maggie S. (Sailor—Lucy S.), whelped April, 1896, handler, D. F. Summers, with H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. bitch Cora J. (Wanderer—Headlight), whelped June, 1896, handler, owner.

Wm. Saxby's b., w. and t. dog Doubtful (Harker—Dime), whelped January, 1896, handler, owner, with N. A. Baldwin's b., w. and t. dog Doubtful (Spark R.—Ada B.), whelped January, 1896, handler, owner.

Wharton Beagles' maltese, w. and t. dog Harkaway (Harker—Haida), whelped June, 1896, handler G. M. Wharton, with N. A. Baldwin's b., w. and t. bitch Another (Bugle—Scorcher), handler, owner.

HILMA—SUMMERS' SAILOR.—This brace was run on Thursday afternoon, but it is reported here for convenience. Two small rabbits were found and quickly lost, one taking refuge in a pile of rails, and the other throwing the hounds off in a cabbage-field. Sailor was easily the better of the pair, Hilma taking no interest in the work. Down 1 hour and 20 minutes.

MAGGIE S.—CORA J.—The latter trailed to a start, and drove her game for some distance, Maggie meantime running heel. Down 15 minutes.

DOUBTFUL—LANCER.—Two small rabbits were started, and neither could be followed in a satisfactory way. Lancer showed greater judgment and a keener nose than Doubtful, who was inclined to run mute when he found the trail. Down 2 hours.

HARKAWAY—ANOTHER.—Neither beagle hunted with much energy, and after the rabbit was up they drove poorly. Another did not show the life with which she ran in other races. Down 50 minutes.

Second Series.

LANCER—SUMMERS' SAILOR.—Two rabbits were started in an uninteresting race. Sailor showed himself superior to Lancer. Down 15 minutes.

DOUBTFUL—CORA J.—This brace ran for a long distance on a rabbit which took straight away across country. Cora started him and in the drive did a pretty piece of work in following the game across a large plowed field. Down 15 minutes.

This race ended the trials. The judges gave first prize to Summers' Sailor, second to Lancer and reserve to Cora J.

P. A. B.

Metropolitan Show Judges.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The complete list of judges for our coming show is as follows:

Mastiffs, Dr. Richard H. Derby, New York; St. Bernards, Mr. Robert H. Burrows, East Orange, N. J.; Great Danes, Mr. J. Blackburn Miller, Newburgh, N. Y.; deerhounds, Russian wolfhounds, greyhounds, Mr. H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y.; pointers, Mr. Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.; all setters, Dr. H. Clay Glover, New York; all spaniels (except toys), Dr. S. J. Bradbury, Lynnbrook, L. I.; foxhounds and French bull dogs, Mr. James L. Kernochan, Hempstead, L. I.; beagles, Mr. Jas. W. Appleton, New York; fox terriers, Mr. Winthrop Rutherfurd; bull dogs, Mr. Henry C. Beadleston, New York; bull terriers, Mr. Perry Tiffany, New York; poodles, Mr. Chas. D. Bernheimer, New York; dachshunde, Mr. O. P. Amend, New York; Boston terriers, Mr. J. F. Holt, Fanueil, Mass.; Irish terriers and Scottish terriers, Mr. O. W. Donner, Milton, Mass. (we have not yet heard from Mr. Donner, as he has not returned from his European trip); pugs, toy spaniels, Yorkshire and toy terriers, Italian greyhounds, Mr. O. W. Lucy, New York; bloodhounds, collies, old English sheep dogs, Airedale terriers, Welsh, Skye, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmont and Black and Tan terriers, and miscellaneous, Mr. James Watson, New York.

JAMES MORTIMER.

Central Beagle Club.

SHARPSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following are the nominations to the Central Beagle Club's second annual trials, Derby and open classes. They closed on Oct. 27:

Class A—For dogs and bitches, 13 to 15in., whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896:

McKeesport Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Madge H. (Streamer—Blossom H.); b., w. and t. bitch Cobsy B. (Harker—Birdie S.); b., w. and t. dog Harker S. (Harker—

Birdie S.); b., w. and t. dog Spoty (Streamer—Blossom H.). Croker & Tomer's b., w. and t. dog Montane Lee (Ch. Paderewsiki—Beatrice). Mark Louis, Jr.'s b., w. and t. bitch Lucy L. (Ch. Raffler—Jessie). Franklin Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Summers' Sailor (Sailor—Summers' Fly); b., w. and t. bitch Maggie S. (Sailor—Lucy S.). L. O. Seidel's b., w. and t. bitch Daisy S. (Ch. Lee II.—Molly Dean).

Class B—For dogs and bitches 13in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896:

A. C. Peterson's b., w. and t. bitch Chance (champion Frank Forest—Champion Snow), John W. Simpson's b., w. and t. dog Songster (Tiger—Music), Jim McAleer's b., w. and t. bitch Little Hornett (Sailor—Lucy S).

Open Class C—For dogs and bitches all ages, 13. to 15in. that have not been placed first in any all-age class in field trials.

Jim McAleer's b., w. and t. bitch Maywood (Ch Lee II—Pannic), McKeesport Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Lady Linda (Driver—Copsy), Frank Golla's b., w. and t. dog Doc Weller (Sam Weller—Bellva Lockwood), Mark Louis, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch Mollie L. (Don—Mollie); Franklin Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Summers' Sailor (Sailor—Summers' Fly), b., w. and t. bitch Maggie S. (Sailor—Lucy S.), b., w. and t. bitch Belle Summers (Clover—Lucy S.), b., w. and t. bitch Summers' Fly (Clover—Lucy S.); R. C. Stinger's b., w. and t. dog Ramrod (Black Joe—Flora).

Class D, for dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any All-Age class in field trials:

Jim McAleer's b., w. and t. bitch Little Hornett (Sailor—Lucy S.) and b., w. and t. bitch Kitty (champion Rowdy—Music); T. C. Moxham's b., w. and t. bitch Chippy (Bouncer E.—Anna T.); Franklin Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Pinnie (Sailor—Minnie S.); A. C. Peterson's b., w. and t. dog Sailor (Roal Forest—Beauty C.).

L. O. Seidl, Sec'y.

National Fox Hunters' Association.

The following circular has been sent out by the secretary, Francis J. Hagan:

"The National Fox Hunters' Association invites you to take part in its fourth annual meet, to be held at Cynthiana, Ky., commencing Nov 17. Hotel accommodations and saddle horses may be secured by addressing J. S. Huff, R. H Wills or J. D. Linehan, Cynthiana, Ky. Hotel rates will be $1.50, and for saddle horses $2 per day. The railroads have made a special rate of a fare and one-third. The field trials are open to the world, and will begin with the Derby, Wednesday, Nov 17; entries close Tuesday night, Nov. 16. All sportsmen will be heartily welcomed."

E. F. T. C. Entries.

Greenfield Hill, Conn., Oct. 25.—I left off one entry from the list I sent you. Tory Russett, owned by Avent, Thayer & Duryea Kennels. I start for Pittsburg Sunday evening.

S. C. Bradley.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The Peninsular Field Trial Club, whose official vision was such that, while looking at one fixed point of the compass, it thought that it saw the whole horizon, has announced that, owing to lack of interest, it is altogether likely that its trials of this season will not be run. This club religiously discriminated in favor of one sporting journal against all others.

A meeting of the Executive Board will be held in the A. K. C. rooms on Friday, Nov. 5, at 11 o'clock A. M.

The Poodle Club of America offer special prizes, to be competed for at the forthcoming Metropolitan Kennel Club's show, as follows: Best poodle $7; best of opposite sex, $3. Best American bred, $5; best of same, opposite sex, $2 Persons desiring to join the club should address the secretary, Mr. Z T. Baker, 13 William street, New York.

In our advertising columns F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., offers setters, broken and unbroken Frank Kent, Monticello, N. Y., offers a setter and a pointer. Joe Lewis, Canonsburg, Pa., offers setter and Chesapeake Bay dogs. Wm. Walther, Ronkonkoma, L. I., N. Y. offers setters and a beagle. R. N. Warner, Middlebury, Vt., offers pointer.

Answers to Correspondents.

G C. H., New York.—Is there anything to prevent barnacles from accumulating on a boat, or wood of any kind lying in salt water. Ans. Patented compositions for this purpose are sold at all ship chandlery stores. We cannot recommend any special one.

J. S., Concordville, Pa.—I see by Oct. 23 issue that some hundreds of blackbirds were shot recently at Elkwood Park, from the trap. Is not the blackbird protected by law in New Jersey. Ans. No; the protective law excepts loon-blackbirds and red-winged blackbirds.

Yachting.

Owing to the fact that Forest and Stream goes to press a day earlier than usual this week, we are unable to give more than a brief outline of the organization of the new yachting union. We hope next week to give a more complete account of the business of the meeting, and also the articles and sailing rules as finally adopted. It is gratifying to be able to announce that a national organization has been formed, with a specially able and representative council and a total membership of at least 100 yacht clubs.

Our British exchanges bring the news of the formal organization of a new yachting society in London on Oct. 8, the International Cruiser Racing Association. The name indicates a very wide scope indeed for the new Association, but the exact intent of its promoters can only be understood when they announce their definition of a "cruiser." We doubt whether it is possible to go further in this direction than to require a midship section of such area as shall give adequate displacement and internal room, a strong and durable construction, and the carrying of reasonable equipment, furniture and galley fittings, with regular skylights and hatches. If the new Association attempts only this much and accomplishes it successfully, it will be of unlimited benefit to yachting.

In spite of the childish conduct of Mr. J. Arthur Brand in 1895, in trying to turn a fair defeat into a technical victory by absurd protests, and even his subsequent out doing of Lord Dunraven by the private circulation in England of a paper attacking American yachtsmen without allowing them the right of defense, we had hoped that a couple of years' experience had made a fairer sportsman of him; and that he would show himself in a better light in a second international contest. This, unfortunately, has not proved to be the case, his conduct in 1897 is as vacillating, childish and unsportsmanlike as in 1895.

On Sept. 17 he cabled to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.: "Challenge Seawanhaka cup, subject Minima, backing with syndicate." Such a message as this, by all yachting usage, demanded a speedy confirmation by mail in the form of a definite challenge from some recognized yacht club; failing this, it could claim no right to consideration. Instead of sending such a formal challenge, Mr. Brand apparently did nothing further in the matter until the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. telegraphed on Oct 6: "Will Minima back challenge?" To this he answered: "Yes, if conditions are satisfactory, writing." The club waited until Oct. 23 and was then about to telegraph again when a letter arrived. In this Mr. Brand asked if the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was going to accept his challenge, and stated that if it would he would proceed to attempt to get up a syndicate to furnish the money for the venture, and to obtain the endorsement of the Minima Y. C. Mr. H. K. Sturdee, who represented Mr. Brand in 1895, has been requested to perform the same kind office this year, and has lately visited Montreal, but as he had no instructions or information from Mr. Brand he was unable to aid in breaking the deadlock.

According to the *Field* of Oct. 16, Mr. Brand will build a yacht of some size not yet known to race for the Seawanhaka cup; but from all appearances this latest challenge is just as vague and vapory as that of Mr. Brand immediately after his defeat in 1895, and again after the victory of Glencairn I. over El Heirie. At that time some of the American as well as English papers were deeply pained over the unsportsmanlike treatment of Mr. Brand by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in not waiting for an indefinite time on the mere chance that he might find a syndicate and a club to back him. His present conduct, in practically claiming precedence as a challenger and yet failing to send anything approaching a challenge in due form, shows not only that no injustice was done him in either of these cases, but justifies the many criticisms of his general conduct as a sportsman.

It must be confessed also that the Minima Y. C. is not showing to remarkable advantage in connection with Mr. Brand, it tacitly at least lent its endorsement to his cowardly circular of 1895, and apparently in the present case it has little regard as to how its name is used by him.

The Fin in the Knockabout Classes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is to be hoped that yacht sailors and designers will avail themselves more generally than is their practice to discuss the conditions proposed for the new 25ft. l.w.l. cruiser knockabout class. As you know, I have tried the experiment of producing a very large boat on a small waterline, and during the past season sailed over 1,500 nautical miles in Akista in all kinds of weather. The experience so gained is my warrant for a number of the asertions which I shall make hereafter. In no case are these conclusions the result of a single observation, and so I feel safe in saying that in no case are the results attributed to erroneous conditions. I believe that I am entirely safe in saying that in no one of the yachts that I met in racing last summer and defeated, was there driven so great a number of pounds of displacement per square foot of sail area, nor was there in any of the yachts so met one in which the cabin accommodations were at all comparable. To further facilitate the discussion I send you herewith a sketch of as short and lofty a sail plan as is in my judgment practicable to be used, and under it place the typical keel knockabout sheer-plan and the one which I suggest. I also present midship sections which belong respectively to the two plans. While the rig is not the best perhaps which could be devised in its proportions, every criticism which is made of it applies with greater force to any other rig in which the boom is longer. Taking up now the headings in the order in which they are presented, let us consider:

Mast.—"The forward side of the mast at the deck must be not less than 6ft. from the forward end of the water line." The mast is so placed in the drawing given. It will be observed that complying with the requirements of the distribution of sail area, the boom projects beyond the end of the l.w.l. 12ft. as the minimum. For convenience of handling, reefing sail, etc., this requires that the after overhang shall be at least 8ft. This would leave the boom projecting 6ft. beyond the counter which is an awkward distance to reach in order to reef in a seaway. The jib for such a rig would be 14ft. on the foot and would require a forward overhang of about 9ft. 6in. The total overhangs would then amount to 17ft. 6in. and the length on deck 41ft. 6in.

Under these conditions the c. of e. would be 14ft. aft of fore end of l.w.l., and this makes it necessary that the c. l. r. should be considerably aft of the c. of g.; further exaggerating the long lean bow, producing the very characteristics of which so much criticism has been made, and in my judgment producing a bad sheer plan and unsymmetrical form.

Cabin House.—In my experience so wide a cabin house is decidedly bad. A width of cabin house equal to that of the cabin floor between transoms is sufficient for the cabin and leaves very desirable deck room available for handling sails, working around the yacht and stowing the yawl.

Head Room.—Anything less than 6ft. is a vexation of spirit. It can so easily be obtained that it should always be insisted on.

Fixtures.—6ft. 6in. in length of cabin is just as good as 8ft. If there is any spare length, it should be put in lockers and shelves.

Rudder.—The requirement of the rudder is bad on two accounts. First, because it bars out an extremely seaworthy and serviceable type; second, because the position of the rudder is such as to require a larger area and greater use of rudder than would otherwise be demanded. The rudder should be used simply to direct the boat, and should only change its direction of motion. When a rudder, however, is hung on an inclined sternpost, it not only does that, but also drags the stern of the boat down by its tendency to drag into the water for moderate heels, and lifts the stern for extreme heels. A boat can easily be designed in which, under all ordinary conditions, the rudder is exactly amidships; but such a boat cannot be sailed if the rudder is hung at the end of the keel.

Sails.—The prohibition of a bowsprit is, I think, bad, because it encourages a very long bow or an exaggeration of the V-section, and also because practically a bowsprit is very useful in keeping the anchor away from the hull, in adding to the shippy appearance of the yacht, and in eliminating the weight of the long bow, which is entirely worthless for storage.

The requirement of a windlass is one which can easily be omitted, as in my experience the windlass is only a nuisance.

The permission to have two professionals in the crew is, in my judgment, a great mistake. A yacht of this kind can easily be raced with a crew of three men, and with two professionals on board, in addition to the owner, it is a very simple matter for the owner to get sick as often as is necessary to surrender the wheel to the professional in order to win a race. Corinthian sailing is the thing we are trying to encourage, and that can be best accomplished by limiting the number of professionals to the absolute minimum. I think it would be easier to defend a clause prohibiting entirely the employment of professionals than one which permits of two.

Considering the general features, I heartily agree with the limitation of sail area, L.W.L., ballast, mainsail area, size of spinaker pole and limit of draft. I think, however, that an additional restriction should be made concerning displacement, fixing it, say, at 1,100 or 1,200lbs. To get good speed, however, it is necessary to reduce the wetted surface, to make the form as symmetrical as possible, and of such a character that it shall improve rather than deform with an increased angle of heel. All yachts of this type necessarily heel in order to get power. The foot-pounds of righting moment for the same angle of heel of the conventional type is 17,350, and of the suggested type is 19,250, a considerable increase in power. The actual beam of the yacht at the usual sailing angle is 6in. less for the conventional type than the suggested one, and the form of the suggested type is very decidedly better. As a consequence, the suggested form affords a displacement where it will do more good in the way of affording useful room, and at the same time gives greater power. As a consequence, it is a more roomy and safer yacht to have. One point, however, should be insisted on, and that is that the fin should be so proportioned that with the yacht on her beam ends, the deflection of the fin shall be inappreciable. This means that the fin shall be so strong that it can carry the entire weight of the yacht in case of need without deformation. Under such circumstances it is a simple structural matter to so design the hull that it shall be enormously increased in strength by the presence of the keel, instead of being weakened thereby. It is my belief, deduced from general considerations and strengthened by observation of all of the really successful yachts, that the best results are obtained in the way of speed from any hull by the greatest possible symmetry; that is, all of the centers should lie in the same vertical transverse plane. The lines of entrance and run should be practically the same and the form should be practically the same, regardless of the angle of heel. In Akista, all of these principles have been carried out to their logical conclusion; some of them against my judgment, and every one of them has been demonstrated to my entire satisfaction. It is perhaps too much to ask that every one should be convinced of the supreme merits under all conditions of the fin-keel type wherever the waters permit of its use; but with so many demonstrated facts of the remarkably good qualities of the type, I think it is but reasonable to ask that rules should be so drawn as to permit the designer to take any type he chooses. Certainly with ballast, draught, sail area and displacement fixed, there is no chance to produce a racing machine, while a glance at the sections presented herewith will, I think, show that the fin-keel type is much the more wholesome yacht of the two.

Geo. Hill.

Oct. 26.

[We are unable to reproduce Mr. Hill's diagrams this week.]

The North American Yacht Racing Union.

As the result of a long course of preliminary work, the new yachting body that will be known as the North American Yacht Racing Union was formally organized at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on the afternoon of Saturday, Oct. 30. The results of the labor of the organization committee during the past six months were recently published in the Forest and Stream in the form of proposed articles of association and sailing rules. The members of the committee were all in New York on Friday, and in the evening dined as the guests of Mr. N. D. Lawton, the chairman, at the New York Club. The entire evening up to 1 A. M. was devoted to a final discussion of the many points left open in the proposed articles and rules, and it was found impossible to arrive at a general agreement on many of them.

On Saturday the committee met at noon at the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. house for luncheon and a continuation of the discussion, adjourning at 3 o'clock to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The general meeting of the delegates was called to order at 3:15 by Mr. Lawton, Mr. O. E. Cromwell being elected chairman of the meeting and Mr. W. P. Stephens secretary. After the roll of delegates was called, the proposed articles of association were read, as printed and later amended, and finally adopted after considerable discussion on certain points. After all were read, on motion of L. M. Clark they were formally adopted. Mr. Clark then moved that the meeting proceed to the election of a council, and that the chair appoint a nominating committee of three, which was carried, the committee as named including Messrs. F. T. Adams, Stuyvesant Wainwright and F. Bowne Jones. After a recess of five minutes the committee reported the following nominations: E. W. Radder, Æmilius Jarvis, J. M. Macdonough, A. J. Prime, A. T. Bliss, F. B. Jones, G. H. Duggan, N. D. Lawton, Oswald Sanderson, E. H. Ambrose, Oliver E. Cromwell, A. F. Bancroft, R. N. Ellis, L. M. Clark and J. A. Mollenhauer.

The sailing rules were then read and adopted after lengthy discussion. The question of a measurement rule was discussed, but the general opinion was against any attempt at immediate action. Mr. Cromwell announced that the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. desired to extend the privileges of its town house to the council at all times for meetings, and a vote of thanks to the club was passed, after which the meeting adjourned.

Immediately after a meeting of the council was called, Mr. L. M. Clark being elected chairman, F. Bowne Jones secretary, and N. D. Lawton treasurer. Messrs. Jarvis and Macdonough had arranged to sail for England on the St. Louis on Nov. 3, and it was decided that they should be requested to confer with the council of the British Y. R. A. as to the possibility of future joint action in the matter of measurement and also of limitation of construction. We are unable to give the amended rules as finally adopted this week, but they will appear next week.

New York Y. C.

The fifth general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Oct. 28, Vice-Com. L. Cass Ledyard presiding. Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Lloyd Phoenix and G. L. Rives were appointed a special committee to draft resolutions of regret for the death of Ogden Goelet. Ex-Com. Brown offered a motion for the appointment of a special committee, to include the Vice-Commodore, secretary and treasurer, to arrange for a new town house for the club, the motion being carried. The following nominating committee was elected: Edward M. Brown, C. Oliver Iselin, Robert Goelet, Henry F. Lippitt, Henry C. Ward, Philip Schuyler, John G. Beresford, Chester Griswold, Oswald Sanderson, Arthur Ingraham.

The following members were elected: John M. Crouse, Henry E. Biscoe, U. S. N., S. H. Gardyne Stewart, Charles J. Clarke, Roderick P. Curtis, Edward M. Robinson, Bartow W. Van Voorhis, R. F. Poindexter, Chambers H. McKibbin, George A. Kimball, Thomas McKean, Frederick W. Lockwood.

Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

The suggested postponement of our annual meeting having been concurred in by the majority of the Council, I now beg to name 2 o'clock P. M., Saturday, Nov. 20, at the Cadillac Hotel, Detroit, Mich., as the place of meeting. This will give time for any amendments prompted by the meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of North America, to be held on the 30th inst. in New York.

Æmilius Jarvis,
Chairman Y. R. U. of Great Lakes.

Notes on the Yacht Defender and the Use of Aluminum in Marine Construction.

BY RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, ASSISTANT NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR, UNITED STATES NAVY.

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(Continued from page 355.)

PART II.—THE USE OF ALUMINUM IN MARINE CONSTRUCTION.

A NEW material enters the realm of structural usage by creating new fields or else by outstripping the occupants of old fields.

Broadly speaking, the field of marine construction is now occupied by steel, wood, and the alloys of copper. Aluminum must, in consequence, wrest from these older materials the foothold and territory it is to occupy.

A part of this field, associated principally with the motive power, is shut off from aluminum by an impassable barrier of temperature. A fraction of the temperature at which bronze and steel remain unmodified will overthrow the physical properties of aluminum. Roughly speaking, aluminum is barred from temperatures where human life cannot exist. Not far beyond the boiling point of water it loses half its virtues of resistance, and above 400° F. should not be subjected to strain.

In addition, by reason of its softness, aluminum is debarred from use as armor, which constitutes an important section of naval construction. Moreover, as will be seen below, its inability to extinguish sudden and violent dynamic forces excludes its usage for armor supports and fastenings.

Of the remaining fields not thus cut off, principally hull construction and hull fittings, the vast bulk is occupied uncontestedly by steel. Wood and bronze (the term bronze being used broadly to signify the alloys of copper) have only special provinces, wood finding its principal use where stiffness, not strength, is required, and where the service does not require a hardness of surface, but facility of working; and bronze finding its principal use where complexity of form requires special properties for casting, or where special corroding agents are to be resisted, or where a wearing surface is desired to save the usure of steel.

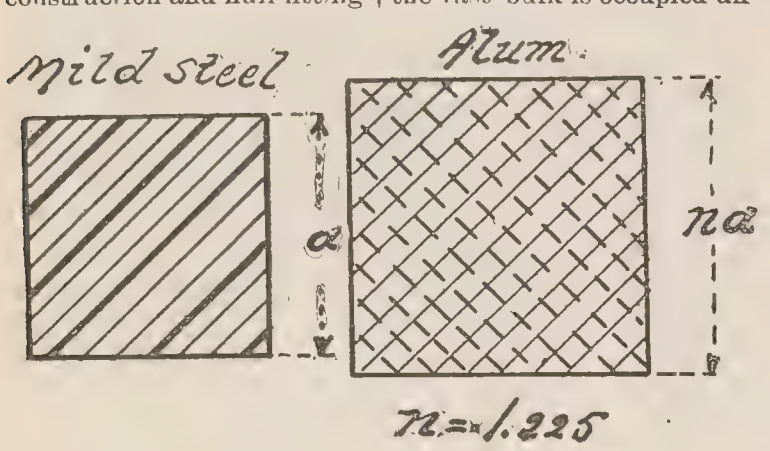


FIG. 5. Section of Equal Ultimate Tensile Strengths.

Even the special properties of bronze and wood may be considered as possessed, to a greater or less degree, by steel. Aluminum then will be made to measure properties with steel, the special properties of wood and bronze being considered only incidentally where they appear in the comparison with steel.

The factors whose product or resultant determines or measures the adaptability of a material for structural purposes are strength, weight and cost, strength and cost being used in their broad sense. The measure of adaptability for strength is the approximation to a maximum, and for cost and weight it is the approximation to a minimum. In marine construction the problem of design in general is to realize within a fairly wide range of cost a given or required strength with a minimum of weight.

The underlying object in general is to realize a maximum military efficiency for each unit of weight.

In the industries, however, and in general for land structures, the purpose of design is to realize a given or required strength with a minimum of cost, a minimum of weight in general accompanying a minimum of cost. The underlying object in general is to realize, within a wide range of weight, a maximum return for each unit of cost or capital invested.

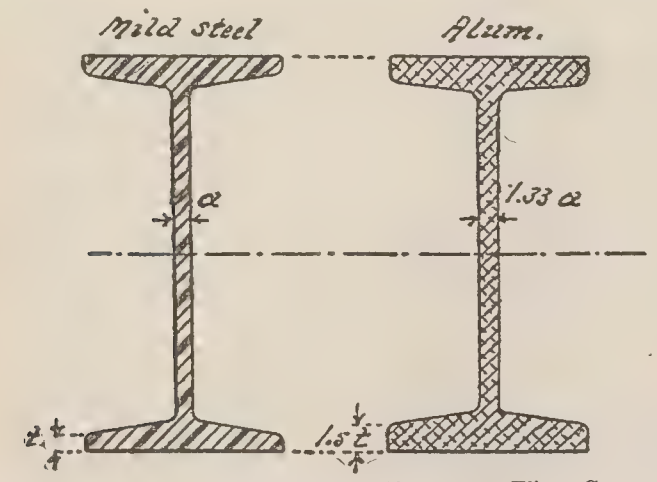


FIG. 12. Sections for Equal Bending Moments. Fiber Compressed to Elastic Limit.

For the present purpose, therefore, the comparison of aluminum and steel will be for strength and weight first, then for cost.

The question of endurance, or length of life, which will be seen to be of capital importance, is essentially one of cost, though intimately associated with strength, since the rate or rapidity of dissipation of strength determines the length of life.

The figures used in the comparisons of aluminum are the latest ones of the Pittsburg Reduction Company, for their best 5 to 10 per cent. alloys. These figures are probably a little high for the general status of aluminum at the present moment, particularly when the comparisons of simple strength are made with mild steel, mild steel being used throughout, as it is the most regular, and best illustrates, as will be seen, the great contrast of the two metals in their resistance to dynamic forces; but they have been retained in view of the present rapid state of progress in the production and manufacture of aluminum, a state corresponding to the stage of steel about ten years ago, when still on a steep rise far away from the proximity of the maximum in the curve of progress.

A.—COMPARISON FOR SIMPLE RESISTANCE.

1. In tension.

(*a*) Ultimate tensile strength.—Steel, 60,000lbs. per square inch. Aluminum, 40,000lbs. per square inch. Ratio, 1 to 1.5 or 2 to 3.

Cross sections for equal ultimate tensile strength, see Figs. 5 and 7.

Weights.—Weight of one cubic inch of steel, 0.283lb.; of aluminum, 0.094lb. Ratio, 1 to 3.

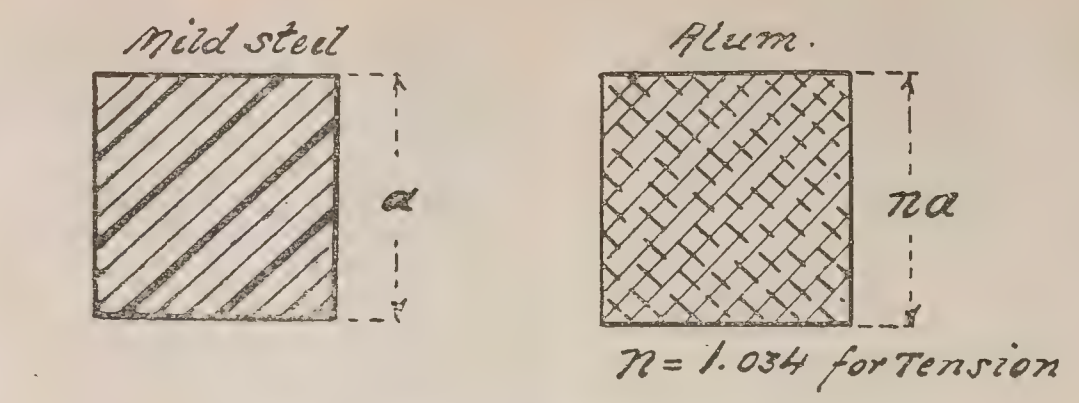


FIG. 6. Section of Equal Elastic Strength in Tension.

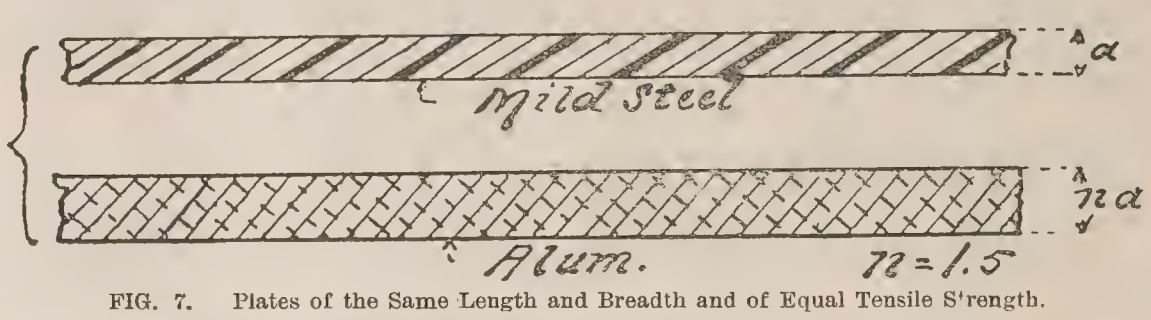


FIG. 7. Plates of the Same Length and Breadth and of Equal Tensile Strength.

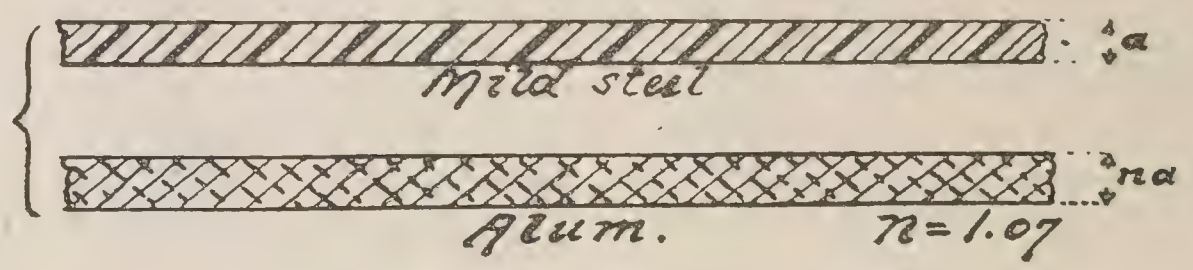


FIG. 8. Plates of the Same Length and Breadth and of Equal Elastic Strength.

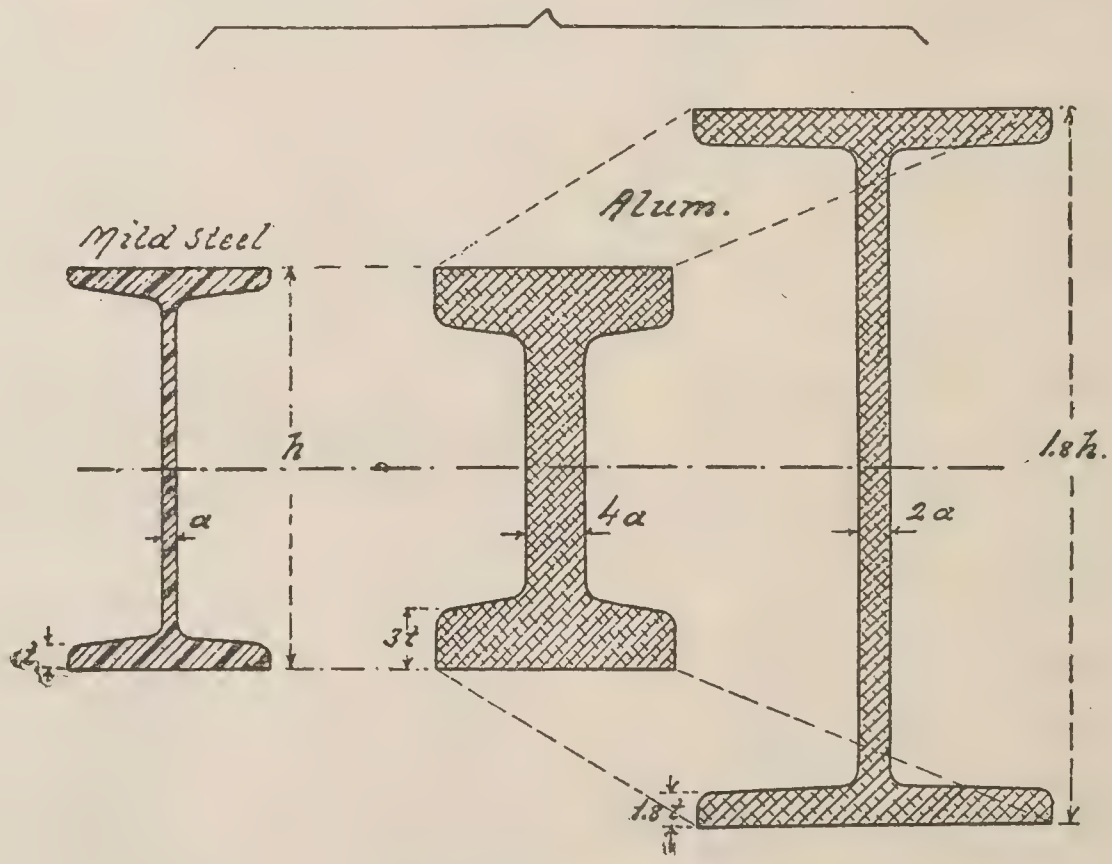


FIG 9.- Sections of Equal Weight.

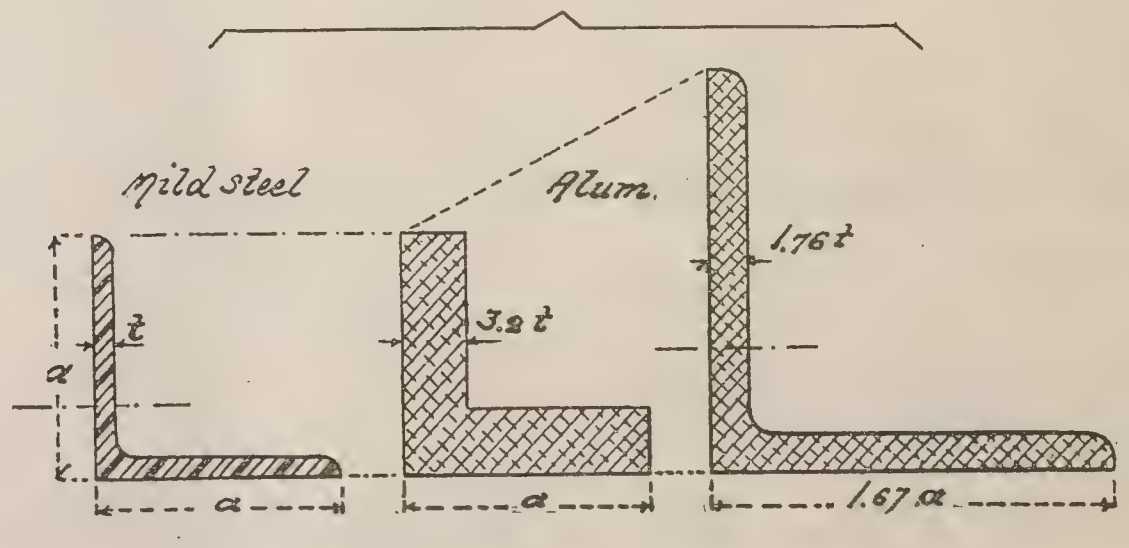


FIG. 10. Sections of Equal Weight.

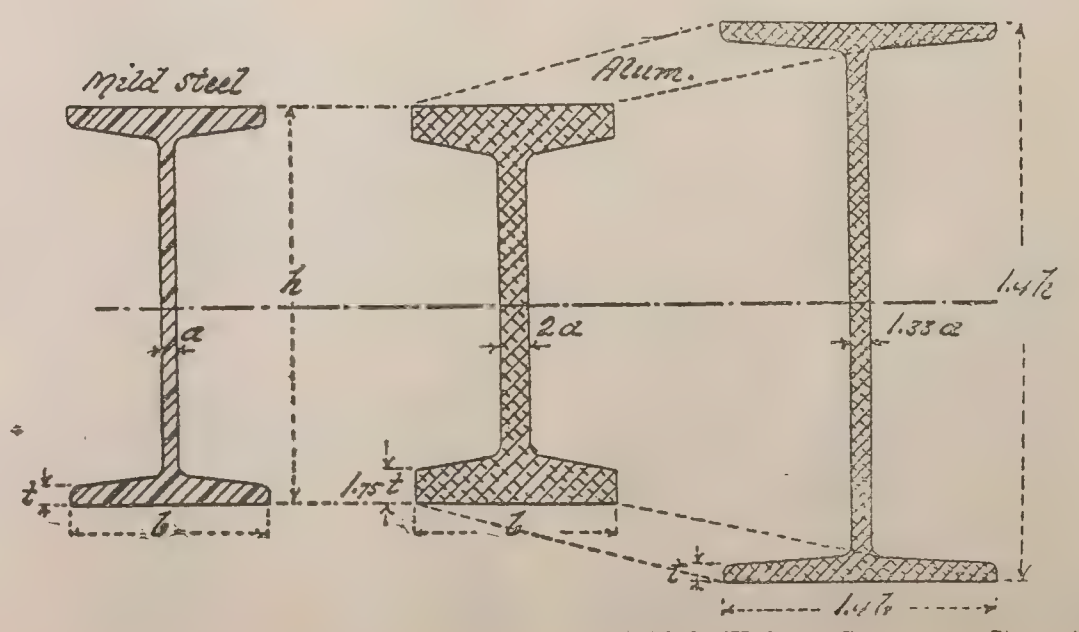


FIG. 11. Sections for Equal Bending Moments. Fiber Under Ultimate Compressure Strength.

Weights for equal ultimate tensile strength, aluminum 1, steel 2.

(*b*) Elastic strength in tension.—Steel, 30,000lbs. per square inch. Aluminum, 28,000lbs. per square inch. Ratio 14 to 15, or 1 to 1.07.

Cross section for equal elastic strength in tension, see Figs. 6 and 8.

Weights.—For equal elastic strengths in tension, aluminum, 0.356, steel 1, or 1 to 2.8.

2. In compression.

(*a*) Ultimate strength of compression.—Steel, 60,000; aluminum, 34,000. Ratio, 1 to 1.76.

Weights.—For equal ultimate strengths of compression, aluminum 1, steel 1.7.

(*b*) Elastic strength in compression.—Steel, 30,000lbs. per square inch. Aluminum, 26,000lbs. per square inch. Ratio, 1 to 1.15.

Weights.—For equal elastic strengths of compression, aluminum 1, steel 2.6.

3. Ultimate strength in shear.—Steel, 45,000lbs. per square inch. Aluminum, 28,000lbs. per square inch. Ratio, 1 to 1.6.

Weights.—For equal ultimate strengths of shear, aluminum 1, steel 1.875.

Double riveted joints.—Steel, 45,000lbs. per square inch. Aluminum, 24,000lbs. per square inch. Ratio, 1 to 1.875.

Summing up, for simple resistance, the comparison gives the following results:

1. For ultimate tensile strength, mild steel is half again as strong as the best aluminum alloy, but at the same time it is three times as heavy; in consequence, the same strength can be furnished by aluminum with half the weight that steel would require, or, with the same weight, aluminum would furnish double the strength.

2. For elastic strength in tension, aluminum is fourteen-fifteenths as strong as steel, and can supply the same elastic strength with but 0.36 of the weight required by steel; or, with the same weight, aluminum would furnish 2.8 times the strength.

3. For ultimate strength of compression, steel is 1.76 times as strong as aluminum, but to furnish the same strength would be 1.7 times as heavy.

4. For elastic strength of compression, aluminum is thirteen fifteenths as strong as steel, and to furnish the same strength steel would be 2.6 times as heavy.

5. For ultimate strength in shear, steel is 1.6 times as strong as aluminum, and would be 1.875 times as heavy. When the shear is that of a riveted joint, where the riveting is double, steel is 1.875 times as strong. The lower performance of the double riveted joint would indicate for aluminum a less perfect coöperation among the rivets. As will be seen later, this is no doubt due to the very small elongation in the aluminum, which is no doubt the case for shear as it is for tension, causing the shearing more in detail, the rivets most strained giving way before there is sufficient elongation to permit the full concurrence of the rivets less strained.

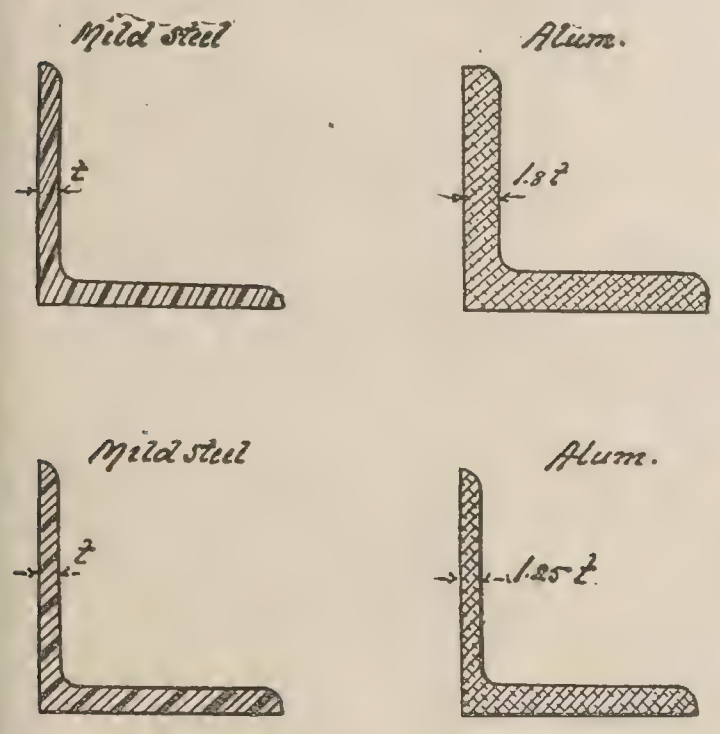


FIG 13. Sections for Equal Bending Moments. Fiber Under Compression Worked to Alternate Strength.

FIG. 14. Sections for Equal Bending Moments. Fiber Under Compression Worked to Elastic Limit.

6. In sum, for simple resistance, from the standpoint of strength and weight alone, aluminum has pronounced advantages over steel, advantages that are nearly double for ultimate resistance, and nearly treble for elastic resistance.

This result emphasizes a striking feature of aluminum, namely, the very large proportion of its total strength that is elastic. While this proportion for steel is half, for aluminum it is seven-tenths.

The consequences of this remarkable property will be seen below in comparison of resistance to dynamic forces; it will suffice for the moment to refer simply to the fact that the vast bulk of structural resistance must be elastic.

B.—COMPARISON FOR COMPOUND RESISTANCE.

For the present purpose, resistance to torsion need not be considered; moreover, there is lack of reliable data for the resistance of aluminum to torsion, and comparison would require an assumption of strength based upon the resistance to shearing. The comparison will therefore be limited to bending.

Recalling the formula, the bending moment,

$$M = \frac{sI}{h}, \qquad (1)$$

s being the stress per unit area of the fiber most strained, I the moment of inertia of the cross section, and h the distance of the fiber most strained from the neutral axis which passes through the center of gravity of the cross section.

Where the material has a different resistance for tension and compression, it is evident that with symmetrical cross sections, the fiber under the stress of the lesser kind of resistance will give way first, and would impose the limit to the bending moment.

It is also evident that the resistance of a given cross section for such a material is a maximum when the area is so distributed that the extreme fibers of tension and compression are distant from the neutral axis in the direct ratio of their respective resistances. When so distributed, the bending moment, $M = (s_c + s_t)\frac{I}{h}$, where s_c is the maximum resistance to compression, s_t the maximum resistance to tension, and h the entire depth of the beam.

In the cases of aluminum for ultimate resistance, the resistance to tension being 40,000lbs. per square inch, and the resistance to compression 34,000lbs. per square inch, the symmetrical section would have its limit imposed by the fiber under compression, and the ratio of the resistance of such a section to the resistance of a section designed to give a maximum resistance, if the moment of inertia is the same, is $\frac{34000}{\frac{40000+34000}{2}} = \frac{34}{37}$. For elastic resistance the ratio is:

$$\frac{26000}{\frac{28000+26000}{2}} = \frac{26}{27}.$$

With steel, however, the two resistances are the same and the symmetrical section realizes the maximum resistance.

The ratio $\frac{37}{34} = 1.09$ and $\frac{27}{26} = 1.04$ would represent the advantage to be derived from the best design for the aluminum section, provided the moment of inertia did not change.

It is evident, however, that the transference of metal from the side of tension to the side of compression will result in placing this metal nearer the neutral axis, and in consequence will reduce the moment of inertia. The two ratios, therefore, while remaining appreciably greater than unity, will be less than those indicated, 1.09 and 1.04, according to the form of the section.

Bearing in mind this small but appreciable discrimination against aluminum, it will suffice, for the sake of simplicity, to compare only symmetrical sections.

1. Comparison of usual sections designed for resistance other than bending.

(*a*) The case of square cross sections designed for tension or compression.

The ratio of bending moments, from equation (1), is:

$$\frac{M'}{M} = \frac{s'}{s}\frac{I'}{I}\frac{h}{h'}, \qquad (2)$$

the letters with the affixes denoting aluminum.

If the side of the aluminum section is n times the side of the steel section, $h' = nh$, or $\frac{h}{h'} = \frac{1}{n}$.

The areas of the cross sections being in the ratio $\frac{h'^2}{h^2} = n^2$ and the radii of gyration squared in the ratio $\frac{h'^2}{h^2} = n^2$, the moments of inertia are in the ratio $\frac{h'^4}{h^4} = n^4$ and $\frac{I'}{I} = n^4$,

$$\therefore \frac{M'}{M} \quad \frac{s'}{s} \times n^4 \times \frac{1}{n} = \frac{s'}{s} n^3. \qquad (3)$$

Take first the case illustrated in Fig. 5, of (1) section designed for equal ultimate tensile strength, designating by S and S' the two ultimate tensile strengths.

$$h'^2 S' = h^2 S \text{ or } \frac{h'^2}{h^2} = \frac{S}{S'} \text{ or } n^2 = \frac{S}{S'} \text{ and } n = \sqrt{\frac{S}{S'}}.$$

Substituting in equation (3), $\frac{M'}{M} = \frac{s'}{s} \cdot \left(\frac{S}{S'}\right)^{\frac{3}{2}}$.

Suppose first that the cross sections are worked to their limit of resistance to bending. It is the extreme compressed fibers of the aluminum sections which will break first when s'=34,000lbs. per square inch. The fibers of the steel section resist equally for tension and compression, both attaining 60,000lbs. per square inch, so that $\frac{s'}{s} = \frac{34000}{60000}$. The two ultimate tensile strengths S and S' being 60,000 and 40,000 respectively, $\frac{S}{S'} = \frac{60000}{40000}$ and $\frac{M'}{M} = \frac{34000}{60000} \times \left(\frac{60000}{40000}\right)^{\frac{3}{2}} = 1.04$.

Suppose next that the cross sections are worked only to the elastic limit of the most strained fibers.

The limit for the aluminum cross section is again imposed by the fibers of compression where s'=26000.

For the steel section the limit being the same for both fibers, s = 30,000 $\frac{s'}{s} = \frac{26000}{30000}$.

S and S' being the same as before,

$$\frac{M'}{M} = \frac{26000}{30000} \times \left(\frac{60000}{40000}\right)^{\frac{3}{2}} = 1.6.$$

It does not suffice in general to know simply the amount of resistance to bending. It is also necessary to know the effect of the bending moment, the amount of deformation or deflection produced. It is therefore necessary to calculate the resistance to deformation, to know the stiffness. The measure of stiffness is the amount of bending or the deflection produced by a given force. The amount of deflection, $f = \frac{K}{E.I}$, where E is the modulus of elasticity, and I the moment of inertia of the cross section as above, K being constant under the same conditions of bending moment and support. Therefore, the conditions being the same,

$$\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{E.I}{E'.I'} \text{ (5).}$$

Taking the modulus of elasticity of aluminum as that given by Hütte, 10,000,000, and the modulus of steel as 30,000,000, $\frac{E}{E'}$ 3. As seen above, for the case in question, $\frac{I}{I'} = \frac{1}{n^4}$, wherein = 1.225, $\frac{I'}{I} = \frac{1}{2.25}$. Substituting in equation (5), $\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{3}{2.25} = \frac{1}{0.75}$. Thus, for square cross sections giving equal ultimate strengths in tension, the deflection produced by the same force under similar conditions of bending is greater in the case of the aluminum section. The square steel bar is one-third the stiffer.

(2). Sections designed for equal elastic strength in tension, illustrated in Fig. 6.

By a similar process of reasoning,

$$\frac{M'}{M} = \frac{34000}{60000} \times \left(\frac{30000}{28000}\right)^{\frac{3}{2}} = .627,$$

when worked to the ultimate limit.

$$\frac{M'}{M} = \frac{26000}{30000} \times \left(\frac{30000}{28000}\right)^{\frac{3}{2}} = .959,$$

when worked to the elastic limit.

$$\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{3}{1.143} = \frac{1}{.381}.$$

(3). Sections designed for equal ultimate strength of compression.

When worked to the ultimate limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 1.328$

When worked to the elastic limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 2.031$

$$\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{1.032}.$$

(4). Sections designed for equal elastic strength of compression.

When worked to the ultimate limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = .703$

When worked to the elastic limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 1.073$

$$\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{.441}.$$

(5). Sections of equal weight.

When worked to the ultimate limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 2.94$

When worked to the elastic limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 4.50$

$$\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{3}.$$

b. The case of rectangular cross sections designed for tension plates of a given width.

Refer to Figs. 7 and 8.

The areas of the cross sections are bh' and bh respectively, b being the width; the radii of gyration squared are in the ratio of $\frac{h'^2}{h^2}$. Therefore, the moments of inertia are in the ratio of $\frac{h'}{h} \times \frac{h'^2}{h} = \frac{h'^3}{h^3}$, and the bending moments are in the ratio $\frac{M'}{M} = \frac{s'}{s} \times \frac{h'^3}{h^3} \times \frac{h}{h'} = \frac{s'}{s} \times \frac{h'^2}{h^2} = \frac{s'}{s} \times n^2$. (4)

(1). Sections designed for equal ultimate strength. Fig. 7.

When worked to the ultimate limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 1.275$

When worked to the elastic limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 1.94$

$$\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{1.125}.$$

(2). Sections designed for equal elastic strength. Fig. 8.

When worked to the ultimate limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = .648$

When worked to the elastic limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = .99$

$$\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{.408}.$$

(3). Sections designed for equal weight.

When worked to the ultimate limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 5.1$

When worked to the elastic limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 7.8$

$$\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{9}.$$

2. Comparison of sections designed for resistance to bending.

a. Shapes having equal weight.

(1). I Beams. Fig. 9.

First, when the depth of I beams is limited, being the same for both sections

Ratio of moments of inertia, $\frac{I'}{I} = 2.36$

When worked to the ultimate limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 1.43$

When worked to the elastic limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 2.05$

$$\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{.786}.$$

Next, when the depth is not limited, and the sections have proportioned dimensions.

Ratio of moments of inertia, $\frac{I'}{I} = 9.25$

When worked to the ultimate limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 2.91$

When worked to the elastic limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 4.45$

$$\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{3.08}.$$

(2). Angle bars, ∠. Fig. 10.

First, when the depth of ∠ is the same.

Ratio of moments of inertia, $\frac{I'}{I} = 4.61$

When worked to the ultimate limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 1.56$

When worked to the elastic limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 2.4$

$$\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{1.54}$$

Next, when the depth is proportioned

Ratio of moments of inertia, $\frac{I'}{I} = 6.91$

When worked to the ultimate limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 2.35$

When worked to the elastic limit, $\frac{M'}{M} = 3.59$

$$\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{2.3}.$$

b. Shapes giving equal bending moments.

(1). I Beams. Figs. 11 and 12.

First, when designed from the ultimate limit of resistance.

Fig. 11.—When the depth is the same, the ratio of cross sections is 1.67, the ratio of weights is 0.553 and $\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{.59}$.

When the depth is proportioned, the ratio of cross sections is 1.39, the ratio of weights is 0.46 and $\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{.82}$.

Next, when designed from elastic limit of resistance.

Fig. 12.—The depth being the same, the ratio of cross sections is 1.11, the ratio of weights is 0.37 and $\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{.38}$

(2). Angle bars ∠. Figs. 13 and 14.

When designed from the ultimate limit, the depth being the same, the ratio of cross sections is 1.74, the ratio of weights is 0.58 and $\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{.58}$.

When designed from the elastic limit, the depth being the same, the ratio of cross sections is 1.19, the ratio of weights is 0.396 and $\frac{f'}{f} = \frac{1}{.38}$.

The above comparisons for resistance to bending and for stiffness give the following results, namely:

1. For bars of square section, giving the same ultimate tensile strength, the ultimate bending moment that each can resist is practically the same, the aluminum bar giving 1.04 times the resistance of the steel bar, while the bending moment before the elastic limit is reached is half as large again for aluminum, the ratio being 1.6. On the other hand, the steel bar is the stiffer of the two, the deviation or flexion produced by the same force being but three-quarters that of the aluminum bar. Thus the aluminum bar, giving the same ultimate tensile strength, an equal ultimate resistance to bending, three halves as great an elastic resistance to bending, of three-quarters the stiffness, weighs half as much as the steel bar.

2. For bars of square section, giving the same elastic strength in tension, the aluminum bar gives 0.6 the ultimate resistance to bending and 0.96 the elastic resistance to bending, is 0.38 only as stiff, but weighs about a third as much as the steel bar, $\frac{1}{2.8}$.

3. For bars of square section, giving the same ultimate strength of compression, the aluminum bar gives 1.33 times the ultimate resistance to bending, and 2 03 times the elastic resistance to bending, is about of equal stiffness, and weighs about 0.59 as much as the steel bar.

4. For bars of square section, giving the same elastic strength of compression, the aluminum bar gives 0.7 the ultimate resistance to bending and 1.07 times the elastic resistance to bending, is but 0.44 as stiff and weighs about 0.38 as much as the steel bar.

5. For bars of square section of the same weight the aluminum bar, giving 2 times the ultimate resistance to tension, 2.8 times the elastic resistance to tension, 1.7 times the ultimate resistance to compression, 2.6 times the elastic resistance to compression, 1.875 times the ultimate resistance to shear, gives in addition 2.94 times the ultimate resistance to bending, 4 5 times the elastic resistance to bending, and 3 times the stiffness.

6. For plates of rectangular sections of the same width, giving the same ultimate strength of tension, the aluminum plate, of half the weight, gives 1.26 times the ultimate resistance to bending, 1.94 times the elastic resistance to bending, and 1.125 times the stiffness.

7. For plates of rectangular section of the same width, giving the same elastic strength of tension, the aluminum plate, of about one-third the weight, gives 0.65 the ultimate resistance to bending, 0 99 the elastic resistance to bending, and 0.41 the stiffness.

8. For plates of rectangular section of the same width, having the same weight, the aluminum plate, giving twice the ultimate resistance to tension, 2.8 times the elastic resistance to tension, gives in addition 5.1 times the ultimate resistance to bending, 7 8 times the elastic resistance to bending, and 9 times the stiffness.

9. For I beams of the same weight and proportioned sections, the aluminum beam gives 2.83 times the ultimate resistance to bending, 4.45 times the elastic resistance to bending, and 3.1 times the stiffness.

10. For angle bars of the same weight and proportioned sections the aluminum angle gives 2.35 times the ultimate resistance to bending, 3 59 times the elastic resistance to bending, and 2.3 times the stiffness.

11. For I beams of proportioned sections, giving the same ultimate resistance to bending, the aluminum beam has 1 39 times the area of cross section, has 0.46 the weight and 0.82 the stiffness.

12. For I beams of the same depth, giving the same elastic resistance to bending, the aluminum beam has 1.11 times the area of cross section, 0.37 the weight and 0.38 the stiffness.

13. For angle bars of the same depth, giving the same ultimate resistance to bending, the aluminum angle has 1.74 times the area of cross section, 0.58 the weight and 0.58 the stiffness.

14. For angle bars of the same depth, giving the same elastic resistance to bending, the aluminum angle has 1.19 times the area of cross section, 0.39 the weight and 0.38 the stiffness.

Of the above results, whose applications to marine construction are pointed out below, the most striking and most significant are those indicating the possibilities of strength with limited weight.

Thus, for equal weight, in the case of square sections not designed primarily for bending, whose simple resistance as seen is about twice as great for aluminum for the ultimate limit and nearly three times as great for the elastic limit, the resistance to bending is nearly three times as great at the ultimate limit and four and a half times as great at the elastic limit, with three times the stiffness.

This advantage of greater resistance to bending and greater stiffness, thus pronounced for square sections, is enormously greater for plating. With the same weight, the aluminum plate offers over five times the ultimate resistance to bending, nearly eight times the elastic resistance to bending, and is nine times as stiff.

These remarkable results flow from the great moment of inertia in the case of aluminum sections, the metal added to supply the increase of area of cross section acting with large leverage about the neutral axis. The aluminum plate being three times as thick, the moment of inertia is twenty-seven times as great. This enormous increase in stiffness, as will be seen below, is of great advantage in the case of thin plates, which are necessarily deficient in stiffness.

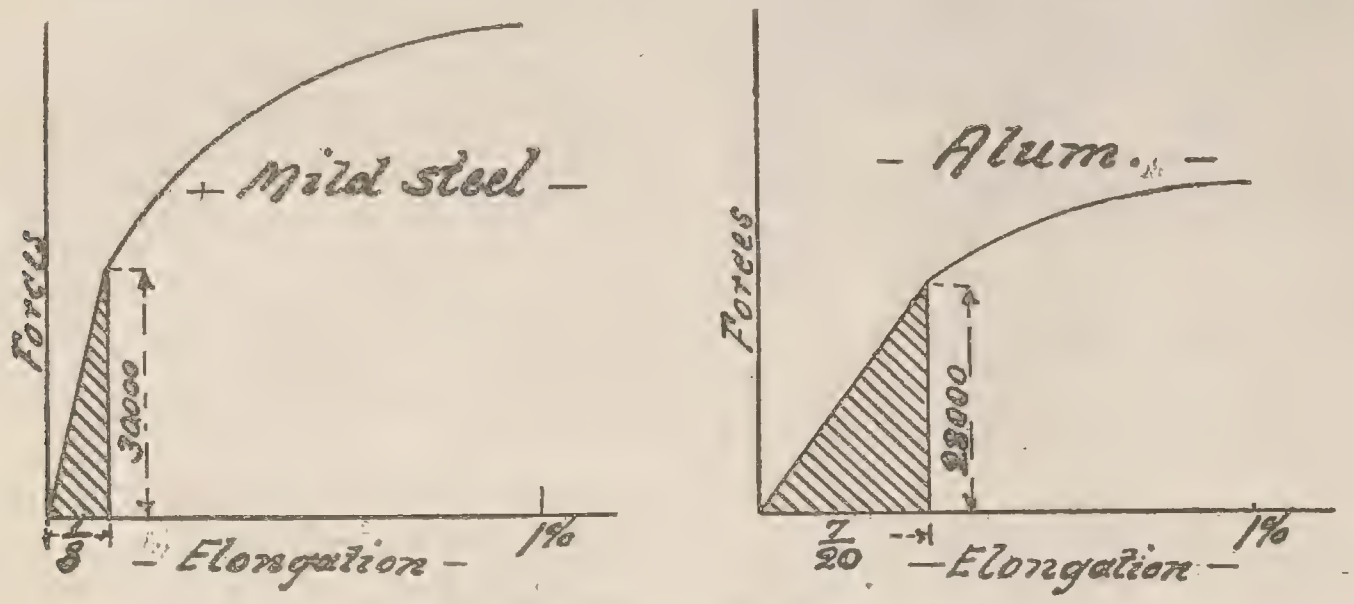


FIG. 15. Extinction of Dynamic Forces. Work Done Within Elastic Limit.

When resistance to bending and stiffness are themselves the objects of design, determining a form of section of large moment of inertia with the usual shapes, such, for instance, as I beams and angle bars, the advantages offered by aluminum are more pronounced than in the cases of simple resistance. With equal weight, it may be said broadly that the aluminum beam gives two and a half times the ultimate resistance, and is two and a half times as stiff. The effect of aluminum's high fraction of elasticity is again striking; when compared for elastic resistance, the aluminum beam gives about four times the strength.

Inversely, to produce a given ultimate resistance to bending, the aluminum beam has about half the weight, though it is not quite so stiff; and to produce a given elastic resistance, the aluminum beam has less than four-tenths the weight, but is only half as stiff.

The above comparisons for simple resistance, and for resistance to bending and stiffness, all so heavily in favor of aluminum, are not complete, however, for passing upon the two metals from the standpoint of strength; for the forces implied are statical, or else are applied gradually, while in the actual service of usual structures, particularly marine structures, the forces are dynamic, and are applied with full effect from the start. The comparison, to be complete, must therefore extend to resistance to dynamic forces.

C.—COMPARISON FOR RESISTANCE TO DYNAMIC FORCES.

Movement, wherever found, represents energy, and is the result of work done; and its destruction requires antagonizing energy, antagonizing work. A force, however great, unaccompanied by movement, generating no energy, doing no work, could extinguish no energy of movement. To extinguish energy, the antagonizing force must retreat, and the amount of energy extinguished results not only from the magnitude of the force, but also from the distance of its retreat. If the resisting force varies in magnitude, the antagonizing work done is the integral of the products of the successive forces by the elementary distances, or is equal to the product of the mean force by the distance.

For comparing the resistance to dynamic forces of steel and aluminum, it is thus necessary to determine or compare the mean force or resistance that each offers, and the distance through which the resistance acts. Taking for the purpose of the comparison the case of tension, the force within the elastic limit starting at zero, is proportional to the extension, so that the mean force up to the elastic limit is equal to half the force at the limit. This gives for steel a mean force of 15,000lbs. per square inch, and for aluminum a mean force of 14,000lbs. per square inch. The elastic extension for mild steel being taken at one-eighth of one per cent., the work done within the elastic limit is $15000 \times 0.00125 = 18.7$ foot pounds per square inch of cross section for each foot of length.

Data is lacking on the direct measurement of the elastic extension of aluminum, but according to Hütte, referred to above, the modulus of elasticity of aluminum is 10,000,000. The modulus for mild steel being taken at 30,000,000, the same force would produce three times more elongation in aluminum. If the elastic limit reached 30,000lbs. per square inch, the elongation would be three-eighths of one per cent. Reaching only 28,000lbs per square inch, the actual elongation would be $^{28}/_{30} \times {}^{3}/_{8} = {}^{7}/_{20}$ of one per cent. The work done, therefore, within the elastic limit is $14000 \times 0.0035 = 49$ foot pounds per square inch of cross section for each foot of length. The work done within the elastic limit per unit area of cross section is therefore 2 61 times greater in aluminum than in steel, as illustrated in Fig. 15. With the same weight, the work done by the aluminum piece, which would have three times the area of cross section, would be 7 83 times as great.

When it is recalled that structures, particularly marine structures, are subject to repeated dynamic forces, which on account of their repetition must be extinguished within the elastic limit, since they would entail destruction if this limit were passed; when it is recalled, thus, that the bulk of usual structural resistance is resistance to dynamic forces within the elastic limit, the above remarkable result takes on the aspect of a most serious advantage, an advantage for aluminum that is overwhelming where the structure is not liable to be subjected to an unusual or extraordinary force. When, however, a single, unusual force is liable to be brought to bear, as frequently the case in marine structures, causing the resisting material to pass its elastic limit, the aspect changes completely, for at the elastic limit the possible work of aluminum is nearing its limit while the work of steel has scarcely begun. Aluminum gives but 10 per cent. elongation in 2in., and practically no elongation outside of the 2in. containing the fracture, while mild steel gives readily 25 per cent. elongation in 8in., and the elongation extends to parts far removed from the point of fracture. Thus when the elastic limit is passed, the bulk of the aluminum piece ceases to lend adequate additional assistance, throwing same upon the narrow region of ultimate fracture, while with steel the whole bulk of the piece continues to contribute proportionately to the end.

It is almost as though the whole volume worked with steel, while only a section worked with aluminum, and the ratio of the two is roughly proportional to the length. For pieces of even moderate length the difference in work done is enormous, as illustrated in Fig. 16. Thus against a single, isolated, abnormal, destructive dynamic force, steel gives an overwhelmingly larger guarantee, but for usual dynamic forces, liable to be indefinitely repeated, aluminum offers enormous advantages.

The application of the results of the above comparisons of advantage and disadvantage from the standpoint of strength and weight are treated below, but these alone are not final in determining the choice between two metals; another important factor enters, namely, cost.

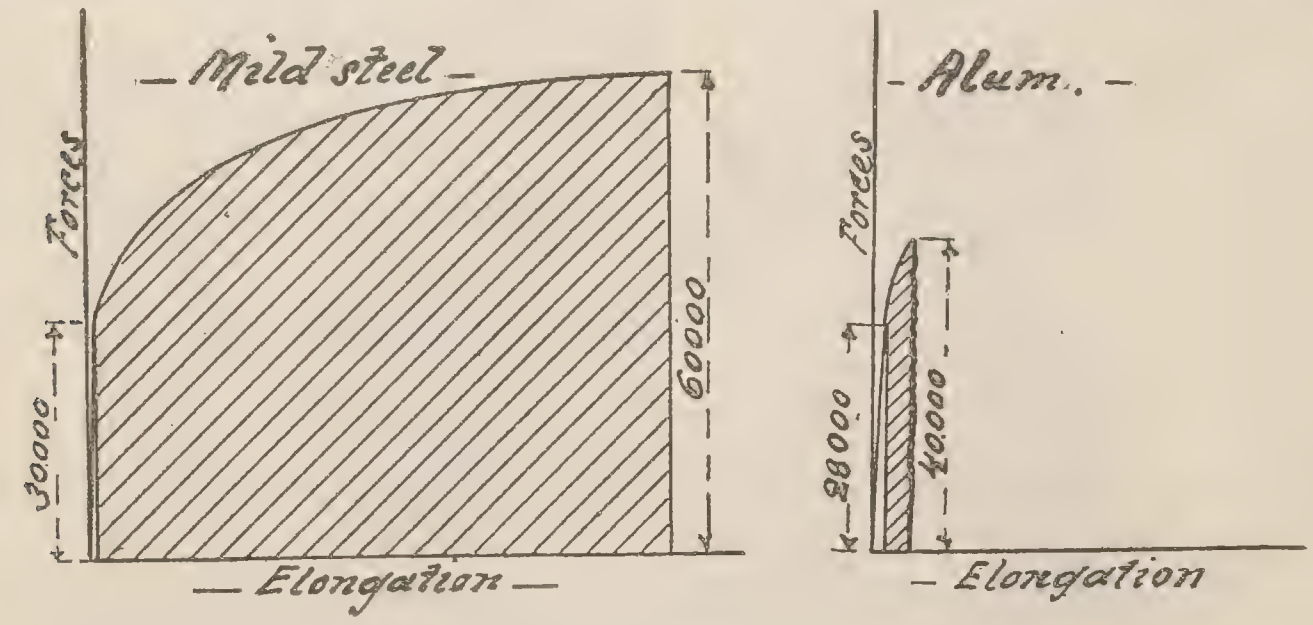


FIG. 16. Work Done Beyond Elastic Limit.

Data for Curves, Figs. 15 and 16.	Mild Steel.	Alum.
Modulus of elasticity,	30,000,000	10,000,000
Elastic limit,	30,000lbs.	28,000lbs.
Elongation within elastic limit,	⅛ of 1%	$^{7}/_{20}$ of 1% (deduced from modulus of elast.)
Ultimate tensile strength,	60,000lbs.	40,000lbs.

Work done within the elastic limit, $W = \frac{1}{2}\frac{S^2}{E} \times V$, the ratio of work done.

S = lbs. per sq. in. at elastic limit,
E = Modulus of elasticity,
V = Volume of body,

is thus, $\frac{30000^2}{30000000} = \frac{30}{78.4} = \frac{1}{2.61}$.
$\frac{28000^2}{10000000}$

Yacht Racing Association Rules.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The publication in your issue of Oct. 9 of the racing rules of the proposed Yacht Racing Association suggests certain points in connection with right of way.

Rule 1 reads as follows: "In maneuvering for a start, up to the time of the starting signal, where two or more yachts with the wind on the same side are standing toward the line, and the weather yacht has the wind freer than the yacht to leeward, the leeward yacht shall have the right to hold her course."

This rule is open to the same objections that were the rules of similar import heretofore adopted or proposed, in that the same dangerous conditions of crowding exist a few seconds prior to the starting gun as are found after the gun has been given. The words "up to the time of the starting signal" do not serve to eliminate the danger which this rule will create. This rule gives the yacht the right to hold her course when there may be ten or fifty yachts, each maneuvering in their own way for the one point of advantage on the starting line which all alike are seeking. The rule applies only to maneuvering for the start, which means that all are constantly shifting helm and that none are actually sailing a course. It is an inconsistency to grant rights on a course when none are sailing a course, but merely "maneuvering." It practically gives a yacht the right to lay a course through a fleet of maneuvering yachts, and if she chose, to cut them down, for the reason that in all good starts there may be a dozen yachts close to the line, and it is only possible to avoid collision by the leeward boats keeping off. A number of boats close together, under these circumstances, cannot get themselves clear if a leeward yacht insists upon holding her luff. The leeward yacht may swing around in a few seconds and be at once in a position to claim her rights on a new course, without notice and without being seen by the windward boats. In maneuvering for the start helmsmen will take chances, and no rule will stop them, and if at the last moment a man finds himself in an inextricable position, the rule should be so framed as to lessen the chances for collision, while the effect of the rule under discussion is to increase danger. The old rule allows every one to take all the chances they please, and at the last moment all danger is avoided because the leeward boat, which is the only one that can do so, must give way. In any case, what reason is there for changing the old rule that has always worked satisfactorily? The worst thing about this rule is that it is unnecessary and contrary to precedent. This maneuvering is also against the spirit of the one-gun start. The idea is to bring all starters to the line at the same instant, with an equal chance, and not to force any boat to windward of the line, which means in close racing that she is out of it from the start.

Rule 6 reads as follows: "An overtaking yacht shall, in every case, as long as an overlap exists, keep clear of the yacht which is being overtaken, except as specified in Sec. 13." In the interest of a clearer definition, and to facilitate the sifting of conflicting evidence in cases of protest, the addition of the following words is suggested: "The overtaking vessel, if to leeward, must not luff until she has drawn clear ahead of the yacht she has overtaken." The leeward yacht is protected by the bearing away rule, but should she luff it is wholly at her own risk—she must keep clear. This addition to the rule also makes mutual rights more definite when two boats are see-sawing for a long time.

Rule 9 reads as follows: "A yacht may luff as she pleases in order to prevent another from passing her to windward, provided she begins to luff before an overlap is established." It is suggested to strike out the words "provided she begins to luff before an overlap is established." The justice of this is, that if a yacht has secured a lead the rules should aid her to retain it; further, under the present rule conflicting evidence in cases of foul always exists, for the leading yacht need only luff a hair's breadth to be able to say she luffed before an overlap was established. If a yacht may luff as she pleases irrespective of the overlap question, then the overtaking yacht knows definitely what he has to do, which is to keep clear.

Rule 14 reads as follows: "When a yacht is approaching a shore, shoal, rock, vessel or other dangerous obstruction, and cannot go clear by altering her course without fouling another yacht, then the latter shall on being hailed by the former at once give room; and in case one yacht is forced to tack or bear away in order to give room, the other shall also tack or bear away, as the case may be, at as nearly the same time as is possible without danger of fouling; but should such obstruction be a designated mark in the course, a yacht shall not force another to tack under the provisions of this rule."

There seems an important omission in this rule, which would be supplied by adding the following words after the words "at once give room"; "provided always an overlap has been established before an obstruction is actually reached"; otherwise an overtaking yacht is at liberty to force a passage between a leading yacht and a shore, for instance, which is not right.

Rule 1 of Marks says that a mark "does not involve any question of sea room," which I interpret to mean that one yacht cannot call upon another yacht to tack to enable her to pass upon a required side of a mark;

Rule 14 says: "but should such obstruction be a designated mark in the course, a yacht shall not force another to tack under the provisions of this rule." The latter provision should be discarded, because the two provisions read together may be inconsistent; in any case, in face of an actual obstruction the rule should not force a vessel into danger.

RALPH N. ELLIS,

Measurement Rules—A Rejoinder.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The reply of the author of the proposed new measurement formula to the criticisms of the writer deserves comment.

First head (*a*)—the statement that many yachtsmen and the yachting press generally, agree that "a measurement rule is intended to encourage the development of a safe, roomy, speedy and easily handled yacht," and that this is "of the first importance," is no answer to the demand for reasons that would justify the attempt to measure speed and to control design by the same formula.

He next says: "All the single formula rules have failed heretofore because they have followed Sextant's advice and have made 'supplementary regulations stating in plain terms how much breadth, draft, cubic contents, displacement of hull, etc., are deemed indispensable for a given L.W.L.'" If the author can cite any cases that tend to prove this assertion he should do so. The writer knows of none.

It is also said that Sextant gives no objections to the use of a single formula for measuring speed and controlling design. The following were stated and seem to have been overlooked, viz.: That such procedure is illogical because the two purposes are entirely different in character; that this plan has uniformly failed heretofore, and that better results will be had by treating each problem separately.

To the suggestion that if measuring speed and controlling design were entirely new problems it is inconceivable that any engineer would try to solve them by the application of the same formula, the author replies: "The primary purpose of all yacht designing is supposed to be to develop forms from which lessons having a commercial value can be drawn." This is not at all to the point, and it is open to question as an independent proposition. It was supposed by the writer that the primary purpose of yacht designing is sport—cruising and racing—and that the end of yacht designing should be the development of the speediest hull consistent with safety and comfort. If lessons having a commercial value, such as the matter of carrying capacity (except on the weather rail), have been studied of late in yacht designing they have produced small results.

It is further said that "Sextant must produce cogent reasons to overcome so universal an experience (the commercial purpose in yacht designing) and establish what appears to be his contention that the only purpose of a measurement rule is to produce speed." There is nothing in his communication that shows any such contention. His assumption is that the prime function of measurement rules is to furnish a basis for comparing speed, *i. e.*, to measure speed, not to produce it.

The author seems to hold that a measurement rule is primarily not a measuring device, but a means of controlling the form of yachts; and that it is so much the best means of controlling form, that it is not worth while to give reasons for using it for this purpose. Yachts are raced together to discover which one has the greatest speed. If all are of the same size, a time-piece is sufficient to settle the question. If they are of different sizes, a measurement rule is necessary to decide the matter. The size of a yacht is a complex thing. An excellent discussion of "size" may be found in the "Yacht Designing" articles now appearing in the FOREST AND STREAM. Measurement rules are based upon the fact that large boats are faster than small ones; and it is the main function of such rules to sum up the different elements of size into a single term, "racing size," which shall have a definite numerical relation to speed, so that appropriate time allowances from large yachts to smaller ones may be computed.

This function of measurement rules the author of the new rule practically ignores in his discussion. Undoubtedly measurement rules have an effect in controlling the forms of yachts, but the total effect cannot be foreseen. The present Seawanhaka rule is an excellent illustration of the impossibility of foreseeing the effect of the formula type of measurement rules upon form. Note the time that elapsed and the number of yachts that were built under the formula before Glencairn I. was produced. The question now is whether it is better to follow again this indirect method in the attempt to build up a fleet of wholesome yachts, or to take the direct method and state precisely what is desired in the matter of form. The Boston knockabouts furnish an illustration of the direct method. All existing freaks are an illustration of the indirect method.

(*b*) "To equalize the chances of winning prizes between boats of different types and characteristics" was given as the second function of the formula. Commenting on this it was pointed out that it is uncertain whether this refers to the ordinary races between racing yachts or to such contests as the handicap races, which are sometimes arranged for cruisers and racers together. The author's reply indicates a possibility that the new formula is not intended to measure speed; and that the purpose is to substitute for them competitions in general excellence, in which other good qualities, as safety, ease of handling and internal accommodation, are to be considered with speed in awarding the prizes. If such a revolutionary scheme is intended it should be definitely announced, so that yachtsmen may discuss it intelligently.

Replying further, the author says: "Sail area is not in the least a factor in the speed that comes from length"; and he demands arguments in support of the contrary view. If yachts of different length be tested with the same sail spread little, if any, increase of speed will be found with increased length. The speed that is commonly said to come from length is mainly an effect of the larger sails that are used on the longer boats.

(*d*) "To leave owner and designer absolutely free to produce anything they please." "In no way can so much positive knowledge be obtained as in experimenting, and so in no way can yachting be benefited. If this is granted, it must also be granted that a good rule will not limit a designer in any direction."

Tested by the foregoing conditions, the proposed new rule is a poor one, for it limits the designer in several directions. It was made on purpose to do so, and to drive out the current type of racing machines, and to induce the building of safer, more roomy, and more easily handled yachts. It is obvious that any rule or formula that contains more than one dimension of a yacht limits the designer. The more dimensions there are included, the more it limits him. The new formula limits him more than the present Seawanhaka formula—more, in fact than any American formula the writer has ever seen—and this is its merit. The trouble is it does not state these limits, so that any one can see what they are at a glance; and they may be limits that will produce undesirable yachts. The new formula contracts the field for experiment to the narrowest limits. It is only because of this ignorance that under this formula a designer would have any field at all for experiment. The rule really allows none. There is likely to be only one winning combination of immersed body, topsides and sail area; and if the designer had sufficient insight or skill in interpreting the rule, he would go straight to that combination without experiment.

Designers have two main problems to solve. One is the general question of the resistance of partly submerged bodies moving in water. In this field there should be the widest opportunity for experiment. The other, which as a practical problem is perhaps the more troublesome of the two, is the interpretation of measurement formulæ of the type of the one now proposed. This is an artificial problem that may in great measure be avoided. Experiment in this field is largely a waste of energy and money, and it should be kept within the narrowest limits possible. This may be done by making rules which are as simple and as precise as possible, hence attempts to control form should be made by explicit statements of dimensions, and not by complicated formulæ, any number of which may be changed at will, and whose ultimate meaning no one can foresee. The best way to encourage experiments concerning the physical question of resistance mentioned above, is to reward speed alone. Set all designers at work to discover speed factors, and interfere with this quest as little as possible. State the minimum amount of hindrances to speed, such as displacement and topsides, that must be insisted upon for the sake of safety and comfort, and give them otherwise entire freedom. Furthermore, yacht owners and club members are entitled to some consideration. They have little inclination to waste time in the study of formulæ whose effect experts cannot discover, and they should not be asked to accept on faith a new rule for controlling design.

With a simple rule to measure speed, and with form controlled by specific restrictions easily understood by everybody, steady progress could be made toward the development of the ideal yacht. With single formula rules a large part of the experience gained is worthless under the next formula, which is sure to come.

Fourth Head.—(1). "The universal experience heretofore of rules supplemental to the measurement formula giving arbitrary limits to certain factors has been bad."

The citation of a few of these cases would be appropriate.

(2) To the suggestion that only enough cubic size of hull should be required to insure safety and internal accommodation, the author says: "the amount of room necessary to insure safety and internal accommodation is one that must be fixed, at least in the second element, by the owner." This is an abandonment of the stated purpose of the formula to control those elements. If H (hull) is left in the formula, its effect should be to produce just enough cubic size of hull to insure safety and accommodation. Otherwise, the formula is a failure, and H might better be excluded.

The objection that the formula credits all size, whether superfluous or reasonable, as equivalent to speed is met by an emphatic denial that it does so.

If in a contest under this formula, a yacht finishing first loses to a slower one having a larger hull, it would seem to be a fair use of language to say that in such case size is credited as equivalent to speed.

The author claims that the formula "credits excessive size as being a desirable quality in a yacht." It is likely that this is a slip of the pen, or a printer's mistake. If he means that size is a desirable quality, that does not answer the objection that excessive size is not desirable.

(3) It was objected "that the formula gives to topsides and deck house equal credit with immersed body," whereas "in the matters of safety and general desirability, they are of very unequal worth."

The author replies that "it is a mistaken assumption to say that they are not desirable," and he quotes the editor of FOREST AND STREAM to the effect that they are desirable. This is singular argument.

(4) The objection was made here that this type of rule is sure to produce a racing machine. The reply is that, on the contrary, it prohibits the building of racing machines; and in proof Canopus and Akista are used to illustrate the fact that the rule bears more heavily on a small boat with large sail than on a large boat with small sail. This has no tendency to show that racing machines of other shape cannot be successfully raced under the rule. The result might be very different if, for example, Canopus had topsides enough to make her cubic contents as large as those of Akista.

It is impossible to ascertain *a priori* the effect of the rule. There is no way to test it except by trying it on existing boats built under other rules. This has been the trouble with all the old rules. They worked well with the boats of the old fleet, but designers proceeded to make something entirely different. The author of the new rule knows that with existing boats the scheme will work, for he has tried it. He cannot know how it will work with yachts of different shape built to fit the rule.

(5) "The formula is not suitable for measuring speed, because its factors (save one), have no numerical relations to speed that can be definitely and accurately stated."

The only answer to this is that it "falls to the ground on account of (*a*)."

This is not explicit enough to be understood by the writer. There seems to be nothing in (*a*) on this point. If this means that it is not intended to use the new formula for measuring speed, it ought to be plainly stated and not left to inference.

(6) "Under this kind of rule the cleverest interpreter of the formula wins, not the designer of lines to give the least resistance."

The author answers, "This is distinctly wrong. That designer wins who produces the best lines on the biggest hull with the smallest sail area; that is, who produces the best all-around boat (under the rule), and this is inevitable."

This answer is only a paraphrase of objection (6) and admits its validity. Such a measurement rule transforms yacht designing into a mathematical study of formulæ; into a nice balancing of the relative worth, under the rule, of topsides and immersed body, with speed; and the calculation of how much speed would better be sacrificed to topsides and deckhouse in order to win. If the designer finds that he can drive a given amount of hull through the air easier than through the water, as seems probable, he will make the topsides as large as possible and the displacement as small as possible. He will have little regard for safety or convenience. He will strive only for the largest number of points under the formula in which size of deckhouse counts as well as speed.

When an individual goes to a designer for a design, he states first what he requires in the matters of safety and accommodation. Then, in addition, he always asks for all the speed possible. If there is any good reason why a yacht club should not follow precisely the same course in relating its wants, it is unknown to the writer.

(8) The author says: * * * "a few such boats (large topsides, small displacement and deep draft) would prove a desirable lesson to those men who think that designing consists in beating the rule by an exaggeration of untaxed elements, instead of by an adherence to principles that are or should be well established and known to every designer of reputation."

(*c*) "Yachtsmen, generally, are a fair-minded body of men, and it is believed that if they feel that a rule is fair they will not attempt to beat it, but will strive to produce the best possible."

These two quotations present the view that racing machines are the result of unfairness on the part of designers and owners. The truth is, owners and designers, in order to win, are obliged to design and build such yachts as the measurement rule calls for. The responsibility for racing machines lies entirely with formula makers. It is impossible to "beat" a rule in any proper sense. What is called beating the rules is interpreting them accurately and following them implicitly. Beating rules is only another way of saying that designers discover more possibilities in the rules than their authors suspected. All trouble from so-called rule-beating will cease when rules are expressed in terms that cannot be misunderstood.

The allowance of time by a small yacht to a larger one (both having the same length and sail) is so illogical that it is not surprising that the author dodges the concrete question put to him, and does not attempt to explain on what basis the amount of such allowance should be computed.

He admits that "speed is influenced by displacement in an unknown ratio; no satisfactory data exists for determining it approximately." Yet he wishes us to believe that increasing L. by $\frac{10\ S.}{H.}$ per cent. for rating purposes, and applying the Herreshoff time allowances (which he also says "are not correct either theoretically or practically"), will produce just the right proportions of displacement, topsides and sail area to make a safe, roomy, speedy and easily-handled yacht.

The philosophy of measurement rules is well stated by C. in his contribution to the discussion.

SEXTANT.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Nahma, steam yacht, Robert Goelet, arrived at Newport on Oct. 28 after a passage of twelve days. Capt. Churchhill is in command.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 17.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared king to-day, with a score of 209. On the honor target Gindele led, with a score of 66. A very tricky fish tail wind blew in the faces of the shooters all day, making it very disagreeable:

Gindele	20	23	21	25	21	22	23	23	20	19—217
	20	23	24	23	21	23	22	16	19	25—216
Nestler	23	24	17	14	19	25	24	23	21	25—215
	19	23	23	23	21	22	23	24	21	13—212
Payne	24	25	23	19	20	22	23	19	25	21—221
	19	25	18	22	23	19	22	18	23	19—208
Topf	16	14	19	17	24	22	17	16	22	14—181
	13	11	23	20	16	15	15	17	21	22—173
Trounstine	19	15	21	24	20	24	22	16	24	22—207
	21	15	19	24	20	9	21	24	19	16—198
Roberts	22	19	21	24	18	15	20	17	20	21—197
	16	20	20	22	15	21	22	24	15	21—196
Uckotter	24	19	20	19	7	22	16	24	18	14—183
	19	14	17	24	18	23	18	21	20	8—182
Strickmier	24	19	22	18	16	24	20	18	16	19—195
	23	22	7	18	12	20	15	21	23	21—182
Drube	18	25	20	18	13	21	22	22	21	16—196
	20	19	23	14	22	22	21	18	16	7—181
Hasenzahl	21	7	23	25	23	25	21	22	11	22—200
	21	17	19	22	20	24	17	23	20	19—202
*Kine	1	14	22	15	16	16	7	18	16	16—138
*Paullin	18	20	19	2	24	11	20	1	4	16—126

* Visitors.

King target:

Gindele	20	23	19	19	19	23	19	24	23	20—209
Nestler	22	24	15	21	22	21	11	24	17	25—202
Payne	15	24	20	12	24	23	21	21	25	19—204
Topf	20	18	16	20	17	14	17	18	18	10—168
Trounstine	20	19	14	22	18	21	20	13	21	18—186
Roberts	24	19	16	7	17	16	19	22	18	20—178
Uckotter	22	18	13	15	20	23	19	11	17	20—178
Strickmier	17	21	15	11	21	19	17	16	22	18—177
Drube	18	20	20	17	25	23	18	18	13	19—191
Hasenzahl	21	15	14	17	21	15	19	18	22	22—181

Honor target:

Gindele	23	23	20—66	Roberts	24	9 14—47
Nestler	20	22	21—63	Uckotter	22	20 16—58
Payne	16	19	20—55	Strickmier	20	18 16—54
Topf	15	17	21—53	Drube	22	22 21—65
Trounstine	17	16	22—55	Hasenzahl	18	16 21—55

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—Sunday last, Oct. 24, marked the close of the outdoor season of the Zettler Rifle Club. The winter season of gallery work commenced this evening at the club's headquarters, 219 Bowery. The weekly club shoots will now be held at the above address every Tuesday evening until March 29. Each member is entitled to shoot five scores at every club shoot. The scores of the members present this evening were:

M Dorrler	246	245	245	244	247—1227
L Flach	239	240	247	242	249—1217
H Holges	246	245	241	238	244—1214
C Zettler, Jr.	236	244	239	245	240—1204
B Zettler	235	241	244	242	239—1201
L P Hansen	237	242	240	241	240—1200
S Buzzini	237	240	241	240	238—1196
W A Hicks	2 9	242	242	238	241—1192
H D Muller	232	236	241	242	240—1191
G P Williams	216	230	241	241	241—1169
H Muenz	212	237	236	228	235—1148

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 24.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Grand Calumet Heights Club on the club's ranges.

Conditions, 10 shots, 200yds.:

Medal shoot		Practice.									
Davis	6126727741—49	3	10	5	3	6	5	3	6	1	4—46
Norcom	4237561406—38										
Harlan	8673216294—51										

PATTI.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Gilbert-Elliott match for the Kansas City *Star* cup

Nov. 6.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Seventh monthly contest of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Silver Lake Gun Club. Coaches meet cars from the city at Second and Mifflin.

Nov. 16-19.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Mr. W. E. Kessler. First two days, open to amateurs only; last two days, open to the world. Added prizes each day. Live birds on the afternoons of Nov. 17 and 19. For programmes address W. E. Kessler, 1105 Maple street, Des Moines, Ia.

Nov. 25.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day tournament of the Bison Gun Club. Sweepstakes and merchandise events. C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dec. 8-10.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. First day, sparrows; last two days, pigeons. Dec. 10, Grand Central handicap, 25 pigeons, $25, birds extra. Entries close Nov. 30, with a forfeit of $10; post entries, $30. Handicaps, 25 to 32yds. Royal Robinson, Sec'y

1898.

Jan. 18-20.—HAMILTON, Ont.—Grand Canadian Handicap. Live birds; $1,000 guaranteed. For full information write secretary, H. Graham, American Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

March 22-24.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. E. A. Jackson, secretary of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., who received a serious injury to his right eye dur-

ing the September shoot for the E. C. cup on his club's grounds, was greeted with evident pleasure by those present at the cup shoot on Saturday last, Oct. 30, when he put in his appearance at the grounds with his eyes covered with dark glasses. It will be a pleasure to all Mr. Jackson's friends to know that his sight is apparently not injured, although the pupil of the right eye is oblong instead of round. He returns to business this week, after a two weeks' residence in a hospital and a three weeks' convalescence. His grit is well shown by the fact that the accident has not put a stop to his preparations for a trip to the Klondike region next spring. He has gotten up a party that will start from this city shortly after the new year. The trip will be made as follows: By sea to New Orleans, thence by the Southern Pacific R. R to San Francisco, and from San Francisco to Dawson City by the all-water route.

At the annual convention of the New York State Association, to be held on Dec. 9, the trap-shooting and the game and fish protective interests will be separated into two distinct bodies. This plan was first mooted at the meeting held in Auburn last June, and met with very general approval at that meeting. We understand that it is proposed to change the title of the present association to one that reads as follows: "New York State Fish, Game and Forest Protective League." The Association stands ready to make over all its right and title in the Dean Richmond trophy and in the Lefever medal to the trap-shooting association or league that will be formed from the clubs interested in that sport, that are now members of the present association, or who may become new members of the new association or league, for the furtherance of the art of trap-shooting in the State of New York. This meeting on Dec. 9 is a most important one to the trap-shooters of the State; they should see to it that their clubs are well represented at such meeting.

It is getting high time that the State Sportsmen's Association of New Jersey was up and doing. It should have held a meeting during the recent State shoot and have decided upon a place where the annual tournament and meeting of 1898 can be held. The State shoot this year suffered from lack of time in which to make adequate preparations for the same. This should not be allowed to happen again, or the organization would be in danger af disintegration through loss of interest. A general meeting should be called by the president at an early date to consider next year's tournament; to choose a place for holding same, and to receive a report of the financial results attained at the recent shoot. Don't let the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association follow in the footsteps of its predecessor, the New Jersey State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and die a lingering death.

B. Waters was with us at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot on Oct. 28, and did some capital shooting for one who seldom takes a gun in his hands. He did not do so well in the big event, but he had fired over 100 shots previously, and was tiring fast. The talk at this shoot, as frequently happens around this city, turned on M. Herrington, of the W-A Powder Co., who is at present in the vicinity of the Klondike, or thereabouts. Somebody asked Waters why he didn't go to the Klondike. "They have no use for a kennel editor up there," said he, "they are not inquiring just now into the pedigree of a dog before they cook him!"

The Pawling, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club will hold its first annual tournament on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25. The occasion will also be a house-warming for its new club house. The programme issued for the day calls for 190 targets at an average entry fee of 10 cents per target. There are five 10-target races, $1 each; three 15-target events, $1.50; two 20-target events, $2; one 25 and one 30-target event, with entrance fees of $2.50 and $3, respectively. Anybody wishing a programme should address Morton Haynes, Sec'y, Pawling, N. Y.

Mr. Royal Robinson, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes us as follows: "Mr. E. H. Tripp, of the Limited Gun Club, has challenged Mr. M. W. Thompson for the Grand Hotel cup, emblematic of the amateur championship of Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois. Mr. Thompson has accepted, and names Crawfordsville, Ind., and Nov 4 as the place and time for the match, which is to be at 100 targets, known traps and unknown angles."

The proposed four-handed match between George S. McAlpin and Louis Duryea on the one team, and Edgar Gibbs Murphy and R. A. Welch on the other, is hardly likely to come off after all. The McAlpin-Duryea end is all ready, but the other side remains to be heard from. As we understood it, the proposition for the match came from the Welch-Murphy side; for that reason we looked upon the match as good as made, knowing that the Greater New York team was ready and willing to shoot.

There are always a lot of tournaments—both at live birds and targets—arranged for Thanksgiving Day of every year. There are also many shooters who are unable to make up their minds as to where to go and what to do on that date. Club secretaries and promoters of tournaments would confer a favor on such shooters, and would also do their shoots some good, by sending us, as early as possible, full particulars regarding these holiday shoots.

Louis Duryea leaves on Thursday of this week, Nov. 4, for the Turtle Lake Club in Michigan. Deer and ruffed grouse will probably lament his appearance in those quarters. On his return, some time in December, he will shoot a match on the Riverton grounds with Yale Dolan for $1,000 a side. The match has been arranged and will surely take place. Had it not been for Mr. Duryea's early departure for the West, the match would have been decided this week.

Justus von Lengerke has forfeited his right to the cup he won at the recent State shoot in New Jersey, and also to the title of State Championship that goes with the cup. Ferd Van Dyke challenged him for the cup as soon as the first shoot for it decided that cup and title went to Mr. Von Lengerke. Van Dyke, therefore, stands ready to defend the emblem and the title against any resident of the State of New Jersey, who is also a member of the State organization.

For the next six weeks or so shooting matters, so far as trap work is concerned, will be rather quiet. All kinds of game will be in season and it is scarcely worth while getting up a target shoot just now, as all the boys are away in the woods whenever they can spare a day from the desk or warehouse. Reports of "plenty of birds" come in from all hands, and we know personally of several very nice bags having been made.

Fred Quimby has gotten back from his trip through the West. He says he has no kick coming from a business standpoint, but regrets that he was unable to be present at the New Jersey State shoot at Clifton to defend his claims to the championship of the State of New Jersey.

Nov. 1. EDWARD BANKS.

Maple City Gun Club's First Annual.

NORWALK, O., Oct. 27.—The Maple City Gun Club of this city commenced its first annual tournament to-day. Among the shooters present were: Ralph Trimble, of Covington, Ky., representing the Du Pont Powder Company; J. 147 L. Winston, of the Austin Powder Company; L. E. Snow, of Cleveland; Latham, J. P. Easton and Valentine, of Monroeville. The latter made the best record on the first day, losing only 5 targets out of 130 shot at in the regular target events:

SCORES OF OCT. 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	*6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	25	20
147	9	13	17	14	11	14	10	17	22	17
Ketcham	8	14	17	12	14	18	12	18	24	..
Trimble	9	12	16	14	11	19	14	17	24	17
Snow	10	14	18	13	14	..	14	14	21	18
Gardiner	9	8	16	13	14	17	13	15	22	18
Burton	9	13	19	15	14	..	12	15	21	13
Easton	10	14	19	13	12	..	13	16	..	..
Riley	7	11	14	10	..	..	12	15	..	..
Valentine	10	15	20	14	15	..	15	19	22	..
Franx	8	..	13	12	12	..	12	16	23	..
Gallup	7	..	18	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bascom	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Vanderpod	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	..
Pearl	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
Lambkin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18

* Event No. 6 is evidently not a regular programme event, and is not counted in the averages.

Two team races were also shot between teams selected by 147 and Gardiner, respectively. Gardiner's team won both matches:

No. 1—Gardiner's team: Gardiner 23, Snow 22, Burton 22—67; 147's team: Trimble 24, Franx 22, 147 18—64.

No. 2—Gardiner's team: Gardiner 21, Snow 21, Burton 21—63; 147's team: Trimble 21, 147 17, Frank 17—55.

In the programme events (which called for 130 targets) the following scores were made: Valentine 125, Snow 117, Burton and Easton 115, Franx 114, Trimble and Ketcham 113, 147 and Gardiner 105, Riley 89.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

ON LONG ISLAND.

JOHN WRIGHT'S FIELD DAY.

Oct. 28.—The Brooklyn Gun Club, under the able management of John S. Wright, gave a most enjoyable one day's shoot on the above date. The attendance was more than satisfactory, conclusively proving Mr. Wright's popularity with the trap-shooters of New York and vicinity. Among those present were: Tom Keller, of the Peters Cartridge and King's Smokeless companies; Ferd Van Dyke, of the W. R. A Co; Louis Duryea, Geo. S. McAlpin, B. Waters, Dr. Little, W. and John B. Hopkins (members of the Aqueduct Gun Club, L. I.), Henry Bramwell, L. H. Schortemeier, Geo. H. Piercy, Dick Phister, W. M. Sanders, L. C. Cornell, H. Van Siclen, and Billy Mills, the boss trapper of Dexter Park. Quite a large number of spectators were also present. The club set out a free lunch that was highly appreciated, while a box of cigars was literally out of sight when everything was over.

The main event was a 30-target handicap for a silver tea service. In this event the handicaps were all arranged with the idea of permitting everybody, scratch men and all, make 30 if possible. This system of handicapping is the fairest, but we think it should be announced beforehand. If a probable scratch man knew that he had a chance to retrieve a miss and thus make a "possible," it would make a difference in his shooting after a miss. The winner proved to be the popular Tee Kay, who had 3 extra targets to shoot at. With his allowance he broke 29; Van Dyke, who had 2 extras, coming within 1 of tying him. Banks also had 2 extras, but could not tie, as he only broke 26 out of 30. Plain Bill broke 25 out of 30. W. Hopkins and H. Van Siclen, both had a chance to tie Keller, but were unable to do so, withdrawing as soon as it was not possible for them to win.

Several sweeps were also shot during the afternoon, quite a large number of targets being thrown. Van Dyke's shooting was worthy of note. The magautrap worked very well indeed, and was the subject of much favorable comment. John Wright "touched the button," while John Regan and W. Paterson looked after getting up the squads and the running off of the events. Below are the scores of the most important events in detail:

Handicap for silver tea-service, $2 entrance. Extra targets allowed.

* T H Keller (3)	1011101110111111110111111111111111	—29
* F V Van Dyke (2)	1111111011111001111111111111110	—28
E Banks (2)	1111110111101110111011111111	—26
P Bill (2)	0111011111011101111111111110111	—25
* W Hopkins (8)	1011011101111111011001111101010	—23
* H Van Siclen (8)	1110101110100101111110101111110110	—23
Fairmount (3)	0001011010111111011010111111	—21
J B Hopkins (5)	0010110101111000101111110111101	—20
L C Cornell (5)	0101111111100110101011101001	—20
B Waters (7)	1111110100011110111010101011000	—19
Dr Littlefield (7)	1101101111000010001101111100	—18
W Mills (6)	1010110101110001110100101111110	—18
H Bramwell (10)	0110000110101110101111111011100	—18
L T Duryea (7)	1110011101010001000101111101011	—17
R Woods (4)	0110100000000011111010010110 11	—14
W M Sanders (12)	0101010C0010110111010101001000	—12

* Keller and Van Dyke shot out their allowances. W Hopkins and Van Siclen withdrew after shooting part of their handicaps when it was impossible for them to tie Keller. None of the others shot out their allowances, as it was impossible for them, if they broke every arget, to tie Keller with 29.

A team race between six-men teams, captained by Van Dyke and Banks respectively, was also shot. This resulted in an easy win for Banks's team by 81 to 72. The winning team averaged just 90 per cent. Scores:

Banks's Team.		Van Dyke's Team.	
L T Duryea	1111111111111111—15	F Van Dyke	1111111111110111—14
J S S Remsen	1111111111111111—15	T H Keller	1111101111111111—14
E Banks	1111111111111111—15	L C Cornell	1011111011111111—13
B Waters	1101111101111111—13	W Sanders	1111111101001101—11
J Hopkins	1101111001111111—12	R Woods	1110011100101111—10
W Hopkins	1111101101110011—11—81	Dr Littlefield	1111110011110001—10—72

The last event of all was a race at 10 targets, entrance 50 cents, for a silk umbrella. The scores were: Van Dyke, Bramwell and Banks, 10; Dr. Littlefield 9, G. S. McAlpin and W. Hopkins, 8; Duryea and Cornell, 7; J. B. Hopkins and Woods, 6; Sanders 4.

The ties on 10 shot off at 10 targets, with the result that Van Dyke and Banks each scored 9 to Bramwell's 8. It was getting very dark, but the tie was shot off again between the two 9s. In this shoot off, Van Dyke missed his 1st target and Banks his 2d, both tying again on 9. In the third shoot-off, Banks lost his 1st target and Van Dyke lost his 5th; thus they tied again on 9 out of 10. In the fourth shoot-off, Banks lost his 9th, but Van Dyke ran straight and won the umbrella. After having it presented to him, he very courteously tendered it to Mr. Henry Bramwell, who had been in the first tie; Mr. Bramwell accepted it in the spirit in which it was offered. A very pleasant conclusion was thus arrived at for a very pleasant afternoon's sport. So dark was it when the final ties for the umbrella were being shot, that George McAlpin, who was refereeing, had to go down on hands and knees to get the targets against the skyline. Van scored 47 out of his 50, including the four series of 10 tie targets.

Sweepstakes shot both before and after the main event resulted as below, all events being decided on bluerocks thrown by the club's magautrap.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	*8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	25	20	15	15	10	25	10	10	10	10	10
Littlefield	9	12	9	11	16	19	16	10	15	10	21	9	..	..	..	..
Van Dyke	6	14	8	15	19	23	20	14	15	10	23	10	9	9	9	10
Remsen	8	12	9	13	18	22	18	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cornell	8	13	9	13	20	19	18	13	13	9	18	7	..	..	..	..
Keller	..	14	9	12	18	21	18	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Waters	..	9	7	12	16	23	17	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Banks	..	..	9	15	20	23	20	15	12	8	24	10	9	9	9	9
Duryea	..	..	..	11	14	17	17	15	14	8	20	7	..	..	..	..
Sanders	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	11	8	7	..	3	..	..	..	..
Woods	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	12	12	8	..	6	..	..	..	..
W Hopkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	7	..	8	..	..	..	..
J Hopkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	7	..	6	..	..	..	..
Fairmont	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	23	..	..	..	..	..
McAlpin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	23	8	..	..	..	..
Bill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	20	..	..	..	..	..
Van Siclen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bramwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	10	8	..	..	..

* No. 8 was the team shoot; No. 12 was the shoot for the silk umbrella; Nos. 13, 14, 15 and 16 were the shoot-off of the ties on 10 in series of 10 targets.

CARTERET'S SATURDAY.

Oct. 30.—The attendance of shooters at the Carteret Club's Saturday shoot on the above date was decidedly flattering to the shooting committee. Sixteen shooters put in an appearance. Event No. 1 was at five birds; this was finally divided between McAlpin, Remsen and L. T. Duryea. No. 2 was a cup shoot, 15 birds, ties at 5 birds, four high guns. Remsen and Gilbert tied for the cup with 15 straight; on the shoot-off Remsen won. Six others scored 14, Jones losing his last bird. The birds to-day were not up to the usual Carteret standard. Scores were:

	No. 1.	Tie.	No. 2.	Tie.
H B Gilbert (30)	22222	220	2222222222222222	00
W S Edey (28)	22022	...	2122220222221	..
Capt Money (29)	12112	120	2222222022112222	..
G S McAlpin (32)	22222	122	022222222222220	..
W A H Stafford (27)	22220	...	2220222212112212	..
B F Jones (29)	22012	...	2222221212221220	..
C S Guthrie (29)	22220	...	022222222122222	..
C Kennard (27)	011	...	20222222210	..
F W Duryea (26)	2102	...	011201	..
J S S Remsen (28)	21212	222	2222212222212222	12
L T Duryea (29)	22222	222	1212222102200	..
J P Knapp (30)	0	...	2222222212220222	..
W Watrous (26)	.....	...	222222022122211	..
F Edey (27)	.....	...	022022122210	..
Hooper (27)	.....	...	22222201022	..

In the cup shoot that followed, the result was long in doubt. Guthrie finally won after killing 37 out of 38. Louis Duryea shot a great race, too, after losing his 8th bird dead out of bounds. Scores were:

No. 3, unlimited birds, 2 misses out, all at 30yds., $10 entrance, cup and 50 per cent. of purse to winner, 30 to second and 20 to third:

Gilbert	2220222222222222122222122222220
W S Edey	22220w
Money	2221102)
Watrous	222122222020
Stafford	2102122222222220
Jones	2122222121111101121120
Guthrie	2212222222212222222222222202222222222222
McAlpin	22212222222222222222222200
L T Duryea	2221222022121122222212222221222222222220
Kennard	022w
F W Duryea	210w
Hooper	22201122122122222211220
Schroeder	22220220

After the 21st round all those in the tie went back 2yds. to the 32yds. mark.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Oct. 26.—The regular monthly live-bird shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, of New York, was held at Dexter Park this afternoon. The attendance of members was quite large. Of the twenty-eight shooters (twenty-seven members and one guest) not a single one made a straight score. E. Metz was high with the solitary 9. The scores were:

Class A, 30yds., 7 points:

E Doeinck	2022202211—8	G Nowak	2•1202212•—7

Twenty-eight yards, 7 points:

J H Voss	12•1102121—8	Wm Sands	20•2022222—7
F Trostel	1110221012—8	P Woelfel	1020201022—6
Ed Paynter	1111001220—7		

Twenty-eight yards, 6½ points:

J Schlicht	0200022210—5

Twenty-eight yards, 6 points:

E Metz	1022212222—9	M H Smith	0120•22101—6
H Seaman	2020120221—7	J Kessler	1010211010—6
H Foster	1022122010—7	L T Muench	2110020200—5
C Weber	1011021201—7		

Twenty-eight yards, 5½ points:

J Kelb	2122020222—8	J Himmelsbach	2110•20220—6
R Regan	1011021020—6	A Knodel	0122201020—6
E Peterson	0120002221—6	C Lang	1100220010—5

Class B, 26yds., 4½ points:

L Stetzle	0120112112—8	J Newman	2010020011—5
F W Richter	1010211020—6	C Schaefer	0000•20020—2

Twenty-six yards, 4 points:

C Robenstein	0111121021—8	E Marquardt	0220020200—4

Guest, 28yds.:

C Wigger	0000210020—3

DEXTER PARK'S SHOOT.

Oct. 27.—Proprietor Lippack, of Dexter Park, announced a live-bird shoot for the above date, the main event to be a 15-bird handicap, $10, four moneys. Had Mr. Lippack announced the conditions under which the handicaps would be awarded, it is safe to say that the entry list of ten would have been more than doubled. As the system devised by Mr. Lippack is somewhat original, it is as well to give it here: "No one allowed inside of 25yds., but everybody allowed to choose his own handicap!" When some one asked him what he meant, he replied: "Oh, well! Whenever they're handicapped they kick all the time. I'm going to let them choose their own marks, and then they can't kick at anybody but themselves." It looked very strange to see such good shots as W. H. Lair and Dr. G. V. Hudson walk right in to the 25yds. mark and stay there. The scores in this event were as below:

Van Allen (26)	22121•2222221222—14	Dr W Green (26)	2221201112222110—12
Dr Hudson (25)	12212•1211221111—14	J Voorhies (25)	2121011101•12201—11
R Woods (28)	2212221122221200—13	R J Smith (25)	1021221110112•01—11
Plain Bill (28)	0222222212•2222—13	W Hughes (26)	1121•2220002222—10
W Lair (25)	2121222212220•222—13	S Barrow (25)	0000000•101•2 — 3

Five sweepstakes were also shot, with the following results:

Nos. 1 and 2 were 5 birds, $3; Nos. 3, 4 and 5 were miss-and-outs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Woods	5	5	..	..	1	Van Allen	4	..	2	1	2
Hudson	5	4	2	3	1	Smith	3	..	..	..	..
Bill	5	4	2	3	2	Green	2	2	0	..	..
Voorhees	5	..	0	2	..	Raynor	..	3	..	..	..
Hughes	5	3	..	3	0	Barron	..	..	1	..	..
Lair	4	2	1	3	2						

THE CUCKOOS AT ROCKAWAY PARK.

Oct. 25.—The bad weather to-day kept many shooters from attending the monthly shoot of the Cuckoos at Rockaway Park. Still enough guns were on hand to make an interesting afternoon's sport. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Birds:	15	10	15	10	10	15	15	15	10	10	10	15
B B Fogarty	11	10	11	7	7	11	12	11	8	5	7	12
Johnny Jones	10	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C C Christopher	..	5	3	1	..	..	..	8	..	6	7	..
Ed Hauer	..	4	2	..	5	6	5	..	5	6	4	5
R Woods	..	..	..	..	9	7	8	8	7	7	6	13
F Coleman	..	..	..	..	4	4	7	..	..	..	..	..
M Batz	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
E Bourke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	4	12
J Stoney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	..	..	..
T Bass	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
E J Meyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
B Wagner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

JOHNNIE JONES.

IN NEW JERSEY.

THE E. C. CUP SHOOT AT HACKENSACK.

Oct 30.—The regular monthly shoot for the E. C. cup at the Bergen County Gun Club's grounds, at Hackensack was held this afternoon. Only eight shooters put in an appearance, one of them being Mr. Rose, a guest of the club, and a member of the staff of Recreation. Mr. Rose shot along with the rest of the boys, making a successful début at the traps. The afternoon was raw and chilly, the clear sky and bright sun of the forenoon being replaced by dull clouds that threatened snow. It was not until almost sundown that the clouds cleared off and the sun streamed forth again. With a dull sky and the yellow of the dying reeds on the Hackensack meadows, added to the varying elevations and angles at which the targets were thrown, the shooting was by no means easy.

Ed Everett, the winner, shot very well for a man with 11 extra targets to shoot at. He scored 20 out of his first 25, and then seemed likely to go all to pieces in the second series, starting off with four losses out of his first 5 targets. He pulled himself together like a veteran, and ran 19 out of his last 20. This gave him a total of 40 and 11 more to shoot at. Both he and Banta didn't do a thing with their allowances. Banta ran his 12 straight while Everett only lost 1 of his 11. He thus finished with a highest possible while Banta tied Banks for second place. Everett shot a Winchester '97 model and 54frs. of W-A; Banta shot one of the Winchester Company's new "brush guns." The race was refereed by Louis Piercy, the champion young target shot of the Endeavor Gun Club. Louis was trying his new Remington ejector, but was short of shells. He showed up well in the practice sweeps shot before and after the main event. Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Company, was out of trim, and was also trying some experiments, a combination that can never be productive of satisfactory results. Platt Adams was at his old game of "flinching"; at times he would take a spurt, and run a nice string of breaks in good, quick time; then he'd "fudge" on target after target, often breaking them "away out yonder," but more often getting a cipher to his credit. Dr. DeWolf, the only man with two wins to his credit for this cup (three wins constituting absolute ownership), lost his first target every time he went to the score. He broke 21 out of each 25, running the last 15 of his second string straight. Toplitz was shooting a gun that was 1½in. too long in the stock for him; the result is evident in his score; but the score does not tell how utterly he pulverized the low and sharp left-quarterers from No. 3 trap. The scores in the cup shoot were as below:

Monthly contest for the E. C. cup, 50 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowances of extra targets to shoot at, entrance, price of the targets:

E Everett (11)	0111111011111101111011101000011111111111111011111	—40
	11111110111	—10—50
E Banks (0)	1110111111111111101111111111111111101111111111111—	47
J R Banta (12)	1011100001111111111011011110110001011101111101111110	—35
	111111111111	—12—47
Dr De Wolf (4)	0111110111110011111111111101111110001111111111111111	—42
	0111	— 3—45
P Adams (10)	1101101101110101101011111110011111111110100111111101	—37
	1101111001	— 7—44
Ed Taylor (4)	1110101101111110111111100101111110111010100111101O	—36
	1101	— 3—39
Toplitz (15)	1101001110000001100110110011110110001110011100111O	—27
	111101001101000	— 8—35
Rose *	0110100001000101011111111001001100101010101011111110—	28

* Guest.

AT SINGAC.

Oct. 28.—The shoot to-day on Bunn's grounds was a complete success. Twelve shooters took part in the main event, several others being on hand but too late to enter. Brewer, at 33yds., and Doty, at 29, divided first money. Scores were as below:

Twenty-five birds, $10, birds extra:	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Brewer (33) 2102212122222211222120222—23	22222—5	..	..
Wright (30) 0211012212200 — 9	22020—3	10	10
Timmons (29) 1202222220202222022222220—20	20202—3	..	..
Hayes (28) 2022221222211222220012220—21	22022—4	..	..
Sinnock (28) 0210112112221122102112220—21	22022—4	..	..
Doty (29) 1222221212221022222220222—23	22222—5	10	10
Money (29) 2021122110211212212222202—22	.....	10	10
Rennard (27) 2212102210022002202202012—18	.....	11	10
Brome (26) 0210221022220212122002020—17	.....	..	..
Smith (28) 2201211022122202022222222—21	.....	11	..
Riley (28) 000 — 0	.....	..	..
Hopper (29) 2122222220222000222220 —17	.....	11	10
Kayhart	.....	..	11

No. 1 was at 5 birds, $3. Nos. 2 and 3 were miss-and-outs, $2, all at 28yds. No. 3 was shot in the dark.

DUTCHER.

Jim Elliott's challenge to Gilbert for the Du Pont trophy makes it look as if there was a fence around the live-bird trophies just now, with only Elliott, Gilbert and Grimm inside the fence.

The Interstate Association's Annual Report.

DURING the season of 1897 the Interstate Association has given one live-bird tournament (the Grand American Handicap meeting at Elkwood Park) and eight target tournaments. The dates of these tournaments were:

Grand American Handicap, March 23, 24, 25.
Baltimore, Md., April 14, 15, 16.
Richmond, Va., April 28, 29.
Savannah, Ga., May 19, 20.
Monroe, La., June 9, 10.
New Haven, Conn., July 14, 15.
Lewiston, Me., Aug. 4, 5.
Montpelier, Vt., Aug. 25, 26.
Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 15, 16.

In the introduction to its review the Interstate Association has this to say:

THE INTRODUCTION.

"The seventh season of the Interstate Association has gone into history as one of the most successful; establishing for it the prestige of being in the very vanguard of clean, moral and legitimate sports of the day—a representative type alike of the trap-shooting fraternity and all that tends to enhance and develop this particular line of sports. This enviable position has been attained in spite of the long drawn-out and discouraging financial depression, which naturally has meanwhile clogged the energies, retarded the efforts, and dampened the ardor of people in well-nigh every direction of human endeavor—whether that of the serious affairs of life or that of mere sport or pastime

"Resuscitating defunct clubs, rousing the moribund, inciting those active and wide-awake to increased and enlarged efforts; creating, rendering manifest and fostering interest in the sport where no concerted inclination had ever before been even suspected to be obtainable; the instruction of segregated sportsmen as a nucleus for subsequent clubbing and a widened spere of usefulness, with corresponding benefit and profit to themselves and to the fraternity: these are of the effective achievements of the Interstate Association during the last season and augur most favorably for a brilliant record in the coming one.

"This has been accomplished by earnest and unremitting efforts on the part of the promoters which has won the plaudits of an exacting public; but the trap-shooting fraternity, quick to realize and recognize true worth, have responded to every call of the Interstate Association, and aided in extending its sphere of usefulness.

"The statistical data and general information conveyed on the following pages of this review are not only self-explanatory, but highly suggestive of the scope of activity and usefulness of the aggregated and solidified interests in the pursuit of our peculiar line of sport, in common so much enjoyed and cherished by us all. If, indeed, under like circumstances 'history repeats itself'—and conditions bid fair to be better than ever before—then, truly, will the showing of 1898 equal, if it doesn't eclipse that of '97."

THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

The inaugural tournament for 1897 was the fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, which was decided at Elkwood Park, near long Branch, N. J., March 23, 24 and 25. The Interstate Association guaranteed $1,000 (and all surplus added) in the main event, which was shot under the following conditions, viz.: 25 live birds, $25 entrance, 50yds. boundary with a dead line at the 33yd. mark, handicaps ranging from 25 to 33yds., high guns to win, and moneys to be divided in accordance with the number of entries received.

The system of dividing the moneys which prevailed in 1895 was adopted again for 1897, the divisions, however, being graduated up to 150 entries for this year's event. The entry list was a most gratifying surprise to the Association. From twenty-one in 1893, the year the first Grand American Handicap was shot, it had sprung to 146 in 1897, a number greater than ever before in the history of trap-shooting in this country paid entrance money in an event of this kind. An entry list of 146 shooters in an open-to-all handicap at 25 birds, $25 entrance, birds extra, high guns to win, broke all records and speaks volumes for the popularity of this annual event. Of the 146 entries, 129 were regular entries at $25 each, six were penalty or post entries at $35 each, and eleven were forfeits at $10 each, making the total purse amount to $3,545. The purse under the system of division of moneys adopted by the Interstate Association provided for twenty-six moneys. The handicaps were so eminently fair and just, and the birds such a superb lot of flyers, that there was but one straight score of 25 made—which took the first prize of $500. Nine tied on 24 out of 25 and divided the next nine moneys—$1,696.15—a total of $188.45 each. Eleven were tied for the next eleven moneys—$1,094.35—and divided without a shoot-off, each man receiving $99 50. Thirteen men scored 22 and divided $254 50, each man receiving $19.55.

With a total of 135 shooters facing the traps it is impossible, in this review, to give the score of each individual. The following, however, shows the money winners:

Twenty-five straight: T. A. Marshall (28yds.) won first money, $500.

The ties on 24 were: W. F. Carver (32), H. C. Koegel (27), J. L. Williamson (30), F. V. Van Dyke (29½), Ed. Voris (29), Geo. Cubberly (29), J. E. Applegate (28), C. F. Arno (27½), E. C. Burkhardt (27). They divided $1,696.15—a total of $188.45 each.

The ties on 23 were: C. W. Budd (30½), R. A. Welch (30½), R Merrill (30), O. R. Dickey (30), W. S. King (30), W. Dunnell (29), F. D. Alkire (29), C. Furgueson (29), A. L. Ivins (29), Arkansas Traveler (29), Dr. V. G. Hudson (27½). They divided $1,094.35—a total of $99 50 each.

The ties on 22 were: C. M. Grimm (32), F. Parmelee (30½), C. M. Powers (30), C. S. Guthrie (29), H S. Coldren (29), J. S Rehrig (29), C. Von Lengerke (28½), J. Hamilton (28), R. Phister (28), F. G. Moore (28), Harry Thomas (28), Col. J. T. Anthony (27), Moccasin (27). They divided $254.50—a total of $19.55 each.

One hundred and fifty shooters took part in the tournament and $7,058.40 was divided in different purses. The total number of live birds trapped was 5,278.

IN THE MONUMENTAL CITY.

The second tournament was given at Baltimore, Md., April 14, 15 and 16, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association. The first two days was devoted to inanimate target shooting, and the third day to live-bird shooting.

Best Averages, First Day.

	Per cent.
Sim Glover, first	93.7
E D Fulford, second	92.5
F V Van Dyke, third	90.8

Best Averages, Second Day.

Sim Glover, first	92.5
E D Fulford, second	89.7
J S Fanning, third	88.5

General Averages, Both Days.

Sim Glover, first	93.1
E D Fulford, second	91.1
Hood Waters, third	87.4

THIRD DAY.

The principal event the third day was the Maryland Handicap at live birds. The conditions were 25 live birds, $20 entrance, handicaps 25 to 32yds. J. L. Brewer (32yds,) and W. R Crosby (30yds.) killed 25 straight, and divided first and second money. E. D. Fulford (30yds.), F. D. Alkire (29yds.) and J. M. Hawkins (29yds.) each killed 24, and divided the remainder of the purse.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 51. Average entry first day, 34; average entry second day, 27.9; average entry third day, 20¾. The total amount of money divided in purses was $2,658.40. 15,585 targets and 1,249 live birds were trapped during the tournament. $450 was added to the purses by the Baltimore Shooting Association.

THE OLD DOMINION.

The third tournament was given at Richmond, Va., April 28 and 29, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

Best Averages First Day.

	Per Cent
Edward Banks, first	92.6
F V Van Dyke, second	92
C L Hewitt, third	88

Best Averages Second Day.

Hood Waters, first	88.6
F V Van Dyke, } second	87.3
W T Mitchell, }	
J M Hawkins, } third	85.3
R Malone, }	

General Averages Both Days.

F V Van Dyke, first	89.6
Edward Banks, second	88.6
J M Hawkins, third	86.3

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 50. Average entry first day, 28.9; average entry second day, 24.1. The total amount of money divided in purses was $908.91. 8,372 targets were trapped during the tournament. $200 was added to the purses by the West End Gun Club.

THE EMPIRE OF THE SOUTH.

The fourth tournament was given at Savannah, Ga., May 19 and 20, under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club.

Best Averages First Day.

	Per cent.
B H Worthen, first	95.8
H G Wheeler, second	91.7
Edward Banks, third	88.2

Best Averages Second Day.

H G Wheeler, first	92.3
B H Worthen, second	91.1
Edward Banks, } third	90
G H Peterman, }	

General Averages Both Days.

B H Worthen, first.	93.2
H G Wheeler, second	92
Edward Banks, third	89.1

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 42. Average entry first day, 23.3. average entry second day, 22.6. The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,122.98. 10,717 targets were trapped during the tournament. $200 was added to the purses by the Forest City Gun Club.

AMONG THE BAYOUS.

The fifth tournament was given at Monroe, La., June 9-10, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

Best Averages First Day.

	Per Cent.
A H Piety, F V Van Dyke, } first	90.5
J A Jackson, second	80
Mr Dabney. Frank Arright, } third	87

Best Averages Second Day.

J A Jackson, first	92
F V Van Dyke; second	91
Mr Dabney, third	87.5

Best Averages Both Days.

F V Van Dyke, first	90.7
J A Jackson, second	90.5
Mr Dabney, third	87.2

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 29. Average entry first day, 20.5; average entry second day, 16.2. The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,006. 8,285 targets were trapped during the tournament. $200 was added to the purses by the Monroe Gun Club.

THE CITY OF ELMS.

The sixth annual tournament was given at New Haven, Conn., July 14 and 15, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club.

Best Averages First Day.

	Per cent.
F V Van Dyke, first	94.2
O R Dickey, second	92.5
B Leroy Woodard, third	92

Best Averages Second Day.

O K Dickey, H Mills, } first	93.7
J L Winston, second	93.1
F V Van Dyke, third	92.5

General Averages Both Days.

F V Van Dyke, first	93.4
O R Dickey, second	93.1
B Leroy Woodard, third	91.1

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 50. Average entry first day, 36 2; average entry second day, 33.3. The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,378.50. 12,540 targets were trapped during the tournament. $200 was added to the purses by the New Haven Gun Club.

IN THE PINE TREE STATE.

The seventh tournament was given at Lewiston, Me., Aug. 4 and 5. under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Best Averages First Day.

	Per Cent.
O R Dickey, first	94
N E Money, G R Hunnewell, J Wilkes, } second	92
B Leroy Woodard, W F Parker, } third	90.6

Best Averages Second Day.

O R Dickey, first	94
N E Money, F V Van Dyke, B Leroy Woodard, } second	92
G R Hunnewell, third	91.3

General Averages Both Days.

O R Dickey, first.	94
N E Money, second	92
G R Hunnewell, third.	91.6

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 49. Average entry first day, 31.3; average entry second day, 26.1. The total amount of money divided in purses was $782.20. 11,510 targets were trapped during the tournament.

AMONG THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

The eighth tournament was given at Montpelier, Vt., Aug. 25 and 26, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Best Averages First Day.

	Per Cent.
O R Dickey, B Leroy Woodard, } first	94.8
F A Standish, second	93.7
Edward Banks, third	93.1

Best Averages Second Day.

Edward Banks, first.	95.4
O R Dickey, second	94.8
B Leroy Woodard, third	93.5

General Averages Both Days.

O R Dickey, first	94.8
B Leroy Woodard, Edward Banks, } second	94.2
E B Wadsworth, third	89

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 54. Average entry first day, 34; average entry second day, 28.8. The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,233.90. 14,542 targets were trapped during the tournament. $200 was added to the purses by the Montpelier Gun Club.

WITH THE GRANITE BOYS.

The ninth tournament was given at Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 15-16, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun club.

Best Averages First Day.

	Per Cent.
B Leroy Woodward, first	95.1
W F Parker, E B Wadsworth, } second	92.7
O R Dickey, third	92.1

Best Average Second Day.

J J Hallowell, first.	98.7
B Leroy Woodward, F V Van Dyke, } second	94.5
W F Parker, third	93.3

General Averages Both Days.

B Leroy Woodward, first	94.7
J J Hallowell, second	93.9
W F Parker, third	93

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 49. Average entry first day, 30.1; average entry second day, 18.4. The total amount of money divided in purses was $412 90. 8,400 targets were trapped during the tournament.

RECAPITULATION.

In the table as outlined below will be found a summary of the work accomplished during the season of 1897. Noting the fact that the tournaments were given in relatively far distant points, and as a rule in the smaller cities, the results are indeed very gratifying:

Shooters taking part	516
Live birds trapped	6,527
Targets trapped	89,951
Money divided in purses	$16,562 22

THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP IN '98.

The Interstate Association closes its review of the work done in 1897 with the following note regarding its plans for the Grand American Handicap and the target season of 1898:

"The Grand American Handicap at live birds will mark the opening of the season of 1898 It will be held at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., March 22, 23 and 24. It is the intention to perfect arrangements for giving the most interesting series of tournaments during the season of 1898 yet proposed in the history of the Association. Clubs contemplating holding tournaments, and desiring the assistance of the Interstate Association, should make early application for same."

On Thursday, Oct. 28, Ferd Van Dyke shot exceedingly well. He broke 221 targets out of 235 shot at over the Brooklyn Gun Club's magautrap. He broke 47 out of the last 50 shot at, the final 30 being thrown when it was almost too dark to see to shoot.

The Cherokee Gun Club's Tournament.

CHEROKEE, Ia., Oct. 20.—The first annual tournament of the Cherokee Gun Club, of this city, was held yesterday and to-day. The scores made were particularly good for amateurs, as the weather was bad and the background poor. Mr. Harris, of Sioux City, Ia., deserves special mention for the averages made by him on the two days: 91.6 on the first day, and 95 per cent. on the second day. The average entrance on the first day was 32 and on the second day 22. Scores of both days, showing each man's percentage of breaks follow:

SCORES OF OCT. 19.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	15	10	15	Broke.	Shot at.	Av.
Palmer	10	13	20	13	8	15	19	12	110	120	91.6
Smith	9	12	17	13	7	12	17	13	100	120	83⅓
Patch	9	15	18	13	10	14	17	13	109	120	90
Sittler	9	9	14	8	9	12	12	9	82	120	68
Powers	8	13	16	11	10	11	15	12	96	120	80
Thurston	8	10	14	13	7	11	17	12	92	120	76
Hamilton	8	13	19	14	9	14	19	13	109	120	90
Harris	10	13	18	14	10	12	19	14	110	120	91 6
Rust	8	12	19	11	10	13	16	14	103	120	85⅚
Slocum	8	13	19	13	10	15	19	14	111	120	92.5
Trotter	9	12	18	13	9	12	20	10	101	120	84
Keife	5	8	14	7	3	8	11	4	70	120	58
Deitrick	5	5	12	9	9	7	10	8	65	120	54
Gilbert	9	10	15	12	7	11	15	11	90	120	75
Hornibrook	5	7	11	8	5	10	17	9	72	120	60
Brandon	10	14	17	12	9	14	19	14	109	120	90
Betsworth	9	10	17	14	6	13	13	13	95	120	79⅙
Townsend	6	10	17	11	7	10	13	13	87	120	72.5
Miller	7	12	13	11	8	13	15	12	91	120	75⅚
Salem	7	10	14	10	8	12	19	13	93	120	77⅚
Leuhrs	6	10	16	13	8	12	18	12	95	120	79⅙
Rickard	9	11	17	11	9	11	12	10	90	120	75
J Weart	..	..	13	12	3	9	14	13	64	95	67
Klink	5	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	25	45	55
Bradley	7	11	15	5	..	..	..	..	38	65	59
Daniels	6	7	10	5	..	8	14	11	61	110	55
Lenard	5	7	9	8	..	..	..	..	30	65	46
Cross	6	8	..	..	7	..	..	..	21	35	60
Gray	..	..	..	..	6	15	17	13	51	65	79
W G Weart	..	..	..	..	3	9	10	8	30	65	46
Anderson	..	..	..	..	2	2	9	4	17	65	24
White	..	..	..	..	8	13	15	12	48	65	74
Mrs Slocum	..	..	..	..	5	12	13	..	30	45	70
I Weart	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	15	35	42
Titchman	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	..	25	35	70
Jameson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Pelton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Dickey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Cleaver	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Gunmow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..
Hartman	..	8	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bowen	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cook	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

SCORES OF OCT. 20.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	15	20	15	Broke.	Shot at.	Av
Palmer	8	15	19	14	10	14	19	15	112	120	93⅓
Leuhrs	10	11	16	11	8	11	16	14	97	120	80.7
Gunmow	7	12	18	12	9	10	12	14	94	120	78⅓
Jameson	8	12	7	11	10	12	14	9	83	120	69
White	9	13	19	14	8	13	15	14	105	120	87⅝
Slocum	10	13	18	14	7	13	19	14	108	120	90
Rust	8	12	17	10	10	14	15	14	100	120	83⅓
Harris	10	14	20	12	9	14	20	15	114	120	95
Grant	5	11	6	8	7	6	13	10	66	120	55½
Smith	7	12	14	15	9	13	16	12	98	120	81⅔
Jackson	4	3	3	7	3	5	6	4	35	120	29
Trotter	10	14	16	14	9	13	19	15	110	120	91.6
Littler	8	13	16	11	9	14	18	11	100	120	83⅓
Patch	8	13	16	11	7	12	20	14	109	120	90
J Weart	5	7	10	11	6	9	16	9	73	120	62
Gray	8	7	16	9	9	12	18	11	89	120	74
Daniels	5	10	..	9	5	11	9	..	...	...	....
Leonard	7	13	..	9	6	11	11	6	...	...	....
Keife	6	13	14	11	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Salem	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
R Dickey	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
W Weart	4	6	7	5	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Kitchen	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
N Bowen	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Gerlach	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Hartman	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Ballard	..	..	9	6	10	..	..	..	...	...	....
Moore	..	..	7	4	4	..	..	..	...	...	....
Diamond	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Cobb	..	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Pelton	..	..	..	7	8	..	..	..	...	...	....
J Weart	..	..	..	6	7	..	..	..	...	...	....
Mrs Slocum	..	..	..	..	5	8	17	11	...	...	....
Hornibrook	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	...	...	....

Reed-Hurst Shooting Park.

ERIE, Pa., Oct. 13.—The fall tournament at Reed-Hurst, under the management of Mr. Carl M. Reed, was held yesterday and to-day. The grounds were in good order and the weather all that could be desired. Among those in attendance were: Dr. C. A. Miller (C. A. M.), J. A. McNary and G. S. Harrington, of Greenville; John A. Wilson, E. D. Mallory and C. K. Brown, of Franklin; J. M. George, Miles Grove, and Capt. G. S. Wride, Rochester, N. Y. In the handicap for the Reed-Hurst cup Wilson and Bacon tied with 20 straight, Wilson winning easily with 4 out of 5 in shooting off, Bacon losing 3 birds. In this event George and Webber divided third and fourth money, each having killed 19. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	10	20	25	10	15	10	25
Bacon	9	13	3	13	16	6	10	9	18
Wride	8	14	9	16	16	7	10	8	14
Mallory	6	11	9	13	22	9	8	5	..
Wilson	6	10	6	14	16	9	11	8	18
Reed	5	7	4	..	7	4	..	6	..
Brown	4	..	3	..	14	8	13	8	19
Childs	..	12	10	13	9	7	11	..	..
George	..	..	7	13	12	8	12	8	21
Tuttle	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	6	..
Ricart	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	5	..
Webber	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	10	..
C A M	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	8	22
Alexander	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	9	20
Harrington	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	6	..

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 were shot on Oct 12; Nos. 6, 7, 8 and 9 on Oct. 13. No. 5 was at 15 singles and 5 pairs.

The following events were also shot, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 being at sparrows; Nos. 5, 6 and 7 at pigeons:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Live Birds:	10	15	15	10	7	5	7	Live Birds:	10	15	15	10	7	5	7
Reed	9	12	8	..	5	2	5	Siegele	7	14	..	..	4	..	..
Cavanaugh	9	12	..	..	6	..	5	Brown	6	9	8	4	5	..	..
Bacon	9	13	14	8	6	5	6	C A M	..	..	..	14	8	..	..
Childs	8	12	12	..	7	4	7	Webber	..	..	..	14	10	..	..
Mallory	8	10	13	8	7	..	..	Alexander	..	..	..	10	8	..	..
Wilson	8	6	11	7	6	5	7	Harrington	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
George	7	10	10	9	7	2	6	Derby	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Wride	7	9	..	8	6	5	4								

Events Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6 and 7 were shot on Tuesday, Oct. 12; Nos. 3 and 4 on Oct. 13.

The following event was also shot on Oct. 13:

Reed-Hurst handicap, 20 live birds, $10, 4 high guns:

Wilson (28).....2112121221112211211222—20
Bacon (23).....2112111122121212112—20
George (27).....2212112221212222211—19
Webber (27).....1112111111211110111—19
Alexander (27).....0102221011111102012 1—15
Childs (27).....1222221201122 120 —14
C A M (27).....2023011001011202 1030—11
Wride (26).....1022211111100 —10
Reed (26).....0101211210 — 7

Tie shoot-off, 5 birds:

Wilson.....01112—4 Bacon.....00210—2

T. W. B.

Election Day, Tuesday, Nov. 2, causes the usual disruption in FOREST AND STREAM'S going-to-press days. We go to press this week on Monday, Nov. 1, much valuable matter received on that date having to be held over until the following issue. Club secretaries and correspondents generally will please note this fact, and show forbearance if their copy does not appear in this issue.

Kentucks Gun Club's Annual,

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 16.—The very best tournament ever given on the Kentucky Gun Club's grounds came to a close to-day, adding fresh lustre to a gun club which needed but little in that direction. Too much cannot be said in praise of the management; nor can the most vivid imagination overdraw the hospitality and extreme fair play extended to all. The weather was simply perfect, and all in all it was a most thoroughly enjoyable affair.

Towering above all is the magnificent form displayed by Allen P. Houston, who on target day made a run of 97 straight bluerocks, losing only 11 out of 200. This with a Parker gun and Dupont powder. On the second day J. D. Gay did some grand work scoring all his live birds but one. Shooting at between 50 to 55.

SCORES OF OCT. 14.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12			
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
A P Houston.	14	14	20	12	14	19	15	15	20	15	13	18	200	189	94.5
J D Gay.....	13	14	17	13	13	19	15	14	19	15	12	18	200	182	91
J J Hallowell.	15	13	19	14	14	18	11	14	19	14	13	17	200	181	90.5
R L Trimble..	14	13	18	13	14	20	11	12	19	14	13	20	200	181	90.5
Shipp	14	13	17	13	15	15	15	15	17	11	13	18	200	176	88
J W Broyles..	12	12	17	12	14	20	12	13	19	12	14	18	200	175	87.5
H Lyons	13	14	19	11	14	18	13	14	18	13	12	15	200	174	87
G W Clay. ...	14	13	14	14	14	14	12	12	18	11	13	16	200	165	82.5
Ripp.....	12	9	14	14	14	17	11	13	17	12	14	18	200	165	82.5
Miller.....	10	14	15	13	8	17	12	13	18	11	13	18	200	162	81
A W du Bray.	12	14	12	9	9	14	12	13	17	14	14	16	200	156	78
Ochner.....	14	9	16	9	12	18	8	9	15	12	8	16	200	146	73
Harris	9	5	14	14	12	15	9	7	16	13	10	20	200	134	67
W Woodcock..	12	13	18	9	10	17	..	11	..	13	11	20	165	133	80.6
W F Hook	12	13	15	12	11	..	11	9	..	10	..	16	145	109	75.1
Winter.....	9	9	12	9	6	10	..	..	..	14	..	..	13	140	82	58.5
J H Mackie....	13	11	15	8	13	15	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	130	98	75.3
Brickner	..	12	14	10	7	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	105	57	54.2
B Ballard.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	17	14	14	18		100	89	89
Southern.....	9	8	16	10	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..		95	65	68.4
F D Alkire....	9	7	13	4	..	..	12	13	..	..	..	..		95	58	61
Dr H Marsh...	..	..	16	12	12	16	..	10	..	..	..	..		85	66	77.6
N V Boddie....	..	..	1	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..		40	3	7.5

SCORES OF OCT. 15.

Kentucky Handicap, 15 birds, $10, four high guns, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; handicaps, 25 to 30; twenty-two entries. Total net purse, $220:

G W Clay (30)	2222122222222122	—15	Shipp	222220120	— 7
J D Gay (30)	2222222222222222	—15	Harris	222202220	— 7
R Smith (29)	1222212121211122	—15	Jonah	21101221	— 7
W A Fawcett (28)	2122212222112222	—15	Hallowell	2112110	— 6
Hazard	2222222222222122	—13	Trimble	1101110	— 5
Miller	222212112110	—11	Richardson	022110	— 4
Boddie	2222222220	— 9	Woodcock	210220	— 4
Williams	2022222222	— 9	Lyons	220220	— 4
Ballard	222222210	— 8	Ripp	12002	— 3
Du Bray	222102222	— 8	Hook	2200	— 2
Winter	212112002	— 7	Broyles	100	— 1

Messrs. Clay, Gay, Smith and Fawcett, the four who divided up the $220, all shot Parker guns.

Some miss-and-outs were also shot. In one of these, which was decided before the above event was called, Messrs Gay and Smith each scored 10 straight.

Third Day, Oct. 16.

On the third day the Kentucky championship event, 25 pigeons, was decided. Four men made the highest possible, and finally "The pride of the grand old club," Sam Hutchings, carried off the cup, shooting in absolutely faultless form from start to finish, and shaking off by sheer persistence "The Kentucky cyclone," Bland Ballard, last year's winner.

As proof of the shooting prowess of Mr. Hutchings, *Le Grand Magnifique*, it is necessary to say no more than that out of the four yearly events he has been in first flight three times, having tied the winner twice, and finally captured the much coveted cup himself this last time. In other words, he scored in the last three events 73 out of 75 pigeons shot at, and one dead out of bounds.

One of the agreeable surprises of the meet was the great shooting displayed by Mr. W. P. Woodcock, of Danville, Ky., who, though quite a novice, ran out his 25 straight in such style that one would naturally regard him as a seasoned veteran. These youngsters are always giving one something to guess, one way or the other—and so are the old chaps for that matter—but there isn't much guesswork about a man like Woodcock; all he needs is practice.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF KENTUCKY.

Championship of Kentucky, 25 birds, $10, birds extra; silver cup to the winner. Class shooting, four moneys, 35, 25, 20 and 10 per cent., with 10 per cent to the club; twenty-one entries; total net purse $210.

S Hutchings	2222222222222222222222222	—25	2222222221222222	—15
B Ballard	1221111111221211211222211	—25	2222222211112021	—14
A W du Bray	2212222222212222221222222	—25	1121221011	
W P Woodcock	2122211112222212112222222	—25	1211122101	
Jonah*	1122111121001211211222211	—24		
A P Houston	1122222221222211220221222	—24		
J A Gay	1222211022212221222222222	—24		
H Lyons	2222222222222222220022222	—23		
R Smith	1212222112211221112022102	—23		
E Pragoff	1220221222222122011021122	—22		
Dr Marsh	1122102111022211221011222	—22		
W A Fawcett	2022012222212202022222222	—21		
Churchill	2121211202222121112020120	—21		
De Long Miller	2200212211112212220201112	—21		
G W Clay	2222202221222201222200222	—21		
N V Boddie	0222222202221221200212122	—21		
W F Hook	2101212221221101120011222	—21		
R L Trimble	1112221021210121201202222	—21		
Harris	2222022222222202022202222	—20		
J Winter	0021210101110002121022012	—16		
Shipp	001111011100	— 7		

* Score mailed to us shows two misses.

Straight scores paid $18.37; 24 paid $17.50; 23 paid $21, and 22 paid $10.50. Ten of the twenty-one entries did not get in for the money.

Mr. Sam Hutchings, of Louisville, used a 7lbs. 14oz Parker hammerless gun, U. M. C. 2⅞in. Smokeless shells, 44grs. Du Pont powder, and Tatham No. 7 chilled shot in both barrels.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Harry J. Lyons sawed wood, and sawed wood, quiet as a mouse all along, hugging a chair and looking demurely dangerous; very bad medicine; so awfully quiet; so grimly determined, and so smack in the middle did he shoot that it looked nasty all the way up to his 19th bird, and then came a frost. Well, there are twisting drivers, and driving twisters, and these are all bad enough; but when a fellow gets a zigzag driving twister (one that is also a twisting, driving, zigzag, low-down hug-the ground-black-imp-of a ghost) what is a fellow to do, poor thing? and that's what he got, with a goose egg to boot, see?

Bland Ballard, fresh from the East, brown and tanned by sea air, and full of life and vigor, shot away up, clinging with his usual tenacity to "the magnificent." He has acquired a kind of *grande fleurische* to his gun, which is dashing in the extreme. And then he uses his first barrel so awfully well that a pigeon must think, if he or she thinks at all, that it is quite out of the question to try to get away. I tell you, gentlemen, all that swing at arm and stride a leg is impressive, if not on the pigeon, at least on the contestants, for with it goes perforce, strength, agility, flexibility of muscles and confidence; and all these things, backed by courage and good judgment, are Bland Ballard's chiefest merit. So when a fellow swings himself to the score in that peculiar fashion he carries a *Je ne sais quoi* about him that is somewhat distracting and in direct contrast to the chap who creeps up there as though on eggs, fearful lest he twist a joint or undo a kink somewhere that had better be left unkinked

Mr. J. J. Hallowell, representing the U. M. C. Co., came upon us in the nick of time, having dashed across from New York for the occasion. Mr. Hallowell is new in this line, *i. e.*, talking up ammunition, but it is needless to say that so finished a shot, agreeable a man, genial, pleasant (and handsome with it all) a personage, must carry weight in whatever he undertakes, and Mr. J. A. H. Dressell is to be congratulated on having secured the services of so courteous a gentleman.

Mr. Damman, of the Winchester Arms, graced the grounds with his presence for a short time, but unfortunately could not stay long enough with us.

Mr. R. L. Trimble, representing the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies, hammered away in his painstaking and thoroughly earnest manner, and must have felt highly gratified in seeing the splendid work done with his powder. I know of no man in the trade who is a harder worker than Ralph Trimble, and when it comes to steering a shotgun he is a most dangerous man in any company.

Mr. John Mackie, of the Peters Cartridge Co., hovered about, telling whoever it might concern all about his ammunition, making friends for himself and his company in his quiet but telling way

Mr. Vass, of Mobile, Ala., who has shot pigeons with eclat all over the country, served as referee. So faultless were his decisions that not an appeal was made; Mr. Vass can do such thankless work in a style equal to any man's, and so quietly and easily that one would naturally suppose he never did anything else. The Kentucky Gun Club appreciates such a man, knowing how few and far between they are. So please come again next year.

The entries for the Kentucky championship were: G. W. Clay, Austerlitz; J. D. Gay, Pine Grove; W. F. Hook, Hardinsburg; R. L. Trimble, Covington; Roger Smith, Lexington; A. W. du Bray, Dayton; Dr. J. Marsh, Danville; W. P. Woodcock, Danville; John McRoberts, Danville; N. V. Boddie, Guthrie; John Williams, Guthrie; Sam Culbertson, Louisville; Harry Lyons, Louisville; J. S. Phelps, Louisville; Sam Hutchings, Louisville; A. P. Houston, Louisville; J. Winter, Louisville; W. A. Fawcett, Louisville; DeLong Miller, Louisville; Will Clegg, Louisville.

As three out of the four straights on the championship event used "the old reliable." I hadn't a kick coming, even if I didn't get placed.

The pigeons were furnished by the club's purveyor, Mr. John Lovell, and a capital lot of birds they were. There was but little wind to help them along, however, and as a good deal of straight powder was used, for the most part his birds were knocked down right and left with but few to get away. His prediction that *Le Grand Magnifique* would win, and must win, came true, and that fact, to so genuine an admirer, must have been balm to his soul.

FORMER SCORES FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

1894.

H J Lyons..... 23

1895.

Sam Hutchings.....24 W W Watson.....24
A W duBray.....24
On shoot off, Watson won cup.

1896.

Sam Hutchings.....24 Bland Ballard.....24
A P Houston.....24 J D Gay.....24
G W Clay.....24 H J Lyons.....24
On shoot off, Bland Ballard won cup.

GAUCHO.

Western Traps.

THE DU PONT CUP CHALLENGE.

CHICAGO, Ill. Oct. 28.—As stated in my dispatch to FOREST AND STREAM last week, Elliott has challenged back for the Du Pont cup; but the challenge had some irregularities which will need to be corrected before all is strictly proper. Mr. Elliott handed his check and challenge to Mr. Ed Bingham, a Du Pont representative, on the grounds, the same reading to the "Du Pont Powder Co." Mr. Rice, general agent for the company here, returned the challenge to Mr. Elliott, explaining that the conditions named no such party, and that the challenge should be filed as in the hands of E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., and other parties explicitly named in the conditions, and should be deferred till a date between Nov. 5 and 10. Time still remains for all these formalities to be complied with and for the race to be added to the attractions of the great triple bill at Chicago the first week of December. I took my advices on the Kansas City preferences in this matter from a letter written me by Mr. James Whitfield, the able hustler of the *Kansas City Star*, who said the K. C. boys would like to see this trophy—the Du Pont cup—shot for first, on Dec. 7. As pointed out in last week's comment on this, it will, of course, be impossible for the *Star* trophy race to be set for a later date than Dec. 7, under the sixty days' time clause, so that if we are to have all these events in one meet the *Star* cup will naturally come first, provided the meeting be here about Dec 7-10 and not at an earlier date. No doubt Mr. Elliott will arrange any lacking details in the formal part of his challenge, and we hope to see Gilbert and Elliott meet here in a match not only once, but twice, and that in the same week

DU PONT TROPHY RECORD.

Mr. J. E. Guinnotte, of Kansas City, having undertaken the compilation of the records of the leading trophies of trap-shootingdom, Mr. E. S. Rice to day forwarded to him the following details regarding the Du Pont trophy, which has of late been so much in evidence. (The conditions have been earlier printed in FOREST AND STREAM.)

RULES GOVERNING MATCHES FOR DU PONT TROPHY.

This trophy to remain the property of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., to be held in trust by winner of same, bond to be given if required.

The winner of championship trophy is subject to challenge for championship and trophy from any shooter in the world who is a member in good standing of any organized gun club; match to be at not less than 25 live birds nor more than 100, American Shooting Association rules to govern, and on part of challenger a purse of $100. Both contestants to start at 30yds rise, regardless of position in grand tournament event, boundary 50yds

The holder of trophy to name time, giving challenger not less than ten days' notice, number of birds if in excess of 25, and grounds upon which match is to be shot.

Match to take place within thirty days of challenge, $25 forfeit, to be deposited by challenger with *American Field*, *Sportsmen's Review*, Chicago; FOREST AND STREAM, *Shooting and Fishing*, New York; *Sporting Life*, Philadelphia, or E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del., when challenge is made; remaining $75 to be deposited with one of the parties above named, or referee of match by challenger on date of match, holder of trophy to put up trophy on same day.

If either contestant fails to appear on day set for match—unless in case of sickness or for other reasons which are satisfactory to the referee—he shall lose his forfeit, holder of trophy forfeiting trophy. In case holder of trophy is not in condition to shoot the race on receipt of challenge, he must immediately notify challenger and Messrs. DuPont & Co., stating his reasons for not being able to shoot the match, which will be considered by Messrs. DuPont & Co. If satisfactory, same will be accepted; if not, holder of trophy must shoot match or forfeit trophy to challenger.

In case of bad weather on day of match, match to take place on first favorable day thereafter.

No challenge will be accepted or recognized until after the winner or party challenged shall be so declared and known.

All challenges must be made in writing, accompanied by forfeit, and filed with one of the several parties heretofore named as stakeholders. If holder of trophy attempts to take any unfair advantage of challenger, such as naming unreasonable place for match to be shot, by setting time of match on the Lord's Day, or resorts to any scheme to prevent an honorable and fair contest, he shall forfeit trophy, Messrs. DuPont reserving the right to say what shall be done with it

Immediately upon lodging challenge as herein provided, notice of such challenge shall be promptly forwarded to E. I. DuPont de Nemours and Co., who will then name referee. Trophy to be redeemed from holder thereof for $100 cash, the redemption of trophy to take place on the first day of each succeeding DuPont grand smokeless powder championship live-bird tournament, or such other time as Messrs. DuPont & Co. may elect.

WILMINGTON, Del. E. I. DUPONT DE NEMOURS & CO.

The Du Pont Smokeless Powder Championship Trophy was first offered by E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., of Wilmington, Del., and first contested for in an open championship event, at Baltimore, Md., on Oct 22, 23 and 24, 1895, competition for which was open to the world. Rules governing the holder of, and contests for, this trophy are hereto attached:

The trophy itself (cut of which is supplied) is magnificent, standing 55in. in height and consisting of cup and pedestal.

The cup is of solid silver, weighs 110oz. and stands 15in in height, resting upon a magnificent onyx pedestal, the pedestal designed to form a gun rack holding four guns, the whole being a work of art, conceded to be one of the most beautiful ever offered for sportsmen's competition.

On Oct. 23, 1895, there were fifty-one contestants entered for this trophy. Charles Macalester, of Baltimore, and Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, tying on 25; the winner of the trophy was, by agreement, determined by a tie shoot, 5 birds to the man, Macalester killing 4; Gilbert, killing 5, became the winner.

I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J., challenged Mr Gilbert for possession of this cup, match taking place at Watson's Burnside grounds, near Chicago, on April 4, '96. Score: Gilbert 92, Budd 74 out of 100.

The second contest upon the same grounds was between Mr. Fred Gilbert and George L. Deiter, of Milwaukee, Wis., June 1, 1896; Deiter 84, Gilbert 83, out of 100

The third race took place at Milwaukee, Wis., July 8, 1896; score: Gilbert 96, Deiter 88, out of possible 100.

The trophy was then called in by Messrs. E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., and again offered in open competition at the Du Pont tournament held at Chicago and occupying an entire week, Aug. 3 to 8 inclusive For the cup event opening on Thursday morning, Aug. 6, at 10 o'clock A. M., 1896, there were 1 4 entries, the list embracing perhaps the greatest number of celebrated live-bird shots that ever came together at one time and for one purpose, representing as this gathering of shooters did, nearly every State in the Union. The record of that contest is particularly noticeable because of the large number of high scores made After nearly two full days of shooting the following gentlemen tied on 25 straight: B. W. Claridge, of Baltimore, Md.; W. R. Miller, of Texas; H. D Kirkover, of Buffalo; Roll, of Blue Island; Charles Gottlieb, of Kansas City. In the tie match Claridge won by 5 straight; was challenged by J. C. Malone, of Baltimore, and on Oct. 6, 1896, match was shot at Baltimore, Md., 50 birds to the man; score: Claridge 47, Malone 43, this being the fourth individual match for the trophy.

The fifth was shot at Baltimore, Md., 50 birds to the man, on Nov. 10, 1896, between Bert Claridge, of Baltimore, and George Roll, of Blue Island, Ill.; score: Roll 48, Claridge 45.

The sixth contest took place at Watson's Burnside grounds, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 16, 1896, 100 birds to the man, J. L. Winston 91, Geo. Roll 84.

The seventh contest, between J. L. Winston and George A. Mosher, took place at Yardville, N. J., Jan. 16, 1897, 100 live birds to the man; score: Winston 87, Mosher 85.

The eighth individual contest, at Chicago, Ill., May 16, 1897, at 100 birds to the man, between J. L. Winston and Charles W. Budd; score: Budd 86, Winston 85.

The ninth individual race took place at Burnside grounds, Chicago, June 8, 1897, between George W. Beck, of Indianapolis, Ind., and Charles W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., 100 birds to the man; score: Budd 91, Beck 76.

The tenth individual race took place at Eau Claire, Wis., Aug. 28, 1897, 100 birds to the man; score: J. A. R. Elliott 90, Chas. W. Budd 94.

The eleventh individual contest between J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., and Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia. (the first and original holder of this trophy), resulted in victory for Gilbert, the score standing out of first 100 a tie at 97; shooting off the tie under the American Association rules, 25 birds to the man, resulted in a victory for Gilbert; score, Gilbert 25, Elliott 24. This race took place at the Exposition ball park of Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 22, 1897.

It is but two years since this trophy was first offered, and yet nearly 200 men have contended for possession of it; seven have held it; ten have shot individual races for it, and nearly 6,500 birds have been trapped in efforts to determine the one question: To whom belongs honors due the champion of champions?

GOOD FOR A SORE THROAT.

On last Wednesday, at Cordova, Ill., some local shooters asked Tom Marshall, who was present, to trot out his gun, and give them a little exhibition of live-bird shooting as she was did. Tom explained that he was not feeling very well, as he was troubled with the interior of his neck, which had lately been operated upon several times by the surgeon. The birds were good and fast, and the day was windy; but the shooting mayor managed to score 47 out of 50, which is pretty good, for a sore throat.

GOING IN FOR IT

Mr. W. R. Eliston, of Belle Meade Farm, near Nashville, Tenn., is surely going in for live-bird shooting, as well as targets. He and Uncle Andy Meaders have been practicing together, and Unc' Andy must have enthused his younger friend a lot. Mr. Eliston writes this week to John Watson, at Chicago, asking him where he can purchase a full set of King automatic live bird traps, with pulls and all complete, and full directions for its use. He says he has his target traps all up, but wants them to have the sanction of John Watson; and he asks the latter to send down to Nashville, at Mr. Eliston's expense, one of his boys to take charge of the installation of the full sets of traps, and to give him tips on the management and care of the birds. I do not know of any private individual going into the trap-shooting game any more thoroughly than Mr. Eliston, who is putting up an entire park on his premises.

CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB.

Following are the scores made at the last meeting of the Calumet Heights Club, at the grounds in Indiana, the attendance being very light for the medal contests, Lamphere winning in Class A, Greely in Class B, and Schmidt in Class C:

Medal contest, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Lamphere (A)	1101111011111111111011111—22
Houston (A)	1010101100011011000111111—15
Young (A)	0101111111110101111111111—21
Booth (A)	0011101111111111010000101—16
Greely (B)	1110101111111101101111101—19
Norcom (B)	1111100010100101000100110—12
Harlan (C)	0100000110111011110111111—16
Schmidt (C)	1101111111110011111101111—21
Davis (C)	0011100010110000100111011—12

Two practice sweeps were shot, as follows:

No 1, 15 targets, unknown angles: Lamphere 13, Norcom and Young 11, Davis 9, Houston 8, Schmidt 7, Harlan 5.

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown angles: Houston, Harlan and Young 9, Greely 8.

COOK COUNTY LEAGUE HANDICAP.

The Cook County League handicap contest, the last league event of the season, will be shot Saturday next.

THE E. C CUP CHALLENGE.

As stated in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. W. R Morgan has accepted the challenge of Mr. A. C. Paterson for the E. C challenge cup offered the Cook County League. It now transpires that Mr. Eddie Bingham has also challenged Mr. Morgan, and I am advised that this challenge will be printed in a local sporting paper here this week. It would appear that this is a trifle subsequent, and that Mr. Morgan and Mr. Paterson will be the first to argue the matter at the score.

E HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Personally-Conducted Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.

SEASON OF 1897-8.

THE Personally-Conducted Tourist System of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is the most complete and elaborate system of pleasure traveling and sight seeing yet devised. It is the consummation of the ultimate idea in railroad travel, the final evolution of unassailable perfection.

For the season of '97 and '98 it has arranged for the following tours:

California.—Four tours will leave New York, Philadelphia and Harrisburg Jan. 8, Jan. 27, Feb. 16 and March 19. With the exception of the first party going and the last returning, all of these parties will travel by the "Golden Gate Special" between New York and California, stopping at interesting points *en route*.

Florida.—Four tours to Jacksonville will leave New York and Philadelphia Jan. 25, Feb. 8 and 22, and March 8. The first three admit of a stay of two weeks in the "Flowery State." Tickets for the fourth tour will be good to return by regular trains until May 31, 1898

Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington.—Three six-day tours will leave New York and Philadelphia, Feb. 19, March 16, and April 7.

Old Point Comfort and Washington.—Three four-day tours will leave New York and Philadelphia Dec. 28, Jan. 29, and April 23.

Old Point Comfort.—Six tours will leave New York and Philadelphia Dec 28, Jan. 29, Feb. 19, March 19 April 7 and 23

Washington.—Seven tours will leave New York and Philadelphia Dec. 28, Jan. 18, Feb. 3, March 3 and 31, April 21 and May 12.

Detailed itineraries of the above tours, giving rates and full information, may be procured of Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 8:0 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J., or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Winter Excursion Tickets on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

ON Nov. 1, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will place on sale at its principal ticket offices excursion tickets to all prominent winter resorts in New Jersey, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Cuba. The tickets will be sold at the usual low rates, with the usual liberal return limits.

The magnificent facilities of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with its many connections, make this the favorite line for winter travel.

An illustrated book, descriptive of winter resorts, and giving routes of travel and rates for tickets, will be furnished free on application to ticket agents.—*Adv.*

Twenty-Nine Hours to Florida.

SOUTHERN RY., through Washington, Charlotte, Columbia and Savannah. The popular route between New York and Florida. Double daily through sleeping car service. Leave New York 4:25 P. M., the famous Southwestern Limited; 12:10 midnight, the peerless United States Fast Mail. For further information call on or address Alex S. Thweatt, Eastern Pass. Agt., 271 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

Twenty-Four Hours, New York to Atlanta,

VIA Southern Ry. Through car service. For further information address Alex S Thweatt, Eastern Pass. Agt., 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

WM. W. HART & Co. have just received word from Jackson's Hole, Wyo., that eleven fine elk heads are now *en route* from customers to be mounted. One of the heads may prove to be a record head.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

VOL. XLIX.—No. 20. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the Forest and Stream. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any person whose address may be furnished us for that purpose.

SNAP SHOTS.

ONE of the sections of the bill introduced into the Senate during the last session by Mr. Proctor as a new game law for the District of Columbia, provided "That wherever in this act possession of any birds, fowls, or meats is prohibited, the fact that the said birds, fowls, or meats were killed or captured outside the district of Columbia shall constitute no defense for such possession" And one factor in the regret that Senator Proctor's bill did not become a law was the belief that such a prohibition as was here contemplated was necessary to prevent the sale in Washington of out-of-season game killed elsewhere. It was recognized to be a national disgrace that the Capital city should afford an open market in close time, and so should be converted into a dumping ground for game killed in various States.

There is unalloyed satisfaction in the discovery by judicial test that the present law of the District is all-sufficient to serve the purpose sought to be attained by Senator Proctor's measure. We give in our game columns to-day, in advance of its publication elsewhere, the full text of the decision just rendered by the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia in determination of this point. In brief, the court holds that the clause of the statute forbidding the having in possession of game during the close time applies to all game, irrespective of its source of supply, and whether killed within the District or outside its borders.

This is the most important game law decision ever rendered in the District of Columbia courts; it clears the way for action which will be far-reaching in its effect upon the game supply of those States from which birds are gathered for the Washington market. It is more important still in its moral effect. The text of the decision as an admirable exposition of some of the basic principles of game protection is worthy of careful reading. Chief Justice Alvey's reasoning is clear, logical, convincing, and in line with the principle laid down in the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank that "The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

Some months ago we reported a decree from the Treasury Department of Venezuela regulating the hunting of herons and the gathering of their plumes for millinery purposes. While somewhat indefinite in its terms, the decree was intended so to restrict the hunting methods as to preserve the stock from the extermination which has overtaken so many rookeries; and the Venezuelan Government was warmly commended for its intelligent action. We have now to record the annulment of the decree by a recent decision of the Supreme Court, which finds the measure unconstitutional and void. From a translation, supplied to our State Department by Consul Plumacher, the ground of the decision is that the decree trespasses upon the rights of the Sovereign States, as well as upon individual rights.

According to the constitution, the court declares, the States have a right to dispose of their natural products, except mines, salt, and public lands, which are controlled by the general Government. It is as if our own Congress were to legislate with respect to game in the States. Industrial rights are also guaranteed by the constitution to all Venezuelans. The decree prohibiting the killing of herons "is not only a coercive measure, but tends to destroy a home industry, placing it at a disadvantage in competition with that of other countries. It also restricts the rights of property owners, which, according to the civil code, are absolute unless the property is illegally used." Further, the prohibition of hunting with firearms is at variance with the civil code, which declares that this is subject to special laws.

In standing out for his rights as a property owner, and defying this decree which would oblige him to hunt birds in a manner not to exterminate them, our friend and brother down near the equator talks like a citizen of the United States. The plume hunter, wherever you find him, is a stickler for his constitutional rights; and his rapacity is that of the butcher-bird.

Mr. Andrew M. Spangler, of Philadelphia, who died last week at the age of seventy-eight, was for many years prominently identified with the fishcultural and fish protective interests of Pennsylvania. A skilled angler, whose lines had been cast in all the famous waters of the continent, from Canada to Florida, he was also a prolific writer on angling themes, and an earnest and unremitting advocate of the education of the public to an appreciation of the value of fishery resources. He served as a Fish Commissioner of Pennsylvania and was the leading spirit in the organization and upbuilding of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, serving for repeated terms as its president, and showing himself untiring in devotion to its aims and activities.

Mr. Spangler was profoundly convinced of the importance of educating young people in natural history. He contended rightly that if as a community and a people we are ever to change our attitude and practice with respect to the resources of the waters and the woods, the reform can come only as the result of education, and of that education which is most effective because acquired in youth. Inculcate in the boys and the girls, said he, an appreciative regard for the beautiful and the admirable in nature, whether of flower or insect, or fish or bird, and you will have given to them that which will be not only an abiding joy, but a constant incentive to the protection and preservation of nature's bounties. When we reflect upon the idle brains, empty heads, various kill-time occupations, puerilities and stolidities of hosts of persons we come in contact with, we can all of us most heartily support Mr. Spangler's plea for an awakening of an interest, whether it be in botany or ornithology or what it matters not, so that it shall give stimulus for study and thought, investigation and reflection.

An exchange reports that a frog-raiser of Massillon, O., "has planted forty thousand frogs' eggs in a pond near that place." It is not stated where the Massillon man discovered his forty thousand frogs' eggs in the bleak November; nor are we told what he expects will become of the "plant." The two-line frog item is but another of those winsome tales of frog-farming. If one-half of the farms of the newspapers existed in fact, the frog-farm product would cover the land as the frogs covered Egypt. The truth is that such a thing as a frog-farm does not exist, if by farming be meant the artificial propagation of frogs as fishes are propagated in hatcheries, and reared through the successive stages from the egg to maturity.

In a manual of fishculture, just issued from the office of the United States Commission, we are told by Mr. F. M. Chamberlain, of the Commission, that while the value of frogs as food is now thoroughly recognized in this country, to such a degree indeed that the United States consumes more frogs than are eaten in any other country, not excepting France itself, human ingenuity has not as yet devised a method of carrying artificial cultivation beyond the larval stage. When the frog farmer's frogs reach the adult form, the whole visionary enterprise is as elusive as a Michigan frog chased by Old Hickory or Kelpie or some other of the band of Kingfishers for bass bait. It is a comparatively simple undertaking to stock a pond with breeding frogs, and then let nature take her course; or to collect the tadpoles and transfer them to the "farm." The young may be protected by fences and screens against raccoons and reptiles and birds; and if fish, turtles, snakes, crayfish or older frogs do not intervene, the tadpole resorbs the tail, develops legs, and undergoes metamorphosis into frog form. This is the critical stage, for "as soon as the terrestrial habit is fully assumed, live food is absolutely requisite," and must be furnished in liberal quantities. But it is useless to attempt to supply this food artificially by any method at present known; neither has any device to increase the natural abundance of insects been practicable as yet. It is, however, possible to transfer the young frogs to other waters where food abounds.

This is the extent of "frog-farming," as conducted in America to-day. The only "farm" noted in the report is one in the Trent River basin in Ontario, where some twenty years ago the waters were stocked by the introduction of mature mated frogs. Food being naturally in abundance, no artificial feeding is attempted. The "farming" consists in capturing the marketable frogs at night by torchlight, and confining them in small pens, which can be drained as the frogs are required for shipment. During the years 1895–1896 the product was five thousand pounds of dressed frog legs, and seven thousand live frogs for scientific purposes and for stocking other waters. As the market demand is all the time growing and the native supply diminishing and in some sections altogether disappearing, this mode of frog farming is almost certain to prove profitable, and owners of favored swamp lands who are shrewd enough to protect their preserves may assure themselves of a substantial revenue.

Long Island is maintaining its character as a phenomenal deer preserve in close proximity to Greater New York. The open season this year consists of each Wednesday in November, four days all told; and the first Wednesday witnessed an exodus of hundreds of deer hunters. One single band numbered sixty-nine, and scored among them five deer. This was probably the relative proportion of game to guns; and the total killed would run into the hundreds. One newspaper reports the score as three hundred, but this is probably an exaggeration.

There is really nothing wonderful about this great supply of game close to a city population of three million people. The deer stock is kept up simply by restricting destruction to a point where the drain does not impair the parent stock. The Long Island deer are actually protected when the law is on. Their range is largely on private grounds and game preserves, where shooters cannot get at them, and the deer killed on public territory in the open season are actually the overflow from the private deer parks. Under such conditions the Long Island deer stock may be preserved for a hundred years. It is an illustration of game protection that protects.

The interest which reaps the most direct benefit from the Long Island deer season is that of the transportation companies. The managers should be hearty advocates of game protection; it puts thousands of dollars into their treasuries every year. The railroads could well afford to stock and keep stocked the Long Island deer covers as a promotion of travel, just as some of the trolley managers maintain electric fountains as spectacles to increase traffic.

The mania for catching the largest number of fish in a given time or from a particular water pervades all ranks and grades of anglers from the trout fingerling scorers to the killers of the mighty tarpon. A correspondent, writing from Tarpon, Texas, records a recent feat of a fisherman who scored eleven fish between 7 o'clock in the morning and 7 o'clock at night, this being the largest score of tarpon on the coast ever made in one day. The fisherman was a visitor from Shanghai, China, and the Texas people profess that their patriotism causes them to feel deep chagrin that a foreigner should hold the record.

Score fishing for tarpon is carried to ridiculous extremes in Florida. One aspirant for honors last season used to put out a number of lines from his boat, and when, as sometimes happened, two fish struck at once, he would determine which was probably the larger, then free the other one by smashing his tackle, so clearing the decks for action. At the end of the season his score of broken rods nearly equaled his count of fish. This is tarpon killing, but it is not angling.

This is a great year for quail. Reports of an abounding supply come from all parts of the South as far as Texas and Florida. The season has been favorable, the birds are in good condition, and the outlook is such as to lure many a shooter to the field for the winter holidays.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE NATIVE AMERICAN HUNTER.

V.—VARIOUS TRAPPING METHODS.

Noosing Elk.

THE primitive Cheyennes had few methods of catching herbivorous animals other than those which have already been described. It is said that in ancient times the people used to catch elk in traps, but only those without horns. When they found a place in the timber where an elk trail passed under a tree they tied a rawhide rope to a branch, arranging the rope so that the noose would hang down over the trail at about the height of an elk's head. If an elk passing along ran its head into this noose and became frightened, it would make a quick jump, draw the noose tight, and so choke to death. Of course, this method could only be used for elk without horns.

Trapping Foxes.

The Cheyennes of those times had little use for furs except for purposes of ornamentation. For clothing, shelter and bedding, they, of course, used the skins of large animals.

They used to trap foxes, however, in dead-falls of the ordinary type, building a little house with a fence on either side, and placing the bait in a split stick, which was the trigger. After such a trap has been set the person who has made it goes off to one side a little distance and sings, calling the foxes. Sometimes, when one of these traps was first made, the women and children would gather around the singer and dance to the time of the song. The words of this song ran somewhat as follows:

Come, fox, I have meat for you,
Come, fox, I have food for you,
Come, fox, I have food for you,

The trap was usually built so that the fox was caught by the neck, or had its back broken.

How Wolves were Caught.

Sometimes larger traps were made of this same type, in which coyotes were caught, and sometimes, but not often, big wolves got into these traps and were caught. However, such dead-falls were not set for these large animals, and usually they were too strong for them.

Big wolves were caught in pit-falls, made so deep that they could not jump out from them, the sides being dug away toward the bottom, so that the hole at the top was somewhat smaller than at the bottom, which was about 6ft. across. On opposite side of this hole two pairs of stakes were driven in the ground, 2in. or more apart, and between these stakes on either side and reaching across the hole was laid a pole to which the bait was tied. This bait consisted of small pieces of meat. The horizontal pole was tied at either end to the two stakes between which it lay, and thus it could not be moved.

Large weed stalks were split and laid close together from the pole to the ground on either side, and over this grass and earth were scattered, so as to make the covering of the pit look as nearly as possible like the surrounding prairie. The wolf, attracted by the bait, ventured out on the split weeds, which broke with his weight and let him fall into the pit, either as he was reaching for the bait or leaving it.

Beaver Killing.

Until their intercourse with the white men had taught them the value of beaver, they did not attempt to trap these animals. At the same time they killed some, and had dogs trained to hunt them. When a beaver dam and house were found, it was the practice to break away the dam so as to let out the water, and then to find the hole where the beaver usually went in. The dogs which were small enough to enter this hole, and yet were pretty good-sized animals, went into the hole, found the beaver, and worried it until it became so angry that it followed the dog out. As the dog gradually backed away, barking at the beaver, it made short rushes at him, and finally the dog backed clear out of the hole, and the beaver jumped out after the dog. Then the man standing there with a club knocked the beaver on the head. They also shot beaver with arrows, watching for them to swim out; and occasionally they shot otters in the same way. As with other plains tribes, the fur of the otter was valued for bow cases and quiver covering.

A Mysterious Beaver.

In connection with this method of catching the beaver a mysterious story is told, which runs as follows: A long time ago, a young man found a beaver dam and broke it down. This was quite close to a large camp of Cheyennes, and many people came out to watch what was being done. They found the hole in the lodge where the beavers went in, and it was a very large hole. One young man said to the others, "I will crawl in there and see if I can find the beaver myself." He did so, and went quite a long way into the house, feeling as he went. Pretty soon he took hold of something that was alive. He thought it was a beaver's hindleg, and he called out, "I have got him by the hindleg." By this time many people, men, women and children, stood about on the bank watching.

A woman in the crowd said: "Hold on to him. I will run and get a rope and you can tie it to the leg and we will pull him out." The woman ran to the camp and got a rope made of buffalo hair and it was passed into the hole to the young man, who tied it to the leg and himself came out of the hole. Several men and boys took hold of the rope and began to pull on the beaver, but it seemed heavy. They could hardly pull it out. They kept pulling and pulling and presently there appeared at the hole a man's foot. Soon the whole of a person appeared sitting up and hitching himself along as he was pulled. It was an old man with long, white hair—an Indian.

Just as he came in sight the rope slipped off his foot and the people, who were frightened at what they saw, all ran away. Only the young man remained. He stood there doing up the rope, and when he had coiled it up he hung it on the limb of a tree, and then he ran away too. No one ever went back there again. They were afraid of the place. They often used to talk of this and the people thought that this was a medicine beaver who had changed himself into a man, to keep the Cheyennes from killing him.

Eagle Catching.

With the Cheyennes, as with other plains tribes, the feathers from the tail of the eagle are highly valued, and many men devoted themselves to catching the birds at the proper season of the year. This, however, cannot be done by every one, for the eagle catchers are regarded as rather powerful medicine men, and they alone can make the eagle medicine. A common man cannot do it.

One who is about to go out and catch eagles makes his medicine alone in his lodge. When he is about to do this the lodge is cleared out and the floor is covered—not very thickly—with white sage, the stems pointing away from the fire. While the eagle catcher is making his medicine, the fire is burning brightly and he sings all one night alone in the lodge.

After he has made the medicine, he goes away from the camp, telling no one where he is going. In a suitable place on a hill he digs a pit large enough for a man to sit in with outstretched legs, but not long enough for him to lie down in. He carries the dirt from this pit far away and scatters it. This hole, which is not wide, he covers by laying across it a pole, to which he ties long grass, which hangs over on each side and conceals the hole. Spaces through which he can look are left in this grass.

The bait is a fresh wolfskin, to which a piece of the meat is attached. This is laid loosely across the pole, flesh side up.

When all is ready, in the night he goes to this place and goes into the hole. With him he takes a small rope made of buffalo hair. This is used to put over the eagle's head to choke it with. The man sits in this hole and waits for the eagles to come. Perhaps a bird that flies over sees the skin and keeps circling about it, getting lower and lower, flying over and looking at it, and at length it alights on it. When it alights the man hears its feet strike, and while the eagle is picking at the bait, the man reaches out very slowly through the grass and seizes the bird by the feet. He pulls it into the pit, slips the noose of the rope over its head and chokes it until it is dead. Men have been known to catch as many as twenty eagles in one of these pits. Some days they have been known to catch two in one day.

Every night the man takes his eagles home to his camp. Here he has two forked poles set up in the ground, close to his lodge. In the forks of these poles lie two slender poles, like lodge poles. At one end these are tied together, and at the other they are loose. When the man brings home an eagle he slips its foot between these two poles at their loose ends, and then brings the ends together and slides the foot along until it is firmly held. There he leaves it hanging.

A man would catch birds until he had as many as he wanted and then he would stop. After this, he would begin to pluck the feathers from the birds, taking those from the tails and from the wings. He puts the feathers away, takes the bodies and carries them off a long way from camp and places them on the ground side by side in a row and leaves them there. The feathers he gives to the people. He gives them, and the people who receive them give him something back, perhaps it may be a horse for twenty or thirty feathers. The man may go out of the pit at any time, but he cannot enter it except at night, when it is dark. Four kinds of eagles are known, the eagle that has a white head and the gray one that is its young, and the war eagle and its young.

Fish Catching.

The Cheyennes used sometimes to catch fish, and in this they were quite unlike some of their neighbors on the plains. It may be conjectured that their fondness for fish, and the methods used in taking them, were brought by the people from their earlier eastern home. There is a tradition describing the earliest fish catching practice which may be given. It treats of a period long, long ago but after the people had obtained bows and arrows. This is the way the story runs:

A long time ago a man and his wife were traveling out away from the main camp all alone, and they had nothing to eat. The woman dug roots and picked berries when she could find any, and the man hunted hard and tried to kill food, either game or little birds, but they were almost starved, for nothing to eat could be found. They were camped by a little stream, and one day as the man was walking along the bank he saw something dart through the water. He looked again and there he saw fish, many little ones, and some were big, half as long as his arm. He went back to his camp and spoke to his wife about this, telling her and the children that he had seen fish in the stream. He said, "If we could catch some of these fish then we would have something to eat."

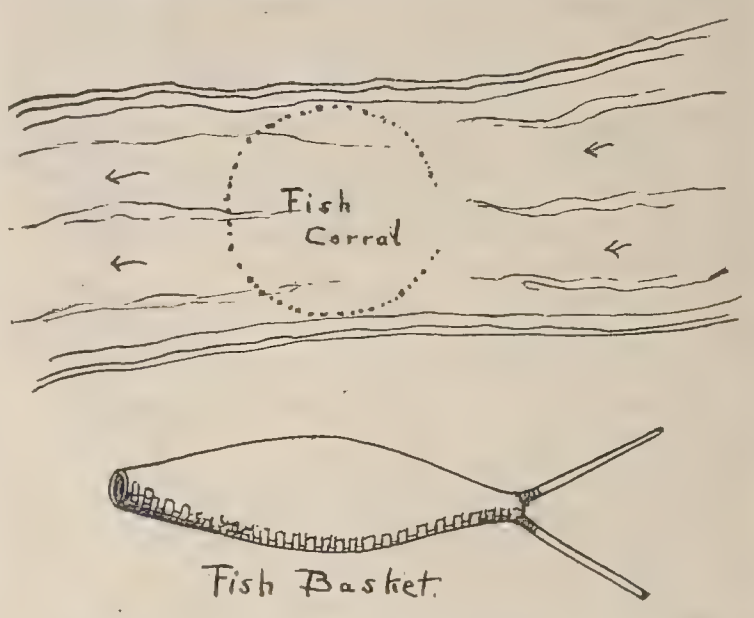
He thought a great deal about this, and at last he made up his mind what he would do. He went a little way from the camp to where many willow bushes grew, and cut a great many small, slender shoots, and brought them back to the camp. Then he and his wife tied these sticks close together, to make something like a back rest, long enough to reach across the stream, which was only two or three steps wide, and about half a step wide. Then he said to his wife, "Come, now, take one end of this and we will go to the stream." When they had got there he said to her, "Now, let us put the edge of this into the water so that it reaches the bottom, and then we will drag it slowly up the creek. The water is shallow, and if any fish come against it we will try to catch them."

As they went along they watched for fish, and if one got against the willows near the woman, she would reach over very slowly and grasp it and throw it out on the bank. If one got against the willows on the man's side he would do the same. In this way they caught many fish—all they wanted. They pulled this net out of the water and the man said "Ah! in this way we can live. We can catch fish. We will save this and keep it." They picked up their fish and went to camp.

In more modern times they caught fish in a pomador corral made of willow saplings. Such a corral was built by the direction and under the charge of a medicine man, who during the night, when the fish were expected to enter it, stayed all night in his lodge without going out. His face was painted red and he had his robe drawn up over his head so that he was covered tight. All night he sat alone in his lodge not singing, silent. The people who built the corral took willow saplings as thick as a man's wrist, drove them into the ground in the stream bed and fastened them together by strips of rawhide. The saplings were set as close together as possible in a circle, an opening or gate being left on the upstream side. The corral was ready for the reception of the fish in the evening. Pieces of meat were laid in the water at the back of the corral to serve as a bait.

A special man was appointed to watch this trap. While it was building he took willow twigs and from them wove a sort of basket about 18in. in diameter, oval in form, and with a hole about 6in. in diameter in one end. To the end were fastened two short willow sticks, which served as handles for the basket.

In the morning, after daylight, the man appointed to watch this trap went down to it to see if any fish were in



it. He looked about its walls to find a place where he could work his hand and arm in between the willow saplings, so as to feel whether there are any fish inside. If he felt that fish were there, he called the people to come, telling them that there were plenty of fish. Then taking the basket, he went to the lower part of the corral, squeezed the saplings apart, so as to leave an open space, against which he puts the opening of the basket. The fish began to come out through the opening in the walls and to pass into the basket. From that the man took them in his hands and threw them out on the bank to the people. As long as he could get fish he kept throwing them out on the bank. Sometimes he might be at it all day long.

Sometimes the fish that were in the trap got frightened and swam out at the up-stream opening, but this did not often take place. This trap has been used certainly within the past forty or fifty years to capture suckers and whitefish in the Laramie River. GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

THE CHESTNUT RIDGE.

And Along Its Foot.—VIII.

THE canal extending through the valley of the Conemaugh, to which I have more than once alluded in the course of these sketches, was a link in the great chain of public improvements made by the State of Pennsylvania in the early '30's. It extended from Pittsburg eastward along the banks of the Allegheny, Kiskiminetas, and Conemaugh rivers to the foot of the mountains at Johnstown. Here the once famous Allegheny Portage railroad continued the chain across the mountains to Hollidaysburg, whence the canal again stretched on eastward.

The Portage railroad was one of the earliest and most important railroads in this country. It was regarded for many years as a miracle of engineering skill. Its length was about twenty-six miles, and it consisted of alternating levels and inclined planes. Along the levels the cars were drawn by horses or by locomotives. These levels, as they were called, were by no means horizontally level, having generally a grade of 10 or 15ft. to the mile, while the first one west of Hollidaysburg had a grade of 52ft. to the mile. The inclined planes were ten in number, five on each side of the summit, the longest one being 3,117ft. in length, with a rise of about 307ft. and the shortest 1,480ft. long with a rise of 130ft. The cars were raised and lowered by means of stationary engines at the head of each plane, which operated endless ropes to which the trains were attached. Four cars, each carrying a burden of 7,000lbs, could be raised and an equal number lowered at the same time. These facts I obtain from Trego's "Geography of Pennsylvania," 1843.

There were two classes of boats on the canal: what were called 'big boats" and "section boats." The latter were built in sections, with separate bulkheads, which could be detached from each other. These sections at Johnstown and Hollidaysburg could be floated individually upon trucks constructed for the purpose, which were run down a submerged track. In this way the boat was formed into a railway train and carried across the mountains, where it was again launched upon the canal. The packets for transporting passengers belonged to the class of big boats, and could not proceed farther than to the foot of the mountains. The passengers were transferred by rail from one side of the mountains to the other.

In the year 1842, Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, visited the United States, and in the course of his peregrinations he passed from Harrisburg to Pittsburg over the canal and the Portage railroad. As all English tourists in those days did, he published a volume of travels on his return to England, and in conformity with the spirit of most of his countrymen, he made out to form, or at least to express a disparaging or contemptuous opinion of America. He was greatly lionized by our people, and in return he condemned them with "faint praise," or none. No book of travels could be more unsatisfactory or disappointing than Dickens' "American Notes." He was received by our most eminent people with the greatest respect and kindness, and I believe he has not condescended to do so much as name one of them. He visited the United States Senate chamber, where sat such men as Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and John C. Calhoun, but he does not mention them. The most salient remark he makes apropos to this visit is this: 'I will only observe, that I strongly recommend all strangers not to look at the floor; and if they drop anything, though it be their purse, not to pick it up with an ungloved hand on any account." He was presented by "an official gentleman" to the President, but he does not think it worth while to name

either the one or the other. Of all the places along the line from Harrisburg to Pittsburg he does not name one, or even mention by its name the great State through which he was passing.

He speaks, though, of the pleasure he enjoyed by the way. "The fast, brisk walk upon the towing-path, when every vein and artery seemed to tingle with health; the exquisite beauty of the opening day; the lazy motion of the boat, when one lay idly on the deck, looking through rather than at the deep blue sky; the gliding on at night so noiselessly, past frowning hills sullen with dark trees; the shining out of the bright stars, undisturbed by noise of wheels or steam, or any other sound than the liquid rippling of the water as the boat went on—all these were pure delights." He speaks also of passing the new settlements and detached log cabins and frame houses; cabins with simple ovens, outside, made of clay; and lodgings for the pigs nearly as good as many of the human quarters; broken windows patched with worn-out hats and old clothes, and home-made dressers standing in the open air, whereon was displayed the household store of earthen pots and jars. "Sometimes at night," he says, "the way wound through some lonely gorge, like a mountain pass in Scotland, shining and coldly glittering in the light of the moon, and so closed in by high, steep hills all around, that there seemed no egress save through the narrower paths by which we had come, until one rugged hillside seemed to open, and, shutting out the moonlight as we passed into its gloomy throat, wrapped our new course in shade and darkness." There is plenty of this truly Dickensian gush all through the book, though there is a strange want of definiteness about everything. This last bit of word-painting of his could only apply to that part of the canal that lies in the gorge of the Laurel Hill and Chestnut Ridge; and, as it happened, he passed through these gorges in the early part of the night, and no doubt his description is true enough to nature.

It was on March 27 that Dickens arrived in Johnstown, over the Portage railroad. About the only incident of his trip that he has related took place here, though, as usual, he does not name the town. There were two lines of packets, the Express and the Pioneer, lying in readiness to receive the passengers from the East. The Pioneer was the cheaper and likely the inferior line. The first-class passengers were designed for the Express; but at Johnstown an attempt was made to put all alike into the first-class boat. This was highly resented, at least by one of the passengers, the "brown forester" of the Mississippi. "This may be all very well with Down-easters and men of Boston raising," said he, "but it won't suit my figure no how; and no two ways about that; and so I tell you. Now, I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am, and when the sun shines on me it does shine—a little. No. I am a brown forester, I am. I ain't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth-skins where I live. We're rough men there. Rather. If Down-easters and men of Boston training like this, I'm glad of it; but I'm none of that raising nor of that breed."

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon that Dickens was in Johnstown, and the whole population turned out to see him. Among them was my old friend, the late Judge Potts of Johnstown, who described Dickens to me as a dapper, well-dressed, dandified young fellow, who, while the brown forester was thus objurgating the boat people, walked about the deck, and evidently appreciated the humor of the situation.

The scenery along the line of the old Pennsylvania canal between Johnstown and Pittsburg well deserved the best word that even Charles Dickens could say of it. Gliding along the foot of the hills, whose wooded summits reflected themselves in the broad mirror-like expanses of the slack-water pools below; then by an attenuated channel through cultivated fields and quiet pastures where cattle were grazing, and by smiling farmsteads, where the white houses peered through the orchard trees; and on past thriving towns and villages, the canal boat, the Marathon, the Hector, the Victory, or whatever name it bore, glorious in all the pride of white and red paint, passed like a vision, and so onward to the haven where it would be. It was the day of small things, and the passenger between Pittsburg and Philadelphia was relatively as far-traveled a man as he who now goes from St. Louis to Boston. It was a matter of great boasting when the passage between the former two cities could be accomplished in three and a half days.

At the end of his canal trip, at Pittsburg, Dickens says that in the bustle and turmoil of getting the baggage ashore in the dark, he stumbled over the brown forester; who was sitting on the cabin stairs smoking a cigar, and muttering to himself, with a short laugh of defiance: "I ain't a Johnny Cake, I ain't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am"; from which Dickens was led to infer that he had never left off saying so, though he could not make affidavit to that part of the story. T. J. CHAPMAN.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

FOLK LORE AND FACT.

DOUBTLESS most persons who have been interested in folk lore and been pleased at the care which has been bestowed in late years upon its study, have been inclined to think the results valuable chiefly as a study of the working of the imagination of primitive peoples or primitive stages of society. Many a tale is thought to be purely and solely an invention, or at best with but the slightest and vaguest foundation in anything veritable. There has recently come to me with force a reason why much of folk lore and tradition may have a nearer relation to history than has been supposed.

I have long felt a strong desire that my children should not only have the same pleasures that I had in my childhood, but, especially that they should hear and enjoy the same stories that were told to me.

For a long time I did not reflect upon this, but carefully recounted to my children certain stories with which my father and my uncle charmed me when a boy. These included a great variety of things, pithy proverbs and wise sayings, stories of the adventures of some of my ancestors who were soldiers in the Revolutionary War, encounters with wild animals in the days of the early settlement of New Hampshire, my native State, bits of songs current in the early time, etc., etc. These proved to my children interesting, not only as I think because of the nature of the stories themselves but because they "belonged to the family."

I often found myself telling them that if they should grow up and have any little boys and girls to tell stories to, they must remember to tell them these same stories. I found myself very anxious to take my children to my birthplace, to show them the very rocks on which I had played, the brooks and ponds in which I had fished, the hills and mountains which I knew so well, and when this was for the first time possible, I experienced a deep and subtle joy in hearing my own little girl refer to these places in her own familiar way as of right belonging to her experience as well as mine.

Lately I have reflected on this experience and reasoned about it as follows: If this desire to have my children share in their turn the very experiences that I once enjoyed is so innate in me and strong, despite the fact that the modern world and particular environment into which they are born is far richer than my childhood was in actual marvel and complexity, is it not altogether likely that I but share in this what is common to mankind?

And if it is true that man has generally felt this desire, is it not certain that he would feel it with especial force in the case of those stories and traditions connected with what he deems needful for the wise guidance of his children? Will not this principle account not only for the marvelous transmission, in jealously preserved accuracy of form for generations, of rituals and ceremonials such as those of the wise men and priests of the Zunis, but the great literary works like the poems of Homer?

Would not the care spent upon faithfulness and accuracy in the transmission be almost proportional to the lack of any other means of transmission than the oral?

Doubtless this has all been thought out and properly estimated by the experts in these matters, but my own discovery of myself as a careful transmitter of my own experiences and my received traditions has so interested me, that I hope this note may suggest reflections from others, which they will be willing to give to me and others in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

Surely men like Geo. Bird Grinnell, and many others who have studied the Indian with special reference to such matters, will understand my wish and will respond. C. H. AMES.

Natural History.

COON INSTINCT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was greatly interested in Mr. R. L. Warner's "Notes" in to-day's issue of FOREST AND STREAM, under the above caption, as it gives me an opportunity to say to FOREST AND STREAM what I have long intended doing. My experience with "that same old coon" dates back to more than half a century ago, when I was a lad between ten and fourteen years of age. On my way home from school one early summer day I met a farmer boy with a young coon about the size of a half-grown cat which I purchased for all the ready cash I had on hand—10 cents. The animal was quite tame, and could be handled like a kitten. I carried him home in my arms and put a strap around his neck and attached a chain. Although he would follow readily when loose, he did not propose to be led; and when any force was applied he would throw his head down between his forelegs and place his paws over his eyes, as described by Mr. Warner.

My first experience in letting him climb was up the inside of the woodshed door frame, and he stationed himself above the door. When I proposed to have him come down from his perch by pulling on the chain, he objected to any such arrangement. I finally pulled too hard and he fell to the floor, and you can judge of my surprise to find that he was not killed, but I was astonished when I saw both his eyes protruding from their sockets; my younger brother, who in after years became a surgeon, proposed that I push them back. I did so with my thumb, and that coon went about his business as if nothing had happened.

I kept him for two and a half years until he met with a more serious accident. At the time I got him we had a large white dog, a mongrel of bull, and half a dozen of other dogs in town, and he was the best coon dog in the county. We had to keep "coony" away from him at first, but they finally got to be good friends and played together like two dogs. When a year or more old he was the largest coon I ever saw, and sometimes while playing with the dog he would play a little too rough and the old dog would give him a shaking and drop him; when the coon would make for his kennel, and the dog would lie down and take a nap. But the coon had his eyes on him, and when he thought the dog had forgotten him he would creep up to him with his ears laid back and pounce upon him, and they would go to playing again as if nothing had happened and repeat the performance until the dog would retire beyond the reach of the coon.

They often followed us in the woods together, and sometimes we would take only the coon, which would follow all right until we came to a brook that crossed the wood-road, when he would stop and look for frogs. At such times we would go ahead and get behind trees and let him find us; we would hear him coming, making the peculiar purring noise of the coon that I can only liken to that of the tree-toad.

My father smoked a pipe, and when it had burned out he would hold it down to the coon to clean out the ashes while they were still hot, and they would burn his fingers, when he would rub them on the ground and put them back in the pipe. He would take plums and apples from our pockets as handily a child. Given anything hard and round, that he would not eat, he would roll it between his paws, and at the same time would be looking around as unconcerned as if he did not know anything about it.

He was very mischievous, and we had to make sure that he was shut up nights, as sometimes he would manage to get the chain loose from the strap, and if he could not get into the house he would go to the barn for the hens, and that is what caused his downfall. It was near Thanksgiving time, when we had had him about two years and a half, that he got loose one night, and started out for his Thanksgiving dinner; and instead of getting it at home, he went to the upper part of the village, where he was not well acquainted with the man on whose hen-house he proposed to forage. The owner, hearing the hens, hastily dressed and went out to see what caused the commotion. As the man was very small (weighing less than 100lbs.), the coon probably mistook him for a good-sized rooster, left the hens, and started for him. The man retreated into the house; when next he appeared before that coon he had his old musket loaded for bear. Mr. Coon was brought up among guns, and knew they were dangerous, and he did not propose to expose himself, but was content to put his nose through a knot-hole in the board and watch the enemy; but the gun got onto him, and when I saw him the next day I did not recognize that nose; it looked as if it had been too inquisitive as to the working of a threshing machine.

If Mr. Warner can get any satisfaction from this screed about "Coon Instinct," I shall be more than pleased. Will Mr. Warner kindly explain why the instinct to hibernate did not develop in this coon?

J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, Oct. 30.

BARNYARD PLUMAGE.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is it ever allowable to "laugh in meeting"? I feel very much inclined to do so, but yet do not want to hurt anybody's feelings by the expression of my risible propensities. The fact is, that I have been laughing to myself for a fortnight over a letter from one of your correspondents, in which he suggests the improvement of the breed of barnyard fowls, so as to raise "egrets'" crests on them, and thus prevent the slaughter of the herons.

Now I should as soon think of growing a horse's tail on a muskrat as of trying to raise the real plumage of an aquatic fowl on the tail of one of the *Gallinaceæ!* Your correspondent truly says that great changes have been produced by selection and careful breeding, and speaks of some bird on which tail feathers 28ft. long have been grown! Does he not mean *inches?* and are not such plumes the natural growth of some of the "birds of Paradise" of the Eastern Archipelago, and not the result of cultivation?

It is perfectly true that great changes in the plumage of the barnyard fowl and the pigeon have been produced by selective breeding, but they remain barnyard fowls and pigeons all the same; and I know of no changes in the characteristic plumage of the races, or the transference of that of an entirely different genus from its original position on the head to a new one on the tail of the product of the experiment! Perhaps your correspondent might raise a Manhattan cocktail in some way, but I doubt his getting an egret's crest!

What struck me as the most ludicrous part of the letter was the announcement that "the discovery that silk would felt had saved the beaver."

Now, as your correspondent dates from Fifth avenue, he probably wears a Dunlap hat, and if he will ask any of the salesmen in the hat store, they can tell him that there is no felting process in the manufacture of a silk hat!

The long-napped silk plush, woven for the purpose, is cut to the proper shape and then cemented with shellac on to a pasteboard "shape" or foundation. Rain may spot and tangle it, so that it requires to be pressed over, but there is no felting about it, such as is produced by the constant rubbing, while wet, of all fabrics produced from wool or fur, due to the imbricated or scaly character of the natural fibers, which work into and interlock with each other, and which formed not only the nap but the body of the old-fashioned beaver hats or their more common muskrat imitations. Silk has none of these scales and will not felt at all, though it will snarl awfully, as every fly tier has probably experienced.

VON W.

MILLER ON SOME BATS.

BY the common people the bat has always been regarded as a mysterious and uncanny creature, neither bird nor quadruped, but a mixture of the two. Most naturalists even, until recently, have known but little about these mammals, whose habits are such as to make them more or less difficult of collection, and the study of their life histories especially difficult.

In No. 13 of the "North American Fauna," issued by the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture under the direction of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Mr. Garrett S. Miller, Jr., has given us a valuable paper; entitled "Revision of North American Bats of the Family Vespertilionidæ," in which forty-six species are described, and in many cases illustrated by figures of skulls, teeth and ears.

While a considerable mass of facts concerning the distribution and comparative anatomy of members of this family have already been published, the species which represent this group in North America have not up to this time been treated from the standpoint of the systematic zoölogist, and it has been hitherto practically impossible for any one not acquainted with the literature of North American bats to identify specimens. Mr. Miller's paper is intended to supply this want. He has had access to a great mass of material, numbering nearly 6,000 specimens, of which perhaps one-half were alcoholic. These last are in some respects unsatisfactory, since it is learned that bats which have been kept in alcohol for any length of time change their color more or less, the tendency being toward a gradual bleaching, and perhaps even an ultimate entire loss of color. In the group studied, the range of sexual variation is very slight and often scarcely noticeable. Where it is seen, however, the female is slightly the larger of the two. No constant sexual differences in color have been observed among these bats.

There seems to be remarkably little geographical variation in size, proportions or color; specimens from Pensylvania, Virginia and the extreme southern point of Texas agreeing almost as closely as three specimens from the same locality. Mr. Miller suggests as an explanation of this uniformity, the habits of bats, which throughout the warmer part in the day live in cool, dark, and for the most part damp, places, and are thus exposed to comparatively little variation in temperature.

An interesting point mentioned by Mr. Miller and little known to the general public is that many bats migrate regularly. In 1888, Dr. C. Hart Merriam published evidence which showed that two American bats perform regular periodical migrations. In August and September, 1890 and 1891, Mr. Miller observed the appearance and disappearance of three species of bats at Highland Light, Cape Cod, Mass. The animals were not to be found during the early summer, but suddenly became numerous shortly after the middle of August, remained abundant for about a month, and then suddenly disappeared. This occurred on the two successive years named, and indicates that the migrations of bats are definite as to dates and paths.

More than twenty-five pages of this work are given up to the consideration of the generic, subgeneric, specific and subspecific names of these bats, and authorities are quoted at length. Lists of the American *Vespertilionidæ*, with the names used by different authors at different

times during the last thirty years, and the type localities are given for each species and subspecies are given, and then follows a technical description of the species. Three plates are given, one of ears, one of feet and one of wings, of the different species.

The work cannot fail to be of great value to the naturalists, but it is too technical to have more than a general interest for the popular reader.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.

AT the hour of going to press, the fifteenth Annual Congress of the American Ornithologists' Union is being held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, New York The public sessions of the Union will occupy Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Monday was largely devoted to a meeting of the Council of the Union, and in the evening the business meeting of the active members was held in the board room at the Museum. At this meeting there were present Dr. C. H. Merriam, Dr. J. A. Allen, Dr. Elliott Coues, D. G. Elliot, L. S. Foster, Witmer Stone, Eugene P. Bicknell, Dr. A. K. Fisher, Dr. T. S. Roberts, Dr. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., Dr. George Bird Grinnell, Charles F. Bachelder, Ruthven Deane, E. W. Nelson, Walter B. Faxon, Frank M. Chapman, William Dutcher and John H. Sage.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, William Brewster; Vice-Presidents, Dr. C. Hart Merriam and Robert Ridgway; Secretary, John H. Sage; Treasurer, William Dutcher. Mr. Ruthven Deane was added to the council. One active member, Mr. C. W. Richmond, and a considerable number of associate members were elected, but no honorary or corresponding members.

The first public session opened in the library of the museum shortly after 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning. Mr. Sylvester D. Judd read an interesting paper on the "Protective Adaptations of Insects from an Ornithological Point of View." The gist of his argument was that whereas writers on protective adaptation have asserted that insects protected either by color or in other ways were not commonly eaten by birds, the investigations of stomachs of American birds by the Biological Survey has shown that many insects supposed to be most completely protected are very largely eaten by our birds. Interesting remarks were made on this paper by Dr. Allen, Dr. Fisher and Dr. Merriam. At the close of the discussion Mr. D. G. Elliot was called on to read a memorial paper on Charles Emil Bendire, written by Dr. J. C. Merrill, of Washington, who was unavoidably absent.

While the sessions of the Union are to be held during the day, Mr. D G. Elliot will give an illustrated lecture in the lecture hall of the Museum, on Wednesday at 8 P. M., on A Naturalist's Expedition to East Africa.

The session of Tuesday was remarkably well attended, and the interest in it seemed great.

Linnæan Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 23, at 8 o'clock. Edwin I Haines will read a paper on "The nesting of Brünnich's Murre (*Uria lomvia*) at New Rochelle, N. Y."

Ernest Ingersoll: "Birds' Eggs from an Evolutionist's Point of View."

Ernest Seton Thompson: "The Mammals and Summer Birds of the Yellowstone National Park."

WALTER W. GRANGER, Secretary.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full-page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

GAME SALE DECISION.

COURT OF APPEALS, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Charles H. Javins, John F. Javins and Frank H Javins, otherwise called Francis H. Javins, appellants, vs. The United States. } No. 707.

THE appellants in this case were indicted as Charles H. Javins, John F. Javins and Frank H. Javins, otherwise called Francis H. Javins, all of the District of Columbia, for that, *on the 16th day of March*, 1897, they had *in their possession*, and exposed to sale, six dead partridges, otherwise called quail, against the form of the statute, etc.

The presentment or indictment was found under Section 1, of the act of Congress of June 15, 1878, Chapter 213, entitled "An Act for the preservation of game and protection of birds in the District of Columbia." The appellants pleaded the general issue of not guilty; and upon the evidence, and under the instructions of the court, the jury found the appellants guilty, and the court thereupon imposed the penalty prescribed by the statute. It is from that judgment that this appeal is taken.

Section 1 of the act under which the indictment was found provides, "That no person shall kill or expose for sale, or *have in either his or her possession, either dead or alive*, any partridge, otherwise quail, between the 1st day of February and the 1st day of November, under a penalty of five dollars for each bird so killed or *in possession*."

The Government proved that the appellants, as partners and dealers in game and fish at the Center Market, in the city of Washington, had, on March 16, 1897, in possession, at their place of business, and exposed for sale, one partridge, otherwise quail; and thereupon rested its case. The appellants then gave evidence to prove that the partridges, otherwise quail, were shipped to them with other quail *in regular course of trade* from Illinois or Missouri, a few days prior to the 16th day of March, 1897, and were not killed in the District of Columbia; and the appellants thereupon rested their case. And no other evidence being offered by either side, the appellants severally prayed the court to instruct the jury—

First—"That if the birds found in the possession of the defendants were not killed, entrapped or taken in the District of Columbia, then they should render a verdict for the defendants;

Second—"That if the bird offered for sale, or found in the possession of the defendants, was not killed, entrapped or taken in the District of Columbia, but was shipped to the defendants from without said District, they should render a verdict for the defendants;

Third—"That unless the jury should find beyond a reasonable doubt that the birds in question were killed in the District of Columbia, the defendants should be acquitted."

The court refused these prayers for instruction, and directed the jury that the evidence offered by the defendants was immaterial, and constituted no defense to the indictment. To which ruling the appellants excepted; and the verdict and judgment being against them, they have appealed.

It being conceded that the birds were taken or killed beyond the limits of this District, the question is, whether the parties having them in possession in this District for sale, have incurred the penalty prescribed by the statute.

The fact that the birds were taken or killed in one of the States of the Union and brought into this District for sale, in the regular course of trade, does not furnish the possessors of such game birds immunity from the penalty prescribed by the statute, upon any principle of interstate commerce involved. Greer vs. Connecticut, 161 U. S. 519. Congress, under the Constitution, possessing plenary legislative power over this District, may pass laws for the full and complete protection and preservation of all game birds or other animals *ferœ naturæ* therein; and whatever may be the natural right of man in such wild creatures when captured and reduced to possession, such right may be restrained by positive laws enacted for reasons of State or for the supposed benefit of the community. 2 Bl. Com. 410; Greer vs. Connecticut, *supra*. All civilized nations, from the earliest time, have enacted and enforced game laws, for the protection of game in which there was a common right against wasteful and indiscriminate destruction. Laws of this character, of more or less strictness, are found upon the statute books of England, and of most, if not all, of the States of this Union; and at no time has there been greater need of such laws, and their enforcement, than at the present time; for it is a known fact that our game and insectivorous birds are being rapidly exterminated. In order to prevent evasion of the law, and as a certain means of accomplishing the desired end, many of the game laws make it a substantive offense for a party, within the time and territory prescribed, to have in his possession, either dead or alive, any of the birds or animals sought to be protected. Otherwise the difficulty of proving the time and place of taking or killing such game would effectually defeat the operation of the law. Indeed, in a small territory, such as this District, it would be impossible to protect the birds, if they could be killed or taken on the exterior border to be brought into the District. The only effectual way of dealing with the subject is to prohibit the possession of the birds within the District, and that is entirely within the power of Congress.

In this case the whole question is one of construction. The terms of the statute are clear and unambiguous. The killing, or offering for sale, of any of the birds specified is prohibited; and also the having in possession, either dead or alive, any partridge, otherwise quail, within this District between the 1st of February and the 1st of November, renders the party liable to a penalty of $5. The contention is, that this provision of the statute does not apply to birds killed or taken beyond the limits of the District of Columbia. But to this contention we cannot assent.

This same contention has been urged in many of the States whose game laws are similar to the one under consideration; and while in some few States the construction would seem to be variant, and give sanction to the contention urged, the decided preponderance of judicial opinion is against such contention. And this would seem to be supported both upon reason and sound policy. Indeed, the Act of Congress under consideration would seem to furnish the key to its own proper construction, if such were needed, by the provision of the fourteenth section, which declares: "That person in killing birds for *scientific purposes*, or *in possession of them for breeding*, shall be exempt from the operation of this act, *by proving affirmatively such purposes; and the possession shall, in all cases, be presumptive evidence of unlawful purpose.*" This exceptional purpose, therefore, is in all cases to be proved by the defendant; and in the absence of such affirmative proof, the presumption *is conclusive* of the unlawful purpose of the possession.

As showing the interpretation of statutes similar to that under consideration, by State courts, we shall refer to a few of those decisions, and which are referred to in Greer vs. Connecticut, *supra*, with apparent approval.

The first of such decisions to which we shall refer is Phelps vs. Racey, 60 N. Y. 10, where the statute declared that no person should expose for sale, or kill, or *have in his possession* after it had been killed, any quail or other game, between the 1st of January and the 20th of October. The defendant was indicted for having quail in his possession in March. He had invented an apparatus to preserve game, and that which he had in his possession, and specified in the indictment, according to his proof, was killed in New York in the open season, or received from Minnesota or Illinois, where the killing at the time was legal, and put up by him in his apparatus in the month of December. This, to say the least of it, was a questionable defense, and such as to justify, upon principle of policy, the entire exclusion of it. It was contended that the statute did not apply to game so received and preserved. But it was held otherwise by the Court of Appeals; and in an opinion of the court, delivered by Church, Chief Justice, it was said: "The language of these sections is plain and unambiguous; hence there is no room for construction. It is a familiar rule that, when the language is clear, courts have no discretion but to adopt the meaning which it imports. The mandate is, that 'any person having in his or her possession' between certain dates, certain specified game killed, shall be liable to a penalty. The time when, or the place where, the game was killed, or when brought within the State, or where from, is not made material by the statute, and we have no power to make it so. * * * That it was either killed within the lawful period, or brought from another State where the killing was lawful, constitutes no defense. The penalty is denounced against the selling or possession after that time, irrespective of the time or place of killing."

The same principle was applied in the construction of the game law of the State of Illinois of 1879, which made it unlawful to sell, or have in possession, quail and certain other game birds, during the close season, and which was not in terms limited to birds taken within the State. In the case of Magner vs. People, 97 Ill. 323, Scholfield, J., in delivering the opinion of the court, said: "We think it is obvious that the prohibition of all possession and sales of such wild fowls or birds during the prohibited seasons would tend to their protection, in excluding the opportunity for the evasion of such law by clandestinely taking them, when secretly killed or captured here, beyond the State, and afterward bringing them into the State for sale, or by other subterfuges and evasions. It is quite true that the mere act of allowing a quail netted in Kansas to be sold here does not injure, or in anywise affect, the game here, but a law which renders all sales and all possessions unlawful will more certainly prevent any possession or any sale of the game within the State than will a law allowing possession or sale here of the game taken in other States. This is but one among many instances to be found in the law where acts, which in and of themselves alone are harmless enough, are condemned because of the facility they otherwise afford for a cover or disguise for the doing of that which is harmful." The same principle and reasoning were adopted and followed in the subsequent case, of the American Express Co. vs. People, 133 Ill. 649, arising under the amended game law of Illinois of 1889.

Similar construction of game laws of like import have been adopted in Ohio in the case of Roth vs. State, 51 Ohio, St. 209, and in Missouri in the cases of State vs. Randolph, 1 Mo. App. 15, and State vs. Farrell, 93 Mo. 176. And in the State of California, in a full and well reasoned opinion by the Supreme Court of that State, in the case of *Ex parte* Maier, 103 Cal. 476, the same construction was fully adopted. In that case it was held that the State, in the exercise of the police power, could prohibit the taking of wild game and any traffic or commerce therein, if deemed necessary for its protection or preservation, or the public good, and to this end could make it criminal for any person to sell, or offer for sale, any of such game, whether killed within or without the State.

It is true, there are several States in which a different construction would seem to prevail, though made of statutes somewhat different in terms from the statute here involved. This appears in Com. vs. Hall, 128 Mass. 410; Com. vs. Wilkinson, 139 Pa. St., 304; State vs. McGuire, 24 Oregon, 366; Dickhaut vs. State (Md.) 37 Atl. Rep. 21. These cases, however, do not appear to be supported by such weight of argument as to countervail and require to be disregarded the cases holding a contrary doctrine.

In this case, as we have said, the words of the statute are plain and unambiguous, and that being so, Congress must be intended to mean what the language employed plainly expresses, and consequently there is no room for construction. The court is not at liberty to read into the statute an exception to the general and unqualified provision, there being no such exception expressed, and where, indeed, by clear implication, such exception is excluded.

The question of the unqualified application of the terms of a game law to game killed beyond the limits of the country enacting the law and brought within the country, arose in the courts of England, and was decided in the case of Whitehead vs. Smithers, 2 Com. Pl. Div. 553. In that case the question was raised upon two acts of Parliament passed for the protection of wildfowl, viz., 35 & 36 Vict. C. 78, and 39 & 40 Vict. C. 29. By Sec. 2 of the first-mentioned act, it was enacted that any person who should kill or take any wild bird, or expose or offer for sale any wild bird recently killed or taken between the 15th of March and the 1st of August, should incur a penalty of 5s., "unless he should prove to the satisfaction of the justice that the bird was bought or received on or before the 15th of March, or of or from some person residing out of the United Kingdom." Under that statute it was an answer to an information if the person charged could prove that the bird which he exposed or offered for sale was bought or received by him of or from some person residing out of the United Kingdom. But that act failed to accomplish the purpose of the Legislature, and deeming it necessary to pass a more stringent and less qualified act, the act of 39 & 40 Vict. was passed; and after reciting that the protection accorded by the preceding act was found to be insufficient, the last act enacted "that any person who shall kill or take, or *shall have in his control or possession*, any wildfowl recently killed or taken, between the 15th of February and the 10th of July, shall, on conviction, forfeit and pay for every such wildfowl so killed, etc., or *so in his possession*, not exceeding £1." In that case, it was urged that, inasmuch as the second act did not in terms repeal the first act, and the second act made no mention of wildfowl killed or transported from beyond the limits of the United Kingdom, the two acts should be read together, and consequently, it having been proved that the plover in question was bought by the defendant of a person residing in Holland, that was an answer to an information under the latter act. But the court held otherwise, and, in the opinion delivered by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, he said: "It is said that it would be a strong thing for the Legislature of the United Kingdom to interfere with the right of foreigners to kill foreign birds. But it may well be that the true and only mode of protecting British wildfowl from indiscriminate slaughter, as well as of protecting other British interests, is by interfering indirectly with the proceedings of foreign persons. The object is to prevent British wildfowl from being improperly killed and sold under pretense of their being imported from abroad. It has been said that the second statute cannot be held to operate as a repeal of the first, because there is no contrariety or repugnancy in the two acts. The act of 1876, however, refers in terms to the act of 1872, and declares that the protection afforded by it to the wild birds was insufficient, and that it is expedient to provide further for their protection." And this was done, as we have seen, by omitting from the last act the exception contained in the first, allowing birds to be brought into the Kingdom from foreign parts, and prohibiting their possession in the Kingdom during the prescribed period. This was found in England to be the only effectual mode of protecting the birds within the Kingdom; and that mode has been adopted by the act of Congress which we have considered.

It follows that the judgment of the court below must be affirmed; *and it is so ordered. Judgt. affirmed.*

Indorsed; No. 707 Charles H. Javins, John F. Javins & Frank H. Javins vs. the United States. Opinion of Court by Alvey, Ch. Justice. Court of Appeals, District of Columbia. Filed Nov. 1, 1897. Robert Willett, Clerk.

A true copy.

Test: ROBERT WILLETT, Clerk.

A BRACE OF WILD TURKEYS.

I HAVE always had a hankering for a shot at that prince of game birds, a wild turkey, and though I was born in the woods and mountains of central Pennsylvania, and have hunted more or less all my life, and been in at the death of some bears, a good many deer and almost all kinds of small game without number, it never was my good fortune until this fall to kill a wild turkey. Once when I was a boy at home on the farm, a flock of wild turkeys, which have always been very rare in our county, came into the field one fall where I was plowing. I hurried to the house and got our old rifle only to find them gone. I followed the flock quite a distance and succeeded in getting a bead on the old gobbler, and pulled the trigger, when I discovered that the cap was off, and so were my turkeys, which I never saw again.

The genuine American wild turkey is very wild, alert to any danger, wonderfully swift of foot, and a swift, strong flyer, and old hunters have told me that a wild turkey is harder to shoot than a deer. With this knowledge of the character and habits of my game I had very little hopes of getting a shot when, in company with a clerical friend, a school friend of other days, I boarded the train on the evening of Oct. 14 for the mountains of Miflin county, Pa., to hunt for turkeys. We spent the night with some good friends in Newton, Hamilton county, Pa., and the morning of Oct. 15, at daylight, in company with our mutual friend, McDowell, found us on Greenbrier Ridge, which was said to be the home of a large flock of wild turkeys, ready to open the season and try the new Pennsylvania game law. The weather was very warm, the woods very dry and water extremely scarce.

As soon as daylight came, the batteries of the gunners opened. From the top of Jacks Mountain, across the valley o the top of the Greenbrier ridges, there was one constant usilade. Most of the shooting was at squirrels, which were very numerous, and hundreds of them were killed and brought into town that day. I paid no attention to squirrels, for I was hunting turkeys. I had squirrels at home. During the early part of the day I got lost from my companions, and hunted alone. At noon I wended my way to a little farm-house, and got a cup of milk to drink with my lunch. Here I got into the good graces of a farmer boy, who gave me some valuable information as to the probable whereabouts of my turkeys. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I had given a flock of grouse a trimming up, and had reached an old road leading down along the mountain, when about 100yds. ahead of me a magnificent gobbler stepped into the road and spied me He was too far away for a shot, and I could only stop and look at him and wish for my rifle, while my gobbler slipped out of sight down the mountain toward a small stream in the valley below. I concluded that the turkeys would hunt the water about that time in the day, and this old gobbler was the advance guard in that direction.

I quietly hurried down the ridge, crossed the creek and secreted myself under a low-spreading pine, where I could see quite a distance both up and down the creek.

Below me, about 60yds., was a patch of green grass and a pool of water, the stream being about dry. I had not been seated more than ten minutes when I heard down the stream to my right: "Quit! quit! quit!" and on turning my head in that direction I discovered about sixteen as fine turkeys as ever greeted the eye of a hunter. The old warrior that I had seen on the road on the mountain had discovered me and had given the alarm, and some of the flock had already sought cover. No time was to be wasted, and springing to my feet I killed the largest gobbler in sight. The flock at once took flight, and stepping from under the pine tree, I killed a young hen before she got out of sight. I hurriedly reloaded my Remington ready for another shot, when I remembered that under the new game law I had killed my limit, "not exceeding two wild turkeys in one day," and I gathered up my game, slung them over my gun and started for town.

I have never made two better shots than on this occasion, and I have never sat down to a nicer dinner than that turkey hen afforded me on the Sunday following.

FRANK G. HARRIS.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Nov. 1.

IN DUTCHESS COUNTY.

A LINK got loose from our chain last week, and we were off for our annual three days in old Dutchess, the land flowing with milk and honey and—cider. For the white hives dot the yards and hillsides of the farms in every direction, and at no time, day or night, do the roads seem free of wagons with covered milk cans. And apple juice! Where in the wide world is there better, or is it more freely ladled out than with the hospitable farmers of this old borough.

We were met with a hearty welcome by Cousin Will and Cousin Kate, not to forget the other Kate, who prepared the woodcock so well in all its tenderness and perfection. After a very enjoyable supper, of course we wended our way down town to veteran Jim Newman's, the headquarters of the sportsman's fraternity. Jim and his two sons are all lovers of the dog and gun. We had a hearty hand shake from ex-Sheriff Bartlett, who looks well after his sojourn on his Pine Apple Ranch, in Florida; also Mr. Hibbard, cashier of the bank, and a subscriber and ardent believer in FOREST AND STREAM; also the editor of the Amenia *Times*, who gave a good notice later on. They all seemed glad to see us, and we believe they were.

The boys, Jack and Mike Fitzgerald (the latter universally called Switzer, though why, nobody seemed to know), were on hand in the morning with Cute, the black setter, and their team. What luck! Previously, after a day's hunt in the neighborhood, we were accustomed to hire a livery team for more distant covers, but now the boys have a conveyance of their own, and they got it cheap. The parish priest, and a mighty good man he is said to be, wanted to dispose of his horse; it was put up at a raffle, and for a 63-cent ticket the boys won it. They proposed to trade it off for a bicycle, but fortune again favored them, and they got a light wagon and harness at a bargain, and there we were. What larks!

We found the woods very noisy and full of leaves (no rain for weeks) and the birds would not lie for the dog until they had been put up three or four times, but would steal off, or up with a whirr several gunshots off. Jacobstaff, as usual, fell early in the fight. Knowing our frailties we proposed to stick to the wagon, while the boys went around and skirted a swamp at the base of the mountains; and when we heard their guns we were to join them.

It was not long before the reverberations commenced, and we essayed to go over to them, but had a time crossing that swamp, with its bogs, black muck, briers, roots and burrs. But we found the shooters gone on, thinking we were still in the vehicle going down the road.

Back we started, getting part way when their voices again called us, and we tried it again, but still to find them like the *ignis fatuus*, further off. We finally reached them and found they had three nice birds. As there was a bad place to go through and no prospects of birds for a mile or so, we took their game and essayed that confounded swamp again to drive the team down the road and join them. We got along with much labor and divers falls until we struck the brook, now widened to some 8 or 10ft. We tried to jump, and landed up to our knees in the confounded black muck. With much exertion and many hard thoughts we extracted ourselves and went back on the road slush, slump, slump, slush, in our shoes, for the wagon. We finally got with the boys again and had our share of a few shots, adding to our bag.

The next day was a repetition, though not so bad as to swamp, but the leaves were very slippery on the mountain side, and there were a good many ledges and briers and logs and stumps, and the cunning birds often being shot at once in the vale would streak it for the mountain top, and then down to the swamps again—and we got enough of it.

Saturday came off clear and warm, the days had been overcast and somber. "Now, boys, for the bushy tails. You can climb the Empyrean heights (Dutchess county rock-ribbed mountains) for the cunning grouse; we have had enough." We had a good bag to take home anyway. There are not many patches of woods with large timber suitable for squirrels, and we were several days late in the season, the law being up on the 15th, and many of the rodents had been brought to bag by the juvenile sportsmen; but we hoped that some had escaped them. We drove over some six miles from the village and started in a piece of woods that looked good, but not a sign did we see nor a noise hear. It was like a graveyard or a Quaker meeting. We feared the last of the bushy tails had been gathered and that we were left. After getting some distance in the woods we sat down and essayed to finish our morning paper—what was that? a drop from somewhere above on the dry leaves near us. A hasty glance discovered a big gray diligently at work with his breakfast. He was soon bagged. Another one jumped off to our right. After a smart run and a running shot he found his fellow. Another was heard further along, and with careful steps we followed. All was still. Again we essayed to rest and listen. Down a big tree came a gray, followed by a red; we hurriedly fired at the gray while on the ground, but he, though evidently hurt, succeeded in reaching a big tree, running up on the opposite side, of course, and into a hole. We watched that hole for some time, but he didn't show up; but another did, his brother perhaps, from another direction, coming visiting. It took in our hurry the second barrel to get him. At the crack of the gun a big dark-colored fellow jumped from a neighboring tree and up another and into a hole. As he had not been shot at, we thought he would come out soon. He did show his nose, but guess he saw us, for he popped back; and we were about to start again, when along came a red and run up this same tree. And here is where we made one of the mistakes of our sporting life; we knew better, and how we came to be so idiotic as to shoot this pirate just as he was about to enter the home of the dark fellow is a mystery to us. We knew just as our finger touched the trigger that we had made a serious mistake. He would in all probability have routed out the big one, and we might have bagged both. We much dislike the red squirrel, the chickaree, the Ishmael of the woods, the buccaneer of the forests. He lays up nothing, but robs the larder of his larger and more valuable brothers, by whom he is much feared. And again, he robs them of their squirrelhood. Of the twelve squirrels we shot, four of them had been mutilated by the reds. Why they do it we could never really ascertain.

Well, we had a good time and a very pleasant visit, and were just as well satisfied that our thirty odd pounds of game was no larger. It weighed fifty pounds before we could commence distribution. We had enough for friends and ourselves.

H ve now a word to some of your readers. We do not wish to mislead any one in going to Dutchess county with the hope of big or even moderate sport. The game is not plenty and is scattered in different portions of the county. It is hard shooting, especially the grouse, and the game is not easily found except by a native of the place, like the Fitzpatrick boys. They are good fellows, true as the steel of your gun barrels, fair shots, know every patch of game spots in the country around, and if you secure the services of Mike and his setter Cute, he will show you birds, some, at least, and you may kill them if you can. JACOBSTAFF.

NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Nov. 5.—To go into the woods with Henry Braithwaite for your guide is about the surest way to inaugurate a slaughter house that I know of. By this I do not mean the reckless killing of game; on the contrary, Henry never kills any animal needlessly nor allows it to be so killed by others if he can help it. But it is a notable fact, which perhaps cannot easily be duplicated elsewhere, that during all the years that Henry has been acting as guide in this Province, there is no instance of any party that went with him failing to bring out their moose. It is not surprising that scores of people are falling over each other every year to secure his services. On Tuesday last his second party for this season, Bronson Rumsey and George Blenstein, of Buffalo, reached Fredericton after an absence of a little over three weeks. They secured one moose, two caribou and a bear, all of them fine specimens. Henry's next engagement is with Fred. Irland, of Detroit, and his closing trip for the season will be with Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston.

One of the best sets of antlers secured in New Brunswick this fall is that owned by Mr. W. O. Usher, of Newburyport, Mass. The moose was killed by Mr. Usher on the Tobique. The horns measure 58in. across, the blades averaging 16in. in width.

One of the most genial and popular of Maine sportsmen of the younger generation, Mr. Charles Phair, of Presque Isle, is this fall trying his fortune in New Brunswick. He is hunting in the Little River district with W. H. Allen, and has already secured one fair specimen of a moose. Mr. Phair is waiting for the snow to fall, when he hopes to experiment with his .30-30 on the caribou.

Mr. Harry Kendall, clerk for William Richards, of Boiestown, tracked a large moose last week near Burnt Land Brook, and after a lively fusilade from his repeater succeeded in bringing down the game.

Comedy and tragedy are closely mingled in the chase. A party of moose hunters were camped last week near Willimsburg. They occupied a tent, while the horse belonging to the teamster was stalled in an adjacent hovel. During the night they heard an animal pounding around the tent which they took to be a bull moose. After a very exciting engagement they succeeded in bringing down the animal. It was the horse. A gentleman hunting on the Tobique came suddenly upon what he supposed was a bear. Not requiring any bears in his line of business, he dropped his gun and ran. When he returned with his guide to the spot next morning he found that the animal was a porcupine, which was industriously engaged in eating the stock off his gun.

Caribou are reported very plentiful near Boisetown and Doaktown. A few days ago the entire pepulation of Boiestown turned out to chase a herd of thirty caribou that ran through the village. Last week six caribou were killed near Doaktown by Frank and George Bartlett.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

Death of Dr. Charles M. Sharp.

ITHACA, N. Y.—In the death of Dr. Charles M. Sharp, of this city; which occurred Nov. 1, the great brotherhood of anglers loses a most faithful and devoted member. Although a comparatively young man—being only forty-two—Dr. Sharp was old in angling experience, and he was never so happy as when tempting the wily bass from its lake-washed retreat or whipping a purling stream for his favorite fish, the brook trout. Dr. Sharp was a happy and studious reader of FOREST AND STREAM, a gentleman sportsman always, and to a charming personality were united those estimable qualities of mind and heart which so conspicuously distinguish the thoroughly manly man—the genial, gentle practitioner of a gentle art.

M. CHILL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Champion Market-Hunting Outrage.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 6.—This week I have run across something which I think is about the champion outrage of market-hunting so far as yet recorded. I met Warden Loveday on the street, and he was angry. He pulled out a paper parcel from his pocket and unrolled it, showing me two birds which looked like immature pigeon squabs. They were absolutely featherless excepting a few yellow hairs, and the head and beak were still soft. I could not tell what they were, as they were too small for pigeons, although unquestionably they had the look of the pigeon about the head and beak. I told Mr. Loveday that they were a puzzle to me, and he explained to me that they were the immature squabs of the mourning dove!

Warden Loveday was so angry that he could hardly speak. "I have just got these things out of a box of game which I seized this morning," he said, finally. "It was Illinois game shipped to South Water street here, and of course no Illinois game can be sold at any time of the year. I found these two things in the box. They are young mourning doves, actually taken from the nest for shipment to market. Of course, they could not fly one foot, for they have not a feather on their bodies. This box was shipped to M. George & Co., commission men of Chicago. Besides these two baby doves, the box had in it nine rabbits, two opossums, two squirrels, one hell diver, and sixteen quail, all of the quail cheepers and hardly able to fly. Neither the quail, the doves nor the hell-diver would be fit to eat. You can see what a market-hunter will do. I would rather not tell you the name or place of shipment of this game, as I am going down there at once to try the case. If I don't put this fiend through to the full extent of the law, I hope I may never try another."

These squab doves were probably taken from some nest at a point lower down in the State. The mourning dove, like the domestic pigeon, breeds as late as the weather will permit, and this has been an unusually warm fall, no cold weather, indeed, having been recorded up to this time in Illinois.

Warden Loveday also seized this week two cases purporting to contain eggs, shipped from an Illinois town. When opened, the case purported to contain not eggs but rabbits. Each case had a layer of rabbits at top and bottom. But between these layers of rabbits there rested in each box fifteen nice, fat and illegal prairie chickens. The calling of the market hunter and of the game dealer is truly an honorable and manly one!

The Indians and the Game.

The war between the Utes and the wardens has ended. I regret to see that we are shy a few more instances of the white man's valor. At first the candid newspaper reports gave it out that two or three bold wardens had attacked a camp of forty or fifty Utes. Now it appears to be the cold truth, officially stated, that about twenty-five wardens attacked four Indians, and among others shot a woman. Capt. Wright was sent out by Gen. Otis with the U. S. troops to take the Indians back to their reservations, and Gen. Otis has officially closed the matter in his despatch to the War D partment, which latter is a copy of the despatch sent in by Capt. Wright:

RANCH, Utah, Oct. 28.—Have just met party of about seventy-five Indians returning to the agency, including one wounded Indian. Ungulschem Star, one of the survivors, stated that about twenty-five wardens rode up to them while in camp, and, after stating that they were game wardens, tried to arrest the Indians. The Indians resisted arrest and the game wardens opened fire. Four bucks only in the Indian party. The Indians did not return the fire, as their guns were in their tent. The survivors escaped under fire. Doctor says wound in squaw's head is not dangerous. Squaw wild, wounded in arm, is not examined yet. Indians coming in all directions. Game wardens are in Lily Park.

General Otis says that reports of Indian depredations have come in from Meeker and Rifle, Colorado. I infer that there may possibly still be a little corn and hay which can be had by the U. S Government for a consideration. Meantime, it is to be hoped that the Indians understand perfectly the white man's way of doing business. What the Utes need, as I have said, is a private press agent more than anything else.

Of course, the straight law of the matter is this, as has been laid down in regard to the Minnesota Indians, and as the United States Supreme Court has laid it down earlier in the case of the Bannock Indians: No Indian can have hunting privileges, while he is off his reservation, which shall be greater than those accorded to a white man under the laws of the State in which his hunting is done. The subversion of law in this case is that in one week half a dozen Indians have been shot instead of being arrested by wardens, a number greater than the total of white men shot in resisting arrest by wardens in the whole country for half a dozen years. Of course, the Indian goes for his gun quicker than the white man in such a case, but perhaps this is because he thinks he is right in doing so, and believes that he is defending himself against aggression. It is a principle of the common law that a man must be charged before he can be tried, and he must be notified before he can be arrested. If a man should suddenly come upon me and pull a gun upon me without further explanation, when I was not conscious of having done anything wrong, I might in my innocence feel like going after my own gun as soon as I got a chance. One of the most useful things that a warden of Colorado could do would be to produce some credible proof that these Indians knew that they were doing wrong, knew that there was a law above them, and knew that that law had served its warning process upon them. Outside of this, it is simply a case of the white man against the red man, and, unfortunately, the case of twenty-five white men, with rifles, against four red men and one red woman, who had not their rifles in hand. This may be game protection, but it is not American fair play.

A Tribe No More.

At Tuskohoma, I.T., Nov. 4, the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians signed the treaty of the Dawes Commission and are tribes no more. The treaty does away with tribal relations and allots the lands in severalty, with provisions for town sites and other little adjuncts of civilization. Thus the remnant of the hunting grounds of these tribes, as well as the hunting grounds of a good many white men, may as well be saluted with a sweet good-bye. The commission is now working with the Cherokees, and will then tackle the Seminoles. We don't do a thing in this country but knock the spear into a plow, and the war bonnet into a pair of overalls.

First Deer Hunter Killed.

The first deer hunter reported accidentally shot in the woods this season is John Benson of Richmond, Ind., who was killed while on a deer hunt in Minnesota this week. I have heard indefinitely that two other men were killed in Minnesota in this same way, but have not been able to get the names. On last Thursday two men were still missing who had been out of camp for two days. These were members of a party of six who were up from Minneapolis, camping out on a hunt in Cass county. The absent men had with them no food or means of making fire. The best to be hoped is that they were only lost and not shot.

Trials of the Woods.

Two deer hunters, Mr. Robert B. Hill, of New York city, and Mr. W. Osgood Orton, of Wishawaka, Ind., have just returned from a little deer hunt in Cass county, where they made Kabekona Camp their starting point. Thence they went some distance into the woods and pitched camp, taking with them a guide. In three days they saw five deer and one moose, but killed nothing. Mr. Hill got lost while out hunting and managed to fall into a sort of kettle-hole, or pit, into which he was precipitated after plunging through the light covering of brush which overlaid it. Excited and worn out by his efforts to get back to camp, he was unable to make his way up out of this pit, and finally concluded to shoot in order to attract attention. He began shooting up out of the pit from time to time, and after a while he came incidentally very near to getting an Indian who came along and poked his face out over the edge and looked into the hole to see what kind of subterranean fireworks were going off. The Indian could speak English, and he not only helped Mr. Hill out of the kettle-hole, but took him to a road which he said would bring him out at the camp. This made Mr. Hill very happy, and he started blithely home, congratulating himself on his narrow escape. Pretty soon a partridge flew up, and he thought he would follow and kill it. The bird flew on several times, and the first thing Mr. Hill knew he was lost again. Once more he bethought himself of his expedient of firing his gun to attract attention. Camp was near and the guide heard him shooting, came out, took him firmly by the right hand and led him into camp. The flat pine country is the easiest on earth for one to get lost in, and the hardest on earth for him to get found in again when he is lost. This, however, was not the end of the adventures of this particular party. On their third day in camp it began to rain, and they decided to break camp and go back home. When they got to their canoe on the shore of Woman Lake, they were still some twenty-five miles to their destination, and the lake was so rough that they could not attempt it if they carried their camp duffle along. They therefore cached their tent, blankets and provisions, and started for the houses of Kabekona Camp. In the dusk they struck a rock, and tore a hole in their canoe, so that they had to abandon it. It came on dark, and there they were half-way between their abandoned tent and home. They were landed in a Norway pine forest, where the trees run up about 60ft. without a branch, and where there was no dead wood or undergrowth. They had just three matches in the party, and nothing to eat. They kicked around, got a few twigs after a while, and managed to get a fire, which lighted them to further conquest of fuel. Here they passed the night, and in the morning walked home, a dozen miles or so, to Kabekona Camp. Today you cannot persuade either Mr. Hill or Mr. Orton that he did not have a wild and woolly time out in Minnesota, but they both say they enjoyed their hunt and its adventures very much.

Off for Michigan.

Mr. Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill.; Mr. E. S. Rice, of Chicago; Mr. H R. McCullough, of the Northwestern road, and Mr. Banks, another railroad man, left yesterday evening for a week's deer hunt in the upper peninsula of Michigan, where they expect to get some venison.

Not Tagged.

By this time a great many of the deer hunters of Minnesota and Wisconsin and Michigan have made or marred their records for the year. A great many hundreds or perhaps thousands of deer have been killed and perhaps even a few moose will have been killed within the coming week. Just how many head of game of this sort these three States, or any one of them, may this fall produce is something which no one can tell. I often notice the tabulated reports of the big game killed in Maine, and wish that we had a system out here by which we could go to a depot of information and get the statistics of where, when and how each head of this game was killed, who did it, and what was the age, sex, previous condition of servitude and color of eyes of each deer killed, but I confess we are behind the times out here yet. We haven't got our deer anywhere near respectably tagged, and Providence only knows how many of them are killed. No doubt some of our energetic friends on South Water street could tell us something about this, but they are not cheerful in imparting information of the kind.

Ducks.

It has been a rattling season for ducks in the far Northwest, and a mighty poor one in these parts. No one has been getting any very great shooting. Dick Merrill is visiting Chan. Powers at Hennepin Club as a guest. They should get some mallards there pretty soon now, though as yet no heavy bags have been made there.

Abner Price, the grandpapa of Duck Island Club, has been down there having a little fun with the mallards, but says the birds are not very abundant. The Northern flight has not yet appeared, and seems to be delayed somewhere in the mails.

Charlie Wilcox has been up at Horicon Club several days, but sent down word to Roll Orgu, who was to have joined him there yesterday, not to come up, as the shooting was very poor.

A few scattering birds have been picked up along the Kankakee, and at Calumet Heights Club a few diligent ones have killed an occasional brace of mallards, but expectation still rules.

The canvas-backs are in at Koshkonong, and shooting there is about as good right now as at any place known hereabouts. Eddie Bingham is just back from there, and in two days got thirty-odd canvas, fifty-odd bluebills, a fine lot of redheads and a few mallards, about 150 birds in all. Ezra Bingham has gone up to the old farm this week, and within the next few days we should hear of something dropping that way. The birds on Koshkonong are are already fat and heavy.

Not so Bad.

Mr. W. E. Warren writes me from Fox Lake, Wis., giving some information which leads to the belief that his neck of woods is not so bad in an all-around way of sport. He says:

"I note your inquiry in last FOREST AND STREAM as to shooting out here. Ducks have been fairly plentiful since Sept. 15 till within the last week or ten days, and it's a wonder they stayed as long as they did, with the incessant pounding they got seven days in the week. They might have stood it longer, but Milwaukee has lately made a market for black mallards (mud hens). They bring 5 cents each. The chase for these elegant game birds seemed to discourage the ducks, and they got up and left. However, the bluebills have commenced dopping in again, and from now on a man on the grounds should be able to pick up a few each day, also a few jacksnipe around the shores and bogs, plenty of squirrels, and now and then a partridge in the surrounding groves. Mr Walt Morrison keeps his hotel open on Morrison's Island as long as there is shooting—Nov. 15 to 20. He meets the sportsmen at trains when notified, and keeps a nice, clean place. Rates, with hunting boats, $10 per week; guides and pushers not needed. Lake Emily and Lake Maria, seven and eight miles northwest of Fox Lake, are good points for snipe, squirrels and rabbits, with a few ducks; but no accommodations for shooters. On the whole, I know of few better or pleasanter places to put in a week or so, if a man is satisfied with a reasonable amount of game."

Goats Good to Eat.

I am beginning to believe that we came near starving in the midst of plenty out in the Blackfoot country on the goat hunt last winter. I have still another indorsement of the mountain goat as an edible product, this time from Puyallup, a gentleman whose first sentence stamps him as a man of very great perception and critical judgment. He says:

"I enjoyed reading your article on 'Snowshoes and Sheep' very much, but must say I was glad to see Mr. E. E. Howard took you to task regarding the edible qualities of the goat. Was surprised to read that you were suffering for food and yet had goats lying around loose, as I have eaten them many times, and do think that a cut of fairly young goat is hard to beat. The reason you found the animals so tame was no doubt because they had been little hunted—we had the same experience several years ago in the Methow country, in Washington—and yet in the main range of the Cascade Mountains, near Mt. Tacoma, they are as wild and wary as one can wish; in fact, more so. I have seen elk, and lots of them, in the Olympic Mountains that were no more game animals, or harder to stalk, than a red cow in a pasture; all one had to do was to locate a band and walk up quietly to get what shots were wanted. Two years later, in the same country (it was near Lake Crescent), an expert hunter would do well to get a shot a week."

Tragedy of the Marsh.

One of the once famous hunting marshes about Chicago is the Skokie Marsh, which even to-day covers a big bit of country just inland from Evanston and Winnetka, suburbs of Chicago on the north. This marsh still offers a good day now and then at jacksnipe, and I know of at least one man who has tried ice-boating on its open reaches in the winter. One day this week a boy was crossing a bit of this wet marsh, and jumping over a narrow ditch landed in a little clump of willows. Stumbling over some object at his feet, he was shocked to find the dead body of a man. Near the body of the man lay that of a dog, an Irish setter, shot also, as the man appeared to be, through the head. A revolver lay near by, but no gun. This mystery of the Skokie Marsh was of three days endurance, but now it is thought that the man was a suicide, who killed first his faithful dog, which had followed him on this last quest across the bogs.

Intelligence of the Mule.

One day this week there came into the office here a gentleman introducing himself as Dr. Thos. Darragh, a university man of Dublin, Ireland, a traveler in Spanish America, a naturalist and lately a taxidermist of the Columbian Museum of Chicago. Dr. Darragh noticed an old pack-saddle hanging on the wall, and this set him to talking about the pack-saddles used in Central America, and this again caused him to reflect on certain experiences he had had proving the great natural intelligence of that much-maligned animal, the mule. He said that in the mountain travel of that country he had found it best never to try to teach the mule anything, as the mule usually proved itself much the more qualified to act as instructor. He has seen a mule, when urged to descend a steep hill covered with sliding rock, refuse altogether to go down headforemost, but turn round end for end and go down backward, putting one hindfoot after the other ahead of it and below it, and feeling its way inch by inch. The mule knew very well that in case of a slip it could scramble up hill better if its head pointed up hill than if it pointed down. Sometimes the mule in going up a steep hill would go up sideways, a step at a time, as a man would go upstairs sideways. A misstep in one of these animals was very rare, and an accident never happened excepting in cases where a man insisted that he knew more than his mule.

Death of a Real Sportsman.

We hear a great deal of talk about that being, fairly to be called an imaginary personage, the "true sportsman." We had such a man here; the kindest, sweetest, manliest man; the sincerest lover of nature, the most ideal character, and the most typically perfect sportsman I ever knew, John L. Stockton, forty years a resident of Chicago. This week Mr. Stockton died, after a season of failing health, which had not been benefited by the best of care and change and travel. Mr. Stockton was one of the first sportsmen to go into the wilderness of upper Wisconsin with rod, rifle and canoe. He was a member of the Blackhawk Club, of Lake Koshkonong, Wis.; as well as of Swan Lake Club, of the Illinois River. In all the quiet and unobtrusive ways of gentlemanly sportsmanship, he might have been called a prominent man. In business he was a man of affairs, and comfortably situated. I presume FOREST AND STREAM had no reader of which it might justly have been more proud, so perfect was his creed, and so perfectly lived up to. His was a singularly enthusiastic nature. He had always a bright face and eager voice. There was nothing rude or unfair about him, and he dies universally respected. Mr. Stockton was sixty years of age, and was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., coming to Chicago when he was but twenty years old.

Missed.

Mr. R. W. Foster, of New Orleans, La., one of the finest of the Southern sportsmen, and host and associate of the writer in more than one delightful hunting trip in the South

was in Chicago this week, and called at the FOREST AND STREAM office. I was so unfortunate as to miss him, nor could I ever find him afterward, although he seems to have hung around Chicago for several days. He also called on Roll Organ, but missed him, leaving no word where he could be found, excepting that he was "stopping on State street, and that he was going to move over on Oakwood boulevard." This description covers some thirty odd miles of territory and a good many thousands of people and habitations, but Mr. Organ and I are going to canvass both State street and Oakwood boulevard in the hopes of restoring Mr. Foster to his friends. We do not yet know whether he has gone back to New Orleans, but if so he has committed a grave breach of decorum.

Louisiana Hunting Wanted.

Mr. A. T. Barnum, of Toledo, O., wishes to know about Louisiana hunting, as per the following letter:

"As I contemplate making a hunting and fishing trip to the South in January, I would like to get some information about the country around Morgan City in St. Mary, St. Martin and Assumption counties in Louisiana. Any information regarding accommodations, boats, guides and game will be thankfully received."

I am unacquainted with the points specifically mentioned, but think they would be good for the purposes named. I wish some Southern sportsman would furnish the desired information. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

NORTH CAROLINA QUAIL.

AT our request, the Passenger Department of the Southern Railway has furnished the FOREST AND STREAM the following useful information about the season's quail supply in North Carolina. An examination of the original letters from which the extracts are taken, leads us to believe that the reports here given are truthful and reliable. The notes come from the Southern's local agents, and all are fresh October reports. For convenience, we give in each instance the distance in hours from New York.

REIDSVILLE (14 hours from New York).—There are more partridges than were ever known before. No dogs for hire. All lands were posted by an act passed at last Legislature, requiring all hunters to have written permission from owner of land before hunting. Any violation of this act punished with fine of $5 and costs for first offense. However, permission can be obtained on good hunting grounds at small cost, such as paying land tax or $5 for the season. A great many land owners make no charge.
N. C. THOMPSON.

JAMESTOWN (15 hours).—There is a good supply of birds. I am told by reliable persons that there are more than for several years, and that they are well-grown. There is no hotel here, but huntsmen would not experience any difficulty in finding boarding-houses, provided they reached here in daylight. There are no dogs or teams for hire, but could be very easily gotten from High Point. Am told there are several gangs of turkeys, with ten or twelve in each. Lands are not generally posted. Will gladly aid any sportsman all in my power.
W. J. CLIFTON.

HIGH POINT (15 hours).—Birds plentiful. Shooting privileges granted visiting sportsmen. Teams and dogs at low prices. F. N. TATE.

NEWELLS (16½ hours).—Partridges are reported more plentiful than for several years. The lands are generally posted, but I think arrangements for hunting could be made for very little cost. No hotels, but parties could engage board at private houses. No dogs that are well trained. E. C. WALKER.

CHARLOTTE (17 hours).—In Mecklenburg county the season opens Nov. 15 and extends until Feb. 1. The birds are more plentiful, larger and fatter than they have been known to be in years. The majority of the lands are posted, but hunting will be allowed for the asking. Quite a number of the farmers take sportsmen at a very low rate and allow them the use of their lands and dogs free.
T. J. WITHERSPOON.

CHINA GROVE (17 hours).—There is plenty of good hunting territory in this county. Partridges are very plentiful. There are no dogs. A great many farmers have their land posted, but most of them are reasonable if properly approached and permission is obtained. This neighborhood has been visited but little by hunters. I think any one or party wanting to come here to hunt will be pleased with territory they will find, and will have no trouble in finding local hunters, who will accompany them to the best grounds to hunt. J. A. THORM.

KINGS MOUNTAIN (18 hours).—Partridge very plentiful. The land is not generally posted. There are very few first-class dogs, and would suggest that sportsmen bring dogs with them. W. T. BRADFORD.

BESSEMER CITY (19 hours).—Am advised that a large number of partridges are to be found. Last season a number of bird hunters from the North stopped here and reported good luck. They brought dogs with them, although there are fine dogs to be had here for the asking. The land is not posted. M. I. SHOLAR.

BELMONT (19 hours).—Birds are very plentiful. Some lands posted; others are not. W. B. PUETT.

NEWTON (18 hours).—From my observations and all reports, game is more plentiful, especially quail, than has been known in many years. This is the regular meeting point for the Eastern Field Trials Club, also the United States Field Trials Club. They begin their next meeting on Nov. 14, and will last about fifteen days. The fact that this is their meeting ground should not be taken as to mean that they will do the hunting; for, on the contrary, they kill very few birds while their trials are going on. They usually scatter out to different places to do their shooting. The hunting grounds are in close reach of the town. R. T. BURTON.

CONNELLY SPRINGS (18 hours).—Birds very plentiful. Lands free to hunt on. Not posted. Good hunting grounds. Fine place here for sportsmen.
B. B. ABERNATHY.

BRIDGEWATER (19 hours).—Partridges are very plentiful. Land not generally posted. Hotel and livery accommodations are poor. No dogs for hire. W. E. ANGEL.

OLD PORT (20 hours).—Supply of partridges is very large. Birds are more plentiful than for several years previous. Lands are generally posted, but can usually be hunted on by the asking permission or for a small fee. No dogs here.
L. F. LONG.

MORGANTOWN (19 hours).—Birds seem to be exceedingly plentiful. Mr. E. Frisard is the leding sportsman, and can furnish trained dogs, and generally accompanies all hunters and shows them all attention possible. There is very little, if any, objections to allowing visiting sportsmen to hunt on any of the lands. J. W. WILSON.

MARSHALL (23 hours).—The birds are very plentiful, although the hunting grounds are considerably rough, and some of the land is posted, though not all. Dogs cannot be had. C. S. FULLBRIGHT.

MARION (20 hours).—Birds are plentiful; plenty of hunting grounds. We have no dogs to hire, but there are several private dogs in town. G. E. LEE.

SWANNA (21 hours).—Birds are plentiful; good country to hunt in; hotel accommodation inferior; very few dogs right around here. Some land posted, but not as a general thing. J. M. DEAL.

RANDLEMANN (near High Point).—Birds are more plentiful than for several years—very abundant. The land is posted to some extent, but enough left for good hunting. No dogs can be procured, but if dogs are brought by sportsmen, facilities are all right for taking care of them.
E. A. WILES.

NEW LONDON.—Bird hunting here is good; guides, dogs and board can be obtained cheap; no posted land.
J. B. BOMHART.

BURLINGTON (309 miles from Washington).—From what information I can gather, the supply of partridges seems to be plentiful. The conditions for visiting sportsmen are very convenient. Some of the land posted, but not all. Sportsmen generally find good sport. J. C. HOLT.

CHAPEL HILL (343 miles from Washington).—Birds are extraordinarily plentiful. The land is in most part open and very favorable to hunting; a small per cent. of it is posted, and permission to hunt can generally be obtained. Wild turkeys are also very numerous. Quite a number of hunters from the North have already appreciated the advantages of this place as a resort for sportsmen, and make yearly visits during the season. Guides who know the country thoroughly can be employed. Well trained dogs, however, are scarce. B. E. TEAGUE.

DURHAM (343 miles from Washington).—There are plenty of partridges. The time for hunting them is between Nov. 1 and Feb. 15. All the lands, however, on which birds can be found have been posted, and it is impossible to hunt on these lands without permission from the owners. This permission can, in most instances, be obtained by personal application to the land-owner before any hunting is done. There are no dogs to be had for hire. The hunting grounds can be reached in a distance of three to ten miles from Durham. J. A. WHITE.

EAST DURHAM (344 miles from Washington). From all sources I am informed that there are more partridges than there has been for years. A good deal of the land is posted, but I understand this is done mainly to prohibit negroes from hunting at will. There are no accommodations here, but, being only two miles from Durham, parties could easily come out from there and return same afternoon. J. T. BUSBEE.

ROCKWELL.—There have been only few bird hunters in this vicinity at all, which makes it all the better. Birds are plentiful. J. W. PEELE.

TRINITY (near High Point).—There are three lodges nearby belonging to sportsmen. They have some land posted. There is land not posted, where hunting is allowed. Prices for teams and dogs reasonable.
A. C. ENGLISH.

LYONS (near Durham).—There are plenty of birds in this section. A large portion of the lands directly on the railroad is posted, but the best hunting grounds are not, and are only a short way from the railroad, say one mile. There is no hotel at this place, but huntsmen can get accommodation at a reasonable price; can also secure teams, etc. W. T. ROBERTSON.

STEM (near Durham).—We have an abundant supply of quail. Conditions for sportsmen good. Mr. Mayes makes special arrangements ahead for hunting privilege. Lands posted in some instances, but he gets option on the choice grounds for game and the most desirable places for sportsmen. Guide and dog can be obtained at $1.50 per day. Guides are gentlemen and sportsmen of our community.
L. M. CRYMES.

CLEMMONSVILLE (near Winson Salem).—There are more birds this year than were ever known. This county has a special bird law. The whole county is posted in regard to hunting. Permission must be obtained before parties are allowed to hunt in Forsyth county. Z. H. COTNER.

ADVANCE (near West Salem).—Plenty of birds; good shooting grounds; some lands are posted. Land-owners will grant shooting permission if advised. I do not think there would be any trouble. No dogs here that can be hired; all other arrangements very good. G. A. ALLISON.

MOCKSVILLE (near West Salem).—Birds are said to be more plentiful than for several years, owing to the excellent summer for raising. Guide and dog cost $1.50 per day. Dog alone, 50 cents. B. L. BALLINGER.

ELKIN (392 miles from Washington).—Birds are more plentiful than ever before. The lands are posted. Messrs. Reece & Swaim have leased a large body of land near Elkin, on which they guarantee plenty of birds, and will furnish their terms, etc., on application. W. E. PAUL.

WILKESBORO (391 miles from Washington).—From all we can learn, there is a great number of birds. Visiting sportsmen are allowed to hunt on a majority of land-owners' property, although some posted. Dogs are rather scarce and hard to obtain. E. G. SHERRILL.

BRYSON CITY (542 miles from Washington).—There are plenty of birds. Sportsmen are allowed to hunt, with but few exceptions. They will find some land posted, but as a general thing they can hunt most anywhere they wish. No dogs to be had, except one or two here, and they belong to parties who hunt occasionally, but might possibly loan or rent them. J. L. MATHEWS.

SKYLAND (near Asheville).—Hunting will be splendid, especially for partridges, etc. Good accommodations here for visiting sportsmen. Little or no objection to hunting by land-owners. Living good and reasonable. Splendid dogs in neighborhood. C. O. CASE.

MOORESVILLE.—Hunting grounds about three or four miles from town. Bird supply is plentiful. The most of the land is posted, but visiting sportsmen could make satisfactory arrangements to hunt. No bird dogs here for hire. C. E. HAWTHORN.

TAYLORSVILLE (382 miles from Washington).—Partridges are extraordinarily plentiful. Are found in large coveys near town. The birds are nearly grown now. A great deal of the land is posted, but satisfactory arrangements can be made with owners for privilege of hunting the birds on their lands. This has been the custom here for some time. We have always had some sportsmen here every winter from New York and New Jersey, and will have this season again. Mr. R. F. Cobb, a sportsman, owns ten trained bird dogs. P. L. STECK.

I have shot over nearly all of western North Carolina, and Alexander county is the best territory I have struck yet. Quail, rabbits and squirrels are unusually plentiful this season, and a good sprinkle of turkeys on the hills. Territory or privileges can be had without much trouble or expense. R. F. COBB.

A HEAVY DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The largest deer killed so far in the Adirondack Mountains this year, was one brought down by Mr. W. W. Hastings, treasurer of the New York Standard Watch Company, at 11 Pine street, this city. The animal weighed 310lbs., and was killed on Oct. 22.

Mr. Hastings went to Fourth Lake on Oct. 17, and over the mountain to Kimball's on horseback, beginning to hunt on the 18th at Little Plains, on Moose River. His guide was Arthur Delmarsh, well known throughout that region as one of the best camp and field guides of the country, being a good hunter, cook, etc.

The men were alone, and came down to the foot of the upper stillwater in a boat, and packed their duffle down to Beecher's old camp at the head of the Little Plains stillwater. The men still-hunted all over Little Plains, which is simply a big burning with hills and gullies, covered with ferns, cut by a couple of alder-banked brooks, and with occasional evergreen tree-grown swamp.

On Thursday night it rained hard, and in the morning the trees and ferns hung wet and glistening. Under foot the ground was noiseless, almost, to a hunter's footsteps. It was a day to make a still-hunter smile broadly. Delmarsh told Hastings on Friday morning to make his way down to the Red River, one of the plains brooks, and at the forks, where a little stream comes in to it, to take his stand on a knoll where he could cover both streams. Delmarsh waited three-quarters of an hour and then struck back from Beecher's camp, and when he got to the knoll on which Hastings was to stand in line like gunsights between two hills, between which the tributary of Red River runs, he started down with much crashing of brush toward the knoll.

Delmarsh had not waited long enough. He started the deer and it came out of the brush before Mr. Hastings had his breath back from his exertion. It was a deer, too, to take a man's breath just to look at, without any previous exertions to assist. But no matter. The deer was there, anywhere from 70 to 150yds. distant. Its yellow horns looked like twigs over a log, and Mr. Hastings opened on it with his .38-55. The first shot dropped the deer's horns by breaking both hindlegs; the next staggered it by passing just under the backbone. Then Mr. Hastings went down the knoll, leaping whatever happened to be in his way, and as the deer faced him, tore the animal's heart in two at short range.

It well nigh tuckered the men to get the beast to the river. It was a hard pull to get it to Kimball's, and the horse that toted it over the ridge to Fourth Lake wished itself dead, no doubt. The expressmen at the railroad station, and the hunters thereabouts, united in saying it was a lunger, a buster, an old socker, an old booster, and a whale.

Those who maintain that there are two species of big deer in the Adirondacks will find more fuel in this one. Its legs were short—shorter than a fawn's in the fall. Its body was long, broad and very deep. The horns were small, about as large around as a man's thumb, but they spread 17in. at the widest. The tips of the guards and of two or three of the prongs had been broken off, probably in love contests. The neck was much swelled, too.

The deer was killed within a mile of where I killed my big buck on Sept. 11, of which the FOREST AND STREAM told on Oct. 2. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK.

The Stretched-out Arm Fad.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my younger days, many long years ago, one of my shooting companions was the late Chief Justice Beasley, of New York, and although I have shot with nearly as many men as Mather has fished with, he was the only one for whom I had unbounded admiration as a sportsman; for, beside his many accomplishments, he was one of the most agreeable companions that I ever went in the field with. We were about equally skillful in bagging birds, but he was so perfectly cool, and handled his gun so gracefully that I was often willing to forego the pleasure of taking a shot for the sake of watching him. One of our modern professionals, with his arm stretched out, as if trying to reach the muzzle of his gun, would have given a shock to his sense of grace in action. Of all the "fads" of the present day, this one among club shooters is, to my uneducated mind, the most absurd, not even excepting the now abandoned one of shaking hands in the upper air.

If the claim that the shooter has better control of his gun could be proved, it would be an item in support of its awkwardness, but all the club men in the country could not make me believe it.

It may be asserted that all the famous match shots have adopted it, but what of that? We seldom hear of a match at double birds, and there is very little show of skill where the shooter uses both barrels at a single bird. I was never a trap-shooter, but resorted to it once when a young man to see what I could do against a famous shot whom I met at Cincinnati. In the test we tied on eighteen out of twenty double birds, and we did it without resorting to the stiff-arm principle; which will probably answer as a bit of proof that it is not absolutely necessary to success in scoring.

The club men have an undoubted right to adopt a ridiculous rule if they see fit, but I shall claim the right to ridicule it till they convince me that I am wrong. DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Nov. 1.

NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., Oct. 28.—*To all Clubs, Organizations and Associations for the Protection of Forests and Propagation and Protection of Fish and Game in the State of New York:* You are hereby notified that the annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held at the Yates Hotel, Syracuse, at 10 A. M., Thursday, Dec. 9.

The meeting is called at this time, instead of January, in order to give the law and legislative committee ample time to properly engross and present the proposed amendments of the Fisheries, Game and Forest law, to the Legislature early in the session.

This meeting will be of great importance to all clubs and associations, for the following special reasons: It is proposed to incorporate this Association under the laws of the State of New York; to sever our connection with the trap-shooting branch of the Association; to revise and amend the existing constitution, by adopting one which will be in all respects sufficient when we shall have become incorporated; to give all clubs, organizations and associations, whether incorporated or not, a full representation at this meeting, to the end that this organization may be strengthened and its efficiency increased so that the fish, game and forests of this State may be fully and carefully protected.

Each club or association interested in these matters is entitled to and is urged to send five delegates with proper credentials; and all are expressly notified that any suggestion of amendments to the fisheries, game and forest law must be submitted in writing to Mr. R. B. Lawrence, chairman of law and legislative committee, *not later than Nov.* 20.

Game protectors and foresters are urged to see that clubs are organized in every town and village in their districts, and that they send delegates to this meeting. No part of the State should fail to be represented in this Association, for it is only by a united effort on part of each and all that sufficient protection can be accomplished.

It is the policy of the State Association to simplify the present fish and game law, remedying if possible the many evils that now exist, eliminating unjust local legislation and rendering to protective associations aid in the enforcement of the laws. It is the medium through which all right-minded organizations should seek and give counsel. Every county in the State should have a strong fish and game protective association, thus carrying to the Legislature a voice of power working for a common interest and an honest purpose.

The sportsmen of this State are requested carefully to consider this matter to the end that they may identify themselves and the clubs or associations to which they belong with us. Success will be dependent entirely upon the forces we can muster.

The object of this appeal is to place the State Association upon a sound basis having a large, enthusiastic enrollment of members, true sportsmen, willing to serve the organization faithfully in its work.

The cause is a worthy one requiring hearty co-operation on the part of all true lovers of legitimate sport with rod and gun. Do not fail to have your club or association fully represented at this meeting. Yours respectfully,

W. S. GAVITT, President.

By ERNEST G. GOULD, Secretary.

Mongolian Pheasants in Massachusetts.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Oct. 30.—Several years ago, before there ever was such a thing as a Mongolian pheasant in New England, a few members of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club sent to Oregon and purchased five dozen pheasant eggs and had them shipped here by express, but either they were sterile or were shaken up too much in transit, for none of them hatched.

Last year we obtained some eggs from Hon. E. A. Brackett, chairman of our State Commission of Inland Fisheries and Game. From these eggs we raised eleven birds; eight got away, leaving us three. We obtained another trio from Mr. Brackett last spring, and have now seventy fine full-grown pure breed Mongolian pheasants all in beautiful plumage; and they are a sight to gladden the heart of the sportsman and the lover of the beautiful in bird life.

We have had ups and downs in breeding these elegant birds, but have now accomplished our desire. We can now rear these pure breed Mongolian pheasants with as much certainty as the ordinary poultry man can raise his Plymouth Rocks. Mr. Harlaw Foster, of Ashby, has charge of our aviaries, and he has proven himself equal to the task, and has reduced the rearing of these birds to a science. We now have eight large double pens and a winter and summer run for the birds. In the coming season shall have between thirty and forty hens to collect eggs from, and as they lay from fifty to eighty eggs in a season, we ought to have "right smart" of these birds next fall.

Of those which got away and were liberated last spring we know of three broods that have bred wild here this season, and every few days someone comes in and reports seeing some of the birds in our fields and covers.

The members of the club are doing a grand work in propagating and releasing these elegant game birds, for they are not only a benefit to the sportsman, but as they work in fields to a large extent, and are great insect-destroyers, they will prove of benefit to the crop-raiser in this vicinity. The club is doing a purely unselfish work, for all of the birds will be liberated on public grounds, so they will be a benefit to the public at large as well as to members of the club. The birds are very hardy, impervious to cold, and as game birds will tax the skill of our sportsmen, and require the keenest of pointers and setters to bring them to bag. We would be pleased to assist any other club that is trying or would like to try to rear these lovely birds.

We have released several this season and shall have quite a number to breed wild next spring. We ask everyone to refrain from molesting or destroying in any way any of these birds anywhere within our State until the law goes off in 1900.

IRVING O. CONVERSE,
Sec'y Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

That Sixty-Six-Inch Moose Head.

FREDERICTON, N.B., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly allow me to state in your columns that I had nothing whatever to do with the exaggerated press reports on the subject of a moose recently shot by me in the Nepisiguit country. (1) I never "claimed" that the head in question beat any record. (2) I never asserted that this antler spread was 66in., nor even that it was 61in. (3) I never measured nor saw these antlers measured with a tape and I therefore decline all responsibility for any statemen that may have been made about their size. JOHN BODKIN.

Newfoundland Caribou.

COL. A. B. BLAIR, of Scranton, Pa., sends us the story of a hunting trip to Newfoundland as told in the Scranton *Truth:* Mr. E. G. Asmus, of West Hoboken, N. J.; Mr. Benjamin Dorrance, of Dorranceton, and Mr. A. B. Blair, of Scranton, Pa., reached New York Saturday, Oct. 23, by steamer Portia of the Red Cross Line, on their return from a visit to Newfoundland, where they had been for the purpose of hunting caribou. These gentlemen are perfectly delighted with their trip, had all the shooting that they wished for, and met in and about St. Johns a very genial, hospitable and intelligent class of persons, who did much to make the stay a pleasant one in all respects. The hunting grounds were reached some 250 miles northeast of St. Johns.

The objective point of the huntsmen was the head of Holls Bay, where the efficient guides, Richard Le Buffe and James Goodyear, met the party. Twenty-five miles of tramping brought the Americans to the extreme end of the Big Marsh, near the old camping grounds of Dr. Davis, and within easy access of Grandfather's Look Out, and the great white hills where the caribou roam in large numbers. The shooting proved to be all that one could desire, while even under the severe license law three stags and two does heads or horns may only be brought out by a non-resident.

Of course, in so far as possible, the better specimens were selected, and as a consequence the stag's heads secured are beyond a doubt among the finest ever brought to the United States, and as to points ranging from twenty-eight to fifty-two in number, heads of great symmetry and beauty.

Thirty-one days of camp life gave the sportsmen ample opportunity for seeing for themselves, and for pronouncing judgment upon that part of Newfoundland where the soil is remarkably unproductive, and the people necessarily, for the most part, very poor.

It is very evident that the business men of St. Johns, and in fact the great mass of the people of Newfoundland, hold in high esteem the better citizens of the United States, and one cannot be surprised at this when he learns that so many of her people have become Americans and are to be found in perhaps every State of the Union. These men are even here in Scranton, Pittston and throughout this valley, well known, respected and representative persons.

It is quite true that a limited number of sportsmen visit this island, where tourists are needed and even wanted, only to find that the license tax is burdensome, while the natives, for the most part, many of them, kill and destroy the noble game in season, out of season, and indeed at all seasons of the year.

The fishing is free for all, under good and wholesome laws; but we Americans should not be compelled to pay a heavy, onerous tax for the privilege of killing five reindeer during any one season.

If these fine animals are to be exterminated, the fault will not, I am sure, lie at the hands of Americans, some of whom within the past two weeks have, out of sympathy, absolutely refused to shoot down the does and fawns.

To those of our fellow-countrymen who enjoy legitimate sport, who are willing to undergo the fatigue of walking, who can make themselves comfortable while sleeping on the balsam boughs, and who have the time and money at their command—to all such, the members of this late successful hunting party would say: "Go up to Newfoundland and enjoy a two months' outing." A. B. BLAIR.



A CANADA MOOSE.
Photographed from life.

Southern Quail.

HASLIN, N. C., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the benefit of your readers desiring to learn of the quail shooting and conditions governing it in North Carolina, especially the level tidewater section of the eastern part of the State, I will give what information I have at hand, the greater part coming from my own store of knowledge, acquired by close observation during a period of twelve years afield with dog and gun. It is a great country for quail, arranged by nature seemingly to supply their every need and want. Possibly 10 to 15 per cent. has been cleared and is now under cultivation or growing up in hedges, etc. The remainder is as nature made it, each part contributing an essential to the welfare of Bob White. A great portion of the virgin forest is covered with a growth of pines, among which grows in profusion a wild feed (known locally as quail peas), upon which thousands of birds find sustenance. In these open pine forests the shooting is all that could be desired; there is enough grass for birds to "lay" perfectly, and the cover is open enough for shooting yet not so 'dead easy" as the open field, where hundreds of birds are brought to bag. With a territory so vast, and in places with thousands of acres totally inaccessible to dog and gun, all suitable to their habits, and with the variety and abundance of food, this country forms an ideal combination, which will be instrumental in assisting this noble game bird to hold its own against the ever-increasing legion of sportsmen for years to come. F. P. LATHAM.

WATER LILLY, N. C., Oct. 27.—The prospect for good duck shooting this fall and winter was never better. The sounds are filled with wild celery, and the ducks have arrived in abundance during the past week. Our opening day begins Nov. 1, and ends March 31. Redheads and ruddie ducks are more plentiful than other kinds, but the first flight of canvas-backs has arrived. CURRITUCK.

THURMAN, N. C., Nov. 1.—The prospects are very good here for game. We have quail, turkeys and ducks, and bear and deer. JOHN S. HARDISON.

Maine's Game Season.

GREENVILLE, Me., Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The record of big game killed to date throughout this Moosehead Lake region will undoubtedly exceed that of last year, large though it was. Already hundreds of deer have been received at the Bangor & Aroostook station here, together with moose and caribou. Notwithstanding the late opening of the season on moose, fully as many heads have been obtained in this section as last year. Caribou are noticeably increasing, and are apparently working back into this country from the eastward, where they are plenty. More than the usual number of bears have been secured by sportsmen, and altogether the season has thus far been decidedly successful, which may be accounted for not alone by the increase of our game, but also because of the splendid hunting weather we have enjoyed.

Throughout all northern Maine venison is more plentiful than beef, and much cheaper, too. Restaurants and hotels everywhere serve it so often as the *pièce de resistance*, that the ubiquitous drummer is kicking and the butchers are in despair. At a restaurant in Bangor where they make a strong card of the legend, "Regular Dinner for 35 cents," a son of the Emerald Isle created great merriment by disgustedly exclaiming, when confronted with a steaming venison stew: "Take away yer dum Yankee grub and bring me some mate. I'm the Government contractor from Camden, and I want more mate!"

I returned last week from a month's moose hunt. Never have I enjoyed such glorious, invigorating fall weather, although I have hunted for twenty years. Day after day my friend and myself went about in shirt sleeves, the skies were unclouded and the air was like rich wine. At night the tent flaps were left open, and the camp-fire was only kept going for the cheer which it imparted. Game of all kinds abounded. We saw seventeen deer the first day we went out, and although we remained on one camp ground for three weeks, actually counted 112 deer during our stay. We got a big moose with a 46in. spread of horns and twenty-five points, and two deer. Five years ago I hunted in the same place, and at that time there was not anywhere near the amount of game there, which indicates how our big game is increasing through the more rigid enforcement of our game laws.

A number of so-called "sportsmen" have been detected in illegally shipping game out of the State, but on the whole, there is a disposition among our visitors to respect the law protecting our game. But now we need a law to protect our hunters as well. There are too many cases of gross carelessness and criminal stupidity occurring in our forests and men are being shot for deer beyond all excuse. We need a law to land some of these fool sportsmen, who shoot at everything that moves without troubling themselves to learn what it is, behind prison bars for a term of years. It is manifestly unfair and unwise to jail a man for a dead moose and yet let him go scot free for a dead hunter. Or, as an old Indian friend of mine puts it: "Sportsman kill moose, he go jail; kill white man, he call accident."

ECHO.

Carrier Pigeon with Gold Dust.

CONNERSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 2.—J. B. Sacre, while hunting near Laurel, killed two carrier pigeons. On the legs of both were silver bands on which were numbers, K. 31,165 and K. 2,383. Encircling the neck of one was a small sack of gold dust. The supposition is that the pigeons were from Klondike. They were in an exhausted condition and were flying

at a slow speed when shot. Thinking this might interest some reader I write you the same.

T. F. Thomas, while hunting near the river bridge last April, shot a white pelican, which is a fine specimen and a rare bird for this locality. Any one can see the same by calling at his place of business. BASS.

A Pit-fallen Moose.

THE moose was captured in a bear pit-fall by two Indians, who tied him up and took him on a sled to Halifax. Here he was turned out in an inclosure and was photographed at close range, while a companion of the photographer stood by with a rifle to be ready should the moose charge the artist. The creature remained motionless for five minutes, and then, when the party had left the inclosure, "tore around at a great rate." In a few days the moose died, presumably of starvation.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

BY FRED MATHER.

AT last New York city has a free aquarium worthy of the name. The taste for aquaria and their uses as public educators has never become as popular in America as in Europe, but it is growing. Most of the aquaria there are built by companies as speculative affairs, and many pay fair dividends. I have seen most of them, studied their workings, and have watched the growth of our new one at Battery Park with great interest. I was at first disposed to be severe on the arrangement of the tanks in a plain, rigid semicircle, and the waste of floor space into great pools, where only seals and cetaceans can be displayed to advantage, for large fish do not show well in them, and that most uninteresting of all animals, the alligator, shows as well when stuffed, and is as active when carved from a log, as it is in life. I prefer the winding walks, caves, grottoes and surprises of the Berlin Aquarium, but when I visited the New York Aquarium after its opening and saw that its being free crowded it to its capacity, it was apparent that the space required by the public was none too great, and that to have filled the interior with inclined passages, caves and grottoes, would, in the present building, have cramped the space which the crowds render necessary, and under the circumstances it is the best that could be done.

Still, I regret that the old building did not afford the space for such a design, for I hold that a public aquarium should be more than a mere exhibition of living aquatic animals.

In 1876 Messrs. Coup and Reiche built "The Great New York Aquarium" at Thirty-fifth street and Broadway, and the building is now the Herald Square Theatre. I was with them from the time of the opening until they quarreled about opening on Sunday, and Coup sold out and Reiche let it run down and closed it. They were showmen. Coup had been Barnum's business manager and a circus proprietor, and Reiche was a dealer in wild animals. The latter wanted to run it as a beer garden on Sunday, hence the quarrel. Fifty cents was the price of admission. The aquarium, exclusive of the building, cost $70,000, of which $20,000 was paid by receipts at the door. My notes, dated Sept. 20, 1877, say: "The gross receipts since opening, up to Sept. 15 (eleven months) have been $91,000, and will no doubt exceed $100,000 by the end of next month. The expenses, including rent, $10,000, salaries, music, gas, advertising, collecting specimens and all other items will not exceed $70,000 for the year." When Reiche got it he let it run down, the fishes all starved except the fresh-water gars, and the Aquarium closed. Under proper management it might be running yet, in which case the Battery Park Aquarium might not have been built.

The new Aquarium was built under laws of the State of New York, Chap. 28, 1892, and Chap. 254, 1893. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars was appropriated under each of these laws, or $300,000 in all. The exact cost of the Aquarium is so merged in other bills that it is difficult to get at, for the acts authorizing the expenditures were: "For improving Castle Garden and grounds adjoining and stocking Aquarium." Under this broad law the sea wall was repaired, walks laid in Battery Park and the lawns sodded. Under the appropriation of 1892 there was expended $149,953.15, and outside of an item of $21,700 for repairing the building, the following items occur:

Dec. 1, taking down and rebuilding walls, annex	$ 3,300.00
June 9, Repairing, etc., Battery sea wall	2,832.22
June 30, Paving walks, etc., Battery Park	13,464.77
July 14, Sundry bills	11,071.67
Commissions	4,449 39
Pay rolls	32,088.10

These were all legitimate expenditures under the law, and are only cited to show that the Aquarium proper did not cost all the money which was appropriated for it and "the improving of the grounds," and having no figures at hand, I estimate Battery Park to cover between twenty and thirty acres, and as near as I can separate the items, and estimate the proportions of others, out of the $300,000 the Aquarium cost $175,000.

There was a sad mistake in selecting the first superintendent, who planned the tanks, pipes and other apparatus. He had no practical knowledge of aquaria, whatever, but had dabbled in sea shells and was possessed of some knowledge of their marketable value. He passed a Civil Service examination, which was so quietly conducted that the very few men in America who have had experience in this most difficult of all branches of natural history work, and with whom I have corresponded, never heard that such an examination was to be held. He was appointed several months before I heard of it, and I read some New York daily seven days in the week. He was densely ignorant of aquarium matters, as I found in half an hour's talk and saw the white tiles with which he was lining his tanks, to the detriment of the eyes of fishes.

But when I looked over the source of the salt-water supply, 20ft. outside the Battery wall, I was astounded. For the benefit of people who do not know New York harbor, let me explain. At the confluence of the North (Hudson) and East rivers, at the southern end of Manhattan Island, on which the older city of New York stands, and from where its first settlement by the Dutch was made, is now the breathing spot called Battery Park. There was an ancient brick fort there called Fort Clinton, which is well represented on an old platter recently presented to the Aquarium by Miss Mary D Earle and her nieces, Miss Alida Van Derwerken Earle and her sister, daughters of the late Cornelius D. Earle. It is framed and hangs in the lecture room, and shows Castle Garden when it stood apart from the mainland and was out in the harbor as a fort, connected with the island by a bridge. The intervening space was filled in long before the remembrance of any living New Yorker, and so the present park was made.

The platter is about 18in. long and 14½in. wide, and of a very dark blue. It is in perfect condition. The decoration of the border or rim of the platter is composed largely of marine shells. In the center background of the picture on the platter, appear Castle William and Governor's Island. On the back of the rim of the platter, at one end, in blue, is an eagle holding a shield, while from its beak flies a streamer upon which is the motto, "*E Pluribus Unum.*" Under the eagle's claws appear the words: "Castle Garden, Battery, New York." At the other end, on the flat part of the platter, is the impression of a stamp containing an eagle and the names of the makers, in Burslem, which is in Staffordshire, England.

This platter is valuable evidence in the case of the improved supply of salt water. I was so surprised at the taking of salt water from the harbor at the Battery wall that nothing could be said for a moment. Memory ran back some eighteen years, to the time when we would not run a pipe to the North River at Thirty-fifth street, but brought up the salt water from outside Sandy Hook on tugs, and then in street-sprinkling carts to the old Aquarium, where we used it over and over again, the best of all systems except the natural filter now in use at Battery Park, which may or may not have been suggested to Dr. Bean by the old platter.

After thinking how the great city poured its foul sewage into both rivers, which, at every ebb tide, united at their junction at the end of Battery Park, I ventured the question: "Do you expect to get good water where the sewers from both rivers meet?"

"Well, now," said the self-satisfied man, "I've looked that all over and find that at 25ft. from this wall the water is pure. At 30ft. or at 20ft. it isn't; but where my pipe ends there is a back-roll of good sea water from Governor's Island, where the currents strike and rebound, sending us good water."

I knew nothing of the rebound, and asked: "How about storms from the east, when the water is driven past Governor's Island and overpowers the flow of the Hudson?"

"That will make no difference; if the sewers bring down foul water, we have the best filters in the world to purify it."

The ignorance of the man staggered me. He seemed to think that chemical impurities could be filtered out like sand, and I ventured to ask: "If a spoonful of sugar is dissolved in a glass of water, or the flow of the sewers into the rivers should come to the pipe beyond the wall, do you think your filters would take out the foulness?"

He believed that it would, and I believed that he knew nothing about the difference between an impurity in solution and one held in suspension, and I came near asking if a filter would remove an odor from water, but decided not to argue the question.

The Aquarium dragged along slowly through part of '92, the whole of the next two years, and people began to wonder why it was not completed. A few inquiries revealed the fact that the Commissioners of Public Parks were not pushing the work for some reason, and the reason soon appeared when they appointed a committee to examine the work. This committee reported unfavorably, and the superintendent moved out. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, formerly Assistant U. S. Fish Commissioner, was appointed superintendent in May, 1895, and found that the tanks would not hold water, the pipes were too small to carry off the drainage, and the whole plant, except the engines and pumps, had to be remodeled. Then the salt water was foul, as it naturally would be from what I have shown of its point of intake, and after learning that the Aquarium stood on made land, the new superintendent dug down under that portion of the building nearest the city, put in a 10in. suction pipe and got a flow of good salt water in which fishes from the clear, clean waters of the Gulf Stream live, and in which hermit crabs remain in their shells. To an Aquarium expert the sight of a hermit leaving its shell, unless to change for another one, is an unfailing sign of bad water.

All these changes took a long time, as they always do where there is work to be done for a city, or a State, with the consultations, approval of recommendations and the circumlocution which we call "red tape." Some newspapers howled about the delay and selected Dr. Bean as the target for their shafts, and assumed that he was responsible for the delay; but he said nothing to the newspapers, and kept on getting ready to give the public an opening which would not have to be closed for repairs the next week.

The Aquarium was formally opened on Dec. 10, 1896, when it was visited by 11,531 people, by actual count of the register. The daily attendance has been as high as 21,456 in one day, and averaged over 10,000 per day for the first seven months, which shows the great popularity of a public aquarium.

In this preliminary article it is not intended to give any account of the inhabitants of the tanks. That may be postponed while we take into consideration the great difficulties an aquarist has to contend with. Animals which live on the earth are subject to sudden changes of temperature; fishes are not, for large bodies of water change slowly, and migratory fishes avoid a change while many fresh-water species become semi-torpid. Then, some forms of marine life are annoyed by the light, which is a necessity in an aquarium; but the most severe test to most marine fishes, and to some fresh-water ones, like the lake trout and the whitefishes, is the absence of pressure. The giant lobsters and many other marine animals died from what I may call the "rarity" of the water. All mountain climbers have experienced distress in high places, and I have seen the nostrils of pack-mules slit in order to let more air into their lungs, while men were panting at the slightest exertion. Fish brought up suddenly from great depths turn their stomachs out of their mouths because the inside pressure is greatest, and there are few marine fishes which can live with only a pressure of 4ft. of water on them.

When we consider a display of the salmons, trouts, whitefish and smelts in an aquarium, the question of temperature is a vital one. In winter these fishes are comfortable, but the casual visitor in summer does not see the refrigerating apparatus which is necessary to the life of these specimens, and may only detect its presence by condensed moisture on the glass. There is no end of problems to be solved in an aquarium. The duration of life of some fishes in confinement is comparatively short, while other forms live and thrive in the tanks. The interesting little sea-horses never live long either in balanced tanks or in flowing water, although fed with the minute crustacea on which they live when at liberty. A balanced tank is usually a small one, such as is suitable for home ornament and study, and in which the water is never changed, the only new water used is to replace that lost by evaporation. It may be filled with either fresh or salt-water, and is stocked with plants which grow submerged, and throw off what oxygen the fish require; for fishes extract oxygen from the water to aerate their blood, as we extract it from the air for the same purpose. Too much plant life or light, and the glass becomes covered with vegetation; too much animal life, and some of it dies. A properly balanced tank has just enough of each kind of life; the carbonic acid gas thrown off by the fishes is consumed by the plants, and so the balance is maintained.

In the lecture room, where the general public does not go, there are some interesting balanced tanks with both fresh water and marine specimens in which the water has not been changed for over a year. Mr. Spencer has charge of these, and delights to show them to those who appreciate the beauties of the smaller aquatic life, but the mass of the people would pass by these without a glance. What they want is size, all else is "caviare" to them. The antics of the seals interest them more than anything in the building, judging by the crowd which is always about their tanks. The late Mr. Lloyd, the superintendent of the Aquarium in the late Crystal Palace, London, and in his day the best aquarium authority, would not admit any lung-breathing animal into an aquarium. He even went so far as to refuse a place to the newts, turtles and frogs. His rule was: "The animals must not be lung-breathers; that is to say, they must be either such as the sea-anemones and corals and some others which have the function of respiration diffused over their entire bodies, or be such as the creatures above them (up to and ending with fishes), which are provided with gills during their whole period of existence." This rule would admit the tadpoles, but not the frog nor the salamander, but then Lloyd was cranky on such things.

His aquarium was devoid of all ornament, and he was offensively blunt in condemning my taste for caves and grottoes, which he said did not accord with the plain floors beneath them, and which tried to make the visitor believe that he was under the sea when he was not; and he scolded about "bad taste" like a fishwife. Many of his small table-tanks were so low that the visitor looked down into them, and it was my turn when he asked me how I liked them. "Mr. Lloyd," said I, "they are the worst lot I've seen. If I was in charge here they would be raised until the eye of the visitor was below the waterline. The worst possible view to get of a fish is to look down on its back.

"That's the only natural way to see a fish," he replied. "When you are on the bank of a stream or in a boat, don't you look down on the back of a fish? Why not in an aquarium?"

"Because most fishes look alike from a dorsal view, and the bright colors are usually on the sides."

"I care nothing for that," he snapped out; "what I want is to follow nature and have no tomfoolery," and he walked off.

I let him go for a while. He was all right on his management of water and keeping fish alive, but he was notional and irritable. I smoothed his fur by talking about his remarkably clear sea water, which he stored in reservoirs and used over and over all the time, and we parted friends.

In this article I mentioned the great pools in the floor of the Battery Park Aquarium, and the above conversation recalls another. Some time ago I said to Dr. Bean: "That big sturgeon would show off twice as large if you had a tank higher up to show it in. Looking down upon it does not even give a fair idea of its length. If you had such a tank as our 'shark tank' in the old Thirty-fifth street aquarium it would show splendidly."

"That's true, but we have no such tank. How big was that one?"

"As memory recalls it, 35×12ft. were about its dimensions; a 10ft. shark could turn easily in it. You should have such a tank as that. These pools in the floor are only good for seals, cetaceans and crocodiles, and they are not very good for them. Our whale tank in the old aquarium was only 2ft. below the floor, and the water was 4ft. above it, so that you could see the whale broadside. Fill up all these holes in the floor and build them up."

The superintendent looked at me more in sorrow than in anger, and replied: "I did not build the tanks."

"No, I know you didn't; but here's this big circular whale tank, some 30 or 40ft. in diameter, with the sides slanting inward, probably to prevent splashing the spectators. There's a big barn-door skate right under us, and but half of it can be seen because of the faulty build of the pool, and if the fish was on the other side we couldn't see it at all."

"You are very critical," said Dr. Bean, "and there is much truth in what you say; but there's no use in talking to me about these things, I took the place as I found it, and have done what I could to improve it. Perhaps if you were in my place you would not be so critical; all things can't be done at once, have patience."

That last remark was a correct one. If I were in his place this article would not be written, but as I am a free lance I may tilt at pleasure, and will further say: The aquarium is under the immediate charge of the Park Commissioners of the city of New York. These Commissioners are appointed by the Mayor, and may be more or less interested in the matters which are likely to come before them, but, if they were the best men in the world for the place, they would be removed at the first political change. Within a few days a new Mayor will be elected, and when he takes his seat on New Year's Day, he will probably have a few political friends to reward with places, and the Park Board will provide for a few.

This is the worst possible state of affairs for the Aquarium. A man may know a lot about parks, botany, roadways and landscape gardening, but in the city of New York there are not a dozen men who have a superficial knowledge of how an aquarium should be run, and in the whole United States there are not as many capable aquarium superintendents.

The Board of Park Commissioners being a changeable body, dependent on an elected Mayor, is not the proper custodian of as delicate and intricate a scientific thing as a public aquarium. It should be placed under a board of trustees which will not be subject to political changes. Such boards govern the American Museum of Natural History, in Central Park, New York city; the Zoölogical and Botanical gardens; and the Aquarium calls for more careful selection in its trustees than any other public institution, because fishes are more difficult to keep alive than any other form of life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANGLING NOTES.

Mash-kinoge.

My compliments to Dr. Robert T. Morris, whose article in regard to the spelling of the name of the big pike I have read in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 30. While I have adhered to spelling the name mascalonge, I have never contended that it was the correct way to spell it. My contention is and has been, that it should be spelled in one way, and not in half a dozen ways. I was very willing to adopt any spelling that seemed to be by authority, and I think it was natural to look to the United States Fish Commission for that authority. The matter was submitted to Dr. Bean, who then operated the spelling factory of the Commission (the question was put by a New York newspaper, the particular copy of which I could find, perhaps, by searching for it), and he gave out the spelling I have since used. In fact, I have talked with him about the spelling of the name within the past year, and he had then found no reason for changing his mind in regard to it. Really, I have been more consistent about the spelling of the name of the fish in question than my authority, the U, S. Fish Commission, for the publications of the Commission do not use that spelling now, I find upon looking. In one place it is muskellunge, but the late Prof. Goode is responsible for that. It is like a certain State Fish Commission which "resolved, that hereafter the fish commonly called lake trout and salmon trout, shall hereafter be called lake trout only"; and thereafter, in the same report containing the resolution, the fish was called salmon trout. I am not hide-bound, and am willing to recede from my declaration to spell the word mascalonge forevermore, if a congress of fishermen or some other body will authorize some other spelling, and stick to it; so we can have one universal form of the word, and not half a dozen, as we have had and now have. I do not recall that I have seen the spelling advocated by Dr. Morris, although maskinonje has been said by some to be the correct form, and I am of the opinion that the introduction of the h, and the omission of the second n, makes an entirely new form of the word. However that may be, if Dr. Morris will have his spelling legally adopted, as I have suggested, I will get in line.

As to ouananiche, I must leave that to my friend Chambers, as he is the godfather and mother of that spelling. His paper, "Philology of the Ouananiche. A Plea for the Recognition of Priority of Nomenclature," read before the Royal Society of Canada, treats of the spelling of the name quite exhaustively, and I would like Dr. Morris to read it. By the way, in that very paper the author says: "In the case of another North American fish, *Esox nobilior*." (My dear Chambers, are you aware that the fish sharps have changed both the generic and specific names of this pike. They may have done this when you were not looking, but the name on the door-plate now reads: *Lucius masquinongy*, and this is where old Mr. Priority comes in. By the way, for the second time, Jordan gives the common names muskallunge, maskinongy, muscalonge.) "whose popular title in its original form, like that of the ouananiche and namaycush, comes down to us from its Indian nomenclature, an apparent desire to get away from French orthography has produced a somewhat similar confusion of language to that already described in the case of the ouananiche. The original spelling of the Indian name was undoubtedly maskinongé, and such it is still called in the statutes of Canada. According to Mgr. Lafliche, maskinongé is derived from *mash*, deformed, and *kinongé*, a pike, and was applied to the *E. nobilior* by the Indians because it appeared to them a deformed or different kind of pike from that to which they had been accustomed."

You will readily see that here is another doctor in the case, and I leave it to you if, under the circumstances, it was not discretion on my part as a layman to adopt the spelling I believed was given by authority, and stick to it. I had either to do this or take to the brush.

The Pikes.

It is my opinion that the pikes have caused more confusion than any other family of fishes, not alone in the spelling of the name of one of them, as may be gleaned from what I have written above, but in various ways, the chief of which is perhaps the application of the name pickerel. The fish that was *Esox lucius* and is now *Lucius lucius*, is almost universally called pickerel, when really it is the pike, the same pike that English anglers regard highly as a game fish. I have just been on the witness stand in the Supreme Court in this State, where the principal question at issue was the dentity of members of the pike family. The people had brought suit against a man for catching pickerel illegally in the closed season and by a device forbidden by law. Witnesses, several of them, testified that the fish caught were mascalonge and the defendant got the verdict. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court and I went out there to find what kind of fish the pond contained before the trial came off, for the Court would not permit the State to amend its complaint to include the word mascalonge, for it was just as illegal to catch mascalonge as it was to catch pickerel. As a matter of fact I found that some people really called the fish mascalonge, and not for court purposes, for they were not mascalonge. When the trial came off I arrived by train when the case was well under way, and going to the court room listened to one or two witnesses for the people, and to my astonishment they termed the fish pickerel or mascalonge, as if they were interchangeable terms. The people had provided some fish to test the knowledge of the witnesses, but I did not see them until I went on the stand, as I preferred not to. All that I could tell about the case from where I sat was that the witnesses one after another swore that they "never h d seen a fish like the big one." When I went on the stand I found that the people had provided a mascalonge, a true pike (*Lucius lucius*), and a pickerel (*Lucius reticulatus*), and the big fish, which none of the witnesses had ever seen before that day, was the mascalonge. The fish which the defendant had caught in a trap were identified as being like the one that I testified was a pike, commonly called pickerel.

It seemed from a small part of the testimony which I heard on cross-examination, that the defense intended to rest its claim that the fish were mascalonge upon the fact that they grew to great size. One question was: "Do you remember hearing about a fish taken from this pond that was 6½ft. long." To the credit of the witness he promptly answered, No.

It is surprising to find how many people believe that a mascalonge is nothing more than a pike of great size. In other words, they have an idea that a pike grows in time into a mascalonge, as in England a jack grows into a pike. On the other hand, in this State the fish generally called the pike, called so too by people who should know better, and probably do know better, is not the pike at all, and does not belong to that family, but is the pike-perch or wall-eyed pike.

Reforms in fish nomenclature are like other reforms of slow growth, and I imagine nothing short of a convulsion of nature will ever bring about a change in this respect.

If every time a man should say pickerel when he ought to say pike to be correct, or pike when the fish he means is the pike-perch, the earth would open and swallow him, those that escape might in time, if they said anything, use the right term to designate the fish they are talking about.

Age of Trout.

A few days ago a correspondent asked me how long trout lived. I replied that brook trout lived about fifteen years on an average in confinement, and that we knew little or nothing of how long wild trout lived. The letter was sealed on my desk ready to go to the post with other mail, when I took up an English paper, and almost the first thing that met my eye was 'Longevity of Trout." Under this head I read of a trout placed in a well by a man who had been dead thirty years at the time the item was written, and no one knew how long before his death the trout was placed in the well, nor how old the trout was when so placed. I did not open the letter to make any corrections, but if my correspondent should happen to read the same item he may think he came to a poor shop for information. However, it is of record that a brown trout once lived fifty-three years, according to Dr. Day, and another twenty-eight years, and I knew this when I wrote what I did. Dr. Day was of the opinion that in such exceptional cases where trout had lived to great age that they were sterile fish. In nearly all recorded cases of great age in trout the fish have been confined in wells and their growth has been very slight. In fact, I recall one case where the fish was of the same size after many years' confinement, the exact number of years I do not recall and it is not worth looking up.

One American fish breeder fixes the average age of brook trout in confinement at twelve years. A Scotch fish breeder places the age of the *fario* at about fourteen years. Stone, one of the pioneers in this country, says it is more than twelve years, but he does not fix the limit. In Scotland the fishculturist thinks fish should not be handled to get the best results until they are four years old. In this country trout are used for artificial breeding when they are two years old. I know of one private establishment where nothing but two-year-old fish are used as breeders, but they are larger at two years than many fish in other regions are at three years.

When trout reach the age of eight or ten years they cease to be prolific breeders, and so I will stick to what I said in my letter to my correspondent in spite of the fifty-three, twenty-eight and other year old trout. Size alone does not indicate the age of a trout, for food or the absence of it will make a trout large or small, and over and over I have written to inquirers that I could not tell the age of a trout by its size. Trout from the same lot of eggs grow unevenly and have to be sorted from time to time, and the large ones removed from the pond containing their smaller brethren or the smaller ones will be missed at roll call, as they go to increase the size of the larger and more active trout without regard to family ties or relationship.

Size of Trout.

The foregoing has reminded me of the size of lake trout that have been taken the past season in some waters. Unfortunately, the law in New York reads: "Trout of any kind, salmon trout or landlocked salmon, less than 6in. in length, shall not be intentionally taken or possessed," etc

That is all right enough for "trout of any kind," which means common brook trout, rainbow trout and brown trout, but it is all wrong for lake trout and landlocked salmon. The Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests wished to have this limit changed, but as yet have not succeeded in getting the law-making body to change it, although the section is actually undoing their work of re-stocking the waters with lake trout and landlocked salmon. Lake trout, to be on a footing with brook trout, should not be taken until they are at least three years old (four years would be far better), and at that age they will average about 13½in. in length. Larger three-year-old fish have been reared, but I am writing of the average, and I think what I have said is fair. What is true of lake trout is true of landlocked salmon, and both should be put in the same class with salmon under Sec. 114, which limits the length at which they may be legally killed to 18in.

The Commissioners are stocking our lake in this State with lake trout, and the people living on the shores of the lake are catching the baby trout when they are in weight from ¼ to ⅜lb. This is a sheer waste of food, when in a few years these fish would weigh from 5 to 10lbs. each. Several letters of complaint, as well as complaints by word of mouth, have come to me about this sort of fishing, one says that one man in one day caught 127 of these baby trout. He might almost as well have gone to the hatchery and caught the trout out of one of the rearing boxes.

A lot of yearling trout were planted in this lake, and it is not impossible that the 127 baby fish were some of the lot. The State had reared those fish until they were fourteen months old, had bought food for them during the time and paid men to feed and care for them every day during that period. Then the Commission had sent the State cars with attendants to transport the fish 200 or 300 miles and plant them in the lake. Then a little later, in one day a man catches what it would cost, if the railroads did not haul the State fish car free, $25, say, to transport, to make no note of the men's wages and the cost of food to rear the fish. Of course, it was legal to catch the baby fish, but a man who would do such a thing must have a precious poor opinion of himself if he ever stops to think about it. There is one thing he and others engaged in this business must do: about next year they should make an application to the Commission for more trout and complain that the fishing is falling off, and be particular to ask for yearlings and say that it does not do any good to plant fry because the yellow perch eat them as soon as they are put in the water.

Ask for at least 20,000 yearlings, say three carloads, for the Commissioners will be disappointed if you ask for a less number. If you don't get what you ask for, make a kick, for it is the regular thing to do after you have practiced a style of fishing that would shame a graven image, and exhausted the fishing, to demand the impossible in the way of restocking the waters that you have depleted by your own selfish acts. To any one to whom it may appear that I am writing about an imaginary condition of things, let me say that it is no joke, and that I have simply skirmished around the edge of the truth instead of plunging boldly into the thick of it, for I must confess that it is not a pleasant subject for me to write about.

Black Bass.

Twice at least within a very short time I have noticed that black bass, small mouthed, were a drug in our local markets. One market man told me the fish came from Buffalo, and another that they came from New York. One day the bass were offered at less than the wholesale price in New York that week, viz., 8 cents per pound. In the absence of proof to the contrary, we must assume that the black bass were caught legally, although of course they were caught in nets, somewhere. Netting is permitted in some waters, with an especial provision that all black bass taken must be returned to the water alive. Perhaps this provision is always observed, but I doubt it. Going up and down the Hudson River, I have often wondered if the fyke nets take any great number of black bass. I saw twenty-two of such nets in about the distance of the length of the train I was on, some of them with long leaders, like a pound net. The Hudson is not considered a black bass stream from the angler's standpoint, but there are many black bass in the river, and some are caught with hook and line. It has been reported to me along the river that few, comparatively, black bass are taken in these nets, but one fisherman told me that the fykes never took any salmon, and before I finished talking with him he admitted that three salmon had been taken in such nets, but none in his. On the other hand, a member of the Board of Education in Albany made an investigation two or three years ago and found salmon in several fyke nets, something like a dozen fish, as I now recall the number, found in one trip over a portion of the river. But this note is not about salmon. Admitting that all the black bass which find their way to market are taken legally as to season and method, would they not be worth more in the water for hook and line fishermen than they are when taken by nets and sold for 8 or 10 cents per pound—10 cents being the highest wholesale price I have noticed in New York markets this fall? If they are worth more in the water, how can a change of method in their capture be brought about to make them solely a hook and line fish instead of a net fish? To be sure, the present law purports to make them a hook and line fish within the State, but it is certain that black bass came from somewhere after being being taken in nets. In 1894 the interior waters of New York furnished 55,806lbs. of black bass, valued at $6,230, and in 1895 45,999lbs. valued at $5,078. The black bass cannot be hatched artificially like the trout, shad, pike-perch and whitefish, and there can be no question about this fish becoming scarce in all waters in the State, in spite of such restrictive laws as we have. Last year the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission distributed no small-mouth black bass. Every year the applications for black bass outnumber those of the year before, so that the demand increases while the supply decreases. To any one who has said to himself that the netted fish I have mentioned above came from the Great Lakes, where the State has no jurisdiction, let me say that in one year 1,000,000 black bass were asked for of the Commission, to be planted in Lake Ontario. This is a condition of affairs that the State Commission is powerless to remedy. The first great evil is that the present law does not cover the breeding season of the black bass, but under the present condition of things it would appear necessary to do more than extend the close season to cover the spawning period, to restore the black bass fishing in waters where it has fallen off to almost nothing. The remedy I would suggest for consideration in addition to an extended close season, is to make the St Lawrence River law as to the number of black bass which can be caught in one day, apply to all the waters of the State, and amend Sec. 109 of the game law to read: "Trout of any kind, salmon trout, landlocked salmon, or *black bass* caught in any of the inland waters of this State, shall not be transported to any point within or without the State, from or through any counties thereof, or possessed for that purpose, except when accompanied by the owner."

There is one thing sure, the fishermen themselves have got to do a little thinking, and then act in concert, if the black bass, which has been called "the people's game fish," is to be saved for future fishing in this State.

Nature never intended the black bass for small waters, but man has tried to improve on nature in providing a habitat for this fish; and it is a failure except when unusual safeguards are thrown around it to compensate for changed conditions.

Salmon by Millions.

Through the kindness of Mr. Livingston Stone, who is now the oldest living fishculturist in this country, I am able to give a few figures showing what was done at a single hatching station in California last year. At Battle Creek, in Shasta county, 4,968 female salmon were stripped, and produced the enormous number of 25,852,880 eggs, or something over 5,200 eggs per fish.

In writing of Mr. Stone, I am reminded of his hatchery at Cold Spring trout ponds, near Charlestown, N. H., which he established in 1866. Four years later I made a pilgrimage to Charlestown, where some of my forebears lived and died long ago, and visited the hatchery. The next year I went into a hatchery to learn the business of practical fish propagation by artificial methods. There is no doubt in my own mind that my visit to Mr. Stone's trout breeding ponds had a decided influence on my after life. I left home at that time with no intention of going to Charlestown, but chiefly to visit a younger brother in college, and the visit to the ponds and the town and its graveyard was an afterthought. Trifles light as air sometimes changes the whole current of our thoughts and create new desires and ambitions. As a boy I had an artificial trout pond and I stocked it by catching trout with hook and line and conveying them to the pond alive. Cold spring ponds opened a new book to me which I have been reading ever since, and have got perhaps as far as the middle of the book. To be perfectly candid, I once thought I had read it to the end but I was mistaken, for I must have

dreamed that I read it all. Mr. Stone was the first to take the eggs of the rainbow trout on the Pacific Coast, where he went to inaugurate salmon breeding for the United States Fish Commission, and I used to wish that he had kept all the eggs on that coast, but time effected a change of opinion in this as it has in other matters. But a note concerning Mr. Stone's life work must be left to a future time and appear by itself. A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Muscallonge Do Shed Their Teeth.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 6.—A few weeks ago I advanced what was to me the curious information regarding the shedding of its teeth by the muscallonge during the summer months. I now have confirmation on the matter advanced at that time by Mr. H. L. Stanton, of Chicago, and I believe the phenomenon properly to be regarded as established. Mr. Stanton's observations were made in Wisconsin, and his original informant had seen the phenomenon in Canada. Now comes Mr. H. G. McCartney, of Chicago, who has observed the same thing in the waters of Cass and Itasca counties of Minnesota. Mr. McCartney says that last spring in May and June the teeth of all the muscallonge taken in Woman Lake and adjacent waters were sound and normal. On July 10 he examined fish which showed jaws red and inflamed, and with some of the teeth missing. In August still more teeth were found to be absent in specimens examined. In late August and in September it was the rule that no teeth at all would be found in the mouths of the muscallonge taken. The muscallonge taken in October all showed perfect teeth. Mr. McCartney intends to keep a record on this matter next year. He does not know whether the teeth are shed yearly or not, but knows that they are shed sometimes.

The Record 'Lunge.

The largest muscallonge of which I now have word this year weighed 40lbs., and was taken by Mr. E. H. Charles, of Minneapolis, Minn., in Woman Lake, Cass county, at 8:30 A. M., Oct. 16. Mr. Charles killed this fish on the bar about half a mile inside the island in front of Kabekona Camp. He had previously, on Oct. 14, taken one of 26½lbs., and his friend one of 25lbs. They only fished three days.

Alderman Henry S. Fitch, of Chicago, on Sept. 11, in Woman Lake, killed a fine 'lunge weighing 36lbs. The fish taken in these waters seem to average larger later in the fall. The last twenty fish taken at Kabekona Camp averaged 21¼lbs., certainly a very remarkable showing.

Fox River Bass.

Puyallup writes me from Elgin, Ill., some interesting news regarding large bass: "Small-mouth bass are running large this year," he says, "one caught (or killed) near here this week, Fox River, weighed, actual live weight, 5¼lbs., and a number have been taken over 4lbs. Lake Geneva has given up any number of good ones, two that I saw weighed 4lbs. 14oz. and 5lbs. 2oz. respectively."

Lake Crescent Trout.

The writer last above mentioned, Puyallup, seems to travel a bit now and then, and to savvy fish a plenty. In regard to the now famous Lake Crescent trout he remarks: "Am glad to learn that our scientists have classified the two kinds of trout in Lake Crescent as distinct. Our party was confident that they were 'all by their lonesome' as early as 1888 or '89, but were laughed at when we made the claim." E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Bass at Ball's Bluff.

WINCHESTER, Va.—The Potomac is noted for its bass fishing; and several of the streams emptying into it in the vicinity where my story opens are well filled with trout. President Cleveland has fished in these streams more than once and has caught some very handsome strings of fish. I was living in Leesburg, and the river being only about two miles from town across the fields, was just a nice walk for any one who enjoys sport with the rod. On this particular morning, with rod and bucket of bait, I struck out for the river; I arrived there about 7 o'clock. I found the bank clear and the water smooth and in fine condition for bass fishing. I took my station on a sand bar, which projected out into the river about 30ft., and right opposite the water was about 15ft. deep. It is said that late in the fall, when the water is low, these deep holes are the best places in which to fish, so I put on a couple of nice minnows and threw in my line. Presently the line quivers; goes out for about 35ft., there stops; and now again is drawn out. Giving a quick jerk, I realized all at once that I had most assuredly hooked into something. I rapidly commenced to wind him in. But, oh, no! he wasn't coming in yet. Out he went again, and my old reel fairly buzzed. He ran out about 60ft. and stopped. Once he threw himself clear out of the water, his white belly shining like silver in the sunlight. I commenced to wind him in again, and finally got him within a few feet of the edge of the sand bar, when I reached out with my landing net and lifted him out of water and landed him. He was a magnificent specimen, and tipped the scales at a little over 5lbs. I was soon rewarded by another strike, which proved to be a 2 pounder. By 10 o'clock I had caught as pretty a string of fish as any one could wish for—nine bass and one sucker, which I caught with a worm. The string weighed exactly 15lbs.

The river at this point is connected right prominently with the late war. The battle of Ball's Bluff was fought there, in which a good many Union soldiers were forced over the cliffs into the river below. A quaint little cemetery nearby, which is surrounded by a stone wall, contains the graves of these soldiers. ALF. T. CLINE.

Bass from Lake Erie for New Jersey.

IN his report as State Fish and Game Protector, for October, Mr. Charles A. Shriner relates that the principal work done during the month was the bringing to this State of a number of adult fish from Lake Erie. This is the third trip of the kind made by wardens, and, like its predecessors, it was successful, although attended with some difficulties. The risk necessarily attending the transportation of fish during warm weather is a temptation to postpone work of this character until cold weather has arrived; but experience has shown that late in the season the fish go to deep water, and difficulties arise in the securing of fish of suitable size. In two previous trips referred to above, an attempt was made to bring to New Jersey the pike-perch and channel catfish, the former for general distribution and the latter for large bodies of water, especially the Delaware River. This object having been accomplished to a certain extent, more attention was paid this year to the procuring of the silver or white bass, a fish which, from its gamy qualities, beautiful appearance and excellent flesh, would make a very desirable addition to the fishes of this State. Wardens Kerr, Hendershott, Dare and Hill started for Lake Erie during the early part of the month, but were delayed considerably on account of the warm weather which set in about that time after a week of lower temperature. In order to procure the fish wanted, it was necessary to go by steamer some fifty miles from Toledo to the fishing grounds, and although bass in considerable quantities were obtained, there was a great deal of trouble in bringing them to Toledo in sufficiently vigorous condition to permit of their transportation further East. Several attempts of this nature failed, but finally 1,000 fish, principally white bass, the rest being pike-perch and channel catfish, were secured, and these were brought through to Paterson with exceedingly small loss in transit. The fish arrived early on Sunday morning, and their removal to other parts of the State would have been extremely hazardous; consequently they were placed in a reservoir of the Passaic Water Company, kindly placed at my disposal. Here they can remain until the present rush of distributing fish is over, and when colder weather will make their removal attended with less risk.

Texas Tarpon Scoring.

TARPON, Tex., Oct. 28.—I think it may interest some of the readers of your paper to know of a remarkable catch of tarpon just made at this place. On the 24th inst. Col. E. U. Smith, of Shanghai, China, landed eleven fish between 7 o'clock in the morning and 7 o'clock in the evening. The fish were all of a fair average size, running from 5ft. 4in. in length up to 5ft. 10in. All were caught by trolling from a skiff in the inlet between St. Joe and Mustang Island, where the depth of water ranges from 25 to 40ft. The rod used was an 8ft. bamboo pole, with a Von Hoff reel that carried comfortably 400ft. of Hall's 27 line. This is the largest catch of tarpon ever made in one day on this coast, the previous best score being six. So far as I have ever heard, seven is the best take recorded on the Florida coast; so Col. Smith can safely claim to hold the world's record on tarpon with rod and reel. FRANK HETFIELD.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 23.—Metropolitan Kennel Club's second annual show, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Nov. 30.—Washington City Kennel Club's show, Washington, D. C.
Dec. 8.—Rhode Island Poultry Association's show, Pawtuxet, R. I.

1898.

Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show Boston.
Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show' New York.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 15.—National Fox Hunters' Association's fourth annual triais, Cynthiana, Ky.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 29.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Dec. 6.—Texas Fox-Hunters' Association's meet, Hinson Springs, Tex.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.
Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal.
Jan. 24.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Tupelo, Miss.
Jan. 31.—Champion Field Trial Association's Champion Stake, Tupelo, Miss.
Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala.

THE NEW ENGLAND BEAGLE CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

THE fifth annual field trials of the New England Beagle Club were held at Oxford, Mass., Nov. 1-6. Game was abundant, and the weather, barring Tuesday, was excellent for hunting, though a trifle warm in the middle of the day. The club made its headquarters at Bacon's Hotel, where the proprietor did everything possible for the comfort of his guests.

The judges were: W. S. Clark and Thomas Shallcross. They worked hard, and gave their decisions after careful consideration.

Among those present at the trials were: G. H. Clark, Lowell, Mass.; Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; Wm. Saxby, Ilion, N. Y.; H. S. Joslin, Geo. Appleby, Oxford, Mass.; John Helding, Howard Almy, Providence, R. I.; D. F. Summers, Thorndale, Pa.; A. Parry, Franklin Park, Mass.; M. T. Mason, Northampton, Mass.; A. H. Morse, Woodstock, Mass.; E. C. Cork, Walpole, Mass.; H. A. Purinton, Waterbury, Conn.; H. W. Lacy, Boston, Mass.; A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass.; Bradford S. Turpin, Boston, Mass., and others.

President Joslin called the annual meeting to order on Monday evening. E. C. Cook, Massachusetts; N. T. Mason, Northampton, Mass.; A. J. Purinton, Waterbury, Conn., were chosen to membership.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, H. S. Joslin; Vice-President, A. D. Fiske; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. Clark; Executive Committee, Thomas Shallcross, C. J. Prouty. A vote of thanks for special prizes was passed and the meeting adjourned.

Monday.

The beagles were measured in the morning and immediately after dinner the party took the field with the Futurity entries. Rain fell in a steady drizzle, and all who followed the hounds were wet through.

The Futurity.

First Series.

There were six starters in this stake which was open to all beagles whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896. The value of the stake was $70.50; first prize, $28.30; second prize, $17.63; third prize, $10.57; to N. E. B. C., $7.05; to breeder of the winner, $7.05.

The drawing resulted in running Franklin Field Trial Kennels' w., b. and t. dog Summers's Sailor (Sailor—Summers's Fly), whelped March, 1896, handler, D. F. Summers, with H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. bitch Cora J. (Wanderer—Headlight), whelped June, 1896, handler, Geo. Appleby.

Franklin Field Trial Kennels' w. and t. bitch Maggie S. (Sailor—Lucy S.), whelped April 1, 1896, handler, D. F. Summers, with Howard Almy's b., w. and t. dog Buckellew (Lewis—Skip II.), whelped January, 1896, handler, owner.

William Saxby's b., w. and t. dog Doubtful (Harker—Dime), whelped January, 1896, handler, owner, with Howard Almy's b., w. and t. dog Blitz (Baronet—Whiffet), whelped May, 1896, handler, owner.

SUMMERS'S SAILOR—CORA J.—This stylish pair were cast off on Federal Hill at 1:45. A rabbit was soon started, but scent lay badly and the run was unsatisfactory. First one beagle would drive, then the other would pick it up, and neither was willing to hark to the other. This rabbit was lost and it was some time before a second was started. In the last race Sailor at first set the pace, but later he was thrown out and Cora drove the game across an open pasture alone. Up at 3:45.

MAGGIE S.—BUCKELLEW.—This brace was laid on at 4:00 and worked into a dense thicket where the judges could not follow. Buckellew trailed to a start and drove alone for some distance. Then Maggie harked, and together they forced bunny into the open and in a short run to a wall where the game went to earth; there was little to choose between them. Meantime a rabbit had been marked in the field, but before the beagles could be brought up it was killed by a weasel, its cries calling the party to the scene of the tragedy. The weasel darted into a wall and escaped. Up at 5:00.

Tuesday.

Rain fell all day and nothing was done in the field. The competition for Mr. Joslin's special prize for the best hunting story filled in the time pleasantly, and many good yarns were spun around the great stove in the hotel office. George F. Reed was declared the winner.

Wednesday.

The afternoon was clear and pleasant, but the morning was wet, foggy and disagreeable. Scent lay well, game was abundant and the day's work was an excellent one. Ten races were run.

MAGGIE S.—BUCKELLEW.—They were put down at 8:20 near the Shepardson farm. Maggie trailed to a start and led the chase till the game was driven to earth. Buckellew was indifferent and would not bark. Up at 8:45.

DOUBTFUL—BLITZ.—This brace was cast off at 8:48. Two rabbits were started, and both were forced to ground. Blitz drove them truer than Doubtful, who tongued but little when driving alone, and ran mute when in company. Up at 9:40.

Second Series.

MAGGIE S.—CORA J.—They were put down at 9:54. Cora outworked Maggie, catching the turns quicker, overrunning but little and driving her game steadily and well. Up at 10:18.

MAGGIE S.—BLITZ.—They were put down at 10:22. Three rabbits were found, but one of them made no running, as he tumbled into a hole scarcely 5yds. from where he was started. The others led off well, and in both chases the advantage lay with Maggie; she hunted better than Blitz, and when the game was up drove faster and cast with more judgment. Up at 11:15.

The judges gave first prize to Cora J., second to Maggie S., third to Blitz, and reserve to Doubtful. The prize for breeder of first prize winner went to Mr. Joslin.

The Derby—15 to 13in.

First Series.

This stake was open to all beagles, 15 to 13in. in height, whelped on or after Jan. 1. '96. Forfeit, $3; $5 additional to run. First prize, 40 per cent.; second, 30 per cent.; third, 20 per cent. of entry fees. There were seven starters in the stakes, drawn to run as follows: Howard Almy's b., w. and t. dog Buckellew (Lewis—Skip II.), whelped January, '96, handler, owner, with John G. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Splitter (Wanderer—Triumph), whelped April '95, handler, Geo. F. Reed.

Franklin Field Trial Kennels' w. and t. bitch Maggie S. (Sailor—Lucy S.) whelped April, '96, handler, D. F. Summers, with Howard Almy's b., w. and t. dog Blitz (Baronet—Whiffet), whelped May, '96, handler, owner.

Wm. Saxby's blue-ticked dog Doubtful (Harker—Dime), whelped January, '96, handler, owner, with Franklin Field Trial Kennels' w., b. and t. dog Summers's Sailor (Sailor—Summers's Fly), whelped March, '96, handler, D. F. Summers.

A. D. Fiske's w., b. and t. dog Scamp (Clyde—Blossom), whelped May, '96, handler, A. H. Merse, drew the bye.

BUCKELLEW—SPLITTER.—They were cast off in the well-known alder field in the rear of the Shepardson barn at 11:37. Two rabbits were started, and both chases were interesting. The beagles packed well, watched one another closely, ran at a great pace, and did beautiful work from start to finish. Buckellew ran in much better form than he showed in the Futurity. Splitter's work seemed to be a little better than Buckellew's.

MAGGIE S.—BLITZ.—These beagles were cast off at 1:08. Maggie was the better hunter, and after the game was up, ran faster and truer than Blitz. He moved slowly, and acted as if he took little interest in the chase. Up at 1:57.

DOUBTFUL—SUMMERS'S SAILOR.—They were put down at 2:12. Two rabbits were afoot and the hounds were constantly changing from one to another. The advantage rested with Sailor, who was the more eager hunter and better driver; he was, however, inclined to babble a bit, while Doubtful did not give tongue freely enough. Up at 3:04.

Owing to a mistake, Scamp was not on the grounds, and the remainder of the races in this stake were run on Thursday; but they are reported here for convenience.

SCAMP.—This pretty beagle was put down at 10:45, and was hunted by A. H. Morse. Maggie S. was ordered down as a running mate, but after a short drive she was ordered up, her condition handicapping Scamp seriously. Sailor was then put down with him, but Scamp refused to be interested in the hunt, and did not run in his true form at any time during the race. Up at 11:34.

Second Series.

MAGGIE S.—SPLITTER.—These flyers were cast off at 11:36. The first race was a short one to a loss. Then Splitter had a drive all by herself and handled her game well. Finally they got away together, and it was soon evident that Maggie was a trifle quicker than Splitter in working out the losses and equally as fast. Up at 12:10.

BUCKELLEW—MAGGIE S.—This couple was put down at 1 and hunted for an hour. Maggie, on account of her condition, was kept on chain till Buckellew had his game started. The first rabbit started was driven into a wall before Maggie came up with the chase. In driving the second rabbit, Maggie showed her superiority, being speedier than her opponent and quicker in picking up the losses.

The judges gave first prize to Maggie S., second to Buckellew, third to Splitter and reserve to Summers's Sailor.

All-Age—13in. and Under.

First Series.

This stake was open to all beagles, 13in. and under, that had not taken a first prize at any recognized field trial. Forfeit $3; $5 additional to run. First prize, 40 per cent.; second, 30 per cent.; third, 20 per cent. of entry fees. There were seven starters in the stake and they were drawn to run as follows:

Franklin Field Trial Kennels' blue-ticked bitch Stump (Sailor—Minnie S.), whelped June '96, handler, D. F. Summers, with Mrs. A. H. Morse's w., b. and t. bitch, Ida Novice (Clyde—Lady Novice), whelped June '95, handler, A. H. Morse.

H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. bitch Cora J. (Wanderer—Headlight), whelped June, 1896, handler, Geo. Appleby, with Franklin Field Trial Kennels' w., b. and t. bitch Pinnie (Sailor—Minnie S.), whelped June, 1896, handler, D. F. Summers.

Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Snifter R. (Wanderer—Triumph), whelped April, 1895, handler, owner, with A. Parry's b., w. and t. bitch Belle of Franklin (John Bull—Belle), handler, owner.

Wm. Saxby's b., w. and t. bitch Bessie (Judge—Baby), whelped June, 1891, handler, owner, drew the bye.

STUMP—IDA NOVICE.—They were cast off at 3:09. Ida was smaller than Stump, and was outfooted. Both, however, hunted well and drove prettily in a long chase through the open field to the woods, where the game was lost. Up at 3:44.

CORA J.—PINNIE.—This couple was put down at 3:35 and hunted into pines, where Pinnie trailed for some distance and started her game. Cora hunted and drove indifferently, and Pinnie won without great trouble. Up at 4:26.

SNIFTER R.—BELLE OF FRANKLIN.—These beagle were put down at 4:28 in thick birches. Bella trailed to a start, and in the ensuing run the work of both was very good. They packed well, drove at a great clip, and ran their game to earth to the best music of the day Up at 5:15.

A meeting of the club was held in the evening, President Joslin in the chair. Michael Kennedy, Peabody, Mass., and D. F. Summers, Thorndale, Pa., were elected to membership. Resolutions of sorrow and eulogy were passed in respect to our beloved friend, George Laick.

Thursday.

The day was a beautiful one, clear and still, but too warm for the best work. Game was abundant, but the rabbits went to earth much quicker than they did on Wednesday. The 15in. Derby, reported above, and the 13in. All-Age stakes were completed.

BESSIE.—She was cast off at 8:08 with Pinnie as a running mate. Two rabbits were started and in both chases Pinnie outfooted Bessie, and also ran truer and steadier. Up at 8:38.

Second Series.

STUMP—SNIFTER R.—This was a long race, the beagles being put down at 8:47 and taken up at 10:05. Neither hound was under control, and there were frequent waits while the handlers hunted for their charges. Five rabbits were jumped and both beagles placed pretty work to their credit, but Stump was the faster, quicker on the turn and the better trailer.

SNIFTER R.—BELLE OF FRANKLIN.—This pair was ordered down at 10:08. The first rabbit found was a coward and took to earth at once. The second led a long, hard race, and at its conclusion was so exhausted that he was easily caught by a spectator. It was as pretty and fast a race as was run during the trials. Snifter showed himself to be the better. Up at 10:22.

The judges gave first to Stump, second to Snifter R., third to Belle of Franklin, reserve to Pinnie.

All-Age—15 to 13in.

This stake was open to all beagles, 15 to 13in. in height, that had not won a first prize at a recognized field trial. Forfeit $3, $5 additional to start. First prize 40 per cent., second 30 per cent., third 20 per cent. of entry fees and forfeit money. There were thirteen starters that were drawn to run in the first series as follows:

John Mullane's b., w. and t. dog Prince (Sam—Baby Deane), handler, A. Parry, with H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog Trick (Clyde—Lady Novice), whelped June, '95, handler, George Appleby.

Wm. Saxby's blue-ticked bitch Dime (Judge—Baby), whelped January, '91, handler, owner, with John G. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Splitter (Wanderer—Triumph), handler, George F. Reed.

John Helding's b., w. and t. bitch Lady Wedgewood (Glenwood Boy—Lady Glenwood), whelped August, '93, handler, owner, with Franklin Field Trial Kennels' t. and w. bitch Summers's Fly (Clover—Lucy S.), whelped March, '95, handler, D. F. Summers.

Howard Almy's b., w. and t. dog Lewis (Bannerman—Parthenia), whelped June, '92, handler, owner, with Franklin Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Belle Summers (Clover—Lucy S.), whelped March, '95, handler, D. F. Summers.

A. D. Fiske's b., w. and t. dog Phantom (Clyde—Brummy), whelped May, '94, handler, George Appleby, with Howard Almy's b., w. and t. bitch Miss Quinn (Diamond—Nancy Lee), whelped August, '95, handler, owner.

George F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Scorcher (Wanderer—Triumph), whelped April, '95, handler, owner, with Wm. Saxby's blue-ticked dog Doubtful (Harker—Dime), whelped January, '96, handler, owner.

A. Parry's b., w. and t. bitch Nellie Bly (Sport R.—Bess), whelped October, 1894, handler, owner, drew the bye.

PRINCE—TRICK.—Down at 2:16 in brush field. They ran an even and interesting race. The first two rabbits put up quickly went to ground, but the third led a great run in open and cover. Honors were very evenly divided, notwithstanding the fact that Prince was frequently harked on ahead of Trick when at a loss, and thus obtained an advantage over his opponent to which he was not justly entitled. Up at 2:53.

DIME—SPLITTER.—This brace was ordered down at 2:58. Splitter started the game, but in the drive Dime seemed to have the advantage, working most of the turns and carrying the line truer than her running mate. Up at 3:28.

LADY WEDGEWOOD—SUMMERS'S FLY.—Cast off at 3:32. The first rabbit was started and driven to earth by Lady before Fly harked in. During the heat there were two other short races, in which Fly easily showed her superiority. Up at 4:40.

LEWIS—BELLE SUMMERS.—These hounds were put down at 4:45 and taken up at 5:07. No start was made.

Friday.

A thick fog made the morning cold and disagreeable, but the sun soon showed his face and the day proved to be warm and pleasant. The hope that the trials would be finished early in the afternoon was not fulfilled.

LEWIS—BELLE SUMMERS.—Put down at 8:30 in the brush field. The first rabbit found was quickly forced to earth, but the next was a splendid runner and led one of the finest races of the day. Most of this chase was in the open and gave the spectators an excellent view. Lewis ran true to the line, and was quicker than Belle in picking up the losses. Up at 9:30

PHANTOM—MISS QUINN.—Put down at 9:31. A rabbit was trailed to a start and driven to earth by Phantom. Miss Quinn did not hark and could not be found. Pending her discovery another brace was put down, and these hounds were not cast off again till 12:32. Scent was then very bad, and neither could follow the dodging rabbit that was started. Up at 1:07.

SCORCHER—DOUBTFUL.—Ordered down at 2:16. Four rabbits were started; two were driven to earth in brief chases and the others were quickly lost. Scent was very poor and neither of the beagles did creditable work. Up at 11:50.

NELLIE BLY.—The bye was cast off at 1:22 with Belle Summers. One rabbit was soon forced to earth, and a second then led a fine chase through a low, swampy country, where the scent lay well. Belle had the advantage, though Nellie was always in the race. Up at 2:03.

Second Series.

PRINCE—BELLE SUMMERS.—Down at 2:18. They ran a long and interesting race in cover with plenty of music. Belle was quicker in making out the losses and before the rabbit was up hunted better than Prince. Up at 3.

DIME—LEWIS.—Cast off at 3:08. Lewis drove a rabbit to ground before Dime harked to him. Soon after a small rabbit was started, which led three short races. He was twice bolted from the wall, and finally driven to earth. In trailing this little cottontail, Dime showed excellent nose and fine judgment. Another rabbit was then started and after a good run was forced to ground, Dime having the best of the chase. Up at 4:15.

SPLITTER—NELLIE BLY.—Ordered down at 4:18. Nellie was lost almost immediately and not found till she was heard tonguing in the distance. Finally the beagles were sent away together on a hot scent. Nellie led the chase and drove to earth, Splitter being left at the first turn. Up at 5.

Saturday.

A fine hunting day, damp and cloudy. The trials were finished.

SPLITTER—NELLIE BLY—Down at 7:59. Two rabbits were found, one of them being started by Nellie. Both were little fellows and made no running. Up at 8:25.

PRINCE—LEWIS.—Cast off at 8:26. Six starts were made in this race, but only one of the rabbits was a good runner. He led a long chase in corn, and was at last forced to earth. The race was an even one, with little advantage to either hound. Up at 9:57.

PRINCE—DIME.—Down at 10:14. A long, hard run in corn. Up at 10:43.

The judges awarded first to Prince, divided second between Belle Summers and Dime, gave third to Lewis and reserve to Splitter.

Derby—13in. and Under.

This stake was open to all beagles, 13in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896. Forfeit $3, $5 additional to start. First prize 40 per cent., second 30 per cent., third 20 per cent. of entry fees and forfeit money.

There were two entries: H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. bitch Cora J. (Wanderer—Headlight), whelped June, 1896, handler, owner, with A. D. Fiske's w., b. and t. bitch Queenie (Clyde—Blossom), whelped May, 1896, handler, A. H. Morse.

CORA J.—QUEENIE.—Down at 10:55. At first Queenie had the advantage, but later Cora J. improved in her work and won, with something to spare. Up at 11:40.

The judges gave first prize to Cora J. and second to Queenie.

Special Prizes.

Best in trials, Prince. Best marking game in hole by tonguing, Lewis. Best combination of speed and nose, Prince. Best 13in. All-Age entry, Stump. Best brace, Stump and Belle S Best trailer, Lewis. Best starter, Lewis. Best voice, Lady Wedgewood Best Derby entry bred by owner, Cora J. Most stylish worker, Dime. Greatest sustained speed, Prince.

This event has excited much interest among members of the Worcester Fur Company, many of whom will attend. It is estimated that twenty or twenty-five hounds will represent Worcester in the hunt. Messrs. A. B. F. Kinney, J. M. White and E. Walling will take twelve hounds, nine of which belong to the two former gentlemen. President John R. Thayer will take his three hounds with him. J. H. Bairl, of Auburndale, will be on hand with half a dozen animals, and Ledyard Bill, O. C. Wails and others will each take one or more, so that it looks as if Worcester will be well represented. Messrs. Kinney and White have arranged to leave Tuesday, and it is likely that all the party will go at the same time.

After his return from Westfield, Saturday, Mr. Kinney will leave for Cynthiana, Ky. P. A. B.

A. K. C. Executive Board.

PRESENT: Messrs. Schellhass, Watson, Wilmerding and Hunnewell, the latter presiding.

Washington City Kennel Club and American Pug Club, Louisville, Ky., were admitted to membership.

The following kennel names were allowe : Pine Lawn, to Mrs T. W. Currier, New York; Willmount, to Mr. William W. Caswell, New York; Standard, to Mr. William Saxby, Ilion, N. Y.; International, C. N Daly and A R. Curzon, Guelph, Can.; Chestnut Hill, to Mr. Henry Jarrett, Philadelphia; Archmont, Messrs. N. G. Alexander & Son, Delevan, Ill.

In the matter of the unpaid prize of the Louisville, Ky., show, the prize having been paid, the case was dismissed.

In the matter of the Great Dane Osceola Chummie, it was "ordered that in view of certain extenuating circumstances and the fact that this case was brought to the attention of the A. K. C. by the owner, who had entered the dog throughout the year without his registered kennel prefix, the full penalty of disqualification be not imposed, but he be directed to pay a fine of $10 This decision is not, however, to be regarded as a precedent in case of a similar violation of the rule governing entry, and all dogs must be entered at shows in their registered names."

It was "ordered that the officers of the C. K. C. be and are hereby suspended until they remit to the A. K. C. the deposit of $25 made by the Toronto Association, with its claim for dates, and held by said C. K. C."

It was "ordered that the suspension of Toon & Thomas, imposed by Vice-President Brooks under the rules, be continued, and that the secretary of the A K. C. be instructed to forward said Toon & Thomas a true copy of charges, and they be given an opportunity to defend themselves."

In the matter of the A. K. C. and Pacific Advisory Board (the matter of H. T. Payne and James Mortimer) the following statement was made: The case, cleared of its outside and irrelevant issues, is simply this: Mr. Payne was called upon to supply the evidence to support his public statements This he has refused to do, filing a demurrer, and pleading liberty of the press. It is first necessary to consider the demurrer, which is practically an admission that Mr. Payne made the public statements reflecting upon Mr. Mortimer Mr. Payne's demurrer has no standing in the case, and must be ruled out on the ground that Mr. Payne is not called upon to defend anything that he has stated, but merely to give the evidence or information upon which he based his statements, in order that, if guilty, Mr. Mortimer may be punished in accordance with the rules of the A K C No liberty of the press is endangered wha soever, and none can be until Mr. Payne is called upon to defend himself, which is not contemplated in the matter of this investigation as it is before the club. The person sought to be reached is Mr. Mortimer; if he has been guilty of the conduct as accused by Mr. Payne, and Mr. Payne by his public statements, coupled with his present attitude, is shielding an alleged offender. Mr. Payne has thus put himself in the same category as those who have in other instances refused to give information to the club, and have been from time to time suspended until the desired information has been vouchsafed. There is no reason why an exception should be made in the case of Mr. Payne, and Mr. Payne is hereby suspended until he submits the evidence upon which he made the said statements. As there are neither charges against Mr. Mortimer nor any evidence upon which to base any charges, the Pacific Advisory Board went beyond the case in filing a verdict. Their report should, therefore, terminate with the statement as given in Exhibit "C."

The following resolution was then passed: Whereas, Mr. James Mortimer, by the refusal of Mr. H. T. Payne to produce any evidence as to said Mortimer's conduct at the Oakland dog show, has been deprived of the opportunity of defending his good name; be it, therefore, resolved, that the executive board of the A. K. C. hereby expresses confidence in the honesty and integrity of said James Mortimer.

On recommendation of the secretary, the board ordered a die for A. K. C. championship medals, one of which will be donated to each dog winning its championship after Jan. 1, 1898.

MR. HAMMOND'S NEW BOOK

From Our Animal Friends.

This is one of the most sensible books on the treatment of dogs that we have ever seen.* The opening words of the introduction are these: "More than half a century has passed since I gave the first dose of medicine to my dog. Since that time, I regret to say, deep under the sod lies many a poor victim of mistake." Mr. Hammond knows by sorrowful experience that he has killed more dogs with medicine than he has ever cured. He has learned that "to throw physic to the dogs" is about the worst thing that can be done with the physic—for the dogs at any rate. He has also learned that nature has a healing power which drugs are more likely to obstruct than to assist. Not that he does not allow the use of simple medicines when he is quite sure that they are the right medicines; though, even then, he prefers to use them sparingly. The true way to assist nature in the cure of disease, dog diseases not excepted, is just to give her a chance, by scrupulous attention to cleanliness and temperature, by careful and kindly nursing, by watching the diet; in short, by permitting nothing to harm your dog, and so giving kindly nature an opportunity to heal. That is the basis of Mr. Hammond's whole system, and, after making his system perfectly clear, he gives descriptions of many common ailments, with hints of the proper treatment in each case and of the remedies that may be safely used

Of course Mr. Hammond is not one of the men who believe in wild cries of "Mad dog!" When he hears that cry he knows that it is the people who are mad and that the chances are a million to one that the dog is not mad. Here is a story on the subject which we think it well to quote:

"Nearly forty years ago I was the proud owner of a young pointer bitch that I thought was very near perfection, and I loved her with my whole heart. One day, while at the vilage store, we were startled by the cry of 'mad dog.' As we went to the door, my little brother came running up, and with many tears and sobs told me that Gipsy had run mad and had been chased under a barn that was some quarter of a mile from the house. I was soon on the spot. I found an excited crowd watching one of their number, who was on his hands and knees trying to see the dog in order that he might shoot her. Pulling him away from the aperture, I crawled in, and could see by the light from her eyes that she had gone to the furthest corner. I crawled to her, and at once saw that she was suffering from a severe attack of epilepsy. When near enough, I spoke to her and attempted to put my hand on her head; but she caught my hand in her mouth and set her teeth nearly through, but at once let go and stiffened out, with only a slight convulsive movement. I then took her by the collar and backed out from under the barn. I was loudly commanded by every one to 'Come away and let him shoot her!' but I got upon my feet, and, taking her in my arms, told them that if they shot her they would have to shoot me, as I was going to carry her home. The crowd was determined and threatened to take her from me; but as she had come partially out of her stupor, and was snapping her jaws together and struggling, I answered them that the first one who put hands on me would get bitten, and they made way. I soon had her at home, where I bathed her head freely with cold water, and in less than half an hour she was as bright and well as ever. Until old age finally dimmed her bright eye, she had no more attacks of rabies. Although I have gone mad whenever I have seen valuable animals sacrificed to the blind ignorance of their owners, I still live."

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* NURSING VS. DOSING. A Treatise on the Care of Dogs in Health and Disease. By S. T. Hammond (Shadow), Author of "Training vs. Breaking," etc. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Price, $1.00.

M. V. G. & F. P. A.'s Trials.

OUR special report of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association was received too late for publication this week. It was written for us by an expert, and will be a succinct and accurate recountal of the competition. The winners are as follows: Derby first, Dr. J. R. Daniels's pointer bitch Nellie Wilson (Plain Sam—Dolly Dee II.); second, H. K. Devereaux's setter bitch Mattie's Gleam; equal third, J. T. Crawford's setter dog Winks (Joe—Dot C.) and Fox & Blythe's setter bitch Madera (Dion C.—Hopeful). All-Age, first, H. K. Beattie's setter bitch Loretta (Gladstone's Boy—Rill Ray); second, Fox & Blythe's setter dog Forzands (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush); third, H. K. Devereux's setter dog Spot Cash (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

According to the London *Field* of Oct. 16, Mr. John Crozier has been master of the Blencathra foxhounds for nearly fifty years. The country hunted over by this pack of hounds, which number in all twelve and a half couples, is exceedingly wild and broken in character, differing very strongly from the country hunted over by the swell packs of "the grass counties". The oldest master of hounds, however, is said to be Mr John Lawrence, who hunts the Llangibby pack of twenty-five couples, two days a week during the season. Mr. Lawrence has been practically an M. F. H since 1862, seventy-one years ago, when he was presented with a leash of hounds that were the nucleus of the present Llangibby pack. Although Mr. Lawrence is ninety years old, having been born in 1807, this is the first season that he has divided the honors and duties of mastership with anybody; Mr. H. A. Williams is his coadjutor this season, the huntsman being Mr Evan Williams.

That there may be a breed established by wise selection, a breed of the rugged stalwart type advocated by Mr Hough, there is less and less reason to doubt. The following, taken

from a letter written by Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, is pertinent to the point. He concludes in writing of his puppy: "By the way, I think Brother Hough, would like this pup, as I think he will turn out to be his ideal 'meat dog.' He was run over by both wheels of a tandem bike when about six months old. Last month, while in New Hampshire shooting with my old dog, he was playing around the farmhouse, a country wagon came along, two men sat on the seat, barrel of sugar and other merchandise in the wagon, both wheels went square over his back, between the short ribs and his hips. The sandy road saved his life."

The Missouri Field Trials Association completed its organization recently, and contemplates holding its first trials in November or December next, at Amoret, Mo. It will not permit professional handlers to participate in the competition.

The list of eminent dogs of the Pacific Coast has been honored by the addition of Dash Antonio (Antoni—Lady Lucifer) to it, according to *Field Sports*. He made a most commendable competition in the Canadian field trials of the past three years.

We are informed by a correspondent that Pottinger Dorsey died suddenly of heart disease, at New Market, Md., on Wednesday, Nov. 3. He was very popular among all beagle men. He died while hunting. His brother saw him fall, and when he reached him he was dead. At one time he was quite conspicuous in bench show interests.

In our business columns Arthur L. Bailey, Plymouth, Mass , offers pointers; Beaumont Kennels, New York, offers setters; Charles S. Onderdonk, Philadelphia, offers collie; R. I. Holbrook, Townshend, Vt , offers bull terrier; Standard Stock Co., Truro. Nova Scotia, offers King Charles spaniel; 922 South Sixtieth street, Philadelphia, offers dogs of different breeds; Fred McGough, Richardson, Ill., offers beagles; S. W. Hart, Stamford, N. Y., offers foxhounds and wants a cocker

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The tenth annual hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club was scheduled for Wednesday and Thursday of this week at Westfield, with the dinner served on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. We acknowledge with thanks an invitation to be present, and deeply regret that the pressure of the busy season denied us the pleasure of accepting and being present.

Mr. Mortimer, under date of Nov. 8 writes us that everything looks very favorable for the Metropolitan Kennel Club's show. Several challenge and puppy classes have been added. The management would be pleased to receive photographs of exhibitors' dogs. Entries close on the 12th inst.

Wheeling.

THE CHAINLESS BICYCLE.

An expert on the construction of bicycles is credited by the daily press with the following criticism on the chainless bicycle:

"There seems to be some slight imperfections in the chainless bicycles I have ridden. When you put foot pressure on the pedals there is a certain amount of backlash caused by the cogs of one wheel not fitting tightly into those of another. The binding of the cogs against one another makes a sort of burring sensation that you can feel with your feet, but not hear.

"The only possible danger of accident is in the breaking of the cogs, but the metal is made so hard that this possibility is only remote. But even should a cog break it would not interfere seriously with the running of the wheel, as two or three cogs practically fit into their places at the one time. The backlash is not so noticeable in the wheel when it is new, but if there is a sixty fourth part of an inch play between the cogs to begin with, every revolution of the pedal will tend to increase it. The action of the chainless wheel is more positive than in the chain wheel, and the transmission of power is therefore more direct.

"The great advantages of the chainless over the chain wheel are its convenience to keep clean and its absence of mud-gathering facilities. For instance, if the riders in the century run on Sunday last had been mounted on chainless bicycles, they would not have found it nearly such hard work plugging through the mud, and they would not have had to dismount frequently, as most of them did, to clean the mud away from the running gear."

In the matter of the patents covering the driving mechanism of the chainless wheel, it is reported that two expert patent attorneys have made a thorough investigation in behalf of some large bicycle manufacturers, and have discovered that the patents are what were known as the old League chainless patents, and that so far as affording exclusive rights of manufacture are concerned they are worthless. In view of the attorneys' report, these manufacturers have decided to manufacture chainless wheels after the designs of those now on the market. A common fund is established to defend any one of the combination against whom suit may be brought, each one paying a *pro rata* of the expense of such litigation. All the indications are that the high prices asked for the chainless wheels will not long be maintained.

Pleasure and Business.

The pleasantest ride, with all the accessories of good route, beautiful landscape and delightful weather, may be marred or spoiled by the impatience of a companion to go somewhere. One town being reached in haste, there is a feverish hurry to reach the next. And in this manner town after town is reached and passed in a scramble to reach some destination. The habits of business life cling to many people in their pleasures. The hurry to reach the office, the depot, the landing, etc., becomes such a confirmed habit that few city-trained men can divest themselves of it even when there is no occasion for hurry, or when hurry is a detriment. And yet the man in a hurry without a purpose is impatient and irritable if there is any delay. If a companion is fatigued and stops to rest, he shows about the same nervous anxiety and disapproval that he might if a moment lost might lose him his train or his steamer. If asked why he wanted to hurry, he could give no sensible reason. He is unconsciously the victim of the habit of going nervously and hurriedly, as all must do in a big city where cable cars or elevated trains must be taken instantly or not at all, and where even walking on the sidewalk requires a certain vigorous speed and energy if one would not be passed, cut off and elbowed constantly by the anxious throngs who have the going-somewhere habit, whether they are really going somewhere or not.

It is a bad habit to have on a pleasure trip—bad for the one afflicted with it, and worse for his companions, who are forced on and on speedily and hurriedly from place to place against their inclinations There may be historical places at hand, ones where the fate of a nation was decided, where heroic deeds were done, or where the finest works of art have place, and yet they are nothing to the man with a mania to be somewhere else than the place he is in. There may be inviting side roads winding through forest, by winding river, or in flowery dells—the man in a hurry to leave where he is never notes any of such. He has no time for the contemplation of the beautiful in nature, the historical association of places, or the charm of varied scene sought as a pleasure. He is too intent on leaving where he is and being where he isn't.

THE 1898 WHEELS.

The new chainless wheel, while not causing any special alarm to manufacturers in general or any universal interest to a degree which reaches a craving on the part of the general public, has nevertheless served a useful purpose in stimulating effort on the part of the manufacturers of the chain wheels, to perfect a protection for the running gear of their productions and to offer also such useful novelties in addition as they can devise. The patents of the new chainless wheel generally are looked upon with more or less contempt because of several reasons, the most important being that first of all the mechanism involves no new principle and is one already in common use throughout the mechanical world; next, it is virtually the same as that of the old league chainless, and it has not proven to be of the superlative merit in practical use that is claimed for it by its makers.

Out of the 200 makers of wheels of more or less general good repute, there will be only about twelve who will devote their efforts to the success of the chainless. The others will be free to do their best to make the chain wheel better in itself and better in its driving machinery. A great variety of wheels will thus be offered to supply the demand of 1898. The protection of the gearing, in whole or in part, will be one of the chief aims of most makers, thus equaling as near as may be the one feature of the chainless wheel which is generally admitted to be of real value, namely, the protection of the gearing from dust, dirt and wet. The much greater space occupied relatively by the chain gearing makes this problem somewhat difficult to solve satisfactorily. Manufacturers, however, have been diligently at work on the problem of gear cases, or "inclosed chain," as some prefer to call the mechanism so protected, with the result that a most comprehensive assortment of gear cases and chain protectors will be offered to the public next year This line of effort is not by any means a new one, but an old one with a new impetus. The gear cases of the past, made of leather, celluloid and different kinds of metal, have been both of a weight to seriously encumber the wheel, and of a shape to mar its proportions and offend the eye. Aluminum alloys and very light steel, used in American cases, have somewhat removed this objection, but the problem is still unsolved from a commercial standpoint.

With the gearing satisfactorily inclosed and protected from dust, mud and wet, it is claimed that the chain wheel possesses certain properties of flexibility and adaptiveness to weight carrying combined with the action of the wheels on the rough or smooth surfaces of the average roads, that the stiffer mechanism of the chainless does not possess.

One mechanical novelty is a combination cog and chain gear which will be produced by an Indiana manufacturer

An improved chain and sprocket, for which is claimed a power to work perfectly, regardless of mud or dust, will be offered by another concern. This benefit is derived from rollers on the sprocket wheel, so arranged that by revolving with the action of the chain, they free the mechanism from such mud, etc., as may find lodgment on it. Under severe tests it is claimed this mechanism gave admirable results. With the mechanisms in common use, a varying resistance of from 48 to 150lbs. resulted from the tests, while the new mechanism varied but slightly from 49 to 53lbs.

New chainless gears, approximating in external appearance to the present chainless, but differing in mechanism, also will be offered for public approval. Nearly all the mechanical principles of friction, spur and bevel gears, etc., will be applied to the gearing in one form and another, although none will contain any new mechanical principles. They will be old principles applied to new uses.

Frames have also been given consideration, one being so devised that it can be adjusted to suit the convenience of any rider, and also can be changed from a diamond to a drop frame.

Brakes will be treated as a desirable special feature of next year's wheels, and there will be a general striving for greater excellence of finish by the freer use of nickel, enamel, silver, etc.

There will be an effort made to sustain the price of a certain line of next year's wheels at $100 and $125, chiefly with a view to gain the prestige which comes from making a high grade wheel and the confidence it inspires in the other products of such makers; but it is probable that really useful and beautiful wheels of standard make will be readily obtainable at from $50 to $75, with a range of prices otherwise to suit purses long or short.

Yachting.

The only new yachts thus far under way for next season, except the many small craft in restricted classes, are three schooners to be designed by Cary Smith & Barbey. These yachts are of a new and most sensible and serviceable type, of light draft, and fitted with compact auxiliary naphtha engines. One will be about 45ft. l.w.l., one about 55, and one some 10ft. longer. They will have excellent accommodations for their size and draft, and the power, while occupying but little space, will enable them to get somewhere in a calm.

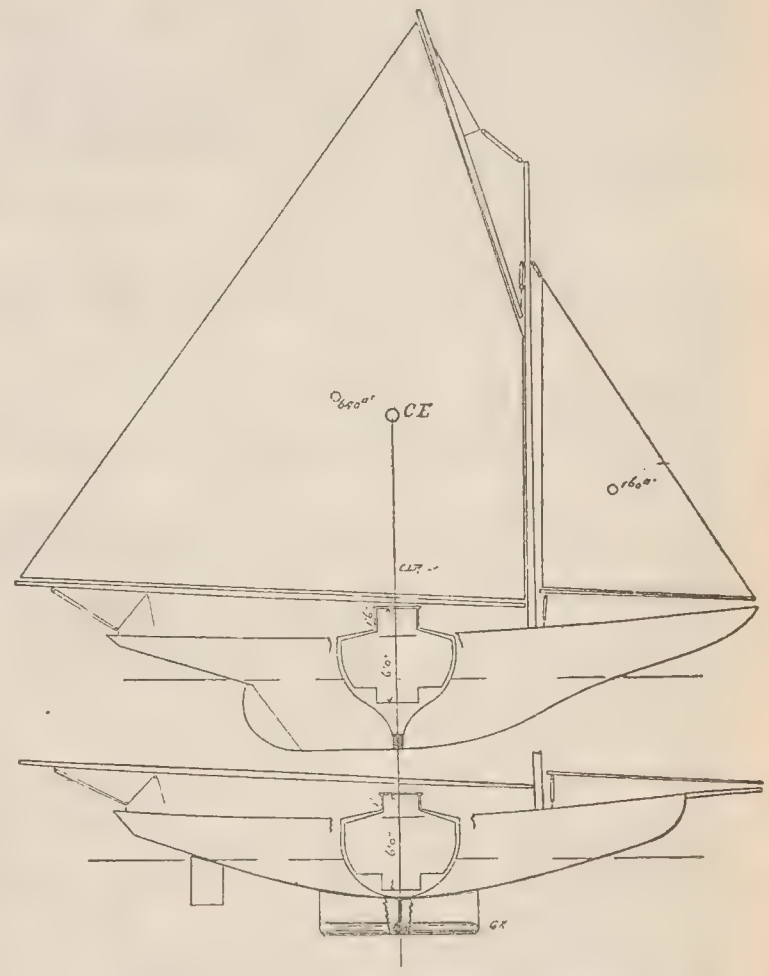
Taken in connection with the lively demand for restricted classes, this new type shows a decided turn for the better in yachting and a more hopeful outlook than has been seen for many a day.

It is just a year since the yachtsmen of New York were called on to restore the sport and inaugurate a new era of prosperity by adopting, as a panacea for all existing ills, the limitation of draft at a preposterous figure, designed to encourage the production of large semi-fins of the Quisetta type. As the Forest and Stream predicted at the time, the limitation of draft, in the form in which it was proposed and adopted, has failed in bringing the promised prosperity to yachting. One racing yacht in the 51ft. class has been built under it, and has practically raced alone all the season. There has been no schooner racing to speak of, and there is now no prospect of new schooners or more racing next year.

Had the draft limit in the schooner division been placed at a reasonable figure, so as to encourage instead of prohibiting the American type of moderately deep centerboard—roughly speaking, the Quickstep type instead of the Quisetta type—it is quite probable that some racing boats would have been built. As it is, all thought of racing is thrown aside and such new schooners as are planned are thorough cruisers.

Poor as the immediate outlook is, there are evidences that men have tired of the big, fin-keel racing machines, and are now ready to go to the other extreme in accepting all sorts of restrictions. The latest news from the proposed new 51ft. restricted class is that the excessive cost of building even these boats has deterred the wealthy men who were back of the plan. This is much to be regretted, as the class promised to be a good one. It only emphasizes, however, the fact we have long insisted upon, that the building and racing of such craft as Defender and Vigilant at *carte blanche* cost is no indication of general prosperity in yachting; and on the other hand, that there are few yachtsman who are sufficiently enamored of the sport to pay the very heavy cost of racing large yachts year in and year out.

If the movement for restrictions extends from the very small to the medium classes, as it now promises to do, there will be quite a revival of racing next season; but there is little probability of a renewal in the very large classes, even as large as 75ft. racing length, until a new rule and many accompanying restrictions are universally adopted.



The Fin in the Small Classes.

The above diagram was intended to accompany Mr. George Hill's letter in the previous issue of the Forest and Stream. Mr. Hill has submitted to the American Y. C. a complete design for a 25-footer similar to the lower one in the diagram.

Hobe Sound Y. C.

HOBE SOUND, FLA.
Monday, Oct. 25.

The last three races of the Hobe Sound Y. C. have resulted as follows:

FIRST CLASS

	Elapsed.	Corrected.	Points.
Sprogie	1 07 00	1 07 00	2
Wenonah	1 12 21	1 09 45	1

SECOND CLASS

Lorraine	0 51 05	. . .. ,,	3
Juaita	0 56 37	. . .. ..	2
Water Witch	Capsized.		0

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.	Points.
Wenonah	1 06 40	1 01 19	3
Wanda	1 05 49	1 05 49	2
Sprogie (disqualified)	1 08 36	1 08 36	

SECOND CLASS

Juanita	1 08 24	. . .. ..	1
Ruby	Withdrew.		0

The race to-day was sailed in a howling norther. The yachts got away well together, with Wenonah first, Wanda, Sprogie and Frances in the order named, and held the same positions to the second buoy. On the beat back Wanda forged to the front, Sprogie a close second, and Wenonah and Frances fighting hard for third place. Just before crossing the line in the first round, Frances split her jib and withdrew. The second round was a procession; Sprogie made a slight gain and Wenonah steadily fell behind.

In the second class Juanita had a sail-over.

FIRST CLASS.

Start, 2:33:	Elapsed.	Corrected.	Points.
Wanda	1 17 29	1 17 29	4
Sprogie	1 18 14	1 18 14	3
Wenonah	1 31 25	1 30 34	2
Frances	Withdrew.		

SECOND CLASS.

Juanita	0 57 15	0 51 43	1

H. D. McVean.

Gilberts Bar Y. C.

Waveland, Fla., Nov. 4.—The Gilberts Bar Y. C. commenced its third annual series of races on Saturday, Oct. 30. This also being the first field day the club has held since the completion of its new and commodious club house.

The races were sailed in a drifting breeze from N.E., with the following results:

FIRST CLASS—22FT. SAILING LENGTH.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Joker	1 18 00	0 58 48
Albatross	Did not finish.	

SECOND CLASS—UNDER 22FT. SAILING LENGTH.

Beatrice	1 05 08	1 03 11
Swallow	1 01 02	1 01 02

Paul M. Astor, Sec'y.

Notes on the Yacht Defender and the Use of Aluminum in Marine Construction.

BY RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, ASSISTANT NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR, UNITED STATES NAVY.

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(Continued from page 374.)

THE features that determine cost in a structure, are: first, the cost of production, or first cost; second, the cost of maintenance, or care; third, the length of life.

D.—COMPARISON FOR FIRST COST.

The cost of production, or first cost, is made up of cost of material as supplied by the dealer or manufacturer, cost of labor expended in construction, deterioration of plant entailed, and interest on capital invested. The cost of labor is here taken to include draughting, superintendence, supply of power, etc.

1. Cost of Material.

a. Rolled Material.—The cost of ordinary mild steel used in hull construction may be taken at 2 cents per pound for both plates and shapes.

The cost of aluminum has not reached a steady level, continuing naturally to fall with the increase and improvement in methods of production. Roughly speaking, this increase in production has doubled each year for several years past, and though, for other causes, the fall in price has not been so rapid, it has been pronounced, and must be expected to continue for some time to come.

It is difficult, therefore, to assign to aluminum a definite value, and any value assigned must be considered as only momentary. For the purpose of comparison, however, the cost of rolled aluminum at the present time may be taken at 40 cents per pound for plates and 60 cents per pound for shapes, giving, compared with steel, the ratios per unit weight of 20 and 30, respectively.

(1) *Plates.*—As seen above, the ratio of weights for steel and aluminum in tension is .5 for equal ultimate strength, and .35 for equal elastic strengths. For plates, therefore, the ratios of cost in the two cases are 10 and 7, respectively.

The ratio of weights of plates for equal bending moments is .44 when working to the ultimate limit and .36 when working to the elastic limit. The ratios of costs, therefore, are 8.8 and 7.2, respectively.

The ratio of weight for equal stiffness is .648; the ratio of costs, therefore, is 9.6.

(2) *Shapes* of proportional dimensions.

The ratio of weights for equal bending moments when working to the ultimate limit is .55 for I beams and .58 for angles. The ratios of costs, therefore, are 16 and 17, respectively.

The similar ratios when working to the elastic limit are for weight .37 for I beams and .4 for angles, and for cost 11 for I beams and 12 for angles.

The ratio of weights for equal stiffness is .4 for I beams and .62 for angles. The ratios of costs, therefore, are 12 and 18, respectively.

b. Cast Material.—It will appear below, if not already evident, that aluminum is unfitted for heavy ship castings, such as stems, sternposts, shaft struts, etc., by nature of its small resistance to unusual violent shocks. The comparison, therefore, need extend only to small castings for fittings.

The cost of cast-steel for hull fittings may be taken generally at 10 cents per pound. The cost of cast-aluminum for the same fittings may be taken at 60 cents per pound. The ratio of costs, therefore, per unit weight, is 6.

In the range of cast hull fittings, the castings and parts of castings serve the function of covering like plates, of stiffness like shapes, and attachments like simple bars.

Some castings and some parts of castings are designed with special regard to ultimate resistance, and others are designed with special regard to elastic resistance. The resistance in some cases is simple, in others compound. Taking a general mean for equality of resistance, the ratio of weight is .48. The ratio of costs therefore, is 2.9.

Many cast hull fittings are made sometimes of cast steel, sometimes of cast brass; many are made exclusively of cast brass. It is therefore interesting to note that the comparison of aluminum with brass in these cases would give a ratio of weight of about .3, and of cost about .9. Recalling, too, that the two metals are more or less alike in relative softness and ease of working, it may be said roughly that the aluminum fittings, giving the same strength as brass fittings, have the same cost, with only one-third the weight.

It should be borne in mind, however, that this comparison, as also the comparisons with steel, assumes a degree of perfection in casting aluminum scarcely warranted at the present moment. It is given, however, in view of the rapid progress being constantly made in the new art of casting aluminum.

2. Cost of Labor.

a. For Rolled Material. (1) *Hull work proper.*—For steel, the cost of labor in large hull work, plates and shapes may be taken at 4 cents per pound. For aluminum, on account of its newness and limited application, definite figures or results, and estimates of the cost of labor in construction are lacking, and, despite of efforts, have not been attainable. The comparisons, therefore, must be limited to a general appreciation only.

The term labor, in estimates of hull construction, includes all operations of transportation and handling in yard and in shops, all operations of preparation of the material, laying off, punching, shearing, planing, bending, flanging, trueing; all operations of adjusting and securing in place, bolting, drilling, riveting.

In operations of transportation, handling and adjusting, the great lightness of aluminum work, less than half the weight of corresponding steel work, permits of marked economy in the number of men and length of time required.

In operations of tool work, planing, shearing, chipping, drilling, etc., the greater softness of aluminum insures a similar marked economy. The same feature of softness gives a marked economy in riveting, all work being riveted cold, doing away with the portable forges, and reducing the number of riveting gangs.

On the other hand, the greater elastic elongation, and the immensely smaller ultimate elongation of aluminum, cause the operation of shaping, rolling, bending, flanging plates, bending and trueing shapes, to be more difficult and more delicate, requiring longer time and greater skill. This drawback, evidently, is much more pronounced for shapes than for plates, the operation of trueing under the beam set involving, indeed, danger of destroying the integrity of the shapes.

The relative importance or amount of labor in these various operations depends evidently on the nature of the piece of work. Taking hull work throughout, and considering all the operations involved, the advantage sets emphatically to the side of aluminum in the case of plates, but is probably against aluminum in the case of shapes.

For the sake of continuing the numerical comparison, the advantage of aluminum over steel for plates is estimated at 25 per cent., while the advantage of steel over aluminum for shapes will be taken at the same figure. These figures, however, must be regarded as results of inductive judgment only.

Thus for aluminum, the cost of labor in large hull work is taken for plates at three-fourths, and for shapes at five-fourths the cost of steel for the same work.

Taking the weight ratios roughly at one-half, the cost of labor becomes for plate work 6 cents per pound, and for shapes 10 cents per pound.

(2) *Hull fittings.*—For rolled steel, the cost of labor in hull fittings may be taken broadly at 20 cents per pound.

The observations on the comparison for hull work hold in general for hull fittings. The operations of transportation and handling, however, become of less consequence, reducing the advantage of aluminum. On the other hand, the operations of shaping and trueing become, likewise, of less consequence, while the operations of small tool work, chipping, drilling, etc , become more pronounced in favor of aluminum. For the present purpose, therefore, the price ratio may be taken at three quarters for shapes as well as plates; with the same weight ratio, the cost of labor for aluminum hull fittings becomes 30 cents per pound.

b. For Cast Material.—Confining the comparison, for the same reason as given above, to small castings for hull fittings, the cost of labor for steel castings may be taken broadly at 12 cents per pound. The cost of labor for aluminum castings for the same fittings may be taken at 16 cents per pound, giving a cost ratio of about two-thirds, using the same weight ratio of one-half.

3. Other Costs.

All other costs, including deterioration of plant, interest on capital invested, shop expense, supply of power, drafting, superintendence, etc., may be grouped together. For steel work the cost of the whole group may be taken at 25 per cent. of the cost of labor, in which the allowance for deterioration of plant is taken at about 10 per cent. per year, and the interest on capital invested at about 10 per cent. per year.

For aluminum, it is evident that the lightness and softness will materially reduce the cost of deterioration of plant and shop expense, requiring less power, with less strain on machines, and less usure and dressing of tools. The group cost may be taken at four-fifths the cost for steel work.

These rates give the following results:

For Rolled Material.

	Cost of Labor.	Group Cost.
For steel hull work, plates and shapes.....	4c. per lb.	1c. per lb.
For aluminum hull work, plates.....	6c. per lb.	1.6c, per lb.
For aluminum hull work, shapes.....	10c. per lb.	2c. per lb.
For steel hull fittings, plates and shapes,.....20c. per lb.		5c. per lb.
For aluminum hull fittings, plates and shapes.30c. per lb.		8c. per lb.
For Cast Material.		
For steel hull fittings.....12c. per lb.		3c. per lb.
For aluminum hull fittings.....16c. per lb.		4.8c. per lb.

4. Summation for First Cost.

The results thus found for the elements making up first cost are assembled in the following table:

FIRST COST, CENTS PER LB.

	Steel.				Aluminum.				Weight Ratio Aluminum to Steel.	Cost Ratio Aluminum to Steel.
	Material.	Labor.	Other Costs.	Total.	Material.	Labor.	Other costs.	Total.		
For Hull Work:										
Plates.....	2	4	1	7	40	6	1.6	47.6	.43	2.83
Shapes	2	4	1	7	60	10	2	72	.48	4.98
For Hull Fittings:										
Plate work...	2	20	5	27	40	30	8	78	.43	1.24
Shapes.....	2	20	5	27	60	30	8	98	.48	1.74
Cast fittings.....	10	12	3	25	60	16	4.8	80.8	.46	1.48

The striking feature of this table is the reduced ratio of total costs, due to the fact that cost of material in which steel has so heavy an advantage is but one item, while cost of labor and other costs are items of much greater consequence, in which the advantage is slightly on the side of aluminum.

The results are specially pointed out in connection with the applications below, but attention may be called at once to the uniformly small weight ratio, a saving of over one-half in weight, and the comparatively small cost ratio for hull fittings and small castings, and to the marked difference of cost ratio between plates and shapes for hull work, the comparison for first cost thus pointing to the adaptability of aluminum in the following relative order: first, to plate work in hull fittings, with increase over cost of steel work of only 24 per cent.; next, to small castings in hull fittings, with increase of 48 per cent.; next, to shapes in hull fittings, with increase of 74 per cent.; next, to plates in hull work, with 2 8 times the cost of steel; next, to shapes in hull work with 5 times the cost of steel.

E.—COMPARISON FOR COST OF MAINTENANCE AND CARE AND LENGTH OF LIFE.

Obstructions have stood in the way of every advance in human industry. Scarcely an advantage has been won without antagonism and offsetting disadvantage. When, therefore, not many years since, the industrial world, wrestling with steel and iron, saw aluminum appear above the horizon as a commercial article, promising the great desideratum of strength without the penalty of weight and excessive hardness, it felt a thrill, and the more impetuous, foreseeing correctly the inevitable reduction of cost, thought that man had come into a new province without the strife of conquest, proclaiming in effect an abdictation by terrestrial nature of her inexorable law of struggle.

The marine engineer and architect felt the elation above all others, for weight in construction material is the Goliath of their enemies. Only prudence and conservatism interposed to prevent precipitate application of the new metal. The conservative asked if aluminum was in truth a fully constituted David. The first reconnaissance showed an obstacle in the road, of huge proportions, not to be removed by the hand of a boy or the aim of a sling. Salt water and salt air were found to attack and disintegrate the metal.

Three notable cases of aluminum construction followed each other in rapid succession, the Vendenesse, built in France in 1892 and 1893; the Foudre, built in England in 1893 and 1894, and the Defender, built in the United States in 1894 and 1895. All three of these craft more than realized the expectations of performance, but all of them have demonstrated the weak point of aluminum. All have been exposed in varying conditions to the corroding action of salt air and salt water, and have contributed to the knowledge of this unfortunate phenomenon.

The Vendenesse, sloop rigged sailing yacht, built at St. Denis, has her shell plating, decks and bulkheads of aluminum, 6 per cent. copper alloy, while her frames, keel and stringers are of steel, the weight of hull by this disposition being but 18 per cent. of the displacement.

Shortly after launching, in December, 1893, she was dropped down to Havre, and lay in the salt-water basin for about four months without attention. Her waterline showing signs of corrosion, she was docked and her bottom was found bare, with the paint off about 200 square meters of surface, part of the paint at least having been scraped off by obstacles while coming down the Seine. Examination showed corrosion wherever the metal was exposed, pitting being particularly pronounced around the edges of bare spots.

An investigation as to the causes of such pronounced results in so short a time showed, however, that part of the corrosion was undoubtedly due to galvanic action that set in from the proximity of a schooner with copper bottom, and, moreover, the basin received sewer discharges and had imperfect renewal of water.

The subsequent history of the yacht showed conclusively, however, that the metal would be attacked whenever exposed. It showed also practically continuous slow galvanic action, even between plates, both of which were of aluminum. The joints swelled and strained the rivets. One plate only would be corroded, showing lack of homogeneity and the existence of a voltaic circuit.

The deck plating was irregularly attacked; plates here and there had to be removed. The linoleum covering gave partial protection, but not immunity.

The excellent nautical qualities and the mechanical behavior of the metal made the yacht a decided success, but it was found that a specially prepared paint had to be used, and that special care and almost constant attention were still necessary for even imperfect preservation.

The Foudre, second class torpedo boat, 60ft. long, 9ft. 3in. beam, 4ft. draft, built by Yarrow for the French Government, and intended for the torpedo cruiser Foudre, is built practically throughout hull and hull fittings of aluminum, worked cold, realizing a saving of about 2½ tons, equal to about half the weight of hull, and about 25 per cent. the weight of total boat.

The stem and sternpost are of galvanized steel; the rivets, where exposed to bilge water, were of iron, elsewhere they were of aluminum; the inner tube of smoke-stack and deck plating around smoke-stack exposed to heat, and a small part of the deck where special strength are required, are of steel. The propeller is of aluminum bronze.

The bottom and inside throughout were painted with red lead, and the deck was covered with rubber canvas glued on. After successful trials in the fall of 1895, on which the speed realized was 1¾ knots in excess of contract speed, the boat was taken to Cherbourg and left at moorings all winter, apparently without being visited.

When examined the following spring, corrosion was found to be practically general. The outside of hull was pitted wherever exposed, and the inside was corroded practically throughout. Conning tower and hull fittings, exposed only to the salt air, were likewise uniformly corroded wherever uncovered, though the rubber canvas was effective in preserving the deck.

The result showed that red lead favored and produced corrosion. Moreover, when once begun, corrosion continues unless the metal is thoroughly scraped and cleaned before painting again. To clean the parts thoroughly would have required taking the boat to pieces, so general was the corrosion. The interesting little craft, so unfortunately treated, was practically given over to inevitable disintegration. The five sister boats, first ordered of aluminum, were changed to steel, and the torpedo cruiser was converted to an ordinary first-class cruiser, though it does not necessarily follow that this conversion was due alone to the failure of the aluminum boat.

Referring to the method of construction of Defender, given above, it will be recalled that the top side plating, deck beams, deck strapping, and upper fittings are of aluminum, 4 per cent. nickel alloy, the bottom plating is of bronze, and the stem, frames, floor plates and stiffening angles, bilge stringers, inverted angle bulbs under deck beams, the two deck beams inclosing mast, tie plates around mast, stepping socket, bed plate fittings and supports and chain plates are of steel, while the rivets are of bronze, making thus an intimate association of the three metals.

After completion afloat at Bristol in July, 1895, Defender was taken to New Rochelle. Examined there, the aluminum top-sides were found to be in bad condition, with paint off in patches, particularly along waterline, showing signs of corrosion along the seam of juncture of bronze and aluminum.

She was docked, washed, sand-papered and painted, and was similarly treated three times more before leaving for the races in September, on each of which occasions there were evidences of corrosion wherever the aluminum and bronze were in contact, and, to a less degree, wherever aluminum was water-washed.

Returning to New Rochelle after the races she was next examined in January, 1896, and was found to be corroded practically all over, corrosion being found underneath the paint, even where it appeared solid. The inside, too, was slightly corroded all over, with severe corrosion in closets.

She was scraped throughout, washed with benzine and given four coats of paint on the outside and two coats on the inside. It may be recalled, in referring to painting, that the bronze surface of bottom is left bare.

The next examination, five months later, in June, showed corrosion at the waterline, along the seam of juncture of aluminum and bronze and around rivet heads, a few rivet heads having fallen off, also corrosion around the chain plates, apparently due to leakage from deck. Corroded parts were scraped and touched up and deck leaks stopped.

The above examinations were made by the care-taker of the yacht, from whose log record the information is taken.

Two months later, in August, as previously referred to, an inspection was made by the writer and the results, as above given, were fully confirmed.

It was found, in addition, that the cast fittings on deck, such as deck light frames, exposed on the whole to spray and salt air only, were in the last stages of consumption, and in many cases the spongy, honeycombed metal could be broken and crumbled with the hand. On the outside along the seam of juncture of aluminum and bronze, a close inspection showed a series of small mounds for practically the whole length. Upon puncture these mounds were found to be raised by the gray powder of corroded aluminum. On the inside this gray powder of corrosion covered the ledge formed by the top of the inside plating, the system being, as seen above, the raised and sunken system, and by jarring the sides more powder would sift down, showing a general process of corrosion.

Additional rivet heads were found fallen off and an examination of the fracture showed the force of rupture to be mechanical, there being nothing more than usual verdigris on the surface. The only way to account for this breaking off of rivet heads is the supposition of strains set up by the swelling due to the corrosion of the plates connected, combined with the slight elongation capable of being sustained by bronze. This swelling, as seen above, was found on the Vendenesse, and, moreover, appears inevitable when it is recalled that the process of corrosion forms a less compact substance, more bulky, than the metal.

Down from around a number of rivet heads and from the edges of the chain plates extended the yellow-brown streaks of iron corrosion. The steel frames and other steel work are being corroded by the bronze rivets and plates. The vessel presents undoubtedly a series, a network, of voltaic circuits, and it would be interesting to have a galvanometric survey.

Thus in Defender, too, we see a full realization of all the mechanical advantages sought in aluminum, and full satisfaction of behavior under stress of service; but we see, too, upon her the doom of a short life. In her system are working the fatal germs of the phthisis of corrosion.

Besides the three notable cases of the Vendenesse, Foudre and Defender, there have been others in which aluminum has been used to a greater or less extent, furnishing additional experience on preservation and length of life.

The Forban, first-class torpedo boat, built for the French Government in 1893 and 1894, by Normand, at Havre, had her low-pressure pistons and piston valves, and her conning tower, galley, framing for turntables, torpedo tubes and other fittings of aluminum, realizing a saving in weight of

about a ton. The results were unsatisfactory for all of these parts and fittings; the piston and valves did not meet the requirements for strength, though it should be recalled, as stated above, that even a comparatively low temperature must be expected to affect the strength of aluminum; the parts and fittings on deck within twelve months gave bad results of corrosion, flaking off in parts, notwithstanding care in painting. The result was that Normand abandoned the use of the metal.

On the torpedo boats built at the New York Navy Yard and intended for the Maine, a number of cast fittings, principally on deck, such as stanchions, sockets, deck-light frames, etc., were first made of aluminum. The metal exhibited brittleness and showed signs of corrosion, and in consequence was abandoned, though it should be stated that measures to prevent corrosion were not attempted.

Some of these fittings left exposed longer to sea air were entirely disintegrated, becoming spongy and flaky, and crumbling to gray powder, as found in deck fittings of Defender, described above.

Other craft have been built wholly or in part of aluminum, but have not furnished data, yet attainable, on the corrosive behavior of the metal.

A 23ft. electric launch, of eight-knot speed, of about 3,100lbs. displacement, built at Toulon for the service of the navy yard, is practically aluminum throughout—plating, stem and sternpost, frames, rivets, etc., realizing the remarkably small hull weight of 346lbs., or one-ninth of the displacement, the plates being but .078in. thick The aluminum is 6 per cent. copper alloy. This little craft has been in use some time, and has probably evinced interesting features as to corrosion, complicated, in all probability, by the presence of the storage battery and motor for propelling; but information is not to hand as to results.

Another interesting craft, which in due time will probably give valuable information on the subject of the preservation of aluminum, has recently been built at Nyack on Hudson, a 40ft. launch, designed to develop 200 horse-power and exhibit a very high speed; designer, Chas. D. Mosher; owner, George A. P. Magoun, Esq.

This launch has her frames, bilge stringers, keelson and deck beams of aluminum, the planking being mahogany and keel oak. Adequate measures have been taken in advance with a view to prevent or reduce corrosion. The aluminum is not in contact with copper or other corroding metals; it is nickel alloy, which alloy, as will be seen below, offers better resistance to corrosion than copper alloy, and is coated with four coats of special enamel.

The results of behavior under conditions of service will doubtless be valuable.

It may be mentioned here that a number of other craft have been built of aluminum for service in Africa and Madagascar, about twenty-five in all, many of which are built in sections for transportation on the backs of pack animals and couriers. Some of these craft have been in service for a number of years, the Etienne and Davoust being among the pioneers.

No returns have come as to behavior. They doubtless serve their purpose with efficiency, but, navigating fresh water, cannot furnish information of value on the question of corrosion; for, as seen below, aluminum has been found to resist effectually the action of fresh water. It is only salt water and salt air that assail it so disastrously.

The weight of experience, as thus seen above, sets against aluminum. While the object sought in saving of weight was fully realized in each instance, and the mechanical behavior has been satisfactory in every respect, the metal has proved a uniform failure on account of galloping corrosion. When examined more closely, however, the results appear far from conclusive. In the case of the Vendenesse and Foudre, the material was a copper alloy. Copper is far removed from aluminum in the electro-chemical scale, and should be expected to make an alloy specially liable to galvanic action; indeed, the combination in the alloy itself practically contains the elements of a battery. As a matter of fact, the copper alloy, which offers but very slight, if any, advantage for resistance over other alloys, such as nickel, is the most corrosive of all, the zinc alloy perhaps excepted. Moreover, the paint put on the Foudre to protect it was itself an active agent of corrosion, and both vessels were exposed to conditions that would be severe for a steel hull. It is reported that the special paint used on the Vendenesse in three coats, the first coat having special properties against corrosion, the second against permeability of water, the third against fouling, has given results more or less satisfactory.

In the case of Defender, while the nickel alloy is used solely perhaps for its physical properties, it is in direct and most intimate contact with bronze, no effort at insulation of any kind whatsoever being made, not even simple precautions that would have been insisted on in an ordinary case of steel and bronze construction. The yacht was built for one sole purpose—to win one series of races—and features not bearing upon that purpose were altogether ignored.

It is evident, thus, that the case against aluminum is not complete, and the abandonment by the different governments of its further use in marine construction as a result of the excessive corrosion in the cases tried—this action, while conservative, and perhaps for the moment simply cautious—is by no means final.

The case is one that eminently calls for thorough scientific investigation and experiment, covering the range of alloys and the range of paints or preparations, those now existing and new ones that suggest themselves.

Partial and isolated experiments have already been made.

In connection with the decision to use aluminum for certain fittings for the torpedo boats intended for the Maine, referred to above, and in connection with a proposition to introduce the general use of aluminum for hull fittings in naval vessels, tests were made by the naval constructor at the Norfolk Navy Yard to determine the resistance to corrosion and fouling.

Two plates, 12in. × 18in. × 1 16in., furnished by the Pittsburg Reduction Co., one of pure aluminum, the other of nickel alloy, were immersed with metal bare for three months in tideway water. When taken out in October, 1894, the nickel alloy plate was reported to be thickly covered with small barnacles and very considerably wasted away and corroded, and the pure aluminum plate was reported as "more thickly covered with larger barnacles and slightly pitted throughout its surface."

In January following another test was made.

Two plates were used, 14in × 16in. × 1 8in., furnished by the Pittsburg Reduction Co., one of pure aluminum, the other of 6 per cent. copper alloy. Both plates were immersed with metal bare for 136 days, being taken out for examination after forty days, and remaining out for eight days, being cleaned before reimmersion. When finally taken out, the pure aluminum plate was reported as showing no signs of corrosion beyond a few small pits, and was only "very slightly fouled" with a "few small barnacles." The copper alloy plate, on the contrary, was reported as "covered with a quantity of small barnacles," "badly fouled and pitted over its entire surface."

These tests, in their limited extent, would indicate that the bare metal of both the copper and nickel alloy is subject to corrosion and fouling in sea water, and that the pure aluminum, commercially pure, was subject but very slightly to corrosion. On the fouling of pure aluminum the results are more or less contradictory, and would indicate a difference of material in the two cases, though indicating that the commercially pure metal is subject to fouling. The exact degree or rapidity of corrosion was not determined, and it would be difficult to compare same with the results for steel under similar conditions.

The above limited experiments, confined to bare metal, are, it appears, the only ones that have been made in this country under Government directions.

Private tests have been made, however, extending to the behavior of the metal when coated with preventatives of corrosion.

The most extensive of these tests were undertaken by Edward Smith & Co., of New York city, and conducted under the direction of Professor A. H Sabin, the aluminum plates being furnished by the Pittsburg Reduction Co.

The scope of the tests covered five different kinds or series of plates and six different coatings for each kind, making thirty plates in all.

The plates, carried horizontally, supported by the four corners in a rack, with about 2in. between plates, were immersed in the waters of the New York Navy Yard for six months.

The tests were described in a paper read by Prof. Sabin before the American Society of Civil Engineers, contained in the Proceedings of the Society, Vol. XXII., No. 7, September, 1896.

The composition of the plates, the nature of the coatings, and the results, were as follows, as given in the paper above referred to.:

COMPOSITION OF PLATES.

"Series I.—Ninety-nine and one-half per cent. pure aluminum.

Series II.—Ninety-eight per cent. aluminum and 2 per cent. copper.

Series III.—Ninety-eight per cent. aluminum (the quality known as commercially pure aluminum).

Series IV.—Ninety-three per cent. aluminum and 7 per cent. copper.

Series V.—Seventy-five per cent. aluminum, 20 per cent. zinc, 3 per cent. copper, 1 per cent. iron

These plates were numbered from 101 to 130, and were coated as follows:

I	II.	III.	IV.	V.	
101	107	113	119	125.....	'Sabin Process' pipe coating enamel, baked.
102	108	114	120	126.....	Durable metal coating, one side baked. Ultramarine blue, one side; flamingo red, one side; ground in varnish, not baked.
104	110	116	122	128.....	White zinc ground in varnish, one side baked
105	111	117	123	129.....	Chromium oxide ground in varnish, one side baked.
106	112	118	124	130.....	Edward Smith & Co.'s spar varnish; no pigment, one side baked.

The varnish in which the ultramarine blue, flamingo red, white zinc and chromium oxide were ground was composed of 100lbs. Kauri resin to 20gal. linseed oil, thinned with turpentine. The chromium oxide was the anhydrous oxide made by the ignition method, and was of commercial quality, not chemically pure. The baked coatings were baked about four hours at 215° to 240° F., except that the 'Sabin Process' pipe coating enamel was baked two hours at 400° F."

The condition of each plate after being taken out is given by Mr. Sabin as follows:

SERIES I.

"101.—Perfect.

102.—Baked side, perfect. Unbaked side, three blisters ¾in. diameter. No general corrosion or roughening. The surface of the paint had lost its gloss. The coating was good on the edges of the plates.

103.—Ultramarine blue. Showed roughening of coating, numerous pinhead blisters, no corrosion to speak of.

Flamingo red. General condition good, except near edges of plate, which showed blisters over a surface about ½in. wide and one-fifth the marginal distance; very little corrosion.

104.—Baked side. About 2sq. in. in one place half covered with small blisters. No corrosion.

Unbaked side. First-rate condition.

105.—Baked side, one blister 1 × ½in.; otherwise, first-rate. No corrosion. Unbaked side all right.

106.—Both sides perfect.

SERIES II.

107.—Perfect.

108.—Baked side, one blister ⅜in. diameter. Unbaked side, perfect.

109.—Blue and red about the same as 103, except that about twice as much surface was blistered. General condition, good.

110.—Baked side badly blistered in spots along the edges, amounting to about 6 per cent. of the total surface of the plate. Some corrosion under these. Unbaked side all right, except that about 1 per cent. of the surface showed pinhead blisters along a strip about ½in. wide on one edge of the plate.

111.—Baked side showed four central ¾in. blisters, numerous marginal ones about 1½ per cent. of plate. Very little corrosion. Unbaked side in first rate condition.

112.—Baked side, two central blisters 2sq. in., and nearly all the margin ½in. wide. Considerable corrosion. Otherwise perfect protection and higher luster. Unbaked side, two central blisters ½sq. in. and 1sq. in. Slight marginal corrosion. Coating evidently thin on edges.

SERIES III.

113.—At one corner evidently a break in the coating let in water and caused a blister of about 2sq. in. Coating rather overbaked and brittle; elsewhere perfect.

114.—Baked side perfect. Unbaked side tough and adherent, except one small spot near the middle of the plate, which looked as if coating had been broken, and where corrosion had begun.

115.—Blue and red about alike. No decided blisters, but coating itself showed some signs of decomposition, especially the blue, which had a rough surface.

116.—Both sides in good condition, but showed some signs of incipient blistering about the edges.

117.—All right on both sides.

118.—Both sides quite perfect.

SERIES IV.

119.—At several places about the corners of the plate single blisters, some of which were as large as 3sq in., had formed. These appeared to be due to the fact that the coating was overbaked and had been cracked at the corners by the supporting framework, and galvanic action had ensued on the penetration of the sea water. This was facilitated by the 7 per cent. of copper in the alloy. The remainder of the plate was perfect.

120.—Baked side showed three blisters of about 1sq. in. each and some corrosion under these; otherwise all right. Unbaked side perfect.

121.—Blue and red about alike; about 30 per cent. blistered and corroded.

122.—Pinhead blisters along the edges; general condition all right.

123.—Baked side all right. Unbaked side, seven or eight small blisters, but no corrosion. General condition good.

124.—Both sides badly blistered and corroded along the edge, about 10 per cent. of the surface. Where not blistered, all right.

SERIES V.

125.—Coating brittle and certainly overbaked. Badly blistered along the edges. In all cases of blisters under pipe-coating enamel the blisters were continuous and started from the edge. The middle of the plate was all right.

126.—Baked side badly blistered along the edge—6 per cent. or 8 per cent. affected. Unbaked side slightly blistered, chiefly along one edge; condition otherwise good. No corrosion.

127.—Blue. Considerably blistered along the edges, in pinhead blisters mainly. Little corrosion.

Red. About the same, but some large marginal blisters. The red had a smooth surface, but the blue was rough.

128.—Baked side, nine or ten blisters of some size (1½in. diameter), and considerable corrosion. Remainder of surface good. Unbaked side, about 1 per cent. of the surface, near the edges, with small blisters showing some corrosion. The rest of the surface all right.

129.—Baked side. A large number of groups (about 1in. diameter) of small blisters. No corrosion. Unbaked side, about the same, but not so bad.

130.—About like 124.

The pigment mentioned as flamingo red is supposed to be a mixture containing some coloring matter derived from coal tar, and is reasonably permanent in the air. In these tests it became dark and mottled.

The baked surface of those plates which had one side baked were in all cases harder and more glossy than the other sides after the test was made. It should be observed, however, that while these coatings are all at present hard and firm, when they were first taken from the water they were much softer and could be more easily scratched or scraped off, with the exception of the pipe coating enamel, which was exactly as it was when it was put into the water. Even the luster was not affected, and the smooth plates coated with it are like a mirror.

On all the plates, except those covered with pipe-coating enamel, which was applied by dipping, the coating is much thinner for about an inch along the edges of the plates than it is on the central portions. This fact has been called to the attention of the workmen who painted the plates, and is said to result from the method employed in applying the paint with a brush. In future experiments care will be taken to avoid this. Probably four-fifths of the corrosion occurred along this marginal strip."

The features of these tests, to be noted for the present purpose, are contained in the writer's remarks in the discussion of Professor Sabin's paper, part of which may be given as they were made, as follows:

"Alloys.—The prominent result of the experiments is that which shows that the corrosion increases as the amount of alloy increases, and that copper, as the alloy, particularly accentuates the corrosion. This result is striking in the comparison of the excellent results of Series III., where the alloy was simply 2 per cent. of the commercial impurities, with the unfavorable results of Series II., where the same amount of alloy, 2 per cent., was copper. The interest in this feature is special, for it requires an alloy to develop the best conditions for strength; while among the alloys suited to this purpose, copper, though prominent, is by no means exclusive."

"Coatings.—The experiments, it is noticed, are restricted to varnish and enamel preparations. The favorable results indicate a field for these preparations for the preservation of fittings, if not for hulls.

Interest would attach to comparative tests of these preparations and those used on ships' bottoms, also with special preparations thus far made, and that may be prepared especially for aluminum. A feature that suggests itself from these experiments, is that the insulating qualities, as well as the porosity or permeability, may enter to affect results, and there would be interest in determining them in experiments to be made for comparative results. The generally unfavorable results with the baking process would indicate that the process increases the permeability, while the increase of adhesion counts for but little when galvanic action starts beneath. Interest also would attach to determining whether the paints themselves, or any of their components, enter into the phenomena."

"Conditions.—The close proximity of plates of different alloys, which varied widely in their galvanic action, affected, in all probability, the results in the individual cases. As far as practicable, while still insuring the same conditions, plates of different alloys should be separated far enough not to affect each other. Even those of the same alloy, having the different coatings, should be arranged so as to affect each other as little as possible.

An analysis should be made as near as can be, of the mean sample water of immersion, to determine the special agents, if any, that are present.

If practicable, sets of similar plates and coatings should be tested in different waters, and analyses of the water made in each case.

Both coated and uncoated plates of the same and different alloys should be immersed in vessels with sea water of sample kinds, and analyses, qualitative and quantitative, made as follows:

Of the materials of the plates before and after immersion; of the water before and after immersion; of the protecting coatings before and after immersion. These tests should be made progressively, analyses being made at regular intervals.

In addition, the tests should extend to determining the insulating properties of the coatings, and their permeability or porosity, in different thicknesses.

The object of the experiments outlined is apparent. They contemplate, while determining comparative qualities of different alloys and different preparations, to determine the phenomena that take place, and to find each element that enters, and the role and relative degree of importance of each."

It is to be regretted that these valuable tests, already extended so largely, covering so large a range of alloys and range of varnishes and enamels, were not still further extended to cover the compositions now used on ships' bottoms, Rahtjen's, McInnis, red lead, etc., for it seems that adequate tests for these compositions have not yet been made.

The caretaker of Defender, Mr. T. S. Mitchell, painter, of New Rochelle, made experiments, as he described orally, in search of a preparation, and found the usual paints all gave bad results. He finally determined on a special paint of his own preparation, which was used exclusively

This is a white paint, apparently a white zinc paint, that tarnishes and streaks badly under weather, even under the drippings of condensation. Remark may be made of an experiment of Mr. Mitchell's which apparently reproduced the conditions found where the aluminum of Defender laps the bronze. A copper plate was placed on the back of an aluminum plate and put overboard. The result, of course, was a precipitate and destructive attack of the aluminum.

References may be made to a prior experiment with pure aluminum made in this country on the bottom of a wooden sailing vessel plying to the West Indies, where the test was comparative with copper.

The aluminum plate gave .005in. corrosion where the copper plate gave .007in. On the other hand, the aluminum plate was foul with marine growth, while the copper plate was clean.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

ACCORDING to very meager reports from St. Thomas, th schooner Social was wrecked on Oct. 23 off the island Santa Cruz, several persons being lost.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesd Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practi cable.*

THE NORTH AMERICAN YACHT RACING UNION.

THE formal organization of the North American Yacht Racing Union took place at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on Oct. 30, the articles of association being adopted and officers elected. The movement for the establishment of a national yachting body began early last winter, and resulted in a conference of yachtsmen in New York on May 1. Though many of the delegates present, especially those from a distance, were in favor of immediate action and organization, it was at last decided that nothing final should be done until the fall; a special committee being appointed to draw up articles of association and sailing rules during the summer, these to be submitted to all clubs and associations for criticisms, and after final revision to be acted upon at a meeting in October. The articles of agreement and sailing rules, as prepared by the committee, have been published already in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 9. the date of the meeting being fixed for Oct. 30.

All of the members of the committee, Messrs. N. D. Lawton, F. Bowne Jones, Æmelius Jarvis, L. M. Clark, J. M. Macdonough, A. J. Prime and Oswald Sanderson, were in New York on Friday, Oct. 29, and the chairman, Mr. Lawton, entertained the other members at dinner at the New York Club. This gave occasion for an informal but thorough discussion of some points in the proposed rules, on which a difference of opinion existed; but when the party broke up at 1 A. M., there was still nothing like a complete agreement on some very important details.

The committee met again on Saturday, at 1 P. M., at the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. house for lunch, and the same disputed points were further discussed until 3 o'clock, when the members adjourned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Other delegates were already present in parlor F, and the meeting was called to order by Mr. Lawton at 3:15. Mr. Jones, the secretary of the committee, was requested to read the call for the meeting, as follows:

To the Yacht Associations and Clubs of the United States and Canada:

Pursuant to a resolution adopted at a conference of the representatives of the yacht associations and clubs of the United States and Canada, held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in the city of New York, on Saturday, May 1, 1897, we, the undersigned, a committee appointed by the chairman of the said conference, hereby give you notice in accordance with said resolution, that we have prepared articles of association and sailing rules, omitting from the latter the measurement and classification rules, and other rules dependent thereon, copies of which are hereto annexed, and which we forward to you herewith for the purpose specified in said resolution of having same submitted to the different clubs represented at said meeting, and such other clubs as it has been deemed advisable by the committee to furnish with copies of such articles of association and racing rules, in order and for the purpose of having the same reported back to this committee, and having such associations and clubs appoint and instruct delegates as to the action or position they desire to take with respect to the same, at a meeting which, we hereby notify you, will be held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in the city of New York, on Saturday, Oct. 30, 1897, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, which meeting we hereby call for the purpose specified in and as directed by said resolution.

Dated Sept. 25, 1897.

NEWBURY D LAWTON,
ÆMELIUS JARVIS,
LOUIS M. CLARK,
ALANSON J. PRIME,
JAMES M. MACDONOUGH,
OSWALD SANDERSON,
FRANK BOWNE JONES,
Special Committee.

Nominations for chairman of the meeting were then called for, and Oliver E. Cromwell was nominated by Mr Prime, seconded by Mr. Lovejoy, and elected. Nominations for secretary were called for, and W. P. Stephens, who had served as secretary of the May meeting, was nominated by Mr. Lovejoy, seconded by Mr. Jones, and elected. The roll was then called, as follows:

Æmelius Jarvis (Royal Canadian Y. C.), Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes.

E. B. Hart, H. W. Tyler, Oliver E. Cromwell, F. Bowne Jones, C. P. Tower, Stuyvesant Wainwright and F. E. Towle, Jr., Y. R. U. of Long Island Sound.

L. M. Clark (Massachusetts Y. C.), Massachusetts Y. R. A.

A. J. Prime (Yonkers Cor. Y. C.), New York Y. R. A.

J. M. Macdonough (Pacific Y. C.), Pacific Interclub Y. A.

E. W. Radder (Cleveland Y. A.), Interlake Y. A. and Lake Michigan Y. A.

E. H. Ambrose (Royal Hamilton Y. C.), Lake Y. R. A.

A. F. Bancroft, Henry S. Jeanes (Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia.

Oswald Sanderson, John F. Lovejoy, Larchmont Y. C.

F. T. Adams, N. D. Lawton, Atlantic Y. C.

P. H. Jeannot, Wm. Cagger, Brooklyn Y. C.

Rawson Underhill, Penataquit Cor. Y. C.

Mr. Prime moved that in voting on all questions at this meeting each club shall be entitled to one vote, and each association shall be entitled to one vote for each club comprising such association. Seconded by Mr. Jarvis and carried.

The report of the organization committee was then called for, and on motion of Mr. Jarvis seconded by Mr. Adams, it was decided that Mr. Lawton should read the articles of association *seriatim*, and that those to which no objection was made should be considered as approved by the meeting. The first five articles were then read and accepted without comment; in the amended form as given hereafter. When Art. 6. relating to the management, was read, Mr. Radder moved, seconded by Mr. Wainwright, that the chairman and treasurer must be members of the Council, and that the chairman should preside at all meetings of the Union. Mr. Radder suggested the desirability of leaving the secretaryship free from this limitation, as someone not a member of the Council might be available for the office of secretary. Mr. Jones opposed this, and offered an amendment: "The Council shall from their number elect a chairman, secretary and a treasurer." Mr. Sanderson seconded the motion, and Mr. Clark suggested the addition of the words "who shall be chairman of the Union." This was accepted by Messrs. Jones and Sanderson, and after discussion it was carried in the following words: "The Council shall elect from its number a chairman, who shall preside at all meetings of the Union, a secretary and a treasurer."

In considering Art. 7, Mr. Radder suggested the advisability of ten days' notice of special meetings, instead of five. After some discussion of the subject of special meetings, Mr. Jones moved to insert the word "ten" for "five," which was carried. The remaining articles were read and approved; and on motion of Mr. Clark, seconded by Mr. Sanderson, were formally adopted as the articles of association.

North American Yacht Racing Union.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

1. NAME.—The name of this organization shall be the North American Yacht Racing Union.

2. OBJECTS.—The objects of the Union shall be to encourage yacht racing and promote the adoption of uniform racing rules throughout the United States and Canada.

3. ORGANIZATION.—Any yacht club in North America having a regular membership of over fifty members and over fifteen yachts of 15ft. racing measurement or upward enrolled in its fleet, or any association of yacht clubs, shall be eligible for membership in the Union.

4. REPRESENTATION.—Each association or club shall be entitled to be represented in this Union as follows:

Each local association belonging to this Union shall be entitled to choose from the delegates from the clubs of which it consists, representatives to this Union, the number of such representatives to be determined as follows: One representative for each club having 100 members, and one representative in addition for each additional 200 members. Each club belonging to this Union, but not connected with any local association, shall be entitled to choose from its members one representative for 100 members, and one representative in addition for each additional 200 members.

5. POWERS.—The Union shall have power to adopt racing rules, but no association or club having membership in this organization shall be bound by such rules until ratified by such organization.

6. MANAGEMENT.—The affairs of the Union shall be managed by a Council, consisting of fifteen representatives, who shall be elected annually by the Union at the annual meeting, and shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected, and shall have power to fill vacancies in its number.

7. DUTIES OF COUNCIL.—It shall be the duty of the Council to consider and act upon application for membership in the Union, to appoint special officers and committees, to frame racing rules for submission to the Union, and to determine and settle all difficulties and disputes relating to yacht racing which may be properly referred to it for decision; and, further, to take such steps as it may consider necessary and expedient to carry into effect the objects and purposes of the Union.

The Council shall elect from its number a chairman, who shall preside at all meetings of the Union; a secretary and a treasurer.

The chairman may call special meetings of the Council whenever necessary, and shall do so upon the requisition in writing of five members, in which case ten days' notice must be given of such meeting.

The Council shall meet at such times and places as it may consider expedient.

Five members shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Council.

8. MEETINGS.—There shall be an annual meeting of the Union, at such place as the Council shall determine, on the first Saturday of October in each year. The Council may call special meetings of the Union whenever it may consider it necessary

Fifteen representatives shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Union.

Ten days' notice, in writing, of a meeting shall be given to each representative.

At any general meeting of the Union voting shall be allowed by proxy.

9. DUES AND ASSESSMENTS.—The fee for membership for each association or club shall be $5 per annum, and the additional expenses of the Association shall be apportioned and assessed among the associations and clubs as may be determined by the Council; but no assessment to exceed $2 a representative shall be levied in any one year.

10. AMENDMENTS.—Amendments to these articles may be adopted at any meeting of the Union by a two-thirds vote of those present in person or by proxy, provided that the proposed amendments in full shall be contained in the notice of the meeting.

After the adoption of the above articles, Mr. Clark moved to proceed to the election of the Council, and that the chair should appoint a nominating committee of three. Mr. Radder seconded the motion. Mr. Lovejoy suggested that some means be taken to ascertain which of the representatives were qualified to act for their clubs A discussion followed, in which Messrs. Sanderson, Radder, Jones, Adams, Prime and others took part. The point was raised by Mr. Sanderson that the Larchmont Y. C., having but one meeting each year, in February, had taken no action since the May meeting, and that its delegates were not authorized to join the Union. Mr. Prime and others spoke in favor of immediate action, as otherwise it might never be possible to organize. Mr. Prime, seconded by Mr. Jones, moved to poll the delegates to ascertain how many were authorized to join the Union. Mr. Clark called for a vote on his motion, which was carried. The chairman named as a nominating committee Messrs. F. Bowne Jones, Stuyvesant Wainwright and F. T. Adams. On motion, a recess of five minutes was taken.

When the meeting reconvened, the nominating committee reported the following candidates for members of the Council: E. W. Radder, Æmelius Jarvis, J. M. Macdonough, A. J. Prime, A. T. Bliss, F. Bowne Jones, G. H. Duggan, N. D. Lawton, Oswald Sanderson, E. H. Ambrose, Oliver E. Cromwell, A. F. Bancroft, R. N. Ellis, L. M. Clark, J. A. Mollenhauer. Mr. Jeannot moved to accept the report, seconded by Mr. Chellborg. Mr. Lovejoy requested that action be suspended until Mr. Sanderson, who was absent from the room, should return. The motion was carried, and on motion the secretary cast one ballot for all the candidates, who were declared elected.

Mr. Jones moved that the proposed sailing rules be then taken up. Mr. Jeannot, seconded by Mr. Clark, moved that the rules be considered as accepted in default of any objection; carried. Mr. Lawton then read the proposed sailing rules. In the first section Mr. Radder suggested the substitution of the word "organization" for "club," which was accepted.

Under the second section there was some discussion as to the preparatory signal for the entire race versus the preparatory for each separate class. The question of galley fittings was discussed at length under Rule 7, Mr. Radder, seconded by Mr. Ambrose, moving to omit the words, "galley fixtures and," which was lost. Mr. Radder moved to amend the section relating to trimming by dead weight, but the motion was not seconded.

Under Rule 17, Section 12, "Converging Close-hauled," a long discussion followed, Mr. Lawton finally moving, seconded by Mr. Tower, to substitute the word "windward" for "leeward," which was carried unanimously, after some final remarks by Mr. Clark in its favor. A letter from Mr. R. N. Ellis was read, but the suggestions were not adopted.

Under Rule 18 Mr. Lovejoy, seconded by Mr. Radder, moved to substitute "shall" for "may," which was carried.

Mr. Jarvis offered the following amendment: "A yacht after crossing the finishing line shall not interfere with any yacht still in the race," giving an instance of a race on Lake Ontario in which a yacht allowing time to another finished first and then went back on to the course and blanketed the smaller yacht to the line, claiming the right to do so in default of anything to the contrary in the rules. This amendment was accepted, but in the course of the discussion Mr. Stephens pointed out that the rule headed "Disqualification" really included, as worded, several provisions which should be classed under other heads. Mr. Lawton, seconded by Mr. Wainwright, moved to insert a new rule under the heading "Interference," leaving only the final section of the rule as printed under the original head of "Disqualification." The motion was carried, Mr. Jarvis's proposal being included in the new rule. Mr. Lovejoy proposed the adoption of Section 3 of Rule XXV., of the Larchmont Y. C., "If a yacht, after having been officially measured, makes changes in her trim, causing an increase of L.W.L., or makes alterations in her sail plan, should enter a race without remeasurement or notifying the regatta committee in writing that alterations have been made, and a request for remeasurement, she shall be disqualified." The amendment was not adopted. On motion of Mr. Tower, seconded by Mr. Wainwright, it was decided to refer to the Council the wording of the rule relating to protests.

Mr. Radder brought up the question of the amendment of the sailing rules, and Mr. Prime moved to amend in the same manner as the articles; seconded by Mr. Radder and carried.

Mr. Tower, seconded by Mr. Wainwright, moved that the rules be accepted as finally amended, which was carried:

North American Yacht Racing Union.

RACING RULES.

Rule 1. MANAGEMENT.—All races and all yachts sailing therein shall be under the control and direction of the race committee of the organization giving the race. All matters shall be subject to its approval and control, and all questions and disputes which may arise shall be decided by it.

No member of any race committee shall take part in the decision of any question in which he is directly interested.

A member of a race committee who is the owner of a yacht sailing in a race shall not act upon the committee in the management of such race.

Rule 2. APPLICATION.—Yachts shall be amenable to the rules from the preparatory signal.

Rule 3. OWNERSHIP.—No two yachts owned wholly or in part by the same person shall compete in the same class.

Rule 4. ENTRIES.—Entries shall be filed in the manner prescribed by the organization under whose auspices the race is sailed.

Rule 5. INSTRUCTION.—1. The owner of each yacht entered for a race shall be furnished at the time of the entry, or as soon thereafter as possible, with written or printed instructions as to the conditions of the race and the courses to be sailed.

2. The race committee may change the courses or amend the instructions, provided notice of such change is given to each yacht before the preparatory signal is made.

Rule 6. SAILS.—1. The following sails may be carried.

On schooners: Mainsail, foresail, forestaysail, jib, flying-jib, jibtopsail, working main and fore gafftopsail, maintopmast staysail, spinaker, and club topsail when specially permitted.

On sloops and cutters: Mainsail, forestaysail, jib, flying-jib, jibtopsail, working gafftopstopsail, spinaker, and club topsail when specially permitted.

On yawls: The same as on sloops and cutters, with mizen, mizen staysail and mizen topsail.

On catboats: Mainsail. Balloon sails may be set over working sails.

3, No extra spars, booming out or whisker poles, except a spinaker boom, shall be used.

4. A working main or fore gafftopsail must be jib-headed and must not extend above the topsail block or beyond the end of the gaff. A spinaker must be triangular, and must not extend above the topsail block or beyond the outer end of the spinaker boom.

Rule 7. FITTINGS, WATER AND BALLAST.—1. Floors shall be kept down, and bulkheads and doors left standing. Galley fixtures and fittings shall be kept on board in their proper places, and one serviceable anchor and cable shall be carried.

2. Trimming by dead weight shall not be allowed, and neither water nor ballast shall be taken in or discharged.

Rule 8. NUMBERS.—All yachts shall carry racing numbers, which shall be placed above the reef points, at an equal distance from the luff and leach, on each side of the mainsail.

Rule 9. POSTPONEMENT.—The race committee may postpone a race, should unfavorable weather or other circumstances make a postponement advisable.

A race postponed or resailed shall be considered a new race.

Rule 10. TIME AT START AND FINISH.—1. All starts shall be flying, and shall be "time" or "one-gun" starts, as may be specified in the instructions.

2. In time starts an interval shall be allowed for crossing the line, and the time of each yacht shall be taken when the point marked by the foremast in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls crosses the starting line. A yacht crossing the line after the starting interval shall be timed as having crossed at its expiration.

3. In one-gun starts each yacht shall be timed from the starting signal.

4 The time of finish of each yacht shall be taken when the point marked by the foremast in schooners, and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls crosses the finish line.

5. In any start, if the point marked by the foremast in schooners, and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls, has crossed the line before the signal for the start in her class is made, she must return and recross the line.

A yacht so returning, or one working into position from the wrong side of the line after the first starting signal has been made, must keep clear of, and give way to all yachts in the race.

Rule 11. PROPULSION.—1. No means of propulsion other than sails shall be employed.

2. Manual power only shall be used in handling sails.

Rule 12. MARKS.—A mark is a vessel, boat, buoy, other object used to indicate the course. Should any stake boat, buoy or other mark be absent or moved from its proper position during a race, the race may be resailed or not at the option of the race committee.

Rule 13. ANCHORING.—A yacht may anchor, but must weigh anchor again and not slip. A yacht shall not warp or kedge, or make fast to any buoy, pier, vessel or other object, except for purposes specified in the following rule:

Rule 14. RUNNING AGROUND AND FOULING.—A yacht running aground or fouling a buoy, pier, vessel or other object, may use her anchors, warps, boats, etc., to get clear, but may not receive any assistance except from vessel fouled. Any anchor, warp or boat so used must be taken on board again before continuing the race.

Rule 15. ACCIDENTS.—Every yacht shall render all possible assistance to any vessel or person in peril, and if in the judgment of the race committee she shall thereby have impaired her chance of winning, it may order the race to be resailed between such yacht or yachts and the winner in her class.

Rule 16 SOUNDING.—No other means of sounding than the hand lead and line shall be employed.

Rule 17 RIGHT OF WAY.—When one yacht is approaching another yacht so as to involve a risk of fouling, one of them shall keep clear of the other as follows:

1. On Different Points of Sailing.—A yacht free shall keep clear of one closehauled.

2. On the Same Point of Sailing with the Wind on Opposite Sides.—When both yachts are closehauled, or both free, or both have the wind aft and on opposite sides, the yacht with the wind on the port side shall keep clear.

A yacht is deemed to have the wind on the side opposite to that on which she is carrying her main boom.

3. On the Same Point of Sailing with the Wind on the Same Side.—When both yachts are free or have the wind aft and on the same side, the yacht to the windward shall keep clear.

4. Wind Aft.—A yacht with the wind aft shall keep clear of a yacht on any other point of sailing.

5. Overtaking.—An overtaking yacht shall, as long as an overlap exists, keep clear of the yacht which is being overtaken.

6. Passing and Rounding Marks.—Should, however, an overlap exist between two yachts when both of them, without tacking, are about to pass a mark on the required side,

then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark.

A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark, after the latter has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.

7. Definition of Overlap.—An overlap is established when an overtaking yacht has no longer a free choice of which side she will pass, and continues to exist as long as the leeward yacht by luffing, or the weather yacht by bearing away, is in danger of fouling.

8. Altering Course.—When of two yachts, one is obliged to keep clear, the other shall not alter her course so as to involve risk of fouling.

9. Luffing.—A yacht may luff as she pleases in order to prevent another from passing her to windward, provided she begins to luff before an overlap is established.

10. Bearing Away.—A yacht shall not bear away out of her course so as to hinder another in passing to leeward.

11. Rights on New Courses.—A yacht shall not be entitled to her rights on a new course until she has filled away.

12. Converging Close-Hauled.—When two yachts, both close-hauled on the same tack, are converging by reason of the leeward yacht holding a better wind, and neither can claim the rights of a yacht being overtaken, then the yacht to windward shall keep clear.

13. Obstruction to Sea Room.—When a yacht is approaching a shore, shoal, rock, vessel, or other dangerous obstruction, and cannot go clear by altering her course without fouling another yacht, then the latter shall, on being hailed by the former, at once give room; and in case one yacht is forced to tack or bear away in order to give room, the other shall also tack or bear away, as the case may be, at as nearly the same time as is possible without danger of fouling; but should such obstruction be a designated mark in the course, a yacht shall not force another to tack under the provisions of this rule.

Rule 18. INTERFERENCE.—A yacht, after crossing the finishing line, shall not interfere with any yacht still in the race.

Every yacht must go fairly over the course, and must not touch any mark, but shall not be disqualified if wrongfully compelled to do so by another.

If a yacht, in consequence of her neglect of these rules, shall foul another yacht, or compel another yacht to foul any yacht, mark or obstruction, or to run aground, she shall be disqualified and the owner shall pay all damages.

Rule 19. DISQUALIFICATION.—The race committee shall, with or without a protest, disqualify any yacht, should it come to its knowledge that she has committed a breach of these rules.

Rule 20. PROTESTS.—Protests shall be made in the manner prescribed by the organization under whose auspices the race is sailed.

Rule 21. AMENDMENTS.—Amendments to these rules may be adopted at any meeting of the Union by a two-thirds vote of those present in person or by proxy, provided that the proposed amendments shall be contained in the notice of the meeting.

The chairman called for a statement as to the matter of a measurement rule, and Mr. Lawton in reply stated that the committee had not been instructed to deal with the subject, but that it recommended by way of compromise the adoption of the Seawanhaka rule for all yachts over 30ft. l.w.l. length, and of the waterline rule for yachts of 30ft. and under, this to be merely a temporary expedient until some new rule was proposed. Mr. Jones spoke in favor of this action, and Mr. Jarvis and Mr. Lovejoy urged that no attempt be made at present to adopt a new rule. Mr. Jarvis also spoke of the necessity for the inauguration of a movement for the limitation of scantling and regulation of yacht construction. Mr. Prime urged that no immediate action be taken. Mr. Lovejoy moved that the measurement and classification rules now in vogue in the different districts be continued for one more year, and that the entire subject of measurement and classification be referred to the Council, with instructions to present at the next annual meeting a proposal for rules. Mr. Lawton seconded the motion and it was carried.

The chairman announced that the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. desired to extend to the Union the privileges of its town club house at all times for purposes of meeting. On motion of Mr. Lovejoy, seconded by Mr. Sanderson, a vote of thanks to the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was passed, after which the meeting adjourned, the members of the Council being requested to remain.

A meeting of the Council was held immediately after the general meeting adjourned, Mr. Clark being nominated for chairman and elected in spite of his declination. Mr. Jones was elected secretary and Mr. Lawton treasurer. Mr. Jarvis and Mr. Macdonough were both about to visit England, going by the steamer St. Louis on Nov. 3. It was decided, after discussion, to authorize them as a special committee, to confer with the British Yacht Racing Association with a view to future co-operation and harmonious action in matters of measurement, classification, limitation of scantling, etc.

The Proposed 25ft. Class.

IN answer to the call issued by Com. Chas. A. Gould, a number of yachtsmen from the American and other Sound clubs met at the Grand Union Hotel, New York, on Nov. 4, to consider the subject of a new restricted class. As a basis for discussion there were some half dozen designs and several estimates from designers and builders. These were discussed, together with the necessary details of the restrictions. The general opinion was in favor of a one-design class, and it is understood that a fin-keel design, with centerboard, was practically selected. The proposed dimensions are about 25ft. l.w.l., 38ft. over all, 6ft. least head room, and 800sq. ft. of sail. The following gentlemen expressed their intention of building, and others who were not present will also join the class: S. & J. H Wainwright, American Y. C.; Com. Chas. A. Gould, American Y. C.; Simeon Ford, Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C.; George G. Tyson, commodore Riverside Y. C.; P. T. Dodge, Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C.; Charles T. Wills, American Y. C.; H. R Harper, Larchmont Y. C.; J. Rogers Maxwell, Atlantic Y. C., two boats; George D. Pratt, F. R. Lawrence, American Y. C.; W. H. Parsons, American Y. C.; William H. McCord, American Y. C.; Francis J Scott, Larchmont Y. C.; Charles A. Stevenson, Larchmont Y. C.; C. T. Pierce, Riverside Y. C.; W. C. Comstock, New Rochelle Y. C.

A committee was appointed to draw up rules for the class and to arrange further details, reporting at a meeting on Nov. 11; the members are: F. Bowne Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C.; A. Bryan Alley, Larchmont Y. C.; Stuyvesant Wainwright, American Y. C.; N. D. Lawton, Atlantic Y. C., and E. Burton Hart, Huguenot Y. C. Mr. S. T. Shaw, S. C. Y. C., of Oyster Bay, offered a cup for such races of the class as may be held about Oyster Bay. There is little doubt that the class will be a success and that a goodly number of yachts will be built.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Lake Winnebago Ice Yachting Association has organized for the coming winter by electing the following officers: Commodore, M. H. Dittmar, Fond du Lac; Vice Commodore, J. A. Kimberly, Jr., Neenah; Secretary, Paul Fritz, Fond du Lac.

Fleur de Lys, schr., George Lord Day, sailed from New York on Nov. 6 for Bermuda.

Mr. A. V. Armour has sold his steam yacht Ituna to A. S. Bigelow, of Boston, and purchased from W. W. Durant the larger auxiliary Utowana, designed by J. Beavor Webb, both sales being made by Tams & Lemoine. Utowana will fit out at once for a winter cruise, probably to the West Indies. May, steam yacht, Mrs. Sarah Drexel Fell, sails from Philadelphia on Nov. 9 for a Southern cruise, first visiting the Chesapeake and Washington, and probably continuing to the West Indies. Later on she may visit the Mediterranean. Nahma, the handsome new Watson steam yacht, the last foreign yacht that can be navigated by an American citizen in American waters under the Payne bill, is now at New York. She will soon fit out for a Southern cruise Varuna, steam yacht, Eugene Higgins, is at Erie Basin Dry Docks, preparing for a cruise to Bermuda.

The Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. has just been incorporated at Albany. This new club has its station at Bay Shore, Long Island: the directors are J. Adolph Mollenhauer, Charles A. O'Donohue, H. S Jewell and R. A. Bachia, of Brooklyn; Frank L. Camp and Malcolm Graham, Jr., of New York city, and Samuel T. Cushing, Rawson Underhill and Henry Mortimer Brewster, of Bay Shore.

At last the widely-advertised sale of Britannia is an accomplished fact, the new owner being John Lawrence Johnstone, of Kingwood, Kent. Mr. Johnstone is known to fame not as a yachtsman, but as the head of a company manufacturing an extensively advertised proprietary article; also as the recent purchaser, at a price of nearly $4,000, of the bed upon which Prince Charles slept before the battle of Culloden. With such special qualifications as a yachting expert, his name is likely to figure prominently in the future in cable dispatches as to future challenges, the racing of Defender, and other current yachting topics.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Division Representation.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While a man cannot correct all of the errors that may get into print concerning himself, I would like to call your attention to one in connection with the board of governors of the American Canoe Association, contained in your issue of week before last reporting the meeting of the executive committee of the A. C. A.

Your report states the commodore stated the board of governors had taken some action or notice regarding representation on executive committee from the divisions. Your report comments on this.

No exception is taken to your comments, but I desire to state that either the commodore or your representative were in error, as neither the board of governors nor any of its officers have given any official opinion regarding the subject, nor has its opinion been asked.

I do not know that it is necessary for you to take any further notice of this than to get the facts straight, so that the same error may not appear in future comments, should you deem it expedient to make any.

ROBERT J. WILKIN,
President Board of Governors, A. C. A.

[We were informed by Com. Dunnell that the ruling on which representatives were recognized at the meeting of the executive committee had been made by the board of governors; further than this we have been able to ascertain nothing.]

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
John Robson	Fells, Mass.	——
Edmond Denham	New Bedford, Mass.	Island.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Hobart D. Hewitt	Burlington, N. J.	——
Emmet G. Buddington	Cranford, N. J.	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Michael Dorrler Wins the Championship.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—The annual 100-shot match for the championship took place to-day in the Greenville Schuetzen Park, Jersey City Heights, N. J. The light was poor, the cloudy day having much to do with the comparatively low scoring

Michael Dorrler, the winner of the championship at the Sportsmen's Exposition last March, again came to the front, winning the title of champion with the score of 2,182 for the 100 shots. H. M. Spencer, of Scranton, Pa., was next, beating Fred. C. Ross by just one point; their respective scores were 2,166 and 2,165. Ross was the winner in 1893 (the opening year) with 2,194; in 1895 he won with the great score of 2,222, but last year (1896) he went it three better, making 2,225. He attributed his falling off this year to the poor light on the ranges. The scores were:

M Dorrler, New York	2182	R J Young, Montclair, N J	2007
Hy M Spencer, Scranton, Pa.	2166	F C Watts, Newark, N J	1981
F C Ross, Brooklyn, N Y	2165	Gottlieb Warn, Brooklyn, N Y	1978
E Pillard, New Britain, Conn.	2153	Ignatz Martin, Brooklyn, N Y	1974
O C Boyce, Jersey City, N J.	2148	G D Weigman, Newark, N J	1970
H M Pope, Hartford, Conn.	2136	Ed Berckmann, Hoboken, N J	1961
Wm Hayes, Newark, N J.	2123	A Kronsberg, Brooklyn, N Y.	1946
G W Plaisted, Jersey City, N J	2120	A Bergerow, Newark, N J.	1880
L P Hansen, Jersey City, N J.	2115	G P Williams, Newark, N J.	1810
G Schlecht, Guttenburg, N J.	2098	H Mahlenbrock, Jersey City	NJ 1797
G W Hudson, New York.	2079	Geo Oberst, Newark, N J.	1727
S J Lyon, Collinsville, Conn.	2042		

A cup was presented to the winner by that well-known rifle-shot of Newark, N. J., Wm. Hayes.

Revolver Shooting in England.

THE Kelso challenge cup, representing the Gallery Revolver Championship of England, was won in 1895 by Walter Winans with the highest possible score of 42; he won it again in 1896 with a score of 41, and this year, not having been challenged for it, has become his absolute property. It is interesting to note that he won it with the revolver which the late Ira Paine used in his exhibition work.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 31.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to-day, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road. Conditions: 20 yds. off-hand, at the German ring target. Payne was declared king to-day, with a score of 216. Gindele was high on the honor target with a score of 73, which entitles him to the medal for this month. Several members will shoot for the individual championship competition on Election Day, and while we do not expect to make high scores on account of shooting strictly off-hand, we will see how near we can come to the top, or rather, how far away we can keep from the bottom.

Gindele	24 21 22 22 22 19 24 24 25 19	—222
	22 23 23 21 22 23 23 25 17 22	—221
Payne	22 23 24 20 21 20 24 21 23 18	—216
	25 23 23 20 21 23 15 18 24 21	—213
Roberts	20 20 18 25 18 23 20 20 18 19	—201
	24 16 25 15 16 19 22 22 22 20	—201
Nestler	21 22 20 23 22 24 21 21 25 17	—216
	23 22 21 19 25 20 22 14 17 25	—208
Wellinger	22 20 24 24 24 19 24 21 20 20	—221
	20 23 23 24 24 23 20 21 17 25	—219
Houck	17 11 15 19 14 12 22 23 6 16	—155
	11 15 24 16 21 19 14 15 6 22	—163
Drube	14 18 21 19 16 21 22 21 24 22	—198
	15 21 16 18 20 16 17 22 23 16	—184
Uckotter	21 21 19 25 9 18 23 23 14 16	—189
	17 18 13 22 21 21 24 13 17 20	—186
Topf	21 15 17 23 19 23 21 23 22 16	—200
	14 15 25 16 19 21 20 20 20 15	—186
Strickmier	20 22 21 20 11 13 24 18 20 20	—189
	18 17 18 24 20 18 22 19 15 18	—189

King target:

Gindele	22 23 20 18 23 19 17 21 22 19	—204
Payne	20 25 25 22 24 18 23 23 21 17	—216
Roberts	13 20 21 17 20 18 19 21 19 24	—192
Nestler	23 17 23 20 23 21 18 24 17 24	—210
Wellinger	23 19 12 17 21 21 22 23 22 11	—191
Houck	18 12 18 16 21 15 19 18 16 9	—162
Drube	7 19 22 21 21 18 22 25 16 11	—182
Uckotter	18 12 15 21 14 21 18 13 10 2	—164
Topf	18 10 22 13 23 20 19 17 18 10	—170
Strickmier	25 20 22 12 24 16 14 19 22 20	—194

Honor target:

Gindele	24 24 25	—73	Houck 19 18 16	—53
Payne	22 25 17	—64	Drube 21 21 16	—58
Roberts	22 22 22	—66	Uckotter 19 17 18	—54
Nestler	14 21 17	—52	Topf 19 22 15	—54
Wellinger	24 24 20	—68	Strickmier 24 18 20	—62

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 16-19.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Mr. W. E. Kessler. First two days, open to amateurs only: last two days, open to the world. Added prizes each day. Live birds on the afternoons of Nov 17 and 19. For programmes address W. E. Kessler, 1105 Maple street, Des Moines, Ia.

Nov. 23-25.—ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Tournament of the St. Louis Trap-Shooters' League. First two days, targets; last day, live birds. $100 added to the purses each day.

Nov 25.—PAWLING, N. Y.—Thanksgiving tournament of the Pawling Gun Club.

Nov. 25.—BUFFALO, N Y.—Thanksgiving Day tournament of the Bison Gun Club. Sweepstakes and merchandise events. C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1634 Broadway Buffalo, N. Y.

Dec 6-11.—WATSON'S PARK, Chicago, Ill.—*Dec. 6*—Heikes-Grimm match for the Cast-Iron badge. *Dec. 7*—Elliott Gilbert match for the Kansas City *Star* cup. *Dec 8*—Sweepstakes, open to all. *Dec. 9*—Elliott-Gilbert match for the Du Pont trophy. *Dec. 10-11*—The Kansas City-Chicago team race.

Dec. 8-10.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. First day, sparrows; last two days, pigeons. Dec. 10. Grand Central handicap, 25 pigeons, $25, birds extra. Entries close Nov. 30, with a forfeit of $10; post entries, $30. Handicaps, 25 to 32yds. Royal Robinson, Sec'y

1898.

Jan. 18-20.—HAMILTON, Ont.—Grand Canadian Handicap. Live birds; $1,000 guaranteed. For full information write secretary, H. Graham, American Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

March 23-24.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns: all surplus added.

March 29-April 1.—READING, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Limited Gun Club has issued its programme for the tournament Dec 7-9. The tournament is open to all, but black powder and 10-gauge guns are barred The programme for the first day consists of four 20-sparrow events, $5 entrance, sparrows included at 10 cents each. The purses on this day will be divided as follows: Ten per cent of net purses will be paid to the five high guns shooting the day's programme—30, 25, 20, 15, 10 per cent. Balance of each purse will be divided 35, 30, 20. 15 per cent.; class shooting. Entries close in each event when the first squad has shot at 25 birds. On the second day there will be two events at pigeons: No. 1, 7 birds, $7, birds included; No. 2, 10 birds, $10, birds included. Pigeons charged for at the rate of 20 cents each. The purses will go to the five high guns, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Entries close with the firing of the last gun in the first round. On the third day there will be but one event scheduled: the Grand Central Handicap, 25 birds. $25 birds extra at 20 cents each. Ten dollars payable on or before Nov 30. Post entries will pay $5 extra, or $30 in all. Shooters will withdraw on the third miss Entries close with the firing of the last gun on the first round. Handicaps to range from 25 to 32yds. The purse will go to the eight high guns, 25, 20, 15, 10, 9, 8, 7 and 6 per cent. Shooting will begin at 8:30 A. M. each day, and the programme states that "this does not mean 10 o'clock." Shells should be shipped in care of Gus Habich, 62 West Market street, Indianapolis, Ind. It seems a pity that the Limited Gun Club could not, for its own benefit, put off the shoot until the week following the Chicago week—Dec. 6-11. Perhaps something may yet be done in this line.

W. M. Harding, a resident of New York city for a certain portion of the year—when his business does not call for his presence "on the road" out West—is once more with us for the winter; and promises to devote some of his Saturday afternoons to smashing targets. Mr. Harding was out at Rutherford, N. J., at the Boiling Springs' club shoot, Saturday afternoon last, Nov. 6. He had lots to tell about his experiences while in California, a State that he says is the only place fit for a man to live in While talking about some of his hunting trips of a few hours' duration, he mentioned the name of W. Sandercook, of Riverside, Cal. Were we to repeat all the nice things he said about Mr. Sandercook, we should have to enlarge this column materially. It is sufficient to say that what we learned about Mr. Sandercook, determined us never to forget Riverside if we ever got out as far as California, and wanted to take a hunt. By the way, we believe that Mr. Sandercook can tell a good story about Mr. Harding and his first jackrabbit. We don't know Mr. Sandercook's story, but we know Mr. Harding's, which runs thus: "I was out with Sandercook, and wanted to kill a jackrabbit; getting out of the buggy I took a gun, and hadn't gone very far when up jumped a great big thing with long ears and longer legs. I let drive at it, and it gave a jump. I took off after it, and finally came back to town with that same rabbit. How far did I chase it? I must have run about four miles, altogether. How many times did I shoot at it? Four or five times, certainly. And now Sandercook always introduces me as the man who ran a jackrabbit down!"

Colin Wise, of Passaic, N. J., the recently elected captain of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., is also a member of the Orean Park Association, a club with a capital club house and hunting grounds located a few miles north of Newfoundland, Passaic county, N. J. We had the pleasure of taking a few days hunt with Mr. Wise last season, and always glanced with awe, tinged with a little skepticism, at a pile of huge rocks known as the "Wildcat's Den." Noel Money was so taken with the idea of hunting a wildcat, that he went up after a snowstorm last winter and took a couple of his Welsh hounds along with him. He did nothing much beyond getting up to his neck once or twice in snow-drifts. (You can imagine from this that the drifts were pretty deep!) After that experience, Orean Park's wildcats were always dismissed with a smile. But Colin Wise has dispelled that myth; he has dispersed the mist of incredulity that obscured the mental vision of more than one person that we wot of. He has killed a bobcat, and killed it with a charge of bird shot from his old Parker (watch Du Bray smile); and he has the cat to prove his story. It all happened about three weeks ago. He was up at Orean Park and was out hunting ruffed grouse with the club's janitor-keeper, Mr. Post. Mr. Post went one way and Wise went the other. Instead of walking through the brush, he wisely (no pun) kept to a "woods road." Soon Post jumped some birds and fired two or three shots in rapid succession. Wise stood still, hoping that the birds might come his way; instead, there crept along through the underbrush an animal that he at first took for one of the Belgian hares that the Association has turned out in the past. It was not a hare, but was a wildcat that came within 20yds of where he stood, and that met its death from an overdose of No. 7½ chilled shot, as aforesaid. His elevation to the captaincy of the Boiling Springs Gun Club is distinctly traceable to the above feat. A man who can, with the discharge of a single barrel of a 12 gauge gun, clear both his reputation for veracity and kill a wildcat with 1⅛oz of 7½ chilled, is surely fitted to captain an aggregation of mere trap-shooters!

Cecil Kennard, Capt. Money's son-in-law, otherwise known to San Antonio friends as English Kennard, to distinguish him from Texas Kennard, is once again in this country. He is probably by this time *en route* for the Indian Territory, where he is interested in some oil property. Mr. Kennard does not go unaccompanied: as a companion he takes with him a 1ft. high monkey of engaging habits, that is more than proud of a yellow sweater that it wears while in the treacherous climate of the northern portion of the States. On Thursday, Nov. 4, we had the pleasure of pursuing the wily ruffed grouse of New Jersey, in company with Capt. Money and Mr. Kennard. It was a lovely day, but rather too warm for comfort when walking up and down the hills, tagging after the two above named. The leaves were also as dry as tinder and the grouse naturally almost unapproachable. At lunch time we had one grouse and one woodcock in the bag. Thoughtfully munching a sandwich, Kennard delivered himself as follows: "As a means of exercise, New Jersey ruffed grouse hunting is superb, but as a means of shooting, it's a rank failure; you can't loose off your *paterero* often enough." We have to thank Mr. Kennard for a novel word and the definition thereof. "The paterero," said he, on being questioned, "was the chief weapon of the old buccaneers. They had several kinds of guns, but the paterero was the one with which they did the business." Elmer Shaner, Old Hoss and others, who are always on the hunt for new and lengthy words, are perfectly welcome to the use of the foregoing.

The dates for the Pennsylvania State shoot of 1898 are March 29–April 1. The selection of the above dates seems to us to have been a wise move on the part of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., under whose auspices the shoot will be held, as they occur in the week following the decision of the Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park. This means that there will be a large contingent of shooters from the extreme West and East centered at the above popular New Jersey live-bird grounds the week previous to Pennsylvania's State shoot. It is, therefore, more than likely that many of these shooters can easily be prevailed upon to stop over a few days, and take in the Reading shoot. In our issue of Oct. 9, we made a note of an interview with John Shaaber, of Reading, in which he gave it as highly probable that the above dates for the State shoot would be chosen by his club. The Independent Gun Club's grounds are located some three miles from Reading, at the Three-Mile House, Shillington. They are, however, easily reached by rapid and frequent trolley cars that cover the distance in a very short time. We understand that the Independent Gun Club is going to get up something like an old-fashioned tournament, one that will suit the boys who want to shoot.

A race is never out until it is finished. This is an excellent maxim for a trap-shooter to remember. A good example of the value of practicing what you preach may be gathered from the team race at Bunn's grounds, Singac, N. J., on Wednesday last, Nov. 3. Capt. Money and A. Doty shot a friendly race on that date with Chris. Wright and Garry Hopper, both of Paterson, N. J. Bunn always has good birds, and on this occasion he surpassed himself in the quality of the pigeons he trapped in this match. The Money-Doty team started off badly, and were behind all the way; but Capt. Money never gave up the match. He "jollied" Doty along, and both of them kept right at it, Doty doing some excellent work. But it looked hopeless for them, as they were 2 behind at the end of the 22d round. Then came the break. Wright lost 2 out of his last 3, and Hopper lost his last bird, having to kill to tie. Thus the Money-Doty end won by a single bird after all.

The Brooklyn Gun Club's management announces an all-day shoot for Thursday, Dec. 16. Mindful of the fact that the weather about that time is liable to be bad, it makes the proviso that, in case the 16th is unfavorable, the shoot shall take place on the 17th. At this early date, Manager John Wright cannot give us full details of his plans for this shoot; but he promises some "solid silver, no plate," merchandise prizes for competition in one or more events of 30 targets, with an entrance fee that will just cover the cost of the articles and the price of the targets. In sending out programmes later, each programme will be personally addressed, and will give the recipient's handicap in the main events. We like this innovation, and think that the trap-shooters around New York will think well of it. They don't approve of "going it blind," as the saying is.

Several members of Long Island gun clubs ventured down to the deer country on the island on Wednesday last, the first open day, taking their lives in their hands when they did so. We have, however, learned of no fatal accidents to date, although there was a vast army of men present to deal death and destruction to the deer that were jumped. Among those who lined the railroad, a favorite crossing near Centre Islip, there were two men armed with .45-90s, the bullets from which have hardly stopped going yet. No big bags were made that we know of. Mr. Van Sise, the lessor of the property on which the Brooklyn Gun Club has its grounds and club house made one of a party of sixty-nine! The sixty-nine returned with just five deer for the party.

We received the other day a copy of the game laws recently enacted by the Legislature of the State of Tennessee. The copy was mailed us by Mr. S. B. Dow, the president of the Knoxville Gun Club, an organization that was very largely responsible for the passage of the staid laws. The four important restrictions are: Open season on quail from Nov. 1 to March 1; non-exportation of quail, dead or alive, out of the State; Mongolian, English, ring-necked, or other pheasant not to be shot for a period of five years; providing for the punishment of dynamiters of streams by imprisonment for not less than one year nor more than three years in the penitentiary. Tennessee has been robbed year after year of thousands of live quail for restocking purposes in other States; she intends, however, to put a stop to it now. We learn from Mr. Dow that quail are very plentiful indeed this season.

At the recent annual meeting of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., the following officers were elected for the season of 1897-8. President, E. A. Jeanneret; Vice-President, C. H. Coe; Treasurer, Frank Krebs; Secretary, W. H. Huck; Captain, Colin R. Wise. The executive committee, or rather the board of directors, is composed of all the above officers (with the exception of the captain) and Messrs P. A. Jeanneret, O. L. Marvin and Louis Lane. The club will donate for competition during the ensuing six months a gold watch that will be well worth winning. The watch will be competed for on the first and third Saturdays of every month, the greatest number of wins out of the twelve shoots to take the watch.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we announce the challenge issued by Rolla Heikes to Charlie Grimm for the Cast-Iron medal. The match ought to be a grand contest. We have always held that Rolla is almost as near the top in live-bird shooting as he is in target shooting. The result of this match will, we think, prove that our contention is pretty nearly correct. One thing about the challenge that we are particularly glad to note is, the compliance by Heikes with every condition of the rules governing challenges for this heretofore family badge. The forfeit has gone into the proper hands, and neither corn husking nor bass fishing will be valid excuses this time. But perhaps "fall plowing is now in order?"

Dr. O. J. Fay, secretary of the Carleton, Mich., Rifle Association and Gun Club, writes us, under date of Oct. 31, that the first annual tournament of his club will be held Nov. 17–18. The first day will be devoted to targets; the second day to live-bird shooting. Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., (who doesn't know Ben Bush?) has been secured as manager by the club for this, its initial tournament. On both days the prizes will consist of cash and merchandise. For full particulars regarding this shoot, we would advise those interested to address the secretary, Dr. O. J. Fay, who, we feel sure, will be glad to answer any and all questions connected therewith.

Mr. T. W. Stake, of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, distinguished himself on Saturday last, Nov. 6, by winning the first heat for the November cup put up by the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for competition on every Saturday in November. Mr. Stake only received 1 more target to shoot at than the scratch men, so that his victory was evidently well deserved. The strong west wind that swept across the Upper Bay made the shooting of bluerocks at Bay Ridge exceedingly hard. There were thirteen entries for the cup, among the number Mr. Wilmot Townsend, well known to readers of the columns of FOREST AND STREAM from his sketches of ducks on the wing and in the water.

The review of the Interstate Association's work during the season of 1897, published in our issue of Nov. 6, compared most favorably with that Association's work in previous seasons. The annual meeting of the Association will be held early next month, and clubs that are desirous of securing its services to aid them in giving tournaments, should lose no time in making application for dates to the manager, Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa. So far as we are aware of, there is not likely to be any decided change in next year's programme. The lines laid down in the past will in all probability be followed quite closely in 1898.

John J. Hallowell, otherwise U. M. C., Jr., had quite an experience in Rochester, N. Y., on the morning of Oct. 26. He was walking from a street car to the shooting grounds of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club at Cobb's Hill. He was directed to "go over the hill." He did so, and got lost in the thick fog that prevailed, finally walking over the edge of a sand pit. Not having a parachute or a flying machine, U. M. C., Jr., descended rather too rapidly for comfort. A heap of loose sand luckily broke his fall, and he reached the shooting grounds "slightly disfigured, but still in the ring." The shock, both mental and physical, is plainly traced in the scores he made on both days of the tournament.

In a short time the Money family will be able to put a dangerous three-men team in the field. Captain Money and his two sons, Noel and Harold, would constitute that team. Noel will not be in this country for a couple of months or so; but Harold Money is now on his way here to take a position in the laboratory at Oakland, N. J. When all three get together, it will be as well for most families to refrain from any and all kinds of bluffs in the shooting line.

Chicago's shooting carnival next month is something that causes us a little pang of sorrow that such things do not come our way just now. The intercity team race, the two matches between Elliott and Gilbert for the Du Pont trophy and the *Star* cup, and the match between Heikes and Grimm for the Cast-Iron badge make a schedule of events that is decidedly attractive.

Among the Brooklynites who went deer hunting on Long Island on Nov. 3 were Thomas McGlynn and G. B. Paterson; they were joined by Messrs. G. S. Raynor and Will Brown, of Riverhead, L. I. The party hunted in the Lake Ronkonkoma region and brought back a fine buck, besides a large bag of quail, ruffed grouse and some rabbits.

Justus von Lengerke returned from his old stamping grounds in Sullivan county, N. Y., on Monday morning last, Nov. 8, with as fine a string of ruffed grouse as ever came into the city. Justus accounted for eight grouse one day and five the next. His partner helped to swell the bag also. The cottontails in the bunch made the total string of twenty-six head look very impressive.

Chris Gottlieb, of Kansas City, Mo., can break targets as well as he can kill live birds. At the last shoot of the Metropolitan Gun Club of that city, held Oct. 30, he won the Class A trophy in the badge shoot with 25 straight. Ed Hickman, with 23, was the next to him out of fourteen entries; no one else could score more than 21.

If anybody gave us his address as 236 Blank street," we would say to ourselves: "Twice three are six; 2, 3 and 6; 236 Blank street. That's easily remembered." The other day a friend gave us his address in Brooklyn, N. Y., as "147 —— street." Not much trouble to memorize that number, was it?

The Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden, Jan. 13-22, has "caught on" with the exhibitors most satisfactorily. It is now certain that the Exposition of 1898 is going to be far ahead of its predecessors in many respects.

Nov. 9. EDWARD BANKS.

On Championships, Historical or Otherwise.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Although more particularly engaged in matters pertaining to dog and gun, I take a great deal of interest in trap-shooting, some of it being speculative, some practical. Nevertheless, in venturing on so bold an affair as writing on trap-shooting, I admit the ineligibility of any one to write anything savoring of common sense, or anything else, who cannot at least shoot a 90 per cent. gait. True wisdom and spirit are found only in men who have a deftness of trigger-finger and eye; for when the intellect is high enough to enable any one to shoot straight, the nothing-beyond is attained. Still, it would be more satisfactory if, on the matter of skill, methods, etc., there were greater unanimity between experts and novices, or professionals and amateurs. The spirit of true progress may yet so change the standards of skill and excellence, that the performance of the worst amateurs will be received with the greatest honors, and the true system will be that wherein each contestant who shoots the worst will reap the most profit.

But what I speculatively purposed writing about is the matter of championships. The sport of trap shooting is generously favored with them. He is common clay indeed if, with some skill and persistence, he cannot become some kind or degree of champion.

Nearly all the championship trophies of the trap world had more or less of an independent origin and free atmosphere concerning them, all apart from those interested as competitors for honors; something at least distinct and apart from the men who were to be the actual competitors—all save one, the brightest flower in the championship wreath, the one called the "cast-iron medal."

The whole honor or glory of a championship emblem rests on public opinion and public aspirations. The well settled rules governing championship contests—rules resulting from common sense, experience, and the necessities of the case, rules sanctioned by the usage of centuries—imperatively require that a trophy emanates from a properly authoritative source, one which gives prestige and a guarantee of open-handed fairness to all alike, one which is distinct and independent from the competitors obtain. The competitors of the past ages were as distinctly apart from the source of the trophy as are the parties to an action at law apart from judge and jury. That, however, is all an old grandmother's notion. Modern progress has shown that a few men can make their own trophy out of any old thing, launch it in the name of "we, the people," and then shoot for it themselves—meaning the Cast-Iron medal.

History nowhere recounts that any one or two men made their own laurel wreaths, then contested for them, and wore them later as a public sign of merit and honor—but history is never up to date. If there had been cast-iron medals at the Olympic games there had been nobler Greeks, perhaps, and to a certainty a better understanding of how to keep trophies in the family.

The perpetual strivings of man to excel or vanquish his fellows makes history and gives to it its value and its fire. His contests in time of peace were such as fitted him for war or for the struggle for existence in peaceful pursuits. A sound mind in a sound body was an essential requisite for war or peace, and a sound body was one of strength, endurance, activity and suppleness, with senses developed to their highest degree of acuteness. Nor was he content to excel in his own person; he must needs contest for the superiority of his horses, his dogs, boats, fowls, or, if need be, in matters of State with his armies.

The great contests of the ancients in time of peace were national events. The public was informed of them months in advance, and all comers were welcomed. It was not in vogue then to hold a meeting in an hour or two, or a day or two, after it was called, bring forth a fantastic cast-iron creature and then have its creators shoot for it before the public at large even knew of its bringing for h. A champion in those days was one who met the very best men who could meet him, and he owned the title just so long as he could hold it. He did not become a champion in perpetuity by winning a trophy three times. The trophy had a championship significance, but such significance was only with him who could take it and hold it. How extremely old-fashioned were our grandfathers! They had no idea of silence out of season, of a silence when some one was nearby looking for trouble, or a fishing for bass when there was a chance to win or lose honors, or a-husking of corn in silence when there was a man on their trail who was anxious to try conclusions. Had some one of the old Greeks injected the art of husking corn or bass fishing into the Olympic games, in so far that one competitor was to wait till the other broke silence and finished his husking, there is no doubt but what that nation would have become much better farmers, though poorer gladiators. And yet, being of stern sterling stuff, they then would have claimed to be only farmers, not gladiators or athletes or what not. They would not pretend to more than they were. Alas! it is to be deplored that they had not discovered the Cast-Iron badge.

I remember that some months ago, Mr. Banks, trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM, suggested that the cast-iron badge be tacked to the trophy of the Schmelzer Arms Co., to the end that it might have an added value and significance. To me, it seems that if the cast-iron bauble was tacked to any old thing it would gain thereby in value, and at the worst it could not lose. Why? Because it has no championship significance whatever; because the competitors were the originators of it, made the rules governing it, and contested for it. There were only eight men in its bringing forth. They represented no public sentiment, nor, so far as I know, did they claim to do so. They were as follows: Messrs. Geo. Kleinman, J. L. Brewer, Chas. Grimm, Ed. Bingham, R. S. Mott, C. W. Budd, J. A. R. Elliott and Dr. W. F. Carver.

Immediately after the conclusion of the shoot in Chicago, Nov. 16, 1894, and before the public had much time or opportunity to know that such a thing as a comic opera, trap-shooting, cast-iron freak had been hastily created, "while you wait," Dr. Carver challenged Geo. Kleinman, who forfeited owing to illness. There seemed to be no great public craving for the bauble, since no one, save those who, in meeting assembled, by joint force of intellect, solemnly produced the iron plaything, made any effort to possess it till Dec. 23, 1896, when Grimm met and defeated Carver for it, and since then there has been no contest for it, although recently Elliott challenged Grimm for it. Yet the latter, being one of its creators, seemed to know fully its true worth and the courtesies appertaining to it, for he was so busy husking corn he had no time or inclination to refrain from that exciting avocation to contest for its tame honors, and as to the courtesies, which one would suppose went with it, the cast-iron thing seemed to have none. B. WATERS.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Tournament.

THE report of the Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club's tournament, held Oct. 26–27, did not reach us until too late for insertion in our issue of Nov. 6. Election Day (Tuesday, Nov. 2) necessitated our going to press a day earlier than usual, hence the delay in publishing this and other similar matter.

Our correspondent in Rochester, Mr. E. D. Hicks, makes the following comment in his letter to us that accompanied the scores: "The attendance was much smaller than we had expected, as the weather was just right for trap-shooting. Fanning made the best average for the two days, while Glover and Byer tied for second place. After the programme had been finished on the second day, U. M. C., Jr., Hadley, Lane and Davis shot a 15-target race, low score to pay for the targets and refreshments. The race resulted thus: Lane 15, Hadley 14, U. M. C., Jr., 11, and Davis 10."

It will be noted that Mr. Hicks says, "Fanning made the best average for the two days, while Glover and Byer tied for second place." Our scores as we figure them (they were sent to us by Mr. Hicks) show that Glover was first in the general averages, Fanning and Byer respectively second and third. Event No. 7 on the second day is missing, but this was a team race on the programme, and was not shot.

The names of those taking part will be easily recognized. There was Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Co., shooting in much improved form; U. M. C., Jr., otherwise John J. Hallowell, the new representative of the U. M. C. Co.; J. S. Fanning, the popular Californian who looks after the interests of the Gold Dust Powder Co. in the extreme East; Charles Wagner, of Syracuse, N. Y., a thoroughly reliable shot and dangerous in any sort of company. The balance of the shooters present were nearly all, if not all, local men.

Some capital shooting was done, notably in event No. 8 on the first day. In that event squad No. 1 made the record of 98 out of 100; U. M. C., Jr., 20, Fanning 20, Meyer 20, Glover 19, Byer 19. The ten men entered in that event broke 167 out of 200 shot at; there were three 20s, four 19s and three 17s. No dropping for place into the 8 hole there. A glance at the scores will show that some long runs were made, although Bartlett's 151 straight, made on Sept. 26, 1895, on these grounds, was not approached.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

Only six men shot through the entire programme of 335 targets. Below we give the standing of the six as we find it in the scores mailed to us:

	First Day.		Second Day.		Total.		
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
S Glover	175	163	160	154	335	317	94.6
J S Fanning	175	164	160	152	335	316	94.3
L V Byer	175	163	160	150	335	313	93.4
C Wagner	175	165	160	143	335	308	91.9
A G Courtney	175	153	160	142	335	295	88
U M C, Jr.	175	140	160	130	335	270	80.6

The scores of each day follow:

SCORES OF OCT. 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
C Wagner	15	19	15	16	13	19	14	19	15	20	175	165	94.2
J S Fanning	12	20	14	19	14	20	15	20	13	17	175	164	93.7
L V Byer	14	19	15	20	13	18	14	19	12	19	175	163	93.1
S Glover	12	18	15	19	15	19	14	19	13	19	175	163	93.1
W C Hadley	15	15	13	18	13	17	11	19	13	20	175	153	88
A G Courtney	13	18	12	16	14	20	13	17	13	17	175	153	87.4
Wayte	12	18	13	17	11	17	12	17	10	14	175	141	80.5
U M C, Jr.	10	19	13	17	11	15	10	20	9	16	175	140	80
E C Meyer	13	14	..	..	14	15	13	20	14	19	140	122	87.1
J Borst	12	..	11	..	11	..	10	..	13	15	95	72	75.7
Wride	..	..	..	..	12	14	11	..	11	14	85	62	72.9
McCord	13	..	13	..	13	..	11	..	13	..	75	63	84
Wheeler	12	..	13	..	11	..	10	..	..	..	60	46	76.6
Rickman	9	..	8	..	..	..	11	..	11	..	60	39	65
Peter	..	..	..	..	11	..	12	17	..	..	50	40	80
Tassell	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	14	..	30	27	90
Nichols	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	15	9	60
Richards	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	15	7	46.6
Entries	13	9	12	8	14	10	17	10	15	11	Average		11.9

Total targets thrown in the programme events, 2,025.

An extra event at 15 targets, resulted thus: Wagner and Byer 15, Courtney 14, Borst, Tassell, Hadley, Fanning and Meyer 13, Glover and Rickman 12, Wride, Gold Dust and Wayte 9.

SCORES OF OCT. 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	15	20	Broke.	Shot at.	Av.
S Glover	14	19	14	18	15	20	19	15	20	160	154	96.2
J S Fanning	14	16	14	20	15	20	19	15	19	160	152	95
L V Byer	13	19	12	20	14	19	19	14	20	160	150	93.7
C Wagner	13	17	15	19	13	17	17	14	18	160	148	89.3
A G Courtney	9	19	15	19	12	17	19	15	17	160	142	88.7
E C Meyer	11	18	13	16	13	18	18	12	17	160	136	85
U M C, Jr.	10	16	12	19	10	18	16	13	16	160	130	81.2
Wride	11	15	10	15	11	..	..	15	15	120	92	76.6
J Borst	11	18	11	15	9	..	..	11	..	100	75	75
McCord	10	..	11	..	12	..	..	14	16	80	63	78.7
C Lane	..	..	..	19	12	..	..	13	15	70	59	84.2
Jones	13	11	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	50	34	68
Wayte	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	9	..	45	27	60
W C Hadley	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	30	23	76.4
Stewart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	15	11	73.6
Entries	13	10	11	10	12	7	7	14	10	Average		10.4

Total number of targets thrown in the programme events to-day was 1,630.

Closing the Season at Auburn, Me.

AUBURN, Me., Nov. 3.—Below is the score of the Auburn Gun Club's last shoot of the season. Ashley won the badge for this shoot; but it becomes the property of Barker, who has the highest per cent. of the year, and who has won the badge eleven times out of twenty-five. Conner has been up in the big woods after deer (and he got two), and thought his eye would be a little out on clay birds; but he got into gear and pushed us all hard for first place, tying Fletcher and beating him out on the shoot-off. The boys all feel as though they had shot very well for their first year at the trap, and say they will make them go some next year. Score:

Ashley	10101001111111111111111101—20
Fletcher	11111101110001010111111111—19
Conner	00110111110011111110111111—19
Francis	10010111110111101110100111—17
Barker	11010111101110101011111110—18
White	00001111100010111111100111—15
Dame	00000001101010010110011110—10

ASHLEY.

Ducks and Pigeons at Havre de Grace, Md.

HAVRE DE GRACE, Md., Nov. 4.—To-day being a bye day for ducks Messrs. J. R. Malone, of Baltimore, and Walter T. Jackson, of this place, arranged a live-bird shoot at pigeons for the visiting sportsmen. There was a fair attendance and eight events were decided. Hood Waters, of Baltimore, was in great form, scoring his first 63 birds. Five traps were used, and all stood at 30yds., except in the last two events, when the rise was 28yds., one barrel only being allowed. No. 1 was a $2 miss-and-out; Nos. 2-6 were 10 birds, $7.50; Nos. 7 and 8 were 5 birds, $2. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Birds:	..	10	10	10	10	10	5	5	Birds:	..	10	10	10	10	10	5	5
P Daley	10	8	8	5	..	8	..	..	Jackson	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..
Bergner	0	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	Edey	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	3
D Bradley	9	10	10	9	8	9	..	..	W Poplar	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4
W R Patten	9	8	9	8	..	9	..	..	J Poplar	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4
Macalester	9	9	..	..	10	8	4	3	Howard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Hood	10	10	10	10	10	10	4	2	Michael	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Malone	..	9	8	10	9	10	5	4									

Western Traps.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—The following are scores of some of our Chicago shoo ers, showing the spirit entering into the practice preparatory for the contest of teams, Chicago vs. Kansas City, which takes place at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., during the month of December. Scarcely a day passes that some of them are not availing themselves of the opportunity of a little practice at Watson's birds, which are usually a good lot. Many new faces are seen every week, some of whom are members of clubs of this city, whose shooting in the main is at targets, and many of whom only shoot at live birds during the week of the State shoot:

Oct. 25: Blue Bird shot at 175 and killed 160.

Oct. 26:

W W McFarland	01111122112112122121132122112211111—34
Gillespie	121121111121111011 —19

Oct. 27:

H H Frothing'am	11102022222122202212102201220111211200222122210120—40
Dr Shaw	12112221011212212112221211111111121101221 —38
Wiley	2222022121 — 9

Same day, at targets:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Blue Bird	100	88	Wiley	50	37
Frothingham	25	22	Charley	35	26

Oct 28:

W P Mussey	11212111112211112121121121221—30
	12111221122111110212000121212—26
	12110111122112122211121111122—29
	21111111201122112212111200112—27
	22222 — 5
Emory	21101221211222210210020211012 2—24
H B Morgan	02102002002020000220 — 8
R Organ	01021020101021201222111111211 2—24

Same day, at targets:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Wiley	90	73	Fish	80	60

Oct. 29:

E E Neal	22220222222 — 9
E Graham	22022102022222—11

Same day, at targets:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Neal	100	88	Schmidt	50	29
E Graham	100	89			

COOK COUNTY TRAP SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

Oct. 30.—The last shoot of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League was held to-day at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing. There were two events on the programme: one was the handicap event for merchandise prizes, the other was a four men team race for a set of bluerock traps. The attendance was large and the shoot was a success in every particular, although the genial face of Oswald von Lengerke was missed in the crowd on account of his partner being absent from our city. The day was a perfect one, with a slight breeze from the left quarter, but there was a strong sunlight that bothered some of the shooters very much on right quartering targets

Handicaps ranged from 1 to 6 extra targets to shoot at, scratch men shoo ing at 25. No one was allowed to score more than a highest possible of 25. High guns won the prizes, and all ties were shot off at 25 targets, with the original handicaps. The following is a list of the prizes offered for competition:

1. L. C. Smith ejector shotgun, 12-gauge. 2. One Remington ejector shotgun, 12-gauge. 3. One Winchester repeater shotgun, 12-gauge. 4. One gold medal. 5. One Vom Hoff "President reel." 6. Up-the-grove hunting coat. 7. One 5lb drum Gold Dust powder. 8. One high grade bench closer. 9 One high grade bench closer. 10. One high grade bench closer. 11 One hundred Peters loaded shells. 12. One set B. G. I cleaning implements. 13. One year's subscription to *Sportsman's Review.* 14. One year's subscription to "Sports Afield." 15. One year's subscription to "Sports Afield." 16. One year's subscription to "Sports Afield." 17. One year's subscription to "Sports Afield." 18. Five dozen Jones decoy anchors.

HANDICAPS.

The handicaps were based upon the percentages made by the best four scores made by each contestant in the league team races during the past season. It will be noticed that John Ruble, of the Garden City Gun Club, made a percentage of 10 for four scores of 25 each. The table below gives the totals of the best four scores, and the resultant handicap allowance:

	Best four scores.	Total to shoot at.		Best four scores.	Total to shoot at.
J Ruble	100	25	R Kuss	98	26
E E Neal	93	26	F P Stannard	93	26
E M Steck	92	26	A C Paterson	90	26
H A Ferguson	89	27	A W Fehrman	89	27
E Graham	89	27	G C Lamphere	88	26
Dr S Shaw	89	26	J S Houston	88	27
O Von Lengerke	87	26	R A Turtle	86	27
F M Fish	86	27	T Graham	85	27
L H Goodrich	85	27	T P Hicks	85	26
H Wiley	85	28	C P Richards	84	28
A W Adams	84	28	S Young	82	28
S M Booth	81	28	F Edgar	80	29
M E Bowers	79	27	P D Norcom	78	29
W Metcalf	77	29	A Hellman	76	28
I P Goetter	75	29	E B Knott	74	28
M J Lowrey	74	29	G W Prickett	74	29
C Stickles	74	29	W H Cornwall	73	29
W Cheesman	72	30	Dr A Mathews	72	30
S H Greeley	71	30	M Goldsmith	70	30
A C Black	68	30	A W Harlem	68	30
W E Schmidt	68	30	H Levi	65	30
G E Marshall	65	30	H B Morgan	65	31
Dr C W Carson	64	31	A Cheesman	64	31
F G Barnard	61	31	D Russell	56	31
S Palmer	49	31			

The scores made in this big event, in which there were forty entries, are given in detail below. The figures and the letters that follow each shooter's name tell the number of targets he shot at and the name of the club he represented. (G stands for Garfield; C H for Calumet Heights; E for Eureka; G C for Garden City; C for Cicero.)

Ruble, of Garden City Gun Club, the only scratch man, ran his first 24 straight, but let his 25th get away from him. Three men scored highest possibles of 25. There were four ties on 24, and eight ties on 23 (including Fehrman's score, referred to in a note below the score). Dr. Carson, one of the 23s withdrew, thus fourteen prizes were appropriated by those who broke 23 or better. The last four prizes were not placed, so far as could be ascertained. The order of merit observed in running the scores given below shows how the first fourteen prizes were disposed of.

Merchandise handicap, 25 to 31 targets, unknown angles:

G E Marshall (30, C H)	11111111111101101011101111110 —25
A C Paterson (26, G)	11111111111111101111111111 —25
Goldsmith (30, G C)	11111101111111101111010111111 —25
F P Stannard (26, E)	11101111111111111011111111 —24
J Ruble (25, G C)	11111111111111111111111111 —24
H Wiley (28, G)	11000111111101111111111111111 —24
R Kuss (26, G)	11111110110111111111111111 —24
E E Neal (26, G)	11111111101111111111111001 —23
*A W Fehrman (27, G)	11101101110111111111111111100 —22
Dr Shaw (26, G)	01111111110101111111111111 —23
A W Adams (28, E)	11011011111101100111111111111 —23
L H Goodrich (27, E)	01111110110111011111111111 —23
G C Lamphere (26, C H)	01111011110111111111111111 —23
S H Greeley (30, C H)	11101111111011101111101101001 —23
Dr Carson (31, E)	01101111010100111011101111111—23
A W Harlan (30, C H)	11111110111111011001111100001 —22
P D Norcom (29, C H)	01011110100111111111110101111 —22
R A Turtle (27, C H)	11111111000111011111011111 —22
C Stickles (29, G)	10011111011111000111111111110 —22
F M Fish (27, G)	01110011111111011111101111 —22
W E Schmidt (30, C H)	00111111110111110101111100101 —22
E Graham (27, G)	01110111101111111111110010 —21
J S Houston (27, C H)	01111011111011110111011110 —21
S M Booth (28, C H)	11111110001111101110111011 —21
H W Prickett (29, E)	01111000111010001111111111111 —21
S Young (28, C H)	10111101100111110111100111111 —21
I P Goetter (29, C)	01100101101111110111110010111 —20
H A Ferguson (27, C H)	10111100011110111111111001 —20
T P Hicks (26, G)	11111100111100011110111111 —20
H B Morgan (31, E)	11010111101111000110111101100000—19
T Graham (27, G)	10101100011111101111101011 —19
W Metcalfe (29, C H)	01101110101010111100100011111 —18
A Hellman (28, G C)	11010110000111011111110111100 —18
D Russell (31, G)	01110110011101000001100101111 1—18
J P Richards (28, G)	01101111001101001100111 0011 —17
A C Black (30, C H)	11010001011010010111111000001 —16
S Palmer (31, G)	11000011000110000010101011111—14
H Levi (30, G C)	01000001101011001100111010100 —13
W H Cornwall (29, E)	01111000000000000111111010000 —11
F G Barnard (31, C)	00011001001000000000010011000010— 8

* A. W. Fehrman's score, as mailed to us, shows 22 breaks out of 27 shot at. His name appears, however, among those tied on 23; on the shoot off in that class he won the ninth prize, as shown below:

Three men being tied for first place, they shot off for choice of the first three prizes. The first shoot-off resulted thus: Paterson (26 and Marshall (30) 23 each, Goldsmith (30) 22. Goldsmith, therefore, took third prize, the Winchester repeating shotgun. On the second shoot-off, Marshall (30) scored 25 to Paterson's 21. Marshall took the L. C. Smith, and Paterson the Remington.

The four 24s then shot off. F. P. Stannard (26) ran his 26 straight, scoring, of course, a highest possible; he took the gold medal. Jack Ruble again made 24 out of his 25, and won the casting reel. R. Kuss (26) and Wiley (28) tied for the next two prizes on 23 each. They shot off again. H. Wiley (28) scoring a highest possible and taking the Up-the-grove coat. Kuss (26) scored 24, and won the Gold Dust powder.

The 23s also shot off. E. E. Neal (26) and A. W. Fehrman (27) tied for the 8th and 9th prizes on 25 each. Dr. Shaw (26) won the 10th prize with 24. A. W. Adams (28) and L. Goodrich (27) tied on 22, and shot off again; they made another tie of it on 23 each, and agreed to divide the 11th and 12th prizes. G. C. Lamphere (26) took the 13th prize on 20, S. H. Greeley taking the 15th prize on 17 out of 30 shot at on the shoot-off.

(The distribution of the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th prizes was not known to our correspondent at the time of writing.)

It took almost 1,700 targets to decide the above event, over 1,100 being thrown in the first portion of it, and nearly 600 in the decision of the ties.

THE TEAM RACE.

The team race was for four-men teams, the teams to be chosen from those eligible for the handicap prize shoot referred to above. The prize in this event was a full set of bluerock expert traps, with pull attached. Each club was allowed to enter one or more teams; all men on the teams shot with the same handicap as in the merchandise event. (The scores in that event were counted in this event also, the teams being named and entered prior to the commencement of the handicap shoot). Below are the results as shown by the scores given above:

Garfield No. 1: A. C. Paterson (26) 25, R. Kuss (26) 24, Dr. Shaw (26) 23, E. E. Neal (26) 23—95.

Eureka No. 1: F. P. Stannard (Old Hoss) (26) 24, L. H. Goodrich (27) 23, A. W. Adams (28) 23, Dr. C. W. Carson (31) 23—93.

Calumet Heights No. 1: G. E. Marshall (30) 25, S. H. Greeley (30) 23, P. D. Norcom (29) 22, W. E. Schmidt (30) 22—92.

Garfield No. 3: H. Wiley (28) 24, D. Russell (31) 24, F. M. Fish (27) 22, C. Stickles (29) 22—92.

Calumet Heights No. 2: G. C. Lamphere (26) 23, R. A. Turtle (27) 22, J. S. Houston (27) 21, S. M. Booth (28) 21—87.

Calumet Heights No. 3: A. W. Harlan (30) 22, S. E. Young (28) 21, H. A. Ferguson (27) 20, W. Metcalfe (29) 18—81.

Garden City No. 1: J. A. Ruble (25) 24, M. Goldsmith (30) 25, A. Hellman (28) 18, H. Levi (30) 13—80.

Garfield No. 2: E. Graham (27) 21, T. P. Hicks (26) 20, T. Graham (27) 19, C. P. Richards (28) 17—77.

Eureka No. 2 (one man short): G. W. Prickett (29) 21, H. B. Morgan (31) 19, W. H. Cornwall (29) 11—51.

The Garfield Gun Club finished the year's shooting season with a con inuance of the success which has attended its members throughout the entire season of '97. It won the set of traps with a margin of 2 targets to spare. The Eureka No. 1 was close up with 93. Calumet Heights No. 1 and Garfield No. 3 were also only a short distance behind with 92 each.

SOME LIVE BIRDS

While the handicap at targets was in progress, several of the participants who had shot out their scores spent the remainder of the spare time in shooting sweepstakes at live birds. The following scores were made in a 10-bird race, $3 50 entrance, three moneys—50, 30 and 20:

Neal	0222222222— 9	H B Morgan	00000
S Palmer	1220211100— 7	R B Carson	10002
T Hicks	0220210272— 7	Neta	10220
Russell	0222002012— 7	G Roll	02202
Fehrman	0001221002— 5	Rehm	20222
Wright	2222222022— 9	Houston	2210222020— 7
E S Graham	1220222022— 8	Fish	1122202220— 8
Dr Shaw	1122111220— 9	F M Smith	1011001201— 6
Collins	2222200222— 8	*Ferguson	2220010011— 6
Hollister	2122111102— 9	F P Stannard	020 220122— 7
Wiley	2001202022— 6	W D Stannard	1212411121—10
Kuss	2202112222— 9	A C Patterson	2111221111—10
Cromwell	1012222020— 7	S Palmer	1221201211— 9
Prickett	2001220100— 5	*Russell	1222120011— 8
Abbott	0012112220— 7	Richards	12122
Sickle	1222210012— 8	*Houston	20222
Barto	1221020220— 7	*Ferguson	01100

* Re-entries. A. C. PATERSON.

LAST WEEK'S SCORES AT WATSON'S PARK.

The following scores were made last week at Watson's Park:

Nov 2:

Goodwin	2111212002000 21 —10
Claret	202120.2.2 — 8
Johnson	022200222222222 —12
Olson	01110211112211201112 —17
H H F	22111112212211121111122020—23
	10111112112111121111211—24—47

Nov. 3:

H H F	11112202121101111111121111—23
	21012122222121111111111110—23—46
J A O'Brien	10201121110211100222021222 —19

Nov. 4:

W P Mussey	21122012220120220022022122—19
	20002221200212222022222222—19—38
E Bingham	22122211222222222222229001 —23
W P Mussey	22222022122221202 2020022 —20
Barnicle	01111202211120100002220 01 —15
Emory	21222200121012 —12
H H F	00020111221122 2 —11
Claret	120012021202
Goodwin	00001
Wright	22222•222222222 —14

(No date given.)

Lockey	11200C0102220201101 2 —12
Goodrich	12001111221222 2.2 212222110 —22
G Roll	22121222222121222111221112 —25
Dr Shaw	10010121122222121111022022 —19
	11221222211101110 —15
Wadsworth	01022200011100120 — 9
Dr Carson	10211012212 2000 —11
R B Carson	01022002211221 —11
Adams	01001120202211211122 —15
Hoyt	20220110211201110112 —15
Hollister	02212221212221112211021011 —21
M J Eich	111110121111
Wiley	1022020122 — 7

THE BIGGEST WEEK IN TRAP SHOOTING.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 6.—Preparations are going merrily on for the big race between Kansas City and Chicago for supremacy at the live bird traps. The team shoot alone will constitute a great attraction, and will be, perhaps, the most important trap event of the year in the West, surpassing very much as it does in interest the average target tournament. When it comes to adding to this event three live bird matches, each a championship event, and the three covering the entire field of live bird trophies now before the public, the occasion begins to attain a magnitude peculiar to itself. No very great amount of booming has been done on this event until the present week, but from now on we may look for rapid and persistent work at the Chicago end of the line, where the festivities will occur.

The following circular letter has been sent out to Western papers by the press committee of the organization having the matter in charge. It covers the situation well enough, though rather from the standpoint of the lay press, the text being as follows:

"The biggest week in American trap-shooting will be celebrated at Chicago, Dec. 6-11. At that time all three of the live bird championship trophies of America—the Kansas City *Star* cup, the Du Pont trophy, and the Cast Iron badge—will be put in competition in races between the pick of the American crackerjacks. There is some doubt among shooters of different localities about the final or the relative significance of these different trophies, but the public interested in shooting certainly cannot deny that Chicago covers the field and the question perfectly when she brings them all together in the same week, and asks the world to come, see, and take its choice. Nor is this all. The hottest team race of any recent years will be shot at Chicago this same week, when the experts of the City by the Kaw will be here with the earnest resolve to take the individual and collective scalp of all Chicago. The total aggregation of shooting attractions is something unparalleled in shooting history. Citizens of the East are wont to call the Grand American Handicap the greatest trap event of the year's fixtures; but neither this nor any other sweepstake tournament can compare with the combined interest of three actual championship contests, a day of heavy sweeps, and a team race between the picked men of the entire West as represented by the two representative shooting cities of the West. The East is ambitious and energetic enough in its way, but for a really big enterprise the public is always forced to turn to Chicago.

"At present the Kansas City *Star* cup and the Du Pont live-bird trophy are both held by Fred Gilbert, the Iowa wonder, who made it two straight over the former holder of these two trophies, Jim Elliott, of Kansas City. The Cast-Iron badge is held by Chas. M. Grimm, also of Iowa. The latter has just been challenged for the Cast-Iron badge by Rolla Heikes, the Dayton, O., target-shooting phenomenon, who is one of the most remarkable characters before the traps of any country. Until defeated by Fred Gilbert recently in the race for the E. C. cup, indicative of the inanimate target championship of the country, Heikes was thought invincible in this style of shooting, though he has never gone in so much for live bird work. Now he is to try the Clear Lake, Ia., man for the trophy which some think is the most important of all live bird trophies, though others do not so consider it. Be that as it may there will be a good man on each side of that race, and it will be equally close between Gilbert and Elliott in their two races here for supremacy. The latter two men have shot in practically identical form of late, and it is a mere toss up which will take the turn here at holding these two trophies, which they both seem to want so badly.

THE PROGRAMME.

"The programme, as arranged by consent of all the challenging and challenged parties and by the members of the two interurban teams, is as follows:

"Monday, Dec. 6—Heikes and Grimm will shoot for the Cast-Iron badge.

"Tuesday, Dec. 7—Elliott and Gilbert will shoot their race for the Kansas City *Star* cup.

"Wednesday the champions will lay off for a rest from match shooting, but the day will be thrown open to all comers for sweepstake shooting of any desired size and weight of entry.

"Thursday, Dec. 9—Elliott and Gilbert will again meet, this time for the Du Pont cup race.

"Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, will then be given over to the big team race between the ten men from Kansas City and those chosen to represent Chicago. On Saturday evening the Chicago shooters will banquet their visiting guests, and very likely their victors also, at the hall of the Chicago Athletic Association. This will close what is undoubtedly the most interesting programme ever offered a shooting assembly in America. This is no gathering of sweepstake shooters to juggle for each other's money, but a genuine entanglement of the good ones, with nothing but a finish wished or possible. There will be four finishes of the biggest sort possible in American trap-shooting at live birds. Naturally, a large crowd may be expected from many corners of the country, which hold enthusiasts on the gun, and the event will, in all ways, be of a sort to stimulate and elevate the sport of trap-shooting far beyond the possibilities of any purely mercenary sweepstake tournament. There is no hippodrome to this event, which is about as 'sporty' a proposition as we will be apt to see for a long time in gun matters.

"A meeting of the directors of the Chicago organization, which has been formed to bring off the intercity shoot, was held Friday, Nov. 5, for the purpose of formulating plans for raising revenue for suitably entertaining the number of visiting shooters. Probably seventy-five to 100 men will come from Kansas City. It was resolved to send out general invitations to the Chicago sportsmen, asking them to attend the banquet to the visitors. The shooting will occur at Watson's Park, Burnside, the spot where so many hot events have been contested in Chicago. The expert shots of the country say that these grounds are the hardest pigeon grounds in America."

EXECUTIVE MEETING.

The meeting of the executive committee above referred to really took place on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 3, at the office of Mr. E. S. Rice, president of the Chicago Association, the latter being in the chair, present also Col. C. E. Felton, Messrs. W. L. Shepard, John Watson, C. B. Richards and E. Hough. Mr. Rice explained that he was going on a hunting trip and would be gone for eight or ten days. He thought it was time active measures were taken for the coming trap-shooting entertainment. Col. Felton proposed a plan for reaching the individual sportsmen of Chicago with a letter advising them of the nature of the proposed entertainment, and inviting them to share in the honor of the position as host to the visitors from Kansas City. After formal motion and discussion the text of this circular invitation was determined to be as follows, as written by Col. Felton:

60 AND 62 WABASH AVENUE, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 8.—*My Dear Sir:* As you are aware, our Kansas City sportsmen friends are soon to visit our city and compete with a team of our sportsmen for supremacy at live bird shooting at the trap.

When our sportsmen visited Kansas City some years ago and were successful again t a team of their sportsmen, our team and our friends who accompanied the Chicago teams, were not only royally welcomed, but entertained at a banquet in our honor, seldom equaled upon any occasion anywhere.

Chicago gentlemen are never behind in the return of courtesies, and it is the wish of our city sportsmen to give to our Kansas City friends at least as pleasant a reception and entertainment as was given to our sportsmen when they visited Kansas City.

To do this, considerable money must be secured, and the finance committee has determined that the best method is to invite and urge each sportsman in the city to participate in the enjoyment by presence at a banquet to be given our visiting friends at the banqueting hall of the Chicago Athletic Association.

It goes without saying, your presence is desired, and to that end you will find herewith a ticket in your name. The expense of the entertainment of our friends will make it necessary that tickets be placed at $10, which of course includes not only the expense of the holder of the ticket, but will be an equitable share of each toward the entertainment of visitors.

Please send the committee a check for $10, retain the ticket and be present in person. It is now believed that the number at the table will be nearly 200. If impossible to be present, please advise the undersigned, however, and return the ticket, sending a check for such amount as you may kindly favor us with for the purposes desired.

By order of the executive committee.

ELLIOTT S. RICE, Pres't,
E. HOUGH, Sec'y,
C. P. RICHARDS, Treas.,
COL. CHAS E. FELTON,
W. L. SHEPARD,
F. H. LORD,
JOHN WATSON,
} Executive Committee.

It being pointed out by Col. Felton that the former secretary of the organization had retired from sporting journalism, and was now absent from the city, the office was by vote turned over to E. Hough, of the FOREST AND STREAM, little attention being paid to the protests of the latter that he never accepted office of any kind. It was moved by Col. Felton that the chair appoint a finance committee of such number as might seem fit for the purpose of raising necessary funds for the proper entertainment of the Kansas City gentlemen. The chair appointed the following: Col. C. E. Felton, Messrs. C. D. Gammon, Chas. S. Wilcox, W. L. Shepard, F. H. Lord, W. P. Mussey, Jacob Rehm, W. R. Linn, Ed Bingham and W. F. White.

ADDED TO ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE.

The following gentlemen of Chicago have been added to the list of the entertainment committee at the request of Col. Felton, chairman of that committee: R. S. Mott, Stock Exchange; F. S. Baird, 758 Walnut street; A. W. Adams, 271 Wabash avenue; S. M. Booth, Northern Office Building; G. C. Lamphere, 221 Fifth avenue; R. A. Turtle, 36 Clark street; B. Barto, northeast corner Clark and Chicago avenues; O. J. Buck, 36-38 Boston avenue; H. A. Furguson, 143 Adams street; J. T. Glover, 59 Wabash avenue; E. W. Heath, Heath, Milligan & Co., Randolph street; L. M. Hamline, 3 Chalmers place; J. L. Jones, 1207 Security Building; W. A. Jones, 57-59 S. Jefferson street; W. G. Stannard, Montgomery, Ward & Co.; A. T. Whitman, 6334 Lafayette street; F. R. Bissell, 164 La Salle street; M. R. Bortree, 86 La Salle street; R. Kuss, 7 Blue Island avenue, Dr. F. Liddy, 2893 Archer avenue; Jessie Sherwood, Union Stock Yards; Hon. A. S. Trude, Chicago; Al. Smith, care Morely Bros.

THE TEAM COMMITTEE.

The committee appointed for the selection of the team which will represent Chicago in the intercity race, Messrs. R. B. Organ, C. E. Felton and W. P. Mussey, have gone so far as to determine upon one or two names, and it is probable that they have the first six men of the team practically agreed upon. They refuse, however, to give out any information for publication, and in this they are very wise. As Mr. Organ remarks, this committee will have only ten friends left after it has announced its selection of the team, and as the committee will probably have to leave town when the decision is made known, they prolong their residence in Chicago by keeping silence for a while longer.

ST. LOUIS TRAP SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

The St. Louis Trap Shooters' League will have a big Thanksgiving shoot, Nov. 23, 24 and 25, which will no doubt bring together a large number of the shooters of the Southwest. Mr. W. R. Nold, secretary, sends out the following circular letter:

"The St. Louis Trap Shooters' League will give a tournament on Nov. 23-25. Three hundred dollars added money. The last day, Nov. 25 (Thanksgiving Day), will be devoted to live-bird shooting; $100 of the added money will be added to the events on this day. In addition, there will be a turkey shoot and a turkey dinner served in the club house at Du Pont Park. As this is the first tournament which has been held in St. Louis for some time, the Trap-Shooters' League of St. Louis feels that in extending an invitation to the sportsmen of the country, and particularly to our friends in Kansas City, it can offer to them one of the best-appointed parks in the country and a dead square shoot. The $300 is offered as added money; $200 to the target events and $100 to the live bird events. We take out no per cent. of the purses; the entire moneys, after deducting the price of the birds (25 cents), or in case of targets, 2 cents, will be left in the purse. We extend a hearty welcome to you all. Be sure to arrange

to come and bring your friends. A programme of the shoot, with the advertisements of our friends who have aided us, will be mailed to you in a few days."

RUMORED.

It was rumored last week that Dr. Gagnon, of New York city, who is this week present at the horse show and is winning about everything in sight, was to shoot a live bird race with Mr. W. P. Mussey, of this city. This is no doubt the same Dr. Gagnon whose name has figured in some hot individual races in the East, in which he was described as a Chicago man. He might not have a strictly easy time with the "Parson" just now, as the latter in a little practice run at Watson's this week killed 49 out of 50 and 94 out of 100, on good stiff birds.

OBITUARY.

Mr. E. B. Knott, ex-secretary of the Cook County League, died of pneumonia this week. The attack was very sudden. Mr. Knott attended the League shoot next to the last one, and was then apparently in perfect health. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Nov. 3.—The semi-monthly shoot for the silver tea service at the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held this afternoon. These shoots are held on the first and third Wednesdays of each month Wise and Huck tied in to-day's shoot, Huck winning on the shoot-off. Scores were as below:

Trophy shoot: 50 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at:

F Van Dyke(2)1111011110111111111111111111111111111111011111111011—46
10 — 1—47
W H Huck (6).1111111101001110111111111111111111101011111111111—41
011111 — 5—49
C R Wise (8)..1100111111111111111101101011111011111111110111111O—42
11101111 — 7—49
C Beveridge(5)1110111110111110011011111101111101101111111110111101—40
11101 — 4—44
Nelson .....0111100011101010000010110010111001100101100110011—26

Shoot-off:

Huck.....0111110011010111010111111111 —21
Wise.....C1110111111100101011001100l001—17

Sweeps were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Beveridge.....	12	9	10	7	10	6	6	Wise.....	..	12	9	7	5	2	..
Huck.....	12	13	9	10	8	6	7	Nelson.....	..	..	6	6	5	6	..
Van Dyke....	11	10	9	7	9	7	8								

Nos. 6 and 7 were at 5 pairs. W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—The regular monthly shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held this afternoon. This shoot was the first of the new series that lasts from November, 1897, to April, 1898 The new handicaps in the club event, which is at 50 targets, unknown angles, not having been fixed to date, the handicaps which prevailed in the series which concluded last month were used to-day. Capt. Wise, the recently elected captain of the club, will attend to this matter before the first Saturday in December. To-day's shoot was poorly attended; the scarcity of shooters was entirely attributable to the open season on game in the States of New York and New Jersey. The weather was fine, clear and cold; but there was a gale blowing from the northwest that played all sorts of pranks with the targets. In the club shoot there were eight entries; out of this number there were four ties on 39 for first place, one scored 38, one scored 37, another 34 and the eighth 33. In all fairness to the captain, Mr. Wise, who won the booby prize, it should be said that, in addition to his having two strange guns and strange ammunition, he had to stack up against the malign influence of a rabbit's foot. Among those who took part in the shoot was W. M Harding, an enthusiastic sportsman, but one whose business does not permit, save at great intervals, of any practice at the trap Mr. Harding has not shot at a target since March last. The scores in the club shoot to-day were as below:

B James (8) ..1111101100111100000101110111111011011111101001111l—35
01010101 — 4—39
W H Huck (0) 1111111010100111110111111101111111111100100111101111 —39
W Harding (9)1111111011000000111111111011111111000100100000111111—32
111100111 — 7—39
E Banks (0)...1011101010111011111001111110111111111110111011111011 —39
J A Paul (4) ..1001010111111111110111000101110111110010111101110111—35
1110 — 3—38
Nelson (30)....1111000000011011000101110000111000110111111001101l—27
01101110110000110100 —10—37
P Adams (9)..1111011110011001110111011111000300111101001111011100—32
000100010 — 2—34
C R Wise (3)..1101101100111111010000101110111110003011001111111111—32
001 — 1—33

Sweeps, all at targets, and all at unknown angles, with the exception of No. 7, which was at 5 pairs, were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Adams.....	6	5	8	8	8	9	8	Huck.....	..	7	6	9	10	8	7
Harding.....	5	5	4	4	6	6	6	Wise.....	..	..	..	..	9	7	5
Nelson.....	5	2	4	2	6	8	5	Paul.....	..	..	..	..	7	7	..
Banks.....	9	8	10	10	10	9	8	Robinson.....	..	..	..	..	4	..	..

A CLOSE MATCH AT SINGAC.

Nov. 3.—A close and exciting match was shot to-day on the grounds at Bunn's Hotel, Singac. The birds were an extra fast lot even for Singac, where Bunn furnishes some of the best birds trapped anywhere. The contestants to-day were Capt. Money and A. Doty against Chris Wright and Garry Hopper. The last-named pair were 3 in the lead at the end of the twenty-second round, but met defeat by 1 bird after all. The scores were:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A Doty (30)....↗→↗↑↗↗→↗↑↗↗←↑↑↗↖↗↖→↖↖↑↖↑
2 2 0 2 • 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—22

Capt Money (30)↗↑→↗↑↗↑H→↗↗↑↖↑↗↑↗↑↖↗→↗↗→↑↖
2 1 2 2 1 0 0 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 • 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2—21—43

G Hopper (30)..↖↗↑←→H→←↖↗→↗↑↙↗↖↖←↗↖↑→T↖↗
1 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—22

C Wright (30)..↙↗↑↗↗→T↗↘↘↑↑↑↖↑↗↗↖↑↑↗↑↑↖↗↖
1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 2—20—42

Sweeps were shot as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No 4.	No. 5.
Wright.....	0222222202—8	2201222122—9	22222—5	122121220	...
Money.....	...1•012211120—7	2210121221—9	12121—5	122111111	100
Hopper.....	.....	.....	22222—5	20	0
Morgan.....	.....	.....	20222—4	222222220	0
Smith.....	.....	.....	22210—4	1222220	102
Kennard.....	.....	.....	10222—4	2120	100
Doty.....	.....	.....	20120—3	211122222	102

DUTCHER.

Trap at Buffalo.

BISON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 28.—The Bison's regular shoot was well attended, twelve shooters taking part in the events decided. In the club badge shoot, Bauman won in Class A, Hager in Class B, and Tolsma in Class C. In the team shoot for the championship of the city of Buffalo, the Bisons were the winners in a remarkably close contest. The scores in the team race were:

Bison Gun Club: Ernest 23, Werlin 22, Bauman 21, Lewis 21, Foxie 19—106.

Cazenovia Gun Club: L. N. 23, Alderman 22, Jones 21, Becker 21, Beck 17—104.

Audubon Gun Club: Norris 23, C. Burkhardt 22, Alderman 21, E. C. Burkhardt 19—Tolsma 16—101.

The scores in the sweeps were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*15*
Saleman.....	9	11	18	13	Beck.....	..	..	17	11
Wilson.....	5	..	18	10	Norris.....	..	..	23	..
Hager.....	7	11	18	..	C S Burkhardt.....	..	..	22	13
Tolsma.....	9	10	16	10	E C Burkhardt.....	..	..	19	11
Foxie.....	..	12	22	13	Wrench.....	..	..	19	..
Alderman.....	..	10	21	..	Banman.....	10	14	23	10

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

Oct. 31—E. C. Burkhardt was in good form to-day at the regular shoot of the Audubon Gun Club. The occasion was the twelfth and last shoot for the cup donated by the club. The event was won by J. A. Kennedy, but E C. Burkhardt won the cup outright with the highest total for 10 out of the 12 shoots. Mr. Burkhardt also won the Class A, badge to-day, but not until he had shot off a tie with L. W. Bennet. J. P. Jacobs won in Class B and J A. Kennedy in Class C.

The series of monthly cup shoots just finished were governed by handicap rules, contestants shooting at from 28 to 35 targets each with 25 as a highest possible. No contestant to be eligible for more than one cup. At the termination of the series of 12 shoots, the man who made the highest aggregate in 10 shoots was to be presented with a very handsome special cup. This was won by E. C. Burkhardt after a very stubborn contest, by a majority of 1 target. It should be stated, however, that Burkhardt shot as a scratch man.

Following are the winners of the cups during the competition: H. D. Kirkover. E. C. Burkhardt, G. Zoeller, A Forester, G. W. Smith, F. D. Kelsey, Dr. Woodbury, A. Coomb, Norris, W. A. Eaton, G. McArthur and Kennedy.

The scores of to-day's shoot were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*25*	*15*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*25*	*15*	*15*
C S Burkhardt..	4	11	19	24	11	13	L W Bennet.....	..	..	24	21	13	15
R H Hebard.....	8	13	15	24	9	11	Johnson.....	..	..	10	23	..	..
E C Burkhardt..	6	11	22	26	11	15	W E Storey.....	..	..	16	26	..	7
J A Kennedy....	4	7	19	26	7	12	Phillips.....	..	..	15	24	9	13
Swiveller.....	7	11	16	21	10	7	J J Reid.....	..	..	15	..	4	10
U M C, Jr.....	6	11	14	21	11	13	F Sauer.....	..	..	15	24	5	11
Fanning.....	9	12	21	23	11	15	Thompson.....	..	..	3	..	..	..
Morris.....	..	11	17	27	12	15	Charles.....	6	13	..	..	..	..
B Talsma.....	7	..	21	23	..	..	Edwards.....	6	15	..	..	..	..
Jacobs.....	..	..	22	26	..	..	Anderson.....	..	..	..	..	13	8
E H Hammond..	..	..	21	..	13	13	Nixon.....	5	..	..	..	..	..
Wm Hines, Jr ..	..	..	18	23	11	..	Murray.....	..	..	..	..	..	10

No. 3 was the badge shoot; No. 4 the cup sheot. BUFFALO.

ON LONG ISLAND.

HAPPY DAYS GUN CLUB.

Oct. 29.—The Happy Days Gun Club held its regular monthly live-bird shoot on its grounds at Casino Beach, L. I., this afternoon. G. Moyor (28) was the only man to score 10 straight. The scores were:

Club shoot, 10 live birds per man, handicap rise:

Dr Bauer (28).....2*01211102— 8
F Passe (28).....2002111010— 6
B Amend (28).....0220111010— 6
I Baab (28).....1011002222— 7
E O Weiss (28).....2102111211— 9
C G Rieger (28).....2020002020— 4
G Moyer (28).....1221121212—10
1 Yunk (28).....1101211020— 7
C A Fulton (28).....1022220021— 7
W G Ringler (25).....0100022022— 5
L Wanamacher (25).2200002111— 6
Dr W Richter (28)....0111100011— 6

E. O. WEISS, Sec'y.

ELECTION DAY SWEEPS AT DEXTER PARK.

Nov. 2.—A series of 3-bird sweeps were shot to-day at Dexter Park, there being a fair attendance despite the weather. The conditions of each count were: 3 birds, $2, all at 28yds. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
W Levens.	3	3	3	3	2	2	3	3	L Piercy...	2	2	2	3	2	3	..	..
H Wilson..	2	3	3	3	1	3	..	..	C Matzen..	2	2	2	0	2	2	3	2
Fairmount	2	3	2	3	2	2	3	3									

CONEY ISLAND GUN CLUB.

Nov. 3.—The Coney Island Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park. J B, Voorhees ran 10 straight in the club shoot, as below:

Club shoot, 10 live birds, handicap rise:

J B Voorhees (27)..2121122212—10
J Schlieman (28) ...1111222101— 9
Hy Knebel, Jr (28)..2011101112— 8
Dr Raynor (27) .....1222120210— 8
Dr Van Zile (30).....2212220•10— 7
W H Lair (30).....1222201•1•1— 7

Sweeps were shot as below:

No 1, 3 birds, 28yds. all: Voorhees, Lair and Knebel 3, Van Zile and Schlieman 2.

No. 2, same: Voorhees, Lair, Van Zile and Schlieman 3, Knebel 2.

Shoot off for first money, miss-and-out: Voorhees, Van Zile and Schlieman (divided) 1, Lair 0.

CRESCENT GUN CLUB

Nov. 4.—Four members of the Crescent Gun Club met at Dexter Park this afternoon for the regular monthly shoot of the club. Scores were:

G E Loeble.....1221122—7
L C Hopkins.....2111•22—6
W D Gilman .....121•221—6
L W Herin .....1011010—4

In a match at 5 birds, for the price of the birds, Loeble won with the score of 3 to 2.

A team race at 3 birds per man was shot, as follows: Gilman 3, Herin 2—5; Loeble 3, Hopkins 2—5.

Shoot-off: Gilman 2, Herin 2—4; Loeble 3, Hopkins 1—4.

Second shoot-off: Gilman 3, Herin 3—6; Loeble 3, Hopkins 2—5.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 6.—The New Utrecht Gun Club's target shoot at Dyker Meadow this afternoon was not very largely attended. The heavy wind made the shooting very hard and disagreeable, and no one cared to shoot after the main events had been decided. In the club shoot D. C. Bennett and G. E. Nostrand tied for the class A badge, the tie not being shot off; Dr. O'Brien was the winner in Class B. Dr. O'Brien was also the winner in the prize gun shoot. Scores follow:

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowances:

D C Bennett (A).....1111111010110011111111111 —21
G E Nostrand (A).....1111111110110110111011110011—21
P E George (A).....1000010011011110010111111111—17
Dr O'Brien (B).....1111010010J10110111011101 —16
E G Frost (B).....1011110000011101101110011100—15
C C Fleet (B).....1010101000010000011101110011—13

Prize gun shoot; same conditions as above:

Dr O'Brien.....1111111111111111100101111101—25
* G E Nostrand.....1101111011011111111011111010 —21
D C Bennett.....1111010011111111011111011 —20
P E George.....1100101011111110110111011 —18
J Gaughan.....1010101011101111010111101 —17
C C Fleet.....1101111101000111011100011 —16
E G Frost.....0011011011100101100111000 —13

* Nostrand shot part of his allowance, as he was the only one having a chance to tie. G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Nov. 6.—The scores given below were made in a heavy wind by some of the members of the Brooklyn Gun Club, on the club's grounds, Liberty avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*20*	*20*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*25*	Targets:	*20*	*20*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*25*
W E Skidmore..	14	16	6	..	7	19	Van Sicklen.....	..	11	6	..	6	19
J S Wright.....	12	11	6	14	..	17	Littlefield.....	..	14	..	18	..	20
W H Lane.....	10	..	..	..	5	12	Van Sise.....	..	..	..	18	7	13

Metropolitan Gun Club, of Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 30.—The Metropolitan Gun Club, of this city held its regular monthly target shoot at Washington Park to-day. The winner in Class A was Chris. Gottlieb, who broke 25 straight; Nelse Jarrett won in Class B with 21. The scores were:

Chris Gottlieb.....1111111111111111111111111—25
Ed Hickman.....1111101111011111111111111—23
J W Bryant.....1111000011001001010110111—14
Dave Elliott.....0011111111101011111000111l—18
J M Curtice.....1111001111111111110001101—19
J J Rooney.....1111111110101110110110011—20
T J Hearn.....1110111110110101101011111—19
W M Howe.....1111011011110110110111111—20
N Jarrett.....1111111111101010111111011—21
R Jarrett.....1110111100111000000110001—13
L Scott.....1011011101001111111111111—20
Ostertag.....0111010011010110101011011—15
Bullock.....0110101111101110001010100—14
W Sayles.....0111111000101011010011101—15

J. L Porter and J. M. Curtice, two members of the Kansas City team that are likely to go against Chicago in the big intercity live-bird shoot early in December, each shot at 50 birds for practice yesterday. The birds were a selected lot and both shot in good form, each scoring 45. Curtice finished strongly. The score:

J M Curtice.....2222202222210222202222212—22
1220211111112122202222221—23—45
J L Porter.....1122222212211210222112221—24
1202202202202202222222222—21—45

Glenwood Gun Club, of Newburgh, N. Y.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Oct. 28.—W. L. Colville, of the U. S. Smokeless Powder Company, having donated six lib. cans of Gold Dust powder to this club, a handicap shoot was held this afternoon to decide the ownership of the powder. The event was at 25 targets, with an allowance of extra targets to shoot at. H Wyatt and Stanbrough tied for first place on 23; they shot off, Wyatt winning. The attendance was light, a great many of our shooters having gone after woodcock, a good flight having been reported. Scores in the target event were:

H Wyatt (30).....10111110111111101101111110101l0 —23
W M Stanbrough (25) ..1111011111111111111111110 —23
S Cole (45).....0011101010111001010100001101010001010100010101—21
S Lewis (35).....0100111101111111010101100010011000l1 —20
DeWitt Carr (25).....1111101110010111111111100 —19
F Taylor (35).....1111101101011000011101100000101110 —19

On the shoot-off Wyatt broke 11 out of 12 to Stanbrough's 8 out of 10. W. M. S.

Tripp Defeats Thompson for the Cup.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 4.—The Grand Hotel cup, emblematic of the amateur championship of Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, was to-day the object of an interesting match between Mr. M. W. Thompson, of Lafayette, and Mr E. H. Tripp, of the Limited Gun Club of Indianapolis. This cup is perhaps the handsomest and most valuable trophy open to competition of amateur target shooters. It was first won in the autumn of 1895 by Mr. H. J. Lyons, of Louisville, Ky., after being tied by Geo. Elliott, of Rochester, Ind., on 49 out of 50. The next year, Mr. O. V. Eblesisor, of New Albany, Md., and Royal Robinson tied on 46, and the former won on the shoot-off. This year the conditions were changed to 100 targets instead of 50, and the winner must defend the cup against challengers. Mr. Thompson was the winner over a field of twenty-nine, with the good score of 91 on very hard targets.

He was promptly challenged by Mr. Tripp, and the match to-day was the result. Both gentlemen are old sweepstake shooters, but this was their first experience in a match, and the natural nervousness under the circumstances was visible in the first string of 25. Tripp lost the 4th, 7th 8th, 15th and 19th, while Thompson dropped the 2d, 3d, 5th, 12th, 21st and 23d. Each scored 22 in the second quarter, which left Tripp one ahead at the half, the scores being 42 to 41. But Thompson was coming fast, and ran straight from the 37th to the 70th, and looked like a winner, as he was then one ahead. He, however, lost 3 in 5, and finished the third string with another 22, making 63 out of 75. Tripp missed only one in this string, and was 3 to the good with 66. In the last quarter he lost 5, and Thompson with 2 to shoot at, stood to tie if he broke both; but the strain was too much, and he missed them, leaving Tripp the winner by a score of 86 to 84.

These figures look small, but the targets were thrown hard and there was a gusty wind blowing directly from behind, making them dip under the load at times in a way which defied calculation. There are four or five men in the Limited Gun Club who think they can beat Tripp, and the probability is there will be a warm time on their grounds this winter.

In the meantime, any outsider who wants the cup can get a race by complying with the conditions, which require a deposit of $10 with the secretary at time of challenge, and a like amount on or before the day of the match.

Mr. Tripp also beat Ed. Voris, of this city, in a match at 50 targets for $25 a side. Scores: Tripp 45, Voris 39. Prior to this match they had posted a forfeit of $25 each to bind a match at 100 targets for $100 a side. This was wisely forfeited by Mr. Voris's backer

MONTGOMERY.

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—The monthly shoot of the Cobweb Gun Club was held Thursday afternoon, Nov. 4, at Baychester, New York city. The day was beautiful and consequently attracted a large number of our members and friends to the grounds for an afternoon's outing.

The sport began with the club handicap, composed of different classes, A, B, C, who decided their separate class contests in the handicap Conditions: 5 live birds, handicaps from 26 to 30yds. Class A men Messrs. Greiff and Zorn tied and decided to shoot it out some other day. Class C men Messrs. Regan and Erff shot it out, resulting in Regan winning the gold medal.

The day wound up in extra sweepstake events, and two separate matches of $25 a side between Messrs McKeon and Cashau at 30yds. The first match resulted in Cashau grassing 9, the 10th dropping dead just across the boundary; McKeon 8. The second match resulted in Cashau grassing 10 to McKeon's 9.

This last match was finished when quite dark, the birds being very hard to see and consequently hard to kill.

	Club shoot.	Tie in Class C.	5 Birds.	Miss-and-out.
G E Greiff (A—30).....	22222—5	.....	(30)..22223—5	0012•
C Zorn (A—30).....	22222—5	.....	.....	.....
P F McKeon (A—30)...	01121—4	.....	(30)..11011—4	•210
M B McDonnell (A—30)	20211—4	.....	.....	.....
W Cashau (A—30).....	10•21—3	.....	(28)..21120—4	0122220110
F Hendricks (A—30)...	20011—3	.....	(28)..0000•—0	.....
D Brady (A—30).....	02•21—3	.....	(30)..2202•—3	01122220121
John Regan (C—26)...	02101—3	621121	.....	.....
Dr G Erff (C—26).....	12020—3	120210	'26)..00001—1	.....
G Thompson (C—26)...	00202—2	.....	.....	.....

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

How Shot is Made in St. Louis.

THE latest shot-producing firm in the United States is the firm operating the Markle Lead Works, St. Louis, Mo. In a circular issued by the above firm, occurs the following:

"In the construction of our tower, great care has been taken to improve upon existing methods of manufacturing shot. We have, in addition to a 200ft. height of tower, a 70ft. well. Not only does this well give us an additional distance for the shot to drop, but its atmosphere is of such low temperature that the shot in falling through it, is hardened more than it would be by falling three times the distance through ordinary air. It is desirable to have shot as round as possible. When the load leaves the gun the perfect shot goes further and gives much more accurate results than the imperfect, which scatters and flies off in different directions according to the degree of its imperfection. In our works we have so arranged the machinery that the shot is never permitted to fall after it comes out of the well. In our factory we have the most rigid inspection, and only shot of superior quality is bagged. It is polished twice; once immediately after drying, and again before going into the bin preparatory to bagging. We use an automatic weighing machine that insures greater accuracy than can possibly be obtained by hand. Any number of our bags may be weighed and found to contain exactly 25lbs. net, in addition to the weight of the bag. We furnish a quality of chilled shot that will please the most fastidious."

The Markle Lead Works manufacture the "Success" brand of shot As in all other shot works, the shot is manufactured in the usual manner. The lead is melted at the top of the tower, and is then poured into a pan with holes in the bottom of it; pans with larger or smaller holes in them are used, according to the size of shot it is desired to turn out. The molten lead comes through the holes in the pan in a round form, that is, when it leaves the pan it is round shot, but molten. The fall through the air is designed to give it time to cool, so that when it strikes the water it will not flatten.—*Adv.*

Lincoln Park, Chicago,

ONE of the beauty spots of Chicago, is described in a most beautifully illustrated book of ninety-six pages, now being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. It is full of the finest half-tone pictures of one of Creation's most charming places of resort for citizens of the Greaf Republic. Every one who has ever visited the park will appreciate the souvenir, and for those who have not, it will be a revelation of what is to be seen in Chicago. It can only be procured by inclosing 25 cents in coin or postage stamps to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

California Excursions.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

Leave Chicago every Wednesday.

BURLINGTON ROUTE to Denver, thence *via* Denver & Rio Grande Ry. (the scenic line of the world). Parties travel in Pullman tourist sleeping cars fitted with every convenience, which go through to California and are in charge of special agents of long experience. For particulars address T. A. Grady, Excursion Mgr. C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv*

Twenty-two Hours to the "Land of the Sky."

THE Southern Railway "Limited" for Asheville and Hot Springs, two of the greatest health resorts in America. Leave New York daily at 4:25 P. M. Through sleeping car, New York to Asheville, Chattanooga and Nashville. For further information call or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

Thirty-nine Hours to Memphis.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY "LIMITED." Leaving New York daily at 4:25 P. M. The only through sleeping car service New York to Memphis. Connection through to Arkansas and Texas. For further information call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

A DECISION has just been rendered in the case of G. W. Colt & Co. against several parties for infringement of trade-mark "3 in One." The court sustained the trade-mark and directed an injuntion to issue against defendants.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

VOL. XLIX.—No. 21. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

In the long catalogue of honorable anglers are the names of apostles, kings, princes, priests, poets, bishops, statesmen and philosophers—men who made history, ruled nations, honored the church, dignified humanity, and left the impress of their scholarship upon all the centuries. And what they did they did all the better—more wisely, more humanely, and with a higher conception of the sacred character of the work assigned them—because they had the contemplative habit, proverbial patience and gentle spirit of the simple wise men who love to go a-fishing.

George Dawson.

SNAP SHOTS.

MR. DEARBORN'S notes on the direction signs, which the woodman may read in tree and moss and grass, give perhaps the most complete exposition of that branch of woodcraft we have ever printed. In these days of brief trips into the woods under the guardianship of guides, not one out of a thousand pays much attention to such secrets of nature. But in woodcraft, as in every other art, by as much greater as one's attainment in it may be, so much the more keen and rich will be his enjoyment and satisfaction. The more a man knows of the woods and the more closely his attention is engaged, the more varied will be his interest, the fuller his reading of nature's open book and the more generous the store of material which he will bring home for reminiscence and reverie as he reviews his outing. It is true that for the most part the average vacationist in the woods has no time to acquire the fine points of woods lore; but much more might be done in this direction, if men would only teach themselves that the sole end and reward of hunting do not lie wholly in the actual killing of the game or the bagging of a score of birds. One who is intent only upon slaughter can have no eyes, even if he may have the opportunity, to observe the written records of bark and rock and fern.

This is a gun age; the factories have been turning out sporting firearms year after year until it would appear that there must be enough to provide every man and every man-child in the land; and the ammunition manufacturers have made their part of sporting equipment so simple and abundant and inexpensive that every new possessor of a gun is on the instant a ready-made gunner. There are no longer any masterful details of loading to be acquired; nor does the beginner think it necessary to undergo a novitiate. If his gun is of rapid fire and his machine-loaded shells are in good supply, he ranks himself as a competent sportsman and is impatient to get into the cover to shoot something. Thus it is that while the hosts of shooters have multiplied, the ranks of the real sportsmen have increased more slowly.

As for men with guns, the woods are full of them; but the sportsman may go far and not meet up with a master mate. Indeed, things have come to such a pass in more than one hunting district that the prudent sportsman will remain at home, and keep himself out of the woods, for very fear of having his head shot off. The woods and swamps and canebrakes are now practically free from dangerous varmints that go on four legs, but a new terror is the biped armed with a deadly weapon and from whose noddle common sense flies when a gun comes into his hand. The explanation of the multiplicity of casualities and fatalities with guns and rifles, of which we read lists in the press day after day, is found in the fact that an army of greenhorns has taken to the woods and fields, every man-jack of them frantic to shoot something, and each one ready to shoot on the instant before he can know what the something is, whether it may be game or another man-jack or a man. It is these gunners—without experience, and wanting in that caution with a gun which experience alone can give—who get their names and names of their victims into the press reports of gunning "accidents." They should be chained up at home, that they may be saved from themselves, that others may be saved from them, and that the woods may be secure for the use and enjoyment of the sportsman.

Mr. W. E. Meehan's suggestion of a conference of the commercial fishermen of the Susquehanna and other Pennsylvania waters with the Fish Commissioners, is one which should be put into practical effect. The commercial fisherman lives by catching fish; and it is the business of the Commission to increase the supply of fish for the fisherman to catch. The two parties in interest should be united in harmonious coöperation and mutual support. The Commission's opposition to certain modes of fishing is based only upon the real or reputed destructiveness of those methods. If the forbidden contrivances are not unreasonably destructive, the Commission should withdraw its opposition to them; and if, on the other hand, they are ruinous, common sense should prevail upon the fishermen to abandon them. There can be here no legitimate difference of opinion nor subject of disagreement. The intelligent friends of fish protection may find in Mr. Meehan's call for coöperation "the better way" to accomplish what a foolish antagonism can never secure.

The Members' Stake of the Eastern Field Trials Club, last Saturday, was an event of unusual note in its effect upon the club and its promise for the future. We take decided satisfaction in publishing the report of the meeting by one of our staff; and all the more, as this is the only first-hand report printed. Mr. Waters was the only press representative at the meeting, and his is the only record of the work written by one who actually followed it. Now as always in our Kennel columns, field trial interests have and will have intelligent, competent and adequate treatment.

Rev. Myron W. Reed, of Denver, who has preached some strange doctrines before now, last Sunday announced to his congregation a determination to see that Game Warden Wilcox and his deputies should be tried for the murder of the Ute Indians they killed the other day. Mr. Reed's declaration created a sensation, as well it might; for the notion that a white man, whether game warden or private citizen, should be meddled with for shooting down an Indian hunting off his reservation is something to make a Colorado range horse laugh; and no wonder the congregation did not know what to make of it.

The renewed enterprise of stocking Atlantic waters with Pacific salmon will be watched with much interest. The experiment was made some years ago on an extensive scale, thousands of fry having been planted in Pennsylvania and other streams, only to disappear and leave no trace to tell the tale. The new plantings have been of yearlings, and the more mature strangers may prove their ability to take care of themselves.

The latest development in the Jackson's Hole, Wyo., elk case is just what we had anticipated from the first, the exportation of the elk to Eastern game preserves by the Eastern agent of the Adams elk-catching enterprise. In response to an inquiry, County Attorney Sammon advises us that Governor Richards has given a permit for the shipment of forty of the elk out of the State. This rounds out and concludes this cunningly contrived raid on the Wyoming game supply by men engaged in the enterprise of supplying Eastern preserves with Western game. Inasmuch as the Wyoming law explicitly forbids the taking of elk for export, except by permission of the State Game Warden, and then "only for the purpose of supplying public parks, zoölogical gardens, or places of public amusement," the Jackson's Hole raiders could not have exported their booty except by favor of a special executive dispensation; and Wyoming is probably the only State in the Union, whose constitution permits individuals to secure for themselves immunity from the statutes by gubernatorial writ of indulgence.

Some of the duck shooters of Colorado express themselves as disgusted with the provision of the game law which restricts an individual shooter to the killing of twenty ducks in a day; and they have set on foot a movement to have the law tested for constitutionality. A subscription paper for the purpose sets forth this declaration: "We, the undersigned, believing that ducks and waterfowl are migratory and belong to no particular State, and that no State has a right to enact unconstitutional laws to limit the proper killing of such game, by means of a shoulder-gun in the proper season, and further, that all sportsmen, as a rule, who kill such game in excess of their own wants, distribute them among their friends who are unable to shoot. And further, as no other State has such a law of limitation in regard to the killing of birds, there is no logical reason why this State should."

Now the word "unconstitutional" is rotund, sonorous and impressive, and has taken the force out of many an obnoxious and wicked law; but sometimes it means nothing more than some other words beginning with "un," as unwonted, unwelcome, or unacceptable. That is its true significance here, and the Colorado duck shooters will do well to button up their purses and lay by their spare funds for new supplies of loaded ammunition. They will not overthrow the ducking law on the score of unconstitutionality. Wildfowl are legitimately subjects of legislation by the several States, nor can the law be expected to draw a fine distinction between birds bred in a State and those resorting to it. The assertion that no similar limits obtain in other States is incorrect. Minnesota limits to twenty-five the birds of any species any individual may kill in a day. North Dakota makes a like limit of twenty-five. Maine puts the limit at thirty, Washington at ten. Other States have similar laws prescribing the lawful number of woodcock—another migratory species—one may kill in a day.

However unwelcome such limitations may be to the sportsman who has been long deprived of shooting and has come at last to a favored time and place, the Colorado law is right in principle and is in line with the recognition everywhere growing that as sportsmen we of the several States owe something to our fellows beyond our own individual State lines. Colorado human nature, as human nature in California and Connecticut, may protest against the staying of one's hand on wildfowl, that the birds may fly to their destruction in another clime, but it is certain that unless in this matter of game protection we do restrain our shooting and do have regard for others as well as for ourselves, there will be no migratory game to protect on our own account or that of others. The common refuge of selfishness is in the plea, "If we don't, some one else will;" and this is a stronghold from which it has been impossible to dislodge the defenders of spring shooting. If the prohibition of spring shooting or the placing of a limitation upon the numbers of wildfowl to be killed should be deferred by each State until every other State should have attended to the proposition, nothing of the sort would ever be accomplished anywhere. Those sportsmen are deserving of the highest credit who have taken the initiative. The interests of game protection to-day demand not that the pioneers shall recede from the advance, but that others shall imitate their example and follow in their footsteps. Instead of overthrowing the laws on migratory game, the sportsmen of Colorado might better be urging their fellows in sister States to join them in the adoption of similar restrictions.

The annual banquet of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, was celebrated on Tuesday evening of this week, and as the arrangements had been made under direction of President Starbuck, we may be sure that the occasion was a most enjoyable reunion of the redoubtable hunters and fishermen who make up the club membership.

Through inadvertence on the part of those who were watching the amendments of the deer law last winter, no provision was made for extending the close term on deer in Sullivan, Ulster and Green counties, where the game had been put out some years ago by the Commission. The five years close time lapsing this season, deer hunting has been lawful in 1897. This fact, however, was not generally known; and the game protectors astutely kept silent on the subject, so that there has been little hunting. Now that the season has gone by, no harm can come of publishing the facts relative to these introduced deer. A new five years close time should be provided for them.

President Gavitt has sent out a cordial invitation to all interested clubs and associations to be represented at the meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, in Syracuse, on Dec. 9. This Association stands for protective interests in New York, and it should have the warm support of local clubs. As President Gavitt says, "It is the medium through which all right-minded organizations should seek and give counsel." Only by united and harmonious endeavor, and with the strength that comes of a large representation, can the Association achieve its purposes. If the sportsmen of New York can ever unite they here have the opportunity.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TWO MEN AND A BEAR.

Only two things are supposed to justify one in going hunting in midsummer: science and health. I was not very well, it is true, but probably would have remained at home and let the doctor experiment on me if N. hadn't come along. He is one of these scientific fellows who live in the woods, where they study up new combinations of those wonderful Latin words which Webster's Dictionary puts in parenthesis after the pictures of birds and animals. Any man who will accustom his jaw and brain to the use of this barbarous lingo need not be surprised if he acquires hazy ideas of game, and shows as much interest in the pursuit of a lizard or a mouse as in bagging a grizzly. One thing he is sure to lose, and that is the sportsman's instinctive recognition of open and close seasons.

Now, though it was only July, and though for some reason not known even to the men who can call them by their Latin names, deer are about two months late in coming to their best estate through this part of Mexico, nevertheless the aforesaid N. did feloniously entice me to go forth with him to try to secure a mule deer. A few miles north of the city in which I live is probably the southern limit of the range of this big fellow. He is called Venado Bura in Spanish.

H. G. Dulog and I have been having a learned controversy over that surname, he insisting that it was spelled with one *r*, while I held that it was but the word *burro* applied to the deer, as in English, *mule*-deer. Since I got his last letter on the subject I have been forced to conclude that he was right and I wrong. But I had overlooked till now the slight formality of telling him. A *gringo* has no business knowing more Spanish than an old-time greaser like myself. The etymology of *bura* is uncertain.

In order to be sure of our game we hunted first here in town. In the museum of the Instituto Cientifico, an institution feebly resembling a State university, we found a stuffed specimen. (I did not say mounted. The adjective used is exact.) Also a fine set of antlers. In the business house of one of the wealthy citizens we found another head, a very fine one, though we made no measurements. These all came from Cruces, an hacienda some fifty miles northeast of here. From various sources we ascertained that this deer ranges south over the arid plains of Coahuila and Chihuahua into the upper parts of the States of Zacatecas and San Luis Potosi; that it is an inhabitant of the Central Plateau and confined strictly to the plains. This last item was somewhat of a surprise, but seemed well confirmed. The owner of the big head we saw had been lassoed by cowboys. But this had happened more than twenty years ago, and the more we tried to pin down the information to present day facts, the more hazy it became. We arrived finally at the conclusion that if we would make sure of our game we should have to go somewhere on the line of the Central or Mexican International railway—an arrangement which suited neither of us at that time. We did not clearly make out that this deer had disappeared from his former ranges between here and the northeastern corner of the Central Plateau, but the evidence pointed strongly in that direction. Strange to say, we got almost exactly similar information in regard to the antelope. Twenty years ago this animal was comparatively numerous on all the region mentioned. Now, apparently, it has completely disappeared. Nobody could explain this. The residents did not think hunting had done it. They hunt little, and had no guns fit for antelope hunting.

Meanwhile, as often happens in hunting, we struck another and fresher trail. For while in our search for exact details we were working northward from point to point, trying to pin down the elusive *O. macrotis*, we suddenly (and figuratively) smelled b'ar. We had been told that the hacienda of Concepción had a beautiful sierra on it, and that Don F. Ulano could give us information.

"Yes," said the amiable Don, "there are many animals in that sierra. There are deer, and wild hogs, and plenty of bear." At this N.'s ears went up like a terrier's when he hears rats! Bears? Why, his boss up at Washington wanted nothing worse. He was even writing a piece to prove that there are about ten different kinds in America instead of two, as we used to think. Very likely, this fellow from Mexico would be a still further addition. It wasn't a good season to go killing deer, anyhow, and bears were always in season. Visions of our own names worked into horrible combinations, appearing in future scientific catalogues, preceded by a capital D, rose in our minds. I even went so far as to think that possibly we might be at least on the trail of Hough's long lost pine-nut bear.

"Pues si señores," continued our informant, "there are many; and nobody hunts them. Only when they came down into the plain after *tunas* the cowboys rope them. Not long ago a *vaquero* caught one that dragged him a kilometer or two till he found a telegraph pole and got a turn of his rope around it." In answer to a question, we learned that the owner of the hacienda in question lived in the city, and would probably give us permission to visit it. We called, and found an elderly gentleman, who looked us over very carefully, and catechised us thoroughly. Finally, he promised that when his clerk came in he would have him prepare the necessary permit. Next day it was given me, addressed to the *administrador*. Also a note in a sealed envelope for a young man at the hacienda.

Almost all the way around the Central Plateau of Mexico there is a rim of mountains. They cut off most of the moisture that comes up from the lowlands, and contribute more than anything else to the barrenness and arid character of the inclosed mesa. Here and there, all over this mesa are other mountains, straggling and rugged chains, peaks, spurs and excrescences—the smaller mostly volcanic, the high and more continuous ridges usually of limestone, with strata battered and tilled, often metamorphosed into many-colored marbles. Just south of Saltillo the Mexican National Road climbs over this rim in its northeastern corner, through Carneros Pass, 8,000ft. above sea level. We left the train just as it began the ascent to this pass from the inside or south.

We were on the extreme eastern rim of the mesa, and our destination lay across the plain to the southwest, thirty miles away, or more. It was a gloriously beautiful scene next morning when the sun arose and poured his amber light through the clear air. We trained our glasses on the sierra, which rose seamed and rugged from the flat plain perhaps 3,000ft., looking carefully for evidence of the heavy timber with which we had been told it was clothed. We tried to persuade ourselves and one another that we could see it, but while the rough ridges were softened by dark vegetation, the trained eye of the experienced woodsman coldly dashed our anticipations. The timber was brush!

By noon, perched upon our belongings in a *correton*, dust-covered and sun-scorched, we reached the hacienda. Such we had thought it. We found it only an *estancia* or stock ranch, situated in the midst of an immense plain, which even the prairie dogs had abandoned during recent dry years, with no water except from alkali wells and ammonia-tainted rain-water ponds, no business except herding a few hundred head of goats, cattle and horses; the picture of squalor, filth and decay, the very air redolent of inaction and sloth. The *administrador* stopped playing chess with his storekeeper long enough to read our credentials, assign us a room and order dinner. We were taken in charge by a fresh young man, who immediately brought forth from the treasure of his memory some obscene English oaths, and began to furbish them up for our benefit. He had traveled, he said. Had worked on the railroad awhile. Knew a good deal of English. (Plenty, such as it is, thought we). He was a distant relative of the old gentleman who owned the place. Had been sent to school by him, but didn't like it. Could have gone to the United States to study engineering or something of the kind, but it was too much like work. Liked life on the ranch. Here one sleeps well, one eats well (dried goats' meat, evil-smelling curds, black beans half cooked, musty *tortillas*), and when one feels the need of amusement he mounts on horseback! And he leered at a pair of slatternly girls who passed the door. Yes, sir, fine life. Just suited him.

Here, in an evil moment, it occurred to me to ask if his name was so-and-so. At my orders. Well, then, I have a note for you, and I produced it. Right there, in the expressive language of Jawgy, "I dropped my watermelon." He opened the envelope, and took out two sheets. After reading one, which consisted of about two lines, he trotted off with the other to the *administrador*. Then we comprehended the old gentleman's little game. From the effects before and after taking, we figured out the contents of the two separate documents we had brought to be about as follows:

No. 1. Unsealed.

To Sr. Don Mangano,
Administrador de la Hacienda de Concepción.

Very Sir Mine:

The bearers of the present, Messrs. N. and A., have been sent as special representatives of the President of the United States for the sole purpose of securing the skin of one of our far-famed bears, as well as other objects of interest, for the National Museum of that country. Please treat them with the consideration due to persons of high education, and oblige, Your servant, F. Ulano

No. 2. Sealed.

Dear Nephew:

These idiots think I am fool enough to believe they are hunting those measly little bears. Keep an eye on them. They have probably heard there is gold in our mountain. Don't do any more for them than you have to, and be sure they pay you well for that. The Lord only knows who they are. If you observe anything suspicious, throw them out. Your Uncle.

Thenceforward we had to deal with a man who was under the necessity of devising schemes to bleed us, without lowering his dignity to the point of hiring us horses, selling us feed for them, etc. And as nobody on that ranch was in the habit of thinking, except on rare occasions, it took him a good while. We waited till everybody had had the after-dinner siesta. Then the eternal chess began. We saw we couldn't get off that night, gave it up, and went out to see if we couldn't kick up a jack-rabbit. As night came on, we began to plan and fume for a daylight start next day. Our mountain was still fifteen miles away. Were there any horses? Oh yes, plenty of horses. Could we hire some? Oh no, he wouldn't think of charging us. Could he lend us a saddle-horse apiece? Well, they were all on the range, except those used by the cowboys. When could he get them? Well, *quien sabe*. And so on with *mañana* and *quien sabe*. Could we get burros? No, there were none. Well, a cart? Yes, there was a man who had a cart. He was sent for, got his tip from the boss, and proceeded to rob us. We decided afterward that the cart doubtless belonged to the ranch.

So it went on. We went to bed in a fume, got up in the same condition next day, and kept it up. But it did no good. Everybody else was tranquilly resting. That was one thing they were really skillful at. By main force we launched the cart at 10 o'clock, and toward 3 got off ourselves. We were mounted on some miserable plugs, and were accompanied by a guide, a horse wrangler, a camp keeper, a horse feeder, a cartman, an assistant cartman, and a cartman's son—all to eat off us if we would let them, to get about triple wages, and to render due account when they got back. He didn't charge us anything for the horses—oh, no! Wouldn't think of such a thing!

The camp keeper, we found, was our host's confidential *mozo*, and so did duty as spy. The hostler would not take the horses to water except when we made him, and his assistant, who was to cut and bring them grass to eat, gave them so little that before we had been out a week one of them could not get up when down, from sheer starvation. The guide knew one or two trails through the hills, but nothing more. He kept us out of the only place where there were any deer, and, like the rest, was an unmitigated fraud and nuisance. The only things they could all do was to rest and eat.

The mountains were covered with junipers and other chaparral, a few low oaks and cedars in the gulches. They were exceedingly dry. The dry leaves in the gullies had not been stirred by water for years. There were half a dozen or so little black bears stirring about all through the range, rustling about for something to eat. We could see their tracks here and there, but could not find them, though they were evidently up and about day and night.

We had no trap, but decided to kill a deer for bait, and watch it. Neither of us was strong. N. had just had three years' soaking in the malaria of southern Mexico, and I was but little his better. So the two invalids scratched around on those dry and thirsty ridges, wearing themselves, their clothing and their patience to tatters. When we came in to camp we found no rest, as our faithful attendants constantly used up all the available supply. And though veteran deer hunters, we made a flat failure. We couldn't even get a sight of them. At last we found an Indian hunter who agreed to take us where they were. So next day we had meat in camp. We baited the water-holes and set a gun. Next morning we found that a small bear had climbed above and stolen the bait without discharging the gun.

We baited another water-hole and brought our blankets to take turns watching and sleeping during the night. There was an insignificant little moon, but we were down in a gulch and it was dark. It was also cold. N. took first watch, and I lay down to sleep. The more I tried, the less I slept. I got too warm. Then I got too cold. Then I found a rock under the blankets. Then I heard a noise and reached for my gun, thinking of bears, mountain lions, and a lot of things. Finally, just as I began to doze off, N. conjured the watcher and proved to me it was time to get up and take my turn. He crawled between the blankets and promptly absorbed the soporific that I had been at pains to accumulate. I braced myself and took in the situation. It was dark, and the winds sounded lonesome. I thought of our comfortable tent a mile away, and consigned all bears to that place where bad bears go. I had a little dark-lantern, and occasionally I slipped back the shutter and looked around. Every time a leaf fell or a marauding woodrat rolled over a stone I jumped half out of my skin. A little spotted skunk tried to steal the bait. He tugged and pulled and rattled the pebbles, and kept me in a nervous chill. Finally, after he had eaten all he wanted, he began to "show off." He chased himself up and down the bank. He ran up a log and flirted his tail at me, and then back again. At last he ran right under the bank I was sitting on and began to maneuver around. Disgusted and vexed I let drive down at him with a stone. He vanished to parts unknown, but left behind a memory that was fresh and lasting. Its fragrance gradually permeated N.'s slumbers, and caused him to dream of Araby the blest. I thought N. would understand that inasmuch as he had slept four or five hours and I none at all, it was the proper thing for me to take another turn, so shortly before daylight I woke him up. He failed to take my view of the situation, and made unfeeling remarks. That day we lay around camp and slept. As a committee of the whole, we decided that if bears were to be had only by night-hunting we hadn't lost any. After we had eaten and slept till we felt reasonably certain of being able to take our satisfaction for the night's adventure in abusing the *mozos* rather than in quarreling with each other, we planned another campaign. That night we would set a gun and let it do the watching. Next day we would try a daylight abush of the water-holes.

We almost resumed our usual cheerfulness while setting that gun. N. gave me some points about tying a gun in a clump of bushes, and I invented and applied a back-acting, wooden trigger, which called forth warm eulogy. The little Parker was left, in the full confidence that it would prove bad medicine. But no roar disturbed our sleep that night. Next morning we were out early. The bears had held a regular war-dance around our bait. The ground was trampled to powder, the bait pulled down and eaten, the string stretched and sawed almost asunder, and my stick trigger was broken, it had been hauled at so energetically. In fact, after looking over the situation we felt somewhat relieved that the bears had not untied and carried off the gun itself. The reason no fatalities had occurred was simple enough. After I had carefully adjusted the string and its connections to one trigger N. very carefully put a cartridge in the other barrel. The several miscellaneous kinds of fools we called ourselves and each other didn't seem to mend matters at all.

There were two water-holes, and that day we decided to watch them all day. We were convinced that these bears were astir practically all the time. So N. took the lower and I the upper spring, about half a mile apart in the same cañon. I cleared a nice little seat by a big cedar, and under an overhanging rock about 40yds. from my spring, commanding it and the opposite hillside. I had some lunch in one pocket and a magazine in the other, so the day wore away pleasantly enough. The jays and woodpeckers gathered wild cherries from a stunted tree quite near me, and the wind whispered confidentially with the cedar boughs over my head. About 3 o'clock, while I was serenely investigating the resources and topography of South Africa, as set forth by Mr. Bryce, and making note of its many similarities with Mexico, I heard the chink of a pebble on the hillside facing me. Reaching for my .45-70 Carbine, which stood against the tree, I peeped around and saw my first wild bear. He was sliding along above the spring, sniffing the air in search of another piece of venison. He had not the slightest suspicion of my presence. But I have long trained myself to shoot when game is in sight, and to shoot quickly. The big Weed bullet smashed into the back of his neck, and he collapsed. It reminded me of pig shooting as I used to see it on the farm. He looked more like a shoat than anything else.

N. came boiling up the gulch with round, inquiring eyes. I said: "Is that measly, insignificant-looking cross between a razor-back and a cur the game you have brought me into this wilderness to hunt?" His head was about as big as all the rest of him. His paws and chops were stained with the red juice of *tunas* and filled with prickers. The hair was worn off his rump with sliding down rocky hillsides. N. said he was probably a yearling. I am afraid his ma didn't know he was out. But none of the tracks we saw were much larger than he would have made. It is evidently a very small race of bears, whether a new species or not cannot yet be determined. Our specimen was too immature to serve as a type. So the long suffering public is preserved, for a time at least, from *U. aztecal.*

Next day we had to come out, so we tried the set-gun again. This time it was N.'s .45-90 Winchester. About 9 o'clock we heard its cheerful roar, and went to bed with light hearts. But we got no bear. He was severly wounded, and we followed the trail of blood for half a mile next morning, but had to give it up.

N. was on his way to Washington, and so did not return with me. He had my solemn promise beforehand that the skins of anything I killed should be his. I begged the poor boon of a tooth, a claw, or anything that looked beary, but not a hair could I get. His chief up in Washington was mighty particular, he said. So when I got back home my friends said: "Thanks, awfully, for that nice pork you sent. It is so hard to get good pork in this country." And if I ever make any remarks about my bear, they look knowing and say: "Yes, you and Wilson killed a tiger once, too."

Aztec.

Mexico.

Natural History.

ABOUT THE BIRD OF FREEDOM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With a heart that is full of sadness, I feel it my duty to inform the readers of FOREST AND STREAM of the untimely and disgraceful end of one of Uncle Sam's proud and noble birds. When I say disgraceful, I mean that he has disgraced his country by trying to capture a German leather carp, one of the meanest fish that was ever emptied out into any of the waters in this country. Mr. Editor, if German carp and English sparrows are fair samples of the fish and birds on the other side of the water, my advice would be to ship us no more. I will now give you a short sketch of the particulars of the sad end of this much admired bird.

It appears that Capt. Jesse Popler, while cruising over the Susquehanna Flats in his yacht, saw at a distance a great commotion in the water, and now and then heard a squeal as if something was in trouble. He was not long in reaching the object, and to his great surprise he saw that one of our large American eagles had both of his long claws hooked in the back of a large fish; and he soon learned that the fish was a large German leather carp. The eagle was nearly drowned when he hauled them both on board of his yacht, and he had to kill the eagle to put it out of its misery and to get its claws out of the fish's back.

The captain says that the fish would weigh about 8lbs., and that the eagle would weigh about 12lbs. The captain seems to think that the eagle, while flying over the flats, saw a school of carp feeding in very shoal water, with their noses down in the mud, as that is the way they feed—exactly like hogs—and that the bird lit down on the back of the fish and grabbed him in the back with both claws, and closed them so tight that when he found that he could not lift the fish out of the water, he could not free himself; and there is where the fun comes in. The captain says that he has many times seen Barnum & Bailey's great circus, but to see one of Uncle Sam's noble birds riding over the Susquehanna Flats on the back of a large German carp "takes the cake." This may sound a little fishy, but it is all true.

Mr. Editor, I claim to know as much about the life and reputation of the eagle family in America as any man in this country, as I have known them seventy odd years. As far back as 1826, when I was quite a small boy and lived on Spesutia Island, where I was born and raised, there was there a great rendezvous for eagles, and, in fact, for birds of all kinds, vermin and reptiles. Eagles were so numerous, that in the spring of the year my father was compelled to have a shepherd to watch over his sheep, to prevent the eagles from carrying off his young lambs. It was a sight to see a large eagle flying off with a small lamb in his claws, and the poor little lamb kicking and bleating as he went through the air. Upon one occasion one of these savage birds made a sad mistake, and undertook to steal a good-sized pig. He darted down and hooked his claws in the pig's back, but could not rise with the pig, and the pig commenced to squeal. This soon brought the old sow, the pig's mother, and she made short work out of the eagle, and made a good dinner out of the eagle for her and her family.

I once saw a fight take place between two large eagles. When they clinched each other they were about 200ft. high, and they came tumbling down and struck the plowed ground, and an old colored man ran to them, and killed them both with a club. They had their claws fastened so deep in each other that he could not pull them apart, but had to cut their legs off to separate them.

The eagle family is the boss family of birds in this country, and a terror to all other families of birds, and they are the smartest and sharpest birds that I have ever seen. They take great delight when they see a fishhawk carrying a fish in his claws, in making him let go of that fish; and the eagle can descend faster than the fish, and catch it in his claws before it falls to the water. This I have seen them do hundreds of times.

The eagle is an awfully savage bird, and a man runs a risk of his life to undertake to rob one of their nests when they have young ones. Three gentlemen of my acquaintance once found an eagle's nest that had two young half-grown eagles in it. One of the party swore that he would climb the tree and capture the young birds. The old eagle was not in sight when he started up the tree, but when he got about half way up to the nest the old birds came and attacked him. His friends happened to have a gun, and had to fire several charges at the eagles before they would leave. He went up to the nest and threw the young birds out, and his friends captured them and brought them to Havre de Grace, where they lived as pets for several years; but finally they became so cross about the house and so destructive to chickens that they had to be disposed of.

I will tell you a good joke. When I was quite a small boy my father told me one day, when the snow covered the ground, to hook up our old family horse to the sleigh and he and I and old Ben, our family dog, would go down in the big woods and kill an eagle. That was fun enough for me and Ben. Ben thought that it was his duty to follow every wagon and sleigh that left home; he was a very large dog, with long, curly hair, and a great fighter. So the old gentleman put a heavy charge in his long single-barrel flintlock gun, and he and I and Ben went for the big woods; and we soon saw a very large eagle on the top of a large oak tree. Strange to say, it is impossible to sneak up near enough to shoot an eagle; but you can ride or drive a horse near enough to shoot one any time. Well, when we got near enough I stopped the sleigh; and the old gentleman banged away and down came the eagle. Ben concluded that it was his part of the play to get the eagle and bring him to the sleigh.

As the eagle was only wounded, when he saw Ben coming he threw himself on his back with both claws up, and when Ben opened his mouth to grab the eagle, the eagle grabbed Ben by the nose, and Ben threw his head up and also the eagle, and the eagle came down on Ben's back and stuck both claws in the long, curly hair on Ben's back, and Ben gave a yelp and started for home with the eagle riding on his back, and after Ben had gone about a half mile he jumped through the gate next to the top rail and got the eagle off, and when we found the eagle he had both claws full of Ben's hair; but Ben never stopped running until he arrived home, and when we got home we found Ben lying in the front yard, and he hadn't a smile on his countenance, and when the old gentleman threw the eagle out of the sleigh and when Ben saw it he jumped over the yard fence and went down to the barn and didn't come near the house for over a week, and I had to carry poor old Ben's meals to him, and every time Ben saw an eagle or a buzzard fly by the house he would run and hide.

In conclusion, I have no hesitation in saying that the eagle family can fly higher and stay up longer and descend faster and fly faster than any other family of birds to be found in this country or any other country, as I watched them many times fly above the clouds.

CAPT. E. B. GALLUP.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.

As stated in our last issue, the fifteenth annual congress of the American Ornithologists' Union was held in this city at the American Museum of Natural History, Nov. 8, and continued until Thursday, the 11th.

Monday was devoted to a meeting of the Council at Mr. Dutcher's, and to the evening or business meeting of the active members, which was held in the Board Room at the Museum. The public meetings, commencing Tuesday, Nov. 9, were held in the Lecture Hall of the Museum.

The active members present were: Drs. J. A. Allen, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., and George Bird Grinnell, Messrs. Frank M. Chapman, E. P. Bicknell, Wm. Dutcher and L. S. Foster, of New York city; Charles T. Batchelder and Dr. Walter Faxon, of Cambridge; Dr. Elliott Coues, A. K. Fisher, C. Hart Merriam and Mr. E. W. Nelson, of Washington, D. C.; Ruthven Dean and D. G. Elliot, of Chicago; Dr. Thomas S. Roberts, of Minneapolis; John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn., and Witmer Stone, of Philadelphia.

The associate members present during the sessions were: Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, Dr. Wm. C. Rives, Judge John N. Clark, Vernon Bailey, Harry D. Eastman, Dr. L. B. Bishop, Walter A. Johnson, Wilfred H. Osgood, Gerrit S. Miller, Jr., James Newton Baskett, Louis Agassiz Fuertes, Harry C. Oberholser, Louis B. Gillet, J. A. Dakin, C. C. Young, K. V. Lawrence, C. Will Beebe, Edwin J. Haines, Samuel N. Rhoades, Herbert Wheaton Congdon, Waldron D. W. Miller, Dr. E. B. Southwick, Henry Hales, Wm. L. Baily, Henry W. Beers, Abbott H. Thayer, Prof. W. T. Homaday, Frank E. Johnson, Robert B. Lawrence, Dr. W. E. Hughes, Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright.

William Brewster was reëlected President; Dr. C. Hart Merriam and Robert Ridgway, Vice-Presidents; John H. Sage, Secretary; William Dutcher, Treasurer; Charles F. Batchelder, Frank M. Chapman, Charles B. Cory, Ruthven Deane, Drs. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., A. K. Fisher and L. Stejneger, members of the Council.

Mr. Charles W. Richmond, of the Smithsonian Institution, was elected an active member. Eighty-eight associate members were elected, many being women.

A memorial paper on Major Charles Emil Bendire, U. S. A., a distinguished member of the Union who died the past year, was prepared by Dr. J. C. Merrill, of Washington. In the absence of the author, it was read by Mr. Elliot.

The portfolio carried by John James Audubon, and also the original MS. of the first volume of his "Ornithological Biography," were exhibited by Dr. Coues. Two original bird drawings by John Woodhouse Audubon were shown.

Mr. Abbott H. Thayer in an open air talk gave a further demonstration of his theory of the principles of protective coloration, a subject of great interest to sportsmen.

Wednesday evening, Nov. 10, an illustrated lecture on "A Naturalist's Expedition to East Africa," was given by Mr. D. G. Elliot before an audience of 1,500 people, in the large lecture hall at the museum.

The report of the committee on protection of North American birds, read by its chairman, Mr. Dutcher, was a most valuable document, giving the progress of the work done by the committee during the past year. This report will be published in abstract in the *Auk*, the official organ of the Union, and printed in full as a separate pamphlet.

Mr. Frank M. Chapman gave an exhibition of lantern slides of birds in nature, from material furnished by members of the Union. He was followed by Prof. A. S. Bickmore, with lantern slides showing recent advances in methods of visual instruction.

Dr. Coues remarked upon certain *Laridæ*. Dr. Dwight showed a specimen of a new species of bird for North America (*Puffinus assimilis*), and Mr. Chapman gave an informal talk on the gyrfalcon.

Resolutions were passed, thanking the trustees of the American Museum of Natural History for granting the use of the Board Room and Library for a place of meeting, and to the Linnæan Society of New York, for its generous hospitality.

It was voted to hold the next annual meeting in Washington, D. C., commencing Nov. 14, 1898.

The papers read at the congress, in addition to those already mentioned, were:

The Summer Birds of the Catskill Mountains, with remarks upon the Faunæ of the Region. Edwin I. Haines.
Protective Adaptations of Insects from an Ornithological Point of View. Sylvester D Judd
Summer Birds of the West Virginia Spruce Belt. William C. Rives.
Nesting Habits of Anthony's Vireo C. W. and J. H. Bowles.
Is Uniformity in Local Lists Possible? Jonathan Dwight, Jr.
Ten days among the Birds of Northern New Hampshire. John N. Clark.
Some Notes on Liberian Birds. Harry C. Oberholser.
Remarks on a New Theory of the Origin of Bird Migration. J. A. Allen.
Experiences of an Ornithologist in Mexico. Frank M. Chapman.
The Great Roosts on Gabberet Island, opposite North St. Louis. O. Widmann.
The Terns of Gull Island, N. Y. J. Harris Reed.
The Petrels of Southern California. A. W. Anthony.
The Terns of Muskeget Island, Mass. George H. Mackay.
Northern Raven Breeding in New England. H. K. Job.
Breeding Habits of the Common Robin in Eastern Massachusetts. Reginald Heber Howe, Jr.

The Horse and the Moose.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—The note in your issue of Nov. 6, under the heading of "Curious Freak of a Moose," reminded me of something that happened while I was staying at Mr. Hopkins's camp, two miles below Mr. Ketchum's camp, on Nahmakanta Lake, at the same time that Mr. Sargent was at Ketchum's.

On the evening of Oct. 6, just about dusk, we heard some splashing on the shore just below the camp, and as we came out we noticed some dark object trying to land on the steep, rocky shore.

At first we thought it was a moose, but on closer investigation we discovered that it was a horse, and assisted it in landing, and found that it had received a number of bruises on the rocky shore.

We later learned that this was Mr. Sargeant's horse—the same one referred to in your article as being followed by a moose—and that it must have swam those two miles from Ketchum's to Hopkins's camp, as the shore is too steep and rocky and the water too deep for a horse to wade; and anybody familiar with the shores of Nahmakanta know that it would be impossible for a horse to make its way through the forest, unless a way was cut through for him, which they had to do to get this horse back. M. L. GOOD.

What is a Rough Grouse?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Opie Read's novel, "A Tennessee Judge," an allusion is made to one of the grouse family with which I am not familiar, and one which I do not remember to have seen mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM.

Decribing the characteristics of the wife of Judge Trapnell, the author says: "At times Mrs. Trapnell was so smooth as to appear positively glossed with urbanity; but at other times her temper was as frowsy as the feathers of a rough grouse."

Is it possible that the sound of a word has misled Mr. Read, and it was a "ruffed" grouse he meant? That can hardly be, for our beautiful friend of copse and woodland with the ruff about his neck, is anything but "frowsy." Perhaps some of your readers may be able to explain the mystery.

LEXDEN.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full-page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

WOODS LORE.

How to Read Nature's Compass.

IT frequently happens that the chief pleasure of our annual outings comes in the pleasant anticipations that are incidental to the plans and preparatory details while getting ready, even weeks before the long-wished-for day arrives. Also in numerous cases, the little honest pleasure obtained from a closer acquaintance with mother nature while in the bush is more than counterbalanced by the misfortunes and disappointments that befall one. The stories of those more favored and successful often appear in print, and are related at social dinners, when the imagination, stimulated amid happy surroundings, not only draws on the memory for details, but paints pictures of its own creation that never would be recognized if met during the last hunt or seen in the late camp. The facts that are untold glow with eloquence, and would be by long odds the most interesting reading. The flexible spirit of the true sportsman, however, soon heals the wounds of misfortune, disappointment, etc., and it is not long before he is hopefully looking forward to his outing the next year.

Many and varied are the causes that contribute to annoy, and, as often happens, when added to disaster, bring a sudden stop to further proceedings and bury deep under disappointment what promised to be the most enjoyable days of the year.

A whole library has been written by able pens in an endeavor to instruct those who love the rod and gun, how to avoid the evils of malaria and chills from sleeping on cold, damp beds at night, how to camp in comfort, how to avoid the ravages of black flies and mosquitoes, how to remedy the wretched and unhealthy cooking that is so often an adjunct to camp life.

That this instruction has borne good fruit is seen by the higher standard of sportsmanship that now exists. None of these many works, however, have placed before the sportsman any information that would assist him to pilot his way around in the bush, other than by giving general advice regarding the duties and necessary qualities of guides, etc., and careful instructions if you ventured beyond the light of your camp-fire, to go with downcast eyes fixed on the compass, and to avoid being stared out of countenance or picking a quarrel with it. There is probably no other annoyance, especially to a hunter, so disastrous in consequences as a lack of reasonable ability to find his way around in the bush. It is also probable that any amount of experience or education would fail to make all men alike excel in this particular branch of woodcraft. Some of the poorest woodsmen I ever met were among those who had lived near the woods and tramped the bush frequently as hunters for twenty-five years. The old adage, that hunters and fishermen were born not made, applies with equal force to woodsmen. The best one among many that I ever met was no hunter, rarely killing game of any kind except when in want of meat for food. He was contented with his love of the woods, to tramp amid a wealth of shade, to climb mountains, and to paddle over the surface of stream and lake, purely for a love of his surroundings. His knowledge of bush lore would make a good library.

I think most bushmen will agree with me that no fixed rules exist that can be depended upon as an infallible guide by which the big woods can be navigated, except those used at sea, namely, by the compass, and reckoning from latitude and longitude. While this as a system is correct, it does not commend itself with its many details to those that love to make their way around in the bush free from such mathematical accuracy attached to every footstep.

The Sense of Direction.

Nearly all woodsmen whom I have ever met or hunted with employ, to a certain extent, this system while finding their way around in a strange bush, where experience has furnished them no previous knowledge of its localities, using

the compass to determine the cardinal points while following their line of direction; or when the compass itself is not used, by locating the cardinal points by the many signs of the bush, which I will treat of later on. The latitude and longitude come into play by the ability to calculate the direction and distance from one locality to others; purely a mental operation, learned by experience and observation, some learning much sooner than others and becoming experts in a short time, while others never make progress in estimating distance and direction. This faculty is often developed to a high degree in birds and animals, being called a sixth sense.

In the woods it is often found to be the case that, while the sense of direction is found to be all right, and a clear conception exists of distance and direction between one locality and another, one is unable to lay out and follow a course of even one mile, unless with the assistance of the compass, without losing all trace of the cardinal points, and thus being unable to reach a locality whose direction and distance were known at starting, and would yet be clear if north, south, east and west were not so hard to find and locate. My observation during over thirty years, which has furnished me with considerable hunting every year, together with the ideas of many older and more experienced bushmen with whom it has been my good fortune to be acquainted, make it within the bounds of reason to say that, among the many men who go into the bush only for a few days annually, not more than one out of every ten can lay out a course in a strange bush, and follow it even for one mile, without the aid of a compass, while even then the sun may be shining full in their faces. And not over one in a hundred can lay out a course in an unknown bush and accurately follow it during a storm or when the sky is dark with heavy clouds that obscure the sun, unless provided with a compass. And yet in these very cases, when the cardinal points were hopelessly lost, the sense of direction had not been interfered with. The misguided wanderer well knows the direction he should go, but lacks the ability to locate the cardinal points without the compass to assist him.

Nature's Compass Signs.

The many different methods to determine the cardinal points while on the mountains, in both heavy timber and small bush, or upon the featureless expanse of a great marsh, are exceedingly numerous and reliable enough for all practical purposes during an every-day life in the bush, unless a very long journey is to be made which would require a number of days, and would make it necessary to hold on a very fine point while making so long a distance.

My observations are the result of over thirty years experience, which, added to the notes taken among the French-Canadian hunters and woods Indians of the Northeast Provinces, the lumbermen, hunters and guides of Maine, the hunters, Crackers and marsh rats of Georgia and Florida, make quite a collection of matter on this subject.

Only those which have proved reliable and practical for use during an every day life in the bush under ordinary circumstances, when trouble to locate the cardinal points was the chief cause of complaint, need be dealt with in detail. Only the wanderer, who has been caught far away in the big woods miles from camp with night coming on, the sky of leaden hue, and with seemingly no possible way of laying a course, can appreciate the feelings of those who have been there. Nature's compass is so large, that while those who love the sweet odors and music of the woods can find it everywhere, to handle the subject we will be obliged to divide and examine sectionally.

Trees and their Language.

We will first take notes on the coniferous trees, pines, firs, spruce, cedars, hemlocks, etc. The bark of these is always lighter in color, harder and dryer on the south side of the trees; while it is in color much darker, is also damper, and often covered with mould and moss on the north side. The gum that oozes out from wounds, knot holes, etc., is usually hard and often of beautiful amber color on the south side, while on the northern side it remains sticky longer and gets covered with insects and dirt, seldom drying out to more than a dirty gray in color.

On large trees that have rough bark, especially during the fall and winter months, the nests and webs of insects, spiders, etc., will always be found in the crevices on the south side. A preponderance of the large branches will also be found on the warmest or southern side of the trees. Also, the needles of all the above-mentioned trees are shorter, dryer, and of a yellowish green on the southern side, while they will be found longer, more slender and pliable, damper to the touch and darker green in color on the north side. The cedars and hemlocks, as if trying to outdo the others, always bend their slender tops of new growth toward a southern sky.

The hardwood trees are equally as communicative, and have all the characteristics so far as regards their trunks, as the coniferous trees, except the absence of gums, but this is more than made up by the fungus growth of mould and mosses that is very noticeable on the north side of these trees. Like the coniferous trees also, the largest branches will be found on the southern side, while the leaves of all trees wax eloquent in proclaiming the effect of sunlight and shade. They are smaller, tougher, lighter in color, with darker-colored veins on the sunny side of the tree, while they will be found larger, damper, more tender and much darker green in color, and having larger, lighter-colored veins on the northern side, and, as is the case with the coniferous trees, the insects, spiders, etc., will be found with their nests and webs in the rough bark on the warmest side. I might also add that in the Southern States the air plants that so often cover the hardwood trees will be found most plentiful among the branches on the northern side of the trees. Also, for good measure on the part of the trees, I might add that the heart of all trees is never in the center of the trunk, but is nearest to the northern side, owing to the fact that the concentric rings of yearly growth are thickest on the side next to the sun. Old stubs standing in the woods testify that they are usually harder and dryer, also that they resist decay longer, even until only a thin shell remains on the southern side, while on the opposite side, owing to more moisture held on the shady side, and the fact that the heart, which often begins to rot first, is nearest that side also, and thus assists toward a more rapid decay on the side facing the polar sky.

Mosses and Lichens.

The ledges of rocks, which may be part of stupendous mountains, or merely an occasional cropping out here and there in the woods, or, perhaps, some great boulder alone by itself a silent witness of the glacial period, all alike testify to the effect of light and shade. The sunny side will usually be bare, or at most only boast of a thin growth of harsh, dry kinds of mosses, that will only grow when having the light; while the northern sides will be found damp and mouldy, and often covered with a luxuriant growth of soft, damp mosses that love the shade, while every crevice will bear aloft beautiful and gracefully waving ferns.

The forest floor on the sunny side of hills, ridges, clumps of trees, bushes, big rocks, etc., is more noisy under the foot-fall than on the northern side of such places, where the dead leaves and litter are soft and damp, holding more moisture than in places exposed to the light of the sun.

These places last referred to will frequently have growing grasses and plants of different kinds, and the beautiful little flowers of the woods will be drinking their fill of light in the sunny nooks; while there will be found on the northern side not less beautiful sombre mosses and graceful ferns, that beautify the effect of continuous shade.

In the Marsh.

As a salt-water sailor has a wholesome contempt for a brother of the same craft on the great inland waters of our lakes, so, also, does the old woodsman turn up his nose when he hears of people who lose their way in a broad, flat country free from timber; or one which, at most, has but a scattering growth of small bush; or upon the wide expanse of a great marsh, where you can see for miles around you. Many of those with whom I have hunted agree that it is is equally as perplexing, and as disastrous in consequences, to be unable to find one's way out of the marsh as when lost in the big woods; and that when it comes to matter at hand to draw from that will furnish the clues to the cardinal points, the woodsman has the best of the situation. But the marsh rat also has something "up his sleeve" which he can draw on to guide him on his way, even when the skies are of leaden hue.

In an open country nearly void of timber, clumps of small bushes during summer will furnish all the conditions found to exist among the leaves of the trees, being equally sensitive to light and shade as are the monarchs of the woods. The landscape green with moving grasses and beautiful to the eye which feasts on the countless numbers of wild flowers, representing every form and hue known in the flowery kingdom, also furnishes a reliable guide for locating the cardinal points, as most wild flowers, especially the long-stemmed varieties, hide their faces from the north, and, like the sunflower, turn toward a southern sky. Large boulders, clumps of small bushes, mounds and small hummocks—all testify, too, for the ground around such places exposed to the sun will be burned nearly bare of vegetation, or parched up until of a dead grass color; while on the shady side it will be found quite green, and often here there are growing mosses and ferns of rare beauty, which thrive only where they have moisture and shade.

Laying a Course for the Flat Country.

We will now take an old woodsman from the northern woods and a modern sportsman, one of those preferred who has inherited as an heirloom a sixth sense (namely, of direction), and go into a great marsh in southern Florida for a day's snipe hunting. We will go in a few miles early in the morning, and, as it happens, we have struck a day having a dark, leaden sky, with no sun. On such a day as this the mosquitoes, never bashful, and even more fierce than the New Jersey variety, are abroad in swarms, while the deer-fly joins forces with them and strives to keep all your other senses active. The hunt having begun, we follow the dogs during the day over miles of marsh in every conceivable direction.

We have waded across shallow sloughs, skirted bay heads, worked over the broad beds of dried-up ponds—which are great shallow lakes during the rainy season but now only help to make up the great marsh about us—where all that is left of great bodies of water is here and there an alligator hole of mud and water, and miles of saw-grass that cuts like a knife. We have deviated from our course scores of times to gather dead birds, and have followed birds that were marked down, some making quite long flights, in more than a hundred different directions. It being now late in the afternoon, one of us already out of shells, and all having birds enough, a halt is called and we decide to go out.

The old woodsman looks at the dull, heavy sky, he surveys the flat, featureless horizon which surrounds us on all sides, and his eyes show bewilderment as they behold what seems an endless expanse of sloughs and saw-grass. Off about half a mile is a swamp of water trees of different kinds. In the air over this place are hundreds of buzzards wheeling and sailing on tireless wings while waiting for the gathering gloom before descending to their roosting place.

The sportsman with the sixth sense has also been looking around, and has relapsed into a bit of solid thinking, fully realizing that he has something on his hands more than a gun and an empty shell bag and three or four dozen snipe. All agree that the general course during our day's hunt was to the eastward of our starting point. But who could locate the cardinal points with such a heavy sky, and lay out a course due west was another matter. Surely not the old woodsman, neither the man with the many senses

The above is a true outline of a day's snipe hunting some thirty miles up the Caloosahatchee River, on the west coast of Florida, in which the writer, in company with two old Florida men, took part. The heavy sky prevented my companions from making their way out, while I, a stranger to the country, struck a course due west by the signs of the marsh, much to the astonishment of my companions; and after some three miles had been made we struck our trail near where we started early in the morning. The soft, wet places in the shadow of the tall saw-grass, while quite dry on the sunny side; the bleached and dried grass on the south side of the hassocks, while fresh and green on the north, all told their story, while two old Florida hunters were loud in expressions of wonderment, and both vowing they never could again get turned around on the marsh.

Among the Hills.

In the fall of 1881, a companion and I, taking a light lay-out of duffle, headed for the northern part of New Hampshire, our objective point being a small lake about nine miles in from the settlement. We were driven in to the settlement by Gill, who was a brother of Joe, my companion, who lived some ten miles further down the country. Gill, whose horse was lame, said if we could walk up the hills he could make the settlement with our rig without much trouble.

Arriving at the back settlement we hunted up a character named Fred Brown. He was a little man with bushy whiskers that grew way around on the back of his neck. Gill told us that Fred trapped sable and gathered spruce gum during winter, and in summer did a little farming and considerable loafing, but that he would be a good man to go in and show the way to the lake besides toteing a pack of duffle. Fred could not go in, he had fall plowing to do, and was picking apples on shares with some of his neighbors. But we pursuaded him, and he concluded that the work could wait a couple of days and he grew enthusiastic over the prospect of a chance to stretch his legs. The duffle was divided up into four packs, and we went up through the maple orchard into the timber in tolerable good order.

We had not made more than a mile into the woods when the sky became very dark, which caused Fred to make frequent glances upward in a vain endeavor to locate the sun. Having a good map of the country, I was well aware of the direction the lake was from the settlement, and soon noticed that Fred was bearing a number of points to the west of what should be our course, so I asked him to point out the direction of the lake. This being done and the direction carefully noted, we proceeded on our way. In a short time our course veered still more toward the west, and Fred was again asked to point out the course toward the lake. This being done, it was found the lake had moved around still further to the west, while it should be northeast. A halt was called; Fred's errors were pointed out to him, and he reluctantly admitted his neglect to take along a compass, and said that the heavy sky bothered him to keep his course. Moving to the front, I announced my intention of taking the lead and laying a course for the lake. After noting carefully our surroundings, we struck out about east northeast, which was thought would correct Fred's error and bring us to the lake.

Determined to maintain a course as straight as possible, I led them over ledges, among windfalls and up steep gulches, until Fred vowed we were moving off into a section of country that looked strange to him, and he advised camping where we were until morning. We proceeded, however, and after some tough climbing over an awful rough country, we turned the corner of a high ledge and began to descend a gully, when Fred gave a joyful shout and announced that we were near an old shakedown of his, which was at the end of his winter line of sable traps, and that we were headed straight for the lake, which was only half a mile distant. He declared his ability to lead the rest of the way, and not till sleep closed his eyes that night in camp did he cease to importune me to tell him how a stranger to the locality could lay out and follow a course for nearly four hours over such rough country, without either sun or compass. I presume he is still wondering.

The next day it rained lightly; Gill and Fred, not daring to go out across the country without a compass, went down the outlet of the lake, making the trip out about twelve miles. On the way out, as we learned afterward, they jumped an otter, and after a lively scramble down the brook, he was holed under a ledge. They made a big bucket from birch bark, brought water from the brook and drowned him out, Fred shooting him in the head with a long-barreled, muzzle-loading pistol which he carried hanging at his belt, and whose murderous look had previously excited our wonder. The above truthful account of our trip in is given to show, as was the case on the marsh, that one can travel and lay a course without either sun or compass, if his eyes are used to reading the signs of the bush.

Old bushmen, who may chance to read these notes on bush lore, may recognize old friends that have stood them in good stead in days gone by. While those who go into the woods only for a few days annually, these notes on the signs of the bush, collected from among those who have hunted and camped in nearly every section between the St. Lawrence and the Caloosahatchee rivers, may cause to feel more friendly with their surroundings while courting a closer acquaintance with mother nature.

GEO. W. DEARBORN.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

THE best evidence that the new Texas game law is protecting the game is the dark brown frown of the hotel men and restaurateurs of San Antonio. Heretofore it was dead easy to regale the palates of epicurean guests with succulent birds and tender venison steaks; but now, owing to the scarcity of game on the open markets, instead of receiving "quail on toast," or "venison à la creole," the festive drummer must content himself with the toast without the bird, and the creole *sans* venison. It is claimed by some that this is working a great hardship on that portion of the public that sees no fun in gadding about field and forest accompanied by the ubiquitous canine, but I don't know; they are not so warm. One of our local dailies not long since advocated editorially that the American people ought to eat corn bread, so that we should then have that much more wheat to sell to foreigners, which would materially increase our trade balance and put more shekels in our sock. Following the same line of reasoning, why should not the non-shooting people eat more cornbeef and cabbage, so that the sportsman should have more quail to shoot and eat. In addition to the benefit that such policy inures to the sportsman, think of the increased demand created thereby for cabbage and cornbeef. The ranchman and gardener should hold hands with us and say Amen!

Quail are worth 12½ cents apiece and venison 15 cents per pound, and both are scarce at that, which shows that game is not being brought in by the express companies as of yore.

Quail Plentiful.

I went to Beauregard last week and put up about thirty bevies of quail, and, while the cover is scarce, the birds are plentiful enough to keep up the sportsman's interest for half a day. It is the same old story all along the line of the Aransas Pass Railway. Game is more plentiful than ever.

On the Nueces.

Lieut. Pegram Whitworth, of Fort Sam Houston, who has been on the Nueces River for the past four weeks making war maps for Uncle Sam, told me that the Nueces Cañon is alive with deer and turkey. He killed several bucks, and also fully supplied his camp with turkey.

Critzer, the Dog and a Snake.

A. B. Critzer has several pets—a fox, a civet cat, and an abbreviated Thomas feline, to say nothing of Mongolian pheasants, and dogs of all sorts of pedigrees and fleas. If it is a cold Sunday, the quail and doves catch it good and plenty. If it is warm, he and Tom Brown, the tall Pecan of the Arroyo de la Jewelry, sally forth in quest of succulent morsels for the menagerie. They generally go armed with .22-caliber rifles, and chippies and hawks are the birds sought, which, when bagged, are fed to the pets.

A saucy woodpecker was sighted, pecking his way to a

bug in a post, and when Tom had planted a bullet somewhere near the bird's solar plexus, faithful Bobby, the retriever, was sent to do his duty. But Bobby did not retrieve, not just yet; and on investigating the cause of the fuss Bobby was making on the other side of the fence, he was found barking at a large coach-whip snake, which had the bird tightly clutched in its ravenous mouth. As soon as the bird had been shot the snake had pounced upon it, and when the retriever came, the reptile stood coiled at bay. The snake was promptly killed, the dog finished his job, and the civet cat got his supper.

Redheads and Sprigs.

We had a three days' norther on the 1st inst., and the wildfowl shooting on Nueces, Puerto and Capano bays was very good. One market hunter killed 145 redheads and forty-two sprigs one day, and reports of bags of 100 and over came in thick and fast. The bluebills are not in up to date, but I have just received a wire that Messrs. Stomers and Turner, of this city, killed thirty-five ducks this morning (11:15 A. M. of the 6th inst.). TEXAS FIELD.

MOOSE IN AROOSTOOK COUNTY.

IN company with W. M. Stowell, an experienced hunter, I left New Bedford for Bangor on Monday, Oct. 4, *en route* for the Maine woods to shoot my first moose. Arriving at Bangor on Tuesday we left the same day for Norcross, where we spent the night. At 9:47 next morning we left Norcross and got to Masardis at 1:10. From there we took a carriage to Ox Bow, and after staying that night at the Ox Bow House we climbed into a buck-board and rode ten miles through the woods to our camp, where we met our guides, Walter J. and U. G. Swett.

After a substantial dinner we got into our canoe and went about three miles up the Umcolcus stream. We were rewarded by seeing three does which we would not shoot and hearing two moose.

On Friday we went down stream and saw five deer and two moose. The next day we went in the same direction and saw three deer feeding on the bank of the stream and one small moose. Sunday we saw a deer, a beaver and four moose.

Monday we made another excursion down the Umcolcus and saw a big buck and a small doe, which upon our approach quietly moved off into the woods. Tuesday was rainy and the day was spent in camp, but we did not altogether lose sight of game, for one of us, on looking out of the camp door, saw a doe crossing a dam about 500yds. away.

Wednesday we took a walk up to the lake, and before we had gone far we saw four deer. Mr. Stowell routed one and took a shot at another close to a logging camp. I shot at two large bucks, and the guide saw an enormous moose. During the day we sighted three more deer besides an abundance of small game. Thursday we went into the woods and saw five deer, one of which I killed, and Mr. Stowell got a shot at another. We skinned the dead deer and carried it into camp. It was no light load, and over the rough roads was about all we wanted to lift. Friday, my guide and I went down the stream, and Mr. Stowell went into the woods. He saw three does, one of them being very large, but he did not shoot.

Saturday, Oct. 16, we went down the Umcolcus stream in the morning to Umcolcus Lake, a beautiful sheet of water about two miles long and half a mile wide. On the way we saw five deer—three does and two bucks. We went back to camp for dinner, and at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon Walter J. Swett, my guide, and I took the canoe and went down the stream about one and one-half miles. The guide called for a moose, and we waited until about 6:30, but no moose came. We went up stream about half a mile, where we landed, built a fire, and had supper.

After waiting until about 8:20 we went back again, and once more Swett tried the birch bark horn. We listened for half an hour, and finally I said to him: "It is quite cold and you have no coat on; let's go to camp and tell yarns."

"Oh, no; don't be in a hurry," he replied, "you will get a moose all right. There are plenty of them here."

We paddled a little way back and waited. Suddenly there came a noise, as if all the trees were falling down. Then everything was silent, and though we listened for some time longer we heard nothing more.

"Let's come some other night," I said, for it was getting late and the air was chilly.

We had gone but a short distance toward camp when I saw a dark object standing by the stream. I stood up in the canoe and leveled my rifle at it, and the guide said in a low tone: "Moose." At the moment he spoke I fired, and the moose turned and started down stream. Forgetting that I was in a canoe, I shouted excitedly to the guide: "Pull, pull, pull," for I wanted to get another shot at him. He dashed across the stream, and all I could see was water flying about 10ft. in the air. Into the woods he went and out he came again, trying to gain the other side, where he and a cow moose had been feeding. As he came in sight I fired, and he crashed into the woods once more, but was out again immediately. He started across some rocks and the sparks flew as they knocked together. He stumbled and fell on these, but at another shot he got up and again made for cover. Regaining the woods he lay down, and after lighting our lantern we followed and found him stretched out with his head resting on a stump—dead.

The guide began to sing the refrain of his little song, which was always heard when he was feeling happy:

"My girl is a plain girl,
My girl is not proud."

and we returned to camp.

"If that moose is the first you ever shot," said the guide, "I never saw a man stand it so well."

"Do all moose act as this one did?" I asked him.

"I never saw one that did after being shot like that."

One ball had entered the shoulder and broken off two ribs, while the other had gone into the hip. I had fired six shots, but these were the only ones to take effect. It was 9 o'clock at night when the moose was struck.

On Monday, Mr. Stowell and W. G. Swett, his guide, went down stream about one and one-half miles, and the guide succeeded in calling three moose at once. One turned off and went into the woods before reaching the point where the canoe lay. The other two were heard coming, and one of them, which must have been a big one, judging from the sound of his bellow, which was like a fog horn, came to within 50yds. of them, and then turned and went to the south.

The third came into the water and then started back but at the guide's call again headed for the canoe. Paddling quietly toward the point, they came face to face with him. He was about 40yds away and in the shadow of a tree, so that only the tips of his antlers could be seen. Mr. Stowell aimed under his nose and fired. The moose was evidently wounded, but wheeled and went into the bushes.

"You hit him quite hard, I should think," observed the guide; "but we had better wait until to-morrow morning before we look for him."

After having supper they started for camp, and the guide called again on the way. They looked around them sharply and saw, about a quarter of a mile distant, a shadow, which at first glance they thought was a stump. Closer examination showed it to be a small moose, weighing probably between 300 and 400lbs. He did not have a good pair of antlers, and Mr. Stowell did not fire, but returned to camp quite disgusted at not having killed one of the four that were called. In the morning they took the trail of the wounded moose. He had not commenced to bleed until he had gone some 300yds. They found at intervals good-sized pools of blood where he had stopped to rest; but after following up the trail for six hours without coming upon him, they finally gave it up.

The season was late for moose calling and also for still-hunting, as the leaves were very dry. Does were plenty, but it seemed brutal to kill them, and after seeing a wounded doe once neither of us cared for more of that kind of sport. We had been sympathizing with Mr. Stowell on account of his having but one arm, and that his left, to shoot with. On the second morning after I had killed the moose he started out by himself.

"You may talk all you please," he said as he left, "but let me tell you this: when I do shoot, something will surely drop."

I went out, saw eight deer, and came back empty-handed. Some time after Mr. Stowell came into camp, inquired about our luck, and then remarked that he supposed the guide had said: "It's too bad that poor fellow don't shoot anything; I think he has buck fever;" and that I had answered: "Yes, I guess that's so. He's pretty handy with a shotgun, but a rifle is hardly his weapon." After joking in that style for some time he told us that we would find two young bucks, which he had just shot, lying a few miles away, and that he would like some assistance in bringing them to camp. We went along, found the pair and brought them in on our backs, a performance which gave me a lame shoulder for some time afterward. Mr. Stowell had killed one buck at first shot, and on putting in another cartridge and stepping from cover to get a better view of his game, he saw one more making off some 40yds. away, and a second shot brought him down. That night, as we ate our suppers and industriously picked the moose hairs out of our tea, we felt well satisfied with the result of our trip. Even our cook—a rare article who could not boil water without burning it—was in a happy frame of mind.

As we wanted to make an early start in the morning and my rubber boots were thoroughly wet through, it occurred to me to dry them out by filling them with paper and then setting the paper on fire. The condition of the boots after this treatment may be imagined, but I managed to be on hand next day. We saw three deer and routed three more, while on Thursday, which was our last in camp, I saw two deer. Mr. Stowell saw one and routed four more.

Our trip was in every way successful and satisfactory to us, and to all hunters who desire to employ honest, competent guides, Mr. Stowell and myself can heartily recommend the Swett brothers, of Ox Bow, Aroostook county, Me.

MICHAEL SHEA.

STILL-HUNTING DEER IN WISCONSIN.

WE were camped where the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad crosses the outlet to Plumb Lake in northern Wisconsin. As I put on my old green hunting coat that blends so perfectly with the pine, hemlock and cedar, and picked up my rifle, I reasoned that a good place to look for deer would be at the south end of Plumb Lake. The lake is about five miles long by a half mile wide, and was frozen over at the southern part, which is surrounded by heavy forest, and it was only natural to suppose that the deer in their migrations southeastward would follow the shore of the lake and pass that point, rather than swim the lake so late in the season.

As this was my first day in this portion of the State, I knew these things only in part and guessed at the remainder. However, the middle of the day found me sitting on a mossy log at the extreme southwestern end of the lake, with my feet on the ice and eating a cold lunch, while my rifle lay across my knees. Thus far I had seen no fresh sign, and after a rest started up the hill toward the south. Near the top of the hill I came on to the fresh tracks of two deer that had gone eastward. The snow was about 2in. deep, but however good the tracking I would not have followed the trail had it not been leading in the direction I intended going. I concluded to follow as long as their course led toward the railroad; and after tracking about one-half that distance came to where one had lain down for a moment, but, as the location had not suited its companion, which had kept on going, it had followed. I had never been able to track deer in the snow and find them before they found me, and I had no hope of doing so in this instance.

We were now on the north side of a ridge that extended quite a distance to the east, and were following its base. We had come about a mile and a half over hills and through hollows, and had passed fallen leafy treetops and other good hiding places; and to follow the twisting, zigzag trail of both deer, together here and yonder separated some rods, and see everything within shooting distance at the same time, had been no little task for a first day in the woods. From their movements now I figured out that they had lain down before reaching the railroad, and presently came to where one had gone straight up to the top of the ridge, while the other went on along its base. I followed the last-named a few rods until it, too, started up the side of the ridge; but, unlike the other, it went obliquely, and led me to believe that the first one had gone east along the top of the ridge.

Now, evidently it became necessary for me to get to the top of that ridge, and I expected to find my deer lying on the south side of the ridge, some distance further on. I took several seconds in making the ascent, although it was not more than 25ft. to the top. What I should have done was to crawl up like a snake. But, as I said, I was led to believe that the deer had gone further along the ridge. What they had done was this: the one to go upon the ridge first, went straight across it and some 50ft. beyond, and laid down on the west side of a leafy branch that had fallen from a tree, and in such a position as to see anything that might follow its trail to the top of the ridge. The other one had gone obliquely across the ridge to the southeast, then turned west, and joining its companion, lain down on the east side of the leafy screen, with its head to the southeast. Thus, as I reached the top of the ridge, the deer were to the right and back of me, and the one looking in my direction was entirely hidden from me. I was as unconscious of its presence as the one lying with its back to me in the open ground was of its danger. I thought the one I saw was the one that went up on the ridge first, and that the other had gone further on. Keeping my eyes on the deer lying there, with its back toward me, and at the same time picking out the spot to shoot at, I swung my gun to the right; but just as I raised it to my face, the deer that was watching me from behind the leafy boughs sprang up and away, and my intended victim followed as suddenly as one quail follows its mate. The second jump carried them behind a cluster of trees, and though I took one snap-shot, I got no deer, for they kept the trees between them and me until out of gunshot. Those deer were discreet in guarding themselves against danger from their trail; however, they didn't do a thing but run for their lives until they came to the railroad; and there they stopped within twenty paces of a man sitting in a blind until he shot one down, and could have shot the other if he had not (as he confessed) got rattled. Thus ended my first day in the season.

Some days later, while south of camp about two miles, I came to where deer had been running in all directions, as if being surrounded. I knew some of our boys were east and some west of me. The large timber was scattering, but there was a great quantity of undergrowth covering the ground, and of every species and size up to 10 or 12ft. in height. As I could see only a short distance through this shrubbery, I climbed a large jack pine that had limbs down to within a few feet of the ground, and stood on one limb some 15ft. from the ground, and steadied myself against another large limb. I stayed on that perch forty-five minutes by the watch, and as I neither saw nor heard any game, concluded the deer had been scared out of that neck of the woods. It was not very comfortable up there, anyway, and I began to feel drowsy, so I climbed down and started on in the direction I had been going. I did not go 50yds. until a deer sprang up in front of me, and looking back sideways as if to see which way to dodge, darted into thicker shrubbery. Of course I took a snap shot at it, but I didn't have time to get the gun to my face and the deer escaped.

About a mile south of our camp was an old survey running east and west. It is also a section line. The original markings on the trees are overgrown and hard to follow through the forest, but we blazed them afresh in places, and as the sky was overcast most of the time and snow fell about every twenty-four hours and obliterated the trails, we found this old landmark a convenient guide when hunting near it. The last day but one of our hunt I went up the railroad a couple of miles intending to hunt off south of the lake and come in on the trail in the evening. I made a circle and came to the trail about two miles from the railroad as the sun hid his face behind the wooded hills. I was on the point of turning to the right and taking up the trail for camp when I saw just to my left some fresh deer tracks that led to the northeast. As I had something like three-quarters of an hour of twilight, and the tracks had been made but a few minutes, I concluded to follow the deer a short distance. Their trail led down hill over the point of a ridge, through a small prairie and along the side of a hill. Here the deer had been going in various directions, feeding no doubt, and darkness was gathering on the heavily wooded hillside. I followed on very cautiously, not knowing in which of three directions the deer might be, nor how far distant, yet unwilling to turn back so long as there was any possible chance of getting a shot, and when on the point of retracing my steps, and while peering through the gloom ahead for the last time, a large buck moved and stood with his head and fine spread of antlers showing in a small open space about 50yds. distant. I could still see the bead on my rifle as I aimed below the ear, but just as I pressed the trigger the buck gave a bound that would have carried him out of danger had I not with equal quickness lowered the muzzle of my gun and pulled the trigger. The smoke from the gun added to the gathering darkness shut off the view in front, but off to the left in the little prairie I saw a deer's white tail for a second, and there I found my buck. He had turned a half somersault and lay with his head toward me, his six-point antler showing above the coarse prairie grass.

And now I had quite a task before me, for it would not do to let him lie there over night, and whether I could hang him up was a doubtful question. When possible to do so, I bend a sapling over the deer, and after tying the head of the deer to the sapling near its top, cut off the top, and the spring of the tree aids materially in lifting the deer from the ground. But in this instance there was no small tree convenient. There was, however, a hemlock tree at the edge of the prairie about 15ft. from where the deer lay, and I first cut a pole that would reach from the buck to the tree. I then cut two sets of forks, the one set about 8 and the other 12ft. long. Placing one end of the pole on a limb of the tree, I looped a small rope I carried for the purpose around the buck's horns and over the end of the pole. The next thing was to lift the end of the pole with the deer attached and set the short forks. Of course, I did not have to lift all the deer, but his head must come up as high as my shoulder before the forks would hold in the ground, and that was a plenty. Succeeding in this, the rest would have been easy on solid ground; but in this soft prairie the forks sank several inches, and by the time I had set the long forks and run the deer up clear of the ground I was glad enough the job was done.

It was so dark I had to gather up my traps mostly by sense of touch. I went across the little prairie to the trail, but I could see neither the blazes on the trees nor tracks in the snow. I started eastward, and by lighting matches and looking at my compass when uncertain of my course, succeeded in going about one-half the distance to the railroad. But my matches were about all gone by this time, and not knowing but that I would have to camp in the woods, I put the remaining ones back in my pocket and pushed on. I had to keep one hand before my face to prevent my running into the low limbs of trees, and as

clouds obscured the sky, and I had nothing to guide myself by, I concluded to signal my friends at camp. I tried it at first with my revolver, but the distance was too great. I then let go with my Winchester, and brought an answer from Hendrick's old .45-70. Thus at intervals I got the location of the camp, and after clambering up one side of hills and sliding down the other side, sometimes trying to walk over logs breast-high, and again slipping backward off the roots of a tree, I finally came out to the railroad and went down over an 8ft. bank; and right there and then was the only place that I did anything in a hurry while getting out of the woods. Now, I did not have to go to camp in that rough-and-tumble fashion; I could have camped in the woods or made a torch and lighted my way out, but I concluded to go in the way I did, and that's the way I went. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

UP THE ELK TRAIL.

"A-A-'HNAH, Snug willi-mie, it has been said. No man shall follow the path of Moos-moos, the bull elk, up the mountains where the Ducewellips River sings all day. Kakehete, the tyee of all the Skallalatoots, has his lodge there, where this river is born. A long time ago some Indians went there. Kakehete shook the hills and made much snow and many rocks slide down, so that all these Indians were killed. Stay here, my friend T'solo. Stay here and burn powder for Mowitch and let the bull elk go. It has been said."

"You say well, T'quawitch Tyee. But I, T'solo, the one who wanders, cannot well stay here and camp like an old Klootchman who picks berries. I have made many journeys and have seen many things. My gun is good and my eye clear. I am not afraid of Kakehete, the chief of demons, and I am going to look for Chicamun, the gold that lives in the rocks up there where the bull elk feeds by the snow. If you will not go, because your heart is the heart of a woman and much afraid, then I will go and see Kakehete alone. It has been said, and you know that I do not turn back, T'quawitch Tyee. Will you go?"

"No, tillacum, I will stay down here by the sea, where Kakehete does not come. Only evil can happen to him who goes there among the snowcaps. You are a wise man, T'solo, yet you are foolish in this travel, and will not come back if you go up the trail of Moos-moos. I am done."

"Then klook-wah, T'quawitch, and good living while I am gone."

Then I picked up my 65lb. pack-sack and went into the woods, where the elk trail wound away up toward the peak of Mt. Constance, glittering there in the early sunlight like a great jewel, the pride of all the Olympics. The old Indian stood watching me until I disappeared in the shadow of the silent blue pines who people the hills and shelter many wild things that sleep by day and roam by night. Slowly, steadily I went, plodding along up the trail made by the hoofs of countless elk in days gone by. Up, up, always up, winding, twisting in and out, now through an open space redolent with the breath of spring and gleaming with yellow floods of sunshine, warming to life the buzzing underfoot world that peopled the nooks and crannies and robbed the blossoms of their sweets, then through the dim aisles of shadow where no sunlight came, and where the huge seamed trunks of the waiting firs shot upward until their tops were lost in a tangle of limbs somewhere in the blue above. In such places the mosses dwell, and the ferns too, single stems of dainty maidenhair, great banks of the feathery kinds, and here and there the raspy stiffness of the sword fern shone in lighter green. Tiny springs of crystal water burst forth, fed from the melting snows of the higher ranges, to trickle through the moss carpet, over the rocks and down the hill, where their big brother the brook hurries on to join the roaring Ducewallips, that foams and frets at the rocks down there in the valley.

Then further still, until the great cañon opens dim and wild right into the heart of the hills. No wide and steep-walled valley this, but a crevice made by giant hands, a crack riven through the range some time in the long ago, and now the river makes of the crack a path to travel in, a road to the sea. There a man may not go, for the river fills all the space from one straight wall to the other, and even that is all too narrow, so the water roars and booms, thrashes and foams, wells up against those smooth, worn walls, and comes back in a flurry of spumy foam that whirls away in the next sweep of the current.

Down in this cañon the sun never shines; it is always twilight or darkness, and the shadows are a cold blue-green in the swirl of the current. An icy breath sweeps down the river, and the roar of the water makes one's voice very small.

The bull elk who made the first trail up this valley stood here at the end of the cañon, and looked on the blue shadows until it came into his mind that he could not travel there. Then he turned and climbed the hill, straight up, a thousand feet or more above the roar of the river, then traveled on, clinging to the steep sides, always stopping when a loose rock went booming down among the trees to leap over the cañon rim and into the boisterous swirl below.

This I read in the sign of the trail as I climbed along wearily up the old elk path, and fought with my pack-sack that would slip around and put the weight on one side, because of the reaching work of climbing. On all this steep that pitches down to the cañon rim there are loose rocks left by the snows that sweep down, roaring avalanches from the bald and pinnacled cliffs far up the mountain. They hang in all sorts of positions, these loose boulders, poised, balanced for a plunge on down to the river, if you are so unwise or unlearned in mountain lore that you put your weight on them.

Slowly, carefully, I traveled on, testing each rock first, sure of my new foothold before I left my last; always along the path that Moos-moos, the great elk, first made. Then, at last, the hill sweeps back and away from the jagged rim of the cañon, and the trail sags down among the big trees again.

Just here a little creek bawls along, rushing over the rocks, fretting against the big hill there in the shadow of the great giant pines. Stopping to drink of its cold and crystal flood, the thought came to me that perhaps the little stream might bring word from the lodge of Chicamun, the yellow gold that hides among the rocks of the mountains.

Now the way to talk to a brook about Chicamun is to take some of its sand, put it into a gold pan and wash it. Slowly, carefully wash it, until only a little stays in the bottom of the pan, and that little must be clean and black. Then you look with keen eyes and sift the black sand about in the pan. This I did and saw many tiny rubies, little garnets, worn fragments of quartz and agate, and small black crystals of iron; but the golden scales were not there, so I knew Chicamun did not hide in the heart of the great peaks and cliffs up where the snow was, and that I must journey on again.

I sat down to rest a moment before going ahead, and then LePool, the wild blue grouse, came down on rumbling wings from the tree tops. LePool is good meat for hungry men, so when he came down my long rifle looked at him and sang the memaloose song, and LePool died there in the mountain glen, because one man was hungry for his meat.

When the sun came down near the top of the western wall of mountain peaks it made a thin blue haze to hide the trees and soften the ragged outlines of the stained boulders, and then it came to my mind that night was coming to the mountains and that I must find a place to camp or else camp standing, for no man may follow the trail of the elk when darkness is on the hillside, no one save Moos-moos, who has eyes for darkness and a nose to smell danger before he comes to it.

Down the great hillside I went with careful step, and among the shadows I found many cedar trees and a good spring of water—it is a new hold on life to drink of it—water that is as new, red blood to a tired man. There was a little space among the boulders where one could spread his blankets, and there was moss, plenty of thick dry moss, and enough of the filmy sprays of the brown-trunked hemlock—these to furnish a bed for resting on among the wild hills. The cedars, too, were smooth and tall, and gave their bark to build with, and the axe soon had enough poles down for a frame. A few cedar limbs cut off in short lengths and sharpened on one end were all the nails needed.

Before the sun painted the peaks with pink the house was finished and was a goodly place to dwell, for one was snug from howling blasts and dribbling raindrops, too. Then a small fire snapped and crackled and gave a cheery heat, but no smoke to spoil the flavor of LePool, the wild grouse, that simmered, with a flake of bacon, in the pan, while the coffee fretted against the hot side of the pot, fretted and complained, and welled up in fierce bubbles all at once—done. The pack-sack gave other things edible, and soon I sat on a boulder and feasted as no man feasts in the grim city—feasted on good things with hunger for the sauce.

The river roared—no, it sung just here, a wild chant. As the sun went down I reclined on the mossy bunk, my pack-sack for a pillow and my old pipe for company, and watched the setting of the new scene, saw the sunlight in glowing shafts hunt out the peaks and snowbanks far above and across the valley, saw the white change to pink, to crimson, a wealth of colors all run riot there, and transform the grim old mountains into fairy castles.

Then, when the chill came down the cañon—the chill of night, when the cold air comes down in the low places, I saw the snow change to white, so cold, so beautiful, only to fade again—smoky-blue first, then indigo, then an indefinable color, an indistinctness which softened everything and blended rock and pine, peak and snowbank, until all became only a great bulk looming across the lighter blue-black sky, where the stars snapped and flickered—as they do only among God's own hills.

The fire was a ruby glow by the side of the boulder, the river sung in the darkness, and there came a soft voice from the air-tuned pines, and the song of the night was sung—the sweetest music that ever was listened to—music that is rest-compelling, and as I heard it, it came to me that this was peace on earth and good-will to men. In such a country Kakehete, the chief of demons, had no place, and T'quawitch Tyee, in the valley by the salt water, had for once read all signs wrong. But then, T'quawitch has thoughts, and there are some things even he does not know.

EL COMANCHO.

NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE officials of the Crown Land Department estimate that the receipts from hunting licenses issued this season will reach a total of about $2,000. This has been the banner year for New Brunswick so far as the incoming of big game hunters is concerned; yet, as these figures indicate, less than one hundred American sportsmen have availed themselves of the magnificent moose and caribou hunting to be had here in the autumn months While other hunting grounds are thronged with campers, insomuch that every hill and valley resounds with the crack of the rifle, New Brunswick is practically unhunted still; and in the virgin forests of the Tobique, the Miramichi, the Dungarvon and the Renous, the bull moose is dying of old age and general debility, brought on by over-feeding and want of exercise. Just think of it! Since Mr. Carl Pickhardt and his party came from the Grueggas Lakes in September with three moose, six caribou, a bear, an otter and a fox, not a single hunting party has visited that locality! Think of the sport enjoyed by Mr. Elmer Dixon, of Chicago, who secured two moose, two caribou, a deer and two bears on the Wapski (a branch of the Tobique), and reports that, so far as he could learn, he was the first sportsman who had ever seen the headwaters of that stream! Think, also, of the wealthy English "hog" over on the Restigouche, who, after he had secured his legal allowance of two bull moose, kept on shooting and paying the fine for each additional moose. He said he was perfectly willing to pay the fine for sport like that!

That the unrivaled sporting advantages of New Brunswick are only now beginning to be embraced by American sportsmen, is due to several good and sufficient causes. The chief one is, that its hunting grounds have not been advertised as those of other lands have been. Another is, that professional guides have been few in number, and hence camps, canoes and other facilities dear to the heart of the tenderfoot, were in most cases not available. Many sportsmen can only make a limited stay in the woods. They want to press the button and have the guide do the rest. Many of them object to "roughing it," or camping out in September and October under a shed tent.

But now the time has arrived when another chapter will have to be written. The demand is about to produce the supply. The professional guide is hanging out his shingle. The Province is full of hunters, trappers and woodsmen, who need very little education to make the best of guides. The wonderful success achieved this fall in New Brunswick by the pioneers of that army of American amateur hunters who are ever on the alert to find some new field of sport, has attracted the notice of their fellows, and the Klondike rush will soon set in The local guides are putting up new camps on many of the principal lakes and streams. Some of the Maine guides are locating the best hunting grounds, and will bring their patrons here next season. Many wealthy American sportsmen are negotiating with the Provincial Government, as well as private corporations owning forest lands, with a view to purchasing camping and hunting sites in the choicest game localities It is not certain yet what policy the Government will adopt in reference to these applications. At present the indications are that it will not accede to the proposition to transfer the hunting privileges of the Province to a few affluent individuals, but will leave them open to the general public.

The big game items this season have been almost monotonous in the uniform success of the hunters who have returned from the chase. Nearly everybody brings out his moose, with usually a caribou or two or a bear thrown in by way of chromo. Mr. Dixon, the Chicago man, certainly cannot complain of his luck. His two moose were 56 and 54in. across the horns, respectively, and one of them had twenty-nine points. Mr. Dicataur's 66in. spread is still "high line" this season, and is likely to remain so.

A good many moose have been shot in the Canaan region, but the only "kill" of which exact account has reached me was that which fell to the lot of Mr. John Vanwart, who had as guide the Indian, Jim Paul. Jim states that he destroyed seven moose snares that he found set at one of the lakes in the vicinity

Roger Lawlor and a friend, of Newcastle, had excellent luck on their brief trip to the Bartibogue Barrens. They bagged a caribou and a very large bear. The Bartibogue section is one of the surest caribou chances in the Province. John Connell, of that place, is an experienced and skillful guide.

Mr. Charles Phair, of Presque Isle, brought out his moose from Little River yesterday. The head measured 40in. and was of singular appearance, one of the antlers having three times as many points as the other. Charles is a youth after mine own heart and very supple with the shotgun. While hunting partridges with the writer for five days at Cain's River last week, he bagged the biggest end of sixty-four birds.

Albert Smith, of St. Stephen, is also a meritorious young man. He lost his way in the woods, came upon some strange animal which he could not distinctly see, fired his rifle and then hastily retired from the scene. When he returned with reinforcements next morning he found the mortal remains of a bear that weighed 375lbs.

Mr. C. C. Hills, one of Cleveland's most popular sportsmen, left for the headwaters of the Tobique yesterday for a five weeks' hunt. Adam Moore, of Scotch Lake, is officiating as guide.

A few days ago Mr. William Rice, his son William, and Mr. Barney Breen, the Mayor of Carlow, captured a large bear at Burpee Mill Stream. Bruin had selected his camping place for the winter when the gentlemen referred to came across him and rudely interrupted his repose. It took four men to load the carcass upon a team.

Geese and brant are reported more numerous than for several years past at Miscou and Tabusintac. The accomplished and genial Frank Todd, of St. Stephen, has persuaded a goodly number of the "honkers" to lay aside formality, fuss and feathers.

The first good tracking snow of the season is falling to-day. Yes, Harry, I think we had better drop out at the four mile stump and cross the west branch of the brook and foller up that second growth ridge back of Gallops. I think we'll attend the funeral of that big buck with the hat rack on to-morrow morning sure. FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Nov. 12.

NITTANY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

THE Nittany Rod and Gun Club had their opening at the new club house, located at Hecla Park, Centre county, Pa., on Thursday, Nov. 4. The opening was a highly successful one in every particular, and the members in attendance very much pleased with the club house and all appointments. Dinner was served at 5 o'clock, and Senator J. Henry Cochran, of Williamsport, the president of the club, to whose hospitality the members were indebted for the dinner, acted as host. After dinner speeches were made by Judge Love, J. Gephart, S. T. McCormick, F. C. Smink and others.

A very gratifying test of the club preserves was made that day, when Clarence Sprout and Fred Payne bagged twenty quail in two hours, and were not half a mile away from the club house. The trout stream belonging to the preserve is one of the finest natural streams in the State, and to that sixty-four little dams and riffles have been made and a foot-walk placed alongside the full length of the stream, which is nearly eight miles in length. The stream is fed by springs, and there is not a farm or clearing along its entire length, so that it will not become polluted, and the trout can grow to great length and live and thrive winter and summer

The quail preserve embraces an area of about 20 000 acres of beautiful valley land, and is well watered by several streams and has already been largely stocked for this fall shooting, and more will be planted in the spring for breeding purposes. Pheasants and wild turkeys abound in the mountain land of the preserve and along the trout stream, which is reached by a 200yd. walk from the club house.

The club house has a fine orchard adjoining it on the one side and several acres of land on the other side, making an ideal spot for trap shooting. It is delightfully located at the base of the mountain and near the old Hecla Furnace, abandoned long ago, at the rear of it, and in front is a commanding view of slightly rolling country where thousands of the beautiful Nittany Valley's broad acres stretch miles before the view. A few miles away are the celebrated Penn caves. Within a quarter of a mile of the house is a pretty park with a couple of pretty lakes for boating

The club house itself is of colonial style about 50ft wide by 80ft. deep, a porch, 16 ft in width, extends around the three sides of the house both on the first and second stories, giving an outside floor space of 3 500 q. ft. A never failing spring from the mountain supplies the house with fine water, which is piped all through it. The sitting room, dining room and reception room are large, and provided with open fireplaces all through. The halls are 10ft. in width and the ceilings high, giving the house a fine appearance inside. There are two bath rooms on the second floor furnished with hot and cold water, and the sleeping rooms are large, beautifully furnished, and well lighted and well ventilated, as are also the rooms reserved for the superintendent and his family. The superintendent will live in the house all the time and supply the cuisine, thus making it an acceptable place for an outing at any time in the year. The house committee expect to light the place by either gas or electric light and heat by steam by next year. The favor with which this enterprise has met in the short time since the club was organized in April last is most gratifying to its promoters, the hardest working and most indefatigable of whom were Mr. Frank Warfield and Mr. Andred Brockerhoff, of Bellefonte.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wisconsin Deer.

CHICAGO, Ill , Nov. 13.—From reports now at hand it would seem that the deer season in Wisconsin this fall has been a good one, some hunters say the best for some time. A trip down the game markets of Chicago shows many dozens of carcasses of deer hanging on the outer walls, mute testimonials of the destination of a good part of the pine woods product. Yesterday I saw one very fine buck hung up at a place on Lake street The antlers were remarkably heavy in beam and branch, and extraordinarily symmetrical. The head would have made a fine trophy.

A great many hunters have been out from Milwaukee, and one train brought down some thirty deer one day this week to that city alone. Among Milwaukee hunters who have been out are Messrs. John F. Burnham, W. C. Holtz, Dr. Stewart, Julius E Roehr and Thomas M. Dwight, who visited the South Side Gun Club preserve near Three Lakes. This party brought down six deer, the only member who failed of killing a deer being Mr. Holtz.

Mr. C. H. Matthews, of Milwaukee, has gone to Girard Junction, Wis., after deer. Several members of the Tomahawk Club are hunting near Wausaukee, in the Pike River country.

At Phillips, Wis., the deer hunting has been very good indeed. Dr. McDill and Dr Frank killed four deer between them on one day last week. Another party who went in at Phillips had twelve deer hung up at last accounts

It is reported that hunters are having fine luck at Channing, Floodwood and Sidnaw. I presume the best of the hunting is found south of the strip which was swept by the heavy forest fires two years ago, at which time there was a practical exodus of the deer from a large territory in upper Wisconsin and Michigan.

At Iron Belt, Wis., on Nov. 10 local hunters killed a fine buck near the edge of town. It was a six-pronged buck and weighed over 250lbs.

Wolves in Wisconsin.

The timber wolf usually follows the deer pretty closely, and although few wolves have been seen in Wisconsin of late years the animal has been by no means absent over a large district of that country. Deer hunters sometimes report seeing the tracks of wolves in the snow, and I knew of one hunter, a rather timid gentleman, who two years ago lost all the pleasure of his deer hunt in Wisconsin because he saw too many wolf tracks. On Nov. 10, near Neillsville, Wis., two Indians, John White and Big Soldier, killed two big timber wolves which they found, like themselves, engaged in the pastime of hunting deer.

Accidentally Shot.

Mr. John M. Clarke, a prominent attorney of Milwaukee, while out deer hunting near Wausaukee this week, accidentally shot himself through the hand, inflicting an awkward, though not very serious wound. Mr. Clarke was hunting with members of the Tomahawk Club He shot himself while walking in the woods with his friend, Mr. Dixon. No one knows how the rifle happened to go off just as Mr. Clarke's hand was over the muzzle, but that is the sort of time usually selected by a rifle for going off without logical reasons, more especially a rifle known to be entirely empty. It is an extremely good rule about firearms never to point them at anything you do not want shot, then they are not so liable to go off. Mr. Clarke received early medical attendance, and being only about a dozen miles from the railroad, was taken to Wausaukee, and thence reached his home in Milwaukee.

Minnesota Deer.

Reports from the Minnesota deer country are at this date not very flattering, although it is difficult to get any adequate idea of the moose and deer crop. But very few moose have been killed, so far as known, and also very few deer, comparatively speaking. The authority best qualified to report on the results of the season says: "I estimate that not one deer in ten will be killed this year as compared to last year, and I think I would be safe in saying not one in twenty. The weather is responsible for this state of affairs in Minnesota, not the scarcity of game. In my trip I traveled over about 100 miles of the finest deer country in the world You know we have had no snow in Minnesota thus far this season, and everything is very dry, and you cannot get any place without making a noise. It is impossible to still-hunt deer in weather like this. Then, our new law making it obligatory on a man to accompany his deer to the place of destination, is going to save a lot of deer that would otherwise be killed and marketed."

Killing of Minnesota Warden.

In a private letter to me this week, Mr. S. F. Fullerton, executive agent for Minnesota, says that he has just returned from a long and hard trip taken for the purpose of investigating the murder by Indians of Warden Wetsel, which was earlier reported in FOREST AND STREAM. There seems to be no question that this was a cold-blooded murder. The Indians, or a great many of them, seem to imagine they can commit all sorts of depredations, and as long as they reach the reservation they will be safe. The poor fellow was literally stabbed to death and then clubbed after death. If he had been of a quarrelsome disposition or a drinking man there might have been some excuse, but he was just the opposite, and everyone who knew him in that vicinity speaks in the highest possible terms of him. He was a man who was not afraid of anything, but of a very quiet disposition. The evidence all goes to show that Wetsel fired the three shots he did while he was on his back and he must have had a desperate struggle for his life against such fearful odds, as he had seventeen knife wounds in his body besides being clubbed.

Mr. Fullerton says that the Indians have been trying to make trouble ever since the order of Commissioner Jones, compelling them to observe the game law. The new Indian agent, Mr. Sutherland, will have the order of the commissioner absolutely obeyed by the Indians, no matter how sullen and ugly they become over it. The State Commission will see that the authorities in Beltrami county push the prosecution against the Indians who killed Wetsel, providing that they recover from the wounds inflicted by the latter before his death.

All who are interested in energetic game protection will be glad to hear that Mr. Fullerton has recovered almost entirely from the injuries received in an encounter with the express company's men, at Staples, Minn. He was badly kicked by these men during the scrimmage, but thinks nothing serious will come of it. Mr. Hay, superintendent of the express company, is making investigation of this matter. The company, after being warned, carried this game out of the State, and on the whole, it would seem, made out a very bad case for itself. There is every probability in the world that before it gets through with this little matter, this particular express company will conclude that it does not own the entire State of Minnesota.

Still we continue to hear good news from the practical protection in Minnesota. Some twenty seizures of game have been made where parties did not accompany their game, as required to do under the law. This has been making trouble for the commission men, who prefer to have the game, and not the owner thereof, make appearance at their places of business. The Minnesota partridge law is working splendidly, and it is claimed will save 75 per cent. of this kind of game this year, no very large shipments of partridges having been spotted so far.

Ducks.

Nobody seems to know what became of all the ducks this fall. As reported generally, the season in the Northwest started in with a rush, but this would seem to have been shooting mostly on local birds, the wildfowl having bred in unprecedented quantities all over Minnesota and Dakota. It was expected that the supply would still be larger when the Northern flight began, but though millions of ducks were expected in Minnesota, but very few of them came through that way. We have not heard of them on the Wisconsin and Illinois line of flight, and it is now about time they were coming if they are to be here at all. The Kankakee shooting was about *nil* On the Illinois River, the duck shooters mostly whistled: "There'll come a time, some day." I know of nine actual ducks being killed in Illinois this week, these being shot by A W. Carlisle, Calumet Heights Club, along the beach of Lake Michigan.

Mr. Mershon, high chief of the Saginaw crowd, says that the duck shooting in Dakota was immense. He also gives another tip or two about the Western trip of his party, but I shall not forestall his coming account of their adventures by running in advance sheets on him.

Gokey, of Dawson.

I regret to see that history is repeating itself in the case of Gokey, of Dawson, whom I have earlier mentioned as the chief citizen of North Dakota. Success and prominence in any line of life bring with them the certainty of envy, calumny and backbiting. Napoleon had enemies, and so had Washington. And although that would have appeared impossible, so it seems has Gokey. Can it be that Gokey has failed to advertise his dental parlors, his harness shop or his photographic studio in the columns of a certain local paper of Dawson? If this be not the case, why should this paper so assail the public character of Gokey, of Dawson, as it does in the following malicious paragraph:

> The case of E C. Nafus vs Cook and his party, was called for last Friday, Justice Gokey presiding Nafus claimed Cook and his party set a prairie fire which did him and others much damage. Six jurors were chosen with much care—taking a whole day in the selection. The plaintiff called several good witnesses, but the defendant had NONE—Cook himself refusing to go on the stand; but in the face of all this, the Honorable? Judge took the case from the hands of the jury and dismissed the case Moral See to it VOTERS that ALL officers of our free country—celebrated all over the world for her "trial by jury"—are American born citizens and not uneducated foreigners.

As I have earlier stated in these columns, Judge Gokey was born in New England, and it has never been judiciously proven of record in any of the courts of this country that a Yankee is entitled to be called a foreigner. He may be a little odd, but he is not necessarily a foreigner. Even if it were true that Gokey were a foreigner, the only thing that Dawson needs is a few more such foreigners, in order to have the seat of Government removed from Washington to Dawson. The further comment of Mr. Gokey's character as a judge is not worth notice by him. The only trouble with that editor man is that he can't be justice himself, and can't shoot ducks half as well as Gokey can. I trust the latter will make him feel bad by sending him a few ducks, and also a few turnips, so that he can get through the winter. As for me, although I have a certain sympathy for any newspaper man, I cannot sit idly by and see any member of the profession, able as he may be, heap wanton abuse upon officials in power. Moreover, while I have never seen this editor, I think Gokey can lick him.

From the Sandhills.

The weird sandhill region south of this city this week produced two specimens unusual for this region, both birds killed not far from the Calumet Heights club house. Mr. W. S. Schmidt killed a genuine raven, with a beak as long as his finger and a spread of 46in. from tip to tip of the wings. Mr. J. Williams killed a snowy owl whose wings stretched nearly as wide as a man's arms could reach. I have not heard of either of these species being seen near Chicago at any time in the last ten years.

Personal.

Mr. Charles H. Kingsbury, of Rochester, N. Y., lately of Spokane, Wash., made a pleasant call at the FOREST AND STREAM office this week. Mr. Kingsbury is just back from a hunt in the Okanogan country in northwest Washington, on the dry side of the Cascade range This region was once a famous one for sheep, but Mr. Kingsbury says that the supply now seems much cut down, and he saw not one where he would have seen ten a few years ago. He did not see one mature ram in a two weeks' hunt, though he killed one young ram. The camp was not without venison, and Mr. W. B. Lee, one of the party, also of Rochester, likewise killed a sheep, a very fair ram, which was the first mountain sheep he had ever seen. The party camped about sixteen miles from Loomis, which is the end of a sixty-mile stage line that runs up north of the Columbia River. Mr. Kingsbury thinks that the game of that section is rapidly diminishing.

Mr. H. Thorn, of the Nickel-Plate Railroad of this city, leaves next week for a trip on the plains south of Pueblo, where he will visit a horse ranch and have a little try for antelope and other game.

Mr. Robert Ansley, of Westville, Ind., called this week. He says there are a few quail in his part of the country. He reports the Kankakee bottoms very dry, and says the bass have all gone to the headwaters in Deep Lake, where they are now biting well. On one day last week Mr. Ansley and a friend saw a curious phenomenon on Deep Lake. Over a large extent of water the fish were leaping by hundreds, so that the water was fairly churned up. The fish were large, but he could not tell of what variety He was told that the fish were carp, which seems a trifle singular. I would about as soon expect to see a hog jump a five-bar gate as to see a carp jump of his own free will.

The Largest Muscallonge.

I have been paying some attention to the record weights of muscallonge of this region for the past few years. The one mentioned last week, 40lbs., taken in Woman Lake, Minn., was the largest known for this year. I never heard of a larger 'lunge taken in Wisconsin than 55lbs , though a guide told me that he once saw a fish of that weight taken by a gentleman from Wausau. I saw a head at a Madison street butcher shop which was described as coming from a St. Lawrence 'lunge, weighing 75lbs. This may have been, and probably was, only guesswork. This week I saw hanging over the desk of Mr. J. W. Rudolph, of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., the heads of two muscallonge which I think are the largest I ever saw. These fish were taken two years ago in Muskegon Bay, on the west shore of the Michigan South Peninsula, in the nets of market fishermen. One of them was a male and the other a female, the former weighing 65½lbs. and the latter 65lbs. even. The male fish was taken on one day and the female the day following, in the same net. It has been a long time since I have known of any muscallonge being taken in Lake Michigan, as the fish is becoming scarce in all the Great Lakes. It would seem that after all we must go to the biggest waters for the biggest fish Incidentally I might say that we must go to Chicago for the biggest fish story; because Muskegon is but a little way from Chicago. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

MAINE GAME AND HUNTERS.

BOSTON, Nov. 13.—Conductor F. L. Gardner, of the Maine Central Railroad, with Mrs. Gardner, has returned from Lilly Bay, Moosehead. Mrs, Gardner is credited with shooting a fine buck deer at 200yds., with a rifle. F. A. C. Hill and E C. Ostry, of Pawtucket, R. I , are out with a big bull moose from Coxabexis Lake, in the Chessuncook region. A. T Rowell, of Hardy Corner, a few miles above Brewer, reports two drunken hunters firing a ball through his trousers as he was sawing wood in his yard. The fellows were dressed like city sports, and were a good deal surprised that Mr. Rowell was not a deer or a moose, though he claims not to look like one, nor does the noise of his woodsaw resemble the notes of either moose or deer. A sportsman was washing face and hands in Sebac Lake recently, kneeling at the water's edge. Two hunters suddenly rounded a point in a boat. It was dusk; but without waiting to see what the object might be, the hunters let fly a bullet, which whizzed close by the kneeling camper's body. He jumped up, and yelled murder to the top of his lungs. The hunters in the boat shouted, "Heavens, 'tis a man!" and were quickly paddled out of sight.

There are reports of deer being dogged in the vicinity of Holden, Me. A hunter, who has lately been there, says that he heard the hounds nearly every day he was out, and reports came to his camp of remarkable success at camps a short distance away.

There is a good deal of earnest talk in Maine about securing the passage of a law, at the next session of the Legislature, compelling non-resident sportsmen to employ registered guides in every instance. Commissioner Carlton is reported to be in favor of it, and the fact that so many hunters who go there seem to be unable to tell a moose or a deer from a man will be urged in favor of such a measure. It is also reported that the wealthy and influential lumber landowners are going to work for it. They claim that they shall feel far safer in regard to fires if no sportsman is allowed on their lands unless accompanied by a native of the section, who is presumed to understand the nature of the forest and the danger from fires. The timber land-owners say that many thousands of dollars loss are traceable to careless and inexperienced sportsmen and hunters, and they will demand that the State take hold and protect their interests as well as the fish and game. Among the wealthiest and most extensive lumber land-owners are Gov. Powers and ex-Gov. Burleigh. Whatever they ask for in the Legislature is very likely to be granted.

Another happy hunting party has returned to Boston. The names are W. J. Higgins, Dick Murphy, Al. McInnes, Dave Power, Walter Pinkham, Henry Stoddard and M. J. O'Hearn. Each of the party shot two deer, except Mr. Power, who got one. He also had the good fortune to secure a *Loup cervier*, which is reported to have swam toward his canoe for an attack, but was shot when within 5ft. of it. The total weight of the deer loaded at the Union Station on the evening of their return was 1,541lbs. The party hunted about thirty miles from Wesley, in the Machias region. Other hunters want to know how they succeeded in getting so near to the law's quota of deer, and also how it was that the *Loup cervier* happened to be in the water, since all of the cat family abhor that fluid? A couple of Plymouth, Mass., clergymen are just out of the Maine woods with a moose and a caribou. The latest reports say that the snowstorm of Thursday night and Friday left 6in on the ground in some parts of Maine and New Hampshire, furthest from the seacoast. This will make excellent deer hunting. Deer to the number of over 4 000 have already been shipped out over the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad up to date, if reports are true.

SPECIAL.

Maine Game Records.

THE Bangor & Aroostook Railroad passenger department gives out its game record for October, 1897, in the following table, which shows the amount of game shipped from the stations of the road:

Shipped from.	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.	Shipped from.	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
Caribou	3	2	..	Schoodic	84	..	..
Presque Isle	..	1	2	Brownville	12	..	..
Fort Fairfield	..	1	..	Milo	3	..	..
Houlton	1	..	..	Alton	1	..	..
Oakfield	2	..	..	Ashland	33	3	4
Island Falls	11	..	..	Masardis	15	8	..
Crystal	2	..	..	St. Croix	5	1	1
Patten	67	3	4	Weeksboro	1	..	..
Sherman	14	1	..	Smyrna Mills	2	..	..
Stacyville	58	3	5	Katahdin Iron Works	36	3	..
Grindstone	62	..	1	Brownville Jct.	4	..	..
Millinocket	31	..	..	Monson	5	..	..
Twin Dam	11	1	..	Greenville	427	11	2
Norcross	261	16	1	Shirley	2	..	..
So Twin	16	..	..	Monson Jct.	1	..	..
Perkin's Siding	24	..	..	Guilford	1	..	..
Ingall's Siding	32	1	..				
West Seboois	19	..	..	Total	1246	55	20

For comparison we give:

	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
Game shipped in October, 1894	4 9	24	10
Game shipped in October, 1895	669	53	37
Game shipped in October, 1896	10 9	79	57

The shipments of moose are from Oct 15 to Oct 31 only.

The above statement comprises only game shipped by visiting sportsmen, and does not include that killed by native hunters or the large quantities consumed in camps.

GEO. M. HOUGHTON, G. P. & T. A.

ON THE CROOKED DEAD WATER.

PROVIDING connecting railroads keep their advertised promises, and there are no cancelled trains, a ride of twenty-four hours by rail and team, starting from Boston, will land you on the edge of a great forest, in which moose and caribou abound, where streams and lakes are crowded with fish, and where feathered and fur-bearing game are found fearless and abundant.

Only the borders of this great preserve are ever disturbed, except by hardy hunters and trappers, and an occasional sportsman who is willing to endure and live as these hunters are obliged to. For there is a limit to what can be taken with you in the way of supplies, and that limit strikes very close to the actual necessities.

The lumbermen have penetrated only the edges of this territory, and they have about reached the limit of the belt of marketable lumber. Besides that, recent tariff legislation in a bordering State has lessened the incentive, profit, to further advance, except at a much slower pace.

The center of this tract, about seventy-five square miles, had not been cruised or surveyed until a short time before our party visited this section.

As has been said, the lumbermen have entered the edges of this country, and their portage roads are the only highways except for long circuitous ways by water, and here the long carries discount any advantage that way may have.

These portage roads are, in their beginnings at the settlement or clearing, well worn and easily traveled, but as you advance they grow bad as they grow long. Over treacherous bogs only thinly protected by brush and logs; on long stretches of corduroy; up sudden rises and down steep declines; over large rocks as thickly planted as pebbles on the seashore; the stumps, roots and bushes cut above the ground as high as the snow lay when the road was swamped; so the road winds its way through the woods, the partridge barely flying out of the way, the owl regarding the intruder with stupid stare, while the hedgehog makes clumsy attempts to escape observation.

Camp is made with regard to water supply, and your day's journey is long or short as its middle and end brings you to spring water.

It was to this country that two sportsmen traveled at the opening of the hunting season of 1897. It had taken well near a year of correspondence to complete their arrangements, which were as near perfect as could be in a new country and under strange conditions. It had been their good fortune to have the suggestion and recommendation of Mr. Frederic Irland, Washington, D. C., and without the kind offices of Mr. W. T. Chestnut, Fredericton, N. B., many of the important details would have necessarily been neglected and the journey lacked much of its smoothness. And in this connection it can be said that from the time the line was crossed till the return was made they were the recipients of so many kind and thoughtful attentions from every one they met, that they were made to feel as though they were among their own people.

A trip like this could not be made to advantage under six weeks, so that while their hopes and anticipations were high, it was with some misgivings that the start was made on an excursion that would take them so far from home and friends, and into a country where communication with the outer world ended as they entered the woods, and could not be resumed till the return trip brought them to the clearing again.

The start was made from Boston on the evening of the last day of August, and after several vexatious delays the last night in a bed was passed under Holt's hospitable roof in Pleasant Ridge settlement, Northumberland county, N. B.

"Jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top,"

when, breakfast finished, we come out to find our team loaded with supplies and camping outfit, and the guides, cook, helper and teamster waiting for the start. The veteran Henry Braithwaite had charge of the party, and to his energy, thoughtfulness, patience and large experience is due the auspicious beginning and successful ending of the trip.

Early as we were, a lumbering party had started before us. Our goods were taken to the edge to the clearing on a wagon, transferred to a wooden-shod sled, and here the actual journey commenced.

It required the united attention of teamster and men to see that the load was safe, and to help the team over rough and dangerous places. Once it was necessary to stop to reshoe the sled, and twice the horses narrowly escaped serious injury from bog and treacherous roots.

We traveled ahead, watching for game, with an occasional shot at partridge, owl or porcupine, taking note of familiar scrub or herb, gathering strange plants, or, resting on some convenient log by the roadside, talked of previous trips and compared them with the one we were making. As each day's walk neared its end, the guides would come forward to select a camping place. It was interesting to watch the dexterity and speed with which all details of camp making were accomplished, so that by the time the team reached the spot dry wood had been gathered, trees felled for the night's fire, tent poles cut and in place, and the fragrant bed of spruce boughs carefully spread. Then the cook gathers his kettles and pots about the fire and cleverly mixes the dough in the flour bag, the tin baker meanwhile warming before the merry blaze. As the bread bakes, the meat is cooked, potatoes boiled, tea made, and in an incredibly short time seven hungry men respond to supper call. This important function over, a pleasant hour is spent stretched out on blankets under a shelter tent before a roaring fire. Plans for the following day are discussed, incidents of other trips related, the pleasantries and mimicry of the clever story-teller listened to, and all the warmth and comradeship of the genuine camp-fire felt and enjoyed. But the effects of ten hours' hard tramping become evident in sounds of slumber from the men's tent, and soon the wakeful one is alone with his thoughts and the weird night sounds of the forest.

Four days we traveled, stopping at some brook or spring to boil the mid-day kettle of tea, and eat our lunch of eggs, bacon, fresh baked bread and potatoes, camping by wide-spreading lake or beaver made pond, in the forest silence or near some deserted lumber camp or depot. At last we said good-by to happy Jim and his faithful, patient, honest pair of horses, camped for the night, and the following morning, shouldering our packs, started on the last stage of our journey. Here we left the portage road and for the rest of the distance followed a narrow trail cut by our guides.

This day we first saw a pirogue or dug out. We had seen many samples of the woodsman's craft, but this, hewn out of a solid log, with only the axe for tool, gave conclusive evidence of his skill and artistic eye. These boats, which we had always supposed to be unstable, rough and uncouth in appearance, we found to be safe, durable, and built on lines as pleasant to look at as any boat we ever saw.

Two hours' ride in these boats down the Crooked Dead Water, by bogs and barrens, along wooded shores, through the Jaws, by the Gulquark Branch, around Ough Island to the head of the quick water, brought us to the camp, situated in a grove of trees about 100yds. from the shore. This was to be our home for the next four weeks.

It was with some apprehension that we viewed our accommodations. The camp was built like a right-angled triangle, the roof the hypothenuse, a smoke hole for chimney, and an opening in the side for entrance. There was no floor, and the fire was built on the ground against the front end of the camp. We found, however, that this style of camp was warm, comfortable, free from smoke, and without the cold drafts of the stove camp to which we had been accustomed. Side of the camp was a shed to store supplies, and here the cook prepared the mysteries of his art, and we, the guests, ate them in state at a little table of his manufacture.

It was now the middle of the second week in September. The moon was passing out of the third quarter into the full, and the commonly-considered best time for moose calling was at hand. Except, however, as the moon might influence the movements of our game in search of their mates, and so in our way, she was not considered as a factor in our anticipations of sport. Our guide called only by daylight. Before the trip was over any skepticism on this point was entirely removed and our ideas on the subject of moose calling had wholly changed.

But an unusual factor negatived any influence the moon might have. The weather was extremely warm; the foliage wore the green of summer; and the moose were as completely hidden and unapproachable as could be imagined. We were not idle, however.

Excellent fishing was at our door, and while one of us, under the guidance of the cook, who was a clever fisherman, tempted the speckled beauties, the other tramped over bog and barren, up hardwood ridges and along streams and lakes looking for the gallant moose.

One of the pleasantest excursions was a four days' trip to the Little Sou' West Miramichi Lake. Lumbering operations have at present spoiled this country for big game; but when the logs are all cut, the lumbermen gone and the woods given back to the game from which it was taken, it will be the beau ideal spot for the sportsman. It is comparatively easy of access, affords good opportunities to call and still-hunt game, is a fine fishing ground, and a favorite resort for ducks.

We visited Deer, Moose and Indian lakes—waters never hunted before by sportsmen. On the latter and its outlet we saw, in broad daylight, otter and beaver. Here the dams and large houses of the latter were the best samples of their work we had seen, though afterward, at Fox Lake, we saw more extensive and fresher works.

While signs of moose were plenty and an occasional answer was heard, we failed to get the coveted shot

Toward the middle of the month our headquarters was changed to Irland Camp, situated in the heart of a new moose country. Trails had been cut through this, and these were frequented by the moose. It was some time, however, before we were fortunate enough to meet any under favorable conditions to shoot. It was after a hard day's tramp to Indian Lake, that our party was returning to camp about sundown. The writer was in the lead, tired, hungry, and wondering how much longer beans would be the chief item on the bill of fare. A sudden turn in the trail brought us to the top of a sharp decline. The moss-covered path smothered any sound our tired feet might make. The wind was fair in our faces. As the head of this ridge was reached, a moose was seen about 50yds. in advance, walking down the trail. With a remark hardly suited for a warden's ears, the .45-70 was brought to shoulder, a quick, steady aim taken, and an invitation sent to Sir Moose to dine with us the next day. The invitation was accepted after a very short deliberation, and as we reached the spot where he was waiting, none of us were sorry the invitation had been tendered and accepted. The ball had gone from end to end of as handsome a young bull as ever roamed the forest. Two days after our second moose was shot, and the same day we lost the largest head seen on the trip. There were two interesting experiences connected with this day's sport: the approach of the one we got, the retreat of the one we lost. As the former stole, then crashed through the brush toward us, there was a mixture of caution, desire and defiance in his deep-lunged cough, which made it evident he was alone, desired company, an was looking for fight if need be. And when he broke through the bushes at the edge of the stream, the look he gave us embodied all these feelings. A single shot ended the entertainment.

Success had made us confident of the result of a well-directed shot from our rifles; but when an old bull walked off with four 500-grain bullets in points of his body that would have made the escape of a younger animal impossible, confidence in our guns was shaken. We followed his trail for a day and a half without success. No doubt he will be food for the foxes this winter, but that won't help us.

Our last was interesting, because it was a very fine head of 51in. spread and eighteen well-marked points; because it gave evidence of the caller's skill, supplemented by excellent generalship in taking the best possible stand from which to shoot, and because it demonstrated the effectiveness of the English express rifle. This was a very old and, as we found when dressing him, tough bull. His position for the shooter was not over favorable, yet a bullet from a Tisdale express crashed through bone and tissue, making a wound from which he could not rally or travel any distance.

This happened on the last day of our stay in the woods, a fitting climax to a most enjoyable trip. The next day we passed up the Crooked Dead Water for the last time. The curtain of leaves which had hidden the shores when we went down had fallen; the ridges were a mass of yellow, with here and there a tall spire of green; ducks and geese were starting on their southward flight, and we followed with forced marches.

Good luck and extra effort shortened our outward trip by a day, and on Oct. 8 we bade good-by to five pleasant acquaintances and took the train for the place from whence we came.

We can truly say there is a vast difference between hunting moose and a moose hunt, and that the place to have the latter is in New Brunswick. GORDON PARKER.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

THE JACKSON'S HOLE ELK CASE.

J. W. SAMMON, County and Prosecuting Attorney, Uinta County, Wyo.—EVANSTON, Wyo., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to your favor of recent date, relative to outcome of controversy between myself and Attorney-General Fowler, touching certain elk in the possession of one Adams, etc., I herewith, under separate cover, mail to your address *News-Register*, which gives desired information.

J. W. SAMMON.

From the Evanston (Wyo.) News-Register, Oct. 30.

In the Adams elk case, which has created considerable newspaper comment between County Attorney Sammon and Attorney-General Fowler, a four-ace hand was evidently held and the opportunity only awaited the playing by our county attorney.

It will be remembered that County Attorney Sammon took issue with the interpretation of the law as put forth by the attorney-general, he (the attorney-general) claiming that no permit could be granted and that the feed and care given the elk was a loss to be sustained by the parties who took them in. Prosecution was demanded at the hands of the higher official, but in this the county attorney refused to abide, on the grounds that no offense had been committed.

It will further be remembered that these elk were not taken by way of captivity, but that they were held in care for protection only, being in a half-starved condition when found upon the premises of the parties in controversy. Again, the County Attorney held that the elk were not taken up in violation of the game law, but were gathered only as a matter of protection, and that the holders of the property should be allowed just expenses or a permit to ship.

Now, after much objection on the part of the Attorney-General, comes Gov. Richards, who practically sustains Mr Sammon in his rulings, in so far that he grants to Harvey K. Glidden, a zoölogical manager of New York, a permit to ship the forty head. While the subject under discussion will most likely come up again, still it must be contended that to County Attorney Sammon belongs "first blood," and, although he is slightly disfigured, he is still in the (Court House) ring.

Birds and Bob-Tailed Horses.

PRINCES BAY, Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* I have just returned from a week's shooting in the vicinity of Mastic, L. I. J. and myself had fair sport—yes, you might say good luck, taking the weather into consideration; for we only had one clear day while there, and that day we brought to bag twelve quail, two partridges and two woodcock. The other days our score was small; but we cannot complain, as it was purely our fault we did not hit all the birds we shot at. There was one bird I shot at and made a clean miss, which I afterward procured in a very unsportsmanlike manner. I marked the bird where he went down, and after we had tramped around after several more I said to J.: 'Come over this way and we will get the bird I missed so nicely. The bird lit right in there ahead of you." "I know it, Dot is 'making game;' he is on a point now." I came up, and surely enough, there stood Dot looking straight up in the air, stiff as a rail. "Will," said I, "I never saw him point that way before."

I went toward the dog and naturally looked up a little myself and there, not 6ft. away and about 4 or 5ft. from the ground, hung the lifeless but still warm body of the quail I had shot at a few moments before. It had lit on the ground and run along until it saw a nice little opening in the brush to go through, then it was caught with a nicely arranged piece of horse hair, thrown into the air and hanged by the neck until dead. We took the quail from the snare and put it with the rest, so we had snared game in our possession.

After that little experience we took notice, and counted in all nearly 1,000 snares in the woods around Mastic and Moriches. I think there should be a law passed prohibiting snaring, because it is dangerous to walk around among them; if your foot happens to strike the spring pole, it very often happens that a hunter will get a slap across the face from it, and that is very disagreeable. I don't know as my feet are any larger than any other people's of my size, but almost every day my feet would come in contact with those devilish snares, and I even had to draw my penknife several times to cut the horse hair and fine copper wire off from my boots. One afternoon when it was raining hard, J. and I were sitting on the veranda of the Wilson House, when J. said: "Here comes another bob-tailed horse." Said I: "Have you noticed many bob-tailed horses out here?" "Yes, I have, and I don't wonder at it, when we see so many snares through the woods." A. L. H.

Maine Snow and Game.

BOSTON, Nov. 16.—Mr. Hamilton, of Lynn, is out of the Maine woods, in the vicinity of the Katahdin Iron Works, where he obtained a couple of handsome buck deer. Speaking of the shooting accidents in that State he says that they are "altogether too common," and that he learns that it is proposed to pass a law, at the next session of the Legislature, making it a penal offence to "shoot more than one man in a season."

A heavy body of snow is now on the ground in that State, from six to 10in. having fallen in many of the northern sections. Deer hunting will be especially good, and the moose hunters will rejoice that they have a chance before the end of the open season, Dec. 1. Game shipments in Maine are most remarkable. SPECIAL.

Killed by a Stone.

BRISTOL, N. H., Nov. 10.—A deer was killed in Newfound Lake, Bristol, N. H., on Monday last, 8th inst., in a rather novel way; but as the men were not in possession of firearms at the time, it was the only way they could hope to capture it.

D. P. Hardy and Cyrus Moore, while driving along the shore of the lake, saw a deer swimming toward shore. Hardy picked up a piece of rock and threw it at the deer, striking it squarely on the head, which stunned the animal, so that its head dropped under water, causing it to drown. Hardy then waded in and dragged out the deer, which proved to be a fine young buck, about two or three years old, and weighed 165lbs. LANDLOCKED SALMON HOUSE.

Rhode Island Fish and Game.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream* Samuel Smith, of Pawtucket, and Sylvanus Peck, of Rehoboth, within a few days have shot six foxes in the vicinity of Rehoboth, one of which weighed 12lbs.

Codfish were never more plentiful than at present along the shore at the mouth of Narragansett Bay. No dexterity is required to make a catch, and it is even said that scarcely any bait is required, as the cod are so numerous that they sometimes bite at the bare hook. Big catches are daily reported. One day last week the Lewis Brothers, of Wickford, hooked 1,170 codfish.

Simeon Gardiner, of Wickford, captured an eel last week that was 4½ft. in length and weighed 13½lbs.

J. M. K. Southwick, a member of the State Fishery Commission, will distribute 3,000 brook trout among the park owners of Newport this month.

Thursday afternoon a strange animal was noticed in the pasture with the cows of Charles T. Chase, a milkman, near Saylesville, in the northern part of this State, and upon investigation it proved to be a good-sized wild buck deer, but it scented danger and quickly disappeared in the woods. Several persons saw the animal, which was an unusual sight in that part of the State.

Large flocks of wild ducks frequent the waters of Narragansett Bay in the vicinity of Prudence Island, but they are so wild that they keep out of range of sportsmen's shotguns. The ducks began coming into the bay about Oct. 1, and were hunted from sail boats and steam launches. At first many were bagged by this means, but they have lately become so wild from constant hunting that they now keep out of range A few ducks are taken from blinds on the shores of the rivers and upper waters of the bay at night, when they come ashore to feed.

Seldom, if ever, has a finer string of deer been seen in Providence than that displayed last week, three bucks and three does, as a part of the results of a vacation visit to the big game section by Drs. P. H. and J. W. Keefe and W. L. Munro, with Charlie Harris, Emery Perkins and Fred Ray, three hardy woodsmen, as guides. The deer were all shot within a radius of ten miles from Lake Nahmakauta, the most beautiful of the Maine lakes. W. H. M.

The New England Exposition.

ANTONIO APACHE, the Indian whose recent tour through the Maine and New Brunswick wilderness resulted in securing so many valuable features for the New England Sportsmen's show, is now in the wild regions of the far West revisiting many of the scenes of his childhood, notably those in southern Arizona, where, as an untutored Indian boy, he was captured by troops operating under Gen. Crook and sent to Fort Monroe.

While selecting from among various tribes of North American Indians the finest hunters and trappers of the several races and nations for the great Indian camp to occupy the entire stage of Mechanics' Building in March next, he has been enabled to secure an extensive collection of antique and unique specimens of Indian art of rare value, and has already shipped ten cases of Pueblo pottery, and a number of bales of carefully selected Navajo blankets, which, with rugs, robes and curios, will play an important part in the forthcoming exhibition, and will serve as valuable souvenirs for those who are fortunate enough to obtain them.

Tents of birch bark, inhabited by full blooded braves, squaws and papooses wearing rudely fashioned garments of furs and buckskin, will exemplify the aboriginal conditions of the North American Indians. The visitor will then stroll through an Indian village of the last decade, with its more brilliant and effective adornment, pausing here and there to admire the skillful handiwork of the Indian maidens, and the sturdy manhood of the braves, as they fashion their implements of warfare and deftly make bows, arrows, spears and canoes, and a great variety of traps and devices for the capture of game animals and birds. In point of realism and scenic effectiveness this Indian camp will undoubtedly prove a revelation not only to those whose journeyings have never led them beyond the confines of civilization, but to the great army of sportsmen; while the antique specimens of genuine Pueblo pottery, the brilliant and picturesque Navajo blankets, and the rugs, robes and curios will interest amateurs no less than connoisseurs in this delightful field of research, especially when shown and demonstrated by the Indians themselves.

New Publications.

THE STORY OF THE COWBOY.

THE review which appeared in the issue of Nov. 6 did simple justice to Mr. Hough's admirable book, "The Story of the Cowboy." It is a vivid and truthful picture of a splendid figure which played a heroic part in the subduing and civilizing of our West, but which occupied the public eye only for a brief quarter of a century, and then rode away into the darkness, to be seen no more.

Mr. Hough's comprehension of this figure is complete, and the measures that he has applied to it are faithful and accurate. It was time that it should have been measured and its history written, and it is fortunate that a writer so competent and so sympathetic as Mr. Hough should have undertaken the work.

It was not until the drives from the south had begun, and the cattle had commenced to invade the northern ranges and to mingle with the buffalo, which they were soon to replace, that the cowboy began to figure in the fugitive literature of the day. In the Southwest he had existed for many years before this, but always far from the railroads, and so beyond the ken of the newspaper reporter. When, however, the cattle came north and reached the railroads, the reporter met and was quick to recognize the new type and to grasp its salient points, those which came in view when the cowboy "struck" the town—his worst points and his weakest. But the reporter knew nothing then, and never came to know anything, of the cowboy's life on the range—of his industry, his endurance, and above all, his unflinching loyalty to his employer. To all these characteristics Mr. Hough has done ample justice. But the last point deserves especial emphasis, and should be referred to over and over again; for it was on precisely this point that the success or failure of the whole cattle business depended, since cowboys who were careless, unfaithful or dishonest meant ruin to the owner. No doubt from time to time there were worthless cowboys, but "Jim, the foreman," soon learned of their failure to do their work, and weeded them out. In like manner there were men for whom the continuous and severe labors of the range proved too arduous, and whose constitutions broke down under the work. The younger hands taken on from time to time felt the influence of the devotion to duty of the older men, and took a pride in doing honest work on the range. So, by a process of natural selection, a class of men grew up as cowboys to whom loyalty to the employer and enthusiasm for his interests was as natural as eating or sleeping.

The cowboy of the old cattle country would as soon have thought of losing his right hand as of letting a calf belonging to his employer be branded by another's iron. He would fight for the interests of the man who hired him to the last drop of his blood. Sometimes he might grumble and growl at bad weather, night herd or the stampede, but when the time came for action he was in his place and doing his duty. But, as Mr. Hough says, the cowboy was a silent man and did not grumble much. It was the cook who did the growling for the outfit, and indeed it may have been the cook's example that taught the cowboy to bear in silence the hardships of his life.

The ill repute of the cowboy arose from the excesses which many of his class committed when they came to the town For months at a time he was working alone on the broad free range, trusted to do his work, and bearing always a load of responsibility. On a sudden he found himself in town where he met other people, where he had no duty and was free from responsibility. Then he was like a sailor just arrived in port. He wanted to have a good time; as good a time as he possibly could. It is not inapt to call the cowboys land-sailors. They were like sailors in their isolation, in the severe labors which they performed, and in the dangers to which they were exposed. They were like them, too, in the readiness with which they yielded to temptation when they were off duty.

The cowboy is a being of the past. Brief was the time during which he rode across the spacious stage of the busy range, but while he was there he played his part bravely and well—a vigorous, indomitable and ever loyal type. He could exist only so long as the range cattle business was at its height, and with the passage of the glory of the old range, the cowboy passed too. There are still in the West good riders and ropers and cattlemen, but the cowboy is gone; the type has disappeared. He has largely become a granger; once an object of his own deepest contempt and scorn.

The Indian, the trapper and the fur-trader were the striking and picturesque figures of the old uncivilized West, which some of us can remember. They were in and of it, but they did nothing to make it productive. They took what it offered, reaping where they had not sown, and gathering where they had not strewn. There followed them the soldier, the cowboy, and the railroad builder, and a new era dawned over a vast empire. These men were civilizers, and each did his part toward increasing the resources of the world. Of them all, none—according to his opportunities—did more than the cowboy.

Let us be glad that he has found a fit historian; that one has arisen who could acceptably sing the great epic of the range. There are many thousands of men who owe Mr. Hough thanks for refreshing their fading memories of the old days, and for doing justice to a class of men to whom it was denied until after they had disappeared. G. B. G.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

ANGLING NOTES.

Trout Eggs Separating.

SOME weeks ago a correspondent wrote to know what I meant when I wrote in FOREST AND STREAM of trout eggs separating. I have not replied for several reasons, the chief of which is I do not know what I did mean, for I do not know when I wrote it. It might have been written any time during the past twenty-one years, so far as I am informed, and the correspondent does not give the issue of the paper, the month or year. I made a memorandum of the query, and put it on the hook to answer it when I got to it. Now, I have looked back over the numbers of FOREST AND STREAM for the past year, and I cannot find that I have written anything during that time about trout eggs separating. It is rather too much to expect me to look back over the twenty other years to find what I may have written. Now I cannot find the letter even, to see the language that the correspondent used, and have only the memorandum for a guide. If the issue of the paper had been given, I would have replied to the query long ago. The letter came from Cambridge, Mass., and if the writer cares enough about the matter at this late day to repeat the query and give the date of FOREST AND STREAM I will try and not lose the letter until the reply is written. It is safe to assume that I wrote of trout eggs separating in connection with spawning operations, for I can think of no other sense in which the word would be used. When the eggs first come from the fish they are not perfectly sound The eggs and milt are joined in the spawning pan and impregnation takes place; then a little water is added to the pan, which the eggs absorb until they are round and plump. During the time that absorption takes place the eggs adhere, and when it is completed they separate. This is, in brief, the only separation in trout eggs that I would be apt to write about.

Trout In New Zealand.

Mr. D. Russell, honorary secretary of the Otago Acclimatization Society, writes me from Dunedin, New Zealand, very interestingly about the fish and game of that country, and I quote a portion of his letter: "Trout in New Zealand have thriven wonderfully well from the very start, some twenty-six years ago, and at the present time the whole of our inland waters are well stocked and very large numbers are to be seen along the coast in the sea, and they run up the river to spawn in June and July.

"The largest fish that we know of having been caught in the salt water was 36lbs., and it is quite possible larger may have been caught, as fishermen are very silent on the subject, it being illegal to take them with a net.

"Although we have put large quantities of American brook trout and Loch Leven trout fry into our streams for the last twelve or fourteen years, it is very seldom that anglers catch them over 9 or 10in. long or over 1lb. in weight. All our river trout seem the same.

"This society purposes breeding as many young salmon as possible to turn out as fry and yearlings. The stock salmon grow to about 3lbs. in our ponds and produce ova for about five or six years, the eggs being as large as the eggs of a large salmon, but we lose a great many every year of the old fish in the stripping, as it takes considerable pressure to obtain the ova, and it must be severe on the parent. The fry grow well in the hatchery, and when in the smolt stages they are fine fish 6 to 8in. long, and are often caught by the anglers when they are making their way down stream the latter end of November and beginning of December. It may be possible to grow our stock fish larger if we only knew how to do it. Unfortunately in New Zealand game birds are very scarce on account of so much poisoned grain being scattered all over every winter to destroy the rabbits. As long as we have the rabbit pest we will have very little game; wild ducks and our native pigeons being the only birds we have to shoot now."

I have replied by letter to Mr. Russell's queries about feeding young fish in the hatchery and raising ponds, but I made no mention of one matter now called to my attention by copying from his letter. He says, "all our river fish seem the same." This is directly after the mention of American brook trout and Loch Leven trout. Of course, the trout first mentioned as growing so large in the sea are the brown trout, and the mere fact that they go to sea will account for their large size, for there they obtain a great supply of the best sea food. By river trout looking all alike, Mr. Russell evidently refers to brown and Loch Leven trout, and I can say that I do not know of a single instance of a Loch Leven trout egg brought to this country from Scotland that did not, when hatched, grow into a brown trout. Every one has developed the crimson spots peculiar to the brown trout, and absent from the Loch Leven. Again and again I have taken trout of different ages, hatched from Loch Leven eggs, and placed them by the side of trout hatched from brown trout eggs, and never have I seen the least difference between them; both were always brown trout pure and simple, with crimson spots. If the people of New Zealand have had a like experience with Loch Leven eggs, it is not strange that all river trout look the same, if our native brook trout (*fontinalis*) is excluded. To me it is just as evident that the 9 and 10in. trout of these rivers lack proper food, and in abundance, as it is that the brown trout running down to the sea grow very large because of the rich pasturage they find there. Food in abundance will do wonders in the way of increasing the size of various species of fish, and the absence of it will as surely dwarf the fish, but it is doubtful if feeding will materially increase the size of salmon (*Salar*) confined in fresh water beyond the figures I have quoted from Mr. Russell's letter. The late Mr. John Mowat confined sea salmon in fresh water until they arrived at the spawning age, but they were dwarfed in size from fish of same age that had access to the sea. Being an anadromous fish, the changed conditions when confined in fresh water is sufficient to account for their slow growth. Particularly when it is considered that a smolt going down to sea weighs not more than 2 or 3ozs., and two or three years later, when it returns from the sea, may weigh anywhere from 9 to 12lbs., or even more. It is the sea food that gives size and weight to the fish, and when salmon are cut off from sea pasturage it must be expected that they will be under normal size.

Trout In South Africa.

Mr. E. Latour, in the London *Field*, gives a very interesting account of his operations as a fishculturist in South Africa, and the results he obtained in the way of hatching and rearing trout in water of high temperature. Mr. Latour went out from England to hatch trout eggs for th Government of the Cape of Good Hope. The ova was sent out from England, and the eggs were from brown, Loch Leven and American brook trout. In the details of his experiments he scarcely mentions the American brook trout eggs. The Loch Leven eggs amounted practically to nothing, but he was very successful with the brown trout eggs. After satisfactory work near Capetown he put up a new hatchery 600 miles from Capetown to hatch a lot of eggs sent out from England (6,000 miles by sea) for King William's Town Acclimatization Society. He had to put up with a water supply yielding but 2,308 gallons in twenty-four hours. The water at the beginning, Feb. 15, was 70° Fahr. With considerable sediment, I will give a few extracts from Mr. Latour's diary: "March 1—Water 74° Fahr. Very hot. Temperature of hatchery 85°. March 3—Water 70°. Outdoors in shade, 87°. March 4—Water 70°. Five new troughs tarred with two coats of tar, but not charred; have ropes of fungus on sides and bottoms; one charred deeply and painted two coats of black enamel has no signs of fungus. March 5—Put some fry in rearing pond. Water in pond 71°, in hatchery 70°. March 8—Very hot day. Water in troughs, 75° Fahr.; outside in shade, 92° Fahr. March 11—Two boxes of ova arrived from Guildford, Eng., this morning. Removed trays and cooled them off, with an occasional shower of tepid water, for they unpack easier and with less danger if soaking wet. Water 74° Fahr. March 18—Ova all hatched. March 23—Fry in pond feeding well. Water 66°. April 6—All fry turned out into feeding ponds. Water 70°.

"There is no difficulty in hatching trout ova successfully and in rearing the trout afterward in water of a temperature of 75° Fahr. * * * Although I have incubated trout ova successfully in a temperature of 75° Fahr., and the fry revel in the water afterward, I do not for a moment think that naturally deposited ova would ever come to anything in such a temperature; and I think this will always prevent the *Salmonidæ* from becoming common to South Africa. At the same time, I am of the opinion that the trout can be successfully introduced to any country, provided always that a permanent river is found possessing upper waters, accessible to the fish, with a winter's temperature not higher than 60° Fahr."

This would seem to explode all preconceived ideas of

trout breeders in a climate colder than is found in South Africa. But Mr. Latour has more to say on this subject, which is of more than ordinary interest. Continuing about the introduction of trout into any country with a winter water temperature not above 60°:

"Everything depends upon the operator until a few fish can be reared and kept to give acclimatized ova. It is impossible to say which height of temperature would be fatal to the fry when hatched, for they soon came on the feed in the rearing ponds, which were innocent of any shade beyond that afforded by a few planks laid across one end; and while in charge at Stellenbosch during the hot weather the two-year-old fish fed like bulldogs in water on several occasions of a temperature, a foot below the surface, of 85° Fahr."

Mr. Latour lays stress upon running a large, full stream of water with considerable force over the eggs, which every fish breeder understands, for life and air in the water (vigor, Stone calls it) are vital qualities in rearing fish: "The dribble down a straw is enough to incubate ova in our colder clime, but abroad I like to see it swirling along in the troughs, and if the most forward of the fry will climb over each other's backs it will do no harm."

This matter of temperature for fry and adult fish has had more than ordinary interest for me for some time, and I have for a year past been in correspondence with foreign fish breeders to discover if any fixed rule can be depended upon to determine the maximum temperature with force of water flow that will be safe for rainbow and brown trout. I have known rainbow trout (stock fish) to succumb at 70.5°, and the same species of fish under apparently similar conditions to live in water several degrees higher. It is believed that rainbow and brown trout can be made to thrive in a number of waters in this State if we can arrive at just the conditions demanded without sacrificing too many fish in experimenting. Mr. George A. Seagle, Superintendent of the Wytheville station of the U. S. Fish Commission in Virginia, says: "Rainbow trout will live in warmer water than brook trout; they will thrive in 'vigorous' water at 85°, especially where there is some shade; in ponds I would consider that temperature dangerous, even with shade and a fairly good current."

When I first read that statement I was somewhat surprised, because it was so different from personal experience, then fresh in mind, but Mr. Seagle has had extensive experience with the rainbow trout and I knew that he wrote only of what he had personal knowledge, so I was satisfied that our trout died from lack of vigorous water. That is, that although the water appears to be vigorous, it was not vigorous enough for the fish. Now, what I want to get at is how can we measure the vigor of water to tell the maximum degree of warm temperature the fish will thrive in, or at least what must be avoided to save the fish. In all probability we will not arrive at any hard and fast rules, for varying conditions will upset very specific calculations, with so many elements to consider; but it is more than likely that some water now considered fit only for coarse fish may be made the habitat of brown and rainbow trout. Another statement made by Mr. Latour, furnishes food for thought and possibly experiment: "Everything depends upon the operator *until a few fish can be reared and kept to give acclimatized ova.*" How far can this be carried? If brown trout can be acclimatized to water many degrees warmer than we have believed possible. Cannot the same thing be done with our native brook trout, and the range of the fish be thus extended? Of course, there will be other things to be considered in this connection, in case the trout can be inured to warmer water than that of the fountains from which it derives its specific name. Will its game qualities be destroyed or cooked? Will its table qualities suffer, etc.? A writer in a New Zealand newspaper takes the ground that brown trout above 6 or 8lbs. in weight may lose not only their flavor but their activity; but this is probably a matter of individual taste, for there are people who prefer for the table baby trout 3 or 4in. long, fried until they are hard and crisp, and can scarcely be told by taste from a piece of leather. Taking the subject in all its ramifications, however, perhaps it would require a young man to follow it to the end, through a lifetime, to arrive at positive conclusions. A. N. CHENEY.

Niagara River Bass.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 5.—I have repeatedly told FOREST AND STREAM that I was no angler, never having put a hook and line in Niagara county's water during the thirty-five years I have resided here; but I am always interested in piscatorial matters, and when shown the photos of ninety-one small-mouth black bass, taken on Sept. 17 last, at Four Mile Point, on Niagara River below Youngstown, by Messrs. B. J. Ferguson, J. E. Emerson and J. E. Emerson, Jr, of this city, I thought the catch might interest the many angler readers of your paper. Mr. Emerson, Sr., is the efficient treasurer of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Savings Bank here, and Mr. Ferguson is a prosperous fruit dealer, and both enjoy their day off.

The ninety-one bass weighed an even 200lbs. It seems to me that that is almost too much fish for three persons to take in one day, but as I am not an angler I suppose that I cannot take an angler's interest in the excitement of capturing them. J. L. DAVISON.

Mashkinoje.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my note on the spelling of mashkinoje and wininiche in FOREST AND STREAM for Oct. 30, I made up the words from my Indian note-book vocabulary, and Mr. Cheney's appeal for something authoritative and classical has led me to hunt the thing up this morning. I find in Bishop Baragas' "Dictionary of the Otchipwe Language," 1878 edition, Part 1, this authority: "Pike (fish) kinoje. Another kind, mâshkinoje," It seems to me that that ought to act as a mordant in fixing a common name that has been protean. I feel sure that Mgr. Lafiche had a typewriter who was in a hurry to go to a ball game if he is quoted as saying that "mash" means "deformed." "Manâdes" is the word for "deformed." "Mash" means "strong." I am strong, "nin mashkawis." It is strong, "mashkawissin." Pike, "kinoje"; strong pike, "mashkinoje." ROB. T. MORRIS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

BY FRED MATHER.

(Continued.)

ONE of the good things done under the new management was shutting down the light in the building, so that the visitor can see into the water better, as the light should come through the water; but the central floor tank is too dimly lighted, which might possibly be remedied by electric lights and reflectors so arranged as to light no other places The five other floor tanks have light enough, but the central one is inclosed by pillars, and covered by a dome. In all the alterations, it was forbidden to change the historic old fort on the outside.

After it ceased to be a fort, it was a theatre, and was rechristened "Castle Carden," and here Jenny Lind sang in 1850. Then, as the city had grown too far away from the Battery, it was used as a clearing house for emigrants, and a thriving colony of rats dwelt below its decaying floors until the new place for emigrants was made on Ellis Island a few years ago. Thus it happens that the aquarium is in a circular building, the worst possible form for arranging tanks, instead of a square one, or, better yet, in the form of a cross with a circle in the middle. The tanks do not complete the circle, as on the park side, the foyer, check-room and office make the chord of an arc. As no canes or umbrellas are allowed inside, to be used to tap the glass to "stir 'em up" and scratch the plate, a check-room is a necessity, as is also a Cerberus, who stands at the portal and sees that no cane or umbrella escapes being checked. A child with a gold watch and a hammer could not work as much damage in an hour as a hundred men addicted to the cane habit would make in an aquarium in the same time; for the cane and umbrella tip always carry sharp sand, and scratched glass in such a place is opaque glass.

The semicircle of wall tanks is broken in the middle by the entrance to the engine rooms, and this break makes a convenient division of the salt and fresh-water tanks, which are on the main floor and on the gallery above. These wall tanks are not near the walls of the building, as there is space back of them for the attendants to walk, clean the tanks and



HELLBENDERS.

feed the fish. Plate glass 1in. thick is used in all these tanks, the fronts, backs and sides being wood, which in most cases is covered with white tiles. The tiles are gradually being removed and the wood covered with asphalt instead, and in time this becomes beautifully covered with vegetation of many kinds, and adds not only to the appearance of the tanks, but also to the health of their inmates.

There are two pumps which, at a very slow movement, easily throw 400 gallons each minute into the tanks. The engines and pumps are in duplicate in case of accident. There are two salt-water wells under the building, to which 10in. suction pipes run, but are so arranged that each can pump from the same well, if necessary. Of salt water there are 130,000 gallons pumped twice each day and of fresh water 26,000 gallons, making nearly a complete change of water in the tanks twice each day The big central floor tank contains 54,000 gallons; it is 38ft. in diameter and 6ft. deep, being intended for white whales or other large creatures. The six other floor tanks are 28×15ft., by 3ft. deep. On the main floor there are thirty-six wall tanks in the semicircle, and fifty-nine more in the gallery, the latter being smaller. These are 6 and 8ft. long by 4ft. wide and deep. The weight of water in the gallery tanks is 1,800lbs. on one side and 3,000 on the other, while in the wall tanks on the main floor it is 2½ and 4 tons. The daily consumption of coal is from 2½ to 3 tons, the larger amount being used in cold weather to warm the building. There are twenty-one men employed, of whom nine are in the engine room, three on at a time, for the pumping must go on night and day.

The Aquarium is closed to the general public on Mondays and Tuesdays, when the water in tank after tank is drawn down as low as the comfort of the occupants will permit, and the glass is cleaned on the inside, and such other work done as may be necessary, and which could not well go on when visitors are present, because the fish are easily alarmed when they find themselves in shallow water, and in rushing about would be bruised on the rocks. On other days visitors are admitted free of charge from 9 A M to 4 P. M., and the place is usually thronged.

If the Aquarium is ever put in charge of a Board of Trustees, as was suggested in my last article, it would be a good plan to have one day on which a charge for admission should be made. This plan works well at the American Museum of Natural History and at the Museum of Art, both in Central Park; and it not only brings in a revenue, but induces people to go there who have a horror of crowds, and would cheerfully pay the price of admission. The old Aquarium at Thirty-fifth street and Broadway received over $100,000 in admission fees the first year of its existence. I gave the figures last week from my notes, but I have no notes of the receipts in the succeeding years. The treasurer, Mr. Edgar, gave them to me in confidence; but as every one connected with the Aquarium is dead, except the superintendent, Prof. Butler, and myself, there can be no harm done in giving the figures. Taking the year as 313 week days, it will be seen that the receipts at the door were over $300 per day. The admission for adults was half a dollar, but the amount received does not indicate the attendance, for Mr. Coup was liberal with "complimentaries." Every clergyman whose address he could get received several weekly; every Saturday some school children with their teachers were invited, and we employees always had a few cards for friends; but this was the shrewd policy of a keen manager of a place of amusement The place must never be empty and appear to be unfrequented. Consequently he always showed a good front to the public, for while one may dislike a crowd, he does not like the echo of his solitary footstep in a public place.

I am freely giving expression to personal views on the management of the present New York Aquarium, because I believe that great improvements can be made in it if it is taken from the control of an ever-changing Board of Commissioners of Public Parks, appointed by a Mayor who is in office for four years, and placed under a more permanent board of trustees, who may be selected by reason of their interest in, and knowledge of, matters directly or indirectly connected with fishes, and who have some idea of the difficulties in the way of managing an aquarium, and do not expect miracles of a superintendent, as some newspaper writers seem to do. To superintend an aquarium is a trying position and requires an education in that particular line. A man who is only a fishculturist knows how to keep the few fish he has transported in cans alive, but that does not fit him to care for the food and temperature of migratory and tropical fishes. The ichthyologist and the closet naturalist, who can tell you every variation in the anatomy of fishes, is the surest man to blunder when he enters the field of aquaria, and if I had to choose between these two, I would take the first, but would want to put some old net fisherman with him to tell him some things he might not know. The ideal man for a superintendent is one who is both fishculturist, naturalist and old fisherman, with added experience in aquaria, and such a man is Dr. Bean, and you may count over the fingers of one hand without finding one who possesses all these qualifications, even if you've lost a few fingers in a saw mill.

These lines are written exactly as I think. These is no other reason for writing them than to see the Aquarium put in its best shape to be of use in educating the public to a taste for knowledge of our fishes as they are in life, and which cannot be learned from pictures and descriptions in books, nor from dead fishes on the market slabs. No dead fish, nor picture and description of it, could give a person so clear an idea of that singular creation which we call a "trunk fish," where the triangular body, broadest on the bottom and sharp on top, like a beech nut or a grain of buckwheat, is encased in an inflexible shell and can only move its mouth and its fins. One view of it in life, laboriously working its dorsal, anal and caudal fins, through what seems like port-holes in its armor, is worth a dozen pages in a text-book.

The popularity of zoölogical gardens and aquaria prove how readily the public will absorb knowledge with amusement. They have no desire to be instructed and go to these places to be amused, to pass an idle hour, and they depart with a little knowledge which has been absorbed against their wills. There is where the "zoös" and the aquariums pay, they educate the unthinking public, even if they only look at the big fishes and the seals.

To illustrate this point, and to show how the average man exhibits contempt for things with which he is familiar, and takes interest in new and strange forms for a moment only, I will tell a story. While trying to get up an aquarium for the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, the Hon. James Geddes, of New York, called my attention to three men who had come from Long Island and were looking over the salt water collection

"Look-a-here, John," said one, "that old turtle is bigger 'n your'n; it says he weighs 648lbs., an' he looks it."

"Oh, yes, mine on'y weighed a little over 200, but they get 'em bigger down in the Gulf; but see h re! If they hain't got a lot of ole horsefeet in that tank, and what anybody wants to see them for is more'n I know."

Geddes remarked: "Your Long Island friends don't care for that curious animal which you have labeled 'Simulus,' whatever that may mean; but let's crawl up behind them and listen."

When they reached the fresh water tanks they went into all sorts of wonder over the hellbenders and the proteus. "What 'n thunder 's that?" asked John. "That's the curiousest thing I've seed in the whole show. There's one feller lyin' quiet an' the other is wavin' a lot of red things to fan himself with."

They passed on, and then came a party from western Pennsylvania. Geddes nudged me, and I listened. The hellbenders had no interest whatever for them; they were familiar objects. One said: "Look at that alligator, the dirty thing; who'd a thought o' bringin' that thing to the Centennial? When we boys ketched one in the Allegany River we used ter cut the line an' let him have hook, sinker an' all, an' here's one o' the things stuck up for folks to look at."

"That's a different opinion from the Long Islanders," said Geddes, "and now wait till they run up against the horseshoe crab."

A gigantic "horsefoot," measuring about a foot across the carapace, was trying to climb up the glass front, exposing its under surface, which is so like the hoof from which it gets its popular name as to be remarked at first sight, when the Pennsylvanians saw it. "Gosh all hemlock! Jake, there's somethin' worth comin' all the way from Pit-Hole City to see. Look at its legs; there's more'n forty on 'em, an' all a goin' to wunst."

"An' it ain't got no head," said another, "on'y just a holler shell an' a lot o' legs stuck into it. There it goes over on its back, an' I'll be dingswizzled if it ain't got a tail like a three-cornered file. Say, le's go get the wimmen folks to come an' see these things."

As they moved off Mr. Geddes remarked: "That's the way it goes. The average man pays no attention to the every-day life about him, and those Pennsylvanians will study the horsefeet and know more about them before they go home than that Long Island party does which has known them from boyhood."

"Yes," said I, "and the Long Islanders will carry home a vivid impression of the large salamander which we call a hellbender, and they miscall an 'alligator.' That is where an aquarium comes in as an educational force. A man might write about these animals, figure them in magazines or in school-books for a lifetime, and he would not make half the impression on any mind that a five-minute interview with the living animal in an aquarium would."

"Do you think that fish life can be studied better in an aquarium than in the lakes, rivers or the sea?"

"Yes. In the river a man might watch for a year and not see a hellbender in the position that one is, with its back almost out of water and its legs drooping, as if it were dead. That appears to be its way of resting and possibly is what gave it its popular name, but those men who caught the benders on hooks in their boyhood's fishing trips would never see that act. If they did they would stone the animal, for they have about as great a dread of it as the average woman has of a mouse, and would never give a moment to the study of its habits. In an aquarium they will see more of it than they ever did in all their lives."

"How did it ever get the name of hellbender?"

"The origin of the name is not known to me. Jordan and other authorities give that as the popular name, and as the only choice is between that and 'alligator,' which is the local name in western Pennsylvania, we choose the former, for the animal with its slimy skin is certainly not an alligator, but the name must have come from some aquarium naturalist who had observed its bending habit, and then, after seeing that our friend was not a beauty, added a syllable to denote its infernal origin, but, as it is an animal of just as orderly and respectable habits as any other dweller in the rivers, it seems unjust to call it hard names."

"What good is it?"

"There you go, on that old question," said I. "What good is anything? This animal in its small way fills the whole round of animal life. It feeds, procreates and dies. It may be a check on the increase of other forms of life; of that I cannot say; but the big lake trout have been known to eat a hellbender, and man eats the trout. I don't believe that this world was made for man any more than it was for a hellbender; each lives as best he can and enjoys life as seems best unto him."

This did not accord with my friend's view of life, and he proposed that we should sit down and discuss this thing. Said he: "Do you seriously tell me that you believe that this world was created as much for a rattlesnake as it was for us?"

"Just as much, Jim. In our animal nature we are on an equality with the rattlesnake, or with the elephant. They are animals which differ greatly in structure, but vastly more in brain. Neither could exterminate the other, but man can kill off both when he becomes numerous enough. Man survives because he is the fittest"

"See there," said Geddes, "that big hermit crab pulled another one out of its shell and popped into it. Pardon me for interrupting your lecture."

"Don't apologize; you only illustrated it. The strongest hermit crab took the shell; the longest pole knocks the persimmons, which proves that the longest pole is the fittest"

That is the kind of talk that an aquarium suggests. It is a great object lesson, which causes men to observe fishes and aquatic animals, and to learn that they have their hopes, fears, loves, jealousies, and all the other passions, including selfishness, that man has, facts which fishing for them would never reveal. An aquarium is a greater educator in this line than a zoölogical garden, for there each species is isolated, and does not show its nature, as a tank full of pugnacious crabs displays the character of its vigilant and pugilistic tenants. No museum can teach us as much as an aquarium can, for there we see not only the different forms of aquatic life, but they are much nearer to their natural conditions than are caged animals; they seem to be unconscious of the presence of spectators, because the latter are not in as strong a light as are the fishes.

The city did a grand thing when it converted the old building into an aquarium after it was no longer used as a place for receiving emigrants, and it came about in this way: One day Mr. E G. Blackford, then president of the State Fish Commission, met Mr. Meyers, the city Comptroller, and asked: "What are you going to do with old Castle Garden, now that you have another place for emigrants, and there's nothing in the old place except rats?"

"We haven't thought about it," said Mr. Meyers. "It's a building of too great historical interest to be torn down, but just what use can be made of it I don't know. Can you suggest something?"

"Yes," said Mr. Blackford; "the best thing you can put it to is to make a public aquarium in it. Give the people a chance to see not only different kinds of fish, but also how they use different means of locomotion; how they breathe, eat, and how they live in the rivers and in the seas, and yet differ as much, or more, in their ways as the land animals do."

Mr. Meyers answered: "That's a good suggestion, Mr. Blackford; but we must bring the matter before the Park Board in some shape, so that they will approve the plan and get the State Legislature to sanction it and make an appropriation for the purpose. If you will make a ground plan of some sort and send it to me, it will serve to start the movement for an aquarium."

Thus it began in the brain of one man, spread to the Park Board and then to the State Legislature. But unfortunately Mr. Blackford, in his busy life as merchant, banker and other business, was not consulted about the beginning of the work, as he should have been, and in a former article I have shown how the Aquarium was badly managed by an incompetent superintendent, who was only dismissed after he had completed the work so far that it needed to be built all over again. The present superintendent has done enough of this to put the Aquarium in running order. Two weeks ago the gallery tanks were opened to the public, and all the tanks are watertight.

Lest it be thought that I am too severe on the first superintendent, and designer, for he seems to have had his own way in all his plans, let this instance suffice: A 10in. pipe supplied the tanks on one side of the building, and for an outflow he had two 5in. pipes. Any schoolboy would have said that if you put two 5in. circles together they will cover about half of a 10in. circle, and all through the Aquarium the waste pipes were too small. If they were equal in size to the supply pipe, the fact that the water from the latter came in under pressure with an increased flow was overlooked. I hate to scold, but if ever there was a gross case of mismanagement in any public work greater than this I don't know of it.

So much space has been taken up by the history of the Aquarium and other matters, that the interesting creatures in the tanks have been neglected. Next week they will have an inning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

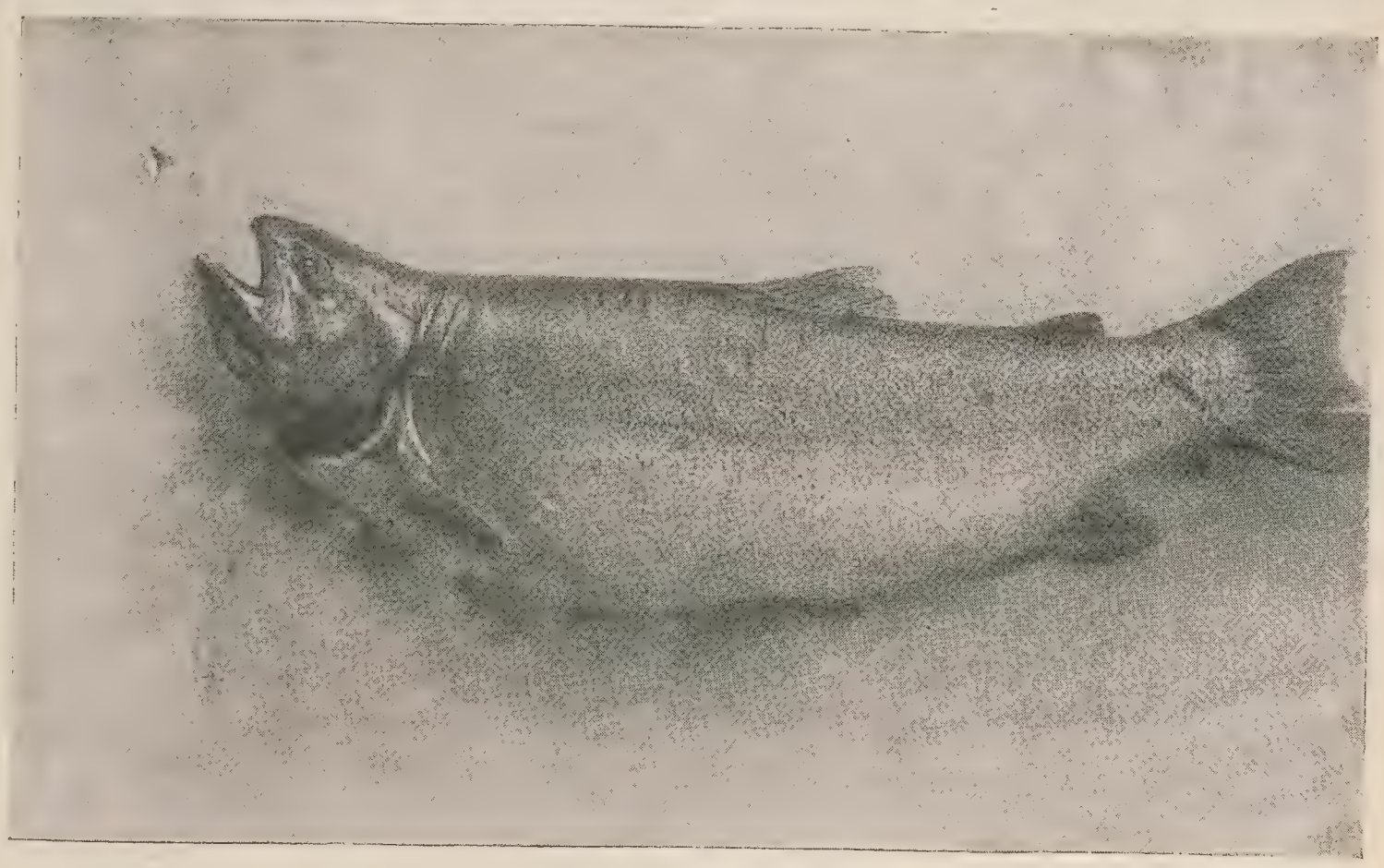
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THE FISH COMMISSION AND COMMERCIAL FISHERMEN.

BY W. E. MEEHAN.

Read before the Pennsylvania Fisheries Convention, Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 15.

THE interests of the Fish Commission are those of the commercial fishermen. Between the two the closest and most cordial relations should exist, and remain unbroken. Unhappily, however, this desirable state of affairs does not prevail throughout the entire State. Among many commercial fishermen there is an unreasonable disposition to look upon the Fish Commission as their natural enemy, instead of, as is the fact, their best and strongest friend. The extent and intensity of this feeling varies according to locality. In some places, as for instances the Delaware Valley and Lake Erie, the feeling of animosity is almost entirely absent, or at most mildly antagonistic among isolated individuals, who, as a rule, are natural and persistent lawbreakers and poachers, and the majority of the commercial fishermen are staunch supporters of the Commission. In others, notably the Susquehanna Basin, the bitter feeling is still so intense as sometimes to lead to the shooting at and wounding the fish wardens while in the performance of their duties. It is idle to deny either the extent or the strength of this feeling of antagonism, for the evidences are abundant and may even be found in the Legislature The one comfort and encouragement which the Fish Commission may take to itself is that a few years ago the fishermen of the Delaware Valley, and to some extent of Lake Erie, who are now its staunch supporters, were as bitter as many of those of the Susquehanna Basin to day, and it may hope in time to prove their devotion to the latter's interests as effectually.



A TROUT OF THE GUNNISON.

Caught by F. C. Brown, of Fox Lake, Wis., in the Gunnison River, Colo., Aug. 18, 1897. Weight, 12lbs.

The element which fosters antagonism to the Fish Commission is composed chiefly of those who wish to fish how, when and where they please, regardless of the rights of others or the maintenance of the food fish supply. They find sympathizers among those who are inclined to look upon fish as *feræ naturæ*, and therefore the lawful prey of anyone and at any time. They also have at least passsive supporters among those who ignorantly suppose that the Commission labors chiefly in the interests of the sportsman angler. The contention that the interests of the commercial fishermen are subordinated to those of the sportsman anglers is the greatest difficulty which the Commission has to contend with in coming to a friendly understanding with the former, although it is the easiest to disprove. It seems strange, but it is often in vain that it is pointed out that of 100,000,000 to 160,000,000 fish distributed every year, less than 4,000 000 are what are called game fish, while the remainder are practically commercial fish only, namely, shad, white fish and wall-eyed pike or Susquehana salmon. The answer almost invariably is, "The Commission won't allow us to use fish-baskets, fyke nets, eel-weirs or outlines, although we only wish to catch eels." This is followed usually by the declaration that very few game fish are taken in fish-baskets or eel-weirs. A curious phase of this declaration is, that it is persistently reiterated in the face of the presentation of overwhelming evidence to the contrary. The experience of the Commission, and of all who have any knowledge of such devices, flatly contradicts the claim that fish-baskets or eel-weirs capture or hold few game fish; but while I speak entirely for myself, and without the authority of the Pennsylania Fish Commission, I say emphatically, that I believe the Fish Commission would withdraw all opposition to the use of fish baskets and eel-weirs in such streams as the Susquehanna, if only the catching of game fish and eels were concerned. My confidence in this is founded on the knowledge that the Fish Commission regards the commercial food fish industry as paramount to the sportsman anglers' interests, great as they are. This is abundantly shown by the vast preponderance of commercial fish fry distributed every year in comparison with those of trout, black bass and other game fish, by the capacity of the hatching stations devoted to the rearing of the former and by the amount of money expended therefor. But the financial returns of the commercial fishermen, where the laws can be enforced, should be the most convincing proof that the Fish Commission is working in their interests. The increase in the value of the commercial fisheries of the State, have been more than $1,000,000 a year for the last seven years. It may confidently be said that if the Susquehanna Basin fishermen would give the Fish Commission hearty coöperation, the increase five years hence would be nearly $1,750,000.

The vital objection to the use of fish baskets and eel weirs is not so much that they catch and hold game fish but that they destroy the most highly prized food fish known as the shad; that in this manner, not the sporting interests but the commercial interests suffer. There can be no successful contention against the proof which can be advanced concerning the destructiveness of baskets with respect to shad. The annual half million dollar catches in the Delaware, where there are no such devices, and the few thousand dollar catches in the Susquehanna, where destructive contrivances exist, would convince anyone who desired the truth.

There is no doubt that the fishermen along the Susquehanna and its tributaries in Pennsylvania have a real grievance in the fact that Maryland permits her citizens to fish the river within her borders how and when they will, but that is not the fault of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. This body has been fighting for years to have a stop put to the use of over destructive devices in that State and will continue until that desired end is gained.

It may be also claimed by some that the Fish Commission is too sweeping in its condemnation of many devices for catching fish. Among the contrivances employed are some less destructive than others, and perhaps if the commercial fishermen on the Susquehanna and elsewhere were to send or appoint a strong and reasonable delegation to discuss the matter with the Fish Commission some understanding could be arrived at, which would be satisfactory to all around. This is a matter to which the earnest consideration of the Governor, of the Fish Commission and the commercial fishermen is earnestly invited. It is time that the strained relations which undoubtedly exist between the Commission and the commercial fishermen be replaced by good feeling and hearty, unanimous coöperation for the increase of the food fishes of the State, to the profit alike of the people, the fishermen and the Commonwealth.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association since the long vacation was held Thursday evening, Nov. 11, at the Copley Square Hotel, and notwithstanding many of the members are still in the woods after various kinds of game, there was a good attendance and a very profitable and enjoyable meeting. Among those present were ex-presidents B. C. Clark and E. A. Samuels, Benj F. Stevens, J. W. Wildman, the venerable Judge Charles Levi Woodbury, Dr. Heber Bishop, Laring Crocker, George O. Sears, E E Small, Warren Hapgood, W. B. Hastings, Charles G. Gibson, Joseph W. Smith, Thomas Dickson, Dr. Wm. D Ferguson, Silas Lawrence, Dr. John T. Stetson, John F. Dennen, Charles A. Read, and Messrs. Arthur W. Robinson, Daniel C. Pierce, Henry W. Sanborn, Albert Bernard, Dr. C. M. McConnell and William A. McLeod, of the Megantic Club. Col. H. T. Rockwell, the president, was in the chair, and secretary Kimball was at his usual place. Considerable routine business was disposed of; several applications for membership were received and Messrs. George W. Wiggin, J. N Roberts, J. S. Duncklee, T H. Hall, A. C Risteen, C. Z Bassett and W. C. Prescott were appointed a committee to nominate a list of officers for the ensuing year. A vote was passed requesting the committee on legislative matters to consider what, if any, changes are desirable in the fish and game laws in order to further the public interest, the committee to report their findings to the board of government prior to the next annual meeting.

Mr. E E. Small was then introduced as the principal speaker of the evening, his subject being the mackerel, and how better to protect them In the beginning he said the Association was not an enemy of the honest fisherman—its members were fishermen themselves, and their only concern was for the greatest good of the greatest number. He then went on to say that the mackerel were lost sight of about Cape Hatteras in the fall when they were fat and good; they re-appear in the spring about the same place when they are so poor and emaciated as to be unfit for food. If left alone a large part of them would without doubt reach the New England coast to spawn, but at the start they are met by the destructive purse seine of the Southern fishermen and ruthlessly slaughtered. It takes from 125 to 175 of these fish to make a marketable barrel, and it is estimated by competent authority that there were 40,000 000 eggs in every barrel of these fish. Years ago, when there was a law protecting the fish during the spawning season, there was a notable increase in the supply, but since the law was repealed the catch has largely decreased. But in his opinion it would be useless to enact laws to protect these fish in the spawning season unless protection was extended to them until they reached mature age. There were three ways to remedy the evil:

First—To reënact the law of 1887, which provides that

any vessel taking fish before the 1st of June shall not only forfeit the fish, but its license as well; and such a law should be made perpetual, instead of remaining in force for a period of five years, as before.

Second—There should be a law prohibiting the taking of fish under 10in. in length.

The third method did not require legislation, but simply an application of reason and common sense, and that was to educate public sentiment so that people will not purchase mackerel, shad or haddock during the spawning season. There was the most eminent authority for the statement that the sea will never be depleted so long as fish are protected during the spawning season and until they reach maturity.

Judge Woodbury followed with a most entertaining talk upon the same and kindred subjects, agreeing with Mr. Small's conclusions as to the proper way to protect the mackerel.

Mr. B. C. Clark also spoke on the subject in a general way, expressing the opinion that, while some legislation should undoubtedly be devised to stop the rapidly decreasing supply of edible fish, the fishermen themselves, many of whom had grown old in the business and could hardly do anything else for a livelihood, should be carefully considered. On his motion, the subject was referred to the board of government for further consideration. WM. B SMART.

A St. Clair Flats Bass.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 8.—Mr. H. C. Holabird, of this city, intends to present to the Courier Club a mounted small-mouth black bass of large size, which weighed some hours after capture a fraction under 7lbs.

It was caught on the St. Clair Flats. It took just twenty-five minutes to land him, and, like all of his noble race, he battled with the vigor of a great warrior. Twice was he netted and twice did he leap from the latticed twine, and time and again the skillful angler was led to believe, through the subtlety of his scaly adversary, that he had escaped, but it was only a "doubling," a retracing of his dashing runs. The third time, when in the landing net, his strength was too far gone to again leap out, and then it was that the victor's heart beat with tumultuous joy.

The prize measured 22½in. from head to tail, with a girth of 16in. This capture wound up the sport for the day, for aside from this there was a dozen more of the scaly warriors of the rocky reef reposing on the bottom of the boat.

James L. Prince, a former Cincinnatian, who was angling nearby, when informed of this capture, immediately took his naphtha launch to the scene located, and in a short time landed five black bass that weighed 22lbs.

If consistent, will you kindly give me the following information: What is the largest small-mouth black bass you have any record of? Are there any prizes offered for the largest bass caught for season 1897? G. C. C.

[The FOREST AND STREAM's Big Fish Record lists a 10lb. small-mouth black bass, taken in Round Lake, N. Y. We know of no prize offered for a fish caught in 1897.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 23.—Metropolitan Kennel Club's second annual show, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Nov. 30.—Washington City Kennel Club's show, Washington, D. C.
Dec. 8.—Rhode Island Poultry Association's show, Pawtuxet, R. I.

1898.

Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show Boston.
Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show New York.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 22.—U. S F. T. Club's autumn trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 29.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet. Waverly, Miss.
Dec. 6.—Texas Fox-Hunters' Association's meet, Hinson Springs, Tex.
Dec. 8.—Hoosier Beagle Club trials, Danville Ind.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.
Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal.
Jan. 24.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Tupelo, Miss
Jan. 31.—Champion Field Trial Association's Champion Stake, Tupelo, Miss.
Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala.

E. F. T. CLUB'S TRIALS.

The Members' Stake.

THIS stake was a gratifying success. The interest in it has been growing most encouragingly in recent years, and it now is assuming the proportions and importance which it held a decade ago when the club members attended in full force, and the competition of this stake was not overshadowed by the open and more professional events. Gradually, through the encroachment of the open stakes, the Members' Stake declined till it became a mere perfunctory, something which was to be hurriedly cleared out of the way before the open events began. If a few members had not stood loyally by it through years of neglect, it would long since have ceased to exist. Instead of being allowed to decline, it should be the most important stake of the meeting. Quite as much energy and careful consideration should be given to it as to any other stake. It is the stake specially devoted to sport for its own sake, as compared with the competition in the open stakes, which is professional.

The success of this stake is most pleasingly significant of a trend toward true sport in field trials. It is a return to better principles of sport after a somewhat disturbed career through the reign of professionalism during recent years. Professionalism, as an exponent of true sport with dog and gun, has had its rise, progress and decline. Public trials will be held in future, but the lines between business and pleasure will be more sharply drawn. The club member will claim a recognition justly his due in the realm of sport instead of the sole privilege of paying his dues or his assessments, as too long heretofore was the practice. It is either this or no trials.

For the revived interest in this stake much credit is due the members who have evoked it. It was no small task to dispel the apathy of years and the discouragement resulting from neglect. There are better and brighter days ahead for field trials.

The competition took place on the club's preserve at Newton, N. C., on Nov. 13. An excellent class of dogs competed. While there was none of the extremely wide ranging, which is more or less a feature of the open events, there was, nevertheless, an exhibition of high-class competition on the basis of field work. The dogs knew how to work to the gun and were free from wildness and lawlessness in their methods, although a few were forgetful in a matter of detail, that of stanchness, as is in place duly related.

The judging was well done by Messrs. S. C. Bradley, the club's secretary, and Irving Hoagland, New Brunswick, N. J., who has attended field trials in the past and proved to be an apt student. He fell into the methodical ways of the veteran at once. As to Mr. Bradley as a judge, no comment is necessary, since he is conceded to have no superior in America.

The grounds were not favorable for even competition. They vary so radically in many places in respect to open and cover, and there are so many more birds in some sections than in others that judges less skillful would have been hopelessly at sea in making conclusions.

One day, however, was insufficient for the proper running of the stake. It needed hurrying at the finish in order to end it within that time. It should have two days devoted to it in future, if need be. Most of the members arrive in the forenoon of the day before the running, so that a whole half day is available even as the circumstances are at present. It should have every consideration necessary.

The prizes were valuable intrinsically, but were selected more with a view to their beauty and appropriateness as trophies—valuable in themselves, pleasing to the eye, and commemorative of a most wholesome event. First prize was a large solid silver cup; second prize was a small solid silver cup; both these cups were donated by the club. A beautiful silver flask, donated by the Eldred kennels, was third prize. Dr. J. J. Davis donated a fine traveling clock and Mr. Frank H. Fleer donated an elegant silver flask, which were allotted to the dogs awarded vhc. and hc., respectively.

As there were so many good dogs in the stake, the club thought it proper to give them meritorious competitive notice by the commendations mentioned.

The stake was open to members. Ten dollars entrance. All winners of open field trials barred.

There were fourteen starters, run as follows:

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, setter bitch Ruth (Antonio—Texas Daisy), with Dr. J. Spencer Brown's pointer dog Montclair (Rap—Lady Grace).

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, setter dog Roland (Eugene T.—Lou), with W. B. Meares's setter dog Rush Mark (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

Eldred Kennels' setter bitch Antonia (Antonio—Miss Nellie Y.), with Dr. J. Spencer Brown's setter bitch Molly B. (Roderigo—Lilly B.).

Edm. H. Osthaus's pointer bitch Ripsey (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), with Frank H. Fleer's pointer dog Gamester (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game).

Edm. H. Osthaus's pointer dog Speedaway (King of Kent—Spinaway IV.), with Edw. Dexter's setter bitch Shadow (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).

Eldred Kennels' setter bitch Vivian (Gath's Mark—Gossip) with W. B. Meares's setter dog Hope (Joyful—Nora).

W. B. Meares's pointer bitch Zelda (Tick Boy—Abdallah Romp) with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s setter dog Fred (Eugene T.—Patsey).

The winners are: first, Ripsey; second, Antonia; third, Shadow; v.h.c., Roland; h.c., Molly B.

Ripsey is a handsome pointer and a sweet worker. She ranges diligently and intelligently, finds and points skillfully, and is most admirably honest in working to the gun. Her point work is sharp and accurate, and she backs with strict honesty; in short, she was trustworthy under all circumstances. Her range is wide, though not of the extreme width of the widest rangers; it is the range of the practical shooting dog, that which is possible for constant use, instead of the flushy wide range which is for the display of the moment. She marred her good work by occasionaly putting her nose to the ground in honor of possible rabbit trails; but the fault was trifling when compared with so much excellence.

Antonia, second, made a very close competition for first, and had a well deserved second. Her heat with Ripsey was nip and tuck, but on previous work she had not the good showing of the pointer. Her point work was sharp, clean and skillful, and in her way of going she was more dashing than the pointer and did not dwell on rabbit trails for a moment. She did not cover so much ground as Ripsey.

Shadow, third, also ran a very good race and showed much merit, but her heats were not uniform in their quality and quantity of work, nor was there a well defined class of it.

Roland, vhc., ran a poor race in every respect save the one quality of pointing well, but he was inexcusably lacking in stanchness, flushing willfully and inexcusably, and ranging close most of the time. There were several dogs which made a better competition.

Mollie B., hc., ran a pretty race and showed a great deal of merit, but the class of her work did not rate up with that of the winners.

As to the handling, it was far above the average of professional handling, taking the legitimate handling as a standard. There was very little whistling, and none of the bawling of commands so offensive to the ear and so distinctly unskillful as a part of handling. There was none of the marking of birds and helping of dogs to make points of which they were unconscious, and none of the scrambling and hustling which are sometimes practiced in the open events and which are so harmful to them.

The weather was comfortably cool in the morning. The sun shone clear and bright. Patches of white frost were visible in the small shaded valleys as the start was made. The vegetation was a mixture of greenness and sereness, still rank, and but little affected by the fall storms. The birds still retained their summer habits, and were difficult to work, As the day advanced the temperature grew warmer, till toward noon it was too warm for the best working conditions.

First Round.

RUTH AND MONTCLAIR were cast off at 8:51. Ruth pointed a bevy in sedge, and when Lorillard shot, Montclair was a bit unsteady. On the scattered birds in woods, some opportunities were lost. Montclair made two points on singles, Ruth a flush. The pointer had the better range, though exercising little judgment in beating out his ground. Ruth ranged close, but went with more spirit after birds were found. Up at 9:35.

ROLAND AND RUSH MARK ran 48 minutes, beginning at 9:41. Roland pointed a bevy wildly in open weeds, then wilfully broke in and flushed it. Mark was the wider and better ranger, and was going with good judgment and purpose. Roland ranged close, and seemed to be stale or lacking in interest. Mark had no opportunity on birds.

ANTONIA AND MOLLIE B. were cast off at 10:34, and ran 51 minutes. Antonia was lost, and when found was pointing a bevy well hidden by the banks of a creek. On the scattered birds nothing decisive was done. Mollie went the wider at first, but Antonia maintained her range and speed throughout. Both were working diligently at the finish. The weather was then warm and calm.

RIPSEY AND GAMESTER were soon started and ran till lunch time, about 12:25. Ripsey found and pointed a bevy nicely, and was steady to shot. In woods, Ripsey on dry leaves flushed a bevy, or it flushed after she pointed it. The trees obstructed a clear view of the matter. The birds were followed and she pointed them nicely. Gamester flushed a single, then pointed on the foot-scent. Next he pointed two birds well and was stanchly backed; Gamester broke shot. Next each made a point and back. Ripsey was the better in every respect.

SPEEDAWAY AND SHADOW started at 1:03. Both were very close on a bevy when it flushed. Those who saw it best stated that Shadow pointed, then the pointer went by her, then she moved and the birds flushed. Up at 1:56. Shadow was the speedier and better ranger.

VIVIAN AND HOPE began at 2:03. Vivian flushed a bevy and Hope next scored a similar error, his being excusable, as the ground was bare. Vivian was feeling the air and half pointing, when a bevy across the hollow a few yards away flushed wild. Hope pointed a single well. Each made a flush. Both made game. Hope roaded nicely after running birds, showing knowledge and skill. He pointed and the bird was flushed after he moved on. Vivian also pointed near it. Up at 2:49. Both dogs showed good speed and beat out the ground well, Hope using the better judgment and showing better ability in locating. Much of the heat was run on unpromising ground.

ZELDA AND FRED were cast off at 2:52. Zelda is a puppy and was puppyish in her work. Fred pointed a bevy in corn; he moved on and flushed excusably. Zelda pointed scattered birds and broke shot. Fred pointed a bevy in weeds. Zelda backed. Up at 3:37. Fred ranged close.

Second Round.

RIPSEY AND ANTONIA made the real even struggle of the trial. It was practically an even heat, though the competition in the first round was in favor of Ripsey. They began at 3:49. Each made a point on open ground and each backed nicely. Nothing found. Ripsey pointed a bevy on a side hill in sedge and at the same time Antonia, about 50yds. to the rear, pointed another bevy. On the scattered birds in woods, Ripsey pointed single and was nicely backed, Next both pointed scattered birds. Antonia pointed twice and was nicely backed by Ripsey. Next, the latter flushed a single, then stopped to a point on some remaining birds. Up at 4:23. Antonia had a more dashing way of going, while Ripsey went a bit the wider. Their range was about alike. It was a heat marked by work of clean finish, and by good, quiet handling. It was not only good in itself, but pleasing to look at.

RUSH MARK AND MOLLIE B. were cast off at 4:24. In dense briers Mollie pointed running birds. She next dropped to a point on a bevy. Next she flushed a single. They ranged well and at good speed. There was a lack of positive work in the heat. Up at 4:46.

HOPE AND SHADOW started at 4:54. Shadow pointed a bevy in corn, and was well backed by Hope. Sent on, Shadow pointed scattered birds at the edge of woods. Hope did not back Shadow in her last point. He flushed a single. Up at 5:08. Shadow ran the better heat.

ROLAND AND VIVIAN started at 5:11. Roland pointed a bevy, then broke in and flushed. He pointed twice on singles. Vivian pointed a bevy and a single.

A number of good opportunities were lost. This heat ended the stake.

Mr. J. E. Orr, Brooklyn, N. Y., a member of the E. F. T. C., who has attended the club's trials regularly a number of years in succession from a love of sport, but with little love of competition as a business, caught the spirit of the new order of things, and declared that he would be the owner of a dog and a competitor in the Members' Stake of next year. No doubt the infection of true sport will spread, and others will go and do likewise.

Messrs. F. R. Hitchcock and A. Merriman arrived at Newton on the 14th inst. Mr. Julian Corbett, a relative of Mr. C. E. Buckle, arrived with the latter on Saturday.

Mr. George W. Richards, quiet and unassuming, but one of the hard workers of the profession, will compete here in the trials. In the near future he goes to San Francisco to take charge of the Verona Kennels, the finest on the Western coast and probably the finest in America. They have secured a first-class man, whether he is considered as a man or a trainer.

Now that the Union Field Trials Club expired because it didn't suit, it is in order now to organize a new club which will suit. Clubs whose only vitality and organization are in their title seldom live long.

A much lamented absence is that of Mr. Ed. Dexter, or Uncle Ned, as he is endearingly termed by all field trial goers. However, he will attend the winter trials in Mississippi, so that he will not be entirely lost to his host of field trial friends. Could he but hear the numerous regrets at his absence and the expressions of esteem for him, he would be convinced that there was no war between setter and pointer men on one point at least.

A pointer won the Members' Stake. The judges were simply judges—neither pointer nor setter judges.

There was excitement and consternation among the field trial men in Newton Monday afternoon. The barn of the Summerow House caught fire and burned furiously. Mr. Rose and others had engaged room in it for their dogs, but fortunately the dogs were out when the fire occurred.

The barn was in dangerous proximity to houses, but lively tearing down of fences and outhouses, and sprinkling of roofs with water, confined the fire to the barn. No wind was blowing, otherwise the whole town might easily have been burnt. Tony Gale, Tony Boy, Sport McA., Hurstbourne Zip and others were of the lot kenneled in the barn. It was a fortunate escape. B. WATERS.

Blood Will Tell.

DETROIT, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed of late several articles in your paper discriminating against our pure-bred Llewellyn setters, making the old claim of too fine breeding resulting in lack of strength, staying qualities and weak constitutions. It seems to me that this is due to improper breeding rather than fine breeding.

While I agree that too much inbreeding produces these results, there is no occasion for it in this country, where we have more pure strains of Llewellyn than there are in any place in the world. They can be crossed without inbreeding, giving pure Llewellyn with the best results.

I think all breeders will agree that they have seen this class of dogs do better work, show greater determination, more nerve and lasting qualities, with more intelligence, than any other class, showing how "blood will tell."

A few days ago I had a most beautiful exemplification of it, shown in the work of a four-months-old puppy, called Heather, one of a litter of seven, by Dash Antonio out of Nellie Breeze. The pedigree of these two dogs speaks for itself, while the work of this puppy most gracefully confirmed it. The remainder of the litter also were the strongest, most perfectly formed and best developed puppies I have ever seen, with but one exception, this was another litter by Dash—Antonio.

We took this four-months-old bitch out on quail, because she had been out times before and pointed her birds, and she simply would not be left behind, but climbed up on the top of the fence as if on a ladder, only to fall over on the other side and to rush on to her work like an old dog. She not only stood her birds, but hunted for them, and this day made points on single birds. The first quail I shot over her, she ran and retrieved it, and in one case, while the old dogs were trailing a bevy along the high weeds at the side of a fence, she backed them. While the old dogs were trying to locate them, having lost them owing to their going in to the next field, the puppy crossed over the fence, caught on to the scent, trailed them and stood them in the field.

While I have seen puppies stand birds, etc., it has never before been my good luck to see a four-months-old puppy work like an old dog, and know "blood will tell." I am a breeder and believer in pure Llewellyns.

TOLEDO QUEEN.

M. V. G. & F. P. A.'S TRIALS.

(Special Report.)

JEFFERSON, Greene county, Pa.—The third annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 2, were run on the club's preserve, which consists of 10,000 acres of ground, situate near the town of Jefferson. The conditions were most unfavorable, owing to the long drought. No rain has fallen for the past three months. The ground was exceedingly dry, vegetation very rank, and it looked as though the trials could not be held. There was also a lack of opportunity for preparing the entries, owing to the absence of rain. The competition showed this lack of preparation, as quite a number of the dogs possessed excellent capabilities, but made a poor exhibition on birds.

The only weak place in the meeting was the scarcity of birds, and while a number of the dogs were high class, the work on birds was very meager and poor. It is to be regretted that such is the case, for the club promoting these trials deserves the highest praise. A more enthusiastic and genial lot of gentlemen would be hard to find assembled at a field trial. This is bound to insure the success of their trials.

The attendance was good. About forty horsemen followed the trials throughout. Among those present we note: R. V. Fox, Harrisburg, Pa.; Joseph Maiden, David Lewis, Homestead, Pa.; G. O. Smith, Wheeling, W. Va.; J. L. Cravens, Pittsburg, Pa.; S. B. Cummings, secretary of the club, Pittsburg, Pa.; J. O. Connor, Carnegie, Pa.; A. B. Ferguson, Sennecaville, O.; Dr. J. R. Daniels, Cleveland, O.; R. C. Stenger, W. H. Beazell, A. C. Peterson, Dr. George Gladden, Homestead, Pa.; Capt. J. T. Wood, Wood's Run, Pa.; J. T. Crawford and W. F. Daugherty, Brownsville, Pa.; William Harrison, W. J. Blankenbuehler, John Charlesworth, Monongahela City, Pa.; H. Milkins, Leamington, Ont.; S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.; W. S. Bell, Pittsburg, Pa.; J. B. Stoddard, Thomasville, N. C.; Jack R. Bell, Carmichaels, Pa.; J. W. Phillips, Homeville, Pa.; W. J. Reis, Philadelphia, Pa; Henry Klee, New Castle, Pa.; Henry Christ, Belmont, O.; Dr. R. S. Lacock, Allegheny, Pa.; J. S. Robb, Jr., Pittsburg, Pa.; Fred West and W. V. Winans, Brownsville, Pa.; R. S. D. Hartwick, George Wilson, Pittsburg, Pa.; D. B. Darrah and Mr. Kennan, Bellaire, O.; Joseph Lewis, Canonsburg, Pa.; Charles G. McIlvaine, Pittsburg, Pa., and others.

The entries numbered thirteen in the Derby and twenty-four in the All-Age stake. The starters, however, were large comparatively, eleven of the thirteen entered in the Derby came to the post while eighteen of the twenty-four entries in the All-Age stake filled.

The winner of the Derby, Nellie Wilson, is a pointer of merit. She is owned and was bred by Dr. J. R. Daniels, Cleveland, O. She is by Plain Sam—Dolly Dee II.; of fair size, with plenty of bone and substance, and would prove herself a strong competitor on the bench as well as in the field. She has fair speed and range, both well-applied and well sustained throughout. Her work on game is good withal. She is perfectly steady to wing and shot. She deserved her place.

The winner of second, Mattie's Gleam (Spot Cash—Mattie Berwin), owned by H. K. Devereaux, Cleveland, O., is a bitch of much quality; a very merry worker, carrying a high head and gives one the impression that she is looking for birds.

Mr. J. T. Crawford, Brownsville, Pa., owner of the setter dog Winks, shared third place with Madera. He is a puppy of good speed and range and exhibited wonderful endurance, sustaining his pace well throughout the entire running. Madera is a puppy of rare quality, with a flight of speed and ample range. Even in her undeveloped state she impresses one with the idea that she is out on a hunt, busy every moment, a pleasing mover. With more finish in bird work, she would have stood higher in the competition. She is owned by Fox & Blythe, Harrisburg, Pa., and is by Dion C.—Hopeful.

The stakes were judged by S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hills, Conn., and W. S. Bell, Pittsburg. Their duties were laborious. Much of the ground necessitated going on foot. The competition was skillfully handled and their decisions were well received.

Tuesday.

The start was made about three miles from town, at 9:09. The drenching rain of Monday made the conditions more favorable. The sun shone clear and warm—a most pleasant autumn day. The trials, therefore, opened most auspiciously. The first brace was cast off in open stubble.

Winks (Joe—Dot C.), owned by J. T. Crawford and handled by Jack R. Bell, and Lady B. (Rodfield—Florence Gladstone), owned by Martin Bumgarten, handled by A. B. Ferguson, were put down at 9:09 in stubble and ran until 9:45. Winks ranged out well and remained out, cutting out all the work. Lady B. was narrow in range and inclined to follow Winks. Ferguson flushed a bevy that Lady was evidently working on, which settled in clover field. The dogs were worked in the direction of the flight of birds, but failed to find.

Mack Noble (Tom Boy II.—Flora Noble), owned by Dr. W. R. Foster, handled by H. Christ, and Sam's Bang (Plain Sam—Dolly D. II.), owner Dr. J. R. Daniels, handled by H. Milkins, were cast off in wheat stubble at 9:55. Their work was only ordinary, Sam's Bang having the best of it. Neither deserve further consideration. Up at 10:53.

Fly Windem (Ruby's Max—Fly Wun Lung), owned and handled by A. B. Ferguson, and Kitty Dean (Plain Sam—Belle of Lancaster), owner Monongahela Kennels, handled by J. W. Phillips, were cast off at 11:00 and ran a heat lasting 1 hour and 5 minutes. Both had good speed and range. Fly Windem remained out at work the better. Kitty returned too often for orders. Up at 2:05. A recess was now taken for lunch.

Little Dorrit (Whyte B.—Dolly Varden), owned by Beazell & Gladden, handled by Beazell, and Nellie Wilson, handled by H. Wilkins, were cast off at 1:08. Little Dorrit in brierfield flushed a bevy, which settled in same field near by; dogs worked in that direction. Little Dorrit, getting too close, flushed excusably; steady to flush. A moment later one flushed wild, Nellie Wilson at same time drawing and steady to flush. Ordered up at 2:20.

Kent's Vic (Kent's Priam—Nellie Fauster), owned by W. L. Coulson, handled by H. Christ, and Mattie's Gleam, handled by S. B. Cummings, were cast off at 2:25. Mattie's Gleam had good range and speed, but no opportunities on birds. Vic's range was contracted, and her opportunities were not improved, having three flushes in woods on some scattered birds. Up at 3:08

Madera (Dion C.—Hopeful), owned by Fox & Blythe, handled by Fox, a bye, was put down in open country at 3:26, starting well and fast, going with a high head, and covering lots of ground. After crossing a ravine in edge of cornfield, Fox walked up a bevy, which settled in the wake of the horses. Madera worked toward the place where some birds were seen to settle, but failed to find. In pasture she flushed and chased. No more were found. Up at 4:10.

Second Round.

The judges consulted, and announced the second series as follows: Winks with Fly Windem, Sam's Bang with Mattie's Gleam, Kitty Dean with Nellie Wilson, Little Dorrit with Madera.

Winks and Fly Windem were put down at 4:25 and ran until 4:53. This heat resulted in favor of Winks, who maintained his form, speed and range.

Sam's Bang and Mattie's Gleam started at 4:55, up at 5:25. Gleam sustaining herself.

Wednesday.

Kitty Dean and Nellie Wilson were put down on new grounds near the Potter place, and ran from 9:30 until 10:05, covering a great deal of territory, which proved barren of birds. A report was then circulated that a party of hunters with a pack of beagles had gone over the grounds. The course was changed, and Nellie Wilson soon was on a bevy point; birds flushed; both steady. Nellie then pointed a single. Birds were not followed.

Little Dorrit and Madera were cast off at 10:08. A bevy was seen to flush in cornfield; as both dogs were in close proximity it could not be determined where the fault was. Both dogs maintained themselves. Up at 11:20.

Third Round.

The party now adjourned for lunch, after which the judges announced a third series as follows: Winks with Gleam; Nellie Wilson with Madera; Fly Windem with Little Dorrit.

A start was made at 12:48 with Winks and Gleam. Gleam secured one point, the only opportunity. Both went wide and fast, Gleam on the outside. Up at 1:30.

Nellie Wilson—Madera were put down in large stubble. Milkins claimed a point for Nellie, and at the same time Fox claimed a point for Madera about 100yds. to the right in same field. Fox was first to reach his dog, and flushed a bevy, which flew just over Nellie's head. Nellie remained on point, which was supposed to be foot-scent of bevy just flushed. A bevy was then flushed to her point which flew to the woods. Nellie secured three singles. Steady to wing and shot. Up at 2:10.

This was the best work yet seen, as it was sharp and accurate.

Fly Windem—Little Dorrit ran from 2:25 until 2.59. Neither improved its position.

Fourth Round.

Nellie Wilson with Mattie's Gleam started at 3:10, and ran fifteen minutes, to comply with the rule of first and second running together. Up at 3:25.

The judges promptly announced the winners as follows: First, Nellie Wilson; second, Mattie's Gleam; equal third, Madera and Winks.

The All-Age Stake.

Klondyke (Gladstone's Boy—Speckle Gown), owner, G. O. Smith, handler. Jack R. Bell, with Pat J. (Dash Ranger, Jr.—Patti M. II.), owners, Ganter & McDonald, handler, J. W. Phillips, were put down at the conclusion of the Derby at 3:40, and ran 50 minutes without finding. Pace and range ordinary.

Strictly Business (Kent's Priam—Belle Fansher), owner, J. L. Cravens, handler, H. Christ, and Loretta (Gladstone's Boy—Rill Ray), owner, K. P. Beattie, handler, A. B. Ferguson, were cast off at 4:48, and gave a good exhibition of speed and range. Each had a point on a bevy. Up at 5:35, and the work for the day was over.

Thursday.

Jingo's Joy (Jingo—Pearl's Dot), owner, Monongahela Kennels, handler, W. H. Beazell, with Winks; ran from 8:57 until 9:51 without finding.

Tony's Ruby, owner, William Cummings; handler, owner, with Forzando (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush), owners, Fox & Blythe, handler, Fox. Started at 10:06. Ruby got one single point and two flushes in woods, Forzando one single, and Ruby's range was very short and narrow, while that of Forzando was wide and fast. Near hedge fence Forzando pointed a bevy, and Ruby, brought up to back, pointed independently same bevy. Both steady to shot. Up at 10:57.

R. S. D. Hartrick's bitch Bird (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl) and Scott C., owner, G. A. Wilson, handler, S. B. Cummings, were cast off at 11:06, ranging well and fast. Both gave a good account of themselves. Bird pointed a bevy, Scott C. backed; both steady. Up at 11:52.

Don (Doc—Rachel), owner, Thos. Harriott, handler, H. Christ, started at 12:47 with Albert's Shot (Beau Brummel—Albert's Phoebe), owner, S. W. Carey, Jr, handler, Joe Lewis. Both started well, but soon contracted their range and pace perceptibly before the heat ended. No birds. Up at 1:52.

Rush (Rush of Lad—Spotty Ale), owner, F. Kruse, handler, H. Klee, with Spot Cash (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), owner, H. K. Devereaux, handler, S. B. Cummings. Spot Cash started well, and soon was on point. A lark was flushed and Spot ordered on, when horsemen coming up, flushed a bevy. His handler not going wide enough. On singles, Spot pointed four; steady to wing and shot. Rush gave the poorest exhibition ever seen at a field trial, apparently not knowing what birds were. Down at 1:56; up 2:25.

Rod's Pell (Rodfield—Opal), owner, J. S. Robb, Jr., handler, J. W. Phillips, with Baron Cincinnatus (Dow R.—Nattinatis), owner, F. J. McCoy, handler, H. Klee, started at 2:30, and ran until 3:10. Rod's Pell ranged well and fast, working on the outside of her competitor. She was soon on point in woods. Unsteady to flush, Baron Cincinnatus not in the competition further.

Rod's Boy (Koderigo—Larry Gladstone), owner, King Graphic Kennels, handler, H. Klee, with Virginia (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot), owner, H. K. Devereaux, handler, S. B. Cummings, started 3:26. Both went fair. No birds. Up at 4:04.

Second Round.

Strictly Business with Klondyke, Loretto with Pat J., Scott C. with Albert's Shot, Bird with Don, Rod's Pell with Spot Cash, Forzando with Rod's Boy, Winks with Virginia, Tony's Ruby with Jingo's Joy.

Sixteen were continued, not that there was so much merit in so many, but because the judges wished to see all on game.

Strictly Business and Klondyke started at 4:40 in open country. Klondyke flushed repeatedly and was unsteady each flush. Strictly Business had no opportunity. Range and pace well sustained. Up at 4:55.

Loretto and Pat J. were cast off at 5 o'clock in corn. Ranging out adjoining fields Pat J. flushed one bird and stopped to order when remainder flushed. Pat J. flushed a bird. Loretto was drawing on. The heat ended all in Loretto's favor. Up at 5:30 and the work for the day ended.

Friday.

Scott C. and Albert's Shot started at 8:30 and ran until 9:10. No birds.

Bird and Don were cast off in large stubble field and ran from 9:21 until 9:52. No birds.

Rod's Pell and Spot Cash were put down in old brier field at 9:57, and inside of 100yds. Rod's Pell pointed a bevy, which she flushed and chased, stopping to order. Worked on singles, Spot Cash got three points and Rod's Pell two. Rod's Pell was unsteady, while Spot Cash remained steady to wing and shot. Up at 10:27.

Forzando and Rod's Boy found no birds. Forzando worked wide and remained out at work all the time. Rod's Boy did a deal of loafing. Up at 10:51.

Winks and Virginia.—Winks made game, left it, and cast to right and ahead 100yds., returning to the place where he first got scent, Virginia coming in from the right, and when close together a bevy was seen to rise. On singles, Winks flushed three and Virginia secured one indifferent point. Up at 11:50.

A detour was made to the wagons for the last brace of the second series, which were put down before lunch at 12:10.

Tony's Ruby and Jingo's Joy.—This brace proved indifferent and was run to have an opportunity on game, but failed, and were ordered up at 12:40.

Finals.

After lunch the judges consulted and called for Forzando and Loretto; this brace was no doubt put down to settle first and second place and they gave a fine exhibition of hunting; indeed, it was the first race of the meeting, both dogs going wide and fast and in improved form. Forzando secured two points and Loretto two. Put down at 1:30 and ordered up at 2:22.

The judges again consulted, and requested Scott C. and Albert's Shot to go down on scattered birds found by former brace to have a chance on game; they failed to embrace the opportunity and were ordered up at 3:02, after a run of 30 minutes. Albert's Shot flushed one single. Both dogs ran a poor race and ranged close to handlers.

Bird and Strictly Business were cast off at 3:17. Strictly Business ran about 100yds. and whirled into a point on a bevy; a good piece of work, but she marred it by flushing on scattered birds; both dogs made several points, but were unsteady to wing. Up at 3:51.

After a few minutes' consultation the judges announced the awards, as follows: First, Loretto; second, Forzando; third, Spot Cash.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS FOX CLUB.

The Annual Hunt.

THE annual hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club was held near Westfield, Mass., Nov. 10-11. The hunt was successful, both in point of number of hounds present, their work on the foxes started, the large number of sportsmen in attendance, and the number of brushes obtained, viz.: ten on the two days, as against seven in '96.

On Nov. 10, the first day of the annual hunt, nearly fifty hounds and 100 hunters took part in the chase. The section about Pochassic and the eastern portion of Montgomery was given a good rattling, and many foxes were started. The wind, however, was too strong and too cutting for the comfort of those who took their stands on favorite runways; the strength of the wind, too, detracted from the sport in some respects, as hounds did not work together so well, nor in such large packs as is usually the case.

An early start was made for the home of William Moore in Pochassic, and it was about 7 o'clock when everybody had found a place that seemed likely to give him a chance at the fox or foxes. At first there was some very lively tonguing, the music being quite inspiriting. It was not long before gunshots sounded in many directions, showing that some fortunate individuals were getting chances at the flying game. At times there was a perfect fusilade along the mountain side that bordered on Montgomery. It seemed almost impossible that any fox, once started, could escape with his brush, all points being apparently guarded. Still, some got away, but five were left behind to show what had been done during the day.

Among those out on this day were Miss Bessie Way, daughter of Mr. John T. Way, president of the Fox Club, who was accompanied by her friend Mrs. J. S. Shepard. Miss Way carried her gun, but was not lucky enough to have a fox started that had suffi ient courtesy to come her way and deliver up his brush. Those who secured brushes were: A. B. F. Kinney, who got two last year; David Hall, of Montgomery; A. A. Sibley, of Leicester, and Walter Otis and Edward G. Clark, of Westfield.

Some of the Hounds.

Of the fifty hounds or so that were engaged in the chase, several of them have taken part in previous hunts of this club. Among the number were: Of the Kinney and White pack from Worcester, there were present Logan, Buck, Dan, Ben, Sam, Duke, Guess and Carl. Among the other hounds were: Tolland and Ranger, owned by Walter W. Holmes, of Waterbury, Conn.; Rover, Josie and Speed, owned by John R. Thayer, of Worcester; Rock and Rye, owned by E. L. Walling, of Auburndale, and W. N. Walling's Hunter; E. S. Knowles's John R. of Worcester; Duff and Dora Jackson, J. H. Baird, of Auburndale; Popple, George Waite, of Worcester; George W. Roraback's Walker and Silver Tip; Ben Baff's Jack; Ranger, C. S. Davis, of Meriden, Conn.; Bob, Sidney Harrocks, of Fitchburg, and Burt R. Holcomb's Prince, Major, Ring and Betsey.

As is usual on such occasions, many of the hounds had not shown up when nightfall came on. Mr. Walter Holmes, of Waterbury, Conn., was lucky enough to have his tan hound, which ran over the mountain as far as Huntingdon, a distance of ten miles, returned to him at Westfield by train on the first evening.

The Annual Banquet.

The club's annual banquet was served in the Park Square Hotel, on the evening of Nov. 10. There were 175 present.

Principal Charles S. Chapin, of the Normal School, was toastmaster, and among the speakers were W. H. H. Murray, of Guilford, Conn.; A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; John R. Thayer, president of the Worcester Fur Company; Judge Huber Clark, of Willimantic, Conn.; Judge P. H. Casey, of Lee; Judge Clark, of Derby, Conn.; A. S. Kneil, H. W. Ely, H. P. Moseley and George W. Roraback, of this town. Pettis's orchestra furnished music during the evening. The speaking was of a high order and the best in the history of the club.

Among the guests present were: Dr. Charles E Higgins, secretary of the Worcester Fur Co.; E. S. Knowles, O. M. Ball, W. R. Dean, Capt. D. M. Earle, W. D. Kenerson, all of Worcester; C. S. Davis, of Meriden, Conn.; Mark B. Carpenter, David F. Allyn and J. C. Munn, of Holyoke; Charles E. Brace, of Lee; George M. Ripley, Fred Bishop and James Pitkin, Hartford; A. A. Sibley and George H. Waite, of Leicester, J. H. Baird, E L. Walling, and W. N. Walling, of Auburndale; John M. White and A. D. Windle, of Millbury; H. P. Varney, of Wellesley; H. F. Rice, of Sutton; J. T. Flannelly, of Boston; Judge George B. Clark, of Derby, Conn.; C. L. Young, M. J. Stevens, E. T. Stephens, J. F. Riley and F. E. Clark, of Springfield.

The Second Day's Hunt.

The weather conditions for the early part of the second day's hunt were far better than on the first day. There was no wind, while there was enough frost to make the ground damp and hold the scent well. Of course, the attendance of hounds and hunters was less than on the previous day, but those that were out were on the scene bright and early. A slight accident was recorded during the day, Mr. Walter Otis being unfortunate enough to have three pellets of shot penetrate one of his feet, owing to the accidental discharge of a companion's gun. Mr. Otis made light of his injuries, although one of the shot penetrated the flesh of his foot for a distance of about 3in.

The ground hunted over was the same as that hunted on the first day. The hunters, however, seemed to be more widely scattered over the territory than on Nov. 10. Five more foxes yielded up their brushes, making the total for the two days ten in all. Those who secured brushes on the second day were: F. H. Clapp, of Southampton; James Axtell, of Huntington; Frank Clark, of Montgomery; Charles Clemens, of Westfield, and M. J. Stevens, of Springfield. Two of the foxes secured were grays.

Notes.

One of the most interesting persons present on the first day was Judge George B. Clark, of Derby, Conn., who was attending the hunt for the first time. He was a guest of Mr.

George W. Roraback. The Judge lost his right arm twenty-eight years ago through the accidental discharge of his gun. He, however, is able to handle his gun with his left arm in a manner calculated to surprise the best of shots. He is greatly interested in hunting and fishing, and is one of the directors who have recently leased several thousands of acres of land in Tolland with the idea of making it into a game preserve.

Mr. W. H. H. Murray, of Guilford, Conn., was one of the most popular speakers at the annual banquet, his remarks being eloquently put and especially timely.

Ben Chadwick sang some of his original songs at the annual banquet, and met with well-deserved applause for his efforts.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, Mass., not only owns some great hounds, but also knows how to get in the way of a fox and double him up. Last year he secured two out of the seven that were killed; this year he scored one to his credit on the first day. His hound Logan has something like a thoroughly national reputation.

On the second day, while returning from the hunt, Judge Huber Clark, of Willimantic, Conn., W. Stiles Bush, of Westfield, Mass., and several others, witnessed a peculiar sight. While passing a house in Pochassic, they saw a fox chasing a black and white cat. The cat was badly frightened and soon treed. The fox did not seem to mind the presence of the spectators, whose guns were all unloaded, but as soon as he had treed the cat he took his way to the woods and disappeared.

President Way, of the Fox Club, was presented by Mr. Kinney with the handsome fox he shot on the first day. The presentation was made at the annual banquet.

Union Field Trials Club's Trials.

THE Union Field Trials Club's trials, run at Carlisle last week, were but poorly patronized, and ended in dissolution. There were five starters in the Derby. The winners are as follows: First, C. P. Mingst's setter Trixie (Antonio—Columbia); second, W. H. Dye's setter Golden Rod (Rodfield—Kate N.); third, W. G. Graham's setter Dick Bland (Sam Gross—Maida Rogers); fourth, G. G. Williamson's setter Lady's Count (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

All-Age Stake, seven starters: First, Theodore Goodman's setter Albert Lang (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady); second, J. T. Mayfield's setter Rod Gladstone (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone); third, Phil M. Essig's setter Saragossa Belle (Gleam's Pink—Maud E); fourth, P. J. Madison's setter Rodfield's Boy.

Amateur Stake, four starters: First, Albert Lang; second, Fishback & Bond's Vim Gladstone; third, L. Rausch's Tory Davis; fourth, Horace Comstock's Tony.

Judges—C. Churchill, Louisville; S. H. Socwell, Indianapolis. Mr. Isgrigg was the third judge in the Amateur Stake. This club's winter trials at Tupelo declared off.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Sallie and Maudie.

SALLIE is a colored girl, and Maudie is her dog, Maudie has fleas. She always has had fleas and probably always will, in spite of all efforts to the contrary. Maudie and the fleas are like liberty and union, one and inseparable, sink or swim, survive or perish. Not that Sallie has not attempted to bring to an end the combined inseparable union and irrepressible conflict between Maudie and the fleas, for Sallie thinks as much of Maudie as she does of herself, and the two eat together, sleep together, go walking together and attend church together, such is their mutual friendship.

One day Sallie said to her employer, "I 'clare to goodness, I don' know whut to do wif this sheh dawg, she jess eat up 'ith them fleas."

"Oh, try some Persian insect powder for her, this yellow powder, get it at a drug store. That's a good thing for her."

Sallie said "Yesseh," and nothing more was heard about it till the next day, when she was on hand again.

"Well, seh, I 'clare I don' b'lieve that there insec powdeh is any good 'tall, seh"

"What's the matter about it?" was asked,

"Well, seh, it shohly does seem to kin' o' make Maudie sick like. Yesseh, she wouldn't eat hahdly no'e of hit, an' whut she do eat seem like it make her kin' o' sick like."

It was then all explained to Sallie that the powder was not intended for internal revenue purposes, and she went away somewhat cast down. It seems that she then sought expert advice, and went to a drug clerk. Now, of course, a drug clerk knows all about everything, or he couldn't hold his job. This one was fully competent. In a few days Sallie came around again.

"I 'clare, I don' know whut ken be the matter wif Maudie's back, seh," she said, pulling Maudie out from under her skirt for inspection. "It shohly seem like her hair wus comin' loosened, I don' know how come that, seh."

It transpired that Maudie had had, on the advice of the drug clerk, a good treatment of carbolic acid, being well rubbed with it, and then covered tightly with a blanket, which had had holes cut through for her legs and was tightly strapped on her for a couple of days. The drug clerk said this would kill the fleas, and it did, over quite a large area, where it could be plainly seen that the hair was "loosened," until the skin was bare.

"How much carbolic acid did you use, Sallie?" was asked of her.

"Oh, only a little bit," she said, "only about this sher much." And she measured off about two fingers on a bottle.

"And how much water did you put that into?"

"Oh, I don' know, quite a bit o' water, I speck more 'n a little tea cup full, anyways."

It was explained to Sallie that only a special dispensation of Providence had saved her dog's life that time, and she was very sorry that she had hurt Maudie. "Whut ken I do fer her then, seh?" she asked.

"Well, don't do anything for her yet a while, and I'll bring you a bottle of liquid flea medicine for you to put on her, sometime."

"Oh, all right, seh," said Sallie, much pleased.

Now it happened that the bottle of flea medicine came to hand and got into Sallie's hands without further directions, and at the first opportunity she fell joyfully upon the bottle and forthwith proceeded to give Maudie the benefit of it. This was in the early morning, and she could not wait till after breakfast before she was around, with much trouble in her voice.

"I 'clare, I don' know whut's the matter wif Maudie again, seh," she said, "she shohly is actin' mighty funny, seems like to me."

"What's wrong with the dog this time, Sallie?"

"Well, seh, hit's that new flea stuff you all give to put on Maudie. I taken Maudie down in the basement this mawnin', en I put some o' that new medercine on to her, an' I 'clare, she jiss drawed her laigs up and went plum intoe a fit, an' then she run away from me an' I shohly thought I never would ketch her ag'in"

This time, it seemed, Sallie had put a bath of this strong and undiluted fleawash on the dog's back, which was still raw from the carbolic acid treatment of the drug clerk. It was no wonder the poor dog "drawed her hind legs up." (Maudie is a fox terrier, and only about a foot or so long). An edict was issued that Sallie should not undertake any more medication for Maudie without assistance, and she was told to try the use of vaseline on the poor little back. The next morning she was on hand again.

"I 'clare, I don' know whut to do about Maudie yet," she said. "Pears like she kaint never get shut o' them fleas, nohow. Her hair is still a-loosenin. I' mighty sorry, I am, fer Maudie aint never had had no veh'y long hair, and she always wus a cole kin' o' dawg, and now winteh is comin', an' I don' know whut to do about Maudie."

"Did you put the vaseline on her back?"

"Yesseh, I put plenty on her back. But my sakes, ef you want to cure Maudie's back, you got to put somethin' on hit whut aint good to eat. She jiss likes that there vaserline."

It was dimly suggested to Sallie that it might be well for her to get a new dog and begin all over again, but over this she was dubious, though polite. "I think a heap o' Maudie," said she, loyally. "Kaint you think o' nothin' that's good fer her, that aint good to eat?"

This latter question might, it seems to me, be referred to a veterinary. But there was the name of a veterinary, by the way, on the bottle of flea wash. What I want to know is, can anyone suggest a remedy which will eradicate these fleas without eradicating the dog, and can the remedy, or the remedy for the remedy, be classified as "not good to eat?" I should very much regret to see the friendship between Sallie and Maudie cut short by death, but I don't believe Maudie will last much longer, her hair is still "a-loosenin'" so

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Death of Lester A. Pearle.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Lester A. Pearle, of the Hampton Kennels, is dead. An honest man! Can anything more noble be said? A capable and successful man—can anything better be written of any? He went to bed last week Thursday a sick man, and this week Wednesday I strewed rosebuds on his casket, and he was covered with the cold, damp earth. He was not a Christian man according to the general acceptation of the term, and yet he lived, it seemed to me, a godly life. He was a great admirer and observer of nature, and none enjoyed the ever changing scenes of forest and mountain, plain and valley, more than he, especially when with dog and gun. He was one of the best shots in the country.

He was an artist, and the house now bears evidence by the many pictures that hang on the walls, of birds painted in true colors, in natural position, and crayon portraits. He was a taxidermist, and leaves on exhibition over fifty native birds that he shot and set up.

He played many musical instruments, and when he last sang before an audience in the Town Hall the words "I hear the angels' voices calling," he made quite a hit, and many have recalled it with great emotion.

Last winter he went before the legislative committee in the interests of the kennel men and presented their case in connection with five lawyers and others. It was said that he interested the committee more than any, and at the close of the hearing Mr. Pearle was the only one that they questioned for information desired. It was considered at the time a great compliment. He was naturally so reticent and retiring that none realized his ability and character, and yet on account of his reputation many have bought dogs of him only upon representation, and their reply has been that the dogs were better than described. E. KNIGHT SPERRY.

[Mr. Pearle will be remembered by those who attended the New England field trials as the one who won first in Derby, 1891, with Kit Carson; first in Derby, 1892, with Daisy A.; first in All-Age, 1893, with Jolly G., and second in All-Age 1894, with Jolly G.]

Hoosier Beagle Club.

THE date of the trials has been changed from Nov. 2 to Dec. 8 on account of dry weather.

At the field trials of the Hoosier Beagle Club, the following stakes will be run.

All Age—Entry fee, $5, entries to close immediately before starting the class. First prize, $30; second prize, $20; third prize, $10.

Derby, one year old and under two.—Entry fee $5, entries close immediately before starting the class. First prize, $30; second prize, $20; third prize, $10.

"Futurity," puppy under one year old.—Entry fee, $5; entries close immediately before starting the class. First prize. $30; second prize, $20; third prize, $10.

Pack Stakes, dogs and bitches, *bona fide* property of the party making the entry.—Entry fee, $5 per pack; entries close same as in preceding trials. First prize, 40 per cent.; second prize, 25 per cent.; third prize, 15 per cent., and 10 per cent. to go to the breeder of winner in this class.

Rules same as National Beagle Club, excepting Sec. 4, Rule No. 3, which is omitted. These rules can be had on application. In event of any class being decided off, money will be refunded. Special prizes will be given in each class. Trials will be held near Danville, Ind. Arrangements have been made with the express companies, whereby dogs will be returned free. Good grounds have been secured for the trials, and there is plenty of game; very reasonable hotel rates; saddle horses can be procured cheap for those wishing them. The trials will wind up with a genuine fox chase given by Danville parties.

The Horse Show.

THE annual show of the National Horse Show Association of America in Madison Square Garden has grown into a stupendous affair. Society has made it a fad; and it is therefore a financial success, notwithstanding the enormous expense attendant upon getting up and carrying on an affair of this kind, in the manner in which it is handled by the National Horse Show Association.

The Garden itself is transformed, and its general coldness removed for the occasion by the artistic handling of the orange and black bunting and flags, the colors of the Association. The immense ring, with its tanbark covering affords an excellent place in which to view the specimens of horseflesh paraded for the benefit of the judges, and of the public generally.

The horse show, too, is spectacular. There is the bugler, an expert in his art. There's the "ring master"; we would call him by that name if this were a circus (which it isn't). Then there are the ushers stationed at different points in the ring, neatly attired in the uniform of the Association. And the attendants also; their orange and black jockey caps and natty appearance generally, adding much to the spectacular part of the show. They may not all keep perfect step to the bugler's music as they march down the ring, but they line up well and give a capital idea of the magnitude of the undertaking gotten up and carried out by the National Horse Show Association.

Many of the horses now on exhibition have been in the show ring dozens of times. It is interesting to notice how well they seem to realize why they were. They arch their necks and step delicately; many of them almost mincingly, and everyone of them trying to look his or her very prettiest. Vanity is not confined to human beings alone. Visit the horse show and you'll see what me mean.

The Late Pottinger Dorsey.

LINDEN, Mass., Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a special meeting of the New England Beagle Club, held at Oxford, Mass., Nov. 5, H S. Joslin, Geo. F. Reed, Wm. Saxby, A Parry, Thomas Shallcross and W. S. Clark present, it was unanimously voted that the president and secretary draw up resolutions of regret on the death of Mr. Pottinger Dorsey, and they were drawn up as follows:

Whereas, In the providence of the Almighty and Supreme God, our friend, Pottinger Dorsey, has been taken from the midst of us by sudden death;

Resolved, That we, the New England Beagle Club, express our sincere and heartfelt sorrow at the loss of a gentleman of such sterling worth, true nobility of character, and a typical sportsman in the highest sense; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be included in the minutes of this meeting, and that copies thereof be sent to the bereaved family and to the sporting papers throughout the country.

(Signed) H. S JOSLIN, President,
W. S. CLARK, Secretary,
New England Beagle Club.

International F. T. C. All-Aged Entries.

FOREST GLADSTONE—W. W. McCain's English setter dog (Dan—Kelsey's Blue Jess).

MAUD W.—Leamington Pointer Kennels' pointer bitch (Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie).

DASH ANTONIO—R. Baugham's setter dog (Antonio—Lady Lucifer).

LUCK—R. Baugham's setter dog (Locksley—Liddesdale).

COUNT VASSAR—J. Kline's setter dog (Dash Antonio—Queen Bess II.).

MAUD S.—F. C. Stegman's b. and w. bitch setter (Bankor—Bell).

CLEOPATRA—W. B. Wells's setter bitch (Mingo II.—Cambriana).

SELKIRK WHYTE—W. B. Wells's setter dog (Whyte B—Luna).

SELKIRK TANA—W. B. Wells's setter bitch (Theirs—Cambriana).

The Eastern Trials.

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 16.—[*Special to Forest and Stream*]: There are ten starters in the Eastern Derby: Maiden Modesty, Sam's Bow, Hope Zeb, Pearl R., Lena Belle, Ghoorka, Why Not, Fairview Belle and Sport McA. Three will compete to day—Pearl, Zeb and Why Not.

The All-Age has sixteen starters: Pinmoney, Tony's Gale, Elgin's Dash, Winkee, Hurstbourne Zip, Ann of Abbottsford, Cristina Young, Rip Rap, Kent of Grace, Sarsfield Shadow, Radfield's Boy, Count Gloster, Saragosa Belle, Cincinnatus, Pride, Dave Earl. B. WATERS.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The field trials of the Champion Stake Association which, as stated elsewhere, are to be held at Tupelo, Miss., will immediately follow the Union Field Trial Club's trials, to be held at the same place, beginning Jan. 24. The judges are Messrs Bradley, Titus and Osthaus. The occasion seems likely to prove one of great interest.

Rumor hath it that the Union Field Trials Club's trials ended unpleasantly, in consequence of which the winter event, fixed to be run at Tupelo, Miss., was abandoned.

Mr. Frank D. Norveil, Sec'y-Treas. of the Hoosier Beagle Club, writes us that the club has encouraging prospects and has found a good beagle support within the State of Indiana. The club will endeavor to make the competition a permanent feature. He further writes: "We did not expect other than local dogs in this trial, but we are getting a good many letters from Eastern parties, and will probably have several dogs from the Eastern States. We suppose we will be easy prey, so let them come and we will try to treat them as nicely as we know how and give everybody all the fun we can, and learn to run the trials right for the next year. There is no red tape business. We didn't know how, so just tell those having the dogs to pay their entry fee before the race. Owners can write and tell us what dogs they will enter, with names, etc., so we can tell what to expect."

Our report of the Eastern Field Trials Members' Stake this week is the only first hand report of the occasion, as Mr. Waters, of FOREST AND STREAM, was the only representative of the press on the grounds to see the events and report them as they were run.

Prof. Osthaus will give a painting to the winner of second in the E. F. T. Members' Stake, and besides the cup, a painting by Earl, donated by Dr. J. Spencer Brown, was also for first.

Canoeing.

Division Representation.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your subjoined statement to Mr. R. J. Wilkin's letter in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 13, there is evidently some

misunderstanding. In my conversation with you I said that "Division Representation" was based on a ruling made by the Executive Committee, not the Board of Governors, and that my authority was Mr Robert J. Wilkin, to whom I referred you at the time. Kindly give this correction space in your next issue, and oblige.

FRANK L. DUNNELL, Commodore.

[We are under the impression that the statement as originally made to us, mentioned the Board of Governors and not the Executive Committee, but as the business of the meeting had just begun, there was no time then for a discussion or for obtaining particulars of the reported decision. It would now appear that no decision has been made by either body.]

Yachting.

AT a special meeting, on Nov. 11, the Massachusetts Y. R. A. decided to abolish time allowance at once, and not to allow time for another year to the older boats.

THE Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers held its annual meeting in New York, on Nov. 11-12, a number of interesting papers being read and discussed.

Having disposed of Britannia, the Prince of Wales has very naturally ordered a new racing cutter, to be designed by Watson, built by D. & W. Henderson, and sailed by Capt. John Carter, all of these experts having done their parts toward the wonderful success of the old boat. The new one will be much smaller than Britannia, about the size of Mr. Watson's successful Bona, built this year; she being 75.80ft. l.w l., 18 10ft beam, and carrying 7,600-q ft. of sail, making her linear rating 82 1l. The size itself is enough to settle the authenticity of any wild rumors as to intentions to challenge for the America's Cup, with the prospect of meeting Defender; or of the latter crossing the Atlantic to meet the new boat.

The change of size marks, we hope, the abandonment of the so-called "90ft. class" on the other side of the ocean, and on this side as well. The experience on both sides has fully proved that there is no demand on the part of even the wealthiest of racing yachtsmen for such large and expensive racing craft; and that, if built at all, it is only by royalty or or by syndicates of wealthy men who are not always yachtsmen. The influence of the class on yacht racing at large has been distinctly bad; and is one of the great reasons for the abandonment of yachts of racing build in the large and medium sizes and the rush for very small racing machines or one-design classes.

There is very little possibility of the building of racing yachts of even 75ft. l.w.l. in America to-day; but the establishment of such a class would do more than anything else to bring about a restoration of international races on large yachts.

The Principles of Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Answering Sextant in your issue of Nov. 6 briefly, for no new points seem to be adduced. First head (*a*). Instead of all, I should have said most. As illustrative, the 21ft. class, the 30ft. class and the 34ft. class, all built under specific restrictions, failed to produce the type of yacht the class was intended to produce.

The success of several designs for commercial purposes by naval architects whose reputations were gained from the design of yachts, is evidence of the commercial value of the lessons thus learned. Sextant says: "Measurement rules are based on the fact that large boats are faster than small ones." He will probobly desire to qualify this statement in some way in view of the recently reported speeds of above eleven knots by 20-footers, speeds that few larger boats have exceeded.

As I have stated already, if (*a*) fails of proof then C is correct. I am simply taking what seems to be an existing opinion and suggesting a means of measuring or comparing yachts. (*b*) When I wrote, "Sail area is not in the least a factor in the speed that comes from length," I had reference to the reduction in retarding forces, which, with a constant displacement, comes from added length and consequently decreased breadth, and therefore less disturbance As a practical illustration, I have sailed in a yacht in which the increase of length, with increase of heel, amounted to a maximum of about 30 per cent., and with each increase of heel came increased speed.

(*d*) Concerning freedom of design. The English girth rule, the French rule, the English tonnage rule, all were unsatisfactory. The rules proposed both by A. Cary Smith and Cox seem to have been dropped. In all of these the designer was limited, either directly or indirectly. In none was there an attempt to do more than approximate. In the proposed rule all of the elements are derived directly and leave an open choice with the designer to take any combination he likes to win prizes. Not by speed alone, but by a combination of speed with other desirable qualities. I know that this is desired by the majority of yachtsmen whom I have the pleasure of knowing.

Fourth: The various points here raised are in the main practical and must be decided by practical men. I must object, however, to the use of the word control where I used encourage.

The statement, "the allowance of time to a small yacht by a larger one, both having the same length and sail area, is so illogical that it is not surprising that the author dodges the concrete question." Now compare two yachts:

	L W. L Length		Beam. over all.				Displacement.	Cubic.	Sail Area.
	Erect	Heeled.		Erect.	Heel'd.	Dft.			
A	30	38	45	10	7	7	13,000	10.000	1,800
B	30	32	45	10	9	5	20,000	20.000	1,800

According to Sextant and C., these yachts should race on even terms, though A has less of accommodation than B, is in fact a racing machine, while B. is a roomy safe cruiser. By the proposed rule, A. measures for racing 38.68; B. measures 32.28, and any yachtsman of practical experience will say that this is fair.

It is by no means unprecedented to give a prize to a yacht finishing other than first.

Finally: As to the theoretical and practical accuracy of the time allowance tables. The speeds given by C. were all made in strong winds, and therefore favorable to the larger yacht. Compare them.

	Speed.		Length.			
	Ratio.	Actual.	Actual.	$\sqrt{L}$.	Ratio.	60% of
Glencain and Momo..		11	33	5.74		
Thirty-footers	1.18	13	42	6.48	1.13	.67
Dorothy	1.18	13	31	5.56	0.97	.58
Defender	1.45	16	95	9.74	1.70	1.02

They do not agree very well under the lengths stated by C. Now compare again by the actual L.W.L., that the rule contemplates.

	Speed.		Length.			
	Actual.	Ratio.	Actual.	$\sqrt{L}$.	Ratio.	60% of
Glencairn	11		17	4.12		
Thirties	13	1.16	30	5.47	1.32	.79
Dorothy	13	1.18	25	5.00	1.21	.73
Defender	16	1.45	90	9.48	2.30	1.36

The agreement here is still bad. Practically, over long courses there is no chance for the smaller yacht, even when the allowances are doubled. The allowance table states, "opportunities for speed vary with the square root of the length, and for light winds .06 is allowed."

We must subdivide our yachts for racing purposes into many classes, and either legislate to give the cruiser a chance or else adopt C.'s suggestion.

The writer will welcome almost any rule that has actual dimensions where length is an element and displacement or cubic contents is another, or where actual area of midship section below L.W.L. is used with L.W.L., but is opposed to any rule in which breadth and depth appear as the equivalent of the midship section, where the overhangs are arbitrarily taxed or where any special type is aimed at.

Let us try to abolish approximations, and if we want displacement, ask for it; if speed, ask for speed; and whatever elements we use, take them from the draft of the designer, and take them as they exist when the yacht is sailing. A.

Notes on the Yacht Defender and the Use of Aluminum in Marine Construction.

BY RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, ASSISTANT NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR, UNITED STATES NAVY.

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(Continued from page 395.)

ABROAD a number of experiments have been made.

In connection with the building of the torpedo-boat Foudre, Mr. A. F. Yarrow carried on a series of experiments, the results of which he describes as follows: "With reference to corrosion from sea water, we have tried a series of experiments, extending over twelve months, and we find, provided there is no galvanic action due to other metals being in contact with aluminum, the corrosion may be taken at under 4 per cent. for aluminum for plates about ⅛in. thick, the surface being unpainted." *

This rate is not unfavorable in comparison with the usual rate for steel.

As a result of investigations of corrosion incident to the subsequent condition of the Foudre, M. Le Chatelier, Naval Constructor, French Navy, pronounced that aluminum is oxidizable in proportion to its impurities; that salt water affects the aluminum of commerce, but not pure aluminum; that pure aluminum resists oxidation as well as gold and platinum, and is not attacked by nitric and sulphuric acids, though dissolving in alkalies and hydrochloric acid.

M. Besson, Naval Constructor, French Navy, arrived at similar conclusions after investigations in connection with the building of the Davoust for African service, stating that corrodibility diminished as the quantity of copper impurities diminished, pure aluminum being practically incorrodible, the impurities most instrumental in causing the corrosion being aluminum oxide, iron, carbon and silicon.

M. Guilloux, Naval Constructor, French Navy, designer and superintending constructor for the Vendenesse, who also inspected the Foudre after her corrosion, and who investigated the subject in conjunction with M. Minet, of the Ecole des Arts et Metiers of Paris, found that the usual assemblages of aluminum, taken at random, are liable to create batteries within themselves, and found that the more aluminum is electro-positive the better it resists salt water, and enjoined the following rules in the use of aluminum: 1. Choose aluminum as pure as possible. 2. Have the ingots mixed by fractional fusion to insure homogeneity. 3. Subject the material to galvanometric test and require it to be electro-positive to a piece already tried and found to give satisfactory resistance to corrosion. Take careful precautions during construction. Paint all surfaces and avoid absolutely all contact with copper.

In the paper in which these investigations were described, read before the Association Technique Maritime, which had been preceded by a paper on investigations in connection with the Vendenesse, M. Guilloux stated in conclusion that he regarded the metal as well adapted to marine construction, though delicate and as yet of irregular composition in production, while but slightly understood and insufficiently tried.

Experiments conducted at Neuhausen, Switzerland, in 1895, showed that pure aluminum was not attacked, while they showed that the copper alloys were badly attacked.

In connection with the application of aluminum to uses in the arts and industries ashore, various experiments have been made in the United States and abroad on its resistance to the usual agents that attack metals, noted among which experiments are those conducted by Prof. Richards, of Lehigh University. The uniform result has been the establishment of the fact that aluminum offers particularly great resistance, except in the case of alkalies and the chlorine group.

The experience in actual service and the experiments made, as outlined above, are inadequate to a definite and final conclusion as to the corrosion of aluminum in salt air and salt water.

The consensus, however, would lead to the following general conclusions:

1. When isolated, pure aluminum is not attacked.

2. When isolated, the usual alloys of aluminum and commercial aluminum are attacked in a measure more or less proportional to the amount or per cent. of the alloy or impurities. Among the alloys, copper and zinc seem the most corrodible.

3. When in contact or in communication with other metals below it in electro chemical scale, galvanic action sets in and aluminum and its alloys are rapidly corroded. The action takes place when the contact is between different alloys of aluminum, and even between different pieces of the same alloy, when not homogeneous; and there is indication that the corrosion of isolated alloys is probably due, in large measure, to the galvanic action between the particles of the two metals in the body of the alloy. Copper is again the metal whose contact causes most accentuated action, and the copper alloy is the alloy in which galvanic action is most marked.

4. The conditions of corrosion can be ameliorated by the application of coatings and coverings. The usual coatings for iron and steel, however, are not adapted to aluminum, particularly red lead. In case of special coatings, as yet prepared, special care and frequency of application are required. It would seem that the special characteristic to be sought is impermeability.

While drawing the above conclusions on corrosion, the imperfect behavior of steel and iron should be borne in mind. With full appreciation of this imperfection, however, the comparison of the two metals gives the following general results:

1. At the present stage, structural aluminum is materially more subject to corrosion than steel. The marked corrosion, however, must be attributed to galvanic action due to the high electro-positive character of aluminum, the pure metal itself, practically incorrodible, being far ahead of steel, and to this galvanic action must be attributed the corrosion of alloys and the usual commercial aluminum where even there is no external contact with other metals, the action taking place in the body of the metal from the intimate contact of the molecules of aluminum with the molecules of the alloying metals or impurities.

2. This feature of inferiority must therefore be regarded as subject to future amelioration from increase of knowledge and selection in the preparation of the alloys and from improvement in conditions of insulation and protection. Substantial amelioration has already been found in the use of nickel for the alloy, without entailing loss of strength, while further amelioration seems promised in the use of tungsten for the alloy.

Special measures toward insulation seem not to have been taken or tested in any case.

3. The coatings used for painting steel are not effective in protecting aluminum, and the special coatings as yet prepared are but partially effective, and then only on condition of special care and frequent renewal.

4. This feature of inferiority must likewise be regarded as subject to future amelioration with further experiment and increase of knowledge. It could scarcely be expected to find a suitable coating without research, particularly when the usual coatings for steel are composed so largely of oxides of metals whose contact with aluminum sets up galvanic action.

5. The degree of importance of the inferiority of aluminum to steel in the question of corrosion varies with the conditions of exposure and is disqualifying when the exposure to salt water and spray is constant and where frequent visitation is difficult or impracticable.

The cost of maintenance and care and the length of life identify themselves, as seen above, with the question of corrosion. Without being able, evidently, to assign definite values, the cost of maintenance and care at the present moment must be taken as appreciably greater for aluminum than for steel. The cost of additional care is not of great consequence for parts easily accessible, provided the exposure is not great and the coatings applied or the other process of care are at all effective. For parts constantly exposed multiply the frequency of visitation, the additional cost is considerable, particularly where the parts are difficult of access. In such cases of exposure and difficulty of visitation, the inferior conditions of preservation reduce the length of life, which, under good conditions even, must be considered as shorter than the life of steel. This factor of cost takes on large proportions, and, at the present moment, must be considered prohibitory for water-washed surfaces and parts in contact with bilge water, while still of large consequence for all outside parts, topsides, upper works, and upper deck fittings.

F.—APPLICATIONS.

With the conclusions thus arrived at for cost of maintenance and length of life and the results of calculations for strength, weight and first cost, assembled in the table adjoined, a basis exists for judging between the two metals for adaptability to the various purposes of marine construction. For the present purpose, and in keeping with the necessitated method of broad treatment, examination will be limited to salient features only.

1. *Adaptability for shell plating.*

(a) *For plating below water.*

(1) Bottom plating requires, besides elastic strength for structural stresses, special ultimate resistance to dynamic strains incident to grounding or even docking or moving alongside of wharves.

While adequate to the first requirement, aluminum, as seen, is altogether lacking in the second; an aluminum bottom would be penetrated and torn open where a steel bottom would only be deformed without perhaps springing a leak.

A torpedo explosion on the bilge or flank would shatter aluminum plating over a large area, bilging in all probabilities a larger number of compartments.

From considerations of strength, aluminum is thus unadapted for bottom plating of large vessels unless reinforced by sheathing.

(2) Bottom plating is necessarily in constant exposure to salt water and beyond the reach of visiting, except at long intervals when in dry dock. Considerations of corrosion, of care and shortness of life also unfit aluminum for bottom plating of vessels keeping the sea, unless they are sheathed.

Notwithstanding its advantages of lightness, aluminum is therefore doubly barred from use for bottom plating of unsheathed vessels keeping the sea.

(3) The application of sheating to prevent fouling gives to steel bottoms an excess of resistance to penetration; its application to an aluminum bottom would supply the deficiency of resistance, and at the same time give protection from the contact of sea water.

TABLE OF RATIOS, ALUMINUM TO STEEL.

	Strength. Tension. Elastic.	Tension. Ultimate	Comparison. Elastic.	Comparison. Ultimate.	Shearing.	Bending. Elastic.	Bending. Ultimate.	Stiffness, Flexion.	Weights.	Costs. Hull Work.	Costs. Hull Fittings.
Simple resistance, per square inch	.93	.66	.8.	.57	.63						
Square Sections, equal tension, elastic	1	....	....	..	....	.93	.63	.38	.36	....	1.0
Square Sections, equal tension, ultimate	....	1	....	....	....	1.6	1.04	.75	.5	....	1.4
Square Sections, compression, elastic	....	....	1	....	....	1.07	.70	.44	.33	....	1.1
Square Sections, compression, ultimate	....	....	....	1	....	2.03	1.33	1.03	.59	....	1.7
Square Sections, shearing	....	....	....	....	1	..	...	....	.43	...	1.5
Square Sections, equal weights	....	....	....	....	....	4.50	2 90	3	1	...	2.8
Rectangular plates, equal tension, elastic	1	....	....	...	....	.99	.6	.41	.36	2.4	1.0
Rectangular plates, equal tension, ultimate	....	1	....	....	...	1 94	1. 8	1.13	5	3.3	1.4
Rectangular plates, equal weights	....	....	....	....	....	7.8	5.1	9	1	6.6	2.8
I Beams, proportional dimensions, equal weights	....	....	....	...	....	4.45	2.91	3.08	1	10.4	3.6
I Beams, equal bending moments, elastic	....	...	....	1	....	.38	.37	3 9	1	4.2	1.4
I Beams, equal bending moments, ultimate	....	....	....	....	1	.8	.46	4.8	1	10.4	3 6	1.7
Angle bars, equal weights	....	....	....	3.59	2.35	2..	1	10.4	3 6		
Angle bars, equal bending moment, elastic	....	....	....	....	1	....	.38	.4	4.2	1.5	
Angle bars, equal bending moment, ultimate	....	....	....	....	1	.5	.58	6	2.1		

Dynamic resistance in tension, elastic, ratio of, per sq in, .261, weight ratio .33.

Dynamic resistance in tension, ultimate, ratio very small, approximately inversely proportional to length.

Having a weight ratio of but .43, the aluminum bottom would realize a large saving amounting in a 9,000-ton vessel

* See paper by Mr. Yarrow in the Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects, Vol. XXXVI., 1895.

to about 200 tons, a large fraction of the increase of weight due to sheathing.

The cost ratio being 2.83, the increase of cost in the case considered would be about $90,000, or about 3 per cent. of the total cost of vessel.

A 3 per cent. increase of cost is a small price to pay for a 2 per cent. saving of weight.

The bottom would still be liable to corrosion from the inside, and until experiments have been made with cement and other bilge coverings, it would not be prudent to use aluminum even for sheathed bottoms in the parts where bilge water is liable to collect.

(4) For torpedo-boats and small boats considerations of stiffness determine the scantlings for shell plating. The fiber stress of girder calculation in such cases is less than half the stress admissible. To give the same stiffness aluminum plates would be 1.34 as thick as steel, making a weight ratio of .48, but the same weight of aluminum plating would realize 9 times the stiffness. For stiffness, therefore, aluminum offers pronounced advantages. In cases of grounding, however, to which such boats are more or less liable in their operations in shoal water, the inferiority of aluminum in dynamic resistance would be in evidence as for the case of large vessels, debarring its use for keel plates and garboards.

When navigating in fresh water and when hauled up, such craft are removed from the corroding effects of salt water and sojourn in these conditions is more or less extended. The conditions of corrosion are therefore materially ameliorated, but would still require a suitable coating or paint of good resisting qualities.

The increase in cost would be similar to the increase in the case of large vessels, not at all prohibitory.

There are, therefore, material advantages to be gained in the use of aluminum for the bottoms of torpedo-boats and small boats generally, where saving of weight is precious and only the absence of a suitable paint stands in the way of adaptability.

(b) *For plating above water.*

(1) In conditions of usual service, plating above water does not require unusual dynamical resistance found necessary for the safety of bottom plating, and the pronounced greater elastic dynamical resistance of aluminum places it perhaps ahead of steel, notwithstanding the great inferiority in ultimate dynamical resistance. In battle, however, the inferiority of aluminum would again appear in an emphasized form in the increased wreckage and *débris* and multiplicity of splinters. The use of aluminum is, therefore, questionable in wake of gun protection and in the region of unprotected spaces occupied in battle. This is an important factor for unarmored war vessels and is serious for armored vessels, where, notwithstanding isolation of gun positions and the high degree of armor protection, the secondary battery is largely exposed, and fragments and splinters are still a menace.

The conditions of corrosion are severe just above the water line and would exclude aluminum from two or three strakes at least. For the topside above, subject to intermittent spray and sea, the conditions of corrosion, though much less, are still serious and would require an efficient protecting coating.

The increase in cost is similar to the increase for plating below water and is not commensurate with the similar large gain or saving in weight.

(2) Fragments and splinters in battle do not enter the consideration for torpedo-boats and small boats and for mercantile vessels.

(3) There is, therefore, an important field for aluminum in plating above water, restricted only by the lack of a suitable coating.

2. *Adaptability for framing.*

Requirements of dynamic resistance exclude aluminum from use in framing behind armor and in general from all association with armor except the support of weight. They affect its use in gun positions and in other spaces occupied in battle where fragments and splinters are to be feared.

For framing elsewhere, however, the nature of its resistance would not incur disadvantage for aluminum, except to a certain extent for outer angles of frames and longitudinals.

Considerations of corrosion are against its use as outer or frame angles in the parts liable to collect bilge water, also as outer angles on longitudinals in the same regions. The conditions for the other parts are also more or less severe.

For the purposes of comparison, assuming the use for all longitudinal and transverse framing below protective deck, and for half the transverse framing above the protective deck, the saving in weight in a 9,000-ton vessel of ample freeboard would be about as follows, with weight ratio .48 for shapes and .43 for plates:

	Tons.	Tons.
Transverse framing below protective deck.....	..	about 58
In angles and other shapes.....about 30		..
In platework, floor plates, brackets, gussets, etc...about 28		..
In transverse framing above protective deck, angles and other shapes.....	..	about 13
In longitudinal framing.....	..	about 45
In plates.....about 32		..
In angles .....about 13		..
Total.....		116

Total saving about 116 tons. With cost ratio of 2.9 for plates and 5 for shapes, the additional cost would be about $98,000; $69,000 additional for shapes, and $29,000 additional for plates.

It is to be noted that the shapes realize only 56 tons of the 116 tons saved, while they entail $69,000 out of $98,000 increase of cost, illustrating the general fact of the smaller advantage to be gained in the use of aluminum for shapes, than is to be gained in the use for plates.

In the present case, as pointed out, the outer angles are additionally subjected to severe conditions of corrosion. If, therefore, these remain of steel, the saving in weight would be about 16 tons less, and the increase of cost would be reduced by about $20,000.

Considering the smaller advantage of weight, the larger increase of cost, the severer conditions for corrosion, and the lesser adaptability of resistance, it would appear advantageous to have the outer angles of steel, even in the case of the adoption of aluminum for the plates and inner angles.

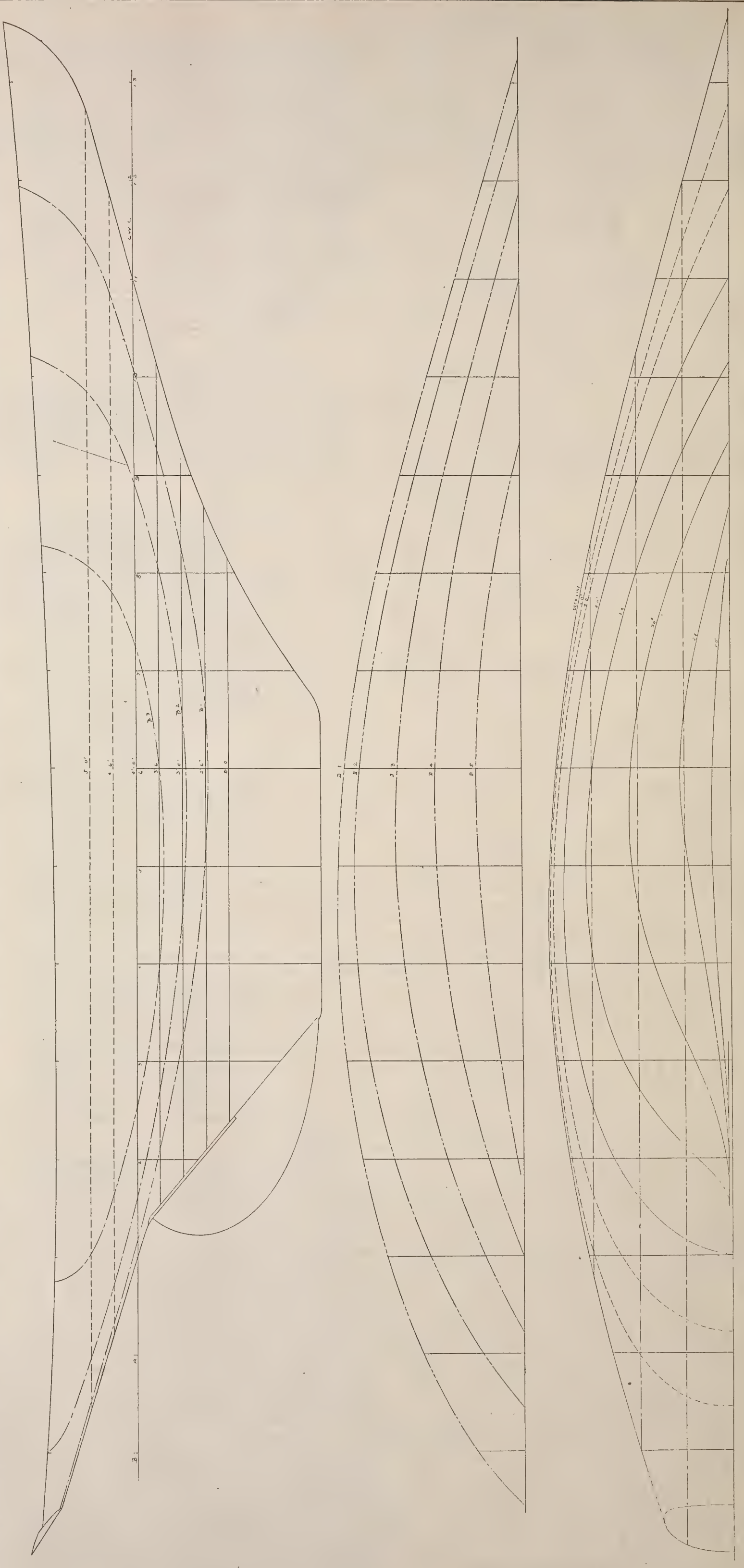
For these latter plates and angles, decided advantage is to be gained in the use of aluminum when a suitable coating is found. Until this time, however, such use would not be prudent in view of the conditions of the double bottom and difficulty of access.

For framing below the protective deck forward and abaft the double bottom, and for framing above the protective deck, where not associated with armor, and where there is no special menace in battle from fragments and splinters, aluminum can be used with advantage in the present stage of progress, provided, as is assumed throughout, that use is made of an alloy other than copper, and that due attention is paid to preservation.

For torpedo-boats and for small boats generally, the conditions of corrosion of frames are not severe, and the frames are more or less accessible, excepting the lower parts of frames of torpedo boats. The nature of its resistance being suitable, aluminum is therefore adaptable. General adoption for this purpose, however, should also be preceded by experiments to determine the coating best suited for preservation, while it should be borne in mind that the gain in weight of about one-half entails an increase of five times in cost.

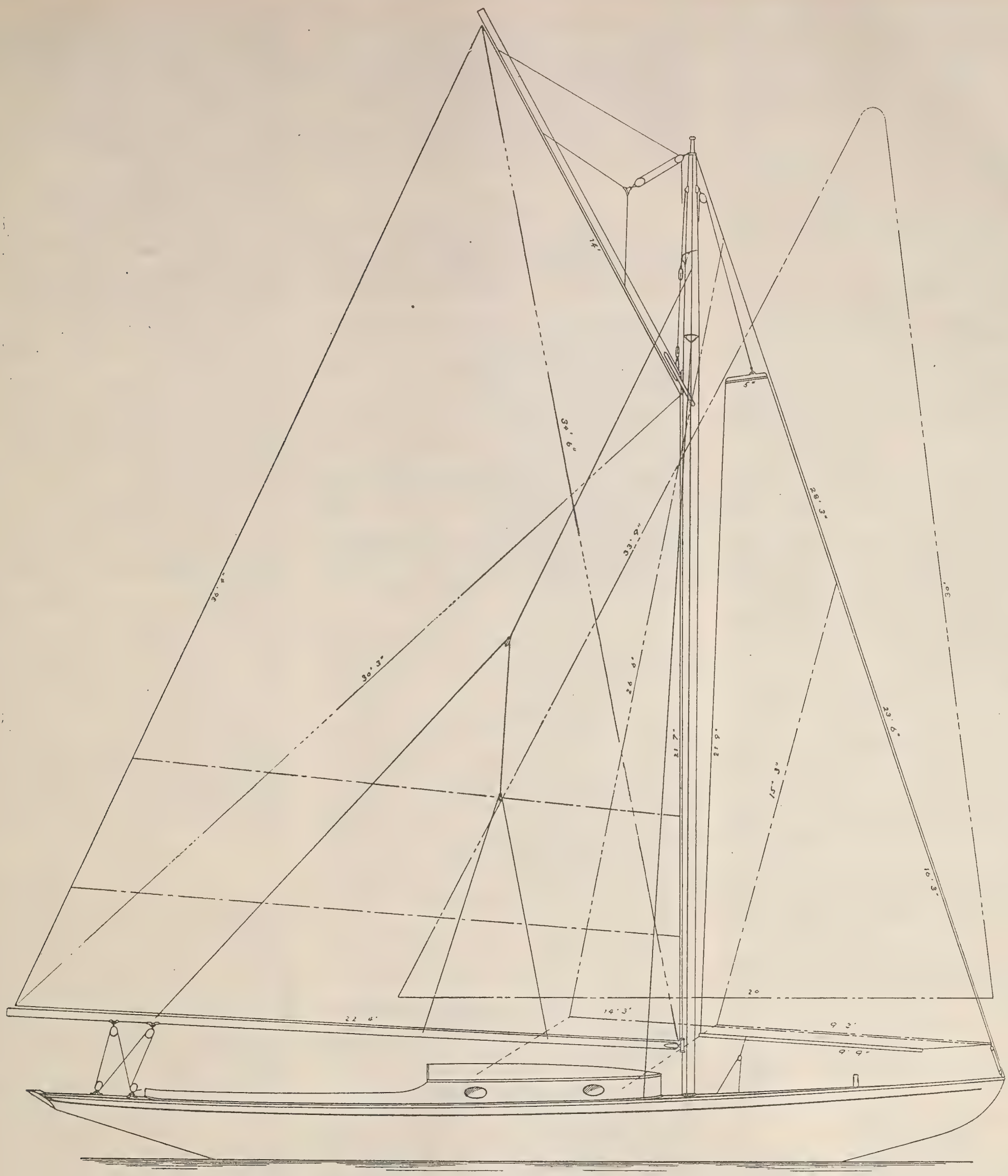
3. *Adaptability for inner bottom.*

The nature of aluminum's resistance is suitable for inner



SEAWANHAKA ONE-DESIGN KNOCKABOUT

Designed and built by W. B. Stearns, 1897.



SEAWANHAKA ONE-DESIGN KNOCKABOUT.

bottom plating where the conditions of corrosion are not severe, due regard being taken to the conditions of the underside and the difficulty of access. With a coating of fair efficiency, and with due attention, aluminum offers decided advantages for general adoption for inner bottoms. Taking the case of a 9,000-ton vessel, the gain in weight with plates of equal stiffness would be about 30 tons, and the increase in cost would be about $16,000.

4. *Adaptability for bulkheads.*

The integrity of bulkheads is undermined as a rule by distortion destroying water-tightness, while rarely, if ever, is the metal called upon to exert its ultimate strength of resistance. The superior stiffness and greater elastic resistance of aluminum mark it, therefore, for special adaptability for bulkhead purposes, for both plating and stiffeners.

Standing vertically, as it does with ease of access, and without exposure of any kind, the conditions for preventing corrosion are peculiarly favorable.

Aluminum therefore, is eminently suitable for bulkhead purposes for all classes of vessels.

Taking a vessel of 9,000 tons of unusual subdivision and high freeboard, and assuming equal stiffness, the saving of weight and increase of cost are about as follows:

	Weight Saved.	Increased Cost.
Transverse bulkheads below pro'ective deck	45 tons.	$33,000
Transverse bulkheads above protective deck, W. T.	30 tons.	27,000
Transverse bulkheads above protective deck, light divisional	7 tons.	5,000
Longitudinal bulkheads below protective deck	96 tons.	77,000
Longitudinal bulkheads above protective deck	23 tons.	18,000
Longitudinal bulkheads above protective deck, light divisional	9 tons.	2 000
	210	$157,000

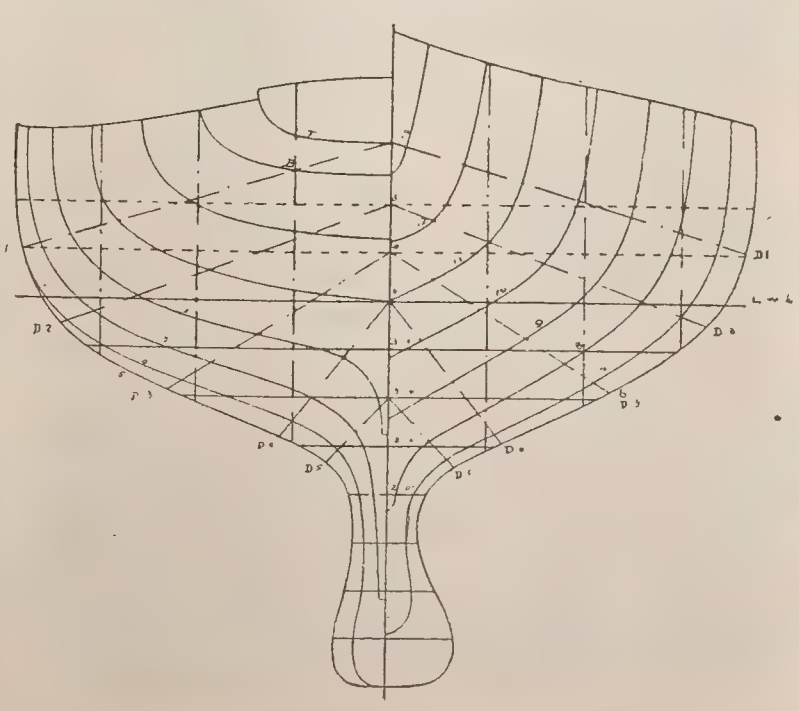
Total weight saved 210 tons, about 2⅓ per cent. displacement.
Total increase of cost $157,000, about 5 per cent. of total cost.

5. *Adaptability for decks.*

For reasons pointed out above, aluminum is debarred from association with the protective deck. The nature of its resistance, however, is suitable for other decks, both for beams and plating, exception being made for stringers and tie-plates, reservation being made also for considerations of fragments and splinters in battle as pointed out above.

For beams, however, with the present conditions of manufacture, the sizes required for large vessels, for which there has yet been no demand, could probably be produced only with increased difficulty, though for the present purpose it will be assumed that they could be produced at the price quoted above for shapes.

Conditions of corrosion would exclude the use for the upper deck unless the plating were covered by wood flat. As a matter of fact such a wood flat is found, as a rule, on the upper deck of war vessels where the deck is of steel. All other decks would require efficient linoleum or other covering on top and an efficient coating on underside. For structural purposes the deck stringers would remain of steel.



For a vessel of 9,000 tons, supposing the decks except the protective deck to be of aluminum, both plating and beams, the saving of weight and increase of cost, assuming equal stiffness, would be about as follows:

	Weight Saved.	Increased Cost.
Main deck	about 85 tons.	about $60,000
Gun deck	about 60 tons.	about 42,000
Berth deck	about 67 tons.	about 47,000
Platform deck	about 21 tons.	about 15,000
Flats and floors	about 2 tons.	about 1,000
	235	$165,000

Total weight saved about 235 tons, about 2⅔ per cent. of total weight.

Total increase of cost about $165,000, about 5½ per cent. of total cost.

6. *Adaptability for other hull work.*

(1) For casings and trunks the same advantageous conditions are offered for aluminum as pointed out in the case of bulkheads. For a 9,000-ton vessel the saving in weight would be about 45 tons, about 51 per cent. of the weight in steel, with an increase of cost of about $30,000, about 2⅓ times the cost in steel.

(2) For small trunks and ducts, coaling trunks, ventilator trunks, forced draft ducts, ammunition hoist trunks, chain lockers, blower casings, the same conditions hold; the saving in weight would be about 32 tons, and the increase in cost about $21,000, bearing about the same ratios to tota weight and cost in steel as found for casings and trunks.

(3) Similarly for hammock berthing where the saving in weight would be about 14 tons, and the increase in cost about $9,000, bearing about the same ratios to total weight and cost in steel.

(4) For metal ceilings inside the same conditions hold, giving a saving of about 6 tons with an increase of cost of about $4,000, bearing about the same ratios to total weight and cost in steel.

It should be remarked that the greater conductivity of aluminum would increase the condensation, requiring special provision against same in living spaces.

7. *Adaptability for hull fittings.*

(1) For the ventilating system the conditions for corrosion

are not severe and there are no special requirements for resistance. Aluminum is therefore suited to the air ducts and fittings, and the pipes and cowls, into which forms it can be readily made and is easily worked. On the vessel taken for the comparison the saving in weight would be about 20 tons, with an increase of cost of only about $8,000, the cost ratio being taken at 1.24. About 3½ tons are saved in the copper and brass cowls, rims and hoods, without increase of cost.

For the cowls, too, the lighter weight affords greater ease of manipulation for trimming to wind.

(2) For metal doors, water-tight and non-water-tight, the advantages of aluminum are in special evidence. For water-tight doors the stresses are similar to those of bulkheads, the main consideration being stiffness and resistance to deformation. The distinctive superiority, however, lies in the greater ease of opening and closing afforded by the lighter weight. On the vessel in question the saving in weight would be about eighteen tons and the increase of cost but about $6,000. There would be advantage for the substitutions for some wooden doors, as to staterooms, where lightness is also specially desired.

(3) For hatches (other than armored), man-hole covers and frames, the same considerations hold. The saving in weight would be about eleven tons, with an increase in cost of about $4,000.

(4) For torpedo ports and coaling ports, the special advantage of ease of handling is again in evidence, though the conditions of corrosion would require an effective coating on the outside. The saving in weight would be about five tons and the increase of cost about $2,000.

(5) For dead light, air port, and deck light frames and casings, cast aluminum would be well suited, provided due attention is given to consideration of corrosion, proper care in selection of material of castings, and application of effective coating The saving in weight over the brass castings would be about fifteen tons without any considerable increase of cost.

(6) For metal ladders and gratings, ease of handling due to lightness gives a distinct advantage, and conditions of corrosion are not severe. The saving of weight would be about three tons and increase of cost about $1,000. There would also be advantage in many cases in the substitution of aluminum for wood gratings.

(7) For masts and spars the advantage of lightness is in special evidence as reducing high weights, and the conditions of corrosion are not severe. Aluminum is, therefore, well adapted for usual service where sails are not carried and unusual forces are not to be resisted. It is to be noted, however, that in battle an aluminum lower mast would be more likely to be shattered and drop its charge of military tops, etc. For the lower booms, or boat booms, lightness offers additional advantage for rigging in and out.

The substitution in the case of a vessel carrying two military masts of usual development would be about fourteen tons, the increase of cost about $7,000.

(8) Among additional miscellaneous fittings for the application of aluminum may be mentioned fresh water tanks, galley outfit, furniture, ammunition boxes, binnacles, lanterns, etc.

Reference has been previously made to the fact of aluminum's being largely debarred from boiler and engine application on account of the overthrow of its physical properties by heat, even at comparatively low temperature It should be pointed out, on the other hand, that this obstacle is not incurred in a number of applications in the engine and fire rooms, such, for instance, as the parquets or floors, envelopes of boilers and condensers, condenser tubes, etc. In connection with the use for condenser tubes it would be necessary to avoid the use of alkalies like soda in cleaning. In the above and in many other applications the lightness of aluminum would be in large advantage, particularly for reciprocating parts. In other applications, to parts of machinery where unusual forces are not to be feared, where the oft-repeated forces are well known, the high elastic dynamic resistance would in addition be of decided advantage. For the present purpose, however, this field of application is not investigated.

(9) The above applications, assembled, are as follows:

First, where, at the present stage and under the present condition of manufacture, aluminum could be used to advantage, provided a suitable alloy other than copper is used, and provided due care and attention are given to preservation, as follows:

For Hull Work.

	Case of 9,000-ton Vessel — Saving in Weight.	Increase in Cost.
Bulkheads	210 tons.	$157,000
Casings and trunks	45 tons.	30,000
Small trunks and ducts	32 tons.	21,000
Hammock berthing	14 tons.	9,000
Metal ceilings	6 tons.	4,000
Total in hull work	307 tons.	$221,000

For Hull Fittings.

Ventilation system, ducts, pipes, cowls and fittings	20 tons.	$8,000
Metal doors	18 tons.	6 000
Hatches	11 tons,	4,000
Torpedo ports and coaling ports	5 tons.	2,000
Metal ladders and gratings	3 tons.	1,000
Masts and spars	14 tons.	7,000
Total for hull fittings	71 tons.	$ 28,000
Total for hull work	307 tons.	221,000
Total	378 tons.	$249,000

Thus, at the present state of manufacture and with present means of preservation, there could be realized with safety on a vessel of 9,000 tons a saving of about 380 tons with an additional expenditure of about $250,000, or an economy of about 4¼ per cent. of the total weight of vessel with about 8⅛ per cent. entailed increase of cost. The relative advantage is most marked in the case of hull fittings, where the saving of weight is about 14 per cent. of total weight of hull fittings, and the entailed increase of cost is only about 8½ per cent. of total cost of hull fittings.

Second, where aluminum can be used with advantage as soon as experiment finds an efficient coating against corrosion, as follows:

For Hull Work.

	Case of 9,000-ton Vessel — Saving in Weight.	Increase. in Cost.
Shell plating.		
Bottom plating of small vessels		
Bottom plating of large vessels when sheathed	200 tons.	$90,000
Topside plating of small vessels		
Topside plating of large vessels when not associated with armor or armored spaces occupied in battle		
Framing.		
Bottom and topside framing for small vessels		
Bottom framing except over angles of transverse frames and longitudinals in double bottom and topside framing for large vessels	100 tons.	78,000
Inner bottom plating	30 tons.	16,000
Decks, plating and beams	235 tons.	165,000
Total for hull work for sheathed vessel	565	$349,000
Total for hull work for unsheathed vessel	365	259,000

For Hull Fittings.

Dead lights, air ports and deck light frames and casings	15 tons.	$ 000
Total for hull work	365 tons.	259,000
Total	380	$259,000

Thus, as soon as an efficient preservative coat is found, a further field will be opened up where with a 9,000-ton vessel an additional saving of 380 tons could be realized by an increase of cost of about $510 000, or a saving of about 8½ per cent. of total weight and an increase of about 8⅜ per cent. of total cost.

When thus occupying its whole legitimate field in hull construction, the use of aluminum would realize, in a 9,000-ton vessel, a saving of weight of about 760 tons with an entailed increase of cost of about $510,000, or a saving of about 8½ per cent. of total weight with an increase of about 17 per cent. of total cost.

It should be recalled that the above results apply to a vessel of war, and for the present purpose it will suffice to point out that for a merchant vessel, where conditions of battle are not taken account of, the application would be larger.

* * * * * * * *

G.—SUMMATION—CONCLUSIONS.

The above comparisons lead to the following results:

Comparison for Strength and Weight.

1. In simple tension, aluminum, which is about one-third as heavy as steel, has about two-thirds of the ultimate and about fourteen-fifteenths of the elastic resistance.

In simple compression and shearing the ratios are slightly smaller.

2. In bending, aluminum bars of square section having the same weight as steel give about 2 9 times the ultimate strength and about 4 5 times the elastic moment of resistance, and are about 3 times as stiff.

Aluminum plates of equal weight give about 5.1 times the ultimate and about 7 8 times the elastic moment of resistance, and are about 9 times as stiff.

Aluminum shapes of proportioned dimensions of equal weight give for I beams about 2 9 times the ultimate and about 4 5 times the elastic moment and about 3.1 times the stiffness, and for angles about 2.4 times the ultimate and about 3 6 times the elastic moment, and about 2.3 times the stiffness.

3. In elastic elongation, aluminum gives about 2.8 times the elongation of steel with a modulus of elasticity of about one-third of steel. For elongation beyond the elastic limit, aluminum is incomparably below steel, the ratio being smaller as the length increases.

The dynamic resistance of aluminum in tension within the elastic limit is, therefore, about 2.6 times the resistance of steel per unit of cross section, and is about 7.8 times the resistance for equal weight.

Beyond the elastic limit the dynamic resistance of aluminum cannot be compared with the resistance of steel.

Comparison for Cost.

1. To realize the same resistance, plate work in aluminum costs, in general, about 2 8 times as much as steel in hull work, and about 1 2 times as much in hull fittings; angle work and work in other shapes cost, in general, about 5 times as much in hull work and about 1.7 times as much in hull fittings.

Cast fittings in aluminum cost about 1.5 times as much as in steel, and about the same as in brass.

In all of these cases the weight for aluminum construction is less than half the weight for steel, and about one-third the weight for brass.

2. The cost of maintenance and care is at present substantially greater for aluminum construction than for steel construction, and increases in proportion to the exposure to corrosion, which becomes exaggerated where conditions favor galvanic action.

3. The length of life of aluminum construction under favorable conditions must be regarded at present as substantially shorter than the length of life of steel construction, on account of pronounced tendency to corrosion. This tendency has been found to be due in most part to galvanic action, largely caused by the alloy or impurities in the metal, an alloy being necessary to realize good results of strength. Of the alloys tried, the copper alloy has given the worst results for corrosion.

As yet a suitable protecting coating has not been found, and the field is calling for further scientific experiment.

The cases of the employ of aluminum have been unfortunate in results of corrosion, but they have been incomplete, and the conditions, upon examination, have been found to have been extremely severe.

With a properly chosen alloy, like the nickel alloy, and with proper care, aluminum can be safely used where there is not direct exposure to salt water and spray, and the further extent of the advantageous use to fields where the exposure is not specially severe is only held back by the lack of an efficient protective coating.

Applications.

The results of the comparisons for strength and weight and for cost lead to the conclusion that at present aluminum is adapted for use in hull work for bulkheads, casings and trunks, small trunks and ducts, hammock berthing and metal ceiling, and for use in hull fittings for parts of ventilation system, for metal doors, hatches, torpedo ports and coaling ports, metal ladders and gratings, masts and spars; this adoption in the case of a 9,000-ton vessel, realizing a saving in weight of about 380 tons at an increase of cost of about $250,000.

The same results lead to the conclusion that as soon as an efficient coating is found, aluminum will be further adapted for the bottom plating of sheathed vessels, for the bottom and topside plating of small vessels, part of the topside plating of large vessels, for bottom and topside framing of small vessels, for topside framing of large vessels, for the bottom framing of large vessels, except outer angles in double bottom, for inner bottom plating, and deck plating, and for dead light, air port and deck light frames and casings, realizing by this adoption in a 9,000 ton vessel a saving in weight of about 380 tons at an increase of cost of about $260,000.

It is to be remarked that in the above applications it is assumed that galvanic action does not set in from the contact of aluminum and steel, an assumption apparently justified by experience thus far; but in course of time it is largely probable that appreciable action would set in, if some insulating provision were not made in the joints between the two metals. It is not believed, however, that such insulation provision would be impracticable.

It may be recalled also, as stated in the outset, that performances and homogeneity of aluminum as taken are somewhat ahead of the present stage of manufacture, and that the applications have been extended to dimensions and scantlings not yet commercially turned out.

Moreover, it should not be overlooked that the element of cost in the maintenance and care of aluminum construction and the length of life are not well determined and are difficult to evaluate on account of the limited experience.

The results arrived at are thus to be taken in connection with the limitations necessarily imposed by the fact of the field being essentially new.

In summation, and in conclusion, aluminum has incontestable virtues as a structural material. Its great elastic elongation and resistance within the elastic limit places it far ahead of steel for resisting usual, well determined and repeated dynamic forces, while its great comparative lightness marks it for marine construction. On the other hand, it has serious defects. An excessively low elongation beyond the elastic limit unfits it entirely for use where liable to be subjected to violent and unknown dynamic forces; temperatures beyond atmospheric undermine its physical properties; while, notwithstanding an innate superior resistance when pure to the attack of corroding agents, the high position on the electro-chemical scale causing excessive tendency to galvanic action, places a severe obstacle in the way of adoption where exposed to salt water and spray, particularly in the case of alloys, in which form alone the metal exhibits its best physical properties. This last serious defect, however, must be considered as subject to constant amelioration with increase of knowledge and experiment in precautions and higher perfection in manufacture.

Thus, while this new metal has an important field in marine construction, an important field now ready for occupation, and additional fields awaiting only the improvement in conditions for resisting galvanic action, these fields are essentially limited, and the larger domains are shut out by impassable barriers.

The early optimist who inferred all virtues from a single virtue, and the later reactionist who pronounced general unfitness from a few partial trials, were both wide of the mark. The metal is not utopian, but it has, nevertheless, beyond question, an important mission for the serious marine architect, who is only waiting further improvement in manufacture and reduction in cost and further amelioration in conditions of corrosion.

For the naval architect of our own country, for our country itself, the question has a special significance.

The maintenance of a strong commissioned naval force must be our country's policy for taking its destined part of international greatness in regulating the common affairs of the planet, but our position and the spirit of the nation mark our naval policy specially for a great force kept economically in reserve, commissioned only periodically for drill purposes.

In a state of reserve the conditions of corrosion are greatly ameliorated. The vessels seek and lie in fresh water; the torpedo-boats and small boats, which do not seek fresh water, are hauled up under sheds. Under these conditions the great obstacle of corrosion is largely removed from aluminum's path. Indeed, aluminum appears to be superior to steel in the resistance to the corroding effects of atmospheric exposure and of fresh water.

The question becomes more significant where account is taken of the great natural facilities and possibilities of our coast line for fresh water basins of large expanse for taking vessels of all sizes. It takes on a still more significant aspect when it is recognized that nature in the inland routes along the coast has marked small craft as our great second line of defense; while, in the inland waters of great rivers and great lakes in communication with the sea, she has provided immeasurable possibilities for the construction and maintenance of these craft.

Torpedo-boats which are thus marked for a great natural economical branch of national defense form now the least developed arm of our navy.

There therefore lies ahead, inevitably, a vast programme of torpedo-boat construction, for which every advantage of materials of construction should be earnestly sought. Fortunately for the nation, this branch of defense admits of rapid growth and may be expected to have large expansion in the near future. Indeed, the time is not far distant when, with treaty restrictions abrogated, we shall see on the Great Lakes, vast flotillas of torpedo-boats lying for most of the year in economical reserve, free from corrosion. Periodically, they will be commissioned for drill purposes, and from time to time will sally forth to the seaboard for mobilization and exercise in the operations of coast defense.

We would realize thus, at a minimum cost and a minimum turning away of the nation's energies from the channels of production, a great power, tranquil in time of peace and good-will, irresistible for defense in time of war.

[CONCLUSION.]

Mr. Brand's Challenge.

From the Yachting World, Nov. 5.

MATTERS in connection with Mr. J. Arthur Brand's challenge for the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. challenge cup continue to progress, but slowly. On Friday Mr. Brand received a cable from his agent, Mr. Sturdee, to the effect that if a race was wanted the necessary backing of the challenge by the Minima Y. C. would have to be sent immediately. Mr. Brand at once placed himself in communication with the Minima Y. C., and Admiral Hallowes has been requested to call a meeting of the committee to consider the matter. Since receiving the cable Mr. Brand has had a letter from Mr. Sturdee, informing him that he (Mr. Sturdee) had absolutely promised the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. that a British boat will be sent over, provided all the arrangements for a contest are satisfactory. Mr. Brand is still waiting an official communication from the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., giving the full conditions for the proposed meeting.

The 25ft. Knockabouts.

THE second meeting of the Long Island Sound yachtsmen interested in the new 25ft. knockabout class was held on Nov. 11 at the Grand Union Hotel. The weather was very bad, but a number of yachtsmen turned out, including B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, who was present by request of the committee. Mr. Crowninshield's design, which was the choice of the first meeting, was finally accepted with some modifications, the freeboard, displacement and sail area being increased and a bowsprit added. The centerboard will be of wood. It is probable that some twenty of the yachts will be built.

The Seawanhaka One-Design Class.

THROUGH the courtesy of the designer, W. B. Stearns, of Marblehead, we are enabled to publish the accompanying designs of the new 21ft. l.w.l. knockabouts ordered for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. Twenty-five of these little yachts are now under way at Mr. Stearns' yard. The interior plans and further particulars will follow next week.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

ON Saturday, Nov. 27, the annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes will be held at Detroit. On the following Saturday the annual meeting of the Lake Y. R. A. of Lake Ontario will be held at Hamilton.

Yampa, schr., R. S. Palmer, from Maderia for New York, put into St. Thomas on Nov. 5 with foresail carried away, sailing again on Nov. 9 after making repairs. The yacht had made a long passage, but all were well on board.

It is reported, on the authority of the *Field*, that Valkyrie III. will be fitted out for the Mediterranean races by her original owners.

A regular meeting of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. was held on Nov. 9, with Rear-Com. Van Liew in the chair, in the absence of Com. Rouse, who has been seriously ill for some weeks. The trustees reported the election of fifty-nine members, filling the limit of membership. The race committee reported that the contracts had been made with W. B. Stearns, of Marblehead, for twenty-five of the new knockabouts. The committee also reported that it had challenged for the Seawanhaka cup, and the club, by unanimous vote, endorsed the challenge. The Twenty-second street club house is now open for the winter, and mess dinners, lectures and entertainments will go on as usual. Golf links are now being laid out at Center Island, for use next season.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Ernest G. Budington	Brooklyn, N. Y.	———

[This name was incorrectly reported last week.]

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Sportsmen's Exposition Tournament.

ONE of the principal features at the fourth annual Sportsmen's Exposition and Bicycle Show, to be held at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 13 to 22, will be the second annual grand championship rifle tournament. There will be in the programme of events an individual championship match, open to all, 10 yds., off-hand, at a 25-ring target, distance 100ft. Entrance fee for this test is $5, which will include a season ticket of admission to the Exposition. First prize, championship trophy and $10. The other twelve prizes will divide $110. A continuous match, open to all, distance 100ft., off-hand, at a 25-ring target. Entrance fee for ticket of three shots, 50 cents. First prize, $50; $140 divided in other prizes. There will be a target of honor, open to all, and a bullseye target, open to all. Full money prizes and premiums will be given. The target of honor will have $100 in cash prizes. The rules governing are as follows:

A shot must cut the ring to count.

All targets will be counted and entered by the official scorer, and will be returned to the shooter in case there is no dispute. The referee committee will decide all matters pertaining to doubtful scores. Any sights except telescopes allowed.

All questions in dispute not covered by these rules will be decided by the referee committee.

(Note.—Messrs. Zettler Bros will have charge of the ranges, and will furnish rifles and suitable ammunition free to all competitors. All kinds of .22 rim-fire ammunition will be on hand.)

The officials in charge are:

Tournament Committee: H. D. Muller, chairman; G. Zimmermann, C. G. Zettler.

Edward Banks, Secretary, Forest and Stream Publishing Co, 346 Broadway, New York city.

Referee Committee: G. Zimmermann, chairman; J. Tholks, C. G. Zettler, R. Busse.

Honorary Committee: Capt. F. Ehlen, Capt. J. Radloff, President B. Walther, President Barker, Capt. G. Krauss, Capt. H. Mahlenbrock, Capt. R. W. Dewey, Capt. W. V. Weber, Capt. A. W. Lemke, President O. Uehlein, Capt. J. Facklamm, Capt. I. Martin, Capt. L. Dohling, Capt. E. Tietje, Capt. D. Meersse, A. C. Gould, Capt J. Ringler, Capt. F. Kleppsattel, Capt. T. Wolters, Capt. H. Erxmeyer, Capt. C. Basse.

A Remarkable Score.

OUR correspondent at Fredericton, N. B, Mr. Frank H. Risteen, under date of Nov. 8, writes:

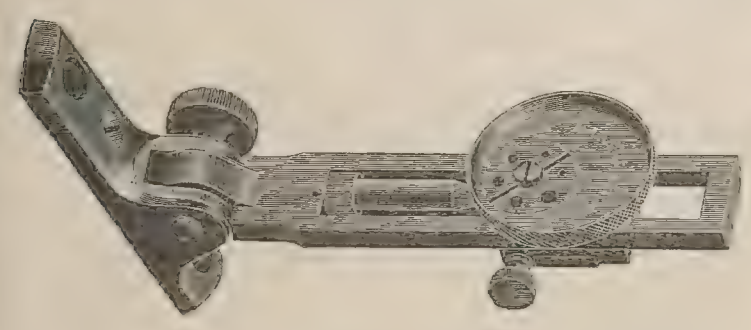
The innocent amusement known as record-breaking which has raged with such epidemic violence for the past five years in the United States, insomuch that no man could feel safe on going to bed at night that his record would not be broken in the morning, has never been a popular pastime in Canada. Here if a man does a fast mile on a bicycle down hill with a cyclone at his back and a locomotive in front he does not claim to be the champion of the universe. If he performs the juvenile feat of shooting a few bull partridges in the head with a rifle he does not think it necessary to proclaim his achievement in the sporting papers. If he catches a big trout he does not rush to the photographer in search of immortality. Hence it now and then happens that a really notable and remarkable feat is performed which deserves to be placed on record, but which floats away with the smoke of things and is soon lost forever.

There is one such achievement, performed by a very modest man, who went on with his work next day as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred, that I would like to rescue from oblivion. On Aug. 28 last, at the Fredericton rifle range, Mr. Roderick T. Mack, of this city, put up a score which I am inclined to think, taking all the conditions into account, has never been beaten on the earth. The distance was 200yds., the rifle an open-sighted military Martini with a 7lb. trigger pull; the position kneeling; the target was of regulation size, 8in. bullseye, counting 5; 4in. outside of that the inner circle counting 4; 4in. outside of that the magpie circle counting 3; the remainder of the target comprising the outer and counting 2 points. The shooting was performed in the presence of many members of the Fredericton Rifle Club, and so electrified were the markers in the butts that when Mr. Mack stopped shooting they rushed out of the butts and cheered the marksman. Mr. Mack fired 20 shots and made the marvelous total of 98 out of a possible 100, as follows:

5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4—98

Stevens's Wind Gauge Vernier Sight.

THE J. Stevens Arms Co., of Chicopee, Mass., has gotten out something new in the way of a wind gauge vernier sight. The new sight presents a neater appearance than the ordinary mid-range vernier, the thumbscrew at the top having been done away with and the leaf otherwise shortened. Elevation is secured by the rotating knurled thimble in the center of the leaf under the eye cup, while windage is obtained by means of the thumbscrew on the right side of the eye



cup. The eye cup is of course first loosened, and then the side motion is obtained by use of the thumb screw. This side motion amounts to ½in. either way if desired.

With the wind gauge on the vernier a lower base on the muzzle sight is rendered possible. This lowering of the base on the muzzle sight permits also the shortening of the vernier. Another advantage in having the wing gauge on the vernier is that the danger of adjusting a muzzle wind gauge on a loaded rifle is done away with. The vernier wind gauge sight is also made with a combination eye cup, which permits of several changes in the size of the aperture. At present it is manufactured for the Stevens Ideal rifles only.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

NOV. 23-25.—ST. LOUIS, MO.—Tournament of the St. Louis Trap-Shooters' League. First two days, targets; last day, live birds. $100 added to the purses each day.

NOV. 25.—PAWLING, N. Y.—Thanksgiving tournament of the Pawling Gun Club.

NOV. 25.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day tournament of the Bison Gun Club. Sweepstakes and merchandise events. C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dec. 6-11.—WATSON'S PARK, Chicago, Ill.—*Dec. 6*—Heikes-Grimm match for the Cast-Iron badge. *Dec. 7*—Elliott-Gilbert match for the Kansas City *Star* cup. *Dec 8*—Sweepstakes, open to all. *Dec. 9*—Elliott-Gilbert match for the Du Pont trophy. *Dec. 10-11*—The Kansas City-Chicago team race.

Dec. 8-10.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. First day, sparrows; last two days, pigeons. Dec. 10, Grand Central handicap, 25 pigeons, $25, birds extra. Entries close Nov. 30, with a forfeit of $10; post entries, $30. Handicaps, 25 to 32yds. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Dec. 16-17.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament under the auspices of the Charleston and Palmetto Gun Clubs. Targets. Purses divided Rose system—four moneys. $200 added. G. H. Peterman, Sec'y.

1898.

Jan. 18-20.—HAMILTON, Ont.—Grand Canadian Handicap. Live birds; $1,000 guaranteed. For full information write secretary, H. Graham, American Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

March 22-24.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added.

March 29-April 1.—READING, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

In Chicago trap-shooting is booming; at least we judge so from the reports of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League's doings we have published monthly during the past season. In Philadelphia, the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League is a husky fellow, an organization that can draw out ten teams to shoot at targets in a perfect gale. Yet here in New York and the suburbs, we have not a single organization left. The New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League died suddenly about eighteen months ago. Then came the Amateur Trap Shooters' League, of New Jersey. That promised well, but six months was all that it could stand. So far as we know, it lacks pretty nearly every officer. Mr. E. A. Jackson, secretary of the Bergen County Gun Club, the club that was fairly entitled to first honors in the league race, has tried to find out how things are going with the organization, prior to his departure for the Klondike next spring. He tells us, however, that he has not received any reply to a circular letter he sent to each of the clubs forming the league, although the letter was mailed several months ago, and not one has been returned unopened. Cannot Vice-President G. H. Piercy and Secretary Thomas Bell get together and call a meeting, so that decks may be cleared for action once more? We need a good live trap shooters' league around here just new.

Chicago is fully alive to the important shooting events that are to take place at Watson's Park, Dec. 6-11. She is making preparations for that week in a style that warrants the belief that the Kansas City crowd will find nothing lacking in the warmth of the greeting it will receive nor in the hospitality accorded it. It is going to be a great week, and its promoters deserve every credit for bringing it about. In this city far more than a passing interest is being taken in the big events of the week; the greatest interest, perhaps, being shown in the outcome of the Heikes-Grimm match, Heikes being practically an untried man in live bird match-shooting circles. Everybody, however, puts it down for a settled thing that Charlie Grimm is up against no sort of an easy game. The one wish seems to be that the Chicago sportsmen may be favored with the best of weather and the best of birds during the whole week. The weather, of course, is under nobody's control; but Watson can be trusted when the quality of the birds to be furnished is under consideration; he doesn't seem to care a pin how many dead birds he can gather and sell to the market; his idea is to furnish birds that will make a man shoot straight and quickly to stop them within bounds.

The programme for the Carleton, Mich., Gun Club's tournament, Nov. 17-18, shows very plainly that much energy has been devoted to getting it up, and to making the shoot a success. A long list of merchandise prizes speaks for itself, and tells, better than words can, the time and labor expended in the interests of the club and its shoot. Before this issue is on the bookstands in the East the tournament will have started, so nothing that we can do in the way of reviewing the programme can be of any assistance to the club. It is worth while noting, however, that a shooter can enter for sweeps or for merchandise only. In the sweeps targets are charged for at the rate of 2 cents each, but when a man enters for merchandise, he pays at the rate of 3 cents per target. One-fourth of a cent will be deducted for every target thrown, such sum going to form an average fund, to go to the five high guns at the end of each day. All purses are to be divided under the Rose system.

The almost absolute dearth just now of real live trap news speaks most eloquently of the stronger charms of field and brush shooting. A man won't go down to the traps and blaze away at bluerocks, or even at live birds, when he can get away into the fields or woods and try what he and his dog can do on grouse, quail, woodcock, or the humble but agile cotton-tail. And when a man brings home a couple of grouse, two or three quail, etc., there's something tangible to show to his friends and relatives. A score of 1s and 0s in FOREST AND STREAM does not convey very much to the laity. But a bird! That's something they can understand. Hence we all go after birds when we get the chance. And if we don't shoot a bird, we—well, we get it somehow.

We have always liked the Novelty rule system of shooting targets, and have often suggested to the Interstate Association that it should recommend its adoption to some of the clubs who give tournaments under the auspices of that Association. The "eight unknown traps," with a handicap by distance, would go a long way toward making shooting at targets more interesting and less mechanical. Of course there is a slight additional expense to the club giving the shoot to have three extra traps to look after and provide for; but we think the club would gain in the additional number of entries it would draw to its shoot. We may be wrong, but we believe in novelty in trap-shooting, and in the Novelty rule in particular.

John Wright, the moving spirit of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Gun Club, says that he will have the programme for the club's all-day shoot, Dec. 13, in the hands of the shooters by the first of the month. As there will not be much shooting around the city about that time, and as all field shooting will be over, save ducks, there should be a good attendance at Liberty avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn, on the above date. As stated in Drivers and Twisters last week, the main event will be a handicap affair, probably at 30 targets, and each man will know his handicap upon receipt of the programme. This idea of Mr. Wright's is somewhat of an experiment, but we think that it will be approved of by the shooters interested.

For the next two weeks we are going to enjoy what we consider to be a well-earned vacation. Pamlico Sound and the eastern shore of North Carolina will probably be able to tell something about our trip that modesty will prevent us from relating on our return. In view of our absence from the office and the difficulty of reaching us by mail, we would urge upon all correspondents to our trap columns to send all such matter addressed simply to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway. On our return, if the camera is as effective as our gun is liable to be, we shall have something worth showing.

An employe in a wholesale rubber goods house in New York had a close call recently. He was out shooting on the meadows and was concealed in the grass. Raising himself up to look around, he was greeted with a charge of No. 6 shot, all the charge save a single pellet striking him on the breast. That one pellet lodged in the right hand side of the lower lip. The balance did him little harm. The gentleman in question weighs, at a rough guess, in the neighborhood of 220lbs., and is smooth-faced also, so it is hard to guess what kind of of a bird the man who shot at him took him for. Anyway, it's a very lucky thing that he made the common error of undershooting a rising bird!

Since writing our views on the trap shooting situation we have had he pleasure of reading Will Park's ideas on the lack of interest in big tournaments, displayed by trap-shooters in general during the season of 1897. We are particularly glad to note that Mr. Park is of the same opinion that we are, viz: that the expert amateur is as much to be dreaded by the semi-expert and the novice as is the expert professional—the paid man. It looks very much as if some system of handicapping will have to prevail before we can hope to get all three classes of shooters—experts, semi-experts and novices—to attend the same shoot.

A party of shooters were talking about next year's Grand American Handicap a few days ago, and the sentiment of the party was that the number of entries would eclipse last year's stupendous total of 146. We entirely coincide with the above, and look for a new record to be established at Elkwood Park in March, 1898.

We have received the following letter from J. A. R. Elliott, dated Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 9: "Mr. F. S. Parmelee, of Omaha, Neb., and I have made a match, to take place the last week in November in Omaha, for $100 a side. I have also, to-day, forwarded draft and challenge to the Du Pont Powder Co., requesting Mr. Gilbert to defend the Du Pont trophy again." It will be remembered that Parmelee and Elliott shot a 100-bird race at Omaha about one year ago, Parmelee winning by one bird. The match this month should be something more than a breather for the Kansas City man.

On Friday last, Nov. 13, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Holberton, late of Hackensack, N. J., but now of Chicago. Mr. Holberton, while a resident of New Jersey, took an active interest in the work of the Oritani Field Club and the Bergen County Gun Club. When we saw him on Friday he was so full of the big week at Watson's Park, Dec. 6-11, and we were so short of time, that we had no opportunity of finding out whether he was doing any shooting just now or not.

The Ottumwa, Ia., Gun Club will hold its fall tournament at live birds and targets on Nov. 24-25. This tournament is "for amateurs only," but professionals who are barred from the money, "may come and take dinner with us." The programme each day contains eight 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, and two 10-bird races at pigeons, $5 entrance. All purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. All targets will be thrown from a magautrap, and will, therefore, be bluerocks.

It is reported (and we believe it) that Pittsburg's delegation to the Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park, March 22-24, 1898, will be larger than ever. Bill McCrickart and Old Hoss will certainly be on hand; and it is rumored that even Jim Crow may desert his practice for a couple of days and come East to take in the greatest live bird event of the year. And, by the way, it's getting about time that Eastern shooters saw Jim Crow again.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. has requested us to mention that it will send one of its new 148-page catalogue free of cost to anybody writing for the same. The catalogue contains a description of all the firm's new goods, and also an outline of its system of manufacture. There is also a detailed description of the different tests and inspections to which Winchester guns are subjected before being placed on the market.

Miss Annie Oakley, or rather Mrs. Frank Butler, and her husband, Frank Butler, have returned for the winter to their home in Nutley, N. J. We met Mr. Butler the other day, and had a talk with him. He is full of the quail shooting and wild turkey hunting they had had down South; and from all accounts the quail suffered considerably owing to the quickness and accuracy with which Miss Oakley handled her featherweights.

Ferd Van Dyke, who was to have gone South with us this week, is at present detained in New York on business. He will shortly take a trip into the country—away from the treacherous climate of the Atlantic Coast—and enjoy a thoroughly-deserved rest while plugging away at game, both furred and feathered. It is no trick for anyone to guess what Ferd's guns and ammunition will be!

Tom Keller, Jake Blendermann and Captain Cramer, the latter well known to sportsmen around Norfolk, Va., took a hunt on Nov. 10 on Mr. Blendermann's property in south Jersey. A good crop of rabbits was reaped as a result of the trip; not a single one, we are told, being bagged by any other means than the legitimate ones of the powder, shot, gun and hounds of the party.

Neaf Apgar writes us from Pine Point, Orange Lake, near Newburgh, N. Y., that there has been some excellent shooting around his place; and adds that there's plenty of game there if anybody wants to look for it. He has scored a good number of woodcock, partridges (ruffed grouse), and ducks this season.

There is every prospect of a series of three-cornered team races between the Freehold, N. J., Gun Club, the Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, N. J., and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City. The project is under consideration, and the first match will very probably be shot in the near future.

From outside sources we learn that both Memphis and Knoxville are considering what they can do in the trap-shooting line next year. Perhaps one or other, or both, of these enterprising clubs may evolve some plan that may do much to resuscitate large attendances at tournaments.

C. W. McPeek, a member of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., was a passenger on "the milk" on the N. Y., Susquehanna & Western, Thursday morning last. He was after rabbits and bagged nine, although it rained hard nearly all day.

John J. Hallowell, alias U. M. C., Jr., was in the city the latter end of last week, and was looking none the worse for his experience in Rochester, N. Y., two weeks ago, when he came in contact with a fog bank and a sand bank at one and the same time.

Paul R. Litzke will represent FOREST AND STREAM at the tournament of the St. Louis Trap Shooters' League, Nov. 24-25. From what we can learn trap shooting is on the boom in St. Louis, and the outlook for a good shoot on the above dates is decidedly promising.

The Montpelier, Vt., boys are going to have a little shoot of the invitation order on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25. It will be a gathering of the local boys, but will be none the less pleasant for all that.

Charlie Grimm has accepted Rolla Heikes's challenge for the Cast-Iron badge, and the match will take place, as stated in our last issue, on Dec. 6, at Watson's Park, Chicago.

The seventh and last shoot for the Recreation cup will in all probability take place Wednesday, Dec. 8, on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, Hackensack, N. J.

Paul Litzke, in his notes about the coming tournament at St. Louis, hints that the St. Louis men talk of a $3,000 added tournament next spring.

Nov. 15. EDWARD BANKS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

Nov. 11.—The Unknown Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon. Eleven members put in an appearance and took part in the club shoot at 7 live birds per man, handicap rise. E. A. Vroome (29) and Dr. Schwartz (28) were the only shooters to make clean scores. The weather was most unfavorable for shooting of any description. Below are the scores:

Dr Schwartz (28)	1111122—7	W Skidmore (26)	2022202—5
E A Vroome (29)	1111111—7	Dr Moore (26)	1210100—4
J A Akhurst (27)	2112101—6	R Smith (25)	0101012—4
J Bohling (28)	1111012—6	Wm Sands (28)	0202220—4
H Knebel (28)	0121101—5	Geo Selig (27)	2001010—3
J B Voorhies (29)	1•10212—5		

Sweeps were shot as below:

No. 1, 3 birds, all 28yds: Dr. Schwartz 3, Voorhies 3, Smith 2, Knebel 2, Sands 2, Dr. More 0, Selig 0.

No. 2, same: Schwartz 3, Voorhies 3, Smith 2, Sands 2, Moore 0, Selig 0.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Nov. 13.—The Brooklyn Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon on its grounds, Liberty avenue and Enfield street. The wind blew a perfect gale from the northwest, and it was a regular guessing match when it came to shooting bluerocks from the magautrap. The scores in the club shoot, given below in detail, tell the story very well. After the club shoot had been disposed of, Manager John Wright produced a specimen of Thurman's new shooting jackets and put it up for competition under the following conditions: 10 targets, $1, handicap allowances. The jacket was won by Banks from scratch, with 9 out of 10. Greiff, another scratch man, scored 8, Hallowell, also from scratch, making 7. The other entries were: J. H. Swan (14), Platt Adams (16) and John Wright (17).

Scores in the club shoot were as below, no one shooting off his handicap, not being able to tie or beat Greiff, who had an allowance of 4 extra targets to shoot at, but who didn't need them:

	Club Shoot.	Tie.	No. 1.	No. 2.
C Furgueson (A)	2•02200222—7	.....	02220—3	22220—4
C M Meyer (A)	22200•2001—5	.....	221•2—4	21220—4
F A Thompson (B)	•012021202—6	22222—5	21222—5	22222—5
J N Meyer (B)	12020202•1—6	21202—4	22121—5	21202—4
S B Tophtz (B)	0112012200—6	20100—2	10021—3	20100—2
D C Bennett (B)	0220•02022—5	.....	.....	.....

Nos. 1 and 2 were 5-bird sweeps.

G. Greiff (4).....1101001111001110011101011101101110101111100101011—33
E Banks (0).....1000111100010001001010110001001101110001100110010l—23
J J Hallowell (2).....0•0010010100l0.0100010001011100110010111101000011—21
J H Swan (9).....0110100011010101010100000100031100301011001101010—21
J S Wright (15).....0101000010001001010000101001010000•0100100010011100—15
P Adams (10).....1010000001000010010000010000000000000311000000000l1—11

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 13.—The semi-monthly live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held this afternoon at Woodlawn, L. I. There was a high wind that made the birds, which were a fine lot, very hard to hit, and also made things interesting for the man at the score. C. Furgueson won in Class A, F. A. Thompson winning in Class B after shooting off a tie. Scores follow:

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

The Situation in the Trap-Shooting World.

A YEAR OF SMALL TOURNAMENTS.

THE year of 1897 will go down on the pages of trap-shooting history, when such a work is written, as a year of small tournaments. With the exception of a few shoots, and State shoots at that, we can recall no tournament where more than $500 added money was hung up. In past years, for instance, in 1896, there were several $1,000-added shoots; but in 1897 "the circuit" must be marked as non-existent

There is some reason for this sudden change in the plans of tournament giving. A few years ago large added money tournaments were unknown. Then came the venture of the Knoxville Gun Club in this line. That started the ball, and other clubs and some manufacturers followed its example. Such tournaments were mammoth affairs, viewed in the light of the tournaments of 1897. It was not uncommon for the first event on the first day of these large added money tournaments to have 100 or more entries, even if some of the entries had to be drummed up from among the help and the lookers on.

This year the maximum amount of added money at any tournament that we have attended has been $500; and we don't believe the club that added that amount of ready cash came out anything like even with the game. As a matter of fact, we don't believe that any club can afford to add more than $150 a day and hope to come out even. As we look at it, the time when a club could and did make money is gone by. There are too many experts, amateur as well as professional; and under the old system of dividing purses this class takes all the money, or at least 90 or 95 per cent. of the total purse. The semi expert, that is, the 85 per cent. man, has no chance in reality, although in theory he has about a 100 to 1 chance of getting third money alone once in a while. But he is a sure loser on a tournament, and it is expensive for any one who is not paid for attending shoots to go to work and shoot 200 shots or so a day.

IT COSTS MONEY TO SHOOT THROUGH A TOURNAMENT.

It costs money to shoot through a tournament, and even the expert amateur has to shoot a hot gait to come out even, and have his "fun" for nothing. Suppose the tournament is an affair of two days. The programme calls for 175 targets at $17.50 entrance each day; total cost of entrance for the two days is $35. Then there are 350 shells, or with extras, 500; put them at the low figure of $25 per 1,000; there's another $12.50 for shells. Hotel bill for two days, including lunch at grounds, etc. (the latter a large item!); $10 will about cover that bill. Say his railroad fare costs another $10, a low figure very often, and the total foots up to $42.50. Of course, everything drawn out by the semi-expert as his share of the purses reduces the above figures by just so much. But what is that share? When we have subtracted it from the $12.50, the remainder won't be so so very much less than the original sum.

There is no question to our mind (and we have often produced figures to prove our contention) that the losses of the semi-expert under the Rose system will average less than under the old system. He *may* strike a portion of a pot *alone* once in a great while under the old system, but that chance is so slight that he is no longer fooled into hanging on in the hopes of striking that lucky place. There was a time when experts were less numerous than they are now, and when a semi-expert had some show to get a good slice of a pot now and then; but that's all in the sweet by-and-by now, and the experts know it.

For the semi-expert it's a losing game; as a rule every event he shoots in he is just so much money out of pocket. Trap-shooting is for him a luxury, and an expensive one. When it is all over, and the semi-expert has gotten home, and has gone over his cash account, he is an enthusiast, indeed, who can look the matter squarely in the face and say to himself honestly that he's had his money's worth of fun out of what he has spent.

If it's expensive for the semi-expert, what must it be for the novice? We had better draw a veil over that feature in the case. The novice is out his railroad fare, his hotel bill and the "et ceteras," the price of his shells, and about the whole of his entrance money. That's the size of it. He can take up a programme and figure out very quickly what it will cost him to attend such and such a tournament. That's what he pays for his fun.

NOT THE VIEW OF A PESSIMIST.

We don't expect that our view of the case will suit everbody. There may probably be some that will say it is the view of a pessimist. But it's not so. We think that the sport of trap-shooting was never in a more thoroughly healthy condition than it is now. New clubs are springing up everywhere, and more targets are thrown, more shells used, and more guns and powder manufactured and sold than ever before in the history of the world. Some old fossils may stay at home and never venture out anywhere; they may take the columns of the sporting papers and look at the records of the tournaments of 1897, and figure from them that, on account of the poor attendance that have marked the shoots of 1897, the sport is on the decline.

But is it so? Ask the U. M. C. Co., the W. R. A. Co., the E. C. & Scnultze, the Hazard, Du Pont, King, Laflin & Rand, Austin, Gold Dust and other powder companies, the Cleveland Target Co., and all the standard gun manufacturers, what their opinion is. We will hazard a guess that one and all will say that, compared with other lines of business, they have nothing much to complain of.

Then ask them whether they think that large tournaments are a benefit or otherwise to their business. We must be very dull of comprehension, or cannot have heard aright, if we should say that we honestly believed that one of the above firms would say that large tournaments were a benefit to them or to trap shooting. As we have gathered it from what we have heard and seen, it is at small tournaments that the greatest good results both to trap-shooting and to the business of the manufacturers.

We have often heard it said by some of the manufacturers: "How many men were there at such and such a tournament that didn't get their shells, powder, gun or expenses given them? Not 5 per cent. of the shooters present on all the days of the tournament!" And that's about right. The sport is really too expensive for the vast majority to indulge in, unless they get something free to help them along.

THE OLD GUARD.

On more than one occasion this year, "the old guard" has saved the day. We say this advisedly, because had it not been for the attendance of the regulars, there would practically have been no shoot. This may sound heresy, and we can imagine we hear some people grunt a dissentient note. But we believe it to be a fact.

Suppose "the old guard" of professional experts and manufacturers' agents had not been present, would the amateurs have turned out in force? Yes, they would perhaps once or twice. But how quickly they'd run wisely back to cover again! The expert amateur would be found to be just as deadly as that bugbear the expert professional; he'd have all the money, or the bulk of it, under the old system; the semi-expert would get his usual moiety; and the novice would get left, as he always does, and always will until he can shoot as well as the expert; or until some satisfactory system of handicaping is devised that will be of benefit to his lesser skill. As at present pursued, there is no system, Rose, old, Jack Rabbit, Pumphrey, or any other, that will enable the novice to pay his way at the trap. He is paying for his experience just as the expert of to-day has paid for his in the past.

There is one feature, however, in which trap shooting to-day differs from that of the past. To-day the novice knows that he has no chance, and therefore he stays at home; in the past the novice wasn't so well educated; he came out to learn, and he learned.

THE ROSE SYSTEM.

The Rose system has been abused very roundly this season. On its shoulder, and also on the shoulders of its father, FOREST AND STREAM, have been heaped abuse of a more or less unfriendly type. The shoulders, however, of both the parties named are pretty broad, and no damage to speak of has been done. It may be that the outcry has something of a boomerang in it. The very personnel of its assailants is such that the abuse is in reality praise.

The system was devised to make an equitable division of the purse according to the merits of the scores of the shooters. It was also devised to spoil all money-making schemes, such as pooling of interests and dropping for place. It spoiled those schemes, and it reduced winnings and losings. Therefore it has been maligned and called bad names. Nevertheless, until a better plan for dividing purses is devised, we shall hold to our opinion that the Rose system is the best of all to date. If sweepstake shooting at the trap is to continue, and if such sweepstake shooting is not to become an out and out gamble simply to win money, the Rose system is the one to adopt.

VIEWS OF A COUPLE OF EXPERTS.

Only a short time ago we learned of the views of a couple of experts that were to our mind telling arguments in favor of the Rose system, although those who made the remarks were loud in their talk against the system. The first one said:

"If I was shooting with Rolla Heikes, Gilbert and all that class of shooters, I'd want the Rose system all the time."

The other said (and this was at a very recent shoot):

"Last year I put in the bank over $2,000 that I made by following the shoots, little and big. This year your —— Rose system has knocked things out so that I can't make more than my bare expenses."

Looking at it in another light, we would deduce the following from that last quoted remark on the subject: That the $2,000 that went into the bank account of 1896 drove more shooters away from the shoots of 1897 than the Rose system, or any equitable system, could drive away in 100 years.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

The situation briefly reviewed is, therefore, this: The attendance at tournaments has dwindled this year into comparative insignificance. The number of experts, paid and unpaid, is increasing quite rapidly. What is the prospect for 1898?

Frankly speaking, in the tournament line, we can see small prospects of anything big. No club can afford to give a large amount of added money, unless it is helped considerably by the manufacturers themselves. But the manufacturers have called a halt, and refuse to pay more than a stipulated sum for a page advertisement in a programme now and then. How long they will keep up this form of help to clubs, we cannot venture to predict. We do believe, however, that it will not be so very long before there is a further cut in the prices paid by manufacturers for notices in programmes. We have lately seen enough straws in the air to show us which way the wind is blowing.

A review of the trap columns of FOREST AND STREAM for the past season will show that the amount of scores printed is larger than ever before. Our reports naturally increase with the increase in numbers of trap-shooting clubs. Clubs are springing up everywhere, and local trap-shooting was never more popular than now. It takes the form, though, more of inter-club shoots and team races of a friendly nature, than of the get-down-to-business-and-shoot-for-the-stuff style that prevails at most of the tournaments of the present day. The $5 that it costs to shoot for an afternoon at one of these clubs' grounds is more in keeping with the average pocket-book of to-day, than the $15 and $20 that it costs even the semi-expert to frolic at a tournament with "the old guard."

Western Traps.

EUREKA MEETINGS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 13.—A meeting of the Eureka Gun Club was held on the evening of Nov. 11, at the Great Northern Hotel, for the purpose of arranging for live-bird shooting during the winter months, also to attend to general business.

A motion was passed instructing the secretary to advise with manufacturers of target traps, requesting that they number each trap made, to enable clubs losing traps by theft to identify the same when found by the number thereon. Several of the clubs whose grounds are located in this city have lost by theft traps stored in the club houses.

The Eureka Club voted to engage in three live-bird matches with Garfield Gun Club during the winter. This is a part of the challenge accepted July 1—the three races at targets having already been shot, Eureka winning two out of the three. An auxiliary committee, consisting of F. P. Stannard, E. M. Steck and Charles Antoine, was appointed to arrange handicap for the live-bird contests. The first club contest will possibly be held at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Nov. 20, at which time it is thought the Garfield Club will shoot the first match with Eureka.

A committee was appointed to arrange for the annual club meeting and banquet. Ladies will be invited to the banquet.

STONE—VON LENGERKE.

In the absence of Mr Mussey, who was expected to shoot a race with Percy Stone at Watson's, Nov. 11, a match was made up between Percy Stone and Oswald von Lengerke at 25 live birds. A strong wind blew, and most of the birds were fast hustlers to the left. The score was: Von Lengerke 22, Stone 16.

GARFIELD CLUB.

At a meeting of the Garfield Gun Club, held at the office of the secretary, on the evening of Nov. 11, for the purpose of arranging for live bird contests during the winter months, a committee was appointed to decide handicap and arrange contests, providing medals, etc. The handicap will be in added birds, ranging from 1 to 4 birds. The committee consists of Thos. P. Hicks, Silas Palmer and Dr. Meek.

BINGHAM AND AMBERG VS. CLARET AND PATTI.

E. Bingham and John Amberg shot a race with John Claret and Patti, at Watson's Park, Tuesday, Nov. 9, 25 live birds per man. The race was shot under conditions hardly satisfactory even to the winners. It was started about sundown and finished after dark. At times it was impossible to see the bird unless it was light colored and flew so that it could be seen against the sky. Many birds were killed which fell out of bounds. In all probability these men will again get together and shoot when the conditions are more favorable.

Following were the scores:

Ed Bingham	22022222222222222220222—23
J H Amberg	12110122222221222032022121—22—45
Claret	10221011001022201202022112—17
Patti	20201120021021211110020ll—17—34

CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB.

Nov. 7.—There was a fair attendance to-day at the grounds of the Calumet Heights Club. The regular medal shoot was decided, as also the one postponed from Oct. 31.

In the medal shoot of Oct. 31 Booth won in class A, Norcom in class B, and Harlan in class C. Scores:

Lamphere (A)	111111111011011011011111—21
Booth (A)	111111110101101111111101—21
Norcom (B)	111111101111111111111111—24
Harlan (C)	110111001011011111111111—20
Schmidt (C)	111111001011101111110111—20
McMichael (C)	011101100100111011001010—14

In to-day's medal contest the winners in their respective classes were: Class A, Paterson; Class B, Norcom; Class C, Harlan. Scores:

Paterson (A)	111111001110111111111111—22
Lamphere (A)	111110111111111111101011—22
Turtle (A)	010111101110100101011011—16
Booth (A)	111111101011111110111010—20
Boedker (B)	110010111111111101101101—19
Norcom (B)	111110111001101101110111—19
Harlan (C)	111101110111111111010110—20
Schmidt (C)	100101110111011111111101—18
Davis (C)	110000011011111110001100—14
McMichael (C)	101111100110110100001010O—13

Sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	10	15	15	Targets:	25	25	10	15	15
Paterson	24	22	..	..	..	Norcom	22	18	3	9	..
Boedker	20	14	5	7	12	Booth	..	22	8	..	..
Harlan	15	18	..	..	..	Davis	..	..	..	8	..
Schmidt	22	..	..	..	..						

No. 3 was at 5 pairs; Nos. 4 and 5 at 15 targets, "snipe shooting."

COOK COUNTY'S E. C. CUP.

The challenge race for the E. C. challenge cup of the Cook County League was contested for Nov. 13 on the grounds of the Douglas Gun Club, Lavigne, Ill., between Ed Bingham and W. R. Morgan. The race was one of interest from the start and was at 100 targets, known traps and angles. The wind was from a left quarter and the birds were thrown swift and low, though erratic in their flight. Both shooters were in excellent form, and it was expected that better scores would have been made. Wm. L. H. Goodrich acted in the capacity of referee and old John Glover as scorer.

The attendance at the club on this day was fair, many of the club members being at Watson's Park, shooting live birds in practice for coming event between Chicago and Kansas City. Mr. Morgan has now accepted the challenge of A. C. Paterson for the same trophy, which will be shot for at an early date, though not yet published. Bingham was 1 bird ahead when starting in on the final 25, but missed 4 out of his first in this frame, Morgan going him 3 better, and winning by 1 target only. Following are the scores in detail:

Ed Bingham	11011001111111101111111011111111101011111111111001—41
	11011111001111110111111100011001111101101111111111—39—80
W R Morgan	00111111110111100110111101010110111110111111111100—38
	01111101111111111011111111111001011111101111111111—43—81

A. C. PATERSON.

St. Louis Trap-Shooters' League.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 12.—Several weeks ago the shooters of St. Louis met and organized what will hereafter be known as the St. Louis Trap-Shooters' League. The principal object of this organization will be to centralize the shooting interests, and to place St. Louis in its former position as a shooting center. With this object in view, the league has decided to hold a three days' tournament, Nov. 23-25. The first two days will be devoted to target shooting, and the last day to live birds. At this, its maiden effort, the league will add $300 in cash to the purses. This amount of added money, and the geographical location of St. Louis, should assure the success of the tournament as its excellent railroad facilities make it only a night's ride from most of the important inland cities. It is quite likely that this will be a great factor in swelling the attendance. The programme, too, will be a varied one, as there will be feathers and saucers—just as you like it. On each of the target days live birds will also be shot, though no targets will be shot on live bird day.

The target programme will be exactly alike each day. Nos. 1, 3 and 5 will be 15-target events, $1.50 entrance; Nos. 2, 4, 6 and 8 will be at 20 targets, $2 entrance; No. 7 will be at 25 targets, $3. The added money on each of these days will be $77.50. There being $7.50 added in each 15-target event and $10 in each of the 20-target races, to the 25-target event there will be $15 added. The purses will be divided under the old system, four moneys in the 15s and five moneys in the others. On live-bird day there are two events scheduled, one 15 and one 25. In the former there will be $25 added, and in the latter $75. The main event will be high guns, not class shooting, the money going to the eight high guns. Then there will be $15 average money each day, which makes up the total of $300 added.

The tournament will be held at Du Pont's Park, one of the best equipped shooting grounds in the West, 40 minutes' ride from the center of the city, and reached by the Suburban electric line. The arrangements for throwing targets consists of a magautrap and a set of expert traps arranged on the Sergeant system. It is on this set of traps that the programme will be shot, while extras will be run off on the magautrap. The background for target shooting is a fairly good one. The live bird grounds are separate from those where the target shooting is done, though the tract of ground is all in one. The pigeons will be shot from King's automatic traps. There are no trees or buildings to interfere, and the birds are sure to get the benefit of any prevailing winds. The pigeon game here should be "plenty hard," as at this season of the year the birds are strong and well feathered. There are ample buildings on the premises to protect the shooter in case of inclement weather, and of the right kind, too. One of them, the largest, is a brick structure, and will readily accommodate 100 people. This is used as a club house proper. Mr. Gardner, the manager of the park, has established a reputation of knowing how to take care of his guest. On Nov 25, Thanksgiving Day, a turkey dinner will be served free to the shooters. This day there will also be contests for turkeys.

Only 2 cents will be charged for targets. This is also a new departure in the tournament business, as it has always been customary to charge 3 cents at added money shoots. This will be virtually equal to $50 a day to the shooters, as it is safe to assert that 5,000 targets will be thrown in the programme events each day.

The officers of the League are: Dr. M. C. Starkloff, Chairman, and W. R. Nold, Secretary. The doctor has long been associated with the trap-shooting interest of St. Louis, and is always keenly alive to its progress and elevation. Mr. Nold is one of the young shooters of St. Louis, and is well qualified for the position of secretary, being both energetic and efficient. Should this tournament be the success and arouse the interest which the promoters have reasons to expect, it is their intentions to hold a large tournament in 1898, to which they expect to add $3,000. It is my opinion that in the future St. Louis tournaments will appear in the fixture column more frequently.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Intercity Team Race at Chicago.

IN view of the interest taken in the Chicago-Kansas City team race, Dec. 10-11, at Watson's Park, Chicago, a few figures on the two contests which have already been decided will be good reading. The first shoot between representatives of these two cities took place at Chicago, the visitors winning by 4 birds, with a total of 420 to 416. The second was held at Kansas City, and, strangely enough, the visitors carried off the honors, Chicago winning by 2 birds, the scores standing: Chicago 442, Kansas City 440. Below we give the names of those who shot on the teams, together with their scores:

Shoot No. 1, at Chicago:

Chicago.		Kansas City.	
H Kleinman	47	Anderson	46
W P Mussey	45	Ed Chouteau	45
Macfarland	43	J A R Elliott	45
M J Eich	42	Ed Bingham	44
C E Felton	42	J E Riley	44
A Kleinman	42	J B Porter	42
R B Organ	42	A E Thomas	42
Price	39	L H Vories	40
Payson	39	W B Twitchell	36
Reeves	35—416	J K Guinotte	36—420

Shoot No. 2, at Kansas city:

Chicago.		Kansas City.	
M J Eich	48	J A R Elliott	48
G Kleinman	46	Ed Bingham	47
A Kleinman	46	J E Riley	46
C E Felton	46	A E Thomas	46
C B Dicks	46	Ed Choteau	44
W P Mussey	44	W S Halliwell	43
H Kleinman	43	J B Porter	43
Abner Price	43	J K Guinotte	43
P F Stone	41	W B Twitchell	41
J E Price	39—442	L H Vories	39—440

On the occasion of the visit of the Chicago team to Kansas City, the Chicagoans took a second team along with the first team, and the Kansas City shooters made up another team to compete with it. In this race the Kansas City men were easily winners, the scores being, Kansas City 427, to Chicago 408. The scores of these teams were:

Chicago No. 2.		Kansas City No. 2.	
H Ehlers	47	F C Maegley	47
G Hoffman	44	F J Smith	45
W E Philips	42	J L Porter	45
G W Reeves	41	W G Eads	44
E M Steck	40	G Youmans	42
C D Gammon	40	C F Holmes	42
John Watson	40	D S Gordon	41
Geo Airey	39	G Schroeder	41
J M Hutchinson	38	G Stockwell	41
Geo Farmer	37—408	J H Magee	39—427

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

ELECTRICK, New York.—Write to Wilson House, Mastic, L. I., or to H. J. Rogers, Eastport, L. I.

H. F. H., Portland, Ore.—Dorrler used a 28in. barrel, but most experts here use 30in. barrels. We would recommend a 30in. barrel where a .22 long rifle-cartridge is used.

F. P. HISH.—We have never found sweet oil of much benefit as a rust preventative.

O. M. G., North Andover Depot, Mass. The symptoms are those of worms. Give him no food for twelve hours; six or eight hours before giving the worm medicine give a dose of castor oil. Give one dram of freshly grated areca nut. It can be mixed with lard and given in the form of a large pill.

S. E. T., Mount Vernon, N. Y.—In treating canker of long standing in the internal passages of the ear, cleanliness is essential. Inject tepid water gently and remove all discharge from within. This should be done several times daily, then warm to bloodheat and drop in the ear a little of the following mixture:

Acid carbolici	ʒ ss
Glycerinæ	ʒ ss
Aquæ	ʒ ijss

C. D. R.—My Irish setter puppy had his left hindleg fractured by the kick of a horse when the dog was about five weeks old. The fracture united rapidly, and now, at the age of ten months, the leg is straight, strong, of equal length with the other hindleg, and the only visible result of the fracture is a bony lump at the point of fracture, much of which will, I am informed, ultimately disappear by absorption. Will this lump, other things being equal or better, militate against the dog in a dog show? Ans. Yes, so long as it remains evident to eye or touch the lump will be regarded as a blemish.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Lincoln Park, Chicago,

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The Smokeless Blue Ribbon.

[COPY.]

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(Signed) DAVID CALLAHAN.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the Forest and Stream. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any person whose address may be furnished us for that purpose.

SNAP SHOTS.

Whatever may be the advantages to Pennsylvania of the new game law, in force for the first time this season, which forbids absolutely the export of game, it certainly has caused decided dissatisfaction among sportsmen who visit that State for shooting. The grouse covers of Pike and adjoining counties have decided attractions for New Yorkers; the district is within comparatively convenient access from New York city; and the border counties have been resorted to by sportsmen from Elmira and other points, who have been accustomed in the past to bring their game home with them. The purpose of the non-export law is of course the most commendable one of putting an end to the shipment of game to market. In this all sportsmen are interested, those of Pennsylvania and those who resort to the shooting grounds of the State; and no valid objection could be made to the rigorous terms of the statute if the rigor were absolutely necessary to accomplish the purpose.

In some other States which have non-export laws, designed to cut off shipment for sale, visiting sportsmen are accorded the privilege of taking home with them a small number of birds or a small amount of venison. These laws work well in practice, wherever there are wardens whose business it is to see that the restrictions actually amount to something. If Pennsylvania had a force of game protectors to watch the trains as trains are watched in Maine, the amateur shooter might safely be permitted to bring out his two dozen birds "tagged and exposed to view," while the wholesale traffic in game would be prevented. As it is, we have heard of no attempts to enforce the non-export law. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. Iowa has a double-barreled anti-traffic law, which first forbids any person killing quail or grouse or other game for traffic and then makes it unlawful for any person, company or corporation to ship, take or carry any of these birds out of the State. What that amounts to is hinted in a recent market review in the New York *Evening Post*, in which "the largest game dealer in the city" is quoted as saying to the reporter, "I got in three hundred and fifty dozen grouse last week and four hundred dozen quail, from Iowa." It was President Gilman, of the Game Dealers' Association, who, when defending the New York law which makes the metropolitan market a dumping ground for the illicitly shipped quail and grouse of Iowa, told a legislative committee last winter that the city dealers handled only game lawfully sent to them. And the committee was either simple enough to believe Mr. Gilman, or polite enough to conceal their appreciation that he was lying to them.

Whatever may be the derivation of the name, we might all agree to accept Von W.'s sensible suggestion to spell it with a W. Years ago the original French form Ouisconsin was abandoned for the English of it, Wisconsin. Usage has altered other place names in like manner. There is no good reason for not applying the same principle and substituting a sensible English spelling for the outlandish ouananiche.

A cable report the other day chronicled a recent feat of the German Emperor, who had killed two thousand and odd pheasants in two thousand odd minutes, or some such incredibly short space of time; and esteemed contemporaries have been busying themselves in figuring out the impossibility of the performance. The shooting was battue shooting, a mode in which the semi-domestic birds are driven by hundreds and thousands to the guns. In this country, where sport is followed under less artificial conditions, and where we are accustomed to hunt up our birds instead of standing in a "lot corner" and having them driven to us by servants, we are given to denouncing such wholesale killing as sport-lacking slaughter. This is an uncharitable view. If there is little sport in battue shooting, so much the more battue shooting must one do to get decent returns of sport for his labor. It is like crushing poor-pay ore; the poorer it is the more must one crush to get anything out of it. And as one single nugget may be worth many tons of quartz, so one wild, wary, full-plumaged grouse on an American hillside is worth a thousand pheasants in an European preserve.

Mr. Chas. Hallock, who has a taste for antiquities, tells us that our present Thanksgiving is simply an echo or iteration of the Proclamation of Thanks ordered or ordained for Nov. 29, 1588, to celebrate the victory over the Spanish Armada and the establishment of free trade and free religion throughout the world, by command of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. The date of the introduction of the turkey into Europe is mooted, but if Mr. Hallock will continue his investigations into the history and development of Thanksgiving, he will probably discover that the turkey feature of the observance is distinctly of American origin. And we may perhaps claim also the old-fashioned Thanksgiving turkey shoot, New England style, as pictured by the inimitable pen of Rowland E. Robinson in "Uncle Lisha's Shop." We hear complaints that Thanksgiving is losing its serious aspects; and it must be conceded that the point is well taken; one New England club, for example, has added to its turkey shoot the vain and frivolous chasing of greased pigs and climbing of greased poles.

The outlook is for a goodly gathering at the convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game in Syracuse, Dec. 9. President Gavitt and the other officers have been untiring in their endeavor to insure an adequate representation of every section of the State. All citizens who desire to promote the interests of game and fish protection should give warm support to the Association. It is the agency through which all should work to gain the common end. In union there is strength. Every club of shooters or anglers in New York should have voice and vote in the Syracuse convention. All are most cordially invited to attend the meeting and take part in it. The Association should have both the moral support and the financial strength that come of large membership. The dues for each club are trivial, but the aggregate should be such as to provide the funds which are essential if the work is to be carried on beyond the convention stage. The secretary is Ernest E. Gould, of Seneca Falls.

President Gavitt, of the New York State Association, would do well to invite Police Justice Thompson, of Syracuse, to attend the Association meeting there in December. Justice Thompson has given out that in his opinion "Those fish and game laws are all rot." Acting on this conviction the other day, the justice held a snap court, and without waiting to hear the evidence discharged three prisoners of whose guilt the game protector had indisputable proof. Members of the Anglers' Association justly regard Justice Thompson's action as an outrage. His conduct should have official investigation. The bench is no place for a whimsical oracle who flouts the statutes as "all rot."

Our reports of the field trials in Canada and North Carolina furnish complete records of the work done and careful estimates of its merits and value. The reports have added interest inasmuch as the FOREST AND STREAM was the only journal which had staff representatives at Newton.

A correspondent who has been among the Chippewa Indians of Minnesota sends us a sad story of the destitution to which those unhappy people have been reduced by a combination of native crop failures and new game law restrictions. The wild rice and the berries were destroyed this year by high water; and the failing of the rice resulted in driving the ducks further West. Ruffed grouse also were drowned out, and only small covies hatched. To this dearth of supply must be added the effect of the game law which forbids the shipment of game, so that if the Indians kill they cannot sell. Last year 72,000 grouse were shipped from Tower, most of them killed by Indians; this year no birds have been shipped from that point. Our correspondent takes a hopeless view of the situation; without stores of food for the winter, and without means to acquire anything, many of the Minnesota Indians, he thinks, must starve.

If the whole or the half of what our Everett, Wash., correspondent writes of the Indian situation in Alaska be true, his letter is a tremendous indictment of the United States for its treatment of this simple and defenseless people. It is a story of heartless rapacity, and of cruelty hardly exceeded by that of the gold-hunting Spaniards who exterminated the natives of the West Indies and Central America. Cayuga's letter supplements an article published in the *Overland Monthly* from the pen of Dr. Lincoln Cothran, who spent some time in Alaska as physician and surgeon to a large salmon packing company. He has the same tale to tell of imposition, robbery and the communication of loathsome disease. "The life blood of the Eskimos," writes Dr. Cothran, "with their independence and manhood has been swallowed up by three great corporations whose heads are in San Francisco.

An important food and industrial supply, the whale, has been dynamited out of Alaskan waters by the steam schooners of the Pacific Whaling Company. The seals and other fur-bearing animals have been practically annihilated on both land and sea by the Alaska Fur and Commercial Company. This company has wrought its purposes in Alaska by fixing a bondage on the natives more galling and detestable than outright slavery, because it disclaims responsibility or care for its wretched serfs.

Under the guise of preserving the game from quick destruction, and to prevent uprisings of the natives against the company's traders at the various posts (they line the mainland and peninsula from Sitka to Bering straits, and extend up the many large rivers), a law was caused to be enacted at Washington prohibiting the sale of repeating arms to the natives of Alaska. This was a ruse to keep outside parties away, and to enable the traders themselves to supply arms at unheard-of and almost fabulous prices. The native was not slow in appreciating the superiority of firearms over bows and arrows in hunting bears and seals. The method of exchange was as follows: The rifle was set upright on the ground, stock down, and the natives piled skins upon one another flatwise until the stack reached to the muzzle. Thus, often more than eight or nine hundred dollars worth of fine furs were obtained for a ten dollar gun.

Independence and plenty have been exchanged for serfdom and squalor by the destruction of the animals of this land. In the summer the country is covered with high grass and flowers. Unless you go far away in the interior, you will tire yourself wandering over the tundras and through the forests and never see a vestige of life, except very rarely, a frightened ptarmigan. And yet innumerable millions of dollars' worth of furs have been taken here. Not long ago the sea, the river banks, the lakes, tundras and mountains, swarmed with seals, otters, foxes, minx, bears, lynx, martens, beavers, wolverines and wild reindeer.

It is only a matter of a few years until the last food source of the Eskimos will become ruined by the numerous salmon canneries, which are now under the control of another big corporation called the Alaska Packers' Association.

To publish to the world such a condition of things should mean that the remedy for them would quickly be found. But past experience affords slight ground for expectation that the recital will accomplish anything more than a momentary shiver. The average man cares more about the quail supply in his own fields, that he may have the sport of shooting them, than about the game supply of Alaska and its relation to the existence of a savage race. If he ever thinks of the Alaska Indians at all it is perhaps to denounce them for fancied interference with his duck shooting. Was ever anything in the whole history of game protection on this continent more gruesome than this, that while the natives of Alaska were being reduced to destitution and starvation by the destruction of their game resources at the hands of American citizens, other Americans in so-called national convention were raising the fool cry that these same Indians of Alaska were destroying eggs from which should have been hatched ducks for these sportsmen to shoot for fun?

The Post Office Department reports that its efforts to reform the careless practice existing in a large number of offices, by which so many postmarks on mail matter are illegible, have so far succeeded that the ratio of 30 per cent. illegibles has been cut down to 10 per cent. This means that newspaper publishers are more often now than formerly able to determine from the postmark the address of the man who sends money for a subscription but omits to give the name of the town he lives in.

The autumn has brought with its reports of an unwonted game supply in many sections stories of disappointment in districts where the grouse tick has played havoc with the birds.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A FOX CHASE AT MIDNIGHT.

In my younger day I had followed the fox and hounds many a mile with the keenest enjoyment. But what with ten or more years of school life, vacations scrupulously utilized in earning a few dollars to help through the next term, and withal a busy pastorate of twenty years in town, my scent for the fox had become almost lost. If at any time I had given the old hunting days a thought, it was to recall for the moment only some adventure that had impressed itself a little more on the mind than others, without thinking that any rudiment of the fox hunter was lingering in me. In this, however, I was mistaken.

After twenty years in town, I began to long for the country again. My dreams of the green fields, the running brooks, and the deep woods, grew more and more vivid, until I decided to close my pastorate and return to them. I had no fortune, so took a small church in a northern town in Maine. Here the hills were high, the mountains steep, the brooks full of trout, the lakes of bass and pickerel, and, better than all, the woods of partridge and woodcock. Foxes were quite numerous also, a fact which, although I would not admit it to myself, must have had a kind of "back stairs influence" on my choice of this particular town.

We moved in the summer so as to get settled before cold weather came down upon us. The parsonage was a farmhouse, with sixty acres of land, a good part of which had been cultivated, so that I could easily keep a cow and horse, pigs and hens if I wished, and any other creature I cared to have around. My fancy was turkeys. There was a yard bordering on the house lot and reaching back some ten rods to the wood lot, especially adapted, I thought, to the raising of fowls. Near the house were some maple trees, and between two of them a long pole had been fastened 10ft. from the ground, which my predecessor had put there for a hen roost. It was the timely suggestion. I must have a flock of turkeys occupying that roost next year at least. What a recreation it would be to take care of them. And my wife, what a good time she would have with her chickens.

Well, early in the following April, as the snow silently disappeared from the hills, I got my turkeys hatching. I used hens for incubators, which in due time brought forth, three of them, a dozen or more little turkeys apiece. Turkeys are very tender in their childhood and youth, and my neighbors said I was lucky, when, on Sept. 1, out of a total of thirty-nine hatched, I had thirty strong, healthy birds. Some of the little ones went to feed the hawks, others the skunks, others still the way of all the earth, but none had gone to the fox. Yet I was expecting master reynard now most any night, for I had caught a glimpse of one or two about sunset for several days, and had stationed, in a warm kennel, under the lee of the porch, an old hound given me by a friend. It had been a good hunter and preserved its instincts wonderfully, but it had become deaf in one ear. Thus setting a guard over my turkeys which roosted 10ft. from the ground, I could go to bed and sleep.

Near the end of September the annual cattle show was held in our town, a great event, from which all the town affairs dated, and of course wife and I must go. I also entered my flock of turkeys for exhibition. I spent most of my time studying the fowls, but on the second day wandered into the great hall where the merchants were exhibiting. My wandering was somewhat aimless, absently looking at one thing after another—stoves, shovels, hoes, churns, washing-machines—until my eye fell upon a gun. Then I woke up. It was a beauty; the latest patent double-barreled shotgun. My hand was instantly caressing that polished stock, and my eye stealing along that barrel. How bright and smooth it was inside! What virile hammers! What strong locks! How it brought back the old days! I was again following the fox with my father's old muzzleloader, speeding through the tangled thickets, leaping the fences, climbing the cliffs, cutting across lots. The old love for the chase was uppermost once more, and far away days of supreme joy, and distant lands where the fox abounded, came thronging back in that one glance along the barrel of this new gun. What a necromancer it was, this light and bright shotgun to whom even the best and busiest years of my life seemed as naught, while the old heydays of youth returned.

"Elder, you ought to have that gun to protect your turkeys with." It was the exhibitor's voice, repeating my own thought, word for word.

"I'll give you a neat little figure on it if you want to buy." Yes, I wanted to buy. It was a foregone conclusion from the instant my eye rested on it. I forgot about my turkeys, and almost went home without my wife, so elated was I with this new treasure.

My wife was not so taken with the gun as I was. She said: "Are you sure you can afford to have it? You know there are some books you planned to have this winter." And in her quiet way she smiled a whole system of economics at me. But I was glad I had made the purchase without consulting her. The turkeys must be protected, I thought, and foxes run fast.

"I expect nothing," my wife said later, to a neighbor, "but that that gun will get him into some kind of a scrape."

All hints and criticisms of that nature slipped from my mind and the autumn days came down upon the hills, and the woods turned scarlet and yellow and crimson, varying each of these into a hundred shades, and the sound of the quail and partridge was heard in the land. Gunning a little days, I took particular pains at night to see my turkeys safe on their roost, that the hound was in his box, and went to bed. I had been told that turkeys did better if kept in the open air summer and winter. I did not feel quite sure of the winter business, but planned to let them stay out until Thanksgiving at least.

The night of adventure was light with a full moon, near the end of October. I had seen my turkeys safe to bed, the hound in his sentry box with his good ear open, and my gun in the corner of the kitchen, loaded. So, as usual, I went to bed and to sleep. Had I known as much about turkeys as Master Reynard, I should not have felt quite so secure; for the fox has only to go under their roost and the foolish things go wild with fright, each flying—it knows not where—its own way, some higher up into the trees, some to miss their aim and flutter to the ground and be instantly seized by the fox. Those that are so hapless as to come to the ground one after another, in wonderful quick succession, are killed, and if no one disturbs it the fox will carry them all off and hide them.

It was about midnight, I guessed, when I was awakened from a deep sleep by the flying and crying of my turkeys. As soon as I came to my sense I sprang from the bed, instinctively put on my slippers, seized my gun, and rushed out. I reached the gate into my turkey yard just in time to see a big fox making off as fast as it could with one of my fowls. It was a long shot, and I could not see very well; but I fired both barrels, for the old instinct of the hunter was on me at the sight, and my hand recalled its cunning. The fox dropped the turkey and took to his heels, while the hound, aroused by the report of the gun, with a deep bay that always carries terror to the fox's heart, was instantly off. I hurried into the kitchen and reloaded my gun, and returned to note developments.

The old hound had struck the trail, I knew by its deep voice, so I hastened the faster into another field that I might take in the sweep of their circle. The old skill was back that night, and quickly computing their route, I instantly made my plans, which were to run the diameter of their circle and get another shot at the fox as it crossed the road, a half mile or more up the river. I ran across the field, scaled the stone walls, cut through the pasture, dodged hurriedly round a grove of spruces to come into the road just about a minute behind the fox. But I had the measure of its circuit now correct, and a clear road before me which I reckoned the fox would cross again somewhere near my turkey roost. I had only to get the length of this road, or within 80yds. of the house, to be within range of it again.

I am something past sixty years, but I was twenty again that night, and although it had been many years since I had done much running, especially in felt shoes, I experienced no inconvenience from them.

My pace along that road must have been astonishing So lost was I in the chase that a team just ahead escaped notice until I was up with it, and then I turned aside as by instinct and whisked past. As I did so the horse shied and became almost unmanageable with fright, while from one of the occupants came the startled cry: "Great Scott, Tom! What was that?" Tom was too busy preventing a runaway to answer, and before I had it clear what frightened the horse, I was up with another team. This one was a three-seated wagon drawn by two horses and loaded with girls. A faint dawning of the situation now stealing into my mind led me to accelerate my pace and dash on, hoping thereby to so bewilder them that the actual state of affairs might not appear. Scarcely had I passed, however, when, amid cries of alarm and astonishment, there rose a great clapping of hands and cries of "Run, grandpa, run!" "Heed your white skirts, sir!" and more I did not stop to listen to. Then it came to me like a flash of light that I was in my night shirt, without hat, and a pair of soft felt slippers on my feet. And these girls, up to the game now, were hurrying their horses into a fast trot to be in at the end.

In my selfconsciousness I had lost run of the fox, and was now racing with the teams, looking only for a place of escape. Consequently I ran direct for the house, and turned the corner into my yard just as the first team came up, when, to my astonishment and the great delectation of the passers, right in the middle of the front yard stood my wife in her night apparel. We ran for the house together, but not without receiving a parting salute from those girls.

We crept back to bed in silence. My wife never said; "I told you so," but she went about her work the next morning with a very sweet and knowing smile on her face, and a sly twinkle in her eye.

Two turkeys had been killed in the attack, but the hound ran the fox down, and I found upon examination that I had wounded it at my first shot.

S. W. Strout.

THE TIME OF FALLING LEAVES.

I look from the windows of my den upon a rain-drenched landscape. Through the open door across the passage comes a sound of pattering on the garret roof.

To many, the weather conditions this gray November morning will doubtless prove dismal in the extreme. I wonder if my make-up is so materially different from that of others—to me this steady drive of rain upon the shingles is nothing,—a comfortable, sound, restful suggestive. 'Tis true I am under cover, but that in no wise affects my keen enjoyment of the varying weather conditions in these days of falling leaves.

I delight in heavy storms, and when they rage about the cottage I listen to their tumult and think. Think of all sorts of outdoor life and experience in storm and sunshine, at home, on the dun marsh where the true "hurricane note" of Clark Russell's sea-tales comes booming in from the ocean, or abroad on the heaving waters themselves, where it has been my fortune to live through the wild frenzy of cyclonic gales.

Do not imagine from this that my career has been altogether tempestuous, my experience is the common one of the wanderer afloat and ashore, but it seems to me that I enjoy to a fuller extent than many of my associates the wild exhilaration of a heavy storm. At times I don my rough togs and sally forth, enjoying the tumult to the full.

There is equal delight in calmer scenes, though in differing measure. I do not go a hunting after storms (never lost one in my life), but I am ready to make the most of them when they come my way, and heretofore the discomfort caused has been more than compensated for.

One of my most pleasing memories is that of a day of sunshine closing with a storm, in this wise. The sole occupant of a houseboat, moored some two miles from the shore, on Lake Champlain, I arose before the sun one morning, as is the custom, to look at the weather

Abroad on the sleeping lake all seemed calm and peaceful. I could hear the occasional honk! honk! of a goose. A flock had come in just at sunset, and from the direction of that lonely voice out in the inky blackness that brooded on the waters, I surmised they were feeding on the flats.

The stars had a misty look, their crispness all gone, while the solitary planet swinging low in the sky, had lost its frank, clear glance. Soon the sun rose and kindled the fragments of cirrus in the zenith until they glowed like a deep ruby red. These little cottony clouds, the advance guard of a host that later filled the heavens, were hurrying toward the northeast, sure precursors of a change. Of that glorious day I will not speak, save to say that Indian summer held the earth in its dreamy calm.

Through the glass I watched the geese out on the flats, where they lingered, often losing them entirely from view in the purple haze that at times veiled the surface of the lake. Again they would appear, strangely distorted in the glimmering mist. Toward night they grew restless, and finally, with a chorus of wild cries that set the echoes going, they took wing and sailed away into the sunset.

Shadows crept down the mountain sides, out over the lake they stole, while a strange chill seemed to touch me as I fed my live decoys in their little coops, and made them snug.

A light supper. My pipe—. Hark! there comes the storm. 'Twas a little mite of a structure, that houseboat. Through a crack in the door the first note of the approaching gale was wailing. Now dying away, now rising in a single high pitched note, like the singing of an æolian harpstring. Insensibly the wind rose until it seemed to be sitting there cosy and snug in the midst of a huge roar, so to speak. I thought of an old saying of my deep sea friends who fare the ocean:

"Wind before the rain,
Set your topsails again."

No rain yet. Presently it came—at first a scattering volley of drops on the low roof, then a terrific downpour. Between the lulls I hear the lap, lap, lap of the water at the sides of the houseboat, again its voice is lost in the swirling gusts of rain. As I listen, I fancy there is a sting in the sound of the dashing water, a viciousness I have not noticed before.

At intervals my big gray gander in the coop rouses, and cr-onks to me; on my answering, he replies in monosyllables. After a few moments of this desultory conversation we lapse into silence, and are again lost in the uproar of the raging storm.

I remember a feeling of cosiness that grew as the time passed. A sense of comfort possessed me as I realized that I was pretty close to old mother nature this stormy night, as I held familiar converse with her wild creatures.

My pipe drops from my hand—a few drowsy fumbles recover it, and then, fearing really to awaken and disturb the delicious sleepy spell that held me, I roll into my bunk. There, with the spat of the driving rain, the heavy booming of the gale, came such perfect, dreamless rest as is not often found.

I am still in my den, the rain is quietly pattering on the shingles of the garret roof. *Au revoir.*

Wilmot Townsend.

Bay Ridge, N. Y.

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE SILENCE.

We could not make coffee from the water of the crater lake, it was so filled with arsenic and copper washed from the mineral ledges that seamed the whole mountain, and that is why Billy took the coffee pot and the prospecting pick up to the glacier to "cut some ice."

Bluie was spreading the blankets out over the bones of an old balsam fir so they would get the benefit of the sun. I tinkered with the fire and watched the thin wisp of blue smoke rise straight up until it lost itself in the gray of the early morning.

The crimson of the coming sun emblazoned the east and tinged the scorched rocks that piled wildly up into brown pinnacles a thousand feet above, and pictured themselves in reverse on the glassy surface of the little black lake in the old crater. A faint and far-off murmur came up from the roaring river in the cañon of shadows far below, and lent its voice in contrast to the eternal stillness of the peaks—a stillness that can almost be felt when you are 10,000ft. above the busy world.

"Tink, tink, tink," said the hammer, as Billy broke the ice from the front of the glacier. We could even hear the musical tinkle of the slivers that rattled down into the crevices. "All coons look alike to me," sung Billy, and then the echoes joined in a boisterous chorus and you would have to guess the rest.

Faint sounds, indefinite, indefinable, came up from the lower country and made a part of the upper silence. A few fleecy clouds rode by on the gentle breeze, but we saw the top, not the underside of them, as we usually do; for they could not climb to us, and were content to drag their skirts across the fir tops of the 6,000ft. level.

The fire burned down to a red-hot bed of coals, the coffee welled up in furious bubbles, that wilted before a dash of cold water as Billy set the pot to one side. The bacon sputtered and curled up, and I had to reason with it while Billy attended to the rest of the meal.

The sun was just peeping over the blue wall of the Cascades when we sat down on the moss to eat breakfast—and such a breakfast! It takes mountain air to properly season common bacon, and ozone is the proper flavor to properly mix with a pot of black coffee. I wonder why some enterprising city man don't get a stock of these two culinary helps; he would soon have a monopoly.

After breakfast the odor of tobacco went up—a pipe is better than a fine wine away up there—and we three partners gave ourselves up to a half hour of solid comfort and of watching the world from the same point of view that the bald eagle does every day.

"Let's go to the very top of the highest pinnacle and look at the world from there, fellows." No sooner said than acted on. I took the 60ft. coil of rope and threw it over my shoulder, for I have a certain feeling of friendship and a sense of respect, begot among just such peaks, for a good, strong, light rope; it's mighty apt to be a friend in need up there in the silent country.

The prospecting pick, too, is a handy little tool, both for getting secrets from the rocks and for furnishing a grip where its sharp point will cling in a crevice.

A half mile above camp the pinnacles petered out and reached up in a last sharp needle, in vain effort to pierce the blue dome above. Up and across the little kindergarten glacier, on up the smooth reach of mossy cliff and to the reach that was the divide, we went. Turning to the right, we followed along the top of this ridge, winding about among the broken rocks that age and weather had shattered from the ribs of the world, weaving and twisting, climbing, slipping, always a little higher. "Look out!" shouted Billy, and Bluie and I had only time to flatten ourselves against the face of a huge boulder as a rock of several tons' weight thundered by, crashed down and flew into fragments like an exploded bombshell hundreds of feet below. Loose rock and fragments followed it down and flowed over our feet, up to our knees and—stopped, as we stood against the

boulder waiting for what might happen and what we could not flee from

Billy had loosened a tiny rock, it in turn loosened others, and the big boulder followed—we had just space enough to "clear" as it went by. This incident, common enough in mountain climbing, took all the "starch" out of the other boys, and they shook like the mountain aspen after it was all over—it might so easily have landed us over the cliffs, you know.

"I'm going back, it's too risky," said Bluie. "So'm I," said Billy. "Well, fellows," I remarked, "you know we started for the tip top, and I'm going up there just to look at the world. You can go back if you want to, and I'll go on alone. Kind of a habit with me to get what I start for, you know, and I reckon I'll stand upon the peak if any white man can do the trick." "Better come back," they counseled. "Nope."

That settled it. They started back, and I waited until they should be far enough away to be out of the reach of any rocks that I might start, and then I climbed on. It was certainly a rough and not a little dangerous climb. In some places I clung with my hands alone for a few feet; in others I risked my weight against the roots of the pine moss, the hold the moss had on the smooth rock; it was just like crossing a steep house roof, by clinging with the friction of your weight against the shingles, only if I had started to slide I probably would have been going yet.

All this went by though, and I reached the crest of the peak. It was a mass of broken rock, as though some mighty force had shook the mountain and left it a broken heap of rock. On the highest point I sat down and looked around—studied the world below me.

A dozen little glaciers were in sight, and the steep sides of the mountain looked very much flattened. On each side a deep valley wound away into the heart of the range, and a tiny ribbon of silver wound its length among the blue shadows of the pines that peopled the valleys. Snowbanks piled up against the rocky cliffs everywhere, but always on the north side, where they hid from the sun. Far to the east, the bald outlines of the Cascades formed a saw-edged horizon, seemingly on my own level. Mt Ranier stood up into the sky just as cold, just as white, just as huge as it did from salt water level. Such a beautiful jewel set in the chain of giant mountains, and as prominent as a flashing diamond against the dull sheen of gold. Mt. Baker, St. Helen, Adams, Hood and the Three Sisters, all reared their snowy bulk at different points, and seemed to be still many feet higher than my 10,000ft resting-place.

Mountains, mountains everywhere, in seamed and serried ranks, ranges that ran amuck when the world was young and hardened there to wait the crack of doom. Far to the west the blue waters of the Pacific sparkled in the sunlight and flashed with a sheen of reflected beams.

At my very feet seemingly, the many bays and inlets of Puget Sound were spread out like a child's playground—a map in flat relief. I could see a queer little place that looked as if some one had rubbed out some of the blue color that I knew was timber on my map, then I found two or three more and there was a dirty, smoky looking cloud just over each place—then I knew that I saw Seattle, Tacoma, Port Townsend and Olympia, each a busy city—yet each only a place rubbed out of the blue.

How queer the world is—viewed from the land of peaks and glaciers, the country of the silence. I sat there a long time, far up in the air—above the country of the elk, above the level where the clouds play tag with the treetops, above the line of the eagle's flight, right in the land of solitude, the country of the silence—and as I sat there the world spread out before me, flat, yet curving away in every direction, even showing the rounding in the jagged range of the cascades that came from out the north and disappeared into the south. I had many thoughts, and it seemed that men were very small—very small when one looks at them from this country of the silence.

I saw a ship on the water and it was only a tiny speck with a big cloud of black smoke—as big as your hand—trailing along behind. I saw a dirty spot in the air and it traveled from the rubbed-out place on my map that I knew was Tacoma to the rubbed-out place that was Seattle, and I knew it was 10:30 A. M. in Seattle, and that the eastern mail had finished its race across the map—the train was in on time. I read the doings of men whom I could not see on my map because they were too small, and I could only read the sign they made in the air, it said: "Busy, busy, busy."

The sun was in the south when I stood up and looked for a way down again. A marmot—they live in the silent country—whistled and scuttled away among the rocks as he saw this new intruder in his domain. The eagle he ever watched for, but not for this queer man who could not fly, and he was astonished and said so from the shadow of his burrow.

Down I clambered, straight toward the black lake in the crater 1,000ft. below, simply because I could go in no other direction. I saw our camp there among the boulders by the lake and saw Billy go across the moss to the glacier—he looked like an ant on a sandpile.

Soon I had to uncoil my rope and loop it over a point of rock and slide down, then loop it again. When I came to the last shelf I was still 30ft. above the big snowbank against the foot of the cliff, standing on a smooth ledge with nothing in sight to loop the rope around—not a blessed thing to hitch on to so I could go on down. I couldn't get back, either, and I couldn't go sideways, because the shelf fell away into a smooth cliff. I was out of sight and hearing of camp, and those bare cliffs leave no trail—especially when one travels with a rope. I didn't just exactly see how I was going to reach camp in time for dinner, so I lit my pipe and sat down and let my feet hang over, so they would get used to it if I had to jump.

I smoked, and then walked the length of that bit of a rocky shelf, thinking, perhaps, I wouldn't look much bigger to a man over in Seattle than he did to me, and I couldn't see him at all on the map. I concluded I'd have to depend on myself to get down, or stay until my wings grew; and about then is when I saw a very little crevice—not very big—but I thought the prospecting pick might get a grip in there and I could loop the rope over it so I could slide to the snowbank below.

I got into camp all right after a few more slides and tumbles on the snowbanks and slippery places on the mossy side hill—you cannot travel there without a prospecting pick very handy, and I left mine jambed into the crack in the rocks, 30 or 40ft. above the snowbank, because I couldn't reach back and get it after I got off that measly little shelf. Maybe some of the people who are to follow us on this old world will find it and call it a relic of prehistoric man, who must have had wings to get up there in the country of the silence.

EL COMMANCHO.

THE CHESTNUT RIDGE.

And Along Its Foot.—IX.

ABOUT Nov. 1, before or after, in former years always we had a period of several days of delightful weather with peculiarities of its own of such a character as to entitle it to be regarded as a distinct season, "Indian Summer." Happening about All Saints' Day, the pious inhabitants of Canada called it the "Summer of All Saints." Usually it was preceded by a brief period of cold, blustering weather, which was known as "Squaw Winter." We still have returns of Indian summer, though I think not so regularly as in former years, or so distinctively pronounced. The causes of this peculiar "spell of weather" being on the decline, a waning effect must naturally ensue.

In a little volume of essays, "Country Days," by my old friend James M. Swauk, now of Philadelphia, if not formerly an inhabitant of the Chestnut Ridge, at least a dweller "along its foot," in speaking of this sweet summer of All Saints, remarks: "The characteristics of Indian summer, when it appears in all its glory, are a mild and genial temperature, gentle southwestern breezes, unusual brightness of the sun, extreme brilliancy of the moon, a clear blue sky, sometimes half hidden by a veil of gray smoke; dawns redder than scarlet, and sunsets laden with golden fleeces, forests all aglow with the fire of richly-tinted leaves, a holy stillness throughout all of nature's walks, and an intuitive sense in every devout soul of God's goodness to his ungrateful children." These are the days of which Bryant sings:

"When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the leaves are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill."

Mr. Swauk adduces two theories, assigned by different writers, to account for the occurrence of this season. One is to the effect that in the month of September the water in the higher latitudes begins to congeal, and in doing so a vast amount of latent heat is dispersed through the atmosphere. There are at the same time two sets of warm air currents flowing—one from the torrid zone northward, and the other from the polar regions southward.

"These two currents meet about midway in the temperate zone, near the 45th parallel of north latitude, and in the collision the warm, condensed current in some measure descends. This affords a solution, in some measure, of the warmth, as well as of the calmness, the softness and the dryness of the air of Indian summer." The other theory is that the first severe frosts of autumn put a sudden check to the immense vegetable perspiration that has been going on all summer, and this preserves the heat of the atmosphere by diminishing the radiation of heat that takes place more slowly in dry than in moist air.

"There is a sudden and universal diminution of the moisture that was given out from the leaves of trees and other plants before the frost had destroyed them; for the evaporation caused by the drying of fallen leaves and herbage is comparatively slight, and ceases after a few hours' exposure to the sun. The atmosphere being dry, and the radiation of heat proportionally small in quantity, all these circumstances, if no unusual atmospheric disturbances occur from any other hidden cause, unite in producing a sudden and universal accumulation of heat." As Mr. Swauk observes, these explanations do not account for the other characteristics of Indian summer—the smoky condition of the atmosphere and the redness of the sky at this season.

The cause is, no doubt, found in the decay of the forest leaves. All the phenomena seem to indicate this. Vegetable decay, we are told, is but a species of slow combustion; and the same chemical changes are brought about, whether the process of combustion is a rapid or a tardy one. This will account for the slight haziness of the atmosphere and the warm air of Indian summer. As the forests are being cleared away, the partial or the entire failure of Indian summer must eventually come about.

All the fruition of the year seemed to gather itself up in this delightful season. Then the corn was cut and husked, and often the yellow ears lay in great heaps in the fields, interspersed with the golden pumpkins; the cider mills were busy in the orchards; the sound of the flail was heard in the barns; the cheerful voice of chanticleer was borne afar on the quiet air; the thistle-down, "the ghost of flowers," floated lightly through the narrow valleys; the beating of the pheasants echoed from the hillsides; the occasional crack of the sportsman's gun was heard in the woodland, where the squirrels were frisking and barking. Indian summer was the breathing spell of the year. The forces of nature that had brought to maturity the promises of spring, seemed to be lying in calm restfulness after their labors. There was an unwonted dreaminess, a languor of spirit in keeping with the soft haziness of the atmosphere that lay upon the landscape. It was a time for reflection and thoughtfulness. What man could sit down in this calm season among these rural sights and sounds, and not experience a feeling of gratitude that he was permitted so much as to live. "There were times," says Micah Clarke, "as I rose up with my mind full of the noble poetry and glanced over the fair slope of the countryside, with the gleaming sea beyond it, and the purple outline of the Isle of Wight upon the horizon, when it would be borne in upon me that the Being who created all this was not the possession of one sect or another, or of this nation or that, but was the kindly Father of every one of the little children whom he had let loose on this fair playground." Somehow this seems a finer theology than we sometimes hear from the pulpit.

For all its balmy airs, its bright skies, its softened landscape, the Indian summer is not a period of exhilaration. It arouses none of the feelings of buoyancy that characterize the month of May and early June. Then all nature is full of promise. Bud and blossom and leaf, the purling of brooks and the songs of birds, all join in a *sursum corde*, to which the heart cheerfully responds. But Indian summer has a rather depressing influence upon the mind. It is suggestive of somber reflections as we walk among the fallen leaves and the dry grass, and feel that the end of the year is near at hand. The flight of time is a common theme of the preacher and the novelist, and the recurrence of stated periods is always impressive. The anniversary that the youth hails with pleasure, to the elderly person becomes a sad reminder of departed years and the chilly monitor of the approaching end.

The Indian summer was doubtless so called because it was the season when the Indian women gathered their harvests of maize. It is a great mistake to imagine that the Indian depended mainly on the product of the chase for his support. He resorted to the woods for his supply of flesh provisions and in case of failure of other food; but the primitive red man was first of all an agriculturist. He raised immense crops of corn; and the reader of our early annals will recall more than one instance when the early white settlers were saved from starvation by the timely supply of corn from the stores of the Indians. On Nov. 16, 1620, only four or five days after the landing at Plymouth, the first expedition of the Pilgrims into the country under the command of the redoubtable Captain Standish, came upon a hidden store of corn, "a fine, great, new basketful of very fair corn of this year," of which they took as much as they could carry; and down in Virginia Captain Smith received from old Powhatan 200 or 300 bushels of corn for a handful or so of glass beads—a characteristic beginning of the prosperous Indian trade which followed.

In the first year of the occupation by the French of the small plain where Pittsburg now stands, the Indians who lived about Fort Duquesne raised over 2,000 bushels of corn. The attack on Kittonning began in the cornfields below the town. In the year 1779, General Sullivan invaded the country of the Iroquois in western New York, and destroyed 160,000 bushels of corn. They sometimes laid up stores sufficient to last for two or three years. The raising of the corn was almost exclusively the work of the women; and we seem to see them in the mild Indian summer sunshine, moving among the towering stalks, and stripping them of their golden stores.

"Cantantowwit! God of the red man's summer! All hail to thee for thy gift of this most lovely of the seasons! Well may the untutored Indian ascribe to thee every blessing which he enjoys, and worship thee as the guardian of the spirits of his dusky ancestors. And deaf, indeed, Cantantowwit, must be the ear of the Christian pale-face, who does not hear in the whisperings of thy gentle breezes the 'still, small voice' of a God of love, which says as plainly as the language of inspiration itself, 'My peace I give unto you. Blind, indeed, must be his inward vision if he discern not the prompting to high and holy resolves, which comes to him from the leaves of russet and brown, and scarlet and orange, and silver and green, that mark everywhere the presence of the 'varied God'."

To these beautiful sentiments of my friend Swauk, I beg to append these lines of Mrs. Sigourney:

"When the groves
In fleeting colors wrote their own decay,
And leaves fell eddying on the sharpen'd blast
That sang their dirge; when o'er their rustling bed
The red deer sprang, or fled the shrill-voiced quail,
Heavy of wing and fearful; when, with heart
Foreboding or depress'd, the white man mark'd
The signs of coming winter, then began
The Indian's joyous season. Then the haze,
Soft and illusive as a fairy dream,
Lapp'd all the landscape in its silvery fold."

T. J. CHAPMAN.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

THE INDIANS OF ALASKA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I was coming down on one of the Alaskan steamers last month a passenger, who for seven years had been an explorer in our northernmost domain, related to me a tale of woe concerning the Indians of the far North, which, if true, amounts to a most serious charge of criminal neglect on the part of a civilized government. So startling were some of the matters told that if I had not later seen and read an account of similar import in a Pacific Coast periodical I would not at this time relate it. From these accounts it appears that the Eskimos have been and are so far deprived of their natural base of supplies by the extermination of the fur-bearing animals, the whales and fishes, as to be in a state of starvation, while to add to these horrors disease is rapidly depleting the race and tending to an early closing of their chapter of life.

I presume that every one is fairly familiar with the international controversy concerning the fur seals, and hence no doubt realizes that the early extinction of these animals is a possibility, while in some high quarters it has been urged that the killing off of the remnant of the seals would be an easy solution of the matter which is agitating our country and other nations. Likewise most of your readers have no doubt placidly come to the conclusion that the extermination of the whale by modern use of artillery is an early and indifferent possibility. Still, I imagine that few realize what the destruction of the seal and whale means to the helpless people in the far North.

Twenty-five years ago the northern Alaska Indians were living in comparative comfort, for the sea yielded a substantial supply of quite all that sufficed for their simple mode of life. Owing to the peculiar and rigid climatic conditions that exist in their land, agriculture is not a profitable following as a means of livelihood, hence these people obtained their food and raiment, the materials for building their habitations, their boats, spears, bows and arrows, and dog sledges and harness from the fauna of that region. Skins, fur, ligaments, muscular and adipose tissue were the *sine qua non* of their existence. At the time of the Seward purchase, these northern regions fairly teemed with food and fur-bearing animals. So rich a field attracted the cupidity of the white man, whose religion is the attainment of the almighty dollar, and whose avarice knows no compassion for any suffering that may stand in the way of the idol of greed.

Great moneyed corporations were formed for the purpose of trespassing on these rich natural preserves, by whose operations a hundred or so men have become rich. One company, with its headquarters at San Francisco, has practically annihilated the whale, one the fur seal, while another combination is industriously devastating the waters of the salmon. For the millions of dollars paid for this portion of former Russian America by our Government, whereby a small revenue has been received—small in comparison with the per capita benefits obtained by our people—a few men have been enabled to pocket enormous sums of money, while as a resultant fact a race of people has been reduced to privation, if all accounts are true.

When this nation acquired Alaska it became the protector of the simple people inhabiting the territory. The lives of these Indians came into our keeping as wards of the nation. As guardians of this trust, our Government has appointed

men drawn from the ranks of professional politicians, whose fitness for the execution of a fiduciary trust is often first estimated on their value as party workers. Such men cannot administer an office of trust, consistent with their appointment, in an impartial manner when moneyed contingents urge their demands on adverse lines. This proposition is supported by the situation in Alaska, where a body of people, denied the right of suffrage, demands humane treatment, and is opposed by organized wealth controlling a voting power.

Many people have, no doubt, been informed that the sealing and cannery industry has been handled to the benefit of the Indian by giving him employment. But if these tales from the North are true no blessings have been showered on the natives, and my own personal observation of the way the Siwash on this coast have been benefited by trading with the white men, makes me skeptical of any redounding benefits that would accrue to the Eskimos through dealings with the companies operating further North.

From the evidence at hand, it seems clear that the companies in their transactions with the Indians have cheated and demoralized them—cheated them in trading arms and supplies for skins at prices that would paralyze a Bowery shylock. As an example of profit possible heretofore under government license, consider the trading of a rifle wholesaling in the States at less than $10 for a pile of furs marketable at $1,000, also the exchange of a pound bag of tobacco mixture, dear at 50 cents, for a sea otter pelt worth $300 What follows? Having exterminated the seals, the whales, the salmon, and other profit-bearing fish and animals, there will be no further opportunity of trading at 1,000 per cent. profit, and the Indian robbed of his original base of supplies, and deprived of his later and more short-lived commercial prosperity (?) dies. Following this system of robbery under the guise of trading, demoralization and extinction is hastened by inoculation with disease through the corrupt and heartless brutes in human shape in the employment of the commercial organizations at their trading posts.

Pages have been written on the treatment of the Indian until the story is an old one. We have been too often in the habit of accepting the trite saying that "The only good Indian is a dead one," in order to dismiss the consideration of a disagreeable subject. This sentiment is brought about largely through the representations and conduct of callous-minded speculators, and through the cupidity and cowardice of public office-holders, whose influence has been greater than that of the few missionaries and travelers who have attempted to arouse the people to thoroughly sift the cause and effect underlying the Indian question. Investigating committees have, therefore, invariably failed to settle the matter. Again, the name of Indian has been associated with the warlike tribes of the plains, until no distinction appears in favor of the many peaceful races of dusky-hued people in, habiting the Northwest coast. Yet with all their timidity-there may come a time when the realization of the wrongs heaped on them may cause bloodshed at the hands of the Eskimos. Even a rat will turn when cornered.

Does robbing a race of the means of livelihood and inoculating a people with a loathsome disease warrant a civilized nation responsible for such conditions, when retaliation is at hand, in acting solely on the theory that only a dead Indian is a good Indian? To answer in the affirmative would be an argument of inhumanity and sounding the slogan of the depraved. After more than a century of vacillation on the Indian and kindred subjects by individuals holding public office under party management, it does seem that the body of the people will never get at the bottom facts except through the instrumentality of a non-political press, or perhaps the church.

FOREST AND STREAM has done excellent work in the interests of game protection and humane sportsmanship, hence I suggest here a field of investigation on a higher plane of humanity. CAYUGA.

EVERETT, Wash., Oct. 25

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

EXTRACTS from a letter written by J. B. Burnham, dated at White Pass, Alaska, Sept. 25:

"I am still enjoying the same perfect health. * * * I feel as if I could never stop eating while there is anything edible in sight. I have not had a cold or sore throat, or anything of that kind since landing, which is good proof of the healthfulness of this out-of-door life. It rains three out of four days, now. I wear a Macinac coat and slicker, and rubber boots and an oil-silk hat, heavy underwear and flannel shirt. Men, camped here with us last night, remarked upon my healthy condition and said that the trail certainly agreed with me. The party seem determined that I shall be one to go in, and it seems the general understanding that I shall select the one to go with me.

"Now as to prospects for getting through. We have all the grub—2,000lbs.—for two men, through to within a few days' trip of our starting point at Lake Bennett. In my opinion, Lake Bennett and the other big lakes will not freeze for more than a month yet. Last year Lake Bennett did not freeze before Nov. 15. Two weeks should take us down the river. This would bring us to Dawson City in good safe season, or we will be in position to winter, if forced by any unforeseen conditions. We are told that provisions are being confiscated at Dawson. We will take good care that ours shall not be, by ascertaining if there is any truth in the rumor, before reaching Dawson, and 'caching' a part, if there is reason to believe it.

"Old trappers who have been all through this country between here and Dawson say that there is yet ample time, and that, aside from Lake Lebarge, the country is all good for wintering on the way if stuck.

"I shot two ptarmigan yesterday and picked up a wounded duck in Summit Lake the day before.

"Lots of men on this trail have not got far enough over its endless forty-five miles of mud to give any promise of getting through, and hundreds of log cabins are being built at points where they happen to have their supplies.

"There is a wonderful freedom from sickness on the trail. A man was drowned the other day in crossing a pond by getting mad at a horse and causing him to pull him into the deep water of Shallow Lake immediately below, but there have been very few deaths and very few accidents of any kind. Horses die like sheep, but their deaths are due to starvation and overwork combined. None of ours have died unless on the last trip, from which our boys have not yet returned. We have fed them well and still have 1,200lbs. of oats and two bales of hay and a sack of barley. The trail ahead of us is in better condition than for a long time. There is no snow at this point, but at the summit there is 4 or 5in. It will soon melt off, however.

"I had no idea of being able to write again, and am trusting to Providence for some means of sending out this letter. I feel confident of getting through to Dawson City safely. If delayed beyond reason I shall not risk needless danger.

"Our boats are very staunch and splendid sea craft; they exceed my hopes. One great point in their favor is the fact that they can be handled very easily, rowed against head winds, etc., where most of the craft sent here are useless and helpless. I have been lying idle now for nearly a day, resting and waiting for Sheriff and Macurcher, who are down at the last camp bringing in the last load."

J. B. BURNHAM.

[Note by Rev. Geo. W. DuBois, Essex, N. Y.—I infer that Herrington and Baskoville were resting in camp with John Burnham at the time of writing, and all well and hearty.—GEO. W. DUBOIS]

Natural History.

OUR SNOWY EGRET.

BETWEEN our house and the lagoon is a lawn that is smooth and grassy, except where it is covered by that thick and juicy vine which loves the loose sand of salty beaches and bears a wealth of blossoms that look like morning glories. The salt water laps eternally against the edge of that lagoon, except when the trade wind dies away, as it sometimes does for an evening, and the land breeze comes down from the distant mountains.

When that wind blows our shore is a busy place, for that chill breeze drives from pastures and thickets back of the village bugs, beetles and flies of many kinds and assorted sizes. The hum of their wings is like the roar of a coming hurricane. Thousands are caught in their flight by birds or bats, which dash here and there, and swoop down to the smooth lake. Other myriads drop to the water and are snapped up or down by fish that swarm close to shore. Pelicans and other birds hover over the lagoon and little sharks dash about, all preying on the fish that prey on the insects, which in their turn perhaps prey upon each other.

Egrets come to these feasts and patrol that sandy shore, alert to snap up any insect unlucky enough to fall within reach, and quite as ready to spear any minnow foolish enough to venture close to the beach in its eagerness to catch a bug.

These herons are more at home on the narrow strip of sand two miles away, which separates the laguna from the sparkling Caribbean Sea. There they may be seen in scores any day, standing like trim sentinels in snowy uniform, or marching with immense gravity near the water's edge, but always ready to rush at any careless crab that may be too far for safety from his refuge in the wet sand, and fully as eager to thrust a keen beak into any eatable thing luck may send their way.

Best of all, it seems to me, these little herons love to live among the hundreds of islands of tall grasses, which float about on still Nicaraguan lagoons where man is seldom seen. There they may dream in peace all the day, if they will, beside the deep, dark channels between the shifting masses of green. But I doubt if egret is ever deep enough in day dreams to miss any silly frog or bold mouse that may come within striking distance of that long, sharp bill. It shoots out like a flashing spear, and the foolish one is bayonetted.

We have in our home a white egret, to keep company with two blue herons of his own size, and a lead-colored giant of a cousin of theirs. They stroll about most of the day, beneath the bananas and the limes, the orange and the mango trees. They peer into every crevice in search of a bug, beetle or roach. They are ever alert to rob any chicken which may be unwise enough to tell of the finding of a wormy prize. They snap at passing flies, and chase butterflies with exceeding earnestness.

Often our egrets lie in wait near the kitchen for whatever scrap of meat or fish the cook may toss to cat, or dog, or chicken. Such a bit can scarcely more than touch the ground before one or other of those birds has saved it. No cat, nor dog, nor chicken is swift enough in a race with any of those egrets to capture a flying bit of food.

Blanco is boldest of that flock. I gravely fear he deserves to be denounced as a robber. He regards the rights of no living thing about the place. Dogs dread him; cats fear and hate him; the gamecock that is ever eager to attack any other bird of his inches, readily stands aside for that little white demon. Even the cook and the waitress are laughingly afraid of Blanco. But so they are of the big blue heron also.

Often we hear a womanly squeal, and look up to see one of those girls scurrying for the kitchen or the dining-room. She has offended, perhaps by trying to "shoo" a heron away, and he has resented it by jabbing with his spear of a beak at her bare, brown toes; or perchance Big Blue has seen fit to send in his bill merely because a skirt innocently fluttered when passing.

Sometimes those girls give a dish of meat to the cat, but meanly set it down outside of the kitchen, then wait to see the fun. But it is no fun to poor puss. She begins growling fiercely and foolishly, as soon as her nose is over the dish, and when Blanco hears that he comes running. His long neck goes out toward that dish and puss threatens him with a paw. He pecks at her tail, for which he has a standing grudge, and puss jerks it aside. He thrusts the point of his bill into the fur on her rump with emphasis, and she half turns to cuff his saucy ears. He nimbly hops aside and puss seizes a piece of the meat and keeps her head over the rest to guard it. Blanco digs her severely in the ribs, and in her pain and rage she forgets the nimbleness of that thief. She whirls around to give him a lesson he will not soon forget, and he has a piece of the meat that instant, and is off to enjoy it at ease, then comes back for more.

Any one of our herons will attack our turkey and make no bones about driving away any number of zopilotes—which other folk might call buzzards—that may see fit to gather in the grounds, but not one of our long-legged protectors will trouble cat, dog or bird at mealtime, unless one of these so far forgets good manners as to go near the table.

When the girl brings the soup, the herons muster for duty. Big Blue stalks with immense dignity to his post, 6 or 7ft. from the table, and there he waits; for he is not quite as tame as the others; and he is more dignified than they. Little Blue and Azulito—that is only the Spanish form of the same name for the other little blue one—take their places not far from the chairs, ready to pick up any crumb of meat, dodge any blow from napkin, run from any threat by their big blue cousin, and most especially to flee from any rush by Blanco the bully.

And Blanco? Does he stand modestly back and bashfully wait to be coaxed to take a mouthful? No, not precisely. Instead, he takes a stand beside one who has been his fast friend and protector from the very hour in which he was first touched by human finger, and if the morsel of meat or fish is not given soon enough to suit his notion of right, he gently tugs my sleeve. It happens sometimes that two or three such hints go seemingly unheeded. Then comes a stroke that any one would notice, if his skin was not like boiler iron. No use now to savagely flirt a napkin at Blanco's head. Time was when that might have driven him away for as much, possibly, as half a minute. Now he scorns so vain a trick, and resents it with bold vigor.

Some one at table tosses out a piece of fish or a bone, that we may see what may happen. All four herons start for it together, that is, unless it has fallen near Big Blue. No use of going if he is near. One stride of his tremendously long legs, one straightening of his prodigiously long neck, and he has the prize almost before the most agile of the others can start. If it is a mouthful he can gulp down Big Blue thrusts his bill upward and outward, a bad case of mumps passes along his throat down, down until it is lost in the feathers on his breast, and that tidbit has gone where it will do the most good. But if it is too big to go down at one swallow, or if there is a bone to pick, there is a dash of white amid the blue, a scattering of herons, and Blanco has the prize. Even Big Blue gives way before the fearless rush of Blanco, the bravo.

Every woman who comes to the house hates that bird for his thrusts at her bare feet; yet every woman likes him, as does everybody belonging to our household. Perhaps this is because of his courage and dash; maybe it is for his swift alertness and manifest confidence in the good will of people who belong to him; perchance it is because he is always a model of neatness; and possibly it is because of his sublime audacity in trying to boss the whole ranch—but whatever the reason, he is certainly a favorite with all.

There are along the shores of the waters of warm climates many thousands of birds like Blanco. And each year many thousands of them are murdered that their aigrettes may adorn women whose attractions are so many that they surely need no such help as can be got only by slaughtering these brave, dainty and beautiful little herons. E. W. PERRY.

COON EDUCATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, Mr. R. L. Warner, writes of a young coon that protects its eyes with its "front hands" when grasped by the throat. Mr. Warner hazards the guess that the act is hereditary. This idea is not so bad, if the coon, when captured, was too young to have received education from its mother. A thing that favors the hereditary idea, is the evolution of "front hands" and forearms so perfectly adapted to the work of protection. But, perhaps, after all, the coon was old enough before its capture to have received some education from its kind.

Coons educate their young in rough-and-tumble play, just as cats educate their kittens. It has been my good fortune to have the chance to observe the development of a young coon from a helpless, sprawling bunch of fat and fur, to a bristling battery of claws and teeth operated by chain lightning.

Looking through my notes for the years 1885, 1886, I find that I had in captivity seven coons, all of different ages when captured. I herewith select and re-write some of the observations jotted down in my note-books.

The young coons spent the greater part of the time in play. Sometimes the play ended in a lively scrap, then each tried to seize the other by the throat, or neck, under the ear. If one succeeded the other immediately covered its eyes with its front feet. The reason for the act was evident enough to an observer. It was to protect the eyes from the fierce clawing which was sure to follow. The victim would not give up, but would continue the fight with its hind claws, and usually kicked itself free in a short time.

Instinct plays no part in coon lore. A coon can reason quite as well as the average human being. An old coon, one of my captives, was as artful as Lucifer. Whenever my back was turned he would be up to all sorts of mischief. When caught red-handed he could put on a look of innocence too comical for anything. I put a collar on him when he was first captured, and for two weeks he fought against the indignity, then suddenly appeared to be contented. By the end of the first month he had got all of my ways of life down fine. If I went into the woods with my gun, on my return he would tear around in his cage anxious for the squirrel he had not seen, but was sure to get. When I went away without the gun he paid no attention on my return. I do not think he was guided by scent, for sometimes the wind would not be right. Without doubt he connected the gun and squirrel in his mind, and perhaps knew more about a gun than I thought.

He did not take kindly to cage life, although his cage was under a small pine tree, so when I was about the cabin I chained him to the tree and let him run outside. I put him into the cage every day before going to the city for my mail. He resented this, and would run up the pine tree when he saw me lock the cabin door. One day I pulled him down and whipped him while he lay prone on the ground, with his eyes covered. I took away his food and water. He must have been downright hungry before I fed him. He never forgot the lesson. After that when he saw me lock up he would sneak into his cage, fearful, I suppose, that if found outside he would be whipped and starved. My notes on this coon cover nine months and contain many things of interest. He settled "the cry of the coon" forever.

Tell Mr. Hough that he can have my goat! I held my breath while reading his goat shooting experience. When a human being sleeps between two ice cakes, freezes to death, starves to death, and is smothered to death in a snow-slide, to get a goat that he can't eat, it takes me away off my feet. No one but Mr. Hough, outside of a lunatic

asylum, would endure such danger and hardship for such a reward. However, if I were younger—ahem!

HERMIT.

SEALING FACTS AND CONDITIONS.

THE Bering Sea conference of representatives of the United States, Great Britain and Canada, in Washington, closed Nov. 16, with an agreement as to the facts relative to the seals. The results were announced in an official statement made public by Gen. Foster, as follows:

"The delegates to the fur seal conference have agreed unanimously on certain propositions touching the fur seal herd of Bering Sea. The report contains sixteen propositions, which are briefly epitomized as follows:

"That the Pribilof herd has declined in numbers from 1884 to 1897; that the number was formerly three to five times that which now exist; that the death rate among pups is great, not more than one-half to one-third surviving to the age of three years; that the number of breeding females in 1896 and 1897 was between 160,000 to 130,000; that the decrease from 1896 to 1897 was notable, though its extent could not be definitely determined; that land killing of males, as now practiced, does no harm to the herd; that the pelagic sealers respect the limitation of the law; that pelagic sealing involves indiscriminate killing; that the catch at sea contains a marked excess of females; that the killing of males on land is the cause of this; that among the females killed are not only those both nursing and pregnant, but also many who are immature, or who have already lost their pups; that the fur seal being polygamous, a large number of males may be killed with impunity; that females cannot be killed in similar numbers without checking the increase of the herd or bringing about an actual decline; that a small number of females, less than the annual increment of breeders, might be taken without producing actual decrease; that excessive pelagic sealing has led to a reduction in the herd; that pelagic sealing has of late fallen off in greater ratio than the herd has, thus producing a tendency toward equilibrium in numbers; that in estimating the future conditions of the herd, there must be taken into consideration the reduction in the number of surviving pups caused by the pelagic catches of 1894-1895; that the herd is not in danger of actual extermination so long as its haunts on land are protected and the protected zone is maintained; that both land and sea killing now yield an inconsiderable profit either to the lessees or to the pelagic sealers themselves."

The delegates signing the agreement are Charles Sumner Hamlin, David Starr Jordan, D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson and James Melville Macoun.

Some Introduced Birds.

IN the year 1879 twelve dozen Eastern quail (*Colinus virginianus*) were brought to Idaho and turned loose in the Boise River Valley, near Boise City, Idaho. The mild climate of this region, and the extensive grain fields, furnished these birds precisely the surroundings which they required. They did well from the first, and have so greatly increased that they are now by far the most abundant game bird in the vicinity. Some species of grouse which used to be very abundant there have almost been exterminated, but Bob White continues to thrive and to hold his own.

A number of California Valley quail, introduced there some years later, did not do well, and ultimately disappeared entirely.

It is reported that the European skylarks turned out in Oregon, in the vicinity of East Portland and at other points, have done remarkably well and are firmly established there. They migrate each year about October, returning to the vicinity of Portland in February. Here they spend the summer and breed in great numbers. It is understood that the European song thrushes and starlings, introduced about the same time, have also done well.

A Virginia Lynx.

PINE VIEW, Va., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There was killed near this place on the 6th an animal of the cat family. There are so many different opinions in regard to the class of cats he belongs to that I write to get you to identify it for us. The cat is 26in. from end of foot to top of back; would stand about 24in.; a little over 4ft. long; tail 4½in. long, and weight 22lbs., but seemed very thin in flesh; is a grayish white on back, sides and head, a dirty white under belly and throat, long hair on legs, with a few black hairs on end of ears about 1½in. long. We are forty-five miles from the mountains, and cats of any sort are rarely met with A little bob cat was killed near here some twenty years ago. One of our local hunters says it is a catamount, met with in the mountains of West Virginia. W. L. C.

[Evidently a lynx of one species or the other. The description reads like the Canada lynx (*Lynx canadensis*), which, however, would hardly be looked for so far south. It is more likely to be a bay lynx (*Lynx rufus*), though as we say the description of the animal, if from a more northern locality, would lead one to think the animal a Canada lynx. Catamount is a general name often applied to both species of lynx and sometimes to the cougar or panther.]

Mutilated Squirrels.

JACOBSTAFF writes of red squirrels mutilating gray ones. There are no red squirrels here, but it is often asserted and generally believed that such mutilation is practiced among the gray squirrels, and almost any squirrel hunter will say that he has killed many that bore unmistakable evidence of mutilation, and I have shot many that looked that way. But close examination never failed to show that the glands, which appeared to be missing, were still there, but for some reason had not grown with the rest of the squirrel, and were so small as to be easily overlooked, being frequently but little larger than a grain of wheat. O. H. HAMPTON.

The art of avoiding a conversational unpleasantness by a graceful way of putting things belongs, I suppose, in its highest perfection, to the East. When Lord Dufferin was Viceroy of India, he had a "shikarry," or sporting servant, whose special duty it was to attend the visitors at the viceregal court on their shooting excursions. Returning one day from one of these expeditions, the shikarry encountered the Viceroy, who, full of courteous solicitude for his guests' enjoyment, asked, "Well, what sort of sport has Lord —— had?" "Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Indian, "the young Sahib shot divinely, but God was very merciful to the birds."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full-page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

THE PARTRIDGE.

SHOT of the wood, from thy ambush low,
Bolt off the dry leaves flying,
With a whirring spring like an Indian's bow,
Thou speed'st when the year is dying;
And thy neat, gray form darts whirling past,
So silent all, as thou flyest fast,
Snapping a leaf from the copses red,
Our native bird on the woodlands bred.

I have trembled a thousand times
As thy bolt through the thicket was rending,
Wondering at thee in the Autumn chimes,
When thy brother's soft wings were bending
Swift to the groves of the spicy South,
Where the orange melts in the zephyr's mouth,
And the azure sunshine humors the air,
And Winter ne'er sleeps in his pallid chair.

And thy whirring wings I hear,
When the colored ice is warming
The twigs of the forest sere,
While the Northern wind a-storming,
Draws cold as death round the Irish hut
That lifts its smoke in the railroad cut,
And the hardy chopper sits dreaming at home,
And thou and I are alone in the storm

Brave bird of my woodland haunt,
Good child of the Autumn dreary,
Drum of my city and bass of my chaunt,
With thy rushing music so cheery,
Desert not my bowers for the Southern flowers,
Nor my pale, Northern wood for her ruby hours;
Let us bide the rude blast and the ringing hail
Till the violets peep on the Indian's trail.

Editor Forest and Stream: The foregoing poem is from W. E. Channing's "Life of Thoreau," and is by Channing. If you have not printed it in FOREST AND STREAM it will fill a niche about this time of year, and your readers will be glad to see it. E. M. MACDONALD.

WE HAVE THE RED SQUIRREL.

THE conditions under which most sportsmen live are so commonplace that they cannot expect any very striking experiences or successes. In the long-settled regions the big game is gone, and the small game and vermin are so nearly gone that to get any shooting we need to make the most of every bird and beast that the law permits us to shoot at. For the average gun-lover there is no special car to take him to the Dakotas and the Rockies. He must find his sport within the limits of a day's tramp or a few hours rowing. There may be near him lands or waters that invite the tarrying of the migratory game birds, and if by studying his neighborhood and working it shrewdly, by good hunting and good shooting, he can pick up a few snipes or ducks, or a brace of woodcock, he considers himself lucky, and really has not much to complain of. Three or four gray squirrels or rabbits will send him home pretty well satisfied.

But there are many men who are within reach of little or no game, who yet feel the hunting impulse, love the woods and fields and enjoy the handling of well made shooting irons. If they are to have any hunting career they must magnify their opportunities and their discoveries. A pretty small incident must serve for an adventure; a woodchuck must rank as a bear; a raccoon must pass for a panther; a fox will do for a wolf; a chipmunk may figure as a coyote, and a red squirrel as an antelope; a snipe must look as big as a wild goose, and if on some great day the shooter manages to worry down a grouse he must let himself feel as if he were toting home a backload of wild turkeys.

A recent correspondent, taking a pessimistic view of this matter and casting a prophetic glance into a future void of game, foresaw the sportsman reduced to gunning for pismires. But we are not there yet. We have almost everywhere some larger vermin still to shoot at, and this article celebrates the red squirrel as a substitute for game, with some good points of his own. The best is that he is not yet extinct. He does not insist on the tall timber amid which the gray squirrel hides. Any little grove may harbor the red and bring him within a walkable distance of town. He deserves death for his depredations among the birds' nests, the cornfields and the nut-bearing trees, so the shooters of him need have no compunctions. He is hardly game, but that has some advantages. We need not employ counsel, or even look into the *Brief* to learn when we may hunt him. As Roderick Dhu might have said:

"Though breeding time the gray we lend,
Ere aim we take and lead we send,
Who ever reck'd how, where or when
The prowling red was popped and slain?"

As he is vermin rather than game, we need not bother to dress him when he is shot, but may leave him to mingle with the elements where he fell and where he sometimes lies invisible under one's nose, so well does his back match the color of the russet leaves.

Over and above the shooting, the squirrel hunter has all the chances to enjoy his outing that any hunter has in the same region. The landscape spreads about him as broad and beautiful on his way to the woods as if he were after the noblest game. The autumn air is as exhilarating for him as for the nabob who runs his hunting car away into the Northwest. The trees rise about him in October as gorgeous in their ripened leaves as if he were shooting grouse and bagging one every five minutes. When those leaves lie damp with frost and rain, they are as fragrant to him as if he were stalking a deer; and the bare twigs trace just as delicate a network against the overarching blue.

After all, we would not recommend the hunting of the red squirrel if it did not require, when properly practiced, enough skill to make it worthy of a sportsman. That, of course, implies the use of a rifle. Thomas Alexander well said: "Shooting squirrels with a shotgun is about the dreariest drudgery that was ever miscalled sport. But when you exchange the shotgun for the rifle, you have in your hands a veritable enchanter's wand that transforms a species of sport fit only for boys into as delightful a pastime as can well be imagined."

The beginner who starts out with the idea that he is going to hit with a bullet every red squirrel that he sees, may not have much modesty, but he is on the way to get more. This squirrel is a small and restless mark, and harder to hit at 100ft. than a deer's shoulder at 100yds. If you find the work too easy, you may adopt the heads-or-nothing rule. and if you come back telling your friends you shot a lot of squirrels, all of them in the head, they may believe you if your general reputation is good and they never hunted squirrels

As to rifles for this sport, the more powerful of the .22s are all right, and even the short will do at a pinch. The .25 covers the whole ground. If you get out of factory bullets of this caliber, a tolerably accurate cartridge, costing practically nothing, may be made by loading a No. 3 Tatham's buckshot in the mouth of the shell with a muslin patch, over a reduced charge of powder. I have killed five in successive shots with this load. The buckshot does not "hold up" like the long bullet, but it does not need to at squirrel distances. Here as much as anywhere the telescope sight comes in play, and if you have it not it will pay you to slip an opera glass into your pocket. Either will often save you from losing a chance or wasting a bullet on a knot, a bird's nest or a dead leaf. Particularly will a glass help you to spy out a squirrel that is hiding in a tree-top, perhaps flattening himself out on the upper side of a limb till he hardly makes a projection. There is something mysterious and uncanny in the way that a red squirrel that was in plain sight a moment ago can disappear from a little tree that has not a leaf on it or a hole in it to conceal him. I have sometimes wondered if one could not hide himself on a telegraph wire. Next to the telescope come the Lyman sights. Some kind of a white bead is almost a necessity.

Thus armed and equipped let us approach the woods. If there is a fence around them, of any kind but wire, it will be a natural runway, and you will glance along it, right and left, to catch the form, color or motion of the enemy. Many a squirrel is knocked off from stake, rail or stump in the fence before the hunter has entered the woods. Arrived at the fence, take a little rest there. Sitting on a fence is often the most pleasant and profitable part of a hunt, especially a squirrel hunt. Some squirrels will do their share of the hunting if they have a chance Young ones, with the inquisitiveness and impudence that belong to young creatures, may "sass" you to your face, within a rod or two. An older one, particularly if he has sometime lost a streak of fur by misplaced confidence, you probably will have to hunt for, and these that you look up will not expose themselves so freely as those that look you up. Without their unnecessary exposure the hunt will be a failure, so far as the score is concerned. A squirrel can always save himself from the rifle if he does his best. It is a case of contributive negligence every time one is killed.

If it is a pleasant day you may be tempted to linger on the fence, sniffing the woody perfume and peering through the vistas among the trees. If the day is dark and windy you may as well have stayed at home. At such a time the squirrels are sluggish and silent, and the waving of the boughs in the wind cuts you off from both sights and sounds that you need to get if you are to hunt successfully. And if the fallen leaves are deep and dry, they, too, will thwart you, for they advertise your advance like a brass band.

As you look and listen, you become aware of a sound that started so faintly it hardly gained your attention. It might be called a grunt if it were not so fine and small. This is the note that the squirrel is apt to begin with when he stumbles upon you before you have seen him. Now it comes more loud and brisk, and broken up into syllables, alternating with a little chirp or chink, so totally different that it is hard to believe them parts of the same performance; the more so as they curiously sound from somewhat different directions. Listen and stare as you will, no squirrel can you see probably, where the leaves are on, though so sure of his position that you could almost hit him firing by the sound. But now he is carried away by his excitement, and comes scurrying down a neighboring tree trunk by fits and starts, spread out at full length and breadth against the bark, like a hide tacked on a barn-door to dry. He is almost too easy, but you could have tried his head if you had scorned the full-sized mark.

Let us stroll quietly into the woods, looking, listening and pausing now and then to let a squirrel proclaim himself. Where is that one that challenged us with separate chirps, so like some bird's that you would have paid no attention if you had not heard them before? There he sits, crosswise of a 4in. limb, looking over at you. It is head or nothing now, to be sure, and when the shot sends him spinning backward end over end, you feel a good deal as you would if an old buck had jumped up and tumbled in a heap at the bang of your .45-70.

How did you miss that one that showed up on the stump there, covered with chips of chestnut burs? He must have started just as you were pulling trigger There was a red streak up the tree close by, and he may be your mark again. But he is in a mood to hide now, and will not stand for another shot if he knows it. Is there not a little bulge from that big branch away up? And has it not a rusty tinge? The glass exposes the tricky scamp lying low in fancied security. The white bead creeps up against the narrow strip of brown, the little cartridge snaps, and the squirrel tumbles heels over head and strikes the ground with a d. s. t.—a decidedly satisfactory thump.

Now there sounds from over yonder the long chirr, that is one of the commonest and pleasantest sounds of the autumn woods. It seems to be the utterance that the squirrel uses on general principles, with nothing to alarm or excite, and is the one that most often calls attention to him. Sometimes it runs off into whines and squeaks like those of a young puppy. It will test our judgment to conclude which tree that squirrel is in. It will need one or two more of his calls to show the distance and the exact direction, and we shall not get them unless we go quietly. The squirrel is not pleased to find himself hunted. Here is one of those flat topped stumps so conveniently provided for the sportsman, since it became the fashion to saw down trees. If we sit here a bit we may hear from our tawny friend again. It is a trial of patience

to keep still with the game so near, but we shall get a shot sooner than if we rush ahead.

Here comes the repeated chatter, so loud and plain that we are sure of the tree, one of two that stand together among smaller ones. Sneaking softly about between these, avoiding dead twigs and sudden motions, we search for an opening that will give a view of the tree that holds the squirrel. Only a glimpse can be had here and there. One such shows a brighter patch against the brown bark, half seen through the leafy twigs. The glass makes nothing more of it, but uncertainty is the spice of the sport, and the rifle is fired as much by faith as by sight. The reddish patch lengthens out and up for an instant, and the next instant the jar of a bough tells where the squirrel jumped from the other side of the trunk into the big hemlock alongside, in which no eye could find him with any glass.

Is that a squirrel or only a stub that we see topping that rotten stump as we pass on? Problem solved by the object dropping down under the stump, a place to which many red squirrels resort late in the season for winter quarters. It is somewhat like hunting for a needle in a haystack to stare around in the trees while any leaves are left, on the chance of seeing a squirrel that has kept silent and motionless, but the practiced eye will sometimes spy one, and more frequently when the boughs are getting bare, though in that case they seem to see the need of being correspondingly wary. How about that little round bunch silhouetted against the sky in this tree-top? It is not the easiest kind of a target with its sky backing, but it looks suspicious, and a careful shot straightens it out into a squirrel, hanging for a moment by his slim, sharp claws, which instinctively gripped the twig when the bullet went through him. Where that old grapevine has interwoven itself with the thick-branching limbs of a low tree is securely placed the bunch of leaves that made a squirrel's summer house. A shot through one of these sometimes kills an inmate and sometimes brings out one for a better chance, but shooting at the animal or the family of them unseen may cause only wounds and suffering, which the sportsman regrets to inflict. It is one merit of the .25cal. rifle that it almost always kills such small creatures at once.

So we have fared on with varying luck, and come to scattering trees at the border of the woods. A squirrel scampers along the ground and runs up the last one 20ft. to where the stub of a little dead limb makes a sufficient perch. He is 50yds. away, and the degenerate marksman of these days prefers them closer, though we have all heard how the old-timer nipped their heads off without fail at twice that distance. If you are going nearer, you may as well sidle off to the right and not hint your scheme too plainly to the intended victim. There is also a better reason. Shooting from here, you would send your bullet out into the fields at a low angle and perhaps hit something else but squirrel and ground. The same if the game stood on a fence or stump, where the ground beyond could not be seen; while if the ball were to be sent up high enough to lose its headway in the air, it would drop with little chance of harm, especially if it is the light, round bullet. So you edge off to a point where you have the squirrel outlined against the tree and near enough to suit you. Then incidentally turning the rifle his way, you plant the white once more against the red, and end the hunt with a shot that spreads him motionless on the ground.

We will not go gunning for pismires until the red squirrels are gone. BRISTOL HILL.

GROUSE IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, is a scarce bird in central New York at present, and, judging from reports received from various quarters, this is the case all over the State. Sportsmen hereabouts attribute the scarcity of these favorite game birds to the continued rains and cold weather which we had late in the spring and in early summer when the birds were nesting, and which it is believed prevented the hatching and rearing of new broods. This theory is apparently upheld by the fact that very few young birds have been seen this fall, and in some localities not one can be found.

Many hunters insist that there are no better grounds for ruffed grouse anywhere in the State than are found in Oneida and Herkimer counties, and certainly there is an abundance of food and the best possible cover. Ordinarily excellent shooting is to be had during the open season, but expert wing shots say that it is almost impossible this year to make a respectable bag of grouse, and, as a rule, only old birds are flushed. If by chance a few young birds are encountered, an exceedingly rare occurrence now, they are sure to be small and weak flyers, which fact leads to the natural conclusion that they belonged to a belated brood. Possibly they may have been the outcome of a second attempt on the part of the mother to raise a family, her first efforts in this direction having been frustrated by unfavorable weather during the nesting period.

In the fall of 1895 ruffed grouse were exceedingly plentiful in Oneida county, owing, doubtless in a great measure, to the wise act passed by the board of supervisors two years before, shortening the shooting season at both ends. Perhaps the law was not as rigidly enforced as it might have been, but its beneficent effect was apparent in the increase of birds. Many of our sportsmen consider it unfortunate that this law was rendered inoperative in the same year when there was such a marked gain in the number of grouse, and that the supervisors no longer have the power to legislate in their behalf. No sooner was the protective measure referred to repealed than the market-hunter began to get in his work, and he kept it up until the close of the season. Thousands of grouse were slaughtered for the market in Oneida county alone, and most of them were killed late in the fall and early in the winter.

Last year there was fairly good shooting, but it was not equal to that of the season previous. This year sportsmen say they have not been able to bag a solitary bird where a year ago they killed ten or a dozen. At this time in other years long strings of grouse have been a common sight in front of the markets in Utica, but this season the display is exceedingly meager. So many causes annually combine to retard the increase of the grouse, that it seems essential to afford them better protection than they now receive. The Black River Fish and Game Protective Association earnestly advocates shortening the season for grouse and woodcock, believing, that for the best of reasons, shooting should not begin until Sept. 1 or, better yet, Sept. 15, and end not later than Nov. 15 in each year.

I have sometimes wondered whether or not the ruffed grouse in the Adirondacks had any definite purpose in constructing its nest near a footpath or trail. There are certain localities in the wilderness where one is almost sure of finding a nest or brood of young birds every spring (that of 1897 excepted), and it is a noticeable fact that most of these places are in close proximity to frequented paths. Of course, all grouse do not follow this rule, but enough do so to apparently indicate something of a preference in this direction, other things being equal. One can readily understand why the parent birds should choose to nest in the vicinity of a clearing or a patch of berry bushes, or if no more favorable place is convenient, near a clump of alders. They evidently make the selection of such sites because of the convenience with which proper food is obtainable and perhaps, also, with a view to having as much space as possible for unobstructed flight in case of an emergency. It may not be easy to bring forward any convincing arguments in favor of the latter idea, but a wise bird would do well to take such a point into consideration. It is quite noticeable, too, that the wilderness grouse usually has an eye on the question of water, and builds its nest in a spot where plenty is to be had. A person can readily perceive the wisdom of all this, but just what idea the bird has in nesting near a path is not so easy to determine. Can it be that it believes man to be the least dangerous of its enemies and appreciates the fact that places frequented by him are as a general thing shunned by its four-footed foes? Some may, perhaps, be inclined to say that it is only a matter of coincidence, and that the nests are near the path simply for the reason that the path runs through the clearing or the clump of berry bushes, but such ones will not be those who have closely observed the habits of the grouse. The birds' predilection for the neighborhood of a path seems unmistakable.

While spending a vacation on North Lake, in the Adirondacks, one spring, I discovered the nest of a ruffed grouse in a brush heap only a few rods from our cottage, and not more than 10ft. from the footpath leading to a neighboring cottage. The boughs had been cut the year previous, and were almost identical in color with the bird and her nest. The mother bird was seen on her nest several times, but was not disturbed by our party, and seemed quite unconcerned, although a trifle curious, when we passed by. Once when she was temporarily absent, we paused for a moment to see what she had been so faithfully guarding, and found that the nest contained ten eggs. We were in hopes that the mother would be successful in rearing a fine brood, and were very careful not to alarm her. One night, however, disaster overtook her in her home. Some of our party heard an owl during the evening, and not long after a peculiar squeak, which sound was also attributed to his owlship. The noise came from the direction of the nest, but it was not until the next morning that the extent of the catastrophe which had befallen our feathered neighbor became known to us. Judging from the appearance of the nest, the owl or some other robber had raided and looted it. All of the eggs were gone, and we were unable to find so much as a shell remaining. There were also other evidences of trouble, and many downy feathers from the grouse were scattered around. Whether or not the latter finally escaped from her enemy we never knew, as our vacation ended about this time, and we left the woods without catching another glimpse of her.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 8.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Size of a Sea Otter.

I PRESUME that everybody has heard about the sea otter of the Northwest Coast country, and knows how very valuable its fur is, and how hard it is to get. Probably most readers have read of the way in which this animal is secured by the long-range riflemen who perch on towers and watch for it day by day. But how many persons of the middle West or the East, or indeed about any other part of the country, know what sort of an animal this sea otter is, how big it is or what it looks like?

I confess that, for one, my own notions about the sea otter were very vague. I supposed, taking it for granted without any advice to that effect or to the contrary, that of course the sea otter was just about like our ordinary otter, about the same size, though with a deeper and choicer fur. I knew that a really good piece of sea otter fur is worth much more than seal skin. Once I saw a very pretty bit of trade over just such a thing. There was a handsome sea otter coat in a certain store in this city, which was offered for sale as seal skin. A certain lady happened to see it and ask about it, and was told it was seal and would be sold at such and such price. She put her hand on the fur, and being expert, and also having control over her countenance, said quietly that she would take the garment. She did, and is wearing it yet, about as good as new, though that was ten years ago or more. The fur is better than that of the seal. I know where I can get a whole lot of raw seal skins, salted, and untanned, for less than $10 each. They can be plucked and dyed (American dye) for about $5 each. It takes about a half dozen to make a coat or jacket such as ladies like to wear, and less than $40 will cut, sew and line it, making it an easy problem at $125 Usually we pay about two to four times that price for our genuine London-dyed seal garments, which were possibly dyed in New York; but the biggest part of the price rises in the nerve of the dealer. There are tricks in all trades except the fur trade, and it is all one continuous gold brick game.

But about my sea otter. The other day I was wandering around in a fur store here, talking otter to the accommodating head of the house, who sometimes lets me into a secret or two in fur matters. I had a very pretty otter skin, which we were admiring, a river otter, very dark, which came from St. Paul market.

"I'll show you a good otter," said the dealer, smiling and turning to a skin which was hanging on the wall. "What do you think of that?"

I turned and walked to the specimen, and saw that it was indeed an otter. But such an otter! I rubbed my eyes. It was an otter a good deal bigger than I was, a terror of an otter, yet surely an otter by the long, narrow, tapering skin, and by the quality of the fur, soft and deep, and with the guard hairs showing well. I could also tell at once that the skin, while large, was not a prime one; for the fur was shallow beneath, and not so deep as it should have been on the back. Of course, I knew at the second glance that this was a sea otter, and that I had seen my first specimen of what I had supposed was a very much smaller animal than this.

I got a tape and measured this skin, which was "cased" and stretched just as the ordinary otter skin is by the trapper. The tail was short and stumpy, and I presume it had been broken off at about one-half or two thirds of its length from the body. As the skin was, it measured 6ft 4in. from nose to end of tail. It was 17in. across the back (a "cased" skin, of course, is one not ripped open, but taken off with only a cut along the hindlegs, being after that taken off over the head, and inside out). Just back of the head it was 15in. across. The hind paw, which had been carefully skinned out and split open, measured just 10in. across. Thus it may be seen that the sea otter is quite an animal, and roughly speaking, about twice the size of the largest land otter.

My dealer man said that he had just bought this skin (at a figure which I should not name); but he said he had declined an offer of $350 for it, made him by another dealer here in Chicago. The skin was large, he said, but not prime. (The surface was crinkly and burned, so that it would appear to be a summer skin.) Had it been prime, it would easily have brought $800. It was intended for use in trimmings, and in that form the dealer expected to get much more than $350 for it. The hunter who killed it probably did not get more than $100 for it, for it was sold to this dealer by another dealer who is located further West. I never knew any fur dealer to sell anything that he didn't make at least $100 profit on it; but they have to do this, because a good many of them have families to support. This is all I know about sea otters, and a good deal more than I knew day before yesterday. They are a large and husky beast, but I would like to be chased by a few of them.

Warden Osborne Scores a Victory.

Nov. 14.—Warden Chase S. Osborne, of Michigan, has scored a decisive victory in the courts over the market-fishermen, and a still greater victory in that it includes the right of the State to confiscate material used in violation of the law. The Chicago *Record* of Nov. 12 has the following dispatch from Lansing, Mich:

"The constitutionality of the act of the last Legislature, prohibiting fishing in the waters of the Great Lakes from Oct. 31 to Dec. 15, and also of the act of 1893, providing for the seizure and destruction of nets and other apparatus used in violation of law, were upheld by the Supreme Court today in a unanimous opinion. The question was raised by commercial fishermen, on whose application Circuit Judge Corbett, of Traverse City, issued an injunction restraining State Game and Fish Warden Osborne from enforcing the closed season law. Claim was made that the law is unconstitutional." E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

LARGE ANTLERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Through the kindness of Mr. A. L. Crosby, the taxidermist, of Bangor, Maine, I have an account of some of the moose killed the present season, up to Nov. 2. Mr. Crosby had received for mounting the following moose heads: Twenty eight killed in Maine, seventeen killed in New Brunswick, two in Quebec, and five killed in Nova Scotia. The heads from New Brunswick have the largest antlers, as follows: One of 66in. spread, one of 60¼in., one of 59in., and two of 58in. The best head from Maine spreads 61in., with 12in. blades and 28 points. Some of the above New Brunswick heads have already been mentioned by your correspondent Mr. Risteen, who is giving some very interesting accounts of New Brunswick hunting grounds. It is a pity he cannot get all details of the killing of each large moose; when, where, and how each was killed, what rifles were used, and the number of shots needed, would interest readers of FOREST AND STREAM. I know from experience that it is sometimes very difficult to get full details from some hunting parties, even when one has taken pains to advise them to try certain grounds and to recommend certain guides.

Several years since, when I first became ambitious to kill such game as moose and caribou, I tried to find out about the best places, and at that time had some correspondence with a gentleman living in Fredericton, New Brunswick, and was advised by him to try some of the grounds of which Mr. Risteen is now giving such good accounts, and as I remember was also advised to engage the guide Braithwaite. I fully intended to try New Brunswick, but happening to go first to Nova Scotia, I found at that time that moose were quite plenty there, and I went there three successive seasons, getting a moose each season. I have never hunted moose since, as I thought I had killed enough.

As for caribou, none of the heads taken elsewhere are equal to those of Newfoundland. In a clipping from a Bangor Maine paper, I see that Mr. Crosby has for mounting a remarkable head. This caribou was killed during the present season, in Newfoundland. The antlers having 54 points and are very symmetrical and massive, the brow antlers measuring 16in. in depth. On my first trip to Nova Scotia after moose, I was told that caribou were quite plenty, but I never have so much as seen fresh signs of them when hunting in the Province. When we were hunting in Digby county, near the boundary rock, our Indians said the place to find caribou was over in Queens county around Dunraven Bog. The following season we were hunting around Dunraven Bog, and our guides said the caribou grounds were over around the boundary rock.

In Maine, when hunting for caribou, I found it very uncertain about finding them. They seemed to be continually going somewhere and never getting there. On three trips I saw nine caribou in all and killed five, which were all I shot at. None that I saw had large horns.

Judging from Mr. Risteen's accounts, New Brunswick seems to furnish fine sport and good specimens of large game, and doubtless there will be a large increase in the number of hunting parties who will go there in the future. Beneficial as the new laws of Maine may be to its game supply, the law is not liked by many sportsmen who heretofore have regularly gone on their hunting trips to the Maine woods, and the New Brunswick game will be likely to suffer in consequence. E. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

For Rest and a Moose.

BOSTON, Mass.—Mr. C H. Cook, the genial and popular representative of the large commission house of Bliss, Fabyan & Co., has gone on his annual trip to the Maine woods. He goes nominally for a much-needed rest, but as he is an indefatigable sportsman, we expect great results when the returns come in. Mr. Cook's reputation on small game is already established, as he has always returned with a full bag, but we understand that nothing short of moose will tempt him this trip. NIMROD.

PEDRO.

We were sitting out on the veranda in the cool of the evening, watching the moon come up over the tops of the trees; and my German friend was telling me, between puffs from his cigar, a story about a big jaguar that had killed several of his young calves some six months ago. I will try to tell the story to your readers, not as he told it, half German and half English, but in plain English.

He was boss, or manager if you choose, of a cattle ranch of about 400 to 500 head of breeding stock. Several young calves and two young mules had been killed by jaguars. Twice the cowboys had come in with the report that they had seen a big jaguar sneaking away from the carcass of a dead calf.

Something had to be done, so my friend offered a reward of $25 to any man who would kill the beast. Now $25 is not to be made every day in the year, and is big money to a Costa Rica cowboy; so the old muzzleloaders around the ranch were loaded up to the nozzle with powder and buckshot.

Within a week's time another calf had been killed. This time it was a day-old calf; one blow from the beast's paw had done the work. The calf was found in the morning with its skull crushed in. The meat had not been touched; the big cat would come back that night for his kill. So a hunt was arranged, every one going, including all stray dogs; only the cook left in camp.

Most of the men thought that the jaguar would return at dusk, so the start was made at about 5 that afternoon.

Half an hour's ride brought the hunters to where the dead calf had been that morning, but the carcass was not there; it had been dragged a little way off to a clump of bushes. The scent was red-hot, and all the dogs were off at once; one old hound in particular baying at every jump, and the cowboys and the other men following as best they could.

All at once the barking of the dogs broke out louder than ever. They had the jaguar treed, and when my friend reached the tree the old hound lay all in a heap dying from a blow from those terrible claws. The jaguar was high up in a big mountain guava tree and hugging a limb close, only showing his little ugly head.

The boys blazed away with their old muzzleloaders, but the cat was so high up and the buckshot scattered so that it did not have much effect upon the brute.

My friend was watching the jaguar pretty closely, expecting a change of position, and when the brute did make a spring for a higher limb, let drive with his .44 Winchester.

The result was startling, for down came the animal and struck the ground like a sack of salt.

The ball had cut the spine, so that the hindlegs of the beast were paralyzed.

My friend told me that the jaguar struck the ground about 8ft. from where his youngest cowbow, Pedro, stood; the boy had no gun, but like a flash his machete was out and he sprang at the beast without fear. The jaguar, with open mouth, made a vicious grab at his leg, but the boy ran his machete down the brute's throat with all the strength that was in him, and when he drew it out the jaguar was dead.

Little Pedro got his $25, all right, and something else that money could not buy—the respect of the whole ranch.

MARYLAND QUAIL AND RABBITS.

In spite of the raw and the soggy condition of the ground Baltimore county was covered Monday morning of the 8th with gunners. It was the first day of legalized rabbit and partridge shooting, and the reports of the "Klondike" condition of the game brought sportsmen from far and near. From daybreak until nightfall the reports of guns could be heard all over the counties where the law was out. Considering the thoroughness with which the country was covered, it must be either a very lucky or a very skillful rabbit that escapes with a whole skin, while the partridges also had their troubles.

At the railroad stations Monday night many gunners arrived with bulging game bags, and all had stories of a good time, which was somewhat belied by their thoroughly draggled and muddy condition. Game within striking distance of Baltimore hunters with a day off is certainly more plentiful than heretofore. The Game and Fish Protective Association is succeeding in its guarding of the game of the State, because it has struck a popular chord. Inhabitants of the nearby counties are alive to the necessity of protecting the game, and they accordingly are more and more co-operating with the Association. Dealers in guns and ammunition are experiencing quite a boom in their business, and when the stories of the deeds on the opening day get abroad the boom should increase.

Beagle hounds have suddenly taken a rise in the market. Some of the more fastidious of the gunners refuse to use beagles, thinking it too prosaic to take a crack at bunny as he sits meditating after doubling on his trail. These sportsmen prefer to "kick him up," and then take a snap shot as he flies over the brown field and through the weeds. As rabbits jump up in unexpected places and scamper off with the speed of a comet, it takes something of an expert to "nip" them after this fashion.

With the shooters of birds, the pointer and setter dogs are receiving a new value. When it seemed that the game of the State would be depleted, the training of these dogs showed signs of going backward; but the brighter light that has come over the local hunting world has brought them back to their old-time importance. People in some of the counties of Maryland are now making a business of keeping pointers, setters and beagles, which they hire to the city gunners, together with their own services.

Perhaps Anne Arundel offers the best field for the small-game hunter who "runs down for a day." Baltimore and Hasford counties are so well tilled that the tangle of briers and sedge coveted by Bob White and cotton-tail is comparatively rare. Of course, a good field may be found in a tramp of a mile or two, but in "Ann Randle" it is nearly all brier and sedge, and the birds and rabbits are in it. One of the places attractive to gunners from this city and Washington is Waterbury, about halfway between Annapolis Junction and Annapolis, on the old Elkridge railroad. There one may secure a guide. An old colored man named John, who can bag more rabbits in one day than any ordinary mortal can in a week, will take the "city marse" in tow for a consideration. One does not need a guide, however. Steering clear of the places that are posted, a hunter can do without guide or dog, even, for the game is so plentiful that numerous streaks of gray and white fur through the grass, many whirs of startled coveys and the occasional rattle of a pheasant will keep a snap shooter's hands full.

A visitor to Anne Arundel will be rewarded for his trip, not only by a plethoric bag, but more than likely by an interesting story or two while waiting for the homeward train.

An idea is prevalent there that partridges and rabbits are fully aware when the day arrives that ushers in for them the perils and responsibility of another open season. In driving through the lonely lanes of the country it is no uncommon sight to see partridges lining the low fences or strutting before one's horse, apparently bold in the knowledge of governmental protection. Rabbits will line up alongside and sit on their hindlegs with a suspicious movement of the front paws near the smelling organ as they watch you go by. This all happens during the summer months and early fall, but on Nov. 15 there is no more sitting out in the road. Before the first gun has been fired they have vanished, and the darkies believe that there are high doings on the midnight before the law's limit expires.

The good prospects for rabbits and partridges are more than equaled by those for ducks. Some gunners on the flats have had excellent luck. One party from here last week killed 151 in one day. These were mostly blackheads and redheads, but four canvasbacks were in the bunch. It is the belief of the more enthusiastic of the sportsmen that if the present stringent measures for the protection of game are continued this State will afford them sport for an indefinite time. John T. Higgins.

GOKEY, OF DAWSON.

Peekskill-on-Hudson.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent number of Forest and Stream your Western correspondent, Mr. Hough, has given an excellent description of his Honor J. J. Gokey, of Dawson, N. D.

While in Dakota this autumn with a party of gentlemen, I became fairly well acquainted with the Judge, and I must say that Mr. Hough has not at all overdrawn the estimate of the former's value. I spent several pleasant days in Mr. Gokey's company—one particular Sunday will ever remain green in memory. His Honor asked me to drive with him "over to his buckwheat stubble." This "over," I found out later, meant a ride of twenty-five miles across the prairie, incidentally keeping our eyes open for "goose flights."



GOKEY, OF DAWSON.
Photo by Dr. P. H. Mason.

Although I am in the habit of riding several thousand miles in a buggy annually, I really enjoyed that trip with Gokey immensely. The crisp morning air; the bright sunshine; the steady pat, pat, of the ponies' feet upon the beaten trail; the vastness of the unbounded prairie, together with the great expressed ability of my friend to entertain with song and story, made the ride, long as it was, altogether too short.

With considerable persuasion on my part to overcome the Judge's natural modesty, he consented to pose for me with his faithful friend, on the porch of the Halls of Justice at Dawson.

I have the pleasure of transmitting to you the result, and I have no doubt his many friends in the many States of this Union will unite with me in the exclamation, "All hail, Judge Gokey!" P. H. Mason, M.D.

SHOOTING CASUALTIES.

Brief mention of the accidental shooting of John Benson was made in last week's Forest and Stream. The details of the sorrowful tragedy are given below; not so much as an item of news as for a warning to others who might thoughtlessly put themselves in the way of being shot as poor John Benson did

On Friday, Oct 30, Wm. P. Cook, John Benson, Mahlon T. Hampton and John Daly were in camp twenty miles from Grand Rapids, Minn., hunting deer. They were all old friends and experienced hunters, all of them over fifty years old. After they had gone to bed on the night of the 30th, Cook asked each one of the others where he was going the next morning. Hampton and Daly told where they would go, and Benson said he did not think he would go out, as his hip hurt him.

Next morning Cook again asked the men where they would be located. Hampton and Daly said they would go southwest of the camp about a mile, while Benson again said his hip hurt so he would not go out that morning. Cook then told exactly where he was going; to a certain small patch of very thick cover, where Benson had two shots at deer the previous day. Just as Cook was leaving the camp, he turned to Benson and again asked whether he would go out, and Benson said, "No." Soon after the others left camp, the colored cook says Benson started out. Mr. Cook went somewhat beyond the particular spot where he expected to watch for deer, and walked slowly back over the same route. On reaching the place where he had felt confident that he would see a deer, he saw a slight movement in the bushes 100yds. away. Everything was covered with a heavy white frost, so Mr. Cook could see a portion of some brownish object, but not enough to determine what it was, and did not shoot. Presently it moved again, about the distance a deer would take at one step. Again Mr. Cook waited, until after a few seconds it took another step. Still nothing could be seen except what appeared a small portion of a deer's body. After another wait, and thinking where Daly and Hampton were, and that Benson was in camp, he fired, the bullet passing through Benson's body just above the heart, Benson wore a corduroy cap and shooting jacket very near the color of a deer.

The editor of our paper has recently given us a most excellent and timely article on criminal carelessness with firearms, and it is to be hoped it will be well and often remembered by all of us, but he did not deal with the other side of the question, that of the man who carelessly and sometimes deliberately puts himself where he stands a good chance to be killed. Benson knew just where Cook expected to be, and knew that Cook believed Benson was in camp. Yet he went there, dressed in almost the exact color of a deer. If he had actually planned to get himself shot he could not have done it better.

Perhaps the writer feels rather strongly on this subject, as he has been shot three different times by hunting companions. Once it was altogether his own fault, coming to another shooter through thick cover when he was known to be some distance away a few minutes before, and going in another direction. Next time it was the shooter's fault, as he knew where I was and shot at a snipe flying straight toward me. The third time the cover was too thick to see through and the shooter did not know my whereabouts.

O. H. Hampton.

Kettle Falls, Washington, Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday another name was added to the fearful list of unfortunates mistaken for deer.

Some ten days since, Mr. Jay W. Fuller, of Olean, N. Y., accompanied by an old man named Vanderpool, went on a hunt for deer into the mountains to the southeast of this place, and yesterday, Nov. 9, while hunting on a mountain some four or five miles distant from the town of Kettle Falls they separated, agreeing to meet on a mountain spur a mile distant; and when after a time Mr. Vanderpool caught sight of his comrade standing under the drooping branches of a small fir tree he promptly mistook him for a deer and shot him through the heart with a .50cal. reedle gun. The unfortunate man fell dead without a struggle.

This occurred about 1 P. M. Horrified at the awful sight, the old man hurried back to town and reported the sad affair, and a party of four of us, guided by the sorrowing survivor, started about dark for the body. Driving to the foot of the mountain, we left the team and climbed up the steep mountain side through 6in. of soft snow about a mile and a half further up, and by the light of two lanterns improvised a stretcher, and after an hour and a half of toil such as none of us could well repeat reached the wagon and regained the town at midnight.

If the reading of this sad story will only check the hasty action of some one of the class of those most dangerous of creatures that roam the woods—those who jump at conclusions, and follow them instantly with bullets—I will be well repaid for the considerable effort it requires from my tired arm in penning it. Orin Belknap.

DEER TRACKING IN THE SNOW.

Boston, Nov. 20.—The snow has continued to cover the ground in nearly all the big game sections in Maine, and deer hunting has been remarkably good. The noon train over the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad Saturday had forty-six deer on board. A Boston gentleman, who saw them, says that the lot was a fine one; nearly all bucks, with some fine sets of antlers. It is a curious fact that the deer killed in Maine early in the season are largely does, but later in the season, and especially after tracking snows, the bucks begin to predominate. Within a week a great many deer are to be seen in the Boston markets, evidently from Maine. Game Commissioner Carleton himself is reported to have been hunting big game in the Katahdin region this week, and to have obtained one deer.

Deer hunting in New Hampshire has also been good for a week past, the ground generally being covered with snow, in the deer country. A dispatch to the daily papers, from Littleton, says that E. Bailey, Everett West and Charles Henry, have just returned from a hunting trip in the neighborhood of Lincoln, each with a deer. Frank Ranlett also shot one, though the rest of his party returned empty-handed. John Renfrew and W. Nute have just returned from the same section, but their success is not reported. Edward Haynes, of Twin Mountain, has killed a deer there that weighed 200lbs. and had a fine set of antlers. Will Haynes and Will Burrows have been on a hunting trip in the vicinity of Willey Pond, and have secured a deer. F. W. Bent and Carles Taylor, of Bethlehem, have recently taken a deer in the neighborhood of the Franconia Notch. A deer was recently shot in the churchyard at Benton. Fred Brown has lately killed a large deer near Gorham. Several deer have been lately secured in the vicinity of Parkman. So much for a couple of weeks' deer hunting in New Hampshire. It looks likely that, under the partial prevention of deer hounding in the Granite State, the famous White Mountain region is to become noted as the home of deer. Special.

Good Reports from Maine.

Jackman, Me., Nov. 19.—The hunting season has proven as good, and if such a thing were possible, better in the whole Moose River region than the most sanguine anticipated.

A much larger number of sportsmen have registered at the hotels and sporting camps than ever before.

On Oct. 7 I noticed on the registry at the Newton House the following entry: "John Wooldridge, Wakefield, Mass., one deer, weight 145lbs; call at 3 o'clock A. M."

Three o'clock in the morning is quite a backwoodsy season for arising from a comfortable hotel couch, but the truism that "the early bird catches the worm" is equally true of a moose or deer. Sportsmen will not have the month of December for hunting this year as formerly. J. F. S.

Lake Onawa, Me., Nov. 17.—Sportsmen have had unusually good luck here and in the whole Elliottsville and Long Pond region since Oct. 1. Twenty-five deer have already been taken to their homes from the Onawa station on the C. P. Railway.

Some of the large game taken by sportsmen has gone from here via Monson and other stations of the C. P. Railway.

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IN PIONEER DAYS.

(*Continued from page 368.*)

THESE passages, from the private diary of a resident of Cleveland, O., have never before been printed. They have a doubled interest now as showing the wilderness conditions of Ohio and Michigan a half-century ago, when there were elk and wild turkeys and wolves, and when the home conditions of the residents were more primitive than those which prevail to-day:

DEC. 14, 1842.—Having heard a great deal of a celebrated wolf-hunter by the name of Snyder, who lived in the Black Swamp, near the mouth of the Maumee River, we started this day, well equipped for a prolonged hunt to this famous game region, to make the acquaintance of the noted nimrod.

The third day, while driving along through a dense piece of woods, we all at once heard martial music, and stopping our horse, soon saw emerging from the forest a company of men marching in Indian file to the tune of the "Dead March in Saul;" behind them came a wagon containing the dead body of an "old Revolutionary soldier," who, after having fought successfully the battles of his country, had migrated at an early day into this wild and lonely region, where the keen old hunter Death met him in the warpath and sent him to the home of his fathers.

A moment after, at a short turn in the road, we started a large flock of wild turkeys, and shortly before sunset we entered the hamlet of Woodville in the Black Swamp. This being the nearest place we could get to Snyder's with horse and wagon, we left them at the tavern. Buckling on our belts and shouldering our rifles, we followed a blazed road as directed when, night and a snowstorm coming on, we found ourselves lost as to direction. Sitting down on a log that crossed a small arm of the Portage River, in consultation, it occurred to us to retrace our steps some half mile, where we had seen a light shining through the woods. Following these directions, in about an hour we found ourselves at the door of a miserable old dilapidated log house. We knocked, and the door was soon opened by a long, lank and forlorn-looking old woman, to whom we related our unsuccessful hunt for Snyder. She replied, "This is Snyder's," and, sure enough, in a moment more we stepped into the august presence of the rough old wolf hunter of the Black Swamp. He spoke to us very kindly, and gave us, in a rough way, a very cordial reception, bade his wife prepare for us some supper, and seemed greatly pleased that his fame as a wolf hunter had extended as far as Cleveland.

The house was situated near the Portage River, and besides never having been "chinked," possessed no floor save a few loose "puncheons"; the house had but one room, and that contained all his plunder, a number of various-sized animal traps, bundles of various kinds of skins, cooking utensils, and two beds about 6ft. square, that he had made himself out of white ash and basswood bark. His family living with him consisted of his wife, a daughter of eighteen, and five boys from four years of age up to nineteen. Snyder, his wife and youngest boy, whom we named "Coughing Jake," slept in one bed, and the girl and three of the boys slept in the other, while the eldest boy, J. W. and myself camped down by the fire, without covering to protect us from the cold. During the night Coughing Jake, who had the king's evil on his neck, so that he could not move his head, had several violent fits of coughing and kicking, during which he kicked the old wolf hunter out on to the floor, whereupon his mother, after a heavy spanking, tucked him under the bed and ordered him to remain there and keep the peace the rest of the night. Just before daylight we heard a lively scratching overhead, and immediately afterward the lusty crowing of an old veteran rooster. In a short time the entire Snyder family were out of their beds, and we learned afterward that, having no timepiece, the crowing of the old game cock was the morning reveille for all hands to muster for duty.

After our breakfast of fried venison and corn dodgers, with "spice bush tea," Snyder, J. W. and self, with our rifles started into the woods. In the course of the way Snyder stopped and gave us the lay of the land and ways of the game; pointing out directions for each to take, and reminding us that when we heard the hooting of an owl to go in the direction of the sound and we would find him. Shortly after parting with Snyder I saw a doe loping slowly from me about ten rods off. I bleated at her and she stopped when I dropped her in her tracks. I had barely hung her up when I heard the report of a gun to my left, followed by the hooting of an owl. Going in that direction I soon found old Snyder stripping some bark from a basswood tree, and as quickly tying it around the neck of a fine doe he had just shot, quietly remarking to me: "Seeing that I am an old man and you are young and strong, suppose I carry the rifles while you take the deer home." From the nature of the case I could do naught else but comply, and after a hard tug through the woods and a long pull on the ice of the river, I reached the house well tuckered out, resolving, however, in my own mind that in the future I would pay no attention to the hooting of owls.

We had for supper the aforesaid fried venison and spice bush tea, but for variety, before stretching out for the night on the puncheon floor, old Snyder brought out his fife and played for us, over and over, the airs he had played as a fifer in the war of 1812, for Snyder, as he informed us, was at Lundy's Lane and many other fights.

Old chanticleer from the rafters the next morning, gave us notice of the spice tea and fried venison, after which, as soon as finished, we made for the woods, determined to hunt this day after our own fashion; within an hour we passed many fresh signs of deer, and saw two small droves of turkeys, but they were too much on the alert to give us a passable shot. While carefully treading the margin of a cottonwood swamp, and carefully keeping a sharp eye out for game, I at last detected the movement of a white object some forty rods off, partially covered by a fallen log. In a moment more I found it to be the antlers of a buck. The log preventing me from seeing anything more of his body, I crawled to the side of a cottonwood tree some ten rods nearer the game, when getting all ready, after reaching the tree and peeping carefully around it, I saw the old buck standing up with his ears in full play, trying to detect some strange sound that had disturbed him, probably the noise of my footsteps, as he did not have my wind. The moment I got sight of him he was looking toward the spot where I stood, but I dared not make a motion to shoot. At last when he turned his head in a different direction, I drew up my rifle to fire, when he again lay down.

Thinking I was too far off to make a sure thing of hitting him I carefully crawled some 10 rods nearer, and cocking my rifle as I rose from the ground, I saw the buck again standing up and moving his head around seemingly somewhat frightened at some noise he had heard, but not satisfied as to the direction it came from. His head being sidewise, I took aim at his neck on a line with his body and fired. The instant I shot he made several tremendous jumps and was soon out of sight. On going to the spot where the buck had stood, I found that instead of his having been directly behind the log he was, in fact, some 5 rods beyond it. I found no blood on the snow, but did find a tuft of hair that looked as if cut off by a ball. In pacing the distance from the tree to where the buck had stood I found it to be 28 rods. I took the track, and following it for half an hour and finding no blood stains or other signs of wounds, but the animal continuing to make the same tremendous jumps, I gave up the chase.

Taking a look at my compass I shaped my course toward Snyder's—which was also the direction the buck took—and had gone about a half a mile when I started another noble buck. I fired at him when on the keen run, and going forward found that my ball had struck a large log and glanced upward. Thinking, of course, I had not hit him, I had little curiosity in going to look at his track, but finally doing so, was surprised to find spots of blood about it. Instantly it occurred to me that this was the same old buck I had just shot at near the big log, so going back on his track a short distance I found that such was the case.

Loading my rifle as I walked along to where I last saw the buck, I followed for half a mile, when he slackened his jumps to a slow walk, and now one single drop of blood commenced dropping on the snow at every step. Keeping a careful lookout to the right and left and ahead, I suddenly saw him a few feet off facing me, with his hair bristled up and head depressed, just in the attitude of making a dash at me. I instantly fired, when he partially fell, but immediately regaining himself plunged on directly for me. I jumped behind a tree, when I heard a crashing fall and a hoarse, guttural bellowing sound near me. Looking from behind the tree I saw the old buck square on his back, with his horns fastened in the earth and all four legs kicking the air. In a second he was up and running a few rods, and again tumbled down. Being much excited by the attack, it took me longer than usual to load my rifle; but before he could regain his feet I was ready and brought him down at last. Going up, I found the largest deer I ever met, with a monstrous pair of horns of remarkable whiteness and polish. On examination, I found my first ball went through the thick part of his neck, doing no damage to any vital part; my second shot struck the log only; the third shot struck the brisket, glancing on the shoulder-bone passed into its body; the fourth shot through the head. I dressed him, but on account of his great weight could not easily hang him up beyond the reach of wolves and hogs, so I returned to Snyder's and had the two boys drag him in. Old Snyder said, 'twas the largest deer he ever saw, and guessed it would weigh nigh onto 250lbs. undressed.

J. W. getting tired of Black Swamp board, so we concluded to leave. After visiting his traps, Snyder was to accompany us as far as Sandusky, he wishing to "verify his wolf scalps," of which he had seven. So bidding goodbye to "coughing Jake" and the rest of the family we started from Cleveland, and so ended our first hunt in the Black Swamp region.

Nebraska Game Fields.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 11.—I notice in the Oct. 23d number an article, written by Mr. McCandless, in regard to the Eskimo curlew, or dough bird, as it is commonly called. If he will go to the vicinity of Edgar or Sutton, Neb, about the last of April, he will find them in abundance, as they always stop in that neighborhood on their northward flight. Large numbers are killed there for market every year. Regular buyers, representing Eastern cold-storage houses, come out every spring for this purpose. I have also seen the birds, but not so numerously, in the sandhills near Alliance, Neb.

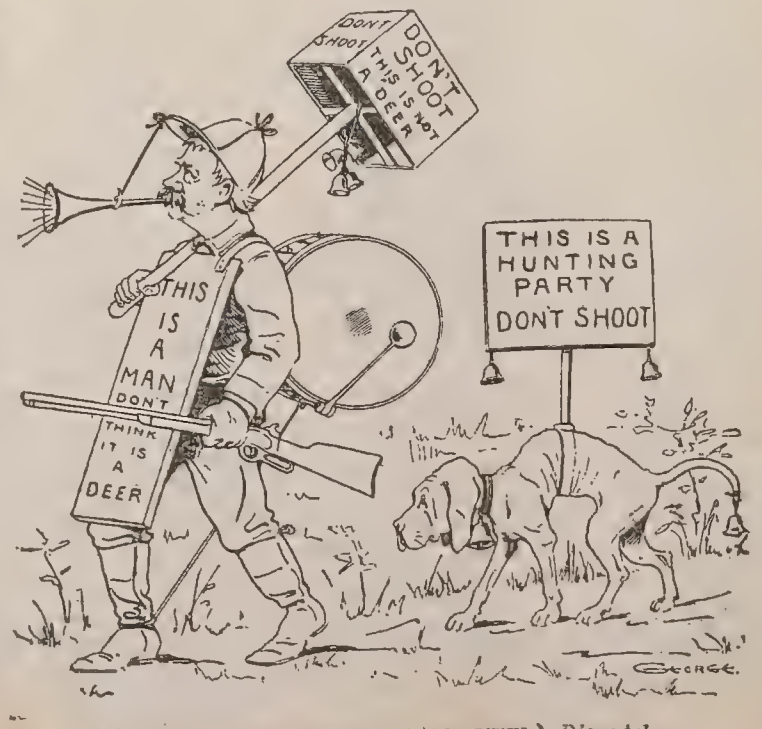
Dr Carver may be correct in stating that the Bartramian sandpiper is called the prairie pigeon, but I think he is in error. I have hunted considerably in all the Western States, covering a good many years, and have never heard it so called. The common name always given to the Bartramian sandpiper is the upland plover. The golden plover I have often heard called the prairie pigeon. I shot some golden plover the other day and found them unusually fat; great layers of fat nearly half an inch thick covered the body, and it took lots of shot to bring them down.

In regard to Mr. Candless's criticism of the Nebraska laws on wildfowl, I have not a copy at hand, but have a brief synopsis that I made that expressly makes it illegal to shoot from sandbars or shores of islands, etc, of any river, stream, lake, or other body of water in the State; also illegal to shoot between sundown and sunrise, or from any form of boat or raft. I agree that it is a fool law, but just the same, his idea of building a blind upon a sandbar instead of in the bed of a river, etc., will not do if he is to observe the law.

He is wrong in stating that ducks and geese do not nest in the State; the marshes and lakes in the sandhill country are nesting grounds for thousands of ducks, and not a few geese, to my certain knowledge, as are to a considerable extent, the lakes throughout the northern part of the State. Ducks and geese also nest and rear their young all along the Platte River, not many, of course, but still quite a few can be seen.

Quail are all over Nebraska in unusual abundance this year, more plentiful than I have ever seen them before; and as far as I can learn, the law has been fairly well lived up to Not so with the pinnated and sharp-tail grouse; both were slaughtered unmercifully before the season opened. I was hunting ducks recently in the eastern part of the State, and my companion and I flushed seven bevies of quail in cutting across an island covered with cottonwoods, that apparently held no food for them, with the exception of wild grapes.

W. R. HALL.



A SUGGESTION FROM THE ST. PAUL (MINN.) *Dispatch.*

"Market-Hunting Outrage!"

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Hough, in to-day's FOREST AND STREAM, relates an illegal game incident which he terms the "champion outrage of market-hunting." It seems the warden had found two squabs of the mourning dove in an illegal shipment of game. This is bad enough, but it is not the champion outrage. It remains for Mr. Hough to relate that in his notes on "Ducks."

He writes: "The canvasbacks are in at Koshkonong, and shooting there is about as good right now as at any place known hereabouts. Eddie Bingham is just back from there, and in two days got thirty-odd canvas, fifty-odd bluebills, a fine lot of redheads and a few mallards, about 150 birds in all."

Here you have it in cold type, the "champion outrage." If this is protection, what is meant by extermination? Where shall we place this slaughter of about a quarter of a ton of game in two days by one sportsman?

If Mr. B threw away the birds, which I do not for a moment suppose, the market-hunter would stand head and shoulders above him. If he sold the game, he is a market-hunter. If he gave it away, is he not a market-hunter also? It is human to expect an equivalent for our gifts. In any event the birds are being exterminated.

I have kept a tab on game killed by sportsmen as reported in FOREST AND STREAM since 1888. Mr. Hough would be startled by his own record. The slaughter of about 8,000 birds by one club during the spring flight is one item that is a lasting disgrace to the guild of sportsmen.

Establish a limit, and it may be possible to save our game from extermination.

We have wardens to look after the market-hunters that ship squabs, but no check to restrain the greed of sportsmen.

HERMIT.

GLOUCESTER, Nov. 13.

The Delaware Game Protective Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The attention of non-resident gunners in this State is called to the following extracts from our laws:—

An Act to Incorporate the Delaware Game Protective Association, Sec. 6: That hereafter any person or persons, non-residents of this State, who shall kill, destroy, hunt or take any * * * kind of grouse, quail, woodcock, Wilson or gray snipe, reed bird, rail bird, black duck, gray duck, sprig tail, teal duck, mallard or any other kind of wild duck, or any wild goose, swan, brant, or other wild fowl, or any hare or rabbit at any time * * * without complying with the by-laws of this Game Protective Association, then the person or persons so offending shall forfeit and pay the sum of $50 for each and every offence.

Extract from the by-laws of the Delaware Game Protective Association:

Any person or persons, non-residents of this State, wishing to kill, destroy, hunt or take, at any time, any game as provided for in the sixth section of the Act incorporating this Association shall first become members of this Association by payment of the membership fee to the secretary receiving a certificate of membership signed by the president and secretary and sealed by the corporate seal of the said Association.

The fee for non-resident membership in this Association is $5 for the first year, and for each succeeding year $2.

Certificates may be procured from I N. Mills, Secretary, Clayton Del., or of T. B. Brison, Station Master P. W. & B. R. R., Wilmington Del.

DELAWARE GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

DOVER Del.

Game near New Berne, N. C.

NEW BERNE, N. C., Nov. 13 —Deer seem to be in great plenty eight or ten miles out in the country, and a good many have been brought in. Several large ones have been recently killed in Pamlico county. Quite a number of skins have been brought in and sold in New Berne. There is no place where a man can get a week or ten day's fun and have so little discomfort in getting his game as near New Berne.

Our hotels and boarding houses are good and terms reasonable. There are plenty of good teams that can be hired at very low rates. Our climate is delightful, and an outing among the pines will bring vigor to the step and give an appetite to the invalid. Try New Berne when you need a little rest, and you will not be disappointed, but you will go home a new man and be ready for any amount of hard work. The trip on the steamer is delightful, and the accommodations excellent. Partridges seem to be quite plentiful, and some good sport awaits the sportsman. Now is the time to come.

C. A. S.

Florida Quail.

LETTERS received by the Messrs. Atkins, of Asbury Park, from Enterprise, Fla., state that quail will be more plentiful than for ten years. The season opens in December, and the woods are now overrun with fat birds that seem to know they are safe for another month. The summer has been cool and pleasant, and all the conditions favorable for thrifty growth of orange trees and other vegetation. Heavy rains have fallen during September and October, and high water in the river and lakes insures the best sport with snipe and ducks.

Didymus writes from St. Augustine, that the birds have practically been exterminated there by over-shooting by sooners and pot-hunters.

CONCERNING SPORT.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was with no thought of being drawn into a controversy that I penned my modest remonstrance against "fun" (issue Oct. 9), but as Mr. W Wade has filed friendly objections in general to my brief expressions therein (issue Oct. 23), I assume that a few words more clearly defining my position, may, not be out of place.

While Mr. Wade closes his remarks with the statement that he is "not a sportsman in the least degree," I wish to record right here that I am a sportsman in the strongest degree, and I think I know what that implies.

Born within the very district made notable by the Modoc incident to which he refers, reared in the shadow of many snow-capped peaks, and with a large portion of my time since early youth passed in the game-stocked mountain wildernesses of the Northwest in quest of health, sport and, incidentally the elusive nugget, and with FOREST AND STREAM as my infallible and constant criterion, I feel that when I express my opinions on the subject I am not "measuring others' corn in my half-bushel."

All mankind is possessed of a natural instinct for the chase, inherited from our ancestors of the ages when they had nothing else to do but hunt, and no other way of providing themselves with a living; and I realize the impossibility of this instinct being overcome, to much extent, by sentiment—though it remains latent in some cases. Thus—being only human—I love the chase and the free life it involves, and can see only pure sport in that phase of it in which the reasoning intelligence of man is pitted against the instinctive intelligence of the game; but in that phase in which the hunter brings to his aid the animal instinct in the form of trained hounds, who do the work while he sits on a log and smokes his pipe, the flavor of sport is well-nigh eliminated, and is lost entirely when the run is for a varmint and ends in a fight. It is inconceivable to me that any true sportsman or humane person can find enjoyment in witnessing the *finale* when the pack has run a "critter" to his last stand, and the inevitable "gallant fight" ensues which can have but one termination—the most horrible death and mutilation of the many times overmatched victim.

I re-assert, then, that there is no excuse for applying the term "sport" to any kind of a fight between animals—human or otherwise—which is all I was kicking about in the first place.

To be sure, such a spectacle is exciting and stirs the blood of the beholder—even in the recollection—who lauds the victor, and in some instances sympathizes with the vanquished. Fighting and killing may have been sport of the most elevating nature at one time, and may now be considered so by that class of persons who constitute the patronage of the bull-ring, cockpit, prize-ring and other kindred amusement enterprises, but true sport certainly ends when blood begins to flow.

All sportsmen know right well that the charm of hunting is not in the slaughter, but in the hours and days spent in earnest effort amid novel and multi-varied conditions and surroundings, which may finally lead up to that point. Anyone who has ever hunted with the camera will cheerfully testify that the mental exhilaration, the enjoyment, the sport, is just as satisfying as hunting with the gun. In fact, they will undoubtedly, in their enthusiasm, tell you it is infinitely more so, and there is no denying that for this work the patience, cunning and all other requisities of the sportsman is needed twofold and of extra quality. The results, if successful, are proportionately more gratifying, though few, precious few are they who have succeeded, and few indeed, I fear, are they who will ever care to take up a branch of sport in which the odds are so great against them.

But to return to the subject. The fact that tender-hearted men, though brave, enjoy the sport of hunting, is so evident that I require no convincing argument; but that they are often deeply affected by the killing itself is quite as evident, for I've seen the silent tear dim the eye of the veteran hunter and trapper—bronzed and gray from exposure and hardships—when, pausing at close range to deliver the death shot to a wounded buck, he was met with that never-forgotten expression of agony and pleading despair in the deep, round eyes. And I've seen the brave old scout, for whom no war whoop or signal fire ever had terrors, return from his morning hunt after the death of his quarry, and, flinging himself on his blanket, cry himself to sleep.

These men were ardent sportsmen. Would they enjoy a cat fight? Would Mr. Brunot have enjoyed a cat fight? I don't think?

LOUIS BENSON AKIN.

THE KANSAS MYSTERY.

I WAS sitting in my office, feeling rather blue, one day, when a big buckboard rattled up to the door, with two good-looking horses hitched to it, and another following that looked as like the span as if they had been painted. I went out and there were Mat King, his wife and a three-year-old little Mat. Down the road came a Government ambulance driven by Mat's pet Mexican, Juan, and pulled by two big mules. Mat does not like to go anywhere on the cars when he can drive, and so he had driven 350 miles over prairie to let Nell show her mother the new boy, and to visit me himself. The Cooks, Nell's parents, live about twenty-five miles north of here on the Pawnee. I promised to come over in a few days and hunt antelope at Cook's ranch. I wanted to trot Mat's horses against a bunch of antelope that were out there and I knew that the horses would be better for three days during which they could rest and only be driven a few miles a day, just to limber them up. Mat promised to save the antelope for me, and away went the outfit for the North.

The next Monday I drove over accompanied by my boy Will, who is fifteen years old. I had to take him out of school and his mother objected some to that, but I convinced her that Will wouldn't study worth a cent if I went hunting without him. With lots of bedding and a barrel of apples as a peace offering for Mrs. Cook, we landed at the Cook ranch just before dark. Juan had Mat's tent up near Cook's house and was sleeping in it, for the house has only two rooms, so Will and I put our blankets into the tent and were soon eating supper. Juan had a mysterious stew that smelt good; he had cooked it down in the tent on the camp stove and brought it up to the house in a camp kettle. Mrs. Cook and Nell did not seem inclined to taste it, but the rest of us did not eat much of anything else. It was prairie dog—young ones—dressed, frozen over night and then cooked as squirrels are with potatoes, onions and chili (red peppers). I have eaten prairie dog before and cannot say that I hanker after it, but this dish was almost as good as squirrel. Mrs. Cook said she believed that Mat and I would eat anything that Mexican cooked and would say it was good. Her son Harry and Will were mightily pleased with the stew and had several more in the tent during our visit. Cook encouraged the boys to kill prairie dogs and said he hoped they would kill all on the ranch. Will did thin them out pretty well with my .45 90. I know he used up about 100 cartridges for me.

After supper we drew up around the fire, and Cook told us that he was glad we had come to hunt, for we might kill the thing that was killing his calves and colts. It was a mysterious animal that had never been seen, and could not be traced to its den. It had been heard howling, nights sometimes, for the last two years. It made a noise something like a big wolf, but coarser, and said *Ooh ooh-ooh* at the end of the howl. It didn't stay around all the time; would kill a calf or a yearling or a colt for him, eat what it wanted, and then perhaps be heard of ten miles down the creek killing something for some other man; and just about the time that they hoped it was gone, they would find another calf killed.

People had got so that they did not like to be out after dark; and he disliked to go away from home and leave Mrs. Cook and Harry alone over night at the ranch. He had seen its track once about a mile down the creek in a soft place, a big, round track.

Mat said that we would try to find it, and Cook said he would get the man that killed it $50

Will and I had heard of the animal often before during the last four years, and Will said he would rather kill the thing than have the $50

It seemed that it was always heard down the creek; that it generally came from down there when it killed anything, and that above the ranch it had killed only one animal—a colt. Mat and I concluded that it must be a panther or mountain lion.

That night I lay awake in the tent and listened half the night, hoping to hear it yell, but it didn't, and the very next morning Will and Harry found where it had killed a calf during the night about a mile below the ranch. Mat and I went down and hunted for tracks, but could not find any distinct ones. That night we set out four baits of strychnine around the carcass big enough to kill four, lions every one of them. We got two coyotes next morning and saw no sign of the animal. Juan fooled around all that day down the creek trying to track it, and found some sign several miles below, but could not follow it. The track that he found was not round, however, and he said it was of a big wolf.

That night there was snow and we were out early next day horse-back. We found a big wolf track leading from the carcass down the creek, and then four miles north and under a big ledge of rock in a low cañon. I stayed at the hole and Mat went six miles and got a big trap. We set it in the mouth of the hole with a light log attached to it, and went over there every morning for four days, and then one day the trap was gone. We followed the track of wolf and trap about six miles and Mat shot her, a big she wolf, old, gray and lank. Cook was very much pleased and said that he would get us the $50. I had to come home next day.

Now here comes in the funny part.

The next night another calf was killed, and the "thing" is still doing business at the old stand.

Mat has gone to Kansas City on business, and I expect his wife and the Cooks don't dare to go out to get a bucket of water after dark. I am going to try again after the next snow. I think that it is a cougar, for the carcasses are bit in the neck and throat—though I have heard of some that were bit in the flank and rump, but that was before we got the wolf.

There! This is not much of a story, but if you heard the people out there talk of "the thing" as I have it would interest you. The average man out there, if he told the truth, would say that he thought it was an evil spirit, and that he was rather afraid that it would catch him some time. I have heard some very queer tales of "things" that are seen on the prairies, and will tell you about that in another story.

W. J. D.

A Firm with a History.

A RECENT issue of our London contemporary, *Land and Water*, gives an interesting sketch of the history of the well-known gunmaking firm of W. W. Greener, of Birmingham. The dates go back to 1829, when the late W. Greener, having learned his trade of the famous master, John Manton, established himself in Newcastle. Six years later he published his first volume, "The Gun," dealing with small-arms and containing many ideas then new, and deductions from his numerous experiments. Then he wrote "The Science of Gunnery," and after removing to Birmingham he put out in 1845 the pamphlet on the Proof House, which was the chief means of promoting the Gun Proof Act of 1855. "Mr. Greener was the first to discard vent holes in the breeches, relics of the old flint lock gun. His greatest achievement in gunnery was the discovery of the expanding principle for muzzle loading rifle bullets. The method used was that of a plug driven by the powder gas into the base of the bullet. As a sporting gunmaker, W Greener arrived at a very high position. In the palmy days of the Southern States of America before the war, very highly finished weapons were sent there, as much as £75 being paid for a gun of W. Greener's make. Though he lived until 1869, he never took kindly to the breech-loaders, and died in the faith in which he had lived. His son differed from him in this respect, and struck out a line of his own in breech loaders, producing in 1864 his first patent, an under lever pin-fire half-cocker, with a top bolt entering the barrels underneath the top rib.

"After the death of W. Greener the two businesses were amalgamated and carried on by W. W. Greener, whose next patent was the self-acting striker—a method only superseded by the rebounding lock. This was not of so much importance as the patent that followed it, the famous cross bolt, produced as a single top bolt in 1865. In 1873 this was combined with the bottom holding down bolts to form 'the treble wedge fast,' one of the strongest breech actions ever invented, and one that has become much used of late wherever an extended rib is thought to be necessary. W. W. Greener having written five books, of which two have reached a sixth edition, has emulated his father in authorship. His first effort was the 'Modern Breechloaders,' in 1871.

"The introduction of choke boring may be regarded as W. W Greener's greatest achievement; his previous inventions had showed his cleverness; this one made him famous throughout the world. Choke-boring, as brought out by Greener in 1874, altered the whole system of gun boring, and made close shooting the servant of the gunmaker, where before, it had been his Will o' the Wisp. Mr Greener makes no claim to be the inventor of choke-boring; what he claims is that he improved an American invention."

Monomoy Coots.

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—Returned Boston gunners say that coot shooting off Monomoy has not been very satisfactory of late. The winds and tides have not served, and at that famous shooting resort much depends on wind and tide. W. B. Ellms, of the Pullman Palace Car Co., and Capt. W. E. Gould, of the Chatham Beach Hotel, killed sixty-seven coot at Monomoy last Friday, and they are also reported to have suggested that under proper weather conditions this remarkable shooting could be duplicated almost any day. Mr. Frank Nickerson took six black ducks at Hammond's Meadows, Chatham, recently. A Chatham dispatch says that Messrs. Joseph Dawson, Mark Watson, John Bannister, E. F. Dahill, F. A. Cummings, Dick Barstow and N. A. Whalen, of New Bedford, members of the Chatham Shooting Club, are in camp at Inward Point, and are finding game plenty. Mr. Dawson bagged a magnificent specimen of brant the first day out, and the first one of the season there. SPECIAL.

"Forest and Stream" Luck.

IN the Fredericton correspondence of the St. John (N. B) *Telegraph* of the 15th inst., appears the following item:

"The light fall of snow yesterday started the deer hunters on the path in full force. As usual, Ald. F. H. Risteen came out ahead, having succeeded in shooting a magnificent buck in the Hanwell woods, near the city."

Another local paper mentions that Mr. Risteen's deer was a ten-point buck, which, after being bled and brought into town, tipped the beam at 260lbs.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

BLACK BASS DEPLETION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I remarked the other day, it is only through observation that we can see the defects in the law. For several years it has been quite apparent to sportsmen, and also to the Board of Commissioners and all others interested in the matter, that our waters were becoming depleted of small-mouthed bass, and the calls for bass fry for planting and re-stocking have been far beyond the supply.

It has been well understood that this has not arisen from rod and line fishing, but from netting, mostly done during the open season.

The game law has—perhaps inadvertently but most certainly—been constructed and maintained in favor of netting. Last winter a determined effort was made to change the date of the opening of the season, in order to protect the spawning fish. I learned of a curious and novel fact about bass last week, illustrating a new way of conveying them to market, and this article is the result thereof.

It is well known that the farmers whose lands border on Oneida Lake cultivate both the land out of the water and the adjoining land under the water. Nature furnishes the crop under the water, the farmer being only obliged to go to the trouble of harvesting the crop without planting any seed; and nature is so generous that he can go out harvesting almost every day in the year, as the crop is a continually growing one, and not annual but perennial.

This fall the farmer is harvesting potatoes on land out of water and bass from that under water, principally rocky, so that it would not raise even potatoes, but producing a more valuable crop because so well watered. He puts his potatoes into bags of two bushels each for protection from the sun, the storm, and the weather. At the same time, for uniformity, he puts his crop of bass from under the water into one, two, or even three bags of the same size, loads his wagon with both crops, starts up his horses, and his double crop is hauled to the market, all protected from too curious eyes, and much better for him than to expose them openly.

Under the law these bass thus inclosed are amply and absolutely protected against any fish and game protector, who has no authority to even untie the bag string of a single bag to take observations of its contents, no matter how suspicious he may be, nor what he may believe, nor even what he may know. He has no right of search.

Then the farmer bags the bass upon the land under the water and again bags them upon the land, and conveys his potato-fish securely to the dealer. Arriving at the store, he shoulders his bag or bags of bass, and the ordinary observer believes they are potatoes, and the law protects him in so doing by limiting and restricting the powers of a protector during the open season.

As stated above, part of the law aims to protect the bass while spawning. This is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough for full protection. The adult fish need more protection than this, more than that also afforded by the excellent 8in provision.

So to speak, the law now protects one end only of the season. Very few sportsmen take any bass after Nov. 1 or 15. In the greater part of the State of New York the weather is too cold for rod and line fishing, to sit out in a boat waiting for a bite. Few people would care to sit there and shiver, and expose themselves in that way; even for the sport derived from the handling of a few nice bass. It is apt to be too long between bites. Consequently the water farmer has it all to himself; he is hardy, and accustomed to it by his regular duties and dual avocation. It is this water-farming which depletes our waters of adult bass, and reduces the number of spawners in the spring; not the rod and line fishing. There is no necessity whatever for the open season for bass to extend to Jan. 1 each year. It should close earlier, certainly not later than Nov. 15. We should protect the adult fish in the fall, in order to ensure spawners to be protected in the spring; and the only way to do it is to shorten the season by cutting off that part of it when there is very little, if any, rod and line fishing. We shorten a setter's tail for protection. I think I can safely predict, that the tail-end shortening of the season will give more protection to increase the bass than anything which has been done during the last twenty years.

C. W. SMITH.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 13.

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

BY FRED MATHER.

(*Continued from page 411.*)

On entering the Aquarium, and keeping to the right, as directed one comes to the large fresh water tanks through whose clear glass may be seen great carp, dog or mudfish (*Amia*) nearly 2ft. long; tench and golden ide, from Europe; small 2ft. sturgeon in a double tank, *i. e.*, the ordinary partition is replaced by an arch, giving them a greater range; large sunfish and calico bass; pike-perch of 18in. and pickerel of 15in.; black bass of 3lbs.; big bullheads, long gars in a double tank, brook trout of 2lbs. and brown trout twice as big, and some small steel-head salmon which were hatched somewhere in the East.

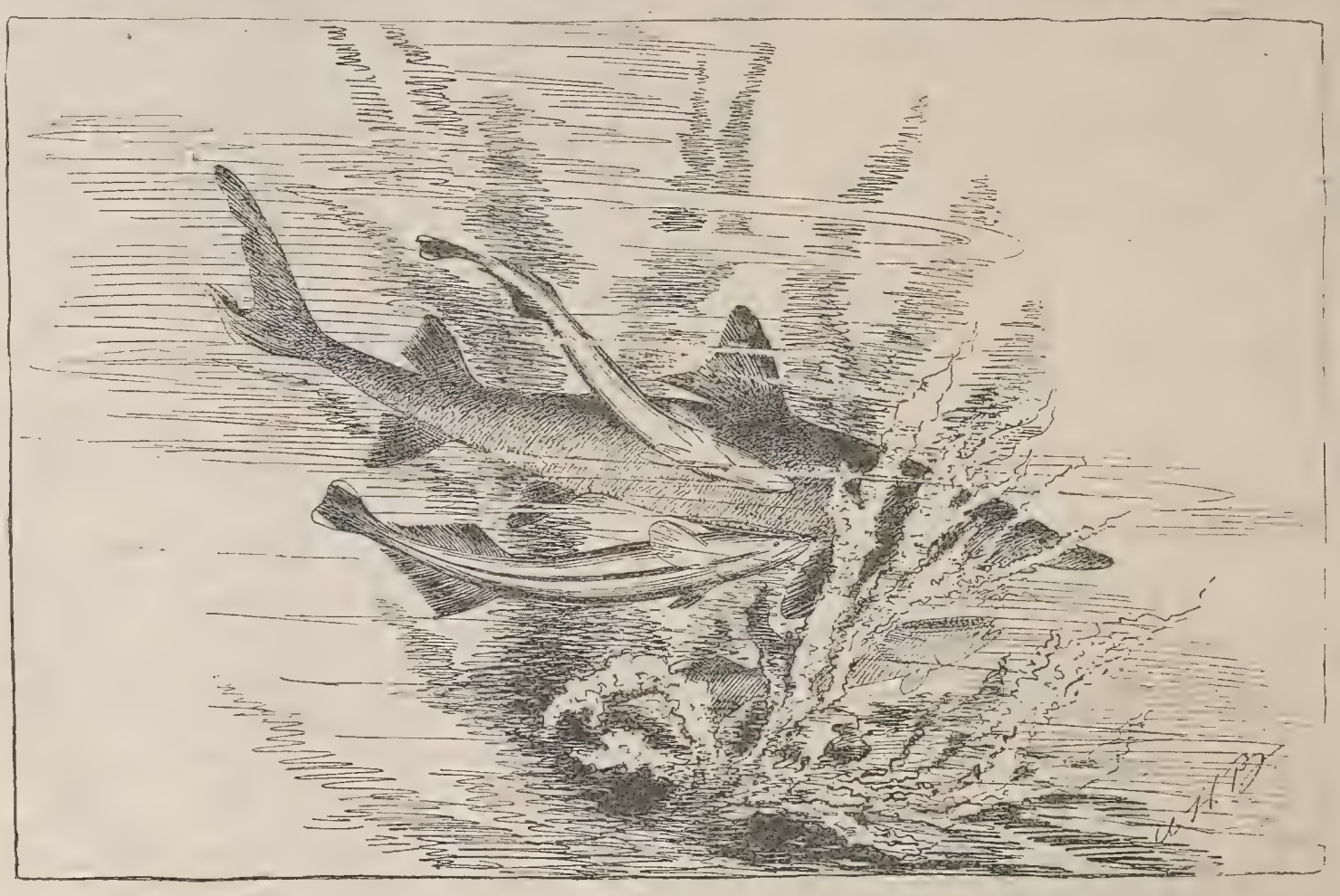
The figures of length and weight are guesses of my own, made on a trip entirely alone last week. All the filters are now used for fresh water, as none are needed for the clear salt water which is taken from wells under the building and comes up clear enough. The two big bronze filters, originally intended for salt water, can easily pass 100,000 gallons each per day, and the two smaller ones have a capacity of half that amount, and consequently the filters are not overworked. Just at this time, when eels are migrating down stream, they have somehow passed a defective strainer and the pumps, and got into the pipes. Mr. Blackett, the engineer, has taken thirty-two good-sized ones out of the pumps since Oct. 28, six being found on the morning of my last visit.

Passing to the salt-water tanks on the main floor, we find an elegant lot of sub tropical fishes from Bermuda, which are rich in color, curious in form, and hold admiring crowds in front of them all day. There are the bright red squirrelfish, nearly a foot long, with enormous black eyes and a long, slim tail ended by a deeply-forked caudal fin. Anglers will please note the distinction between the tail of a fish and the fin which terminates it, for they usually miscall the fin the tail. If I was a real, simon pure scientific man, I would not even say "tail" for the fleshy end of the fish, but would call it, as the scientists do, "the caudal peduncle." It sounds nice, but every fisherman has not met the word: so I just say "tail," taking care to use it correctly, as distinguished from the tail fin.

Then come the grunts, a variety of them, some in striped and others in spotted suits; but all grunts just the same. Then there are queerly marked hinds, and an elegant amberfish, elegant both in form and in delicate tints; and the handsome snappers—truly these Bermudans with odd names are beautiful to look upon. But stop! Here is a tank containing an angelfish in blue and gold, always a rich combination, and its flattened sides are resplendent, while the rays of its long dorsal and anal fins float behind almost to the extremity of the fin by which its course is directed. One cannot help asking: What is the use of this gorgeous coloring and these long, streaming fins? Is the color protective among the brilliant sea weeds, corals and anemones which abound in the translucent waters of the Gulf Stream, or has it merely to do with sexual selection? Do the graceful, flowing fins play a part in such a selection, or do they act as centerboards or as auxiliary rudders? The general public does not bother with such speculations; it looks for the name first, and then says: "That's an angelfish, Marier, an' he's pooty, too; queer name for him, ain't it?"

Then the eye is caught by a dozen clean-cut, wide-awake fish about the size and shape of a man's hand, minus the thumb, with several vertical bars in black upon their sides, and the label beneath says: "Sergeant Major." They are certainly trim and soldier-like, neat, but not gaudy, and as I look upon them and consider the fitness of the name, I wonder that the British garrison at Bermuda never named some of the more showy fish the "Drum Major," for that official is usually the most gorgeous of human beings, and the colonel of the regiment never compares with him in either dress or carriage.

There is a poverty of names among the fishes called spot-snapper, red-snapper, and others who are just plain snapper without any distinctive appellation, until we reach the mangrove snapper, surely the early Bermudans were somewhat deficient in imagination, not wholly so, as in the next tank we meet the surgeon, a small, compressed fish of plain exterior which carries two sharp bony lancets on each side of its "caudal peduncle," which to the observant eye needs no label: "Handle with care," but the public gazes at the fish, wonders at the name, does not see the fleams and passes on. A fish must have a name, and given a fish and a name they are satisfied; its structure, habits, food and geographical range are not thought of nor cared about. The elder Agassiz used to say to students: 'Never mind the name of a fish, first find out its characters and its relation to other forms, the name is of minor importance." Perhaps the quotation is not exact, but it is nearly so. I've seen crowds at Blackford's on trout-opening day, gazing at some unusual fish and then departing entirely satisfied with a name.



THE REMORA.

On one occasion I was examining that beast which is variously called "angler," 'goosefish." etc , which is common in Long Island Sound, is all mouth and stomach, and is said to be able to swallow a wild goose, and to entice fishes to its maw by lying on the bottom and waving a little filament on a dorsal or occipital spine over its mouth to attract fishes. The crowd wanted to know about the bighead monster, and Mr. Blackford was not near. Temptation in its most attractive form appeared: "Ibis," said I, "is a Japanese fish, which is hated by the farmers; it leaves the water at night and devours young sheep and goats. It avoids older animals because of the danger of their horns piercing the stomach. This appetite is entirely confined to the spring of the year, but in summer it ranges the pastures on moonlight nights and milks the cows; see what a mouth it has for milk; it envelopes the entire udder and takes the last drop." I was about to tell more to this admiring audience when a gentleman tapped me on the shoulder and said: "I have seen this fish in Japan climbing fruit trees in the night and destroying orchards." A look showed the face of my old friend Francis Endicott, but we met as strangers until the crowd had absorbed much fish lore and departed. This incident shows how our public schools give the average man a little bit of natural history.

The silver moonfish is not a bit like the moonfish from sub tropical waters which come to New York markets and are excellent table fish; it is one of those flattest of fishes which swim belly down, as distinguished from those flat fishes like the halibut, tunny, fluke, flounder, etc , which lie upon one side, to which the local names of "shoemaker," "blunt-head shiner," etc., are applied. If there is anything in phrenology, which I deny, then these fishes with great, high foreheads should, during all the centuries past and gone, have ruled the seas, but they are poor, weak things compared with the shark and the blue fish, and, while not the "fittest," they have somehow survived.

Ponderous groupers look out at you from another tank; their slanting stripes on a buff ground seem to follow no regular pattern, but yet to be similar enough to be nearly uniform They would probably pull the scales down to the 15lb mark and suggest an excellent boiled fish dinner to the housewife, and she would make no mistake in selecting them. With the hogfish we are about to take our leave of the Bermuda fishes, whose tanks are furnished with heating pipes to keep the water at a temperature of 68° Fahr. all the year round, when we come to a most curious form of fish life, something so outside of our ideas of fish construction that it is worth half an hour to observe it.

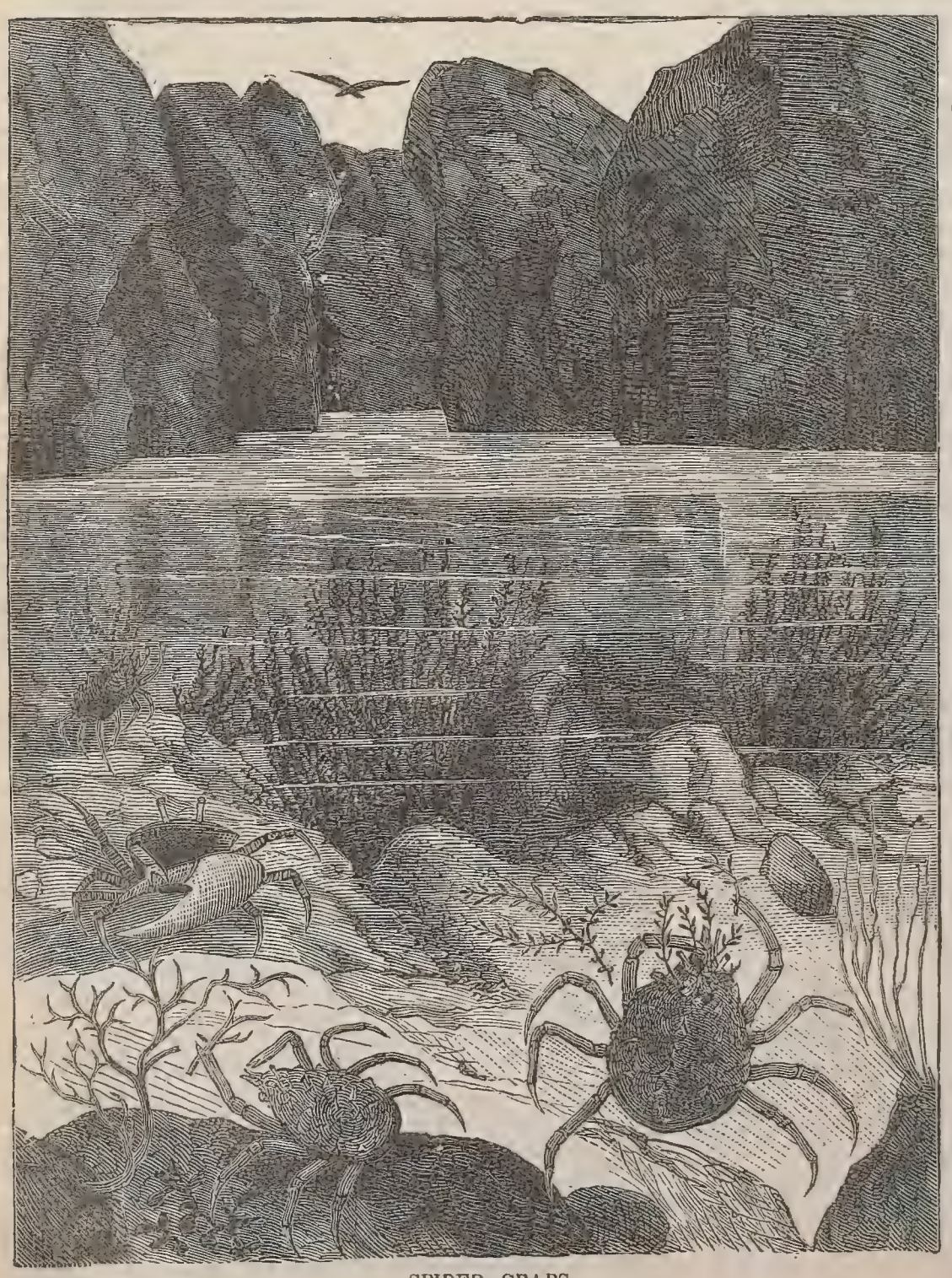
The label on the tank says: "Trunkfish." Anglers all know that the abominable thing turned out by tackle dealers and called a "trunk rod" is cut up into small joints in order to be packed into a trunk for transportation, but is useless for any other purpose. The sponsor of the trunkfish had no such idea in view, but he struck a curio which was all trunk and he named it. Head on to the spectator the trunkfish suggests a joke on the part of Dame Nature; the fish is triangular, about 4in. broad on its belly and tapering to a point on its back, like a beech-nut viewed in profile. Then it has a little round mouth, a very funny expression in its eyes and face which at once attracts attention and provokes hilarity. But wait until the fish turns its broadside to the glass and then you will see where the name fits this curious specimen from Nature's workshop. The profile recedes from front to rear; the sloping sides are armor plated like a modern warship, and the plates are as hard and unyielding as those on the shell of a tortoise. There is no flexibility of vertebrae such as reaches its culmination in the eel. The fish cannot move its trunk in any manner, and here we see the appropriateness of the name. Through necessary places in its armor are embrasures through which project pectoral, anal, dorsal and caudal fins which, with labor that seems painfully apparent, this fish forges slowly along on its way, fearfully handicapped, it seems to us, but who can doubt that it fulfills its mission in the waters?

Passing on to our northern marine fishes, we find the scup or porgie; the spot, or Lafayette; the tautog, or blackfish; the striped bass, or rockfish; sea bass, great codfish, and many minor and familiar forms Then we come to a great 8lb. brown trout and a large landlocked salmon, both kept in salt-water for the purpose of destroying any fungus that might have developed either in transportation, or by abrasions received in the tank.

The clowns in an aquarium show are the crabs, and of crabs there is a great number of species. The best known crab is the blue crab, appearing in the markets in summer as the "soft-shelled crab," at about 60 cents per dozen, or boiled as "hard crabs" at one-fourth that price. The "rock crabs" never come to market except in the soft state in winter, when the others are not to be had Few who watch the crab tank ever notice that of the ten legs provided for the locomotion of crabs, the blue crab and the lady crab are the only two which have the last pair of legs modified into paddles to swim with; all others have a single finger on their hindfeet.

But stop and notice these pugnacious crustaceans. There's a "horsefoot," so called because its underside has the shape that suggests its name. It is a remnant of a past age; they may call it a horseshoe crab, but the modern crabs disown it. In turn, the odd crustacean which scientists persist in calling *Limulus polyphemus* can turn up its nose, if its nose would turn, and point to the fact that it is a cousin to the trilobite, and was on earth a hundred centuries before the ancestors of our own "Colonial Dames" had evolved the idea of dressing for dinner to celebrate the deeds of their ancestors.

But those crabs! Somewhere in my reading I've met the statement that "the funniest thing is a frog." A frog is funny because it has a semi human form, but that ends it. The crab shows you the nature of man in pugnacity, selfishness, and also in an apparent sense of humor which manifests itself by teasing or irritating its neighbors. There is the edible blue crab purposely tapping a hermit crab on the claws to make it draw its head in. And the hermits! I could fill a page of FOREST AND STREAM with their peculiarities and not half tell them, so we will just give them a passing notice in order that the visitor will not miss these interesting little fellows, for really it is the small life in an aquarium which is of real interest; but the general public



SPIDER CRABS.

does not stop long enough to become acquainted with it, but spends most of its time watching the seals and looking for big fish.

Scientists know several species of hermit crab, one of which lives on land, but we will only consider our native species, which actually swarm in the salt water about New York. If you ask why this singular creature is called a "hermit," you will learn that while all other crabs have hard shells covering their bodies, as in a suit of armor, nature has been stingy with the poor little hermit in the matter of armor, but the hermit does not mind that deprivation, and makes the most of life while it can. The claws, head, legs and carapace are as well armed as are the same parts of a lobster, but its long abdomen, equivalent to what marketmen call the "tail" of a lobster, is the softest piece of flesh imaginable; it is almost as soft as a jellyfish. The hermit crab is built entirely for attack, and presents a solid front to the enemy, while his rear is exposed to the nibbling of the tiniest fish, and when his commissary department is gone he goes with it. But away back in the prehistoric auld lang syne some wise old members of this tribe inserted their defenseless abdomens in the empty shells that surrounded them, and the fittest survived; now these animals begin life by searching for a small shell, try it on as we do a shoe, and find one to suit. They only use the spiral shells in which they can get a grip and can withdraw, closing the aperture with their claws. Then the drawbridge is up, the portcullis has fallen, and the hermit can stand a long siege; he needs no sally-port, save that in front, for he never sends out an antennæ as a skirmisher until he feels sure that the enemy has departed. As the hermit grows, it seeks a larger shell, and it is a treat to see him select it. The outside is carefully felt over, to see that no holes exist, and then a claw is inserted to explore the interior. No woman examines bedrooms, kitchen, dining room and closets before hiring a house more carefully than does our hermit. If the inspection is satisfactory, the new tenement is put in position, there is a wiggling of antennæ, a scanning of the surroundings, a placing of claws on the rims of each shell, and pop! before the keenest fish or crab can wink, the hermit has moved, and is doing business at the new stand, and you may pull him into fragments, but can never dislodge him by force from the shell into which the hook-processes that terminate its abdomen hold like grim death to a deceased African.

If I linger over the hermit crab it is because it is one of the things that are most interesting in an aquarium. They are small, the largest of our native species being content with the shell of our large snail, *Buccinum*, which seldom exceeds 2⅓in. in diameter. When I was with the old aquarium, to which I have referred, I lent myself to a scheme to deceive the public. The press agent came every day for items, and I did, with malice aforethought, and entirely in the interest of my employers, break the shell of a hermit crab and then put the animal in a small table tank, in which the only hollow thing that the poor hermit could hide its diminished abdomen in was the bowl of a common clay pipe. The pipe had no convolutions, but was the best thing at hand, and next day the city press told how a hermit crab had been caught which had taken up its quarters in a "T. D." pipe, for the press agent never forgot himself so far as to omit the particulars, and Mr. Blackford has a wood-cut of the unfortunate crustacean, which would gladly have swapped its tenement for a more spiral one, but it had no choice.

In the summer if you will dig a trench a dozen feet long and about 2ft. deep about halfway between high and low water, you may get great numbers of hermits; they come up with the flood tide and to avoid the dogfish and skates, which devour them and their castles of retreat as if there were no such things as sanctuaries, and these little crabs huddle in the trench and are powerless to climb up the shifting sand when the tide goes down. The fact that the hermit is called such hard names as "Jack-in-the-box," "thief" and "stone lobster" does not discourage it in the least; it keeps on its mission of being a scavenger, and its services in an aquarium in cleaning up the particles of food which fishes may drop make it a valuable servant as well as a most interesting exhibit.

Taking a look into the pools in the floor, we indistinctly see some great sea turtles, large striped bass, big sturgeon and other fishes. Nellie, the harbor seal, is alone and ever watchful, never trusting herself to sleep while the building is full of visitors, but the two noisy West Indian seals seem to like the crowd; they play, snort, blow water at the people occasionally, or curl up on the platform and sleep, while the crowd looks at them and talks. These southern seals are a different species from the hair seal of our northern harbors and will not, like Nellie, eat ordinary fish. In several instances they have starved to death in confinement, and these came near it until small eels, cut into short pieces, was offered them and then they throve. The Aquarium is closed to the public at 4 P. M and a bell announces the hour for visitors to retire. Then the seals know that feeding time has come and the building echoes and reëchoes their harsh, discordant barks, and they try to jump out of the water to see if Mr. Spencer is coming with those delicious eels.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

IN MISSOURI STREAMS.

AURORA, Mo., Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been my intention for some time to give an account to FOREST AND STREAM's readers of a fishing trip on James River. The party, composed of Ben. W. Dillard, recorder of deeds; Bert Gardner, assistant cashier, Bank of Aurora; G. M Kirby, "Frisco" station agent; Charles Robinson, of the Verona Milling Co; Master Harry Miller and myself, insurance agent, left Aurora on a Tuesday evening this fall and arrived at the club house on James River, near Cape Fair at 11 o'clock same evening, going into camp on the bank of the river. We started down the river Wednesday and went into camp our second night out about six miles down the river at Rainey's Mill. The fishing during the first day was not very good. We, however, got an early start Thursday and the fishing during the day, below Rainey's, was some better, and the third night found us camped near Byron Carr's, about eight miles further down stream. We passed Jackson's Hollow the following day, but had considerable hard work getting our boats over the shoals just below this point, owing to the low water. The fishing improved wonderfully after passing Jackson's Hollow; Dillard made a nice catch of bass before getting to camp, his largest bass, 3½lbs. (large mouth), being caught here. We went into camp near the mouth of Aut's Creek Friday night with some good strings of bass.

The following day we had splendid fishing. Dillard, pulling his own boat the first two miles, got twenty-two good small mouth black bass, weighing from 1¼ to 2½lbs. Kirby got twelve of about same size, while the rest of the crowd got enough more to make a big string of fish before we went into camp.

Saturday noon found us at James Wilson's ranch, at the conjunction of James and White rivers, and after getting our dinners we put up our two tents, one for sleeping and the other for storage tent, and arranged things for permanent camp, naming it Camp Wilson. Charley Knight, of Cape Fair, was one of our party down the river from that point, and his assistance in handling the boat was highly appreciated. Charley left us Saturday evening, however, and made his way back home on horseback.

Mr. Lige Stone, a veteran river man and all round good fellow intended to accompany us from Cape Fair also, but on the morning of our departure from that point he got on his horse to come down to the river and the unruly animal threw him, and injured him so badly as to put him to bed, which occurrence was very much regretted by all of us, as we had counted upon Lige to make one of our party, and of course we were very much disappointed.

We were at Camp Wilson from Saturday until Tuesday morning and had good luck fishing in both James and White rivers, our entire catch amounting to 158 good-sized bass, and I might add, in justice to our good-natured recorder, that he caught ninety-six of them, all with Skinner spoons. I think he used a No 4½ or 5 spoon, this size proving better than any others according to our experience with small-mouth bass. We tried minnows quite a good deal, but they seemed not to be biting minnows, however; I can assign no reason for it, as the water was not too clear I did not think. I understand, however, from a party just returning from White River last week that most of their catch was with minnows. They reported getting some large-mouth bass as good as 6lbs. and one jack salmon dressing 9lbs.

Our party broke camp at Wilson's Tuesday morning about 9 o'clock and drove home to Aurora, arriving at 10 o'clock that night.

The entire party voted it the most enjoyable fishing trip we had had the pleasure to partake in for "many moons."

WOODFILL.

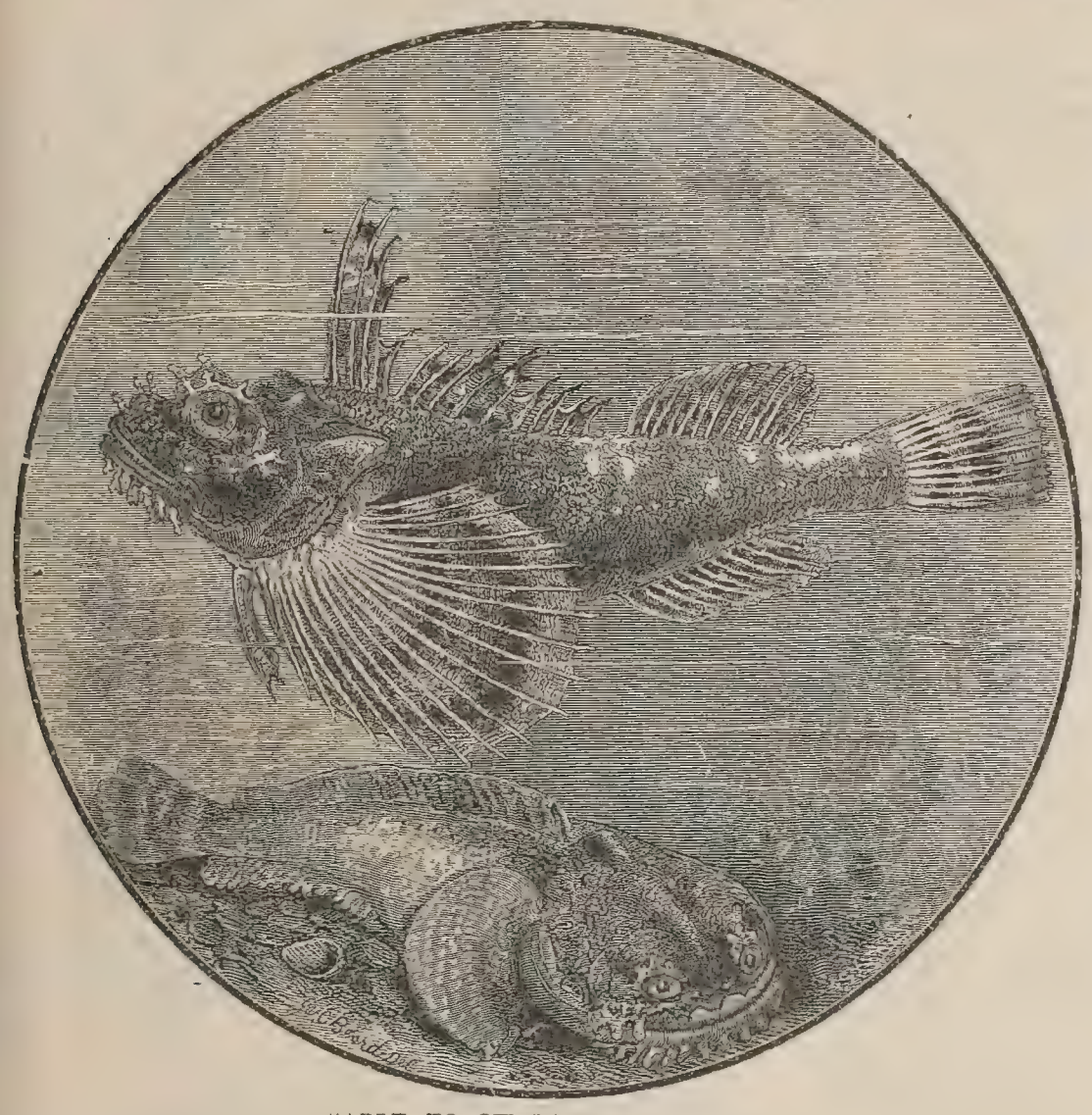
AND SOME HE HAS NOT FISHED WITH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 6 Mr. W. E. Wolcott gives a very good sketch of that grand old angler, the late Thomas G. Alvord. It gives me a chance to remark to Judge Van Cleef—Jacobstaff—Mr. R. B. Marston, of the London *Fishing Gazette*, Dr. Robert T. Morris and other joking friends, that I knew Mr. Alvord, but never fished with him. That's one on those men who wrote: "What bait did you use in the Ark?" "Did you ever fish with Ananias?" "I am probably the only man on earth that you haven't fished with." "When you fished with Izaac Walton, what did that pious man say when he got a fishhook in his thumb?" And so on, away beyond my memory to quote.

I applied a simple arithmetical rule to Judge Van Cleef in FOREST AND STREAM, and showed that up to date I had not written of as many men as I was years old, and surely a man may fish with ten men in a year, which would give me over 500, without close figuring.

Returning to Mr. Wolcott's article, I find Mr. Wolcott fished with eighty-two men, named: "and others," on the St. Lawrence River alone, and fished in the Adirondacks and on Long Island and in salt water. But Mr. Wolcott only quotes names mentioned in Mr. Alvord's article, "The Men I Have Met Upon the Great River"—meaning the St. Lawrence—an article which I missed seeing. Up to date I have written of fifty-nine men and boys, and I have fished since 1840.



"ABLE TO SWALLOW A GOOSE."



ANEMONES.

Of course there is little in all this, further than to acknowledge the wit of a few friends as expressed in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM or in private letters. For their benefit I will merely state a few facts. Noah used only one kind of bait, and that was clams, salted at Essex, Mass.; and it was not his custom to expectorate on any clam which could expect to rate as a first-class inducement for a sand porgie to catch on. Ananias was not a truthful man, and there is no record that he ever went a-fishing. If he had, his tendency to prevarication would have been lost. The spear of Ithuriel would never strike the angler nor the fisherman, make the distinction as you will.

What was the answer of those fishermen of Galilee? "We have toiled all night and caught nothing," an answer many an angler has made after an unsuccessful day, and one that he is not ashamed to make. No man can see into the water and see if the fish are there; or if the water be so clear that he can see them, they simply place a pectoral fin in front of a nose and wiggle it. The result is the same.

The public has been led astray by the jocular newspaper reporter, who has a set stock of subjects to joke about, but does not know that the angler really catches fish at times and at others he doesn't.

To get down to personal matters, this will illustrate: When I go on short trips, to be home at night or the next day, I am apt to say something like this to the woman who looks closer to my interests than I ever did: "Well, good-by, I'll try to get back on time and to bring you some nice fish for dinner, but you know that I always tell you to go to the market and order a generous supply of fish when your husband goes a-fishing. If he brings home some we'll have 'em for dinner and send those from the market to our friends, with our compliments."

That system is far ahead of the plan of buying fish in the market yourself and having your wife say: "John, these fish, which you caught yesterday, should have been caught a month ago." Or: "James, I thought you were going out to troll for blue fish and these are fresh-water perch." If the angler is truthful to his wife he can look the world in the face. If, in the advice of Polonius to his son, the word "wife" be substituted for "self" it would express my meaning. He says:

> "To thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

For if a man did not have the courage to paraphrase the saying of the Apostle, and reply to a wifely inquiry by saying: "I fished all day and caught nothing," and then if she should say some of the things which have been hinted at, see where he is "at," for of all the hundreds of millions of human beings on this earth, there is usually one woman whose credulity is not to be trifled with. To respect you she must believe you; and it is my belief that among the unnumbered millions of anglers in America, not one per cent. are untruthful, even where a stretch of imagination might be condoned.

All of this is irrelevant to the question of the number of men I have fished with; but then, what can you expect of an irrelevant fellow who never stuck to a subject long? There are a vast horde of men I never fished with, some of them personal friends, but I don't propose to be abused for that. The fault is as much theirs as mine, and if they will so consider it and join me in the hope that we may yet "drown a fly" together, we will bury the hatchet, take one pull at the pipe of peace and then go out in the garden and dig a few worms. FRED MATHER.

FISH NOMENCLATURE.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to see in friend Cheney's last chapter of "Angling Notes" that he has given his evidence in court on the subject of the names of the different varieties of the pike family.

It may be, as he says and as you have written me yourself, that "it will take a convulsion of nature" to get people to stop miscalling pike "pickerel"; but we may accomplish something if we all keep hammering at it.

In regard to the "maskinonge," I am inclined to think that the original Ojibwa name is correct, as the fish was an inhabitant of their waters; but their language being an unwritten one, the white men who heard it spelt it in various ways, as the sound struck their ears.

Frank Forester very ingeniously derived "mascalonge" from "masqui-allongé," or "long face," and it is highly probable that the early French *voyageurs* so interpreted the word.

As the old Italian proverb says, "*Si non vero è beu trovato*," and hence comes the common spelling of "mascalunge," which slips more easily from the tongue than "mash kinonge" or "maskinonje," at any rate, and in either case is usually abbreviated into "masky."

I wish we could find some better name for the "pike-perch," which is clumsy, and "wall-eyed pike" is an utter misnomer; for there is nothing of the pike about him except that he has rather a long nose, while "jack salmon" or "Susquehanna salmon" are simply ridiculous. We might give it the European name of "sandre," or follow the Canadians and call it a "dorè," or golden fish, which is a very appropriate name.

I have not seen Mr. Chambers's essay, referred to by Mr. Cheney, but I do not suppose it would convert my spelling of "winninish" if I had.

The word, like "maskinonje," was an unwritten one, and the early explorers of the country spelt it in their own language from the sound. The English settlers in Maine called it "winninish"; the French ones in Canada called it "wannanish," but the French alphabet having no W in it, they spelt it in writing with an "ou." Now, as I am not writing French, I propose to stick to the English mode of spelling, and, as old Weller said to Sam, "Spell it with a 'we'," which gives "English as she is spoken."

The word "winne" or "winnin" in the old Algonquin language undoubtedly meant fish of some kind, and was probably applied to the trout and salmon family generally. Hence, Winnepesauke (great trout place) and Winnesquam, here in New Hampshire, to say nothing of Winnepeg, Winnebago, Winnemucca, and other Western waters. We do not go out of the way to spell any of them with an "ou," why should we in the case of this fish? I see no reason for using the defective alphabet of another language when we can express the sound more simply in our own, and when, as in this case, the sound is our only authority. If we used the French spelling, with English pronunciation, we should get "ounanitch," or "oonanitch," while with the French pronounciation the two words come out practically alike, only they use an "a" where we have an "i;" and I prefer to stick to my own language when the result is the same, and I am writing English for an English-speaking people to read.

I am also glad to note Mr. Cheney's protest against catching "baby trout," for that is one of my numerous hobbies also. VON W.

Pennesseewassee Salmon.

EIGHT years ago some 5,000 fry of landlocked salmon were placed in Lake Pennesseewassee. On several occasions since several thousand more of the same kind have been added to the supply in our waters. At various times our citizens have seen the fish in shoal water. This fall near Norway Lake village they have gathered in large schools and drawn many spectators.

The opening of the outlet, in order to rebuild the dam, let some of them escape. It was promptly decided by our sportsmen that that must not be Sunday morning the current from the lake was stopped and the water drawn off from C. B. Cummings & Sons' millpond below the upper dam. Mellen W. Sampson, Geo. H. Cummings, Sanford H. Walcott and Wm Libby equipped themselves with rubber boots and long handled dip-nets and waded the bed of the stream, capturing such salmon as could be found. As fast as taken the fish were put in tubs of water and carried to the lake and put into it

To say there was an audience is putting it mild. The street and sidewalk was blockaded with spectators, and even the street car crew stopped to look at fish in tubs and the passengers were delighted to avail themselves of the same privilege. Col. W. W. Whitmarsh, Freeland Howe, A. L. Cook, James Shedd, Lamont Truman, Arthur N. Record, Will Gary, John Sampson, Deputy Sheriff Cross were all there, and a lot more whose names we don't recall at the moment of writing this. And they were all interested and ready to lend a helping hand if it were needed. You never saw more enthusiasm crowded into a Methodist revival. Freeland Howe and the *Advertiser's* local reporter became so absorbed in watching the work that neither remembered the hour of church service.

The hunt was kept up for a couple of hours, and all the river bed between those two dams thoroughly explored till it became certain that no salmon was lurking there. Ten salmon was the result. They ranged from 18 to 24in. long, and weighed from 2½ to 8lbs. each. A trim fish indeed, with symmetrical form, narrow back and deep body. Slaty-brown above, but not very dark, and white below, they looked, as a small boy said, prettier than an autumn leaf. The characteristic black spots were numerous. Two, however, were males, as was shown by the spots on sides and belly being red, and the lower jaw having a heavy horn nearly as large as a man's thumb.

Won't there be a rush for Pennesseewassee fishing when the law goes off on the 1st of next May! May we be able to catch the biggest one! All of us Norway fishermen have great expectations.—*Oxford County (Norway, Me.) Advertiser, Nov.* 19.

Big Leather-Back Turtles and Striped Bass.

SOME months ago a very large turtle of the leather-back species was caught by fishermen in the ocean near Morehead City, N. C., and sent to the State Museum at Raleigh, to be mounted by the curator, Mr. H. H. Brimley. It measured 8ft. in length when first caught (but now 7½ft.), breadths from tip to tip of fore flippers 8ft., depth 19in., and weighed 781lbs. The back is black and the under part black and white. The shell is laid off in eight squares. Its bill resembles that of a hawk. In the same museum is the skeleton of another turtle of the same species which was caught in the same vicinity, off Beaufort, in 1822, measuring 7ft. 4in in length and 9ft. in breadth, and 32½in. through the body. The capture was noticed in the *Carolina Centinel* of May 25 of that year as something extraordinary. Indeed, leather-back turtles are not often caught, because they are pelagic rovers and do not resort to the sand beaches frequented by men, like the familiar green turtles. They probably have their isolated haunts where they deposit their eggs. Sometimes they are confounded with the great loggerhead turtles which are so common off the Florida coast in the Gulf of Mexico, but they are an entirely different species, and unlike in habits and features.

Mem The beaches and sounds in the vicinity of Beaufort and Morehead City afford the most comprehensive fishing and shooting on the continent. More varieties of salt and fresh water fish are found there (the latter in the creeks and tributaries) than elsewhere on the coast; and terrapins, oysters, scallops, crabs, and all kinds of shell fish are in unlimited supply. The hunting on upland birds, wildfowl and deer is unsurpassed.

I know of a tract of 5,000 acres within an hour's sail of Swansboro, Beaufort and Morehead City, and almost in touch with Fort Macon, on historic ground, which can be bought for less than $1 an acre, and cheap at ten times the price for a hunting reservation The Atlantic Ocean on one side, Bogue Sound on the other, White Oak River in front, Brown's Sound, close by, and Cove Sound, Newport River and Queen's Creek within easy distance. So is the famous Atlantic Hotel, which cares for 1,000 guests in the summer months, and the A. & N. C. R. R. runs from thence up to New Berne. Such a luxurious location cannot be duplicated. I have spent six winters in this country, and know it well. I am infatuated with it, and would like to see a nice club of select sportsmen take hold of it.

Your readers have known me from the beginning and place confidence in my estimate. I should like to be interviewed by any whom I can impress on the subject. Now is the time to go down and examine the land and try the sport, and I will obtain permits for such as are vouched for.

Brown's Sound is one of the best places for ducks on the coast Bogue Sound is also good, and there is a superb system of marshes at the head of White Oak River. The banks are in great part wooded, with plenty of deer on them, and would be a fine country to stock with native and imported pheasants, ringnecks and Mongolian. Quail, woodcock and snipe abound, both on the banks and on the main land. Beach birds are in evidence by thousands in August. Coons, 'possums, bob cats and 'gators are everybody's game. Black bass are abundant in the rivers and sea trout in the estuaries, where they are caught by thousands with hook and net. And especially is White Oak River celebrated for its striped bass! In October, November and December they chase the spawning herrings up the branches in great schools, just as bluefish chase menhaden off the coasts, and they run to great size Sometimes they are found in the Trent River above New Berne, thirty miles further inland, but White Oak River is where they favor most. Any coasts survey map will locate this section very intelligibly to those who wish to be certain of the ground CHARLES HALLOCK.

NEW BERNE, N C., Nov. 18.—Croakers and sea trout are in abundance below, and spotted sea trout are taken in quantity with hook and line

Capt J. W. Willis, of Morehead City, reports that hunting is first-rate along the sounds. He went hunting last Saturday and killed thirty-five ducks, red-head, black-heads and other kinds. At Bogue Sound the hunting is said to be very good, with plenty of different kinds of game. C. H.

There are Other Frogs.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Anent the article in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 13 regarding frog culture, which is very interesting reading to connoisseurs in frogs' legs, Frenchmen or others. It may be said that southeastern Missouri is a very extensive shipping point for this description of delicacy in the spring, not less than 65,000lbs. going out from the town of Kennett alone, and 25,00lbs. from New Madrid. A moiety goes to the city of New York, and the balance to towns of the Mississippi basin. Other facts, as leared from Prof. W. A Wilcox, of the State Fish Commission, are to the effect that these goods command a higher price in the markets than Northern frogs do, and that the swamp lands of Arkansas and Mississippi are as good, and even better, than those of Missouri for frog culture. Frogs are caught in all sorts of ways. Some are shot, and some are caught with a red flannal rag tied below a hook, but the best results are from spearing. C. H.

Nature's Compass Signs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are two natural pointers of the compass not noted by Mr. Geo. W. Dearborn in your issue of Nov. 20. Note the direction in which fences and other obstructions to the winds lean. The heavy winds of spring, when the ground is soft and mushy on top, deflect the fences, and a little observation, even in a country new to the observer, will show the fences leaning generally in one direction. This sign I owe to that old book "The Young Marooners."

Another sign is, that young trees, where the ross bark has not thickened, are frequently flattened on the southwest side, often showing the bark killed. Maple, chestnut and sycamore trees show this the most frequently. The horticultural journals attribute this flattening to the effect of the southwest sun in winter, but why the southwest only I have never seen explained. Of course, this sign only shows in trees standing in the open, unshaded, and is most marked in those free from low branches, which shade the trunk

W. WADE.

Vermont League.

THE Vermont Fish and Game League had a most enjoyable reunion at Rutland on Wednesday evening of last week.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 30.—Washington City Kennel Club's show, Washington, D. C.
Dec. 8.—Rhode Island Poultry Association's show, Pawtuxet, R. I.

1898.

Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show Boston.
Feb 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show New York.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 29—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Dec. 6—Texas Fox-Hunters' Association's meet, Hinson Springs, Tex.
Dec. 8.—Hoosier Beagle Club trials, Danville Ind.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17—Continental F T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.
Jan. 24—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal.
Jan. 24.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Tupelo, Miss
Jan. 31. Champion Field Trial Association's Champion Stake, Tupelo, Miss.
Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB'S TRIALS

THE 1897 series of field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club was run at Newton, N. C., on the preserve owned by the club. The weather conditions were exceedingly trying. No rain of any consequence had fallen within a time before the trials, which would be of benefit to the grounds. With every passing day the grounds seemed to be drier and dustier. The dogs with keen nose and wisdom in following scent had a decided advantage over those which were good performers under better conditions, or which were not patient enough in following up the light trails of the birds. The grounds, too, were broken up by large areas being sown in wheat, and the birds were far from being evenly distributed over the grounds. Some sections had birds in abundance, while in others there was a dearth.

There was a light attendance of visitors. Among those present were: Messrs. J. E. Orr, F. R. Hitchcock, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., New York; Edm. H. Osthaus, Toledo, O.; W. B. Meares, Linwood, N. C.; Frank H. Fleer, Philadelphia; Julian Corbett, Charlottesville, Va.; F. B. Griswold and J. Paine, Troy, N. Y.; Dr. J. Spencer Brown and wife, of New Jersey, and others.

Notwithstanding the light attendance, there is much more prospect of a wider support for field trials and a better future than there has been for number of years past.

The club held a meeting on the evening of the 15th, and the following list of officers were elected, they being the same as those of last year, with one exception: President, Pierre Lorillard, Jr.; Vice-President, C. H. Phelps, Jr.; Secretary-Treasurer, Simon C. Bradley; Board of Governors: C. H. Phelps, Jr., W. A. Coster, Edw. Dexter, H. B. Duryea, F. A. Hodgman, W. S. Bell, Bayard Thayer, Theo. Sturges, F. R. Hitchcock, Dr. J. Spencer Brown, P. Lorillard, Jr., S. C. Bradley, Edm. H. Osthaus, J. E. Orr and W. B. Meares, Jr In regard to future competition in the Members' Stake it was ruled that a dog entered in it must be the property of the member running him, or if the dog is owned in partnership, all the partners must be members of the club, otherwise the dog is not eligible to compete.

The Deby.

The competition in this stake was far below any standard of good work. There was a distinct lack of finish to it, and a distinct inability to work up to the opportunities.

The conditions were unfavorable for any extraordinary displays of good competition, for the weather was too warm and dry, the cover was heavy in many places, and the birds were most erratic in their doings; but with all due consideration of these unfavorable circumstances, the work was bad. In bad cover the work was very bad, and at such times as the birds were in favorable places for point work, a large percentage of errors or lost opportunities was in evidence. There was so much that was sloppy, mediocre and indecisive that the stake also was far from easy to decide.

There were ten starters, a small percentage of the forty-odd entries, but one thing and another prevented the starting of a number which were in actual preparation, so that the stake assumed small proportions. They were drawn to run as follows.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter bitch Maiden Modesty (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), C. Tucker, handler, with Dr. J. R. Daniels's b. and w. pointer dog Sam's Bow (Plain Sam—Dolly D. II.), Geo. W. Richards, handler.

Joe E. Meares's lem. and w. setter bitch Hope (Joyful—Thompson's Nora), with Victor Humphrey's b. pointer dog Zeb (Kemp B.———), owner handler.

Dr. M. F. Rogers's b., w. and t. setter bitch Pearl R. (Sam Gross—Donna Inez), D. E. Rose, handler, with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w and t. setter bitch Lena Belle (Sam—Minnie B.), C. Tucker, handler.

Charlottesville Kennels' liv. and w. pointer dog Ghoorka (Delhi—Selah), C. E. Buckle, handler, with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Why Not (Eugene T.—Miss Ruby), C. Tucker, handler.

W. G. Brokaw's lem. and w. setter bitch Fairview Belle (Edgemark—Bell), R. Storey, handler, with J. J. Odom's b., w. and t. setter dog Sport Mc A. (Tony Boy—Blue).

Zeb, first, is a black pointer, which won both on some good work on the one hand and the absence of any formidable competition on the other. His strong qualities are his speed, good nose and stanchness. His judgment is very poor. This deficiency was nicely patched up by the pleasing obedience he observed when signaled, and many times he was sent into good ground and helped out in his ranging by signals when he had no intelligent purpose of his own. He ranged fairly wide, though irregularly so, and, though he won his place fairly, he can be classed only as a good puppy, with some pronounced good qualities present and others absent. He showed nothing which would indicate a successful future aside from practical field work.

Pearl R., second, showed intelligence, dash and energy, but her work on birds was very faulty, as will be noted on referring to the account of her heats, and she found with little success. Had the stake been at all strongly contested, she would not have had a place on the competition she made.

Why Not, third, while showing good qualities, made a faulty showing on birds.

This stake was for all setter puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895. First, $300; second, $200; third, $100. First and second forfeit $10 cash; $10 additional to start. Entries close May 20.

The judges were Messrs. A. Merriam, Memphis; S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn., and Theodore Sturges, New York.

Monday.

The weather was warm, clear, dry and unfavorable for a general good class of work. The birds, with the exceptions of a few bevies, would not lie to the dogs' points, and flushes and lost opportunities were common incidents. Many birds, marked down, were run over by the dogs and afterward flushed by the handlers or horsemen.

First Round.

MAIDEN MODESTY AND SAM'S BOW started at 8:29 and ran 57 minutes. A bevy was flushed and followed from place to place, the birds flushing wild. At last Modesty secured a point on a single bird in woods. The range of both dogs was moderate.

HOPE AND ZEB were cast off at 9:26; down 44 minutes. A bevy was marked down in pine woods. Hope made two points on singles and Zeb flushed once. Hope pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. On the scattered birds Zeb made two points. He had the better speed and range, but Hope outclassed him in finding, locating and pointing. While he had a fair range, he beat out his ground with poor judgment.

PEARL R. AND LENA B. were down 54 minutes. They were started at 10:12. Lena flushed a bevy. The birds were followed into thick pine woods. The dogs were hardly in the woods before they stopped on point. Then there was a noisy calling of points, a scrambling to the front, birds flushing and nothing definite determined. Further on each made a good point on singles, then both joined in a good point on scattered birds. In heavy cover next Pearl pointed a bevy. The birds were followed into woods and a number of good opportunities were lost. Birds were scattered about in numbers. Lena pointed a single and Pearl backed. Both were fast and merry workers, with fairly good range.

GHOORKA AND WHY NOT were cast off at 11:12; down 49 minutes. Why Not made a point and a flush on scattered birds. Ghoorka flushed a bevy in the open. He was warm, and seemed somewhat off his nose. On the same birds, each secured a point. Next, Ghoorka made a hesitating point on part of the bevy in brush. In woods, Why Not wheeled into a sharp point on a single, and the pointer backed. A flush by the setter and a point by the pointer ended the bird work. The points fell far short of the opportunities. Ghoorka ranged well and at good speed, he covering more ground than the setter; but his point work was faulty, and in that respect the setter showed the better ability.

FAIRVIEW BELLE AND SPORT MCA. were cast off at 1:47; down 1 hour. Belle was more diligent, and maintained a more uniform pace. On scattered birds both secured points. Sport's locating was marked by uncertainty, slow roading and premature pointing. They lost many opportunities to point.

Second Round.

SAM'S BOW AND ZEB were run 51 minutes. Toward the end of the heat, Zeb pointed a bevy. The birds were followed in heavy weeds. Bow pointed a single. Zeb roaded some yards, pointing every few steps. He roaded past the bird, which was flushed by his handler. He had good speed, was not regular in his range, and beat out his ground with poor judgment.

PEARL R. AND WHY NOT ran 35 minutes, beginning at 4:11. They soon found a bevy in open sedge, but some trees cut off the view. Rose claimed point, Tucker was loudly cautioning Why Not to be steady, and some birds were seen to fly from their vicinity. A moment later Rose called point and Pearl further on was pointing steadily. The birds were followed. Pearl roaded to a good point on a bevy in the open. Both dogs were diligent, showed good speed and bird sense. Pearl had the better of the heat.

GHOORKA AND LENA ran an ordinary heat. They started at 4:54; down 56 minutes. Lena flushed, then pointed some remaining birds and flushed them wilfully. Their range was commonplace.

Tuesday.

The weather conditions were better, though still unfavorable. There was a gentle breeze betimes with a slight coolness, and the sun was partially obscured by clouds part of the time. Birds were found in sufficient numbers, but in places entirely unfavorable for the purposes of a competition. A start was made at the Conover end of the grounds.

Third Round.

ZEB AND PEARL R. were cast off at 8:48. They were run 2 hours and 2 minutes, longer than seemed to be necessary, as the pointer had the heat well won after the first hour. At no time was it an exhibition of a high-class performance; yet, such as it was, the pointer won it most thoroughly. Pearl pointed a bevy in weeds; next she pointed a single, and next she flushed and chased. Zeb found and pointed three bevies, and had one divided point on scattered birds with Pearl. The latter made two more points on scattered birds, and made two flushes. On one bevy in woods the work is not taken into account, as no one saw which dog found or pointed or flushed. Pearl had a more pleasing way of going, and used more judgment in beating out her ground, though she had less range than the pointer. Her point work was faulty in its execution, and also in the many lost opportunities. Zeb ranged with poor judgment, though his obedience to his handler's signal in casting as directed helped him greatly in seeking in good ground. He showed a good nose, but on point he was lacking in intensity; and in locating, while he went true and quickly to his birds, he had a wiggly way which was not pleasing, and this deficiency in style was noticeable in his ranging. This heat ended the Derby.

Why Not was placed third without further running.

The All-Age Stake.

Immediately after the Derby was finished on Tuesday this stake was begun. Mr Sturges retired from the judging, he being interested as an owner in the competition. Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, whose ripe experience and skillful knowledge well fitted him for the position, was chosen to fill the vacant place.

This stake was open to all setters and pointers which had never won a first prize in an all-age open stake at the Philadelphia, Southern, United States or Central Field Trials. First prize, $300; second, $200; third, $100. Forfeit, $10; $20 additional to fill. Entries closed Oct. 1.

There were sixteen starters, run as follows:

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' lem. and w. setter bitch Pin Money (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler, with Eldred Kennels' setter dog Tony Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.), D. E. Rose, handler.

F. W. Dunham's lem. and w. pointer dog Elgin's Dash (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno), D. E. Rose, handler, with S. D. Rippley's b., w. and t. setter bitch Winkee (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory P.), W. Tallman, handler.

D. E. Rose's (agent) setter dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), agent, handler, with Edward A. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter bitch Ann of Abbottsford (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl), Geo. W. Richards, handler.

H. Ames's b., w. and t. setter bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler, with Chas. B. Pineo's l. and w. pointer dog Young Rip Rap (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

R. A. Johnson's l., w. and t. pointer dog Kent of Grace (King of Kent—Queen Grace), Luke White, handler, with Geo. E. Gray's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Sarsfield (Rodfield—Opal), agent, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. and w. setter bitch Shadow (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler, with J. T. Mayfield's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Rodfield's Boy (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone), J. H. Johnson, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Count Gloster (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl), C. Tucker, handler, with Phil. M. Essig's b., w. and t. setter bitch Saragossa Belle (Gleam's Pink—Maud E.), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Edward A. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter dog Cincinnatus Pride (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie), Geo. W. Richards, handler, with Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. setter dog Dave Earl (Count Gladstone—Dan's Lady), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Count Gloster, first, is greatly improved in form over that which he displayed last year, and he has a merry, dashing way of going which is pleasing to the eye. His point work was mixed as to quality, some of it excellent, some of it very erroneous. Some of the time he worked diligently, some of the time he romped gaily. His judgment is fairly good.

Ann of Abbottsford, second, has much more knowledge of work than the winner of first. She is an excellent finder, beats out her ground with judgment and maintains an even, uniform degree of work. In style she is inferior to the winner, whether in action or on point.

Elgin's Dash, third, is also very perfect in the knowledge of working to the gun, and has to an eminent degree the quality called bird sense. He has an excellent nose and knows to a nicety just how to use it. He was not so stylish as the winner, but he was a better workman.

Cincinnatus Pride fared hardly in being left out of the places entirely. He classed well with the three dogs left in, and it seemed certain that he would have a place.

The competition was such that it was a matter of opinion as to how the dogs would be placed. One expert had guessed Pride, Dash and Ann in the order named; another named Pride, Gloster and Dash, while a third had Dash, Pride and Ann. This will give a fair idea of the diversity of opinion in respect to the matter.

First Round.

PIN MONEY AND TONY GALE started at 11:11; down 56 minutes. Pin pointed a bevy, moved on down wind and flushed a bird or two; then she pointed the bevy and it flushed wild. Next, Gale pointed in the open and Pin backed; nothing was to the point apparently, but a few moments after the dogs had gone on the horsemen flushed a bevy down wind from the point. Gale's next was a good point on a bevy which flushed wild. Pin made three good points on scattered birds; Gale two. Both were fast and wide rangers. The ground was too irregular and the work too largely in cover to make any intelligent comparison of range and speed.

The lunch was one of the best ever served at a field trial.

ELGIN'S DASH AND WINKEE were sent off at 1:07. Winkee was lost for a few moments. Dash pointed a bevy in an unfavorable place. On the scattered birds Winkee made two good points, Dash one. Sent on and Dash pointed a bevy in corn. Sent on, Winkee pointed a bevy on a side hill and the birds flushed wild. Dash made three more single points in rapid succession in or near brush and briers, they being marked by quickness and accuracy. Up at 1:59. Winkee had good speed, range and ability, but Dash had greater ability and was doing a very high class of work for any dog to compete against.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND ANN OF ABBOTTSFORD began at 2:20. Ann beat rapidly to and fro in a cornfield on the scent of birds which had apparently been running about. She found and pointed them, doing a clever piece of work. On scattered birds, Zip made two points; Ann made one. Both made next a point on the same bevy. Up at 2:59. Ann showed a decided superiority in every respect. She ranged wide, fast and with good judgment, and her bird work showed knowledge and high ability.

CHRISTINA AND YOUNG RIP RAP were started at 3:13. Both were fast and had good range, Rip the wider. Both were near a bevy which flushed. Rip pointed a single. Sent on. In a cornfield Rip was making game when Christina, coming near, flushed the bevy and seemed to go on refreshed. Some of the birds dropped in sedge near the woods, and Rip, going with great dash, flushed them and gave no heed to the error. Up at 4:01. Aside from their range and pace, their exhibition was very faulty.

KENT OF GRACE AND SARSFIELD were cast off at 4:12. This was the last brace of the day. Kent, in the open, caught scent, flushed a single bird willfully, and the rest of the bevy then flushed. It was a very poor piece of work. Sent on. Sarsfield was lost during some minutes. Sent on, he found and pointed two birds. Grace pointed a bevy. Their range was about average in point of judgment, though the pointer had the wider range and worked more reliably to the gun.

Wednesday.

The weather during the night changed sharply. The morning was quite cool and much more favorable for good work. The sun shone clear and bright. The dryness of the preceding days prevailed. The work was commendably good as a whole, though none of it was of a sensational good kind.

SHADOW AND RODFIELD'S BOY were started at 8:41, and were run 1 hour and 16 minutes. Rodfield's Boy was seen but a few times during the heat, and most of the time was spent by the judges and others searching for him. A more aggravated case of self-hunting was never seen at a field trial. Shadow was on chain a good part of the time waiting for Boy to be brought to the course, consequently her opportunity for competition was spoiled. Such a rank self-hunter should never have been started in a field trial, and being started, he should have been taken up when his true character was determined. Shadow was given another chance later.

SARAGOSSA BELLE AND COUNT GLOSTER were cast off at 10 Soon both dogs were making game and the judges flushed the bevy. Count pointed on the scattered birds. Sent on, and a bevy was seen to come from nearby Count. He made two points on the scattered birds; Belle, one. Next, Count pointed by a ditch and about 50yds. further on Belle pointed the bevy. Count made two more points on singles and one on a bevy, Belle joining close by in the point on the latter. Count flushed a single. There was an abundance of birds found during the heat. One bevy came out of a run and Belle was suspiciously near it when it flushed. Up at 10:53. Both show good speed, dash and range. We thought Belle would have had another trial on her good general showing in this heat.

CINCINNATUS PRIDE AND DAVE EARL began at 11:08. Dave made game in sedge; a bevy was seen to flush and both dogs were afterward seen standing close by the place. Pride pointed a bevy in cornfield and Earl backed. On this bevy, marked down and followed nearby, both pointed. Pride next made a point where some birds were, but the cover was so dense they could not be flushed, Earl pointed in cornfield and there was nothing found. Up at 11:56. Both dogs maintained their speed and worked diligently. They ranged well considering the unfavorable nature of the ground.

SHADOW was run alone after lunch. She pointed in the open; no birds, but a roost was near by. She found and pointed a bevy and made two good points on singles, making a creditable showing. Up at 1:49. Down 30 minutes.

Second Round.

Ten dogs were retained for further competition.

ELGIN'S DASH AND YOUNG RIP RAP started at 1:53. Down 57 minutes. Dash made game; Rip was found on a point in sedge; Dash came near him and pointed; a single was flushed. The cover was very heavy. Next on some scattered birds, in sedge each pointed a single. Sent on, Dash found, located and pointed a bevy nicely. Each dog next made a point on a single bird in woods. Both ranged well and sought diligently. Dash showed superiority in his bird work and judgment. Up at 2:50.

PIN MONEY AND HURSTBOURNE ZIP began at 2:56. Zip pointed a bevy in corn; Pin, close up, backing or pointing. The birds took but a short flight. On them Zip made two points; Pin made a point and a flush. Pin had the better range and speed. Neither showed the best of judgment in beating out the ground. Up at 3:27.

TONY GALE AND ANN OF ABBOTTSFORD were cast off at 3:32. Gale made two stanch points; nothing found. Ann roaded nicely to a point on a bevy in open weeds. Sent on, Ann made game and beat about; on a side hill in open weeds she flushed a single bird, then stopped, and Richards flushed the rest of the bevy. Gale was lost for some minutes, and was found near woods on a stanch point; nothing found. Sent on, Ann roading diagonally down wind, flushed a single, then pointed the bevy. Next she made a point to which nothing was found, and next she made two good poins on singles. Gale got out of control, and Ann, though working nicely, was taken up till Gale could again be got in hand, and while she was up he made a point on a single bird. Ann next made a good point on a single. Both ranged well, Ann having decidedly the better of the heat. She excelled in picking up the faint trail of a bevy, and wisely beating about till she located it. Gale seemed to be utterly at fault in locating after he made a point. Up at 4:22.

COUNT GLOSTER AND CINCINNATUS PRIDE were cast off at 4:27. Both wasted a lot of time in frivolous running, and for some time they had no idea of working for birds. Count romped the most. Both pointed a bevy in open sedge. Count flushed two singles, and Pride pointed twice nicely on singles. Sent on, Count found and pointed two bevies, and made a point on scattered birds. Each made a flush on singles. Up at 5 04. The latter part of the heat was marked by good work. Each backed nicely and was steady to shot. Both showed good speed and range. They were specially favored in good ground, a good time of day and plenty of birds.

DAVE EARL AND WINKEE were cast off at 5:09. Dave pointed a bevy, which flushed wild. On the scattered birds, Winkee made a good point on a single, and made an excusable flush. She worked pleasingly and merrily, and was a sweet worker to the gun. She handled very easily. Earl was diligent and fast, but worked out his ground with poor judgment. Up at 5:37. This ended the day's competition.

Thursday.

The morning was clear and frosty. As the sun mounted higher the weather became warmer, till in the afternoon it was too warm for comfortable exertion. Little wind was stirring.

Third Round.

COUNT GLOSTER AND ANN OF ABBOTTSFORD began at 9:54, and ran 1 hour and 28 minutes. A bevy flushed nearby Gloster. Each made a point on scattered birds. Each made a point to which nothing was found. Gloster pointed a bevy in briers as he was being called out of the woods, so it had little merit as a find. Sent on, Ann found and pointed a bevy in sedge in woods. Gloster flushed a single, and missed some opportunities to point others which were scattered about in the woods. Both pointed a single. Gloster was going merrily most of the time, but he was not always seeking birds, and much of his ranging was done with bad judgment. Ann beat out her ground with good judgment, and showed an excellent knowledge of field work, but she was not running so well as in previous heats. Both had good speed. Ann had the better of this heat.

CINCINNATUS PRIDE AND ELGIN'S DASH were cast off at 10:22. They were worked on some scattered birds. Dash pointed and Pride backed instantly. Sent on. Pride pointed, then moved on and abandoned the scent. Dash coming up a few moments later caught the same scent and roaded quickly to a point on the bevy. Dash pointed a single. Pride pointed two singles, and found and pointed two more bevies. Sent on, both pointed near a branch; nothing could be flushed, so the handlers started on the course. Dash went down the branch further, and down wind flushed a single, then the rest of the bevy flushed. He crossed the branch shortly afterward and pointed another bevy. He showed rare judgment in finding and pointing his birds. Up at 11:14.

The judges then awarded Count Gloster first, Ann of Abbottsford second, Elgin's Dash third.

Eastern Subscription Stake.

The stake which bears this title was open to all setters and pointers. Prizes, $300, $150 and $50. Subscription $50, payable Oct. 1, 1896. Each subscription entitled the owner to start any dog he pleased, whether his property or not. The subscription was transferable to any person not objectionable to the club. The first round consisted of two-hour heats; afterward the heats are at the discretion and direction of the judges.

The judges were Messrs. Merriman and Bradley, two thoroughly experienced men. There were twelve starters. This support was most encouraging. Instead of losing on this stake, as was the case sometimes in previous years, there was a balance to the good. As nearly all the dogs ran in previous stakes, a list of pedigrees, etc., is unnecessary.

Tony Gale, first, ran one good heat—an excellent one—but his subsequent work was sadly marred by false points. He has a fine way of going, ranges wide when at his best, and he ranges, points and backs prettily as to style.

Rip Rap, second, taken from first to last, ran far away the best race of any dog of the four kept in after the first series. While his first heat would not compare with Tony's in finding birds, his work as a whole was better sustained and better in class, and he was free from the false pointing which so marred the competition of Tony.

Count Gloster, third, was lacking in proper industry. While he ran gaily, much of his time was devoted to romping, and his point work was not specially remarkable for its excellence.

When the competition in the second series was becoming so weak, and the class of work falling below that of Marie's Sport and Pride, it would have been quite proper to have taken them in and to have given them further trial. Whatever faults they may have shown, they had far less than those shown by most of the dogs shown in the second series. However, the judges are of the most expert class, and anything contrary to their decisions is offered merely as a matter of opinion.

First Round.

TIPPOO (Charlottesville Kennels' pointer dog, C. E. Buckle, handler) AND DAVE EARL were started at 12:46. The former had a decided advantage in every respect from start to finish. He showed some signs of weariness toward the close of the heat. Tippoo found and pointed two bevies and made a single-bird point. Earl made two points to which nothing was found, and he pointed a single bird; each backed well. Earl ranged in an indolent manner. Tippoo ranged wide, showed good judgment and speed, and put spirit into his work.

LADY GRACE II. AND TONY GALE were cast off at 2:48. The competition was very one-sided. Tony had the better speed, range, style, judgment and success. He found and pointed eight bevies, but marred his work by making a few points

to which nothing was found. He pointed twice on singles. He was going strong and well at the finish. Lady's competition was ordinary. She pointed a bevy, raked her ground a great deal in following scents, and her range was moderate. She was not perfectly stanch to wing.

Friday.

It was a charming day, after a frosty night, calm, with a warm, soft atmosphere, which had a hazy tinge, and with a bright sun, which shone with only a pleasing warmth. Birds were found in good numbers, but in a patchy way, accordingly as the grounds were favorable or unfavorable. As a whole, the dogs worked diligently and well, but there was a great difference in results, as will be noted in the report of the running.

ELGIN'S DASH AND ZEB were cast off at 8:26. Dash pointed a single loafing bird of a bevy which was flushed some yards ahead of him by the horsemen. Next, Dash found and pointed a bevy. Both made game next. Dash flushed a single and next he pointed some scattered birds. Zeb pointed a bevy which ran from his point probably; both then drew about in the open and neither located the bevy, though it seemed easy for them to do so. The birds were flushed independently of them Dash flushed a single bird. Sent on, he next pointed a bevy after two or three birds of it had flushed. Next, both pointed a bevy by a creek. Each flushed a single. During the heat the dogs lost many opportunities to point, or for that matter to flush. Their performance was of an ordinary grade. Zeb ranged the wider. Dash showed the most knowledge, as was to be expected considering his much greater experience, but the work was distinctly a low grade and marked by neglected opportunities.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND SARSFIELD began at 10:33. Count did not take the affair so seriously as he should, and he made three points to which there was nothing, save that the first may have been on tame chickens. Sarsfield pointed a bevy in the open, and Count, coming up a few moments later, joined in the point. He should have backed. The birds after a time could be seen running from the point and they flushed wild some yards away. Working on the scattered birds, Gloster, in woods, wheeled to a point as a single flushed; he held his point and others were flushed to it. In woods, Sarsfield flushed a bevy which but few saw. In open, Count pointed; nothing found. He was now steadying down to more earnest work. He next found two bevies well, Sarsfield joining in a point on the second bevy. Gloster pointed twice on the scattered birds, flushed a single, and next he pointed a bevy in woods. Sarsfield pointed a bevy, which ran into a ditch; Count pointed or backed. Count distinctly outclassed Sarsfield in his work on birds and work to the gun. The latter worked beyond proper limits and was difficult to handle. Count had a good range, worked well to the gun, but was disposed in the early part of the heat to show some indifference to the exercise of his best efforts.

Lunch was spread out most temptingly and a most appetizing spread it was, but there was short time spared for it.

MARIE'S SPORT AND ANN OF ABBOTTSFORD at 1:04 began a heat of which much was expected in the way of grand work. Ann's ability was recognized. She ranged diligently, felt the air with her nose incessantly, and showed excellent judgment and an accurate knowledge in respect to the haunts of quail, but on birds she seemed to have a nose which either was temporarily off, or she was careless as to errors. Sport had a swift pace and a great range, he surpassing Ann in those qualities, which does not imply that she was either slow or a narrow worker. Sport pointed; Ann backed; nothing found. Sent on, Sport pointed a bevy nicely. Ann flushed a bevy. On the scattered birds, Ann flushed. Neither could locate them nor catch scent, though the birds were marked down accurately in the cornfield. Ann flushed. Next, sent on, she pointed in a cornfield, then moved on down wind and flushed the bevy. Next worked on the scattered birds, Ann pointed; nothing found. Sport pointed a single nicely in woods, and sent on, he next pointed a bevy in corn. Sent on, Sport dropped to a point on a bevy Ann refused to back, went close up to the bevy and stopped, but showed no signs of recognizing scent, although she was close to the birds. Sport had decidedly the better of the heat in every respect. Ann was coming in season, which explained a great deal of her changed deportment and work.

CINCINNATUS PRIDE AND YOUNG RIP RAP began at 3:13. The latter ran a strong race from start to finish, ranged wide and showed good judgment, though he lost a number of opportunities to point which seemed very favorable. His speed was excellent. Pride ranged wide and fast, and was always seeking birds, though toward the close of the heat he showed some signs of fatigue in a slackening of effort, though not in the least disposed to quit. Pride was near a bevy and it flushed, but whether he pointed or not I could not see. Rip pointed a bevy nicely at the edge of woods and was handsomely backed. Pride pointed a single well. He was roading in thick cover by a ditch when two birds flushed wild ahead. Rap made a long cast, beating out a likely wheat stubble, then coming on bare plowed ground he pegged a single bird nicely. Next both pointed where a bevy flushed. Sent on. Pride took a long cast and returning pointed a bevy in a mass of briers. The Rip flushed a single. On some scattered birds in a hollow, or a bevy feeding, Rip flushed and missed several easy opportunities to point. Pride was lost for awhile and was found pointing a single. Rip next made three points on singles. He made a point in corn; nothing found. Next he made a long cast, found and pointed a bevy well, and the heat was ended. While the bird work was not all that the excellent range and industry of this brace would seem to produce, it is but fair to mention that a good part of the heat was on the part of the grounds containing the least birds.

Saturday.

The weather was calm, warm and pleasant.

Second Series.

The judges spotted out the dogs very close, only retaining four in the competition. This seemed rather severe on Marie's Sport and Cincinnatus Pride, which had shown a higher class of work than a great deal of that done on this day.

TONY GALE AND TIPPOO were cast off at 9:20. On some scattered birds marked down, Gale made two points on singles and flushed one. Tippoo was where birds were flushing. Gale next pointed stanchly; nothing found. Sent on. Gale pointed a single and flushed one. Tippoo made a point; no birds. Tip working in thick cover was where birds were flushing. Gale pointed stanchly; nothing found. Up at 10:05. Tippoo far excelled Gale in range and maintained a more uniform speed. Gale came in frequently toward his handler and was many times ordered on. His work was far below that of his previous heat. Each backed well. Tippoo's bird work was faulty.

YOUNG RIP RAP AND COUNT GLOSTER started at 10:12. Rip found and pointed a bevy in open sedge; Count coming up, flushed part of the birds, refused to back and stole the point. The birds were followed. Count pointed; Rip backed; nothing found. Count flushed a bevy, then a single. In woods, Rip pointed a bevy; Count came in afterward, went ahead and pointed the same bevy. Up at 11:05. In ranging, Count was going well, but showed little sign of using his nose, and his bird work was either all stolen work or erroneous.

The running was suspended to give the dogs a rest before further running. In the meantime the party went to lunch.

Final.

TONY GALE AND RIP RAP were cast off at 12:59. Gale pointed a bevy nicely in open ground. The pointer outranged the setter from start to finish, and stayed out at his work without any encouragement. Gale was receiving frequent orders to go on. He idled time on false scents occasionally, and he was going in poor form generally. He was lost some minutes, and was found in heavy sedge on a stanch point; the ground was thoroughly beat out by his handler, but nothing was found. Rip in the meantime pointed a bevy in woods, and next he pointed a single. Sent on. Gale pointed a bevy in open stubble and the heat soon ended. Time, 2:41. The judges then announced the winners: Tony Gale, Young Rip Rap and Marie's Sport. Taking the work of both dogs throughout the stake, it seemed to me that Rip had won easily. Tony had done some very good work and some rank bad work, while Rip ran a well-sustained race.

CENTRAL BEAGLE CLUB TRIALS.

[*Special Report for Forest and Stream.*]

THE second annual trials of the Central Beagle Club were held at Rice's Landing, Pa., Nov. 9 to 12. The meeting was an undoubted success, but the incessant rain and snow marred much of the pleasure of the meet. The weather, however, did not prevent a gathering of more than twenty true sportsmen from following the hounds from start to finish. Good-fellowship and friendly feeling prevailed during the entire meeting; no dissatisfaction was heard in the placing of the dogs and harmony was the order of the occasion. The meeting brought together a magnificent lot of beagles and the competition was sharp and keen in every class. Some of the winners are already well known and many new aspirants for field trial honors made their appearance here. Those deserving special mention are Summers's Stump, who won the championship in the 15in. class; McAleer's Little Hornet, and Kitty Peterson's Sailor and Chance, and Hartt's Madge H.

The attendance was excellent throughout the trials and the interest kept up until the end. Among those present were: Dr. S. W. Hartt, J. A. Schaum, Theo. Bolljie, McKeesport; A. C. Paterson, Homestead; E. Bruell, T. C. Moxham, Loraine; D. F. Summers, Thorndale; Jacob Zelt, Jr., Washington; Dr. J. A. Phillis, Allegheny; John W. Hancock, Hornersville; R. C. and L. J. Tomer, New Kensington; J. F. Bell, Carmichaels; Jas. Phillips, Homesville; Jas. McAleer, Emsworth; L. O. Seidel, Sharpsburg; Wm. Pitcock; Homesville; Mark Lewis, Cannonsburg; James Liddy and Charles Hartman, McKeesport; Robert Gibbs, Homestead; M. Young, Rice's Landing.

The decisions of the judges, Dr. W. E. Johnston and J. W. Simpson, were well received. The work was arduous and difficult, owing at times to the density of the cover and the inclement weather, and in some classes great care, patience and long runs were required before decisions could be made.

The club did not arrive at Rice's Landing until 10 A. M. Tuesday. The dogs were at once measured by the judges and transferred to their proper class. While here some thought the judges were not quite lenient enough, but they decided to hew to the line, which altered some of the classes. Afterward the dogs were shown in their respective classes. Hotel Faddis was the headquarters of the club, where Landlord Faddis looked carefully after the wants of his guests. The rain having ceased for a time, a start was made for the grounds at 1 P. M.

Derby—15 to 13in.

Derby for beagles 15in. to 13in., whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896. Fee to start, $5. First prize, 50 per cent.; second 30, third 20.

L. O Seidel's b., w. and t. bitch Daisy S. (champion Lee II.—Molly Dean), whelped March, '96, with Croker & Torner's b., w. and t. dog Montane Lee (champion Paderewski—Beatrice), whelped December, 1896.

Franklin Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Summers's Sailor (Sailor—Summers's Fly), whelped March, '96, with Mark Lewis's b., w. and t. bitch Lucy L. (champion Raffler—Jessie), whelped June, '96.

DAISY S.—MONTANE LEE.—Chas. A. Denby's Daisy S and Montane Lee were put down at 1:10 in a brier field. L. O. Seidel handled Daisy S., L. J. Tomer handled Montane Lee. A rabbit was jumped by a spectator when the dogs were worked up to the line; both dogs hit the trail, but owing to the high west wind trailing was difficult and both dogs soon ran to a loss. Moving on, another rabbit was started; both dogs were brought up, and catching the scent about the same time trailed to a loss on the public road. Another rabbit was started at once, when a short run was had and the judges ordered up the dogs at 1:50.

SUMMERS'S SAILOR—LUCY L.—Down at 1:55; Sailor handled by D. T. Summers, and Lucy L. by Mark Lewis. Quite a long tramp was had before a rabbit was found. One was started and both dogs were laid on. Sailor, catching at once, did most of the leading, driving to a loss in a swamp field. The work of Lucy L. was good, but she was over fat and could not catch her nimble rival. This was a good chase. Up at 3.

Second Series.

DAISY S.—SUMMERS'S SAILOR—Handled by their owners; went down at 3:05 in a brier field. A rabbit was found in its form by the field marshal; both dogs were called up and the rabbit jumped from its form and proved to be very small and much inclined to run back and forth through the fence, and was run to a loss in the hedge row. Up at 3:16.

LUCY L.—MONTANE LEE, handled as before, went down at 3:30 at edge of woods. A rabbit was soon started by Lucy L., when a good hunt was run by both dogs; but the work was rather slow and lacked the dash of Summers's Sailor. Up at 4.

The judges awarded first prize to Summers's Sailor, second to Lucy L., third to Montane Lee, Reserve to Daisy S.

Derby—13in. and Under.

Derby, open to all beagles 13in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896. Fee to start, $5. Moneys divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Jas. McAleer's b., w. and t. ticked bitch Little Hornet (Sailor—Lucy S.), whelped April, 1896, with McKeesport Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Madge H. (Streamer—Blossom H.), whelped May, 1896.

McKeesport Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Topsy B. (Harker—Birdie S.), whelped June, 1896, with McKeesport Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Spotty (Streamer—Blossom H.), whelped May, 1896.

McKeesport Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Harker S. (Harker—Birdie S.), whelped June, 1896, with A. C Peterson's b., w. and t. dog Chance (champion Frank Forest—champion Snow), whelped May, 1896.

LITTLE HORNET—MADGE H.—This brace was put down on the Young farm, Little Hornet handled by owner, Jas. McAleer, Madge H. by J. A Schaum. Down at 4:04 at edge of woods. A rabbit was soon started, and this merry brace did some excellent work, running the game to earth. Another was soon started. Little Hornet was all business, and after a splendid run they were ordered up at 4:45.

TOPSY B.—SPOTTY were put down at 4:48, both handled by J. A. Schaum. This brace was watched with interest owing to size of Spotty, who measured scant 10in., but showed good hunting sense, searching likely places and trailing well, but slow when game was started. Up at 5:18.

HARKER S.—CHANCE.—Down at 5:20. J. A. Schaum handled Harker S., and J. F. Bell Chance. Put down where previous pair were lifted, and a rabbit was soon started, both dogs doing good work; but, owing to darkness, were ordered up after being down 15 minutes.

Wednesday morning was cloudy, with occasional showers, and scent still lay badly. Game was plenty, but the running was short, with no long drives, the rabbits seeking cover as soon as possible. Harker S. and Chance were put down again at 8:05 to finish their heat. A rabbit was started by a spectator, and the dogs worked up, when Harker first caught on, both trailing well to a loss. Chance was first to find. Harker belied his name and would not bark to the trail, Chance driving to a loss in briers, where numerous ground holes were found but none marked. Up at 8:25.

Second Series.

HARKER S.—LITTLE HORNET, handled as before, down at 8:30. Little Hornet started a rabbit at once, when the best work was done in this class. Hornet cut out almost all the work, catching turns quickly and driving with great speed. The work of this little bitch in this and subsequent heats was phenomenal. Up at 8:45.

MADGE H.—CHANCE, handled as before, down at 8:48 in brier patch at edge of woods. Madge H. started a rabbit and drove out in a grass field; Chance, who was brought, failed to catch on. Madge drove to a loss in adjoining field. Here Chance picked up the trail, working industriously, and soon unwound the trail, forcing Bunny from his hiding and trailing to a loss in the public road. Coming back another rabbit was started in the same field which proved to be one of the best runners yet found. Both dogs did well, but Chance did most of the leading and drove the rabbit into a board pile. Up at 9:55. This ended the Derby, and the judges announced the winners: First, Little Hornet; second, Chance; third, Madge H.; res., Harker S.

All-Age—13 to 15in.

Class C, 13 to 15in., open to all beagles not having been placed first at any recognized field trial. Fee to start, $5. First prize, 50; second, 30; third, 20 per cent. Ten starters.

A. C. Peterson's b., w. and t. ticked dog Sailor (Royal—Forest Beauty C.) with McKeesport Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Lady Linda (Driver—Copsy).

T. C Moxham's b., w. and t. bitch Chippy (Bounce E.—Anna T.) with Mark Lewis, Jr.'s b., w. and t. bitch Mollie L. (Don—Mollie).

Franklin Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Belle S. (Sailor—Lucy S.) with R. C. Slinger's b., w. and t. dog Ramrod (Black Joe—Flora).

Frank Gallz's b., w. and t. dog Doc Weller (Sam Weller—Belva Lockwood) with Franklin Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Summers's Sailor (Sailor—S. Fly).

Franklin Field Trial Kennels' w. and t. bitch Summers's Fly (Clover—Lucy S.) with Jas. McAleer's b., w. and t. bitch Kitty Rowdy—Muric).

SAILOR—LADY LINDA were put down in clover patch at 10:05, Sailor handled by owner, A. C. Peterson, Lady Linda by Theo. Bolljie. A rabbit was soon started, but a picket fence interfered, and both dogs had to be helped over by their handlers. Both dogs bit off the scent together, when a pretty chase was had over what the judges pronounced a very steep hill. Running to a loss, both dogs were taken up and a move was made to more level ground. A rabbit was discovered in its form by a spectator; both dogs were brought up, and bunny jumped from her form. Both dogs catching together, a very hard drive followed into a grass field, where for a time a loss was made. Lady Linda found another rabbit, and drove to cover; but Sailor here exhibited good quality, sticking to the rabbit and bringing it back to cover, near where it was started. Up at 10:50.

CHIPPY—MOLLIE L.—Down at 10:55 in woods. Chippy handled by owner, T. C. Moyham, Mollie L. by owner, Mark Lewis, Jr. Chippy soon started a rabbit, and after a short chase by sight the rabbit took refuge in a stone quarry, neither dog having the advantage. Moving on up a ravine a bit, a rabbit was started by Mollie L., who trailed well into the woods; but owing to the high wind good trailing was impossible for either dog, and after a loss, both dogs were ordered up at 11:55. Lunch was now announced at the Young farm, where all partook heartily of sandwiches, hot coffee and pumpkin pie.

BELLE S.—RAMROD.—This brace was put down after lunch, at 12:30, in an orchard. Belle S. handled by owner, D. F. Summers, Ramrod by James Phillips. A rabbit was started by Summers, and both dogs called on, but owing to a peculiarity of the fences about this field which the dogs couldn't get through, the running was marred for a while; but after getting away, a very pretty chase was had, Belle S. doing the best work so far. At last the rabbit took refuge in a board pile, from which it was dislodged, both dogs driving to cover, where Belle S. caught the rabbit. Up at 1:23 P. M.

DOC WELLER—SUMMERS'S SAILOR.—This pair was put down at 1:25, Weller handled by Jas. McAleer, Summers's Sailor by D. F. Summers. No game was found by this pair for some time; but after moving over some barren fields a rabbit was started, and both dogs caught on, Sailor cutting out all the work, and Weller being satisfied to trail behind. Sailor drove his game fast and true into rocks in a ravine, where he marked the hole in grand style. Taken away, rabbits began jumping on all sides, in fact, entirely too many. They were worked up to trail, when Sailor again drove his game to a ground hole and marked the hole, he having decidedly the best of the heat. Up at 2:30.

SUMMERS'S FLY—KITTY.—This long looked-for brace were put down at 2:35 where previous pair were taken up. Fly, handled by Summers, Kitty by owner, James McAleer. They were cast off in a grass field where so many rabbits were seen. A spectator discovered one in its form. Both dogs were taken up by their handlers when the rabbit was jumped from his squat. Then began one of the best runs of the meet. Both were evenly matched as to speed and nose, but Kitty's years of experience in trailing rabbits stood her in good stead now. Trailing across a ravine in full view of judges and handlers, beautiful work was done by this pair, routing bunny from every cover she took to. But this rabbit had not exhausted all its cunning. When driven from the last cover she took to the water, running more than 20yds. in water up the stream and squatting at the edge of the water, never moving, although Kitty passed within a few feet of her. The judges ordered the handlers to take their dogs and work them up, when bunny was quickly driven to a ground hole, Kitty marking the hole. This was an excellent exhibition of good and accurate trailing, Kitty seeming to have the best of it. Up at 3:05.

Second Series.

MOLLIE L.—SAILOR were down at 3:10 at the edge of a scrub oak thicket, and were handled as before. Game was found at once, but owing to the density of the thicket and fallen logs the work was not as fast as in previous heats, although both acquitted themselves well. Mollie L. was a bit over fat, and did not have the speed she possesses when in condition Sailor did most of the leading. Up at 3:35.

CHIPPY—LADY LINDA.—This brace was put down at 3:38, handled as before. They were started in scrub oaks, both dogs hunting well, but neither barking to the other, but running separately. They were carried on to a grass field where a small rabbit was found, which took to the public road and the dogs went to a loss. Up at 4:15.

BELLE S.—DOC WELLER, handled as before, went down at 4:18. A rabbit was started near a deserted graveyard, taking at once to the thicket in the rear. The brace did excellent work, both dogs showing good hunting sense and driving the game rapidly and true to cover. Up at 5:20.

CLUB MEETING.

In the evening the annual meeting of the club was held in the parlors of the Hotel Faddis, Dr. S. W. Hartt, the presi-

dent, in the chair. Officers were elected for the year resulted as follows: President, J. W. Simpson; Vice Presidents, Theo. Bolljie and D. T. Summers; Secretary-Treasurer, L. O. Seidel; Executive Committee, A. C. Peterson, Dr. S. W. Hartt, Mark Louis. The official show judges are Dr. W. E. Johnston, D. F. Summers, A. C. Peterson. Delegate to the A. K. C., Theo. Bolljie. The question of giving special prizes at dog shows being brought up, it was voted that it was the sense of the meeting that in all cases where the Central Beagle Club offers special prizes at recognized bench shows, judging must be done by a judge recommended by the Central Beagle Club or by one recommended by any recognized beagle club of America.

Thursday morning opened with a steady downpour of rain, saturating everything, so that scent lay poorly. Everything seemed calculated to allay the ardor of dogs and men.

SUMMERS'S SAILOR—KITTY.—This excellent pair were put in thicket at 7:30, handled as before. A rabbit was started by a spectator, and both dogs were worked up to where the rabbit was seen. With the rain now coming down in torrents, both dogs caught on, Kitty in the lead, driving well to an open pasture field, in which was a deserted graveyard, surrounded by an osage hedge, with only one or two openings large enough for the dogs. Here the rabbit sought shelter, and was again dislodged by one of the handlers, followed by a nice chase to cover. Kitty catching on first and doing most of the leading. Moving on, another rabbit was started and driven to cover, both dogs working keenly and actively. Up at 8:40.

SAILOR—DOC WELLER were put down in grass field at 8:45, handled as before. In this, as in all other races of this day, rabbits had to be found by handlers or spectators, as no scent lay for the dogs. A rabbit was soon started, both dogs were laid on, when an excellent chase was had up a steep hillside to a sheep pasture, where both went to a loss. Sailor cut out all the work in this heat; Weller seemed satisfied to run behind. Up at 9.

The prizes were awarded: First, Kitty; second, Summers's Sailor; third, Sailor; reserve, Doc Weller.

Class D, All-Age—13in. or Under.

LITTLE HORNET—PINNIE.—This lively pair were cast off in woods at 9:05, Little Hornet handled by Jas. McAleer, Pinnie handled by D. F. Summers. The rain, which had for a while, now began falling in sheets, as it was driven by a strong west wind, more than an hour was spent in searching for game, while rain, sleet and snow fell thick and fast. At last a rabbit was routed from some brush in a ravine; both dogs worked up, and Little Hornet caught on, Pinnie barking. A beautiful race was seen with this crack pair. They carried the trail a long distance through a grass field to a farmhouse, where both dogs gave up, evidently frightened at something. Coming back, another was started, which proved to be a good runner also, and was driven to a loss in a cornfield. A small rabbit was found at once, when another good exhibition of trailing was witnessed by all. Little Hornet had most foot, indeed put up a remarkable run, depending on her own nose. Up at 11:15, the judges awarding Little Hornet first, Pinnie second.

Lunch was now announced at the Young farm. After lunch the champion 13–15in. class was called, when Kitty and Stump were entered for honors.

Champion Class.

KITTY—STUMP.—When this brace was put down great interest was awakened over the outcome of the contest. Kitty's work had been seen by all at these trials, and Stump was fresh from her victories in the East. Kitty was handled by owner, Jas. McAleer, Stump by owner, D. F. Summers. Down at 12:30 in edge of wood, and through a driving rain mingled with snow. A long tramp was had before game was found. Finally a rabbit was jumped from his form in a sheep pasture. The dogs were put on and the fastest driving of the trials took place. The rabbit was a good one, and ran well through the rain. Stump kept up her reputation for speed and had somehow the best of the heat, although neither dog could do themselves justice owing to the excessive rain. Up at 1:45, the judges awarding Stump first prize.

Owing to inclement weather the club unanimously voted to postpone the running for club cups and special prizes until next year. Returning to headquarters all partook of a bountiful supper, after which the club boarded the handsome packet Adam Jacobs, arriving in Pittsburg next morning. After handshakes and hearty good-byes, all promising each other to be back next year with more and better dogs, the members took their several routes to their respective homes.

L. O. SEIDEL.

INTERNATIONAL EIGHTH ANNUAL.

Up to the Average.

CHATHAM, Ont., Nov. 19.—The eighth annual trials of the International Field Trials Club may be classed as up to the high average of this organization. In the Derby there were but seven starters out of fourteen nominations. These starters showed no great talent, but brought out one fine young dog, Noble Chieftain, winner of first, which with further work, may show later far down in more important events. He is a very fetching worker, and moreover, a good, stiff, upstanding, useful field dog, of evident constitution and stamina. I liked him very much. Essie D., second in the Derby, is a bright and snappy little one, and very rightly placed. Nora, third, and Heath Gladstone, fourth, might have done more. Nora was off her nose, with a sore and swelled muzzle, and Heath Gladstone needs a shade more hunting on quail in open country.

The All-Age a Good One.

The All-Age stakes were far and away better relatively than the Derby, and indeed, something of a surprise, not so much for the quality of any one dog, as for the evenness of several good ones. For the first two dogs birds were found in fair abundance, seventeen bevies the first day, though some were worked the second and third time.

The Club Meeting.

The club meeting was held at the Rankin House, Chatham, Monday evening, Nov. 15, President Richard Banghan in the chair and Secretary W. B. Wells at the desk. Routine business was despatched promptly. The report of the hon. sec. showed $123 35 on the right side of the ledger. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, R. Banghan, of Windsor; secretary-treasurer, W. B. Wells, of Chatham; first vice-president, H. M. Graydon, of London; second vice-president, I. L. Nicholls, of Chatham; executive committee, L. H. Smith, M. Smith, Jos. Kime, C. R. Atkinson, W. D. Tristen, A. Wells, T. G. Davey, Thos. Gutridge, Geo. H. Briggs, Dr. O. Totten. The secretary was advised to correspond with the passenger departments of railroads with the view to securing free carriage of dogs.

There came up before the executive committee the application of Dr. J. R. Daniels, of Leamington, for the transfer to the International trials of his entries in the abandoned Peninsular field trials, Nellie Wilson (first at Monongahela trials) and Sam's Bang. Of course, this request was made long after the close of the Derby entry in the International (July 1), and after the payment of the second forfeit (Sept. 1), so it was merely a request for a courtesy. The matter received a discussion distinguished for courtesy and temperance, but the members concluded they had no option but must stand to their rules, the more especially as protests had been filed against the proposed course. The entry was declined, with the explanation that while the club would be glad to have it, it did not feel it had the right to do so.

The Banquet.

After the business meeting those present adjourned to a game dinner given at the Rankin House by Mr. W. B. Wells. The latter had been out duck hunting, and each man at table, some thirty in all, had half a mallard to his portion, there seeming to be a roast duck factory somewhere in the rear of the hall. There were present only four men from Yankeeland, Messrs. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich.; Ed. Warner, of Detroit; Jake Klein, of Detroit, W. W. McCain, of Stevensville, Pa.

The Grounds.

The grounds were at Mitchell's Bay, near the shore of Lake St. Clair, where the trials were held last year. The field party again put up at Mr. C. W. Raymond's hostlery, which was a bit crowded, but as comfortable as one could ask, convenient to the grounds, and run with a view to affording all present the utmost enjoyment and pleasure possible. These grounds are good, the birds abundant enough. The fields are small, but there is stubble in plenty to try out in the open, and cover enough for game to cling to in winter. Of course, the judges and spectators are obliged to walk, and thus the sport resembles a day's shooting. Indeed, I have earlier remarked that these are perhaps more purely amateur in their character than any in the country. They are developing some cracking good field dogs, and are doing their share toward exploding the fallacy about "speed and range." As to another field trial notion, Judge Davidson remarked before beginning the running:

"I shall be much pleased if all you gentlemen will bring up your dogs for examination for their 'field trial form' before we begin to run. In this way we shall not need to run the dogs at all, but can judge the dogs on the shape of their hips, and guess at what they ought to do at finding birds." There is a heap of good sense under this sarcasm.

After a while we shall hear less of the absurd distinction between the "field trial dog" and the "shooting dog"—the foolishest of all foolish distinctions. Mr. W. E. Warner, one of the judges, was right when he said to-day: "What I call a high-class field trial dog is just a high-class shooting dog." A while ago this declaration would have been heresy, yet it could never have been anything but hard horse sense.

The Judges.

For the judges, Mr. John Davidson and Mr. W. E. Warner, too much cannot be said; but little need be said, since both are so well known. They did their hard work with conscientiousness in every detail, and with the skill and judgment that comes only of long acquaintance with dogs working on game. John Davidson is now sixty-eight years of age, and it was hard for him to follow fast and fresh dogs at speed all day; but this he did, and lost nothing that was going on. There are some who think John's temper grows perhaps mellower with age, but there are none who have discovered any change in his keenness of perception in a dog's performance afield, or in his knowledge of the habits of game birds. Mr. Davidson still remains loyal to Scotland, and we all had fun joking him about it.

"I know right well," said he, one day in an argument at table, "that Wallace was the greatest Scotchman ever born, and that is saying much."

"You forget, John," said a friend sitting near him. "You have forgotten another and still greater Scotchman."

"And who'll he be, tell me that, mon?" said John.

"Oh, his name would be such a matter as John Davidson!"

"A-weel, mon," said John, with no visible twinkle, "I said only that Wallace was the greatest man of his own century, do you mind!"

For Mr. Davidson there could be no better associate than Mr. Warner. The latter is an athlete, and his tall and powerful form was always close up with the dogs, and nothing escaped him. The best of insight into the trials game, good judgment and a perfect good humor and *bonhommie* constituted him an ideal judge. No club can ask a better or abler one.

The Derby.

Following is the description of the Derby entry as drawn for the running, only seven starting:

Maid Marian, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Lady Mingo), owned by H. Marshall Graydon, London, with Noble Chieftain, b. and w. English setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Rose Rapid), owned by Geo. Kime, Mitchell's Bay.

High Noon, b. and w. English setter bitch (——— — ———), owned by S. Holmes, Chatham, with Nora, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Washtenaw Grouse—Gladstone's Nora), owned by Jake Cline, Detroit.

Midday, b. and w. English setter bitch (——— — ———), owned by S. Holmes, Chatham, with Heath Gladstone, blue belton English setter dog (Dan Belton—Forest Gladstone), owned by W. W. McCain, Stevensville, Pa.

Essie D., b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Brighton Dick—Nancy), owned by J. W. Humphridge, London, a bye.

Tuesday, Nov. 16.

Weather wet and windy after the late storm, birds disposed to be wild. The party arrived on the grounds just before noon. Running began at 1 P. M.

MAID MARIAN—NOBLE CHIEFTAIN.—Mr. Graydon handled Maid, Mr. Geo. Kime Chieftain. The latter showed superior range and went to his work like a veteran. Maid Marian had less judgment and was not in so good control. Indeed, Chieftain seemed in all-age form and a very useful field worker. A bevy was put by men walking. Maid pointed the old scent, Chieftain stopping to order as he came up. Again three birds were flushed, the dogs getting no work. Chieftain worked out the trail of a single in the woods, but it went out wild ahead of him. Later he pointed, Maid declining to back, but no bird was put up. Maid seemed to have but a poor notion of the game. Down 54 minutes.

HIGH NOON—NORA.—Former handled by Holmes, latter by Joe Spracklin. A very baddish pair. High Noon showed herself a fiend to find birds, but regularly flushed every bird she got to. Nora evinced but very poor nose and had no confidence in it. Noon has plenty nose and is snappy, but guileless of all sort of staunchness. She ran up two bevies and a single, both she and Nora chasing this. Nora pointed sparrows once, Noon passing her contemptuously for larger meat. Nora false pointed once. On stubble Spracklin shot a rabbit, and at the report a bevy flew off. Marked along a log fence, Noon was badly handled here, not being brought up when Nora was among the birds. Nora was not even then sure of her nose, but moved her tail as she stood. Sprocklin put out six singles here, and deserved far more credit for his energy than did Nora for her nose or Mr. Holmes for his ability as a field trial handler. Down 42 minutes.

MIDDAY AND HEATHER GLADSTONE.—The former by Mr. Holmes, the latter by Mr. McCain, owners handling. Neither very wide nor very fast. Midday, on woods, made game, a rabbit seen later. On stubble, Midday pointed false, Heather not backing. Along a likely weedy fence the dogs found nothing. John Davidson, who is something of a bird dog himself, came along and saw fresh tracks in the muddy road, and a bevy was put up and marked at the edge of a wood and along a fence, Heather pointing at the old trail when brought on. The dogs bungled at the singles, the only point falling to Heather, which broke in a step or two when Midday ran in and on after the bird. The bulk of these birds could not be found. A yellow pup from a farm house later ran them out from their huddle further on and in the wood. Down 1 hour.

ESSIE D., *a bye*, run with Noble Chieftain. Mr. C. Allen handled Essie for Mr. Humphridge. A clinking heat, the little bitch showing a quantity of speed and going merry as a lark. Three fields blank. Chieftain made game and dropped as the bevy went out. On singles, in heavy cover, Essie got two points, but wheeled back on both in a way suspiciously like a blink. Taken up and led to a field, Essie pointed, but but did not like over well. Called up, she made game again, and a bird was seen running and was put up. A long march was made, and at sundown Chieftain made out a bevy in tall weeds, and several sections of it came out of the weeds where possibly he had pointed. Down 1 hour and 20 minutes. End of day.

Wednesday, Nov. 17.

Weather bright and clear. Running began at 8:30.

ESSIE D.—NORA.—C. Allen handled Essie, Jos. Sprocklin, Nora. Both had range enough. Essie cut out her fields like a veteran. Nora twice showed evidence of being off her nose (she had a swelled and sore muzzle). A bevy was later walked up and marked, the dogs being taken over. Both made game on the open stubble, but Essie cast up into the wind, pointed the bevy and blinked it plainly, going back a few steps. Nora was brought up to point, and did so, in spite of the judges' warning to let Essie work it out. Without Essie, Nora would never have known the birds were there. On very bare corn ground Essie made game, but put up the bevy in casting about to locate it, she dropping to wing. At a fence, Essie promptly went to her game, but put up the birds again. In thicket, two birds came out; Essie broke through excited, Nora, also, the latter chasing. More birds went out behind the birds, possibly another bevy. On the woods and slashes Essie kept up her gait, and was quartering her ground beautifully and carefully. Down 1 hour 2 minutes.

HEATH GLADSTONE—MAID MARIAN.—For Maid little could be said. False-pointing, failure to back, and failure to find, were among the least of her faults. She seemed to have no conception of hunting, and was quite aimless. Heath passed through one bevy. He pointed three birds, under his nose, but sprang at them puppyish, and put them up. He chased a single, stopping to order. He pointed, but located the bird badly, it going up 30ft. to one side. He was not very steady to shot, but broke in, stopping to call. Down 37 minutes.

HIGH NOON—NOBLE CHIEFTAIN.—The former is a natural pot-hunter, and made for the hedges, leaving Chief to quarter out the fields, which he did handsomely. After a stiff little run, Chief made game on stubble. He cast about with the caution of an old one, and jumped into a grand bevy-point at edge of a cornfield. High Noon was not in his class as a field dog, and, compared to his gait, she was an ice wagon with an injured wheel against a smart trap with cobs and a double tiger. This young dog showed very old-headed and methodical. Down 35 minutes.

HIGH NOON—HEATH GLADSTONE.—On marked birds Heath pointed, and Noon ran up the birds after her invariable fashion. Both chased and were hard to quiet. Noon flushed a single. Heath pointed, but no bird materialized, it being possibly fur. Down 13 minutes.

The judges now ordered up the dogs and announced the winners in the Derby as follows: First, Noble Chieftain; second, Essie D.; third, Nora; fourth, Heath Gladstone.

This Derby brought out two good dogs. Noble Chieftain was fit for All-Age competitions as he ran. Essie D., cured of her timidity in pointing, as she easily can be, will be a brilliant little one. She is a bird finder, and is tractable and intelligent. In type she is smaller than Noble Chieftain. The latter is a Dash Antonio puppy, and shows his size and carriage, standing high-headed and going high-headed, with excellent judgment and positiveness, as well as will, speed and method.

The All-Age drawings were as follows:

Forest Gladstone, b., w. and t. English setter dog (Dan—Kelsey's Blue Jess), W. W. McCain, Stevensville, Pa., with Count Vassar, b., w. and t. English setter dog (Dash Antonio—Queen Bess 2d), J. Kline, Detroit.

Selkirk Tana, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Theirs—Cambriana), W. B. Wells, Chatham, with Lock, b., w. and belton-ticked English setter dog (Locksley—Leddersdale), R. Bangham, Windsor.

Dash Antonio, b., w. and t. English setter dog (Antonio—Lady Lucifer), R. Bangham, Windsor, with Selkirk Whyte, b., w. and t. English setter dog (Whyte B.—Luna), W. B. Wells, Chatham.

Cleopatra, b. and w. English setter bitch (Mingo 2d—Cambriana), W. B. Wells, Chatham, with Maud W., b. and w. pointer bitch (Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie), Leamington Pointer Kennels.

All-Age Stake.

At the close of the Derby the first pair in the All-Age were called out, going down at 11:41.

FOREST GLADSTONE—COUNT VASSAR.—Mr. McCain, owner, handled Forest, Joe Sprocklin Count. The latter at once showed his heels to Forest, which was trained in the Pennsylvania hills in heavier cover and not for the speedier work of the open. Count is an old veteran at this game, and has been hunted for many days in succession. In the edge of a thicket Count snapped into a point. Forest, brought on, also pointed. A small bevy went out a bit further on. Count had all the credit here, finding his bird far ahead and alone. On singles, Forest pointed, steady to wing. Count failed to back here, apparently, though the cover was thick and he may not have seen him. No bird was put up, a running partridge being the probable cause of the situation. On further, Forest pointed and moved on. He made game, but had not located his bevy when it was walked up to one side of him. These birds scattered on the open woods and a small thicket. Three partridges (ruffed grouse) were also put up here, which made matters bad, as some trailing was done by both on these, especially by Count, who took Sprocklin off after a partridge some way. Forest pointed and nosed up his bird. On the open woods Forest pointed, Count also pointing and moving on, a partridge flushing wild ahead. Forest pointed and moved up, stopped again, and again failed to materialize his bird. Count made game and Sprocklin killed a bird that rose near behind him. Forest had now pointed again at a log heap, but no bird, the bevy having run over a good bit of this ground. Count pointed and moved on, a bird going out behind. Again Count pointed, roading on the running birds. Forest was now found pointing stanch at edge of the thicket, but it was a false point. Count rapidly roaded on, seeming to understand better how to locate his birds, and a partridge went out ahead. Count pointed, Forest backed nicely; but Count moved on, the bird still running, perhaps one of the partridges. At a treetop Forest pointed a bevy to his own credit. A few yards on, at a fence, Count pointed first, Forest drawing ahead of him and pointing. Jealous of this, Count left, jumped over the fence, and landed smash among the birds, which went out and were marked out. The dogs were sent out over a stubble, but brought back to the marked birds. Forest pointed, Count also pointing at the same time on the opposite side of the fence. Forest again pointed and moved on. Forest was clearly lacking in promptness and speed on running birds, though showing nose and training to the gun. Down 1 hour.

Luncheon followed at the roadside a half mile from the closing scenes of this busy heat.

SELKIRK TANA—LOCK.—Mr. W. B. Wells handled Tana, Joe Sprocklin Lock. The fastest brace yet down in the two days. A long walk and no birds. Lock pointed at a log trap, Tana not backing, but passing him and pointing ahead, he remaining steady. No bird found. After 40 minutes of barren work the party moved to the grounds of the morn-

ing. Put down again at 2:30 on stubble, and in less than 30 seconds Lock had a handsome point. Tana refused to back, but ran up close to point. She then passed him and the birds went up ahead, both steady to shot and wing. On corn, Tana pointed a single, it going out as she stopped. Tana pointed. Lock pointed. Tana none too steady to wing here. At a fence Lock worked out a nice point on three birds that went out. He now worked out the fence row in good meat dog style, getting three points. Tana cast in ahead and pointed, Lock backing perfectly at 35yds., a good bevy find for Tana. Brought up, Lock pointed and so did Tana still, and two more birds went out. Singles, on grass, Lock pointed, Tana drew by him and stole his point, Lock taking it good-naturedly and steadily. These showed us a lot of work, Lock looming up pretty well. Tana was a merry one, a mere vest-pocket one, of a type which I can never learn to like. Yet she seemed a finder, and her worst fault was failure to back and a shade of unsteadiness.

DASH ANTONIO—SELKIRK WHYTE.—The former by Sprocklin, the latter by Mr. Wells, owner. Dash went over his field in his customary rapid style. Whyte showed plenty of speed, and a merry and cheerful action. Whyte flushed a single, not to wind fault, as he dropped instantly. He backed Dash on a point which developed no bird. Whyte now went out far ahead, but his legs were too good for his nose. Coming down wind, he had the bad luck to run smash through a bevy. Both honored this footscent when brought up. On the woods, after singles the dogs were hurried on entirely too fast, in fact, absurdly so for shooting purposes, though this may be orthodox field trial work. They passed and missed about all the birds. Dash pointed and Sprocklin killed, Dash steady; Whyte cautioned by his handler. Both made game on a partridge which went out ahead. Dash pointed at a brush heap, one bird was found; but a few yards on both made game, and Dash cast about to head the running birds. He ran over a single, dropping to wing. He moved on and another went up not pointed. Dash pointed once more, but the bird had slipped him again and run on. Whyte was having no better luck, though he made a very good impression. Down 50 minutes.

CLEOPATRA—MAUD W.—Mr. Wells handled his old favorite, once winner of this stakes, last year second in them. She was down with the only pointer in the stakes, Maud W., handled by Hess Milliken. Maud showed a very fast, nervous, snappy one, going out very far ahead, yelping and barking. She stopped to gaze down a rabbit hole, but left it. Clo had plenty of speed, of course, and at first it seemed she had the first point, but she moved on. Maud jumped into a grand-stand bevy-point 60yds. ahead, along the fence, Clo backing handsomely. On some distance, Clo was seen on a fair point, and Maud backed uncertainly and to order. Clo could show nothing but some domestic chickens for all this and got laughed at. Clo again made game on corn, but, though she rounded, no birds were found. Across a wide field, Maud jumped into a second fine bevy-point and was steady to shot. In heavy cover, she flushed two singles. Led for fifteen minutes, they were put down on corn at 5 P. M., a good time for bird-finding. In less than a minute Maud had nailed her third bevy in fine positive style, Clo backing all right. In less than three minutes more Maud had pointed her fourth bevy, and was booked for further running. Clo pointed a single. She pointed again and moved on. Maud backed very badly. Maud whipped into a single point, Clo backing nicely. Maud had scored four bevies and one single clean, and two shaky backs. Clo had little to offset this, but she had made no mistakes, so it was wise of the judges after all to ask to see her again the next day, as they did. Down one hour and twenty minutes. End of day.

Thursday, Nov. 18.

Weather again clear and lovely for the work. Running began at 9 in second series of the All-Age.

SELKIRK TANA—COUNT VASSAR.—Count proved himself a powerful, fast dog, though perhaps he might have quartered his fields a shade more thoroughly. Tana was fast enough. Both made game, Tana moved on, put up the bevy and chased. Count dropped. Tana chased again as the birds scattered up, seeming under baddish control here. A bevy was flushed and flew over Tana and she was steadier then. Count was found pointing, but no other bird went out. A moment later he whirled into a good single point on stubble and was steady to that. Tana also pointed at edge of thicket, but no bird was found. A bird went up ahead of Count as he lay, and Tana needed steadying as it crossed near her. On a bit, Count pointed, Tana refusing to back, but running a circle about him. Count roaded on and put up this bird. He was well under control. Up for 10 minutes and a cornfield drawn blank. Up again for a few minutes. Cast off on stubble, Count showed his bird sense by striking for a likely hedge and began roading. Tana was sent up and joined him, passed him and finally ran up the bevy, gaining small glory here. Tana pointed a single in a ditch. Count roaded, Tana stole ahead of him, pointing, he coming up also pointed and two birds were put up before him. Count trailed a runner, but it went out ahead. Later, Count pointed a single. He was steady to shot and under perfect control at all times, and, in short, seemed a fine dog. His fault was a sort of hesitation about going up to his birds. Tana had a certain snappy quality, but needed far more handling and cautioning. Down 1 hour 10 minutes.

DASH ANTONIO—MAUD W.—Maud went out yelping. Dash had been barking all the morning in the wagon, and tugging on the lead to get away. He plunged on like a locomotive and soon plunged bang into a bevy point in the heart of a brier patch, which he seemed to like. Maud backed indifferently, looking at her handler and dropping as he came up. On a bit, Maud pointed a single. They drew some blank covers and were led a short way over bare fields. Turned down again, Dash took the bit in his teeth and proceeded to run the whole procession. Always self-willed and headlong, he here broke away and went on a quarter of a mile, Sprocklin running and whistling after him. This was at least awkward. Meantime Maud hunted rather aimlessly, and the heat had little quality. Finally, after some five minutes of hard work, Sprocklin came up with Dash, who had had his way and gone to the place where he thought the birds were. He had a bevy pointed in a weedy fence. Maud came up and pointed the same bevy independently on the opposite side of the fence, not seeing Dash. On a flat field, Dash again refused to obey, but went off by himself to a hedge, pointed, and a bird went up. He hung to the hedge, but failed to score on a bird which he passed close. Meantime Maud was far away, and the scene was not ideal, Dash again refusing to honor his handler's whistle or call and making his own course. Maud, some 300yds. ahead, got a clean bevy point and held it handsomely till we came up. Dash came along a ditch, and probably not seeing Maud, pointed also. On singles in thicket, Maud pointed a single. Dash pointed on a running bird, but had no credit, though two birds went out near. Both were ready to go on. Dash carried too much flesh and showed lack of the hard hunting he needs, but he evinced no letting up in his gait or his independence. Down in all 1 hour 14 minutes. Lunch followed this heat.

LOCK—SELKIRK WHYTE.—These were taken back from the road and put down on exactly the same place where Lock had been with Tana the day before. Witness the intelligence of the meat dog. Lock in less than twenty seconds had gone direct to the spot where he had found these birds the day before, and was pointing them again at about the same spot. Over on corn, no single work was had. On a slashing, Whyte took a turn or so out of a rabbit, just for fun. They drew some blank fields. Whyte was letting down in speed as compared with the day before. Lock was fast as ever, and regular as clockwork; with a long, reaching gallop, that took him over a lot of ground and at a gait plenty fast enough to find birds in a sustained manner. Lock was now working outside of Whyte, and on dead leaves he first pointed. Moving on, Whyte pointed and moved on, Lock backing, looking back over his own shoulder, a singular position. This was likely a squirrel. Lock pointed again in the woods, Whyte backing. A rabbit was seen. Taken up for a few fields and put down at woods, Whyte pointed, Lock backed; no bird found. All this cover briefly a very long and discouraging walk in the middle of the day. The advice of our guide, the local enthusiast Charlie Mills, had taken the party a couple of miles astray over sheep pastures, marshes and woods, with no feeding grounds near them—a very unlikely country. It was not the fault of the dogs that no birds were found in this bruising heat. Down 1 hour 55 minutes, the longest heat yet.

DASH ANTONIO—CLEOPATRA.—Destined to be a brilliant heat. Both dogs went out past a bevy which w s at once walked up near the edge of a narrow wood, and marked on grass. Dash was first to point, Clo backing. Three feet further he nailed another, and she also one close by. Clo pointed again, or stopped just as the bird went up. They were all around in the grass. Dash pointed again here and moved on. On woods, Clo pointed, but did not locate her bird very accurately, Mr. Wells walking it to one side. He steadied her to order. Three feet further she picked off another point in her smart way, and Mr. Wells killed, she steady to shot. Ten yards further she pointed again, but as Dash came up she sprung in and put up the bird—a baddish error. Ten feet further she and Dash both pointed, a bird going out. A few moments later Dash pointed, Clo backing sweetly, but no bird was found. On to thicket, Dash got the first point, but Clo swung in around him and pointed ahead. Clo sprung after this bird as Mr. Wells put it up, showing an unsteadiness which is a singular thing in the old lady, who showed better last year than she did this. At this time Dash was out nearer the edge of the thicket, and here he pointed, the bird going out over the fence. Dash got five points up to this time on this bevy. The birds were wild from having been harried so much (most of the work had been done on five bevies in this neighborhood) and they ran like deer down the fence. Clo made a half-dozen roading points, and at last headed them and proved out five birds. Dash pointed on stubble near by, no bird; perhaps running bird.

They were now taken to a new stubble and cut it out handsomely, the little bitch going at her true form and Dash just getting his stride. It was noticed that the dog Lock, after his two hours' heat, was eager for more. He tugged at his head and whined to get away to the work again. His mate, Selkirk Whyte, made no such demonstration. I may be old-fashioned and unorthodox, but I believed a good big dog can run a good little dog off his feet just as surely as a thoroughbred horse will run a polo pony to a standstill. I fancied Lock from this time on.

On corn, both Dash and Clo made game, and Clo located the bevy first, 30yds. ahead of him. In briers both stopped, Dash firm, and a bird went out beyond them in the thicket. Along the hedge row Clo cut in ahead smartly and pointed a single, starting in a few steps to wing. Later Clo made her worst blunder in a beat otherwise brilliant. On a bare cornfield she made game, roaded, cast about and came to a point, but the bevy was walked up 30ft. back of her, and she must have passed fairly through it to get where she was. This bad locating of her birds seemed hard to explain, and Mr. Wells admitted he did not see how she could have done it. On to woods a single went out, and Clo was seen behind the dog which had it, and where she had probably located it. Taken on over a field at a hedge Clo cunningly got in ahead and pointed, Mr. Wells tramping up two birds. This ended a very close and interesting heat, in which it would have been hard to pick a winner. This was the best heat Dash run in the stakes. It certainly proved sufficient warrant for bringing Clo forward into the second series and showed her to be the good one she was and is.

COUNT VASSAR—MAUD W.—These got the desirable evening run. It was disastrous for Maud, who went to pieces, though showing streaks of great brilliancy. She needs more work, and with plenty of that may make trouble later, though she is of a timid, tender sort, not to one's fancy for field work. On stubble Count pointed, Maud refused to back, passed him, raced on, flushed and chased the single bird, stopping only to order. Count stopped and kept down, and a bevy was walked up just beyond him. Both steady to shot. On singles, Count pointed, Maud would not back, but raced in, chasing. Maud pointed a single, Count backing. Count pointed, Maud refused to back, but went in and stole the point, he steady. On 50ft. Maud pointed, but broke in unsteady. Count pointed on two birds, but he might have been a bit more positive, and less backward in going up to his game. Now ensued, however, the severe test of single bird work on dry leaves, and here the shooting dog triumphed decisively over the nervous and flashing field trial brilliance. No better single work was seen at the meet than Count did here. Count picked up four points and one point on fur, Maud getting one independent point, and twice running ahead and taking Count's point. Again Count pointed, and she once more passed him. Count pointed and she passed him; no bird found. On a hit from the woods, across the canal to the open fields. On corn Maud put up a single, and chased it. A bevy was near by rose and was marked. On these Maud ran up a single deliberately, and then hustled up the bevy and chased them merrily. Her work had now grown rank, and was not more than what would be called brilliant puppy work. Of course, she no longer belonged in All-Age stakes. On a bit of stubble Count pointed, too far back on his bird, showing his worst fault. Maud started to run in to him, but caught scent on the way, and wheeled into a good bevy point, steady to wing on order, her handler being near. Down 51 minutes. End of dog's work.

Friday, Nov. 19.

Weather cool and sky overcast, a good morning. Running began 8:30 A. M.

CLEOPATRA—LOCK.—Lock's long, sweeping stride kept him outside of Clo's more choppy gait, though the little one covered her ground handsomely. Lock showed a grand head carriage and also a lot of bird sense. Crossing a wood, Clo pointed a small bevy ahead on stubble. Lock in a way did not see her. Lock was 75yds. ahead, when Clo nailed a single, Lock froze into a grand point as soon as he saw her. In high weeds Lock nailed a single in turn, and in turn Clo backed handsomely. On stubble Lock made game first, but the bitch swung ahead of him up wind and pointed in front of him, he then backing. As the bird rose Clo started in a step or two, dropping to caution as usual. Over bare corn ground Lock was ahead and made game on a running bevy which was following a ditch. Clo made a swift and suspicious dash ahead and was stopped by her handler just in time. Sprocklin was just in front of Lock when the birds went out of the ditch, no actual point being scored, though Lock found the bevy.

The dogs were taken over the canal to a flat, marshy piece of ground, open, with bits of cover. They cut this up nicely, it now being plain we were seeing a grand heat. Clo pointed a single and dropped flat to order, Mr. Wells tapping her with the whip and standing over close by. Lock was called up to back and passed up to Clo as she lay, not backing, and yet without distinct fault, as Clo was lying flat down and all the party were standing about, as though he were called up to his handler and not to a distinct and visible point. He did not point Clo's bird or notice it till just the instant it rose. It was known long before that both these dogs would back perfectly.

Lock was now going strong and free; Clo a bit shorter than on the evening before. The wider range and the equal nose and intelligence now made a decisive gap between these two beautiful performers. Lock cut out the next stubble ahead of her, and made game. She joined him, roading with him, and like two grand machines they swung off neck and neck on a wide cast to head the bevy, crossing the entire field beyond them. It seemed a toss-up which would first get this bevy. Lock would not leave them, but came back. He was wisely left quite to himself. Mr. Wells perhaps thought the birds were ahead on the woods, and he took Clo on over there, and she began to make game. Meantime Lock nailed the bevy he had been after, dropping in the fence corner with his head up till Mr. Davidson could get up from behind, Mr. Warner being ahead with Clo in the edge of the wood. Here the bitch pointed, but moved on, and, as it proved, in the wrong direction on her trail, for in less than thirty seconds after Lock's bevy was flushed at the field, he sprang over the fence, made a straight run for the woods, and at once jumped into a second bevy-point at a log and brush heap, doubtless on Clo's bevy, though she was now working off to the right, away from the bevy. Lock was now getting in some high-class work. He continued steady as a clock, and needed practically no handling at all. He was simply a high-grade meat dog at his work, and that means a field trial winner of the best sort. Nor should the bitch be accused of innocense of meat sense, for few are better on singles. She picked up two fine single points on leaves, but later pointed firmly at a brush heap where no bird at all was found. A moment later than this the party came to a fence, and here the judges ordered the dogs up. Sprocklin went on over into the woods after Lock, calling to him, but shouted back that the dog was on a point. This was seen to be the case, Sprocklin putting up the bevy and killing two birds. This ended a rattling, exciting heat, and brought out some highly satisfactory work by good bird dogs, the sort of heat which is all too rare at field trials. Clo was now still going, but not with the steady vigor of Lock. When the latter was put on the lead while the next brace was going on, he followed after with head high up, tugging to get away and whining in eagerness to hunt some more. He was not in the least pumped out. Clo, though perhaps more quiet in habit, certainly was not begging for more, though she would have gone on freely of course. This sidelight on the dogs is not without value. It is dogs with the ability, the courage, and the physique to keep on hunting, hour after hour and day after day, which should be developed by field trials, and yet which are all too rarely found in field trials, these being set aside for shorter and "faster" work. Mr. Wells has hunted this good little bitch of his for three days, and Lock has been hunted for a week; but again it seemed to me that as the dogs ran this year, it was a case of a good big dog being too strong for a good little one. Down 1 hour 15 minutes.

DASH ANTONIO—COUNT VASSAR.—Sprocklin was obliged to handle them both. His whistle was now in much use on Dash, who again laid out his own course. Dash pointed an old trail of one of our earlier bevy, Count backed, no bird. Count made game continuously, Dash backing. On a few yards, Dash pointed, Count backed, Dash moving on. Under a brush heap Dash pointed, no bird found. Moved on from woods to stubble, the dogs being led for some distance. Dash, when put down, made for a weed row and was seen far ahead, pointing in the open road. He at last moved on before we got up to him, but no birds were found, though Count also pointed on the opposite side of the hedge. Both now cast far ahead and left this trail apparently satisfied the birds were gone. This brace was perhaps the widest ranging yet seen, indeed too wide, for Dash was handling Sprocklin, and carrying Count on out wider than he would otherwise have gone, though Count is plenty independent. Dash showed far too much independence, mildly speaking, though an absolutely just statement would pronounce him a self-hunting fellow and needful of about two weeks of hard horseback hunting to tame him down. He did not compare with Lock this year in sweetness of handling or in hunting to the gun.

On over a field a bevy was noted flying from a weedy ditch, and Count was found point, a shade too late for much glory. Two other birds went up from the ditch later. Dash was brought up, and came up the ditch, the wind in his favor. He passed a single on the ditch bank, whirling as it rose behind him; not much credit in this. Later, at a fence row, on these running, wild birds, Dash pointed and moved on, a bird being put up later. They now cast out over open fields, found nothing at a thicket, and were ordered up after a long but rather indecisive and unsatisfactory heat. Down 1 hour and 30 minutes

LOCK—DASH ANTONIO.—Again Sprocklin handled both. The party walked some distance toward home before casting off the dogs on a wide stubblefield. Here the ground was soft and sticky, certainly making hard galloping, though both dogs took it cheerfully and kept out and on without stopping. Lock continued his steady, workmanlike, methodical quartering, his head high and his stride still long-reaching and powerful. Dash showed an equal, though more erratic power, taking chances at hedges and fences and laying long lines of his own. Lock was obedient always, and continued for the brief run the good impression he had made. Down 18 minutes. The judges then announced the winners:

First, Lock; second, Dash Antonio; third, Cleopatra.

The decision in the Derby was easy, but that in the All-Age required all the care and pains which it may be seen the judges gave it. The dogs all had full trying out on birds, and were not taken up after a few chance points on bevies or on singles There was the customary dissatisfaction among the losers, of course, but this is part of the game and has little to do with an impartial look at the merits of the dogs.

Mr. Bangham has now won the International Trials Cup three times with his kennel, and it now becomes his property. Dash Antonio has won the cup twice for him and Lock once, Dash won first in his Derby in these trials, and he ran second this year, so that he has had his share, even had he not sired two Derby winners in these trials. His new California purchasers may be sure they get a good dog, but he will be missed in this country, where he is doing much to restore the only rational and lovable type of English setter, a breed well-nigh ruined by "field trial" squirts and whippets. Dash is by no means perfect as he ran, nor was he last year. His habit of false pointing is hard to explain, and his headstrong breaking away from control is not the loveliest thing in the world by any means. Yet the old fellow wins by the strokes of brilliance seen in any distinct genius, and one cannot help loving his insistence that he knows where the birds are, so long as he really finds them and goes into them with such confidence in himself. He is a distinct character of a dog, a noteworthy individual, and we need more such in field trials and in the field.

Cleopatra is well known and needs no comment. She has gone after this cup five times, and landed it once. She is a finder and a rapid single bird worker, and a lovely shooting dog. She is smaller than I fancy, but that is no question in a trial of merit in work actually done.

She very rarely points false, and she is under control always, yet this year she made the bad error of missing her bevy in one by a wide error, fairly crawling over the birds without noting them, and she betrayed the singular unsteadiness to wing so often noted in the foregoing story of the meet.

Lock was head and shoulders over anything that ran here. Big, symmetrical, lean, with high roached back and a good

heart and lungs, he made a grand exhibition and one with almost no mistakes. Lock has been derided as a "shooting dog," but he has his sweet revenge. His is a triumph of the meat dog, and may we have more of such! It is the triumph of the amateur and the individual sportsman over the professional and the commercial side of dogdom, and, moreover the triumph of a good, working, surviving type of dog over a faddish and inferior notion which is certain to disappear in the long run. A horse ought to be a horse, a man ought to be a man and a dog ought to be first and last of all, a dog. You don't need tissue paper for a good bird dog, and he will live without a blanket and he will hunt as long as you will. A dog different from this sort is the wrong sort.

The judges, Mr. Davidson and Mr. Warner, said that the five dogs, Noble Chieftain (Derby), Lock, Dash Antonio, Cleopatra, Count Vassar, were much above the field trial winners. (Count Vassar ran unplaced but a good one.) Mr. Bangham takes down in money with his two winners only $85, less fifteen per. cent. If it is mostly glory. These international trials have come to have considerable interest of their own in their departures from current and conventional trial meets, and are worth watching for next year. They are doing good, and should be patronized, offering, as they do, a hard game and a clean amateur competition among good dogs and good sportsmen. E. HOUGH

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Squirrel and Fox and Gun.

CLAREMONT, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are having beautiful hunting weather here. The boys report squirrels plentiful. I never hunt them myself. I prefer to see them skipping around, or sitting on a limb with their great bushy tails curled up over their backs. I have no use for them, and would as soon shoot a knot in a board fence as a squirrel out of a tree. I was going to say, I do not believe in killing game just for the fun of it; but right here is a chance for some brother sportsman to pick me up when I do say that I shoot a fox, when I get a chance, ahead of my little hound. But to me there is a vast difference in killing a cunning, crafty fox, pursued by a hound, and a beautiful and innocent gray squirrel. Mind you, I blame no one if they want a squirrel muddle.

The fox is not found in quantities to be sure of killing vast numbers, and if it were you could not do it, even where they are plentiful. The fox hunter will draw many, many more blank days than successful ones, as far as killing his fox is concerned. It is craft and cunning of the fox pitted against that of man, and the most of the time the fox has the best of it. I well remember one fall killing four foxes in one day, and yet I hunted all that fall, and only secured one more fox to my gun. But I hear some brother squirrel hunter say that that must have been poor fun to hunt so many days and not get a chance to shoot something. That is where he is wrong. I enjoyed every one of those days. Do not for once think I did not have any fun, for I had lots and lots of it. The anticipation was pleasant; it was fun starting out; it was fun to see old Bony work out the cold trails; it was music to hear her when the fox was routed; it was fun to see them cross some opposite ridge; it was nerve-inspiring to question: "Will he come round to this stand, or to the one opposite." Even when out of hearing there is excitement in it; for the fox may get quite a lead of your hound, and you have got to keep your eyes in every direction, for you know not how near he may be. And mind you, a fox on a clear day will spot you far away if you are not paying attention to business and keeping quiet. In fact, they are always suspicious; so you see, it is all fun for me. But if you do not care for the music of the hounds, nor see them work out a trail, nor enjoy the beauties of nature, but just have a desire to kill, kill, kill, don't go fox hunting, but just chase a poor squirrel up a tree where he can't get away, and then shoot away whether you have any use for him or not Tell Von W. I have got a number of pupils under my charge on the fingerling question, and am happy to say that I see a marked improvement in them. COLUMBIA.

National Fox Hunters' Meet.

OWING to the severe illness of Mrs. Emily Webber Herr, who was to have reported for us the National Fox Hunters' Association meet at Cynthiana, Ky., last week, we can give only the winners, as sent by Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, who writes:

"The people here have overwhelmed us with kindness, so much so it has interfered with our field work, though we have been able to pull off our races fairly satisfactory."

The winners are as follows:

Derby—First, A. Gibbs's Judge; second, W. L Graddy's Grace; third, E H Walker's Cricket; v.h.c., John Fults's Lygia and H Trigg's Mike.

All-Age—First, Dr. W. F. Sturgill's Venus; second, Bourbon Kennels' Star; third, H C. Trigg's Lou; vhc., Roger Williams's Ruse.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: H. C. Trigg, President; A. B. F. Kinney, First Vice-President; W. S. Walker, Second Vice President; Rear-Admiral J. E. Jouett, Third Vice-President; Roger D. Williams, Secretary Treasurer; Directors—John Haymaker, E H. Walker, Jack Chinn, W. W. Huffstutter, Capt. Hathaway, Clay Gateskill, Dr. W. F. Sturgill.

A. K. C. Meeting.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—The regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club will be held at the office of the club 55 Liberty street, New York, Thursday, Dec. 16, at 2 P. M. By order of the president.

A. P VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Immediately after the burning of the barn of the Summerrow House, at Newton, N. C, on Sunday, Nov. 14, a subscription was started among the field trial men as a spontaneous testimonial of national sympathy, with the result that $76 were subscribed. The loss was estimated at $300. This is a kind of sympathy deserving of notice for its rarity. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr., contemplates giving a magnificent cup for a prize in the E. F. T. C. Members' Stake of next year. On Saturday of last week he went to High Point, N. C., to enjoy the shooting on his preserve. The provision, newly imposed, that any dogs competing in the Members' Stake must be the *bona fide* property of the member starting such dog, or that the partner or partners of such member must also be members of the club, seems to be a drawing of the lines unnecessarily close. This rule would prevent Messrs. Thayer, Duryea and Osthaus from competing with their kennel dogs, and would impose upon them the unnecessary special ownership of a dog for the purpose of competing in the Members' Stake. No doubt but what the club knows what it desires for its own pleasure, but it is worth while to consider the greatest possible success of this stake.

After the All-Age Stake was concluded Mr. F. R Hitchcock returned to New York.

While the Count Gloster—Young Rip Rap heat was being run on Saturday, the field trial party drifted over the boundary of the preserve. Rip was on point, and Count got his half of it by insistence. The still air was broken by a loud cry of "Take away your dogs." It came from a be-whiskered gentleman astride an animal, a full grain sack resting across its shoulders. "I don't want my birds killed" he added. "We are not killing any birds," said the secretary. "Take away your dogs, I don't want my birds scared," he said. "I can't net them if they are scared." Then the secretary said he didn't know he was much over the line, and the other gentleman assured him that he was over the line "right smart." And he added that he had a pretty good net. He loved birds He didn't approve of anyone else frightening the pretty birds Then he went calmly on his way, and the field trial crossed back over the line. Sometime or other it will be against the law of North Carolina to net birds. Also the club "took away" the dogs from High Point, N. C, and that made a difference of several thousand dollars a year in that town's revenue. It is now rumored that that town would dearly like to have the dogs brought back.

Mrs Dr J S Brown was the only lady who graced the trials with her presence this fall so far. The calm and self-possessed manner in which she rode a bargain counter horse over rough fields and across frazzly ditches was worthy of notice.

It is not generally known that the efficient secretary of the E F. T. C. weighs about 270lbs. When he is astride of a wide country horse properly inflated, he hides a large part of the landscape from view. The field trial preserve is one of hills and valleys, with many creeks and ditches running through it. Once the secretary's horse essayed the task of climbing a creek bank, but with his forefeet on the edge of the bank he settled down and contentedly reposed to rest, his quarters in the creek bed. The giant calmly slid backward head first into the sand and water, and held his pipe up above all harm. Then he calmly mounted and went on with the job of judging, without any exterior sign of knowing that anything had happened.

The judges at the United States Field Trials Club's trials this week are Messrs. C. E. Buckle, William Tallman and W. B. Stafford.

Yachting.

Massachusetts Y. R. A.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. was held in Boston on Nov. 4 for the purpose of completing the work of amending the rules, which was left unfinished at the recent annual meeting. The principal amendment was that providing for an extension of time allowance through 1898 This failed of securing the necessary two-thirds, the vote being 13 for and 7 against, and consequently was lost. A proposal to reduce the crew allowance by one in each class was also defeated. It was decided to divide the 18ft. and 21ft. classes into two divisions, open and cabin. A proposal to forbid the carrying of ballast in bags was rejected. The following amendments were adopted:

1 The following sails may be carried:

On schooners—Mainsail, foresail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib, jibtopsail, main and fore gafftopsail, maintopmast staysail and spinaker.

On sloops and cutters—Mainsail, forestaysail, jib, jibtopsail, gafftopsail and spinaker.

On yawls—The same as on sloops and cutters, with mizen and mizenstaysail and maintopsail.

2. Balloon sails may set over working sails.

3. No extra spars, booming out or whisker poles, except spinaker boom, shall be used.

4. A working main or foregafftopsail must be jib-headed, and must not extend above the topsail halyard block, or beyond the end of the gaff. A spinaker must be triangular, and must not extend above the masthead block, or beyond the outer end of the spinaker boom.

In any start, if the point marked by the foremast in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls has crossed the line before the starting signal of her class, she must return and recross the line when so ordered by the judges.

A yacht shall not, after crossing the finish line, interfere with any yacht still in the race so as to affect the time of such yacht at the finish.

The very important matter of defining a cabin yacht was left to the executive committee. President Clark made a report on the recent meeting of the Y. R. U. of N. A. in New York.

The question of retaining the time allowance for another year has created much feeling among members of the Association, the majority being in favor of it. It was agreed in 1896 that all time allowance should cease after the season of 1897, with a rigid enforcement of that building to class limits which the FOREST AND STREAM has advocated for so many years. The original class limits were 30ft., 25ft., 21ft, 18ft. and 15ft., the length being measured 3in. above the water, and without crew on board. In abandoning this ancient and faulty method of measurement for a more civilized one of actual L.W.L. with crew on board, at the end of 1896, the Association made the mistake of changing its class limits to 29, 24, 20 and 17ft., at which figures they have stood through the present season. At the annual meeting last month the classes were again revised, a new one being added at each end—35ft l.w.l., 30ft., 25ft., 21ft., 18ft. and 15ft. In view of the addition of a foot to each class, it is contended that as a plain matter of justice to the older boats, some of which come several feet under the new limits and are thus doubly penalized as against any yachts built this winter to the limits, the time allowance should be continued for another season.

There is no question of the necessity for the ultimate abolishment of time allowance and the stopping of the absurd habit of building to all odd sizes, that has always been a drawback to American yachting. The building to class is now universal, the one notable exception being the largest class of each rig, in particular the single-stick class of "over 70ft. racing length," in which are all the Cup defenders—Defender, Vigilant and the others. Even this class must in time follow the advance of enlightened ideas, and it is quite probable that before another match is made for the America's Cup an agreement will be made by which both yachts shall be built to a stipulated racing length.

The general opinion, both among yachtsmen at large and the delegates, seems to be strongly in favor of the continuance of the allowance for another year, and there was an understanding that this would be done in case the limits were raised. As a matter of policy, and for the general good, the continuance of the allowance was perhaps desirable. At the same time, after a careful inspection of the list of yachts entered for the Y. R. A. races of 1897, we are by no means convinced that any serious harm has been done in practice. At the worst, some of the new yachts of 1897 will be handicapped to the extent of 1ft. of L W.L; not all of them, as some will benefit by the privilege of increasing their L.W.L. Some of the old ones will be handicapped to the extent of 1ft. more than would otherwise have been the case; but of those which suffer most in this way there are very few that could have hoped to win prizes, even with their allowance, against the new boats of 1897 and 1898. Among the faster boats which will suffer most are Harbinger, Emma C. in the 30ft. class and Vitesse, Alpine, Fantasy and Circe in the 18ft. class. One very important point, however, is the renewed opportunities afforded to many old boats, such as Beatrice, Little Peter, Snipe II, Privateer, Yankee, Perhaps, and many others, which will go from the bottom of one class to the top of a lower one. The total number of yachts listed by the Association is 149, or 136 excluding the knockabouts, of this number at least 40 will go from the bottom of one class to the top of the next lower class, where they will be entitled to no allowance in any case. The net results on the racing will probably be better than if the old class limits had been continued.

The retention in two classes of both cabin and open divisions makes it imperative that the Association shall define the difference between the two; something that has never yet been successfully accomplished.

The executive committee presented the following addition to the rules:

DEFINITION OF A CABIN YACHT.

A cabin yacht shall be defined as either a flush-deck yacht with cabin accommodations below deck, or a decked yacht with cabin trunk and similar accommodations, which shall conform to the following limitations:

1. The least freeboard shall be equal to 7 per cent. of the L.W.L. length, measured in a perpendicular line from the top of the covering board of deck to the surface of the water.

2. The cabin shall have headroom over the required floor space equal to not less than 18 per cent. of the L.W.L. length, to the limit of 6ft. in the clear, under deck or cabin trunk, exclusive of skylights and hatches, with substantial partition at the after end of cabin, and shall have a floor above the timbers flush throughout, excepting the space occupied by centerboard box, for at least 35 per cent. of the L.W.L. length, with a minimum width of not less than 20 per cent. of the extreme beam, and shall be fitted with two permanent lockers and suitable berths or transoms for the accommodation of the crew.

3 A cabin trunk shall be capable of sustaining the weight of the entire crew.

4. The cockpit shall have its floor above the L.W.L., and shall have scuppers draining outboard.

5. The centerboard trunk shall not come above the deck or cabin trunk.

6. The cabin shall contain cushions or mattresses for the berths or transoms, and one blanket for each berth, or 7ft. length of transom, stove and cooking utensils, and receptacle for two gallons of fresh water

7. There shall also be on board an anchor weighing not less than 1½lbs. for each foot of L W.L. length, and not less than one fathom of suitable cable for each foot of L.W.L. length, life preserver, compass, riding light, foghorn, bucket and boathook.

8. All inside ballast shall be stowed under the floor of the cabin or cockpit.

9. All fixtures and fittings herein mentioned shall be suitable for cruising purposes, and shall not be removed or substituted by articles smaller or of lighter weight.

10. Existing cabin yachts (1897) may race in cabin classes, provided they carry the full cruising equipment.

We are pleased to see that the proposal to reduce the crew limit was not carried, and that the same crews will be allowed in 1898 as have been carried in the past. This matter of the reduction of crew is only second in importance to the building to class, correct measurement of L.W.L and one-gun start. With the present tendencies of design in the classes of 36ft. racing length and under, the too liberal allowance of crew is an extra and most unnecessary premium on the live ballast racing machine. As the conditions are to-day, the allowance of six men in a yacht of 25ft. l.w.l. (30ft. racing length) is merely a premium on selecting a crew of heavy-weights and building a boat to carry them, a virtual return to the old sandbagger. A total of four skillful sailormen ought to be able to handle sails on a yacht of 25ft. l.w.l., and this number would not count materially as live ballast in determining the type of yacht. With six the case is different; the winning yacht of the class next year will probably be a lightly built racing machine, with very large sail area, and designed to lug it through the hiking of a heavy crew of six. We are strongly in favor of reduced crew limits in all classes, to the number of skilled men required to handle a reasonable rig for the length in each class. The result of such a change, not in Boston alone, but in other localities, would be double, the "splasher" hull would give place to something of more moderate proportions, and the sail plan would be both reduced and simplified, so as to be perfectly handled by the smaller crew. At the same time, we prefer to see the possibilities of an L.W.L. rule worked out under the same conditions which have thus far existed in the Association.

The development of yachting on Massachusetts Bay within the past five years has been most interesting, but it is by no means complete, and we, at least, shall watch the next season or two with more than usual interest. The most conspicuous feature thus far has been the gradual drawing together of the many small clubs, just as has been the case on Long Island Sound; the abandonment of disputes and clashes, and the organization of what promises to be a permanent and powerful association. The immediate result has been an increased interest in the racing, as was naturally to be expected from the pre-arrangement of fixtures, the improvement of the details of race management, and the establishment of an excellent system of records, averages and championship prizes. This revival of racing started on a pretty good basis, the large fleet of existing yachts including many of strong construction and serviceable type such as the Cape cats. The leaven of these old boats has been felt in the Association fleet up to the present time; and it can hardly be said that the rules of the Association have had any material effect on design. One detail of the rules, the method of measuring l.w.l., has been very much improved; with general good results on the racing.

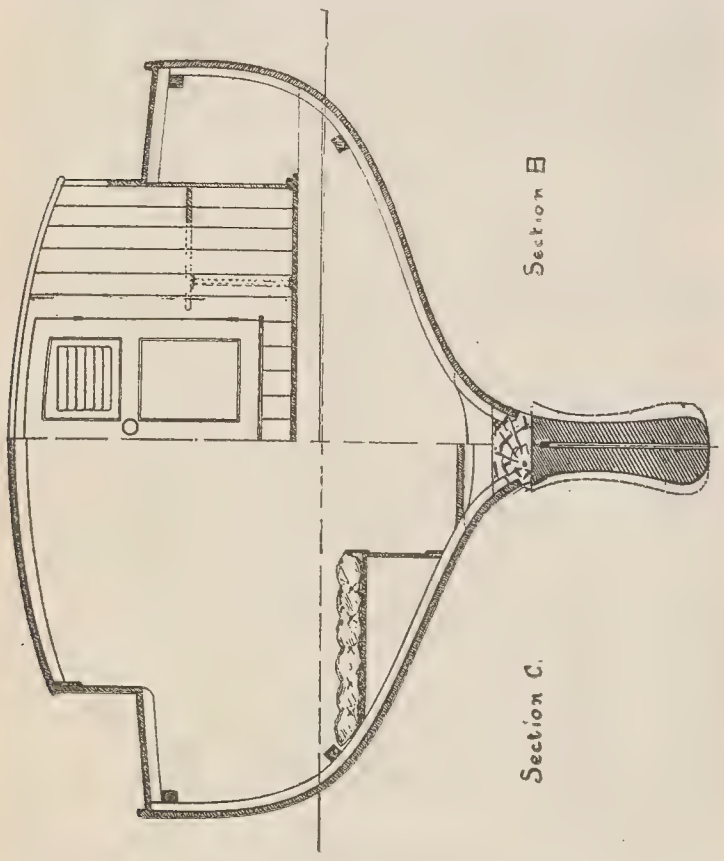
The season of 1898, which is now beginning in the planning of new boats, finds a lively interest in the racing, the assurance of many fixtures and good prizes, with established class limits and general racing rules and conditions. It is probable that a number of yachts will be built in the eight classes recognized by the Association. The owners and designers of all of these prospective boats now understand perfectly the rules and conditions, and it is only reasonable to expect that they will go in to make the most of them. The main conditions are, briefly, limited L.W.L., unlimited sail, beam, draft and ballast, unlimited scantling, and large limit of crew. If, under these plain conditions, anyone is foolish enough to build a yacht of moderate proportions, staunch and durable construction, and capable of doing anything like the all-round service of racing and cruising that the older boats accomplished, he will have only himself to blame

when the averages are figured out next fall. In view of the strong feeling in Boston against sail area as a factor in the rule, the experiments of next season are likely to be both interesting and instructive.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Knockabout Class.

THE accompanying drawings, show the general arrangement of the new Seawanhaka knockabouts, whose lines were published in our previous issue. The design is practically a modification of the keel knockabout Verona, designed and built last winter by Mr. Stearns, whose lines were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 23-30. 1897. Verona was designed for cruising, and carries a large weight of fittings, but she has proved fast and able.

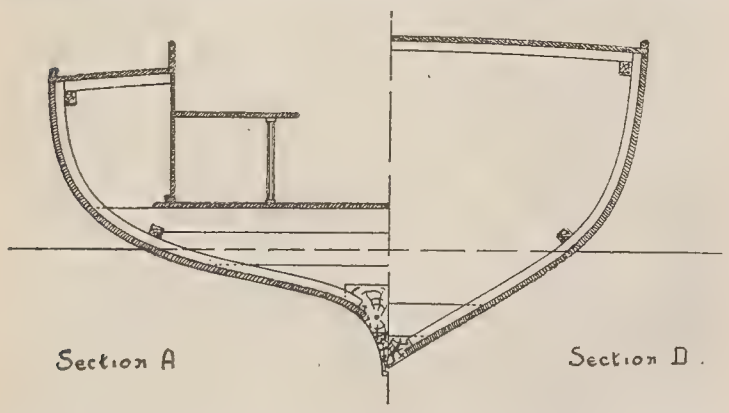
In common with other neighboring clubs, the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has experienced much difficulty within the last few years in securing starters in its races, owing to the very small number of racing yachts now in commission. Liberal prizes and earnest work on the part of its race committee have failed to secure more than a few starters in the schooner and the larger single stick classes; and it is mainly due to the new international cup for small yachts that there has been any sustained racing during the past three seasons. The 15-footers in 1895 and 1896, and the 20-footers last summer, have been of the greatest benefit to the club in keeping



alive the interest in racing after it was dead in the larger classes. At the same time it is quite plain that these unlimited classes have reached a degree of perfection where they cease to be of further use. The expense of a racing 20-footer, the skill and labor necessary to the production of a successful boat, and the lack of durability and general uselessness of the type, all combine to limit the number of boats and the interest in the races.

When the Oyster Bay station was established in 1891, the club built four catboats of 20ft. 1 w.l., from a design by A. Cary Smith, the boats being alike in every respect. They were moored off the float, ready at all times for use by members; and they have been kept busy, season after season, both for casual sailing about Oyster Bay, West Harbor and Cold Spring Harbor, and for racing. Though little has been heard of them outside the club, they have afforded a great deal of sport to the members, series races being sailed throughout the season, and prizes given for the records. The four have proved to be equal in speed, except for occasional differences in condition of sails or bottom.

The idea of a one-design class on a larger scale, that would be free from the objections of expense and faulty type that stand against the 20 footers, and that at the same would possess the characteristic features that had made the catboat racing so popular, originated with Mr. D. Le Roy Dresser, a member of the race committee, and a resident on Center



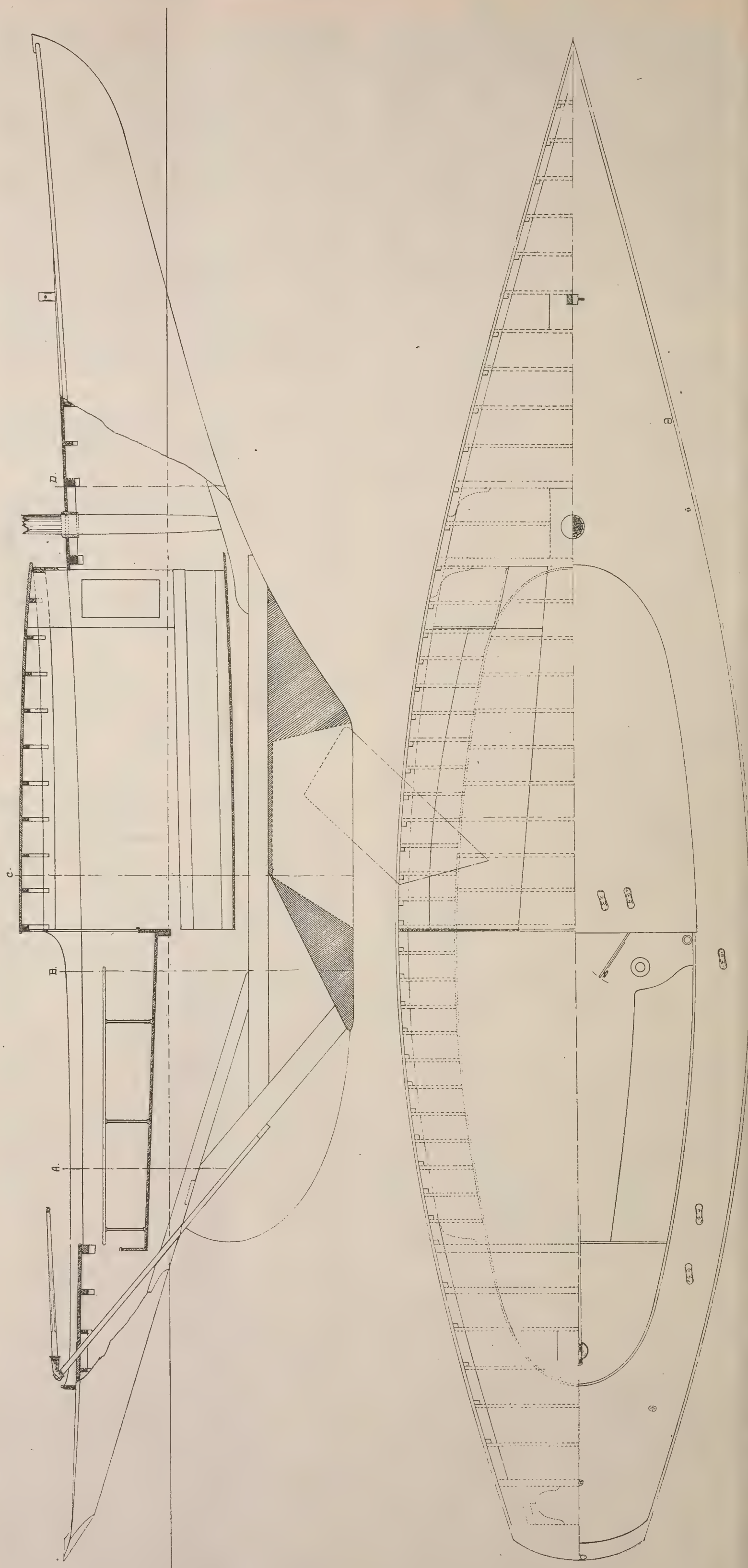
Island. While on the New York Y. C. cruise last summer, Mr. Dresser visited some of the Boston yards, and also that of Mr. Stearns, at Marblehead, and inspected the different Boston knockabouts.

After the international races at Montreal were over, the idea was put into definite shape by a request for designs made to several designers and builders. The designs submitted by Mr. Stearns was generally approved by those present at the first meeting at the club house, on Sept. 4, and the gentlemen agreed to build from it. Further negotiations with Mr. Stearns and some modification of the design resulted in the yacht here illustrated, and the signing of contracts for twenty-five yachts, all that Mr. Stearns was prepared to build.

The dimensions of the design are:

Length, over all	32ft. 11in.
l.w.l.	21ft.
Overhang, bow	5ft. 6in.
stern	6ft. 5in.
Beam, extreme	7ft. 8in.
l.w.l.	7ft. 3in.
Draft, extreme	4ft.
with board	7ft.
Least freeboard, to plankshеer	1ft. 9in.
Displacement, lbs., 6,778; tons	3.02
Ballast, lbs., 3,600: tons	1.60
Sail area, sq. ft	550

The draft of Verona, a keel boat, is 4ft. 10½in.; but the Seawanhaka committee decided that a centerboard boat was the more desirable, so the draft was reduced to 4ft., and a Tobin bronze board, housing entirely within the keel, was added. The question of lead or iron for the keel was very fully discussed, and was finally decided in favor of the latter. The committee was desirous of keeping the cost as low as consistent with thoroughly good work, and the difference in favor of iron over lead was about $75, while with the softer metal there would be more or less difficulty in using a cen-



SEAWANHAKA ONE-DESIGN KNOCKABOUT.

Designed and built by W. B. Stearns, 1897.

terboard and keeping the slot clear. In stability, the bulbing of the iron, as shown, with an added width of keel, made it about equal to the lead.

The form is fair and easy in the extreme and promises speed, and while the design has been cut very close for this end, at the same time there is a cabin 7ft. 9in. long, with a headroom of 4ft. 6in., fitted with two transoms, each large enough for sleeping. The cockpit is 6ft. 9in. long and 5ft. wide, with watertight floor above l.w.l.

The rig is the characteristic "knockabout," with no bowsprit and extreme hoist on a short baseline.

While the cost has been figured very closely, the specifications have been framed to secure a shipshape, well-built and durable vessel. The scantling is light, but well designed to secure strength, thorough fastening is provided for, and while the minimum price calls for no elaborate finish, it covers all the essentials. The fittings are of special design, made for these boats by Mr. Stearns. The criticism that the boats were to be of cheap and flimsy construction is entirely without foundation. The price runs from $785 to about $1,000; the latter including mahogany, special bronze fittings, extra cabin fittings, etc.

The hulls will be identical in every respect; the sails, made by Cousens & Pratt, of Boston, will of course be alike. The ownership of the different boats will be decided by lot when they are nearly completed, each owner having the final fitting done according to his wishes. The construction of an entire fleet of twenty-five yachts is something unprecedented and promises to be a most interesting incident of modern yachting. The only way in which the price can be kept down to the given figures is by the substitution of some method of quick manufacturing for the slow one of building as carried on in the case of a single craft. The material for the entire lot will, of course, be prepared in advance, the hulls will be built upon a mould or last, insuring rapid work and perfect similarity, and the process will go on continuously, one boat following another through each successive stage, thus minimizing the labor. Mr. Stearns has been busy since September in the enlargement of his plant and a rearrangement with special reference to this work, and we hope later on to describe the operation of building. The first of the fleet will be launched this week and tried under sail.

The committee is now at work on the details of the class racing, with a view to keeping up the interest among the majority of the members of the class, though some of the yachts will be used only for sailing and cruising. It is proposed to hold a series of races at frequent intervals throughout the season, with a variety of prizes calculated to encourage each man to race his yacht as often as possible.

The Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE fifth annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers was held in New York on Nov. 11-12. For the first time since the organization of the Society, President Clement A. Griscom was unable to be present, the meeting being called to order by Vice-President Charles H. Cramp. Mr. John C. Kafer, of New York, presided through the two days. The business reports showed a large membership and a substantial balance in the treasury. President Griscom was reëlected, and Com. F. M. Bunce, U. S. N., Thos. W. Hyde and Edwin A. Stevens were elected vice-presidents, with Chas. H Cramp, Philip Hichborn, Chas. W. Loring, Wm. H. Webb, George W. Melville, Geo. W. Quintard, Irving M. Scott and Frank L. Fernald reëlected. Prof. C. H. Peabody and Walter M. MacFarland, Passed Assistant Engineer, U. S. N., were elected to the Council. Naval Constructor Francis T. Bowles was reëlected secretary-treasurer. A number of new members and associates were elected.

At the opening of the meeting Commander J. W. Miller, New York State Naval Reserve, offered a resolution of condolence over the death of Rear Admiral Richard W. Meade, a vice-president of the Society. Several members spoke of the hospitality and courtesy which they and other members had received on the occasion of their visit to England last summer from the British Institute of Naval Architects, and a vote of thanks to that body was passed. The two sessions were occupied by the reading and discussion of the following papers:

Watertight Bulkhead Doors. The "Long Arm" System on the U. S. S. Chicago. By Wm. Barnum Cowles, Esq., member.

Regulations for Loading Vessels. By Lewis Nixon, Esq., member.

Torpedo-Boat Design. By Ass't Naval Constructor H. G. Gillmor, U. S. Navy, associate.

The Commerce of the Great Lakes. By C. E. Wheeler, Esq., member.

Progressive Trials of the "Guardian." By Prof. C. H. Peabody, member.

An Experimental Study of the Influence of Surface upon the Performance of Screw Propellers. Preliminary Paper. By Prof. W. F. Durand, member.

Some Notes on the Speed Trials and Experience in Commission of our New Battleships. By Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. Navy, vice-pres.

Use of Water-Ballast for Colliers in the Pacific Coast Trade. By Wm. P. Frear, Esq., member.

Estimated Weights of Machinery. By Prof. Geo. R. McDermott, member.

Navy Yard Expenses. By Naval Constructor W. J. Baxter, U. S. Navy, member.

Pneumatic-Steering Gear as applied to the U. S. Monitor Terror. By H. A. Spiller, Esq., member.

Mr. A. F. Yarrow was present both days, and was one of the guests of the Society at the banquet on Friday evening at Delmonico's. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt was the principal speaker.

Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup

AFTER waiting for over two months for some definite advices from Mr. J. Arthur Brand in confirmation of his cable notice of challenge, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has at last formally accepted the challenge made in August by the race committee of the Sewanhaka C. Y. C., and recently endorsed by the club at its November meeting. Both parties have treated Mr. Brand and the club which he proposed to represent with the greatest consideration; the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has written and cabled to him repeatedly, and the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. has refrained from insisting on its indisputable rights as the maker of a challenge in due form, in order to give a chance to foreign challengers. The match next season will be in the same class, and between yachts of the same general dimensions and type as Glencairn II. and Momo. Mr. Crane will have at least one new design in the races.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

THE annual meeting of the Lake Y. R. A. will be held at the Royal Hotel, Hamilton, on Dec. 4. A number of important amendments are proposed.

Yampa, schr., R. S. Palmer, arrived at New York on Nov. 21 from St. Thomas.

Republic, schr., George P. Matthews, which has been under charter for some months on a cruise to South America, was dismasted in a gale off Cape Fear on Nov. 18. She was reported by a passing vessel at Southport, N. C., and a tug towed her into that port, and afterward to Wilmington, N. C., where she is awaiting orders. All on board are well.

Canoeing.

The Races at the 1898 Meet.

THE new regatta committee of the A. C. A. has begun its work in good season by preparing the programme for next year well in advance, and at a time when the results of the present year are still fresh in mind. The committee invites criticism and suggestion now, instead of at the end of the meet or after the races are over; and is prepared to make changes, if such are shown to be desirable. We hope that the racing men will display a little interest in the work of the committee by discussing the programme in our columns:

REGATTA PROGRAMME—STAVE ISLAND, AUG. 5 TO 16, 1898.

Races for decked sailing canoes:

Maximum length.....16ft.
Maximum beam.....30½in.
Maximum draft.....11in.
Maximum sail area.....130sq. ft.
} See Rule 1 of Racing Regulations.

Record.
Event 1. Combined paddling and sailing, ½ mile alternately, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours.
Event 2. Paddling, ½ mile with turn.
Event 3. Sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours. The same rig and seat will be used as in Event 1.

The record races are prescribed by Rule 5, Racing regulations. In addition to the record prizes, a first and a second prize will be given for each race.

Event 4. Trial sailing (see Rule 5), 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours. The contestants in trophy race will be selected from this race; first and second prize.

Event 5. Novice sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1897; first and second prize.

Event 6. Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3½ hours; first and second prize.

Event 7. Dolphin trophy sailing, 7½ miles; time limit, 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in trophy race cannot compete in this race.

DIVISION RACES.

These races will be sailed during the first week of the camp, provided they have not been sailed at Division meets. Special rules will be posted on bulletin board.

Event 8. Atlantic Division trophy sailing.
Event 9. Central Division trophy sailing.
Event 10. Eastern Division trophy sailing.
Event 11. Northern Division trophy sailing.
Event 12. One-man paddling, ½ mile with turn; decked sailing canoes; first prize.

RACES FOR OPEN CANOES UNDER RULE 1.

	One and two men.	Four men.	War Canoes.
Maximum length	16ft.	20ft.	30ft.
Minimum beam	29½in.	29½in.	36in.
Minimum depth	10in.	12in.	17in.
Minimum weight	50lbs.	70lbs.	120lbs.
Maximum crew			9 men.

One and two-men canoes weighing less than 50lbs. may make up a deficiency of not more than 5lbs. by ballast. War canoe limitations do not apply to canoes built before Oct. 1, 1897.

Event 13. Combined paddling and sailing, ½ mile alternately; 1½ miles; time limit, 1½ hours; single blades; first and second prizes.

Event 14. Sailing, 1½ miles; time limit, 1½ hours; first and second prizes.

In events 13 and 14 the sail area is limited to 40sq. ft. No rudder and no seat which projects beyond the gunwales allowed. One pair of detachable leeboards may be used.

These races are arranged for the encouragement of those members who have open canoes for general use. The regatta committee reserve the right to rule out any canoe which in their judgment has been built with the idea of developing these canoes into racing machines. The same canoe and sail will be used in both events.

Event 15. Trophy paddling, one man, 1 mile straightaway; first and second prize in addition to trophy.

Event 16. One man, single blades, ½ mile with turn; first prize.

Event 17. Two men, single blades, ½ mile with turn; two first prizes.

Event 18. Four men (club or division), single blades, ½ mile with turn; one first prize.

Event 19. War canoes, ½ mile with turn; first and second prize.

Event 20. Relay race (club or division) in one man open canoes, single or double blades at individual option, three men from each club or division will compete, course around regular sailing triangle, the starters paddle to and turn the first buoy, when they will pass some article to the second men, who will paddle to and around the second buoy, passing to third men who finish; three first prizes.

Event 21. Tail-end race, single blades, paddlers must kneel in extreme stern, facing astern and paddle stern first with the wind.

Event 22. One lady paddling, single blades, ¼ mile straightaway; first prize.

Event 23. Two ladies paddling, single blades, ¼ mile straightaway; two first prizes.

Event 24 Upset paddling, paddles optional; first prize.

Event 25. Hurry scurry, paddle optional; first prize. This race will probably vary from the usual run, swim and paddle.

Event 26 Tournament; two first prizes.

Event 27. Swimming 100yds.; first and second prizes.

R. APOLLONIO,
C. HOWARD WILLIAMS,
PERCY F. HOGAN, Chairman.
} Regatta Committee.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
John B. May	Newton, Mass	Wawbewawa C. A.
Stedman Smith	Boston	Dedham B. C.
David Foster	Boston	Dedham B. C.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A beautiful shooting day greeted the marksmen at Shell Mound yesterday. The German clubs held turkey shoots for members and every man got his bird.

The Columbia Club held its regular semi-monthly shoot. C. M. Daiss made the grand score of 29 rings, Columbia target, in a 10-shot score with pistol.

Columbia Club scores:

Rifle, re-entry matches, open to all comers, 200yds., Columbia target, F. H. Bushnell rifle medal and cash prizes, 5-shot scores: F. O. Young 8, A. H. Pape 9, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 12, O. A. Bruner 13, 12, A. B. Darrell 11, 15.

William Glindeman military medal and cash prizes, 10 shots, Creedmoor count: F. O. Young 48, 47; E. Hovey 46, 46; C. F. Waltham 41.

F. O. Young rifle record medal and cash prizes, 10-shot scores: A. H. Pape 44.

Rifle, 200yds., class medals for members only, one 10-shot score:

Champion class—A. H. Pape 49, F. O. Young 51, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 56.

First class—E. Jacobson 78, O. A. Bruner 85.

Second class—J. E. Gorman 61.

Third class—C. F. Waltham 74, G. Manuel 117, B. Jonas 132, A. H. Cady 180.

Pistol, re-entry matches, open to all comers, 50yds., Columbia target, Gordon Blanding pistol medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: F. O. Young 11, 11; C. M. Daiss 11, 25.

Diamond pistol record medal and cash prizes, 10-shot scores: C. M. Daiss 29, Theo. Meyer 87, A. H. Pape 45.

Achille Roos .22-rifle medal, ladies' trophies and cash prizes, 5-shot scores—A. B. Dorrell 10—11, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 43, Mrs. M. J. White 17.

Pistol, class medals, for members only, one 10-shot score with pistol, champion class—C. M. Daiss 45, A. B. Dorrell 48, J. E. Gorman 48, F. O. Young 50, A. H. Pape 62.

Second class—G. M. Barley 72, Mrs. M. J. White 71.

Third class—A. H. Cady 72, C. F. Waltham 171, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 82.

ROEEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 14.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Capt. Gindele was high on King target with a score of 228; he was also high on the Honor target with a score of 65. It rained more or less all day, and the light at times was poor. Strickmier and Nestler made their highest scores to-day, the former 215 and the latter 218; both are running up toward the front. Mat. Gindele shot in fine form to-day, averaging a fraction less than 217, strictly off-hand, in 100 shots, with but 4 out of the black. Payne had but 8 out in his 100.

Gindele	19 22 21 23 24 24 24 24 21 25	227
	21 22 23 23 24 20 20 22 24 23	222
Payne	21 23 20 18 22 23 24 22 21 21	215
	20 23 21 23 21 21 20 23 24 18	214
Roberts	22 23 23 20 20 24 16 24 25 17	214
	20 20 19 25 22 15 19 22 21 18	201
Uckotter	11 25 17 25 19 20 15 20 22 16	197
	24 13 16 13 21 4 20 23 20 20	174
Nestler	19 20 21 23 21 21 20 23 25 25	218
	22 23 18 25 20 20 23 18 15 23	207
Topf	17 17 23 12 21 18 19 18 19 24	188
	14 17 18 12 18 22 8 23 24 20	176
Trounstine	22 19 14 13 18 20 16 22 23 20	187
	22 14 21 18 15 22 21 13 17 16	199
Drube	19 20 14 24 21 21 15 22 22 19	197
	20 16 20 23 18 21 19 23 22 14	196
Strickmier	21 22 23 25 24 19 21 22 19 19	215
	19 21 22 23 23 22 24 21 16 19	210
Lux	19 11 19 19 20 19 24 15 17 23	192
	15 18 23 17 17 22 17 1 21 22	172

King target:

Gindele	19 25 24 22 22 24 25 24 22 21	228
Payne	21 22 24 20 19 20 23 17 18 24	208
Roberts	17 12 1 22 20 22 23 24 21 21	183
Uckotter	18 20 17 16 14 20 19 22 22 13	181
Nestler	22 9 19 22 23 20 20 19 20 20	196
Topf	21 18 9 22 25 19 13 20 20 14	181
Trounstine	16 15 18 15 22 23 20 23 19 20	191
Drube	18 24 14 20 18 23 22 14 19 17	190
Strickmier	18 23 16 18 22 17 14 21 21 19	189
Lux	14 14 22 23 18 21 1 12 1 17	143

Honor target:

Gindele	20 21 24—65	Topf	20 19 15—54
Payne	16 17 18—51	Trounstine	14 11 16—41
Roberts	22 22 20—64	Drube	21 14 20—55
Uckotter	17 24 9—50	Strickmier	22 21 21—64
Nestler	19 23 20—62	Lux	15 1 14—30

Conlin's New Gallery.

CAPT. JAMES S. CONLIN has entered upon his thirty-third year of gallery management in his new Shooters' Headquarters, at 102 and 104 West Forty-seventh street, near southwest corner Sixth avenue, this city, where will always be found modern rifles, revolvers, ammunition, ranges, targets and records, with plenty of room, light and air. Sportsmen from everywhere are invited to inspect the art gallery, containing the largest collection of shooting records (targets), portraits of noted marksmen, and antique firearms in the world. Mr. Conlin gives special attention to the instruction of beginners in revolver shooting, teaching them how to handle revolvers with safety, and shoot with accuracy. Capt. Conlin begs to assure ladies who wish to become experts in the use of firearms that he will take special pains to instruct them.

Western Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 15.—Following are the scores of medal contest of Calumet Heights Club, shot on their range, at Grand Calumet Heights, Ind. The wind blew from the south across the range. The sky was clouded, and atmosphere misty.

Class A, 10 shots, 200yds. range, standard American target, off-hand:

Metcalfe	5313326223—33	Schmidt	4211364024—27
Harlan	7321742543—38	Paterson	8237524455—41
Norcom	0325236653—35		

Class B, ladies' medal shoot, 100yds.:

Mrs Schmidt..... 3 3 3 5 10 1 2 5 7 0—39

A. C. PATERSON.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 23-25.—ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Tournament of the St. Louis Trap-Shooters' League. First two days, targets; last day, live birds. $100 added to the purses each day.

Nov. 25.—PAWLING, N. Y.—Thanksgiving tournament of the Pawling Gun Club.

Nov. 25.—PHILADELPHIA (Holmesburg Junction).—Keystone Shooting League grand handicap. Open to all. Live birds and targets. Geo. E. Pack, Sec'y, 137 N. Second street, Philadelphia.

Nov. 25.—BRAINTREE, Mass.—N. E. Kennel Club tournament and games.

Nov. 25.—DEXTER PARK, N. Y.—Live bird sweep.

Nov. 25.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Bergen County Gun Club. Shooting all day. Sweepstakes open to all.

Nov. 25.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Holiday handicaps on live birds and targets.

Nov. 25.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Bison Gun Club. First annual Thanksgiving Day merchandise and sweepstake shoot.

Nov. 25.—SHERBROOKE, Vt.—Thanksgiving Day tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. Open to Eastern townships only.

Dec. 1-2.—KEWANEE, Ill.—Western Illinois Trap-Shooters' League tournament. First day, targets; second day, live birds. A. S. Kellogg, Sec'y Kewanee Gun Club.

Dec. 6-11.—WATSON'S PARK, Chicago, Ill.—*Dec. 6*—Heikes Grimm match for the Cast-Iron badge. *Dec. 7*—Elliott Gilbert match for the Kansas City *Star* cup. *Dec 8*—Sweepstakes, open to all. *Dec. 9*—Elliott-Gilbert match for the Du Pont trophy. *Dec. 10-11*—The Kansas City-Chicago team race.

Dec. 13-15.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. First day, sparrows; last two days, pigeons. Grand Central handicap, 25 pigeons, $25, birds extra. Entries close Dec. 9, with a forfeit of $10; post entries, $30. Handicaps, 25 to 32yds. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Dec. 16-17.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament under the auspices of the Charleston and Palmetto Gun Clubs. Targets. Purses divided Rose system—four moneys. $200 added. G. H. Peterman, Sec'y.

1898.

Jan. 18-20.—HAMILTON, Ont.—Grand Canadian Handicap. Live birds; $1,000 guaranteed. For full information write secretary, H. Graham, American Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

March 22-24.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added

March 29-April 1.—READING, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

On the Bergen County Gun Club's grounds, Thanksgiving Day, there will be shooting all day, commencing at 9 o'clock. Club trophy at 11 o'clock. Entrance $1, 25 targets, unknown angles, handicap Winner in club trophy event to become owner of trophy. At noon a Thanksgiving dinner will be served free to members and guests. E. C. cup at 1 o'clock. Entrance $1, 50 targets, unknown angles, handicap, Sweepstakes galore. Trains leave foot of Cortlandt street as follows: 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:20 A. M., 1:10, 2:20, 3:30 P. M.

JOHN R. BANTA Captain.

The New England Kennel Club will hold a tournament on Thanksgiving Day, with sports consisting of a greased pig race, a greased pole, a turkey shoot, and a sack race. Members and friends are invited, and a lunch will be served free at the club. Trains to Braintree—9:30, 10:30, 11:30 A. M., 12:18 P. M. Trains from Braintree—1:06, 1:58, 3:06, 4:06 P. M., and every hour to midnight.

A notice from Mr. H. S. Lippack, of Dexter Park, announces an all-day shoot at his place on Thanksgiving Day, Nov 25. All the events will be at live birds, with a fine live turkey or cash added to each event. If the birds are the same as those used in the first squad of the Emerald shoot the boys will have to shoot very hard.

A live-bird sweepstake shoot will be held at Dexter Park on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25. In each event live turkeys or cash money will be added to purse as prizes. H. S. LIPPACK.

At Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., Thanksgiving Day, there will be a holiday handicap, 15 birds, $7 entrance, birds extra, handicap, 25 to 30yds.; at 25 targets, $2.50 entrance; at 10 live blackbirds, $2 entrance, birds included.

Miss Annie Oakley in Tennessee.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

Annie Oakley's engagement with Buffalo Bill having ended a few weeks ago at Richmond, Va., she came to south central Tennessee anticipating a season of good hunting, and that upon the haunts of a once famous hunter, Davy Crockett. She was not disappointed in finding good hunting. All game common to this latitude is yet found plentiful here, and wild turkey and small game in abundance. She also had the privilege while here of shooting when and where she pleased. The best shooting was found within two hours' walk of Crockett's mill.

Most of our hunters have turned to the hunting that pays the most money, quail hunting. One man shipped from this county last season over 1,000 dozen quail While here Miss Oakley engaged mostly in quail hunting, it being the chief sport. Quail are found in abundance, and the character of the country is such that the hunting is delightfully exciting. Annie came with a record of three dozen quail in one day, but while here had to compete with a man who has a record of six dozen in one day.

Joe Eakin is one of the most successful hunters and finest shots in these parts. He and his fine pointer Nellie accompanied Miss Annie on a number of hunts, and he was the only one of our rural hunters who excelled her in the field. However, Joe found himself severely tested, while shooting with her, to maintain his fair record. As he remarked, "Miss Annie's so quick with her gun if you want to get a shot at a bird you must shoot mighty quick or wait till she misses, and that may keep you waiting some time."

Annie's shooting in the field excited a great deal of admiration in all who were fortunate enough to see her, but her rifle shooting was simply marvelous She performed feats with apparently greatest ease that must be seen to be believed.

While here, she performed the extremely difficult feat of shooting a meadowlark on the wing with her .32 cal. Winchester. She hit a brick tossed in the air, broke it, and then hit one of the pieces before it reached the ground. The writer saw many a walnut and pebble torn to atoms by her rifle balls. She leaves with us a penny, through which she sent a .22 ball; also a photo, marked as only a rifle ball can mark, while held in the hand of a friend, edge toward her, at a distance of fifteen paces. WALTER SWAIN.

CROWSON, Tenn.

Emerald Gun Club.

Nov. 16.—Twenty-five members and their guests faced the traps at the regular monthly shoot of the grand old Emerald Gun Club this afternoon at Dexter Park. Gus Greiff and John H. Moore were the only shooters to kill straight, Fessenden, Vroome and Otto Hilmer losing their last birds The birds were of a mixed order except for the first 50, which were hot ones. The day was a perfect one, sweaters, etc, being at a discount. The scores follow:

Dr Hudson (28)	1010101210— 6	C C Mollenhauer (25)	0202101021— 6
J Clayton (29)	1222200222— 8	G Greiff (29)	2222222222—10
Dr Richter (25)	0102021210— 6	Otto Hilmer (25)	1212121120— 9
H P Fessenden (28)	2222222220— 9	*Alfred (25)	0002222000— 4
J Woelfel (28)	0120000220— 4	F W Place (28)	2112010112— 8
E A Vroome (28)	1111211110— 9	R Regan (25)	2120121020— 7
W Sands (28)	2222202022— 8	T Short (28)	1121211001— 8
J H Moore (28)	2112221121—10	T Russell (28)	1200100100— 4
C Stutzen (25)	0011211022— 7	C W Billings (25)	0202212111— 8
J Briet (25)	2210010100— 5	W Amend (28)	2012122121— 9
E Weise (25)	1112120021— 8	B Amend (28)	1200120221— 7
T Cody (28)	0000212020— 3	*J J Hallowell (30)	0011122121— 8
W Joerger (28)	1110112022— 8	*B H Norton (28)	2001221011— 7
E J Clark (29)	2210212120— 8	Dr McFarland (28)	1100110111— 7

* Guests.

IN NEW JERSEY.

THE BOILING SPRINGS HANDICAP.

Nov. 17.—The regular semi-monthly club handicap shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held to day. Only four shooters participated in the sport. Huck won the silver tea service with 40 breaks. The handicaps were not shot, as none of the shooters could have tied Huck. Sweeps followed the club event:

Huck	1111111101111111111101110101011011110111111011101—40
Hallowell	1100111101111011110010111111110001101111001110111—35
Norton	1111011111011111011000100001000111111110100111111O—33
Nelson	0111001010110101001111111101101001010110011111110l—32

The sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
Nelson	8	7	5	4	7	Norton	3	6	4	7	7
Huck	4	8	6	8	6	Hallowell	8	7	8	8	8

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

HOOPER AGAIN LOSES BY ONE BIRD.

Nov. 20.—R. D. Hooper, who lost his match with Gilbert by missing his last bird, did precisely the same thing to-day in his match with Capt. A. W. Money, on the Carteret Gun Club grounds. As before, the contestants were tied on their 99th birds, and Hooper lost the match on his last bird, a fast driver, which he failed to grass. The match was close and exciting throughout, the men being tied on their 25th, 50th, 75th and 99th birds. The weather was admirable for a trap-shooting match; the birds were a good lot, some exceptionally fast, and the traps worked to perfection. Hooper was handled by Geo. S. McAlpin. Capt Money handled himself. Another match was arranged, to be shot off at an early date, as neither party was satisfied. The score:

Capt A W Money (30)	22211••12•2•2221111212222—21
	22•22211•2111012222•2221•—20
	•2221222011211212122001l2—21
	1221121222210122112222111—24—86
R D Hooper (30)	1•2•1222212122•2122122222•—21
	2220211l•1222•21C0211121l—20
	1200111121110111212•22211—21
	1221212•2112211122121121O—23—85

Indianapolis has Changed Dates.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—The dates for the winter live-bird tournament of the Limited Gun Club have been changed to Dec. 13, 14, 15. Nominations in the Grand Central Handicap will close Thursday, Dec. 9. Entries are now coming in and we feel assured of having a good attendance, ROYAL ROBINSON, Sec'y.

Western Traps.

CHICAGO, Ill, Nov. 14.—The Calumet Heights Club held their regular weekly shoot on their grounds at Grand Calumet Heights, Ind., to day Twenty one persons attended, but only a few took part in the contests. Others spent their time on the river and through the woods. Some few quail, partridges and ducks were bagged. The duck shooting thus far this fall has been very poor, compared to previous years at the club. The weather being warm and no signs of winter, it is more than possible that the ducks usual to this district have not come south as yet.

The medal race was shot during the afternoon in a driving wind from the rear of platform, and while the targets were largely easy, many were over shot. Following is detailed score of medal contest and practice; 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Class A.

Paterson	0111011111111111111101111—22
Lamphere	1111111111111011101111111—23
Metcalfe	1101011111001101110101101—17

Class B.

Norcom	0100111001111110111011110—17

Class C.

Harlan	1111101011101110011111110—19
Schmidt	1001111101000011100011111—16
Davis	0111011110000101111101111—17

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	10	10	15	10	Targets:	15	10	10	10	15	10
Lamphere	11	..	..	..	..	..	Paterson	11	..	..	6	13	..
Harlan	9	5	5	..	11	..	Schmidt	13	..	1	5	8	..
Metcalfe	10	8	5	3	12	4	Davis	..	5	..	..	..	..
Norcom	5	5	6	2	9	..							

A. C. PATERSON.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—The National Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., announces its maiden effort at arranging its first annual tournament, to be held on the grounds of the National Park Club Nov. 24, 25 and 26, commencing at 9:30 A M. The contests will be at targets and live birds, with added money in most of the events. This should stimulate the shooters as to prove a good attendance, which is looked for.

BELVIDERE, ILL.

The Belvidere Gun Club, of Belvidere, Ill., announces a live-bird shoot, to be held on its grounds at Belvidere, Ill., on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25, under American Association rules.

CALUMET HEIGHTS, IND.

The Calumet Heights Club will hold an all-day shoot on its grounds at Grand Calumet Heights, Ind., Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25, which will conclude its year's shooting. The contests will be at live birds and targets, and the winners of prizes in events of both live birds and targets will be decided As it now appears, the winners in the target events for the year will be: In Class A, A. C. Paterson; in Class B, P. D. Norcom, and in Class C, Dr. A W. Harlan, unless some phenomenal scores are made in the next two shoots, which is not looked for at this season of the year. In the live bird events is still undecided, but Geo. H. Knowles has the lead by one bird, and is closely followed by Dick Turtle G. E Marshall, G. E Lamphere and A. C. Paterson. A slip-up on the next live bird contest on the part of the leaders, it is any one's prize

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

The Eureka Gun Club held the first shoot of its winter series at Watson's Park on the afternoon of Nov. 20, 1897, and was participated in by a considerable number.

It was intended, if possible, to have the first of the contests between Eureka and Garfield gun clubs come off on this day, but the Garfields were unable to get their arrangements and handicaps perfected in time relating to their own shoot.

The Garfields now expect to start in on their winter series during the early part of December. Both clubs having some good live bird shooters on their rolls, it is expected that a hot contest will result in the contests to follow.

The day was one with clear atmosphere with a strong wind from the left quarter. Most of the birds were left quartering drivers and left-quartering incomers, and were very fast. The attendance was exceptionally large for a club shoot, and being the first of the season, bids fair to be a successful one.

Many members of Garfield Club were in attendance, but spent most of their time shooting targets Adams and Hoyt, who were shooting new guns, were somewhat handicapped, and their scores were not up to their usual form.

Among those present who did not not participate in the event, but who are interested in trap-shooting, were E. L. Rice, O. P. Richards, Dr. Shaw and wife, Silas Palmer, John Amberg, E. E. Neal, H. Wiley, and others.

Following are detailed scores, which are considered fair considering the elements of the day:

F Hollister	1102101212— 8	W Darlington	0022022011— 6
L Goodrich	1221122001— 8	W A Jones	0100100022— 4
E Steck	2100220222— 7	C W Carson	2110102002— 6
C Antoine	2001120020— 5	F P Stannard	2202202222— 8
L Willard	2221212101— 9	Hoyt	0002002212— 5
E Bingham	2222222222—10	A W Adams	1020012000— 4
A C Paterson	0212002111— 7	Geo Airey	1220020222— 7
John Glover	2012211012— 8	Dr F Liddy	2121022202— 8
J Rehm	0002210022— 5	F Spreyne	0202122100— 5
J L Jones	0212220222— 8	G W Prickett	0212220200— 6
Dr Frothingham	2122222202— 9	H A Ferguson	0010022220— 5
C C Hess	1212211212—10	F M Smith	0002010122— 5

The Stoney Island Gun Club announce their Thanksgiving Day tournament on their grounds, corner Ninety-fifth street and Stoney Island avenue, Chicago, Nov. 25. Target and live bird shooting will be the order of the day, and no one barred.

Following are scores of contest between W. P. Mussey and Charles Wilcox at 50 live birds from five ground traps, shot on Watson's grounds, Burnside Crossing, Nov. 16, which was lost by Wilcox, who scored 4 birds less:

W P Mussey	1201100102222222212222221—21
	2122102202111120112112212—21—42
C S Wilcox	2212111200011111022110120—19
	1211110101020211101211012—19—38

The Audubon Club held its regular live-bird handicap contest on Watson's grounds Nov 17. The following are detailed scores showing results and shoot-off of ties, also ties on previous week's contest; shoot-off between J. Amberg and C. Morris:

Tie from last week:

Amberg	1111212000w
C Morris	1122201220021120—11+4—15
O von Lengerke (30)	2222222222C0222—13+1—14
C Morris (30)	1020211121101O—11+4—15
Hollister (30)	2221022022011l1—13+2—15
Dr H H F (30)	2111121102121l1 —14
J Amberg (30)	2221122220020222—12+2—14
J Gillespie (29)	0100201122211100— 9+2—11
J Rehm (30)	0201200220011O0— 8+3—11
H B Foss (30)	2210222121212l1—14+2—15

Ties on 15:

Morris	1220202121011l2—12+4—15
Hollister	1222111211111l2—15+2—15
Foss	01000w

Second tie:

Morris	2302121020112220—11+4—15
Hollister	0111121111111l0—13+2—15

Not being able to decide the winner, Morris and Hollister agreed to shoot off for the medal next shoot.

Practice shoots and match:

Wiley	1210222222221101122112112 —23
O von Lengerke	2222222220112110122222020 —21
J Amoerg	2002121211112011022020112l0 —20

In the above Amberg and O. V. L. shot for the birds. Amberg to shoot at 27 and O. V. L. 25.

Nov 18.—Practice:

Prickett	0222100•1101110121l011001 —16
	1110011•01•21•2021202000 —14
White	0121221•0212202020202212•02212—20

Same day:

Wiley	011•121112110012012l•2111 —19
W P Mussey	0121020220222221122202222—20
	1212122221020112221122210—22—42

Brooklyn Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 20.—The weekly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club was held at the club's grounds, Liberty avenue and Enfield street, to-day. Seven events were shot, all at 10 targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Dr Littlefield	9	6	7	9	9	8	7	Greene	8	8	10	8	10	10	8
Lane	5	4	5	..	..	..	..	Wright	5	5	5	8	7	10	8
Hallowell	9	6	7	8	8	8	8								

New Utrecht Gun Club.

DYKER MEADOW, N. Y., Nov. 20.—Club shoot.

Class A.

M Van Brunt	1111111111101101111111111—23
F A Thompson	1101111011111101101111011—20
P Adams	1101111111101110110111011—20
D Deacon	0111111010010011011111111—18
W H Thompson	1011111001011011111101101—18
G E Nostrand	0011101000000101111111111—15

Class B.

Dr O'Brien	1000111000111100101100111—14
C C Fleet	0010001011110010100100001—10
S B Toplitz	0010001100100110w
J Schmitzspan (guest)	1100001001100011111111111—16

Prize gun shoot:

M Van Brunt	0111110110111101011111111111 —22
Dr O'Brien	1110011110111011101111011001011—22
D Deacon	0111011111110111111010111111 —21
P Adams	1111011110111111101010011111 —21
W H Thompson	1110011111111110001011111110 —20
G E Nostrand	0001010010011111001101111101101—17
F A Thompson	1101111001101101010101101 —16
Toplitz	0010101110111110000110000 —12
Fleet	1110000101100010000101011 —11
Schmitzspan	1001110000010C000000001000 — 6

Only those who had a chance to win shot up handicap. Owing to darkness O'Brien and Van Brunt did not shoot off tie.

Sweep, 10 targets: Adams 10, Van Brunt 9, F. A. Thompson 8, O'Brien 7, Schmitzspan 1.

Sweep, 10 targets; Adams 8, Nostrand 8, F. A Thompson 8, Van Brunt 7, Deacon 7, W. H. Thompson 7, O'Brien 7, Schmitzspan 5, Fleet 4.

Jeannette Gun Club.

GUTTENBURG, N. J., Nov. 19.—The regular club shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club was held at the old Guttenburg race track to-day. After the club shoot a team race was shot between teams captained by Packard and Brunie respectively. This event resulted in a tie, and as it was too dark to see the birds, the tie was not shot off. The scores:

Class A:

	Club Shoot.	Sweeps.
Brunie (28)	1111212112—10	.....
Meyer (28)	1221122222•— 9	.....
Otten (30)	•1122222212— 9	.....
Lott (30)	2102222212— 9	12121—5
Karsten (28)	1011011102— 7	01111—4
Hainhorst (28)	0110120210— 6	12000—2
Vagts (28)	1110101010— 6	.....
Offermann (28)	12010••022— 5	21122—5
Pope (28)	•01110•120— 5	.....

Class B:

Rottmann (25)	2222011120— 8	.....
Faerenbach (25)	•211101200— 6	.....
Crusius (25)	0110210120— 6	.....
Bohling (25)	0220212200— 6	02022—3
Gerdes (25)	20•2020212— 6	.....
Ehler (25)	0210•0202•— 4	.....
Heilshorn (25)	00•1020001— 3	.....
Packard (25)	1111121•21— 9	.....

Match, 3 birds; Packard 3, Hainhorst 3. Ties: Packard 2, Hainhorst 1.

Packard's Team.		Brunie's Team.	
Packard	20102—3	Brunie	22111—5
Otten	22112—5	Lott	11222—5
Meyer	21•22—4	Hainhorst	10111—4
Vagts	22211—5	Pope	C•000—0
Karsten	11211—5	Rotmann	11222—5
Ehlen	21020—3	Offermann	111•2—4
Gerdes	10020—2	Bohling	12202—4
Heilshorn	22110—4—31	Foehrenbach	10112—4—31

The Gilbert-Hooper Match.

GARDEN CITY, L. I., Nov. 15.—In one of the most exciting matches ever shot on the Carteret Gun Club's grounds, H. B. Gilbert to-day defeated T. D. Hooper by 1 bird in a 100-bird match. In no part of the match did more than 2 birds separate the contestants; they were tied on the 99th round, and Gilbert won out in the last round by killing his bird, while Hooper missed. Gilbert shot remarkably, killing 99 birds, but he had the misfortune to lose 7 dead out of bounds. Hooper also did good work, losing 3 of his 9 last birds out of bounds. The birds were a mixed lot, and a strong wind blew directly across the traps. W. A. H. Stafford was referee and W. R. Hobart scorer. The conditions were 30yds. rise, 30yds. boundary. The score:

H B Gilbert	•2221222222•2222212122202222— 22
	1222122220222222?2222•122— 23
	2122222222212222•0211121222—23
	2222222225222221•2222222222—24—92
T D Hooper	2221?•1101110121222221111— 21
	1122212212012211021121112—23
	1111121111211212121121•2—24
	2•1221211111212222111222?0—23—91

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 13.—The Audubon Gun Club's shoot was held at Audubon Park to-day. Five events were shot, the first four at targets and No. 5 at live birds. No. 3 was the club shoot, the following being the class winners: Class A, C. S. Burkhardt; class B, Jacobs; class C, Reynolds. The club will send a big delegation of shooters to the Bison Gun Club's Thanksgiving Day shoot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	25	15	10	Targets:	10	15	25	15	10
E C Burkhardt	8	13	21	8	10	Fanning	..	13	21	13	9
C S Burkhardt	7	11	20	9	10	Reynolds	..	..	16	..	..
Reid	7	7	14	10	8	Eaton	..	..	16	11	..
McArthur	6	11	14	8	8	Story	..	..	15	9	..
Jones	4	5	10	..	..	Jacobs	..	..	15	8	..
Kennedy	3	8	14	5	9	Crooks	..	..	13	10	9
Hebard	2	6	13	11	9	Cooper	..	..	..	..	9

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Washington and Old Point Comfort.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE annual Christmas holiday tour to Washington under the Personally-Conducted Tourist System of the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York on Tuesday, Dec 28 These tours appeal especially to the teachers of New York, Brooklyn, and vicinity, affording an exceptional opportunity to visit the National Capital at the height of the season. The tour of the present season will contain many interesting features, including an opportunity for a trip to Mt. Vernon and Alexandria. At a slight additional expense those who desire may first visit Old Point Comfort, spending a day there, and continue to Washington by boat The Pennsylvania Railroad's Christmas holiday tours have an enviable reputation.

For itineraries, rates, and full information, apply to ticket agents, or address Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

New Service to Augusta and Aiken.

THE Southern Ry. announces, effective Nov. 21, new schedule and Pullman sleeping car service between New York, Aiken and Augusta. The Southwestern Limited, leaving New York at 4:25 P. M., daily, arrives in Aiken, S. C, following afternoon at 3:55 P. M.; Augusta, 4:15 P. M. Pullman drawing-room sleeping car, New York to Columbia and Columbia to Augusta. Dining-cars serve meals between New York and Charlotte. The Bonair Hotel, at Augusta, and Highland Park, at Aiken, will be open in a few days. For full particulars call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, E. P. A., 271 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

Quarantines Removed—No Detention to Travel South.

THE Southern Railway announces that there is no detention in travel South on account of quarantines. The lines are all open, and tickets are now being sold to all points through New Orleans, Vicksburg and Memphis. The travel for the last week has been very heavy, extra equipment being required every day to accommodate the heavy traffic Southward. The Southern Railway Eastern Passenger Agent Office is at 271 Broadway, New York, and is the headquarters in the metropolis for information regarding the Southern travel.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

And birds of ev'ry note, and ev'ry wing,
Their loves responsive thro' the branches sing
In sweet vibrations thrilling o'er the skies,
High poised in air, the lark his warbling tries;
The swan, slow sailing o'er the crystal lake,
Tunes his melodious note; from ev'ry brake
The glowing strain the nightingale returns,
And, in the bowers of love, the turtle mourns.
Pleas'd to behold his branching horns appear,
O'er the bright fountain bends the fearless deer;
The hare starts trembling from the bushy shade,
And, swiftly circling, crosses oft the glade.
Where from the rocks the budding founts distil,
The milk-white lambs come bleating down the hill;
The dappled heifer seeks the vales below,
And from the thicket springs the bounding doe.
To his lov'd nest, on fondly flutt'ring wings,
In chirping bill the little songster brings
The food untasted; transport thrills his breast;
'Tis nature's touch, 'tis instinct's heav'n-like feast.
Thus bower and lawn were deck'd with Eden's flowers,
And song and joy imparadis'd the bowers.

THE LUSIAD.

THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

THERE is a growing sentiment that whenever a United States Fish Commissioner shall be appointed to succeed the present incumbent, his selection shall be such as to command respect for the man himself and for the office, and such as shall restore the Commission to its former place in popular esteem. This can be done only by the appointment of a Commissioner fit for the position because qualified to administer its affairs. The work of the Commission is public business; it ought to be conducted on business principles, intelligently and efficiently; and the person to whom it is intrusted should be chosen for his capacity to do this, precisely as a selection would be made for the management of any private business. The President's one care should be to fill the position with the most capable man he can find for it.

The place is a large one, and has concern with large interests; it is no place for a tyro, nor for a small man, or one untried or ignorant. Special knowledge is demanded, with training and experience in this particular field. The Commissioner must have attainments in the science and art of fishculture—attainments which can come only of practical experience in fishcultural work, and of experience most valuable if acquired in the field of the National Commission itself. This practical personal knowledge of fishculture is an absolutely essential qualification of a competent head for the Fish Commission. It is not enough that, as now, his subordinates in the Commission may have knowledge, in a measure to make up for his own lack of it. No blundering ignoramus, though he be a martinet, can command from his staff confidence and respect, and without them there must always be demoralization like that which now prevails.

In addition to his knowledge and skill in fishculture, the Commissioner must have executive ability and proved business capacity. The responsibilities of his office and the nature of his duties demand this. His record in fishculture or other work should attest his possession of the administrative faculty, show him capable to manage men and affairs, and give assurance that the complex work of the Commission shall be carried on in the best ways and with the best results.

The head of the National Commission, it goes without saying, should represent the fishcultural and fishing interests of the country; should have a thorough knowledge of the commercial fisheries, their requirements and the relation of the Fish Commission to them; and should enjoy the confidence, respect and support of commercial fishermen.

The appointment of a Fish Commissioner is one which, we have the strongest confidence to believe the President recognizes, cannot for a moment be considered in any political relation, except as a part of that good politics which has regard for the highest public interest. To put the right man in the right place, when the position is one of such importance as this, means to command popular approval. By the selection of a man having such qualifications as we have briefly outlined for the office of the United States Fish Commissioner, Mr. McKinley has an opportunity of adding a most creditable appointment to the record of his administration.

THE FOREST RESERVATIONS.

IT is but little more than half a year since a state of high excitement prevailed over a considerable portion of the country concerning the establishment of certain forest reservations in accordance with law. At that time the FOREST AND STREAM advised patience, and gave reasons for believing that the action which had been recommended by the National Forestry Commission would cause injury neither to the West in general, nor to any class of its inhabitants. We then said, "The facts are all in favor of wise recommendations by a Commission made up of such men as is this one, and we venture to predict with confidence that in a few months those persons who are now making the most outcry about the injury likely to be done will be the most enthusiastic in favor of the plan which the Commission shall recommend."

This prediction has been fulfilled in a way that is fairly startling. Since last March, when it was made, there has been an absolute and widespread revolution in the public sentiment of the West. People have had time to think about the subject and to realize what the effect of forest preservation will be on the different localities interested.

A recent investigation of the state of public opinion over a very large portion of the West shows that where a short half year ago entire communities were bitterly opposed to the establishment of the forest reserves, the same communities are now heartily in favor of such establishment. Where there was then bitter hostility, there is now cordial friendliness. The country covered by this investigation includes the Priest River and Olympic reservations, both sides of the Cascade reservation, the cities of Seattle and Spokane, both sides of the Flathead reservation, the Lewis and Clark reservation, and the Black Hills reservation.

The opposition which showed itself last spring had its origin in the belief that their property was to be taken away from the people living in and about the reservations. The miners, the prospectors, the ranchmen and the cattlemen believed that they were to be deprived of what they had and what they hoped for, and an epidemic of excitement and panic swept over a region far wider than that covered by the reservations. At the same time it is to be noted that in some communities individuals and journals were found who were able to resist this excitement and to take a common-sense view of the matter in hand. Notable among these newspapers was the Portland *Oregonian*, a journal which always commands respect.

We pointed out to the alarmists East and West that this excitement was unnecessary; that when the Commission announced its plan it would certainly recommend that agricultural lands lying within the reservations should be excepted, so that the settler who might wish to do so could take up a claim of arable land there, just as he might have done before the reservations were established; that miners would be allowed to prospect and to mine on the reservations, and to cut timber for their own uses; that actual settlers would be allowed to cut such timber as they might need for domestic purposes; that the rights of no individual would be interfered with; that no settler would be prevented from taking up a ranch, no prospector hindered from searching for mineral, no miner from working on his claim. Reason, however, seems to be wasted on people while in a condition of such apprehension.

Soon after that, however, the complete report of the National Academy was made public, and its recommendations have since been before the people. Liberal regulations have been established by the Secretary of the Interior for the protection of the forest reservations. An appropriation has been made by Congress for the survey of the boundaries by the United States Geological Survey As things stand to-day, the rights of actual settlers within the reservations are fully protected. They have the power to build wagon roads to their holdings, to build schools and churches, and they have the privilege of exchanging their claims—if they wish to do so—for other lands outside the reservations. The Secretary of the Interior is authorized by law to permit the use of timber and stone by settlers, whether farmers, miners or cattlemen, for firewood, fencing, building, mining, prospecting, and other domestic purposes.

With the change in public opinion, the active interest of the Secretary of the Interior, and a reasonable prospect that Congress may be induced to take some steps toward giving its aid in enacting the laws, and may supply the money so greatly needed for this purpose, there seems at last a hope that an adequate forest service may be established in the United States.

SNAP SHOTS.

Four hundred years have elapsed since (in 1497) Vasco de Gama rounded the Cape of Storms, named thereafter the Cape of Good Hope, and discovered the ocean route to the East Indies; and it was three hundred years ago that Camoëns wrote his "Lusiad," the epic of the achievements of De Gama. Camoëns was a poet of nature; exquisite bits of description are found in his poem. Of two famous passages, one is that in which the adventurous seamen are confronted in the night by the warning apparition of the Giant of the Cape—

"when rising through the darken'd air,
Appall'd, we saw a hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And 'thwart our way with sullen aspect lower'd."

And another is the description of the Island of Venus, the concluding lines of which furnish the quotation at the head of this page. That which has prompted our allusion to Camoëns, however, is this simile, which, considering the three centuries that have elapsed since it was written, is interesting as showing that the Portuguese poet knew something of shoulder-guns and retrievers:

"So, when the fowler to his cheek uprears
The hollow steel, and on the mallard bears,
His eager dog, ere bursts the flashing roar,
Fierce for the prey, springs headlong from the shore,
And barking, cuts the wave with furious joy."

Let us suppose a case. Suppose that once upon a time there were moose in New York. Suppose that the moose having become extinct, the law nevertheless made a close season on moose. Suppose, moreover, that New York had a clause in its law which forbade the export of "any game mammals of the State." Suppose that the Chicago owner of an Adirondack game preserve should stock his preserve with moose "rescued" in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. Suppose, finally, that the Chicago man should kill his Wyoming moose in his Adirondack preserve. Could he lawfully take it to Chicago, or would it be classed as among the "game mammals of the State," and so not a subject of export?

This is a case which has no existence in fact, but the principle involved actually has come up in a certain game preserve enterprise, where introduced game has multiplied to an extent demanding reduction; and the owner of the preserve being a non-resident is, or is not, debarred by just such a law from killing and taking home what he would. The species is extinct as wild game in the State; its only representatives are in zoos and preserves. The point of the law's application in such cases is one which is likely to come up, for preserves are multiplying rapidly. In New Hampshire, we believe, a special provision of the State exempts the Corbin game park from the operation of the law.

The buffalo of the Corbin herd, which have been for some months in Van Cortlandt Park, in New York city, were transferred this week back to the Blue Mountain Park, in New Hampshire. Only two cows remain in New York. The reason why Mr. Corbin took the animals back into his possession may be found in the fact that live buffalo nowadays are extremely valuable live stock, for which there is a ready market. The animals excited much interest in New York, and the loss of them will be felt. The Park Commissioners, we observe, have complained that the buffalo had ruined the shrubbery in that part of the park given up to them. This was at best a scrubby waste, wholly insufficient in food supply and of restricted range; and this talk about the havoc made by the buffalo comes with ill grace from officials whose misconduct of the public park affairs is in some respects simply monstrous.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMP PARTRIDGE.

After several months of anticipation and preparation, the Marquis and I departed from New York city, bound for Norcross, Me., on the line of the B & A Railroad. We took the Fall River steamer to Boston, and thence by rail to Bangor. We reached Norcross a little after 6 P. M., and were met at the station by our old friends, the Daiseys (father and son), and Jack Hathaway, who were to be our guides and companions for the next two weeks. We put up for the night at the little hotel, which together with the railroad station and a diminutive store, form all there is of this little backwoods hamlet. Norcross is veritably in the woods, and one need go no further to obtain good deer shooting.

We turned in early, and were up with the sun. Our boys soon had our three canoes loaded, and pretty generously loaded they were too, and by 7:30 we were on our way up North Twin Lake. The weather was glorious. We left North Twin Lake and entered Pemerdumcook, and thence across Amageges to the narrow strip of land that separates the latter from the lovely Millonokett. We stopped on the carry long enough to eat lunch, and then circumnavigated Millonokett Lake, and camped for the night within half a mile of the mouth of Sandy Stream, up which we intended to proceed the following day, and make a permanent camp some eight or nine miles from the mouth. But the first bad luck overtook us here, and the next day and the succeeding night it rained and blew a hurricane, hopelessly cutting us off from the mouth of the stream.

Sunday, Oct. 17, the wind still blew terrifically, and we concluded that we were doomed to another day here, and so christened this Camp Despair. However, about 9 o'clock the wind moderated considerably, and Jack and young Daisey determined to venture out in a canoe, round the point, and if successful, leave the canoe at the mouth of the stream and return to us on foot. They succeeded, and made two more trips with the other canoes, while the Marquis, the elder Daisey (now christened Papa) and myself walked around on the beach. We started up stream at once, and had not gone far before the wind began to blow again as hard as ever, and we gave thanks that we had made such good use of our time during the lull. On the stream we had nothing to fear from the wind. By noon we had reached the quarter-mile carry around the falls, and by 4:30 we beached our canoes at a spot on the west bank which promised well as a camping ground. It had taken us seven and one-half hours to come nine miles from the mouth, there being but one carry of a quarter of a mile; but when I recall the swiftness of this stream, filled, too, as it was, with treacherous rocks and snags, I marvel that we reached there at all. I shall never cease to admire the skill and muscle of these woodsmen as they poled and pushed our heavily-laden canoes up the wild mountain stream.

About a mile below the spot we selected a party of three gentlemen from Portland, Me., were camping. They had been here but eight days and already had their legal number of deer and two moose. We disembarked, at their invitation, for a few minutes to stretch our tired legs and partake of some refreshments. We also took a snap shot at their game. The larger moose measured 56in. from tip to tip and 13in. across the palm. The other head, while a very fine and even one, was considerably smaller.

From now on one day was very much like another, and as I look over my diary I can find but two days that differ materially from the others. These were the 19th and 21st. On the first named the Marquis, who had begun to feel blue at our continued ill-luck with the deer, to say nothing of moose, stalked and shot a fine spike horn buck in a piece of burnt land situated about a mile or less northwest from our camp. On the 21st, while on a little excursion by myself in the afternoon, I almost ran over the first bear I had seen out of a menagerie. It was only a cub and I could only see its head, for the rest was hidden behind a rock; but bringing the Lyman sights in line I let go and the cub dropped all in a heap, and so far as I know never stirred again. As I pumped in another cartridge I saw not 20yds. from my first cub another black bundle of fur and proceeded to dispatch this fellow also.

I think about this time visions of an army of bears must have been in my mind, for I am conscious of being distinctly nervous, and shot the second cub much too far back, and he started off squealing and I after him, but I had not gone ten paces before I found my progress was to be contested by a very angry Mme. Bear, who was indelicate enough to let out a series of the most hair-raising growls I ever had the misfortune to hear. Now I think, and so does the Marquis, that I must have been a little rattled, for I tried to shoot, but somehow the cartridge got jammed in my rifle and I could neither get it in nor out. I feel sure that this dowager bruin had an appreciative palate for my somewhat highly prized carcass, and when she stopped to investigate the apparently lifeless body of her offspring, I remembered an urgent engagement at camp and proceeded to keep it at the best gait the rough country would permit. It afforded the boys considerable amusement afterward to measure my footprints, the distance between which, I beg to assure you, should they ever tell you of it, they will grossly exaggerate. I have always insisted that my retreat was an orderly one and not made with undue haste.

After telling my story to the Marquis and two of our boys and fixing my rifle, we four returned, armed like pirates, to give battle to the old bear, but in the approaching darkness we could not find the spot, and were reluctantly compelled to abandon the hunt till morning. The next day at sunrise we started for the scene of action and after a long search found the spot but not the bears, and the Marquis, who had pretended to be skeptical up till now, really began to think I was playing a joke on them. But another half-hour's search disclosed the dead body of one of my cubs, and this the one I had shot last and thought I had only wounded. The old one and her other cub we never found a trace of, though we hunted all the morning. The first cub was, as I have said, apparently dead, and from the time he dropped up to the time of my departure for camp he never moved, but lay all in a heap just as he had fallen. We carried back the cub we had, and decided not to remove the hide, but to bring him home just as he was. He was a pretty little fellow, and we judged would weigh about 60lbs. The fur was in fine condition, black and glossy.

The weather continued dry and fair from now on until our departure on the 27th, and although deer were abundant on the hardwood ridges, the noisy condition of the woods made still-hunting nearly an impossibility. I had one or two fairly good opportunities, but failed to score. The Marquis was unfortunate enough not to get another shot. We saw from day to day a good deal of game, but in almost every instance caught just a glimpse of a white flag as the startled deer disappeared and left us cussing at the noise the dry condition of the leaves compelled us to make. However, we thoroughly enjoyed our life at Camp Partridge, as we named it, because of the abundance of this prince of game birds in our locality, and when the time came to break camp and begin our journey to Norcross and home, it was with a feeling that the end had come all too soon.

Though the indications of moose on Sandy Stream and immediate vicinity were abundant, with one exception we did not catch sight of any of this lordly game. The exception came to my old friend, the indefatigable younger Daisey, who while trying to locate a small pond some two miles west from the stream, discovered it rather more suddenly than he anticipated, and at the same time started an old bull and a cow who were feeding close to the shore. The distance was too far to shoot, and after vainly endeavoring to track them, he was obliged to give it up. It was evident that the moose that were in this locality two weeks before had moved off, owing probably to the hunters before mentioned, who were ahead of us, and who had such good luck. I believe it is well known that moose, unlike deer, when once thoroughly alarmed will leave a locality entirely for the time being; though, if undisturbed, they are content to remain a considerable time where they find good feeding ground, even though the spot be comparatively circumscribed.



CAMP PARTRIDGE.

On the morning of the 27th we reluctantly packed our duffle, and taking our meager supply of game—one cub bear and a spike-horn buck—and taking a farewell look at our now dismantled camp we stepped into the canoes and began the journey out As we embarked we turned for a last glimpse at grand old Katahdin, rearing his rugged and hoary head away to the north, and under whose shadow we had enjoyed such glorious days. I believe that right here, with Katahdin for a background, we have the most perfect and picturesque wild beauty on this seaboard. At all events this is what the Marquis and I thought, and the camera was constantly called into requisition to immortalize some particular view or bit of landscape that caught our fancy more than its fellows. To sort them out and name them now I fear will be a difficult task, for we neglected to keep an orderly memorandum.



WHERE WE SPENT A NIGHT.

We reached Norcross at the end of the second day; that is, on the evening of the 29th, and while our journey thence was delightful, it was also without incident of sufficient interest to record. The weather continued perfect, as it had been since that first stormy night on the 16th. Indeed, it had proved much too fine for successful still-hunting.

We were up betimes the following morning, garbed in the conventional clothing of civilization, cleanly shaved and washed. I cannot say who felt the more uncomfortable, the Marquis or myself. A few hours sufficed, however, to accustom us to the change of raiment, and having said farewell to our friends, the guides, who we felt were companions in every sense, we were soon on a Pullman train rushing toward New York, and the woods and streams had ceased to exist for us except in recollection. P. E B.

Brooklyn, Nov. 23.

THE NATIVE AMERICAN HUNTER.

VI.—STARVING AND KILLING FAT MEAT.

A good many years ago a party of seventeen Cheyennes started from the camp on the Laramie River to go to war against the Utes. They traveled along, looking for enemies, and at length among the mountains they found a Ute camp. When they came in sight of the village, however, some of the Utes saw them and gave the alarm, and before they knew it the Utes were close to them. They ran away and the Utes chased them. They kept after the Cheyennes and were so close to them that they scattered, and so they got away from the Utes, and no one of them was killed or even wounded. Three of the Cheyennes kept together, Shell, Tangle Hair and one other. They had nothing to eat, and after a day or two they got hungry and pretty soon they began to starve.

Tangle Hair had a gun, while the other two carried only bows, but Tangle Hair could not kill anything. There was game, but he could not hit it. It was in the spring, the season when the birds were sitting on their eggs, and they used to look for birds' nests and gather the eggs. Sometimes there would be young ones in the shells, but they did not mind that. They ate the eggs, birds and all, for they were starving.

They traveled on, always starving, until they reached the place where the Laramie River comes out of the mountains on to the Laramie Plains. On this day two of them were riding along side by side, talking about what they were likely to get to eat that day. One of them said, "Perhaps we will find a duck's nest." "Yes," said the other, "maybe we may kill the duck, too." Shell was riding ahead, saying nothing, but perhaps he too was thinking about eating.

Just as they went up the side of a little hill, as Shell looked over the crest he saw, a little way off on the other side of the hill, a big buffalo bull coming toward him. He dodged back and said to the others: "Here is a bull; quick! let us strip off our saddles here and chase him and try to kill him."

Tangle Hair said: "No, no; I'll shoot him. I'll shoot him."

They had quite a little discussion as to what should be done, but the two who had bows pulled off their saddles and got ready to chase the bull, if Tangle Hair should not kill him.

Shell said: "All right, go ahead. You shoot, and if you do not kill him, we will chase him, and will try to get him in that way."

Tangle Hair crept up to the top of the hill, and the others were close behind him. The bull kept coming closer and closer. At last Tangle Hair shot and the bull fell, and they all laughed they were so glad. The two who were on horseback started on the full run to go up to the bull, and Tangle Hair was only a little behind them. They all held up their hands to the Great Spirit and thanked him for having given them a bull to eat. The bull looked nice, and they were all in a hurry to begin to eat. They were excited.

After he had looked at the bull lying there, Shell rode off a little way and jumped off his horse and threw down his rein, and began to gather buffalo chips for a fire. Then he struck his flint and steel, and in a little while the fire was blazing nicely. He wanted to cook as soon as they had some meat cut off. After this he ran up again to look at the bull. Tangle Hair and the other man had pulled the bridles off their horses, and were at work gathering buffalo chips for the fire. After he had looked at the bull again, Shell ran back to his fire.

The bull was not quite dead; he could hear him breathing; and he called out to Tangle Hair, "He is not dead. You will do well to shoot him again." Then he pulled the bridle off his horse, and piled some chips on the fire. He called out once more: "Shoot him again, and begin to cut some meat off." Then he piled some more chips on the fire and ran back to the bull.

He drew his knife out and thrust it into the bull just in front of the hip-bone to see if it was fat. When he drew out his knife after doing this, a big piece of fat stuck out of the wound, and he tore off a piece of it. The bull was not yet quite dead, but still he did not move. Shell thought he would walk around to the bull's head and look at him; and he did so. He took an arrow from his quiver and poked the bull's nose with it, and just as he did so one of the other men stuck his knife in the bull's ribs.

At this moment the old bull bounced up to his feet—mad. There was a little pile of rocks a short distance in front of where it had been lying, and Shell ran for this to get on it. The other two ran for their horses, to get behind them, and the bull chased these two. As they dodged around behind their horses, the old bull caught one horse under the belly, and raised him on his horns and threw him over his back. The three horses got frightened, and ran off in one direction as fast as they could, and the bull ran over a little hill another way, and disappeared.

The men followed their horses a long distance, but at last they got around them and caught them. They went back to look for the bull, for they expected to find him lying down or dead just beyond this little hill. They could not find him anywhere. After they had made up their minds that they could not find him, they went back to where he had lain to get their saddles, and as they started on again, Shell looked at where his fire had been. It had burned out.

He said, "Now it is just white ashes, and I expected to roast fat meat on it."

They went on, and at last reached their village.

Geo. Bird Grinnell.

From Outside the 300-Mile Limit.

George Vandewerker, proprietor of the Park Hotel, Cooperstown, N. Y., was made the subject of a test case under the game laws last week. The suit was brought to recover fines amounting to $125 for receiving and serving five partridge at a private supper during the closed season. It was shown by Mr Vandewerker that the birds were purchased from an Albany dealer who had received them from a Chicago house, and as the law prohibiting the shipping of game into the State out of season applies only to a radius of 300 miles, the jury brought in a verdict of no cause.

Natural History.

THE RED SQUIRREL.

It is only by the discussion of a subject that we arrive at the truth concerning it, and taking exception to the statements of others does not necessarily imply anything more than a search for information. Very many controversies regarding the facts and theories of natural history have been pretty definitely settled in the columns of Forest and Stream, and as nothing which pertains to the great out-of-door world, that we love so heartily, is beneath our notice, I venture to engage in the defense of the red squirrel. I am impelled to do this after reading an article signed Jacobstaff in Forest and Stream of Nov. 13, in which he describes this little quadruped as "the Ishmael of the woods, the buccaneer of the forest, who lays up nothing, but robs the larder of his larger and more valuable brothers."

Now, I admit that in one respect he is an Ishmael, for truly the hand of every man—and every boy, too—is against him; but that only makes me the more willing to defend him. I do not know that he needs my sympathy, for he seems abundantly able to take care of himself, and, although protected by no game laws that I know of, manages to thrive and reproduce his species within stone's throw of his worst enemies. He even "snickers" at them and seems to court the danger of their presence, while his larger but more cowardly relatives are having palpitation of the heart and making frantic haste to get under cover. It therefore seems to me that this saucy little chap is entitled to admiration and that no true sportsman would wantonly put an end to his joyous existence. He has his faults, it is true. He is no respecter of persons and would as soon drop a pine cone on your head as on mine. He is said to be a destroyer of birds' nests and their contents; but in so doing he is merely obeying the law of nature and perhaps helping to adjust the balance she is always striving to preserve. He is hardly big enough to eat, and that is a serious fault in the eyes of some people. He is pugnacious, and stands ready at all times to whip gray squirrels much larger than himself, which we must concede is a very naughty thing. I know men who rejoice to see a small dog best a big one. or chuckle to see a bantam whip a shanghai, but who, nevertheless, cannot see anything commendable in the red squirrel that chases a 2lb. gray into an adjoining township. But then all men do not see things alike.

Friend Jacobstaff calls my little fellow woodsman "the buccaneer of the forest" Possibly if the tiny warrior could speak he might ask Jacobstaff what he was doing there with a gun, and whether a squirrel has no right to forage on his own ancestral preserve. If he happened to be a very moral and thoughtful squirrel, he might even ask Jacobstaff which were better, to take the gray squirrel's food or his life. And now what I want to know is, does the red squirrel actually steal the food which the gray squirrel has stored up? If so, I shall have learned something. I was brought up in a section of the country where gray squirrels were almost the only four-footed game, and spent more time hunting them than my parents and schoolmaster thought absolutely necessary, but I never yet saw a gray squirrel store up food in a tree or nest. I don't say that they do not do it, for the more I learn of the woods and the inhabitants thereof, the more chary I am of making positive assertions respecting them. These transactions may have been carried on when my back was turned or on Sundays, when I was not watching them. I do believe that the gray squirrels locate and make a mental note of the position of fallen nuts, for they dig down to them through the snow with great accuracy; but I have never thought that they hoarded food for winter use. If I am right—and I wish to be corrected if I am not—then the red squirrel is not guilty of the larceny with which he is charged.

Natural history sometimes gets distorted into unnatural history, and the statements concerning it are, like faith, merely "the evidence of things unseen." So it is with Jacobstaff's assertion that the red squirrel lays up nothing for himself. Time and again I have seen him do it—sometimes in hollow trees, and sometimes in the ledges or piles of stones. Not long ago I watched a red squirrel carrying nuts from the top of a chestnut tree to a hollow branch on the same tree. The frost had opened the burrs, and he was making the most of his opportunity. He made each trip in about two minutes, and if he worked many days as he did during the hour or more that I watched him, he must have accumulated a rich store for winter consumption The fact that a very hard winter thins out the gray squirrels, but makes no visible decrease in the supply of red squirrels, would seem to indicate that the latter were the more provident of the two. It is also barely possible that the red squirrels rob each other, and their own stores may have been mistaken for the hoards of the grays.

I suppose I speak for the minority when I say a good word for the red squirrel. I am told, for instance, that the farmer does not like him. In fact, I know one farmer—who lets his mowing machine stand out of doors all the year, and sometimes doesn't get his corn in until snow comes—who complains of the depredations of the red squirrels. I am really sorry for him, because, if it had not been for these destroyers, I presume he would now be rich and prosperous. I am aware that some hunters do not like them because they give notice of danger and scare the game away. If this is so, then the red squirrels should receive honorable mention in the reports of game protective associations, and great care should be taken to perpetuate their species in some localities that I know of. Furthermore, the man who cannot kill game in a forest where there are red squirrels has my sympathy; for I never yet visited a big piece of woods that didn't have in it some red representatives of the squirrel family.

In the Northern forests, where the winters are too severe for the larger squirrels, and where, consequently, he cannot steal from them, the hardy red still contrives to keep comfortable. The cold has no terrors for him, and if nuts are scarce he can adapt himself to a frugal diet of cone kernels. In summer sun or winter blast he is the same bustling, self-reliant little chap, and I, for one, do not feel that I could spare him. He is associated in my mind with the rail fence, which is his own particular highway, and with the butternut tree, which is his *dulce domum.*

In my mind's eye I can see the apple, lodged in the fork of a tree, which he has purloined from the neighboring orchard, and from which he occasionally takes a nibble to vary his diet of nuts, and also, perhaps, to ward off a bilious attack. I love to hear his policeman's rattle and watch his antics when an enemy is near. I enjoy his social ways and spirit of *camaraderie* about a camp when he has discovered that he is among friends and has nothing to fear. I can forgive his pranks, as I would those of a mischievous boy who is full of vitality that he can never stop to walk. I like to hear his toe-nails rattling on the roof of my "lean-to," and he is welcome to all the food he wants whether he takes it with or without my permission. Call him the Puck of the forest, if you will, but neither the "Ishmael" nor the "buccaneer," and let him who thoughtlessly or wantonly destroys this roguish but picturesque little animal remember that

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us
> He made and loveth all."

Arthur F. Rice.

Passaic, N. J.

Latham, Kan., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your paper of the 13th inst., Jacobstaff speaks of the red or chicaree squirrel, as robbing the gray squirrel of his winter supplies. I know he is an unmitigated scamp, but, as he has, in the absence of his big cousin, the grays, afforded me many hours of pleasant sport, I do not like to have him painted any blacker than he is. In my experience of some twenty-five years as hunter and lumberman in the Connecticut River Valley, I never knew him to rob the gray; for the gray squirrel, in New England at least, never makes provision for winter, but depends on what he can pick up, and, I have reason to believe, trespasses somewhat on the supplies of the red squirrel. I could always tell after snow came where the gray squirrels lived, as they were obliged to dig through the snow to the ground for their food; and I came to the belief that in a winter of crusted snows some at least perished of starvation, but of this I am not sure. These are small matters to speak of, but anything pertaining to the habits of the wild creatures is of interest to me; and if I am wrong I shall be glad to be set right, and I trust Jacobstaff will accept these criticisms in the spirit they are made.

Should like to take him hunting squirrels here amid the timber along the creeks. Fox squirrels are so plenty that they are hardly looked upon as game. We have also some grays and rarely a black one, but no chickarees or chipmunks, but on the prairies there is the striped ground squirrel. Once this fall, crossing a cornfield distant from any timber, I started what I supposed was an ordinary gray squirrel. Thinking I could capture it alive, I chased it, when it ran to the grass and disappeared in a burrow. The young man who was with me at the time said it was a species of ground squirrel quite plenty further west of here.

One of your correspondents speaks of hooking and losing a large turtle. I would say for his benefit, never try to get them out of the water with the line. They lead like a lamb up to the shore, but no further. Always hook them then with the gaff if you have one, or in the absence of that take them by the tail or hind foot and lift them out. I catch a good many in the creeks here, and there is a bit of excitement when one of 12 to 14lbs. gets hold, as he stirs up the water somewhat. They are not the snapping variety, but "mighty good" for the table, and any one fond of turtle soup can get "filled up" out here in the summer months. Pine Tree.

The Yellowleg and the Hens.

Last August, on the shore of Silver Lake, Manitoba, I saw by the margin great numbers of snipe, tattlers, and other wading birds. As I drew near they arose in flocks and flew away; but as I was gazing after a noisy array of flying yellowlegs, my eyes fell on a single one that stood in the grass no more than 10ft from where I stood. It was looking at me fearlessly, and seemed to have so little idea of flying away that I got out my sketchbook and made the sketch which appears with this article As it still stood looking at me, first with one eye and then with the other, I stepped up quietly, took it gently in my hand, and put it into my game bag, intending to make a more finished drawing at home. When I reached the house I set the bird on the floor; it ran about, whistling at times, did not seem much alarmed, but it refused all food. So the next morning I put it into the yard, that it might feed itself after its own fashion. There was a number of hens about, and as soon as they saw the stranger they were all excitement. They gathered together, and with loud cackles came on, with upraised feathers, to attack the newcomer. The yellowleg was swift of foot, and eluded them once or twice, but the hen-mob, noisier than ever, at length succeeded in surrounding him, and all closed in together with evident intention of pecking him to pieces; but the yellowleg, giving one glance, I thought, of scorn at the clumsy, cackling cowards, spread out his great, glorious wings for the first time since I had seen him, and pouring out his loud thrilling whistle, so well known on the breezy sandbars, he sailed away and away in great, ever-widening circles, till bird and chant were lost in the far heights of the sky, and the hens were left to feel as foolish and mean as it was possible for hens to do.

I was much puzzled by the whole incident, and can only suppose that the bird had in the first instance been slightly stunned by a stray shot from some sportsman; while it was reviving in the grass I discovered it, the gentleness of my approach gave it no alarm, and during the night it fully recovered its faculties and its power of flight.—*Ernest Seton Thompson, in Our Animal Friends.*

The Cricket as a Thermometer.

An individual cricket chirps with no great regularity when by himself and the chirping is intermittent, especially in the day time. At night, when great numbers are chirping, the regularity is astonishing, for one may hear all the crickets in a field chirping synchronously, keeping time as if led by the wand of a conductor. When the numbers are so great the resting spells of individuals are unnoticed, but when the latter recommence they not only assume the same rate but the same beat as the rest in that field. The crickets in an adjoining field will have the same rate, that is, will make the same number of chirps per minute, but with a different beat, as one may easily perceive by listening.

The rate of chirp seems to be entirely determined by the temperature, and this to such a degree that one may easily compute the temperature when the number of chirps per minute is known.

Thus at 60° F. the rate is 80 per minute.

At 70° F. the rate is 12P a minute, a change of four chirps a minute for each change of one degree. Below a temperature of 50° the cricket has no energy to waste in music and there would be but 40 chirps per minute.

One may express this relation between temperature and chirp rate thus:

Let T. stand for temperature and N. the rate per minute.

$$T. = \frac{50+N-40}{4}$$

For example: What is the temperature when the concert of crickets is 100 per minute?

$$T. = \frac{50+100-40}{4} = 65$$

A. E. Dolbear, *in American Naturalist.*

Audubon Society Meeting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Audubon Society of the State of New York, in coöperation with the American Museum of Natural History, will hold a public meeting in advocacy of bird protection on Thursday next, at 3:30 P. M. The large lecture room of the Museum, at Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, will be used, and an interesting programme is promised.

Mr. Morris K Jesup, president of the American Museum of Natural History and of the New York Audubon Society, will make the introductory address, and will be followed by Mr. Frank Chapman, of the executive committee of the Audubon Society, who will speak on the "Destruction of Birds for Millinery Purposes." Mr. Chapman will be followed by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, also of the executive committee of the Audubon Society, who will make a "Plea for the Birds." The last address will be by Prof. A. S. Bickmore, of the Museum, on "Methods for the Study of Birds in Schools," and will be illustrated by lantern slides of birds and their haunts.

The occasion promises to be one of much interest, and, no doubt, will be well attended. It were to be wished that all the teachers and all the children in New York might be present. Admission will be free, but by ticket.

New York, Nov. 29.

Texas Presages of a Hard Winter.

Petty, Texas.—I am glad to note the interest taken in game protection in this State. There are clubs formed at different points for the purpose of rendering assistance to enforce the game laws, and I hope that this movement may be transmitted from county to county until the entire State shall feel the good influence of game and fish protection.

I noticed on Sept. 20 a gang of wild geese passing southward; this was during a norther, but was, I think, the earliest flight I have ever noted in the State. I also noted, some time about Oct. 25, the arrival of three slate-colored pencos or snow birds. I think this is an exceptionally early date for the arrival of these little winter visitors; and I am told by some of the old residenters that it foretells a severe winter. Countless swarms of crickets have appeared here within the last two or three months; every board or chunk of wood laying on the ground is underlaid with them, and every crevice and corner around the houses and closets are full of them; they seem to be doing no harm, and it is amusing to see the chickens chase and catch them around the yard.

The quail crop this year is not so large as last year, but I think there will be some good shooting soon. I hope to have a day or so with them soon. F. E. W.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

There are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full-page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.—V.

(*Continued from page 365.*)

My friend, John Boyden, was one of the worst cases of this kind I ever met. A thoroughly good fellow, one of the most genial companions afield that one could wish for, well posted on the habits of our game birds, with rare good judgment as to the best localities to look for them, and the very best man to mark down a bird that I ever saw—with all these accomplishments he could not shoot, or rather, he could not hit, for he always shot as soon as he heard the first flutter of wings, and in almost every instance it was bang, bang! as soon as the bird was in the air. It was all in vain that I tried to coach him; his nerves would not be coached, and I had to give it up as a bad job There seemed to be some sort of an electrical communication between him and the noise of fluttering wings that caused that forefinger to double up, and my best efforts to sever the connection met with no success.

When I first met Mr. Boyden I was a very quick shot, almost as quick as he was; for in the dense covers in my section of country I had learned and profited by the lesson that a slow or pokey shot would get badly left. Upon his first visit, we drove some three miles to a favorite woodcock cover; and during the drive I was greatly impressed with his conversation, which showed that he was well up in woodcraft, as well as a capital companion. But when we got among the birds, I soon found that so far as bringing them down went he was not a success, for I gave him several fair shots, but he never touched a feather. I had taken no shots, and he now wished me to shoot, saying that this appeared to be an off day for him; so when the dog pointed, I walked in front of him and flushed two birds, and killed both of them; but he fired at about the same time that I did, and when the dog was bringing in the second one, I motioned to him to carry it to my companion, at the same time remarking that the dog appeared to know who killed the bird. He took the bird, and as he put it in his pocket, very drily remarked that the dog knew more than he did, for honestly, he knew nothing about it. After this, when I had anything like reasonable grounds to lay the getting of a bird to him, I would send the dog over with it, and although I saw him shake his head rather dubiously once or twice, he appeared rather to like it; and by the time we reached home he really

believed he had killed them, for I overheard him telling my mother that he had been a little off in his shooting, and had been beaten, only killing eight out of the eighteen, and one of those he rather thought had fallen to my gun.

An incident occurred that day which showed that Mr. Boyden could mark down a bird if he could not kill it. I had shot at a bird in a dense thicket, and was in doubt as to whether I had hit or not; but he said that he plainly saw it double up; so I sent the dog for it, and we moved on some 20yds., when the dog came back without the bird. We went to help him find it, thinking that perhaps it had lodged, but we could find nothing of it, and I came to the conclusion that I had missed. But Mr. Boyden was sure that it had fallen, and returning to the place, he stood where I had fired, took his bearings, and going into the thicket stopped beside a stump, saying that the bird fell near there. A moment later he drew it from a hole in the stump, into which it had fallen, where, of course, the dog could not smell it. This was an excellent bit of work, and a little beyond me, although I was quite an expert in this line and could nearly always locate my bird within a yard or two.

Mr. Boyden appeared to have taken quite a liking for me, and after his first visit I saw him frequently, and we spent many very pleasant days together among the birds each season for a number of years. Game was very plentiful in those days and, although he did not improve in his shooting, we usually brought in a goodly string, and so well did I learn to time my shot with his that he soon came to accept the decision of the dog without question, and I honestly believe he really thought he was killing his birds. I have seen him bring them down occasionally, but as a rule they were nearly safe so far as he was concerned. We had a point one day on a bevy of quail that had escaped us the previous day by flying across a narrow swamp, and then going, we know not where, as we failed to find them; so when the dog pointed Mr. Boyden proposed going through the swamp to a bit of high ground beyond to mark them, and at once started in that direction. He had nearly crossed the swamp when a grouse rose some 15yds. in front of him, and at the bang-bang of his gun dropped stone dead before it was 2ft. from the ground. I was watching him at the time, and he was carrying his gun with both hands in position and the gun low down and pointing straight in front, and as it happened exactly at the bird as she rose. But the most amusing part of it was that he never halted nor broke step during the whole performance, nor did he even turn his head, but kept straight on at an even step, and as he came to the bird picked it up and put it in his pocket, still keeping step; nor did he pause until he had crossed the swamp to the open, when he stopped with his back toward me and proceeded to load.

When all was ready he mounted a stump on the top of the knoll and waved his hand, when I flushed the bevy, which flew in the same direction they had taken on the preceding day. Picking up the two I had killed, I started toward Mr. Boyden, but he signaled for me to stop, and creeping to me informed me that the bevy had taken a complete circle and settled at the head of the swamp behind us, and not more than 80yds. distant. This performance was something new to me at this time, although I have since quite a number of times seen about the same dodge tried with more or less success by quail, and on several occasions I have known woodcock to try the same trick. The quail, I am satisfied, knew what they were about, but as to the woodcock having any ideas upon the subject I very much doubt.

One woodcock I remember missing with both barrels that flew in a circle and alighted within 10yds. behind me. Mr. Boyden was not near enough to shoot at the first rise, but came up and flushed it again before I had reloaded, and also took a couple of shots at it, but the bird kept on and again described a circle, alighting within a short distance of the place where it had just started from. Upon the next rise it took only three barrels to bring him down, and we found upon examination that some one within a day or two had put a shot into the left wing near the body, which accounted for the erratic flight.

There was a grouse frequenting an alder run that had escaped us several times by flushing wild and crossing into an extensive forest, where we failed to find it. We were in the vicinity, and Mr. Boyden proposed going around to cut off the bird in case I should fail to get a shot. So I waited until he had taken his position, about 200yds. from me and in plain sight, when I sent the dog into the run and kept on the outside, but had gone but a short distance when the bird rose up about half way between us and flew, quartering, toward him, not more than 4ft. from the ground. Just as he pulled the first trigger another grouse rose into the line of fire and both of them doubled up at the report. Notwithstanding the thorough work of the first barrel, the second one had to come; and as I joined him and the dog brought in the two birds, he straightened up and asked me what I thought of that for a double.

One of my warmest friends, Fred Eaton, who also lived in Worcester, frequently accompanied Mr. Boyden to my home, and we invariably had lots of fun. We were after grouse one day, and they were standing together on a little knoll, while I worked out a corner and then started toward them. When about 100yds. below them, a grouse rose near me and flew to the left, and as I dropped it I heard Mr. Boyden's gun, both barrels, and then saw him start on a run for the bird. I saw that he did not know that I was in the vicinity, and so I at once turned back in the thicket and came around to the knoll where Eaton was standing in the full enjoyment of the scene. Motioning for him to keep quiet, I hailed Mr. Boyden, who was approaching with measured stride, and asked him what was up. He did not say a word until close to us, when he finished his journey with "ninety-five, ninety six, ninety-seven"; then with a self satisfied air he exclaimed: "I call that a pretty good shot."

Eaton and I were as soon as judges and warmly congratulated him; but when he took out his knife and cut two stakes, and planted one where he had stood and then started to place the other where the bird fell we had to retire to the rear for fear that our levity might overflow and perhaps mar the beauty of the performance. I was all right when he returned, but we didn't see Eaton again for more than half an hour, and when he joined us he was on a broad grin in spite of his best efforts to keep a sober face; but he got out of it in very good shape by telling us an anecdote that he had that moment thought of. Although the story was rather funny, I fear that both of us gave it much more than its meed in the way of laughter. After this, whenever Mr. Boyden was in this vicinity, especially if some one else was present, the story was told and the ground was stepped over again. He, of course, was perfectly sincere in his belief that he killed the bird, as he did not see me and the noise of my gun was drowned in the report of his. Although I heartily enjoyed this at the time, I did not quite like the idea of vouching for so long a shot as I was obliged to do every time we came to the place; but rather than spoil the evident pleasure that Mr. Boyden took in the recital of the story I quieted my conscience with the assurance that this was but a few paces beyond what I had often heard told by those who I knew knew better, and I also knew that they did not have the excuse of attendant circumstances that Mr. Boyden did to justify them in making so remarkable a shot.

Mr. Boyden, Eaton and I were shooting in the maples, a noted resort for game in these days, and were working toward the big spring to eat our lunch, when a grouse rose wild, and crossed to another run nearly in our rear. Mr. Boyden proposed taking our game and going direct to the spring, while Eaton and I followed the bird; so after unloading our pockets, we started and soon had it, and we then followed the run, which ended near the spring; but when we arrived there we saw nothing of Mr. Boyden, and were wondering what had detained him, when we heard his gun some twenty rods away, and at once started in his direction; but before we reached there we heard from him again, and soon after we saw him in an open meadow just as he had finished reloading, and as the cover we were in was favorable, we lay low and watched to see what was up.

Taking a step or two, he kicked at a heavy bunch of grass, and then moving on to the next bunch he kicked that, when out went a quail that made for the opposite side of the meadow; but it had not gone 10yds. before bang-bang added speed to its flight, and just as it was disappearing over the fringe of hazel that bordered the meadow, Mr. Boyden with a surprised tone, ejaculated, "See-e-him-go!" Then he reloaded The performance was repeated, the only variation that we noticed was that he appeared to be still more surprised, as he straightened up and repeated, "See e-him-go!" After one more round he appeared to be weakening, and we broke cover, and approaching him, asked what was up, just as though we had at that moment come upon the scene.

"Quail are up," said he, "and they are so wild that I can do nothing with them; let us go and eat our lunch and then we will show them what's what."

It was more than three years after this performance before Mr. Boyden knew that I had any knowledge of the affair. A meeting of the Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association, of which organization he was president, was held at Worcester, but he had been quite unwell for some days, and was not expected to be present, but he came, however, and as I saw him enter the hall all bundled up and bent over, I crossed over to him, and with a surprised tone ejaculated: "See—e—him—go!" It would have done you good to have seen the change that came over him as with a comical expression he shook hands, then pitching his cane into the corner, he took off his overcoat and said that he came there a sick man and intended to stay but a minute or two, but that his friend from Connecticut had with a few magic words effected a complete cure. He then called the meeting to order and gave us a rousing speech, that every one who heard it said was much the best he ever made. After the meeting adjourned he came to me and remarked that he had thought until this evening that he alone had enjoyed that bit of fun with the quail.

Once when coming down for a shoot he brought with him his friends, Bowker and Coburn, and as they were both jolly good fellows, we had a most enjoyable time.

In working over quite an extensive cover Boyden and Bowker took one side while Coburn and I took the other, and as a small screech owl alighted near us Coburn shot it, and after we had examined it he put it in his pocket. When we met the others it was time for lunch, and we crossed over to a spring and spreading on the grass a napkin we arranged our lunch and proceeded to enjoy ourselves. The game bags were thrown in a heap, and I noticed that Coburn was busy with them for a short time, but thought nothing of the matter. When our repast was finished and the pipes were all going Mr. Boyden asked us what luck we had, and after we had given the particulars he recounted their adventures, giving full details of each and every bird started, and when he had disposed of every one Mr. Bowker added that he had also killed a quail, the only one that they had seen, and that it was a very handsome one, and he reached for his game bag, and putting in his hand pulled out Coburn's owl.

I think that I would give more for a photograph of that group than I would for any hunting scene that I have ever witnessed, although I hardly believe that any one kodak could have reproduced the look of surprised wonder that came over Bowker as he turned the little screech-owl over in his hand, then as he emptied the bag and searched in vain for that quail amid the shouts and screams of his delighted audience, then to see him again pick up the owl and turn him around and slowly shake his head with the look of perplexed wonder still holding its own—was almost too much for us; but there was yet more to come, for as he somewhat recovered he solemnly averred that the dog pointed it and when he kicked it out of the grass it flew just like a quail, and he really thought that it was a quail, but when the dog brought it in Boyden was some distance ahead and calling to him, so he hurriedly put it in his bag with only a glance at the bird, which he thought to be an unusually handsome one, then with a deprecating glance at us as though he thought that we had made noise enough over a little thing like that, he added, in a tone that was intended to be careless as well as cheerful: "I don't believe that we would have had one-tenth part of the fun we have had over this little fellow had I killed fifty quail."

After we had rested awhile and partially digested our feast of owl, Mr. Boyden proposed that we visit a famous grouse cover some half mile away, and we at once took up the line of march in that direction. Just before we came to the cover there was a very steep side hill, and at the foot of it was a bit of meadow some ten rods in width. Our course down the hill was by a cart path that at an easy grade led down to the meadow; but when we climbed the fence where the cart path begun, somehow Mr. Boyden slipped his trolley, and before we knew what was up, over the brink he went; and such a getting down hill I never saw. He first tried it end over end for two or three turns, then he went sideways a short distance, but this did not seem to quite suit, and he doubled up and rolled part of the way; in fact, he went pretty much through the list of known gymnastic performances and then struck out into the unknown, and I will say that for striking effect and originality I have never seen the performance equaled. We stood there spellbound gazing at the rapidly gyrating form, and the least that I expected was to hear the familiar bang! bang! of his gun and to see him break himself in two. But it is always the unexpected that happens, and how he ever got down the 50 or 60ft. of steep side hill in that style without doing himself serious damage is more than I can account for; but get there he did, and in first-class condition, striking the meadow square on his feet, and headed straight for the cover without a scratch on his gun or rent in his clothes. There he was, as straight as a ramrod and marching with even step in the proper direction, with his gun on his shoulder in proper position, with not even the suspicion of a turn of his head or a single sign that anything was at all out of the common.

He had gone at least twenty steps before we recovered our faculties, but when we did come to a realizing sense of the condition of affairs, we had to hold fast to each other to keep from following his example down the slope, and as shout after shout rang out our mirth was not diminished as we saw him keep straight on and make no sign, and soon he disappeared in the cover toward his allotted stand on the opposite side.

When we came together again and began to jolly him about his tumble he put on a deeply surprised look, and in his driest manner allowed that we fellows took the queerest notions into our heads of any crowd he ever met; then in a very straightforward, off-hand manner he explained that as he had to go further than we did he took the shortest cut, adding very dryly that he found it considerably nearer than the east path and much more expeditious. Of course we had nothing more to say, and proceeded in search of fresh adventures: but to this day, whenever I hear that word "expeditious," I am again standing on the brow of that slope breathlessly watching a struggling mass of wildly gyrating arms and legs as they expedite down the hill at a speed that fairly makes me dizzy.

Mr. Boyden and I were shooting in the maples and had spread our lunch near the big spring, and were about to seat ourselves when some one flushed a grouse about 75yds. below us that flew toward us, when quick as a flash Mr. Boyden grabbed my gun, which was leaning against a tree near him, and as the bird was passing some 20yds. distant he let go and brought it down, and then pulled the other trigger, but as he had only cocked one hammer, this portion of the performance was an utter failure. Then he looked at the gun with a critical eye, poised it in his hands and bringing it to his shoulder began taking a sight over the barrels at different objects. Finally he set it down and turning to me said that it was no wonder that I killed my birds, and that any one could do so with a gun that hung like that, adding that he would have his gun altered to match mine at the first opportunity, so when the season was over he wrote me to send him my gun, which I did, and he took it with his to the best gunmaker he knew and succeeded in getting a first-class job done, but the wrong article was altered over, as I could see no difference in the result obtained. SHADOW.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

COLUMBIA FALLS, Mont.—My cousin Joe Rogers arrived here Oct. 1 from Nebraska on an extended visit. As it was his first experience in the mountains, you can well imagine, dear readers (especially those of you who have been there), something about it.

Being very busy on the ranch when he came, we didn't get off on our hunt until Oct. 30. Early that morning found us starting up the North Fork of the Flathead River, fully equipped for a two weeks' outing. We had three pack horses, two saddle horses and, above all, the camera. Joe is an amateur photographer, and I got more real enjoyment out of that camera than I did out of my gun.

On the night of the 31st we camped at the Coal Banks on the North Fork, thirty-five miles north of Columbia Falls. We saw nothing of note along the trail; got some fool-hens each day, thus we had fresh meat from the start. These were the first fool-hens that Joe had ever seen, and having just come from a quail country he found the difference was so great that he went so far as to examine their intellectual parts, to see if it was not impaired.

Nov. 1.—It snowed in the morning, so we stayed in camp till about noon. When the weather cleared up, we rustled the horses and moved across the river toward the main range of the Rockies, four miles.

Here we struck the Long brothers trapping camp. As soon as the horses were unsaddled they were turned loose, as we did not expect to use them again for a week. There was no danger of losing them, as the feed was good and they had been there before.

The younger of the Long brothers, Aaron, made us welcome. The elder brother, Ed, had gone to Columbia Falls to buy the winter supply of grub, and was not expected back for several days. After a hot supper of fat venison and coffee, we sat around the fireplace making plans for the hunt. During our discussion Aaron remarked, in a smiling way, that I had better devote my time to fool-hens and rabbits, as they were about the right size for the caliber of my rifle; a .32-40 single-shot. Aaron used an old Sharp's .45-70. He, however, had great respect for the little .32-40 when the hunt was over. Joe used a .40-65 Winchester, which is as good a rifle for all-around hunting as is made, I think. Joe wanted to kill a deer and take some pictures. I didn't care so long as we had fresh meat in camp, and as Joe had a good time, so Aaron proposed that, as he had just taken up his traps preparatory to moving them to the second camp for the winter, he might go with us, to which we readily agreed. In the morning we caught up a horse, and packed up five days' rations for three men, blankets, camera, and struck out, Aaron leading the way. After traveling four miles through the timber, up one ridge and down another, we came to the foot of Logging Creek Lake. Here we unpacked and turned the horse loose; he went right back to the horses he had left three hours before.

We saw numerous deer tracks on the way up, but no deer; about 2in. of snow was on the ground. We built a fire and boiled coffee, fried some venison, which we brought with us from Aaron's camp.

After dinner we piled our outfit into a "dug-out" (some might call it a canoe by mistake), which had been made by a trapper the year before, and all three of us got in, with the dog, an eight-months-old pup, on his first trip. The boat was so heavily loaded that an inch to the right or left would swamp us; so we sat still, looked straight ahead and said nothing, while Aaron paddled the dug-out carefully along. We couldn't stand it any longer, so Joe, myself and the dog got out and walked along the shore, while Aaron paddled the dug-out. We made six miles in about three hours. It was then about 4 o'clock, so we camped.

We soon had supper cooking and camp fixed up under a large spruce tree. Joe thought it was just fine, and as

Aaron and I had camped that way before a good many times, we thought so too.

Early the next morning, after a hearty breakfast, we got into the dug-out, with dog, rifles and camera, and started for the head of the lake, two or three miles distant from camp. Just as we rounded the last point before reaching the head of the lake, I saw a white-tail doe standing on the shore nibbling at some brush, with her stern toward us. I motioned Aaron to stop paddling and whispered to Joe to see the deer. He was holding the rifles and I the dog. Just at that moment the doe looked up and, as deer always will, looked over her shoulder and, of course saw us. She turned partly around, gazed at us for a moment and was gone; thus Joe had seen his first wild deer.

A few minutes more of paddling brought us to the head of the lake. The weather had turned colder and clouded over, so we left the camera at the boat, and each man set out for himself to get a deer. I struck up the mountains, thinking there might be some blacktail there.

After going some 500yds., I struck the trail of five or six deer that had been along the day before, and were working along the side of the mountain, going east.

Thinking they might be in or just across the ravine to my right, I decided to go up a little higher, cross and then come down the other side.

As I went about 200yds. further I struck the largest Rocky Mountain goat track I had ever seen, and I have seen quite a good many, too.

To use an expression commonly used here, "It looked as though a cow had lain down," every time it stepped. The track was fresh, going east along the side of the mountain The snow was about 6in. deep, and the more I looked at the track the more I desired to have that goat, if possible. I followed his track to the edge of the ravine, and there I could see he had gone across to the other side and on around a point of rocks, so I kept straight on up the ravine about 400yds.

I calculated then to work up to the rocks on my right and come in above him, but before starting to climb up further I sat down to eat lunch and figure as to where I would find that goat.

I had eaten about half the lunch when I heard some small rocks rolling down in a little draw to the right, which I could not see into. The dog kept looking up that way, so I suspicioned that my goat had seen me and climbed up on the rocks above, though I could not see him.

In a few minutes my suspicions were confirmed by seeing three goats appear above me, and at least 600yds. away, almost straight up. They looked down at me, and then walked along that rocky ridge very complacently, stopping occasionally to look at me. I suppose they imagined themselves as safe as a fool-hen does when it flies from the ground and lights on a limb 10 or 15ft. over your head, and cocks one eye down at you. I watched them as they moved slowly along, until they came to where the ridge ended in a peak, which rose some 300ft. straight up. There they stopped, and two lay down while the old ram stood up, looking down at me occasionally, but he seemed contented.

I hardly knew what to do; I didn't think it policy to cross over and follow up the same ridge they had gone up, as they could get down either side. I decided that taking the draw to the left would shut me out of their view, and enable me to get above them. Then by going to the left of the pinnacle, I could work around and get close to them. The snow was deeper as I ascended, and was knee-deep when the summit was reached; and to my chagrin the mountain was so steep on the other side that I could not get around.

I then had to go back some 200yds. and work to the right, under the backbone of the mountain and across the head of the ravine which came out on a level with where I saw the goats last. By this time it was quite late, and what was done must be done in a hurry. I worked along on a shelf of rock until I came to a point where I could get no further. Here I expected to see the goat close on the other side. I craned my neck as far as I could, and was rewarded by seeing a horn, an eye and about half the face of a goat which seemed to be in about the same position that I was in, and trying to see what was making the noise behind those peaks, for occasionally a small rock would slip under my feet and go rolling down the mountain. The wind blew hard and it was so cold that my mittens were frozen stiff, and as I had to take them off to shoot, it was a poor chance to shoot well; but it was the only show, so I shot, and missed of course. I loaded as quick as I could and tried it again, for the goat was in the same position. That shot was closer than the first, as the goat got out of there, and I could hear it scrambling up some rocks to the left, but I couldn't see him. I went back a few yards and down on another shelf which led to where the goat stood; not seeing anything there I scrambled back up where the goat had climbed, thus coming upon the same ridge that the goats went upon. On looking down the ridge I saw two goats working their way down, the "big billy" and a smaller one. They were about 150yds. away. As I pulled up to shoot they stopped, the small one was in the lead, and as it turned partly around to look at me, I shot. It wheeled quickly and ran down the ridge, the big goat following. I tried to get a running shot at the big one, but could not, as the ground was so uneven.

They ran about 75yds. and disappeared behind some rocks. I waited a full minute for them to come out; as I could see all the country around there they couldn't get away without my seeing them. I soon came to the conclusion that the small one must be dead, and the big goat was close by. I started down and had gone but a few steps when the big goat emerged some distance below the rock and walked across a little sag in the ridge. When he got to the top I shot, and at the crack of the rifle he jumped down the other side and was out of sight. It was a broadside shot at a distance of 200yds., as nearly as I could judge. I then went down to where I had shot at the other, and saw that I had hit it. I followed the trail and found it a few yards from where I had seen it last, lying dead on a wedge-shaped rock about 20ft. above the sag where the big goat had crossed. The bullet had entered just in front of the shoulder and ranged toward the stern. I pushed it off the rock, then went down to see what had become of the billy. I saw he was hit, but was afraid the bullet had struck too far back. I could see his trail down the mountain on the left-hand side for 200yds., then it disappeared.

As it was growing dark, I knew I would have to hurry to get off the rocks before it grew too dark, and I did not care to camp all night on top of the mountain. So I struck out for camp, and just did get off those rocks by dark. I went on down through the fallen timber, reaching the lake about two hours after dark. Joe and Aaron had got tired of waiting, and had paddled back to camp. I walked along the shore, and got to camp about two hours later, tired and hungry. After supper we talked over the events of the day. Joe had seen no game by noon, so he went back to the lake and took some photos. Aaron had shot three blue grouse, and thus ended the day.

The next morning we struck out early, and paddled to the head of the lake. I left my rifle; Joe took his rifle and I the camera; then we went up the mountain to the scene of the goat hunt. We got up there about noon, took a picture of the goat and surroundings, then proceeded to skin the game, taking the head and feet also. The head we shall have mounted, as it is a good specimen of the female. The feet are to be made into a footstool; the hide into a rug.

We then started after the "billy," which we found about 400yds. down the other side of the mountain. He was lying down; but looking at us. Joe took a shot, but shot over him; and before he could reload the goat got up and disappeared over the rock on which he had been lying. We worked our way down carefully, and could see his trail for a few yards and no more, so we thought he must be somewhere close by.

Seeing where his trail went around under a rock, we got down very cautiously on that rock, and on looking down, saw him not over 20ft. away. Joe shot him through the head, and put him out of misery.

We were going to take a photo of him, but the weather was so squally just then that Joe couldn't make a success of it. We rolled him down the mountain, and followed as best we could. On reaching the foot, we skinned out the game. By this time it was 4 P. M., and there was no chance of making camp that night, as it would be dark in an hour, and we were on the opposite side of the mountain from camp. Joe shouldered the big goat hide, while I took the smaller one together with the camera and rifle, and we started for the second lake, which is three miles above the head of the first lake. It grew pitch dark on us before we were within a mile of the lake, so that we could travel no further over the windfalls and through the brush, and we had to camp. We broke some dry brush and started a fire, and put in the whole night breaking more brush to keep it going, the ground being so steep that there was no chance to lie down.

It was a tough experience for a starter, but Joe stood it like an old-timer, and said: "A man who would hunt goats at this time of year must expect to get the worst of it."

Morning came at last, and after taking up about four holes in our belts, we shouldered packs and made the second lake in an hour, and kept working on down until we came to the head of the first lake, where we had left the dug-out.

Great was our joy to find the boat where we had left it the day before. We threw in our packs and headed for camp, which we reached in a short time.

Aaron had a pot of beans cooked, some grouse fried and coffee made, and we "went at it." Joe said it was the best meal he had ever ate in his life.

That afternoon we started back to the foot of the lake. Aaron went down to his camp to get a horse and come back the next morning to pack out our baggage.

Joe and I fixed up camp for the night, made a good bed of pine boughs, and having plenty of blankets, we slept better than we would have slept on our spring beds at home—far different from the night previous, anyway. About ½in. of snow fell that night.

Aaron came back about 9:30 with the pack-horse. He saw two deer along the trail, but didn't have his rifle with him.

He was in a hurry to get back the same day, so we hustled around and got back to the main camp at 12:30.

The rest of the day was spent in fixing up our goat hides and helping the boys get ready for an early start the next morning. They were off at daylight with their pack outfits. Joe and I agreed to stay until they came back, and see what we could do with the white-tails. There was just snow enough to see the tracks.

The snow was almost as wet as rain when it fell, and had frozen, making still-hunting impossible. Joe hunted until noon, seeing nothing like game he went back to camp and took some photos around camp. I stayed with the white-tail until nearly night, and had one of those experiences that makes a fellow feel as if he were sent for and couldn't come, having seen four deer at different times during the day, and only a flash each time; not enough to shoot at.

I began to think I had lost my "grip" on the white-tail altogether, when suddenly I saw a buck coming on a trot along the side hill below me and about 40yds. away. Evidently he was on a doe's track. I pointed my rifle at a little opening, calculating to shoot when the deer passed through it; but he stopped just before he got there, and I could just see his hips, the rest of him being behind some fir-trees. I kept the open space covered, as he would only have to take a step or two to reach the open space. But he didn't come out, so I took my eye off the sights to see what had become of him, when he gave a snort and went down the hill like a cyclone, keeping the bunch of trees between us so that I could not get a shot.

I decided it was not my day out, and feeling blue went to camp. The next day we tried it again. Joe had the same luck as before, except that he took in a couple of partridges. My luck was better, for I shot a two-year-old doe which was very fat.

The next morning I caught up an old stand-by pack-horse, Pedro, and then we started after the doe, Joe taking his rifle.

We packed the doe on to the old horse and started back. We got nearly to the creek, when a young buck jumped across the creek and ran through a little opening. Joe was behind the horse, and I spoke to him to shoot that deer. He could not see the deer from where he was, so he ran up the creek bank. As luck would have it, the buck stopped when he reached the timber. Joe shot, and away went the buck. The way he ran and the noise he made as he went through the bush, showed plainly that the buck was hard hit. We went to where the buck had stood when Joe shot; found hair and blood from the first jump. Following up about 60yds. we found the buck, dead. First we looked for the bullet hole, and found it just where it should have been—close behind the shoulder and through the heart. We dressed him and paced the distance shot, and found it was 102 paces. Not a bad shot, you will say, nor any chance for the buck ague to win, either. Joe said it was all done so quick that he hadn't time to think of buck ague.

We loaded both deer, a pretty heavy load, on old Pedro, and tied up the hackamore rope and started him for camp, while Joe and I followed behind; two happier beings would have been hard to find.

On arriving at camp Joe took a snap-shot at the deer on the pack horse, and there being some large yellow ponies in the background it made a fine picture.

We soon had a fire going in the fire-place and dinner progressing rapidly. In about an hour the Long Brothers came in and horses loaded with over 1,200lbs. of supplies, which they think will last them until next May. The rest of the day was spent in getting ready for our trip home. The next morning we left, after promising the boys we would come back this winter when the snow-shoeing was good and bring the camera with us, and take some winter scenes.

We crossed the river and went to the Coal Camp, then went on to Coal Creek Park and camped. There was a trapper camped there with whom we stopped that night. He had several marten, a lynx and three bear, the result of his falls catch. The next morning we moved on homeward.

The trail was rough, having frozen hard since we came up. Our progress was necessarily slow; but we were in no rush, so it didn't make any difference.

That night we camped under a large spruce tree, not thinking it necessary to put up the tent, as the night was clear. The next day we reached Columbia Falls by 3 P. M., and went on down to the ranch, five miles below, where we arrived in due time, found everything all O.K., as we left them.

Thus ended our two weeks' trip. We didn't get much game, as you see, but enough. I never could see the object in trying how much game one could kill in a certain length of time. But there are people who kill all the game they possibly can. Yet they are not true sportsmen in my estimation. Joe and I are going to take another hunt about Dec. 1 and see if we can get two or three whitetail to mix with the fat pig for our winter's meat. BERT.

CHICKEN SHOOTING WITH THE APOSTLES.

I WAS in Minnesota this fall, where I had gone to get rid of St. Louis weather and incidentally do a little shooting. Soon after my arrival a trainer came back from the Manitoba trials, and sent me a kind invitation to come out and shoot over the dogs he had in training, as I had, for the first time in my life, gone hunting without a dog. I felt awkward, driving off across the prairie with nothing but a gun and some plain provisions, but when I arrived at the trainer's temporary stopping place and saw a two-horse spring wagon, crated and roofed like a stock car and literally crowded with dogs, my feelings improved. Think of going a-shooting with a wagon load of dogs and a field-trial trainer to handle them! Albeit, a barrel of water to water them with, and you to do all the shooting! For, during the time I hunted with him, he left his gun at home and attended strictly to business, which with him, I soon observed, was the training (not breaking) of dogs. It was the first time I had ever seen a simon-pure dog trainer at work, and as I reflected how interesting it all was, and how many FOREST AND STREAM readers there might be to whom the sight would be equally novel and interesting, I tried to remember what happened. It must be said by way of preface that the dogs he had run in the trials, and some others wanted for this season's chicken shooting, had taken the most of his attention, and the dogs he was now starting in to work with in earnest were partly trained only. He said they were within a month of being trained.

We started across the prairie, and had driven our respective equipages side by side to within gunshot of a stubble, when Spark struck a faint scent. We stopped, and A. got down among the three dogs at once, I following at his suggestion, slipping a couple of shells in my gun as I did so; and reflecting with a slight feeling of regret that my old Parker had not been cleaned since last spring, when I won the little gold medal (not so all-fired little either) for keeps with a straight score, and then lost the $400 medal (which Mrs. Kennedy said was too big to wear, anyhow) by having four birds in succession fall just about 2ft. over the wire. Spark trailed to the stubble and pointed, the little black and white pointer backing nicely, and Matthew coming in on the swing, quickly stopping to a point. A. walked quietly among them, and patted them and spoke to them almost in a whisper. A single bird rose and I killed it, after having made that imperceptible pause which one has to learn to make in order not to tear chickens to pieces. Spark dropped, the pointer stopped, and Matthew made a start forward, which was checked by a sharp "toho!" but which was still uttered in that, to me, surprising conversational tone. Spark was a second-season dog, and had been taught, by means of the choke-collar, to retrieve, which he did at command in a perfect manner, after which the dead bird was shown to the timid pointer and the frivolous Matthew, who made much of it, and who were made much of by their trainer the while. Sent on, they made game in the stubble, and two more birds flushed wild, one of which I shot at and which went gyrating off to the other side of the grass hill, flicker fashion, where he went down with a pitch.

Shortly after this A. got down again from his seat on the roof of his wagon and watered the three dogs and put two of them in the wagon, leaving Matthew still out; and let out the Fargo dog and Luke, together with a liver-colored pointer, full grown. This last-mentioned dog went off like the wind and was soon hard to see. He is the kind of dog corresponding to a "rogue" elephant. He had been well trained by some one, sold to a stranger and had then taken to flushing, and had been sent to A. for re-training. He had two dogs of this class on hand when I was there. The other was a beautiful orange and white setter—a fine ranger, good nose, perfectly staunch on a point, but who had become, in the hands of his then owner, not simply a shot breaker, but a shot bolter. He not only ran in when the birds rose, but chased them out

of sight. We became satisfied that the first dog had taken to flushing through jealousy, for he was a very jealous dog, as will presently appear. The other dog had taken to chasing birds through excess—growing excess—of enthusiasm, for some dogs do not get their full measure of hunting passion in their early years. They both looked to me like hopeless cases, but A. said he would have them all right in a couple of weeks. And before I left the liver-colored pointer actually pointed, far off on the prairie, although before we got there he flushed the covey, a very large one. The trouble with the first of the apostles, as I have intimated, on the other hand, was that he was too much of a puppy. He would just as soon hunt butterflies as birds. Soon after the exodus of the liver-colored pointer, Matthew showed the entire catholicity of his predilections by starting off full tilt after a jack rabbit, taking Luke and the Fargo dog with him. The latter two were readily recalled by the whistle, but the dog with the biblical name did the "Song of the Brook" act.

"Now," thought I, "we will see an imitation of a dog getting a licking," as there came into my mind the conventional idea of all the whippings a dog must receive by the time the trainer has sent him back "trained."

Well, he came back after a while, and when he came near A. got down from his chariot and met him, whip in hand, not a great way off. The dog came on, apologetic, but unsuspicious. Had I been Matthew then I should have cut for home.

"Mat," in broader Scotch, "shame on ye!"

And Mat looked sorrowful. Whereupon the man raised the whip and the dog sat down. The whip was then pressed upon Mat's back—not struck, mind you, but pressed—while there floated from A.'s whistle a far-away little counterpart of his previous whistle. This was repeated three or four times, with a few sorrowing murmurs from the man in the intervals, which the dog received with becoming abjectness.

"A.," said I, "why didn't you whip that dog?"

"Man, I'd be fit to lose my occupation if I did. I've been lattin' them all chase rabbits and everything else all summer. They'd be no gude else."

Presently the liver-colored pointer was put in the wagon, and Mark and May let out; soon after which a broken covey flushed wild and went off across the level prairie, near some stacks about a mile away. The liver-colored pointer was feeling sore at being back in the wagon, and the added chagrin of birds a-flying, and the strange man with the gun missing a pretty fair shot at a bird which came back by the vehicles, was too much for him, and he inaugurated a dog fight with Spark; the other dogs, used to the occurrence, crowding to the rear of the wagon and leaving them plenty of room. A. now came up and opened the door at the rear, reached forward and dragged the culprit out by the hindleg and gave him a good trouncing. At intervals during the time I was with the outfit this performance was gone through with. The dogs in the wagon crowded constantly to the front, where they were interested observers of the hunt, which, when it became fast and furious, they greeted with howls and lamentations. And when patience gave way, the pointer pitched into Spark, or, if he was not in, then the next best fighter present. He was not a fighter at other times, but that was his way of overcoming grief, especially when A. was off from the wagon, as he was sure to be when birds were near. When we got near the stacks May found one of the birds, which flew over A., who dropped promptly to wing, seeing which, I killed the bird. May tipped me a merry wink, and looked as if it did her little heart good to see the old man take his own medicine.

We stopped at the stacks and fed the horses, watered all the dogs and proceeded to take our nooning, which consisted in a light repast of beer and sandwiches, a smoke and a long nap, the latter broken once or twice by A. going after his team, which he had unbridled and let graze, and which now and then got too far away with the precious freight of dogs. The team was a typical dog trainer's team, stopping of their own accord the minute the dogs got on a point, and safe to leave standing alone a mile away while we followed the birds. Sometimes we would signal to my driver, and he would attach the check cord to them and come to us with both teams, saving us the walk back. When we awoke from our last nap it was 4:30 o'clock; the hot wind had gone down, and it was getting cooler. We started up a neighboring stubble, when one of the broken covey rose at my left, and I killed it from the carriage, as I was on the watch for him. "Good kill," said A. So I got out and stepped it, and found it was 67yds. A. was at the bird with the dogs before I was, interesting them with it; first allowing them to find and point it, then showing them that it was dead, and allowing them to nose it; handing it especially to Matthew, the frivolous, and to the black and white timid pointer, if they were out. Then, if the wagon was near by he would carry the bird over there and pass it along the slats to the row of dripping jaws and noses stuck out sideways. Sometimes a clinging, coaxing paw was insinuated toward the bird, striving to hold the dear, delightful fragrance yet a little longer. It was a very fetching sight, and, needless to say, one enjoyed it more than killing the bird. Another spectacle was the calling out of a fresh contingent of dogs. Of course, they all wanted to be let out each time, and felt it was their turn always; but the bunch would be pushed back and A. would call out: "Mark!" and straightway Mark would come driving through or over the other dogs and "fall on his neck;" and the next instant would be 50yds. out, while at the call of "Luke!" the performance would be repeated. They all knew their names, and made no mistakes. Some time after this a rare thing happened. Two chickens were found in oat stubble. It may not be rare with others, but it is the only time I have ever had it occur. May and Mark found them. "There's nothing here," said I, "this is oat stubble."

"That little May is hardly ever mistaken."

And sure enough, she was not. She was easily the best dog of the lot. Not so large as her four clerical brothers, and perhaps not so fast as Luke, but withal a rapid and far ranger, and as sure as an old campaigner, and full as careless of stinkbirds and gophers. Added to this, she was the prettiest Gladstone setter one would meet from St. Paul to Devil's Lake in September. Two blue-black ears tinged with tan, black and tan rings about the eyes, and similarly colored trimming about the jaws and from the ears, back ticked black and white in even, dollar-sized spots. Such a dog, according to convention, would be good for nothing but bench shows and killing chickens.

One has to hunt in this way, with a whole wagon load of dogs, to come to a proper realization of the marked individuality of dogs, despite breeding and despite training. Some of those dogs will be always troublesome and hard to handle, despite the best of training at the outset; while some will be a joy forever and, to my mind, would have been, with even the indifferent training of the amateur, not bad dogs. Many of them, however, would have been wholly ruined by anything short of the gentle, persuasive treatment they received. With such treatment, however, they are good dogs, and, if their future masters continue the same reserve and gentility, will remain so. The thing which struck me all of a heap about the dog training business was that dogs trained with a mild voice and a slow temper are very apt to be spoiled by the man who gets them. He is apt to depart from what have been the methods of training and shock the poor dog's sensibilities by too much forcefulness when the man himself is all the time thinking he is not loud enough and severe enough. Another thing: this kind of training is all directed to the development of the animal's hunting sense, and he is not bothered much by whistling and commands, and if he falls in with a drill master he will be all at sea. They are using their heads, and haven't room in them to listen to Annie Rooney on a calliope. If a dog that has been trained in this way cannot find the birds without your explicit directions when you get him back from one of these B. Waters's plan trainers, it is because you sent the trainer a sow's ear from which to make a silk purse.

There might well be a sliding scale of prices for training dogs, for the timid dog requires twice the pains and is not likely to become a valuable dog at that. How would it do to send a trainer a batch of pups and tell him to train the good one and send the rest back as soon as possible? He would send you some of them before long, and the money spent on the remaining one or more would not be misspent, and you would have more good dogs in the end and more puppies to give away. Another thing, while I am at it: it occurred to me that sometimes a puppy is made timid by the strange and sometimes pugnacious company he is thrown with when he leaves home. The trainer should make it his business to protect the weak until they get their courage; and those that are not born fighters should be kept separate from the scrappers, to the end that their finely organized nervous systems be not injured in this manner. It may be that many dogs thus innocently enough come to be ruined. To a young dog that has been raised with other dogs, a dog fight is merely an incident; whereas to one that has been raised by himself, a dog fight, particularly if he happens to get the worst of it—and which, by the way, is most likely—is a tragedy, and it may affect him accordingly. This occurred to me possibly because the black and white pointer, a beauty of a dog, was very timid, and the trainer told me that several of the dogs I saw had been similarly afflicted, but had recovered. It may be a reflection upon the practice of Mr. A., and for all I know of other trainers, of housing all the dogs together and allowing the bold and strong to oppress the weak; but I am not writing for Mr. A.'s benefit, but in the effort to let others see what I saw, be it good or bad, of this dog training business. At any rate, it is a little thing to say, where all the rest is in his favor, or rather, in favor of the modern methods practiced by him. One word more: there were a number of dogs there owned by one man, who had taken it upon himself to provide food of his own choosing for them, the basic property of which was "cracklings." It was manifestly an inappropriate dog food, for the dogs fed on it were constantly getting out of order. Either the feeding should be left entirely to the trainer, or else, when the dog is sent to him, there should be sent along with it a supply of dog biscuits sufficient to last during his absence. The expense is trifling compared to the value of the dog one hopes to get back; and by this means the proper feeding of the dog is put beyond a peradventure. The trainer will be satisfied, and ought to be more than satisfied, and glad to see that none of the food is improperly or improvidently disposed of. Mr. A., before coming to this country from Scotland, was a gamekeeper, as was his father before him; and during our noonings I was much interested in his description of the way they preserve game and propagate it. He said a gamekeeper with a well-equipped "pheasantry" can raise and turn out 2,000 young pheasants per year. The difficulty in the way of this work in this country seems to be more imaginary than real. A "pheasantry," viz., hatching houses, netting, yards, etc., costs about $1,500. The gamekeeper and his two or three assistants (boys) ought not to cost more than that much per year, and with the eggs procured by the gamekeeper, who would know how to get them at small cost compared to the cost if procured from dealers, two or three years would stock a place so that good shooting could be had from that on. True, pheasants have to be fed on corn partly, but this is a cheaper and simpler thing than first appears. The corn is put in iron boxes fastened to trees in the coverts, having lids which effectually keep out other birds and all vermin. When the pheasants require other food than that which they find in the woods and fields they go to the feed box, alight on the part of it which causes the lid to fly up, take the corn out and hop off, whereupon the lid falls back in place. The young birds are all accustomed to the workings of the feed box before being turned out, and soon learn to stay in the neighborhood of the boxes, so that they do not really scatter throughout the countryside when turned out, but confine their movements to the radius of the feed boxes.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

Maine's Deer Supply.

MACOMB, Ill., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from Bangor and Orland, Me. It is truly wonderful that the hunters have killed so many deer in the Maine woods this year. It is estimated by those who have a chance to know that there have been over 4,000 deer killed there this fall, and not less than 3,000 hunters have been in the Maine woods this fall. How long can the deer stand such a slaughter as this? I was at Bucksport, and stood on the spot where a bear was shot three weeks ago. He was killed on one of the principal streets of the town, about three blocks from the business part of the village. It is supposed that the bear strayed away and got into the town, and became bewildered.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

THE LONG ISLAND DEER FRAY.

THERE is deer hunting and deer hunting, and as time passes we of course have reason to conclude that the last deer hunting would be better than the first, and the ways of the aged deer hunter would be more dignified, correct and sportsmanlike than the ways of the young novice, with his impetuous nature and imperfect training to condone his infractions of sporting rules and plead his excuses as well. And about that center of culture, New York city, we would expect the refinement which comes from long study of sporting ethics, gentlemanly emulation and the higher training of centuries, the nobler ways of sportsmanship, and in all this we are not disappointed.

The higher sportsmanship can be seen in its full play on any Wednesday in November in the deer country on Long Island about Center Islip and contiguous country, where the deer have multiplied so satisfactorily in the past few years. This year, as all know, each Wednesday in November was an open day for deer shooting on Long Island, which, it is said, was good in itself for the sportsman who lived far and near, and particularly good for the local resident, who could kill a deer on any day, and if caught with it in his possession could plead that it was killed on the last Wednesday, thus making the law a dead letter.

So keen are these local sportsmen in deer protection, these resident sportsmen of Long Island, that they will not let an outsider hunt on any day of the week, if he should be so unwise as to take his own commissary along with him, that being a violation of the Monroe doctrine, inasmuch as it is an unfriendly act. It is a cleavage of social and sporting ties which is a total taboo. It is a violation of the tenderest feelings of the community. Against the invader the grounds are posted, the residents are unsympathetic and unresponsive pleasingly, not to say hostile. But let the visitor come in sportsmanlike fashion, stop with a farmer or resident, and he is no longer an invader, he is a guest. From having every man's hand raised against him as an enemy to the public weal when he brings along his own commissary, he rises at once to the dignity of a brother who owns the deer in common with them if he can get it first and hold it afterward.

So long as the guest stops with a farmer and pays well for his accommodations, he ranks in the neighborhood as one of the family, with all the privileges, usufruct, good will, citizenship and brotherly love thereunto appertaining; under other circumstances he is an unfriendly eyesore to the community.

Let us now assume that the outsider arrived on a Tuesday night of November, and qualified according to the honored exactions of the community by evidence of good faith. His farmer is forthwith a friend so soon as the financial arrangements are concluded, and the plan for the next day's slaughter are minutely unfolded, and the visitor then becomes an active force in the local sportsmanship, and the following is the experience of one, told in his own words:

We rose in the morning early according to our prearranged plans, and immediately started by lantern light for the grounds to get a good stand, the center of operations being at a famous cut in the railroad, an embankment a short distance east of Center Islip. Our group went to a good stand and proceeded to settle itself, when dark figures arose and in tones of firmness told us that we might move on to some other stand; we couldn't have that one, since, having sat on it all night, sleeping on their arms as it were, it was their stand. We moved on from one good stand to another with the same result, till at last, finding one of the best second choice stands, we ensconced ourselves for the deer hunt, if hunt it may be called, when a fellow waits for the deer to come his way.

As dawn crept over the world, I had a chance to observe the array of deer hunters as they are at the end of the century. They were an aggregation of groups pressed as closely as they could be one to another near the main deer pass in all the different points of vantage, whether of concealment or commanding position, or chance possibilities; and the later comers had to take what was left outside, till they made a line up and down the railroad a distance of about three miles. Some of the parties had dogs, and the dogs of one party were of different kinds, and the dogs of each party were different from the dogs of every other party. There were hounds that could trail, there were dogs that could bark, and others that could fight anything which offered; and there were still others which did any impulsive thing that added to the excitement, and still others which were calm and looked wise, but didn't know a thing.

There were men arrayed in sportsmen's costume or in the plain clothes of the farmer, which had the composite shape of straight lines and curves made by constant use, by the wear at work and at home for so many years that a change of clothes would be a change of personality and of character; there were men tall and short; lean and fat; frank and furtive; generous and selfish; gentleman and clown; some with whiskers which were but little younger than the owners were, and men who never had any whiskers at all. Some had guns which loaded at the muzzle, others had breech-loaders, and they were all lengths, bores, makes and conditions, quite as much so as the hats, caps, boots and clothing of the owners; but whatever the variegated features of the hunters, their groups, positions, etc., they all seemed to have a common purpose, and that was the killing of the deer and getting possession before any one else could do so.

There was thus a kind of good-fellowship, and yet there wasn't. They were deer hunters first and sportsmen afterward. If one was bigger and huskier and had a deeper bass voice than the other, he presumed on that to rule on what was the correct procedure of others and what he should reserve for himself; in short, he was a sportsman. The men who owned dogs at last scattered out through the country, first covenanting that of the deer killed they were to have the head and horns, the meat going to the killers. Of the three miles of sportsmen lying perdu or semi-perdu or less so, each group had an ample supply of creature comforts, stimulants to keep up their hopes, good nature or skill, according to the needs of the individual; for the same alcoholic thing seemed to answer for many different purposes, and the different kinds of bottles were only matched by the different kinds of whiskers, guns, dogs and costumes.

But the deer is started. There is a babel of confusion. There is a *qui vive* along the whole line. The elderly man with long gray whiskers has an avaricious gleam in his fishy eyes as he fingers the triggers of his muzzle-loader. The young man has a heightened color and thinks of the honor if he can but kill. The man who has some ideas of sport wonders where the old man and the young man are going to shoot, but thank goodness rifles are barred, and it is not so bad to be killed outright by a bullet as it is more leisurely by a buckshot. The deer comes toward a certain point in the

line. The railroad bristles with guns. There is a motley array of heads, shoulders and arms down the ragged line. The deer breaks through. It sounds like an engagement. Guns crack and bang and roar. Some belch forth a crash and a cloud of smoke—black powder; then a second bang—more smoke. Others crack fiercely—a load of nitro. It is as if a battle were on.

There are shouts and imprecations. The hot fusilade about the center of action spreads down the line and the guns are emptied bravely. It is a seething caldron of sportsmanship. It might seem like a war to the calm spectator, but it is only a line of sportsmen three miles long killing a deer. The deer falls. Men swarm in, charging toward it. The first to arrive claims it. The next claims it. So does the next. The first says he shot it. The second says the first is a liar. The third says he will have it and hold it, too. The turmoil thickens. Men who were too far away to kill or too far away to shoot are clamorous in their claims. There is bullying and loud talk, and hard words and bad blood. But they are deer hunters. They are out for sport. Good fellowship is elsewhere. They are the people of the end of the nineteenth century.

The killing of the deer may end in several ways. It may end in an ill-natured division of the deer among the most quarrelsome, or it may end in a fist fight, as it has done before. Some genial claimers go so far on occasion as to threaten bloodshed. But should one man kill the deer, there is the same swarm of motley, noisy claimants. They will have deer or trouble. The more gentlemanly the man, the less chance for anything but defiance, though he might kill a dozen deer. At every repetition here and there in different parts of the line, there is the same blaze of infantry fire, volleys of guns with different powders, loads, etc., the same breaking cover in the charge on the dead deer, the same unseemly rumpus, and the same common devotion to the different battles. It is a phase of deer hunting at high pressure, a kind that is without a parallel, a sport that embodies all sports, the greatest sport being the sport after the deer is killed.

The hunt being over, a few wagons loaded with eatables and fiery drinkables finished up the gentle and exhilarating display of sportsmanship, made up of men and freaks, *sui generis* dogs and oddly collected guns, and the day's sport was ended, and I had no deer. C. D.

SIX GRAY SQUIRRELS.

"Say, Templar, let's go shoot some squirrels."

"Squirrels your grandmother! We can't find any squirrels near here."

"Take our bikes then, and go where we can find some."

"Have to make a century run if you do," I protested. But Hartford insisted that he knew where there were some squirrels, and I finally gave in. Immediately after dinner found us wheeling along a little valley leading southward from the village, I with my gun slung across my back like a cavalryman, Hartford, who is something of a trickster on a wheel, carrying his tucked under one arm, except when snatching it out by way of amusement to aim at objects along the way, meantime sending his wheel over the rocks and ruts of the rough road as recklessly as a cowboy.

Four miles from the village we come to a logging road leading through pine woods out toward a high, oak-clad mountain. Dismounting here, we trundle our wheels a little distance into the woods and continue on foot, our step considerably quickened by the hoarse bellowing of a bull near by.

Three minutes' brisk walking, and the ground rises toward the mountain in a steep slope, covered with a mixed growth of beech, maple and hemlock. The bull, confident that he is master of the field, has ceased his bellowing now, and we are slackening pace, when a more welcome sound from ahead urges us into the double quick again. It is the barking of a gray squirrel. We push ahead as noiselessly as possible, but the squirrel sees us first, and starts off through the trees up the slope. We both give chase, and come out in clear pasture land at the crest of the slope, just in time to see him disappear in the top of a big oak at the edge of the woods. "We'll nail him when he comes out," says Hartford, as we crouch breathlessly down within range of the oak.

Now, some squirrels when driven into hiding will reappear after a few minutes of quiet, while others, that have been under fire a few times, have a way of wearing your patience threadbare before they venture forth again.

Fortunately this fellow is one of the accommodating sort. We hardly sit ten minutes when there is a stir among the branches. "I see him," whispers Hartford, raising his gun. At the report of the gun a squirrel drops from Hartford's side of the tree, dead, while on my side (to my surprise) two other squirrels, very much alive, rush out and tear off like mad through the trees.

Of course I give chase. There is a wall with a barb-wire attachment in my front. I tumble over it somehow, right myself and listen. Great Scott, how they go! One is snapping the branches ten rods to my left, the other fully as far, but in sight, dead ahead. I take for the one in sight, tearing my way through brush and undergrowth, and tumbling and pitching over stumps, hummocks and hollows; now catching a glimpse for a moment of a gray blotch streaking it through the branches, still far ahead; now losing sight of everything in a thicket dense as a tropical jungle.

It takes but a few minutes to decide the race. I suddenly realize, as I pause to look and listen, that nothing in the shape of a squirrel is to be seen or heard. I am thrown fairly off the trail. Crestfallen, I return to Hartford, whom I find where I left him. "Another squirrel came out of the same tree while you were gone," says he; "but he went so I couldn't draw bead on him."

"They can go a little," I say, dryly.

While I am relating my experience to Hartford, a partridge comes puttering along on the further side of the wall, but the undergrowth is so thick she gets away without a shot.

After this we move slowly up along the edge of the woods, still keeping in the clear. Soon a gray comes along through the trees, running right up to Hartford, who brings him down with a shot. Then we climb over a wall into an old road running along the base of the mountain. On the upper side of the road there is a thick fringe of small maples and birches, and beyond this a heavy growth of oak sweeping up to the very summit of the mountain.

As we work along the road, a little distance apart, I fire at a squirrel through thick branches; but miss, to judge by the manner he scurries away. There is a barb-wire fence between us, and it is useless to chase him. A little further on I miss again. But soon after, by firing two shots, score my first kill.

Meantime Hartford has fired two shots, and they seem to be getting scarce here, so we climb up the mountain a piece, among the oaks. Generally, the most squirrels are to be found where the oaks are thickest; but now, to our surprise, we sit nearly an hour without seeing a squirrel. On looking around we find the explanation—there is not an acorn on tree or ground. This is why all the grays are on lower ground. They have had to resort to the same diet as their red cousins.

Regretting the time wasted here, we move back the way we came. As we climb back into the pasture we see a squirrel in a big maple quite alone, and by a sharp run make him prisoner. I undertake to shoot him while Hartford stands guard at the foot of the tree, but the moment I see him and raise my gun the shy little fellow springs around the tree, and by shifting as fast as I try to steal around to him, keeps himself safely covered. It is when Hartford takes a position opposite me that I am able to bring him down.

Next we move down near the top of the slope, up which we ran the first squirrel, and seat ourselves by the big oak which proved such a Klondike before. I soon shoot my third squirrel here, on the ground. A little later two come into the favored oak. Remembering my previous experience here, I suggest waiting until we can both shoot at once. They seem to suspect our presence, however, and keep on the further side of the tree, playing among the branches, and meantime a third squirrel appears in the top of a tall maple at the crest of the slope. Night is now coming on and something must be done, so Hartford tries to get a shot at the new comer, while I look after those in the oak. But the wary fellow thwarts him by the same old trick of keeping behind the tree until I finally go to his aid, when he soon brings him down.

Thinking he is done for, I shout "Now for the others," and start back toward the oak. But the moment he strikes the ground he springs to his feet and darts down the slope like a fox, and with a muttered imprecation Hartford takes after him.

I shudder as I watch him go! For 100yds. the ground falls away steep as the roof of a house, broken and strewn with stumps, brush and boulders. But without slackening pace a bit, Hartford makes smooth work of it all. In three seconds he is lost to view, in a wake of flying leaves and lashing bushes; but I can still hear him pounding and crashing along, twisting and turning among the tree trunks, on and on, like a rock down a mountain, until finally the climax comes in a terrific crash in a brush heap and all is quiet.

Is he stove into kindling wood, I wonder. No, now he is up and at it again. I begin to laugh now, and presently I hear Hartford coming back up the slope. But I don't dare to let him see me laughing until I find he has the squirrel. Of course, the grays in the oak have taken their departure, and as darkness is now falling we hurry down to our wheels and start for home And by the way, brother sportsman, you who know nothing about the bicycle, but think it's something that doesn't amount to much, anyway—if you could realize half the comfort of having one waiting for you after an afternoon's hunt, with four long miles of road between you and home, some dealer would have a customer in you forthwith.

Twenty minutes after mounting Hartford and I are back in the village, well satisfied with our string of six fine squirrels. Templar.

Cornish, Me.

NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

Now that an occasional flurry of snow gives promise of revealing the hidden haunts of the wary buck and the evanescent doe, the deer-stalker is abroad in the woods. The dead leaves and the low-lying brush are covered with a mantle of immaculate white that seems to intensify the natural stillness of the forest, and yet speaks eloquently of the game that seeks seclusion there. In places where, during the months of summer and early fall, only the eye of the practiced hunter could detect the presence of game, the hardwood ridges and the frost-bound brooks tell a tale of many chapters punctuated with the comely tracks of moose, deer and caribou. Three years ago the shooting of a deer in the vicinity of Fredericton was a feat which the local press made haste to chronicle at length; now it is a matter of daily occurrence, and is dished up in the same perfunctory style as the runaway, the market report, the muffin struggle and bazaar. In December last the writer hunted for a week in one of the best deer districts in Maine, and he believes that in the river counties of York, Sunbury and Queens the red deer are now as plentiful as they are even in the Megantic and Moose River regions of that State. Perhaps the largest buck shot in New Brunswick this fall fell to my lot on the 13th inst. After being bled and brought into town he was carefully weighed and tipped the beam at 260lbs. Before his last fatal illness he must have aggregated 275lbs. On the 24th I dragged in another buck, which weighed, after all his interior economy had been removed, 166lbs. I should think he must have been good for about 215lbs. when he undertook to run a race with the portable lead mine which I unloosed in his locality. Now, here is a nut for the knowing ones to crack. It took just one shot from a .45-90 Marlin to double up the big buck, while the smaller candidate for taxidermistic honors failed to succumb until he had been hit six times—the same rifle being used! Did I condemn the rifle and negotiate a trade with the junkman? No; I concluded that both the deer and the shooter were playing in hard luck. Don't blame the rifle; try and put your shot in the right place.

Yet I am moved by the very excellent letter of Mr. E. M. Stark in your last issue to make one or two remarks on the subject of hunting rifles. It is my opinion, after having given a great deal of consideration to the matter, that none of the popular makes of American hunting rifles are just what is required for game like the moose or the grizzly bear. I have had no personal experience with the latter animal, but I should certainly make for the nearest tree if I were called upon to face him with any rifle now made upon this continent known to me. I believe I could kill the bear, but I would not take the chances. It is undoubtedly the fact that hundreds of moose (which animal has a marvelous tenacity of life in the autumn months) are annually slain in New Brunswick, Maine and Nova Scotia with these rifles, but what about the many that are wounded and get away only to die a lingering death and make food for the bear, the lynx and the fox? It is hard enough to defend, upon logical grounds, the position of the man who kills game for sport—it seems to be human nature, that is all, but that position becomes absolutely indefensible when it involves the wounding and maiming of these noble animals, and in many cases the leaving of their carcasses to rot in the woods. Within a space of a little over a year I have come upon no less than three such carcasses in the woods of this Province—where the moose, having been wounded, could not be overtaken, and finally died of his injuries. Mr. Gordon Parker, whose exceedingly modest and entirely unvarnished tale of his experience in New Brunswick this fall appeared in your issue of the 20th inst., frankly relates the deep regret he felt at the escape of a monster moose after the animal had received, at short range, four .45-70-500 bullets. The fault was not with Mr. Parker, who is a skillful marksman; it was with his gun, which was not sufficiently powerful for the work it was called upon to do. Mr. W. H. Allen recently informed me that in the rump of one of the moose shot by his party on Little River, last September, they found a .44cal. bullet, which had evidently been placed there some time before by one of the disciples of Col. Clay. The bullet had penetrated the flesh to a depth of about 4in. and then become encysted. One of the most intelligent guides of Maine stated to me that he believed that in the early autumn months hundreds of deer were annually killed by sportsmen in that State, which ran off and either died where they could not be found or else suffered for many weeks until they had recovered from their injuries. In the November number of *Outing* is an account of a moose hunt in Quebec, by Dr. Parker Syms, in which occurs the following instructive paragraph:

"His tenacity of life was something wonderful. He did not succumb till he had received nine wounds through the chest, any one of which would have proved fatal eventually. After shooting him several times at very close range in the hope of dispatching him, Jabotte said it was no use; that he would not die while we were in sight because he was 'mad'; so we withdrew behind a clump of bushes. After awhile the moose ceased to struggle."

Facts like these can be multiplied *ad libitum*. They show that it is the duty of the sportsman who does not wish to stand as a criminal at the bar of nature and humanity to provide himself with weapons by which such needless suffering and destruction may at least be reduced to a minimum.

Briefly, my idea of a gun for big game, especially for moose, is one that would combine the excellent repeating mechanism of the standard American rifles with the deep grooves, quick twist, heavy patched bullet and ample powder charge of the typical English express rifle. Such a weapon would have a very flat trajectory, immense penetration and shattering force, and would admit of rapid firing. This is an age of improvement, and it is a mistake to suppose that any one individual or combination of individuals knows all there is to know. Let our good friends, the Marlin or Winchester people, give us a .45cal. repeater with the Henri rifling, say with 85 or 90grs. of black powder and 450 or 500grs. soft lead bullet (with either paper patch or hardened base), and we will not hear of so many moose getting "mad" or dying of peritonitis.

One of the finest caribou heads that has come into Fredericton this fall is the property of one of the youngest of our local sportsmen—Charlie Randolph. Charlie went into the Cains River district a week ago to-day for a three days' hunt, Arthur Evans, of Zionville, acting as guide. They came upon the track of a caribou, followed it four or five miles to the Bantalorum barrens, where Charlie secured a raking shot at a range of about 50yds. The weapon used was a .45-85-480 Martini rifle. The bullet struck the caribou slightly in advance of the right hip, passed through and pulverized the left shoulder, and went on its way rejoicing. The horns were very high and symmetrical, and had twenty-six points.

Mr. Stark is quite correct in saying that the best caribou heads to be found anywhere come from Newfoundland. Just north of New Brunswick, though, is a portion of the Province of Quebec known as the Gaspe Peninsula, where sportsmen are seldom seen, and where caribou, little if any inferior to those of Newfoundland, can be found in countless numbers. The range they inhabit is known as the Shikshauk Mountains, which are easily accessible from Campbellton.

Frank Bartlett, an excellent guide, who resides at Doaktown, is in town to-day with three unusually good specimens of caribou, two of which he shot a few days ago. The finest pair has twenty-six points. He reports that caribou are now very plentiful on the barrens; he saw last week a herd of fully fifty individuals, none of which, however, had horns of any magnitude. The male caribou sheds his horns earlier than the moose or deer; by the first of December they have all been shed except those worn by females and young bulls. The sportsman who wishes to hunt caribou on the snow can hardly do better than locate at Mr. Bartlett's ranch, where he can hunt on the barrens every day and return to the house at night.

Mr. Albert Massie, one of the keenest rifle shots in the Province, and most popular of Canadian commercial men, has just returned from the Nepisiguit region, where he brought down a big moose on Tuesday last. The antlers measured 53in. and bore the unusual number of twenty-nine points.

Jordan Prosser, of Windsor, the local papers state, shot a large moose last week on the Nashwaak, back of Hartland, the horns measuring 49in. and being perfect in their form. The head was purchased by George Saunders, of Woodstock.

Mr. Carnall, the St. John taxidermist, has this fall received for mounting twenty-three moose heads, nearly all of which were shot in this Province. The widest head measured 54in. The best caribou head came from Milton Dayton, of Edmundston, county warden of Madawaska. Mr. Dayton will this winter have eight or ten special wardens patrolling his district to prevent the killing of moose in the deep snows.

John Fullarton, a lumber cruiser, has just returned from the head waters of Rocky Brook, where he has been for the last month, locating parties for the winter's operations. He reports 18in. of snow now at that place. John had a lively encounter the other day with a bull moose. He was going through a thick clump of bushes which were loaded down with snow, and came in contact with the moose, which was in there for shelter from the storm then raging. John, when he saw the moose standing his ground, backed up, with the moose closely following him and had to climb a tree and remain there for nearly

three hours, when the moose seemed to tire of standing guard and left John to descend, much cramped by his awkward position.

It is still persistently claimed by people living on the Tobique that Hon. John Costigan has shot a moose up there with an antler spread of 70in. As the honorable gentleman is still encamped on the headwaters of the river, and has not yet produced the head, it is impossible to verify the statement. I am skeptical.

Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, with his friends Messrs. Charles Williams and Seth Perkins, are expected to reach here Dec. 3 for a trip to the Crooked Deadwater region.

Some excitement is being caused at Harvey Station by a large animal, supposed to be a panther, which has at different times been seen in the woods near the Lake road, about two miles from the station. There is talk of organizing an expedition to hunt it down.

Now that deer are becoming very plentiful, the "lucifee" is taking a hand in. Henry Payne, a Kingsclear farmer, trapped an unusually large one last Saturday, weighing 43lbs.

John Sargeant, Roger Lawlor and Joe Petrie, of Newcastle, had excellent luck on their recent trip to the goose grounds of Tabusintac. They brought home over 100 geese and brant.

Fred Townsend, of Buffalo, and William Chestnut, of this city, have just arrived from Arthur Pringle's grounds on the Northwest. They brought out five bull caribou, the best spread having twenty eight points. William bagged two fine others with his rifle. They saw thirty-two caribou on the trip and report moose quite scarce. There is nearly 2ft. of snow in the Miramichi woods, which, as they were not provided with snowshoes, made traveling very laborious.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Nov. 26.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Cause for Thanksgiving.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov 25.—I was just sitting around and figuring to-day whether I ought to be thankful for being alive this year, and I have concluded that I ought, by a large majority, and so ought everybody else who has had anything like so lucky a year. In the first place, I had a good trip after big game, and got my sheep and goat, and had a lot of snowshoe work, which I like so much. Then I came home and had a fine trout fishing trip in Michigan and a good bass fishing trip in Wisconsin. In the fall I had a nice day's duck shooting in Dakota and a half day of very pleasant chicken shooting in Minnesota. Now I am just back from Michigan, where I helped kill some very nice bags of ruffed grouse and quail over good dogs, and in this case, as in all the foregoing cases, with the pleasantest of companions. This, I submit, is enough to make any decent fellow a whole lot thankful. Incidentally, I have also occasionally done a little work as I went along, and I hold it to be cause for especial thanksgiving that this work has not injured my system nor undermined my constitution to such an extent that I feel incapacitated for the duties of another year. I hope for as large a slice of the FOREST AND STREAM luck for every other member of the family.

Hunting Calamities.

Nov. 27.—At Iron Mountain, Mich., a point much visited by deer shooters, the record of deer hunting calamities has this season been unusually startling. The local newspaper has the following calm comment on one of these sad affairs:

"Fred Cawling, aged twenty-six, one of the most popular young business men of this city, was shot dead four miles from Channing yesterday by a hunter named Wamsley, who mistook him for a deer and shot him in the back, the ball passing through his heart, causing instant death. Cawling was manager of Wright Brothers' cedar business and had been in the employ of the firm for eleven years. This makes the fifth fatality since the deer season opened a week ago."

The record of deer shooting accidents is quite as bad for Minnesota as for Wisconsin, indeed perhaps worse. A gentleman recently returned from Minnesota says that a man was accidentally shot and killed near his camp, although he did not learn names or particulars. Mr. Charles Christadoro, of Minneapolis, Minn., in a personal letter to a friend, which the latter took the liberty of showing to me, speaks very forcibly of the growing number of accidental shooting affairs in the deer hunting country. He mentions more especially the increased danger from the new small-bore nitro rifles, and his words are so pertinent that I make bold to quote them:

"How the boys are plugging each other in the woods with .303 bullets! It's all a man's life is worth to go hunting deer in the Minnesota or Wisconsin woods. Anything that moves 'goes'; so the only hope for a man is to stay out of the woods, and buy his venison and then say he shot it.

"To put a .303 smokeless in the hands of a 'Greek' and turn him loose in the thick woods is a crime. And while the 'Greek' would pump all day at a deer and miss every time, he shoots the other hunter plump through the head or heart every time—a dead shot every time.

"Well, as I don't intend going into the woods, I presume I need not lie awake nights over it, I am sure. But it is tough on a fellow who wants to spend a day among the pines near home stalking deer. I guess the law will have to put them all back to bows and arrows, or perhaps buckshot blunderbusses."

A St. Paul, Minn., newspaper prints the following dispatch from Maine, under the pertinent heading "Needed in Minnesota":

"AUGUSTA, Me., Nov. 10.—A bill will be presented to the next Legislature to punish sportsmen who accidentally shoot or kill men in the woods. The measure is prompted by the number of fatalities which occurred during the present season. It is claimed that the hunters who kill persons are as a rule green sportsmen, who become excited and blaze away at any moving object they may see."

There are four States, or, if we include New York, five States which are overrun by shooters during the deer season, these being Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. I do not know how many fatalities have been recorded in Maine and the Adirondack country. I presume the deaths in Wisconsin of men shot for deer would be more than five, and I believe Minnesota this year furnishes even more cases than that of accidental shooting. The total number of such casualties would be startling were it known, though, of course, it is the exception when the facts of such an affair become known, the matter usually being hushed up as speedily as possible. Of course, it is of no use advising caution or giving advice, and about the only thing clearly to be deduced is that the struggle for the remaining American game is a very hot one

As to the number of deer shooters who went out this fall, to call them an army would not be stating the facts too much in large. The one city of Minneapolis, Minn., outfitted over 400 men for deer hunting trips in that State the past month. The number of men who went to Minnesota for big game shooting this fall no doubt ran up into the thousands.

Non-Resident Kickers.

So much for the struggle for the remnant of the game. The other side of the picture, the struggle to give all these people, resident and non-resident shooters, something to struggle over, is hardly so large, numerically speaking. The closing days of the Minnesota season were hard ones for Agent Fullerton, and he met the non-resident kicker in great abundance. The latter gentleman was usually a man who had come into Minnesota free of license, and killed his game, and who was then unwilling to comply with the reasonable State law asking him to accompany his game to its point of destination. On one day Warden Fullerton seized five different parcels of venison. One case especially angered him—that of two Ohio deer hunters who killed eight deer in Minnesota and consigned them direct to a St. Paul commission house, which destination, it is cheering to remark, they never reached. Three other parties consigned deer to St. Paul commission houses and also lost their venison. On the whole the work of protection was thankless, as it always is, though perhaps it did its share in the long, hard lesson of common sense in game laws.

How the Dealers Observe the Law.

Under the Minnesota law, partridges cannot be shipped. The following circular, sent out by a St. Paul commission house, will show how those law-abiding business men, the game dealers, observe the statutes enacted for each and every citizen of the State:

To Partridge Shippers: The weather has turned quite cold and partridges ought to arrive in good condition. We have a good stiff, firm market and a good demand for undrawn birds. Drawn partridges sell slowly at $3.50 to $3.75 per dozen, while undrawn partridges sell readily at $4 per dozen. We want you to ship us all the birds you can. Pack in light boxes, billing direct to me. Do not put your name on the tag; simply advise me by mail of your shipment, and it will be promptly and safely attended to at this end, and we will remit you just as soon as the game is received. You know the house is perfectly responsible, and that whatever we tell you you can depend upon. Game of all kinds is in good demand, and we can handle all you can ship. Do you intend handling venison this season? If so, write me for special shipping instructions.

Under the Minnesota law, venison found in the possession of dealers is liable to confiscation, and possibly this interpretation of the statute will henceforth be enforced. Here is another circular, from another St. Paul commission house, which will further show how the law-abiding game dealer observes the law of his State:

Partridges very scarce. We must have more to fill our orders. Ship in tight boxes and use our numbered tag.

Venison Shippers: You are well aware that the season this year opened Oct. 25, running to Nov. 15, with five days after that to clean up, giving you a total of twenty-five days. You can either make your shipments direct to me or ship to your own order by express. Secure from the railroad company an express receipt showing that you made this shipment; mail the express receipt to me and we will be able to get shipments promptly. If you do not accompany it be sure you mark your tags as follows: "Owner accompanies." See that your venison is properly handled—we want it—any amount, and will be able to get you good prices. Ship all you can. We want every bird and every saddle you can get. Guarantee you top prices and returns same day goods are received.

How the Indians Observe the Law.

It is stated that some of the leaders of the Chippewa Indians of Minnesota believe that the Indian Commissioner has exceeded his authority in his order obliging the Indians to observe the game laws of their State. They claim that the Commissioner thus commands the State of Minnesota to disregard the terms of the treaty made with the Indians when they ceded their land. Some of the Indians will obey the order, but others will not, and the situation remains somewhat involved. It takes a fighting man to handle the work of game protection in a State like Minnesota, which is the scene of one of the intensest struggles for the remnant of our American game. It is not likely that we will find a better man than Warden Fullerton to push this fight, and I hope that he will be continued in office. Recently he summed up some of the difficulties of his position in the following statement, which is very well worth reading and remembering by sportsmen who are interested, or who pretend to be interested, in matters of actual game protection.

"With the dealers offering a big premium for game, the people up North in sympathy with the violators of the law, the express companies aiding all they can to get the stuff into market and protect the shippers, supposedly honest sportsmen taking a hand in the business, Indians killing our wardens for interfering with their wholesale schemes of slaughter, and everybody turning in and abusing those who are trying with all their might to enforce the law, one can gain some idea of the difficulties the Fish and Game Commission of Minnesota is laboring under to enforce the game laws of the State. I tell you it is a very discouraging state of affairs, and I am dead sick of my job."

How City Officials Observe the Law.

The following paragraph, taken from the Minneapolis *Journal*, is sent to me by Mr. T. A. Devereaux, of Syracuse, N. Y. The latter asks a few pertinent questions about the non export law and the twenty-five birds limit law. The item will go to show the way in which the State game commission is upheld by its resident brethren, and will incidentally show how the city officials of one of the main cities of Minnesota observe the law they are sworn to respect at home:

"The City Hall Nimrods who have been dodging deputy game wardens around Lake Irvine, near Church's Ferry, N. D., returned yesterday morning. They bagged 537 ducks, 538 geese and twelve cranes. The party managed in some way to bring their birds home. Frank T. Moody did the most killing, with Bob McMullen a close second. All are veteran hunters, however, and each one gave a good account of himself."

How South Water Street Observes the Law.

Mr C. H. Jones, of Chicago, also asks some interesting questions about certain features of the supply of venison in Chicago.

"Can you," he asks, "explain the following facts for me? Coming to business this morning, I counted ninety-one deer carcasses on South Water street. What a wholesale slaughter this must mean, when we consider that these are but a 'few of many!' How do they succeed in getting them out of the States where killed, when we poor sportsmen cannot bring home our one honestly killed quarry that has undoubtedly cost us at least $100, counting license, guide, etc., etc.? Is this the game protection which we are advocating and paying for? A reply, giving me a little light on these subjects, will be greatly appreciated by an old reader and lover of your and our old FOREST AND STREAM."

I wish that I or anybody else could give Mr. Jones some satisfaction on this head. Of course, the laws of States other than Illinois are violated in the case of this venison shipping. Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota and other States all lose more or less game, smuggled out by the freight or express companies contrary to the State laws. It has been found thus far practically impossible to check this absolutely, though it has been shown capable of modification and very great restraint, as witness the record of FOREST AND STREAM'S reports on these matters. The one conclusion almost irresistibly forced upon a thinking man is that we shall always have illegal game and a sportsmen's constituency robbed of their rights, until the platform of FOREST AND STREAM has been established—"Stop the Sale of Game." If it were illegal to sell this game in Chicago at all, the enforcement of the law alike in Chicago and in Wisconsin would be a simple matter. It is the loopholes that make laws inoperative.

Albino Deer.

Only one albino deer has been reported for the West this fall, that killed near Augusta, Wis., by John King, of Milwaukee, Wis. This animal was about two years of age, and a very fine specimen of albinism, being pure white. It is on exhibition at Higgins's place, on Mason street, Milwaukee.

Ducks.

Mr. M. J. Eich, of Chicago, is back from his shoot at Hennepin Club, on the Illinois River. He averages about a dozen birds a day, his biggest bag being twenty-one, mostly mallards. The Powers brothers, of Decatur, who were also shooting at Hennepin Club, on one day killed ninety-one birds, mostly mallards, two of them—one being Chan. Powers—bagging also fifty-eight on one day and thirty-nine on another.

Good Hunting.

Mr. D. J Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, Wis., writes very nicely about the game resources of his region, which has been earlier mentioned as a very fair one for all-round shooting at small game. He says of the season just ended for this fall:

"The duck season is closed here, the lake having frozen up yesterday, and the birds have gone South. We had very good shooting, especially in the early part of the season, but the latter end was so full of mudhen hunters that they scared the ducks off as fast as they came on the lake. There have been lots of squirrels and rabbits shot here this fall, and no one could ask for better territory for that sport. We also find quite a few grouse in the woods, and jacksnipe and yellowlegs were fairly plenty. Taken all around for ducks, prairie chickens, grouse, snipe, squirrels, rabbits, etc., I don't know where one can find a more satisfactory section for sport if a man is satisfied with a reasonable amount of game."

Gossip from Gokey.

I have received from Gokey, of Dawson, the following interesting gossip on game matters in Dakota. It will be observed that, to his other accomplishments, Judge Gokey adds that of *chef de cuisine*, and I have no doubt his recipe for cooking a duck will be read with interest by many. Without wishing to subtract anything from Gokey's reputation, I want to say that when we were at his house for dinner we all supposed that it was Mrs. Gokey who cooked the ducks. Be that as it may, we may regard the advice as *ex cathedra*. Gokey goes on to say:

"The season for ducks and geese is closed, and the birds have left. There have been more ducks and geese here than for the past eight years. The geese were not hunted on the lakes, and this made the field shooting better.

"A party of three came from Fargo and hunted with me, and one afternoon we got eighty-two geese. Bags after bags have been made of over fifty geese.

"Mr. S. S Lyon, Mr. George Scofield and Mr. Nichols, all of Fargo, were with me a few days and bagged over 200 ducks and a few geese.

"Mr. George Pierce and Mr. John Rinchler, of Fargo, also were here and had good shooting. A funny thing happened to Mr. Pierce: he shot a goose which fell 300 or 400yds. from the pit and started to pick it up, but saw the bird trying to fly. A big wolf was chasing the bird, and soon caught it and ran off with it. Mr. Pierce said: 'D—n that dog!' and started after it on the run, but the wolf got away with the goose all right. He did not see at first that it was a wolf.

"Mr. William Rinchler and a friend, both from Fargo, shot with me one day and we bagged thirty-seven fine geese, nine of them Canada honkers, some of which weighed over 14lbs. each.

"Mr. W. A. Wheatley, of Memphis, Tenn., wants me to tell his wife how to cook a duck, and I will take this way of telling him how we do that here: Take a good fat duck and dress it in good shape, and put it to soak in salt water over night. In the morning take it out of the salt water, and if you wish to cook it at once rinse in cold water and dry on the outside. Then get the oven very hot before the duck is put in. Let it cook twenty-two minutes not more than twenty-five. The duck must not be stuffed, but seasoned to taste, and in this way you get a duck fit for the royal table.

"Mr. Wheatley also wishes to know what is good feed for ducks. The best feed is wild rice and wild celery, the latter best of all, but it will not grow in all waters. Wild celery wants a sandy bottom and so does wild rice, to grow well. I have stocked several lakes about here with wild celery and it all is growing well, and lakes where the canvasbacks and redheads once never fed now have those birds all the time. The way I did was this: I went to a large lake where the wild celery grew and pulled up lots of roots, and picked up lots of bulbs, and took them to the lakes I wanted to plant. The bulbs I pushed down in the bottom, and the same with the roots, and I found the next season that it had all taken root and was growing in good shape. In three years my new lake was full of wild celery and full of wild ducks, as you know the canvasbacks and redheads are very fond of wild celery and will stay where it is."

Personal.

Dr. Clarence H. Wright, of Chicago, has returned from a hunting trip to Itasca county, Minn., and describes the Big Fork country as a delightful region. He saw some deer and also plenty of sign of moose, although no moose were lo-

cated. Of ducks, fish and partridges the party had abundance and the country is spoken of as abounding in small game. Dr. Wright this winter goes on a trip to the Isthmus of Tehauntepec, and will investigate the sporting resources of that somewhat remote precinct.

Mr. George A. Losekamp, of Billings, Mont., has returned from a trip to Lake Brevoort, near Moran, Michigan Upper Peninsula. He and his friends had very successful duck shooting.

Mr. A. W. Adams, of Chicago, leaves next week for his regular annual trip to Texas, where he is in the habit of



THE SPOTTED SANDPIPER.
From the Original Portrait by John James Audubon.

passing the winter. He will try Dallas and Ft. Worth, then Waco and San Antonio, until he finds a climate that suits him.

Mr H. S. Canfield, formerly of Texas, but now of Chicago, will be one of a party of nine men who will start for the Klondike region early next spring. They go by boat from Seattle to the mouth of the Yukon, and will hunt bear along the west coast of Alaska and in the Copper River country. They take their own steamer, the Diana, 42ft. length, with them by rail from Chicago to Seattle. The expedition will be called the "Diana expedition," and will be one of the best equipped that ever left for the gold country of Alaska. They carry along a diamond drill and a suction dredge, with a year's supplies to each man. Mr. Canfield, who is an old shooting companion of Oscar Guessaz in Texas, has written the latter and asked him to join the party. It is not unlikely that Mr. Guessaz and his Alaska partner, Dick Ware, will modify their existing plans and join the Diana party. I am also asked to join and I am trying very hard not to do so.

Mr. C. A. Bramble, of Buffalo N. Y., often known as "St. Croix" in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, has come to Chicago, and will probably engage in journalism here

Exclusive in "Forest and Stream."

Mr. Stanley Waterloo, author and journalist, of Chicago, has been having correspondence with parties in Central America, and says that he has discovered that the wild pigeon, which was once so abundant in this country, is still to be found in great numbers in Central America, to which country it seems to have migrated for keeps. A large roost is known in that country. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

RHODE ISLAND GAME.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Representatives of the Game Protective Association have been waging an active campaign in the southwestern part of this State, known as South county, against violators of the game laws. The presence of spies and the prosecution of offenders have aroused a determined opposition among the farmers of that section. Recently four farmers were arrested in Charlestown, charged with erecting, setting, repairing, maintaining and tending certain trap, net and spring snares for the purpose of taking, killing and destroying quail and partridges. The trial took place in the District Court before Judge Whipple at Westerly Friday. There was not sufficient evidence to convict the defendants. Hereafter the



THE NIGHT HERON.
From the Original Portrait by John James Audubon.

farmers propose to fight every case in court. They assert that they have a perfect right to hunt and shoot upon their own land in whatever manner they wish, and they consider the interference of the special officers as uncalled for. This view of the matter will be vigorously opposed by the Game Association, for upon the decision in a great measure depend future prosecutions and the preservation of game under the existing laws. One thing, however, is positive: should the present law prove inoperative in this respect, the coming session of the Legislature will be called upon to enact suitable laws to cover the loophole.

This State is getting quite a reputation for freak adventures in the game line. A week ago a deer was seen in the pasture land about Limerock, and later it was found dead on the banks of the murky Moshassuck, a bullet having struck it and killed it after it had escaped from the hunter who was loth to allow a deer to be roaming in this little State. Then two fishermen off Newport found a deer off Gooseberry Island, about two miles out to sea, and after two hours' hard work succeeded in capturing it alive and took it to Newport. Not to be outdone, George Johnson, a hunter, of Kenyon, succeeded in killing two black otters in Great Swamp, Shannock. With the persistency that game is followed in this State, there is no fear that it will become overstocked in the near future.

Frank Hines, a well-known Cumberland huntsman, with two companions, have returned from a two weeks' hunting trip in the Maine woods. They brought home with them three deer and two caribou. This did not represent the entire capture by them, as they claimed to have killed nine deer, three caribou and a moose.

The Roger Williams Park, of this city, has recently been presented with a valuable addition for its menagerie, the famous collection of rare East Indian animals from O. H. P. Belmont. This includes a herd of sacred cows (zebu), Indian deer, muntjack deer, white ring-tailed monkey, black Indian monkey, Reese monkeys, Egyptian storks, jungle fowl, mongoose, Mongolian ring-necked pheasants, macaws. In addition to the Belmont collection, the menagerie includes an elephant, three moose, twenty-seven deer, a tiger, three lions, pair of leopards, pair of jaguars, pair of panthers, pair of ocelots, a black bear, striped hyenas, raccoons, monkeys and a peccary.

The first snowfall of the season set the fox and rabbit men on edge, and for a couple of days the woods were merry with the music of the hounds. It was rather a dry snow for tracking, and the day following the storm was too cold. Nevertheless the hunters were on hand for the first snow-hunt. A warm spell followed, and those who cared to run their chances of getting wet on Friday succeeded in having the best day of the season thus far. Edgar Roberts, a former resident of Pawtucket, and Jason Lawrence were out one day, and secured seventeen rabbits. On Friday Mr. Smith, of the Protection Beagle Kennels, of Woonsocket, and John Dennet, of South Attleboro, had a day with their crack dogs and killed ten rabbits. W. H. M.

MINNESOTA MOOSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Knowing your many readers would like to hear something of the results of the five days' open season on moose in Minnesota, I have taken the trouble to inquire how many have been killed and brought into Duluth. The first day seven were offered at the markets, showing that the wily hunter must have known just where the moose called for breakfast; and each day until the season closed every butcher had moose on sale. One morning as I came by the market, two moose, one large black bear and twelve deer hung out in front.

I find that thirty-one moose in all have been killed around Duluth, eleven at Grand Rapids, and eight at Tower. But the majority were two and three year olds, and very few good heads have been secured; seven were all I saw that one could call first-class, one of them a very fine one. The weather maker must have been in with the moose, as the fall has been simply ideal, with but little snow, and so dry that it was next to impossible to still-hunt.

The many parties from other States, together with the local hunters, have been reinforced by every boy big enough to carry a gun; so that hunting has become more a game of looking out that you don't get shot than of shooting the game. A man from Indiana was killed by one of his own party at Grand Rapids, and an old sportsman told me he had twelve rifles pointed at him in less than a mile while walking up an old trail, and finally he shouldered his gun and sneaked back to camp. With so many hunters, they have kept the game moving, and those familiar with the crossings and trails have been the lucky ones.

I have no idea of the number of deer killed, but it must have been enormous. I have changed somewhat in my opinion of the law prohibiting the shipping of game out of the State, and don't see just how it could be managed. So many sportsmen come in here from the East, spend their money and time, and after killing game are unable to take any of it home, that it does not seem right. All of us here would be in favor of having the law read that each sportsman should be allowed at least one deer to ship to his home; and yet the trouble would be that that market hunting pest would get in and spoil all. A physician friend of mine who lives in Wisconsin came in from the Bow String country with a lot of game, and although, as I know, he would sooner cut off somebody else's leg than sell a head of it, he had to leave it behind.

And another change of opinion I have, and that is that the 30-30 is plenty big enough to kill any game in America. Last Sunday I saw Dr. Magie kill a buck at 340yds. with the little popgun, and it made me feel a little cheap after lugging around a 40-65, and the buck turned sideways and seemingly smiled after I had plugged away at him four times. And I vowed right there that I would never carry a heavy gun again. DR. N B. MCNULTY.

In Virginia.

WOLF TRAP, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article of A. D. McCandless in FOREST AND STREAM of even date reminds me of the condition of game protection in Virginia. The Virginia Legislature of 1896 saw fit to stop the killing of Virginia quail for two years in order that they should not become extinct; but, as usual, there being no one to file information, the killing goes on just as if there was no law on the statute books.

While the law is very rigid, it is impossible to find any one who will file the necessary information, as no one wishes to get in a fuss with his neighbor; and those who do not shoot because of conscientious scruples, misses all of the sport.

All true sportsmen the country over should club together for game protection, we might then find game in abundance in countries that have as much waste and idle land as is found in Virginia. 'Possum and coon are very hard to find in this country, but then there are men here who do nothing from Oct. 1 to March but tramp through the woods after them.

Over one-half of the land here is woods and fields laid out, and game of all kinds should be here in abundance was it not for the constant work of the poachers. If they do not get overbold some true sportsman may have a good day's sport here after Oct. 15, 1898. I know now of three coveys of quail within gunshot of my door, each composed of from twenty to forty birds. These I shall endeavor to protect, enemies or no enemies. H. P. W.

THE STAR RETRIEVER.

When Jack Frost's busy fingers have begun their work in the valleys and on the hill ides Fred comes up to see me. We have hunted far and near, and when the sere and yellow leaf warns us that autumn is well on the road, the cares of business no longer bind us, and we take down a brace of trim 12 gauges and saunter forth. This year was no exception, and so a matter of three weeks ago Fred came up to ee me.

Fred dotes on dogs. A dog has great charms for him, whether it be the mange-stricken cur of a Canuck or the bluest-blooded hound in Vermont. And as sure as Fred walks in on me he straightway brings forth the best dog for birds in Vermont. Last year the wonder was a plain "yaller dorg." But Fred said: "You couldn't beat him for partridges." And so it proved, for though beaten with everything, from a birch sapling to a gun barrel, not a bird was shot over him during our two weeks' hunt.

This year the new dog was labeled retriever, and warranted to swim a mile for a duck; a dog that Fred said had just returned from the Dakotas, where So and So had been shooting. The dog looked all right, and appeared to be a dog of good morals and tremendous appetite. The last virtue nearly did for him, for he undertook to eat our lunch one day and nearly choked himself to death on a string that was wrapped about the parcel.

Of course it was criminality to let the dog's great hunting faculties remain so long dormant, so one fine morning in a drizzling mist Fred and I set out for the Lamaille River, a famous place for ducks. A hasty survey of the stream from a nearby knoll disclosed a fine flock of ducks feeding in the shallows near at hand, and then, with caution and skill that would have done credit to an Apache Indian, we wormed our way in a very wormlike fashion through a patch of luxuriant thistles, a bog hole, and several alder thickets, to a point where we were within gunshot of the flock.

Springing to his feet, Fred let both barrels fly into the flock, and to his great delight four birds floated dead on the surface, while the rest lit out for pleasanter climes. At the sound of the gun the dog made for the game, and after a long struggle brought a bird to land, and then gravely commenced an impromptu meal, the other three ducks in the meantime drifting down stream at a rapid rate. By dint of a club and some strong language the dog was once more launched, and this time when he reached the bird, instead of returning, he pushed on to the opposite shore in spite of stones, clubs and a volley of remarks from Fred, none of which, however, the sagacious animal minded in the least. The opposite shore reached, he landed and sat down contentedly to a meal of raw duck, while we watched his motions with anything but pleasure that was not in the least heightened at seeing the remainder of our bag lost to view down the stream. Whistling, scolding or coaxing alike he heeded not, but kept right on with his meal until fully an hour elapsed, when he deliberately swam across and with an extremely self-satisfied air, where he was welcomed with open arms and a club. We were disgusted and so was the dog, and as we wended our way homeward we ruminated over the fickleness of the dogkind in general. After that, on our hunts, Echo (for that was our beast's most appropriate name) remained at home, and we went back to the old-fashioned way of getting our duck with a pole. Fred went back to the city soon after, but has been out ducking since. The dog works better, he says, or to quote his letter: "I have rigged up a light pole with reel and trolling line, and when I drop a duck I cast Echo; he nabs the duck and I reel him in." A genius is Frederick.

Kenewah.

Milton, Vt., Nov. 25.

MAINE DEER AND MOOSE.

Boston, Nov. 27.—Mr. Dana J. Flanders, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Boston & Maine Railroad, with his shooting friends, Eugene Nelson, H. G. Jordan and Dr. Libby, have recently returned from a successful deer hunt in Maine They went to Ashland, the end of that branch of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, and from thence into the woods for many miles into a good moose country. A moose was the prime object of Mr. Flanders, as well as every other man in the party, but the weather conditions hardly favored them. They got into camp a day or two before the snowstorm of Nov. 12. The first day in there was just a little damp snow, but worth nothing for tracking. The second morning when they arose there were 16in. of snow on the ground. The guides admitted that it would be hard tramping, and the hunters really found it so. The next day still more snow had fallen, and still it either snowed or rained nearly every day they were in camp. They secured a buck deer apiece, but no moose; the tramping was too hard for following them Mr. Flanders says that the beauty of the forests, with the 16in. of snow, on that second day was sufficient to have paid for the whole trip, even if no game had been obtained.

A big moose was killed near Andover, Me., last week, said to have weighed 1 000 bs. A son of Mr. Auger is reported to have been the lucky hunter. Mr. Herb Knapp has killed a big bull moose just below the summit, on the Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes Railroad, within a few days ago. This moose was killed not many miles to the east of where the one taken to Andover was taken. There are a few moose left in that part of Maine. Several have been tracked in the vicinity of Metallic Point. When the beginning of the open season on moose was put forward to Oct. 15 it was thought that the number killed in the State would be greatly lessened for the season. But, as mentioned above, the number has been increased in the section of Andover and Rangeley, since none were killed in that section last year. The records of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad show that during the last fifteen days of October there were killed along the line of that road fifty-five moose, while the total for the whole month last year was but fifty-nine. The hunters have been much more earnest and the guides have been employed to locate moose early even if they have not killed them and had them ready for the sportsmen. The snows have also been very favorable this year. Special.

North Carolina Ducks.

New Inlet Club, New Inlet Life Saving Station, N. C., by way of Hatteras.—Plenty of fowl of all kinds, but no weather and no water in the Sound. Edward Banks.

Water Lily, Currituck Sound, N. C., Nov. 22.—As predicted by your correspondent on Oct. 27, the opening day was a good one; some old-time bags were made and almost every hunter was successful. One of the oldest hunters here informs me that the shooting has not been better at any time during the past ten years. There are two good reasons for this, which prove the great importance of game laws. First, our rest days—Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday—are rigidly kept. The second is that the brackish water caused by the autumn storms the past two years has caused the wild celery to grow in abundance. Some of the bags made on the first day were as follows: Pierce Hampton, one of our best hunters, 130; James W. Hampton 107, John S. Midgett 70, L Barco 140, Seth Ballance 145, Wallace O'Neal 80. They were principally redheads and ruddy ducks; but there was a sprinkling of canvasbacks and other kinds. The ducks were very poor on arrival, but are in fine condition now. The shooting last week, the third one of the season, was quite as good as the first. Currituck.

Mount Airy, N. C., Nov. 17.—As so many sportsmen are misled by exaggerated statements about game in different localities, we desire to state for the benefit of our brother sportsmen that we have struck a place where quail are found in great abundance, and where we can get all the shooting we want.

We left Irvington-on-Hudson on last Thursday, and arrived at Mount Airy, N. C., on Friday afternoon. Saturday we walked to the hunting grounds, and at no time during the day were we more than one mile from the town. We found twelve or fourteen large coveys of well grown, fat birds Monday we took a team and went four or five miles out, and met with equally as good success as on Saturday. To-day we went in another direction, and had even better success than before, returning to-night with well-filled bags.

J P. Woodriff.
E. J. Whitehouse.

Thurman, N. C.—I went turkey hunting on Nov. 12, and saw lots of turkeys. I made the worst shots I ever did make in my life, shooting six times, only killing one turkey, which weighed 10lbs. I was all alone in the woods, and wished for some one to be there to share in the fun.

There are lots of quail, more than I have ever seen before, and they are the largest ever seen in North Carolina.

Mr. S. Haskett was out one day last week looking for some cows and jumped up three deer. He snapped at them, but his gun failed to fire.

I was out last Wednesday night and caught three coons.

John S. Hardison.

The Fox as Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I believe you profess to be strongly in favor of game protection and the promotion of all legitimate sport in the line of hunting. You would say that the man who would trap or snare any kind of game birds was a foe to sport and sportsmen.

Now it may be that one class of sportsmen is more worthy and deserving of consideration than another class; but I think that it makes no difference what game a man hunts if he does it in a sportsmanlike manner. There is a large class of sportsmen (and I think you will not deny that they are the equals in all respects of any other class), which finds its chief sport in the use of the foxhound and the pursuit of the red fox.

If the fox were hunted only in a legitimate manner, this sport might be prolonged indefinitely, but under the abominable work of the trapper the number of foxes is steadily growing less, and in the course of twenty-five years the grand old sport of foxhunting will be almost unknown in the northern part of the United States. Yet notwithstanding this, such a paper as Forest and Stream advertises a wonderful fox trapping secret.

It hardly seems possible that such a paper as Forest and Stream, which takes such a high stand in matters of game protection, should, for the sake of a few paltry dollars which may be obtained from the sale of the book containing this secret, be willing to assist in the extinction of the gamiest animal in the United States, and thus deprive a large class of sportsmen of the best sport on earth.

I know the fox is not protected by law, but in some sections of the world, notably in England, there are unwritten laws which prevent the trapping of foxes as certainly as would the strongest written law.

Willard H. Sullivan.

Clinton, Me.

Ontario Deer, Grouse and Bass.

Belleville, Ont., Nov. 26.—The deer hunting season in this district was a fairly good one Nearly all the parties closely approached the legal limit of two each, and several bears were shot. While a considerable number of fawns were killed, some very large bucks also fell to the hunters' rifles, among which were two giants of the (reported) weights of 351 and 306lbs. respectively. I do not vouch for these figures

Ducks have not been so numerous in many years—particularly black ducks. Even thus late in the season there are large numbers of them in the Bay of Quinte, and they are in prime condition.

Ruffed grouse have been very scarce, owing to a heavy rainstorm which occurred when the chicks were too young to find for themselves.

As to black bass fishing, it was beyond precedent. Wm. Ormond, our most famous angler, caught eighty fish which would average nearly 2lbs. on one day in September, and two days later his catch numbered sixty. As soon, however, as the fishermen learned the facts, their gill nets were set on the bars, and catches were small thereafter. It is to be regretted that the law does not prevent such vandalism.

R. S. B.

A Waterproof Match Safe.

New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sporting and woodcraft books advise everyone away for an outing in the woods to provide himself with a waterproof match safe. You might get drenched by rain or by capsizing from a boat. If the nearest dry match is twenty miles away you are in a sad plight indeed. Men going to Klondike need dry matches quite as much as food a nd clothing.

I searched New York city for two weeks this fall for a waterproof match safe, and learned there is none in the market. I inquired in the largest sporting goods houses and in rubber goods stores; one house referred me to the other. I repeat: there seems to be no such article in the market.

I was bound to have one, notwithstanding. I found it with John Campbell, 218 Lexington avenue (surgical instrument maker). He calls it an iodoform duster.

It is a screw-top, hard-rubber case. Remove the sieve from screw top, put in a leather washer, and you have a pocket case that will contain thirty matches absolutely waterproof. It has cylindrical shape. 2⅝in. long and ⅞in. in diameter. Costs 75 cents. F. M. Bauer, M.D.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

The current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

BY FRED MATHER.

(*Concluded.*)

Then we go to the fresh-water tanks in the gallery, and see enormous bullheads and albino bullheads; pirate perch, suckers, Irish roach, golden tench, tadpoles, crayfish, white perch, Swiss lake trout, brook pike and yellow perch from Prospect Park, Brooklyn, which look to weigh 1½lbs., the largest that I ever saw. Here is a tank of "mud puppies" from the Great Lakes, perhaps a dozen of them lying huddled in a corner next the glass, and only betraying the fact that they are alive by the waving of their prominent outside gills. Naturalists call this beast "proteus," because it has occasionally changed its form, and has a dual development, just as if a tadpole could breed without changing into a frog and breed in that state also. As in the case of the hermit crab, I could write a volume on this larval salamander, but will only say: Imagine an animal about a foot or more long, with four legs and a tail, much like a hellbender, with a mass of brilliant red gills outside its head, which are in constant motion and are entirely unprotected. The tadpoles of the salamanders and other reptiles are in the same condition for a short time only, but this animal may grow to its full size, live, breed and die in the tadpole state, or may absorb its gills and appear in a new role. In the latter case the older naturalists gave different names to this curious beast, which is capable of reproduction in its immature state, and so we have the names siredon, axolott, amblystoma, etc., for different species of this same "mud puppy" which the fishermen on the Great Lakes call "lizard."

In this connection I wish our schools would teach children that a lizard has scales, lives on land and climbs fences and trees, while similar forms with smooth skins live in the water or under rotten logs or leaves, and are properly known as salamanders, newts, efts, etc., the latter name being sometimes corrupted into "evet." A tank or two of salt water is found on this side of the gallery, and one contains those delicate little things known as sea horses, because their heads are so like those of the "knights" in a set of chess men. Sometimes it needs a long search to find the little fellows among the seaweed, where they cling by their prehensile tails, and only move their pectoral fins to pass the water from their gills. When they swim they stand upright and use the dorsal fin as a propeller. Surely they are funny fellows, but they don't know it. At least, the male sea horse never suspects it, for in the place of an anal fin, which Mrs. S. H. has, he has a pouch like a kangaroo or an opossum, into which purse Mrs. Sea Horse drops her treasures in the shape of eggs and then goes off to gossip among the kelp and bladder wrack while her lord (?) not only hatches the little sea horses in his incubator, but actually starts out with about fifty of them twined about his tail, nose, neck, and those many projections on his anatomy that possibly may have been put upon him for this purpose and not for ornament. After a careful study of the sea horse I think his lot far superior to that of the Brooklyn father who patiently trundles a baby carriage, in that city where the baby carriage has the right of way and the pedestrian has none.

But the anemones and the living corals claim attention, and what is more beautiful than the sensitive sea anemone? They are literally the "flowers of the sea"; rooted to the rocks, expanding when seeking food with their many tentacles, or shrinking to a flat bit of jelly when sated or alarmed. They are among the most interesting invertebrates; they vary in size, shape and color, as well as in their disposition to display themselves.

Before reaching the salt-water tanks in the gallery, we come to some table tanks, and find both fresh and salt-water tortoises and turtles. There are the two species of soft-shelled turtle from the Lakes and the West; the savage snapper and the yellow-bellied "slider" of the South, which is used to extend and expand the terrapin stew in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, where the genuine article sells for $60 to $90 per dozen for "counts" which measure 6in. on the under shell. I do not blame the "slider" in the least for passing for a "diamond-back" in this case, and I would do the same under the circumstances. With this in mind, the green turtle, which has only its green gelatinous "calipee" to distinguish it from "mock turtle," made from calves' heads, seems to be a poor relation, although it often attains a weight of over 600lbs. Then there is the hawksbill turtle, with its shell-plates overlapping, like shingles on a roof. I said: "Although men refuse to eat your flesh, they value the plates on your carapace. You are the only member of your tribe which contributes anything in the way of ornament to mankind, and now the makers of celluloid articles imitate your shell so closely that only an expert can tell the difference, and, therefore, you are not much in demand to day."

Passing to the salt water side of the gallery the naturalist becomes more interested. The fishes are not so large and that is one of the charms. Here we come upon many familiar species and others which are strange. Without enumerating them all we will look at the toadfish, not handsome, but owning a good open countenance into which it can take small fish, crabs, or any other form of aquatic life. The oysters and clams are uninteresting unless one has time to observe the way they create currents in the water in order to pass food to their mouths, and the casual visitor never notices that Young horsefeet not over 3in. broad scramble over each other and get thrown on their backs, where they struggle for a long time before they can right themselves in their clumsy way, and the porgies swim above them in perfect contentment, never noticing their troubles.

The sculpins and sea-robins demand attention and they get it. The long pectoral fins which seem fitted for flying in the air and the "fingers" used for crawling over the bottom cause the least curious observer to halt and look at them, while the sea-raven with its ornamental appendages always challenges attention, if only by its brilliant colors.

Passing the young bluefish, or "snappers," the spot, or Lafayette, the banded codling, sticklebacks, hake and other species which are more or less interesting, we come to the boxfish, which are built in some ways like the trunkfish, but are round and have spines sticking out all over them. They can only move their fins, their mouths are longitudinal slits which seem to have bony lips that are rigid; but the boxfish is ornamented with many dark stripes which seem to be put on to make it conspicuous while the spines would make it an undesirable mouthful to most fishes.

The swellfish, or puffer, which we catch in the salt-waters about New York, is familiar to the boys who go down to the fishing banks. They catch one, tickle its belly with a knife or an oyster shell, and the fish inflates itself into a ball, when the boy, without fear of the Cruelty Society, jumps on the fishy balloon "just to hear it pop." In the Aquarium the boy may look at the puffer, but must content himself with what he thinks he would like to do.

There are filefish, funny little puffers, and dozens of other things to be seen in the Aquarium, which would take a week to tell about. The remora, which has a sucker on top of its head by which it attaches itself to a dogfish or shark, and so catches its food without the exertion of travel, has actually learned to move and seize food when it is offered. Young whitefish have learned to live upon minnows, and this discovery has brought to light the fact that men in Canandaigua Lake, N Y , have been taking a species of whitefish out of season on set lines, using minnows for bait.

The bearded codling will attract the attention of the casual visitor by its prominent row of white spots and the long, streaming rays from its pectoral fins, but people often laugh aloud when they see the funny little puffers, the adults having been previously described; but in one gallery tank are some young specimens about 3in. long, and they are comical.

Fishing for the Aquarium in the waters about New York has shown the unexpected presence of Southern species ip Northern waters, for the Aquarium fishers use finer meshed nets than the market fishermen and fish in shallows, among weeds and other places where the seeker after edible species does not haul his nets. A couple of months ago, while fishing near Sandy Hook, a young barracuta was taken and it was all of 1,000 miles from its home. There are several species of this family on our Atlantic coast, none of them abundant north of Florida except *Sphyræna borealis*, which is often abundant in North Carolina waters and has been taken further north, even as far as Wood's Hole, Mass., but only young specimens, which seems strange. Some barracuta, or barracuda, are taken in the West Indies 8ft. long and weighing 40lbs., for it is a long, slim fish that can eat a man as well, or better than a shark, and is as much dreaded; yet it is said by Prof. Jordan to be the best food fish on the coasts which it inhabits. In shape it resembles the pike. Dr. Bean's specimen is about 8in. long and looks as wicked as so small a specimen can.

The filefishes, which are common in tropical and subtropical seas, and breed somewhere in mid-ocean, have been taken near New York by Dr. Bean, but only young specimens. These queer, excessively compressed fishes have a dorsal spine which is rough and gives the name to the filefish, although it is also called foolfish. Sometimes they are of an orange color and at others they are tawny, but will always claim attention. Their strong jaws can crush most mollusks and they even damage beds of pearl oysters.

It is of interest to see the fish fed, but as this is done after the visitors leave the building, one has to have permission to remain. This has never been denied me, nor do I think it would be denied to any one who manifested interest enough to ask for it. Watch the pike and the pickerel. There are some minnows in their tank, but they know their danger. They huddle in the corners, where a pike doesn't care to risk bruising his nose to get them, yet I have seen them quietly nose them out and then give chase. But the unseen attendant has dropped in some new ones, and they dodge for the bottom, and if not seized at the first rush the pike will point its game like a bird dog, steadily approach with a slow movement and with a blazing eye make the rush which is usually the last of the minnow, and for the benefit of anglers who believe that a pike always throws out a minnow taken tail first, in order to turn it, I will say that a visit to the Aquarium at feeding time will prove their theory incorrect, for there they will see the pike at close, and at better advantage than they ever saw it feed before, and will find that, heads or tails, it's all the same to the pike or pickerel.

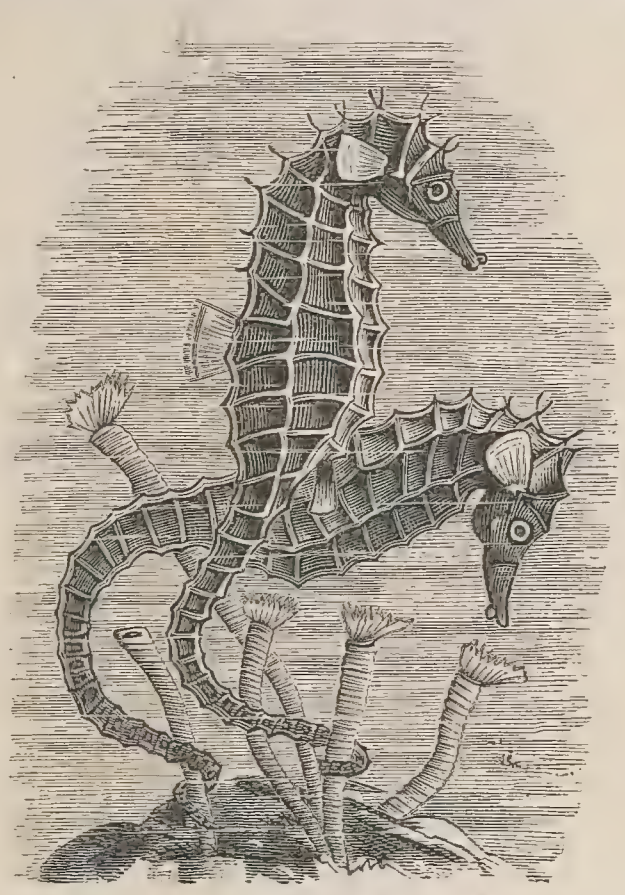
Watch those fresh-water gars take a killyfish. The gars are among the few ganoids which somehow escaped destruction when the rest were made into fossils, and they are anachronisms which really ought to have been abolished with the rest centuries ago. They are about 3ft. long, and are built like a torpedo boat, being round-bodied and about 3in. in diameter. When they get it into their antediluvian minds that a minnow is in sight and is needed in their internal economy, they don't rush with indecent haste after food. The gar goes quietly about it. Its long, narrow snout is run about 4in. past the unsuspecting minnow, just as a bit of eelgrass might drift by it, there is a quick side motion of the head, a snap of the long jaws, and the minnow lies across the jaws in the embrace of sharp teeth, which leave all hope behind. The gar is in no hurry, it never was, and it awaits its time; a few moves forward as it loosens its hold, and the minnow still lies crosswise, but is getting feeble; then the prey is somehow slewed about lengthwise and swallowed, head or tail, as in the case of the pike. A peaceful expression comes into the eye of the gar, and the curtain is rung down on the tragedy.

The trout rush for their food, and sometimes pursue it, for they are fed minnows, and it is interesting to note how often they miss their mark. The misses are so frequent as to cause an angler to recall the many times he has seen a trout miss an artificial fly which was being very slowly drawn across the water, and to cause him to doubt the accuracy of the trout's eye when it misses a fair-sized minnow, which is completely submerged. Then he no longer wonders at the missing of a fly which is on the surface of the water and seen against the sky or the bushes, often when the ripple distorts its shape, and perhaps its place.

All the inhabitants of a great aquarium cannot eat minnows, and so a variety of food must be prepared, and in different shapes to suit not only different tastes, but different sized mouths; and great judgment must be exercised in the use of food which is not alive, in order not to put in more than the inhabitants of a tank can eat at the time, unless there are crabs or other scavengers in it; but there are fishes which will eat crabs as fast as they are put in; and so, as I have said, there is more knowledge required to run an aquarium than to manage any other collection of animal life, and there is yet much to be learned by the best aquarium men.

There are all kinds of quacks, and there are aquarium quacks, men who have secrets for keeping fish alive. One came to the old Aquarium on Broadway, and wanted to sell some secret. Mr. Coup asked my opinion, and I said: "Put him in a tank, and keep his head under water, put in some of his own stuff and see how long he will live." He failed to make a sale, and I never had any idea what these fellows had to sell, if anything, and let it go. Recently I have seen it stated that "Dr. Sedlitzky, of Salzburg, recommends the addition of four drops of a solution of one gram of saliaylic acid in 300 grams of water to every 100 grams of water in the aquarium, and says this will keep the fish healthy without changing the water." I have used salicylic acid in experiments in killing fungus, but do not know saliaylic acid, which may be a misprint.

There is a most charming retreat for a student to spend an hour, in a room which is not open to the general public, which would rush through it with hardly a glance at the jars of water and weeds. To me this long room is the most interesting part of the Aquarium. Here are the "balanced" tanks; glass aquaria about 14in. in diameter and perhaps as high, in which the water is never changed, year in or out, the loss by evaporation being all that is added. The principle is that plants absorb carbonic acid gas and throw off oxygen, while fish reverse this process, and so it is an even trade by means of which both live, if the proper proportions of each kind of life balance; if not, one dies. An ordinary farm pond which has neither inlet nor outlet presents the same conditions, and the balance tank is merely one of nature's methods on a smaller scale, but trout and some other



SEA HORSES.

fishes are not adapted to such a life; they require more oxygen and even have to call in the refrigerating apparatus, which was put in last summer, and has a capacity of 10 tons of ice daily.

The climbing perch might be an interesting fish if it would only climb. The single specimen in the Aquarium is a quiet fellow, about 7in long, and is kept in one of the jars where the oxygen it gets comes from plant life, and not from the passage of water through air. As I see it, there is little to interest one in the fish, unless he knows and believes the stories told of it. It has a single dorsal fin with both hard and soft rays, the former seem to predominate, and the same may be said of the anal fin. The color is dark, and the fish seems to enjoy months of rest after its travels. I have read that this fish, whose climbing propensities, and whose Greek front name of *Anabas* and Latin specific one of *scandeus*, both refer to climbing, has a sort of water reservoir in plates or pockets above its gills, to keep the latter moist when on a journey. Looking into "Johnson's Cyclopedia," I read: "Species are found in southeastern Asia and Africa. One, the *Anabas scandeus*, found in India, etc., is especially remarkable for a limited power of climbing. Unlike the eel, which passes over only moist ground, *Anabas* takes its journey over hard, dry and dusty roads, and frequently up steep ascents heated with the burning beams of the noonday sun, and does not seem to feel any serious inconvenience from these. It is even asserted by some writers that this fish is able to climb a tree."

I have seen pictures of it climbing a tree by means of its pectoral fins and coarse scales, and have wondered what he did it for, if he did it. Please remember that I don't vouch for any part of this yarn. I've seen the fish; only this and nothing more. Last week I told how I let my imagination loose to an admiring crowd at Blackford's, and told how the angler fish ate young goats and sucked cows, while a friend told how they climbed trees. We thought that Munchausen, Ananias & Co. were not in our class, but some fellow has said: "Truth is stranger than fiction," and there is such a weight of evidence for all that is claimed for this strange fish that I can only say: "I'd like to see him do it."

I hereby issue this challenge to Dr. Bean: Next summer, when the asphalt walks are hot and the grass in Battery Park is dusty, I will match an adult eel against your climbing perch for distance in a given time. The second match to be a Belt Line car horse against the perch in tree-climbing; and a third that this vaunted tramp from India cannot sit in the sun on a park bench as long as an unknown tramp which I will produce. Best two out of three to win, and the loser to pay for a dinner at Del's. This is a friendly challenge to the Doctor, purely in the interest of science, and if it comes off I sincerely hope that I will lose, for we have to pay for our education and I will be glad to contribute to mine, which in this case means to the education of the whole world of science.

Let us seek comrade Spencer and get him to show his treasures and talk of them. He loves to do both if he knows that the visitor is really interested in his hobby, but when he finds one who is not only interested, but has some knowledge of it, he is delighted. I have only to hint that a view of his pet department would be a favor, and the veteran leads the way with the step of a boy. We reach the fresh-water tanks first, few in number because not so rich in forms of life. The plants are those which grow with submerged leaves, except the duck-meat, which forms a mat of its tiny leaves on the surface and sends its roots a fraction of an inch below; they are the hornwort, cabomba, sagitaria and myriaophyllum. Here we find the European loach, a bearded, spotted, sluggish bottom fish, our pearl-sided sunfish, and that pretty-banded sunfish which is so small that anglers seldom see it. The interesting sticklebacks are only represented by the five-spined species, the nest-building two-spined fellow being absent.

All the time we spend at the few fresh-water tanks Spencer looks bored. They are interesting to a moderate degree, but as we leave them his eye brightens, he begins to talk, and we listen. "Now here is a colony of Northern coral from the coast of New Jersey. It came three years ago last June, and many of the polyps are still living, as you can see. The coral has not grown any, and some of the builders may have died and others been bred; we can't be certain about that. This tank contains four species of sea anemones. That bright red one which is closed up is as beautiful as a jack rose when it is opened, and that more modestly colored one in ecru is as beautiful as a Quaker maiden in drab. Just note the two species of barnacles near the anemones. This common ivory barnacle opens its shell and grasps with its plume-like fingers as if it were beckoning food to come on, and it is so sensitive that we can't feed it. At the least disturbance of the water they draw in and the food passes by. No so with this other species, which grows larger and attaches itself to turtles, whales, and other things, as well as ships; this species puts out its curious landing-net and slowly revolves it until something strikes it. There! See it take in that tiny bit of clam which I dropped; that's the way it feeds."

"That seems to be a singular rock that the barnacles are fast to."

"Well, they were on a piece of wood with the bark on. I split off the bark, shaved it down as close as I dared, put it on a flat stone and then poured a little cement around them, about the thickness of half a dozen sheets of letter paper; and there they are, happy as ever, and if the bark decays the cement will be a bond of union. They have lived in that way for a year and a half."

Then we came to interesting colonies of hydroids, ascidians or sea-squirts; shrimps which flit through the water in a ghostly manner with their semi-transparent bodies only faintly outlined, while they seek particles of food fish which have escaped from the immovable animals in the same tank. There are no currents to bring food to the anemones, barnacles, ascidians and other forms of life which are incapable of moving, and under these artificial conditions such scavengers are necessary or the water would become foul. Mr. Spencer might feed ever so carefully, and it might miss the rooted animal or it might be rejected if it did not happen to be hungry. The food in this case is too fine to recover with wooden nippers, and siphons are not used, but the shrimps, snails and the small hermit crabs which have not outgrown the small snail shells, take care that nothing is left to foul the water, and here comes in a knowledge that cannot be imparted. If the scavengers are overfed the water will get foul, for they are not working for the Park Board, Dr. Bean nor Mr. Spencer. They knock off work when they have had a big dinner, just as I do on Thanksgiving Day, but with this difference; their world is smaller, and if they do not devour all food in sight their world becomes foul and will not support them, while if I don't work I can go to the markets and look at the canvasbacks, venison steaks, grouse and 'possums without a threat from Dame Nature that if I do not devour all these things they will breed a pestilence which will destroy me and my kind, as will be done in that miniature world which we set up and call a "balanced aquarium." It is a delicate thing to run, not only to adjust the quantity of plant life to animal life, but to select the kinds of animals which will live together.

The younger spider crabs have a way of disguising themselves, which they abandon as they grow older, and this has given them the name of "decorator crab." They pluck the different seaweeds and by means of saliva they fasten the plants upon their backs to deceive the skates, dogfish and other enemies, and they remind one of Macduff's host bearing Birnam wood in the advance upon Dunsinane.

The plant which is relied upon to give aeration in the salt-water jars is the sea-lettuce (*Ulva latissima*), but the active inhabitants of the tanks will not allow it to root below and so it floats on top, giving shade as well as oxygen, and the crabs also tear up the red rockweeds, but cannot destroy their anchorage and they grow along in the old place. There are the tube worms, called serpula, which make twisted calcareous tubes, and the sabella, whose retreats are leathery, and both send out their feathery heads and dodge back quickly if alarmed. The serpula tubes are easily broken and a colony would often be scattered but for the fact that a colony of bryozoa usually settles on it and binds the twisted tubes into a solid mass. There are tons of these masses in Great South Bay, Long Island, where they are known as "cinder beds," and are famous fishing grounds. The bryozoa coat many objects with a thin film of beautiful lime work finer than frost patterns and then build layer on layer, as the coral polyps do. Then along comes one of the boring worms, species unknown to me, which drills straight holes through the mass. Mr. Spencer has fine specimens of this work.

There are little horsefeet or horseshoe crabs, which were hatched in the Aquarium and are now two years old, but not as large as a half-dollar, and there is a complete series of their cast shells, from the size of almost nothing up to the last moult.

The star exhibit in the balanced tanks is the ship worm (*Teredo navalis*). A specimen of its work is shown in a piece of a pile which was only two years in water, and is so eaten that "honeycombed" will fairly express it. The holes are long, about the diameter of a lead pencil, and are lined with shell. But the living animal, encased in a bit of wood, throws out two white siphons, the longest about 1in. long, and that is its connection with the outer world. Mr. Spencer had two of these and could not learn what they were. Scientists saw them and drawings of the wood and the siphons were sent to many persons, but no one could name the animal. Then Mr. Spencer determined to find out, and he carefully split the wood away from one specimen, and behold! there was a teredo 9in. long, and it lived three days

afterward. His living animal is quiescent for several weeks at a time and then resumes boring, as shown by the sawdust thrown out. He thinks that the worm does not eat the wood, but bores for a retreat and to find a mate. This is what the carpenter bee does when it bores for a home and a nest, and the theory seems sound. There is a boring mollusk, not unlike a soft clam, which drills into stone, and I was shown a specimen of its work with a dead animal in it.

This is an account of what may be seen at the Aquarium, but the public see but little the first time they go; a second trip will surely bring a third, and then the aquarium habit is formed. It is not a place to rush through and say, "I've seen it all," and never go again. It is a place to stop, watch and study; to one who does this, new beauties will appear, new surprises will come, and he will depart a wiser man, but not a sadder one. I go there often, and always learn something.

Of the building itself I can find no detailed history in any of the books on New York. It was built by the United States in 1807 and called Fort Clinton; ceded to this city in 1822, and became a place of amusement, and got the name of Castle Garden about four years later. From 1845 to 1849 minstrel and theatrical performances were given there, and the next year Jenny Lind gave it world-wide fame by singing there. The Commissioners of Emigration took it in 1855, and on July 9, 1876, it was burned nearly to the ground, but was rebuilt. It is now of more use and interest than ever it was before in its various characters of fort, playhouse and emigrant depot. Under a new rule, it is to be opened from 12 to 2 on Mondays and Tuesdays, days on which it has been closed to the public.

In my last article I neglected to say that the illustrations were loaned by Mr. E. G. Blackford.

A CARIB ALLIGATOR.

In Pearl City were more dogs and cats than were needed. In Pearl lagoon were alligators which we wanted. So we considered whether we could exchange dogs and cats for alligators.

We got a dog one evening, by help of a Flobert. We tied him to a stake set, some 200ft. from the pierhead, in the shallow lake. A line was fastened at one end to the pier; the other end to the strong hook that was modestly hidden under that dog. An alligator came, took hold of that dog, pulled that hook straight, and the dog went off with the alligator.

There were other dogs, and stronger hooks. And cats, too, with other hooks and lines. The alligators grew fat and happy. Mayhap they thought we were running a charity affair. They took our bait, and kindly left the hooks For hooks cost hard cash; but cats and dogs might be had for the taking—if the owners were not there.

'Twas a shame that Yankee ingenuity couldn't get ahead of an alligator, particularly of that mossy-backed patriarch that might well have been the grandfather of all alligators. So we pondered deeply. We discussed all plans offered, then discussed the imbecility of those who offered them. At last there was none so bold as to hint that he had a scheme that would fit our case.

Perhaps it may be easy to see now why there was a hasty movement when the Jamaica boy shouted:

"Hi! He's got 'im! He's done got dat 'gator foh suah! Bigges' 'gator ebber seed!"

The duty of the United States to Cuba was left to take care of itself. The superiority of the Carib pineapple over all others known was left to the cold world to discover for itself, and a quiet little game in the corner with ten cents up was suddenly abandoned. The Doctor caught up a lancet and started for the door, then laid the instrument on a shelf. The trader caught up a hat that lay on the table, and put it off his head as soon as he saw that it belonged to the Doctor's little Dottie. For traders are constitutionally unable to take anything that doesn't belong honestly to them. The manager went down the stair three steps at a jump, then bawled to his wife to bring down his rifle. And she would rather handle a —— well, a scorpion or a snake, than touch a gun. But we all reached the pier, and there stood the quiet man, encouraging a gang of darkies and Waiknas.

"Steady, boys, steady! A long pull, a strong pull, pull all together! Easy! Pull him in easy!"

"I reckin 'tain't 'zeasy 's yo' t'ink t' pull 'im in easy, boss!"

No less that a score of darkies and Indians were dragging at that rope; but they certainly didn't find it easy to pull him in. For he was in shallow water, where he could get a hold on the bottom. The dead weight of that 'gator would have been a load for them to drag; but it wasn't his dead weight they were pulling at. No, indeed! It was his exceedingly live weight, instead.

He absorbed bullets rapidly, for a while. Bullets from all the rifles in Pearl City, from the .45 to the Flobert that would have been choked to death by a medium-sized pea. The load of lead became too much to carry, and the patriarch of Pearl lagoon alligators gave up the fight for life. Everybody had a hand in dragging his enormous bulk upon the sandy shore.

"How did you do it, Governor?" That after we had foregathered in the Doctor's office.

"Yes. Tell us how you got to windward of the old fellow!"

"Have another, Governor, and tell us how in thunder you ever put the noose 'round his neck."

"Well; there's nothing much to tell. You see, a notion struck me; but I thought it better to try it by myself. You fellows made it so hot for anyone who offered a plan, you know."

"Yes; but they were such fool plans!"

"Maybe. Anyway I thought better to flock by myself. So I got a hoop off a big barrel, and borrowed that dog that used to howl o' nights back of my place. I took a long piece of new manilla and the other things to the pier, and made a running loop in the line. I tied that with thread to the hoop, so as to keep the loop open, and fastened that dog in the middle of the hoop. Then we drove three stakes in the bottom of the lagoon, and let the hoop, the loop and the dog lie on top of the water between the stakes. Of course I made the hoop fast to the stakes.

"Well, old grandad came nosing about, as I expected. He tried to get at the dog, but that hoop was in the way. The more he tried, the more eager he became to get the tidbit, for 'gators do love dog. At last a bright idea got into his thick head, and he sank under the hoop. When his jaws came up each side of that dog we gave a mighty pull at the rope, the loop broke loose from the hoop and closed around the jaws back of that dog, as you saw it when we dragged him ashore. You saw that he was more than half drowned when we landed him. E. L. Peritara.

A Shark's Meal.

Sometime in the 50s, when I was living in Highland-on-the-Hudson, there came a man in the village who, it was said, had been a sailor. He seemed to be rather reticent, but somehow he chose to make a confidant of me, and drawing me aside one evening while we were in a store, related the following incident of his seafaring life in an undertone that savored of apprehension, either for himself or the captain of the vessel in which he sailed.

He said that while on the way to America with a cargo of slaves—men, women and children—the vessel one day was becalmed, not a zephyr ruffling the surface of the sea. The weather was excessively hot, and the decks fairly blistered the feet. The mate being a good swimmer, and withal very fond of a bath, concluded to "cool off," and forthwith plunged into the sea and swam a considerable distance from the ship. It so happened that the captain glanced in the direction of the man, when, to his horror, he discerned the fin of a "man-eater" cleaving the water at some distance beyond, and surely marking the mate for his prey.

But the captain's presence of mind did not forsake him, and with wonderful self-control and decision born of the occasion, he turned to his crew, and with terrible meaning in every lineament of his face, exclaimed, "Let no man dare to open his mouth." If I do not forget, he had drawn and displayed his pistol. In the next instant he called loudly to the mate, not, however, to apprise him of his danger, for that would have so paralyzed him with fear as to deprive him, in all probability, of his strength; hence his command to the crew to maintain silence. Taking out his watch and holding it aloft, he shouted: "Jim (so we will name him), if you will reach the ship in two minutes, I will give you this gold watch. Now!" At once, with a mighty effort, he started to gain the prize. With bated breath and countenances aghast with intense emotion, the crew now saw the occasion of the captain's stern command to them. It is an unequal race, for the shark gains rapidly. Will the sea-demon close his terrible jaws upon the man, or will he reach the ship in time to escape? No, the shark is within a few lengths of him, and is turning over to grasp the prey. "He's lost!" No; a dark object rushes through the air, and strikes the water with a ringing splash between the man and fish. The shark, with a vicious plunge, seizes it, and the dark sea is the grave of another human being. The captain had picked up a negro child that stood near him, and cast it into the sea, and thus the mate was saved. N. D. Elting.

The Discovery of Salt as a Remedy for Fungus on Fish.

In one of Mr. Hough's very interesting letters to Forest and Stream the following lines occur:

"The superintendent of the hatchery (of the State fish hatchery near St. Paul, Minn.), Mr. W. H Morgan, is a very skillful man at his business, having had many years of experience in the United States hatcheries One of his discoveries for the treatment of fungus on the fish was that a salt bath is nearly always efficacious. Now, when a fish is observed to be dull, and to show the customary white growth which afflicts so many specimens in confinement, it is at once removed to the salt tanks and given a pickle which makes it gasp for the time, but feel good afterward. We saw many young fish which had been thus doctored or were in process of doctoring."

If Mr. Hough will kindly refer to page 227, "Domesticated Trout," fourth edition, he will see that the use of salt as a remedy for fungus on fish is not a very recent discovery, but that it was discovered and the subject thoroughly worked up nearly thirty years ago by Mr. Stone, the writer of the book. I may add that the use of salt as a destroyer of fungus on fish has been practiced continuously from that time to this. S. A M.

Fish Nomenclature.

New York, Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Forest and Stream for Nov. 27, Von W. uses the past tense in speaking of the Ojibwa names for fish. The Ojibwas to-day are a numerous people—their fish are abundant—and men who employ the Ojibwas for guides can be found almost anywhere by a "twist of the wrist," so I am sure that many readers of Forest and Stream would corroborate my points on nomenclature if they only took the trouble to do so. At this moment, while I am writing, several thousand people are talking Ojibwa to each other; and the Hudson Bay Company's agents, missionaries and hunters galore know that "mash" means strong; that "kinope" means pike; that "winin" means fat; that "iche," diminutive added to "winin," means lean; that "winne" means unclean, etc. It is not necessary to consider what these Indians "used to say," because they are saying it to-day, before breakfast. Robt. Morris.

The Black Bass Record.

Mr. Samuel Hentall writes from Bristol, N H: Your correspondent G. C. C. in Nov 20 paper, under heading "A St. Clair Flats Bass," asks "What is the largest small-mouth black bass you have any record of?" I confess I was surprised to note Forest and Stream's answer: 'A 10-pounder, taken in New York State." I had thought I was high line around these waters for small-mouth bass, and I think I am anyhow for New England States with a 9lb. small-mouth black bass, taken by me in Sunapee Lake, near George's Mills, in the year 1894. It was weighed in the store at the mills within one hour of landing him, length 24in.

Landlocked Salmon House.

Cascapedia Trout.

Mr Frank L Hall, fishing the Cascapedia River last summer, had a remarkable take of trout, killing 48 which averaged 3lbs. each. On two successive casts he caught four fish whose combined weight was 17lbs. The first of these doubles weighed 6½ and 2½lbs., and the second ran 5½ and 2½lbs. The fishing was on rapids and the sport was of high class, surely. H.

Nebraska Fish Commission.

The Nebraska State Fish Commission has been reorganized with R. S. Oberfelder as president and J. S. Kirkpatrick as secretary.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

When I was eleven years of age I was the proud possessor of a $3 gun. I used it early and late upon squirrels, and now and then a partridge was added to my list of game. Now, the cheap lock of my gun had become so worn that the hammer would not always stay cocked. To overcome this defect, I was accustomed to hold the hammer back with my thumb, only letting it go when I had got the gun "lined" upon the game. Of course this was an extremely reckless arm for a boy, but then I felt perfectly safe, knowing its peculiarities.

There was a large maple tree near our house which was often visited by both red and gray squirrels, and I kept my gun behind the chamber door, loaded and ready for instant use.

Very early one morning and before I had left my bed my father, hearing a chattering in the old tree, got the gun and started for game. Pulling back the hammer, which by chance "caught," and holding the gun in readiness to shoot when the gun was sighted, he walked carefully around the tree, scanning every branch when all of a sudden the gun fired, and to his astonishment down came the squirrel, stone dead.

I had not informed him of the dangerous condition of the gun, knowing I would be forbidden using it. It is needless to say that I received a scolding and the "instrument of death" was confiscated. However, I soon had another and a safer one. A. J. M.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 30.—Washington City Kennel Club's show, Washington, D. C.
Dec. 8.—Rhode Island Poultry Association's show, Pawtuxet, R. I.

1898.

Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show Boston.
Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show New York.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 29.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Dec. 6.—Texas Fox-Hunters' Association's meet, Hinson Springs, Tex.
Dec. 8.—Hoosier Beagle Club trials, Danville Ind.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.
Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal.
Jan. 31.—Champion Field Trial Association's Champion Stake, Tupelo, Miss.
Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala.

THE U. S. F. T. C.'S TRIALS.

The trials of the United States Field Trials Club began at Newton, N. C., on Monday, Nov. 15, and lasted three days. The conditions of weather were unfavorable, there being no rain, and the grounds having been used the previous week added to the unfavorable conditions.

The judges were Messrs. Wm. Tallman, Greensboro, N. C.; W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn., and C. E. Buckle, Charlottesville, Va.

The Derby was for all setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896. The All-Age Stake was for all setters and pointers which had not won first prize in any All-Age Stake in any recognized field trial. The prizes in each stake were the same—$250, $150 and $100. Total fees to enter and start, $30.

There were few visitors, nearly all leaving as soon as the Eastern trials ended. Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, Toledo; Dr. Fitzgerald, Baltimore; W. L. Steele, Rockingham, N. C., followed the trials a part of the time.

The judging, as a whole, was very well done, the All-Age Stake being commendably well decided, though the competition in it was rather disorganized at times, as it was in the Derby also. The handlers were allowed to separate too much and work wide apart. There was too much noise, too much hurry when on birds, and too much changing of plans as to where to go. But as the results were mostly correct, the manner of arriving at them may be considered but briefly.

The Derby.

The competition in the Derby was of a very commonplace grade, there being nothing in it of noteworthy merit in the way of field performance. Most of the competitors ran in the Eastern trials last week. There were ten starters, as follows:

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Why Not (Eugene T.—Miss Ruby), C. Tucker, handler, with Tyro Kennels' l. and w. pointer dog St. Clair (Rob—Ripsy), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler.

W. G. Graham's b. and w. setter dog Dick Bland (Sam Gross—Maud Rogers), J. H. Johnson, handler, with Dr. M. F. Rogers's b., w. and t. setter bitch Pearl R. (Sam Gross—Donna Inez), D. E. Rose, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter bitch Maiden Modesty (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), C. Tucker, handler, with Wm. Elliott's l. and w. pointer dog Doctor Tassie (Hal Pointer—Kent's Star), Geo Richards, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Wise Child (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), C. Tucker, handler, with J. J. Odom's b., w. and t. setter dog Sport McA. (Tony Boy—Blue), D. E. Rose, handler.

Dr. J. R. Daniels's l. and w. pointer dog Sam's Bow (Plain Sam—Dolly Dee II.), Geo. Richards, handler, with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter bitch Lena Belle (Sam—Mamie B.), C. Tucker, handler.

Sport McA., first, showed natural dash and range, but his work was lacking in finish to the gun; in short, he was only about half broken, and much the same could be said of Pearl R., second.

Doctor Tassie, third, made by far the best competition considering reliability, training and work to the gun, and in his work on birds he was more trustworthy.

Monday.

The weather was hazy, calm and close. There was a prevalence of the unfavorable dryness of the preceding week. Birds were found in sufficient numbers, but most of the opportunities to work on scattered birds were in unfavorable places. The performance of the dogs as to point work was far short of the opportunities. A start was made at the Conover end of the grounds.

First Round.

Why Not and St. Clair started at 8:44. Neither dog ranged wide nor used good judgment. Why Not pointed and the bevy flushed wild; Clair pointed or backed. The birds flew but a short distance. The setter pointed a single and was steady to shot. Up at 9:27.

Dick Bland and Pearl R. began at 9:41. Both dogs were difficult to handle, and the heat was a rare noisy one, there being much scrambling, loud ordering and blowing of whistles. The performance was far short of the opportunities, and there was a general air of insubordination about what the dogs did do. On some marked birds, Dick pointed a single bird. Sent on. A bevy on bare ground flushed ahead of Pearl. Dick pointed and Pearl backed; they moved on and Pearl pointed and Dick backed; both were steady to shot. Sent on. Pearl pointed a bevy. Each made two points on singles. Dick flushed one. Up at 10:28. The handlers worked quite as hard as the dogs did. It was rather a wild, excited heat.

Maiden Modesty and Doctor Tassie started at 10:34. Doctor flushed a bevy in the open. Working on the scattered birds, both pointed and a single was flushed close by. At the edge of woods Doctor pointed a bevy. Modesty pointed and was backed; nothing found. Up at 11:29. Doctor was the more workmanlike.

Wise Child and Sport McA. started at 11:40. On some scattered birds of a bevy in woods, nothing was done. Sport pointed on bare ground; nothing found. Sent on. Sport found and pointed two bevies. On scattered birds, each made several points. Up at 12:25.

Sam's Bow and Lena Belle started at 1:47. Bow pointed a bevy in corn. Then Lena pointed and Bow backed. Bow pointed on scattered birds. Sent on. Sam pointed in bottom; he moved on and both dogs made game. Nothing found. Sent on, each flushed a bevy. On the scattered birds both lost many opportunities. Bow pointed a single, and next he pointed a bevy. Up at 3:05. Both ranged fairly well, the setter maintaining her range the better.

Second Round.

Dick Bland and Wise Child started at 3:42. Child pointed a bevy in run, and made a point on a single in woods. Dick was very headstrong. Both showed good speed. Wise Child had the better of the heat.

Pearl R. and Doctor Tassie began at 4:36. Doctor pointed a bevy nicely in open. Next, Pearl ran through a bevy in open field. Pearl next pointed a bevy in the open field. Sent on, Doctor caught scent, then drew to a point on the bevy; Pearl backed uncertainly for a moment, then seemed to catch scent and pointed, the birds being near her. Doctor made three points on singles on dry leaves; Pearl flushed a single, pointed one, and next pointed a bevy. Next she pointed by the edge of thick briers, made game, and nothing was found. She was headstrong and hard to handle. She also was lacking in reliability when on birds. Doctor had much the best of the heat. This ended the day's work.

Tuesday.

The weather was clear and cool, but this condition added nothing to the quality of the competition, for the ground was dryer, and birds seemed to be more difficult to locate and point than they were in any previous day.

Sport McA. and Sam's Bow were cast off at 8:34. Sport was difficult to handle, and was working out of bounds part of the time. Bow was held up once while Sport was being searched for, an act which had the result of Sport securing a point without competition. Sent on. Sport was found pointing a bevy. A bevy next flushed near Sport in corn. Bow flushed a bevy down wind. Sport pointed two bevies; Bow coming in ahead of the second point, roaded to a point on the same bevy. Up at 9:39. The work on scattered birds was weak. Sport had the better speed and range, but he showed a decided lack of finish in his ranging to the gun, and in his training.

Sport McA. and Pearl R. were allowed to rest till after lunch, the All-Age Stake being taken up in the meantime. They were started at 1:01. The heat was not noteworthy for any work above the commonplace as to quality, and as to quantity it was meagre. Pearl pointed a single well. A bevy was marked down in the open. Sport pointed, and Pearl backed; Sport roaded to a point on a single. Pearl, going down wind, flushed the bevy, and next she flushed a single. Up at 1:38.

The All-Age Stake.

There were a number of noted dogs in this stake, many of which had competed in the E. F. T. C. trials in the previous week. There were twelve, as follows:

Edw. A. Burdette's b., w. and t. setter bitch Ann of Abbottsford (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl), Geo. W. Richards, handler, with J. W. Dunham's lem. and w. pointer dog Elgin's Dash (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno), D. E. Rose, handler.

D. E. Rose's (agt) b., w. and t. setter dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), agent, handler, with Geo. E. Gray's (agt) b, w. and t. setter dog Sarsfield (Rodfield—Opal), agent, handler.

P. T. Madison's b, w. and t. setter dog Rodfield's Boy (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone), J. H. Johnson, handler, with H. Ames's b., w. and t. setter bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler.

Eldred Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Tony Gale (Antonio—Miss Nellie Y.), D. E. Rose, handler, with C. B. Pineo's l. and w. pointer dog Young Rip Rap (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Count Gloster (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl), C. Tucker, handler, with Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. setter dog Dave Earl (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), J. H. Johnson, handler.

E. A. Burdette's b., w. and t. setter dog Cincinnatus Pride (Cincinnatus—Nellie), Geo. W. Richards, handler, with P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. setter bitch Saragossa Belle (Gleam's Pink—Maud E), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Cincinnatus Pride won first on a very sound performance, sound in work to the gun, in the excellence of his locating and pointing, in his range and judgment and in the quantity of work done. He particularly excelled in work on running birds, or birds difficult to locate, and the judges put him to a most severe test. He is a handsome dog, a bench show winner, and the excellent manner in which he repeated shows that he has a high class of merit.

Tony Gale, second, ran with speed and fire some of the time, while at other times he let down in his range and needed urging to keep him at work. Some of his point work was excellent, some of it false and inaccurate, and the quantity of it was meager. In locating his birds he was very inferior.

Count Gloster, third, ran prettily, but he picked out the easy going and did not excel as a finding dog. Some of his work on scattered birds was very good. He pointed inaccurately sometimes. His strongest qualities were his speed, stylish way of going, and wide range, the latter conducted with poor judgment.

First Round.

Ann of Abbottsford and Elgin's Dash started at 9:52 Both pointed a bevy in corn, the bird presumably being Ann's. A bevy was seen to flush near them in corn. Ann pointed a single; Dash backed. Up at 10:28. Both ranged fast and wide, Ann the better in range, judgment and work on birds. She ran a very good heat.

Hurstbourne Zip and Sarsfield began at 10:44. Zip made a false point; then sent on, he flushed a bevy. Sarsfield was lost much of the time. He seemed to be diligently seeking birds, but out of bounds. Up at 11:31. The heat was a poor one.

Rodfield's Boy and Christina started at 11:41. Christina flushed a single, then failed to locate the bevy. Rodfield's Boy bolted and was not found till near the end of the heat. Christina ranged moderately well and showed poor judgment in ranging. Up at 12:21.

Tony Gale and Young Rip Rap were cast off at 1:54. Gale pointed a bevy in corn. Next Rip pointed, and the bevy flushed after Rip had moved on. Rip pointed a single. Up at 2:26. Both ranged moderately well. The heat was a poor one.

Count Gloster and Dave Earl began af 2:37. Dave false pointed several times, and Count did so once. On scattered birds, each pointed a single. Count was the faster and wider ranger. Dave exercised little judgment in his work. This heat had weak competition. Up at 3:51.

Cincinnatus Pride and Saragossa Belle started at 4:02. Belle was sometimes inaccurate in her points. Pride pointed in the open, then roaded very skillfully and accurately up a hill into woods and pointed a bevy nicely. He next pointed a single. Belle found and pointed a bevy. On scattered birds, Belle pointed; Pride backed; Belle moved on and Pride shot rapidly ahead and pointed the bird. Pride showed an excellent class of all-round ability in his work, though the quantity of work was light, there being limited opportunities.

Wednesday.

The morning was sharply frosty, and a cool north wind blew throughout the day. A start was made at the Conover end of the grounds.

Second Round.

The second series was very fairly selected.

Count Gloster and Tony Gale started at 8:46. Both went with dash, and ranged wide. Count picked out the easy going as much as possible, over wheat fields and plowed ground, and was romping much of the time. Tony was working with judgment, and seeking diligently. He pointed; nothing found; Gloster backed. Gloster pointed a bevy, and was nicely backed. Tony next pointed a bevy in weeds, and Gloster backed. On the scattered birds each made a good point, and afterward each made a point to which there was nothing. Gloster next pointed a bevy in open weeds. He next made two points, to which there was nothing, and Gale made a point and a flush on singles. Up at 9:54.

Young Rip Rap and Ann of Abbottsford were cast off at 10:06. The heat was a poor one. Rip was hard to handle, and was much of the time beyond control, while Ann was frivolous and unreliable, she being in season. Rip pointed a bevy in pines. Ann pointed some birds in woods, then flushed them willfully. Next she pointed a single nicely. Next in woods she pointed; Rip backed; nothing found. Up at 11:11.

Cincinnatus Pride and Elgin's Dash were cast off at 11:24. This heat was the best working heat of the stake. Dash flushed a bevy, and made two points on singles, and a find and a point on a bevy. Pride pointed four bevies, made another point or back and flushed one single very awkwardly, Dash pointing at the time, and Pride drawing by him. This was Pride's worst error. Other birds were seen to flush near the dogs, but it was impossible to determine the offender, if such there were, though there were grounds for suspicion that Dash was not an honest worker when out of sight. Down 1 hour.

Count Gloster and Cincinnatus Pride were cast off at 1:54, after lunch. Pride showed much the more useful range and judgment, though Gloster went quite as wide. Pride was being led on chain out of a bottom when he pointed a bevy. Up at 2:31. Pride had the better of this heat.

Tony Gale and Pride were started at 2:37. This was a hard trial for Pride, it being his third consecutive heat. He nevertheless was going with undiminished speed and range, far excelling Tony, the latter going with little interest, beating out his ground without any plan, and coming in frequently to his handler, who ordered and encouraged him to go on. Tony pointed a bevy which he found without much effort in seeking. Immediately afterward Pride pointed a bevy. Both were steady to shot. Up at 2:49. This ended the trials.

THE BROOKLYN DOG SHOW.

The bench show of the Metropolitan Kennel Club, held in Brooklyn, beginning on Nov. 24, had 738 entries. It was nicely managed, and nearly all the judging was completed by the evening of the first day. The attendance was fairly good, particularly on the first day, though as to it being good enough to make the show a financial success there is some doubt. There were many noted fanciers, among which were: H. G. Trevor, Dr. Huidekoper, A. C. Wilmerding, C. D. Bernheimer, James Watson, Woodruff Sutton, H. W. Huntington, O. W. Donner, A. Goode, F. H. Mulvey, G. Muss-Arnolt, A. B. McGregor, James L. Kernochan, Perry Tiffany, H. L. Kreuder, Henry Jarrett, Mrs. Meacham, Joe Lewis, Dr. Glover, Thomas Turner, Frank Dole, German Hopkins, Alfred Boote, Fred Lewis, Charles Heath, W. W. Watrous, M. A. Viti, I. F. Holt, Dr. J. B. Blossom, J. Blackburn Miller, Dr. Richard Derby, Dr. S. J Bradbury, J. W. Appleton, Henry C. Beadleston, Winthrop Rutherford, O. P. Amend, and others.

Mr. James Mortimer superintended, and Mr. G. W. H. Ritchie and Dr. H. T. Foote assisted in such matters as they could.

Foxhounds were few in numbers. A. B. McGregor's Songster won first in English hounds. American hounds were inferior in quality, only one prize being awarded in the open class, first to Dr. C. A Foster's Jim Corbett.

The pointers were noticeably light in numbers, though in point of merit they were pleasingly strong. Furlough Lodge Kennels took the kennel prize. George W. Lovell's Shotaway was first in challenge class, 55lbs. and over; George W. Gould's Ridgeview Comet taking first in the challenge class for dogs under 55lbs., while his two bitches, Georgie Brackett and Miss Rumor, won first respectively in the challenge classes for bitches 50lbs. and over, and under 50lbs. The winners in the heavy-weight dogs were. first, George S. Mott's Prince's Lad; second and third, F. R. Vernon's Bill V. and Timothy respectively. In heavy weight bitches George J. Gould's Ightfield Diana and Furlough Bloom were first and second, third going to F. R. Vernon's Isabella V. Under 55lbs., dogs, had the winners, first, George J. Gould's Furlough Bang; second, A. M. Hopper's Tick Kent II.; third, J. Roger McSherry's Faust J. In bitches, under 50lbs., Wilcox & Fairbanks's Fay Templeton won first; second and third, George J. Gould's Furlough Maid and Furlough Miss.

English setter winners were as follows: Challenge classes—J. Brett's Cactus in dogs, Henry Pope's Maid Marion in bitches Open classes—Dogs: First, J. Brett's Orangeman; second, F. G. Taylor's Admiral Drake; third, D. J. Peters's Robin Goch Bitches: First, Alfred Boote's Juno; second, W. L. Harris's Mamie Wilson; third, Joe Lewis's Furniss Maid.

Irish setters: Challenge classes—J. M. Bullock's Pride of Patsy first in dogs, and Joe Lewis's Duchess was first in bitches. Open—Dogs: First, P. F. O'Neill's Hunter; second, J. M. Bullock's Rockwood; third, J. B. Blossom's Bronx II. Bitches: First, E. W. Tynan's Ruby Glenmore II.; second, J. B. Blossom's Rosamond; third, Joe Lewis's Red Bell.

Gordon setters had the following winners: Challenge classes—J. B. Blossom's Heather York first in dogs, his Heather Bee first in bitches. Open classes—Dogs: J. B. Blossom's Heather Bruce and Doc, first and second; third, A. W. & C. R. Swain's Brandy. Bitches: First and second, J. B. Blossom's Sally Beaumont and Venus; third, E. H. Morris's Pinemont.

Beagles won as follows: Challenge classes—Dogs: Hempstead Beagles' Florist. Bitches: Miss Anna Lewis's Sova. Open classes—Dogs: First, Hempstead Beagles' Nimrod; second, H L. Kreuder's Lee III.; third, H. T. Peters's Windholm's Directum. Bitches: Hempstead Beagles' Oxonsay Matron first, and their Purity second; third, H. T. Peters's Totteridge Lovely. Dogs (13in. and under): First, H. Jarrett's Why Not II.; second, Hempstead Beagles' Laughter. Bitches (13in. and under): First, H. L. Kreuder's Floss K.; second, Hempstead Beagles' Fearless.

The quality of the spaniels was good and they were in fair numbers. The prize winners were as follows: Clumbers—Dogs and Bitches—First, Glenwood Greeting, H. Jarrett. Irish Water Spaniels—Open Dogs and Bitches—First, Venus, Miss Anabel Green. Puppies—First, Dublin; second, The Yellow, and third, Cork, Miss Green. Field Spaniels, Black, Open Dogs—First, Wardleworth Sweep, Miss Anabel Green; second, Dark Despair, same owner; third, Woolton Ebony, C. T. Mead. Open Bitches, Black—First, Honey, Miss Anabel Green; second, Tipsy, and third, Zulu, same owner. Any Other Color—Open Dogs—First, Napoleon, and second, Woolton Wonder, C. T. Mead. Any Other Color—Bitches—First, Saybrook Cypress, R. P. Keasbey; second, Woolton Dagmar, C. T. Mead. Cocker Spaniels, Black or Liver—Challenge Dogs and Bitches—First, Havoc, George Douglas. Challenge Bitches—First, Woodland Belle, George Greer. Any Other Color—Dogs and Bitches—First, Lorraine, George Greer. Open Dogs, Black—First, Premier, Geo Douglas; second, Figi, George Greer; third, Mepal's Mohican, Mepal Kennels. Open Bitches, Black—First, Miss Jerry, Mepal Kennels; second, Jeanette Ferrill, George Douglas; third, Floss Obo II., Walter Batts. Open Dogs, Red or Liver—First, Red Mack, Geo. Douglass; second, Brookside King, Geo. Greer; third, Goldbrick, John H. Herbertson. Open Bitches, Red or Liver—First, Brookside Queen, George Greer; second, Sadie B., S. W. Mallory; third, Daisy B., same owner. Open Dogs and Bitches, Any Other Color—First, Lofty II., W. T. Payne; second, Watnong Terry, Mrs. Grace McDonald; third, Mirge, W. T. Payne. Novice, Dogs and Bitches—First, Jeanette Ferrill, Geo Douglass. Dog and Bitch Puppies—First, Mepal's Opal, Mepal Kennels; second, Maxim, George Douglass; third, Mepal's Natty Bumpo, Mepal Kennels.

A Dog Show Stock Company.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the Brooklyn show the idea was broached of organizing a stock company with a capital of $10,000 for the purpose of backing and holding dog shows under the auspices of local clubs throughout the country. The exhibitors took to it more than kindly, and there seems no doubt about raising the capital. The most experienced and popular manager in the country will be identified with the project, and the prospectus of the new company is promised at an early date. The advantages of the scheme are apparent: an increased number of shows, and the relieving of a few enthusiasts in each locality of responsibility and possible loss. With proper management such capital would in all probability prove remunerative to the stockholders in the near future. We are awaiting further particulars, which will, no doubt, be of considerable interest to exhibitors. Brooklyn.

Champion Field Trial Association.

Owing to the disbandment of the Union Field Trial Club, the Tupelo trials of that club have been declared off, and the directors of the Championship Association have placed the date of the trials of that Association, Jan. 24, 1898. They are to be run at New Albany, Miss., instead of Tupelo. Entries for dogs now eligible to close on Dec. 15 next, with $15 forfeit. W. B. Stafford.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The date of the Champion Stake has been changed to Jan. 24, and the place for running it will be New Albany, Miss., instead of Tupelo. There is already much interest manifested in it, and there is every probability that the affair will be a success.

Mr. Geo. Richards goes to Vinton, Miss., for the winter. Mr. Geo. Gray will locate somewhere in the South for the winter, probably in Mississippi or northern Alabama. Mr. J. H. Johnson returns to his home in Carlisle, Ind., and later will train all winter at Saltillo, Miss. Mr. C. E. Buckle goes to northern Mississippi to train for the winter.

The handlers thought seriously of taking up the trials where they were abandoned by the defunct Union Field Trials Club, and running them at Tupelo, Miss., but on mature deliberation the matter was dropped.

While beating about for scattered birds in a heat in the Eastern trials, one of the handlers stopped and in a beseeching tone said to Col. Merriman, who was judging: "I don't know where these birds are." "What have you got your smell dog for?" said the judge. The handler then went on searching for birds.

Rip Rap K., a son of Rip Rap, dam Croxie Kent, died in California on the 15th inst. Much was expected of him in improving the breeding of pointers of the coast. He was owned by W. C. Kennedy, of Fresno. Distemper caused his death.

St. Hubert's Inn, at Newton, N. C, won the good opinion of the sportsmen guests, the lunches in particular for their excellence breaking all field trial hotel records.

Capt. C. E. McMurdo was warmly received by his old friends after an absence of two or three seasons from the field trial competition, and as to his old friends, they are everyone who ever met him. He will train at Tyro Shops, N. C., this winter.

Mr. C. E. Buckle goes to Mississippi soon to locate for the winter, to train the youngsters of the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels and to compete in the winter trials.

After his recent experience in judging at Newton, he confessed that judging was much more difficult than it seemed.

The popular handler, Mr. Frank Richards, was much missed at the trials, both for personal reasons, he having many friends, and for the strong competition he was expected to make.

The *Courier-Journal* devotes liberal space to a pair of Irish wolfhounds imported by Mr. Roger D. Williams, and gives a lengthy description of the breed and its qualities. This information is exceedingly valuable, and will be gratefully received in England and Ireland, where nothing definite is known of the characteristics of the breed, yet where authorities agree it became extinct at a time beyond the memory of man.

The *Stock-Keeper* (England) of Nov. 19 states that the shipping department of Spratts Patent has this week exported to America a setter from Mr. T. Herbert, four fox-terrier puppies from Mr. F. Redmond's kennel, and to Sydney, two fox-terriers from Mr. H. Grove. The firm supplied all the traveling appliance and food for the voyage.

At a committee meeting of the English Kennel Club it was decided "that Captain Hargraves be censured for his conduct in introducing a live rabbit into the St. Bernard ring at the Lancashire and Northern Counties Kennel Club show, held at Liverpool." In this country we still cut off horses' tails, dogs' ears and tails, to gratify the love for animals implied in the term fancier, though such mutilations are against the law of the land. However, the legal punishment would seem to have been sufficient in Capt. Hargraves's case. It is a hardship to punish a man twice for the same offense.

The value of hounds as an aid to the officers in the pursuit and capture of fugitives from justice is so well known that they are much used in different sections, particularly in the Southern States. The Charleston *News* mentions the public demand for a trained pack which is kept at Florence, and of the moral effect of such an accessory to the law it says: "The most important testimony to their value, however, is afforded in the statement as to the effect of their presence in reducing crime. The mere fact of 'having these mere trailers on hand,' we are told, 'has been a great thing for Florence,' as shown by the marked decrease in the number of cases of burglary and incendiarism alone, to say nothing of other serious or lesser crimes. A similar equipment should be a greater thing for other towns or counties for the same reason, and when its small cost is considered it is really strange that every county is not provided with one."

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

SALES.

Mr. F. L Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., has sold
——, Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 12, 1897, by Shamrock's Don—Little Lorna, to Mr. W. H. Withington, Brookfield, Mass.
——, dog, same litter, to Mr. Albert Kenyon, Pittsfield, Mass.
——, dog, same litter, to Mr. F. C. Clapp, North Brookfield, Mass.
——, dog, same litter, to Mr. W. L. Haskell, North Brookfield, Mass.
——, Irish setter bitch, whelped March 6, 1897, by Finglas—Little Lorna, to Mr Jas. C. Wrinkle, Lee, Mass.
[Mr. Cheney writes that these five sales were made through his advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM's Kennel Special columns.]

Ready Reckoner Slips.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Please send me one "ready reckoner" slips for computing cost of kennel special ads Have lost the one I have been using. I always get good results from these small advertisements. W. P. AUSTIN.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsmen for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

NEARLY ten years have passed since the yawl Cythera sailed from Staten Island for the West Indies on the eve of the great March blizzard. In all this time nothing authentic has been heard of the yacht or her crew, but now comes a strange story told by a Scandinavian sailor, Ilak Engleson, at present in a hospital at St. Louis, Mo. This man, who claims to have been cook on Cythera, states that after being out for seven days in very bad weather the yacht was in collision with some unknown object and sank almost instantly. The narrator saved himself by clinging to a door, and after a night afloat was picked up by a steamer bound for Rio Janeiro. At this port he shipped for Madagascar, and since that time has been in remote quarters of the globe, only landing in San Francisco a year ago.

While much latitude must be allowed for the ignorance and forgetfulness of the average Scandinavian seaman, the story as reported is so far from the known facts of the case as to suggest that it is not a true personal experience, but only recounted at second hand.

A CABLE from London states that a meeting of the Council of the Yacht Racing Association has been called for Dec. 2 to meet Messrs. Jarvis and McDonough, of the Y. R. U. of N. A., who are now in London.

THE annual general meeting of the Y. R. U. of Long Island Sound will be held on Dec. 7 at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, at 8 P. M. The business before the meeting includes the action on proposed amendments, report of the Council, arrangement of dates, and election of officers.

IT now appears that the report of a new Watson cutter for the Prince of Wales was based on no better foundation than that a building shed was being erected at the Henderson yard. Mr. Watson has denied that any such yacht was ordered. What will really go up under the new shed is a schooner yacht of 115ft. l.w.l., designed by Mr. Watson for an unknown owner.

YAMPA, schr., has been sold by R. S. Palmer, through Tams & Lemoine, to a foreign owner, it has been reported, no less a personage than the Emperor William. The report lacks confirmation, but the sale of this fine yacht is interesting in connection with the construction of a Watson schooner of similar length.

Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING, SATURDAY, NOV. 20.
Detroit, Mich.

THE annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes was held at Detroit on Nov. 20. All the associations in the Union were represented, the Lake Yacht Racing Association by E. H. Ambrose and J. E. Burroughs; the Interlake Yachting Association by F. B. Hower, E. W. Radder and S. H. Jones; and the Lake Michigan Yachting Association by E. C. Berriman; Mr. Ambrose also had a proxy from Æmilius Jarvis, the chairman of the Union, who is in England. On motion of Messrs. Radder and Berriman, Mr. Ambrose was appointed chairman of the meeting and Mr. Burroughs acted as secretary.

The principal business was the discussion of the amendments, of which notice had been given.

Mr. Radder moved, seconded by Mr. Jones, that paragraph 1 of Rule XV. of the Racing Rules be amended by substituting the following as the limit of crews in the classes mentioned:

52ft. class	10 persons.
42ft. class	8 persons.
37ft. class	7 persons.
32ft. class	6 persons.
27ft. class	5 persons.

Mr. Radder explained that the object of the amendment was to limit the crews to just a sufficient number to work the boat and minimize as far as possible the use of crews as live ballast. Com. Hower thought that the present limit of crew was small enough except in the 27ft. class and possibly the 32ft. class, while Mr. Burroughs thought that no reduction should be made except in the 27ft. class and moved in amendment, seconded by Com. Hower, that the reduction be in that class only.

Mr. Burroughs's amendment was carried.

Mr. Radder then moved, seconded by Mr. Jones, that the following be inserted in paragraph 3 of Rule XV. of the Racing Rules, between the words "Corinthian" and "and" in the second line: "who must be a member of a recognized yacht club belonging to one of the associations of the Union."

Com. Hower thought that some explanation should be given in the rule of what was meant by a yacht's "regular professional crew," and moved, seconded by Mr. Burroughs, that the following be added to Mr. Radder's motion:

"And that all words after 'not more than,' in the fourth line, be struck out and the following substituted therefor: 'the number of professionals regularly employed on the yacht, and not more than two in any case.'"

Mr. Radder accepted Mr. Hower's addition and the motion, as amended, was carried.

Mr. Radder then moved, seconded by Mr. Jones, that the words "galley fittings and," in the third line of paragraph 1 of Rule XIV. of the Racing Rules, be struck out.

The motion was carried.

Mr. Ambrose moved, seconded by Mr. Radder, that Rule VI. of the General Rules be amended by substituting "second Saturday in October" for "first Saturday in November" in the third line.

The motion was carried.

Mr. Ambrose then explained that three amendments of which he had given notice were dependent one upon the other, and that he desired them considered together, and moved, seconded by Mr. Burroughs, that Sec. 1 of Rule III. of the Racing Rules be struck out and the following substituted therefor:

1. Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing length, which in the case of yachts built prior to Nov. 7, 1896, and in the case of yachts built or brought to the Lakes after that date, the area of the immersed midship section of which, when in racing trim (inscribed within a parallelogram which shall touch its extremities), shall not be less than the percentage of the area of such parallelogram in the following table:

First class	35 per cent.
52ft. class	35 per cent.
42ft. class	35 per cent.
37ft. class	35 per cent.
32ft. class	35 per cent.
27ft. class	20 per cent.

shall be determined by adding the load waterline length to the square root of the sail area and dividing the sum by 2, subject to the provisions of Rule VIII., Section 2.

Formula:

$$\frac{\text{L.W.L.} + \sqrt{\text{S.A.}}}{2} = \text{R.L}$$

Yachts built after Nov. 7, 1896, or brought to the Lakes after that date, the area of the immersed midship section of which, when in racing trim (inscribed within a parallelogram which shall touch its extremities), shall be less than the percentage of the area of such parallelogram in the table above shall have an equal percentage added to their length and sail area measurements above mentioned.

The formulæ to be used in these cases will be:

In the first class, 52ft. class, 42ft. class, 37ft. class and 32ft. class:

$$\frac{\text{L.W.L.} + \sqrt{\text{S.A.}}}{2} \times \frac{125 - \text{C.}}{100} = \text{R.L.}$$

In the 27ft. class:

$$\frac{\text{L.W.L.} + \sqrt{\text{S.A.}}}{2} \times \frac{120 - \text{C.}}{100} = \text{R.L.}$$

C. in formulæ represents the coefficient of the midship section, and expresses its relation to the parallelogram within which it is inscribed.

Example in the 42ft. class:

$$\text{L.W.L.} = 37;\ \sqrt{\text{S.A.}} = 47;\ \text{C.} = 28.$$

$$\frac{37 + 47}{2} \times \frac{135 - 28}{100} = 44.94\ \text{R.L.}$$

The largest transverse vertical cross section shall be taken as the midship section, and the parallelogram shall be taken to the lowest part of the vessel at this point or forward of it; of any greater depth which may be found aft of this, one-third shall be added to the depth of the circumscribed parallelogram. The parallelogram shall not include the centerboard if it be not a board weighted for ballast.

2. That Rule IV. be struck out.

3. That the words "300lbs. of ballast permanently stowed under the platforms or in lockers, or have a beam of not less than one-third of her L.W.L. length," in Definition II., be struck out, and the following substituted therefor: "The quantity of ballast specified in the following table:

First class	10 tons.
52ft. class	10 tons.
42ft. class	7 tons.
37ft. class	4 tons.
32ft. class	2 tons.
27ft. class	1,800lbs."

Mr. Ambrose went into a very full and lengthy explanation of the objects of his proposed amendments. He referred to the fact that a year ago the Union had legislated against the fin-keel, and that the reasons for this were principally two: (1) That a yacht built one year might be practically useless the following year by reason of being outbuilt, and (2) the expensive construction which was possible in the fin-keel type, and which only the rich man could take advantage of. He did not think that when the restrictive rule was passed it was felt that it would be permanent, but that it was then recognized that the rule of the future would, in addition to the length and sail area measurement, impose a tax on want of displacement. No formula in this direction had yet received general approval, but Mr. Ambrose contended that his proposed rule did away with the first objection to the fin-keel to which he had referred, and the table of scantling which was before the meeting, and which he felt sure they would adopt, disposed of the other. Mr. Ambrose urged very strongly the desirability of permitting a man to build any form of boat he desired, so long as he was taxed for any advantage obtained, and so long as the boat was of a desirable and seaworthy type and construction. He illustrated by a number of examples the effect his proposed rule would have, and how, so far as could be judged from the examples now on the Lakes, the tax appeared a fair one, if not excessive, as against the fin-keels. He did not discuss the different standards proposed, but deferred the explanation of this until after the principle of the rule had been approved. He contended that, as the first amendment would put a penalty on a small section, and consequently would in any event in the smaller classes encourage boats of a "big Glencairn" type; that the third amendment was necessary to meet this, and although he felt in no way positive as to the minimum quantity of ballast, he thought that it should be of such a quantity as no good modern yacht capable of making the circuit of the Lakes would be without.

Mr. Radder said that he would not in any way express an opinion against the rule, but that he would oppose it because the yachtsmen of his lake were not in favor of changes in the rules being made any oftener than could be avoided.

Com. Hower saw considerable merit in Mr. Ambrose's first amendment, and was prepared to support this, but strongly opposed any minimum limit of ballast. He contended that good, seaworthy and desirable yachts could be built without any ballast at all or with a very small quantity, and that the Glencairn type of boat was no more likely to be built under the proposed rule than under the present rule. He urged Mr. Ambrose to separate his amendments.

Com. Berriman said that the more he considered the matter and listened to the explanations and illustrations given the more he felt that the rule was a good one. He did not commit himself as to its approval, but looked very favorably upon it.

Mr. Burroughs was unalterably opposed to fin-keels or to permitting their construction, and had only seconded the motion to bring the matter before the meeting; but the third amendment, providing for a minimum of ballast in the several classes, had his hearty approval.

Mr. Jones agreed with Mr. Radder that the rule adopted last year should not now be changed. After a recess Mr. Ambrose replied to what had been said, and the discussion lasted several hours, until it was seen that the meeting was not prepared to carry all the amendments, but preferred to wait to see what action would be taken by the Yacht Racing Union of North America, and it being moved that the motion be laid on the table, it was agreed that the matter should stand till the next meeting.

Mr. Ambrose then moved, seconded by Mr. Radder, that Rule VIII. be struck out and the following substituted therefor:

"1. There shall be no time allowance in class races except in the first class and except as provided in paragraph 3 of this rule. Time allowance when used shall be calculated on R.L. according to the appended table.

"2. In races between boats all of which do not belong to one of the classes mentioned in Rule VI. the upper limit of the class to which each yacht belongs shall be taken as the R.L. of such yacht except in the first class, and except as provided in paragraph 3 of this rule.

"3. The Council may from time to time require that any yacht built prior to Nov. 7, 1896, the immersed midship section of which (inscribed within a parallelogram which shall touch its extremities, as provided in Rule III.) shall be less than 35 per cent. of the area of such parallelogram shall have an equal percentage added to its R L. (as provided in Rule III.), and give time allowance from the increased rating, but such increase of rating shall affect the R.L. of such yacht for purposes of time allowance only, and not for purposes of classification."

All the representatives present at the last meeting had understood it to be the intention of doing away with time allowance after this year, but Com. Berriman said that it had not been so understood on Lake Michigan, and that such a rule would kill racing in their clubs. The matter was allowed, therefore, to stand for another year, except that the words "but such increase of rating shall affect the R.L. of such yacht for purposes of time allowance only, and not for purposes of classification," were added to Rule VIII., Sec. 2.

The table of scantling, prepared at the request of the Union by W. P. Stephens, of the FOREST AND STREAM, was then taken up, and this and the specifications, etc., accompanying it were adopted and made part of the rules of the Union. A resolution recognizing the very thorough manner in which his work had been done was adopted, a copy to be sent to him.

It was then moved by Mr. Radder and Com. Hower that the chair appoint a committee, as suggested by Mr. Stephens, which shall devote itself to the question of construction, and report to the Union any suggestions it may have to make. The motion was carried and the Chairman appointed Æmilius Jarvis, L. Y. R. A.; E. P. Warner, L. M. Y. A., and E. W. Radder, I L. Y. A., as a committee.

It was decided that the Union should join the newly organized Yacht Racing Union of North America.

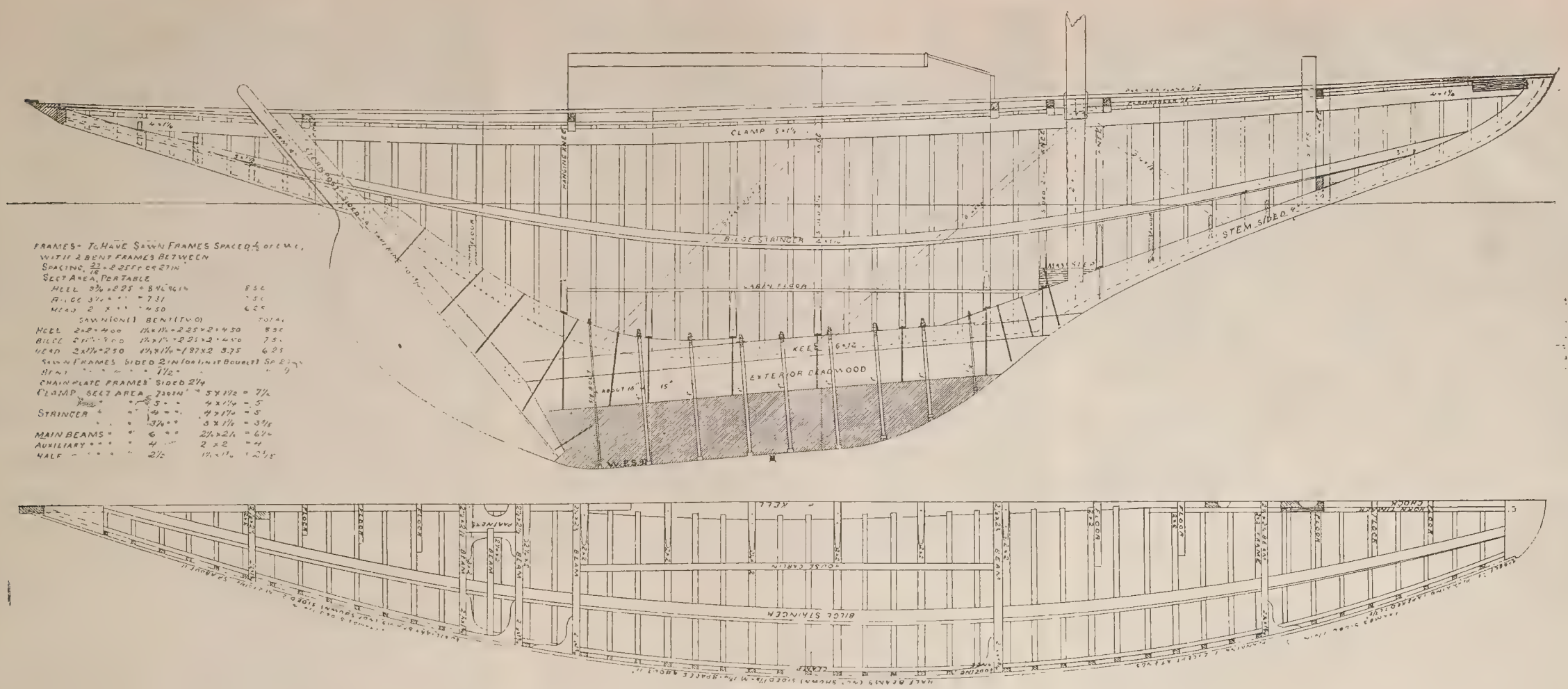
The election of officers for the ensuing year followed, and Com. F. B. Hower, of the Buffalo Y. C., was, on motion of Com. Berriman, elected Chairman, and Mr. J. E. Burroughs Secretary.

After the customary votes of thanks to the Chairman and Secretary the meeting adjourned.

General Specifications and Explanation of Table.

Those portions in italics are compulsory; the others are only suggested.

THE sizes in the accompanying table are based upon the assumption that the construction, as a whole, is planned by a competent naval architect, with the usual complement of minor members not specifically called for in the table; that the

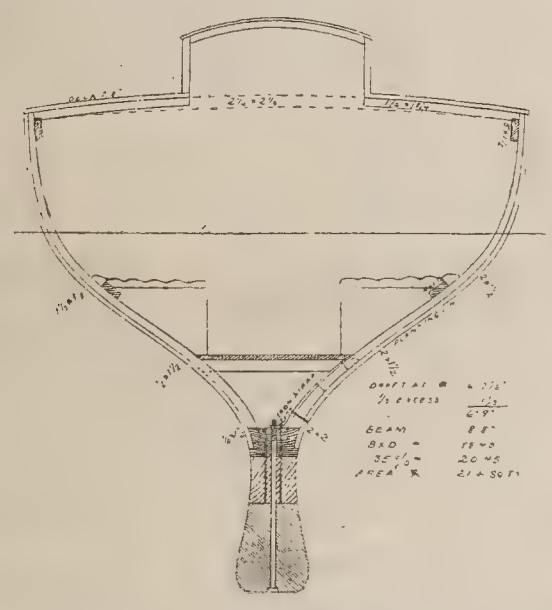


SKETCH OF POSSIBLE CONSTRUCTION OF 32-FOOTER.

yacht is built under cover; and that the materials and workmanship are what is commonly called "first-class"—namely, all wood sound, well seasoned, and free from loose knots, shakes and sap, all knees and crooks being cut with the grain; all metal work properly wrought and neatly finished; all parts carefully fitted, with adjoining surfaces in actual contact throughout the full area; and all fastenings carefully selected with regard to their relative strength and the sizes and material of the parts they are intended to unite, and that they are properly located and driven.

A—*Stem.—The minimum siding (thickness) measured at the rabbet at highest point on stemhead, no decrease of siding allowed.*

Apron—In some cases an apron is necessary inside of



stem, with breasthook, and in the larger classes with knightheads.

B—*Sternpost.—Minimum siding at tuck (the crossing of the rabbet).* The siding may diminish from tuck to heel. *The rudder stock, if of wood, to be equal in diameter to the siding of post.*

C—*Keel.—Minimum depth allowed for middle.* With the usual iron or lead keel and good floor construction, there is no necessity for a great depth of main (wood) keel to secure vertical strength. The depth called for in the table is intended to secure sufficient wood outside the rabbet for the proper caulking of the garboard seam, for the depth of rabbet, and for additional wood inside up to the bearding line, as well as for scarphs. *The minimum of sectional area (breadth multiplied by depth in the middle of keel)* may be made up, if desired, by a deeper keel. The breadth of keel will taper from point of greatest section to siding of stem and sternpost.

Keelson.—In keel yachts of moderate depth a keelson is not absolutely necessary, and the required strength may sometimes be obtained to better advantage by the floor construction alone. A keelson may be worked to advantage over the throats of the floors in some cases, the centerline bolts of metal keel passing through it. In centerboard yachts, especially in the absence of a deep metal outside keel, side keelsons should be worked over the heels of floors, or the bedpieces of the trunk should be of ample scantling and worked well fore and aft of the slot, to serve as keelsons. No absolute sizes of keelson are laid down.

D—Frames.—The many different methods of framing now in use, and the possibility of new methods in the future, make it impossible to prescribe exact dimensions or spacing. Both sizes and spacing necessarily differ with the various methods of all sawn frames, in futtocks and tops, doubled; of single sawn frames, from knees, in single lengths; of all bent frames of uniform size; and of combinations of sawn and bent frames.

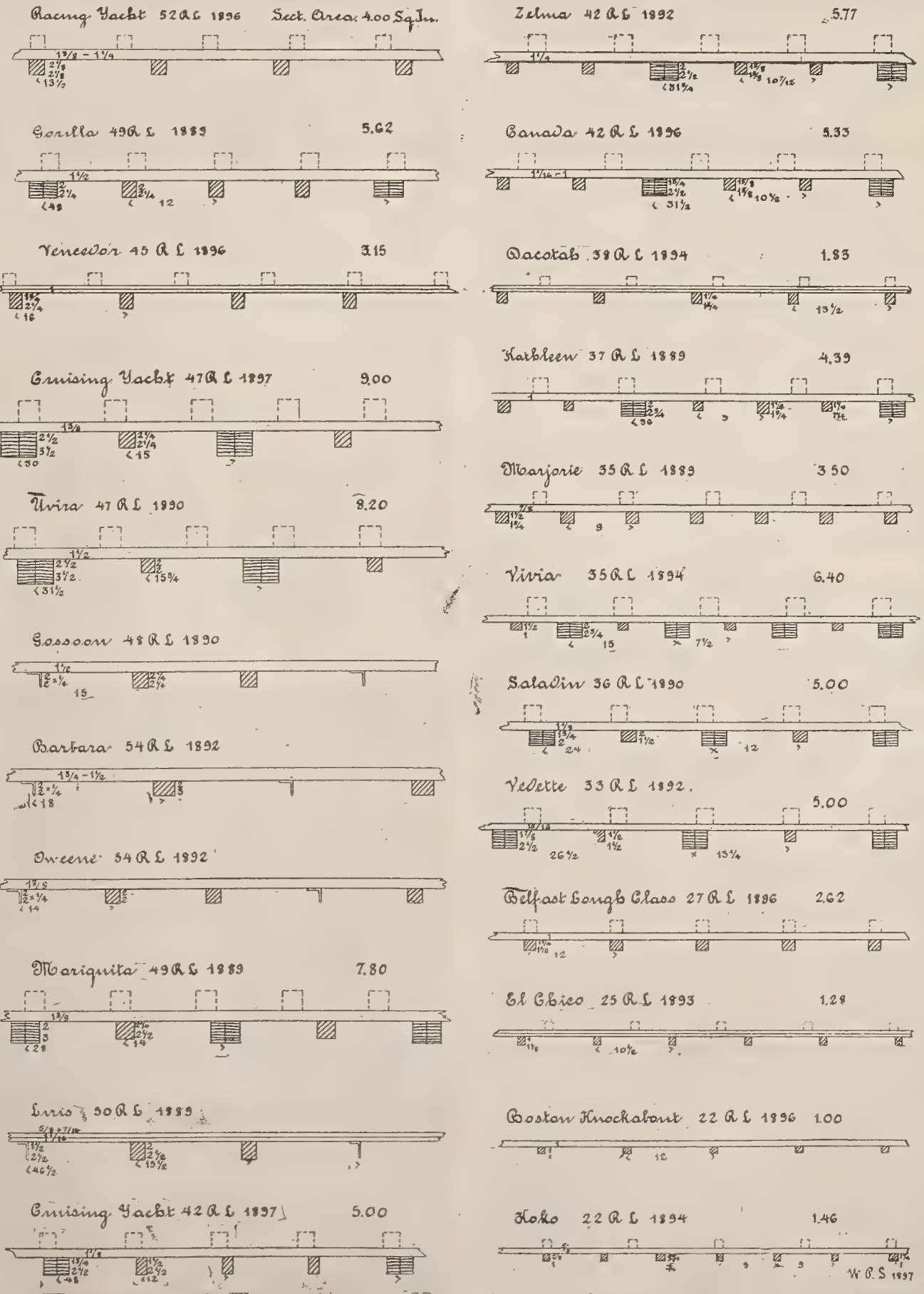
The sizes laid down in the table show the minimum sectional area of frames (the siding multiplied by the moulding) at three points—the heel of frame where it is boxed into the keel, the middle of frame about the flat of the floor and turn of bilge, and the head, at plankskeer. The sectional area is that of a single frame for a uniform spacing of one foot in each class. This required area may be made up of smaller frames spaced closer together, or larger frames further apart; or of combinations of large and small frames with appropriate spacings. This minimum sectional area shall apply to a space of at least two-thirds of the L.W.L. length in the center of the vessel; forward and aft of this, the sectional area may be reduced 20 per cent. Two adjoining frames abreast each mast, and one at each runnerplate should be increased in size in proportion as they are cut by the chainplate fastenings.

Where bent frames are used in combination with sawn, the bent frames may be of uniform scantling from end to end; *but the sawn frames must be large enough to make up the required average sectional area at the heels where they are cut by the fastenings of floors.*

Spacing of Frames.—The maximum spacing of frames, as given in the table, is based not on the size of frames, this being variable, but on the thickness of planking allowed for the class; being the greatest spacing that will insure a tight seam with the usual caulking for the minimum thickness of planking allowed.

E—Floors.—The many varieties of floor construction make it difficult to establish any standard, but there should be *at least six strong floors in the center of the vessel in way of the metal keel, and two at each mast step.* The table gives the minimum sectional area over centerline of keel, of wood floor-knees, and the equivalent sizes of steel angles, with approximate spacing. The arms of the main floor should run up to a length at least equal to the spacing given in the table, to allow space for fastening through heels of frames. In yachts of S section with all bent frames, the arms of floors should run up at least to the height of the waterline. Provided that the main floors are of ample strength, the floors on the smaller frames in the middle of the vessel and on all frames in the ends may be of flat iron or straight-grained plank. All floors should be thoroughly bolted to the keel, stem and horn timbers. It is not essential that the main keel bolts should pass through the floors, as the large size of the holes weakens the knees unnecessarily. The keel bolts may set up on top of the wood keel, in which case the floors should be very thoroughly fastened by smaller bolts to the wood keel; or a keelson may be worked over the throats of the floors, and the keel bolts may set up on it.

F—*Shelf or Clamp.—The minimum sectional area given for the middle shall cover a length of at least one-half of the shelf (or clamp) and in the middle, a taper being allowed to the size given at each end. The ends of deck beams may be jogged into top of shelf a distance not exceeding one-third of their own depth. If a beam clamp is used, fitted close up to the plankskeer, the beams being thus jogged in for their full depth, the sectional area shall be increased in proportion.*



Examples of Framing. Sections through Frames and Planking about Turn of Bilge.

G—*Bilge Stringer.—The minimum sectional area at middle shall cover at least one-half the full length of bilge stringer, with taper allowed at the ends. At least one bilge stringer must be run on each side, at about the lower part of turn of bilge,* and two are recommended in any case, the sectional area of each being at least one-half of that of the single stringer. In yachts whose extreme beam exceeds twice the greatest depth from underside of deck to upper side of keel, two such stringers on each side should always be fitted.

H—*Deck Beams.—The minimum sectional area of deck beams shall cover at least the middle third of the beam, allowing a taper, in the moulding, to each end. There must be one main beam at the bitts, two at each mast (partner beams), one at fore-end of cabin trunk, one at after-end, two at each skylight, hatch and companion in flush-decked vessels, and one at transom. The auxiliary beams and the half-beams abreast of house, skylights, etc., may be of the smaller areas given for each. The beams may be spaced at will, provided the maximum distance between centers does not exceed that given in the table, which is based upon the thickness of deck planking The beams should be jogged into the shelf of clamp a distance equal to one-third of the moulded depth of beam at ends.*

I—*Planking.—The dimensions given in the table are the minimum thicknesses allowed, after final planing, over a distance in the middle of the vessel equal to at least one-half of the over-all length.* It is not compulsory that the garboards be of greater thickness than the rest of the planking, but this is sometimes desirable, especially in the larger yachts.

The rabbet from the waterline upward on the stem, and along the horn timbers, may be cut to the depths given in the table, the hood ends of the planks being slightly tapered to this reduced depth.

It is recommended that wherever practicable, the planking shall be in single lengths, without butts; and that where butts are unavoidable they should be made, not on the frames, but on butt-blocks between the frames. Butts in adjoining strakes should be at least 6ft. apart, and butts in the same space should be separated by at least three intervening strakes. The planking should be worked in narrow widths, especially in the topsides.

J—*Decking.—The thickness given for the deck plank applies also to the plankshеer (covering board), and the partner planks. The ends of the deck plank should be well supported, and in no case should they be wrought to a shim edge, which will crush down in caulking.*

K—*Keel Bolts.—The sizes given are the minimum diameters for the main (center line) keel bolts when spaced 12in. apart. The sizes and spacing may be varied as long as the equivalent strength is maintained.* These sizes are sufficient for the average metal keel, of about 50 per cent of the total displacement, but if the keel be deep and narrow it is recommended that the side bolts, of smaller size, driven diagonally from each side in alternation, be used in addition in the spaces between the main bolts. Where considerably less than 50 per cent. of the total displacement is carried in the metal keel, all bolts may be reduced in proportion. *For yachts to be used only in fresh (lake) water, steel bolts may be used, without galvanizing, both with lead and iron keels.*

It is recommended that the outside metal keel, whether of lead or iron, be cast before the wood keel is worked out; the contraction of the iron or lead is more or less an unknown quantity, and the keel, when finally cast, may not be of the exact dimensions intended and may not fit the wood keel as worked from the plans.

L—*Metal Centerboards.—Solid plate centerboards not exceeding the thicknesses given in the table shall be allowed. In built-up metal boards and wooden boards weighted with metal, the total weight shall not exceed that of a solid steel plate of the same superficial area and of the thickness allowed by the table.*

General Details.—It is recommended that diagonal straps of steel be worked across the deck frame in way of masts and runners, being scored into the beams; and that similar straps be worked across the main frames, two at the main chainplates on each side and one at the runner plate. The deck frame should be specially strengthened about the bitts and masts, and ample provision should be made for the pull of the halyards on the bitts, blocks and hooks around the mast. For this purpose bolts may be run from deck to keel, or iron braces may be fitted below deck, well bolted to the mast. At least three hanging knees should be worked on each side, and in the larger yachts there should be hanging knees on the main beams at bitts, partners, middle and after end of house and transom. Lodging knees should also be worked about the partners and at either end of house.

The shelf or clamp may be reinforced by fore and aft pieces abreast of the channels, worked inside the shelf and up under the deck beams and covering at least six frame spaces. Similar pieces may also be worked lower down, to take the lower bolts of the main chainplates.

To the Council of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes:

GENTLEMEN: In compliance with the instructions received from you to prepare a table of scantling to govern the construction of yachts for your fleet, I herewith submit the following report and table.

It is evident that any attempt to impose restrictions in yachting, whether in the rules for measurement and classification, in the direct limitation of special features, or in the regulation of construction, must of necessity tend to encourage not all types or methods of construction alike, but some one in particular at the expense of others. In dealing with the subject of construction, it is absolutely necessary at the outset to determine which one, of many possible methods, is to be selected as the standard and awarded the first consideration. The various methods of construction now followed by yacht designers and builders are: First, the old all wood construction found in all of the Lake yachts up to a dozen years ago, practically ship construction, with a great bulk of wood, a heavy ceiling throughout the vessel, and too frequently inadequate fastenings; second, a lighter and more scientific wood construction, such as is found in the Burgess yachts Merle and Wona and the Cary Smith yachts Oriole and Cinderella; third, the still lighter and stronger wooden construction, with numerous but light members well placed and fastened, introduced to the Lakes about 1891 in the Fife yachts Yama, Zelma, Nox and Vedette; fourth, all-steel construction, as found in Sultana and the Watson Vreda; fifth, composite construction, with steel frames, floors, garboard and deck stringers, beams, etc., and wood keel and planking; sixth, the very light wooden construction of the last few years, as in Vencedor, Siren and Vanenna, with frames all bent, and with the beams of small size and spaced closely together, and double skin.

The first two methods may be dismissed as obsolete, and it is not necessary to consider steel construction at the present time, as it is of advantage only in larger vessels than are included in the Lake classification. In point of speed alone, the double-skin methods, both composite and the all-wood construction with very light bent timbers, possess some advantage over such a good all-wood construction as that of Yama and Zelma; at the same time the cost is materially greater, the work can only be properly done by a builder accustomed to it, with an adequate plant and a force of skilled workmen; and its durability is at the best no greater than that of good all-wood construction.

Neither of the two methods, as exemplified on the coast in Wasp, Syce and Norota, and in the fin-keels Niagara, Drusilla and the special 30-footers, has yet been introduced on the Lakes save in Vencedor, Siren and Vanenna, of the Lake Michigan fleet. Considering the limited advantages of these two methods, their heavy cost, the facilities for building as they are to-day in most Lake ports, and the general conditions of Lake yachting; there seems to be no immediate call for the introduction of either to the practical exclusion of the ordinary good all-wood construction. Any small deficiency of the latter in point of racing speed is more than compensated by the cheapness and facility of construction, within the powers of ordinarily good mechanics; and greater durability.

With such success for your Association as may be reasonably looked for in the near future, and with a resulting increase of racing and building, it will in time become necesesary to extend the limitations of scantling to cover both composite and the lighter all-wood construction; but, apart from the difficulty of doing so at the present time, the welfare of yachting on the Lakes would only suffer by the immediate introduction of a limited number of extreme racing yachts that would of necessity outclass others less costly, superior in many respects, and in speed inferior but to a slight degree.

In default of exact and definite instructions as to the scope of the task committed to me, I have, in view of the above considerations, attempted to deal only with the now existing method of construction in your fleet.

Whether dealing with one method of construction only or with several, it is necessary to establish a certain standard of strength, according to which the sizes of the various members may be determined. Taking practical examples from your fleet, such yachts as Aggie, Zelma, City of the Straits, Eva and Yama, while fairly light in construction, are amply strong; and on the other hand, it is clearly recognized that in the newer Canada a safe limit of strength and durability has been exceeded in the effort to gain extreme speed. In determining the specific sizes of the different members for each class, a large number of examples of each method of construction and in various sizes have been studied, and the practice of all the leading designers and builders has been compared. The standard aimed at has been a strength about equal to that of Yama and Zelma.

TABLE OF SCANTLING FOR YACHTS OF THE GREAT LAKES, PREPARED FOR THE YACHT RACING UNION OF THE GREAT LAKES BY W. P. STEPHENS, 1897.

CLASS RACING LENGTH.	52 Feet.	42 Feet.	37 Feet.	32 Feet.	27 Feet.	22 Feet.
Average length and sail	45—3481	36—2304	32—1936	28—1296	23—961	19—625
A—Stem, sided at head	1½	1⅜	1¼	1	⅞	⅝
B—Sternpost, sided at ruck	5½	4½	4¼	4	3½	2¾
C—Keel, minimum thickness	6	5½	5	4½	3½	2
sectional area	100	75	60	50	40	10
Keelson	7½	6¾	4¾	3¾	3	1½
D—Frames, sectional area, heels	6½	6	4	3¼	2½	1¼
bilge	4½	3	2½	2	1½	1
heads	15	12	12	12	11	10
spacing	15	12	10	8	6	4
E—Floors, wood, sectional area	2×3×¼	2×3×¼	2×3×¼	2×3×¼	2×3	1½
equivalent steel L	24	24	22	20	16	12
spacing	16	12	8½	7	5	3
F—Shelf or clamp, sectional area, middle	12	9	6	5	4	2
ends	13	8	5½	4	3½	2
G—Bilge stringer, sectional area, middle	10	6½	4½	3¼	2½	1½
ends	10	8	7	6	5	3½
H—Deck beams, main, sectional area	6	5	4½	4	3	1½
auxiliary	5	4	3	2½	2	1¼
half-beams	15	13	12	11	10	9
spacing	15	1¼	1⅛	1	⅞	¾
I—Planking; to finish full	1⅜	1⅛	1	⅞	¾	⅝
hood-ends, above L.W.L.	1⅛	1	1	⅞	¾	⅝
J—Deck, to finish full	1¼	1⅛	1	⅞	¾	⅝
K—Keel bolts, spaced 12in.	1¼	1⅛	1	⅞	¾	⅝
L—Metal centerboard, thick	¾	¾	¾	¾	⅝	½

All dimensions in inches.

The examples on which the accompanying tables are based have been selected from the British fleet as well as the American coast fleet, and in determining the final figures the following facts have received due consideration:

As concerns the British yachts, they are, as a rule, vessels of less power, smaller sail area, and of more moderate proportions of beam and depth; consequently permitting a somewhat lighter construction than in American yachts of equivalent measurement.

As compared with the yachts of the Atlantic coast, the Lake vessels of equivalent sizes, practically all under 52ft. R. L., are subjected to harder service, and require a rather stronger construction. While on the coast yachts as small as 36ft. racing length as a rule confine their racing to one locality, it is quite a common thing on the Lakes for a 27-footer to make the entire racing circuit of one Lake or to go from one to another, and even the small 22-footers sometimes make long racing cruises. In order to be fit for the long port-to-port passages on the Lakes, a yacht, especially if of small size, must be thoroughly and durably constructed, and to this end the standard has been placed somewhat higher than the examples of the salt water fleet would warrant.

Looking at the same question in its local bearings, it has seemed in every way better that the yacht which makes the racing circuit every season should be allowed a weight of material necessary for ample strength, even if the yacht built solely for harbor racing in one locality be compelled to carry a somewhat greater weight of construction than is absolutely necessary for such service.

Other things being equal, the success of any yacht construction depends upon the quality of the material and workmanship; if it can be assured that only the best run of material will be used, it being carefully culled over in the working, and that each individual workman will carry out skillfully and honestly the terms of the specifications, a material reduction of size is possible; but such favorable conditions cannot be relied upon implicitly in general building, and unless a special price is paid for the highest possible grade of work the scantling must be heavy enough to allow for the inevitable small imperfections.

The accompanying tables are based on two assumptions: first, that it is the desire of the Council, and of the yachtsmen which it represents, to produce craft of modern construction, and intended primarily for racing, but at the same time capable of standing the strains of hard racing service for a reasonable term of years, and afterward to be capable of further use as cruisers. While every effort has been made to allow some scope for improvement, and for the ingenuity of the designer, at the same time preference has been given to materials and methods involving moderate rather than excessive cost.

The second assumption is that both materials and workmanship will be what is called "first class"; and, while it is obviously impossible to specify exact sizes for all of the numerous members of a yacht, that the dimensions and arrangement specifically called for in the table are supplemented by the full complement of other details, as indicated in the accompanying description of parts.

I have not been unmindful of the desirability of conciseness and simplicity in the enumeration of members; but it will be seen on slight consideration that one result must inevitably follow any such spirited and continued racing as is looked for by yachtsmen. The first yachts built to the new limits will probably have, in addition to the members specifically demanded, others such as knees, straps, etc., that have been denied specific mention for the sake of simplicity. In the effort to outbuild, however, designers will soon find a way to omit all parts not specifically mentioned, thereby sacrificing to speed the immediate strength and permanent durability of the yacht, and thus completely nullifying the efforts of the Association. An instance of this evasion of a well-intended restriction is found in the Boston 21ft. knockabouts; the few and simple restrictions originally laid down served their purpose until the competition became very keen; then practically everything but the specified members (frames, planking, decking and lead keel) was omitted, the result being a mere racing machine. To avoid such a conclusion as this to the laudable efforts of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes in a new field, it has seemed desirable to deal with many more details than would otherwise have been necessary.

Assuming that the present attempt shall prove successful for the time being in producing a fleet of strong and durable yachts, it even then cannot be considered perfect or final. Not only will it ultimately require to be extended to cover composite and steel construction, but some provision must be made for probable improvements in all-wood construction which will call for amendment of the present tables. To this end I would suggest the appointment by the Union of a standing committee of three or more yachtsmen who shall devote themselves to this subject of construction. It should be one of the duties of such a committee to pass upon special plans of construction not strictly in accordance with the terms of the table, but possessing equal merit, when such plans are submitted by designers; to suggest amendments to the table when the advance of design makes them necessary, and in time t extend the tables to cover other methods of construction.

In preparing such a table as that called for by the Council, there is very little that is useful as a guide, nothing of a similar nature having thus far been attempted by yachting bodies save in two ways.

As long ago as 1875 the efforts of a few English yacht owners and builders resulted in the inducing of Lloyds' Society to extend its system of survey and classification to yachts; and with excellent results, so far as they went. For some years past, however, Lloyds' scantling has failed to meet the requirements of modern racing construction, and the leading British racing craft are not built to Lloyds rules or subject to their survey. An inspection of these rules shows that they are in no way applicable to the present case, as at best they would not extend below the 37ft. class; and they recognize but one system of construction, with all sawn frames, doubled, which is practically obsolete to-day in racing yachts.

Apart from Lloyds' Society, the only other efforts at the limitation of construction are those made independently by many individual clubs within the past three years in the "restricted" or "one-design" classes, each under special restrictions as to dimensions and usually as to details of construction as well. A careful examination, both of Lloyds' tables and of the rules of the various special classes, discloses very little material that can be utilized in drawing up a general and comprehensive scheme of scantling adapted to even one form of modern racing construction.

The dimensions here laid down for the various parts are based strictly on the best current practice of designers so far as this could be harmonized and tabulated. A study of a large number of yachts of from 20ft. to 60ft. racing length and of different types and dates, disclosed a wide diversity in the practice of different designers; in the one detail of scantling and arrangement of frames, many different combinations of sawn frames, single and double, in single lengths or futtocks and tops, bent frames of uniform scantling and spacing, and sawn and bent frames together, are found. Each of these methods possesses certain advantages and disadvantages of its own, and the designer should be free to choose at will from them. In dealing with this detail the sectional area of each frame, small or large, for a space of several feet in the length of the yacht, has been measured; and from these has been computed the sectional area necessary to give the same strength in frames all of the same size and spaced 12in. apart uniformly. A number of examples have been thus treated in each class, and from them has been deduced the average sectional area for a spacing of 12in. necessary in this class. As stated later in detail, so long as this minimum of sectional area per foot length is not exceeded, the designer is at liberty to employ any size or sizes of frames and spacing. A similar method has been followed throughout in deducing from actual yachts an average of sizes for all members.

The dimensions for each class, as determined independently, when plotted in one table disclosed various discrepancies in reading from class to class across the table, making it necessary to revise them in order to obtain a general harmony in the intervals between the classes. In doing this, it was at the same time necessary to follow the ordinary working fractions of the inch as used by mechanics. In explanation of any apparent discrepancies in the table, it may be said that the mere detail of thus harmonizing all classes after each was comparatively satisfactory in itself, proved a matter of some difficulty.

In Lloyds' rules the scantling is proportioned on the basis of a nominal "tonnage," obtained by multiplying together the length from the fore part of the main stem to the after part of the sternpost on the range of the upper deck, the greatest external breadth, and the depth from the top of upper deck beams to the top of the keel, the product being divided by 100. By this measurement Yama would come out about 31 tons, and a yacht of the 32ft. class would measure about 27 tons; the smallest class named in Lloyds' tables being "Under 27 Tons," the next being 27 to 36 tons, then 36 to 54 tons, 54 to 72 tons, etc., up to 350 tons. In the present case the existing classes of the Union, based on racing length, offer the best practical basis; the yachts which may be built under the table being limited to the regular classes of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, as follows:

Class.	L.W.L.	Extreme draft.
52ft. R. L.	45, 46, 47ft.	10ft.
42ft. R. L.	35, 36, 37ft.	9ft.
37ft. R L.	31, 32, 33ft.	8ft.
32ft. R. L.	27, 28, 29ft.	7ft.
27ft. R L.	23, 24, 25ft.	6ft.

The lengths assigned for the L.W.L represent about the range of present practice on the Lakes, and it seems unlikely at the present time that any material departure will be made from them.

All of these classes are subject to the restriction of the area of the midship section to a percentage of not over .35 of the circumscribing parallelogram.

The Lake fleet at the present time is made up very largely of keel yachts of moderate beam and draft and an easy S section, such as Zelma, Yama, Eva, Vivia and Vreda. The fin-keel type, of which a few examples are found on Lake Michigan and in the smaller classes on Lake Ontario, has been definitely barred by the recent action of the Union. The centerboard yacht has hardly figured as an important factor on the Lakes for several years past, but there are now indications that the very liberal allowance of crew in the racing rules of the Union may bring in a shoal and wide centerboard craft, "big Glencairns," as they are already described. Whether keel or centerboard, the yachts of the immediate future on the Lakes promise to be of great over all length and moderate or large beam, the majority with a marked S section and comparatively limited depth of hold. As far as was possible, these probable characteristics have been kept in mind in proportioning the various members.

The leading characteristics of this modern type are extreme over all length and overhangs, with limited depth save in the center, making practically a girder of considerable breadth and limited depth, demanding careful and thorough stiffening in a vertical direction except in the plane of the keel. At the same time the superfices of topsides and deck are very great as compared with the under-water body and the displacement. It is thus desirable not only that strength should be secured with the least weight of material, but that the proportion of weight beyond the ends of the L.W.L. should be diminished as much as possible.

Of the many modern expedients for reducing the weight of construction, none is more laudable and legitimate than the careful shaping of each separate member with reference to its position and use in the structure, as in the decrease of sizes of frames, increase of spacing, and tapering of clamps and stringers, in going from the middle to the ends. In this way there is secured a maximum of strength amidships and a minimum of weight at the ends. Such decrease of dimensions is naturally of far more importance in the vessel of today, with very long overhangs, than in the old type, with plumb stem and short counter. For these reasons, while the effort has been made to secure ample strength in the middle of the vessel, a material reduction of sizes has been allowed for in the ends.

The accompanying sketches of construction details will, it is hoped, aid in making the meaning of the table plain to all. The sketch of the 32-footer is not intended to show the fastest possible yacht or the lightest construction under the table, but merely to illustrate the practical application of the table in designing. So far as my time will permit, I shall be happy to give any desired information to those about to build.

Respectfully submitted,

W. P. STEPHENS.

THE INSIDE ROUTE TO FLORIDA.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several descriptions of the inside route to Florida have been printed.

To those who have really made the trip, these accounts are chiefly notable for their glaring inaccuracy.

The account of the route sent herewith is the result of actual experience while in charge of several yachts.

The accuracy of the tables of distances given can be depended upon, as they have been carefully verified.

While the account is chiefly the result of rough notes made by the author, he has copied freely from whatever Government or other publications that were available.

The trip is a most pleasant and interesting one, full of fine opportunities for shooting and fishing, and it is strange that more yachtsmen do not make it.

Small steam yachts of light draft are most suitable for the voyage, though, if time admits, it may be made quite as well in a shoal-draft sail yacht.

THOMAS I. MILLER,
Sailing Master Steam Yacht Egret.

The Inland Route to Florida.

Part First.

NEW YORK TO CHARLESTON.

Briefly described, the so-called inland route to Florida is as follows:

From New York through the Kills to Perth Amboy, and thence by way of the Raritan River to New Brunswick, N. J. Here you enter the canal, and run to Bordentown. From Bordentown down the Delaware River to Delaware City. Here you again enter a canal, and run to Chesapeake City. From this point you reach Chesapeake Bay, via small rivers.

It is plain sailing, with plenty of harbors between, down Chesapeake Bay to Norfolk, Va.

From Norfolk through the Elizabeth River to the canal, and thence, back of the much dreaded Hatteras, across Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds to Core Sound. Through Core Sound to Beaufort, N. C.

From Beaufort it is practically outside work to Charleston, S. C. From Charleston to Jacksonville it is all inside, and safe for even the smallest craft.

Unless very unfavorable weather is encountered, a small steam yacht can run from New York to Jacksonville in three weeks' time.

Five feet six inches draft is about the greatest for the route described. About 3ft. 6in. will be found most suitable.

TABLE OF DISTANCES IN NAUTICAL MILES.

New York (Battery) to New Brunswick, N. J.	30.50
Delaware and Raritan Canal to Bordentown	44.00
Bordentown to Delaware City	58.50
Chesapeake and Delaware Canal	13.00
Chesapeake City to Norfolk, Va	181.00
Norfolk to canal entrance	10.00
Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal	7.25
Canal to North River Light	39.00
North River Light to Harbor Island Bar Light	83.00
Harbor Island Bar Light to Beaufort, N. C	35.50
Beaufort to Southport, Cape Fear	106.50
Southport to Georgetown Bar	83.00
Georgetown Bar to Charleston entrance	42.50
Charleston to Savannah	134.50
Savannah to Fernandina	131.25
Fernandina to Jacksonville	41.00
New York to Jacksonville	1040.50

TABLE OF DISTANCES—DETAILED.

New York (Battery) to Perth Amboy	19.50
Perth Amboy to New Brunswick	11.00
Delaware and Raritan Canal to Bordentown	44.00
Bordentown to Philadelphia	23.00
Philadelphia to Delaware City	35.50
Chesapeake and Delaware Canal to Chesapeake City	13.00
Chesapeake City down Back Creek and Elk River to Turkey Point R. & B Buoy	11.00
Turkey Point to Chesapeake Bay off Annapolis	36.00
Annapolis to Chesapeake Bay off Patuxent River	38.00
Patuxent River to Chesapeake Bay off Piankatank River	50.00
Piankatank River to Norfolk, Va	46.00
New York to Norfolk, Va	367.00
Norfolk up the Elizabeth River to canal entrance	10.00
Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal	7.25
Canal to Beacon Light No. 1, North Landing River	9.00
Beacon No. 1 to Beacon No. 8	13.50
Beacon No. 8 to Beacon No. 9, North River	5.50
Beacon No. 9 to North River Light	11.00
North River Light to Croatan Light	13.75
Croatan Light to Roanoke Marshes Light	9.25
Roanoke Marshes Light to Long Shoal Light, bearing N.W., distant 2 miles	17.00
Long Shoal Light to Bluff Shoal Buoy	27.75
Bluff Shoal Buoy to Royal Shoal Lights, in range to S.	4.75
Royal Shoal Light to Harbor Island Bar Light	10.50
Harbor Island Bar Light to Beaufort, N. C.	35.50
Norfolk, Va., to Beaufort, N. C	174.75
Beaufort Sea Buoy along shore to Bogue Inlet	22.00
Bogue Inlet along shore to New River Inlet	13.50
New River Inlet along shore to New Topsail Inlet	18.00
New Topsail Inlet along shore to Wrightsville	12.00
Wrightsville along shore to Corncake Inlet	20.00
Corncake Inlet along shore to Southport	21.00
Beaufort, N. C, to Southport, N. C	106.50
Southport along shore to Lockwood's Folly Inlet	10.00
Lockwood's Folly Inlet along shore to Shallotte Inlet	8.00
Shallotte Inlet along shore to Little River Inlet	9.00
Little River Inlet along shore to Murrill's Inlet	33.00
Murrill's Inlet along shore to Georgetown Bar, Sea Buoy	21.00
Southport, N. C, to Georgetown, S. C	83.00
Georgetown Bar to Cape Romain, Slue Bell Bouy	11.00
Cape Romain Bouy to Bull's Bay	15.50
Bull's Bay to Charlestown Bar at Swash Channel	16.00
Georgetown, S. C., to Charleston, S. C	42.50
Charleston Harbor, Rebellion Roads, through Wappoo Creek to Stono River	7.50
Stono River to Church Flats	12.50
Church Flats, through New Cut and Wadmelaw Sound to North Edisto River at Martin's Point	13.00
North Edisto River, through the Dawho to South Edisto River	15.00
South Edisto River, through Mosquito Creek and the Ashepoo River to Combahee Spit Bouy, St. Helena Sound	19.50
St. Helena Sound, through the Coosaw River, Brickyard Creek, Beaufort River and Port Royal Sound to Skull Creek	26.00
Skull Creek, through Calibogue Sound to Inner Anchorage, Tybee Roads	16.00
Tybee Roads to Savannah	15.00
Charleston, S. C, to Savannah, Ga	134.50
Savannah, through St. Augustine Creek and Wilmington River to Romerly Marsh Creek	18.00
Old Romerly Marsh Channel, New Cut, Wassaw Creek, Odingsell River, Adams Creek, to Vernon River	10.50
Vernon River, Hell Gate, Ogeechee River, to Florida Passage	6.00
Florida Passage and Bear River, to Middle Ground in St. Catherine's Sound	11.50
St. Catherine's Sound, through North Newport River and Johnson's Creek, to Sapelo Sound	12.50
Sapelo Sound, through Mud River and New Tea Kettle Creek, into Doboy Sound	10.75
Doboy Sound, through Back and Little Mud rivers to Altamaha Sound	8.50
Altamaha Sound, through Buttermilk Sound and Frederica River, to St. Simon's Sound	19.00
St. Simon's Sound, through Jekyl Creek, to Cumberland River, St. Andrew's Sound	11.50
St Andrew's Sound, through Cumberland River, Cumberland Sound and Amelia River, to Fernandina	23.00
Savannah, Ga., to Fernandina, Fla	131.25
Amelia River, Kingsley's Creek and South Amelia River, to Nassau Sound	13.00
Nassau Sound, Sawpit Creek, Gunnison's Cut and Sisters Creek, to St John's River	11.00
Sisters Creek to Jacksonville	18.00
Fernandina, Fla, to Jacksonville, Fla	41.00

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

New York to Philadelphia	97.50
Philadelphia to Turkey Point, Chesapeake Bay	59.50
Turkey Point to Norfolk, Va	170.00
Norfolk to Beaufort, N. C	174.75
Beaufort to Southport	106.50
Southport to Georgetown	83.00
Georgetown to Charleston	42.50
Charleston to Savannah	134.50
Savannah to Jacksonville	131.25
New York to Jacksonville, Fla	1040.50

LIST OF CHARTS.

No.		Year.	Price
120	New York Bay and Harbor	1894	.50
375	Raritan River	1894	.50
126	Delaware River	1896	.50
125	Delaware River	1897	.50
136	Chesapeake Bay	1877	.50
135	Chesapeake Bay	1895	.50
134	Chesapeake Bay	1896	.50
133	Chesapeake Bay	1877	.50
132	Chesapeake Bay	1877	.50
131	Chesapeake Bay	1890	.50
137	Cape Henry to Currituck Beach	1892	.50
140	Albemarle Sound	1895	.50
142	Pamlico Sound	1883	.50
143	Pamlico Sound	1883	.50
421	Core Sound and Straits	1890	.20
147	Core Sound to Bogue Inlet	1889	.50
148	Bogue Inlet to Old Topsail Inlet	1889	.50
149	Old Topsail Inlet to Cape Fear	1897	.50
150	Masonboro Inlet to Shallotte Inlet	1897	.50
151	Little River Inlet and part of Long Bay	1888	.50
152	From Murrell Inlet to Cape Romain	1896	.50
153	North Island to Long Island	1896	.50
154	Long Island to Hunting Island	1897	.50
155	Hunting Island to Ossabaw Island	1897	.50
156	Savannah to Sapelo Island	1897	.50
157	Sapelo Island to Amelia Island	1877	.50
158	St. Mary's Entrance S. to latitude 30° N	1 82	.50
	Total cost		$13.50

UNITED STATES COAST PILOT.

VI	Chesapeake Bay and Tributaries	1889	1.00
VII	Chesapeake Bay entrance to Key West	1895	.50

ATLANTIC LOCAL COAST PILOT.

20	Winyah Bay to Savannah with the Inside Passage to Fernandina	1885	.75
21	Tybee Roads to Jupiter Inlet	1887	.75

In addition to above charts and pilot books, get the "List of Beacons, Buoys and Day Marks," for the third, fourth, fifth and sixth districts.

CANALS.

DELAWARE AND RARITAN CANAL.—Locks 210ft. long and a width to pass clear 23ft. 4in.

Greatest draft of water allowed is 7ft.

CHESAPEAKE AND DELAWARE CANAL.—Locks 220ft. long and 24ft. wide.

A draft of 9ft. can be carried through the canal.

ALBEMARLE AND CHESAPEAKE CANAL.—Allows passage of vessels 208ft. in length, 39ft. beam and 8ft. draft.

One lock.

On these canals all bridges have draws which open.

Spars and stacks can be left standing.

From New York to Norfolk no special sailing directions will be given.

The charts and pilot books published by the Government cover the ground fully.

From Norfolk to the canal entrance navigation is intricate.

The buoys cannot be kept painted their respective colors, owing probably to the large number of timber rafts which run down the river and frequently foul them.

The best way to proceed is to use the chart and buoy book, checking off with pencil the buoys as they are passed.

CORE SOUND.

On Harbor Island, at the entrance to Core Sound, there is a gunning club.

You can carry 6ft. of water to its dock.

Mill Point, from the eastward, appears at first as a low point to the S.W. Then high trees will be made out, with two white houses and a barn to the W.

Piney Point is a low, marshy point, and the channel runs close to it.

At times the channel seems marked with more stakes than shown on chart No. 421.

The channel appears well marked until you get to Davis Island and Bell Point. From here to end of Sound the beacons are further apart.

In turning the N.W. end of Harker's Island stand well to the N.W. before turning, as the shoal seems to extend further than chart shows.

On arriving at Shackleford Banks' Buoy it is well to anchor and await a pilot.

The passage from here to Beaufort is intricate, and many yachts have grounded through lack of local knowledge.

The pilot's fee is $5.

BEAUFORT HARBOR.—Anchor off the railroad dock at Morehead City, lying E.N.E., about 150yds. from its end. The anchorage is not very good, owing to the hard sand bottom. It requires a heavy and sharp-fluked anchor to hold well here. Shelter from a northeast storm may be had in the lee corner of the dock, close to the shore. The water is deep there, but the berth suitable for a boat only about 50ft. in length.

INLETS BETWEEN BEAUFORT AND CHARLESTON.—The coast from Beaufort entrance to Bogue Inlet has a general trend of W.¾S. For five miles to the westward of Beaufort entrance, the shore shows a range of sand hills partly covered with coarse grass and scrub, over which show the heavy woods on the mainland. To the westward of that stretch of five miles, a growth of scrubby woods begins on the shore, and extends to within half a mile of Bogue Inlet. Bogue Inlet is considered a good inlet. Eight feet can generally be found on the bar at low water. Run in by keeping in best water, and anchor behind the eastern point of entrance.

NEW RIVER INLET.—Good for high water only. About 6ft. of water will be found on the bar. There is a big sand hill on Turkey Point, the western point of entrance, which serves as a landmark.

TOPSAIL INLET.—Fair inlet. At high water about 8ft. of water will be found on the bar. The sea breaks right across this inlet when the wind is at all heavy from N.E. Eastern point of entrance is a low sand spit. There are some high sand hills on western point of entrance. When you open the inlet clumps of trees will be seen inside on the higher mainland.

MASONBORO INLET.—About 8ft. of water at high tide will generally be found on this bar. A big house with cupola on its west side is a landmark when in this vicinity. From a long distance it looks like a sail on a vessel close to the shore.

CORNCAKE INLET.—This is a fair inlet when the sea is smooth. About 8ft. of water on the bar, but it shoals up inside. The channel is narrow. By running in this inlet about sixteen miles of outside running is saved and the Frying-Pan Shoals avoided. About 5½ft. can be carried among the marshes back of Cape Fear.

LOCKWOOD'S FOLLY INLET.—About one mile east from this inlet there is a high, bare sand hill that shows plainly and is a good landmark. It is called Lockwood's Folly Hill. This is a good inlet, with about 10ft. of water on the bar and deeper water inside. Look out for old wrecks in entering. To run in, follow along the western side, leaving the shore about 150ft. away. When in, turn to W. and N. and anchor inside Sheep Island.

BACON'S INLET.—Some houses are seen in shore on the mainland near this inlet. At high water it frequently breaks clear across, and is a poor inlet.

SHALLOTTE RIVER INLET.—In approaching this inlet from the eastward two high bluffs with trees are seen ahead. From a distance they look like islands. These high sand hills with trees on top are about two miles west of Shallotte Inlet. There is about 7ft. of water on the bar at high water. Run in heading about N. and anchor inside east point of entrance. Vessels of 4ft. 7in. draft can go fourteen miles up the river where there is a bridge without a draw.

TUBBS INLET.—A poor inlet and good for high water only. After getting in over the bar track the east prong and anchor inside east point. There are some high woods back of inlet and houses to left. The sand hills are not high here.

LITTLE RIVER INLET.—This is said to be the best inlet between Cape Fear and Georgetown. At low water on the bar about 5ft. 6in. of water will be found. There are two openings in the beach at the inlet, called the West Bar and the East Bar. Between the two there is a bare patch of sand called Bird Island. The channel is crooked and said to be very changeable.

MURRILL'S INLET.—This is said to be a good inlet at any tide. There is generally 6ft. of water on the bar. Go to the north after getting in.

From Georgetown it is possible to run inside to Charleston. Unless the sea is very bad outside, it hardly pays to make the run. Pilots may be had in Georgetown, or one might follow the local sternwheel steamer which runs to Charleston.

The route is given, as it is not indicated on the chart.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

Inside Route Winyah Bay to Charleston.

Winyah Bay, through Mosquito Creek to North Santee River	8.00
North Santee River, through Six Miles Creek, South Santee River, Alligator Creek, Ramshorn Creek, the Needles, Romain River, Bull River and Bull's Bay to Bull's Harbor	40.00
Bull's Harbor, through Bull's Narrows, Santee Pass, Capers Inlet, Bullyard Sound, Dewee's Inlet, Long Island Narrows, Breech Inlet and Sullivan's Island Cove to Rebellion Roads, Charleston	21.00
Winyah Bay to Charleston	69.00

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Boats at the Sportsmen's Exposition.

ALL sportsmen know the value of a good boat, and are interested in the latest developments of the makers. Hardly one who will visit the fourth annual Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden, Jan. 13 to 22, but will find lots to interest in the exhibition of punts, boats, yachts and vapor launches. It will be the most extensive display ever brought together at one time in New York, or in fact in any place. From the cheaper models to the expensive ones that run into thousands of dollars will be shown. The sight of these alone will be worth a visit.

Arrangements have been nearly completed for the amateur billiard tournament that will take place in the concert hall during the week of the fourth annual Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden.

Success is assured for the Sportsmen's Exposition and Bicycle Show to be held in Madison Square Garden Jan. 13 to 22 Never at any time was it thought but what it would meet with popular favor, yet it is somewhat in the nature of a surprise to know that two months before the date of the opening more than enough space has been taken to make it profitable.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 1-2.—Kewanee, Ill.—Western Illinois Trap-Shooters' League tournament. First day, targets; second day, live birds. A. S. Kellogg, Sec'y Kewanee Gun Club.

Dec 4.—Philadelphia.—Monthly tournament Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League. Events open to all. Grounds Sixteenth and Courtland streets.

Dec. 6-11.—Watson's Park, Chicago, Ill.—*Dec. 6*—Heikes-Grimm match for the Cast-Iron badge. *Dec. 7*—Elliott Gilbert match for the Kansas City *Star* cup. *Dec 8*—Sweepstakes, open to all. *Dec. 9*—Elliott-Gilbert match for the Du Pont trophy. *Dec. 10-11*—The Kansas City-Chicago team race.

Dec. 13-15.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. First day, sparrows; last two days, pigeons. Grand Central handicap, 25 pigeons, $25, birds extra. Entries close Dec. 9, with a forfeit of $10; post entries, $30. Handicaps, 25 to 32yds. Royal Robinson, Sec'y

Dec. 16-17.—Charleston, S. C.—Tournament under the auspices of the Charleston and Palmetto Gun Clubs. Targets. Purses divided Rose system—four moneys. $200 added. G. H. Peterman, Sec'y.

1898.

Jan. 18-20.—Hamilton, Ont.—Grand Canadian Handicap. Live birds; $1,000 guaranteed. For full information write secretary, H. Graham, American Hotel. Hamilton, Ont. Can.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Palmetto Gun Club and the Charleston Gun Club announce a tournament to be held at Charleston, S C, on Dec. 16 and 17, under the joint management of these clubs; $200 in cash will be added, and the Rose system for the division of purses will be used. Price of targets, 3 cents each deducted from purse. Professionals are barred from participating in purses, but can shoot for targets. Ammunition, etc., sent to L. W. Bicaise & Co., delivered at grounds free of charge. There will be ten target events on each day.

The injury to Mr. Neaf Apgar's foot, from the accidental discharge of a friend's gun while out shooting recently, is much less serious than was stated in the accounts published in the daily press. No amputation will be necessary, nor is there reason to believe that any permanent injury will result. The charge of shot took effect across at the base of the toes of the left foot. It is bad enough, but in view of the possibilities of maiming or death, we congratulate him on his lucky escape.

A live-bird handicap will be shot at C. Zwirlein's shooting grounds, Yardville, N. J., on Thursday, Dec. 2. The conditions will be 20 birds, $15 entrance, birds included at 25 cents each. Trains leave New York at 9:10, Newark at 9:36, Philadelphia at 12.

St. Louis Trap-Shooters' League Tournament.

St. Louis, Mo. Nov. 26.—The first tournament of this new organization was quite a success, notwithstanding the inhospitable weather, which reminded one very forcibly of the last San Antonio Midwinter. There was not a day during the shoot which could have been classed as propitious, and this no doubt kept many of the local shooters away, while again many were game shooting, this being just the heart of the quail shooting season in Missouri There were plenty of experts present to make the affair a success, as those who came shot right through The principal object of this tournament was to create a renewed interest in the sport, and this it accomplished in an admirable way, as some of the local papers gave the shoot extensive notice, and the *Republic*, in particular, did much to boom the sport. Mr. Richard Collins, the sporting editor on this paper, devoted much space to the shooters and the shoot. The St. Louis Trap-Shooters' League has reason to feel gratified over the success of the first effort in the tournament line.

THE PRINCIPALS.

The Winchester Arms Co. was strongly represented by R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O.; J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., and Capt. B. A. Bartlett, of Buffalo, N. Y. The Du Pont and Hazard powder companies had that great trio of Iowa cracks present, Fred. Gilbert, of Spirit Lake; C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., and C. M. Grimm, of Clear Lake. Then there was J. C. Fanning, formerly of San Francisco, but now of Batavia, N. Y., looking after the interest of Gold Dust. Harvey McMurchy, of Fulton, N. Y., was in evidence, as was also the L. C. Smith gun. S. A. Tucker, of Meriden, Conn., Parker Bros.' representative, assisted by Charley Budd, succeeded in demonstrating that the Parker guns were still in the game. Col. A. G. Courtney, of Syracuse, N. Y., the Remington Arms Co representative, was extolling the merits of their new ejector with no little degree of success. The irrepressible J. L. 147 Winston, of Washington, Ind., was continually impressing those present with the figures 1-4-7. Add to the above list Frank Faurote, of Dallas, Tex.; W. G. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo.; John J. Sumpter Jr., of Hot Springs, Ark.; C. C. and W. H. Herman, of Kansas City, Mo.; Dr. E. S. Winbingler, of Alexis, Ill.; O. J. Howell, of Alton, Ill.; R. H. Stockton, of Hannibal, Mo.; Herman Herschy, of St. Paul, Minn., and the local cracks, Kling, Dr. Smith, Nold, Chase, Taylor and the two Cabannes, and one can readily see that the game was a hot one, notwithstanding that the weather was cold.

ACCOMMODATIONS AT DU PONT'S PARK.

These were excellent, and far above par. The grounds are located a good ways out, as is the case in all the large cities, but the facilities for reaching them were not very good. They are not just on the car line, but Messrs. Gardner & Corray, the proprietors of the park, have a conveyance to meet the cars and take the shooters to the grounds free of charge.

There were two sets of traps used in the target events; both of these were arranged on the Sergeant system. Bluerocks and universal targets were used, and there was no perceptible difference to be noticed. The background on the lower set of traps is a very trying one, and it was generally on these that most of the shooters came to grief, as the grounds here slope up, and a line of trees fringe the little stream that runs along here. On the other set of traps, which stand directly in front of the club house, the shooting is not near so difficult, and on these most of the shooting is done, the others having only been pressed into service for this occasion. The pigeon grounds are located on the slope of the hill, and get the benefit of any wind that may be stirring. The traps used here are King's latest automatic, and all other arraugements are first class. A nice hot lunch was served each day at reasonabte prices, while on Thanksgiving Day a fine turkey dinner was served free to all the visiting shooters, so that none need imagine that those who attended missed their Thanksgiving turkey. The meals were served by Messrs. Gardner & Corray, assisted by Miss King, each of whom is also a trap-shooter. Naturally the shooters enjoyed the victuals with considerable more relish.

STRAY SHOTS.

Gilbert shot at 68 pigeons during the shoot and scored 67, but on targets the clever Iowa lad was not up to his usual high standard. He attributes this in some measure to his not having shot any targets during the last three months. On his present form he will most likely give Elliott a very stiff argument of those trophies next month.

The two Cast Iron disputants, Heikes and Grimm, tied in the 25-bird race with 23. This should be a hot race when they meet to settle that little argument.

In the big race there was a two-men three-cornered team race for a supper, the teams being composed of Heikes and Budd, Gilbert and Bartlett, and 147 and Faurote. The race was originally between the two first pairs, but Winston wanted some of it, and chose Faurote as his running mate. Heikes, Bartlett and 147 were first to the score and each scored 23, so it remained for the remaining three to decide who should pay for the supper. Budd scored 25, which gave his team 48; Gilbert got 24, and this made his and Bartlett's total 47; Faurote got 22, so he and Jack had 45. The supper will be eaten during the Grand American Handicap.

There was a carrier pigeon found among the lot supplied for this shoot The band on his leg bore the inscription: "K 25,912." The discovery of this very likely saved the bird's life, as he was liberated at once and was soon lost to sight

Fanning shot targets very indifferently, but on live birds he was in rare form. This is one time he got over that unlucky 14th round, and the result was that he was the final winner in the main event. He had a run of over 100 straight to his credit; that 99 score was made when it was absolutely necessary to win.

John J. Sumpter, Jr., is making plans for a big shoot at Hot Springs in February; the inducement will be $1,500 added money. There are to be four days targets and one live birds.

Faurote was much handicapped by a very sore arm, and was in no shape to do himself justice. There was a very large raw place on his arm, which became very much irritated by the recoil of the gun.

Bartlett gave an exhibition of fancy shooting for the benefit of the lady shooters on the last day, and showed them and others just how rapidly a Winchester gun can be manipulated.

Dr. Smith, the local shooter, is rapidly coming to the front, and by next summer he will be able to more than hold his own in any company. He displayed plenty of nerve and judgment in his race with Fanning, but 99 out of 100 is a hard score to go up against. It is no discredit to be beaten by such a score, while that 97 of his will win 90 per cent of matches.

Kling was in no condition to shoot, but he pluckily shot in every event, and made it especially agreeable for the visiting shooters; he, Nold, Taylor, Dr Smith, Chase and Conrades were untiring in their efforts to make it pleasant for the visitors.

Billy Nold is another one of the locals who is rapidly developing into an expert; there is a marked contrast in his shooting now and when we first met him at the Missouri State shoot last May Nold assisted to keep things moving, and it is rarely that shooting and hustling can be combined with good results. The latter also applies to Taylor.

The visiting shooters requested me personally to thank the officers of the St. Louis Trap-Shooters' League, and Messrs. Gardner and Corray, the managers of the park, also the ladies, for the kind and courteous treatment accorded them, and to assure them that it will be a source of much pleasure for them to attend any tournament they may see fit to hold in the future.

Wednesday, Nov. 24.

The weather moderated some to-day, so that up until about 2 o'clock it was not too cold, then it clouded up and grew colder.

The entries ran about as yesterday; there was no falling off and no perceptible increase in this respect. This, however, evidenced the fact that those in attendance were well satisfied with the manner in which the shoot was conducted. Rolla Heikes is again on top, and that with a much improved percentage. Then comes Faurote, the only other who made an average of 90 per cent.; Elliott being third with 88.6. Heikes made three straight scores of 20 and one of 25, his best run being something over 50 straight. He was also very fortunate in winning several firsts alone, were Tucker, Sergeant and McMurchy.

Twenty seven took part to day, and of this number twenty-four shot through, two more than on the previous day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Heikes	18	20	13	20	13	20	25	18	150	142	94.6
Faurote	14	19	13	18	13	20	23	18	150	138	92
Elliott	13	15	13	19	13	18	23	19	150	133	88.6
Budd	14	16	14	17	13	17	23	17	150	131	87.3
Bartlett	14	17	14	18	13	16	22	17	150	131	87.3
Grimm	14	17	13	16	12	18	23	17	150	130	86.6
McMurchy	13	18	12	17	15	16	22	15	150	128	85.3
Gilbert	14	15	14	17	13	16	23	18	150	128	85.3
Tucker	15	16	13	14	13	16	20	19	150	126	84
Winbingler	13	15	13	20	14	15	19	15	150	124	82.6
Sumpter	12	17	14	17	12	16	20	14	150	122	81.3
Fanning	13	18	14	20	12	12	21	11	150	121	80.6
Chase	10	17	10	16	13	18	21	16	150	121	80.6
Kling	11	15	13	14	11	18	22	17	150	121	80.6
Hirschey	11	17	11	15	13	16	22	15	150	120	80
Smith	13	15	10	16	12	15	21	17	150	119	79.3
Courtney	10	16	11	18	12	17	20	14	150	118	78.6
Sergeant	10	17	15	14	13	18	16	12	150	115	76.6
Nold	10	15	12	15	13	16	17	16	150	114	76
C C Herman	9	15	12	14	14	12	21	16	150	113	75.3
147	11	16	10	14	11	17	17	15	150	111	74
Howell	11	14	11	15	9	14	21	14	150	109	72.6
Kelley	9	14	9	10	10	15	20	18	150	105	70
J Cabanne	8	14	9	5	3	10	11	9	150	79	52 6
Taylor	..	..	13	16	12	13	17	18	115	88	76.5
Fink	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	73.3
Veitmeyer	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	20	13	65

FANNING—SMITH.

In addition to the regular programme events, there was a 100-bird match between these two. This was made up during the day, and shot after the conclusion of the regular events. The conditions were not favorable to the birds, as it was cold and bleak, and too late in the day for the birds to fly good, most of them being slow to start. Fanning was the first to fall down, his 8th falling dead out of bounds. Then he developed a remarkable streak, finishing out with a run of 92 and the excellent total of 99. The Doctor held the lead until the 16th round, when he too lost one dead out of bounds Then he lost his 28th, after which he made a run of 45 straight, which was broken by his 75th dying out of bounds. From this on he killed out, finishing out with 97, an excellent score, but unfortunately it did not win on this occasion. Of the 200 birds shot at in this race only one escaped, the other three being dead out of bounds.

The conditions of the match were: 100 live birds per man for $100 a side loser to pay for the birds. Mr. C. M. Grimm acted as referee, and Col A. G. Courtney was chosen to score. Everything passed off without a hitch or a jar, and the utmost of good feeling prevailed throughout. At the conclusion of the match the Doctor congratulated Mr. Fanning and very cordially shook hands with him

Dr Smith .....2212122211221211•2212121111—24
1102211111221221111221221—24
2121222122211112122111210 —24
1211112212111112121212221—25—97

Fanning .....2222222•2222122222222222—24
2211122222222212121211211—25
2222122222212221212121112—25
1211222222222112212222222—25—99

Thursday, Nov. 25.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 25.—The participants in to-day's events were not very numerous, but nearly all of those who were present shot through the entire programme events. The attendance may perhaps have been kept down by the cold weather, for while the sun shone brightly it was disagreeably cold, and it was not until about noon that the ice, which had formed on the brook that ran close to the grounds, began to thaw. Add to this a raw wind that blew into the face of the shooter at the score, and some conception can be formed of the conditions under which the contestants labored. Plenty of warm clothes were necessary, and then it was difficult to keep comfortable.

A glance at the tabulated scores will show that the averages were rather low for the class of talent engaged, as no one was able to make an average of 90 per cent. This is all the more surprising, as many of the best professional and expert amateurs were present. Heikes leads with 88 6., followed by Grimm with 88, he in turn being followed by Gilbert and Elliott with 87.3.

Straight scores paid well, as there were but few scored during the day. Heikes made straights in all of the 15-bird events, and Gilbert had two straight scores of 20 and a 15; Nold got one 20 straight; Bartlett took first alone in the sixth event on 19.

There were five extras shot in addition to the regular programme events, and altogether there were 5,280 thrown during the day. There was also a miss-and-out at live birds. This had twelve entries. This was $2 entrance, birds extra, and the money was cut up by Gilbert, Bartlett and Winbingler on the 12th round.

The table below shows that twenty-six participated in the regular events, and of this number it is worthy to note that twenty-two shot through the entire events, which must have been exceedingly gratifying to the management, as such is rarely the case.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*20*	Shot at	Broke.	Per cent.
Heikes	15	17	15	16	15	17	19	19	150	133	88.6
Grimm	14	15	14	19	13	17	21	19	150	132	88
Gilbert	14	16	15	20	11	16	19	20	150	131	87.3
Elliott	12	19	13	15	14	17	23	18	150	131	87.3
Faurote	14	18	12	16	14	17	21	18	150	130	86.6
Budd	13	19	14	16	14	17	20	17	150	130	86.6
Sergeant	14	18	14	17	14	15	21	16	150	129	86
Nold	11	15	14	14	14	17	23	20	150	128	85.3
Taylor	14	15	12	17	14	17	22	15	150	126	84
Connor	11	18	14	18	12	16	21	16	150	126	84
Bartlett	15	14	13	16	15	19	18	13	150	123	82
Kelley	13	15	13	13	15	17	20	16	150	122	81.3
Smith	12	15	13	17	11	16	21	14	150	120	80
Chase	13	17	12	14	11	16	21	15	150	119	79.3
Fanning	12	13	13	16	13	15	19	16	150	117	78
Courtney	13	14	12	16	11	17	20	14	150	117	78
Tucker	11	16	11	15	12	16	19	16	150	116	77.3
Kling	13	17	15	14	10	15	17	14	150	115	76.6
147	13	15	12	16	12	14	12	19	150	113	75.3
Howell	12	15	13	8	13	9	22	16	150	108	72
Herman	9	12	12	14	9	14	20	17	150	107	71.3
Winbingler	9	12	10	12	8	17	17	15	150	100	66.6
Fink	9	9	10	..	6	..	16	11	110	61	55.4
W H Herman	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	53.3
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	20	10	50
Cabanne	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	45	20	44.4

GENERAL AVERAGE.

At this tournament the management very wisely set aside the neat sum of $45 average money to be divided equally by the five high guns, so there was something besides the mere honor of excelling to strive for. This kept up the interest in the shoot from start to finish, as all were striving to land a part of this money. As is very often the case, it once more fell to Heikes's lot to lead the procession, this time with 91.6, he being the only one of the many good ones to reach 90. Faurote, the Dallas, Tex., amateur, is next with 89 3; Elliott is third, 88 even; Grimm, fourth, 87.3; Budd, fifth, 87. These are the ones who divided the $45.

	1st Day.	2d Day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	133	142	300	275	91.6
Faurote	120	138	200	268	89.3
Elliott	131	133	300	264	88
Grimm	132	130	300	262	87.3
Budd	130	130	300	260	87
Gilbert	131	128	300	259	86.3
Bartlett	123	131	300	254	84.6
Sergeant	128	115	300	243	81
Nold	128	114	300	242	80.6
Tucker	116	126	300	242	80.6
Chase	110	121	300	240	80
Smith	120	119	300	239	79.6
Fanning	117	121	300	238	79.3
Kling	115	121	300	236	78.6
Courtney	117	118	300	235	78.3
Kelley	122	105	300	227	75.6
147	113	111	300	224	73.6
Winbingler	100	124	300	224	73.6
Herman	107	113	300	220	73.3
Howell	108	109	300	217	72.3

LIVE BIRDS.

There were two events of this kind on the programme scheduled for Thanksgiving Day, one a 15-bird event and the other a 25-bird race This proved to be too much for one day, owing to the unfavorable weather and the large number of entries in the big event, there being only one set of traps used Both events were class shooting, not high guns. Four moneys in the 15-bird event and five in the 25-bird race. The 15-bird event was disposed of first, and then the main event was begun This made it about 2 P. M. when it was started, and as it was apparent that it would be impossible to finish it that day, those who were unable to remain over were permitted to shoot their score out. Thus, Sergeant, Heikes, Bartlett, Elliott, Grimm, 147, Winbingler and the two Hermans finished and Fanning, McMurchy, Sumpter and Conrades shot 16 birds, they withdrawing and deciding to remain over. There was very little wind at this time, and the birds were only fair. But those who did finish shot their last 5 birds when it was almost too dark to see; so that the shooting at this time was considerably a matter of guesswork. This is largely responsible for Grimm's two losses. C. C. Herman and Bartlett each made a very sensational kill, the Captain especially. His last bird was a dark one, and he shot the first load somewhere in its neighborhood; but it did no good, and the bird seemed lost in the gloom He held his last shot until the bird had almost flown out of bounds, when he caught a glimpse of it, and by a quick snap shot killed it close to the wire.

Those who shot their score on Friday got considerably the worst of it in the birds. During the night it turned very cold, and in the morning there was a fierce gale blowing. This hampered the shooters greatly, as it was difficult to keep warm, while the wind made screamers of nearly all of the birds. Those that came from Nos. 4 and 5 traps were invariable right-quarterers that had a peculiar twist and went down with the wind, so that unless killed close to the trap they were frequently carried out of bounds, although s one dead. Dr. Smith lost 2 birds in this manner, as did a number of others

The best shooting in this event was done by Budd, as he killed all of his birds under these conditions Fanning shot 9 of his birds on this day, while Sergeant had finished with a straight on the previous day, having a run of 40 straight to his credit.

These three divided first money and shot off for the $100 diamond watch charm, Fanning finally winning by a score of 14 out of 15. The birds in the shoot-off were an especially hard lot, everyone a corker, and sensational kills were in order right along. Sergeant went out on the 6th round on a bird that the shooter and all present supposed could easily be gathered, but it struggled over the dead line when the boy all but had his hand on it. Fanning and Budd were still a tie when 10 birds had been shot, but in the next string Budd lost 2 and Fanning 1, which gave the latter the trophy.

There were but two 24s, McMurchy and Gilbert. The former shot at 16 birds on the first day, losing 1 and then killing out on the second day. Gilbert shot all of his birds to-day, the one he lost being as fast as ever left the trap.

Twenty-three's were numerous, as were also 22s.

The conditions were 25 live birds, $15 entrance, $75 added, five moneys.

The trap type will tell the rest of the story:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	2	5	4	2	3	1	2	4	3	1	5	3	4	4	1	2	4	3	5	5	1	1	2	5	4
Smith	1	•	2	2	1	2	2	•	1	2	0	1	2	2	1	1	2	2	2	2	1	0	1	2	2—21
	1	2	1	5	1	4	5	1	4	2	1	4	2	3	1	2	1	1	3	3	5	5	3	1	3
Hirschy	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	2	1	0	2	2	2	2	0	0	1	2	0	2	2	•	2	2	•—18
	3	5	3	1	3	1	2	3	2	1	5	3	2	5	5	3	1	3	3	1	2	3	5	1	1
Nold	2	•	0	0	2	2	1	2	2	1	0	1	1	2	2	2	0	1	0	1	2	1	1	2	•	18
	4	4	2	5	1	1	4	1	4	2	2	5	2	4	2	1	4	1	5	1	5	3	1	2	3
Kling	2	2	2	2	2	0	1	1	1	2	0	2	0	2	2	2	2	0	2	2	•	2	0	•	2	–18
	3	3	5	3	4	3	2	2	5	2	1	4	2	4	2	4	5	2	4	1	1	5	3	3	2
J Cabanne	2	2	•	2	2	2	2	0	0	2	2	2	•	1	1	2	2	2	2	0	0	0	2	1	2	2	0—17
	1	5	2	4	2	1	5	2	5	5	4	1	1	2	4	5	4	4	4	5	1	5	1	5	2
Taylor	2	0	0	2	0	2	2	0	0	1	2	0	2	2	2	1	0	1	1	1	1	2	2	1	0—17
	2	5	1	5	1	4	2	3	1	5	3	4	5	3	2										
Fanning	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	2	2										—14
	4	5	1	4	3	1	2	2	3	4	4	3													
Budd	2	1	2	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	•	0													—10
	1	5	2	3	5	1	2																		
Sergeant	2	1	2	2	2	2	•																		— 6

15-BIRD SWEEP.

Sumpter	222222222222222—15	W Herman	022202112122222—13
Gilbert	222222122122222—15	Nold	2212•221222•221—13
Sergeant	221221211212122—15	Smith	12212•221222022—13
Heikes	222222222222222—15	Bartlett	2122•1011112212—13
Winbingler	212122221221122—15	147	222•1222•22•222—12
Elliott	222222222222222—15	Faurote	11•1100111210 11—11
Fanning	222222222•2222—14	D Cabanne	11222•022•11222—11
Grimm	222222222222•2—14	C Herman	022202112122222—11
Budd	12•1221222222221—14	Chase	12•2021022200 01— 9
McMurchy	212112121211012 —14	Mallinckrodt	0•1112201212000— 9
Kling	221222011222222 - 14	De Wolf	1001100•21000w — 5
Taylor	221222120 1•2222—13		

PAUL R. LITZKE.

IN NEW JERSEY.

WALSRODE GUN CLUB.

Nov 25.—Twelve members of the Walsrode Gun Club gathered at Wiedenmayer Park, Hamburg Place, Newark, to-day and shot out twelve target events. Nos. 1 to 9 were at 10 singles; Nos. 10, 11 and 12 at 5 pairs. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Hebsdoerfer	5	6	7	5	3	5	4	2	4	5	3	3
Schleicher	3	2	4	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Buskirk	8	..	6	..	..	7	6	..	6	5	..	..
Farely	7	7	6	5	7	4	6	6	6	0	..	..
J Schilling	5	6	7	5	7	4	6	6	6	0	5	4
Reinhardt	6	7	6	5	7	6	5	6	5	5	5	7
Geihsler	..	4	3	..	4	5	..	4	3	..	..	..
Young	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Perment	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	8	9
Baar	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	8	8
Heinrich	..	..	..	..	6	6	..	6	..	..	..	..
P Schilling	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

E. C CUP SHOOT.

Nov. 25.—The E. C. cup shoot was held on the Bergen County Gun Club's grounds at Hackensack to-day. Getchell won the cup with 44 breaks, Bell was second with 43, and Capt Money and De Wolf tied for third place with 41 each. Getchell also captured the club trophy with 21 breaks and an allowance of 4. The scores.

Getchell	11101111111011110011111101111111111111101111111111—44
Bell	11111111111111111101011111111111111111101100111111101—43
Capt Money	10101101111111100110111111111111111101100111111111—41
De Wolf	10000111111101111111111111101011111101111111111—41
Everett	10111011100111101111111111111010110110111111110101—39
Warner	11110100111111111111111011110110011111100111111001—39
Toplitz	11111111110100111111110001101111011101111111000—38
Porter	11110101010111010001101011001111111110110110100—33
Taylor	10110111100111111101010011111111001010000000111111—33
H Money	11011100000101111000110110011101110011111110011—31
Raymond	01010010101010C011100011000101010111011101101110—27
Aspinwall	00100011000000001101100100101110111110101011111101—26

Club trophy:

Getchell (4)	01111111111111101011110 11—21+4—25
Toplitz (4)	11110011101111111111101011—20+1—21
Banta (4)	00001111111111111001111 1—19+4—23
Taylor (4)	11011111101111111100111000 18+4—22
De Wolf	11111111101111001010111 —20
Capt Money	01110111111101111001111 —20
H Money	11111111110111101110010 1 —20
Everett	11110011011001011111111011 —18
Aspinwall	00001110100001010100110 01 —10

BOILING SPRINGS TURKEY SHOOT.

Nov. 25.—The Boiling Springs Gun Club held a handicap turkey shoot on their grounds at Boiling Springs this afternoon. The conditions were: 20 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowances. After this event some sweeps were shot, scores of which follow:

Turkey shoot:

Paul (2)	11111111110110101111 —18
Harding (4)	10111100010111011111011111 —17
Seeley (4)	11001010111110111111001 —17
James (3)	00111110101111110111101 —17
Huck (0)	11111111111C01011111 —17
Billings (3)	11111111111001100110 10 —17
G Piercey (0)	10101111111101111111 —17
P Adams (4)	00111000C0111011111110111 —15
R Strader (4)	10111110001110001110110 1 —15
Lewis (6)	11111100010100100010111010 —15
Butler (3)	10000C01111111001110111 —14
L Piercey (2)	01001111101011C010111 —14
Coe (5)	10001100101011001110011111 —14
Dr Adams (3)	10100100011010101111111 —14
A R Strader (3)	00101101C010111101110111 —14
Black (6)	11010001100011 0.0110100010 —12
Lawrenson (6)	00001011010C0100011001000 1 — 9
Hutchinson (7)	01100100000000000000010000000— 4

The sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Even's:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	10	10	20	20	10	10	Targets:	15	10	10	20	10	10	10
G Piercey	14	9	9	7	9	8	10	Huck	15	7	9	16	..	..	..
Billings	11	..	..	16	..	..	..	R Strader	12	5	8	..	6	5	7
L Piercey	12	8	9	16	..	..	8	A R Strader	11	8	8	12	5	4	6
P Adams	12	6	8	..	6	7	7	Hatfield	7	..	..	10	..	..	..
Abbot	8	..	..	15	..	..	..	Paul	6	..	..	12	..	..	..
Roemer	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	Coman	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harding	15	..	7	15	6	4	7	Seeley	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Dr Adams	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	Lounsberry	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Coe	11	..	..	..	..	..	..								3

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

Intercity Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 29.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The intercity shoot team committee met to day. The Chicago team will be W. R. Morgan, Dr. H. H. Frothingham, George Roll, L. E. Willard, W. P. Mussey, W. W. McFarlan, E. Bingham, J. A. Ruble, O. von Lengerke, Dr. W. F. Carver. Alternates will be C. E. Felton, R. B. Organ, M. J. Eich, Abner Price, Dr. S. Shaw, T. P. Hicks, F. H. Lord, Geo. Franklin, C. B. Dicks, Henry Ehlers, Geo. Kleinman. Captains, R. B. Organ, C. E. Felton and Abner Price. Team practice begins at once. Executive committee meets Tuesday afternoon. E. HOUGH.

Chisholm Defeats Darton.

PORTLAND, Me., Nov. 20.—A 50-target race was shot here to-day between H. A. Chisholm and W. B. Darton, of the Portland Gun Club. The former won by a score of 43 to 34. The day was cold and windy, with a light snow falling the greater part of the time. The score:

Chisholm	01111111111011100111010111111111111111111111111101—43
Darton	01101011110111001100111011100110111111101111010 1101—34

ESCULAPIUS.

Pennsylvania and Yale.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 27.—The Pennsylvania Gun Club has challenged the Yale Gun Club to shoot a match this autumn, either at Philadelphia or New Haven.

Western Traps.

CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—The Calumet Heights Club held its regular weekly contest, on its grounds at Grand Calumet Heights, Ind., Oct. 21. The attendance was small, many not being present on this day on account of the final contest being held within a few days, being on Thanksgiving Day, the 25th inst.

Little shooting was done by those present, as all were busy arranging traps for live-bird contests.

Following are the scores, which were shot in a high wind blowing directly on the face of the traps:

Medal contest, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Paterson (A)	10111010101111101111111111—20
Metcalfe (A)	11111111110111111101111011—22
Norcom (B)	10111111111101101110111110—20
Schmidt (C)	01111110110111110011011111—19
Davis (C)	11100111011001111101101111—18

Metcalfe wins in Class A; Norcom wins in Class B; Schmidt wins in Class C.

	Fifteen targets, known traps, unknown angles.	Five pairs, expert.	Ten pairs, expert.	Same.
Paterson	111111110110111—13	5	9	5
Metcalfe	111111110101101—12	3	9	4
Norcom	111010101111111—11	.	.	.
Schmidt	111011111111110—13	.	.	.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB.

The Calumet Heights Club held its final shoot on the club's grounds at Grand Calumet Heights, Ind., on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25, and was attended by forty-three persons, including ladies. Thanksgiving Eve was spent in playing progressive cinch for prizes, and was participated in by sixteen couples

The prizes were won by Mrs. Dr Hunt, Miss Rose Harlan, Marcus Harlan and Dr. Davis.

Thanksgiving Day proved not to be a most pleasing one so far as the elements could be considered, as it was without sun the entire day, with a misty atmosphere and occasional rain storms. Still it can be said that the shoot, even under such admixed conditions, was a successful one throughout.

The shooting continued from 9 o'clock A. M and only ended when it became too dark to find the targets thrown from the traps, allowing time for dinner, however.

The medals and other prizes were awarded during the evening to their respective winners on the ten best scores at targets of the year in each class: Class A, won by A. C. Paterson; Class B, won by P. D. Norcom; Class C, won by Dr. A. W. Harlan.

In the live-bird events of the season Geo. H. Knowles won highest average and the grand prize on a percentage of four scores, killing 49 out of 50 live birds, or 98 per cent.

Following are detailed scores in live birds. Event No. 1, medal contest, 10 live birds; distance handicap in classes; entrance $2; American Association rules:

Paterson (32)	2122••1022— 7	Metcalfe (30)	2111121220 — 9
Houston (32)	2112200121— 8	Boedker (30)	2211222111—10
Norcom (32)	11100221•0— 6	Harlan (27)	2020211120— 7
Knowles (32)	2221121111—10	Davis (—)	22•0110.20— 6
Marshall (30)	2121010102— 7		

No 2, medal contest, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified:

Class A.

Houston	01111111101111111111101111— 22
Young	11101110011111111110111111— 21
Metcalfe	11110111011101011111101101—20
Paterson	11110111101111101111111111—22

Class B.

Norcom	10111111100010100000111100—14
Boedker	00101011110111010111111011—17
Marshall	10111100110111111111001111—19

Class C

Harlan	11111110111011101111111111—22
T McMichaels	10010000111000010010111111—12
Schmidt	11110011100111111101111111—20
Davis	01111110101110010100110 00 —16

Paterson wins A, Marshall wins B, Harlan wins C.

Sweepstakes:

No. 3, 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles: Houston 14, Metcalfe 11, Boedker 11, Norcom 12, Harlan 10, T. McMichaels 4.

No 4, 10 targets, snipe: Paterson 8, Houston 7, Young 5, Metcalfe 8, Boedker 7, Norcom 5, Marshall 8, Harlan 4, Davis 4.

No. 5, 50 targets, known traps, unknown angles; A class, scratch; B class, 54; C class, 60: Paterson 43, Houston 47, Young 31, Metcalfe 37, Boedker 35, Norcom 28, Marshall 38, Harlan 43, Davis 36.

Extra event, 100 targets, known traps, unknown angles, for dinner: Harlan, 82 out of 110 targets; Paterson, 86 out of 100 targets.

No 6. 20 live birds, $6 entrance, distance handicap, three moneys, ties divided:

Booth (32)	21111112101110122221—18
Knowles (32)	12112122220010102 21—16
Norcom (32)	12121111001121112100— 16
Houston (32)	1102222 22•2•2222122—17
Paterson (32)	10111222111202100211—16
Boedker (30)	20022120C2102121 00011—13
Marshall (30)	11121110011011221112—17
Metcalfe (30)	120 :12112010222212 11—17

This is the first time during the year that King traps have been used in the live-bird contests. The birds were very good and a general satisfaction prevailed.

EUREKA, OF LYONS, ILL.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Lyons, Ill., held their live-bird and target tournament on the club's grounds at Lyons, Ill., on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25 The day was quite disagreeable on account of the misty atmosphere and overcast sky, though enthusiasm prevailed among those present. The honors of the day were carried off by D. Chicken, who killed all of his birds, one out of the 25 falling dead out of bounds. Following are the detailed scores:

No. 1, 10 live birds, $2 entrance, $2 added:

D Chicken	122•2112•1—9	F Kuhlman	022•02212•—7
F Hofmann	2102121022—8	Wm Brown	2102200122—7
A Metz	2220222122—9		

No. 3, 5 live birds, $1 entrance, $1.50 added:

D Chicken	22112—5	F Kuhlman	01110—3
F Hofmann	22012—4	J Opper	00210—2
C Fredericks	22220—4		

No. 3, 20 targets, known traps, unknown angles, entrance $1, and $1 50 added money:

D Chicken	01110111111101011110—15	F Kuhlman	11111010110001100110—12
F Hofmann	01100110010011110000— 9	Fredericks	11001111111111111110—17
T Brulin	00110000111101001111—10	Gold Dust	11011111100111111110—16
A Metz	10100211110010000011— 9		

No. 4, 10 live birds, $2 entrance, $1.50 added:

D Chicken	2212122212—10	F Kuhlman	1122122120— 9
F Hofmann	1221220121— 9	L Leonhardt	2111201200— 7
C Fredericks	2220110202— 7	C Reece	2210020110— 6

GARFIELD GUN CLUB

The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, held its first shoot at live birds of its winter series, for medals, at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., Nov 26, 1897. While about one-third of the club's membership signified their willingness to participate, there were but nine of them in attendance.

The day was a most perfect one, with a bright sunlight and a cool, crisp atmosphere.

The wind was slight and not noticeable to any extent.

The birds were good, strong ones, but did not get away as on a day with strong wind.

Following are detailed scores:

Twenty live birds practice:

S Palmer	122•2221212212021021—17	Emory	11221112211020111112—18
D Russell	20000100012212101202—10	Workman	0210102011100201101 —11
M J Eich	10011111210111111212—17		

Medal contest, 20 live birds, handicap:

Dr Shaw	22221221220202021011—17	T Hicks	11111012102101121121—18
H Wiley	01121222222222222202—18	R Kuss	22212222222212120022—18
D Russell	21121221202222011110—17	S Young	00211200111111022212—15
S Palmer	20121211221210221222—18	F Fish	02101120220001022102—12
Dr Liddy	00120212220002102002—11		

Five-bird sweep, $2 entrance:

		Re entry.	
R Kuss	02222—4	12210122222	—10
Dr S Shaw	10122—4	21210211	— 7
S Palmer	12022—4	12222022121111	—12
H Wiley	22122—5	12	— 2
T P Hicks	21111—5	.....	
Russell	11211—5	12102022	— 6
Dr Liddy	21122—5	2021202	— 5
F Fish	1121 —4	.....	
No ley	02200—2	.....	

The next contest of the club will be held on these grounds on Christmas Day.

WATSON'S PARK.

Following are scores made in live-bird practice and sweeps shot on Watson's Park grounds Nov. 25 (Thanksgiving Day):

Ten live birds:

Lee	2201200011—6	H Carson	1012012021—7
F P Stannard	0120202222—7	J J Gillispie	2111202021—8
Vetter	2220220222—8	Cornwall	1100120022—6
Smead	1010222002—6	Barto	1101100111—7

Fifteen live birds:

Gillispie	211012200011201—10	Barto	12202201021112 0 —11
Carson	110 02001122222—11	Stannard	2222002202 22202—11
Levi	2211222222112120—14		

Twenty live birds:

Vetter	11210212202201222021—16	Barto	21122111212211112121—20

Twenty-five live birds, practice:

J Amberg	1•1221122•102•22012102220—18		
D McCarthy	02001000202200000020020 0—13		
Goodrich	2011111211		— 9
Motley	21211		— 5
Steve	01000		— 1

Nov 27.—Practice:

Palmer	20122 —4	Dr Shaw	2211 —4
Rasme	22021 —4	Eich	122212 —6
Workman	000200—1	Wiley	102 —2

LAVERGNE, ILL.

The race between W. R. Morgan, holder of the E. C. challenge cup, and A. C. Paterson, challenger, was to have come off Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the grounds of the Douglas Gun Club, Lavergne, Ill., and was to have been at 50 pairs (targets) from three known traps and angles

Mr. Paterson being on the grounds at the required time, ready to shoot the race, and the failure of Mr. Morgan to appear to defend the cup, a forfeit was declared

It is understood that Old Hoss Stannard will issue a challenge to the winner of this cup, the race to be shot some time during the month of December. Some of his associates feel great confidence in his ability to win and hold the cup, but as there are many other shooters of Chicago looking for a contest, lively times are expected to follow. A. C. PATERSON.

KANSAS CITY—CHICAGO INTERCITY SHOOT.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—The Chicago committee selected for the purpose of choosing a team to represent this city in the intercity shoot next month to-day brought in the names of five shooters, who will constitute the first half of the team. These names are as follows: L. E. Willard, W. P. Mussey, George E. Roll, Dr. H. H. Frothingham and W. R. Morgan. These members will meet at 2:30 on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 30, at Mussey's billiard hall, and will then complete the selection of the team, the five men above named selecting a sixth, they six the seventh, and so on until the full ten have been chosen.

The *personnel* of the Kansas City team will be as follows: Jim Elliott, Jim Riley, Chris Gottlieb, Andy Thomas, Ed Hickman, J. L. and J. B Porter, J. M Curtice, C. C Herman and G. W. Stockwell.

Practice is going on at both ends of the line.

The betting is in favor of Kansas City.

It is now thought that the Kansas City delegation will number about thirty men.

The executive committee and entertainment committee of the Chicago shooters will meet next Tuesday to transact business connected with the big shoot.

NATIONAL GUN CLUB, OF MILWAUKEE.

The tournament of the National Gun Club at National Park, Milwaukee, had a good attendance, and showed some good scores. Weather on Nov 25, Thanksgiving Day, was wet and foggy, so that long runs on live birds were possible. Target shooting continued throughout the second day as on the first. In the target scores high guns were Johnson, Haertie, Schuchardt, Plankinton, Sayle and Williamson. In the live-bird match first money was divided by Marks, Bush, Williamson, Schuchardt and Browall.

The following are the scores for the third and last day, Nov. 26:

No. 9, 10 live birds, for Plankinton trophy: Kabo 5, Marks 9, Browall 9, Bogart 6, Plankinton 8, Shea 8, King 7, Himmelstein 9, Thomas 7, Bosworth 7, Rogers 9, Porter 8, Williamson 8, Deiter 7, Sayle 7, Bush 6. Klapinski 8, Reed 7, and Carroll 8.

No. 10, team shoot, 10 live birds: National No. 1—Bush 8, Vose 7, King 10, Carroll 5—30; National No 2—Collins 8. Klapinski 8, Keifer 7, Burnaham 9—32; Eau Claire—Kabo 8, Browall 8, Johnson 9, Marks 10—35; National No. 3—Sayle 8, Porter 8, Reed 7, Rogers 10—33; Wisconsin—Phillips 9. Weidner 8, Slaybough 7, Farber 9—33; North Milwaukee—Wulf 6. Bosworth 9, Duval 7, Egan 10—32; Bay View—Van Etts 9, Abels 6, Okerhauser 7, Krock 8—30; National No. 4—Thomas 7, Plankinton 7, Deiter 10, Williamson 10—34.

STONY ISLAND THANKSGIVING SHOOT.

The following are the scores made by the Stony Island Gun Club, of Chicago, at their Thanksgiving shoot on the grounds at Ninety-fifth street and Stony Island avenue:

No. 1, 15 targets: Shepherd 7, Larimore 13, S. G Zimmerman 10, A. Sjogern 10, E. Sjogern 7, Siegel & Cooper 13.

No. 2, same: Hanson 6, Dr. McLaughlin 5, E. Sjogern 7, S. G. Zimmerman 7, Larimore 9, Siegel & Cooper 9, Dr. Campbell 9, Dr. Swan 2.

No. 3, same: S. G. Zimmerman 11, Larimore 11, Dr Campbell 10, E. Sjogern 9.

No. 4, 15 targets, $1: S. G. Zimmerman 10, Larimore 8, E. Sjogern 9, Siegel & Cooper 12, Dr. Larkin 10, Dr. McLaughlin 6.

No. 5, live birds: Shepherd 16, A. Sjogern 15, Dr. Swan 4, S. G. Zimmerman 3, Larimore 5, Dr. McLaughlin 9, C. B. Sjogern 5, Goodrich 5.

No. 6, live birds, practice: Willard 21.

No. 7, 10 targets: Dr. Larkin 6, Goodrich 6, Larimore 6, Siegel & Cooper 7, S. G. Zimmerman 6, Willard 10.

No. 8, 10 live birds, $4: Dr Larkin 9, Willard 10, Larimore 10, S. G. Zimmerman 10, Dr. McLaughlin 7, Goodrich 9.

No 9, 10 live birds, $4: E Marsh 8, Willard 9, Dr. Larkin 9, Larimore 6, S. G Zimmerman 10.

No. 10, 15 targets: Larimore 10, S. G. Zimmerman 12, Goodrich 11, Hanson 5, Siegel & Cooper 12, E. Marsh 5, Willard 11.

No. 11, live birds: Willard 15, E Marsh 15, Larimore 5.

No. 12, targets, private match, $5, loser to pay for birds: Siegel & Cooper 20, Goodrich 19.

U. OF M. GUN CLUB.

Students of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, Mich., have organized a gun club which will be under the auspices of the Athletic Association. There are but few college gun clubs in the West, but more of them would be no detriment in the gentlemanly education of the youth of the land. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

House of Lords Medal.

JOPLIN, Mo., Nov 23.—The third championship live-bird shoot for the House of Lords gold medal occurred at the Joplin Gun Club grounds yesterday, and for the third successive time W. E Morgan, city marshal of Joplin, and champion amateur live-bird shot of the Southwest, won the trophy, getting 22 birds out of a possible 25, and killing one bird that fell dead out of bounds. J. L. Horn, of Galena, Kan., who shot against Morgan, got 18 birds out of 25, and lost 3 which fell out of bounds.

The House of Lords medal was put up as a trophy, to be won by the champion amateur live-bird shot at the Missouri-Kansas shooting tournament last September It was won by W. E. Morgan, who killed 25 birds without a miss. One of the conditions provides that the medal is subject to contest, and the winner of it has to accept all challenges from amateurs in this district until it shall have been successfully defended three times in succession, when it is to become the property of the winner. Morgan has successfully defended the medal twice, once with Horn on Nov. 22, and on Nov. 17 in a match with Taylor Cox, of Galena, Kan., in which Morgan killed 22 birds out of 25 to Cox's 17.

W. G. Sergeant, champion amateur clay-pigeon shot of the Southwest, has challenged Morgan to shoot for the medal. The challenge has been accepted, but the date not yet fixed. If Morgan wins this match he will own the medal. ERLE

Forester Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 25.—The Forester Gun Club held an enjoyable shoot on Thanksgiving Day. Four of the events were for turkeys. D. Fleming won two, J. Fleming took one and Tarlton one. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Angles:	K	15	U	R	U	K	U	R	U	K	U
Whitehead	6	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Fleming	6	7	8	7	9	9	8	8	7	8
Winans	6	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Fleming	6	9	..	6	8	8	7	8	7	6
Tarlton	..	..	7	7	6	5	7	4	4	6
E Jewell	..	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Dr Cummins	..	8	5	6	7	5	6	7	6	5
A Jewell	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Backus	..	..	..	7	6	3	4	7	3	6
Wheaton	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rich	..	..	..	6	..	6	5	6	5	5
Koenig	..	..	..	5	..	..	3	..	3	5

ON LONG ISLAND.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT DEXTER PARK.

Nov. 25.—The open live-bird sweeps held to-day at Dexter Park were poorly patronized. There were five events, all at 5 live birds, $5 entry, 28yds. rise. Dr. Hudson shot well, missing but two birds out of 25 shot at. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Dr. Hudson	11211—5	12212—5	10221—4	22222—5	12021—4
Selover	10•01—2	22201—4	2000w-1	11221—5	.....
Stern	02220—3	•0022—2	22222—5	220•1—3	02212—4
Martin	02?•2—3	2••22—3	22202—4	2222•—4	22222—5
Matzen	.....	12112—5	11022—4	12?21—5	20222—4
Short	.....	02122—4	12220—4	2222•—4	.....
Van Allen	.....	22221—5	22121—5	22212—5	12122—5
Knebel	.....	.....	.....	.....	12111—5

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB

Nov. 25.—The Brooklyn Gun Club held its shoot this afternoon on the club's grounds, at Liberty avenue and Enfield street. Eight events were shot, all of which were at singles, except No. 6, which was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	25	10	10	10	15	Targets:	10	10	10	25	10	10	10	15
Swan	8	8	9	20	9	6	9	11	Osterhout	6	9	7	19	..	4	..	..
Skidmore	7	8	7	23	8	6	9	..	Lane	..	5	4	..	..	..	..	..
Wright	6	5	5	16	6	4	5	10	G Van Sise	..	..	..	..	6	..	5	8
A Van Sise	5	5	8	16	6	..	5	..									

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

Nov. 25.—Thirty members of the Westminster Kennel Club took part in the Thanksgiving Day shoot of the club, held at Babylon to-day. The birds were very fast, and good scores were rare. The first event was a handicap sweep at 5 birds, $5 entry. No. 2 was the allowance cup shoot; all shooters at 29yds. and back, miss-and-out; 28yds., 1 miss to count as no-bird; 27yds., 1 miss as a kill; 26yds. and 25yds., 1 miss as a kill and 1 miss no bird. No. 3 was for the fixed distance cup, everybody at 28yds. No. 4 was the Thanksgiving Day cup handicap, 10 birds. The scores:

No. 1: J. G. Follansbee (25) 2, E Wright (26) 1, C. M. Chapin (29) 2, J. S. Williams (29) 2, H. Redmond (27) 1, G. De Forrest Grant (28) 1, G. B. Magoun (28) 1, G. S. McAlpin (32) 5, Robert McCook (26) 5, F. P. Magoun (27) 1, W. W. Watrous (28) 1, Wharton Ferguson (28) 1, J. Coleman Drayton (28) 2, Col. Butler (29) 1, Herman B. Duryea (27) 5, H. G. Gilbert (31) 1.

No. 2: J. G. Follansbee (25) 5, E. Wright (26) 8, Chapin (29) 9, Williams (29) 1, Redmond (29) 2, Grant (28) 6, G. B. Magoun (28) 10, McAlpin (32) 0, McCook (26) 4, Watrous (28) 2, Ferguson (28) 5, Drayton (28) 4, Butler (29) 0, Duryea (27) 1, Gilbert (31) 6, Knapp (27) 5.

No. 3: Follansbee 0, Wright 0, Chapin 2, Williams 4, Redmond 0, Grant 10, G. B Magoun 5, McAlpin 9, McCook 1, Watrous 6, Drayton 3, Butler 2, Duryea 0, Gilbert 2, Knapp 2.

No. 4: Follansbee (25) 1, Wright (26) 7, Chapin (29) 5, Williams (29) 8, Redmond (27) 1, Grant (28) 8, G. B Magoun (28) 8, McAlpin (32) 12, McCook (26) 1, F. P. Magoun (27) 0, Watrous (28) 0, Ferguson (28) 8, Drayton (28) 4, Butler (27) 1, Duryea (27) 0, Gilbert (41) 10, Knapp (27) 0.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Nov. 23.—The monthly shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club was held at Dexter Park to-day. The club was very well represented, thirty shooters taking part in the sport:

	Points.		Points.
Doeinck (30)	12?2101202—8	7	Krut (28) 2000002000—2	5½
Nowak (30)	222?121021—8	7	Peterson (28) 2210222212—9	5
Voss (28)	2222012022—8	7	Lang (28) 0220210222—7	5
Garms (28)	1210202201—7	7	Stetzle (28) 0022102022—6	5
Payntar (28)	0201020022—5	7	Newman (26) 2201?00020—5	4½
Woelfel (28)	1002202002—5	7	Kessler (26) 0202220200—5	4½
Schlicht (28)	2010220020—5	6½	Breit (26) 2000220200—4	4½
Webber (28)	2222201221—9	6	Koch (26) 2200000?02—3	4½
Forster (28)	1122022212—8	6	Rubenstein (26) 2122022221—9	4
Steffen (28)	0112202221—8	6	Beeden (26) 0220120202—6	4
Muench (28)	2202220221—8	6	Marquardt (26) 2002110002—5	4
Metz (28)	2012200222—7	6	Brennen (26) 0220201200—5	4
Regan (28)	2100220221—7	5½	Wigger (26) 02?0012002—5	4
Schaefer (28)	0222002022—6	5½	Herrmann (26) 2000020000—2	4
Himmelsbach (28)	2012020022—6	5½	Knodel (26) 0020000209—2	4

CARTERET CLUB.

Nov. 24.—Four members of the Carteret Club met at the club's grounds, Garden City, L. I., to-day, and shot a number of live-bird sweeps. The shooting was good and the scores close. Nos. 1 and 3 were miss-and-out events, re-entry allowed; Nos. 2 and 7 were at 10 birds, and Nos. 4, 5 and 6 at 5 birds. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Ferguson (27)	120—2	022?221212—9	22021—4	22211—5
Gilbert (30)	0 —0	0212222222—9	20210—3	20122—4
McAlpin (32)	221—3	2012222220—8	21211—5	21222—5
Chapin (28)	121 - 3	2012?12222—9	22212—5	0021w-2

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	Ties.
Ferguson (27)	21221—5	22222—5	2222222111—10	1120—3
Gilbert (30)	1101w—3	12211—5	2212222122—10	2122—4
McAlpin (32)	20221—4	12222—5	2222222222—10	2220—3
Chapin (28)	01221—4	0w —0	0w — 0	

THE CUCKOOS AT ROCKAWAY PARK.

Nov. 29.—The Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club (the Cuckoos) held its shoot at Rockaway Park to-day. The programme consisted of twelve target events, as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	10	10	10
Henry	8	9	9	9	7	6	12	10	10	7	..	..
Harsenger	7	7	14	14	7	11	9	12	7	..	..	..
Baar	6	11	11	11	8	8	15	14	9	6	..	..
Schaefer	6	9	9	10	9	9	12	12	10	7	..	..
Fischer	9	8	8	8	7	12	12	..	..	..	..	..
Young	10	8	8	7	10	9	15	10	8	..	..	..
Dudley	10	10	10	10	10	12	17	11	..	..	..	..
Esau	7	7	9	10	12	9	14	12	14	8	9	..
Bourke	..	..	..	..	8	5	..	..	10	8	..	..
Stoney	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	9	3	7	..	4
Coleman	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Woods	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	10
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Tiernan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5
Bernard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5
Curtis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
Wagner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2

FALCON GUN CLUB

Nov. 26.—The Falcon Gun Club had six members out at its regular club shoot at Dexter Park to-day. The club shoots under the points system, a first-barrel kill counting 1 point, and a second-barrel kill ½ point. Moller won the club event with 5½ points, Vagt and Voge tieing for second place with 4½ points each. The team race was won by Voge's team by half a point. The scores:

Moller	½	1	0	1	1	1	1—5½	
Vagt	1	½	1	0	0	1	1—4½	
Voge	½	1	0	1	1	1	0—4½	
Van Studer	1	½	0	½	1	1	0—4	
Bohling	1	1	0	½	1	0	0—3½	
Doscher	1	½	0	0	0	1	0—2½	

Vagt's Team.				Voge's Team.			
Vagt	½	1	0—1½	Voge	½	½	1—2
Bohling	0	1	0—1	Doscher	1	½	0—1½
Moller	½	1	1—2½—5	Van Studer	1	1	0—2 —5½

The Pawling Tournament.

PAWLING, N. Y., Nov. 25.—The tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club was held here to-day. The shoot was a success, twenty men participating. Twenty-one events were shot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Targets:	10	10	20	10	20	10	15	30	15	25	10	15	10	10	20	10	20	10	10	10	10
Greiff	9	9	15	8	17	7	13	21	9	19	7	12	7	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Taber	6	5	..	6	..	4	10	..	8	..	9	6	7	6	6	..	14	6	5	..	..
Nelson	3	3	12	4	9	5	5	..	6	17	4	..	7	5	..	6	..	4	5	7	..
Betts	7	6	15	5	12	7	10	20	10	13	8	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lefurgy	5	4	..	..	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Dutcher	4	8	13	8	8	7	5	16	9	13	5	5	5	5	14	8	10	6	5	4	4
Woods	7	6	14	6	7	7	9	21	11	18	6	8	7	8	13	6	..	..	..	..	..
Holmes	9	7	10	5	..	3	9	..	10	10	7	9	4	7	..	8	16	7	7	6	9
Tallman	..	..	..	9	19	10	11	27	13	22	10	13	8	..	20	10	18	7	7	10	8
Foster	..	..	..	7	15	7	13	17	13	18	6	9	7	7	13	8	16	7	10	6	..
Carpenter	..	..	..	..	11	4	5	..	10	..	5	12	7	6	13	4	..	..	..	..	..
Betty	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	10	18	7	8	6	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sutton	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	13	11	..	..	3	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fowler	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	..	9	7	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Diehl	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	..	7	8	6	7	13	4	..	..	..	..	..
Gray	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	6	..	5	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
ATallman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	8	..	7	6
CTallman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..
Stack	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2

Carleton Rifle and Shotgun Association.

CARLETON, Mich., Nov. 18.—Inclosed find scores made at our target and live-bird shoot held on Nov. 17 and 18. The attendance was large both days, considering that this is the open season for ducks and deer in these parts. The shooting was continuous from early morning until dark. Lunch was served on the grounds by Wallace & Madison. Manager Ben. O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, deserves great praise for his good management. There were many valuable merchandise and cash prizes.

John Parker, of Detroit; J. H. Hulbert, of Shiphewona, Ind.; Ben. O Bush, Kalamazoo; Sam Gay, Rockwood, and Prof. Ames and C. L. Edwards, of Carleton, did the best shooting for the two days.

The scores follow:

Nov. 17:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	15	25	15	20	25
Edwards	7	9	12	..	..	..	14	9	..	15
Ames	9	10	..	12	6	10	19	10	15	20
Clark	10	5	..	8	7	10	20	..	..	20
Wallace, Jr	8	5	..	..	..	12	16	9	10	14
Hill	1	7	8	7	8	..	18	4	9	..
Hulbert	7	8	12	16	12	10	18	12	12	20
Chamberlin	10	13	14	14	7	11	24	..	..	19
Bush	..	10	..	..	10	..	19	12	16	20
Arnold	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	7	15	..
Wallace, Sr	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	4	..
Allen	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Gay	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	13	20	21
Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	7	16	19
Bromley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Wise	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Ready	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Richards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..

No. 11, team race, 20 targets per man: Parker 16, Gay 16; total 32. Hulbert 18, Bush 15; total 33. Clark 8, Chamberlin 13; total 21.

No. 12, team race, 50 targets per man: Hulbert 41, Bush 42; total 83. Gay 42, Parker 39; total 81.

Nov 18:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Edwards	00211—3	10002—2	00110—2	11101—4
Ames	22020—3	01110—3	01101—3	10010—2
Barry	00010—1	11101—4	00111—3	11010—3
Clark	20020—2	01011—3	11111—5	11110—4
Hill	10211—4	20001—2	.....	.....
Rome	10111—4	11010—3	.....	.....
Vivian	11101—4	.....	.....	.....
Allen	01000—1	.....	.....	.....

	No. 5.	No. 6.
Parker	110 —2	111111111111111—15
Bush	11111—5	111111111111111—15
Gay	11110—4	1111110 — 6
Hulbert	0 —0	0 — 0
Ames	11110—4	.....

DR. O. J. FAY, Sec'y.

Keystone Shooting League's Tournament.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Nov. 25.—The Keystone Shooting League handicap was shot here to-day. Three men tied for first money with clean scores; four tied for second with 1 miss, and third money was tied for by four men with 2 misses each. The conditions of the handicap were 20 birds, $10 entry, three guaranteed purses; $75 to first, $50 to second, $25 to third, with extra purses of $20 for every two entries over fifteen. The birds were an extra good lot, and the high scores are only accounted for by the excellence of the entries. Scores:

Hallowell (30)	12111122111111112212—20
Dolan (30)	22222222222222222222—20
Van Camp (29)	12222221121221111122—20
Brewer (33)	22222?22222122222202—19
H Thurman (30)	22220211212211222222—19
Vandegrift (30)	12?2021111221122112?1—19
McShane (29)	10222222222122222222—19
Armstrong (30)	22122102211012212112—18
J Thurman (30)	21002222122122222123—18
Bucknell (27)	22222222022202222212—18
Coldren (30)	12•2222222•122112222—18
Lane (30)	22122112222222?•02—17
Budd (30)	21211110211?•2112210—17
Stevenson (28)	21222?2222200?122012—17
Landis (30)	1•11212222202112202—17
Wolstencroft (30)	10121•12121111200210•—15
Ross (28)	20220102222120w —10
Norton (30)	22022022220•?0w — 9
Zwirlein (30)	2001••21110w — 6
Walsey (30)	22202222010w — 7

Sweep, 5 birds: H. Thurman 5, Coldren 5, Norton 4, Stevenson 4.

Reading, Pa.

THE annual fall event of the South End Gun Club, of Reading, was shot Nov. 25. The first event of the day was a live-bird match, which was participated in by seven of the members, Hurlingham rules, 21yds. rise, and 50yds. boundary. Considering the threatening weather and bad background in consequence, a good score was made. The birds were a selected lot, and each man shot at 10 birds. Owing to the condition of the wind, the birds presented right quarter shots. The score is as follows:

Hill	1010010000—3	Downs	0101111000—5
Eshelman	1101011111—8	W Texter	0111011110—7
Shultz	0001000000—1	Willson	1010101010—5
P Texter	1111000011—6		

In the afternoon bluerock targets were shot at over the magautrap. The sky was even more heavy than in the morning, making high scores impossible. The various events were witnessed by a good-sized audience:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
F M Farr	4	..	4	1	3	6	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Rhoades	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	..	4	..	..	..	7	..
Shaaber	3	10	5	5	..	..	..	..	7	3	4	3	4	..	..	..	6
Hill	5	4	..	7	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
Ball	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	1	6	3	5	6	4	..	5	6	4
Lawrence	3	2	0	..	..	..	..	..	4	1	3	3	3	..	..	..	..
Eshelman	..	9	..	8	6	4	..	7	7	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	
F Yost	..	10	..	..	..	6	4	..	6	..	4	..	7	5	8	7	6
P Texter	..	..	7	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Downs	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	1	..	..	2	..	..	
Shultz	..	..	4	5	6	4	2	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Andrews	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Miller	..	..	..	..	6	6	6	..	4	..	..	..	2	9	..	..	..
Gilbert	..	..	..	..	0	0	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Texter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	2	2	5	..	..	..
Miles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..	4	..	4	

A. A. F.

Bison Gun Club's Shoot.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 25.—The first annual merchandise shoot of the Bison Gun Club was held here this afternoon. Although the weather was bad, the shoot was a success, as a glance at the score will show. The first thirteen events were at singles; No. 14 was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	25	10	15	20	15	15	10	10	10
Litton	8	9	10	10	9	21	8	9	15	9	..	..	6	..
Mack	10	12	17	14	15	19	6	14	15	13	..	10	9	..
Cooper	8	7	12	10	9	16	6	6	13	..	..	9	4	..
Fovie	9	13	18	14	14	19	6	11	15	12	12	6	..	8
E C Burkhardt	10	14	18	13	12	20	9	14	17	10	15	..	..	..
Bauman	7	11	15	12	13	24	8	14	15	15	13	..	..	7
Swiveler	8	13	16	14	13	23	9	13	14	9	..	..	..	..
Zoeller	8	15	16	12	12	22	8	14	17	12	11	..	..	..
Bebe	5	8	..	6	4	15	6	11	17	..	13	7	5	5
Apfel	8	10	15	11	8	22	9	13	11	12	..	7	7	..
Bakeman	..	..	..	..	11	15	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wheeler	..	..	..	..	13	19	7	10	18	13	12	..	..	..
Borst	7	12	15	12	12	22	7	8	14	..	..	..	7	..
Estes	..	..	..	8	12	15	8	12	14	12	..	..	..	..
Esson	6	12	12	..	..	18	10	..	18	11	..	9	5	..
Wilson	..	15	..	12	..	17	..	13	..	14	12	..	7	..
Warren	..	..	16	11	11	..	9	13	17	14	11	..	..	..
333	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	8	15	8	..	..	..	..
Salesman	..	..	..	..	..	19	6	13	12	14	11	..	..	..
McCarney	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	10	19	11	..	..	..	9
C S Burkhardt	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	13	18	12	11	..	..	..
Hager	8	8	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brandy	..	..	..	..	6	..	9	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Garrison	..	..	..	8	..	..	9	13	..	..	13	..	8	..
Morris	5	9	15	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Eaton	4	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Warwick Gun Club.

WARWICK, N. Y., Nov. 18.—The Warwick Gun Club will hold a club shoot on Thanksgiving Day for members of the club and their friends; no regular programme. Events to suit shooters.

Mr. C. W. Wisner has challenged Mr. J. B Rogers for the president's cup, and the match will be shot off on Nov. 25 at 3 P. M.

On Nov. 16 the club members took advantage of the pleasant weather, and the following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		
Angles:	U	U	U	U	D	D	U		
Targets:	15	25	25	25	10	5	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Ogden	8	20	19	17	15	8	8	130	95
Wisner	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	40	22
Williams	..	16	20	17	10	5	..	105	68
Sires	..	20	24	20	..	5	..	95	69
Welling	..	18	13	..	..	..	..	50	31
Rogers	..	..	13	19	9	6	7	90	54

JOHN B ROGERS.

Nov. 25.—Inclosed you will find the scores of our Thanksgiving Day shoot, also the scores of the first shoot for the E. C. and Schultze Powder cup, also the match for the President's cup, which was shot to-day. All the scores were very good, considering the light. The next shoot for the President's cup will be on Christmas day. J. M. Servin has challenged J. B Rogers, the holder, and the challenge has been accepted. The light was very poor, and a strong breeze blew all day.

No. 1, 10 unknown bluerocks: Ogden 9, Rogers 6, Servin 4, Welch 3.

No. 2, 15 unknown bluerocks: Ogden 14; Dunning, Lines, 12; Rogers, Welch, 11; Welling 10; Servin, Williams, 7; Edsall 3.

No. 3, 10 unknown bluerocks: Ogden 9; Dunning, Lines, 8; Welling 7; Williams, Edsall, 6; Servin 4; Rogers 3.

No. 4, 10 unknown bluerocks: Dunning 10, Lines 8, Ogden 7, Williams 3.

No. 5, 10 unknown bluerocks: Ogden, Dunning, 9; Servin 7; Williams 6; Lines 4. Tie: Ogden 9, Dunning 10.

No. 6, 5 unknown bluerocks: Rogers, Lines, 4.

No. 7, 10 unknown: Lines 8; Rogers, Servin, 6.

No. 8, 10 unknown: Lines 7, Servin 6, Rogers 3.

No. 9, 10 unknown, prize 1lb. can powder: Dunning 9; Welch, Ogden, Williams and Welling 7; Rogers and Servin 6, Edsall 2.

No. 10, 10 unknown, prize 1lb. can powder: Dunning 8; Edsall, Lines, Welling, Ogden and Welch 7; Servin 6, Rogers 5.

No. 11, 10 unknown: Lines 9, Ogden 8, Dunning 7, Welch 6, Williams 5, Edsall 4.

No. 12, 5 pairs: Ogden, Dunning and Lines 6; Williams 4, Servin 2. Tie: Ogden 3, Dunning 2, Lines 1.

No. 13, 10 unknown: Dunning 8, Ogden 7, Welch and Williams 5, Wisner 3, Edsall 2.

E. C. and Schultze cup, 50 birds: Lines 45, Rogers and Dunning 42, Ogden 38, Welch 37, Servin and Welling 33, Williams 32, Wisner 27, Edsall 22.

President's cup, 100 birds, unknown angles:

C W Wisner	10100111011100101011011—15
	11111111001010110101110111—18
	10011010011001111101100110—14
	11101010100101011111111000—16—63
J B Rogers	00110011110101001011000000—11
	01011011101110110111011100—16
	11111110111111011111111011—22
	01100111110101001110110001—15—64

Trap at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov. 10.—An interesting little match was shot here to-day between Bingham and Jones and Amberg and Patti, 25 birds per man, losing side to pay for the birds. The Bingham-Jones combination won by 1 bird. The score:

Bingham	22022222222222222222022222—23
Jones	10221011002220120012021?2—17—40
Amberg	12110122222221222020221121—22
Patti	?020112002?1021211110021011—17—39

Nov. 11.—Match at 25 birds, for price of birds:

P Stone	00112212020121120120210000—16
O von Lengerke	22222220222222222222200222—22

Practice:

Kent	01200200122221221111121210201201121111101211—36
Thorn	01001001100100010100221212221200001100020001 —21
Stannard	12211102111222001202021120112021011010212 0 —31
Donnelly	22111111102201102110011201122101120 0 —30
Stone	0212101111202110 —12

Nov. 12.—Glover and McFarland vs. Bingham and Amberg:

Bingham	?212222222222222220222202—23
Amberg	11122222102222222222 —19—42
Glover	01212111212211112001110 20—20
McFarland	01121111211121020200011210—19—39

Practice:

Dr Shaw	11102221121101211221221202211211121212021—36

Nov. 13.—Practice:

Mussey	20122222022121210122222001201121021220220220222—40
Dicks	21012211101122012002121200102221002000121111121—37
Wadsworth	22221110212200021120021 01—18
Hollester	12121121111200012002021111200222012—26
Stickels	10022001120101?222211111000?—20
Adams	02022022212111122211202202—20
Shaw	11120200102111011021 11—16
Wiley	?021220122222222222—17
Lockey	00012000011012110 21—11
Richards	12101010010102?— 9

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

C. L. E., Texas.—As there are none of the breed of dogs advertised which you mention, we are unable to give you the information.

W. W C., McKeesport, Pa.—Is it not against the Pennsylvania law to sell game? We can buy game of all kinds here to-day. Ans. The law reads: "That it shall be unlawful at any season of the year to kill any elk, deer, fawn, wild turkey, pheasant, grouse, quail, partridge or woodcock for the purpose of selling the same."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Florida, Augusta, Aiken—The South.

THE season is open for Southern travel. The Southern Railway announces the most perfect dining and sleeping car service for all Southern cities and winter resorts for the season of 1897-98. The two Limited trains—the Washington and Southern Limited and United States Fast Mail—are operated daily, every day in the year, giving the most superb service. New York to New Orleans, Aiken, Augusta, Asheville ("the Land of the Sky"), Savannah, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Tampa, Atlanta, Memphis, Chattanooga, and, in fact, any point South or Southwest. Effective Jan. 17, the "Florida Limited" will be resumed—a most magnificently equipped train built especially by the Pullman Company for this service, and will be operated solid between New York and St. Augustine, composed exclusively of dining, library, observation, drawing-room and compartment sleeping cars. Leaving New York daily, except Sunday, at 12:10 noon, reaching St. Augustine following afternoon for lunch; also attached to this train will be most perfect service New York to Aiken and Augusta; also Brunswick, Ga., and Jekyl Island. For full particulars, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern passenger agent, 271 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

THE Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O., are now prepared to distribute through the trade, free of charge, their new calendar for 1898. About two thirds of the large card (16×25in.) is devoted to a reproduction of a very spirited water color, by the artist, Mr. Fred Achert. It is entitled "His Last Leap," and portrays the death of a deer, which, shot while drinking, whirls about and springs in a death leap toward the shore. The creek in which the deer had been drinking stretches away in a

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1897.

VOL. XLIX.—No. 24. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

A STATE DEER PARK FOR LONG ISLAND.

ON Long Island, within sixty miles of New York city, is one of the most wonderful natural deer preserves in this country. Here, in spite of pursuit which has been continuous since the settlement of the country, and in spite of the proximity of the largest city of the continent, with its hosts of sportsmen and market hunters, the native stock of deer has persisted and remains to-day in a supply which is on the increase.

That under existing conditions the stock should multiply is not remarkable, for these conditions are favorable to that result. The game is protected all the year through with the exception only of four days, the Wednesdays of November. Adjoining the open deer range are the fenced grounds of the South Side Sportsmen's Club and other preserves; and when the shooting begins on the opening day the deer flee for refuge into these protected harbors of refuge, crowding in through some of the gates "like a flock of sheep," as eye-witnesses have described it. Thus, while in a single day, as this year, a hundred deer may be killed by the army of sportsmen who turn out for the first Wednesday, large numbers escape to the park shelters, where they are shut in. The following Wednesdays show decreased scores. The entire number killed in the four days of last month was estimated at from 175 to 200.

The number killed in 1897 was practically that of 1896, while the stock of game, according to the testimony of those who are informed, was larger this year than last. Persons familiar with Long Island know from observation that the deer have increased within the last fifteen years, and that the present rate of increase is steady and continuous. The explanation of this is found in the two facts: The first is that the hunting season is so short that it does not permit destruction which can effect a diminution of the supply to offset the increase. The second fact is that the deer are in a state of semi-domesticity, which is highly favorable to fertility, so that they are breeding as domestic stock do in security and tranquility. The open season of four days, separated by week intervals, is not so alarming as to disturb the game and make it wild. The hunting din and fusillade through November are as purely incidental in their bearing on the wildness of the game as is the incursion of the small boy in the chicken yard to run down a rooster for Sunday's dinner. Before the surprised and terrified deer begin to suspect what it means for them the campaign is over.

Under existing conditions, then, the maintenance of the Long Island deer stock is assured. Nevertheless there is heard annually the cry that the supply is being exterminated. This perhaps is not to be wondered at when one is confronted by a total of 100 deer killed in a single day. The facts, however, show, as we have said, that, notwithstanding the army of gunners who make up the skirmish lines in November, the deer actually are in numbers more than before. Moved by the reports of a highly sensational nature which the daily papers have given from time of the Long Island hunting, various well-meaning individuals have suggested that all the wild deer country should be taken up by private individuals, and converted into a great preserve, to the end of "saving the deer;" and names of prominent land owners on the Island and others have been mentioned as having such an enterprise in view. Of this it is to be said that there is no necessity of any such undertaking for the sake of "saving the deer," nor would there be any justice in inclosing those remaining lands now open to the public and shutting the people out from the privilege of deer hunting. The deer in the country which is still open to the public belong to the public, so far as hunting privileges are concerned, and there would be no justice nor anything other than selfish aggrandizement to justify one person or a number of persons in fencing the deer land. A very large number of people are interested in Long Island deer hunting, and interested equally in degree with those who have preserves or who could afford to take up new preserves.

It may be, however, that the Long Island deer, being partially a domestic animal, might properly be treated as such in some way to make the surplus stock of advantage to the State at large. If any new deer preserves are to be established on Long Island they should be provided by the State Fish and Game Commission for the purpose of increasing the game supply of the Catskills and other regions which the Commissioners are endeavoring to restock. Then when the season opens, and deer rush like sheep through preserve gates, they could be taken by the Commission for breeding purposes or for immediate transportation to Sullivan county, the Catskill Mountains and elsewhere. Such a State park could be established without in any serious degree restricting the hunting privileges now enjoyed by the public. It would give a wise solution of the Long Island deer problem.

FIELD TRIAL TRANSITIONS.

PROFESSIONALISM in sport is business in sport. When professionalism has insidiously incorporated itself as a part of legitimate sport, it has always proved to be detrimental and sometimes ruinous to it.

However cunningly professionalism may be colored as a part of sport or cloaked to conceal its rapacity, it has but one earnest purpose in its efforts: the purpose of money getting. It is the business of making the most money out of the men who foster and follow sport for the pleasure of it.

As a business necessity, the professional devotes his whole time, or a large part of it, to perfecting himself in his specialty, so that he may so excel the sportsmen in skill that his own business success, once he is able to participate, is assured. To the men who seek sport as a diversion from the mental and physical labors of business routine, the highest attainable degree of skill in sport is neither a necessity nor a possibility. A reasonable proficiency is sufficient to insure a reasonable degree of success in the moments the sportsman can spare from business.

While all professionals in sport seek to make the pleasure of others their own capital in business, there is a wide difference in them individually. A few are conservative and moderate in their money seeking, while others have a rapacity which would hardly be satisfied if it absorbed everything.

Professionalism in its own sphere has its own mission. It accomplishes much as a useful accession to sport, but it is not the sport itself, nor does it emanate from the class which makes sport an institution. And yet there are few institutions of sport which are not followed as a business by some professionals. No apparent harm may follow, as nearly all branches of sport have sufficient vitality to sustain a certain degree of parasitic drain without visible signs of harm from it.

Probably no form of legitimate sport has been so persistently preyed upon by an element of professionalism as has that of the dog and gun. Field trials in particular are a lesson in the rapacity of an element of professionalism, ever hungry and unsatisfied, and in the harm of it when it has its way unchecked. The first field trials, inaugurated in the 70s, were symbolical of true sport, of a spirit of friendly emulation among men who loved the pleasure of sportsmanship for its own sake. From this as a starting point there were rapid transitional stages from pleasure to business. There was a transition from cups to cash prizes; from trophies which commemorate a victory and perpetuate a glory, to cash which represents the profit of the moment. It is a significant period in sport when the winner demands cash for his victory in the same manner that the tradesman demands cash for his wares, or the laborer pay for his services.

In the late 80s thousands of dollars were offered each year in prizes at the field trials, and nearly every field trial interest became commercial. Judges were paid large sums for their services, and many times they were professionals in the business. The professional secretary later dawned upon the scene. For the service of doing the clerical work of a club, a mere incident of business, he demanded and received as much as some men receive for a year's salary for constant work.

The trials then consumed weeks of wearisome time in their running. It was laborious sport with an entire commercial significance. Out of this evolved the "field trial dog," a wild creature, in most instances half broken or less, and always much given to hunting for his own pleasure, as is the way of such dogs. The dog which would work reasonably well to the gun belonged, in the jargon of the cult, to the class of "plug shooting dogs."

The distinction served a good commercial purpose in parading that no one could hope to own anything really "high class" unless it had on it the field-trial stamp of approval. No dog which worked pleasantly to the gun could ever hope to be "high-class." The boom in prices followed. There was much studying and mixing of pedigrees, and learned disquisitions on breeding by men who had become breeders and sportsmen on the previous day. The mushroom hordes who embraced sport as a business proposition abandoned it after the boom collapsed—as all booms in time do—but there was much money made, nevertheless, by a few who were more skillful in pedigree twaddle with its commercial bearing than were others. Puppies with any satisfactory claim to fashionable breeding sold from $50 to $250 when a few weeks old. Trained dogs of like kind sold from several hundred to a thousand or two thousand dollars.

Still professionalism was unsatisfied. It advised or dictated as it could in the matter of grounds, of the selection of judges, of the amount of prizes, and it was particularly conspicuous in the columns of the sporting press other than FOREST AND STREAM. There were malignant controversies and columns of advertising vented in weekly series. Yet it was still unsatisfied. It invaded the club membership itself. Every interest of the sport was then directly under the professional influence. Field trials began to decline.

There were but two clubs which closed their membership doors to professionals; those were the Eastern Field Trial Club and the Northwestern Field Trials Club. Many clubs have had their rise, progress and decline since those clubs were formed. As professionalism entered the clubs their non-professional members dropped out or their interest became dormant. They could find sport for themselves, sport free from parasites. In nearly all the clubs in which professionals secured membership the non-professional members withdrew to such an extent that the club was in the hands of professionals, and prestige and patronage were largely lost.

There came a time when the evil began its own cure. A strong sentiment has grown against the professional club member, the professional secretary, the professional breeder, who endeavor to foist themselves on sportsmen as the true article of sportsmanship, though always talking shop. Professionalism, with its tentacles in every branch of field trial interest where money could be gathered, nearly strangled it.

Professionalism in its place we recognize as of sterling worth, but professionalism as a parasitical industry we are opposed to. It is gratifying to note that the prospect for the proper regulation of professionalism in sport, whether at the trap, bench show or field trial, is now more promising than it has been in many years past.

FREQUENT allusions have recently been made in the daily press to the project said to have been set on foot in Tunis for breeding egrets in confinement, the intention being to rob these birds of their plumes during the breeding season, much as ostriches are deprived of their feathers. A writer named Jules Forest is quoted as having written to the *Revue Scientifique*, of Paris, an account of this project, in which the supposed breeder inclosed a considerable area of ground with a wall and covered the space with wire netting. Young egrets are said to have been procured in 1895 and in 1896, the number of adult birds is said to have been 400. It would seem that the birds started in at once to make the merchant's fortune, and were working hard for it.

The birds are said to be fed on horse and mule meat, worn out animals being purchased at the cost of a very few francs each. The breeding mothers are said to be supplied with small minnows.

The distant location of this "heron farm," and the fact that their breeding in confinement would be opposed to much that we imagine we know about the heron's life history, warrants the public in waiting for something a little more definite about this project before accepting these newspaper statements as true.

Read that account of the St. Louis game market and of the industrious hunters who supply it. The story is one which has all the more interest because it is written without prejudice. The statistics are instructive, and not less so the frank avowals of St. Louis dealers that their hired hunters begin their campaigns long before one close season has expired and extend them long after another close season has begun.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE NATIVE AMERICAN HUNTER.

IV.—A HUNTER HUNTED.

This happened a long time ago. One time at the end of the summer a party of Cheyennes started out to look for camps of their enemies to take horses from them. There were about thirty-five men in this party and they were hoping that they would find a camp of Shoshones or of Bannocks from whom they might take some horses; for the Shoshones and Bannocks had good horses and many of them.

The Cheyenne village stood on a little stream flowing out of the Black Hills toward the east, and these men started from there on foot, going through the Black Hills and coming to Powder River near the Pumpkin Buttes. From here they followed up Powder River. In those days the Snakes and the Bannocks lived all through the mountains and often came out on the plains to hunt buffalo, but the Cheyennes did not often go into the mountains.

One night these people camped at Powder River Cañon and slept there, but very early in the morning, just as the sky was beginning to get gray, they got up and built a fire and cooked some food and started to travel onward, walking one behind the other. A few of these people had guns, old smooth-bore muskets, but most of them carried bows and arrows.

They had started and were traveling along slowly, and it was now full daylight, only the sun did not yet shine down into the cañon, but they could see the line of its brightness creeping down the mountain to the west of them. Just as they were going up out of Powder River Cañon, Dog Head, the leader, looked up on the mountain to one side and saw a big ram come out into sight and snort. It stood on the edge of a cliff, among the grass and brush and pines that grew there, and they could only see its head and neck and its big horns.

All the men stopped and looked at this ram, and said to each other: "See that mountain sheep. I wish we could get closer to him and kill him, so that we might have him to eat." For a little while the sheep stood there, turning his head slowly one way and another, looking all about him, and the war party stood still and watched him. Then presently the ram drew back and disappeared, and the party started on again. Before very long they saw the sheep come out again on the edge of the wall further along, as if he had trotted along the shelf and then come out again to look at the men traveling. Again the Cheyennes stopped and looked at the sheep.

Out of sight of the Cheyennes something was creeping very slowly and softly along the shelf of the cliff on which the sheep was standing, and as the men stood there looking they saw an animal fly through the air and alight on the back of the sheep as it stood there looking down on the travelers. It was a mountain lion. The lion sprang on the sheep's back and caught it around the neck with one paw; but the sheep, instead of turning to run back, sprang forward, and both came tumbling down through the air to the foot of the cliff.

They fell a long way before they struck the rocks, and after they struck them their bodies rolled far down the steep mountain side. The Cheyennes quickly ran forward to the place where they were. There they found the mountain lion trying to get away. Two of his legs and some of his ribs were broken, and they killed him. A little way off they could see the mountain sheep, but when they went up to it there was something queer about it. The skin seemed loose, and when they took hold of it and lifted it up they found inside the skin a person.

The head and neck of the sheep were stuffed with grass, and balls of clay were put in it for eyes. The rest of the skin was drawn over the man's head and body, and his arms and legs were rubbed with white clay. In his left hand he had his bow and in his right a sheaf of arrows.

It was in this way that he hunted through the mountains. If sheep or deer saw him they thought him a sheep, and he could walk close to them.

The Cheyennes did not know who this man was and did not find his camp, but they thought him a Shoshone or a Bannock, so they took off his scalp and brought it home with them.

Geo. Bird Grinnell.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A DEER HUNTER IN VERMONT.

I am exceedingly fond of sport, yet do not consider it worth the cost of bodily comfort. It does not seem to me that it pays to be frozen for the sake of getting shots at wildfowl, nor would I endure the privations and discomforts of rough camp life for the chance of killing a deer, though that has long been my chief desire. The establishment of an open season for deer in Vermont, and the glowing accounts given of the abundance of that noble game there, seemed to offer the opportunity for which I had waited. Where deer come into the gardens of farmhouses, and even invade the village streets, one certainly need not endure great hardship in hunting them. A friend secured lodgings for me at a farmhouse where deer were said to be most abundant, and Oct. 1 found me installed there armed with suitable weapons and supplies, with such creature comforts as were not likely to be provided by my host.

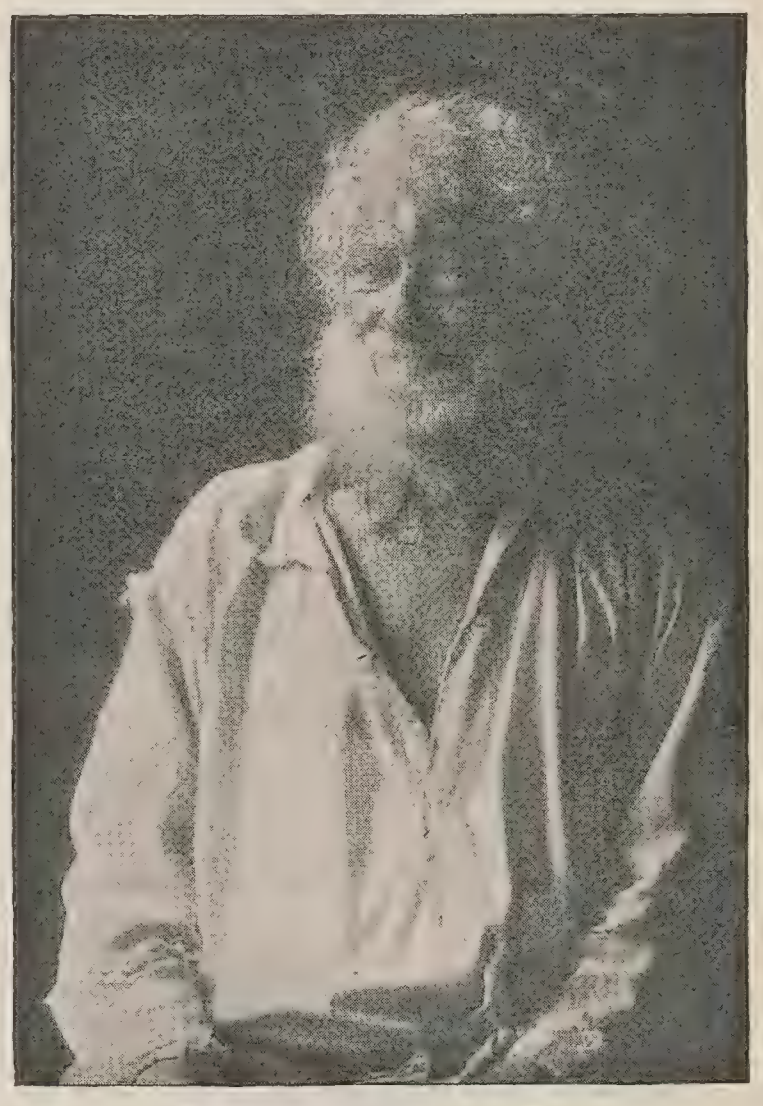
My host was past middle age, of plain manners and speech, and a countenance so honest that I was at once inspired with confidence in all his statements. He told me that deer were frequently seen on the farm, in the pasture with the cows, and in the grain fields, and that more than once an old buck had come into the garden from which he had to be "shooed out to keep him from eatin' up the garden sass," as my entertainer expressed it.

My neatly furnished room, which had been fitted up for the departed summer boarder, overlooked the garden, and I spent a whole day sitting in an arm chair at the window watching for the coming of the antlered monarch of the hills. But I waited in vain, and in vain did I arise at an unearthly hour morning after morning and accompany the cowboy to the pasture in the hope of finding him or one of his fellows there.

Thus an unsuccessful week passed, and then my kind host advised going to the woods, where, he said, "The' was allers more deers 'an what the' was in the lots. You'll like 's not find 'em in 'mongst the spruce trees a-gummin'. They'se terrible critters for chawin' gum when they hain't chawin' nothing else, and you might find one stuck, with his teeth sot in a gob of gum as he couldn't pull off." This was a fact in natural history quite new to me, and I expressed some surprise, yet no unbelief; for how could I, as I looked in the guileless face of my informant and he emphatically reiterated, "Yes, sir; you'll allas see deers a-chawin' gum when they hain't a-chawin' nothin' else." I remarked that this was possibly what I had seen the cows and sheep on the farm engaged in while they were at rest, and wondered that the horses and pigs had not become addicted to it; but my honest friend assured me that it was wads of grass that the cows and sheep chewed, not gum, which was less easily obtained, and that it "someheow didn't seem to come handy for hosses and hawgs to chaw stiddily without swall'in'." I wonder if this habit of gum chewing was not learned of the deer by the people. Every one who does not chew tobacco chews gum.

I at once proceeded to range the border of the adjacent spruce forest, but the most careful research failed to discover a deer, though there was plenty of gum which should have attracted them. What I did find was only bitter disappointment.

One day my attention was attracted by the movement of some undergrowth about 50yds from me. As I caught sight of a patch of blue which, as I had heard of deer being in the blue coat, this I was sure belonged to the game I was in quest of. I leveled my rifle and, taking as steady aim as the tumultuous beating of my heart would permit, I pulled the trigger. Imagine my consternation when I beheld, not a noble buck plunging forward, but a man clad in an old army overcoat come walking forth swearing outrageously, calling me opprobrious names, and demanding in the name of blanks too venomous and unseemly to mention, "what I



JOHN GOMEZ.

Born in the year 1781, now living on Panther Key, Florida. From a photograph in 1897 by Tarpon.

was a-shootin' at." He was very impolite and unreasonable, for I had only shot a hole through the skirt of his miserable old coat. When I gave him $1 to mend it his manners improved materially, though he declined an invitation to hunt with me.

Next day I was out in the woods betimes, but saw nothing worth a shot till near noon, when, as I was standing in some undergrowth at the back side of my host's farm, I heard the approaching footsteps of some large quadruped. Cocking my rifle, I kept perfectly still, with my eyes fixed in the direction of the sound, and presently saw the tops of a pair of horns moving slowly above the bushes which quite hid the body of the animal from my view. I could not doubt that it was a buck, for what else with horns could be in the woods? As the direction he was taking would not bring him in plainer sight, I calculated the position of the shoulder, and taking a careful aim a little behind it fired, the distance being not more than 20yds. The report of the gun was followed by a bellow of mortal agony, such as I had not expected to hear from a deer; still I doubted not that such it was upon which my .32-45 had done its fatal work. The stricken beast went crashing through the underbrush at a tremendous pace straight toward the open field, for which I was thankful, as it would make the finding of my game easier. There was no difficulty in following the trail of blood, nor even the hoof prints, which were distinctly marked in the mold and very large, I thought, already exulting over the size of my trophy. I soon came to the pasture, where I easily followed the trail of blood, constantly looking forward in expectation of seeing the buck, but he was nowhere to be seen on the cleared slope that reached its crest half a mile before me. To this I hurried on the trail, and from it beheld about 200yds. beyond me the great carcass of my victim. Two men stood near it, whom I recognized on my approaching them as my host and his hired man. I could not withhold a triumphant whoop, and called out to them to congratulate me on my success, but they did not seem to share my enthusiasm at all; on the contrary, my host looked exceedingly glum, and addressed me in a tone of corresponding severity.

"Is this 'ere some o' your duin's?" he demanded, pointing his thumb over his shoulder at the dead animal.

"Certainly, I shot the deer over yonder in the edge of the woods," I answered, not a little puzzled by his manner, which I attributed to nothing but envy. "Isn't it all right, Mr. Palmer? He had horns, he was not chased by hounds, he was not at a salt lick, and I haven't killed but one of them," I added, with my mind on the restrictions of the law.

"Deer!" Ezekiel Palmer laughed a bitter, resentful laugh, and the hired man grinned so widely that his big hand could not cover the corners of his mouth. "Look! Don't you know a deer from a two year-old steer? Wal, you hev cut up a dum purty caper!"

Alas! it was too true, as I saw on coming closer to my victim, and from the height of exultation I fell into the depths of humiliation.

"However, I s'pose you're willin' tu settle it 'thout makin' no extry cost," Ezekiel said, softening his manner. I assured him that I was, and asked him to name the terms.

"Wal," he said after some consideration, "I wouldn't ha' took less in forty dollars for that are critter; but seein' it is you un' it was a mistake, if you'll gi' me thirty we shall be square, an' I'll du what I kin wi' the meat an' hide. The meat's spoilt, probably, an' the hide's got a hole in't; but I kin git a little somethin' for 'em, an' you wouldn't want tu bother wi' 'em."

I gladly accepted his proposal, and paying for the steer and $8 for a week's board, at once returned to the city, though urged by Ezekiel to prolong my stay. He seemed quite willing to risk his steers. "Arter all," he said, "it's considerable cheaper for ye 'en if yu 'd shot a doe or a fa'n."

Considering my two shots simply as shots, I do not think them bad ones.

Adolphus Dobbs.

[Transmitted to Forest and Stream by Rowland E. Robinson.]

AMONG PROTECTED GAME.

Gardiner, Park County, Mont., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I got back with Mr. Rogers late in October. We came in ahead of the packs, but saw very little game until we reached the point of the hill at the junction of Cache Creek and East Fork (Lamar River). There we saw a splendid band of about ninety elk, only one large bull with them. I had been telling Mr. Rogers that we would see elk, or ought to, but that they were on the ridges. We saw three more as we turned up Soda Butte Creek; the sun was just down and elk were coming down to water. We saw some very heavy trails made during the deeper snow of Oct. 16 and 17, but when we came in the snow was all off the lower levels. We stopped at the Stage Station that night.

We left Soda Butte early, but saw no game—only trails—until we turned off the road on a "cut-off" at Little Spring Creek. In the edge of the timber, in little parks and in the timber we could see hundreds of elk, most of them lying down. Wishing to see how many there were, I whistled with my hands, trying to imitate an elk. You don't have to come very near during the running season to get an answer, as they will answer most any kind of a noise. I was quite successful; the bulls were all around the cows, on hillsides in the timber, and gulches on ridges and openings—all whistling.

Soon the cows began to move. Then you would have thought a thousand children were just out of school; cows and calves calling one another. Such a racket I suppose you have often heard, as there were from 800 to 1,000 elk in the band. They did not move fast; we did not see one run or trot, but we could hear them long after they were out of sight. On the other side of the ridge we saw another band of several hundred, but did not pass very near—at a quarter of a mile distant, I think—so did not disturb them at all. On our way to Gardiner I think we saw not far from 1,500 elk.

We struck the head of the Turkey Pen at dusk. Riding down a little draw, we saw outlined against the sky a doe and two fawns, with their great ears looking like small wings. We talked to them, told them they were very pretty, and assured them of our good intentions; they did not move while they were in sight, though we rode within 50ft. of them. We reached Gardiner after dark, and had to ford Gardiner River—a nasty stream for that. The bridge had been torn out by Col. Young's orders, to prevent the pasturing of town cattle and horses in that part of the Park where the antelope usually winter.

Soon after my return the Park antelope started to leave, crossing the Gardiner River and keeping along the foothills in front of the town, where they spent the night. I could hear coyotes running them all night, and once they came so close my house I thought they would go past it. The next morning some of the men here went down about a mile and a half and killed four antelope. This turned them back into the Park. Later some went below and were killed. Now those that are left are in the foot hills not far from Gardiner. There were about thirty soldiers with an officer down one day from Fort Yellowstone, trying to drive them further back in the Park. I do not think they were very successful. I saw the antelope break back once. I think there are now about 125 left in the Park. If it were not for the coyotes, there ought to be 1,000 or more.

An effort is being made to kill off the coyotes, and a few have been disposed of, yet I think there are now more coyotes than antelope. It could not have been anything but coyotes that caused them to leave the Park, as the feed is very good and free from snow.

The bears that were chained up at the Springs and fountain (four in all) have been released. The five elk at the Mammoth Hot Springs are still in the inclosure, but are liable to be turned out, as they are not wanted at the park in Washington.

E. Hofer.

Old John Gomez.

Tarpon Springs, Fla.—I had meant to write up the cruise for Forest and Stream, but we had such infernal weather that it took all the write out of me. In a twenty-eight days' cruise we had one day and a half fair wind, the rest of the time it was a dead fight to windward, and for a good part of the time half a gale.

I send you a photo of old John Gomez, made in September. I could see that old John is failing, and I doubt if you will ever see another picture of him. If this one is fit I wish it could be reproduced in Forest and Stream; there are many who would like to see it. You said once of one of old John's pictures that the skin did not show great age. Take a reading glass and look at this one and tell me what you think,

Tarpon.

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Natural History.

VISITORS AT MY CAMP.

These are notes of a trip in the Forest Reservation, in Wyoming, east of the National Park.

At one of our camps, where we were located for forty days, the small animal life was most interesting. In numbers the little chipmunk was first, the wee ones of the Rockies. Others were the pine squirrels, campbirds (gray jays), Clark's crows, a bluejay (once we had two), mice, mountain rats, wrens, woodpeckers and other visiting birds, and at night a few owls. We had a large camp, with a camp-fire—not the cooks—and some seven tents and a lodge up. The dining room was very comfortable, with benches and a slab table.

The squirrels were everywhere in the trees after pine nuts, working from early morn until almost dark. The chipmunks were not as hard workers, but were very busy while they were at it, and so tame that at times they would come up on the table when only one or two were eating there. They would sample everything. Once there was a four-quart pan half full of stewed raspberries there. A chipmunk got on the edge of the pan, reached down in the juice and got a berry. After tasting it he concluded it was good, and just the thing he was looking for. It was not long before a dozen were at it, dipping down and fishing out the berries, the dark juice wetting their arms and bodies. Soon, with their running back and forth, they had the table so stained that it had to be cleaned with an axe, and such a dirty lot of chipmunks I never saw before.

The place where the cook threw the slops and garbage was alive with them. It was fun to see one get a large piece of apricot and sample it, turning it round and round. A piece the size of a half-dollar was nothing for them to handle, but they were sure to sample the whole edge. I saw them hide a few things in trees, but usually they took them to their nests. The pine squirrels and birds used to come to the dump too, and all were very busy taking what they liked away. After that they would steal from each other's caches. Quite a distance from the fire, where we had it under netting, the cook used to trim the meat, throwing the waste on the ground. This the birds and squirrels used to eat and cache. I have often seen a squirrels carry a piece weighing 1 or 2ozs. and cache it out on a limb. He would have to watch it though, as the birds would steal it. I have watched them, and as soon as a bird came near if the squirrel saw it he would hurry to his cache and drive the bird away, scolding and chattering all the time. Usually the Clark's crows would carry the meat off.

I often watched to try to determine how long the squirrels left the meat in the trees. I think only long enough to dry fit to take to their stores. It is a very common thing for them to dry mushrooms and other fungi. Once we watched a squirrel digging in the smooth ground about 20ft. from the camp-fire. Soon we saw him get something white, eat a little and carry some up a tree. Investigating, I found part of what we call a devil's snuff-box. It had not broken ground, yet the squirrel found it. I saw the chipmunks eat some of the very dry meat, but did not see them carry off any large pieces. One squirrel used to have regular fights with our netting. In his attempts to get at the meat he would rush at it, try it time and again, then would try to get a mouthful of netting and carry it off, getting tangled up and scolding away at a great rate. I think he swore some when he was baffled at last, muttering and talking very earnestly about it.

The bluejay was the meanest thief about the camp. He seldom gathered for himself, but stole the camp bird's caches. The bluejay and the Clark's crows carried their plunder further from camp than the other birds. It was amusing to see the birds trying to protect their stores and at the same time taking advantage of other birds, and putting in all the time possible adding to them. At first all the chipmunks looked alike, but after a while we could see quite a difference between them. One little fellow used to visit my lodge. One day I was reading, while he was helping himself to a few oats I had scattered for him. Just then the cook came in. The chipmunk ran all over me without showing any fear, but being pressed hid between our beds. The cook caught him and put him inside his shirt, where he stayed for two hours, sometimes peeking out from a hole in the elbow, or another on the shoulder, from the neck and waist. Only when the cook bent over did he appear to be uncomfortable. Finally I had to help get him out, when he ran off chattering, but came back the next hour.

The birds and squirrels would carry off every bit of cloth they could get hold of. Once they took all Mr. R.'s gun cleaners—square pieces of cloth he had for wiping his rifle. He left the box open one day for a short time, but long enough for the squirrels to cache it up in a nest, where one of the men found it with a few other little things missed from camp.

We never attempted to kill anything about camp except mice and a mountain rat. They would not only steal from us, but cut our clothing, blankets, saddles and shoes, if anything was left for any length of time in the same place. Once I found a nest under my saddle made from the fringe of some of my towels, wool from my blankets and cotton from a comfort. One night I was startled by having something large run across my face. Getting up, I could hear the peculiar noise made by a rat when he gives warning by stamping his foot. I lit a candle and found him in my pack. I did not kill him, but hit him with a rock as he went under the lodge door. I never saw him afterward. Mr. Roosevelt calls these pack rats. Well, they won't pack off anything they can't move, but that's all that's safe where they are.

There are many little things one sees around camps like ours that one would like to tell about, but at the same time it seems trifling, I suppose, to others. For instance, I was cleaning a bear hide, throwing bits of meat in the camp-fire; some of the pieces, falling in the hot ashes, were frying. The birds could not only see but smell this, and for a time thought they must have it. They did get some, but must have burned themselves a bit. They would dive down and try to take some of the large pieces, fluttering in the hot ashes and smoke and scolding about it, until I threw the pieces out where they could get them without danger. I did not want to see them cremated, still the whole thing was of interest only to one who loves to watch the animal life in the woods. I suppose you like to have mice run over your tent in the night. I don't. I often used to hit at the place they were with a stick, and once heard one strike the ground several feet away after a blow. I wonder what it thought about it. Possibly it concluded there was an earth or tent quake about then.

We made many side trips from our main camp. Saw some very rough country, grand and interesting, but nothing grander than the Tetons.

Have you heard the story about the cat putting a black bear up a tree at the Fountain Hotel, Lower Geyer Basin? I won't swear to it, but believe it. A cat had some kittens near by, and objected to one of the bears coming too close, humping her back and showing cat anger. The bear saw the cat, but did not fear so small a thing; but the cat was brave. It made for the bear, who sat up to fight it; but the cat was too much for the bear, and it turned tail, when the cat landed on its back, where it stayed until bruin went up a tree. Here the bear watched the cat parade around, daring it to come down, but the bear concluded it was better off sitting on a limb 20ft. from the ground than down there where that combination of claws was. I give you the story as I learned it. I believe it. I saw some pictures Mr. Thompson drew to illustrate it, and had all I could do to keep from stealing them. The pictures were drawn from imagination. I don't think the story was.

It's been quite warm here this fall, so warm that there is very little snow on the lower levels, although considerable has fallen.

I have seen several mule deer along the Gardiner River, but no sheep as yet. They won't come down until there is more snow. E. Hofer.

Does the Red Squirrel Store Food?

Jacobstaff says of the red squirrel: "He lays up nothing." I take it that Jacobstaff means that he does not store his food for winter.

We do not have the blacks and grays with us any more, yet no later than the middle of October, when in the woods on the shore of Lake Ontario, fifteen miles north of this city, I found in a hollow black walnut tree nearly half a bushel of the nuts, and those that I examined showed marks of the teeth of some animal; my companion took every one of those nuts, as he had brought a bag for that very purpose. The hollow of the tree was large enough for a person to stand in and extended into the roots; the nuts were stored as far into the roots as possible. A week later I was passing the same tree and thought I would examine to see if more nuts had been stored; and I found just one lying in about the center of the tree, but noticed that every inch of space had been dug up, as if the owner of the pile of nuts had been looking for them, and, becoming disheartened at not finding them, had left the one he had brought to add to them; this nut also showed teeth marks.

Now, my conscience troubled me a little for being an accessory to the taking of that half a bushel of nuts (I held the bag), and as there were as many or more on the ground under that very tree, I gathered and placed them as nearly in the same place as those taken; and to make sure that no human eye would see them, I covered them with the yellow leaves from the tree, and sprinkled the rotten wood over all.

I was passing there again a week ago, and on looking in the hollow tree found the nuts missing. There was about 1in. of snow, in which were the tracks of the red squirrel, and I do not doubt that he had removed them to a more safe place, notwithstanding Jacobstaff's assertion that "he lays up nothing." I have also found the nest of the red-eyed vireo nearly filled with beech nuts, and would ask Jacobstaff what animal other than the red squirrel would have put them there. J. L. Davison.

Lockport, N. Y., Nov. 27.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

Regular meetings of the society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, on Tuesday evenings, Dec. 14 and 28, at 8 o'clock. The papers will be:

Dec. 14—Edwin I. Haines, "The Nesting of Brünnich's Murre (*Uria lomvia*) at New Rochelle, N. Y." Postponed from November meeting Ernest Seton Thompson, "The Mammals and Summer Birds of the Yellowstone National Park." Postponed from November meeting.

Dec. 28—Frank M. Chapman, "An Exhibition of Lantern Slides of Birds in Nature."

Walter W. Granger, Sec'y.

American Museum of Natural History.

A White Meadow Lark.

Lockport, N. Y., Nov. 12.—Last month a Mr. Deibold, of this city, reported to me seeing a white meadow lark in the adjoining town of Pendleton, and said that he tried for three hours to shoot it. I informed him that it was against the law to kill meadow larks at any time. He said that he knew it, but would take the chances on that bird, and was going for it on Monday. (I presumed that he meant between Saturday and Monday.) I told him that he had better not let Dan Pomeroy, our efficient fish and game protector, know it if he succeeded in getting it. I also told him that I would go as far as Pendleton to see an albino meadow lark; but he would not give me the location. J. L. Davison.

A Red English Sparrow.

Lockport, N. Y., Nov. 12.—While walking down Locust street this afternoon I saw a bird fly across the street and alight among some English sparrows that were feeding in front of a grain store As it looked to light-colored for *Passer domesticus*, I crossed the street to examine it, and found that it was of that species, but of abnormal color; being about the color of the fox sparrow (*Passerella iliaca*). I called the attention of a number of people to it, who said that they had never seen the like of it before. As it was not white, I suppose it cannot be called an albino, but merely a freak in color. J. L. Davison.

A White Deer.

Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 27.—Mr. Geo. Lipp, of Huntersville, Lycoming county, Pa., killed a white deer a few days ago. It was a spike buck, and weighed 108lbs. He wishes to dispose of the skin, which is pure white and very handsome. S. W. Morse.

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Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

There are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full-page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

THE ROVING CARIBOU.

The "roving caribou," truly. Well is he so called, as this account will prove. On Nov. 14, after many and grievous mishaps and delays, I managed to shake myself clear from the pleasures of business and, as another writer has pleasingly called it, the "debts, duns and deviltries" of civilization. With all my goods and chattels, weighing just 201bs. exactly, wrapped in a blanket, ready for carrying many a weary mile—the rifle, snowshoes, and last, but not least, the little camera—I took my seat in a sled such as is common to the North Woods, pulled by a fine, strong team of horses, and started out on a thirty-seven-mile drive. The portage road, though good in name, was certainly very bad. We started at 11 o'clock at night, and by noon the following day, in the midst of a driving rainstorm, arrived safely, though sore and aching in every joint, at Camp Pringle, where we found my guide waiting. Pleased as we were to see him, we were infinitely more pleased to see and taste the tip-top dinner he had ready waiting for us.

Taking into consideration the rain, which was coming down in torrents, and the fact that the frozen river precluded any attempt at canoeing, we gave up our plan of proceeding to Camp Crawford that afternoon. The morning broke fine and clear, with about 8in. of fine snow on the ground—too light for the snowshoes, and enough to make the walking, especially to the greenhorn, beastly bad. However, after a hearty breakfast we got away on our fifteen-mile tramp to Camp Crawford, and before long the inevitable annoyances of a first day in the woods became apparent one by one. The carrying strap would not sit right; the bundle would hang low; a year's sojourn up in the den at home had put some kinks in the straps; and a fellow's shoulders anyway have to get used to the thing. It is amusing how quickly you can get out of practice; and again, if you are strong, how soon you can carry a load which would a few days before have fairly killed you. Then the moccasins were new and had not the set of the foot, consequently a slippery place on the ground meant a sore place on one's body, and so on *ad infinitum*. But finally about 4 P. M. we arrived, tired and bruised, scratched and torn, at Camp Crawford, very prettily situated on the left bank of the Northwest Miramichi River. It is a fishing camp, owned by a New York gentleman, who spends a week or so here every summer salmon fishing; and, unless having seen it, one can scarcely understand the peculiarity of finding a nice little frame house planted there in the midst of nature and so far from human habitation.

Having spent the night here, the next morning we started off into the wilderness proper, and had gone but a short distance when we came upon the tracks of a very large moose, not more than a day old. However, our game was caribou, not moose, and we kept on. We lunched on the side of a small lake, which, my guide told me, contained some monster trout; as the previous spring, while passing that way just after a violent storm, which had piled the ice all up on one shore, he found hundreds of dead trout of immense size strewn along the shore. I wanted to see some such trout, and after a voyage of discovery among my pockets found a big hook and bit of line, which, baited with a piece of fat pork, succeeded in dragging two fish in quick succession through a hole cut in the ice for that purpose. We quickly photographed them in two positions and returned them to the water, as it was close season and at least one of the fish was full of spawn. I am sure the biggest one weighed 5lbs.; he was a perfect beauty.

After lunch we kept on and shortly came upon two fresh tracks of caribou, the first we had seen. Another hour's traveling brought us out on barren ground, and good feeding ground also, and here the tracks became so numerous as to excite no attention. About dark we arrived, leg-weary, it is true, but not very tired, at Smoky Camp. About this camp hangs a tale. It was put up some eight years ago by those veteran trappers Pringle and Braithwaite, and owing to its unexcelled ability to smoke out any tenderfoot it was dubbed "Smoky Camp." However, years of use and abuse have so altered it that it smokes no longer, and henceforth should be called Camp Lonesome, for a more desolate spot would be hard to find. Immense somber pines surround it in every direction—nothing but a gloomy forest, with not a place for a beam of sunshine.

It was indeed a fit place for the tragedy we read on the snow at our camp door—a few bits of rabbit fur, some bones, the snow stained red, and leaving on its truthful surface the marks of rabbit and sable tracks. A short distance up the line is a sable trap; let us look into it. Ha! there he is, and a beauty too; retribution in this case came sure and swift. His furry coat, it may be, is destined to adorn the neck of some city belle, who will little know or dream of the tragedy there so plainly pictured to a woodsman's eyes on the snow.

To this camp, one night in the early spring on his first trip for the year, Braithwaite had come, utterly tired out, just at nightfall; and fatigue caused him to lie down without fire and without supper. In the night something pulling at his blanket roused him to a semiconscious condition, and he gave utterance to several "eheu's" and again went sound asleep. Next morning on waking, to his utter and unbounded astonishment, he saw leading from the circle of woods to the camp door a bear track; and going back was another. But in place of having retired, as a bear ought to retire from a nocturnal raid, it made away with a succession of tremendous leaps. Investigation revealed the fact that the bear had cleaned out every particle of grub and gear which had been stored all winter at

the camp. Such an adventure would, I think, effectually prevent me from ever making my bed in the woods minus a fire.

After mending a rent in the bark roof, made by some other bear within a few weeks of our going there, we had a hearty supper, and then turned in with great expectations for the morrow. What was our chagrin on opening the door in the morning to find that rain had fallen, and then a frost had made a nasty crust on the snow. We started out to the open ground with hopes at zero, and kept studiously to it, as to hunt in cover on such a day would have been worse than useless. Fortune was with us, and about 10 o'clock away to our right we spied some caribou feeding. Then began some still-hunting which was still-hunting in the fullest sense of the term—man's ingenuity against the alert and ever watchful senses of the animal. A slight rise in the ground enabled us to get within 200yds. of them by crawling along slowly and painfully on hands and knees, gently breaking the crust with our hands, and removing it to make room for our bodies. A bitterly cold wind was blowing, and snow has little heat in itself. There we would be, one hand down in the snow, the other in the air perhaps, when one of the caribou would look our way, and there we had to remain, motionless as statues, for mayhap five minutes at a time.

We crawled in this manner about an eighth of a mile; then our cover was gone completely. We were on top of the rising ground; they were below us, 200yds. away. Every movement we made would become instantly apparent to them. We lay and watched them some little time, and a pretty picture they made pawing away the snow, to reach the favorite moss concealed below. There were four old bulls with their white necks, two cows and a calf. Only two of the bulls had horns, the others having already dropped theirs. But, what's the matter? Every head is thrown in the air. A moment, and all seven are bounding away, but after half a dozen jumps they stop, as is the manner of caribou when startled, to find out the cause of alarm. What a tumult of conflicting emotions surged through me at that moment! Must I, for the sake of being sportsmanlike—for the sake of the tender feelings of some of my American cousins, who on a previous occasion took me to task for committing an act such as would better befit a hungry butcher than a sportsman—must I for that reason see the long-sought quarry run away, and never try to stop it? Again they start away when "Shoot!" said my guide, and flinging to the winds all sentiment, I fired.

To my intense satisfaction down went the noblest buck in the herd, the patriarch of them all. But then (and loath I am to admit it) I got rattled as completely as would the veriest greenhorn. Buck ague was no name for it. Several shots, sent in quick succession, went whistling after the flying herd, when it suddenly struck me that I was shooting *a la* shotgun, completely ignoring the rear sight. Of course, the caribou went away, and they deserved to get away from such a hunter. They were pretty though. It will be a long, long time before the picture presented by the caribou, running away over the barren ground, will fade from my memory. Their dark, mouse-colored bodies so clearly outlined against the snow on the hillside, as they gradually but rapidly vanished from sight over the hill; the white necks of the bulls, the extreme grace and agility with which they moved, all combined to make a most beautiful picture.

However, from poetry we must come down to reality, and get our caribou skinned and dressed, a good hour's work, and not to be delayed when the mercury is hovering around zero. When the task was done, and skin and head were arranged in such a way that they could freeze without damage, we built a fire, boiled our kettle and had a well-earned lunch, and time for mutual congratulations on our luck. A long and weary carry brought us back to camp with our trophy and a portion of the meat, which we immediately sampled for supper.

The next morning the weather, although fine, was still unfavorable for still-hunting, and for the day we saw no caribou. But if we did not see them, we certainly found their traces. In one feeding ground, about two acres in extent, there was scarcely a foot of snow not tracked and pawed over, with here and there the beds of some which had been lying down clearly defined. Surely such a sight was almost as good as seeing the game itself. We also came on three very fresh moose tracks the same day, and following them a short distance saw where the game had run. I think the noise we made, slight as it was, must have started them. On the way back to camp we visited some beaver traps, set by my guide; but some wandering musquash, having got into the traps, had saved the beaver for that time at the expense of their own lives.

The next day we took a bushed-out trail through the thick woods for Caribou Camp, at the Bald Mountains, where we arrived at nearly dark. The only interesting notes of the tramp were of several fine marten we found in the traps, and the tracks of a moose which we thought had been started by our noise. It was a most unpleasant day, raining heavily all the time.

That night we had more snow, and the next morning proved an ideal one for the still-hunter. However, luck was not with us. We went out on the barren ground back of the mountain, but the caribou were not there, and as we had not time to seek new pastures that day we got back to camp early and had the only easy day on the whole trip.

The next day was fine and clear and cold, and capital for still-hunting. We took our way shortly after daybreak to a valley some five miles from camp, and there we did indeed find caribou in front of us, to the right of us, to the left of us; yes, and behind us too. They were everywhere, although concealed by the thick growth. Going back on our track at one place a short distance, we found where a big bunch had crossed a place on our track which we had gone over ten minutes before. But what is that moving ahead? A careful investigation reveals a bunch of six cows and calves lying down; we leave them unmolested and keep on without disturbing them, when—good gracious, what horns! Two reports and the horns were ours: it was a noble beast. Many and many a time have I dreamt of such a pair, but here was realization. How we admired them, and went over the thirty-four points again and again before we were content to begin the task of dressing it. Though this was heavier than either of our other heads, it felt the lightest while carrying it out. Surely one such animal was game enough for one day, and in the bigness of our hearts we allowed several others that offered shots to go on unharmed. I am quite confident that on that day alone I could have killed six or seven caribou had I been so minded.

The following day we started out, and had a hard carry without any fun all that day and the next, when a fine, big bull, with the finest brow antlers I ever saw, gave me another by no means to be despised trophy.

The next day we went out on our old hunting ground with the camera, and endeavored to get some pictures of the live caribou; but as luck would have it, we could never approach near enough to get a good picture, although the previous day in the rain we had had several good opportunities, but bad light. We followed one bunch heading toward the camp; they actually went within 50ft. of the camp door, and had anyone been there it would have been an easy matter to get a fine picture.

It was a marvelous country altogether. The roads of the caribou could be seen everywhere, almost 6in. or so deep, trodden right down to the ground, and evidently so much traveled in the summer and fall as left not a vestige of vegetation growing on them.

The rubbing was another great feature; in some places almost every tree showed the effects of the caribou horns on them.

Glancing over the preceding paragraphs, any one will say: what splendid luck! Yes, it was fine luck, I will admit; but then, mind you, there was also an immense amount of splendid work about it.

The hardship of walking through snow some 12 to 18in. deep—too fine for snowshoes, and so deep as to give legweariness with a vengeance—I have already spoken about. Carrying out the heads, horns and skins was work with a vengeance to any one unaccustomed to such exertions. Not but what it was pleasant work, because it was, as it could not fail to be with one of the largest caribou ever shot in New Brunswick on one's shoulders.

Then again: creeping on to a band of caribou, perhaps lying flat on your face, hitching yourself along on your elbows, the snow getting down your neck and up your sleeves, the thermometer dancing about down at zero, or the rain falling in torrents—prolong this form of amusement for say two hours, and then let any one say he feels comfortable. It certainly is no fit amusement for our friend whose health is broken down and who wants to recruit. Possibly we arrive at camp some night all wet and weary, and some hours after dark; wood has to be got, the fire kindled, some tea made, and then we must get dried out. It looks nice on paper, roughing it, truly. I would rather be excused myself, although when it has to be done I am not the one to funk.

Another night you are sleeping in a bark lean-to. In the middle of the night you wake, half frozen. The fire has burned down. You get up and replenish it, but you can't get warm. Your back may freeze while your opposite side roasts, or your feet are burning and your ears freezing. Great fun, I assure you.

Here we have a beautiful day, all nature seems to be rejoicing, and a man is glad that he is alive and able to be out with nature in the beautiful woods. Hello, here is a little stream to cross. No! I am afraid the ice will not bear your weight. Well, we will fell a tree across it. Good, and I start across. "Take care now," I hear Arthur sing out, "it would be mighty nasty to get a cold plunge bath to-day." The other side is reached in safety and Arthur follows; half way across he sways ominously, first one way and then the other; he has to go, can't help it, one foot and leg must get wet, and we are miles from camp. Oh, how nice!

Coming out with our trophies was not all hard work, though. One day we spent on the river in our canoe will long linger in my memory. A heavy rain the previous day and night had caused the stream to rise so that the ice, which before was strong enough to bear a man's weight, was all driven out, and a furious, rushing, boiling stream, between iced-up banks, was the scene of our pleasure and sport. For sport it was to have our long 25ft. canoe fairly leaping toward a place where the river, turning at a sharp right angle, would cause the water to pile up against the bank on one side with a swirl and rips which would make any one but an old hand pretty nervous. Or again, we come to a place where the river is to all appearances completely barred by immense boulders. There is no apparent passage through which to go. However, we are in the rapids and must face the music. A quick turn here, snub her up sharply there. Now a good push. There is a sharp rasping sound for a moment as we graze the side of a rock, and looking back we see the nasty place quickly receding, and for a few minutes we have a rest as we float down a slow reach of quiet water.

It was a pretty sight, running down the river. All nature seemed to be locked in the winter's cold, silent, icy grip. Nothing but the water seemed to be moving. We ourselves were the only living things. Surely this was enough to lift one's mind away from all thoughts of city life and cares, and to give one that feeling of perfect rest and contentment which takes some people to the woods.

Every few miles we came upon some new object of interest. Here was a famous crossing place for moose, and over there the place where, earlier in the season, two canoemen belonging to another party had seen a big bull stand in the water and watch them as they paddled toward him, and then calmly walk out of sight; needless to say, they had no gun. And so on right down the river. However, we at length reached our landing place back again at Camp Pringle, and contemplating the river for a moment after landing, my guide says: "Well, better than walking, ain't it?"

"I should say it was a good deal better than walking. I hardly like to consider the idea of carrying our heavy loads all that way on our backs. I was well satisfied to come by canoe."

An hour or so after our arrival my portage team arrived, and after a good night's rest we started out for home. On our way we shot a few partridges to take home to friends. They were very tame indeed and would allow us to come so close that the trick of shooting their heads off with a rifle would have been no trouble at all, even to a poor shot. I did not shoot any thus, however, as I think it spoils their appearance too much.

An all day's ride and part of the night landed us at Newcastle station, on I. C. Railway, where we met the train for home at 2 A. M.

I had a great deal of trouble with the railway officials in order to get my game home; in fact, I came within an ace of having to leave it behind me, so it is not only our American cousins who have inconvenience with the autocrats in the guise of railway officials. However, once on board the train the hunt was over, and it can fairly be called a success from beginning to end. There was not a day but what was full of pleasure, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. I intend to return to the same district and will devote my time wholly to securing a big moose head. The moose are there, of that I feel sure, and I will look until I find my big one.

I have shot more moose and caribou in my comparatively short experience than a good many much older hunters, and for the future I am going to let them alone until I find a bigger specimen of either than I already have. Goodness knows, big game is getting scarce enough, and it ill befits one who has had success in the fullest sense to continue the slaughter of game which would furnish sport and more keen enjoyment to less lucky hunters. I took a camera with me for the first time this trip, and in future shall certainly never go without one if I can help it; I would almost as soon go without my rifle. Owing to inexperience, my pictures were not very good, but next year I think I can promise FOREST AND STREAM readers some pictures of live moose and caribou in their native wilds such as they do not often see. I do not want any one to run away with the idea that this is written either to advertise the country or my guide. I am under no obligation in the world to Pringle, but can truly say that a better woodsman I have never met, and any one going alone, as I did, will find in him a most congenial companion.

As to the country, there is lots of game and lots of room in it for many a hunter; still I hope the day is long distant when one party up there hears the dull and distant boom of some other parties' rifle. TRAM.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.—VI.

(*Continued from page 444.*)

One-Eyed Shots.

ONE October morning Mr. Boyden came down for a shoot rather unexpectedly. I was suffering untold agony from a stye on the upper lid of my right eye that was as large as a robin's egg, and over it was a poultice larger than my hand; so, after giving all the facts in the case careful consideration, I came to the conclusion that I was not in first-class condition for a tramp through the brush, but Mr. Boyden appeared to be so disappointed that I finally agreed to his proposal that I should go and work the dog while he would attend to the shooting. Binding up my sick eye with a handkerchief, we started for a favorite woodcock cover where I knew we would find two or three birds, and I thought that these would just about keep him busy for the day unless we should lose track of them, as I did not believe that he would kill one. When we arrived at the cover the dog at once pointed, and as Mr. Boyden took position in a little opening I went in to flush the bird, when I saw by the fresh markings that there had been a new arrival, and more than ever I wished that my eye was all right and that I had my gun. But I had not much time for thought, as the birds began to rise and he began to shoot. Indeed, I am not quite sure that I did not hear his usual bang—bang! before a single bird left the ground; at any rate, the two events were so close together that it is possible I may have been deceived. Three birds flushed from the first point, and two from the next one a short distance further on, and before we came to the place where the first ones went down we had seen seven others, making ten in all in one small corner of the cover.

After this I could not keep tally, as birds that we had started had become mixed up with fresh ones, but I judged that there were at least twenty birds in the cover, and I do not think that one of them escaped at least two barrels, while some of them had three or four times this number. But never a feather had we to show and I was in quite a state. Mr. Boyden appeared to take it easy and only complained that he was a little off, and blazed away at every opportunity regardless. Finally he declared that the gun had become too hot for effective work and proposed that we eat our lunch and give it a chance to cool off. So we sat down on a big rock and discussed the morning's work with our repast, and came to the unanimous conclusion that unless there was a decided change in the programme our proposed game breakfast on the morrow would lack some of its essential features. After Mr. Boyden had uttered this self-evident truth he appeared to realize the condition of affairs, and after turning it over in his mind a short time his face lighted up as he turned to me and proposed that I should take the gun and try my hand at it, as I certainly could do no worse than he had, and as I always shot with both eyes open I might by chance secure enough to keep us from starving.

Now, I had been wishing for my gun, and thinking that possibly I could once in a while hit one even if my best eye was tied up in a handkerchief, and as his gun hung precisely like mine, I agreed to make the trial, and with hope renewed we again started, and soon had a point when I stepped in front, and as the bird topped the birches I pulled for him and was delighted to see him tumble. Soon after I brought another one down, and then tried to have Mr. Boyden take the gun, but he refused, saying that this was the most wonderful performance that he had ever seen, and he wanted a little more of it. So I kept on and in a short time we had eleven of the beauties, with only three or four misses. Boyden always told the story eleven straight, but as he was always a trifle mixed on the question of misses, his shortcomings in this line should be looked upon with lenient eyes.

Four years later Mr. Boyden by appointment met Mr. George Ashmun and myself at Holland, and as we were walking from where we had left the team to the sawmill cover Mr. Boyden repeated the tale to Mr. Ashmun, who received it as a gentleman should, but we could both see that he took but little stock in its truthfulness. When the dog found a bird I requested him to allow me to bandage his right eye in order that he might see just how it was done. As he also shot with both eyes open, I had no fears for the result, and after securely tying on my handkerchief he walked up the bird and grassed it as neatly as he could have done with the use of both eyes. "Why," said he, "I did not believe that story, and you must pardon me for my unbelief. While I thought the feat impossible, it is a very easy thing to do."

Upon this occasion Mr. Boyden refused to take a shot when with us, stating that he preferred to see us shoot; but when he was away from us and flushed a bird we heard from him, and as on each occasion I slyly passed him a bird Mr. Ashmun never mistrusted that he was not as good a shot as he was companion.

Broiled Woodcock.

It was upon this occasion that Mr. Boyden ate his first broiled woodcock, although he was greatly shocked when Mr. Ashmun proposed that we have some cooked in this way. Mr. Ashmun had a national reputation as a good judge of what was good and proper to eat, but Mr. Boyden thought it almost sacrilege to cook the royal bird in any other way than to roast it in a hot oven. I forget just how many minutes, but Mrs. Kinney—our hostess at Holland—knew to a second, and they always came to the table done to a turn.

Mr. Boyden was also a pretty good judge of good living, and he and Mr. Ashmun had quite an argument on the question, which was finally left to my decision. This I promised to give that evening at the dinner table. And in order that the grounds upon which I decided the question might be understood, as we arrived at the hotel I went upstairs to the north window—where we always hung our game—and selected three plump birds, which I plucked, and then going to the kitchen I obtained a saucepan, into which I poured two teacups of milk, to which I added a piece of butter the size of an egg and set it on the stove, and ordered three generous slices of toast; then drawing my birds, I carefully washed the trail and dropped it into the saucepan with the milk and butter. I then split the birds on the back and wiping them dry with a soft cloth placed them on the gridiron, and as the fire was just right they were soon done to a turn—not dried up or burnt, but cooked through, and then removed and seethed for a couple of minutes in the milk, which was nearly but not quite at the boiling point. Meantime the toast had been placed on a platter of the proper size, and the birds were now laid upon it, breast up, and the contents of the saucepan poured over them, after adding about one-half of a level teaspoonful of salt. Then dinner was announced, and I carried them to the dining room steaming hot, and placed them in front of Mr. Boyden. He looked at them rather disdainfully; then helping Mr. Ashmun and me, he took the remaining one on his plate, and as he made an incision with his knife, I could see his face gradually change from its half-concealed look of disdain to one of pleased surprise. Then he cut off a morsel and placed it in his mouth, and as his jaws came together he rolled up his eyes, laid down his knife and fork, and with beaming countenauce turned to me and exclaimed: "You have missed your vocation, you should have been cook to the Queen; that is the very best cooked bird that I have ever tasted."

Col. Skinner.

A few days after this occurred the Springfield Club had a game supper, and in the menu was broiled woodcock. Col. Skinner, of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, published a scathing article upon the sacrilege, as he called it, of maltreating the royal bird in this manner, and held up our club to scorn, and called them anything but sportsmen for allowing such things to be done with their sanction. Mr. Ashmun came to my office with the paper, and read me the article, and charged me upon my next trip to New York to call upon the Colonel and tell him that he was an unmitigated old fool.

Soon afterward I was in New York, and calling at the office asked for the Colonel, and as he was pointed out to me I approached him and said that I was commissioned to call upon him and tell him that he was an unmitigated old fool; then I stopped long enough to note his fast rising choler and the amazed looks of those who had heard the remark, and added, by the Hon. George Ashmun, who said that he was ashamed to acknowledge any one as his friend who did not know that broiled woodcock was a dish for the gods. As the Colonel and Mr. Ashmun were the best of friends and old companions together, of course Mr. Ashmun's name set everything straight, and the Colonel promised to put to the test my method, which I gave him, and I have no doubt that he found the new dish to his taste, for he tendered a handsome apology in the next issue, and allowed that age was no bar to attaining knowledge, and intimated that no one except an unmitigated fool would refuse to acknowledge a mistake, especially when so prime an article as broiled woodcock was in question.

Woodcock—Maryland Style.

Speaking of broiled woodcock reminds me of an incident that has often amused me since, although at the time it did not amuse me at all. I was quail shooting in the northwestern part of Maryland, near the Potomac River, and was stopping at the house of a small farmer. One day while crossing a small creek one of my dogs pointed a woodcock, and after bringing it to bag I turned down the run and in a short time I had seven of them. The next morning, when I was about to start, I asked the farmer's wife if she would broil those birds for supper, and as she gave a ready assent and said that she knew how it should be done, I gave the matter no further thought until it was nearly night, and I was returning tired and hungry, when I thought of the toothsome dainty awaiting my coming, and my wearied frame at once braced up and the tired feeling left me, although my hunger rapidly increased.

Upon arriving at the house I found supper nearly ready, and hurriedly fixing up I was soon seated at the table, and you can imagine my feelings, for I have never been able to express them, when I found that the good wife had mistaken the word and boiled the birds instead of broiling them. She had put them in the kettle with the potatoes and turnips, and all were boiled together. I remember that I experienced a deep feeling of pity for the poor little things as they laid there among the potatoes and turnips, with their necks curled up in disdain and their legs pointing straight in the air, as though they were calling upon heaven to punish the foul wrong that had been done them; and I also remember that I had no woodcock for supper, but fell back on the mutton. One of them I took on my plate and tried to eat it, but had to give it up, and in order that I might not wound the feelings of my hostess I smuggled the larger portion of it into my pocket, and that evening, as I wandered along the banks of the Potomac, I silently committed the bird to the calm depths of the beautiful river. The next day I found two of them in my lunch, and I dug a grave under the green turf and laid them side by side, their little necks still curled in disdain and their little legs still pointing straight toward the heavens. What became of the remaining four I never knew, but I do know that since that day, whenever I order broiled woodcock, whatever the cook does to them she does not boil them.

An Iowa Lunch al Fresco.

How well I remember my first broiled woodcock. I was in Iowa, some twenty miles northwest of Davenport, shooting chickens. As it was a hot September day, I quit shooting about 10 o'clock, and driving to a creek where there were a few scattered small trees, I selected the largest one, which afforded quite a respectable amount of shade, as a halting place, and turning my horse loose to get his dinner, I proceeded to make preparations for my own. I always carried a box in the wagon which usually contained ample materials for a lunch, but when I had time and was not too hungry I very often built a fire and made a pot of coffee and broiled a chicken or teal, and as on this occasion time and appetite were in about the right condition, I gathered some dead branches and started my fire, and selecting a brace of the youngest chickens I proceeded to dress them by pulling off the feathers, skin and all, and soon had them ready for the gridiron, which was a piece of coarse wire netting about 15in. square. I had had this made to order, and always carried it with me, and found it to be one of the most satisfactory articles in my kit. After the chickens were dressed, I remembered that there was a woodcock in the wagon that I had killed the previous day, and thinking that it had hung long enough in the warm temperature then prevailing, I dressed it and placed it on the gridiron with the chickens, and as my fire had burned to coals and was ready, I cut some forks from the tree and stuck them in the ground in a square inclosing the coals, laying over each one the wire loop on each corner of the gridiron. With a sharpened stick about 3ft. in length I proceeded to turn my birds, and then to turn them again until they were done to a turn, when I sprinkled a little salt on each and piled them in a pyramid upon a tin plate of crackers, and as the coffee was boiled and settled dinner was ready.

The lunch box was also my table, and a newspaper served as table-cloth. This arrangement, I flattered myself, was about as handy and convenient as could well be planned; for when I wanted pepper or salt or anything else that was in the box all I had to do was to take off the dishes and table-cloth and open the box, and then I was without the trouble and fatigue of getting up and going to the wagon after them. My carpet was a brown linen lap-robe and my chair one of the wagon cushions, so you see that my outfit was a combination of simplicity and usefulness that bordered on the luxurious. My plates were tin, unbreakable, easy to wash, and the four took up no more room than one earthen one would. Napkins I always picked off the trees, as this saved washing as well as wear and tear. In the matter of cutlery I must own to rather an extravagant outlay, as I had six knives and as many forks. The main reason for this lavish display was that I could not buy less than this number without paying the same price that I had to pay for the six, so in order to have my money's worth I took the whole set. I made it up in spoons, as one of these did duty for all hands, and at meal time was always to be found in the sugar bowl, which was a tin cup, unless I had too much company, when it was a piece of paper. I had but four of these tin cups, but they served a threefold purpose, as they were used for tea, coffee and water, as occasion required. These articles, together with two tin shakers for pepper and salt, comprised the outfit—not a very elaborate layout, but it was satisfactory to me, and I never heard a single one of my numerous guests find a word of fault with it.

I was about to sit down to my frugal repast when I saw not more than ten rods away a horse and carriage, in which were a gentleman past middle age and a young lady, and as they were coming directly toward me I suspended operations until they arrived, and the gentleman inquired the direction to Davenport, stating that they were driving from Tipton and had somehow lost the road, and for an hour had been driving across the prairie in various directions without finding a single trace of civilization or seeing anyone until they saw my team, when they came over to obtain the desired information. I pointed out the proper direction and then gave them a cordial invitation to take dinner with me. The gentleman hesitated, but I saw the young lady nudge him with her elbow, and, although I was quite young in years, I was old enough in such matters to know that I should not have to eat my dinner alone. The result proved that I was right, for I quieted his fears that they would be robbing me of my dinner by pointing to the plate of birds and telling him that I had plenty of crackers and cheese to help out with. They both very gracefully accepted my invitation, and alighting from the carriage he introduced himself and his daughter, and we were soon seated around the festive box. I carved that broiled woodcock in my very best style, and placing each half upon two crackers in their tin plates I passed one to each of my guests and then helped myself to half a chicken, all the time keeping a bright lookout to see just how broiled woodcock tasted.

The gentleman was the first to satisfy my curiosity, and as he put a piece in his mouth I was satisfied that it was excellent; but when, a second or two later, the young lady placed a morsel between her lips, I knew it was the most delicious and toothsome dainty that I had ever tasted. How those black eyes did light up, and as she flashed them on me they went through and through me something like the X rays. Then she extolled my skill as cook until I blushed—I often blushed in those days—then she begged me to tell her just how it was cooked, assuring me that she had often cooked game, but had never succeeded in producing anything so exquisitely nice as this. That settled the broiled woodcock question so far as I was concerned, and to this day whenever I am so fortunate as to enjoy the luxury, I again see the flash of those wondrous black eyes and again experience sensations that, when blended with those that come from the perfect enjoyment of this perfect gem of gastronomic art, leave nothing to be desired, except perhaps another glance from those brilliant orbs and another bit of that toothsome, dainty, broiled woodcock.

Now, I am not writing a cook book, nor giving points for the benefit of Delmonico's *chef*, whom I hold in great esteem and have a profound veneration for his great wisdom in this line only if he could be induced to hold his hand with that dash of Chartreuse or Burgundy and serve his woodcock in their own delicious, natural flavor. I, for one, should esteem it a special favor, and I have no doubt that many others also, whose palates are not vitiated by frequent contact with these and similar chemicals, would be pleased with the omission and unanimously vote him the *chef* of cooks. I am merely jotting down these notes for the benefit of such good fellows, as I have often met, who do not know that when they are far from the "madding crowd" in the recesses of the trackless forest, or on the boundless prairie, with scant rations, they can in a short half hour, with the aid of a fire and a trifle of salt, conjure up a sumptuous feast that cannot be excelled by even Delmonico's famous *chef*.

SHADOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ST. LOUIS GAME MARKET.

MONETT, Mo., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a report from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of Nov 7. Please note what is said of quail shooting and sale of game in close season. Your paper is very popular in St. Louis, and some notice should be made of this in your editorial columns.

G. T. S.

This is the inclosure: That St. Louis is the principal game market in the United States, a walk along Third street in the produce and commission district will show. More rabbits are shipped to St. Louis, sold in St. Louis and eaten in St Louis than in any other city on this continent.

The West, the Southwest, the Northwest, and at some seasons of the year every State in the Union contribute to the pampered palates and the appetites of the people of St. Louis.

From St. Louis venison, bear meat, quail, pheasants and wild ducks are shipped broadcast around the country within a radius of several hundred miles. St. Louis rabbits find their way to New York and help make that city the second greatest rabbit consuming market in America.

If all the venison that is shipped to St. Louis during any business day in December were combined and made into one animal that deer would be 40ft. high and 60ft. long.

For five months of the year the local receipts of rabbits will average 1,000 dozens, or 12,000 rabbits per day. Combine all these rabbits into one and he would be 165ft. long and 92ft. high, big enough to make a stew which would feed the population of a city.

The receipts of ducks will average 200 pairs a day. These would make a water fowl 24ft. long and 9½ft. high, big enough for a man who never saw a gun to scatter shot into on his first try.

During the game season 400 dozen quail are daily shipped into this market. These would make a Bob White 46ft. long and 23ft. high, big enough to eat up half a dozen pointer or setter dogs at a gulp as easily as a quail of the ordinary size would pick up half a dozen pine cones.

Of pheasants 200 dozen a day come into the market. They would make a bird 41ft. long and 16ft. high, a bird big enough to fly for miles with forty men perched upon his back.

The open season began last Monday. Quail, grouse and venison cannot be killed after Jan. 1 in this State, and in those two months the local dealers receive enough to last the consumers until about the first of April. Of course it is frozen and stored in refrigerators.

Ducks, wild turkeys, rabbits and squirrels can be slaughtered until the first of March. Rabbits for the St. Louis market come from Missouri, Illinois and Kansas. The black-tailed Montana jacks find a readier sale than do the local cotton-tails only because they are better lookers. Rabbit eaters say the meat is no better.

Quail come from Missouri, Illinois, Kansas and the Indian Territory. Nat Wetzel, president of the St. Louis Game and Poultry Co, who is considered the best-posted game man in town, says his advices are that birds have not been as plentiful in twenty-five years.

Wild turkeys come principally from Arkansas, but many are shipped here from old Mexico and other far Southern points.

The bulk of the venison comes from what is called local territory—that is, the woods and swamps of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and the Indian Territory. Bear meat comes principally from Arkansas, but the black bears of Minnesota are bought by commission men because of the value of the fur.

Until the Dingley tariff law went into effect a great deal of game was shipped in from Mexico. Now there is a tariff of 2 cents a pound levied on game importations, and very little comes in from Mexico as a consequence.

Canvasback ducks come from Chesapeake Bay, with a few from Southern waters. Teal ducks come from Utah, and redheads, a toothsome and tender variety of good size, are killed on the bays and inlets of the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

Pheasants come from several States, but Texas supplies the greater proportion. J. J. Long, a dealer in general merchandise at Mobeetie, Tex., has a dozen hunters in his employ, and for several years he has shipped more prairie chickens than any man or firm in the United States.

Most of the big St. Louis game dealers have their own hunters at work killing for them.

"We have ninety hunters on our staff," said Mr. Wetzel, "and they keep us pretty well supplied with game of all kinds. They generally begin shooting quail thirty days before the season opens and keep it up from thirty to sixty days after its close. We have three branch houses and a hunting house-boat on the St. Francis River. The game is generally shipped to us in refrigerator boxes packed with ice, and we put it through a regular course of refrigeration, just as meat is treated. This refrigerated game can be kept a year or two if necessary.

"I regret to say the refrigerating facilities of St. Louis are not good, and most of our game has to be shipped to Chicago for the freezing process.

"The way we get our ducks is quite interesting to those who do not understand. Ducks summer in the North, and with the first cold weather begin their winter migration South. They follow the cold weather South, and our hunters follow the ducks. Thirty days ago our men were watching the ducks on the Northern lakes and in Canadian waters. When the ducks started South the hunters started down with them. Ducks stay in the same water a week or two on a stretch, or until the weather changes drive them on. When they stop flying, on these pauses in their journeys, the hunters shoot. By the whereabouts of our hunters we can tell where the ducks are until they wind up, about Christmas,

in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the south Atlantic."

The ninety hunters employed by Mr. Wetzel some are paid regular salaries, but they are trustworthy men who have been shooting for the market, or "pot-hunting," as it is called, for years. Most of the men are paid so much per head for game, or receive the proceeds of the sales less commissions and expenses.

Fremont Houston, a celebrated shot and all-round woodsman living at El Dorado, Kan., is one of the best and most successful hunters in Mr. Wetzel's employ. He leaves this week for the hunting grounds in the Indian Territory, where game of all kinds is very abundant this season. He will spend the winter shooting in the Territory. Another of the successful hunters is Charles Wolf, of Clearwater, Neb. He pots any amount of prairie chickens yearly for the St. Louis market, and is one of the best shots in America on prairie chickens.

J. A. Abrams, of Arkansas, the celebrated "pump-gun shot," Mr. Wetzel would back against any duck hunter in America. Abrams is a typical Arkansas hunter, and would put to shame any velvet-coated sportsman in a half-hour's work among the ducks. He shoots a repeating shotgun, and can pump five loads of shot into a bunch of ducks every time they fly over him, and he never gets less than five ducks.

But Mr. Wetzel has never heard of Jake Untreiner—a big, raw-boned, chills-and-fever German, who lives in the marsh in Mobile Bay, and who raises children and "truck," and shoots ducks in the winter. The wild celery that grows in the fresh-water lagoons around Mobile Bay makes that one of the finest duck-shooting places in the country.

Down there ducks are hunted so much they become educated to their danger. They keep out of range of the deadly blinds behind which are men with guns in boats, and they can tell the wooden decoys as far off as they see them bobbing on the water.

The ducks roost on the water at night in great numbers, and feed at the first break of day. Untreiner rigged up a pirouge, a narrow boat made from a hollowed log, for a crusade against the ducks. He fixed a sweep from the stern, and rigged up a 6-bore specially manufactured double-barreled shotgun on swivels in the bow.

By stretching himself full length in the bottom of this boat he drifted with the tide down on the ducks. He had no difficulty in steering his boat with a foot through a loop on the handle of the sweep. His boat looked like a log floating down in the night and, as it was noiseless, he had no difficulty in getting within range. Where he saw a blacker surface on the black water there the ducks were. Without moving he aimed his howitzer and fired one barrel.

In an instant, as the unkilled or unmaimed ducks arose, the other barrel was let go. In the morning Untreiner picked up ninety-two dead ducks. He doesn't know how many gars and other fish pulled down.

The hunter got two shots at the ducks every night that season, and they became such a drug on the market that they brought but two bits a pair. For a year or two after that ducks were scarce in Mobile Bay.

BLACK RIVER ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual meeting of the Black River Fish and Game Protective Association was held this evening. W. E. Wolcott, Secretary of the Association, presented his annual report, which was as follows:

The members of our Association, in common with all other advocates of wise and efficient protection for our forests, fish and game, have reason to feel exceedingly well satisfied with what has been accomplished in this direction during the past year. To those who have labored so long and unceasingly for the preservation of the Adirondack wilderness, and so earnestly urged that the State should own that entire region, it is particularly gratifying to know that the Commonwealth now holds title to over 200,000 acres more land there than it did seven months ago.

At the last session of the Legislature $1,000,000 was appropriated for the purchase of lands within the boundaries of the Adirondack State Park, and a commission known as the Forest Preserve Board was appointed by Gov. Black to take the matter in charge. The board consists of Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff, State Engineer Adams, and Forest Commissioner Babcock, and by their prompt, energetic and discreet action the members have demonstrated to the public the wisdom of the Governor's selection. With the funds at its disposal the board has purchased 220,000 acres of land in the Adirondacks, much of which is worth far more than the prices paid, and will probably increase this to a quarter of a million acres by the time the balance of the appropriation is expended. It is expected that the next Legislature will be asked to appropriate another million dollars for the same purpose, and it is earnestly hoped that it will do so.

The action of the last Legislature in prohibiting the hunting of deer with jack-lights or with dogs for a period of five years meets with the hearty approval of all true sportsmen. Owing to the greatly increased number of hunters, the Adirondack deer were being rapidly depleted under the old law, and to prevent their utter extermination the only alternative seemed to be to stop the most destructive methods of killing them. At the annual meeting of the Black River Association three years ago it was decided to recommend to the New York State Association an amendment to the game laws abolishing both floating and hounding, and we have never ceased to advocate it. The State Association received the suggestion with favor and accorded it cordial support.

The Legislature of 1896 scored a point for protection by limiting the time for the use of jack-lights to the first fifteen days of September, and hounding to the first fifteen days of October; but it was left to the Legislature of 1897 to administer the knockout blow to deer butchery by enacting the absolutely prohibitory law mentioned, by which jacking and dogging are made illegal for five years. This is a victory over which the friends of protection may well feel exultant. We believe that the wisdom of this law will become more and more apparent as time passes, and that before the five years have elapsed there will be a stronger sentiment in favor of its renewal than there was for its original enactment.

For several years the season in which deer could be legally killed has commenced on Aug. 15. Our Association has favored shortening the season by cutting off the first fifteen days, but this step has been opposed by some, who argue that many visitors to the Adirondacks would thus be debarred from hunting, as their vacation period closes on or about Sept. 1. There are strong arguments in favor of it, however, and there is good authority for the statement that deer should not be killed until after the middle of September.

Ruffed grouse, or partridges, as they are commonly known, have been exceedingly scarce in central and northern New York this fall. Now and then one hears of a sportsman who has succeeded in killing a few old birds, but young birds are seldom, if ever, seen. This fact is attributed to the cold, wet weather which prevailed during the nesting period this year, and which it is thought prevented the eggs from hatching, or proved too severe for the fledgelings. Woodcock continue to decrease in numbers year by year, and their animated and animating whistle is no longer heard in many of their old-time haunts. They are migratory birds, and the protection afforded them in New York State is inadequate to prevent their becoming extinct if they are so mercilessly slaughtered in the South as they have been in the past.

At the annual meeting of the State Association, held in Syracuse last winter, your secretary addressed the convention on the subject of forest protection, read an original poem entitled "The Lumberman's Request," which was heartily applauded, and offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game hereby signifies its hearty approval of past legislative enactments which have enabled the State to obtain title to Adirondack lands, establish a forest preserve, and protect the timber thereon. It strongly urges the Senate and Assembly to take such further action along this line as in their judgment may be most expedient, with a view to the ultimate acquirement of the whole wilderness region. It is our belief that in the future purchase of lands in the Adirondacks special efforts should be made to secure title to the watersheds of the State reservoirs

As has been our custom for several years past, the Black River Association made application to the State Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests this year for 200,000 brook trout fry for the purpose of stocking Oneida county waters. Although unable to allow us the full number asked for, the Commissioners granted us the finest lot of infant fish that has ever been received for distribution in central New York, and our thanks have been expressed to them and to Superintendent of Hatcheries Annin for their courtesy. The fish arrived on June 11 last from the Caledonia hatchery, and the shipment included twenty cans or 1,000 yearling brook trout, twenty cans or 50,000 brook trout fry, and thirty cans or 75,000 brown trout fry. These were taken in charge by members of our Association immediately upon their arrival at the several points where they were to be distributed, and carefully deposited in the different waters. The apportionment made was as follows: For streams in the town of Marcy, five cans of yearling trout and five cans of brook trout fry; for Holland Patent, Trenton and Remsen, each five cans of yearlings, five cans of brook trout fry and ten cans of brown trout fry.

A few weeks ago notice was received from the State Association that suggestions regarding changes in the game laws should be forwarded to R. B. Lawrence, chairman of the legislative and law committee, not later than Nov. 20, and your secretary sent the following:

1. Making the open season for partridges, woodcock and black and gray squirrels begin Sept. 15 and end Nov. 15.
2. Prohibiting the sale of speckled trout and game killed in this State.
3. If it can be done constitutionally, prohibit the owning or harboring of dogs of the breed commonly used for hunting deer for a term of four years from June 1, 1898, within the limits of the Adirondack State Park or in other forests which deer inhabit. The amendment should be to section 44 of the game laws, we presume, the prohibited period to correspond with the term specified therein when said dogs shall not be permitted to run at large in forests inhabited by deer.
4. Allowing ten days for the possession of venison after the deer shooting season closes.

The report of the secretary was adopted, as was also that of Treasurer H. A. Pride, which showed the Association to be in a sound condition financially.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Association that the boards of supervisors of the several counties of the State should have the power to enact such laws regulating hunting and fishing in their respective counties as may not conflict with the game laws of New York State.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John W. Hicks; vice-president, Simeon R. Fuller; secretary, W. E. Wolcott; treasurer, H. A. Pride; directors, George G. Chassell, Simeon R. Fuller, H. A. Pride, William P. Dodge, W. E. Wolcott, John H. Williams, Benjamin Saunders; delegates to the State sportsmen's convention, Messrs. Pride and Wolcott.

W. E. Wolcott.

Utica, N. Y., Dec. 3.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK SEASON.

A St. John (N. B.) *Telegraph* reporter the other day called on Chief Game Commissioner L. T. Knight and learned some interesting facts. So far this season has been the most successful, both in revenue to the Government and game to the hunters, who have had a glorious time with large game, while the partridge has been very scarce—the reason given by experienced sportsmen is because of rainstorms last fall, and in the spring the young birds and the eggs were destroyed. From the line at Madawaska to this county comparatively few partridge were found.

Mr. Knight says large game is increasing all through the Province, and a great deal more interest is being taken in the game both by the native guides and the average business men. In localities where hunting parties have set out for game the storekeepers have greatly felt the benefit of the cash purchases made of them. At one time on the Tobique this season such an interest was taken in hunting that the guides and canoes were all in use, and a late comer could not get either. The moose are gradually working their way southward, and are extending all over the lower end of the Province, and the caribou are doing the same.

Places where these animals have not been in any numbers for the last thirty years they have been quite plentiful this fall. The caribou are to be found in goodly numbers in certain sections this season. Deer are also very plentiful in the lower end of the Province, but are not found so plentifully in the north.

American sportsmen are almost in utter ignorance of the vast amount of hunting to be had in New Brunswick, and the country needs a great deal more advertising in that respect.

Queens county Mr. Knight considers one of the finest counties in New Brunswick for moose hunting, and it is only about four or five hours' ride from this city to the moose-hunting grounds. Here can be found James F. Ryder, of Hunter's Home, and Syras Kierstead, of Fork Stream, two noted guides and strong supporters of the game laws. The hunting grounds can be reached quite easily—steamer in the early season and by railway all the year. The county wardens for Queens are H. O. Branscombe, of Cumberland Bay, and Special Warden S. E. McDonald, of Cherry Vale. Both are very attentive officers in every respect and a credit to the Province. The county wardens in other counties are as follows: Restigouche county, Mr. J. S. Bassett; Gloucester county, William Gray, Jr.; Northumberland county, William Wise; Special Warden, R. H. Armstrong; Westmoreland county, C R. Oulton; Kent county, H. Bertha; Carleton county, P. Corbett; Charlotte county, W. F. Todd; Special Warden, Samuel Orr; Kings county, O R Arnold; Madawaska, Milton Dayton; Sunbury, S. T. Burpee; William Johnson, Special Warden; Victoria, Asa Marston; York, Frank Bird; also S. L. Tracey, Tracey Station; York county, W. H. Foster, North Lake; Alvin Stitham, Canterbury; Samuel McDonald, Cherryvale, Queens county.

The following is a list of the licenses sold up to Oct. 31 this season:

NON RESIDENT LICENSES.

Crown land office, Fredericton	26
Northumberland county	10
Edmunston	15
Andover	18
Restigouche county	1
St. John county	6
	76

RESIDENT LICENSES.

Queens county	28
St. John county	10
Restigouche county	21
Andover	30
Madawaska	7
Crown lands department, Fredericton	16
Northumberland county	9
Total	121

RECEIPTS FOR LICENSES UP TO DATE.

York county	$680
Victoria county	420
Queens county	57
Restigouche county	62
St John county	142
Northumberland county	218
Madawaska county	314
Gloucester county	20
Total	$1,913

In regard to fines and penalties the following brief statement will give a fair idea:

In September, 1896, H. M. Church, of New Bedford, Mass., killed a bull moose in Queens county without having taken out a license. The head of the animal was a beauty, and at the time was spoken of by the *Telegraph*. The head was seized, and brought $120 at auction. The head was sent to Fredericton, and from the capital was sent to Bisley Cottage, London, England, where it is now admired as it adorns the walls of the Canadian cottage.

Early in September, this season, two quarters of a cow moose were seized in Hammond's stall in the city market. The meat was shipped to this city by Mr. McKnight, of Havelock, and on inquiry of McKnight the latter claimed to have got it from a man named Alward, of Canning. The meat was sold for $8. Action was taken against Alward before Justice Roberts at Cody, Queens county, and Alward was fined $100 and costs of $44. The fine was allowed to stand, and he paid the costs.

Dr. U. S. Rainsford, of New York, killed a cow moose in Restigouche county, and claimed to have done it by accident, stating that he was ignorant of the fact of the animal being a cow moose, and on notification he paid a fine of $100.

Fred. Manuel, John Curry, Arthur Everett and Arthur Allingham, of Woodstock, were brought before Police Magistrate Dibblee on complaint of shooting moose without a license, and a fine of $20 each was imposed, but allowed to stand, while they paid the court charges.

Two boys were arrested for shooting ducks on Sunday at McAdam, on Nov. 1, and a fine of $20 was allowed to stand pending future good conduct.

Thomas S. Larette, of Campbellton, was convicted of killing three bull moose and one cow in October, and was fined $100 for the cow and $20 for the three bulls, with costs of court. Several cases are still unsettled, and charges are to be made to close up the year.

On the Northwest Miramichi River, June 28, a moose was seen swimming about the river. A number of men turned out, and with guns, axes and stones cruelly butchered the animal.

As a result Messrs. Keating, McLean, Scott and two men named Jones were reported. One of the Joneses, McLean and Keating pleaded guilty and were fined $50 and costs each.

Chief Commissioner Knight has been very busy this season and is quite proud of the season's work as far as it has gone and hopes for a far better season next year. He speaks in the highest manner of the different wardens throughout the Province, all having been very attentive to their duties. Mr Knight has a large number of very kind letters from American sportsmen who have corresponded with him in regard to game.—*St. John Telegraph, Nov.* 29.

IOWA ITEMS.

Nevada, Ia., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The chicken hunting in central Iowa was not as good as usual this year, although the prospects last spring were flattering but for some reason the young birds were scarce when the season opened. The prairie chickens here have not only the "sooner" to contend with, but their natural enemies the mink, hawks and crows, seem to be increasing in number. The low price for mink fur for years past has been the best kind of protection for this savage little beast. Crows, I believe, are one of the worst game exterminators we have.

A farmer told me a short time ago of an incident which came under his own observation. He had discovered a prairie chicken's nest in the field where he was plowing, and had plowed around the nest in order to spare it. One afternoon, while working near the house, he discovered a crow circling around over the chicken's nest, cawing loudly. In a few moments the crow alighted, and dropping his work the farmer went directly toward the nest. When he came within a short distance of it the crow flew away. Investigation proved that the crow had broken every egg in the nest. Did the crow, by his continual cawing, scare the chicken off her nest? And how many chicken eggs are every year destroyed by the thousands of crows in this vicinity? These are questions which naturally arise.

A friend and myself made a ten days' trip to northern

Iowa and southern Minnesota, leaving here Oct. 28. We were at East and Center Chain Lakes, Minn. The duck shooting was poor. Up to the time we left there had been no flight of Northern ducks, and Mr. E. T. Alderman, who was near Fergus Falls, Minn., duck shooting, informs me that there was good shooting in that vicinity at local ducks, but the "Northern flight" failed to materialize. I shot a rabbit the other day with a .22cal. rifle, firing but one shot. When I skinned him I found six bullet holes in his hide. He was nestled down in a bunch of grass, facing me; the bullet entered near the eye, passed out through the back of the head, entered the shoulder, passed out again near the back ribs, entered the thigh, and came out again at the lower part of the leg.

I have always "prided" myself on my careful handling of a gun, and never had an accident in my twenty years of using firearms. However, my "pride" received a severe shock last week. I was walking along holding my new repeating shotgun at an angle of about 45°, muzzle up, the hammer at half cock, when to my surprise the gun was discharged. How it happened was a mystery which puzzled and worried me extremely. There was no question about the hammer being at half cock, as not more than one minute before I had let the hammer down from full cock. I am positive that nothing touched the gun but my own hand, and my right hand grasped the barrel midway between the sliding forearm and the hammer. Examination of the exploded primer showed that the indentation was not more than one-fourth of the size ordinarily made by the firing pin when the hammer was at full cock. After study, and thinking the matter over for some time, I came to the conclusion that I had solved the problem. After numerous trials I finally succeeded in catching the sharp, wedge-shaped upper part of the trigger on the point of the notch that holds the hammer at full cock. The jar occasioned by walking was sufficient to release the hammer, and thus was the mystery cleared away. So, after twenty years' experience with firearms, I have learned another thing, viz.: when letting down the hammer from full to half cock, be sure you hear the click of the trigger as it enters the half-cock notch on the "dog" of your gun lock.

JOHN O. BRIGGS.

HUNTING RIFLES AND THE WOUNDING OF GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The subject of hunting rifles is one which has been discussed to a great extent through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

Whether or not all the talk on hunting rifles has accomplished anything seems doubtful. It is difficult to convince some men that a large, expanding bullet, driven by a heavy load of powder, would certainly kill anything that a smaller, solid bullet, driven by a light load, would, and that the larger bullet would kill in many instances where the other would only wound.

Several years since I thought I would vary the shooting I had constantly been doing each season on ruffed grouse and woodcock, and try for larger game. I practically knew but little about a hunting rifle for large game. At the time I carefully read Van Dyke's "Still-Hunter," and was much interested in what was said about hunting rifle. Mr. Van Dyke spoke of rifles which would wound game and of rifles which would kill game, and I decided that I wanted the killing sort, and I ordered a .45-90 Winchester with half magazine. I tried the rifle with various open sights, and settled on the Lyman hunting sights. I then kept constantly practicing at various targets, rocks, stumps and such objects in all kinds of places, in the woods and out on open ground, to get used to the rifle, and also to try different lights and to learn to estimate distances. At first I used the solid and the hollow pointed express bullets. I did not like the latter, as I found they would sometimes tip on long shots, and on three deer I afterward killed I could see no signs of expanding. I wrote the Winchester Arms Co. about an expanding bullet, and they sent me some of the Keene express bullets with split points. I gave these bullets a careful test on targets and found them accurate and with good penetration. I was so well satisfied with the rifle and the Keene bullets that I have used both on all my hunting trips, killing three moose, five caribou, four bears and one deer with them, and I used eighteen cartridges to kill them. None of the animals went 50yds. after being hit and the larger part did not go 10. I had good chances usually from 40 to 70yds., but often had to shoot quickly, as the animals were moving.

A companion on a trip to Nova Scotia had a rifle exactly like mine and used some of my cartridges. He shot one afternoon on a barren two moose, one at 295yds. and the other at 175. He had plenty of time to estimate the distances, as the moose were standing broadside. The first moose dropped at once, got up and staggered a few yards and went down to stay. The Keene bullet had struck a trifle high, just back of the shoulders. I wanted very much to find the bullet, but it made such a mess of the interior of the moose that although we looked carefully we could not find it. The second moose was struck at base of the ear and dropped in its tracks and never got up again. In this case the bullet went two-thirds of the way through the head, and we only found a few pieces of it. My companion said he was surprised to see those moose drop so quickly, and that in the future he should have great faith in the Keene bullets. Our Indian guides in Nova Scotia and some men I met in Maine, and who saw the results of some of my shots, said they did not like the way those bullets worked, as they spoilt too much meat; but I prefer spoiling some meat and killing my game quickly to chasing after wounded animals.

Your correspondent Mr. Risteen speaks of the amount of game which is wounded and seldom found. There probably always will be more or less wounded animals which are lost. No doubt poor shooting is accountable for a good deal of it. No matter how killing the rifle may be, it is better to put the bullet in a vital place. I think, however, that the wounding of a good deal of game is on account of trying long-range shots. In the "Still-Hunter" Mr. Van Dyke speaks plainly on this subject. He says the chances in most cases of geting nearer is better than the chances of killing at long range. I bore this in mind on the last caribou I shot. A companion and I were on a lake in Maine, when we saw a caribou coming on the ice. The caribou was so far away that it did not look larger than a fox; but it was coming toward us, and I expected an easy shot; but when some 500yds. away it turned to go across the lake. My companion urged me to shoot, saying, "You can hold high and hit him before he can get across." I said no, I might hit him, but most likely only wound him, and would wait until he went into the woods, and then follow and get a better shot or none. As soon as the caribou entered the woods I took after him, and after following about a mile got a shot at 70yds., killing him with a single shot.

Mr. Risteen evidently has not as much faith in the small-bore smokeless rifles as some men who have never yet shot any large game seem to have. I heard of a man who, I think, has never shot a deer telling about his new rifle with smokeless cartridges and saying that he could kill a deer at 1,000yds. Nevertheless the new .30cal. and smokeless cartridges will find favor with many would-be slayers of moose, caribou and deer. The light weight and slight recoil will appeal to men who are afraid of carrying a fairly heavy gun and who also think the latter will kick. Just after getting my .45-90 I looked at the stock of rifles in several of our large gun stores and found that very few of the .45-90 or 50cal. were kept in stock. Several salesmen told me they seldom had any call for them; men coming to buy a rifle to take to Maine or elsewhere preferred something lighter, using smaller cartridges, and also something carrying a good many cartridges in the magazine. Their theory evidently was, that if the air was filled with flying bullets some of them ought to connect with the game.

I heard recently of a man just home from the Maine woods who shot at fifteen or sixteen deer, claiming he hit every one; he killed two. There never was or never will be made a rifle which will instantly kill everything it hits; but if a man is a fair shot and does not get rattled, and will use a rifle which will kill when the bullet is in or very near a vital spot, and will only take reasonably fair chances, there would be much less needlessly wounded game.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

COMPASS POINTS OF NATURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest and profit the article recently printed in FOREST AND STREAM, from the pen of Mr. Dearborn, on the subject of woodcraft as applied to ascertaining the points of the compass. If I had had that paper in my pocket on one or two occasions that I can remember I would have been spared some laborious miles of travel. It is the most definite and concise statement of facts that I have ever read; but there is one point as to which I am still in doubt, as it conflicts with what I had supposed to be true; I refer to his remarks concerning the large limbs almost invariably being on the south side of a tree.

Two years ago Mr. Eugene Bruce, of Axton (near Saranac Lake), who now holds a responsible position with the Dodge-Meigs Lumber Co., and, as many readers of FOREST AND STREAM can estify, was formerly known as one of the best guides and one of the most intelligent woodsmen in the Adirondacks, called my attention to the fact that the tops of the big pine trees make a decided dip toward the north, which of course means the sending out of one or two prominent branches in that direction. I saw so many instances of this that I would unhesitatingly use the sign as indicating the north direction. I am therefore particularly interested to find out whether this is correct, as no man is so hopelessly lost in the woods as he who follows the wrong sign in the confidence that it is the right one. Getting lost is so serious a matter—especially for those who have little inherent sense of direction or faculty for taking care of themselves when alone and astray in the woods—that absolute knowledge, so far as it goes, is most essential.

In attempting to follow the signs in the forest I think some allowance should be made for the "lay of the land," so to speak. For instance, in a valley or slope with an eastern exposure, and where the cold winds draw in from the west, the indications which would usually be found on the south side of the tree would prevail on the east side. I have always believed that, as a last resort, the best way to get out of the woods is to strike running water and follow it down stream, no matter how difficult it may be. Sooner or later a man is thus bound to come out somewhere near civilization, and at least avoid the danger of traveling in a circle. The subject is a very interesting one, and I hope we shall have a further discussion of it in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. ARTHUR F. RICE.

PASSAIC, N. J.

THANKSGIVING QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The quail crop is being harvested here, and a few shooters have been fairly successful. The general complaint among sportsmen is that most farmers will not allow shooting on their premises. As the law prohibits marketing quail, we who have not been invited out, and do not care to be set down as poachers, have to content ourselves with the recollection of how pleasant quail was to our palates years ago. Just before the open season they were at my threshold. They tripped along my stone pavement, and flew from one property to another. A large covey once flew up the street past my place of business when the street was thronged with people, and separating rested themselves on the tops of the buildings. They were everybody's and at the same time nobody's quail then.

The morning before Thanksgiving I said to my wife that I preferred quail to turkey, and that I would take a day off and shoot some for a Thanksgiving dinner. I drove out four miles to the home of a friend who had invited me out to shoot rabbits "when it snows." I put the horse in his stable, and getting into shooting togs went down through the fields to where he was husking corn. He said he was sorry, but he could not go with me, as it was a busy day with him; but that I should go ahead and hunt, and when the bell rung come to the house for dinner. There was no snow, and I had no dog, but I tramped around and finally got away from his farm; and about 10 o'clock I was counting rabbit beds in a small, weed grown wood lot, but in point of fact was hunting quail. If I had been hunting rabbits I would not have walked so close to a big fellow as to cause him to scamper away before I saw him. But the rabbit probably did not know that, and lost no time in hiding among the tall weeds. I did not get that rabbit for the simple reason that I missed him. The cause lay in my having to shoot while he was too near for the shot to scatter, or not shoot at all. But the report of the gun had the effect of waking up a lusty youth on an adjoining farm, and he came tearing across the field and stood on the partition fence looking at me. I asked him if he was looking for me, and he said no, he was looking for some boys that were there the day before and who had talked saucy to him. His father had told him if it were those boys to get on a horse and go to town and have them indicted, and he had thought it a possible chance to get to go to town. He took occasion to add that they did not want their quail killed, and they had some colts in the adjoining wood lot. I did not like that very well, and replied that I was not shooting colts; that I had handled a gun some.

When I made myself known by stating that I had sold his father the farm he was protecting, he warmed up and proposed to help me get some rabbits. Now it was not rabbits I wanted. What I wished most was that this young man was needed up at the barn, where they were baling hay. But he seemed disposed to serve me in the capacity of beater, and I could do nothing but receive his services with the same good grace it was tendered. At this distance I am not so certain that his seeming friendliness was not a mask covering a deep laid plot to save the quail. However, he took the liberty to beat the weed patch for me and flush a fine covey. I could not at the moment satisfy my mind as to whether I was justified in shooting some of those quail or not, so gave them the benefit of the doubt, but with the mental reservation that if that boy went on home I might conclude to pick up some of the birds yet. The boy, however, did not go home.

He beat about and flushed the nearest of the quail a second time, causing them to fly into the wood lot among the colts; then he told me we could get a rabbit in a weed patch over in their field, and very kindly led the way. We did not find the rabbit, but just as we finished the weed patch a very large covey of quail flushed about 15ft. in front of me and sailed away directly toward the colts that were still browsing in the adjoining wood lot. I stood and watched them until they settled down among the timber, then turning toward the boy said I was going home. He did not answer, but looked as though he was sorry for me, and I may be doing him an injustice by expressing even a suspicion that my failure to secure a Thanksgiving dinner of quail was not attributable so much to bad luck as to this boy's shrewdness.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

INDIANA.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Illinois Game Law Declared Invalid.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 4.—Something of a bombshell, or what at first sight would appear to have something of that nature, was this week exploded in the camp of sportsmanship in this State by Judge Ramsey, of the Circuit Court, at Sterling, Whiteside county, who declared that the Illinois game law as at present spread upon our statute books is invalid, and that all the game law we have is the old one dating back to 1879, under which the prairie chicken date is Aug. 15. Thus the war is carried into Africa, and instead of quarreling over the dates of Sept. 1 or Sept. 15, those who do not love any game laws may now temporarily exult in the fond delusion that chicken killing may begin Aug. 15, before all the birds are fully out of the shell. I say temporarily exult; for no sane sportsman will for an instant believe that this bit of judicial wisdom will be allowed to stand without further proving. Warden Loveday will at once take steps for carrying this case to the Supreme Court of the State, which will pass upon this remarkable situation before the absurd date of Aug. 15 will be admitted by the thinking sportsmen of the land.

The facts of this case are as below: On Aug. 27, 1897, State Warden Loveday caused the arrest of John O'Rourke, of Whiteside county, on the charge of shooting prairie chickens before the open season. This case was one of five made at about the same time, all five of which appealed to the Circuit Court. Yet others will now perhaps attempt to get their cases heard by Judge Ramsey, and of course should there be no check to this in the Supreme Court the law would in effect be ruined and we should have a still worse state of affairs in this commonwealth of things odoriferous in matters of game protection.

O'Rourke was represented by Attorney Caleb C. Johnson, who set up the old claim that the game law was invalid by reason of technical error. The judge held this to be the case, and handed down the following decision:

"The defendant admits the shooting of prairie chickens within the county of Whiteside on Aug. 27 last, and for his defense claims that the alleged amendment to the game law now sought to be enforced was not properly passed by the Legislature and insists that the old law on that subject is still in force. It seems that the amended law as published is not in harmony with the intention of the two branches of the Legislature expressed and finally determined by those two bodies as shown by the records of their proceedings. The House passed a bill March 8, 1889, which made it lawful to kill or otherwise destroy pinnated grouse or prairie chickens only between Sept. 15 and Nov. 1 of each year. That bill was duly reported to the Senate, which body on May 23 amended said House bill by making it lawful to kill such game between Sept. 1 and Nov. 1 of each year. Said House bill, thus amended, was on May 25 duly passed by the Senate and afterward concurred in by the House as amended. Thereupon said bill as amended was duly ordered enrolled and signed by the presiding officers of the two Houses and offered to the Governor for his signature. As a matter of fact, when said bill was enrolled and presented to the Governor for his signature the word 'first,' so placed in said bill by the said amendment of the Senate and concurred in by the House, was omitted and in its place appeared the word 'fifteenth,' which left the bill as originally passed by the House. In this form the Governor signed the bill, which is the alleged amendment to the game law now sought to be enforced. The Governor did not sign a bill which had 'the concurrence of the majority of the members elected to each House, as required by the constitution,' and it therefore never became a law. I therefore hold the amendatory act invalid and that the old game law is still in force, which permits the shooting of prairie chickens between Aug. 15 and Dec. 1 of each year. As the shooting complained of in this case took place on Aug. 27, the issues are found in favor of the defendant.

"The provisions with reference to close seasons in the two laws, that of 1889 and 1879, the latter of which would be revived if the former finally be invalidated, are as follows:

"1889—Wild buck, doe, fawn, wild turkey, Jan. 15 to Sept. 1; pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, Nov. 1 to Sept. 15; quail, ruffed grouse, Dec. 1 to Oct. 1; pheasants, partridges, Dec. 1 to Oct. 1; woodcock, Sept. 15 to July 15; squirrels, Dec. 15 to June 1; geese, ducks, waterfowl, April 15 to Sept. 15.

"1879—Wild buck, doe, fawn, wild turkey, Jan. 15 to Sept. 1; pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, Dec. 1 to Aug. 15; quail, ruffed grouse, Jan. 1 to Oct. 1; pheasants, partridges, no dates; woodcock, Jan. 1 to July 4; squirrels, no dates; geese, ducks, water fowl, May 1 to Aug. 15."

Early Amendment Impossible.

Warden Loveday had this case in charge with others, and naturally was displeased with the result, but has no disposition to attach any great importance to it beyond one of temporary annoyance. He feels sure the Supreme Court will reverse Judge Ramsey, and meantime we shall in all probability have an amendment to our game law setting all these things straight in a permanent fashion. It was at first thought possible to bring this question of a new game law before the special session of the Illinois Legislature, which is called for Dec. 7, but Gov. Tanner says that this cannot be done, for if this branch of legislation were opened the body would be besieged with a flood of bills, which would prolong the special session indefinitely, and cause a great amount of trouble. Meantime the would-be law-breaker of course can take his chances. If he has plenty of money to hire a lawyer, and is lucky enough to get into Judge Ramsey's court, he can secure a decision somewhat similar to the above; but if, meantime, the law is ultimately decided to be valid as it stands, he is liable under the penalties of that law, and his case may be briefly stated as thus: In, seven under-done prairie chickens that could not fly; *per contra*, out, a fat fee for a lawyer, plus a good stiff fine for violation of law and decency.

Local Sentiment.

The state of local sentiment on game law matters at the town of Sterling may be gathered from a letter sent me by Mr. Jas. S. Greenough, of that city, a gentleman who, by the way, does not train with the O'Rourke class. Mr. Greenough sent in a copy of Judge Ramsey's decision, with the following comment:

"It is almost an impossibility to do anything with the violators of any game or fish law in this county. The fact is, I could buy prairie chickens on the street in this town as early as July 15 this year, and in fact any year for a long time, and I understand it is the same case in Dixon. As far as fishing is concerned, Rocky River from this place down has been seined until there is not enough fish to make it worth while to own a seine. I last week saw some men haul a seine where five years ago they would have got more fish than they could land, and they only got one small-mouthed bass that probably weighed 3lbs. These same men have seined this part of the river all summer and have scooped it dry, and it is the same all along down to the mouth of the river. I like to fish and have been at it all summer on this river, and I have only got three bass and one wall-eyed pike. I was down the river last week after quail, and dined with an old lady who has lived on the same farm for thirty years, on the river bank, and she told me that before the river was seined, as it has been for the last few years, when she wanted some fish for dinner she took an old pole and line the boys used, and either got a few grasshoppers or took a few minnows that the boys kept in the horse trough, and went down and got a mess of fish, just as she did when she wanted a chicken and went to the hen house and got one out. Now if she wanted any fish she had to buy them of a seiner, and then they did not always have them.

"It is a shame to have our prairies and rivers depleted of the food they once offered, and by the class of things that are doing this; for all the money that comes from this poaching goes mostly to the saloons. And it does seem that the great State of Illinois, when making laws to stop this wholesale slaughter of fish and game, should furnish the means to enforce those laws, and not ask individuals to put up their own money to do it. The board of supervisors in this county refused to pay a constable his fees in the case of the People vs. Laithe, illegal seining, and I paid them myself."

Lethargy of Sportsmen.

Warden Loveday, when interviewed to-day, was also pronounced in his opinions in regard to the lethargy of sportsmen in practical protection. He thinks the sportsman prone to lie supinely on his back and ask for the good things of shooting and fishing without getting up to help corral them. Mr. Loveday has more than once asked the good folk of Peoria to nominate a man for warden for that city, which under the law should be given such a State warden just as much as Chicago; but he can get no word from President Fahnestock, of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, nor any suggestion from any other citizen of a man for that responsible position. One man cannot cover the whole State, and the late incumbent at Peoria has done nothing at all in the way of work at arresting violators. At Quincy, the third city entitled to a State warden, there is such a personage, but I do not get any word about his work among the law-breakers. It has been the wish of the Chicago warden that the local sportsmen would take active interest in this protective work, and would do all possible to secure him the sort of men he needs to assist him. The local sportsmen do not always see it in this light, and not all are so generous and active in practical protection as Mr. Greenough, of Sterling, whose example is one worth emulation.

The Passing of Mr. Blow.

It may perhaps be borne in mind that this department of FOREST AND STREAM for some time waged a little war on our late lamented State game warden, Chas. H. Blow. Possibly there were some who thought it wrong to go back on the warden in this way, or some who thought a game warden was a sacred thing and could do no wrong. I had all along a very definite notion of what I was writing about, and was positive the man was not entitled to any better treatment than he got. At the present writing Mr Blow is somewhere in Wisconsin, engaged in a fish business, it is said. There is a State warrant out for him here in Illinois. A while before his departure from office Mr. Blow went to a certain club of anglers in this State and represented himself as the State Fish Commissioner, and said he would stock the club waters for the sum of $75. The club could raise only $68, which Blow pocketed, thereafter forgetting all about the stocking proposition. Messrs. Bartlett and Cohen, of the State Fish Commission, have sworn out this warrant for Blow, and propose to find out whether or not the latter was really the cook and the captain bold and the crew of the captain's gig. There was a certain sincerity about Mr. Blow such as to command one's respect. He and the French monarch were much alike, and the belief of each was: "The State, it is myself." Which, being interpreted, is to say that Charles and Louis each devoutly believed himself to be the whole thing. I trust the State Fish Commission may get Mr. Blow, but I doubt very much whether the club will ever get its $68.

Game and Fish Work.

Deputy Game Warden Goelter has recently received his commission as fish warden also, this on account of a bit of good work he did at fish wardening. For a long time two parties at Fox Lake, Ernest Sayle and Mathison Lincoln, had made a practice of seining in the lake near the outlet, the ground where they drew their seine being covered with dead little pike and bass. No local fish warden could do anything toward catching them, so Warden Loveday sent Goelter up from his force, and the latter after watching two days landed his men. They got $50 each, and had their 300ft. net confiscated.

Officials Shoot.

Gov. Tanner, Clerk Van Cleave, Warden Loveday and two local shooters of Wayne county, Ill., had a couple of days' shooting at quail this fall, with the extraordinary result of 360 quail to the five guns. These birds are very abundant in Wayne county this year, and numbers of prairie chickens were also seen. Mark this down in your note book for next year.

The steamer Lotus, State fish commission, was last week in commission on her closing trip of inspection. Gov. Tanner was expected to join Commissioners Cohen, Bartlett and the State warden, but the Governor failed to appear. The boat had been outfitted with a view to the gubernatorial visit, and the party actually present didn't do a thing with the supplies.

Illegal Quail Seized.

Mr. D. O. Whitcomb, of South Water street, this city, had twenty-six dozen illegal quail taken away from him yesterday by the game warden. Mr. Whitcomb thinks it very sad for his private business to be interfered with in this unpleasant manner.

The dealers have lost a considerable amount of illegal Illinois game this season, the express companies having given the deputies very great assistance in locating shipments of such game.

Without a Country.

The rich lands of the Indian nations were bound to fall into the hands of the white man, who only grants concessions to the Indian with the view of getting them all back again after awhile with a slice in addition; but it was hardly to be predicted that so soon in the history of these tribes the red men were to be not only without lands, but without a country. The following singular dispatch would seem to warrant the latter conclusion:

"MUSKOGEE, I. T., Nov. 29.—The Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians, who have been in session at Antlers, I. T., for the past week, have determined to organize a colony and emigrate to Mexico. They have been offered lands by the Mexican Government very cheap. Not being able to agree on a leader to conduct them to the promised land in their own nation, United States Agent Wisdom was finally selected. The Indians propose to sell their lands to the United States and with the proceeds purchase new homes. The Dawes commission is authorized to negotiate for the Indian lands. Agent Wisdom has not yet decided whether to accept the offer."

The Ute Difficulty.

The difficulty out in Colorado over the Ute arrests and killings by game wardens has not yet all died away. A number of Utes have asked hunting leave from their agent and a good many have taken it without asking. We may expect to hear of a few white men being killed in revenge. The Indians have made a statement about the affair in which the killing took place. They say only four bucks were in camp, and that the wardens took hold of two of the bucks by the wrists. A squaw ran up to help the prisoners, and other wardens fired, killing the two bucks and shooting the squaw in the arm and the back of the head. The Indians say they have not at any time fired a shot at the wardens.

The Size of the Sea Otter.

For the benefit of others, who perhaps know no more about the sea otter than I did, I should like to present a part of the information sent me by Mr. G. L. Ainsworth, of Racine, Wis., who writes me thus, and compels me to believe that the sea otter is a good deal of a ballooning old fraud:

"I quote below from report of Henry W. Elliott to U. S. Fish Commission, and published in 1887:

"An adult kalan is an animal not much larger than a mature and well conditioned beaver. It will measure from the tip of the tail, which is short, to the extremity of the muzzle 3½ to 4½ft, the tail not being over 6 to 8in long, and it has a proportionate girth of a little over 2ft. The skin lies upon it, however, in a very different manner from that peculiar to the giant rodent above cited, with which I have just compared it as to size; for the folds of the other's hide, when seized by the hand, seem to stretch and rise from the body, just as does the skin on the scruff of a puppy's neck. In other words, the skin of the animal seems to be big enough for a creature twice its anatomical bulk. * * * When the skin is taken from the body the native makes but one cut in it, and that is at the posterior. The body is literally turned inside out. The skin is next air dried and stretched, so that it then gives the erroneous impression of an animal at least 6ft. and over in length and disproportionately lesser girth, suggestive of the shape of a weasel or mink. * * * The feet are so small that really nothing of the whole expansion of the sea otter's skin is lost when they are cut off. I should say, however, that the hind flippers evidently are the swimming or propulsive organs. They, compared with the impotent, tiny forefeet, are large and strong, and webbed between the toes like those of a duck. * * * The natives assure me that as these skins, taken during every month in the year, never show at any season those signs of shedding and staginess so marked in the seal, they do not renew their pelage by that process, but that it grows and falls out just as the hair on our heads does.

"The above I have copied from Section V., Vol. 2, of 'The Fishery Industries of the United States,' published by the U. S. Fish Commission in 1887."

Michigan Grouse and Quail.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 2.—Which he was the mayor, and they called him Pirate Bill, and he asked me to come along of him, so I came along. We took the train and rode and rode till we got to the edge of the world, a place where the lumbermen had long since robbed the earth and left only stumps and burnings and slashings, all overgrown with hardwood trees and thickets and briers and brush, and with here and there a sad and solitary corn or wheat field thrusting out into the wilderness, where some farmer had gotten stranded and hadn't money enough to get back to his wife's folks. It was good, crispy, fall hunting weather. We had two good dogs—Bob, a Gordon, and Jack, an old, old, old-time meat-dog, a pointer over thirteen years of age, with both front feet swelled out of shape by rheumatism and a jowl pendulous with age, but with a heart untamed by anything. We had to help Jack over the fences, and he could only waddle a few yards ahead of us, but he kept on waddling right into points on grouse and quail, and when we killed a bird he would go and bring it in like a gentleman. I had just come from some field trials, and of course the subject of retrieving is taboo at a field trial. But at sight of this venerable old meat dog, with his waddle and his point and his retrieve, I felt that the world was not without its recompenses after all.

The Pirate said he didn't care for any quail, and that he was going to show me some ruffed grouse, with a lot more fun. And we did find the grouse, plenty of them as that sort of thing goes—I think perhaps we put up fifteen grouse that day and bagged only five between us. But we had so much walking and so much fun with these fellows that we hardly stopped to think about the quail. Once in a while we would blunder over a bevy of quail at the edge of a slashing we were working for grouse, and would mark them down a quarter of a mile in the thicket—I never saw quail fly so far—and then we would go after them till we put up a grouse and followed off after him. Toward evening we concluded to pick up a few quail, and we found a bevy on every stubble field that we struck. We would get our double shot on the rise over the point on the stubble, old Jack and young Bob both doing handsomely for us, and then we would follow the singles into the worst sort of cover. It was hard shooting, but we found the pockets getting fuller little by little. The Pirate was a corker of a field shot, and he was fully posted on the local wrinkles of getting at the birds, so we had a lovely day. One odd little bit of shooting I remember very well. We had marked a bevy down at the edge of a little open wood, and killed one or two singles as they went up. All at once four birds sprang out together from the edge of a brush heap. Three went straight ahead and the fourth twisted over our heads and went back of us. We fired first at those going in front, and I killed with each barrel and the Pirate killed the third. Then he swung around quickly after the fourth bird, which had gone back of us, and with a pyrotechnic sort of shot killed that one also, a long way back of us, as it was topping the woods and going like a ghost. I do not think this little piece of work, on all four of the birds, would be soon seen repeated, even by so distinguished a pair of shots as ourselves. Anyhow, we did it.

At night we counted up our birds and found that we had twenty-six in all, five ruffed grouse and twenty-one quail. We had gone over very good quail country that had not been shot very much, and we thought that we could have killed fifty birds between us if we had cared to hunt quail. Our friend, Mr. McCarthy, had poorer luck on his round, and got but few quail. Two other gentlemen were shooting at the same place, and one, Mr. Davis, with his guide, killed, if my memory serves me, nearly fifty quail that day. Mr. Davis did not care to hunt grouse. The other gentleman was Mr. Stone, who also had a local guide, and they got some twenty or thirty birds, I believe; so that all in all we had a grand lot of game.

The next day the Pirate and I again took up our system of exterminating all the grouse, and we exterminated them just about the way we did the day before, bagging five more glorious big fellows, everyone fully earned and fully enjoyed. This was the finest ruffed grouse country I was ever in during all my life, and though we did not see more than a dozen or a dozen and a half of these birds in all we had plenty to do with these. We missed but one fair or easy shot, where I let a bird get away which Bob had pointed right under our feet at a log, and which went up in broad daylight and in full view, for a wonder. This bird I think had had a leg broken by an earlier shot from my companion's gun, but you have to break a leg or two on a grouse before it forgets how to fly, so we never got this fellow at all, much to our sorrow, though we put him up again in thick cover. We did not strike such good quail country this time, for the bevies had been shot into and broken up, and the birds were wild as hawks, flying to all sorts of distances when put up. Our bag that night was five grouse and only sixteen quail, I think. Mr. McCarthy improved his score this day, and our friend Mr. Briggs had better luck, getting five grouse himself and over a dozen quail. Mr. Davis and his guide had top bag, if I recollect, about sixty quail, and Mr. Stone and his man brought in over a dozen each, if the figures remain in memory correctly. I know the total was a very large one that night, and showed very plainly that we were in a remarkably good game country.

The next day the Pirate went home, and I went out for a little hunt with Mr. Davis and Archie, his guide, an old market hunter. The latter I found to be a rattling good field shot. He used a Winchester pump gun, close choked, but he never lost any time getting on to his bird, and when he fired he usually got meat. I always think that a man who kills half his quail is a good shot, and that three out of five is excellent. Whether Archie can always do it or not I do not know, but I am sure he killed over 80 per cent. of his birds that day, in all sorts of cover. I don't think I ever saw any man shoot quail so well. So much could not be said for Mr. Davis and myself, who each had a bad streak. The dogs, Monk of Elmo (Tony for short) and Doc, performed perfectly. We bagged to the three guns—mostly Archie's—forty-two birds that day, I think, and of these nine were ruffed grouse. Think of that! We killed three grouse almost before we got started. Then Archie got off from us in the wood and put up four grouse, and only killed them all! A while later we heard him shoot once, in a bit of brush near by, and perhaps half an hour afterward thought to ask him what he was shooting at.

"Pa'tridge," said Archie.

"Why didn't you kill it?" (This in would-be derision of him.)

"Oh, I did kill it," said he, innocently. And in fact we found that when he shot at a grouse he rarely did anything but kill it. It is all right to talk about the wonderful skill of this bird in evading man, and it is certainly a hard bird to kill, but after this it is in my mind forever shorn of its glory. It can not only be killed easily and in good average, but it can be killed in a great big per cent. by a man who knows how to shoot. Archie did not miss any more grouse than he did quail, and he shot a close choked gun at that. I learn more about these things as I get older. Had Mr. Davis and I shot as well as Archie did, we would have had more birds than I should have liked to see. Mr. Stone and his man shot near us, but in poor luck, only getting about a dozen birds. This closed my trip, a very pleasant one indeed, with quite enough shooting in it to make it eventful.

But this does not end the record of that country, as I shall go on to show. Since my return the Pirate has written me about a little further shooting he has had in the same spot. When I saw him last he was a very sad and penitent man.

He said he had been neglecting his business shamefully, and he wished that people like me would stay away and let him make a little money to keep the wolf from the door, and not be pestering him to go shooting all the time. At any rate, not under any consideration would he go hunting again that season, for he had had enough, and knew when he had enough. Such is the disposition of man! Who has not made similar resolves? His letter does not bear quite the same tenor, for he seems to have gone out for "just one more day," and then two or three more, according to the evidence.

"We had two pretty good days, didn't we?" he says. "I enjoyed it immensely. I feel, however, like an old bum that has deserted business entirely and become a backwoodsman. I just got back last night from seeing the season out, and am glad the shooting is over with. Between now and the 1st of May, when brook trout are ripe, I may be able to establish a reputation for hard work and attending to business; but it has been sadly shattered for some time.

"My friend Dr. S. showed up on the Friday noon train. It rained all that day, but the next morning we took the train for our place, with Briggs and McCarthy along. Archie went with the Doctor and myself, Gladwin with Mr. McCarthy; Mr. Briggs, who likes to shoot alone, going by himself.

"We no sooner got over the fence than old Bob made a rush across the fields, head up. He quartered it in good style and came up like a rock; but the new dog that the Doctor had brought with him had never seen a quail before, and he lit in the middle of the covey in about ten jumps, so we did not get a chance at them. Then we got into bad territory; we got up lots of birds, but they got into pieces of woods like that one you and I struck that night where we stood on some high logs, and after knocking down two or three birds we gave it up as a bad job.

"In the afternoon we got into better territory, and got a covey scattered in short brush, and my black dog worked to perfection (I had left old Jack at home), and bird after bird was picked up; I think only one got away. Pretty soon Bob began roading, and picked up a second covey right in the same patch; they scattered close by, and we began trimming them out, when up got the third covey. We were shooting fast and furious; I never had anything like it. I have forgotten just how many the three of us trimmed out, but I think it was seventy-one birds that we had in our pockets that night. At any rate, all told, the party had ninety-six, and I am quite certain that I had my share of them (I did Archie up brown that day)

"After that Archie went with Mr. Davis, and we hunted by ourselves. Mr. McCarthy was laid up with a stiff back one day, and another day there was such a wind blowing that it made it almost impossible to do anything, your fingers would get so numb; but we put in our time just the same, making four days, and we divided our birds fair and square last night and had sixty-two quail and four partridge each, that is for each of the four. The rats or cats had gotten at one of the strings in the barn, and must have used up a dozen of them. Pretty nearly slaughter, wasn't it? But the birds were there just as thick when we quit as in the beginning, and we can do it all over again another year, and I hope you will be able to enjoy some of it.

"I have not forgotten how we knocked down those four birds that left the ground at the same time. McCarthy and I came pretty near it; three got up and we got all three of them, then struck a bunch of five partridge. We killed the first three that jumped, the other two got away while our guns were empty. We followed them up and got one of them.

"*Dec. 2.*—I dictated this letter yesterday, but there was so much to write that it did not get away. I learned of something that really makes me feel sad, unless McCarthy is stuffing me. He sent word last night that I missed one day of the hunting season; that the law reads: 'the 1st of December, inclusive;' at least he says so; whereas I supposed we could only shoot up to the 1st of December. Now, isn't that too bad for a fellow that is so sadly in need of exercise and hunting as I am? It is meaner still for McCarthy to twit me about it.

"By the way, the last day, in the afternoon, I ran across a bit of cover that seemed to have a good many ruffed grouse in it. The first one I flushed among some burnt logs, while I was hunting out a bevy of scattered quail. I went in the woods a little further and old Bob made a fine point; the bird was killed, and he went after it. When he came in about half way he stopped, threw his head to one side, and then made as stiff and pretty a point as you ever saw, with this great, big grouse still in his mouth. This produced another bird. A little later on he made another point, which was also added to the bag. I think if I had had time to hunt that patch of wood I could have found twelve or fifteen grouse easily enough."

The foregoing record is a large one, though more surprising in the grand totals than for the daily scores. An average of over fifteen birds to the gun for four days is an unusual one nowadays. Many may ask how it comes that such a shooting country still exists in the North, but I may reply that this is a result of a close protection. These few guns did well this year. Throw this little country open to all the guns, and half a dozen birds to the gun would be above the average. The shooting there is still good because the market hunting has been stopped there, but I do not think the locality can stand even so heavy a drain as is above mentioned for very many seasons, nor do I believe that such shooting is to be predicted for any unpreserved country in the North for any very great length of time. I enjoyed most of all the sport with the grouse, of which I had never before seen so many on a hunt. E Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago

Iowa Game Export.

Algona, Ia., Nov 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in the Forest and Stream of Nov. 27 an article stating that a New York game dealer is quoted as saying to the reporter of the *Evening Post* that he had received 350 dozen grouse and 400 dozen quail from Iowa.

Any one who knows anything about Iowa game knows that that is all talk. Iowa game laws are well observed, and no such amount of game has left the State this season. There is a class of people who like to see our game laws violated, but they are few in numbers. I should judge that the New York game dealer was one of that crowd.

John G. Smith,
President of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

An Undesirable Industry.

Mr. Charles Hallock writes a timely word of caution to the people of eastern North Carolina respecting the conservation of their deer supply. He sends this letter to the New Berne *Journal*:

I notice in your paper of recent date a statement to the effect that "the continued shipment of bear meat and venison to Northern markets is assuming the aspect of an industry," and that carcasses are expressed almost daily over the A. & N. C. R R bound northward.

This new movement, I may say, is easily accounted for by the fact that Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, from which market venison has hitherto been principally drawn, have forbidden the shipment of deer meat beyond the State limits, and that the game wardens are strenuously enforcing the law, under the stimulus of big pay and large rewards. Market hunters have therefore changed their guests to eastern North Carolina, which they find even easier of access than their old stamping grounds, and although the deer are not more than half the size of their Northern kindred, they are at present easier to capture and ship, and upon the whole more remunerative.

Now, although I have sought, conscientiously, for seven years past, to attract legitimate sportsmen to your section, and am even now pressing the purchase of Bogue banks upon a select club as a game preserve of unequaled attractions, yet I confess that I am sorry to see that the remorseless market hunter has found his way thither, for he will soon make a barren and a desolation of every present haunt of game. The only possible chance to save the deer now, and all lesser game afterward, is to interdict his efforts, and no county law or legislature enactment will stop them so promptly and completely as a strict enforcement of the common trespass law. Let every owner of marsh and forest lands post them forthwith, permitting shooting at discretion (and better far for a fee than for no compensation), and bravely prosecute offenders at sight, relying upon the conservatism, providence, and self-interest of the community to back him.

I pray that you may see fit to indorse this proposition editorially and that every journal in interest may copy it. By-and-by it will be too late.

I have lived in your section, and call myself one of your people, and I have made a life study of game and forest problems. Hence I feel sure of my position when I declare that unless this wholesale slaughter of deer is stopped in your section, right away, there will be no deer left for sport two years hence. Mark these words!

Heretofore your neighbors have had all the vension they needed for meat, at any season of the year; and seldom has any animal been wantonly killed. I had rather depend upon the common sense of a conservative community for my close and open seasons than upon the State or county laws. The game will fare better, and everyone, farmers as well as sportsmen, will have more sport. I do not hold modern legislative enactments in the highest esteem, by any means. They irritate every one they touch: hunters, middlemen, and consumers alike, and in general they defeat the objects which they claim to wish to promote. I have always looked upon eastern North Carolina as a primitive Eden, where no tempter landed, and where no threats from tables of the law disturbed the peace and pastime of the people. I am sorry, then, I say, that the hedge is already broken down, and a breach been made in the closing.

Let us station timely guards thereat, and protect what is left. I am sure that if responsible parties of means would only purchase Bogue banks, which can be bought for less than $1 per acre, it could be preserved as a nursery and refuge for hundreds of deer for decades to come. And if farmers would only make a practice of protecting their outlaying lands, and leasing their shooting privileges to applicants at discretion, they would be able to realize a nice little income for the permits they issued, which should in all cases be printed.

The Maine Game Industry.

The Bangor & Aroostook R. R. Passenger Department has sent out this game record for October and November, 1897. The table shows the amount of game shipped from our stations during the above months. Moose shipments were from Oct. 15 to Dec. 1:

	October.			November.		
Shipped from.	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
Caribou	3	2	..	..	..	..
Presque Isle	..	1	2	2	1	..
Fort Fairfield	..	1	..	1	1	..
Houlton	1	..	..	1	..	..
Oakfield	2	..	..	5	..	2
Island Falls	11	..	..	4	..	..
Crystal	2	..	..	2	..	..
Patten	67	3	4	113	6	8
Sherman	14	1	..	34	2	..
Stacyville	58	3	5	82	..	6
Grindstone	62	..	1	42	..	..
Millinocket	31	..	..	27	..	..
Twin Dam	11	1	..	9	..	..
Norcross	261	16	1	179	..	1
South Twin	16	..	..	14	..	..
Perkins' Siding	24	..	..	17	..	..
Ingalls' Siding	32	1	..	38	..	..
West Seboois	19	..	..	44	1	..
Schoodic	84	..	..	46	1	..
Brownville	12	..	..	8	..	..
Milo	3	..	..	2	..	..
Alton	1	..	..	1	..	..
Ashland	33	3	4	33	4	3
Masardis	15	8	..	36	7	1
St. Croix	5	1	1	2	3	1
Weeksboro	1	..	..	..	..	..
Smyrna Mills	2	..	..	3	1	1
Katahdin Iron Works	36	3	..	56	1	1
Brownville Junction	4	..	..	12	1	..
Monson	5	..	..	5	..	..
Greenville	427	11	2	173	6	..
Shirley	2	..	..	14	2	..
Monson Junction	1	..	..	..	..	..
Guilford	1	..	..	4	..	..
Lagrange	...	..	..	6	..	..
Mars Hill and B	...	..	..	2	..	..
South Sobec	...	..	..	1	..	..
Abbot Village	...	..	..	1	..	..
Blanchard	...	..	..	3	..	..
Total game	1,246	55	20	1,023	37	24

In Central New York.

Cayuga County, N. Y., Dec. 5.—Partridge shooting in Cayuga county is usually fair, excepting that this year, where last year there were a dozen birds, this year there are none. Shooters say it is due to the cold weather last spring.

Ducks on Cayuga Lake and Seneca River are quite plenty, some fair bags being made. Rabbits and squirrels are fairly plenty in some parts; rabbits are ferreted and squirrels shot six weeks before the open season begins. If the sale of game could be stopped game would soon be quite plentiful again and old-time shooting had. I. C. U.

Ruddy Ducks.

Currituck Sound, Nov. 29.—It has only been a few years since this delicious and now famous little duck was not considered valuable; in fact, I have often let them swim around among my decoys for hours at a time, not considering them worth a load of shot. To-day the demand far exceeds that of the canvasback, and the price, considering the size, is quite equal. Did you ever try a ruddy duck breakfast? Split on the back, leaving the breast whole; season with pepper and salt only; place inside a hot stove or range; cook fourteen to eighteen minutes. Serve with hominy, and you have a breakfast for any one. About nine years ago we had the pleasure of helping to introduce the ruddy duck to some of the members of the Manhattan Club, insisting at the time that they were quite as good as the canvasback, if killed at Currituck or Havre de Grace, and it has only taken those few years to convince the general public that we were right.

This little bird, when its value was not known, as we have said, was very tame, but now the schemes resorted to for their capture are numerous and novel. One of the plans largely resorted to is to place a battery or sink-box in the line of flight, placing the iron ducks inside the box and tying them underneath the platform, using no decoys at all. The shooter then places his feet to windward and shoots the game going before the wind. The best practice for this kind of shooting is to have a baseball pitcher stand twenty paces away and throw balls straight at your head. The general average for our best shots at Currituck is one killed in three shots, but some of them claim to kill half of the time. There are many other schemes resorted to, but I have 100 ruddy duck decoys and use nothing else. They are a very proud duck these late years, and rarely associate with redheads or canvasback decoys.

Some fine bags have been made during the past week, and the condition was never better. Should the reader decide to take our advice, from now until Christmas is the best time. Redheads are still rather scarce, but canvasbacks were more plentiful during the past week. Currituck.

Widgeon Point.

Kingston, Mass, Nov. 27.—The shooting at the ponds in Plymouth county, Mass, is not so good this year as it has been in the last two or three. At Silver Lake the leading stand is Widgeon Point, as usual, with eighty-one geese to their credit up to the present time. They have a good lead over the others, and Mr. Arnold says they will have no trouble in keeping ahead. There was a pleasant party at this place last week, when the club entertained Mayor Williamson and friends from Brockton. With the Mayor were Dr. Riply, chairman of Board of Health; E. M. Low, Wm. H. Shaw, and also J. A. Curtis, from Reading, Pa. There were also present friends from Boston and the members of the club. Mr. C. H Carey, secretary of Board of Health of Brockton, who with Mr. Theo. Arnold, of North Abington, are the largest owners in the club, received the party and conducted them to the dinner table, which was set for twenty-one. It was a game dinner, and was prepared by Millard Churchill, assisted by Oliver Bryant, two cooks hard to beat when wildfowl are to be served. The party was entertained with stories by Mr. Bryant and also by Mayor Williamson, and Mr Churchill related some of his war experiences and army life.

Everything was enjoyed to the fullest; and George and Herb. tried to get some geese for the crowd to shoot at, but the best they could do was to see two flocks, and the friends had the pleasure of seeing the decoys work.

The club hopes that with some cold weather the birds will fly again, and then they will run up the score. For a good time and a first-class fellow, I will recommend Widgeon Point Club and Theo. Arnold. F. E. W.

Death of Fayette S. Giles.

Fayette S. Giles, the founder and promoter of the Blooming Grove Park Association, died at New Berne, N. C., from heart disease on Sunday. Mr. Giles had not been in robust health for some time. He was on a hunting trip to North Carolina and had been visiting his relatives there. In 1870 Mr. Giles conceived the idea of establishing a large and suitable game preserve within easy reach of New York. Within a year he had selected a site in Pike county, Pa. By 1871 he had effected the organization of the Blooming Grove Park Association. The Association now owns or controls over 20,000 acres, one-fourth of which is timber land, besides many miles of the adjoining streams.

Black Duck Decoys.

Cape Cod, Mass.—Black duck decoys can be bought on the Cape from most of the shore gunners. They are small black duck decoys bred from the wild black duck, and the best all-round decoy I have ever used.

I have owned some gray call ducks, but they never were so satisfactory as the ones the gunners use here; besides they would not breed to the extent of the ones here.

The black are a merry lot, and as noisy a lot of ducks as any one would want. Shooters generally use about twenty to thirty of them in their stands on the shore of ponds or lakes. The prices that most of the gunners here ask for them range from 50 to 75 cents apiece when the season ends.

Theo. Gray.

But is there any Game there?

Alliance, Nov. 30.—A farmer living just over the line in Mahoning county from this city, contrary to the actions of his neighbors who have forbidden hunting or shooting on their farms, has posted the following notice:

"Hunt and shoot all you want to on this farm, and when the bell rings come in to dinner."

Books for Holiday Gifts.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. invites attention to its list of works on outdoor life and sport as including many books which are admirably adapted to be given as Christmas or New Year's gifts. Mather's "Men I Have Fished With," Whitehead's "Camp-Fires of the Everglades," Robinson's Danvis books, Grinnell's Indian books, the Boone and Crockett Club's series, Kunhardt's "Small Yachts," and the "Supplement" to it—these are some of the volumes which are in subject and examples of fine book making certain to be valued. The list is given on another page. Orders should be sent in such season that they may be filled in time for the holidays.

THE MAN IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

I'm the man up in the clock tower. As I have to be here day and night, right on the tick, I have no time to go shooting or fishing myself, but have to take it out in "the next best thing." Between hours I have time to read FOREST AND STREAM, and when the mood is on to write. Taking advantage of the editor's standing invitation for those of us who have anything to say to say it, I am to have a column or two to myself—for how long I don't know—to talk of things as I see them.

The New School of Hunting.

A Cincinnati *Commercial-Tribune* came to me a few days since with a full-page account of the trials of the National Fox Hunter's Association, recently held at Cynthiana, Ky., and after reading it through to the end I found there a signature of a lady, which at once explained why a full page was necessary to describe the weather, the sunrise, the costumes, the glories of Kentucky, the unapproachable Southern etiquette, the personal beauty and pedigrees of the visitors and —nothing of the meet proper. It goes without saying that any gentleman who is so ungallant as to differ from a lady, particularly on any matter pertaining to sport, and specifically sport in Kentucky, is no gentleman; therefore I will not differ from the fair writer, though at the same time suggesting that the art of writing requires fine discrimination as to what not to write as well as what to write. To this one should add at least a smattering of knowledge of the subject. Here are some extracts from the story in question:

> Most of the hunters had seen the sun rise before, and were obliged to resort to flasks and camp-fires by the roadsides for warmth.

This was a marvelous gathering. Some of them had been so active as to have already seen a sunrise—and what a consequence! they were obliged to resort to a flask or camp-fire for warmth. The ones who never had seen the sun rise before probably didn't know the difference between the flask and the fire.

But the ways of the red fox, as set forth by the accomplished writer, are far more valuable than would seem in a passing notice. Heretofore the fox has been considered the embodiment of cunning—an animal of infinite resource in devising means to evade his pursuers. He availed himself of the fences, of sheets and streams of water to throw off the hounds, and there are well authenticated instances where the fox ran round and round in a large circle, thus making a consecutive trail, on which the hounds ran after the fox had abandoned it; also of foxes which ran in relays, one relieving another when too closely pressed by the hounds. Whether this be true or not, the terms fox and cunning have long been held as being synonymous. But the fair writer says:

> The red fox is a very wild and cowardly animal, although beautiful enough to make him coveted for his beauty's sake. He trusts nothing to cunning, but everything to heels.

And cowardly! what animal would not run with a pack of crying hounds after it? Yet it is well known that a red fox will often turn on a single hound and fight it.

But on matters of logical deduction the fair writer is no less precise. Here is how the hounds catch the fox:

> He will get up as far ahead of the hounds as possible and continue to distance his pursuers until he gets far enough ahead to maintain his advantage at his natural gait, which is a long leap. If permitted to pursue his own gait, the devil couldn't catch him, for he could run a week. To overcome all the advantage always in favor of the pursued, you must have dogs that will push ahead on a faint scent, and make quick and rapid casts ahead on the line of chase, and speed enough, with a good, high scent, to push the fox to his utmost rate of speed. If your hounds have got the bottom and endurance to keep him up to his rate, he is bound to strike his flag to them in from sixty minutes to two hours.

You see, it's all very plain. The fox runs away from his pursuers till he gets as far ahead as he chooses. He can run faster and longer than the hound, but the hound chases the fox real hard and catches him in a little while, although the fox can run a week. It's all very clear.

The true manner of fox hunting the talented writer gives from a high authority, as follows:

> If your dogs are well bred they will need no encouragement. You must never halloo when you see the fox and your dogs are running or coming to you. It will detract their attention and take them off their nose, and will probably cause them to lose or at least be at fault for a while. You must sit still and let them pass, and then, if they seem tired and you think encouragement is needed—or if you can't help it—give a few short screams and ride beside them a little way.
>
> When dogs are some distance from you, it does them no good to halloo to them—they don't hear you, but the fox does, and quickens his pace. We signal on the horn to each other, and I train my dogs to a certain signal when I see a fox and want to get them close after him.

Again from the same authority:

> The mode and object of hunting the fox in the South differs materially from that of the North. Our style partakes more of the English. We use horses that will and do take fences and stone walls. They are bred to stand our hard cross-country riding.

And again it is a little confusing to understand how one could "sit still" while the hounds ran by if one were riding hard across country after the English style. It's very pretty reading if one doesn't stop to think.

But the ladies, bless the dears! We men, of every section, are as one with our brothers of the South in our adoration of the fair sex. But I fail to see the relevancy of the following in the description of a fox chase:

> The Kentucky man likes to have his womenkind with him. He never feels that they are in the way. He protects as well as compliments. The Kentucky girls do not go chaperoned into the field—there is no need of chaperons with all those grizzled heads—and, anyhow, Kentuckians have a quick way of settling things that is not exactly conducive to presumption or overdaring on the part of rash youth. The Kentucky man has always taken care of his womenkind, and he always will "till the sun grows cold and the stars are old."

But as to what the dogs did, which one won, what he won, and how he did it, I am as yet in the dark. But fulsome self-laudation as an art, with a fox hunt as a pretext for the outpour, I now know all about. A fox hunt is made up of pretty feathers and ribbons, exaggerated compliments, history of bygone splendors, chivalry, chit chat, and visionary theories.

The Homing Instinct.

I read the other day of a Long Island deerhound which strayed away on the first day of deer shooting, and was finally tied up on the grounds of the South Side Club, gnawed the rope in two during the night, and made his escape and arrived home all right on Sunday, "having traveled the intervening forty miles with no other guide than instinct, as he had never been over the ground before."

Such incidents find frequent place in the newspapers. The greater the absurdity of a proposition, the more grave attention as a news feature it receives. Not that dogs do not find their way home, but that they do not do so by instinct is what I believe. For my faith therein I have very good reasons. Every shooter, who has had much to do with dogs, knows how easy it is to lose a dog, and how easy it is to pay $5 or $25 for his recovery. Sometimes a dog will lose his master when out with him in the fields and will sit with nose pointing skyward giving vent to the most hopeless howlings. When dogs are lost in prowling about, they may come across some place where they have been before, and which they recognize; then the return home is easily accomplished. If it were an instinct it would be present in all dogs.

Formerly it was believed that the carrier pigeon found his way home by instinct from long distances. It is now known that it is from a matter of knowledge that they are able to return. The birds are many times successively released at a distance from home, further and further each time, yet at no time too far for them to recognize known objects when the birds rise to the first high altitude for observation at the beginning of the flight, so that learning a route more and more, they at last can take it home from any point with which they are familiar. The common honey bee was for a long time considered the best examplar of the homing instinct, but naturalists now hold that they fly home on a route which has been learned from observation. The manner of starting on a homeward flight, whether it be that of pigeon or bee, indicates that a sight of some familiar object is sought for guidance. There is much more homing instinct in the pen of writers who are writing on space than there is in both pigeon and bee.

"The Fox as Game."

No better examplification of the fact that the point of view from which all is seen and measured is within one's self is necessary than the position taken in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 4 by Mr. W. H. Sullivan concerning foxes as game. He makes a scathing rebuke on those who take foxes in any manner but the legitimate one, that is to say, hunting them for sport. He overlooks the fact that the fox is a predatory animal, which, when it so pleases, does much harm among the farmer's fowls and sheep. That he affords sport to the sportsman is true; to such it is a game animal perhaps. To the farmer, on whom it inflicts loss, it is vermin, and he takes such measures as are resorted to in destroying vermin. Thus in one locality the fox may be entirely game, in another entirely vermin, accordingly as the locality gains the most sport or suffers the most loss of property. Wolves afford much sport in their pursuit, yet their predatory habits condemn them to destruction in any manner it can be accomplished. The rabbit is generally considered as being game, but the rabbit in certain localities is a pest and thus pertinent to the point under consideration.

The trapping of rabbits should also be denounced by Mr. Sullivan, yet it is infinite glory to the farmer's boy to trap one. That is his point of view. With age, experience and knowledge his point of view will change. At no time will his point of view be everyone's else point of view. Still he may pursue the fox as sport, and again he may kill him as vermin; it all depends on the point of view.

"Killed a Man for a Deer."

With the regularity with which the daily press recounts, day by day, deaths caused by that terror of the woods and fields, the man who sees a movement and shoots, the stereotyped plea is: "I thought." It is not a good plea. It is an aggravation of the offense. The fact that the killer vaguely saw something moving was a warning not to shoot till he knew absolutely whether it was deer or man. When shooting in settled communities or with companions, the shooter should never shoot till he knows beyond doubt that he is not shooting a man or a domestic animal. The New York *Sun* of Friday of last week has the following:

> PITTSFIELD, Me., Dec. 2.—For the thirteenth time since the hunting season opened last September a man was mistaken for a deer and shot dead in Detroit to-day. The victim was Dana M. Gray, a farmer, of Plymouth, and the hunter who shot before he looked was Benjamin R. Cross, of Detroit. Both men were out hunting deer on the newly fallen snow, and were following tracks when Gray came up over the brow of the hill about 100yds. from Cross, who raised his gun and fired. Gray threw up his hands and fell dead on the ground with a .45cal. bullet through his heart. He was picked up by George A. Small, who was just behind him, but life was then extinct. The coroner decided that the shooting was purely accidental, and that no inquest was necessary. Cross, who is regarded as eccentric, has been almost demented since the accident, and it has been necessary to use force to prevent him from taking his life.

What an appalling record! And what an absurd coroner's decision! What a ridiculous use of the term accident! Anything which can be prevented by reasonable forethought or present care is not an accident.

The Deadly "I Thought."

Is it possible that there are men, who, gun in hand, care nothing for the life or limb of their fellows? Have they a craving for blood so great that the lives of others may be risked or sacrificed, or their bodies maimed, that such craving may be gratified? The events of the present season answer the questions. Those events emphatically indicate that there are such men in plenty, and that, moreover, there are men so criminally ignorant in the use of firearms that that of itself is an offense.

No sportsman is involved in this matter, for no sportsman would call anything sport which always had impending the death or injury to a fellow-being, or the death of domestic animals. Such is not sport. By no stretch of the fancy can the term be made to cover such mad use of the gun.

Never before in the history of peaceful times in the United States has there been such a succession of killings, called accidental, within its borders. Not a day passes but the press narrates the killing of one or more men in field or forest, with the monotonous reiteration by way of excuse—though excuse it is not—that the killer "thought he saw a deer." This newcomer with a new gun, or an old ignoramus with an old gun, whose "thought" was sufficient warrant for him to shoot and kill, has in one season effectually put in the shade the stanch, reliable imbecile of the past, who, with a penchant for mischief and an unhappy success in its execution, could only say when the killing was done that he "didn't know it was loaded."

There are some conditions which have contributed to the pleasure of the merry, merry men who "thought it was a deer," who "killed a man for a deer," some of which are the opening of sections of country long closed, such as Vermont, Minnesota, etc., and the further condition that nearly all sections are now more or less densely settled by man. The opening this season of so much new deer country was in a way similar to the exodus to the Klondike gold region, in that there was a great rush. Of the men who invaded the deer country some were in every way qualified to hunt for sport, to hunt with skill and safety to their fellow-men, and in view of events and reports it is certain that there was also a hoard of irresponsibles and novices whose desire was to kill something, it mattered little what, if their craving for blood could but be satisfied. No doubt there also were some who were thoughtless, some who were stupidly ignorant of the dangers of firearms, others who were vicious.

The Long-Range Rifle.

General conditions have changed. The deer country of to-day is not the deer country of years ago, when a rifle ball, taking its flight, could not endanger the life or limb of man, for he had not then made the deer country his home. Bullets could then do no harm, for there was no harm possible. What a contrast between then and now! Hunters have multiplied by hundreds. The deer ranges to-day where the highways lead to and across the country, from village to village and from city to city, with the domiciles of man everywhere where agriculture or art will support him.

No sportsman would be guilty of the reckless act of shooting a long-range rifle in such settled communities. The use of the latter arm has greatly aggravated an already bad state of affairs. The average range in deer shooting is less than 200yds., and it is a vicious act to shoot a weapon with a range of two or three miles when one with a range of 300yds. is ample. The latter will spend its effects well within the range of the shooter's vision; the former goes on and on, far beyond his vision, knowledge or control. In the wilderness the senseless long-range fad would be harmless; in a settled community it is criminal. Imagine the direful portent of an excited novice with a longe-range rifle in a section where there are deer, and where there are also people and horses, and cattle and houses, etc. Nervous, foolishly expectant, impulsive, raw and ignorant, is it to be expected that he will kill a deer sooner than he will kill something which is protected by law from everything but himself?

Legal Restrictions.

The reckless firing on moving objects, partially concealed or otherwise, in sections no longer a part of the wilderness; the reckless use of rifles with a range terrible to contemplate when discharged regardless of consequences in settled communities, and the general overrunning of agricultural property, with little or no regard for the rights of ownership, can have but one result in the course of time: that is to say, there will be such legal restrictions on the use of firearms as will subserve public policy. Life and property will be protected. This could be accomplished in several ways, as by the imposition of a license on the ownership or possession of firearms, or on their use, or by making more stringent trespass laws, or by all combined.

There might be further restrictions, prohibiting entirely the use of firearms by those who had insufficient knowledge or skill to guarantee a reasonable assurance of safety to the public.

"But," say several citizens all together, "we have a constitutional right to own guns and shoot them as we please." And this echoes a common though fallacious belief that every person has a constitutional right to own and use a shotgun and rifle as he wills. And yet he has nothing of the kind. The second amendment to the Constitution of the United States reads as follows, and most of the States have clauses in their constitutions in accord with it: "A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

The reader will at once perceive that the amendment has wholly a military significance. The right to bear arms has a direct reference to the military, and therefore refers to such arms as are fit for military purposes. The carrying of arms, as commonly understood and practiced, is not a right at all. It is merely a privilege resting largely on the traditions of the past and the indulgence of the present, which is a very far remove from a constitutional right.

In the early days of the United States we all know how necessary was the ownership of firearms to hold at bay the hostile savages, and to secure the needed sustenance where all depended more or less on the vocation of hunter. Without weapons, life then would have been short. No such necessity for their use exists at present. The law has already placed its ban on some weapons. It prohibits the carrying of knives, knuckles, slungshots, sandbags, etc., and some States forbid the sale of certain weapons entirely. The carrying of pistols is regulated, it being illegal to carry them concealed in all States; and in at least one State, Texas, it is illegal to carry them at all in certain places and at certain times. That the people of to-day are permitted to carry the shotgun and rifle openly and at their pleasure is not because there is any constitutional right protecting the individual in doing so. It rests on the intangible and insecure ground of public opinion.

The bearing of arms is dear to us. It is a part of our traditions and intimately associated with the birth of our national freedom. Nevertheless, the bearing of arms in the eye of the law is viewed from a military standpoint. We have no great military system such as rules in European countries, yet the common use of arms may take the place of such schooling, imperfectly, it is true, but infinitely better than no schooling at all. But let there be a common and flagrant abuse of the privilege, endangering life, limb and property to such a degree that the rifle and shotgun are a menace to public safety, and the privilege may have an ending or a curtailment. Once start the matter of restriction going in a legislative way and no one can forecast where would be the end.

The man who enters on the lands of another is a trespasser. It is an easy matter to make the trespass laws so stringent that trespassing would then be a serious offense. Such as the following do much to hasten the coming of such law:

"The farmers of Vallejo township, just east of Petaluma, are up in arms against the numerous San Francisco hunters who come up on Sundays and invade the country. They pay no attention whatever to the hunting notices and run the country to suit themselves. On Sunday last one party was evicted from five different ranches where they hunted in spite of the notices. The farmers have stood all they can endure and next Sunday officers will be on hand to arrest every trespasser caught."—*Petaluma Courier.*

Neither the sportsman nor any other man owns any property in game. It is not a rare occurrence to hear a man speak of his "share of the game," as if he had a certain defined ownership of a fractional part more or less clear in his mind. While the game is the property of the whole people, no one owns a share, or a part of a share, till he reduces the game to his personal possession, and then the ownership may be qualified as the State sees fit.

Thus the tenure of the sportsman, from a legal standpoint, is neither broad nor deep. He owns no share in the game; he is a trespasser when he enters on another's ground; he has the privilege of bearing arms only by toleration, and he can only bear such arms as are permitted by law. He is tolerated more for his possible usefulness to the State as a soldier; his personal pleasure as a man who is fond of sport weighs little with public policy.

Therefore he will perceive that it behooves him to discountenance the maraudings of the horde who are masquerading in his name and in his habiliments, to raise his voice in condemnation against them, and if need be to secure legislation to restrict them, that his own days as a sportsman may be long or longer in the land. THE MAN IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

A Record Fiend.

FROM time to time something has been said in this column about people who fish for the purpose of making a record, without any regard for the number of fish slaughtered and wasted in making the record. To-day I was on a railroad train, going to meet one of the United States Fish Commission cars that was coming to plant a lot of yearling landlocked salmon in Lake George. A gentleman left his seat, and came and seated himself beside me as though he were bursting with indignation. With a hand-shake and a how-do-you-do, he began to unburden his mind:

"Seeing you come in the car at once reminded me of my experience in the Yellowstone Park last summer, and that experience makes me angry to this day whenever I am reminded of it. My brother came over from England for a visit, and together we did the Western part of this land quite thoroughly, and the National Park came in for considerable attention. While we were at Yellowstone Lake we met a man who had just come in from fishing, and we heard that he had caught a certain number of trout in a certain specified time during the morning of the day that we reached the hotel. He was not quite satisfied with the record, and was preparing to try it over. He went out on the lake, and in an hour and twenty minutes, as I remember the time, he caught forty-two trout weighing 56lbs. I remember the number of trout and the weight distinctly, for I am quite sure that the most of the fish, as well as the most of the fish he caught in the morning, were absolutely wasted. They could not be eaten, and they could not be brought out of the Park, and so they were killed and practically thrown away for the purpose of doing something to boast of afterward. There was another man there, and he went out fishing with two flies on his cast. He told me that in three casts he caught six trout, two at each cast, one on each fly that he used. While he was proud at his success, he said that he was more proud that he put all the trout back alive in the water. How long will Yellowstone Lake stand such fishing as the first-named man did that day?"

I answered that I did not know, but it would seem that the National Park could be protected against such record makers, for it is directly under the control of the National Government and guarded by a detachment of the U. S. Army. What rules the superintendent in charge may make or has power to make I do not know. He could not, as in a private club, exclude a guest who violated all the laws of decency by killing trout uselessly; but it is more than likely that some remedy can be provided for cases such as I have mentioned, for it is heart-breaking to attempt to stock waters with fish for food or sport and then have the fish killed and wasted to furnish a record for a man in whom conscience slumbers and sleeps.

The Solway Fishery.

In a recent letter from Mr. J. J. Armistead, founder of the Solway Fishery, Dumfries, Scotland, and author of the particularly valuable book, "An Angler's Paradise and How to Obtain It," he tells me that he has just published a "Handy Guide to Fishculture," and the demand for it was so great that the edition is practically sold out. This would indicate that the desire for a knowledge of practical fishculture is growing, and that more and more there will be a demand for works of this class. We have a goodly supply of books on how to kill fish by angling, and now we need works upon how to breed and rear fish, and they should be in a form to reach and interest the great mass of people. I suppose if the truth were known that some of the record-breakers, such as I have mentioned in the previous note, take no thought of the supply of fish, how it is obtained and how it is maintained.

If the people can be educated to understand that fish are not of mushroom growth, and that they are not always to be found in the water no matter how much it is fished, and that the supply can be cut down by unbridled fishing, and that fish have to be cultivated in the same manner as any other food supply, there will be a better outlook for fish in the future. Of the work at the Solway fishery Mr. Armistead writes, his letter being dated Oct. 29: "We are in full swing with our spawning operations now, and have some splendid lots of ova in our hatcheries. The season goes on for two months yet. The first eggs we took were some *S. fontinalis* on Oct. 7. A few days later we took the first *S. levenensis*, Oct. 10 a couple of fish too ripe to remain over until Monday, 11th, on which day we practically had our first good take of ova. We have had a very wet, rainy season here during last summer, and fishculturists have suffered as well as agriculturists. Potatoes are small—so are yearling trout, decidedly below average. Fruit crops are adversely affected by the excess of rain, and fish are not yielding the same number of ova that they do after normal atmospheric conditions. These things are interesting and are worth noting. We are having now some of the finest and most genial autumn weather, and by careful feeding and regulation of the water supply yearlings are pulling up, and will later on be up to the average, but not without careful feeding."

Manual of Fishculture.

The United States Fish Commission has just issued a Manual of Fishculture; a more pretentious work than the "Handy Guide," which I have not yet had time to read; but a glance through its pages is enough to show me that it will be in demand (in fact, I am informed from Washington that it is now in great demand) and prove an educator to all who are fortunate enough to obtain a copy, provided they will read it. A condensation of the manual, giving the principal features of fishcultural work in a form to be carried in the pocket and which could be sold for a small sum, would prove to be a greater educational lever, for it would be within reach of thousands that will never see the manual. Fishing clubs could do missionary work by distributing such a volume free if the Government could not spread them, as it were, broadcast. The people are ready to be educated about fish and fishculture if the means can be found to do it. Last summer it was decided at the last moment almost to have a small fish exhibit at the State Fair. I went out there to investigate the water supply, temperature, etc., and found the officers of the Fair Association very enthusiastic about making an exhibit, even under adverse circumstances. There was but little time to do anything, and the season was not the best to transport and exhibit adult fish, particularly *salmonidæ*, but the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission did make an exhibit of four tanks of trout of different species and of different ages. The week of the fair I went into a sleeping car at Montreal to go to Quebec and found several Syracuse gentlemen, and one and all declared the fish show was the feature of the fair; that people crowded around the tanks all day long as they crowded about nothing else.

Witness the crowds at the New York Aquarium, at the fly-casting tank at the Sportsmen's Show at Madison Square Garden and wherever fish or fishing are on exhibition, if any one doubts that the people are ready to be educated upon all that relates to fish, fishing and fishculture.

One of the United States Fish Commission cars was in the railroad yard of the town where I live hatching shad. I told a reporter that any one who desired to see how the fish were hatched could visit the car. The town simply turned out and came to the car. The public school and academy pupil came—came with their teachers in classes—and I explained the operation of shad hatching every fifteen minutes for about two days, and there was scarcely time to eat a meal on the car until the continuous show closed at night each day during the stay of the car; and these are not isolated instances of the interest shown in fish and fishculture by the people, for they will display an interest when and where they have the opportunity.

Powers of Salmon.

A problem presented itself to me and I was trying to determine the pressure to the square inch that salmon could overcome in ascending a proposed fishway. While I could not disprove it, I was quite sure in my own mind that the engineer's plans provided for a pressure that the fish could not successfully overcome, and I modified them to what I believed would be within the limit of pressure that the fishway should present to the fish, and submitted my figures to Mr. Livingston Stone, knowing he had had vast experience with salmon on the Pacific Coast. His letter of reply contains some interesting matter, and I quote part of it: "Your letter called up a subject that I have been much interested in, but about which I could never collect much in the way of exact data. At Spokane Falls and at the Falls of the Des Schutes I have seen the Chenook salmon make some wonderful jumps, but I had no means at the time to measure the distances. At Baird Station, Cal., a salmon once jumped over my shoulder as I stood on the bridge where the rack was, the bridge being about 2ft. above the surface of the water and the water shallow. The fish must consequently have jumped about 7ft. vertically through the air. What has seemed the most wonderful thing in this line to me occurred also, I think, at one of these falls.

"I there saw several salmon hold themselves in a perpendicular fall of water for several seconds, half way between the brink and the surface of the water below. This must have involved a marvelous rapidity of fin movement and a sustained resistance to great pressure under most unfavorable circumstances. You have doubtless seen trout do something similar. Allow me to add, by the way, that the Atlantic salmon seem to be decidedly stronger and more muscular than the Pacific salmon. I agree with you in believing that salmon can accomplish the feat described in your letter." When I first heard of trout swimming up a perpendicular fall of water I could scarcely believe it, and it was some years after I learned it before I wrote of it, and more years before I witnessed the feat myself. After I did witness it I began to make inquiries to find if salmon had been known to do the same thing, but I got no favorable responses and dropped the matter from my mind, and now Mr. Stone furnishes me with the information, quite unexpectedly, that I once sought earnestly for without avail. It is a wonderful power displayed by salmon in passing waterfalls, and Mr. Stone's personal observation will, I feel sure, be read with interest, and it will help to solve some problems concerning the ascent of rivers by salmon planted therein.

Salmon Habits and Salmon Teeth.

A gentleman writes me from Boston as follows:

"I had much pleasure last June in taking a salmon of 29½lbs. with a mark on the adipose fin, and the day after of being informed by a gentleman who fished the next river that he had so marked some fish taken in his river and returned alive to the water. On communicating with him I found that the fish was taken and marked in 1893, and then weighed not over 9lbs. The change of rivers by salmon is now a well-established fact, at any rate, the occasional change, but it was a great satisfaction to have the proof in my own hands. I have seen lately in FOREST AND STREAM statements of the loss or change of teeth by mascalonge.

"I think you wrote something about this a few years ago, when the theory was advanced that salmon lost their teeth in fresh water and that fresh run fish would be found to have firm teeth, and those which had been for a time in fresh water would be found with some teeth gone and other teeth loose, and those longer in the river would be found with no teeth. When I read this I counted it as one of the usual fish stories, but on testing it I came to the same conclusion myself. Is it possible that this is a kind of painless dentistry that many or all kinds of fish resort to? If found to be true of two species of fish so different as the mascalonge and salmon, why not in other species?"

It is a confession that I do not like to make, but until I read the letter I have just quoted from I was not aware that FOREST AND STREAM had said anything about mascalonge losing their teeth. A brief search of the file revealed the fact that Mr. Hough had mentioned the shedding of mascalonge teeth and invited me among others to rise and say something on the subject, and that in a later issue of the paper he confirms what had previously been speculative in regard to the shedding of teeth in the big pike.

Mr. Hough has answered his own query, for certainly the mascalonge does shed its teeth, and perhaps that is all that is necessary to be said, but what I do not know is how long it requires for the new teeth to grow. Desiring to get a tooth from a big mascalonge, to be set as a scarf pin for an English friend, I searched the mouths of a number of fish and examined some mounted heads. Fish that were said to have been caught early in the season seemed to have their full complement of teeth, but it was not until late in the season that I got a big head (it was early in September, as I now recall the date) and the teeth were gone. I examined mounted heads and fish from Clayton to Ogdensburgh, and some had a full set of teeth, some had lost a few teeth and others were decidedly short of teeth.

Presumably it is safe to assume that the new teeth form before the breeding season in the spring, for I also presume no self-respecting mascalonge would go courting with his mouth shy of teeth. It is several years since I wrote about salmon shedding theirs, but it is a well-established fact now that they do. In all that has been said about salmon or other fish shedding their teeth, jaw teeth only have been referred to; but Dr. Day has demonstrated that salmon, trout and char shed their vomerine, palatine and tongue teeth as well. He says: "They are frequently shed and as constantly renewed by others appearing from beneath or else on one side of the discarded ones. As age creeps on the number of their teeth become more and more reduced, the teeth bearing portions of the bones diminishing in extent more rapidly in such forms as frequent the sea than those which pass their time in fresh water." It will be observed that Dr. Day's conclusions apply to the fresh-water trout and char and the sea-going salmon, and he has made a closer study of the structure of trout and salmon and their habits in connection therewith than any writer that I have read.

In regard to salmon straying from their own rivers, I am quite sure that I have quoted in this column from the experiments of one of the Scotch fishery inspectors, who tagged a lot of salmon in Norwegian rivers for a period of years; and while it was proven that occasionally one did stray and was taken a long distance from the stream in which it was tagged and liberated, the instances were not common as compared with the number that returned to the river in which they were marked. In Canada the Upsalquitch flows into the Restigouche, and early in the season Restigouche fish have been known to run a little way up the tributary stream; but it is believed that they return after a while and proceed up their own river, for they have not been found far up the first-named stream.

I fished the Upsalquitch this year when salmon were first running up the Restigouche, and the owner of the pools, Mr. Archibald Mitchell, fished it before and after I did; but not a fish was raised there until the fish of that river began to run in July, although Mr. Mitchell and the late Mr. John Mowat have killed Restigouche fish in it, the pools being within pistol-shot distance of the main river.

Ouananiche.

While the spelling of this name is under discussion, I notice that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has fallen afoul of it in his poem, "The Feet of Young Men," and he spells it as I have written it:

"Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting,
Or the sea trout-jumping crazy for the fly?"

A great many people have worked the water referred to, and judging from my own experience not one of them cares a brass button, while the water is being worked, how the name of the fish is spelled if they respond to the wiles of the worker.

Landlocked Salmon.

To get on safer ground, I will write of landlocked salmon, although the fish is not landlocked in its original habitat, when I refer to two plantings of the fish made during the past two weeks in northern New York. On Nov. 13, 5,000 fingerling salmon, some of them over 6in. long, were planted in Lake George. They came from the U. S. Fish Commission station at Green Lake, Me., and were brought to Lake George in Car No. 1 of the Commission. On this occasion the car was fitted on one side with sixty-gallon tanks, and on the other with the ordinary round-shouldered fish cans, holding ten gallons. There were 500 fish in each tank, and 100 in each can, so that the 500 in the tanks had sixty gallons of water and the 500 in the cans had fifty gallons of water. During the journey about 200 salmon died, and the fatalities were all in the tanks. The tanks and cans had the same water and air circulation from the steam pump in the car. The fish were taken from open ponds at the station and placed in the cans and tanks. The cans were open at the top—that is, the covers were removed—and the tanks were covered with a wooden lid. On previous trips with landlocked salmon of same age loss has occurred in tanks and none in the cans. The open cans admit some light, but the light does not vary during the journey except from daylight to darkness. When the covers of the tanks are lifted light is admitted to the entire surface of the water, the tank being 27×27in. Again and again I noticed when the covers were raised that the fish darted from side to side, as if frightened at the sudden admission of strong light, and then some of them would turn on their sides, as if injured. It was in this way that all the fish lost came to their deaths.

The car returned to Green Lake and brought on 5,000 fingerling salmon for Lake Champlain, and they were planted near Port Henry on Nov. 21. For this trip the tanks were taken out and all the fish placed in cans. I went to Port Henry ahead of the car to arrange for planting the salmon, and when the car arrived a few hours later there were no dead salmon, and there was no loss in transit. Capt. James, in charge of the car, was satisfied that the fish injured themselves by striking the sides of the tanks when frightened by the sudden strong light admitted on raising the tank covers, and it seems the only solution of the death of the fish.

Monsters.

In hatching the eggs of the salmon family, fish with two or more heads, deformed bodies, etc., are produced, and are called monsters. Dr. C. G. Seligmann, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, with a colleague, has been making a study of monsters to prepare a paper on the subject. I have had correspondence with him during the past year which will not be of general interest here in advance of the paper, which I hope to say something about later, but in his last letter he gives me some data which I can use now. From a lot of eggs of domesticated brook trout, *fontinalis*, he found nearly 1 per cent. of two-headed monsters and 3 per cent. with deformed bodies. Hybrids, *fontinalis* and *fario*, nearly 2 per cent of monsters. Wild *fario* eggs gave less than 1 per cent. of monsters. A. N. CHENEY.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

LX.—Hon. Amos J. Cummings.

Wilmurt Lake nestles on a mountain top and is a perfect bowl, in whose clear waters every passing cloud is reflected and each long-legged heron that stands on its shores seems to be doubled. It is one of the most charming of Adirondack Lakes and one that is but little known, for its waters have not been open to the public for many years. It was owned by Hon. O. B. Matteson, of Utica, N. Y., and was reached by a thirty-mile drive from several stations on the Utica & Black River R. R. Ten or a dozen years ago I fished it frequently, in company with your correspondent Piseco and others.

After a steep two-mile climb, up which horses could hardly scramble, but could slide down, one could enjoy the crystal gem in its setting of hills while waiting for the boat and regaining breath. There was quite a party of us at the lake some dozen of years ago: Mr. John D. Hewlett, of Cold Spring Harbor; Hon. E. G. Blackford, U. S. Senator Warner Miller, and others. A bugle note sounded at the landing, and we were speculating who it might be as they embarked. I took the field glass and said: "That's Amos Cummings, but I don't know the other man," and when he stepped ashore he introduced us to Frank Lincoln, a professional entertainer and humorist, who made things very interesting for all, especially for Eliza, the colored housekeeper, and the only woman on the mountain. She looked under the house for cats, dodged ventriloquial bumble bees and ran outdoors to see who called "'Liza!" "I 'clar' to goodness, I doan on'stan' 'bout dese yere things. I spects I'se gittin' 'witched."

"Fred," said Amos, "Frank Lincoln wants to take a trout. He never saw one until he watched one of the boatmen cleaning some. You know the lake, and I want you to put him where a trout never comes. I will not trust him with my fly-rod, but I'll cut him a sapling, tie a line to the end of it, put on a worm, and then we'll give him advice—one on each side."

"But there are no angleworms in this thin soil of the garden, which probably freezes down to the rock, although the men have planted them here. There are none in the woods."

"Didn't anyone bring worms?"

"No," said I, and then added: "Perhaps Senator Miller may have some, but I wouldn't ask him. He came in his last night with some fine trout, and as I looked 'em over I saw what I thought to be a small portion of a worm, but it might have been part of the tail of a newt which a trout had bitten off and threw out when caught. Why not rig your friend up with a fly? We can give him more advice about casting than about worm-fishing, and so get more fun out of him. He seems to get fun out of everything, and I'll help you get some out of him."

Amos went off and cut a pole that was fit to do duty in a hopyard, and said: "Here, Frank, is a rod for you. It's light and springy, and I'll rig you up a line and fly."

Lincoln lifted it, shook it with great apparent labor, and asked: "How many feet of lumber would this thing make?"

Amos appealed to me, and I assured Mr. Lincoln that Adirondack trout were the strongest fighters known; that there was no compromise between a limber bamboo rod and a stiff pole, "for," said I, "if you get a big one, it will break any intermediate thing, and no angler likes to lose his largest fish, although he often does."

He watched me closely. Evidently he suspected Amos, for he knew him, while I was a stranger and might possibly be honest. Amos put on the biggest black bass fly in my book, and we took our fly-rods and the novice to the lake. I had selected a shallow place near some drift stuff, where there was less than 2ft. of water, and we cast. "Don't thresh your fly on the water as if you were pounding out rye with a flail," said Amos, and he landed a fly lightly on the water 50ft. away. "That's the way to do it."

"Yes," said I, "give your fly time behind you, and then when the line is—"

"I've got one," said Lincoln, and he actually snaked in and landed a trout that weighed 2lbs. Not a fish weighing over 1½lbs. had been taken from the lake that summer, and as Amos and I walked mournfully up to the cottage we made no remark. Lincoln was exultant when he learned that his fish was the largest of the season. The party was arriving in boats from different parts of the lake, and when all were in he addressed them in this wise: "Gentlemen: Luck has struck a greenhorn after its usual fashion, and that trout will be sent to the Lamb's Club, in New York, in the morning. They will never believe that I caught it unless I can send your signatures to a statement of fact that I did catch it, and I think it will go if you'll all be good enough to sign it except Cummings." After Pete had boxed the fish and the paper had been signed, Lincoln read it over and remarked: "There's a heft o' good names there as witnesses, but I think it'll take more than that to make the Lamb's Club believe it."

When we were alone I said to Amos: "The worst of it is that we were casting proper trout flies in a proper manner while guying Lincoln, one each side of him, and we did not get a rise, while he slapped out a big bass fly and, having the longest pole, knocked the persimmon."

"'A fool for luck' is an old saying," said Amos; "and while Frank is a bright fellow, he may be classed with the fools, as far as fishing goes. But you must remember that we were showing off to him, and casting away beyond his big trout in order to try his ambition to get out a line alongside ours. The big trout happened there, saw his fly, but did not see ours, and he got the prize. Still, it is ever the same. Gamblers fear a greenhorn more than a fellow who knows something of the game, and as smoke in camp is said to follow beauty, so luck is apt to favor the novice. Let us impress upon Lincoln that it was solely by our advice, born of long experience in the ways of trout, that he captured the big fellow."

We could easily get Amos started to talk of Horace Greeley, and he had a fund of anecdote relating to that eccentric editor who infused his strong personality into his paper and made it an engine of great power in shaping the destiny of the country. Amos was a peripatetic printer at an early age. Born in Broome county, N. Y., May 15, 1841, as the encyclopedias say, he was an apprentice in a printing office a dozen years later, and then started out to set type and fish in every State in the Union, and wound up as an assistant editor on the New York *Tribune*, where, as the confidant of Mr. Greeley, he acquired a fund of anecdote which he relates with a droll humor tinctured with caricature, for of Amos it can be said, as Hamlet said of Yorick: "A fellow of infinite jest, * * * that were wont to set the table in a roar." A good part of the Greeley stories were political and depended somewhat on the Greeley drawl and would lose in type. But the printing case and the editorial desk gave Amos all the education he has, and it is a broad one. I've heard him at the festive board, listened to his camp stories and then have wondered if it was the same man who hurled statistics at Congress when he was working to build up our navy.

"My time is limited," said Amos, "and I came up here to take a few trout and hurry back. I want you to put me on the best water in the lake to-morrow, for I must leave next morning, and I know that you are working for Matteson, helping him to sell this lake, and if there is any good fishing here I want to have one day of it."

"Did Matteson tell you I was working for him?"

"Not in explicit terms, but he intimated that you knew the lake better than anyone now on it, and that I should see you. I see you now—life size—and what do you propose to do?"

"I propose to go out with you in the morning and try and



AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

put you where there are some good trout; but, Amos, my boy, just get hold of the fact that June is passing, and as the shore and surface water warms up the trout go into deeper waters, and when they do this they do not rise freely to the fly; they are too deep to see it, or if they see it they don't care to rise through the warm water for it. Frank Lincoln's big trout would not have been found there a week from now, and fly-fishing on Wilmurt is about ended for the season, except in the spring holes."

In the morning we took a turn up the lake before breakfast, for Eliza had declared: "'Less you gemmen bring in some trout I dunno 'bout breakfas'; dey ain't a bit o' ham no' a aig in de camp, an' Pete he done gone down to de Mountain Home fo' to get p'ovisions fo' dinner, an' I spects he'll get a lamb an' some ham an' aigs, but dat ah 'll be on'y in time fo' dinnah." And so it was a case of necessity that we should fish for an hour or more. We passed Senator Miller and Mr. Blackford; both reported a few fish, but we went up to the further end, where there were several springs, and took half a dozen good trout in about half an hour.

"We've got our breakfast," said Amos, "let's go in; Blackford has started already, and the Senator has his landing net under a fish. How is the water where he is fishing?"

"He is anchored just where he can cast to his right near the bunch of grass, where there is 4ft of water, or a little to his left, where there is 15ft. He knows this lake better than I do, or better than any man now on it. Pete and the other man employed here don't seem to know much about the depth of water and the location of the springs."

I was rowing and Amos sat in the stern, where he could see ahead. "I remember what you said about bait yesterday," he said, "and I've been watching the Senator. He makes a cast occasionally and lets his fly sink, if he has a fly, and I don't know but he is fishing in the deep water; his boat hangs so that it is hard to tell."

At the landing there was a general show down of trout, none over 1lb., but plenty for a hungry lot of anglers. Amos handled the Senator's rod, examined his boat, and then when we were alone said: "His flies are all right and soaked, there was no trace of a worm in the boat, nor of a bait box in his clothing. If he is using bait he is doing it very well."

While we were in the boat we compared our youthful vagabond days, and I learned that while I was in Kansas lamenting that the fighting was all over, and thinking of joining William Walker, the filibuster, in Nicaragua, Amos was there with him on his last expedition to that country. I knew much of his editorial and military career, but nothing of his filibustering life, and we had much in common. We had been restless young men, seeking adventure rather than wealth, only wanting to know where a fight was going on in order to be in it. I knew that he had been the editor of the New York *Tribune*, under Greeley; of the *Sun*, under Dana, and of the *Express*, under Erastus Brooks; that he had been Sergt.-Major of the Twenty-sixth N. J. Vols., and had a medal of honor from Congress for gallantry on the field; but that he had been with Walker in 1857, when he was only sixteen years old, proved that he had the true spirit of the adventurer—that spirit which we admire in those old Norsemen, pirates if you will, but pirates in a day when every man's hand was against all who did not speak his language. Those were the days when the children of the coast of Cornwall prayed: "God bless daddy, God bless mammy; God send a ship ashore before morning." But the viking in his supplication said: "Oh, Lord, I do not ask thee for riches; I only ask to be put within sword's length of the man who has them." There was no universal brotherhood of man in those days, and it is only a theory to-day. Nations have monopolized the freebooter's trade, but shoot the individual who practices it. Amos and I, with our love for adventure, which might include a little fighting, would have enjoyed life hugely about four centuries ago; but then we would not be enjoying life to-day, and so there are compensations for all things, good or evil.

So far our tastes were alike. Amos is a politician and I am not. He is a member of the Tammany Society, was a delegate to the Democratic National Conventions of 1892 and 1896, and will have served twelve years in Congress when his present term expires. He has been chairman of the Committee on Congressional Library, and as often as his party has been in the ascendancy he has occupied the important position of chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and here his most important work has been done in earnestly advocating a navy which shall be sufficient to protect over 7,000 miles of sea coast, if we include Alaska. He has steadily combated the idea that, because we can put two millions of men in the field at the tick of the telegraph, we are secure from attack; for our extended coast, with its wealth of cities, is our vulnerable point if attacked by a hostile fleet.

"Amos," said I, "in your wide experience in fishing, tell me, what do you recall as the most enjoyable of all kinds, or in what State or Territory did you cast your lines in the most pleasant place?"

"That question requires a review of a lifetime of frequent fishing. I have fished from almost every dock in New York and Jersey City; off Robin's Reef; the Romer Shoals, in Prince's Bay; the Great and the Little Kills; the headwaters of the Arkansas; San Lorenzo Creek, Cal.; Magdalena Bay, Lower Cal.; on the nor'west banks of the Miramichi; in Lake Ontario; the Yosemite Valley; the Wasatch Range; Mobile Bay; Mosquito Lagoon; Indian River; Lake Worth; all over the Adirondacks, and in more places than I could name at one sitting. There were days of good fishing and days when the fish were not there or not in the humor to bite—every angler has met such days—but they were all enjoyable at the time and again in retrospect, but I could not single out a day nor a place as affording the most enjoyable fishing. Can you name such a time or place?"

"Yes. The time was every Saturday in the fishing season when I was a schoolboy, and the place the river and streams near Albany, N. Y. I go out now with such rods and tackle as I never saw in those days, travel night and day to get to a lake or stream and enjoy it; but somehow there is not the enthusiasm of boyhood in it, and I'd give this whole trip for half a day with my schoolmates of half a century ago on the old Popskinny Creek, hauling in perch, bullheads, shiners, and an occasional eel."

"I see," Amos replied, "some one has written:

> "'What are life's triumphs we struggle to win,
> To the first little shiner we caught with a pin?'

"I don't know that I quote correctly, but that's the sentiment; and I agree with you about the charm of boyhood fishing, for my youthful fishing from the docks holds a place in memory equal to the fighting of a big trout in rapid waters, in later years. But you forget that as time changes we change with it, and I could not sit on a dock to-day and fish, and the chances are that you would not enjoy the fishing of your boyhood."

I realized that what Amos said was true, but his philosophical view of it had somehow never occurred to me before, and it caused me to wonder if I had really changed so much that I would not enjoy the fishing in the old ways, in the old places, and with the old boys, which seemed at that time to be all there was in life beside the dull routine of the schoolroom. Ah, me! I fear it may be so, but I don't wish to believe it.

Perhaps I said something like that, for after awhile Amos remarked: "When I was about seven years old my people moved to Honesdale, Pa., and one day I ran away with some older boys and went to Bunnell's Pond. They cut me a pole and rigged it with line and bait, and we fished from a boat which was fast to the shore. I soon pulled up a sunfish which was actually bigger than Joseph H. Choate's hand, as I remember both, and I ran three miles in the hot sun to show the fish to my mother. I doubt if I ever had greater pleasure in fishing than on that day. In 1869 Gilbert Lowe, then a well-known politician, taught me to use a rod and reel for weakfish and striped bass in Prince's Bay, and I became an enthusiastic fisherman, writing up my exploits each week for the *Sun*, and after taking salmon in the northwest branch of the Mirimichi and other fishes in the places I have told you of, the memory of that big sunfish in Bunnell's Pond lingers as my grandest effort in the way of fishing."

Somehow I always think of myself as a boy, and when a man is a candidate for President of the United States and his age is given at many years below mine I wonder if

he is old enough to take the responsibility. I am not old enough—that's sure—and might not be with a century added, but when I go to church—as I do sometimes—I am instructed in theology by a man half my age—one who was not on earth while I was playing the parts of hunter, trapper and soldier; and yet this young man talks to me as if I were a sinner, which I deny. I have been provoked to say this because the Hon. Amos J. Cummings, Sergt.-Major of the 26th New Jersey Volunteers, who is eight years younger than I—a kid who would not have been permitted to carry my fish when I was sixteen years old—is now a member of Congress; and when his party has been in the ascendant he has been chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. When his party was in the minority he was still a member of that committee and has worked hard to build up a navy that will have to bear the brunt of our next war, for we will have no more internecine wars on this continent, now that there is no cause for such a war.

These thoughts float up as I think that Amos Cummings has done such work in Congress; has been proposed as a candidate for Mayor of New York several times, barely missing it last fall, when a nomination would have been equivalent to an election; and I look down on him as a boy who was not fit to follow me on a fishing trip when I was half way to the proud distinction of being a "big boy" and he was only a "kid," but in the whirligig of time the big boy gets set back among the "has beens" and the kid comes to the fore.

I have fished with Cummings many times, before and after the incidents related, and for a jovial companion in camp, let it be wet or dry, the fishing good or bad, I know of no one who would enliven the company with song or story better than my friend the Hon. Amos J. Cummings; and, if he had his violin with him—which he never has—the musical experts would move their ears forward and ask who was the virtuoso who was, by the aid of rosin, drawing the horsehair over the bowels of the cat and making such a concord of sweet sounds.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Illinois and Florida.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 4.—The Governor of Florida last April issued a call for a National Fishery Congress to meet at Tampa, Fla., Wednesday, Jan. 19, 1898, and to sit one week. Gov. Bloxham's letter of promulgation was sent to the Governors of all the different States of the Union, the following specification being embodied as aid in the appointment of suitable delegates:

"The *personnel* of the Congress will consist of delegates from the National and State Fish Commissions, representatives of State and foreign governments, members of angling and fishery associations, and of persons interested in the commercial fisheries, fish protection and fishculture. Special sessions will be devoted to the consideration of fish, oyster and sponge cultivation; fishery protection and legislation; the economic fisheries and angling. All persons will have free access to the sessions. The actual participation of all delegates in the proceedings is invited. Those who intend to present papers are requested to communicate as soon as possible the titles of their addresses."

Gov. Tanner, of Illinois, has not yet announced any name for the post of delegate to this convention, but informal talk with the State game warden leads to the conviction that the efficient member of the Illinois Fish Commission, Dr. S. P. Bartlett, will represent this State next month in Florida.

Great Northern Pike.

The angling waters of Minnesota have yet to receive their proper exploitation. Years ago a friend of mine told me that FOREST AND STREAM should some day get up into the chain of lakes running off above the Leech Lake system into the Rainy Lake region. He said he had a friend living up in there who told him that the fish grew so big that no man could catch them, they tearing up any sort of tackle that could be found for them. At the time I thought these were muscallonge, and were perhaps being pursued by a man who did not understand the game. To-day I am not sure that they were not the Great Northern pike, which in some of those waters attain great size. Some of the lakes of that region contain both the pike and the 'lunge. Mr. H. G McCartney, of Kabekona Camp, brings in a photograph of a take of Great Northern pike made in Thunder Lake, Cass county, by Dr. West, of Council Bluffs, Ia., and his friend W. L. A. Waddell, of Kansas City, one day last summer. These gentlemen got trace of no 'lunge in that water, but said the pike were good enough for them. Weights of 15 to 25lbs. were not unusual, and they said the fish fought well. I do not have at hand data of the exact weights of the fish shown in the photograph handed me, but the fish appear very large, the great depth of body being very noticeable. The catch shown must have offered sport fit for the most fastidious angler.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Smelt Fishing in Boston Harbor.

BOSTON, Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The smelt fishing season hereabouts is almost over, and in the main it has been up to the average of past years. To many who can only get a day off now and then smelt fishing offers rare sport, and it is availed of by a much larger number than anyone has an idea of, scattered, as they are, over a large field of operation. When smelts are running they are to be found in all the little bays and creeks from Nantasket to the Nepanset River, and boats containing from one to three persons are found on all convenient waters between those points.

During the fall I have been playing in great luck—what Br'er Hough would call FOREST AND STREAM luck—in regard to this great sport. Mr. John N. Roberts, called Commodore, and properly too, by his friends, invited me to be his guest at his cottage on Peddock's Island, opposite Hull, whenever I chose; and it is needless to say that I "chose" frequently, staying from one to three and four days, as circumstances and the smelts permitted. The Commodore's cottage is a most comfortable one—the best of beds, a good larder, an excellent cook (the Commodore himself)—and all a guest has to do is to get himself down there, the genial host does the rest; the guest is expected to do his share at the oars, and if he is too much of a tenderfoot to do that he is liable to get "roasted." I found that out early, and soon got to be fairly good at the oars.

When the tide served right for the early morning fishing the alarm clock was set for the hour of 4; a hasty but sufficient breakfast was soon dispatched, and we were on the fishing grounds before sunrise. On none of my visits did we fail to get smelts, and on several days we had great fishing; on one occasion we caught 43lbs. in five hours. The last time I was down the weather was pretty cold, but we had fine fishing, getting a run of much larger fish than usual, and we made up several packages of handsome smelts for friends in the city. Altogether I have to thank Com. Roberts for lots of sport this fall.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

A Prize Lobster.

ONE of the sights of Quincy Market is a 24½lb. lobster, which is set up at the stall of Shattuck & Jones. The fish was caught in Dorchester Bay about six weeks since in a perch seine. Its length is nearly 3ft., and it is very handsomely mounted under glass, representing the fish as being served on a platter. The small lobster traps now used are of little use to catch a mammoth of this size. The fish attracts great attention, and is said to be the largest on record, which with its perfect proportions makes it a highly prized trophy of the deep.—*Boston Evening Record.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 8.—Rhode Island Poultry Association's show, Pawtuxet, R. I. S. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

1898.

Jan. 11.—Butterly Bench Show Association's show, Grand Rapids, Mich. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.

Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show, Boston. James L. Little, Sec'y.

Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show, New York. G. de F. Grant, Sec'y.

— —.—St Louis Kennel Club's third annual show, St. Louis, Mo. Wm. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 8.—Hoosier Beagle Club trials, Danville, Ind. F. D. Norveil, Sec'y.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss. W. S. Bell. Sec'y.

Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club s trials, Bakersfield. Cal. J. M Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 24.—Champion Field Trial Association's Champion Stake, Tupelo, Miss. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 7. Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala. H K. Milner, Sec'y.

HYDROPHOBIA.

THIS paper is presented more with the idea of calling attention to enforcing the fact that there is a reliable remedy for animal poison than to offer any new developments in regard to hydrophobia. Little that is new and undisputed has been discovered since the report of the American Medical Association in 1856. We are still confronted with contradictory theories and strange anomalies, which are only to be explained from the vantage ground of one who realizes that disease is not an entity, but rather a remedial effort, and that relief comes only by our ability to recognize and assist the vital forces in their inevitable conflict with all foreign material.

Although hydrophobia is one of the rarest and most fatal of acute infectious diseases, and is produced only by inoculation of a specific animal poison, which manifests itself by symptoms due to a disturbance of the central nervous system, it is mitigated by the more important fact that the period of incubation is longer than that of any other acute specific disease. This period is variable, rarely less than a month, in some cases reaching nine or twelve months, the average being six or seven weeks, which gives opportunity for remedial measures that, as we will endeavor to show, are ample to eradicate the poison.

The etiology of hydrophobia is so well known that it needs but a few words of description; mainly coming from the saliva of dogs, rarely from cats or other animals, it is a well recognized fact that the disease never originates in the human species. Its spontaneous origin is confined to the lower animals that do not perspire. The investigations of scientists all over the world have as yet failed to determine the true cause of this terrible malady, although the fact seems to be well settled that the disease occurs much more frequently among the male than among the female dogs or other animals. Inoculation may arise from a bite, scratch, or from a lick upon an abrasion. Instances have been given where the disease came from the lick of a dog that was not mad.

A puzzling case occurred some years ago in England. A boy fourteen years of age, while playing with a Scotch terrier, was bitten slightly on the hand. Three weeks later he became ill, and died in terrible convulsions. The physicians pronounced it a genuine case of hydrophobia; but a girl who had been bitten by the same dog appeared to have suffered no harm, and, more remarkable still, the dog was examined by a competent veterinary surgeon and pronounced perfectly healthy. Such cases are not uncommon.

When preventive measures are adopted as soon as possible the larger number of persons escape. Children are the greatest sufferers from being helpless and more exposed, and their cases are not open to the charge of simulated or spurious disease, and at the same time they are a complete refutation of the theory held by some authorities that there is no such disease.

The fact that during the period of incubation there are commonly no symptoms is liable to lead to a sense of false security. But that is the time to adopt vigorous measures of prevention. Occasionally there is pain or discomfort at the seat of the wound, and sometimes mental depression, which may arise from anxiety regarding possible consequences. Even the onset of the disease is rarely attended by pain or inflammation in the wound. The first evidence of the impending disorder is usually mental depression, disturbed sleep, discomfort about the throat, with difficulty in swallowing liquids; even the attempt occasions spasms, which soon involves the muscles of respiration. The intensity of all these symptoms increases within a few hours, until the mere sight of water will cause a spasm. The reason is frequently lost, and the end from exhaustion is assured in from one to six or eight days.

The varieties of this disease are as great as in any other, because each case is modified by the condition of the system and the vital reactive powers of the individual.

If there is a prospect of relief from the horrors of hydrophobia, this relief may well claim our earnest attention. It is well known that from the bite of a rabid dog there is a period varying from seven days to six months before the more acute symptoms manifest themselves This gives ample time to eliminate the poison from the system. In "Todd's Clinical Lectures" occurs this passage: "Large evacuations by sweating may be employed more freely and with less disadvantage to patients than by any other secretion." This is also demonstrated by the fact that many diseases are daily being cured by some form of sweating bath, and that physicians are more and more using that form of treatment. In China and other countries, as well as our own, sweating has been successfully used in the elimination of malarial poison. Another proof is that in some Eastern countries the sweating bath is used to cure the poison of snake bite, which is much more rapid in its action than the poison from the saliva from a rabid dog. It will also readily be seen that treating this malady from the outset is a very different thing from waiting until the poison has become absorbed and permeated the whole system, and the paroxysms have set in, when in truth there is little hope of cure under any treatment.

Hydrophobia belongs to that large class designated as ferment diseases, which depend upon the introduction and development in the system of ferment germs. Enteric fever and erysipelas are familiar examples. Simple absorption has sufficed to inoculate the patient, but in the majority of instances the skin receives more or less abrasion, and the germs are either implanted in the epithelium beneath or introduced directly into the circulation. The abrasion may heal kindly, but in a varying time, depending upon many factors; an irritation at the seat of the abrasion, accompanied with darting pains, announces the onset. Unlike other diseases, the blood appears not to be a good soil for the development of the germs, which, however, circulate with it until they find the soil or tissue best adapted to them, and then the real havoc begins. In the dog and the man the three pairs of salivary glands, the parotid, submaxillary and sublingual, appear to furnish the required conditions, and to be the main seat of the lesion. The congestion of the nervous centers that so directly ensues is probably consequent upon changes in the structure of these glands. Every physician knows well how speedily severe nervous symptoms follow such changes, how intimate the sympathy is between the glandular organs of the mouth and throat and the nervous centers at the base of the brain, and what violent hysteriform seizures often ensue in such cases. With the involution of the great respiratory tract of the nervous system come difficult respiration and its train of associated symptoms. At the same time it is more than probable that the nervous system suffers from the more direct poisoning caused by the presence of germs in the circulation, but not because they are a specific nerve poison; for when a full dissection is performed, no evidence of it is found in the nerve centers, and this excludes the nerve poison hypothesis.

In the McCormick case, as reported by Dr. Hammond, June, 1874, microscopic examination revealed disease of the cortical substance of the brain, disease of the medulla oblongata, and disease of the spinal cord, also disease of the pneumogastric and hypoglossal nerves. The nerve elements were broken down and oil had taken their place, and this has been found the general direction of the disease, with slight modifications in different cases. Fatty degeneration of the nerve substance was a marked symptom.

The question quickly arises, what best can be done to arrest the action of this poison? Nature does everything possible by arousing every emunctory to action, and, as in all cases of poison or morbid matter in the system, the leucocytes are called upon for their most vigorous action to relieve the patient. It is claimed that immediate suction of the wound has saved many patients Good authorities believe that the virus remains localized, for a time, in the cicatrix, and that cutting it out even after the original wound has healed may serve to avert the disease.

To diminish the production of rabies in the dog, Fleming, one of the most distinguished veterinary surgeons, recommended that dogs should be muzzled, except in times when the disease is epidemic; that they should be placed under good hygienic conditions, with a heavy tax upon every animal, and that all vagrant dogs should be killed. It is claimed by some, among them Fleming, that rabies has spontaneously originated in the dog in consequence of exposure to extremes of heat and cold, ungratified sexual excitement, maltreatment, insufficient food, etc. Roucher, another authority, also maintained the same idea.

Opposed to this is a long array of eminent authorities who claim that rabies does not originate in the dog otherwise than by inoculation with the virus of a rabietic animal.

In the pathologic anatomy of the disease we are also involved in a mass of contradictions. Careful microscopic examinations of the brain and spinal cord, by medical experts, have been attended with entirely negative results. In some few cases there was found fatty degeneration of the nerve cells, notably that published by Dr. Hammond in 1874; in others simple congestion of the vessels, but in the whole list there was no lesion found that was peculiar to hydrophobia.

In reporting this condition of things, the *Medical Record* stated, May 25, 1878: "We are forced to the sad conclusion that, with the present means at our command, every case of hydrophobia is necessarily fatal."

Dr. Hammond, in his report previously referred to, indorsed the plan suggested by Bourrel and also detailed by Fleming in his treatise on rabies, of having the incisor teeth blunted. So far as dogs treated that way are concerned, this was claimed to be an absolute preventive, but non-rabid dogs have been known to communicate the disease. It is a well-known fact that the germs of this poison are sometimes present in the saliva of dogs that are apparently healthy, and particularly frequent in that of the spitz. It is also known that the bite of a man in anger may inoculate a man whom he bites with poison that produces disease, if not hydrophobia. Instances are on record of a woman while in anger nursing her infant, thereby bringing on convulsions and endangering the life of the child.

The pathologic changes in the nerve substance are but the local exhibition of the general systemic poisoning. In the effort to throw off this poison a small amount of morbid matter adjacent to living structure is dissolved by the leucocytes, and is forced out of the system by way of the natural emunctories. When the system is in the throes of a vital struggle with this morbid material, there can be no excuse for thrusting upon it more of the same material, even though it be in attenuated form. The human system, when laboring under morbid influences, needs but those elements which can add vigor to the vital resistance, and the fluid which patrols the entire body should be strengthened rather than further decomposed and disorganized by the addition of extraneous and poisonous matter.

The Pasteur treatment is the accredited method for those who have been bitten by a rabid animal; but this, like the antitoxin treatment, is simply sending one poison after another in the system, and whatever the result the victim is the chief sufferer. The Pasteur treatment has not proved uniformly successful, and in those cases where it was apparently so it is open to question whether the patients might not have recovered without any treatment.

It is well known that during the first few years of the experimental inoculations for rabies so many deaths occurred among the patients that Pasteur himself became alarmed at his own work. Since that time, from the improvement in the treatment, the death rate has lessened, due to the dilution of the curative lymph.

It is well enough, and most commendable, to discover the microbe which, as stated, appears "to be the veritable and sole factor in the malady," but facts go to show that the microbe is the result of the disease, except in inoculation.

Pasteur found no indication of an incubation period shorter than seven days, and he never claimed that he had discovered a cure for hydrophobia, but simply that a person who had been bitten by a presumably mad dog, and within a few days was inoculated with attenuated virus, would not develop hydrophobia; if a certain time had elapsed after the bite this preventive treatment was of no use whatever.

The London *Lancet* of Oct. 31, 1885 says: "We cannot but think that Pasteur's inferences are sanguine and premature." In the year 1895 the *Lancet* published a statement from Dr. Magner, in which he pointed out that Pasteurian statistics were very misleading, and quoted from a report of the Registrar-General of England to show that in the five years preceding the establishment of the Pasteur Institute the number of deaths from hydrophobia were 155, whereas in the five years thereafter they reached 159. He thought that was a strong argument that the Pasteur Institute had no effect in diminishing the deaths from hydrophobia. An article in the Paris *Journal of Medicine*, by Prof. Peter, stated that the inoculations pretended to be antirabic by M. Pasteur were in principle nonsense, and in practice deceptive. Statistics have shown that the mortality from hydrophobia in and around Paris, the seat of the Institute, has not been in any way lowered, but, on the contrary, has increased ever since Pasteur began his inoculations. In 1895, 272 persons died of hydrophobia after undergoing the Pasteurian treatment, which ought to have saved them from any attack of the malady. * * * In 1866, a girl named Pauline Kiehl was taken to the Institute, but as hydrophobia had already set in Pasteur declined having anything to do with the case. The girl was then taken to Dr. Leon Petit, of Paris, who cured her by the vapor-bath treatment. * * * Dr. Lutaud, editor of the *Journal of Medicine* of Paris, with straightforwardness asserts that Pasteur does not cure hydrophobia, but he gives it. * * * In 1894, Dr. C. W. Dulles, of Philadelphia, made a report to the Pennsylvania Medical Society of his special study of hydrophobia, covering a period of over ten years. His figures give an average, from a total of seventy-eight cases, of one per annum to every 4,500,000 of population, with an excess of cases in the vicinity of Pasteur Institutes. In fact, he charges directly that not only have Pasteur's methods "increased the number of deaths from hydrophobia," but that "there has been added to these a large number of deaths due to inoculation of what ought to be called Pasteur's disease." * * * Dr. Dolan, editor of the *Provincial Medical Journal*, taking a general survey of Pasteur's methods and his numerous failures, says that "Not only does Pasteur not protect from the disease under the very conditions demanded by himself, but he has added a new terror to it by the introduction of paralytic rabies."

In Long Island City, on April 25, 1897, a strange dog severely bit a six-year-old boy named Charles Silk. Two days thereafter the child was taken to the Pasteur Institute in New York and a course of treatment commenced at once, which lasted fifteen days. After completing the course at the Institute the mother of the child was told that her son was insured against dog bites for ten years to come, but three weeks from the day of being bitten the boy died, a pronounced case of hydrophobia.

Better than Pasteur Institutes, and better than all other remedies, or rather preventives, would be what is proposed by an eminent English writer, Mrs. Maynell, in the London *Chronicle*, and that is the utter extinction of the canine race, holding that the life of one child is of more value to the world than that of all dogs, and that one of the inevitable results of our advancing civilization will be their extinction. While the dog forms a prominent feature of the domestic life of our day, the services he renders are by no means an adequate offset to the danger with which his presence continually menaces the community.

The Pasteurian treatment is a grevous mistake, although it is as yet the only method that has medical sanction. There is a simpler, safer and more scientific treatment for the dreaded disease, based not upon the old-fashioned practice of putting foreign matter into the system, but on the more modern and exact principle of eliminating the poisonous taint. That is the hot air or vapor bath treatment as practiced in many lands, but particularly by Dr. Buisson, formerly of Paris. By this means patients have been cured, even after hydrophobia had set in.

In the year 1826, Dr. Buisson was called in to attend a woman attacked by hydrophobia. According to custom he bled her, and happened to wipe his hands on her handkerchief, covered with saliva. "Perceiving a mark on the first finger of my left hand," he writes in a book published in Paris in 1855, "I became aware too late how imprudent I had been. As soon as I reached home I cauterized the wound with nitrate of silver. On the seventh day I experienced a sharp pain in the region of the scar. Imagining, however, that it was in consequence of the cauterization, I paid no great heed to it, but the pain became so intense that I was obliged to put my arm in a sling. The pain grew more and more acute, commencing at the first finger and following the radial nerve till it mounted to the forearm. The paroxysms lasted two or three minutes, with intermissions of five or six minutes. At each paroxysm the pain spread to the length of several centimeters; when it passed the elbow it became intolerable. My eyes were extremely irritable, and felt as though likely to start out of their sockets. I was painfully affected by light, and consequently by all luminous bodies, such as glass and metals. My hair seemed to stand erect. My body seemed lighter than air; I believed that by springing from the ground I could have lifted myself up to a prodigious height. I had tightening of the throat, constant nausea, salivated much and expectorated incessantly. I felt that my sublingual glands were swollen, but when I wished to assure myself of the fact by looking at them in a glass I was unable to carry out my design on account of my eyes. I had a constant longing to run and to bite, and my only alleviation was to walk quickly up and down my room, biting my handkerchief the while. I had a horror of water."

Ordinarily there is but one result to such a condition as this. "For some time past," continues Dr. Buisson, "I had been persuaded that a vapor bath was able to prevent, but not to cure hydrophobia. My thoughts being occupied solely with death, I sought that which was the most prompt and least painful to put an end to my life. I resolved to die in a vapor bath. I took a thermometer in my hands, fearing that the heat I desired might be refused me. I had been but a few minutes in the bath before I felt a change for the better. This gave me hope. At 127° F. I was cured. At first I believed it was merely a long intermission from pain, which would be terminated by contact with the air outside the bath. After the bath I dined and drank with ease, and went to bed and slept well. From that day to this, nearly twenty years, I have felt no sort of pain or uneasiness."

Dr. Buisson again says: "Experience has proved to me that hydrophobia may last three days. The cure is sure by following my system the first day, uncertain the second, impossible the third. Who would wait for the last day, knowing my means? One would not even wait for the malady, one would always prevent it.

"Hydrophobia never shows itself before the seventh day after the bite, and one can then go a long journey to procure these baths, called Russian."

The *Lancet* says: "Hydrophobia was cured by the late Dr. Buisson in his own and eighty cases by vapor baths, raised rapidly to 135° F., and more slowly to 145° F." "A vapor bath," writes Dr. Buisson, "prevents the development of hydrophobia and cures the malady when developed. In order to convince all sensible persons that I am really in earnest, I offer to inoculate myself with the disease. This fact should be a sufficient guarantee of the certainty of my method of cure."

It is interesting to state that in London there is now established a Buisson institute, under the care of a qualified physician, for the gratuitous treatment of hydrophobic cases. A number of cases of undoubted hydrophobia have been successfully treated by means of these baths in India, and the Viceroy of India has notified Mr. F. E. Pirkis, R.N., of the London Buisson Baths, that the Government will afford facilities for the placing of Buisson baths for the treatment of hydrophobia in Government hospitals and dispensaries in India. Twenty baths for that purpose are being immediately dispatched. In looking over a late paper from Calcutta, it was noticed to contain an advertisement of thirty-four Buisson baths, located in different parts of India, where that treatment could be obtained free by needy sufferers.

There is no possible doubt as to the value of the Turkish bath in all disorders of the ferment class, and whether it is competent to the complete eradication of the poison, or to arrest destructive tissue changes when once they have thoroughly begun, will appear doubtful only to those who are not familiar with the wonderful restorative action of heat when used in its higher potency. The simple treatment of a hot-air bath has actually cured the disease in the last stages and restored the patient when in the extreme horrors of rapidly approaching death. A prompt use of the hot-air bath in every case of a bite from a dog cannot but do good, even if there is no question of the animal being rabid, and when the animal is mad it is a safe and effective remedy. Whoever is willing to investigate the merits of the hot-air bath will soon learn that it has a valid claim to the title of certain cure for hydrophobia.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., June, 1874, a case came under my supervision. A suspected dog was confined, but broke away, and in his career of biting other dogs also bit a Prospect Park laborer, one George Wagner. As the dog was to all appearances suffering from rabies, he was immediately killed. The man's wounds were cauterized with nitrate of silver, and on the third day thereafter he was brought to the Turkish bath. He was bitten through the palm of one hand and partly through two fingers. He complained of what seemed like neuralgic pains in the hand and arm, which were swollen, and also pains in the head, back and throat. He underwent the process of the bath twice daily during one week and once daily for two weeks longer. The baths were administered with exceptional vigor in his case. Soon every unpleasant symptom vanished, and for many years afterward he was well and hard at work.

Dr. M. Hermance, also of Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1877 saved a boy from the agonizing death of hydrophobia by the use of the vapor bath, which was applied while the patient was tied down in bed. In about three-quarters of an hour after beginning operations a profuse perspiration was induced. When he began to sweat freely signs of returning consciousness appeared, which increased as the perspiration was continued, until in the space of about two and a half hours he was fully restored to consciousness, with a perfect relief from all his hydrophobic symptoms, the pain in the bitten hand and arm included, of which he had complained very much in the intervals of consciousness between his convulsions.

There is almost positive evidence regarding this form of treatment from Wilmington, Del. In the year 1869 three children of that place were bitten by a rabid dog. This dog also bit a heifer, a cow and two other dogs. The four animals soon afterward died of hydrophobia. The children were placed under the care of Dr. John Cameron, of that city, and by him were taken to Philadelphia and there subjected to the Turkish bath daily for two weeks. Although the wounds were very severe and the discharge from one of them was of the color of verdigris for several days, they healed without difficulty and no symptom of the malady has been manifested since.

In 1866 Rev. J. J. Curran, of the Industrial School, Arlington, N. J., published a case which occurred under his care. One of the pupils named Klee was bitten on the hand by a dog on Jan. 2. As the wound healed rapidly nothing more was thought of it, but on Jan. 22 unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia manifested themselves and increased for two days, when there appeared no possible hope for him. Then a small kerosene oil stove was lighted and placed on the floor; on top of this was placed a pan of boiling water, and over all a chair, on which the boy was seated. Around the chair and boy and vaporing machine were wrapped several folds of blankets, pinned about his neck and fitted so that the steam was retained about his body. He was also given a dose of sweating medicine, and in five minutes the perspiration was streaming from every pore of his body, and in ten minutes after he said: "The pains are all gone!" He was kept in this condition for about half an hour. The result was that the boy was cured, and in two months after he was as well as he ever had been, and so continued.

The natives of Australia, and also of India, have a successful habit of at once taking violent exercise on beginning to feel ill. This is the principle of the Turkish bath treatment—that is, to relieve the system of its impurities by sweating.

Sir John Drummond Hay, who was many years English minister in Morocco, long before Pasteur's time, stated that the Arabs there cured hydrophobia by sweating. The patient was swathed in woolen covering till all but smothered, placed in a small tent (these tents are always of black camel's hair, much more impervious than canvas) and then the tent was closed so as to exclude air as much possible and the patient left until profuse perspiration carried off the poison. This treatment was found invariably successful.

A St. Petersburg newspaper states: "We are informed by good physicians that if the patient, immediately after being bitten, will go into a bath and stay there seven days he will have excellent chances of recovery. The poison in the blood will be eliminated by a steady and vigorous perspiration. Some physicians have attained good results by washing the wound with warm vinegar and then applying hydrochloric or muriatic acid."

There is undoubtedly an hysteric or "mental hydrophobia," as it is sometimes called, induced by emotion, or through fear of the disease after having been bitten, which may lack many of the characteristic symptoms of the true affection and differs from it notably in its rare fatality. Such cases, serious enough to the patient for the time being, would be most easily and agreeably treated by the Turkish bath. Herein would come one of the great advantages to the community, which every city would enjoy by having, what would be most desirable to all, a public Turkish bath that would be open to such cases as well as to any other. A few days', or, at most, a few weeks' treatment at such an establishment would put the patient out of reach of any danger from hydrophobia.

Some twelve years ago four children living at Newark, N. J., were bitten by a dog supposed to be rabid, and more than $1,000 was subscribed to send them to Paris that they might undergo Pasteur's treatment.

If the people were only awake to their best good, and would subscribe liberally for public Turkish baths, they would have a better and surer remedy right at their own doors.

On March 28, 1897, Dr. Frank D. Gray, in Jersey City, was bitten by a St. Bernard dog that had shown some slight symptoms of rabies. Evidently not knowing a better way, Dr. Gray sailed for Paris to take the Pasteur treatment. Had he been aware of the eliminating power and healing virtues of the Turkish bath, he could have remained at home and saved himself the mental torture as well as the expense incident thereto. It is very pleasant and desirable to go to Paris, but to "wash and be clean" is much more desirable.

The conclusion that is forced upon us by these facts is that in all cases of infectious disease our chief efforts should be directed to promoting the eliminating power of the patient. This is working in harmony with and assisting the vital resistance to disease. Whatever tends to invigorate the individual enables him the more quickly and surely to surmount the difficulty. Herein lies the most important element. When it is understood that in the proper application of heat—and in that we recognize all forms, whether it be the use of hot water, the Russian bath, or the above all most desirable Turkish bath—and the fact remains that in heat we have an agent capable of counteracting the poison of rabies, then it may well be asked: what poisonous influence can resist its potency? Knowing this, we should do all in our power to arouse the public mind to the value of the public Turkish bath, which should be established by the people in every city in the land, and so conducted that its blessings would ramify through every stratum of society. Thus would we hasten on the time when hydrophobia will cease to be a terror in the land, and disease will not be the inheritance of every child, but rather that good health will be the pride and possession of every citizen.—*Chas H. Shepard, M. D., in the Journal of the American Medical Association.*

THE INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

Stevensville, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read Mr. Hough's graphic and highly entertaining report of the International field trials, held at Mitchell's Bay, Ont., and while it is somewhat sensational and very flattering to some of the dogs and their owners, I cannot concur in many of the decisions of the judges, nor agree with the conclusions drawn from inference by your reporter. I have no wish for newspaper notoriety, and will not be drawn into a public controversy, but there are some things connected with the judging of the International field trials of 1897 which I wish to say, not because I feel especially aggrieved, but because I believe in a spirit of fairness in everything connected with field sports, and that absolute fairness and impartiality are the vital parts of their existence.

Mr. Hough dwells at considerable length on the age and experience of the judges, and while I have nothing but respect for old age and ripe experience, I cannot but think that we lay too much stress at times on what has been, and too little on what is; that is, we dwell too much on age and its supposed coadjutor, experience, and too little on our own observations and careful discriminations. Experience does not always beget wisdom, and old age is not necessary to a large experience. Close observation and careful discrimination sometimes carry a very old head on very young shoulders.

As to the judging, we will first look at the Derby as reported by Mr. Hough, only adding a few remarks from present observation, and leaving the question as to whether the dogs were rightly placed or not to the discrimination of the unbiased reader.

The winner of first, after being down in all two hours and forty-nine minutes under the most favorable conditions of birds and weather, finally "jumped into a grand bevy-point," his only point in three long heats, with birds aplenty and flushes where "possibly he may have been pointing."

The winner of second blinked her birds continuously, as per Mr. Hough's report. The winner of third hadn't a known point to her credit, unless a find by handler and an effort on her part to get at the birds in a brush fence with an animated tail are called pointing. The winner of fourth was down in all one hour and fifty minutes, and had to his credit six points, with some "sloppy work mixed in."

Now as to the All-Age Stake, taking again Mr. Hough's report, and deviating therefrom only in matters that came under my own personal observation. Before reviewing the running and judging I will in as brief a manner as possible preface my remarks by stating that after the close of the Derby and before the drawing for the All-Age Stake, the question was asked the judges whether point work and bird work would be considered, or whether the stake would be run on speed and range alone. The answer was "that they would all be considered, but that the dog having the most speed and range, all else being equal, would have the preference; but a dog that was under no control, and did not stanchly stand his birds would not be recognized—a very sensible and satisfactory answer; but go with the reporter through some of the heats and then note the judging.

Take the first brace of the first series—Forest Gladstone and Count Vassar. This brace was put down in the worst part of the day (11:41), and yet there was no heat during the whole trials in which there was so much bird work, so much point work and so few errors for the time down as in this heat; and yet neither found a place in the stake, and Forest Gladstone was not even let into the second series, although she had been guilty of no errors, and was ordered brought along by the judges (for what reason is not quite clear, outside of the veil of mystery surrounding the chosen few).

The third brace in the first series—Dash Antonio and Selkirk Whyte—your reporter gives two points, four flushes and three false points, and yet they were "high class dogs" and continued in the stake, as one reporter says, for the reason that "they were believed to be capable of better work." Commendable reason, and one to be referred to in future competitions judging of possibilities "and probabilities." "Oh, consistency! thou art a jewel!"

Let us go a little further with Mr. Hough, and take the second brace in the second series—Dash Antonio and Maud W.—and after a careful review of the work of this brace let us ask the judges and reporter if any dog not a high class dog could be retained in an all-age stake after such a brilliant, independent, self-hunting exhibition? "It was awkward, to say the least."

I had always supposed that a good field trial dog was a good shooting dog, with good speed, good range, good nose, stanch on point, obedient, cheerful, affectionate, and one that worked for the gun and handler; but according to the standard of some field trial judges I find myself in error, and as I am still interested in field trials and ambitious to be a winner, I am now casting about for a kennel of greyhounds and barzoi, and shall probably give up field shooting and devote my time and energies toward the perfecting of a type of field trial dogs that can catch their birds without the aid or incumbrance of an unwieldy gun.

W. W. McCain.

Mr. J. M. Avent, of Hickory Valley, Tenn., writes us that on the night of Nov. 29 his residence was burned. About half his furniture was saved. The house was partially insured. Among the lost property, which he deplores, is a file of Forest and Streams beginning with the first field trials at Grand Junction, Tenn. He further adds: "I am now finishing Mr. H. B. Duryea a beautiful residence for a winter shooting box. He moves from New York on Dec. 10 with a party of friends for the winter hunt here."

Sallie and Maudie.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 4.—Sallie and Maudie request me to thank several readers of FOREST AND STREAM who have come forward with the purpose of the alleviation of Maudie's distress from fleas and Sallie's distress over Maudie's troubles. Mr. J. F. Sharp, of New York city, writes me thus:

"Tell Sallie to make a paste of lard and snuff, equal portions, and rub well into the hair on Maudie, providing, of course, the skin has healed from previous heroic treatment. This will remove the fleas, is 'not good to eat,' and is easily removable with soap and warm water."

Parke Davis & Co., of Detroit, sent me a cake of flea soap, a sort which they think is good and with which they are anxious to experiment further. Since they have known it well mentioned, I will try it on the dog.

The Theo. Ricksecker Co , of New York city, also sent me a cake of flea soap for Sallie and Maudie, which they say will eradicate the fleas and not eradicate the dog. All these different things are receiving thorough trial, and I hope to be able to report on the subject by next spring if Maudie doesn't wear out before then. I never did see anybody fonder of a dog than Sallie is of Maudie, nor have I often seen a more unselfish devotion to scientific research than that displayed in this matter by Sallie in her effort to cure Maudie's fleas. The latter, I regret to say, does not appear to enter into the spirit of this thing as enthusiastically as the rest of us. If you show her a cake of soap she puts her tail between her legs—the best she can, as she is fashionable and wears it short—and runs out of the room in search of sanctuary. I trust, however, that this personal reluctance on Maudie's part will not divert any other friends from their purpose of sending on anything they may have for Maudie's fleas. We are pretty well fixed, but you can use a lot of soap during a winter if you are as industrious with a dog as Sallie is with Maudie. I'll bet she is the best laundried dog in Chicago.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Brunswick Fur Club.

ROXBURY, Mass.—The ninth annual winter meet of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Barre, Mass., during the week of Jan. 17. The club will make its headquarters at Hotel Barre.

The annual meeting for the election of officers for '98 and the transaction of other business will be held on Monday evening, Jan. 17.

All sportsmen are cordially invited to be present with their hounds and aid in making this hunt the best in the history of the club.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

"A PRIVATE carriage in which were two women was driven over the north roadway of the Brooklyn Bridge, and frolicking along with it part of the way was a big Newfoundland dog. Near the Brooklyn anchorage the railroad tracks slope down until almost even with the roadway. The third or power rail is nearest to the roadway, and is heavily charged with electricity. Onto this, in one of his pranks, the dog jumped. Then he bounded into the air and fell dead. The carriage rolled on, the occupants unaware of what had happened." So reads an item in the daily press. It seems to have escaped the attention of those who have charge of the matter that a man would have met the same fate as the dog, if he had touched the rail as the dog did.

PORT JERVIS, Dec. 2.—James Spicer, a New Jersey farmer, was in Port Jervis this morning and traded with Joseph Thayer for an old-fashioned bicycle, giving in exchange a horse, twenty-two heads of cabbage, and a rabbit dog. Such is a piece of "news" which graced the front page of one of New York's greatest dailies. The public will rest easier now that it knows that James owns a wheel. But the dog! A rabbit dog being bunched up and traded with cabbage-heads for a wheel. The world is surely degenerating.

Central Park, according to press reports, is infested with an unusual number of homeless dogs this winter. One day last week "a big yellow dog" attacked the sheep, and was shot by Keeper Peter Shannon, to whom is assigned the shooting privileges of the preserve. A day or two previous, "a big black dog" attacked a French waiter who was carrying a tray containing food, presumably sausages Shannon potted this marauder also. The dogs all seem to be "big," but they in color differ, being either yellow or black, thus putting the ferocity in proper press setting.

Field Sports mentions the purchase of the setter dog Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana) by Mrs. Cæsar Young, of San Francisco, from Mr. W. B. Wells, and it further states that "This makes nine choicely bred English setters that have been imported into the State during the last year, four of which are field trial winners, and still there are two or three more that we know of, over which negotiations are pending, which will also come. Verily the English setter is having a boom on the coast."

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Collie Club of America, it was decided to perpetuate the memory of the many years' faithful services of the club's late treasurer, John Dobson Shotwell, by opening a subscription among the members for the purpose of providing a suitable memento as a perpetual challenge cup, to be known as the Shotwell memorial cup, to be competed for by American-bred collies, to be shown in braces and owned by club members. The committee headed the subscription with the sum of $50. Those who wish to subscribe to the memorial cup should send their subscription to the club's secretary-treasurer, Mr. James Watson, 203 Broadway, New York.

In our business columns this week A. H Norton, Winsted, Conn., offers fox terriers; B., P. O. Box 2899 New York, offers Gordon setter; J. C Vail, Warwick, N. Y., offers Chesapeake bitch; Fieles & Bro., Christiana, Pa , offers hunting dogs of different breeds; E. A. Spooner, New York, offers pointers; J. Feulner, Cherry Valley, N. Y., offers setters; W. P. Austin, Mansfield, Pa., offers pointers; R. E. Smith, Afton, N. Y., offers partridge dog; W. Howell, Islip, L. I , will board and train dogs; C. C. Beveridge, Newark, N. J., offers broken English setter.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. are the largest publishers and importers in America of Books on Outdoor Sports. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirabl

WHEEL AND GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At Philadelphia, N. Y., there is a boy between thirteen and fourteen years old. His letters, besides bearing on school matters, often contain tales of hunting, and as most of the hunting is done with the aid of a bicycle, they may be of interest to hunters who like odd styles of sport with guns. He knows hunting better than most boys of his age, and as well as some men, and when he says, "I don't need so much game to the square mile when I go on my bicycle," it is worth listening to him. He writes in one letter:

"I used to take my 12-gauge," a single-barrel shotgun, "but I don't any more. Too much bother to unfasten it. The target pistol is a lot better. Cousin George has fixed a stock to it and says it's a dandy, and I can plug a cent about every time.

"I go to school five days a week and get out at 4 o'clock in the afternoon—not much time to hunt before supper, but sometimes I go down the road past the graveyard to a bit of hardwood there. It's about two mites, and sometimes I see something—squirrel or partridge. One day I got a big henhawk. It sat on that butternut just above the bass rock where you and Gus Richardson and George fished one time. I rested on the rail fence—what's left of it—and pulled on him at ten rods. Say, he jumped a rod and came down ker-slump in the mud and sawdust. I tied him to the handle bars and rode up through town lickety-split. My! she had nice black eyes, though—I mean the girl who wanted the wings. She got them too, you bet. The boys here would like to hunt too, but mostly their mas won't let them. Jjits!

"I don't need so much game to the square mile when I go on my bicycle. It don't take only a minute to go from one patch of woods to another, and every farm has one off in some corner or other where it's rough or swampy, or anything. I get through one of these clumps in about three minutes, up one side and down t'other. The partridges here fly a mile when they are put up, and it don't pay to try to tree them. Never had such fun as hunting gray squirrels. I never saw only those you got. One day I was riding up the road toward Antwerp, past Roy Ashley's, and I saw something go up a hickory tree there. 'Cat,' I thought, and then I see him again up in the forks of the tree, 'bout three rods up and six rods off. I slid off the wheel and drops on one knee, so's I could rest on the saddle—didn't have any stock then—and I let fly. The bark just over the beast jumped. I shot again and some more times, and he began to get excited (maybe I didn't). He ripped up one side and around t'other, then all of a sudden he leaped clear from the top of the tree and landed about four rods off. He began to run before he hit the ground, and I after him, hollering. He up into another tree 'bout ten rods off, or so, and I broke both his hindlegs high up and then plugged him in the neck. I took him home right up Main street, and I cut the tail off to hang up in my room."

That isn't quite the way Von W. would have done, but no squirrel ever pleased Von W. more. In another letter he writes:

"Oh, say, you remember that swamp up at the Plains, on the road to Carthage, near where the sand blows so and looks like yellow snow? Well, I went off for a ride to-day, and not having any place to go to just went. Course I took my pistol—wouldn't ride without it—and pretty soon I was near that swamp, and I went into it, and left my wheel in a brier patch, where they gets some blueberries. I went around them; and there was runways—rabbit runways—in the moss just like in Worden's swamp, or up to Pete Smith's, or anywhere. I followed around in there, and pretty soon there was a rabbit sitting up, Crack! went the gun. My, how he did run! He was the worst scared rabbit you ever saw. Didn't have no cause to be, though. I couldn't have hit a house. I seen another one, but never touched him. One place where it was sandy I see a fox track, and found some bluejay feathers under a low, thick pine. A hawk didn't get that bird.

"Well, after a while I thought I was hungry, so I started back to my wheel, where I had my lunch on the carrier. I went and went, and kept going, and every time I'd see any briers I'd think that was the place, and by and by I got scared. Couldn't find my wheel. Then I went to the road and found my track—the only one, because nobody but a darned ijit would ride where it was sand; and when I came to the place where I left the road I found the brier patch and forty hundred stumps that looked exactly like the one I had left the wheel at. I looked very careful, and pretty soon, by walking around, I caught a glimpse of something shiny, and there it was. Betcher life, I'll tie a handkerchief to a stick when I leave my wheel again. Aunt Ann don't want me to go there again. I told her I see some signs just like what Bill Pardy called bear tracks, and I wouldn't be surprised if I'd get a wildcat some day. I had to tell her I lied before she'd let me go again. I'm going next chance I get."

The next chance came two weeks later. Then he writes:

"Yesterday I went up to the Plains. I had a puncture before I got to Stirlingville, some horse had left his shoe with some nails in it. Finding horseshoes ain't good luck; I know, I've found them. I fixed my tire, though, and went ahead. Had to pump up about three times a mile. I left my wheel by a fence and stood a new tomato can on the post so it would shine, and circled back about half a mile. It's awful lonesome. Nothing but moss and sand and little bushes between the woods, and the woods are all dark and down in the gullies. I didn't see anything at all, only a hawk and some crows, which I couldn't steer my bullets into. An old pine tree had laid across that little white water brook with the nice, clean bottom—you know where I mean, below that shanty what's going to be buried with the sand some time—and I sat down on that. A little clump of brush was about three rods off and trees all around, little, crooked, second-growth trees, with branches every which way. Then I see something: a dirty, creeping, little tuft of yellow hair sneaking through that little clump of brush; slow, just like a snake shaking the swale grass a little. It made me shiver. I couldn't see what the thing was at first, then I knowed. It was somebody's cat, and anyhow it wouldn't be missed. I aimed and pulled. 'Yeow!' The cat jumped, and say, I was froze stiff. Gosh, I never saw anything like it—such tearing, spitting, clawing the air and reaching for things as that cat did. I was scared; I pushed three cartridges under the barrel and jammed the pistol so I couldn't shoot.

"By-and-by the beggar just kicked and slewed around in the grass and laid still. He was the biggest cat I ever see. All gray and yellow-like, and a tail as big as your arm, and about 7in. or so long. I skinned him when I got out to the bicycle and took the hide to the house, and put some saltpeter, salt and alum into a pail. I'll work it dry to morrow night, I guess; I ain't going up there again—not with the little popgun again, I tell you."

He did though, and got a good bit of sport:

"You know I told you about getting a cat up to the Plains the other day. Well, I was up there again to-day, and had quite a time. I was going along on the moss which grows there instead of grass, and all to once I see bird right beside a bush crouched down close to the sand there. I rode right past about three rods away from it, and when I was about twelve rods beyond I got off the wheel and sneaked back with the pistol. I kept an old stump between me and it, and pretty quick I looked over, and there was Mr. Bird. I aimed at his back, and knocked him into the dirt. It was a woodcock. Now I always thought they stayed down in swamps and swales, but here he was in the sand, and where he could see a mile in any direction. On the way to the wheel I killed a little green snake. Oh, I forgot! On the way up I saw a big flock of wild ducks. Going to the St. Lawrence I guess, because it was a warm day.

"I found some bird tracks in some sand across that field a ways, and tried to put them up, but couldn't; so I went on till I came to a wire fence. I hung a pine branch on it and left my wheel while I went up through a little gully I could just see beyond. There were a couple of cows there, and while I was going around one I fell over a log in the briers, and when I got up I heard something run. I looked, but couldn't see anything 'cept some bushes waving. Rabbit, I guess. I followed after a while, but couldn't see anything. When there are woods there on the Plains they are awful thick. You have to go through edgeways all the while. I'll bet a fellow with a good dog would get a lot of them. I've heard some fly, but couldn't see them for the briers digging in my eyes

"They say there are lots of foxes here. I never saw but one, and a dog was after him. It was up to the Plains the day I got the cat I was going along across a mile or so of marsh when I heard a dog beller out. I looked back, and there, about 30 rods off, was a fox Too far to shoot and the riding wasn't so bad, only all hummocks. I lit out after him and went as fast as I could. He ran too, ran like lightning, with his tail out behind him. I got about eight or ten rods of him before he saw me. I guess he was scart. I'd 'a' caught him if I hadn't run into deep hole and raised on the far side of it clear out of the saddle. The ground up there is soft all over, and even the logs are rotten and crumbly and dry. You can't ride over one, though. It ain't safe to ride fast, either, because you go through grass, and that hides holes. Sometimes you can ride a long ways right off across country, then you fetch up in briers or a gully."

Another time he writes: "I went down toward Coon's mills yesterday, and turned up toward Theresa, and went 'way off toward—I don't know where, to the west, though. I went through all the woods I could see, and took my wheel with me most of the time. It was a hard job in places. I had to carry it right up a steep rock with trees on it, and went till I got lost. I saw a few partridges, and one sat still too long. He sat up, with his black feathers showing, and I shot his head off. I lost my lunch somewhere off my wheel, and was most starved; so I took and skinned the bird and dressed him. Some farmer had salted his sheep in the pasture there, and I made a fire and ete roast partridge—yum, yum, but it was good. I ete him bones and all almost. I cracked some butternuts and had some apples, and saved the wings so I could prove I had the bird. I got the wishbone yet. I had to ride seventeen miles before I could get home again, and I was pretty tired too.

Once in a while he writes of going with some one to hunt. One of these is as follows, so far as the hunting went:

"You know that little girl who I give the hawk wings to one time. Well, I took a rabbit over there one day for her ma to cook 'cause George had enough for us, and I said that down where I come from the girls all know how to shoot them. Then I asked if Millie knew how to shoot. Of course she didn't. I knowed that, but after a while her ma said she might go if she wanted to; so last Wednesday there wasn't no school and so we went in the afternoon. You just ought to see her ride; she is a flyer. Well, we went down to the graveyard woods, and I put up a mark and showed her which way not to shoot and where trigger and hammer weren't alike, and by-and-by she could hit a stump as big as a barrel 'bout every time. Considering she's a girl, that's pretty good, isn't it, for the first time? Next night we shot another box up, and Saturday afternoon we went down to the graveyard woods again. While we were riding over the bridge a flock of ducks went over the hill, and sailed in back of the woods and circled back, and then out of sight again. I knowed what that meant, so I hustled down to the woods and hid the bicycles behind the fence, and down below the woods was seven black ducks.

"They weren't six rods from where we were behind those alders, right where George got that big pickerel that summer you was here. Well, I put in a .22 short smokeless and got the pistol into the fork of a bush and the twigs all out of the way and told her to squint through the sights. She did and wanted to know what she should do then. Well, after all that monkeying she pulled the trigger. I don't know which one she aimed at, but I guess it was at a log fourteen rods down stream. Anyhow she plugged a duck right in the breast and he rolled over. She started to squeal, but I shut her up and shot two more before the darn fools knew what was up. Then she'd been wiggling around so much that the ducks was 'tracted to where we were and they jumped up 'bout 6ft. and flew off—never see anything like that before. Well, I went and waded out at the rifts just below, and when the birds came down I got all of them, and we went home after we'd shot some at a target. She was tickled, I tell you, when she found she'd killed a duck. She wouldn't know a bluejay from a hen hawk.

"Sometimes," he writes on another occasion, "I shoot at fence-posts as I ride past them. It ain't hard to shoot, but it is to hit. Once I shot at a fool crow what let me get close to him on my bike—missed him 'bout a rod, and he jumped right up straight and went as though to break his neck.

RAYMOND S. SPEERS.

NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practiable.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

WE learn from our English exchanges that a meeting of the committee of the Minima Y. C. was held on Nov. 23, at which the secretary was instructed to cable to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. as follows: "Confirm Brand's challenge, conditions 1897." It has taken just three months for matters to progress thus far, and in the meanwhile the challenge of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has been accepted.

AT the meeting of the Y. R. A. on Dec. 2 the proposal to alter the rule for the smaller classes was rejected by a vote of 21 to 6. As the Council refuse to recommend the proposal, it could only have been passed by a three-fourths vote. Mr. Æmilius Jarvis was present at the meeting of the Council on the same day, and the subject of international agreement in rules was discussed by him and the Council.

AFTER several years of remarkable success in the sailing as well as designing of small yachts, Mr. Linton Hope has rejoined the canoe sailors, and is now winning races in the Royal C. C.

IT is conjectured that the owner of the new Watson schooner, which will be nearly 165ft. over all and 115ft. l.w.l., is one of the Orr-Ewing family, famous Solent yachtsmen.

THE annual general meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound is held as we go to press, on Dec. 7. At a meeting of the Council on Nov. 24 it was decided to recommend that the name be changed by the substitution of the word "Association" for "Union" in order to avoid any conflict with the Y. R. U. of N. A. It was also recommended that the rules of the latter organization be adopted.

IT is reported that the Buffalo Y. C. is about to challenge for the Canada cup, won by Canada from Vencedor in 1896 and since established by the owners of the former yacht as a perpetual international trophy for fresh water. Such a contest in 1898 will do much to revive racing on the Lakes, where stimulus of some kind is quite as badly needed as on salt water. Last year there was very little racing, even on Ontario, and that almost entirely on the part of Canadian yachts. Should the proposed challenge be issued, it will be in the 32ft. or 37ft. class, both popular sizes on the Lakes. An early challenge in either class, allowing ample time for building, should bring out a number of yachts for the trial races, which will presumably be held by both defender and challenger. Under the present Lake rules, the coefficient of midship section and the scantling both being limited, the resulting yachts could hardly fail to be of a type that would be permanently useful and, for several years at least, capable of good racing.

It is most desirable just now that the yachtsmen on both shores of the Lakes should work together in building up one strong class, either the 32ft., 37ft. or 42ft.; and the best means to that end is through a challenge from one of the United States clubs to the Royal Canadian Y. C. for the Canada cup.

INLAND ROUTE TO FLORIDA.

Part II.

CHARLESTON TO JACKSONVILLE.

FROM Charleston to Jacksonville the route is mainly through small creeks and rivers, and is indicated on the charts by a dotted line.

The streams connecting the inlets and sounds are all subject to tidal ebb and flow, and receive their waters generally from both ends; at the meeting of the tides there is usually a shoal, called the "divide."

In most of the streams the ebb tide forms a shoal in the eddy below the points, and the sharper the bend the longer the shoal. These are called "ebb tide shoals."

As a rule, the bottom is soft, except where there are oyster beds and in the phosphate rock bottoms.

From Charleston to Fernandina a draft of about 7 or 8ft. can be taken, but such a draft requires high tide at many places.

From Fernandina to the St. John's River there are places with only 1¼ft. at low water. At high water about 4ft. can be taken through.

Vessels of over 100ft. in length sometimes experience difficulty in rounding some of the sharp bends which are encountered in the passage, the channel of which in some places is extremely narrow and crooked.

A little experience will enable one to tell at a glance "by the lay of the land" just where the best water is.

Taking any one of the crooked rivers as an example, a careful study of the chart will show the law which governs the formation of shoals.

It will also show how the ebb tide scours out a deep channel.

All compass bearings and courses are magnetic and all distances are in nautical miles.

Leave Charleston at half flood.

Run up Ashley River, and when opposite the mouth of Wappoo Creek steer for it on a course S.W. by W. ¼ W. Keep two tall chimneys in Charleston in range astern.

On north side of creek, at the entrance, there is a large building, on which is a sign, "Acid Phosphate."

After entering, for deepest water in the first reach keep left side of creek best aboard. Just before reaching woods on left side haul over to right side. Make turn, steering about N.N.W., and keep right side about 10yds. off for best water.

On point to right and ahead are seen two houses. Go to that side, then make for point to left, running along close to left shore. Keep middle of creek, as piles are seen ahead on left side.

Turn to left through New Cut, which will be seen ahead. Steer through middle of cut until two stakes are seen to right, then cross to left side.

ELLIOTT'S CUT will now be seen ahead. Some high trees are on each side, with rather higher banks. Steer through middle of cut, running out into Stono River on same compass course.

STONO RIVER.—When the Stono River opens up to the left, run in on a course about W. ½ N., keeping left bank best aboard to avoid sandbars to right, as the chart shows. When reach to north is well opened and a large grove of trees is abeam to left, cross gradually to right bank, steering about N.W. by W. ½ W. Steer straight for dock on first phosphate mill seen on right side ahead. When abreast of this, steer for and follow along left side. Course about W. by S. Near here is a sign on a mill, "St. Andrew's Phosphate Co."

When up with a small creek to the southward and the points of the next reach are open, change gradually to the northward of west, rounding the point to the north, about 150yds. distant.

Now steer a course about N.W., the next point showing on your port bow.

When the reach beyond this point is open, steer about W. by N., leaving the left bank 75yds. off.

When abreast a small creek on the port hand, cross the river to round the point to the north, passing along right bank on a course N.W. ½ N., leaving shore 20yds. away.

When nearly up with point on left side cross again to that side of river.

Now keep left bank best aboard, afterward steering to middle of river.

A little past here is Rantowle's Creek. Head for mouth of it, then make for left shore.

From Rantowle's Creek to Church Flats keep middle of river.

CHURCH FLATS.—When nearing Church Flats a small settlement is seen under some tall trees. It is called Wide Awake.

A dock just west of settlement is Wide Awake Landing.

Church Flats begin at the white house on a bluff, with dock making off from it.

In running through Church Flats keep to the left after leaving white house just mentioned. When abreast of last small cabin with chimney on west side of it, which is seen to the right, the water deepens. Channel well to left here. From here keep rather to left of middle. Tides meet at Church Flats. It is a "divide."

There are wrecks and stumps on west side of Church Flats.

Slow down when you see well inshore a small cabin on the right side. There are some wrecks here just off the mouth of a small creek near this cabin.

NEW CUT.—When running through New Cut some large white buildings are seen ahead, which at first appear to be on right side of river. They are later seen to be on the left side, and the settlement is New Cut Landing.

Church Creek is seen to the left when nearing the settlement. Keep left side best aboard from Church Creek to buildings at New Cut Landing. There is a store and post office here.

WADMELAW SOUND.—When out of New Cut steer along left bank. Openings to the right will be seen here. Ahead a point will be seen to the left. White houses on mainland with dock making out. There is a house on the dock. At this house to the left you open up Wadmelaw Sound. Two range stakes will be seen ahead and they mark the shoals.

Steer to right of first one, leaving it 50yds. to port. The shoal well to S.W. of first stake is bare at low water. Then steer to south, crossing between stakes, leaving second one 50yds. to right.

Steer through about S.S.W. at low water.

On page 22, "List of Beacons," etc., it will be seen that three beacons have been established here. The above was written previous thereto.

Now round to westward, passing small settlement to left, then a clay bluff, keeping about 100yds. off, and steering for middle of low woods seen ahead. Gradually round to N.W. by W., then N.W. ½ W., when you will open up some houses to south.

Steer for white house on the dock ahead at Enterprise, leaving low, marshy point with stakes on it 20yds. to left, and steering about S.S.E. ½ E.

Steer along half-way between the dock with house on it to left and marshy point to right. Right here you will see a large house to the left with two trees on west side of it. Gradually round to W., then W. by N., keeping about 75yds. away from the left shore.

Some houses will be seen ahead, with heavy grove of trees to left of them.

Steer along W.N.W. for north edge of woods. When a creek opens to north of you and white houses bear S.W., steer along W.S.W., then gradually round to S. about 200yds. off right shore. There is a yellow clay bank here. Then steer S.S.W. for highest building seen ahead on Young's Island. Railroad station, post office and stores here.

Steer for end of wharf, then steer S. by E., leaving point of Young's Island 20yds. off.

Leave next point 25yds. to left, steering S.W.½S. Then steer S.W., shifting to S.W. by W. for Martin's Point, which will be seen ahead. This is a long, low, marshy point, and appears to head you off to the westward. Gradually round to W.S.W.

WADMELAW RIVER.—When to west of Martin's Point, round it, leaving it 75yds. to left, and then head about S.S.W. When 75 or 100yds. off land ahead steer along with it, making about a S.E. by S. course, and leaving marsh point 75yds. to right.

When end of point to right bears S. steer about S.E. by E., gradually rounding to S.S.E., leaving point 150yds. to right. A low, marshy island is seen ahead. Leave the south end of this island 75yds. to the right of you.

Now steer about S.W. by W. for round tree seen over marshy island ahead, afterward rounding to W.S.W.

Steer along, leaving marsh island 30yds. to left. Steer about W.S.W. ½ W. around point to left, after rounding which steer S.W.

A broad expanse of water is now seen ahead.

NORTH EDISTO RIVER.—Bluff Point to left is a bluff about 20ft high, with trees and houses on it. Away off in the distance Wadmelaw Point is seen. It is a long point of marsh.

Some stakes off Bluff Point mark the edge of the shoal water. Steer about S.W. for opening seen ahead, which is the

DAWHO RIVER.—Large, scattered trees are seen beyond the Dawho River. The entrance is between two marshy points.

It is shoal off the southwest point at the entrance.

Enter, steering fairly close to White Point, and when inside steer about S.W. by W. for Marsh Island, seen ahead. There are stakes on edge of this island. Leave the island 40yds. to left.

After leaving island gradually round to S.S.W. and opening will be seen to right, ahead, with stakes to left before you reach it. When stakes are abreast round to W. by N., then W.N.W., then N.W., giving point to right a berth of 100yds. On some low ground ahead a settlement is seen.

There are high trees back of it. This is White Point Plantation.

When point of marsh to left bears W. and is 100yds. off, commence to round it, going to right of the small marsh islands.

Steer W., then W. by N., leaving all these islands 150yds. to the left.

Steer N.W. by N., running over to right side of river as the reach opens. When past there islands you are in the narrower part of the river. The water is now good in middle of the river until you reach the

SOUTH EDISTO RIVER.—After running out of the Dawho River, follow along the left bank of the Edisto at first, and from here to the mouth of Mosquito Creek use the chart.

There is good anchorage ground to south of Marsh Island near Dawho entrance. The water is always fresh here, and it is a good place to fill tanks.

MOSQUITO CREEK.—A small cabin and a tree are on the west bank of the Edisto at the mouth of Mosquito Creek.

The shores of the Edisto are low and the tree is a good landmark in the night time.

Some houses are on the right bank of the creek near its mouth.

Mosquito Creek runs almost dry at low water, with the exception of a very narrow channel. It is one of the most difficult parts of the passage. Take high water to pass through. Take middle of creek from the Edisto to the Ashepoo.

Mosquito Creek is very narrow. When woods to right are passed you are in the shoalest place. The creek widens after passing here.

ASHEPOO RIVER.—When you run out of Mosquito Creek turn to left and steer for some piles seen on left shore. Steer down first reach, leaving left shore 40yds. off. Then keep middle of river to its mouth.

After leaving buoys at mouth of river steer S.S.W. for old tower seen ahead in St. Helena Sound. This is an old and abandoned lighthouse.

ST. HELENA SOUND.—Run across the Sound as per chart.

COOSAW RIVER.—The land on each side of the entrance to this river is low and marshy.

A short distance up the river dredges are seen at work on the phosphate beds.

Use the chart in running up the river. Parrot Creek is around a low, marshy point to the left. When near Parrot Creek steer W. by S. for buoy seen ahead.

When up with buoy No. 1 a large white building will be seen on Ladies Island to the S.W. This is a cotton house. A little north of this is a dock with a building nearby on the mainland. This is the Custom House.

The north point of Ladies' Island is a low marsh. From buoy No. 5 the entrance to Brickyard Creek is just around point to the left, with high trees back of it. The point is low, with scattered trees, among which is a white house.

BRICKYARD CREEK.—Make red and black buoy to east of creek, then steer about west for the entrance.

Coosaw Mining Co.'s works are N.N.W. of this buoy. Here there are machine shops, marine ways and a post office.

Head into creek about W. by S., leaving left point 75yds. off.

Follow along the left shore, leaving it 60yds. off. The course is about W.S.W. Just around point to left a dock will be seen, with houses back of it. Pass about 20yds. off end of dock, which is called Brickyard Store.

From the point on the port hand at the end of the first reach steer about S.W. for the point on the west side, being careful not to close the points astern (the one just left and the one at the northern side of the entrance to the creek) until well across toward the west bank. As you approach it change course to about S., heading for the houses which will be seen in that direction, hauling gradually to the westward as you approach the southern bank. Follow this side until you are heading about W.S.W., when you must edge across again, hauling to the southward and to the southward and eastward, passing close (within 30yds.) to the eastward of a small islet situated in the center of a bight on the west bank.

Then follow along right-hand shore, steering about S.E. by E. for clay bank seen ahead.

Now steer in to left shore, leaving clay bank 40yds. to left. After this hold middle of creek, except when rounding points.

BEAUFORT RIVER.—Use chart for this river.

PORT ROYAL SOUND.—When between buoys Nos. 4 and 7 at the mouth of Beaufort River, steer about S.W. by S. until up with Paris Island Spit Buoy (red and black), when change course to W. ¼ N., passing Daw Island Spit Buoy (red and black) close aboard.

From this position steer W. by N. for the entrance to

SKULL CREEK, which heads you a little to south of edge of woods seen ahead.

When left point of entrance bears about S.W., run in to west course, gradually rounding to southward and westward as mouth of creek opens away off inshore.

Do not approach left point nearer than ¼ mile, or go as follows:

Having arrived off Skull Creek, bring the extremity of a small wharf, situated on the south side of the creek at Seabrook, just open of the northwest side of Bobb's Island, and stand in for the middle of the creek on a course about S.S.W. ¾ W., and as you approach the western entrance point follow along with that side best aboard. As you get in the mouth of Skull Creek, three or four houses are seen among trees on left point—Seadrift Landing. When these houses are ⅛ of a mile off, head W.S.W., following along north or right shore, and leaving it about 50yds. off.

Follow right shore clear around, passing inside of small shell bank seen to left with stakes on top of it.

When ¼ of a mile past this, give the shore a wider berth, heading S. by E. and running over to left shore.

Just as you get here, is a bad spot. Steer S.W., going by a creek which makes in from north. When just past this creek, steer about W.S.W., keeping middle of creek.

Steer along about W.S.W., when two small cabins will be made out on point ahead. Keep right shore 60yds. off, rounding to S.W. as point nears. Three or four higher buildings will be seen on left shore ahead. Keep in middle as you near these houses, steering S.W. ½ W.

A dock is now seen on left-hand side on Jenkins Island. Head in close to left shore as you near the dock, then follow left shore, afterward crossing to right shore and leaving it 50yds. off.

A row of palmetto trees, with cabins, are seen to right as you near the mouth of Skull Creek.

CALIBOGUE SOUND, TYBEE ROADS AND SAVANNAH RIVER.—No written directions are necessary. Use the chart.

If too rough to enter Savannah River by way of Tybee Roads, it is possible to go more inside by way of the Cooper River and connecting streams.

The sailing directions are given in "At. Local Coast Pilot," sub-division 20, page 149.

The wreck at mouth of Ramshorn Creek does not show above water when tide is three-quarters flood. Go close to south point.

SAVANNAH.—If possible, leave Savannah on the first of the flood tide.

SOUTH CHANNEL.—Having arrived off the northern entrance of the South Channel (leading to St. Augustine's Creek), keep close to the obstructions on the starboard side at the entrance: but when passed, cross the channel to within about 25yds. of the Elba Island shore, and hold that shore until the single palmetto tree on St. Augustine's Creek opens clear of the western point of the creek; then steer for the entrance about south and enter it with the western point close aboard.

When fairly inside, edge out into the middle of the stream, and hold it until you reach the Wilmington River.

Pass through railroad bridge, always using the east side of draw, afterward steering to right.

After a time the buildings at Thunderbolt will be made out.

Good artesian well water may be had at a dock in Thunderbolt.

The route through Romerly Marshes has been abandoned.

WILMINGTON RIVER.—Use chart for this river.

NEW CUT, WASSAW CREEK AND ODINGSELL RIVER.—Use chart for these waters.

Keep to the left all the way through Wassaw Creek after leaving New Cut.

ADAMS CREEK.—Use chart for this creek.

In running out of mouth of creek keep left bank 10yds. off (Little Wassaw Island) until southern side of marsh to starboard, is well open. Then steer W.S.W. The chart is incorrect here. Leave island 200yds. off, heading S.W. by W., as you approach its western end.

Give its western end a berth of 100yds.

Now steer west for entrance to

HELL GATE.—Entrance to Hell Gate is to right of sand-

bank, on marsh to left side and ahead. Raccoon Key has low trees on it.

Make turns as shown on chart and run up the

OGEECHEE RIVER, steering along right side and keeping it 50yds. off.

Hold right shore until you approach point to right with grove of palmetto trees, on somewhat higher ground.

Then entrance to Florida Passage will be seen to bear S.W. by W. to right of low marsh point seen ahead, with high trees away off in the distance.

FLORIDA PASSAGE.—Steer for middle of entrance, W.S.W., and use the chart.

BEAR RIVER.—Use chart for this river. Just other side Kilkenny Creek, sandbank and higher land shows ahead.

When you open the last reach in this river and see the open waters of St. Catherine's Sound, steer about E. by S.

On this course you will sight black buoy No. 1 (on Medway Spit) on the starboard bow. Pass this buoy on your starboard hand and steer W.S.W. between Medway Spit and the Middle Ground.

Round the red buoy as chart shows and steer for

WALBURG CREEK.—There is a beacon on the west point of entrance to this creek.

Work the creek as the chart shows and run down to

JOHNSON'S CREEK.—Entrance to Johnson's Creek is through low marshes. As you open the mouth of creek high woods are seen ahead. Steer in about S.E. by E. Keep middle of creek until you near its southern mouth, then take the left bank as the chart shows.

SAPELO SOUND.—Cross Sound as the chart shows, heading for

MUD RIVER.—The entrance to this river is buoyed. Sapelo Island, to the left, is covered with high trees.

Having passed black buoy No. 3, steer S.W. by W. ¾ W. until you open the western shore of the island to the southward of High Point. Then steer S.W. ½ W. for Mud River buoy (black No. 1).

One-half mile S.W. ½ W. of buoy No. 1 is a stake to mark the shoal to south. Go to right of it about 20yds. Keep course S.W. ½ W., and steer for stake on point of marsh ahead and to right. Keep 40yds. off right shore as you near the stake.

This stake has a round barrel head nailed to it which is painted white. Follow along same course until you make a smaller stake (about 100yds. to S.W. of barrel head). When up with this steer S.S.W. for entrance to

NEW TEA-KETTLE CREEK.—Leave left point 50yds. off as you enter, and keep to middle of creek for best water.

The large lumber mills and other buildings at Doboy show as you run out of Old Tea-Kettle Creek.

DOBOY SOUND.—From the mouth of Old Tea-Kettle Creek steer about S. for the red buoy, and turn to right, drawing in to the right bank.

NORTH RIVER.—At Doboy Island dock there are stores, a post office and good artesian well water.

When you open the passage between Commodore and Doboy islands, steer for the western point of Doboy Island, and follow along its western side about 50yds. distant until up with its southern point.

You will then pass from the North into the

BACK RIVER—Steering a course to the eastward of south, and gaining the eastern shore before you are up with a small island situated in this reach about half a mile beyond.

Hold the eastern bank close aboard until you are up with the point at the junction of South River, when you must cross to the western bank with Sapelo lighthouse astern.

LITTLE MUD RIVER.—Keep left shore 25yds. off at first, afterward leaving it 40yds. off as the mouth of the river is neared.

ALTAMAHA SOUND.—Some high trees are seen ahead as you open this Sound. When Little Egg Island opens it will bear about E.S.E., when you must steer S.S.E., crossing Little Mud River Bar, where you will find 4ft. of water at low tide. As you cross the bar, looking about S.S.W., you will see two marshy points just opening. The channel passes to the westward of the more distant one, but a direct course to it cannot be taken.

After you have crossed the Mud River Bar and have deepened your water to 10ft. or more, steer S.E. ½ E. for half a mile, heading for the northeast point of Egg Island.

Then change course gradually to the southward and westward, and as soon as you deepen your water to 18ft. or more steer W.S.W. and hold that course nearly ¾ of a mile, passing into the opening between the two marshy points mentioned above.

When you make out the one on your port bow distinctly, bring it to bear about S.W. and steer so as to pass it close aboard (20yds. off).

The channel to the westward of this marsh island is very narrow, but 9ft. is the least water to be found in it. The land right ahead is higher. with some bushes on it.

Steer W.S.W. along St. Simon's Island, keeping left shore about 50yds. off.

BUTTERMILK SOUND.—As you near this Sound steer N.W. ⅓ W. for Broughton Island, leaving point to right with low bushes on it 70yds. off.

One Mile Cut will be seen open and ahead.

Follow along Broughton Island, leaving the shore 75yds. away.

FREDERICA RIVER.—When the left point of entrance to Frederica River bears about S.E. by S. steer over for it. This point is rather high, with bushes on it.

Keep left point 25yds. off. Follow along left shore, steering about S.E. Work river same as others, giving all points a good berth.

As you run on last stretch of Frederica River you see the lumber mills of the St. Simon's Island Lumber Co. to the left. There are some large saw mills here.

ST. SIMON'S SOUND.—When abreast of black buoy No. 1, at mouth of MacKay's River, steer about S. by E. for the north end of Jekyl Isl nd, and when nearly across the Sound change course to the westward of south, passing to the eastward of red buoys in the Brunswick River.

JEKYL CREEK.—From red buoy No. 10 a white shell bank with beacons on top of it is seen at the mouth of this creek.

From red buoy No. 10 steer about S.W. by S. until up with the buoy off Jekyl Creek.

From this buoy you will see two tripods in range to the westward of the mouth of creek. Steer about S. ¾ E., holding this range until the mouth of the creek opens, when change course to the eastward and enter the creek, keeping in the middle up the first reach.

As the creek widens out, go 40yds. to the left of the two small hammocks seen to the right.

When abreast of smallest hammock steer over to cupola of club house, afterward steering inside of point ahead, as the chart shows.

Good artesian well water may be had at the club house dock.

Run balance of creek as chart shows, keeping Jekyl Island best aboard.

ST. ANDREW SOUND.—After rounding the south point of Jekyl Island steer S.E. until up with a red and black buoy on east end of Horseshoe Shoal and N. by E. from the lighthouse.

When up with this buoy steer S.W. by S. into the

CUMBERLAND RIVER.—Follow the Little Cumberland Island shore until the lighthouse is shut in by the woods, when steer S.S.W. ⅝ W. for the extremity of the high point of Cumberland Island.

When abreast the long wharf on this bluff point change course gradually parallel with the shore and continue around the point and to the end of a small strip of shell beach nearly abreast the lower end of the woods.

Cross the mouth of Brickhill River, steering about S.W. ½ W., keeping well to the eastward of the middle of the Cumberland as you approach its southern entrance point; but when up with it edge across to the western bank, toward the mouth of Shellbine Creek.

Follow the western bank best aboard until you have turned the point one and a half miles below and are heading a course to the southward and eastward, when you must cross to the port hand bank.

About one and a half miles below this you will see the mouth of Delaroche Creek, with a small marsh island a short distance to the northward of it.

When nearly up with the marsh island, with the eastern bank close aboard, steer for Delaroche Creek, crossing the river, and when nearly up with it change course gradually to the eastward, crossing its mouth and holding the right-hand bank close aboard.

After following this side about one-fourth of a mile cross again gradually to the eastern side.

You will now make out to the southward and eastward a cluster of small, marshy islands. The channel lies along the east side of the most eastern island.

Leave the east side of this island 30yds. off, and when its southern end is reached turn to starboard and run along by the south end of all these islands until point of mainland ahead is reached.

Follow closely along this right-hand shore for 150yds., or until a pile of stone ballast is reached, when turn sharply to port, and steering S.S.E. a small marsh island about 15ft. in diameter will be seen ahead and in range with the end of a marshy point just beyond. When you near this islet turn to south as chart shows, leaving a small island about 150yds. to the right.

Then steer S.S.W. ⅛ W. until you are about 150yds. from the shore of the next large island, to the southward of the small one.

From this a course of S. ⅛ E. must be steered, crossing to the other side of the river As you approach this port hand side you will see to the southward a large marsh island lying in the middle of

CUMBERLAND SOUND, below King's Bay. Steer with the northern end of this island a little on the port bow, and as you near it steer to pass along its western side and to the westward of the next island to the southward.

When you are abreast the latter you will see another island nearly ahead (about S. by W.). Continue on the same course until you are within one-fourth of a mile from the island ahead, when change course a little to the eastward of south.

When abreast the northern point steer about S.E by S. for half a mile, after which follow the Cumberland Island shore until you sight the red and black buoy on Tiger Island Spit. Pass to the northward of this buoy and enter the

AMELIA RIVER, keeping the eastern shore until you arrive off Fernandina.

From Fernandina to the St. John's River is a difficult piece of navigation.

It is better to take a pilot.

After leaving Fernandina you go through County Bridge, just before you get to railroad bridge shown on chart.

The water is shoal to the left just before you go through the County Bridge.

As you run out of Kingsley's Creek it is very confusing.

Keep to the right for channel. It is staked on banks to right as you run for main shore to starboard.

As you enter Gunnison's Cut two or three palmetto trees are seen to left and about one-quarter of a mile from shore.

When near the entrance to Breward's Cut there are some wide places. The channel is to left, and there are shoals in the middle.

There are numerous oyster banks in the Sisters, and at the mouth of it the navigation is too crooked to be described.

THOS. I. MILLER.

The L.W.L. Rule.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to your article of Nov. 27 on the Massachusetts Y. R. A., your position does not seem to be clearly defined. You say: "We are pleased to see that the proposal to reduce the crew limit was not carried"; and you say further, "We are strongly in favor of reduced crew limits in all classes to the number of skilled men required to handle a reasonable rig for the length in each class." These two statements seem to conflict. The only explanation to the contrary I see is that you may think that taking one man from the crew of each class may leave more crew than necessary for some classes.

Those who favored reducing crew by one man may not have considered the reduction to be enough for all classes, but to be as great a reduction as it would be desirable to make for a trial year.

NATHANIEL MORTON,
Ex-Com. P. Y. C.

[The advocates of a length measurement with sail untaxed, both in the East and elsewhere, have for some time pointed to the success of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. as a conclusive argument for their side. So far from this being the case, the successful racing of the past two years is due, in our opinion, to several causes which are entirely disconnected from the question of L.W.L. only versus L.W.L. and S.A. as factors of the rule. In order to test this question conclusively, it is necessary that new boats, especially designed for the L.W.L. rule and to the full class limits, shall be built and raced. This will be done next season, and (through the retention of the old crew limit) under the same conditions as have existed in the past. If the limit had been changed this fall, as proposed, the result of the building and racing would be far less conclusive as to the extreme type promoted by the L.W.L. rule, as the limiting of the crew necessarily acts to restrict sail area.

As the rules and general conditions now are in the Mass. Y. R. A., with a large crew limit and everything free except L.W.L., there is every inducement to the racing man to build a poor type of boat, of great beam (to carry the crew well to windward), of limited draft and displacement, excessive over-all length, extravagant sail plan and the lightest possible construction. Such a "splasher" is likely to prove the winner in all the classes of the Mass. Y. R. A., to the exclusion of all honest craft, of which there are still quite a number in the racing. The experiment of 1891-2, in the 21ft. class, failed of conclusive results through the excellence of the Herreshoff Alpha, the low-powered boat of the class, and the special skill of her three owners; and, on the other hand, from the inferiority in design of the high-powered boats. The same experiment will be tried in 1898 under very different conditions, and in a number of classes, and it is likely to dispose finally of the claims of L.W.L. as the sole factor of measurement, and to open the way to a new formula and a reasonable crew limit.]

Gilbert's Bar Y. C.

WAVELAND, Fla., Nov. 27.—Results of races sailed Nov. 13:

FIRST CLASS.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Albatross	0 47 34	0 47 34
Omega	0 49 43	0 49 43
Britannia	0 43 35	0 42 18
Joker	0 42 29	0 40 19

SECOND CLASS.

Eclipse	0 47 55	0 47 55
Beatrice	0 47 31	0 47 01
Sparrow	1 00 35	0 59 08

The Miramichi Y. C. Rule of Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I used to think our rule of measurement in the Miramichi Y. C. was rather primitive, though very convenient, but some of the great yachting associations are moving in our direction. We do not tax sail, and I note that the Massachusetts Y. R. A. does not now tax it; that it is taxed at only one-half its area under the new English rules for large yachts, and that it is not taxed, or recommended for non-taxation, in the smaller British classes.

Our rule is very simple. We add two-thirds of the L.W.L. to the extreme beam and get the racing length.

It has encouraged the building of yachts of moderate beam and consequently of moderate sail area—a very nice type of handy and serviceable boats. The wide skimming dish is discouraged. The measurer has so very little to do that he asks for no fees. Everybody carries all the sail he can handle with the limited crews allowed. There are no restrictions whatever except on the number of men and against the shifting of ballast.

Oriana, a boat of very moderate proportions, with small sails, being three and a half beams on the load line, and absolutely safe from capsizing in any wind, an ideal cruiser, has won the championship pennant for three successive seasons, though sailing against larger yachts—won it in light winds, in reefing breezes, in smooth water and in rough.

This rule would encourage the building of fin-keels, and render them certain of success if it were not for the fact that deep draft is so inconvenient on a tidal river course that nobody cares to be bothered with it. But it would be easy to amend it in such a way as to meet the fin-keel problem. Add, for instance, to the racing length all of the draft, or a certain percentage of the draft in excess of, say, two-thirds of the beam. This would permit a yacht of 6ft. beam to draw 4ft. without tax on draft, and one of 9ft. beam to draw 6ft., and by adding any excess of draft to the racing length the carrying of low-down lead bulbs on metal fins would be discouraged.

Is not the rule, with an amendment in the line of my suggestion, a very simple and effective one, meddling very little with the designer, and not at all with the sail-maker?

J. L. STEWART.

CHATHAM, N. B., Nov. 26.

Lake Y. R. A. Annual Meeting.

HAMILTON, ONT.
Saturday, Dec. 4.

THE annual meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association was held at the Royal Hotel, Hamilton, on Dec. 4, all the enrolled clubs being represented. Notice had been given of several amendments to the measurement rules, all dealing with the coefficient of the midship section, but after long discussion no changes of importance were made. Provision was made, however, for a restricted class of cabin knockabouts in addition to existing classes.

The tables of scantlings prepared by W. P. Stephens were adopted, with a vote of appreciation of the care and labor bestowed on them. Kingston was named as the next place for the annual meeting, and Com. Strange, K. Y. C., was elected president of the Association. The question of a circuit next year was left to the Council. In the evening the visiting delegates were entertained at dinner by the Hamilton Club. A fuller report will appear next week.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Catania, steam yacht, the Duke of Sutherland, has been chartered by Cornelius Vanderbilt, who joins her at Marseilles, on Dec. 10, for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

White Ladye, steam yacht, Mrs. Lily Langtry, was sold at auction on Nov. 24 by Thompson & Campbell, London. This magnificent vessel brought but £11,200 ($56,000), the purchaser being John Lawson Johnston. It is very cruelly said that when Mr. Johnston recently purchased Britannia from the Prince of Wales, he did so in the belief that she was a steam yacht; and that, being now undeceived, he has purchased White Ladye for his cruising.

The Seabury Co., at Morris Heights, has an order from a New York yachtsman for a steam yacht 103ft. over all, 83ft. l.w.l., 15ft. beam, and 8ft. draft, with flush deck and schooner rigged.

At New Rochelle Thomas Webber has commenced work on a 51-footer of his own design for Mr. Baird, of Philadelphia, for whom Mr. Webber built the successful Surprise last year. The new yacht will be a centerboard craft, and designed for racing in the class.

Katrina, cutter, has recently been sold, and Messrs. Smith & Barbey are making a new sail plan for a yawl rig.

Intrepid, schr., designed by A. Cary Smith, and built by Poillon in 1878 for Lloyd Phoenix, has just been under survey preparatory to a winter cruise to the West Indies, having recently been purchased by E. T. Hunt, of Brooklyn.

Varuna, steam yacht, Eugene Higgins, sailed from New York on Nov. 20, with her owner and friends on board, for Bermuda, Madeira, Gibraltar, and then through the Mediterranean for several months. She arrived at Bermuda on Nov. 30.

A yacht club has just been organized on the Hackensack River under the name of the Bergen County Y. C., the officers being: Com., John Wallace, New York city; Treas., Louis Mangin, West Hoboken; Sec'y, Henry C. Quelch, Jersey City; Treas., Robert Woodman, North Bergen; Board of Trustees: Henry J. Rippas, Charles C. Aimone, Robert Woodman, Van O. Nevins, August Mangin, Gratien A. Vinger and William V. Collins; Regatta Committee: Louis Mangin, Van O. Nevins and William V. Collins; Membership Committee: George P. Breakey, Emil Frantz and Emil Angot. The sailing course will be on the Hackensack, between the Plank Road and Little Ferry, five miles. A club house will be built at the bridge. The club will hold regular races for small craft.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Com. Dunnell has appointed a new committee, to be known as the Literature Committee, composed of four members, one from each division. The duty of the committee is to furnish Association news to the official organs of the A. C. A. The members are: Atlantic Division, H. H. Smythe; Central Division, F. G. Mather; Eastern Division, E. J. Burrage; Northern Division, E. B. Edwards. We have not yet heard from the committee, but our columns are at its disposal.

As appears from the proposed regatta programme recently published, there is a misunderstanding as to the exact nature of the amendment to Rule 1 adopted at the annual meeting of the executive committee. The question of the minimum limit of depth for one-man canoes provoked a long discussion, the proposal, as formally printed in advance, to make the limit 12in., being strongly opposed by some members, who favored but 10in. As both parties declined to give way, and there was still much work to be done, we proposed a compromise on 11in., which proposal was discussed and, as we understood, finally adopted in place of the amendment calling for 10in. It is now claimed that the latter amendment was the one adopted. Under the circumstances it was very difficult to keep track of the exact proceedings, but we certainly understood, and so noted at the time, that the 11in. limit was voted on and adopted. The matter is not a very important one, but it should be clearly understood what the official limit is.

The proposal of Mr. Palmer, published this week, is one that we can heartily second, having advocated a similar plan several years ago. The regatta committee (by the way, the term "race committee" is now coming into general use in yachting, and is much preferable) should be a continuous body, at least one member of the old committee being on the new one. The folly of putting into office a lot of new and untried men each year has been so often shown that it is a wonder that the system has been allowed to exist so long.

It is probable that, as Mr. Palmer suggests, the plan which has worked so well in the creation of the board of governors would answer in the case of a race committee: four men in all, one from each division, one retiring each year.

As to the specific duties of such a committee the rules are already complete; the only trouble is that the committees, year after year, have ignored them. It is now the duty of the retiring committee to report to the annual meeting all amendments proposed by the committee or members. It seems hardly necessary to go into minute detail as to how this should be done; it is self-evident that if a proposal is to be voted on it must be made in such proper form and exact wording that it may be understood and discussed by the members at the meeting. A mere crude suggestion that a rule be amended is so utterly useless as to call for no attention from the committee.

The chairman of the 1898 regatta committee is now ready to hear from all who are interested in the races of the next meet. There were a good many who were sufficiently interested in the races at the last meet to kick vigorously at the programme of the committee, and not a few who opposed the efforts made in good faith at the annual meeting to improve the rules. These are the gentlemen who should now come to the front and say what they think of the proposals of the new regatta committee. These proposals have cost the committee some thought and labor, and they are given out now, nearly eight months in advance, so that canoeists may make themselves familiar with them and call for alteration in good season. We hope that the racing men will appreciate this fact, without making it necessary to call upon the new literature committee to extract the opinions of the different divisions.

The A. C. A. Races.

If there be any particular change needed in the constitution of the American Canoe Association, it is the formation of a permanent committee, to have control of the racing regulations in much the same manner as the Board of Governors controls the Association finances.

It has been the custom of the outgoing regatta committee to recommend to the executive committee of the Association that certain changes be made in the racing regulations, and also for members to publish proposed amendments in the Association's official organ. These proposed amendments then come before the executive committee for action at its annual meeting, when there is so much business to be transacted in its one day's sitting that the matters relating to changes of the racing rules, or for that matter to the constitution or by-laws of the Association, are left for attention at the last moment, only to meet the fate which awaited them this year, when there was a large mass of conflicting proposals to be acted upon in a short space of time, and this by some twenty men, selected not in consequence of a knowledge of the requirements of racing, but because of their fitness to generally represent their respective divisions.

The result of this method of procedure has been a demand for many changes each year. This year the committee unknowingly changed the old-time maximum limit of beam for the sailing canoe while intending to change only the minimum beam of the paddling canoe. This result was entirely unlooked for and undesirable.

A permanent racing board, as suggested, would be composed of one representative from each of the four divisions of the Association, each elected for a term of four years except for the first terms, which would be one, two, three and four years respectively. The members of this committee would be selected with a special view to their fitness as racing experts. They would carefully consider the racing regulations as a whole, and submit to the executive committee from time to time such changes as a careful consideration of the matter would lead them to deem advisable after having published the proposed changes as now provided for.

The executive committee could then either adopt or reject the proposals as submitted. Appeals from the ruling of the regatta committee would also come before them for final decision, which would result in a great saving of time at the annual meeting of the executive committee, and insure the prompt settlement of such appeals

This plan, if carried out, will fill a long-felt want, and will undoubtedly stimulate the interest in racing through a stability in the rules and regulations which cannot now be depended upon for any length of time.

The proposed programme for the 1898 meet, considered as a whole, is far from satisfactory. The double-blade paddling men are at a loss to know why this committee has dropped the tandem paddling event for decked canoes, which not only has the merit of being an exceptionally good race, but has also been well filled during the past. It is to be hoped that it will be on the completed programme, as it has much in its favor, and also seems to promote club entries. The argument in favor of the tandem single-blade event should hold equally well for the decked canoe. If the total number of events is to be reduced, either the swimming race, tail-end race, or the tournament might better be spared.

The open canoe has one sailing and one combined event. There seems to be no good reason for making a change in the distance of the combined event from one mile to one mile and a half. It is the intention of the committee to have this event around the triangular 1½-mile course, two sides of which will be covered under either sail or paddle, but which for the mile and which for the half has yet to be decided. Half a mile is enough for the paddle and half a mile is enough for the sail; nothing can be gained by the proposed change of favoring either one or the other. It will be better to leave the race as it was this year, but if a change must be made just for the sake of a change, then put a buoy midway between the buoys of the second leg and let sail be either lowered or hoisted there.

In the sailing race for open canoes, event No. 14, it is proposed to permit the compromise type of canoe, the one with the addition of partial decks and high coaming, to enter. It is to be hoped that the committee will not adhere to this ruling, as it is thoroughly unjust to the owners of the open canoe proper, who probably outnumber those of the half-decked craft ten to one. It cannot be doubted that the half-decked canoes, with their high coaming, will have a very decided advantage in sail-carrying power; and as they are so few in number, they might better either be barred altogether or else given a special race.

Two good events are promised in the hurry-scurry and in the relay races, which latter appears for the first time, and in which the regatta committee again discourage the use of the decked canoe. There is no good reason why a man should not have a choice of boats as he has of paddles. To make the most of this event the men must have a free choice of boats, as many clubs may not have three open canoes in camp. In the tail-end race a limit of inches should be made for the position of the crew, otherwise canoes with long end decks will be in demand.

The committee still adhere to the unpopular turn in the paddling races, to which so much objection has been found. If one or two paddlers were on the committee a change to a straightaway course would quickly be made.

Lincoln B. Palmer.

The thanks of the regatta committee are offered to Mr. Palmer, who has so pertinently criticised the proposed schedule of events. Mr. Palmer probably voices the opinions of very many members of the A. C. A. It will be very desirable to the committee to hear from others their opinions and suggestions on various points. The committee is the servant of the members in all matters relating to racing, and will do things in the way most desirable to the majority of proposing contestants, and will undoutedly make changes in the schedule. Never before, that I am aware of, has opportunity been offered to the members to criticise and suggest points in the programme before its publication in the Year Book, and now that the chance is offered, should the racing men fail to take advantage of it, no blame can attach to the regatta committee if the programme as finally adopted is not satisfactory to all.

The chairman will be very glad to receive any communications, and the sooner they are received the better he will be pleased.

All criticisms and suggestions, with the replies thereto, will be published in the official organ in the near future.

P. F. Hogan, Chairman,
243 Pearl street, New York.

Kingston, Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to your request for comments on the regatta programme as laid out by the 1898 committee, I beg to draw attention to a discrepancy between the dimensions for paddling canoes, as given in the programme, and those adopted by the executive committee, reported in your issue of Oct. 23. The depth was to be not less than 11in. and the beam not less than 30. The depth was a matter important enough to give rise to spirited discussion, and I understand that 11in. was a compromise. With the recollection of this year's disputes fresh in memory, no doubt the 1898 regatta committee will see the advisability of making everything plain beforehand. I would suggest that in the combined sailing and paddling for open canoes it would be advisable to make the contestants do two legs with the paddle, as a race is arranged over the same course for the same boats under sail.

Can any one suggest a scheme for preventing fouls at the second and third buoys in the relay race?

The regatta committee is to be congratulated on making so early a start with its work. R. Easton Burns.

[Our understanding at the meeting was that the limit of 11in. was adopted, but we are informed that the 10in. amendment was the one approved.]

A. C. A. Membership.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the Forest and Stream.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Addison Wilmurt	New York City	

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Sportsmen's Exposition Tournament.

The second annual championship rifle tournament will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York city, Jan. 13-22, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association. This tournament will be carried out on a much larger and a more improved scale than this year's initial effort. The tournament of March, 1897, was simply an experiment. It proved such a success, however, that the management of the Exposition has given the rifle tournament committee practically *carte blanche* for its tournament of 1898

The programme issued for this event is similar in nearly every respect to the one carried out in March last. A move, however, has been made in the right direction, and any .22cal. rim-fire cartridge is allowed in all the competitions. Messrs. Zettler Brothers will have charge of the ranges, and will furnish rifles and ammunition free to all competitors; all kinds of .22 rim fire ammunition will be on hand.

The contests will be four in number, and are open to all.

No. 1 is the Individual Championship match, 100 shots in strings of 10, off-hand, 100ft. range, 25-ring target, entrance $5, including season ticket of admission to the Exposition ($2), only one entry allowed. The first prize is $20 in cash and a handsome trophy. There are eleven other prizes, ranging from $25 down to $5.

No. 2 is the Continuous match, off-hand, 25-ring target, 100ft., 50 cents per ticket of 3 shots, best two tickets to count, re-entries unlimited, but only one prize obtainable by any one shooter. The first prize is $50, second $25, and so on, there being in all thirty prizes, the lowest of which is $2 The following premiums are also offered: For the best five tickets, $5; for the second best five tickets, $4; for the third best five tickets, $3. The above makes a total of $303 donated as cash prizes in this competition.

Competition No. 3 is on the Honor Target. This, like all the others, is off-hand, 25-ring target, 100ft.; entrance $2 for ticket of 3 shots; no re-entries. The cash prizes will be $100 in cash divided into fifteen prizes from $25 down to $2, and all other merchandise or cash prizes donated by members of the different clubs and their friends. All such prizes will be announced as soon as received.

No. 4 is the favorite Bullseye Target. Off-hand, 4in. bull, 100ft.; entrance 50 cents per ticket of 3 shots; re-entries unlimited; best single shot by measurement to count; only one prize obtainable by any one shooter. The cash prizes are fifteen in number, and range from $20 down to $2. A total of $97 in cash is donated for this competition.

The grand total of cash donated for prizes in this tournament amounts to $640; there are also to be considered various merchandise prizes and the individual championship trophy.

Programmes can be obtained by addressing J. A. H Dressel, secretary treasurer of the Sportsmen's Association, 377 Broadway, New York city; or the secretary of the tournament committee, Edward Banks, Forest and Stream Publishing Co, 346 Broadway, New York city.

San Francisco Rifle Scores.

San Francisco, Nov. 29.—The Germania Schützen Club held a turkey shoot yesterday at Shell Mound Range. Three shots allowed. Scores:

J. Utschig 68, D. B. Faktor 67, C. Thierbach 65, L Bendel 56, H. Helburg 61, J. Daly 34, W. Morken 36, J. Peters 64, G. Alpers 40, H. Zecher 61, E Aigelting 24, F. P Schuster 55, H. Huber 57, J. Huber 55, N. Abrens 62, J. De Wit 50, J. Tiedeman 64, M. Wreden 26, C. Nobman 39, J. E. Klein 57, F. Rust 51, B. Wehle 32, L Haake 54, J. A. Jungblut 60, J. Siebe 52. D. Salfield 54, G. H. Bahrs 53, R. Finking 58, L. Ritzan 49, J. Young 36. D. Heise 59, E. H. Goetze 64, J. Thode 37.

The San Francisco Verein held a bullseye shoot, with the following result:

1, La Maire. 71 points; 2, Aigeltinger, 184; 3, S. Alpers, 186; 4, H. Koch, 303; 5, W. Moiken, 349; 6, J. Tiedemann, 353; 7, L. Haake, 394; 8, H. Huber, 396; 9, A. Jungblut, 502; 10. A. H Pape. 507; 11, C. Thierbach, 548; 12. E. H, Goetze, 558; 13, L N. Ritzau, 606; 14, H. Zecher, 612; 15. J. D. Heise, 687; 16. John De Wit, 704; 17, J. Gefken, 788; 18, D. Salsfield, 819; 19. O. Burmeister, 863; 20, G. Schultz, 876.

The Columbia Club's attendance was light, but some good scores were made.

Rifle re-entry matches, open to all comers, 200yds., Columbia target, F. H Bushnell rifle medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: A. H. Pape, 7, 11, 7; F. O. Young, 9, 10, 9; O. A. Bremer 10, A. B. Dorrell 16.

Cash prizes on flags (inch centers) during the month, Bushnell medal: A. H. Pape 10, F. O. Young 7, A. B. Dorrell 3, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 3.

Glindemann military medal: E. Jacobson 2, F. O. Young 1.

Pistol re-entry matches, open to all comers, 50yds., Columbia target, Gordon Blanding pistol, medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: C. M. Daiss 6, 9,

Diamond pistol record, medal and cash prizes, 10-shot scores: J. E. Gorman 35, 36.

Howard Carr, any revolver, medal and cash prizes, 6-shot scores: A. B. Dorrell 28, 30.

Achille Roos .22-rifle medal, ladies' trophies and cash prizes, 5-shot scores: Mrs. L. J. Crane 13, 21: Mrs. C. F. Waltham 15, 18. Roell.

Thanksgiving Day at Calumet Heights.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 25.—The following scores were made to-day by the lady rifle shooters of the Calumet Heights Club. Mrs. Schmidt won the medal contest, and also took the Class A prize in the prize contest; Miss M. Gillespie won in Class B:

	Medal Shoot.	Prize Shoot.								
Mrs Schmidt (A)	3345434643—39	1	3	5	3	3	5	3	6	3	9—41
Mrs Marshall (A)	3236331364—31	7	3	4	3	2	3	0	2	2	2—28
Miss Gillespie (A)		1	2	3	4	3	3	6	8	0	5—35
Miss M Gillespie (B)		1	3	2	10	0	3	0	2	0	3—24
Mrs S E Young (B)		2	3	2	4	0	1	0	1	0	1—14
Mrs A W Harlan (B)		3	0	3	2	0	3	1	0	3	3—18
Mrs Gillespie (B)		0	0	2	0	3	1	0	3	0	0— 9

Patti.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 13-15.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. First day, sparrows; last two days, pigeons. Grand Central handicap, 25 pigeons, $25, birds extra. Entries close Dec. 9, with a forfeit of $10; post entries, $30. Handicaps, 25 to 32yds. Royal Robinson, Sec'y

Dec. 16-17.—Charleston, S. C.—Tournament under the auspices of the Charleston and Palmetto Gun Clubs. Targets. Purses divided Rose system—four moneys. $200 added. G. H. Peterman, Sec'y.

1898.

Jan. 1.—Colorado Springs, Col.—Tournament of the Pike's Peak Gun Club. $100 added money.

Jan. 18-20.—Hamilton, Ont.—Grand Canadian Handicap. Live birds; $1,000 guaranteed. For full information write secretary, H. Graham, American Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Sherbrooke (P. Q., Can.) Gun Club evidently appreciates the good done by the Interstate Association in Vermont by its tournaments in 1896 and 1897 at Burlington and Montpelier, respectively. We have received a letter from J. G. Walton, of the Sherbrooke Gun Club, to the following effect: "Our club has decided that it is important enough to claim the attention of the Interstate Association, and has written the Association's manager, Mr. Shaner, asking for a tournament next summer. We would prefer the dates of June 30-July 1, Thursday and Friday. July 1 is Dominion Day, a holiday, and our regular tournament day. The railroads give reduced rates from Thursday to Monday. The three Montreal clubs, and the dozen or more clubs in the townships, all within fifty miles of Sherbrooke, can be depended on, as they like to come to Sherbrooke. Our club consists of some twenty-five members. The average attendance at our weekly shoots, which are held with wonderful regularity, being from ten to twelve. We are poor shots as experts go, but have lots of enthusiasm. We believe that a large number of the shooters of this Province will be glad of a chance to see the professionals shoot, and to compare their own work with that of the crackerjacks in actual competition. Our present grounds, although beautifully situated, will be excelled next season, as we are about to move to a location reached by electric cars. As the aim of the Association is to stimulate the growth of the sport in new ground, we look for its support with confidence. We are in communication with the customs authorities, and are assured that the outfit of the Association will be admitted duty free. It is doubtful if ammunition could be sent in advance, but shooters from the States attending our shoots in the past have never had any trouble with personal baggage in the shape of guns and shells. We will be able to give authoritative information on this point shortly. Canada is a grand ground for the dealers to work. Our ammunition is mostly American, with the exception of shot. Shooters, who have in the past had only scarce game to shoot at, have used cheap foreign guns; now that they require a strong wearing gun, they are buying Parkers, Smiths, Winchesters, etc. We believe that we can turn out a larger field than any seen at the tournaments of the Association during the past season, and 'we shoot through.'" In the above letter Mr. Walton presents a very strong case for the Interstate Association to consider. We believe too, from information received from those who have personally attended shoots at Sherbrooke, that every claim made by Mr. Walton can be easily substantiated.

Writing to us from Hotel Morris, Alabama, Nov. 29, A. W. du Bray says: "While in Memphis the other day I had a pleasant time pigeon shooting with some of the members of the Memphis Gun Club. Frank Poston is of course shooting in his usual splendid form, while J. C. Neely, Jr., and Judge Walker have greatly improved. In fact, one has no walkover at all in Memphis nowadays. I think they will shoot pigeons a great deal there this winter, as there are several very enthusiastic members on the club's roster. At Shreveport, La., recently I had two most enjoyable days with my friend Sam Endres, of duck shooting fame. We bagged sixty-eight on one day, and forty-five on the other; about one-third of them were mallards. Had there been as much water in Cross Lake as is usual at this time of the year, we would have bagged say from 200 to 300 in all probability; certainly 200. On my way into Texas I will try to have another outing with Sam, and then I hope to send you a sure-enough report of a successful shoot. Reports as to quail are very conflicting. However, it seems generally agreed that when frost and rain have withered up and beaten down the leaves, the shooting will be good."

We wonder if the secretaries of clubs that are going to hold shoots on Christmas Day, Saturday, Dec. 25, will remember that we go to press the following Tuesday? And if they will also remember that to enable us to give the news, when it is news, reports of all such shoots should be mailed to us not later than that same Saturday night? Mail early and avoid the rush and the waste basket!

We left New York Nov. 15, and did not return until Dec. 2. During all that time we never saw a newspaper of any kind. It was therefore not until Dec. 3 that we read with deep regret of the death of our friend John T. Mascroft, of Sutton, Mass., who died on Nov. 18. The following clipping from the Worcester, Mass., *Spy* of Nov. 19 gives a brief account of Mr. Mascroft's career as a trap shooter, and also shows how deeply imbued he was with the love of dog and gun even to the last: "John T. Mascroft, one of the most widely known bird and trap-shooters of this vicinity, died at his home in Sutton last night from creeping paralysis, with which he had been afflicted for some years. He was a member of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, the Worcester Gun Club, the Worcester Fur Club and other kindred organizations. He was regarded not only as one of the best shots in Worcester county, but also had a high rank among the crack shots of the country. For years he had been a familiar figure at gun club shoots and tournaments far and wide. He had met on these occasions such well-known men as Dickey, Gilbert, Van Dyke, Upson, Elliott and many others, and he never failed to make a good showing. The paralysis which finally closed his life did not seem to affect his shooting qualities, and he retained his skill with the gun until the very last. He was at the North Pond range of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club the past summer. Mr. Mascroft's legs were first affected by the fatal disease, but long after he was unable to walk about he continued his favorite sport of bird shooting by driving about the country in his carriage. A year ago this fall he shot eleven partridges in this way, the birds having first been flushed by his dog from the roadside. He had one of the finest private collections of guns in this vicinity. Some eight or ten years ago Mr. Mascroft caused a sensation in this vicinity by winning a $30,000 cash prize in the Louisiana lottery, and a little later was lucky enough to win $1,200 more. Unlike many men who suddenly acquire money, he did not lose his head, but on the other hand made good use of it With a portion he bought a place in Sutton, where he has since lived in comfort. He also bought a cottage at Falmouth Heights, where he spent several summers, and was at one time postmaster of the place. The balance of his money was safely invested, in a way that gave him a comfortable living. Mr. Mascroft was fifty-eight years of age, and had lived in Sutton many years."

In the interuniversity trap-shooting contest held at Travers' Island, the home of the New York Athletic Club, on Saturday last, Dec. 4, Princeton defeated Yale by a somewhat small margin. There is, however, considerable feeling between the rival teams, not on account of Yale's defeat, but due rather to a peculiar train of circumstances that led Yale to understand that her rival could not get a team together, and would forfeit the trophy. When Mr. George S. McAlpin, Yale's coach, was assured almost up to the last minute, on what was supposed to be the best authority, that Princeton could not get a team together, while all the time the orange and black representatives were practicing at the Travers' Island traps, it looks as if a very serious error had been made somewhere. In speaking to Mr. McAlpin on this point, he assured us most earnestly that he held his informant absolutely clear from all blame in the matter. As it was, Yale went to the traps for the match with practically no practice whatever. There is another curious feature about this contest. The conditions, as we were told, called for 60 targets per man, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules to govern. How, in the name of all that is learned, could such conditions be interpreted to read: "One man up, three unknown traps, known angles"? Yet such were the conditions under which the match was shot!

The Lakeside Rod and Gun Club, of Burlington, Vt., held a successful shoot on Thanksgiving Day. Several of the prizes were chickens, etc. Prior to the above date the Burlington *Free Press* had made a note of the proposed shoot Mr Geo. H. Waldron, the president of the Vermont Humane Society, happened to have his attention called to the advertisement, and wrote the club on Nov. 20 that it would render itself liable to prosecution if it held the shoot, and that he should see to it that all violators of the law were punished, closing with the words: "A word to the wise is sufficient" The club immediately wrote Mr. Waldron, inviting him to be its guest on that date, in order that he might see for himself that, in shooting at bluerocks for prizes in the shape of chickens, none of the members of the club were violating the law relating to cruelty to animals. Secretary Denning, of the Lakeside Rod and Gun Club, tells us that the invitation was not accepted. Privately, friend Denning, the following clause taken from your announcement of the shoot is a little puzzling, particularly if the reader thereof is a layman: "Shooting for chickens from straightaway or angle traps or targets, as shooters may choose."

On Thursday of next week, Dec. 16, the Brooklyn Gun Club hopes to be favored with the best of weather for trap shooting. The above date has been set apart for some weeks as the day on which the club will hold a field day on its grounds, Enfield street and Liberty avenue, Brooklyn, N Y. The grounds are very accessible, being within five minutes' walk of the terminus of the Kings County Elevated Road. The programme will be commenced promptly at 10 A. M. The club will have a lunch and cigars on hand, both to be dispensed free of charge. Programmes will be sent out this week; any person not receiving the same, and who is anxious to attend, can obtain a copy of the schedule of events by applying to John Wright, care of Von Lengerke & Detmoid, 318 Broadway, New York city. Some valuable silver trophies will be contested for, each of the trophy contests being a handicap affair. Every shooter will know his handicap before commencing to shoot.

Noel E. Money, secretary of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., is having some good shooting during his well-earned vacation in England. In a personal letter to us, dated Nov 20, he writes: "I have been having some very good shooting in Suffolk. At Henham Hall, last week, we killed about 500 pheasants the first day, 900 the second day, and 1,300 the third day; the above figures are for pheasants only, and do not include the partridges, hares, rabbits and other game killed on the three days. To morrow I go to Shropshire for a week's shooting, and then the next week back to Suffolk again; after that to Melton Mowbray for a fortnight's hunting." Of all the sport that Mr. Money is likely to have, or to have had during his trip, we envy him most that two weeks' fox-hunting around Melton Mowbray.

The Hamilton (Can.) Gun Club has decided to divide up the $1,000 guaranteed to be divided at its tournament, Jan. 18-20, in the following manner: $100 guaranteed in a 10-bird race, $5 entrance, birds extra, 40, 30, 20 and 10; $600 guaranteed in a 20-bird event, $15 entrance, birds included, fourteen prizes, $125 to the high gun; $100 guaranteed in a 10-bird race under precisely the same conditions as the first race; $200 guaranteed in four $50 purses in target events. Sweepstakes will be run off *ad infinitum*. Live-bird events will be all high guns. Target events, with but few exceptions, will be class shooting, with the experts handicapped as at the New York State shoot at Buffalo, 1896. (This handicap means that experts must get into first or second money or be out of a place.)

A special from our Chicago correspondent, which appeared in our issue of Dec. 4, gave the names of the Chicago team for the intercity match. Since the publication of those names, Kansas City seems to be the favorite in this city, although it is recognized that the Missourians will have no walkover. According to the dispatch mentioned above, the Chicago team will be W. R. Morgan, Dr. H. H. Frothingham, George Roll, L. E. Williard, W. P. Mussey, W. W McFarlan, E. Bingham, J. A. Ruble, O. von Lengerke, Dr. W. F. Carver. Alternates will be C. E. Felton, R. B. Organ, M. J. Eich, Abner Price, Dr. S. Shaw, T. P. Hicks, F. H. Lord, Geo. Franklin, C. B. Dicks, Henry Ehlers, Geo. Kleinman.

Mr. C. McL. Clark, of St. Louis, Mo., is spending a few days in this city prior to leaving on Saturday next, Dec. 11, for an extended trip on the continent of Europe. Mr. Clark is an enthusiastic target shot, and was one of the six who braved the disagreeable weather on Saturday last, Dec. 4, for the sake of breaking a few targets on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, at Rutherford, N. J. In speaking of the recent tournament of the St. Louis Trap-Shooters' League, Mr Clark seemed somewhat disappointed at the small number of entries obtained outside of "the regulars."

John J. Hallowell, otherwise U. M. C., Jr., left this city on Friday evening last, en route for Chicago and her great week of pigeon matches. Before returning East he will take in the Limited Gun Club's shoot at Indianapolis. It may be of interest to note that he has sent on some "sparrow loads" of U. M. C. factory-loaded ammunition. Hallowell was one of the three straights in the 20-bird race on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving Day. There were twenty starters in that event.

J. D. Gay, of Pine Grove, Ky., has once more taken the Kentucky Futurity under his care. Last year he won this event with a score of 49 out of 50 live birds; this year he won with a total of 48 out of 50. He lost his 9th and 10th birds, finishing with 40 straight. Bland Ballard and Harris were close after him with 47 each; and, curiously enough, Ballard also finished with a run of 40 straight, losing his 1st, 3d and 10th birds Harris lost his 2d, 4th and 29th birds. Mr. Gay used a Parker gun, 3½drs. Hazard Blue Ribbon in a 3¼in. Leader shell, Winchester factory-loaded ammunition.

On Friday last we saw a letter written by Mrs. Neaf Apgar, in which she stated that Neaf was getting along splendidly. In fact, so rapidly was he convalescing that the trained nurse was shortly to be dispensed with. Later reports tell of Apgar's continued improvement, and it is now only a question of time as to when he will be up and about again with both feet.

Ferd Van Dyke has been so closely "chained to business" in the New York store of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. that many of the trap-shooters of this section fancied he was somewhere out in the woods, filling ruffed grouse and cottontails with lead pumped from one of his company's new "brush guns." Ferd promises to be on hand at Hackensack, N. J., Wednesday of this week, Dec. 8, to make things interesting for those who shoot for the Recreation cup on that date.

The annual meeting of the Interstate Association will be held Dec. 16, at Oakland, N. J. The election of officers for 1898, the plans for next season, the report of the manager, etc , will be the business before the members on the above date. It would be as well if clubs which contemplate holding shoots under the auspices of this Association would make a note of the above, and forward their applications at once to Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

The geese, brant and other feathered visitors to Pamlico Sound during the past three weeks or so know a thing or two. They early recognized the fact that we were on hand and ready to do business. Taking advantage of a series of exceedingly low tides, they took up their abode on sandbars miles long, and discussed our good looks with honks, purrs and various other musical notes. We left enough for seed.

Tom Keller is spending this week in Chicago. He is probably talking Peters's cartridges and King's Smokeless whenever he finds time to get in a word edgeways during the shooting carnival at Watson's Park. Thus is one more attraction added to the already large list prepared for the delectation of the Kansas City delegation.

During the first week of January next the Newburgh shooters are going to hold a two days' tournament at Pine Point, Orange Lake, near Newburgh, with the intention of tendering the receipts from the same as a testimonial to Neaf Apgar. The first day of the shoot will be devoted to targets, the second to live birds. If, as is more than likely, the ice on Orange Lake is in condition, the members of the Orange Lake Ice Boat Club will give the visitors some ice boating. Full particulars of the shoot will be announced later.



JOHN T. MASCROFT.

The Empire Gun Club was organized at Lacona, Oswego county, N. Y., on Nov. 27 last. The following officers were elected: President, H. F. Baker; Vice President, Virgil P. Corse; Secretary, Tad. W. Harding; Treasurer, Walter A. Barlow; Directors, J. J. O'Connor and Gifford L. Hadley; Captain, W. E. Deremo.

In a postscript fo his letter, which appears elsewhere in these columns, Mr. J. G. Walton, secretary of the Sherbrooke (P. Q., Can.) Gun Club, says: "Broke some 3,000 targets among ourselves on Thanksgiving Day and had a good time. Craig was high gun with 78 per cent."

We learn that Fred. Knopf, for some years manager of the shooting grounds at the Larchmont Yacht Club, has taken charge of the new grounds of the Carteret Club at Garden City, L. I. As Mr. Knopf was a success at Larchmont, he ought to be able to make his mark now that he has a much wider field in which to work.

As usual, Paul R. Litzke, who has so ably represented FOREST AND STREAM at most of the more important shoots in the South during the past few years, sent us last week a readable and comprehensive report of the shoot of the St. Louis Trap-Shooters' League, Nov. 23-25.

Harold Money, the youngest son of Capt. A. W. Money, is now located permanently at Oakland, N. J., in the chemistry department of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., Ltd.

The Pike's Peak Gun Club, of Colorado Springs, Colo., will hold an all day shoot on Jan. 1. The club will add $100 to the purses.

DEC. 7. EDWARD BANKS.

John T. Mascroft.

IN our column of Drivers and Twisters in this issue we give an extract from the Worcester, Mass., *Spy* of Nov. 19, that tells of the death of Mr. John T. Mascroft, of Sutton, Mass. Below we give a portrait of Mr Mascroft in shooting costume, ready to step to the score and call "Pull." The many hundreds of his friends, who are readers of FOREST AND STREAM, will readily concede how true to life a photograph can be.

In our issue of April 24 last, we gave in Drivers and Twisters a brief extract from a letter then just received from Mr. Mascroft, in which he said that he hoped to be at the Newburgh spring tournament, "but not to shoot." There was, however, one portion of the letter which we did not make public at the time; it ran thus: "I feel that my shooting days are over, but I do not like to think about it; so I go into my little room and load some shells, and then I don't think so much." No words could tell more plainly how deep-rooted was his love for a gun.

To what has been written above, and also to what appears in Drivers and Twisters, we can add nothing, save to say that Mr. Mascroft's death has removed from the field of trap-shooting one of the truest sportsmen it has ever acknowledged. He shot simply for the pleasure of shooting, and was grateful for the chances it afforded him of making new acquaintances and renewing old ones of a spirit akin to his own.

Missouri and Kansas Notes.

AT JOPLIN.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 2.—At Joplin, Mo., Nov. 23, W. E. Morgan, of that city, successfully defended the Southwest-Missouri-and-Southeast-Kansas live-bird trophy, defeating J. L Horn, of Galena, Kan., in a 25-bird race by a score of 22 to 18. Both men had two birds fall dead out of bounds.

W. G. Sergeant then challenged the winner. This contest took place on Nov. 30, by which time there were others anxious to have a try for the trophy. Instead, therefore, of an individual contest between Morgan and Sergeant, it resolved itself into a race of six entries, all anxious to secure possession of the trophy. The other entries were Taylor Cox (the one-arm shooter), of Carl Junction, Mo.; Chris. Stienback, of Joplin, and J. L. Horn and Lis. Carney, both of Galena, Kan. The contestants were in fine form, as no less than five scored 24 out of 25, Carney being the only one to drop out, he scoring but 19. It was immediately decided to shoot the tie off at 5 birds. Horn missed his first, Sergeant lost one of his five, while the remaining three killed their 5 birds straight. This tie was not shot off, it being thought best to defer a decision until some future date.

KANSAS LIVE-BIRD CHAMPIONSHIP.

W. W. McIlhany, now of Galena, has challenged C. H. Calhoun, of Weir City, to shoot a match for the live-bird championship trophy of Kansas, now held by him. The latter has accepted, and the match will be shot at Weir City, Dec 13. It will be remembered that McIlhany held the trophy up to the time of his departure for Arizona last February, when he was obliged to relinquish his claims to it As he is now once more a resident of Kansas, he will endeavor to regain possession of it. After McIlhany surrendered the trophy it was put up in open competition, which event took place at Weir City, March 22. Calhoun proved the winner in this event, and has retained possession of the emblem ever since, no one seeming to have the nerve to endeavor to wrest it from him.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT GALENA.

On Thanksgiving Day the Galena Gun Club had a very interesting little shoot. There were no out-of-town shooters present, but the locals turned out in force. There were eight events on the programme, in all of which there were some valuable merchandise prizes hung up The seventh event was at 50 targets, for a handsome little medal which is subject to challenge, and will in the future most likely be conducive of some spirited contests. This resulted in a win for McIlhany on a score of 43; he was immediately challenged by C. M. Sumner.

The principal winners in the various events were McIlhany, Sumner, Leeman, Hoffman, Horn and Carney. There was only one straight score made during the day, and that was credited to Sumner, who scored 15 in the sixth event. PAUL R. LITZKE

The Kentucky Futurity.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 25.—The Kentucky Futurity was decided today on the grounds of the Kentucky Gun Club. J. D. Gay, of Pine Grove, repeated his performance of 1896 by again carrying off first money and trophy without a tie. Last year he won with the great total of 49 out of 50; this year he won with a score of only 1 less—another great feat for this brilliant shot. He was never very comfortable, however, as he was hard pushed from the 10th round up to the very last bird by Bland Ballard and by Harris, both of whom ran out with 47 each. Ballard started in badly, losing his 1st, 3d and 10th birds. Harris lost his 2d and 4th and was tied with Gay at the end of the 10th round, Gay losing his 9th and 10th birds. From that point up to the 29th round they kept the tie unbroken, Ballard being only 1 in the rear all the time. Then Harris lost his 29th and Gay was 1 ahead, with the others 1 behind him. All three killed out straight, both Gay and Ballard finishing the match with runs of 40 straight. A more close and exciting finish it would be hard to find anywhere. Hugens led up to the end of the 27th round, having lost but 1 bird—his 24th. He then lost his 28th, finally going out with 45, a score that was tied by Fawcett. Miller, the only other competitor, was low man with 42 kills. Below are the scores:

J D Gay	2222222200222222222222222	23
	2222222222222222222222222	25—48
Ballard	0202211120421221222221211	22
	2221211122221222222221122	25—47
Harris	2040211122212222121212222	23
	1220211221121211222222222	24—47
Hugens	1212122222112221221212202	24
	1201201222021112222212210	21—45
Fawcett	2220122211022221211220212	22
	0222212222022221222222222	23—45
Miller	2222202222121220220222111	22
	0021112120222222021221021	20—42

Bessemer Defeats Crossland.

PITTSBURG, Pa , Dec. 4.—Below is the score of the Bessemer-Crossland match, which took place to-day on the grounds of the Hazelwood Gun Club. The conditions were: 50 birds per man, $100 a side, loser to pay for the birds. Bessemer (J. E. England) lost his first bird, and then ran 49 straight, winning by 4 birds. W. S. King acted as referee.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	5 1 4 3 5 5 4 1 3 1 2 4 5 2 5 3 3 2 1 2 1 5 2 3 1	
	→←→↘↓→H→←↖←←→↖↗↗↗T↖↙↙→↗↖←	
Bessemer	0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	2—24
	3 5 4 5 2 1 3 1 1 2 4 4 3 4 2 3 1 5 1 5 5 3 4 4 2	
	←→↗↘→→→←↓←→↘↓↖→↘↗↗↙↖→→↑→↖	
	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	2—25—49
	3 2 1 1 2 4 1 2 1 4 4 5 3 3 4 5 5 5 4 5 3 4 1 5 5	
	↘←←→↘→↘↑↖T↓→→↴↓↓→H→→→←↴↖↗	
Crossland	2 2 1 1 2 • 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2	2—23
	1 2 3 4 3 3 5 4 5 3 5 1 1 2 3 2 4 3 1 4 3 2 2 5 3	
	↘↑↖↗←↗→↖↖↓←↙↙→↑↖↘→↖→↗→←←←	
	0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	2—22—45

PITTSBURG.

Parmelee Defeats Elliott.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 2.—Frank Parmelee, of this city, and J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., met here to-day in a race at 100 live birds, $100 a side. A violent snowstorm was raging, which made the work of both men the more remarkable. Elliott was the favorite in the betting, but he suffered a severe defeat by the score of 91 to 97. This is the third time Parmelee has beaten Elliott. To-day the latter was playing in hard luck, losing 5 of his "lost birds" dead out of bounds. The conditions were 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, A. S. A. rules. Long runs were: Parmelee, 41 (unfinished) and 43; Elliott, 19, 18, 14, 13 and 11. Scores:

Elliott	2120222221222102221022220	21
	2222212212221222220222222	24
	2222222222220220222222222	24
	0221222222222202222222220	22—91
Parmelee	2221210222222022221222222	23
	2222222222122222112222223	25
	2222222202222222222222222	24
	2222222222222222222222222	25—97

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Below find scores of Cobweb Gun Club's monthly handicap class shoot held to-day at Baychester. The day was delightful, but, strange to say, there was a very light attendance of members. However, those that did take the journey to the grounds enjoyed themselves as well as at any of our monthly shoots.

The principal feature of the day was the shooting of Gus Greiff, who is at present in his best form and hard to beat, as the scores of the various events will show.

The shooting in the handicap resulted in Greiff winning in class A and Thompson in class C.

	Handicap.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
G E Greiff (A—30)	21222—5	21022	0	12	121	.....	.....
C Zorn (A—30)	21012—4	222•2	21•	20	220	2•222	12220
W Cashan (A—30)	2•111—4	22020	212	20	0	20220	22•22
F Kerker (A—30)	00200—1	.....	...	..	...	.....	.....
E Miller (A—30)	21011—4	11221	0	0	20	.....	.....
GThompson, Jr., (C—27)	00221—3	.....	...	..	...	.....	.....
J Elliott (30)	....	.....	122	•	122	.....	.....

Heikes Won the Cast-Iron Badge.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 6.—The Heikes-Grimm match for the Cast-Iron badge took place at Watson's Park to-day. The weather was cold, with sleet falling, with the wind blowing toward the shore. The birds were a lively lot, but there were an unusually large number of incomers. Heikes shot a great race, winning with 91 to Grimm's 87.

Only a few Kansas City men here to date. About twenty-five are expected to arrive on Thursday, and a dozen more on Friday.

E. HOUGH

Western Traps.

THE INTERCITY SHOOT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 4.—By the time this reaches type the big shoot at Chicago will be well under way. The programme is out this week, detailing what has been earlier published in these columns. There will be two sets of live-bird traps in action, and a lot of good birds from the cold northwest. To resume, Monday next, Dec. 6, will begin the festivities. Sweeps in the morning, and at 2 P. M. the Heikes-Grimm race for the Cast Iron badge. Tuesday, sweeps till 2 P. M. and the Elliott-Gilbert race for the Kansas City *Star* cup. Wednesday, sweeps all day. Thursday, sweeps till 2 P. M. and the Elliott-Gilbert race for the Du Pont trophy. Friday and Saturday, the ten-men team race, in a series of ten individual races between Chicago and Kansas City. Saturday night, the banquet at the Chicago Athletic Association club hall. The team and alternates from Kansas City are as follows, all of whom are expected to be on hand by the close of the match shooting above scheduled: J. A. R. Elliott, J. Riley, C. S. Gottlieb, J. L. Porter, J. M. Cutice, J. B. Porter, A. E. Thomas, E. A. Hickman, C. C. Herman, G. W. Stockwell. These are the substitutes: Dave Elliott, F. A. Lamb, E. F. Swinney, Nels Jarrett, R. P. Barse, J. K. Guinotte, R. K. Campbell, F. J. Smith, Tom Norton, Dr. H. J. Whittier.

THE CHICAGO TEAM.

The Chicago team of ten, as announced in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, was chosen first as follows: W. R. Morgan, Dr. H. H. Frothingham, George Roll, L. E. Williard, W. P Mussey. W. W. Macfarlan, E. Bingham, J A. Ruble, O. von Lengerke, Dr. W. F. Carver. Alternates: C. E. Felton, R. B. Organ, M. J. Eich, Abner Price, Dr. S. Shaw, T. P. Hicks, F. H. Lord, Geo. Franklin, C. B. Dicks, Henry Ehlers, Geo. Kleinman.

This will not represent the actual *personnel* of the team so far as can be told at this date, Saturday, the last day before the beginning of the races, and only four days before the team race. Mr. L. E. Williard has sent in word that he cannot shoot on the team. Mr. Ruble has not yet signified his decision of shooting or not shooting, and in the practice shoots up to this time Mr von Lengerke has shown up in poor form, so that to-day other members of the team stated that he would in all likelihood be replaced by one of the alternates, although this has not at this writing been done. Mr M. J. Eich is now practically certain to be advanced to a place on the team to fill one of these possible vacancies, and Geo. Kleinman begins to receive mention. It may happen that the actual team will not be determined until the middle of next week, the men being watched in their work at the sweeps. Yesterday Mussey and Bingham were in the front in the practice, each running over 30 straight. Gilbert in his practice fell below the scores of both these men. George Roll is showing fairly well, and Dr. Frothingham has one string of 24 out of 25 to his credit. Careful attention to all points of the game may give Chicago a working show for the finals, but at present the candid opinion of the average Chicago man is that the visitors will trim us up. They will have a lot of fun doing so, if they do, and all in all the week bids fair to be one full of interest, and one of the hottest and sportiest events ever seen in these parts.

It is now thought that the Kansas City gentlemen will come unattended with ladies, so the ladies' committee here will receive its discharge. Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, will attend, and will have all the birds she wishes to shoot given her free by the Chicago organization.

SCORES AT WATSON'S PARK.

Following are some of the scores recently made at Watson's Park, Burnside, by shooters, some of whom will be on the team next week:

Nov. 30:

E Bingham.....2222222222222222222222220—24
Fred Gilbert.....2222212021121222222222222—24
B A Bartlett.....2221222222202222221011222—23
W P Mussey.....2222222022220022102222222—21
McCarthy.....2100121000000010010002010— 9

Dec. 1:

E Bingham.....2122222222222222222022222—24
Fred Gilbert.....2112222222222222222220222—24
Dr Frothingham.....2222222222212212210222212—24
B A Bartlett.....1202222222212220222202222—22
J S Fanning.....1122221122000121221211122—22
Wright.....2220222022032222222220222—22
G Roll.....0222022021022220201122222—19
Emory.....1220022021212001010 2—13
Patti.....2112202020001020022 —11
O von Lengerke.....2022202222200220 —11
McFarlan.....2122002101022 02 —10
Roll.....2222022201 — 8
Gillespie.....1110022002 — 6

W P Mussey.....2212222222022222002210 22—21
2222222220122211220221022—22
1212011222212122122222122—24
2100 — 2—69

Morgan.....2220220222222222222200222—21
1222222202222022222220200—20
20 — 1—42

E S Rice.....1112211221012102202110002—19
0101000222221221211002010—16—35

Dwyer.....0201220111220201111111121 —20

WESTERN ILLINOIS LEAGUE.

The Western Illinois Trap-Shooters' League met at Kewanee in a two days' shoot, beginning Dec. 1. Monmouth, Peoria, Galesburg, Rock Island and other Illinois towns were represented. High wind made the first day unpleasant. Huckins, Baker and Pierce, of Kewanee, did well, as did Hickey, of Galesburg. Kewanee won the team trophy shoot, getting 61; while Galesburg, the nearest competitor, made 56. This was a handicap shoot, the actual number of birds broken being: Kewanee 57 and Galesburg 51. The scores in the team shoot were:

Galesburg: Hickey 14, Gayer 16, Brechwald 11, Gardt 10.
Kewanee: Huckins 16, Pierce 17, Dunbar 12, Sharp 12.
Neponset: Snow 9, Wood 15, Studley 7, Lyle 9.

ELLIOTT-PARMELEE.

Frank Parmelee, of Omaha, on Dec. 2, for the third time defeated Jim Elliott, of Kansas City, at a 100-bird race, the score being 97—91. Elliott lost 5 birds dead out of bounds and is reported to have had tough luck. A blinding snowstorm made the race a difficult and unpleasant one, but this appeared to be good weather for the husky Omaha man, who ran well up to the edge of Grimm's score at Chicago last winter for the Cast-Iron badge, when he defeated Dr. Carver by a score of 98, that race also being shot in a heavy snowstorm.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Dec. 4.—The following are detailed scores of to-day's practice shoot at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., of some of the members of the team which are to hold up Chicago's end in the match race of Chicago vs. Kansas City, which is to come off on Friday and Saturday next, Dec. 10-11. The honors of the day were won by Dr. Sirembo Shaw, who killed his 25 birds, 1 falling dead out of bounds.

The shooting was at good birds. The wind was from the left quarter and blew strong. The majority of birds were left-quartering with the wind, and quick judgment was necessary most of the time. Gilbert at times did not seem to get on to his birds with the first barrel, but killed them well with the second. W. P. Mussey has been doing some very clever shooting since he started in on his practice, killing from 42 to 46 out of 50 almost every day, but to-day he was not among those practicing.

Of those present it can be said that Ed. Bingham is doing some shooting of a good average in his practice. Among those of the original team chosen are Lem. Willard, who is laid up with rheumatism, and John Ruble, with malaria, which will make it necessary to use some of the substitutes. Among them we find Dr. S. Shaw, who is shooting in good form; also B. Barto, who generally can be relied upon for from 85 to 90 per cent. Another we have is H. Wiley, who, while a young live-bird shooter, is doing exceptionally good shooting at the traps, and can be relied upon for a good score at any time.

B. A. Bartlett, of Rochester, N. Y., and J. Fanning, of San Francisco, are both shooting every day, and are doing some good work with the boys.

Dr Shaw.....1222222222222122222220222—24
G Roll.....2222220222221221222211222202—23
J S Fanning.....2102122121122222121202212—23
H Wiley.....0222212222222222102221122—23
B A Bartlett.....2222222210122202212222212 0—22
E Bingham.....0222222202222222220227222—22
F Gilbert.....2112221220022220212222022—21
Dwyer.....1222220012112020202111122—20
Johnson.....0021102211112012012222212—20
Hollister.....1022110101021012011002210—16
M J Eich.....0211111021220120221 —15
B Barto.....2222122222221222 —15
A C Patti.....2122112029221111 —14
Stickel.....2022222210121121 —13
Johnson.....0223200102211022110 —13
Goodrich.....1101221211002 01 —11
Dr Carson.....2112202 10022 — 9
O von Lengerke.....2222222202 — 9

A. C. PATERSON.

IN NEW JERSEY.

FISCHER DEFEATS HASSINGER.

Dec. 1.—An interesting live-bird match was held on the East Side Gun Club's grounds, 673 Ferry street, Newark, to-day, between Jacob Fischer and William Hassinger, two prominent members of the club. Gathered at the grounds were a number of local trap-shooters, and much interest was centered in the result. The weather was cool and sharp, the birds were active flyers. Both men were in good trim, and started into the contest with a determination to come out winner. Hassinger started out with a fair chance to win the match, but Fischer kept cool and deliberate, and at the finish had killed 14 out of his 15 birds, while Hassinger killed only 12 out of the same number. Two sweepstake events followed, one at 7 and the other at 5 birds, as well as a miss-and-out shoot, after which the assemblage adjourned to Henry Henry's hotel, where they partook of refreshments and enjoyed a sociable hour. The East Siders have in contemplation a grand Christmas Day sweepstake shoot, both at live birds and bluerock targets. The scores:

Match:

Fischer.....1102112221111121—14
Hassinger.....1102221211102 10—12

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Thomas	2010211—5	12212—5	....
Henry	0111122—6	10100—2	1111—4
Hassinger	1120222—6	11111—5	1221—4
Leutheuser	1111111—7	22112—5	110 —2
Reiboldt	1221121—7	02111—4	....
Perment	1111111—7	.....	....
Fischer	0112201—5	.....	....
Schroeder	.....	21011—4	....

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Dec. 2.—The semi-monthly shoot for the silver tea service donated by the Boiling Springs Gun Club was decided to-day on the club's grounds at Rutherford, N. J. Huck won with 50 out of 55. Scores were:

F Hall (3).....1111111111101011111101111111111101111111111110111111 —44
W H Huck (5).1111111111011011101111011111111111011111111111111—45
11111 — 5—50
G H Piercy (6)1111111011111011011010100110101111111110111011101 —38
Nelson (15)....1100110111010101111111111111111101101100101111101101—33
011110w — 4—37
Dutcher.....1000001010101110001111111001111111011000011001111101 —30

Neither Hall nor Piercy shot at their allowances, having no chance to tie Huck. Nelson withdrew after losing 2 out of the first 6 of his handicap allowance.

Sweeps for practice, with nominal entrance fees, were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Huck	9	8	10	10	9	8	10	8	7	8
Nelson	4	7	9	7	6	7	4	8	10	8
Hall	8	9	10	8	10	8	..	..	7	9
Piercy	6	8	10	8	9	9	10	6	9	8
Dutcher	8	5	5	3	..	7	5	6	7	6

Piercy and Hall also shot a race at 25 targets, Hall scoring 23 to Piercy's 21.

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

Dec. 4.—The miserable weather to-day prevented anything like a full attendance at the regular monthly shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. Only five members put in an appearance, the sixth shooter being Mr. C. McL. Clark, of St. Louis, Mo., a gentleman who is making a stay of a few days in New York prior to leaving for Europe on Dec. 11. There were several sweeps shot during the afternoon, but the main event was the club shoot. This was won by Nelson, a comparatively new shot who is fast developing into a good one at targets. Below are the scores in this event:

Club shoot: 50 targets per man, unknown angles, Sergeant system; handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at:

*Nelson (16)...0101111111101111111110110011001101111111110101111—39
11001111111011w —11—50
W H Huck (0).1110111111101111111111111101111111111111111111111101 —46
E Banks (0)...1111111110111111111111111111111111011111101111111 —46
M Lewis (17)..0011100010010011111001111011111010101110111001110l—31
11111111101101011 —14—45
B James (8)...1011111101111111101001011011101110111111101001110—37
10101111 — 6—43
CMcLClark(0) 0111000011111101111111111110111111100101011111010101 —36

* Nelson withdrew after shooting at 14 out of his allowance of 16, having broken 11, which gave him a highest possible.

Guelph vs. the Rosedales, of Toronto.

GUELPH, Can., Nov. 25.—To-day being Thanksgiving Day, the Rosedale Gun Club, of Toronto, traveled fifty miles to shoot a friendly pigeon match with the Guelph Trap and Game Club, of this city. On the arrival of the visiting team the members of that team were escorted by the reception committee to the Wellington Hotel, where lunch had been provided for them. After lunch the party was conveyed in a special street car to the grounds of the home club, where everything was ready for a start. The toss of a coin sent the visitors to the traps first, their genial captain, Van Vlack, being the first to call "Pull."

The weather was very unfavorable for large scores; it rained very hard all the morning and also at intervals while the match was in progress. The sun came peeping through the clouds just as the shoot was about over. There was a good crowd present to witness the shoot. Scouts were kept at a safe distance from the traps by the high constable, who was in attendance for that purpose. A muster of the guns used showed the following: Rosedale Club: seven Greeners, two Tolleys, one Smith and one Scott. Guelph Club: eight Greeners, and one each of the following makes: Smith, Tolley, Ithaca and Cashmore.

After the match a dinner was tendered the visitors at the European Hotel. A hurried visit was also paid to Lot Singular at his Victoria Hotel, after which the visitors were escorted to their train.

A return match will probably be shot on the grounds of the Rosedale Club on or about Dec. 17; on this date it is to be hoped that the weather will be more favorable for good scores. Below are the scores made in to-day's race, each man shooting at 10 birds. As will be seen, the home club won by 6 birds. Scores:

Rosedale Club.		Guelph Gun Club.	
M L Van Vlack	9	H A Mallory	10
A R Stell	9	H D McConochie	8
Geo Orr	8	J Thatcher	8
Dr Powell	8	L Singular	8
W H Gooderham	8	A R Woodyatt	7
L C A Strother	7	G Porteous	7
J A Telfer	7	F Holliday	7
D S Barclay	6	C Quinn	6
J Meharge	4	J Johnston	6
W H Banks	3	N Cull	5
J J Palmer	3	F Hall	4
E Currie	2—74	W Sleepman	4—80

GEO PORTEOUS, Sec'y G. G. C.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Nov. 25.—The Pawtuxet Gun Club held its annual Thanksgiving Day shoot to-day. The glare from the bright sun on the snow bothered the shooters a bit, making the scores rather low on paper. The main event was at 25 targets, handicap allowance of misses as breaks. Scores:

Handicap:

Sheldon (0).....1111111111111110111111110 -23+0—23
Greener (0).....1011111111111100001101111O—19+0—19
Armstrong (3).....0011111100111010001111101—16+3—19
Smith (1).....1110111001011000110111111—17+1—18
Root (0).....1011110111111011100010111—18+0—18
Mooney (2).....0101101010001011111011101—15+2—17
Adams (5).....1001011001111010000100011—12+5—17
Greene (0).....0110110111011110101100001—15+0—15
Arnold (2).....1011001110001031111100010—13+2—15
Hawkins (3).....0010100101010000010w

Two 15-target events, both handicap affairs, were shot as below:

No. 1: Greene (0) and Armstrong (2), 13; Smith (1) 12; Arnold (1) 11; Eddy (3) and Adams (4), 10; Greene (0) 9.

No. 2: Smith (1) 14; Armstrong (2) and Eddy (3), 12; Adams (4) 11; Greener (0) and Greene (0) 9; Mooney (1) 6. W. H. SHELDON, Sec'y.

Trap at Gibraltar, Pa.

READING, Pa., Nov. 25.—The shooters at Gibraltar, Pa., had a small gathering to-day, some targets being broken. Two of the events decided were at 10 targets each, $1.50 entrance, two moneys:

No. 1: Lutz 10, E. A. Diefenderfer 9, Gechter and Mountz 8, C. O. Eshelman 7, G. L. Diefenderfer 6.

No. 2: Eshelman 9, E. A. Diefenderfer 8, Gechter 7, Leutheiser 6, Mountz and G. L. Diefenderfer 5.

A match has been made between G. L. Diefenderfer, of Gibraltar, and J. D. Mountz, of Beckersville, Pa., 10 live birds per man, $10 a side. The match will take place some time in December, the place where it is to be shot being decided by the toss of a coin.

A. W. FINK.

Colorado's State Tournament.

PUEBLO, Colo., Nov. 25.—The eighth semi-annual tournament of the Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association was held in this city to-day. Among the visiting shooters were: D. L. Macaffree, John W. Garrett, W. G. Mason, A. J. Lawton, Arthur Matthews and James Hull, of Colorado Springs; A. D. Mermod, E. E. Teape and John Penny, of Cañon City; T. W. Gibson and A. H. Cawthorne, of La Junta; and E. C. Deibert, of Florence. The day was cold and cloudy, and it was very disagreeable to be out of doors, but the scores made were exceedingly good.

The Individual State Championship medal was competed for, each man shooting at 50 targets (40 singles and 5 pairs); the following scores were made:

W G Mason.11111111111111111111111111111111111111 11 11 11 11 11—50
J W Garrett.11111111111111111111111111111111111111 11 11 11 11 11—50
D Macaffree.01111111111111111111111111111111111111 11 11 11 11 11—49
C L Funk....11111101111111111101111111111111111111 11 11 11 01 01—46
A J Lawton.10111111111111111101111111101111111111 11 00 11 10 11—44
J T West....11111111111111111111111101111111111011 11 01 10 11 11—46
G J Derby...11111111101111111111100111111111111101 11 11 01 11 11—45
A D Mermod.11111111111111111111001111111111110001 11 11 11 11 11—45
E E Teape..11111111111101011101101111110111111111 11 11 11 11 01—44
J Penny....11111110111101110111011111111011011111 01 11 01 11 11—42
Cawthorne..11101110111101111101110111111111111 11 00 11 11 11—42

On the shoot-off, at 20 targets, W. G. Mason won with 20 to J. W. Garrett's 19. This is the first time the medal was ever won on a straight score.

In the merchandise event, which was Event No. 9, G. J. Derby won first prize, a Winchester repeater shotgun, given by J. M. Killin. The ties on the other four prizes were settled in the evening at the hotel.

In the team shoot for the Salida State cup, four teams competed, three men to the team. The Pueblo team was victorious, each man shooting at 30 targets (20 singles and 5 pairs). The following scores were made:

Pueblo.

C L Funk.....111111111111111111 11 11 11 11 00—28
J T West.....111111111111111101111 11 10 11 11 11—28
J M Killin.....111111110111111111111 11 11 11 00 11—27—83

Colorado Springs No. 1.

D L Macaffree.....111101111111111011111 11 11 11 11 00—26
W G Mason.....111111111101111101111 11 10 10 11 11—26
J W Garrett.....111111010111111111111 11 10 10 11 10—25—77

Colorado Springs No. 2.

A J Lawton.....110111101111111111111 00 11 01 11 00—23
J Hull.....011110111111111111100 11 01 11 11 11—25
A Mathews.....111110111011111111111 11 10 11 11 11—27—75

Cañon City.

A D Mermod.....111011111000111111101 11 10 10 11 11—23
E E Teape.....101111101111111110111 11 01 01 11 11—25
J Penny.....111101000110111111001 11 11 11 11 10—22—70

The regular programme events consisted of eleven 20 and one 25-target event; but on account of darkness all the shooters could not finish Event No. 12, which was at 25 targets. The Pueblo Gun Club gave, as added money, $10 on each event, which made a very good programme.

The following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25	Av.
C L Funk	20	19	19	20	19	20	13	17	18	18	19	22	91
J W Garrett	19	15	19	19	19	20	17	19	16	18	20	23	91
D L Macaffree	18	19	17	19	19	18	14	18	18	18	18	24	89.8
A J Lawton	18	19	19	18	18	17	17	18	17	15	19	22	88.6
J M Killin	17	19	18	19	18	18	17	19	14	17	14	23	86.9
G J Derby	16	17	17	19	18	18	13	16	19	15	17	22	84
W G Mason	16	15	20	17	18	17	16	20	13	18	16	21	84
J T West	16	17	20	14	15	20	14	19	17	17	19	17	83.7
A D Mermod	18	19	20	20	18	16	13	17	18	16	17	..	87.8
E C Deibert	17	18	17	17	19	18	13	16	..	17	19	17	85.4
E E Teape	19	17	18	19	19	17	15	18	15	15	15	..	85
A H Cawthorne	15	18	15	16	15	19	17	19	16	18	12	..	81.8
J Hull	17	16	14	16	18	17	..	14	17	17	17	17	81.8
J Penny	20	19	20	17	12	11	14	16	13	15	13	..	77.3
T W Gibson	17	17	17	16	17	10	15	15	16	8	10	..	71.8
A Mathews	16	17	15	17	16	17	11	15	..	17	..	..	78.3
C E Austin	18	19	19	19	18	..	..	..	..	17	18	..	91.4

The total number of targets thrown was 5,190; on account of the shooters not getting on the ground till 10 o'clock, this number was not increased.

John W. Garrett and W. G. Mason, the two who tied with 50 straight in the individual championship shoot, both shoot Winchesters.

The shoot as a whole was a success both to the participants and to the club.

The Pike's Peak Gun Club, of Colorado Springs, will give an all-day shoot at that place on Jan. 1, 1898, with $100 added.

C. L. FUNK.

Trap in Buffalo.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

Nov. 27.—The attendance at to-day's regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was not as large as usual; neither were the scores up to the standard. The badge shoot (No. 3 in the table below) had sixteen entries. A. Forrester won in Class A, R. H. Hebard in Class B, and Dr. F. Sauer in Class C. Event No. 6 was at 10 live birds; in this event E. C. Burkhardt won with a clean score. Below are the results in all the events decided:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	10	Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	10
B Talsma	8	11	16	..	..	..	Bird	..	..	14	5	7	..
E C Burkhardt	10	13	20	11	12	10	W R Eaton	..	..	15	9	..	..
Phillips	7	9	13	9	8	..	R H Hebard, Jr.	..	4	..	4	6	7
Burke	5	11	18	13	9	..	J A Kennedy	..	..	10	8	..	7
L W Bennett	6	6	19	10	13	7	G O Miller	..	..	12	12	..	..
R H Hebard	..	5	17	9	10	8	G R Wilson	..	..	9	5	..	5
E P Reynolds	..	8	12	9	..	..	E W Smith	..	..	18	..	..	..
Jacobs	..	..	20	..	..	..	F Sauer	..	..	18	..	..	..
Forrester	..	..	16	9	8	..							

BUFFALO.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

J. A. C., Bangor, Me.—Erythema. Observe the strictest cleanliness. Let the bedding be kept clean and dry, and the sleeping quarters well ventilated. Bathe the dog frequently, and apply oxide of zinc in the form of an ointment to the nodules.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Washington.

HOLIDAY TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

DEC. 28 is the date selected for the personally-conducted holiday tour of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Washington. This tour will cover a period of three days, affording ample time to visit all the principal points of interest at the National Capital, including the new Congressional Library. Round-trip rate, covering all necessary expenses for the entire time absent, transportation, hotel accommodations, guides, etc., $14.50 from New York, $13.50 from Trenton, and $11.50 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from other points. Persons who desire may return by way of Gettysburg, and spend two days at that point by purchasing tickets at $2 additional, which include this privilege.

SPECIAL TEACHERS' TOUR.

A special teachers' tour, identical with the above, will be run on the same date. Tickets for this tour, covering all necessary expenses, including accommodations at the National Hotel, Willard's Hotel or the Hotel Regent, $2 less than rates quoted above.

For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agent, 1106 Broadway, New York; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

WM. W. HART & Co. received the American Institute medal for mounted rugs, heads, horns and skins. They are particularly proud of the honor from the fact that there is no regular medal for the taxidermy and mounted rug branch. A special medal was made for them.—*Adv.*

H. CLAY GLOVER, D.V.S., will send gratis his pamphlet on dog diseases to any one who applies for it. He carries an elaborate line of remedies for the diseases of dogs, horses and cattle. Glover's Imperial Remedies are sold by all druggists. Office and depot, 1293 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the Forest and Stream. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any person whose address may be furnished us for that purpose.

IT WILL TELL THE STORY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM in its fifty-two weekly numbers for 1898 will tell the Sportsman's Story of the year—his aspirations, enterprises, adventures, successes and achievements; his disappointments, reverses and defeats; his pleasures, joys, satisfactions and sorrows; in short, the story of his activities by flood and field, on the plain and the mountain, in the North and the South, the East and the West.

No necessity of saying that the story will be brimful of interest from beginning to end, from January to December; nor is any assurance needed that it will be worth the telling, worth the printing, and worth the reading.

THE NEW YORK LEAGUE

AT the meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, in Syracuse last week, the name was changed to the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League. A new constitution was adopted, one interesting feature of which is that it commits the organization exclusively to effort in the lines of fish and game protection, excluding altogether the trap-shooting activities hitherto promoted by it. This may be considered a radical step, but in reality it is hardly a new departure, for during the last five years the Association has been working toward just this point.

Formed in the fifties as a union of clubs and individuals interested in securing game laws and their enforcement, the meetings of the Association were in the first years conventions for discussion of the concerns of protection. Then shooting at the trap came in as a diversion from the more serious affairs of the meeting. In time the shooting competitions monopolized the attention of delegates. Then in 1892, at the instance chiefly of Gen. D. H. Bruce, of Syracuse, an effort was begun to restore the Association to its original character and purpose. In that year a form of constitution was adopted which provided for two meetings each year: one in the winter to consider legislation and protection, and another in the summer for trap-shooting. The plan of reorganization, it was explained at the time, "makes ample provision for the two purposes of the Association—game protection and trap-shooting. In the practical conduct of the Association each one of these interests is given its own place, but the two are kept entirely separate. Provision is made for the fullest activity in each, but neither one is permitted to conflict with the other."

Under this plan both of the annual meetings have been well attended, and practical working has demonstrated the wisdom of the arrangement. Now the protective branch of the Association has gone a step further and separated itself entirely from the tournament interests, and has emphasized the new departure by the adoption of a distinctive name. The Rochester Rod and Gun Club, under whose management the Association tournament will be held next summer, declares itself to be strictly in the line of apostolic succession and proposes to hold to the old name. This is something which is quite immateral. Under the old name or a new one the New York summer tournaments or State shoots will continue to be important and successful meetings in the trap-shooting world. But, questions of name and succession aside, it is undeniably true that the two associations are better than one when the two fields of their activity diverse. We hope to see both well supported by the allegiance and active membership of all clubs and associations interested.

THE PLAYGROUND OF A GREAT CITY.

The mammoth city of Brooklyn, separated from New York by a neck of salt water called the East River, has been called the boardinghouse of New York. This is generally accepted as a feeble attempt at levity, but one who watches the rush to New York in the morning hours and the return rush in the evening will be convinced that it is a fact. But as a fact it carries no stigma with it. On the contrary, so envious did New Yorkers become that they concurred in making it a part of Greater New York. With much more appropriateness would the rest of Long Island be called the playground of New York. Probably no section of an equal area in America has such a diversity of sports in existence within its limits. No place has carried to a higher degree of perfection the technique of the sport, the completeness of costume and accessories of the sport

There are lovely roads, smooth and well finished, leading away through meadows and woodland far away to the beach where the salt water beats ceaselessly, or into the woodlands where dwell the deer, squirrel, quail and ruffed grouse. And on pleasant days these roads are fairly alive with wheelmen. The fellow and his best girl on a tandem, dressed in the most correct costume; the wheelmen and women in ones, twos, threes and squads; the family, men, women and children; the bicycle club out on a run—the rider will meet and pass in endless variation during a day's run, till he wonders where so many wheels could be made, and being made, where all the money could be obtained to buy them.

Through this beautiful land of hill and vale, woods and meadows, with its ever-changing picturesque scenery, threads of clear water run bountifully wherever the numerous miniature watersheds and pure springs sustain them. These numerous brooks, which so regularly seam the surface of Long Island, are the home of the trout, which contribute so much to the fame of the island among fishermen. In season they swarm to its brooks and creeks, though not as men who go whither they list, since most of the trout waters are private property. Broad as is the playground, it would soon be entirely overrun and its waters despoiled were it open freely to all. But surrounding the playground are the free waters of the ocean, whereon thousands of people find sport and recreation, and a reward of effort more to their liking; for the fish are larger and more in keeping with hungry stomachs to be filled than with delicate palates to be pleased. Their methods are far from being related to the refinement of the angler's art in luring the wary trout with the deceptive fly, yet they are such as fit their capabilities of enjoyment and their needs inseparable from it. There are streams and ponds and lakes, and the ocean, with fish tiny and great. Could any son of Izaak Walton ask for more?

The yachtsman swarms about the waters of the playground. The duck shooter too has his place and his opportunities. It is a finely fitted playground, since it contains the best of nature and the best of art. As the wheelman rides along one of the best-made roads in the country, he may be skirting along the forest wherein the deer freely roam, or he may skirt along the shore of the great ocean and sniff the breeze untainted from the touch of land.

Several packs of beagles are kept on Long Island for the rare sport which they afford, and these miniature hounds peal forth their chorus with as much merriment and earnestness of purpose as do their greater brothers, the foxhounds, which also have their owners and admirers, who follow them in duly sportsmanlike form.

Everywhere is there something symbolical of the healthful relaxation and diversion of the dwellers in a great city. There is to be seen the protest against the ceaseless confinement to business routine—the struggle for open fields, clear air and personal freedom.

One who rode from Long Island City to New York on any pleasant afternoon this fall could not have failed to perceive indications of the love of sport and its exercise. He would have seen a number of enthusiastic sportsmen in earnest conversation concerning how they captured their buck in the deer section of Long Island; seated nearby was the thoughtful sharpshooter, returning from testing his rifle on the long range at Creedmoor; also the bird hunter with his tired dog and a bunch of quail, the latter the crowning glory of a hard day's work; the less pretentious hunter with rabbit dog, and rabbits taken on the plains; the man with shotgun and no dog, yet laden with ducks from the waters of the Great South Bay; the polo player just from his reckless riding on the polo grounds; the golfer from Shinnecock and Oakdale, with the formidable array of implements of his sport; the noisy boy fresh from the ball field; the padded, brawny youth with the subdued, weary look, indicating a fierce struggle with the football; the rider from the Meadowbrook hunt, and the trap-shooter from one or other of the various clubs.

DOGS AS DRAFT ANIMALS.

ALTHOUGH dogs have been in common use as draft animals from time immemorial in the vast frigid regions of North America, it is safe to assert that but a relatively small number of people in the United States were aware of that fact. At best, it was to them a mere historical novelty; but from that it suddenly developed into a matter of material interest. Through the recent exodus to the gold region of Alaska and Northwest Canada consequent to the news of the great richness of those sections, the difficulties of Arctic travel and the great value of dogs in it for draft purposes have been brought into direct public attention and consideration. The demand, by men bound Klondikeward, for such dogs as were thought to have the requisite size, strength and endurance, also brought to public notice the dearth of material on hand to supply the demand. Out of the hundreds of thousands of dogs in the States—curs and others—there were but a small percentage qualified physically for draft purposes.

In the United States there is an abundance of vegetable food, and the larger and stronger herbivorous animals are consequently used for draft purposes to the exclusion of all carnivorous animals. On the contrary, the Arctic region, with its long winter, heavy snows and dearth of vegetable food, has come to be considered as being peculiarly fitted for the employment of the dog as a means of transportation, or rather that region is considered as being unfitted for the employment of other animals. The interesting description in our kennel columns, however, proves that dogs can be economically employed for draft purposes by people who have a small business and short hauls to make even in some sections of country free from the rigors of the Arctic winter. They fit in in the domestic economy of those sections to a nicety—such countries as have a dense population, many small enterprises, good roads, and a limited land area.

In the United States, where food, vegetable and animal, is abundant, and roads as a general thing are not of the best, the use of the dog as a draft animal, so far as general use is concerned, is far in the future. From a business standpoint he is, without qualification, an appendage to small enterprises in other than the frigid regions.

However small may be the business start of the average American citizen, he never contemplates that it will be small much beyond the starting point; nor does he care to have transportation one whit lower in class than his neighbor; hence the use of the dog as a means of transportation in the States may be considered as still remaining in the realm of novelty.

Game Commissioner John W. Titcomb, of Vermont, holds a theory that a requirement restricting deer hunters to the killing of those only which have horns makes for the security of human life, since the law—sometimes—prompts a hunter to greater caution in determining exactly what he is shooting at. In Vermont this year the number of deer actually reported by postmasters as killed in their towns was 103, and the estimated number killed was 140, while only one man was killed. This is a much brighter record than those of some other States, and if the antler law did it, let us have like laws elsewhere.

It is only the tyro who imagines that he knows it all. The older one grows and the more he learns, and the better his comprehension of the vastness of what there is to learn in any given field, the more does he realize his ignorance. This holds true with all the arts and sciences, including black bass fishing. Some of the fruits of long study of that perplexing and baffling creature are given this week by our contributor Shaganoss. His paper will appeal to old bass fishermen; it should prompt some of those who read it to give us their own experience.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A PENOBSCOT MOOSE.

New York, Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The last two years I hunted in Hancock county, in the eastern part of Maine, and although the deer shooting there is very good, still one gets tired of that after a while and wants larger game; so last year I determined that my 1897 trip would be for moose, and to explore the country along the West Branch of the Penobscot. I kept in communication with my guide, A. L. Spearin, of Passadumkeag, through the summer, and about Sept. 20 I wrote him to meet me at Greenville Oct. 1.

I left New York Sept. 30 and arrived the next morning at the stated time at Greenville, where I found my guide with his canoe, tents, etc., waiting for me. We immediately boarded the steamer for Kineo, twenty miles up Moosehead Lake, where we stopped for dinner, and to get what provisions we needed for our trip, etc. After dinner we boarded the steamer again *en route* for the Northeast Carry.

At the carry we found a team in waiting, and putting our canoe and baggage aboard, we were soon across and launched on the West Branch.

We camped that night close by the Northeast Carry, and the next morning bright and early we started for Lobster Lake, a very beautiful sheet of water about two miles wide by eight long. On rounding the point from the West Branch into Lobster Stream I saw a spike-horned buck standing at the edge of the stream. I laid down my paddle quietly and picking up my rifle (a .40-82) aimed just under his neck, intending to raise and fire the instant I saw his neck through the sights. It was quite cold, however, and as we had been paddling two miles my fingers were numb, and I pressed the trigger before I was ready and consequently undershot. I knew I had not hit him, so we wasted no time in looking for him, but continued up the stream to the lake. The camp ground we expected to occupy we found had been taken, so we continued up two miles further, where we secured a very fair spot.

Leaving my guide to pitch the tent and get lunch, I walked up an old logging road to see if there were many signs of deer. I found the signs very plentiful, and jumped two. I fired at one of them, and although I hit it pretty hard, judging from the amount of blood that was lost, I was unable to follow it more than a couple of hundred feet. I came back to lunch, and afterward started up with my guide to see if we could find the one I had shot. I left him on the trail and started off in another direction.

While quietly following an old road, and closely watching the brush on either side, I saw what looked like a brown stump. I watched it closely for a while, but was unable to decide whether it was a stump or a deer. I did not want to risk losing a good shot, but I never under any circumstances fire a shot and then afterward go and see what I shot at. I prefer to lose the best shot of my life rather than run the risk of shooting some one else. In about a minute I saw the object move, and immediately a doe's head rose from the bushes. A short time afterward I had a fine, fat, barren doe hung up; so we then had plenty of meat to take with us on our trip. My guide returned without finding the wounded deer.

The next day, Sunday, we spent in exploring the lake and visiting other camps. On Monday we visited Little Lobster Pond, and saw the track of a very large bull moose that had just gone along a wet part in the road, leaving the water muddy behind him. On Tuesday morning we left Lobster Lake and paddled down the West Branch about twenty-five miles to Chesuncook Lake. This part of the river is nearly all dead water, there being very few rapids or "quick water," as it is called, there, the worst part being Pine Stream falls, which is very rocky, and requires considerable skill to run them safely. We saw no deer that day, which was very unusual. We camped that night on Chesuncook Lake, and the next morning, Oct. 5, we started down the lake (which is sixteen miles long), intending to get down to the lower part as soon as possible, and from there take our time on the rest of the trip. Shortly after starting it began to blow quite hard, and after going about three miles we decided it would be unwise to continue further with such a wind (as my guide says, "It is better to be safe than sorry," and I find that a good motto to follow, particularly in the quick water and on the big lakes. There were several men drowned in Maine this year who would have been alive to-day if they had followed that motto). We landed in a cove, and leaving the guide to select a spot for camp I explored the surrounding country, and found that deer were very thick. On that day I saw nine deer.

The next morning I walked about three miles up the lake to a farmhouse to inquire about the general condition of game in that part of the country. The farmer complained of the deer destroying his oats, and said that he estimated that he had lost $150 this season by the deer going into his oatfields. Asked if there were many moose in that section, he said there were not many in that particular place, but he told of a lake not very far off where moose were quite plentiful; but he asked me, at the same time, not to tell anyone else of this particular place. Returning to camp, I told the guide what I had learned. He was not familiar with this part of the country, as he had not been in this section for a great many years. The next morning we started very early, so as to cross the lake before the wind rose. After paddling seven or eight miles we reached the stream running from the lake for which we were bound, and found it very shallow.

I walked up the trail along the edge of the stream, and left my guide to bring up the canoe. It took him four hours to make three miles, as he had to wade almost the entire distance, dragging the canoe along with him. Reaching the lake, we had lunch and then started to look for moose signs. We decided to go entirely around it before we camped. Starting up one side, we went ashore at various places and saw a great many fresh tracks, and by the time we had almost completed the circle of the lake we were satisfied that it was only a question of a few days to get a moose. Then going down the lake on the opposite side, we noticed a hardwood bridge, which apparently was the only suitable spot for a camp. We made for that, and when quite near were surprised to see two canoes drawn up on a little beach, and that somebody evidently was in there ahead of us. We felt rather blue about it, as on those small lakes the first party in is never disturbed by another party.

We decided to visit their camp and see if we could find a suitable place to pitch our tent and then go out the next morning. We went ashore and walked up to the camp, and met with the coolest reception that I have ever met with on any one of my hunting trips. One of the sportsmen was writing a letter, and never so much as looked up from his paper, although we were seventy-five miles from the railroad station, and we either had to find a camp ground very soon or spend the night in our canoe. I spoke to the guides and also to the other sportsman, and received very short answers. I then explained to the guides that we did not know that anybody was on that lake, and as soon as we had found that the ground was occupied, why, we had planned to go out the next morning. I asked if there was any other camp ground near by. The party who was writing looked up from his paper long enough to inform us that the next camp ground was about four miles below, down the stream that we had come up in the morning, and which would be impossible to reach that night. We got into our canoe and paddled down to the head of the stream, and made the best camp we could on the sea wall for that night, and the next morning went down the stream to another lake and pitched our camp there.

About noon one of the guides from the other camp came down and apologized for their treatment the night before, and explained that a few days before he had met a friend who had stated that he had positive information that his camp was to be visited by two deputy game wardens in a few days, and as they were on the lookout for them and had not seen us until we stepped into their camp, they took us for the deputies; and as they had not killed any game out of season, and had no intention of doing so, they had decided to give any wardens a very cool reception. After we had left the camp, however, they had talked it over and decided that they were mistaken, and were very sorry for what they had done.

Our camp was visited a few days later by one of the gentlemen, Thomas Martindale, of Philadelphia, but as I was not in camp, he left a written invitation on a piece of birch bark for me to take dinner with him the next day. The next morning I walked up the stream to the head and there fired two shots as agreed, and waited for him to send the canoe, as it was almost impossible to go through the woods from the head of the stream to his camp. After waiting half an hour without seeing the canoe, I supposed he had not heard my shots and started through the woods, as it was impossible to follow the shore at that point, it being very muddy. I found the woods all he had promised, and was an hour and a half making one mile to his camp, and if I had not had my compass I doubt very much whether I would have been there yet. They were surprised to see me, and asked why I had not fired the shots, and when told that I had said they had not heard them. The trip through the cedar swamp had sharpened my appetite, and I enjoyed a very good dinner, and found Mr. Martindale and his friend Mr. Miller very agreeable companions. They told me that a couple of nights before they had heard a noise outside of their sleeping tent, and the cook got up and walked out to see what it was. He saw a dark object in between two of the tents, and thinking it was one of the guides, called him by name. As he spoke he saw an immense head swing round, and found that it was a big bull moose standing within 10ft. of him. As he had no gun, he retreated in good order, and the moose being satisfied with his investigation walked off.

I returned to camp immediately after dinner, as the next day was Oct. 15, and I wanted to start bright and early for a moose. For three or four days before I had been exploring all around and had located a spot where I knew I could go any day and get a moose by waiting long enough, as I had gone through that section four or five times and had always seen from three to six fresh moose tracks made some time during the day. The next morning after an early breakfast we started for a lake about a mile from the camp. I took my camera with me, as I wished to take some pictures of an old logging camp and a beaver dam. My guide said we had better make a circle of the lake, as we might possibly catch a moose standing out on the shore, and if we did not see one by the time we had come around to the logging camp I could then secure the pictures, and he would take my camera back to camp, and I could go off to the place where I had seen so many tracks.

The lake was about three miles long, and we had gone up one side about two miles when the guide called attention to a dark object at the head of the lake, and said it might be a moose. At the distance we were we could not tell what it was and did not pay much attention to it, but continued paddling quietly along shore. After going a half mile further I glanced at the object again and could see daylight under it, and it looked like a moose. We then paddled a little faster and pretty soon we could see what looked like the horns, but yet could not tell whether it was a moose or a stump. In a few moments, however, we saw the head swing and the sun strike on the antlers, and Lon, the guide, said, "There is our bird." By that time it was blowing very hard, but fortunately straight from the moose to us. We paddled as quickly as we could, but it took us quite a while to get up to him. When about 125yds. from him I laid down the paddle and picked up the rifle, so as to be ready if he should start. My guide had repeatedly told me before to stop paddling and cool off, as he knew this was the first moose I had ever seen in the woods and supposed I would be excited. I acknowledged that my nerves did tingle and were a little unsteady, but it was more from the hard paddling against the wind than anything else. I had no sooner picked up my rifle than the moose turned, and my guide commenced to swear; for, as he told me afterward, there were three deer (a buck and two does) and a cow moose just at the edge of the woods back of the bull, and when I picked up my rifle the deer jumped and started the moose. As the bull turned I fired, but on account of my nerves being unsteady and the canoe jumping (my guide was still paddling as hard as he could) I struck about 6ft. to the right of him. It is surprising at times what thoughts will come into one's head at a critical moment. When starting on our trip my guide very much admired a sheepskin vest that I had for use in cold weather on the lakes, also a hat that I had made to order, with a low crown and a broad brim. While lying in our tent a few nights before this and talking over our prospects of getting a good head, I told Lon if we got a good head I would give him the hat and vest; and when I saw the bullet strike so far from the moose my first thought was, I suppose Lon thinks there goes my hat and vest. He afterward very generously assured me that he had no such thoughts, but was simply sorry to see me miss him, and was beginning to think that I was like a great many others with their first moose.

As the moose started off, however, I got down on my knees in the bow of the canoe so as not to fail again, and fired a second shot, but could not see where it struck. I fired a third shot, but just as I fired the moose jumped into a creek, and the bullet went across his back, and, as I afterward found, touched one of the points of his horns. I got ready for a fourth shot, and waited till he began to climb out of the brook; and just as he was raising we got into still water about 100yds. from him, and Lon stopped paddling so as to give me a fair shot. I aimed right at his hip, and put the bullet exactly where I wanted to, and he dropped on the spot with a broken back. He managed, however, to raise himself and just crawl ashore, and Lon said he was a very accommodating old chap; but, as it proved, he began to crow too soon. We walked ashore and went up as close as we thought it safe, and I shot him again just behind the shoulder; he never winced, but sat there with his front feet spread out before him as if he intended to rise. I shot him again low down to strike the heart, but he paid no attention to that, and we thought it was no use to shoot him any more, as he would not die until he got ready anyhow. In about a minute he gave one grunt, rolled over on his side, and disappeared completely in a mud hole, except one horn, which stood above the water.

The air was blue for a while, and I asked my guide what he was swearing at. He wanted to know if I realized the contract we had on our hands to get that moose out of that hole. I did not realize it fully at that time, but I did just eight hours later when we had finished with him, as it took us just that time to get the hide and head off. Lon got a crutched stick and tried to get it under his head. I told him I had often heard of people shooting moose, but never heard of anyone fishing for moose before; but he said he guessed we would have to fish for this one if we wanted him.

We finally got his head above water, and after hard work succeeded in dragging his head and shoulders up on shore and making him fast to a tree. Then by the aid of ropes fastened to his feet we gradually worked him out further. We had no means of getting him entirely out, so we were obliged to take him out in pieces. We skinned the shoulder and then unjointed it and carried that out, then skinned further and chopped along the backbone and took out a section of the ribs, and so on back to the hip. We then skinned a hindquarter and unjointing that carried it out. We were unable to turn him over, and after taking the head off Lon went into the water almost to his waist, and as I raised the moose and turned him as much as possible he skinned him partly under water. After taking the hide off we hung it up, and it must have weighed over 100lbs. wet, for it was all we could do to raise it from the ground and put it over a pole to dry.

While skinning him I found a .30cal. steel-jacketed rifle bullet that had just gone through the hide and flattened out on the muscles of the hindleg. The lead had flattened and the steel jacket was coiled up alongside of it. After taking his head to camp, and while my guide was cleaning it, I noticed a little bunch on the skin of the neck. I cut it open and found another steel-jacketed rifle bullet, .30cal., that had failed to penetrate the skin. It had gone partly through and had there flattened out, but had not separated from the steel jacket. He had evidently been shot in September, as a small amount of pus had formed around each bullet.

When skinning him I also found that my second shot had struck him behind the shoulder, and after breaking a rib the ball, although very much flattened, had gone through him and was just against the skin on the other side. The ball that struck him in the hip went through the hip bone, and penetrated 2½in. into the backbone, completely shattering it. In the last few years I have had a great many sportsmen explaining the value of a small caliber steel-jacketed bullet, but I think this case upsets all of their theories, as either one of these bullets that I found would have been fatal if it had had weight enough. Before completing my trip I met two gentlemen who had each killed a moose with a .30-caliber steel-jacketed bullet, but in both cases they had shot the game several times between the hip and the shoulder, one of them putting five bullets in his moose before dropping him; but I am satisfied that if either of them had hit the large bone in the hip or shoulder they would have lost their moose.

The next morning we started, and going down the stream saw a caribou standing at the edge of the woods quite a long distance off. I raised my rifle, but the guide thought I would not be able to hit him at that distance; I told him I thought I could, and he said I had better aim a few inches above his shoulders, as the ball would no doubt fall considerable at that distance. I did so, and had the poor satisfaction of seeing the hair fly just from the top of his shoulders, proving that the ball had scarcely fallen at all. In the future I shall put more faith in my gun in long-range shooting. In going down Chesuncook Lake that afternoon we met a gentleman camped at the lower end, with Ernest Davis and Granville Grey as guides. Grey was a taxidermist, and was employed by S. L. Crosby, of Bangor, in winter, and very kindly offered to relieve me of the moose head, as they were going out in a couple of days and would have no carries; and would take it to Crosby while we were just getting to the hardest part of our trip, and would have nine carries in all before reaching Norcross. I was very glad of the opportunity, and accepted his offer. After having dinner with this party we continued on down the lake, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon had gotten about half way across Chesuncook Carry, between Chesuncook and Ripergenous lakes, when it began to rain.

We stopped in an old camp, and as it kept raining decided to stay there over night. Shortly after dark I thought I heard some one walking up toward the door; I was just about to go out and investigate when we heard a deer blow and scamper off. Toward morning it began to blow very hard, and a fir tree standing alongside of our camp was broken off about 2ft. above the ground. As we were not in a very comfortable position to stay over Sunday, the next morning we started quite early and expected just to cross Ripergenous Lake, where we would have a good place to camp until Monday morning.

It was still blowing very hard, and after going about three-quarters of a mile it was blowing a hurricane and we began to take water over the canoe. We paddled ashore as quickly as possible and barely escaped swamping. We landed in the woods and then had to hunt for a spot to camp temporarily. We found a suitable place about 200yds. further down the lake and transferred most of our baggage there. By this time it was blowing so hard that the trees began to break, and we were afraid we would lose our canoe, so we hurried back and were just in time to save it. We took hold of it, and while carrying it into the woods a fir tree about 1ft. in diameter snapped off about 25ft. from the ground, and the top was whirled over our heads and thrown about 50ft. to one side. We had a very narrow escape. We stayed in camp all that day, and in the afternoon

when the wind had fallen I made a circuit through the woods to explore a little, and inside of a half mile found over a hundred trees that had been broken short off that day.

On Monday morning we crossed Ripergenous Lake to the carry, and then we had work before us, as the carry was three miles long, and we had six loads, necessitating three trips apiece. When we were about half way over we were overtaken by two Indians who had been guiding a party near Moosehead Lake and were on their way home to Old Town. I engaged them and consequently we were across in a very short time. We pitched camp at the lower end of this carry, and I walked up the stream to take some photographs. The three miles between Chesuncook and Ripergenous lakes contain the wildest scenery on the West Branch. In some spots the river passes between cliffs which, although not very high, are only about 15ft. apart. The next morning we were again on the West Branch, but after going a mile and a half we had another carry of a quarter of a mile around Gulliver Falls to the Horse Race. The Horse Race is two miles long and will keep any man busy with his pole to run it in safety. I walked along the shore and my guide ran through without accident except that he broke his pole. Below the Horse Race we come to Nesoudnehonk Deadwater. We had two miles of dead water, then a quarter of a mile carry around Nesoudnehonk Falls, where we camped that night. The next morning, Oct. 19, we loaded our canoe and were soon on our way, but after going about 200yds. we were again obliged to unload and carry about 100ft., as we could not get through the rocks. We then had three miles of fairly good running to Katahdin Brook, where we camped.

As we had breakfasted early that morning and it was about 10:30 when we reached Katahdin Brook, we had lunch, and afterward I told Lon that while he was pitching the tent and getting wood, etc., I would take the trail toward Katahdin Mountain and see if I could get a buck. He said it was of no use to go there, as Joe Frances (one of the best-known Indian guides in Maine) was camped directly opposite us, and with him were twenty-one men (sportsmen and guides), and there would be very little show for any one else. I laughingly told him that they would start the deer and I would pick the one I wanted. He put me across the stream, and I walked up the trail about a mile and a half, when I heard something stepping on the leaves, which were very dry. I stopped and waited, and in a few moments a very handsome four-pronged buck walked out in front of me, and I hit him right in the sticking point. He was not very large, weighing, I should judge, about 200lbs., but had a very pretty head, the horns being even and perfect. I had considerable trouble hanging him up, as the pole I had him on insisted on turning around so as to bring the notches underneath, so the buck would slide to the ground. After three or four failures I cut down a small birch that was a little crooked, and after notching it I managed to hang him on that so as to clear the ground. It took me just an hour and a quarter to dress him and hang him up. I returned to camp and Lon said, "Well, did you get your buck?" I said, "Why, of course; that is what I went for." He would hardly believe it at first, until he saw that my hands and knife were pretty well covered with blood (there being no water handy to wash them).

The next day I climbed Mt. Katahdin. It is just about seven miles from the West Branch at the mouth of Katahdin Brook to the top of the mountain. The first five miles lies through the woods, gradually ascending to the foot of an old landslide. It is nothing but loose sand and rocks, and very steep, about an angle of 45°. The last half mile is simply climbing over large rocks. The way is marked out by small stones placed on the top of the larger rocks. At the top you are obliged to crawl through a hole, or tunnel, underneath two very large rocks, and then you are on top of Mt. Katahdin, over 5,000ft. high. From the top I could see almost 100 miles in any direction, and there were within sight fully 200 lakes. I carried my camera with me, also a rifle, as I thought I might see some caribou on the summit of the mountain, that part being perfectly level for about a half mile in diameter and covered with rocks and moss. The caribou climb up to feed on the moss, particularly in winter, when everything is covered with snow below, as the snow never stays on top of the mountain, the wind blowing it off before it has fairly time to settle. In this level spot on the mountain there is a clear spring that never runs dry, even in the hottest days of summer. While I was there there was 2in. of ice on it. Crossing this level part, I climbed the further end, which is the highest (I believe 5,380ft. above the sea), and added a stone to one of the monuments that has been built by each one who climbs the mountain, adding a stone to a circular pile about 4ft. in diameter. It was just about as high as I could reach, and very soon they will be obliged to build steps to build it higher or start another one. From the highest point the mountain drops off almost perpendicular, and a misstep at that point would send any one down almost 3,000ft.

I have often noticed accounts in the papers, and I have also heard from guides, that almost ever year, and particularly last year, a party of young men would climb the mountain while there was deep snow to shoot caribou that they were sure to find at that time. One guide said that he had seen the carcasses of seventeen caribou that had been shot and left there. I did not see very many, but I saw bones enough and horns enough to convince me that somebody had been shooting caribou simply for fun, or they wouldn't have left the horns. Descending the mountain, I reached camp about 4 o'clock, stopping a few minutes on the way to watch a nice fat doe that walked out within easy shot. She was very fortunate, as we were in no need of meat.

The next morning, Oct. 21, we left Katahdin Brook and paddled down the West Branch to Abell Falls. We had a half-mile carry around the falls to the dead water. We then had two miles of dead water to Pockwockamus falls.

There we had another half-mile carry to Pocwockamus dead water, then we had three miles of dead water to Katepskanegan Falls; there another half-mile carry to Katepskanegan dead water. About two miles down the dead water we came to Joe Frances's home, and camped that night near by to see if we could find a caribou. The next morning, after exploring the country for three or four hours and seeing no tracks, I concluded to give up caribou until next year. We broke camp and paddled down to Passamagamock Falls, where we had another half-mile carry. We then had two miles dead water to Umbajegus Falls, then another half-mile carry to Umbajegus Lake, where we expected to camp over Sunday. We camped there over night, but were in such a poor position that the next morning we broke camp and paddled three miles down to Pemmedumcook Lake. On Monday I explored the country around Pemmedumcook and North Twin lakes, and saw a great many fresh deer signs, but no moose. The next day, Tuesday the 24th, we came down North Twin Lake to Norcross, where I was to take the train for home.

I was twenty-five days on my entire trip, and out of that time there were probably five days when it either rained or I did not go into the woods for some reason or other. In the other twenty days I saw sixty-two deer, three moose and one caribou. I got all the deer and moose the law allowed, and would have had all the caribou also if I had trusted my gun. Besides I could have killed just twenty deer, as I had perfectly sure shots at that number. I notice that there is some talk of reducing the number of deer that each sportsman may kill, but I do not think that any change in the present law is needed, as even the way it is the deer are certainly on the increase. Under the present law the sportsman may shoot one deer, so as to have meat while in camp, and then get another to take home with him; but if the number were reduced he would either have to go without himself or would be unable to take any home.

C. H. STONEBRIDGE.

THE CHESTNUT RIDGE

And Along Its Foot.—X.

A SERIES of papers purporting to be descriptive of the Chestnut Ridge region, that should leave out of the account the most striking event in its history, would seem to be guilty of a strange omission. I refer to the great Johnstown flood of 1889.

Johnstown lies mainly on a low point of land at the confluence of the Conemaugh River and Stony Creek. Nine miles above Johnstown a small stream called the South Fork joins the Conemaugh. About two miles above its mouth a dam was built across the stream by the State, in order to retain a supply of water for times of need in the days of canal navigation between Pittsburg and Johnstown. The basin formed on the South Fork by this dam covered an area of 600 acres, and was calculated to contain 480,000,000 cubic feet of available water. This dam was completed in the year 1853. After the main line of public works passed into the possession of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, it soon fell into disuse and was neglected. In the summer of the year 1862 this dam partially gave way and the water escaped; but as the water was low at the time and the break was not large, no serious harm ensued.

For some years after this the dam lay thus dilapidated, and instead of the lake that had existed there was only a broad extent of low land with a small stream of water flowing through it. About the year 1879 a company of wealthy men bought the property containing the bed of this former lake. The dam was rebuilt and the lake was restored. It formed a beautiful sheet of water. A number of handsome cottages were built upon its margin, and the place was made a summer resort by the owners. Some of the citizens of Johnstown were always apprehensive of danger from this dam, but people generally were quite indifferent about it. It did not seem probable that the dam would ever give way, or if it did, with such a wide outlet as the river valley afforded the water could not possibly do any great damage.

A widely extended and very heavy rainstorm set in in the night of May 30, 1889. It rained very hard during the night and much of the next day. The streams all over the State and parts of the adjacent States were greatly swollen with water. The railroad tracks in many places were washed out or covered with water, and trains could not run. But while much damage was done in many places, a most appalling calamity occurred at Johnstown.

The streams at that place, which we have already mentioned, were greatly swollen at an early hour of May 31. As the day advanced they rose higher and higher. The rain continued to descend. Great quantities of drift began to come down the Conemaugh and Stony Creek, and much of it lodged against the piers of an immense railroad bridge of stone that stood in the river just below the confluence of the two streams. The water was thus greatly obstructed in its flow, and began to back up into the town. By noon it had extended far up into the heart of the town, while the houses down near the point were standing half their height in the water. The inhabitants had betaken themselves to the upper stories of their houses. They were surrounded, and it was impossible for them to get away if they had so wished.

Between the mouth of the South Fork and Johnstown, on the river, were several towns and villages: Mineral Point, East Conemaugh, Franklin, Woodvale, and Conemaugh Borough. The Pennsylvania Railroad tracks extend along the bank of the Conemaugh between Johnstown and South Fork. By the middle of the day the water had so seriously damaged the roadbed between these two points that trains could not proceed eastward any great distance beyond East Conemaugh, two miles above Johnstown. Several passenger trains were standing on the track at East Conemaugh, waiting, unable to pursue their way.

Among the more thoughtful people there was a good deal of concern and uneasiness about the dam; but most of them thought little about it. People who live constantly in the presence of danger soon become accustomed to it and give it little thought. In the forenoon of that day the civil engineer in charge of the dam became alarmed at the height to which the water was rising, and he set men to work to open a sluiceway for its escape; but the water continued to rise so rapidly that he saw that his efforts would be in vain. At noon he rode down to the village of South Fork, at the mouth of that stream, and telegraphed a note of warning to the people in the valley below. By this time access to the telegraph office at Johnstown had been cut off by the water, so that people generally had little or no knowledge of this warning. Anyhow, few if any of them took advantage of it. This is not to be wondered at. It was cold and wet; there was no place of safety except the barren hillsides, and no one could realize the real character of the danger. Besides, as we have seen, many of the inhabitants were imprisoned in their houses and could not escape. All hoped for the best; perhaps the dam would not break, or if it did it would not do much harm.

It was some time after 3 o'clock in the afternoon of May 31 when the dam gave way. The long pent-up water rushed forth in a mighty torrent. It whirled down the narrow valley of the South Fork in a flood 50ft. high. Across the mouth of the South Fork stood a magnificent stone bridge upon which lay the tracks of the railroad. When the flood struck this bridge it was stayed for a moment, when it rose to a height of 80ft. Under the pressure of this immense body of water the bridge yielded, and the fearful torrent rushed with the speed of an express train down the valley of the Conemaugh. The village of Mineral Point was the first one in its path, and it was immediately swept away.

A few minutes later a locomotive that had been up the road some distance above East Conemaugh came flying down the road at its utmost speed, its whistle screaming the wildest alarm, and only a few yards behind it came the flood. The face of this great wave was not less than 40ft. high. "The waters did not seem to flow along," says an eye-witness; "they appeared rather to be rolling over and over, as if the last could not wait on the first." The town of East Conemaugh shared the fate of Mineral Point. A large round house here, in which were about thirty locomotives, in a moment had entirely disappeared, and the locomotives, some of them weighing nearly sixty tons, were taken up, whirled about like blocks of wood, and carried a mile away. The trains standing here were nearly all destroyed, and many of the passengers were lost.

Just below East Conemaugh, on a broad flat, stood a beautiful town called Woodvale. This town shared the fate of East Conemaugh. The loss of life and property here was almost complete. Below Woodvale and extending up to it lay a large suburb of Johnstown, called Conemaugh Borough. At the connecting point between Conemaugh Borough and Woodvale, the valley, which at Woodvale opens out to a breadth of nearly half a mile, suddenly contracts by the coming down of a high bluff on each side of the river to a width of only a few hundred feet, and then immediately expands again into the broad basin in which lay Conemaugh Borough and Johnstown. These two places adjoined each other. Only an imaginary line separated them; they were geographically one town, and the destruction of Johnstown implies the destruction of Conemaugh Borough.

The mighty flood that had expanded across the Woodvale flat was now choked by this narrow passage, and crowded through in a torrent 30 or 40ft. high upon the devoted town. Its surface was a mass of debris. Almost the first obstacle in its way was the Gautier wire mill. This was an immense establishment; but in a moment it was swept away like a bubble. On rushed the flood, carrying everything before it. The largest brick houses seemed to melt away in an instant, so that afterward scarcely their foundations could be found. The frame houses were whirled along like chips upon the torrent, were dashed against each other and broken to pieces. "I cannot describe the mad rush," says one who witnessed it. "At first it looked like dust. That must have been the spray. I could see houses going down before it like a child's play-blocks set on edge in a row. As it came nearer I could see houses totter for a moment, then rise and the next moment be crushed like egg-shells against each other."

This seething deluge of water, its surface covered with a mass of broken houses, logs, trees, floating furniture, and struggling and drowning creatures, was hurled madly and wildly through the devoted town until it struck the heavy stone bridge. Here was soon collected an immense mass of ruins and human beings, mingled with rocks, earth, iron and almost every conceivable object. The water struck the bridge obliquely, dashed against the foot of a high hill, was deflected from its course in the direction of the Stony Creek, and a mighty current set off up that stream, reversing its usual flow, bearing with it houses and their unhappy inmates, and carrying havoc in its path. The ruins of buildings that had stood at Woodvale, on the Conemaugh, were afterward found far up the Stony Creek.

Meantime evening was closing in. The site of Johnstown was one great lake of water. The few houses that remained standing were filled with people who had struggled in from the flood. The embankment of earth at the eastern end of the stone bridge at length gave way, allowing the water to escape into the valley below. It receded slowly, and the survivors in the houses were prisoners for the night. To add infinitely to the horrors of the time, by some means the houses that were packed by hundreds against the bridge took fire. All night there was a raging conflagration there, and scores of unhappy people who had escaped drowning were consumed in the flames. It was a night of terror and doom in the Conemaugh Valley. The water was strewn with people crying for help. The hillsides were covered with the sad survivors, calling to each other through the darkness. Much damage was done and some lives were lost in the valley below Johnstown, but the Johnstown catastrophe eclipsed everything else.

The Johnstown flood was a dreadful disaster. The railroads were destroyed, and travel through the valley was stopped. The telegraph lines were down, and all communication was cut off. The whole civilized world stood aghast at the magnitude and suddenness of the calamity. It was a period of horror, of excitement and of uncertainty. Wild rumors and exaggerations were everywhere abroad, but exaggeration was not needed, the bare truth was shocking enough. The loss of life was about 3,000 persons; the loss of property was many millions of dollars.

Johnstown was destroyed. Most of the inhabitants that had not perished were homeless, impoverished, without food or clothing. Scarcely a family that had not lost one or more of its members. Many families were utterly obliterated. The whole valley was filled with the dead. At Nineveh, ten miles below Johnstown, over 100 bodies had been drawn out of the water at an early hour the next day.

This great calamity called forth the most magnificent exhibition of public charity in the history of the world. Every community, even remote parts of Europe, vied with each other in their efforts to alleviate the suffering at Johnstown. Train loads of provisions and clothing were instantly collected and on their way to the scene of the disaster. Hundreds of men set to work to bury the dead, to clear away the ruins and to erect homes for the survivors. Money contributions amounting to over $2,000,000 were made.

The ruined valley, through this noble charity, soon recovered from its desolation. Homes were rebuilt, business was resumed, the broken families were reunited as far as possible, and the great Johnstown flood passed into history. It is a sad story, and we have told it reluctantly; but it seemed necessary to tell it.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

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Natural History.

YELLOWSTONE PARK FISH AND GAME.

Lieutenant Elmer Lindsley has been charged by Col. Young, the Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, with the duty of protecting the game of that reservation. In order that this important work shall be fully carried, out detailed instructions have been given the troops at different stations in the Park, and these instructions will from time to time be supplemented by others, as may be necessary.

The following extracts from a report by Lieut. Lindsley, dated Nov. 4, 1897, gives the latest information of the condition of game and fish in the Park:

Fishes.

The waters of the Park have been stocked as follows (report of superintendent, 1892):

In 1889: East Fork of Gardiner above falls, 1,000 black-spotted trout; Gibbon River above Virginia Cascade, 990 rainbow trout; Madison River above Keppler's Cascade, 995 Loch Leven trout; Gardiner River above falls, 4,975 brook trout; Yellowstone River above falls, 2,000 whitefish; Twin Lakes, 1,000 whitefish.

In 1890: Shoshone Lake, 24,012 lake trout; Shoshone Lake, 3,350 Loch Leven trout; Lewis Lake, 12,013 lake trout; Lewis Lake, 3,350 Loch Leven trout; West Fork of Gardiner above falls, 7,850 brook trout; Nez Perce Creek, 9,850 Von Baer trout; Yellowstone River above falls, 10,000 whitefish.

All of these plants, except that of the whitefish in the Yellowstone, were made in previously barren waters. No trace has ever been found of the whitefish in either the Yellowstone River or the Twin Lakes.

The rainbow trout planted in Gibbon River seem to have come down over the cascades; but very few are found above the cascades, while below the stream is well stocked to its junction with the Firehole.

No Loch Leven trout have ever been found in the Madison (Firehole) above Keppler's Cascade, but the brook trout are very numerous there. Evidently, through some error, the *fontinalis* were planted there instead of the Loch Leven.

The brook trout in Gardiner River and in the West Fork (Glen Creek) have thriven and bred abundantly, especially in Willow Creek. These streams, however, being easily accessible from the wagon roads, and the brook trout taking the fly so eagerly, have been fished out to such an extent that in August last it was deemed advisable to prohibit fishing in them for a time. This was done, and the order has not yet been revoked; it probably may be revoked next season—for a part of the season at least.

The Von Baer trout in Nez Perce Creek have multiplied abundantly, and not only this stream, but the Firehole River, from the Lower Falls to Keppler's Cascade and Iron Creek, are abundantly stocked, as is also the Little Firehole below Mystic Falls. In the Firehole Basin is also found an occasional brook trout, evidently come down Keppler's Cascade, and a considerable number of the native mykiss. Several good specimens of rainbow trout have also been taken from the Little Firehole, near its mouth. I cannot account for the presence of the rainbow in this locality, as it seems to me plainly impossible for any fish to ascend the Lower Falls of the Firehole.

I have never heard of any fish being taken from Shoshone or Lewis lakes. I have seen fishes of apparently 3 or 4lbs. weight in Shoshone Lake, and a skeleton has been found on the shore of Shoshone Lake of a fish that probably weighed 10lbs. Two soldiers of Troop D, 4th Cavalry, reported having seen schools of trout 2ft. long near the mouth of De Lacy Creek in Shoshone Lake.

In 1893 brook trout were planted in Shoshone Creek, and these have thriven amazingly; the stream is now literally alive with trout from 1½lbs. down.

In 1895, 500 black bass were planted in some small land-locked lakes in the Firehole Basin; nothing has been seen of them since, and I fear that all have perished.

In the Yellowstone and both forks of Snake River, with most of their tributaries, the native mykiss is indigenous and remarkably abundant. In the Madison River and its North Fork the mykiss, whitefish and grayling are indigenous; and in the Firehole River, between its junction with the Gibbon and the Lower Falls, the mykiss, rainbow, Von Baer, *fontinalis*, grayling and whitefish may be taken from the same pool.

I believe that bass would thrive in the small lake near the Gardiner River where ice is cut for the post; also in Moose and Loon lakes in the Falls River Meadows, and recommend that these lakes be stocked with bass. The former can be stocked at any time of year; the latter only in summer.

I hope that a hatchery will be established here, and some employee of the Government instructed in the artificial propagation of trout. A folding canvas boat is much needed for ascertaining the condition of plants made in several lakes remote from a wagon road.

Birds.

Pelicans, geese, ducks, gulls and sandhill cranes are numerous. There are some swans. All of these birds nest here. Ospreys, hawks and eagles are fairly numerous. There are a few sharp-tailed grouse, but in the main the altitude is too great for them. The big mountain grouse is fairly abundant all over the Park, and broods of the ruffed grouse are found in many places. Sage grouse have been seen in the Park, but are very uncommon. The jay family is represented by the magpie in some parts of the Park, and by the Clark's crow, moose bird and crested jay in all parts. The little water ousel, a very curious and interesting bird, is fairly common, especially on the Gardiner and Gibbon rivers. Robins, kingfishers and other small birds abound.

Animals.

Buffalo.—But very few buffalo have been reported this season. The scouts, however, seldom see much sign in the summer, and now the few remaining buffalo are scattered and range in the most remote and inaccessible parts of the Park in summer. I am confident of finding twenty-five this winter when the snowshoe season sets in, and hope there are nearly double this number in the Park. Since Idaho has forbidden the killing of buffalo—as have Montana and Wyoming—I have strong hopes of being able to protect them from further slaughter by poachers. Whether they will still decrease on account of natural causes only time can tell. A strong effort is being made to protect them and to save the remnant, if possible.

Moose.—Moose are becoming quite numerous in the south part of the Park, and particularly in the southern forest reserve, where I believe there are more moose than in all the rest of the Park. There are rumors of a band between Mammoth Hot Springs and Grand Cañon, but this rumor will not be verified before snow falls. I most earnestly recommend that Congress be urged to include the forest reserve in the Park. This reserve is now under charge of the Park management, with orders to protect the game therein. The only practical change which would take place in the status of this strip, were it included in the Park proper, is that the law of May 7, 1894, would then apply to it, and poachers could be prosecuted and punished by law, whereas now it is only under executive orders.

Elk.—Notwithstanding the hard winter of 1896-97, which killed many elk and drove many more out of the Park, there is no perceptible diminution in their number. I believe that more than 5,000 winter in the Park, and that at least 15,000 leave the Park in the autumn to winter in the lower country.

I happened to be at the south boundary of the forest reserve this year, just after the first snowstorm on Oct. 13 and 14. The country about Jackson Lake was literally alive with elk, and from the best estimates I believe that 10,000 crossed the south boundary this fall. Many go down the Madison to winter; some down the Gallatin and some down the Yellowstone. All that survive the winter return to the Park to raise their young as soon as the snow will permit their return. Of those that winter in the Park, the largest herd ranges north of the Yellowstone River, in the country that it has been so often proposed to cut off from the Park. I doubt if any more would ever winter in the Park under any circumstances if this should happen. The Park furnishes an ideal summer range for 40,000 elk, but there is not enough winter range for one-fourth that number.

Sheep.—There are several bands of sheep that range along the higher mountains of the Park. A very fine bunch winters close to the post, on the slopes of Mount Everts. This bunch numbered about thirty last winter. There are smaller bunches in the northeast corner of the Park, some along the range between Swan Lake Flat and the Madison Basin, and a considerable number in that portion of the forest reserve east of the Park. It is difficult to make an estimate of the total number in the Park, because of the inaccessibility of their range, but I am confident of more than 100, and believe there are 200 in the Park.

Deer.—Deer are numerous, and in the summer are distributed over the whole Park. Their protection has as yet offered no difficulties and probably will not for many years to come. Probably 200 winter in the immediate vicinity of the post and are very tame. A few white-tail deer inhabit the lower and more open portions of the Park.

Antelope.—Last winter drove many of the antelope out of the Park, and of the number which left but few ever returned. A year ago there were probably 1,000 antelope in the Park; now I doubt if there are half that number. Their winter range is at the base of Mount Everts, between the Yellowstone and Gardiner rivers. This range has become infested with coyotes, which kill many antelope and worry the rest of them, until I am satisfied that unless the coyotes can be driven away or killed the antelope will be driven from their winter range and will not return.

Bears.—The bears have increased and are quite numerous; the small black bears are very fearless. They frequent the garbage dumps at all the hotels, and are objects of much interest to tourists. If let alone they are quite harmless, and the enjoyment they afford tourists more than offsets the mischief they do.

Wolverine.—Wolverine, while not plentiful, are distributed over a large part of the Park, though they are seldom seen by tourists.

Coyotes.—Coyotes are very numerous in certain sections. They do some damage to the water fowl and kill some of the young elk, but the antelope is the greatest sufferer from their depredations. If a large number of coyotes could be gotten rid of it would doubtless be a great benefit to the other game in the Park.

There are some mountain lions, but these are rarely seen and do no material harm.

Fur-bearing Animals.—The beavers are quite numerous in the Park, and inhabit the following localities: Gardiner River near the post, Lupine and Blacktail creeks, Elk Creek, the Lamar River, Slough Creek, Cache Creek, Soda Butte Creek, a few in Pelican Creek, the Upper Yellowstone, Thoroughfare Creek, a few in Barlow's Fork of Snake River, some in Falls River Meadows, a few about Shoshone Lake. There is a flourishing colony in Nez Perce Creek, a large one near the mouth of Magpie Creek, and a goodly number in the Gibbon River near Norris. There are some in Cascade Creek and in the lake, and all the creeks that drain into the Gardiner River above the falls. The lower beaver dam, opposite Obsidian Cliff, has been rebuilt. I think there are more beavers in the Park now than at any time within the last six years, and if unmolested they will rapidly increase. Their protection, however, is one of the most difficult duties intrusted to the Park management. They are now quite valuable and very easy to trap, and their skins are easily disposed of. The professional beaver trapper leaves almost no sign of his work, and it is very hard to catch him at his work

Otters are fairly abundant and have increased since the barren streams have been stocked with fish.

Marten are plentiful and are widely distributed, as are the Canadian lynx and wildcat.

Mink are quite plenty; foxes are plenty, and there are a goodly number of black and cross foxes. There are some badgers and many muskrats, ground hogs, squirrels, skunks, porcupines and rabbits. Of the last we have the cottontails, a few jack rabbits, many snowshoe rabbits, besides the pika—tiny rock rabbits.

On the whole the Park is a grand success as a game preserve. The variety of species is great, and the condition of most of the species is satisfactory. The exceptions to this are: first, the buffalo, which are undoubtedly away from their natural range, the open plains; and next the antelope, which are suffering from lack of suitable winter range, and from the depredations of coyotes. The elk problem is not a serious one as yet, but it undoubtedly will be in a few years unless more suitable territory is provided for winter range. This territory can now be acquired with little difficulty and at insignificant expense, and if it is acquired promptly there will always be elk hunting about the edges of the Park. The longer the acquisition of this winter range is deferred the more difficult it will be, until perhaps a few generations hence the elk problem will become as difficult as that of the buffalo now. Respectfully submitted.

Elmer Lindsley,
Second Lieutenant 4th Cavalry.

Squirrel Ways.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Messrs. Rice and Davison are right. The red squirrel when he has the opportunity is an indefatigable worker to store up nuts for future use.

Some years ago I went to an unused closet in my country house and I found one of the drawers level full—over a bushel—and another drawer partly filled with butternuts. The outside shucks were peeled off and the nuts nicely packed away. These nuts were taken from an adjoining shed chamber and carried through a hole in the rear of the closet. We afterward saw the squirrel at his work, which we ended with an airgun.

At the time of writing several of these rascals are busy lugging off frozen apples from an outbuilding.

The common woods mouse also lays up a supply of food for winter use; they peel and store in hollow trees quantities of beechnuts. These deposits of several quarts each are often found by woodchoppers in the winter season, especially if it has been a good beechnut year.

A word about the "Compass Points of Nature." In our northern latitudes the tops of the large hemlocks bend toward the northeast, and the moss on hardwood timber is on the north side of tree—that is, the greatest portion of the moss on those trees will be on their northern side, etc.

Stanstead.

Sheldon, N. Y.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

There are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full-page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

WHAT IS CRUELTY TO ANIMALS?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Forest and Stream of Oct. 30, Didymus, an old contributor, and one who always writes to the point, touches on the cruelty of drawing squirrels from their holes with the worm on the end of a ramrod, and then throwing the animal to the dogs. In the most barbarous days of my boyhood I never saw nor heard of such a beastly practice. It is, or should be, abhorrent to every sportsman—man or boy. But Didymus goes me "one better" when he decries shaking a coon from a limb among the dogs. A coon—especially an "Ole Mr. Coon"—can take care of himself if dropped among a few ordinary curs such as are used for coon hunting, unless they are backed by the hunters. An old he-coon is more than a match for the ordinary coon dog, even if there are several of him.

A square fight is relished by most men, whether in politics or on a coon hunt. I love to see my terriers shake a rat because I believe a rat should be well shaken after taken, and if they should by mistake get hold of that domestic tiger which we call a cat I do not grieve, because I know that some young birds will be spared. With Didymus I am in favor of protecting all useful life, but man makes war on most wild animals. He kills them for food, for fur or for sport. Coon hunting may be said to embrace all three of these reasons, yet many of us have engaged in it for sport alone. I have arrived at a time of life when I am too tender-hearted to kill a deer or to shoot at a quail, for fear that my dog should bring it in alive and I would have to pinch its head. In that case the contest is over, the blood is cool; and while I do not object to others doing these things, they are not sport for me.

Our tender-heartedness takes unto itself our differing mental faculties. Some well-meaning man had a law passed in the State of New York forbidding public rat killings by terriers, and a gentleman who takes pride in the ability of his terrier to clean up from ten to a hundred rodents in a given time cannot indulge in the pastime without fear of the penitentiary. I may turn over rubbish in order to let my terrier shake a rat, but I must not trap the rat and let it loose in a ring where the dog is to be put. From my point of view this is sentimental nonsense. The terrier may enjoy the sport, but I may not. The death of the rat is quick and painless as much in the one case as in the other; the dog likes the fun and I like it. As I understand the law, it is the instinct of the terrier is to kill rats, and this may be all right in case the dog catches the rat in the open, with or without human aid; but it is brutal for a man to enjoy the killing and to buy rats for the purpose of seeing his dog shake them. That is all that can be said on that side, and the case is weak.

Dog fighting is brutal because it is between domestic animals, and the contestants are usually so well matched that one, or both, often dies. Bull fighting, as practiced in Spanish countries, would be a cheerful spectacle if the poor horses were spared and only the men were killed; but a rat! Every man's hand, boot and gun are ready to help exterminate this enemy of graneries, poultry yards and markets. The bite of the terrier is the quickest and most merciful death it can meet, and I love to see the rat pass from this world in that sudden paralysis which comes from a quick shake by a terrier that dislocates the spine and destroys the nervous system in a moment. It is the happiest death a rat could die. Memory recalls the reply of some noted Englishman, possibly a D. D., who was rebuked for loving fox hunting. Said he: "The dogs love it, the horses love it, I love it, and nobody ever heard the fox say he didn't love it."

All of this I would ask Didymus to consider. I admire the sentiment which he expresses and profoundly respect his views regarding cruelty to animals, but it is possible that each man, especially a sportsman, may entertain ideas which are peculiarly his own on what constitutes cruelty. Surely a few dogs nipping at the hind quarters of a bear and holding him at bay until the hunter can come up is not cruelty. Neither, *me judice*, is the shaking of a fighting coon to the dogs below, from whom it often escapes, a bit of brutality to be enjoyed "as heartily as rowdies enjoy a dog fight."

Didymus has his heart in the right place, and if he is "shocked" at the description which Mr. Louis Benson Akin gives of "fun," that is his privilege. Some monarch gave up his attempt to make several watches run alike, and long ago I realized the impossibility of getting people to think

alike, especially on game protection and on the subjects mentioned in this article.

With Didymus I heartily agree about the destruction of bobolinks and other song birds, and it is only the fact that we "are so near and yet so far" on kindred questions which has brought forth this effusion. We may say with the Bramah that the taking of all life is wrong, but we don't believe it. All our observations on animal life disprove it. The robin devours the earth worm; the hawk feeds on the robin, and the cat will eat both the robin and the hawk, if it can get them. There are beasts, birds and fishes whose only food is other beasts, birds and fishes, and thus we have nature's great authority in the class omnivora, to which man properly belongs, to eat all of them if we choose.

The hunting instinct and love of the chase come to us naturally. The brutality of it has been so modified that we are disgusted with the slaughter of more fish and game than we can use for food or fur, when there is left only the savage exultation of killing. We do not exult over the killing of game by another; it is merely a personal matter. "I killed the biggest moose, elk, bear, coon, trout, salmon, black bass," etc.; the *ego* is at the bottom of it. We are not suffering for the food which we have killed, but we do want the world to know that I, in the biggest kind of type, did the killing which makes the record.

Didymus has kindly furnished a text for this sermon, and now it may be in order to ask: What line may a sportsman draw between legitimate sport and cruelty to animals? Does the man who decoys ducks to his blind, where some cripples get away to be eaten by gulls or mink, come under the ban? Does the upland shooter who wounds a plover or a quail, which escapes to die of blood poisoning a few days later, deserve to be called cruel? If not, then the coon hunter may enjoy his sport and its exciting fight.

Old New Yorkers will remember Harry Jennings's rat pit, where business men dropped in with their terriers and bought from ten to a hundred rats, and the record was kept to the second. The owners of the dogs took great pride in these records, and I know that I'd enjoy a ratting match to-day; but the cruelty society has had it made illegal. There's not a bit of cruelty in it, and, bless me, how the dogs love it!

Years ago a stray dog came to my gate and whined. He was a medium-sized cur, nearly black, with those tan markings over the eyes which denote some terrier blood, and I opened the gate for him and fed him. I did not want him, but he had adopted me and found a home. He seemed to be of no possible use except to wag his tail in a friendly way, and I called him Bungo, a name that has an attraction for a stray cur, for some occult reason; and we were friends. One night there was a commotion in my hen house, and with Bungo and a lantern I started to see about it. The atmosphere dispelled any idea that—

"The woodbine spices were wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown."

And I knew that an essence peddler was the intruder. Just what Bungo knew about skunks I had no means of learning; but he located the perfumer under some planks which made a bridge to the barn door. A plank was raised and Bungo made an assault on the enemy, and came out howling at the first volley from the intrenched foe. His eyes were streaming and he was gasping for breath, but he rolled in the dust, ate some earth, and charged again with the same result. He was suffering, but not demoralized. A word of encouragement, and with a yell of rage he dashed in. There was a shaking of something, a cracking of bones, and he brought out a dead skunk.

We washed Bungo, poured sweet oil and witch hazel into his eyes, and in a week he was all right. His odor was terrible, but he had won the right to bear it, and it would have been cruel to banish him for it, and we combated and endured it.

I had heard it said that with such an experience a dog will never attack a second skunk, but within a month the same thing happened again, only Bungo killed his game in the second attack to which I urged him, and we doctored him in good shape again. These scrapes were cruel to Bungo, the skunks and to us; for we suffered from the mephitic odor of the dog; but I could not shoot the skunks among the beams under the planks, and Bungo was willing to rid me of the nuisance at great personal sacrifice, and I did not doubt his willingness to try it a third time, if necessary. There was no cruelty in the whole proceeding. Bungo was fully rewarded by a few kind words, which testified our esteem for his valor, and many a soldier has done valorous deeds for the same recompense from his superiors.

The minds of men are as individual as their faces, their figures and their stomachs, and if we go on eliminating cruelty from all sports, as has been done since the days when Rome was mistress of the world, we may, a few centuries hence, become so effeminate as to consider the capture of a fish on a hook as cruel. There is the Peace Society, which would abolish war, which is the "natural state of man." It's cruel—yes, so are all of nature's laws; but the philosopher Malthus preached that war is a necessity in order to keep down the population and save it from famine and plague. Imagine the condition of the world to-day if there had never been a war. The Old Testament is largely a history of wars, and the Supreme Ruler seems to have ordered and approved of them. I believe in the Malthusian theory, and think it time that this country had another war. We have at last begun to check that emigration which has overrun the country and built cities where the buffalo and the wolf should be ranging, where we should be holding the land for millions of Americans who are to be born two centuries from now. That's cruelty to the unborn man, who will find himself surrounded by the same conditions that now obtain in overcrowded Europe.

Sport in a Roman amphitheater, when Rome was pagan, consisted in feeding captive lions on Christians, or in mortal combats between either prisoners of war or slaves. The spirit of the age approved it. Bloodshed was the drawing card, and it must be the blood of men or combats of lions and tigers in order to be considered sport. When Rome became Christian there was a modification of these amusements. Boxing with the cestus, a metal ring bound to the fists with leather thongs, took the place of feeding men to the lions; and to-day some men think modern prize-fighting is brutal when the contestants are not slaves forced to fight for the amusement of others, but do it voluntarily for the shekels and the fame which fall to the victor. With the modern 5oz. gloves there is nothing brutal about it; one man gets exhausted, that's all.

That is my view of a manly, athletic game, which is conducted by rigid rules of fair play. Then take a look at the brutality of football, where the contest often degenerates into what is worse than a slugging match. Men are kicked in the face; a man bends to grasp the ball, and a dozen pile on him and break his back. You may say that the game is played by gentlemen (?) students for fame alone, but I will reply that modern prize-fighing is now conducted in a more gentlemanly manner than football, and it is seldom that a man is seriously injured who was physically sound when he entered the ring, and the fatalities in the two games within the past ten years have been nearly ten in football to one in the prize ring. I never saw a prize-fight nor a football game, and my knowledge of these sports is derived from the daily papers.

As we are considering cruelty to animals—a subject which cannot be separated from that of brutal sports, like bear baiting, badger drawing, etc.—the subjects last named naturally come in. If a man of his own free will chooses to stand up before one of the foremost fistic champions of the day, with a full knowledge of what he may receive, and with a belief that he can go him one better, I am not only willing that he should follow his inclination, but would like to see him try it. As a boy my ambition was to fight, and repeated wallopings from stronger boys had no cooling effect. My eyes were often blacked and my nose was skinned when I went home, and an interview with father in the woodshed failed to break up my pugnacity; for if a new scholar came into the old Fort Crailo school the first thing we wanted to know was: "Who can you lick?" Then came the matching and the chip placed upon the shoulder, and the status of the newcomer was decided. Humphrey Crary once said to me: "This new feller 'll put the chip on his right shoulder. Move up yer left hand as if you were afraid, draw it back and come ag'in, and then when you knock the chip hit him under the jaw at the same time, and then follow up with your left and lick him before he knows there's a fight." That is logistics, strategy or what you please, and has won battles where thousands of men were engaged as well as where two schoolboys fought without hurting each other. These things, in my opinion, make a man of a boy, and if the storks had ever brought a boy to my nest I would never have punished him for fighting.

Perhaps he would not be encouraged in it, for his taste might not run that way, and the taste of a youth should be considered before all things. The son may inherit the tastes of some old great-great-grandfather or corresponding relative on his paternal or maternal side, and that is the trouble with boys. Of course girls may be in the same category, but a father wishes his boy will be a second edition of himself, and there his disappointment comes in, because his ancestors on both sides mould the youthful mind, and the father may have little regard for some of his wife's relatives.

Away back in 1880 it fell to my lot to be a guest of the Hon. Andrew D. White, American Minister to Germany, at a reception in his house in Berlin. Mr. White introduced me to a baron who was a noted sportsman and who was a most pleasant gentleman, but whose ideas on the subject of cruelty to animals were so foreign to mine as to be abhorrent. Yet why is not the opinion of one man on this subject as good as that of another? I will try to repeat the conversation.

"You still have some game of the smaller sorts left in the East, and even near the large cities," said the Baron.

"Yes, of the kinds which are not easily exterminated; species which have grown wary, like the ruffed grouse, and will run ahead of a dog, and refuse to take to a tree and be shot at until they are killed, as is their habit where they are not so sophisticated. We have quite stringent laws in most of the older States which protect all kinds of game during the breeding season, and until the young are able to care for themselves, and are strong on the wing."

"May I ask why you have such laws?"

The question puzzled me as much as if he had asked why we forbid murder and burglary; but a look in his face showed that he was in earnest, and was not trying to get some fun out of me, and I answered: "Because we have men who would not only shoot half-grown birds, but would kill the mother if it were not for the penalty which the law prescribes."

"Tell me, why shouldn't they kill birds when they wish?"

Again there was a suspicion that the baron, whose English, by the way, was better than mine, was chaffing me. His questions were such that I could not readily answer. The protection of game during the breeding season had been an article of faith which no man had questioned until now. I looked into his bright, manly face, and put the question: "Surely you would not shoot a mother bird, and leave her chicks to starve?"

"Yes," he said, "if I wanted her. "What is she or the suffering of her chicks to me?"

Prof. Geo. Brown Goode came along and I induced the baron to repeat his opinions and then asked: "If you knew that several young birds would starve if you killed their mother, would you kill her?"

"Certainly I would, if I wanted her. The young are nothing to me, I only want the mother, and I am the one who has the authority in the matter of life and death on my domain; and as I have this authority there seems to be no reason why every man should not take the life of all wild animals as he does of domestic ones. You do not consider the feelings of the cow when you take her calf for veal, nor do you consider other life when you take it for food."

"That is so, baron," I answered, "but the leaving of young to starve is another matter."

"Nothing that I care about," he replied, and there seemed nothing more to be said; our ideas were too far apart to hope for an agreement. I regarded his theory as one unworthy a civilized man, but he saw nothing barbarous in it. The men who turned their thumbs down in the Roman amphitheater, to signify that the vanquished gladiator must be murdered, felt no qualm of conscience, but to-day we are horrified at the thought, all of which goes to show that men have different standards regarding cruelty at different times.

There are men who think the killing of all animals for sport is brutal, but I doubt if Didymus agrees with them; yet he condemns the principal feature of coon hunting, the shaking of the coon from the tree among the dogs. Therefore, if perchance he reads my new book, "Men I Have Fished With," I will advise him to skip pages 265–267, for it tells of a coon hunt much like that to which he objects.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Oct. 15) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price 25 cents. All dealers sell it

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.—VII.

(*Continued from page 465.*)

ONE beautiful October day we were shooting in Scotland, Conn., three of us, Mr. Boyden, Fred Eaton and myself. We had taken a very early start, as we had twenty miles to drive, and when the sun showed itself we were at the foot of the long hill, within a mile or two of the ground we intended shooting over. Leaving our team at a farmhouse, we were soon in the cover, and as birds were fairly plentiful, we had a most enjoyable time until we camped out for lunch on a birch knoll near a spring, when our troubles began.

I always carried a large trout basket, which I found very handy to carry the lunch; and before we left home I had rolled up in a napkin a generous allowance of cold roast mutton, and in another napkin I had put bread and butter sufficient for our needs; but when we came to open the basket we found that I had neglected to put the meat in the basket, and all we had to satisfy the ravenous appetites of three hungry men and two dogs was a few slices of bread and butter, three hard-boiled eggs, and a little salt and pepper; and it was all in vain that each one of us took a look into the basket, that cold roast mutton did not materialize.

Mr. Boyden was the first to recover his self-possession, and without saying a word he drew a quail from his pocket and began to strip off the feathers, and as soon as Eaton grasped the situation he was also making the feathers fly, while I started for a large ash tree a short distance away, where there were plenty of dead limbs, which I soon had in a pile and blazing for all they were worth; then I cut seven forked sticks about as large as my thumb and 3ft. long, and sharpened both ends, and as fast as the birds were ready I impaled each one on the forks of the spit and stuck the other end in the ground, leaving them hanging over the edge of the fire at an angle of about 45°, and in a short time we had six of them roasting as nicely as one could wish. The birds were split open on the back, and as soon as the last one was in position I took up the first one and turned it by impaling it on the extra fork, and continued this operation until all were cooked as nicely as one could have done with all the modern appliances; and I will venture to say, without fear of contradiction, from Boyden and Eaton at least, that a better relished *al fresco* dinner was never served. Although my skill in cookery has received its full meed of praise both from myself and others, I am not writing boastingly of it. I merely wish to

"Leave footprints upon the sands of time"

that may perchance lead some disconsolate and hungry brother to happiness and peace.

While we were enjoying our lunch we had heard two reports from a gun in a woodcock cover near us that we had intended to explore, and as we were nearly ready to start there came another one just at the edge of the cover near us, and a few seconds later a tall, green-looking boy broke cover not more than three rods distant, and after gazing at us a moment he hesitatingly advanced and, giving us good-day, rested the breech of his gun, which was as long as himself, upon the ground, and requested the gift of a few shot, as he had just fired his last charge. In response to our inquiry as to what he was shooting, he said that he was hunting woodcock, and drawing three of them from his pocket he showed them to us with no little pride. Mr. Boyden looked rather dubiously at the long gun, and remarked that he should think it impossible to handle so long a gun in the brush quickly enough to get on to a flying bird.

"Oh!" said the boy, "I don't shoot flying, and I never saw it done, although I have heard of it. I shoot them on the ground."

This was a new wrinkle to all of us, and we proposed that he should show us how it was done; so giving him a few charges of shot, he poured a small quantity into the muzzle of the old gun, and ramming them down with a bit of newspaper for wadding, he signified his readiness to show us how to do it, and led the way to the cover, while we kept a few paces in the rear and watched the performance with no little interest.

With a stealthy step he crouchingly and slowly advanced, with his eyes incessantly rolling from side to side as he closely scanned the ground, until we had gone several rods, when he suddenly stopped and gazed intently at a particular spot for several seconds; and so realistic was his action, or rather inaction, that Boyden involuntarily gave the signal for a point, which I answered in the usual manner before I realized what I was doing, while Eaton confessed afterward that he stepped into an opening and stood with gun in position, ready for a shot. Meantime our young friend, apparently satisfied with the examination, slowly retreated toward us a few paces, when he brought the old gun to his shoulder, and taking a good long aim he pulled trigger, greatly to the relief of his audience, for the mental strain we were under was too great for us to bear much longer without something giving way.

One very curious incident in connection with this performance was that when he stopped so suddenly both dogs backed him as handsomly as I ever saw them back each other. As soon as the charge had time to travel the length of the gun, our friend dropped it, and rushing to the spot he had fired at he picked up a woodcock and brought it to us in triumph; but somehow neither of us was in the least surprised at this result, as the whole performance had led up to it, and we had already discounted it, and the death of the bird was a foregone conclusion with all of us almost from the instant when he came to a point; but we were greatly surprised at the whole performance; and could hardly believe the evidence of our own eyes, nor did our wonder cease when at our request he again went through the same evolutions, with scarcely a variation, and again killed his bird, when we decided that we had enough, and giving him a generous share of ammunition we bade him farewell and resumed our hunt.

I have often told of this incident, but have never since met the person who could perform the feat, or one who had ever witnessed anything of the kind. Of course, when your dog is pointing a woodcock, patient search will occasionally be rewarded with a sight of the bird; but this is entirely different from undertaking to find them with the eye alone,

While shooting woodcock a bird flushed near me and flew a short distance so low that I did not shoot. Sending my dog in the direction, he pointed nearly 20yds. short, and as I walked in front of him the bird got up wild, and as I was bringing my gun into position another bird that the dog was pointing got up from under my feet and flew between my arm and the gun. I shot at both birds, but never touched a feather. I do not record this as accidental or curious shooting, as I have ever found that in similar cases the shooting is remarkably uniform in results. The only thing curious about it was that the bird should fly through the small space he did when there was no brush to speak of to prevent his taking any other course.

Messrs. Boyden and Eaton were with me shooting woodcock when the dog pointed at the edge of a thicket of scrub oaks and birches, and Mr. Boyden volunteered to go in and drive out the bird. The thicket was nearly square and not more than 30yds. across, so Eaton took up a position at one corner while I stood guard at the opposite, and when all was ready Mr. Boyden drove out a bird to me and I killed it, and was reloading when another one came and settled not 4ft. from me in a scattering growth of hazel, and instinctively, as it were, I threw the powder flask in my hand at it and struck it fair and killed it. Why I should throw the flask at it I could never understand, but the impulse seized me and I could not resist it.

I was once shooting in a cornfield with the late Ethan Allin when a bird flushed near me and flew directly toward him so that I could not shoot, and I called "Mark!" to him, and when he turned the bird was almost in his face, and as he caught sight of it he struck at it with his gun and knocked it fully 10ft., killing it stone dead. This was also a case of impulse, for he stated that he had no intention or desire to bat the bird, and did not realize what he was about until he felt the bird strike his gun and saw it double up and fall to the ground.

There was a friend of Mr. Allin's with us, and he ridiculed the impulse theory and accused Ethan of deliberate, premeditated murder, stating that, as the brain was the mainspring of all action, of course the muscles of the hands and arms could not act until the brain had telegraphed them just what to do, and it was therefore plain that the murder of this woodcock was in his head before he struck the fatal blow. Of course I took the same view of the matter, and between us we very nearly made him believe himself guilty. I have since seen in the report of a celebrated murder trial that the prosecuting attorney sprung this idea on the jury; but, if I remember rightly, he failed to score.

After our murder trial was over we separated to beat out the remainder of the field, and as I came near the edge my dog pointed; and as I stepped in front of him a woodcock rose and fluttered along a few feet, and alighted on top of the fence, which was in the center of a strip of hazel some 10ft. in width, and of about the same height as the fence.

The place where the bird settled was at an angle of the fence where there was a moss-covered stump of a tree that was used as a support for the ends of the two top rails. As the stump was quite a large one, I had no doubt that the woodcock took it for solid ground; at all events he alighted on the end of one of the rails, and walking along it about 2ft., squatted down and appeared to be taking it easy. As I knew that my companions would come that way very soon, I decided to wait for them and show them something new; so I stepped back into the corn a few yards, and when they joined me we swapped adventures that had come to us since we parted and then proceeded to the edge, coming out close to the bird, which was in plain sight; and as we reached the proper position I stopped and raised my hand by way of caution; then pointing to the bird, remarked that I never knew before that woodcock roosted on fences. Now Mr. Allin very much disliked to be beaten, and I saw that he was cudgeling his brains to think of something that would surpass or at least equal this, but it was no go; nothing materialized, and he was forced to agree with his companion that this was something new in natural history so far as we were concerned at least.

After looking at the bird to our satisfaction, I proposed to Mr. Allin's friend that he flush and shoot the bird; but he suggested that Ethan go and bat it with his gun barrels, as that was much the better way; but no sooner had he proposed this than that bird with a surprised whistle darted from the rail to the opposite side of the hedge and flew too low for us until it was out of shot, when it gradually mounted some 50ft. in the air, steered straight for the setting sun, and we never saw it more. Mr. Allin often told of this, and I was frequently called upon to vouch for it, which of course I had to do, although it was my intention to have given all the facts in the case the first time I should hear him tell the story; but he told the tale with so much unction and appeared to enjoy it so much that out of regard for his feelings I kept silent, and until now I have never breathed a word as to the how and the why that woodcock came to roost on the fence.

SHADOW.

Sunday Gunning.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the New England States there seems to be a growing unpopularity of the "Sunday hunter." In the State of Massachusetts many arrests have been made this season, and vigilant constables are on the alert to arrest violators of the law, and the offenders find the amusement rather expensive, as shown by the experience which a "Sunday hunter" from this city had in South Rehoboth, Mass., a few Sundays ago. He killed a bluejay, was caught by the game constables and paid $41 for shooting on Sunday and for having the game in his possession.

In Connecticut, I understand, there is strict enforcement of the law against Sunday hunting, every land-holder being empowered to arrest the offender without warrant. In this State there is a statute making the discharge of firearms on Sunday illegal, except it be done on land of owner. There have been a few arrests in this State under this statute, but it has been generally a dead letter.

There is a growing feeling among sportsmen that Sunday shooting should be abolished, and that the laws against it should be more generally observed. This might cause some hardship to those who think that they cannot afford the time to go shooting on other days of the week. But with the increasing scarcity of game it would seem wise to give it at least one day of rest in the week. With us all, in the present condition of the game supply, it requires some sacrifice from all who go in pursuit of it.

F. HARRIS.

A VISIT TO TOWN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You fellows that are chained to business closely in the cities complain, and we fellows that are chained to business too close here in the mountains are very glad to get out into civilization as often as once a year, and more often when we can scrape up an excuse.

In the eight years that I have been working for the Government here on the reservation I have taken my month's vacation in the winter. This year I thought I would change the time and would go to Spokane in October, during the fair; then I would likely see some old friends from Idaho and from the Walla Walla country.

To me the opening of the fair was a grand sight. The parade, with its many magnificent floats, and the bands of music, was as entertaining to me as is a circus to the country boy.

All that afternoon I enjoyed the fair and admired the display of the products of our country, and of course thought they could not be excelled in any country on this or any other continent.

The mineral exhibit was not very large, but was fine. It would be useless for me to try to give a description; it would have to be seen to be appreciated. Then there was the crowd of street venders, all dispensing bargains to the country folks, and no matter what it was they had to sell there was a crowd around them all day. All were buying, and the old adage, that "a fool and his money is soon parted," could be changed to "A country Jake and his money are soon parted." I was so interested in what I saw, night came before I was aware of it, and I was not glad either. I went and got my supper, and then was impatient for 8 o'clock to come so I could go to the theater, which I enjoyed very much. Although it lasted till half past 11, it seemed to be short. I went to my hotel, and I then realized that I was a little tired. But the night's rest left me in good order for the next day's running around.

After breakfast I was taking in the sights along Riverside avenue and reading everything in sight, when my attention was attracted to a large canvas sign hanging to a street car, stating that there was a grand shooting match going on at the park.

Now if there is any one thing more than another that will cause me to get a good big move on, it is to know that I can go to a shooting match. The car had got too much the start of me before I really understood the meaning of the sign, so I leisurely walked down a few blocks to the gun store and made some inquiries about the shooting match, and was told that it was a team shoot between Washington, Montana and Idaho; and the crackerjacks from all three States were there; that the car would stop opposite the store in a few minutes. I noticed several men standing around, with guns in cases, who I presumed were going to the park. Soon the men with guns started for the street and I followed. The car stopped just long enough to let us on and then started away in a hurry; in fact, everyone in Spokane seemed to be in a hurry. In a few minutes we were crossing the Howard street bridge across the Spokane River just below the falls, which gives a good view of the falls.

It was hard for me to realize that I was now being carried on a car several hundred feet perpendicular over where I had sat and fished thirty-five years before. All was changed. Man has put in some dams to raise the water, as if nature had not done enough; then he has put mill and electric works out over the banks, as if there was not room on the banks for his buildings.

I think the most of the passengers were from the city, as they did not seem to notice anything only that the cars ran too slow. I was not used to this kind of locomotion, and they went fully as fast as I desired to travel, and I would have liked it better if the conductor had stopped and let me read all the signs as we went along.

We were not long in reaching the terminus at the park. Here we could hear the guns popping away, and I found myself hurrying to get to the shooting grounds. To me it was just a little ahead of anything I had ever seen. It was the first time I had seen a bluerock—that was what they called them. There were five traps and about a dozen men. They kept things lively. The shooter would take his position at the trap and put his gun to his shoulder, then say "Pull!" and the target would go so swift it was quite a little while before I could see all the targets. But I soon understood the arrangement, and it was not long before I imagined I could hit some that the shooters would miss. They looked to me to be dead easy. I had taken a seat in the lobby, and could see and hear very well. Soon they called out the squad of shooters that were to shoot the next string, and among them was Pete Hollahan. That name sent an electric shock through my frame. Sixteen years before I had a partner by that name, and had completely lost track of him. I wondered if it could be possible that it was the same. I concluded to sidle around toward the shooters to get a look at Pete. Yes, it was my friend; but how changed he was. When I knew him he cared no more about a gun than I did about the catechism, and I do not think he could have hit a barn at 40yds. unless he had gone in and shut the door.

I waited till that event was shot out, then got tolerably close to him as he went into the gun house to get a fresh supply of shells. He got a look at me; he stopped as if he were in a dream, but soon came up with his hand stretched out and said, "Lew, is that you?" I told him it was what was left. He called to his wife, who was on the balcony of the club house, and he told me to look up; then he asked her if she knew who it was. She replied, "No." Said he, "It is Lew." "What, is it Lew Wilmot?" "Yes," said he. She said, "Come up here." I went up, and after shaking hands with her I was introduced to her friends. When I started up there was quite a fat man followed, and he came up and held out his hand, and he wanted to know if I knew him. I told him if I ever had I had forgotten. He said, "Do you remember the fellow you ran down once, following a wounded elk? You had on long-legged gum boots." I said, "Is this Billy Williamson?" "Yes," said he. He had changed very much from what he was twenty-one years before. He had come to my place in the Clearwater Mountains and wanted to kill an elk. I went with him and several other boys, and Billy had shot and wounded an elk. I followed it a short time, and I told him the only way we would get his elk would be to let it go till it got sick, then he might get a shot at it when we jumped it up. But he was too anxious, and thought we would kill it before it went far.

To please him I followed till it jumped up, and I then knew it would be useless to follow it any further that day; so we turned back, and on our way we killed a deer, which we hung up. The next morning before it was fairly light we were on our way back to where we had left the elk the evening before. Billy had taken Dallas O'Hara's bull dog along, thinking the dog would be able to stop the elk if he could come up to it. On our way I saw quite a big buck deer looking at me, and I took a shot at its head and killed it dead. That pleased Billy very much.

We hung the deer up, and kept on to where we had left the elk the evening before. Then we followed for at least two hours before we came to where it had lain down. Then we soon jumped it, and Billy turned the dog loose and away he went, I after them and Billy after me.

I saw the dog catch the elk, but he could not hold it long enough for me to get a shot. I followed as fast as I could. Soon the dog got disgusted with the treatment he was getting and quit; then I hurried on and soon got a shot, and killed the wounded elk. I dressed it, expecting every minute that Billy would put in an appearance, but no Billy came.

I started on the back track, and had not gone far when I heard Billy shoot, then another, and soon another. I thought he had come across a band of bull elk, and was having lots of fun. I went to where he was, and found him standing by a fire, and he had been shooting to find me. He had tried to take a cut off when we jumped the elk and got lost, and was waiting for me to answer. He was much pleased to think I had killed his wounded elk. We started for camp. I was somewhat tired, as I had been traveling with long-legged gum boots on, and the snow being 8in. deep, they get heavy in an all-day's tramp.

I wanted to know why he was not shooting; he said it was a team shoot and when they got through he would shoot.

He took me down to inspect his guns. He had two: one was $180 and was a beauty, the other $100 and was also a fine gun. He said I could use either if I wanted to shoot. I told him it was the first time I had ever seen bluerocks shot at, but I would like to try. I watched them shoot till noon, then they quit a short time for dinner, then commenced and kept it up till night put a stop to it.

The next morning I was down to the gun store at 8 A. M. ready to go down and see them shoot. They had a practice shoot at ten targets before the regular match began; in this I tried my hand, and I found that it was a good deal easier to break them in my mind than it was when I was behind the gun. I had two get in the way, and I was satisfied that it would take considerable practice before I could break many, yet I stayed nearly all day.

The next day was to be live-bird day, and I was very anxious to see that, as that would be something new to me. The next morning early I was on hand, and when I got to the park they were arranging the traps and making up the squad.

That completed, they began. The first bird got about 2ft. from the ground when the shooter fired his first barrel, and when the bird fell he fired at it again, for safety they called it.

I watched them shoot about forty birds, then I went back to town perfectly satisfied. I did not care to see any more live-bird shooting. Some of the shooters used magazine guns, and those I noticed particularly; not one of them but would wobble off from his bird when he would pump a cartridge in his gun, and the first shot they would shoot too quick. I would like to live near to where they have a gun club, but I would not want to shoot at any live birds.

Out of the many thousands that visited the fair and the hundreds that visited the shoot I do not think there was a man, woman or child that enjoyed their vacation any better than I did.

LEW WILMOT.

OKANOGAN, Wash., Nov. 25.

A STRAY BEAR.

WINDSOR, N. C., Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There has not been a bear within twenty-five miles of this place in twenty-five years, I am quite sure, until last Thursday night or rather Friday morning about 4 o'clock, when one of the residents in the northern part of our town heard something pulling the pickets off his garden fence. Imagine his surprise when going out later to find a bear's track.

After breakfast I walked up town and was told that a bear had passed through town. Of course the idea was absurd to me and I did not hesitate to say so. My informant, thinking his knowledge of bear tracks was doubted, went off and soon returned with some of the bear's hair left on the fence through which it had passed. This was evidence too convincing to be doubted and I went to investigate for myself.

I found the tracks as plain as could be desired, where the bear had pulled the pickets off the fence, gone across the garden and repeated the performance, gone across the street and pulled the pickets off the next lot, repeating this at every fence until he had reached the base-ball ground, where he had entered a piece of timber. He did not seem to care to get over any fence, but made an opening in every one through which he passed.

The next thing in order was to capture this bear if possible. I immediately sent out in the country for H. to bring in his dogs. My messenger failed to find H. at home, and had to wait some time for his return, which made it 11 o'clock before he reached town. By this time the bear had just seven hours' start on us, and it had commenced to rain quite hard. We reasoned, though, that he had not gone very far before he would take a nap. I took H. in my road wagon, and we headed northwest, the direction taken by the bear. Before we had gone a mile we met a party who said he had seen the bear cross the road six miles out. So away we went as fast as the horses could take us, in order if possible to get the dogs on the fresh trail.

When we reached there we found that every man, boy and dog of every description in the neighborhood had turned out; the men with all kinds of guns, and some with axes, clubs or any old thing. An old man, who was too old to get in the chase, told us the bear had entered the woods just above where we were, and was still heading northwest.

This woods is twelve miles long and four wide, and very thick in places, but there are old log roads all through, and we concluded to drive through if possible.

Everything went well for the first mile. Then we began to encounter fallen trees, which we had to drive over, making progress very slow. We had gone about half a mile more and were nearing the bear hunt when the dogs jumped large buck. The dogs ran off a half mile or so and then

we heard them returning. Just as we were expecting a shot we heard the report of a gun, and in a minute the dogs hushed. We knew some one had our deer. Leaving the horses where they were, we went for that deer, expecting the fellow would sneak off with it, as is often done. When we reached the place, as near as we could judge, we blew our horn and were answered by W., a friend of ours, who was out squirrel hunting, and by chance was just in the right place to shoot the deer, which was a fine buck, with a beautiful set of horns.

We lost so much time in getting our deer out that we failed to reach the bear until after he had been killed.

It was a beautiful, glossy black bear, weighing 175lbs. dressed, and was very fat.

He ran twelve miles and did not attempt to climb a tree. When he had run as long as he could he simply dropped down and allowed himself to be killed, with no show of resistance. I cannot imagine where he came from or where he was going.

We have no bears in this immediate country. I know of one being killed near here about twenty-five years ago.

A. S. R.

NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

ONE of the most deservedly popular of American sportsmen who in the autumn months seek for variety and venison in the New Brunswick woods is Mr. Frederick Irland, of Washington. Each hunting season for the past four years has seen him boarding the "bull-moose express," as he calls it, at Detroit, his place of residence, with his baggage checked through to the Crooked Deadwater. Each season has also witnessed his triumphant return from the woods with one or more bull moose and a generous sprinkling of caribou. Fred is not only greatly appreciated here because he always does the square thing by everybody, but because of the generous and sympathetic interest he takes in all matters Canadian. Perhaps there is no other American, and certainly very few Canadians, who know as much about Canada, its early history, its form of government, and its natural wealth of forest, lake and river as, Mr. Irland. His recent contributions to *Scribner's Magazine*, under the titles of "An Untouched American Wilderness" and "To the Shores of the Mingan Seignory," are ably written and describe most faithfully and graphically the material, historical and scenic features of the localities to which they refer. This fall Mr. Irland has been building his camp-fires where those of Champlain were lighted nearly three centuries ago, on the shores of the Upper Ottawa and the Gatineau, and we may expect ere long to read with interest and delight the story of his researches in that region as portrayed by his facile pen.

Mr. Irland states that the Upper Ottawa, though considered a good moose country, is not nearly equal to that of New Brunswick; neither is the Mattawa country, though moose are there abundant. He thinks it would not be exceeding the fact to state that where he was recently hunting with Henry Braithwaite in the Miramichi country a section of five miles square contains, at the present time, not less than 250 moose. He was only on the hunting grounds five days, and still hunting was then very difficult owing to the crust. The first day that the conditions were favorable he shot a moose with the best set of antlers he had ever secured. They measured 53in. across the points, had twenty prongs, and were a very handsome set in every way. To-day there arrived from Boston, for a three weeks' hunt with Braithwaite, Dr. Heber Bishop and his friends Charles Williams and Seth Perkins. They leave for Boiestown to-morrow.

Some of the local guides are in favor of reducing the number of moose and caribou which the sportsman is now allowed by law to shoot. Two moose, three caribou and three deer is the limit at present. The suggestion is to reduce the complement to one moose, two caribou and three deer. I think it not improbable that this proposition, if brought before the Legislature, may be favorably entertained.

Blanchard Phillips, of Bristol, Carleton county, has returned from a hunting trip in which he secured an unusually large specimen of a moose.

Capt. Moir, of Halifax, who has been hunting with the veteran Indian guide Joe Mitchell at Gaspereaux and Salmon River, brought in three caribou yesterday as the fruits of the chase.

In a country which abounds with moose and caribou of course deer are at a discount; and the local sportsman who went after moose and only bagged a deer or two would consider that his trip had been a failure. It may be said, however, that since the snow fell these animals have been industriously hunted, and probably 200 or 300 deer have been shot this season in the river counties.

I saw a buck deer weighing about 160lbs. shot yesterday with a .30-30 rifle. The bullet passed fair through the body from a point about 8in. back of the right shoulder. The hole made was somewhat larger than I would expect from so small a caliber; still it was a clean hole on both sides, the bullet having failed to strike a bone. The deer ran 250yds., and though shot through the lungs left very few traces of blood on the snow. Had there been no snow, he would probably not have been found at all.

In this connection perhaps the following extract from a letter, which I recently received from an American friend, will be of interest:

"The .30-30 is a beautifully accurate weapon, and has the flattest trajectory of any rifle I ever used. The general consensus of opinion among my friends is that it is the 'only' big-game arm; but I occasionally find it absolutely condemned on big game by men who ought to be able judges. Last night I met a gentleman in whose opinion I place great reliance, and that was young Mr. Austin Corbin, who has shot more large game in his late father's park than you and I together ever saw. At first, he says, he was carried away with the .30-30, but after shooting a few moose (he has over 200 in his park), elk, wild boar, etc., he condemned it, and went back to his .45-70 (Gould); and he says most emphatically that the latter is the greatest 'stopper' for big game. His opinion, it seems to me, ought to carry some weight."

The well-known lumber operator, Timothy Lynch, near his camp on the north branch of the Sou'west Miramichi, last week shot a moose weighing 1,100lbs. The horns were not especially large, but were nicely formed, and measured 46in. across the points.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, Dec. 3.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practiable.*

HE WAS A WISE GRANDFATHER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It makes me sick whenever I read of some idiot's having shot a man in mistake for a deer. Mistake a man for a deer! Stuff and nonsense! All that's needed is for a few of those killers to be prosecuted for either voluntary or involuntary manslaughter. It doesn't matter much whether they're convicted or not; the mere fact that the man that accidentally kills another in the woods must pose as a defendant in a criminal prosecution, must reach into his pocket and pay out his dollars to lawyers for his defense in the endeavor to avoid fine and the penitentiary, will be wonderfully detergent. Why don't the gun clubs take the initiative and prosecute a few of those imbeciles? The man that goes into the woods these days does so at the risk of his life. In Pennsylvania the penalty for voluntary manslaughter is a fine not exceeding $1,000, and imprisonment by separate or solitary confinement at labor (which means in the penitentiary), or by simple imprisonment (which means in the county jail), not exceeding twelve years, and, in the discretion of the court, to give security for good behavior during life, or for any less time, according to the enormity of the offense.

For involuntary manslaughter there is the same fine, and imprisonment not exceeding two years, and the district attorney may charge both willful and involuntary manslaughter in the same indictment, in which case the jury may acquit of the one and find him or her guilty of the other charge. What is carelessness and what is due care are matters of fact to be determined by a jury in each particular case as it arises.—See 1, Brightly's Purdon's Digest, 12th Ed., p. 512, pl. 235–6.

I suppose that the other States have similar statutes; if any of them have not, they should have them as soon as they can



REWARDS OF SPORT NEAR HOME.

A Massachusetts bag of three quail, three woodcock and a partridge, the result of one day's shooting.

be passed. If they have them, then there is no lack of law to protect sportsmen, and to punish the ignorant fools that kill them.

I remember the first time I ever started to the woods with a gun. I'll never forget it. I had a muzzle-loading rifle, a good one too, and as I was about leaving the house my grandfather, who had been of the race of Nimrod, and was as fine a shot as I ever saw put a muzzle-loader to his face, called me to him and said:

"My son, you are a little boy, a very little boy to go to the woods in these days alone with a gun; and I want you to hold up your right hand in the presence of Almighty God and promise me a few things:

"First—That you will never point a firearm at any living creature, beast, bird or man, unless you wish to kill that creature.

"Second—That you will never aim or shoot at anything in the woods or the fields unless you certainly know what it is, and that it is surely what you think it to be

"Third—That you will never shoot at what you think a vacant building of any kind, nor aim or point a firearm in the direction of a human habitation or town.

"Fourth—That you will never point or place any firearm in such a position with reference to your own person that, should it be discharged, you would be wounded or killed thereby.

"Fifth—That you will never hunt, nor go to the woods, with anyone as a companion who is fool enough to do any of these things; and that if you should see anyone point a firearm at you, loaded or unloaded, you will strike him, if possible, with anything you can get hold of.

"Sixth, and lastly—That you will never keep any firearms in condition to shoot, by which I mean put together as a gun or pistol, about your house or office, or any place over which you have control, unless the same is fully loaded; and that you will inform all about you that this is your rule."

I made the required promise and went on my way rejoicing.

The sixth may seem odd, but I have often seen the wisdom of it. I always detach the barrels of my guns when I put them away. I break down my pistols and put them away in that shape. If a gun or pistol is found about my house in such condition that it can be jointed as a weapon, every one of my family and friends knows that it is loaded. There are no "didn't think it was loaded" accidents around me.

I believe my old grandfather's rules of conduct with regard to guns and all firearms to be the best I have ever heard, and if everybody knew and observed them those horrible "accidents" would cease. When one did occur it would be an accident, and the unfortunate that caused it would not be blamed as no better than a murderer.

What do you think of it, Mr. Editor? AMATEUR.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Tolleston Club Goes to Supreme Court of U. S.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 10.—Yearly the litigation over sport and sportsmen's interests becomes more frequent, more weighty and more important. The latest move of the Tolleston Club, which has quietly made the most gallant fight in the West for the rights of sportsmen, is covered by the following dispatch from Indianapolis (the club grounds are located in Indiana, though the membership is made up of Chicago men):

"INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 8.—The Tolleston Club, of Chicago, to-day filed bond in the State Supreme Court, and on a writ of error carried the case—involving titles to land along the Little Calumet River, and recently decided against the club—to the United States Supreme Court. The ownership was brought into controversy by the suit of John Clough against the club, the latter claiming title to a large tract of land, under a survey by the Government in 1870. The tract was known as marsh land, and the high land contiguous to it had been sold years before, but the channel of the river becoming narrow, it left land between the tracts originally surveyed and sold and the river. Under the survey by the Government the Tolleston Club bought this land, and Clough and others sued for possession. The Supreme Court held that the deeds carried title to the middle of the Little Calumet River, and the question now goes into the United States Court."

A Mere Jag.

"A representative of the fish and game commission of California," says a Coast advice, "has been in Siskiyou county and southern Oregon to look into the wholesale killing of ducks which have been shipped to the San Francisco markets in great quantities. As high as 1,500lbs. have been shipped from Ager in one day." Such a matter as that is but a mere jag in a market. But count in all the jags and it foots up. What has become of our game? Has it "moved further West?"

Quail Seized in Kansas.

Dr. Shultz, the live State game warden of Kansas, on Dec. 7 seized a large consignment of quail shipped from Cunningham, Kan., to a St. Louis dealer. The birds were hidden beneath a top layer of ducks. He will have two counts for each bird against the local express agent.

The Wisconsin Deer Licenses.

The excellence of the executive side of the Wisconsin deer law may be observed by reference to the report on the matter from Madison, Wis., Dec. 2:

"Game Warden Ellarson has received returns from nearly all the counties authorized under the new game law to issue licenses for deer hunting, and the stubs sent in show that over 10,000 licenses were issued. The returns are practically complete from most of the counties, and show the number of licenses issued as follows:

"Adams 121, Ashland 600, Barron 582, Buffalo 62, Burnett 586, Brown 159, Chippewa 1,193, Douglas 488, Dunn 188, Eau Claire 268, Florence 97, Forest 91, Jackson 373, Juneau 15, Langlade 377, Kewaunee 14, Lincoln 427, Marathon 300, Marquette 8, Oconto 221, Pepin 68, Pierce 26, Polk 88, Portage 499, Pierce 531, Sawyer 149, Shawano 549, Taylor 400, Trempealeau 45, Washburn 169, Wood 550, and Door 100.

"There were also issued to non-resident hunters thirty-three licenses at $30 each. Those issued to hunters residing within the State brought in a fee of $1 each."

Now, does anybody for one minute suppose that only thirty-three non-resident hunters shot Wisconsin deer this fall? Probably 1,000 to 2,000 non-residents hunted there, many under resident licenses, this being the favorite way of evading the law in Michigan and Wisconsin. Does Chippewa county turn out 1,193 native hunters? If so, she would be a good one for a recruiting officer to watch in case of war. American game laws are a by-word, as we Americans must admit.

How About This?

How about this, from a Chicago newspaper? How about the deer export clause? Who watches the Wisconsin frontier?

"The famous 'Dad' Greenley has been making a record with his party for deer up near Newberry, Mich. He sent down thirty-two deer carcasses and three hides one day last week."

Local Opinion.

The Marquette *Journal*, Michigan north peninsula, thinks thus about the game laws as they are seen in that neck of woods:

"It is about time that the people of Michigan decided to either abandon attempting to protect our game from extermination or adopted an effective system of affording it real protection. As it is, the State has laws for the protection of game on its statute books and special officers provided for their enforcement, but the laws are openly disregarded and the State game warden and his deputies get the only material benefit that is derived from these laws by anybody, this coming to them in the form of their salaries.

"All over this part of the State deer were killed long before the season opened this year, and the venison was sold to hotels and others who were willing to buy it."

Let us hope Mr. Osborne will get a good man up there next fall and make Marquette sing a different tune.

White Deer Seen.

A white deer has been seen by Indian hunters in Jackson county, Wis. This is the second one ever known in that country. Saw Sommie, a Winnebago chief, is said to have killed a white deer in that region many years ago.

Butter.

Agent Fullerton, of Minnesota, has had another scrap. H. J. Cornelius was his name, and he fought a-plenty. Barrel of partridges marked "butter"; $10 and costs, and birds confiscated.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

A WILDERNESS DINNER.

Boston, Dec. 11.—One of the most successful, as well as the most pleasing and romantic, Maine hunting trips of the season has just been completed by Mr. W. T. Farley, of this city, and Dr. George McAleer, of Worcester. They went to Ashland, the end of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad in that direction. Thence they went nearly thirty miles by bobsled over old lumber trails to Leon Orcutt's Round Mountain Camp, half way to the Alagash River. The camp is situated near Round Mountain Lake, truly in the heart of the wilderness, and ten or fifteen miles further into the woods than sportsmen are in the habit of visiting. Orcutt has four camps in this part of the country. His main camp is at Greenlaw Stream, and the others at long hunting distances. The ride and tramp from Ashland was a rough one in the extreme, over a trail so rough that no frame sled could pass over it, and a bobsled had to be used, with trailing poles behind to hold the baggage, much after the style of the Indian rigs in the pictures. With about 2ft. of snow and the mercury down below zero on the way, the stop over night at a lumber camp, with only boughs for a bed, was romantic, if not startling. The hunters say that all they had for supper that night was some biscuits carried in their pockets, some salt pork frizzled over the fire on a green twig, and hot strong tea. In the morning they found that their mouths were frozen up, the steam from their breathing having formed a coating of ice. It took two days to make the thirty miles, the party arriving late in the afternoon of the second day. The remainder of that day was spent in making things as comfortable as possible for a two weeks' stay. Moose signs were the most abundant the hunters had ever seen; evidently plenty of cow and calf moose, but few bulls. It was a bull moose apiece that the two hunters were after. They say that it was no fault of their two guides: Orcutt and the veteran Herb Heald. Weather conditions were generally unfavorable, and when at last a big bull was actually started—the guides camping one night on his track—he went the next day, with the hunters and guides after him, directly toward the camp of another Boston party and was shot by them. But both hunters did get a fine caribou and each two deer. More deer could have been taken, but they had all the law allows, and all they wanted.

They were in the woods Thanksgiving Day, and both have had experience in Thanksgiving dinners under such circumstances. Both delight in birch bark menu cards, and this one was most elaborate. It was framed in a natural wood frame of wild cherry, and handsomely lettered. At the top was sketched a magnificent deer above the party's motto, "*Gratias Agamus.*" One card served for all, and Dr. McAleer will preserve it as a souvenir. The cook was a Frenchman from Fort Fairfield, Dennis Laneway. The party was at the dinner table from 2 o'clock till 4:30; Dr. McAleer, Mr. Farley and the two guides. The meal was served in style, hot and appetizing. The menu is published below, in order to show what may be done in a log cabin, where everything not found in the woods has to be toted thirty miles on a bobsled:

SOUP.
Tomato. Corn.

FISH.
Clam Chowder.

MEATS.
Boiled Deer and Caribou Tongues. Fried Deer Liver and Bacon.

ENTREES.
Roast Rib of Caribou.
Roast Loin of Venison.
Larded Grouse.
Stuffed Deer Hearts.

VEGETABLES.
Baked Potatoes. Sweet Corn. Onions. Stewed Tomatoes.

RELISHES.
Mixed Pickles. Chow-Chow. Tomato Catsup.

PASTRY.
Hot Cream of Tartar Biscuits and Creamery Butter.
Apple and Venison Mince Pie. Cream Pie.
Buckwheat Cakes and Maple Syrup.

FRUITS.
Greening Apples. Duchess Pears. Figs.
Raisins.
Candies and Macaroons.
Lemonade. Tea. Coffee. Cigars. Cigarettes.

The biggest bull moose of the season was shown in Faneuil Hall Market the other day. It was labeled to weigh 950lbs. The antlers were fine, spreading nearly 45in. and nearly perfect. Councilman E. D. Bell shot the animal about forty-eight miles from Bangor. The party—Mr. Bell, F. J. Munson and Louis Urann—went to Patten Station, on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, and thence five miles to camp. Here the moose was shot before the close of the open season. Mr. Bell says that he never expects to get another, as the species is rapidly being exterminated.

MISFIT JUSTICES.

Troy, N. Y., Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you herewith an item clipped from the editorial columns of an Albany morning paper of recent date, a paper very friendly to the cause of game protection:

A Travesty of Justice.

That is a pathetic little story which comes from Brooklyn Village, O., of the incarceration of G. C. Millis for the shooting of a meadowlark. For this offense, although he pleaded ignorance of the law, the justice before whom Millis was brought imposed a heavy fine. Finally the court relented sufficiently to allow him sixty days within which to pay his fine. Millis, though wretchedly poor and working for small wages, went bravely to work and tried to save money enough to satisfy the demands of justice offended by his misdeed. He failed to do so within the allotted sixty days, and was sent to jail in consequence.

That was ten days ago. Meantime Millis's wife and five little children, the youngest mere babies in arms, were starving to death at home. At last some merciful man appealed to the county commissioners, and it was expected, at last accounts, that they would bring about the release of the prisoner. The deputy sheriff told a reporter that "the whole affair was one of great injustice. Millis," said he, "is a poor but honest man. He had no idea that he broke any law when he shot that bird. He attempted to pay his fine, but his wages are small. Then the justice sent him to the workhouse and his family to starvation."

And all for shooting a meadowlark! Oh! justice—what crimes are committed in thy name!

The case mentioned in the item is certainly a sad one, but the fault is not so much in the law as the stupid manner in which it appears to have been enforced. The killing of meadowlarks is illegal in many of our States, and wholly wrong in all; but in a case like the one mentioned an arrest, conviction and suspension of sentence, provided this was a first offense, would have fully vindicated the law and satisfied justice.

Several instances have occurred in this State in the past half dozen years wherein harsh sentences have been inflicted for slight infractions of the game law, and in one or two cases to my knowledge by magistrates who had very little love or respect for laws designed for the protection of fish and game. An old but rather transparent trick of these official misfits is to select some poor devil—if he has a large family dependent upon him for support so much the better—who is guilty of some slight infraction or technical violation of the game law and give him the highest penalty possible, in order to bring the law into disrepute. You have perhaps noticed that these same officials are very much given to suspending sentence in cases of some of the very worst violations, without the slightest reason, or where there are absolutely no mitigating circumstances. I do not know that the Ohio justice named was one of this sort, but the fact that the culprit was heavily fined and finally imprisoned for so slight an infraction of the law looks very much like it. There appears to be a desire on the part of such officials to make the game law as unpopular as possible in the eye of the general public, and if possible bring about repeal or modification.

Happily for the cause of game protection, the people are not so easily fooled.

Generally speaking, the law is all right, and if commonsense methods be exercised in administering it no harm nor injustice will be done to any one. M. Schenck.

NEW YORK LEAGUE.

The annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held at the Yates House, Syracuse, Dec. 9, President W. S. Gavitt in the chair. Delegates were present from seventeen clubs and associations as follows:

Erie County Fish and Game Association, Buffalo: Percy S. Lansdown. Genesee Valley Fish and Game Association, Rochester: Harry Woodworth, Frank J. Amsden. Honeoye Falls Anglers' Association: Aaron Mather. De Ruyter Sportsmen's Club: R. G. Lewis, A. W. Francis, W. W. Davis, W. W. Owens, W. J. Haight, W. E. Burdick. Black River Fish and Game Association, Utica: W. E. Wolcott, H. A. Pride. Steuben County Fish and Game Association, Bath, N. Y.: Z. L. Parkin. Dunkirk Fish and Game Protectors' Association: Thomas D. Link. New York Association for Protection of Fish and Game: Robert B. Lawrence. East Syracuse Sportsmen's Club: C. F. Ayling, D. N. Lefever, A. G. Courtney, James Boyle, Charles Freeny. New York Central Association, Seneca Falls: George R. Peck, Henry C. Carr, A. M. Schermerhorn, E. G. Gould, Fred. J. Davis. St. Lawrence River Anglers' Association: R. P. Grant, George H. Stroud, W. H. Thompson, A. C. Cornwall. Honest Fishermen's Club, Seneca Falls: E. G. Gould. Canandaigua Anglers' Association: C. D. Lapham. Chautauqua Fish and Game Association, Jamestown: Benjamin S. Dean, C. A. Pickard, Fred. H. Garfield. Niagara County Anglers' Association, Lockport, N. Y.: George W. Weaver, J. E. Simmons. Anglers' Association of Onondaga County: Dwight H. Bruce, George B. Wood, Charles Mowry. Spencer Sportsmen's Club, Lyons: Henry Killick, H. B. Whitney, E. F. Burnett. Among others present was Fish Commissioner Hendrick S. Holden.

Mr. Frank J. Amsden, of the separation committee, reported, and the report was adopted:

"Your committee held a meeting at the city of Syracuse on Oct. 14, 1897, and after a full discussion of the subject it was unanimously voted to report in favor of separation of the two branches of this Association—protective and trap-shooting—and that the former relinquish all rights in the Dean Richmond and other trophies."

Chairman C. B. Lapham, of the committee on constitution, submitted a new form, which was adopted. By this the Association, under its new name of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, is intrusted to the management of a board of twelve trustees, consisting of the president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, legislative and law committee of five, and auditing committee of three members. The objects of the League are declared to be "to create and foster a public sentiment in favor of better fish, game and forest protection; to procure the enactment of laws for the protection of fish and game, and for the preservation of the forests, and to promote the observance of such laws." Any club or association organized for these purposes is eligible to membership; and the League invites the support of all such bodies, the invitation being given in this resolution:

Resolved, That the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League earnestly desires the coöperation of all gun clubs, angling clubs, trap-shooting clubs, and others, throughout the State, interested in fish, game and forest preservation. All such clubs are most cordially invited to enroll themselves in the League as members, that they may have part in its endeavor to promote the common good, and may have share in the benefits gained by united effort.

It was declared that upon adoption of the new constitution, to go into effect at the close of the meeting, "the membership of all clubs and trap-shooting associations now members of this Association be retained." The Governor, the Fish Commissioners and the chief protector were made honorary members *ex officio*. The League will be incorporated.

A resolution adopted unanimously voiced the sentiment of the sportsmen of New York State in this declaration:

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League that the position of United States Fish Commissioner should only be filled by a thoroughly competent man, and we unanimously wish that Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, now superintendent of the Aquarium of New York city, who is best fitted for that position, should receive the appointment of United States Fish Commissioner. *Resolved*, That this resolution be signed by our president and secretary and be respectfully submitted, with our earnest wish for its consummation, to the President of the United States.

On motion of Mr. C. W. Smith it was resolved: "*Whereas*, In the past local or special legislation has menaced and endangered the utility of the game law and many of its sections, *Resolved*, That we hereby declare ourselves as absolutely opposed to all special or local legislation as to fish and game."

On motion of Mr. Amsden it was resolved: "*Whereas*, The United States Government and New York State are making efforts to restore the whitefish to Lake Ontario, requiring large expenditures of money and much labor; and whereas, the limit of mesh of nets 1½in. bar mesh now permitted by the law is destructive to young whitefish; and whereas, the Canadian market fishermen are fishing on our shore with this size mesh of nets, and are not required to take out license, while our fishermen are required to take out license, therefore we

"*Resolve*, That the Commissioners of Fisheries be urged to secure the following amendments to our game law: 1. That the size of mesh permitted in Lake Ontario be increased to 2in. bar. 2. That the Canadian fishermen be required to take out license the same as our fishermen. 3. That the Canadian authorities be urged to adopt the same size mesh."

Upon motion it was also resolved: *Whereas*, Niagara River, bordering on Erie county, appears to be in a deplorable condition, and without protection, and *whereas*, it is made to appear that seining and other illegal fishing is going on continually therein without detection; *Be it resolved*, that the State Commission of Fish, Game and Forests be notified of this fact by the Secretary of this Association, and that in such communication he advise the Commission that it is the unanimous sense of this Association that the Commission should take such action as may be necessary to remedy such condition of affairs.

The following officers were elected on report of nominating committee:

President, W. G. Gavitt, Lyons; Vice-President, R. P. Grant, Clayton; Secretary, Ernest G. Gould, Seneca Falls; Treasurer, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay.

Legislative Committee: C. W. Smith (chairman), Syracuse; C. G. Lapham, Canandaigua; P. S. Lansdowne, Buffalo; W. E. Wolcott, Utica; Geo. R. Peck, Auburn.

Auditing Committee—Aaron Mather, Honeoye Falls; Thos. D. Lunt, Dunkirk; Jerome E. Emerson, Lockport.

The committee on finances reported a balance in the treasury of $56.29. Secretary Ernest G. Gould was presented with a purse of $25 as a token of appreciation of his excellent service.

The report of the committee on legislation, and the action of the League upon this will be made public by the new committee.

The Adirondack Forests.

The following report was read by Mr. W. E. Wolcott, and the accompanying resolution was adopted:

This Association has for many years taken a deep interest in the subject of forest protection, and it is but natural, therefore, that we should rejoice to-day over the great progress that has been made in this direction since our last annual convention. The fact that the State has, within eight months, added a quarter of a million acres of land to its possessions in the Adirondack wilderness region is one which should gladden the heart of every public-spirited citizen; and I am sure that it is particularly gratifying to all of those who, by reason of their legitimate and discriminating use of the rod and gun, have earned the distinction of ranking as true sportsmen.

The sum of $1,000,000 was set apart by the Legislature of 1897 for the purchase of Adirondack lands, and a forest preserve board, composed of Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, State Engineer Adams and Forest Commissioner Babcock, was appointed to attend to this very important work. That the board has efficiently and conscientiously performed its duties is evident to every one who is familiar with what has been accomplished.

Thus far the board has expended $940,000 and purchased 250,000 acres of land. About $26,000 have been paid for timber rights, taxes and expense account, so that the actual cost of the land bought was only $913,000, making the average price per acre about $3 50. Of the total purchase nearly 100,000 acres may be counted as virgin forest land, much of which is worth far more than it was bought for.

The largest tract purchased at one time, and perhaps the most important, consisted of 42,000 acres in Township 15, Hamilton, Warren and Essex counties, and Township 32, Hamilton county, the consideration being $164,000. This property was obtained from the Indian River Company and includes Indian Lake, a large dam thereon, and certain rights of flowage are secured, giving the State title to the most valuable storage reservoir for both the Champlain Canal and upper Hudson. The company is to construct a stone dam on the State engineer's plans and under his direction, and make the lake about twelve miles long. It is proposed to increase the dam so that the flow will be 4,500,000,000cu. ft., whereas it is but about one-quarter of that now. The Indian River Company is to cut and clear the timber to the flow line. The dam will be controlled by the company, subject to the right of the superintendent of public works at Albany to use the water for canals and other State purposes. The bargain with this company insures all the water that the Champlain Canal requires practically free of cost, and is believed to be highly advantageous to the State.

The largest amount paid for any one tract was for 23,873 acres in Township 6, Hamilton county, bought of W. W. Durant, the price being $167,104, or $7 per acre. The land is heavily timbered, and the purchase includes three miles of the Racquette Lake shore and two building sites, for which the owner had been offered $10,000 apiece. This gives the State control of the lake.

From the Adirondack Timber and Mineral Company the board purchased 20,502 acres, including Township 10 and a large portion of Township 9, Moose River tract, Hamilton county. The land is located on the West Canada Creek, adjoining the Adirondack League Club property, and includes Spruce, Metcalf and other lakes. The land is covered with virgin forest and was an excellent bargain at $127,500.

From Dr. W. Seward Webb, 18,625 acres, being about one-half of Township 41, Totten & Crossfield's purchase, and about one-half of Township 8, were bought for $102,281, thus solidifying the holdings of the State in this locality. With this purchase was quieted the title to the balance of the land which the State had or claimed in the same Township 41, and about 9,000 acres near it, over which there was litigation.

Other important purchases included 10,000 acres on the West Canada Creek watershed, between Hinckley and Spruce lakes, and 14,065 acres in the Adgate tract, near North Lake, the latter extinguishing claims amounting to $30,000, which the Adirondack League Club claimed from the State on account of damages to its lands and water and lumber rights.

Most of the lumbered land which the board purchased was secured for $1.50 per acre. The total expense attached to the purchases made by the board was only $15,000. The eminently satisfactory results which have been obtained under Chapter 220, of the laws of 1897, may be attributed in a great measure to the energetic but prudent and intelligent action of the forest preserve board, and to this body public gratitude is due.

Resolved, That this Association does hereby express its hearty appreciation of the interest manifested in the work of forest protection and preservation by Gov. Black, Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff, Commissioner Babcock, Senator Ellsworth, who introduced the Adirondack land acquisition bill, and the members of the Senate and Assembly who supported it. We cordially approve of the purchases of lands made by the forest preserve board under the provisions of the act mentioned, and believing it to be of the atmost importance that the State should continue to add to its holdings within the boundaries of the Adirondack Park, and particularly on the watersheds of the canal reservoirs, we earnestly urge the Legislature at its coming session to make another appropriation for the purpose of the same amount as that made available this year.

The Forest and Stream *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Emperor William's Exploits.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 27 there appears on your editorial page a comment on a recent cable report which stated that the German emperor had killed 2,000 odd pheasants in an incredibly short space of time.

The reader ignorant of the hunting conditions in Germany would be apt to infer that such slaughter was an every-day occurrence and was a fair example of the conditions prevailing there.

Having enjoyed the hospitality of German sportsmen on numberless occasions, and having, during my five years' sojourn in Germany, had opportunity to acquaint myself with every method employed over there in hunting the various kinds of game, I think it only right that I should refute such a stigma, even if only implied, on the German game and sportsmen.

While it is true that such vast, almost incredible, quantities of semi-domesticated birds, and also of deer, are often killed by the German emperor, and by a few others of the highest nobility (by rank if not by nature), it must be said that the large majority of German sportsmen hold exactly the same sentiments concerning such slaughter as do FOREST AND STREAM and its readers.

They call such persons "shooters" over there, denying them the more honorable title of "hunters."

I remember that once, several years ago, when six or seven of us were assembled in my den, I read aloud from a daily paper the report that the day before, the opening of roebuck season, the emperor, during a two-hours' drive in the park surrounding his palace at Potsdam, had shot nine full-grown roebucks.

The roe deer in the park are perfectly tame, often allowing a visitor to approach within 30ft. of them. The language in which the comments of my friends were expressed on that occasion was more forcible than elegant, and if reported to the authorities would have landed each and every one of them in jail for the awful crime of *lese majesté*.

A full-grown roebuck in his native wilds is as wary as a fox and as quick as a flash, and is worthy of any sportsman's bullet. The partridges, although somewhat larger, greatly resemble our quail in their habits and are game birds. The pheasants also, although inferior to our own ruffed grouse, who are in a class by themselves, afford good sport where they have not been bred and reared in captivity. Even the hares, which are very abundant, are not to be despised, as they are fleet of foot, and with their seven hides tougher than a gray squirrel.

Nay, nay, give every one his due; the game slaughterers are not confined to Europe; we have them here too, and they are not always market hunters, as Hermit truly says. I remember once reading in FOREST AND STREAM that two men, members of a Western club, had killed over 600 ducks in one day.

Sportsmen are sportsmen the world over, and there are always some game hogs to be found for whom it is impossible to stop slaughtering as long as there is anything in sight, and the law allows them.

U. F. BENDER.

Virginia Game.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Dec. 6.—The rabbit season is at its height just now, and the "slaughter of the innocents" looks like annihilation; but this with the rabbit family is an utter impossibility, for it has been tried, not only in this country, but in Australia, and it has been a signal failure every time. The hunting of rabbits here is prime sport. It takes a quick and sure shot to kill a field rabbit, for they never jump, but "just kinder" slide along the ground. To see one going certainly reminds a person of the movements of a snake in the grass. Two or three hunters have been known to kill fifty in a little while. The negro, as a rule, uses a box trap, and one colored individual brought into this city forty that he disposed of to the grocery stores. Rabbits are bought for 8 cents apiece and are retailed at 10 cents.

Notwithstanding the protection that is supposed to be given the partridge, the pot-hunter has been getting in his work and has killed a great many.

The Legislature is now in session at Richmond, and I notice several bills have been introduced to repeal the law protecting this bird. What is to be gained, only the destruction of this innocent bird, I can't understand. The law as it stands expires by limitation next month, but the old law holds and they are protected until next October. To repeal the law at this time looks like nonsense and a desire to undo all that the two-year law has accomplished. Senator Morris, from this district, the author of the law, we are satisfied will do his utmost to prevent its repeal, and all true sportsmen wish him success.

The average legislator, however, must earn his salary and be doing something for the dear people, without regard to sense or reason. Had we less laws and more common sense the country would surely be better off.

There have been less accidental fatalities among sportsmen in the South than in any other section. We note one peculiar and rather ludicrous accident in a neighboring county. A negro with a coonskin cap on and another colored individual while gunning for wild turkeys became separated, and while trying to sneak on to his game the one negro was "cock sure" he saw a coon, and blazing away at it brought down his brother huntsman with the coonskin cap. Fortunately the shot only perforated the skin, and were flattened against his skull.

Wm. Buracker, a professional hunter over in Page county, caught, not long since, a white coon. The strangest part of it is that it lacks all the well-known marks of the coon family, not having a stripe of any kind about it.

W. O. Watson, the prime mover in the effort to stock our forests with Mongolian pheasants, informs me that it will be successful, and that he will purchase enough of these birds in the spring to give the matter a fair trial. From the experience of others in colder climates, there don't seem any good reason why, with our mild climate and other favorable conditions, our forests should not be teeming with these fine game birds in a few years.

JAMES H. FERGUSON.

News from the Klondike.

MR. M. HERRINGTON, one of the party to the Klondike of which Mr. J. B. Burnham, of FOREST AND STREAM, is a member, has been heard from as recently as Nov. 25. Mr. David Daggett, of the W. R. A. Co., received a letter from Mr. Herrington on Saturday last, Dec. 11, dated from Skagway, Nov. 25. In it Mr. Herrington says there is no difficulty in getting through to Dawson City, and that there is plenty of opportunity in Alaska and her gold regions for good and paying investments. He says that he is still at the White Pass, but is intending to move forward to Lake Bennett as soon as the sleighing is good.

THE MAN IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

Six Days' Bicycle Race.

Toward the northward I can see the tower of Madison Square Garden, and on its extreme top, dim in detail, yet recognizable, is the buoyant, graceful figure of Diana, poised airily on one foot in the attitude of the chase. She, too, is high in air, as becomes a daughter of Jupiter. Since she set foot on the pinnacle of the Garden she has seen some of the greatest gatherings of modern times—some political, some trade, but most on pleasure bent. There are no crowds more cosmopolitan than those of the Garden, and many times they are as distinct in class and purpose as are the attractions which draw them thither. The horse shows, dog shows, flower shows, etc., draw within its walls New York's beauty, chivalry and wealth, gay and happy crowds seeking wholesome recreation or useful instruction. The negro cake walk, a competition in human vanities, afforded passing amusement for high and low. Then again, many times, crowds gather which are made up of hard-featured men, with a light sprinkling of gentlemen who endeavor to be as inconspicuous as may be. The gathering is specially noticeable for the utter absence of ladies. It is a gathering of the lovers of the "manly art." Every man smokes from the beginning of the "entertainment" to its close, and makes bets, with frank openness, with his neighbors on his favorite in the "exposition of science." The expounders compete directly with each other. Each of the numerous contestants slugs his opponent till he is "stopped," the latter a mild term for conveying the fact that he has been knocked senseless by a blow, or was so punished as to be unable to continue the "scientific contest." The patrons of such contests find pleasure only in physical struggling, with an incidental opportunity for gambling. The fight arouses their savage instincts, and the betting gives opportunity to their cupidity, thus they are both in it and of it.

Yet with all the spectacular brutality of the prize ring it is far less brutal than the six days of prolonged torture called a six-day bicycle race, witnessed in Madison Square Garden last week. The former is a contest of minutes, confessedly brutal while it lasts, yet ending when one of the contestants is exhausted or incapacitated. The participants rarely receive more than temporary hurts. While it is a contest in which courage and skill are misapplied, as being against public policy in time of peace, it nevertheless is a contest which stirs up the remnant of barbarian instinct which civilization has not yet eradicated from the people. Reason impels them to denounce the gladiatorial contests, yet instinct, which will not be denied, impels them to watch the bulletin boards to learn at the earliest moment which fighter is the winner. It is the barbarian side of the individual, as wars are the barbarian side of nations. It is the spirit of the soldier in either case, finding expression in different ways.

But of the six days of prolonged torture aforementioned nothing in praise or in extenuation can be said. It taxes human endurance to the extreme of brutality, and after it is all ended it has proved no useful fact to the individual or to the public. As to its benefits, it begins and ends within itself. Its purpose is in the gate receipts only. There it has its inception and its ending. It is made as sensational as possible to awaken public interest. A band of men struggling to do something that men never did before, or to beat the records of all men who had gone before, appeals to the spirit of the masses. It may be said to the credit of human nature, however, that but few of the visitors can perceive the cruelty of the competition. To the untrained eye a number of men riding round and round an ellipse differ in no respect from a like number of riders to be seen at any hour on the Boulevard, save in the matter of costume. The distance and bad light hide the distress imprinted on the riders' faces and in their labored gait. A visit of an hour or two gives no adequate idea of the enormous strain of the week. The trainers' quarters, and in a lesser degree the vicinity of the trainers on the track, give a realistic idea of the brutality of the "races."

On Sunday night, soon after 12 o'clock, thirty-six riders started for the six-day ride. As the days passed, some quit from exhaustion, or accident, or hopelessness. There were 142 hours of torturing effort before the finish.

The ten leaders on the fourth day had ridden nearly all the time. One had slept only two hours, and another had slept seven and one-half hours. The others had slept various lengths of time within these limits. The loss of flesh was enormous, some losing 4lbs. in the four days, some in the same time as high as 10½lbs. Miller, who was in the lead, was so stiff after a short rest on Thursday that he could not mount his wheel. His trainers lifted him bodily to the seat, placed his feet on the pedals and steadied him till he resumed his pedaling. The faces of all the riders were drawn and hollow, though each had a different vacuous expression. Harsh lines seamed some; eyes were red and sunken, and deep-set in their sockets; legs were numb and stiff, and arms and backs were similarly affected, with torturing aches and pains added. The want of sleep was an extreme punishment in itself. The atmosphere was vile and filled with tobacco smoke. The minds of some were affected.

Hallucinations affected one rider. Another would be simple as a child. Irritability and a mania to keep on at all hazards were exhibited by some, while the most intense desire to drop and go asleep were exhibited by others. The trainers urged, cajoled, threatened, and at times used physical violence to keep their men going. The negro, Gray, was kept going for days through fear of his trainer, who threatened him with personal injury if he quit, and betimes stimulated him with the sight of a cane or a whack over the back. Men would go asleep on their wheels and tumble to the floor. One rider's arms and hands were so benumbed by injections of cocaine, used to deaden the aches, that he could not feel the handle bars. He kept his hands closed on them by sight, and despite his efforts he received many falls.

The riders took their food while riding, drinking milk, beef tea, soups, oatmeal, etc., out of canisters, and even while eating and pedaling at the same time their trainers were urging them on. Starting in as strong men, they were gradually degenerating into irritable, unreasoning children. Such pressure was brought to bear by public opinion that a medical examination of the men was caused to be made by the police officials, to determine whether they were taxing themselves to a dangerous degree, and yet the daily press announced that on that day the real test of endurance had only begun. And yet this torture, physical wreckage, mental injury and general brutal spectacle was presented to the public as an interesting spectacle and legitimate competition.

As showing the nature of the sport, it was stated in the daily press that most of the leaders were under contract to business firms, and their competition had a trade significance. Its true purpose was to advertise a certain make of wheel, tire, saddle, etc. The prizes were insignificant in comparison to the thousands of dollars profit made. There were eleven prizes, won as follows: First, Miller, $1,300, and $200 more for breaking the world's record. Second, Rice, $800; third, Schinner, $500; fourth, Hale, $350; fifth, Waller, $300; sixth, Pierce, $200; seventh, Golden, $150; eighth, Gannon, $125; ninth, Enterman, $100; tenth, Elkes, $100; eleventh, King, $75.

The track, which was considered as being one-ninth of of a mile, was found to be short 227.26ft. Miller's nominal record of 2,093 miles and 4 laps when corrected is 1,983 miles and 885yds.

The Squirrel Question.

The points which Mr. Rice makes in FOREST AND STREAM in favor of the red squirrel are many of them to my mind good points; but there is no getting over the fact that he destroys birds' nests, eating the eggs or preferably the young whenever and wherever he may find them. I have known a pair of red squirrels to take three out of a brood of four young robins in a single morning, and this in spite of all the old birds could do to drive them off. In this, to be sure, he is only following out his nature just as the hawk who forages in your poultry yard is following his; but in each case his nature renders the animal injurious to man.

I do not know whether the gray squirrel lays up a store for himself or not. I suspect that sometimes he does, and for this reason: Two small nephews of mine have outside of their bedroom window, on the eaves of the old wooden house in which they live, a box in which each day a handful of nuts is placed for the gray squirrels, which are abundant about the place. The animals come every morning, and take these nuts away till the box is empty. They are often seen to carry them to a hole in the limb of an oak tree near the house, where each autumn they raise a litter of young.

Everyone who has lived in the country knows that gray squirrels in winter dig down through the snow to the ground for food, as stated by Pine Tree. I do not think they do this aimlessly, for I have often seen gray squirrels burying nuts in the ground, and they do it very quickly and neatly, scraping a little hole of just the right size, putting the nut in it, and then covering it up with a very little dirt and placing a little grass or moss on top; patting the whole down so that it is not easy to find the place after the squirrel has gone, even though you may have watched the whole operation.

"The Oldest Inhabitant."

From the top of the high clock tower the man therein can see far away over the heads of many men; far away over the tops of many cities, towns, villages and country places; far away, over many objects, into the hazy distance, where all becomes vague and lost. In every place where the eye of The Man on the Tower can pierce there dwells that universal revered authority, "the oldest inhabitant." And beyond the Man's vision there is probably an oldest inhabitant in every nation, in every city, town, hamlet, neighborhood, and indeed in every house.

The average writer, who feels that his word needs vouching for, when events of the present come in comparison with the events of the past, summarily settles the problem by a line thus: "Never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant," etc., or, if he is pleased to be more ornate and comprehensive, he will say: "Never since the time when the mind of the oldest inhabitant runneth not to the contrary has there been known," etc. And when this calm, dignified and superlative old authoritative nonentity decides with a precision and finality becoming his superlative years, who can gainsay his word or his knowledge?

Any reader of any amiability will concede at once that a writer who in simple terms states that "Never within the memory of even the oldest inhabitant have codfish been so numerous on the Jersey Coast," knows the oldest inhabitant personally, and knows also the things which he, the said o. i., knows. And also that he knows something about codfish.

The oldest inhabitant may be a blacksmith, a saddler, a wagon maker—all useful and honorable callings—and yet he may have a bad memory concerning current events, or no knowledge of all of them, or even no interest in them. In such a way he is an entity. Such is the real man. To the writer who knows nothing of statistics, or who cares nothing for them, that dear old fiction, the oldest inhabitant, does yeoman service. He gives proper emphasis, a tone of authority, to a statement that otherwise would be flat and insipid. Dear old "oldest inhabitant," whom nobody knows and nobody could know, yet who is the benefactor of the world of scribblers, the patron saint of those who need a universal authority for cheap events. Let the "oldest inhabitant" live on. Without him those who write of the weather, hot or cold, or of fish, or fowl, or animal, would be without a beginning or resting place.

THE MAN IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

Christmas Gifts.

AT this season of the year persons residing at a distance from large cities often desire to order a number of different books issued by different publishers. This necessitates writing many letters, and perhaps paying many express charges, and takes time, trouble and money.

To relieve its readers of this burden, the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. will receive and fill all book orders that may be sent to it, purchasing the books, packing and forwarding them, and all this without charge. In all cases the titles of books must be plainly written; where possible the name of the publisher must be given; and the money for the consignment must accompany the order.

As the busy season has already begun, those who wish to take advantage of this offer should send on their orders at once, so that their goods may be sent off in time to be received before the holidays.

Sea and River Fishing.

Books for Holiday Gifts.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. invites attention to its list of works on outdoor life and sport as including many books which are admirably adapted to be given as Christmas or New Year's gifts. Mather's "Men I Have Fished With," Whitehead's "Camp-Fires of the Everglades," Robinson's Danvis books, Grinnell's Indian books the Boone and Crockett Club's series, Kunhardt's "Small Yachts," and the "Supplement" to it—these are some of the volumes which are in subject and examples of fine book making certain to be valued The list is given on another page. Orders should be sent in such season that they may be filled in time for the holidays.

POTOMAC BASS.

Washington, D. C.—If one takes occasion to interview Washington anglers he will be surprised to find how many are inclined to the opinion that the small-mouth bass of the Upper Potomac are decreasing to an alarming extent.

The good work of the protective association in saving the bass in the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal last winter and returning them to the river, it was expected, would have some appreciably beneficial effect upon the season's fishing. Then the new close law of last year, it was confidently hoped, would help the spring spawning and much increase the catch. To cap all, came the long-continued floods, which kept the river for months like milk chocolate, and spring and summer passed with never a day when the water was clear enough to cast a fly, and but few hours when it was fair bait fishing. As autumn approached and under the drought the river fell and cleared, we were all sure that records would be broken and that all who cared for it would get wonderful fishing, whether with bob or spoon or fly.

Alas! The low water brought only disappointment. As a sample, two well-known clubmen, who claim they never had a water haul in any previous season, went twice to the Seneca Breaks and found nothing. On their last trip, in four days, with the water just as they wanted it, they took only one small bass. These two particular anglers are convinced the small-mouth bass of the Upper Potomac are gone.

Of course some fish were caught up river, and individuals at one or two localities had good days, but taken altogether all will admit the season was far from satisfactory and far below the average of former years.

Naturally the first solution of the difficulty which suggests itself is that the pollution of the Potomac waters, constantly increasing, has killed or driven away the bass.

In line with this theory was an interesting paper by Prof. Davis, hydrographer of the U. S. Geological Survey, read before the National Geographic Society Nov. 19.

The subject under discussion was such pollution as led to disease in Washington's water supply, but incidentally the tanneries, pulp mills and paper mills along the banks of the river were shown and commented on; a single one near Cumberland was said to be turning daily into the stream 100,000 gallons of refuse, strong with sulphuric, tannic and other acids. To point the moral, a slide was exhibited showing boys in a boat picking up dead fish in the nearby waters.

There can be little question that much is done in this way to the injury of the Potomac as a fish preserve, fatal not only to the fish themselves, but, what is nearly as important, to their food supplies.

History repeats itself, and it is odd to read that a quarter of a century ago the same trouble of the disappearance of the bass was exercising the anglers here and along the river, and that the Fish Commission, then commenting on their scarcity, said:

"It must be remembered too that, however rapidly certain fish, especially the black bass, multiply in new waters, there is a limitation to their increase, as shown by the experience of the Potomac River. This fish was introduced into this stream in 1854. * * * Not many years after the young fish began to distribute themselves in numbers, and in time the entire river became stocked with the new game. Starting at the headwaters of the river, the bass found immense numbers of cyprinidæ, such as chubs, minnows, suckers, etc., as also of crawfish, insect larvæ and the like, which had been previously for the greater part undisturbed, except perhaps by the pickerel, and having an ample supply of food, in accordance with the theory of natural selection, they multiplied to a prodigious extent. Year by year they extended their limits toward the mouth of the Potomac, until at the present time they are found in great abundance near Washington and form a very attractive object of sport.

"I am, however, informed by residents on the Upper Potomac and its tributaries, that the bass are becoming scarce and that their numbers are much less than a few years ago, while as a concomitant the immense schools of smaller fry, formerly so abundunt, have disappeared, a minnow now in some localities being a rare sight. This is a very natural consequence and must produce its result. In the increasing scarcity of herbivorous fish the bass will be driven to feed more and more upon each other, and after a time a certain average will be established, perhaps the same as that existing in the waters of the Mississippi Valley and elsewhere, where, although indigenous, they are in proportion fewer than in the Potomac River."

This might have been written of conditions to-day.

However, it does not necessarily follow that a decreased string means fewer fish in the river; on the contrary, the less taken out, the more ought to be left.

In a recent English volume called "Angling Holidays," and very pleasant reading it is, the author, Mr. Gedney, says of his last day on one of his favorite streams, the Darenth: "There have been times in which my valedictory notes on the closing season have been written with a sense of self-satisfaction and a consciousness that the depleted river deserved a rest; but no such feelings animate me at the present moment, for the season just closed has been the worst I have known in the past twenty-five years, notwithstanding that the stock of trout in the river was never so great as it is at the present time."

Let us hope then that our case is not so bad; that the bass are not dead but sleeping; that they are still here, and that with again saving those in the canal, and observing another close season in the early spring, another year may bring us the old-time strings. No doubt something of the trouble with September fishing was due to the quantities of slime and fungus which filled the long reaches where the currents were sluggish, as a result of the low water and extended drought, which, if they did not destroy or run the fish away or sicken them, did interfere with their feeding and capture, and may have had something to do with the unwonted number of bass which made their appearance lower down and opposite Washington.

Unusual quantities of fine bass were taken in the Monument Pool and at Long Bridge, and into November there were fishermen every day at both places.

Coincident with the decrease of the small-mouth bass in the Upper Potomac was the almost miraculous plenty of the large-mouth bass in the tributaries of the Lower Potomac, way down to brackish water.

They were seen in schools of hundreds, and here their increase and growth is not a question of food, for the tide waters will always be full, but rather a question of permitting them to grow. The creeks are even now being seined and stake nets are set, and nearly every morning may be found in the markets bass so small that their destruction becomes a crime, when it is considered that we spend more of the people's money annually to propagate and distribute food fish than all of heavily taxed Europe together does for the same purpose; and a jolly good job we make of it too, for our methods have been so improved for this culture on a gigantic scale that we beat the world in results. It is not wasted except what these poachers waste who destroy the little ones.

Thousands of pounds of bass weighing but a few ounces each have been sold in the markets here this year at from 2 to 4 cents a pound. (I am quoting one of the largest dealers, who denounces a trade in which he engages against his will.) If this destruction could be prevented it would make all the difference between bad fishing and good in the waters thus robbed.

And if nets are to be blamed for this slaughter of the innocents, what shall be said of men who call themselves anglers putting on their strings and carrying away bass of 6in. in length?

Thomson in his ode to spring long ago said:

> "If yet too young and easily deceived,
> A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
> Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
> He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
> Soft disengage and back into the stream
> The speckled infant throw."

Of these pot-fishers it is some comfort to know that before the season was over some of them were shamed into hiding their catches in their minnow buckets, where they belonged, and apologizing for them when detected. They were not to be envied, when even the small boys gibed at their strings of "speckled infants."

I have neard it said that in a woman's letter the kernel is in the postscript, and so with this paper. What I particularly desire to urge is that in securing further supplies of stockfish for the Upper Potomac, especial attention shall be paid to getting large-mouth bass and crappies. The latter make excellent sport, at times even with the fly, and are withal the best pan fish in the world. They multiply like rabbits and will afford additional feed for the bass. Then the large-mouth bass can feed on the young carp long after the small-mouth bass must give them up, and the carp is one of the most important food supplies left in the river. Besides this, the large-mouth bass will take a fly earlier, oftener and later than his small-mouth cousin.

Henry Talbott.

WHAT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT BASS FISHING.

The sum total or aggregate of what I would like to know and don't know about bass fishing is simply immense.

I have been trying for about twenty years, on and off, to find out the rules or laws which govern the feeding of the black bass of our fresh waters. If I could ascertain just when, as to time or under what circumstances or conditions, they take their feed, I feel at least reasonably confident that I could make as big catches and as many of them I read about in the piscatorial journals of the day, or hear about,

> "When the day is done
> And yarns are spun,
> And the camp-fire burneth low."

I have tried all times, all waters, all ways of hook-and-line fishing; have tried in all conditions of wind, weather and temperature, from 96° or over in the shade to one of those early autumn blizzards in which the snow goes straight across without stopping; and the sum total of the positive knowledge thus acquired, gathered together and added up, includes just two facts, neither of which is of much practical importance, and both of which it will not take very long to tell.

First.—As a general rule our fresh-water black bass will not bite at all during a thunderstorm or violent windstorm, nor for a somewhat variable and indeterminate time immediately before such a storm. A summer shower does not seem to disturb them much, if at all; and a light breeze, sufficient to ruffle the surface of the water slightly, is usually favorable to free biting. But when a violent storm is coming, fish, like most other animals, seem to have some way of their own of finding it out some hours in advance; and, like other animals, they are then apt to go for shelter; and with them the best shelter is deep water, or water so deep that it is disturbed but slightly, if at all, by the wind. After a storm is over, if they are hungry, they seem to get back to their feeding grounds without much delay, and then the fishing is usually good; but if for any reason they are not in immediate want of food, they seem to come back very leisurely—that is, the next day, or the next week, or some other time—in fact, just when it pleases them.

Now this fact as to the non-biting habits of the black bass pending or during a storm is of no particular value as regards catching fish. I cannot catch any more fish on account of knowing the fact referred to. I have merely learned one time when I need not try; all other times remain as before.

Second.—Another fact which I have learned is this: A black bass sometimes, and apparently when he is not hungry, will grab a minnow bait across its body, squeeze or chaw the life out of it and then spit it out, acting thus much as a cat does when killing a mouse which it does not want for food. Its natural animal vindictiveness (or cussedness) apparently leads it to kill everything killable (smaller than itself) which comes in its way. The fish is a wild animal, and seems to possess the leading instincts which belong to the brute creation. Wild land animals frequently kill just for the sake of killing, even when not hungry. And both the cat and dog, though domesticated from the earliest periods of recorded human history, still retain this disposition to kill as an inheritance of their wild ancestors of several thousand years ago.

Now this second fact is not of much more practical importance than the other. It does not help one iota in catching fish. I merely learn from it one reason why at times I can't catch fish—not how I can. And it may be proper to add right here that no man really knows what disappointment is, until he has had his choice minnows chawed up by the black bass when they are in this killing mood.

But it sometimes happens that a bass in thus chawing and killing a minnow bait will—perhaps accidentally—get the minnow's head in his mouth, and if the minnow is hooked through the lips the bass is then liable to be hooked accidentally. And if there is any fun to be had at all in bass fishing, it is apt to begin just then.

Now these two facts are absolutely all that I feel reasonably sure that I know about bass fishing—that is to say, I have found out that there is one time or condition of things when or during which, as a general rule, the black bass of our fresh waters will not take either fly or bait. And I have also found out that such fish are sometimes hooked accidentally as the result of monkeying with a bait they do not want. But as to all other times, circumstances, conditions and surroundings, my ignorance of the laws or rules which govern the biting of the black bass is dense in degree and colossal in magnitude.

Nor is my ignorance due to any failure on my own part to try. I have tried all the rules which I have been able to find in fishing books and in the fishing journals of the day, and besides these I have gotten up a few of my own; but I have never yet found any which, as a guide either as to time when fish would bite, or as to the conditions of wind, weather or water in which free biting could confidently be expected, were worth three smells at the dried-up cork of an empty bait bottle of last year's vintage.

In the early days of my inexperience I read sundry articles written by men who claimed to be post-graduates, as it were, in the science of angling, wherein early fishing was advocated before breakfast—from 4 to 8 A. M., while lazy folks were asleep, while air and water were cool and fresh and balmy, and while nature was in her pristine purity and beauty (whatever that may mean); that this was the feeding time of our fresh-water game fish; that along about daylight they would climb over each other in their efforts to make connection with an enameled, waterproof silk line depending from a 7oz. split-bamboo rod; that early in the forenoon they usually quit feeding, and of course would quit biting; that during the middle of the day they were off in their hiding places or lairs—asleep, I suppose, or repenting of their sins, or perhaps studying up some devilment for the next day. One writer said that after 8 A. M. one might as well fish in a garden.

Another writer said that during the time of full moon fish feed largely at night, and that then—that is, by moonlight—is the time when big catches can be had; and a lot more "tommy-rot" of the same kind.

Following these and sundry other like solemn directions, which seemed to come from experienced anglers (though, as I now think, more experienced with the pen than with the hook), I tried to reduce fishing to an exact science. I found that one might as well try to teach Blackstone to a bumble-bee. In different waters and at different times I tried early fishing and late fishing. I fished by night in the light of the full moon, and tried fly-casting when it was too dark to distinguish between a first-class fish yarn and an act of Congress; I spoiled my temper (what there was of it) and spoiled many a delightful dream by allowing myself to be wakened at 4 A. M. to go fishing. I all but paralyzed a healthy stomach, and got my head into the miserable habit of aching, simply by doing without breakfast for four or five long, mortal hours, in order to take advantage of the alleged early feeding habits of the fish. I have also fished all day, and at all hours of the day (Sundays excepted). I have fished in every variety of atmosphere and wind known north of the Ohio River and west of the Alleghenies to the Mississippi, and have tested a pretty large percentage of the waters within those boundaries, as well as some outside.

And what is the net result? Or, as Holy Writ puts it, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter."

It is briefly this: "The way of a man with a maid," which so puzzled the wisdom of King Solomon, is "dead easy" as compared with the way of a fish with a bait.

I have had equally good and equally bad catches at all hours from 4 A. M. to 10 P. M., and the distribution of good and bad luck, or no luck at all, along during these hours, has been practically so nearly uniform that I actually am unable to name one time of the day as materially better than any other time. And as regards the direction of the wind, whether north, south, east or west, or somewhere along between these points, given a lee shore and equally good fishing waters, I have found one wind to be as good (or as bad) as another. About the only wind that I especially dislike is a head wind, when the line is reeled up and the bow of the boat points homeward at the end of the day. At that time a head wind is positively harmful.

To a man up a tree it would seem that fish, like other animals, might reasonably be expected to bite when they are hungry. I thought so once, but while it may be true, I really am not at all sure of it. But if so, when are they hungry? That is the question, and not being able to answer that question, my piscatorial intellect up to the present time is nothing but "a waste, howling wilderness."

A few years ago, when fishing in the St. Lawrence near Clayton, I found that the bass were at least moderately plenty, as we could see them quite frequently. The spawning season was over and natural food was plenty. My oarsman and I fished faithfully all forenoon in what appeared to be the best waters and under what are regarded as favorable conditions, and caught one—just one—black bass, no more. We naturally attributed our poor luck to the fact that in the abundance of natural food the bass were already gorged, and not hungry; but on cutting open the fish we caught, preparatory to eating him for dinner, we found that his stomach was absolutely empty. Though natural food was abundant, he hadn't eaten anything for probably twenty-four hours. Why? I don't know. I give it up, and meekly take my place at the foot of the class.

Such incidents as this are not at all rare, and I mention this particular one simply because I happen to remember time and place, and the facts as I have narrated them, with rather more than the usual clearness.

Of course, in saying that I don't know much about bass fishing, there are a few things belonging to the A, B, C of the art which, for my present purpose, I take no account of. They are "hornbook" rules which must readily occur to anybody. Just for illustration one or two of them may be briefly stated:

1. A first rule in bass fighting is to find the fish, just as in the old cook book rule for cooking a rabbit: "First, catch the rabbit." But I know of no rule by which the angler can tell in advance where the black bass are to be found at any particular time, whether in shallow water or in deep water, or on sand bottom or on rock bottom, or near shore or hovering about the weed beds, or whether they are somewhere in the middle of next year. They are sometimes in one place and sometimes in another; and not infrequently they may be found at two or more different places on the same day, or, as is often the case, they cannot be found anywhere.

If any bass fisherman will give me a rule for finding the fish other than the rule for finding a needle in a hay-stack, I will deem it a great favor—that is, provided he will guarantee the rule.

2. Another primitive or "hornbook" rule is to keep one's self, with boat, rod, etc., out of sight of the fish, or, if in sight, to remain perfectly motionless at the time when the bait or fly is presented to the fish. But this rule is several thousand years old. King Solomon gives one version of it in his old book of Proverbs (Chap. 1, verse 17); and it was probably a thousand years old when he, as a boy, was snatching shiners out of the brook Kedron, just outside the walls of Jerusalem.

Some years ago, in a period of partial temporary idiocy, I thought seriously of writing a book on bass fishing. At that time I thought I knew a good deal on that subject—a good deal more than I know now or ever expect to know again. I am glad that I didn't do it. The world will never have a chance to learn now how much of an ass I might have shown myself to be. It was a narrow escape indeed. But from that day to this my knowledge of bass fishing has steadily decreased, and with each trip that I make it gets less. The foregoing is about all that now remains of the book I once intended to write. SHAGANOSS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

In Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 10.—Nat Cohen and S. R. Bartlett, of the Illinois Fish Commission, are in town this week. The new Chicago fish warden, Phil. Goetter, a husky and intent German, wants to see them Mr. Goetter passed the window of Fred Smith, one of the largest of our game dealers. A lot of under-size fish were displayed, and Goetter took charge. Smith said: "I know what you want. You want $25. Come in and sit down." But Goetter did not sit down, and did not want $25. Behold a sample of game-dealer ethics! And won't Goetter warm him up when it comes to court! "I say to him, 'I put my charakkter against his million dollar,'" said Goetter to me in describing this. "I say I want no twenty-fife dollar, but I bin afraid of nopotty." And I reckon that's so, too.

At Kankakee C H. Erzinger had undersized fish in possession. The jury cleared him on the ground that the fish came from Wisconsin. The local paper quotes the law (Mr. F. M. Smith, of Chicago, would better read it too):

"Sec. 6, after detailing the length of fish which may be sold or offered for sale, says:

"And provided further that the possession of any of the above-named species for the purposes of sale, or offering for sale, of less length than above designated, shall be *prima facie* evidence of violation, and subject the party or parties having them in their possession to the penalties of the law hereinafter mentioned."

Nat Cohen, president of the Board of Fish Commissioners, has written Fish Warden Craine a letter of indignation at the above verdict. He says:

"The law says that fish under a certain size shall not be sold or offered for sale in the State of Illinois, and the State of Illinois has the right to make laws to regulate its affairs. You might as well acquit a man of stealing. I would advise you to take the case to the grand jury.

"Don't stop at being beaten. Arrest any one you find selling fish under size. Next time perhaps you can get a jury that respects the law."

In Michigan.

Spearing is permitted on inland lakes of Michigan in the winter months. It is said many such lakes will this winter be practically cleaned out, the larger fish being especially the sufferers.

This week wardens had a circus with two Polish net-fishermen at Ludington, who were surrounded by friends who attempted a rescue. Thirty days in jail; nine nets confiscated.

In Iowa.

State Fish Commissioner Delavan, of Iowa, is adopting with great success the Illinois plan of seining out young fish from drying-up sloughs and bayous, where they would surely perish. He says 125.000 fish so taken cost only $15 to deliver. He has put 200,000 in large Iowa lakes, and expects to get 1,000,000 more before he stops this winter. He works at Sabula, along the Mississippi River.

Near Ft. Dodge, Ia., last week, Deputy Burnam arrested several fishermen for spearing through the ice, and each was fined $5 and costs. Their names were: M. A. Vinsand, Knut Knutson, Martin Gangstad, Herman Gangstad, Peter Knutson and Sever Axness. More arrests are expected to follow. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Fish for New Jersey Waters.

THE November report of State Fish and Game Protector Chas. A. Shriner tells us that the consignment of black bass received on the 7th was distributed as follows:

Lake Hopatcong, 600; Greenwood Lake, 400; Blackwood Lake, Camden county, 100; Union Lake, Cumberland county, 100; Little Swartswood Lake, Sussex county, 150; Fair View Lake, Sussex county, 150; Grinnell Lake, Sussex county, 100; Pochung Lake, Sussex county, 100; White Lake, Warren county, 100; Boody's and Hewes' Ponds, Gloucester county, 200.

The Delaware and Raritan Canal will be drawn off during December, and all arrangements have been completed to secure the bass, pickerel, perch and other fish which are left in the holes; these fish will serve to fill the applications on hand at present, and there is every reason to hope that every applicant will be satisfied.

Twenty pike-perch were placed in Culver's Lake, in Sussex county, during the past month, and arrangements have been made to secure a supply of baitfish for this lake. A dozen pike-perch and a miscellaneous assortment of bass, perch and pickerel, about thirty in number, were placed in White Lake, Warren county.

Twenty thousand trout, from 2 to 5½in. in length, were distributed during the month as follows:

Mossman Brook, at Newfoundland, in Passaic county, 1,000; Eckhardt Spring Brook, at Newfoundland, in Passaic county, 1,000; Wallkill, at Sparta, in Sussex county, 1,000; Big Brook, at Swartswood, in Sussex county, 1,000; Middleville Brook, at Stillwater, in Sussex county, 1,000; Paulinskill, at different points in Sussex and Warren counties, 3,000; Blairstown Brook, in Warren county, 1,000; Slabtown Brook, at Blairstown, Warren county, 1,000; Hockhockson, Eatontown and Pine brooks, in Monmouth county, 1,000 each; Buckhorn Brook, in Warren county, 1,000; Hopatcong and Roaring brooks, in Warren county, 1,000 each; La Barre and other brooks, 2,000; Pequest, in Warren county, 2,000.

"Men I Have Fished With."

MR. FRED MATHER'S new book, "Men I Have Fished With," is ready for delivery, and many copies have already been sent out to subscribers. Among those who have seen the volume there is but one opinion as to its worth and its beauty, and so greatly are anglers impressed by it that not a few orders have been received from individuals for copies to present to friends. These orders in numbers run from twelve down to two copies. The volume is described in our advertising pages.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1898.

Jan. 11.—Butterly Bench Show Association's show, Grand Rapids, Mich. Miss Grace H Griswold, Sec'y.
Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show, Boston. James L. Little, Sec'y.
Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show, New York. G. de F. Grant, Sec'y.
——.—St Louis Kennel Club's third annual show, St. Louis, Mo. Wm. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss. W. S. Bell. Sec'y.
Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club s trials, Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Jan. 24.—Champion Field Trial Association's Champion Stake, Tupelo, Miss. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala. H. K. Milner, Sec'y.

TO MY SETTER NELL.

THE fields are all white with frozen dew,
And the stubble and bracken are calling to you
And me, old dog, with their bevies of quails
'Long the course of the creek, by the half-sunken rails
Of that old crooked fence,
And the well-sheltered nooks where the cover's dense.
The soft, glinting rays that the sun has first shed
Make the carpet of grasses a gem-studded bed
For our feet to traverse; and the crisp morning air
Gives promise most cheering that Bob Whites are there.

So away! Let's away! To the fields! Let's away!
And beat out the bush ere oncoming day
Has scattered the dewdrops the air has just lent
To enable you, Nell, to follow the scent
Of those little brown beauties, and locate them there;
And they're flushed and scattered to stubble, or where
The birds can be started one or two at a time,
With nothing to bother the shot, or the rhyme
Of the crack of the gun and the fall of the bird,
And the game bag is filled to the very top gird. B. L. S.

A NORTH CAROLINA FOX HUNT.

HASLIN, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having been tied up with the many duties incident to Southern plantation life at this period of the year, and in addition getting my place in shape for sportsmen during the present season, I had no time that could well be spared from regular routine of work to get afield with dog and gun, or follow an exciting chase with the hounds—two amusements to me which hold untouched charms. Thirsting as I was for this very essential to my contentment, my brother sportsmen can draw a slight mind picture of my delight a few evenings since; when a leisure time had come, and on walking to the front veranda I heard the deep bass voice of Bounce, the long, mellow squeal of Buck, the sharp, snappy rattle of Sanko, ringing out on the calm, crisp air of an autumn evening, each note bearing the message to me that reynard was moving, and that my good friend Jarvis, listening for the familiar whoop from me, was out for sport.

In an instant thoughts were transformed into action, and a notice to Adam to turn Doc and Corker out of their kennel, who had also heard the voices of their comrades and were raising a howl to get "into the band wagon." A few moments later we were moving to join the fray. Soon they met the pack and were lending their shrill tenor voices, and making the woodland ring with the echo of a music that forces the spirit of a sportsman to move with every bound of the dogs.

Now old Prince joins, adding his deep, convincing note to the already enchanting chorus. The pack is complete; away they lead, bounding over ditches, through hedges, leaping a fence—to the woodland reynard makes a grand circle, hard pressed by his followers, the vim of each voice furnishing unmistakable evidence that foxy is only a few paces in the lead. The music is grand; the packing perfect. Reynard circles to the right and toward us. On, on, they come, a continual cry. He passes a little to the right, over a fence, and makes a short double. Now for a few moments a diligent search is made for the trail. Listen! it is Bounce—away out in the cornfield, rushing and screaming, telling the fox that he must plan and execute. Joined now by half dozen as determined dogs as ever ran a trail, each pressing for the lead, we stand and listen, mutually agreeing that nothing could be more enchanting.

Now by closely observing the movement of the dogs, we find that another circle has been resorted to—the dogs seem to double their resolution. And such a chase! A din of eager voices, pressing close to the trail just made by reynard, rushing hither and thither, then away, and the music fades to a low distant whisper. Now all is still for a moment. The sly old fellow has evidently doubled his track in order to gain a long lead when he points his nose toward his native bramble. A long, triumphant scream from Doc informs us that he is right. We soon find this to be the real situation. They all join and head directly for us, coming at a terrible speed, nearer and nearer. There is not a falter. What a union of voices! Each note distinguishable, lending an essential to the completion of the music. Plainer and clearer can we hear them, bearing straight toward us. Reynard is putting all his energy in every move, trying to reach the bramble just ahead, where he hopes to dodge and rest, if not to fully foil the pack. Here they come, full cry. We raise a regular war whoop, and away to the left he dashes; back and around, finally to reach his favorite spot only to get a short rest, when Buck and Corker make it plain that other quarters must be sought. And again away he dashes, with the music of the pack close to his heels; he leads for another test of speed and endurance.

Joined again, the pack makes "night hideous" for Reynard. He dashes out in the open field, across, near the roadway, each voice ringing clear on the still air of a November moonlight night. Around they swing, and down toward us they come. With a rush the fox passes, only a few paces ahead. On they go to woodland. Again driving, pushing and rushing, they force Reynard to circle. The music is grand beyond description. We stand totally oblivious to all save the bounding, leaping compacts of muscle, bone and sinew.

We have stood, listened, have run and enjoyed the scenes of this grand opera, enacted on the beautiful and inspiring stage of nature, for four mortal hours. Now for the first time we realize that soon it must close. As the moon nears the horizontal line of woodland in the west darkness begins to steal over the scene.

We wait a few moments, and the dogs near us, coming quite close—now for the final rush. With a whoop of encouragement from us, they make a determined dive, but lose. We check them, both feeling that Reynard has fought a good fight, and that another bright page has been scribbled down in memory's album. Now we wend our way homeward to dream of the determined rushes of the pack and the successful schemes of Reynard. F. P. LATHAM.

DOGS AS DRAFT ANIMALS.

THE subjoined paper on the use of dogs as draft animals in Belgium was written by Harvey Johnson, the U. S. Consul at Antwerp, and was sent in a report to the Department of State. Since the matter of transportation in the Klondike region has come so conspicuously into the notice of the American people, the paper will have a special interest, although it is intrinsically interesting in itself.

I have been unable to find any official statistics on the subject, except those showing the number of dogs (draft and others kinds) in the cities and towns. There are no "dog farms" in this neighborhood. Men of means do not interest themselves in raising draft dogs as they interest themselves in raising horses, sheep, chickens, etc. The dog business is almost entirely in the hands of the country peasants. The large majority of these peasants are persons who, upon a small piece of ground (almost invariably rented), produce vegetables, fruit, flowers, etc., for sale in the neighboring cities. In addition they raise a few dogs, rarely more than half a dozen. They bring their produce "to town" in carts drawn by their own dogs, and when there exists a surplus of dogs they are brought to the city on "market days" along with the other things and sold.

There seems to have been such a long-continued and indiscriminate intermingling of the various breeds that the draft dog now used in Belgium cannot with propriety be accorded a distinctive name, and must be called, for want of a better name, the "Belgian draft dog."

I can no better illustrate the lack of attention to breed than by narrating an experience which I had while riding on my bicycle in the country about ten miles from Antwerp. Seeing upon the door of a modest one-story brick cottage of a peasant a placard with the words: "*Chiens à Vendre*" (dogs to sell), I dismounted, knocked at the door, and at once found myself in the presence of the proprietor of the premises. After the greetings, and after informing the gentleman of the purpose of my visit, he gave me the following statement, assisted by periodical questions thrown into the narration by myself:

"I have six fine dogs to sell. Three of them have short hair and three are sheared, so as to please everybody. These dogs are just ready for use—strong, healthy, and just a little under two years old. I know these dogs well, because I raised them myself. I want 125 francs (about $25) apiece, but I will take less for spot cash. The breed? Oh, *mon Dieu!* I can't tell you much about the breed; the breed makes no difference. What you want is a strong, well-trained dog, and that's what mine are. However, I may tell you that my six dogs are all from the same father and mother. The father is, if I remember correctly, one-fourth Belgian, two-fourths Danish and three-fourths Scotch, and the mother is, I think, three-fourths Belgian and one-fourth English."

Assuring the gentleman of my appreciation of his remarkable memory and wonderful mathematical ability, and thanking him, I departed.

Seriously speaking, the story of this polite and humble peasant shows very accurately the attention (or rather lack of attention) that is given to the question of breed.

The dog generally in use varies in size and color, but in probably the majority of cases he is, when standing, about 2ft. high, of a dark gray or dark brown color, has short hair and the tail cut. In addition to his work as a draft animal, he is a faithful guardian of his master's home.

The price naturally depends upon the size, health and age. A well-kept dog two years old, 2ft. high, trained and ready for work, will sell for $18 or $20. The same animal at the age of six or seven years will not bring more than $8 or $10.

The service of the draft dog is easily taught by the master and easily learned by the animal. It consists merely in hitching the untrained dog to the cart by the side of his more advanced associate, and in a few days he is prepared for the "battle of life."

It is difficult to say exactly the weight of the load which can be drawn by one dog, for the reason that he is harnessed alone much less frequently than in company with one, two, three, and sometimes four others. In the latter case they are harnessed abreast. In the cities and towns, when employed by butchers, bakers, laundries, etc., to draw their delivery carts, one dog is often used, and is harnessed under the cart. The cart is provided with two handles, like those of a wheelbarrow, which are held by a boy, the boy thus guiding the cart through the narrow streets while the dog pulls. In case of need, the boy assists by pushing the cart as he would a wheelbarrow. Sometimes two dogs are placed under the cart, but not more.

The highest utility is attained where two, three, four or five are harnessed abreast and placed in front of the cart,

which they draw just as horses. It is in this way that the peasants come to town with their vegetables and flowers in the morning, and in this way they return in the afternoon, seated in their carts, happy and smiling when they have been able to sell their loads; and in this contentment the dogs seem to join, as they move briskly along, with their steady, easy trot, toward home. A team of three or four of these dogs can draw 500 or 600lbs. for several hours. The average working life of this faithful animal is said to be about ten years.

The cost of maintenance is inconsiderable. The dogs live generally on scraps from the kitchen, to which is usually added a little milk diluted in water. Like most of the peasants themselves, they are not often treated to meat, but I am informed that they are given a good meat dinner two or three times a month. This special dinner consists of horseflesh or beef of the cheapest kind.

The carts used in the cities differ from those used by the peasants. The former are usually about 4ft. high, with two wheels, are well constructed, weigh about 250lbs., cost about $50, and are drawn by one or two dogs harnessed under the cart, assisted by a boy who guides and, when necessary, pushes. He never rides in or on the cart. This specimen is provided with a solid iron bar, about 1in. in diameter, fastened under the rear end of the bottom of the body of the cart, and going perpendicularly to the ground. This bar touches the ground when the cart is not in movement, and keeps the body of the vehicle at a level while the boy takes out and delivers the merchandise.

The other is the peasant's or country cart, and is about 2 or 2½ft. high, usually with four wheels, not so well constructed or finished as the city cart, weighs about 125lbs., costs from $10 to $20 when new, and is drawn by two, but oftener by three, four or five dogs harnessed abreast in front of the cart. The wife or daughter of the owner is usually the conductor of this equipage, and she usually walks into the city by reason of the load, but invariably rides back home when the load is disposed of.

The harness is relatively the same as that used for horses, and costs $1.50 per animal. Country people, however, often make their own harness from scraps of leather, rope, twine, etc., and in such cases the cost is practically nothing.

I should say, in conclusion, that the Belgian draft dog performs all the duties imposed upon him in a most satisfactory and uncomplaining manner. As a factor in the transportation of merchandise, he occupies a most dignified place in this densely populated country.

In the city he is the trusted and faithful servant of the butcher, the laundryman, the small grocer, the baker and the shopkeeper, while for the poor peasants he is literally the one thing indispensable in placing all their produce upon the market place in the early hours of the morning. He does his work faithfully, steadily, and much more cheaply than the horse. It costs nothing to train him, but little to feed him, and but a little more to possess him. For the peasant who raises him there is no cost at all, and with an expense of $15 for a cart, and a few scraps of leather and rope for a harness, the peasant has a team which answers all demands for ten years. He is not more cruelly treated than the horse, and he endures the burdens imposed upon him equally as well. I really believe the dog suffers less than the horse from overloading. When his load is a little beyond his strength, the dog is always assisted, and in town the weight drawn by him is constantly being decreased.

Regulations in the Province of Antwerp.

In Antwerp it is provided that dogs, when used for hauling purposes, must wear a muzzle of metallic wire; they must be hitched to the pole or shafts or under the cart by harness at least one meter (39.37in.) long, and must be attached to one another by chains fastened to hooks on their collars; these chains must be thirty centimeters (12in.) in length. Dogs may be hitched before handcarts; in case of any other vehicles they must not be placed more than one head's length in front of the pole or shafts. If the equipage consists of more than three dogs, the driver must lead the dog nearest to passing vehicles. Dog equipages must go at a walk in the street, at near corners, in passing vehicles or mounted horses, and at all places where the road is encumbered. The driver must always be within reach of the equipage, so as to be able to control it. Outside of villages the driver may ride, except as hereunder stated, and provided he drives the dogs with leather reins. The driver must keep his dogs as far as possible from the track followed by other vehicles, so as to leave three-fourths of the road free. The wagons must be furnished with a plate giving the name and address of the owner; this plate must be forward of the wheel on the left side of the wagon. During the night a lighted lantern must be carried on the right forward side. When the fog is dense or the earth is covered with snow, one dog at least must be supplied with a warning bell. The driver cannot leave his equipage in the public highway without having first hitched it with a chain. The use of the whiplash is prohibited. It is forbidden to use for draft purposes dogs less than 19½in. high at the shoulder or dogs which are wounded, sick, infirm or pregnant. It is likewise forbidden to ride on a wagon drawn by a single dog, to carry on any vehicle drawn by one dog or several dogs a weight exceeding 220lbs. per dog in harness, or to leave harnessed dogs standing unnecessarily exposed to the sun during the heated season.

Infractions of the preceding regulations are punished by a fine of from 19.3 to 96.5 cents or by imprisonment for from one to three days; in case of repeated offense within a year, by a fine of $1.16 to $1.93 or imprisonment from three to eight days. The foregoing punishments may be made cumulative, in the discretion of the judge.

In the Province of Brabant the regulations, while not so explicit, are generally similar to the preceding. The only additions are that vehicles drawn by dogs must be provided with a T-shaped support under one end, so that when at rest the weight of the load shall not fall upon the back of the dog; and, further, that the harness must always be fastened on a collar round the neck.

The regulations of the Province of West Flanders are much less detailed. The chief variations to be noted are: In the case of well-trained dogs the driver may obtain permission from the local authorities not to lead the dogs; it is forbidden to harness dogs with an animal of any other species; it is not permitted to use harness or muzzles harassing in any way the dogs. The dogcart must always give way to other vehicles and bicycles.

The regulations for the Province of Limbourg are without any special provisions differing from those prescribed by the other provinces.

Kansas City Field Trials.

THE trials of the Kansas City Field Trials Club began at Amoret, Mo., on the 6th inst. Amoret is about seventy miles distant from Kansas City, on the Pittsburg & Gulf Railroad. The judges were Messrs. P. T. Madison and C. P. Baldwin.

The Pointer Stake had eight starters, as follows:

Theodore Fernkas's K. C. Kent (King of Kent—Pearl's Fan) with Rooney's Kent's Don (Bang Bang, Jr.—Kent's Mollie).

J. E. Guinotte's Toscar El Ray (Toscar—Argo's Queen) with L. Scott's Ben (Bertraldo—Nora).

Hersperger's Gypsy Queen (Bertraldo—Rosaline Wilkes) with E. L. Ragan's Flash (Æneas—Gipsy B.).

A. E. Ashbrook's Bart (——— —Fino) with L. Scott's Flossie (Bertraldo—Nora).

This stake was decided on Tuesday. K. C. Kent won first, Toscar El Ray second, Flash third. The winners in the Setter Derby are: First, Mr. Sinock's Sam T.; second, R. K. Campbell's Jack; third, L. Scott's Nora. The All-Age Stake (four starters) winners are: First, H. Carnahan's Lenapah (Capt. Tough—Jet); second, K. Guinotte's Doc (Capt. Tough—Jet); third, T. Fernkas's Nora (Gath's Mark—Mena III.).

Missouri Field Trials Association.

THE trials of this club began and ended on Dec. 8. Derby: First, Don Noble; second, St. Cloud; third, Kate E. All-Age Stake: First, K. C. Kent; second, Lady Webster; third, Glad.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The young ladies of the Butterfly Bench Show Association are active in promoting the interests of their forthcoming show, which begins on Jan. 11. Through the efforts of the Association a press committee was formed, which included representatives of all the newspapers in the city. A committee to receive visiting newspaper men was also appointed. The purpose of the show is most commendable and such as to appeal to world-wide sympathy and good will, it being purely philanthropic. The receipts are applied to support the Association's free beds in Butterworth and U. B. A. hospitals, and to establish one in the Children's Home hospital. Mrs. Charles Fox and her assistants are now engaged in preparing the catalogue. Miss Mabel Waters, one of the most efficient and enthusiastic members, who has been conspicuous in the management of previous shows, is spending the winter with her mother, Mrs. D. A. Waters, in Japan.

Two dogs, owned at 722 East 164th street, New York, ended a tempestuous career on Thursday of last week. They had been engaged in several serious scrapes, any one of which would have warranted their death. About six weeks ago they so injured a Miss Hughes that she died. On Wednesday of last week they wantonly attacked a young girl, Miss Elizabeth Cells, and severely mutilated her arm before she was rescued. Her father, a policeman, called the next morning and killed the dogs. It is to be regretted that they were not killed long since. Vicious dogs can not be wafted into the hereafter too quickly.

Mr. C. E. Buckle has moved to Montpelier, Clay county, Miss., to train, there not being sufficient birds at Lake Forest, Miss., for the purposes of training. There are very few streams and springs in the latter place, and the dry summer, it is conjectured, may have caused their death or driven them out.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on he bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

WHEELING NOTES.

Scorching the Scorcher.

IT is reported that a new bicycle ordinance has been put in force in Morgan Park, one of Chicago's most beautiful suburbs. The police therein are required to shoot scorchers if they cannot otherwise stop them, and the report further states that they are to shoot to kill. The last clause unearths the cruelty of the joke on the police, for if they shot at a scorcher with an intent to kill him, all stray dogs, billygoats, poultry, etc., would do well to seek cover instantly. In the art of shooting at man or dog and killing something else, a policeman is unequaled. In days gone by, when the policeman shot at a delectable "mad dog" and killed an over-curious bystander, the dog had a reasonable degree of immunity from violent death, but now that the policeman may make an alleged shot at the scorcher, there may be few dog days.

As to Starting.

Man is full of purposeless efforts when he must needs trust largely to himself in dealing with matters outside of his profession. Still more is he given to purposeless imitation. For instance, observe the average rider start on a morning ride for pleasure. He bends forward, exerts enormous force on the pedals, precisely as does a racer when starting in a desperate contest, wherein every moment lost at start or finish may mean a loss of the race. The average rider, starting thus, subjects the chain and frame to enormous strains, stretching and injuring the former and twisting the latter. But, strangest of all, after starting in the fierce and forceful manner of the race track, he immediately subsides into a calm and easy saunter which is out of all keeping with the flurry of starting. It is such senseless abuse of the wheel which spoils it before it is worn out. It is such brainless riding which makes repair shops thrive. The imitation racer riding for pleasure, he with the mannerisms of the track off the track, is he who has a story to tell of long repair bills and collapses of his wheel far from home.

Dirty Chains.

No part of the wheel is more systematically neglected than the chain, and no part is of more vital importance both to the usefulness of the wheel and to the comfort of the rider if the matter of useless force is worthy of consideration. The experiments on draft and friction, made by Prof. Carpenter at Cornell University, stimulated other investigation. An English expert, testing the difference of loss between a clean chain and one more or less encumbered with grit, found that the frictional loss of the former was a trifle less than 1 per cent., while the gritty chain in about the average condition of neglect indicated a loss of from 30 to 40 per cent.

The Chainless.

A manufacturing house of large pretensions announces that it will have ready by March next a new chainless wheel, which will be placed on the market at $75. It will be similar in mechanism to those already announced by standard makers. Chainless wheels at $50 are also contemplalated.

Pigeon Toes and Wheels.

And now comes forward one man of medicine who solemnly avers that riding the bicycle alters the development of the legs and further tends to making riders pigeon-toed, and that heredity will so affect later generations that they will have these qualities naturally. Of course, the bicycle face, the wheel back, the humped shoulders, etc., will all be perpetuated likewise. Of course, this sort of posterity will be all right awheel, but it will not be a pretty sight at pink teas.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

THE Massachusetts Y. R. A. will hold a special meeting, in answer to a call, to reconsider the question of the immediate abolition of time allowance. Under the circumstances this is the wisest course, and best calculated to allay the friction which has arisen within the Association. We hope, however, that a fair and open discussion of the question will demonstrate that the time has really come when all allowance should be abolished. The vested interests which will really suffer by the loss of allowance are too small to stand in the way of such an important reform.

THE Boston *Herald* has done good work in proving the absence of any sound reasons for the retention of time allowance. Of course the *Herald* is strongly in favor of such a useless and obsolete encumbrance, and it has ransacked all yachting, from "The Great 21ft. Class" down to Defender and the America's Cup, to prove the necessity of building to all odd sizes; and the best argument it has thus far adduced is that a man may, for instance, be unable to afford a 25ft. l.w.l. yacht, and should therefore be allowed to build one of 22ft. length and receive time from the larger. This flimsy argument is elaborated to the utmost to show the unjust discrimination in favor of the wealthy yachtsman who can afford a 25-footer, and against the poor man who can only afford one of 22ft. length. The classes in the Massachusetts Y. R. A. are 15ft., 18ft., 21ft., 25ft., 30ft. and 35ft. This wide range of sizes enables a man to build to the top of some class, according to his means, and removes all excuse for building to the middle of a class. The best reason we know of on the side of time allowance is that there are always some who through ignorance of designing cannot build close to a fixed limit, or who through carelessness or contrariness do not do so. There is no reason why any further privileges should be extended to either of these classes.

THE general meeting of the Yacht Racing Association on Dec. 2 resulted in the rejection of the new formula proposed for the yachts of 36ft. linear rating and under, $\frac{L. + 2B. + G.}{2}$, or one-half the sum of L.W.L., twice the beam, and the girth measured around hull and keel from L.W.L. to L.W.L. The Council, at its meeting on Nov. 12, declined to recommend this change, so that a vote of three-fourths of the general meeting was necessary to the adoption of the amendment. The vote actually stood 21 against and 6 for. At a meeting of the Council on the same day Mr. Æmilius Jarvis, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., was present, and the question of a possible international agreement in rules was discussed.

FROM the reports in the daily papers and the telegrams from the other side it appears that some misapprehension exists as to the mission of the American yachtsmen now in London. At the time of the organization of the Yacht Racing Union of North America last month, two of the organization committee—Mr. Jarvis, of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes, and Mr. Macdonough, representing the Pacific Interclub Y. A.—were about to sail for England on business, by chance being booked on the same steamship. It was suggested that while in London they should consult with representatives of British yachting interests as to the possibility of an international agreement in measurement and other yachting rules. Beyond being acquainted with the general drift of discussion of the measurement question here, they had no formal proposition to lay before the British Y. R. A., and there was no possibility of anything further than a *pour parler* to establish closer friendly relations in matters in which both nations are interested. On this side there is at present no definite proposition for a new measurement rule; and on the other side the whole matter is in a very uncertain state; so much so that there would be nothing to gain here by the adoption of the existing Y. R. A. rule. At the same time the trend of opinion on both sides is such as to lead ultimately to the same class of rule; and there is probably no serious reason why a satisfactory rule for one side of the Atlantic will not answer equally well for the other. Of course the climate and conditions are not identical; on this side a larger sail spread is carried; but it does not follow that this presents an insuperable obstacle to the satisfactory operation of one common rule. One of the Americans—Mr. Macdonough—was called to Paris, and consequently could not be present at the meeting.

IF, as now appears, the Emperor of Germany has really bought Yampa, it is possible that he may depart from the policy he has thus far followed in the treatment of American yachts, excluding them from all entry for the various valuable prizes which he has offered for international (European) competition. The spirit of narrow-minded exclusion with which he has sought to protect English and German yachts from American competition is of a sort to awaken wild transports of envy in the breasts of such Americans as Messrs. Payne, Frye and Bates, in spite of all that they have attempted and achieved in restricting and annoying American yachtsmen. That he appreciates such a vessel as Yampa is ample proof that the Emperor knows something of yachts, and the possession of such a craft makes it almost impossible for him to discriminate against others who may own vessels of the same nationality.

RUMORS are rife of challenges for the Canada cup, not only from one but from all points of the Lakes, Buffalo, Chicago, and Detroit. We hope that some one of these will take actual shape before many days, with a resulting series of trial races which will enlist the support of the entire southern shore of the Great Lakes. It is reported that Mr. Berriman, of Chicago, who raced Vencedor against Canada in 1896, is about to challenge, provided fair terms can be made, and that the Detroit yachtsmen are only deterred by the fact that the terms are unfair, and that if nothing else can be done they will challenge for the Mabley trophy, a cup valued at $600, also won by Canada in her races with Vencedor.

The terms of the Canada cup, published in the FOREST AND STREAM, are perfectly fair in securing equal rights and privileges to both parties, and under the existing rules of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes, which must govern the match, both are on exact terms of equality in designing and building. It is true that it is impossible for either defender or challenger to build a fin-keel or a yacht of extreme light construction, as of aluminum for instance; but the limitations of type and construction are only such as to compel the building of staunch and serviceable yachts that will have a

permanent place in the Lake fleet; and they do not in the slightest degree favor the defender rather than the challenger.

This talk about unfair conditions, whoever may be responsible for it, is very similar to what has been heard before from the longitude of Chicago, and taken in connection with the actual terms of the deed of gift it looks as though there was very little desire to put in a challenge that will be accepted.

At present there is a good outlook for a revival of building on the Lakes in some one of the smaller classes, the 32 or 37ft. Short of some advertising syndicate there are no yachtsmen on any of the Lakes who are prepared to keep up racing machines, even in the 42ft. class. An international race for the Canada cup next season in the 32ft. or 37ft. class would start matters in the right direction, with the construction of half a dozen yachts for the trial races of the challenger, representing several different cities; and these yachts, apart from this immediate purpose, would be kept in service for regular racing instead of being sold to salt water, like Vencedor, or kept ashore for want of a class, like Canada.

THE annual race record of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts recently sent out is about as powerful an incentive to competition as could well be devised. The neat pamphlet, for whose appearance much credit is due to Secretary A. T. Bliss, shows beyond possible question just what each yacht of the racing fleet has done during the year. The records of every race are corrected and preserved, and thus officially published at the end of the season. The diploma of the Association for 1897, won last year by the 15-footer Elsa, goes to the 24-footer Hoodlum, an open boat designed by J. R. Purdon for A. H. Higginson and R. Boardman. The bronze medal and pennant for the highest percentage in each class go to Ida J., owned by F. E. Beckman, in the 29ft. class; Hoodlum in the 24ft. class; Muriel, designed by J. F. Small and owned by Herbert N. Nute, in the 24ft. cabin class; Rooster, designed by J. R. Purdon and owned by C. E. Adams, d, in the 20ft. class; Vitesse, designed and owned by C. D. Mower, in the 17ft. class; and Gosling, designed by Geo. F. Lawley for Messrs F. O. North and L. M. Clark, in the knockabout class.

The Association percentages of these yachts are: Ida J. 66⅔ per cent., Hoodlum 92 4-13 per cent., Muriel 65 15-19 per cent., Rooster 78⅓ per cent., Vitesse 76¼ per cent., Gosling 46 2-13 per cent.

The official list of the Association numbers in the 29ft. class 22 yachts; in the 24ft. class, 10 open and 25 cabin yachts; in the 20ft. class, 37 yachts; in the 17ft. class, 33 yachts; in the knockabout class, 13 yachts—a total of 149 yachts. The list of races runs up to 41—including resails—and covers a district between Provincetown and Newburyport. The greatest number of starts was made by Privateer, the second boat to Muriel, 27 in all; but Little Peter and Fantasy each started 24 times, while Arab did one better.

The knockabout class shows an excellent record of persistent racing: Fly, 27 starts; Gosling and Hazard, each 26; Mongoose and Sally III., each 23; Cockatoo, 20.

The Classification of Knockabouts.

IN view of the popularity of the original 21ft. knockabout class and the general adoption of similar yachts in different localities, the yachtsmen of Boston and New York are working to establish a set of uniform regulations for the different sizes and types of knockabouts. The Boston Knockabout Association adopted, at a meeting on Nov. 18, the following regulations for a 25ft. class:

DEFINITION AND RESTRICTIONS OF A 25FT. KNOCKABOUT BOAT.

DEFINITION.—The boats of this class are intended to be comfortable cruising vessels, not to include fin-keels, of good accommodation and moderate sail area, the aim being to encourage cruising and racing in a seaworthy type of boat.

1. LENGTH L.W.L.—The length on the load waterline not to exceed 25ft., to be measured with all fixtures and equipments as specified, on board and in position, and with crew aboard, averaging 150lbs. to each man.

All boats to be marked at points of immersion on bow and stern by measurer, with marks easily distinguishable.

2. BEAM, L.W.L.—The greatest beam at load waterline to be not less than 8ft. for a keel boat, and 8ft. 9in. for a centerboard boat. The measurer to mark the position of this point by a small copper nail or other mark 3in. above L.W.L.

3. FREEBOARD.—The freeboard not to be more than 30in. at point of greatest beam.

4. BALLAST.—Outside fixed ballast to weigh not less than 6,000lbs. for a boat of 8ft. L.W. beam, and for each full inch of increase in the load water beam the outside fixed ballast may be decreased 50lbs.; provided, however, that the outside fixed ballast for any keel boat shall not weigh less than 5,500lbs., and for any centerboard boat shall not weigh less than 4,500lbs. Certificates shall be furnished to the inspector by designer and builder as to weight of ballast.

5. CENTERBOARD.—The centerboard, if of wood, must not be weighted more heavily than is necessary to sink it readily. If of metal, must not exceed ⅜in. thickness. The board or the box must not come through the cabin floor.

6. DRAFT.—The draft for keel boat shall not exceed 6ft. For a centerboard boat the draft, exclusive of the board, shall not be more than 4ft. 9in., and board must be entirely housed when up.

7. MAST.—Forward side of mast at deck shall not be less than 5ft. from forward end of L.W.L.

8. DECK.—To be wholly decked, except the space taken up by trunk, cockpit and hatches. The cockpit to be watertight, with scuppers draining outboard.

9. CABIN HOUSE.—The cabin house or trunk and fittings must be permanent; its inside length shall not be less than 10ft.

10. CABIN FLOOR.—The cabin floor shall be continuous for the length of cabin, with greatest width of at least 2ft. 4in. between opposite frames. The top of floor to be not less than 4ft. in a keel boat and 3ft. 9in. in a centerboard boat, below the level of the under side of plank sheer at any cross section.

11. HEAD ROOM.—The least vertical height from any point amidships on cabin floor to top side of house beams to be not less than 6ft.

12. FIXTURES.—The cabin to be at least 8ft. in length and at each end to have substantial partitions of wood. To be furnished with lockers and permanent transoms or berths for the accommodation of two persons. The forecastle to have at least one folding berth. Each boat to have a suitable water closet, refrigerator and dish locker.

13. RUDDER.—The rudder shall extend below the waterline to a point within 6in. of the greatest draft of the boat, and shall be hung against the sternpost, deadwood or ballast the entire depth of the rudder.

14. SCANTLINGS.—Frames oak not less than 1¾ × 1½, to be spaced not more than 12in. on centers. Deck beams oak not less than 2sq. in., finished, to be spaced not more than 12in. on centers. If the frames are spaced closer than 12in. on centers a proportional reduction in size is allowed.

Beams of cabin house oak 2sq. in., finished, to be spaced not more than 12in. on centers. Bilge stringers and deck clamps to be required. There shall be suitable floor timbers spaced not more than 12in. on centers from mast to aft of ballast. The construction generally to have sufficient strength to insure seaworthiness.

15. PLANKING.—The planking deck and hull to be not less than ⅜in., finished. Planking of top of house to be not less than ⅝in. thick, finished.

The outside of the hull to be planked with Southern long leaf pine; if planked with mahogany, cedar, soft pine or other soft wood, the thickness to be 1in., finished.

16. SAILS.—The rig to be restricted to lower sails of not more than 800sq. ft., of which not more than 640sq. ft. of actual sail area shall be in the mainsail. Storm sails may be substituted for working sails, and a triangular spinaker may be used, but not as a balloon jib. Previous to measurement the owner shall cause distinguishing marks—black bands, 1in. wide, painted around the spars—to be placed on the mast, boom and gaff at corners of mainsail. On the forestay, level with the head of the jib, a suitable mark shall be fixed. The halyard block for the spinaker shall not be more than 30ft. from the deck.

The area of the jib shall be considered to be the area of the forward triangle, viz.: the product of one-half the distance from the attachment of the tack to the boat to the forward side of the mast at the tack mark of the mainsail, multiplied by the distance from the upper edge of the said tack mark to the jib stay mark.

No part of the mainsail shall at any time extend beyond the inner edges of the marks. No part of the jib shall extend above mark on stay.

Any rounding or roaching of the edges of any sail shall be included in the area of sail.

17. SPINAKER BOOM.—The length of spinaker boom, from outhaul attachment to center line of boat, as in use and swung out square, must not exceed 25ft.

18. EQUIPMENT.—In addition to the fixtures, etc., before specified, the boat shall be provided with a complete cruising equipment, all of which must be on board and in their proper places when the boat is measured, and no part of which shall be removed or used to change the trim for racing.

Two anchors, the total weight of which shall be not less than 100lbs., one of which is to be kept forward.

Thirty fathoms of 1½in. cable or 5-16in. chain to be kept forward, and suitable windlass or capstan. Also fifty fathoms of 2½in. cable.

Water tank of at least thirty gallons capacity, with proper connections.

Stove and utensils for cooking for four persons.

Table, dishes and ware, and other necessary articles.

Boat-hook, bucket, compass and binnacle, side and anchor lights, fog horn, pump properly rigged for immediate use.

Two serviceable life preservers.

The cabin transoms or berths to be provided with cushions or mattresses, and four pairs of blankets.

19. CREW.—The crew is limited to four persons, including the helmsman, who must be an amateur.

Not more than one shall be a professional. Boats existing Dec. 1, 1897, which comply with these restrictions to satisfy the board of judges, may be admitted to the class.

At the same meeting it was decided not to admit centerboard yachts to the present 21ft. class, nor to allow spinakers.

The proposal to measure and class by L.W.L. only, instead of by length and sail area, came up at last in definite shape before the Sound Y. R. A. last week, though its principal advocate was backward in offering the amendment. No very strong arguments were advanced in favor of it, the principal ones being that it would place New York in uniformity with Boston, and that it would nominally bring together a lot of yachts which now race in different classes. After a general discussion the proposal was lost.

So far as we can see, the only ground for the movement to establish an obsolete and antiquated system of measurement rests on the fact that the rule which has been so long in general use, and under which so much has been accomplished in the reconstruction of the American yacht fleet, has within a few years past failed to meet the many changes and complications of yacht racing. The advocates of a length rule have thus far offered nothing to prove that it would meet the case any better than the length and sail area rule; and, on the other hand, there is the evidence of years of racing under the old length rules to prove the evil results that inevitably follow from the taxation of but a single element of speed.

As thus far put forward, the proposal to measure L.W.L. only is on a par with the foolish limitation of draft adopted last year and backed by the same vague and general promises of great good to yachting.

The question of a suitable rule is entirely too serious to admit of any further blind experimenting with alleged panaceas and cure-alls; and when any positive step is taken it must be done on some more substantial grounds than have thus far been advanced in either of these two cases.

If those who favor a measurement by L.W.L. desire to secure a general and favorable hearing for the scheme, we suggest that they set forth in plain language what they consider to be the defects of the existing yachts of to-day, and how far these defects are due to the bad influence, active or passive, of the present rule, and how much to outside causes. Also, what general type of yacht it is desired to encourage by a new rule.

With this much clearly settled, it will then be possible to discuss intelligently the probable effects of a L.W.L. rule on proportions, form, displacement, construction, etc., as compared with the similar effects of a length and sail area rule.

To do this calls for some general knowledge of the subject of yacht measurement and for some careful thought and study, and it is a good deal easier to merely decry one rule and praise another in general terms. There are always some who accept any statements against the existing order of things without going below the surface of the matter, provided they are strongly enough made; but we believe that the majority of American yachtsmen to-day are capable of weighing arguments, pro and con, on the questions in which they are interested, and that they prefer to use their own judgment rather than to accept the unsupported dictum of any authority. Discussion, thought and light are all needed in the measurement question; a leap in the dark, such as is now proposed, can only defer the adoption of a good rule while several seasons are being wasted in an old and useless experiment.

The principal argument thus far advanced for an L.W.L. measurement is that it has worked well in Boston; but it must be said, on the other hand, that the Boston fleet has grown up mainly under length rules of various kinds—"mean length," length plus one-third of overhang, length measured some distance above the true L.W.L., etc. In abandoning many conflicting methods of length measurement for a single one (and that, of L.W.L. in racing trim with crew on board, the only fair and reasonable one), the Massachusetts Y. R. A. has made a great step forward. It has attained true uniformity, such as is essential to general interclub racing, and it has recognized the modern yacht, with untaxed overhangs; while it has stopped the trickery that was encouraged by measurement in other than true racing trim, with crew on board. These changes of themselves are sufficient to account for all that has been accomplished by the Y. R. A. in so short a time. The length an sail area rule has never been popular in Boston, and, though adopted at times by different clubs, it has never been built to generally by the clubs which now compose the Massachusetts Y. R. A. Most of these have clung to some form of length rule and built to it. All that has been done under the present Y. R. A. rule of L.W.L. could have been done as well under the same measurement of L.W.L. with sail included as a factor.

The argument used in New York, of uniformity with Boston, amounts to nothing of itself until it is shown that the Boston rule is in some way better than the present rule; and not only for small craft, but for all sizes of yachts. The question in Boston is purely a local one, of the classes of 35ft. l.w.l. and under; no larger yachts are raced in the East to-day. The question in New York is very different; the first consideration is a suitable rule of measurement for large yachts. Whether this rule will also cover the smaller yachts, of 35ft. l.w.l. and under, or whether some other rule is needed for them, must be decided later. While the proposition, as made to the Sound Y. R. A., covered only the smaller sizes, the advocates of a L.W.L. rule have in no way limited themselves, but have urged its general adoption as the standard rule of measurement for all yachts. Even though it should work well in the smaller classes, it would not answer in any way for large yachts.

The proposal to abolish all time allowance for next season came very near to adoption by the Sound Y. R. A., the first vote being a tie, and even now it is to come up again at the March meeting. We quite agree with all that has been said against time allowance; though we unfortunately neglected to patent the idea some twenty years ago, when we first advocated the universal building to class limits, we have always opposed the American custom of building to the middle or bottom of a class. When the allowance tables were altered a couple of years ago by the change from 50 to 60 per cent., we pointed out that the result would be to encourage the building of smaller boats for the sake of the added allowance.

In common with half a dozen other needed changes that have long been opposed by American yachtsmen, the abolition of time allowance has very recently been taken up and pushed with vigor, so that it is now an assured fact. The yachts built this year in the Massachusetts Y. R. A. and the Sound Y. R. A. receive no allowance, and are considered as measuring to the top of their classes. In Boston the circumstances of the case fully justified the immediate abolition of allowance; so far as vested interests were concerned, there were few old boats that suffered any material impairment of their chances of winning, most of the older and faster boats going to the top of the newly arranged classes. The one argument for the retention of the allowance for another year was the understanding that this was to be done if other changes were made. Under the circumstances, as we understand them, the abolition of allowance by the Y. R. A. last month was a breach of faith, and for this reason a mistake.

The proposal as made to the Sound Y. R. A. took on a very different form, as it covered all classes and rigs. So far as the smaller yachts were concerned, time allowance might as well be abolished now as at any time; comparatively few yachts would suffer. When it comes to the larger classes, however, the case is quite different. While the racing yachts of over 42ft. racing measurement are few in number, at the same time they cannot be entirely disregarded; they must be recognized on the race programmes of some of the clubs, even though few of them race. It would be very poor policy at the present time for the Sound Y. R. A. to go out of it way to legislate in a way that would awaken the active opposition of the owners of large yachts. These yachts cannot race without time allowance in some form, even as a basis for putting two or more classes together, as is often necessary. Anything under the name of a handicap is unpopular, and however imperfect and inadequate the standard allowance tables may be, they are accepted as the best possible basis for the racing of large yachts of different sizes.

The Sound Y. R. A. has thus far acted with good judgment in all its legislation, working to improve the racing rules without unnecessary injury to any yachts or the creation of ill feeling and opposition on the part of owners. To go to work now in a summary manner with legislation that is distinctly hostile to the larger yachts would be a serious mistake. In the smaller classes time allowance must go; in fact, it has gone; but for some time at least it will be the only means of matching the large yachts of differing sizes.

Mr. Brand's Challenge.

THE following is from the *Yachting World* of Dec. 3:

Matters in connection with Mr. J. Arthur Brand's challenge to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for the Seawanhaka cup are, now that the Minima Y. C. has officially confirmed his action, progressing very favorably. It will be remembered that when the idea of a British challenge was first mooted we expressed the hope that Mr. Linton Hope would co-operate with any syndicate which might be formed, and give those concerned the benefit of his experience in small boat racing and designing.

Mr. Hope, we are glad to announce, has consented to do so, and on Wednesday he had a long interview with Mr. Brand, the practical outcome of which is that he will design a couple of 20-footers for the syndicate, and go out to Canada with Mr. Brand to assist in sailing the boat which is to be selected to race for the cup.

Mr. Brand is anxious to form a syndicate, with a capital of not less than £1,000, so as to insure a really representative craft being secured for the race. This syndicate, it is proposed, will build two boats, and race them against two or three others which well-known yachtsmen have decided to build. Special prizes will be offered for these races, and it is expected that the leading clubs will make an extra class for the boats, which will, of course, not be eligible to compete in the regular Y. R. A. classes. Racing could be continued until after the Royal Yacht Squadron week in August, as the selected boat need not necessarily be shipped from Southampton until the middle of that month. The races for the cup will not take place until about the middle of September. This will give ample time to test the merits of the various probable challengers, and to insure that the boat ultimately selected is a really representative craft. At the time of writing the composition of the syndicate has not been decided upon, but we are informed that Mr. T. Harrison Lambert has already consented to join it.

In view of the above, we can only regret that Mr. Brand has not displayed the same promptness and energy in challenging that he did in protesting, but has allowed the matter to drag for over two months, with complete disregard for the rights of both the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. and the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. Of course, the matter has been settled some time since by the acceptance of the Seawanhaka challenge after repeated failures to obtain any satisfactory response from Mr. Brand. Many will regret, however, that the enterprise as above outlined, with Mr. Linton Hope as the designer, has fallen through for the coming year.

New Steam Yachts.

WITHIN the week the Erie Basin Dry Dock Co. will lay the keel of a steel steam yacht for E. W. Bliss, of Brooklyn. The yacht will be similar to Marietta III., and by the same designer, H. J. Gielow. She will be 180ft. over all, 142ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam, 11ft. hold, and 7ft. 1½in. draft. The forward deck house will be 25ft. long, and the after house 18ft. The engines will be 14, 21, 24 and 24 by 18in., with two Roberts boilers. The work will be under the direction of Capt. W. D. Dickey, superintendent of the yard, who has constructed Sultana, Sovereign and Marietta III.

The Lawley & Son Co. will build from their own design a steam yacht for a Baltimore owner. She will be of composite construction, 110ft. over all, 91ft. l.w.l., 15ft. 6in. beam, and 6ft. 6in. draft, with triple compound engines.

Lake Y. R. A. Annual Meeting.

HAMILTON, ONT.

Saturday, Dec 4.

THE annual meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association was held at the New Royal Hotel Hamilton, on Dec. 4, at 2.30 P. M. President Ambrose was in the chair, and, in the absence of Secretary Gray, his place was filled by W. Q. Phillips. Delegates presented their credentials as follows:

Buffalo Y. C.—F. B. Hower, N. O. Tiffany and E. R. Sharpe.

Kingston Y. C.—H. H. Gildersleeve, with two proxies.

Oswego Y. C.—J. T. Mott and R. A. Downey, with one proxy.

Queen City Y. C., Toronto—Owain Martin and Wm. J. Foy, with one proxy.

Rochester Y. C.—J. E. Burroughs, with two proxies.

Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto—G. H. Gooderham, J. Carl Reid and G. T. McMurrich.

Royal Hamilton Y. C.—E. H. Ambrose, J. H. Fearnside and J. F. Monck.

Victoria Y. C., Hamilton—Wm. Burnside, T. L. Stephens and E. A. Fearnside.

The financial report showed a small balance of $37.48 on hand, but liabilities amounting to $71.65, the balance of which will have to be met from the current season's receipts. The Bay of Quinte Y. C., of Belleville, was dropped from the membership list. The Association now includes five Canadian and three American clubs, all in good standing.

After routine business the various amendments to the rules and constitution were taken up, those offered by the Royal Hamilton Y. C. being considered. The first was to change the date of the annual meeting from the first Saturday in December to the first Saturday in November. This was carried, together with another amendment making the dues from each club payable on Nov. 1 instead of Dec. 1.

The next amendment referred to the percentage of immersed midship section, and in order to understand its intention it is necessary to refer to the measurement rules as amended in November of last year. These provide for a classification and time allowance by corrected length, based on the usual length and sail area measurement, with no restrictions on midship section in the case of yachts built or brought to the Lakes prior to Nov. 1, 1896, unless named by the Council, as in the case of the 42-footer Canada, named at the request of her owners. For yachts built or brought to the Lakes after that date, or named by the Council, the minimum percentages of the immersed midship section (inscribed in a paralellogram touching its extremities) are, for the first, 42, 37 and 32ft. classes, 33⅓ per cent.; 27ft. class, 20 per cent., and 22ft. class, 12 per cent. Any yachts affected by the rule with immersed midship sections falling below the limit must add a percentage equal to the deficit to their racing length and give time allowance accordingly, but such increase does not count for classification. The amendment proposed to raise the percentage from 33⅓ to 35 per cent. in the four higher classes, leaving the others unchanged, and to make any addition to the racing length count for classification, in order to leave a clear course for another amendment proposing to abolish time allowance in class racing.

To the amendment on its merits no particular objection was offered, and in fact the 35 per cent. as against 33⅓ per cent. was afterward adopted in another form. The discussion, however, was long and complicated, the whole question of the restriction of the midship section being overhauled and great diversity of opinion expressed. With regard to the larger classes some delegates were by no means certain that the fin-keel should be suppressed, as with proper construction it gave a strong and seaworthy form of hull at a moderate cost. The claims of the fin and bulb in the 32 and 27ft. classes were strongly urged, one delegate stating that a 27-footer such as Kestrel could be built for two-thirds of the cost of a boat of heavier displacement, while she was as seaworthy and had good accommodation. Mr. J. H. Fearnside pointed out that, as centerboards were not included in describing the contour of the midship section (unless weighted for ballast), it gave such craft an unfair advantage over fin-keels, and of the two he considered the latter more seaworthy, especially when their construction was governed by a proper table of scantlings such as was about to be adopted. In fact, with proper construction much of the objection to the fin-keel type was held to disappear. In addition, it was urged that unless centerboards of all kinds were regarded as a factor in determining the form of the section, the minimum percentage rule was of no avail whatever against the Bonshaw type, with an immersed section of probably 90 per cent., and quite practicable in the 27ft. class.

The amendment was laid on the table to consider another, offered by the Queen City Y. C. This proposed to retain the 33⅓ per cent. clause in the larger classes, but to fix the minimum of immersed midship section at 12sq ft. in the 27ft. class, and 9sq. ft. in the 22ft. class, with a formula for an addition to the corrected length of yachts with sections below the limit, such addition not to affect classification. This was aimed at the Bonshaw type, and craft of light displacement generally. The mover, Owain Martin, himself the owner of a 22-footer, saw no reason why the class should be given over to the unrestricted racing machine, especially as it was necessary to make passages from port to port in order to enjoy a fair season's racing. Good cabin accommodation was not to be expected in so small a size; but open boats of a seaworthy type had cruised around the lake for years, and could do it again.

After further discussion an amendment to Mr. Martin's amendment was introduced by Mr. J. Carl Reed, providing for no restrictions whatever on midship section in the 22 and 27ft. classes, but a new class of small cabin knockabouts to be established, as a separate class, the racing length not to exceed 22ft. and to sail without time allowance (except as hereafter provided). All boats built or brought to the Lakes for this class after Dec. 4, 1897, to have an area of immersed midship section of not less than 10sq. ft., and each owner to file with the measurer at the time of measuring a certified drawing to scale of such midship section from the builder or designer of the boat. Yachts of 22ft. racing length or less, built prior to Dec. 4, 1897, the area of whose immersed midship section exceeds 6sq. ft., may race in this class, but shall give a special time allowance in accordance with their lack of displacement; the formula to be used in measuring such boats (for the time allowance only) shall be:

$$\frac{L. + \sqrt{S. A.}}{2} \times \frac{10}{D.}$$

D is the area of midship section plus .4 of the difference between such area and 10sq. ft. This class to be separate and distinct from the present 22ft. class, and yachts entered in one class not to be eligible in the other. Some doubt was expressed as to whether such a class would fill, but Mr. Reed assured the meeting that he knew of two men who were only waiting for its recognition to build, and in addition it would take in a number of craft now out of the racing. After further discussion the amendment was carried unanimously, this, of course, disposing of Mr. Martin's original amendment, while the Royal Hamilton amendment was withdrawn except as regards the change from 33⅓ to 35 per cent. in the four larger classes, which was adopted.

This ended the discussion, and further amendments were carried without loss of time, and may be briefly summarized as follows: Time allowance will be abolished in straight class racing, except in the first class. In mixed class racing the upper limit of the class to which each yacht belongs will be taken as the racing length, and time allowed accordingly, except in the first class. In mixed class racing also, where yachts are subject to a restriction on the midship section, 35 per cent. will apply to all classes. Yawls will be rated at 93 per cent. instead of 94 per cent. of their racing length, as formerly.

The rule requiring galley fittings on board during a race was rescinded. A Corinthian must steer yachts of 32ft. racing length and under, and in addition he must be a member of a yacht club belonging to the Association. Measurement protests must be accompanied by $5, to be forfeited if not sustained; but if sustained, the owner of the yacht will be fined a similar amount.

The Association decided to join the Yacht Racing Union of N. A., but instructed the secretary to communicate with sister organizations on the Lakes with a view to all being represented together

The tables of scantlings prepared by W. P. Stephens were adopted and incorporated in the rules, the meeting expressing its cordial appreciation of the work and care expended in their preparation.

The following were elected representatives of the Council of the Yacht Racing Union: Æmilius Jarvis, J. F. Monck and J. E. Burroughs. Mr. Ambrose was nominated, but declined to stand. On recommendation of the Association officer $40 was appropriated to purchase buoys, etc., for laying courses at ports where there is no yacht club.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Pres., Frank Strange, Kingston Y. C.; Vice-Pres., R. A. Downey, Oswego Y. C.; Hon. Sec'y, Frank M. Gray, Royal Canadian Y. C.; Council: Com. Hower, Buffalo Y. C.; Com. Martin, Queen City Y. C.; F. E. Woodward, Rochester Y. C.; E. H. Ambrose, Royal Hamilton Y. C.; T. L. Stephens, Victoria Y. C.

The question of next year's racing programme was left to the Council, but Kingston was named as the place of the next annual meeting.

The meeting then adjourned.

The 21ft. Knockabouts.

THE new class of 21ft. knockabouts, with 600sq. ft. of sail, is described as follows by the Boston *Globe:*

The new 21ft. knockabout class, with 600sq. ft. of sail, is a very promising one, even though it will not produce strictly a "knockabout." The carrying of a short bowsprit will take the boats out of the strictly "knockabout" type, but at the same time the increased speed by reason of the larger sail plan, and the more advantageous disposition of sail allowed by the bowsprit, will more than compensate for the loss of the name. The complete restrictions for the class as formulated by a special committee of the Knockabout Association follow and make interesting reading.

The present standing of the matter is that the report of the committee will be presented to the Association. And if that body shall see fit to take charge of a third division within its membership the boats of the class will be built under its jurisdiction. If the Association feels that it has its hands full with the 21ft. keel knockabouts and the 25-footers, a new association will undoubtedly be formed. The yachtsmen interested in the new class are thoroughly in earnest in determining to build something faster than the present knockabout, and there is a prospect of nearly a dozen boats.

The main idea in starting the new class is to secure a faster boat, and one in which better racing can be done without sacrificing any of the cruising qualities of the old type. In fact, the cruising qualities will also be improved, since a fair-sized cabin is one of the requirements. It was also desired to admit centerboards, so that yachtsmen who do not always have deep water off their club houses could have a chance.

As at present drawn the restrictions seem to meet all requirements. Any of the old knockabouts may be changed in sail plan to suit the new class, while at the same time the new boats cannot "outbuild" them in construction, since hull and ballast requirements are the same as ever. The Buzzards Bay class of the Beverly Y. C. is admitted to the new class, so that the centerboards of both may race together, keels being barred for Bay racing. The boats will cost practically nothing more for their increased speed, and will be more desirable in many ways.

The type will be a specially good one for the Boston Harbor clubs, and the writer wishes the new class success.

The following are the complete restrictions as agreed upon by the committee:

A boat of this class is intended to be a seaworthy boat with cabin house and fair accommodations; with watertight standing room, or air tanks of sufficient capacity to float the boat when full of water; rigged simply with only mainsail, forestaysail or jib and spinaker.

The length of the L.W.L., with full equipment and crew averaging 150lbs. per man aboard, shall not exceed 21ft. Dead weight may be substituted for crew in measuring.

The beam at L W.L , in keel boats, shall be at least 7ft., and in centerboard boats at least 8ft. The freeboard shall be not less than 20in. on the minimum beam, a reduction of 1in. on the freeboard allowed for every increase of 4in. in beam.

The forward side of mast at the deck shall be not less than 4ft. 3in. aft of forward end of L.W.L.

The planking, including deck and house, shall not be less than ⅝in. thick, finished.

The frame of the boat shall be of oak, or its equivalent in strength.

The frames shall not be less than 1sq. in. and deck beams not less than 1⅛sq. in. section.

The spacing of frames and deck beams to be not more than 9in. center to center.

Deck clamps shall run from stem to stern, with a minimum cross section of 4sq. in. for at least one-half the length; also bilge stringers of at least 4sq. in. cross section shall run for at least one-half the extreme length of boat amidships.

For centerboard boats the minimum draft shall be not less than 3ft.; the total outside fixed ballast shall be not less than 3,000lbs.

For keel boats the draft shall not exceed 6ft.; the outside ballast shall be not less than 3,500lbs.

The fin shall not be counted in the required weight of ballast, and no fin shall be less than ½in. in thickness.

The sail area shall be not over 600sq. ft., and not over 400 sq. ft. of actual sail area shall be in the mainsail. The inspector shall be provided with a correct sail plan of any boat to be measured, and previous to measurement the owner shall cause distinguishing marks, satisfactory to the inspector, to be placed on the spars as follows:

On the mast at the tack and at the throat of the mainsail, on the boom at the clew of the mainsail, on the gaff at the peak of the mainsail. No part of the mainsail shall be allowed to extend beyond these marks. The marks shall be black bands painted around the spars in a manner satisfactory to the inspector. The inner edges of the bands shall be the limits of the sail.

The area of the jib shall be considered to be the area of the forward triangle, viz., the product of one half the distance from the attachment of the tack to the forward side of the mast at the tack mark of the mainsail, multiplied by the distance from the upper edge of the said tack mark to a mark on the jibstay level with the head of jib.

The extreme distance in feet from mast to end of spinaker boom when in position, as used, shall be not more than 400 divided by the distance in feet from deck to throat of spinaker halyard block.

No battens over 30in. length allowed to be used in sails.

Equipment to include anchor not less than 25lbs. and cable of not less than 30 fathoms of 1¼in. rope; also bucket, pump, compass, fog-horn, lead and line, lantern and three life-preservers.

All boats now existing that have been accepted by the inspector under previous rules, and all that now comply with the present rule of the Beverly Y. C., and all boats built on the lines and specifications of W. B. Stearns, as accepted by the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., and carrying not more than 550ft. of sail, shall be accepted as complying with these restrictions.

Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound.

THE fall general meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound was held on Dec. 7 at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, Chairman Cromwell and Secretary Jones being present, with the following delegates:

Huguenot Y. C., E. Burton Hart, Jr., and T. F. Day; Indian Harbor Y. C., C. E. McManus and F. Bowne Jones; New York Athletic Club, Mayhew W. Bronson; Corinthian Fleet of New Rochelle, James D. Sparkman and W. Irvine Zerega; Riverside Y. C., C. T. Pierce and H. W. Tyler; Hempstead Harbor Y. C., Ward Dickson; Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., F. E. Towle, Jr., and G. S. Towle; New Rochelle Y. C., Charles E. Tower and Paul A. Meyrowitz; Park City Y. C., R. S. Bassett; Knickerbocker Y. C., O. H. Cheeborg; Bridgeport Y. C., R. R. Curtis and F. M. Wilson; Huntington Harbor Y. C., H. H. Gordon; Harlem Y. C., William Towner; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., Oliver E. Cromwell.

After the roll was called it was moved to dispense with the reading of the lengthy minutes of the previous meeting, and the proposed amendments to the rules, as already printed, were taken up. The points involved were explained by the secretary and generally discussed, the rules being then voted on. In the general rules the only important changes were in the names, that of "Union" being changed to the "Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound," while the term "executive committee" was substituted for "council." The object of these changes was to avoid any conflict with the Yacht Racing Union of North America; the local organizations being thus termed associations and the national body a union. It was also decided to hold two general meetings, one in November, instead of December, and one in March.

The changes in the racing rules were made to conform to the rules of the Y. R. U. of N. A., as recently published in the FOREST AND STREAM. Under Rule II. Mr. E. Burton Hart offered an amendment to the effect that an owner should be at liberty to mark the extreme points of measurement on boom and gaff by black bands painted on the spar. While many were in favor of the suggestion, after discussion the amendment was lost. In case of remeasurement on protest, it was provided that the owner of a yacht thus protested must present his yacht for measurement immediately after the race when so required by the race committee, and that the fee shall be collected from the owner only in the event of the new measurement being in excess of that filed in advance. Should the measurement prove less, the fee is to be paid by the protesting party. The term "racing measurement" was adopted in place of "racing length."

When Rule III., Classification, was taken up, Secretary Jones announced that Mr. T. Fleming Day, of the Huguenot Y. C., had intended to offer an amendment that all yachts of 30ft. l.w.l. and under be measured and classed by waterline only, but that he declined to do so. Mr. Day, when called upon, spoke in favor of a L.W.L. measurement and classification as used in the Massachusetts Y. R. A. Some discussion followed, but the amendment was lost.

The draft limits adopted last year were allowed to stand, without discussion.

Under Rule V., Time Allowance, Mr. Day moved that time allowance be abolished at once in all classes, and the motion was seconded and put to vote after considerable discussion. The vote was a tie, 8 to 8. After further discussion it was decided to leave the matter until the March meeting, in order that all interested might be heard from. The sentiment was strongly in favor of the total abolition of time allowance; but opinion was divided as to the necessity and expediency of any radical move just now, when allowance is already denied to yachts built in 1897, and the older yachts entitled to it are rapidly dropping out of the racing.

The question of allowance for rig brought out some amusing remarks on yawls, Mr. Day claiming that the yawl would be improved by being denied the allowance and made to sail on even terms with the cutter and sloop rigs. The subject of establishing a special class for yawls was also discussed, and decided in the negative.

Under the head of "Boats and Life Buoys," it was decided that but one life buoy need be carried in yachts under 30ft. racing measurement, all yachts of the 36ft. class and the larger classes carrying two. A change was made in the rule relating to crews, allowing professional crews and helmsmen in the 51ft. class.

Under the head of "Starting and Finishing Signals," the subject of the special classes was discussed, and it was finally decided to start the special classes separately from the regular ones, as from the number of starters in the former, as in the new 25ft. and 21ft. knockabouts, they would interfere seriously with the yachts in the regular classes. This required a complete rearrangement of the starting signals, which work was referred to the executive committee, to report at the March meeting. The remaining rules were adopted as printed. As several important matters are thus left until the spring meeting, the book of rules will not be printed until after that meeting. In the meanwhile clubs can obtain from the secretary proofs of the rules as thus far amended.

One important subject that was discussed by the delegates was the enforcement of the rule relating to numbers on sails; it was decided that all the race committees would, for next season, enforce this rule strictly and literally, disqualifying every yacht which does not show her official racing number on both sides of the sail and in the proper position. Thus far this important rule has not been generally enforced, but especially as the rule compelling the carrying of a private signal in a race is rescinded, there is no reason why the numbers should not be properly displayed, as called for by the rule.

Mr. C. T. Pierce, of the Riverside Y. C., requested a ruling from the Association upon the question of the new 25ft. and 21ft. classes, as to whether yachts of different design, but complying with the dimensions and scantling of each class, would be recognized in the races. It was voted, as the sense of the meeting, that race committees should recognize no yachts in these two classes that were not built to the standard designs of the classes. The meeting approved of the proposal of the executive committee to adopt the blanket entry for the entire season.

According to Mr. Blair Cochrane, brother-in-law of Mr. Sutton, owner of the ½-rater Wee Winn, so successfully sailed on the Solent by Miss Sutton, the total weight of the hull, bulb-fin, spars, sails, oars, anchor and all equipment carried in racing is 990lbs. The hull alone weighs 396lbs. Wee Winn is supposed to be identical in design and construction with the 15-footer Trust Me.

Capt. John Carter, who has sailed Britannia since she was launched in 1893, and who has done a full share toward the splendid record which the yacht has made for five seasons, is no longer in the service of the Prince of Wales—a pretty strong indication that no new cutter is contemplated to replace Britannia.

The Mediterranean Yacht Clubs.

In all, there are some twenty societies or clubs along the shores of the littoral who organize regattas, and who between them own quite a considerable flotilla of yachts. The three most important are the Club Nautique de Nice, the Société Nautique de Marseille and the Union des Yachtsmen de Cannes. Among its members the Club Nautique de Nice counts such well-known yachtsmen as M. Frank Pilatte, Dr. Ed. Pilatte, M. J. G. Maurel, M. L. Bensa and others. In 1885, at the instigation of this club, the first yachting congress was held in France, with a view to arriving at a satisfactory rating rule for racing craft. In 1885 the Union des Sociétés Nautique de la Méditerranée was established, which extended from Cette to Naples, but which went to pieces from the very vastness of its organization. Nothing daunted, the Fédération des Sociétés Nautique de la Méditerranée was called into life, but whether it serves any practical purpose is highly doubtful, since all clubs are under the sway of the Union des Yachts Français, the governing body of the sport in France. Nevertheless the Club Nautique de Nice has done much in the interest of the sport on the Riviera, and numbers several of the best known yachtsmen among its members. Another and smaller club at Nice is the Cercle de la Voile, which takes it in turns with the Club Nautique in giving regattas. The second in importance is the Société Nautique de Marseille, which was founded in 1887. In addition to its annual international regatta it organizes a number of matches and smaller events along the coast.

This club has a capital anchorage, and has built a slip for repairs and cleaning. This slip can take yachts up to fifty tons, and has room for six or seven at a time. The total number of yachts is 106, displacing 2,200 tons. The youngest of the three important is the Union des Yachtsmen de Cannes, founded five years ago as a sporting outcome of a purely social body, the Cercle Nautique de Cannes. At Cette, again, there are two clubs, the Société Nautique de Cette and the Sport Nautique d'Etang de Thau. At Hyères, Ciotat, Sainte Maxime and Toulon there are similar institutions, all of which are most energetic in the organization of regattas.—*The Field.*

The Quincy Y. C. Challenge Cup.

The Quincy Y. C. has announced the following conditions to govern its new inter-club challenge cup for the 21ft. class. The cup, made by Tiffany, costs $200:

Article 1.—Races shall be limited to yachts belonging to any organized yacht club in good standing which are eligible to sail in the present 21ft. classes of the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association.

Article 2.—The club holding the cup shall defend it between July 15 and Sept. 15, on three months' notice against all comers. All challenges shall be in writing, signed by the proper officers of the challenging club. One challenge shall be delivered at least three months prior to the date of the proposed match. Subsequently other clubs may challenge and enter the same series of races on the terms proposed in the challenge first received and accepted.

Article 3.—Each club shall name its representative for the series on or before the day of the first race.

Article 4.—A yacht must win three races of a series to win the cup. After four races of any series have been sailed, only winners shall be allowed to compete; after six races, only yachts which have won twice.

Article 5.—Races shall be sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, with the further provision that the total weight of a crew in racing trim on day of race shall not exceed 850lbs.

Article 6.—Courses shall be so laid that at least one-third shall be to windward, but a change of wind subsequent to the start shall not invalidate a race. The depth of water over the whole course at the time of start and for four hours subsequent shall not be less than 5½ft.

Article 7.—The terms of this instrument may be modified by the Quincy Y. C. while the cup is in its possession, and when not in its possession by agreement between the Quincy Y. C. and the club holding the cup, but no modification shall be made during the pending of any challenge, unless consented to by all challengers.

Article 8.—All conditions of any competition not covered by these articles or by the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts shall be left to mutual agreement, and in case of failure to agree the executive committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts shall act as arbitrator.

Article 9.—Any club winning the cup shall give a receipt specifying that it is responsible for the safety of the cup and holds it subject to the terms of this instrument, and that if it dissolves or ceases to exist the cup shall be returned to the Quincy Y. C.

Cruising Fin-Keels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fin-keel has much to answer for. Its sins of omission and commission are flagrant and many. Like many a high-spirited youth first turned loose upon society, it has steered wildly, and perhaps only on one phase of its performance has there been a universal ground of agreement—undeniably it was fast. But, as is often true in the case of the youth, there are some who fancy they have seen latent virtues shining through the hurly-burly of its wild-oats sowing—virtues of strength and energy that would surely survive the test of time and prove the essence of a sturdy maturity.

The writer is one of these, and has viewed with great interest your descriptions and drawings of Palmyra and her sisters, and later of Akista, and indorses fully the remarks of Mr. Hill on the use of the fin in the knockabout classes. He believes there are many others who think with him that displacement can be profitably removed from the region of the garboards even in large-bodied boats; that, weight for weight, the barrel-shaped hull is strongest and most easily driven; and, among the smaller classes at least, given certain limits of length, sail and displacement, a higher ratio of value as against outlay may be had.

Up here on Lake Ontario there has just been established a knockabout class of 22ft. racing length. The only restrictions are a draft of 5ft. and a minimum area of immersed midship section of 10ft.; it will be seen that in this there is great latitude as to type. I shall be much mistaken if the possibilities of the fin in this class are not well canvassed, and should therefore be glad to hear from Mr. Hill, through the Forest and Stream, what his ideas are as to the particular form in which he would adapt it to boats of this size.

Fin (de Siècle).

Toronto, Dec. 11.

Glencairn II.

The following is from the Montreal *Star*:—

Glencairn II., which won such a magnificent victory, and secured the possession of the Seawanhaka cup for another year last season, may leave Canada. It appears that efforts have been made to obtain possession of Glencairn II. on behalf of a couple of well-known Wisconsin yachtsmen. The gentlemen, evidently under the impression that the boat was owned by Mr. Duggan, opened negotiations with him, it is understood, for her purchase. The boat, however, is owned by Mr. Jas. Ross, and the latter does not seem any too anxious to part with her. Mr. Duggan, it is said, offered them the Avoca, which he built first, but it seems that the Wisconsin gentlemen do not want any boat from here unless they can have Glencairn II. It seems that the whole thing was a scheme on their part to surprise their rivals in the lake clubs, with which they compete, with the boat, without giving her name, and now that they have been discovered their excuse is that they simply desired the boat so as to see in what way the boat which had beaten the best United States craft of her class was superior to the swift boats which are being used in the vicinity. The gentlemen who have been negotiating for the purchase of the boat are Messrs. Robert and Hermann Nunnemacher, of the Pine Lake Yacht Club, of Milwaukee.

We hope, in the interest of fair sport and American yachting, that the above story is only in part true. Western canoeing has already been disgraced by a "ringer" in the shape of a fast Eastern canoe bought and raced under a false name, and it would be most unfortunate if yachting should suffer in the same way.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Alcedo II., steam yacht, George W. Childs Drexel, arrived at Philadelphia on Dec. 10 from Savannah, at which port she touched on her voyage from Antwerp. Capt Frank E. Dyer is in command. The yacht sailed from Philadelphia for Southampton on July 10, but put into New York shortly after to repair damage to her machinery. She sailed from the latter port, and Mr. Drexel and his party joined her in Scotland for a cruise to Norway and the Baltic, leaving her at Antwerp and returning to New York by steamer.

A steam yacht of 120ft. length, 16ft. beam, is under way at J. Thomas & Son's yard, Winan's Cove, Baltimore, for W. H. Evans, of that city. She will have triple expansion engines and Williams water-tube boilers.

Republic, schr., G. P. Mathews, arrived at New York on Dec. 9, in tow of the tug Edgar T. Luckenbach, after being dismasted while on her way up the coast.

At the annual meeting of the Beverly Y. C. on Dec. 10 the following officers were elected; Com., Geo. H. Richards; Vice-Com., Lewis S. Dabney; Sec'y, R. W. Emmons; Treas., F. L. Dabney; Meas., A. S. Hardy; Regatta Committee: A. H. Hardy, S. G. King, C. E. Hodges, F. E. Cabot, David Rice, E. M. Farnsworth and J. G. Palfrey; House Committee: Dr. E. S. Wood, A. H. Hardy, W. E. C. Eustis, N. H. Emmons and F. L. Dabney. It was voted to change the measurement rule to conform to that of the Y. R. A. of M., "waterline with crew on board," and a committee was appointed to draw up a plan of reclassification should it be necessary in view of the change. A committee was also appointed to draft restrictions for a new class of about 25ft. waterline. It was voted to confer by committee with the Boston men interested in the new 21ft. 600ft. of sail class, with a view to making the restrictions uniform with the present Buzzards Bay class. It was voted to hold a regular meeting of the club late in August at the Wing's Neck club house.

The city of Milwaukee is planning a grand carnival for next summer, one feature of which will be three days of yacht and rowing races, on July 2, 3, 4. A special committee, including Messrs. Alexander Mathers, Horace Enos, Robert Nunnemacher, James Johnston and A. B. Cambier, has been appointed to attend to the yacht races. Prizes to the amount of several thousand dollars will be given, and it is expected that yachts will be in attendance from all the Lakes.

A Chesapeake Bay buckeye, to be named Dixie, is now building by E. J. Tull at Potomac, Va., for the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of New York. She will be about 80ft. over all and 20ft. beam, with 2ft. 6in. draft, and rigged with leg-o'-mutton sails, the conventional buckeye rig.

The shops of C. C. Hanley, at Monument Neck, Buzzards Bay, where so many fast yachts of the Cape cat type have been turned out, were destroyed by fire a short time since, Mr. Hanley losing his tools, patterns and models. He has decided, in view of this disaster and the growth of his business, to abandon the Cape and to establish himself permanently in larger and more convenient shops at Quincy, Mass. Mr. Hanley's business has long since outgrown his immediate vicinity, numbers of his yachts being used about New York and Boston.

The annual meeting and banquet of the Rochester Y. C. took place on Dec. 7, the following officers being elected: Com., F. E. Woodworth; Vice-Com., J. W. Robbins; Fleet Capt., N. H. Compton; Sec'y, T. G. Young; Cor. Sec'y, J. E. Burroughs; Treas., T. G. Young; Meas., Wm. H. Pillow; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. T. O. Tait. Directors—A. G. Wright, A. T. Hagen, Hy. Loewer, D. R. Clark. Delegates to L. Y. R. A.—T. B. Pritchard, J. E. Burroughs, W. J. Herriman.

Mr. Compton, of the regatta committee, read a report of the season's races, with the following summary:

	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.		Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.
Pedro	4	1	1	Dragon	0	0	1
Nydia	4	0	0	Amelia	0	1	1
Chic	4	0	0	Zanita	0	2	0
Nox	3	3	0	Soubrette	1	0	0
Iris	2	3	0	Vita	0	1	1
Veritas	2	1	0	Kodak	0	1	0
Nydia	1	3	0	Facile	0	0	2
Weno	1	1	1	Majel	0	0	0
Kelpie	1	0	0	Althea	1	0	0
It	0	3	0				

Veritas also won the Flynn cup.

The racing has been more successful than in any previous season, and the interest displayed promises well for next year.

A meeting of the sailing committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was held on Dec. 6 for general business, including the annual report. The following telegram was read: "Confirm Brand's challenge, conditions 1897.—Minima." The club having already accepted the challenge of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., no action was taken on the telegram.

In spite of some vigorous denials, it is settled that the anonymous purchaser of the schooner yacht Yampa is none other than the Emperor of Germany. The yacht has been out for survey at City Island and has refitted there. Her racing spars and sails have been shipped from Boston to Southampton, and she will sail this week for that port in charge of Capt. John Burt, who has been with her during the past summer.

The annual meeting of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association was held on Dec. 4 at Racine, Wis., the following officers being elected: Pres., H. A. Coleman, of Milwaukee; Vice-Pres., George Warrington, of Chicago; Sec'y, C. O. Andrews, of Chicago; Treas., H. Schulte, of Manitowoc; Delegates to Yacht Racing Union: E. J. Baker, Edward Baker and Edward Warren. The place and date of the annual meet have not been decided.

Niagara II., steam yacht, now building for Howard Gould by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. at Wilmington, Del., is nearly plated, and engines, boilers, joiner work, etc., are all under way. It is expected that the yacht will be ready for launching next month, and that she will be completed by the contract date, April.

The Racine Boat Manufacturing Co. has under way two steam yachts, one for Otto Young, of Chicago, for Lake Geneva, to be 73ft. length, 12ft beam, and 4ft. draft, with a speed of 14 miles; the other for Martin A. Ryerson, of Chicago, to be 75ft. length, 12ft. 6in. beam, and 4ft. draft. The company has also under construction steel sectional steamers for the Klondike.

The Yonkers Cor. Y. C. elected the following officers on Dec. 2: Com., Alanson J. Prime; Vice-Com., Charles A. Valentine; Fleet Captain, Louis Quanchi; Fin. Sec'y, Henry J. Ritchie; Rec. Sec'y, F. A. Rigby; Treas., F. D. Canfield, Jr.; Meas., William E. Myers; Chaplain, Rev. James E. Freeman; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. N. A. Warren; Steward, W. N. Warner; Librarian, J. Willard Pruyn; Trustees—James S. Clark, Judge William C. Kellogg, Halcyon Skinner, Frank W. Sabold, W. Hunter Clark and Charles W. Swapp; Regatta Committee—John Dickson, Edward Crabbe, F. A. Rigby, Walter Blackburn and Gabriel Reeve; Membership Committee—J. S. Potter, G. Howard Clapp, Charles W. Swapp, J. Willard Pruyn and J. W. Kennedy; Delegates to New York Yacht Racing Association—A. J. Prime, Edward Moore, Jr., and Bertram Barnett. The club is in excellent financial condition—not only out of debt, but with a surplus of $8,000. Com. Prime has served for twenty-one years as commodore, and it is under his good management that the club has prospered.

The annual meeting of the Douglaston Y. C. was held on Dec. 7 at the Arena, New York, forty members being present at the dinner. The following officers were elected: Com., Clay M. Green; Vice-Com., F. R. Parsons; Rear-Com., W. H. Johns; Sec'y, George H. Petitt; Treas., John G. Bert; Meas., David Crispin; Board of Governors—Thomas L. Hamilton, Joseph R. Grismer, Louis Harway, David Crispin and Charles K. Sayer. The club has the plans ready for a new house at Bayside, L. I.

It is rumored that at least three of the big cutters will be seen in the Mediterranean next spring—Ailsa, under her present owner, A. Barclay Walker; Satanita, recently purchased from Charles Day Rose by Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, and now fitting out; and Valkyrie III. Various indefinite reports of the sale of the latter yacht have been in circulation, but it is now said that she will be raced next season by her original owners, Messrs. Robinson, McCalmont, and the Earl of Dunraven.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

C. L. B., Trenton, Mo.—I would like to have a list of breeders of English mastiff dogs. Ans. There are few breeders of mastiffs in the United States. We have no information at present concerning mastiffs for sale.

H. S. K., Syracuse, N. Y.—Do Elliott and Heikes shoot the same kind of guns at live birds? Ans. Elliott and Heikes use the same kind of guns, viz., Winchester repeating shotguns. Elliott, however, shoots what is known as an "Elliott model," while Heikes is now shooting a '97 model. We believe he first shot this gun at the New Jersey State shoot, Sept. 28-Oct. 1.

E. E. P., Fort Smith, Ark.—My pointer puppy, seven months old, has had his tail cut off by former owner. The tail, about half its original length, has never healed perfectly. I think screw worms got into it. It is swelled to about twice its natural size and seems to give the dog a great deal of uneasiness. I have tried blue ointment, sulphur, and sulphur and aloes, and have been giving Fowler's solution internally for a week past. He does not improve. Will you kindly suggest something that will relieve him? Ans. It is impossible to determine the cause of the ailment from the meager description you give. We advise you to consult a veterinarian or physician.

J. G. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—My foxhound bi ch, aged six, lately bought, has been kept shut up two years except occasional exercise. Her feet are tender and got very sore on a day's hunt, leaving blood on her track. Toe-nails are very long. What should I do? Her feet get well in four or five days after a run. She now has plenty of room for daily exercise, and the best of care. She and another dog aged three are hard pullers. Are they too old to be benefited by the use of a spike collar? Should a foxhound be fed on the morning of a hunt? Ans. Reduce the claws to the proper size. Since the feet become sore only when the dog runs, no other treatment will be necessary. Give regular exercise every day to toughen the feet. A spike collar will promptly cure the pulling. Feed after the hunt.

Myron Bailey.—1. Which is the more accurate cartridge, the .25-20-86 Marlin rifle or the .25 25-86 Stevens Ideal rifle? 2. Where can I find the best place for deer, duck and grouse shooting in the Adirondack Mountains? 3. When is the best time to go there and camp out? Ans.—1. There is but little difference between them; the latter, however, is the more powerful of the two. 2. We presume you want this information for a trip next fall. Write us a month or so prior to the date you propose starting on, and we will try and tell you where to go. 3. The months of September and October are favorites. If you want grouse and deer, you will of course have to go when the seasons are open.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association.

COMMITTEES FOR 1898.

Camp Site Committee—F. S. Thorn, chairman, Buffalo, N. Y.; H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.; Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

Transportation Committee—William E. Barlow, chairman, Sing Sing, N. Y.; Charles V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.; Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.; F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Can.

Regatta Committee—Percy F. Hogan, chairman, 243 Pearl street, New York; Raymond Appolonio, Winchester, Mass.; C. Howard Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

Literature Committee—H. H. Smythe, Atlantic Division; Francis J. Burrage, Eastern Division; Frederic G. Mather, Central Division; E. B. Edwards, Northern Division.

Signal Officer—H. M. Stewart, Rochester, N. Y.

Assistant Signal Officer—Wm. J. English, Peterboro, Can.

Squaw Camp Committee—M. T. Bennett (active member at large), 1 Broadway, New York; Mrs. M. T. Bennett (associate for Atlantic Division).

Associate members for Central, Eastern and Northern Divisions will be announced later.

Entertainment Committee—L. W. Seavey, chairman. Balance of the committee to be announced later.

Fleet Surgeon—S. R. Upham, M.D., Claremont, N. H.

A. C. A. Photographer—A. A. Lewis, Claremont, N. H.

New York, Dec. 9.—*To the officers and members of the canoe clubs of the American Canoe Association:* Gentlemen—On account of the reduced income available to the officers of the American Canoe Association applicable to the running of the meet on Stave Island, Aug. 5 to 19, 1898, it is deemed advisable to ask the different canoe clubs in the Association their kindly help in the form of a subscription of $5 or more toward defraying the expense for prizes. It is hoped that a hearty response will be made to this appeal, in order that the regatta committee may be placed in funds with which to supply substantial prizes to the winners in the various events on the racing programme.

The sailing and paddling courses at Stave Island, St. Lawrence River, are particularly fine, and you are therefore requested to urge every aspirant for racing honors in your club to attend the 1898 Camp, and thus help to make the meet one of the most successful, from a racing standpoint.

Cordially yours, Frank L. Dunnell, Commodore.

The A. C. A. Race Programme.

AUBURNDALE, Mass., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to the programme of the Stave Island regatta committee contained in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 27 ult., I notice that in the limit on war canoes 120lbs. is given as the minimum weight. I am of the opinion that this weight should be 150lbs. Such was the weight specified in the motion made by me at the annual meeting in Brooklyn, at which the war canoe limits were laid down. Our nine-men crews average a total weight of 1,350 to 1,450lbs., which will put a pretty heavy strain on a canoe of even 150lbs. It is a question in my mind if in the new canoes built from now on clubs will care to come down to this limit, as the life of such a canoe will be likely to be short.

From the standpoint of a spectator I am glad to see that the war canoe race is to be "½ mile with turn," as such a race is much more interesting to watch. As a paddler, from which point I am interested, I would say I quite exhausted my vocabulary on the regatta committee of last year, and can now only utter a very feeble protest. However, at present I do not see much chance of this event being filled at the coming meet at Stave Island, so that this turning of war canoes need not cause us much worry.

LOUIS S. DRAKE.
Vice-Com. Eastern Division, A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the proposed schedule of races to be held at the A. C. A. meet in August, 1898, which was recently published, the limitation of crews of war canoes to a maximum of nine men was an error. There is no limit to crews of war canoes.

PERCY F. HOGAN,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

The A. C. A. Skating Club.

THE American Canoe Association Skating Club has been organized with a membership of fifty, representing the Yonkers, Brooklyn, Knickerbocker, New York and Ianthe canoe clubs, with headquarters at the Ice Palace Rink, One Hundred and Seventh street and Lexington avenue, New York city. Through the courtesy of Mr. E. H. Barney, of the Springfield C. C., the privileges of the rink, including admission, use of skates and a private room for meetings, has been accorded the members. The club meets every Monday evening at the rink, and those who so desire are served with dinner from 6:30 to 8 at a moderate cost. The club fills a long-felt want in providing a convenient meeting place for canoeists, and every Monday night a goodly number may be found at the rink rehearsing the scenes of the '97 meet and forming plans for '98 and "Old Stave."

Members of the American Canoe Association are eligible for membership, and any member of the Association who will communicate with Louis Simpson, Yonkers C. C., president, or W. N. Stanley, 554 Quincy street, Brooklyn, secretary-treasurer, will receive all particulars of the organization.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 21-22.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. Open to all. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

1898.

Jan. 1.—COLORADO SPRINGS, Col.—Tournament of the Pike's Peak Gun Club. $100 added money.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club. I. H Terrill, Sec'y.

Feb. 15-19.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Second annual midwinter tournament. First four days, targets; last day, live birds. $1,100 added money. Programmes ready Jan. 15. Send your address for one to Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Jan. 18-20.—HAMILTON, Ont.—Grand Canadian Handicap. Live birds; $1,000 guaranteed. For full information write secretary, H. Graham, American Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

March 22-24.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added

March 29-April 1.—READING, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

On Dec. 10, the night following the annual winter convention of the New York State Association in Syracuse, the Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club held a meeting and passed a set of resolutions which, together with the preamble, we give elsewhere. The resolutions refer, of course, to the action taken by the fish and game protective portion of the Association at the above meeting of Dec. 9; action which resulted in the separation of the interests of the different sections of the Association. This action was first discussed at the annual summer convention in Auburn last June, and to the best of our knowledge, outside of a little discussion among a few members as to the propriety of the move, the feeling was very general that the change would be for the best interests of both parties. It was, we are certain, well understood that the change was to be made at the annual winter convention; and the proceedings at a meeting of the executive committee, held about five or six weeks ago, also in Syracuse, and which were made public in the columns of the press at the time, bear out our supposition. So far as we can see, the trap-shooters of New York have nothing to regret, and nothing for which to blame the game and fish protective portion of the Association. It seems far better to have two separate and distinct associations, each of which can work in its own province, free from any hampering claims of the other. Let the trap-shooters of New York go to work and organize a State trap-shooting association, with an up-to-date constitution that fits its name and interests better than did the old one. There is no reason why gun clubs and similar organizations should not belong to both the "New York State Trap-Shooting Association" and the "New York Fish, Game and Forest League," if they so desire, but a new association should be organized, and such we believe could be done without any feeling in the matter at all.

The programme for the Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club's shoot on Dec. 21-22 is somewhat similar to the programmes issued by that club for its tournaments in the past. The first day is devoted to targets, which will be trapped at a cent and a half each. The schedule of events call for 175 targets at a total entrance fee of $12, an extremely moderate sum. There are five 10-target events, four 15-target events, two 20s and a 25-target event. All these events are at unknown angles, except one 10-target and one 15-target event; of these two, the former is at known angles, the latter expert rule, rapid-fire, both barrels. On the second day live birds will be trapped, this portion of the programme being under the management of Eddie Earl. Six events are on the programme: Nos. 1 and 6, 7 birds, $5; No. 2, 10 birds, $5; No. 3, 25 birds, $10, handicap; No. 4, 4 birds, $2; No. 5, 5 birds, $5. Birds are included in all the entrance fees except in the handicap event, the 25-bird race, in which birds are extra. Under twelve entries, three moneys; twelve or over, four moneys. A. S. A. rules on both days. Conveyances will be at 1214 East Grand street to convey shooters to the grounds free of charge.

Most of the gun clubs around New York seem to he rather dead just now. Perhaps it is the result of the open-season game; perhaps it is only the natural reaction from the plethora of shooting events of the past season; perhaps it is a bit of both of these things. Anyway, there is less shooting around this city just now, and less talk of shooting, than we have known for some years past. The main reason, however, for this apathy is, we believe, the lack of any trap-shooting league, with regular monthly meetings between the clubs. The New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League is dead, and so also, it appears, is the Amateur Trap-Shooters' League of New Jersey. There are enough clubs in Jersey to support and keep going some such body as the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League. What is really needed is an energetic president and secretary. Who'll volunteer?

Last week we made a note of the way in which the Hamilton (Can.) Gun Club purposed dividing the $1,000 guaranteed by the club. Two hundred dollars is guaranteed in two sums of $100 each in two 10-bird races, $10 entrance, birds extra; another $200 is to be guaranteed in four $50 purses in as many target events; the remaining $600 is to be guaranteed in a 20-bird event, $15 entrance, birds included, fourteen moneys, high guns, $125 to the high gun. We wrote Mr. Overholt, the treasurer of the club, and the correspondent who sent us the above item, in regard to a question as to whether all surplus was to be added or not. He writes us, under date of Dec. 9, as follows: "We have never yet had enough entries to fill in big events, so only the amount of the guaranteed purses will be paid in prizes."

We heard rather a good story the other day anent the late tournament at Pawling, N. Y. It seems that there were one or two good shots who showed up at the shoot, and who thought they were going to have a good time fleecing the Pawling lambs. Things looked prosperous for them until the fourth event was shot. Then it transpired that there was a gentleman in blue overalls, whose name appeared on the score sheets as Tallman, who could and did "shoot some." Nine out of 10; 19 out of 20; 10 straight! That wasn't bad for a beginning, and he kept it up pretty well. The shoot was a pleasant one, and the boys threw a whole lot of targets.

Speaking the other day of the prominent live-bird shooters of this country, we were rather surprised to find that very few mentioned the name of Jack Fanning in that category. We look upon Fanning as a man who is decidedly too modest regarding his capabilities for shooting live birds. He is a good man on targets, but he is, in our opinion, far better on pigeons. His consistent work all this season, and his score of 99 out of 100 at the St. Louis tournament, stamps him as a man who will in the near future have something to say in regard to the disposal of some of the many live-bird championships now before the public.

The Palmetto and the Charleston gun clubs, of Charleston, S. C., are holding a tournament jointly on Thursday and Friday of this week, Dec. 16-17. Two hundred dollars in cash is being added to the purses. This sum of money should attract a good crowd to the grounds of the Charleston Gun Club, where the shoot will be held. The Charleston boys are famous for entertaining their guests most hospitably, so that all who go should have a good time. Professionals are barred from the purses, but are invited to shoot along in the sweeps for the birds only. There are eight 15-target events and two 20-target events each day; four moneys in each, the money being divided under the Rose system: 5, 3 and 2 to 1.

The Winchester repeating shotgun won two out of the three great individual matches at Watson's Park last week: Heikes defeated Grimm and Elliott broke even with Gilbert. As Elliott shoots Schultze and Heikes shoots E. C., Capt. Money is well satisfied. Elliott, Gilbert and Heikes all use W. R. A. Company's factory-loaded ammunition. Gilbert shoots an L. C. Smith gun; his work with that weapon during the past six months shows just what can be done with it when it is in the right hands and pointed straight. His powder load is 3¼drs. Du Pont.

J. H. Swan, by virtue of a liberal handicap and some good shooting on his part, won a heat for the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club's monthly cup on Dec. 11. There was a large attendance at this shoot, and Swan deserved his victory. Mr. Swan is something of an electrical mechanic, and has shown his inventive genius by devising a plan whereby each shooter can spring his own target from the club's magautrap. As the plan will be given a trial at the club's tournament next Thursday, Dec. 16, we shall withhold all criticism until we have given it a personal test.

The match between L. T Duryea and H. Yale Dolan is not likely to be shot until somewhere about the middle of January. Mr. Dolan is now down South—we believe at Thomasville, Ga.—shooting quail, and will not return until about Christmas time. His shooting recently on good birds has been of the highest class; in fact, he is shooting pigeons as well as, if not better than, ever before. As Mr. Duryea is also doing good work, the match ought to be a most interesting one from start to finish.

J. N. Meyer, of New York city, returned home on Saturday evening last, Dec. 11, with a nice bunch of quail and English pheasants as the result of two days' shooting on the Robbins Island preserve, a piece of valuable club property now practically owned, we believe, by the Messrs. Meyer. The club only permits the killing of twenty quail and two pheasants to each gun per day. Mr. Meyer and his friend scored their joint allowance of forty quail on Dec. 10 in less than one hour after leaving the club house!

The Carteret Club has reason to be proud of its new grounds at Garden City, L. I. These grounds are a vast improvement over the old ones, which were located at Bayonne, N. J. They are just as accessible, and afford better facilities for furnishing fast birds than the old grounds did. That the Carteret "Saturdays" are popular fixtures was evidenced by the attendance of eighteen shooters at the club on Saturday last, Dec. 11.

Owing to the rush of important matter from Chicago (matter which properly belongs to this week's issue), we have been obliged to withhold certain other scores until next week. The great week at Chicago has been splendidly covered, and FOREST AND STREAM's pages of the issue of Dec. 18 give a full, graphic and detailed account of each day's doings, beginning with the Heikes-Grimm match on Monday, Dec 6, and closing with the banquet on the evening of Dec. 11.

At Hackensack, N. J., on Dec. 8, we met Mr. F. P. Post, of Woodcliffe, N. J. Mr. Post formerly lived at Nanuet, N. Y., and while there was about as well known as any trap-shooter in the State. It was not merely that he was present at pretty nearly every shoot in the neighborhood that he was so well known, it was the skill with which he handled his gun that gave him renown.

Rolla Heikes's win of the Cast-Iron badge was a popular one in this city. It was probably all the more popular because so few people expected that the expert target shot could down Charlie Grimm on live birds. It was also thought that the comparatively small load of powder used by Heikes would be a handicap to him. It didn't turn out so, however, as he won quite handily with 91 to 87.

The Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club announces that it will hold a two-days' shoot Dec. 21-22. The tournament will be open to all. The first day all events will be at targets, targets being charged for at the rate of 1½ cents each. The second day will be devoted to live-bird sweeps.

One day last week we had a pleasant chat with Lieut. Mertz, U. S. N., a writer whose experiences in the field of sport are not unknown to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Lieut. Mertz will shortly leave for the South, and hopes to be able to sandwich in a little quail shooting with his duty toward his country.

Our Chicago budget this week is both lengthy and interesting. Judging from the scores and the accounts of the doings at Watson's Park, the pigeons are about the only things that have had cause to regret the friendly invasion of Missourians from Kansas City and her suburbs.

Justus von Lengerke has been putting in a few solid final licks at the ruffed grouse of Sullivan county, N. Y. During the present season no finer bags of game have been brought to this city than those that have arrived at 318 Broadway, tagged with the above name.

H. C. Reeser, secretary of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, 1896-97, a resident of Oil City, Pa., has just returned from a four months' business trip to Alaska. Mr. Reeser brought with him a number of interesting relics, but says that "once is enough" for him in that territory.

U. M. C. Thomas will be with us again very shortly. He is now on the high seas, and is expected to land from the Cunard liner Lucania Friday of this week. During his absence of two months he has done considerable globe-trotting in Europe.

John J. Sumpter, Jr., announces his second annual midwinter tournament, Feb. 15-19. Four days targets and one day live birds. $1,100 added in cash. This latter fact, together with the Arkansaw Traveler's well-known personality, will insure a good gathering at Hot Springs, Ark., on the above dates.

The regular monthly shoot for the E. C. cup will take place at Hackensack, N. J., on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, Saturday of this week, Dec. 18. The club event is 50 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance, $1 entrance.

G. B. Hutchings, of Galveston, Texas, is in the city again, and says that he is likely to be here for a week or two yet. He hopes to be able to do a little target shooting this week, and wants to try his hand at bluerocks thrown from the Brooklyn Gun Club's magautrap on Dec. 16.

That story by Lew Wilmot in the "Game Bag and Gun" columns to-day really belongs to Trap, and should have been given over to this department. Read it.

John Gaughen, a member of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., had a few days' sport in the vicinity of Greenport, L. I., last week. The portion he seems to have enjoyed most was his experience in a battery when the coots were flying well.

One of the best target shots in the city of Rochester, N. Y., is L. V Byer. Mr. Byer is always well to the front in the tournaments of the State, but this year he has been doing some better work than usual. He attributes his success to his having found a load that suits him, viz., 45grs. of Gold Dust, "Jack Fanning's powder!"

Ferd Van Dyke's recent scores show what lack of practice will do to even so fine a shot as Ferd. Until Dec. 8 he had not touched a gun nor seen a target fly during the past two months.

The South Side Gun Club announces its "seventeenth annual greeting" to its friends on Jan. 1 next. An interesting programme has been arranged, and "open house" will be the order of affairs at this annual reunion.

DEC. 14. EDWARD BANKS.

New York State Association.

WHAT ARE THE TRAP-SHOOTERS GOING TO DO?

AT the meeting held in the evening of the first day of the New York State shoot at Auburn last June, it was decided to divide the State Association into two separate and distinct bodies: a game and fish protective association and a trap-shooting association. It might perhaps be more properly said that the present State Association decided to have no more to do with trap-shooting tournaments, as it felt that such things were outside its business as a game and fish protective association. Personally we agree with the majority, and feel rejoiced that the two interests, which are separate and distinct, have been finally made separate and distinct by the action taken at the annual meeting held in Syracuse Dec. 9.

Now that the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League—for that is the new title of the old Association—has given up the idea of holding trap-shooting tournaments, it behooves the trap-shooters of the State to form themselves into an organization under a new title, and under a new constitution and by-laws suitable to the condition of affairs.

Our idea is that the trap-shooters of New York State should organize, adopt a new constitution and by-laws, and start out *de novo*, which being translated literally means in brand spanking new attire. By agreement the officers of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club can be elected officers of the association, pending the annual meeting, which should be held in Rochester on the evening of the first day of the tournament.

As we understand it, the Lefever medal and the Dean Richmond trophy have been made the subject of a resolution, passed Dec. 9, in which the present game protective association waved all its rights, etc., in such trophies in favor of the trap-shooting portion of the old association. These trophies, however, have reverted back to the donors, and a new organization will have to have them properly and legally donated to it, the trophies being merely held in trust. If we are wrong on this point, will some one kindly give us the true facts of the case?

This subject of a New York State Trap-Shooters' Association, or some such body, is one that is well worth discussing. It is also a matter in which action should be taken at an early date. We shall be glad if those interested will write us their views on the question, not necessarily for publication, in order that a proper estimate of the feeling upon this point may be made and further action taken.

Trap at Buffalo.

BISON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 9.—Below are the scores made to-day on the grounds of the Bison Gun Club, Walden avenue and City Line:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	25	10	10	9	Targets:	10	15	15	25	10	10	9
Cooper	4	9	8	19	9	6	9	Bauman	7	12	8	19	9	5	8
Swiveler	8	8	13	20	6	8	5	Saleman	7	..	..	18	8	5	..
Foxie	9	13	8	20	6	7	6	Wilson	..	..	..	..	16	..	..
Mack	9	12	9	17	9	7	7								

No. 4 was the badge shoot. Cooper won Class A badge, Mack won Class B badge, Saleman won Class C badge.

No. 5 was a "walking match." The shooter starts to walk toward the trap and the puller sends the target when he chooses. This is very much like field shooting. No. 6 was at 5 pairs. No. 7 was at 9 live birds.

Dec. 10.—Wheeler was high in the four-handed match to-day, with 23 out of 25 live birds, he and his partner, Mack, winning by 2 birds, with 45 to 43. Scores were:

Bauman	1200112111111111121•212021—21
Mack	2111212111201211•1112121—22
Wheeler	2112211211•2112111122211•12—23
Foxie	2101222202222212 1•2111221—22

Another match has been arranged by the same parties, to take place in the near future.

Targets were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	15	15	10	Targets:	15	15	10
Beebe	6	9	8	Danser	9	11	5
Mack	7	12	..	Cooper	9	12	..
Foxie	8	12	..	Wheeler	..	9	..
Bauman	13	12	..	Saleman	..	..	9

BISON.

More Fun in Chicago.

DEFEATED TEAM'S REPLY TO THE CHALLENGE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 13.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* In reference to the challenge issued to the defeated Chicago team by other shooters of this city, which challenge is referred to at the close of the report of the intercity shoot, the following reply has been authorized by the members of that team:

"In relation to the challenge addressed to the Chicago team that recently opposed Kansas City, to shoot a match against another team of ten Chicago shooters, five of whom are unnamed, I wish to state that the regular team will be glad to meet its challenger as soon as details can be arranged.

"As we understand, however, that said challenge is issued by gentlemen whom our committee did not deem quite strong enough to represent the city, and as we used all means to secure the strongest team possible, we wish to state that the challenging team must not contain any shooters who declined to aid the regular team. Three of Chicago's best shots were asked to shoot on the team, but for various reasons declined. Against these we refuse to shoot, as they refused to assist us. Against any other ten residents of Cook county we are ready to measure our skill under the same conditions governing last week's match, and will shoot for cost of birds and a reasonable consideration on the side.

"If the challengers really mean to shoot, I am now authorized to state that we will cover promptly any forfeit they may post, and will meet their representatives to arrange dates and details. We do this to vindicate the judgment of the committee and in the interests of sport. (Signed) W. P. MUSSEY, Chairman Chicago Team."

Mussey also individually offers a 100-bird race, $1,000 to each of the challengers.

E. HOUGH.

New York Association.

THE Rochester Rod and Gun Club adopted the following resolutions last Friday night:

Whereas, Certain members of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game met in convention at Syracuce on the 9th inst., and decided to withdraw from the organization and form a new one, having ostensible purposes similar to those for which this organization exists; and

Whereas, The action of such convention has been reported in the press of the State as dissolving the historic organization, of which the officers of this club are the only legal officers, as well as the custodians of its property and the guardians of its long and fair fame; and

Whereas, The members of this Association are in hearty sympathy with every reasonable effort for the protection of fish and game, and at the same time promoters of practice calculated to improve the skill of its members in the use of arms, therefore

Resolved, That we desire to correct the erroneous impression that the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game has been dissolved, and

Resolved, That the Association renew its pledge of earnest interest in the preservation of fish and game in the State, and

Resolved, That the continued coöperation of all clubs of sportsmen heretofore associated with this organization be urged; and that new clubs interested in the preservation of fish and game, and in trap shooting, be invited to join the organization with a view to its increased efficiency, and

Resolved, That copies of this preamble and resolution be forwarded to all clubs in the organization, and to the daily and sporting press.

IN NEW JERSEY.

RECREATION CUP AT HACKENSACK.

Dec. 8.—The final shoot for the Recreation cup took place at Hackensack this afternoon on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club. This cup was donated to the club in the latter part of 1896, the club being permitted to name the conditions under which it was to be shot for. After some deliberation on the part of the management, it was decided to make the cup emblematic of the individual amateur championship of New Jersey, the contests being made open to all members of such clubs. It was further agreed to make the conditions 100 targets per man, 50 at known traps and angles, and 50 at known traps, unknown angles. There were to be seven shoots for the cup, one every two months, the man winning it the greatest number of times out of seven to become the owner of the cup.

The first contest took place in December, 1896. On this occasion very poor scores were made. The targets were thrown far and low in a bad light. Remsen scored the first win with 82. Banks was second with 79; Ed Taylor was third with 75; Neaf Apgar scored only 71. The second contest took place last February. Sinnock won with 94, Banks was second with 91, Remsen third with 89. Apgar, who was not entitled to compete for the cup, but who shot along for the cash prizes, went out with 93. The third contest was a capital one. Remsen and Gus Grieff tied on 92 each. Remsen winning easily on the shoot-off; Sinnock was second with 86. The fourth shoot was held in June. On this occasion Sinnock scored his second win by making 95. This made his number of wins equal to the number credited to Remsen, viz., two each, with only three more shoots for the cup. Remsen and Banks were tied for second and third places with 93 each. Van Dyke, who was not entitled to compete for the cup, shot along for the cash prizes and finished with 94, one less than Sinnock's total. In August the fifth shoot was held, Banks winning with 95; Dudley was second with 91, Fogarty being third with 90. Van Dyke again shot along for the cash prizes, scoring 24 out of his last 25, and finishing once more with 94 to his credit. In this race the contest was very close indeed, five men being tied at the end of the 75th round with 70 breaks each. The sixth contest was held on Oct. 13, and resulted in Banks scoring his second win with 93; Remsen was second with 89, and Fogarty third with 88. The result of this contest was to place Remsen, Sinnock and Banks on an equality with two wins each, and only one more contest for the cup.

The last contest was held, as stated above, this afternoon, Banks scoring his third win with 94. There were only five present who shot through the 100 targets, the triple tie between the three above named having taken away any chance for anybody else to win the cup. In addition to three previous winners, only Van Dyke and C. McL. Clark, the latter hailing from St. Louis, Mo., shot through. The scores show that to-day's order for the cup stood: Banks, Sinnock and Remsen. Van Dyke was actual second, but was shooting for the cash prizes only, as usual.

Most of the scores were very low, and it is hard to account for so many ciphers, save on the ground of curious light and eccentrically thrown targets. The light was far from good, the last 25 being shot in really the best light of the day. It was very foggy in New York, and the fog reached well beyond the Hackensack Meadows, while not a vestige of sun appeared to make things pleasant. There was not a breath of air, still it was chilly and penetrating to a degree that made the club house stove something to be hugged.

Among the lookers-on were: C. O. Gardner, Sr., lately returned from quail hunting in the sunny lands of Texas; Mr. Remsen, Sr.; T. W. Morfey, who acted as referee in the main event; H. E. Winans, the scorer; F. P. Post, late of Nanuet, N. Y., but now of Woodcliffe, N. J., an old-timer at the traps, and one who seldom missed an opportunity of trying his skill with the shotgun a few years ago; E. G. Horton, now of White Plains, N. Y., but formerly the club's very efficient secretary and manager of its most successful shoots. Assisted by H. D. Warner, the club's treasurer, Mr. Horton carried out to-day's programme most satisfactorily.

When the main event was half over, James Wolstencroft, of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., put in an appearance in company with Gus Greiff. Both gentlemen shot at the 50 unknown targets that went to make up the last half of the race. Mr. Wolstencroft came on the grounds without either gun or shells, but picking up "any old thing," went out and broke his share. Scores follow:

E Banks	1111111111110111011101111111111111111111111111111111	—47
	1111110111111111011111111111101111111111111111111111	—47—94
F Van Dyke	0011111111111111111111011101101111111100111111	—42
	1111110111111101010111111101010111111111101111111	—44—86
F E Sinnock	0111011111001011111111111111111101111011111111110	—42
	1011111111111111101100111111101111111111111010110	—42—84
C McL Clark	0000111111101101111111111101101100101111010	—37
	1111011111111111111011101101111111111101111011111	—44—81
J S S Remsen	0110011011101111101111011111011110011110011111	—38
	1101101110011111101110101100011111111111101111111	—39—77
* H D Warner	1011100000011110111111111101100110011101010110111	—34
* G E Greiff	1111001101111111111111111101111101111011111111100	—42
*Wolstencroft	1110110110101110111011011111011111111111111011101	—40

* Warner shot at 50 known angles; Greiff and Wolstencroft at 50 unknown angles.

Practice sweeps, with nominal entrance fees, were shot, as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*
Van Dyke	7	15	9	12	14	17	Banta	3	..	6	..	..	..
Banks	6	15	10	..	13	16	Remsen	..	13	8	13	..	..
Clark	7	12	5	10	13	15	J Wolstencroft	..	..	..	..	7	14
Sinnock	9	11	9	13	10	15	Greiff	..	..	..	..	12	14
Warner	7	11	..	..	10	..	Everett	..	..	..	..	10	16

EAST SIDE GUN CLUB.

Dec. 8.—H. Henry and G. Fischer, both members of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, shot a race at 10 live birds per man this afternoon on the grounds of their club. The match was for the price of the birds and a supper. Henry won easily by 9 to 6. A return match was made to take place Dec. 15, but the conditions for this second match are as follows: 25 birds, $25, and a supper, loser to pay for the birds. In to-day's race L. H. Esau was referee, and Stevenson scorer.

Match: 10 live birds per man, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, Hurlingham rules:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

H Henry	↖↗↘↓↓H↓↙↓←	0 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2—9
G Fischer	←↖↖←↗↙↓↓↖↙	2 1 0 0 1 2 2 2 0 0—6

ON LONG ISLAND.

AT CARTERET.

Dec. 11.—The gathering at Carteret's grounds, Garden City, this afternoon was above the average, eighteen shooters being present. There was quality there too: G. S. McAlpin, L. T. Duryea, H. B. Gilbert, Captain Money, C. S. Guthrie, W. W. Watrous, and a lot of others who manage to kill them all sometimes.

This was our first visit to these new grounds, and most agreeably were we surprised at the neatness, completeness and dispatch with which Carteret had supplied itself with a new home. The club house is a small frame structure, artistically designed, painted a dull red, and with a full glass front facing the traps. The interior is furnished in yellow pine, this wood being largely in evidence throughout the building. In the main room is a low gun rack, with shelves for shells that runs almost the entire length of the room. This rack is made of polished oak, and is made as all gun racks should be made, viz., with notches cut so that a gun may stand on its muzzle instead of butt downward. On the right of this main room is the locker room, an apartment that is far too small to accommodate all the members of this club which, by the way, to-day only lacks seven of its limit—100. On the left is a small but cozy reading room. To the left also, but in the main room, is the score board that shows how the game goes. This is looked after by two attendants, one of whom takes the cash, pays it out, and calls out the name of the man "to the score" and the man who has to "get ready"; the other attendant dispenses red buttons on the board for kills, white buttons for misses, yellows for "outs," and blues for "withdrawals with a privilege." A single glance at the board readily shows how the score stands, while the "squad hustling" methods are complete. Not that it often requires much calling to get a man to the score; time is too valuable these short winter days to allow of much dallying at Carteret; the shooters put their names on the board when they first come to the club, and they keep that order to the finish of the shoot. Thus, with no change of order, save when a man drops out, a shooter soon learns whom he has to follow.

Close by the score board is an annunciator, worked by electricity from the main scoring, pulling and refereeing house under the front windows. A buzzer calls attention to the fact whether the last shot was a kill, a miss or a no bird. In order also that those interested may be able to learn the result of a shot as soon as the decision is given, up flies a small notice board from the roof of the pulling house with the word "killed," "missed," or "no bird" on it. Knowing who is at the score, one can lean back in a chair and wait for the telltale sign without going to the trouble of standing up to watch the shot, or of turning round to see what the score board says.

The traps used are King's new patent traps. We had heard that these traps were not as good as his old ones for starting bird although they saved considerable time in trapping by being nearly closed before the trapper went to put the bird into the trap; the "partial closing act" is done by the purchase of a lever in the puller's box. To-day, however, although there was nearly no wind at all, the birds flew remarkably well, and less than half a dozen lingered after the traps were pulled. We did hear, however, that the springs were not quite strong enough apparently, but this is a matter that can easily be rectified. What we saw of the traps' work to-day was eminently satisfactory.

The manager of the shooting grounds is Fred Knopf, late of the Larchmont Yacht Club's grounds. Fred acts as puller, referee and scorer, and doesn't seem to have much difficulty in attending to his triple duties. He has under him a set of lively trappers, who waste no time between shots, everything being done smoothly and rapidly. The retrieving was done by the club's own dogs, chiefly by two red droppers and Dandy, Fred Hoey's old liver and white setter that used to work so well and strongly at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds. If to-day's pigeons were a sample of what Fred Knopf can furnish, the club has made no mistake in securing his services. The wind, what there was of it, was directly incoming; yet the birds went out in a manner that was surprising to us. Many of them too were corkers, while the vast majority may be classed as fast birds. The grounds are inclosed with an 8ft. tight board fence, the side facing the shooters being painted a pale blue, a color that seems well suited to a background for live-bird shooting. It may sound a strange color to paint a fence for such purposes, but it appears to suit the eyes of those who shoot on these grounds.

The programme to-day contained the following events: No. 1, 5 birds, $5, handicap rise. No. 2, even distance cup, 10 birds, $10, all at 30yds. Those whose club handicap is 29yds. allowed 1 miss as a no bird; 28yds., 1 miss as a kill; 27yds., 1 miss as a no bird and 1 miss as a kill; 26yds. and forward, 2 misses as kills; cup to winner. No. 3, "Second Saturday Cup," $50 cup to winner; all at 28yds., miss-and-out. Nos. 4 and 5 were $5 miss-and-outs, handicap rise, with handicap allowances as in No. 2.

No. 1 had eleven entries, and at the end of the 5th round there were only five men with straight scores. Watrous and Duryea falling out in the next round, McAlpin, Chapin and Gilbert cut up the purse. No. 2 was productive of some excellent shooting on the part of Watrous and Duryea. Watrous ran 24 straight, while Duryea, who used up his allowance in the 6th round, stayed in until the 24th round with him. Chapin and Bird, by virtue of their allowances, stayed in until the 15th round. Watrous's victory was well received by those present, his win being the result of brilliant work, particularly toward the closing rounds of the event.

No. 3 was the "Second Saturday Cup." This was practically a $10 or $20 optional miss-and-out, all at 28yds. rise. This event had seventeen entries, but at the end of the 4th round, so well did the birds fly, only eight were left in. Two more dropped out in the 9th round, another in the 10th, while the 12th was fatal to Stafford. This left McAlpin, Brokaw, Gilbert and Capt. Money in the race for the cup. At this stage of the event an agreement was made between the four to divide up the purse and shoot off for the cup. Capt. Money, who had drawn his share of very fast birds, and who had made some excellent second-barrel kills in his 5th, 8th, 9th and 12th birds, finally got a stinger from No. 1 trap in the 16th round that got away, although hit hard. Gilbert was the next to fail, although he hung on to the 20th round. He began by drawing a rather easy lot of birds, but before the finish he had placed to his credit some dead birds that were the result of really quick and clean shooting. His 20th bird, the one he fell down on, didn't seem a hard one, but it got away apparently as well as when it was placed in the trap. The miss was one of those "unaccountables!"

This narrowed the prospective ownership of the cup down to McAlpin and Brokaw. The latter shot as well as we have ever seen him shoot. He has just returned from a quail hunt on his property near High Point, N. C., and hasn't lost either his time or his accuracy in holding while down there. He made some brilliant kills, notably on his 13th, 18th and 21st birds. In the 18th round he drew a blue bird from No. 5 trap that wandered around until Brokaw called "No bird." Then he drew a screamer from the same trap that looked a sure thing for over the 30yd. boundary, a quick second barrel alone saving it to him. The bird he lost in the 23d round was just the counterpart of that which put Gilbert out of the race, with the difference that his came from No. 5 trap, while Gilbert's came from No. 1. McAlpin found the subtraction of 4yds. from his club handicap of 32yds. something much to his liking. There were times too when that 28yd. mark came in handy. The birds he drew in the 5th, 7th, 8th, 13th, 20th and 22d rounds would all have looked very much smaller and very much further away had he been standing at 32yds. instead of at 28. It is quite possible that he might have scored all those birds just the same, for he was shooting as usual in the most finished and telling style. This makes, we believe, the sixth cup McAlpin has won this season!

Watrous, the winner in the previous event, drew a twister in the first round and retired to watch the struggle. Edey and Moore joined him, both succumbing to right-quartering outgoers. Peter Morris had a hair-raising time on his first bird, the pigeon almost getting over the dead line, where there is no boundary fence. In the next round he got the kind of a bird that no one wants—one of the unkillables. Result, a white button. Duryea, Ellison and Bird went out in the 3d round. Duryea's was a very fast driver that was hit hard with both barrels, but kept on going until out of sight. Bird's pigeon was good enough to leave very few traces of its twisting flight; it was a very hard bird to see. Guthrie, who had arrived while the 1st round was being shot, went to the score without a bye bird, and drew a succession of fast birds, the fourth one going out of bounds before dropping. F. P. Magoun killed his first three birds, but the fast twister he drew in the 4th round settled his chances for the cup. G. B. Magoun and Chapin were the next to drop. Both fell out in the 9th round, Magoun's bird dropping dead just over the fence; Chapin's bird had a leg down, but went to the coop. Remsen ran 9 straight, but had very hard luck in losing his 10th bird, which fell dead before reaching the fence around the grounds. Stafford made two very good kills in the 8th and 9th rounds, but went out on an easy bird in the 12th round.

No. 4 was a $5 miss-and-out, a small trophy being shot for in this race. At the end of the 6th round McAlpin, Guthrie and Watrous were tied for the purse and trophy. It was agreed to divide the purse and shoot off for the trophy in the next event, which was on precisely similar terms. Watrous fell out in the 1st round, but McAlpin gave Guthrie a long chase for the trophy, not losing a bird until he drew a dark twister that fairly beat him out in the failing light. The bird towered like a black duck, twisting off to the left all the time, and as McAlpin said, after coming into the shooting house, "I never got up to him at all!" The purse was finally divided between Guthrie and Ellison on 11 straight.

Below are the full scores in all the events except Nos. 4 and 5:

	No. 1.	No. 2, Even Distance Cup.	
W A H Stafford (27)	22210	10102122220	— 8
G S McAlpin (32)	222122	022220202	— 6
W W Watrous (27)	222220	1122212222122222222222212	—24
C M Chapin (27)	122112	021112210212221210	—14
Capt. Money (29)	11102	2022201211	— 8
W G Brokaw (27)	22220	0220020	— 3
L T Duryea (29)	221110	12122022122222122122112210	—23
J S S Remsen (28)	01120	0222211202	— 8
O W Bird (27)	00122	011211122222O120	—14
H B Gilbert (30)	222212	22122220	— 7
A Sullivan (27)	02021	212002000	— 4

No. 4, second Saturday cup:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

G S McAlpin	5 3 4 3 2 3 5 4 4 1 1 1 1 5 3 1 3 2 5 5 1 2 5 ↑↗→←↱←↖?←↶H→↑↑↖↘↗↗↘↖←↶↘ 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—	23
W G Brokaw	3 3 4 1 3 5 4 5 1 3 3 3 5 2 5 3 2 5 2 5 1 2 5 ↶↓↗↘↘↓↑←→→↗↗↖↶→↗↗↗↗↖↗↱ 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0—	23
H B Gilbert	4 2 3 1 5 2 4 3 1 4 2 1 3 4 2 3 5 5 3 1 ←↗→→↓↘→↘↖→↱→↖↖↑↗↗↘↱ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0	—19
Capt Money	4 4 1 3 4 2 2 3 1 2 5 5 5 2 5 1 →→↗↗↑↑↘↯↯H↘↖↗←↖↖ 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 0	—15
W A H Stafford	2 5 4 1 4 3 3 1 5 2 2 4 →↱↗↘↓→←↶↱↖↑↴ 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0	—11
J S S Remsen	4 3 1 4 5 4 3 3 5 1 ↗↑→↱↖↶↴→↘↖ 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 •	— 9
C M Chapin	3 3 5 2 1 3 1 3 1 →↖↘←↘↙↘↱ 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 0	— 8
G B Magoun	5 1 1 2 3 3 2 4 5 ↱→↑↖↘↴↗→↗ 2 1 2 2 2 . 2 1 •	--
F P Magoun	3 2 3 1 ↓→↱↖ 2 2 2 0	— 3

U S Guthrie	1 5 3 4 ↖↑↗↗ 2 2 2 •	— 3
L T Duryea	2 4 4 →↗↑ 2 2 1 0	— 2
O W Bird	1 1 5 H↖↖ 2 1 0	— 2
J B Ellison	3 2 2 ←↖↑ 1 2 1 0	— 2
P H Morris	5 4 ↴↖ 2 0	— 1
W W Watrous	3 ↑ 0	
W S Edey	3 ↗ 0	
Moore	4 ↗ 0	

EDWARD BANKS.

John Sumpter's Midwinter.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Dec 10.—Please place the following notice in your Trap Fixtures for 1898: "Feb. 15-19.—Hot Springs, Ark., second annual midwinter tournaments; $1,100 in cash added. Four days targets, one day live birds. Address J. J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark."

Some people might think I got enough to last a long time when I held my live-bird shoot last February, and while I really did get more than I bargained for, still I am going to give the boys another chance to throw the hooks into me. This time I am going to give away $1,000, and then wind up with a 25-live-bird handicap event with an entrance of $25, birds extra, and $100 added, making $1,100 cash added.

I have been doing quite a lot of thinking and have decided upon the following scheme whereby the amateurs can get a lot of shooting and at the same time get some of the "cracks'" and 90 per cent. men's money, even if they do not break a straight every other time. There will be seven events each day at 20 targets, $2 entrance, and one event at 25 targets with $3 entrance; $25 added in 20-target events and $40 to the 25-target events. The five high guns each day will receive $4 each. All shooters who are known professionals or who receive their ammunition free, and all others who shoot 90 per cent., will be required to pay an extra 50 cents in each event, and all of this money will be set aside, and at the end of the tournament will be equally divided among all the amateurs who have shot through the entire programme and who do not have a general average of 90 per cent. or better. If an amateur shoots 90 per cent. the first day he will be required to pay $1 extra the following day; if he fails to shoot 90 per cent. on this day, then he will be allowed to enter the next day the same as on the first day. I estimate there will be at least twenty-five men who will have to pay an extra $1 each day, and for four days this will mean $100 to be divided equally among all the amateurs. To equalize this with the experts I have set aside $20 a day for the five high guns, and $60 for the first ten high averages for the four days, divided as follows: $10, $9, $8, $7, $6, $5, $4.50, $4, $3.50 and $3.

In the live-bird handicap the distances will be from 27 to 32yds., and I shall select the handicapping committee from the shooters who are on the grounds, probably one from each State. This will be decided upon later. I propose to add $100 to the live-bird event, and I will divide the money, according to the number of entries, at the ratio of two-fifths moneys to the number of entries. Should there be forty entries (you see I am figuring low) there will be sixteen moneys and divided as follows: First, $150; second, $125; third, $100; fourth, $90; fifth, $80; sixth, $70, seventh, $35; eighth, $30; ninth, $55; tenth, $50; eleventh, $45; twelfth, $45; thirteenth, $15; fourteenth, $40; fifteenth, $40, and sixteenth, $40.

As there will be no "Midwinter" at San Antonio next year, I expect a large attendance; and if I receive the right kind of encouragement from the shooters, and can come out of this shoot with "success" written upon my banner, then I will give another in February, 1899, with more cash added money than was ever hung up for a trap shoot in this or any other country. One thing I wish to impress upon everybody, and that is the fact that everything I advertise to do will be done regardless of the consequences. When I say that $1,100 will be added to the purses, I mean just that, and it doesn't make any difference what the attendance is either. The Missouri Pacific and St. Louis & Iron Mountain system will make suitable rates, and I promise all who attend a dead square shoot and a royal welcome to one of the liveliest little cities in the country, with hotel accommodations second to none. My programmes will be ready for mailing not later than Jan. 15, and I will take pleasure in sending one to any address.

JNO. J. SUMPTER, JR.

Items from Reading, Pa.

NEW RINGGOLD GUN CLUB.

READING, Pa., Dec. 1.—The New Ringgold Gun Club held its first annual fall tournamant to-day. The shoot was a success in every respect. Prominent shots were present from Mahanoy City, Pottsville and Frackville. The committee in charge of the shoot was made up as follows: Messrs. W. C. Leiser and Freed. Another tournament will be held in the near future, when both live birds and targets will be trapped.

Scores in to-day's tournament were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
H G Kimmel	11101110—6	111110—5	111110—5	010111—4	01111—4
Folmer	11100110—5	111110—5	110110—4	001101—3	.....
Albright	11110100—5	111111—6	111111—6	111100—4	11011—4
G Ketner	11110110—6	011100—3	001001—2	111101—5	01000—1
F Coleman	10111111—7	111111—6	111111—6	111100—4	01111—4

No. 1 was at 8 live birds, $4; Nos. 2, 3 and 4, 6 birds, $3; No. 5, 5 birds, $2.

SOUTH END GUN CLUB.

Dec. 1.—The South End Gun Club, of Reading, held its annual meeting to-day. The following officers were elected for the ensuing twelve months: President, Charles Miles; Vice-President, Joseph Downs; Secretary, Peter Texter; Treasurer, Mart. Eshelman; Directors—Fred Gerhardt, Francis Yost, Edwin Rhoades; Captain, Wm. W. Easick. Arrangements were completed at this meeting for the annual club shoot on Christmas Day, the shoot commencing at 2 P. M. Arrangements were also made for fixing up the club's grounds, so as to make them one of the best grounds in the State, either for live-bird or target shooting. The treasurer's report showed that the club is in an excellent condition financially.

THE WALKER-LAFFERTY MATCHES.

The third and last match of the series of live-bird matches between Daniel Walker, of Pottsville, Pa., and George Lafferty, Cumbola, Pa., was shot off at Drener's Hill, St. Clair, this week. The result was a win for Lafferty, who thus won two out of the three matches from his opponent. The match was to have been at 15 birds per man, but only 13 were trapped for each shooter. Lafferty killed 9 to Walker's 7. The stake was $100 a side and the Schuylkill county championship, the stake and the title to go to the man winning two out of three.

AT POTTSTOWN.

Dec. 10.—Shooters from Royerford, Spring City, Philadelphia and other places attended a live-bird tournament at Saratoga, under the auspices of the gun club of that place. The birds were a strong lot. American Association rules governed the events, which resulted as follows:

No. 1, 5 birds: Levengood 5, Trumbauer, Hawkins and Pennypacker, 4 each; Yerger, Scheifley, G. Shaner and F. Shaner, 3 each.

No. 2, 5 birds: Yerger 5, Trumbauer 4, Scheifley and Pennypacker 3 each, Hawkins and Levengood 0.

No. 3, 7 birds: Trumbauer 7, Yerger 6 Pennypacker 5, Scheifley and Geiss 4 each, Hawkins 3.

No. 4, 5 birds: Hawkins 4, Yerger, Scheifley, Newhart and Trumbauer 3 each.

No. 5, 5 birds, match between M. K. Scheifley and C. C. Hawkins resulted: Scheifley 1, Hawkins 4.

KURTZ VERSUS NOLAN.

J. W. Kurtz and Charles Nolan were contestants in a match at live birds at the Kurtz House shooting grounds, for $25 a side, on Friday, Dec. 10. Kurtz scored an easy victory, killing 19 out of 24 birds to Nolan's 7 out of 15. The pigeons were all strong flyers. The match was to have been 25 birds, but Nolan, seeing he was beaten, shot at only 15. A large crowd witnessed the match; four traps were used.

ARTHUR A. FINE.

The Chicago Week.

HEIKES-GRIMM FOR THE STOVE-LID.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 6.—Festivities in the big trap-shooting week at Chicago began to-day, with a choice sample of Chicago weather to make things interesting. The air was moist, the thermometer at freezing, and a sleety rain mixed with snow fell on the newspaper men and the unjust alike. A goodly assemblage was on hand, about as large as one ever sees at a Chicago event, though not so large as we shall see later in the week, when the Kansas City cohorts are on hand. Messrs. Jos. Whitfield, J. A. R. Elliott and Dr. H. J. Whittier were the only ones on at date from Kansas City; but by Friday next, according to all data available now, thirty or forty husky men from the Kaw will be here and the plot will thicken. Local shooters were well represented. Among the representatives from Eastern shootingdom were Messrs. Bartlett, Hallowell, Quimby, Keller, McMurchy, Willard, Fanning, etc. Charlie Budd was in from Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. Shattuck from Minneapolis. Illinois sent in men from several adjacent towns. Everybody had a shotgun and a determined look.

Sweeps began at a moderate time of day in the morning, and members of the Chicago team kept up practice. Von Lengerke defeated Motion, 24-20, in a 25-bird race. McFarland shot one baddish score. Dr. Shaw was remarked as coming along in good form. Dr. Frothingham showed strong, 32 out of 35.

At 1 P. M. the main event of the day began, the contest between Rolla Heikes and Charlie Grimm for the stove-lid emblem recently secreted by the latter. As was remarked at that time, it snowed on the day when Grimm beat Carver. It snew again to-day, but it was different. The day was a good flying day, the sleet not falling very thick. The sky was overcast, and a good fairish wind blew in toward the score, in the direction of a right-quartering incomer. It is very rarely that one sees so large a number of incoming birds in any race. They started high and strong, the low and hard driver being rare, as in starting the bird would meet the wind full and be unable to get under way at once. Such birds as got up high and twisted around into the wind as high as incomers, or twisting-in quarterers, of course made difficult shooting. The side angles were not more numerous than in most matches, but the question of up-and-down angles, or elevation, was something of constant change. There was diversity of opinion about the difficulty of the shooting, some shooters stating that birds inside the trap line should be killed easily, as they were then well within the power of the gun, and it was only a matter of holding to kill them all in the air. Others thought that the shooting shown was of very high order, as so large a number of hard incomers could never have been expected or prepared for by any shooter. Both men lost birds killed high up in the air and carried over by the wind. The average of high kills was very large, and of course this made the shooting more spectacular than usual, both men drawing applause.

Heikes was warmly clad in a heavy sweater. He used, of course, one of his historic Winchester pumps, Winchester Leaders, E. C. Grimm was apparently dressed very lightly, though he said he was not cold. He wore a thin summer shooting blouse over ordinary light wear. His equipment was his usual L. C. Smith gun, U. M. C. shells and Du Pont. Grimm said he was not shooting right, was not on the birds. Gilbert cautioned him that he was getting under them. Heikes said he missed his birds usually by not following them up fast and far enough as they swung up on the wind. The race itself was not close enough to be very interesting. Heikes led at the 25, 50, 75 and 100 holes. At the beginning of his second 25 string he lost 3 birds in succession, and Grimm tied him, but fell out of the tie at his next bird, and thence on did not get a look at the front side of the big blonde pump engineer, who had his eye on the birds, and who ran his last 35 out straight, scored 48 out his last 50, and killed, dead out, one of the two birds lost in his last half. Grimm also improved in his last half, getting 45 out of his last 50, to 42 out of his first half. Each man made some very brilliant kills.

Thus another shift of the men has come into the merry game of champions whose intricacies are past finding out. It certainly seems we shall be a long time finding the man who can beat all of them all the time. Mr. Heikes surprised many of his friends by the kind of innocent way in which he took to the live bird game to-day, and he may make some of the boys tremble before he goes back to his target grinding. In his hands the Cast-Iron badge will perhaps not be allowed to rest for a year or so before it is taken out, given a coat of stove polish, or brought before the gaze of the curious public. Mr. Heikes and Mr. Heikes's good score to-day are worthy of a more considerable trophy; but little or great as may be the winning, no one ever begrudges Rolla Heikes what he wins. Different men may have different notions about the representative value of the stove-lid emblem, but the value of Mr. Heikes's score (91) at Burnside, on a hard winter day, is something which speaks for itself. The race was shot rapidly, beginning at 1 P. M., and being finished in the time of one hour and thirty-two minutes. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                4 4 3 2 1 5 3 1 2 1 2 5 2 4 2 3 3 2 4 5 4 1 3 1 2
                ↖↘↑↓↓↓↖↗↓↓↓↖↖↙↓↓↑↖↓↖↓↓→↖↓
R O Heikes....2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

                3 5 5 1 2 1 3 1 4 4 1 3 4 2 4 1 2 2 2 4 1 4 1 4 5
                ↓↑↗↓↓↗↓↖↓↓↓↓↖↖↖↖↗H↗↖↓↖↗↗↖
                ● 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—20

                4 1 4 4 2 1 3 3 4 5 2 5 2 4 3 5 2 2 2 4 5 2 5 1 3
                ↓↓↖↘↓↖↓↓↓↗↓↗↖↓↓↓↖↗↖↖↖↑↗↓
                2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

                5 4 5 5 5 5 3 4 3 5 5 5 4 3 3 2 4 3 5 5 2 5 5 4 4
                ↖↗↗↖↓↗↓↓↓↗↖↓↓↗H↓↖↗↖↓↖↓↖↑
                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25—91

                1 3 5 3 3 5 2 5 3 2 2 4 3 1 2 3 4 1 1 2 5 3 2 5 4
                ↓↓↖↖↖↑↖↑↓↓↖↙↘↖↖↓↓↑↖←↗↓↖↖
Chas M Grimm.2 2 2 2 2 ● 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—20

                1 3 4 5 1 5 4 1 5 5 1 4 2 3 5 2 3 1 2 5 4 3 5 3 2
                ↓↙↖↖↓↖↖↓↖↓↖↖↖H↖↓↖↓↖↖↖↗H↓↓
                1 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 1—22

                4 5 5 1 2 3 4 5 1 4 4 4 2 1 4 3 2 3 4 5 3 5 2 3 4
                ↑↓↗↓↓↖↗↗↓↖↗↗↑↓↑↖↗↓↖↖↖H↗↓↓
                ● 2 2 1 1 ● 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1—22

                3 4 5 3 3 5 1 5 2 4 1 3 2 3 4 5 5 3 2 4 2 1 1 4 5
                ↓↗HH↖↖↓↓↖↖↗↓↓↑↖↑↖↓↖↖↗↓↖↗
                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2—23—87
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A sweep was shot in form of a race between a Chicago team and one selected from visitors.

Sweep, 10 birds, $5: Kibbey 6, Roll 10, Reeves 7, Bingham 8, Wright 7; Chicago total, 38. Visitors—Fulford 9, Fanning 9, Bartlett 8, Heikes 9, Gilbert 10; total, 45.

Conditions: 10 birds, $5 entrance, 3 men:

Roll	2222222202—9	1221222222—10	2222221121—10
Dr Frothingham	2221222212—10	.....	0210212222—8
Dr Kibbey	1021120210—7	0121002210—6	1121222102—9
A W Reeves	2011112022—8	1102001122—7	.....
J A Lane	1021021111—8	.....	0010120212—6
D Hannons	1011122112—9	.....	.....
J A R Elliott	1022222222—9	.....	2122212222—10
R W Wright	2202202220—7	2020222202—7	.....
J Fanning	1211220220—8	2222222022—9	2222112122—10
L Harrison	1112122102—9	.....	.....
O E Seals	1222012112—9	.....	.....
Ed Bingham	.....	0220222221—8	2222222222—10
Gilbert	.....	2222222222—10	2220222222—9
Fulford	.....	2122211011—9	0212221022—8
Capt Bartlett	.....	2012202222—8	.....
Heikes	.....	2022222222—9	2222222202—9
Herman	.....	0212211002—7	.....
Steck	.....	.....	2222122210—9

Same day—25 live birds, $25 a side:

O Von Lengerke.....2222220222222222222222222—24
Mortion.....1221021201100122212211022—20

Miss-and-out, $3 entrance:

Bingham	2222222222	Grimm	2222222222
Fanning	2212122212	Heikes	2222222222
Gilbert	22222220	Fulford	2221111111
Bartlett	2222220		

Closed on acccont of Grimm and Heikes's match starting.

Practice:

	Shot at.	Killed.		Shot at.	Killed.
Mortion	25	20	Dr Kibbey	15	12
Steck	20	18	Frothingham	10	9
Goodrich	20	18	Grimm	15	13
McFarland	30	21	Gilbert	10	10
Hollester	25	17	Wright	20	17
Dwyer	25	22	Reeves	20	19
L Harrison	15	12			

Tuesday, Dec. 7.

The weather showed a marked improvement, the sun shining during the afternoon through a thin veil of clouds, but the air was raw and chilling. No wind of consequence blew during the main event of the day. There was a large crowd on hand, perhaps the largest ever seen here at this season of the year at a live-bird match, possibly 300 persons being present. Several more accessions to the gathering of the shooting clans came from points well outside Chicago. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester R A. Co. general offices, New Haven, spent the day, but left the same night, making a stay too short to suit his friends here. R S Waddell, the hustling agent of the Du Pont and Hazard powders at Cincinnati, also flitted away after one day's sojourn. S. A. Tucker, of the Parker gun, was on hand to day for the first time. Chan Powers came up from Decatur. In short, the affair began to look like a national tournament, and it seems fair to suppose that the week at Chicago will indeed assume an importance not short of national in live-bird matters. Such a trying out of men and material, and before so critical an audience of those interested in men and material, has perhaps not been seen in any one week in any part of the country.

ELLIOTT-GILBERT FOR THE "STAR" CUP.

Naturally the chief interest was suspended until 2 P. M., when Jim Elliott and Fred Gilbert stepped to the score for their match for the Kansas City *Star* cup, won by Gilbert from Elliott, of Kansas City, and now challenged for by the latter. The result, or rather the character and extent of the result, was something of a surprise, as the result in a pigeon race usually is. Gilbert surprised the oldest old-timers, not by winning, but by the nature of his win, and gained the highest opinions as to his ability as a match shooter. He surely belongs in the first flight. He was thought to be a trifle nervous before the race, but if so such nervousness would be well enough to let alone. In condition, Gilbert seemed thin and hollow-cheeked, but this is the look of any man trained hard. Really he was in the pink of fitness. Elliott was not in such good shape, and is evidently falling out of the fine form he held last summer. The fatality which has always pursued him in Chicago still clung to him. He never wins here and never does himself justice. His score of 87 is far below where he belongs. Part of this is due to his own notionalism. He insisted on using No. 6 shot in his left barrel, and thereby he got the credit of a poor gun and load. He at times made long kills, but too often his charge seemed meager in result, and often his birds fell dead out of bounds. A glance at his own scores should show him that there is a leak which he can stop. It is not hard luck, but bad judgment, which gave Jim so many starred ciphers.

Gilbert, on the other hand, was cutting his birds fairly to pieces, and his gun and load seemed perfect. It was not a hard day, and the birds were none of them very far out into the field, the flight not ruling straightaway. It was a small-shot day, and if Jim Elliott did not know it, his handler, Capt. Bartlett, did. The latter sneaked in some 7½s in Jim's loads in the second half of the race. The last string of 25 in Elliott's score was the best one. He was clearly out of shape, however, and was not getting in ahead of his birds far enough, as was plainly seen in more than one instance.

We hear a great deal about luck of the birds in pigeon races, but usually the matter is evened up before the race is over. In the race to-day, however, there was seen the strongest series of lucky instances



FRED GILBERT'S POSITION

ever noted in a race on these grounds. Elliott lost three or four of his birds just on the other side of the wire, whereas in three instances Gilbert gathered birds which caused his own eyes to stand out in surprise, and made the crowd break out into shouts and murmurs. In each of these three lucky gathers, or perhaps in four of them, Gilbert's bird circled round inside the wire, flying more than twice the distance which would have carried it out in a straight line. In one case the bird was flying high and strong, headed for the dead line of the score, and it had given time enough for the reporters to say, "Well, that bird won't be a dead-out-of-bounds!" Indeed it was not, for all at once it doubled up and fell stone dead well inside the line—one of the most singular things one is apt to see in pigeon shooting.

It was by no means luck, however, which decided this race. It was Gilbert's perfect mastery of himself and his weapon. He was like an automaton. It did not seem possible that he could miss, any more than that a machine can fail of its proper function. His time was perfect, and on the birds which started out fast and strong he quickened up as though by lightning, and stopped them before they got hard. Elliott's time also was fairly good, and in his last 15 or 20 birds he quickened up into something of his old style. Twice, however, he dwelt unaccountably in getting in his first on driving birds, and it seemed apparent that he was working under strain of some sort, and not shooting as though it was easy to him.

The birds started in to be duffers for the first half dozen or so, but then freshened up and offered a fairish average from then on, though rather a mixed lot. Gilbert had 5 birds flagged for him and Elliott 1. On the whole the birds could not be called a hard lot, because the wind was not strong enough to make them hard. As Gilbert went on, cutting them down one after the other until he had passed the 50 turn, it began to be murmured about that he would never in his life have a better chance to run 100 straight, and all present would have been glad to see him do so. He did with deceptive ease kill 64 straight, losing dead out of bounds his 65th bird and also his 75th. His 88th bird was hit, but could not be called dead out of bounds. It is very rarely that one sees such an exhibition of second barrel work as Gilbert gave to-day. Once in a while he would fail to land with his first, but would save himself with the second in such a way as to bring out loud applause.

Gilbert wore his faded yellow sweater, and seemed warm and comfortable. Elliott wore a dark Norfolk jacket, with the collar turned up about the neck. Elliott was plainly suffering from the cold. His nose and chin were pink with the chill of the damp air. He shot bare-handed, and the fingers which grasped the trombone of his pump were plainly seen to be red with the cold. Jim Elliott cannot shoot a race on a cold day, and the handler who understands him will, on such a day, give him hot coffee at least once or twice. Witness his race with Gay.

Elliott used in his Winchester pump Leader shells, 3¼drs. E. C., with 7½ and 6's. Gilbert used his L. C. Smith gun, Leader shells, No. 7 shot and 3¼drs., settled, of Du Pont powder. These loads are not so excessive as sometimes seen, but seemed effective. Rolla Heikes, who won his victory yesterday, is the best exponent of moderate charges before the shooting public. He has never gone in for the heavy loads, and he will be shooting when some of the heavy-load men have pounded their nerves to a finish.

John Watson refereed the race for the *Star* cup, as well as that yesterday for the Cast Iron badge

Elliott's 7th bird was a fast one, also his 10th and 11th. His 12th was hit full, but got out. His 19th was fairly cut to pieces. His 22d left a cloud of feathers, but was cut too far back. His 23d was a screamer. His 25th was flagged. His 26th was an ugly one, and his 27th fell on the wire. His 52d was apparently killed with the first barrel, but got up, and was flying away when it was dropped far out with the second. At the 50 turn the birds were easier, but the race was then practically over.

Gilbert's 3d bird was flagged. His 16th was high and hard. His 17th was slobbered badly with the right. His 35th was one of his lucky ones—the one that fell dead after so long a flight. His 39th was another case of luck, falling just inside the wire. His 61st was a fast blue, which went out beyond the traps at great speed, but was struck with both barrels high up in the air. It then twisted and turned, coming in, and seemed surely lost, but fell, and was gathered inside the wire near the dead line. Beside his 3d bird, Gilbert had flagged his 18th, 41st, 89th and 96th birds, the latter being a "no bird." The race was shot very promptly, the time being just one hour and thirty-three minutes, one minute longer than the Heikes-Grimm race the day before. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                5 4 3 4 1 2 2 3 2 3 5 1 1 4 3 2 3 5 4 3 3 4 2 1 3
                ↙↙↓←↑ |↖←↖↑↖↖H↖↑↑↖←↗↑↑↖↖↑→
Elliott..... ...2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 0 2 2 2—22

                5 1 3 4 4 4 2 3 5 4 3 2 2 5 3 4 5 2 4 3 3 2 3 2 2
                ↙↖↖↖↑↑→H↑←↑↓↖↖↖↖↗↖↙↘↑↑→↑→
                ● 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● ● 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—21

                4 2 4 1 4 3 2 4 5 5 5 2 4 1 2 4 4 3 5 1 1 5 1 1 5
                ↑↑↖→←↘↖↙↙↖↖↓↑↖↖↖↑↘↙↗↗↖↖↖↖
                2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2—21

                5 3 5 2 3 3 5 3 5 5 4 4 3 1 2 1 4 4 3 4 2 3 5 2 3
                ←↖↙H↓→←↓←↖↙↖↑↓↖↖↘↗↑←↗↓↙↖↖
                2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 0—23  87

                3 3 5 2 4 1 2 5 2 5 1 4 1 5 2 4 4 1 3 3 4 2 3 3 1
                →↓←H↖↑↖↖↓↖↘↓↑←↘↗↘↓↘↑↗↖←→←
Gilbert.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

                3 1 1 2 1 2 5 2 2 4 4 3 4 5 1 2 5 2 5 1 1 1 2 1 2
                ↑↑↑↑↖↖←↑↖↖↑←↖↘↓↘↑↗→←↖↖
                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—25

                1 2 5 3 4 1 1 4 5 4 5 4 3 4 2 1 4 1 2 4 3 5 5 2 5
                ↖↖→↙↑↓↓↖←↑↖↓↑↗↑↗↗↖↑↑↖↙↑↗
                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2  24

                4 5 2 3 5 5 1 4 3 1 4 3 2 2 2 1 4 3 4 2 2 5 2 4 3
                ↖←H↑↖↖↖←↘↖↗↑↖←↖↑H←↑↙→↘H↖H
                2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23  97
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Sweeps, 10 live birds, $5:

Fanning	2122222222—10	Roll	2002221221—8
Fulford	1100201212—7	McMurchy	2122120121—9
Bingham	2222022222—9	M J Eich	2200112012—7
Gilbert	2202222202—8	J Lane	1001211112—8
Dr Kibbey	1212101120—8	W P Mussey	1002220221—7
Powers	1201210310—7		

Same day:

W P Mussey.....1112222012122?2200121220120222222222212212111200222—43
M J Eich .....2 0101102111111010211111111211111121112121210110110—43

Miss-and-out, $5 entrance. Closed on account of Gilbert and Elliott match for Kansas City *Star* cup: Fanning 14, Elliott 14, McMurchy 14, Herman 14, Grimm 14, Bartlett 14, Dr. Kibbey 2, Gilbert 14, Joe Milligan 5, Roll 14.

Miss-and-out, $5 entrance: McMurchy 7, Powers 10, Grimm 9, Herman 3, Roll 10, Fanning 8, Milligan 3, Heikes 9, Fulford 10, Bartlett 7.

Miss-and-out, $5 entrance: Powers 2, McMurchy 8, Elliott 8, Herman 9, Grimm 8, Fanning 9, Bartlett 2, Bingham 1, Gilbert 9, Roll 2, Fulford 3.

Wednesday, Dec. 8.

The weather was clear and almost springlike, a great relief from the chill of the preceding days. A goodly crowd gathered at the traps, two sets of which were thrown open for sweeps. Top entry was twenty-nine, and no one made any very great bank roll at this game. Fanning continued his excellent work, and Fulford, Powers, Milligan and Marshall tied him in the 15-bird sweep. U. M. C. Hallowell felt back 3 birds in this sweep, and found Fred Gilbert in the same hole with him, though Fred also went straight in the 10-bird event. Mrs. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, and Mrs Dr. Carson, of Chicago, shot a string of 10 each in one sweep, Mrs. Shattuck, ahead by 1 bird, scoring 9. Another sweep was the singular one between the four Waddington brothers, all old-time Iowa shooters. William Waddington won with 10 straight. The birds during the day ran uneven, some being very good.

Among other new arrivals were Dr. J. L. Williamson and Geo. L. Deiter, of Milwaukee; Royal Robinson and E. H. Tripp, of Indianapolis; A Kolarzik, of Mendota, Ill.; Tom Marshall, of Kelhsburg; A. D Johnston, of Watersmeet, Wis.; J. M. Curtice, of Kansas City. The latter gentleman announced that over a dozen more of the Kansas City delegation would be in the following day. The membership of the Chicago team was left still undetermined at the close of the day, close watch being kept on the practice of the different men. Following are the scores of the day:

Ten live birds, four moneys, $5 entrance:

Powers	2212112110—9	Kibbey	1222112021—9
Gilbert	2221222222—10	Bingham	2221222212—10
Fanning	1111122012—9	Heinman	1221221112—10
Roll	2011222102—8	L Harrison	1122022122—9
Fulford	2121210112—9	J Lane	1121121110—9
Budd	2111112110—9	McFarland	2010221220—7
Jell	2122222222—10	Kolarzik	2222200220—7
Deiter	2222222222—10	Latshaw	2102210222—8
Searles	1112110122—9	Robinson	2022012222—8
Bartlett	2221102202—8	Jennings	2121212121—10
Hallowell	1211122221—10		

Fifteen birds, four moneys, $10 entrance:

Bingham	220222220102112—12	Fanning	212222212122222—15
Budd	210220200112211—11	Bartlett	201222222221022—13
Fulford	1222112121112222—15	Kibbey	212212220221012—13
Searles	2101221102122212—13	Kolarzik	2022212222222102—13
Harrison	2112010201010101—10	Hallowell	1111120022222220—12
Latshaw	0201222222222222—13	Jennings	2111121201011201 12
Grimm	2222202222222222—14	Robinson	1122220222212111—14
Heinman	1122110211120211—12	Johnson	2222102020111122—12
Jell	2112121222222222—15	McFarland	2022001222222222—12
Deiter	2222202002220012—11	T Marshall	2222222222222222—15
Powers	2111222212222222—15	Fairbush	0221110120000012—9
Joe Millegan	2222222222222222—15	Lane	2001112211121111—13
Gilbert	2222202202022220—12	J Ruble	2012221112112212—14
Roll	2121122202222221—14	R Kuss	2222222222222220—14
Barto	2101220222222221—13		

	Shot at.	Killed.		Shot at.	Killed.
Felton	20	15	Hallowell	20	19
Shaw	25	23	Kabo	10	8
Houston	30	28	Powers	10	8
Hollester	25	22	Kibbey	10	10
Dwyer	25	22	Huston	10	8
Waverly	15	12	Von Lengerke	10	7
Tucker	15	15	Rustrey	10	9
Barnard	20	18	Gillespie	10	9
G Waddington	1211001022—7		J Waddington	1111121101—9	
W Waddington	2111111212—10		Gib Waddington	2011011112—8	
Mrs Carson	0110112211—8		Mrs Shattock	1012112222—9	

Thursday, Dec. 9.

The morning started in like that of an April day, but in a couple of hours the sky clouded up and the air became saturated with dampness. During the afternoon a faint mist fell. The light was not of the best By noon the wind had freshened a little, coming in from right to left toward the score. The unusual preponderance of incomers continued.

During the day the following newcomers were noted at the grounds among the dense crowd that packed the club house and stands: Dr. D. W. King, of Weir City, Kan.; Jack Parker, of Detroit; Dick Merrill, of Milwaukee; John Meunier, of Milwaukee; Bryan Haywood, of Denver, Col. The following members of the Kansas City delegation reported at the grounds; Messrs. G. M. Walden (captain), J B. Porter, J. Lee Porter, Dave Elliott, Ed. Hickman and wife, George Stockwell, J. M. Curtice, J. K. Guinotte, F. J. Smith, Geo. N. Petty, Alex. Hilton, W. A. Laidlaw, Nelse Jarrett, Geo. N. Vallins, F. M. Furguson, W. Fettler, Walter Bales.

GRIMM CHALLENGES BACK FOR CAST-IRON BADGE.

During the day Charlie Grimm challenged Rolla Heikes back for the Cast-Iron badge, date not yet set. Heikes remarked later that if Grimm would allow him expense money he might come to Chicago to shoot this match. There is no doubt Mr. Heikes will give satisfaction to any challenger at any time, but it would add interest to the Cast-Iron badge to see it put into a wider and more active circulation than it has known in the past.

GILBERT AND ELLIOTT TIE FOR DU PONT.

The absorbing event of the day was, of course, the race between Gilbert and Elliott for the Du Pont trophy. Gilbert was picked for a sure winner, but did not land so at the end of the 100, the score being a tie on 93. The match was the closest and most exciting one seen for many a day on any ground, and is not apt to be soon forgotten. It was decided, or rather left undecided, for the day simply by a matter of luck. Elliott at his 94th bird had the race in hand with a lead of 1 bird, and was shooting in perfect form. This bird was a hopper and was overshot with a quick snap as it rose. It sat at the trap, facing the score, and Elliott shot at it with the second and missed it! The bird rose and sailed away apparently unhurt. This brought the men into a tie, but the lucky incident came a trifle later; Gilbert's 96th bird was a fast and high one that went out beyond the traps and circled in. He hit it light with the first and none too full with the second, and as the bird was so high it seemed surely lost. Fred's luck remained, however, and the bird suddenly let go and fell

fairly at the wire. This luck was in just the right place and it saved the race for the boy in the yellow sweater.

During the race the wind was fresh and the birds were, some of them, very strong and fast, especially those in the 3d string of 25. At the 50 hole both men had quickened up their time and were doing great work on good birds. Gilbert had 4 birds flagged and Elliott had 2 "no birds" and 1 flagged. Gilbert's birds averaged more outgoers than Elliott's Gilbert showed great speed on the sharp ones. His second-barrel work was great, and indeed it was all that saved him many times, though he seemed safe to kill anywhere after a careless right, winning applause for very many good second-barrel kills. Indeed, almost the unpleasant feature of this match was the rowdy partisanship displayed by a certain element—probably of Chicagoans too—who roared applaud at Gilbert's good kills and even yelled when Elliott lost a hard one Referee John Watson rebuked this element, but it did little good. Its discourtesy was undeniably felt by some of the Kansas City visitors, but they should reflect that it was not the better class of Chicago shooters who would show such unsportsmanlike conduct. Elliott, however, received much applause also from many who appreciated the quality of good work he was doing.

LOADS.

Elliott was erroneously reported as using E. C. powder and No. 6 shot in his race for the *Star* cup, and both these particulars should be corrected. To-day he said that in both races he shot Schultze powder, 3¼drs., and used No. 7½ and No. 6½ shot, in Leader shells. He said to-day that he would use the No. 6½ shot if the wind came up, but the look of many of his folded-up birds was sufficient to show that he was not using the coarser shot, and his d. o. b. string was reduced to 2 After the race Capt. Bartlett, his handler, said that No. 7½ had been used exclusively. Gilbert used the same load, Winchester factory, 3½drs. scant of Du Pont, 1¼ z. No. 7 chilled. The guns remained the same. Gilbert did not spare the great second of his L. C. Smith, but Elliott at times forbore the orthodox second shot and let a single-barrel record stand.

THE BIRDS.

Gilbert won the toss and went to the score. Gilbert's 5th bird was not hit full, and scored his first loss, tieing Jim Elliott, who lost his 4th. Gilbert's 9th was a hard stop; his 12th was flagged, and he lost dead out his 15th, a screecher His 21st was lucky, scored by a wing. His 29th hung in the trap, but got off fast; his 34th was a fast incomer. His 40th wobbled on far out, but luckily dropped inside the wire. His 47th, a twister, was not so obliging, and was lost 10ft. over



THE ELLIOTT—GILBERT MATCH.

Gilbert at the score.

the wire. His 55th and 65th were flagged, the latter getting off very fast. His 66th was slobbered, but scored. His 69th was scored by a miraculous second; his 72d was a grand-stand high kill with the same great second, and again his 73d was scored by a lucky second-barrel stop. His 84th was not hit full with the second, and was a very fast bird, and his 85th was reached by the second none too soon. His 90th bird lit inside the boundary, but was not hit hard, and flew out when approached by the dog. His 93d was another second-barrel find, and at his 96th came the spectacular piece of good fortune above noted, when the bird fell just inside instead of just outside the wire.

Elliott lost his 4th bird and then ran 37 straight like shelling peas. He led Fred 1 bird at the 25 turn, and led him 2 at the 34th bird. Then at his 42d bird he hit very hard one of his hoodoo birds, a twisting left-quartering incomer, which fell dead just over the wire. Then he scraped lightly with his second an outgoer that went across, and also missed his third bird in succession, touching it up very lightly if at all. This caused the knowing ones to whisper, "He's gone," and gave Gilbert stock a boom, he now getting the lead again. He could not last beyond the 47th, and at the 50 hole the men were tied again. Gilbert was first to miss again in the third string of 25, Elliott going in front. He kept this lead for 6 birds, and they were tied again, both fighting like tigers now, and the crowd wild. They swung around the 75 hole neck and neck, tied on 70, and ran so to the 83d, where Gilbert lost, placing Elliott to win. Elliott, however, held his chance only for 3 birds, losing his 86th, and tieing the score once more. Gilbert lasted this way only 4 birds, losing his 90th, and once more offered victory to the Kansas City man. Then came the fifth tie, Elliott's miss of the bird on the ground, the 95th, and the opposite luck of Gilbert, so the score at 100 was a tie. The applause was tremendous for both men at the finish. So closed as pretty a race as one often sees, the men tieing five times. At no time were they more than 2 birds apart.

TIE POSTPONED.

The race was shot rapidly, a little over an hour and a half being required (exact time not taken), but the weather was so dark and lowering that darkness appeared possible very soon. Elliott announced that he would prefer to shoot off the tie on the following day, and the hour was set for 1 P. M. Friday. Elliott fancied that he would have a better show in better light. The tie might have lasted some time, as the last few birds appeared to be flying more sluggishly as evening approached. The spectators dispersed this evening highly delighted with the quality of the entertainment offered.

Following are the scores of the race:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                  4 1 1 5 1 5 2 3 3 3 1 5 3 3 2 1 1 2 3 4 4 2 3 3 2
                  ↗↖→↖↖H↗↖↑↘↖↘↘↖$↖→↗→↖→↗↖↑→↙
Fred Gilbert...2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

                  2 4 4 5 1 3 5 3 4 4 4 3 4 5 3 5 3 4 3 3 3 5 1 1 3
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                  2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—23

                  3 1 2 5 1 5 3 1 4 5 2 2 4 1 2 4 5 2 2 3 3 4 5 1 3
                  H↖↘↙T↖↖↖↖↑↖$↑↑↑↗↖↑↑↑H↖↗↓→
                  2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

                  3 3 5 5 5 5 5 4 3 4 5 3 3 2 5 2 4 5 3 4 3 3 2 3 5
                  T$↖↑↑↑←↖↑↑↑→↑↖↗↖↘↗→↑←↗→↘↖←
                  2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23—93

                  1 2 1 1 5 2 4 1 2 1 1 5 3 2 1 1 3 1 1 3 2 3 3 3 4
                  ↑↖↖↖↙↘↑↓$↖H↖$↖↗↘↗↓↗→↖↘↑→T
J A R Elliott...2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

                  5 2 5 4 1 5 3 5 3 5 1 3 1 4 2 4 1 3 1 4 3 5 5 3 4
                  ↖↙↗↘↑↙↖↖↗↖↑↘↓↑↑↘↙↖↖←↓↖↘↗
                  2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 5 2 2 ● 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—22
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1 3 5 2 1 1 2 4 4 3 2 3 1 4 2 2 4 1 2 5 4 3 4 2 4
↘↑↗↖↖↖↘↓↖↘↗↑↖↖↑↖←→↑↙→↑↑→←
2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1—24

1 4 5 4 1 5 5 3 4 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 4 3 1 5 4 1 2 5
→↙↑↑↑↘$→↙↑↖↖↘↖↘←↗↘H↗↗→↖↗↑
2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 1—23—93

Friday, Dec. 10.

Morning broke wet, rainy and cloudy, and the attendance was smaller. A few ladies braved the discomforts of the day. At the No. 2 set of traps a few sweeps were shot, but the main interest centered in the team shoot and the Gilbert-Elliott shoot-off. The following gentlemen arrived from Kansas City in addition to those earlier on hand: Messrs. Chris Gottlieb, C. C. Herman, J. E Riley, J. W. Bramhall, F. A. Lamb, Hon. J. L. Peak, Judge Fred Gifford.

When the Kansas City team was grouped for a photograph it was seen that they deserved the name of "Big Ten." Their average weight runs over 200lbs., and every pound of it is shooting material. They could pick a pretty good football team from the delegation.

ELLIOTT WINS THE DU PONT TROPHY.

All is well that ends well. The majority thought that Jim Elliott was unwise not to finish the tie for the Du Pont cup with Gilbert yesterday. It was said that Jim "could finish a race, but couldn't begin one," and Gilbert was set to win by 2 or 3 birds in the 25. Quite to the contrary. Elliott outclassed his man to-day, winning the trophy, and another fall was taken out of the wheel of fortune that runs the merry game of championships. It is a toss-up when these two men shoot, and luck has much to do with the result. To day Gilbert's great second stood him in good stead two or three times, and he had one lucky gather of a dangerous bird, but fortune deserted him on the 6th bird—a slate-blue twister that was not much damaged—and the 10th bird was hardly hit at all. Meantime Elliott was slashing away in great form, and getting all sorts. His 8th was high and ugly, but he scored; his 17th was a stinging twister, and his 18th stopped only when fairly cut to pieces. (I think this was the hardest bird that went out of the traps this week.) His 19th was hard and fast; his 21st scored only by good judgment, as it twisted in. He cut down his last bird in his straight run of 25 amid a burst of applause.

The tie was begun at 1 P. M., after the third race in the team contest, but the birds shot in the tie race were different from those previously seen. They were fast blues, picked for the purpose, and only 1 was flagged, Elliott's 15th. Following is the score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                  3 4 5 3 3 5 2 1 4 1 2 2 1 5 3 1 3 4 2 2 2 5 3 3 1
                  ↑↖↖↑↖←↖↑↑←↙↖↑↑←↖↑↑$↑←↙↖↘←↖↗↑
Gilbert.....2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

                  3 3 3 1 5 5 5 3 3 2 3 3 3 2 5 2 5 3 4 4 4 2 1 1 5
                  ↑↑↑↙↓←←↙↖↖→↑↑←↓→$↖↖↑↙←↑↖
Elliott.....2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25
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John Watson, referee.

INTERCITY TEAM RACE.

Shooting began about 9:30 A. M. in the team race. The weather was still cloudy, a misty rain fell, and a dull and puffy wind blew left quartering in toward the score. The birds were mixed, but did not rule hard, as indeed they have not at all in the soft weather of this week. John Watson refereed.

WRIGHT—J. L. PORTER.

R. W. Wright, for Chicago, and robust J. Lee Porter, of Kansas City, were the first to go into the lists. The former was not steady at first, and shot a patchy string, though he improved in gait if not in score in his second half, doing some good work. His 36th and 40th were great second-barrel kills. His 42d was an awkward bit of work, but his 43d was a good second. He fell across the common hoodoo, a r. q. l., on his 45th bird, and left a sag in the Chicago bosom right at the start.

The burly citizen from the rippling Kaw was as much at home as though on his own wood pile. He was cool and steady, shooting in good time and with good judgment. His 36th was a "no bird"; his 37th a corking high stop with the second. His 41st was bad work. The only reason J. L. didn't get more birds is because folks hardly ever do; but he walked off, leaving Chicago weeping, 2 birds in the hole before the guns were warm. Score:

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                  4 2 3 3 2 5 1 3 4 3 3 3 3 1 1 3 5 3 3 5 3 2 5 4 3
                  ↖↙↓↖↖↘↖H↘→↑↖↑↗←T↙↖↑T→↗↑↑→↑
W R Wright,
Chicago.....2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2—20

                  3 5 1 3 3 3 2 4 1 2 5 4 5 2 5 5 3 5 5 5 1 4 4 1 1
                  ↓↘↗H↵↑↖↖→↖↖→↖↖↑↗↘↑HT↖↖H↗↓
                  2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—20—40

                  3 1 5 4 4 5 5 2 1 3 2 2 3 4 3 2 3 2 3 2 4 3 2 5 2
                  ↑→↓↖↗↗↘↘↖←↖↖↘←→→↗H↓↙↙↑↗↑
J Lee Porter,
Kansas City.2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 ● 1 2 2 2 2—23

                  2 5 1 2 5 4 2 1 5 3 3 1 2 2 3 5 4 5 5 4 2 1 3 4 1
                  ↖→↙↖↖↑↖↓↘↗↑↖→↓↘↑↖↗↗↗↘↓↘↑↑
                  0 2 2 2 2 0 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 0 1 1 2 2 2—19—42
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HICKMAN—EICH.

Ed. Hickman, for K. C., and "Mary Jane" Eich, for Chicago. Hickman was nervous at first, but his nervousness proved a good sort not to monkey with. He shoots with a high elbow, but a pleasant style, dropping his gun for the call of "Pull!" He had a flagged bird at his 9th, but his 16th needed no flag and was a screamer. Only a good eye saved it. His 19th was equally brilliant work, and was stopped with a great second. His 23d was very fast and high. In gathering his 35th the dog made a swift run and slid on his back with the bird. Mr. Hickman put more ice on the Chicago thermometer.

Mr. Eich is one of the most popular of the Chicago shooters, and one of the best, though not in practice for this race. He felt badly at making so poor a showing, but there are champions running around unmuzzled who have done about as bad. Mr. Eich was so anxious he was over careful. His gun apparently was punishing him, and his load seemed excessive. His 29th was flagged, and so was his 33d. His 34th fell plump against the wire and was thought safe, but the dog chased it out. His 36th was the ugliest sort of a twister. His 42d was cut to pieces, and it was hard luck to lose it. Mr. Eich scored 39, and this put Kansas City 6 birds in the lead. Sorrow brooded with heavy wing over Watson's and the sky wept a few tears. Score:

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                  3 2 1 3 2 2 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 3 4 4 5 5 5 5 1 1 2 1 5
                  ↙↖↗→↑↓↙↓↘↴↖↗↙↖↑↖↙↑↖↓↑↖↙
Ed Hickman,
Kansas City .0 0 1 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 0 2 2—20

                  4 4 2 4 1 2 2 5 1 4 5 4 5 1 2 1 4 4 2 4 5 2 1 3 1
                  ↙↗↙↖↖↖H$↖↖↖↖→↖↗↖↖↖↙↘$←↖
                  1 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23—43

                  5 3 2 1 4 3 4 2 5 2 1 2 5 1 2 2 2 3 2 3 3 3 5 1 2
                  ↖↖↘→↗↙↑↓↴→$→↖↴↗↗↴H$↗↑↴↖↑
M J Eich,
Chicago .....1 1 0 1 2 0 1 2 0 1 0 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2—19

                  2 5 2 4 2 5 3 1 5 4 1 4 2 2 2 5 5 2 3 2 2 5 5 3 5
                  →↖↙→↑↑↑↙↖↙$↑↖↗↖↙↓↑↑↑↑↴
                  1 ● 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 ● 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 0—20—39
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SHAW—STOCKWELL.

Dr. S. Shaw, tall, slender and hirsute, now appeared for Chicago, and hope took a wild surge or so, because Dr. Shaw has been doing good work lately. Opposed to him, for Kansas City, was nobody but a short, stout jolly, innocent, harmless-looking man who wore glasses and was fifty years old—Geo. W. Stockwell. "We are glad to see you," said the Chicago team, "we're sorry for you, but here is where we get even." *Vide* totals to see how much they got even. Mr Stockwell apparently misconstrued the whole business. He evidently thought he was attending a cake walk. He laughed, talked, visited with his friends, and wiped the mist off his glasses, but that was about the only sort of missed he could see. He was kind and friendly, but really severe with the West Side physician. "This is a bad light for the old man," said Mr Stockwell, wiping his glasses and then killing his bird He was the calmest thing that has pushed inside these grounds for about 100 years, and to see this race was more fun than a cat and four parrots. He shot as careless and easy as though taking a chew of tobacco or orange sherbet.

The birds now were running dull. Dr. Shaw had flags on his 10th, 16th (a no bird), 28th and 32d. His 36th was a rattling fine second. His 47th was the r. q. l. hoodoo, and it wobbled into the shed. Dr. Shaw cut out a good, swift time and shot a very nice race.

Mr. Stockwell had flags twice on No. 9 bird, once a "no bird." His 20th was apparently dead in bounds, but the dog chased it out. His 21st was flagged and "no bird," his 44th was flagged. His 50th was stopped with a grand second and he retired amid a fire of cheers. Kansas City was now 8 birds ahead and gloom 4ft. thick settled over Chicago. This was almost wrong of Mr. Stockwell. Score:

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                  3 5 3 2 3 3 2 2 5 1 1 3 1 5 3 4 4 4 5 4 1 1 4 5 1
                  ↙↙↑↑↓↑↑←↙H↓↑↗↴→↑→↴↴↑↖→↑↗↙
Dr S Shaw,
Chicago.....2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2—21

                  5 2 3 4 4 2 2 3 4 3 1 5 2 3 2 1 3 3 5 2 4 2 3 4 1
                  ←↘↑H↶H←↗↗↓↖↖↖↖T↖↖↑↑↙↗↓↓↑↖
                  2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—21—42

                  4 1 4 3 2 3 5 4 1 5 1 2 3 4 3 2 3 1 3 2 4 4 3 3 4
                  ←↖←H↘↗←↑H←↴→→↖↗→↘↖↖↑↑↖↴↴↖
G W Stockwell,
Kansas City..2 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 1 2 2 2—22

                  2 3 3 5 2 1 2 1 3 3 2 5 2 5 4 5 3 3 3 5 1 5 4 2 3 5
                  ↙↘↘↑↖↖↙↖↓↖↑↓↖↙↙↑↖←←↖→→↘↙↖
                  2 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 0 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2—22—44
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D. ELLIOTT—MUSSEY.

Dave Elliott, a sad, slim man of the Elliott clan, now appeared, bearing a homely-looking $14 pump in his nerveless grasp. David pushed his pump gun against bird after bird, and nothing was heard but deep sobs of anguish from the Chicago rooters. His 9th was a great second stop, and he ought to have had his 14th, a screecher, hit full both times His 25th was a lucky second on a high bird, and his 32d also was high and far out. At his 40th he got a balk and the referee ordered him to shoot another bird with no shot in his first charge. He caught a fast driver and his gun went "snip—rattle—bang," and down came the bird far out in great shape, to a burst of applause. His 41st was flagged, but his 42d was only stopped by a grand second. Mr. Elliott sat down, and "41" was set opposite his name.

Meantime Parson Billy Mussey was also shooting. All Chicago thought Billy would pull up the team a few pegs, for he is a shooter of singular uniformity, ordinarily safe to shoot an 85 gait on the best of birds. In practice he has been doing brilliant work and was selected for one of the top scores. But Billy was shooting a day or so too late. He was just off edge and a bit more nervous than was good for him. The birds in this race picked up and were faster, this being the coop out of which the Gilbert-Elliott tie birds came. Worst of all, Billy saw before him a slim man from Kansas City, clad in a yellow sweater, and at the thought of one Bennett, of Kansas City, and his yellow sweater of years ago, Billy knew it was all up. His 5th, 6th and 7th birds, two of them hard twisters, all got away. His 10th was a good stop, and so was his 16th; his 17th was a lucky gather, the bird being at first thought dangerous. His 24th was good second work; his 25th a bit of hard luck, a white bird, dead just across the wire. His 30th and 31st were saved by timely seconds, his 33d hit the wire before it stopped. His 34th was low and fast and got over. By this time Billy was off his time and not doing his usual snappy work. The birds were averaging more drivers and were faster. When Billy returned from the score he was taken firmly by the hand and led to the lunch room, where the weeping of the Chicago team was less distinct, and where he could sit down and think it over. Such is the luck of the funny game of pigeon-shooting. Kansas City was now only 15 birds ahead. Rain began to fall softly. Score:

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                  2 3 2 3 1 3 2 4 4 3 3 3 4 1 2 2 3 2 3 5 3 4 3 3 5
                  ↖↑↖↖↗↘↑↙↑↗↑↗↗↖↑↖↖↖→↑↖↗↑
Dave Elliott,
Kansas City..2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—21

                  3 1 3 5 4 5 1 4 3 1 5 2 4 1 2 3 4 1 4 5 1 2 4 2 5
                  ↑↖↘↗↖←$↑→↑↖→↖↓↗↗↗↑→↗↑$↗→↗
                  2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 ●—23—44

                  1 1 5 2 5 1 2 3 3 4 5 5 2 1 2 4 3 3 2 4 4 2 2 3 5
                  →↑↑↖↑$↑↓↑↓↑↖↘↖↘↘↖↑↑↑↗↖↖↖
W P Mussey,
Chicago.....2 2 2 2 0 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 ● 1 1 2 1 2 2 ●—19

                  3 5 4 1 1 1 5 3 4 4 5 4 1 3 3 1 3 5 2 5 4 3 3 3 4
                  $↖↑↑↗↖↑↑↖←↖↑↙→↙↖↑↖↑↑↑↑↖↑↑
                  0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 ● 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0—18—37
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RUBLE—CURTICE.

John Ruble had been sick and was not feeling well, but it became apparent very soon that what the Chicago team needed was a few sick men of that sort. He ran out with the top score to date, 45, and showed a very clean, fast gait, with an especially accurate and effective first. Meeting an opponent who fell below the 40 mark, Mr. Ruble thus pulled up his team by 6 birds, a great gain. Ruble's 14th was a good stop of a fast one. His 19th seemed not touched, but fell dead against the wire. His 20th and 21st were flagged, the latter going over fast, and the 22d followed, just over the wire. His 27th was not hit, nor was his 37th much injured. His 39th was flagged. His 45th was saved by the dog.

Mr. J. M. Curtice was another burly Kansas City man, and good usually for something over 40, but the luck veered, and he went to town sad to night, only scoring 39. His 1st was flagged. His 6th was apparently safe and dead, when it rose before the dog and flew out. His 21st was flagged, and his 25th was a "no bird." His 44th was a very high second. His 47th was flagged. The light was now growing very dim and the shooting was not easy, though the birds were becoming dull and wavering in flight as evening and darkness approached. Score:

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                  5 5 2 5 3 5 4 5 3 3 5 3 1 2 5 5 5 3 5 5 1 1 3 5 1
                  ↖T↓$↑HT↴↑↙$→↓↖T↗↖↓↖↓↖↖↘↴
J A Ruble,
Chicago.....2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 ● 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 0 ● 1 2 1—22

                  1 4 4 5 3 3 5 4 3 3 5 2 5 5 3 3 2 2 1 3 3 3 3 3 3
                  ↴↑T↙↖↓→↑↑↗↴↖↖↓↘↖↖↘↓↑↑↴↖↑
J M Curtice,
Kansas City.2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2—20

                  5 1 4 5 3 3 5 5 4 3 5 2 1 3 5 1 1 2 3 3 5 4 5 3 3
                  H↑↑↴↓↑↴↓↑↖↘↖↗→↖↖↓↑↖H↖T↘↗
                  1 4 1 5 3 5 2 1 3 2 3 2 4 3 1 4 1 1 2 1 1 5 3 2 2
                  ↑↴T↑↗↗↑↖→↘↙↑↙↓↓$↖↙↖↙↖↖→↙$
                  2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 ● 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 ●—19—39
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HERMAN—ROLL.

Mr. C. C. Herman was one of the first to speak about this intercity race and was anxious to be present all through it. To-day he ha

word of sickness in his family, and wished if possible to finish his score and leave for Kansas City to-night. Therefore, though it was now growing very dark, the efficient Kansas City field marshall, Captain Walden, put him in to shoot next. The Chicago banner was carried by Geo. Roll, the big Blue Island crackerjack, who offered some contrast to his slighter opponent Both these men turned out to be shooters, and they did what one takes to be about the best shooting yet seen. It was a question of eyesight. The birds were not flying so fast, but it was so dark one could hardly see to score. How the two men managed to do such work is a mystery to be solved only by the instinct of direction which enables the good field shot to kill without taking aim. The men had to stop at the 25th bird, and were then a tie on 22, each with 1 dead out and 2 lost clean. At the 16th bird it was very dark. Mr. Herman was apparently fast asleep and killed 15 straight. He shot in good form. Roll was prompt and regular and made a very good impression. The score was set for completion the first thing the following morning. Herman had his 5th bird flagged, and his 10th was a "no bird." The dog saved his 19th. Roll had flags for his 6th, 9th and 18th. His 8th was a good second.

Saturday, Dec. 11.

The weather continued cloudy all day, but was much colder. The wind shifted more to the north. The result was seen in a very marked improvement in the birds. Incomers became rare, and outgoing birds ruled many of them very high and hard twisters. The men who shot to-day had a very different task from those who came to the score earlier. The crowd was now small, but it was choice, and interest was continued to the close. Chicago made one spurt toward the close, but the gap was too wide, and the big men from Kansas City carried off the honors with a good wide margin. This places Kansas City winner of the series of three intercity races. She won the first by 4 birds (if memory serves), the second by 2, and this, the third, by 7. She holds fairly the palm of the West. They say they have 100 more as good as these ten left yet down there; but if so, we don't want to shoot a 100-men race.

HERMAN - ROLL (CONTINUED).

At an early hour shooting began in the unfinished race of the day before, between Herman, of Kansas City, and Roll, of Chicago. The men were tied in the dark last night, but this morning the Kansas City man was too good for George. He was cool and steady and centered his birds fair, seemingly encouraged by Roll's miss of his first bird. The wind was now light, from the N.W., and the birds were uneven, some hard. Herman's 7th was a fast black, but he lost his 8th, a duffer. He had only one bird flagged, and he ran out with 46, top score of the shoot, as easy as playing marbles. Large chunks of sadness dropped upon the club house platform, and Chicago began to think it never could pick even one winner.

Roll's 1st bird was an easy one, and slobbered badly. His 9th was a hard cinnamon. He had 1 flagged. His 50th was a brilliant kill of a hard twister. Kansas City was feeling good, now being 10 birds in the lead. The Chicago team was not yet decided This opening race of the day showed top score and second score of the whole series, and was a very prettily contested event. Score:

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C C Herman, Kansas City	5 2 2 1 5 2 4 4 2 1 2 3 4 4 5 1 3 4 2 5 1 3 3 5 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2—22	
Geo Roll, Chicago	1 5 2 3 4 1 4 1 2 3 3 1 1 4 2 1 5 4 2 5 4 4 4 2 3 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24	—46
	2 5 5 5 5 2 2 5 2 1 4 2 4 3 4 2 2 4 4 3 4 5 3 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2—22	
	5 1 2 4 5 5 3 2 5 3 4 5 2 2 1 2 4 3 1 2 4 5 3 5 4 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23	—45

FROTHINGHAM—RILEY.

Here Chicago braced to expect a gain, but she misunderstood the big and smiling Riley, who was not there to lose. Dr. Frothingham, a short and boyish-looking, but sturdy figure, shot with his usual intensity and nervous energy, and he put up a fine race. The birds remained a little mixed, but now and again a screecher would go out. The Chicago man's 22d was a great stop, and his 24th was a hot one. His 35th was low and fast. His 40th was a plain miss. His 41st was an ugly one, and got over also. Frothingham got his share of hot ones, and his score of 43 is good.

Jim Riley has a fine position at the score and shoots in a beautiful style. His gun is low and easy; he does not need a guy rope to keep him from falling on his nose, but stands graceful and erect. He has a rapid second, and all in all is a very good specimen as he shot to-day. His 1st bird was flagged, also his 47th. His 12th fell in bounds, but the dog chased it out to die. His 19th was low and nasty; his 25th fell inside, but again the dog caused him a loss, chasing it out. His 26th was a hot one, and this made the race a tie at this point. His 27th was a warm baby too, the birds at this point freshening up and beginning to go like demons. He was slow with his 33d, but his 49th was a scratch second in the deep field that brought down the house. Riley shot beautifully, but the dogged doctor hung to him to the finish and gave him a lot of company. Grief now was 3 cents a bushel in Chicago, for K. C. now went up another bird and stood 11 ahead. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Dr H Frothingham, Chicago	2 5 3 3 4 5 5 4 2 1 4 1 5 3 5 3 2 1 5 2 3 5 1 2 5 2 2 • 0 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2—21	
J E Riley, Kansas City	3 1 4 2 4 1 3 2 5 4 5 3 5 3 2 5 2 1 4 2 1 3 3 5 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22	—43
	1 3 3 4 2 1 4 3 3 1 2 3 3 3 1 3 3 4 5 2 5 4 2 5 5 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0—22	
	5 3 4 3 3 3 2 3 5 2 4 1 4 5 4 3 3 2 4 2 3 3 2 1 5 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—22	—44

GOTTLIEB—VON LENGERKE.

The band played the "Wacht am Rhein." Big Chris Gottlieb looked rosy and healthy as ever, and he was picked by many for top score of the meet. Luck did not favor him to this extent, but he beat his man, after the fashion of his fellows. These men got a real race, the hardest birds of the day so far. Incomers were few and far between, and the score shows very many drivers. These birds were many of them very fast Chris feathered his 5th, his 6th was a strong one and his 7th hit the wire pull, causing Chris to chew gum very fast for a moment. His 17th got off easy, his 19th was ugly and was only saved by quick work with the second, and his 20th was another grand second-barrel kill. His 24th was just across the wire, but to offset this his 28th hit the wire and was saved. His 34th was high and hot, and his 46th a corker which was too fast for the shot. It was anybody's race for a long time, as O. von Lengerke got off with a long lead.

The Chicago man was well keyed up and had his eye on the birds He was anxious and careful, but quick and snappy, getting down many stingers right at the traps before they grew harder. The Chicago man had one flagged bird. Von's 19th was a good, fast second. His 26th was lucky, suddenly letting go and dropping dead after it was thought sure to go out. His 30th fell inside, but rose and went out. His 32d was a hot one. His 33d had to be flagged, but started swiftly directly toward the score and was missed. His 46th was stopped after a deliberate wait for it to straighten out in flight. His 47th was scored by luck, after a long circle about inside. His 50th bird dropped a bit in flight, but recovered and went out, this finishing a very pretty race. A casual reference to the score, however, showed that Chicago had dropped yet another point back, the lead of K. C. now being 12 birds.

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Chris Gottlieb, Kansas City	4 1 1 4 4 4 2 5 5 2 4 3 3 3 2 5 2 4 3 4 4 5 5 3 2 2 2 1 2 0 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 • 2—19	
Von Lengerke, Chicago	2 4 4 2 3 5 1 3 2 5 4 2 5 5 2 2 4 1 2 1 2 2 5 4 4 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—23	—42
	4 3 4 1 3 1 2 2 2 4 1 4 5 5 4 4 4 2 3 5 5 4 5 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—21	
	4 5 5 4 5 5 3 3 5 1 3 4 2 1 5 5 1 5 5 3 3 4 4 4 5 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 0—20	—41

BINGHAM—J. B. PORTER.

Here was where we got revenge. Jim Porter was considered safe to make a big score for K. C., but he had left his timepiece at home. On the other hand, Eddie Bingham apparently thought that he was home on the old stone blind in Koshkonong shooting teal. He was in tent on his work, but he was not too nervous, and he never shot a better race in his life. His style was very sharp and his second rarely wasted. Porter got too slow and could not find the birds. The wind was now fresher, and the birds better and very fast. With the exception of Dave Elliott, Bingham's score covered the best work yet seen in the series, for he stopped many very wicked birds, and did it in brilliant style. His 9th was high and hard. His 10th fell to great applause, but the dog chased it out, and the score had to be changed. His 17th was flagged. His 27th was a good second, and his 32d excusable. His 38th was a hot one, and his 40th and 41st high and fast. His 45th was a stinger, a big cinnamon, the color so many of the twisters wore

Jim Porter was cool, easy and deliberate, and shot with his usual freedom from strain. (In position at the score the K. C. men could give Chicago cards and spades.) His style was just a trifle too slow, however, the birds getting hard before being hit. Toward the middle of the race his time was bad, and he tied the low score on the other side, 37. His 13th lit on the hand rail at the score, but Capt. Waldron did not push it back, of course, and it fluttered into cipherdom. His 18th was a good second, his 19th a "no bird." At the 25 hole he was too slow. His 39th was a red hot low bird, and his 43d a lucky second, far out. Porter did not lose his head under the stress, but pounded along calmly. He had the bad luck to lose his 50th dead out of bounds—a fast driver.

At last Chicago had won a race, and Eddie Bingham a hundred years from now will tell his grandchildren how he pulled his team up 6 birds in the big intercity shoot. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Ed Bingham, Chicago	4 3 3 2 5 3 3 3 3 3 5 2 2 2 3 3 3 3 5 1 5 3 5 3 4 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23	
J B Porter, Kansas City	2 1 1 3 1 2 5 1 2 1 2 3 4 5 2 4 1 1 2 5 4 3 3 3 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 • 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—20	—43
	2 4 5 4 5 5 4 5 1 4 3 5 2 2 3 4 4 3 3 2 1 4 5 1 5 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 • 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 • 2 0 2 2—19	
	2 5 3 3 2 3 1 2 4 3 2 3 5 5 2 2 5 5 1 3 2 1 4 4 1 2 0 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0—18	—37

ELLIOTT—KLEINMAN.

Only one more race remained. George Kleinman was put in to shoot with Jimmy Elliott, late winner of the Du Pont trophy. George acquitted himself very well, and some of his second barrel work had his old phenomenal quality. Twice he lost hard drivers by getting his second in just a shade before he meant to do so, knowing as he pulled trigger that he was not on. But some of his other birds were cut down like lightning, and they needed to be. George said that some of his first 25 string were as fast birds as he ever shot at in his life. We were now getting birds such as we should have had all the week had the weather been good.

Elliott shot in his usual rapid style, at times almost carelessly. He scored his 4th by a lucky sudden fall. His 7th rose as the boy started to gather it, and the dog was started after it and gathered it. The referee, John Watson, decided another bird should be shot. Capt. Organ waived the right, and Capt. Walden thanked him. Elliott's 22d was flagged, his 33d not hit; his 34th chased against the wire by the Cur, one of the retrievers. His 42d had a wing off luckily. Elliott ran 43, and chewed gum all the time George was quick with both barrels on his 14th, but it was no use. His 15th was a duplicate, but he got it. His 17th was a grand fast second, and his 18th another. His 19th was still another very fast one, but this was not centered, and the 20th, another screamer, though hit hard both times, also got over. His 49th was gathered by the white pointer, which went crazy and tried to bring in 2 birds at a time, having found another dead one ungathered. This was a pretty race and a good exhibition of skill, but the Kansas City man followed custom and beat his opponent by 1 bird. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J A R Elliott, Kansas City	2 4 3 2 4 4 5 2 4 3 3 4 5 2 1 1 3 2 4 2 4 4 2 2 5 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—23	
G Kleinman, Chicago	3 2 5 5 3 2 3 3 4 5 2 1 1 3 2 3 3 3 5 3 3 5 5 2 3 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—20	—43
	3 1 3 4 1 5 3 5 1 3 2 5 5 1 2 3 5 2 2 2 3 1 2 3 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 1 2 2 0 0 1 2 0 1 1—20	
	3 3 2 2 4 5 1 3 2 2 5 1 1 3 2 5 2 1 2 4 2 4 3 4 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2—22	—42

KANSAS CITY WINS BY 7.

The official team totals were now announced to be:
Kansas City 424,
Chicago 417.
Kansas City won by 7 birds.

THE KANSAS CITY "STAR" MEDALS.

The Kansas City *Star*, the able newspaper which Jimmy Whitfield makes the best rod and gun daily in the West, had offered two individual medals for competition at this intercity meet—a medal for the highest individual score on the Kansas City team, and a duplicate badge for the highest Chicago individual score. C. C. Herman, of Kansas City, had won his badge by his score of 46. Two men on the Chicago team were tied on 45—Ruble and Roll. They shot at 10 birds and Roll won the medal. Score:

George E Roll.....0222222222—9 John A Ruble.... .. 2022222220—8

THE CAPTAINS' RACE.

The captains of the two teams now got gay. Capt. Walden allowed he could skin any Chicago captain—or all three of them—and Capt. Col. Felton was put up against him, no weight for age allowed or asked. They shot at 25 birds and showed they were both right up in the first rank and fit to command their lusty privates. It was approaching evening, and everybody felt good but the birds, which flew mixed Col. Felton missed 2 easy ones and killed a few hard ones, beating out the handsome Kansas City man by 2 birds. Capt. Walden shot a Greener ejector, 7lbs. 14oz., Winchester metal-lined shell, 3¼drs. Schultze, 1¼oz. No. 7. Col. Felton shot a Purdy, 7½lbs., Smokeless cases 3¼drs. Du Pont, $1^{3}/_{16}$oz. No. 7 right barrel, $1^{3}/_{16}$oz. No. 6 in left. Col. Felton wore a beaver jacket and a bright, glad smile. This race made a lot of fun. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

G M Walden	4 5 5 4 4 1 3 1 2 2 4 2 5 4 5 4 3 3 1 4 1 3 4 4 4 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 1 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 1 0—20	
C E Felton	3 1 2 5 2 5 3 2 3 5 3 5 3 1 1 4 3 4 2 2 3 5 2 5 5 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 0—22	

TABLE OF LOADS.

The following is the table of guns and loads:

CHICAGO TEAM.

R. W. Wright: Francotte, 6½lbs.; Leader, 3¼drs. Du Pont, 1½oz. No. 7 chilled.

M. J. Eich: Greener, 7lbs. 12oz.; Leader, 3¼drs Du Pont, 1¼oz. No. 7.

Dr. S Shaw: Greener, 7lbs. 9oz; Leader, 3½drs. Du Pont, 1¼oz. No. 7.

W. P. Mussey: Greener, 7lbs. 12oz.; Leader, 3½drs. Du Pont, 1¼oz. No. 7.

John Ruble: Lefever, 7lbs. 12oz.; U. M. C., 3¼drs. American Dead Shot, 1¼oz. No. 7

Geo. E. Roll: L. C. Smith, 7lbs. 14oz ; Leader, 3½drs. Du Pont, 1¼oz. No. 7.

Dr. H. H. Frothingham: Greener, 7lbs. 2oz.; 3in. Leader, 3½drs. Du Pont, 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled.

O. von Lengerke: Francotte, 6lbs. 15oz.; right barrel, U. M. C. Trap; left, Winchester Leader; 3⅛drs. Schultze in right, 3¼drs. Schultze in left; 1⅛oz. No. 6 in right, 1⅛oz. No. 7 in second.

Ed. Bingham: Ithaca, 8lbs.; Leader, 3½drs. Du Pont, 1¼oz. No. 7.

Geo. Kleinman: L. C. Smith, 7lbs. 12oz.; U. M. C., 3½drs. Du Pont, 1¼oz. No. 7.

KANSAS CITY TEAM.

J. Lee Porter: Boss (St. James street, London), 7½lbs.; metal-lined Winchester, 3½drs. Du Pont, $1^{3}/_{16}$oz. No. 7½.

Ed. A. Hickman: L. C. Smith, 8lbs.; U. M. C. Trap, 3½drs. Schultze, 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 7.

Geo. Stockwell: Greener, 7lbs. 12oz.; metal-lined, 3½drs. Schultze and 1⅛oz. No. 7½ in first barrel; second, Leader, 3½drs., 1⅛oz. No. 7

Dave Elliott Winchester repeater, 7½lbs. ;Leader, 3¼drs. Schultze $1^{3}/_{16}$oz. No. 7.

J. M. Curtice: Greener, 7½lbs.; metal-lined, 3¼drs. Schultze, 1¼oz. No. 7.

C. C. Hermann: L. C. Smith, 7lbs. 14oz ; U. M. C. Trap, 3¼drs. Blue Ribbon; 1¼oz. No 7½ first barrel. No. 7 second barrel.

J. E. Riley: L. C. Smith, 8lbs.; U M. C. Trap, 3½drs. Schultze, 1¼oz. Tatham's No 7.

Chris Gottlieb: L. C. Smith ejector, 8lbs.; U. M. C. Smokeless, 3½drs. Du Pont, 1¼oz. No. 7

James B. Porter: Greener, 7lbs. 4oz.; Winchester metal-lined, 3½drs. Du Pont, 1¼oz. No. 7½

J. A. R. Elliott: Winchester repeater, 3¼drs. Schultze, Leader, 1¼oz. No. 7½.

CHICAGO SHOOTERS CHALLENGE DEFEATED TEAM.

Messrs W. W. McFarland, Ed. Steck, Silas Palmer, T. P. Hicks and R. Kuss, all well-known Chicago shooters, who were possibilities in the selection of the Chicago team of ten in the Intercity shoot, have had on their war paint and now want a better chance to go to war. They say that they and five others would like to shoot a friendly race with the Chicago team which was to-day defeated. Messrs. Shaw, Von Lengerke, Eich, Roll and Bingham have informally signified their personal willingness to accept such a challenge. The race would be for 50 birds per man, ten men teams, for the price of the birds and a little wager. Nothing more definite is known to night of this, the matter having arisen after the close of team shoot to-day. The race may or may not be shot. E. HOUGH.

THE BANQUET.

The banquet of the Chicago Athletic Association on Saturday evening was a notable affair. The grand dining hall of the club was arranged in a quadruple rank of tables with a cross-board running the entire width of the room, plates being laid for 105 and nearly all seats occupied. Among others present were the following, though in the hurry of the late hour some may have been omitted who shared in the entertainment offered all visiting sportsmen by the Chicago organization:

KANSAS CITY AT THE BANQUET.

C. M. Walden, captain; J. A. R. Elliott, Dave Elliott, Geo. Stockwell, J. B. Porter, J. L. Porter, Ed A. Hickman, J. M. Curtis, Chris Gottlieb, C. C. Herman, J. E. Riley, T. F. Morton, W. A. Laidaw, Nelse Jarrett, J. K. Guinotte, F. J. Smith, Dr. H. J. Whittier, R. N. Campbell, D. W. King, Master Fred Elliott, J. L. Buckner, Geo. L. Petty, W. T. Davis, Jas. Whitfield, sporting editor the Kansas City *Star;* Alex. Hilton, Judge F. W. Gifford, F. A. Lamb, Hon. John L. Peak.

CHICAGO SPORTSMEN AND VISITORS.

Thos. Miller, E. W. Heath, C. E. Felton, Thos. Hicks, Jim Byer, B. D. Lewis, Abner Price. R. Dwyer, Geo. Strell, C. Silvester, of Winchester R. A. Co ; F. H. Lord, John Glover, Benj. Dicks, J. F. Rehm, Chas. Morris, W. R. Morgan, Emil Work, Geo. Morton (C. B. & Q.), Sam Matthews, R. B. Organ, Fred Gilbert, E. S Rice, Geo. E. Adams, A. C. Paterson, Silas Palmer, R Kuss, W. W. McFarland, H. L. Loveday, H. H. Frothingham, Jesse Sherwood, M. J. Eich, W. T. Johnson, Dr. S Shaw, R. S. Mott, Jas. Pease, C. S. Wilcox, F. C. Willard, O. von Lengerke, C. Antoine, J. M. Holt, Tom Donnelly, W. P. Mussey, J. Barto, J. H. Amberg, E. Hough, L. Harrison, Jas. P. Holligan, F. R. Bissell, Ed Bingham, E. Bacci, Geo. A. Airey, W. L. Shepard, Wm. Palmer, H. Levi, J. M Gillespie, Jack Parker, of Detroit; A. W. Wiley, E. W. Graham, E. D. Fulford, C. P. Richards, Tom Marshall, Wm. Sheffield, C. M. Grimm, F. M. Fish, Fred Quimby, W. B. Leffingwell, C. M. Powers, H. McMurchy, Capt. B. A. Bartlett, Jack Fanning, C. W. Budd, S. A. Tucker.

Mr. E. S. Rice, chairman of the Chicago Shooters' Organization, was in the chair and presided handsomely at the head of a large and energetic family.

At the close of the banquet the usual felicitations followed. Mr. Quimby proposed a toast to the chair. Mr. Rice responded in a brief written address of welcome and congratulation, introducing speakers of the evening.

Col. Felton made an address of welcome to the visiting gentlemen of Kansas City, marked with his usual happy turns of thought and phrases.

Judge E. Gifford, of Kansas City, responded pleasingly. He said Chicago hospitality was befitting the reputation of sportsmen. Judge Gifford recounted the doings of the early citizens who built the beginnings of the city by the Kaw. He said they never killed an Indian dead out of bounds. That was where the Kansas City men learned to shoot so well. He told of the history of the Gate City which had bred so sturdy a lot of sons. He spoke of the glorious climate of Kansas City with apparent seriousness. He said any man in Kansas City would split a $20 bill with a perfect stranger, he was so large hearted. Judge Gifford's speech was cheered to the echo.

Mr. W. T. Johnson, former treasurer of Cook county, Ill., and an old sportsman, told in turn of early days in Chicago and on the Western trail that ran through Kansas City in the frontier time. Mr. Johnson spoke feelingly and well, and his remarks elicited hearty applause.

Capt. G. M. Walden, the "Prince of Kansas City," was called upon. He spoke gracefully and with dignity, and added to the fine impression he has created throughout the entire week. Mr. Walden is a man of fine presence and winning address. It is said that to his tact and well-balanced judgment the sportsmanship of Kansas City owes its united and shoulder-to-shoulder condition to-day. His was the speech of the evening. He paid a high tribute to Chicago, ascribing praise to his own city only with modesty and delicacy. He said that his fellow-townsmen would always be ready to receive Chicago sportsmen, and would accord them a good place to shoot and all the welcome in the world.

Mr. Harry W. Loveday, State game warden, took up the running for Chicago briefly.

Mr. Emil Werk, of Cincinnati, and Mr. W. W. McFarland, of Chicago, were called upon for a song. They gave Scotch and German renditions of rattling Irish songs, Mr. Werk bringing down the house and Mr. McFarland ruining the rest of the roof with his song of the "Bould McIntyres."

A flash-light photograph was at this point taken of the banqueting hall.

Mr. Tom Vallins, ex Chief of Police of Kansas City, stirred up the house with his "first oratorical appearance at the trap." He claimed an early citizenship in Illinois, and an early education (from the almanac) as an orator. He married a Chicago lady, and had affiliations with this city. He convulsed the audience with *apropos* remarks. He said the Pullman porter had taken him for "Mistah Elliott," and he felt proud to be mistaken for a shooter. Mr. Vallins added firmness to the conviction that Kansas City could beat Chicago at speaking as decisively as at shooting. His speech bristled with anecdote and witty metaphor. To hear Mr. Vallins tell a Swedish dialect story is a liberal education.

Mr. Jas. Whitfield, of the Kansas City *Star*, now called upon Messrs. C. C. Herman and Geo Roll to receive the individual high-score medals mentioned earlier. Mr. Whitfield mentioned some of the Old Guard members of the Kansas City shooting cult.

Mr R. B. Organ moved a vote of thanks to the Kansas City *Star* and Mr. Whitfield for the able representation offered at this shoot. Carried.

Hon. Tom Marshall and Mr. Alfred Price (of Illinois) were both called for. Mr. Price spoke briefly and feelingly, commending the royal hospitality of Kansas City. He said we had to go west of Chicago to find shooters, but they had a plenty at Kansas City.

Speaking now became general. Votes of thanks to the Kansas City team, to Referee John Watson and the visiting and competing match shooters were passed. Fred Gilbert, Tom Marshall, Emil Werk, Fred Quimby, C. P. Richards, Dr. Whittier, R. B. Organ, W. L. Shepard, Geo. W. Stockwell and others.

A formal motion was passed, seemingly unnecessary, admitting the fact that Chicago had been defeated thoroughly, satisfactorily and elegantly, which nobody could deny.

Adjournment was had between the hours of 1 and 2 in the morning.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Christmas Holiday Tour to Washington.

AN opportune, delightful and instructive tour, in which all teachers of New York, Brooklyn and vicinity, and their friends, should participate, has been arranged by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to Washington, to leave New York on Tuesday, Dec. 28, under the personal escort of a tourist agent and chaperon. Two days will be spent in Washington visiting the many points of interest, including the new Congressional Library, one of the most sublime edifices in the world. An opportunity will also be afforded for a trip to Mount Vernon. A stop of two hours will also be made at Philadelphia on the going trip, affording an opportunity to visit the United States Mint, Independence Hall, Wanamaker's and other points of interest.

Round trip rate, including transportation, hotel accommodations and all necessary expenses, $14.50 or $12.50, according to hotel selected in Washington.

For detailed itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents. Address Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the Forest and Stream. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any person whose address may be furnished us for that purpose.

"Many a man past the middle of life remembers with a quite peculiar and especial tenderness that one dog which was the dear companion of his boyhood. No other canine friend can ever be to us exactly what that one was; and here let me venture to observe that the comparative shortness of the lives of dogs is the only imperfection in the relation between them and us. If they had lived to three score years and ten, man and dog might have traveled through life together; but as it is we must either have a succession of affections, or else, when the first is buried in its early grave, live in a chill condition of doglessness."

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

THE PROSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

IT is reported that yielding to political pressure brought to bear by Senator Elkins, the President has selected George F. Bowers to be United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. This is a political appointment pure and simple, and a most scandalous one. The appointee is a West Virginia politician who has been of service to Senator Elkins; the Senator desires to reward him with an office where the Government will pay him a salary, and has picked out the fish commissionership as one of which the rewards are commensurate with the obligations involved.

Mr. Bowers has no fitness whatever for the place. He is devoid of attainments in the science and art of fishculture; has no knowledge of fish and fisheries, but in fact is totally ignorant as to them, and so is without the special information and experience which are absolutely essential equipments for the discharge of the duties of the head of the Commission. He would never have been thought of in connection with the office if his personal qalifications for it had been given the slightest consideration. The appointment is a prostitution of the Fish Commission to political ends, and by this act President McKinley has grossly betrayed a public trust.

Moreover, the appointment is also in plain violation of law. The act of Jan. 20, 1888, providing for a Fish Commissioner, expressly and implicitly prescribes that he shall be "a person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the fish and fisheries." The West Virginia man has no such acquaintance. He is by the law declared to be ineligible to the place. His installation in it would be a national disgrace. For the sake of the Commission and of the interests it represents, we sincerely trust that the nomination of a Bowers for the place once held by a Baird, a Goode and a Macdonald may not be confirmed by the Senate, while there are men who, by their high attainments in fishculture, their practical knowledge of fish and the fisheries, their familiarity with the work of the Commission and their fitness to direct it, might restore the United States Fish Commission to its former place in the regard of the public, and to its highest usefulness and value. The commercial and economic interests involved demand that the place should not be surrendered as official spoils to an incompetent.

THE OLD BUFFALO HUNT AND THE NEW.

TURN your eyes backward, gray-haired friend, to a time twenty-five years ago, when you were more supple than you are to-day. You remember the buffalo chase. How you looked over a hill and saw the limitless plain dotted with the "brown cattle of deformed aspect;" how you dashed over the crest at the full speed of your horse and raced down almost to the outskirts of the herd before they broke and fled with a thunder of hoof-beats over the solid earth that trembled and under the dust that hid the sky. Perhaps there rode by your side the brown-skinned owners of these herds—naked, on naked horses, silent, with stern, set faces, and with eager eyes; with long, black hair blowing out straight behind them on the breeze, rising and falling with the forward shoot of each horse's body. Their left hands held crooked bows bound with the tense sinew strings and a bundle of fine, slim darts, whose newly whetted points shone like dull silver.

You remember how the sand was flung against your face and the dust choked you; how the billowing brown backs before you, dimly seen through the thick cloud, rose and fell; how, little by little, your good horse carried you forward and the buffalo yielded you passage and fell away on either hand. Little by little the swift ponies drew up alongside the cows that were hardly less swift, the arrows sought the strings, the lithe bodies of the riders bent down toward their prey in eager readiness. Then soon the bows were bending and the arrows were flying, and perhaps your gun spoke once; and the prairie was dotted with fat cows that would never run again. Then the hides were stripped off, and the meat loaded on the hores, and you returned to your camp.

So you chased buffalo in the old days.

It is midnight in New Jersey in cold and stormy November. The wind blows and the level rain dashes against the face of the unlucky traveler with stinging blows. Along a sandy road six toiling horses tug and strain as they slowly haul a heavily-laden dray. Houses here are few and far between, but a distant light shows where one stands, and the vehicle at last approaches it. The panting horses stop close to some outbuildings, where three men are waiting. By the light of a lantern the dray is backed up close to a tight board pen, and its burden—an enormous box—is unloaded. Gate and door are opened, and the occupant of the great box is driven into the pen. He stands there, a big buffalo bull, tame as a cow, from his long confinement stupid as an owl at midday. Bewildered and confused, he stares about. Two men carrying a lantern follow him into the pen. One bears a rifle, the other a six-shooter, and both have knives. There are two sharp reports. The bull plunges once or twice, and comes to his knees. The butchers hack and saw the head from the body and carry it away, leaving the carcass untouched upon the muddy ground.

A buffalo chase of the year 1897 is ended.

SNAP SHOTS.

IN the midst of all the wild rumors of starvation at Dawson and stampedes of panic-stricken multitudes, this extract from a letter received on Dec. 17 from Mr. J. B Burnham, of the FOREST AND STREAM, will be a welcome reassurance to such as have friends on the Yukon. The letter is dated "In camp below the White Horse Rapids, Sunday, Oct. 24," and reads:

"We have had fine weather so far, and no floating ice. Climate about like Adirondacks. Have passed all the tedious delays from portages, head winds, etc., except Lake La Barge, and if things go well will be in Dawson about Nov. 1. If ice appears in river shall probably stop and winter at the Hootalinka River, where there is a post office, a police station, and monthly mails for 3 cents per letter (Canadian postage). Have gotten along splendidly, and have a very complete outfit of supplies.

"Two men have just come in from Dawson, ascending the river in a canoe. They left there Sept. 23, and say everything was then going well. This tallies with other recent reports we have from Dawson. There is no truth in the sensational reports of shortness of supplies.

"I am cook, and I tell you I can bake good bread (baking powder kind) in our Yukon stove; it has a fine oven. White Horse Rapids and Cañon were pretty bad, but we are safely by them, and smooth sailing ahead. Men from Dawson say they think we can make it."

The Anglers' Association of Onondaga County, with headquarters at Syracuse, N. Y., is an organization of citizens for voluntary effort in supplementing the work of the game protectors. The Association maintains a special protector, who works under its direction and control, giving particular attention to enforcing the anti-netting law in Oneida Lake. The record of miles traveled by the special protector for November of 1897 was 216; three fyke nets were captured, valued at $1,800; two gill nets, valued at $1,200, and nineteen trap nets of a value of $435. The excellent report of the Association's work for the last fiscal year, as submitted to the State Commission, is an exhibit of which the members may well be proud. The writers of the report have struck the keynote of success in the work of protection when they declared: "We have tried in all that we have done to educate public thought and sentiment to a better understanding of the cause of fish protection and to lead the large majority that has opposed it to see that in permitting the destruction of our food and game fish the people are losing forever one of the most bountiful sources of food supply, and one of the greatest blessings to mankind that an all-wise Providence has bestowed upon us."

In the work of education they have had to combat not only the ignorance and improvidence and selfishness of poachers, but the devious and hidden but no less baffling connivance of politicians and politically controlled officials. If the Fish Commission of the State did its whole duty, honestly, independently and fearlessly, executing the laws equally against all men, giving its subordinates untrammelled liberty to perform their oaths of office, holding up no cases "until after election," and granting immunity to no particular voters in special assembly districts, does any one dream for a moment that the day of necessity of such voluntary associations as this one of the Onondaga anglers would be past? It is only because the State officials, who are paid to enforce the laws, and who are sworn to enforce the laws, do not enforce the laws, that private citizens must give of their time and their means and their effort to restrain lawlessness and check the ravages by the few who defy the rights of the many.

In view of the excellence of dogs as draft animals in the Arctic regions, it seems strange that the supply in foreign countries has not been liberally drawn upon. The first organized effort of any importance, according to press reports, is that of Mr. G. R. Davies, an Englishman of cosmopolitan experience. While in Belgium he noted the common use of dogs for draft purposes, and also their efficiency. Being of an adventurous turn of mind, he conceived the plan of taking a number of them to the Klondike region. He arrived in New York on the steamship British King on Dec. 14, with seventy dogs from Antwerp. It is stated that the cost of the dogs averaged $20 each and that about $30 more each will be added in reaching the Klondike region, so that the dogs will then have cost $50 apiece. A Belgian was brought over with the dogs, to manage them till such time as they became familiar with commands in English. The dogs were shipped to Montreal, thence they go to Ottawa, where Mr. Davies will meet Warburton Pike, who has had some experience in the far North. The route they will take will be governed much by Mr. Pike's advice. If the venture is a success, Mr. Davies will establish a pack train to Circle City.

The story runs that the owner of a swift and rapid dog laid a wager that it could keep up with a railway train. The dog was tied behind the last car and the train sped on its way. After a while it was discovered that the dog had disappeared, and the stakes were claimed of the owner, but he triumphantly showed that instead of having fallen behind the dog was running along at his ease in the shade underneath the car. This dog story was constructed in the early years of the century, when dogs were faster and railway trains were slower than they are in these days. It has been determined by records kept in this office that the tale has a periodicity of five years. It is being told in 1897, and may be looked for next in 1902.

Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM'S "Angling Notes" will be glad to have the excellent portrait of the man who writes them. The picture was taken in the Adirondacks last summer, while Mr. Cheney was collecting material for the forthcoming report of the State Fish Commission. It is an admirable portrait, as his many friends will recognize, and is all the more pleasing for the woodland setting.

The New York Aquarium has now been open a year, and under the admirable direction of Dr. Tarleton H. Bean has steadily grown in the scope and interest of its collections and in popular appreciation. During the year it has been visited by 1,635,000 people, or an average of 6,289 per day.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE GID'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

"Wal, I do' know what to du." The words came up in a long sigh from the depths of Aunt Pamela Corbin's portly bosom, as she stood with both hands dropped helplessly, one holding an open letter, the other the spectacles which had aided its slow reading. "Chris'mas a-comin' tu-morrer, an' Nancy an' her man a-comin' tu spend it, an' nothin' pervided! Wal, I say for it!"

She looked down at Gideon, tilted forward on the front legs of his chair, and poking meditatively among the ashes on the stove hearth with the stick used in the last lighting of his pipe.

"Why don't ye say suthin', father?" she demanded after a moment of waiting.

"Why, I hain't nothin' to say no more'n the boy had when his father died," Uncle Gid responded, and then reconsidering this avowal, "why, yes, I hev tew, for I be glad Nancy's a-comin', an' she'll be glad tu see her father 'n' mother, if she doos hafter go it on pork an' beans, which I don't see there's nothin' for it but for her tu, an' I guess her man can stan' it. Nathan 's hearty t' eat, and the baby he's a-nussin' yit, I s'pose, so it won't make no diff'ence to him."

"A-nussin'?" cried Aunt Pamela, "why, Gideon Corbin, what be you a-thinkin' on? That child was three year ol' the tenth day o' November. A-goin' on four year ol', an' jus' the age fer candy an' sech, an' we not so much as a spoo'-f'l o' honey in the haouse! I do' know but what I feel the wust abaout that of anything. But the idee o' him a-nussin'! Oh, my! if men folkes haint enough tu kill!" and Aunt Pamela was so overcome by the absurdity of it that she was obliged to sit down and laugh, while Uncle Gid ground a silent accompaniment till he could divert her mind to a more serious channel.

"If you hedn't a-hed sech all-killin' luck a-raisin' chickens," he suggested, "but the' hain't a one. If the ol' ruster 'd du, I'd chance it on pickin' up one some'ers afore spring, but he's poorer 'n a skate; might's well try t' eat a tailor's goose! An ev'yb'dy sol' the last turkey 'at they hain't kep' for the'selves. Gosh, I do' know! I guess it's pork an' beans, Milly."

"If we 'd only killed the hawg last week as we cal'lated tu," Aunt Milly lamented, "the'd ha' been spare-rib, an' if it wa'n't for the name on't I'd just as lives hev it as turkey."

"Livser!" Uncle Gid warmly seconded her favorable opinion of spare-rib, "'cause you c'n du most o' the carvin' aforehand wi' an axe. Gosh! I druther be shot than tu carve a turkey afore folks! Yes, sir, my own folks! If I hed it my way, I'd hev turkeys 'nough so 't each pusson 'd hev one tu hisself, an' if he wanted any wings or laigs, or close-hugs or pope's-noses, he'd hafter git 'em for hisself."

"Wal, I'd be thankful enough if we hed one for all on us!" Aunt Milly sighed. "But, my land, it don't signify! I must be a-doin' wi' what the' is tu du with, for here 'tis 10 o'clock. Thank goodness, the's ten good punkins left, an' I'll make some punkin pies," and she began to stir herself ponderously.

"An' I'll jist make some 'lasses candy for that boy, an', I guess, bile him up some sweet flag in 'lasses if it hain't got tew dry. The idee o' him a-nussin'!"

Whereat she fell to laughing again as she moved about the kitchen, while the stove with its chattering doors and dancing griddles, and the table with its falling leaf beating a tattoo against its legs, seemed to join in her mirth. Being the cause of it, Uncle Gid could hardly be expected to take part in it, but the general commotion aroused him from his apathetic attitude. Arising, he unfolded his tall, bent form to more than its accustomed height, and fixed his gaze contemplatively upon the long rifle, which hung in its wooden hooks over the door.

"Wal," he said after a little deliberation, "I kinder guess I'll take a rantomscoot an' see 'f can ketch a pa'tridge. Don't s'pose the' is one, since them shoats from Higginston ranshacked the hul universal woods wi' the' cussed yollopin' spani'ls. It was yip! yopaty, yip! slam! bang! whang! day in an' day aout for a week till what pa'tridges wan't killed was skart tu death. By gum, I wish't the last identical spani'l wus—wal, no, I do' know as shot, ezackly, 'cause they hain't tu blame for bein' borned spani'ls, but I wish't they was turned intu 'spectable haoun' dawgs like my ol' Gab'el. If Gab'el wakes up arter I git away, don't ye tell him I've gone a-huntin', 'cause it'll most break his heart tu be left ahind, an' I don't scasely want him a pa'tridge huntin'."

The old hound, almost hidden beneath the stove, signified recognition of his name with languid beats of his tail on the floor.

"Consarn it, he's hear'd me talkin' on 't, an' nothin'll du naow but he must go," said Uncle Gid with some show of mild vexation.

"Wal, mebby I c'n ketch a pa'tridge or tew, an' they'll look more Chris'massy on the table 'an pork and beans."

Whatever of fin, fur or feather was overtaken by Uncle Gid's bullets he called "ketched" just as if it had been taken by hook, trap or net.

Now he took down the rifle. Gabriel's tail continued its languid beat while his master took down the rifle, opened the patch box in the stock and examined its contents, pocketed a handful of bullets from the clock shelf, shook the paper box of caps close to his ear and put it in his vest pocket, held up the small powder horn between his eye and the window before slipping it into his breast pocket, then drew the cleaning rod and its patch out of the long barrel with a critical ear and touch to its smooth progress, all so quietly that the strokes of the old hound's tail were not accelerated.

But when Gideon remarked to himself under his breath that "the ol' churn was all right," and began tiptoeing cautiously toward the door, Gabriel came scrambling backward out of his warm berth with a prodigious scratching and clattering of toe nails in a state of joyous excitement, to which he gave vent in awkward, stiff-jointed gambols and suppressed yelps.

When out of doors and assured of his master's intended course, he at once subsided to a sobriety befitting his years and jogged on toward the woods with a staid and business-like pace, now and then waiting for Gideon, and looking up into his face to catch his meaning when he said—

"Naow, Gab'el, you haint sech a fool, be ye, as tu cal'late you're goin' tu find anything you want this time o' day. The' hain't been a fox stirrin' these tew hours, an' rabbits you do' want, an' the' hain't been a coon aout door for a fortni't, I know. It's a pa'tridge I'm arter, an' you won't hunt them." Or when Gabriel sniffed at a fox track imprinted on the snow when the latest stars were shining or longer ago—

"Naow, dawg, you don't want tu be a-foolin' with that. It hain't got no more scent than moonshine."

Then the hound disappeared in the border of the woods, beyond the scope of conversation, except when after wide circuits, in which he could sometimes be heard thrashing the underbrush with his tail, or snapping a dry twig under foot, or sounding an irrepressible trumpet blast when the hot scent of a fresh squirrel track suddenly tickled his nostrils, he would return for a brief interview with his master, who was in more silent quest of game.

Now, to his intense disgust, a company of jays vociferously heralded Gideon's cautious progress; now a saucy red squirrel jeered at him with great volubility from various points of observation, and now he saw a bevy of chickadees flitting above a prostrate trunk with greater interest in some object just beneath them than in him. Several knots bristled from the log at various angles. One on top, as motionless and apparently as rigid as the others, seemed to attract Uncle Gid's attention, for he scrutinized it intently till at last the rifle arose slowly to his shoulder, then became motionless for an instant, then spat out a thin streak of fire with a spiteful crack, and the knot tumbled off the log in a sudden but brief and final spasm of animation.

Gabriel came in at the shot in a state of excitement which subsided in a contemptuous sniff at the meager result. Now he kept near his master as if to prevent his committing any further folly.

Uncle Gid pocketed the headless partridge and resumed his cautious quest, though not a little annoyed by Gabriel's persistent attendance. This became more annoying when the tracks of three partridges were found freshly imprinting the snow where the birds had wandered deviously, but still in company, from thicket to thicket, and likely to be so come upon in the next if the dog not flush them. But he seemed perversely bent on accomplishing this, for he nosed along the wandering trails in advance of his master, to whose low-toned but emphatic commands were as unheeded as unheard.

"There, you 'tarnal ol' fool-head, you've done it, hain't ye!" the old man's suppressed vexation broke forth aloud, when Gabriel threshed his way into the dead, dry underbranches of a copse of young pines, and in the same instant the three partridges burst up through the green tops like as many rockets simultaneously discharged.

"Oh, if I don't give ye a whalin' when I git a-holt on ye!" It is doubtful whether Uncle Gid's wrath would have endured to the fulfillment of the threat, even if the hound in his surprise had not uttered a loud, sonorous challenge; and, as if in obedience to it, the birds scaled upward in a steep incline, and, to the old hunter's great joy, alighted on the branches of a huge maple. Two were in sight, craning their necks to watch the movements of the dog, and Uncle Gid drew a bead full on the breast of the lower one, too anxious to secure the bird to risk a shot at the jerking head. In response to the imperative crack of the rifle the bird dropped like a plummet, and expired in a miniature snow flurry of its own creation, which had scarcely ceased when the patched bullet was driven down upon the measured charge of powder, the cap pressed upon the nipple, and the rifle ready for another execution. At its spiteful crack the second partridge tumbled from its loftier perch, crashing through the branches below it, and scaring from among them the unseen third member of the trio, which dashed away into distance and safety.

Gabriel abandoned the exploration of the thicket to ascertain the cause of so much firing, but the two dead birds did not seem to account for it satisfactorily. He searched the ground about them, then sniffed at the boll of the maple at first casually, then more carefully, then eagerly and standing on his hindlegs, and sniffing at the trunk as high as he could reach, and mingling quavering sobs of inhalation with a broken whine which finally burst forth in a prolonged trumpet blast.

"Sho, Gab'el! You're a-foolin' or bein' fooled," said Uncle Gid as he pocketed his game and carelessly observed his companion with an amused smile. "The' hain't nothin' up the tree naow." But Gabriel insisted to the contrary till his master came to him and examined the rough bark and found it scored with fresh claw marks. There were also a few long black and white hairs, with shorter ones of a neutral tint and finer texture, caught in clefts of the bark, and after a minute studying of these signs Uncle Gid openly admitted:

"Wal, I say for 't, I do' know but what you be right, arter all. Yes, sir, I guess the' is a coon or coons in 't!" and then backing slowly away from the trunk with his steadfast gaze as slowly climbing it, he discovered a hole just beneath one of the lower branches, the guess grew to a conviction. "Yes, sir, they come in afore it snowed, an' I'll go right home an' git an axe," and he set forth at once, while Gabriel maintained guard, assured of his master's return by the rifle left leaning against a tree. Half an hour later the woods resounded with the strokes of Uncle Gid's axe regularly delivered on the trunk of the hollow-hearted maple till it tottered and went down with a sweeping rush and crash of branches and a far-echoing boom.

Then a bewildered coon came scrambling out of the hole, closely followed by another, and were met so quickly by Uncle Gid that the stunning blows of his axe fell upon their heads before they realized the cause of their rude awakening.

The hound gave each limp body a shake, then thrust his muzzle into the hole and sniffed the interior with long-drawn inhalations, while Uncle Gid chopped into the hollow in several places to assure himself that it harbored no more of the family; and then, his curiosity somehow attracted thither, he drove the bat of the axe into the trunk at some distance above the doorway of the coons' chamber.

"No, the' hain't nothin' more in 't, Gab'el, but tew coons hain't to be sneezed at, an' that 'ere youngest one 'll help aout your Aunt Milly's Chris'mas 'mazin'ly. What—in—tunket!" he exclaimed in great surprise as he carelessly loosened a chip and a few torpid bees fell with it onto the snow. "Honey, by hokey!" he cried out exultantly when with a few more strokes he cleft out a longer chip and disclosed great longitudinal slabs of comb, some turned to the color of old gold with years of hoarding, some as bright as the virgin nuggets of Klondike. The discovery of this most unexpected treasure quite took away the old man's breath, and with it the power to give audible expression to his surprise and delight, though his face was first blank with one emotion, then broadly illuminated with the other; his form crooked into an interrogation mark, then straightened to one of unworded exclamation. But it remained so only until his breath was regained in a long inhalation, and then burst forth with slow vehemence.

"Wal, by gum, Gab'el, if this 'ere hain't a Chris'mas tree! Tew pa'tridges, tew coons an' gobs an' gobs o' honey. Who ever see the beat o' that tu one haul! Whoop! hooray for us, Gab'el. An' yer Aunt Milly 'd holler tew if she was here. More honey 'n I can draw tu one jag in the brass kittle on the han'-sled, an' 'nough sight better for Nancy's boy 'n any candy 't ever was! Who, whoop! Why don't ye hoot, Gab'el. Ta' care, you ol' fool-head. Keep yer nose aouten them bees, or they'll make ye play a diffunt tune on yer hoot horn. 'They hain't dead, but sleepeth,' as the tomb stuns says. Who, whoop!"

Far and near in the pearly arches of the woods the sleeping echoes awoke again to repeat the jubiliant chorus of the hunter and hound, and far away on the crest of the hill where the upper breezes sang among the pines the red-cockaded log-cock, also hunting his Christmas fare, sent back a cheery answering cry.

Rowland E. Robinson.

THE MOOSE VAMOOSING.

We had come up from the "land of the linen shirt," and the wilderness lay before us. On one hand was Deux Rivieres; on the other, the Ottawa. Beyond was the "bush," unscored save by an occasional aimless woods road that began anyhow and ended nowhere. Within its depths, we were told, roamed countless herds of moose, and goodness knows how many bears. So we gazed upon its fringe with interest not unmixed with hope.

It was Ivory that was to blame.

"Moose!" exclaimed he in New York, "Moose! Why, there are millions of them!"

We believed him—that is, Jones and the editorial We. But Pierce didn't. Pierce just grinned a sad, wan smile and moved on.

"Moose?" he murmured. "Oh, he means moose tracks. He'll tell you next that he has killed a moose—poor man!"

Here Pierce tapped his temple suggestively and cast a pitying look at Ivory.

Now, inasmuch as Ivory had on two different occasions brought back colossal heads from the Deux Rivieres region, We asked to be enlightened.

"Simply this," said Pierce "I have been hunting for years to find a man with actual proof that he killed a moose, but I have never found him I have found men that came out of the woods with moose, with every circumstantial evidence that they slew them, but no absolute proof. I myself have hunted moose for years. I have never killed one. I never will. Neither will I ever find a man with the absolute proof. It is like turning up the left bower in euchre; like the man that has married his widow's sister. Ah, me!"

Shedding a deep sigh, he moved on again.

But here we were, anyhow—Jones, Pierce and We The tote team was laden, the buckboard stood ready, the Indians resting and waiting. But there was nothing strange in this; the Indians were always waiting or resting. There was Chabot, Jean Dominick, Francois Landon and Peter, heir of all the Chabots. Peter was going into the bush for the first time. Before he came out we swore it would be the last time—with us, anyhow. But of that more later.

"Peter—him cook," Chabot was explaining, when something happened. It was largely in the nature of a young person in a brand new rubber coat and a song-and dance necktie.

"Well, I dunno," said he, "it's Sunday." Then he said suddenly, "Four dollars."

This was translated by Pierce into the intimation that it was $4 or no ferry. Discovering that this was the ferry hire, and not the price of the ferry line, including the Government franchise, Pierce proceeded to say things. After involving the Province of Quebec, Deux Rivieres, the ferry and the ferryman in a general disastrous hereafter, he gave up the $4 with the air of a man hard hit by a sandbag in a dark alley.

"All right," said he, as a final threat, "We'll write to the papers when we get back!"

But even this did not stagger the person in the rubber coat. Any man that could wear a rubber coat when the air was 92° in the shade would not be moved by a little thing like a newspaper. So Pierce moved on still again.

Three miles out, after shaking the dust of the ferry from our feet, we came to a whitewashed log cabin in a clearing. It was tastefully decorated with a large French flag, and had an appetizing scent of cooking things, and we at once fell out of the buckboard. We had been doing this with more or less frequency during the three miles, but this time we fell out to some purpose.

"Bernier's!" exclaimed Pierce.

"Bon jour, messieurs!" cried Mons. Bernier whereat he and Pierce fell upon one another's neck. Having been separated with some difficulty, Pierce introduced Mons. Bernier as an old friend, led him inside, and demanded a song. At this Mons. Bernier must sit down at an orchestrion, and, to add to our ravening hunger, sing the French chanson "The Swallow." It was only one swallow at that, and a scant sustenance for hungry men. But in the midst of it Mme. Bernier dragged her husband off and announced dinner. God bless Mme. Bernier; may her shadow never grow less! She saved our lives.

After that dinner the tote road! Of that road what shall we say? The purest Anglo-Saxon could not do it justice; and, anyhow, We are too polite to put it in print. Suffice that it was sixteen miles long, sixteen miles deep—in places—and just wide enough to let the trees bat our eyes out as we swept on to Hurdman's. Just before we got there, Pierce got out to shoot a partridge. No casualties; also no partridge.

Jones—his name was Jones, but that was nothing against him—had been pretty quiet up to this time. But just about this time he discovered that he owned a pair of legs. So he began to move them about, and in the midst of this altercation Hurdman's depot came into view.

"Here's the ferry," said Pierce, who had been there before; "thank heavens, it isn't $4 this time."

But it was, though Pierce didn't know then. He found out later, however. He was so busy, in fact, waking up the Indians that he forgot everything else, and by the time we were over he had forgotten even that there is a hereafter. Such language!

But before it was altogether too late some one yelled 'Tea!' and we all went in to eat. Jones ate, to be sure.



THE THOROUGHFARE.

Pierce and We looked on. It was the only chance we had, and when the wreck was cleared away Jones went out and looked at the stars, said it was going to rain, fell over a few dogs and went to bed.

And the morning; it did not rain. The sun was out, the par value had been knocked out of the thermometer, and the mercury was doing business around the 30s.

"Um," said Chabot, "cold. No got mitten. Must have 'em."

So Chabot got a brand new pair, which, for the fear of spoiling, he carefully put in his pack. That was a little way of Chabot's. Moreover, he and Jean Dominick must have talked it over. Presently Jean Dominick discovered that knickerbockers and pumps were not a costume calculated to withstand the rigors of the woods.

"Must have moccason," said Jean Dominick. He got them too, and also carefully put them in his pack. Frugal Jean Dominick. Francois, being of a mind less agile, could not think fast enough, and so missed the opportunity. However, he took it out in thinking, while Jean and Chabot patched up a trio of birch-bark canoes. This was a mistake. They should have saved time and labor by making new canoes.

"We'll start in by 8 o'clock," said Pierce the night before. At 8 A. M. he said 9. At 9 he said 10. Later on he said other things, but why should they be repeated? We got away finally, and after a carry of half a mile the waters of lower Lindsay burst upon our sight.

At the magnificent spectacle We knelt down and kissed the soil. It was a purely involuntary act, no fault of ours. We blamed a stub. However, we got over Lindsay without casualties, carried into Long Lake, skirted its precipitous cliffs and swept up Russell Stream. So far We had seen no sign of game, but at the foot of Russell Carry, Jones exhibited strong excitement. Foregathering with him, We discovered that he had found fresh tracks.

"Moose! moose!" he cried, "here's a fresh track!"

With a snort of disgust Pierce sought solitude, while We and Jones waded about in the brook, finding fresh sign. Jones counted more than 318 tracks, and was still at it when he lost count. He was beginning over again when Pierce allowed that if we had come into the woods for arithmetic we ought to have brought along a blackboard. Stung by this, Jones fell into the brook, uttered language and proceeded across the carry. Here at the end of First Russell, began what proved to be a few million remarks about the canoes and the nature of the man that owned them. In truth, the canoes were the limit. Outside they appeared to be made of pitch, patched here and there with a bit of bark. Chabot said a great deal about them, but then the Indian tongue was too simple to do them justice. An axe would have succeeded better. We traveled about 800 miles in them and found the lake water exceptionally hard. There was always about 2in. of it on the bottoms of the canoes.

From First Russell we walked to the head of the carry on Second Russell, while the Indians poled up stream. It would have saved time and energy to carry the canoes too, but it was Indian to do it the other way. Lo, the poor Indian! From there we carried over into Caughwana, where Chabot began to make bread. He never stopped it for two weeks.

"Have brought bread?" he murmured, inquiringly.

"No," said Pierce, "and we haven't brought a cow or a grand piano or a house and lot, nor a cartload of bricks and other things too numerous to mention."

So Chabot made bread.

"Why not Peter?" asked Pierce, and Jean and Francois smiled sadly, and guessed not in Indian, while Peter looked embarrassed and Chabot evasive. So we learned the fearful truth. Peter knew not how to make bread. We learned subsequently that this ignorance extended over a wide range of cooking possibilities. Reduced to its plainer form, Peter knew how to boil water and put in a potato when it was boiling. Later some one had to take out the potato; that was Peter's cooking.

At the head of Caughwana we camped, and in the morning passed on. Jones had been seeing tracks, and so had We. Pierce said we two weren't fit company for a man in full possession of his faculties.

"Tracks! Bosh!" said he in disgust. "There may be one moose in a million miles of here, and he's got a million legs. He's hired by the Government to make tracks to keep up the reputation of the woods. Even if you did shoot him, the people would lynch you for destroying their means of livelihood. Say, what do you think this country would do, anyhow, without that moose to make tracks for greenhorn sports? Bah! you make me tired!"

The trouble with Pierce was that he was soured. On four different occasions he has called up his moose and wounded it. Each time it has got away, and when anyone says moose he always talks about his past. Say moose, and he'll tell you the story of his life.

But we pacified him at length, and when each of us, to the intense gratification of the guides, had sacked about 300lbs. apiece across the carry, we paddled up Rasicot Lake. Jones, who had brought along a surf rod, tried to derrick out a fish, but didn't get a bite. We did though—that is, bites, because the black flies were numerous and impulsive; and it was Sept. 28 at that.

At the Thoroughfare, between Rasicot and Hamilton, Jones got out his gun. He had been seeing tracks again. We pitied him, but there was some reason for it after all. Nowhere in the wilds is a spot more calculated to entice moose than that same Thoroughfare. It is a sluggish, mud-bottomed stream running between boggy banks, and fringed by a dark and almost impenetrable swamp. We called out a big bull there subsequently. But We didn't get him. Hence these tears.

After a brief but spirited argument with the Indians we pitched our tents on Hamilton, forty miles from Deux Rivieres, and in the same spot where Pierce and Ivory had camped two years before.

"It's the same place," said Pierce. "Here's the same table, and there's Ivory's old weather vane, and there's the same pond, and no doubt Jones 'll go out and find the same old moose tracks we found."

Jones grinned. Chabot made bread. We rested, and the Indians pulled boughs for the beds. Jones and Pierce had new-fangled sleeping bags, and insisted upon stringing them on poles in the form of cots. The result of this was that they froze with patient regularity each and every night. We slept on the boughs in a bag made of Hudson Bay blankets and a square of rubber cloth. It cost $6; theirs cost much more, not including cough medicine. The open space under their bags caught all the cold air in the country, but they wouldn't change. They had paid out dollars for their bags; they were going to get their money's worth. They got it.

That night, with the camp nearly completed, We slept. So did the Indians. But Pierce and Jones lay awake with the weather, and swore at the cold and tied themselves in knots. Jones had on everything but his boots, and shivered so that the trees were in peril. It took nearly a cord of wood to warm him in the morning, and then we were sorry we did it. With the warming he recovered his appetite.

"Get um that moose to-day," said Chabot as he shoved off. "Try round mountain over there. Good place for big moose, that round mountain."

Thus We began. When We struck that round mountain We found it to be like the remainder of the country—windfalls, swamp holes, mud and indiscriminate water. For five hours We walked, admired the scenery and saw tracks, but no moose.

"Big moose here," said Chabot, "big feller; run hard, catch 'em cow."

At the end of the fifth hour it grew monotonous.

"Let's try calling, Chabot," We suggested.

So Chabot began looking up at the trees. Presently he dodged off in the bush, and the silence of the woods was the only thing left for company. It was painful, so We smoked. It was wrong, to be sure, but it was consoling to see the thin blue cloud drift lazily away into the infinite distance. Half an hour later Chabot came back scratching his head.

"Injun feller cut bark here; no good now. Go across pond."

So We went across the pond, where Chabot got a square of good, stout bark. Ten minutes later he had fashioned a horn that made up for its lack of beauty in resonant tones. He was grinning all over when it was finished.

"Good horn, that," said Chabot, "you give 'em call."

We called—softly and with dulcet tone.

"By gar!" exclaimed Chabot, "you call 'em that moose sure enough."

That was Chabot's compliment. It was his only one. It meant business, and We bowed. Then back to the round mountain we went, Chabot grinning like an ape. Up to the crest the two of us toiled, and Chabot climbed upon a stump.

"I call now," said he, "you call 'em by-an'-by. Throat get sore then."

Picking up the horn, Chabot hitched up his trousers, spat meditatively, and began his Wagnerian obligato.

"E-ee—e-yunh!"

Nothing happened.

"E-ee—e-yunh!"

No answer. Chabot spat again. Filling his lungs, he braced back his shoulders and let her whoop.



IN THE LAND OF THE VAMOOSING MOOSE.

"Muu-uu-o-oo-ooo-ooo-o-o-o-unh!"

The call boomed through the forest silence, filling the wilderness with sound. A meat bird, far in the distance, cackled in reply. Then silence held her own again. Chabot, with the horn held to his left ear, lay in wait for vagrant sounds. Once a twig broke sharply down at the foot of the hill, and Chabot's eye glistened.

"Coming!" he whispered.

Chabot was wrong. The moose was going. We discovered that later.

"You take that horn—blow good. Chabot's t'roat got sore."

Twenty minutes later We called. There was an answer-

ing crash in the distance—very much in the distance. Then silence; nothing but silence. For two hours more We and Chabot whooped and bawled and coaxed and wailed through the horn, and heard a variety of remarkable echoes. But no moose. Then we went home.

The next day We took up the track again. Through swamp holes, blow-downs, bogs and meadows, it led us a merry dance. Thus We acquired the "windfall walk," as Jones called it—a knee-and-hock action fit to put a blue-ribbon hackney to shame. Chabot said we had walked eleven miles; We guessed 1,100, there being a difference of opinion upon the subject. Also, at eventide, We split the solitudes with the booming notes of the birch-bark horn. No moose again. Only tracks, millions of tracks.

The third day, with Pierce and Jean Dominick, we portaged into Line Lake, where Ivory shot a tremendous bull three years ago. The sun shone upon us, the black flies were at it again, and Pierce smoked like a furnace. At the head of the pond we got ashore, fiddled about in the bush, discovered new ponds, and at 3 o'clock came back to the canoe. On the way up Pierce pointed out where he had called in a moose two years before, and had shot it in the leg. He never saw the moose again, but he wasn't astonished.

"Just my luck," said he. "What's yours? Try the horn once."

It was already beginning to grow dusk, and at the same time bitter cold. Suppressing a chill, We tilted up the horn and let her toot.

Crash! spang! One on the edge of the mountain, the other within the swamp.

"Look out!" said Jean Dominick, "coming now."

For an hour we waited, while those two moose pottered about in the bush. We never saw hide or hair of them, and after freezing till we threatened to capsize the canoe with our shivers, we gave it up in disgust.

"Must been cow," said Jean Dominick; "maybe too him muckwa—that Injun for bear."

So passed the third day, and likewise the fourth. But the fifth—much different. At 10 A. M. We picked up the track of the big moose on the round mountain, and hung to it with grim determination. It led us through a country worse than a hypocrite's hereafter, and toward nightfall bent toward the pond. Hour after hour We expected to come up with the brute, but he was always just a little ahead. Once We heard the brush crack in his passage, and We kept on with redoubled speed. Once Chabot thought he saw him, and pointed a finger through an opening in a maple ridge. There were his tracks, with the water seeping into the marks; there was the moss still crushed under his tread; there was a broken twig, the fracture still moist. But no moose. He was always just ahead.

At dusk we gave it up, and with flagging footsteps slouched down toward the canoe.

"By gar!" exclaimed Chabot, "that moose walk hard. Most dead now—walk so far."

Still We knew he had not scented us, and was somewhere near by.

"You take 'em horn now," said Chabot; "maybe you call 'im out."

Chabot thrust the canoe away from the beach, and when it had come to a rest We took the horn. The day was waning fast, and the mouth of the Thoroughfare lay dark and gloomy on our right. Noiselessly Chabot turned the canoe about until it faced the opening of the stream, and the wailing bellow of the horn uprose in the evening quiet.

Crash! bang! crash—crash—crack—crash!

Hardly 500yds. away the bull had heard the first soft call, and was coming quick.

"Get gun! gun! Quick!" hissed Chabot.

Leaning to the paddle, he sent the canoe surging down toward the lane amid the tree-tops that showed where the Thoroughfare lay. The last twilight had gone out like a candle in a cyclone, and the feeble light of the growing moon was all that held. Crash! bang! crash! came the big bull. Once he snorted—unh! unh! unh! Straight for the Thoroughfare he galloped, and then in he went—splash! splash! splosh! like cattle in a mill-pond.

We could see the white water fall away before him as he lunged over the muddy bottom, but against the dark background he did not show. Once We raised the gun to shoot at the splash of foam, but in that light We could not even see where to hold.

"Wait! wait!" hissed Chabot, "get 'im on bog."

There was reason in this. On the bog the moose would stand out against the sky, and give some sort of a shot. But the bull ordered differently. Changing his course as he reached the edge of the bank, he turned westward and away from us. Then We heard him crash ashore, and once a black shadow flitted from bush to bush. That was all.

"Eee-yunh! eee-yunh! ee-eee yunh!"

It was Chabot calling. Plaintively, seductively, he wrung notes from the impassive birch-bark that were fit to rend the human heart. For a moment the bull paused, and we thought he had turned. Once he stamped and then plowed his horns through the bushes. In answer Chabot imitated a cow walking in the pond—splashed the water to and fro—and then as a last resort dribbled it from the end of the horn.

But the moose went on, unmindful of the wailing horn. Half an hour later he came back toward us, splashed into the Thoroughfare half a mile west, and then We heard him no more. In disgust, not to say despair, We retired to camp.

Pierce and Jones in the meanwhile had gone fishing, Jones with his derrick and Pierce with an 8oz. split-bamboo. They had fished for half an hour in a pond fifteen miles away and then had given up in disgust. Jones had twenty trout, Pierce twenty-six.

"You don't call this fishing, do you?" said Jones. "This, in my mind, is a slaughter of the innocents."

One of the trout weighed 5½lbs., the smallest 1¼. We, however, had only a disgust and a sore throat, and said so.

"Yes," murmured Pierce, "there's a fortune in a machine that will make a moose-call."

"Pish, tush!" said Jones, "there's a bigger fortune in a machine that'll make a moose come."

Jones always was a wag. He threw Pierce overboard once and then blamed it on Us. That was his idea of a joke.

And so it went. Day after day and disappointment.

"See um that moose to-day," said Chabot one morning. But as Chabot had made this remark a dozen times before, We smiled and said nothing. But just as a fling at fortune We stowed a camera into the canoe and pushed off. Then from pond to pond we went, and at 3 P. M. came back to Line Lake and the scene of Pierce's former exploit.

Chabot called, and in answer came a crash in the bush. Whipping the canoe around, he sent it springing toward a wooded point 100yds. away. With gun cocked and at shoulder We waited. Around the point sped the canoe, and there stood a moose. Sadly We lowered the gun.

"Shoot! shoot!" said Chabot.

"Cow, Chabot," said We in a far-away, conversational tone.

"Dam!" said Chabot. That was all, but ah! what a depth of feeling he put in that single word. To be sure, a cow moose is legitimate prey in Quebec, but who would shoot a cow? I blush to say two New Yorkers on Caughwana Lake did it though, and then came over to our canoes to blow about it. Jones asked them mildly whether they had been in need of milk. But they didn't see the point.

But there stood the cow eyeing us mildly, and a moment later in came a calf.

"Kadok! kadok!" Chabot suddenly whispered, and then We remembered the camera. Lifting it to the edge of the canoe, We let her snap. The moose stopped feeding on the lilypads and waved her left ear. Once again the camera snapped.

"Hole on," whispered Chabot, "get nearer, maybe."

The next instant the canoe was lying alongside a log, the other side of which was shared by the cow and the calf. She had lost her mildness now, and the hair on her hump had stiffened up. She did not look too tame, and as the canoe edged toward her We had visions of journalistic headlines, such as: "Mangled by a Moose," and "Gored by the Game," and the like. But when we were 6ft. away the cow lunged suddenly at her calf, butted it on the southwest exposure and drove it before her into the woods. But before she was gone We got four more snap shots and a tender adieu.

How We ever managed to get within 6ft. of that cow only she can tell. If We ever meet her over the teacups We'll ask, but all that can be suggested now is that the wind was



THERE STOOD THE COW EYEING US MILDLY.

Photo by Maximilian Foster.

in our favor and the sun in her eyes. Still she should have had more discretion; it ruined faith in a few thousand hunting stories We have read.

"What I tell you?" said Chabot. "Say see um that moose o-day."

"Well, it was worth seeing, Chabot. Worth the price of admission, in fact."

"Chess," murmured Chabot, that being his way of saying "yes."

The next night We had another adventure. So did Pierce. So did Jones. Pierce fired at a moose in the dark, missed it, and was filling the woods with lead when he discovered it to be a cow. Jones fired at a moose, scratched it, and the moose got away. Jones swore it was a bull, but Pierce said more likely it was a nightmare or lunacy.

"Must kill moose to-night," said Chabot, as we reached the carry on Line Lake. "Stay all night, kill moose."

So Chabot paddled up to a rocky island at the head of the pond pulled the canoe ashore, and the two of us took turns at calling. After drawing blank for an hour, Chabot gave one particularly artistic howl on the horn and then held up a finger.

"Coming!" he whispered.

From a far distant swamp arose a curious sound.

"Chip—chip chop-chip-chop," just like a man chopping wood.

For half an hour the moose came toward us, chip-chopping every other minute. When he got nearer he began to say "Duck duck-duck!" and then "Unh! unh! unh!"

It was very interesting. It was also very cold. We shivered. So did Chabot At the height of it We heard from the other end of the pond another moose coming—"duck-duck duck." He was just getting into the "unh! unh! unh!" stage when a third moose lifted up its voice in the night.

"T'ree, by gar!" exclaimed Chabot, "hear um fight soon now!"

Of these three the first moose was the most earnest He must have been three miles away when we heard him first. The air at the time was dead—not a breath stirred the trees upon the shore. Presently the first moose fell over a tree and made noise. The two others at this withdrew, and the premier bull came on. Still grunting, he came up to within 200yds. of the shore, and then began circling around the bay.

He was very cautious. Now and then a twig snapped, and this was all that marked his progress. At intervals We and Chabot chirped a subdued note or two on the horn—"Eee-yunh! eee-yunh!" Also, Chabot beat a bush with the horn, and the bull beat other bushes in reply.

"Come out on bog dere," said Chabot, "best get in canoe."

We pushed off, and the bull came on. He was heading straight for us, and five minutes would bring him out. And then—ah! more bitter than hard-boiled tea—the wind arose. Chabot felt it and prayed. It didn't sound like white man's draying, to be sure, but was more like what the pale-face says when he hits his thumb with a tack-hammer, or when his mother-in-law comes for a long visit. At any rate, Chabot's appeal to his Manitou didn't work. With one vengeful blast the wind whisked our scent across the bog; there was a crash in the bush, and the next minute we heard the bull go banging away into the distance, his horns clattering like a lath upon a picket fence.

So, sore depressed, We waited an hour and called again. Along toward midnight We got another answer, tolled in a fourth bull, and a whisk of wind sent him away on business. Still another hour later a fifth bull lent ear to our music; the wind did it over, and Chabot's language became satisfactory, but impolite.

Then home across the carry We went, through a night blacker than pitch and across country that tried men's souls in the daytime. An hour before dawn We struck camp.

And so it went on. But for what reason, can any tell? Chabot thought it was because there were so many cows in the country. Every one saw cows. Everywhere We went were cows. We even caught them in the pond. Jones stopped talking about tracks, and told about cows.

"Gosh!" said he, "you ought to have seen the cow I——'

It was too much. We got up, and left him alone in his shame. Then he tried to tell us about a big bull track he had seen. We shunned him.

"How do you know it was a bull?" snorted Pierce at length.

"By the smell, of course," said Jones.

"How?"

"By the smell. You take two tracks—bull and a cow's—smell 'em; and if it does it isn't, and if doesn't it is."

"How simple," murmured Pierce; "just the way you tell the difference between a skunk and an onion"

The luck was against us. We saw fresh signs everywhere, called in moose after moose, and could not get a shot. Sometimes they would just hop into the pond and out again, and while we waited for a better shot in the dark, were gone, and forever.

We shot just one moose—a bull. But when the time comes to tell about it words fail us. It was sadder than golf. Some other time—but not now. *Adios*

MAXIMILIAN FOSTER.

[The two pictures on page 503 and one on page 506 are from photographs by Mr. W. L. Pierce.]

A CHRISTMAS TURKEY SHOOT.

SOUTHWESTERN Arkansas was a delightful place to linger in in the late December days, and there was good shooting, while for character studies it was an ideal place. Between the Badeau and the Red River there was some good quail and squirrel shooting. I had temporary quarters with a farmer near Lewisville and had spent several days shooting quail. One day I wandered into the timber and brought out a lot of squirrels. My host looked at them, and fine large fox-squirrels they were, with something akin to contempt and asked: "Do you kill squirrels with a scatter gun up Nawth?"

"Yes, sir, as a rule, although a few affect the rifle. I have only this light shotgun, and in fact I never used a rifle on squirrels." As this was early in the 70s, my gun was a 12-gauge muzzle loader, and he had seen me do fair work with it on quail.

"Take my little rifle in the mawnin' if you want to shoot squirrels, for they ain't a ten-year-old boy 'bout yeah that would use a scatter gun awn a squirrel. No, sir, they'd pick 'em in the head ev'ry time, ef they didn't bark 'em. But in Arkansaw we are brought up with a rifle, an' we never thought that a Yankee could shoot one until Berdan's men picked off our gunners very neat at Fredericksburg. I got it in my hand when I stuck it above the works to load. See here." And he showed me his right hand where a bullet had gone through.

"You got your discharge on that, I suppose; it must have taken out some small bones and made a bad wound at the time."

"Thirty days' leave was all I got then, but I got it in the shoulder and in the leg at Cold Harbor next year, and that knocked me out."

"Many a good man on both sides got knocked out there, but I didn't."

"Was ye with Berdan?"

"No, I was not a sharpshooter."

"I'm glad to know it; I hate them fellows, for they'd watch and pick off a man when they was no fightin' goin' on an' when he didn't expect it."

"That's so, Mr. Johnson; but you said something that I didn't quite get the meaning of. You said that the boys always hit a squirrel in the head if they didn't bark 'em. When a boy barks 'em how does he do it?"

"Why, he just puts his bullet in the bark under the squirrel's belly and lifts him into the air dead, 'thout a mark on him. That's fine shootin', fer the bullet must hit jess the thickness of the bark under the squirrel, an' not go into the wood. My brother Sile is coming over to a shootin' match to-morrow, an' he's a good one with a rifle. You ought to go over to the shootin' match an' see some fun. I'll let ye have a hoss an' we'll ride over, an' ye can enter in any of the matches if ye choose; we always have a turkey shoot on Christmas."

"I'll go, but I'm not a rifleman, and prefer to look on. I met your brother Sile, with a lot of the boys from Prescott, Bourland's store and Falcon, at a gander pull last October, when I was there,* and I'll be glad to meet him again. At first he wanted to know if I was the man who shot him in the 'laig' in the Wilderness. He said that some one shot him, but who it was, and what they shot him for, he never knew. He has hard feelings toward the man who shot him in the 'laig,' but he realizes that it might be some other man, and we are friends. What's the shooting match to-morrow for?"

"It'll be for turkeys in the mawnin' an' for a bull in the evenin', an' they'll be lots o' fun. I'll see that a hoss is on hand in the mawnin', an' we'll go."

The darky boy, Sim, was holding my horse at the gate when the sun was just looking over the hill to see how the world looked on Christmas morning. The fog hung over the rivers and marked their courses for miles, and as I came out of the gate and said "mawnin'" to Sim, a high-hole flew across the road, just timing its undulating flight so that it cleared each fence, dropping almost into the road, and after seeming to alight on the other side gracefully sailed up and alighted on the bark of a stub, and began searching for a breakfast of insects, worms or the different sorts of larvæ or cocoons which hide in such places in order to afford the

*See FOREST AND STREAM of June 20, 1896.

woodpeckers a winter repast. Seeing my interest in the bird's movements, Sim said: "Dat ah's a clacker-mouth, an' w'en he finds a good feedin' spot he jess clacks till he calls all the clacker-mouths, an' dey come an' help eat what he finds. Jess lis'en to him clack now."

I had known the bird by the name of high-hole, high-holder, yellowhammer, clape, flicker, wakeup, dodger and pigeon woodpecker, as well as by the book name of "golden-winged woodpecker and the cognomen which cold-blooded science gives it, and the new name of "clacker-mouth" seemed as good as any.

I put my foot in the stirrup, swung my right leg over the saddle, and Ben Johnson, Sim and I started off for the shooting match, some six miles away. A crossroads tavern in Arkansas is much like the same thing in other parts. The bar is the main part of it and is the largest room in the house, for it is also the office, reading room and barber shop, and a chance traveler is fed and lodged up stairs. Across the road a temporary shed had been put up, with rude tables and shelves for the shooters. We were early, and as the darky, Pete, had moved his barber's chair into the woodshed and taken the crates of turkeys into the field, I had no doubt of gaining his confidence by a direct method. "Pete," said I, "you see dis yere dollar?"

"Yass, sah. I sees it."

"Well, you keep it. I may want to go out and see you put up the turkeys some time to-day, and that's for you to remember me by; you'll know me when you see me again."

"I 'specls I knows you, sah, fo' shu', but dat ah place whah I puts up de tuckeys is dange'us, caze de bullits might come when yo' ain' lookin'."

Up came Bill Turley, the man whom it was "not safe to go projectin' around," and Sile Johnson, brother of my host, on the same old bay plow-horse with white feet which he had ridden some weeks before at the gander pull. They dismounted, and Sile said: "Cunnel, I got drunk at that gandah pull, an' I gin'ally do git drunk at gandah pulls, fo' a man can twist a gandah's head off as well w'en he's drunk as w'en he's sobah; but thah's a shootin' match on to-day, an' a man who's got a dozen drinks in him can't shoot a rifle; he can't do it if he's only got fo' drinks in his carcass, an' I'm heah to win to-day, an' I don't take nary drink till the thing's ovah."

We men of the world are not surprised at such talk. Sile put the case fairly, but as Bill Turley never went astray to seek the worm of the still there was no such explanation, nor was there need of it.

I went out with Pete, and saw the hole in the ground where he and his turkeys were, and I counted forty birds, gobblers every one of them. I turned back to look at the guns. The horses were tied to the long hitching-pole, which is a prominent feature of every country store or tavern in the South, where all men ride horseback. There was a rack for the guns, and while the greetings were going on I looked them over.

There stood six of the old-fashioned Kentucky rifles, with their narrow, thin stocks deeply cleft at the butt-plate and stocked to the muzzle. I had not seen one in a dozen years, and the shooting match came off over twenty years ago. These rifles were of different calibers, but all had the brass-bound box for carrying greased patches in the stock and had the same faulty balance of the old-time rifles, for the theory was that the weight should be at the muzzle or the arm could not be held steady. Jo. Bevins, the blacksmith, said, as he recognized me, "That's my gun, and it's the best rifle in Arkansaw. Wait till you see me knock 'em. Just look at that thing Sile Johnson's goin' to shoot, with a peek-hole fo' a sight. Say, Sile! what is this thing, anyhow?"

I had picked up the gun and saw that it was a patent-muzzle target gun made by Billinghurst, Rochester, N. Y., and while heavier than the others was better balanced.

"That thing, as you call it," said Sile, "'ll show you what it is afore the day is ovah." Then, turning to me: "That's one o' yo' Yankee guns. When I was shot in the laig in the Wilderness an' went to the hospital they brought in one o' yo' sharpshooters who was shot through the chist, an' this yere gun was in the stretcher with him, an' they set it up by him as he lay on the barn floor by my side. He was fevery an' I nussed him as well as I could, kept wet cloths on his haid an' wet his lips. But he knew he was a-goin', an' he give me some papers to be sent Nawth an' his gun. I had trouble to get that gun in the ambulance when I was moved out, but thah it is, an' Bill Turley an' me's a-goin' to shoot it when it comes to rest shootin' fo' the bull, and we'll use his Sharps rifle awn the turkeys."

Wes Martin had an U. S. Springfield rifle, model of 1862, one so familiar as to need but a glance. Pete had a turkey in the box and the box had a hole in the top, through which the royal American bird, which Ben Franklin thought should be our emblem instead of the uneatable and tyrannical eagle, could stick its head and a portion of its neck and dodge a bullet, after the bullet had passed. The box containing the bird was protected by a barricade of logs so that the small mark of the bird's head, at twenty rods, was all that could be injured, and a winner must "draw blood or kill." In the South and West they reckon distance for shooting in rods, which my training requires to be reduced to yards in order to understand, and with a pencil I found out how far twenty rods was. The men all paid the entry fee, entitling them to one shot. If the first man got the bird another was put up, until each had a shot.

Jo Bostock led off after the whistle had warned Pete to get into his bomb-proof. The turkey dodged. "He's hit," said Abe Peters, but Pete's flag said "No," and Sam Stillman stood up and took long and careful aim. I was never a good rifleman, but Sam dwelt so long and his muzzle went off and on the target so many times that when Pete signaled a miss I was not surprised. "I'll bet five dolla's I touched him," said Sam.

"I'll take yo' fo' the drinks when the shootin's done," said Sile; and we all went across to inspect the head of the turkey, which was as clean and free from blood as when placed in the box. On the way back Sam confided to me the fact that he was the best shot in the whole State of Arkansaw, and that his old Kentucky rifle was the best gun that a man ever put to shoulder, and how it came about that the turkey still lived he did not know. "These niggahs," said Sam, "yo' can't trust. A half dollah, an' less, will make 'em signal that a tuckey is not hit when his bill has been shot off an' he's a-bleedin' like a bull. I have nevah missed befo', an' so I lost my bet because I did not trust that darky boy."

Wes Martin got the first turkey with his Springfield rifle, which they said was an extra good one, and there was a great difference in their shooting qualities, I went out and lay in the ditch with Pete to watch the turkeys. Pete protested that it was "dange'ous," but I kept watch of him and his signal flag. The sing or the wind of a close bullet would make them dodge with a ducking motion, as if avoiding a bee, but one that Sile Johnson's bullet cut on top of the head seemed dazed until taken from the coop, while one struck in the bone of the neck flopped about as if its head was cut off.

That morning when all was over I got the record, which was:

Name.	Rifle.	No. of Shots.	Turkeys.
Sile Johnson	Sharps	22	8
Bill Turley	Sharps	23	7
Wes Martin	Springfield	26	6
Jo Bostock	Kentucky	31	5
Ben Johnson	Kentucky	24	4
Abe Peters	Kentucky	31	4
Jo Bevins	Kentucky	33	3
Sam Stillman	Kentucky	35	3

The modern rifles were winners, although the landlord, John Brewster, said: "I tell ye the guns has got little to do with it, it's the men behind 'em. Sile, Bill Turley an' Wes Martin kin shoot the rags off the whole crowd if they swap rifles, that's all there is about it, it's the men." It is possible that there was some truth in what the landlord said, for I had studied the poses and style of shooting. Sile and Turley both stood erect and did not extend the left arm to its full length, slowly raised the muzzle and fired when the sights touched the target. Martin moved the muzzle from left to right and fired when he caught the target. The others extended the arm, leaned back to counteract the heavy muzzle, and most of them pottered about, especially Stillman, who dwelt on his sights as if shooting at a rest, and he was unsteady.

A luncheon was set out and cold ham, hot corn dodgers and coffee appeared in profusion, and after we had had our fill the darky boys found a feast. A turkey at that time and place was worth about half a dollar, and the landlord certainly had made no money at a dime a shot, with luncheon thrown in; for the bar had been neglected, every one there knew that drinking and rifle shooting were not good company; but the shooting for the bull was to come, and after that the landlord's harvest. There was to be an intermission of a couple of hours, and as I had heard enough rifle talk I got our boy Sim to go with me to a stream a few miles away, and we mounted and rode away from the smell of gunpowder.

Sim might have been forty years old with a leeway of ten years on each side of that figure. The song: "All Coons look alike to me," had not then been written, nor was a darky called a "coon" in those days; but I never could judge of the age of a colored man, but he was a "boy" in the South until gray-headed and "de misery pains" laid him up. Sim was much to my liking because he was an observer of the small life about him and had a fund of information on their ways and habits. After a gallop of a mile or two to get where the fusillade had not disturbed life, we slowed down to a walk, and Sim, knowing that I liked to hear him talk on his favorite subjects, began:

"Jes lissen to dat ah jaybird in de bresh; he gittin' ready fo' Friday, w'en he got to take sticks to de debbel fo' to make de fiah bu'n fo' a week. Ef he miss a week de debbel singe hees tail, an' so he calls out dat he's a comin'. De jaybird he's de slickest one dat's got fedders; slicker 'an a crow, um um! He can tap a mockin'bird's eggs froo de bottom ob de nes', an' suck 'em so slick she nevah know it w'ile she's a-settin' awn 'em, an' a crow nebber so slick like dat. No, no, a crow am slick an' can smell gunpowdah in a powdah-hawn, an' knows ef a man's got a gun, fo' ef yo' ain' got no gun yo' can walk o' ride close by de crow; but de jaybird's got de bes' edication, 'cause de debbel is his massa."

"It must take many bluejays to keep up the fires down below, Sim, if all the fuel they get is the few twigs the jaybirds can bring."

"Yo' ain' got it jess right. Dey's a heap mo' fiah down dah. It's all red hot, an' in some places it biles obah on de tops ob mountains; but w'en Noah let de jaybird outen de ahk de jaybird he up an' sass ole Noah, an' tole him dat de dove dun pick up de olive branch floatin' on de watah, an' he could get mo' twigs in ten minutes dan a dove could pick in all day, an' so Noah he tu'n de jaybird ober to de debbel, an' dat's his punishment."

We saw many interesting things on this ride, and Sim stored my mind with much animal lore which can't be related now. On our return we found the bull out for inspection, and a fine dark-red short-horn he was. After all had seen him he was led back to the stable, and, lest some kind-hearted persons should think that the bull was to be the target, like a turkey's head, I hasten to explain the scheme. The shooting was to be at a target placed three times as far as for the turkeys and the rifles were to be shot at a rest. Eight men more had come to shoot and their rifles were all of the old style, but they had as many calibers and shapes of bullets as there were men. There were five quarters to the bull and therefore five prizes. The two first took the hindquarters, the two second the forequarters and the fifth was to take the hide. There was a table with a notched rest for the muzzle and a stool for the shooter. The score was the old-fashioned "best three in five"; not the best test of skill, but they chose it. Sile Johnson shot first and then adjourned to the bar. What the Governor of North Carolina is reported to have said was on his mind. Pete put up a fresh target for each man and two hours passed while I watched the contest. Pete had the targets marked for each man by his number and no shooter knew how he stood.

Sile Johnson and his brother Ben, my host, had been at the bar and were feeling very numerous. They came over and Ben said: "See heah, Yank, we want to see you shoot. Some Yanks can shoot an' some can't; one hit me in that hand, see?"

Bill Turley came over and remarked, *sotto voce*: "These Johnson boys have done their shooting, and are now doing their drinking. You have not taken a hand in either; you held back at the gander pullin', but I want you to take this Yankee rifle and shoot in a friendly match with us."

I took the "Billinghurst" rifle and made five shots, and waited for Pete to come in with the targets. The judges gave the hindquarters to Sile and Turley, the forequarters to Martin and Bostock, and the hide to me. That was three prizes for the "Billinghurst," one for the "Springfield," and one for the "Kentucky" rifle, and by this term I mean all those full-stocked, ill-balanced American rifles which were not only popular with our hunters of a century ago, but which won our independence from foreign rule over a century ago. There was an old song entitled "The Hunters of Kentucky," which some reader of FOREST AND STREAM will be sure to send to refresh the memories of all who read it.

After the prizes were awarded the fun began. Bill Turley and I did not care for the bar and we got Pete, the barber, to get his banjo down and matched Sim and Mat, a waiter boy, to dance for our prizes. Pete started off in a $\frac{3}{4}$ time and Mat started in. That is clog or hornpipe time, and Sim appealed to me. Pete declared that it was "straight jig" and the only time he knew. The crowd gathered and Sim was sulky. I took him outside and when we returned he scattered a little dry sand on the floor; I took the banjo and played him a rattling straight jig in 2-4 time, while his doubles and trebles tickled the ears of all present. I could hardly follow him in my ecstasy, for to me a straight jig on a sanded floor is the highest form of music. I say "music" advisedly, for you need not see the dancer; you may close your eyes and listen to him, as you may do to any soloist; he is to be heard and not seen, like "the little man in the tin shop," as James Whitcomb Riley describes the man on the right of the theater orchestra.

The sun had gone down and the landlord, John Brewster, asked all hands in to supper, and there was roast turkey, boiled ham and roast possum. On our way home Sim said: "Golly, we boys was 'fraid you uns eat all de possum, but two was lef' an' dey was good, um—ah! Miss Brewster she kin jes' cook possum; she hang him out in de frost fo' free nights an' den she roas' him wid sweet 'taters an', golly, it's great."

FRED MATHER.

WE FOUND THE WORLD AGAIN.

THERE were strange noises in the air; dim, distant whisperings, mutterings and wails from the wind moved pines and firs.

Fog was everywhere, until the world was only a lonely bit of rock that faded into nothing, and the black lake that nestled among the cliffs of the crater might have been a sea of limitless expanse, for no man could see the further shore.

Everywhere the fog wreathes twisted and moved, wound up from below through the crevices, and skurried across the rocks, leaving tiny globes of water on the moss tips.

Sometimes a darker loom of gray appeared for a moment at some point, and we knew that it was the cliff that stood there—yesterday a painted wall of smooth-worn rock, to-day a vanishing bulk in the mists.

The poor old wind-racked balsams tossed their arms once more, and chanted a doleful tune as the wind eddied around the point of the cliff. Noises of the woods, faint and far off, welled up to us with the rise and fall of the wild wind, chanting a low-toned weird wail like the Klookwallie song of the Quinaults, only this was a song of nature, that rose and fell in the gusts that reached the crater.

By the echo that came back when we called, we knew that the cliffs still reared up into the sky straight above the black lake, just as they had done on me yesterday when the fog was in the valley and sunshine dwelt on the crater peak; but, for all the eye could distinguish, the peaks, the world, all, everything was gone, save a bit of rock and glacier on one side and a fragment of black lake on the other, and our meager camp between.

Our grub was gone—just one more scant meal left—and we must perforce pick our trail back to the lower country, for you must know that in the country of the silence there is no game, no fish, no love, no pity. One may not live for long in that land of beauty and solitude.

When I had gazed on the world from the topmost rock there was a valley to the east of the crater I remembered, and it had seemed a good place for traveling through, though rough, and so I said: "It will be worth the while to cross the pass and pick our way down to the world by way of the valley bowl there to the east, for we cannot attempt to go back the way we came up; you know that would be a hard thing to do if we had a day of sunlight. Now this way that is to the east is a bowl valley, with the upper end at the glaciers and the lower end half way down the mountain, and the rocks have fallen from both sides down into the bowl, as though mighty hands had shaken the cliffs to bits. The way is rough, but safer than swinging down from a cliff by a thread of rope. That could be done in the sunshine, but not now while the fog hangs thick, for the bottom of the cliff would be lost to sight."

There was not much parley that morning, for men do not wish to talk when the world is gray and they are like blind men.

Soon the packs were slung on, and we began to climb across the little wall of rock that kept the lake from rushing down into the valley. We reached the summit, and then by a mental process of dead reckoning, which I cannot explain, I knew that the way led downward and in a circling way to the east and north. I was the only one of the party who had seen this valley, so it remained for me to become "Indian" and guide.

Do you know what it is to "feel" that the direction is this way or that, regardless of landmarks or compass? Have you ever known that you were going in the right direction, though you wound around until you almost doubled on your trail?

That was the only guide I had to go by as I clambered over those broken cliffs there in the fog, coming back to the world again.

It was an uncanny place, that valley, and seemed to be the dwelling-place of silence and of mystery as we traveled along, always downward, always over the heaped-up fragments of shattered mountains, so old that the moss was thick on them, so jumbled together that at every turn black openings yawned—caves that ended somewhere down deep in the great mass of broken rocks.

It is weary work to climb even though you climb downward, and we rested and waited for breath at every 200 or 300yds. At these times we could hear the rush of wind high above us, right in the air seemingly, and still in the valley there was no wind—only the dim and ghost-like shadows that we knew were trees and great boulders; and once as we rested the fog cleared from the top of a cliff not far away, and there, by a freak of the broken outline, appeared a giant face—a witch head with hooked nose and chin, high cheek-boned and receding forehead, deep-set eye and fanged jaw—so real that it might have been carved by the hand of man, but for its size, 500ft. or so from crown to chin, a fiendish face set in a frame of swirling fog that drifted slowly athwart it and thickened until the old witch face vanished. Bluie saw it first, and pointing said: "Look! the witch's head of Rider Haggard!" And it did fit his description too, from its weirdness, and the way it came and vanished there in the fog of that grim valley.

Of course we did not pass all these broken rocks without

a look, but cracked off pieces here and there where the stain of mineral showed (as it did in almost every piece), and fragments of stone went into the packsacks, and when we tested these later we found gold, silver and copper in them, and with each there was iron and arsenic; so we shall go back to the valley of the witch head that is in the country of the silence some day when the sun shines and we shall follow the float up to the walls where it broke from the ledge and there perhaps drive a stake or two.

All things must end, so in time we climbed down out of the valley and stood among the giant firs that met it half way up the mountain, and here the fog hung to every bush and dripped from the treetops like rain. So we stopped and stripped, putting our underclothes into the packsacks, that we could have dry clothes to put on when we reached the cabin by the river far below.

The air was cold with only our outside clothes on, so we started down through the wet timber at a pace that reeled distance off very fast, and when a slide came into view we jumped into it, hit or miss, and standing up with the gun stock thrown back to steady us, shot down those raceways of loose stones and dirt like three toboggans.

At 4 o'clock we slid down into the little cañon from the east slide, wet, tired, covered with the dirt of the mountain, the heavy nails torn from our shoes in our mad flight in the many slides, but out of the fog and back to the valley where the river roared down to the sea, back to the cabin that stood on the bank, back to the camp we had left to climb up to the crater, back to the world that is far below the country of the silence, which we knew was somewhere away up there in the gray sky that came down to the treetops in the river valley.

Three men, if they be hungry and wet, can do things quickly, especially if they be three men who know how. That is how it came about that we sat down to a hot supper before the darkness came, and we had dry clothes and a good, warm cabin too, which we all concluded was better than standing watch and watch away up there in the silent country where the glaciers are born.

El Comancho.

CHRISTMAS WEEK SCRAPES.

This was in the early fifties. Our uncle had recently purchased a plantation on one of the tributaries of the Chesapeake, rich in ducks, while the fields had quail in lavish abundance, and the swamps were full of coons and squrrrels. Nothing could be more inviting to John and Tom, two young larks just, we will say, blooming into gunhood. Our uncle would almost weekly ride up—only about twelve miles—on a visit to the old folks, bringing with him on each visit the increased abundance of ducks, etc. The fall now set in, and, winter drawing nearer at hand, the lavish tales were more and more whetting the appetite of John and Tom for a Christmas hunt in these rich fields of sport; but their mischievous tendencies were so well known to the old people that the best of strategy must be resorted to in order to obtain consent. A good boy, as a rule, is a dull fellow; "bad boys make smart men" is an old saying, and not without truth. The work of getting the desired permission was not long in doubt; we had it in time, in fact, to give a couple of months to prepare and get everything in readiness.

The old carbines were to be brought to a polish, locks tinkered on, a good supply of flints procured, while the wherewithal for the purchase of ammunition was a deep financial problem. Money did not grow on trees in those days. However, the difficulties were fairly met, and uncle was informed that we might be expected on Christmas Day. We were answered with an assurance that ducks were as thick in the creeks as grasshoppers, and of all colors, black and pied, and some so near like tame ducks that one could scarcely tell the difference; while raccoons and possums, with squirrels and hares, were to be had for the asking.

The long-looked-for day arrived, and we were granted the use of old Bess, a mare with one eye, and a tumbler cart as a means of transportation. Our vehicle was well stowed when we made the early morning start: five guns, two coon dogs, two squirrel dogs, a pointer bitch with one eye, half a dozen powder horns, 5lbs. of tow for wadding, a trunk of clothing to hunt in, two pairs of boots, etc.

We reached our journey's end, put old Bess in her stall, unloaded our arms and ammunition, and then concluded we'd go to the creek and sample the oysters, which were extra fine. We shoved an old canoe off the shore out in the creek, when Tom, getting a lurch, went overboard, and between the mud and water there was but trifling consistency, it was all so soft at least as to look very much as a short route to China. Of course, uncle and aunty made no ado over this trifling affair.

The next morning we took a walk down to a clump of cedar, taking along our large gun, No. 8, and long as a beanpole. Just on the edge of a gully which separated Mr. B.'s barn from uncle's, we spied an immense flock of ducks swimming along shore, the tide being up. So we crept down and turned our old No. 8 loose on the bunch. A general squawking and fluttering ensued, but not a duck got on the wing. "Look here, John, if those ain't tame ducks. Well, they sed they were all colors, and those are that way." Trouble loomed up. Still we concluded to face the music, they might not be tame ducks. But the truth soon developed. Here came Mr. B. with blood in his eye, to know who had shot into his ducks. The fact was at once plain. Uncle explained as to the mistake and would pay all damages. Aunty read the "riot act" to us." So for the present we were allowed to spend our Christmas, to which we had looked forward with so great pleasure, not in the use of firearms, but in coon hunting, which we thought would be equally amusing.

Night having come, we started off for the swamps with the coon dogs. Plunging through mud and water, presently we found a trail, and directly the dogs treed a "coon sure," declared Jake, a colored boy who was to do the climbing and knock the coon out. So Jake started up the tall, slick-bark oak. About 30ft. had been climbed when here comes Jake end over end, landing on a root, breaking his arm. Here was trouble again. We felt sure of being got under way when the fact of Jake's misfortune became known to uncle and aunty; still, it passed off as being no fault of ours. We were now further restricted in our field of sport, and were placed under orders to engage in nothing but quail shooting, and to carry but one gun, while none of the colored boys were to go as a convoy. This looked a little rough, still it was the best we could do in the way of a compromise; so the next morning we started out with one gun and the old pointer bitch which had but one eye. Firing a shot or two at some larks, we drew a neighbor's pointer to us. It was a very valuable dog and we had now decided expectation of getting a good bag of birds. John could see a quail on the ground as a hawk would. Of course we made no calculation for birds on the wing. It was but a little while and the neighbor's dog was pointing a bevy stiff as a liner's shaft. John took the chance as his turn to shoot, and slowly walked up, peeping through the bean, when suddenly up went the bevy. John, fumbling in an awkward way with his gun, fired prematurely and killed the strange dog stone dead. "Here, John," said I, "No use to stand call court any longer. We'd better go. So let's go back and hook up old Bess and go for home before this thing is known, or we'll get a thundering flogging."

So we got off, leaving behind us a trail of evils. This ended our Christmas hunt. T. G. Elliott.

Virginia



CAMP IN THE MOOSE COUNTRY.

Brass Wire and Hollow Bullets.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A gentleman who has hunted for some years in southeast Africa, and lately returned, has related to me a fact in his experience which may be useful to those of your readers who shoot large game with hollow pointed bullets.

My friend's rifle, a double .50-138-340, did not always give sufficient penetration for the larger and tougher antelopes, so he tried the plan of filling the hollow in the bullet with a piece of brass wire thick enough to fit tightly. He considers the hartbeest (of which he has killed more than 300) to possess more vitality than any other thin-skinned game, and states that the bullets so treated invariably passed through both shoulders, stopping at the skin on the further side, and at the same time expanded so as to give a large striking surface.

When hitting the front of the breast the bullets acted in an equally satisfactory manner, penetrating well into the vital organs.

Shots at the hindquarters of hartbeests galloping straight away were carefully avoided. J. J. Meyrick.

South Devon, England.

A Shower of Ducks.

A recent Leesburg, Va, special to the Richmond *Dispatch* says: A shower of ducks fell here last night. It was a rainy night, and toward morning, attracted and bewildered by the electric lights of the town, large quantities of wild ducks were perceived swooping around. Twenty-seven were picked up in the streets and suburbs. They seem to be worn out with flying, and some of them rest quietly in the window of a store in which they have been placed and where they attract much attention. The ducks are of two kinds. One is said to be called southerly, from the sound they seem to make in flying. They are small, very pretty plumage —black and white—white heads, with occasional long, green tail feathers. The other kind are small, with long, bird-like bill, and seemingly unable to rise from the ground in flight, the legs being at the extremity of the body and with little flexibility. They are said to be called water witch, and to make a poor show at flying even from the water.



THE WRITER OF "ANGLING NOTES" IN CAMP.

Natural History.

THE BALANCED AQUARIUM.

How It should be Made and Managed.

BY T. C. SHEPHERD.

THE self-sustaining, or, as it is now named, the balanced aquarium, if it is made and managed on scientific principles, is one of the most interesting and instructive recreations, and is within the reach of anyone with modest means who has a love of nature.

Little is known by people generally of the strange and wonderful animal and plant life to be found under the water of almost any pond or stream, and even by those who do know something about them, without a knowledge of how to find and capture them and to arrange them so that their habits can be watched and studied, much pleasure is lost.

I will try to explain in a few words what the balanced aquarium is, and how it is to be managed. It is simply a fish pond in miniature, which we can sit by in our own comfortable room, and in it observe the curious and beautiful life that is going on in any clear lake or stream. The globes and small tanks, with a few sickly goldfish and a little pond weed, is not in any sense an aquarium.

It is universally known that growing plants give off oxygen and absorb carbonic acid, and fish and other animals breath the oxygen and give off carbonic acid gas. Now what we want to do is to have no more animal life in our aquarium than the oxygen given off by the plants will suffice to keep in life and health. I propose to give some idea of how this can be done. It is not an aquarium if the water has to be continually changed.

The Tank.

In starting an aquarium the first thing we must do is to get the tank or vessel. The rectangular-shaped tank is much the best, although a large jar or bell glass will answer, but it should not be less than 14in. in diameter, and about the same in depth.

If a tank with glass sides and ends, such as can be bought at most of the bird stores where goldfish, etc., are sold, it should not be less than 2ft. long by 1ft. wide and 14in. deep. If larger the length and breadth should be in the same proportions, and 15in. in depth is enough for any size.

Construction of Tank.

Supposing the frame to be made of iron, it should be so made that none of the iron shall be exposed to the action of the water, as the iron will corrode, and so foul it, and will also cause the plants to decay. The iron bottom can be protected by a sheet of glass, cut to fit after the side and end glasses are properly cemented into place. This should be laid on a bed of asphaltum, the asphaltum being softened by heating the iron bottom, and the glass then pressed into place, care being taken to see that the glass adheres to the asphaltum so that no water can get under it. After the bottom is properly covered, strips of glass should be cut to fit the corners, just wide enough to reach the side and end glass; the corners filled with cement, and the strips pressed firmly into place.

The cement or putty used for putting in the glass should be waterproof and elastic. The following is the best for the purpose: Equal parts by measure of powdered rosin, litharge, fine white sand (dry), plaster of Paris.

These should be well incorporated by passing through a fine sieve, and then mixed to the consistency of putty with boiled linseed oil. It should be mixed as required, as it soon sets too hard for use.

The receptacle being finished, whether tank or bell glass, must be thoroughly cleansed from all grease and dirt. If a new tank, it should be well washed, inside and out, with warm water and soap, and well rinsed with clean water. Thus prepared, it is ready to receive the material for the bottom.

Cover the bottom with rather course sand, which should be first washed in clean water, until water passed through it comes away clear; about 1½in. spread evenly over the bottom is enough. This should be covered with about 1in. of white gravel, such as is used by gravel roofers; the gravel also must be well washed.

Rock Work.

For this we should have three pieces of rough, porous stone. Two of them must be the same length and nearly about the same thickness, and should be placed upright in about the center of the tank or glass a few inches apart. The other piece should be flat, and large enough to rest on the top of the upright ones. It should now reach to about 1½in. from the top of the tank or bell glass. It will be best to cement this top stone to the two uprights, using Portland cement for the purpose. It will then form a rough-looking stone arch, the top making a landing place for many interesting amphibious creatures, of which mention will be made hereafter.

Many of the dealers in gold fish and globes have terra-cotta centerpieces for aquaria, but as a rule they are unnatural and unsightly, being mostly in the form of castles and masonry. It is better to imitate nature as nearly as possible.

The sand, gravel and rock work being already in place, we must now put in about 3 or 4in. of clean rain or river water, using a sprinkling can so as not to disturb the gravel and sand. The jar should then be left to stand for six or eight days, being covered with a piece of paper or muslin to keep out the dust.

It would be well to have a frame made of light wood, and to stretch a piece of thin muslin or cheese cloth over it; the frame should be made to fit the top of the aquarium, to be used as a cover at all times.

The Plant Life.

The water having been in the aquarium six or eight days should be perfectly clear, and therefore ready to receive the plants. Of these there is quite a variety that can be used for our purpose, and all are very beautiful seen through the glass of an aquarium. I will mention only a few, however, which are considered the best and most easily obtained.

Vallisneria.—Tape or eelgrass—Leaves long or ribbon-like, resembling grass, common in almost all running waters. It is one of the best plants for the aquarium on account of the great quantity of oxygen it gives off.

Myriophyllum.—Water milfoil or foxtail—Commonly found in deep water ponds, a beautiful plant, with its finely divided leaves crowded around the stem, giving it the appearance of a fox's tail; it is generally sold by all dealers in aquarium supplies.

Ceratophyllim.—Hornwort—Common in ponds and streams everywhere, somewhat like the above in appearance, but coarser and much more branched; it is generally found floating, and without root it is a very rapid grower.

Anacharis Canadensis.—Water weed—Is to be found in all slow-flowing streams and ponds; a slender plant with opposite oval shaped leaves.

Utricularia.—Bladder wort—Common in shallow ponds during the summer. In the early spring it is often found in the form of a round, soft, green ball about the size of an ordinary marble, which in the aquarium soon begins to unfold, and forms a very beautiful plant, with its delicate, bright green, very much divided foliage covered with transparent bladders.

Ranunculus.—Water crow's foot—A delicate feathery plant bearing pretty, white, buttercup-shaped flowers, common in shallow ponds and streams.

Hottonia.—Water violet or feather foil—Will be found in pools and ditches. This leaves white or tinted flowers in the form of a raceme.

Stocking the Aquarium.

We are now ready to begin what to any one having a love for outdoor exercise is one of the most interesting and pleasurable parts of the work connected with the home aquarium—that is, the searching for and collecting the material to stock it with. We will suppose it is now early summer, say the middle of May, so we will take a trip to some nearby pond or stream in search of plants, first providing ourselves with a small, long-handled rake, one with four or six long and strong teeth for dragging up the plants from the bottom of the pond or stream, and a tin pail with lid for carrying them in, one holding about two quarts will do for this; care must be taken not to press the plants into the pail, as they, being soft and tender, are likely to be bruised and broken.

Myriophyllum, Anacharis, Ranunculus, Hottonia and *Vallisneria* will be fouud rooted in the mud, while *Ceratophyllim* and *Utricularia* will be found loose and floating; the two last can easily be taken from the water, but the four first mentioned will have to be pulled up by the roots, and this can be done by placing the rake teeth down on the further side of the plants, and pulled while pressing down upon the handle of the rake. It is best to take only the young green shoots or sprouts of *Myriophyllum* and *Vallisneria*; the latter propagates itself much after the manner of the strawberry plant, that is, by runners, and these runners are the best for our purpose. Having now secured the plants, we are ready for the

Planting.

Of all those mentioned above except *Vallisneria,* it is best to use only the tops, and these should be cut to 4 or 5in. in length, as they will readily form new roots. Take two or three sprigs of each kind separately, and tie the cut ends to a small piece of stone, say about the size of half a hickory nut, using some soft darning cotton for the purpose; press them down firmly into the sand until the stone rests on the bottom of the aquarium, being careful to draw the gravel over the stone so that it will be held firmly down in its place.

The plants may be arranged to suit the taste of the planter, being careful not to overcrowd them, for once well rooted they will grow rapidly. They look better when planted about 3in. apart, and so grouped that clear spaces are left for the fish, etc.

The aquarium is now ready to be filled up with water, perfectly clean rain or river water being used, which should reach to within 3 or 4in. from the top; again use the sprinkling can for this. It should be again left to stand six or eight days to give the plants time to take



REDHEAD.

From "Birdcraft," by courtesy of The Macmillan Company.



MALLARD.

From "Birdcraft," by courtesy of The Macmillan Company.

root; by that time the water will be clear and pure, and ready to receive some of the

Animal Life.

We will first begin with a few water snails. These are a very necessary factor to the success of the balanced aquarium, as they act as scavengers and rid us of the decayed vegetable matter and also keep down the growth of confervæ that would otherwise cover the glass with a green coating so dense that in time we would not be able to see through it. This the snails will do effectually.

The varieties mentioned below are the best for our purpose, on account of their great size and the hardness of their shells, although any of the fresh-water snails will do the work; but as they are dainty morsels for some of the fish, etc., the soft-shelled ones will soon fall an easy prey to their rapacity.

Paludina—Is much like the common land snail in appearance, and is about the same in size; it is found in slow-running water, frequently at the base of reeds, among water plants, or on the mud near the margin of ponds or streams.

Planorbis.—This has a trumpet-shaped shell about ¾in. across, and about ¼in. thick, and is to be found in similar places as the above mentioned.

We will now take a trip in search of them to some sluggish stream or pond. We shall require a ring or landing net for this purpose, such as is used by anglers for landing fish; the mesh should be about ¼in., the handle about 7 or 8ft. long, which it would be well to have made in two joints, being easier to carry. Our two-quart pail will again come into use. To find the snails we must run our net, mouth down, over and among the weeds and under the overhanging banks, where they are often to be found just below the surface of the water. Possibly we may not succeed in finding them in our first attempt, but with perseverance we will surely be rewarded. Three or four dozen will be enough to start with, and they can be replaced from time to time as they die or are destroyed by the fish, etc.

The plants in our aquarium should now be growing well, and in a thrifty condition, and the water pure and clear, therefore ready to receive the

Animals, Reptiles, etc.

So with a six or eight-quart pail and our landing net we will start out in quest of any fish, etc., that will answer for our purpose. Almost anything living in water can be used, but it is best to take only very small fish, those averaging about 4in. in length or less.

The few varieties mentioned below are some of the best, and some of them most likely the first we shall find, but in looking for these we shall probably meet with others that can be used.

Common Sunfish or Pumpkin Seed—Is to be found in almost any pond or stream, and is easily taken with the landing net. This is an interesting aquarium friend, bright and beautiful in color and markings. It is full of life, active and very hardy.

Striped or Banded Sunfish—Is much more rare than the foregoing, but is to be found in a small lake near Bristol, Pa., and at Brown's Mills, N. J., and no doubt can be found in other ponds in central New Jersey and in Pennsylvania, near the Delaware River, above Bristol. It is a small fish, seldom exceeding 3in. in length, and is truly one of the most beautiful specimens for the aquarium, with its alternate bands of deep black and silvery white, and delicate, almost transparent, appearance. It is worth a long journey to be able to add this to our collection. It must be looked for among the pond lilies, under the leaves of which it is found.

Eels—Make very interesting pets, but should be very small, not more than 5 or 6in. in length. They are to be found among aquatic plants in pools and ditches near tide-water.

Gold and Silver Fish—Can be bought at any of the dealers in birds, fish, etc.

Dace.—Black-nosed, banded and silver dace, commonly called minnows, are all small fish, and are to be found in holes and pools in swift, clear streams, and are easily taken with the landing net, if the water be first made turbid by stirring up the mud above the pool where the fish have been located.

Stickleback.—This interesting pigmy fish is to be found at the mouth of any small stream near tide-water, and will thrive equally well in salt or fresh water. No aquarium is perfect without at least a pair of these active little creatures.

They are nest builders, and to have a pair of them, male or female, in a half-gallon glass jar with a few aquatic plants, makes a very interesting object; the sexes are easily distinguished, the male being larger and much more brilliant in color.

They should be caught and placed in the jar or aquarium early in the spring, before the breeding season; we shall then be rewarded by seeing them construct their curious little nest.

Tryton or Newt is a lizard-like creature and is to be found in shallow weedy ponds. It is a very desirable addition to the aquarium; being amphibious, it will make use of our miniature island.

It will be well to cover our little island with moss, such as can be found growing on stones in any moist, shady wood. It will improve the appearance of the aquarium, and also afford a cover for the amphibians.

Red Salamander is somewhat like the above in appearance, and is to be found in cool, clear streams or springs under stones. It is of a pinkish or flesh color, covered with minute black spots when full grown, but in its immature state is a dull brown. It is also amphibious, but is not so hardy in the aquarium as the tryton.

Tadpole of Frog can be found in any shallow pond or stream. It is interesting to watch this odd-looking creature gradually changing into the frog state. It is also valuable as a scavenger, devouring everything in the way of decayed animal or vegetable matter.

Emys Picta or Red-bellied Turtle is to be met with in ponds and streams, and makes a pretty inmate for the aquarium, but for our use they must be very small, not larger than will cover a silver dollar.

Water Beetles add life to the collection, notably the curious-looking boat fly and the large water beetle (*Ditiseus*); these we are sure to find in our net while looking for fish, etc.

Water Spider is another very interesting acquisition to our collection. This curious spider weaves a balloon-shaped nest about the size of a thimble under the water attached to the water plants, which it fills with air, taking it down in pearl-like globules, which adhere to the hair which covers the body.

These bright silvery-looking nests are found attached to aquatic plants under the water in shallow ponds, streams, etc., with the spider inside, at the mouth of which it sits, ready to dart out at any passing water insect or animalcule.

Grawfish or Crayfish is in appearance much like a small lobster, and will be found under stones in shallow streams and springs. Two or three of these add interest to our collection, but only very small ones must be used—those 1 or 2in. in length; if larger they will root up the plants.

Fresh-water Shrimp are plentiful in most ponds; they are easily known from their likeness to the common wood louse, and when full grown are about ½in. long. They are good scavengers, and also excellent food for some of the fish. It is a good plan to keep a supply of them on hand in a jar containing water and a few plants. They can then be introduced into the aquarium as required. The fact of their being scavengers and also food for the fish is their principal value.

Our aquarium now being properly stocked, a few instructions as to the treatment and feeding the fish, etc., and general management of the aquarium will be next in order.

Great care should be used in feeding; no food should be allowed to remain in the water uneaten. Small earthworms are the best for most of the fish, etc., but if these are not to be obtained, lean mutton or fish may be substituted; but it must be cut into very small pieces and the blood or juice well washed from it, and afterward laid on a piece of clean muslin or other like material until the liquid is thoroughly drained from it. This should be dropped piece by piece until all are fed. Pulverized cracker and a little flour mixed with water or milk into a stiff dough, and small pieces rolled between the finger and thumb, is good for the gold fish, carp, etc.

Here again let me reiterate the fact that this is to be a balanced aquarium, and must not be overcrowded with animal life—one pair of each of the previously named fish and reptiles being sufficient for the sized tank here described; of course a larger tank will sustain more life in proportion.

All decayed animal and vegetable matter must be removed frequently, and this can be done best with a piece of glass tubing about ½in. diameter and about 16 or 18in. long, both ends being evenly cut and open; with it can be drawn up any sediment from the bottom by holding the finger at one end and placing the other end just over the sediment to be removed; raise the finger a little and the sediment will flow up into the tube, again press the finger on the top of the tube and lift it out, bringing the water and sediment with it; this must be repeated until the bottom is perfectly clean.

A small ring net is also a necessary and useful article to have, and this can be made with a piece of soft brass wire by bending the wire around any cylindrical form about 3in. in diameter, twisting the two ends together so as to form a handle about 12in. long. Then sew on the ring a piece of thin cheese cloth or mosquito net so as to form a bag about 6in. deep. This is to be used to remove the fish to and from the tank, as may be required. Fish should never be touched with the hand.

Clear water should be added from time to time to supply that wasted by evaporation.

Location of the aquarium should also be carefully studied. A cool room—say between 40° and 60° F.—being the best, with good light, but very little sun, as too much sun induces the growth of confervæ. Plenty of light we must have, as otherwise the plants will be sickly and spindled and lose much of their beauty of form and color; nor will they give off oxygen as they should if in a healthy condition.

"BIRDCRAFT."

The new edition of Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright's book entitled "Birdcraft," issued by the MacMillans, is a large and handsome volume, a great improvement over the earlier ones. While it is printed from the same electrotype plates as those of 1895 and 1896, the old and very unsatisfactory colored lithograph plates have been replaced by an excellent colored frontispiece of the veery, and by eighty uncolored full-page plates from drawings of Mr. Louis Agassiz Furtes. Most of these illustrations are those which appeared in the book called "Citizen Bird," the joint production of Mrs. Wright and Dr. Elliott Coues, which was reviewed in these columns not very long ago, when our opinion of these bird pictures was set forth somewhat fully.

"Birdcraft" is one of the modern publications on ornithology which are doing and will do so much good in the way of educating young folks in America to study and to enjoy nature. No child can see the pictures which appear in these pages without being impressed by them, and the volume with its illustrations ought to be permanently on the table of every country home in the land. It will teach all who read it to observe, and when one has learned something of the lesson of observation, that of appreciation and admiration will be swift to follow.

Mrs. Wright's book opens with a picture of leafless trees, brown bare fields with snow patches in the fence corners, of freezing nights and mild gray days, the earliest of the springtime. She is waiting the advance of the army of northern migrants whose coming she pictures, and on the individuals of which she comments in charming fashion. Then comes the building of the nests, with suggestions as to how the birds should be observed at this time, and remarks as to where the different species are to be found. The water birds are further off and less easily observed than those of the upland woods and swamps, yet many of them can be reached and there is a charm in the mystery of their coming, their absence and their return. Not less interesting is the chapter on the birds of autumn and winter, when the struggle for existence is so severe. These are Mrs. Wright's introductory chapters, and they lead one by a most charming path to the body of the book.

This, which occupies about 250 of the 335 pages of the volume, includes the chapters How to Name the Birds, Synopsis of Families, and Bird Biographies; and these last are divided into sub-chapters on the Perching Song Birds; Perching Songless Birds; Birds of Prey; Pigeons, Quail and Grouse; Shore and Marsh Birds, and Swimming Birds. In each case the English and Latin names of the species are given; the description of male and female, the note, the season at which the species may be found, its breeding range, its nest and eggs, and the range through which it occurs the year through. These facts are followed by biographies, more or less brief, running from a few lines to in some cases more than a page. In all 200 species are described in Mrs. Wright's very happy vein. Following these pages is an artificial key to the birds which in many cases will be useful to the novice.

Taken as a whole the volume is useful, attractive and helpful. It deserves and no doubt will have a continued wide popularity. The illustrations which we print this week we owe to the kindness of the MacMillan Co. They are good examples of the pictures in the book. Price $2.50

Nuthatch vs. English Sparrow.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For some time there has been a white-breas'ed nuthatch (*Sitta carolinensis*) in this neighborhood. It was first brought to my notice by my wife saying that she heard a woodpecker pecking somewhere. My first thought was to get my gun, supposing it must be a pileated woodpecker for anyone to hear while in the house with the door closed. Going outside, I saw on an apple tree 20ft. from where Mrs. D. stood, not a woodpecker, but a nuthatch. I watched him for some minutes, until he left the tree. I have seen him twice since. The last time he was feeding on the trunk of a large willow tree beside the walk. He attracted the attention of an English sparrow, who probably thought he would bully him a little, and going up to him asked what he was doing there, anyway. Mr Sitta answered by giving him just one punch on his head with his sharp bill, and Mr. John Bull dropped down among a cluster of small sprouts just below where the interview had commenced. His cry for help brought some eight or ten of his fellows, but Mr. Sitta was all over them in less time than it takes me to write it. He even attacked them in their supposed stronghold, the clump of sprouts, and drove them out and away from the tree; and then placing himself tail upward on the tree trunk within 10ft. of me gave me a look which seemed to say: "Perhaps you would like to take a hand in this scrap?" I was so much taken back by the whole performance that I did not give him an answer, and he quietly commenced circling the tree for parasites more palatable than *Passer domesticus.* J. L. Davison.

Lockport, N. Y., Dec. 15.

A Copy of Audubon.

The past week was signalized by the transfer from Geo. H Richmond & Co., of this city, to Mr. Chas. H. Williams, of Buffalo, of one of the best existing copies of Audubon's great work, "The Birds of America."

The present copy must have been a very early impression, as the condition of each copper plate is perfect, no signs of wear being visible.

It is also one of the largest copies in existence, *i. e.*, the least injured by the cropping by senseless binders. It is usual to find a number of the birds themselves minus beak or tail, thanks to the binder's guillotine; but in Mr. Williams's copy not a single plate has been injured by cropping. This copy is 25⅜×38½in.; the work is usually catalogued at 24×37in.

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, who acted as expert for Mr. Williams, was six hours in examining the 435 plates. A. B.

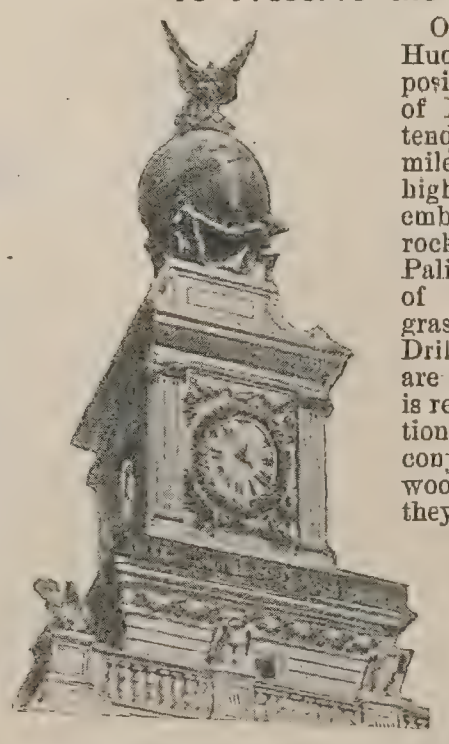
Infertility of the Half-Breed Goose.

A few days ago, while on a visit to our shooting club on the Virginia coast, our club steward called my attention to some half-breed geese he was raising—a cross of the common domestic goose with the Canada goose (*Branta canadensis*). During our conversation he casually remarked that, as he had learned from a goose-breeder of his acquaintance, the eggs of such half-breed geese are sterile and will not hatch.

This, if true, is a new fact to me, and I would like to have it verified. Can any reader of Forest and Stream give us any information on this point? Shaganoss.

THE MAN IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

"To Preserve the Palisades."



On the western shore of the Hudson River, beginning opposite the northern section of New York city and extending northward many miles, is the long stretch of high, rugged and picturesque embankment—mostly solid rock—known to fame as the Palisades. The vandalism of commerce has laid its grasping hand upon it. Drills are piercing, hammers are crushing and dynamite is rending this majestic creation of nature. Taken in conjunction with river and woodland, sky and earth, they are a scene delightful to gaze upon. As a vehicle for the carriage of patent medicine signs, or as a deposit of rocks prepared by nature to be quarried in a vulgar kind of way, as any other rocks are quarried to supply the demands of trade, they are degraded. New York dearly loves to gaze across the river at New Jersey, where the Palisades are, for there New York cannot see further than New Jersey's edge, but New York does not care to gaze on stone quarries and defaced grandeur.

The grim, the silent, the majestic Palisades, rugged, beseamed and lofty, making to the river a wall whose like could not be found elsewhere on earth, are no longer a thing of beauty or wonder when the hand of man conquers them and sends them out piecemeal at a schedule price. But, unfortunately, New York does not own the Palisades. New Jersey is the owner. New Jersey does the ripping, breaking, selling; New York does the nervous part. The roar of the dynamite is heard, and New York jumps in startled dismay.

New York thunders in return, but in a different manner. The roar of the dynamite and rending rock are answered by the roar of printer's ink. The Palisades are a standard topic for good newspaper work at all times, either for week day or Sunday edition. The descriptive writer can perform highly-colored capers over them in fancy; the philanthropist can mourn over the harm done to a great public good, or the simple news-gatherer can relate the latest facts concerning them, so that it is a rare day indeed when one does not see a headline reading: "To Save the Palisades;" "The Destruction of the Palisades;" "The Wonders of the Palisades;" and still the Palisades and their workings remain about the same. The noise on each side of the river goes on undisturbed. New Jersey blasts her rocks and New York shouts in return, and there you are.

A Buffalo in a Box.

Early last November I learned of a rather extraordinary occurrence in New Jersey, which was until recently enveloped in mystery. At the time the facts were these: About the month before a farmer living in the village of Almonesson, near Woodbury, N. J., had a high tight-board pen constructed on his property. On the night of Nov. 1 a heavy dray drawn by six horses and containing an enormous box was driven up to his pen and box unloaded. These mysterious occurrences excited the curiosity of the village, and at midnight a number of young men went to the place to find out what was going on. They were met at the gate of the pen by a man armed with a large knife who ordered them away. A deputy sheriff was then called on, and the crowd, led by him, returned to the place. The deputy sheriff forced his way into the pen and found there a carcass of a full-grown buffalo just killed. In answer to questions the men said that they were doctors from New York and wished to experiment on the animal. They gave their names as Dr. White and Howard Johnson.

The next day persons who returned to the spot found the carcass of a buffalo lying there, its head having been cut off. The robe had not been removed and none of the meat had been used.

A little inquiry revealed the fact that the buffalo in question was one sold by the Zoölogical Society, of Philadelphia, for $800 to a man giving the name of Bertram Marks. This one is the same who gave his name as Howard Johnston. He represented that he wanted the bull for breeding purposes, but declined to give its destination. The Zoölogical Society, having several surplus bulls, sold the animal to him at the price mentioned, and Marks was to come and remove it in a tight crate.

About this removal there was some delay. It seemed that the purchaser of the bull wanted to take it away in stormy weather. On several days when it rained in the morning, but cleared up in the afternoon, the purchasers advised the keepers at the Zoo that they were ready to take away the buffalo, but they never did so. Monday, Nov. 1, however, was a very stormy day, and that afternoon Marks reached the gardens with a six-horse dray and a big wooden box. The buffalo was put in this and they hauled it off. The rest of the story has already been given. It is said now that the animal was purchased by Thomas C. M. Cardoza, of Germantown, Pa., because he wanted a buffalo head for a trophy, and that his agent in the matter was Marks. The two are said to have butchered the bull, shooting it with a rifle, and then to have cut off the head and carried it back to Philadelphia, where it is, according to the story, to adorn Cardoza's rooms at the Hotel Walton.

The Zoölogical Society is very indignant over the matter, taking the ground that, as the species is so nearly extinct, no buffalo should be killed for any purpose whatever.

It is difficult to conceive why the purchaser of this bull should have acted as he did, unless he had some motive other than the mere acquisition of a buffalo's head. Such heads, and good ones, can be purchased for less than a quarter of what he paid for this bull. It is conceivable, of course, but hardly probable, that a man might have such an extraordinary mental twist that he would be willing to buy a tame buffalo and butcher it for the mere purpose of saying afterward that he had a buffalo's head of his own killing. That such a motive might appeal to some people is shown by an advertisement which recently appeared in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, where a man advertised that he had a buffalo bull for sale, and offered, separately, the head and the robe and the meat. As an additional inducement for the purchase of the head, the advertiser said that whoever bought the head could fire the shot to kill the animal, and that here was an opportunity for some sportsman to obtain a fine buffalo head of his own killing. Any "sportsman" who wants to get a head of his own killing that way is welcome to it; none of it in mine.

Analogous to this case is one of which I heard not long ago, where a foreigner—I do not recall whether he was an Englishman or a German—wished to kill an elk and secured from the owner of a private park the privilege of slaughtering a bull. I do not know whether he carried out his intention or not; but if he did, no doubt he took the head away with him to his own home and expatiated generously about the hardships and adventures encountered while he was securing his trophy. Men such as these call themselves sportsmen, and a very large majority of the people to whom they make their brags and boasts believe them. As a consequence the people who have decent ideas of sport are mixed up in the public mind with these braggarts, and the sportsman's reputation for intelligence and good morals suffers. Certainly the great public needs a whole lot of education.

THE MAN IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

Christmas Gifts.

AT this season of the year persons residing at a distance from large cities often desire to order a number of different books issued by different publishers. This necessitates writing many letters, and perhaps paying many express charges, and takes time, trouble and money.

To relieve its readers of this burden, the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. will receive and fill all book orders that may be sent to it, purchasing the books, packing and forwarding them, and all this without charge. In all cases the titles of books must be plainly written; where possible the name of the publisher must be given and the money for the consignment must accompany the order.

As the busy season has already begun, those who wish to take advantage of this offer should send on their orders at once, so that the goods may be sent off in time to be received before the holidays.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Number of Deer Killed in Wisconsin.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 18.—The records of Wisconsin on the deer-killing question are something largely made up of guesswork, as we have no such accurate system in this region as that which prevails for Maine and the Eastern deer hunting regions. The Wisconsin law says that each man may kill two deer, but a great many men killed all they could and no doubt very many men killed a dozen each. The Milwaukee *Journal* thinks it fair to allow each hunter his pair of deer, though it seems to me that this is putting the average quite too high. Should it be a fair average it would follow that the number of deer actually killed would be at least 24,000, for over 12,000 licenses were taken out, and no one knows how many men shot without any license. One deputy warden, Okershauser, thinks that 30,000 deer were killed in Wisconsin this fall.

The upper peninsula of Michigan is practically the same as Wisconsin as a hunting country, and about the same respect is shown for the laws of one State as for the other. The Ontonagon *Herald*, of Michigan, estimates that there were 3,000 deer killed in the upper peninsula during the season just closed, and adds: "As the hunters are not all in yet it is hard to tell how many returned alive."

I think the above estimates on deer killed are too large—probably double the size they should be—but even at that, the showing is a big one. It is so very large as to show at one glance the absolute ineffectiveness of the Wisconsin executive branch so far as enforcement of the game law is concerned. No one for a moment supposes that only thirty non-residents shot in Wisconsin this fall. Chicago alone sent twice that many men up to Wisconsin. There is so much frank unfitness about all this that local feeling is very strong against the law. An Ashland newspaper says that a deputy informs it that during the past season he asked to see the licenses of nearly 1,000 different hunters, and he found them almost without exception resident licenses. He says it was common for the non-resident to announce himself from a distant town in the State, and of course the clerk could not in all instances, or in very many of them, get any facts outside the declaration of the applicant. Whatever may be the reason or excuse, or whatever may be the theoretical virtue or faultiness of the non-resident act, its colossal and egregious absurdity as a working success cannot longer be doubted. It was walked into and driven over and promenaded through by over 1,000 different outside men this fall, each of whom thought his own ideas better than those of the State of Wisconsin, and against whom the State of Wisconsin is obliged weakly and ridiculously to confess its weakness. No one asks a State to locate or to punish all or more than a fraction of the offenders who break its laws, of whatever nature; but when it comes to declaring that only thirty outside shooters shot in Wisconsin last fall, the thing is too absurd to be funny, and the slight on intelligent legislation too apparent and too injurious. The status at date simply means that the State of Wisconsin can make no game laws, but that the men who go there to shoot will make laws to suit themselves.

War Among Wardens.

It seems that not all deputy game wardens are great and good. Warden Grocock, of Menominee, has taken out a warrant for Warden Chas. Munger, of Marinette county, who lives in Wausaukee, Wis. Chas. Dickson, of Wausaukee, claims that he was out hunting with Munger Nov. 10, and that he had dogs and used them, and they both, after hounding deer in Wisconsin, crossed the river into Michigan and hounded deer there also until they got ready to quit. They had several days of fun, and now Warden Munger is to explain to the curious how it is that a warden is any better than anybody else before the law.

Fined for Hounding.

At Houghton, Mich., last week, John Hoyslop, of Higgins Lake, and Henry Howe, of Markey, were fined $25 each and $6 costs for hounding deer, each man pleading guilty. If I had all the hounds that were used between here and Lake Superior last month I could start a dog train that would reach from here to the Missouri River, end to end. Seven more violators of the dog law will be tried at Houghton this week; for they do get them now and then.

Pokes up the Deputy.

S. B. Clark, of Colorado, is a game dealer, and he has ordered some grouse from Utah, being detected by Deputy Warden Hays. The latter wrote to Commissioner Swan, saying that Mr. Clark was a nice man and he didn't mean no harm, wherefore he, Warden Hays, was not going to prosecute him. Mr. Swan wrote back that Mr. Hays would please go right to work and prosecute Mr. Clark, no matter how nice he was, and also to prosecute the express company that carried the goods, which were shipped as "poultry."

Express Company Appeals.

On Dec. 12, S. L. Maxwell, local agent of the Wells-Fargo Express Company at Wichita, Kan., was fined for violating the quail shipping law. The company has appealed the case and will test it to a finish. Let us hope that the courts of Kansas will in this case not forget their traditional hostility to corporations in general, and will soak the good right mit of justice deftly on the bosom of the offending outfit until the latter concludes it was mistaken and is no better than anybody else.

Saginaw Game.

At Saginaw, Mich., they have a sparrow bounty, and now the city clerk and his office force are working nights to keep up with the count of sparrows, which are appearing in thousands. It is thought that a few enterprising individuals are killing sparrows outside of Saginaw, and bringing them in for the bounty. How shall a mere municipality expect to stem the current of the great natural law of supply and demand? Let Saginaw reflect that though she go broke buying sparrow scalps, she is martyr in a good cause. If she will take our sparrows, even at a cut rate, she shall have a vote of thanks.

Minnesota Matters.

The annual meeting of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission was held last Tuesday; present: Agent Fullerton; C. S. Benson, of St. Cloud; Wm. Bird, of Fairmount; Fred von Bombach, of Alexandria; Tim Byrnes, attorney, and President W. S. Timberlake, of St. Paul. It was resolved that the Commission prosecute several express companies carrying over railroads crossing the State, all of which express companies are charged with carrying game out of the State. The report made up on the State. The report made up on the supply of deer states that it is not thought that the deer supply is failing, but that deer are as abundant now as at any time for ten years.

The Minnesota Commission has caused 425 arrests this year, and has secured 302 convictions. More power to them.

Uniform Game Laws.

We are going to give the iridescent dream of uniform game laws another chase out here, and if we get it we will have a pretty thing. Representatives of the Legislatures of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan and Iowa, probably also of North and South Dakota, are to meet at Chicago Feb. 7, and take steps to secure for these several States a code of game laws which shall be roughly applicable to all the States alike. Minnesota has appointed Senator Potter and Representatives Douglas and Ferris, with the members of the Fish and Game Commission, as delegates, and has appropriated $200 for expense money. Should this convention really occur its doings will assume immediate importance, even though the actual result in legislation may not be what is expected by the convention. A strong push will be made to abolish spring shooting in all the States named above, and reciprocity among the State wardens of the different States will be another feature of interest. It is hardly likely that Illinois could get through a law preventing spring shooting, owing to the heavy opposition from the lower end of this long State; but the other States named have a closer resemblance in general features, and it may be that such a law could be put through, in spite of the absurd Wisconsin jealousy, which has so long said to Illinois: "If you shoot in the spring, I'm going to shoot too."

Mark the Old Portage.

The Northern Indiana Historical Society is going to erect a monument to mark the old portage of the early exploration days when the St. Jo and Kankakee rivers were part of the water trail between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River. This lower portage was between the headwaters of the Kankakee and the St. Joseph River, and it made a carry of only about four miles. We forget all about that sort of thing very quickly nowadays, but there was a wonderful lot of history connected with that old carry, and it is well that a few thinking men are thoughtful enough to preserve the memory for us. This old trail from the one water to the other was used by Père Marquette, Hennepin, La Salle and a lot of other old parties who are now mostly dead, but who had a lot of hustle to them in their day. You shall see the very spot where they crossed the low ridge that lies between the two streams, and so you shall envy the men who saw new country, then of most delectable sort.

Shortens Shooting Time.

A directors' meeting of Hennepin Shooting Club, of Chicago, was held Dec. 13, and a rule was framed for submission to the annual meeting which, if adopted, will shorten the shooting time on the club grounds to the morning hours only, that is to say, allowing no shooting after 1 P. M. of any day. This rule has been adopted by many clubs, and has usually been found a desirable one.

A Little Bear.

A Chicago restaurant this week displayed a little cub bear, minus his skin, which was about the nearest approach to babes and sucklings seen since Warden Loveday found the two squabs of mourning doves in a lot of game. This baby bear would have weighed 8 or 10lbs., perhaps, and was offered at the low price of $1.50.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

IN THE MACHIAS REGION.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 18.—The Machias region, in Maine, is getting a good name as a big game section. Mr. Walter Pinkham, of Dudley street, Boston, with a party of friends, has made a most successful trip this fall to Westley and the lakes further in. The party went directly over the road where Graves shot the one-armed game warden a number of years ago. Sentiment toward game protection has greatly changed in that section since that sad event. Now the people see that there is a good deal in store for them outside of the game they can kill themselves individually. Mr. Pinkham's party each brought out two deer, with one exception, as has already been noted in the FOREST AND STREAM, and it is explained that the game was all legally obtained. The lakes in that section are remarkable for the pickerel fishing they afford. Mr. Pinkham visited Fourth Lake one day for fishing. In the first place he shot a wild goose, and then made a catch of thirty-four pickerel, running from 2½lbs. to much larger. His guide, Charles McRavey, was in Boston the other day. His ideas of the game supply and prospects in Maine are excellent. He believes that there is more danger to the game from the hunting of the people of Maine themselves than from all that outside sportsmen can ever do. The residents are ever on the ground, are good shots and generally great hunters. He is down on the practice of citizens and guides having deer and moose killed and ready to sell to sportsmen who are not woodsmen and hunters enough to kill it themselves; admits that a great deal of such hunting has been done the past season. His idea is that, besides depleting the game, the registered guides should study to make sportsmen feel that there is no sport in such hunting.

The latest rumor in the Maine papers is that Game Commissioner Carlton will recommend to the next Legislature in that State a tax on all the game that outside sportsmen kill, the proceeds of the tax to go toward better protection and propagation of fish and game.

SPECIAL.

Cruelty to Animals.

BY one of those blunders which happen to man I neglected to put my name to the article under this head last week. I had no intention to attack Didymus anonymously, and the editor would not have allowed it if I had.

FRED MATHER.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

THOSE HENRY COUNTY CHICKENS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having just returned from a two months' sojourn in the game regions of South Dakota, I have been somewhat behind the times in the matter of keeping posted as to what was going on. The first thing that attracts my attention in going over the back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, collected during my absence, is an item which says that Game Warden Loveday, of Illinois, went down into Henry county and bagged seventy prairie chickens in a two days' shoot. Now, I was born and raised in Henry county, and have used a gun for the last thirty years, and many of the shooting seasons of that period were spent in this county yet I never shot the half of seventy chickens in any one season in Henry county.

A mile and a half to the west of where I live is a rise of ground, surrounded by marsh lands, that has always been a playground for prairie chickens in the spring. A couple of years ago the stock of prairie chickens in Henry county was reduced to just twelve; yet, so great was their love for this dear old stamping ground, that when the April breezes began to whisper tales of a life beyond to the withered grasses, they would all gather on this little knoll to boom out their welcome to the spring. Here, within a mile and a half of a gathering of 5,000 people, they were safe. The boy with the catapult, who spares nothing else, animate or inanimate, withheld the destroying pebble from these. The gawky country youth with his zulu passed them by on the other side, and harmed them not. The gray-haired market-hunter looked upon them with reverential glances, for he deemed them the last remnant of a rapidly disappearing race. The farmer scattered the choicest of his grain for their nourishment, and his orchards, groves, and even sheds and barns were freely tendered to shelter them from the snows of winter. Fostered thus, they increased, until on Sept. 1, this year, there were just seventy of them.

Before starting for the far fields of Dakota, where I went for my shooting, to escape the odium of being pointed out as a relic hunter, I went out and counted them over and took note of their condition. When after an arduous campaign, lasting over two months, I started for home, I was happy in the consciousness of having bagged six chickens, to say nothing of other game too numerous to mention. As I swept in homeward on the morning express, I glanced expectantly out at that knoll. It was there—that is, part of it—but oh! how sadly changed. The once tall and graceful blue stem was much trampled and broken, and withal black and grimy with powder smoke. Its old-time tenants were gone. Evolution had turned up a new period. A once familiar landmark had passed away. All around were the evidences of a mighty struggle; here and there a mottled feather fluttered in the wind as it clung to a withered rag weed, but nothing of life remained, there had been a struggle for the survival of the fittest. The game warden had been there! Aye, "he had come and seen and conquered;" and when the warm April sunlight makes glad the heart of the bull nettle there will be no booming welcome to the spring. The boom is busted.

Seventy chickens in two days! Not one of Henry county's more than 100 market-hunters has equaled this bag in the entire season in this or any other county, which goes to prove that "protection does protect," the game warden anyway. Thirty-five dollars' worth of chickens in two days! This would go far toward helping out the poor compensation of a game warden. But shame on such reflections. Far be it from me to detract from the pleasures of hard-earned success. The meanest thing that breathes is the fellow who, too lazy and indifferent to achieve success himself, shouts game hog at the hard-working student that does. But, spirit of commerce, away with thee! and loiter not in the pathway of him who would carve his name high on the battlements of fame. Utility, get thee hence! let us live on wind pudding if we must, but leave the field clear to him who would send his achievements ringing down the corridors of time—like "a tin can tied to a dog's tail." Let no one suppose that any of this Spartan seventy went to waste. They are preserved beyond any possible erosion of time "in history's golden urn;" but the story of their taking off should be put in brine, or it will sour long before our old speckled hen shows a tendency to set on the corn cobs underneath the feed box. E. P. JAQUES.

GENESEO, Ill.

A FIELD COMPANION.

WYMORE, Neb., Dec. 10.—I do not know whether my old friend, Elias C. Wilcox, ever fished with Fred Mather or not, but he is dead.

For fifty years he had hunted and fished, camped out, tramped the forests, fields and prairies, and told stories. But for all that he had held many offices and positions of trust, and for the last ten years of his life he was the cashier of the bank in which I kept my overdraft.

He was a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and regarded Frank Forester as the highest authority on all subjects pertaining to field sports.

We were friends for twenty-five years, and hunted together a great many times. The last few years of his life he lived in Wymore, and was my neighbor. During that time he had an old black team of horses and a buggy, and two large old-fashioned liver and white pointers, sire and son, and they were great dogs.

I remember one day that we were hunting quail together, and the old dog pointed, and the young dog backed him; I never saw them work any other way. We came up and got ready to shoot, when I noticed a rabbit sitting about 3ft. in front of the old dog. I called the old man's attention to it, and he stood about a minute and then said, "Mac, if that dog is pointing that rabbit, this is his last hunt." I could see that the old man meant just what he said, and was delighted just at that time to see the rabbit get up and dust, and the old dog hold his point; and within 2ft. of the place where the rabbit had been sitting we flushed a flock of quail. After we had emptied our guns Wilcox called the dog to him, stooped down and patted him on the head and played with his ears, and when the old man straightened up tears were running down his cheeks.

The old man's story-telling was his long suit; everything that anybody said or did reminded him of something. To me he was the soul of honor, and I believed everything he said. But once in a while I had to admit that he had an impediment in his arithmetic. For instance, one morning when the boys were all assembled in Given & Fogg's drug store, something reminded him of a goose hunt he once had back on the Wabash. He said there was a cornfield about a mile from his father's house in which the corn had been cut and shocked. He was about fourteen years old and had his first gun, a muzzle-loader. He noticed that the geese were lighting in that field, and he loaded up and went down there and got into a shock of corn. The geese were all large Canada geese, very fat, and none of them would weigh less than 20lbs. The geese began to light all around him and he began to shoot, and in less than an hour he had twenty of them down; and he said, "as he did not want to make a hog of himself, he picked up his geese and his gun and went home."

After the old man went out some of the boys expressed doubts as to the truth of the story, but I thought it was all right until one smart alick who had been away to college figured out that that fourteen-year-old boy had carried over 400lbs. of goose and his gun over a mile. I regretted that my old friend had not gone home and gotten an ox team and hauled his game home; but it could not be helped then, so I adjourned the meeting.

The old man was born somewhere in the East, and had lived in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska, always on the frontier. Very few men ever lived who killed more game of all kinds than he did. He wore glasses all the years that I knew him, but he was a dead shot.

He was a true friend, a kind and generous man, a too indulgent father, and was many times imposed upon. He died respected and mourned by all that had known him. If a kind Providence provides a happy hunting ground for good men after this life, he is there. He will enjoy it and get his share of the game, and if any ghostly Nimrod hunts alongside of him he must needs hold dead on, or the old man will wipe his eye. And so I bid him farewell.

And now as I read this over, it occurs to me how much better it could have all been said by dear old Nessmuk:

> "Soul that no treason nor guile could inveigle,
> Dying in patience and pride that was regal,
> Firm hand of the fearless, bright eye of the eagle,
> A greeting we send to thy grave by the sea"

A. D. MCCANDLESS.

RING-NECKED PHEASANTS IN NEW JERSEY.

From the Annual Report of the Fish and Game Commissioners of New Jersey for 1897.

THE details of what has been done in stocking the woods and fields with birds and the waters with fish have been told in the preceding part of this report, and your Commission now proposes to give such facts as are in its possession relative to the success attending such stocking, and what may be hoped for in the future.

RING-NECKED PHEASANTS.—The introduction and propagation of these birds have been confined almost altogether to individual enterprise, and very few States have assisted in the work. The consensus of opinions of those best versed in the matter of introducing the foreign game birds seems to indicate the advisability of confining all such efforts as far as pheasants are concerned to what is known as the ring-necked variety, this being a cross between the Chinese pheasant and the dark-necked English bird. Mongolian pheasants have been introduced in a few States, but they do not appear to have done as well as the ring-necked, the latter bird being not only hardier and a swifter flyer, but also more likely to remain in the neighborhood selected for its future home. A great deal has been written in connection with the rearing of these birds, but most literature of this kind has emanated from persons pecuniarily interested in the sale of the birds.

It has been argued by persons who deal in pheasants that these birds do better here than they have ever done in England, and that the mother takes better care of her young here, the latter fact being attributable to the prolific insect life in this country; in England the hens are more apt, not only from the small supply of insects, but also from many years of half-domestication, to leave the care of the young to man. It frequently happens that a change of country effects a material change in the habits of the transplanted animals, and we have been assured that such is the case with the ring-necked pheasants. We have also been assured that they have developed insect-eating proclivities far in excess of the bird in England, and that consequently the birds here will be of economic importance to the farmer as well as affording sport and food. On the other hand it has been argued that the stock from which the birds sprang has, by many years of domestication, lost many of its wild traits, and that the bird consequently more nearly approaches the domestic hen than our wild grouse. Those who favor the introduction of the bird into this country have insisted that the birds quickly regain their wild traits, and that in a short time—when not pampered or too closely looked after—will afford an excellent substitute for our ruffed grouse. The latter is unquestionably diminishing in numbers, and its exceedingly wild nature has prevented its propagation by means of transplanting from regions of country where it is still numerous.

If the ring-necked pheasant is at all adapted to introduction in this country, there is perhaps no State better qualified by nature for that purpose than New Jersey; for here the bird will find sufficient of cultivated lands, of forests and of streams to provide it with all that is necessary for its well-being. For the purpose of ascertaining whether the place of our native grouse can be taken by the foreign bird, your Commission caused the distribution of a number of them, taking care in every instance that the new environment of the bird should be as well calcutated to its success as was possible. These birds were put out in the spring of the year, the largest number being sent to the southern part of the State, where they had a better chance of escaping the guns of the hunter than in the more thickly settled northern part. The introduction of the birds in this State is still in its experimental stage, and what the probable success of this experiment will be can be readily judged from the following extracts from letters received from persons who had received some of the birds.

Hon. S. H. Stanger, Senator from Gloucester, writes: "I have heard from some of the sportsmen that the pheasants have done very well, but they fear that they are too domestic to live in the woods down here, as there are a great many hawks."

Hon. Robt. B. Engle, Senator from Ocean, writes: "I had them put out where we hope to protect them for a few years and not have them killed. I heard from only two of them during the last summer, and then under unfavorable circumstances, both of their nests being in a field, and both destroyed by mowing machines. I think each had from twelve to fourteen eggs. I would be glad if there was a fine for killing them for a few years."

Hon. Robert C. Miller, Senator from Salem, writes: "I have made inquiry in regard to the pheasants put out here in April. Only one person, as far as I can learn, has seen them, and he saw one with young during the summer. I presume if they are still here we will hear from them as soon as the gunning season comes in."

Hon. Joseph B. Crispen, Assemblyman from Salem, writes: "The pheasants have done exceedingly well. We have seen two old ones with their young almost as large as the old ones. Some of their nests have been found in other places with as many as thirteen eggs in them. I think they will do well here if we give them some protection, say for three years or more, so as to give them a chance to multiply. We will try to secure some protection for them this winter."

Hon. David O. Watkins, Assemblyman from Gloucester, writes: "The pheasants sent me seem to have thrived very fast and have furnished considerable sport for our sportsmen. The only complaint that seems to be made is that they are not as gamy as the Mongolian and other pheasants, and not as well calculated to protect themselves, being much slower flyers and more of a domestic nature."

Col. J. Howard Willets, of Port Elizabeth, Cumberland county, writes; "I have been keeping a close watch over the experiment we made with the ring-necked pheasants and they have exceeded all my expectations. I released twenty-four. One cock and two hens I gave to a friend who is in the pigeon business here and has good pens, etc. One hen only laid eggs and she laid thirty-two. Sixteen of these he placed under a Seabright (bantam), and she



GREEN-WINGED TEAL.

From "Birdcraft," by courtesy of The Macmillan Company.

hatched thirteen; they did well until one day she scratched a hole under the wire and every one escaped. As it was only a hundred yards to good cover, we saw no more of them; whether they lived or not I do not know. The other sixteen eggs (as the pheasant hen would not sit on them) we placed under another bantam; twelve of them she hatched and three of them she killed, smothering or treading on them. The others are now nearly grown up, and we shall turn them out or keep all and try to hatch a larger number next spring and then release them. We saw or heard from those released on receipt last April every few days ever since. They scattered well (I found one nest over three miles from where the birds were released) and they laid and hatched well. I have heard of and seen six different nests, all hatching well.

"The largest nest of eggs was hatched by a pair on the farm near which they had been released. There were thirty-six eggs in it, and I watched it daily until one day when we found one egg in the nest and thirty-five hatched out. I saw this brood a few days ago, grown full size, and had at least twenty-five in it or more. All the sportsmen here agree not to kill a single bird this year, and I have warned all that if they kill any they will not be allowed to gun any more on the farms near here. There are so many city and strange gunners here that some may be killed during the season, but we shall protect them with all our power. I am thoroughly satisfied that the pheasants will do well in this part of the country, and we shall have it well stocked in a year or two if we can protect them another year. They lay an enormous number of eggs and hatch well. The only trouble I see is that they are quite tame, and we often walk up to 8 or 10yds. of them and then they only run off; they also come out into the open fields and seem to like to get out of cover. The nest of thirty-six I spoke of was laid in a field of oats; the farmer in mowing frightened the hen off in time to avoid cutting over the nest and left 8 or 10yds. of oats around it. The hen kept her nest and hatched, as I have told above. I hope the birds have done as well in other places."

Hon. E. C. Hutchinson, Assemblyman from Mercer, said: "The pheasants have done very well indeed and nothing has happened for a long time which has so pleased the farmers. We have a good many of the sporting fraternity in Mercer county and all agreed not to kill any for a year at least. One man did kill one of the birds and at once trespass notices went up on five farms in the neighborhood, and the farmers will not permit any hunting unless they feel confident that the gunners will not destroy any of the pheasants. We had them with us all through the summer and they did very well. Now that they are to be introduced for the benefit of the general public I shall strenuously urge the passage of a law prohibiting their being killed for a period of years."

Mr. Samuel P. Fithian, Surrogate of Cumberland county, writes: "In relation to the ring-necked pheasants I will state that we put out two cocks and four hens on the land of Isaac M. Smalley, in Stow Creek township. All four of the hens had nests, and in mowing the clover two of them were completely demolished and the legs cut off one of the hens. The other two hatched and I hear from them once in a while, and Mr. Smalley is endeavoring to protect them this year so we can have the increase for another year. The balance of the dozen you sent me were put in the care of Fish and Game Warden Harry R. Dare, and he kept them in a pigeon fly. Mr. Dare found only one egg, and late in the summer he took them into Fairfield township and turned them loose. We hear from them, but do not hear that they have any young. I do not think much of keeping them in captivity, but with their liberty I think they would do well and be a great benefit to the sportsmen of this section."

Mr. M. Warner Hargrove, of Brown's Mills, Burlington county, writes: "From all appearances the pheasants are doing well. I have not seen any myself, but have heard of them frequently. They appear to have spread fairly well, but are too tame for practical sport to get well introduced, as I fear they will get killed this fall. I am encouraging gunners not to kill them this fall, and I have requested land owners where there are pheasants to prohibit gunning this year."

Mr. George W. Phifer, of Manumuskin, writes: "The pheasants I received are doing very nicely. The twelve birds I received have raised forty two young ones that I have seen, and these are almost grown to full size. I found one of the male birds in my potato patch dead, which I presume was due to eating potato bugs where I had placed Paris green. I find that they are quite an insectivorous bird, and I have frequently watched them catching grasshoppers in the clover field. I was afraid that they would be very tame, but as soon as the grass and oats were cut they left the fields, and they are now fully as wild as our common pheasants. The sportsmen are very much pleased with them."

Fish and Game Warden George W. Dunham, of Flemington writes: "The pheasants sent me were placed upon adjoining farms for several miles square. They all remained upon the farms where they were first placed, and the young birds, which are quite abundant, have remained with them.

"One hen was killed by a mowing machine and her nest of sixteen eggs destroyed, and another nest was plowed up. Wherever I placed them the owners of the land agreed to advertise, and promised that no one should shoot upon their premises this fall. This has been done, and I doubt whether a single shot will be fired among them. The birds are doing remarkably well, and I have seen a great many of their young."

The above include all the letters, both favorable and unfavorable, received by your Commission; and it is apparent from them that the pheasants will do well in this State, especially when the people become better acquainted with their



RUFFED GROUSE

From "Birdcraft," by courtesy of The Macmillan Company.

traits, characteristics, habits and needs. The southern part of the State, as had been anticipated, showed itself particularly well adapted to their needs. As it is evident from the above letters, and from others received from persons anticipating the purchase of birds for introduction at their own expense, that the experiment of endeavoring to establish the birds firmly in this State will be continued for some time at least, it may perhaps be well to give a few facts for the guidance of those interested. That the introduction of the birds in some localities will prove failures is not more than may be expected, for with all the teachings of science and the lessons learned from experience it is impossible to always indicate just the kind of a place to which pheasants will take.

A guarantee of success at propagating the birds could be given with no more safety than a guarantee that trout will do well in a stream just because the water flows from springs through sheltered territory. Mankind has not as yet become sufficiently well acquainted with the animal kingdom to deal in certainties. The probabilities certainly favor the establishment of the pheasants as a valuable addition to the game birds of the State.

Although essentially a woodland bird, the ring-necked pheasant resembles the quail in that respect that it requires arable or cultivated fields for its well-being. As a rule they confine themselves to the woods in the daytime and at night for roosting, but in the early morning and again at dawn they forage in fields—especially cultivated fields, where the work of the gleaner has left something for them to subsist on. When disturbed at such times they will quickly retreat either to the woods or to some convenient hedge. Success need not be looked for in the introduction of pheasants unless there are fields and woods in the neighborhood. To put out pheasants where there is no food or water for them is simply absurd. An ideal harborage for them is a wooded hollow with a stream passing through it, with cultivated fields in the neighborhood; they have always shown a preference for cedar and deciduous trees.

Pheasants should be put out as nearly as possible just before their breeding time, and should invariably be released at night. If they are put out in the daytime they are apt to take to flight and scatter far and wide, and frequently to continue flying until utterly exhausted. Becoming separated in this way, increase is hardly to be looked for. When put out at night they will find some limb of a tree or shelter under a hedge, and before dawn they will have become calmed down. Under such circumstances they will quietly examine the place, and if it suits them they will remain; if for some reason they are not suited they are apt to remain together until they have found a more favored locality. At times success has attended the putting out of pheasants when they were first placed in a wire inclosure after the quill feathers from one of their wings had been removed. Under such circumstances it is necessary that the same person should supply them with food every day. It will take about five weeks for the plumage to grow again, and by that time the birds will have escaped over the top of the inclosure, finding themselves well at home in the new locality.

Although the introduction of the birds is attended generally with the best results when the adults are released, the same end has frequently been attained by rearing the young from eggs. For the purpose of doing this it is not advisable to select a bantam, as this bird can cover only a very few eggs. Any clean-legged fowl, weighing not over 3lbs., is preferable. It is best always to begin the hatching in a covert which the birds are expected later on to inhabit.

In selecting a place of this kind care should be taken that there is fresh water near by, that the soil is not too damp nor too sandy, and that there is plenty of insect life in the vicinity. The young birds should be carefully housed, or they will quickly escape to the woods, with nearly all the chances against their surviving. Young chicks should be fed six times a day, the food consisting of hard-boiled eggs chopped up fine, shells and all, with a few bread crumbs added. When they are a month old boiled potatoes mashed fine may be added and the number of times of feeding reduced to five a day. When they are ten months old they may be fed whole grain, and after this they require less care than the common barnyard fowl, being far hardier. Then is the time to put them out, and they will find shelter and food for themselves. In putting them out the proportion should be one cock to three hens. Persons desiring to keep them over another year can readily do so, as they require very little shelter, an ordinary chicken coop being more than is requisite to protect them against the rigors of winter.

The Preserve Question.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Twenty or thirty ducks are as many as any man should be allowed to shoot in one day, and any club that gives its members greater limits ought to suffer for it. Many years ago, when ducks were as thick as bees on Long Island Sound, two of us came home one day with sixty bluebills; but even that I look upon as slaughter, and it did not give me half the pleasure that ten or twenty have given me since, because the pleasure becomes deadened as it merges into labor.

Clubs are looked upon as aristocratic institutions, and naturally rouse antagonistic feeling among people whose privileges are restricted.

If clubs would be more considerate in their intercourse with the people and allow them a little more latitude over grounds that they have always considered free, they would get along with much less friction.

It's all well enough for a club of wealthy men to monopolize a few hundred acres of swamp land, but they are not satisfied till they have scooped in every foot that a duck can feed on.

Wealthy men have bought up nearly all the approachable land in the Adirondacks, and many of them have purchased tracts containing from one to half a dozen lakes, for fear that others besides themselves might have some pleasure. If preachers would give us more sermons on selfishness and less stuff about dogmas they would benefit the world far more.

I would like to know what but hatred of monopolies among the stupid and ignorant classes at the South could instigate such an unparalleled piece of barbarism as poisoning those club pheasants. But where is the remedy? The only thing that I can suggest is careful preparation for such work among the neighboring country people by slyly sending intelligent but common-looking men among them to show them the advantages of the spread of such game through the country, and at the same time they should employ them as much as possible on the place, and by that means come to a better understanding with them. There would, of course, be many escapes from their inclosure, and the whole surrounding country would reap the benefit of their splendid enterprise.

DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Dec. 14.

The British Columbia Wood Pile.

OROVILLE, Okanogan County, Wash., Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game laws are enforced much better over in British Columbia than they are here. The Indians from the lower Okanogan and the Columbia have been in the habit of coming up on the Reservation and hunting every fall. They would camp near the line and occasionally go across the line and kill a few deer that seemed to be slow about crossing to the "Boston" side.

This fall some came and camped near the line and hunted for a week and killed several over on the British side. The police were watching and found where they had killed two deer; but the Indians had got back to the American side. The police got a Chinaman to go to the Indian camp and get the Indians to bring some venison down to Rock Creek on the British Columbia side; then they arrested two and fined them $50, and put them to sawing wood for a month each. That has put a very bad taste in their mouths, and the rest of the tribe have pulled out for home, saying it would be the last time they would hunt across the line.

If they would serve all men on the Reservation who kill game out of season the same way, there would not be any tears shed by

LEW WILMOT.

A Heavy Southern Deer.

NEW BERNE, Dec. 14.—One of the largest buck deer ever killed in this latitude was shot last week on the Foy plantation, near New Berne, by a colored man named Chadwick. The animal weighed 200lbs., and was served as meat at one leading butcher shop in town. Deer seldom run over 125lbs. on the hoof in this section.

Since one of our young sports captured a bear cub out on the macadamized road the other day, this method of hunting is likely to be popularized. The cyclist picked the animal up without dismounting, and succeeded in escaping with his prize, although the old bear pursued, as is usual in such cases.

A party of Pennsylvania railroad officials spent several days out at the Benders' shooting box, near Catfish Lake, below Riverdale, and bagged deer, turkeys, ducks and quail to their satisfaction.

I understand that no less than seven parties have been inquiring about the Bogue Bank hunting grounds below Morehead City, which were advertised in the FOREST AND STREAM, which shows what a remarkable advertising medium it is, and how a good thing is appreciated when it is offered.

C. H.

Books for Holiday Gifts.

THE Forest and Stream Publishing Co. invites attention to its list of works on outdoor life and sport as including many books which are admirably adapted to be given as Christmas or New Year's gifts. Mather's "Men I Have Fished With," Whitehead's "Camp-Fires of the Everglades," Robinson's Danvis books, Grinnell's Indian books the Boone and Crockett Club's series, Kunhardt's "Small Yachts," and the "Supplement" to it—these are some of the volumes which are in subject and examples of fine book making certain to be valued. The list is given on another page. Orders should be sent in such season that they may be filled in time for the holidays.

Maine at the Sportsmen's Show.

THE proposed exhibit of the region around Moosehead Lake and others reached by the Bangor & Aroostook R. R., now being arranged for by Granville M. Gray, may well be looked for with keen interest on the part of visitors to the Sportsmen's Exposition in January at Madison Square Garden. It will be, in fact, nothing more or less than a breeze from the Maine woods, laden with the scent of the pine and fir, and giving one a glimpse of "life as it is lived" by the camper-out. The plans include the transportation to the Garden from Maine of not only a complete outfit for camping—the sportsmen's tent, the fly for a "dining hall," the guides' tent, all put up just exactly as they would be in the heart of the Maine woods—but added attractions will be given the exhibit by the erection in the Garden of a veritable Maine forest in miniature; the trees, the mosses which cover the ground, the occasional moss-covered rocks, the wild creatures half hidden by the shrubbery and "woods" of the background, all will have come from Maine to add interest to this exhibit and make it realistic. Even the half-burned logs which form the dead embers of the camp-fire will have been rescued from the oblivion of some long-forgotten camping place, that the actual scene may be as like to the real spot represented as possible. On a knoll near the tent, resting easily upon the bed of ferns carelessly dropped there for them to rest upon, will be a handsome string of the trout that have made Maine famous, lying just where, in his eagerness to step aside for a moment, the victorious angler has laid them and his tackle as he has brought them from the water.

Guides from the various sections of the territory touched upon will be on hand with maps and other descriptive matter, and, what is far more valuable and entertaining, a great fund of ready "wood yarns" and practical information at their tongues' ends. It is designed, in fact, to make this exhibit as nearly an actual reproduction of a Maine camping scene, where foot of white hunter never trod before, as possible. Mr. Gray is an expert guide, and is practically fitted to arrange such an exhibit from many years spent in the Maine woods as guide and taxidermist.

Cheat Mountain Association.

THE members of the Sportsmen's Association of Cheat Mountain, of Pittsburg, Pa., have nominated the following officers for the ensuing year: W. M. Kennedy, President; U. Baird, W. S. Edwards, Nathaniel Ewing, W. G. Brown and S. B. Elkins, Vice-Presidents; Dr. W. F. Robeson, Secretary; Theodore Sproull, Treasurer; Dr. W. J. Riggs, Naturalist and Surgeon; C. C. Scaife, George Shiras III., H. P. Pears, James H. Stewart, A. P. Tallman, J. M. Bell and M. C. Miller, Directors.

The preserve of the Association is situated in Randolph and Pocahontas counties, West Virginia, and covers 64,000 acres. A fish hatchery has recently been added, and last week 1,500 live trout and 150,000 eggs were turned into the mountain streams. The annual election takes place in January.

Virginia Quail Law.

THE Virginia law of 1896, prescribing a two-years' close time on quail in Virginia, has just been repealed. The general open season on quail runs to Jan. 1, with many special county laws noted in the *Brief* extending it to later dates.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Habitant.

EVERY man who goes to Canada for fishing or shooting is more or less familiar with the Canadian habitant, for he thrives where fishing is found at its best, and to know him even in a slight degree creates a desire to know him better. We know him chiefly as guide and voyageur, faithful, looking to our comforts and safety on portage and rapid; skillful with canoe and versed in woodcraft; honest as the day and innately polite; enduring heat and cold and bearing burdens for us that would tire a pack horse, yet doing it cheerfully; interested in our sport and as pleased as we can be when successful; simple as a child, lightening labor with song; a loyal friend and companion that is left behind each year with regret when we return to town from an outing in the woods and on the waters of the Dominion. It may be Joe Mercier, of the St. Maurice, who forty years and more ago journeyed to the Great Mistassini Lake; or Aimé Beautieu, of the Laurentian, who takes you down the rapids of a big river in a frail canoe in a way to make you think it safe as a house; or Raphael Morace, of the Triton, who can fashion a moose horn or mink trap with dispatch; or Maurice Boirall, of Lake St. John, who knows just where the ouananiche are waiting for your flies; or it may be any one of scores of other members of the race of hardy, faithful men who speak English more or less imperfectly, but who serve you well, good men and true, who if they have any little failings we prefer not to remember them, that all sportsmen, I am sure, desire to become better acquainted with.

Dr. William Henry Drummond, of Montreal, has made this possible not only for those who journey to Canada, but for men and women of all nations; for he brings the habitant to our homes, wherever those homes may be, in his charming book of verse, "The Habitant and Other French-Canadian Poems."

The author has lived among the habitants, fished with them, hunted with them, known them in their home life, and in his big-hearted, kindly way, has come to sympathize with them and appreciate them, all the time absorbing their speech as they convey their meaning to English-speaking people, until he speaks the French-English like one to the manor born. A practicing physician, he has met the habitant in sickness and in health, at home and abroad, and has entered keenly into all that concerns him, and now he has told the world about him in verses that bear the hall mark of the soil in every line, and it has all been a labor of love.

I first heard the author read in his own library "The Wreck of the Julie Plante;" then I heard it recited at a club entertainment, and a little later I heard it sung at another entertainment. Upon each succeeding visit to Montreal Dr. Drummond would fish out of his library table a new habitant poem and read it, as he only can read it, until I began to ask the question: "Why do you not gather the poems together and give them to the public in a book, for you have been plowing in a new field and your harvest should be a generous one, the reading public being quick to appreciate real worth?"

The question has finally been answered and the book of poems is published—homely, true to the life, with never a suspicion of burlesque, the desire being only to represent the French-Canadian habitant as he is. Hundreds of sportsmen will find old friends mentioned by name in the volume, for the author has not been obliged to draw upon his imagination for the names of his characters.

Maxime Labelle tells in the book of his visit to Egypt during the Egyptian war with a band of voyageurs, among them Joe Mercier, and Joe has told me the tale himself as we fished together on Wayagmack, and of the two stories I prefer that told by Maxime.

The illustrations by Mr. Frederick Simpson Coburn are fascinating in their truthfulness and beauty of execution, and taking the book altogether, we feel like saying with the author in the only purely English poem in the volume:

"Oh, Spirit of the Mountain! that speaks to us to-night,
Return again and bring us new dreams of past delight,
And while our heart throbs linger, and till our pulses cease,
We'll worship thee among the hills where flows the Saint Maurice."

Ouananiche Again.

Dr John D. Quackenbos, of New York city, writes me from Soo-Nipi Park Lodge, in New Hampshire, as follows: "Apropos of the discussion in FOREST AND STREAM regarding the pronunciation of ouananiche, I have at the lodge a Montagnais Indian from Lake St. John, whom I have engaged to trap some otters that have made their appearance here, and take in a few mink, foxes, raccoons, etc., to make the ladies furs and rugs. He pronounces the word wonnahn'-ish, accent on second syllable. The first syllable is pronounced exactly as we pronounce one. The second gives the Boston sound to the a, nahn—not the flat Cape Cod sound nan, with a twang, nor the Jersey snap to the a. The last syllable is ish. I have had my Indian pronounce the word over and over, and it is really quite musical. No win-in-ish about it."

A few years ago, at Lake St. John, Mr. Chambers and I interviewed a lot of men—Indians, half-breeds and habitants—in reference to the pronunciation of the word, and one and all pronounced the word in the same way, and that was as Dr. Quackenbos states above, except that the accent was on the last syllable. Pat Cleary had previously told me that that was the correct pronunciation, which was confirmed by Prosper Cleary, his brother, and young Prosper.

I should say that they pronounced it as indicated by Dr. Quackenbos when left to themselves; as, for instance, when pointing to a fish, and asking what it was, they would one and all say won-nahn-ish, as the doctor has expressed it, dwelling a little on the last syllable. But ask them if it was win-in-ish, they would say yes, and pronounce the word as you had done. Vary the pronunciation and ask the question, the reply was always yes, and they would adopt whatever you suggested to them. We talked with from twelve to twenty men that evening to get the correct pronunciation, and, if they had no lead, they would each one pronounce the word as I have given it, and I found this was true afterward at the Island House, and of my own men, but every blessed one of them would change it the moment either Chambers or I would indicate the change. Johnny Morel, one of the oldest of the habitant guides, who was in my canoe, changed the pronunciation six times in as many minutes when I indicated six different pronunciations, for he would say *oui*, and follow my lead, only to resume the universal pronunciation when left to his own devices.

Migrations of Salmon.

It was my good fortune to be a guest of the Camp-Fire Club at their regular monthly dinner in New York city, and to be seated at table between the artist Mr. Harry S. Watson and Dr. Robert T. Morris. The subject for the speakers that evening was: "Where have you been and what did you get?"

Dr. Morris told of his trip the past season to Labrador, and while I do not mean to anticipate anything the doctor may write of it for publication, I desire to say a few words upon what he told me after the dinner. He said that salmon and sea trout (*Stagnales*) run down the Eagle, Paradise, White Bear and North rivers to Sandwich Bay and there remain all winter, not going to sea at all. The bay is thirty miles long and twenty miles wide, with a strata of fresh water overlaying the salt water, and the bay so abounds in fish food that the salmon and trout have no reason to go to sea to seek it. This is but confirmation of what I wrote in this paper a few years ago, when I gave what I had been able to gather in relation to the habits of salmon in salt water. There have been two theories in regard to the movements of salmon after they go to sea: One that all the salmon of all the rivers along a sea coast join in one great body and proceed for some distance until they find, generally in the south, suitable water and food for their winter sojourn. The other, that salmon of each river resort to the sea in the immediate neighborhood of their particular river. The evidence that I was able to gather pointed to the latter theory as being the correct one, and Dr. Morris's observations strengthen it.

In Sandwich Bay the salmon and sea trout are caught through the ice all through the winter, and they remain there, as they find food in abundance; and that is what salmon go to sea for, to recuperate on the rich ocean food from the exhaustion of spawning; as they find the food near the mouth of the river, they seek no further for it, and that would appear to be the extent of their migration in the ocean after leaving the river in which they have spawned.

Turtles on a Set Line.

A Delaware & Hudson R. R. train stopped at Round Lake Station in Saratoga county, and Mr. John Manning, of Troy and Saratoga, who was sitting next me, said: "I often am reminded when I pass this place of coming here when I was a boy, probably not much above twelve years of age. Some friends were camping here on the lake, and I came up from Troy to spend the night in camp with them. There was another camp not far from ours, and members of the party in that camp had put out a set line for eels, as it proved. The next morning we were attracted by the noise of the people in the other camp. Some of them were out in boats and some on the shore, and all were excited over something, so we went down to see what it was all about. The people in the boats were taking up their set line, and on it were a lot of snapping turtles. The short lines from the main line had been baited with minnows, and some of the minnows had been taken by eels and some by turtles. It was estimated that the sixteen or eighteen turtles that they found on their hooks weighed nearly a ton, and the largest one would weigh 85 or 90lbs. Such a time as they had getting the turtles into the boat! It was no wonder that the men made a noise, for I distinctly remember to this day that it was no small matter to get the turtle up to the surface and into the boat, with those on shore and in the boat shouting directions to the men lifting the line. In some instances the turtles had seized the live eels that had taken the minnows, and I recall one big fellow that had a large piece of eel hanging from his mouth, although he was securely hooked."

I have had minnows bitten in two by turtles when on the hook, for they leave a mark on the bait fish that cannot be mistaken; but I have never hooked a turtle, although my friend, the late Judge Ranger, had that experience in Lake George. In the days of the Minnehaha, a steamer that ran down through the lake in the morning and back at night, it was not unusual to take boat and oarsman down the lake in the morning and fish during the day and have the steamer pick you up in midlake on her return trip. This the Judge did one day when the black bass fishing was at its best.

He had not taken any very large bass, something we are all ever fishing for, and it was nearly time for the steamer to be sighted. There was a nibble at his bait and he gave the fish plenty of time, for it seemed to be mouthing the bait as though the fish were very fastidious. Finally the Judge struck, and to his intense surprise he was fast to something huge that he could not move with his light rod, and at this juncture the boat appeared in sight, but several miles down the lake.

Try as he might, he could not raise his prize, whatever it was, from the bottom, and he imagined all sorts of things as being on the hook, for it was his first experience with a turtle, and he had no idea whatever that that was what he had hooked. He thought he had the largest fish in the lake, trout or pike; for he was satisfied that it was too large for a black bass, and that the fish was not yet alarmed, but had simply gorged the bait and resisted by simple avoirdupois all efforts to raise it to the surface. His boatman had the anchor up, and he had mentally calculated how much line he could give the fish, when it made its first rush and the fight actually began. The steamer was drawing nearer, but he had lost all interest in it, for he was ready to put up an all-night fight if necessary to get that fish in his boat and eventually mounted in his office. All the time he was putting on as much pressure as his tackle would stand, and little by little getting his fish up in the direction of the surface, but the rush did not come and the weight was like a sunken log, although it did give evidence of life. When his fish had been lifted up some distance from the bottom he peered into the clear water over the side of the boat and made out the form of a turtle on his hook, and utterly disgusted, he cut his line and told the oarsman to row out and hail the steamer, which he was just in time to do.

A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Illinois Fish Work.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 18.—The FOREST AND STREAM office here was in receipt this week of a little visit from Pres. Nat Cohen and S. R. Bartlett, of the Illinois Fish Commission, who came in with Warden Loveday, of Chicago. These gentlemen say that in all probability the State Commission will by next spring have a brand new boat in commission—a craft something of the dimensions required by the great and growing work of the board, quite outshining the useful and faithful but rather inadequate Lotus. The new boat is designed by Moritz, of Quincy, and will cost about $6,000. She will be a stern-wheeler, 115ft. over all and 26ft. beam, with a full battery of powerful boilers, and fitted up with all the appliances for the work along the coastwise rivers of this State, which has over 1,000 miles of shore line on the Mississippi, Illinois, Wabash and Ohio rivers.

Mr. Bartlett says that there are 10,000 fishermen of the professional class in Illinois, and that last year they snipped 7,250,000lbs. of fish, worth nearly $250,000. It is with pleasure that one observes that of this amount over one-half was composed of that husky foreigner, the German carp.

Mr. Cohen is a hustler, and he gives me the quiet tip that next year he is going to let a large harsh substance fall on the neck of the transgressor in game fish matters. He says he at last has good fishways in at Walden and Kankakee, on the Kankakee River, and that he will restore the circulating medium of that stream. He is especially proud of his new black bass hatchery at Urbana, where he will have stock raised for the eastern portions of the State.

The Florida Fish Congress.

Mr. August Hirth, of A. G. Spalding & Bros., long and well known by the angling community of this section, has received his commission from the Governor as delegate to the Fish Congress of Florida, earlier mentioned, and will leave for the sunny South about the middle of next month. It is likely that two or three others will be sent from this State, besides Commissioner Bartlett, named last week as one of the representatives for this State. It is not certain that the latter will be able to attend, but Mr. Hirth will go, and we could not have a better man to represent the better class of sportsmen and their interests in this part of the North.

Hatchery Sold.

The private trout hatchery of Mr. H. B. Gardner, on the Pine River of Wisconsin, was last week sold to Manager McLeod, of the Wisconsin Telephone Co., of Milwaukee.

E HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Sundown Fishing Club.

THE annual dinner of the Sundown Fishing Club was held in the banqueting room of the Lotos Club, No. 558 Fifth avenue, on the evening of the 15th. The club in question is a very successful one, limited to twenty members, whose preserve and attractive club house is in the town of Neversink, Sullivan county, on the Rondout Creek. The gathering was a most pleasant one, and the dinner a great success.

The following gentlemen were present: Rev. A. P. Van Gieson, President; C. B. Lawrence, Vice-President; J. B. Yale, Secretary; Samuel A. Wood, Treasurer; William J Follett, T. A. Knapp, C. H. Post, R. C. Christopher, R. F Sinclair, Geo. S. Graves, C. H. Tiebout, R. E. Van Gieson and Geo. C. Howe. In addition to the above, the following invited guests were also at the dinner: D. K. de Bexideon, J. M. Woodbridge, George Hitchcock, N. A. McNeil and Dr. Cyrus Edson.

A New Departure in Fishing Rods.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From the present outlook it is reasonably safe to assert that the bass fishing season of 1897 is practically over in this latitude. Not because it is too cold to fish, for the temperature all the autumn has been quite moderate, but because the later rains have swollen the streams so that the fish no longer frequent their favorite haunts, but have gradually dropped down with the rising waters into the deeper hiding places, where they go into a state of suspended activity.

I am led to the conclusion that every year the bass and the trout grow more intelligent and wary, and that the only way we are able to keep pace with their growing acumen is by continually improving the tackle that is devised for their destruction. Years ago the uneducated fish rose greedily at a bit of salt pork suspended by a heavy cord from an uncouth sapling; to-day nothing is effective save a microscopic fly pendant from a leader of drawn gut fastened by means of a slender braided and enameled silk line to an 1897 split-bamboo rod.

And this reminds me that, speaking of improvements in tackle, Toledo, whose inhabitants regard angling as one of the weighty and serious joys of life, is to be credited with one of the most ingenious novelties of the year. Mr. J. M. Kenyon, of our city, an enthusiastic angler and amateur rod maker, has perfected an improvement in split-bamboo and wooden rods which has elicited a great deal of favorable comment. By his process, every joint in the rod, before the guides or rings are attached, is wrapped continuously from end to end with white spool silk, which is afterward treated to several coats of spar varnish rubbed down and polished by the usual methods. When the rod is finished and thoroughly dry the wrapping of silk becomes beautifully transparent, and even the closest scrutiny can hardly detect the windings. In one case, a tip of split-bamboo which had been finished as above mentioned was sent by Mr. Kenyon to a friend in Washington with a description of the process. In return the recipient wrote a polite intimation that the sender of the tip was playing on his friend's credulity—kidding him, as the boys say—and it was only when he had followed instructions to break the tip that he was satisfied it was exactly as represented.

During the past spring and summer Mr. Kenyon has finished up several split-bamboo rods in this style, and they have been borrowed with great assiduity by his friends whenever it has been possible. One in particular that has been a great favorite is a split-bamboo 10ft. long, and weighing a trifle over 7oz., made in only two pieces, which were spliced at the single joint with a waxed cord. These rods present a remarkable combination of elasticity and backbone, and no matter how severe their use (within reason) never take a set. This improvement is applicable also to the three-joint bamboo and to wooden rods, but the latter do not show such good results. A split-bamboo of this description will endure a wonderful amount of hard work without breakage, and yet retain all its vitality unimpaired. A 3lb. bass on such a rod gives a feeling of serene satisfaction that well nigh discounts an approving conscience.

It will be remembered that some months ago FOREST AND STREAM published a letter from a Pennsylvania correspondent, I believe, who described the device of some angler who had wrapped an ordinary cane pole with linen thread, obtaining a very excellent rod by the operation. At that time I clipped the article and directed to it the special attention of Mr. Kenyon, who at that time had already made one or two rods of his pattern. So that it will be seen Toledo is by no means a mere imitator.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 16.

Yachting.

WE note the growing use of the term "race committee" to replace the old one of "regatta committee," and commend it to those clubs which have not yet made the change. There was a time when the latter term was strictly appropriate, the principal racing functions of a club being set regattas for the fleet at infrequent intervals. Save in the case of a few of the great non-racing clubs, such as the New York Y. C., this solitary annual function of a formal "regatta" is obsolete; a regular series of races is sailed through the season, and the "annual" is but one of many instead of the sole event of the year. The duty of a modern committee is not to figure at one "regatta," but to plan and carry out an extended series of yacht races of all kinds through the season, and the term "race committee" is in every way preferable to "regatta committee." Similarly the term "race" is quite as expressive, and in most cases even more accurate than "regatta," and may well be universally adopted. The modern "race," as managed to-day in all racing yacht clubs, with its exact system of rules, is quite a different affair from the old "regatta" on the go-as-you-please plan, an odd lot of big yachts of all sizes and rigs mixed together.

Another new term is that of "racing measurement," just adopted by the Sound Y. R. A., in place of "racing length," as being on the whole more exact and definite. As applied to a rule in which both length and sail are joint factors, it serves to distinguish it more thoroughly from the various length rules in which length alone is used.

One-Design Classes.

THE general outlook in yachting for the coming year is anything but encouraging; there is no prospect of a match for the America's cup; no schooners are building to meet Colonia; the proposed new 51ft. class has been abandoned, and the best that can be hoped for in the large classes is a continuation of the uninteresting procession of Colonia, Queen Mab, Wasp and Syce. While an international match is still possible, and there is yet time for the building of new yachts before the season opens, there are no reasons to believe that a challenge will be made and accepted, or that any serious efforts will be made to strengthen the larger classes. In the smaller classes a match is already assured for the Seawanhaka Cup, and one is quite possible for the Canada Cup; but both of these will be sailed on fresh and not salt water. That there will be any racing at all is due, not to the wise and far-sighted legislation and judicious encouragement of desirable classes by the great yacht clubs, but rather to the current *furore* for an imported fad, the "one-design" class; thanks to this, the indications are that the season of 1898 will be a notable one from the amount of small yacht racing and the general and popular interest in the sport.

Whether or no one-design classes are either necessary or desirable in theory is a question that may well be deferred for some years at least; as matters have been in yachting and are likely to continue, the one-design class offers the only practical solution of a very difficult problem. A look at the measurement question in all countries and among all classes of yachtsmen shows a general condition of confusion and uncertainty, such as was so painfully evident at the recent meeting of the special committee of the British Y. R. A. for the revision of the rule in the small classes, eight of the committee voting for the proposed change after long consideration, and another eight against it; no action being taken by the Association in the end. Thus far there are few indications of the possibility of an agreement among yachtsmen on a formula designed to restrict extreme features or on salutary limitations of construction; nor is there even a certainty that if really good legislation were possible in both details, any general revival of building and racing would follow.

In this condion of affairs, the one-design class, with its arbitrary restriction of dimensions, details of design and construction carried to an extreme, offers to yachtsmen the only hope of continued racing. Examples of the one-design idea are found in all sizes from the special Newport 30ft. class down to classes of racing dinghies and dories, all types being represented. We have within the past two years published many designs of keel, fin-keel and centerboard craft, from the extreme racer to the veritable cruiser, that have been utilized as the basis for such classes.

Though essentially English in its origin, such classes being found everywhere in British waters, the idea has now taken root in this country, and especially about New York. The Seawanhaka fleet, with the extra boats lately ordered, will number about thirty-five, the American Y. C. 25ft. fleet will number about fifteen, and now a still larger size, of cruising schooner, is proposed for the Sound. The largest class yet proposed, the 51ft., has failed of realization, but not on its merits; and unless some radical change of rules is made, it is only through a one-design class, or its parallel in a strongly restricted class, that any building can be looked for in the classes above 42ft. R. M.

Thanks to this new idea, there is a fair prospect of racing next season about the Sound, and of a continuance of the sport for a couple of seasons more before the mere novelty of the one-design idea has worn off and the craft thus built are left to live or not, according to their intrinsic merits. It is to be hoped that by this time yachtsmen will be prepared to begin the new century with an improved rule of measurement that will produce a useful and serviceable racing yacht in the regular classes.

Apart from the immediate aid thus afforded to yachting by the one-design idea, it promises to be most useful in another way in developing yacht racing in remote and isolated localities. There are numerous stretches of water throughout the country, in convenient proximity to cities, and in every way available for yacht racing, that thus far have not been brought into use for that purpose. In many cases there are no boats at all, in others a small mixed fleet. Where such a fleet exists, its very nature is often such as to bar all attempts at regular yacht racing. It numbers perhaps one cabin sloop of 30ft., a couple of Cape cats of different sizes, about 20ft.; a few old sandbaggers, some cat and some jib-and-mainsail rig; a St. Lawrence River skiff, a Barnegat sneakbox, perhaps a canoe or two, and a rowboat of the Whitehall model with a sail. Such a collection will be readily recognized as representative of the little fleets that nestle in odd nooks and bays along the Sound, the Hudson, the Delaware, and numerous other places throughout the country. The vested interests back of such a marine agglomeration are a permanent bar to the establishment of racing in their locality; one attempt to race the fleet under any possible system of measurement, or even an arbitrary handicap, is quite enough to satisfy the bold man who makes it, and also to set the entire lot of owners by the ears.

In such a locality as this, as well as in one where there are as yet no yachts nor yachting, the one-design idea is specially applicable. It is only necessary that those interested in yachting and racing, though but half a dozen in number, should get together and agree on a standard design to be built to by all alike, with positively no difference whatever in the boats, to be kept in the same condition as nearly as practicable, and raced regularly under stringent regulations and some standard racing rules.

In regard to the design, there are two important points: in the first place, the boat must be directly adapted to the locality in which it is to be used and the general requirements of the members: in the second, the cost must be kept within a reasonable, sometimes within a very low figure. It is impossible to give any exact idea of cost, but it may be said in a general way that a satisfactory craft of even the smallest size can hardly be had under $200 for complete racing equipment, and the attempt to reduce the cost to one-half or one-quarter of this sum is likely to result in complete failure. The cost varies greatly in different localities; we have seen a very good 16ft. sailing skiff—a very good boat for a one-design class on a small bay or lake—turned out as low as $75 in Canada; but this represents an extreme figure; in the States the cost would be considerably higher, and in any case there are certain items which will add to the cost. If a good stock design can be had of a builder, as was the case in the boat just mentioned, the cost of a design is saved; but as a rule it will pay in the end to secure a special design from a designer who will take the trouble to familiarize himself closely with the special conditions of the case and to turn out the best possible craft to meet them. This alone may avoid a failure through the selection of the wrong type of boat. The designer's fee must in this case be divided among the different owners, but this is nearly or quite offset by the careful planning of a special construction for the fleet that will give lighter, better and cheaper boats than if this art of the work were left to the builder.

The questions of size and type are important ones, to be determined by the amount which the owners are willing to pay and the waters on which the yachts or boats are to be used. In the face of the notable success of the Kingstown Water Wag class, of but 13ft. length, it will hardly do to say that this size is too small, and a 14ft. sailing dinghy, as described in the FOREST AND STREAM and in the "Supplement to Small Yachts," has proved a very handy boat; but in most cases it will hardly pay to go below 15ft. l.w.l., unless for very small bodies of water. Where even occasional rough water is to be considered, a boat of 15ft. l.w.l. will be found sufficiently safer, faster and more comfortable than one of but 18ft. Of course, the model must be considered in making such a comparison; a broad and full dinghy of but 13ft. may be abler than a canoe of 15ft. The depth of water at the anchorage, as well as over the course, and the general sailing waters accessible within a few miles, will probably settle the question of centerboard and keel; if the latter be chosen, there comes up the question of fin-keel or full S section. As to speed, it is not absolutely essential that the boats shall be very fast for their length; it is presumed that they will only race together, and that they will not be called upon to meet the fastest possible construction of racing machine. At the same time it is absolutely necessary that they shall not be tubs, sluggish and ill-balanced, but smart, lively little craft, moving off easily, always under control and quick in stays. It is quite possible to attain this much, and it is a good deal, even though the boats may not be of the fastest of their measurement. As racing is presumably the first purpose in view, at least such speed as comes from harmonious proportions, good form, moderately light construction and neat rig must be had; but after this the boats must in most cases serve one or more other purposes. They may be needed for afternoon sailing with three or four aboard, for fishing, or for Saturday cruises. The racing features must be developed to just such a point as will hold the class strongly together and keep up the interest in it, as only racing can do; beyond this, the more generally useful the boats are for cruising, fishing, pleasure sailing, etc., the better for their individual owners.

It will be seen, from this point of view, that much depends upon the selection of the right boat for a certain locality; and that a model which answers perfectly for one place may prove a failure in another where the conditions are quite different.

It may, after all, if the necessary amateur skill is not at hand, actually save money to employ a competent designer to get up a special design.

As to practical methods in organizing such a class, the first step is for the few directly interested to meet and consider about what can be done, how much can be paid for the boats and what general dimensions and type are most desirable. The many designs published in the FOREST AND STREAM will serve to show what there is to select from. After sufficient study of the subject to give a definite plan of dimensions, type and cost, a meeting of the club or of the yachting men from the locality, in the event of there being no club, may be called; the proposed plan will be laid before it and discussed and a committee of three or five appointed, to consult with designers or builders as to exact plans and prices.

After suitable plans have been adopted, in accordance with the general wishes of the proposed owners, all of these may be asked to enroll themselves as members of the class, and a formal set of rules for the class may be drawn up and signed by each member.

It is not necessary that the class should be strictly one-design; in some cases better results can be obtained by leaving the owners free to secure designs where they will, merely complying with the general restrictions of the class. These, however, must be very rigidly drawn to prevent that evasion which is almost certain to occur in time if the racing proves successful. The one-design idea, however, has one very great advantage in that it lessens the cost of building materially.

After the final plans and estimates have been approved, the contract for a certain number of craft will be made, usually as a matter of course with some one builder who will go to special expense in the preparation of his moulds and patterns for the whole number, thus minimizing the cost. It is the practice, in such a case, to select the boats by lot, each being given a number as it is wrought into shape and the owners drawing for her when partly completed. Sometimes special arrangements are made for a more elaborate finish or minor changes of plan; but the nearer the boats are to absolute identity in hull and rig, the better sport may be expected. It is the custom also to give a generic name to the class, as Water Wag, Colleen, Droleen, Red Wing, etc.; this name sometimes being selected so as to allow of a series of names for the boats, as of birds, sea fishes, etc.

Where no club exists, it is absolutely necessary that some form of organization be entered into by the members of the class, and also that a committee be appointed to look after the general management of the class, the framing of rules, consideration of plans, contracts, etc., this committee to continue permanently. Even in the case of a club, or of several clubs acting together in a locality, such a class committee will be found almost essential.

In the case of a club or clubs, the regular race committee will naturally attend to the racing of the special class with its other duties; but where no club exists, or where one is organized from the owners of such a limited class, in addition to the class committee, composed mainly of owners, there should be a race committee of three or five, composed exclusively of non-owners, disinterested parties, who will have entire charge of the racing, selecting dates, making all arrangements and managing each race as it comes off. This race committee should, if possible, be entirely distinct from the class owners; but of course it must be composed of experienced yachtsmen.

One important feature of such class racing is the continuous record of each boat for the entire season, coupled with a system of prizes that will induce general and continued competition. It is never desirable to give too many or indiscriminate prizes, but in the case of a one-design or restricted class of a dozen boats a variety of prizes is possible. The first boat over the line in each race (of course there will be a one-gun start and no time allowance) should always have an individual prize for that win, with second prize possibly for five starters, and third for seven. The positions in each race should be recorded by one of the merit systems, and prizes given at the end of the season for the first three or four boats on the list. An individual prize may be given to the owner who makes the most starts in a season, another to the helmsman who has the best record, to the crew of the boat with the season's record, etc. The great thing is to stimulate competition, and to keep alive the interest of even those who fail to win direct prizes in the early races, and by degrees drop out.

We have already published the rules and conditions of different limited classes, but the following, recently adopted by the Dublin Bay Sailing Club, show the general nature of such rules. The Colleens mentioned were illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 1, 1897.

The hon. secretary, Mr. P. O'Connor-Glynn, proposed, and Mr. J. Lamont-Brown seconded: "That the A Class, which shall be known by the distinctive name of 'Dublin Bay 25-footers,' be one-design, deep-keeled boats, cutter-rigged, and with the following dimensions: Length over all, 37ft. 3in.; length on l.w.l., 25ft.; beam, 8ft. 8in.; draft, 6ft. 3in.; lead on keel, 3 tons 5cwt., and sail area, 845sq. ft., divided into mainsail—which shall be laced at foot, and may have three battens—topsail, foresail and jib. The following sails may also be used: Second jib, jibtopsail, balloon foresail, spinaker, storm jib and trysail." This was passed without dissent. The design of the new class was handed round for inspection, the hon. secretary stating that it had been prepared by Fife. It showed a boat very similar to the No. 1 Belfast class which has attracted so much attention this year, with the exception that there was more hollow in the bilges, lessening the displacement by about 5cwt. The design met with universal approval, and it was the unanimous expression of those present that the class would be very successful.

The following conditions applicable to the class were next proposed and carried:

(*a*) That this type of boat shall not be altered for at least five years from Jan. 1, 1898, and during that period shall constitute the A Class.

(*b*) The boats, masts, spars, sails, etc., shall be exactly alike, both as to size, material and construction, and to be built in accordance with drawings and specification marked G.A. and G.B. respectively, which shall be deposited with the hon. secretary. And no boat shall be built without a payment of a fee of three guineas to the club, for the use of the design and specification.

(*c*) Each boat's L.W.L. length shall be marked by the builders, but the official length of the Y. R. A. rating and Y. R. A. certificate shall not be compulsory for racing in this class.

(*d*) Any owner wishing to add or substitute internal fittings to those supplied in the pattern design may do so, but subject to the marks, as mentioned in condition (*c*), remaining unsubmerged when stores are on board. The gear and all stores and fittings which are common to all boats of the class shall be carried in the race.

(*e*) No structural alteration of any kind shall be permitted, and any structural repair due to accident or otherwise must be made or sanctioned under the direction of the committee.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 516.]

THE ONONDAGA ASSOCIATION.

"To the Honorable Board of Commissioners of Fish, Game and Forests of the State of New York:

"Gentlemen: At a recent meeting of the Anglers' Association of Onondaga, of Syracuse, N. Y., it was resolved, and the secretary was directed, to make a report to your honorable board of its work during the year ending Sept. 30, 1897. The Association has received so many courtesies from members of your board, and so many favors of encouragement and assistance at your hands as a commission, that we are constrained to believe such a report will be of interest to you; and it certainly is due that we should report to you the uses to which we have put the substantial aid that you have given us in shipments of fish and fry for the waters of this territory, and to gratefully acknowledge the favors we have received from your board.

"In making such a report it may not be amiss to relate briefly the history of our Association. It was organized in 1890, chiefly through the efforts of the late John N. Babcock, than whom no truer gentleman or sportsman, nor one more devotedly attached to the cause of fish protection, ever lived. The first name signed to the articles of association was that of the late Hon. Thomas G. Alvord, a man known throughout the country as a true sportsman, and honored as a faithful servant of his State. These and about thirty others, prominent as business men and sportsmen in this vicinity, were the charter members of an organization that has since grown to a membership of almost 300, and comprises some of the foremost citizens and best known business and professional men and sportsmen in Syracuse and its vicinity.

"The officers of the Association are a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer and an executive board of six members, all of whom serve without compensation. The first president of the Association was R. W. Jones, who served in that capacity three successive years, when he retired voluntarily and was succeeded by Gen. Dwight H. Bruce, who has been re-elected each year to the present time.

"The purposes of the Association were the protection and preservation of game fish in the waters of Onondaga county, and the enforcement of the laws pertaining thereto. Since the time of its organization, however, its scope has broadened, and the Association is now working not only for the protection of game fish, but for the propagation and protection of food fish as well. More than this, we have striven for the enactment of better game laws, and in opposition to laws detrimental to the cause, which have at times threatened to deface the pages of our statute books. Above all, we have tried in all that we have done to educate public thought and sentiment to a better understanding of the cause of fish protection and to lead the large majority that has opposed it to see that in permitting the destruction of our food and game fish the people are losing forever one of the most bountiful sources of food supply, and one of the greatest blessings to mankind that an all-wise Providence has bestowed upon us.

"Our efforts have been to benefit not alone the angler and the sportsman, but all people and all classes. Our aim and our desire is that the laboring man as well as the sportsman may be encouraged, in the cessation of his toil, to spend his leisure hours in a pure and healthful recreation by the hope of a fair reward for his time and skill; that the people may be induced to indulge more generally in a pastime that will benefit their mental and moral as well as their physical being; that they may come in contact with nature in her most attractive form and learn to see her smiles in sunny skies, her frowns in the gathering of the storm; to hear her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream, her laughter in the babbling of the brooks.

"We desire above all that the people, not of one class, but of all classes, especially the poor, may have forever within their reach a source of food supply that may serve them in the exigencies of financial reverses, and the hardships that accrue from industrial depression and the scarcity of wage-producing occupations. To these ends our Association has devoted its time, its energies and its money, and the knowledge that our efforts have been crowned with much success, and that public opinion in this vicinity is rapidly forming in our favor, is a sufficient reward for our labor.

"One of the first acts of our Association was to employ a protector to patrol and guard, as far as possible, the public waters of this county, and, with the exception of a short period in each winter, we have kept a protector at work from the date of our organization down to the present time. We are, we believe, the only private association in the State, if not the United States, that employs and pays a protector for public waters. During the first three years of our existence the salary of the protector, as well as his expenses and other expenditures of the Association, were paid from the annual dues and voluntary contributions of our members. About four years ago application was made to the Board of Supervisors of Onondaga county for financial assistance. This application was granted, and since then, with the exception of one year, appropriations varying from $300 to $500 have been made to aid us in paying the expenses of the protector.

"About this time also a series of semi-annual outings was instituted. These outings are participated in by the members of the Association, who individually pay their own expenses, and in addition thereto an entrance fee, which is turned into the treasury of the Association.

"From the inception of our organization individual members have made application for and have received from your board quantities of young fish and fry, which they have planted in the public waters in this vicinity. It is only during the past two years, however, that the Association has taken up the matter and engaged systematically in the work of restocking our lakes and streams. The species and quantities of fish received, and the waters in which they have been planted, are shown in the following statement: 625,000 pike fry, planted in Oneida River; 500,000 pike fry, planted in Seneca River; 1,000 yearling trout, planted in Onondaga Creek; 1,000 Oswego bass fry, planted in Oneida River. A total of 1,626,000 fry and 1,000 yearling fish have been placed in public waters in this county.

"It is the intention of the Association, with the assistance and co-operation of your board, to continue this work during coming seasons until all the waters of this vicinity are thoroughly restocked with game and food fish.

"The work of our protector, who holds a commission from your board as a State officer, will be presented to you in a separate detailed report. A summary of his work for the year ending Sept. 30, 1897, is as follows: Number of miles traveled, 25,270; gill nets captured 21, value $146; fyke nets captured 19, value $143; trap nets captured 1, value $35; flat nets captured 1, value $5; seines captured 1, value $75; spears captured 8, value $12; total devices captured 51, value $416; number of arrests 9; convictions, 3; cases pending, 4.

"The above summary for the past year is a fair example of the work of our protectors during each of the former years of our existence, and a criterion for the future.

"In the prosecution of our work we have recived aid and encouragement from many sources, and we desire to make acknowledgment of it here. We wish to thank your honorable board for fish and fry, as well as for courtesies and encouragement; the honorable Board of Supervisors of Onondaga county for financial aid; the press of this city for universal kind treatment and many favorable notices; the Chamber of Commerce of this city for the use of its rooms; the business men and merchants of Syracuse, who have contributed generously to the interest and success of our outings, and Hendrick H. Holden, of this city, member of your board and fellow member of our Association, for many courtesies to our Association and to its individual members.

"If, in the judgment of your board, the publication of this report will benefit the cause of fish protection by promoting the formation of clubs and associations of a similar nature in other localities, we shall be glad to see it given such publicity as you may deem best.

"We remain, very respectfully,

"The Anglers' Association of Onondaga."

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Shadow's tale of the squirrel tail in Forest and Stream of Oct. 23 recalls to my mind a little fun that an elder brother and myself had on Little Buffalo Creek in Perry county, Pa., ever so many years agone. My mother owned a strip of woodland on the side of the creek next to the land of a man named Strauser. Our fences joined his, and we were constantly missing the top rails, and wood out of the woods would mysteriously disappear, and the Dutchman and his tricks were always in evidence, so much so that we concluded we would even things up if possible by a practical joke.

One day that fall we killed a fine large gray squirrel, and stuffed the skin with sawdust, and at night took it over as near the Dutchman's house as we dared, and tied it securely up among the branches of a large oak. The next morning one of us boys had an errand across the creek, and passing along noticed the gray squirrel in the oak, and informed the Dutchman and his son Ike. They at once got their guns, and the way they gave it to that squirrel skin with powder and shot would have been a caution to Davy Crockett or to Shadow.

They poured hot shot into that hide until it was like a sieve, and the sawdust began to fall in their eyes, when it flashed upon them they'd been sold. The Dutch oaths uttered by father and son weren't equaled by the army in Flanders. To get even with us, however, the old man sent over to our house to borrow some ammunition, but we were conveniently short just then, and they were beaten on all sides. It was a scurvy trick, we knew, but it "kinder sorter" evened up things, and the Dutchman ceased to trouble us forevermore. James H. Ferguson.

Charlottesville, Va.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on he bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirab'e

IN THE MATTER OF GEARS.

Pertaining to the wheel, there are few subjects so mystifying as that of gears. To the average wheelman or wheelwoman, the fact that a wheel may be a 68 or 80, or any other gear, contains no definite idea of what quailties the different gears have one compared with another, or what the properties of the gear are within itself. There is no suggestion of a unit as a starting point, nor anything in the practical workings of the wheel to warrant other than a vague conclusion. The sum total of average knowledge on the subject is that the higher-geared wheels have larger sprocket wheels and that more force is required to pedal them, although slower pedaling on them gives higher speed than it would in the lower-geared wheels.

Small wonder is it that the matter of gears is so mystifying, since the unit of measure is in the old style of wheel, the "ordinary," and is simply the diameter of the front wheel of that now ancient vehicle. The length of a rider's legs was a prime factor in determining the size of wheel that he could ride. The crank, axle and wheel worked together on the same principle that turning the crank of a grindstone turns the stone also; therefore every time the rider turned the pedal once the large wheel of the "ordinary" turned once also. This wheel on an average was 52in. in diameter, although it varied a great deal as used by individuals, it being greater or less, accordingly as men's legs were longer or shorter. Thus whether the wheel was large or small one revolution of the crank accomplished one revolution of the wheel.

When the "ordinary" was superseded by the safety, the old unit of measure, which was quite appropriate to the former, was retained and applied to the latter, to which it was not appropriate at all. One revolution of the crank on an 80-gear safety corresponds to one revolution of the larger wheel of an ordinary 80in. in diameter. The 118-gear, ridden by that prince of riders, "Jimmy" Michael, would correspond to a wheel 9ft. 10in. in diameter, of the "ordinary" type. As a unit based on the old "ordinary" it is absurd, since no one could ride an "ordinary" of 10 or 12ft. in diameter; and it is further absurd to apply a unit of measurement to a mechanism to which the unit is but remotely related.

Therefore the gear of a safety denotes that it corresponds to the front wheel of an "ordinary" whose diameter in inches is the same as the gear. And yet there is a relation between gear and diameter in that one revolution of the pedal of a safety—as an 80-gear, for instance, covers the same distance in results as a wheel 80in. in diameter. This is accomplished by a simple and well-known mechanical device. Two wheels, called sprocket wheels, are connected by a chain which travels around their circumference and transmits motion as does a belt when similarly used in various kinds of machinery. Now, if one sprocket wheel is three times greater in circumference than the other, the lesser wheel will have to revolve three times to the greater one's once. Thus, if the sprocket wheel on which the pedal acts has twenty teeth, and the smaller wheel has seven teeth, the latter must needs turn two and six-sevenths times to the larger wheel's once, and as the smaller wheel is firmly fixed to the axis of the rear wheel, the latter also makes two and six-sevenths revolutions every time the larger sprocket revolves once. As the pedal revolves with the big sprocket and the rear wheel revolves with the small sprocket, it follows that one revolution of the pedal causes two and six-sevenths revolutions of the rear wheel. If the wheel is 28in. in diameter we multiply the diameter by two and six-sevenths, which gives us 80 for a product, which is considered the equivalent of a wheel 80in. in diameter.

Dividing the number of teeth in the large sprocket wheel by the number of teeth in the smaller determines how many times the rear wheel revolves at one revolution of the pedal and what distance it travels; then the quotient multiplied by 28 determines the diameter of a single wheel which will cover the same distance in one revolution. Thus gear and diameter have practically the same meaning.

The higher the gear, the greater the power required to drive it. The crank is simply a lever, the point of which is at its axle; the teeth of the large sprocket wheel is the fulcrum, and the pedal is where the force is applied. The nearer the fulcrum is to the end of the lever, where the force is applied, the more power is there then required to overcome the resistance. A low gear gains in power, but loses in speed; a high gear loses in power, but gains in speed, following the law of the lever, as anyone can readily perceive by recalling the laws of dynamics so trying to our understanding in school days.

The power and physical form of individuals differ greatly, to say nothing of the differences in endurance, temperament, purpose, etc. The gear for the individual will therefore be largely a matter for settlement on a personal basis. One selects a gear according to his powers and according to the circumstances attending its use; that is, if he selects wisely. The probabilities are, that he will select a gear several degrees beyond his abilities to drive properly and with becoming ease; and as to the circumstances of whether the country is hilly or level, the roads good or bad, etc., he selects the gear first and considers the circumstances afterward.

The longer the crank, that is, the lever, the greater the power derived from the force applied, hence a rider should aim to have as long a crank as is consistent with his length of leg, and with the crank's function as a part of the mechanism.

The method of determining the gear of a wheel has been given above, but it can only be applied to such wheels as have the gearing in sight; or at least those with inclosed gearing could only be gotten at by a great deal of trouble. A ready and accurate way to determine the gear is to mark the exact distance that the wheel travels in one complete revolution of the crank. This can be readily done by placing the cranks perpendicular, then marking a spot on the floor in a line directly under one of the pedals. The wheel is then moved forward till the pedal makes one complete revolution, and another mark is made on the floor under it. The distance is measured in inches, and it is then considered the circumference of one wheel, let us say the big front wheel of the "ordinary." It is necessary to find the diameter of this single wheel, therefore its circumference is divided by 3.14159, and the quotient is the diameter of the "ordinary" in inches, and the gear of the safety.

The table herewith appended will enable to reader to readily determine the distance covered by the wheel in one revolution of the pedals, the gear being known; or, conversely, the distance being known, the gear can be determined. Sixty gear, 15.70ft.; 61, 15.97ft.; 62, 16.23ft.; 63, 16.49ft.; 64, 16 75ft.; 65, 17 01ft.; 66, 17.28ft.; 67, 17 54ft.; 68, 17 80ft.; 69, 18 06ft; 70, 18.32ft.; 71, 18 59ft; 72 18.85ft; 73, 19.11ft.; 74, 19.37ft.; 75, 19.63ft.; 76, 19.89ft.; 77, 20.16ft.; 78, 20.42ft.; 79, 20 68ft.; 80, 20.94ft.; 81, 21 20ft.; 82, 21.47ft; 83, 21 73ft.; 84, 21.99ft.; 85, 22.25ft.; 86, 22.51ft.; 87, 22.77ft.; 88, 23 04ft.; 89, 23 30ft.; 90, 23.56ft.; 92, 24 08ft.; 94, 24.61ft.; 96, 25.13ft.; 98, 25.65ft.; and 100 gear, 28 18ft. The largest gear in the world is said to be one built by the Ariel Cycle Co., Goshen, Ind. It is geared to 260in., and is ridden by H. Lyons, Elkhart, Ind This would be equal to an "ordinary" 21ft. and 8in. in diameter. Anyone having access to a work containing engineering formulæ can readily find all diameters and circumferences of circles within such limits as are practical.

WHEELING NOTES.

The L. A. W. has done a most beneficent work in placing large signs in dangerous places to warn wheelmen of them in time. They read in most instances as follows: "The danger sign. To cyclists: Ride with caution." These signs are furnished to individual wheelmen or organizations of wheelmen who have use for them. No one who has started down an innocent-looking hill and slowed up on noticing such sign but will feel grateful at finding at some place on the hill a serious danger, which is avoided as a result of the warning. Whenever the rider sees such sign he should make an invariable rule to heed it.

The construction of a special bicycle path over the Brooklyn Bridge is earnestly engaging the attention of the Bridge Co.'s engineers. The contemplated occupation of the driveways by the trolley cars makes a cycle path a necessity. One plan is for an asphalt path; another is for a path of an aerial nature.

A new thing in bells for 1898 will be the stamp of the L. A. W. on bells of superior excellence for the use of L. A. W. members.

If the rider should see a gold brick lying ahead in the road, it is the wiser course to turn to the right.

The 100,000 mark of the L. A. W., so long a point to strive for, has been passed so rapidly, notwithstanding so many losses from withdrawals, that the next effort should be to reach 200,000.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1898.

Jan. 5.—Wilmington Kennel Club's show, Wilmington, Del. E W Jester, Sec'y.

Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show, Boston. James L. Little, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—Butterly Bench Show Association's show, Grand Rapids, Mich. Miss Grace H Griswold. Sec'y.

Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show, New York. G. de F. Grant, Sec'y.

——.—St Louis Kennel Club's third annual show, St. Louis, Mo. Wm. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss. W. S. Bell. Sec'y.

Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal. J. M Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 24.—Champion Field Trial Association's Champion Stake, Tupelo, Miss. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 7. Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala. H. K. Milner, Sec'y.

DOGS AS DRAFT ANIMALS.—II.

MR. H. C. MORRIS, Consul at Ghent, reports as follows:

In this western portion of Belgium, including the two Flanders, the dog has been employed "beyond the memory of man" as a beast of burden. Everywhere in the city and country he may be seen employed in what may be generally described as small teaming. He is a characteristic feature of life, and to the Fleming abroad there is always something missing—his familiar servant, the dog. For this existence and employment of the dog there are several good and evident reasons. The dog himself, his strength and endurance, are the principal factors; the conformation of the country in which he lives and works, the limited resources of his master, as well as the economy and facility of his maintenance, are secondary considerations.

The Belgian Dog.—There are all kinds and conditions of dogs at service in Belgium; there are large, medium and small dogs, strong and weak dogs, smooth-coated as well as shaggy dogs. It makes little difference to the Fleming what his dog may be, whether he be fitted for service or not, if the master needs his labor, he harnesses him to a cart and puts him to work. For this single reason there are very few lazy dogs in this country. There is such a diversity of variety and breed as to be bewildering when we undertake to describe what dogs are employed as draft animals in this country. There is, however, a type of dog peculiarly fitted for toil which is only found in Belgium and Holland. To this breed therefore special attention will be given. All the other kinds which may happen to be pressed into the ranks of the toilers may be properly considered as mongrels or half-breeds, and without any right to recognition as draft animals.

The Belgian dog—the breed being known only by this name—is a large, compactly-built animal. When standing he measures in height from 20 to 30in.; the hair is smooth and short, generally tan or dark-brown. Both his tail and ears are cut short, the former because it is believed that the strength which would otherwise center into this extremity is retained in the spinal column and haunches, and the latter in order to prevent the constant flapping of the naturally long ears, which would be a great inconvenience and hindrance to their work when annoyed by flies.

Strength.—This specimen of dog has been employed in Flanders for years unnumbered. These dogs are seldom harnessed single, but are usually driven two, three, four, five, or even six abreast. Five or six of such animals can easily draw a load of 600 or 800lbs. for a considerable distance and during several consecutive hours. The level plains of western Belgium and Holland are especially suitable for the employment of dogs for hauling purposes. While in mountainous regions they are not practicable for heavy loads, still even in slightly rolling country they are able to outdistance horses for long hauls. For example, the distance between Ghent and Brussels is thirty-four miles; ordinary horses require four hours to cover it, while a team of dogs will easily go over the ground in three hours without any apparent fatigue. A good team of two to four dogs will haul a peddler's load from 5 A. M. to 8 P. M., with only such short intervals of rest as they may obtain during the sale of goods.

The Belgian dog may be put to work when about a year old and can be employed daily during eight or nine years. He generally lives to be ten or eleven years of age. After death the skin is still of value for tanning purposes.

Training and Cost.—The training of these animals is very simple. It is customary to fasten the young dog, when about six months of age, alongside of experienced dogs and without giving him any load to draw, thus to teach him to run in harness. The prices of the dogs vary. Young ordinary dogs sell for about $6 to $7; a good specimen between one and three years of age brings $10 to $12, while a very fine animal will command $15. The number of dogs employed as draft animals in Belgium is very considerable, but exact statistics on this subject are not obtainable. According to the police registers of Ghent, 2,037 dogs are licensed for hauling in this city. These animals are exempt from the $2 tax imposed on pet house dogs, which number 3,775 in this city of 160,000 inhabitants. Notwithstanding the great number of these animals employed, there is an absolute and entire lack of statistics or literature on this subject, so far as I can learn, not a single published book relative thereto existing.

Breed.—Properly speaking, there is no organized trade in these animals anywhere in Belgium; dog markets are held, but the only people who frequent them are small farmers or merchants who may have an extra dog not necessary for their business which they wish to sell. There are no persons who make a specialty of breeding, raising and selling dogs used for hauling purposes. When anybody has a dog to sell, he generally informs his neighbors, and then, if any of them happen to need such an animal, he bargains directly for it. On this account the breed is not improving. There are no efforts to this end, and in all probability, by the haphazard crossing with other breeds, it is more likely degenerating. A dog seller informs me that in this respect improvement could be made, as, if there were a systematic and scientific crossing of the Belgian dog with the Ulm dog or Great Dane, he believes a very materially better breed would be obtained. Such efforts, however, have never been made in this country, as the market price of dogs does not justify the expense. It is chiefly because of their cheapness that the Belgian dogs have never attracted much attention or study.

Food and Care.—Their food and maintenance are trifling items of expense. One large dog can subsist on the kitchen waste of a household of five or six persons. Properly speaking, daily meat is indispensable, but very few of these Belgian animals get it. They should have daily 1lb. of meat—horse meat will answer; if they receive that much in a week they are lucky. In the country districts the dog's food is exclusively milk, bread and vegetables, but still he seems to be healthy, and to thrive on it. If specially purchased the food of five or six dogs will average 6 or 7 cents apiece per day. The care and attention required are slight. At night the dog must be given a good kennel, full of straw, and left unchained. Incidentally it may also be mentioned that, notwithstanding his long day's work, he is an excellent watch-dog. It should be noted that his feet never need attention, and that he is likewise proof against all kinds of weather, supporting equally well the extremes of heat and cold. Any casual observer will, upon reflection, be convinced that, in view of his generally hard treatment, the Belgian dog of burden is a patient, long-suffering animal. The French indeed, well express this condition of servitude by their proverb, "I would not be a dog in Belgium."

Wagons and Harness.—Very little of interest can be said of the wagons and harness employed. Two-wheeled low carts are preferably used. They should be as light as possible, and when loaded so balanced on the axle as to be almost in a state of equilibrium, thus relieving the back of the dog from all possible weight. Wagons or carts without shafts for this reason are the best, as then the dog is free to move around and lie down when halting. The carts in ordinary use weigh 100 to 120lbs. They cost $8 to $12. The harness is a horse's equipment in miniature. Even when driven several abreast each dog should have separate harness, as he is then in less restraint. The only peculiarity, if it may be so called, is that the pad or saddle placed on the back is relatively much thicker and stronger than in the harness for a horse. A good dog's harness made of leather costs from $1.25 to $2. There are indeed special manufacturers of these articles. The great majority of dog harnesses in use are, however, home made, of pieces of old leather, rope, or any old stuff which may be at hand, and most rudely put together, costing generally only a few cents.

Conclusion.—In conclusion it should be noted, as heretofore mentioned, that, owing to an entire absence of any organized trade or business in the breeding and sale of dogs used for draft purposes, it is practically very difficult to determine with any precision the utility of their service from a statistical standpoint. It may, however, be taken for granted, I think, that their general and common use throughout Belgium tends to prove that, under the conditions existing here, they are a great economy and labor factor. A farmer, peddler or merchant can buy a very good outfit of three or four Belgian dogs, harness and wagon for $40. Their subsequent cheap keep and little care also are great considerations. Furthermore, one great advantage which dogs have in this country is that they may be housed in very small quarters. In many village households, crowded together as the dwellings generally are in Europe, the dogs may be kept in the courtyard or cellar, while horses would require separate quarters. It must also be considered that pasturage is essential for horses at certain seasons of the year. In these respects the dog, in the eyes of these people, enjoys great advantages over his equine friend. Whether or not in our country such considerations would be sufficient to give the dog the preference, or even place him on an equality with the horse, is a question that must be referred by me to higher authority. So far as possible, I have endeavored to describe the Belgian dog as he is found at home employed for draft purposes. Would he be the same dog in foreign lands, can only be determined by trial and experience.

France.

Concerning dogs as draft animals in France, S. E. Morse, Consul-General, Paris, writes that:

The use of dogs as draft animals is practically unknown in this consular district. Dogs are sometimes utilized for the propulsion of the small handcarts used by ragpickers, but this use is hardly extensive or important enough to be considered.

Germany.

Mr. Charles de Kay, Consul-General at Berlin, reports:

There may be said to be no breeding and training of dogs used as draft animals in Prussia, and as little harness as possible. It is true that, for the purpose of advertisement in large cities like Berlin, Hamburg and Dresden, dogs of even size and fairly decent breed are occasionally harnessed to lacquered wagons bearing the name of some firm, but such are rare. The dog wagon is a familiar sight in the streets of Prussian and Saxon towns and on every highway in Germany, but it is usually a rudely constructed four-wheeled cart made by the village carpenter and smith, and employed to bring milk, vegetables and other agricultural produce from the country into the town, or agricultural implements from the village to the field. The dogs used are of any breed that comes handy to the peasant, usually the short-haired, heavy-limbed dog about the size of a foxhound, or else a small specimen of the liver-colored hound, suggestive of the Danish dog. Spotted carriage dogs and others of any distinctive breed or style are very rare, for the simple reason that the people who employ dogs are very poor and would at once sell any dog to the dog fanciers that might show good points. Still, there seems no reason why special kinds should not be bred, whose weight and pulling powers would give them a decided advantage over all other dogs for this purpose.

Last year, at Dresden, there was a special exhibition of dog wagons and dogs, mostly two to a team; but the entries did not present anything remarkable, except in the case of a fancy team of four big mastiffs, which presented a handsome appearance, but could not be considered practical.

The harness is a strap harness of the simplest description. It must be remembered that a woman, man or boy always accompanies the dog or dogs, and generally assists by pulling. Here in Berlin one rarely sees the smart milk carts with high wheels that may be noticed in Belgium and Holland, where the dogs are sometimes harnessed below the wagon and pull strongly in collars like horses.

There are laws regarding the treatment of dogs which are intended to protect them from overwork and cruel treatment. One is a rule that, when in motion, the woman, man or boy with the wagon must have hold of the tongue or handle of the cart. Another is that persons must not ride on dog wagons. It is doubtful if either one of the rules is of value to the dogs, while it is certain that the owners regard them as oppressive, since they furnish the rural and city police one more excuse for overbearing conduct toward the poor.

The following are the regulations governing the use of dogs. It may be noted that, whereas a very large sum is raised from the tax on dogs that do not work for a living, the *bona-fide* working dog is exempt from taxation, and thus enjoys a freedom much envied him by his master. In regard to muzzles, they are supposed to be muzzled when at large, even in the country; by special order they must wear the muzzle when used as draft animals.

SECTION 1. Every dog harnessed before a wagon must carry a safe, properly arranged muzzle, which allows the dog to breathe freely and to cool his tongue, but makes biting impossible.

SEC. 2. Dogs that are unfit for draft purposes on account of sickness, exterior hurts, or on account of their bodily make in general are not permitted to be harnessed to a wagon. This is also not permitted for dogs that are temporarily unfit to pull—for instance, in the case of pregnant or nursing bitches or bitches in heat during the continuance of this condition.

SEC 3. Dogs which may be considered unfit to pull according to the above signs, either permanently or temporarily, may be immediately removed from the street—that is to say, from the wagon—by the police.

SEC. 4. The weight of the wagon and loading must not be so great that the strength of the dog is overtaxed. The overloading of a dog wagon is punishable and gives the police the right to order the immediate interruption of the drive and to prohibit the continuance of the same until a reasonable reduction of the load shall have taken place.

SEC. 5. A proper vessel must be kept on the wagon from which the dog can drink, and also, during the time from October 1 to April 1, there must be kept for each dog a mat to lie on and a cover to spread over it during halts.

SEC. 6. The cartman of a dog wagon is in no case allowed to sit on the wagon while driving; on the contrary, he must walk beside the dog and lead it by a leash. When on municipal and other much-frequented streets he must permanently keep hold of the wagon shaft. In case the driver wants to leave the wagon while at a halt, the dog must be loosened and fastened to the wagon in such a manner that he can neither get loose from nor move the wagon.

SEC. 7. Dog wagons must give the road to the utmost edge of the way to all other vehicles and horsemen that they meet or that overtake them

SEC. 8. Wagons harnessed with dogs are not allowed to be hitched to other wagons.

SEC. 9. The use of two-wheeled dog wagons is only allowed under the condition that the dogs are exclusively used for pulling and are not burdened by the weight of the cart on their backs.

SEC. 10. The regulations published in regard to the marking and lighting of wagons, as well as to the driving in ditches and on slopes and embankments of the roads, apply also to dog vehicles.

SEC 11. Actions contrary to these police regulations will be punished, unless more severe punishments are to be applied according to the general penal code, with a fine of 60 marks.

Latterly an effort has been made by the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to cause the substitution of donkeys for dogs as draft animals. The movement is commendable so far as supplying poor people with donkeys is concerned, but it is accompanied by the usual exaggerations. The charge that owners of draft dogs abuse them more than they would donkeys cannot be held reasonable; on the contrary, the natural lovableness of the dog, his fidelity and intelligence, win for him far more attention and kindness than the more useful draft qualities of horses, oxen, sheep, donkeys and goats. Statistics that show that draft dogs do not live long prove nothing, because the average life of dogs is low. There can be no question that dogs which are worked in a reasonable way remain in better health than dogs that have little exercise. Naturally, the poverty, bad food and bad quarters of the people who use dogs as draft animals make it appear as though work were hurtful to dogs. If the same care were taken to feed, clean, harbor and work dogs as horses, I have not the slightest doubt that they would live longer and remain in better health than dogs not so employed, with the possible exception of hunting dogs in the hunting season. Their chance of good treatment is always greater than that of other animals, owing to their winning natures.

The use of dogs as draft animals is probably the oldest in the world, antedating perhaps by thousands of years the use of ox, horse or ass. It is a method that seems fitted for special people and special lands—as, for instance, to note the best known, the polar regions. But there are other places where, among the poor, even donkeys can be profitably replaced by dogs, because the latter are cheaper to feed and useful as watchdogs when not in harness. Such are very sandy regions, where grass and hay are dear, the suburbs of large towns, islands subject to bleak winds, and hilly districts where roads are bad. The chief objection to the ordinary dog as a draft animal is his lack of weight and undeveloped flanks; but if it were once understood that dogs for draft purposes were needed in America, the managers of dog shows could be readily induced to give prizes for dogs with the needed points and training, and it would not be long before a sturdily pulling dog could be bred in any required numbers. The best way to begin would be to set the fashion of dog wagons for the boys and young children of well-to-do people, who could afford to pay for such dogs while they are scarce and consequently dear. The dog is a very willing worker and responds as no other animal, not even the horse, to encouragement by voice and gesture on the part of his master.

The American Consul at Brussels, George W. Roosevelt, reports to the Department of State as follows:

Nowhere, excepting perhaps with the Esquimaux, is the use of dogs as draft animals so extensively practiced as in Belgium. In Brussels and its suburbs more than 10,000 are employed as beasts of burden.

Since 1842 the harnessing of dogs has been absolutely prohibited in England. The custom obtains in some parts of Germany and Holland, but is wholly unknown in France and Italy. I am reliably informed that during the past twenty years the use of dogs as draft animals in Belgium has steadily increased, completely superseding the donkey. Previous to this time the dog was only seen hitched to small, light-running milk carts. At the present time his use is very general; bakers, butchers, washerwomen, in fact, nearly all trades find him useful in some part of their work. They are hitched single, double, and sometimes three or four to carts weighing from 50 to 150lbs. When the animal is hitched beneath, the cart is provided with supports attached to the shafts to relieve the dog of the weight of the cart and load when standing. The axletree is bowed, so as not to interfere with the action of the dog when in motion. These carts vary in size and construction. The milk carts are usually constructed after the same model, varying only in size. They are neat but small box-shaped affairs resting upon two wheels. Much attention is given to the harness, which is heavily studded with brass ornamentation.

As far as I am able to learn there is no special breed of dog used here for draft purposes. All sorts and sizes, according to conditions, are employed. Experiments have been made to produce a large, strong animal by crossing as follows: Mastiff with Danish hound, St. Bernard, shepherd (collie) and setter; St. Bernard with collie and common hound; Danish hound with setter, and Newfoundland with collie. The pure-bred Newfoundland is rarely used here as a draft animal on account of the height of hindquarters.

A good draft dog usually sells for from 60 to 125 francs ($11.58 to $24.12). But the increase of the number of small carts drawn by dogs has provoked the propagation of a category of dogs which endure the greatest privation, and as his value is insignificant his life is of small consideration, as he is easily replaced either by a stray dog or homeless cur.

As scarcely any attention is devoted to breeding, none whatever is given to training the dog as a draft animal. His first initiation into bondage is by being hitched alongside of a dog long in service. If the new recruit is refractory and refuses to pull he is forced to do so.

A special harness, consisting of collar or breast strap (Dutch collar), traces, saddle, tugs and girth, is used for dogs hitched in front of carts. For those hitched beneath or at sides of carts the harness is supposed to consist of breast strap, girth and traces.

Muzzles are obligatory at all seasons of the year, as the dogs are always more or less vicious, rendered so by unnatural employment and powerless condition to escape danger when left, as they very frequently are, hitched in the cart and unprotected by the owner. It is not an infrequent occurrence for a cab or beer wagon to collide with the small cart and injure the helpless dog. A regulation imposes that owners of draft dogs shall employ leather muzzles approved by the municipal council, a model of which is exposed at the central division of police in the Hotel de Ville. This regulation is not always complied with, and much needless suffering is given the poor dumb creatures by ill-fitting and badly adjusted muzzles.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Belgium is industriously working, not only to ameliorate the condition of the dog as a draft animal, but eventually to succeed in having a law passed prohibiting the harnessing of dogs in any manner whatever.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. are the largest publishers and importers in America of Books on Outdoor Sports. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

A. K. QUARTERLY MEETING.

In the absence of the president, vice-president and president of the Associate Members Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh was elected chairman. There were present, Associate Members: (A. C. Wilmerding, H. K. Bloodgood and G. W. H. Ritchie); American Dachshund Club (C. Motschenbacher); American Spaniel Club (M. A. Viti); Bull Dog Club of America (E. Willard Roby); Columbus Fanciers' Club (J. M. Taylor); French Bull Dog Club (W. W. Watrous); Gordon Setter Club (J. B. Blossom); Metropolitan Kennel Club (G. M. Carnochan); National Beagle Club (H. F. Schellhass); Oakland Kennel Club (Elliott Smith); Pacific Fox Terrier Club (B. Waters); Pointer Club (George Jarvis); Rhode Island Kennel Club (W. C. Codman); Southern California Kennel Club (C. D. Bernheimer); Mascoutah Kennel Club (C. F. R. Drake).

The credentials of Elliott Smith, Oakland Kennel Club; W. C. Codman, R. I. Kennel Club; G. B. Sykes, St. Bernard Club of California; Erastus Hamilton, Pacific Mastiff Club; Walter W. Watrous, French Bull Dog Club; and Arthur Thompson, Bull Terrier Club of America, were accepted.

The treasurer's report was accepted. It was as follows: Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1897, $3,256.97. Receipts from all sources to date, $9,030.44. Total, $12,287.41. Disbursements since Jan. 1, $8,102.46. Balance on hand, $4,184.95.

The pedigree of the English setter Ty-I., owned by L. A. Uttrichs, was canceled and the owner disqualified. In the matter of dogs sold by Lewis Miller, of West Chester, Pa., affecting the pedigrees of the bloodhound June II. and certain English setters, as Miller was already disqualified and the other interested parties had purchased the dogs in good faith, the book entries of the dogs in question were canceled. In the matter of who was the breeder of the Great Dane Leo G., a matter in dispute between Messrs. Lasen and Gerhart, of Kansas City, Mo., it was ruled that the former were the breeders.

The Pacific Advisory Board reported that it held no meeting on Nov. 2, no quorum being present.

Kennel names were granted as follows: "Holroyd," to Wm. L. Andrus; "Norfolk," to George H. Gooderman; "Royal Blue," to F. H. von Waffenstein; "Westchester," to F. M. McWilliams.

The matter of a discrepancy in the statement of the date of birth of the Irish setter Hunter, owned by P. F. O'Neil, in respect to entries in the Westminster Kennel Club and Metropolitan Kennel Club shows; and in the matter of the beagle bitch Sova, entered at different shows under different alleged owners, this bitch having been owned by George Thomas at the time of his suspension; and in the matter of the disqualification of the pugs Otterburn Penrice and Otterburn Treasure, whose winnings at Brooklyn and Washington were canceled for having been entered in classes to which they were not eligible, were all referred to the Executive Board.

In the matter of the wolfhound Olaf, owned by George M. Keasby, entered at the Brooklyn show with a wrong pedigree, it was shown that it was due to mistake, and therefore Mr. Keasby was exonerated from blame. In the matter of the seven errors in the Brooklyn show catalogue, it was shown that they were due to the fault of the printers entirely, the club officials being blameless, and therefore no penalty was imposed.

In the matter of medals to be awarded to champions of record, it was carried that on payment of $3 all owners of champions of record may obtain a championship medal.

The secretary was authorized to buy an oak case in which to keep the club records, at a cost not to exceed $16 50.

Mr. J. B. Blossom gave notice of amendments, to be acted on at the next meeting of the club, but in the meantime to be considered by the committee on constitution and rules, as follows: Section 3, Rule 12, Class 6—After the words "one of which must be in the free-for-all class," add the words "and one the senior class." And after the words "no class winner can be withdrawn from competition in the winners' class," add the words, "except those dogs which have already won their championship."

Mr. Watrous proposed that the club consider the so-called charges against Mr. Mortimer and give him a complimentary exoneration, but the general opinion was that he did not need any exoneration.

It was carried that "hereafter public notice shall be given to all members of meetings of the membership committee, at which the applications of delegates for admission shall be considered."

Mr. Carnochan gave notice of an amendment to the rules as follows: "That at bench shows all dogs having won a prize in one class shall not carry the ribbon showing such win into any subsequent class at the same show."

Mr. Vredenburgh, in respect to the committee appointed last May to investigate the matter of rabies, explained that the committee had been at work in its investigation since about the middle of June. The reports from all sections but one, he thought, had been received, and had been forwarded to Dr. Huidekoper to edit and embody in one report. Dr. Huidekoper reported by telegram to the meeting as follows: "Reports on rabies appear to show more rabies than I believe exist, and require considerable verification. I beg for delay until the next meeting to submit full report."

National Beagle Club.

An executive committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at 171 Broadway, Monday, Dec. 13. The members present were: H. F. Schellhass, chairman; James W. Appleton, G. Mifflin Wharton and George W. Rogers.

Special prizes will be offered at the coming Westminster Kennel Club show as follows: A gold medal for the best beagle in the show, open to members of the National Beagle Club of America only.

Silver medal for the best beagle in the show of opposite sex to the winner of the gold medal, open to members of the National Beagle Club of America only.

Bronze medal for the best beagle in the show having been placed at any recognized field trial held in America, open to members of the National Beagle Club of America only.

At the New England Kennel Club show at Boston, a silver medal for the best beagle in the show, open to members of the National Beagle Club of America only. Bronze medal for the best beagle in the show of opposite sex to winner of the silver medal.

Messrs. Jas. W. Appleton and Geo. W. Rogers were appointed as a committee to draw up suitable resolutions on the death of the late Pottinger Dorsey, a former member of the club.

GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

Alabama Field Trials Club.

Those who are interested in the trials of the A. F. T. C. should keep in mind that the entries close on Jan. 8. Besides the Derby and All-Age stakes, there will be two special stakes, a Champion and a Puppy. The former is for all dogs owned in Alabama, and there are no restrictions on age or winnings in respect to eligibility. The first series of heats will be two hours' duration; second series, one hour; subsequent running at the discretion of the judges. Prize, $50 silver cup. No entrance fee. The Puppy Stake is for puppies born in 1897 owned by residents of Alabama. Puppies will be required to point and back, but there will be no penalty for unsteadiness. The prize is a handsome silver cup. All dogs must be handled by owner or other resident amateur. Address H. K. Milner, Sec'y-Treas., Birmingham, Ala., for entry blanks and all necessary information.

Pointer Club Meeting.

The Board of Governors of the Pointer Club of America held a meeting on Dec. 13 at the American Kennel Club rooms. It was resolved that the special prize awarded to Shotaway in heavy-weight class, at the November show of the Metropolitan Kennel Club, shall revert to the club, his owner not being a member. Special prizes of $10 each for the best pointer dog and best bitch in the show were voted to the New England Kennel Club's show of 1898, and also $40 for the Westminster Kennel Club's show of 1898, divided as follows: $10 for the best heavy-weight pointer dog, $10 for the best heavy-weight pointer bitch, $10 for the best light-weight pointer dog and $10 for the best light-weight pointer bitch. Competition open to members only of the club. It was resolved that the American Field Pointer Club Cup shall be competed for at the Westminster Kennel Club's show of 1898, and that the annual meeting shall be held on Feb. 21, 8 P. M., at Madison Square Garden.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. Dudley E. Waters writes us as follows:

The dates of the Butterfly Show have been changed to Jan. 18–21, one week later than previously announced. Entries will close Jan. 7, that being the third day of the Wilmington show. E. M. Oldham will superintend the Butterfly Show. Entries will be received by him at Wilmington as well as by Miss Grace H. Griswold, Michigan Trust Building, Grand Rapids. Judges will be: E. M. Oldham, all spaniels; John Davidson, setters; J. Wallace Wakem, fox terriers; and R. K. Armstrong, collies; H. W. Lacy, all other breeds. Entry fee, $1. We have every assurance of having a much larger show than last year, with a great improvement in the quality. This show is given by young women and the entire proceeds are devoted to charity. From the proceeds of the shows they have given heretofore, they have been able to maintain free beds in two of our local hospitals and have employed a nurse to take care of the poor who are in need of a nurse's attention. The association is composed of something over twenty young society women, and they are divided into pairs and the weeks of the year are divided among them. They visit the occupants of the free beds, and with the nurse visit the poor about the city and take with them such delicacies as may be required. They are working for a noble cause, besides greatly advancing the canine interest in this locality. I am glad to say that they have had and have the promises of support of dog fanciers from all over the country. I think the show they give has less of the professional atmosphere than any I have attended In fact it is almost entirely amateur, and the dogs are exhibited not for the money they will win, but for the record and sport.

Spratts Patent, 239 East Fifty-sixth street, have issued their calendar for 1898. It contains portraits of typical specimens of dogs, fowls, and does not ignore the finer breed of cats. The edition is a limited one, therefore those desiring it should apply early.

A correspondent writes us that Mr. J. M. Avent had an insurance of $2,500 on his house and $500 on his furniture, therefore his loss from fire will be slight from a strictly monetary standpoint.

The United States Field Trials Club desires to call attention to its Stake for Amateur Club Members, to be run at the club's trials at West Point next month. The prize is the Tabasco Cup. Dogs which have run in any public field trial are ineligible. Entries close the day before the stake is run. There can hardly be any good reason advanced for such a stringent regulation in respect to dogs which have run in a public trial. If applied to dogs which have won in a public trial, there would be much in it to commend, but as it now stands it disqualifies dogs without good reason.

In our business columns C. Brockel, Woonsocket, R. I., offers broken setter. R. B. Smith, Commack, N. Y., offers pointer. J. S. McLean, Hackettstown, N. Y., offers trained setter. S. Clark, Tuckahoe, N. J., offers broken setter. H. C. Deane, Hoosac, N. Y., offers fox terrier. W. George Smith, Maydel, Md., will train pointers and setters. Wm. Howell, Islip, L. I., will board and train dogs.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

SALES.

Mr. Charles E. Rossington has sold Rossington and Victoria, mastiffs, to Wyanoke Kennels.

One Design Classes.

(*Continued from page 513.*)

(*f*) Spars must not be altered nor reduced by planing or heavy scraping.

(*g*) Boats provided with movable skylights must carry them on board during a race.

(*h*) When racing there shall be no limit of crew, but no paid hands shall be permitted to take part in club races. When racing at local regattas under the rules and regulations of the club one paid hand may be carried.

(*i*) The under-water body of each boat must be coated with such anti-fouling composition as the committee may from time to time direct.

(*k*) Builders to issue a certificate that the boats are built strictly in accordance with design and specification. Sailmakers will also issue a certificate that the sails are in accordance with drawings.

(*l*) Sails not required may be left ashore during the race.

In addition to the above, it was suggested by Mr. Lambert Moyers that where two or more boats were being built in the same yard ownership should be decided by ballot. This caused a little discussion, in which Messrs. Meldon, Toomey and others took part. Finally the proposal was withdrawn.

With regard to the Colleen class, it was proposed that the width of waterways should be increased to 18in.; that the mast be increased by 18in. to give the peak of the mainsail a greater hoist; that some alterations should be made in the rudder to make it stronger; that the centerboard casing be increased in height, and that each boat should be coated with a special anti-fouling composition suggested by the committee. After some discussion these alterations were passed, they being made optional, with the exception of the last proposal.

It was proposed by the hon. secretary, and seconded by Mr. Louis Meldon, that no alterations in the general rules applicable to the type of boats in the three classes should be made, except with the approval of a two-thirds majority of owners of the respective classes, and that in the case of joint ownership of any boat only one owner shall be entitled to vote. Passed unanimously.

The hon. secretary proposed, and Mr. Worrall seconded, that only one suit of sails should be allowed for each boat per annum in the A and B classes, save under exceptional circumstances, when the sanction of the committee must be obtained. Passed.

San Francisco Y. C.

San Francisco, Dec. 10.—The last time I wrote you I was mourning over the loss of our yacht club house by fire, and with it all our paintings, models and fixtures. But a new club house, Phœnix-like, has risen from the ashes. In this we are in a great measure indebted (in more cents-es than one) to the enterprise and energy of ex-Com. Gutte, who raised the money and the building. We now have an elegant house, commodious and with every convenience that a yachtsman could desire, and we are proportionately proud, only lamenting the loss of our models and paintings and many cherished souvenirs that cannot be replaced. So the old original San Francisco club can be found once more at the old stand and doing business as of yore. We invite all stray yachtsmen happening this way to come and see us. We are not quite in running order yet as regards the cravings of the inner man, but just across the street is vitality for man and beast, and the street is not over wide.

I intended saying something about yachts and matters yachty, and to express an old Fogy's opinion of the new order of things as you have them, but I will defer until a later occasion.

PODGERS.

A One-Design Schooner Class.

There seems to be no limit to the one-design idea now that it is fairly under way about New York. The latest proposal is for a class of small cruising schooners. Mr. F. Bowne Jones, who has been requested to take charge of the matter, has sent out the following letter to yachtsmen likely to be interested in the class:

Dear Sir: I beg to advise you that a movement has been instituted for the building of a one-design class of small cruising schooners, vessels of good seagoing qualities, ample accommodations and moderate cost. I would be glad to know whether you desire to subscribe for the building of a vessel for this class, providing the plans and price are satisfactory. To insure completion of the vessels before the opening of the yachting season of 1898, it is necessary that all arrangements be completed with as little delay as possible. I therefore request the favor of a response at your earliest convenience. Yours very truly, F. Bowne Jones.

Mr. A. Cary Smith is preparing a design for a schooner of about 45ft. l.w.l. for the class.

A Restricted 15ft. Class.

The 'Squam Y. C., of Annisquam, Mass., has established a special 15ft. racing class at the request of some members of the club who are interested in these small craft. The class is called the 'Squam Y. C. Half-Rater Association. The limits are identical with those of the Seawanhaka 15ft. class, 15ft. racing measurement; but with two special provisions: that the L.W.L. shall be not more than 15ft. and not less than 14ft.; and that, while the yachts are measured with 300lbs. of dead weight representing the crew, three persons shall actually be allowed in racing. The helm must be held by a member of the club. Spruce IIII., now owned by Paul Butler, is on Ipswich Bay, the racing waters of the club, with other 15-footers, and some new boats will be built this winter. Under the special provisions, as above, it will be impossible to introduce such craft as Glencairn I., with short L.W.L. and excessive sail area.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The owner of the new Watson schooner is Charles L. Orr-Ewing, M. P. Capt. Carter is mentioned as the prospective skipper.

At its annual meeting on Dec. 7 the Toledo I. Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., Hugh R. Hone; Vice-Com., Bert H. Bortree; Sec'y-Treas., L. G. Colton; Meas., Karl Mathias; Sergeant-at-Arms, George Wilds; Fleet Surgeon, Mr. Gatesman, d. q. f; Regatta Committee: Capt. Mark Knabenshue, Dr. Gertz and Joseph Taylor; Entertainment: Charles Stanley, F. C. Smith, Karl Mathias.

Starlight, steam yacht, J. E. Hubinger, of New Haven, Conn., recently made the passage outside from New York to Pamlico Sound, encountering very heavy weather. After reaching the Sound her shaft broke.

According to reports in the daily papers, a new yacht for a foreign yachtsman is on the stocks at Bristol. She is described as follows: What can be seen of the boat indicates a clean-cut racing model. The waterline length is about 40ft., and she will be nearly 50ft. over all. There are in the plans of the yacht features which suggest some of the underbody characteristics of Wasp, as well as of Defender. It would appear that the new boat would embody some of the good points of both of these yachts. The underbody is partly of the hollow section variety. The lead ballast will take the form of the wooden keel, and will be fastened to the bottom. The yacht will be of good draft, but the beam will be narrow. The forward part of the underbody appears to be cut away considerably, and there does not seem to be much to cause resistance in headway work. The frames are of oak, and the craft is double planked. The inside layer is of cypress, while the outboard planking is of mahogany laid in marine glue. The overhangs are well defined. The yacht will probably be ready for launching in February next, and if she is to go abroad will be ready for the spring racing in the Mediterranean.

Valhalla, steam yacht, is now at Havre, the property of Count Castellane, who has purchased her of Joseph F. Laycock after having her under charter.

Among the orders of the Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co. are boilers of 1,400 I. H. P. for the steam yacht Embla, 1,200 for the new Bliss yacht, 1,000 for the steamer Sarah A. Jenks, 1,200 for a new steel tug, and one of 800 for another tug. The company has also a number of smaller orders. The Roberts boilers have proved very successful in the steam yacht Marietta III.

Messrs. E. Bernard & Co., publishers of the "Library of the Union of French Yachts," announce a new volume of the series, by Mr. Chevreux, naval constructor. The title is "Treatise on the Construction of Sailing Yachts," and the volume will be an octavo of 312 pages, with an atlas of thirty plates. These include a large number of representative French yachts designed and constructed within the past twelve years, showing the great progress made during the existence of the Union. The book promises to be a valuable addition to yachting literature.

After some delay from the heavy fogs of last week, Yampa sailed from City Island on Dec. 16 for Southampton. A tug took her through the Sound. Capt. John Burt is still in command.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Wawbewawa Smoker.

THE Wawbewawa Canoe Association entertained a goodly number of representative Eastern Division canoeists at its handsome club house on the Charles River, Auburndale, Mass., Saturday evening, Dec. 11, the occasion being the club's second smoker of the winter season.

The affair was a pronounced success, and the Wabewawas maintained their reputation of being genial hosts.

A "colored" gentleman of local renown offered his services for the evening, banjo solos, songs and dances being his specialty.

Messrs. Hoffman, Wiggin and Hines furnished some excellent music with their piano, harmonica, mandolin and banjo combination, and Mr. Clarence B. Ashenden, so well known to A. C. A. men, rendered several songs in his usual pleasing manner.

About all the clubs in eastern Massachasetts were represented, and the following familiar faces were noticed in this jolly gathering of devotees of the paddle: Vice-Com. Louis S. Drake, Raymond Apollonio, Charles F. Dodge, Purser Francis J. Burrage, Clarence B. Ashenden, Louis A. Hall, Parry C. Wiggin, Wm. V. Forsaith, W. W. Crosby, E. T. Brigham, Roger D. Smith, L. S. F. Hoffman, Wellington Wells and H. C. Wiggin, representing the Shuh-Shuh-Sahs, of Winchester; Inniton C. C., of Woburn; Fish Brook Association and Lawrence C. C., of Lawrence; Vesper B. C., of Lowell; Dedham B. C., of Dedham; Bradford B. C., of Cambridge; Puritan C. C. and Boston Athletic Association, of Boston, and the Wawbewawa Canoe Association, of Newton.

The Wawbewawas intend to keep open house to A. C. A. members on similar occasions planned for the winter by the committee, Messrs. Louis S. Drake, Wm. V. Forsaith, Francis J. Burrage, Louis A. Hall, L. S. F. Hoffman and C. W. Knapp.

Canoe-Yawl Rules.

THE definition of a canoe-yawl adopted by the Royal C. C. at its autumn meeting is as follows:

"A canoe-yawl, to be classified for racing purposes, shall be sharp at each end, with no transom or flat stern. Any metal keel, center plate or ballast shall be detachable from her, and any bucket well fitted within the sleeping compartment shall be detachable. Dimensions—Maximum: The length over all shall not exceed 24ft.; beam, not over 5ft. 3in. Sliding seat, if any, when rigged in, to be within the beam of the boat. Her fixed draft, including keel or drop keel when hauled up, shall not exceed 1ft. 10in. Extreme length of any spar shall not exceed the load waterline length or rating length. Minimum dimensions: The depth inside, from deck to skin (to be taken at any distance within 4ft. 6in. of mid over-all length and at not less than 15in. out from the middle line) shall not be less than 18in. Depth outside, from top of deck at middle line to under side of keel (taken anywhere up to 18in. from either end) shall not be less than 18in. Sleeping space, between two bulkheads, shall not be less than 8ft. 3in. in length; with hatchway thereto of not less than 2ft. 3in. in width for a distance of 4ft. 6in.

Rating $\left(\frac{\text{length of L.W.L.} \times \text{sail area}}{6000}\right)$ not to exceed 0.5.

Another proposal, by Mr. Linton Hope, $\frac{\text{R.}=\text{L.}+\text{B.}\times\text{S.A.}}{8000}$ was not adopted.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 12.—The following scores were made by members of Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds. off-hand at the German ring target. Mr Uckotter was out with his new Zischang Sharps rifle, .32-40cal., which fitted him so well that he raised his record one point by making 198 the first score. The rifle weighs 12lbs., and he shoots it strictly off-hand. Gindele was declared King for the day. On the Honor target Gindele was high with a score of 65. Payne fired 100 shots to count for a match with F. C. Heim, of Haubstadt, Ind., the result of which will be forwarded when Mr. Heim shoots his scores. Payne shot strictly off-hand at the German ring target:

Gindele.
18 24 22 20 22 23 22 25 21 24—221 19 22 22 24 24 23 21 21 19 22—217

Payne.
23 23 23 22 25 21 23 20 23 20—223 23 23 24 18 23 23 22 24 23 21—220

Nestler.
23 25 22 25 22 20 24 19 24 16—220 24 21 18 23 25 20 21 21 18 19—210

Roberts.
22 17 22 19 18 20 22 22 20 20—202 25 21 14 24 21 22 20 19 25 20—211

Topf.
20 15 21 24 24 16 23 23 12 17—195 18 22 21 22 17 17 18 11 21 22—189

Drube.
19 22 16 21 21 23 22 17 24 21—209 16 25 18 17 18 24 18 21 24 23—204

Trounstine.
15 21 24 13 17 22 21 20 23 17—193 19 17 17 21 21 11 22 19 20 18—185

Uckotter.
23 20 15 19 19 20 21 23 15 23—198 22 17 21 19 20 20 17 22 19 18—195

King Target.

Gindele	23 23 20 25 23 25 22 21 21 20—223
Payne	19 21 21 17 20 17 18 25 24 24—205
Nestler	19 20 18 21 19 23 21 22 24 18—205
Roberts	16 17 20 17 21 21 20 24 20 16—192
Topf	23 18 24 22 4 12 10 12 13 13—151
Drube	19 23 23 19 21 17 21 21 13 22—201
Trounstine	18 22 14 18 19 10 13 22 21 13—174
Uckotter	22 10 18 16 16 15 17 12 16 14—155

Honor Target.

Gindele	22 20 23—65	Topf	10 20 20—50
Payne	21 21 18—60	Drube	19 17 18—54
Nestler	19 24 16—59	Trounstine	19 20 18—57
Roberts	19 19 18—56	Uckotter	16 8 22—46

Rapid Fire.

Gindele	21 21 20 20 24—106	Topf	16 14 13 19 15— 77
Payne	20 21 23 22 20—106	Drube	17 16 18 25 10— 95
Nestler	22 17 25 16 22—102	Uckotter	20 20 10 18 12— 80
Roberts	20 22 22 20 20—104		

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 1.—SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. Pigeons and sparrows.

Jan. 1.—COLORADO SPRINGS, Col.—Tournament of the Pike's Peak Gun Club. $100 added money.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N J.—Annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club. I. H. Terrill, Sec'y.

Feb. 15-19.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Second annual midwinter tournament. First four days, targets; last day, live birds. $1,100 added money. Programmes ready Jan. 15. Send your address for one to Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Jan. 18-20.—HAMILTON, Ont.—Grand Canadian Handicap. Live birds; $1,000 guaranteed. For full information write secretary, H. Graham, American Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

Jan. 26-27.—ORANGE LAKE, Newburgh, N. Y.—Tournament at Pine Point. Open to all. First day, targets: second day, live birds.

March 22-24.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added.

March 29-April 1.—READING, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The annual meeting of the Interstate Association, held Dec. 16, was not without interest to the trap-shooters of the States. A full report of the proceedings at that meeting is given elsewhere It will be noticed that the guarantee has been raised from $1,000 to $1,500, an addition of $500, that shows plainly how confident the Association is that its meeting of March next will be the greatest event of its kind ever held in this or any other country. The "$1,500 guaranteed" will be divided as follows: $600, $500 and $400 to the three high guns. The division of the surplus (for all surplus derived from the entries over sixty, the number required to fill the guarantee, will be added) will be made on the same lines adopted at the Grand American Handicaps of 1896-97. Last year the number of entries was 146; this year we confidently expect the total to be somewhere in the neighborhood of 200. But put the number of entries for 1898 at the same figure as those of 1897 and we have the sum of over $2,100 to be divided among those who finish below the three high guns. By dividing this surplus among a certain fixed number of high guns below the three high guns, the Association has undoubtedly added largely to its popularity in the past. Its intention to adhere to this policy at its Grand American Handicap of 1898 will, without question, add largely to the number of entries in this year's big event. It will also be noted that the Association will, for the first time in its history, donate a suitable trophy to the winner. Whether lightly handicapped or not, any man who wins the Grand American Handicap would be glad of and deserves some trophy to mark his winning of this event It is therefore with pleasure that we call attention to this fact.

A change will be made in the manner of shooting the Grand American Handicap next March. Instead of dropping shooters out on 3 misses, it will take 5 misses before a shooter's name will be struck from the list. Also, to facilitate shooting and to prevent delays at Nos. 2 and 3 sets of traps, a man who happens to score his 5th miss on either No. 1 or No. 2 set of traps will finish that round of 2 birds, irrespective of the fact of his having 5 misses to his credit. Another innovation will be the numbering of every shooter, each entry being known by his number when called to the score. For this purpose a small sign will be affixed to each shooter's back, giving his number on the shooting list, and also his handicap in yards. This will enable the referee to see at a glance if the shooter is at his right mark; and will also enable both shooters, spectators and scorers to tell who is at the score by merely referring to the list of entries numbered in shooting order. There will be no need to ask, "Who is shooting now?" The benefit of this plan cannot fail to recommend it to all who know anything about running a shoot.

At Olathe, Kan., they have a gun club that does its best to gather into its fold all those who like to shoot targets for the sport itself and for the social advantages to be derived from attending its shoots. Among the members is Mr. Frank Hodges, a very moving spirit in the councils and at the shoots of this club. Mr. Hodges has just returned from the Sunken Lands of Arkansas, where he was in at the death of two bears and two wildcats. His experience with such big game did not affect his aim on targets, for on Dec. 9 he won a heat for a gold medal at his club's shoot, and scored altogether 56 out of 60 shot at, all targets being thrown from three traps set Sergeant system, unknown angles. The Olathe Gun Club, an organization which is only three years old, holds annually a shoot and banquet on New Year's Day. Jan. 1, 1898, is to be no exception to the rule, and our correspondent from that city writes us that the club hopes to gather together all those who are "in sympathy with sportsmen, have a banquet, toasts, songs and music."

Frank Butler is in search of a bullet-proof suit. One day last week he was down along the banks of the Passaic River in Jersey, right near his home in Nutley, waiting for any fool ducks that might come his way. He held his gun in his right hand, with the right hand just in front of the breech, the butt swinging clear of his legs. He felt something strike his gun, and also heard a faint report immediately afterward. An examination of his gun showed that a .30cal. bullet had struck the stock fairly in the middle and had gone clean through it, tearing quite a lot of wood away on the far side. Frank doesn't know who fired the shot; he'd like to. Also he doesn't know where the bullet went to, but he's not so anxious about that. The general opinion seems to be that the shot was the result of some idiot practicing with a .30cal. rifle, regardless of the fact that there were other people in Jersey besides himself. Anyway it was a close call, and Miss Annie Oakley came very nearly being a widow.

The plans of the Interstate Association for its target tournaments of 1898 are yet in embryo. The scheme to be adopted by the Association has yet to be decided upon, and is to be presented by the tournament committee at a general meeting of the stockholders to be held in Madison Square Garden, Jan. 17. What that scheme will be it is hard to say, but it is scarcely likely that it will be upon the old lines, although the plans of past years may be adhered to to a certain extent. If, however, the Association should withdraw itself entirely from the arena of target tournaments, we should look upon this move as a direct loss to the trap-shooting public, as the Interstate tournaments of the past five years have been always deserving of being classed among the best shoots of their respective years, and have done much to boom the sport.

F. J. Alston, late of Atlanta, Ga., but now of New York city, an expert with rifle, pistol or shotgun, is now to be found in the New York store of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, 312 Broadway. Quite recently Mr. Alston was the victim of a remarkable accident. He was carrying a loaded revolver wrapped in paper, being on his way to try it at a range. Somehow or another the pistol fell out of the paper on to the pavement; it struck the pavement butt downward, the jar setting it off. The bullet hit him just above the elbow of the right arm, took a course upward directly between the main artery and the bone, coming out above the shoulder, leaving a very bad wound where it left his body. It was really a miraculous escape, and Mr. Alston is to be congratulated on a comparatively short convalescence and the prospect of being able to use his good right arm in the near future.

Mr. V. Wallburg, president of the Schenectady (N. Y.) Gun Club, has issued the following invitation to his club's shoot on New Year's Day; "You are hereby invited to appear, armed with your best choke bore gun and 100 rounds of cartridges, loaded for both pigeons and sparrows, at the grounds of the Schenectady Gun Club, on Saturday, Jan. 1, 1898, at 9:30 A. M. Sparrows to be shot in 5-bird events, entrance $1.50, birds included, two moneys. Pigeons, any old thing to suit the company present. All electric cars run to the grounds; fare, 5 cents. Dinner provided for visiting sportsmen, free, at 1 P. M. Hereof fail not, but proceed immediately to make such arrangements as to insure your presence as above, where some seventeen others have already promised to meet you. A word to the wise is sufficient."

Mr. C. O. Gardner, Jr., is once more secretary of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., Mr. E. A. Jackson, the late secretary, having resigned, owing to his departure for the Klondike early in the month of February next. All correspondence in connection with the club should now, therefore, be addressed to Mr. C. O. Gardner, Jr., Hackensack, N. J.

At the shoot of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club on Dec. 16, the management put up a dozen solid silver teaspoons as the prize in one of the events, a 30-target handicap. There were about twenty entries, and out of this number nine qualified, each man having made the requisite highest possible of 30. The magnitude of such an undertaking as shooting off nine ties, added to the diversity of opinion as to what should be done and the lateness of the hour, resulted in each one of the nine taking a spoon each as a souvenir, dice being thrown to decide who should take the remaining three spoons; and also to decide who should pocket the $3 and $2 donated by the club to the second and third high guns respectively. This is rather a novel way of settling ties for a dozen spoons, and is therefore worth mentioning.

Sam Castle is one of the veterans of the Newark, N. J., Gun Club. Every prominent shooter who has shot around New York during the past thirty or forty years knows Sam Castle. What his age is we can't say exactly, but we should guess that he has not far to travel before chalking up the "three score and ten" to his credit. He can shoot a bit yet, and is as sparing of shells as ever, preferring to do the business with his first barrel. At a small shoot on Dec. 15 on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, Castle shot at just 27 birds in the four sweeps, scoring 24 of them, and 21 out of that 24 were scored with the first barrel. In the miss-and-out that brought the shoot to a close he divided with 10 straight, all one-barrel kills.

Will Park was in the city on Friday last, Dec. 17. He informed us that the next monthly shoot of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League, Jan. 1, is going to be a big affair. It will be held on the grounds of either the Frankford Gun Club at Bridesburg, Pa., or on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club at Wissinoming, Pa. As this shoot will be about the only one to be held in the neighborhood of Philadelphia on New Year's Day, it is bound to be a large gathering of the clans. It is quite probable that three sets of traps will have to be used to furnish shooting for the crowds that will attend. Philadelphia has some large gatherings at these monthly shoots, but Jan. 1, 1898, promises to break all previous records in that city.

Noel Money has very nearly run the gamut of sport. He has shot pheasants, grouse, partridges, etc., in the British Isles; he has stuck wild boars and hunted tiger, bear, deer and all the big and little game of British India; he has pursued the wily ruffed grouse (the king of game birds) up and down (chiefly up) the mountains of New Jersey; and has also, under the tutorship of Bobo, given chase to the bears in the Mississippi bottoms. In fact, he has done a pretty good deal of hunting in his time. Not satisfied, however, with the experience he has had in the past, he is now trying the temper of the bears of Russia in company with, and under the guidance of, his host, Baron Hirsch.

There will be two days' shooting this week at the Dover, N. J., Driving Park. The dates are Dec. 24-25. On Dec. 24 all the events will be at targets; live birds will be used on the second day. The main event on the second day will be a 20-bird handicap, $10; handicaps, 25 to 32yds. There will also be a 10-bird sweep for amateurs only. The target events will be on the usual order. A special feature offered for the last day is "Brewer versus birds;" that is, Brewer is matched to kill 45 out of 50 trained birds, 31yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. Mr. E. L. Decker, proprietor of the Park Hotel, will look after the shooters.

The Lockport, N. Y., Gun Club announces that it will hold an all-day shoot on Friday of this week, Dec. 24. It will also hold a rifle tournament on its range on Christmas morning. An interesting programme has been arranged for the shoot on Dec. 24, all purses in the scheduled events being divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Professionals will be barred from shooting for the money. Event No. 8 on the programme is a 20-target event, 50 cents entry; the prizes are four turkeys, which should come in handy for four Christmas dinners the following day.

Among the visitors at the tournament of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club on Dec. 16 last was C. W. Scott, one of the best shots and most popular members of the Lynchburg, Va., Gun Club, an organization that can boast of such men in its ranks as Colonel Terry, W. H. Moorman, Nelson, Dornin, Welford, Dawson, etc. It will be some satisfaction to Mr. Scott's fellow clubmen to scan the scores he made on that occasion, and not that he did Old Virginny proud, handicapped though he was by a strange gun and shells.

The sparrows had a bad time of it at the Indianapolis shoot last week. Heikes was high average for the day with 76 out of 80; Fred Gilbert, McMurchy and Bartlett tied for second average on 75 each; Rike was third with 74. In other words, the above five shooters scored 375 sparrows out of 400 shot at, an average per cent. for the five men of 93.7.

Tom Marshall and his wife are going to spend the winter months in the vicinity of Phœnix, Ariz. Mrs. Marshall's health requires the change, and it is hoped that a few months in the dry atmosphere of Arizona will restore her to perfect health. Mr. Marshall promises to be with us at the next Grand American Handicap, and says that "There'll be lots more with me."

On Dec. 29 there will be an all-day live-bird shoot at Yardville, N. J., on Zwirlein's grounds. The main event will be a 25 bird handicap at pigeons, $6.25 entrance, *i. e.* price of birds. Winner takes a silver pitcher and two goblets offered for competition by Zwirlein. An optional sweep will be made according to the shooters' wishes.

Dr. G. V. Hudson has won many trophies at the Dexter Park traps in past years. This year he is going to add another to his collection, viz.: The championship trophy for the season of 1897 offered by the New York German Gun Club for monthly competition. He won the last shoot, held Dec. 15, with 9 out of 10, his lost bird being "dead out."

Jack Fanning showed once more that he can shoot live birds with the best of them by scoring 25 straight in the main event at the Indianapolis shoot; he got first money alone too, something that should make up for disappointments in the past, when "24 with 1 dead out" was Fanning's usual record.

Charlie Zwirlein writes us from Yardville, N. J., that he has several hundreds of good birds on hand, most of them just brought in from the country, and adds that he would like a couple of good shots to come along and try their hands in a match at 100 or more of them.

Colin R. Wise, captain of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., has issued the following invitation for the club's Christmas Day shoot: "Christmas dinner. Also live-bird and target shooting to start at 9 A. M. Come, bring your friends and enjoy a good day's sport."

Capt. Money has had the single-trigger addition applied to his crown grade Greener. He tried it for the first time at Carteret last Saturday, and found that he was better than ever. Some may wonder what that means; it means that he very nearly "killed em all."

Frank Parmelee used a Remington gun when he defeated Jim Elliott in the match recently shot between these two experts. So pleased is Frank with the work of this gun that the Remington Arms Company are building him another gun to his order, similar to the one he now owns.

Jno. J. U. M. C. Hallowell has just returned from Chicago and Indianapolis. He brings lots of big stories with him, some true and some ——. In connection with the Indianapolis shoot he says: "What do you think of 'Old Jack Fanning' now?" We reply: "Just the same we have always thought of him—A No. 1."

Jack Parker will manage the Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club's tournament, Jan. 18-20. In a personal letter to us the other day, Jack said that they have had a very good season's duck shooting up his way, and also some very good snipe shooting; canvasbacks, he said, had been very plentiful indeed.

The Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., will hold a large open-to-all tournament on New Year's Day at its grounds in Audubon Park. Both cash and merchandise prizes will be offered for competition by the club in order to draw out the members and their friends.

"One of the boys" at East Hampton, L. I., is likely to have a good opinion of Blue Ribbon Smokeless. With five shells given him by a friend "just for trial," he scored 100 per cent., viz., three black ducks and two geese, honkers at that.

W. Liddiard, of Shelburne, Vt., who acted as gamekeeper at that place for Mr. Seward Webb for some years, is now down in North Carolina looking after a lot of pointers and setters for Mr. Whitney for the hunting season.

U. M. C. Thomas is back again once more in the United States. It is fairly safe to say that we are as glad to welcome Mr. Thomas back to our shores as he is to set his foot once more on American soil.

It is to be hoped when Mr. Grimm meets Mr. Heikes again that he, Mr. Grimm, will be in his "usual good form."

DEC. 21. EDWARD BANKS.

A Challenge.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hereby challenge Mr. W. H. Wolstencroft, the present holder of the Austin Powder Co. trophy, to shoot 100 targets under rules and conditions governing same. B. A. BARTLETT.

P. S.—Inclosed find New York draft for $25.

The Interstate Association.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association took place on Dec. 16 at Oakland, N. J. The meeting was called to order at 2 P. M. by President J. A. H. Dressel.

The roll call showed the following firms to be represented: Union Metallic Cartridge Company, J A. H. Dressel; Winchester Repeating Arms Company, Irby Bennett; Hazard Powder Company, Jno. L Lequin; Du Pont Powder Company, Edward S. Lentilhon: Tatham & Bros., Chas. Tatham; Parker Bros., W. F. Parker; Laflin & Rand Powder Co., A. W. Higgins; American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company, Lim'd, Captain A. W. Money. The Cleveland Target Company and the Leroy Shot and Lead Works were both represented by proxies.

The reading of the minutes and of the report of the treasurer first occupied the attention of the meeting.

THE MANAGER'S REPORT.

The report of the manager, Elmer E. Shaner, was presented and read. It ran as follows:

"PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 15.—I herewith submit the following report of the transactions of the manager's office for the season of 1897. The statistical data in connection with the year's work will be found in the Review of Tournaments, copy of which is hereunto annexed. [Note.—The 'Review of Tournaments' was printed in full in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 6.]

"I am pleased to inform you that the season now drawing to a close has not only been eventful in good results for our subscribers, but it has furnished more positive proof of the splendid growth of the real purposes of the Interstate Association than has ever been our lot to witness before. Furthermore, I am pleased to state that the future prospects are highly encouraging in every sense of the word. It is a pleasant matter to look back to seven years ago, and realize that within that short period a useful and powerful organization has been built up; and from a very small beginning we are now in a position to look for reward for the labors performed by those that have guided our affairs so carefully, so systematically and so successfully in the past.

"It has been said, and argued with considerable force, that trap-shooting is on the wane, but the records of this Association do not show such to be the case. On the contrary, it would seem from information in our possession that there is more interest and a greater indulgence in the sport manifested to-day than at any time previously. To the uninitiated, or to those not in close touch with trap shooting, there may appear to be a falling off in interest in the sport; but, in my opinion, this impression is created by the lack of large tournaments this season. However, it must be remembered that for every one of the larger tournaments formerly given, there were two or three smaller tournaments given this year—besides any number of club shoots not open to all. And, furthermore, statistics will show that there are more clubs in existence to-day, whose practice scores and private shoots do not reach the eye of the general public, than at any time since trap-shooting was first introduced. This latter condition of affairs is to be deplored, and it is hoped that such clubs will see the advisability of forwarding their scores to the sportsmen's journals for publication, as this has a tendency to create and keep up interest in the sport.

"The territory selected for the scene of the Association's labors during the season of 1896 presented such a series of phenomenal successes that the tournament committee deemed it advisable to continue its efforts in the same direction in 1897. Accordingly, the Association gave inanimate target tournaments in the South the first part of the present season, and in the New England States the latter part. Those who have watched closely the operations of the Interstate Association during the past season will readily accord to the committee the highest merit of praise for its selection of the territory named, as the results obtained and the general and increased interest manifested have been of such a notable character as to predicate beneficial results of the highest order to our subscribers.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

"The space taken by the Association at the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden, March 13 to 20, was of inestimable value, since it served not only as a recognized headquarters for the shooting fraternity, the followers of which availed themselves of the excellent arrangements provided for their exclusive benefit; but, moreover, brought one and all in close touch with the officials of our Association. The small sum expended was indeed well spent, and the results of such a move cannot well be calculated in a monetary sense. One of the noticeable effects of this action on the part of the Association is easily seen in the official announcement that about seventy entries for the Grand American Handicap were received at the Exposition headquarters.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP OF 1897.

"The opening of the season was marked, as usual, by the Grand American Handicap Tournament, held at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., March 23-25. It was a meeting long to be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to witness the superb skill displayed by the contestants who took part in the different events. The trap shooting fraternity appreciate enterprise. They appreciate the Interstate Association, and there is no better evidence of this fact than my being able to make the gratifying announcement that the number of entries in the main event was 146. When it is considered that the number of entries has grown from the modest figure, twenty-one, in the inaugural year, 1893, to 146 the present year, some idea may be formed of the popularity of this, the principal shooting event of America, if not in the world. The tournament committee is deserving of the highest praise for its wise selection of the Elkwood Park grounds. No finer arrangements could be made for pigeon-shooting, and none equal to them exist in this or in any other country. I am firmly of the opinion that much of the success of the tournament was due to the grounds selected for the holding of same. The methods adopted for dividing the purses in the different events met with such universal approval that I would advocate a continuance of same at future Grand American Handicap tournaments.

INANIMATE TARGET TOURNAMENTS

"A splendid tournament emphasized the opening of the inanimate target season at Baltimore, Md., April 14, 15 and 16. The tournament attracted more than ordinary attention, as Baltimore, although a great trap-shooting center, has done more in the live-bird line than in that of inanimate targets in recent years. The amount of money added by the Baltimore Shooting Association, together with the absence or rather scarcity of large tournaments in the list of fixtures for the year, made it more than probable that the attendance would be quite large. As a matter of fact the entry list was exceptionally good, and the results attained were eminently satisfactory to all concerned.

"The next tournament was held at Richmond, Va., April 28 and 29. As to the success or otherwise of this tournament, there can be but one opinion. It was one of the nicest shoots ever given, while the number of new shooters present showed that the missionary work of the Association was sowing good seed in the South. It can be truthfully said that the work of the Association has done more to boom the sport of trap-shooting in that part of the country than all other causes combined. The West End Gun Club, the local club under whose auspices the tournament was given, handled its guests in a manner that reflects credit upon the tact of its members.

"The third inanimate target tournament on the Association's circuit was held at Savannah, Ga., May 19 and 20, under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club. It bore the stamp of success in every phase, and was in line with the expectations declared by the members of the local club when they requested that a shoot be given in that city. The tournament, as anticipated, attracted attention from points miles around, and performed what was hoped for, namely, the instilling of a stimulus into the pastime, and making many new converts in that section.

"The closing tournament in Southern territory was held at Monroe, La., June 9 and 10, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club. The attendance was hardly as large as expected, owing to the disastrous floods which prevailed along the Mississippi River about that time. However, there were twenty-nine shooters present to take part in the different events, and the two days were replete with good fellowship and sociability. It was the general expression of shooters who were present that it was one of the nicest little tournaments they had ever attended.

"The tournament given at New Haven, Conn., July 14 and 15, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club, marked the opening of that part of the season devoted to the New England States. It was a most extraordinarily pleasant and successful shoot, one that was well patronized and appreciated. It would appear from the amount of interest shown that the aims and objects of the Interstate Association would not be neglected in that section.

"The next New England tournament was held at Lewiston, Me., Aug 4 and 5, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club. It was what every one expected it to be, a grand success, and the local club deserves credit for the able manner in which it handled the same. The arrangements made prior to the opening of the shoot were about the most complete I ever saw. In dismissing this tournament I can but reiterate the statement made last year with reference to the Portland, Me., tournament, viz, that the benefits accruing from this tournament were of such a nature as would guarantee the success of future ventures that may be made in that direction.

"The third New England tournament was held at Montpelier, Vt., Aug. 25 and 26, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club. There was a unanimous expression of opinion among the visitors, who were from all parts of the country, that it was one of the most notable events of the kind ever held by the Interstate Association. Quite a number of new beginners took part, and the entries in the different events held up remarkably well. The advancement and stimulus given to the sport in consequence of this tournament can hardly be overestimated.

"The last tournament on the Association's schedule for the season was held at Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 15-16, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. This tournament was like its predecessors in many respects, and I can say without fear of possible contradiction that there has never been a shoot given in the State of New Hampshire through which the same satisfactory results, from a business point of view, have been attained, as by this tournament. It was a glorious *finale* to a wonderfully successful season.

"The foregoing brief resume of the tournaments given shows a record of which our Association may well be proud, yet it conveys but a slight indication of the total amount of work done during the past year. This is but scantily told in the necessarily meager detail of an annual report, but an interest has been created in trap shooting, emanating mainly from the Interstate Association's efforts, that will in due time secure to our subscribers results—results that please, results that repay.

LOOKING FORWARD.

"Each succeeding year finds our Association branching out further and further, and the interest displayed convinces us of the great importance of our organized efforts thus far. At no time in our history have the benefits of organization been more manifest than now. It leads us to believe that our past accomplishments will be exceeded in the near future. But it must not be expected that this result will be attained without earnest labor and hearty coöperation. The latter is especially desirable, as the major portion of the work and expense in the past has devolved upon a few. What we really should have, and what we are justly entitled to, is the encouragement, judgment, wisdom and ardent support of all sporting goods manufacturers. In no way can the manufacturer contribute more to the general interest of trap-shooting than by adding his influence and personal attention to the efforts of the Interstate Association. With an enlarged active membership, success should attend our every well-directed effort, and our usefulness increase beyond the expectations of the most sanguine.

"The season of 1898 will present a practically unlimited field for the scene of our labors, and as it will be impossible to comply with all requests for assistance, it should be our aim to arrange a circuit that will result in the greatest good to the greatest number—one that will not only put us in close touch with a desirable element, but that will be of great value to our subscribers.

SIXTH ANNUAL GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

"All preliminary details pertaining to the sixth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament have been arranged, and contracts signed for the holding of same at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., March 22-24, 1898. I am confident that the selection of the Elkwood Park grounds will meet with the hearty approval of a great majority of those who contemplate taking part in the tournament. From information that I have received I see no reason why the Grand American Handicap of 1898 should not prove to be a great success. Furthermore, I am fully satisfied that an individual effort on the part of each of our subscribers is all that will be required to make it the equal, if not the superior, of any of its predecessors in every respect.

"I would suggest that the Association consider the advisability of increasing the amount guaranteed from $1,000 to $1,500, and dividing same as follows: $600 to first high gun, $500 to second high gun and $400 to third high gun. I would also suggest that provision be made for presenting to the winner of first money a silver cup, or other suitable trophy, commemorative of the win.

INANIMATE TARGET TOURNAMENTS FOR 1898.

"I am in receipt of numerous communications requesting our coöperation next season. This condition of affairs is similar to that existing at the close of the season of 1896. The continued growth of applications for tournaments is highly encouraging, and while we derive comfort from the fact, we are still further assured of success in the future. The wonderful progress made during the past year will be hard to surpass, yet it should be our aim to excel that record during the coming season. With such a feeling in existence, I see no reason why our efforts should not meet with success.

MINOR MATTERS.

"The duties of my office during the past year have entailed a very large correspondence, but the matters dealt in were of such a nature that I do not consider a review necessary.

"I can see no reason for changing the rule whereby clubs are permitted to select such handicap, method or system of dividing purses, as they may deem most advantageous for their particular tournament; therefore I would advocate a continuance of same.

"The meritorious work of the several sportsmen's journals, honorary members of our Association, is deserving of the highest commendation. They have aided us by faithfully and fully reporting all scores of the various tournaments, as well as all incidental and interesting news pertaining thereto. ELMER E SHANER, Manager."

A SILVER CUP TO THE WINNER.

After the reading of the report of the manager, it was agreed that Mr Shaner's suggestion that $1,500 be guaranteed in the proportions suggested, viz, $600 to the first high gun, $500 to the second high gun, and $400 to the third high gun, be adopted. It was also agreed that the manager's suggestion that a silver cup commemorative of the great event be donated by the Association to the winner of the Grand American Handicap.

A general discussion on the Grand American Handicap and its future followed, the result being that a motion was put and carried that the Grand American Handicap of 1899 would be held at a point to be selected by the tournament committee at the close of the Grand American Handicap of 1898.

After disposing of the above, another discussion followed as to what were to be the plans of the Association for the inanimate target season of 1898. It was finally agreed that the tournament committee should submit a plan to a meeting of the stockholders to be held Jan. 17, at Madison Square Garden.

The following were elected as the Board of Directors: A. W. Money, Edward S. Lentilhon, John L Lequin, Charles Tatham, A. W. Higgins, Irby Bennett and J. A. H. Dressel.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

When the above business had been transacted by the stockholders the meeting of the board of directors for the election of officers was called to order.

The following officers were elected for 1893: President, J. A. H. Dressel; Vice-President, Irby Bennett; Secretary-Treasurer, John L. Lequin. Executive committee, Messrs Bennett, Parker and Money. Tournament committee, Messrs. Bennett, Lequin, Higgins, Tatham and Lentilhon. Club organization committee, Messrs. Delano, North and Parker.

Mr. Elmer E Shaner was unanimously reappointed manager of the Association.

The following handicap committee for the coming Grand American Handicap was appointed: Messrs Jacob Pentz, Will K Park, Elmer E Shaner and Edward Banks.



CARTARET CLUB HOUSE.

Olathe Gun Club.

OLATHE, Kan., Dec. 9.—The Olathe (Kan.) Gun Club held a shoot to-day for a medal, Woolard & Co., jewelers, having donated an elegant solid gold medal to the club, to be shot for monthly. Under the club rules the members shoot at unknown traps, unknown angles, Sergeant system. The traps are adjusted to throw the targets 60yds., as nearly as possible, and the trapper boys are instructed to throw all the different angles they can. The idea is to make shooters, not percentages; and to make members feel when they attend shoots away from home that they are up against an easier game than that on the home grounds. The weather to-day was bright and cold, and there was a good breeze blowing over the traps, making the targets sail and dip nicely. Following is the score:

Hodges 24, R. E. Walker 18, Lemon 22, Thiele 20, Thomas 17, Carpenter 17, W. R. Walker 19.

The winner is handicapped to 18yds. Should he win at this distance he is again put back to 20yds. He is then subject to three challenges. Should he win, the medal then becomes his property. The conditions are purposely made so hard that it is almost impossible for any member ever to win the medal. Rolla Heikes could hardly win it.

The following extra at 10 targets was shot: Lemon 10, R. E. Walker 9, Hodges 10, Pettyjohn 6.

The club permits no shooting for money, but the shooters present divided into two parties, the losers buying the oysters. The conditions were: 25 targets per man, five men to a team:

R E Walker	15	Lemon	24
Hodges	22	McIntyre	19
Thiele	19	Thomas	21
Carpenter	19	W R Walker	17
Dent	18—93	Avery	17—98

There has been occasional trap-shooting in Olathe for fifteen years, but the present club is only three years old. The membership is largely business and professional men, and numbers twenty in all. Most of them have begun trap shooting within two or three years, and have improved their averages considerably since that. The club has a nice shooting ground leased and owns a neat club house.

OLATHE.

At Buffalo.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 10.—Perhaps it was the holidays and perhaps it was the rather unseasonable weather, but whatever may have been the cause, the usual large crowd was conspicuous by its absence for the Audubon Gun Club weekly shoot yesterday afternoon. Although the shooters were few, there was nevertheless some very good sport, both at targets and live birds. In the two races, Nos 5 and 6, at live birds, the best work was done by C. S. Burkhardt, as he was tied for first honors in both events. In that at ten birds he divided honors with J. J. Reid, and in that at seven birds he shared the victor's glory with L. W. Bennett. In the badge shoot, No. 3, E. C. and C. S. Burkhardt were tied in Class A, but did not shoot the tie off. Hebard and Jacobs were tied for the Class B badge, but Hebard proved the winner in the shoot-off. Reid won the badge in Class C.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	15	10	7	Targets:	10	15	25	15	10	7
E C Burkhardt	10	13	17	13	7	5	C S Burkhardt	5	10	15	8	9	7
R H Hebard	6	8	13	11	8	6	Winchester	..	..	12	10	8	..
McCarney	..	11	13	..	6	4	Jacobs	..	..	17	9	..	..
J J Reid	7	14	17	8	9	5	E R Reynolds	..	..	10	15	..	..
U E Storey	6	8	7	12	..	..	Chabox	..	6	..	4	..	..
B Talsma	8	..	15	..	..	..	L W Bennett	..	..	..	7	7	7

IN NEW JERSEY.

WITH THE EAST SIDE GUN CLUB

Dec. 15.—J. Fischer and H. Henry shot the third match in their series on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club this afternoon. Fischer won by 19 to 17, actually gaining the victory on the last 3 birds, Henry losing his 23d dead out of bounds, making the score a tie, and then dropping his 24th and 25th birds. This gives Fischer the series, as the score was previously 1 and 1, Fischer having won the first and Henry the second. The birds were a good lot, with a strong wind directly from the shooters toward the traps. About seventy-five spectators were on hand to witness the race. E. Waldeck, a shooter who scored every bird he shot in the sweeps (27 in all), acted as referee, G. H. Fairmount pulling the traps. The match was shot as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	3	4	4	5	2	1	2	5	1	1	1	4	4	5	1	1	3	5	3	3	3	1	1	5	5	
	↗	↑	↙	←	┳	↗	←	↑	↓	↗	↗	↙	↗	↖	→	↖	←	┳	↙	→	↑	↖	↑	↗	↗	
J Fischer (28)	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	2	2	0	1	2	1	1	1	2	—19
	3	5	1	1	5	3	1	1	3	4	3	3	2	1	5	1	1	4	2	3	5	2	2	4	5	
	↘	↖	←	↗	←	↙	↓	↖	↑	↖	↑	↑	↘	↗	↖	↖	↘	↖	↖	←	↑	↙	↖	↗	↑	
H Henry (28)	2	0	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	2	1	1	1	0	1	2	2	2	•	1	1	•	0	0	—17

Four sweeps were shot, all at live birds, with the results given in the table below. Nos. 1 and 3 were at 5 birds, $3; No. 2 at 7 birds, $5; No. 4, miss-and-out, $2. In Nos. 1, 2 and 3 there were three moneys, all purses being divided under the Rose system.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Pigeons:	5	7	5		Pigeons:	5	7	5	
E Waldeck	5	7	5	10	Sam Castle	3	7	4	10
Fairmount	4	6	4	9	A Woodruff	4	..	..	8
H Hilfers	5	..	..	..	L Thomas	..	5	..	..
T Leuthauser	4	6	3	..	W Hassinger	..	6	3	1
K A Henry	3	7	2	8	H Reibold	..	6	4	..
						H.	W.	G.	

JEANNETTE GUN CLUB.

Dec. 17.—The Jeannette Gun Club held its regular monthly live-bird shoot to-day on its grounds at Guttenburg race track. The tie in Class A between C. Meyer, H. Pape and C. F. Offermann was shot off, miss-and-out, resulting in a win for Meyer in the second round. Packard was the winner of the gold medal. Scores:

Class A.

C F Offermann (28)	2111111021—9	H Pape (28)	1111•22221—9
H Otten (30)	1101122•22—8	H F Karsten (28)	121201••00—5
Chas Meyer (30)	1121101111—9	C Steffens (30)	1100102120—6
N C Brunie (28)	1121•21011—8	Job Lott (30)	•222220112—8

Class B.

F Foebrenbach (25)	2100102•12—6	J H Bigelow (25)	1220000010—4
R L Packard (25)	2120012212—8	F H Ehlen (25)	0010212112—7
W Rohlfs (25)	01000001•1—3	C Bohling (25)	111222100•—7

Team race, 5 birds, 28yds. rise:

Capt. Brunie 4, Packard 4, Offermann 3, Ehlen 3, Rohlfs 2, Bigelow 4—20.

Capt. Meyer 4, Otten 5, Pape 4, Foebrenbach 4, Bohling 4, Steffens 5—26

Same conditions:

Capt Meyer	2101•—3	Capt Packard	220?•—3
Steffens	11211—5	Otten	11111—5
Brunie	1•112—4	Lott	22200—3
Bohling	200•0—1	Pape	11200—3
Ehlen	021•2—3	Karsten	2•911—3
Foehrenbach	12012—4	Offermann	•2000—1
Bigelow	21000—2—22	Rohlfs	20222—4—22

Shoot-off of tie, 1 bird each:

Meyer 1, Steffens 1, Brunie 2, Bohling 2, Ehlen 2, Foebrenbach 0, Bigelow 0—5.

Packard 1, Otten 2, Lott 2, Pape 1, Karsten 0, Offermann 0, Rohlfs 0—4.

W. V. Wussow.

E. C. CUP AT HACKENSACK.

Dec. 18.—The regular monthly contest for the E. C cup took place this afternoon on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack. The day was very cold, a strong wind from the northwest making it far from pleasant work shooting targets. The targets too were most erratic. The wind had much to do with this, but part was caused by the condition of one or two of the traps which need overhauling. A harder lot of targets to shoot at it has seldom been our lot to see. The result is best shown by the scores, in which zeros figure conspicuously. H. Blauvelt and E A. W. Everitt tied for the cup on highest possibles, while A. B. Gladwin shot up to the top notch with 49. Blauvelt shot at 63, Everitt at 61 and Gladwin at 58.

Among those who took part in the shooting were: Ed. Taylor, E. A. W. Everitt and F. W. Getchell, of the Laflin & Rand W-A Powder Company; Jno. L. Lequin, Secretary of the Hazard Powder Company, and B. H. Norton and Mr. Barry, of the same company; Harold Money, of the American E C. Powder Company; Ferd. Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, etc.

The scores in the main event were as follows, the tie between Blauvelt and Everitt not being shot off on account of darkness:

E Everitt (11)	11011011101111111110111011111111111111101110011111	—42
	11111110101	— 9—51
Blauvelt (13)	01011010110111111101111110111111001011111101101101	—37
	1111111111111	—13—50
A Gladwin (8)	11111111101111101111010111111100111101111010111111	—42
	10111111	— 7—49
H Money (8)	01101111010110111101010111111101110111111101101111	—38
	11110111	— 7—45
Warner (13)	11110110101101111101111110011100110101111111010001	—36
	0111101111001	— 9—45
Getchell (10)	11111010101111111101111111001110010101101010001111111	—37
	1111111100	— 8—45
Van Dyke (0)	11111111111110100111111111111111010111111101111110	—43
E Banks (0)	11011111111111111111101011111011111101110111	—43
Raymond (12)	10011100111111101111110011011111011001110101001011	— 34
	011110100111	— 8—42
*DrDeWolf (6)	11100101111111101111111101111110100111111111111011111	—41
*F Hall (4)	10111111110111110111001011111111111101101011111111	—40
*E Taylor (6)	11111110110001111100101011111010110110100011111111	—35
*B Norton (15)	00011100101110001110001101011111111011001111101111	—32
*S Toplitz (13)	10000110000010100010111011100100001110101111111101	—25
*J Lequin (15)	01100001001000101001111011010001100301000000601001	—18

* Did not shoot up their allowances.

It will be noticed that H. Blauvelt had to break every one of his allowance of 13 to make a highest possible. Gladwin also had to break all his allowance, and only failed by 1 target.

Edward Banks.

ON LONG ISLAND.

ERIE GUN CLUB

Dec. 8.—Nine members of the Erie Gun Club, of Brooklyn, put in an appearance this afternoon at Dexter Park. The occasion was the regular monthly shoot of the club at live birds, 7 pigeons per man. Charles Plate, of Class AA, was the only one to score all his birds. Scores were as below:

Class AA, 28yds.:

Chas Plate	1222212—7	M J Elsasser	0020010—2
John Plate	1022222—6		

Class A, 28yds.:

Harry Blackley	1212•12—6	Henry Miller	1022221—6

Class B, 27yds.:

Fred Graef	0222011—5	Geo Fuchs	•200002—2
Wm Roberts	2201122—5		

Class C, 26yds.:

J H Plate	1022000—3		

Sweepstake, 3 birds: C. Plate 3, Miller 3, Blackley 3, J. Plate 3, Roberts 2, J. H. Plate 2, Fuchs 2, Elsasser 1, Graef 0.

Shoot-off for first money, miss-and-out: C. Plate 1, Miller 1, Blackley 0, J. Plate 0. C. Plate and Miller divided.

Shoot-off for second money, miss and-out: J. H. Plate 1, Fuchs 1, Roberts 0. Plate and Fuchs divided.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

Dec. 9.—The Unknown Gun Club, of Brooklyn, is a thriving organization and bids fair to beat out, in the matter of popularity, several of the older associations. To-day was the regular monthly shoot of the club at Dexter Park, and nineteen members took part in the regular club shoot at 7 live birds per man. Of all this number, so good were the birds, only three—Timke, Schwartz and Brown—were able to score all their birds. Below are the scores:

D Timke (21)	1212122—7	H Malsteadt (25)	2010212—5
Dr Schwartz (28)	1111121—7	J Akhurst (25)	0101211—5
M Brown (28)	1222112—7	E A Vroome (27)	1200121—5
J King (25)	1012112—6	S Kichmann (26)	0212002—4
Wm Mills (30)	1211110—6	J Van Staden (25)	0011101—4
John Bohling (26)	1011112—6	J B Voorhies (29)	0101110—4
Wm Sands (26)	2222202—6	J Vogts (25)	0211100—4
Dr Moore (25)	1102111—6	J Knebel (21)	0102101—4
P J Sweeney (26)	1222001—5	H Selig (25)	0002011—3
H Knebel (26)	0111120—5		

Sweepstake, 3 birds, all 28yds.: Dr. Moore 3, Dr. Schwartz 3, J. B. Voorhies 3, M. Brown 3, P. Sweeney 2, H. Malsteadt 2, W. B. Miller 2, Selig 0.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 11.—Two members of Class A and two members of Class B were all that entered in the regular semi-monthly club shoot this afternoon at Woodlawn, L. I. Cornelius Furgueson and J. A Bennett tied for the Class A badge, while F. A. Thompson beat out Conny Furgueson for the Class B badge. On the shoot-off for the Class A badge, Furgueson won with 5 out of 6 to Bennett's 4 out of 6. In the sweeps Furgueson took the honors. Scores:

	Club Shoot.	Sweep No. 1.	Tie.	No. 2.	No. 3.
C Furgueson (A)	2222220022— 8	22202—4	2	02222—4	2222•—4
J A Bennett (A)	•202222222— 8	12021—4	0	.....	12210—4
F A Thompson (B)	2222122221—10	12121—5		1112•—4	11200—3
Furgueson, Jr (B)	2222210022— 8	20222—4		22220—4	22222—5

Sweep No. 1 was the shoot-off of the tie for Class A badge, Furgueson and Bennett tieing on 4 each. Shooting off again, miss-and-out, the former won in the first round.

G. E. Pool, Sec'y.

Dec. 18.—The regular semi-monthly target shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held to-day on the Dyker Meadow grounds. In the club shoot F. A. Thompson won in class A, Dr. Shepard winning in class B. Scores:

F A Thompson (A)	00111101111101111111111111—21
M Van Brunt (A)	11111011101111001111111011—20
P Adams (A)	11101011011110111111101110—19
D C Bennett (A)	11111100110111111101011100—18
W H Thompson (A)	11011111110011001011110011—18
D Deacon (A)	10101000101011111111101110—16
Dr Shepard (B)	11111111100100111111111000—18
P A Hegeman (B)	11111011010011111110100011—17
C C Fleet (B)	11001101011011011110000l—14
J Gaughen (A)	11101111110010000w

Prize gun shoot, 25 targets, handicap allowances:

F A Thompson	10111111111001111111111111 —24
D C Bennett	11101101101111111111110110111 —23
W H Thompson	10111111111001010111111111 —22
D Deacon	11111111111111111101001011 —22
G E Nostrand	00111111101111100101001111111111 —22
P Adams	01110101011011111111101101 —20
M Van Brunt	10011011110010111111011111111 —20
J Gaughen	11110111011111000111011l010 —19
Dr Shepard	11101100101101011010011101111100—19
C C Fleet	01001110100110110011101111 —15
Dr O'Brien	10010111011110101101100000110w —14
P A Hegeman	11001010100101001010C0011 —12

As F. A. Thompson donated the gun, he withdrew in favor of the next highest man, Mr D. C. Bennett. In this event Dr. O'Brien and M. Van Brunt shot off their tie for the gun and Van Brunt won.

Sweeps were shot as follows:

No. 1—25 targets—Van Brunt 23, Bennett 21, Gaughen 20, F. A. Thompson 20, W H Thompson 17, and George 17.

No. 2—10 targets—Dr. O'Brien 8, Gaughen 7, Adams 7, F. A. Thompson 6, and Fleet 5.

This is the last shoot of 1897 series; 24 regular shoots have been held. W. H. Thompson wins in class A; Dr. O'Brien in class B, and Dr. Parr in class C.

F. A. Thompson's prize (Winchester repeating shot gun) will be carried over to next year. The record to date stands: Dr. Bennett 2 wins, and P. Adams, D. Deacon, Dr. O'Brien, M. Van Brunt and W. H. Thompson 1 win each.

G. E. Pool, Sec'y.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Dec. 15.—The New York German Gun Club held its final shoot for the season of 1897 this afternoon on the Dexter Park grounds. Dr. G. V. Hudson was high score with 9 out of 10 and 1 dead out of bounds. He wins the club championship for this year very easily. Scores of to day's shoot were:

Club shoot, 10 birds, all 28yds., 7 points:

Dr G V Hudson	1•21212222—9	E Doeinck	2102110110—7

Six points:

Hy Leopold	210110111•—8	F Sauter	2110110020—6
P Garms, Jr	1010102102—6		

Five points:

M Bondin	1202010201—6		

Four and one-half points:

W G Meisenholder	2011021012—7	P Moersch	0020010101—4
Hy Meyer	0101101110—6		

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB'S BIG DAY.

Dec. 16—Some weeks ago John Wright, the popular manager-captain of the Brooklyn Gun Club, set aside Dec. 16 as a day on which his club should do itself proud, and entertain a large number of guests. He was a trifle nervous about the weather a few days prior to the appointed date, but fortune favored him, and, although cold, the day was fine and favorable for target-shooting. The result of his energy and popularity was evidenced by the large number of shooters on hand, thirty-seven taking part in the sweeps scheduled for the day.

Among the visitors were some birds of passage—viz., G. B Hutchings, of Galveston, Tex., and C. W. Scott, of Lynchburg, Va. The latter gentleman was captured on Broadway the afternoon before, and came out for a few hours to visit and shoot a few targets. With a strange gun and shell, and with a rawness in the air hardly suitable for shooting in shirtsleeves, Mr. Scott was heavily handicapped, but he pulled himself out of the hole most ably. A looker-on was also F. J. Alston, of Atlanta, Ga., a rattling good shot, but unfortunately just now prevented from using his right arm by reason of a pistol wound received accidentally. The names of most of the others who were present are well known to the shooting fraternity around New York, while more than a squad have shot in other portions of the States than New York and New Jersey. It was, in fact, a good gathering and a good shoot

The chief events were Nos. 5 and 7. The first-named was a handicap race at 30 targets per man, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at. The prizes offered by the club were: First, 1 dozen solid silver teaspoons; second, $3; third, $2 The above three prizes were to go to the three high guns. The second event was a 15-target handicap, allowance of extra targets to shoot; prize, a silver-mounted toilet set. Both this prize and the other were well worth winning.

For the prizes in No. 5 there were 25 entries. The handicaps were apportioned off so as to bring the shooters as nearly together as possible, with the idea of enabling each one to make a highest possible if shooting up to form. Even the scratch man received an allowance. As a result of the work, 9 out of the 25 entries scored highest possibles, while several more only just missed the goal. With nine ties and only three prizes, and with a dull sky promising an early nightfall, a consultation was had among the tie men, the following plan of division being arrived at: Each man took a spoon as a souvenir of his being in the tie. This left three spoons and $5 to be distributed. A set of dice was called into action. The "bones" favored Combs, who carried off the three extra spoons; Sanders won the $3, and Swan the $2. It will be noticed from the scores, which follow, that several of those who made highest possibles did not need all their allowances. A notable case is that of J. B Hopkins, who struck a gait that kept him pegging away until he had scored 29 out of his first 30, with an allowance of 9 more up his sleeve. Taken as a whole the scores in this event were very good considering the light, which was growing poorer every minute.

No. 7 was brought up from its position as No 10 at the tail of the programme, it being quickly seen that with the number of entries, twenty-four, it would be well on into the dark before it could be decided, even if commenced as soon as No. 6 had been finished. After each man had shot at his 15 targets, with his allowance of extras, it was found that there were ten ties on 15—the highest possible. The tie was shot off under the original conditions, four dropping out in this round, leaving six still in. Two more dropped out in the second round, leaving only four to compete. In the gloom that hung over the field, and that concealed almost every target after it had left the trap, Sanders pulled himself together and scored 13 out of 15, which with his allowance of 2 (which he broke), gave him a highest possible, a total that no one then in could equal if he broke them all.

Below will be found the detailed score in event No. 5, and also, in tabulated form, the scores made in all the events shot during the day, with the exception of three unimportant "warming-up" 10-target sweeps, shot prior to the commencement of the programme. Over 3,000 targets were thrown during the day, a large number when the short days at this season of the year, with a late start, are taken into consideration.

An incident of the afternoon was the flag raising. A new flag, made by Mrs. Remsen, the mother of the club's president, J. S. S. Remsen, and presented by her to the club, was flung to what little wind there was amid a noisy salute from six pump guns, loaded to the full with black powder shells The flag is a very handsome one, with the letters B G C on it. The letters and the narrow border are in royal purple, the ground of the flag being white.

No. 5 Handicap—30 targets, handicap allowances, unknown angles.

Van Dyke (2)	11101111111111111111111111011111	—30
Greiff (2)	11111111111011111111011111111111	—30
Banks (1)	11111111111111111111111111111	—30
Remsen (3)	01111111111100011011111111111	—25
Brewer (2)	11111011111111111111011101111	—27
Keller (4)	11110110011100111111111111011	—24
McAlpin (2)	01111111110110101011111111111	—25
Johnson (7)	00010011001111110101000111101	—17
Blauvelt (11)	10101100111010110001111111111000001011100	—23
Martin (11)	00000117011100111011101110011	—18
Hopkins (9)	10111111111111111111111111111101	—30
Hutchings (5)	10111101111111011011011111110110010	—27
Hildreth (11)	11110011010010 01110110110111101010100101001	—24
Gladwin (8)	01101110111111111111011111111011101	—30
Combs (12)	11101111110111011101001101110011011011111	—30
Swan (8)	11111001011111101111111111111101	—30
Nelson (11)	11010101111111011101111111110101000110001	—28
Skidmore (9)	10010111101100010111010011111	—19
Dutcher (11)	11010010111111100010301100111	—18
Little (8)	11100111111111111101111011100111111011	—30
Beveridge (4)	11110111110100101111111101110	—23
Sanders (13)	11101101110111101011110111011101001111	—30
James (10)	01101010110000001110000110000	—12
Van Allen (11)	01101110011010110111111101110110001111111	—29
Van Siclen (9)	11101001111030101111010030111l0	—18

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	10	15	25	20	30	15	15	15	15	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
F Van Dyke	10	14	22	18	28	14	13	..	..	..	130	119	91.5
G E Greiff	9	15	22	18	28	14	13	..	..	..	130	119	91.5
E Banks	10	14	21	20	30	12	12	..	..	..	130	122	93.8
J S S Remsen	9	13	20	20	25	..	..	..	..	..	100	87	87
J L Brewer	7	13	25	18	27	13	13	..	..	..	130	116	89.2
A B Combs	6	11	..	..	22	..	..	..	..	..	55	39	70.9
B James	3	11	..	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	75	38	50.6
H Blauvelt	4	14	..	14	19	12	..	..	..	..	90	63	70
Skidmore	10	10	18	14	19	..	..	..	..	..	100	71	71
Saybrook	4	12	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	36	72
Johnson	5	10	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	55	32	58.1
J H Swan	7	11	20	18	26	12	13	11		..	145	118	81.3
T H Keller	7	7	22	18	24	11	..	..	..	..	115	89	77.4
C C Beveridge	8	13	..	18	23	14	12	..	..	..	105	88	83.8
C W Scott	..	13	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	32	91.4
G S McAlpin	..	..	..	18	25	13	14	..	..	..	80	70	87.5
J Hildreth	..	..	..	10	20	7	9	..	..	..	80	46	57.5
H D Warner	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	14	70
J B Hopkins	..	..	..	16	29	..	13	10	..	..	80	68	85
E J Clarke	..	..	..	16	..	9	..	..	..	..	35	25	71.4
G B Hutchings	..	..	..	17	25	11	14	13	..	..	95	80	84.2
Dutcher	..	..	..	10	18	9	8	..	..	..	80	45	56.2
Nelson	..	..	..	8	24	10	14	11	11	..	110	78	70.9
Dr Little	..	..	..	17	24	11	13	10	..	..	95	75	75.7
J Martin	..	..	..	13	18	..	10	14	12	7	110	74	67.2
McGlynn	..	..	..	13	..	8	..	..	..	..	35	21	60
A B Gladwin	..	..	..	..	26	..	11	..	..	..	45	37	80.2
W M Sanders	..	..	..	..	22	14	11	12	11	13	105	83	79
S M Van Allen	..	..	..	..	21	..	13	12	14	10	90	70	77.7
H Van Siclen	..	..	..	..	18	..	9	..	..	..	45	27	60
R Woods	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	..	..	..	30	21	70
Fairmount	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	13	14	10	75	65	86.6
L Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	..	..	..	30	26	86.6
S B Toplitz	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	12	6	..	60	41	68.3
W Sands	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	15	3	20
Hagedorn	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	30	14	46.6
H Bramwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	15	11	73.3

Edward Banks.

Western Traps.

O. K. GUN CLUB, OF KANSAS CITY.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 10.—The O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City (which sent so large and useful a quota of members to represent Kansas City at Chicago in the big intercity shoot), has issued the neatest and most complete season's summary card put out by any club for a long time, the whole record of the year being given in a nutshell, as seen below:

	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Average Per Cent.
Ed. A. Hickman	13	15	14	14	14	15	14	13	15	15	13	14	93.3
C C. Herman	15	11	14	14	15	12	14	12	14	15	15	15	92.2
F N. Cockrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	13	15	12	14	92.0
C. S. Gottlieb	13	14	14	13	14	12	14	14	15	14	13	14	91.1
W. W. Herman	..	13	14	15	13	13	14	12	12	12	12	13	86.6
H. B. Green	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	86.6
F. A Lamb	..	14	11	14	13	13	12	14	12	11	15	..	86.0
J. R Miles	..	13	12	14	12	.	..	13	..	..	..	..	85.3
Dr. H. J. Whittier	14	13	14	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	85.3
James Sweet	..	..	..	..	13	9	13	12	13	14	13	..	82.8
W. K Everingham	13	13	10	13	..	12	11	13	..	13	.	..	81.6
C L McDonald	..	15	..	..	13	12	14	10	12	13	9	..	81.6
J. W. McCurdy	..	14	13	15	13	..	12	9	10	8	15	11	79.4
G. Garvey	10	13	13	12	12	11	11	11	13	14	7	13	77.7
J. W. Bramhall	8	11	14	10	8	9	11	15	13	11	13	12	75.0
G. M. Walden	..	12	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	9	9	11	73.3
H. S. Furgerson	..	12	7	11	12	10	11	..	..	11	..	13	72.5
F. C. Peck	..	..	6	..	12	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	71.6
W. J Dillon	7	12	9	..	13	12	9	8	6	12	8	10	60.5
W. D. Phillips	9	11	6	11	7	10	10	7	..	..	..	..	59.1
J. B. Keashler	4	..	..	7	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	50.0
C. F. Holmes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	?

Ed. A. Hickman, Sec'y. and Treas.

ILLINOIS STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

"Peoria, Ill. Dec. 6.—The Peoria Gun Club met to-night, with H. H. Fahnestock, president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and discussed matters of interest to the game hunters and fishermen. It was decided to call a midwinter convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association in this city Feb. 9, at which time papers will be read and views obtained on the best modes and methods for the protection of the game and fish of the State The revision of the game laws will also be considered. The meeting fixed the time for holding the annual convention and tournament of the State Association June 7 to 11, inclusive. This convention will be held in Peoria. Committees were appointed to arrange the programme and other details."

WAUKEGAN SPARROW SHOOT.

Waukegan Gun Club, of Illinois, holds a sparrow shoot Dec 14.

OUT TO IDAHO.

At Idaho Falls, Idaho, the gun club held a little thanksgiving shoot, eight men teams. Score:

Mitchell	1101111111—9	Taylor	0111111111—8
Moore	1001111011—7	Evans	0100011000—3
L Wright	1101111111—8	Payne	0000001100—2
Winn	1110111011—8	Shane	1001010111—6
McCallum	0100101001—4	Randall	1111011111—8
Jones	0111111011—7	Greenwell	1111111011—8
Hitt	0111101010—6	Rapp	1000010010—2
E Wright	0111111111—8—57	G G Wright	1100101711—6—43

THE CHICAGO CHALLENGES.

Chicago, Ill., Dec 18.—Up to date only one response has been made to the challenge of Mr. W. P. Mussey to shoot a race with any member of the team who proposed a challenge to the regular team of the Chicago-Kansas City match. Mr. R. Kuss has accepted the proposal of the challenge issued for individual matches, and it is expected that the $100 will soon be posted and the articles of war signed. The race will not be shot before the end of the year. The terms of Mr. Mussey's proposal were as follows, addressed to a local daily paper:

"I note a challenge issued in behalf of ten shooters who were not members of the team recently opposed to Kansas City to shoot against the regular team. While I have as yet had no opportunity to see my *confreres* in relation to the acceptance of such challenge, I have no doubt same will be promptly accepted. Though having myself accomplished the feat of making the lowest score on the Chicago team, I feel at liberty to issue this counter challenge. I will shoot a match with any one or with each of the five gentlemen who issued the challenge, conditions to be 100 specially selected birds each man, for $100 and the cost of the birds a side, Illinois State rules to govern, and the contest or contests to be decided at Watson's Park within ten days from date. I inclose check for $25 as a pledge of good faith, and would require acceptance by Thursday of this week. Unless these gentlemen can defeat the poorest shot on the regular team perhaps they will not feel inclined to shoot the full team.

"W. P. Mussey."

Although the regular team formally accepted the proposition of the other gentlemen to shoot, as published in last week's Forest and Stream, it does not appear likely at this date that any such race will be concluded, the Kuss-Mussey race being the only development thus far.

ST. LOUIS—KANSAS CITY.

The intercity match at Chicago seems to have stirred up a little interest in other Western cities, and as a consequence it is not unlikely that a team race between the victorious city and her neighbor, St. Louis, may result at an early date. St. Louis is out already with a challenge to the winners, and is even talking about challenging Chicago. The latter would appear to be safer. The St. Louis proposition is that the shoot be in St. Louis, losers to pay expenses; and although the latter clause of the conditions does not seem to the Kansas City men altogether appropriate in a friendly race of this nature, it may be accepted if insisted upon. (The Chicago-Kansas City race was shot with no wager up except the price of the birds.) Should Kansas City shoot her rival Missourians, she will probably use the same team that carried off the honors at Chicago. The following are the gentlemen who are starting the ball at St. Louis, and who would probably shoot on the team if the affair is concluded: Dr. Smith, Ed Pendergast, Bert Taylor, Will Nold, Peter M. Kling, J. H. Conrades, Dute Cabanne.

KANSAS CITY NEXT MAY.

Chris. Gottlieb, of the K. C. warriors, said while here that Kansas City would give next May the biggest shoot of 1898, and he asks that all tournament lovers keep their eyes open for big money and big attractions at that date. It surely seems that the Gate City of the West is plum full of shooters and spilling over with shooting energy and enthusiasm.

LIMITED GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT.

The shooting talent left Chicago late last week or early this for the seat of war at Indianapolis. The Limited Gun Club appears to have had a very pleasant and successful tournament, with a red hot company to divide the glory. Fanning kept up his strong streak as shown at Chicago in the open sweeps, and won the main honors at Indianapolis, carrying off the Grand Central Handicap with its comfortable little purse. The other cracks split up the winnings among them pretty evenly. Local attendance was not heavy, but the shoot was high class for this season, and Royal Robinson's town is sure of the whole gang again next winter, and they will then very likely want a whole week of it. Among those present from outside the city were: Fred Gilbert, Iowa; R. O Heikes, Ohio; B. A. Bartlett, C. W. Budd, Thomas Marshall, H. McMurchy, C. E. Willard; C D. Rutledge, Alton, Ill.; E. D. Fulford; C. N. Powers, Decatur, Ill.; J. S. Fanning, Arthur Dubray; E. D. Rike, Dayton, O.; H. C. Imes, Cincinnati; E. C. Hanford, New York; Ed Voris, Crawfordsville, Ind.

The first day's shoot was devoted to sparrows. This was new to most of the shooters, but, considering the weather, excellent scores were made. The four regular events called for 20 birds each. In the first event Gilbert, Heikes and McMurchy tied on 19 for first money. In the second event Heikes, Bartlett, Fanning and Powers were first with 19. In the third shoot McMurchy and Rike made clean scores. The fourth event was another split—Heikes, Gilbert and McMurchy tied on 19. Heikes made the highest average of the day, with a total of 76 out of a possible 80. Gilbert and McMurchy tied for second place with 75, and Rike and Fulford for third place with 74.

The live-bird traps were set on Monday, and the game was joined by the full company of cracks. The weather was not so bad, and the birds were good. Fulford and Gilbert divided the honors of the day and made clean scores. Heikes, Tripp, Voris and Marshall also did excellent work.

The first event was at 7 birds, entrance $7, with twenty-five entries. Powers, Gilbert, Budd, Fanning, Fulford, Voris and Tripp divided the money on clean scores.

In the second event, at 10 birds, entrance $10, twenty-two entries, Marshall, Powers, Fulford, Gilbert and Heikes divided the money on clean scores.

In the third event, miss-and-out, entrance $5, sixteen entries, Fanning, Gilbert, Marshall, Wood, Fulford, Tripp and Voris cleaned up the supply of pigeons and divided the money.

On the third day the feature was, of course, the Grand Central. Royal Robinson, Geo. Beck, E. H Tripp and A. B. Tolin were on hand to carry the Indianapolis banner; but the stocky man from the Golden Gate did not allow them to carry it very far. He shot in great form, and only got all of them, so it was hard to beat him. Fulford and Budd were at his heels with 24. Following summary shows handicap and winnings, eighteen entries, $25:

	Yds.	Scores.	Win'gs.		Yds.	Scores.	Win'gs.
Fanning	31	25	$112.50	Powers	30	23	$42.75
Fulford	30	24	78.75	McMurchy	31	22	31.50
Budd	31	24	78.75	Gilbert	32	22	31.50
Voris	29	23	42.75	Garland	26	22	31.50

There were two extra events after the big shoot, with the following results:

Event No. 2, 7 birds, entrance $7, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent., fifteen entries: Marshall and Fulford, with 7 birds each, divided first money, $50.40; Gilbert, Tripp, Bartlett, Voris, Heikes, Powers, Budd and Beck, with 6 each, divided second money, $31.60.

Event No. 3, miss-and-out, entrance $3, ten entries: Gilbert and Bartlett divided $20 after killing 9 each.

AT ST. LOUIS.

On Dec 13 at Du Pont Park in St Louis there was live-bird and target shooting. In a live-bird race at 10 birds Kling and Arnold tied with 9 each, Nold killing 7 and Summers 6. In a 15-bird race Kling beat his son by a score of 13 to 12. A summary of the target scores will be found below:

Prendergast 20, Kling 19, Kling, Jr., 17, Bell 11, Kling 17, Prendergast 20, Kling 20, Prendergast 14, Kling, Jr., 16, Bell 8, Prendergast 18, Kling 20, Bell 9, Kling, Jr., 20, Kling 20, Bell 9, Kling, Jr., 15, Kling 15, G. Prendergast 21, Kling, Jr., 16.

STILL ANOTHER TEAM SHOOT.

Still another instance of the new intercity rivalry is in evidence out along the Missouri River, this time between Frank Parmalee's town and the city across the river. In regard to this the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* has the following in its budget of local information:

"The Council Bluffs Gun Club has received a challenge from Messrs. Parmalee, Smead, Loomis, Peters and Blake, offering to shoot any five Council Bluffs men a friendly match race, 100 birds a man, for the price of the birds and a banquet for the two teams. It is understood that the challenge will be accepted and that an early date will be fixed for the shoot.

"On Monday, Dec. 20, Tom Crabill, of this city, and J. C. Plume, of Omaha, will shoot a match of 50 live birds for $50 a side. The race will be called at 1:30 P. M.

"On Friday, Dec. 24, Frank Crabill, of this city, and Jake Crabill, of Clarinda, will shoot Jim Den, of Arapahoe, Neb., and Jim Snead of Omaha, a match race, 100 birds per man, for a purse of $100. The shoot will take place on the grounds of the club near the motor bridge.

"On Christmas Day there will be a miss-and-out sweepstakes the entire day, in which most of the members of the club, it is expected, will participate.

"C. B. Randlett, of this city, and J. C. Plume, of Omaha, held a friendly shoot on the grounds here, the match being 100 birds each. The score stood:

Randlett	21121112222•2222222021122—23 21122212121202222111622—23 12222212211112222222220222—24 20•21122212122222212122222—23—93
J C Plume	211•12102•2100222222211201—19 20120212100222111111102121—20 011221201•211•22010112121—19 21212222112112222012111212—24—82

AT PEORIA.

They can kill 25 straight at Peoria also, it seems. At the last club shoot G. N. Portman defeated Kit Sammis in a 25 live-bird race with a straight score as follows:

Portman	22221211222122221222222222—25
Sammis	2•22202222222220•2222222—21

In the regular club medal contest that followed, 30 targets unknown angles and 20 expert rules, the scores were: A. E Leisy 42, F. Thorn 38, E. Giles 32, C. Sammis 41, G. W. Portman 42, W. Onl 29, W. Bordeaux 25, A. Giles 22, Frederick 23, W. Weber 31, Scott 22, Wilson 27. In the shoot-off Portman won, 4 out of 5 targets.

AT PEKIN.

Pekin Gun Club, of Illinois, held its monthly medal contest this week, Plattner winning the medal, known traps, 15 targets. Score:

J. Hoff 13, Baker 13, Ruhaak 10, Olt 13, Plattner 13, W. Hoff 11, Becker 10, Jaeckel 11, Reuling 9, Rauber 9. On the shoot-off at 10 birds, same conditions, J. Hoff scored 8, Baker 8, Olt 7, Plattner 10.

E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

Dec. 18.—The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held their second winter shoot for trophies, at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, this afternoon. There were twenty-seven present who participated, and many others as spectators. The birds were good ones, and left-quartering drivers predominated. There was a soft sunlight, and a strong wind blew from right to left.

Mr. and Mrs. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, were present, and were elected honorary members of the club. Fred Gilbert, though present, shot but 10 birds for practice. He leaves for his home at Spirit Lake, Ia., where he will spend a couple of weeks. Returning to Chicago after that time, he will again take up his practice for another race for the Du Pont trophy.

The following are detailed scores after medal contest:

10 live birds from 5 traps classified.

R B Carson (C)	0002101021— 5	J L Jones (C)	2000222022— 6
Bingham (A)	2220202222— 8	J S Houston (B)	2200220222— 7
Geo Airey (B)	1100221222— 8	Dr Liddy (B)	2111020221— 8
Dr Carson (C)	1100100100— 6	F M Smith (C)	2222122102— 9
†Mrs Carson	0000002120— 3	A C Paterson (A)	2022201222— 8
F P Stannard (A)	1001022222— 7	*J S Houston (B)	0022220020— 5
E S Rice (B)	2121200112— 8	L Willard (A)	2122222122—10
F H Lord (A)	2112021211— 9	C C Hess (A)	2202220122— 8
†Mrs Shattuck	2122122220— 9	W L Darlington (C)	2022211220— 8
†W P Shattuck	0122201111— 8	F Spyrene (C)	2220020120— 6
Jno T Glover (B)	0101112011— 7	H A Furgeson (C)	0202222002— 6
L Goodrich (B)	2222022222— 9	Dr Miller (A)	1220221202— 8
C E Felton (B)	0111212000— 6	*R B Carson (B)	1111110221— 9
Chas Antoine (B)	2102102022— 7	C E Felton (B)	11112
Ed Steck (B)	0020222222— 7	G W Prickett (C)	2122222222—10
Dr Miller (A)	2222120210— 8	W A Jones (C)	1112212210— 9

* Indicates back score which should have been shot at the previous contest.

† Not classified.

The following are scores made by those practicing on another set of traps.

It is understood that R. Kuss has accepted challenge issued by William P. Mussey to a race of 100 live birds, still conditions are not as yet arranged. Mr. R. Kuss did some good work in his practice to-day, killing 47 out of 50 birds:

Kuss	12122212222?212221212222222	—25
	21222221222222102202110112	—22—47
Shaw	22212211222212121?012	—19
Miller	01211	
Murphy	22212122012211111122	—19
Liddy	212111222122122	—15
Alabaster	21220102101212120201122201222222	
	0111211011	—32
Smith	00021112020000000222	—10
Hess	20001	— 2
Darlington	121121111211112102	—17
Furgeson	221010221200111	—11
Hollester	1101121102	— 8
Houston	2220211021	— 8
Willard	1112101110	— 8
Bingham	21111	— 5
Hollester	1211121222	—10
Glover	12202	— 4
Gilbert	12121222?22	—10
Airey	21122	— 5
Rice	021201	— 4
Goodrich	22212	— 5
Dr Shaw	21222	— 5
R Kuss	12	— 2
F P Stannard	20	— 1
Ed Steck	2	— 1
C Antoine	1	— 1

NOTLER ROD AND GUN CLUB.

The Notler Rod and Gun Club, of Chicago, announces a shoot to be given on its grounds at Archer avenue, two blocks west of Kedzie avenue, Dec. 25 and 26. The shoot will be at live birds and targets, two moneys in all events. All are invited and no one barred.

CICERO GUN CLUB

The Cicero Gun Club will hold an all-day tournament on its grounds, West Madison street and the Desplanes River, on Christmas Day. This shoot will also be at live birds and targets. All are invited.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The Garfield Gun Club will hold its second live-bird contest Christmas Day at Watson's Park, Chicago. The contest is a handicap in birds, each participant shooting at 20 live birds, 30yds. rise. Any member not having attended the previous contest will be allowed to shoot up one back score. A good attendance is looked for at that time.

A. C. Paterson.

SWEEPS OF DEC. 11.

Dec. 11.—While the Chicago-Kansas City team race was being finished to-day the following sweeps were shot:

	No. 1.	No. 2	No. 3.	No. 4.
Hemans	0102211222— 8	2222222212—10	22210	...
Lamb	0222212002— 7	2222012021— 7	.....	...
Brahmall	2222002020— 6	....	.....	...
Roll	2202112211— 9	2121122211—10	.....	...
Gilbert	2221112222—10	2222221220— 9	.....	...
J L Porter	2222222222—10	.....	.....	...
Hess	0002012222— 6	0121022210— 7	.....	...
McMurchy	2201111111— 9	1222222211—10	.....	...
D Elliott	2220122222— 9	2211225222—10	222222	20
Fulford	2222221121—10	2211211221—10	2220	...
Guinotte	2221221102— 9	1210222122— 9	.....	...
O'Brien	0120220222— 7	2210221110— 8	.....	...
McFarland	2200122112— 8	1212122222—10	.....	220
H H F	0221210022— 7	.....	.....	...
T P Hicks	1211212222—10	0112111122— 9	.....	...
Rutledge	2121211212—10	2121112222—10	111121	122
Parker	0112212222— 9	2102221202— 8	.....	...
Milligan	2202002222— 7	.....	.....	...
Hickman	.....	1011212221— 9	.....	...
Kuss	.....	2222212222—10	.....	222
Work	.....	2110101122— 8	.....	210
Palmer	.....	1112011222— 9	210	0
Powers	.....	2222251222—10	221222	0
Hollister	.....	1121121021— 9	.....	...
Gottlieb	.....	2220011220— 7	2220	...
Barto	.....	2112201022— 8	.....	...
Dwyer	.....	0122001102— 6	.....	...
Wiley	.....	0122222222— 9	20	0
Gannan	.....	2111101011— 8	.....	...

Tri-County Shoot at Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 16.—Northmore, of this city, captured the Peters Cartridge Co.'s diamond trophy for the marksmen of the three counties—Wayne, Oakland and Monroe—in the final shoot at the Rausch House yesterday. There were nineteen contestants, all from this county, though Schuyler Hodges, who came near capturing the trophy, was formerly from Pontiac. Hodges had never shot over the traps before, but he had a clean style and didn't need his handicap of 10 to reach the full number of 50 rocks and tie the leaders in the first shoot. In the shoot-off he and Northmore again tied, and it took another trial to decide the ownership of the diamond charm.

Peters' Cartridge Company's trophy; 50 bluerocks; handicap allowances of extra targets to shoot at; all contestants to use Peters' Cartridge Company's ammunition:

Parker (scratch) 42, Renick (scratch) 43, Scotten (15) 46, Wood (scratch) 40, Webb (8) 44, Joe Cabinaw (8) 38, Bortle (8) 48, Buesser (5) 50, Fleischer (scratch) 40, Cox (8) 48, Northmore (8) 50, Klein (5) 49, Hodges (10), 50, Weissen (15) 46, Brady (8) 46, M. Kramer (15) 33, Morris (15) 50, H. Cabinaw (15) 37, Gillman (15) 48.

In the shoot-off between the first four, Hodges and Northmore reached their 25 without requiring all their allowances, and in the shoot-off between them Northmore scored 24 and Hodges 23.

The following scores were made in the sweeps shot during the day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Renick	10	8	10	..	..	..	..
Damon	8	..	8	8	8	..	..
Corbett	8	8	8	7	8	..	..
Parker	7	10	8	10	9	9	11
Cox	6	..	..	..	7	..	..
Fleischer	6	6	9	9	8	8	11
Harris	6	8	8	5	6	..	..
Scotten	5	8	6	6	4	5	11
Klein	..	10	8	6	..	10	13

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Pockett	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Brady	..	6	5	7	7	8	6
Devine	..	..	7	4	6	8	11
Hunt	..	..	7	8	6	8	10
Tim	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Wood	..	..	..	10	9	6	11
Morehouse	..	..	..	3	8	..	7
Hodges	..	..	..	..	..	6	13
Cabanaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	11

Beaver.

Audubon Gun Club.

Dec. 4.—The regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was held this afternoon. The badge shoot, No. 3 in the table below, had seventeen entries. E. W. Smith won in Class A, J. J. O'Brien in Class B, and J. E. Lodge in Class C. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	10
Talsma	5	..	21	..	..	..
E C Burkhardt	9	10	19	12	12	8
Norton	5	11	13	7	6	7
C S Burkhardt	7	10	16	12	12	8
G McArthur	6	8	17	9	8	7
J Uebelhoer	..	13	11	10	9	10
L Bennet	..	12	19	10	9	8
Winchester	..	..	19	12	9	8
Jacobs	..	..	19	6	9	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	10
W R Eaton	..	..	20	14	..	..
R H Hebard	..	..	20	9	9	5
G Zoeller	..	..	18	10	11	..
E N McCarney	..	..	18	13	10	9
U E Storey	..	..	14	6	..	..
J J O'Brien	..	..	22	11	7	..
J E Lodge	..	..	17	11	7	..
E P Reynolds	..	..	14	..	..	..

Dec. 18—Below are the scores made to-day in the weekly badge shoot of the Audubon Gun Club In the badge shoot (No. 3) Norris won in Class A, Carroll in Class B, and Reynolds in Class C. No. 5 was at 10 live birds; all the rest were target events. In the live-bird event C. S. Burkhardt won first money with 10 straight. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	25	15	10
C S Burkhardt	10	8	17	10	10
E C Burkhardt	7	10	18	12	7
E P Reynolds	4	..	19	6	..
Norris	8	11	22	11	7
L W Bennet	5	10	19	12	8
Jones	7	7	14	9	7
Apfel	3	10	13	7	..
Cooper	..	6	17	9	9
Jacobs	..	11	15	9	..
J Uebelhoer	..	10	13	9	7

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	25	15	10
G Zoeller	..	10	16	11	..
B Talsma	..	15	23	..	..
R H Hebard	..	10	16	9	7
P G Meyer	..	10	15	8	..
J A Kennedy	..	6	15	..	7
E W Smith	..	..	16	9	..
J Fanning	..	..	17	..	9
Chabot	..	..	7	3	..
U E Storey	..	..	18	6	..
E S Carroll	..	..	17	11	..

Warwick Gun Club.

Warwick, N. Y., Dec. 18.—Below will be found a table of the scores made to-day on the grounds of the Warwick Gun Club. We held an all-day shoot, open to amateurs only. The wind blew a gale, and as it was also very cold, only 10-target events were shot off. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Ogden	7	7	10	7	8	8	9	4	5	8	5	8	8	5
Van Winkle	8	9	7	4	7	8	7	7	8	6	6	6	4	..
Williams	8	7	5	..	..	..	8	8	5	5	8	6	5	6
Welch	7	7	4	..	5	..	..	5	9	2	..	9	..	7
C Vernon	7	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Edsall	..	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Welling	..	..	..	7	8	8	9	8	4	..	5	..	5	..
Servin	..	..	..	7	..	6	7	6	9	6	6	6	6	..
Dunning	..	..	..	..	6	7	8	7	7	8	8	6	6	6
Chadawayne	..	..	..	..	2	4	..	3	4	2	..	..	..	..
D Wilcox	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	7	7	..	6	2	..	..
Norton	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	4	..	4	..	3	8	..
Wisner	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	4	7	8	5	..
D Boyd	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	5	6	4	7	7	4
Heady	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Degraw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	3	5	5	..	..
Hyatt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	3	..	3	..

John B. Rogers.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 8.—Below are the scores made in the first contest of the winter prize series:

Twenty-five targets per man, handicap allowances: Wride (29) 27, McChesney (35) 25, Bolton (28) 23, Glover (26) 22, Byer (26) 22, Tassell (29) 22, Mann (29) 22, McCord (28) 21, Davis (29) 21, Rickman (30) 19.

Wride, McChesney and Bolton each won certificates.

De Witt.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 14.—The following averages were made by the members of the Pawtuxet Gun Club in all the regular club shoots of the past season:

Class A.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
W H Sheldon	475	397	83 1/5	W H Mooney	475	314	66
F J Greener	125	101	80 4/5	F Arnold	500	325	65
S D Greene, Jr.	450	352	78 1/5	H W Bain	275	200	61 2/3
R C Root	325	244	75	H Badmington	225	138	61 1/3
F L Corey	425	292	68 4/5	A B Hawkins	325	195	60

Class B.

J Armstrong, Jr.	500	270	54	W Repeater	300	156	52
W Thoene	325	179	53 1/3	Y E Buxton	150	78	52

The above list shows the ten best averages in Class A and the four best in Class B. There were other shooters who shot in more than two or three events, but there were not many of them. These averages were taken in the three series of shoots entitled the W. A., "Fishermen's" and Hunters' handicaps, and were taken without counting the extra birds given in same. This little State has two live clubs, the above named and the Rhode Island Shooting Association, and a number of friendly contests have taken place between the two—the latter club having a trifle the better of it; but we are not discouraged yet. Nearly all the best shots in the State belong to both clubs, so when we have a team race we have to draw lots or something of the kind. There are several other clubs that we hope to see get into line next season and try to make it lively for the R. I. S. A., who now hold the State challenge pennant.

Pawtuxet.

Lockport Gun Club.

Lockport, N. Y., Dec. 10.—The regular shoot of the Lockport Gun Club was held to-day, there being a good attendance of members present to keep the traps moving. No 6 was "the gun event," 25 targets per man. In this event some good scores were made, Angevine and Ward tieing on 24 each. On the shoot-off at 10 targets Angevine defeated Ward. No. 5 was a team race between teams captained respectively by Covert and Ward. After a very close race (none could be closer) Covert's team won by 54 to 53; each man shot at 10 targets. Scores in this event, by teams, were as follows:

Covert's team: Beers 8, Newman 8, Covert 7, Sherman 7, Ringueberg 7, Welsher 6, Whitcomb 6, Angevine 5—54.

Ward's team: Atwater 9, Ward 8, Benedict 8, Burt 7, Dr. Buck 6, Bunker 5, Mosher 5, Woods 5—53.

Below is a table showing the scores made to-day in all the events shot off:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25
Covert	8	7	10	10	7	22	Welsher	..	3	..	..	6	..
Burt	6	6	4	7	7	..	Angevine	..	7	7	8	5	24
Beers	5	7	8	8	8	18	Benedict	..	..	8	..	8	23
Woods	8	7	..	4	5	22	Bunker	..	..	5	..	5	..
Mosher	4	5	..	..	5	..	Ward	..	..	9	9	8	24
Ringueberg	8	..	..	..	7	..	Whitcomb	..	..	..	..	6	..
Newman	8	..	..	6	8	..	Atwater	..	..	..	..	9	19
Peterson	5	4	3	..	..	..	Buck	..	..	..	..	6	17
Sherman	8	4	8	7	7	..	Leonard	..	..	..	..	..	9

Lockport.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

Dumont Smith, Newton, Kans.—1. Which do you consider the more accurate cartridge for target shooting at 200yds. range, the .25-20-86 or the .25-20-77? 2. Will either of them shoot accurately at a greater distance than 200yds.? 3. Which has the flatter trajectory? Ans. 1. There is but little difference between the two at that distance. The .25-20-77 is not a factory cartridge. 2. Under favorable conditions fair accuracy may be secured at longer ranges, but we do not advise their use beyond 200yds. 3 There is but little difference between them, although the 77gr. should have the slightly flatter curve.

M., Montclair, N. J.—Will a 28in. barrel of a 12-gauge gun equal a 30in barrel in penetration, pattern and range? Which is considered the better for upland shooting? Ans. The 30in. is preferred where the hardest shooting is to be encountered, as at the trap, duck shooting, prairie shooting. At closer ranges, for shooting quail, ruffed grouse, etc., in open and cover where lightness and quickness are matters important enough to consider, the 28in. barrels have an advantage and are preferred by many. Each barrel would require its own peculiar loading to secure the best results. Each in its special field has its peculiar advantages. It is impossible to answer the question definitely without knowing what powders you use. For an all-round gun, ducks, quail, grouse, snipe, etc., the 30in have the most general preference.

R. S. C., Sandy Hill, N. Y.—My spaniel is about fifteen months old. I wish him to hunt partridges only. He is full of hunt at first, for an hour or so. Then he will come to heel and is not disposed to hunt any more. If I ask him in a gentle manner to go "hunt them" he crouches considerably and after a while lies down. I am at a loss just how to manage in order to improve the situation. I am quite sure that he has been possibly whipped or kicked by the parties I obtained him from What do you say to my leading him with a dog chain for a time? Have heard of such being done with a foxhound. Ans. The indications are that your dog hunts till he satisfies his own pleasure, then loafs. If he was cowed so much that he feared to hunt, he would hunt an hour or so in the manner you describe. The better way would be to let him hunt anything he pleases, rabbits included, and leave him entirely free. Give him no commands whatever. If he is cowed, he will quickly overcome it. Then he can be broken from chasing, and his efforts confined to partridges. Under no circumstances should he be led for the purpose of correcting his fault. Leading prevents a dog from hunting, instead of aiding him to hunt.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Calendars for 1898.

THE U. M. C. COMPANY.

The calendar issued by the U. M. C. Company for 1898 is illustrated by a scene from the Revolutionary War that is calculated to make the blood flow a little more quickly than usual. The scene depicted shows "Molly Pitcher at Monmouth, June 28, 1778." Molly Pitcher is shown ramming home the ball into a cannon, while all around her is death, fire and smoke One of the crew that mans the gun has just been struck by a bullet from the British rifles, while the others tend the cannon, shirt-sleeved and hatless. It is a stirring scene.

DU PONT POWDER COMPANY.

The E. I Du Pont de Nemours & Co. have issued a calendar for 1898 that is a good standing advertisement of its smokeless powder for one year. The label of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder is shown in autumn colorings. The English setters on this label are well drawn and plainly show an eagerness to be off again, notwithstanding the fact that they have evidently already been at work, judging from the ruffed grouse that hang behind them on the fence. Below, and apparently behind the calendar tablet, stand two Canada geese, true to life. We understand that it took fifteen separate printings to produce this work, the blendings of the colors being exceptionally numerous. It is bold in coloring, while the contrasts are by no means glaring. The whole work has a pleasing appearance.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY.

The W. R. A. Company has called upon A. B. Frost for the scenes used to illustrate the top and bottom of its calendar for 1898. The central figures in the top picture are two hunters and a dead caribou. The snow on the ground tells the time of year. One of the hunters is on his knees beside the dead animal, and is pointing out to the other a bullet wound "in the right place," from which blood is flowing. "The .30 did it," he says. The object for his remark is apparent from the fact that the man in front of him carries a W. R. A. Co.'s .30cal. rifle; away to the right is his own gun—a .45 Winchester—leaning against a tree. The picture underneath the calendar tablet shows a gunner getting to work with a repeating shotgun on a flock of canvasbacks that are passing over his decoys. Taken altogether, the Winchester calendar for 1898 will be a popular one with sportsmen.

Trout Advertising Experience.

Plymouth Rock Trout Co., Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our adv. in your columns brings us letters from all over the United States, as well as from Europe and Mexico. Yours truly,

Plymouth Rock Trout Co.
Per C. C. Wood, Sup

JUN 1958

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